

Bard College
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OBSERVER

Vol. 18 No. 3 October 26, 1977

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observer

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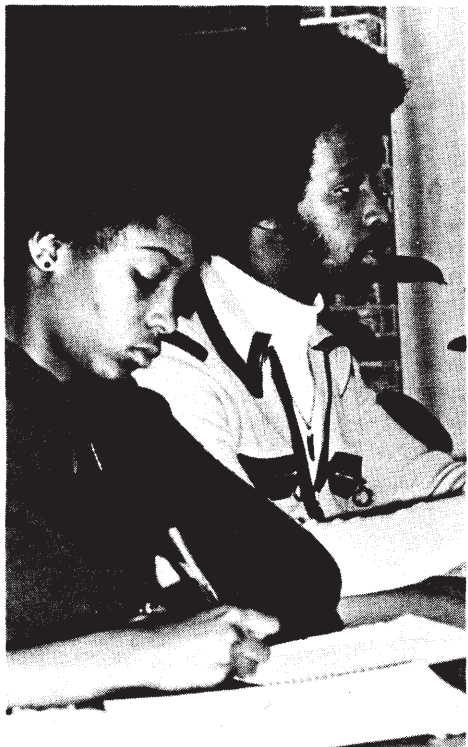


The Observer/Thiana Kitrilakis

by Doug Turetsky

REVOLTING!

The Student Assoc. meeting of Oct. 10 was billed as a gathering of significant importance. To underline this fact, two 1/4 kegs of beer were supplied. Nonetheless attendance was not overwhelming. The central idea behind the meeting was that it was to be a discussion concerning the alternatives for creating a new governmental structure at Bard. What was to be a show of student unity, of student interest and most importantly, student power, made little headway towards any of these goals.



Barry Patrece and secretary

To review everything which occurred in this meeting would be foolish. I assume that like myself, most everyone who attended that meeting is quite fuzzy as to what exactly occurred. There was much shouting, making of motions, counter motions, and forgotten motions, and even an ignored motion or two. All in all, a quite confusing evening. The minutes are available to anyone who is interested in a specific accounting of events.

The meeting began being chaired by Arthur Carlson. It started off with two speeches by Senate presidential candidates Steve Salzman and Victor Victoria. Both candidates seemed to support the same ideas; Victor Victoria suggested that if he were elected he would have Salzman as his assistant. Despite this, the meeting quickly digressed into a show of disunity. There was much grumbling about the infractions and irregularities in the last Senate election. Aladia Abreu challenged the rule which states that "in order to be a Presidential candidate for the Student Senate, one must be, or have been, a Senator." Barry Patrece then charged that Senate operated as a "Clubhouse," alluding to a small circle of students who control the Senate and in effect, determine who gets elected. It was at this point that the meeting broke wide open. Eventually, Arthur Carlson was deposed and a vote called for a new chairman, who was to serve, temporarily,

to preside at the meeting also. Out of all this emerged Barry Patrece, a freshman who lost in his attempt for a Senate seat. He had been very vocal throughout this early segment of the meeting, speaking both commandingly and intelligently. In a very close election he defeated George Dobbs by merely two votes. Someone practically unknown to the campus had suddenly risen to be King of the hill. An astute maneuver on his part to say the least.

Barry freely admitted that he did a good deal of campaigning before the meeting began. The vote had been taken by hand (while the candidates waited outside) so I attempted to quickly observe how everyone present voted. After the smoke had cleared, and Barry had assumed control of the meeting, I gazed around the room. It seemed apparent that a significant number of those who had voted for him had left. Admittedly there was a great amount of shuffling about after the vote and a number of people left, but clearly a large block of his plurality had left the meeting. With their man in was it no longer important for them to discuss and understand the technicalities and ambiguities of all the motions raised. For that matter, even exercised their right to vote on these motions. Students get little enough self-expression in campus politics as it is. Perhaps the student Assoc.

had done little more than create the makings for a new "clubhouse."

After much haggling, the meeting ended, by forming a committee to discuss and propose to the Assoc. several constitutions by Nov. 1. While such a move is obviously a step in the right direction, the question remains if and how a new constitution will effectively deal with the lack of student input concerning campus policies? Will a new constitution suddenly make the administration responsive to student sentiment? Moreover, while this panel plots out constitutional alternatives, the administration plan to Tewks-ize Stone Row continues. Mary Sugatt, the lone administrator present at the meeting, made several well intentioned but doting remarks concerning how this sort of meeting was a good thing and let us air out our grievances, etc., etc., . . . Her statement seemed to cast a dim pallor over any hopes of a new constitution changing administrative style at Bard.

All in all, the meeting was, in this reporter's opinion more rhetoric than reality. While student may have exchanged one system of concentrating power in the hands of the few for another, they have made little real progress towards arousing the interests of the whole student body.

For more information on the Constitution Revisions see Page 3.

OUR MAN at Haverford

by Frank Demita and Elliot Gordon

President Leon Botstein discussed alternatives to traditional liberal arts education at Haverford College last Tuesday. Botstein's lecture was part of a Forum on the Liberal Arts held jointly by Bryn Mawr and Haverford Colleges.

Botstein began his talk with an attack on traditional approaches to college education. Botstein cited some problems colleges have in educating students, including an overemphasis on undergraduate specialization, reversion to a required classical curriculum, and an overemphasis on skills useful only in college.

He also speculated that "fragmentation of studies and majors prevents students from getting to know one another", knowledge he considers essential to a true liberal arts education. In order to overcome this fragmentation, Botstein urged the creation of a common language among students. He recommended that small liberal arts colleges provide normative standards for learning which cut across students' initial interest lines. He distinguished this from the increasingly popular "back to basics" movement, which he described as "fraudulent."

He called for a requirement of history, science, and arts, but stressed that they should be taught in new ways. History students, he feels, tend to receive too broad an exposure to give students "an instinct for historical thinking." This includes the study of economics and sociology, along with the methods and interpretation of history.

Improvements in teaching science to non-scientists are also needed, he said. "Science is an area we all deal with. Most curricula require little science, if any, making the notion of a well-rounded person superficial." The addition of courses which are geared toward the non-scientist and include lab work would alleviate this problem, Botstein noted. This would not mean, however, "the normal encounter with science" prevalent in liberal arts colleges, such as "Physics for Poets."

Botstein felt colleges should fight the tendency to offer courses designed only for future professionals. Instruction in dance, music, and painting would help remedy this problem. These studio courses would help "activate the aesthetic capacity of each student", overcoming our normal position as "passive digesters."

Botstein also stressed bringing the small college into greater contact with the world around it. He noted that the "opportunity for the exchange of ideas between generations" is essential to this process. Discussion groups, seminars, and even theater productions involving both college students and community members could help expose the student to the world outside, and bridge the gap between the college and the "real world."

In response to a question about the survival of small liberal arts colleges in this age, Botstein affirmed his belief that Bard will come through "because we have a purpose, and agenda." He noted that, although some 'goodies' are lost because Bard is not sustained purely by the loyalty of alumni, its supporters have a firm commitment to the goals of the college.

Hats Off to Panama!

Scott Porter

There has been some talk recently within the community about a proposed "Panama Canal Weekend." Rumors and speculation concerning this subject have been wide spread. The purpose of this article is to shed some light on the numerous rumors and to clarify exactly what the "Panama Canal Weekend" is going to be.

About a month ago, after the first Government Club meeting, at which Peter Pratt, Noël Sturgeon and Barry Patrece were elected to the club's steering committee, Pratt suggested that the club organize a presentation on the Carter-Torrijos Treaty. From this initial concept

the idea emerged of combining the funds and resources of the LAO, the History Club and the Economics Club in an effort to discuss and debate the Carter-Torrijos Treaty. One week later, at the Planning Committee's budget hearings, Pratt presented the idea to the committee. He asked it to allocate \$750 to the Government Club in conjunction with the above mentioned organizations for the purpose of a weekend of intellectual and academic debate on the Treaty. It was mentioned by Mr. Pratt, at that meeting, that present and former U.S. policy makers, Panamanian intellectuals for and against, and academicians would be invited to par- (cont. on page 2)

COMMUNITY OUTREACH...

REACHES OUT EVEN FARTHER THAN LAST YEAR

by Elliot Junger

The Community Outreach Program is one of the more productive and useful activities at Bard. It concerns itself mainly with students who are interested in social work, such as helping out in nursing homes, day care centers, schools, (with either "normal" or mentally retarded children) hospitals, prisons and juvenile detention houses. I spoke with Barbara Morgan, the director of Community Outreach, who helped to fill me in on exactly where the program is going, and what were some of the various projects which were successful in the past.

Last year for example, when Community Outreach was first begun at Bard, a great deal of work was done with an Advocacy Project, in which students volunteered their spare time during the week to work with mentally retarded adults at nearby shelter centers

Continued on page 2



Barbara Morgan

The Observer/Mike Iantusca

COMMUNITY OUTREACH

Continued from page 1

such as The Wassaic State Institute For The Mentally Retarded. Students were also involved in re-checking the treatment plans of the patient in accordance with new state laws which went into effect on September 30, 1976 and expired last August.

I asked Ms. Morgan, of the numerous projects that Community Outreach offers, which does she feel are the most popular among students? She feels the favorite projects are those in which the students work with both normal and mentally retarded school children, acting in a capacity as student teachers. The students come in a prescribed number of days a week, (usually only one or two) and take part in remedial studies programs which are designed to help the children with basic skills such as reading, writing and speech. The program works with children ranging from nursery school level to seven- and eight-year olds.

Perhaps the most challenging of all the projects offered by Community Outreach is the Prison-Detention House Rehabilitation Program. This project involves students who are seriously interested in working with either juvenile delinquents or criminals who are serving time in any of the larger state prisons. The project is *not* undertaken with the sole desire to "reform" hardened criminals and make them into completely "straight" and useful citizens. I spoke with Joe Klauber, a sophomore who had been involved in working with juvenile delinquents at the Brookwood Detention Center as part of last year's rehabilitation workshop. When asked what went on during each weekly session he answered, "We rapped a lot, that's basically what happened and other times we'd play basketball, but most of the time, we'd just talk." Joe also told me that the people with whom he worked at Brookwood had "done everything, almost any crime you could think of, rape, theft, even murder." Joe said that he enjoyed working with the people at Brookwood, both the inmates and the staff. While he reports to having gotten a great deal of satisfaction from working there, he admitted quite frankly, that he had moments of self-doubt. ("I got something out of it, but sometimes I'd wonder whether they did too.") I finally asked Joe what his reason was for undertaking the project, and he said, "It gave me a chance to see first-hand what was going on in a prison. I thought that maybe in some way I could find out why they were there, not as an authority figure, but just as a guy who really wanted to know and wanted to help."

The newest, and one of the most important projects that Community Outreach has undertaken, is the Recreation For Handicapped Persons which includes persons from ages five through thirty and is conducted on campus specifically, although not exclusively, for community children.

Community Outreach is an extremely worthwhile program which provides the student with a unique insight into the mechanism of various social groups while allowing him both to pursue a general field of study and gain valuable on-the-job training.



PANAMA CANAL

Continued from page 1

ticipate in our discussion and debate. The following week, the Planning Committee allocated \$700 to the consortium of organizations working on the project which, at that time was called the "Panama Canal Weekend." It is now being referred to as "The Bard Policy Study Forum." The Government Club's steering Committee was charged with responsibility for the allocations and organization of the event.

In the consortium's first official meeting the LAO offered to contribute \$200 and the History Club agreed to contribute an additional \$125 to the project. Thus, after the Government Club added its allocation of \$75 the consortium had a grand total of \$1,100.

With such a large sum, the possibilities were vast and expectations high. The project plans and ideas were then crystallized into a schedule which is comprised of

1) a presentation of the History Club featuring academicians

and journalists distinguished in Latin American affairs.

2) a discussion or debate by Panamanians, organized by the LAO, analyzing the western hemisphere's relations and specifically the present and proposed treaties, and

3) a debate or panel discussion, produced by the Government Club, by present or former American foreign policy planners and elected officials, who in recent months have helped to frame national discussion concerning U.S.-Panamanian relations.

The aim is to project three different perspectives on the issue. First, the historical, which will hopefully feature either Richard Rovere (a Bard alumnus), Gaddis Smith (professor of history at Yale), John Womack (professor of history at Harvard), and our own Mark Lytle. Second, the Panamanian viewpoint as expressed by members of the Panamanian delegation to the U.N. or by an organization called North American Committee on Latin America (NACLA). Third, an overview of American opinion presented by a speaker of speakers such as Daniel P. Moynihan (U.S. Senator and former U.S. ambassador to the U.N.), Admiral Thomas H. Moorer (U.S.N.), Frank Church (U.S. Senator, Senate Foreign Relations Committee), or Ronald Reagan (former Governor of California).

Not all the above names are expected to respond positively, but there is a high amount of optimism and enthusiasm among the organizers. The proposed dates for the event are December 9th and 10th, or the 16th and 17th; and they maintain that there is a good chance of being most successful for those dates with the continued aid of the administration and luck. If all goes well during either the first or second weeks in December, Bard will host a weekend seminar exploring the domestic and international policy ramifications of the pending United States Senate debate on the Carter-Torrijos Panama Canal Treaties.

Health Care at Bard

Susan Mustapic

Whether or not you have been sick this semester you have surely noticed the profusion of colds on campus. Colds are blamed on everything from the food and the weather to what students did the night before. Among those stricken by the Bard plague, there are as many ways to treat colds as there are to catch them. Some students ignore colds, others merely complain. Some seek temporary relief down the road, while others try natural remedies like tea, lemon and vitamins. Then there are students who go to the infirmary or the clinic. As the rash of colds and serious illness spreads throughout campus, concern about health care is increasing. Attitudes range from indifference, to indignance, to fear. Some students complain that Bard's health care is inadequate and that the administration doesn't care, still others worry that not enough students are going to the infirmary. Many agree that the health care program needs re-evaluation.

In order to evaluate the present health care program, students should know the extent of the medical facilities available to them. The health care program consists of the infirmary, the Bard Clinic at Northern Dutchess Hospital, and Bards Medical Expense Insurance. The infirmary open from 9-5 Monday through Friday, is staffed by two nurses equipped to treat minor illnesses and injuries. Armed with a students medical history, they may prescribe a barrage of non-narcotic pain relievers, cough syrups, decongestants or Antihistamines. If an illness is serious or persistent they recommend a visit to Dr. Thompson at the clinic. However, these well meaning nurses may just suggest you rest there while they heat up a bowl of chickens soup.

The Bard Clinic is also open from 9-5 weekdays except for Wednesday afternoons. The clinic, an extension of the emergency room, is equipped for more extensive diagnosis and treatments. Dr. Thompson formerly a local general practitioner, heads the emergency room and runs the Bard clinic. He works closely with the infirmary, for instance he orders drugs for the infirmary from which students can get their prescriptions filled either free of charge or at a low cost, depending on the type of medication. Travelling to the clinic can be an inconvenience, so Bard provides bus service twice a day, leaving from the infirmary and from the gym.

The Medical Cost Insurance

Plan for Bard is plainly stated in a booklet sent to students through campus mail. However, within the plan are distinctions of which students are not always aware.

Insurance provides \$40.00 worth of coverage for each visit to the Bard clinic or the emergency room. For a visit to the clinic, fees charged to the student are reduced from \$25.00 to eight dollars, leaving more money to cover medication costs. However, a visit to the emergency room costs the full \$25.00.

Insurance may not cover the non-reduced emergency room fee plus medication. Conditions are aggravated when emergency room doctors, who are unaware of the medication that the infirmary room stocks, prescribe similar medicine, yet with different brand names. Students must fill these prescriptions at the pharmacy and lose the advantage of the infirmary's reduced prices. Only if Dr. Thompson recommends a specialist will insurance cover the first visit. Likewise, only medication prescribed by Thompson is covered by insurance.

Where health program provisions do not equal student needs, the student suffers. After five o'clock each day and all weekend long, there is no health service on campus. At the same time the Bard clinic is closed.

Furthermore, students have complained that emergency room doctors are unresponsive to questions about health problems and medications.

These quantitative deficiencies in our health program warrant students attention. Still many remain apathetic until they are directly effected. Then the outraged students discovers the difficulty of affecting changes alone. Among the outspoken are women who want better gynecological care. Presently theirs are the only voices, that can be heard distinctly above the whispering of the majority at Bard. As an additional voice *the Observer* will be highlighting specific problems such as the quality of Bards health program, women's health care, self help clinics and the campus-doctor controversy. At this point there is need for students to become informed, so they can activate necessary changes. However, until changes occur, we advise that you don't get sick after five o'clock or on the weekends.

ATTENTION STUDENTS

Tonight there will be an extremely IMPORTANT MEETING in the Committee Room of Kline Commons to discuss the proposed constitutions. If you are interested in doing something about changing student government at Bard, stop talking and go!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The Science Division at Bard College will sponsor a lecture by physicist Raymond Seeger on "The Humanism of Science," Monday, October 31st at 8:00 p.m. in Sottery Hall.

Dr. Seeger, former Special Assistant to the Director of the National Science Foundation, is currently Director of the Bicentennial Lectures of the Sigma Xi society. His professional interests have been in the foundations of quantum mechanics, the electric breakdown of solids, shockwave phenomena, and the humanistic aspects of physics, including its philosophical and religious implications. He is author and co-editor of a number of books including *Ernst Mach: Physicist and Philosopher* (co-editor), *Benjamin Franklin: New World Physicist*, and *Philosophical Foundations of Science* (co-editor).

The lecture is open to the public and there is no charge for admission.

The Constitution Revisited

By 'g. f. levinson

The first meeting of the committee to review, revise and otherwise re-evaluate the present student constitution, was held October 12. The major question confronting this meeting, according to chairman Barry Patrece was exactly who would serve on the committee. One Drama student indulged in a lengthy bit of speechmaking which revealed the sad story of a drama/dance major's scheduling problems and the meeting then moved on.

After much discussion, the students present decided to limit the committee's voting membership to the 13 people who were able to commit themselves to attending at least three meetings a week for the next several weeks. Anyone else who showed up for a meeting was welcome to contribute their input on the issues under discussion but only those thirteen people would be able to vote. (Barry Patrece would serve as chairman but would not have a vote.)

The members of this committee were; Anthony Bennie, Arthur Carlson, Ed Colon, Hugh Crawford, Paul Corning, Jonathan Field, Eileen Huseman, Ruth Hill, Kevin McKeiver, Rod Michaels, Charles Moore, Roger Rosenthal and Janet Sapadin.

A letter was then read by Arthur Carlson, written by himself and George Dobbs, on behalf of the Planning Committee, which cited the corruption and politics prevalent in the pre-Planning Committee days when Senate allocated the convocation funds. The letter voiced concern over the privacy and seclusion of the present system but expressed confidence in the competence of the Committee members and asked that they be allowed to formulate the guidelines of the Planning Committee designed for the new system.

At this point the discussion seemed to be over. Anthony Bennie made a motion for the meeting to adjourn and re-convene the following Monday, so that everyone could assemble their proposals for the new constitution, over the weekend. Barry Patrece refused to recognise Bennie (even though he had already spoken.)

Patrece then asked people to

submit some ideas on what form the new government should take. Arthur Carlson suggested that any committees (such as the Planning Committee or Student Judiciary Board) have an unlimited number of members so that anyone who volunteered to serve could be able to.

Patrece then stated his anxiousness to see some people directly responsible for carrying out various functions but noted that he did not wish to concentrate responsibility (and therefore power) in the hands of a few people. Carlson added that the idea of unlimited membership was to gain both numbers and expertise.

At this point the suggestion of a monolithic government; one body of people who would handle the jobs traditionally handled by different committees, and Senate's usual duties was made. Another proposal was made to take the Student Forum Government, proposed in 1975, make a few changes and use this as the model for the new constitution. A third student expressed his conviction that the committee should expand the rights and power of students when dealing with the Administration. He suggested that an Administrative Board, to be composed of an equal number of representing members of the Administration, students and possibly some faculty members, would be responsible for formulating policy. This might end the pattern of a policy endorsed by students conflicting with the dictums of the Administration.

The meeting was adjourned until Friday.

The Friday meeting began with Barry Patrece announcing that the committee was to be broken into sub-committees. Each sub-committee would work on a different version of a constitution. These would be written between October 14 and 20. The committee would discuss them on the 24th, make suggestions and change and then present them to interested students on the 26th.

The four sub-committees were divided up as follows. Rodger Rosenthal was to head the group working on a constitution for a monolithic government (see explanation above.) Rodger ex-

plained to the group that this type of government seems to be more efficient and cuts down on confusion.

The second sub-committee, chaired by Arthur Carlson, was a re-drafting of the AMS Student Forum Constitution, which proposes a student forum government. Arthur stressed the idea that this type of government will aim for an effective judicial process.

The third sub-committee, chaired by Ed Colon will work on Revisions of the present student constitution and try to correct some of the problems inherent in its structure. The final committee, to be chaired by Barry Patrece, will try to assemble a government modeled on that of the United States and emphasizing checks and balances in government.

A request was made that new (1st semester at Bard) students have access to documents or a fund of knowledge designating possible pitfalls which the committee should know about.

There was some discussion about the October 24th meeting which Patrece had said would be a closed one. It was pointed out that this was in direct violation made at the Student Association Meeting (October 10th) which specified that all meetings were to be open. Patrece said that this was not a formal meeting but would serve as an "informal session" in which the sub-committees could criticize and clarify the proposed constitutions.

It was also noted that the chairpersons of the committees would be responsible for publicizing their sub-committees' meetings, since these meetings were also to be open to the general public. The members of the sub-committees were also to be responsible for getting the public familiar with the constitutions by the November 1st referendum date, when the public would vote on them.

The question of how many constitutions would be presented on November 1st caused some discussion but it was pointed out that, since a 2/3 majority would be needed the less constitutions presented the better the chances of gaining the public's support for a new constitution would be.

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CLASSIFICATION	POSSESSION	SALE (INCLUDES GIFT)	PENALTY
Violation (Legally not a "crime")	Up to 25 grams (Second Offense) (Third Offense)		Up to \$100 fine Up to \$200 fine Up to \$250 fine and/or 15 days jail
Class B Misdemeanor	Over 25 grams or any public use or display	Gift up to 2 grams or 1 cigarette	Up to 3 months jail or \$500 fine
Class A Misdemeanor	Over 2 ounces	Up to 25 grams	Up to 1 yr. jail or \$1000 fine
Class E Felony	Over 8 ounces	Over 25 grams	Up to 4 yrs. prison
Class D Felony	Over 16 ounces	Over 4 oz. or any amount to a minor	Up to 7 yrs. prison
Class C Felony	Over 10 pounds	Over 16 ounces	Up to 15 yrs. prison

*25 grams = about seven-eighths of an ounce

The Observer is an independent student publication of the Bard College community. Publication is bi-weekly during the Bard College academic year. Letters to the Editor and other inquiries should be addressed to Box 85, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, 12504. The contents of the Observer are copyright 1977 by Observer, Inc. unless otherwise stated. The Observer is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate and subscribes to College Press Service and Intercollegiate Press Service. The opinions herein are not necessarily those of Bard College or the Editorial staff.

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with special thanks to Jane, who really knocked herself out this time.

Alternative Viewpoints

Over the last year the student voice in governance of the community has grown faint, aided by the infighting and cross purposes that have absorbed the energies of the Senate and its committees. The dissipation of effort has so discouraged participation in this semester's Senate that many of the most important positions were unfilled as we approached midterms.

Sixteen days ago the Student Association found itself a leader in Barry Patrece. The drive and energy which propelled him into office will be valuable tools for building a strong forum to represent student opinion. Unfortunately, the manner in which he came by his position and the overtones of events in the two weeks since have made many students uncomfortable about contributing their efforts to the new government.

The Student Association meeting had the positive effect of interesting many otherwise uninvolved students in their government. However, the meeting's ostensible aim was used as

a cover by members of the Government Club to gratify personal ambition. Patrece was installed as President without anyone else being allowed to oppose him; without the opportunity for nine-tenths of the student body to vote for who is to represent them.

In keeping the revision of the constitution on a tight schedule, Patrece has avoided the chronic Sen-problem of projects undertaken but not concluded. In the process, he has rankled observers of the committees by his defiant assertion of imagined prerogatives of his office. Insecure about his position, he interpreted even positive and constructive input from others as a challenge to his authority; committing himself even more firmly to his original plan, whatever the cost. Parliamentary procedure is being used to bully and intimidate students who cross him.

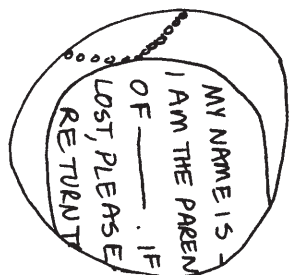
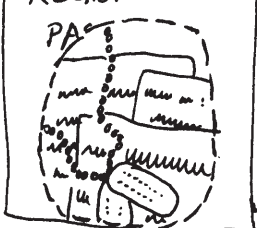
Altogether, the positions he has taken this semester have not reflected particularly sound judgement. Patrece seems to feel that bluster and a broad acquaintance with the American Constitutional system can make up what he lacks in patience to listen and un-

derstand what and why things have been done the way they have at Bard.

By badmouthing the existing system of government and the few people who participate in it and implying that a little conscientiousness would resolve all the big problems, he has risked alienating students still further if the high expectations he has raised aren't met.

We hope that Patrece will prove more open and flexible as he becomes more familiar with his position. He apparently gained an approving, willing ear by his handling of himself before the College Trustees that will be useful when we seek their approval of the new constitution. Patrece will have to use his considerable energies and gain the confidence and commitment of the student body if student views are to regain much weight with the Administration and Faculty committees. If students don't shake themselves out of their indifference, we will be in real danger of seeing the eclipse of student participation in the guidance of the College for as long as any of us is a student at Bard.

PARENT'S REGISTRATION



Parent's Day Revisited
Gina Moss

Amato Juice

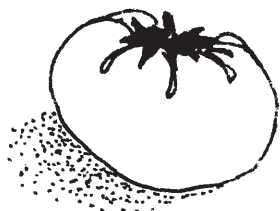
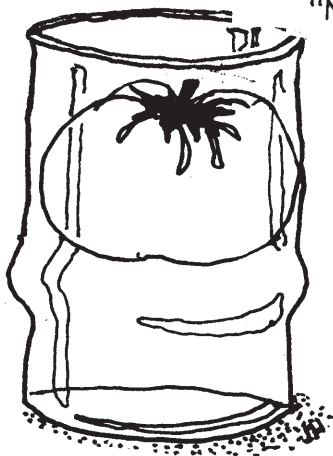
A friend of ours had a problem with her new room when she moved into the Mods...no closet. After some discussion with B&G, she found that she would need written permission so she went to see Peter Amato. He agreed to let her have one but only after he asked her, "Now tell me; why do you need this closet?"

And speaking of closets, did you hear about the girl who went into Mr. Amato's office to complain about her tiny room in Blithewood? After talking for half an hour, she asked him, "But have you ever seen this room?"

"No, but I'm familiar with it."

The Peer Counselor was upset. It was the fourth week that the girl up the hall had had Strep throat and Tewksbury was getting cold.

Distressed by the matter, she went to Peter Amato for a little help but he insisted that the room was warm enough. The Peer Counselor said, "The room was 35° last night when Security checked it." Amato said "Don't be silly; the room was 68° when B&G checked it yesterday afternoon. Why should it be colder at night than in the daytime?"



To the Editor:

C. S. Williams' disappointment concerning the cheesecake at Adolph's is pre-mature. It is now available almost every night; with more frequency than the Sex, I might add. Her wonderment about C. Deneuve is understandable. C.D. is a sick myth men have perpetuated to make women feel more guilty about their hair and breasts.

The apathy, however, is not understandable. There is a lot to worry about at Bard. For one, Reggie Jackson does not deserve the MVP for the Series. Our favorite was Munson, with Lou coming in a close second. Reggie didn't even play in the final playoffs, and it took him till the final game to even prove he was worth half of what he gets paid. Reggie is also a problem to the Great Billy Martin, who got those over-paid prima donnas to the Series to begin with. Will the Boss fire Martin? If so, this leads some of us to believe that the demise of the Yankees and the rise of the Toronto Blue Jays is closer than we think. Yankee fans have a profound responsibility to write Steinbrenner, en masse, in favour of Billy. Reggie isn't worth a benoda without a great manager to pacify him and keep him in his place.

We have yet another serious problem---the fans at the Stadium are a disgrace to the sports world. Anything's better than the Love, Peace and Brotherhood of the Hollywood Dodgers, but when Jackson has to run for his life after breaking Babe's record we have a problem. Reggie Smith has stated that the fans scared him, hitting him with potatoes and golf balls. The Dodgers needed an excuse, but this shouldn't be it. I remember Opening Day 1977 when two drunk men practically killed themselves on the second level. If they get excited about the Brewers, what's next?

The Yankees need to improve their diplomatic position with former Greats, namely Joe DiMaggio. Just because a man sells coffee for a living doesn't mean he should be treated like any other crummy fan. The beauty of baseball lies with its Greats; people like Babe Ruth's wife and DiMaggio should be given their own boxes.

I would like to thank Michael for "letting" us watch the Series at his place, and congratulate him for a well-made profit. P.C., an informed source, has described the Series 1977 rather succinctly by stating, "Baseball at Adolph's is sometimes better than sex at Adolph's. However, baseball is seasonal." Anyone who wants tickets to Opening Day 1978, Yankee Stadium... see me in February.

Trying to write a project,
Martha Toomey

To the Editor:

This year, Beaches for Bard is proud to announce the First Annual Distinguishable Soccer Player Awards. The winners for the Season 1977 are:

Most Improved Player--
Ezra Herman
Most Exposed Backfield--
Lewis Schaffer
Most Fans in Audience--
Eric Brothers
Best On-Field Presence--
Dan O'Neill
Best Punch Thrown--
Jean Louis
Tallest Goalie from N.J.--
Bill Mahoney
Most Goals (Because he's lucky enough to play Forward)--
Jeff Taylor
Nice Guy Award--
Monty Browder
Preppiest Player--
Art Chandler
Most Limber Pre-Game Show--
D. O'Neill
Muddiest Player--
Dave Fleming
The 1977 Marilyn Monroe Memorial Scholarship--
John L. Sypek

Finally, we would like to thank George Dobbs for consistent outstanding playing--Most Valuable Player. George will be given a trip for two during January to any beach of his choice.

We would also like to thank all the midgets who made this season possible. 'TIL NEXT SEASON!

Surf's Up!
Beaches for Bard
Co-(Beach)Chair
Bums

CAMPUS WARS

No history of Bard would be complete without the mention of *Hejeman 200*. *Hejemen*, as we casually called it, was a narcotic invented by the one named Weiss. This Weiss must have indeed been a great man for without *Hejeman* and the immense profits earned from the drug, we would never have had the capitol to build THE WALL.

This was not your ordinary drug. *Hejeman* had all the benefits of other narcotics with none of the side-effects. It put the user into a constant state of bliss but at the same time sharpened the senses. A person under the influence of *Hejemen* could perform all of their ordinary tasks with greater ease and capacity and also have a great time doing so. Nothing was ever boring on *Hejeman*. It also increased one's sexual capacity. Why, you could do it twenty-five thirty, even thirty-five times a day and never grow tired of it. Believe me, we never got tired! This, of course, helped the Breeding Program immensely. To top it all off, *Hejeman* was in no way physically addictive. The only thing is, once you'd tried the stuff you'd have to be a fool not to want to take it all the time!

The formula and process involved in producing *Hejeman* was, for a time, our greatest secret. We sold it in massive quantities to other colleges and communities (and they paid dearly). Our principle buyers were SUNY, Princeton and Columbia, the latter paid us primarily in the form of arms. Our prices were high but *Hejemen* was well worth it.

We prospered in this business for almost thirty years, then we ran into some difficulties. Evidently R.P.I. (Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute) managed to come up with some schlocky version of our own *Hejeman 200* and was selling it to SUNY. Their prices were much lower than ours and so SUNY dropped us and did all their business with R.P.I. We had always known the people of SUNY to be the cheapest in the world but they were also extremely ignorant seeing as they'd settle for such an abortion of true *Hejeman*. This made us angry... so we paid them back.

We agreed to lower our prices in return for all of SUNY'S business. So we sent them several large shipments - with a little "surprise". To the usual chemical formula of *Hejeman* we added an active ingredient which caused impotency in males. With such a combination the result is that the women are extremely aroused by *Hejeman*'s usual aphrodisiac effects but the

Paul K. Spencer

men, on the other hand, cannot respond. As one may well imagine SUNY'S Community was in a state of total disruption. SUNY was too stupid to figure out where the cause of their difficulties lay, while those at Bard laughed heartily at the reports coming down from the north.

Meanwhile, we left SUNY in their state of confusion to go clear up matters with R.P.I. We sent a small commando force up north with the mission of destroying R.P.I.'s chemistry and production lab and annihilating all those involved in the production of their version of *Hejeman*. All this they did and then some. Our commandos were generally a rowdy bunch (good soldiers though) and tended to do everything above and beyond the call of duty. Not only did they destroy the chemistry lab but, with a little imagination (and a lot of plastic explosives), they managed to level every building within five-hundred yards of it. This included many dormitories and classroom buildings. In all, we lost only two men, they lost almost seven-hundred. True to our motto, RPI would never "fuck with us" again.

We kept SUNY in their unhappy state for over a year, in which time they had many suicides, murders, nervous breakdowns and wild lesbian orgies. Everyone at Bard was in stitches all this time. The joke did not last long though. We made a mistake. Seeing how well the trick had worked with SUNY, we decided to try it on Vassar and Marist, who bought in small quantities from us. We should have known better, for they were not the low, ignorant breed of SUNY. They tested all their incoming shipments before using them and easily enough found out our little scheme. They were not too happy at this and decided to attack us.

To compound our troubles, SUNY found out the cause of their miseries from Vassar. And they were mad. And so we were hit from the south by Vassar and Marist, and from the north by SUNY. Vassar and Marist were a well armed bunch, many tanks, armored cars, automatic weapons, etc., and we had a time holding them at bay. SUNY though not particularly well equipped, fought with a passion (especially their women). Bard was indeed in trouble. The battle wore on for days and our forces were

Continued on p. 8

Through the Looking Glass

Robin J. Carroll
Class of '79

There are an uncounted number of dead people at Bard. No, I don't mean those seemingly lifeless students who sit in one place (usually Adolph's) until cobwebs begin to form. Within a half mile radius of main campus, there are close to one hundred dead (and buried) people.

Most of them reside (yes, I know) in the cemetery beyond the president's house. It's a suitably dreary place, particularly on a cold and rainy October day. I tried not to linger too long.

You don't realize how many graves there are, until you try to count them. For every tombstone there are half-a-dozen little markers, with only initials and maybe a date. Mostly they belong to children, the infant mortality rate being what it was. When the ghosts come out (as of course they do from time to time), it must resemble a rather odd playground. I expect that they play leapfrog over the tombstones a great deal, which must annoy those adult spirits who are trying to rest in peace.

Not only are there more children's graves, but they also have the worst epitaphs. Poor Mary Kennedy (died July 6, age 3 yrs., 10 months, 25 days), was burdened with following verse: *This lovely bud so young and fair Called hence by early doom Just came to show how sweet a flower In paradise would bloom.* Could you rest in peace with that above you?

The adults weren't necessarily exempt, either. Flora Kennedy (1866-1900) must have died of excess sentimentality, to judge by her epitaph: *Sleep on Beloved, sleep and take thy rest*

We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best

Good-night, good-night, good-night.

As an additional gesture, someone has planted a rosebush on her grave. Oh well...

The tombstones in the newer section read like a Who Was Who of Bard: Bernard Iddings Bell, Muriel De Gre, Werner Wolff, George B. Hopson, Clair Leonard... Heinrich Blucher and Hannah Arendt are there, side by side, and the Sands family has an entire fenced-in section to themselves.

Then of course, there are the Bards. John Bard, the founder of the college, is there with his wife, Margaret. (The well by the chapel is dedicated to her memory.) Next to them is their son, Willie. The chapel of the Holy Innocents was built to celebrate his birth. When he died before the age of twelve, it was dedicated to his memory. (Don't worry-I doubt if he haunts it. If you were an eleven-year-old ghost would you hang around a church?)

Between Bard Hall and Annandale House is what is usually referred to as THE MAUSOLEUM. It's a small stone building half-hidden by ivy, half-hidden by the trees around it. You can peer through the iron-work door and see the final resting place of Edom Bartlett and his wife. Two slabs on the floor, a stone altar and cross, and a lot of shacows. Every gothic novel has one just like it. (Note to sightseers: if one wishes to view the stained-glass windows, it is best to go in the morning, when the sun is in the East.)

On October 31st, All Hallow's Eve, spirits of the dead are said to walk the earth. By my calculations, the ghost/student ratio at Bard is approximately 1/7. So beware!

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YERMA

Shelia Spencer

Yerma, a Spanish play written by Federico Garcia Lorca, is a sensitive and haunting work which portrays a woman's life with a compassion and dignity seldom seen in productions which preceded the women's movement. The leading character is totally enmeshed within a cultural trap which forces her to choose motherhood as the only tolerable existence then denies her the possibility of achieving it. It is a poignant tale, requiring infinite sensitivity in direction and acting to achieve the success of which it is capable.

However, many disturbing factors prevented this from being a successful performance. Although Sylvia Sims created a strong character which attained several moments of brilliance, she was fighting against overpowering odds. Neither of her two male protagonists was able to achieve a level of credibility, and without a sufficient foil, she repeatedly lost hold of the vitality which she alone seemed capable of instilling into her character. Most of the acting was mediocre; this I attribute either to the roles the actors were expected to fill or to their

individual handling of the parts. The exception, in my view, was Kristin Bundesen, who most closely adhered to her character of a young peasant wife.

The greatest conflict seems to have occurred between the author's intent and the intent of the director. Consistently, in every scene, at least one element would appear totally at odds with the mood of the play. Whether merely a particular inflection of voice or the entire portrayal of a character, what might have been a mildly amusing release from the tension of the play instead was exaggerated into slapstick, prompting laughter from the audience and nullifying the impact of the events that followed. This put tremendous strain upon the actors to recover the intensity of emotion which had been lost. While I admit that Karen Shapiro as the Old Crone, Suzanne List and Gloria Vistica as peasant girls, and Leslie Friedman and Nina Chertoff as spectre-like sisters-in-law were skillful in their execution of the roles, I disliked the intentional removal of their characters from the realm of reality and relegation to broad comedy. . . which simply did not blend into the play itself. Their humor seems to have been

inserted clumsily into an otherwise powerful tragedy, repeatedly disrupting it.

Director Larry Sacharow explained his intent by describing these characters as "archetypal roles of either oppressor or one attempting to escape oppression." It is an interesting technique, but the difficulty of incorporating realistic and symbolic characters successfully into the same production is so great that I question whether it should have been attempted by less than a thoroughly proficient cast. I feel that the production's quality would have been greatly improved had he chosen to present all characters as realistic, thus placing his goal within the capacity of those he chose to fulfill it.

As for other elements of the play, I found the lighting effective in every scene and the peasants' costumes both simple and graceful. The newly-constructed stage is beautiful in its simplicity, which added a great sense of depth to the acting area. Props were extremely limited, and in that respect were far more appropriate to the "barren" theme of the play than a superfluity of furniture and objects would have been.

The music was written by Claude Stein, who abandoned the script's translation from the Spanish and did his own translation into rhythms and phrases which seemed more appropriate to the production. The melodies were beautiful and haunting, and corresponded closely to the peasant atmosphere. A natural difficulty was the limitation of the actors' singing voices, but, in Claude's estimation, this served to emphasize the simplicity of the lives of the peasant-washerwomen better than well-trained voices would have done. I'd like to agree completely, but I still felt the songs too beautiful not to be sung as they were written.

Though I feel Sacharow has failed in achieving what he intended with this production, it is clear that there were two strong factors in his favor: the power of the play itself, and Sylvia's unquestionable sensitivity and perception which allowed her to achieve a level of performance far beyond that which is usually seen on the Bard stage. It is very unfortunate that other circumstances were not able to enhance, rather than detract from, her performance of last weekend.



The Observer/Evan Hall

A VISION...

Shelia Spencer

Otherwise known as "The Dark Lady," the one-act play was successfully "conjured" by J.C. Brotherhood (with a little help from G.B. Shaw) and is scheduled to be performed again, concurrently with two other productions (and two new casts) later this term. Its message is an echo both of Shakespeare's actual petition to Queen Elizabeth for the building of a state theatre and of the author's plea, during the nineteenth century, for completion of the National Theatre (which has only been finished during the last decade). Obviously, it is now a plea for contributions to enable the completion of the Bard Theatre (which was abandoned over two years ago, when funds were depleted through outside investments). No one can argue that completing the theatre would not be a very positive accomplishment for both the Drama/Dance department and the college itself, but whether this play is the most effective way of achieving that has yet to be seen.

True . . . the costumes were lovely (especially that of the queen); the simple lighting and bare stage

were appropriate and the staging was well-executed for a theatre-in-the-round performance. Bob Mason and Willa Adelman were very adept as the equally pompous historical figures, fielding insults and maintaining consistency within the performance with the experience both have accumulated during the past two years. Bonnie Galayda and Wilkes Bryan were successful in their supporting roles as the Dark Lady and a watchman; in short, the actors gave a sufficiently satisfying performance.

My only complaint is that I must number myself among those who are not particularly fond of Shaw or this play; knowing that J.C. is similarly a member, I must question his choice of the work. While it does promote his theme, and at times is quite funny (this due to the ability of the actors more than to the lines themselves), for the most part amusement was restricted to those Shakespearean scholars in the audience who were able to catch the many lines borrowed from his writings and inserted unexpectedly into the dialogue. Considering the material he was working with, J.C. and his cast did an admirable job. But I would have liked to see their efforts spent on something with a bit more meat to it.

IN PROGRESS

Shelia Spencer

Originally, the purpose of this article was to give members of the Bard Community a brief idea of what productions are to be presented by the Drama Department during this semester. By attending the rehearsals of works in progress, I was to prepare objective synopses and comments to be used in helping other decide what and what not to miss. . .

However, in observing William Driver's approach to *The Lower Depths* by Maxim Gorky, I was captivated both by the play itself and by the elements Driver is in the process of assembling for the production. In many respects, it promises to be the most powerful and successful performance of the term.

The "compassionate portrayal of rogues and vagabonds" was created in 1901, and is considered to be Gorky's "most humane, hence most inconclusive play"—since humanity and life itself are inconclusive. "It proceeds from the man himself reflecting his own complexity and his own honest doubt." * Yet despite this very human theme the play was considered revolutionary by the Czarist government; after suffering over eighty cuts by censors, the play was still banned in Russia following a single performance. However, on the strength of this presentation alone, the work gained immense reputation, and has since been produced many times throughout the world, and filmed twice.

The play's "meaning" is almost impossible to define; it does not lie within the lines themselves, though they carry great beauty and pathos in their own right. The manipulatively optimistic old man, the viperous adulteress, the imperious Baron all have their stories to tell, yet each is only a fragment of the larger context of the play.

Driver attempts to expand his actors' vision beyond the confrontation with their own roles to a confrontation with this larger theme -- a terrifying task when one is neither sure of what the theme is nor whether one can cope with it once it is known. Feeling of

worry, fear, and yet excitement, were apparent during the cast/director discussions which interspersed the rehearsals.

"Is my character telling the truth?" "Is it merely his own perception of truth?" "Is he lying to others, or to himself as well?" These questions reappear frequently and reveal what Driver sees as the core of the play: A portrayal of the extent to which the fight for identity and survival cause alienation of the individual from others and from the truth itself -- even within the closed environment of a basement flop-house. As Driver states, "The key to interpreting your character depends on getting the lies right."

Preceding the first rehearsal the cast members were engaged in a series of improvisations in which the feelings of confinement, hostility and impotence could be exercised and strengthened before actual character development occurred. The greatest strivings during these sessions were to maintain this tension despite outside influences; the actors were encouraged to extend their limits of concentration and control to the full.

As rehearsal began, "Take your time" was Driver's most insistent advice. Though occasional breaks in the sessions give them a chance to relax accumulated tensions and discuss problems as a group, the actors must deal with ambiguities of script and character by themselves. Driver guides them through the asking of pertinent questions, but primary responsibility remains with the students. Motivation is stressed far beyond expression or gesture, which must be allowed to flow naturally from it.

As a starting point, Driver presented a method of defining the characters in relation to the world. Are they space-fillers or space-shrinkers? Progressors or regressors? Actors or observers? Time-movers or people suspended in time? Each character can be distinguished either as active, progressing, motivated and manipulating . . . or as merely filling space and being acted upon by time, people and life.

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Oy! Oy!! Oy!!!

LEONARD MICHAELS' READING
Thursday, Oct. 20 at Bard Hall

"Oy: Oy!", cried the rabbi, as he sent the flabby, falaccid, florid effulgence of his circumcised shaft into the frothy fur-blintza of his raunchy rebbitzen. His did this every Thursday; on Friday the rabbi slept late. The rebbitzen also screamed "Oy!", hammering her grotesque globes with ham fists. She trembled like a cedar of Lebanon; her peroxide wig fell off, exposing the strawberry patched bald scalp, ravaged with head-lice scabs. She had been pretty when she was young.

On the record player, Xavier Cugat gibbered the name of God. Even then, I and my reckless companions, (Izzy, Moe, Seymour, Myron and his alte-cocker tzaidah, Schmuely, and our Doberman Pincher, were applying bone to flange, and flesh to nail, ripping sensate integument against rough rib of rock, as all of us dangled, 200 feet in mid-air above the Lower East Side, reeking like a mother-fucker, so that we might slaver over the salacious spectacle of Simon Schachtman, indigenous

Continued on Page 8

TOM WAITS FOR EVERYONE

John Rolfe

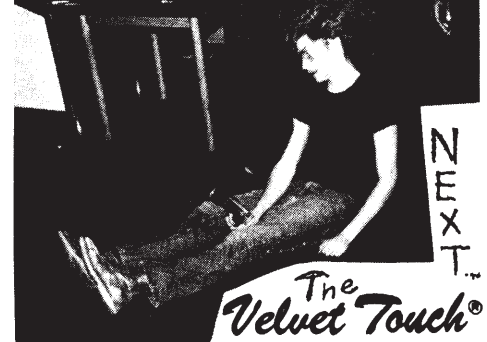
Hey-yaw-ung, ah lemme just tug on yer coat a minute about somethin' here-ung. I was uh standin' on-a corner o' Scotch an' Soda th' other night under a burgundy moon i a swizzle stick sky. Jus' lookin' for th' heart o' Saturday Night. An'-a guy comes up an' says "Step right up, Tom Waits at the Beacon tonight, the heart of Saturday Night himself." Soze I grabs my MD 2020 and shuffles on down-ung.

Tom Waits, the gravelly voiced, gutsy jazz and blues singer moved into Broadway's Beacon Theatre and in the course of a well controlled, complete, and diversified two hour set, established several things. He demonstrated much to my amazement that beneath all the gravel lies a voice of silk. This guy can sing. Secondly he showed that he is a sensitive artist as well as a raunchy, jaunty, amusing entertain-

er, and most of all he proved that he is going to be a major force in music in the years to come. His powerful bluesy visions from the heart of smoky low-class bars, run-down bus stations, skid row flophouses, and the crowded, lamplit streets of urban America make the seedier side of life seem downright attractive.

Backed by a more than competent, innovative ensemble comprised of drums, vibes, sax, and acoustic bass, Waits, clad in a baggy grey suit, scuffed pointed shoes, and a crumpled hat, spent the evening shuffling from the piano to the microphone under a prop lamp-post that looked like it was stolen off of Main Street, and back again, in complete control of his set and the audience as well. He entertained and had the audience roaring with raunchy, funny numbers like "Step Right Up", "Pasties and a G-string", and "Emotional Weather Report", and then returned to the keys to enchant and subdue with the beautiful "San Diego Serenade" and the haunting, gut-wrenching "Invitation to the Blues". Lighter, more upbeat moments were provided with the jazzy "Depot Depot" and "New Coat of Paint".

Waits' power as an entertainer



lies in his versatility. After bringing the audience to the verge of tears, he'd step out to the lamppost, light one of many cigarettes, and do one of his more sing-songy story-like numbers. In a growl and a whisper he let us in on the story of "Small Change", who got rained on with his own .38, and the tale of larceny, revenge and double-cross in "Potter's Field". A moment of personal contact between performer and audience was contained in each of these numbers.

Waits obviously enjoys performing and catering to his audience. He nicely accepted and complied with requests for "The Heart of Saturday Night" and "Tom Traubert's Blues". Quite a magnetic personality, although he's by no means flashy. It was a wonderful, entertaining, gratifying evening.

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CAMPUS WARS

Continued from Page 5

gradually weakened. We became desperate. And then we had an idea.

Over the heads of our enemies we exploded special artillery shells containing massive quantities of *Hejeman* with extra-strength aphrodisiacs. The enemy stopped dead in their tracks. The battlefield became one massive orgy. Men, women, horses, dogs, birds, bees, every living creature in the area piled into a mountain of erotically excited bodies. The men of SUNY, incapable for so long, now found themselves aroused beyond their wildest dreams (to the delight of their women). The pressures of over a year were released in a blinding fury. The fields surrounding THE WALL were filled with a tremendous chorus of "Oooo's and AHhhh!". Our enemies were now much too distracted to even consider fighting.

Luckily for us very little of the *Hejeman* used against our enemies reached us, though there were a few erotic outbursts. We were, nonetheless in control of ourselves and able to carry out phase two of our plan.

Leaving our enemies in this busy though harmless state, we sent out our small but effective airforce. I neglected to mention before that we had such a thing and will now do so. It was a very small fleet of Korean War vintage fighters and bombers. It must be admitted that our pilots were not the best and often had accidents leaving and landing on the runway, but, as I mentioned earlier, we were primarily an artillery school. At any rate our little squadron flew to their targets which were the campuses of Vassar, Marist and SUNY. These were being defended by

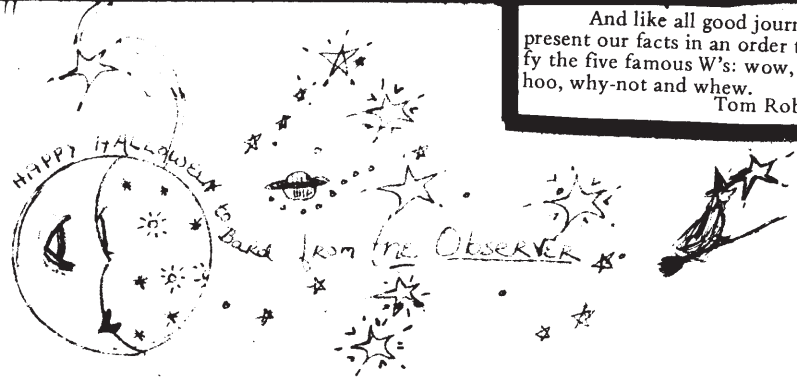
only a tiny skeleton force as most of their reserves were now quite busy participating in assorted sex acts around THE WALL'. And so with great ease we leveled their campus with concussion and napalm bombs.

With this mission complete we set about the task of ridding ourselves of that sea of over-sexed humans that now surrounded our perimeter. We did this with napalm. We placed napalm bombs around the outside of our wall and then, from safely inside, we detonated them. This caused all those within five-hundred feet of our wall to be incinerated and caused all beyond that point to be quite annoyed at such an interruption. As the heat became too intense, our now non-aggressive enemies, gradually left, seemingly forgetting what they'd come for in the first place. A pity for them that they would have nothing to go home to but a pile of rubble.

We glorified in our triumph for many years after this, for we would not hear of Vassar, Marist or SUNY again. Not for at least twenty years, not until April twenty-second, in the year two-thousand and thirty-three. That was the day they paid us back.

ATTENTION SKIERS

DannyO is serving as the Annandale distributor of "Graves Skis" which are a real fine ski from Port Industries in Newburyport, Mass. We can get these for only \$95.00 (shipping included) when they sell in the stores for a reasonable \$195.00. Catch him some evening in Hegeman 200 or in Robbins House. He has some reading material on them.



And like all good journalists we shall present our facts in an order that will satisfy the five famous W's: wow, whoopee, wahoo, why-not and whew.
Tom Robbins

CORRECTIONS

In our first issue we incorrectly stated that Dick Griffiths is the only official on campus who can make arrests; Dick Starkie also has authorization to make arrests.

In our second issue we left Ed Colon's name off of his Alternative Viewpoint.

IN PROGRESS

Continued from Page 6

The only conscious alteration Driver has made in the original script is to avoid a change in setting for a specified outdoor scene. Beyond simple convenience, he has decided to retain the single set to intensify the sense of feeling trapped and impotent within a smotheringly enclosed environment. The cagelike structure which will surround the stage emphasize this; The trap into which the people have fallen is impossible for most to escape, and constantly threatens to destroy those it contains.

A final note . . . The play is powerful, the directing sound; the set will be unique and effective. Above all this, the acting is in the hands of several who are well-schooled in their art such as Garwood, Christopher Humes, J.C. Brotherhood, Wendy Elman, and Ian Blackman. I have little doubt that they will give a satisfying and memorable presentation when the play is staged in Preston Hall between November 12 and 15.

*all quotations from Edward Braun's introduction to the Jeremy Brooks Translation of Gorky's *The Lower Depths*

MICHAELS READING

Continued from Page 7

holymen and undefeated whore-master, thrusting his ferocious flail up Sadie's tabernacle, Sadie Chinick, the girl whose most notorious premarital conquest had been the Golem of Prague.

The rabbi, livid with lechery, gagged. His eyeballs swam sewer-wise. His head hung limp like a Turkish voluptuary's over the shoulder of the oriental love-seat on which they sweated, rutted, grunted and coupled as if Siberian wolves were biting their asses. The rabbi's head soon fell off altogether, his hands melted, his teeth fell out. The head rolled over to the window, looked out and saw our minyan, horny as Hebron goats.

"Murderers!", he screamed as we, desengaging bone from flange, and flesh from nail, still however ripping sensate integument against rough rib of rock, chundered down the decrepit drain-pipe of dreams that funneled us back into the bleak dayglow of our shitty ghetto. . . . (Somewhere around here, I slipped out the door)

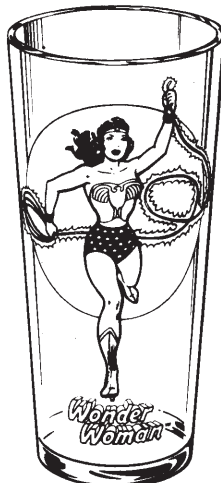
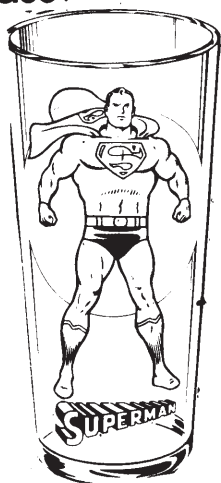
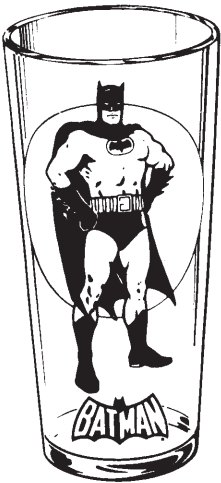
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Robert Zakanitch: An Informal Consideration

Gina Fiering

I wouldn't have gone to Robert Zakanitch's talk/slide show in Procter Wednesday night if I hadn't been told to review it. As a non-art major I was worried that the talk would be incomprehensible and/or boring, or that the work itself would be either accidentally or deliberately inaccessible to non-artists. By the end of the presentation, however, I felt extremely lucky to have been there and I wished that there was something besides *the Observer* that would get students to attend presentations outside of their field.

Zakanitch began by defining formalist painting. Formalism is a style that evolved in the middle 'sixties in which the artist avoided referring to recognizable objects or spatial arrangements. In other words, the paintings were about paint on canvas. Zakanitch's early work is Formalist; it consists of big paintings in which a single rich color seems to spill from one side of the canvas to the other, going from light to dark or vice-versa. There is a naturalness to these paintings that keeps them from becoming mechanical exercises in color gradation; ragged borders of empty, primed canvas help. They succeed in not evoking thoughts or feelings that go beyond reaction to the work itself, but this limitation, though deliberate, remains a limitation.

After this series of paintings Zakanitch began to include recognizable shapes and patterns in his work. He explained that Formal-

ist painting had become very tedious to him, and he didn't know what to do next. He was interested in Early American tapestries and rugs, Japanese prints, and Chinese vases, and felt that he wasn't able to incorporate this kind of art into the work that he was doing. He began to experiment with patterns, "trying to get it to make sense." His own evaluation of his paintings from this period is "not terrific, but fun." They looked somewhat childish to me, with shapes and squiggles splashed on the canvas. The borders are gone, and there is more empty space.

Zakanitch spoke of the need to have faith in one's work and follow it where it leads. There was a brief phase in Zakanitch's work when experimentation with pattern led to paintings that look like wallpaper (as a critic said of them when they were new) and Zakanitch agrees. A painting called "John Philip Sousa" changes this. This is the first of a series of paintings that are full without being crowded. They contain recognizable shapes, such as flowers, but are no more about these shapes than they are about patterns, which no longer dominate the work. The paintings are enriched by the use of objects and spatial arrangements found in nature without being overwhelmed by them. Some of the value transitions of the early paintings come back, along with borders, which are used much more creatively in these later works. The spaces around the images have

become fully integrated into the paintings.

"Stars Fell on Alabama," one of my favorite paintings in the show, is large like most of Zakanitch's work; this triptych is 6 feet by 18 feet. The paint is thickly-applied acrylic. The center panel shows what looks like large cotton plants or white flowers of primed canvas against a brilliant swirling blue background, with darker paint designating petals. The side panels show what looks like a microscopic vision of the center panel, with white dots suggesting stars. There is a comfortable degree of abstraction, so that one gets the idea of what the images might represent without having to concentrate on whether one is right or not. This suggestion of images is more interesting than a strictly literal interpretation would be. Like all Zakanitch's paintings, this has no illusion of depth, but is a tremendous two-dimensional space that seems to be expanding. Someone asked why one of the flowers was blue instead of white, and Zakanitch looked at it and said, "It feels right to me." In response to another question he said, "If paintings are too intellectual then they feel too cool to me. Formalist painting was like that. But if painting becomes too emotional, it becomes a fetish, with a lot of twisted wires and whatnot. I want my paintings to be physical and sensual, to create a balance between intellect and emotion."

Zakanitch's lecture was an opportunity to share in the process of an artist developing his style. The talk was not more interesting than the paintings, nor did it seem superfluous. Zakanitch is having a show of his recent paintings at the Robert Miller Gallery in New York, and I recommend that anyone with time and a car should go, and if they have extra room they should take me and I'll help pay for gas. Hearing Zakanitch speak increased my enjoyment of his work, and the slides made me want to see his paintings in their full size, color and texture.

Arnolfini's

Jane Hurd

What is the Arnolfini? For those of us who are curious about the sudden wealth of programs in the mailboxes, here is some information about what's over there.

The Arnolfini is a young, non-profit organization owned by Arnolfini Emprise, which is comprised of a restaurant, the Matter and Energy Design Store, and the Open Studio. The intention of the center is to promote, sponsor workshops, and hold events for the artistic community of the entire Mid-Hudson community. As this is no small are, the center endeavors to include a large variety of events

which will remain open to any suggestions or demands of the community. The programs vary from theatre, film, poetry, video, and "New Music" (affiliated with the Creative Music Studio; includes an ongoing progressive jazz studio, country, and classical music), to a series of lectures and workshops in "Primal Therapy", "Buddhist Teachings", dance, yoga, weaving, etc. The center also runs an independent publishing company, Stationhill Press. The Arnolfini's intention is basically to find as many programs and events as possible for all citizens--children's events and a Senior Citizens' square dance are also being planned for the near future.

The Arnolfini has applied for a grant through the New York State Council for the Arts, but in the meantime a number of artists, musicians, and repertory companies from NYC and elsewhere have offered to come perform for lower than-usual fees to help the center get going. A proposed theatre festival in November will bring the Facets (a Chicago-based ensemble), the Deva Theater Kumpanion, and in December, the New Company Players will make a special production of Beckett's 'Waiting For Godot', plus a series of Christmas events. For Halloween (in case you want to get off campus) they plan a concert/dance/party, which will award prizes of champagne etc. to the best costumes.

A lot is being planned for the center, which is really still in the embryonic stages of development. However, you can go now to the newly opened restaurant and enjoy a variety of foodstuffs, reasonably priced and prepared by "one of the area's finest chefs, Mr. Jarry Bourkney." The restaurant has a nice setting and, surprisingly, is staffed by lots of Bard students. The late night cafe offers good sandwiches and soups, and is a little closer than Michael's Diner if your appetite is nocturnally inspired. Also, there is the Matter and Energy Store downstairs which is an outlet for woodburning stoves and handcrafts by area artists; a little bit of Woodstock in Rhinebeck. The house jazz band, Muanda, a group of musicians, poets, and dancers who are into progressive integration of their art is generally doing something there.

The Arnolfini is very interested in conspiring with Bard for concerts--recently, Bard's bluegrass group, "Middle Class Grass", enjoyed a hearty reception there, and last Saturday night they sponsored a disco which was basically Bard students, and some kids from New Paltz. They hope to also sponsor a poetry reading for the Bard community on Thursday, Nov. 27, which should be good for public exposure and impromptu meeting of minds. They have a lot of facilities there which are available to students, and are very enthusiastic about us making use of them. So next time you venture into Rhinebeck, stop in and check them out--could do a lot for you, or at least give you some ideas.

God's Plan for Bard

Documents have only recently been smuggled out, revealing what many of us have suspected for some time: The Reverent Sun-Myung Moon and his adherents are actively engaged in implementing his understanding of God's plan for Bard. Their subversion of the Bard Mind has already begun, and it has been making inroads into our intellectual life without most of us even being aware of it. Here are the facts:

A few days before Parent's Day, in October, a handful of Barrytown's Moonies entered the Coffee Shop disguised as Parisian "enrages." By devious means which are still unclear, they seeded most of the comestibles, notably the soft drinks, with hallucinogenic drugs. These were not ordinary hallucinogens, but specially manufactured narcotics with secret formulae; these cause the people who consume them to see the figures of the popular American superheroes projected on the walls. By Parent's Day, everyone using the Coffee Shop was discussing the gargantuan images of Superman, Batman and Wonder Woman which, they believed, were standing above the coffee counter. When I questioned people, I realized that these were indeed the personages they were seeing, but for some strange reason, people often called them by different names: *Urbemensch*, *Batstein*, and *Wonder Person*. Furthermore, these figures were telling people to drink Pepsi-Cola.

Now it is a matter of record, that Pepsi-Cola has a covert policy of not hiring Jews. And Bard has a very large percentage of Jewish students, faculty and administration. Were the Moonies trying to subliminally persuade the intel-

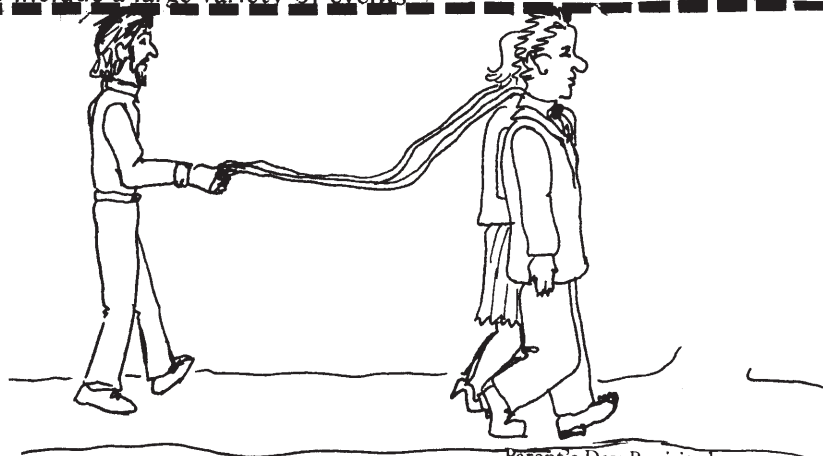
lectuals of Bard to forget both their traditional super-heroes (Bob Dylan, Che Guevara, Daniel Barenboim), as well as their own heritage, religion and culture? Was this their way of making us into brainless, super-patriotic Moonies like themselves?

But why Batstein? Batstein who, of all super-heroes, should be the defender, the strong right arm of the Jewish people? There lay the crux of the matter. Batstein, it turned out, was an embodiment of a kind of "Uncle Josephus," the turn-coat Jew betraying his own people to work for the interests of Pepsi-Cola, even though he could never be their employee. Brain-washing, yes, but brain-washing at the highest level of sophistication, brain-washing precision targeted like Samson's asses' jaw-bone, to the highly intellectual mentalities of the Bard community!

Batman, transformed into Batstein, transformed into an "Uncle Josephus" agent of Pepsi-Cola, subtly intimidated Bard into drinking that which most of its residents will never be allowed to produce, thereby soaking their systems with more brain-corroding hallucinogens in a classic pattern of stimulus-response reinforcement!!

I have tried to alert the community to the dangers of using the Coffee Shop, but to little avail. If I continue in my efforts, I will be branded as a radical of the 60's who "never grew up." There may be a few persons left on campus however, whose minds are not yet lost to the forces of evil around them. I have been empowered to publish this report for them.

ANONYMOUS





BARD SPORTS

This is it fans - tomorrow, October 27th represents the final Bard soccer game of the season. Starky Stadium will be the scene as the "Bard Big Boys" take on the always tough Dutchess Community College, and it promises to be an incredible contest. Beer and mixed drinks will of course be on hand. Being the last game of the season, tomorrow will also mark "Fan Appreciation Day" for the Bard community. In celebration of this yearly event, the "Big Boys" will be available before the game to pose for pictures, so if you want a "suitable for framing" picture of (or with) your favorite "Big Boy," load up your camera and come on down. It should be a festive occasion for all and as usual, all fans under the age of 73 will be admitted free. As a further treat, the "Big Boys" will be dining that night in Kline Commons, in Annandale, N.Y. to talk in retrospect of the season and give you fans insights on what to expect in '78. So DON'T FORGET - Thursday, Oct. 27 at 3:30. Bring your lungs, your cameras, and don't forget to save those ticket stubs for the post-game raffle. (This year's prize - a guided

midget's voice

tour of the Left Orthopedic Shoe Factory in downtown Secaucus, N.J.)

Also, you can't tell the players without a scorecard so here it is:

BIG BOY NAME	B.B. No.
John Sypek	14
George Dobbs	7
Scotty Lithgow	15
Mark Callahan	18
David Kelly	Goalie
Jean Louis	10
Dave Fleming	6
Danny O'Neill	12
Monte Browder	11
Jeff Taylor	17
Art Chandler	16
Dave Kolalkoski	13
Eric Brothers	8
Baird Winham	2
Yavine Borima	9
Dan Josephs	1
Steve Okoniewski	4
Darius Iovino	3
Ezra Herman	5
Bill Mahoney	Goalie
Daryl Levy	Manager
Louis Schaffer	0

STRAIGHT MIDGET

With the advent of the cold weather it gets easier and easier to just hang out inside and drink hot cider and stuff. However, you and I both know that a pudgy midget is not necessarily a happy

who's it) so listen tight.

LADIES:

"Charlie's Angels," the renowned Bard girls basketball team, has started working out already but its hardly too late for you interested co-eds. Talk to Coach Patrick about practice times. It's a lot of fun and anyone who gets really good can challenge the Midget to a one-on-one contest. The stakes can be arranged at that time.

GENTLEMEN:

Intermural Basketball is in the near future. Get at least 5 guys together and go talk to Charlie about signing up. The I.R.A. is coming back to defend their championship with the same handsome lads that stole your hearts last year.

EVERYONE:

Luisa is still getting the Karate Club organized so keep your eyes open for dates or give her a buzz at the first floor of Tewksbury for more info. They'll be doing some self-defense and the Midget might even give a

demonstration on "Short Attacks."

I've heard rumor of some sort of volleyball intramurals in the planning. Again: talk to Charlie.

Don't forget there are 3 or 4 squash courts in the gym that are cold but most serviceable.

Don't let your body go to waste, it's the only one I've got.

LISTEN TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE DEPARTMENT

The Midget would like to point out (rather smugly, I might add) the fact that if you refer back to the first issue you will notice he picked the Yanks and the Dodgers in the World Series well before the end of the season. He then went on to predict these same N.Y. Yankees to win the Series in 6 games. I'll let the records speak for themselves.

AFTERMATH

Come on Sssss, you're not going to leave me hanging, are you?

The Midget would like to dedicate this article to Bing and say thanks, for roads that never lead to nowhere.



The Observer /Evan Hall