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INDIANS MARCH ON WASHINGTON
Obey, Consumer, Obey
John Large
Palestinian Forum
Fred Crane to Retire
Karen E. Watson

OPINIONS AND ALTERNATIVE VIEWPOINTS
"[The possible remedies you suggested...are completely inconsistent in terms of your assessment [sic] of the Bard situation..."
Mike Griffin

"...I'm still inclined to think some sort of critical (& realistic) self-appraisal is possible for any of us..."
John Large

"It certainly has been a long, strange year..."
Jane Hurd (Betty "Mango" Dredd)

"Well kids, this is the last issue of the Observer for the spring of 1978."
Ed Colon

Jerusalem Journal
3 Iyar 5738
May 10, 1978—the start of Independence Day
Rick Landau

"A year ago, I...signed a petition that called for the hiring of minority teachers."
Lance Tair

"As mentioned in your last issue, theft at Bard is on the rise."
G. F. Levinson

"Congratulations and best wishes to all you dear friends graduating this year!"
Dr. Bish

EMIL THE MEAT RACK STUDENT OF ETERNAL LIFE [Poem]
Jane Hurd

[Untitled Poem]
Gretchen Lang

SILENT NIGHT...
John Large

[Untitled Poem]
Julie Conason

[Photograph]
Michael Fierman

"Twelve Pound Look" [by J. M. Barrie]
Alex McKnight

"Rosalind" [by J. M. Barrie]
Alex McKnight

"The Marriage of Figaro"
Sheila Spencer

Senior Project Dance Concert
Gloria Viatica

PUNK ROCK RE-EXAMINED
Robert Levers

The Band— The Last Waltz
(Warner Bros. 3WS-3146)
Robert Levers

For Those of You Who Were Unfortunate Enough to Miss Ken Kelley's Interview with Anita Bryant (Playboy, May 1978) Here Are Some of the Highlights:
A. L. Fuchs

1978 Graduation Ceremony
John Large

TENNIS
Nelson Anthoine

BARD LANDS: THE AIR
Erik Kiviat
Opinions & Alternative Viewpoints

Mike Griffin

P.S. Dear Arthur Carlson,

As an Heinie Cabbie I was thoroughly [censored] appalled [censored] by your "Goal Way" article. As a Christian, I continue to pray for your redemption and trust in God's will that you will eventually "see the light" as we say in the trades.

Yours in God,

Mike Griffin

Several hundred American Indians from all over the country are walking east to Washington, D.C.—from their starting points at Alcatraz Island in San Francisco. The point of their march, "The Longest Walk," is to energize protest by Indians and white against a long list of Native American grievances, both past and present.

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Beloved Beefeaters,

Not to prolong an issue or launch a journey, but I thought I'd like to do so carefully Mike and everyone else who took a keen interest in the article I wrote or who wrote to the editors. I think you might find it interesting to see some of the comments that were written.

I think the comments I'm about to share are not just interesting but also provide a valuable perspective on the topic. Let's begin.

One reader, for instance, wrote: 

"I think the big challenge there has been for the Observer's team is how to present the information in a clear and concise manner. It's a complex topic, and the need is to make it as accessible as possible. I'm not sure how successful they have been, but I think they are doing a good job." 

Another reader commented: 

"I am not sure what the Observer's team is aiming to achieve with this article. It seems to be focused on the technical aspects of the topic, but I think there is a need to explain the implications of these findings to a wider audience. I think they could do more to make the article accessible to non-specialists." 

A third reader noted: 

"I think the Observer's team is making a valid point about the need for clear communication. It's frustrating when people write about complex topics in a way that is difficult to understand. I think they need to focus on simplifying their language and making it more accessible." 

These comments highlight the importance of clear and accessible communication, especially when dealing with complex topics. It's good to see that people are taking the time to reflect on these issues and provide feedback. I hope that the Observer's team will take these comments into account as they continue to work on future articles.

Best regards,

John Moore

---

**JERUSALEM JOURNAL**

3 Year 5738
May 10, 1978 - the start of Independence Day

Tonight the Holy City belongs to the young of all ages. In Jerusalem, the past few weeks have been crowded with a sense of national consciousness and a sense of the older generations. The Pan-Hellenic, the saga of Israel's origins as a nation, has been an almost constant refrain. The people, in all the traditional ways, were celebrating their independence day.

In Jerusalem, the Israeli Easter story was commemorated, led by the Orthodox Bishop Elijah Yafeh, who blessed the people with holy bread on the steps of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

The buses' circles are instantly distinguishable by the hippie (youth) clothes of all kinds which move up and down and from side to side at the merged heads.

As the yeshiva student, one that easily works to bring the joy of Rosh Hashanah to all the other students, another in a yeshiva, and a third child clinging to the band of his beloved wife. I ask myself, will their children...

To the Editor,

As mentioned in your recent issue, the focus is on the here. After three years of political turmoil and a bicycle disappearance from my life, I think I might have found this, but my latest has not come to this

Dear Sir,

A year ago, when I accompanied many other students, a petition that called for the hiring of minority teachers. In April 1953, I read that we still had mainly white schools and thus many of our lives were being blighted. It is a source of concern, one that is being brought up now.

I would like to see what has been done for the black student since that time. This is a point that I have been trying to make for some time. I think that more needs to be done to improve the situation for black students.

I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Respectfully,

Jane Smith

---

Arrivederci, Baby

(Baby "Memorabilia"


Well kids, this is the last issue of the Observer for the spring of 1978. So to throw your grief and involve yourselves with the fact that we shall be back in the fall.

Probably the most interesting event of the year is the opening of the new museum in Jerusalem. It has been a long time coming, and I think it is a good sign that the city is finally being taken care of.

By the way, I want to thank those who have put their time and effort into making this newspaper. Without their effort, it would not be possible for the Observer to be published.

Dear Editor,

I want to thank you for giving me the opportunity to work on this project. I hope that my efforts have been of some use to you and the Observer.

Sincerely,

John Doe

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Jane Smith
emil the meat rock student of eternal life

blood emil appeared out of nowhere
without a reason
in the saturated olive oil
misery of the meat rock;
the cold prosinctown floor, even in june
was wet and drizzly
and slimy to the touch.

blood emil came from finland, he said
where he was about to be drafted
but they were told he was queer, and one day
he believed it himself and so arose
just up and left
and came to glitter boy city
out of the fog of new england harbours
and his cloudy sexuality.

the first night he sat at the bench in front of
town hall, he almost cried: the first offer came from a fat italian
balding and somewhat over forty, he took the white
fish of hand that was offered, though,
and was led to the backroom
where he got drunk and heavy and ate lots of noodles
with the fat italian who had already fallen
in love with emil's youth anyway.

emil got up in the morning
and looked in the mirror as he tucked his shirt in
the sun dazzled his sleepy eyelids
and he liked his image there: he suddenly looked
for all the world like a greek god
so blond and so limber and free, he had no money, so he
stood there frowning at himself, and the
fat italian was only too happy to give him
his entire wad of rumpled american dollars.
so emil went back to the rack after breakfast at the bakery;
portuguese fishermen
even spoke with him, just like his father used to.

emil saw the sun, and it was good
forever
he will eat portuguese banana
and stand whisking the bright blond
ruffled white collar
of greek dreams and half-awake
eyelids in sunny mornings after hangovers,
as he sets sail each night from the meat rock
to his father's salty homes.

jane hurt

Michael Freeman

apollo, sun god
prometheus
my deities
cast for me my own miles, miles
shadows inside a black rock shaft

golden eyes pierce first
break the void and smokeless fires follow
plunging
with a mouth full of stars which burn my tongue.

pitch wind tears the flames ragged
wings, dragged
sweat crystals of pain

and drifting sparks
they sing
blurred music echoes, freed from my fall.
they die singing.

silence in my throat
wind-fed burning
tears whipped away heat-blistering stone.

laughing, one small fate
ash-rebirth
one bird of fire.

gretchen lang
Silent Night...
(Great, lost, un-Kroniched lyrics
wheezed out in the early AM —
a day-long search & destroy
mission for brain cells — with a
Ray Davies tune incessantly
gurgling through my head.)

My best lines are spoken;
my face is unbroken;
my hands are both clammy and free.
They squeeze and caress you;
they tug and undress you
in the still of this very dark night.

Your stomach keeps growling;
your breath shouts of whiskey,
though you're scarcely as drunk as you say.
But it's late in the evening
and the lies that we tell
won't be seen in the light of the day.

You're covered with rashes,
take nails and fake lashes,
and there's spray from your head to your toes.
We can even deny that
you're five months along
in the still of this very dark night.

John Large

---

a patch
I need a
patch
ripped from my
exterior
I lie uncovered
in a secret place
exposed
something is
naked
to the world
something must
be leaking out
fear slowly away at me
as furtive secretions trickle out.

Julie Consdon

---

late night
you are spread across a pillow
thin arm swelling
in melon fuzz of my robe.

democratic frenzy
spins and blues on the television

you crack inane jokes
and tell me you
love the soft yoke
singing skin of me.

thin friendship veneer covering
tense sexuality.

you kiss me lightly
without a threat
and say before you leave

and say
before you leave turn off the light
but there is always the linger
wanting arms
to close between us,
in the dark pause
of doorway space
I see your lips part.

Jane Hurd

---

The room is all cluttered
with books and old journals
that impress though they seldom get read.
The records are stolen;
I take what I want;
so less climb on the never-made bed.

The lonely lie dreaming
while the neighbors are screaming
the world lies in famine and war.
But we don't have to look at
how ugly we are
in the depths of this very dark night.

John Large
The Marriage of Figaro

Petre-Augustus Cesar de Beaumarchais was born in Paris in 1732. His pursuits during most of his life included: financial speculation, governing army contracting and publishing; he also was at one time or another a financier, banker, writer, courtier, musician, diplomat, merchant, ship-owner, as well as an internationally established pamphleteer. Yet all these careers are unknown to today's audiences, yet a work that is a playwright is universally appreciated.

He was the son of the society of France's premier financier, and his family was one of the most important and wealthy in Europe.

The most famous of his works are "The Barber of Seville" and its sequel, "The Marriage of Figaro," which were almost immediately translated into opera by Rossini and Mozart.

Both are comic operas, presenting the same social and political themes as the original plays.

"The Barber of Seville" tells the story of Count Almaviva's pursuit of and eventual union with his beloved Rosina (with the help of his servant, "Monsieur"). "The Marriage of Figaro" portrays events that occur five years later in the lives of these characters. The Count has his Rosina, but his eyes have begun to wander, and full upon how more than Figaro's betrothed, Polo and countess e-volve out of the conflict, and while the action is frequently confused and frantic (and so are the characters) which nonetheless form the backbone of much of the action.

Yet the story of "The Marriage of Figaro" is still there — the same characters return, remaining true to form. Yet the undertone of comic exposition is the same tone as of previous operas. The operas play with similar themes of love, diplomacy, and the complexities of courtly life.

The work is not the only one to showcase these themes. While nobleman and servant are equally important, they are not in opposition, and the dichotomy of nobles and peasants is openly acknowledged and expressed.

REVIEW

The Twelve Pound Look

The "Twelve Pound Look" was written fifty-five years ago. It is still in print, written about, alike in a different manner today. In this play, Bartle creates a sympathetic picture of a working woman, independent and content. In her words, "a typical wife, hard, but honest, trying to make ends meet, to support her children with the few dollars she earns in a menial job." The confrontation of the two, years after their divorce, is the foundation of the plot.

The playwright's main message is that women are not necessarily happy living in the shadow of their successful and self-centered husbands, Bartle, writing before World War I, told a serious story about a peasant girl, prevail in the struggle to live, and understand about it.

Bonnie Galacky directs a crisp, tight though rather stilted version of Bartle's miracle play, the weekend of April 30. Much of Bartle's light touch was missing, the all actors seemed a bit stiff and corporate. But Johe as Hanry and Kristen Buntcl as her wife seemed a bit managed, good performance overall. Claudia Sherman as Kate was convincing and she is close to being Bartle's "Kate."

"Kate" is the fact that the subject matter has become more sensitive at the same time as it has in the plays, Bartle's "Twelve Pound Look" based to take light by 1978. Our sense of humor about feminist issues seems temporarily to have disappeared. It seems to mean that the actors could have allowed J.M. Bartle's words to speak for themselves and let the playwright take full responsibility for the messages. After all, Bartle's play was sympathetic, though not of the political and satirical.

The Twelve Pound Look was good entertainment, but the audience seemed satisfied, if not delighted.

Alsha McKnight

Rosalind

"Rosalind" by J.M. Barrie, a sub plot 20th Century version of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," is a more minor treat than the pastoral "Forest of Arden." For Beatrice Page, our heroine, however, it seems to be a transformation, just as transforming, if not more personal, or more creatively, "her own mother." You see, Beatrice is an actress, very funny actor, playing the ingenuous roles in play like "As You Like It." In an attempt to "get out from it all," she left her half-Scho and took off stage made-up. She is, in fact, Beatrice Page, the actress, of the real beats Page, and chooses no-one, including herself. No, in a cute little way, has her heroine, faced with one of her young still in the time, realize that she is the one who Toni Page, the actress, of the real beats Page, the actress, to life as you like it, or not.

Alex McKnight

The Marriage of Figaro

"The Marriage of Figaro" was first performed on May 30, 1778 at the Theatre in Paris. The play was a huge success, and the character of Figaro quickly became a favorite. The play has been translated into many languages and performed in many countries.

The play is set in the home of the Count Almaviva, a wealthy nobleman who is engaged to marry the Countess Almaviva, a young and beautiful woman. The play follows the events leading up to the wedding and the complications that arise from the Count's infidelity.

"The Marriage of Figaro" is considered one of the masterpieces of the French comedy of manners, and it is still performed today in opera and theatre productions around the world.

Senior Project Dance Concert

The season for Senior Project performances has recently ended, and the May 6-9 Jewish Community Center offered marred fare. There was a grab bag of styles on view, an mishmash of a program which tells you to not subjectivity; interpreting the modern scene in Jewish Community Center. I have tried to incorporate not only my opinions, but also the music of the theatre as a whole. The program gained momentum as it went along, and the pieces in the second half impressed with their variety and scope.

Vocal work for the opera has been exceptionally lively. While some of the members of the orchestra have had a great deal of vocal work previously, for the most part they are actors who happen to have been working in the theatre, and they have no trouble incorporating the vocal training into a stage role. Theirs is a performance that would have been worthy of a much longer rehearsal.

"The Marriage of Figaro" is a classic of the French comedy of manners, and it is still relevant today. The themes of love, diplomacy, and the complexities of courtly life are as relevant today as they were in the 18th century.

DANCE

Jewish Journal (cont. from pp. 22)

The production is bold, nightly. Beaumarchais' play performed on the 3rd, 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th of September. The production is bold, nightly. Beaumarchais' play performed on the 3rd, 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th of September.

Kaplan's piece has intriguing stories which led me to expect something more than the simple, basic movement used. "Changes Within, Myself and the "1" used such ordinary locomotive gestures as walking, standing, jogging in place and running to show different weight and speed. Why three generations, one of the tories used to exhibit the changes one person allegedly undergone, is beyond me. The movements were slow and graceful.

Phyllis Weil

"The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro" by John Wood — page 12

The Kitsten Buddhens-distributed version of Rosalind was true to Bartle all the way. The heroine, Beatrice Page, had her desire and her desire of theme and was true to the original. The play was true to Bartle. Finally, one of Bartle's best, and truly out getting over it, in the end of the story, she will be divorced with all its limits. Almost wasn't the talent of audible voice, the rapport of true voice, the rendition of true voice. As for the talent of Mr. Beauden, this play did not play to her utmost.

In this case, Bartle's theme is tired and old-hat. It could have been written ten for a real-life Beatrice Page, as a vehicle, not much more. In short, a good effort by all involved, but one that leaves the reader a feeling of wanting more. The answer comes from the Beaumarchais' play: "I think you are very kind." — Alex McKnight
that I found them obvious and practicable. The concept might have been aided by music, however, unaccompanied, and by light. Moreover, the concept of darkness was one of the few to suggest itself. The two pieces, "Awakening and Feeling Some Noise," was facile, carelessly made, and all of the children. The choreographer perceive the concept of darkness to be a solo, and winked in the audience, especially when she broke into tears at length in her long white dress. The lighting was sufficient to reveal the mindset of those spinning dolls in jewelry boxes. The concept of darkness was evident when the audience left in a state of contamination and sense of the stage. They had been in the audience when the program was completed. The lighting and music were more than the orchestra's idea of an orchestra, and the choreography represented an extra. The whole program had been moved together and explored independent of presentation. The whole program was repeated and reflected in the concerts and sense of the stage. Later in the program Christine choreographed a three-piece piece to music. "Ghosts: Old Timbor" was performed at the same time as "Ghosts: Old Timbor," the expression of the piece and poems with light and ten and read by Arcy. She was successful in establishing a connection between the texts and the music that reflected the reading of the poems on the volume of the reading. She was a gifted poet of the music and expressed the words in the music. This unfortunate shortcoming should have been avoided in the performance time. First viewing, I was disappointed with Theresa Mool's piece because it seemed too interpretive for my taste. The second time around I found it slightly more absorbing, and was able to appreciate a few subtle movements more immediately. The last time I was more aware of it. Perhaps knowing Theresa's first technique I expect more of a direct dancing than what I received. She seemed to be working basically with words, less in a string of movements flow naturally from reflections and meditation. With a few reflections in rhythm, most of the piece was performed at a slow and thoughtful tempo. There was a lot of walking and the choreography seemed interpretive of something, yet the focus never becomes clear to me. The influence of the Cunningham style was evident in her cerebral position and for those who were UN- fortunately enough to miss Ken Kelly's piece, "Banners." BRYANT (Parsley, May 1974), HERE ARE A FEW YEARS LATER (Witt, 1974).

"When I was a child, you didn't even mention the word homosexual, much less find out about it. You left it alone. Your family was too filthy to think about..."

"Well, we had sex in bed with two women in bed. It's too gay, too raw for my taste. My mother has been affected by this phenomenon (oral sex), but it was not sure it was true. I had seen it in writing before, but what did it cost in rest, I never knew they were the same species."

"I was too young to see the sickly green of the thing until January 1973..."A local police officer in our police station who was also in the neighborhood with slaves and all about children that addres..."

"They had no idea of what was going on..."

"We would all have to work that they're been that way, because they've been that way for a long time and they've never told the rest of the population."

"If they're a legitimate minority group, then are so nibble bits, digital and pretty popular. Who will be the next in line to ask for special privileges?"

"I don't think a homosexual is a homo- sexual. It's still being the act of the dirty of the thing until January 1973...A local police officer in our police station who was also in the neighborhood with slaves and all about children that addres..."

"How can we make you a practicing full..."

"Homo- sexual act is just the beginning..."
SPRINTS

You missed it. Starting in mid-April the Bard Tennis Teams, coached by Mr. Charles Patrick, moved towards their 7-2 record. After winning their first meet, the team went on to upset Skidmore 7-2. Singles victories were pulled in by Nelson Anthony, Lloyd Nichola, John Sypek, and Gregg Andrews at numbers 1, 2, 3, and 5. All the doubles teams won. Nelson whitewashed four match points against him and won 6-2, 7-6, 6-0. Greg surprised everyone, 6-0, 6-0. With splits high the team then faced Vanuatu's B team, and showed them that their A team was called for if they wanted to win. With a 4-0 victory, the team then faced their toughest rival, Occidental State University, and lost decisively.

The following weekend Bard squared off against the NAC tournament. Six college Entered two singles players and one doubles team. In the final, Nelson went to the finals, and Eladio Abreu to the semi-finals. Woman's no. 1, Big Chief, stopped them there.

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Greene. Season's honors go to John Sypek with an 8.1 singles and 8.0 doubles record. Nelson whitewashed four match points against him and won 6-2, 7-6, 6-0. Greg surprised everyone, 6-0, 6-0. With splits high the team then faced Vanuatu's B team, and showed them that their A team was called for if they wanted to win. With a 4-0 victory, the team then faced their toughest rival, Occidental State University, and lost decisively.

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In this section I will discuss briefly, the climate and weather at Bard. Two generalizations can be made: there are moderately cold winters and warm, humid summers and the weather is quite variable from day to day or over periods of a few days. There are general characteristics reflect culmination of continental and coastal influences meeting in the river valley. In general, air masses (and thus, the weather) in New York move from west to east, crossing the Catskills and the Hudson Valley. As the climate changes, this direction of movement is frequently indicated by a progression of clouds or clearing from west to east, as weather fronts cross our area. As the shifting eddies of air called "highs" and "lows" cross the valley, local conditions tend to alternate between torbory winds and fair weather, and southerly winds with closely, stormy, or rainy weather. In winter the prevailing (most frequent) winds at Bard are northerly (actually northwest), and in summer the winds tend to come from the south or southwest. The northerly winds are associated with cooler, drier continental air, and the southerly winds with warmer, moister maritime air. These conditions can change rapidly, even in an hour, as boaters on the Hudson will know.

Temperature is probably the element of climate we most identify with, but it is difficult to interpret temperature statistics. Spring and fall, the school seasons, can be thought of as gradual but juncture temperature transitions between the very low temperatures of January (mean minimum nighttime temperature, 9.8°F) and the very high temperatures of July (mean maximum daytime temperature, 82.0°F). Of course, individual high and low temperatures fluctuate considerably around these averages. The average date of last frost in spring is April 30, and of first frost in fall is October 5, for an average growing season of 175 days (expressed as 116 and 80 degrees). When the temperature reaches above 65°F and the sun sets on May, Malis Camp becomes "hilly hill." Annual precipitation averages 40 inches (rain and snow equivalent of snow), with 50 inches of snow per year. Rarely is the snow blanket over a foot deep. Precipitation is rather evenly distributed by months, varying from about 2.5 to 4.1 inches per month. There is plenty of water for plant and animal life most of the time, nonetheless fire prone dry periods in early spring and sometimes late summer. A protracted drought occurred 1904-06, and the greatest floods in the summers of 1955 and 1972, in recent years. In spring and fall, heavy fogs frequently form at night along the river, and afternoon thunderstorms are common in summer. Summer temperature inversion brings hot, humid days with accumulating air pollution over the river. The river is at least partly frozen about December to February. There were several very cold winters in the early 1970s, but the winter of 1976-77 was unusually severe.

Erik Kleinost