

Bard College
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OBSERVER

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Front Page	Richard Griffiths: Open Letter Michael Simpson Then and Now Jeanne Stanford Observer Tilts
Page 2	Editorial Page A Letter From W.A.N.K. Tom McMahan [“ . . . Allocations sent (given? Thrown?) out by the Planning Committee have . . .”] Michael Heller The Bard Audio Co-op Political Prisoners In The U.S.A. Arthur Carlson
Page 3	An Interview With Dr. E. P. Skinner Adios Espanol Mary O’Connor Tanya Fayan Unity And Democracy Chris \$7200 & Expenses Evan Hall Scott Porter
Page 4	A Creative Contamination Marin Presents The Joys Of . . . Juggling Two Hundred Years Ago Today, Blues Roderick D. Michael Untitled Poem Annette Mahon Drawing D. Milne Untitled Poem Becky Heydemann
Page 5	Foiled Again! John Rolfe
Page 6	Music & Theater Review The Who Robin Trower UFO John Rolfe Upcoming Plays Adam Marre Photography News Briefs Moonies Return George Smith The Political Action Group Security At Fishkill? George Smith
Page 7	De Mysteria Dan Eddy [“ . . . The reappearance of a word . . . That word is apathy, . . .”] Asparagus Barks John Large Dr. Bish
Page 8	Bard Rallies, Beats S. Vermont Soccer News Soccer Schedule Women’s Sports Sarah Robins The Gargoyle’s Voice Cross-Country News Cross-Country Schedule Winning Isn’t Everything Rod Michaels

"Were it left for me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."

Thomas Jefferson

OBSERVER

The Official Publication of the Bard College Community

"In my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind, but now in my age I think I should write an apology for them"

Walpole

VOL. 20, NO. 1

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1978



RICHARD GRIFFITHS:

open letter

"It is imperative (sic)... to win them over before they become contaminated by some of the returning students."

Editor's Note:

During the first week of classes, xeroxed copies of a controversial interoffice memo, dated August 17, 1978 and signed by Richard Griffiths, were anonymously placed in the post office and the library. Other duplicates were also sent to the *Observer*, President Botstein, Dean Sugatt, Peter Amato, Vice-President Papadimitriou, Richard Starkie and the Student Central Committee. It was later discovered that the memo was stolen from the Physical Plant Office. A dispute has centered around the choice of words of the first paragraph:

August 17, 1978

"To All Physical Plant Employees:

College is opening on Saturday, September 2, 1978 with the 200 or so freshmen arriving on that day. It is imperative (sic) that we handle our responsibilities to these incoming students, and take advantage of having the first day or two to help them around campus and maybe even win them over before they become contaminated by some of the returning students..."

Accompanying the memo was this warning: "Close attention to the first paragraph of this memo will reveal the attitude of Dick Griffiths towards students, something often complained of and now evinced. The fact that this memo is addressed to all Physical Plant employees shows that Mr. Griffiths' personal bias has become Physical Plant policy."

When questioned about the interoffice memo, Mr. Griffiths admitted that it was issued from his desk. Clarifying his position, he explained that "contaminated" has positive and negative connotations, and that he was implying the former meaning in his memo. Mr. Griffiths felt the theft was "really low" and compared it to "a mini-Watergate". Below is Mr. Griffiths' open letter to the community concerning the memo. His letter has not been deleted, edited, or altered in any way.

"I am writing to ask that you print my comments, in their entirety, to explain and make clear the policies of the Physical Plant Department and how they relate to a recent attempt by one or two individuals, to smear the department by resorting to an underhanded method of dirty tricks. Ordinarily I would ignore accusations and attacks, as irresponsible, and accept them believing the individuals responsible did not seek the facts or had personal motivation, and that acceptance would be part of the responsibility of the burdens that go with being the Director of Physical Plant and the liability of being the target for speculative rumors, expressions of personal opinions, or agitation by someone's quest to further personal biases."

"I do believe, however, in this particular incident, the student community should be aware of the policies that are being promoted, and how the perpetrators of the following incident, are attempting by underhanded methods, to disfigure our goals. It is high time that the true workings of the Physical Plant Department, and this incident, in particular, are made available to you."

"Last Friday, an interoffice personnel memorandum was removed from an office in the physical plant building, without consent and with the intention of derogatory means, was multi-copied, affixed with a caption memo distorting the intent and then campus mailed to various chosen administrative offices, and the *Observer*, hoping for exploitation. The memo stated the procedures for the labor day holiday work schedule

and a directive for all employees to put forward their best in helping the new students as they arrived on campus, and to provide as much service as possible to aid them in their new environment. The memo used the word "contaminated" in the phrase "to prevent contamination by some of the returning students." (This incident is a typical example of just what that phrase meant)."

"Physical Plant personnel have always had a policy of providing service to the college community and particularly the student body, and we are attempting to add vitality to improve that function, and especially by improvement of the dormitory living conditions, the overall physical facilities, and the campus in its entirety, which is difficult with our limited means. We are attempting to eliminate as much as possible areas that cause concern through improved maintenance, concern for annoyance, elimination of unsightly areas, and most important, preservation of college properties and the educational processes."

"In the past, we have experienced on this campus, excessive malicious damages, theft of college as well as private property, theft of personal employee property, animal destruction, accusations and unjust confrontation spirited by few members of the community. This, exactly, is what is meant by preventing contamination, and direction in the avoidance of the same."

"Although, we are not responsible for the security of the campus or the discipline of the campus, student life, recreation, teaching education, directly, all of these necessities are available with some form of physical plant input and endeavors, since we are responsible in keeping the building clean, serviceable, and furnished for your use, and we are responsible to provide recreational facilities, and it does effect your student life, and the disciplines do effect your living standards and living in general. It is these misuses by few individuals that we wish to avoid contamination."

Perhaps, the word contamination, is improperly used, or is much too harsh, but the fact of the matter is that we are interested in promoting better relationships, and wish to avoid incidents, and wish to avoid waste, all of which would provide more time, materials, and money to be used in more productive measures to benefit the entire college community, and of which you get the direct benefit. It is no secret that this is accomplished in personnel by higher standards, motivation, direction, and a spirit of cooperation, all of which we strive for, and promote by conversation and memorandum."

"I would further venture that the personnel in the Physical Plant department are capable and dedicated people, many of which have served it a long time and served it well. We all work under policy of common interests to obtain the various goals that are set. I ask why these common interests might not be promoted by positive action rather than the negative methods that I refer to here? I ask does one have to resort to the theft of confidential personnel memorandums and exploitations in lieu of straight forward direct discussion? Is it better to jawbone ones concerns behind the back rather than the open dialogue?"

"We believe you all to be young adults, when you entered upon this campus, and we at physical plant will continue to treat you as such. Despite this incident we expect to extend the same to those involved, and would invite those responsible to come forward and defend their actions and maturity, as I believe I have done here. I believe I speak for the entire department."



Michael Simpson Then and now

Most Bardians are aware of the transitory nature of the Bard population. The community changes almost as easily and frequently as the leaves don new colors. People remain at Bard for a year or two and transfer to another college or perhaps leave school all together.

Michael Simpson, our new Dean of Academic Affairs, feels like just such an attrition statistic. He too left Bard after two years of being a part and full time classics professor and ad hoc participation in the administration including the formulating and planning of the Immediate Decision Plan.

In December of 1976 the University of Dallas offered Dean Simpson a tenured position in classics. As he was originally from North Carolina an offer to return to the Sun Belt was quite enticing. His teaching up until then had mainly been concentrated in the northeast, Dartmouth, Smith, and Amherst, among others, and so this new location would provide a regional change. He left for Texas expecting to stay.

During his year at Dallas he kept in touch with his Bard associates. The connection had not been completely severed. One day he answered the phone only to hear President Botstein's voice inquiring whether he was seated: Grace

Allen had resigned and would he consider taking her position? Well, Dean Simpson thought about this momentous question all of thirty seconds and replied, "Sure". He made the decision of his own volition and believes it was and is the right thing to do. After eleven months at Dallas he still could not overcome that strange, magnetic pull that Bard has on many people. It was difficult to stay away from his niche at Bard.

And what exactly drew him back to Bard? The interaction and symbiosis between Leon Botstein and the Bard institution. He feels there are many productive interests, communications, ideas, and most of all, people at Bard and that the personality of Bard and Leon Botstein make for a beneficial exchange. He welcomes conflict between the students and administration as this kind of interaction is necessary if Bard is to continue to develop and evolve. It is this characteristic of movement and intensity that Dean Simpson missed during his stay at Dallas. He finds Bard an exciting challenge and will remain for at least the next five years.

Of Bard Dean Simpson says, "I am where I want to be." To Dean Simpson the Bard community says: welcome back, and wishes you many creative years.

Jeanne Stanford

OBSERVER TILTS

Thirty to thirty-five students attended the first forum meeting early last week. Tony Bennie, chairperson of the student Judiciary Board, called the meeting to order at 7 O'clock, and attempted to follow his prearranged agenda for the meeting, but was immediately sidetracked to questions concerning the proposed Planning Committee budget for the fall '78 semester. Working under the guidelines set forth in the new student constitution, Scott Porter proposed a waiving of article III, section v, part c, # 3 for this meeting, permitting an emergency discussion involving the tentative *Observer* allocations. Scott Porter then turned the floor over to Ed Colon, Editor-in-Chief of the *Observer*, who read a prepared speech written by the newspaper's Editorial Board which stated that due to the drastic cut in the proposed *Observer* budget, publication would have to be suspended for the semester. The only viable alternative suggested was the re-allocating of convocation money to bolster the reduced *Observer* ensued. Opinions were mixed and questions raised. Rod Michaels, Planning Committee Chairperson, and Ezra Herman, Treasurer of the Association, explained the policy and methodology of the Planning Committee's semesterly budget.

Several upperclassmen proceeded to debate over the necessity of a student news publication, whereupon a resolution was passed making a student news publication (the *Observer*) a high priority for the student body. Once again order broke down into a chaotic debate over the policies of the *Observer*.

At 8:45 a motion was made that the Association allocate \$700 of the \$940 in the pinball funds and \$200 from the buffer fund to the *Observer*. It was quickly clarified that this money was special projects money usually used exclusively for equipment beneficial to the entire Association. Finally a vote was taken, and the motion carried. At this point all discipline disappeared and Tony Bennie wisely called a ten minute recess.

The meeting resumed with considerable discussion surrounding the shortcomings of our present constitution. Tony tabled all discussion concerning the constitution so that the agenda could be completed. The remainder of the meeting was quickly and calmly concluded.

Serious questions have been raised concerning the workability of the new constitution and convocation allocations which will have to be discussed at the next Forum meeting tonight.

Editorial Page

"The worst of governments are always the most changeable and cost the people dearest." —Butler

"We wuz robbed" seems to adequately express the sentiment of certain students upon learning that the *Observer* acquired \$700 during the first forum meeting. Threats, snide remarks, hysteria, and other childish antics have pervaded the campus since the newspaper "robbed" the government. Now, more than ever, an explanation should be presented to the community at large before more propaganda spews out from minds preoccupied with petty power.

First, the *Observer* did not "rob" anything. We went through the proper channels for a redress of grievances as prescribed by the Student Forum Constitution (the constitution "ratified" last semester by thirty students). To those who claim that they didn't have a chance to attend the meeting, blame your Student Government. They are responsible for public notification of all meetings. In the memorable words of Arthur Carlson: "Politics is a game for those who show up."

Over the past five years, the *Observer's* budget has dropped from \$3,600 to \$2,400 to \$1800 and, this semester, to \$1300. The cost of newspaper production has gone up 11% from last semester.

The Planning Committee has indirectly decided Editorial policy by setting financial restraints upon the newspaper's plans for expansion and improvement. It was suggested at the Forum meeting that we use mimeographed paper for production purposes. We rejected this idea. Last year, the most blatant complaint against the *Observer* was that it did not look like a newspaper. The editorial board, keeping this and rising production costs in mind, prepared a budget that was directed toward improvement and expansion.

Over the past week, many students have viewed the granting of additional funds to the *Observer* as a blow to the radio station. This is simply not the case. The newspaper wholly welcomes an alternative media on campus. There are certain areas of communication that the newspaper is unable to fulfill. If anything, the *Observer* and the Radio Station have more reasons to work together than to oppose one another.

But the question is asked, "Why did the *Observer* take funds that were allocated for the Radio Station?" The simple answer is that it did not. The Radio Station is receiving money from a Special Funds Project that is subsidizing the washers and dryers. It is estimated that there still be a \$2000 semesterly revenue collected from the laundry. The pinball money (another Special Project fund source) is supposedly "promised" to the Radio Club for this semester by last semester's Planning Committee. Not only was Rod Michael (this year's Planning Committee chairperson) left uninformed of this transaction, but the promise itself was highly improper. Last semester's Planning Committee was not authorized to allocate or guarantee this semester's funds.

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Beyond this fact, in the past the dispersion of pinball funds was always left to the discretion of the Senate. After last fall's coup d'etat, the Student Forum assumed its legislative functions. Therefore, the power to allocate funds resides with the Student Forum, the same body that was present at that controversial session.

I have said once before, the *Observer* does not pretend to be a shining piece of journalism. The newspaper has its faults to be sure, but many of these are the result of a small budget and a consequently small staff. Students compose the *Observer's* staff, not crack journalists. Nor are there many paid positions on the paper. Typists and the person who drives the paper to and from the printer are the only individuals receiving salaries this semester. The rest are volunteers or if you prefer, fanatical aficionados of the paper. It is unfair to them and to the concept of the *Observer* in general to accept a drastic cut in the newspaper's funds.

The newspaper has not yet spent the \$900. Though the use of this money is, at this point, reserved for the paper, it has been decided to allow the Student Forum once again to discuss the special funds: the Association tonight will have a chance to consider their priorities. It is important that students attend this meeting and consider both sides of the discussion. The *Observer* has a long and diverse history. It is extremely important as a media source for the students at Bard, as could be a Radio Station. It would be advantageous to the Association if both could exist.

P.S. I would like to thank the staff for this issue; they lost much sleep putting this one out. I especially thank Bob, Denise, Josh, Mark, Mary, and Shelia for doing the all-nighter.

a letter from

W. A. N. K. Tom McMahan

Hope is not lost, comrades, hope is not lost. When apathy and general disinterest is as common as the Bard crud, behold, there stands an illustrious example that cooperative students with an idea, energy, and patience can actually do something to improve student life. Case in point: the radio station, officially dubbed WANK (for the information of those who think otherwise) translates to "We Are Not Kidding!" and we mean it! An off-overheard cry amidst the student body is that the oh so fine line between insanity and even further insanity has become all too real due to the lack of listen-to-able radio. Students who originate from metropolitan areas with good radio stations are reportedly suffering severe withdrawal symptoms. However, the radio club boldly declares, "Death to the capitalist commercial stations! Free-form radio is rejuvenated! Viva WANK!"

Our Bard radio project was conceived on a dreary winter's eve last semester when there was little else to do other than let minds wander into the depths of fantasy. An ensuing discussion went on all night long, the seed was planted, and soon thereafter the club was formed. Admittedly, its future was indeed bleak, as several attempts at Bard radio had been made in the past decade or so. All had failed. But still, in the true Bard spirit of perseverance in the face of ridicule, the founding fathers plugged onward and promised "we'd have a radio station... soon. The failures of the past stemmed from the fact that transmitting apparatus was outrageously expensive, and that all disc jockeys and engineers would have had to be FCC licensed. Since the radio club opted wisely to establish a carrier-current type system, which transmits its signal through phone lines, the expenses were drastically reduced, and the need for licensing was eliminated. WANK does not fall under FCC domain. Arrangements were made to purchase broadcasting and studio equipment for an extremely generous price from Vassar College and WKKY, a Kingston station.

At the start of the semester, the club began negotiating with the planning committee and the administration for funding. A poll was conducted last semester. It proved the station had overwhelming student support. Therefore, the station was promised eight hundred dollars from the Special Projects fund, and was to receive two thousand dollars from Bard's

share of the returns from the new pay washing machines. In this way, WANK remains economically independent from Ludlow.

A catastrophic roadblock to the radio's future came about at last week's supposed "student forum", allegedly dominated by friends and staff of the *Observer*. The "student forum" decided to amend the constitution. Before the change, the Special Projects fund was reserved for, of course, special projects, like the new radio station. Since WANK is the only special project this semester to apply for the money, it was assumed that it was radio money. After the amendment, the monies of the Special Projects fund was up for grabs for whatever club desired it. The *Observer* desired it, seven hundred dollars of it. So, the "student forum" (30 attendants) appropriated the money to the *Observer*. Quite legal, yet quite unconscientious. WANK intends to regain the money, absolutely necessary for operation, at a Student Meeting to be held on Wednesday, Sept. 27. Be there. If all goes justly, the station will formally begin its broadcasting career in mid to late October. For those students living in the vicinity of Stone Row, WANK may be heard at irregular hours, as we are presently testing transmitters. The permanent studio will be located in the basement of Ward Manor, room 95.

WANK emerges being totally committed to serving its purpose as a true, non-commercial, public service radio station. Programming will encompass music from Bach to Led Zepplin. It will broadcast student disc jockey shows, nightly feature albums, news programs, and special creative programming. It will also serve as a medium for Bard information, broadcasting vital information such as notices of student/club/faculty meetings, rides to various places, free student ads, and services and entertainment provided by the College, etc. No student with a good idea, and the ambition to see it through, will be turned away, ever. Drop WANK a note, via campus mail box 870, see the program director (this author), or attend a radio club meeting (always announced).

So, comrades, it does seem as if the dream has materialized. WANK is so close we can almost hear it now. The time has come. Our frustrations have ended, and a warm and relieved smile will be bestowed upon those fortunate enough to tune in to AM 620 KHZ. We trust it will be a most euphonic year of radio, and let the realization of the "impossible" radio station serve as living proof to all that, alas, one definitely can help to make the Bard campus a richer and more integrated place. WANK on!

A LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Well,

It seems as though this year has gotten off to a raring start. Allocations sent (given? thrown?) out by the Planning Committee have always been disappointing to just about everybody; they must run under the assumption that if no one is happy then everybody's equal, which is just as good as everybody being happy. It would be useless for me to bitch here at or about somebody since we're all familiar with everyone else's sob stories, so instead I'll just lay it on the line: I'm not happy about what was allocated to me, instead of raising a goddamn fuss over a few extra dollars which would be more or less useless to me anyway since I needed much, much more. I've decided that since I'm starting this semester basically the same way I left off last semester there's nothing I can do but do as I did before, which is to do the best I can with what I do. The sound at concerts may end up being shitty this year, but I beseech you to have some understanding and/or insight to the matter. If it's not too pretentious of me to say so I really feel the equipment is a fault and not the operators; if the Bard public would take time to consider this we could all have a better time of it despite these drawbacks.

This whole thing is like a game, except that when you're sick of playing you can't stop. I figure that as long as this is the case I may as well make the best of it and be happy.

Michael Heller
The Bard Audio
Co-op

POLITICAL PRISONERS IN THE U.S.A.

The most perceptive words from the Carter Administration this summer were Andy Young remarks that there are political prisoners in America. To many people on the left and right and to Andy himself this was probably not big news, since they have been dealing with the reality of political imprisonment for years. What was remarkable was the reaction from the center of American society, which was based on overwhelming naivete. Politicians, aware of what is realistically necessary to maintain order, have always understood that it is desirable to make one's enemies prisoners, and from Plato to Mayor Rizzo they have done this or advocated it without fooling around. Politicians who wish to ignore this reality or pretend to ignore it will bury it under a barrage of euphemisms or rhetoric, and a lot of people have completely gone for the lie. To them, it is an a priori assumption that there are no political prisoners in the U.S. because we have freedom of speech equality etc, and are taught in school that the judicial system renders judgements "objectively", free of politics. To tell these people that there are political prisoners here is like accusing the President of being a heroin addict-- it is a lie and a slander.

These people maintain this belief only because they themselves have not been direct victims of state violence. Those who have been know that there are many kinds and degrees of political prisoners. We have people like Johnny Imani Harris, framed and railroaded for sheer political reasons, or the Wilmington 10. There are many more like them, most of them we never hear about because of the very fact that they were imprisoned to silence them. There are people in jail on various drug and sex laws that are very political. There are people who became political in jail and subsequently were denied parole and brutalized. There are many people who are not even aware of the politics permeating their imprisonment. These are often the sort of people who would not be in prison were they white and wealthy. Throughout the early 70's Nixon concentrated on putting people in jail for politics, and the failure of his presidency and of the more famous prosecutions only meant that the prosecutors started going after less prominent figures and started using more effective strategies, like the grand jury system.

There are many prisoners not even in prison. With our love of euphemism and deception the state has helped many groups of people become largely dependent on it, and created the illusion that it is helping them. People in halfway houses, drug rehab clinics, people on welfare all have their lives closely monitored by the state and have lost a good many of their theoretical rights. Like the Soviets, we too have prisoners in mental hospitals. There is a whole class of fugitives who have gone underground to avoid the authorities and the list goes on and on.

We could quibble about how many there are and how blatant the confinement must be before one is a prisoner, but it is obvious enough that there are quite a few. Therefore, it is the height of hypocrisy and absurdity for Carter to go halfway across the world for a couple of unfortunate Russians when there are many more cases here that he could deal with much more realistically and effectively.

Realistically, however, if Carter took it on himself to free all political prisoners here he would have a hell of a task. Ultimately he would have to radically change the system that produced these prisoners, and that of course is not his job. But meanwhile Americans cannot be naive about the conditions that support their society and must be prepared to defend the system and all its brutality against the ever increasing groups of people who rightly have its destruction as their goal. Those who cling to idealistic notions of freedom and equality will be those most cruelly hurt when the crunch comes.

Arthur Carlson

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. E. P. SKINNER

Dr. Elliott P. Skinner is a visiting Professor at Bard for two semesters. Dr. Skinner is the only black professor teaching here at the moment. He is an eminent man, and the diversity of his career illustrates this. Aside from being a renowned Africanist, and anthropologist, he is also a former Ambassador to Upper Volta. Dr. Skinner was graduated from Columbia University, where he received the M.A. and P.H.D. degrees in 1952 and 1955 respectively. He became the first black tenured professor at Columbia in 1963. Dr. Skinner has also written many articles and books on Africa. He is teaching two courses at Bard; 'African Peoples in the Historical and Cross-Cultural Perspectives I and II', and 'Patterns of Accommodation and Rebellion among African Peoples'. It is hoped, that the following conversation with the distinguished Professor, will provide a comprehensive picture of him as a teacher, and as an individual.

Q - Was tokenism a major factor in your employment at Bard?

A - "I think that as far as the faculty is concerned, I was hired to achieve a black presence on campus, and among the faculty. Not any kind of black presence, but a brilliant black presence. When I have been anywhere as a visiting professor, the major criteria has always been my eminence as a scholar."

Q - What problems do you feel have faced the black student at predominantly white colleges?

A - "In the sixties, white colleges were not designed to meet the needs of black students. For example, there were no black associations, professors, or courses. Black students had to transform the college system to meet their own needs, white students as well. But, to bring blacks into the system was considerably more traumatic. Black students almost had to create anarchy, in order to make the kind of neutralizing changes which enabled them to bring their institutions on campus. However, we are just about a generation removed from that. Today, there is a greater variety among black students. Before the sixties,

blacks attending (white) colleges were white. It is now possible for blacks to become educated and still retain their black lifestyles."

Q - What problems does the black college graduate meet entering the educational field?

A - "Education is not the most lucrative field in the U.S.A. At one point, the black teacher held one of the few white collar positions among blacks. Now, more opportunities are opening up for blacks in other fields. So education is given problems like: intensive study, and the fight for tenure, is not that popular anymore. Also, for black people the employment opportunities in education have declined, because blacks are no longer in style."

Q - Have you encountered any racism among your colleagues a.k.a. the faculty?

A - "I just got here!... You must understand how blacks live in America. There is no guarantee that I wouldn't have met hostility on my way to the train. Living in America is a trip. Racism is so pervasive in this society. It happens all the time."

Q - If you sensed any hostility among the faculty, would you inform the students of it?

A - "Definitely."

Q - Are you planning to aid the administration in hiring future black professors?

A - "In as far as I am asked, and I can, I shall. Bard has its own specific system and needs. Recommendations must be seen against the total offerings of the college."

Q - Do you feel that you are a model for the black students here?

A - "I hope I am. I think I have a special message for them. Not, I have done it, so you can do it. That's too simple. But, that it is possible to be done."

Mary O'Connor

Tanya Fayan

ADIOS ESPANOL

As last semester drew to a close, Naomi Knapp announced to her Spanish students that she was being reduced to half-time status for this semester. And in the spring of '79 she will be reduced to quarter-time status. This means that the only Spanish courses offered this semester are one intermediate (sophomore level) and one Spanish Literature (senior level) course. In the spring, the only course offered will be at the intermediate level.

Last semester there were approximately five Spanish majors. Upon discovering that their program was being drastically curtailed, they attempted to communicate with the administration.

Initially, several students were given appointments with President Botstein, with no results. As this semester drew to a close, they were refused meetings with President Botstein and directed to Ben LaFarge — who was taking over as chairman of the Language and Literature Department from Frederic Grab. When Mr. LaFarge was contacted over the summer, he replied that he would not be acting as chairman of the division until the fall, and that they should talk to him at that time.

Upon seeing him in this semester, Mr. LaFarge suggested that students owning cars commute three times weekly to Vassar College for their Spanish requirements. Students without cars would be out of luck. This raises the question of why Spanish students should pay Bard College \$7000 a year to commute to Vassar three times a week for classes.

Several students transferred to Bard this

that it would be possible to obtain a B.A. degree in Spanish. Needless to say, they were surprised to discover that it isn't possible.

Spanish majors claim that the number and type of courses that are offered with Ms. Knapp on half-time status are not sufficient to meet the needs of native Spanish speakers desiring to study Latin American or Spanish as a second language.

On September 18, 1978, these students held a meeting. They decided to adopt the following steps to save the Spanish program from being curtailed: 1) they would go through normal administrative channels as they had before, and if — as before — they received no results, then they would circulate a petition in the college community; 2) they would write letters to the Board of Trustees and; 3) finally, if these actions had no effect, they would ask their parents to write letters to the administration protesting the curtailment of the Spanish program.

At this time, after the exertions already made and those in the planning, the question of any effort at all being necessary comes up. Should these students have to spend their time fighting for a department that should be an integral part of the college? Spanish is an important spoken language in the United States — so why is there a curtailment instead of an addition to this department?

And, more important, why did the administration lead students to believe all their requirements could be met in an almost

UNITY AND DEMOCRACY

"The true security is to be found in social solidarity rather than isolated individual effort." Dostoyevsky in the Brothers Karamazov, 1880

The price of democracy is responsibility to the principals that morally demand and justify its existence. The proof of this is that when these principals and truths are ignored or violated, democracy simply doesn't exist.

A basic principal of democracy is the unity born of mutual respect and common need. Without mutual respect there can be no unity, and without unity there can be no democracy and without democracy we will never resolve our common needs.

"Man is a Social Animal," Spinoza observed in part 4 of his ethics, and "Men will find that they can prepare with mutual aid, far more easily what they need, and avoid far more easily the perils which beset them on all sides by uniting their forces." In other words United we stand, divided we fall.

What is the purpose of society and its institutions if it is not to assist each other individually and collectively. But instead of working together, we divide and work against each other, ignorantly obeying the power structures jungle law value system that claims ignoring our social responsibility towards each other is liking out for number one.

As the first rule of tyranny is divide and conquer, the divisions caused by this competitive ego trip enslave us and insure the continuance of the PS dominance.

When we act in accordance with the power structures value system of go for yourself, screw your buddy and nice guys finish last, then unity and democracy are impossible. Looking out for number one at the expense of others is the basic corruption and fallacy of the power structure's value system.

This truth became self evident at a recent student forum meeting. Due to the economic exigencies imposed by insufficient funds in the student budget, many groups were unable to receive the money they need to function and carry out their goals. A result of this was a student forum meeting that at times resembled a power structure "putsch" much more than it did the democratic process.

Both the radio people and the newspaper people were under funded and their respective exponents and supporters scrambled and fought for survival over the meager scraps of the insufficient budget. There isn't enough money for both, yet both are essential to the intellectual and cultural environment of Bard. The newspaper faction was the majority and as Lord Acton sadly observed in "The History of Freedom and Other Essays" the oneprevailing evil of democracy is the tyranny of the majority, or that party, not always the majority, that succeeds by force or fraud in carrying elections."

Mutual respect and common need were ignored by many of those involved and there was little unity. A result of this was a serious questioning by many

of us present as whether in fact democracy could really work for the student forum. Chaos and acrimony polluted the air like a dense smog, isolating each faction and obscuring our common need for both a newspaper and a radio.

When we act in this manner we are following the jungle law values of the power structure and reactionary, instead of the enlightened value system of reason and democracy. As we were only to painfully aware democracy does not work on the principals and values of power but of responsibility.

It is the uses of the power structures value system in the democratic process that has caused many to claim democracy is naive and won't work, as James Madison stated in the Federalist Papers (Number 10). "The instability and injustice and confusion introduced into the public councils, have in truth been the mortal diseases under which popular governments have everywhere perished as they continue to be the favorite and fruitful topics from which the adversaries to liberty derive their most specious declamations."

This proves that for the democratic process to work we must exercise it responsibly and morally, united in our common need by being respectful of our individual need.

It seems to us in this case that the cause of our corruption was money, as it is so often in power structure politics. In this case, however, it wasn't a matter of too much of it turning our heads, but rather too little of it threatening the survival of our respective groups.

Therefore, it seems reasonable to us that by increasing the funds available to student groups we will go a long way towards eliminating the squabbling and power grabs for as much of the budget as we can get.

To do this, we (the collective groups) are going to hold 5 or more fund raisers starting with a dance and coffee shop night, on Friday, September 29th at 9:00 in Kline Commons. The various student groups who are funded by the students budget are all contributing their efforts, time, and talents as are the various groups of musicians etc. who will perform for us.

We ask the student body to contribute by attending and supporting these fund raisers. By so doing, we not only increase the money available to the students groups, but begin to unite in our common need as well.

The first money raised will go towards making the radio and newspaper economically viable as they are essential to us all. From there we will add to the revenue of the other campus groups in a manner democratically determined by the chairmen of their groups who will comprise the steering committee for the fund raisers.

Without the full democratic support we will all suffer the inevitable consequences to end this, and to underline our point, may we quote Robert Maynard Hutchins in his "Great Books" 1954. "The Death of democracy is not likely to be an assassination from ambush. It will be a slow extinction from apathy, indifference and under nourishment."

Chris

Evan Hall
Scott Porter

\$7200 & EXPENSES

We would like to applaud the performance of Ludlow's two newcomers, Peter Amato and Dimitri Papadimitriou, in systematizing their damage fining system. Peter Amato turned in an all-time high damage estimate of \$5991 to be assessed against the students for the spring of 1978.

Compare this with the estimated total similar costs, obtained from Mr. Papadimitriou, of \$740 for the spring of 1977 and \$676 for the spring of 1976.

We can only hope that Peter will continue to show the same hustle in the future so that Bard can stay, as Dimitri said:

"In the black...breaking even."

When asked for a possible explanation for such a large gain, the Vice-President replied,

"I don't know how to explain the difference [between 1977 and 1978]... maybe they (the previous administration)

his beleaguered crews will ever be able to complete all the repair work collected for is unknown at present. But when asked about a thirty dollar repainting charge for a suite in Stone Row (scheduled to be gutted in January) which has still not been done, Peter assured us that all work will be finished "sometime" this semester. We questioned the judgement of assessing or attempting work to be undone by Bard's master building plan but were told that such damage charges must stand as "the principle" of Dimitri's office.

So kid\$, if you want to know what specific damages were assessed against your room of last year, see Susan Barich for an itemized list and for a reflection of Peter Amato's professional estimates for B&G work.

And just remember that under the new rules, you are responsible for messages written on your doors (\$7.50). Further, any remaining waste papers will be assessed as "demagogues fine"

A CREATIVE



Two-hundred years ago today,
blues

by Roderick D. Michael

America helped invent these blues
and we the people are paying the
dues
America is the home of these blues
but foreign to its emotional views.

America's blues brought the world
its beat,
and it snapped its fingers and tapped
its feet

These blues are American — that
they boast
but Uncle Sam is a terrible host

These blues are American as apple
pie
but like the King murder — the
question is Why?

Why should these blues have it so
lucky here?
Well, this country provides the at-
mosphere
These blues were born in early wil-
derness
but raised in forgotten slum filthi-
ness

Born on the beaches where the
slave ships dock,
raised on our forefather's auction
block.

These blues grew up in Nat Turner
visions,
in Union armies of Black divisions
These blues grew up in small town
deprivation
and later in big city isolation
These blues grew up in Bessie and
Billies,
their blues songs sung from New
York to Philly
These blues grew up in dreams of
the white man
and in that so-called independence
plan.

The problems of this country you
can find
next to these blues on a parallel
line —
from plymouth Rock
to Acid Rock,
from Thirteen states
to Watergate,
These blues have grown
but not the home.

MARIN PRESENTS THE JOYS OF...

JUGGLING



butterflies turn
to violet strangers
and my sharp white paper
holds no sympathy.
exiling my thoughts
to some foreign land
where colours are lost
in vast desert plains,
and one-horned dragons don't exist.
the dimensions touch
in fire,
and somewhere between
here and there
my castles are washed away.

Annette Mahon

Now let me make one thing per-
fectly clear,
seventy-three was a very good
year
Gerald Ford tried to swing some
good deals
but Oatmeal Man countn't put
them on wheels
In seventy-six, we still had these
blues
but along came Carter with down-
home views
Skippy and the Colonel began to
walk
creators of Southern-fried triple-
talk.

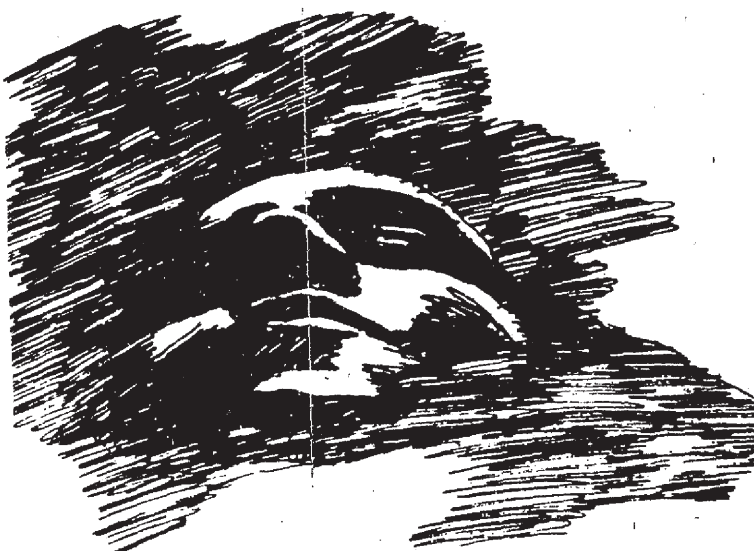
Let us not forget Mister Henry K.
"Let's make a deal", he used to
always play
Henry stayed in office with a long
lease,
known as the global godfather of
Peace —
a piece of Angola, a piece of 'Nam
not a bad act for a very bad ham.

This maybe frightening but please
don't fret,
in four years we'll have a new blues
duet.

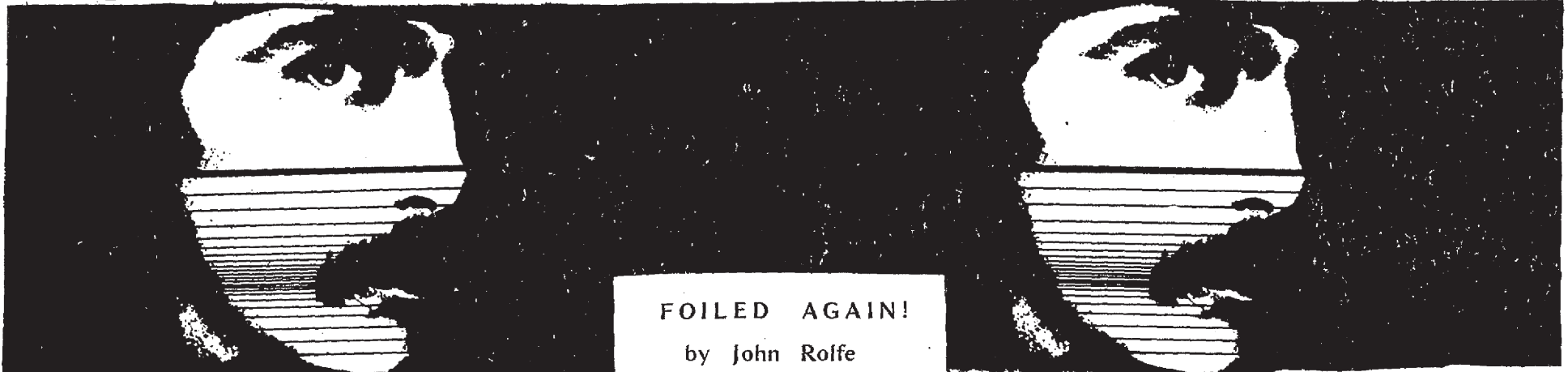


I have a picture in my mind,
I reach in, rummage around
pencil outlining a phrase here,
a person there.
Images sift through my fingers,
dry, warm, heavy not-water,
sluicing down, to splash,
shattering tear-sized lifespans
into shining-shimmering reflections.

Becky Heydemann



CONTAMINATION



FOILED AGAIN!

by John Rolfe

With a wheeze and a grimace, Damien Matchbox tossed off his black hood and sucked in several deep gasps of the cool night breeze flowing briskly through the opened window. He sat several minutes gazing out the window until the bedroom door opened and his wizened wife, also wearing a hooded robe, entered.

"Particularly nasty ceremony tonight wouldn't you say?" she cackled. Damien responded with a wheeze and a dry cough and she continued.

"I think He's going to be quite pleased with us."

Disinterestedly Damien picked up a copy of an old magazine and idly thumbed through the pages.

"I confess, my poor tubes can't stand much more of that horrid incense," he gasped, "I've got to find something else with my spare time."

"Like what?" she asked.

"I don't quite know. Ah, it says here 'Make money! Repair old toasters in your spare time.' Perhaps that's what I should do."

"Nonsense!" Enid croaked, "You know how much you love weekly mass, and besides, it just wouldn't be the same without you."

"That incense is going to be the death of me"

Their big mansion was quiet now, the congregation having departed. The old couple lived alone in a sixty-room castle which had once been owned by a former congressman. Attracted by its evil atmosphere and equally sordid history, they bought the house and moved in with their dog Beelzebub.

Each week traditional black mass was held at the house, and it was attended by a group of people from all walks of life. There were bankers, and insurance agents, teachers and politicians, oil company executives and bored housewives, all willing to drive deep into the eerie New York countryside to attend services on Wednesday evenings. Damien, aside from being the master of ceremony, was also a revered elder among satanists world-wide as he had authored a best-selling autobiography, "I'll Be Damned!"

Climbing into bed next to his already slumbering wife, Damien snuffed out the candle. He was just about to close his eyes when he was startled by a dazzling explosion of light. Upright abruptly, he stared in awe as a figure dressed in red satin emerged from the cloud of smoke which hung before the bed.

"Look! Look!" Damien screamed jostling his wife violently, "It's Him! It's the Boss!"

"At ease! At ease! As you were!" Satan began, his voice barely masking his excitement. "I realize this is an ungodly hour and that's why I dropped in! I have some wonderful news for you."

"News?" Damien asked, one eyebrow uplifted.

"Ah my good man! News!" Satan replied, lifting his cape as he sat down in a chair by the bed. "Of the most pleasant and joyous nature."

Carefully he laid his gold pitchfork on the foot at the bed and gazed at the wide-eyed, unblinking couple.

Two have given me. I might also add that services tonight were especially lovely!"

"Why thank you," Damien squeaked as he fought with a cough.

"After tonight you'll never have to breathe that infernal incense again."

"You mean?...I can retire?" Damien asked gleefully.

"Well...not exactly," the Devil said, tugging lightly on his well-manicured goatee. "Now here is the plan. I'm well aware of your wife's advanced age, but I also know that there is no greater honor for a devoted couple than for them to be the parents of my only son."

The couple stared, eyes wide, jaws hanging slack. Damien was the first to summon words.

"But...but why Enid. Surely a guy in your position could find some foxy chick to..."

"Well...because Enid kind of reminds me of the gal who married dear old dad," Satan said quietly, blushing slightly.

After an uneasy moment of silence the Devil continued. "Don't worry about her being old and frail; I'll take care of everything."

"Well, what do you say Enid?" Damien asked, "You feel up to it?"

"I...I don't really know," she said, her face going pale, "I...I'm at a loss for words. This is quite an honor."

"And I'll personally see to it that you're around long enough to nurture the little brat through his childhood," Satan added.

"Whaddaya say Enid? Be a sport!" Damien said as he elbowed his spouse, "I always kind of wanted to be a father, and besides, now I can make use of that old box of cigars your mother gave me for our anniversary."

"Well...well, alright," she said, her face brightening a bit, "But you're absolutely sure I'll be alright?"

"Would I lie to you?" Satan asked.

Snuffing Damien's reply, Satan said with a sly smile: "Good! Then we may as well begin."

He stood up and rubbed his hands together.

"Now, Mr. Matchbox, if you have a good book in the study you've been meaning to read..."

"Wha...? Hey! Wait a second here! You didn't say anything about...Oh, no not with my Enid you don't! I thought this thing was just supposed to 'happen'."

"My dear Mr. Matchbox," Satan said dryly, removing his cape, "God may work in strange ways, but I don't"

The months passed and Enid began to take on the appearance of an expectant mother. Masses were being held elsewhere and the couple devoted all their time to preparing for the cursed event. During the time Enid never ventured from the house out of fear of the looks she would receive from pedestrians who had never seen a pregnant old lady before.

One night when Enid was in her sixth month, the couple were lying in bed reading. Suddenly she looked up, thought a moment, and then spoke.

"Damien?"

"Huh?" came the reply from behind the cowl of 'Fryars Weekly'.

"What do we do if it's a girl? ::

"Huh? What? Oh, don't be silly. HE wouldn't foul up like that! Besides, HE's not supposed to have a daughter! That's ridiculous!"

"Is is?" she asked.

Her tone of voice told him she was serious.

"Aw creepies Enid! Who put all those crazy ideas into your head? You've been talking to your mother again haven't you? Confound that woman! She always wanted a girl."

He glowered at her and said: "Come on. Let's catch some winks."

The candle was extinguished but her curiosity wasn't, and she lay for nearly an hour pondering the strange notion that had occurred to her.

A few weeks later Damien came in from working in his herb garden to find the house empty. He searched for his wife high and low, but there was no sign of her, not of any indication of where she had gone. He sat down on the sofa in the living room and pondered his next move.

An hour later he still hadn't any idea of where she had gone. A few phone calls to close friends and relatives came up empty and Damien retired to his study genuinely worried.

All at once Enid came bustling in, out of breath. There was a weird smile on her face.

"Enid!" he yelled, "Where in hell have you been?"

"To Doctor Slaw!" she replied.

"But he wasn't supposed to come here until next week," he said, truly vexed, "Tell me, why Slaw on the side?"

"Well, remember when I asked you about the baby's sex?" she said, "And if there could be a foul up?"

"Yeah, well I remember," he replied dryly, "Aw, Enid, come off it! I told you it was impossible. Things have to go according to the plan. It can't foul up!"

"Well they can! And they have!" she squealed, "Today I went for one of those pre-birth sex determination tests and my good man, the 'son' of Satan is a girl!!!"

"Holy shit! This ain't funny! I'd better get on the hot line right away and tell the boss. He's not going to like this one bit. Look 's like it's back to breathing incense again."

Within a few minutes he was on the phone to the big furnace downstairs. After being put on 'hold' several times, he finally got through.

"Hello, Boss?!" he said frantically, "This is Damien Matchbox."

"Why, Hello, Damien!" the Devil said in a pleasant voice, "How is everything? How is Enid?"

"Terrible!" Damien said abruptly, "Listen, Boss, we've got troubles. Enid had some tests done today and that son of yours is a girl!"

"Christ on a crutch!" came the reply, "That blows it for another sixty years."

"It wha'?"

"That's it old boy. You see, I can only have a kid when the planets are aligned right. Tried once before but some lousy christians foiled me. This time the setup is perfect and this happens! You know, it's things like this that make a guy want to find a new line of work."

"Say, Chief," Damien said earnestly, "Did you know that there is good money to be made in repairing old toasters?"

MUSIC & THEATER

REVIEW



THE WHO

Over the past eight years the sporadic quality of The Who's album releases has testified to how tumultuous and tortuous a period the seventies have been for the band. Looking back it would appear that they sustained themselves wholly on a kind of kinship to one another that ran deeper than most could perceive. Triumphant over constant in-fighting, repeatedly forgoing potentially successful solo careers to do that one more Who album, they continued to replace raw power and youthful belligerence with intelligent introspection and panache.

'Who Are You' more than reflects the toll exacted by fifteen years together. Even the cover photo shows how startlingly they have aged, especially Pete Townshend, who appears genuinely weary. It teems with their bitterness and the fruits of their wounds, standing as the most biting reflection on rock superstardom since Pink Floyd's 'Wish You Were Here'. But while the Floyd viewed the "machine" from the perspective of reluctant newcomers, The Who's vision is strictly from the top, where they have been since 1969. Their tone is of brutal self condemnation, a willing admission of their stagnation under the pressures of immense success.

"I write the same old song with a few
UPCOMING PLAYS

The first productions of the Drama Department this semester will be two plays presented in repertory: "No Exit" and "The Human Voice". Both plays were originally written in French at about the same time: the late thirties-early forties.

"No Exit", written by Jean-Paul Sartre, is an existential play, the action of which takes place in existential hell, where one of Sartre's theories is demonstrated: "hell is other people". The play is set in a drawing room that contains three people, whose interaction spells out the basis of Sartre's philosophy.

"The Human Voice", by Cocteau, is a monologue in which a woman abandoned by her lover seeks to restore their relationship over the telephone. Two senior students have been cast in the role and will perform it on alternating nights.

Both productions are directed by William Driver and will take place in the Preston theatre from October 6-11. Admission is free. **Adam Marre**

PHOTOGRAPHY

The darkroom of the Photo Club is located in the Hegeman basement of Stone Row, on main campus. A \$10.00 introductory fee is a prerequisite for using the equipment, and is asked of every member. The darkroom is open twenty-four hours a day and exists to be utilized by all interested students.

This Wednesday evening at seven O'clock a meeting will take place in the darkroom of Woods Studio on Woods Road. Anyone interested in making postcards is invited to attend.

There will be a student photography show held in the library this week. If anyone would like to exhibit his work, he or she should contact Sheva Fruitman or Madeline Wilson. They will be willing to look at all work submitted by seven O'clock this Tuesday evening. Everyone is invited to come and view the work of the Bard photographers on Wednesday.

I am speaking on behalf of the entire student body in expressing my desire to see the Photo Club in full-swing. I hope there will be enough active members to keep it alive. Non-majors interested in photography are urged to apply their energies, since darkroom hours are still available for anyone who is interested in taking advantage of these facilities.

new lines/and everybody wants to cheer it is one of Townshend's lyrics to "New Song", the album's opener. For the most part he is right. Most of the music is distinctly 'Quadrophonia' vintage Who. Nevertheless, the album is carried impressively by the combined force of its frankness and the new found dexterity and skill in their playing.

There is much to confirm the long held belief that The Who are about to "pass the torch" (an expression of Townshend's) to younger bands. Townshend's persistent sledgehammer chords are either missing or totally subdued, indicating that he is surely shying away from a style he pioneered. "Guitar and Pen" is an encouragement to newcomers, especially those in England, to find their anger and express it musically. But certain cuts, such as the beautiful, powerful "Music Must Change" and John Entwistle's "905" feel strangely pivotal, hardly masking the glimmer of new horizons that the other songs so vehemently deny. One cannot help but feel that drummer Keith Moon's death will be the last blow The Who can sustain, and it is his passing which makes those glimmers intensely haunting while endowing this sadly marvellous album with an even greater poignancy.

ROBIN TROWER

Robin Trower's abandonment of his much ballyhooed Hendrix style, a process which began to take shape two

years ago with 'Long Misty Days' has amounted to a gradual slide towards funk. Perhaps this was partially induced and facilitated by the acquisitions of drummer Bill Lordan and bassist Rustee Allen, two Sly and the Family Stone alumni. While Trower's dense, churning, octave based riffs became increasingly brittle and ethereal, he began to place more emphasis on his vocalist and rhythm section. What it amounted to was an ability to turn out lithe, swingy funk, something which just tinged last year's 'In City Dreams', his most refreshing and fully realized album. 'Caravan to Midnight' is the next logical step in the progression. However it suffers from its hunger for a wider audience, lapsing into a tendency to latch on to contemporary societal and commercial themes. "King of the Dance" sounds like a rejected theme for "Saturday Night Fever" and "I'm Out To Get You" is just screaming to get onto a dance palace jukebox. The album's real strengths lie in the grinding rockers like "Fool" and

"Burning Love", more satisfying, complete syntheses of his styles old and new. While Trower may be a bit unsettled in his new territory, he has definitely struck a vein that will allow him to continue to produce good music which is more distinctively and genuinely his.

UFO

This album is hard rock's much needed shot in the arm. UFO have managed to take a tired genre and infuse it with excitement. Their trump card over other bands like Aerosmith and Foreigner is Michael Shenker, a German born guitarist who is one of the most consistently dynamic rock musicians to appear in a long, long time. His solos are screaming flurries of notes that absolutely demand your attention.

There is very little bulk on 'Obsession'. It's only flaws are "Looking Out for Number One" and "Born to Lose". Both are d.o.a. from an overdose of melodrama. The other seven songs are all gems of powerhouse, rollicking energy. While it's obvious they owe alot to Led Zeppelin, they have certainly established themselves as a most promising young band.

John Rolfe

NEWS BRIEFS

MOONIES RETURN

Fall classes began at the Unification Church Seminary in Barrytown, although a court case contesting their denial of an educational charter has been dismissed.

The seminary is starting its fourth year of classes with an enrollment of 58 students. The students are working in a 2-year program toward a master of religious education degree.

The seminary has graduated approximately 100 students; 25 of these have gone on to further study, many having to repeat courses in order to gain credit.

The Moonies claim that student numbers have remained constant, although the church has no charter.

Prior to being used as a seminary, the Moonies used the Barrytown property to indoctrinate younger converts. Local complaints of odd chanting noises and unwanted visitors disappeared with the change in status.

George Smith

The Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church Seminary, located in Barrytown, pledged to continue its fight to obtain an educational charter. After this decision was made State Supreme Court Justice Edward Conway refused to overturn the State Board of Regents decision not to grant one.

Attorney for the Unification Church, Peter Danziger, charged that the seminary was arbitrarily denied a charter because of religious and political prejudices.

Justice Conway explained that the seminary was not acting in accordance with an academic plan filed with its application for the charter, did not meet minimal standards for a degree program, and lacked adequate financial resources. An appeal is planned.

In a separate, and currently pending suit, the seminary is seeking a transcript of notes taken by the Regents' secretary during their deliberations on the Seminary's charter request.

THE POLITICAL ACTION GROUP

The Political Action Group, a new student organization, has deemed its primary goal for the semester to be the elimination of apathy on the Bard College campus. The organization is beginning a voter registration drive on Wednesday, September 27, for the first step in active politics in America is to exercise the vote.

The Political Action Group also has conceived and organized a series of fund-raising events for the purpose of subsidizing various clubs on campus, events aimed at uniting the student body.

The Action Group also plans to lead the Bard Student Drive Against the Nuclear Reactors proposed by Con-Edison.

The Political Action Group's greatest asset is the support of the students; its membership numbers over fifty students and is expected to grow -- hopefully to 700 by the end of the semester.



SECURITY AT FISHKILL?

Robert Garrow was only one of many who have escaped from the Fishkill Correctional Facility. All told, 32 men have escaped from the medium security prison in the last five years. This averages out to an escape approximately every 2 months. All the escapees have been recaptured.

Many inmates made their escape attempts while the correctional facility was the Mattewan State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. At that time, the facility was used to house inmates accused of serious crimes, but incapable of standing trial.

Garrow, according to the Poughkeepsie Journal, is the fifth inmate to attempt an escape from Fishkill this year. A supposed paralysis allowed him to be assigned to the elderly and handicapped ward, admittedly the least secure ward in the prison.

-George Smith



DE MYSTERIA

Dan Eddy

I was standing in front of Stone Row the other day, talking to a friend, when a strange sight was visited upon my eyes. A crowd appeared from somewhere beyond Preston—there must have been more than thirty people. I soon discovered that there was indeed considerably more than that and that this was the throng of a recently let out Freshman Seminar. "O tell us, ye who are fresh," I entreated, "the nature of these mysteries, for we are neophytes and wish to be enlightened!" The replies were varied, but the gist of the story was that some person of academic persuasion, presumably a faculty member, had been there to introduce some visiting academic who thereupon undertook to tell the multitude about Dante with a little Plato, St. Augustine, Vergil, and St. Paul thrown in for background and color. No one seemed to know who this wise one was, except that he hailed from mighty Yale and was a Dante scholar of some note (I assume that the latter depended on the former). Upon further questioning, though, I was unable to discover anything else about the session. All of the freshmen feigned a confused ignorance of the rest of the proceedings, but I came to the conclusion that they had been sworn to secrecy regarding the nature of these mysteries. I then and there resolved to begin an untiring crusade to discover the true meaning of these things called "Freshmen Seminars," for what else is education for but to find out what one does not know?

I first turned to that incredible compendium of truth and clarity, the Bard College course list for the fall semester (1978 of course, but not that it makes a great deal of difference. The course list is a document remarkable for its consistency). To begin with, we have "Beethoven and His Era: The Image of Humanity in 1800." The reader is told that this seminar will deal with a critical period in Western culture, and this is undoubtedly the case for if such a period did not exist, our entire calendar would be in a shambles. Could you imagine jumping from the middle of the eighteenth century right into the middle of 1830 without the years in between? Think of the problems such an irresponsible action would have caused. [Of course, any eighty year period would have equaled importance in the history of the world, but this era bears special note.... (I guess)]

Moving right along, one comes to the next seminar called "Persons". (It is to be surmised that this is a sequel to last year's "Things".) After this there are seven more seminars, each telling its own Truth, but I will leave it to the reader to look up the course descriptions for himself—they are all remarkable for their level of lucidity. Unfortunately, I was still unable to discover what the real secret of the Freshmen Seminars was, so I made some further inquiries. The freshmen I spoke with seemed to be confused about the situation, but this I deduced was but a charade to prevent me from discovering the truth. I questioned them relentlessly, but it became apparent they had been warned that the upper classes would be jealous of the privilege bestowed upon the class of '82. The only thing I was able to learn from them was that they were reading that well-known Platonic dialogue The Last Days of Socrates. (I left feeling a little bit frustrated, wondering why my teachers never told me about such a Socratic dialogue.)

My investigation continues at the time of this writing, but I must confess that I am beginning to lose heart. Will we never discover the secret of the Freshman Seminars? My mind goes back to that day in front of Stone Row and I recall some of my remarks then. "This passing parade", I said, "is a procession of the Liberal Arts". Perhaps I spoke more wisely than I thought, for I am beginning to believe that the secret of the Freshman Seminar is to be found in the mystery of the Liberal Arts. I console myself in this thought, for it is my fond hope and belief that next June, upon my admittance to the "rights, honors, and privileges" of a "Baccalaureate in Arts", some kindly administrator will take me aside and reveal the secret of Liberal Arts, thus opening my eyes to the mysteries of the Freshman Seminars.

If this is indeed the case, I shall be patient. Assured of eventual initiation I shall not be saddened by present frustration, but live in the hope of intellectual blessedness in the world beyond.

Note from someone variously designated as Consulting Editor, Typist, and basically nosy, outspoken person:

In typing the article re. the Political Action Group, I was dismayed and discouraged by the reappearance of a word which should have been buried three years ago, when I was a freshman. That word is apathy, and the condition it attempts to describe has been variously warned against, grumbled about, fought and defended with vehemence. But all the vocalizations have served but one purpose: to accentuate, and even provoke, the condition they are directed against.

Sociologists are already defining the seventies as an apathetic era, and their definition can in no way be isolated to include only the Bard community. Whatever they see as apathy is a universal condition. Try fighting that within the confines of our 550 acres.

No. Impossible. And equally impossible to accumulate 700 members of ANY cohesive group from the Bard population.

In many discussions in the past and during the past month, others have described the activities and academic projects initiated by the administration and student groups to achieve cohesiveness among the student body. This goal is taken for granted to be a virtuous and worthy one. Yet I am not alone in my questioning of its value.

One of Bard's most unique and valuable features is its small population as compared to its geographic area, faculty population, and cultural/recreational opportunities. To properly take advantage of these outlets, students are necessarily divided and re-divided into smaller and smaller singularly-oriented groups, until one reaches the isolation preferred (and even required) to do such things as sculpt, explore the finer aspects of a scientific theory, choreograph a dance, read all of the Platonic dialogues or write a novel. And in this seclusion occur most of the thought processes which allow any individual to learn more about himself, others, and how to function within his constantly-revised concept of the world.

Yes, the academic and social facets of the Bard Experience are vital and serve as essential components of one's life here. But they cannot supersede the concept of the student as individual.

Thus, my claim is that the term apathy is not only unnecessary, but incorrect. With the arrival of the compulsory freshman seminars, the conversion of the student government into a student forum (which must, inevitably, remain a farce if fewer than half the student body appear at even one of its meetings), and the recurring pleas by one group or another for us to "Stop Sitting There; Get Involved; Unify!", the individual is not only berated for attempting to maintain his individuality, but is variously cajoled, threatened and ordered to give up increasing portions of that individuality in order to create some unfunctional body. (Little energy or concern is spent in determining the value of the unified entity; like The Law, it is first essential that the thing exist; whether it is right or wrong is of secondary importance, at best.)

The value of various individual or group activities outside the academic, political or organized extra-curricular realm is likewise brought under scrutiny by public-minded individuals. They are not hesitant to declare a club meeting as far surpassing a casual night at Adolph's in virtue and ultimate spiritual value. Ah, well...perhaps I should abandon my original stand.

Should, if anyone can convince me that theirs is the definitive standard by which we must all judge the validity of our actions. I am eagerly awaiting the appearance of such a paragon.

In the meantime, however, I must watch the activities of all vehemently crusading groups with a degree of skepticism, yet reserving my judgement of them until such time as they attempt to judge me and my own actions. Such an attack upon the way of life I have chosen for myself, no matter how well-intentioned, invariably causes me to retreat to the

darker corners of my lair, taking my projects and personal interests with me — becoming, to all outward appearances, totally obscured and withdrawn from any visible participation in such activities and interests ... which invariably creates the image most of you might define as apathy.

ASPARAGUS BARKS

Jon Large

....was the name of a "bottom40" show which a friend and I launched back in high school. And because this column was chiefly intended to spotlight music that seldom appears on store shelves and seldom is reviewed outside New Perspectives or the Trouser Press,....well. People anywhere don't need critics to tell them about that which is already spinning around on their changers. And in a school where Stockhausen, the Arkestra, the Spontaneous Music Ensemble, and Egg seem to turn up in a goodly number of collections, even the need for bottom 40 criticism may be nil.

So allow me to briefly focus on another aspect of, um, cultural revolution. Personally, I am not (yet) a full-fledged Marxist. But like all people of a "radical" or "dissident" stripe, I'm often impelled to use the language and analytic approach of dialectal materialism. Really, the Syndicalists, the Catholic Workers, and radical libertarians are all inclined to hold a Marxian view of whom and what comprise the dominant forces in world politics today (and of how these forces maintain their dominance via the military, and the schools, and anything running from the mass media to zoning laws to psychological "norms"). Meanwhile, more and more Marxist are forced to see that any centrally organized state which supervises or regulates the commonwealth effectively controls and owns the commonwealth—does not wither away but instead fulfills every function of the "capitalist ruling class." The New Left, accordingly, raised the black flag alongside the red and launched its own school of "anti-authoritarian" or "decentralist" polemics. It's not surprising to find us all using a common tongue (even while party after party splinter into warring "anti-revisionist" sects.)

But what is surprising is to see the most bourgeois minds imaginable thinking in Marxist terms. Some time ago Scott towels published an ad which had a glowering, dark-featured file clerk jamming his fist into a flimsy towlette. The logo read: IS YOUR BATHROOM BREEDING BOLSHEVIKS? It went on to suggest to employers that high quality paper towels are a "small but important" means of suppressing revolutionary ardour, that one might as well start right at the very core of the productive process in mollifying the workingclass. Well, not exactly in those words, but....Mobil Oil has used a verbatim quote from Das Kapital in defending capitalism as the most revolutionary force in its day. The point, of course, was to show that even Karl Marx had to admit that private enterprise has its good points. And as Prof. Koblitz retorted, what shows through is the viability of Das Kapital and the lengths to which capitalists must now go in order to defend their creed. All of which is getting silly. I'll cite a more interesting case before closing and that is a speech given by Mr. Jarvis (of Prop. 13 fame) to the major networks this summer. He proclaimed that the Constitution was designed to protect "life, liberty, and property; not life, liberty, and illegal aliens; not life, liberty, and welfare recipients"....but property. Here was a right-wing meat head doing the left's dirty work for it in terms of demystifying a "universal" and cannonic document, the very essence of Americanism. What Jarvis vaguely comprehended was that the constitution was created by one special interest group-(a proper-tied class)- to protect its interests from those of another group. And he hit that nail on the head in front of the big 3's evening news audience.

So the question is: how far is the bourgeoisie prepared to go in adopting the parlance of the radical left? Well, if you look around campus at some of us affluent young leftists, you might conclude, "all-the-way". But the Marx-



DR. BISH

Dr. Bish sends greetings to old friends, the administration, staff, B&G, Security, faculty, student body — to new campus residents, and the Observer staff. Wishing you well in this school year to come, hoping the paper might survive and be a truly useful organ for the community.

Since the Dr. is not a resident this year he cannot pass along his usual relevant advice to you but it is good to say hello again. You may recall certain suggestions from columns in years past regarding diet, manner of movement (from Dining Commons to P.O.), energy conservation — externally and internally, etc. Essentially, one hopes for attention paid to... Self, since it is oneself from which springs all activity, learning, relating, etc.... for a sense of excellence, and a sense of quiet, well-being.

Take good care of yourselves; we depend upon each other.

P.S. The squirrels are gathering food for winter and are out on the roads. They don't know about cars, so please watch for them and slow down.

COMMUNITY EVENTS

- Sept. 27 : "The Great Estates of the Hudson River and their Preservation", by J. Winthrop Aldrich of "Rokeby", the Red Hook Estate of the Livingston and Astor families. Senate House Museum, 312 Fair Street, Kingston. 8:00 pm
- Sept. 27-Oct. 1 : "Black and White in Color" (film), Upstate Films, 26 Montgomery St., Rhinebeck. 7:30 and 9:30 pm
- Sept. 28 : "Scotland on Parade", Mid-Hudson Civic Center (call 454-5800) 8 pm
- Sept. 29 : The Poughkeepsie Ballet, Woodstock Playhouse. 8:00 pm
- Sept. 30 : The River Repertory Company, Woodstock Playhouse. 8:30pm
- Sept. 30 - Oct. 1 : Octoberfest, National Guard Armory, Kingston
- Oct. 3 : Dr. John Knowles lecture, "John Bard", Bard Hall
- Oct. 3-5 : "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" Upstate Films, Rhinebeck 7:30 and 9:45 pm
- Oct. 4 : Dan Hill & Phoebe Snow, Mid-Hudson Civic Center 8:00 pm
- Oct. 5 : Pete Seeger and Odetta benefit concert for the sloop Clearwater. Bardavon Opera House, 35 Market St., Poughkeepsie. \$6.00 and \$4.00. call 473-2073 7:30 pm
- Oct. 6 : "Hamlet" performed by the National Shakespeare Company Bardavon Opera House, 8:00pm
- Oct. 6-8 : "Fox and his Friends", Upstate Films. 7:30 and 9:30 pm
- Oct. 6 : Roy Bookbinder, country and blues. Town Crier Cafe, 438 Beekman Road, Hopewell Jct. 9:30 pm
- Oct. 7,8 : Northeastern U.S. Regional Hang Gliding competition, Route 209, Ellenville
- Oct. 7,8 : "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream" National Shakespeare Company Bardavon Opera House, 8:00pm
- Oct. 8 : Poetry Reading, Mid-Hudson Arts & Science Center, 228 Main St., Poughkeepsie, call 471-1155. 2-4pm
- Oct. 9 : Martin Mull, Mid-Hudson Civic Center, call 454-5800. 8:00pm

Bard Rallies, Beats S. Vermont



SOCCER NEWS

A rainy, cool Vermont afternoon in the shadows of the Green Mountains was the scene for a stunning soccer victory by the Bard Halls over Southern Vermont The Halls, after a hard fought game, still found themselves trailing 3-1 with only 10 minutes remaining. The Halls, realizing their desperate situation, battled back. Led by John Callahan (2 goals) the team tied the score before time ran out. The Halls, maintaining this momentum, won in overtime. The final score: Bard 4, Southern Vermont 3.

The Halls will be opening their home season on September 27. Come out and support the team.

SOCCER SCHEDULE

September:			
22 (Fri.)	S.Ver.	Away	4:00 pm
25 (Mon.)	Col.Gr.	"	3:30
27 (Wed.)	Ber.Comm.		
October:			
3 (Tues.)	Ber.Com.	Away	4:00
5 (Thur.)	Al.Col.Ph.	"	4:00
9 (Mon.)	Stevens	"	4:00
11 (Wed.)	Vass.B tm	Hm	3:30
14 (Sat.)	Skidmr.	Away	2:00
19 (Thur.)	Col.Gr.	Hm	3:30
27 (Fri.)	Sthrn.V.	"	3:30

WOMEN'S SPORTS:

The first Women's Varsity Basketball Practice will be held October 9th & 10th at 7:30. All interested women please come and join us. We are starting the season early in order to be well prepared this year and all new players are welcome. We will be members of the Northwest Athletic Conference along with Berkshire Christian College, Mt. Saint Mary's College, Albany College of Pharmacy, St. Rose College, Berkshire Community College.

This season's schedule is as follows:

Community College, and Columbia Greene Community College.			
This season's schedule is as follows:			
Nov. 13 Mon.	Berkshire Christian	Home	6:00pm
Nov. 15 Wed.	Mt. Saint Mary's	Home	6:00pm
Nov. 20 Mon.	Albany College of Pharm-	Home	6:00pm
Nov. 30 Thurs.	St. Rose College	Home	7:00pm
Dec. 6 Wed.	Albany College of Pharm-	Away	6:30pm
Dec. 8 Fri.	Berkshire Community Col-	Away	6:00pm
Dec. 11 Mon.	Columbia Greene C.C.	Away	4:00pm
Dec. 15 Fri.	Columbia Greene C.C.	Home	4:15pm
Feb. 17 Sat.	Mt. Saint Mary's College	Away	6:00pm
Feb. 23 Fri.	St. Rose College	Away	6:00pm

March 2nd and 3rd N.A.C. Tournament at St. Rose
Coach: Bob Krausz
Assistant Coach: Charles Patrick
All interested students please be at practice on October 9th & 10th at 7:30. We need your support.

Sarah Robins

The Gargoyle's Voice

CROSS-COUNTRY NEWS

At press time, the Bard Cross-Country team has not yet made its season debut. However, reliable sources (Dirque Xero's bookie) have informed the Observer that heavy money is being bet on Bard this year. We at the Observer, herald this sign of Bard's ascent to the big time.

The Bard Boy's Club (Dirque Xero, president) has challenged the Security Department (Dick Starkie, director) to a hard-boiled egg eating contest. The Gargoyle will be keeping you informed.

In the spirit of cooperation with local law enforcement, the Observer hereby challenges State Trooper Barracks K in Rhinebeck to a softball game.

Finally, the Gargoyle would like to express his condolences to the friends and relations of the late Midget of Annandale. His legend will live at Bard forever.

CROSS-COUNTRY SCHEDULE

September:			
25 Columb.Gr.	Away	4:00pm	
September:			
25 Collumb.Gr.	Away	4:00pm	
29 Stevens	Home	4:00	
October:			
3 Berkshire	Away	4:00	
5 Alb.Ph.	"	4:00	
9 Stevens	"	4:00	
11 Vassar	Home	3:30	
30 Collumb.Gr.	"	3:30	



WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING

Basketball here at Bard can be described in one word: small. Small gym, small lockers, small squads, small athletic budget, etc. But Bard is a "small" school and is mostly academic.

The students who play for the basketball teams can be described in one word: big. Big hopes, devoting "big" time and energy, working out on their own so they won't look "big", etc. The point of this article is to give freshmen, sophomore and upperclassmen alike a sense of what athletics is like here at Bard. Two ingredients are necessary for one to enjoy himself:

Participation — do not worry about what you look like and do not say "I can't play" (especially if you can play!)

A caring attitude — caring about your physical condition, your body, your teammates and caring about your school work (the main reason why you are here!)

The reason I mention these two attributes is because they were displayed by the Girls' Basketball Team. Despite the fact they never won a game, they continued to play, practice, and put out because they had and have the aforementioned virtues and they felt that winning isn't everything.

The Girl's Basketball Team tryouts will be held in the gym on October 9th and 10th at 7:30 pm. Rod Michaels

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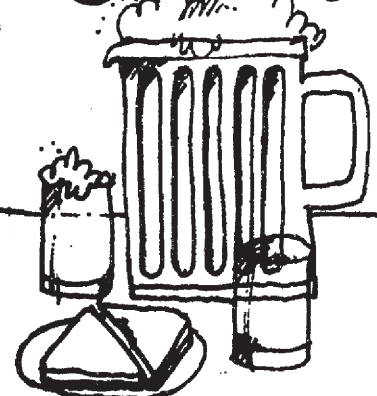


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