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First National Labor Conference for Safe Energy and Full Employment
Unanimously Denounces NUCLEAR ENERGY

Nearly 1,000 trade unionists from 55 trade unions and 33 states unanimously denounced nuclear power this weekend (October 10-12) at the First National Labor Conference for Safe Energy and Full Employment in Pittsburgh.

The conference, attended by representatives of labor unions and labor organizations from across the country, issued the following resolutions:

- Urge the passage of laws that would provide for the development of alternative forms of energy, including wind, solar, and geothermal.
- Demand that all workers involved in the production and distribution of energy be protected from exposure to radiation.
- Support the creation of publicly owned utilities throughout the country.

The conference was sponsored by nine international labor unions, the Coalition of Labor Unions Women and the Labor Committee for Safe Energy and Full Employment.

CENSORSHIP AT BARD

Prior to the last Student Forum meeting, every student received a questionnaire in their mailbox. It was written by the Planning Committee. The Planning Committee, under the auspices of the Constitution of the Student Government, has the authority to distribute approximately $27,000 per semester to various student organizations which, ideally, have plans for the use of a given amount of money for the entertainment, education, or education of the Bard College community. The first question posed by this poll was whether or not the recording studio should be funded. The second question involved "the Bard publications and whether or not they should be printing work from outside the community." The question was divided into two parts: "Should student-funded publications be allowed to print material that is not from the Bard community?" and "Should there be a limit to the amount of outside work that the student-funded publications are allowed to print in each issue? What should the percentage be?"

I am certain I speak for most of the students who publish at Bard when I say that I found this poll alarming. The Planning Committee has no right, implied or otherwise, to establish a limit to the amount of outside work that the student-funded publications are allowed to print in each issue. Any attempt on their part to acquire such a right strikes me as being singularly repulsive. This is all very obvious to anyone who believes that press, and of course all artistic endeavors, must remain beyond the control of a government given its authority by the consent of the governed. It is easy, however, to be deceived by the arguments certain members of the Planning Committee use to justify the tendentious nature of the poll. I believe that it is the duty of an editor of a given publication to publish the very best submissions to be found. Furthermore, it is the editor's duty to resist any attempt by people who are not involved in the editorial aspect of the publication to dictate editorial policy.

The Planning Committee, by taking a poll in order to lay a foundation for censorship that ignored the importance of the separation of the government from the press, has committed an act so offensive as to demand action. Continued on page 2
issue; in other words, what is the proper amount of censorship for a college funded publication.

Allow me to defend Dialogue’s policy of printing outside work, a policy which proves only to be beneficial to the students on the campus.

First, though we are often lead to believe (via the phone system on campus, the main dining commons, the lack of transportation going outside of Bard, etc., etc., etc.) that only Bard and Adolph’s exist on the planet earth, this is not so. There are people outside of our little world who experience both rare and common things, while we breathe in the confines of our stagnant, white rooms. Movies and speakers are brought in from the “outside” so that we need not have to either become electrophobic or be forced to leave earth in an attempt not to wallow away in our own shit. We at Dialogue like to feel that we contribute a bit to helping people find themselves from the much in the wide sky that this school can become. For those who claim that there is no such mark, well, move back to campus, wait a semester or two, or, take a hot bath with plenty of soap.

Second, by allowing others outside the Bard community to be printed in Dialogue, we allow those “outside” to see the work of Bard students. Those others can be university professors (maybe graduate professors), established writers, publishers, reviewers, and the like. The doors that the well printed word can open are numerous.

Third, we are a real literary magazine. We are not a high school newspaper or high school ‘literary’ paper. We are a magazine dedicated to presenting the human condition, to presenting the human conflict. We are dedicated to, if I may be forgiven a quote from Faulkner, the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about.

Our duty at Dialogue is to publish the human heart; not just the heart of Bard alone, but the heart of mankind. That is our duty to this school and to humanity as a whole.

Therefore, let me say in behalf of myself, Steve Bussink, our subscribers, our writers, and our supporters in general, that Dialogue will never succumb to censorship of any type. Nor will allow anyone or any group to dictate our editorial policy. The human heart cannot be censored; if it is, it stops literature. Dialogue cannot die, if it is, it ceases to be literature. Dialogue cannot be censored; if it is, it cannot be Dialogue. Dialogue will die at the stroke of the censor’s pen.

Thank you.
Rumbly yours,
Ronald Day
Poetry Editor, Dialogue

It is interesting that the idea of a “quota system,” a rough beast born of ignorance, has finally touched its way towards Bard. The real question of editing a magazine is not to print a certain percentage of anything, but rather to print what is worthy of being printed, a magazine such as Dialogue is to be a training ground for people hoping to enter the field of publishing and writing, then what be the purpose of perpetuating someone’s critical silliness with censorship?

I take the idea of art very seriously — at least a great deal more seriously than the planning committee seems to do. Writing is not a hobby.

This entire venture is turning into something resembling a summer camp periodical, the purpose of which seems to be: “Hey, it’s not what we print, but that we’re fair to everyone.” A nice idea, but it has nothing whatsoever to do with art. If the planning committee should stoop to this level, they will be seriously hurting the already wounded art of writing at Bard.

Sincerely,
Daniel Neshel.
LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Gentlemen:

First, let me compliment you on the reappearance of The Observer. I think it shows considerable improvement over the last Observer of several years ago.

Second, I would like to respond to Mark Hambleton's quite interesting article. Of all the somewhat unclear contexts in which my comments are put, the most disturbing is the one about well-educated people believing in nuclear war. Mark Hambleton draws an unfortunate and erroneous conclusion about what I think the role of intellectuals is and what the problems of irresponsible education are. It is precisely the transformation of the obligations of intellectuals, the piercing of the veil, so to speak, of certified expertise that serious education demands. Mr. Hambleton bandies around the words intellectual and intellectually in ways I would not. I wish he would not ascribe his perurbative views to my comments. To paraphrase his sentiments, but I find his unfounded and political comments gratuitous.

Finally, the issue is put in a cheap, rhetorical way when one says that Hitler was an art lover. That is a popular, historical sham. He was not capable of love, and what he admired was not art, either to anyone, else or once it passed through his eyes and ears. Art, as everyone knows, is just not out there to love. Everything Hitler touched turned into a mixture of despair and evil.

Mark Hambleton was concerned when he interviewed me that I would not be misquoted. I am pretty sure I am not misquoted, but my views were unheard, manipulated and misused. In the best sense of intellectualizing, that is full play.

Sincerely,
Leon Botstein
proud of living on the west side of the Kennedy Center.

Dear Mark,

I enjoyed reading your article in The Observer and share many of your ideas and conclusion. It is a problem which, as an educator has preoccupied me for some time, particularly as it pertains to music. I am glad to see that somebody has raised it so clearly and convincingly.

Well done,
Justus Frantz

Labor against Nukes

Association of Machinists as he keynoted the conference.

"I think the time is long overdue for loyal trade unionists to say we've had enough. We will not respond to the threat of jobs blackmail," he declared.

Wing decades attacked the nuclear industry and major utilities for using trade associations and "pseudos" consumer groups as fronts for "wearing their way into local union halls and even union members' homes to forge what they call grass roots coalitions to save the future of this desperate national industry."

Joining Wing decades in the keynote address, United Mine Workers President Sam Church, Jr., charged that our nation's energy policy has been determined by an "energy elite."

"Their concerns were not in providing safe and efficient energy, but in providing continued and soaring profits," Church said.

"When the energy companies discovered oil, here and abroad, they made this nation a country of petrochemical junkies," stated Church.

Coal can be used to dispose of America's foreign oil dependence and nuclear energy menace," Church told the conference. He explained that many technologies exist through which coal can be mined safely and burned cleanly, and he urged continued research and development of energy sources besides oil.

Also addressing the Conference were Rosemary Trump, of the Coalition of Labor Union Women and International Vice President of the Service Employees' International Union; and Martin Gerber, International Vice President, United Auto Workers.

The Conference featured panels on radiation, jobs and nuclear accidents, health and safety in the energy workplace, transportation and storage of nuclear wastes. Panelists highlighted the employment potential of conservation, solar technologies, and coal which can and should be mined safely and burned cleanly. They stressed that from a jobs standpoint, nuclear energy is a disaster. Considerable discussion was directed to strategies for equitable economic and employment transitions to safe energy sources.

Several trade unionists from Australia, Canada, Switzerland, and Denmark attended the conference. Tim Frazier, Secretary of the Australian Railway Union in Victoria, Australia, addressed delegates just prior to voting on resolutions. He reported that in his country, where the labor movement was a movement initiated and organized the struggle against nuclear power, the Australian Council of Trade Unions, comparable to this country's AFL-CIO, has opposed the development of uranium mining and processing in Australia. His union has participated in strikes to oppose transport of nuclear materials. He also reported that many other Australian unions have actively fought against uranium mining in Australia and the use of nuclear power in other countries.

Conference resolutions also called for the Labor Committee for Safe Energy and Full Employment, organi
cer of the conference, to continue covering educational meetings and conferences around safe energy issues. A Harrington meeting is planned for January.

THE BARD OBSERVER

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Re: "Why I Did It Again," By Cliff Pemler (Oct. 1) Even though he did it, the editors are sorry for titling Pemler's article without permission, even though he did it. It was not meant to imply his guilt, even though he is guilty. We're sorry, he's sorry, we're all sorry. Even though he did it.
REPORT ON TRUSTEES MEETING:

Hal Hissey

In his report of the joint meeting of the boards of trustees of Bard College and Simon's Rock of Bard College on October 25, 1980, President William H. McFadden is optimistic. Of course he was optimistic, that's his job. He must pacify the men and women who chair the boards of the two colleges as well as demonstrate that Bard's existence is possible. In order to do this, he must paint a picture that will make us as students recognize as Abstract Expressionism.

Our suspicions and fears are not unjust. We should always question and challengeudence. The administration should never be exonerated; they should never be given a clean bill of health.

I offer this prelude of continued doubt because the state of the college as presented in the bard statistics looks quite good. Actually, it's better than good; it's remarkable. So, be cautious. It's all too easy to view these impersonal figures and reach Leon's euphoric conclusion.

Firstly, the third year in a row, Bard finished the school year with a balanced budget. Anyone familiar with the national deficit or with the balancing of a checking account will appreciate the importance of this. At 99, 000.00 per head I hope that the budget is balanced, however, as high as our tuition is, it only covers a fraction of the total operating costs. The remainder must be made up in the form of gifts and endowments.

The latest gift to be bestowed to Bard comes from Sally Avery, the wife of deceased painter Milton Avery and October 25, 1980, President William H. McFadden was at age 23 (see Fortune magazine, October 25, 1980, p. 99). Their gift of 550,000.00 for the completion of the Arts Center (to be named the Sally and Milton Avery Arts Center) comes to Bard in the form of a challenge. In other words, it must be matched dollar for dollar before we recieve it. This stipulation will encourage fund raisers and trustees to raise 550,000.00 of their own and will mean that the arts center will be completed by commencement in the spring. In addition to this gift, Sally and Eric have established an endowed professorship in the Arts, and two student scholarships. The professorship and scholarships will be ongoing. With the completion of the art center comes a new program at Bard. It will be possible, as of the fall of '81, to receive a certificate of Fine Arts degree by Bard College through the Avery School for the Arts, Jake Grossberg, along with other faculty members are determining the curriculum.

The next issue is that of enrollment. It's up 10% from last year. But, this is nothing new to those of you cramped into single rooms turned into doubles. The reason for this unusually high enrollment is simple: of the 543 students eligible to return, 413 did. This yields a retention rate of 94%, the highest ever. The average retention rate over the last ten years is 74%. The situation as it exists is similar to the airlines' overbooking policy. I asked Leon if we could expect a 10% increase in enrollment next year. He said that it should level off at the current 770 headcount.

With increased enrollment comes housing problems; when housing shortages arise, the unavoidable topic is Stone Row. I reviewed Leon and the Board for their lack of communication to the students concerning Stone Row. The students resent the sidestepping of this issue and want to know exactly what is being done. Well, here's the deeper those of you who have ever filed for financial aid or a government grant will detect a familiar note.

Obviously, the renovation of an entire dormitory is terrifically expensive. In order to help with the construction cost, Dimitri Papadimitriou, the vice president in charge of finance, applied for various loans and grants. All of this takes time. You wait and wait and wait only to learn that you have been turned down. Other avenues must be pursued. All of this takes time. Eventually, the decision was made to apply for a H.R.S. Housing and Urban Development loan to the tune of 500,089. We qualified for the loan, but here's where the complications begin. It must be unanimous and approved by the board of trustees, and the building to be renovated is residential or commercial. The difference determines the rates that must be paid. It is a matter of time that we as students recognize as Abstract Expressionism.

As the financial matters were settled, and the board passed the new budget, we turned to educational problems. Some of the board members were concerned that the SRT scores of the freshmen had fallen since last year. Leon was quick to retort that Bard has always had higher scores than the national average and that scores for the freshmen were not a factor anyway. Jake Grossberg, the faculty senate representative, echoed this belief and added that higher education should not be considered as a goal anyway, but what the score, no matter what the income. After the meeting, I spoke to several board members about what I feel to be a growing trend in the admissions policy. Although the figures may prove me wrong, it seems that the policy to admit more affluent students and fewer minority and lower income students is being undertaken. Affirmative Action has always had a home at Bard, but it seems more pronounced this year. This report was disturbing to the members of the board; they felt that it belied Bard's purpose.

The only other issue that I raised concerning the conspicuous absence of faculty members at Bard this year. Last year Bard only employed one black faculty member, Elliot Skinner from the Anthropology department. He came to us through the Bard College Center and had the status of a visiting professor. His resignation at the end of last semester created a void for this topic. Over the summer the Bard Center tried to hire yet another black anthropologist and Bard Center Fellow. This time it was a woman, Jeanetta Cole; however, she fell ill and could not be here for the fall term. Hiring a faculty member is an involved process. But, it seems that we could get one by the spring semester. Notional mean does not determine the curriculum.

Due to my nervousness to the job, every issue confronting the student body was not raised. I did not call Leon's hand as he praised the new Dean of the College, Stuart Levine, and Mary Sugatt's new sidekick, Peter Sears. But, all is not lost. There is another board of trustees meeting on January 30, 1981. I would like to know of any complaints that you have or any issues that you feel are not being dealt with properly. I plan to be armed and ready for battle. Also, anyone who wishes to see the Bard College & Center Combined 1980-1981 Budget Summary (Unrestricted Funds) and the Bard College Enrollment Statistics should contact me or the Observer.
IRAN OR RUN

CCCO WARNS OF THE LIKELIHOOD OF DRAFT

The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, the nation's largest draft counseling agency, warned this week that the start of draft registration and the issuance of conscientious objection certificates would increase the likelihood of an early call-up of draft registrants. Citing a recent meeting of the National Advisory Council for draft registration, the committee said there was a likelihood of a<br>draft call-up within six months to a year. "This is a very serious threat," the committee said. "We urge all conscientious objectors to prepare for the possibility of being called up." The committee also called on Congress to pass legislation to protect conscientious objectors from being drafted.

"Young Americans must start thinking about whether they would participate in the military," said Mr. Smith, who is a member of the National Advisory Council. "The time is now to begin to prepare for the possibility of being drafted."

"The committee's warning is not without basis," said Mr. Johnson, another member of the council. "The government has been increasing its draft registration efforts in recent months." He added that the committee had received reports of increasing numbers of draft registrants at nationwide draft boards.

"We urge all conscientious objectors to take this threat seriously," Mr. Smith said. "We will continue to provide counseling and support to those who wish to avoid participation in military service."
***PRESIDENTIAL***

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**GOD'S FAVORITE:**

**DONALD BADGLEY**

—George Buske

Q: What would you do about the hostages in Iran?
A: I'd go over there and kiss Khomeini on both cheeks.

—Donald Badgley, Presidential candidate, answering questions at Bard College.

Donald Badgley, if nothing else, is a nice man. He is also running for President of the United States this year. Badgley first cropped up at Bard one fine September morning, standing outside of the Commons and talking to people about God and politics. He looked older than his years—Badgley is in his early sixties, but his long grey hair and his slightly stooped posture give the impression that he's been around since about the turn of the century. When I first saw him, he was leaning on his shepherd's crook, attempting to explain to a young drug addict about the Articles of Confederation and how they were a darn sight better than what we have today. I shied away another basket case. Ah well. He was gone that afternoon.

The National Political Studies Group, however, saw in Badgley a viable alternative to the poor crop of major candidates this year. The NPSG, erroneously referred to as a "bear front" by its scurrilous and narrow-minded detractors, asked Mr. Badgley to return for an evening of discussion and an opportunity to present his point of view in a more academic atmosphere. Badgley hesitated, as he gets his visions at night, but eventually was persuaded to meet with the Bard community.

It was a Wednesday evening. Those who were in Alf Bee Social that night are likely to remember that they met a very nice man that Wednesday. He talked and answered questions for a good ninety minutes; Badgley started with a brief autobiography. He was born in New York State, worked in a variety of jobs, married and had a child, and, on a bizarre three days, became a Quaker. It was then that God began to talk to him, and, as a matter of fact, God Himself told Badgley to run for President in 1980 (unfortunately, Badgley could not give us a direct quote from the Almighty).

In brief, all laws are lies, Badgley said. What is wrong with the Ten Commandments? The candidate reflected that we've piled laws upon laws, most of them limiting our basic freedom, contradicting the principles upon which this country is based. Badgley attributed his vision of the world to a scene in the Book of Revelations, in which a seven-headed beast rises from the sea. "The seven heads, I think, represent the seven religions in this country in 1776," Badgley said "and the beast itself is politics."

The trait that stopped this monologue from becoming sheer religio-political rhetoric was Badgley's disarming honesty. We should not be one to judge others, he preaches, yet when prodded slightly he admits that he too judges other people. I'm not sure whether to believe that he has only met three obnoxious people in all his life, as he says, but it was refreshing to hear somebody say that. Badgley should win even if the only reason is that he is pleasant. It's just as good as any other. Not only that, but Carter and Reagan (and Anderson, for that matter) are so goddamn ugly it's ridiculous, and Badgley, if not handsome, is at least not nauseating to look at. Take a look at the picture accompanying this article. See? How about it? What do you think?

The evening ended, and Badgley received a standing ovation from those present. Krasos, a leading member of the NPSG, has released an endorsement of Donald Badgley for President. We have to thank the NPSG for bringing Badgley here. In this era of bland and disgusting politics, Donald Badgley is necessary; because he gives us something that has long been absent from politics — eccentricity. And besides, who can't vote for a candidate endorsed by the National Political Studies Group and God? If Don Badgley's good enough for them, he should be good enough for you.
ELECTION

THE CHOICES

As some of you may have heard, there is an election coming up in November. (An election is a big thing with votes.) This particular election is to elect a president, a leader of this capitalist, fascist oppressive state, as some of my Marxist friends smilingly call this country. Now that you have the basic information, we can move on to the crux of the issue.

This election has generated a peculiar picture of outrage and apathy, more than any other year in modern times, for this year there is really nobody acceptable. Those who scream for Reagan or Carter or Anderson do so because they are caught up in rhetoric or are fooling themselves deliberately in an attempt to hide from reality. But to those of us who are brave enough to step back and face facts, it is very clear: we are up shit's creek without swimming lessons. And no amount of "lesser of evils" rationalization will pull us out.

Our choices as voters are clearly delineated. Ronald Reagan, Jimmy Carter, John Anderson, Harry Communis: a man who might push the button, one who might trip over it, a dark horse, and a cipher. Bleak picture. But, let us think. Who should be elected as president? The man who will do the best job of running the country. And who knows more about running the country than anyone? That's right; you do. You, yourself. So, the only wise choice this November is to write in your own name for President.

Let us examine this course of action. If everyone in the community wrote in their own name, there would be no majority and the vote would go to the House. And, of course, every member of the House would vote for himself, and the result is that we would never have a President. The whole system of government would change, and who says votes can't do anything.

Of course, this works in theory only. For man is corruptible and is easily swayed by bribery and threat (We can't all be Marxists, pure and upright and noble.) People would offer their relatives high-ranking government jobs in exchange for votes. Think of Aunt Martha on the Supreme Court, Cousin Freddy as Secretary of State, and Uncle Ted, who never worked a day in his life, as Ambassador to the U.N. Think of the chaos. Think of the potential for international incidents.

But think of the fun. Everybody talks about Armageddon, but nobody does anything about it. Think of your bratty kid sister in charge of all the nuclear arms in the country. Think of that.

Of course, less revolutionary political alternatives include Ronald Badgley for President and the Reagan for Shah movement, both worthwhile and viable.

So let's get the country back on the path of true democracy. Smoke 'em if you got 'em, America.
WAYS OF NON-VIOLENCE

by Mahatma Gandhi

Non-violence is not a garment to be put on and off as will. Its seat is in the heart, and it must be an inseparable part of our very being.

I — 61

If we try to combat the fruitful of force, it will only be by means totally different from those in vogue among the true worshippers of brute force.

I — 65

Principles

Non-violence implies as complete self-purification as is humanly possible.

Man for man the strength of non-violence is in exact proportion to the ability, not the will, of the non-violent person to inflict violence.

The power at the disposal of a non-violent person is always greater than he would have if he were violent.

I — 111

Ahimsa (non-violence)

It is the only true force in life.

I — 114

Given the proper training and proper generalship, non-violence can be practiced by the masses of mankind.

I — 168

Belief in non-violence is based on the assumption that human nature in its essence is one and therefore unfeelingly resists to the advances of love. The non-violent technique does not depend for its success on the goodwill of the dictator, for a non-violent resistor depends on the unfeeling assistance of God which sustains him throughout difficulties which would otherwise be considered insurmountable.

I — 179

Jains lived and died in vain if he did not teach us to regulate the whole of life by the eternal law of love.

I — 181

Non-violence rests on my belief in the infinite possibilities of the individual to develop non-violence. The more you develop in your own being, the more infectious it becomes till it overruns your surroundings and by and by might overspread the world.

I — 195

If one does not practice non-violence in one’s personal relations with others and hopes to use it in his affairs, one is quite mistaken. Mutual forbearance is not non-violence. Immediately you get the conviction that non-violence is the law of life, you have to practice it towards those who are violently towards you; and the law must apply to nations as to individuals. If the conviction is there, the rest will follow.

I — 187

In non-violence the bravery consists in dying, not in killing.

I — 268

Non-violence, which is a quality of the heart, cannot come by an appeal to the brain.

I — 275

These will never be an army of perfectly non-violent people. It will be formed of those who will honestly endeavor to observe non-violence.

I — 305

Those who are attracted to non-violence should, according to their ability and opportunity, join the experiment.

I — 307

Man as animal is violent but as spirit is non-violent. The moment he awakens the spirit within him cannot remain violent. Either he progresses towards ahimsa or rushes to his doom.

I — 311

A non-violent revolution is not a program of seizure of power. It is a program of transformation of relationships, ending in a peaceful transition of power.

II — 8

Prayer from the heart can achieve what nothing else can in the world.

II — 19

To me it is a self-violent truth that if freedom is to be shared equally by all—even physically the weaker, the lame and the halt—they must be able to contribute on equal terms in its defense. How that can be possible when reliance is placed on armaments, our phalanx-minded fails to understand. I therefore swear and shall continue to swear by non-violence, i.e., by satyagraha, or soul force. I am in physical incapacity is no handicap, and even a frail woman or a child can pit himself or herself on equal terms against a giant armed with the most powerful weapon.

II — 35

The first principle of non-violent action is that of non-cooperation with everything humiliating.

II — 53

One has to speak out and stand up for one’s convictions. Imagination at a time of conflict is insubstantial.

II — 58

The sword of the satyagraha is love, and the unavailable furnace that comes from it.

II — 59

Satyagraha is always superior to armed resistance. This can only be effectively proved by demonstration, not by argument. . . . Satyagraha can never be used to defend a wrong cause.

II — 60

Satyagraha is a process of educating public opinion such that it covers all the elements of society and in the end makes itself irresistible.

II — 61

The conditions necessary for the success of satyagraha are:

1) The satyagraha should not have any hatred in his heart against the opponent.

2) The issue must be true and substantial.

3) The satyagraha must be prepared to suffer till the end.

II — 63

The art of dying for a satyagraha cause is facing death cheerfully in the performance of one’s duty.

II — 65

It is a bad outlook for the world if the spirit of violence takes the root of the same mind. Ultimately it destroys the race.

II — 75

[Metaph. practice has not been able to keep pace with the mind. Man has begun to say, "This is wrong, that is wrong." Whereas previously he justified his conduct, he now no longer justifies his own or his neighbor’s. He wants to get right the wrong but does not know that his own practice fails him. The contradiction between his thought and conduct forces him.

II — 76

Non-violence will prevail—whatever man may or may not do. . . . It will have to be forced on everyone all obstacles irrespective of the absence of the instruments.

II — 76

The virtues of mercy, non-violence, love and truth in any man can be truly tested only when they are tried against calumnies, violence, hate and untruth.

II — 85

A non-violent state must be broad-based on the will of an intelligent people well able to know its mind and act up to it.

II — 91

Achimna is one of the world’s great principles which on earth can wage out. Through him maybe man may die in trying to validate the ideal, but ahimsa will never die. And the gospel of ahimsa can be spoken only through believers dying for the cause.

II — 96

It has been suggested by American friends that the atom bomb will bring in ahimsa as nothing else can. . . . This is very like a man glutting himself with dainty to the point of nausea and turning away from it only to return with redoubled zeal after the effect of nausea is well over. Precisely in the same manner will the world return to violence with renewed zeal after the effect of disgust is worn out.

II — 96

So far as I can see, the atomic bomb has darkened the finest feeling that hasanimated mankind for ages. These used to be the inviolate laws of war which made it tolerable. Now we know the naked truth. We know no law except that of might. The atom bomb brought an empty victory to the allied arms, but it resulted for the time being in destroying the soul of Japan. What has happened to the soul of the destroying nation is yet too early to see.

II — 96

Mankind has got to get out of violence only through non-violence. Mankind can be overcome only by love. Counter-acted only increases the surface as well as the depth of hatred.

II — 97

I regard the employment of the atom bombs for the wholesale destruction of men, women and children as the most diabolical use of science.

II — 98

Non-violence is the only thing the atom bomb cannot destroy. . . . Unless now the world adopts non-violence, it will spell certain suicide for mankind.

II — 98

Non-violent defense neither knows nor accepts defeat at any stage.

II — 98

Therefore a nation or a group which has made non-violence its final policy cannot be subjected to atomic bombs.

II — 98

A non-violent man or woman will and should die without resistance, anger or malice, in self-defense or in defending the honor of his own folk. This is the highest form of bravery. If an individual or group of people are unable or unwilling to follow the great law of life, retaliation or resistance unto death is the second best, though a long way off from the first. Cowardice is importance worse than violence.

II — 141

There are two sorts of revenge—those being afraid to die, he looks to others, maybe to the government of the day, to do the work of defense for him. A coward is less than a man. He does not deserve to be a member of a society of men and women.

II — 148

Satyagraha is never vindictive. It believes not in destruction but in conversion. Its failures are due to the weakness of the satyagraha, not to any defect in the law itself.

II — 149

Truth never damages a cause that just is.

II — 162

Undoes big nations shel their desire of exploitation and the spirit of violence, of which war is the natural expression and the atom bomb the inevitable consequence, there is no hope for peace in the world.

II — 165

[Jesus]—a man who was completely innocent, offered himself as a sacrifice for the good of others, including his enemies, and became the ransom of the world. It was a perfect act.

II — 166

Goodness must be joined with knowledge. More goodness is not of much use, as I have found in life. One must cultivate the fine discriminating quality which goes with spiritual courage and character.

II — 197

I ask nobody to follow me. Everyone should follow his own inner voice.

II — 209

No man, if he is pure, has anything more precious to give than his life.

II — 249
Musicians

Bruce "Guts" Venda

I have a friend who is a music major, although he does his best to hide it. However, being a musician at Bard is not so much something you can cover up under a bushel, so to speak. He has all the symptoms on the "Beware of this man" for Musicians checklist: the term "academic" is not in his vocabulary, he drinks the most dangerous alcohols and ingests the most unstable chemicals he can find, he has followed Steely Dan around the country for years, he's a master of the deadpan smile and he names his songs after the other songs in the band, and on and on.

No, of course this isn't true. I made it all up. The person (my friend), that is. I made his whole character up from an amalgamation of traits from all the music majors that I know. And non-major musicians friends, although their contributions are not necessarily anything compared to the majors. Any one of the people who frequent Annadale or Brook Houses has characteristics of this nature—but it is not fair to dwell on their more negative aspects for too long. Would I have so many acquaintances in this circle if I found nothing redeeming in them? Quite seriously, some of my best friends are musicians.

And why? For one, great drugs. Since I haven't made any mention of my own consumption of illegal substances since my initial appearance in this self-same rag (March 14, 1979) when it was accurately reported that my activities centered around a certain hallucinogenic. Well, whether or not it was true then (I can't quite remember what I was doing during that semester), I'm not sure. I think it was a new year, and I'm not sure. Nothing inorganic for Bruce. My consumption of organics is another matter, but this is a purportedly cheery column, so I decided to make a difference to me that my music friends get all kinds of expensive chemicals, for I don't take any of them. Some of my picks of drug pleasure here is to watch these people take all those things and then completely waste the next four hours utterly by being "creative".

Another is—well, while I'm thinking I want to tell you for a minute about my purpose on this paper. Before the recent editorial turnover, I was allowed a

Little Boxes

Mark Hambleton

It is not often that one can say that a Bard production is well cast in terms of either suitability or ability. A small community like Bard, even at good times, can produce only so many qualified actors, and the problem in filling a small cast, much less a big one, is obvious. So, when Bill Driver's production of Little Boxes, however, bucked the trend. Both Trevor and The Coffee Lace were beautifully cast, and very well played, and this was certainly the only saving grace of both of these one-acts.

The Coffee Lace is an incipient comedy about an unfortunate English music-hall team. Happily, all five of the neurotic old actors, Winslow Grant, Christopher Hunter, Annie O'Keefe, Cathy DiStefano, and Bill Abelson, were as neurotic as anyone could have hoped, and Andrew Joffe gave an especially good performance as Mr. Sims, the downtrodden agent of the act and husband of the most neurotic member. To add to this team was a cynical Dwayne Fox and her dazzling assistant Libby Shapiro. This fine cast gave a performance that was almost sufficient to take one's attention away from the actual script. Bill Driver made his own effort, by trying to misdirect the audience's attention into the dressing room before they had time to think. There an attempt was made to erase any resemblance of what had gone on inside the theater by staging a musical cabaret. If this was to show what a group of senile old actors sound like, give a feeling of what it's like to ride on the New York subway during rush hour, or just to block the exit, I wasn't sure, but unfortunately it didn't shake my memory of The Coffee Lace. Happily, it did stop.

Mr. Bowen obviously did not want to put the first of the two one-acts in a bad light to the other. But, again, a fine cast carried the show. Cathy DiStefano and Annie O'Keefe again gave strong performances as the lesbian lovers. Their close-minded parents were also very well-played: Lauren Hamilton and Courtney Adams beautifully characterized the traditional and liberal upper-class mamas, and David Simmonds and George Apostolakos the subservient husbands. Even the phone-breathing Mr. Hudson was made as plausible as possible. If this was acting or not, I wasn't sure. Ah, and not to forget the man that held this farce together, Sandor Black, who gave an energetic and powerful performance in the title role.

Now it is a remarkable thing that the cast held up the play, as at Bard it is usually the reverse. Why, you might well ask, such plays should be wasted on such a sad excuse for a play? I don't know. Perhaps Bill Driver felt that this would be good exercise acting for students through a knowledge of the theater, like Bill Driver, know of countless other pieces which offer the same experience in stagecraft, yet also have some depth. So...
On October 2, 1980, residents of Seymour found
in their mailboxes a letter from Peter Sears, the new
Assistant Dean of Students. Most general communica-
tions like this go unanswered as well as unheed; this
time, though, some concerned Seymour residents decided
to reply. Provocatively, Sears. Herein is the original Sears letter and the reply, which the residents have graciously con-
cented its publication in this humble journal.

October 2, 1980

Residents of Seymour:

You have managed to get yourselves into a
situation that you might want to think about and
perhaps talk about among yourselves. This is
terribly up to you. However, a decision of yours
now might help to avoid future complications.

Security has had to come over and ask you to
turn down a stereo too often for the matter to
remain incidental. Turning the volume back up
a few minutes later is not exactly cooperative.

The issue is not just a matter of after-hours
noise. The issue is also the volume during the
day, not because it is regularly too high, which it
is not, but because the dormitory is within earshot
of classrooms and offices. This proximity needs to
be appreciated. The only other choice is to move
to a less centrally located dorm in which what you
consider to be "normal" volume during the day is not
necessarily an issue.

The other issue is the heat regulators. There
are new controls; they are computer operated. They
don't take well to shaving cream, which was lavished
on the second-floor control Tuesday. Fortunately,
the damage done wasn't serious. B & O cleaned up
the mess Wednesday morning. But let me assure you that
should one of these controls be busted, it will be a
long time before it is fixed, which will make for
some chilly times.

So you may want to talk over your approach to
these matters. Some early-year efforts to gather the
dorm was greeted with crude rebuffs. Perhaps that is
your way of declaring your attitude to any group
effort. Yet you may have reason to regard the sit-
uation differently now. It is your affair. The more
you can take care of your own business, the less you
involve the dean's office. To maintain the individual
freedom of all residents of the dorm you need only
avoid isolating the few college rules and damaging
college property that is there for the benefit of the
students.

If you are at all apprehensive about your chances as a
group to work out these problems, you might consider selecting someone to be a
dorm representative to the Deans office in order to head
off the problems before they lead to unpleasant
consequences.

You might also choose to reverse the current
trend by getting rid of this fall's fall decoratons.

Yours,

Peter Sears

Dear Peter Sears:

We were so pleased to receive your letter of 2nd
October that we are writing back in the hope
that we can keep this matter of pleasant corre-
spondence going between you and us. We are es-
specially happy with your concern for the quality
of our residential facilities in our part of the
Wardens.

If on your next inspection tour you wish to
examine in depth the living conditions in Sey-
mour, you are cordially invited to spend a night.
We trust that you will not be disturbed by the cracked
paint and the screenless windows in most of our
rooms, the mouldy shower stalls without hot water
or curtains in the basement, the infestation of
bugs at all times of the day and night, and the
neighbors who are extremely sensitive to the noise of
a pin dropping three rooms away.

You will be pleased with the dorm-wide
wake-up system that takes place between the hours of
8 and 11 each morning under the supervision of
our janitor, who will be called Mr. X to protect his
identity. Mr. X takes fifteen minutes to vacuum the forty-five square feet of
rug in each hall (or, three feet of carpet a minute).

It's a small dorm, and there isn't much
for a janitor to do with six-and-a-half hours a
day. Perhaps your administration would care to
combine his job with that of Mr. Y, the janitor in the
library; than Mr. Y would be free for something
else, like putting screens on the windows, or
working on Stone Row at sub-union wages. This is
to say that we dislike Messrs. X or Y; we don't.
You can draw your own conclusions.

We especially wish you would come over so you
can discuss which decision we might make to avoid
"future complications". We do not understand
what you mean by "future complications". We feel that
one of the main problems at Bard is that the
administration uses terms that are not clear to the
students.

For your information and discussion with
us to us. Other term you can explain is that of
"normal" when you describe "normal" volume, as stated
in your letter. With a volg of a volg, "normal" is a relative term. Both of us had neighbor
sons on several sides who, besides being administra-
tion lackeys, are absolutely allergic to any sound
vaguely resembling "popular" music at anything above
8 o'clock on your average volume scale. On the other
hand, we, like any "normal" hard student, need to
hear it at 3 o'clock to appreciate the subtleties in
any music, even the savviest survey we can do.

And you, if you visit us and forget your own radio,
be regaled with the sound of our esteemed president
enthusiastically practicing his instrument at 12
midnight and after.

We are also not sure what you mean by "hall
decorations", unless you include the heat registers,
kindsly installed by our kind landlord for our
amusement. If you would like us to reverse the
trend, we can do our own Wardens reconstruction
party. You, of course, will provide the beer.

However, this will be a contradiction to your
earlier admonish that nothing happen to the heat
registers. Anyway, the registers are very
ugly things, and the use of shaving cream, besides
not injuring the plagiola cover in any way, was
doubt meant to "pretty them up", so to speak,
as we presume you would have us do. If (God for
bid) someone should take a sledgehammer and "just"
the covering (for that is what it will take) and
the heat is shut off, making for the "chilly times"
you predicted, we hope you will be willing to
accommodate eighteen cold students in your
relatively spacious, over-80-degree house. To
maintain your "individual freedom", we suggest that
your friends at B & O take less than the usual and
predicted "long time" to fix our register.

We are aware that, as a small dorm with mostly
returning students, we are not entitled to a peer
counselor, and we feel left out not having one. One
of our residents felt so left out, in fact, that she
felt obliged to take the role of peer counselor in
our dorm. She should have had the usual training
from Theres, though; her attempt to establish a
"dormaop" was not only badly worded and presented,
but anonymous as well. For all we knew it was just
some crank wanting to meet the boys and girls in
our dorm and rip them off. Small wonder, then, that
the "crude rebuffs" were made. Any student of this
college with any decent social skills would have
done the same, hoping that upon removal of the
missing notice, the mystery person would reveal
his/her self.

We hope you appreciate our little effort at
communication, and trust that it wasn't too base.
We could have been cruel, and save space by writting
something of the nature of

Dear Sears -- CUT IT OUT OR YOU WILL SEE SO MUCH
SHAVING CREAM EVERYWHERE YOU GO THAT YOU'LL GROW A
BEARD.

But we didn't. In the meantime, you may want
to count the advantages of not having an office in
Regeman or Fairhaim. (We think it's fun to make
threats too.) Best assured, also, that we wouldn't
intentionally turn the volume up for anyone but you.

See you soon,

Several Friends in Seymour
Before I begin in earnest, a word about the Canzonzioni: this year’s regular band will not perform for quite some time, and then only as a scaled-down version of its former grandiose configuration. According to would-be bandleader Knox Chandler, the group’s first public performance will be no earlier than the Winter Formal, but The Box would give no reasons for this unseemly delay. Two members of this year’s eight-piece band are from outside Bard, 85% of two more are recent graduates. Rumors that the band refuses to play for free remain unsubstantiated. Now onto the Battle itself.

Some people who cared about anything other than what the amount of kegs at this dance would be were expecting the evening to be a duel between two of last year’s favorites: the Lost Cause and the Samoans. Both of these were formed relatively late last year, but neither could really get enough momentum going to prove anything conclusive. Along with the abrupt shift in their lineup of experienced performers for the start of this fall, one might surmise that both of them were more or less "stating now" with some new material and new ideas of showing potential for an eventual confrontation. As a last-minute entry, the units were an unknown quantity and therefore largely ignored until their performances. I’d like to interrupt myself for a minute to express my delight at being treated to one of the greatest displays of good bard talent at one time. Coming out of the drought that followed Virus and the Julittes departure, the battle that took place on the floor of the Unit last night was quite a sight. I haven’t seen anything like it, only by expensive means by New Wave bands and by Cliff Fernald’s latest effort. These bands represent a real new insight on the point of good music by expensive bands. I have the impression that both the Lost Cause and Samoans use largely original material, and their lyrics are, when understandable through both singers’ rambling and snarling, witty (in one way or another–the Samoans attempt to be droll, Lost Cause to be obvious, and both succeed to some degree), if not exactly the model of wholesomeness: “Only you, Anita Bryant, are a good screw,” Anita Bryant?”. In any case, I think this renewed interest in entertaining dance music is indicative of the growing philosophy of: fuck wook and dance, let’s just dance, that is becoming so prevalent, in different variations, in all our cultural establishments today. Social or political awareness has nothing to do with it; in fact, just the opposite is true.

Anyway, the competition came down to these three bands:
1. The Units. This group composed of people who rarely, if ever, appear on the performance scene here, was formed only a month ago. As I said before, these guys were an unknown quantity. Drummer Glen Carter dropped out of sight following an excellent debut with the Samoans last year, bassist Tony Dennis had not been heard from in a year, and guitarist Mike O’Brian had not been in a band at all in his two years here. The single fact was twenty minutes of cover tunes, including two songs from the beatles’ “White Album” and a very funny one-minute interpretation of Garth Algar’s "Omae". The band was cohesive, looked like they were enjoying themselves tremendously, and played remarkably danceable, tried-and-true Top 40 songs. For the most part, the audience seemed pleased with the Units.
2. Lost Cause. Retaining the core of last year’s motley crew, this band has added some much-needed musical skill. (Admittedly, lack of same was this group’s star attraction last year, but you can only take a good thing so far, boys). Leading the group with his very capable and lovable personality are Ayottiah Ivan Stoler, with Doug Reeder on drums, Steve Bennett on bass (Bennie finally got a real four-string bass, and it seems to have improved his rudimentary skills on said instrument some), and Sandor Black on rhythm solidly in support. The addition of Cliff Fernald (who really seems to have developed the ability to run off some good successions of notes) on lead and Roger Rosenchal (who, if nothing else, is a good visual prop as the rest of the band) on organ promised to fill out the band’s sound being inferior to "original" bands. I definitely view them as having a real shot at swinging it all tonight, and the unit will be as enjoyable an experience as could be heard during their performance, many things (including some very inventive backing vocals from Cliff and the G.U.I. if better. With Lost Cause, seeing is the necessary complement to enjoyment. No one dances, but I suspect they were all watching, and that’s okay. For once, the passing out of drawings during the opening number, "Anita Bryant," to his furious dispensation of fisticuffs, incited a feeling of professionalism on the set. That guy really would make a terrific drum soloist on stage. There was, however, some poorly performed music, but it only added to the realism and assertiveness for a festive atmosphere.
3. The Samoans. I incriminated myself by saying that this band was my favorite of the three introducing the evening. Not only were they expected of them as were Lost Cause; maybe more, because while they were not as droll as the latter, their music was considered better. At least in many things were expected of them as well. They didn’t have the Lost Cause potential, but I think they had the potential for a similar effect. The Samoans were a bit more in tune, the units were a bit more in tune, and the overall effect was noticeably tempered. The Samoans are not nearly as popular as the other two, and the audience, as stated earlier, liked the Samoans better than either of the others. I was not impressed with the band’s performance; the Samoans were not nearly as good as expected.
**Talking Heads: Remain In Light**

Charles Ienk

I never felt comfortable with the comparison of David Byrne to Norman Bates. Then again, I've never seen Byrnes except in photographs; I suspect this alleged similarity gets its something to do with onstage mannerisms. But as far as the words credited to both go, there is no comparison. Norman Bates was too subdued, even his most psychotic speech. "I think each of us is in his own private trap -- don't you?", is relatively harmless when but alongside some of the lyrics Byrne writes:

Compassion is a virtue, but I don't have the time. So many people have their problems. I'm not interested in their problems or...

Animals think they're pretty smart. Shut on the ground -- see in the dark or...

Girls are getting into abstract analysis. They want to make that intuitive leap. They just want to do what's in their hearts. And the girls want to be with the girls.

The songs these lyrics come from represent each of the Talking Heads' (Byrne's band, of course) first three albums. I don't intend to include any lyrics from their fourth album, Remain in Light, because with that album we get lyrics that are structured more as a guide for vocal rhythms than as the primary focus of the song, as they have before. Not to negate the words entirely: Byrne is a great writer, and there are a lot of great songs on this album. However, the topics are still the same: alienation, confusion, and fear.

The main thing I've always felt it was important to pay attention to about the Talking Heads is the music. Anyway, the lyrics have always been secondary, to be digested after the initial effect of the music itself has worn off. I've always been fascinated with the original Heads method of making music: Terry Harrison's percussive keyboards, Tina Weymouth's bass playing that manages to carry lead and rhythm lines at the same time, Chris Frantz's cooly scattered style of drumming, David Byrne's Evelynatic rhythm guitar playing. Their songs were always, above all, danceable yet represented a completely different version of rock than anyone else could produce (Elvis Costello without the anger, Gary Numan without the mechanisation). This was because the band was, and is, concerned mainly with rhythm; there are virtually no instrumental leads in the first three albums, just Byrne's voice (which is perhaps more expressive) and the choppy, frenzied chording of the band.

Their fourth album is no exception to the pattern established thus far: musical experimentation that tries to avoid categories. Remain in Light should hopefully escape the dreaded "New Wave" label, and should be considered too guilty for "disco". People are hurring to liken it to "African" or "tribal" music and, after listening non-stop to the album for two days, I suppose it's a fair enough title. The music is certainly an experiment: more emphasis than ever is placed on the rhythm of the song, rather than on the melody, which used to account for a fair amount of the Heads' effectiveness. Cohesively, this album further explores the hypnotic, trance-like style of "Take Me to the River" and the primitive, chant-like styles of "I Zimbra" and "Animals".

But all three of the aforementioned songs seem two-dimensional in comparison to Remain's material, especially in the musical structure: the vocals are the most complex and shifting, the guitar-keyboard interplay the fiercest, and the percussion the most dominant of the group's career. This, naturally, is the result of the addition of several new members to the band. While only two of the new players that appeared in the ten-piece Talking Heads that first played at Mosport are added to the original four members, the presence, the frequent instrumental appearances of producer Brian Eno, and the much increased versatility of the original band makes the mix more dense, avoiding the "Wall of Sound" effect while also skirting the harsh starkness of their earlier efforts. (One thing that unfortunately goes lost are Wompmush's prominent bass lines; perhaps because three other people shared this chore with her.)

I, personally, love this album, and consider the songs "The Great Curve" and "Listening Mind" to rate with "Psycho Killer" and "Cities" as among their all-time best. The album flows well, is consistent and satisfying to listen to again and again; for dancing it's even better. There are fewer lapses in it than Fear of Music, and it puts the thematic musicality of More Songs About Buildings and Food to shame with its organization. By the time the record has run down, you are ready to hear the crispness of "Born Under Punches" to start the cycle of the album again. After having to deal with the disappointment of Bruce Springsteen's latest record, it is a relief to find an album that surprised me by exceeding my expectations.

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**Little Boxes**

From page 9

maybe I've overlooked the subtleties of Little Bites. But in closer examination, what is found? Two one-sheets about people who feel attacked by the outside world and so stay in their "Little Boxes", scoring. 1. The sad shape of our world 2. that people are stupid. 3. that actors are idiots 4. that the playwright is an idiot who can do little else but create characters and put them in foolish situations. If you saw the play, maybe you could advise me on the problem, but on my own I can come up with only number four. As to why Bill, Draper was taken by these "little boxes", God knows. Perhaps he liked the image of old actors living in their past and then getting out of that rut? perhaps he liked the image of a layabout actor saving the day for two lizzards. But in any case, Little Boxes showed me that a play can be gotten together by anyone in this small community. Hopefully in the future a little more of a play could be found which might give some enlightenment to the audience as well as stagecraft to the actors.

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**Film Center News**

- Kino-Barda is here! It's new! That's right—movies about you. There will be two Kino-Barda reels weekly at Film Committee shows. Go and see yourself on the silver screen.

- Dr. Bish (Bruce Baillie) is presently in production on his new film, The Cardinal.

- The Proctor's Guard is here to help you. Come by and say hi to Tal, Liz, Sarah, and Alice, between six and nine P.M., Monday thru Friday.

- Adolais Mekas has held auditions for his latest work, Research. The director said he shall have run down cost of thousands, many different locations, and two elephants. Lotta luck Adolais.
From page 9

lot of freedom in my subjects—preferably, the more
erratic the better although the inconsiderency of the
editors, leading to very little actual publishing,
kept my output at a minimum) Consequently, my col-
umns had very little serious value. With the shift,
I was introduced to an editor who, basically, wants me
to be serious. Mark, I bow to you. Besides, this in-
cessant droll wittiness is beginning to wear on
my nerves.

I have very few complaints about the music de-
partment here, although I am taking my first music
course since I started here this semester. But imme-
tween now and then, many of my friends and friends
of friends have been involved in the department. I
have no complaint about them either, and I differen-
tiate them very little from people with other "academ-
ic" interests. Except that I find a "mind-set" occurs
in people who believe, consciously or unconsciously,
that the best music and general good times come from
spontaneity. It's called "gypsyism". Not in all seri-
ous musicians, but in a big enough percentage to set
them apart from similar percentages in other depart-
ments: say, the efficiency of the Social Science
majors (why, Johnathan Feldman would make a fine ex-
ample) or the semi-lackadaisicality of the Language-
lit department, or the pervasive trust that every-
thing can get done in the last minute that exempli-
fies the dance major. Oh—sorry. Got off the track
there.

The only argument I might have against the Music
Department is purely financial. Want it is that I
don't feel the organization does enough sponsoring
of rock and roll creativity. Since I have been here
there has been a dearth of school bands who will per-
form for free. Now, it works like this: Money is very
right now, and many "imported" acts charge outrageous
fees. Consequently, fewer shows and especially less
of that crowd-pleaser, beer. But Bard is, like it or
not, of a tradition of lots of partying, and from all
indications, most students today went to carry on
that tradition. If the music department would provide
strong sponsorship for home-grown musical talent (of
which, I'll say, we could probably use a good country-sing
band here) maybe provide contacts with local music-
ians, make more practice room available, we could eas-
ily become a self-sufficient school. "Singly," the music
department is already taking a good step in that di-
rection with the addition of a "Rock-n-Roll workshop"
this semester, although admittedly it is hard to do
too much with the proportionately small amount of
musicians in this small school. But anyway, even with
the relatively small amount of bands here, think of
all the money the assorted committees could save and
put to better use— the prevalent feeling in the music
department seems to be to "put up our nose". In any case, this argument may be invalid
soon anyway, what with the proliferation of color-
ful bands on campus these days. At any rate, it seems
that better times are ahead musically, and it will
make me very happy if the department has a large
share of them.

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LUSTFUL DEGRADATION

It was gonna be another one of those god-for-
saken days, I told myself as I was showed out
of bed by the young lady— or should I say female—
next to me. The Sky Manor parfait I was eating
when the tonearm was stuck at the end of the record I
had put on the record player the night before. I in-
stinctively kicked the empty bear bottle into my
floor into the hallway and grabbed the nearest
non-empty beer and gulped the remnants of what
had once been a proud and sturdy alcoholic con-
tainer. All of a sudden I heard this groan and
a voice saying, "Where the hell am I?" Nothing
could have expressed my sentiments better at the
time. There she was, lying sprawled out on the
bed in all her glory, looking nothing like she
had the night before— that is if she was the
same girl I had been talking to the night before.
You're probably wondering just what the hell is
going on here. Well, just keep on reading, kids,
and you'll hear a story that's all too familiar
and altogether repulsive. Yes, dad, it's another
tale of degradation, lust, drunkenness, and the
Annandale Hotel.

There I was, sitting in my room late last
spring, with Johnny Thunders blatin' out of my
stereo when all the boys came over with four
cases of the world-famous Oritlub Beer of
Philadelphia. I preferred Trooper's White Horse
ale, but who's picky when it's alcohol? After
much discussion and large amounts of broken
glass, the boys and I made our way to what I have
taken to call Adolph's, the Mammoth Bar. All the dis-
cussion and broken glass was totally unnecessary
as there was no doubt in our minds where we'd end
up that Thursday night. Not that Thursday night
was something special to us. It wasn't— we just
feel as if we own a piece of the bar, considering
how many days if not weeks we had spent in there.
We made it down about nine o'clock and by eleven
all the once-weak lightweights were starting to
pour in. Among one of those lightweights was your
typical Bard fungirl, only at the time I couldn't
see her, at least not at one time for it seemed as
if there were three or four of her. After an hour
or so of drinking pitcher after pitcher I could
finally see straight again and even talk coherently.
It was here that my problems (or pleasures, if you
wish) began.

She came over and asked me about the near-brav
the Boomcr and I had been in in Newark the month
before. How she knew about that I'll never figure
out. From there we got talking about the evils
of society, Perilighthetti, the Vanilla Puppie, and of
course the Boston Braves. In between these periods
of enlightened discussion we danced until we were
soaked through with beer and sweat. After what
seemed like an eternity dancing to Hanky Panky, she
suggested we leave Adolph's and head to campus.
I couldn't refuse. We were at the triage when she
said that she wanted to kiss me. Once again I
couldn't refuse.

From there on it was a night of sheer animal-
istic pleasure. It was then that I started to
believe in perpetual motion. But alas, it was not
all too heavenly, because when I woke and looked
to next to me I decided I had better seek out some
help in the form of Mr. Genesse.
FREEDOM FOR Leonard Peltier

In one week, a special flashlight edition of The Observer will appear, devoted to the plight of the American Indian and the case of Leonard Peltier in particular. The FBI is currently being accused of wrong-doing in dealing with both Indian reservations in the Midwest and the conviction of Leonard Peltier for aiding and abetting in the murder of two FBI agents. The Observer deems these topics to be of considerable importance to all citizens everywhere. Until the issue appears, any inquiries about Peltier and the Indians can be addressed to Rogue Sanchez or the Observer, box 85.

ANNANDALE HOTEL
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Thursday - 9pm-3am
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Saturday - 9pm-3am

Food Served Upstairs:
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Thursday-Saturday, 12mn-2:30am

adolph's

AIRLINES

Major airlines are now hiring for the following opportunities:

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Individuals interested in applying with these airlines companies must be career oriented, have a public relations personality, be willing to travel if required, and be in good health. For further information on how to immediately apply directly with these major airlines companies, write to:

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Please indicate briefly your background, what airlines position(s) you are interested in applying for and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope so that you may receive further information as to what steps to take so that possible interviews might be arranged by these airlines. All major airlines companies are EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYERS.
CALENDAR

LOCAL

Oct. 31-10:30 PM  Halloween Dance with The Bevels. Sponsored by the Entertainment Committee. Kline Commons.

Nov. 1-4, 8 PM  Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance presents Waiting For Godot by Samuel Beckett. Great Hall Of Frostman.

Oct. 31-Nov. 16  Films at Bottery.
Fri., Oct. 31 (Halloween)  Godzillla
Sun., Nov. 2  Hal Asby: Harold & Maude
Mon., Nov. 3  On the Line, a documentary about blue collar workers
Wed., Nov. 5  Federico Fellini: Amarcord
Fri., Nov. 7  See Wm., Nov. 5
Sun., Nov. 9  Nicolas Roeg Performance, Starring Nick Jagger.

MON., NOV. 10
Wed., Nov. 12  Early Avante Garde show
Fri., Nov. 14  Robert Bresson: Pickpocket
Sun., Nov. 16  George Romero: Night of the Living Dead

MON., NOV. 10, 8 PM  "YO YO MA, Cellist"
Saint Seans Cello Concerto Pone-World Premiere
Tchaikovsky-Symphony No.5
Ulster Performing Arts Center, 601 B'way, Kingston

N. Y. C.

CONCERTS

Wed., Nov. 19  At the Ritz: Gang of Four
Sun., Nov. 23  Buzzcocks

For ticket info. call:
Ticketron-977-9020
Ritz B.O.-228-8888

CINEMA

Month of November  French Avant-Garde Series
Millenium, 66 P. S. 6 St.
Between 2 Ave. & Bowery

Month of November  Francis Ford Coppola presents: Yagamushi, the shadow warrior film by Akira Kurosawa

Month of November  Coppola presents: Every Man For Himself by Jean-Luc Godard

Month Of November  The Man Who Fell To Earth
Cinema 3 59 ST. at the Plaza.

THEATER

Nov., 10:30 PM  'Cold, Lazy, and Elaine' a new show starring Lola Faligagni at Charles Lillias's Ridiculous Theatre. Written by Stephen Holt, the show is comprised of three one

woman shows denoting freaked out, closed minded 'individual' women.

November


"Bonjour, la Bonjou" a moving and surprising play about sibling love and incest in Montreal. The play is really a piece of chamber music composed of overlapping naturalistic conversations. Written by Michael Tremblay.

Phoenix Theatre, 221 E. 71 St.

"The Suicide", a Russian comedy about a hapless fool-hero. Complete with a company of first-class cloons and a full gypsy orchestra emerging from under beds. APA theater, Broadway and 52nd.

A shortened and strung-out Chekhov text of lines read by an

"Three Sisters", a shortened and strung-out Chekhov text of lines read by an unseen woman and repeated by three men on stage. The repeated play of words from a "meditation on a dead society, on a dead theater, of paralytic self-pity, on exile." (Voice) At the Squat Theatre, 235 W. 23rd St. Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8 pm.