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# OBSERVER

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photo by marci t.

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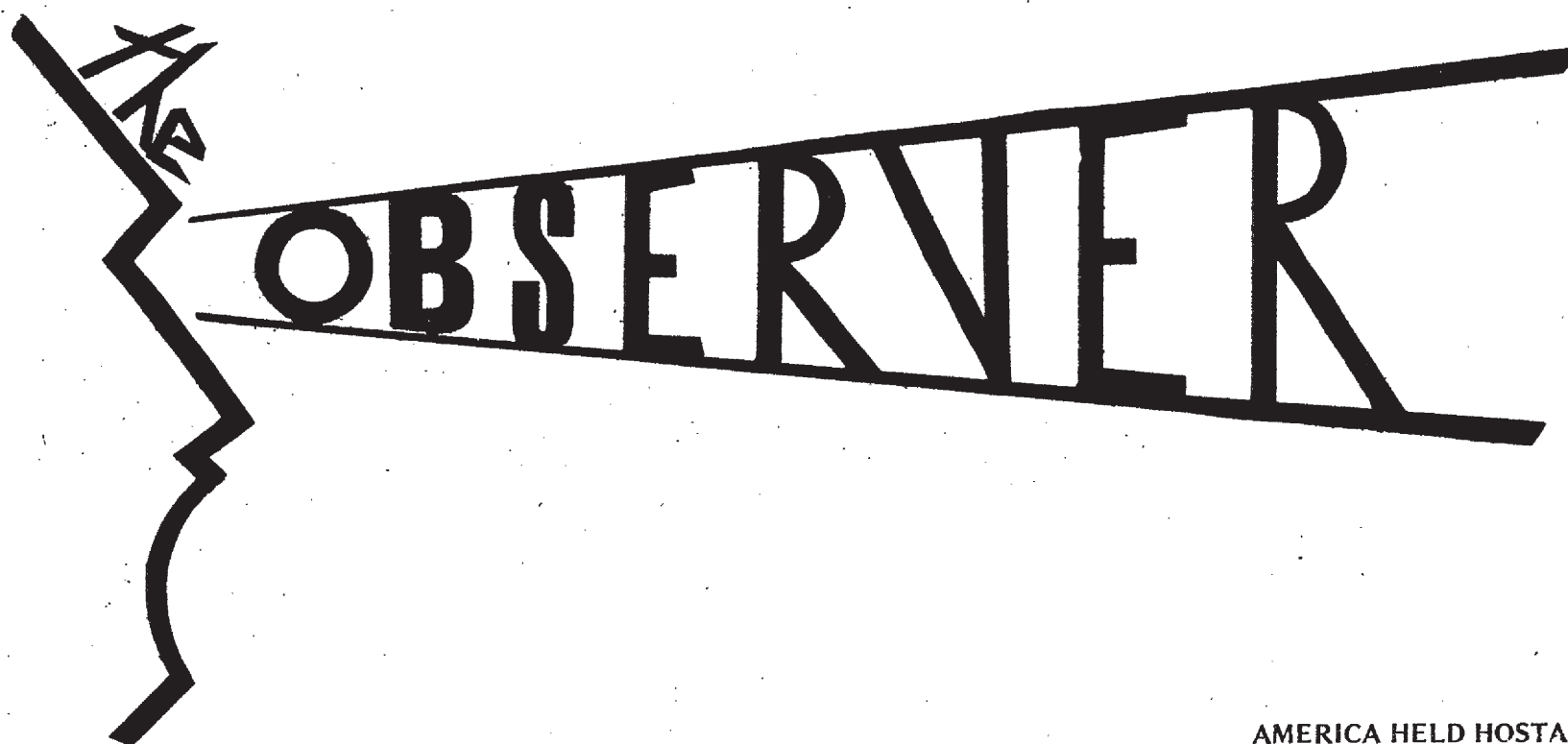
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AMERICA HELD HOSTAGE: DAY 358

## 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.

Resolutions adopted at the Conference, in part, urge trade unionists to:

- \* Introduce resolutions committing unions to fight against further dependence on nuclear power; to raise energy and employment issues at all levels of the labor movement;
- \* Demand that no worker in the nuclear industry lose his or her job in the transition away from nuclear power. Such workers must be guaranteed alternative employment at union wages with no interruption in income;
- \* Establish safe energy committees within local unions, as well as at state, district, regional, and international levels;
- \* Build united actions in coalition with the rest of the anti-nuclear movement, observing the death of sister Karen Silkwood, November 8-16, 1980.
- \* Support the creation of publicly owned utilities throughout the country; Demand that public power officials be elected, instead of appointed.

(Complete text of all resolutions available on request.)

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

The sponsoring unions were: The United Mine Workers of America, the United Auto Workers, the International Association of Machinists (AFL-CIO), the Graphic Arts International Union (AFL-CIO), the Service Employees International Union (AFL-CIO), the United Furniture Workers of America (AFL-CIO), the International Chemical Workers Union (AFL-CIO) and the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union.

The Conference marks the first time a significant segment of organized labor has joined together to express its fears about nuclear power, and to develop a labor agenda for moving toward safer energy sources and full employment.

"We are here to demand an energy plan and an economic plan that put the essential needs of the ordinary people of this country first," stated William Winpisinger, President of the International  
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## CENSORSHIP AT BARD

Steven Bennish

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 edification 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 in the Constitution of the Student Government, to make or even suggest the editorial policy for a campus circulated publication. 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 address.

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# STAGNATION OR EDUCATION

To the Editor, Bard Observer

The planning committee mentality is ingrained with the hidden "spirit of consumption". Despite well intentioned motives, their sponsorship of the poll debating whether or not student publications should print non-student work smacks of economic "fetishism". It is only in a society which depends on scarcity that one can argue that Bard cannot afford to publish non-student work. Yet, this scarcity question is purely "quantitative", and therefore denies the question of values: what is something worth? It was Georg Lukacs who reminded us how often in capitalist society the purely quantitative relationships of calculation invade the sphere of ethics and judgment. Citing the German philosopher Marx, he noted that under advanced industrial society, "quality no longer matters. Quantity alone decides everything." Thus, the businessman's attitude prevails planning committee thought: Art no longer matters, what matters is: Can we deliver the goods? The planning committee cannot judge a piece of fiction on its artistic merit. It would have the editors of Dialogue print something just so it fits in with their notions of good economics, so that the art produced would match the money forwarded for it.

The plain fact must not be forgotten: this is censorship. The planning committee commits the grave error that Bard is not part of the real world, that Bard should not open itself to outside influences in its publications, be they political, artistic, literary or whatever. This narcissism and provincialism overstates Bard's originality and creativity. Besides, how creative, aesthetically or politically, can any publication be if it does not open its doors to outside influences?

The political power of the planning committee is ultimate. Any group who challenges their budget knows that to increase their share is to sacrifice another club's budget. Thus, in such a Machiavellian context, the ratification procedure of the planning committee is a farce.

Finally, the planning committee chairman responds that after all this is only a poll; "We are only asking questions." Literally, this is begging the question. To ask a question is to raise an issue. To ask any question is to make an issue and to question the legitimacy of something. Furthermore, the poll's question was biased because its phrasing did not attempt to explain why publications have in the past -- and will continue to -- publish outside material. Rather than informing the editors of publications about such a poll, the planning committee took the unilateral step of making an issue that it knew it could control from the very beginning. First, they controlled the poll and phrased the question to their own advantage. Second, they knew that their budget was the only budget, would automatically be ratified and that Dialogue could not challenge their decision. Yet, the depravity of this censorship is that it is based on political power concentrated in a small group of people who feel and know that they ultimately can censor anyone they wish. In fact, to receive money from the planning committee is to be dependent on them. As in art, only what you have made for yourself can be legitimately called your own.

Jonathan Feldman

ED. NOTE: Mr. Feldman is the associate editor of the Campus Action Newsletter and is a former member of the planning committee (1979).

Gentlemen,

As the literary editor of the Bard literary magazine, Dialogue, I would like to address you and your readers in an issue which seems to have recently occupied much time in the minds and duties of some members of the Planning Committee. That issue is, if Bard publications should be allowed to publish outside work alongside works by Bard students, and if so, then how much "outside" work should be printed in proportion to the amount of "inside" work in a given

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 led to believe (via the phone system on campus, the mass 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 bizarre 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 claustrophobic 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 free themselves from the much in the swine sty that this school can become. For those who claim that there is no such muck, 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.

Thirdly. 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 Bennish, our subscribers, our writers, and our supporters in general, that Dialogue will never succumb to censorship of any type, nor will we allow anyone or any group to dictate our editorial policy. The human heart cannot be censored; if it is, it stops. Literature cannot be censored; 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.

Humbly yours,

Ronald Day

Poetry Editor, Dialogue

It is interesting that the idea of a "quota system", a rough beast born of ignorance, has finally slouched 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. If a magazine such as Dialogue is to be a training ground for people hoping to enter the field of publishing and editing, then what be the purpose of perverting someone's critical intellect 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, where the cry is: "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 Diehl



## LETTERS TO THE EDITERS

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 intellectuality in ways I would not. I wish he would not ascribe his perjorative views to my comments. In fact, I agree with his sentiments, but I find his unfounded and polemical 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 desperate boredom 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 intellectuality, that is foul play.

Sincerely,

Leon Botstein

Leon Botstein is President of Bard College.

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 Bard and I am glad to see that somebody has raised it so clearly and convincingly.

Well done,  
Justus Rosenberg

## THE BARD OBSERVER

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Re: "Why I Did It Again," by Cliff Pemsler (Oct. 1). Even though he did it, the editors are sorry for titling Pemsler'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.

## 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.

Winpisinger attacked the nuclear industry and major utilities for using trade associations and "pseudo" consumer groups as fronts for "worming 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 desparate nuclear industry."

Joining Winpisinger 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 petroleum 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 coal.

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 energy, 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. Jim Frazer, 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 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, organizer of the conference, to continue covering educational meetings and conferences around safe energy issues. A Harrisburg meeting is planned for January.

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# REPORT ON TRUSTEES MEETING:

Hal Hisey

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 Botstein was optimistic. Of course he was optimistic, that's his job. He must pacify the men and women who chair the board (it's the board, through their benevolence and foresightful planning, that make Bard's existence possible). In order to do this, he must paint a picture of Bard that we as students recognize as Abstract Expressionism.

Our suspicions and fears are not unjust. We should always question and challenge Ludlow. 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 hard 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, for 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 \$9,000.00 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 grants.

The latest gift to be bestowed to Bard comes from Sally Avery, the wife of deceased painter Milton Avery, and Eric Goldman, a self-made millionaire at age 23 (see *Fortune* magazine, October 20, 1980, p. 99). Their gift of \$500,000.00 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 receive it. This stipulation will encourage fund raisers and trustees to raise \$500,000.00 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 the 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 Master 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, 451 did. This yields a retention rate of 83%, 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 reprimanded 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 dope: 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.U.D. (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 determined by the government whether the building to be renovated is residential or commercial. The difference determines the rates that must be paid to labor. If the building is designated commercial, the Bacon-Davis Act requires that competitive rates be paid. Now, believe it or not, Stone Row does not qualify as a residential unit. It has been determined that renovation of Stone Row with the HUD loan and the paying of commercial rates would cost \$1,400,000. The real shot in the arm is that Bard can complete renovation more economically if the HUD loan is turned down. The cost without HUD is estimated at \$800,000 a savings of \$600,000. The board of trustees has decided to break the bind of bureaucratic red tape and complete the project. To do this, they must raise enough money to pay a \$200,000 down payment and the first mortgage when it's due. What this all means to you is that Stone Row will definitely be completed and available for occupancy in the fall of '81.

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 SAT 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 were not the best indicator of achievement anyway. Jake Grossberg, the faculty senate representative, echoed this belief and added that higher education should be available to all; no matter 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 ones is being practiced. Affluence 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 concerned the conspicuous absence of a minority faculty member this year. Last year Bard only employed one black faculty member, Eliot 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 token spot. Over the summer the Bard Center tried to hire yet another black anthropologist and Bard Center Fellow. This time it was a woman, Joannetta 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. Not so. Leon does not anticipate this much needed addition to the faculty until the fall of '81, and it is still undecided whether the position will be full or part time.

Due to my newness 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 side kick, 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 month that the start of draft registration has added to the increased likelihood of an all-out draft.

David Spears, director of CCCO's Youth and Conscientious Objection Commission, says, "This past summer, the first start of returning to the draft was coming January. Selective Service plans to begin those men born in 1960. After January 5, (and persons born in 1963) will be required to register by March 18. It should be noted that the U.S. has never had a registration without a draft, and rarely without a war."

"The need for young people to be informed and to consider going to war as a conscientious objector to war has never been greater than it is this Fall," Spears says.

"The Supreme Court's decision on Goldberg vs. Tate, a sex-discrimination case involving the draft and registration, will be final this Winter," comments Spears. "It is especially important for women to realize that they could be ordered to register for the draft, and perhaps be drafted. They too must consider their position on war."

CCCO has urged Selective Service for their draft plans and warned that they plan to allow registrants to claim medical, and conscientious objector status only at the last possible moment after induction orders are issued.

"Unless students begin to think about, and collect evidence for, conscientious objection claims and decisions, they are certain to be caught unprepared," Spears says.

There is also growing sentiment within Congress to begin debate early next year on whether to draft men and women. "It should be stated," he says, "that it is important for young people to realize that there is no longer a college draft. Also, students should know that there is no longer a college student deferment under the new draft laws."

"Young Americans must start thinking about whether they could participate in the military," Spears states that CCCO has already registered over 20,000 young people through its conscientious objection card. "These cards are available, free of charge, from CCCO, P.O. Box 15796, Philadelphia, PA 19103. They simply state 'Because of my beliefs about war, I am opposed to participating in the military.'"

"The usefulness of this card," says Spears, "is that it provides a record of an individual's opposition to war and the military. This CO card will help to demonstrate to the military that hundreds of thousands of young people will not serve in the military. Conscientious objectors, along with the large number of non-registrants and the vocal anti-draft movement may help to defer Congress from establishing a peace-time draft."

CCCO was founded in 1948 as the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors and is a national, non-profit agency counseling young Americans facing the prospect of military service, or those already in the military.

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## A high-contrast, black and white photograph of an elderly man with a long white beard and hair, wearing a light-colored sweater. He is standing in a dark, textured environment, possibly a cave or a dark room, with his right hand resting on a vertical surface. The image has a grainy, high-contrast quality.

photo by ivan stoller



George Hunka

--Donald Badgley, Presidential candidate, answering questions at Bard College

It was a Wednesday evening. Those who were in Albee 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 Badg-

The evening ended, and Badgley received a standing ovation from those present. Kratos Vos, a leading member of the RPSG, has released an endorsement of Donald Badgley for President. We have to thank the RPSG 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 Rational Political Studies Group and God? If Don Badgley's good enough for them, he should be good enough for you.



# ELECTION



## THE CHOICES

Andrew Joffe

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 weird mixture 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, Barry Com-  
moner: 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.

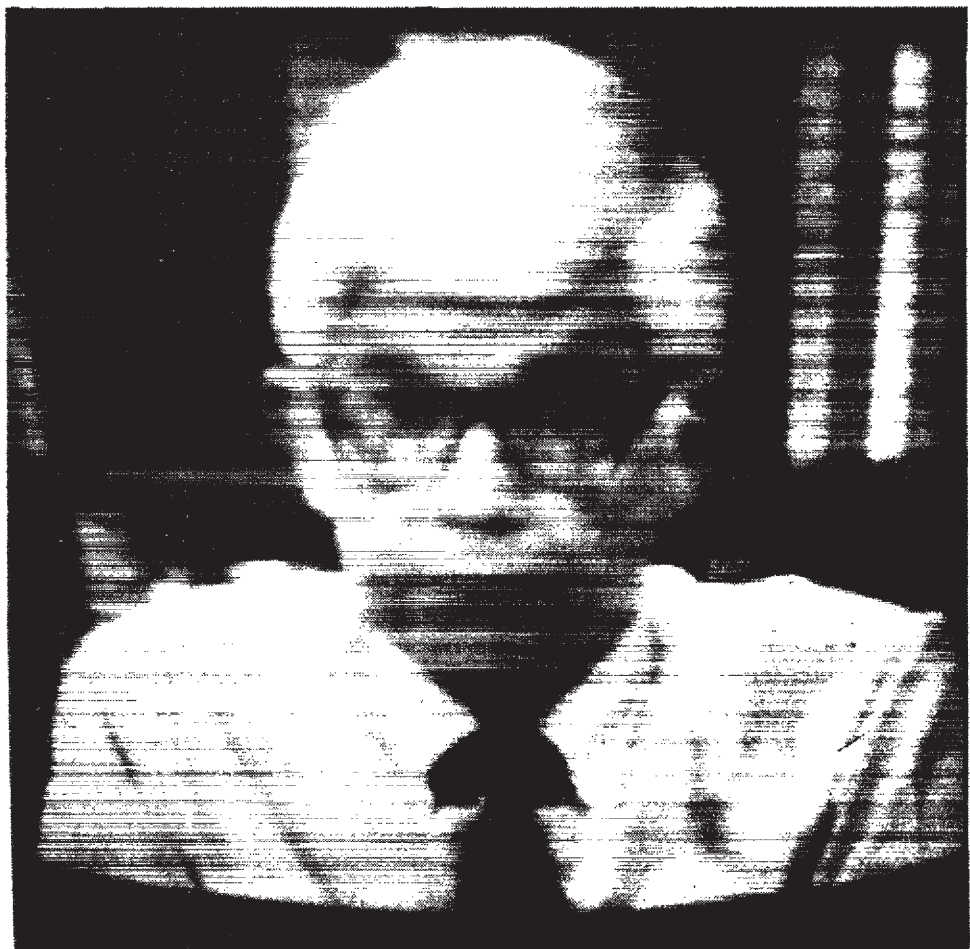
Of course, this works in theory only. For man is corruptible and is easily swayed by bribery and threat (We can't all be Marxists, pure and upright and noble.) People would offer their relatives high-ranking government jobs in exchange for votes. Think of Aunt Martha on the Supreme Court, Cousin Freddy 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 incident.

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 Donald Badgely 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 at will. Its seat is in the heart, and it must be an inseparable part of our very being. I-61  
If one is to combat the fetish of force, it will only be by means totally different from those in vogue among the pure 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.  
There is no such thing as defeat in non-violence. 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 unfailingly responds to the advances of love. . . . The non-violent technique does not depend for its success on the goodwill of the dictators, for a non-violent resister depends on the unfailing assistance of God which sustains him throughout difficulties which would otherwise be considered insurmountable. I-175  
Jesus 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  
My optimism rests on my belief in the infinite possibilities of the individual to develop non-violence. The more you develop it in your own being, the more infectious it becomes till it overwhelms your surroundings and by and by might oversweep the world. I-190  
If one does not practice non-violence in one's personal relations with others and hopes to use it in bigger affairs, one is vastly 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 act 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-265

Non-violence, which is a quality of the heart, cannot come by an appeal to the brain. I-276  
There 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-300

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 awakes to the spirit within he 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 transfer 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-evident truth that if freedom is to be shared equally by all—even physically the weakest, the lame and the halt—they must be able to contribute an equal share in its defense. How that can be possible when reliance is placed on armaments, my plebian mind fails to understand. I therefore swear and shall continue to swear by non-violence, i.e., by *satyagraha*, or soul force. In it physical incapacity is no handicap, and even a frail woman or a child can pit herself or himself on equal terms against a giant armed with the most powerful weapons. 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. Inaction at a time of conflagration is inexcusable. II-56

The sword of the *satyagrahi* is love, and the unshakable firmness 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 *satyagrahi* should not have any hatred in his heart against the opponent.
- 2) The issue must be true and substantial.
- 3) The *satyagrahi* must be prepared to suffer till the end. II-61

The art of dying for a *satyagrahi* consists in facing death cheerfully in the performance of one's duty. II-63

It is a bad outlook for the world if the spirit of violence takes hold of the mass mind. Ultimately it destroys the race. II-75

[Moral] 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 set right the wrong but does not know that his own practice fails him. The contradiction between his thought and conduct fetters him. II-76

Non-violence will prevail—whatever man may or may not do. . . . It will have its way and overcome all obstacles irrespective of the shortcomings 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 pitted against ruthlessness, 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

*Ahimsa* is one of the world's great principles which no force on earth can wipe out. Thousands like myself may die in trying to vindicate the ideal, but *ahimsa* will never die. And the gospel of *ahimsa* can be spread 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 dainties to the point of nausea and turning away from them 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 deadened the finest feeling that has sustained mankind for ages. There used to be the so-called laws of war which made it tolerable. Now we know the naked truth. War knows 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 to get out of violence only through non-violence. Hatred can be overcome only by love. Counter-hatred only increases the surface as well as the depth of hatred. II-97

I regard the employment of the atom bomb 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. Therefore a nation or a group which has made non-violence its final policy cannot be subjected to slavery even by the atom bomb. II-141

A non-violent man or woman will and should die without retaliation, anger or malice, in self-defense or in defending the honor of his women folk. This is the highest form of bravery. If an individual or group of people are unable or unwilling to follow this great law of life, retaliation or resistance unto death is the second best, though a long way off from the first. Cowardice is impotence worse than violence. The coward desires revenge but 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 weaknesses of the *satyagrahi*, not to any defect in the law itself. II-149

Truth never damages a cause that is just. II-162

Unless big nations shed 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-163  
[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. Mere 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-195

I ask nobody to follow me. Everyone should follow his own inner voice. II-205

No man, if he is pure, has anything more precious to give than his life. II-349



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# DEPTS.

## 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 something you can cover 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 unsure chemicals he can find, he has forgotten how to read anything except scale-sheets and his name on the checks. Daddy, so lovingly and regularly sends him, he often forgets his personal hygiene and justifies the resulting odors with "C'mon, man, I have to work night and day to figure this song out, I mean, who has time for anything else?", and you can usually see him in his doorway, waiting for some passing unfortunate to comment on the music that floods his residence through his open door (he has no neighbors, anyway; Theresa can't bribe anyone to live next to him due to unexpected jams with other stoned musicians that start at 3 A.M.) so he can usher that person into his room, open the door two hours later, and eject a dishevelled figure that babbles phrases like "Time isn't art: art is time" and "B is for Boretz: all kneel!"

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 musician friends, although their contribution to this person is nothing compared to the majors. Any one of the people who frequent Annandale or Brook Houses have 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-taking a nap, I think) it sure isn't now. Nothing inorganic for Bruce. My consumption of organics is another matter, but this is a purportedly decent paper. So it doesn't really make a difference to me that my musician friends get all kinds of expensive chemicals, for I don't take any of them. Hell no. One of my principal sources of 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

Continued on page 13

## 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. 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 Gwynne 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 hallway before they had time to think. There an attempt was made to erase any remembrance 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 Simonds and George Apostolakos the subservient husbands. Even the phone-breathing Mr. Hudson was made as plausible as possible by Pat Covert. 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 grand 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 ask, should such ability 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; though anyone with a knowledge of the theater, like Bill Driver, knows of countless other pieces which offer the same experience in stagecraft, yet also have some depth. So

Continued on page 12



*On October 2, 1980, residents of Seymour found in their mailboxes a letter from Peter Sears, the new Assistant Dean of Students. Most general communiques like this go unanswered as well as unheeded; this time, though, some concerned Seymour residents decided to reply to Mr. Sears. Herewith is the original Sears letter and the reply, which the residents have graciously consented 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 entirely 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 a public 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 & G 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 were 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 situation 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 from the dorm as a 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 hall decorations.

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 correspondence going between you and us. We are especially 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 Seymour, you are cordially invited to spend a night. We trust 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. It 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. It consist of Mr. X taking 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; then 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 not 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. Perhaps you could come and explain this to us. Other terms you can explain is that of "normal" when you describe "normal" volume, as stated in your letter. With volume as with everything else, "normal" is a relative term. Both of us had neighbors on several sides who, besides being administration lackeys, are absolutely allergic to any sound vaguely resembling "popular" music at anything above 8 o'clock on your average volume knob. On the other hand, we, like any "normal" Bard student, need to hear it at 3 o'clock to appreciate the subtleties in any music, including Percy Faith. I am sure you will, 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 kindly installed by our friendly B & G men 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 admonition that nothing happen to the heat registers. Anyway, the registers are very ugly things, and the use of shaving cream, besides not injuring the plexiglas cover in any way, was no doubt meant to "pretty them up", so to speak, as we presume you would have us do. If (God forbid) someone should take a sledgehammer and "bust" 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 and your family will be willing to accomodate eighteen cold students in your relatively spacious, over-80-degree house. To maintain your "individual freedom", we suggest that your friends at B & G 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 Theresa, though; her attempt to establish a "dormalog" 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 conscience 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 crude, and saved space by writing 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 Hegeman or Fairbairn. (We think it's fun to make threats too.) Rest 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 Caucasians: this unique and popular 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, and two more are recent graduates. Rumors that the band refuses to play for free remain unsubstantiated.

Now onto the Battle itself. Most 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 favourites: the Lost Cause and the Samoans. Both of these were formed relatively late last year, and the semester ended before either could really get enough momentum going to prove anything conclusive. Along with the abrupt shift of personnel experienced by both bands, the fact that both of them were more or less "starting anew" with some new material and new ideas of showmanship promised for a very entertaining confrontation. As a last-minute entry, the Units were an unknown quantity and henceforth largely ignored until their performance.

I'd like to interrupt myself for a minute to express my delight at being treated to such a relatively large amount of good Bard talent at one time. Coming out of the drought that followed Virus' and the Twilites departure from here, which was spanned only by expensive New York "New Wave" bands and by Cliff Pemsler's latest efforts, these bands represent a refreshing new attack on the time-honored tradition that you have to have good taste to get anywhere. That's not an insult, guys; what's "good taste" worth, anyway? Both the Lost Cause and Samoans use largely original material, and their lyrics are, when understandable through both singers ranting 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 everything else, 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 formally begun two days before that fateful Saturday (even though its three principal members had been jamming for a month). 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 Bennie had not been heard from in a year, and guitarist Mike O'Brien had not been in a band at all in his two years here. Their set was twenty minutes of cover tunes, including two songs from the Beatles' "White Album" and a very funny one-minute interpretation of Gary Numan's "Cars". The band was cohesive, looked like they were enjoying themselves tremendously, and played relievably danceable, tried-and-true Top 40 songs. For the most part, the audience seemed pleased with the Units.

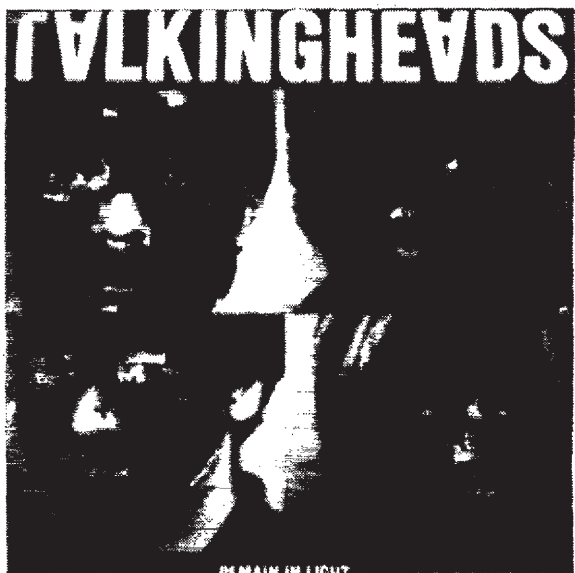
2. Lost Cause. Retaining the core of last year's motley crew, this band has added some much-needed musical skill. (Admittedly, lack of same was this group's star attraction last

year, but you can only take a good thing so far, boys). Leading the attack is the lovably-offensive Ayatollah Ivan Stoler, with Doug Reeder on drums, Steve Bennish on bass (Bennish 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 Pemsler (who finally seems to have developed the ability to run off some good successions of notes) on lead and Roger Rosenthal (who, if nothing else, is as good a visual prop as the rest of the band) on organ promised to fill out the band's sound. And they did, as well as could be heard; during their performance, many things (including some very inventive backing vocals from Cliff) got lost in the mix. No matter. With Lost Cause, seeing is the necessary complement to enjoyment. No one danced, but I suspect they were all watching too intently to try. From Ivan's passing out of oranges during the opening number, "Anita Bryant", to his furious dismemberment of a plastic infant at the set's end, there was never a dull moment on stage. There was, however, some shoddy musical work, but it only added to the realism and assertiveness of the music.

3. The Samoans. I incriminated myself by saying that this band was my favourite while introducing them; it's still true. At least as many things were expected of them as were of Lost Cause; maybe more, because while they were equal to the latter in their onstage conception of having fun, at the same time (last year) they proved themselves to be superior in slickness and musical efficiency. As well, the addition of Jon Greene on drums and Guy Yarden on organ to the original arrangement of Nayland Blake on lead vocals and histrionics, Chris Cochrane and Doug Henderson on double-buzzsaw guitar, and Jimmy Rodewald on bass made for much speculation: would these two newcomers, both to the band and the Bard musical scene, work well with the rest? It is hard to say whether anyone's expectations were met. Besides introducing little new material (but playing delightfully reworked versions of "Do the Leon" and "Freshman Girls"), the group showed themselves to be as musically capable as ever and had people dancing in no time. The new members were a welcome addition, and the band as a whole dealt quite well with the handicap of being the first to be judged; many people agree that these guys blew everyone else away.

Why, then, did the Units take first place, Lost Cause second, and the Samoans an unexpected third? Who knows, or wants to? As Nayland is reputed to have said to a judge, "I like how you all sidestepped the Lost Cause-Samoans competition". Many people disagreed with the judges' decision; the Units were criticised for being a cover band and playing it safe with their material, henceforth being inferior to "original" bands like the other two- and the audience, as stated earlier, liked the Samoans better than either of the others. Certainly I think the order the bands came in made a difference: had the two dancing bands played consecutively, people might have appreciated the Samoan's wit better. It's hard to say, still, and the public's most articulate statements concerning the Unit's victory are of the nature of "they were good and real fun" and so do little to explain this preference. Some fear that this decision is indicative of the listener's preference of what he knows, can sing along with, and dance to precisely, to more adventurous material. Hopefully, this is not true, and these same people are wrong when they decry the listener's lack of spirit in taste musically. Still, I wish the Units well in the performance at Halloween that they won as victors of the Battle, and hope for their sake that they expand their repertoire a bit both in size and originality.





## TALKING HEADS: REMAIN IN LIGHT

Charles Lenk

I never felt comfortable with the comparison of David Byrne to Norman Bates. Then again, I've never seen Byrne except in photographs; I suspect this alleged similarity has 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  
Shit 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 vehicle 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 some real gems 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' coolly scattered style of drumming, David Byrne's Veg-o-matic 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" title, and should be considered too quirky for "disco". People are hurrying 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, their 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 gets lost are Weymouth'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 Wind" to rate with "Psycho Killer" and "Cities" as among their all-time best. The album flows well, is insistent 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 to the slow, repetitive drone of "Overload", one is 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. ■

## little boxes

From page 9

maybe I've overlooked the subtleties of Little Boxes. But in closer examination, what is found? Two one-acts about people who feel attacked by the outside world and so stay in their "little Boxes", showing, 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 Driver 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 lay-about actor saving the day for two lesbians. But in any case, Little Boxes showed that a good cast can be gotten together 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. ■

## 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 Proctorian 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.

- Adolfas Mekas has held auditions for his latest work, Zamok. The Director said he shall have a cast of thousands, many different locations, and two elephants. Lotta luck Adolfas. ■



From page 9

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

I have very few complaints about the music department here, although I am taking my first music course since I started here this semester. But inbetween 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 differentiate them very little from people with other "academic" 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 "spaciness". Not in all serious musicians, but in a big enough percentage to set them apart from similar percentages in other departments: say, the efficiency of the Social Science majors (why, Johnathan Feldman would make a fine example) or the semi-lackadaisicality of the Language-Lit department, or the pervasive trust that everything can get done in the last minute that exemplifies the drama major. Oh -sorry. Got off the track there.

The only argument I might have against the Music Department is purely financial. What it is 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 perform for free. Now, it works like this: Money is very tight 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 want to carry on that tradition. If the Music Department would provide strong sponsorship for home-grown musical talent (of any sort, really; we could use a good country-swing band here) maybe provide contacts with local musicians, make more practice room available, we could easily become a self-sufficient school musically. The Department is already taking a good step in that direction 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 uses -the prevalent feeling in the musical department seeming to be to "put it up our nose". In any case, this argument may be invalid soon anyway, what with the proliferation of colorful 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 godforsaken days, I told myself as I was shoved out of bed by the young lady -- or should I say female -- next to me. The sky was a perfect gray and the tonearm was stuck at the end of the record I had put on the record player the night before. I instinctively kicked the empty beer bottle on my floor into the hallway and grabbed the nearest non-empty beer and guzzled the remnants of what had once been a proud and sturdy alcoholic container. 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 blastin' out of my stereo when all the boys came over with four cases of the world-famous Ortliebs Beer of Philadelphia. I preferred Trommer'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 Meatmarket. All the discussion 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-a-week 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-brawl the Boomer and I had been in in Newark the month before. How she knew about that I'll never figure out. From there we got to talking about the evils of society, Ferlinghetti, the Vanilla Fudge, 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 triangle when she said that she wanted to kiss me. Once again I couldn't refuse.

From there on it was a night of sheer animalistic pleasure. It was then that I started to believe in perpetual motion. But alas, it was not all too heavenly, because when I awoke and looked next to me I decided I had better seek out some help in the form of Mr. Genesee.

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## 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 Roque Sanchez or the Observer, box 85.



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# CALENDAR

## LOCAL



Oct. 31-10:30 PM Halloween Dance with The Revelons. 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 Preston.

Oct. 31-Nov. 16 Films at Sottery.

Fri., Oct. 31 (Halloween) Godzilla

Sun., Nov. 2 Hal Ashby: Harold & Maude

Mon., Nov. 3 On the Line, a documentary about blue collar workers

Wed., Nov. 5 Frederico Fellini: Amarcord

Fri., Nov. 7 See Wed., Nov. 5

Sun., Nov. 9 Nicolas Roeg Performance, Starring Mick Jagger.

Mon., Nov. 10

Wed., Nov. 12

Fri., Nov. 14

Sun., Nov. 16

Mon., Nov. 10, 8 PM

Oct. 31-Nov. 2

Nov. 2 -7:30 only

Early Avante Garde show

Robert Bresson: Pickpocket

See Wed., Nov. 12

George Romero: Night of the Living Dead

YO YO MA, Cellist

Saint Saens Cello Concerto

Pone-World Premiere

Tchaikovsky-Symphony No. 5

Ulster Performing Arts Center, 601 B'way, Kingston

37 Steps-Hitchcock

Upstate Films, Rhinebeck

## N. Y. C.

### CONCERTS

Ned., Nov. 19 At the Ritz:

Sun., Nov. 23 Gang Of Four

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November

Sat. at 8&10PM

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

'Naked Lunch' By William Burroughs. New York Art Theatre. 116 E. 14 St.

### CINEMA

Month of November French Avant-Garde Series

Millenium, 66 E. 4 St.

Between 2 Ave. & Bowery

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

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

Cinema Studio 11

B'way & 66 St.

Month Of November The Man Who Fell To Earth

Cinema 3 59 St. at the Plaza.

Oct. 31-Nov. 9

November

November

November

'Bonjor, la, Bonjour' 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.

Pheonix Theatre, 221 E. 71 St.

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

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"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, 256 W. 23rd St. Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8 pm.

### THEATER

November 'Cold, Lazy, and Elaine' a new show starring Lola Pashalinski at Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatre. Written by Stephen Holt, the show is comprised of three one