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"I
The song
I walk here"
—a Native American

On Saturday, November 22, 1980, the Long Walk for Survival walked from Fort Lee, New Jersey over the George Washington Bridge, down Broadway, across 125th St. and Knox Ave. to the bandshell in Central Park. The historical walk began June 1, 1980 in California where Indians representing 80 North American Tribes began a journey across the country. The Native Americans were also accompanied by other walkers from Japan, Sweden, France, and West Germany.

I was proud to join with these people on their walk from the G.W. Bridge to Central Park. The walkers plus 75 or so people from the Metropolitan area congregated at the entrance to the Bridge at 9 am. The Indians arrived in a caravan of vans, pick-up trucks, and an old bus. Holding colorful banners and wearing traditional feathers and cloths, the North Americans chanted before the walk began. Japanese monks also joined in Buddhist chants. One Native American walked through the crowd with burning "sage"—one of the traditional herbs burned as part of the ceremony.

Then the walk began, accompanied by police escorts. The press was waiting at the New York side of the Bridge. The walkers walked very fast. Myself and others had to jog to keep up with them. As we proceeded down Broadway, enough people lined up on the sidewalk and raised their fists in support.

It took two and a half hours to walk the route. There were no rests. As the walk went through Central Park, two men dressed in tweed suits watched the procession from horseback, as I climbed into the back of a pick-up truck from Idaho, with some of the walkers. It was an ironic scene.

cont. on page 10

SAGA SAGA
Roughly two weeks ago, about fifty students, as well as several SAGA employees met to discuss problems pertaining to the food service. Also attending the meeting was Mary Sugatt. Several issues were raised chief among them was the poor quality of the food, and the constant shortages and long lines. As various people raised specific grievances, including the proliferation of cockroaches, it was evident that there was near unanimity in the group that radical change of some sort was necessary. (I will not include Ms. Sugatt in this group, as I am not aware of her sentiments at the time.) At this juncture it was decided that planning among students was needed, and to this end, Mrs. Sugatt was asked to leave. At this juncture it should be noted that the Administration of the college has been very cooperative than they are when issues involving the college’s culpability are involved.

cont. on page 10

Food first
by Paul Hostovsky

During the past few weeks many Bard students were goaded onto an activism which has helped to populate the otherwise sadly desolate student forum at Student Union meetings. What was the goal? Food. The quality of the SAGA food service was being discussed, and everyone and his neighbor was trying to help voice complaints. The student voices were never before so thoroughly in accord. Everyone agreed: the food sucked. There was no opposition. That the manager was "relocated" that SAGA officials were grinning and that the food service’s place at Bard seemed more and more precarious was regarded by most as a major victory for us.

Excuse me, but I beg to differ. La victoire est encore loin. To my mind the quality of the food here is comparatively a very light-weight issue. I’m sure I will lead an embarrassingly small throng when I speak for the contented, but in 1 1/2 years at Bard (2 of them avidly veg.) I’ve always thought the food was O.K. Problems like breakage, wasteage, "food fights" and general "misbehaviour" in the Commons have always seemed to me more pressing problems than food quality. Nine tenths of the world is worried about quantity of food; we are the lucky few who are able to worry ourselves about quality, a subjectivist’s issue anyway in the final run.

Whatever the case may be, I wish to draw your attention to a different front where a victory, a true victory, will be taking place. The taste of this victory has to do with hunger. This Thursday, November 20, there will have been a general fast at Bard for the sake of the American Indians. I use the future perfect because this article appears after the fact. But many of us fast on this day to protest the F.B.I. harassment of American Indians on U.S. reservations. More immediate perhaps is our hope of obtaining some sort of reimbursement from SAGA. The Indian cause, it should be noted, has found much backing here at Bard ever since a fellow named John Soto was here working on their behalf. Many of you remember him as that homeless guy with a green cap, chewing a toothpick and selling posters of Indians outside the dining commons. Well John spoke vehemently and accurately about many issues, all of them sad to hear: unimaginably horrible prison conditions, isolated and obvious instances of government corruption, corruption in the F.B.I., and the continued atrocities against Indians on their reservations, in prisons and on the street, were just some of the topics discussed. In short the war in our own backyard and our complete unwillingness either to acknowledge it or enter it, was the theme of John’s talk. That evening many of us looked to each other with strong purpose written on our faces. We began to join our efforts. We pooled money right there for John to take with him to Washington. In utter faith we gave him that money and in continued faith we continue to work together on varied issues. The entire American Indian problem is only one of these issues. The Bard Solidarity Committee had its origins here. They are the organizers of this fast. About the fast itself what more is there to say than this: it has been the first victory. Being difficult, spiritual, elevating, healthy and shared, it has borne fruit.
Letter from Leonard Peltier

Greetings,

I would like for you to please pass on my appreciations to the Bard staff for an excellent dedicated issue of Bard’s newspaper, it was well-written and of course, the most important of all, factual.

My hopes of ever being free or semi free and being able to walk a path associated with people and supporters again can only happen through collective efforts of support from people, both domestic and international.

Which brings me to mention another issue of great importance that has come to out attention. Just recently a request for my support was received replies to their letters from Congressman Ron Dellums asking what if anything can they do to put pressure on the Feds to have these reopen and investigate my case.

Apparantly, Mr. Dellums’s office has been receiving a lot of mail from my people and supporters, so Mr. Dellums office is going (at this time I believe they may have already, but I have not received any official word that it has) to take the copies, petitions and letters into the Chairman’s office of the House Judiciary Committee and ask for an investigation and hearing on my case. Mr. Dellums believes this is my only recourse left to get the Justice Department to reopen my case and give me another trial.

(1) The issues you should bring up to the chairman of the Judiciary Committee are:
- The illegal extradition in one article of the extradition treaty clearly reads the country requesting the extradition shall not use fabricated evidence. I am not certain if that is the correct quote but I’m sure you can obtain a copy of the extradition treaty between the USA and Canada with the Library. It is important that you have our supporter use direct quotes in these letters to the Judiciary Committee chairman.
- The Wyo. of threats and coerating against witnesses to testify against me during the pur’s investigation of my death of the two agents. This is a constitutional violation ruled on by the Supreme Court.
- The denial to put up a defense at my farce of a trial in Fargo, North Dakota by Judge Paul Benson. We denies us the right to cross-examine government witnesses, properly knowing damn well they were lying.

It is important that we strongly emphasize to our supporters that instead of writing collective letters, sending one to say Edwards and a copy of the letter to the other that they take a few extra minutes and the cost of a couple of extra stamps that they write an individual letter to them. Also, they should ask Edwards and Rodino for answers to these letters.

Also you should (however you intend to do this through a cover letter or mouth to mouth??) express the importance of a committed writer of a letter that he encourages a friend, a family member, or neighbor to write letters. Of date the majority of letters and petitions have come from Europe and only a few thousand from within the USA. It is again important that we get as much or more letters, etc., from both Canada and the US.

I was just thinking in order for you to use correct quotes of law and the violations of law use by the prosecution in my case, you should write and request assistance from one of my lawyers to properly prepare a cover letter and petitions.

Lawyer: Mr. John Pritzlera

1302 18th St. NW
Washington, DC 20036
(202) 234 - 7235

Law: (202) 466 - 5470

Here are the names of the chairs of the House of Judiciary Committee and Congresseman Dellums.

Rep. Donald Edwards

Rm. 4077 House Office Building Annex 1
Washington DC 20515


217 Rayburn

House Office Bldg.

Washington, DC 20515

Ronald V. Dellums’ aide, who’s on top of everything, is Charles Stephenson.

I know, brothers, I don’t have to express the importance of you working closely with brother John Sco, since he is a Defense Committee organizer for the eastern part of the US. As you are aware, if we work collectively and united we are more effective in our struggle.

The hunger strike protest sounds like a good, Idea but get support for our cause and there are millions out there unsatisfied with the way the US government, but read where this election had the lowest turnout of voters for any President in 38 years. Whereas only 1/4 of the adult males voted and only 53% of the voters voted.

This tells us there are millions of people fed up and disgusted with this government and are looking for a change. It is up to us to eduate them that there can and will be a change if we unite. What we started in the 50s and 60s can be completed in the 80s, but again some of them must be willing to sacrifice and put themselves outfront.

Well brothers, I’ll close this letter here. Please pass on my solidarity and love to our many friends and supporters.

In the spirit of Crazy Horse and Che,

Leonard Peltier.

David Duke, young media figure for the Ku Klux Klan has a new monostore: "The White Association for the Advancement of White People." Duke and his Klan organization in 1960 might strike an outrageous note in the "redneck" mind, but in a certain small circle, whose legal system just acquitted six Klan/Nazis on five counts of murder in Greenbush, the idea is not inconceivable. The Klans are maintaining momentum in more ways than you might realize.

Perhaps as frightening as the terrorism associated with the old Klan is the fact that leaders of this country are sharing New Klan ideology. Recent President-elect Ronald Reagan was the nationally endorsed Klan choice because his policies so reflect white supremacy. The Klan backed Reagan with more vigor than any presidential candidate in recent history including Richard Nixon, because his campaign promises spoke so directly to Klan goals. Reagan's anti-busing commitment has been for an end to busing and a return to race (and class) segregation.

Obviously with national leadership pushing Klan policies there is no need for them to align exclusively with Nazi sympathizers. Whereas in the 60's Duke was photographed in front of the Chicago 7 trial wearing "Cus the Chicago 7" on mouth and a swastika on the other, in the 70's he appeared in nationwide talk shows and has interviews in publications like Playboy. Few if any of these publications endorse Duke or the Klan, but the coverage they offer allows him to exploit tactics like "discrimination" and organize people behind white supremist ideology.

Behind Duke and his media campaigns are the armed guerilla type Klansmen we are possibly more familiar with. The killings in Greenbush were evidence of an armed militia. Other Klan activities include armed vigilantes "patrolling" the southwest, U.S. border to "ensure" no Mexicans cross. There are reports of a Klan militia organizing in the south to deal specifically with "urban problems.

These kind of racist propositions (activities) must be taken seriously and opposed. To deny the existence of political organizing on racist lines is to give these videos full messaner status. A coalition of a concerned people in this area recently formed in recognition of the need to oppose Klan activities and related racist propaganda. They operate now under the "Mid-Hudson Coalition Against Racism and Anti-Semitisin" and recently sponsored a film The New Klan which a group of Bard students attended.

The audience of supporters totalled approximately 200, and was composed of local people: black and white, Hispanic, young and old. This coalition will be sponsoring events in the future and anyone interested can obtain information through the Bard Solidarity Group.

Beneign neglect is not a viable vehicle for change in the face of militant racist organizing. We must continue to be aware of Klan and racist propaganda and align with the forces opposing this racist organizing.
Perspectives On Anti-Semitism

The following incident of anti-Semitic satire has gained such widespread recognition that it is important to keep it in mind two issues that have been somewhat dissociated: that anti-Semitism is a crucial and growing phenomenon; and that anti-Semitism is a very small part of the total manifestation of the terror of the capitalist system today in the light of the genocide committed against Native Americans, the peoples of El Salvador, blacks, and many other peoples of the world as well as slaughter of our large, endangered species, pollution of the world, the destruction of whole societies, and the persecution of animals each year, not to mention the world's rise of crime, violence, and growing attitudes of hostility and intolerance between individuals. That is enough to make me nearly close the essay on anti-Semitism, since anti-Semitism is only one tool. So, if you are upset by this incident of misunderstanding, know that you are also upset by the bombing of the synagogue in Paris and by hundreds of other atrocities, for all are produced by the economic system we uphold today and the rulers that come with it.

Second, this incident itself exemplifies an attitude which is prevalent in the outside world and very visible at Bard; an attitude which is explicitly anti-Semitic. This is a lack of understanding in how to act against these threats. The Goldfarbs did not realize their direct relation to these problems outside Bard and also that their actions, from bar mitzvah to Bard student, are political no matter what they might wish.

The situation is that the interaction is what politics is defined as. If we do not act directly to change the system, then our passivity endorses the system and, as I've said, the system is the cause for the horror in our society.

Jonathan Feldman says upset by their actions, yet he did not analyze how the anti-Semitism exacts how to change it. We present these articles in an effort to show the larger implications of anti-Semitism and how to act against it.

Mark Hambleton

ANTI-SEMITISM AT BARD-METAPHOR FOR HEDONISM

Recently events indicate a pattern of what originally passed as individual incidents: anti-Semitic jokes from Paul Spencer's characterisation of Randall Rottersman's delusional article on Professor Elliot Skinner in the Bard Times as "the paradigm" of the occidental sets of Nazi graffiti, anti-Semitism at Bard comes and goes without much fuss. But a recent "mock Bar-Mitzvah" of Adohi's, the loose talk among the students of bar mitzvah, anti-Semitism at Bard is an already misunderstood problem. This event is generally regarded as an innocent social occasion, done purely out of "fun." Yet, this was a cruel joke, objectively anti-Semitic beyond the intentions of its participants. One witness, a Jewish student at Bard, reported:

Some weeks ago, I noticed in Kline Commons, an invitation to a "bar mitzvah," of a Ezra Shen Goldfarb at Adohi's, on 9 P.M. the following day, at various tables in the Commons before dinner, and I think also at lunch, there were xeroxed invitations to said bar mitzvah. Obviously, there was not an actual bar mitzvah, which is the first thing I deduced from the available material. And it further turned out that a group of people were having a bar mitzvah-themed party. I was a little perturbed by this. It seemed somewhat anti-Jewish. So I and a couple of friends went down to Adohi's to actually see what was going on because we were concerned. I didn't make notes of what happened, but what I do remember specifically were salad bowls used as yamulkes; one or two, perhaps three individuals with false noses on to make their noses look larger, or as a mockery of the stereotypical Jewish nose...It was actually very grotesque, these enormous rubber noses and these salad bowls on their heads...There were some xeroxed xerox jokes, which I don't recall specifically; the singing of songs from "Riddler on the Roof." All of this is presented as a mockery of what a bar mitzvah is. It seemed of the twenty to twenty-five people I could identify in the group participating in this, I recognized most of them and they all tended to be very affluent people, drop-in users by reputation; if not in fact, people who live a very affluent lifestyle. The whole thing was pretty disgusting. I found it afterwards -- since I had been sitting across the Large Hall at Adohi's they had seen me there. -- that apparently some of them were afraid that I was going to commit violence against them, although I hadn't said anything to anybody (not that I wasn't angry). They came to me and said, "Why are you angry?" And they anticipated my anger before I had expressed it. As though we were guilty of something. The tone of the event was decadent, nihilistic...very much like children persecuting another child.

I confronted some of the participants in this event, and expressed my displeasure over their actions. They told me that it was found in a xeroxed announcement to the effect that "The Goldfarbs Go Protesting! Yes It's incredible!! That wonderful predominately Jewish Family is protesting! We have even taken on new names..." I told them that their behavior was anti-Semitic and that I didn't appreciate their behavior. They said, "Oh, isn't it wonderful?" I told them that I was paranoid and argued they were Jewish, that they were not cont. on page 14

KVETCH, KVETCH, KVETCH

The Goldfarbs

Last year, at about this time, someone made a pink button. His friends liked it and asked him if he would make some for them. He did, and his friends, liking the button, wore it. Within a week, people were up in arms about the pink buttons. They began making and wearing different buttons in protest. It was rumored that in order to get a button you had to sleep with the creator of the button. Due to the social insecurities of the hard community, a simple button was turned into a symbol for cliques, elitism, and sexual promiscuity. Are we so afraid of who we are that we allow a simple button to insult us?

I mention the pink button in light of the furor surrounding the Goldfarb family and a Bar Mitzvah they held at Adohi's some time ago. Some members of the Jewish community were deeply offended. We must question this reaction. We wonder whether these same people would have been equally offended had the Goldfarbs called themselves "Murphy" and held a traditional Irish-Catholic wake at Adohi's rather than a Bar Mitzvah. Perhaps these same people should be reminded that the word "riperi" was created by the English to refer to the Irish.

These people insist that the Goldfarbs were fostering and encouraging a very dangerous stereotype. We point out that the Bar Mitzvah was intended to satirize this stereotype. We did not create a stereotype Jewish culture and its traditions; we mocked the stereotype of Jewish culture.

We feel we must reply to Mr. Feldman's "witness" to the Bar Mitzvah. First, there was only one person at the Bar Mitzvah who wore a "false nose" not three. This person was not a Goldfarb, and his "enormous rubber nose" also equipped bushy eyebrows and black glasses. Perhaps this person heard of Groucho Marx but we have, and we think he's a hell of a guy and very funny, Mr. Feldman, very funny). The witness also complains that he heard "crass jokes." We don't recall any, but you never can tell what will offend some people. And yes, Mr. Witness, we did sing songs from "Riddler on the Roof." Perhaps we will sing these same songs at the Irish-Catholic wake. Will you be offended? If so, we will sing "My Wild Irish Rose" instead.

Mr. Feldman also mentions that we feared violence was going to be committed against us because, as he implies, we somehow knew we were being naughty children. The only reason we acknowledged this threat of violence was because one of the witnesses told his friend that he was angry and he was tempted to act on his anger.

Mr. Feldman accuses us of fear of persecution and nasty publicity. If this were true, we'd have never held the Bar Mitzvah in a public place and opened ourselves to public opinion. Furthermore, we wouldn't have had an invitation to the Goldfarbs' Protestant party, to which, strangely enough, no one took offense. Perhaps Mr. Feldman and his witnesses are unaware of the French occupation of the sixteenth century: Protestants who were systematically massacred by the Catholic royalty of France. cont. on page 15
Letters to the Editors

Finally, I receive something of importance from Bard College. The Special Edition of the Bard Observer (Nov. 10) is the first readable publication that was ever received by me, and it is readable because it has a reason for being. Unlike newspapers which are designed to replace the real sense of community by a reading of other people's business, the Special Edition does justice to those who are asked to take their time to read it and to use it in their proper, most powerful use. It is simply written, to the point; it informs the reader of an immediate problem and its larger implications; and it avoids most of the excessive rhetoric that shoves above the honest drama of the issue. And it may be effective, giving rise to genuine community action.

A criticism: what is gained from the techniques of marketing? Do you think that you must sell this special issue as such as well as students? We are trying to sell the Observer for two goals especially: to increase awareness of the many issues which do have direct bearing on our lives (which is not easy with the current trend of personal indulgence and closed-mindedness in the Bard community), and also to get people to understand that they need a sense of community responsibility or things will go from worse to unimaginable in today's society.

As to our need for marketing: if you have seen the mailroom floor after five o'clock, you would know that issues of reality are not "cool" at Bard (much less in the outside world), and so we have to sell it better than that. The reason that we used a "white man's sentimentalized figure of pre-Custer days" is that there was a picture of Leonard Peltier, although there was a sketch of him printed in the issue.

Again, thank you for your support and enthusiasm.

Sincerely,
Dawn Felicioni

---

Dear Observer,

First of all I would like to thank Mr. Sears for his commendable effort in trying to deal with the problem of the loudness of the showers (and the heat regulators) in Seymour. It is obvious that the "Friends" found it difficult to respond in a more manner to a basic and cooperative attempt by Mr. Sears to improve the situation.

Secondly, I would like to ask the "Friends" what the living conditions in Seymour have to do with the volume at which they play their stereos? True, the conditions are definitely not comparable to the Kitz, but not suggesting you might do something to improve them (that, I'm afraid, would be beyond your comprehension), why the conscious effort to further add to the conditions about which you complain? E.g., one is greeted by graffiti on the walls when one walks in the dorm. These walls were recently painted (for Parents' Day) and the night of the day they were painted the cement messenger appeared with water. Would you consider this-vigilant? I am sure, of course, you had nothing to do with it. I might also add at this point that the showers do not have water. I am sure because we saw a picture of Leonard Peltier, although there was a sketch of him printed in the issue.

Again, thank you for your support and enthusiasm.

Sincerely,
Dawn Felicioni

---

Dear Observer,

I would like to comment on the letter which "Several Friends in Seymour" found fit to send to Mr. Sears. The story of the American Indians' struggle for identity and survival? If do, how would you do it and not destroy the greater drama of the issue, simply because it is seen to be a fairly reasonable man. Therefore, I would like to show that their reply was erroneous on several points, mainly of the living conditions -- therefore I don't think they should complain so bitterly about cracking paint and smell. The fact that they have screens is only due to their asking our janitor, Mr. X., for 8 & G to install them for that is what he did and I had them within a week. Also, their complaint about the showers seems unfounded. Hot water is abundant, and curtains are plentiful. I reassure the information that the Intelligence of the students' filthy rooms. I am not trying to say everything is rosy, but rather that these students are doing what seems typical within the Bard Community -- that is, to create or exaggerate problems so there is something to bitch about.

I would also like to point out that these students' conception of "normal" volume is eventually going to lead someone to throw their stereo out the window. They seem so fond of making threats -- and what safe threats they are -- maybe someone should threaten them, possibly with bodily harm. Anyway, I really shouldn't take these students seriously -- they are such harmless anarchists. Their letter is just too much buffoonery -- it irritates me; I hope no one emulates their vain attempts at personal freedom. It is decadent attitudes like theirs which makes me want to puke.

Sincerely,
A Neighbor of "Several Friends in Seymour"

---

Dear Sir,

I know there has been another letter to this effect written, and we would very much appreciate having them published. I personally find it very embarrassing for anyone to think the letter written by the "Friends in Seymour" is representative of student opinion. Thank you very much.

As to the reason they were both submitted without signatures, I think that is incorrect. If for some reason it cannot be published, I would appreciate it if you could return it to box **.

Again, thank you.

---

Unsigned
To the Editors,

I would like to comment on two items in Hal Hisey’s report on the Trustees’ meeting. First, on the issue of admissions policy, Mr. Hisey correctly identified his concern about such policy as a feeling, and added the caveat that he was not sure the figures would bear him out. The issue is whether we are admitting students in a manner that would result in a greater accomplishment of the educational mission. In this year and the past, we have been especially interested in retaining students and turning away from a commitment to as socially and economically diverse a student body as possible. The facts speak for themselves. The budgetary percentage of financial aid has risen from 9.1% to 12.5% in the last five years. The actual amount of money that Bard committee raises every year for financial aid has risen from $369,994 in 1975 to $597,244 in 1980. The committee to increase financial aid has been a major part of my work and the work of the Board. The average size of financial aid awards to students has increased at a rate more rapid than the rate of change in tuition. The percentage of the student body that receives Bard financial aid has risen from 5% in 1975 to 5% in 1980.

Bard has assumed a substantially larger share of the cost of the financial aid programs, the percentage of contributions by the State of New York has declined precipitously over the last five years. In spite of declining subsidy, Bard has sustained a commitment to that program by using its own funds. All in all, I think the financial record, while in constant need of improvement, is good and in a direction exactly opposite to that suggested by Mr. Hisey’s feeling.

On the question of minority faculty, I submit that while the hiring of faculty is indeed an involved process, we are currently attempting to bring someone here for the Spring term. Mr. Hisey is referring to the search regarding the Board meeting is in my report which explains that the HRB committee and the CUV (Committee on Vacancies) were in the process of working out an ongoing, permanent line that would start in the fall of 1981.

These two particular points do not, however, address two somewhat distressing features of Mr. Hisey’s report. No one has asked Mr. Hisey or anyone else for an explanation of a clear hill of health. On the other hand, the sense of being, struggle, and suspicion is perhaps inappropriate. I think Mr. Hisey notices the interaction among the faculty, administration and trustees that suspicion, battle and free-floating doubt are not healthy or helpful to a small community. If for any other member of the administration is at fault because of faulty communications, that clearly should be criticized. If we are going to have what we do, then it should be in a better sense of their stand on the issue, so that we could better reflect and represent them. I hope this clears up any doubts anyone may have on the issue on hand.

Yours truly,
Nayland Blake
Chairperson
Planning Committee

The Bard Observer
An independent newspaper of Bard College
Volume 1, Issue 4
Editors-in-chief
Mark Hambleton
George Parks
Anne Linker
Howard Freedman

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Cordially,
Leon Botstein
President

Dear Editors,

This is in response to some remarks printed in an earlier issue of this paper.

These leveling charges of censorship at the Planning Committee are either misinterpreting, misrepresenting, or just plain missing the issue. It has never been and, hopefully never will be, the policy of the Planning Committee to censor or in any way edit the affiant students and then turn away from a commitment to a social and economically diverse student body as possible. The facts speak for themselves. The budgetary percentage of financial aid has risen from 9.1% to 12.5% in the last five years. The actual amount of money that Bard committee raises every year for financial aid has risen from $369,994 in 1975 to $597,244 in 1980. The committee to increase financial aid has been a major part of my work and the work of the Board. The average size of financial aid awards to students has increased at a rate more rapid than the rate of change in tuition. The percentage of the student body that receives Bard financial aid has risen from 5% in 1975 to 5% in 1980.

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An independent newspaper of Bard College
Volume 1, Issue 4
Editors-in-chief
Mark Hambleton
George Parks
Anne Linker
Howard Freedman

The Bard Observer/Bard College Box 85/Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504/614) 753-856

Responsible comment and replies concerning the newspaper and its contents are welcome. The Bard Observer is an independent newspaper of Bard College. Contents copyright (c) 1980 by the Observer.

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Cordially,
Leon Botstein
President

Dear Editors,

This is in response to some remarks printed in an earlier issue of this paper.

These leveling charges of censorship at the Planning Committee are either misinterpreting, misrepresenting, or just plain missing the issue. It has never been and, hopefully never will be, the policy of the Planning Committee to censor or in any way edit the affiant students and then turn away from a commitment to a social and economically diverse student body as possible. The facts speak for themselves. The budgetary percentage of financial aid has risen from 9.1% to 12.5% in the last five years. The actual amount of money that Bard committee raises every year for financial aid has risen from $369,994 in 1975 to $597,244 in 1980. The committee to increase financial aid has been a major part of my work and the work of the Board. The average size of financial aid awards to students has increased at a rate more rapid than the rate of change in tuition. The percentage of the student body that receives Bard financial aid has risen from 5% in 1975 to 5% in 1980.

Bard has assumed a substantially larger share of the cost of the HRB program, the percentage of contributions by the State of New York has declined precipitously over the last five years. In spite of declining subsidy, Bard has sustained a commitment to this program by using its own funds. All in all, I think the financial record, while in constant need of improvement, has been good and in a direction exactly opposite to that suggested by Mr. Hisey’s feeling.

On the question of minority faculty, I submit that while the hiring of faculty is indeed an involved process, we are currently attempting to bring someone here for the Spring term. Mr. Hisey is referring to the search regarding the Board meeting is in my report which explains that the HRB committee and the CUV (Committee on Vacancies) were in the process of working out an ongoing, permanent line that would start in the fall of 1981.

These two particular points do not, however, address two somewhat distressing features of Mr. Hisey’s report. No one has asked Mr. Hisey or anyone else for an explanation of a clear hill of health. On the other hand, the sense of being, struggle, and suspicion is perhaps inappropriate. I think Mr. Hisey notices the interaction among the faculty, administration and trustees that suspicion, battle and free-floating doubt are not healthy or helpful to a small community. If for any other member of the administration is at fault because of faulty communications, that clearly should be criticized. If we are going to have what we do, then it should be in a better sense of their stand on the issue, so that we could better reflect and represent them. I hope this clears up any doubts anyone may have on the issue on hand.

Yours truly,
Nayland Blake
Chairperson
Planning Committee

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Cordially,
Leon Botstein
President
EL SALVADOR
ANOTHER VIETNAM?

Reprinted from The ANTI DRAFT
no. 9, NOV. DEC. 1980, The
Committee Against Racist
and the Draft (C.A.R.D.)

As the possibility of a new draft in the
United States is steadily related to events
such as those in El Salvador. As the anti-
draft movement continues to grow and develop
it is increasingly necessary to become aware of
the likely uses of a new draft. The follow-
ing article is the first of a series which
examines this issue.

I hereby register to defend
with my life the profits of
Emigrating U.S. invasion of
any other multinationals designated by
my elected officials.

EL SALVADOR
THE PEOPLE OF EL SALVADOR

The Salvadoran population comes 40% of all 
ages in the United States. In the majority of 1
million people, the Salvadoran population ranks 2
national health. The average life 3
years in El Salvador is 25, about 10 years below the 4
national average. It is difficult to understand why
people would want to change to the poor health condi-
tions of El Salvador. In El Salvador, the Dem-
ocratic Revolutionary Front, which comprises 5
proponents, has recently formed. Its total 6
million people are the Salvadoran population.

These facts clearly indicate that it is not a
situation that can be tolerated. As we have 8
the Salvadoran people, the third largest

The Salvadoran government has used to defend the in-
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The Salvadoran government has used to defends
23 YEARS

Our faithless dogs stay at home, as
Our bones are bare,
We raise our rickety potato on the hills,
We look for our roots; our soil,
Black burn in all of us some of us,
Grow like vaxen plants on our bodies.
Pasturing blood that never healed.

Greed still rules in our city,
Commercial towns, hour after hour.
We are despised, people, ignored.
We feel that certain companions, that
Absorbs the condition that you, that
Corrodes and offends the skin,
Of the soul.
The winds of bitterness and fanatics
Steal down upon our necks.
We are deeply routed.
Worldliness has swallowed our generation,
That unknown and unconfessed, the thrust
Its grooves spreading as vices, their
Choking the human seeds of hope.
No longer are we the stains of average flesh.
Black mounds of ash in our
We hear now of the sufferings of others,
Our brothers and sisters, and the nation.
Voters, that spelling bitterness in their roots itself in our daily life.
I was hungry, and you gave me a stone.
I was thirsty, and you gave me poison.
We were naked, and you clothed us with the
Bears and in prison, and your
Put into bondage my life.

From the crucible of agony,
We returned in half-burnt.
They put us out of our cities.
Hiroshima and Nagasaki.
When our flowers were rotten,
Our limbs like home-sticks,
Our memories in ashes.

Daily, under the tree of life,
We gathered in peace and tranquility.
For our life in the open air.
For the grain's growth.
For one another.
We had our songs, our laughter.
We had our life under the sun.
Stretching out, the ground to live.
Because in them, the sense and the
Continuity of life.
Because they amount witness to life.
And, in all the suffering, of forgiveness, kindness from paths.

All parts away, falls into the dust,
Little homes, and stretches of the earth.
For the sea;
Souls, seeking the eternal roads.
We, the Hiroshimans went out from our villages,
Only to love, to
Strong in our spirit was a mission.
We came as witnesses out of ashes
To spread the message of peace to those
Who cried in longing.

We came as lambs from love with a living
Passionate concern.
A power of compulsion to love all
To bring to human the hope of life.
A chorus of voices said hear to hear
To know our fate, because of hate.
Because of the sick violence and
Louse tongue of the lie.
Because of the disease of the races, and the
Fight among the masses.
Because of the blindness of fear and the
Ignorance of the living creations of things.
Because of the lack of communication
Because of the absence of love.

The Spirit in them loves us, and requires us
To love one another.
A center of peace is found in their
Pleasant love.
The acceptance of the skin.
The oneness of flesh.
Those exposed to the ashes of death
Are rejected from their land, from their
Ancestral grounds
And discriminated against, because
Their own nothingness and their radiation effects.
The are called genetic risks.
Nourished with compassion, a smile beyond
Beyond human logic and knowledge.
Beyond self-interest
Beyond the fists,
Beyond Identities, governments, religions.
Beyond all nations and kinds and peoples.
No one sees their witness.
They are invisible.

Existence exists only where understanding void.
Pain is reflected in their expressions.
When they behold the darkness of inhumanity.
The swamps of envy and strife.
The clouds of war.
The riddle of the torn-threaded garments
Of the poor.

Twenty-three years have past.
They're suffering today, now the tortures
Of others.
They feel in their flesh the burns of Napiel
Within their souls humanity cries in anguish.
Through their minds near the flames and
Wounds of inhumanity.
They're suffering now how they really
Love and care.
Because they feel and know the pain.

Election '80: A Cocktail Cynic's View

A nation troubled and cried only. The blankets of ideology
No longer comfortable, were strewn upon the floor-
Tossed away by the restless notions of a
eight-year-old, with a few dice and
Painted by a sharp bellowing
of a strident through an open window, the cries
A nation again,
Comfortable. And slumbered.
Michael Long
I’d like to address a problem which is present at Bard. It stems from an unwillingness for people to admit their ignorance of a matter. I’ve had many conversations with Bardians whose views contained a lot of contradictions. Now contradictions are o.k. when they result from an inability to balance (your knowledge). My qualms with the contradictions I find are that I come across ignorance, and the inability to recognize that ignorance. For example, when someone says that sexism is no longer a problem, be he or she is damn ignorant. And if I suggest to that person related reading and they get flustered, I begin to wonder. It’s really puzzling to me. Here we are at an educational institution to learn. That, in itself implies ignorance, i.e., “there are things that I don’t know.” Why then, are people here so afraid and unwilling to admit a lack of knowledge? Be it politics, psychology or nutrition. People frequently react defensively and then in turn, cling tenaciously to one paradigm (of which they are learned, “Marxian or Freudianism, etc.”) and insist upon using that to answer whatever is being discussed. Very often they do know a significant amount about that point of view, but they fail to acknowledge other factors.

Bard is a liberal arts college whose aim is to educate people with a broad, rather than a specialized education. I find the narrowness perplexing, but I do have some ideas on its cause. It stems from people’s need to prove their self-worth and to glorify their egos. (If you admit your ignorance, people are going to think you are inferior, and you want to ‘spare’ them that.” So you’re egos need to make a 1-0 of yourself. But the problem comes from another place. That is the yearning for easy answers. (And as Carter answers, “There are no easy answers.”) This is understandable, as young people we are exposed to these merriments from an early age. We want immediate feedback. My first reply as the poet Rainier Maria Rilke stated to a young poet, “love the questions themselves like locked rooms.” The second reply is this, for God’s sake QUESTION!

Recently I read an article in the New York Times about the role of education. The author was condemning the president of a college who believed that the role of education was to simply disseminate information (this president was saying this to support the use of computers instead of books). The author believed one of the vital roles of education was to instill people with the ability “to doubt” and “to question,” and to refuse, to rely upon one source of information, be it the Times, the Voice, or your economics teachers.

Unfortunately, our educational system does not try and nurture questioners. Instead, our system produces students who have been taught to not question TEACHER.

If you think you are “knowledgeable” and “educated” just because you’ve taken a handful of classes and have achieved a B.A., you are greatly mistaken. That is the same attitude that assumes that because a person has gone through twelve years of public education, than he or she must be literate. The only way to be really educated is to seek information and to constantly desire the expansion of your knowledge. Taking a class is a beginning. But it’s not enough. You’ve got to do your work and let yourself be sidetracked — seek out more sources, related issues. Go to the library when you aren’t required to do so. (Hang out in the library instead of the lounge. And you want to really cool, don’t tell your teachers of all the “extra” reading you’ve done. The point isn’t to prove that you’re smart but that you’re trying to be really cool, educate. Any information is useless if it doesn’t stem from genuine curiosity. I mean if someone’s talking about the Russian Revolution and you are in the dark, admit it, or go find out about it. I am taking it for granted that you still have a fair amount of curiosity. ‘n’ot. If you don’t, I’m not sure what the remedy is. ‘n’ot insist that you have too many papers to write or p. ‘n’t type. You used to have the key to knowledge. Even, little kid has the capacity to be extremely knowledgeable. That’s because he or she questions everything — ‘why is the sky blue?’ ‘why do the stars stay up?’ ‘why did that man kick his dog?’ These kinds of questions are not so different than the ones posed by scholars and scientists. ‘why are there PCBs in the water?’ ‘why can’t Johnny read?’

What I am advocating is applicable to anyone regardless of race, gender, class or major. Don’t fall into the trap of self deception (credulity/knowledge). Just because you’ve had two courses in four divisions doesn’t make you well rounded. You’ve got to have an appetite for knowledge, which is so great, that its replenishment just produces more hunger. And maybe then you’ll become less ignorant.

(But don’t count on it!)

BRUCE “GUTS” VENDA

I’m not going to attempt to make this a funny column. It’s not that I’ve lost my sense of humor (a lot of you wouldn’t call it that); let’s just say that it’s suspended for this issue. Throughout last year and into this, I have rarely been serious about my subjects in these articles, mainly because I felt that the subject matter wasn’t serious enough. It was occasional, of course, that someone actually took me seriously; one of my favorite targets, Mr. Feldman, wrote an actual letter to the editor about Marxists last year. Well, this is no put-down. This is the real thing.

My fodder for this column is a certain attitude held by most of my student friends who consider themselves concerned with what goes on here.

Presumably, it is also an attitude held by many members of the Administration, especially those with the biggest say over, again, what goes on here. I presume they hold this attitude also because there wouldn’t be much contention between themselves and aforementioned group otherwise.

This attitude is familiar to anyone who has been on one side of a conflict during a period of open hostilities. Its brother is the attitude that says “kill or be killed”; another relative is the attitude of not trusting anything new/unknown. Many of you may find one or all of these attitudes inapplicable to this microcosm we exist in. However, the “us vs. them” attitude is applied frequently, most often in conjunction to student-administration hostilities. For those of you who don’t know what I’m talking about, let me present an example from my time at Bard.

On one hand, it is typified by the letter to Peter Sears that appeared in the last issue of this humble rag. The people who wrote it felt so incensed by such an obvious "fascistic clampdown" on their freedom that they left no room to consider, among other things, that they might have been actually doing something that offended Peter’s sense of the parameters of his job, or that they might have actually hurt someone innocent (like Mr. X) with their backlash. These people felt that there was no way to compromise with the Administration’s unreasonable attitude, and so printed hardly anything to Peter without even giving him a look at it first.

On the other hand, there is the letter itself, which was so full of holes in its credibility that one could see what was behind it with no effort. — page 13
Lustful Degradation Part II:

Sexual Politics At Bard

In case you didn’t notice, there was something really frightening in the last issue of the Bard Observer. It was a supposedly innocuous little piece of entertainment daily titled “Lustful Degradation.” The article itself was fairly harmless, but the attitudes it represented, as typical of the Bard community, were appalling.

For those of you who: A. Didn’t read the last Observer (or of those who ghosted it out of sheer distaste), B. Skipped over “Lustful Degradation,” or C. Read it and don’t remember it at all that well, I’ll give you a brief summary. It is, basically, a slice-of-life sketch of how a young and empathetically male Bard student passes a typical Thursday night. He gets drunk, goes to a dorm party, pulls the object of his desire and is picked up by a young lady (as the author puts it, “or should I say female?”) spends the night with her and wakes the next morning above a sense of self-righteousness. The theme of the story (as nearly as I could tell, and if I’m reading this wrongly, it’s the fault of the anonymous author for not making his point clearer terms, but this is social, not literary criticism, so I won’t digress) is that he theme of the whole piece is a conclusion of a night wasted meaninglessly and instead unsatisfyingly debauchery. All very well, but while it probably needs to be said, there is something deadly wrong in the way it was said. The author attempts to gain the sympathy of his audience by having the protagonist adopt an attitude he believes to be in accord with theirs. I’m talking about that old enemy, the double standard of morality, which was supposed to have been done to death but which is still alive, well, and flourishing in the world in general and at Bard in particular.

The relationship depicted in this anything but a healthy one. The protagonist encounters a girl he describes as “one of those lightweights and a ‘typical Bard freshman’ (111). Considering the obviously high degree of respect he has for her, it’s only natural that when she comes over to his table, he begins to talk with her, especially since she starts by hypotizing his ego by making reference to a “near-bald upper lip” and I had been in Nobby’s month before.” From there they talk about “the evils of socialite” (111:1) and baseball and rock groups and his head back to campus and, as the protagonist says, “I couldn’t refuse.”

Very well, you say, that’s a pretty positive thing, down right liberated, getting the girl seduce the guy. Let the ladies have their turn, heh heh heh. Granted for the moment that the depiction of the relationship is at least fair because both men and women are equally degraded, the kicker comes in the morning after wake-up scene, when the men reacts to the woman with open disgust. He blames her for his own degradation.

Now, understand, practically any person, being human and hence horned, will attempt to win potential sex partners by, in essence, giving them what they want. This is the easiest way to get laid (try as you don’t believe) and it can lead to all sorts of interesting and amusing mating rituals, not to mention Neil Simon comedies and the like. As long as you keep it on the level of a game, it’s fairly harmless. But, and this is a big but, if you use it to blackmail your partner into acting in a fashion that will give you a handy excuse for despising them later, when convenient (usually the morning after) you are not playing by the rules and have turned a perfectly innocent and, yes, degrading activity. This is why “enlightened” modern society discounts the old woman’s cry of “he seduced me” with scorn when it comes from the lips of anyone considered mentally competent to manage the situation. It’s assumed you’re a consenting adult, that you’re where you are because you’ve made choices that put you there, and if you wake up and feel bad it’s your fault and victim’s. It’s a question of responsibility for your actions, and, on the whole, women have shaped up to the challenge pretty well over the years of change. What, then, can be the meaning of having the roles reversed, of having the man cry rape, rape. Women have a hard enough time having to walk a double standard, treading a tightrope between “friggit” and “whore” while still trying to get some honest sexual gratification, without being confronted with a loathsome tactic that I should have thought was dead and buried. To reverse the roles makes a mean and vicious attitude acceptable, it’s the old double standard: we’ve all more or less agreed that it’s wrong, and shouldn’t act this way, but now men can? Progress takes a giant step backward.

In this case, men can learn from women’s experience (and vice versa, of course). The sooner we put all such ainaque guilt trips behind us face up to our sexual responsibilities, men and women alike, the happier we’ll all be, and the more sexually fulfilled. Death to the double standard. ●

UNTITLED TO DATE

I am reading Time magazine at breakfast. I can’t function without reading in the morning. I read all four sides of the Cheerios box and the coupons, and since the magazine is still sitting there I’ll just slip it up. I don’t normally read Time magazine because I feel so powerless and that all the politicians are really dumb. And I hate dumb people when their ignorance affects me in a big way. And these politicians have the stupidest prerogatives. And they play political games that involve me. And I hate that so bad.

And my Cheerios are getting soggy and I’m blaming Ronald Reagan for that and I have every right to because I’m so full with rage that it’s impossible to swallow. I glance away from Reagan and continue with my breakfast and I realize I kind of enjoy the soggy things. The company’s always boasted about their crispiness and now I learn that I like them better soggy. I’m getting the urge to read again and I’m too frustrated to deal with Reagan again, so I look at the advertisements. I glance at a fashion model, a flawless girl that you are forced to fal for, because of her perfect compositing. And I fall for her and that kind of bothers me because I can never have her but I want to. Out of the corner of my eye, on the adjacent page, I see a withered animal, my curiosity brings my eyes onto it. And it’s not an animal at all but it’s a human being that is staring right at me, making me feel really uncomfortable. And I have to look back at the fashion model but I realize that she is looking right at the little boy on the next page. And I force myself to look at him and he is starving in the desert with a half-million others. And I try to turn the page but I am stopped by a slogan at the top which says that I can help or I can turn the page. And there is no way I’m going to turn it now. So I push away from the table hard that the chair starts to fold and throw me off balance and I’m feeling nauseous and I run to the bathroom and throw up all my Cheerios because I am not starving and I am and I don’t have money to help because I don’t like to work and I like to watch TV. And I don’t want to feel the pain of the little boy and I wish that I were him because he is dying and I feel responsible because he looked at me like I was. And I want to trade places and I pray to god that I could be in Biafra and the little boy could be eating Cheerios in my kitchen. I start really feeling the pain and I wish I could be that boy. I really wish I was in Biafra starving and I would eat my food and I would die and never feel the pain that I am feeling right now, that I feel over and over again, that I feel into the mirror and I hate it. But I know it’s your pain and I know that I am the one that is really suffering. ●
A list of demands was agreed upon (reprinted elsewhere in this issue) and a steering committee was selected to present them to Richard Zucconi, SAGA District Manager, the following morning. Mr. Zucconi had been asked previously to attend this meeting.

And so it was that the following morning Mr. Zucconi, Mr. Prescott and seventy some-odd students met in the committee rooms. The removal of Larry Wiseman seemed no problem to any of the participants. A sincere pledge was forthcoming, from Mr. Zucconi that his company would do its utmost to correct the deficiencies in the quality of the food; many students saw this as a feasible attempt at humor, but we pressed on nonetheless. Mr. Zucconi was as flexible as the latter part of the demand #1: the removal of other employees in the unit (all administrative or managerial employees). The second demand, that no employees other than those the group wanted be dismissed in reprisal, was acceded to, although this probably because SAGA cannot afford to have unfair labor practice charges leveled at it. The third demand was directed at the Administration: the "decclassification" of the SAGA/Bard Contract. Mr. Papadimitriou refused, first saying that he would not release it, then reversing himself and saying that he could not release it.

This last attempt was challenged, and Mr. Papadimitriou then said he would not release the contract. This was that the Steering Committee would have to request this of the Board of Trustees.

After being virtually ignored by the federal government, the Native Indians will have appealed to the UN for recognition of their race and rights by international community. Presently, American Indians have no representation in the UN. The message which was repeated was that the Long Walk expressed the will and spirituality of the Indian People. The Indians are urging the solidarity of all young people in the struggle for survival in the increasingly polluted world. The Indians urge that the Earth be preserved for all peoples.

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The following Monday evening, the Steering Committee met again with Mr. Papadimitriou and Mr. Prescott. The FBI showed up in protest of the meeting. We had spent the weekend...debating whether or not we should negotiate on any of the demands, and whether or not we would release the contract.

We arrived at a consensus that the demands needed to be presented, and that the principal item under discussion, the need for the other four individuals discussed in item 1 (to be removed from the SAGA unit at Bard, needed to be presented.

Since the meeting with SAGA had originally been intended as an interview of sorts with manager candidates, it was not publicized. Nor was a sizable amount of students showed, as well as (you guess it!) Mrs. Bubatt, Mr. Papadimitriou and Mr. Sears. The Steering Committee was forced to go over old ground continually, with students who had not been at any of the other publicized meetings asking specific (and ultimately unimportant) questions, i.e., why are we always running out of forks? A legitimate concern, to be sure, but one that certainly was not on the scale we were trying for. When the Steering Committee asked that students not on the Committee hold their questions, in order that we might proceed, comments were made to the effect that things were being done "undemocratically." Several students, whose motives were not clear, came to the defense of Larry Wiseman and the other managerial employees in the SAGA unit.

It was felt at that time that the Steering Committee was being deliberately sabotaged, although perhaps in a rather bald way: the recourse left to us, felt, was to leave, if not as students, but as members of the Steering Committee, etc., and one antioxidant that the food will improve, if only for the balance of the semester.

On tues. dec. 2, the student forum voted unanimously to renew SAGA's contract.

HELLO! The Musical Activities Group is taking out this advertisement to inform the musical and non-musical public (i.e. YOU) of its goals, progress and existence. At present M.A.G. has an office, some electronic equipment (plans to purchase some good recording equipment) and an extensive tape library of student performances going back as far as the fall of 70's. If you are interested in sharing ideas or want help with a performance of any kind or have suggestions concerning the above, please let us know. We will be happy to help you.

Contact: Paul Ruben Chris Ochohane Doug Henderson Guy Yarden

We need support and enthusiasm.
Faculty Show

Ted Dewnap

On Wednesday October 27, the Art Department sponsored a party to celebrate the opening of the Faculty Show. With two keynotes, music, art lovers, art haters, and beer rats crowding the halls of Proctor, it was interesting to compare the relatively traditional classroom instruction of our faculty to what they adhere to or part from in their own work as they “walk the tightrope.”

Tom Wolf did a fine job in hurriedly arranging the show including himself and his colleagues Bernard Grossman, Dona Re, Kathleen Kenyon, Alan Cote, Jake Grossberg, Matt Phillips, Jim Sullivan, Murray Reich, and Nancy Mitchnick.

Alan Cote’s two canvases were among the most interesting of the works presented. His piece on the north wall shows an almost Orphist love for structure created by color relationships. A burlap-like mesh unifies the texture of the surface. The colors metamorphose from greenish to the other pastel from earth greens on the left to the exciting atmospheric yellow and blue on the right. The color transition is not gradual, though — the center of the composition is a blue field with flashes of brown. It moves away from the more static picture plane creating an almost topographic inverted cone belonging to a different space than the surrounding geometric mesh.

Jake Grossberg’s two large sculptures seem confined by the small Proctor halls, making their impact on the viewer even stronger. His large metal frame can be seen in one way as two dimensional in approach, though there is another side to the other that is as important as looking directly at them. His largest piece in the eastern hall of Proctor forms a large square from steel tubes. However, it breaks at the top, creating tensions. It almost achieves the harmony of a perfect square but ultimately cannot and the visual activity in the gap between the two top arms is strong. Semi-circular plates of steel break through the horizontality of the bottom tube but primarily react inward and upward, carrying the eye from the base to the above tube which melts into organic curve as if in effect of the verticality of the semicircles. These strong inward movements framed by the sculpture itself create an illusion of introversion.

Nancy Mitchnick’s impossible lightness, unusual cropping of the picture, and awkward perspective and modelling forced me away from her work rather than drawing my interest. She seemed to be trying hard to make the viewer uncomfortable and I felt alienated from the work.

Matt Phillips’ five selections are quiet and unpretentious — excepting the far left print with the large self-portrait — the profile, shoulder, and shirt sleeve are a bit too obvious and the visual pun deterrent to the landscapes. They exhibit subtle but active shifts in composition and color. The center print is faded and forms a mysterious, contemplative scene — is it as if it were an afternoon left on the retina when the eye turns away.

Jimmy Sullivan’s large verandas and ocean canvas attempts a similar sense of quiet. Here the contemplation of the viewer is reflected in an anonymous female figure facing away from us. However, the thick, quick brushstrokes contradict this feeling. The figure’s double identity, one a solid, introverted figure and the other a superimposed, ghostly double looking out at the ocean, is a melodramatic image of melancholy.

Murray Rech’s dot paintings play optical games. Divisionist points overlap cubic fields of color, creating a composition that demands the spectator’s participation. The eye is drawn into the field experiencing complex color relationships and oppositions.

I’ve mentioned only a few of the works in the show.

Music Notes

John Leeman

The Music Department and its faculty, generally, contrary to popular past opinion, are an available resource for all interested students of this school.

For the first time, an independent music class precepted by Jeff Pressiiff has made it possible for non-music majors and music majors alike to get credit for their work in rock, jazz, and/or improvisational groups that are formed.

The principle of heavy student-to-student involvement in the creative process is therefore stressed. This, along with discussion groups with Jeff, adds to the sending-down of those students’ musical ideas.

According to the students involved, Jeff has been intelligently observant and has given significant consideration. Looking through the eyes of the student, they have both the creative potential and the student themselves will often influence the work that is produced. This is not to say that there are enough student-performed music happenings at Bard.

The subject of the lack of gravity or the lack of specific commitment in the Music Department is another important issue. It is true that in the recent past it has been held up to a student’s own incentive to learn fundamental skills of music independent of college work.

There is a class being given by Ilie Yarden that offers limited pitch composition to students that are interested in developing their own musical abilities for interpreting a musical score, improvising, and composing. The limiting of the number of "notes" or pitches that are present in a composition, enables even those that are inexperienced or "out with" a musical idea and shape it into something of their own.

Although certain musical skills tend to develop, such as sight reading and ear training, the class is geared toward improvisation of music. It is also very important to understand that this class is also geared heavily toward performance and demands that a student attempt to perform in these groups' development.
A Senior Project in Film: The Midway Review

by Mark Ebner

The following transcript is a fairly accurate portrayal of Clint Penka's Senior Project Review proceedings. Void of outside opinions, the reader is hereby invited to draw his / her own conclusions regarding this incident. Those present at Mr. Penka's Midway Review were as follows: Adolfo Makas, Associate Professor of Film, Chairman of the Film Department; Tom Bremer, Assistant Professor of Film; Ray Foey, Visiting Assistant Professor of Film; Douglas Gray, Film Student, Liz Schwartz, Film Student Pola Chapelle, and a group of Geneve Alex.

In brief, allow me to excuse myself for any inaccuracies in the following transcript. My decision to attend the meeting as "press representative" was spontaneous, thus allowing me to supply myself with only pad and pen. If I had access to a tape recorder, the transcript would have been more accurate.

CLIENT: OK, I'm here. Shoot.

ADOLFO: Could this get out of control, we'll use our own rules.

CLIENT: How did you guys like my moderation paper?

ADOLFO (to MARK): Are you versed enough to take stenography, Mark? For my own protection, of course.

MARK: Of course.

RAT: Clint, don't you have a fear that your career is, in fact, already over?

CLIENT: Absolutely not.

TOM: I've heard people in many circles saying that you are washed up.

CLIENT: That probably was a conspiracy ... I have a film.

RAT: Do you have it with you?

CLIENT: Absolutely not. I never show my work until it is finished ... except with whom I'm working with. My Senior Project consists of two films: one written and paid for by (deleted). I'd say that I directed it with the technical help of Doug Gray. I was sole cinematographer.

RAT: What was (deleted) role?

CLIENT: S/he wrote script and designed the set ... S/he was the producer.

ADOLFO: Interpreted this at point to state that these conferences are "normally confidential", and that all names of outside colleagues were to remain "off the record". I gave certain licences to censorship of this article to the faculty members present.

ADOLFO: So, you have a script, and now you are interpreting the film according to the script?

CLIENT: Went on to divulge technical problems involved with the actual shooting: ie., costume mismatching and set problems.

CLIENT: I didn't feel that these problems were my responsibility. I directed it as best as I could. The creative process was the writing, shooting, and editing. Editing is a creative process as well as writing and shooting.

RAT: Sometimes moreso.

TOM: Can we see the film?

CLIENT: No. Not yet ... it will be an interesting film, with the strength in the editing ... The way I view my career is that I'm often going to be in positions where I have to shoot film that I didn't write. I went into this project as an experience where I took something written by someone else and directed it the way the writer sees it.

TOM: What does all this have to do with your Senior Project?

CLIENT: TV commercials.

TOM: Believe there is some possibility of inspiration within the commercial format. I have difficulty accepting this film (the aforementioned film) ... Even using general principles of the industry, if Clint doesn't have the final cut, I find it hard to accept.

CLIENT: I'm getting paid for my services. She has the final cut. I disagree with you if you think I'm going to be in the position where I'll have the final say.

ADOLFO: Let's talk about the second half of your project.

CLIENT: I'm shooting two to three broadcast quality commercials. One perfume, and one fashion.

RAT: Jeans. I'm sure.

CLIENT: In the third, I'll be using experimental film techniques in advertising.
RAY: I think the issue with what Clint wants to do with his life is separate.

ADOLFS: College is preparation for life ... Years back, when I met him, he was seventeen, I interviewed him. "If your film graduates don't go into film ... Say, they go into medicine or law, that's the way it should be." I'm sure you read that in one of the hard科幻 books. I'm not sure what I'm doing today, but I'm sure that many hard科幻 books are now working in film ... Clint has been exposed to a liberal arts environment, and that too is good.

Ray: Clint's project should fit into a liberal arts framework.

ADOLFS: If he can exist on his own after college, he wins.

RAY: I haven't seen any physical evidence. I don't know a thing about Clint Peck's films.

CLINT: I don't have a problem with one of my former students working in a different area. If there is something that is of interest, then I would be happy to help him.

Ray: That's my opinion, and I'm not sure whether or not he's working on the film's script.

CLINT: I have no intention of transcending commercialism. I have great respect for commercial filmmakers.

RAY: How?

CLINT: Rick Levine.

RAY: What is his signature?

RAY: How would you know one of Rick Levine's commercial films if you walked into a theater and saw it?

CLINT: Is that the objective of viewing commercials?

RAY: Not an exact answer, but I'm not aware of any other departmen...

CLINT: Beginning on the set, as in the Miller commercial, I worked on.

ADOLFS: You're getting very much into the "shit" Tom was speaking of. You cannot emphasize yourself in a commercial.

CLINT: I disagree with you.

LIZ: Clint, I think you're a really smart guy ...

CLINT: And good looking, too.

LIZ: But is that the best you can do? You don't meet the criteria of aesthetic value. You're following cliches. Clint, you should be in a commercial.

CLINT: Obviously I'm doing the best I can.

ADOLFS: Can you see this published? (Laughs) Can you see this happening in any other department?

CLINT: Lisa, I'm going to do the best job I can do.

LIZ: I'm not impressed with what you are doing. I think it sounds mediocre at best.

RAY: One might say "trite".

RAY: If we were to say that what you're doing is not up to Senior Project standards?

CLINT: I was hoping we wouldn't get into that.

ADOLFS: I'm willing to give people a lot of rope ...

RAY: I have a lot of faith in Clint. Clint will be judged on the quality and spirit involved in this very specialized form of filmmaking ...

RAY: If the board suggested that you abandon your project?

CLINT: To be honest, I'd do it anyway.

ADOLFS: Let's not be brutal, Tom.

RAY: I'd rather be brutal now than later.

CLINT: I came into this with ideas of what I wanted to do. I told someone that I was going down the wrong path in filmmaking" by certain ex-hard科幻 film professors. I still have the same goals that I've always had, and I've never been told not to do anything.

ADOLFS: We don't impose on what sort of films people should make.

RAY: What about perfume bottles?

ADOLFS: If it looks great on film, I like it.

CLINT: I don't think that the question "whether or not we should accept this as a Senior Project" should even be brought up. I pay $10,000 a year --

ADOLFS: You don't pay!

CLINT: SIRH ... I have a vision, and I know that I'm doing the best I can with what I know.

RAY: That's an apology before you start.

ADOLFS: I don't say that I'm an artist. If I was Brakhage, I'd say that I'm an artist ... A commercial is to sell a product.

RAY: I believe that if you're in the business of making commercials --

ADOLFS: -- Clint wants to go to Hollywood.

RAY: -- you must have a vision, and that must take priority. The way they judge commercials is by how many people see them, what they think of them, whether or not the product sells.

CLINT & ADOLFS: I disagree.

CLINT: When I make commercials, I want to make sure that I'm hired again to make another one. I'm not concerned with how they're rated.

ADOLFS: I make commercials for Hadassah for no fee. There were $5000 in expenses. The commercial made $6,000,000 in six weeks. I thought the work was lovely.

RAY: You're not a student.

CLINT: How does whether or not he's a student fit into what we're talking about?

RAY: It must fit in with the base of your membership.

CLINT: I look at it as a business. I'm concerned with making a profit, but success is a measure of success.

RAY: Money is not a measure of success. There are many rich men who are not successful.

CLINT: Then we have different views of what success is.

RAY: Are you saying that your primary concern and motivation is money?

CLINT: About half of it.

ADOLFS: More than that, Clint.

CLINT: I'm also concerned with the lifestyle, the social scene, sitting around poolside with George Lucas ...

ADOLFS: When you're there, remember us here.

CLINT: You're only interested in the money, and I can't buy that. (He tosses a beer bottle into the trash can with emphasis.)

ADOLFS: Let's not be picayune about money. I've been poor all my life. If I can reach that money, I'll grab it. Now, I'm living a very happy life, but like I said, if I can reach that money, I'll grab it. I don't want to die at Bard. I don't want to retire as Professor Emeritus at Bard. Nobody does. If I get the money, I leave Bard. I'd like to have houses at Beverly Hills, the Mediterranean, the Virgin Islands, and New England ...

CLINT: But you're happy now ...

ADOLFS: With the money, I'd be much happier.

RAY: We're being asked to comment on Clint's project ... With the evidence present, to comment on whether or not your work is realizable is impossible.

ADOLFS: The handbook says that the Senior Project should reflect work accomplished in four years of college.

CLINT: I work very well with you, Adolfs.

ADOLFS: Bulletin.
ANTI-SEMITISM AT BARAD

being serious that they were only having fun. One participant at the barmitzvah complained that it was his senior year and his last chance to have fun. "After college, there's no more fun." They argued that it was a private affair. Yet, the "Goldfarbs," apparently are the parents, as evidenced by the testimony above. They fear persecution. They express a sickly paranoia. When I called one of them a "dirty anti-semit," he came over to me in the Commons and expressed in a contorted face, in an almost choked-off growl that he was Jewish, that he was a "real Jew." That to call him an anti-semite was a terrible thing to say. Yet, his expression and his social cliques' paranoia express something deeper than just hedonism. The roots may lie in an unconscious self-hatred (for the Jews in the group) or in a general insensitivity and lack of consciousness. In any case, the "Goldfarbs" are anti-semites and this is the important thing.

Why is this event anti-semitic? It should be obvious that the mock barmitzvah was a distortion and a caricature of Jewish culture by another, or a stereotypical portrayal of Jews and Jewish culture by someone who has no claim to Judaism or the use of its symbols and its practices. In a society which confines white people to racist anti-Semitic undertones and practices, holding this event in public lends support to those who believe in stereotypes of Jews. It gives legitimacy to the stereotypes of Jews. Objectively, the event lends itself to anti-semitism and serves to objectify and manipulate Jews and their religion. The event was political (and thus more than a mere adolescent prank, or joke, or upper class social ritual) since it was public; it was held in Adolph's and advertised. As the witness above argues:

"This wasn't an adolescent prank. Pranks are generally carried out in the dead of night—this was done in public. People were invited to it. It was advertised as an event at which one could get drunk and it wasn't particularly funny. It doesn't qualify as a prank at all; it was a very vicious and vernal satire."

The public character of this event was also noted:

"On every other table in the dining commons there was a xeroxed invitation "Please Come To Bar Mitzvah of Goldfarb's Barmitzvah," there were graffitied announcements for this barmitzvah in several bathrooms... including one in a stall. It was very public. In fact, they hanged on glasses during a meal to get some semblance of silence announced. It once yelled in the Commons during dinner. It's hard to get more public than that."

The mock barmitzvah was given exposure to the local population. It legitimized the stereotypes of Jews. This has even more significance in light of increased anti-semitic activity in the Hudson Valley region. Thus, this very public event legitimizes whatever stereotypes may already be in the minds of the local population which frequents Adolph's.

Was this event a mere matter of taste, a social preference, an opinion? Jean-Paul Sartre reminds us:

"The word opinion makes us stop and think. It is the word a hostess uses to bring to an end to a discussion that threatens to become acrimonious. It suggests that all points of view are equal; it requires us, for it gives an inconclusive appearance to ideas by reducing them to the level of tastes. All tastes are natural; all opinions are permitted. Tastes, colors and opinions are not open to discussion. In the name of democratic institutions, in the name of freedom the anti-semits asserts the right to preach his anti-Jewish crusade everywhere."

In his book, "Anti-Semitism and Jew," Sartre explained a key point: that at issue in discussing the nature of anti-Semitism is how one views culture. How authentic or honest one is coming to terms with their identity. Thus, the major defense of the "Goldfarbs" cannot be that they are Jews. This point bears some theorizing:

"Authenticity, it is almost needless to say, consists in having a true and lucid consciousness of the situation, in assuming the responsibilities and risks that it involves, in accepting it in pride or in humiliation, sometimes in horror or hate... And the Jew does not escape this rule: authenticity for him is to live to the full his condition as Jew; inauthenticity is to deny it or to attempt to escape from it. Inauthenticity is no doubt more dangerous for him than other men, because the situation which he has to lay claim to and live in is simply that of a minority... What makes this inauthentic Jews is that they deal with their situation by running away from it; they have chosen to deny it, or to deny themselves, their responsibil-

ities, or to deny their isolation which appears intolerable to them. That does not necessarily mean that they wish to destroy the concept of the Jew or that they explicitly deny the existence of a Jewish reality. But their gestures seem aimed at destroying this reality."

Jean-Paul Sartre

Thus, for the assimilated Jew, the mock barmitzvah represents a false collective, a false way of coming to terms with his identity. The assimilated Jew by his assimilation seeks a community, the community of non-Jews. No one denies him this right. But the inauthentic Jew can easily find himself opposing all Jews, by trying to isolate the community of Jews, he seeks solidarity with non-Jews. This is the hidden spirit of the Goldfarbs' inter-religious unity, the hidden meaning behind their advertised conversion, "The Goldfarbs Go Protestant. Yes, It's Incredibly! That wonderful prayer, the Abrahamic Family has Converted! We have even taken on new names..."

Sartre tells us:

"Thus, the anti-semitism and the masochism of the inauthentic Jew represent in a sense the two extremes of his possible behavior: in his anti-Semitism he denies his race in order to be no more than a pure individual, a man without blemish in the midst of other men; in masochism he repudiates his liberty as a man in order to escape the sin of being a Jew and in order to seek the repose and passivity of a thing."

I have nothing against assimilated Jews. I do have something against Jews who, once they use their former ties to Judaism as a weapon against a religion, culture, and people who still exist and practice what for them represents an important part of themselves and their identity.

Was the mock barmitzvah funny? Humor is never innocuous, at least can be vicious and despicable. Irving Howe in World of Our Fathers discusses the evolution of Jewish humor in America, in the fifties and sixties. Here, he argues that "the humor of the Jewish entertainers moved, through the passage of generations, toward a raspy aggressiveness, an estranged declaration of a despised Jewishness. Does the world regard us as vulgar? Very well, we will play a belly-full of vulgarity."

Describing how comedians who ranted against corruption, a lacertous nihilist at once brilliant and debased, he says: ""I am a prophet corrupted who ranted against corruption, a rabid nihilist who cared little for respectability."

A member of a mock barmitzvah, the humor of Lenny Bruce:

"Having stored up a belly-full of Jewish humiliation, Bruce cast it back onto his audiences. The laughter he won was a nervous laughter, tingling with masochism; it was like the laughter of convicts caught in a scheme to escape. Humor of this kind bears a heavy weight of destruction in Jewish hands; more likely self-destruction, for it proceeds from a brilliance that corrodes the world faster than, even in imagination, it can operate.

Thus, while Howe may not have an entirely accurate portrayal of Bruce, he does speak to the corruption inherent in a "corrupt aesthetic" and an assimilated portrayal of Jews is corruption of an inauthentic Jew.

There is a historical meaning to this corruption. An article and the way one views culture, how authentic or honest one is coming to terms with their identity. Thus, the major defense of the "Goldfarbs" cannot be that they are Jews. This point bears some theorizing:

"Brian James of the Dameda is probably representative of punks when he says he is the stuff..."
While Daniels tries to balitiate in many ways the use of Nazi symbols, he states that he knows "no punk rock band in Britain that equates wearing a swastika on a shirt with a commitment to the ideology of National Socialism," he fails to recognize the crucial point. It is because these symbols mean nothing to those who associate with them than the real danger lies. It is unsensible anti-semitism, the anti-semitism that passes as humor, as opinion, a question of style that is the real and current danger. Bard's anti-semitism speaks to the dangers of fascism because of the dangers of permissiveness and appeasement.

KETCH, KETCH, KETCH

He mentions that he called a Goldfarb a "dirty anti-semit." He seems to get a great deal of pleasure from the person's face, which was contorted with rage. "We would love to see Mr. Feldman's face after he was just called a dirty anti-semit." COMMENT MADE!

Apparently Mr. Feldman also believes that some Jews are too assimilated into American culture. We ask Mr. Feldman where he gets the authority to judge who is too assimilated and who is not, and at what point assimilation is good or bad. We can only notice that he does not address himself to this topic.

Finally, we object to anyone calling Ezra Shein's Bar Miztvah "political." It was held strictly in the spirit of "public fun." This event offended the Bard community in much the same way Lenny Bruce offended society. Bruce, by satirizing ethnic and racial stereotypes, allowed people to discuss openly that which was formerly suppressed. Thus, an ethnic atmosphere for discussion was created.

We thank ourselves and Mr. Feldman for the lecture given at Bard on Anti-semitism. We feel we have been instrumental in bringing about open discussion of this problem. We believed that we could affect the Bard community through the use of humor, and it seems we have succeeded. A blessing on all our heads!

Hazel Tovin
The Goldfarbs

BRUCE "QUITS" VENDA

and which the residents of Seymour pointed out so similarly that a letter that seems exempt at compromise either, especially as it was completely unexpected and unprecedented; Peter made no move to conciliate himself with the people whom he sent the letter either before he made the threats contained therein or after. It would appear that Peter had no conception of what the normal student is like, and when certain people in Seymour did not meet that, he fired the first shot of the war.

This is a just a well-known example that has two sides to it. There are other examples, such as the harassment by Peter Gaines of quite a few students (including myself) concerning residential conditions that seem to bother no one but him. Such as the student that walked up to Leon and told him that if he ever set foot in his neighborhood that he'd be dead. Such as another student's plan to "commune" the Commons by putting Superglue in the looks of the faculty dining room late one night, thus forcing them to join the boil polliing in the dining room for their meals for the week. Such as the obvious attempts by those in charge to "humanize" the student body by making the incares of the past two years, for the most part pleasant. What type of life could be be more comfort at Swarthmore or Vassar but couldn't get in. The list goes on. (Unfortunately, most of the issues I raised deserve more attention than sparse mentions. Just take my word for them.)

Okay, how we seen the symptoms. How about the disease? The disease is caused, of course, by a variety of things: chief among these is paranoia. It is easy to lose track as the resident genius of Seymour did, that Ludlow doesn't want them to have any good times if they are afraid of the power wielded there and are convinced that that power is bent toward squelching them. Ludlow, similarly, is worried about the money problem and feels that enrollment will drop if the school earns a reputation for lack of order. Students who are hauled by Ludlow flogging themselves in thinking that he can do nothing else to do. Papadimitrion is deceiving himself if he thinks that prospective students really care how strict The school is. In any case, both sides are convinced that the other is out to get them, and is spending all sleepless nights thinking how to make the other uncomfortable.

Paranoia, of course, is a broad label, and covers other relevant topics: lack of communication distrust, and, in this case, differences of ages. All of these are causes of the "us vs. them" syndrome at Bard. As well, there is the almost confusing factor of money: students spend so much of it here that they have often unrealistic expectations of how it is to be spent and consequently think the Administration is screwing them when these expectations are not met. Many of these ideas are valid; however, very few people appreciate how little $10,000 really is in the league of figures that are usually dJt with here. The Administration wastes a lot of money, true; this is because they cannot cope with inflation and other forces beyond our control (including the incompetence or crookedness of some of the people they hire to handle the money here).

I've gotten off the track again. What I mean to say is this: it doesn't have to be this way. A visit to Ludlow at the summons of someone there should not be regarded with dread or evil glee; a visit of an Administration figure to the students at home should not be looked upon as a chance to give them a hall. I'm just really tired of the conflict that goes on endlessly here: it causes much more grief than co-operation would. To end this piece with the statement that you, the humble reader, is both the sufferer of, and solution to this warfare is not my style; it is, however, the only way I can think of to get this message across. Think about it.

A SENIOR PROJECT IN FILM: THE MIDWAY REVIEW

CLIENT: You can say bullshit -- (Continued from page 13)

ADOLPAS: OK, I won't say it.

RAY: Clint, I don't think you should defend yourself as much as you are. You should welcome discussion and disagreement. Pragmatically, we are asked to discuss these things, and you shouldn't feel put upon.

Further "off the record" discussion of a certain ex-Bard film professor's derogatory remarks about Clint and his work ensued.

CLIENT: I do. Neither of you (Tom and Ray) were at my moderation. In fact, I've been here. I've been told that I'm not personal enough and that I will fail in the film world. That, to me, is being put upon.

ADOLPAS: "Vision" is too narrow a definition of film. If it holds our attention it is good.

Here, Tom made some off the record comments about Clint's character (or did he say caricature)

CLIENT: I have a place I want to be. I've never been dissatisfied with my work.

TOM: What is it that you're trying to get to? There are hundreds of commercial filmmakers who have this dream and will never reach it.

TOM: What is it that you're trying to get to? There are hundreds of commercial filmmakers who have this dream and will never reach it. Off the record opinions were polled with Ray expressing a negative opinion of Clint's work and saying that it was invalid as Senior Project material. He said that he would fill out a "minority report" and submit it to Adolphas. In hearing Ray's opinion, Clint replied, "Ray, the point is, you won't be on my board, so why don't you read a book?"

TOM: If Clint succeeds in making even one commercial that I like, I'll give him an "A". If he exceeds my widest expectations, I'll give him an "A+".

The meeting was adjourned at this point.