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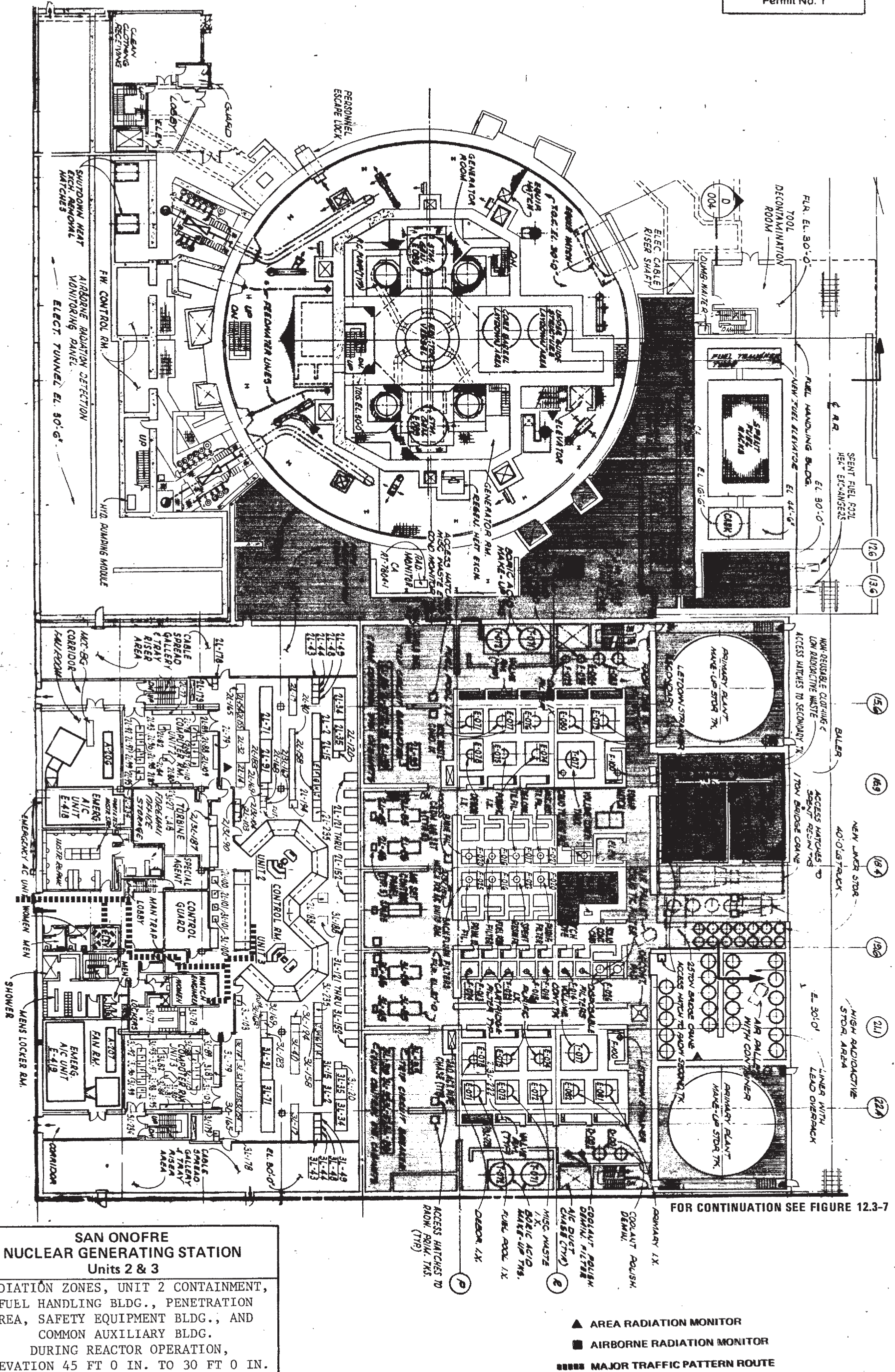
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OBSERVER

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"I
The song
I walk here"

— a Native American

Jaime Delman

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 band shell 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 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 clothes, 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 through Harlem the 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.

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SAGA SAGA

Jon Soroko

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 meetings. What was the goad? Food. The quality of the SAGA food service was being discussed, and everyone and his neighbor was there to help voice complaint. The student voice was never before so thoroughly in accord. Everyone agreed: the food sucked. There was no opposition. That the manager was 'relocated,' that SAGA officials were grimacing 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 comparably a very light-weight issue. I'm sure I will lead an embarrassingly small throng when I speak for the contented, but in 3 1/2 years at Bard (2 of them avidly veg.) I've always thought the food was O.K. Problems like breakage, wastage, "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 subjectiveist'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. On 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 money 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 nameless 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 origin 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 and associate with my people and supporters again can only happen through collective efforts of support from people, both domestic and abroad.

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

Apparently, Mr. Dellum'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 chairmen 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 from any law library. It is important that you have our supporter use direct quotes in these letters to the Judiciary Committee chairman.

(2) The use of threats and coercing against witnesses to testify against me during the FBI's investigation of the deaths of the two agents. This is a constitutional violation ruled on by the Supreme Court.

(3) The denial to put up a defense at my farce of a trial in Fargo, North Dakota by Judge Paul Benson. He denied 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 that letter to the others, 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.

As 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 in 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 Priuitera
Suite 201
1302 18th St. NW
Washington, DC 20036
(202) 234 - 7235
Home (202) 466 - 5470

Here are the names of the chairmen of the House of Judiciary Committee and Congressman Dellums.

Rep. Donald Edwards
Rm. A407 House Office Building Annex 1
Washington, DC 20515

Rep. Peter W. Rodino Jr.
2137 Rayburn
House Office Bldg.
Washington, DC 20515

Ronald V. Dellums

2464 Rayburn Building

Washington, DC 20515

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 Soto, 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 to win support for our cause and there are millions out there unsatisfied with the whole 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 educate 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 ourselves out front.

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.

KKK-'80

Jamie Delman

David Duke, young media figure for the Ku Klux Klan has a new brainstorm: "The National Association for the Advancement of White People." Duke and his Klan organization in 1980 might strike an outrageous note in the "liberal" mind, but in a country whose legal system just acquitted six Klan/Nazis on five counts of murder in Greensboro, the idea is not inconceivable. The Klan is 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 "Gas the Chicago 7" on one arm 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 terms like "reverse discrimination" and organize people behind white supremacist ideology.

Behind Duke and his media campaigns are the armed guerilla type Klansmen we are possibly more familiar with. The killings in Greensboro 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 them added momentum. A coalition of 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-Semitism" 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.

Benign 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 in mind two issues of great relevance which may not have been dealt with fully, but are crucial to gaining the most out of this incident.

First, anti-semitism is a very small part of the total manifestation of the terrors 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 spreading nuclear waste, pollution, defoliation of the world, the obliteration of more than one hundred species of animals each year, not to mention the world rise of crime, violence, and growing attitudes of hostility and intolerance between individuals. This is in no way meant to lessen the terror of anti-semitism, but merely to show the enormity of the monster of which anti-semitism is only one tooth. 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 values 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 exactly what allows the establishment and all of its horrors to exist. This is a lack of understanding of the importance of the threats in our world as well as 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. This is because every action implies reaction and this 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 was upset by their actions, yet he did not analyze why the anti-semitism exists or 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

Jonathan Feldman

Recently events indicate a pattern of what originally passed as individual incidents: anti-semitism at Bard. From Paul Spencer's characterization of Randall Batterman's deluded article on Professor Elliot Skinner in the Bard Times as "Jewish paranoia," to the occasional flurries of Nazi graffiti, anti-semitism at Bard comes and goes without much fuss. But a recent "mock Bar-Mitzvah" at Adolph's, the local bar, aggravated an already misunderstood problem. This event is generally regarded as an innocuous 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 "barmitzvah," of an Ezra Shem Goldfarb at Adolph's, at 9 P.M. the following day, on various tables in the Commons before dinner, and I think also at lunch, there were Xeroxed invitations to said barmitzvah. Obviously, there was not an actual barmitzvah, which is the first thing I deduced from the available material. And it further turned out that a group of people were having a barmitzvah-theme party. I was a little perturbed by this. It seemed somewhat anti-Jewish. So I and a couple of friends went down to Adolph'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 yamulka's; 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 rather crass jokes, which I don't recall specifically; the singing of songs from "Fiddler on the Roof." All of this is presented as a mockery of what a barmitzvah 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, drug-users by reputation, if not in fact... people who live a very affluent life style. The whole thing was pretty disgusting. I found out afterwards -- since I had been sitting across the large hall at Adolph'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 they 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 advertised "conversion" found in a xeroxed announcement that "The Goldfarbs Go Protestant! Yes It's incredible!!! That wonderful predominately Jewish Family has Converted! We have even taken on new names..." I told them that their behavior was anti-semitic and that I didn't appreciate their behavior. I expressed my anger. They felt that I was paranoid and argued that they were Jewish, that they were not

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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 Bard community, a simple button was turned into a symbol for cliques, elitism, and sexual promiscuity. Are we so insecure about 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 Adolph'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 Adolph's rather than a Bar Mitzvah. Perhaps these same people should be reminded that the word "nigger" 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 must point out that the Bar Mitzvah was intended to satirize this stereotype. We did not 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 with a "rubber nose," not three. This person was not a Goldfarb, and his "enormous rubber nose" also sported bushy eyebrows and black glasses. Perhaps this person never 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 Fiddler 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 sickly paranoias. If this were true, we would never have held the Bar Mitzvah in a public place and opened ourselves to public opinion. Furthermore, we wouldn't have handed out invitations to the Goldfarbs' Protestant party, to which, strangely enough, no one took offense. Perhaps Mr. Feldman and his witnesses are unaware of the French Huguenots of the sixteenth century: Protestants who were systematically massacred by the Catholic royalty of France.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Editors of the Bard Observer,

Finally I receive something of importance from Bard College. The Special Edition of the Bard Observer (Nov. 10) is the first readable publication that I've seen. It is readable because it has a reason for being. Unlike newspapers which are designed to replace a real sense of community by a reading of other peoples' business, the Special Edition does justice to those who are asked to take their time to read it and to language in its 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 shouts 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 story of the American Indians' struggle for identity and survival? If you do, how would you do it and not destroy the greater drama of the issue, simply told. Not by graphics that picture a living American Indian as a white-man's sentimentalized figure of pre-Custer days, dressed in deerskins, with feathers, grim expression, superimposed on an American flag! How about a photograph of Leonard Peltier?

Sincerely,
Dawn Felicioni

□□□□

Ms. Felicioni,

Thank you very much for your enthusiastic response to the special issue. It is good to get some response from the Bard community (and that includes professors as well as students). We are trying to use the Observer for two goals especially: to incite greater 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 each issue comes out you would know that issues of reality are not "cool" at Bard (much less in the outside world), and so we have to "sell" our information, and sell it better at that. The reason that we used a "white-man's sentimentalized figure of pre-Custer days" is basically because we didn't have a picture of Leonard Peltier, although there was a sketch of him printed in the issue.

Again, thank you for your support and enthusiasm.

□□□□

Dear Observer,

I would like to comment on the letter which "Several Friends in Seymour" found fit to send to Mr. Sears (Oct. 29).

First, I do not know Mr. Sears, but from the appearance of his letter (and being a neighbor of these several friends) he seems to be a fairly reasonable man. Therefore, I would like to show that their reply was erroneous on several points, mainly on the conditions of the dorm and such... If these friends are returning students I assume that they chose to live in Seymour, and were aware of the living conditions -- therefore I don't think they should complain so bitterly about cracking paint and such. The fact that they don't have screens is only due to their not asking our janitor, Mr. X, for B & G to install them; for that is what I 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 you the infestation of bugs is minimal -- and probably wholly due to these students' filthy rooms. I am not trying to say everything is rosy, but rather than 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 stereos 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 so 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 evident. If for some reason it cannot be published, I would appreciate it if you could return it to box ***. Again, thank you.

Unsigned

□□□□

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 music (and the heat regulators) in Seymour. It is obvious that the "Friends" found it difficult to respond in a mature manner to a basically 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 Ritz, 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 door of Seymour. These walls were recently painted (for Parents' Day) and the night of the day they were painted the cryptic messages reappeared with renewed vigor! I am sure, of course, you had nothing to do with it. I might also add at this point that the showers do have not water, and two curtains on each stall. As to the mold, I have never seen any.

And why you felt it was necessary to bring up Mr. X, as you referred to him, is also a question to which I would be interested in knowing the answer. Maybe, as you state, it takes him "fifteen minutes" to vacuum the 45-square-feet of the rug in each hall because of the filth -- not to mention shaving cream. Incidentally, it does not take him that long in Hopson. In reference to his six-and-a-half hour day -- he not only cleans Seymour and Hopson, but also Fairbairn and Rev. Shafer's office behind Hopson. Is that not equivalent to the amount of work the other custodians do?

Anyway, not to be repetitive, what has this to do with the loudness of your music? The volume of the vacuum cleaner is certainly lower than your stereos upon occasion. Further, as to the time of morning he vacuums, I would rather be awakened "between the hours of eight and eleven" than at three o'clock a.m. so you can "appreciate the subtleties in any music." This is not to say I prefer the sound of the vacuum cleaner to your music -- "you can draw your own conclusions."

Now to those of you who will probably try to interpret this response and support of the administration's doings in general, you could not be farther from the truth! I in no way agree with quite a bit of what comes out of Ludlow. However, how can we expect any cooperation from them when they receive responses such as yours?!

A Resident of Hopson

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 Bard is admitting greater numbers of affluent 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 9.15% to 12.5% in the last five years. The actual amount of money that Bard commits and raises every year for financial aid has risen from \$369,994 in 1975 to \$397,244 in 1980. The commitment 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 33% in 1975 to 51% in 1980.

Bard has assumed a substantially larger share of the costs of the HEOP program as 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, has been 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. What Mr. Hisey is referring to with respect to the Board meeting is in my report which explains that the HEOP committee and the COV (Committee on Vacancies) were in the process of trying to work 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 exoneration or a clean bill of health. On the other hand, the sense of battle, struggle and suspicion is perhaps inappropriate. I think Mr. Hisey noticed from 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 I or any other member of the administration is at fault because of faulty communications, that clearly should be criticized. If we err and fail in what we do, that likewise deserves criticism. But in the process of working day to day, month to month and year to year I would hope that cooperation and communication can triumph over mere posturing, accusation and the spirit of military combat which Mr. Hisey invokes. The smallness of the College always makes direct contact and conversation possible.

Finally, I would like to comment on Mr. Hisey's perception of the relationship between the administration and the Board of Trustees. My role is not to pacify or to be optimistic. Bard's relative success and good health are the result of the cooperative work of individuals, including the Board, who together have been able to be realistic and frank about the problems that exist and how to solve them. Much more progress needs to be made.

I appreciate the courtesy of the editors in publishing my earlier reply to an article in the Observer. I respectfully request the same for this response which is perhaps more central to the interests of the student body. I invite Mr. Hisey and any and all students to come to my office, either for the quite regular afternoon sessions scheduled on the calendar, or at any other time, or to visit with any other administrator for any further information or clarification.

Cordially,
Leon Botstein
President

Dear Editors,

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

Those 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 content of any Bard publication. The Planning Committee does not have the right, the desire or the ability under the student constitution to do so.

With that said, allow us to present our side of the specific incident referred to earlier on. In the beginning of the year, concern was voiced to the Planning Committee from various students concerning the use of outside work in student funded publications. The issue seemed to be that if the students were paying for a publication, it was that publication's duty to respond first to the work produced by the students. The morality of this position will not be discussed here. It was suggested to the Planning Committee that publications printing outside work not be funded out of the convocation, or that a limit be set on the amount of outside work that a student funded publication be allowed to print.

Previous to this time, the Planning Committee had been unaware that such a position existed. Since the implications of the idea presented were so far reaching, it was decided that it be found out if this issue was, in fact, an issue, or only the complaints of a minority. That was the purpose of the poll of the student body. At no time was it said that any action was going to be taken on the results of the poll. Indeed, any such action would have to come in the form of an amendment to the constitution, and would have to be initiated by the student forum. The poll was merely to find out if the issue was even worth discussing.

The poll, however, was mismanaged, and its results could not be counted as valid, which was rightly expressed at the forum meeting that followed it. After that time, no further mention was made of the issue until articles in this newspaper appeared. The Planning Committee has made no attempt to interfere with or even discuss the content of any publications. Nor do they intend to do so in the future. Those crying censorship are reacting to a situation that in fact does not exist. The Planning Committee was only trying to ascertain the actual opinion of the student body on an issue that we thought was too large to be under our jurisdiction. We were trying, in deferring to them to get 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.

Respectfully yours,

Nayland Blake
Chairperson,
Planning Committee

THE BARD OBSERVER

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EL SALVADOR

ANOTHER VIETNAM?

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



SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM

I hereby register to defend
with my life the profits of
Exxon, Mobil, Gulf, and any
other multinationals designated
by my elected officials.

SIGN HERE

The possibility of a new draft in the United States is directly 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 following article is the first of a series which will examine possible places of U.S. military intervention.

The 5 million people of El Salvador are some of the poorest in all Latin America. Only 16% of the employable work force works all year round. One out of four children dies before reaching five years of age. Two percent of the population owns 60% of all arable land. The majority of the population receives only 1900 of the 3500 calories necessary to sustain health. The average life span is therefore only 46 years.

Thus it should not be difficult to understand why a people would want to change their lives radically. And they have organized to do just that. In El Salvador, the Democratic Revolutionary Front, which comprises over 150 organizations incorporating all sectors of society at all levels of income and education, was recently formed. Their total membership adds up to nearly one million people; and if one includes entire families in these counts, it becomes clear that it is not a small group of "leftist extremists" as we have been led to believe, but instead the great majority of the Salvadorean population.

On the other side, the ruling junta in El Salvador, installed by the October 15, 1979 coup and progressing widespread reforms, has embarked on a campaign of terror and violence virtually unprecedented in the history of El Salvador, with the support of the United States. The U.S. Armed Forces, with massive military aid, equipment, and over one hundred instructors, have been outfitting the Salvadorean Armed Forces and training them in "modern counter-insurgency techniques." They have set up three strategically located centers for this, as well as four helicopter bases and a naval base on an island in the Gulf of Fonseca.

Massacre is a daily occurrence, accompanied by the physical leveling and destruction of villages and towns with aerial bombing (including napalm), artillery and armored vehicles. The Red Cross has reported bombing and strafing with helicopter gunships.

Since the first of this year over 5,000 Salvadoreans have been murdered with this U.S.-supplied equipment. And right now Congress is preparing to send another \$5 million in Foreign Military Sales credits and \$498,000 in International Military Education and Training credits for fiscal year 1981. Helicopters, jeeps, patrol boats, trucks, planes, engines, and radios will be sent to the Salvadorean military.

In a letter to President Carter dated February 17, 1980, Archbishop Oscar Romero, nominee for the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize, had this to say:

It disturbs me greatly that the U.S. government is... sending military equipment and advisors to 'train three Salvadorean battalions in logistics, communications and intelligence.' In the event that this news is accurate your government, instead of favoring greater peace and justice in El Salvador, will undoubtedly aggravate the repression and injustice against the organized people who have been struggling for their fundamental human rights.

Now the Archbishop heard was accurate, and soon he was slain for his outspoken oppo-

sition to the growing repression. On March 25, just two days after his death, the U.S. House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations approved the \$5.7 million in military assistance by a 6-3 vote.

WHAT ABOUT FURTHER INTERVENTION?

Outright U.S. invasion of El Salvador in response to a broad popular insurrection may be too risky a maneuver for the United States at this time. Instead, it is heavily equipping and training the armies of the right-wing governments of Guatemala and Honduras to carry out such an invasion in its place. Honduran troops have already crossed the border and engaged in skirmishes with the popular forces; they also assisted in the massacre of 600 fleeing Salvadorean refugees by the Salvadorean National Guard when they refused to let the refugees cross into Honduras. Ex-Somoza troops from Nicaragua, Venezuelans, and Puerto Ricans are currently being trained as well. Furthermore, the U.S. has set up a Caribbean Rapid Deployment Task Force in Key West, Florida. WHY?

These are ongoing practices the United States government has used to defend the interests of U.S. corporations abroad. After having toppled popular governments in Guatemala for United Fruit, in Chile for Kennecott and Anaconda Copper, after having militarily invaded Cuba in 1961 and the Dominican Republic in 1965, while it continues to use the Puerto Rican island of Vieques for bombing practice, there is no reason to believe that the U.S. will sit back passively and allow a popular victory in El Salvador after its chagrin at being "taken by surprise" by the triumph of the people in Nicaragua. National Security Chief Zbigniew Brzezinski admitted that "the United States will never permit a new Nicaragua, even if it must take the most reprehensible measures to prevent it." He later added: "If all else fails, we'll send in the Marines."

Latin America is good business for U.S. corporations, who have approximately \$40 billion dollars invested there and will continue their profit-making operations as long as cheap labor and natural resources are easily available. They would prefer to pay someone \$3 a day to do the work for which U.S. workers would receive \$40. Now, however, the people of Latin America are organizing to use their resources for their own collective benefit.

Today, this is the task that the Salvadorean people are undertaking. They want to determine their own future as they see fit. Their struggle has been a long one, faced with repression at every turn. After years of protest, petition and nonviolent occupations, the people have exhausted their peaceful means of resistance. Today the Salvadorean people, united under the broad Democratic Revolutionary Front, are defending themselves against the U.S. supported junta, its U.S.-trained armed forces, and its paramilitary death squads.

Dr. Alvarez Cordova, former Minister of Agriculture and currently President of the Democratic Revolutionary Front, recently said: "The junta is being sustained exclusively by the United States. U.S. intervention is a fact and it must stop. Peace can only exist in Central America if El Salvador is allowed to determine its own destiny."

We in the United States have a choice to make. Knowing all of the above, we either remain silent and allow the U.S. government to intervene further into the lives of the people of another nation, turning Central America into a new war zone. Or we can act, and act now, to prevent this from happening. The possibility of a new draft in the United States is directly 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.

Reprinted from U.S. Friends of the Salvadorean Revolution, P.O. Box 40874, San Francisco CA 94140. A national U.S. Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador has recently been formed and can be contacted for further information at 1451 Swann St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20009.

23 YEARS

Our faithful dogs stayed with us, as
bones of flesh
We raise our rice, potatoes on the hills
We look to see our roots, our soil.
Black lumps grow on some of us
Grow like rotten plants on our bodies
Festering sores that never healed.

Greed still breeds in our City,
Suspicion had fear
Commercial tourism now mocks
our forgiveness
We are despised, scorned, betrayed
We feel that certain callousness, that
absorbs the condition of man, that
corrodes and offends the souls
of the children born.
The winds of bitterness and distrust
steadily blow upon our shores
We are deeply hurt and sad, that
Worldliness has swallowed up earthiness,
That unknowing and unfeeling unfeeling thrusts
its growth as weeds
Spreading as vines, their tentacles
Choking the human seeds of harvest.

No longer are the stains of charred flesh
Black mounds of ash in our dreams
We hear now of the sufferings of others,
Our brothers and sisters, and our fathers
and mothers, the children of other lands
Victims of that appalling blindness that
roots itself in worldly minds:
I was hungry - and you poisoned my rice fields
I was thirsty - and you polluted
my wells with chemicals
A stranger, and you bombed my home
Naked, and you clothed me with Napalm
Sick and in prison, and you bound and
Put into bondage my loved ones.

II

From the crucible of agony
We returned in half-burnt flesh
They put us out of our Cities
Hiroshima and Nagasaki
When our fingers were rotten
Our limbs like bone-sticks
Our memories in ashes.

Daily, under the tree of Heaven,
We gathered in peace and thankfulness
For our life in the open, among the vines
For the grain's growth
For one another
We had our songs, sipping rice-wine
at sunset through straws
We had our life under the red-sun in
gladness and health
Stretching out the ground to live.
Because in them were sown the seeds
of righteousness
Because they are the witnesses of life.

And, in all their suffering, the sun of
forgiveness radiates from their faces.

All parts away, falls into the dust, and
Little corners and niches of the past
For the progress of such radiant
Souls, along the eternal roads of the Universe.
We, the Hibakusha, went out from our villages
Only to love, near and far
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 labourers of love with a living
passionate concern,

A power of compulsion to love all
To bring to humanity the hope of life
A chorus of voices few had ears to hear
To know our fate, because of hate
Because of the sick violence and
loose tongue of the lie
Because of the disease of the races, and the
lust among the masses
Because of the blindness of fear and the
ignorance of the living creation of things.
Because of the lack of communication
Because of the absence of love.

III

The Spirit in them loves us, and requires us
to love one another.
A center of peace is found in their
plentiful love

The acceptance of the skin
A oneness of flesh
Those exposed to "the ashes of death"
Evicted from their lands, from their
ancestral grounds
Scoffed and discriminated against, because
of their radiation effects -
they are called genetic risks
Endowed with a compassion, a smile beyond
Beyond human logic and knowledge
Beyond self-interest
Beyond prejudice
Beyond pride
Beyond ideologies, governments, religions
Beyond all nations and kindreds and peoples.

No one wastes their witness
They are rejected

Division exists only where understanding is void.

A pain is reflected in their expressions
When they behold the darkness of inhumanity
The swamp 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 Napalm
Within their souls humanity cries in anguish!
Through their minds sear the flames and
wounds of inhumanity
They're suffering now because they really
love and care
Because they feel and know the pain.

Election '80: A Cocktail Cynic's View

A nation trembled and cried out. The blankets of
ideology,
no longer comfortable, were strewn upon the floor -
tossed away by the restless motions of a
nightmare that recounted past sins and
present misgivings. Heightened by a sharp bellowing
of air surging through an open window, the cries
continued.

The filial functionary - predictable,
punctual, and smoothly comforting - appeared.
A smile of beneficence accompanied the closing
of the window. His assurances, anesthetizing
the emotional storm, secured added effect
from the measured cadence of his quiet voice.
The familiar book, bulging with fanciful
myths, was retrieved and the recitation
of its contents commenced.

A nation, again,
was comfortable. And slumbered.

Michael Long

COMMENTARY

KNOWLEDGE

Jamie Delman

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 alot 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 those resulting from ignorance, and a refusal to recognize that ignorance. For example, when someone says that sexism is no longer a problem, 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 perspective, (of which they are learned, "Marxism 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 in peoples 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 impress these people, so you're not going to make a fool of yourself). But the problem comes from another place. That is the yearning for easy answers. (And as Carter said, "There are no easy answers.") This is understandable, as young people we are exposed to many things to which we want immediate answers. My first replys 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 expanse 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 if you want to be really cool, don't tell your teachers of all the "extra" reading you've done. The point isn't to prove to TEACHER how smart you are, the point is to be educated. 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 intact. If you don't, I'm not sure what the remedy is. Don't insist that you have too many papers to write or too much to type. You used to have the key to knowledge. Every 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 (credits=knowledge) Just because you've had two courses in four divisions doesn't make you wellrounded. 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 subjects did not merit serious treatment. It was occasional, of course, that someone actually took me seriously; one of my favorite targets, Mr. Feldman, wrote an actual rebuttal to my put-down of 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 such 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 not known. Many of you may find one or all of these attitudes inapplicable to this microcosm we exist in now; however, the "us vs. them" attitude is applied frequently, most often in conjunction to student-administration hassles. For those of you who don't know what this mind-set as presented at Bard looks like, it goes something like this:

A. 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 must 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 their reply to Peter without even giving him a look at it first.

b. 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

cont. on page 15

Lustful Degredation 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 gaily titled "Lustful Degredation." 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 (you're out of touch with your environment), B. Skipped over "Lustful Degredation," or C. Read LD but don't remember it all that well, I'll give you a brief summary. It is, basically, a slice-of-life sketch of how a young and emphatically male Bard student passes a typical Thursday night. He gets drunk, goes to Adolph's, gets drunker, 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 awash in a sea of self-reproach. The theme of the story (as nearly as I could tell, and if I'm reading this wrong it's the fault of the anonymous author for not making his point in clearer terms, but this is social, not literary criticism, so I won't digress) the theme of the whole piece is a conclusion of a night wasted in meaningless and ultimately unsatisfying 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 LD is anything but a healthy one. The protagonist encounters a girl he describes as "one of those light weights" and a "typical Bard fungirl" (!!!). 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 propitiating his ego by making reference to a "near-brawl the Boomer and I had been in in Newark the month before." From there they talk about - "the evils of society" (!?!!) and baseball and rock groups. She asks him to head back to campus, and, as the protagonist says, "I couldn't refuse."

Very well, you say, that's a pretty positive thing, downright liberated, letting 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 man reacts to the woman with open disgust. He blames her for his own degradation.

Now, understand, practically any person, being human and hence horny, will attempt to win potential sex partners by, in essence, giving them what they want. This is the surest way to get laid (try it if you don't believe me) 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 sex into a vicious 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 their own affairs. It's assumed that 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 feeling degraded it's your fault, not your partner/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 "frigid" and "whore" while still trying to get some honest sexual gratification, without being confronted with a loathsome tactic that should have gone the way of corsets and hoop skirts and other vile encumbrances of the bad old days. Judging by LD, however, it's made a comeback, on the strength of the idea that reversing the roles makes an immature and vicious' attitude acceptable. It's the old double standard: we've all more or less agreed that women can't 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 asinine 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's still sitting there I pick 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 fall for, because of her perfect composition. 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 so hard that the chair starts to fold and throws 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 he is and I don't have money to help because I don't like to work and I bet the little boy in the picture is already dead and he's really the only one I wanted to help because he watched me eat Cheerios. And I start 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 because I would starve and die and never feel the pain that I am feeling right now, that I feel over and over again, and I glance into the mirror and I am beginning to feel better because I know that I am the one that is really suffering. ●

SAGA SAGA CONT. FROM PAGE 1

A list of demands was agreed upon (reprinted elsewhere in this issue) and a steering committee 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, Mrs. Sugatt, Mr. Papadimitriou and seventy some-odd students met in the committee rooms. The removal of Larry Wizeman 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 feeble attempt at humor, but we pressed on nonetheless. Mr. Zucconi was not as flexible in 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 "declassification" 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, but that the Steering Committee would have to request this of the Board of Trustees. (Later, when the steering committee requested the names and phone numbers of the trustees, we were told that we would need only the approval of the President of the Board, and when we asked for that gentleman's name and number, Mr. Papadimitriou went into a protracted huddle with President Botstein, emerged from said huddle and it was announced that we would be permitted to have the contract; President Botstein said, however, that he did not want this considered a precedent. (That remains to be seen.) The following Monday evening, the Steering Committee met again with Mr. Zucconi, and Mr. Mazzei, now our Food Service Director. We had spent the weekend debating whether or not we should negotiate on any of the demands, and whether or not we had the mandate to do so. We arrived at a consensus that the demands needed to be pressed, 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 pressed for several reasons: the need to maintain consensus, the fact that as Steering Committee we were given a mandate to press the demands but not a clear authority to "negotiate" per se...., and the feeling that the welfare of both students and employees outweighed the need to be "fair" to individuals who, it seemed, had overstepped their authority to the point of abuse of the needs of the Bard Community.

Since the meeting with SAGA had originally been intended as an interview of sorts with manager candidates, it was not publicized. However, a sizable amount of students showed, as well as (you guesses it!) Mrs. Sugatt, 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 Wizeman 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, we felt, was to leave, if not as students, but as members of the Steering Committee.

As of this writing, little has changed, but large improvements may be in the wings. SAGA is anxious to keep the contract, and one anticipates 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. ●

"I THE SONG I WALK HERE"

□ A NATIVE AMERICAN

Continued from page 1

A series of speakers including the noted lawyer William Kunstler, and David Beale, spoke on the plight of the Indian People. One of the Indians that spoke was Leonard Peltier's brother. He told of the FBI shootout on Pine Ridge Reservation that led to the incarceration of Leonard Peltier.

The turnout was not very large. This saddened me. I was disgusted at the lack of coverage on the evening news. I guess "Genocide" isn't important enough to cover on the news programs. NBC had ten seconds of coverage on the walk, although they reported extensively on the fictitious shootout on the TV show Dallas.

The message is the same. Each speaker gave another case of the injustice presently committed against the Native American People. Right now, 50% of the women of childbearing age have been sterilized. It was done either against their will or under the coercion of government officials. They told of water that has been contaminated by nuclear waste. Spontaneous abortions and increased mutations due to radiation. What the Indians are demanding is the immediate end of forced sterilization, the cessation of Uranium mining on reservation lands, a shut-down of and end to nuclear development, and an end to World Hunger.

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 the international community. At present, the 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. As one who was lucky enough to join in the Walk for Survival, I must stress that the strongest part of the message was in the walking itself. As I ran to catch up with these robust people who had journeyed almost 4000 miles, I felt their incredible determination to survive. The American Indians are speaking for their survival, and for the survival of all future people. Out of 25 million people 400 years ago, only half a million Indians survive. Many of the tribes are on the verge of extinction. The situation is urgent. I know many of you are busy and involved in pursuing your education, but as one of the Indians told the group at the rally, all the education and all the money in the world will be to no avail when the water and air is poisoned by radioactive waste. The American Indians need your support. Get involved any way you can. The general news will not inform you, so if you so desire, you will not have to hear about these issues. But if you choose not to enlist your support, you are as guilty of genocide as the oppressive government policies. Please help support the appeal of the Ancestors of this Land.

For information on how you can get involved in the struggle against Genocide, contact: Jamie Delman, box 252

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 mid - 70's.

If you are interested in sharing ideas or want help with a performance of any kind or have suggestions, contacts, etc. for performances you think would be interesting, we are here to help you.

Contact: Paul Ruben
Chris Cochrane
Doug Henderson
Guy Yarden

We need support and enthusiasm

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DEPTS.

Faculty Show

Ted Dewsnap

On Wednesday October 27, the Art Department sponsored a party to celebrate the opening of the Faculty Show. With two kegs, 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 Greenwald, Doug Baz, 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 one side to the other passing 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 topographical 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 frames can be seen in one way as two dimensional divisions in space. Looking through them into the space on the other side is as important as looking directly at them. His largest piece in the eastern half 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. Semicircular 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 curves 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 lighting, 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 detracts from the landscape). They exhibit subtle but active shifts in composition and color. The center print is faded and forms a mysterious, contemplative scene -- it is as if it were an afterimage left on the retina when the eye turns away.

Jim Sullivan's large veranda and ocean canvas attempts a similar sense of quiet. Here the contemplation of the viewer is reflected in an anonymous male 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 Reich's dot paintings play optical games. Divisionist points overlap cubistic 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 Leaman

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 Presslaff 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 to produce music is therefore stressed. This, along with discussion groups with Jeff, adds to the sanding-down of those students' musical ideas.

According to the students involved, Jeff has been intelligently observant and has given significant guidance, aiding in these groups' development. It is also important to consider, because of past opinion, that many of the activities within the workshop are geared toward performances. 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 class work.

There is a class being given by Elie 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 to "get 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 the creation 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 and/or compose a composition almost every class meeting. ●

The following transcript is a fairly accurate portrayal of Clint Penka's Senior Project Review proceedings. Void of outside opinion, the reader is hereby invited to draw his / her own conclusions regarding this issue. Those present at Mr. Penka's Midway Review were as follows: Adolfas Mekas, Associate Professor of Film, Chairman of the Film Department; Tom Brenner, Assistant Professor of Film; Ray foery, Visiting Assistant Professor of Film; Douglas Gray, Film Student, Liz Schwartz, Film Student; Pola Chapelle, and a case of Genesse Ale. 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 time to supply myself with only pad and pen. If I had access to a tape recorder, the transcript would have been more accurate.

by Mark Ebner

A Senior Project in Film: The Midway Review

CLINT: OK, I'm here. Shoot.
ADOLFAS: Unless this gets out of control, we'll use our own rules.
CLINT: How did you guys like my moderation paper? Look at the section on Brooke Shields.
ADOLFAS (to MARK): Are you versed enough to take stenography, Mark? For my own protection, of course.
MARK: Of course.
RAY: Clint, don't you have a fear that your career is, in fact, already over?
CLINT: Absolutely not.
TOM: I've heard people in many circles saying that you are washed up.
CLINT: That was probably a conspiracy ... I have a film.
RAY: Do you have it with you?
CLINT: 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.
RAY: What was (deleted)'s role?
CLINT: S/he wrote script and designed the set ... S/he was the producer.

Adolfas interrupted at this 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.

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

Clint went on to divulge technical problems involved with the actual shooting; i.e., costume mismatching and set problems.

CLINT: 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.

RAY: Sometimes moreso.

TOM: Can we see the film?

CLINT: 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?

RAY: What is your Senior Project?

CLINT: TV commercials.

TOM: I 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.

CLINT: 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.

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

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

RAY: Jeans, I'm sure.

CLINT: In the third, I'll be using experimental film techniques in advertising.



Photos by Nathan Wagoner

Clint Penka on the set of 'Zamzok', a film by Adolfas Mekas.

ADOLFAS: What do all these big words mean?

CLINT: There will also be a surprise film.

ADOLFAS: The one about the Jewish doctor's son?

CLINT: Let's just say it's a little surprise for you, Adolfas.

ADOLFAS: No hidden cameras, please.

CLINT: I've been getting up early to work on the production of these commercials.

ADOLFAS: You mean you've been practicing getting up.

CLINT: Actually, I have someone get up for me ...

ADOLFAS: What I expect is that these commercials will not only be of "broadcast quality". I hope you know what is meant by that term. You want a print made suitable for TV, not just the projector ... If you're in that field, I can help you. I've done it.

Adolfas went on to discuss some of the commercial film techniques that he once used.

RAY: Clint, what if we were, instead of the Film Department, say, painting or poetry?

CLINT: If this was painting, I'd paint my father's house.

RAY: What about poetry?

CLINT: I'd probably make Hallmark Cards.

ADOLFAS: Do you think this is a solid Senior Project?

CLINT: I've worked on five professional commercials starting at \$50 a day, eventually scaled to \$150 ... I've had to turn down other jobs because of school.

TOM: You've firmed up a little since we talked last week ... Why don't you transfer from Bard to a trade school?

CLINT: I believe that there are good and bad commercial films. I don't want to make bad ones. I want to be the best.

TOM: What do you mean by the best?

CLINT: I want to be rated right up there. Have my own TV special. I've already prepared my Academy Award acceptance speech. What will make me satisfied is to make a commercial film that you'll go to see. I want people who have studied film, and those who haven't, come out of one of my films saying, "That was a good film."

ADOLFAS: We've never had a midway like this before.

(Laughs) You are very glib with words, Clint. I think you are often wrong. But I like your enthusiasm and wish you "Mazel Tov". At this point, we can believe Clint, and consider what he says valid, and wish him good luck with his Academy Award.

RAY: I think the issue with what Clint wants to do with his life is separate.

ADOLFAS: College is preparation for life ... Years back, this is for the record, Leon told me, "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 very proud that many Bard graduates 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.

ADOLFAS: 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 Penka.

ADOLFAS: I've had seniors come in here with rolls of exposed film. I've graduated Production Managers who have never made a film.

CLINT: Ray, I don't think that any of this is my fault. You are a new professor and have not been in any position to see or judge any of my work.

RAY: On both grounds I'm raising objections... On the idea of your commercials and the other film.

CLINT: I had no idea you were going to be here. You could have come to the set of Zamzok and asked me questions.

ADOLFAS: What about perfume? What the hell are you going to do with that?

CLINT: It's going to be an attractive commercial ... I have a beautiful woman ... enchanted forest ... sunrise ... introspective ... hey, it's beautiful ... she meets a well dressed man who pours champagne for her ... out to a shiny black surface where there will be ... champagne ... the perfume ... a rose ... I want to convey the feeling of the perfume ... fresh ... natural ... subtle ... effective.

TOM: Excuse me, but, for the record, this is a lot of shit.

CLINT: Fine.

TOM: What is crucial is the word Adolfas used, "vision". You haven't described a vision that will transcend commercialism.

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

TOM: Who?

CLINT: Rick Levine.

TOM: What is his signature?

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

CLINT: Is that the objective of viewing commercials? But I'm not an expert on everyone's style ... even from working with two production houses and two directors.

RAY: What characterizes Jeff Lovinger's work, from what you've seen?

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

ADOLFAS: 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 this the best you can do? You don't meet the criteria of aesthetic value. You're following cliches, Clint.

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

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

CLINT: Liz, 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".

TOM: What 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.

ADOLFAS: I'm willing to give people a lot of rope ... I have a lot of faith in Clint. Clint will be judged on the quality and spirit involved in this very technical form of filmmaking.

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

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

ADOLFAS: Let's not be brutal, Tom.

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

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

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

RAY: What about perfume bottles?

ADOLFAS: 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 --

ADOLFAS: You don't pay!

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

TOM: That's an apology before you start.

ADOLFAS: 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.

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

ADOLFAS: -- Clint wants to go to Hollywood.

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

CLINT & ADOLFAS: 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.

ADOLFAS: I made commercials for Haddassah for no fee. There were \$3000 in expenses. The commercial made \$6,000,000 in six weeks. I thought the work was lousy.

TOM: You're not a student.

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

TOM: It must fit in with the base of yourself.

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

TOM: 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.

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

CLINT: About half of it.

ADOLFAS: More than that, Clint.

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

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

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

ADOLFAS: Let's not be picayune about money. I've been poor all my life. If I can reach that money, I'll grab for it. Now, I'm leading 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 ...

ADOLFAS: 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.

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

CLINT: I work very well with you, Adolfas.

ADOLFAS: Bullshit.



Adolfas Mekas on the set of 'Zamzok', a film by Adolfas Mekas.

ANTI-SEMITISM at BARD

being serious, that they were only having fun. One participant at the barmitzvah complained that it was his senior year, 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 paranoid ones as evidenced by the testimony above. They fear persecution. They express a sickly paranoia. When I called one of them a "dirty anti-semitite," 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 "Semite." That to call him an anti-semitite was a terrible thing to say. Yet, his expression and his social cliques' paranoia express something deeper than just hedonism, deeper than a spirit of fun. 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 by non-Jews or by Jews who are so assimilated that they have no claim to Judaism or the use of its symbols and its practices.. In a society which contains within it racist and anti-semitic undertones and practices, holding this event in public lends support to those who believe in stereotypes of Jews, 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 venal 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 Ezra Shem Goldfarb's Barmitzvah,' there were graffitied announcements for this barmitzvah in several bathrooms... including the most used one in the commons men's room. It was very public. In fact, they banged on glasses during a meal to get some semblance of silence and announced it once or twice 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 become even more significant in light of increased anti-semitic activity in the Hudson Valley region. Thus, this very public event legitimates 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 reassures us, for it gives an inoffensive 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-semitite asserts the right to preach his anti-Jewish crusade everywhere."

In his book, "Anti-Semite and Jew," Sartre explained a key point: that at issue in discussing the nature of anti-Semitism is how true one is to a 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 attempt to escape from it. Inauthenticity is no doubt more tempting for him than other men, because the situation which he has to lay claim to and live in is quite simply that of a martyr... What characterizes inauthentic Jews is that they deal with their situation by running away from it; they have chosen to deny it, or to deny their responsibilities, 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 sentiments and acts secretly aim at destroying this reality." Jean-Paul Sartre

Thus, for the assimilated Jew, the mock barmitzvah represents a false collectivity, 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 this community by 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 Incredible! That wonderful predominately Jewish 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 assimilated, 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, or 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 rasping aggressiveness, an arrogant declaration of a despised Jewishness. Does the world regard us as vulgar? Very well, we will give it a belly-full of vulgarity." Describing Lenny Bruce as "a prophet corrupted who ranted against corruption, a lacerated nihilist at once brilliant and debased," he defines the humor 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 remake it. A corrupt ascetic is a man undone."

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

There is a historical meaning to this corruption. An article in the UCCC Senator for October 29, 1980, described the fears of Rabbi Arnold Wolf of Yale University who argued that colleges across the country try "to suppress the cause of Judaism because it doesn't fit." Also, more significant is what passes as the innocuous use of Nazi symbols:

"Brian James of the Damned is probably representative of punks when he says he wears Nazi stuff

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"just because I like the look of it. It means absolutely nothing to me." Johnny Rotten wears a swastika tee-shirt, but denounces the fascist regime in "God Save the Queen."

Bruce Daniels, *Socialist Review*, no. 39

While Daniels tries to belittle in many ways the use of Nazi symbols, since he states that he knows "of 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 that the real danger lies. It is unselfconscious anti-semitism, the anti-semitism that passes as humor, as opinion, as 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.●

KVETCH, KVETCH, KVETCH

From page 3

He mentions that he called a Goldfarb a "dirty anti-semitite." 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-semitite. 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 Shem's Bar Mitzvah "political." It was held strictly in the spirit of "public fun." This event affected the Bard community in much the same way Lenny Bruce affected society. Bruce, by satirizing ethnic and racial stereotypes, allowed people to discuss openly that which was formerly suppressed. Thus, an open 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!

Mazel Tov!

The Goldfarbs

BRUCE "GUTS" VENDA

Continued from page 8

and which the residents of Seymour pointed out so snidely. It was a letter that made no attempt 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 a 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 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 "commonize" the Commons by putting Superglue in the locks of the faculty dining room late one night, thus forcing them to join the hoi polloi in the dining room for their meals for a while. Such as the obvious attempts by those in charge to "homogenize" the student body by making the incomers of the past two years, for the most part, of the type that would be more comfortable at Swarthmore or Vassar but couldn't get in. The list goes on. (Unfortunately, most of the issues I raised deserve more attention than space permits. Just take my word for them.)

Okay, now we have 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 believe, as the residents 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 hassled by Ludlow flatter themselves in thinking that Mary has nothing else to do; Papadimitriou 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 sleepless nights thinking how to make the other uncomfortable.

Paranoia, of course, is a broad label, and covers other relevant topics as 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 always-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 dealt 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 home ground should not be looked upon as a chance to give them hell. 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

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CLINT: You can say bullshit --

ADOLFAS: 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.

CLINT: I do. Neither of you (Tom and Ray) were at my moderation, or have seen my work. Since 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.

ADOLFAS: "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?)

CLINT: 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.

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 agreed that he would fill out a "minority report" and submit it to Adolfas. In hearing Ray's opinion, Clint replied, "Ray, the point is, you won't be on my board, so why don't you go write a book?"

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

The meeting was adjourned at this point. ●●●