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BARD'S SEARCH FOR MINORITY FACULTY

Maxine Beat

A number of students expressed their feelings concerning the need for minority faculty at Bard, qualified as instructors in courses upon minority studies. Some students say they would like to see more courses concerning the cultural and artistic aspect of the Harlem Renaissance period. Others claim they would be most interested in classes that explore the social and political situation of minorities in America and abroad. A number of other students expressed interest in a course that would investigate the culture, art, and intellectual thought of various American minority groups. However, most students stress concern in having courses which deal with the general historical aspect, whether cultural, artistic, or intellectual, of a given minority group.

Professor Ephraim Isaac, who is presently filling the temporary minority faculty position in the Social Studies Department, feels that there is an unnecessary lack of studies concerning the history of African peoples, and peoples of African descent, regarding religion, art, political activism, and philosophical thought. Professor Isaac also asserted that the poor availability of minority-related courses is a reflection of the general inattention of students in regard to having a variety of courses that might offer a needed and refreshing change from the heavily emphasized curriculum of Western Europe at Bard.

WHAT IS HEOP?

by Noesen Regan

(From a recent interview with Maurice Lee, Director of the Higher Education Opportunity Program at Bard.)

There are many misconceptions concerning the Higher Education Opportunity Program on this campus. People wrongly assume that it's just a "free ride" or a simple way to attend school which fulfills some required minority quota. Indeed, both of these assumptions are far from the truth. Then, what exactly is HEOP?

The program was begun in 1969 to enable independent colleges in New York to matriculate students who would not be able to attend because of financial reasons and the fact that they would not be accepted under the institutions established admission standards. HEOP is aimed at helping students provided that they possess the potential and motivation necessary for the successful completion of a college education. As an opportunity program, it is unprecedented, and the initiative of the students admitted through it plus its various support services account for an impressive success rate.

In order to clarify the predominant misunderstanding regarding HEOP at Bard and elsewhere, it is necessary to emphasize that as a New York State program, it does not discriminate on the basis of race. Therefore, race is not a factor in determining eligibility and the program is not designed for the sole benefit of black or Latin American students. Any New York State student who meets the requirements concerning financial need and educational disadvantage is eligible.

Students eligible for HEOP receive a grant in addition to other sources of financial aid such as the Bard scholarship, Pell, TAP, GIL, etc. This incidentally is not the enormous sum that rumor has it to be. The maximum HEOP grant is $1200 per year. This is considerably less than the maximum FELL which is currently $1800 per year. Like others, these students come to Bard fully aware that they will incur a substantial financial obligation, specifically the repayment of their Guaranteed Student Loan. Obviously, the students involved, it is a costly venture that demands a great deal of determination if it is to be fruitful.

Photos by Matt Witche

Robert Katty, Fred Grab, Ben LaForge, and Bill Wilson read T. S. Eliot's "Four Quartets" on March 2nd for an enthusiastic audience of sixty in the Committee Room.
1st ISSUE

This is the first issue of the Bard Observer in quite some time. Its success depends largely on the willingness of the community to take an interest in it by submitting various works and responding to the material printed. At this initial stage, the Observer’s staff is very much open to suggestion for improvement. As a student newspaper, it will be a reflection of whatever the students wish it to be.

Noreen Regan

wanted

creative writing reviews news photographs drawings etc To be printed in the next issue of the Bard Observer.

Dear Editor:

What’s all this I hear about nuclear war? Sure, I read in Time magazine about all the awful things that would happen, but seriously, do you really think that anyone would actually shoot those horrendous missiles? Honestly, if you push a button if you knew it would kill a million people?

And what about all this talk about disarmament and the nuclear horror? I bet no one has ever considered the benefits of having all those nuclear weapons... I mean, what if some hostile aliens start attacking us? What are we going to do? Saturate them with nerve gas?

Think about it. We might really be able to use those bombs some day.

Think of all those technological advances since Hiroshima. No, we didn’t get them because of the need for them in the arms race, All those advances came because of one reason, Procrastination was greatly reduced. Think about it—would you put something off till tomorrow if you might be dead tomorrow? People have learned to value every moment of their lives and thus get more out of them—even though they might be a bit shorter.

Now for my final point. Do you value art? Do you realize how much of today’s art is inspired by intense feelings of helplessness caused mainly by the threat of nuclear war?

Take away nuclear war and everyone would be so happy that they would forget about art, Art would die. Creativity would perish and all would regress to the level of apes.

I say this with great seriousness and warn you to think before acting. Think before you take away the bombs and ruin the world as we know it.

Russell Goudy Jr.

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CRC SPEAKS OUT

An Open Letter to the Students, Faculty, and Administration Concerning the College Review Committee

The CRC functions as a joint committee of students and faculty, acting as an advisory board to the president on matters regarding the evaluation of professors. Our function is to receive recommendations from the Divisional Evaluation Committee, and to review these in regard to the college as a whole. Our recommendations are passed on to the president.

Last semester's evaluation of Professors M. Rosenthal, L. Garcia-Berardt, J. Rosenberg, and B. Brody were promptly acted upon by all parties concerned. However, several evaluations have not been acted upon by the president according to rules he must follow plainly set forth in the Faculty Contract. A certain professor has been up for evaluation for some time, and has still not received any word from the president through a deadline of December 15, 1962, in the past. Last semester the CRC received the president's comment on Professor Yordan's evaluation. This response was over a year late.

In order for the evaluation process to work properly, all parties must act on good faith according to the rules in the Faculty handbook. The evaluation process was designed to give students and faculty meaningful input on the working process of this college's administration.

In the past, both the CRC and CRC have been sloppy or late with their evaluations. As of late, all due dates have been met by the CRC and BRC. We hope that the process can and will continue to be an honorable, expedient method of faculty evaluation.

Hal Hillman, Vice Chairman, CRC

BUDGET MEETING ENDS IN 15 MINS.

Who went to the student budget meeting? Not me... you either? I hear that we really missed something. Of course it wouldn’t have been the same if we were all there. It probably would have produced the same results but it would have lasted a little longer. From what I hear, at least half of the people there were unaware that they had adjourned the meeting and ratified the budget. It was over in a flash.

The flash was a motion by Guy Yurten to close the discussion. The plural, that is, discussions with an "s," meaning the entire meeting. Apparently many of those in half-attendance thought that the motion was to close the matter at hand, but not the meeting itself. The B, R, S, O, and L, A, O, were quick to see the draw and had their hands in the air. These two organizations were in good attendance. They both had large budgets to protect. Many of the small groups suffered.

So what do we have now? A meeting poorly attended by most groups and a weak organizational structure. Are trends developing at Bard? Can we really make any difference in our country and culture? You fill in the blanks this week.

Kevin Foley
SPRINGSTEAD FIRED--

Lotus Springstead, who became housing coordinator under Mary Sugitt, was fired Feb. 11. The move came as a surprise to most of the Bard community. Rumors had been floating a bout the possible dismissal of Springstead for at least a year. No one, however, expected his dismissal at this point.

Springstead was upset by the decision and questioned why he was let go. According to Springstead, he was called in by Stuart Levine to meet with him on Feb. 11. He was then told that he was being let go because "the various departments of the college could no longer rely on him." Springstead suspects that what Levine meant by departments was the Admissions Office. In the past years, Springstead and Admissions have had several disagreements regarding the housing of new students, especially transfer students. One such event happened this January when Springstead and Admissions argued over the duties of an assistant to Springstead. Levine is also accused of being short-sighted for his conflict with Springstead. Levine also stated that as far back as a year ago, he gave Springstead a list outlining the duties that he was expected to carry out to retain his position. According to Levine, Springstead did not do any of the duties andSpringstead denies that Levine ever presented him with this list.

Tom Maiello, assistant to the dean, is replacing Springstead. Maiello is a Bard graduate from the class of '83. Since then, he has been working in Lindenwold as an assistant primarily to Stuart Levine. Levine said that he would see how well Maiello fared in order to determine whether or not the current housing coordinator should remain part-time.

Greg Elghanian


dividuals and OPINIONS

Lotus Springstead, housing coordinator and our copresident in residence, has been fired. He can still play the organ, of course, since that never bothered anybody. Now, I don't know what bothered both the administration about Lotus although many of us have many little things figured out in our dirty little minds. I shall attempt to make my point now.

First, let me get this out of the way. This is an old and a very complex situation. I thought it might be best to address the issue of the housing assignments for Fall 1982 to freshmen and juniors. This is the issue: Of the 41 resident freshmen, 30 got singles originally assigned to them, and the rest, 44, got doubles. Of the 70 resident freshmen, 11 got singles and only 54 got doubles. One to two percent of those freshmen got singles while more than half of the men got singles. Now, note that I'm dealing with the assignments that Mr. Springstead made originally, not with swaps or switcheroo.

In South Hall, there are eight doubles, 7 of them assigned to seniors. Those doubles are given to seniors who don't, then, are assigned to doubles in Blithewood which might, as well be known, is Blithewood problematic. The seniors who chose singles were assigned to their single room with a roommate. This is the case with 3 or 4 residents of Blithewood, all seniors who had to wait at least a month to get rid of their transfer roommates. Why did these transfer roommates get assigned to doubles while transfer students got assigned to singles? I want to know.

The great majority of freshmen, then, are assigned to doubles in Tildenburn which are of a plentiful nature and which eventually end up an intersexus suite or the traditional double single.

I have another major complaint. Why do the majority of doubles in Shone low inhabit one suite? Why, in room draw, did Lotus let all those seniors pick doubles without thinking that they may be assigned a fresh man (which some did), or letting them pick a random roommate with whom they essentially chose to or is it that Bill Power has a double all to himself in Nollicker even if he is the class president? Knowing that he picked room that there were dozens of singles available in Shone low? Bill, of course, was one of the 4 or 5 men who got the "boring lotus" petname. Why does Paul Carter, one of Shone low's peer counselors, have a double in Potter? Why do two other notorious seniors have single doubles all to themselves in Potter third floor?

True, many freshmen who are discontent with room situations had much liberty with Lotus and many times got doubles made to singles, but this was after much hassling and hustling. A few of the seniors have to go to extreme measures to get out of a close double. Next to her lived the peer counselor, in a room much larger than hers, one of those used to sit with Lotus at the lunchtable.

Now, I'm purely speculating on the matter of things and am aware that being a housing coordinator is not an easy task, but isn't the proof concrete and accurate enough to show some divergence in housing assignments? I just hope Mr. Maiello will be aware of this.
LIFE, LEON, and the C.C.B.

Somehow, a story about the Committee to Choose Beans and Decide What Kind of Booze Should be Server(d) C, B, R, D, W, K, R, B, B, S, L, or C, B, R, B, as it is known to its friends) does not seem to be interesting, but few people realize what really goes into their choices. Recently, I said occasion to attend a C, B, R, meeting. The committee was discussing plans for the upcoming Annual Peughkeepsie Founder’s Day Dance, and we were having trouble choosing a band from the list of twenty that they had assembled.

Chairman Makos ("Mako") as he was known, called the meeting to order soon after I had sat down. There were two chairs in the room; one for the chairman and one for the secretary. It seemed to me that we should have a third chair, perhaps for the secretary of finance. A committee member named Joe told me that we were the only committee that had a third chair.

A rather large, hairy armadillo that means something began to nudge me as I moved from the steam pipe perch and took up position on the floor next to the Secretary of Food. The Secretary of Social Order read a list of names that might be suitable for the extravaganz(a) in a bill, and I said before, Chairman Mako asked if any other member might have a band or two in mind. Gus and his friend Joe, said that they had heard that the Grandpa Dead might be on tour. The Chairman threatened to eject them from the meeting hall and turned the floor over to the Secretary of Finance.

The Secretary calmly rose and spread a foot of paper across the table. He spoke, "Gentlemen," with a smooth, steady voice. "Today I am looking over the..." He was casually dressed in L. L. Bean khaki pants with an instant shirt, "financial report and notes that we are issuing," I glanced at the crowd, "I do not think that I could hear his thick talking through the door, "for serious financial troubles. At the present rate, we cannot afford all of our memberships, and the cost of all or..." I cannot tell if he was wearing glasses; any good tious advisor advised glasses, "tax after-meeting meals and expenses. This means that we may soon have to let some members go, and since Gus and Joe are..." I noticed a deep time down jokey hang- ing on the back of his chair, "the only..." I have no idea on the committee, we will have to start laying off some members.

At this point, I heard the Secretary of Finance whisper to the Secretary of Alcohol and Firearms. "That means me,"

"Not me too sure," replied the latter secretary.

The Chairman's gavel quickly brought the meeting to order except for those who were trying to revive the Secretary of Finance, a Joe, who went to get him some ice for his head, put the gavel back on the Chairman's desk.

The Secretary of Finance continued, "There is another solution to our current difficulties, though. If every member of the Committee would give a large percentage of his money to the richer members of the Committee (or, Chairman Mako and myself) we can then, in turn, invest more in our treasury, and this will trickle down to you. And you'll get to keep your positions to boot!"

In one of the more bizarre moments of the meeting, the Secretary of Food turned to me and said, "Now, do you see why Mako likes the Secretary of Finance so much?"

I realize now that the Secretary of Food must be really stupid; how could I know something like that? Despite the Secretary of Food's comment, I handed both Chairman Mako and the Secretary of Finance three bucks apiece. I'm expecting some return any day now!

Chairman Mako called for an open debate on the band to be chosen so I just sat back and took notes.

The Secretary of Alcohol and Firearms placed a vote for a group called Percy and the Popesons. I was not sure where, but they only seemed to have one or two songs in their repertoire, which they keep doing over and over. Both the Secretary of Alcohol and Firearms and the Secretary of Cleanup agreed that the group had a good beat, even though I couldn't argue with that.

The Secretary of Food was anxious to hear the Trump Brothers Trio, but he later said that he would settle for the Popesons. The Secretary of Social Order in a vote for either the Trump or Sister Megan and the Victorian Princess, he said something about their lead guitar.

Gus and Joe were scrambling about a Morning reunion, out Chairman Mako said that once a reunion would be impossible, since John Lennon was dead.

I think the Secretary of Finance voted for either a group called the Necropants or course there is no such word; it's really Necropants) or the Popesons.

Chairman Mako voted for the Popesons, and it was decided. Just then, there was a ringing and the Chairman picked up the receiver of a bright red phone that I hadn't noticed before. I could hear him mumbling quietly, while everyone sat silently. In fact, it was so quiet that the noises of people leaving the distant Nina Commons could be heard.

Chairman Mako solemnly replaced the receiver. He looked round at us. He spoke, "That was Leon, ...he voted our decision, ...we won't lose horse..."

Looking back on it, I must say, I truly enjoyed the C, B, R, meeting I attended, but I'm not sure exactly what they did!

J. G. Bucius

A NIGHT in the RAIN

People are so confused about what to do with themselves. There was a torrential downpour three nights ago, I took a walk in that lovely storm. Terrible at first, the rain trickled through my clothing. Once drenched through, I felt better. The only thing I could have done was to walk the block home and dry myself off. There was no need to wipe my glasses because I had no contact lenses in; my glasses were not going to get foggy. I could see clearly through the rain.

Three people walked hurriedly past me as I stood in the center of the block listening to the sound of the storm. They looked to me for some sign of friendliness, I gave them none. For it was they who were seeking consolation on that night, not I. If they had stopped for a moment or two they might have been able to find that small smile which they were looking for. Instead of coming from me, it would have come from them.

I went into the dell to buy some dinner but could not decide between the frozen pizza and the array of meals and cheeses. I opted for the latter, a quarter pound of ham, a quarter pound of turkey, and a quarter pound of swiss cheese, a stalk of celery. I made a sandwich at home. I did not even want a sandwich, I wanted to buy some raw ground sirloin to make a delicous burger. I wanted a slice or three of pizza, real pizza, not the frozen, french-bread pizza which had been sitting for weeks in the back of the freezer in the dell.

It was too late, the pizza shop and the grocery store were closed. And so, I walked three more blocks to find that the only other two grocery stores in the neighborhood were closed also.

I called the number on the Chinese menu which I picked up as I walked through the lobby of my building. The woman on the other end of the phone said that she could not deliver anything unless the order totaled at least six dollars. I had just wanted some fried dumplings, an egg roll, and a fortune cookie to go with my ham, turkey, and cheese sandwich. No luck for me in the food dept.-man that night.

I put the food down in the kitchen and looked back to see large puddles on the floor. I had forgotten that it was wet until I realized

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that it was I who had made that watery mess, I was the only one living in the large apartment for what seemed to be weeks. I guess it had been weeks, maybe it seemed like years?

For the next five minutes I unaddressed myself and then dried off my body. I felt the softness of my hair, caused by the rain. Or did my hair feel soft because of all the scent which was in the rain? Whatever the reason, I was wishing that someone else could touch it. But nobody was there. Nobody would be there. I had to rely on the television for company, conversation, and a tear or two.

Matthew Mitchel

ARSENIC-LACED WALLPAPER KILLS

Napoleon Bonaparte, the great conqueror, was a dynamic figure of the early nineteenth century. Even though his exploits are legendary, there are many aspects of his life which are shrouded in mystery and speculation. After his defeat at Waterloo in 1815, Napoleon was exiled to the small, South Atlantic island of St. Helena. The European alliance was determined that he would not return to France, as he had from Elba in 1814. He was guarded by a small number of people and received very few visitors. On St. Helena, illness often beset Napoleon, and spells of good health came only rarely. After one such illness, he died on May 5, 1821.

A very inglorious end to a mover and shaker like Napoleon. No great battlefield or statuary palace could be called his resting place. His physician never determined with certainty the exact cause of death. There was confusion as to whether it was stomach ulcers or liver problems. Numerous historians have concluded that he died of some natural disease.

A recent autopsy, however, found large doses of arsenic in his body. A picture of subterfuge and intrigue suddenly shadows that small, South Atlantic isalnd. Historic detective work has uncovered numerous villains and motives; each investigator claims to know the true story. A much more intriguing theory has recently been substantiated. Was it one of the servants? Possibly one of the few residents on the island or a European agent could have done the deed?

This recent theory proposes that the actual murderer, that lethal fiend, was in truth, the wallpaper.

In the early nineteenth century, arsenic was often used in glue for wallpapering. Many homes in Europe were wallpapered in this fashion, and autopsies on residents have shown the same amount of arsenic in their brains as was found in Napoleon Bonaparte. After a period of time, depending on the climate, the arsenic in the glue would enter the air as vapor. A glass of water left out would, in time, accumulate traces of arsenic. The house on St. Helena was wallpapered in just such a fashion.

Like most theories, this one is highly speculative. It is disconcerting to believe that, with the numerous enemies of Napoleon, he would succumb to the subtle chemistry of wallpaper glue. There is evidence to support other theories. In-depth research would be necessary to sort them all out. This theory, with its silent killer, is inglorious and unsavory, but it is certainly a case that the Sherlock Holmes of this world would find fascinating.

Shared Day

SEE THIS BLANK SPACE?

The Bard Observer needs your submissions so that the editors can be more selective about the articles they print. Submit to Box 123.

continued from p. 4

continued from p. 6

The threat of Newman’s entire has always been his lyrics. He writes catchy, straightforward, piano-based melodies which serve to strengthen the irony of “a world. However, on his previous album, Born Again?, he astounded the Electric Light Orchestra by copying their absurd production values. Trouble In Paradise contains a song called “Mikey’s“ which takes place in a South Beach bar. Out of the Jack box comes horrible, tuneless computerized dance music causing the middle-aged speaker to ask, “Mikey, whatever happened to the fucking Duke of Earl?”

Though most of Newman’s eight albums are filled with bitterness and quide there are all ways those rare moments of tenderness. On this record’s two ballads, “Same Girl” and “Real Emotional Girl“, love is not idealized, but depicted emotionally and powerfully. It becomes the only thing in this disturbing paradise that is worthwhile.

Bandy Newman’s new album, Trouble In Paradise, is the best record to come out this year. However, it is not exactly uplifting. Indeed it is perhaps Newman’s most depressing record to date since the people he portrays are the people that we all dream about being. Money, sex and drugs are in abundance but happiness is hard to come by. He seems to be dangerously close to home here and to emphasize the irony utilised the usual talented compliment of L.A. session musicians. Musically Newman’s sense of melody is as acute as it ever was. It should be noted that he is using more synthesizers and the construction of the songs is more elaborate than were previous efforts. In the end you feel the usual unsettling contradiction that comes with listening to Newman. You find yourself laughing at a world that seems to be in sad shape.

Scott E. Thomas
RECORD REVIEW:
TROUBLE IN PARADISE

No popular singer-songwriter is more skilled at using irony than Randy Newman. His characters subtly and accurately call attention to their own personality flaws without the least bit of self-referentiality from Newman himself. What makes it all work is that underneath all of the ridiculing and satirizing, there is an undercurrent of real compassion. It is this very compassion that makes all of Newman’s characters believable and thus accurate representations of the foibles of human nature. His songs tend to gloss over sometimes bitterly at the facility of human existence that is made bearable only through true love. His 1974 album, Good Old Boys, portrayed the despair of working class people in the redneck South. One could only hope the characters he depicted would win the lottery so that they could buy a plane ticket and move to California. However, Trouble in Paradise reveals people who have won the lottery, and they don’t seem much happier. The setting for most of this album is Southern California, the home of wealthy rock stars, Newman didn’t even have to stray from his backyard to find despair.

The album with “I Love LA.” and from that time on, Newman has great difficulty removing his tongue from his cheek. “The Blues” pokes fun at the self-pitying tones of songwriters like Paul Simon. Simon good-naturedly offers vocal assistance, “My Life Is Good” portrays a frustrated rock star who takes his inanities on his son’s unsuspecting school teacher during a little stab at Springsteen thrown in. “There’s a Party at My House” describes a party that gets stranger as each verse goes by. But perhaps the album’s most enjoyable track is the slacker anthem “I’m Different” featuring the harmonies of Linda Ronstadt, Wendy Waldman, and Jennifer Warnes. 

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FILMS:
MARAT/SADE

“Poor old Marat, they hunt you, they hound you, they hound you all over the town. Just yesterday your printing press was smashed, now they’re asking your home address . . . .”

So sings the cast of The Persecution and Assassination of Jean Paul Marat, as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton, Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade/Marat/ Sade (for short) in the Royal Shakespeare Company’s production of the movie, taken from the Peter Weiss play of the same lengthy name. The movie shown at Bard on Feb. 23 and 24 was intended to complement this semester’s Freshman Seminar, “Europe in the Nineteenth Century.” It is a bizarre, sometimes humorous, often profound look at the French Revolution, centered specifically around the event named in the first part of the title, that is 1793 batshit assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday, and the events leading up to it. (The second part of the play refers to the actual “therapeutic play” written and performed by inmates of the asylum; Sade was, in fact, one of the inmates, although the play within the play/movie is a fictional invention of the writer.)

Since Weiss has set his play within a play at an asylum, all of the action takes behind bars (perhaps a subtle hint at the effectiveness of the revolution itself). The set itself is a chilling recreation of the interior of an asylum, populated by characters gruesomely made up as inmates. They drool and sigh; they stare into space and simultaneously play the roles of the revolutionaries of late eighteenth century France. Ah, but these disturbing characters are mostly “extrav” who make up the haunting tableaux which form the background against which the main characters perform their actions and make their speeches. What are the characters they are indeed?

Sade, although locked up not so much for mental illness as for being a political threat, hovers menacingly in the “stage wings” as the playwrightdirector, interacting stage directions to his characters every now and then, and frequently emerging to play himself, as he tries to reason with Marat. When his characters get out of control several times, almost moved to actual revolution, he does nothing to quell their rebellion despite the admonitions of Coulmier, director of the asylum. Instead, he leads back and watches, laughing silently as if the chaos is what he intended all along. (Not an unreasonable possibility.)

Marat, played by a “lucky paradigm,” delivers most of his lines from his infamous bathrobe, in which he is trying to allay some of the pain caused by his festering skin infection. Marat is an intense, obsessive character who watches everything, almost as if he were in a mirror watching himself. Marat, however, never really seems anything. He is continually writing “to the people of France” to keep his revolution going despite discouragement from Sade, Simonne, and others.

Corday is played by a “patient” with sleeping sickness and melancholia, and therefore she is constantly attended to and prompted by two nuns who work in the asylum. She delivers her lines with a slushy awareness, often suddenly realizing the meaning of the lines and reacting hysterically to them, as in the scene where she enters Paris to purchase a knife (“What — kind of town this is. . . . What — are — all those faces. . . . Soon these faces will—close around me—These eyes and mouths will call—me—to—join—them.”)

Four clown-like characters form a chorus who sing their monologues and perform pantomimes throughout the movie. Their presence serves to give the movie more of a theatrical, absurd atmosphere, almost surreal in its tragic contradiction to the gloominess of the frightening patients lurching and moaning in the background. Many of their songs are joyal in their melodies and account for much of the humor of the aspects of the movie, i.e., what is the point of a revolution without general general copulation copulation copulation? I Mime is an important device used throughout the movie, not only by the chorus, but by the other characters as well. The entire ensemble mimics the gullibility of countless has-beens as Corday waddlers, abdicated, through Paris, creating an alarming setting. Another extremely humorous scene is one in which Sade is “whipped” by Corday who uses her body and hair, and not an actual whip to carry out this deed. One of the best scenes of the movie is that it subtly emits graphic portrayals of violence, getting the message across through the use of such theatrical devices as mime, thus being faithful to the original play format, Corday kills Marat, but the knife does not penetrate; there is no fake blood, no special effects/making to show hooks bouncing off the guillotine block and into executioner’s basket. Yet, still we are horrified, for the actors and actresses portray the violence effectively through mere suggestion. This is what reverberating effect is all about, and this makes Marat/Sade an adventure in theatre as well as cinema, not so soon to be forgotten by those who saw it.

Four stars was perhaps the highlight of this semester’s Freshman Seminar (certainly more so than Highgate was last semester). Kudos and congrats to all who made possible the showing of this landmark film.

Lisa Gesenond

FRIDAY MORNING COMINGS
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CAMPUS NEWS:

Greg and Jeff Phillips recently gained recognition for their accomplishments in the theater.

Greg, a senior, had a major role in Derek Walcott's "Dream on Monkey Mountain" produced at Oberlin College in Ohio. He and

and on his recommendation was awarded a grant by the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico to attend the Cádiz Festival in Seville.

Her first appearance in New York was in 1998 when she was presented by the Jeunesse Musicales in a recital with Violinist Miriam Fried.

In 1979 Miss Wruble became a founding member of the David Ensemble. She has made several European tours as a soloist and has

broadcast for Radio Genève and the BBC. She has made several recordings for Eye Records in London where she now lives.

Bard College's Distinguished Scientist Lecture Series will resume on March 19th with a 2p.m. lecture by Nobel laureate Dr. William N. Lipscomb, Jr., entitled, "How Do Enzymes Work?" The lecture will be held in Kline Commons.

Dr. Lipscomb, the Abbott and James Lawrence Professor of Harvard University, who has long been a dominant figure in the field of biochemistry, opens the second semester schedule of speakers. The other remaining speakers are: Dr. Dudley R. Herschbach, the Frank B. Baird, Jr. Professor of Harvard, April 5, "Single Collision Chemistry," and Nobel laureate Dr. Ronald Hoffman, the John A. Newman Professor of Physical Science at Cornell, April 16, "What Chemists Really Do--The Logical structure of Modern Chemistry?"

The lecture series is made possible by the National Patent Development Corporation and the Bard College Center.

CLASSIFIEDS

Planning a vacation for the Spring break?
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Weight Loss Group forming if you want to lose weight safely and easily, call 870-4683 after 5:00 p.m., or leave name and number at 876 3 56.

There will be a showing of the film "Gods of Metal", the Academy Award nominee, in April. The issue will be NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT. Details to be announced. Please come.

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BARD’S RECORD SEASON

by Kevin Hunter

This season, the men’s basketball team has earned the respect of their opponents by winning a spot in the post-season championship. Played March 3rd and 6th in Newburgh, high-scorers Dave Colon, Jim Weissinger, and Walt Tannor lead the team. All three players are averaging twenty points a game in addition to an array of other impressive stats.

Dave has been in a shooting slump for the last few games, but his game has been improving. He is now shooting at a higher percentage than a shooter. Therefore, he takes higher percentage shots. Jim, a sophmore, has been leading the Northeastern Athletic Conference (NAC) in rebounding, and he usually comes back with red and blue, indicating the tough minutes he displays in the forty minutes that he participates in. Walt, a freshman, has changed the character of this team with his dazzling passes and all-around strong game. Matt Camasenti and John Nolan have also had good seasons. Matt, the point guard, can be depended on when the others aren’t scoring. This was especially apparent in the Green Mountain game. John, a three-year starter, is the glue of the team. The guy is determined to exhaust himself for the team. He may foul out, but he plays with determination which says a lot about Bard’s record for his first two years was 6-37.

The bench consists of Janiors Andrew Silver, Peter Mittenhall, and freshmen “Party” Dave Quinter. In analyzing the team, the one flaw is that the starting players just do not get a break. The coach, Bob Krausen has realized this and in the game on Feb. 13th, he substituted early with Dave Quinter and Peter Mittenhall. The strategy worked out well as both players responded with excellent games. Although Bard lost, the team showed character and in the tournament will be seeded fourth against Mount Saint Mary. Bard’s record is currently 11-3 overall and 6-6 in league play.

INTRAMURALS OFF TO A GOOD START

by Kevin Hunter

The men’s intramural basketball season continued on Tuesday, March 2nd as the top two teams battled it out for first place. Brian Harris’ Vintage Wine lost to the Warriors for the first time this season, making both teams tied for first. As for Vintage Wine, they will be without the services of the great Doctor of Soccer, Joel Tommen, who decided to coach instead of mess. The team will still be strong with Tom Mavis terrorizing the boards in addition to Bob Krausen, the usual case coach who averages eight points a game. The Warriors, an all-around powerful team, will be even stronger since the addition of two new players, Howood Poagles and Julian Nagalski. Steve Boughton and Ken Milman, two of the team’s key players, have to score in order for them to come close in defeating Vintage Wine for the championship. The Maroons, run by Harry Beeman, are always tough to play against since the addition of Pat Donahue, Paul Schramm, John Correa, and Gabriel Morgan. No Future, coached by Forrest Close and Buddy Burt, may be the most unseeded team in the league. Eric Schaeffer, Greg Phillips, and Sid Walla will help the team to a more victorious season than last. This is a new season, and No Future will win its share. This (bold to mirror for full meaningful), led by Billy Powerful and his bruising scoring ability, is an interesting team. With Carol Westman, Bob Harper, Nick McNichol and newcomer Richard Doctorow (Warrior misfit) who makes the unexpected shot, this team is funnier than a MAMMOTH run. The Bloomers, a new team coached by Josh Relishman, begins another era with a variety of players guaranteed to hold your interest.

That about rounds out the intramural league. This should be a great season with only the best team finishing on top.

Dave Colon, Bard’s playmaker, goes to the hoop.

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Bard’s “Golden Boy”, Jim Weissinger reasons with the ref.

Photos by Matt Mittenhall