

OBSERVER

[February 27, 1969]

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editorial

With this issue the Observer is under new management. Francis Fleetwood, the previous editor, created a look for the Observer which will be continued and improved. Every issue will be at least eight pages, with most running to twelve and some sixteen. More and bigger photos, more art work and better graphic design will characterize the format.

But the format only serves as a medium with which to convey the message. McLuhan notwithstanding, the message is vital to this publication.

Coverage will be extended to both community events and those world and national events which affect the student. The latter will be news, items and opinions which you won't find in the establishment press. The Observer won't pretend to be objective. But anymore who takes exception to any opinion expressed has only to put it on paper. Letters to the editor which express a differing opinion will be given first priority. Its editorial policy will be to express the facts within their context to observe and comment on the way the world is working, to replace the great American plastic dream with the idealistic human reality.

Active on the premise that effective student action depends on effective student representation, the Observer will increase its coverage of community politics. Not politics for their own sake, but the issues behind the politics—what's happening that affects the community.

And by community is meant both students and teachers. Hopefully those members of the faculty who have cited the lack of faculty coverage in the Observer will take this as an invitation to report their news, express their views and make their presence felt as members of the community.

The masthead used to read:

"The Bard Observer is the official publication of the Bard Student Body."

No longer true. The Observer is the student publication for the Bard College Community.



On Monday the Bard Student Body voted to retain Bruce Lieberman as President of the Bard College Student Association. The percentage of the vote for Mr. Lieberman was 47%, out of a total of five candidates.

This would surely seem to indicate that



silence silence silence
silence silence silence
silence silence
silence silence silence
silence silence silence

observer

the staff in general /
george b. brewster, editor
wayne robins
steve brick
rob livingston
susy solomon
anita schnee
jeff wilde
luther douglas
rob hall

Photos by: Ralph Gabriner
the bard observer is the official student publication of the bard college community. published every thursday during the academic year at annandale-on-hudson, new york. entered as third class mail. letters to the editor should be addressed to box 76. deadline for letters and contributions is monday noon preceeding date of publication. subscriptions are available to interested parties.

there is large and united support for Mr. Lieberman to continue his already very effective campaign to give students an effective voice in determining matters that concern them.

Monday night's Senate meeting, although occasionally running into operational difficulties, efficiently clarified the senate's by-laws and established a fiduciary atmosphere.

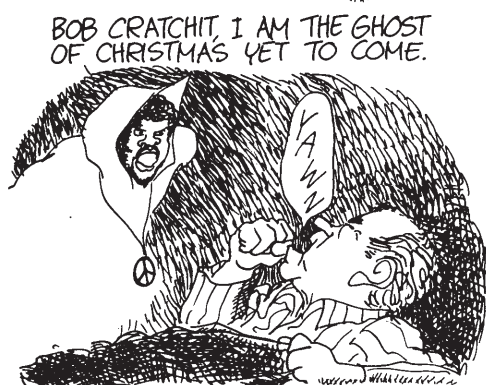
Together with the support shown for Mr. Lieberman and a new constitution, the senate should prove itself to be capable and effective in representing the student body in the coming semester.

The Observer wishes Mr. Lieberman and the Senate the best of luck, and hopes the administration will recognize their effectiveness and the power behind them.



What ever happened to the Curriculum Committee Report? Well, it seems that the faculty didn't accept it in its present form because it was too constricted—forcing teachers to innovate even if they didn't want to. So it's going back to a slightly overhauled Curriculum Committee for revamping. In two meetings to take place in January, the Committee hopes to have an acceptable report ready for presentation to the faculty at the beginning of the Spring Sem- ➤

feiffer



NO.1. STRENGTHEN OUR STAND AGAINST COMMUNIST AGGRESSION.
NO.2. OBEY THE GENERALS.
NO.3. TRUST THE CORPORATIONS.
NO.4. LOVE THE POLICE.



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ester.

The Community Advisory Board has refrained from taking an action regarding academic reform in the hope that the product of January's meetings will be a positive step toward reform. The Curriculum Committee has selected three students, a freshman, a sophomore, and a junior to participate in the meetings as voting members.

The question arising out of this is whether these students are supposed to represent the student body, and if so why were they selected by the faculty? The answer seems to be that they are not representative of the entire student body, but were selected to contribute to the revision of the report.

The Curriculum Committee is not trying to pull a fast one. They are earnestly working for academic reform. The problem arises in the fact that not all of the faculty is as ready for change as the members of the Committee. If the revised report does not correct the defects of the earlier version, it will again be rejected by the faculty.

But where in this process is the student voice? Surely academic reform is a matter which directly concerns students. If the student representatives to the Committee were elected, it would not materially affect the form of the revised report. Since the faculty are the ones who decide whether or not it is accepted, its form is dictated by what is acceptable to them.

If the students are to have any voice in the academic restructuring of Bard, they must be on an equal footing with the faculty. When the faculty are to vote on the revised report in February they should not have the final say. A general referendum of the student body is in order not to placidly accept the report, but to critically evaluate its contents, just as was done with the revised student life committee report.

The chances are the Curriculum Committee will produce a realistic revision which is acceptable to both faculty and students. But if the report meets undue opposition from the more conservative members of the faculty, there is no reason why the faculty alone should determine the future of the report. ◊



Cover Artist

Alvin Rosenbaum, this week's cover artist, is currently having his first major one-man show at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C. Running through December 15, the show includes the cover work.

A recent Bard Graduate, Alvin is currently living in Rhinebeck and working as a city planner for Poughkeepsie.

His unique photo etchings are the result of his experimentation in combining the aesthetics of the two media—the exactness and precision of a photograph and the surface and textural excitement of an etching. Mr. Rosenbaum's developing process begins with 35mm negatives, which he reproduces on large high-contrast film. In some cases areas of the composition are then masked out or images drawn on. Then, normal, unscreened photo engravings are made with standard copper plates. The emulsion on the plates is removed after an original etching in nitric acid bath is made. The plates are then treated as regular etching plates.

Future shows will include an exhibit for the George Eastman House of Photography in Rochester, New York.

A DANCE
TO THE
NEW YEAR.



IN THIS
DANCE
I SALUTE
THE RE-
TURN TO
TRADITIONAL
VALUES.



TRADITIONAL
FAMILY TIES.



TRADITIONAL
RESPECT FOR
AUTHORITY.



TRADITIONAL
ECONOMICS.



TRADITIONAL
FOREIGN
POLICY.



TRADITIONAL
APATHY.



A DANCE
TO
1959.



12-29 ©ALVIN ROSENBAUM



PUBLIC SERVICE NOTICES & THINGS

To The Editor:

One of the things that attracted me to Bard was the attitude that people should be allowed to do their thing. I thought this an admirable idea until I got here and saw everyone doing their thing, because so many of them were doing it to other people against their will. Not to say that anyone walked up to someone else and stuck a joint in his mouth. It was instead the practise of basically not giving a damn for anyone else's desire to sleep or work, by going on the theory that they have a divine right to play their stereos and/or electric guitars at any hour they please, at any volume they please. As I write this, the occupants of the room below me have on the Cream at top volume, and an electric bass at the same. It is after the "quiet hours", when people's record players, if they're even on, are supposed to be below the volume at which they can be heard in another room. The bass sets up a nice vibration in my floor lamp, but it rattles. If I ask them to turn it down or (horrors) off, because I want to study, I should go to the library, if it's open, or to Aspinwall. Forget it if I want to sleep. What I thought about college previous to coming here was that the primary purpose of the students was that of working and studying, and that these should take precedence over some dude's party or smoking session. I also believed I had the right to work in my room instead of being driven out of it by music so loud that I couldn't think straight, as has happened on numerous occasions. However, according to most of the people in the dorm, I was wrong.

Since the House President consistently refused to issue well-deserved noise violations, or even request that the noise be lowered a little, I saw Mrs. Sugatt to find out if anything could be done. She told me a couple of things which surprised me, one of which was that any student could give out noise violations, a fact I wish I'd known sooner. She also said that she would support fully the institution of a "quiet dorm" in which no-one would have stereos or electric instruments, and people would be able to study, if they felt like it, at ten Saturday night, or even go to sleep if they wanted to. She told me that five students each in Potter and McVickar, and four each in Noeth and South Hoffman had come to her to bitch about the noise. It would be really nice if there were enough students at Bard who cared about being able to study in quiet in their own rooms and being able to sleep at a human hour that they would be willing to stash their stereos away for a semester. In any case it's damn well time something was done about people who think a good loud record is the be-all and end-all of existence.

Bill Langer

For a long time, students have realized the inadequacy of the student book store. Yes, they carry textbooks and a little bit of everything else-but you can't even pick up a copy of Life magazine to discover the latest truths about the world. So some unapathetic type students decided they could fill the literary gap by operating their own book and magazine co-op.

The idea was thought of when a number of students realized the tremendous overload which the Bard Bookstore now works under. In addition to textbooks and other coursebooks. The bookstore has art supplies, stationary, small food items, and toiletries. On top of these items, Mrs. Matthews even has tried to get outside interest materials such as small art books, film, poetry, and contemporary literature. But obviously the load is too great. The Bard operation needs a supplement.

The co-op store is designed for just this purpose. We would leave the supplying of textbooks and supplies to the bookstore, while taking the outside materials load upon ourselves.

First: a magazine-newspaper section. There has been interest in foreign publications such as La Monde, Cahiers du Cinema, Sight and Sound, and Czechoslovakian works. Magazines such as Nation, New Republic, Harpers, Vogue, Saturday Review, Evergreen Review, Ramparts, and newspapers: Avatar, Village Voice, East Village Other could be stocked quite easily.

Second: a large contemporary literature and

poetry counter, perhaps some literature review books, student publications from area colleges.

Third: books on the arts-film, dance, drama, out-later in the year, if the project takes hold, a record section can be added and the concession won't be needed.

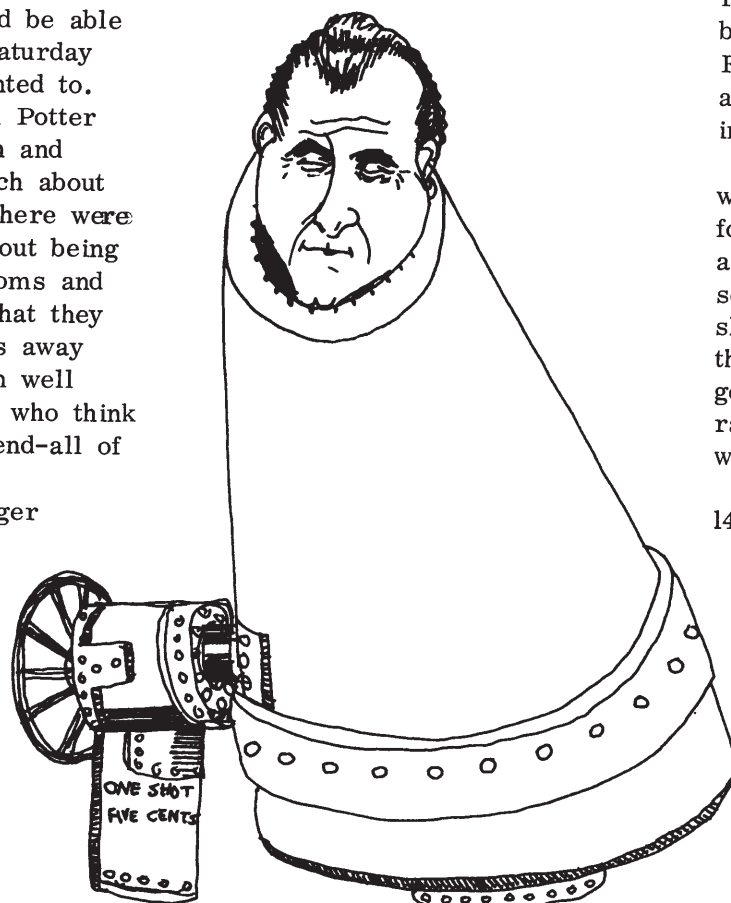
Fourth: a lot of students are "in" to mysticism, alchemy, supernaturalism, and magic. Occult publications are quite profuse and not difficult to acquire.

Fifth: an exchange of textbook table where students can sell their old textbooks at reduced prices to incoming students. Also a table for used, not wanted books; someone might need them.

The store will be financed by the students and run by the students. Money will be initially made by a system of selling shares in the "Co-operation" for a price of 5-10 dollars, not yet determined, a student belongs and can buy books for wholesale instead of retail price.

The conditions for this have not yet been worked out yet, nor as a home for the store been found. A proposal to Senate for help and a proposal to the Dean's office for a home have been sent to the respective bodies. With the interest shown on the returns of the questionnaire-99%-that is, those who will support the store- We have got a pretty strong case for having the administration accept the idea and find us a room so that we can begin operation next semester.

Support is needed-just a small note in Box 149 will do-



FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

Wayne Robins

There were 1700 freshman crowded in the festival tent for orientation at C.W. Post College in the early hours of September, 1967. We were divided into groups of about twenty, each led by an honorable senior. During the half hour that it took to quiet the animals down before the Dean could speak, there was organized singing, screaming, fighting, and some tears shed by those of us who could pretty well guess what the year was going to be like. Joe, our group leader (a really good guy anyway) told us to take up a chant denouncing group 33, which was led by a friend of his. It went 2-4-6-8, who do we assassinate? Group 33, Group 33, bpoo, boo. It was Little League all over, Strickland Agency losing the last game of the season to Lox Haven. They answered back something like "Group 54, more shit than ever before." Led by a 250 lb. crewcut named Marty , a few of the guys in our group yelled back "Group 33 blows it out their assholes." (If you feel like laughing, yeah if you feel like cryin') I sat through this, occasionally choking with disbelief with another one of the ushers. "Where's your freshman spirit?", said the joker to the thief. I said "there's too much confusion, I can't find no relief." He said "boy, beware the black band."

We had met the black band a few hours earlier, while glorius group 54 was in its classroom, discussing the nine pages of orientation regulations, at which time we were given our freshman beanies. Green and yeller, with a big "p" on the front. The black band, we were told, was (and I guess still is) a group of honor students held in high esteem by their fellow fraternity brothers because of their ability to chug a case of beer in an evening at the Four C's or the Knotty Knee or any of the other "acceptable" social hangouts on the north shore of Long Island. They have absolute power, full administration support, over freshman discipline during orientation and the first few weeks of school, after which, like the Ku Klux Klan at the turn of the century, they go underground.

There was a knock on our door, and in walked one of the guardians of law and order (we want Wallace). He came in, introduced himself, and asked Joe if there were any trouble makers, nigger lovers, hippies, dirty commie rats, bitniks, peaceniks, fat japs, polacks, kikes, wops, potheads, snotheads, father stabbers, mother rapers, father rapers or litterbugs. Joe (a really good guy anyway) said no, sort of, and winked his eye. The cop walked over to Steve and I, who were hanging out together basically for mutual defence, and said "what's this?"

After I explained to him what I was , he asked me where my sport jacket was. "I didn't we were supposed to wear them," says wise-ass punk. "Don't get wise, wise-ass punk freshman, says he. "No, no I really mean it. I didn't know", at which time Joe (a really good guy anyway) interceded. But black band was hot. "My, my don't you look pretty with all that black hair. Listen-we don't like trouble, but.. ." And he told us about the freshman who wised off last year and was given a bath-in the toilet. They're locking them up today, they're throwing away the key/ I wonder who it'll be tomorrow, you or me?

The highlight of orientation was the bonfire



and dance. We had to build the bonfire sixty something feet high, a foot higher than the previous years frosh, or we would have to wear our beanies and name tags (my name is quinn the eskimo, C.W. Post class of 71, come all without, come all within) for an extra week. Harry Saperstein fell while throwing that extra foot of lumber on my academic funeral pyre, breaking an arm, three wrists, and twelve legs. The "resistance" now numbered four, including a speed freak from Flushing who spent the evening hallucinating on the fire, and Jane, from Philly, who wanted to go to Goddard or Bard or somewhere but ended up here.

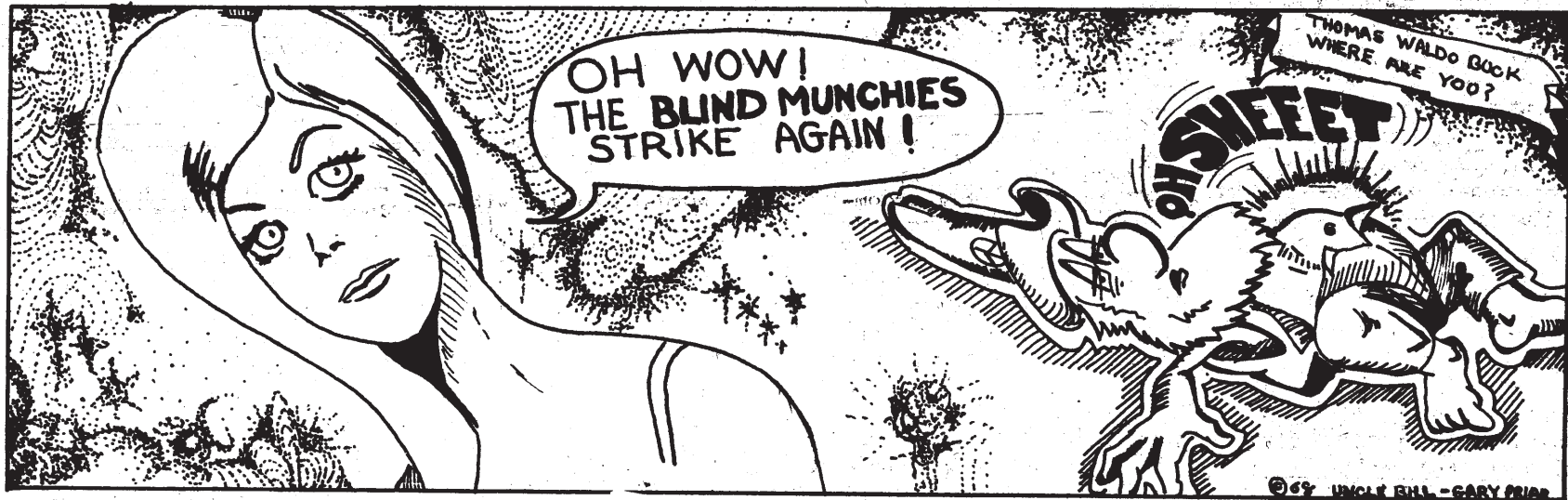
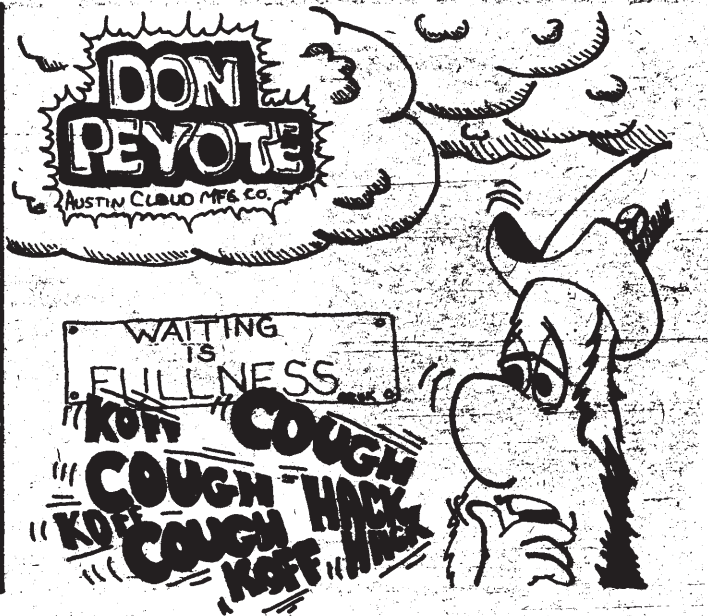
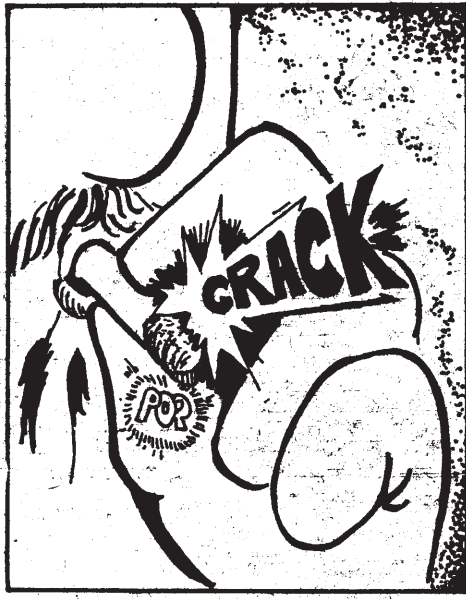
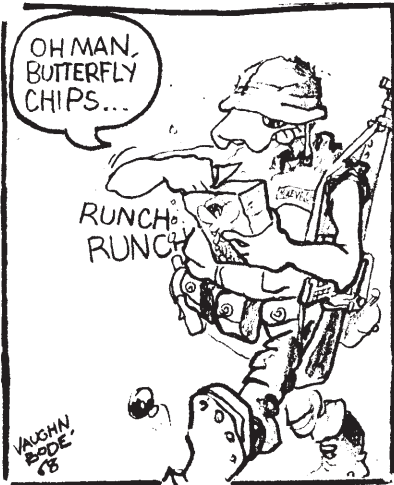
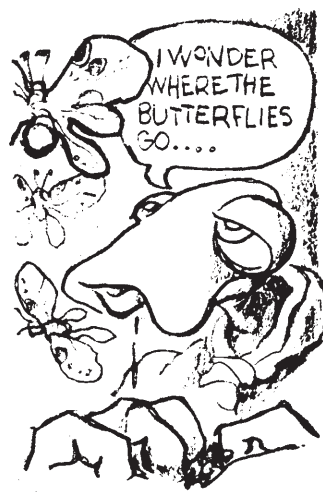
The next Friday set the tone for the entire year. Two marine recruiters were holding court in the cafeteria. One lonely dissenter was quietly discussing their presence with them when two supa-patriots from the football team broke through the lines and broke the dissenters jaw. In loyalty to their kind, they cannot tolerate their obstruction. The administration was aroused by this violation

of the students right to have marine recruiters to watch while they eat, a complete mixed nausea experience. No action was taken against the football players because, as one informed source put it, we had a very tough season coming. The first game was in two weeks.

УЕССН...

HO! HO!





BILLBOARDS USA

TIME ON YOUR HANDS?
WHY NOT HELP THE BOYS IN GREEN
CLEAN UP THAT MESS
IN VIETNAM?
YOUR MARINES:

THEY STIRRED UP THE WATERS
OF SOUTHEAST ASIA---
CAN YOU
HELP TAME THEM?
JOIN THE NAVY:

ARE YOU GOOD ENOUGH
FOR ~~THE~~ ACTION ARMY?
THERE'S A ROUND UP
GOING ON IN VIETNAM---
SEE YOUR LOCAL RECRUITER TODAY!

DROP THE BOMBS
ON HANOI!
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH A CRUSADE?
GO AIR FORCE!

ALMOST EVERYBODY'S
COME AROUND
TO OUR WAY OF THINKING---
EXCEPT CREEPS---
KILL EM.

Peter Boffey

Love in USA
SAID SUE TO BILL:
"NEXT TIME
STAND
A LITTLE CLOSER
TO THE BLADE"
BURMA SHAVE

Peter Boffey

Weeping After the Man is Gone

Jack Sifton

(i)
Angels move through
(and Angles)
space
From some placid vortex
To some spinning tangent
And I am frozen
To watch them pass.

(ii)
Nocturn with light
In green youth flows
From searing skies
Into uncharted voids.

(iii)
Smooth swarm hands
Lie peaceful saying nothing
With their movements
Torn from the circle and the clock.

(iv)
Fail
(ure and
sorrow lie static)
And all hands are lost in the sea.

v

The King is dead:
The Peace is broken:
Long Live the King
Long may his light burn after him:

For Martin Luther King Jr.
April 1968

David Alleyne

Drawing by Rob Livingston

1

the quality
of words

-you speak
well, I mean,
you express
yourself- from
pursed lips,
like a child's

this abstract
of life, a
community,

legs are not
abstract nor
intellectual
nor, often,
even compassionate

pleasure is
pleasure, a
measure of peace

you speak,
go on

2

in the moonlight,
to beckon, rub
the eyes in answer

to show words
in worlds of
movement, sooner
would I quit
words, language,
speech

to speak,
you go on

Charles Clayton



GENETICS

Wayne Robbins

my castor-oil brother in-
law seeks the wind
caught the spray
of some
un-
mannered skunk, sunday in the city
white stripe
antarctica day parade
(see them; stand on
my shoulder)
penguins
in paper hats
saluting multi-starred
ice machines
(that's cool...see them stand;)
on my shoulder
he takes his kids
to taffy apple bakeries
and tells them stories about
the IBM plant
and how when he was a kid
(when he was a kid)
and takes them to parades
(see them stand on my shoulder.)

Tea

Cupbearer
wherever
not knowing your
gestures have penetrated
me/ These are the instruments
whereby the cup of life is
given
how many years since
our crossing you
are found in your ways
you are found in your ways
wherever

CRESCENT

trane was mad they say
picked rags in satan's archdiocese
while crumbling children poured from
the howling walls around him
copping tales
the late clerk at the albert hotel
puffin' his pipe
and singing sleepy moaning jingles
to mad avenue rapid eye movements
used his fork as a comb
and chased long island gypsies
thru taxicab showers and
burped for reville
felt his constipated mouth growl
at the sound of a wild horn
twisting thru kerouac's great american night
making dark journey's from new york's
neon sewers to
hoboken fruit carts,
painted the brooklyn bridge silver
and watched it melt into
federal reserve greenbacks
all floating back up delancey street for
a crazed wine kick in its own
self-pying cellar.

Wayne Robins

AT THE BIG WINTER FORMAL



Wow!!

Wow!!

Wow!!

Wow!!

Wow!!

Wow!!

Wow!!

Wow!!

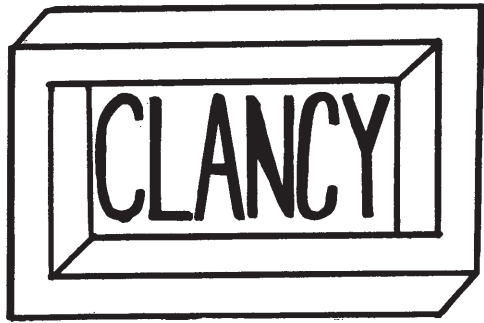
Wow!!

Wow!!

WE ALL HAD

A GREAT TIME

1957

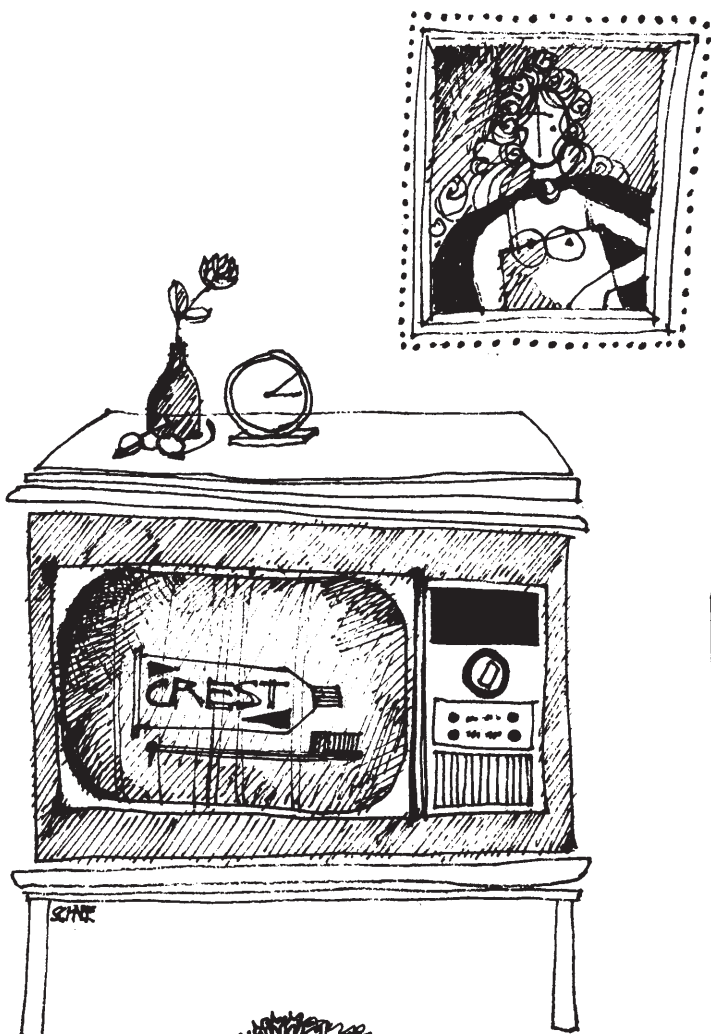


More of you people ought to go to Senate to see the kind of service you are getting from your duly elected representatives. One quite easily gets the impression that he is witnessing a political satire, like Dr. Strangelove. At any given meeting the august body can be depended upon to do at least one thing which is wholly ridiculous, and several other things which are really borderline situations. Of recent note in this respect was the motion, which was actually passed for a while, that what was needed for the Budget Committee to learn to dole the Convocation dues responsibly was a den-mother. The den-mother was to be one of the over-thirty types on the Faculty. His job was to bail the committee out before it made any real mistakes in allocations or to cover for the kiddies when they found fiscal solvency too mysterious to make any sense of. I thought this an affront, but a majority of the Senate was all for relinquishing all of Senate's power and responsibility regarding budgetary matters. Monday night's meeting provided further examples of this sort of perceptual poverty.

The meeting got off to a roaring start as Senate had to choose two students to serve on the Long Range Planning Committee. All of the people who wanted these jobs, and who were present at the meeting, got an opportunity to describe their ideas and qualifications. Several nominees had nothing to say at all, and the rest responded to the call of duty with a tag-team-like burst of the regular cliches which would have eroded Albee social completely away had the discussion not finally been limited. I requested the aspirants to put their rhetoric

away and address themselves to the point, and the result was a few ideas, sixty-seven more moles of methane at S.T.P. and one lower-college student's timid hope to be able to give the library more priority in the future than the ping-pong tables. Amazing! He was the only person I had heard around here except Mr. Fessler who thought a college needed a library before it needed a Holiday Inn. But not so for Senate. And that is the point, as well as YOUR problem.

Of further entertainment this week was the discussion of the adoption of by-laws by the Senate. It was proposed that the Senate re-accept the "Three Absences Rule," which requires that if a senator misses three or more meetings during any semester of his tenure, and cannot fulfill the responsibilities of the senatorial position when he signs up to run. One can not do what a senator has to do if he does not attend the meetings, and many of the senators do not. The all-seeing Senate, however, saw two problems with this proposal. The first problem was that of whether the Senate, operating by itself, has the right to dismiss delinquents who were popularly elected. It seems to me that not only may the Senate police itself in this way, it must. And this is especially true with the impeachment process being as personality-oriented and procedurally cumbersome as it is. The second reservation was based on the possibility that Senate's defining its own procedural regulations might be an infringement upon the rights of the senators. This statement is all well and good provided these alleged rights are spelled out a little bit, but they were not. The fact of the matter is that a senator only has rights, as a senator, so long as his actions according to them do not in any way interfere with his being a senator. To be a senator means to willingly accept certain limitations upon one's actions. The first of these limitations is that of attending the meetings. Not only will the senators not attend the meetings, but they will make no effort to control themselves in this respect in the future. But this is YOUR problem. Like I said earlier, you ought to go and watch the peculiar behavior of your senators.



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Book Review

John Barth, Lost in the Funhouse, Doubleday & Co., 201 pp., \$4.95.

To know Barth's works is to be confused by Barth's works. Not to know Barth's works is to miss out on an enjoyable, albeit a perplex, experience. Readers accustomed to Barth's treatment of a single theme, will find that the grand Barthian tradition is carried forward in his Funhouse, but carried about in a multitude of styles rather than, as before, a single style. It is this multitude of styles that may be Barth's major prepossession in this book, for its main purpose, if one is to believe the author, is publish a set of tales, in different styles, that will "take some of their resonance from each other." Thus Funhouse is an exercise, in the in, in technique. To quote the author:

"My feeling about technique in art is that it has about the same value as technique in love-making. That is to say, heartfelt ineptitude has its appeal and so does heartless skill; but what you want is passionate virtuosity."

Thus Barth uses L.I.T.F. to experiment with Fiction and/or fiction, using both ~~what~~ is thought to be possible and what is thought to be impossible. To gain a general idea of the ~~book~~ one has to read it but if you can get some idea from brief synopsis so here they are-

"Frame Tale" uses the much remembered Mr. Mobius' strip to construct a tale that reads "Once upon a time there was a story that began once upon a time there was a story that," etc.

In "Night Sea Journey" Barth examines life from the point of view of a spermitozoa and expresses his opinions of ending life.

"Ambrose His Mark" is reprinted from Esquire, and represents perhaps, the start of his autobiographical work, he continues with the character, or characters, of Ambrose in Lost in the Funhouse, the (obviously) title story. In the story Funhouse he traces both his (Barth's) learning of the writing craft and his (Ambrose's) development of awareness, also what Barth as Ambrose learned about Ambrose as Barth and:

"...You think you're yourself, but there are other persons in you... Ambrose watched him watch. In the funhouse mirror room you can't see yourself go on forever, because no matter how you stand, your head gets in the way."

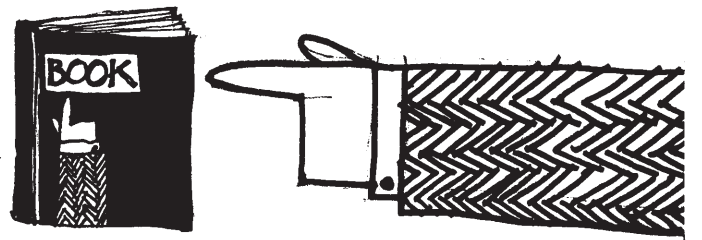
"Life Story", "Title", and "Autobiography" have similar intent, if different styles, as is evident from the titles, represents Barth's attempts to face himself in the third person. He strikes similar in the stories, telling first of his self loathing, then of his loathing of self loathers. Where he is heading, it seems in these stories is obscure even to him.

To anybody who is trying to determine what Barth is going to do next, the last two tales would seem an indication that he is trying to reform the history of Greece in the manner he reformed the History of Maryland in Sot Weed Factor and the history of the entire world in Giles Goat Boy. Exploring the alleys of the Homeric epic he transforms it into a probably more accurate version than the current romantic one.

"In "Menelaid" Barth follows up on Homer and has the title character relate his post-Troy adventures and tells a tale within a tale within a tale, and uses a few quotation marks in the process."

If, in "Anonymiad" he returns to his goats, his followers will still be denied a sense of familiarity, in this the story of the first author.

Barth, with Funhouse, tries to establish a dialogue with his readers, and if, in spots, the dialogue is seen to break down, the fault may be laid at the feet of the language and its limitations. Barth in his writing is attempting to change the language and perhaps the reader's confusion lies in the fact that we're all slow learners.



DANCE

Anita Schnee

It seems that without Miss Itelman's influence, the dance concert turns out better. Certainly it is true that her absence allows much greater room for student work. Perhaps this might be an indication of how the department might be un if the students' interests are really the major issue behind the educational system as represented by the Bard dance department.

The opening piece, Group Timing, was choreographed by Peter Saul, a New York dancer who teaches here part-time. This rapid-fire, often witty piece was in the long run interesting although the dancers' sloppy performance of it detracted from what was essentially choreographic material. The fact that the piece was done to an extremely difficult score of electronic sound montage (which Mr. Saul put together himself), however, must be taken into account. Figuring the score for the dancers must have been a terrific job, and the dancers' shakiness was undoubtedly due to the difficulty of the music. Here the choice of title was a little sad in view of its absence, but the piece itself, while it tended to be a bit overstated at some points, was good one.

Group Timing was followed by Carla Sayers' Argo in partial fulfillment of her senior project. Cathy Gohl was beautiful here and really distinguished herself as a promising technician though

she needs the stage presence that one has come to expect of Marion Tarr, for instance. The choreography, however, was mannered, redundant and uninteresting, partially by virtue of the fact that it was done to Bach. This pseudo-baroque appeal to aesthetic pleasure has been seen thousands of times and been done better by hundreds. Tasteless. Carla can do better, as her following, and I hope major piece indicated: Insected Surfaces. Here she really had something to say, and deserves commendation for both her prolific output as well as her effort towards diversity. Though the net result was unsuccessful the idea was arresting, unique and exciting. The piece began as a flat, two dimensional image of silhouetted dancers against three back-lit, translucent panels. This was visually extremely effective, but the piece failed as choreography. Wandering, unconcentrated, basically uninteresting, it was frustrating to see such a potentially exciting device as the lighted panels remain undeveloped. There was no attempt at organic or logical integration of props and dancers, no justification for the glittery costumes, and no thematic development or diversification. It didn't go anywhere. It remained merely a suggestion of many possibilities.

Serious critical analysis of Lin Harrison's Bagatelle would be remiss. The piece is such a put-on, such a fuck-you to ballet--in a way it's something of an in-joke, as a familiarity of ballet and its various technical devices yields a greater understanding of the parody of this

piece. Lin's got a real facility with movement expressive of her sense of humor, and while everyone else is "suffering" on stage, Lin's laughing at them all. I would like to see her turn this rather merciless satirical ability to something a bit more topical and deserving of ridicule than ballet--say, the John Birchers or America or Motherhood and Apple Pie; for instance.

The lighting of Marion Tarr's Primordium (by Kirk Williamson) was the best seen in the theatre in a long time. A lonely, ghastly vision of hellishness, the piece reminded me of Cocteau's Orphee. Definitely one of the best, with the greatest choreographic skill, better exploitation of theatrical media at hand, and real sensitivity.

Tarr has shown in the past that she is capable of great theatrical concentration, and her Oneness is Two enforces this. A sketch more than a finished piece, the slowness of pace, and the great limitation of space used yielded a thoughtful, careful exploitation of the design possibilities expressive of an inseparable Two.

Everyone looked really happy on stage in Tom Adair's Comedians and this spirit definitely communicated itself to the audience. Broad, fun, just a really enjoyable piece, very reminiscent of the thirties' Rockette Culture. Ballet suffered notably as a concept, and if Carla Sayersova lacked the technique to bring off a really effective satire of the Russian Prima Ballerina, the idea was there, anyhow.

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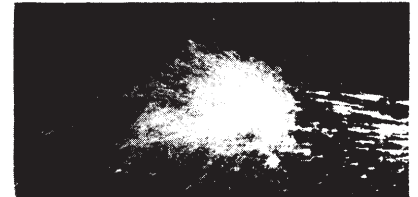
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