

OBSERVER

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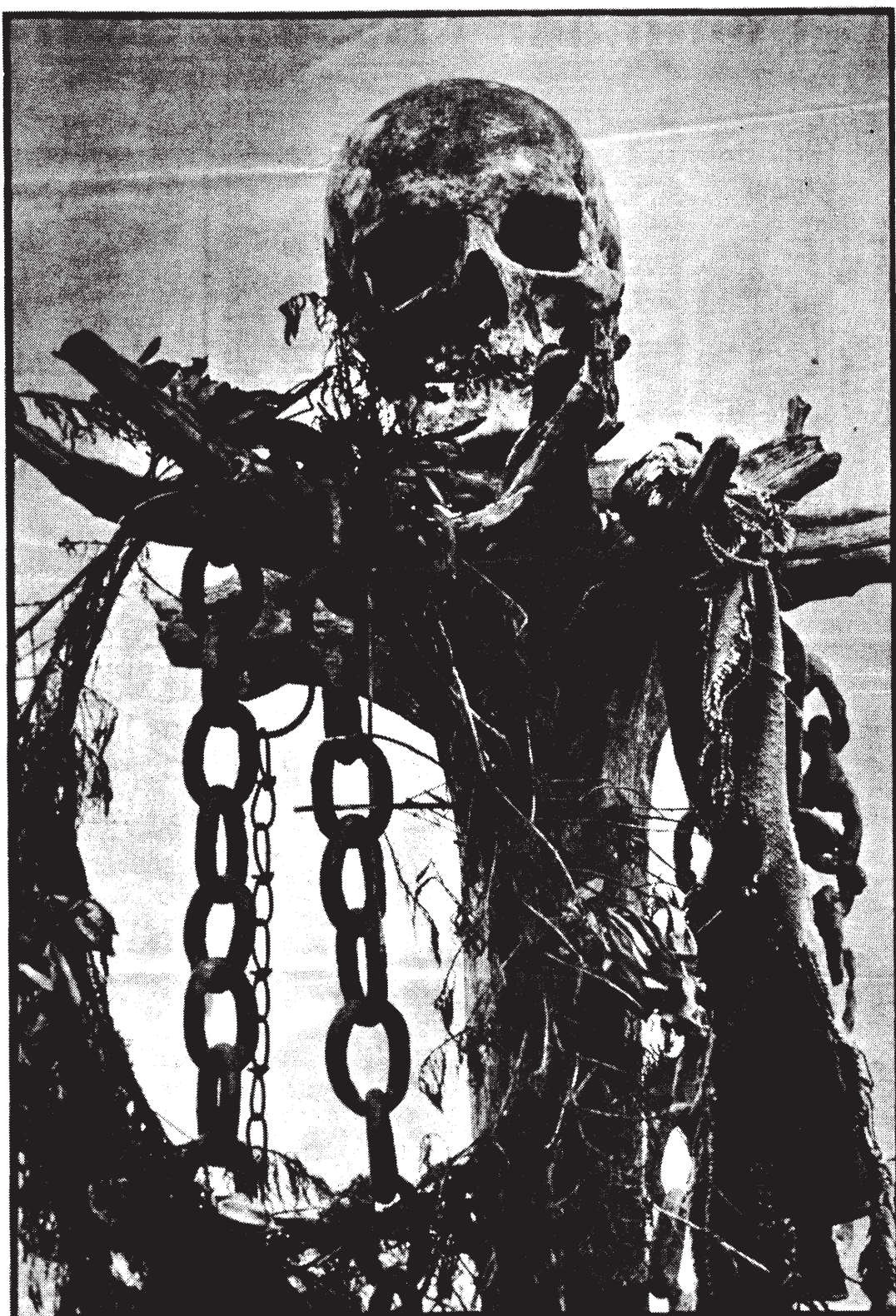


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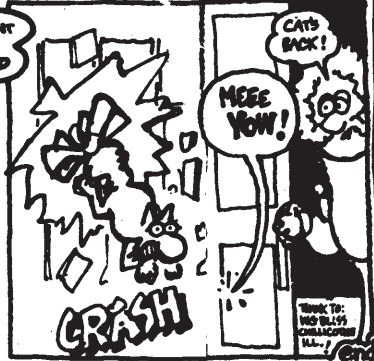
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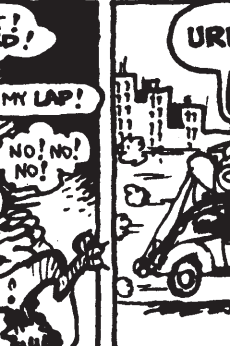
FAT REDDY'S CAT

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THE ADVENTURES OF FAT REDDY'S CAT

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GAS WAR IN VIETNAM

"One of the world's richest areas is open to the winner of Indochina," wrote U.S. News and World Report just before Dienbienphu, on April 16, 1954. "Tin, rubber, rice, key strategic raw materials are what the war is really about. The U.S. sees it as a place to hold -- at any cost."

Speaking in Boston in 1965, LBJ's ambassador to Vietnam, Henry Cabot Lodge, went a step further: "He who holds or has influence in Vietnam can affect the future of the Philippines and Formosa to the east, Thailand and Burma with their huge rice surpluses to the west, and Malaysia and Indonesia with their rubber, oil, and tin to the south. Vietnam thus does not exist in a geographical vacuum -- from it large storehouses of wealth and population can be influenced and undermined."

The American oil giants' stampede to Southeast Asia began after the 1965 coup in Indonesia by pro-American generals which left a half million communists dead but opened the door wide to foreign investment. Southeast Asian oil's importance was heightened by the Six Day War in 1967 which cut off the Suez Canal to important Middle Eastern oil shipments. "Major companies are eager to diversify their sources of petroleum because of political uncertainty in the Middle East, the world's major source of crude [oil] today," wrote Fortune magazine in March, 1970.

Now the oil rush in Southeast Asia has reached the shores of South Vietnam, where exploration for long-suspected offshore oil reserves have been underway since 1969. Currently, sixteen American oil companies along with two Japanese firms and one Canadian company, expect to being negotiations with the Thieu-Ky regime in late February or early March for seventeen major oil concessions. The oil companies clearly have a real interest in having Nixon hold on to Indochina at any cost.

To some observers, the oil companies' quick actions for Vietnamese concessions indicates that they have received a clear message from the President. Jacques Decornoy, the South east Asia editor of the French daily, Le Monde, wondered in that paper's January 8 issue, "Have the oil companies perhaps received some solid assurances from Washington concerning the United States willingness to 'hold' Indochina, and South Vietnam in particular?"

"In view of such haste, one is tempted to think so," he concludes. "The companies have already begun to invest, even though President Nixon has begun using the slogan of 'Vietnamization.'"

The importance of Southeast Asian oil stems from predictions that within the next ten years the industrial world will consume as much petroleum as was produced in the entire previous history of oil. A U.S. oil expert with fifteen years experience in Southeast Asia has said that in five years "the offshore oil fields of Thailand, Cambodia, Malaysia, South Vietnam, and Indonesia will be ready to produce...more than is now produced in the whole western world."

The Vietnamese oil discovery has been made the more significant by the attempt of OPEC, the international consortium of oil-producing countries, to force the oil companies to grant them a larger cut of Middle Eastern oil revenues. The OPEC action will cost American oil companies at least \$1.2 billion annually.



But with the "friendly" governments of Indochina, the possibility is much higher for American oil companies to negotiate contracts on much better terms. The Vietnamese leases will give American companies a 45/55 split with the government, much higher than the 32 1/2/67 1/2 split they get now from Indonesia.

But the ultimate reason for the American companies' passionate interest in the Vietnamese and other Southeast Asian oil fields is not simple profit, but control of vital oil reserves. As has been the case since WWII, American economic influence in Asia rests on the American ability to control Japan's supply of raw materials and its available markets. An independent socialist Southeast Asia would pull Japan into expanded trade with both itself and China and end its reliance on the U.S.

Such a shift in the Pacific balance of power could deal a shattering blow to the American big business strategy to keep and extend its position in the world economy.

As the major source of the world's usable energy, oil has an importance in international politics far out of proportion to its dollar volume. Emphasizing the link between oil and international relations, a Department of State Bulletin in October stated "Our investors are predominant in world petroleum, and petroleum is by far the largest single commodity in world commerce."

GINSBERG AT BARD

Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, and his friend Denise, were guests of Bard as Allen gave a reading Sunday night, Feb. the 28th in the gymnasium. He also read here December 3, 1969. The realization that Ginsberg is a great poet struck the listener upon the finish of some of his characteristic long, copious, and exact lines. It was a great joy to be in his presence, to watch him, to hear his curiously deep, husky, gravelly voice which seems to echo within him, that turned beautiful when he read his poems. I noticed a gentleness, as of someone aware of a new finality to his time -- either to his own life or to our furious era.

Instead of the cathartic poems he has been uncovering in himself and his experiences in HOWL, KADDISH, the drug poems, the poems from Mexico City and Havana and Lima, and the latest weird solipsisms, visions of universes within in PLANET NEWS, he read poems obviously written on his farm in upstate New York, "Eclogue" for example. Still one noticed in such bucolics his late constant obsession with the government/Mafia heroin conspiracy. Apart from his own poems, with Peter Orlovsky he sang many of Blake's Songs he has happily put to his own music and recorded.

--- Jonathan Kaplan



photo by julie gelfand

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observer

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rubble



BOOKS

Is anyone interested in reading VIOLENCE AS PROTEST, by Robert M. Fogelson? It analyzes urban riots, the indignities of ghetto life and the involvement of white society in perpetuating these evils. Let me know and I'll write for it.

Piet Hein's GROOKS 3 is a book of very short poems and cute sketches. "I love excess/of fruitfulness./Let other fools/pay more for less." is an example from the cover. Anyone who would like to review it should let me know.

And then, there's DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY, which is a history of expurgated books in England and America, with chapters that claim to discuss "Shakespeare in Shreds," "Destiny and Mr. Plumtre," and "The Fall of Bowdlerism, and After."

The Sufi's ideal is "To be 'in the world, but not of it' free from ambition, greed, intellectual pride, blind obedience to custom, or awe of persons higher in rank." THE SUFIS, by Idries Shah, is a detailed discussion of Sufism, and includes a great deal of information on Eastern religion, fables and mythology.

VANDENBURG. Oliver Lange. "Gene Vandenberg, 50, with a son, a place, a thing to do, was pretty well satisfied. He wasn't a bad man. Maybe he was a remarkable man. Then it happened. Nothing that important had happened in the United States in 195 years. Maybe it was inevitable."

UP AGAINST NEW YORK: A HANDBOOK FOR SURVIVAL IN THE CITY, by John Berenyi. "How to Face the Police, a Bust, an Arrest Process, a Judge! Single Girls: A Melodrama. Bargain-hunting in the Great Cultural Supermarket." These are just a few of the stimulating topics covered in this handy layman's guide toward surviving in New York City. It also includes a Survival Kit for City Living (in alphabetical order.)

POETRY

ORIGINS, A living anthology of Transreal expression with readings by Rochelle Ratner (March 1) and W. Bliem Kern (March 8) during a regularly scheduled course 6:00-7:45 at the New School for Social Research. (OR 5-2700). Rochelle has been published in THE NATION, THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, ANTA-EUS, SHENANDOAH and THE NEW YORK QUARTERLY. Kern will publish a section of his long poem IS IT in the forthcoming issue of MEAL. He is working on his first novel.

STUDY IN RUSSIA THIS SUMMER

The State University College at New Paltz is offering a combination language and travel course this summer. Anyone willing to intensively study Russian this summer will be eligible for a five-week trip to the USSR which includes a language seminar at Dyuny, on the Gulf of Finland, and a seminar at Sochi, on the Black Sea. The last week will include a trip to Kiev, Leningrad, Moscow, Vladimir and Suzdal. College credit is offered. For more information, write to Dr. Pierre Francois, Director of International Studies at the State University College.

FRESH EXPERIMENT IN LEARNING

Self expression through the discipline of art - drawing, painting, ceramics. For further information - The Summer Workshop, June 27-Aug. 7, Box 351, Lake Placid, N.Y. 12946. More information is also available in the Observer office.

Lydia Ayers

letters

Dear Dana Ahlgren,

Before I was finished with the first paragraph of "Government Trips on Wires", I knew you had written it. How? You stated in three sentences what was happening then plunged into an indictment of the system that left the most important factual questions either unanswered or answered by implication only. How did the bombing happen? Who else could have done it? What do Plamondon, Forrest and Sinclair have to say about it? What evidence is there on either side besides the tapped phone calls? You certainly have enough information about the government's conspiracy to screw these people, so why don't you have any of the basic facts?

Repression in this country should be exposed, but if the truth is distorted in the process, if one aspect of a story is emphasized at the expense of the others, especially at the expense of the basic facts, then the purpose is defeated.

Daniel Cantor

At long last! Bard College has a film department. On Wednesday, March 2, the faculty voted to support the recommendations of the Film Committee and implement a real live program of film study, to commence with the Fall '71 semester.

President Kline in his opening remarks to the faculty concerning the state of the school, expressed his personal agreement with the committee's report. While discussing the vagaries of the Bard admissions situation, he noted that the students who will consider applying to Bard, will look favorably upon the existence of a course in film study. His remarks suggested a belief, shared by most of the faculty I think, that a school without such a program of study could not hope to compete for top applicants.

The first aspect of the discussion commenced with Mrs. Domandi's statement of support, representing the Faculty Senate. Then, Dr. Wanning, the chairman of the Film Committee briefly stated some of the major principles in the Committee document. He suggested that film study at Bard would consist of more than independent film-making, that it would involve a wide ranging approach to the medium, going beyond studio work.

When the discussion commenced, a number of faculty members wondered out loud whether the current interest in film, on the part of the community, was simply a fad. Reference was made to the students' fleeting interest in Greek. Mr. Yarden of AMDD suggested that the institution of film studies might drain funds from departmental activities which have already demonstrated viability. Mr. Driver, also of AMDD, countered both arguments, I think, when he commented, after alluding to his own studies in Greek, and his position in AMDD, that "Greek is dead, and film is very much alive." This was the main argument of those who defended the proposal, that Bard's students had already provided ample evidence of the viability of a film department. The students' real enthusiasm for film was a felt presence, in the minds of most of the faculty.

Larry Gross

Excerpts from film committee's report passed by the faculty

Film-making during the 75 years since its inception has become a considerable and important art form, both as public communication and as private creativity, and their intimate interchanges; its study and practice are both justified and feasible within the liberal arts program at Bard. We recommend a major of modest proportions, to be included within the AMDD Division.

We think that this program should be primarily, though not exclusively, oriented towards the film-maker rather than the spectator or critic: in this sense a Creative Art for majors at least. We recognize -- and indeed insist on -- the opportunities of personal "experimental" film-making, and at the same time we believe that the program should engage the student with the further public possibilities of film.

We recommend a two-year trial period, as a test of both the validity of the program and of continuing student interest.

Given two or three essentially responsible instructors, each of whom is a film-maker or closely concerned in film-making, we think that diversity should be sought for, not only in personality, but also in background, interests, point of view, and commitment to particular forms. Since knowledge, crafts and particular capabilities appear to be found in different combination, it may be more useful to describe what we think the combined capabilities should be than to try to specify the qualities of each:

1. Background in the personal experimental film, with the capacity to encourage, but also to criticize objectively, self-expression through the medium of film.
2. Background and interest in the film of wider public communication and point of view.
3. Knowledge of the techniques of narrative in film.

4. Considerable skill in the technical use of the camera, editors, optical printers, and other essential equipment, and its relation to the creative potentialities of the art.

5. Reasonably comprehensive knowledge of and interest in the historical development of film and its major monuments, and the ability to communicate it through lecture, to large groups if necessary.

6. The ability to analyze and interpret such works so that their values may be instructive both to the critic and to the film-maker.

Phasing-In Process:

1. Present Juniors should not be considered as majors, but may continue in courses according to experience.

2. Present Sophomores with sufficient interest and experience should be allowed to transfer from their existing Trial Majors to Film. Spring moderations in 1971, with or without a film representative on the board, might approve their transfer; or early moderations in the fall of 1971 with the then constituted department might review their backgrounds we think both methods should be used.

3. Present Freshmen with sufficient interest should be allowed to transfer to Film without special requirements of experience.

4. Transfers should be admitted to the Film program according to academic background and experience as above.

5. During the academic year 1971-72, the Advanced Aesthetics courses and the Major Conference groups will

Major Conference groups will probably not be called for and it may be desirable to mount two sections of Film Aesthetics 201-2.

DEVLIN: IRELAND IN REVOLT

Bernadette Devlin is now completing her second speaking tour of the United States. She says she has returned here as a revolutionary socialist, and wants to talk about the kind of Ireland she seeks to build. The money from her tour will be used to finance the operation of a factory in Northern Ireland to be run by workers, and to fund a socialist research center.

Miss Devlin spoke at the Vassar College Chapel last Saturday evening. Here are two impressions:

I have never been very much impressed with the rationalizations of any particular ideology. I also have never been very much impressed with the rationalizations of any particular political figure. I religiously gave up listening to political figures a long time ago.

I gave up listening to gurus and priests and Captain Kangaroo and Mr. Wizard, and a host of other people who have answers to everything. I distrust people who claim to have answers to everything.

I mention all this so that you understand this author's point of view.

Anyway, the other night I went down to Vassar to hear Bernadette Devlin. I really didn't know quite what to expect. I knew very little about her politics, or anything else, for that matter. I knew she was Irish and I knew she was a revolutionary. From the little I had heard about her, I thought she was insane. Insanity interests me, which is why I was interested in hearing Bernadette Devlin.

The Great American Press was my only reference source on Bernadette Devlin. The Press never comes right out and calls someone "insane." They employ terms like "eccentric" and "radical" instead. The American Public listens attentively, salivates properly, and hears the word "insane," having been trained correctly to the not-so-subtle connotations of the Press.

I guess I am not well-trained, for, if the truth be told, I harbored a suspicion that Bernadette Devlin was at least as sane as Walter Cronkite. That's why I went: to hear for myself.

I didn't know quite what to expect and, quite unexpectedly, Bernadette Devlin impressed me. It is difficult, indeed, not to be impressed by her.

Miss Devlin is a quietly powerful speaker. Her power emanates from her soft-spoken approach, engaging the audience in a personal bond. She doesn't spend her time quoting other politicians, nor does she subject her audience to a barrage of empty slogans and meaningless generalizations. She does not play the part of a demagogue addressing the inferior multitude. She speaks rationally and coherently, as one human being addressing a fellow human being.

Bernadette Devlin does not claim to have answers to everything. I like that. She is quite certain of what she says, though, because she has lived it. Is she insane? No, unless genius may be called insanity.

Miss Devlin is, by her own definition, a "revolutionary socialist." She separates the world into two categories of people: "Those who work, and those who exploit the workers." As one might deduce from this statement, Miss Devlin calls for a world-wide revolution of workers, to place the means of production, and thus, the means of remuneration from the means of production in the hands of the workers.

It should be emphasized that she makes no distinction between a "working" class and a "middle" class. Affluence does not define classes. As she explained it, the "middle" class, though it aspires to rise above to the exploiting class, is still a part of the mass comprising those who work.

With regard to the ruling class, Miss

Devlin said: "It is understandable that these people should think they have a right to the wealth they control...The money is theirs; the factories are theirs; America is theirs."

It is Miss Devlin's contention that the workers have a right to this wealth, a right to control the means of production. In Great Britain, 5 per cent of the population owns 85 per cent of the wealth. It is this absurd imbalance to which Miss Devlin addresses herself.

The workers in Belfast's ghettos are starving. Their unemployment rate never falls below 28 per cent. In over 90 per cent of their homes, no sanitary facilities exist. The largest incidence of bronchial diseases in Great Britain occurs in this charming city of Belfast. Bernadette Devlin is not merely employing dramatic license when she says that the workers in Belfast are desperate.

The docks of Belfast, where most of these people work, are owned by the British Government and Aristotle Onassis.

Contrary to popular belief (popular American Press propaganda), Belfast's workers are not rioting over religion, they are rioting about food. The Catholic Church in Ireland has refused to grant absolution to members of the Irish Republican Army, Ireland's underground revolutionary army. In Miss Devlin's words: "If you think we're fighting for the Catholic Church, you're wrong. The Catholic Church has never done anything to help us."

The current rioting in Northern Ireland is occurring, much of the time, between the workers themselves. Government propaganda, along with Press propaganda, serves to perpetuate a division between the workers, and conceal the actual reasons for the situations. This tactic of divisiveness has been effective and serves to point up the adamantly aggressive attitude which the ruling class assumes in dealing with the problems of the working class. Rather than effecting a solution, the Government has sent 7,000 British troops (members of the working class being exploited by the British government) to Northern Ireland to "maintain the peace." This move has, needless to say, only succeeded in increasing the tension of the frustrated citizens of Belfast.

Bernadette Devlin is no stranger to violence. She doesn't endorse the Belfast riots, but violence is part of her philosophy. She feels violence to be the only method available to the working class, simply because the ruling class will not relinquish the means of production peacefully. Her answer to violence is violence.

Toward the end of the evening, one of the hecklers in the audience finally got the chance to pose his earth-shattering question: "Are you a communist?"

First, Miss Devlin politely attempted to explain to the man that he didn't understand the meaning of the word. When he wouldn't stop talking, she finally said: "Yes, sir, I am a communist in the same sense that Jesus Christ was a communist. And if Jesus Christ were alive today, he'd be electrocuted for being an anarchist."

Jesus Christ wasn't insane either. And someone will probably shoot Bernadette Devlin before she ever reaches the age of 33.

So it goes.

--- Rich Tedesco



photo by carolyn carlson

Bernadette Devlin spoke quietly and convincingly at Vassar College last week. You listened to her, and you were impressed not only by the clear vision of her political argument, but also by her own personal strength and brilliance. Her message was clear, her reason exacting. As she spoke she answered questions, almost clairvoyantly, before they were asked. She has said that experience made her a revolutionary socialist, and it was clear that her ability to communicate this experience makes her a compelling speaker. The emotional force with which she spoke was conveyed through content, she never raised her voice. She handled heckling and shallow questions with humor and ease. And she refused to compromise her audience: the working class must gain control of the means of production before poverty and injustice can be eradicated, in Northern Ireland or anywhere else.

Ever since the Londonderry riots began 18 months ago, the media has been treating the disturbances in Ulster as a religious war between the Catholic minority and the Protestant majority. Miss Devlin emphasized, as she has continually in the past, that the issue of religion has only been used to obscure what is really a class conflict. When the civil rights movement in Northern Ireland was growing in 1968, many Protestant workers joined with Catholics in a march from Belfast to Londonderry. It was only when the Catholic middle class entered the movement that Protestants became alienated from it. But this alienation is again giving way to common cause, and recent fighting in Ulster against the British army has taken place in Protestant as well as in Catholic quarters. Miss Devlin now hopes that a united working class movement can struggle to end both capitalism and British rule in Northern Ireland.

The poverty in which most of the Irish working class lives has been a unifying force. In both Protestant and Catholic ghettos in Belfast 90% of the homes are without plumbing. The unemployment rate hovers near 30% of the work force. Meanwhile, in Ireland, 5% of the population owns 85% of the wealth. To control the rebelliousness of the workers, the Ulster government instituted its own Special Powers Act, which permits the imprisonment without trial of political dissenters. The number of prisoners in Northern Ireland has since risen by 400%.

Addressing herself to the question of violence, Miss Devlin said: "We have lived with the violence of poverty, the violence of repression, the violence of imperialism, and you have the nerve to talk to us about violence?"

Miss Devlin's critique of capitalism went beyond describing the poverty in which most of the Irish working class lives. She spoke with profound directness to her American audience of the history of private property in the United States. Inheritance plays a major role in the ownership and control of American wealth, and when we look to its origins we find, for instance, that John D. Rockefeller began to amass his oil empire during the Civil War years, while the boy he had paid \$100 to take his place in the Union army fought and died.

Today Miss Devlin finds that there are only two economic classes in capitalist countries, the working class and those who exploit the working class. This brought to mind some of the ambiguities in American society (e.g., race or income) which make such a class analysis more difficult. But Miss Devlin explained that in the United States 30% of the population lives beneath the government-established poverty line, and that poor and non-white people in this country comprise a majority. She also said that the middle class is actually a sector of the working class, though middle class people try in vain to climb out of this position. To her college audience, Miss Devlin added: "The ruling class buys your minds in the hope that you will forget you have hands, just as they buy the workers' hands in the hope that they will forget they have minds."

The working class revolution Bernadette Devlin advocates must be an international one. She has no illusions about Ireland surviving as an "island of socialism" -- a world socialist community must be created in order for socialism to succeed anywhere. As a member of the Irish working class, Miss Devlin is prepared to work for the final victory of "the international majority of working people." This victory, she says, may or may not occur in her lifetime, but "no one can stop us, and no one will."

--- Bruce Warshavsky

4 student productions

Steve Gerald will present Eugene Ionesco's VICTIMS OF DUTY in the theater on March 20 (8:30), along with several other student directed plays. From discussions with the cast, this play seems to be about people victimized in various ways by their responsibilities to society.

The cast includes Mark Cohen as Choubert, Roberta Powell as Madeleine, Tim Kennedy as the Detective, David Ebersole as Nicolas D'eu, Kyle McGrath as the Lady, and Mallot as himself (with a t).

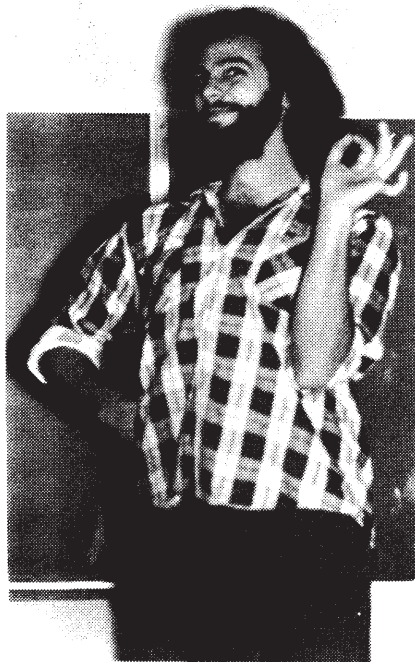


photo by carolyn carlson

Steve is using some interesting games to try to establish certain relationships between the characters in his play. At one rehearsal, he set Roberta up as a mother ignoring her five-year-old son. She was reading a newspaper while Mark wanted her to play with him. He was ripping up toilet paper all over the floor, and asking her to make a bow for him from it. She kept reading the newspaper with barely a response. The exercise helps define Choubert's character in the play.

As they got into the exercise, Steve made various remarks, such as "On top of that, I want you to caricature everything you do. Don't let it get bogged down. Start from the beginning. Keep it light. More caricature. Feel it in your back. Feel it in your foot."

In another exercise, Steve set Roberta (Madeleine) up as the nagging wife who only makes matters worse for Mark (Choubert), her husband, who is confused by the interrogation by Tim, the detective.

"What do you know about sex, Mark? Tell us what you know." The detective's part in this game was to keep hammering, to try to confuse Mark, to make him answer.

Tim described his feeling as he did this exercise, "I didn't feel like hammering all the time. I didn't want to repeat it so much." Steve gave a demonstration of how someone can force an answer out of someone else who doesn't want to give one. He mimicked a high school teacher, investigating the strange non-appearance of homework. "Did you do it? Yes or no? Yes or no? Did you? Why? Explain it to me. Can you explain it? Why?"

At the same time that Tim was hammering Mark with his questions, Roberta was screaming, "You are a liar, Mark! A liar!" This helped to develop the character of Madeleine, whose role in the play varies from a good supporting wife to a shrew. She constantly bickers at Choubert, as though bored with the whole procedure and wishing he would just finally say where Mallot is, and get it over with. (Mallot, by the way, may not even exist.)

In the middle of this harassment, Choubert is confused. "I don't know. I don't remember. Maybe I was his best man. May be he was my best man. I don't know." His reaction to the game was, "I'm just sort of digging. I don't have any of the answers. It was too easy at first, but after a while I began to start feeling it."

In the play itself, Choubert goes through several confused scenes, some of them remembering his childhood, as the detective and Madeleine seem in a conspiracy against him in trying to make him find Mallot. They stuff him full of food "to plug the gaps in his memory" -- but he still doesn't remember, and the harassment continues.

Nicolas D'eu (David Ebersole) is a great writer, and mistaken for, by the way, the Czar of Russia. He contributes to making the play more absurd than it already is by talking to the audience and ignoring the harassment of Choubert.

At the entrance of Nicolas during this scene, Steve yelled, "What do you mean, 'hello?' Do you know what it is to be a great person? When you come in, you are Nicolas D'eu, the Czar of Russia -- and the Czar of Russia doesn't say 'hello!' " Forthwith, Nicolas assumed a more dignified air, as he gave his monologue on theater improvement (sitting down, crossing his foot on his knee).

There is a great deal of work going into this play, and it's heading toward an impossible sort of humour, enjoyable in the seriousness of its absurdity.

Joe Aponte began his rehearsal of Jean Genet's THE BALCONY (which he will present in the same program as VICTIMS OF DUTY) outside Albee with folks sitting around playing jews harps, banjo, and frisbee, like a bunch of traveling minstrels as they waited for a few more people to come.

"Shall we play outside today?" The sunny weather had made everyone cheerful and gay. "No, we wait 'til the weather gets warmer."

The warm-ups began with a circle of jumping jack people, which turned into a caricatured track team to a military air on Jim Putney's trumpet.

The cast includes Aline Mayer playing Irma, Michael Zeussman playing the Bishop, Jim Putney playing the General, Claudia Chacter as the Judge, Linda Bernstein as the Girl, Sylvia Taub as the Woman, Sandra Coleman as the Executioner, Karen Wollager as Carmen, Louis Silver as the first photographer, John Juhl as the Beggar and "screams" and Edra Ziesk as the Thief. Also, the variety of musical instruments includes Erik Karlin on guitar, Jim Putney on violin, Sandra Coleman and Michael Zeussman on recorder, Louis Silver on a cymbal,



photo by carolyn carlson

Aline Mayer on jews harp, John Juhl on horn, and Claudia Chacter on banjo.

Michael Zeussman uses incredible facial and body expressions to play the part of the Bishop, who preens himself with a hairbrush in front of a mirror. The Bishop is a pitiful prima donna, mocked by the two women who are attending upon him, Irma and the Woman. He banishes them for a time, carrying on a monologue with his own majesty: "Do I make myself clear, mirror, gilded image, ornate as a box of Mexican cigars? And I wish to be bishop in solitude, for appearance alone.. And in order to destroy all function, I want to cause a scandal and feel you up, you slut, you bitch, you trollop..." Then, the ladies come into try to see that he's properly dressed and he ignores them as he continues his monologue with the mirror.

The second scene opens. The judge crawls towards the foot of the scornful thief, who wants her foot licked. This



photo by carolyn carlson

courtroom scene is easily related to other modern courtroom farces.

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the critic's critic

I will ask myself a question which the Observer reviewers never consider: who am I writing this for? I am not writing it for the drama-dance department, whose serious members already understand that -- while often nasty and painful -- the Observer reviews account for nothing. I am writing this for whoever wishes to confront the theatrical experience and wants to find a vocabulary for dealing with it.

Another question: does Bard need reviews? No, not in the usual sense. A Broadway or West End review tells the special interest group which a given paper speaks to whether or not it wants to see play "X". The special interest group served by the Observer is (1) not especially interested in the Observer, and (2) not homogenous in taste. Further, Bard productions don't cost anything to see and, to give the issue last rites, the reviews don't appear until after the play is closed, anyhow. The Observer reviews have followed the tradition of unnecessary institutions by making up in bitchiness what they lack in meaning. They serve only to turn off or upset the people who work in the theater and to vindicate the snobbery of whoever didn't see the whole play but who hates the drama-dance department anyway.

The only possible use a late review can serve (or a good early one, for that matter) is to analyse what happened on the stage, not in the reviewer's head. Experience-as-felt, not judgement, is the source of theatre and a decent review comes to terms with the experience. This means the reviewer must see the production as done; he/she must put aside preconceptions about theatre in general and the play in particular. Unless you begin here, the entire review must fail -- as, in fact, every Bard review has failed since I arrived here in 1967. For example, "After the Rain" by John Bowen was used by a reviewer in 1969 to vent his notions about politics and theater. That his whims totally blocked the human workings at the center of the play did not disturb him.

Last semester, Odetts' "Awake and Sing", a Marxist play which got its company blacklisted, was turned into a Jewish "I Remember Mama" by the reviewer. To anyone doing or seeing Bard plays, Observer reviews have seemed to be well or poorly written slanders of some alien event. And slander it is. Reviewers have talked about acting, directing and set design as if people like Stanislavsky and Meyerhold never existed. Their thinking lies in the backwaters of theater's stagnation. They don't understand that for over a century



the premises of a production have been set by the director. Those premises must be grasped for valid analysis to take place. The insistently inept expectation of acting as voice and gesture control is likewise a hung-over perversion from aristocratic chamber-dramas. Acting, unless enslaved by some coterie, has always been a matter of physical response and real intentions. The center of acting is involvement and freedom, not devised gimmickery. Set design is no longer limited by the stricture of art as imitation; the set, like everything else in theater, lives to make a statement.

It is therefore insensitive to demand that a play conform to your particular view; the director has molded his view out of work. The play can, of course, live by another vision -- but at the moment of experience it relies for its conceptual life on the particular director. To know the play as done, you must accept the director as the director. Later, you can offer another view, but it must always come as an honest reaction to the script. The director's function is to breathe his life into the play without sucking out the author's. That's how you know and judge him.

To demand a "smooth" delivery from an actor is to live in fear of a real performance. The stage demands trust from all around and on it; the audience must trust as art what the actor trusts as natural instinct. The test of an actor is the extent to which he can give, not the hypocrisy of his "style." Criticise him for that, if you must criticise, not for having a frog in his throat. Each actor must play each character his own way -- if he has any honesty at all. It is his business to

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touch of evil MOOG MADNESS 5

Part of the particular joy of watching a film by Orson Welles is the feeling of enthusiasm you get just sitting in the theatre. The opening of his film *Touch of Evil*, made in 1957, is one of the most exciting tracking camera movements in the history of the cinema. It is a movement so outrageous and compelling, that it seems to sweep us out of our seats. The grip which this first sequence holds us in is not lessened until the final frame of the movie.

His whole body is a microcosm of the disorder which the film projects. He manages to earn our compassion despite his actions. His habit of extracting "confessions" and securing convictions, is a variation on Welles' own ambivalent attitude towards authority, and the corruption attached to it. For the police chief seeks noble ends, he simply has lost perspective on his own means. This is precisely the predicament of the hero.



Nominally, *Touch of Evil* is melodrama concerning drug peddlers and murder. It features the Hollywood hero par excellence, Charlton Heston and the embattled heroine par excellence, Janet Leigh. But what Welles does in this film is to completely destroy the image of Law and Order. We are plunged into a nightmare vision of darkness and corruption.

The key to the film's effect is its use of location, a town located right on the Mexican-American border. The Americans ride roughshod over the Mexicans, and from the beginning of the film there is a fundamental disorder. Soon the chief of police, played by Welles himself, is revealed as corrupt and unscrupulous. In order to "get" his man he decides to get his rival law officer played by Heston.

This is a universe in which all appearances are delusive. The police chief bargains with the dope peddlers to help himself. The leader of the gang, played by Akim Takimoroff, is more a comic figure, keeping on his toupee, than a villain. Meanwhile, the upright, forthright Good guy, Charlton Heston practically runs amok, trying to protect himself, and his wife.

Before the end of the film, we realize that it is only a very short distance from the heroics of the Heston character, to the villiany of the Welles character.

In this film, more successfully than in his own adaptation of Kafka, Welles is able to create a reality which goes from naturalism into hallucination. The impulse towards chaos seems irresistible in this film, since even those forces of law appear to conspire with the chaos. In particular Welles does an amazing amount with inanimate mechanical things. The car driven by the police chief, incredible in size and bulk; the oil-wells pumping away as the police chief unwittingly confesses; the mysterious bordello; the time bomb of the opening sequence.

What we find in *Touch of Evil* is a reality so complex and multi-faceted, that our shallow, facile notions of good and evil are subverted and then put through the wringer. Though Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh retain most of our sympathy, it is in the spectacle of Welles himself, grotesquely, that the film comes completely alive.

Welles has always been fascinated by the mystery of lost innocence, that imperceptible moment at which virtue is tinged and purity is lost forever. When the police chief meets up with Madam (a cameo by Marlene Dietrich) of the bordello he once frequented, she comments impassively, "You're a mess honey, you been eatin' too much candy." For in this film, justice and order are also lost ideals, they've been left behind, replaced by a dark, irrational reality.

Larry Gross

The entire affair had an unreal quality about it. They got lost on the way here, to begin with, and ended up starting a half-hour late. Finally, at 5:00 P.M. on Thursday, February 23, 1971, the scheduled Afternoon and Evening of Composers and Faculty from Bennington College Performing Music by Twentieth Century Composers got under way with Bartok's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion, whose performers included the only girl timpanist I have ever seen (go nuts, you male chauvinist pigs out there). The Bartok is a wild piece that uses every conceivable effect, and the players played it like they enjoyed it, which they probably did. The audience enjoyed it, too -- a near-capacity audience in Bard Hall in the middle of the dinner hour.

This was followed by student cellist Michael Finckel playing Mario Davidovsky's Synchronism No. 3 for cello and magnetic tape. Finckel acted like there was nothing hard about the sadistically difficult cello part, which blends surprisingly well with Davidovsky's imaginatively prepared tape. The afternoon concert concluded with another student, Carolyn Bond, conducting her own "Herb Garden" for two cellos, clarinet, and vibes, in four short movements whose virtues went farther than brevity.

If the afternoon was fascinating, the evening concert was unbelievable. It started off with teacher and M.C. Jack Glick describing Bennington's music program, in which every major has to compose and learn a new instrument, and the history of electronic music. Then student Joel Katz, wearing a black beret, shirt and slacks and a white smock gave, with a thick pseudo-German accent, a demonstration of Bennington's Moog Synthesizer that has to go down as one of the all-time comedy classics. Going into contortions, mouthing the Moog sounds, and striking poses reminiscent of Lon Chaney in "Phantom of the Opera," he had even his own colleagues rolling on the floor. A saner note (or notes) was (or

were) struck with a work for viola and Moog-prepared tape by North Carolina composer Robert Hannay, with Debbie Burda the soloist. Peter Alexander, of the Hudson Valley Philharmonic, played Stravinsky's "Three Pieces for Clarinet", and Michael Finckel repeated the Davidovsky.

Sarah Tenney's "Song and Dance" had a strange song, sung by voice teacher Frank Baker, but a very happy and very funny dance, complete with bells and all sorts of wierd percussion. Caroline Simonds got the biggest ovation of the night with her "Dreams of Avey Baby", which might be termed a duet for flute and flautist. She often hummed and played flute at the same time and sometimes sang all by herself. Miss Simonds stayed on as Miss Burda joined her for two very cheerful pieces for flute and viola by Mexican composer Manuel Enriquez. The wierdest piece of the night was Finckel's "The Red Cow is Dead", in which a speaker, in this case Mr. Baker, recites E.B. White's ridiculous poem while low strings imitate the dying cow's groans, bellows, and moos. This deserved--and got--a big hand from the audience.

Then came the finale-- an improvisation (This seems to be a word foreign to Bard music.) in the dark by the performers and anyone in the audience who showed an interest, with people whispering, shouting, clapping, stomping their feet, and using anything at hand, including the Moog, to make noise, or music, or whatever it was. It was great fun which ended only when Mr. Baker turned the lights back on. Then the dazed assemblage filed slowly from Bard Hall-- while some of the students put together an impromptu piano-and-percussion version of the "Dragnet" theme and Miss Simonds handed out Mickey Mouse balloons.

Sol Louis Siegel

NOTES ON AN 'ARTISTS' PARADISE'

II - THE LIFE AND DIFFICULT TIMES OF DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH, SOVIET COMPOSER

"What reward for lofty deeds and sweet songs? For talent what comfort among villains and fools?"

-- Wilhelm Kuchelbecker

The release in recent months of three major recordings of the music of Dmitri Shostakovich brings back into perspective his importance and stature in the Soviet Union's artistic community. Shostakovich's lifetime spans the entire history of Communist rule in Russia, and a few years before that, up to the present day. He has been a "people's hero" many times, and has been savagely attacked by the Kremlin establishment more than once. He has known both miserable poverty and unusual security. The quality of his music has its contrasts as well; he has written some of our century's worst trash and some of its greatest masterpieces.

Shostakovich was born in 1906 in Leningrad (then St. Petersburg), one year after the rebellion of 1905 and eleven years before the successful Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. His father worked at various jobs, somehow or other making a decent living for his family; his mother was a talented pianist. Young "Mitya"

(Shostakovich's father was also named Dmitri, hence the nickname), showed musical talent early and, after some early piano lessons with his mother Sonya, went to the Glyasser music school, where he wrote his first short piano pieces, and finally to the Leningrad Conservatory. In 1922, "Mitya's" father died, forcing Sonya to go to work and placing the family under a great financial burden (there were two sisters in the family as well). Sonya, however, had great faith in her son's musical ability and was determined that he should pursue his career. So, instead of going to work (although he did play piano at a movie theatre at night later), Mitya stayed in the Conservatory, where he developed into a brilliant pianist. Then, in 1925, the nineteen-year-old handed Conservatory director Alexander Glazunov his First Symphony as a graduation exercise. Performed by the Leningrad Philharmonic in early 1926, it was an immediate "hit" and is a standard in the repertoire of every great orchestra today.

Young Dmitri Shostakovich soon became an important figure on the international music scene. The newly established Soviet commissioned symphonies from him, and his orchestral works and his early operas, "The Nose" and "Lady Macbeth of the Mzensk District", were performed widely in Europe and America. Then, suddenly, in January 1936, "Pravda,"



the Communist Party newspaper, published "A Mess Instead of Music," a savage condemnation of "Lady Macbeth" as "confusion instead of music." According to Pravda, "the music is built on the basis of rejecting opera - the same basis on which "Leftist" art rejects in the theatre simplicity, realism, clarity of image and the unaffected spoken word..." In "Lady Macbeth," Shostakovich had written an uneven but often powerful score, and an advanced one, far ahead of anything in Russian opera before it, but Pravda heard singing replaced by shrieks, a "confused stream of sounds." The article condemned "bourgeois aesthetics" which were the cause of "formatist confusion." The article appeared a week after a Pravda glorification of Ivan Dzerjinsky's opera "Quiet Flows the Don," based on Sholokhov's novel. Simple, melodious, and easily accessible, this work became a prototype of all that was good in Soviet art while "Lady Macbeth" became a prototype for all that was evil.

In February, the Moscow Composers' union, thoroughly cowed by Stalin and his underlings, held a "conference",

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HEAR THE SOUND OF MY FEET WALKING... DROWN THE SOUND OF MY VOICE TALKING...

"Fred.....where is God?"

"Who wants to know?"

begins "Hear the Sound of My Feet Walking...Drown the Sound of My Voice Talking..." a new comic book by Dan O'Neill, creator of "Odds Bodkins." And, in these two short questions is contained the core of the "Odds Bodkins" strip; but more of that presently.

Dan O'Neill was born April 21 -- "six hours off Hitler's chart" -- in 1942, and, like the unfortunate Jim Morrison, was the son of a Navy career officer. Always into sketching and cartooning, Dan attended 17 schools in 16 years, one of which left an influence upon him that he is still trying to deal with -- a Catholic seminary in Los Altos, California, run by the Maryknoll missionary fathers. "...they get you in puberty, make you feel guilty, then you join up and fight it all your life. They sold me that immortality stuff real hard. Now, I'm trying to find mortality."

Through a lucky break O'Neill got a job with the San Francisco Chronicle. His original strip featured stick people who discussed politics and philosophy after the Feiffer formula. The influence is still there. O'Neill describes it as "mindless media apparatus;" just what the straight press wanted...he was syndicated through forty papers. Over the years, however, O'Neill's strip started getting strange, and later "retired," in the words of the Chronicle.

Some people said the strip was too political, although O'Neill says "Politics is pigshit." He takes a somewhat nebulous political and religious stand that comes

close to a universal rejection of political and social religious extremes: "I gave up the good and evil archetypes. They have the ability to become identical. Good needs evil, evil needs good. But if you're good all the time, you waste your life fighting evil. I can't deal with something if all my energy goes into hating it. Everyone is so willing to go out and throw a rock. I'm much more interested in my personal self. I'm trying to find an alternative."

This, emphatically, is what "Hear the Sound..." and "Odds Bodkins" in general, is all about. O'Neill is searching for answers many of us feel pressed to find. The somewhat negative tone of the strip is merely a personal reflection of what is happening in Amerika, and the world. Only a positive action can turn the tide of all the negativism going down. Says O'Neill: "The reason no one in the strip has assumed a positive role yet is because that's what they have to learn. It's what I have to learn...you have to be responsible." The strip often evokes a sense of impending doom, and recently O'Neill illustrated an article about the rash of Apocalyptic prophesying in "Rolling Stone" magazine.

O'Neill is preoccupied with violence, its manifestations and effects: "I'm a violent American," he says. One of his most truly heavy characters is a violent, anonymous nihilist, who re-echoes these words: "I belong to a violent nation in a violent species. So I exercise my violence.... purge it on metaphysical villains. I use noise and action to release hostile energy that is my birthright as a human being." But the nihilist's way is a defeat, and he ends up on the road of despair, automatically "the road of hope." The terrible violence O'Neill fears is summed up in a

single image, the Bomb, an unthinkable menace, ominous in its hidden, brooding presence.

"Odds Bodkins" is an extension of O'Neill's personality, like a scouting party of sad-faced clowns. "Humor is the only thing that rips off violence and hostility. And fantasy. It's too hard to get a grip on reality, but I can walk my characters up to a bottomless cliff, look over and see it's not as bad as I thought. Then maybe I can believe it." Just as often, the abyss proves to be too much; the premise of humor is twisted into a desolate climax.

"Odds Bodkins", itself, is played across a bleak plain ringed by distant volcanic peaks, above which, a leering sun, and sympathetic, helpless moon peer down. The sun, says O'Neill, "is hungry for humanity. As soon as we destroy ourselves, we're going to release a lot of energy and it can be picked up by the sun. To get it really evil, I put a Disney face on it. The sun is indifferent to me as a human being. But I can learn from it. I should be getting warmth from it, and not let it get warmth from me." O'Neill's personal war with the malevolent sun is in contrast to his feelings about the moon who "belongs to earth, to men and women. It is much concerned with humanity, because the moon is dead."

The two protagonists are a vaguely-shaped, bespectacled humanoid named Hugh, and a bird of indeterminate species named Fred, both really projections of O'Neill himself. As he describes them: Hugh "is where I used to be. He's got a lot to learn. Fred is the greatest American cynic. He has all the answers, but he's asking the wrong questions. Cynicism is a bad premise." Dichotomy, a self di-

vided. Hugh is given to acidic ramblings that wind up in assorted frightening absurdities, while Fred mumbles to himself, reminds himself he's a Scorpio, but will run off saying "I can't cope...." when psychically menaced.

Running through the stark landscape is the endless road along which Hugh and Fred encounter the 100% America Dog (read Spiro T.), Carl Marks, the Commie Turtle, the Bat-winged Hamburger Snatcher, devoted to the one thing that justifies his existence, the creature in the glass jug, and so on. O'Neill cuts to the quick, politics, dope, sex and revolution are stripped of glamour, both the 100%.... Dog, and Carl Marks are flattened. Sometimes the moral is so ambivalent, one doesn't know where O'Neill stands. Like the moon says, "...Some of us think it's a sign of mental health if you don't understand this comic strip." Equivocal, and devastating, watchwords of the game.

O'Neill's future is uncertain. He'd like to move toward an underground comic book format, but hates to give up the straight audience. Himself, he'd like to take to the Canadian woods, "I highly resent civilization," but he admits he'd like to have a lot of money. In any event he's sure to keep writing until he reaches the destination to which he is "traveling."

Incidentally, "Hear the Sound of My Feet Walking...Drown the Sound of My Voice Talking..." can be ordered from Glide Urban Center Publications, a Methodist-affiliated good Samaritan group, for \$3.95 postpaid, at 330 Ellis St., S.F., California, 94102.

--- Eric Arnould



ODDS



BODKINS

a sense of something missing⁷

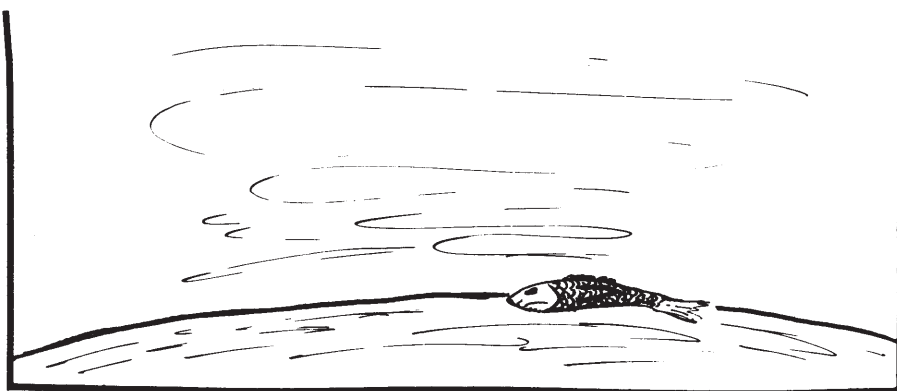
"Bard has changed. It's so different now...." "Remember the good ol' days when....?" Seniors, returning graduates, returning ex-Bard people of all sorts, juniors who were freshmen at the tail-end of the Old Bard --- everyone shares the vague sense of something missing. Bard is not what it used to be. And the question that inevitably accompanies this awareness is "Why??"

As with everything that makes up the Bard "atmosphere" -- whatever that is -- the reasons for the change are hard to pinpoint. But here are a few attempts to answer the question, gathered from coffee shop and down-the-road conversations, wherever those who remember and miss the Old Bard congregate and reminisce... reminisce because the New Bard offers nothing that can compete with "the good ol' days."

First there are the superficial changes -- the new Dining Commons, the new dorms, the disappearance of the D.U.'s -- physically, Bard is losing some of its bucolic mystery, the exhilarating sense of a community "out here in the middle of the woods." This is due to Bard's general expansion, a fact which horrified Old Bard when the first gigantic freshman class descended on the campus, and it was very depressing to realize that after half a semester there were still people wandering around whom you didn't know, or at least know of.

There were, for the first time, freshman cliques -- a real distinction existed between classes. And why not? There were just too many freshmen. In the good ol' days, being a freshman at Bard meant checking out and being checked out by the older students during the first two weeks -- then suddenly, you were part of them, and by June you were typing your closest friend's senior project and wondering how you would survive after he left...Now the seniors are off campus. The great exodus away from Bard was responsible for much of Old Bard's decline and fall. Why put up with dorms and dining commons -- and all the new people you don't know -- when you can live the good life in Tivoli or Red Hook with your friends. So Old Bard scatters, and New Bard takes over.... seniors become nameless faces hurrying to their cars after class, the Bard Mystique, the oral tradition that was handed down from one class to the next, is broken. The new students have to find out about Bard on their own, and so Bard changes.

"It's just boring now," sighs one senior. Why? Thoughtful silence. Then another senior suggests a reason: "There aren't any characters here anymore." True.... in the good ol' days, every class had its characters, and they belonged to all of Bard. They were notorious because they were freaky, or funny, or obnoxious, but they all had that uniqueness that made them stand out. You loved them or you hated them; you never understood them, or tried to; they might be in your class or the class ahead of you or behind you, it didn't matter. They simply were, and if you went to Bard College, you knew who they were, and you knew that they were a major part of what Bard was all about. When they graduated or left, another little bit of the Old Bard disappeared, but you kept them alive by adding them to the oral tradition. In Old Bard, even if you didn't actually know a legendary figure, you knew so much about him that it didn't make any difference.



Just the mention of a name conjured up a whole era...now it is greeted with, "Who's that?" How can you explain? That question never was asked in Old Bard. Where are all the characters now?

One Bard graduate who made a point of trying to get to know some of the new students her senior year thinks the absence of characters might be due partly to Bard's physical growth, and partly to the new kind of student at Bard. "In high school," she says, "they went through what we didn't go through until we came here -- Bard really had nothing new to offer them, no real discoveries." Sex, drugs, political activism, all those elements of Bard that made Bard unique long before they became universal -- long before "youth culture" became an accepted term -- the new students brought these things with them. "Remember how every semester hair got longer?" You watched the gradual transformation of your classmates from prep-schoolers into dirty hippies -- you realized one day, with a certain amount of surprise, that you yourself were a dirty hippie, and you couldn't believe that a time existed when you weren't "Bardian" in every sense of the word. But the freshmen were already Bardiens in high school.

The New Bard is, strangely, a better place, a better school than the Old Bard was -- it has none of the struggles that characterized the good ol' days -- but the surviving Old Bardiens agree that the struggles gave Bard much of its flavor.

There were social regulations and proctors and intervisitation violations -- (please -- don't ask what they were). Now there are co-ed dorms. Men in Robbins. Women in Albee. Nothing to complain about at Community Meetings in the Spring. No adventure, really....there was something so hilarious, so bad, about running up a fire escape at three in the morning...New Bard doesn't know the martyred desperation of the all-night cram sessions before Backgrounds exams, the whole freshman class huddling on the floor of Tewksbury lobby listening to some kindly, well-informed history major read the test questions from last year's exam....New Bard missed Common Course, too, and the overwhelming magnificence of Mr. Bluecher's lectures, which everyone, juniors, seniors, faculty, also attended, and you were awed, and proud, and you didn't realize what an effect he, and the course, had on you until you looked back on it...and you were furious when it was dropped from the curriculum. Maybe that was the first farewell to the Old Bard.

Now Bard has relevant courses: ecology, black studies, women's studies, film... now students are teaching courses at Bard; Moderations and Senior Projects are being evaluated. Those who, despite their own feelings about Moderations and Projects, couldn't envision a Bard without these "Bard experiences," find these aspects of the New Bard hard to accept. The New Bard is trying to be meaningful,

up to date. It is something very hard for those who knew Old Bard to understand. It is good, they agree -- but it is also sad, somehow...

Institutions function at the New Bard, too. Maybe, one senior suggests, because there is so little to struggle against, so little left to improve. There are organizations now that Old Bard would never have thought about, much less dedicated itself to...you left everything up to the politicians, the

energetic few who ran everything and who passed the power on down the line to their chosen successors when they graduated. If you were not one of them, you didn't participate in anything, you complained about everything, and you were just as glad to be relieved of the responsibility -- you just went down the road. It was either all or nothing -- you participated in any uprisings that came along, gloried in the feeling of brotherhood and community -- and when they subsided, you just went back down the road.

Possibly New Bard is what Old Bard struggled to become -- or maybe the rest of the world simply caught up with Old Bard, and suddenly Old Bard had to change itself or be left behind. Probably there is no way of knowing why, or how, or even exactly when Bard changed, because the major changes are not tangible, and the tangible changes are all part of that nebulous, magical Bard "atmosphere". And the atmosphere is different. Is it bad or good? Depends on what Bard you belong to.

by Derry Dyer

silent spring

Yet, the campus is quiet. Interest seems to have turned from activist involvement to mysticism and ecology. Culture is a safer battleground than the streets; you can do your own thing and let bell-bottoms herald your revolution. Where are the militants of spring a year ago? Where is the great red fist of student sauciness and rebellion? Where are the joyful obscenities and the wild rhetoric and the dancing in the streets? The question is asked not without a trace of nostalgia.

I don't know the answer. Perhaps some students will try some enlightenment, if the question makes sense to them. I will try a couple explanations:

First, the quiet is deceptive. It isn't always easy subjectively to distinguish deafness from silence. The political act responds to historical summons and not to a theatrical curtain. Memory is short indeed if it does not recall other silences suddenly awake with cries of rage. The spring is yet young.

Second, a sobered consciousness may be very different from disillusionment and escape. The war did not stop when we marched in Washington or lobbied for Cooper-Church. The cops beat and shot and jailed. The F.B.I. organizes a new repression. Nixon smiles again and goes into Laos and bombs and bombs and bombs. It will not go away when we cry and stamp our feet and march and march and march. It may be that the campus is beginning to dig in for a long, long pull. The issue rises beyond Vietnam. The lesson goes beyond a discredited LBJ. Since it won't be a short action, soon won, the consciousness of politics chooses a new time frame. Voices are less shrill because they have more to say. Just possibly the energies not yet heard (by those whose hearing aids are turned off) are building a new generation of weapons.

This might be a good time for teachers and students to talk to each other and reflect on the relevance of what we have seen. I'd like to see the Observer become a forum to examine where we are and to make this a less silent spring.

Robert Koblitz

SOUL ON L

I should be writing this in Algeria.

I should be in the middle of a grainy Liberation News Service photo. "Honays, in exile in Algeria, writing his Notes on the 1969 Spring Games Revolution at Woodson High School." And you'd see this bearded young man, intense, grim, wearing steel-rimmed spectacles and green fatigues, feverishly writing away at his desk, flanked by Arab guards with machine pistols to protect him from the CIA.

I could have been the Jack Kerouac of the Woodstock Generation. Reminiscing to David Frost about the good old days with Joan and Cesar at Delano. Posters of me speaking to thousands of students at Sproul Hall, Berkeley: "Create one, two, three, many Woodsons!" Disrupting the Woodson Conspiracy Trial by throwing a pie in Judge Hoffman's face.

show. Doing Joe Pyne archetypes was my specialty, characters like the little old man ("I no like-a dese people who criticize-a da po-lease, like da Walka Report") and the young grit ("Ah don't lahk these boys who look lahk girls. They DISGUST me").

Our lore grew so esoteric and elaborate that no outsider could understand our conversations. This made us more ominous.

Virginia public high schools lacked somewhat as hotbeds of radical turmoil. We Anarchists mixed passionate hatred of school with utter terror at the thought of a threat to our future college careers. Bland McCarthy liberalism served us for politics. We were all clean-cut, straight, National Honor Society members and

accusing finger. "I take that as a personal threat!" His eyes narrowed. "Only one man on this earth has ever threatened me and got away with it -- and he was a priest!"

Henceforth the Anarchist dream was to walk into Ladson's office wearing clerical collars and threaten him to death.

The censorship debate centered on an essay exposing Popeye the Sailor as a Communist. The essay raised the question of the possible motives behind Popeye and Brutus fighting over Olive Oyl. The faculty sponsors felt this would corrupt the minds of freshmen from sheltered homes.

Mr. Ladson said, "If they don't know about it, why tell them?"

The Anarchist Club carried on the struggle. We consumed thousands of doughnuts. We devised blueprints for insidious machines that would have staggered Diet Smith. Ladson took issues of our underground newspaper with him to School Board meetings and personally handed them out amid general applause.

One May morning we were holding court in our usual fashion. An outsider, darting furtive glances around him, walked over and whispered. "Psst! Hey you! Radicals!"

Flattered to be so addressed, we looked up from our doughnuts.

"What are you radicals going to do to destroy the Spring Games?" The Spring Games were one of those annual student government orgies when class teams vied in chariot races and threw eggs at each other.

"What? Destroy the Spring Games?"

"Come on! Everyone knows you've got something planned to disrupt Friday."

We were astonished. Further queries during the day established that Woodson High School did indeed believe that the Anarchist Club would man the barricades on the day of Spring Games. Investigation traced this rumor to student government.

Thus the Anarchist Club found a revolutionary situation thrust upon it. Not since Saint Petersburg in 1917 had there been an atmosphere like the one at Woodson High School.

Whips White stood up on a chair to speak. He had given himself the Anarchist name



Anarchist guerrillas attack classroom

Whips as an alleged clue to his sexual practices.

"Brothers, the time for the Revolution at hand! The student proletariat must rise up against the oppressors! The ruling classes tremble as they await the Spring Games! Everyone expects us to do something -- then let's do SOMETHING!"

At this point in the narrative, through the courtesy of the Attorney General's



Whips White urges the Anarchist Club on to action (LNS)

However, destiny has tried to deny me my proper place in the vanguard of the Revolution. I am not writing this in Algeria. I stare at a drowsy college campus from behind double hedgerows of science fiction paperbacks. Still unfearful by the CIA. Still virgin. Classic.

The Spring Games incident in my senior year remains my sole revolutionary action

We called ourselves the Anarchist Club.

We were the cream of Woodson's senior class. All of us were intense grim young men. All of us wore glasses. All of us read science fiction paperbacks and stayed virgins, except for Phil the Jewish intellectual. His Anarchist name was Che Felipe. He said he went through his science fiction phase back in junior high. He was the only Anarchist who had a girl friend. He was also the only Anarchist who never took part in our subversive activities.

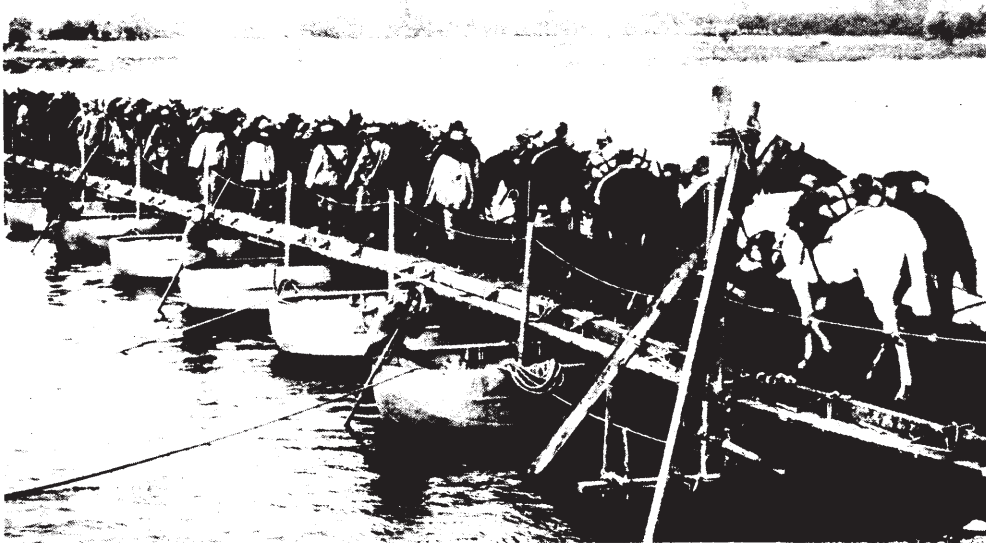
"I have better things to do," Che Felipe said. And he showed us a box of Trojan rubbers.

Every morning we gathered at the same table in the cafeteria, munching Breakfast Club doughnuts and discussing dark Anarchist topics. Each of us had an Anarchist name. I was Honays, which is Jones pronounced by Spanish rules, the legacy of my third year Spanish teacher. I was Minister of Ideology. Our founder, Donny the Red, was acknowledged leader at first, but he lost that when he made a bid for deification. We built up a complex mythology based on Lenny Bruce midget jokes, Diet Smith technology from Dick Tracy, and archetypes from the Joe Pyne

Merit Scholars. In the eyes of most of our comrades, we were Communists.

We put out an underground newspaper. The principal sponsored it. He sent copies to the School Board to show them how innocuous student newspapers could be. Classic.

Our principal was Mr. Ladson, an old fart with a face and voice like Gerald Ford who wore brown and white shoes. Once when the Anarchist editors of the school literary magazine had a censorship debate with the faculty sponsors, we went to him and offered to resign and start our own magazine. "What!" He pointed an



The march on the English teachers' lounge (AP)



Cabinet of Student Government

office, I insert a captured document:

SECRET ANARCHIST CLUB PLAN FOR THE DAY OF SPRING GAMES!

Phase One: During the preceding we notes will be made up of individual letters cut from magazines so no identifications can be made by handwriting. Each note will carry a warning to Woodson about the impending apocalypse on Friday and will be signed "A". Said note will be posted daily in several locations for maximum exposure. This campaign is calculated to build up expectation a fever pitch of suggestibility that will paralyze any counter-revolutionary elements among the masses.

Phase Two: During the lunch period Friday, the Masked Anarchist will shoot an arrow into the English teachers' lounge. Said arrow will be fired at the wall and will have a radical manifesto wrapped around it. This will both terrorize and divert the ruling classes.

NOLEUM

9

by britt jones



ree of revolution. (AP)

Phase Three: During fifth period an army of Anarchist guerillas, wearing black berets, carrying machine-guns, and waving the Black Flag, will attack and capture a classroom. The Masked Anarchist will signal the strike by firing an arrow into the wall, said arrow bearing an announcement that the overthrow of the System is at hand. The guerillas will then storm the classroom and proclaim the People's Democratic Republic of Woodson. A barricade will be erected in the doorway. The Republic will be defended against



969 Spring Games. (LNS)

all fascist assaults. Revisionists, including the teacher present, will be duly tried and shot. The teacher selected as target has given his permission beforehand for the Anarchist Club to carry out the Revolution in the last five minutes of fifth period.

Thirsting for bourgeois blood, the Anarchist Club made its preparations for its finest hour. Whips White volunteered to be the Masked Anarchist. He obtained a bow and arrows with warheads of rubber suction cups, and night and day practiced shooting at walls. Other Anarchists stockpiled guns, rifles and machine pistols from the arsenals of Mattel and Remco. Phase One was carried out successfully. Every morning, portly vice-principals paled at the sight of new portents of revolt on the bulletin boards.

And as the days ticked by, the enslaved masses seethed and rattled their chains, waiting for the day when they would rise from their desks and have their vengeance.

Friday came. The sun rose over Fairfax County, bathing Woodson High School in a blood-red glow.

The Anarchist Club assembled in the parking lot and loaded up with firearms.

"Where's our flag?" I said. Whips White handed me a cane pole sheathed in red cloth.

"This is a red flag," I said. "We're Anarchists. Anarchists are supposed to have a black flag."

"Fuck you," Whips said. "I couldn't get any black material. Red stands for revolutions. That's close enough."

We crept to our lockers and deposited our weapons. The red flag would not fit into a locker. I volunteered to carry it until the time to strike.

The Anarchist Club swaggered through the halls with their tightly furled banner. We also had arm bands, narrow strips of red cloth. Most of the students ignored us. A few whack-offs made some tasteless jokes. Some teachers who were our friends grinned and saluted. One teacher was very indignant. He stood in the door of his classroom and waved his fists.

"Brownshirts!" he said. "Brownshirts! Brownshirts!"

In first period, my journalism class, I confronted Steve Gaunt, a member of student government. I placed the cane stick on top of the bulletin board frame.

"Jones! What is this red flag shit?"

My eyes gleamed like burning churches. "Ze Revolution!"

"What!" He sprang back. "If there's a revolution, it'll be over my dead body."

"Fuck you."

"Put it on the floor. Don't put that thing at the same height as the flag of my country."

"Gaunt, you are too classic."

Three more periods passed by without incident. At the end of fourth period I picked up my books, retrieved the flag from the corner of the room, and walked out the door into the arms of Billak.

Every high school has one vice-principal who serves as Resident Ogre. Such was Billak. A shaven gorilla with the personality of Joe Friday from "Dragnet." He stood with arms big as thighs folded in front of him and chilled me to the marrow.

"Come to my office." He plowed through the students and I trailed in the vacuum behind him. A group of Anarchists saw me in the clutches of the Beast and their jaws dropped in dismay.

In his office Billak waved me to a chair. Two more vice-principals walked in, Lina and Cunningham. Lina was a paunchy grit with bulldog jowls. Cunningham looked like an evil ventriloquist's dummy.

olution in our education system. We, uh, want to help people think about the innovations in process around them." I could not explain about the fifth period raid. It would bring shit upon the head of the teacher who had agreed to be executed.

"Do you know that there have been -- misunderstandings -- about this flag? That some people have thought you were carrying-- a Communist flag?"

"It's not a Communist flag."

"There have been misunderstandings. You don't want misunderstandings, do you?"



The masses of Woodson High School seethe with expectation. (UPI)

The three of them surrounded my chair and stared down at me. I cringed, waiting for the blinding light and the rubber truncheons. Please, seniors, I am only a poor peon.

"What does this flag mean?" Joe Friday asked.

"Well, uh, revolution."

"What revolution?"

"Just, uh, change, you know, in this case it symbolizes the, uh, contemporary rev-

"Well, I--"

"Don't you think you should leave the flag here until after school?"

"Well, I--" Someone spirited the flag out of my limp grasp and away into the shadowy recesses of Billak's office. The vice-principals beamed and nodded like so many Charlie Chans.

"Ah have heard about this Anarchist Club," Lina said. He held up a handful of Phase One notes. "And ah have seen those flyers around the school though ah haven't paid any attention to them. Now, ah'm not saying that anything's going to happen during the Spring Games," his jowls tensed, "but if something does happen it'll definitely be to yoah disadvantage."

Holy shit, I thought. With the mood these paranoids were in, I'd get suspended if it rained.

With heavy heart I trudged to lunch. My comrades bemoaned the loss of our banner, but resolved to press on. We rose as one man to hurl Phase Two at the English Teachers' lounge.

As we filed out, a cry arose in the cafeteria. "They're going to do something!" We looked behind us to discover with horror that hundreds of students were following us, eager to witness whatever foul plot we undertook. Charlton Heston leading the Hebrews.

Incredibly enough, it seemed a revolution was breaking out! The few English teachers in the lounge opened the door to find the hall choked with a writhing mob.



Vice-principals Lina, Cunningham and Billak study Anarchist Club warning notes (AP)

please turn page

Somehow the Masked Anarchist made his way to the lounge and his bowstring sang. The manifesto fell off the arrow. The arrow itself bounced off the wall to the floor. The teachers, preoccupied with the unaccountable horde visiting them, never had a chance to be properly terrorized by the Anarchist Club. The Anarchists abandoned the field of action to their spectators, sowing confusion and chaos.

"What's happening?"

"I can't see anything."

"Why are all you students here?"

"Someone shot an arrow."

"An arrow? Big shit!"

This left us with Phase Three, our classroom takeover. On schedule we marched to the target, black berets tilted at cocky angles, machine guns held poised to spew death. Again the Masked Anarchist sent an arrow whirring, with the same results.

"I thought you practiced," I said.

"Forget it, Honays. Lead the hijacking."

"Okay, but while I'm dictator of the proletariat, address me as Beast."

We leaped into the classroom. I got up on a chair and brandished a pistol. "Senor! You are the prisoner of the Anarchist Club! We proclaim this classroom to be the People's Democratic Republic of Woodson."

The teacher sat down. The class looked up in mild interest. No doubt a revolution would be more diverting than fourth year Spanish.

Two Anarchists stacked chairs in the doorway as a barricade. After a hasty trial, the teacher was convicted of crimes against the people and ruthlessly gunned down. An Anarchist wearing a football helmet and swinging a club made an appearance as a Fascist Pig. He crashed through the barricade only to be brought down by the unerring aim of Beast.

At this point all the provisions of Phase Three were exhausted. The bell remained silent; the school schedule was screwed up somehow. Boredom threatened the revolution. The masses grew restless.

"Hey, Beast!" The other Anarchists called me outside. "We have the classroom. What'll we do?"

"I don't know. Where the hell is the bell?"

"You're dictator of the proletariat. Make a speech."

"I didn't come prepared to make a speech." He walked toward us casually but warily,

"Say anything to them.. Stall for time. Make promises to them."

I remounted my chair and announced the conditions of our Twenty-Five Year Plan and the workers' paradise their grandchildren would live in. Still the bell did not ring. The teacher was exhumed, re-tried, and shot once more. The Fascist Pig made two comebacks. By the time the bell rang, the people were on the verge of a counter-revolution to bring back fourth year Spanish.

I sat in the literary magazine office, frustrated. A delegation of Anarchists and sympathizers burst in, led by a kid wearing sandals. The kid wearing sandals had just been apprehended by Billak for violating the dress code. But the kid backed him down with a salvo of recent Supreme Court decisions. Furthermore, the Anarchists told me, I too had the backing of this august body. Billak had done me dirt.

Thus fortified, I rushed to Billak's office as soon as the bell rang to reclaim our perfidiously pinched flag. Finding no one there, I seized it and left.

Our group went outside in back of the school. Several hundred yards away, cheers rang out in the bleachers as Spring Games began. I inserted the cane stick into a ring at the base of the flagpole. For the first time that day, the red flag waved.

Then we looked across the field and saw Billak. Like in a Japanese movie when the artillery crews look across the field and see Godzilla.

Marshall Billak of Dodge City, ready to confront this new Kremlin-spawned menace to Woodson High School.

"Who took the flag from my office?"

"I did. Sixth period was over."

"School isn't over until after Spring Games. What about my rights? You violated the privacy of my office."

I waited for the legalists around me to strike back with the Supreme Court. Nothing happened.

Billak took the flag. "I want to see you in my office Monday," he told me.

Thus the Spring Games Revolution came to an ignominious end. When I entered Billak's office on Monday, I found him looking out the window. I knew I was safe. Whenever a vice-principal looks out the window, it means he's using the benevolent paternal approach. He told me he knew how bored the Anarchists were, and how this knowledge ate at his heart, but he had his responsibilities, and we didn't want misunderstandings and so forth. I flicked away a tear, shook hands and left to join the Anarchists eating doughnuts in the cafeteria.

"Shit," I said.

Two years later I looked back on the Spring Games Revolution with disgust. What a bummer. What straights we were. What chickenshits. The Anarchist Club. A bunch of fuck-ups who plodded on in a bleak year sustained by a few crumbs of high spirits and humor which went sour in our one action, one futile display of

feeble theatrics. What a fiasco. So pathetic. So classic.

Home on vacation, my little brother, a Woodson student now, showed me a mimeographed newspaper.

"What's this?"

"An underground newspaper some friends of mine put out at Woodson. It's all built around one big article."

They had reprinted an article of mine from the old Anarchist paper. The last and only decent article I wrote, in which I compared Woodson to a boot camp.

"I said it would be okay," my little brother said.

"Sure. They can have anything of mine that they want."

"When they told Ladson they were reprinting an article by you, he got all upset. He said, 'If you're going to print the writings of Britt Jones, you should know what kind of a person he is. When he was here two years ago, before you came to Woodson, he tried to take over the whole school in a student revolution and run a Viet Cong flag up the flagpole.'"

"Ladson said that?"

I went back to Woodson. Not as a student. Now, after only two years, I was a legend. Classic.

I put on my mean motherfucker denim jacket with the red on the collars and walked once more through Woodson's halls. All around me students whispered, "That's him," "Is it really him?" "Wow, it's him," "He's come back," "What's he going to do?"

"It's him all right," my little brother pointed with pride. "It's my radical brother. From his radical college."

Students gathered in crowds to gape at this figure who had stepped out of the mists of myth to once again strike terror into every fascist heart. Girls reached out to touch me. Intense grim young men wearing glasses craned forward to hear me say something radical.

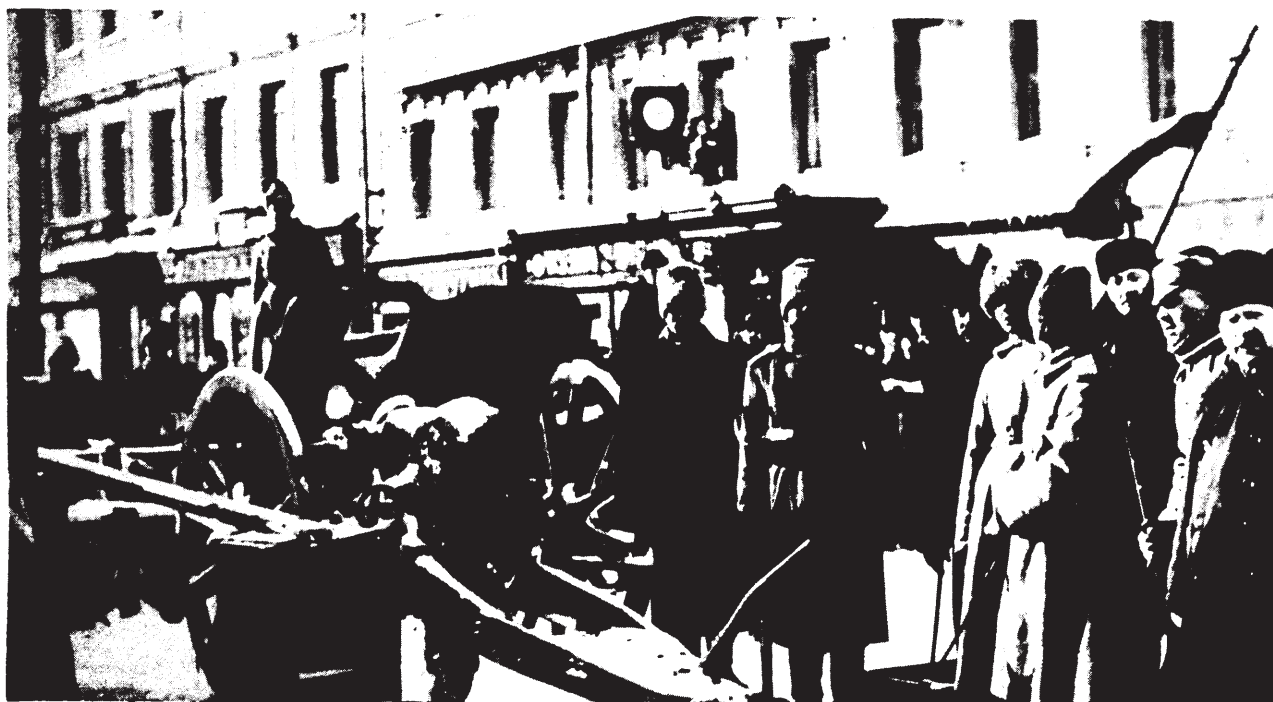
"Brothers and sisters," I said. "I envy you your part in the struggle. You live in the belly of the beast." I put a doughnut in my pocket, straightened my beret, shouldered my machine gun, and vanished into the Bolivian countryside.

The Spring Games Revolution marches on.

by Britt Jones



Inside the People's Democratic Republic of Woodson (Reuters)



Anarchist Club barricade at classroom door (UPI)

BARD

Last month a friend and I spent a weekend backpacking in the Catskills. We were coming up the Old Overlook Road on snowshoes toward the Devil's Kitchen Leanto (this forest preserve footpath runs south to north the length of the two mountains you can see directly across the river). It was very quiet, and we were noting the trails of the animals that crossed our trail: fox, whitefooted mouse, raccoon, porcupine, snowshoe hare. This refreshment in the wild peace of the forest is a beautiful and necessary part of my life. You can imagine our feelings when two snowmobiles came at us down the trail. Two days later at the trailhead register we saw where another winter hiker had written a plea to the Conservation Department to keep snowmobiles off the trail, "...we pick up their garbage....they stink, roar, and scatter animals...."

Many Bard people have complained to me about snowmobiles on the campus and Cruger Island Road. I really share those feelings and I wish you would speak to the President so he would know I am not the only one concerned. In January I often walked by a sign that says "Pedestrian Area - No Motor Vehicles" with a snowmobile track right behind it. I feel hurt and angry when I am out on the snow just walking, or watching an animal, and a snowmobile roars by. If that is not enough, there are a number of important arguments against snowmobiles (I try to remind myself to direct my anger at snowmobiles and not at snowmobile users, but it's hard to talk over the roar):

- 1) There is the danger of a pedestrian being struck by a snowmobile. I don't worry about that one too much, though I remember that being hit by a car was a pretty unpleasant experience.
- 2) Snowmobiles do stink, which suggests that exhaust emissions are way out of proportion to the size of the engine. Pollution by the combustion products of fossil fuels is now well known to be a global atmospheric problem with far-reaching consequences in weather modification, not to mention health of people, other animals, and plants. It's bad enough that we have



to poison the air to get to work, but when it comes down to luxury recreation, it pisses me off.

3) Noise. Medical research has shown that frequent or continued exposure to high noise levels can initiate or aggravate pre-existing loss of hearing, circulatory disease, mental illness, and nervous tension in human beings. No one knows what it does to other animals. For description of the physiological mechanisms involved, see footnote. Even though one can become superficially accustomed to loud noises, the subtle damage still occurs.

4) Less obvious potential effects: (these have been observed by ecologists but not thoroughly studied yet.) Snowmobiles used on lakes may speed the opacification of the ice-snow cover in early winter, thus hastening aquatic oxygen depletion when plants cease photosynthesis from lack of light. This would increase the danger of "winterkill" of fish.

Snowmobile use on fields interferes with winter food-getting activity of meadow moles which cannot burrow through the compacted snow of the tracks. This mouse feeds on succulent parts of grasses and inner bark of woody plants; they tend to stay under the snow in winter and figure importantly in the diet of many predators.

Dogs may utilise snowmobile tracks to gain easier access to the sheltered woodlands where deer spend the winter. House-

LANDS

dogs can kill many deer because they are more mobile on crusty snow. Snowmobile noise may add to this problem by spooking and scattering the deer.

5) A lot of harrassment and hunting has been done on snowmobiles; fox, coyote, deer, polar bear, and many other animals are the victims. I have not observed this at Bard and I hope it is not occurring, but I mention it because on the large scale it is one of the most serious problems with snowmobiles. This is often illegal, but like most poaching virtually impossible to enforce. Many of the so-called varmint species are not protected at all. In New York State, however, it is illegal to carry a loaded gun on any motor vehicle.

I am deeply disturbed that mechanized recreation such as snowmobiles, trailbikes all-terrain vehicles, motorboats and small planes can mean thrills to some people and a lot of pain to others, as well as untold environmental damage. I wish more people would get turned on to the pleasures of snowshoes and binoculars. Writing this kind of article is a big drag; I would much rather be out watching animals.

Footnote:

2 - New Yorker, Apr. 13, 1968, "The Ambient Air"
Chemical and Engineering News, June 8, 1970, "Jeopardizing our life-support system"
Natural History, Aug. 1970, "The Super-Civilized Weather and Sky Show"

3 - Medical Tribune, Jan. 4, 1968
Medical Tribune, Jan. 26, 1970

5 - Defenders of Wildlife News, Oct. 1969, pp 455-464
Defenders of Wildlife News, Jan. 1970, pp 47-48

All of these materials may be examined on the exhibit table in the Natural History Lab.

-- Erik Kiviat

PSYCH DEPT. 11 SEEKS DINING COMMONS

The Long Range Planning Committee made a tentative recommendation last week that Preston Hall, the present Dining Commons, be given over to the Psychology department for that Department's exclusive use.

Preston Hall, originally constructed with funds given to the college by Aspinwall's nurse, has been expanded over the years so that it now includes two additional side rooms that are used as dining areas plus extensive kitchen facilities that occupy the entire basement of Aspinwall and the more recent addition to the back of Aspinwall.

Members of the LRPC emphasized that their decision was based on the fact that the Psychology Department submitted the better thought out plan of the two that were received. They further emphasized that they had taken as a sign of lack of interest the fact that other departments, excepting Physics, did not submit plans.

The stage of planning for the ultimate disposal of Preston Hall has passed, at this point, the idea phase. Plans now submitted must be well thought out, give some idea of the exact use of floor space that is contemplated and include cost and time factors in their considerations.

Presently, while the departments have submitted no formal plans, students from several departments are reputedly hard at work devising such plans. The large open space of the main dining hall has been mentioned as a new lecture hall, additional rehearsal space and as art studios in the differing plans that are now being drawn up.

The Long Range Planning Committee has emphasized that the allocation of Preston Hall to the Psychology Department is merely their recommendation and does not represent their final decision. At this point they are anxious to receive plans from students, but the Psychology Department has given them the best thought out plan so far. Plans can be submitted to either the President's Office or members of the Long Range Planning Committee.

early man still smarter and older

Modern civilization's self-rationalization that only by settling down into permanent cities and farms with division of labor can man develop a refined consciousness and abstract thought has been seriously challenged in the last month. Bones, antlers, and stones belonging to nomadic Ice-Age men as old as 34,000 years have been discovered all over Europe and Asia carved with detailed lunar records extending sometimes for a year.

Alexander Marshack of Harvard University, who deciphered these ancient calendars, speculates that the hand-sized chronicles were used as hunting aids, to anticipate phases of the moon for which special rites and sacrifices were prescribed, or to follow female menses. As thousands of years passed by, they not only became more complex, but were accompanied by a variety of animal or female figures -- suggesting symbolism whose meaning is obscure and may never be known.

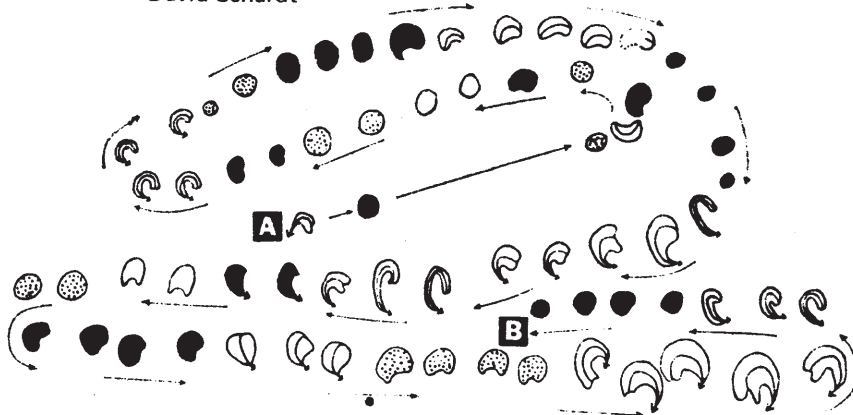
In another staggering archaeological find, announced last week, the age of early man has been pushed back to 5.5 million years. In Kenya, Africa, a fragment of a jawbone with one molar still in place was unearthed, belonging to a female closely related to Australopithecus. Australopithecus was a five-foot creature that walked upright about 1.75 million years ago with a thick heavy jawbone and that eventually evolved into Homo Sapiens or modern man about 40,000 years ago.

This bone, now the oldest member of the human family ever found, indicates man was developing before the Ice Age, in the Pliocene period which began 13 million years ago. To comprehend this time-expanse is impossible. To try to, imagine that the human family has been on earth for one calendar year. Thus, the woman described above was born on January 1st. The Ice Age began on April 7th; Australopithecus was born on September 1st; Homo Sapiens first emerged on December 29th at 10 a.m.; the calendar bones described above were first carved December 29th at 6 p.m.; the last American glacier melted December 31st at 6:30 a.m.; recorded history begins December 31st at 4 p.m.; Christ was born on the last day at 8:55 in the evening; and the Declaration of Independence was written only 13 minutes before the end of the year.

The calendar markings on artifacts, some of which have been stored in museums for over a hundred years, had been regarded either as decorations or as grooves to improve the grip on a slippery handle. Most of the objects are small enough to be held in the palm of one hand while being carved or punched by the other hand. They have been found in deposits representing virtually all cultural levels from 34,000 years ago to 10,000. The sites range from the Ukraine to Spain and from Poland to Italy.

Virtually all of the inscriptions studied seem to be representations of the lunar calendar. They seem to denote such events as the day on which the first crescent of the new moon appeared, the time of first quarter, full moon, last quarter and the final crescent. On some artifacts it appears that our ancestors inscribed a long series of vertical lines representing successive days. Then for the next month or the next succession of months, the carvers went back over the cycle, cutting a check mark next to each line.

-- David Schardt



The 30,000 year old schematic symbols above showing time progression of the moon highlight the nature of the markings on the bone. They are arranged be-

low under modern indicators of lunar cycle: new moon (black), flanked by crescent moons and full moon (white), flanked by quarter moons.





WASHINGTON, March 1 --- A bomb, apparently planted by a group or person protesting against the Vietnam war, exploded early this morning in the Senate wing of the Capitol, causing extensive damage but no injuries.

The powerful explosion occurred in an unmarked out-of-the-way men's lavatory on the ground floor of the building. It damaged seven rooms, knocking plaster off walls, jarring chandeliers and blowing doors off their hinges.

Mario E. Campioli, the Acting Architect of the Capitol, said the explosion might also have caused some structural damage as it lifted some of the original brick supporting arches of the building.

HOT DOG USE ESTIMATED

More than 8½ billion frankfurters and approximately 1¼ billion servings of sauerkraut were consumed by Americans during 1970, according to the National Kraut Packers Association.

GOLDEN, Colo. (AP) -- Bud Schloffman's red-eared turtle eats and sleeps at the same time, and can almost see where it is going and where it has been simultaneously.

That is because it has two perfectly formed heads and four front legs, but only two hind legs and one tail.

Mr. Schloffman, a pet shop owner, said the turtle was of the *Pseudemys Scripta Elegans* variety. It came from a Louisiana hatchery.

The turtle's two heads, which are the same size function independently. Sometimes they enjoy their meals together, and at other times one will eat while the other rests or sleeps, Mr. Schloffman says.

ZOO GORILLAS GET TV SET

Frankfurt, Germany (Reuters)--The gorillas at the Frankfurt Zoo have had a television set installed in their cage to keep them from getting bored.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., March 2 -- A study of last June's graduating class at Harvard has found that students are increasingly uncertain about what to do after college and that many are accepting, even welcoming, manual jobs that make few intellectual demands on them.

According to a report by the school's Office of Graduate and Career Plans, 18 per cent of the Class of 1970 reported no definite plans for the future. By contrast, from 1964 to 1967, only 4 to 6 per cent of the students were in a similar vocational limbo.

The report said that many students attributed their indecision to Harvard's atmosphere, which emphasizes intellectual development more than personal and vocational development. It also cited the role of the draft.

THE LAW GETS A HELPER

Colorado Springs (AP)--The police charged Eric Westling with resisting them after he held up a sign warning motorists of a police radar unit on down the road, but Municipal Court Judge Donald Campbell acquitted him when he said he had merely been making people obey the law.

SAIGON, South Vietnam, Feb. 21 --

The Saigon Government's disapproval of published articles calling for an end to the war resulted last week in the sentencing of two Roman Catholic priests to nine-month prison sentences.

They are the Rev. Nguyen Tin, since 1969 the publisher of the monthly magazine Face to Face, and the Rev. Truong Ba Can, one of the magazine's contributors. Father Truong Ba Can is the author of two articles considered to be corrupting under the Vietnamese press law.

Some Vietnamese in publishing and in politics feel that the severity of the sentences is a signal that criticism of the Government will not be permitted now that the presidential election is approaching. President Nguyen Van Thieu is seeking re-election this October.

GENEVA, Feb. 28 --- Male voters in the tiny mountain principality of Liechtenstein, sandwiched between Switzerland and Austria, narrowly rejected women's suffrage today.

The proposal, which was approved decisively last December by the Liechtenstein Parliament, was defeated 1,897 to 1,817 in a referendum.

As a result, Liechtenstein, which has a population of 19,000, remains the only area in the Western world where women cannot vote. Except for Liechtenstein, men retain a monopoly over political affairs only in a few Arab countries.

FRISKING COURT SPECTATORS YIELDS 200 KNIVES IN DAY

Chicago (AP)--Sheriff's police have been instructed to search spectators entering Holiday Court in the Criminal Courts Building. One day, 200 knives and 20 cans of disabling spray were confiscated from 1,000 people.

The searches began after a prisoner, Gene Lewis, was killed in a shootout with police after a gun was smuggled into the building by a woman friend.

POLICE PINUPS BARRED

Bangkok, Thailand (UPI)--Police Commissioner Monchai Phankongchuen has banned "pornographic and obscene pictures," including calendars with nudes, from police booths, to make them look more official.

UTSUNOMIYA, Japan (AP) ---

Yukaiaki Uneo, a 25-year-old night watchman, telephoned the police to report that robbers had struck him and had taken the equivalent of \$28 and a car from a garage he was guarding. Later, he said it was a hoax he had perpetrated "because it's lonesome to be a night watchman" and he wanted company.

COAT HANGER OPENS CELL

Troy, Ohio (UPI)--Richard Rice, awaiting trial himself, used a bent coat hanger to open a stuck cell door at the Miami County jail in less than two minutes. Mr. Rice volunteered for the job after maintenance men had failed to open the door with tools.

gas war

from page 1

For many underdeveloped countries, American control of their energy sources is a major obstacle to industrialization. To develop these sources for themselves is made even more difficult by the oil giants' strangle-hold on exploration and drilling technology, shipping, refining, and distribution.

What frightens the major international oil companies is the prospect of an independent Southeast Asia, developing its own resources for the needs of its own people. As Southeast Asia's important natural resources include not only oil, but also tin, tungsten, iron, bauxite, copper, nickel, and rubber, Southeast Asia development is not only possible, but likely, if current independence movements achieve victory.

But American's great oil families, who stand to lose most if Southeast Asian oil comes under Southeast Asian control, have a strong ally in the White House. The Mellons (Gulf), the Rockefellers (who have large interests in all oil companies that grew out of the Standard Oil trust), and other oil families contributed some \$600,000 to Nixon's 1968 presidential campaign. They need only remind him that his political fortunes rest upon the continued expansion of American corporate capitalism -- an expansion fueled by Asian oil and Asian oil revenues.

The reasons for the U.S. presence in Indochina go much deeper than the control of raw materials in Southeast Asia. The extent of the petroleum reserves is really not yet known. The disproportionate influence that the oil industry has over U.S. foreign policy, however, should make it clear that "black gold" will be an important factor in the U.S. decision to escalate or accept defeat.

LNS

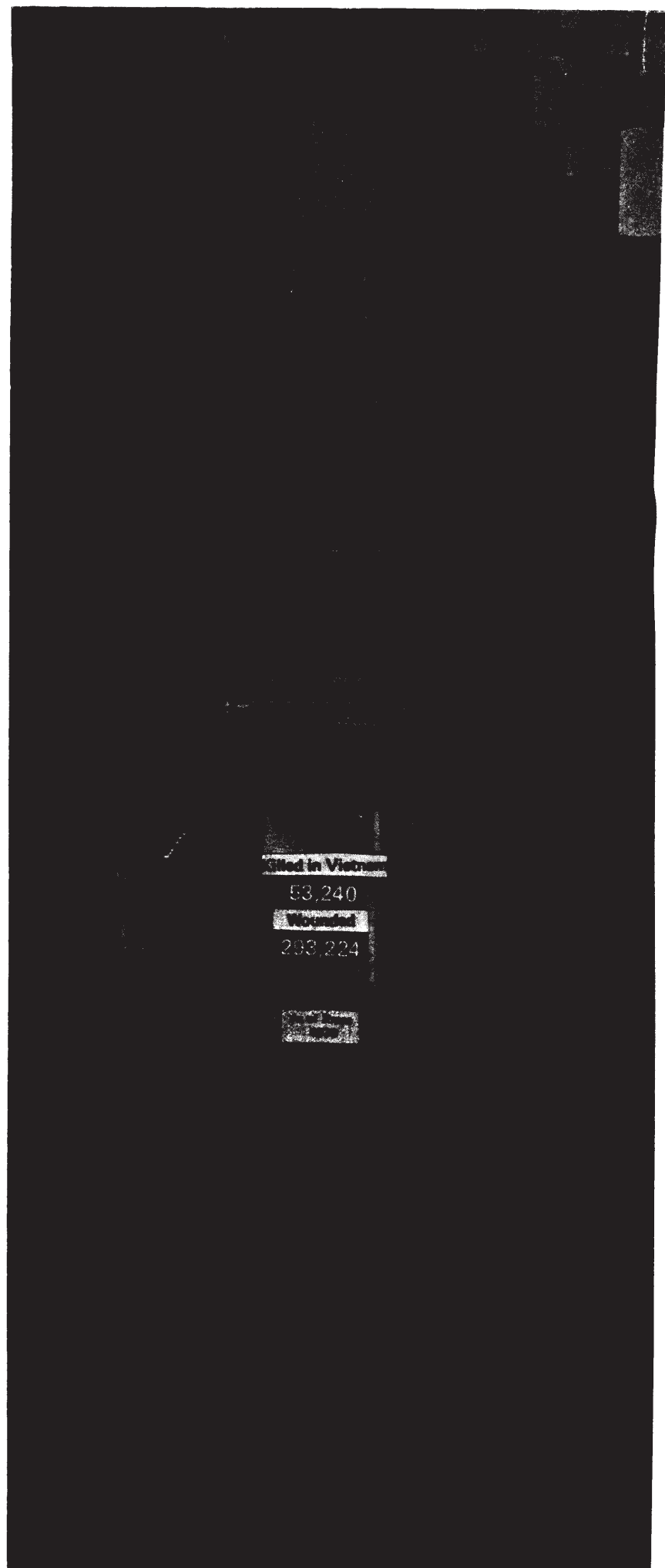


Photo: Another Mother for Peace

four weeks in laos...

13

The Laos invasion is entering its fourth week. Since Feb. 8, when the operation was launched, South Vietnamese troops have been unable to penetrate more than 17 miles into that country, despite the most massive air support of any engagement of the war.

Combat operations this week centered around Hill 31, a strategic fire base six miles inside the Laotian border, midway between the American stronghold at Khesanh, and the North Vietnamese-Pathet Lao base at Tchepone. Hill 31 is receiving treatment similar to that given a South Vietnamese Ranger battalion last week, in which 300 of the 400 man force were either killed or wounded when the Pathet Lao captured their position.

A south Vietnamese marine battalion, consisting of an estimated 600 men, crossed into Laos Tuesday, joining the 14,000 troops already in the field. The battalion is part of an advance guard of 16,000 Saigon troops, who may be deployed within the next few days.

South Vietnamese forces, supported by American air power and artillery, are scheduled to begin a westward drive along Route 9 within the next few days. Although they will be traveling toward Tchepone, military spokesmen feel that the advance will be limited to gaining only an additional five or six miles of territory.

Washington claims that the invasion has already succeeded in severing "vital portions" of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, and expects the new advance to bring even better "results."

Last week, military officials admitted that traffic along the Trail had increased from normal flow of 1,000 to 2,000 supply trucks per day. New statements claim that truck traffic had been cut "about 50 per cent" this past week. If the new report is indeed accurate, then the only thing the invasion has "accomplished" has been to reduce traffic to its pre-invasion figure. A rather dubious "accomplishment", to say the least.

Perhaps the single most important reason why the Saigon forces have not been completely routed -- the 14,000 South Vietnamese face an estimated 30,000 revolutionary troops -- has been the role played by American air power.

With the cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam in the spring of 1968, many individuals felt that further de-escalation, a possible prelude toward American disengagement in Asia, would follow. These hopes were shattered when U.S. negotiators at the Paris "peace talks" made it clear that they would oppose any settlement which would allow the Vietnamese any meaningful rights to self-determination.

At the same time, this air armada was turned against the Pathet Lao in support of Prince Souvanna Phouma, who has allowed American forces to bomb the Ho Chi Minh Trail for seven years, and has permitted U.S. forces to use Laotian territory to further its imperialist aggression in Indochina.

Before 1968, most U.S. targets had been limited to sections of the Trail in Laos, and Samneua Province, the headquarters of the Pathet Lao. Since that time, however, Washington has declared most of northeastern Laos a "free-fire" zone, and has subjected its population to attacks of 30 B52 and 2-300 fighter-bombers a day (27,000 missions a month). This policy has resulted in the most intensive, vicious bombardment suffered by any people in military history.

The bombardment has caused hundreds of thousands of refugees (perhaps as many as 1.5 million in a nation where the total population is a mere 3 million). American military experts, basing themselves on the Vietnam precedent, have apparently decided that the only way to defeat a revolutionary force which derives its strength and support from the population, is to physically remove this population by bombing, thus denying the revolutionaries manpower, recruits, food and intelligence.

The effects are devastating. The Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars, for example, reports that "The result of this policy of population removal and 'scorched earth' is that in the Plain of Jars, which formerly supported 200,000 people, now has a population and reproduction of zero, and its ecosystem has been destroyed beyond reclamation."

Those few who remain in these "free-fire" zones have been forced to dig trenches or underground shelters where they must spend the daylight hours to avoid the bombing. Farming activities must be carried out only at night, when air attacks are not a threat.

Yet, if anything, this strategy is backfiring in Laos just as it has in Vietnam. It has had the effect of spreading the revolution throughout the region. As a Christian Science Monitor correspondent recently wrote, "One refugee said that as the bombing increased, the Pathet Lao forces in his district started getting more volunteers, whose attitude was 'better to die like a soldier than stay at home waiting for the bombs to kill you'."

Laos, therefore, offers one a preview of what "Vietnamization" is designed to accomplish -- a technologized war in which puppet troops, supported by massive U.S. firepower, attempt to defeat indigenous liberation movements without direct American combat involvement.

In his Feb. 25 "State of the World" address, President Nixon emphasized for the first time, the protracted nature of "Vietnamization." According to Nixon, while "Vietnamization" "fulfills our objective of reducing American involvement" is "cannot, except over a long period, end the war altogether."

Nixon insisted that if "Vietnamization leads to perpetuating the war it is not by our design, but because the other side refuses to settle for anything less than a guaranteed take-over."

It is clear what the President means. If the "other side" (Nixonese for the national liberation forces of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos) "refuses to settle for anything less than a guaranteed take-over" (i.e., refuses to settle for anything less than real self-determination) Americans must be willing to continue to support military operations which are genocidal in nature.

The American people, however, have another alternative -- building a massive anti-war movement, independent of the parties of war, demanding the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Indochina.

-- Kurt Hill

ABORTION INFO

The State Attorney General is investigating abortion agencies because some are huge rip-offs. Here are a few agencies that sent notices to the Observer, and the information they sent. If you find out more about them, let us know and we'll pass the information along.

Abortions are legal in New York State. The present law makes no residency requirement. A patient from any state or country, therefore, may come to New York to have one. Any woman, regardless of marital status, may request an abortion.

The present law allows abortions up to the twenty-fourth week of pregnancy, although it's better to have an abortion earlier in pregnancy, preferably under 12 weeks.

Ruth Martin is one Abortion and Family Planning Consultant who will advise you on how to have an abortion under safe conditions. She refers patients only to skilled specialists in gynecology and obstetrics who operate in hospitals and clinics where patients receive good, safe medical care. The total cost is reasonable. For details, call Miss Martin person-to-person between 10 a.m. and 8 p.m. E.S.T. Monday through Friday or 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Saturday -- 212-867-8785. (224 E. 38th St. N.Y., N.Y. 10016).

Broadcast House is large and modern, and employs a staff of licensed obstetricians, certified anesthesiologists and registered nurses. They perform abortions by suction curettage, and patients may leave after resting for two hours in the recovery room. They include a physical examination, complete blood testing and routine urinalysis. The complete fee is \$200 under local anesthesia (up to 12 weeks gestation). They also offer general anesthesia, and there is an added charge for complete blood work. They perform abortions Monday through Saturday. Please call between 9 and 3. The facility is located 1 mile east of Exit 14 on the N.Y.S. Thruway. (180 E. Rte. 59, Manuet, N.Y.). 914-623-6400

ARS provides immediate aid to all women seeking safe, legal and inexpensive abortions, in legal hospitals and hospital-affiliated clinics in New York at reasonable costs. Since the abortion law passed in New York there has been a mammoth backlog of patients. ARS refers hundreds of women to hospitals in NYC and NY State who are making abortions available without delay. A contact to this agency sets up an appointment in New York on an out-patient basis. All arrangements, including travel, can usually be completed within a few days. (215-878-5800; Park City West Bldg., 3900 Ford Rd., Phila., Pa. 19131)



The United States Government has induced 71 nations of the world to write and sign a new international drug treaty designed to stop illegal traffic in 32 drugs, including acid, mescaline, tranquilizers, and stimulants. The treaty prescribes that all nations mete out severe prison sentences for dealers and state treatment and rehabilitation for users. If the United Nations considers a country lax in enforcement, the agreement allows intervention by other governments, presumably the United States with its technology.

The text requires ratification by forty governments before it is legal, though U.N. experts concede that the problem concerns mostly the highly industrialized nations such as Sweden, Japan, England, France, and the United States. The

Nixon administration was the first to sign two weeks ago. John E. Ingersoll, head of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs in Washington, represented the U.S. at this "Convention on Psychotropic Substances" staged in Vienna. John was most delighted by a clause allowing new drugs to be added with ease: "We do not know when or where such drugs may be developed in the future and become serious problems."

The current thirty-two substances are grouped under four schedules, with the strictest controls applied to the first, which includes LSD and mescaline. The treaty prohibits all use except for scientific and very limited medical purposes and requires that such use be restricted to government-run or government-approved facilities.

14 productions

from page 4

"You've got to be a model thief," exhorts the judge, "if I'm to be a model judge. If you are a fake thief, then I'd be a fake judge." The judge is extremely decrepit and senile, played in facial expressions which alternate between lecturing the thief and crawling before her.

The executioner acts a little like a lunatic puppet, harassing the defendant (who is above the whole thing) and gleefully begging, "Shall I let her have it?" "Not yet," says the judge.

The judge is reduced to snivelling before the defendant. "You're quite right to make me crawl after my judgeship, but if you were to refuse me for good, you hussy, it would be criminal...."

The thief responds, "Call me Madame, and ask politely."

These two scenes from the play indicate that the rest is likely to be quite funny as well, lighter in contrast to the seriousness of VICTIMS OF DUTY.

Jann Coles is producing two plays, PRAYER MEETING (Ben Caldwell) and EVIL EVIL (Oliver Pitcher) for the same program.

The performance of PRAYER MEETING is in good shape. The Burglar (Henry Jones) comes into the room, and starts trying to rob the place, when the Minister (Steven Foster) who lives there, comes home. He intones a prayer about how upset he is about the ills of his people. The burglar is disgusted by this Uncle Tom crap, and answers the minister, forgetting himself. The minister, who doesn't see him, mistakes him for God, and they have a discussion, where the burglar tells him, "YOU STOP PREACHING AND TEACHING MY PEOPLE THAT SHIT! You better stop or I'll reveal myself and put somethin' on your cheeks!"

"Lord, Lord! Believe me," answers the minister, terrified. "...I was only trying to bring them along your righteous way."

This play is very simple and short (fifteen minutes). It serves as an Entr'acte between the others. The acting is not overplayed and doesn't get bogged down.

EVIL EVIL is an extremely bitter satire. Most of the dialogue is between Rosie (Sondra Briggs) and Lita (Jann Coles), two Black students in an eastern college, "workbench alley cum laude." They discuss a paper Lita's writing while eavesdropping on Joy (Beth Shaw) a White student in the next room, who has stolen one of their customers.

Reacting to a letter from her father, Rosie comments, "Well, maybe daddy's wrong, maybe I don't got me a brain but I gots me a body, and I done used it. Cause them what gits is them what gots out without and comes back with. Po Daddy."

Rosie and Lita show their obvious bitterness toward Joy when she finally enters the room, after a quickie. As Rosie puts it, "Wham-bam, thank you ma'am."

Joy is nervous for the whole scene. She tries to talk of Appalachia, which fills her background, trying to fit in with Rosie and Lita. They ignore her.

They move into a dream sequence -- a ritual of revenge. As they intone a chant to Allah, they prepare their knives to sacrifice Joy, with the help of the brothers and sisters (Henry Jones and Clementine Anthony).

This is an extremely effective play, and as of now, the most complete.

CRITIC

from page 4

live out the life the script has given him, not to titillate the effete eyes and ears of a self-appointed aristocracy. (I have no use for Spiro Agnew, but "effete" was around long before he mauled it; there is no sense in letting a word be stolen by fools.)

The set is the environment for the play, not merely for the plot. A good set is where only a given play can happen and where -- ideally -- it must happen. It does not exist to help the audience think that what is happening isn't "really" happening. A good set does not protect the audience, it endangers it.

It seems elementary for me to say all this, but the fact is that Observer reviews have collectively misapplied all of these basics of theater, and have committed the nearly fascist narrow-mindedness which I described. And until a person accepts theater as freed expression instead of chocolate-iced convention he is a fascist and he has no business writing a review. I have never accepted the idea of theater as a "willing suspension of disbelief" -- that is only one condition by which an audience can talk itself into seeing what it is seeing. Theater is human events intended to be felt by a human audience. The reviewer must first describe the event without bias. He needn't do a lot of reading, though that might help; he needn't rehash the plot (which is only one occasion for the play). He must consider the events until they tell him what the production is finally about. He may then evaluate the performances of the director, actor and designer in light of the central fact or statement.

For years theater has not believed it is an illusion, nor has it behaved like one. It lives in reality and reality's expression. It does so in the full knowledge that an actor acts wants and intentions, a director stages motifs and a designer molds space. The theater has more to do with honesty than it does with illusion, poverty or cruelty. Perhaps people have called it the latter three because that's what they think of honesty. The point is that a reviewer must deal with the fact of theatrical events; he is a journalist, not a romantic idler and he must accept theater as a fait d'accompli, not as an ugly noise which has interrupted his dreams of the muse.

Rather than admit they are not talking about plays, Observer reviewers have hidden behind their heavy-handed jabs at well-intentioned people. They are archetypes of intellectuals in a self-made void, prickly cynics who refuse to discuss the reality of events because it is easier to puncture the dream which does not exist. I think reviews would serve the community if they came to grips with what is happening; now they are divorcing the theater from the community.

Bruce Chilton



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shostakovich

from page 5

actually a sounding board for the need to depict simple and strong emotions in music. By the time the meeting ended, Shostakovich had been effectively cut off from the Soviet artistic community.

Why did this happen? That the powerful personages of Moscow did not understand Shostakovich's often radical music of this period is a nice generalization, and at least partially true, but it is not the whole answer. Far more important is the fact that the Soviet government has always believed that music should be prepared for the listeners' ears, and not the other way around. Soviet music, after all, is supposed to be a music for the masses, and if the masses can't understand it, at least at first hearing, then it can't be Soviet music - or, so thinks the Kremlin.

Politics also played a part in the 1936 attack. Stalin probably guessed that he would someday have to defend himself against Hitler, and he wanted Russia to be ready for war (the 1939 Russo-German pact was a delaying tactic for both sides). Thus, a sense of Russian unity would be necessary, and this would have to be emphasized in all the media, including art. "Lady Macbeth of the Mzensk District", a bleakly pessimistic work, did not meet Stalin's requirements, and Shostakovich had to be told who was boss.

The door was left open, however, for Shostakovich, to return to Moscow's good graces. He was, after all, the most talented of young Soviet composers, and his talent, channeled into what Moscow considered the right paths, could be a great asset. All Shostakovich had to do was make his music conform. Somehow, he succeeded without compromising himself. His Fifth Symphony, subtitled "A Soviet Artist's Reply to Just Criticism," was an immediate sensation and is still his most popular work thirty-three years after its first performance. His Piano Quintet of 1940 won him a Stalin Prize of 100,000 rubles.

At about this time, the Germans attacked Russia. Leningrad came under Nazi siege, and Shostakovich served as an air raid warden. He also began working on a new symphony, to be dedicated to the people of Leningrad. Here is where the strategy of 1936 paid its heaviest rewards, for the "Leningrad Symphony," Shostakovich's Seventh, ranks among the great pieces of war propaganda ever created. Obviously descriptive of war, tragedy, and final victory over Fascism, the work is often banal and trite, but people hearing it at the time didn't care. It made Shostakovich a hero in America, whose people had seen the photos of him during air raids and had heard the stories of the symphony's composition and of the flight of a microfilm copy of the manuscript from Russia to New York, via Teheran, Cairo, and South America, so that Arturo Toscanini could give the American premier on the NBC network. When the war ended, the music went into limbo, but it had served its purpose.

After the war, life returned to normal - for a while. In 1948, the condemnations started again, the same old charges from 1936, this time leveled at practically every Soviet composer who could read music. The doctrine of "Socialist Realism" was espoused, and this time Shostakovich responded by releasing virtually nothing until after Stalin's death in 1953, when he finally got his tenth Symphony and Violin Concerto, two of his masterworks, published.

Under Khrushchev, Shostakovich had greater artistic freedom, yet he produced little of real importance. Years of Stalinist repression had taken their toll, and the unusual tendency for Soviet criticism to either glorify or damn a musician had injured his sense of self-criticism. His next really major project was his "Babi Yar" symphony, on poems by Yevgeny Yevtushenko, written in 1962, and this uneven but often beautiful music has been kept under wraps for the most part by the Soviet government because there are lines in it that suggest that the Soviets have been guilty of anti-semitism at some time or another.

Since then, the creative spark seems to have been rekindled in Shostakovich, who has

written a new violin concerto, string quartet, cello concerto, violin sonata, and a 14th Symphony in the last five years. Now 64, he lies in a Moscow hospital (he has had heart trouble for years), currently working on a new opera. The subject for the libretto is Sholokhov's "And Quiet Flows the Don" whose setting by Dzerjinsky was so heavily praised by the Kremlin in 1936.

Recent recordings of the music of Shostakovich:

A Melodiya / Angel disc conducted by Rudolf Barshai features the 14th Symphony, really a cycle of songs with orchestra dealing with the various aspects of death. This music is dark, often terrifying, but often very beautiful as well. I consider it Shostakovich's masterpiece.

Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra are featured in the best recording yet of the Tenth Symphony, also dark but with a "happy ending." Ormandy is just a bit fast and loud, but his interpretation is well thought out and beautifully played, and his full-speed-ahead-and-damn-the-torpedoes finale is worth the price of the record by itself.

Finally, Shostakovich himself plays his two Piano Concertos on a Seraphim record made in the late '50's, but issued in America for the first time. One would expect that the performances are good, especially since Shostakovich wrote the

First Concerto for himself.

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Other recordings of interest (with the performer's name, or performers' names, in parentheses):


Symphonies Nos. 1 and 9 (Horvat)
Symphony No. 5 (Previn)
Symphony No. 7 (Bernstein)
Symphony No. 13 (Kondrashin)

Piano Quintet (Borodin Quartet)
Complete String Quartets, Nos. 1-11 (Borodin Quartet)

Katerina Ismailova (formerly "Lady Macbeth of the Mzensk District") is also available, on a three-record Melodiya / Angel album.

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