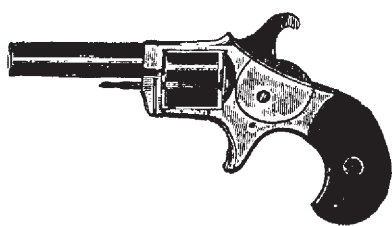


# OBSERVER

Vol.18      No. 1      February 10, 1974

Page 1	Vassar Bust! 42 Persons Accused In Dutchess Dope Raids Phil Carducci Why I Hate Winter Field Cindy Murk
Page 2	Sports Reports Film Speak J. Scher
Page 3	Far From The Malling Crowd Beth Aronson . . . At Least They All Knew Their Lines St. Kate
Page 4	Films '74 Spring February March April May
Page 6	Notes On The Chrononhotonthologosistic Theory Ric Baxter
Page 8	What Movie?

# THE BARD



**SPECIAL  
FILM  
SCHEDULE  
ISSUE**



# Observer

Volume 18 ■ No. 1 ■ Feb. 10 ■

## Vassar BUST!



### 42 Persons Accused In Dutchess Dope Raids

Forty-two persons were arraigned yesterday on charges of criminal sale of a controlled substance after authorities staged drug raids throughout Dutchess County, including Vassar College. State Police described the roundup as "the largest of its kind in New York State since the inception of the new drug law."

Among those arraigned were 12 persons eligible for youthful offender status. Ten were charged with a Class A felony carrying a maximum sentence of

life in prison, State Police said. The raid netted quantities of heroin, marijuana, opium, cocaine and an assortment of pills, troopers said.

Troopers said raids were made at Vassar College and other points in Poughkeepsie, where six students were arrested, and at Beacon and Wappingers Falls.

The raids were the result of a four-month investigation by undercover State Police narcotics investigators, troopers said. Beacon police, Town of Poughkeepsie police and city police in Poughkeepsie took part.

The above article, taken from the N.Y. Daily News, recounts just one of many dope raids that have taken place in the past 5 months. The reason is the new N.Y. State drug law. This law was made in order to put the "pushers" and "dealers" behind bars for life, never again to hurt society.

The state has put together an all out campaign against these undesirables. For example, the raid at Vassar. When the new law came into effect (Sep. 1, 1973), a majority of the people involved with drugs in one way or another were afraid of the penalties. But, as the months went by, not many busts were made and everyone thought this law was another joke like all the rest. It seems the students at Vassar took this attitude and the narcotic agents made their move.

April, 1968, 24 students were arrested at Bard in a raid by the sheriff's department. Another bust: May, 1969, at 4.45 am, State Police raided Bard and 43 students were arrested. Both these busts occurred during the late '60's when drugs were at a peak. The day of the chemical, at least at Bard, is gone. Just about every student realizes that it's bad business these days.

Pat DeFile, head of the Security Dept., and his staff are on top of the situation, making sure that the "undesirables" don't infest Bard as they did at Vassar. According to Security, there is no reason for a bust at Bard if everyone "just plays it straight". Remember, the new drug law is for real.

--Phil Carducci

### WHY I HATE WINTER FIELD—Cindy Murk

As yet, the true reason for Winter field period has eluded me. A month and a half off in the middle of the school year? For Independent Study, I am told; yet I wonder--the extra credit costs extra as of last year, and the new requirements for it are anal enough to discourage any real pursuit of it. Work experience for is discouraged. So what remains? A paper and a lot of research? This would best be done at Bard. In keeping with the logic of the entire affair, one is not allowed to remain on campus.

Another purpose-excuse given for field period is that it is a chance for students to find work and help pay for their schooling expenses or whatever. This too, I find lacking in logic. I wish anyone luck in finding full time employment for a month. Employers must be lied to in terms of the length of employment, in order to originally secure work. Wouldn't the month be far more appropriate at the end of the school year, if work be the activity of the student?

There is then the break in studies at Bard which I find distressing. I am going to have to relearn all the chemistry of the last semester, after having the winter to forget it. Then there are the things that absolutely require one's presence at Bard. Such as film or drama. Where the hell is one supposed to find a movie-ola in Mooselake Maine? So work must stop for a month.

Where do people go? Most seem to go home, to relive the joys of accounting of one's every action to one's parents. To be subjected to American homelife for a month could be termed an educational experience.

There is then the current justification of energy savings, but it is my contention that the entire student body's driving, flying, or whatever to and from Bard would about equal the energy required to keep the school going, if not more.

It is my contention that Winter field period is too long, and totally unnecessary. A two week Christmas vacation is by far preferable.

### SPORTS REPORTS

This spring semester, Bard has a few new athletic teams available for both men and women. They are as follows:

- 1) Tumbling (men and women)
- 2) Swimming (at Holy Cross-not a team but a lot of fun anyway)
- 3) Volleyball (men and women-varsity)
- 4) Softball (varsity)
- 5) Womens Basketball (varsity)

Also available are the usual teams; varsity basketball, intramural basketball, varsity tennis, and also tennis lessons from Charlie Patrick.

As for the enrollment of students interested



## OBSERVER

The contents of the Observer are copyright 1972 by the Observer Press, Inc. unless otherwise stated. The Observer is an Associate Member of the Underground Press Syndicate and a Member of the U.S. Student Press Association. National advertising representative for the Observer is UPS Ad. Rep. Co., Box 26, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editorial Staff or of the Administration of Bard College.

The Observer is an independent student publication of the Bard College community. Publication is bi-weekly during the Bard College academic year.

### Editors-in-Chief:

Jeff Scher  
Sol Louis Siegel  
Assoc. Editor-Beth Aronson  
Patron Saint-Karen E Murray  
Sports-Phil Carducci  
Cub Reporter-Tom Redmond  
Chief Hustler-Jefferson Miller  
Chrononhotonthologosisticist-Richard Baxter

## SPORTS CONT.

in these sports, Mark Freedman, ass't. A.D., referred to it as very successful. Also, anyone interested in signing up for any of the above sports, see Charlie or Mark in the athletic office in the gym.

### REMAINING 1974 SCHEDULE

Vassar College	Feb. 18	Home
Manhattanville College	Feb. 22	Home
Vassar College	Feb. 25	Away
Bershire Christian College	Feb. 27	Away
St. Rose College	Mar. 1	Home
Skidmore College	Mar. 4	Away

**fast service** **open evenings to 7 pm**  
**BEEKMAN CLEANERS**  
**27 n. broadway**  
**758-1561** **red hook**



LEVI, A SMILE  
LEE, MILEA/SINCLAIR  
"286 FAIR ST."  
KINGSTON

## RESEARCH

Thousands of Topics  
\$2.75 per page

Send for your up-to-date, 160-page, mail order catalog. Enclose \$1.00 to cover postage (delivery time is 1 to 2 days).

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE, INC.  
11941 WILSHIRE BLVD., SUITE #2  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90025  
(213) 477-8474 or 477-5493  
Our research material is sold for research assistance only.



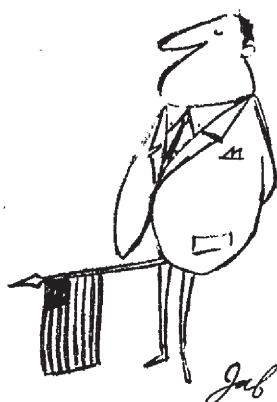
GO-GO GIRLS

FINEST IN LIVE  
ROCK MUSIC

Telephone (914) 225-9838  
Route 52  
Lake Carmel, N.Y.

**LOWEST PRICES** **TRUCK STOP** **IN THE AREA**  
**BP's** **HUGE CHRISTMAS SALE!**

**2277 FAIR ST. KINGSTON 331-7000**



Well, it's movie time again. The Bard film committee has again done its best to bring the worst films of the commercial world to our doorsteps.

Being a total addict of any form of celluloid myself, I am however deeply disappointed in this year's list.

Out of the forty films to be shown here this semester, I have seen thirty-two of them on TV. Twenty of them over the two month field period. I do not exaggerate.

The film committee has offered us what any one of us might easily have seen on the tube. And what does this say about their opinion of the Bard film goers? Not too much, we are apparently considered on par with the audiences of the proverbial idiot box. I think it a total crime and insult to the Bard community to squander the some \$3700 of our convocation fee on such rubbish. It would be far cheaper to have purchased a TV and to have placed it in some deserving place such as DC or under the ping-pong tables in the gym. The same films (in addition to quiz shows and advertisements, which most likely did not turn up on the schedule due to their unavailability) could have been viewed.

What total outrage! What idiocy! Here we are in New York State, some two hours from the hub of the most exciting, new and important work being done in film today! And the film committee chooses to ignore this work, and to rent the most foul selection of 'art' films possible. Films churned out from industrial mills, films made for a buck, and films that made a buck! If you don't know what the film schedule is missing, I'll tell you:

Ron Rice, Harry Smith, Stan Vanderbeek, Andrew Norew, Jonas Mekas, Ed Emshwiller, Andy Warhol, Maya Derew, Robert Breer, Stan and Jane Brakhage, Bruce Connor, Carmen D'Avino, Ken Jacobs, Kenneth Anger, Bruce Baillie, Peter Kubelka, the Kuchar Brothers, George Landow, Michael Snow or Warren Sombert, to mention but a few.

I personally object to having my money spent on these films. I object to the crime of feeding more money into industries through rentals, which should be destroyed, dead and buried. I object to taking this money away from the above mentioned people, to whom rentals of their films would have meant valuable incomes that would reappear in further films by them.

The above names are by no means new to Bard. All of the film makers mentioned above have had works shown here. Many brought in by Ken Kelman, and some by the film makers themselves.

These films will never be shown on TV. These films will never play at your local movie house. These films are special. These films demand to be seen. To have the Film Committee tell us that they will not be seen is in the poorest of taste, and the most criminal event of the campus year. Who the hell do you think you are?



# Far from the Malling Crowd

— Beth Aronson

One of the two young women working in the small boutique called "Suzy's" put down her can of diet root beer and asked her co-worker where the music was coming from. She liked the way the lead singer sounded and wondered who he could be. After spending a few minutes discussing the possibilities with her co-worker, she ran out of the store and into the mall to see for herself.

The live band of high school students playing in the center of the enclosed "climatized" shopping mall was not the only special attraction that day. Surrounding the band were four trucks with displays. Each truck advertised a different branch of the Armed Forces. The Army truck's signs promised great job opportunities, while the Navy truck offered self-fulfillment. "Find yourself in the Navy," said the sign. The Air Force's gimmick was a loudspeaker blaring rock music from an AM radio station. Whenever the live band took a break between songs, the radio music filled the gap. The uniformed servicemen manning the displays were noncommissioned officers with the look of Generals. Obviously, they thought they could lure their juniors into the military with top-ten music.

But they really didn't need the Raspberries and the Osmond Brothers. Even the trucks without any radio music were being visited by shoppers of all ages. Besides the middle-aged passers-by stopping at the trucks to pick up literature or joke with the uniformed men, there were many seventeen-through-twenty-five year olds gathering around the displays. The harsh reality is that even the young people interested.

The scene symbolized a world from which I have been insulated by my life at Bard. The shopping center was the multi-million-dollar Smithhaven Mall on Long Island. It is a show place of the artificially-heated indoor shopping centers that have become the new suburban main streets. It features artificial plants and waterfalls, and sometimes art exhibits filled with paintings of wide-eyed children and turbulent ocean scenes. The Smithhaven Mall is a world where fourteen-through-sixteen year olds in sequined T-shirts roam in and out of stores smoking, holding their cigarettes far out in front of them. And where modishly dressed shoe store salesmen stand outside their stores leering at passing young women, many of whom look like they've just been made over by the staff of Glamour Magazine.

What especially interested me was that the Smithhaven Mall on Long Island is only a few miles from the State University At Stony Brook, and acts as a hangout for college students as well as younger teenagers. Their spot is in and around the mall bookstore. There, students who look like they're left over from the hippy era stand around finding excuses to talk to each other. They exude the sort of phony friendliness you sometimes find in Woodstock, and dote on saying "Can you dig it," after every few words. This section of the mall is also apt to feature a loner sitting on a bench with an acoustic guitar.

I couldn't identify with the people my age gathered around the military displays or with the women imitating Glamour Magazine. Neither could I identify with the would-be hippies in and around the bookstore, who may or may not be representative of Stony Brook. People tell me that Bard is an isolated community, a four year retreat from the "real world." If the scene at this mall is the real world, it makes the sort of isolation offered by Bard all the more appreciable.

## ...AT LEAST THEY ALL KNEW THEIR LINES

Dec. 7th—I made my way to Preston Hall last night, principally because, although it is one of my favorite plays, I have never seen a performance of KING LEAR. Unfortunately, although I withstood it for an hour and a half, I think I can still truthfully say that I have not yet witnessed a performance of LEAR. What I endured was a play of some sort, and it certainly was a performance, but to call it LEAR would be unfair to one of the greatest writers in the English language and perhaps even to Geoffrey of Monmouth, who started the whole story.

Let me say at the outset that I am not a dramatist. I have never acted in a play, never taken a drama course, and my own-play-writing, when I attempt it, is abysmally patchy. Nonetheless, I am an exceedingly literate person and an acute audience. The performer's first concern being his audience, which he should assume possesses a particle of intelligence and imagination, I think my qualifications are sufficient.

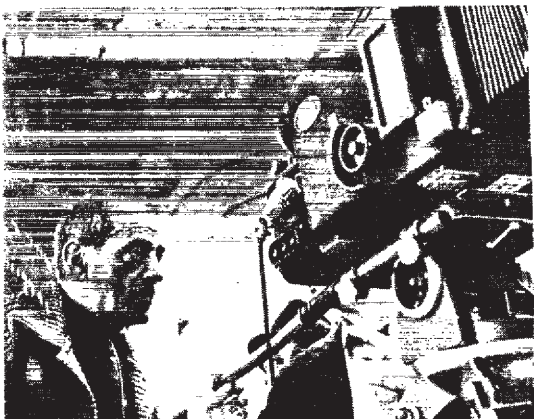
The most conspicuous things about any performance, being those which first catch the eye and must be counted on to maintain the visual drama, are the physical paraphernalia of the stage, including costume. Sadly, I am afraid this is also where we may begin counting mistakes. The set itself, a sparse stage which Shakespeare might have felt at ease on—barring a curious rung-ladder to one side, of which more later—was reasonable enough.

The costumes were another matter. Now it is natural that a department as hard hit as Drama should think first of economy, and noncommittal, uniform costumes, which do not tax the designers or require a great deal of money, are nothing new and can be used effectively. But there is an unbanishable uneasiness contingent upon the appearance of a Shakespearian cast in what resembles long underwear made out of sleeping bags, which does its best to emphasize the protrusion of the buttocks on the one side and the outline of the mens' private parts on the other. One cannot help thinking it would be less labourous and more in keeping with the play to use shift-like garments of varying lengths depending on the characters (e.g. long and flowing for the nobility, short and untrammelling for the Fool). However, there was one snag in the set which might have prevented this—that damn ladder. This played hay with the actors' movements, which are the very meat of such a play.

It is essential to remember that there were times when men behaved differently than they do now. In the movements of the LEAR cast I could see only those of our own cramped, self-conscious age; when not a focus of attention, actors stood around awkwardly, like spectators.

LEAR is a play about royalty. Now royalty, as some people may still remember, do not comport themselves like common men. A king, when he enters, should bear with him an air of majesty—a part-religious, celebratory solemnity, commanding reverence. This is difficult to do in long underwear. And it is impossible when the king has to clamber down a precarious ladder, a piece of silliness which could have been eliminated without any risk of visual monotony. If Ossian Cameron—whom I remember nostalgically as a saving grace in TAMBURLAINE and HIPPOLYTUS—had, or had been directed with, any concept of kingship, he might have salvaged a few scraps. But, alas, he handled himself more or less like Ossian Cameron. One could not see the weight of a crown on his head nor of age on his shoulders—except on a couple of occasions when he affected a bowlegged stoop that I assume was meant to express aged frailty. He declaimed with only echoes of the intensity





Luis Bunuel



The Graduate

—Sweden—



The African Queen



—Japan—

Olympia

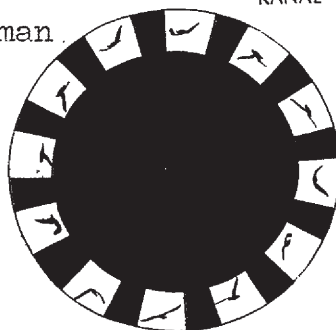


THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS

february

- Wed. Feb. 6 IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT  
dir. Frank Capra, with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert
- Fri. Feb. 8 LOVE AFFAIR, OR THE CASE OF THE MISSING SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR by Dusan Makavejev
- Sun. Feb. 10 ODD MAN OUT  
dir. Carol Reed, with James Mason
- Wed. Feb. 13 JULES AND JIM  
by Francois Truffaut  
(presented by the French Club)
- Fri. Feb. 15 THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD  
with Errol Flynn
- Sun. Feb. 17 THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH  
with Peter Sellers
- Wed. Feb. 20 SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION  
dir. and starring Paul Newman
- Fri. Feb. 22 LOS OLVIDADOS  
by Luis Bunuel
- Sun. Feb. 24 STRANGERS ON A TRAIN  
by Hitchcock
- Wed. Feb. 27 FORBIDDEN GAMES  
by Rene Clement

COMEDY



KANAL

- Fri. Mar. 1 TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN  
by Woody Allen
- Sun. Mar. 3 to be announced
- Wed. Mar. 6 OLYMPIA  
by Leni Riefenstahl
- Fri. Mar. 8 SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS  
by Preston Sturges
- Sun. Mar. 10 WEEKEND  
by Godard
- Wed. Mar. 13 LAST HOLIDAY  
with Alec Guinness
- Fri. Mar. 15 RASHOMON  
by Kurosawa
- Sun. Mar. 17 THE FLIM-FLAM MAN  
with George C. Scott
- Wed. Mar. 20 YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE  
by Fritz Lang, with Henry Fonda
- Fri. Mar. 22 ANIMATION SHOW
- Sun. Mar. 24 THE BICYCLE THIEF  
by Vittorio De Sica
- Wed. Mar. 27 COMMITTEE'S CHOICE  
program of shorts to be announced

movies are shown at 7:30 p.m. and 10 p.m.



FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT

—Mexico—

—Yugoslavia—



march

FILMS '74  
\* spring \*

—France—



Mon. Apr. 8 THE LAST HURRAH  
dir. John Ford, with Spencer Tracy

Wed. Apr. 10 PLAYTIME  
by Jacques Tati

Fri. Apr. 12 JACK JOHNSON  
documentary by Jack Cayton The Talkies

Sat. Apr. 13 and Sun. 14 THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY  
by Sergio Leone, with Clint Eastwood, Eli Wallach and Lee Van Cleef  
(7:30 only each night)

Wed. Apr. 17 THE 400 BLOWS  
by Francois Truffaut

Fri. Apr. 19 FIRST MEN IN THE MOON

Sun. Apr. 21 MIDNIGHT COWBOY  
dir. John Schlesinger, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman

Wed. Apr. 24 LAW AND ORDER  
by Frederick Wiseman

Fri. Apr. 26 THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER  
dir. Tony Richardson, with Tom Courtenay

Sun. Apr. 28 ONCE IN A LIFETIME  
with Jack Oakie and Zasu Pitts

april

— Germany —

— United States —



ODD MAN OUT



The Bicycle Thief



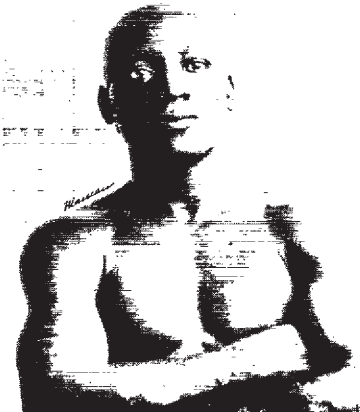
The Producers



The Good, The Bad, And The Ugly

— Great Britain —

FEDERICO FELLINI



Jack Johnson



Los Olvidados (The Young and the Damned)

Wed. May 1 THE AFRICAN QUEEN  
dir. John Huston, with Bogart and Katherine Hepburn

Fri. May 3 ADALEN '31  
by Bo Widerberg

Sun. May 5 HAKIRI  
by Mosaki Kobayashi

Wed. May 8 THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS  
by Orson Welles

Fri. May 10 I VITELLONI  
by Fellini

Sun. May 12 DERBY  
by Robert Kaylor

Wed. May 15 THE PRODUCERS  
by Mel Brooks, with Zero Mostel and Gene Wilder

Fri. May 17 KANAL  
by Andrzej Wajda

Sun. May 19 to be announced

Wed. May 22 TOUCH OF EVIL  
by Orson Welles

Fri. May 24 THE GRADUATE  
by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman

— Italy —

may



Midnight Cowboy

(schedule is subject to change; watch coffee shop bulletin board for relevant details)



# NOTES ON THE CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOSISTIC THEORY

- Ric Baxter

Not long ago I caught the American premier of Egri Bikivar's Bloodless, his latest film. The aesthetic ramifications of his political propagandistic montage can not be interpreted by the altruistic liberal bourgeois rule of American film critics. They can but approach the film through their own sympathetic and critical aberrations.

The question of criticism has long been criticized. Old established auteurs turn in their critical adulations of the old flirtations with clan populism in a vague search for the truly selfless critic. Yet this is a hopeless (but not thankless) task. The younger critics in particular have had great disputes over the merit of such films as R. A. Union's Best Test and A. W. Farber's Higgin's Black. Yet the conflict of their own concentrations on the "philosophy of style" too often obscured their personal merits as critics.

It is by far the most amusing scene in Bloodless where the young anarchist turns to his father, a film critic, and states "I refuse to read any film criticism unless it be made to run through a projector." Bikaver's cabalistic dismissals will doubtless be seen as pert evasions attributed to the critics' hostility toward his last film, Bang Caps (a feature length scratch film dedicated to Isou).

Yet in the insane development which follows the above statement is quite disquieting. The application of this hostile principle is more than funny; it is so true.

What might have been seen as sympathetic or critical aberration about this new requirement, were not seen at all as they rocketed past at 24 paragraphs per second. Indeed, shots of film critics getting their reviews ready for opening night are brilliant. Last minute splicing of paragraphs, repairing torn or damaged sprocket holes in the paper, having prints made. Then the promo associated with the release of a new review, excerpts replacing PR stills. Many a critic turned in his typewriter at this point in favor of a camera, just for convenience mind you, in accord with the new convention.

Many a critic took his own life when confronted with the moguls of mass media and the indiscriminating public, suddenly finding themselves in the genre of structuralism, or becoming obsessed with the public and overcome with a ruck of inferiority.

The great difficulty in talking about cinema and cinema style stems from the fact that there is no need to. "What then is the role of the critic?" asks the wearied man in Bloodless to an empty theater on the opening eve of his latest review. "Got me there pal," is his only response, and it comes from the janitor (who is incidentally having an affair with his wife.)

The critic in Bloodless is not unlike the playboy in Kris Kern's epic Bastille Day 1949, who upon his discovery that he had cancer of the right testicle, joins a mon story. Critics simply could not cope with their new demands in Bikivar's new flick. It was as if their pedestals suddenly dissolved, and they found themselves immersed in muck.



Blind Film  
Critics



Egri Bikaver  
directing Bloodless

in line for a film-from Best Test



Theoreticians in Bloodless fare equally poorly. One becomes a stuntman, and is killed when he loses his grip on the wing of a bi-plane and falls beneath the feet of an elephant stampeding and is crushed. It is quite apparent that Bikivar sees critics as parasites, and theoreticians as idiots. It's not so much that his lack of respect for these men is so original, it is merely that it is so outrageous.

As Bloodless progresses the satires become more and more pointed. There is a convention for blind film critics, at which a walrus speaks in a long and monotonous monologue on the nature of cinema, and in particular on the nature of Bloodless itself. At this point Egri Bikivar himself stands up in the audience. He wears dark glasses, which he takes off following an extremely fast zoom, and looks first to the walrus, and says, "Comrade, I can not hear you, you are full of theories, but after all, they are just words," and turning directly into the camera, "And this is Cinema!"

Bloodless is brilliant, if it is not boycotted in this country, and if it ever plays anywhere outside of New York, you must see it. It might even be worth a trip into the city. The film is bawdy, outrageous, colorful, and leaves one with the taste of acid in one's mouth on exit from the theater. I am afraid, like all great films, it's commercial success is doubtful, and you can be sure that you won't find it on any critic's ten best list.





a mere reading of the lines conjures up; if I were Goneril I would not have trusted his curse to dry up the organs of my increase any more reliably than the rhythm method. Now this may have been the product of a fear of overacting, which is admittedly perilous in so intense and archetypal a character, but I would rather have seen him overact. Kings do sometimes, even off stage.

Then there were the drapeaux. As an instrument of symbolism I can see the reason for their presence, but chiefly they tangled up the actors (excepting the Fool-Lynn Tepper-who used her s well.) The symbolism itself was of the heavy-handed school common at Bard, and I despaired when it became apparent that the male characters were expected to use their kirtles as swords in the fight scenes. The result can only be described as swishbuckling. I am afraid that there really is no resemblance between a rattailing fight with towels and good Elizabethan fencing, whatever William Driver may think; one imagines Tybalt flogging Mercutio to death with his purse, or someone swatting flies.

The direction betrayed, as well, a foolish infatuation with stereotyped gestures of the nightmare stage; when Goneril (Hilaria Winkfield) and Regan (Jane Gootnick) menace Lear around the set with upraised claws, for all the world like the Furies in THE FLIES, gesticulating and flailing, I gave an extra cringe for the Bard of Avon. I know it is cute and fashionable of late for actors to behave like phantasmagoric wraiths overwhelming the existentially desperate hero. But dammit, English noblewomen, however vile--of Lear's time or of Shakespeare's--just don't do that.

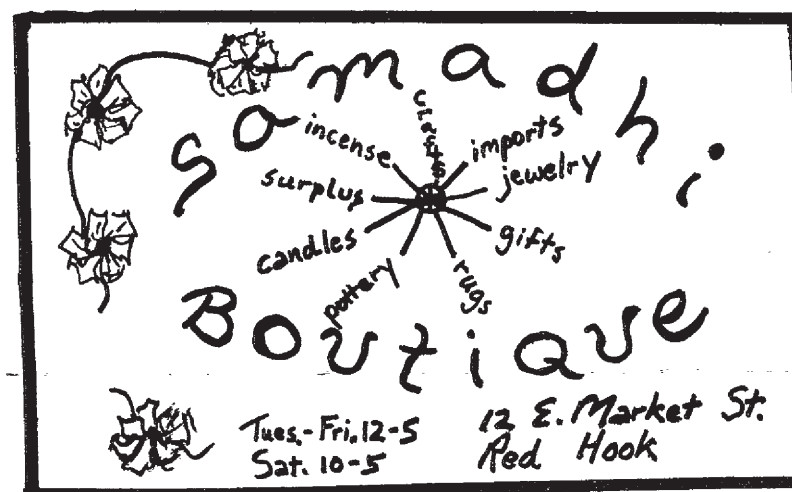
It was in the language of the play, however, that the worst brutalities were committed. With the exception of Edmund (Jim Siering), Cornwall (Jgel Parkes)--my survival of the production may well be laid at their feet--and Tepper in her Fool role, Shakespeare's vivid words lay in the actors' mouths like so much cold porridge. I can blame this only on lack of a sense of history. It is too easy for many people to recite Elizabethan English, especially verse, with iambic formality and detachment, when actually it is one of the most fluid, expressive eras of a language which has fallen on comparatively hard times. Lear's words should be massive, towering things, king-sized, thunderous, even in despair and madness. He recited them. The elder daughters should be seductive and insidious in their speeches; except for an occasional glimmer from Jane Gootnick, who certainly did know how to look the part and often move the part, they recited them. Kent (Stewart Arnold) should be passionate and impulsive. He recited, except that at some times he recited louder than at others. And so on. It was worst when the diction became not only wooden, but affected. Goneril is Goneril, just like it looks. The only textual justification for Cameron's pronunciation is the line calling her "not my daughter, but a disease." Or perhaps this was intended to provoke the audience to clap. Elizabethan men talked, just like everyone else, and Shakespeare wrote the language of his age, albeit in verse. The fact that Siering and Parkes could and did speak it with ease only drew attention to the lack of this ability elsewhere.

Oswald, I must say, had a good conception of his snivelly part; physically he brought it off, and almost did so vocally. One could kick him, far more than one could bend the knee to Lear.

I left at the first intermission, overcome. People tell me I should have stayed for the ending, which was the best part; I can only reply that it is the thespian's task, even his duty, to make the introductory portion of the play interesting enough to woo the audience's continued attention. Theater is entertainment, after all; not, as some people seem to think, existential medicine--or an endurance contest. I liked Edmund and had more than a little feel-

ing for Edgar, who appeared quite at home on the set; I liked the arrogant, nasty job Parkes was doing with Cornwall--though it seemed a bit languid; but that is only a difference of minor interpretation--and would have enjoyed seeing him finish it. But it was too much. Too many of the actors looked like, well, like Stewart Arnold and Hilaria Winkfield and Nick Samstag stuck up on a stage in long underwear. The lesson is perhaps that Bard actors and directors should take more care building atmosphere, not be afraid of dressing a play as it was meant to be dressed (instead of trying to make it "modern--whatever the devil that is), and perhaps learn to think of their behaviour as being of consequence. It is pernicious to imagine the opposite in real life and fatal to do so on stage. Lastly, one should beware of short-cut symbolism. To take an example, if, as seems to be the case, Cordelia's character is related to that of the Fool, casting the same actor in both parts tells us so without requiring us to think about the constitution of this similarity. Audiences have minds, and Bard students have (at least some of them have) more than most. It is a sin when a director who wishes to dazzle us with his own knowledge of the play fails, in doing so, to require us to use them.

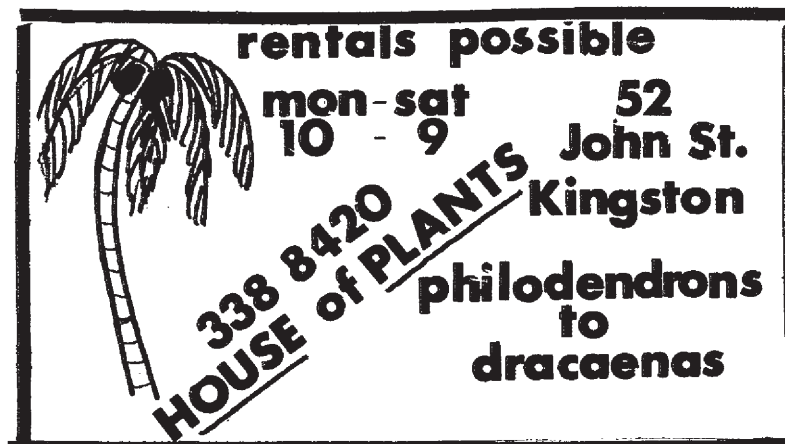
--St. Kate



**Somaadi**  
incense surplus candles pottery gifts jewelry imports  
**Boutique**  
Tues.-Fri. 12-5 Sat. 10-5 12 E. Market St. Red Hook



BLAZERS • LONG SKIRTS • SMOCKS •  
**Chrysalis**  
WOMEN'S THINGS  
26 Montgomery St. Rhinebeck, N.Y. 876-2200  
HOURS 10:30 to 5:30 • FRI. till 8:30  
(Next to Fosters Coach House)  
JEANS • SWEATERS • LONG DRESSES • KNIT TOPS • SWEATERS • DRESSES • ETC.  
DRESSES • ETC. • SWEATERS • LONG DRESSES • KNIT TOPS • SWEATERS • DRESSES • ETC.



**rentals possible**  
mon-sat 10-9 52 John St. Kingston  
338 8420 **HOUSE of PLANTS** philodendrons to dracaenas



# what movie?

As a public service to those who continually ask that sad question, "Who ever heard of that movie they're showing tonight?", the Film Committee hereby gives you a rundown on some of its more unusual offerings for this semester:

**THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH** (Feb. 17): British comedy- a young couple find themselves in possession of a fleapit movie house, with Peter Sellers and Margaret Rutherford on its staff.

**FORBIDDEN GAMES** (Feb. 27) In the midst of World War II, a pair of small children play war games of their own in this anti-war classic directed by Rene Clement.

**SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS** (Mar. 8) Preston Sturges' comedy about making socially relevant movies.

**LAST HOLIDAY** (Mar. 13) From J.B. Priestley- Alec Guinness as a man who has six weeks to live, and decides to go enjoy himself while he has the chance.

**YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE** (Mar. 20) Fritz Lang directed this 1937 "Bonnie and Clyde" film, with Henry Fonda.

**PLAYTIME** (Apr. 10) Jacques Tati as Mr. Hulot,

bumbling about a Paris so ultra-modern that it isn't really different from any other city anymore.

**JACK JOHNSON** (Apr. 12) Documentary, using rare old footage, on the first black heavyweight champion, whose style of living infuriated the "establishment" of the time.

**LAW AND ORDER** (Apr. 24) Frederick Wiseman, who made **TITICUT FOLLIES** and **HIGH SCHOOL**, here examines the Kansas City Police Department in another of his documentaries on public institutions.

**ONCE IN A LIFETIME** (Apr. 28) Rare Hollywood comedy from the Kaufman-Hart stage farce, with Jack Oakie and Zasu Pitts.

**ADALEN '31** (May 3) Bo Widerberg made this film after **ELVIRA MADIGAN**; it concerns a town in Sweden in 1931, and the incident which changed the face of Swedish politics.

**HARAKIRI** (May 5) An "anti-samurai" film by Motosaki Kobayashi, who sees the samurai code in a light rather different than that of Kurosawa.

**DERBY** (May 12) Cinema-verite about the roller derby. Directed by Robert Kaylor.

**KANAL** (May 17) Andrzej Wajda's study of the disastrous 1944 uprising of the Polish Resistance, in which an isolated group of fighters is forced to attempt to make its escape from the sewers of Warsaw.

**L&L HEALTH FOOD STORE**  
13 East Market Street, Red Hook  
Home Baked Products vitamins fruit nuts goat's milk cheese  
OPEN TUES-SAT 10am-5pm

**HOFFMAN'S**  
RT. 9 - 1 MILE SOUTH OF RED HOOK  
FRESH FRUITS + SMALL FARM VEGETABLES  
ALSO: APPLES CIDER CHEESES FRESH EGGS



Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring

Out of sixty students in psychology, thirty-seven reported a feeling of "superiority" to the animals in this picture; twenty-three had no such feeling. How do you feel?

## Unclassified Ads



Seeing as the New Improved Observer is your paper; we would like to make the Unclassified ads section open to all members of the Bard community. There is no charge, send copy to Box 85, campus mail, just try to keep them on the short side.

Earn \$15,000 \$25,000 with a film and Record Company, Details \$2.00 B O...154 West Tenn Ave. Oak Ridge, Tenn 37830

**Help Wanted;**  
\$100.00 weekly possible addressing mail for firms-Full and part time at home- Send stamped self-addressed envelope to COMMACO, BOX 157, ROUND ROCK, TEXAS, 78664

**ATTENTION HOMEWORKERS:**  
Earn \$100.00 weekly or much more addressing and mailing envelopes in your spare time. For details send 25¢ and a self addressed stamped envelope to; Feltus P.O. Box 148, St. Francisville La., 70775

**Wanted;**  
one drummer, one bass guitarist, two guitarists (lead and chords) to form ROCK GROUP at BARD must have own equipment. Contact Box 954 if interested.

**Wanted;**  
Rider to share expences to Pittsburg. Contact through Observer. Box 85. Any weekend.

**Notice;**  
Where is Lee Harvy Oswald now that we need him?