

OBSERVER

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Front Page	Moon Arrested Kim C. Graves Harvard or Bust Siobhan Silag
Page 2	Dr. Bish Photograph Peter Walberg Photograph Wayne Cozzolino
Page 3	Bard Goodbye Professor Bertelsmann Gail Levinson The Housing Problem Robin Carroll
	Letters [“ . . . Thank Bruce Baillie for his heartfelt presence at Bard for 3 years.”] Pierre Gremaud [“ . . . Regarding the reviews of the student directed plays . . . April 20.”] Kristin Bundesen [“ . . . Observe the no-smoking areas out of consideration for those . . .”] Gina Moss
	Notes Bruce Baillie's Films To Be Shown Attention
Page 4	Observer Campus Security Style Thank You Kim C. Graves Quote From Wind, Sand & Stars Antoine de Sainte Exupery
Page 5	Photograph Jerry Goldberg Tales of Courage Edwin: “The Time Has Come” An Apocalyptic Retribution Finale Concluding The Six Part Excerpt From “An Exercise For Its Own Sake” Andy Abbatepaolo
Page 6	From That Crazy Chemist Reviews Rites Shelia Spencer You Never Can Tell Shelia Spencer Tibbetts Bruce Wolosoff Stud & Pheonix Stephanie Carrow
Page 8	Krapps Photograph Chris Daly

observer

Volume 17 Number 6 May 18, 1977



Moon Arrested

by Kim C. Graves

On Thursday May 5 the spiritual head of the Unification Church, Reverend Sun Myung Moon along with ten of his followers were arrested on Bard College property by New York State Police. The arrest occurred at about 2:50 pm on the road leading to the Sawkill. The eleven men were charged with criminal trespass. Trespass is a violation and does not appear on a criminal record. According to the administration, this action is consistent with a three year old policy forbidding the presence of Unification Church members on campus without invitation from the administration.

Richard Giffiths, Director of Buildings and Grounds, was notified by a B&G worker that three sedans were parked at the pumping station. Men had emerged from the cars carrying walkie-talkies and ran down the road toward the Ecology Field Station. When Mr. Griffiths responded to the call he questioned the one person who had remained with the cars. That person refused to give Mr. Griffiths any information except that he was from the Unification Church.

Mr. Griffiths went down to the Field Station and asked Professor Erik Kiviat if he had seen any people around the area. Kiviat responded negatively. At that point Mr. Griffiths called the State Police from the Field Station.

The State Police arrived, and when the men emerged from the woods they were questioned and arrested, charged with criminal trespass. It was not until the arrest was made that the Reverend Sun Myung Moon was found to be with the group. A source at the scene reported to the OBSERVER that Reverend Moon crouched down in his car seat apparently trying to avoid detection.

When questioned the men gave evasive answers saying that they had gone to see Erik Kiviat. Susan Reinbold, a spokesperson for the Unification Church in New York City, said that the men were sightseeing. When questioned as to why the men were carrying walkie-talkies she replied that the radios were used to page the Reverend Moon, similar to a physician having a "beeper."

When the OBSERVER questioned President Leon Botstein, he said that the reason that the men were arrested is that they had been given warning not to come on to campus in the Spring of 1975 and that the men had evasive answers when questioned. He stressed that the arrest was consistent with normal security procedures on campus.

On May 7 ten men appeared in front of Red Hook Justice Elmore Fraleigh. Reverend Moon was absent. Poughkeepsie attorney

Noel Trepper (chairman of the local division of ACLU) representing the Unification Church members, entered a plea of not guilty with Judge Fraleigh. Fraleigh accepted the plea along with a request for adjournment until May 27. Several of the defendants could not speak English and a translator was needed. A bail of one hundred dollars was set for each of the men and court was adjourned. If convicted the men could face fifteen days in jail and/or a one hundred dollar fine.

When Trepper was asked what the men were doing on Bard College property he repeated that the men were sightseeing. When asked if pleading not guilty meant that the "Moonies" were not on campus, he replied, "I never plead guilty." Reportedly Trepper has asked the college attorney David E. Schwab II who is also Second Vice Chairman on the Board of Trustees, for a further postponement until June 17.

Information from a source in the Bureau of Criminal Investigation (The BCI is the investigative arm of the State Police.) stated that the Federal Bureau of Investigation is interested in obtaining the fingerprints of the men arrested. Allegedly some of the men could be illegal aliens. These allegations are unconfirmed.

Recently several "Moonies"

have attempted to come on campus. Professors Brody and Fout have received visitors from Barrytown asking questions about academic matters. The administration has forbidden the presence of Unification Church members in the library and has canceled basketball and baseball games with the Moonies.

On May 13 the Unification Church called Leon Botstein and threatened to hold a press conference if Bard did not immediately provide access to the library and sporting events. The administration responded that the policy was still in effect. A press conference was held that afternoon in which the Unification Church appealed to the freedom of religion amendment guaranteed by the first amendment to the Constitution. Botstein responded that it is still unclear whether the Unification Church is a religious organization.

On May 14 The New York Times reported that the Unification Church is looking into ways to sue Bard College for violation of civil liberties, harassment and false arrest. At a community meeting when asked how the college would react if a suit was filed Botstein responded, "Let them sue. They will then have to lay bare the internal workings of the Church." Leon Botstein also said at that meeting that, "At this time there is no plan to drop the charges."

Harvard or Bust

by Siobhan Silag

There is a running debate going on in this country over the relevance of the liberal arts education to American society. More and more, people are asking whether the Liberal Arts Institution is suffering a setback that threatens its very existence. Many educators and, perhaps more importantly, many students are asking themselves if the liberal arts education is worth the time, money and sweat put into it. Faced with rising unemployment among those with a Bachelors Degree in the Liberal Arts, people are wondering if perhaps career specialization is the answer in a highly compartmentalized society. One observer, Leon Botstein, has repeatedly aired his views on the subject through writings of his own and through articles and interviews by other writers.

Commenting on the strengths and weaknesses of the liberal arts education, Botstein acknowledges that this education is a necessary and valuable one. In an article entitled "The Politics of Career Education," he clearly denounced the idea that career education was the way of the future. He charged that the movement toward premature career specialization deprives students of a broad grounding in human affairs necessary to making critical decisions in a democratic society. As such, the Career Education movement perpetuates the status quo. In a paper, presented to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions seminar in San Francisco this spring, Botstein suggested that a closer look be taken at many of the educational theories of Robert Maynard Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago in the 1940's. Believing that there

are weaknesses in the liberal arts education as it is practiced now, Botstein has often stressed five major failings of the liberal arts education. History; he believes that students are profoundly ahistorical. Science; students have to know about science to deal with today's technological society. Basic skills; writing effectively, reading; Arts; stressing the creative not historical approach and, lastly learning how to approach questions of ethics. Botstein believes that people have never examined the underlying moral convictions which inform their choices in life. Botstein emphasizes particularly the value gained from a common core of courses for all students as establishing an important basis for intellectual discussion in the academic community. One can see that Botstein has become more and more involved in answering questions that this controversy generates.

In the April 17, 1977 issue of the New York Times Magazine, Botstein's comments were more publicly announced, in an article entitled, "Are You Better Off At Harvard." Botstein addressed his colleagues in education and administration and others interested in the development of higher education. Concerned with ideas and assumptions that are generated by the controversy, Botstein argued and aired his own views and made suggestions as to how these questions would be met.

The article first takes issue with the realities and assumptions that the college admission process generates. Because the admissions process is the first step to the serious education that is to take place ever after college, the process should not be as anxiety ridden and destructive as it is at present. The charge is made that the ordeal hurts the college even more than it does the student.

The myth that careful selection is made for each class is one common to all highly selective schools. However, Botstein asserts that getting into a school such as Harvard is less a matter of objective selection and analysis than a matter of luck. The myth has been perpetuated by the need to preserve tradition and exclusiveness. This leads to the matter of alumni support. Obviously former students who cannot identify with their AlmaMater will not support it. This phenomenon helps to stagnate the colleges' growth, interfere with its responding to the changing needs and keeps it from realistically assessing the strength of the program.

Another reason that current criteria for selection should not stand is that by 1985 there will be 15% fewer high school graduates. With fewer students applying to colleges, the image of the highly exclusive institution becomes incongruous. Admissions departments will be recruiting rather than selecting students.

Botstein delves further into the notion of selectivity by challenging the belief that the harder it is to get into a school, the better academically speaking, it must be. Not true, counters Botstein, high selectivity indicates only that a great number of students are trying to get a limited class in a prestigious college. The article then attacks the idea that colleges are dramatically different from each other. Botstein points out that one can find talented, well qualified teachers; well taught, well planned courses of study and imaginative programs. All these schools have their share of intelligent students.

What Botstein is trying to say is that pointlessly intense competition for admission to a college will only foster a tense strained atmosphere in the academic environ-

ment. Those who are admitted to a highly selective school find out that the competition is just beginning. Those who aren't admitted become undeservedly deluded that they are failures and usually keep trying to meet standards that are made through SAT's, interviews, and essays; standards of limited validity. Botstein states that "these methods cannot distinguish levels of ability reliable enough to predict future productivity and contentment."

He suggests various remedies for this situation. A colleges main goal should be to find its identity; to build up its strengths so that there is a difference not common to any other school. The school can then go on to develop itself, its strengths and weaknesses. To achieve all this, schools that are committed to liberal arts education should create a personal definition of this term. The definition need not be the same for all schools "all institutions cannot be all things to all people," he states.

Secondly, he believes that each college should use its physical location, be it rural, urban suburban, to define the college itself and to develop programs. Thirdly he believes that a college can't possibly provide for every students needs. He suggests that for colleges to serve all interests there should be a greater cooperation between small colleges. In this spirit, students might shift from college to college without any difficulty. Faculty exchange, diversification of programs and increased mobility in learning could be put into effect.

Botstein's major point in all this is that times are changing. If

Continued to Page 7



DR. BISH

NOTES AND AWARDS DEPT.

Special *Bish Award*, from the community, to Connie Fowle who has served in the mailroom in a manner becoming a gentlewoman, above and beyond the call of mere duty. Thank you, Connie.

No *Billy Bish Award* this year, as it was considered last year to be unacceptable for public presentation during graduation ceremonies. These yearly cash awards were Dr. Bish's own invention and given from a not overly rich purse (since the doctor has managed these past two years without salary: P.S. thank you, dear ones, for all those lovely sandwiches, pastries and fruit!). However, *Bish Citations* in the film field have gone out to December graduates, David (P.) Imber and Marc Waldor, as well as to Jan Petersen and Jay Brown, and freshman student, Jill Jackson. Was it last year Paul Marcus graduated? Citation to him as well and thanks for his help. To others, apologies; in the film field it has been these few with whom the doctor has had the pleasure of working and with whose work he has become familiar.

I've Been Working in the Dishroom all the Live-Long Day

*references to pigs has to do with the fact that most of the wasted food is put in a bucket for pigs in the nearby vicinity.

Feb. 12th
Waists and Arms
Wastes and Bacon
Do the piggies like to eat themselves?

Feb. 13th
Only one person ate pudding today, but the yogurt with bird seed on top is very popular.

Feb. 19th
I wish I had one of those hairy rubber Halloween hands to grab the trays from the kiddies.

Feb. 20th
Leon Botstein took his daughter into the dishroom to show her how the dishes went in dirty and came out clean.

Feb. 26th
Cigarettes stuck in the potatoes, Floating in glasses
Why oh why?
Are there not a thousand ash-trays distributed amongst the tables?

Feb. 27th
Do the pigs eat grapefruit?
I guess not.

March 5th
I have a great affection for the teaspoon and many have before me.
Lorca says of the King of Harlem
"with a spoon
he scooped out the eyes of crocodiles
and spanked the monkeys on their bottoms.
With a spoon.
Beyond the little "Lilly" glasses
Beyond plates and saucers,
I have a great affection for the teaspoon.
(The smallest of them all)

March 12th
YUK!

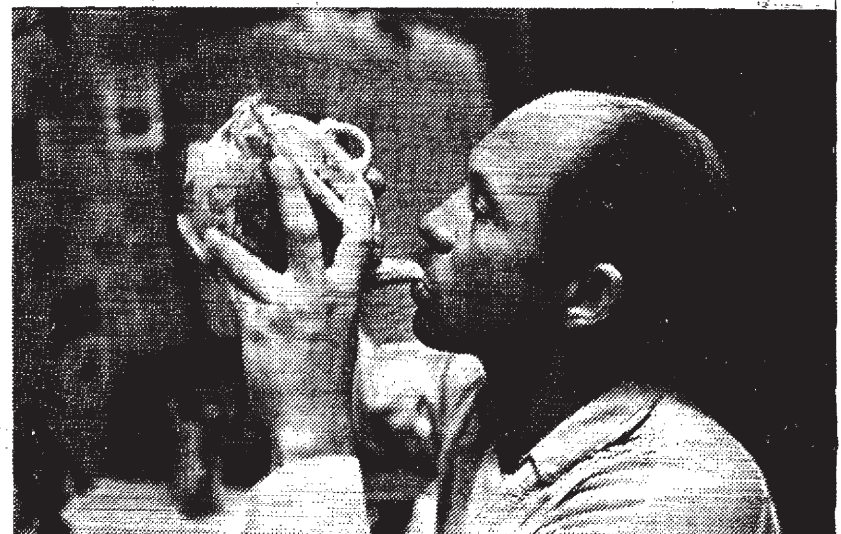
March 19th
Snow-white, Snowp
Snow-white, Snow-grey, It's O.K. I'll dwarf myself seven times today.

Please everyone, to make life a little better, bus your own trays.

Gigi



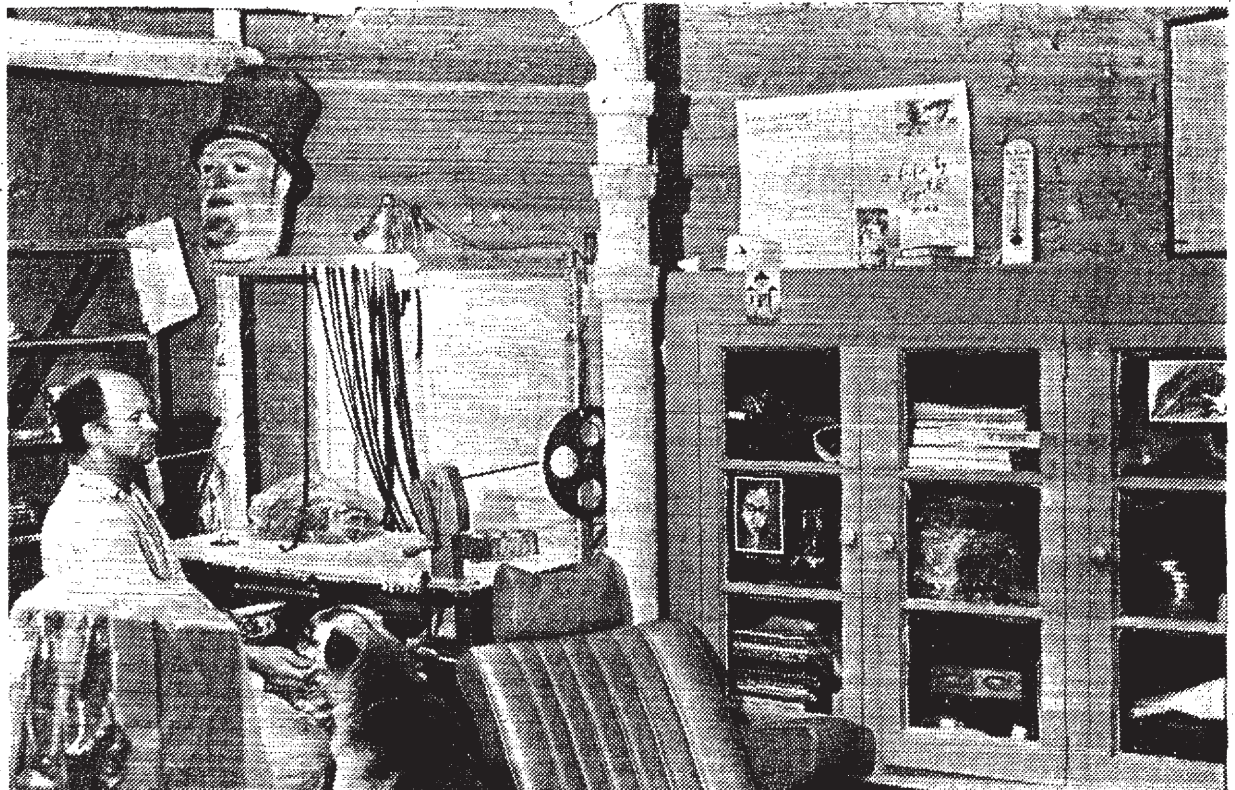
"March, 1977, Deserted Village Road."



dear Dr. B,
Billie and me, we're head'n west.

We'd like to say goodbye to everyone and sincere best wishes to each of you; student, faculty, administrator and employee, custodian, maid, Saga, Security, B&Ger. To the Chapel where I sat three years ago when I didn't know anybody; the long noisy passages through miles of dorms I've walked; good tree friends, birds, creeks, the river, good days and bad, friend and enemy; rain, snow and humid summertime.

I thank Bard College, which is all of us, for the opportunity to teach and to learn. Goodbye.
— B.B.



GOODBYE DR. BISH

- | | | | | | | | |
|--------|----------|-----------|---------|----------|----------|------|--------|
| Peter | Pierre | Victor | Stuart | Brook | Aren | Doug | Eileen |
| Emily | Jennifer | Marcus | Nancy | Daria | Neftali | | |
| Gigi | Kim | Lisa | Jan | Patty | Mary | | |
| Tracy | Ray | Adolfus | Clark | Robin | Jay | | |
| Ann | Wayne | Susan | Lora | Judy | Siobhan | | |
| George | Larry | Elise | Poochy | Alison | Jan | | |
| Bill | Val | Francoise | Ben | Jill | Linda | | |
| J.C. | Theresa | Mona | Thol | Kathy | Tony | | |
| Cliff | Donna | Elie | Rick | Michelle | Lori | | |
| Hopi | Debby | Marc | Pauline | Ledlie | Robert | | |
| Ed | Billie | John | Jean | Charlie | P. Adams | | |
| Helen | Kathryn | Fred | Leon | Michael | Pat | | |
| Carol | jeff | Terry | David | Sylvia | Will | | |

SPACE FOR NAMES OF PEOPLE THAT THE EDITOR DOESN'T KNOW OR CAN'T REMEMBER

Bard

GOODBYE PROFESSOR BERTELSMANN

by Gail Levinson

After thirty years of teaching at Bard, Heinz Bertelsmann, Professor of International Relations, will be retiring this spring. In thanks for his years of service, and to take advantage of his perspective on Bard as an evolving institution, the OBSERVER went to talk to Professor Bertelsmann.

Q: What was Bard like when you came here in 1947 and how has it changed?

A: There were three hundred students then, mostly male veterans. They were highly motivated, particularly the rich ones and it rubbed off on the others, making it a delight to be here. The small number of students brought about a great sense of community and many personal relationships between faculty and students. We all knew each other; today I can walk across campus, and not recognize, or be recognized by people but in those days this did not happen. In those days we had tutorials (similar to the present-day Junior Conferences) for each student during all four years and that added to the familiarity. In the late 50's/early 60's there was decline in enrollment at one time growing as low as two-hundred and twenty people, and then enrollment began going up again and there was less time and consequently less dedication and personal advising.

Q: What is your most prominent memory of people or events during your time here?

A: That is very hard to answer but I think it must be the great crisis of lack of funds that took place in the late 50's. The President, James H. Case Jr., did not really have the ability to collect enough money to keep the college afloat. It was a real struggle with faculty and students opposing the President and Trustees who were trying to close the school.

Q: Do you have an image of a Bard student as distinct from students at other colleges?

A: Well, in past years I've said that looking at a Bard student, whatever they are like in any particular year, you will see what students in the rest of the country will be like in a few years. I like it very much that they are individuals, what I deplore is that over the years they have, as a whole, been extremely self-centered and have little regard for others though there has always been a sizeable group of students interested in issues beyond themselves. At one time their interest was minorities, now it seems to be prison inmates.

Q: Did you ever think of leaving Bard to teach somewhere else?

A: Let me answer that by telling you a story. In 1946 I was teaching at Columbia College (now Columbia University) and I happened to have lunch with a Dean I met coming out of an administration building. He knew I wasn't returning there and asked me what kind of school I thought I would like to teach at. I told him a small co-ed college, outside a big city but close enough to enjoy the cultural advantages, a high academic standing and a lot of student-teacher interaction. He looked at me and said I had just described Bard. The next year (1947) I came here and have never left.

Q: What changes would you like to see made at Bard?

A: Well, I think Bard has always offered specialization through the junior conference and senior pro-

ject along with liberal arts and I think we are moving towards something I would like to see more of; interdisciplinary courses. Among my favorite classes of all time was the Steady State course I taught last semester to science majors and people from many of the social studies departments.

You know, I would love to look at old catalogues and see how many courses I have taught. . . I have always told people applying to teach here that you cannot come here and only teach one or two areas. The size of the department offers you the chance to broaden your interest.

Q: What are your future plans?

A: I plan to pursue an interest both my wife and I share; photography. I'm going to read all the books I've acquired over the years and never had a chance to read, and my wife and I wish to be active in this neighborhood educating the public about the dangers of nuclear power plants. Also I plan to keep on hiking in the mountains until my age catches up with me.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM

by Robin Carroll

The students are not the only ones being asked to shell out more money. Next year, the faculty will also be paying more: as rent increase on college-owned faculty housing has been announced. The reason is twofold. First, there has been no increase for five years. More importantly, the money is needed to provide proper maintenance for faculty housing—something that has been lacking in the past.

In the meantime, the faculty and administration have yet to come to an agreement on how the increase should be put into effect. The Faculty Housing Committee has made a proposal that the increase be spread over a five year period. The Bard chapter of AAUP (American Association of University Professors) has a counter-proposal. They suggest that the increase be re-evaluated annually, taking into account such factors as salary increases. Despite a faculty meeting last week which was supposed to settle the whole thing, no decision has been reached. ties with faculty housing before. Ten or fifteen years ago, it was college policy to let faculty members lease for 99 years. Then, three years ago, Bard was in the red, and there were bank loans to be repaid. The administration considered selling some land—a 19 acre stretch on Annandale Road, between the gatehouse and Adolph's. According to the zoning laws, the land could be sold only in 5 acre parcels—too large to sell easily. So the college asked the zoning board to re-zone that stretch of land. At the same time, the administration approached faculty/staff members renting houses on campus, particularly the four people who lived on a part of the 19 acres. Would they be interested in buying, rather than renting? Three of them were: Oja, Shafer, and Wagner. The deals have not yet gone through. Nor has the college sold any of the re-zoned land—an action that the board of trustees must initiate.

The rent increase problem is still very much up in the air. A decision is supposed to be made in June. The Housing Committee is also hoping to formulate a long-term housing policy. If they do, perhaps problems may be avoided.

Letters

To the Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Bruce Baillie for his heartfelt presence at Bard for 3 years.

His smile, his laugh, his walk, the whole of Bruce has brought joy and warmth to many of us here. His sincere commitment to the development of a working community on these 550 acres has affected me personally a great deal and has provided a much needed counterpoise to the bureaucratic tone of the present administration. It is sad that the administration only felt threatened by Bruce's vision and humanity and chose to ignore (and sometimes harass) him rather than use his obvious talents to enrich the Bard community.

Thank you Bish, for all you've done.

Pierre G.

To the Editor:

Here is a long overdue letter regarding the reviews of the student directed plays which appeared in the OBSERVER on April 20.

As someone intimately involved with the productions of Overtones and Chamber Music, I would like to set your critic straight on a few points. "Jane Perkel's direction . . . was definitely worthy of applause. . . but most impressive was her handling of the fledgling actors. Certainly the almost flawless delivery and confidence of the cast was due to the rehearsal technique. . ." Those assumptions on the part of your critic shows his lack of knowledge of the pre-performance hassles this show went through and it seems to me to be a journalistic flaw of a high degree. If the critic had done some background work he would have realized that most of the actresses could not even remember if they had been directed. As far as "handling of fledgling actresses." I think the veteran actresses in the show did the handling not the director. The apparent "confidence of the cast" was due to pure guts on their part as well as the knowledge that "the show must go on". As far as rehearsal technique goes, what technique was the critic referring to?

If the critic wishes to expound on the art of directing, he should have done so in his review of Overtones. If "timing was the key" this was due to the director, Ann Saltzman, who gently shaped the cast of characters into a tight and humorous scenario.

May I suggest that critiques of plays be done by someone who either knows the art of the theatre or by someone who will write a review for the layman in layman terms.

Kristin Bundesen

To the Editor:

Several years ago, when the Student Senate passed a ruling to prohibit smoking in the last small room in Dining Commons and at the early movie, I was very pleased, thinking that it would be much easier for me to avoid breathing other people's smoke. As a non-smoker, I find cigarette smoke irritating to my eyes, lungs, and stomach, and rarely sit anywhere other than the no-smoking room, and I never go to the late movie.

Unfortunately, many smokers do not understand what it means to have a no-smoking area. It does not mean that they can light up a cigarette just before they leave, nor does it mean they can finish the one they brought in with them. At the movie, it does not mean that smoking is allowed before the film begins. The purpose of having a no-smoking area is to keep the air free of smoke, and even one drag on a cigarette puts smoke into the air.

In Dining Commons, people can smoke in the other two back rooms and in the main dining room. People can smoke at the late movie. But if they sit in the last room, or go to the early movie, it means that they have agreed not to smoke while they are there.

I hope this letter will serve as a reminder to everybody to observe the no-smoking areas out of consideration for those who do not smoke.

Gina Moss

Notes

BRUCE BAILLIE'S FILMS TO BE SHOWN

Bruce Baillie will have his final Bard area film showings in May. The *Roslyn Romance (Is it Really True?)*, which begins with material from Roslyn, Washington, 9/71 - 1/72, where Mr. Baillie was living before being invited to teach at Bard College, spring '74. The *Introduction* was completed here and has just arrived from a California lab. This will be shown for the first time at Bard, most likely the weekend of May 20 (watch for posters with exact information), and on May 27 at the Rhinebeck Art Center. Harvey Nosowitz is After showing *Intro I & II*, the filmmaker will show rolls and

other material which follows this formal introductory work, talking along with it during projection. If local material can be printed in time, some of it will be shown at one or the other of the dates.

ATTENTION

OBSERVER wishes to announce the co-editors for next fall will be Andy Abbatapaolo and Gail Levinson. Art Editor will be Shelia Spencer and Danny O'Neill will fill the position of Sports Editor. Anyone wishing to help plan next semester's issues is urged to contact us at Box 85.

We hope you will tell us how we may best serve you by giving us your input.

Rhinebeck Bicycle Shop, inc.

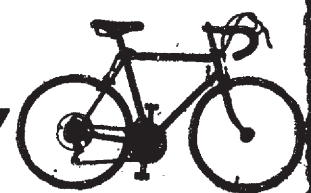
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Campus Security

The pressing of criminal trespass charges against the eleven Unification Church members by the administration is a commendable act for two reasons. *

The first is that it helps to secure the campus from those that may disturb the privacy, physical and emotional health of the members of the community. This is not to say that the OBSERVER holds any animosity toward Unification Church members individually. What we are saying is that maintaining security for any campus is important. The community would not want any individual or group on campus if it felt that the maintenance of the institution would in some way be disturbed. We would not want President Carter, the Klu Klux Klan, State Police, Henry Kissinger, or Jesus Christ on campus without checking with the administration and community first. Bard College is first and foremost a private educational institution whose primary concern is the education of young people registered to attend class. Secondly, the institutions concern is with the education of the outside community, but only if it does not interfere with its primary concern.

The second reason the OBSERVER supports the administrative action is that it deals a blow, however small, toward the Unification Church. This is a secondary effect which really had no bearing on whether trespass charges should or should not be levied.

The OBSERVER feels that the Unification Church is neo-fascist in nature and presents potentially a very great danger to our national security. The methods they use to convert people are reminiscent of brain-washing techniques used during the Korean conflict. Their aims are highly sus-

pect. It is no secret that Sun Myung Moon owns and operates ammunition factories in South Korea. It is no secret that the Unification Church lobbies regularly in the United States Congress for aid to South Korea. There are unproven ties of the Rev. Moon to the Korean Central Intelligence Agency. All these activities make us wonder if the Unification Church is truly a religious rather than a political organization. The OBSERVER supports any investigation into the actual workings of the Unification Church.

As an aside the OBSERVER would like to commend Richard Griffiths for his responsible and efficient security work on May 5. We would also like to commend Leon Botstein not only for the stand he has taken but also for his handling of this difficult and complex matter. His actions are by our estimations, well thoughtout and thorough. We hope that he will continue to hold community meetings if developments dictate. We encourage students to stay informed about developments by reading the newspaper and going to the President's teas.

***This editorial is in no way to be construed to represent the ideas, beliefs, policy or ideology of the Bard College administrators, faculty, students or employees. This editorial is purely the opinion of the OBSERVER editor-in-chief. The OBSERVER is an independent publication that is not censored in any manner other than by the philosophical constituents of what the OBSERVER Editorial Board believes to be responsible and adversary journalism.*

Style

It is easy to say politics is a dirty game. It is easy to believe that politicians are all corrupt and are irresponsible to the community's needs. It is easy to only see the power hungry individual instead of the issues that underlie the power. If one is to look at politics and the process of government in that manner then it is easy to see why today's young people are so turned off to government.

To be honest, politics can be, and most often is, a dirty game on the surface. Often an issue will boil down to who has the most power, knows the right people and who owes who a favor. It is all too easy to get caught up in such unsavory practices and to forget what one is fighting for.

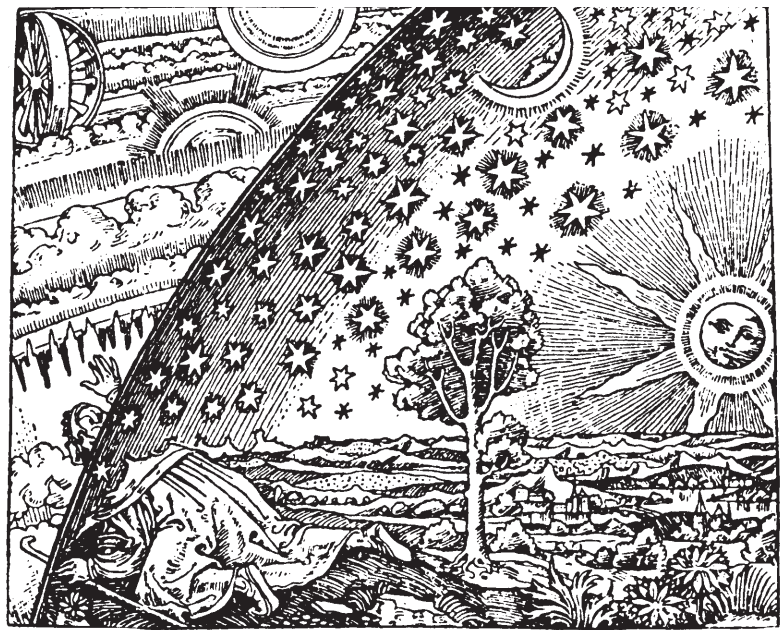
If one can remember the issues one stands for and stand outside (neither above or below) an issue then the governmental process can partake the elemental purity of human interaction. Thus it is the style and not just the ends that lend the true integrity to the political process.

There is a fine line to be drawn between style and working toward an end. If the ultimate aim of institution (government, church, college) is to improve the human condition

then the ends must be clearly conceived and implemented. But at what expense does this have to happen? To use an analogy; Must men and women die to gain basic human rights. Is the end (the acquisition of human rights) worth the suffering and torment historically shown to be needed, to meet those ends? Why is it that we cannot have our cake and eat it to? Must the process of civilization be dependent upon tragedy to help it grow and mature?

We hope that it does not have to be based upon tragedy. President Botstein has recently criticized the OBSERVER for not looking at the substance of what his administration has done, but only looking at the style. We agree that at times we too have been caught up in the power politics that can go on here at Bard. In that respect we have been negligent in our duty to report the news. We can only offer the meager excuse of that we are only human ourselves and life is as much an education for us as for anyone else.

As this Editor steps aside he, only has one thing to say to the administration to sum up his criticism this semester. That is, "Style counts."



Thank You

This has been an extremely exciting semester to be Editor of OBSERVER. Changes have occurred at a fast and furious pace. To report those changes has been a demanding and impossible job. I am not completely satisfied with the job we have done, but very nearly so.

I have never been very good at thank-you's. To quote my great uncle, "I hate standing in doorways."

It is impossible to list all those who have helped me and the OBSERVER. Our typists, our teachers who have been so patient; Mary, Theo, Leon, Rick, Mr. Griffiths, Olive, Susan Joan, Ceal, and Mr. Wagner.

I am very proud and pleased with the small staff that the OBSERVER has had this semester. They have all done an impressive job of amateur journalism.

Andy Abbatapalo has done a

very professional job as Business Manager along with writing some of the most entertaining prose we have printed.

Robin Carroll has always come thru just when we needed her.

Our reporters Lisa Foley and Siobhan Silag have matured into very fine investigators.

I would like to thank Scotty Porter, Peter Pratt, and Peter Skiff for teaching me the ropes.

Cathy Williams does not like to be thanked publicly. I will only say that her friendship had been a pleasure and "to say thank-you for that would be to cheapen the gift."

Take care everyone. Have a restful vacation. I hope you seniors who are not going on to graduate school find a job equal to your talents.

Kim C. Graves.

"Have you ever thought . . . about whatever man builds, that all of man's industrial efforts, all his calculations and computations, all the nights spent over working draughts and blueprints, invariably culminate in the production of a thing whose sole and guiding principle is the ultimate principle of simplicity?"

"It is as if there were a natural law which ordained that to achieve this end, to refine the curve of a piece of furniture, or a ship's keel, or the fuselage of an airplane, until gradually it partakes of the elementary purity of the curve of the human breast or shoulder, there must be experimentation of several generations of craftsmen. In any thing at all, perfection is finally attained not when there is no longer anything to add, but when there is no longer anything to take away, when a body has been stripped down to its nakedness."

Antoine de Sainte Exupery
WIND, SAND & STARS

observer

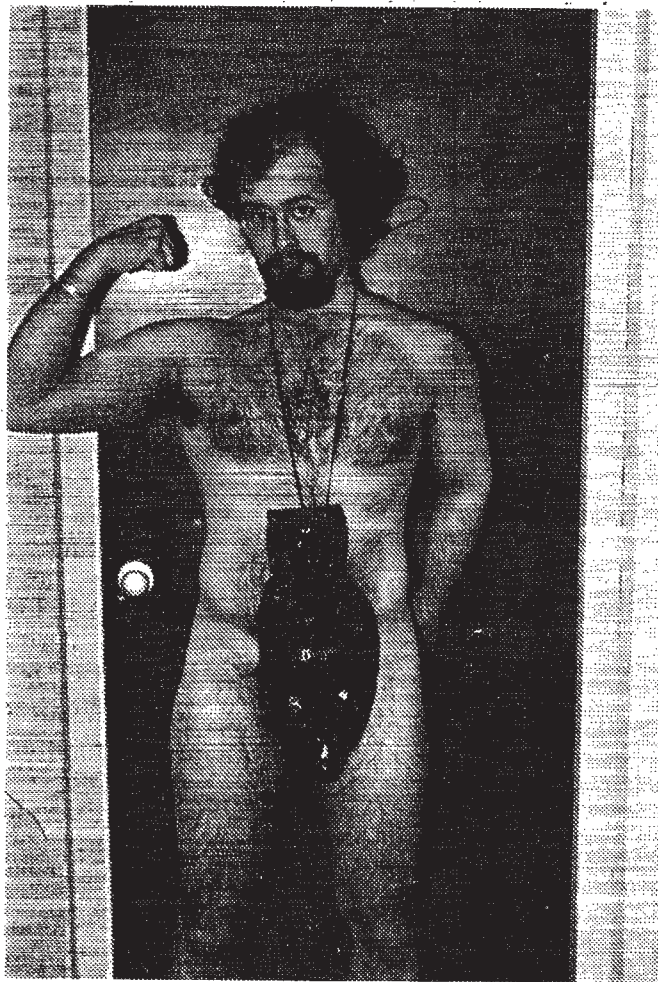
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Special thanks to Kristin Bundesen.

On the Cover: OBSERVER editor Kim C. Graves wearing his anti-gravity T-shirt retreats from the first desperate ascent of "That Fuckin' Kite Eating Tree." (Grade 15.0 A1 100ft.) Graves apparently got half way up this very demanding climb trying to rescue Chris Daly's kite from the grips of the stoned tree before being forced into retreat by being "scared shitless." Graves rationalizes his chickening out by saying, "I AM A CHICKENSHIT!" "Pain is better saved for thunderstorms and breaking waves on beaches. Climbing high rock is one thing but trees and politics are dangerous." The text and photos are dedicated to Cathy with love.



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Tales of Courage



EDWIN: "The Time Has Come..."
An Apocalyptic Retribution Finale
Concluding the six part Excerpt from
"An Exercise For Its Own Sake"

By Andy Abbatepaolo

Edwin waited ten days and nights before acting. The whole of this time had been spent siphoning from the cosmic energy reserves of Cathy's captors. Each appearance of the *three-piece worsted suit* manifestation had guaranteed a contribution of two billion electron volts, costing the [INANIMATE INVASION CORPS] an unnoticeable two atomic mass units. This could only be accomplished when the manifestation came within a three foot radius of Cathy before developing its pith helmet, the signal indicating the temporary depletion of the *supervising manipulator's* field battery. The persistent perpetrators of Cathy's dissolution, in their sadistic diligence, averaged better than fifty visits in each twenty-four hour period. Ten days of opportunities to tap their power was all Edwin required, and, indeed, all that his patience could tolerate.

Cathy was denied food, shelter, clothing, sleep, and adequate educational facilities. It was purely through Edwin's subtle support that she maintained any grip on reality or her personality whatsoever. She was miserable and helpless, and Edwin was determined to obtain vengeance.

With just over 1×10^6 MeV (one million mega-electron volts) in his system, he made his move. The five-hundredth advance of the eager pygmy was greeted with a giant winged poodle, glowing and crackling with St. Elmo's Fire, leaping from Cathy's shrieking mouth. The poodle exploded on contact, throwing bits of pseudo-pygmy in all directions deep into the jungle, which thereupon rapidly faded into Times Square. As the manifestation of the *man-in-the-three-piece-worst-ed-suit* hurried briskly down the sidewalk to investigate, a bowery derelict flopped from Cathy's mouth, vomiting twenty gallons of lithium plasma, (at nine hundred million degrees Kelvin), in his path. Specifical-

ly: on his neatly pressed *double-breasted vest*. As the manifestation instinctually reached for its *watch-fob*, its entire upper torso, excluding the head, was vaporized. The head fell and rolled into the nearby sewer, asking politely, "Excuse me miss, but do you happen to know what time it is?" as it went. The legs began to kick furiously at Cathy's shins, until four cubic feet of molten lava, excreted by the now-prostrate vagabond, undercut their tenuous balance and incinerated them both mid-flex.

While the tramp howled with the pain of his blistered and charred anus, an awesome chasm appeared in the pavement, and the fire hydrant (to which Cathy and Skeets were still attached) was swallowed and crushed by the jaws of the earth's heaving crust. Cathy and Skeets were free at last, chains dangling loosely from their wrists and roots, respectively. Edwin's last matter-to-energy conversion provided the impetus to send the pair on a time-space trajectory that would land them back in their own Times Square, beyond the clutches of the unscrupulous [INANIMATE INVASION CORPS].

As he subsided into exhausted inactivity, Edwin realized that he had overlooked one disturbing detail.

Cathy arrived in the actual Times Square at noon, on Friday, May 13, 1977, wearing only two broken chains, and accompanied by a similarly manacled uprooted cabbage (Skeets), over three feet in diameter. This was compromising enough in and of itself, but she had not eaten, slept, or washed in over ten days — and looked and smelled it. And, as misfortune would have it, they materialized on the front hood of a police car as it waited at a red light.

Cathy fell instantly asleep. Skeets, true to form, once again cautiously folded his leaves. The policemen in the car began to cry.

Two days later, Edwin marshalled control of the Chief of Police, while the man interrogated Cathy personally to quell his doubts regarding the reports of his underlings. After the interview, Edwin, now using the Police Chief's mouth and position, gave the following statement to an impromptu press conference.

"It would appear, judging from recent events, that humanity has been undermined by an alien pernicious influence since about 100AD. We like to *think* that we have exercised free will throughout history, as well as in our daily lives, but this has not, in fact, been the case. We have been controlled by the so-called "inanimate" objects in our environment, never suspecting for a moment that, for example, when we arrange flowers, it is to the *flowers'* preference — *not our own!* That when we decorate a room, rearrange the furniture, plant gardens, park our cars, design our buildings, select our clothes, etc., we are responding *NOT* to personal taste or cultural aesthetics, but to a *need to harmonize* with the patient and insistent "vibes" projected by these articles.

This is an unnatural state of affairs. It has become obvious to me, (as it will to all of you once you have access to all the information we are now prepared to publish), that *someone*, or *some group of beings* or *entities*, from *somewhere* in *some remote galaxy*, has actively enlisted the support of all our otherwise harmless inanimate objects for the purpose of dominating our unsuspecting world.

In many cases, we have exposed animals and ersatz humans to be the local directors of the movement. But all seem to be doing the bidding of a *Higher Authority*, a vastly removed, far-distant, ruthlessly unfeeling, detached and thoroughly evil *POWER*, which holds complete and utter control over their very existence.

Example: a plainclothes detective in our own department was only yesterday revealed to be one of *their obedient zombies*. Less than twenty seconds after we coaxed a

full confession from him, his physical form was inexplicably transmuted into a two pound lump of dried rubber cement. We have no idea of how this was accomplished, but we *had better find out*. We have no time to delay any longer — for all we know it may already be too late to reverse the situation. After all, they have a nineteenth century lead on us! Immediate mobilization is absolutely vital if we are to survive!

I am talking about an extra-terrestrial invasion of mammoth proportions. I am talking about an organized attempt to enslave this planet that has been advancing virtually unchecked for ages! And, strange as this may sound to you, I am talking, — of many *things*, of shoes and ships and sealing wax, of *cabbages* and kings."†

Things can never be taken lightly again.

Things may very well have been our downfall.

Things, no longer our passive servants, must be placed in a new and disturbing perspective.

It is alarming, but for the first time in nearly two thousand years, we will be truly on our own. For this, we may thank *Them*, whoever they are, someday, for releasing us from a less painful, but more poignant form of bondage — one that was likely to intensify and eventually consume us as technology blossomed, but for this new revelation. And for the present age, it will not be easy nor welcome.

Then what should our reaction be to this bizarre and demeaning ploy?

Enraged?

No! That's what *they* would want us to be, for then we would not think clearly nor act wisely. But clearly, we should not take this lying down! Our reaction *must* be strongly motivated to meet the challenge.

Enraged is not the word.

Outraged is!

There is a difference."

†Lewis Carroll

Rites

Maureen Duffy wrote *Rites* in 1969, as a harsh admonition to those women who carried the female cause beyond the realm of reason—who were so caught up in the hypnotic process of revolution that destruction was seen as a goal in itself, rather than a means of initiating positive change and reconstruction. Her message is this: though violence is necessary to create a change from any universally accepted norm, unchecked violence can only lead to ruin—even of the very cause which inspires it.

The play is a modern British adaptation of an ancient Bacchae play, closely following classical models but staged in a women's lavatory, the ultimate sanctuary. There, the women can totally escape the reality of men and vent their thoughts and feelings freely—a harmless yet inevitable occurrence. Yet presided over by Ada, a modern Lysistrata, the three antithetical choruses (old women, young women and doting mothers) are drawn—as irresistibly as by a whirlpool—into the sacrificial rite which forms the basis of the play.

Their conversation concerning men arouses strong discontent and frustration, as well as the realization that all their lives have been geared toward only three possible ends: "A few moments pleasure and then a lifetime of kidding yourselves. Caught bound, even if you don't know it. Or a lifetime looking . . . and wailing what you've missed. Years of ministering to strangers like them—or making heroes of your children only to see them stride off and leave you."

The sudden appearance of an old woman arouses their fear: "One day we'll be old like her . . . that's how we'll all end up." Fury at this realization leads them to attack her, but the subsequent entrance of a masculine figure draws them away; old age may be their enemy, but only because it removes from them their usefulness and attractiveness to men—whom they now see as the source of all unhappiness. This trespass into the sacred sanctuary—the ultimate transgression—is punished with a sacrificial death carried out by all. Only afterward do they realize that the figure was actually a woman in men's clothes. The body is neatly gotten rid of through a wall incinerator, but the women are left to the fact that "We all did it. Every one of us."

The play was powerful, the directing sound. Blocking was excellent and the set simple. Especially adept were Julie Conason and Josepha Mulaire as the elderly women, as well as Cindy Renzulli as a young office girl . . . the chorus of young women as a whole maintained a hypnotically lyric movement, though speeches were at times too brisk to be well understood. Disappointing facets were the surprisingly weak portrayals of both maids and the doting mothers—yet as a classical piece, the major action was carried well on both the realistic and transcendent live; symbol and form worked together to create a chilling effect which is fully as potent as when the play was first written.

Shelia Spencer

Stud & Phoenix

As a showcase for the latest achievements of students in Bard's drama department, the recently staged DIRECTOR'S PROGRAMME at Preston Theatre worked amiably. In fact, it should be stated at the outset that some of the clearest and strongest examples of acting and directing recently to appear in a Bard production were in evidence here. "Stud" and "A Phoenix Too Frequent," the two comedies which began the program Saturday afternoon, included some particularly good performances and provided a small but apparently appreciative audience with two hours of fun and quality.

The production had a number of good things going for it from the start. Alex Gottlieb's "Stud" is packed with a generous helping of good easy jokes, most of them about the timeless, telephoning mother and the timeless mama's boy, an aging and aimless musician who is also a classic example of the "buck, bull or stallion" breed of human male; his natural role, as he sees it, is that of an impregnator of young and older women alike, and he doesn't mind living off of them in the process. This cad's character—or lack of it—is typified by the medallion he wears to play a gig at a Bar Mitzvah: an image of St. Christopher is on one side, a Star of David on the other. It is further delineated by his insensitive attitude toward the two women whose unborn babies he has fathered. At one point, he

even offers to borrow money from his wealthy, older lover to pay for her abortion. Ultimately, the women decide to castrate this "stallion," and the unwitting collaboration of his own adoring mother provides a unique and funny twist. Robert Mason did quite an admirable job in the title role, although he seemed too affable, even when delivering his most callous lines, to evoke anything besides sympathy for his rather dire predicament. Michele Smith was very good as the rich, self-assured older woman whose catty mind hatches the scheme of emasculation, and Debbie Florman was good, although a little weak, in her role as the younger accomplice.

The highlight of Saturday's matinee production consisted in the performances of Josefa Mulaire and Julie Conason in "A Phoenix Too Frequent," Christopher Fry's comedy set in ancient Greece. As a grieving young widow resolved to die, by starvation, in the tomb of her husband and thus join him in Hades, Miss Mulaire brought to her role just the right balance of naturalism and melodrama to portray the simultaneously touching and comic aspects of human suffering.

The widow's devotion to her dead husband is genuine and ludicrous: he "made balance-sheets sound like Homer and Homer sound like balance sheets." The noble purity and incongruity of her intentions are sus-

Continued on Page 7

You Never Can Tell

The "Pleasant Play in Four Acts" became less and less pleasant as it wore on; even the author's interest seems to have waned, for each act is progressively shorter in length. The final act last a "mere" thirty minutes—half the time of the first—but unfortunately even that wasn't short enough. The irony of the title exists in the blatant hints which make it all too easy for the audience to "tell" what the outcome of the various plots must be.

The story combines the reluctant reunion between a father and his eccentric family with the disconcerted courtship of a "modern woman" and romantically adept young man. The dialogue is often witty, but its superfluity—combined with poor timing—damages it beyond recovery.

Contrived bits of amusement did not add or make the three

15 minute scenery changes any easier to bear; verbal as well as physical clumsiness (which should have been alleviated well before the first performance) were still glaringly obvious.

More positive aspects of the play were the acting abilities of Newelle MacDonald as the outspoken Mrs. Clandon, Frederick Howard as the fiercely prim Finch, and the commendably solid performance of Brian Bonnar, who sustained his portrayal of a witty and surreptitious waiter despite the overwhelming efforts of the play to collapse upon itself. He alone most clearly captured the spirit of the work—which seems to have escaped even the author at times, as well as those involved in this production.

Shelia Spencer.

Krapps

Interpretation of any of Beckett's works is a formidable task for any actor; *Krapp's Last Tape*, consisting of forty-five minutes of monologue, is a supreme challenge which few would dare attempt, yet it was performed with a strength and sensitivity seldom seen on the Bard stage, by Sylvia Sims.

She presented the play as a Senior Project, altering the script's original, masculine speeches only by substituting "he" and "she" wherever they appeared. The portrayal of loneliness, regret and subtly increasing senility was retained, but sexual metaphors tempered in the original version became blatant perhaps to the point of distorting the first portion of the dramatization.

Yet as the play progressed, alternating between Krapp's actual speech and a recording she made several years earlier (at the age of thirty-nine) there evolved a painfully moving portrayal of a woman "burning to be gone, drowned in

dreams." The half-obscured drinking, the dishabile, the preoccupation with what was and what "might have been" are contrasted with the image of the younger woman . . . loved, loving, nearly grasping total happiness—yet even then emitting a "yelp to Providence" for causing her to waste it all.

While the old woman spends every night in sleepless search through memories for the joy which can never "be again . . . be again . . . be again," the younger, scornful, less perceptive woman declares defiantly, "Perhaps my best years are gone, with the chance of happiness! But I wouldn't want them back! . . . not with the fire within me now. No, I wouldn't want them back."

The stage echoes with those words . . . echoes in the emptiness of the present which engulfs her. They fill our minds and hearts and create a terrifying image of loneliness which we hurry to escape, leaving Krapp forever suspended in her self-made purgatory.

Tibbets

I was asked to comment on a limited edition recording by Steve Tibbets. It's a solo album, with guitar playing, synthesizers and special effects produced in the studio by the composer. Being able to convert the sounds he hears in his head directly into an acoustical phenomenon in a studio situation, without the traditional intermediate stage of compositional notation, gives rise to some peculiar qualities in the music that I had some trouble getting a handle on. It all started when I tried tapping my foot to the first song (to see if I could determine the meter, a regular recurrence of a pulse organization). I couldn't do it. This in itself isn't necessarily bad, it made me wonder whether the whole tradition of beat-oriented music wasn't a convenient convention designed to simplify certain specific problems of performance.

(such as unison attacks in ensemble playing, or any other situations where it would be necessary for performers to know in a highly determinate sense where they are). Jazz players (pre-Ornette Coleman) depended desperately on the pulse, as do rock and roll players still today. It also helps to make life easy for the listener, who doesn't even have to hear the music to know where the beat is (dancing at Adolph's). The best classical music in some way transcends the regular recurrence of the down beat, through internal shifts in emphasis which create interesting rhythms.

The instrumentation on this album interested me a lot. Folk style acoustic guitar carried the foreground "narrative" role, backed by electronic synthesizers which were used in a mostly orchestral fashion. On the flip side, these roles reversed. The com-

bination of acoustic and electronic has become more and more popular today, versus the one-or-the-other die-band dichotomy of closed-minded fanaticism characteristic of an earlier age. The combination can work (hear, for instance, Mario Davidowsky's "Synchronisms", for diverse instruments and tape).

The area in which I would praise Steve Tibbets most is his extreme sensitivity to "pretty sounds." Guitar harmonies, industrial-age use of electronics and a certain hard to define quality we call "mellowness" are characteristic timbres of his music. As is frequently the case, though, his strongest quality was also the cause of the biggest problem I had with the album: "what's the difference between a piece of music and an interesting succession of pretty

sounds?" It's the same problem I have with a lot of improvisation. I think it has to do with having some notion of where you are in an articulated flow of events in time, so that for instance, a wrong note would stand out as not belonging, or a given passage wouldn't in any way contribute to my sense of the understanding of the passage before it. What I'm saying is, I couldn't always develop a feeling for individual pieces with individually particular characteristics. Part of this was the fact that in between each separately titled piece wasn't the silence we've come to know as an active force of separation, but the spaces were filled with

Continued on Page 7



Reviews

Continued from Page 6

Tibbetts

electronic sounds that had little to do with the music which followed. Perhaps that quality's a fitting reflection of this age of ambient noises. I'd rather be granted the chance to focus.

In spite of what might sound above like harsh criticism, it is only because the album engaged my attention at all, made me care for what was good in it, that I'd care enough to want it to be better. In my opinion Steven Tibbetts is well worth listening to.

Stud and Phoenix

tained throughout the play; in the midst of her mourning she falls in love with a young soldier who has been guarding six hanging bodies outside the tomb; her resolve to die becomes a will to live and, when one of the six corpses is stolen, she offers her husband's body in its place, to spare the soldier from a court-martial which would inevitably lead to his own hanging. The combination of caricature and compassion in Miss Mulaire's performance made this all quite logical and amusing, providing the play not only with some of its funniest moments but also with some of its most human.

Julie Conason, in the more comical role as the widow's faithful and well-intentioned, if somewhat passive, servant, achieved a similar balance of caricaturistic and human qualities, and did an excellent job of eliciting laughter as much through the loose and malleable expressiveness of her face and body as through her droll, half-resigned delivery of lines. Whether she was swigging wine straight from the bottle and toasting her dead master with a dim-witted smile, or sprawled out on the stage in drunken bliss, or invoking the deities

(("O Zeus! O some god or other,") she was very funny. Miss Conason showed a perfect sense of her character and the mood of the play, as well as a very good sense of timing.

Todd Isaacson, as the soldier, also seemed to have a clear grasp of his character and played it with what seemed to be the right expressiveness; but he generally spoke too rapidly and swallowed many of his words, and it became an effort, at times, to determine what he was saying. This is unfortunate because an otherwise good performance might have been as strong as Miss Mulaire's or Miss Conason's.

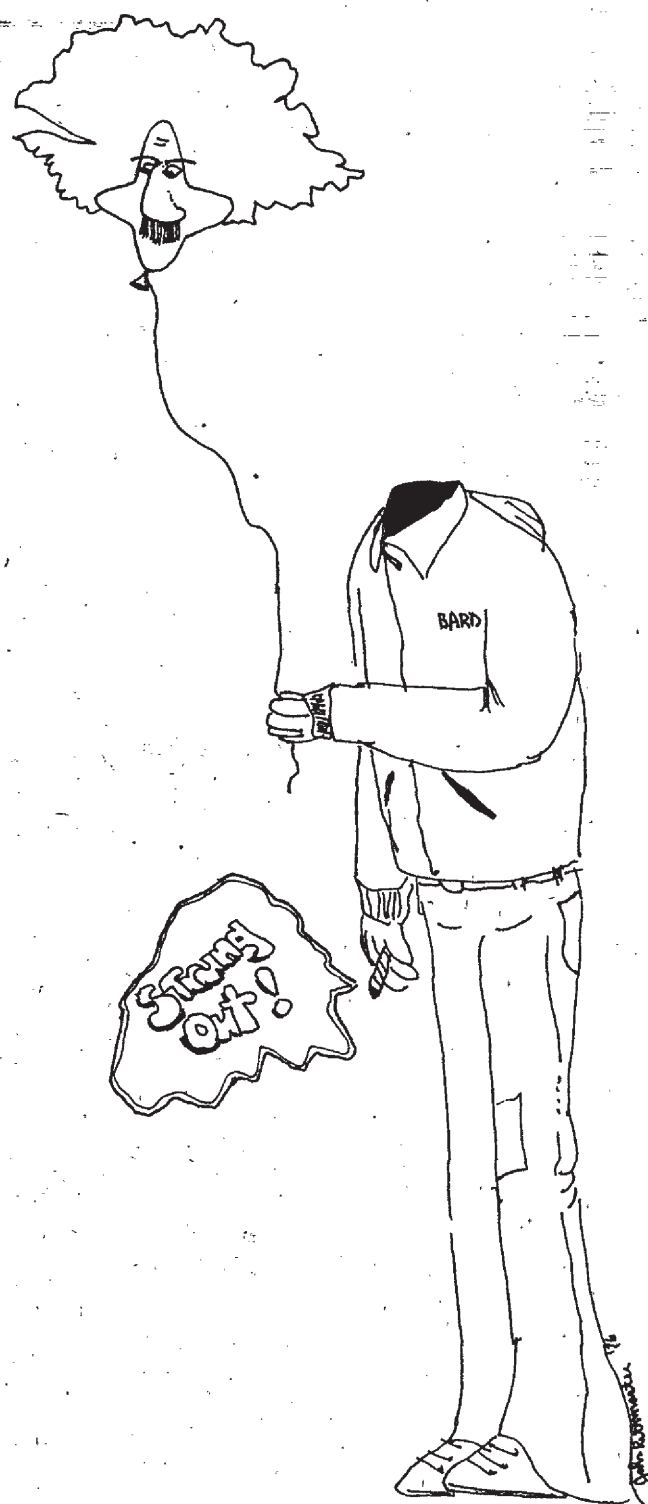
All in all, the Saturday afternoon premiere of the Director's Programme was a worthwhile event. Both plays occasionally slackened in their pace, but on the whole were sustained by good performances which in turn must owe some of their strength to the competency of the directors --

David Lobel for "Stud" and Polly Corman for "A Phoenix Too Frequent." If this was any indication of what future productions of the drama department will be like, in terms of quality of performance, then that future looks promising.

Stephanie Carrow

Editor's Note: Steve Tibbetts cut this album as a 'senior project' at Macalester College in the summer and fall of 1976. Any persons interested in hearing this record or finding out more about it should contact either Kim Graves or Dorothy Tibbetts via campus mail.

Bruce Wolosoff



HARVARD OR BUST

Continued from Page 1

American Liberal Arts colleges are to remain relevant proponents of human development, they must adopt to social realities. A college should keep sight of its identity and serve human interest only in the context of human development itself. "Not to be characterized by false elitist postures, but by more constructive attitudes, more student to student sharing and self help, less competition for grades and external status". His final statement "an effective curriculum should be established so that diversity and excellence can become realities", refers back to his "Politics of career education." This statement says much of Botstein's current ideas and line of thinking. What does this mean for Bard, the college with which Botstein is most immediately concerned?

Do the opinions and suggested courses of action mentioned now in the article give a clue as to his future ideas for Bard? Botstein's recent appointment of Karen Wilcox (a colleague from Franconia College) to the post of Director of Admissions may indicate that Botstein is ready to put some of his ideas into action. Will he attempt to redefine and move to establish an "effective curriculum" at Bard. Will his future ideas for Bard retain the progressive air that Bard's past tradition has had? In other words, if Botstein continues to define his ideas of education, will his ideas have some impact on Bard. What will the effect be?



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