It is time to turn the corner
You have been on this street too long
Gambled with your paycheck, fought with your plaster
Parti-balls
Meet you in the subway
Businessmen blue death
Architectural boredom in the fountain of youth
Lyceum cages echo in these empty locuses
O's time for a peace war. — Gina Caruso

BARD TIMES
Vol. 20 No.5
The Official Newspaper of the Bard College Community
March 13, 1980

AN INTERVIEW WITH
PRESIDENT BOTSTEIN

by Tom Carroll
Bard Times (BT): One Bard student said recently in the Village Voice that you are trying to turn Bard into a "Harvard-on-the-Hudson". Are you trying to do this?
Leom: The answer to that is no. The phrase "Harvard-on-the-Hudson" can be understood either to mean that Bard is becoming more "classical" or more conventional, or becoming more prestigious, or that Bard is becoming a place of excellence. So if you take the quote at face value, I am interested in helping Bard grow in excellence, in seriousness, in a place where the arts and intellectual matters take place, and I am very committed to that. Am I trying to make Bard resemble Harvard? The answer to that is no, because I have great difficulties with the way Harvard has been operated in the last 50 years.

BT: You've said that there will be a recruitment problem at colleges in the next ten years. Do you think there will be a recruitment problem here at Bard, and if so, are you trying to change the image of the college to meet the years ahead?
Leom: Yes, I don't think that the college will have any trouble in recruitment if it continues to be distinctive, of an extremely high quality, providing a program that very few other institutions offer.

BT: So you are trying to forge your own way, rather than try to imitate Harvard?
Leom: Absolutely. The problem is that most institutions are pale imitations of places like Harvard. The problem of recruitment is severe, but the biggest mistake that anybody could make is to make

Continued on Page 4

The Story of Jimmy

by Paul Spencer
Jimmy was a young man of twenty-one, a fun-loving and creative lad. He was quiet, though not shy. He was stimulating when he chose to speak his mind, though never overbearing. His personality made him perfect material for Worn College, a little liberal arts establishment in a scenically wooded area of the country.

He'd liked the looks of Worn in his classes and felt that he had a great mind being alone in the steam room with. It is a well kept secret among Kennedy insiders that the Senator has been addicted to Opiates since the time of his back injury in 1964. This accounts for his frequent public incoherence.

Another well kept secret is that Kennedy was actually under the influence of LSD-25 at the time of the Chappaquiddic incident, and the eight hour delay in reporting the incident is the time he spent "coming down" so as not to face the police babbling for middle of the roads, but this year we might end up one step away from going absolutely off his rocker. He would also demonstrate in classic ways what radicals have always known, namely

Continued on Page 5
Letters
Office of the President
Bard College
Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504

Dear Sir:

The Humane Society of the United States wishes to add its voice to that of the Columbua-Greene Humane Society, Inc. in protesting the First Annual Bard Pet Hunt which appeared in the November 15 issue of the Bard Times. While we suspect that this was a tongue-in-cheek ad, it is a discredit to your fine college. When organizations such as the Columbia-Greene Humane Society and The HSUS are having to contend daily with the tragedy of literally millions of unwanted dogs in this country, we find it not at all amusing that your college newspaper should treat such a subject in such a cavalier manner.

Sincerely,
John A. Hoyt
President
The Humane Society of the United States

Dear Mr. Hoyt:

Thank you for your letter of January 3rd. I am unclear why I am the recipient of your letter. The Bard Times is a student run newspaper and the editorial control and therefore, the content of the newspaper, are entirely in the hands of the students. I agree entirely with you that the advertisement was in the poorest taste. You should, however, understand that the reason for the advertisement was the fact that Bard has had for several years a difficult problem with pets. Because of our concern for the humane treatment of animals, we have long regarded possession of pets in the dormitories not in the best interests of the animals and not compatible with the living and dining arrangements of the college.

Sincerely yours,
Leon Stein
President

Bard Times is the official newspaper of the Bard College community. Letters to the editors should be sent to box #85, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. 12504. The contents of the Bard Times are @ 1969 unless stated otherwise. Opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the editors or staff.

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A VOICE FROM WITHIN

Editor:
The other day, I saw a procession of young women touring our facility (Clinton Correctional Facility in New York); being curious, I inquired as to the nature of their tour, and learned that the ladies were from a nearby college campus. I too am enrolled in one of the many college programs that compose the educational system of our country, yet I feel alienated from the projects and people of the many campuses that house this educational system. I have often wondered as to what goes on at these campuses and how it feels to be a part of a large coed institution, as I know that at least a few of you there have wondered what it must be like to go to college from within a correctional facility.

One of the main social advantages of being on a large campus is that it allows one to meet new people and experience new ideas. Yet going from within here keeps these things from taking place. The people out there just don’t know I exist. I do exist.

I am a young black man, and I am incarcerated. I would like to meet and communicate with sisters of all ages, colors, beliefs and backgrounds. I would also like to provide the campus with a steady flow of news about what takes place in here, on our “campus.”

Although the stereotype prevalent that people in prison are in here for violence, are savage, etc, I do not fit within this negative criteria. I am an intelligent and understanding individual, and I would like to do my best to destroy the myth of the youth incarcerated, because as long as it exists there will always be alienation, the universities of our states and our country will always be divided into two separate colleges, ours in here, and yours out there, there will be no communication and cooperation between us, and the wall between us will always exist.

Only by overcoming the problems that face us all, as individual races of people and as a society in need of change, will that change ever be initiated. I would like to close by thanking the college for all that it is doing for advancement, upliftment, and education of the brothers here, and also thanking the editor of the campus newspaper for allowing me the space needed for these few lines.

May my words do well in serving as a seed, which, when planted deep within the atmosphere of your all, will grow into a concern for myself and as well as for brothers

DRAFT REGISTRATION

Editor:

About the draft—as it has been part of our long history, the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY calls upon all working people, students, senior citizens, etc, to join us in the struggle against efforts to implement that program. Workers have no interest in sacrificing their living standards, already ravaged by inflation and unemployment, to the designs of the militarists.

Workers have no interests in sacrificing their civil liberties to the altar of imperialism. Workers have no interest in lining up behind the same policies that brought the horrors of genocide in Vietnam. Militarism is past and part of a capitalist system based on profit motivated production, the private ownership of the economy by a tiny capitalist minority, and exploitation of workers. It is the means by which the capitalist minority enforces its political and economic will both home and abroad. An effective antedote to militarism is a class fashioned by a working class movement that organizes workers economically and politically to effect a basic transformation of society.

This is the program of the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY. Enough of capitalism with its wars!

Nathan Freasman
Organizer
Bard College
Hudson Valley SLP
22 Catherine St. Ellenville, NY, 12420

in my situation, and that you sisters will reach out and form the bond necessary to bring us together so that the seed may grow into the most beautiful of friendships, and, in time, blossom into the greatest of understandings.

Princess Robinson
977B-1078 Box 8
Dannebora, NY 12929

Country Denim

Jean Shop

Country Denim

Jean Shop
Jimmy continued...

His first doubts came when he was told that he must move all of his belongings out of his room over the winter break. He lived thousands of miles away and the school would not even supply guaranteed storage for his stereo and TV... This disturbed him greatly at the time, but he found that there was nothing he could do; rules were rules. Eventually he no longer bothered over the matter and went back to leading a happy existence at Worn.

The first semester of Jimmy's sophomore year was one of his happiest. He had lots of great friends and many of them lived in his dorm, which was called Rock Court. This was his favorite dorm and everyone who lived in it loved it. It was a beautiful stone building and he and all his friends would hang around in front of it when they came back from the bar and would talk and crack jokes all day and night. Sometimes they got a little wild—like the time they lit a bonfire and danced around it to loud music. They were caught and had to have wine and cheese with several of the deans the next night.

Then things started to get bad again. The president of the college and the people in the administration building told Jimmy and his friends that they would have to move out again. This was hardly even justified for vacation though. They were going to tear out the insides of Rock Court so no one could live there.

Jimmy was crushed. He loved his dorm. His friends were sad too. But Jimmy knew that he must abide by the rules—after all, there were so few at Worn College. After that they put Jimmy in tiny little room in which he could barely move around. Jimmy felt a little better later on when he got some girlfriends, but they left him after a while to become lesbians because that was the current thing at Worn these days.

Jimmy understood this and sadly said good-bye.

When Jimmy became a Junior things got really bad. They gave him an I.D. card and told him that he must always carry it with him. He was an electric gate in the library now that knew when you were stealing books. Sometimes it buzzed and sounded even when Jimmy was not stealing books. Jimmy would never steal a book from the library.

Jimmy was becoming disillusioned with Worn. Things were changing. They were luring to him in the administration building and pushing him around. They had said that they would treat him like a human being but they didn't. They said that the government's curriculum but now they were adopting mandatory seminar programs. They had said that they would have to come from a graduate school so that they could give their full attention to the administration.

But now there was talk of adopting a graduate department in something that it wouldn't stop there. They were trying to him.

Jimmy was depressed about a lot of things and one of them was that they had just begun requiring people to show their I.D. before they could eat. You weren't supposed to get that kind of treatment at Worn. They said that you could only find that at the big universities. It made Jimmy sad.

When he got into the cafeteria they again asked him for his I.D. He had been told that they would only do this when they got familiar with the student's faces, but it had been a long time and they really had stopped. The lady who sat by the door was now nice and asked Jimmy if he was a student and always let him go by without question. But the man who was second-in-command of the food service was standing there every once in a while and looked at I.D. cards. She didn't like to do this and looked very sad. Jimmy complained to the man that he had shown him his card many times before and that he was getting sick of it. The man rudely informed him that he was acting on the orders of the boss of the food service who always stayed out of sight in an office.

Jimmy angrily showed his I.D. card to the man but instead of letting him pass he turned around and went back to his dorm.

Jimmy was fuming when he opened his drawer and took out the .45 caliber automatic he had bought in the city a few weeks before. He stuffed it in his pants, zipped up his coat, making sure he had plenty of clips of ammunition in his pockets, and headed back for the cafeteria.

As he came in the door Jimmy began to have second thoughts. He decided that if the man recognized him this time and let him pass without asking what wouldn't cause a scene.

As he approached the cafeteria entrance the man barred Jimmy's way.

"I.D. please," the man said in his typical administration voice. Jimmy yanked out the large pistol, leveled it at the man's belly, and squeezed off a round. The man looked surprised as he flew against the wall and fell unconscious.

The boss of the food service office amid a shocked silence.

Continued on Page 5
BOTSTEIN and CARROLL

Continued from p. 3.

Leon: That's what they come to college with, and most college students have those problems never dealt with. I think we get students here at Bard out of high school that are very poorly trained.

BT: Are you satisfied with the students going to Bard now?

Leon: I'm satisfied with the gifts and the abilities that the students bring.

BT: In your recent article in Harper's Magazine you refer to college students in general as being "illiterate, ignorant, and ill-prepared with little sense of history and cultural tradition."

Leon: That's what they come to college with, and most college students have those problems never dealt with. I think we get students here at Bard out of high school that are very poorly trained.

BT: Is Bard dealing with these problems?

Leon: I think we are beginning to deal with them probably better than most institutions. For example, the Sophomore moderation and the Senior Project programs have been very effective. I think the freshmen year has been weak but has been much strengthen-
ed by the Freshman Seminar Program.

BT: There has been criticism of the program because it hasn't been implemented well, and that there isn't enough continuity.

Leon: The criticism of the Freshman Program is much less than when it started. This year I think the continuity is better. The first semester was devoted to the study of major works and the goals of society, and this second semester is a careful look at the period of 1769-1846, which is a fundamental period in the creation of modern politics and modern social conditions in the West.

BT: Is there a Master's Program in the works here at Bard?

Leon: There is a Master's of Fine Arts Program being planned by faculty members. It would be, in its present form, for holders of a B.A. who have a serious interest in one of the Arts, and would be a program that would take place during the summer months and as an intensive study during the year. The program for the individual would run three summers and two inter-

BT: Will the size of Bard grow in the next five years?

Leon: No. Even after Stone Hall is completed we will remain in the area of 700-750.

BT: But Bard is expanding in other areas. Could you tell us what is the situation with Simon's Rock?

Leon: Simon's Rock is now part of Bard College.

BT: It's called "A Unit of Bard College. Isn't that a little demoralizing for them?"

Leon: No. If you grow up thinking you can be an autonomous institution, then you are bound to be disappointed by being part of a larger institution. There are people at Simon's Rock who feel demoralized and those who feel exhilarated. Because without Bard, Simon's Rock would have a rougher and less advanta-
geous time of it. But the future of Simon's Rock was the long run to become part of a larger institution.

BT: Can Simon's Rock become a financial strain on Bard?

Leon: It can't become a strain. Let me clarify so that no one gets the wrong impression. Simon's Rock was made part of Bard with very clear, unchangeable conditions. One of those conditions was that it financially operates with its own resources.

BT: Could that change if it started to go under?

Leon: No. It would only change with trustee action, and that is very unlikely.

BT: What do we the students gain from this merger?

Leon: What we get from Simon's Rock is that we have undertaken something educationally important and given to Bard a substantial in-
crease to its national dis-
tinction and importance, which leads to greater financial support. Bard is an innovative institution in important educational pro-
blems and tries to solve them. Why is that important to Bard? Because Bard has only 2,000 degree alumni. Bard has to raise $1 million to $1 million four (1,400,000) each year, and most of that does not come from alumni.

BT: Bard needs to raise that much every year just to break even?

Leon: Just to maintain the current expense of the insti-
tution. The reason we are able to do this is that we have programs, projects, points of view, and we stand for something that is differ-
ent from the conventional; that attracts people who are interested in giving for reasons other than nostalgia, their alma mater, or traditional loyalty.

BT: How else might students benefit from Simon's Rock?

Leon: I would hope over the next couple of years that we would be able to bring about student and faculty exchanges.

BT: Do you see an integration in the future?

Leon: No. I don't see an integration because Simon's Rock has a very separate purpose.

Leon: That's probably true. I think there has been tra-
ditionally a certain prejudice against the study concept. There are those who feel one ought not get credit for these kinds of things. There is kind of a cynical response that this is kind of Peace Corps ideal-
ism that doesn't amount to a hill of beans. However, we have not looked at whether this is an important thing to do.

BT: Are you going to direct more students toward working in the community in the future?

Leon: Yes. I would like to strengthen our Community Outreach Program.

BT: You once said that you don't plan on spending the rest of your life as a college president. Can you estimate how long you will remain at Bard?

Continued on Page 12
American civilization as we know it, colorless, is in a perfect state of collapse. The only candidate that us conservatives are at least honest with is George Bush, who said, "Extremism in pursuit of extremism is no vice". Well, that's as true today as ever. We don't need dull candidates like Carter or Ford, or Baker. Actually, Carter has a lot in common with George "Push-Push in the Bush" in terms of background, but is a dupe of these people (Trilateral Commission, Rockefellers) instead of a co-conspirator like Bush. Brown is an interesting case. I'm uncertain as to how nihilistic he is but I'm sure that he's full of surprises. At any rate, he is probably the only candidate that us college education would have an intelligent conversation with, where we would get each other jokes and everything. At least he would probably be a "fun" president. John Anderson is surely the one who might be fun, but he's in the wrong party at the wrong time and probably only says the things he says to be contrary, which is an asset, but would fade as he moved to the front of the pack. It's still too early to tell, but I would most enjoy seeing a Republican ticket of Reagan and Crane oppose Kennedy and Ford, or Baker. Actually, Carter has a good shot at a strong challenge to the reigning grand old man today as ever. We don't need dull candidates like Carter or Ford, or Baker. Actually, Carter has a lot in common with George "Push-Push in the Bush" in terms of background, but is a dupe of these people (Trilateral Commission, Rockefellers) instead of a co-conspirator like Bush. Brown is an interesting case. I'm uncertain as to how nihilistic he is but I'm sure that he's full of surprises. At any rate, he is probably the only candidate that us college education would have an intelligent conversation with, where we would get each other jokes and everything. At least he would probably be a "fun" president. John Anderson is surely the one who might be fun, but he's in the wrong party at the wrong time and probably only says the things he says to be contrary, which is an asset, but would fade as he moved to the front of the pack. It's still too early to tell, but I would most enjoy seeing a Republican ticket of Reagan and Crane oppose Kennedy and Ford, or Baker. Actually, Carter has a good shot at a strong challenge to the reigning grand old man today as ever. We don't need dull candidates like Carter or Ford, or Baker. Actually, Carter has a lot in common with George "Push-Push in the Bush" in terms of background, but is a dupe of these people (Trilateral Commission, Rockefellers) instead of a co-conspirator like Bush. Brown is an interesting case. I'm uncertain as to how nihilistic he is but I'm sure that he's full of surprises. At any rate, he is probably the only candidate that us college education would have an intelligent conversation with, where we would get each other jokes and everything. At least he would probably be a "fun" president. John Anderson is surely the one who might be fun, but he's in the wrong party at the wrong time and probably only says the things he says to be contrary, which is an asset, but would fade as he moved to the front of the pack. It's still too early to tell, but I would most enjoy seeing a Republican ticket of Reagan and Crane oppose Kennedy and Ford, or Baker. Actually, Carter has a good shot at a strong challenge to the reigning grand old man
THEATRE

Of Mice and Men

Review by Robert Cacchione

Of Mice and Men, a play in three acts by John Steinbeck (adapted for the stage from the author's original novel), was presented to standing-room only audiences on both Saturday and Sunday nights, February 9th and 10th in the Great Hall of Preston. Directed by Claudia Sherman, the cast was comprised of members of the Winter Field Players, a touring theatre troupe organized by Ms. Sherman, Kristin Bundesen, and Tom Simon. During the Winter Field Period this group independently prepared a mixture of children's and adult shows, setting themselves booked in both local and out of state high schools and colleges. By independently I mean that although they used Bard College as a base of operation all the planning, all the directing, even all the booking was done by the students.

Nite-picking out of the way first, technically the show was poor. I saw the Saturday night production, and that night the light cues were off badly, and when the lights did come on they often didn't help a whole lot. Simple things like fixing ups to avoid. As for the light, they had to be put up very quickly due to a lack of time in the theatre, so I guess I should say bad lighting.

The basic problems, unless the others problems, unless you are trying to emphasize, that the show is an amateur production. This is the way to make friends and influence enemies, by the way. The time between the first rehearsal and the first show was incredibly short, something like four or five rehearsals before the first production, and this lack of rehearsal time hurt a lot. There were no problems with lines, or if there were, they were handled smoothly enough so that I never noticed any fumbling for words. But Steinbeck's script, although trying in how it uses real emotions and deals with problems relevant to almost anyone, does so with dialogue that can be viewed as comically colloquial. The play is set in California during the Depression, and the dialogue resembles jargon of the period. In relation to how we speak here at Bard College today the language is out of date, and so to people who don't appreciate what the author was trying to do the words become something to laugh at in and of themselves. To avoid this interpretation of comedy the lines must be given with a strict seriousness. Such seriousness cannot be developed with a cursory glance at the script, and being realistic, what script can even begin to be explored in only one week of rehearsal? What happened was that the actors, with varying degrees of success, presented stock character presentations of what they felt were the characters. Tom Simon, for example, was the quintessential big bad guy as the Boss, swaggering across the stage, yelling at the underdogs, and glaring at everybody. That's not a person, that is a character. Very possibly Tom was directed like that, told that that he was doing was right. Seeing as how the entire cast consistently gave character performances, it leads me to believe that such was the directional decision, to have the cast portray the characters as images and not as realistic people. Realize that there is nothing wrong with a stock characterization, but it has to emanate from something that is real, and not from what is only a conception of a bad guy, or the picture of a tough. The result on stage will be only as real (or reversely as contrived) as is the work put into it.

Of the two leads, Paul Carter as Lennie and Andrew Joffe as George, both gave performances that were beyond simple stock figures. Of course, these two parts were by far the richest parts in a very rich play. Both men did convey a sense a warmth and sensitivity towards each other, but there were so many strange things going on I had to forget the play as I have read it and simply watch. Lennie is supposed to be extremely stupid, bordering on, possibly even actually, mentally retarded. Yet Paul spoke in a way that made his character parts consistent. Paul Carter as Lennie and Andrew Joffe as George.

Continued on Next Page

As you like it

An Uncompromising Review by Gretchen Lang

On December 15th at Preston Hall I saw Eugene Kellash's production of As You Like It. This play has been in the books all semester, for which reason I had great expectations. These were regretfully unfulfilled, although the evening was not a total loss.

One of the basic problems of the play was some extremely ill-judged casting. An expected handing in college theatre for which audiences necessarily make allowances is the uniform youth of the performers. It was therefore strange and disconcerting to discover that the part of Adam, faithful retainer of Orlando, was another bad mistake. He has obviously not yet understood the poetry and the delivery of Shakespeare, and this role was a poor choice as a means of coaching him. He does not yet understand Shakespearean English well enough to speak his lines with the natural rhythms and pauses. Thus he would break lines and modulate his voice inaccurately. Materializing the poetry of the verse and destroying any lifelike quality--a hard enough effect to create in the twentieth century, even without this handicap. Add to these problems the fact that he spoke too rapidly, swallowed the ends of lines, and did not project, and the result is a painful performance.

The directors in the large (23 member) cast were merely mediocre, but among were a few notable performances.

Kils Nordal, in the role of Oliver, had a spirited, ener-
and moved with a clarity and even distinctness that con­trasted the lines that his jammie he was saying. Con­sequently he didn't appear to be dumb, rather it was more like a little mind in a very big body, a child. Children are a lot of things, but stupid is not one of them, so by playing Lennie with a feeling of childhoodness, he threw the meaning of the whole of the other actors in sup­porting roles went for form, opting for the melodrama which is easy to do, and leaving the development to the audience to construe from the lines. Fortunately, they were performing a tre­mendous script which let them be dumb, rather than try to put in the same amount of work but with a lesser script, the show would have been bad.

The show pointed out what there was not an uncommon flaw in the Drama department, one of inflated expectations, particularly with the student productions. The students and of the two Andrew was more faithful to the char­acter-type acting style, I thought that most of the time he did a good job of bringing a variety of emo­tions—pain, dignity, eventually despair—to a part that, as much as any of the other, treaded a fine line between melodrama and real­ism.

For the most part a lot of the other actors in sup­porting roles went for form, who comprise the Drama De­partment should realistically define and Melanes. But we do not have enough talented actors nor do we have the techni­cal facilities to do a large show without a lot more work being volunteered by a lot more people. Seeing as how everyone complains of being overworked right now I don't see how it would be possible to get the necessary commitment to expend the number of shows successfully. There is all the difference in the world between putting a show on or doing something you have a right to feel proud of. As for Miss Men and Men, it wasn't a bad show. But it should have been a great show. The script is tremendous, and I felt cheated when I saw the pro­duction, disappointed that it was only an average show. Maybe that's an unfair crit­icism, to complain that the show was only average, but if it is indicative of what students are minded to pre­sent as theatre, then I think that is a rather serious problem. Any replies?

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"For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Not Enuf"

Review by Tory Bresler

And this is Bard, our intensified reality, and I am embarrassed.

It was not fiction, and it was not hampered by the presence of caricature. It was the truth as only poetry can convey—truth through the eyes of human experience. It was colors, shapes, and voices that belonged. And I cannot tell you about the performance of individuals because every voice was a voice. No 'Great I Am', no glorification of self, just, "WE ARE", and "this is what we have and this is what we have to share". And if this sounds a bit too emulated for a newspaper article, it is, but I cannot answer the voices of the seven women who left me sobbing and speechless with cool analysis.

There is a line from this choreopoem that makes a disputed reference to the abstraction of reality committed by white intellectualism; well, this white intellectual felt. Nothing else. There was not time in all the incense of flowers and sex and tears, and trembling voices. From left to right is: Gayle Redic, Donna Ford, Ursula Cooper, Yvonne A. Peterson, Belinda Moten, Gran Stanford, Ernestine Montalvo.

Ford have said to me, and now I know because I am sure from the core of my womb, that the power of their love was the power of every conceivable emotion, and you know, I don't give a goddamn for understanding nothin' in my poor feeble brain neither—cause the rainbow is enough.

And this is Bard, so rid me this: Why am I embarrassed to write my feelings? Why am I afraid to say thank you to every-one-and-any-one who had anything to do with this excellent production? Afraid—they weren't.

Alan Hidalgo was appropriately dashing and debonair as Flour, the dictator of European fashion, but rather lacked the supreme egocentrism one might expect from such a man. I am also not sure if city-boy Alan completely understood the cosmic, relativistic terror of his line "Bench? Where are you carrying like a madman?... Everything, these trees and stones houses and church, is a galloping horse... It's no use! It's no use! I'm racing too!"

John Buill's Priest was sweaty, collar-tugging and obsessive: a paralyzed, lustful holy man with wiry silver beard reflecting from his eyes. Bill Abelson's gold, Napoleonseque General was very consciously separate and aloof from his social peers. He seemed to consider himself the Supreme Benefactor to all. Bill's grotesque, held grimace when screaming at the audience's standingovation they bodily carried off and threw 23 audience members into the desolate concrete of the Bard pool by Saw Mill Creek. Due to cushioning snow, the casualties unfortunately totalled a mere 11 concessions, 3 skull fractures and 1 death, the show thus climaxing its multi-layered self in proving that Art is indeed Life, which leads to Death: Not just tonight, but each and every night.

Meanwhile the Bourgeoise, remaining in character, carcases the Administration office-members' genitalia so subtly, so demurely (except Jissum, whose brutal, seething handling of ——— drove h—— wild) Ludovianis in their wombish and paradigm-blasted stupor organically welcomed the grabbing, holisting warmth of the Lackey's arms, many groaning in blissful organic-relief when heaved through the cold creek bedded air. Are you ready boots?

as you like it— cont.

 operetta cont.

character, seemed actually frustrated by their rapid, robotic politesse.

The Marxist insurgent Hufnapal was lovingly portrayed by Scott Lithgow, who had women whoming and omitting. Though slightly uncomfortable on stage, Lithgow was wild and wild and conveyed his gossips of revolutionnaire didactic perfectly. David Was plays the Professor, who suffers from incurable spasitic vomiting. The fall and rise of some lines David's Prof was heartwarming—lively self-effacing and bewildering, his cosmic quest splintering the diminished inverted chord-bramble of Cardinal's consciousness. His puking was divine.

The cast of For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Not Enuf, directed by Stephen T. Gerald.

From left to right is: Gayle Redic, Donna Ford, Ursula Cooper, Yvonne A. Peterson, Belinda Moten, Gran Stanford, Ernestine Montalvo.

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Continued on Next Page.
March 13, 1980

**AS YOU LIKE IT** Continued...

almost no spoken lines but interpreted the part quite humorously with a very believable look of dippy stupidity and vapid sexual invitation.

The show was, however, undoubtedly stolen by Tory Bressler and Tom Carroll in the respective roles of Rosalind and Touchstone. Tory, although she overdid her expressions a few times (particularly her mooning looks at Orlando) and so fell into caricature, was very good, rendering her considerable lines with spirit and grace and maintaining a thorough understanding of the feelings behind them. Both in her production, her physical expression she was appropriately witty and continually colorful and interesting, and her unflagging vivacity and joy in the part were infectious. The only shame was that it was absolutely unbelievable that such a passionate, funny loving lady could fall in love with Greg Phillips' drab Orlando.

Tom Carroll, who is rapidly proving himself a rare gem in the Bard drama department, acquitted himself magnificently in the part of Touchstone. Although the role is inherently very funny he managed to make it unusually accessible to the audience. I have never seen such a natural, believable delivery of Shakespearean lines on the Bard stage. Also, thank God, he did not adopt a fake British accent. He and Tory carried an otherwise limping production.

For the rest, the blocking was at times awkward, but on the whole passable, the lighting was unremarkable, the make-up in some cases carelessly done, and many of the costumes distractingly shoddy (i.e. unhemmed garments dripped ties as long as six inches, and pins were very much in evidence). These things would probably have been less noticeable if the production had not been so drab in general. Although the evening cannot be deemed a waste, the play was decidedly a disappointment as a semester-long effort, and not an impressive sample of Gene Kalish's directorial abilities.

**MIND CONTROL**

Mind Control...hum...Mind Control Salsa...hum...Mind Control Salsa Orchestra.

That's what they call themselves. Who are they? Some of them tell me that we are they, or something like that. Anyway, those that I spoke with (Pídel Castro, Tony Mindcontrolo, and Lieutenant Calley), all agreed that Mind Control Salsa is a band consisting of the whole world.

Finding that general opinion a bit hard to believe, I asked for specific names of current band members.

The names of the current band members are Ken Pyle, horn; Ron, sax; Peter "Boy Genius" Applebaum, drums and piano; Raymond Charles, organ; bass sax and bass clarinet; Peanut Butter, flute and alto sax; and the Jess Gang, vocals.

The band's main claim is that they are a "world music dance band determined to obtain world peace through music." I tend to think of them in more surreal images, but these images are, of course, only personal. The following is an example of what the fans are saying about this extraordinary band that "controls" impassioned audiences from Rosendale to New Paltz.

**SALSA**

by Michael Stiller

The poster said, "Come dressed to obey". Ten minutes after my arrival the lights started flashing. Amidst occasional cries from Dave Buck (trumpet), through his handheld battery-powered megaphone, and repeated face clutching antics reminiscent of the Vulcan Death Grip, Mind Control began to assemble.

Tony Mindcontrolo (bass) added to the already militaristic aura of oppression in the room by squawking police-radio style through his air force aviator's headset. Of course this was nothing unexpected or out of the ordinary...I came; prepared to obey.

Fifteen minutes of random hypnotic noises and then the beat of Mind Control broke through in a will sapping and brain washing wave of horns, bass and percussion, "We command...You obey." The crowd began to move and I felt my feet take on a life of their own. Struggling to regain control I concentrated all of my will to keep my feet in line, but it was a futile attempt. As soon as I succeeded in stifling them, my whole being began to convulse to the gripping Mind Control rhythm. My body had ceased to be ruled by my will and with a certain degree of resignation I let myself go. Everything after that became a blur until I regained consciousness to find myself in a panting, sweating heap on the floor deliriously moaning, "more, more, more...," as the band walked out for a break. I stood up, nonchalantly brushed myself off, straightened my clothing, regained my usual dignified composure, and proceeded to fight through the crowd around the keg, for a cup of flat warm Pabst. I'm not sure of what actually happened but the next thing I knew Mind Control had begun and I was back in a state of apoplectic frenzy which didn't wear off until hours after the performance.

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**Edited by**

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Jean Renoir's
"GRAND ILLUSIONS"

Review by Elliot Junger

After almost forty years, the 1937 classic Grand Illusions remains one of the best known French films ever made and certainly one of the finest films in the history of cinema, with good reason. Alongside All Quiet on the Western Front, it stands as one of the most moving and humanistic treatments of war yet put on film. Renoir has made a film which is concerned with soldiering, with the men who fight in war, as men and not as soldiers; the decisions they would have to make amongst themselves as men, with or without uniform. The film is refreshingly free from the usual empty-headed, jingoistic clap-trap which one sees all too frequently in the average war film and even the average-average, (I.e.: In Which We Serve). Although the language spoken is French, the director and the actors (with the exception of Erich von Stroheim) are French, and for obvious historical reasons the sympathies of the viewer tend towards the French rather than the German side, one is never made to forget that underneath the artificial barriers of speech, clothing and religious faith, are human beings, infinitely greater than the worn officers' clothing they wear with the sort of pride that one would show a dirty dish cloth.

As French soldiers in Germany during the First World War, their animosity towards each other is rampant, and they wind up placed in a number of prisoner-of-war camps, the last of which is run by a General von Rauffenstein, a stiff and bemired relic from the "old days" when the Prussian army was in its glory. The captain of the French prisoners, Boidleau, and Rauffenstein get to talking one evening (Rauffenstein being a military man, had heard of Boidleau's father, a famous general) and the latter is confused that if he had a choice he would not have been a general, and goes on to say that he wishes the whole situation were different. In an unsuccessful escape attempt, Boidleau is shot reluctantly by Rauffenstein and later the Germans and French are taken to the German side. In the meantime, two prisoners, Marechal and Rosenchalk, escape from camp and after days of running and hiding, stumble upon a farmhouse of a young widow and her child (the husband was presumably killed in action) who, even though she sees that both are French, takes them in and offers to put them up for the night. Although they speak barely any German and she no French, both men try to communicate with her through simple acts of kindness which help to remove the stigma of the "enemy" versus the "good guys". Eventually as the area begins to swarm with German troops, Marechal and Rosenthal are off once more, and after eluding the fire of several soldiers, are last seen as they escape over the Swiss border into free territory.

On its deepest level, the film is not merely, as the title would suggest, about the "grand illusion" of war and the utter absurdity of that illusion in terms of nationalist sentiment alone, but about the breaking down of human barriers. The relationship between Boidleau and Rauffenstein, and between Rosenthal, a Jew, and Marechal, a self-professed "anti-Semitic" who in the final test helped carry a starving and weak Rosenthal many miles before reaching the farmhouse, are oddly touching. The farmhouse incident serves as the greatest example in the film of how useless and stupid the barriers imposed by war are when it becomes a matter of human survival. As a German, the woman could have easily turned the two soldiers away or returned them to their captors as barely "decent" citizens would have done, but instead she takes them into her house, breaks the little bread she has with them and one suddenly realizes that these are not instances of Germans helping Frenchmen, or Christians helping Jews, but of people helping people.

Renoir's direction throughout the entire film was superb, in its steady precision on acting (especially the actors' faces and gestures) and not merely on bland and expressionless cinematography in which the camera tracks aimlessly and pointlessly, cataloguing as opposed to discovering, a trait which marred even as fine a film as Rules of the Game. He did not make the mistake which some directors have made by injecting the viewer with a fatal overdose of "reality", such as lingering shots of mutilated corpses, exploding shells so "real" that you'd think the screen was going to explode on you... (While gore was surely not played down, it wasn't exaggerated either). The film's photography was not "spectacular", with its somewhat gray tone, but then since the subject matter of the film was serious rather than sensational, perhaps it is all the better. The acting was certainly the film's greatest asset, with Jean Gabin's sunny "anti-Semitic" Marechal, whose performance was by far the best in the film. He is a strikingly handsome man, with piercing blue eyes and a face which can change from the roughness of leather to the smoothness of marble, whenever the occasion demands. Pierre Fresnay's Boidleau was elegant but a trifle mannered, and not sufficiently convincing as a man who shoulders the responsibility of both the fate of his men and of his country. Instead, he seemed almost too smooth, more a Paris gigolo than a general. Erich von Stroheim, "the man you love to hate", gave an extremely moving and totally believable performance of a Prussian war-lord of old, whose conscience tells him that wars are bad, but who continues to fight in them anyway because he is actually too weak to resist the urge to be a general, as he remarks to Boidleau earlier in the scene in which he knew behind Boidleau's deathbed, a curious mixture of gushing pity and an inadequate sort of self- derision. Perhaps reserve, might have been the finest single episode in the entire film. So is Grand Illusions a grand film.
Two survive merely as a K-Tel record offer: $9.95, anyone? 9pm-3a.

The labelled vest, intended as a "war-medallion of self-indulgence", mocks both the amateur photographer, who snaps those impossible-to-decipher pictures at "important events", and Vonnegut thumbed his nose at the use of photography in descriptive, factual communication. The labelled vest, intended as a "war-medallion of self-indulgence", becomes a silly symbol of machismo.

There are other fun, "anti-capitalistic" aspects of these photographs, an attempt at anti-capitalistic commentary - "two objects of oppression ..."). And it is important to be able to laugh at ourselves (HIM). As Shaw satirised Victorian England, and Vonnegut thumbed his nose at the American Dream, Cumming vauntingly shows us the absurdity of our own Indo, and it goes. He is a modern man with a sense of humor; mocking the classical and the romantic nonsense of photographic art. However, this unwittingly creates a new romance - the romance of self-indulgence.

Review by Andrew Joffe

Before he died, Arthur Piedad claimed that it was the sombdest ludicrous (yet inevitable) title "Saturday Night Fever". The album offered the Grand Old Man conducting the Boston Pops in an orchestral suite of the songs featured in "Saturday Night Fever", the film that took disco from the poor, oppressed masses and gave it to the bourgeoisie and upper classes. In the liner notes, Piedad makes a typically assinine remark about disco being an idiom that lands itself very well to adaptations of classical works. As efforts in this field have proven, this is blatantly untrue: the disco idiom automatically cheapens the original classic. This is not due to any lack of adaptability in the original. Intelligent, skillful, and musically valid modernizations of classical pieces have been wrought at an album past, notably the synthesizer work of Walter/Andy Carlos. It is at fault, having rooted the nuts of any classical work it touched, leaving only purefacation.

The only reason that these crimes on the classics were committed was that disco, at first, didn't know what to do to make itself respectable, so it tried everything it knew to give itself an air of musicality. The injured classical works included everything from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony to Copland's Appalachian Spring. Fortunately, one revolting possibility was overlooked: a disco version of Chopin's "Dance of Valse" featured in Chopin's "Dance of Valse". The coming into its own, as it were, of disco prevented further atrocities; disco realized that it did not have to be respectable to be popular.

In reality, disco is not even an idiom; it is merely a rhythm, and a monotonous one at that. Whoever invented (i.e., first perpetuated) disco did so by recording an 8 bar percussive line on a tape loop, thus enabling it to repeat ad infinitum, ad nauseum. Later, other instrumental lines, equally monotonous, could be laid over the drums. This is disco.

Lyrics in the disco mode are just as repulsive, and even more inane. Usually involving the moronic, in no manner of a specifically vulgar and euphemistically part of the anatomy, the lyrics also touch upon the following: getting up, rowing, chances are that the discos are now putrefaction. The music itself is not due to any lack of invention or to having no brains. As the youth of today is replaced by the youth of tomorrow, chances are that the fever will die and some new ailment come into favor, perhaps less noxious than the present one. At any rate, disco will in all probability survive merely as a K-Tel record offer: $9.95, anyone?
Leon: No. I don't expect that I will find myself doing this work for the rest of my life—that's clear to me. But how much longer I would be at Bard seems to me not an answerable question. There is an outside limit, somewhere in the range of 10-15 years; so this is the end of my fifth year, so if you take the lowest figure, I'm just half way. So you're talking about a long enough stretch of time that it does not make sense to talk about it in any detail.

BF: So you're relatively sure you'll be here for three to six years?

Leon: Absolutely.

BF: After that, do you have any political aspirations, to public or appointed office?

Leon: "I am at heart probably a teacher. I try to take intellectual and artistic work very seriously in my life, and whether I do it well or not is not the issue—I take it seriously."

Leon: You know what's interesting about these questions, is that somehow in five years at Bard College the way the rumor mill operates, and the talk about me, the administration, the college, it never changes. It never changes. Each question has an implicit answer in it. The questions have in them a whole set of beliefs and assumptions, which I think are wrong, but make it very difficult for me to overturn. The same thing with the political ambitions question. From the moment I got here this was a repeated question.

BF: Now you can respond to it.

Leon: And once more I respond to it in the same way. I have never harbored political ambitions. I have never possessed them. And don't think I'm going to develop them at this late date.

BF: What would you like to do?

Leon: I don't know.

BF: Do you have any dreams, any fantasies of what you'd like to do after you leave Bard?

Leon: My dreams and fantasies are relatively mundane. I have two books I'd like to write. One is the social history of musical life in the turn of the century Vienna. The second is on higher education and the role of the American intellectual. It's called "Diploma Madness." My immediate goal is to do some serious writing, and pursue certain intellectual interests that I have.

Continued on Page 14
STATE OF THE UNION
by Randall Battenman

In a thirty minute speech at Harvard University School of Government that was interrupted dozens of times by enthusiastic applause, Senator Edward Kennedy declared: "No president should be re-elected unless he has happened to be standing there when his foreign policy collapsed around him." According to the Senator, "a president can't afford to posture as a high priest of patriotism, but must be a public leader as well as political."

Despite the Senator's failure to endorse the administration's proposals, the president has repeatedly met with critics and has been quoted as saying that Carter and Nixon are "as different as salt and pepper."

Carter's failure to explain his policies to the American people is being used to his advantage by his opponents. "This plea has become a turning point in the campaign," said one political analyst. "Carter must be a leader as well as political."

"The president's failure to explain his policies to the American people is being used to his advantage by his opponents," said one political analyst. "Carter must be a leader as well as political."

Mobilize anti-draft

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TELEPHONES TO RALLY AGAINST THE DRAFT IN MARCH 22 D.C.

WASHINGTON, D.C. -- The March 22 National Mobilization Against the Draft (N.A.D.) yesterday announced plans to mobilize thousands of people from all walks of life to the Capital for a nation-wide march and rally against registration and the draft.

Michael Harrington, a spokes-eman for the N.A.D. and chair of the Democratic Social­list Organizing Committee, said: "Broad coalition—the left and the right, women's groups, minority organi­zations, labor unions and peace organizations—will fight the Carter reg­istration proposal."

The important thing is that we are all in agreement on the issue of registration. A mili­itary intervention is an inappropriate response to a crisis ten thousand miles away," he added.

In a press conference at the East Lounge of the Na­tional Press Club yesterday, representatives of M.A.D. spoke to a large gathering of press and9 members of the Jackal of the United States Student Association said: "Carter has made the biggest mistake of his career in pushing his regis­tration proposal."

"This is an overreaction and will lead to another war and possibly annihilation of the world," the U.S.S.A., which represents over three million college students, has pledged to bring its message against registration and the draft to campuses across the country. Already hundreds of demonstrations and teach-ins have been held.
In your job as President do you ever have a clash between what you as an individual want to do and what are the best interests of the school? 

Leon: The College president's job, with all its nice aspects, has certain kinds of problems. One of the problems is that you are held responsible for certain kinds of problems. It is sometimes a matter of supporting things you don't entirely believe in. Or see it as comprising things you hold very dear because they are not possible. It is sometimes a job of balancing. In a way the terror and anxiety of being held responsible for the consensus of some- thing that is often not of your own making, and often doesn't correspond with your own clearly held beliefs.

BT: Do you think you are succeeding with your vision of what Bard should be?

Leon: I think I am succeeding much more than I ever hoped. I have experienced much more collegiality and cooperation with the faculty than most college presidents are led to believe they will.

BT: Do you think you have a good relationship with the faculty?

Leon: It's very hard to talk in appropriate terms. But I think I can say yes without deluding myself. The faculty often feels dependent on the administration, and therefore responsible for something that is often not of your own making, and often doesn't correspond with your own clearly held beliefs.

BT: Do you think you are a better term, I call this dialect "eggspeak". Its purpose is to make the most banal idea seem lofty, the most nonsensical thought seem profound, by making it verbally inaccessibility to anyone other than logicians and cryptologists.

you probably heard people muttering from time to time about how Bard just isn't the way it used to be, searching for a point about the mountainous dunes of words which the author has formed with gusts of hot air. Just as he feels he has reached an oasis of sense, the reader sees it is just a mirage, a platitude about the dehumanizing aspect of modern recording. Indeed, this last is a point that Mr. Botstein first raised in response to criticism of his flawed rendition of Beethoven's "Spring" Sonata, saying, in effect, that modern recording techniques had jaded the average listener's palette and had made live performances unacceptable. The notes at the end of the essay are written to justify all the sandy waste that has gone before.

Yet the essay is not totalmente without interest, for it is a prime example of a type of English dialect common to many educators, intellectuals, pseudo-intellectuals, and Marxists. For want of a better term, I call this dialect "eggspeak". Its purpose is to make the most banal idea seem lofty, the most nonsensical thought seem profound, by making it verbally inaccessibility to anyone other than logicians and cryptologists.

eggspeak, like most other aspects of the English language, consists of elements taken from other cultures, primarily the German and ancient Greek. Users of eggspeak have grafted on a corruption of the tortuous and torturous German sentence structure onto a series of complex Greek-rooted words in order to produce confusion of the first rank. Other diversionary tactics in eggspeak include, the German device of running small words together to form longer words, the failure to define important terms, and the inclusion of foreign phrases as parenthetical explanations of the text. The result of eggspeak upon an essay is invariably to clog the reader's mind with verbal pollution (worth).
Communicator 1
by Vicky Kriete

Bard is a second chance school. We are not all "A" students, and we're too bright to be failures. We're not all Ivy, and beyond state university. Most of us deal with rough situations out there "in the real world." In the past we confronted certain aspects of our educations nominally, and excelled in the subjects that gave us intellectual diversion.

Bard, in one sense, is the answer for people who didn't want to be in "be like everybody else" schools. Those who applied out of high school were, perhaps, looking for that answer. Transfers came careening to Bard out of conform schools.

This, among other things, makes for a wide cross section of personalities. We are varied. This is one of the beauties of the place. And though it's occasionally difficult to take, it's from our differences that we derive our spirit.

It's obvious in many ways. Snow art. Missing clocks. Replaced clocks. Authoritative, "SO WHAT?" This is the school of the future. A haven for the unconventional. As such we confront periods of elation and severe depression. A heightened sensation of those high and low points usually results since we are aware of them at the same time.

Occasionally, we explode, all over each other. Individuals running around provoking they are what they are tend to collide. Clashing, crashing, and generally mucking about, our personalities fall all over our neighbors, friends and foes alike.

In this controlled experiment, College, we sample some of the reality looming in the distance, life. Do we accept the challenge to learn? Why yes, certainly. We're in college for that purpose, right?

Part of it goes beyond academia. To put it up front, let's cut the --- and learn about becoming adults. We're there in many ways already. Anyone who is there in all ways, I'll be the first to shake your hand.

A simple, easy reasoning shaped this bit. We all have a lot in common. And we all have, at Bard, a second chance.

John Galsworthy wrote, "Idealism increases in direct proportion to one's distance from the problem." That statement goes two ways. I wrote this article because I was too much explosion and not enough of an adult to realize it. Understanding the problem and correcting it, slowing mind you, increased my idealism enough to write.  

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STATE OF THE UNION Cont...

Mr. Kennedy says, "Carter said Soviet combat troops in Cuba were unacceptable but then he changed his mind ...

I refer you to my column the other day where I suggested that it was too late for Carter to have any illusions about the Afghan war. He is harshly critic of Carter's love-hate affair with the Russians. "We must convince the Russians there is reason for fear but also reason for hope."

This is the man who kissed Leonid Brezhnev in Vienna and declared that the Soviet President had the same dedication to peace that we have and then declared himself "relied and hurt" by his unrequited love as demonstrated by the Afghan invasion. The candidate who promised to slash the military budget in 1976 is the same guy who is calling for massive spending increases of over 100 billion dollars over the next five years.

Richard Trumka, the AFL-CIO leader, has been supporting Carter. But then he changed his mind. He is harshly critical of Carter's love-hate affair with the Russians. "We must convince the Russians there is reason for fear but also reason for hope."

This is the man who kissed Leonid Brezhnev in Vienna and declared that the Soviet President had the same dedication to peace that we have and then declared himself "relieved and hurt" by his unrequited love as demonstrated by the Afghan invasion. The candidate who promised to slash the military budget in 1976 is the same guy who is calling for massive spending increases of over 100 billion dollars over the next five years.

See if each of you can find something to despire in the following arcane chronology. His confidence rating in the polls rose from 20% to 70% as a result of the ensuing actions in Iran. Billions of dollars of the most sophisticated equipment to the Shah ... a Christmas visit to Tehran during which he proclaimed his pleasures in witnessing the great love the Iranian people held for the Shah ... a desertion of the same Shah when things got tough ... a prevention of a military coup which might have saved his former buddy ... a refusal to permit the Shah to enter the United State ... entry granted based upon a filmsy medical pretext ... and here comes the worst blunder of the century) ... not having the foresight to remove the embassy personnel before inviting the Shah in, despite black and white evidence of malicious Iranian intentions to our diplomats ... ordering the marine guards to surrender without a struggle even omitting the traditional paper burning which ordinarily accompanies such affairs ... ruling out military action to free the hostages ... ruling them in again threatening Iran with military retaliation if they should not release the hostages ... three fruitless trips to the U.S. ordering the fleet to the Persian Gulf from positions some three weeks away ... threatening a blockade ... withdrawing threat ... threatening sanctions ... withdrawing threat ... agreeing to a U.N. commission empanelled with the sole purpose of vitiating the U.S. presumably as part of the deal to free the hostages still there despite the humiliation and the saga goes on and on.
**NEW YORK YANKEES STATISTICS**

**1980**

**Pitching**

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**FINAL MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS**

**1980**

**A.L. West**

1. Boston - 94
2. California Angels - 90
3. Chicago White Sox - 83
4. Detroit Tigers - 82
5. Kansas City Royals - 79
6. Minnesota Twins - 77
7. Oakland Athletics - 75
8. Texas Rangers - 74
9. Toronto Blue Jays - 70

**A.L. East**

1. Baltimore Orioles - 99
2. Boston Red Sox - 98
3. Cleveland Indians - 96
4. Detroit Tigers - 95
5. Minnesota Twins - 77
6. New York Yankees - 76
7. New York Mets - 73
8. Texas Rangers - 72
9. Toronto Blue Jays - 70
10. Washington Senators - 58

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**1980 BIG LEAGUE PREDICTIONS**

by Bill Abe. 

The Yankees will top the Brewers by three games and the Orioles by six.

Designated hitters Bob Watson and Oscar Gamble will hit 126 HR's combined. Oscar will start 100 games overall and hit 29 homers. Reggie, happy at last, will have 39 HR's, 124 RBIs and hit .306.

Robert Jones will have 28 HR's and hit .277 with stolen bases but hit poorly in late September and October. Spencer, playing everyday, will hit 34 homers, Nettles 26 with 98 RBIs.

Robbie Mercer will pinch-hitter of the year, hitting .313 out of the dugout but .277 in his rare starting appearances for an overall .277.

Jim Katt will be the winning pitcher in the Series 7th game which will go to 11 innings in Pittsburgh. Roll over, Marisowski! Tell Dick Great the news.

The Giants' Mike Velez will cut off his right arm at the elbow by a power saw. A galant comeback will fail and Willie McCovey, handed the first base job, will hit 47 homers in his stead.

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**CHARLIE PATRICK AND WIFE ALIVE AND TAN**

- Report by Kevin Hyde

The Patrick family had little trouble adapting to their new life in Florida. The Brewers' Brewer and I had dinner with their family on January 10th. Charlie and June run the pro shop at the Indian Creek Club, a very exclusive tennis club. The security guard checks his I.D. everyday. Charlie teaches tennis and some of his days are so hard, "I had to put up with 24 women today." Poor Charlie. He's rubbing noses with the best of them. He called foot faults for a match between Tanner and McEnroe. It was held on an indoor Jai-Alai court. He told us how dangerous it was to dodge the speeding balls. On first telling he said they went at least 95 M.P.H., "Two hours later they were up to 120 M.P.H. and gaining.

Charlie's teenage daughter is wonderfully talented but misses the quiet of the Red Hook schools. But Beany also has new experiences. She ice skated for the first time at a rink in Miami.

June enjoys the pro shop but hesitates to call it "ours". Once Mahala track opens it will be "the upstairs". Charlie loves to bet his horses. June insisted on bringing her country furniture from New York, a wise decision. The provincial pine cabinets and chairs beautifully contrast with the glitter typical of Florida condominiums.

Speaking of glitter, the Patricks experienced a new problem with this last Christmas. Wilted tinsel is ugly.

**WXBC 620**

WXBC is on the air from 4pm until after midnight. It is available everywhere except Felten, Sands, Gehazi, South Hall, and the Nords. Repairs are underway for the Nord, and South Hall should be functioning by the time of this printing. The telephone number is 750-5508 for complaints and requests. Please report any difficulties with reception to Box 620, Campus Mall. Something will be done.

**FUNNIEZ!**

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I hope you don't mind me hitting you where it hurts.

--

**anti-draft DAY 100**

Report by Kevin Hyde

She said: This is disgusting, really disgusting. What are you complaining about? It's free beer isn't it?

Art Carlson tells me the key was provided by the entertainment committee. He said the idea was to excite responses to the Iran hostage crisis. "Homage or celebration?" I asked. "A bit of both. It got out of hand. It was a repressed feelings and started people talking. Look at this way, I'll bet those guys in Iran would have killed each other for that key."