The Crucible of Hatred
by Randall Battenman

In a letter to the editor of the Bard Times, Dr. Frank Skinner has presented what he describes as the "main points of his discourse." I will attempt to reply to these points for his kind invitation.

In his first point, Skinner repeats an apocryphal tale via-à-vis Kissingen's characterizations of McGeorge Bundy and the State Department elite as being reserved in its dealings with "exotic" people. It is certainly no revelation that the good old boys of the fogy bottom establishment do not and have not embraced quaint pervious not of their own kind. A reasonable conclusion drawn from this ugly state of affairs is that we "exotic" ought to stick together. It follows that Skinner's "read anewer policy" is neither pragmatic nor profitable to either group.

In his second point he stated that Blacks applauded Andrew Young's appointment as ambassador to the U.N. because they hoped he could improve U.S. relations with Africa and the Third World. He then blantly states in his third point that the Middle Eastern question was of marginal interest to the Blacks.

Since it is apparent that the "Third World", an agglomeration of Arab states, oil dependant weaklings and Soviet lackeys seem to have only one interest, Israel, it is equally apparent that it relationships with this Third World were paramount to others. Plays on various subjects: several things dovetailed hard in my mind & at once it struck me, what quality went to form a Man of Achievement especially in Literature which Shakespeare possessed so strongly, I mean Negative Capability. That is when man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact & reason. For instance, the Board of Education proposed that people go to school in the concept of the "Saturation Job". Ed closed by saying, "I think Keats' Negative Capability is the key to our research in an interdependent civilization. And holding those two concepts, of the Saturation Job and Negative Capability ever in mind, will aid our creative, inquisitive research, editor, editor, or commentator, in our overbearing, glibberish-cluttered time. Ed had thus opened the doors to some cautious inspiration. But with barely enough time for the conceptual digestion of Ed's further comments about training ourselves to "admit reality" in the "data-cluttered era" we're living in, John Wiseman interrupted by posing the "according to data" type question, "If someone is interested in journalism, then why the liberal arts?" In a partial answer to the question, turned self-praising commentary, Richard Barber said, "If you're in the media, you have to be a good generalist. You have to have an eclectic mind. The basis of knowledge is in a number of areas... I'm paid to read. It's nice." Ensuing comments by others again stressed the importance of generalizing and non-specialization at the undergraduate level. This importance spoken of was best exemplified by Digby Diel's trite references to the liberal arts: "It's all relevant...explore many areas...be open..." The by now redundant elevation of the liberal arts as the key to greatness & success in this career world was soon reduced to a mere half-step as John Wiseman pointed out that "In the journalism field you start out at the bottom."
Dear Sirs:

Now that Bard has a wonderful skating rink, why not convert the campus into a real "winter wonderland" and build a ski slope? It would be easy to do, and fun! Here's how:

Since we're not using Stone Row anyway, B&G could start the slope from the roof. They could just knock the front wall out of the third floor of McVickar, and fit in a long plank that extends over the walkway to the top of that nice sloping hill in front of Stone Row. The plank could be made of old wood from the dump, or even sturdy cardboard. Then...think snow!

What a great addition to the Bard catalogue! A ski slope would be sure to attract perspective students, along with our new skating pool, new theater, new swimming pool, and our dormitory renovations. C'mon, kids! What do ya say?

Gwen McKenna
Dear Mr. & Mrs. Editor:

I think the big mud puddle Bard just dug is neat! Maybe in the winter somebody will try to skate on it and fall in and die! But guess nobody is dumb enough to try it. To-dee, it would be keen.

Sincerely,
G.M.
age 10

Dear Sirs:

I am beside myself. I am the mother of a small child, 5-year-old Petunia, and on the morning of December 1st, my daughter and I were walking our family pet (Dee-Dee, a poodle) near the Bard campus. Suddenly a young terrorist leapt from the bushes with a hunting rifle, and ruthlessly put an end to poor Dee-Dee's life. Then he shouted something about 65 points and scrambled away.

I could tell by his dirty clothes that he was a Bard student, and God only knows what kind of drug he had taken. How could the administration allow such activities to go on? Whatever happened to harmless college fun, like proms and panty raids? If this was some kind of fraternity prank, I don't think it was very funny. My child has been permanently traumatized, and I think some immediate disciplinary action is called for. I don't have the student's name, but he had long hair and was wearing blue jeans. Whomever you are, young man, I'll see to it that somehow you are punished for your dreadful behavior!

Mrs. C.M.
Red Hook, New York

SOME SERIOUS WORDS FROM
A BATTERMAN SUPPORTER

Dear Editors:

During an otherwise pleasant visit to Bard College, I suffered the agony of hearing the lecture by Dr. Skinner which was criticized by your reporter, Randall Batterman in your October 25th issue.

Mr. Batterman merits the praise of every decent person, black or white, Christian or Jewish for his courage. He spoke out against a dangerous new movement towards bigotry and destruction. He reported accurately Dr. Skinner's words and he caught the filthy mystique of the evening as well. I imagine your paper will be filled with letters such as this. Mine might offer one new perspective, that of a Lebanese Christian Arab, now residing in the United States.

Dr. Skinner preached a crypto-Anti-Semitan, heaped glowing praise upon Jesse Jackson and the SCCL, and gave approval on the band of slimy murderers who call themselves the PLO.

As a practicing Christian I am infuriated by the sight of supposed Christian ministers embracing these cold-blooded assassins and joining them in the singing of Christian hymns.

Mrs. C.M.
Red Hook, New York

BINGO!
LETTER ON SKINNER CONT...

Dr. Skinner might profit by learning a bit about my town of Damour, Lebanon. Jackson strode through the rubble of Damour, arm in arm with those PLO killers. It is now a guerrilla base used for staging surprise attacks on our only friends in a supposedly Christian world, the Israelis.

In January of 1976 the PLO invaded our little town of thirty thousand. Twelve days later I was one of the few escapees neither slain by them nor drowned escaping in small boats. Thousands of my townsmen and many of my family were not so fortunate. My cousin, Elias Kanaan, refused to kneel and recite what Mohammed was the true prophet of God. He was castigated and suffocated to death with his own severed head! His wife and four children were forced to watch when they were raped and killed!

My Aunt Suzanne Shaine was sodomized and then set on fire with gasoline! My stepfather, Maroun Iskander was strapped to a car and carried through the streets of Damour with three machine guns stuck to his head!

The remnant of our people was mercilessly saved by the Israelis. They were our only protectors in a world afraid and too complacent to inspire them.

Do Dr. Skinner and Jesse Jackson want the American Black Community to be friends with the PLO animals? Dr. Skinner and his kind must be stopped before their evil doctrines infect the thinking of others.

My department article is a good beginning.

Christine Iskander
New York University
New York, New York

COMMUNICATIONS BIGWIGS...

It's a cold-hearted profession—all of it. But in consolation he added, "The joy is in the research, and that's what the liberal arts education is all about." Next we got to hear about how this panel of professionals made it to the "top." Digby dealt began with his tale of glory: "For the most part, my success came as a terrible accident." He went on to say that his father's dinya, "was determined to study English," (his father was a writer who has since "faded into public relations" being "confused") he took an American Studies major in college, and upon graduating "discovered that there wasn't a big demand for civilized Americans," so he ended up taking a job at Creative Playthings as an educational researcher.

From college to Playthings was about as far as Digby could take us in his incomplete autobiography of how he became Editor-in-Chief at Abrams, but I guess that a connection may be assumed to fill the gap between Creative Playthings and the publishing company of such books as "Fairies" and "Giants."

Jerzy Baker was a political science major, now wishing he had majored in either English or History. She went on to complete her formal education at the Columbia School of Journalism, and considers graduate school to be an "opportunity to re-learn" how can't bring himself to a simple clarification; we will differ.

A weak president is held little sympathy to be wasted urged capitulation to the relentless aggressor. It is your own choice; aspire to be an executive in your field and find that career that you climbed so high for, or aim your future with supreme authority as a freelancer. Dr. Skinner's career is the inspiring example. Teaching at Bard is his first "job" in fifteen years and un-inspiring program came to a close, it was fortunately uplifted a bit by some advice and commentary by Ed Sanders, BS's advice to the freelancers, of course, is the same--look at what we have and use that to make a profit. Gentilly aggressive...be a walking resume...write every day--seven or eight articles a day and two or three books.

Obviously a freelancing career entails a lot of work and much self-propelled drive to get a lifetime of satisfaction for the relentless aggressor. It is your own choice to aspire to be an executive in your field, to make a profit. Gentilly aggressive...be a walking resume...write every day--seven or eight articles a day and two or three books.

Akio Young, but seems to indicate concern for the state of the Arab world. It's a cold-hearted profession--all of it. But in consolation he added, "The joy is in the research, and that's what the liberal arts education is all about." Next we got to hear about how this panel of professionals made it to the "top." Digby dealt began with his tale of glory: "For the most part, my success came as a terrible accident." He went on to say that his father's dinya, "was determined to study English," (his father was a writer who has since "faded into public relations" being "confused") he took an American Studies major in college, and upon graduating "discovered that there wasn't a big demand for civilized Americans," so he ended up taking a job at Creative Playthings as an educational researcher.

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ADMISSION DECISION:
BARD POET NEEDS LICENSE
BY MARK EBNER

Ms. Conason understands the matter, in that she views the Admissions Department as the administrative organ that is concerned with "not alienating the parents of prospective students." It is clear that alienation of parents is a threat to the potential income of dollars and students. This understanding Julie speaks of, is not one of compassion, though. She resents being subject to the Department's restrictive intentions in that her work, "not being pornographic, stands on its own merits as poetry." Here, a certain insensitivity on the part of the Admissions Department in regards to honest representation of Bard students and their work is manifest. Julie points out that the justification of Professor LaFarge's actions under the pressure of the Admissions Department's intentions of being "money oriented," and not concerned with honest representation of student work and the nature of the Liberal Arts education at Bard. Julie relates that Professor LaFarge censored her poetry because "he found that the erotic images in two of the poems were objectionable to the Admissions." Julie gave a reading on Campus Day anyway, but it was restricted to omitting works with erotic images and "offensive" language from her schedule. She ended up reading choice works with erotic images and "offensive" language but was compelled to inform her audience that some of her work had been deemed "inappropriate for the reading." In retrospect, Julie thinks that her audience that afternoon would have been mature enough to handle the censored material, and "would not have found it offensive." Julie's resulting attitude regarding Campus Day programs would restrain her from reading again at such a function if she was subject to the unwarranted pressures of censorship. When asked about her present attitude towards the Admissions Department, Julie replied, "Before this incident, I had very positive feelings about the Admissions Department and their work. Now, I see it as being less interested in presenting aspects of Bard and student work, and more interested in raking in money! Certain questions are now raised that should be of concern to the Bard Community as a whole: Should the Admissions Department influence Professors into censoring student work so as not to offend the unknown and presumably conservative sensibilities of our visitors? Or should the Administration and faculty allow fair and responsible student input into the presentation of Bard as a liberal college that would allow such constitutional rights as "freedom of speech?" Bard Times seeks informative replies from all concerned.

A Woman for Men

Lesbian Dream-Poem

I am a woman for men but last night I dreamed about a woman in a school uniform with a great round belly drum-tight, but yielding. I saw it as I lifted her pleated skirt by a stream in a field so clear so green and I wanted to make love to it so, so much and I did and she laughed joyous and teeing and I didn't know what to do when she skipped away through the high grass bounding with that belly like a pregnant doe.

Now I am a woman for men although women for women have wanted me otherwise have danced me in circles tasting of a thicker love of smoke-pungence and the smell of women I see the smell of leaves modelling on the ground in wet autumn that must be the smell of women but I am a woman for men

I scream in my sleep dreaming of rows of lives and rounder breasts.

LaFARGE, Le CENSEUR

Julie Conason: I like very much your poems called "Group Male Portrait" and "A Woman for Men or Lesbian Dream-Poem," and there are good moments in the other two poems as well. Unhappily, the Admissions office feels that it would not be tactful to have anything read which might offend the unknown and presumably conservative sensibilities of our visitors on Thursday, and so I think it would be inadvisable for you to read either the lesbian "dream-poem" or "At the Rainbow Room," if you still would like to read "Poem for Paul" and "Group Male Portrait" together with any other "non-offensive" poems you may have in hand, that would be fine. If this is too restrictive, however, then I suppose it would be better if you did not come to the luncheon reading. I leave it up to you. Please accept my apologies for being so concerned with the propriety of this occasion.

Ben LaFarge
NUKE THE WHALES ETC.,

by Nancy Eroll

Rock Music, Rock-n-Rolla, The Doors, The Ramones, The Talking Heads, The Members, Blondie. You definitely must dislike Disco, and parody the songs and style of dancing (i.e. "talking about-Vomit, for "talking about Bad Girls," "You make me feel like Manson," "I want to knife the light away," for "You make me feel like Dancing," I want to "dance the light away," and when you dance with a partner never smile or look at you as if you might be enjoying yourself). Another must is to be familiar with old movies, unknown American authors and poets, and a smattering of the Impressionist painters. You must smoke, and develop a severe passion for something -- anything. You must use noted or personalized phrases (usually taken out of context from old television shows), and change your outfit at least once during the day.

The final step is to want to travel, to become a curator of a museum, an actress or an avant-garde painter. You must be casual but likeable, and must believe in established codes of behavior, but make fun of them -- and most of all believe whatever you do will not do with flair, and that you will be accepted by the social elite.

Like to kill little animals? Join the Bard Hunters club. Box 319

CRUCIBLE OF HATRED...

God. It would be a statement to condemn barbarity, coming from the lips of a black man. For black people, who have been tortuously burned in the crucible of hatred for centuries, should now be morally puri- fied of hate in those scorching flames as to be incapable of intolerance.

*The Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King, March 5, 1966, "Afro-American.*

POETICS AT BARD

and over again with varying stress and breath space patterns, be innovative and experimental. Or at least sound like it.

Well, there they are. Five rules to practice and assimilate into your writing. Remember: they need not be followed to a tee, and if you can throw in a medium of thought, well, all that's your advantage. Go to it Bard! And good luck!

THE AYATOLLAH SPEAKS

There is only one true Ayatollah and that is me, the Ayatollah Rock-n-Rolla. I am sick and tired of this long-haired barbarian using my name! This Ayatollah Rubella Kookamon*a" fella has gone too far. He comes out of nowhere and all I'm innocent savages think he is Marilyn Monroe or something.

Bard: Who are these Iranians? Well, I'll tell ya, they're one bunch of confused people. What they really are is a bunch of fake Arabs.

Rock-n-Rolla: They go around saying they're not Arabs, Just who do they think they are kidding? They sure as hell look and smell like them to me. Can't tell the difference between 'em, can you? I'm willing to bet a case of Old Milwaukeee.

What those folks need is a good old dose of American firepower. I am sick of any lightweight stuff like a neutron bomb or nuke. We should send them a good old fashioned dirty cobalt nuclear type gift, courtesy of me and Ronald Reagan. I mean, first, that no good weirdo in a dress steals my name and four kegs is a medium size clear type.

Okay you rock-n-rollers, you asked for it and yer gonna get it. What yer eyes are about to beholde is the Ayatollah's new column on recent releases in this rockin' land. If ya don't rock-n-roll then you best stop here and go on to the old folks column on the next page. Each record is rated by the number of kegs it attains. Five kegs means it's a real nucleus blast; four kegs is a medium sized neutron bomb; three kegs is an up and coming cruise missile; two kegs is a dying comin' jet. "Piloted" by a Syrian; and one keg means it's a real lightweight at- tempt to rock.

The new Sham 69 LP "Hersham Boys," strays all over the place and doesn't even ev- er one decent heart punch. This record is very reminis- cent of the Stones record, Black & Blue of a few years back, but look what happened to those people. It seems as if Jimmy Pursey and the boys are about to kick the bucket. The best tune is "Money." Rating: Two Ke4s

With his first solo LP "Alien," Richard Lloyd fin- ally steps out from behind Tom Verlaine's shadow. Lloyd really dished out some tasty tunes on this kick-ass re- cord. Lloyd explores the Andy Warhol shadow line which few people attempt to do and even few who do get away with. The big record cuts are: "Misty Eyes," "Alchemy," "Dying Words," and "Blue and Gray." This record is a must for any American willing to die for his coun- try.

Rating: Five kegs

On Roy Scheider and the Phantom Movers debut album there are large unexpected gaps of energy from these Flamin' Groovies alumni. There are some killer cuts like "San Francisco Girls" and "She Run Away," but then there are some poor tracks like "Scum City." Even though it's an inconsistent album, the end show a lot of promise, so watch out!

Rating: Three kegs

The second Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band LP "Soon" is a must for all those who like to do the pitter. The arrangements are nice n' always. The energy level high and the lyrics are amazing! The best cuts are "World War II" and "Quarter Movie." I have a funny feeling though that Root Boy can do better, but this man can explode at any time.

Rating: Four kegs

Last but not least is the new Stiv Bator single out on Soma records. "It's Cold Out­ side" is a remake of the Chrome's hit out of Cleveland back in 1966. Bators' version is a real energetic romp through the world of power pop that just makes me wanna get up and dance! If this re- cord doesn't hit #1 on your local radio station then bomb it!!!

Rating: Five kegs and a pony thrown in for good measure.

RECORD REVIEWS by Ivan Stoler

AYATOLLAH ROCK-N-ROLLA

P.S. HAVE FUN!
Gizma A Break
By Art Carlson
Soo, Bard has a few new rules now... glad to hear it, kudos to the dean’s office. This place has too long been run by noisyloudmouth ass-hole...YA HEAR ME!!!
Personally, I think you need more rules because previously, the only way you could rebel was to be adolescent and paranoid, senselessly opposing whatever changes the administration came up with, no matter how well thought out they were... In this line I think it’s shame-ful that people have been accusing Leon of being paranoid. I mean, give the guy a break! He’s a sens-ible well educated guy try-ing to run this institution as best he can. He has access to more than we do, so it’s no surprise to me that he always ends up character-izing his wisdom, as I do. Adoles-cent and paranoid (admit it; we’re all a bit of both, and if we are here to be educated at all?), or just plain nuts. I mean, this is a crazy college, but not like it used to be. Why in my day—what’s wrong with you kids anyway?
Not enough football is one reason certainly. I shouldn’t have to be walking around with a ball in my hand, beg-ging people to play football at my age for chrissake. Lack of leadership is another. I don’t mean to criticize the student government or the radio station, or anybody...
A big problem is that Bard students are in terrible physi-cal condition. So many of you girls would be simply stunning if you would lose 20 pounds or so... and you boys... the boys are in a little better shape than the girls overall, but if we’re yelling at the girls we gotta yell at the guys too. If the girls get all gourmey they aren’t gonna wanna hang out with you creeps unless you get your acts together. Play football, for instance. And do pushups. You may be spend-ing more time in the shuffle position than you think. Also Bard students should fight more. Why let those repressed hostilities seethe? Deal with em! Bard kids apologize too much and are too goddamned polite in general. You walk around the cafeteria in a fantastic mien and you hear this constant busts of apology... "Oh, excuse me...! Oh, I’m sorry...!” Pardon me, oh, I’m so sorry!” Old truth in all places. It always killed me how hard kids are to apologize for something they didn’t even do... you step on them, disrupting their meal, and they apologize to you! K-E-K-Krazy! Another thing I don’t understand is why most white kids around here listen to Rock music and Bono and Philip Glass (to name just a few. I know you guys can af-ford more records than that) and can’t stand disco because it’s boring”, "repetitive" and "stupid". I wanna plug here for my radio show. The Almunas Hours, nothing mellow show- be sure to tune on Wednesday from 6-9. By the way, I liked the new student photo show and apologize for flagrantly deceitful misuse of highly technical language in my last rant. But I still mean it. Sugar is so bad for you. It is one of the prime mind con-trol drugs employed by the state. I eat it too, but only in coffee and all the things that naturally have sugar in them. Health food, nuts take note; honey is just as bad for you and this has been proven beyond reasonable doubt. Sometimes I wanna yell at people and tell em how bad sugar is when I see them pour-ing it all over the place at SMAR, but heck, freedom in-cludes freedom to kill yourself too. And by the way, Dabo Tibi,Coronan Vitae (the bard motto) does not mean either "dizma a break" or "If ya got an by the balls in their heart's I'll follow." Aah, the great say-ings of the Nixon administra-tion... remember "I accept the responsibility but not the blame." That’s how I feel about him. I never read the newspaper...and what about maintaining your denialability! It’s too bad President anyone. The level of political rhetoric has

Dear Editors:
This is the fourth edition of the Bard Times that I have written for, and in this it’s about time I told you what I think of the sleazy rag you have the nerve to call "The Official Newspaper of the Bard College Community". Where do you get off forcing this garbage on us every couple of weeks? Let’s take a look at some of the articles. In almost every issue, we find the "reflections" of some jack-off: "Reflections of a Freshman"; "Reflections of a Senior"; "Reflections of a Transfer Student"; What next? "Reflections of a Bard?" "Reflections of a Big-Man-On-Campus-Who-is-snow-a-beverage-Boy? Who cares? Who gives a damn for the ring-bear-er’s experiences at Bard?
Jewish hysteria runs high throughout these pages of Bard Times. Randall Batteeman’s life is very dramatic—full of many dangers that lurk a-round every corner. He heard jackboots on Munich cobble-stones when all most people ex-pect. He wished to be a lawlorless, that even the strongest of us At any rate, his new ma and his almost 15-year-old girl, I wish I had such an imagin-ation.
Art Carlson’s is a simple case of a has-been who is trying to revive his glory days. Sure, in past years he was something, and was pretty good at corrupting young and innocent minds, but that’s all over. Let’s face it Art, your days are over. You’re a beverage boy now, nothing more nothing less. You should have gotten out when you could. Now you’re stuck. Sooner or later you’re going to get one of those traps behind the counter prenant and end up marrying her. Then you’ll get a full-time job with BAC security, and in a few years you’ll be the new Dick Staats Last but not least, we come to my articles. I write those things in fits of drunkenness, and I’m the first to admit that they are disgusting and irresponsible. But it’s really not my fault. I only write the things. You, the editors actually go for that crap and you even publish it! For that there is no excuse.
What would I like to read in the Bard Paper? I want to know what’s going on behind the scenes. You know, the juicy details. I’ve got lots of questions. Who’s Teresa Villardi going out with these days? What are some of the seamy details of John Post’s past? Who is Leon’s present fave? Is it true that Peter Sourian was a prize fighter and actually killed a man in the ring? Is he turning to literature? Who on campus is gay, and who are the ones that are just faking it? Is Clark Rodewald really a Shaolin priest from China? When will all the latest Chris’s matrimonial prospects? And how about that dream-boat Michael Simpson?
These are questions that are on everyone’s mind. Why don’t you devote more time and space to answering them? Finally, I would like to throw in a prediction: The Cleveland Browns will win the Superbowl!
Sincerely,
Paul Spencer
Well, of the Artist-Students. If last group December. Yankees will sign him and Israel. and finally American Ayatollah, finally barely up the best for Kennedy to become Those Conservatives will

Phil action there,

ablebodied young unemployed

manager of the

minist. No, the revolution will start out with a bang win my respect, ' if. not my will be found that way only when needed for something beyond ideological fanatic, particu­larly if they are Moslem, Martin Washington

pro

Beatles (including George

Harrison) will

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manipulated, had, and Redheads are flakea as an adult, ridi­culous. I've heard it all my life: Blondes have more fun, brunettes are mysteri­ous, and Redheads are flakes. Is this fair?

One next thing about this show is its radical sup­port of minorities and lost causes. The color red has a very special meaning at Bard. Women are fighting for and earning total equalit y for all redheads, women. Everyone has idio­syncrasies, and I've seen idocy in people of both sexes with every tint, shape and length of hair. So why should redheaded women suf­fer discrimination, for both their color and sex?

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BAD ART CONTINUED...

the people who are students here are getting dumber and dumber, as Bard accepts them in a day as if they were buying a hamburger.

Another reason the Student Art is so dull is that there are no modern or even decent facilities to make any seri­ous or ambitious art. There is no photo-silk-screen taught, no metal type stuff, just paint, plaster, and wood.

The show demonstrates a lack of concern for social, political, and aesthetic val­ues. At best, I would call the art poor exercises in boredom. The sheer lack of ambition re­flected in the show echoes the failure of the human art dept. itself. Both Phillips and Grossberg are frustrated artists slaving over the concerns of the past. Matt didn't like the Beuys show at the guggenheim because it wasn't happy art. Well, Matt, impressionism is dead and will your paintings ever creep into the Gugg? Nope. Perhaps Bard needs to have visiting guest art teachers who are real functioning mod­ern artists, showing work in contemporary galleries.

I, abstract pointalism is out too. All in all, there is not enough sensory input or in­formation around Bard to inspire any good art. The pale, collection of paintings is in terrible shape, just ask John."Sorry about the poor quality of this pic. It looks different if you see it" French. Then there is the Bard library, which is abso­lutely tiny and simply does not have enough books about anything. Maybe a reference to any serious art-oriented stu­dents: Transfer lest ye perish.

Editorial Typlist's note - Unfortunately the Bard Community, not to mention my humble self, have never seen any good artwork produced by the illustrious author to date. In addition and so in closing, I did the following two pieces of ad­vice to Mr. Modern -

1) Do Your Homework. If I'm not mistaken, Mr. G-berg has shown rather recently in a largish city located approx. 90 mi. so. of Annadale N.Y.
2) On The Subject Of the ne­cessity Of any modern art nouveau art equip. and facili­ties to accomodate such ad­vanced specimens of human artist such as Tommy, I must again humbly extend the fol­lowing invitation to the author: I've just completed nude sculpture for my most Bard SCOT-Heron. All things employed the tras refine tools located at the base of my wrists and MSDly and complexly attached by a intricate network of veins, and some crude and vulgar clay purchased for some five dollars at the bookstore. I guess this may have something
to do with my heritage, but, anyway, I formally invite Mr. Modern to a private show­ing of this piece which I will even, for his benedict and for fear of appearing noncomittal, title:John LA Mancha. It ain't no Mattaisse, but fuck them old artists anyhow, what validity can they possibly have to the sophisticated 1979 peepart college student? I think it's pretty. Correction.

Defense Correction: I have never seen an example of the label's work. How could I be so etourdie, choo? Did I not just type up and make gram­matically correct this entire piece?

Very Truly Yours,
Cally Old-Fashioned!

By Robyn Neuman

Never, not even at the peak of dinner hour, did I have to squeeze in, out and be­tween crowds while I walked through the coffee shop to the lounge on the night of the Winter Formal. People, in attire varying from formal suits and ties to formal bathrobes, were everywhere. Some crowded around the cande­lit tables in the co­fee shop, while others waited on line for free drinks allowed to Bard students. I followed a drifting mass of people into the lounge where two men were jamming out a lively, improvisation­al blues tune. The band itself did not have a name, but both men were members of the Mind Control band that played the previous after­noon. The percussionist, who laterwards introduced himself as Mark, also mastered the piano and oddities, such as a German train horn, with seeming ease. The other half of the duet, a man wearing a coat with long, stud­ded tails, managed a full range of saxophones from so­prano to concert baritone excellently.

Although the jazz musicians were very good, one could see by scanning the crowd that many people made a con­certed effort to enjoy the music in order to pacify their increasing impatience while waiting for the main attraction: Gil Scott-Heron. Gil was due to start his performance at 10:30. More and more people, faces both familiar and foreign, drift­ed in and milled about as it got closer to shottime. I felt the restlessness and anticipation grow while sound checks of Scott-Heron's band could be heard filter­ing out from the confines of the main dining room. Finally, the doors opened to wel­come swarms of people who quickly rushed in and im­mediately began searching for the perfect seat to see the event.

A roar of applause, whist­les and screams rose up as Gil Scott and his band came on stage. Gil greeted his audience congenially and went on to explain "what he is about." His songs pro­gress for a while about change; he views change as being inevitable. "Delta Man," one of his latest tunes, started off the set. Scott-Heron's beliefs on change are displayed by the title as well as the lyrics in this song. Delta, besides being a topographical term, also symbolizes change in Greek.

The band is introduced as they appear on stage. I tried to make out the names as they were new to me. I could over the din of the huge crowd. The two guitar players were Ed Grody, lead, and Robert Cooper, bass. Tony Greene played a beautiful background beat on the drums while a man whose name I believe is John Cornwell was the combination keyboard and saxophone play­er. The P.A. system is to blame if I have gotten any of the names wrong. Gil weaved in well-known analyses as he introduced "Watergate Blues" by explain­ing that there are 500 shades of the blues in the color spectrum. The crowd swayed in unison as the band played "Show Business" with Tony Greene tapping out a steady beat. Again, Gil urged that "each one and each one" in speaking of indi­viduals affected changes in whole populations. This was a prelude to a new song entitled, "Shut 'em Down," protesting against nuclear power. More familiar, "We Almost Lost Detroit" followed in theme. Gil also played even older favorites like "Johannesburg" and "In the Bottle" as an encore. Any question, the crowd tried hard by clapping in rhythm and shouting "We want Gil!!" to tempt Scott-Heron for an encore. It was to no avail. People filtered out of the main dining room easily in spite of the dissap­pointment.

The night was still not over. Students could be seen entertaining themselves on the piano in the lounge, while the coffee shop/bar was still serving drinks. People sat down, unwound and relaxed from the excitement of the Gil Scott-Heron per­formance, and waited for the disco to begin.

The Winter Formal was a suc­cessful evening from begin­ning to end. Although the focus was on Gil Scott-Heron, the surrounding entertain­ment was also enjoyable, and the bartenders poured the liquor with a good, heavy hand. I left the dining com­mons happier than any other time in the past year and a half.
A Film Review by Elliot Junger

ROBERTO ROSELLINI'S OPEN CITY

Few Italian films made during the war years were as bluntly outspoken (and, to be honest, straightforwardly biased) in their opposition to the Fascism and in general as Bergmann's gripping Open City, made in 1945 during the end of the war when the Gestapo and the occupation of the Germans. It tells of the heroism of the Italian Resistance, in particular, of a middle aged priest Don Pietro and Manfredi a young resistance fighter in Nazi-occupied Rome, who withstands the threats of the Gestapo and the pleas of friends in order that they make certain information available to the Resistance. As both have been under surveillance for quite some time for illegal resistance activities, the Gestapo are particularly interested in their capture. When both are finally caught and refuse to divulge any information of themselves they are both executed. Don Pietro is shot by a firing squad and Manfredi is tortured to death.

Cinematographically, the film might well be the most "realistic" and least "beautiful" of all the Italian neo-realist films made during the 1940's. It is practically a documentary, practically, because one can clearly recognize the certain actors and actresses. The camera work is gritty black and white, and in the background gray with each scene, therein re-inforcing the mood of oppression and helplessness which surrounds the characters. Since the photographically expressed simplicity at its best, one was often unaware of the neo-realist films, believing them to be following the characters themselves instead of the camera, probably the greatest compliment that one could pay the neo-realist cinema, the camera disappeared. On a similar note, the musical score was omnipresent yet remained obtrusively one was unawares aware of its beginning, only of its enhancement of the film as a whole, being a vehicle with its haunting beauty.

And finally, a word about acting. When I mentioned that the film was possibly the least beautiful of the early neo-realist films, believe me, I was merely speaking of its visual texture. Anna Magnani's Tina had a fine restraint. It was remarkably straightforward, unvarnished performance which, in its delination of a stoic and downtrodden woman (who is eventually shot by the Gestapo,) never for a moment lapsed into such pity, but remained earthy and yet gentle and at times affectingly vulnerable as in the famous scene with her and her husband Francesca when she confesses to him that she worries about the future and gradually weeps more and more bitterly, unable to maintain her cynical facade any longer. Marcello Pagliari's portrayal of Manfredi, the young courageous resistance fighter who dies brutally at the hands of the Germans, was only adequate in that it lacked sufficient depth of character and rarely seemed to change its rather stock overly "concerned" and concerned delivery. Harry Saltzman, as Benvenuti, the brutal Gestapo chief, gave a stuffy, arrogant, and thoroughly unpleasant performance, in which its subtle allusion to homosexuality in the High Command, nonetheless believably conveyed the barbarism and cruelty by which it was belied by the sickly smooth exterior. Here was no sputtering, gutteral, krafty fiston a la Irich Von Stoehrlein, but frighteningly dispassionate complexity as made it all the more credible. In spite of all these generally fine performances, it is undoubtedly since Fabrizi's playing was so immediately and convincingly natural, as when he staves unblinkingly with tear-filled eyes at, the mutilated body of Manfredi, who had endured the most horrendous torture by the Gestapo, lying in front of him whiped and bleeding, that my eyes too almost started to fill with tears. His face, beaming expression at the very end of the film when he must face his execution, in contrast to the mild, self-deprecating sense of humour he shows at the beginning, of for me constitutes one of the most touching and wide­reaching performances in Italian cinema. He dominated the film, a strong and poignant masterpiece.

The Who's 1973 concept album, that summer really became the soundtrack to young worker's philosophies or any­thing. The Who themselves who were grouching about fusion and their art. According to the Nolo Weekly News of November 8-14, there wasn't a hall of a lot of scenes between the two groups. Mods dressed snazzily in zoot suits, jackets and ties, and tended to dig the clean, snappy music of Buddy Holly and the Beatles. Rockers were snotty leather-boys, filthy punks, who were more into boxing and their Schwitz. It's a bit ironic that by 1967 The Who themselves were thoroughly Mod in their dress and their art. The Mods and Rockers rioted that summer really for no reason but for having nothing better, or more exciting, to do. They weren't violently opposed to each other's philosophies or anything. They were all into the same things: everybody had a bike.

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We're Due in Eastbourne in Ten Minutes

By John Kelleher

We're Due in Eastbourne in Ten Minutes, by N.P. Simpson, directed by Andrew Joffe, ran for five performances on November 17th through 20th. I was witness to the spectacle on its closing night and it ran as if off schedule. It wasn't entirely the fault of the thespians themselves, whose acting was above par. Nor was it entirely the fault of the script, which was not without its funny moments: Robert Caccamo and Annie O'Keefe as Bro & Middie (the Par docks) were a perfectly sardonic middle class couple, the proud new owners of an authentic historic pile of rotting manure artistically mounted on an antique end table. Heath Lee Harris and Dan Williams as Martha and Humphrey portrayed the quintessence of boredom, a couple of haute bourgeois guests unable to find anything of aesthetic appeal in a compost heap, with or without an antique end table. Comic relief was provided by Winslow Grant, resplendent in the uniform of a deliveryperson and Miranda Spencer a glint to behold as a third and unexpected guest who has, literally, just been decorated (with Christmas lights and tinsel). They were both truly absurd.

A major fault in what was only a mediocre presentation appeared as a lack of cohesive acting. Despite an obviously capable job of directing by Mr. Joffe the actors often gesticulated rather mechanically and delivered their lines over-anxiously, often to the detriment of comic effect. Nevertheless the audience was appreciative of the jokes, the burlesque action and the puns. I hope the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance will have the occasion to delve into the existential vaudeville of the theatre of the absurd again in the near future.

As the program notes so aptly said, it was, "barricading accidents, not an entirely successful evening." There were a good many futures on view in the great hall of Preston that night. And in all truth I can not say that it was not funny nor that I didn't enjoy myself.

ACTION!

By Michael Stiller

San Shepard's Action is a play that deals with the inability of the human mind to correctly synthesize reasonable thought when confronted with situations with which it is totally alien and to which it is entirely import. The setting is a small building or cottage occupied by four people: Jeep, Lope, Liza, and Shooter. The relationship between these four men and women are never explained nor is their circumstance one which is rational in thought of in terms we all understand in modern life. In this instance, the audience is in the same position the characters are. We do not understand any logical sequence of action in the play because there is nothing on which we can base our judgement of behavior. The characters act in seemingly irrational ways. They are suffering from an inability to cope with a situation to which they are alien and in which they seem to exercise but little self-determination. They are in a state of confusion because they are incapable of rational thought based on irrational realities as summed up in Jeep's closing line, "I had no references for this."

The entire cast did a very good job with what is undoubtedly a very difficult script, and I would like to commend Claudia Sherman for the production of a fine play, which, under the questionable auspices it was placed, seemed doomed to failure. I think special recognition should go to Tom Carroll for his excellent portrayal of Shooter, a character which could only be described as a paranoid schizophrenic. His performance was moving in its credibility and consistency. Mark Ebner also did an admirable job in the difficult role of Jeep. He appeared, however, to be forcing and contriving his character at times, and was sometimes lacking in characterizational consistency. All in all, the entire cast did a better job than could have been expected with a play of such incalculable difficulty.

—See Mr. Nardal's review on next page
The Women, by Clare Booth

Review by Andrew Joffe

The Women, by Clare Booth, concerns a woman whose husband is cheating on her, and shows how any chance for reconciliation is nearly ruined by the interference of her friends, who gossip and insinuate and complicate the situation. It is not a feminist play (despite the all-female cast,) nor is it a satire on women. Rather, it deals with human relationships and the games that go on within them. The playwright is saying that ultimately all people, good or bad, have got to play the game.

Chief game-player in the cast is Sylvia, whose nails are appropriately painted "Jungle Red." In this role, Claudia Sherman avoids a stock villain characterization and creates a woman who finds the hollowness of her life with total involvement in the game. Other players are Leanne Goldman, who provides a witty portrait of a woman resigned to each"new" pregnancy; Christy Esposito as a feminist author who is aware that for all her intelligence she is ineffectual; Stephanie Hoffer, as a young idealistic newlywed, who is unable to handle anything that smells of a crisis; Julie Conason, who gives a funny rendition of a woman who has had six husbands, all of whom have tried to kill her; Katharine Hubbert, in two roles as a maid and an earthy cook in a hotel for divorcees; Paula Clause in five roles, making each character different without use of make-up and costly wigs; and an always funny performance as a OSS agent in a marvelous double role as a gossipy manipulator and the heroine's mother. As Crystal Allen, the "other woman," Susan Freeman gives the right feeling of glamorous yet hard sensuality. The audience also senses that here is an expert game player, but we are never quite sure why she plays the game.

Suzanne List as Mary Baines offers some really effective moments on stage. The phone call where she learns from her husband that he is marrying his mistress is tragic without being hokey. The problem is that the playwright has at times given her awkward moralizing instead of dialogue, which becomes all the more weaken in artificial and natural yet to the extent that it comes off, to the extent that it is going strong, it is not naturally either..."

Keeping in mind, I was struck by Mark Ebner's performance as Jeep. Mr. Ebner distinguished himself from the rest of the cast as the only character I consistently believed in. When he spoke of his past, present, or future, I believed that he meant what he said, and felt what he professed to be feeling without falling into the trap of indicating or "showing," When Mr. Ebner poured a glass of water or dissected a fish, he did just that. Nothing more, nothing less.

As Lupe and Liza, Sue Freeman and Melodie Strain were faced with what may have been the most difficult roles in the play. Nothing is harder than doing nothing on stage, and that is what Lupe and Liza did for the most part. Ms. Freeman and Ms. Strain were faced with roles that, in my opinion, would seem attractive only to someone with a morbid fascination for boredom. At times, they seemed to have mastered their roles and very skillfully brought them to life. Other times they seemed bored with being bored and became boring.

Although I hate the play as a piece of dramatic literature, I was pleased to see my fellow students responsibly approaching a very difficult play. Harold Brecht, the great German Playwright, once said that "we must take responsibility not only for words we speak and write, but for the punctuation as well, right down to the last comma and period." He's right you know.

It's the only thing that separates us from the rest of the animals.

Sam Who? by Nils Nordal

Sam Shepard is a playwright and action is one of his plays-- or so the story goes. The essential problem is that Action is a rotten play. The style of the play is basically naturalistic, in the "slice of life" sense of the word. The audience is treated to an evening with a group of crazy people, who, for some inexplicable reason live together in a house. They sit down to eat dinner, break some chairs, filet a fish, and hang the laundry. So what? The events of the play do not flow in anything like chronological progression-- there seems to be no given reason why any scene should follow the one preceding it. Action is poorly structured in that none of the events move the characters and their lives towards a crisis (climax) and resolution. This lack of structure cannot be passed off as "Theatre of the Absurd." A play like Waiting for Godot which in many ways is the personification of absurdism, is a prime example of a well written play.

None the less, the hard Theater's student production of Action was a serious effort and deserves a serious response. In the theatre we train so that, in at least performance, we may share something about ourselves; whether funny, sad, or ludicrous; and by having the courage to tell these things truthfully, we have the privilege to communicate something about ourselves as human beings. Eric Bentley once said that "Action is both opening night.) The play, set in the 1930's, had the right style without being cloying.

The Women is one of the best scripts ever written because it is well-structured, logical, and bitingly funny. It is one of the worst scripts ever written because of its rather obvious moralizing and stock characters. It could turn out to be either dated melodrama or high camp. This production was neither, and all concerned are to be congratulated.

Suzanne List and Noelle Fahlery share an intimate scene

A demure Christy Esposito listens as Claudia Sherman mouths off
Pat Covert & George Hunka on FILMS

Judging from the rather small attendance at film showings recently, (five people in the audience is considered a large crowd,) it would appear that some people are not enthralled with the Film Committee's fare. This naturally brings up the question, "Why?" And a good question it is. The answer, fully apparent to all except the Film Committee, is that by and large people go to the movies after the day is over to be entertained, which in itself is a totally valid and unobjectionable reason.

While films being shown may be of interest to the students of the cinema, this group of people is relatively small, and the films hold no interest for the non-film students. However, the two interests need not be entirely separate from each other. Films of greater import can be appreciated by both groups such as On the Waterfront, Rebel Without a Cause, or The Wild One, for reasons such as performance, social impact, and simple cinematic values.

At the beginning of the year, those films which may be loosely classed as "avant-garde" (included in this category are films of French new wave directors, directors of the New German cinema, and early experimental films) as well as films of the American avant-garde were shown only on Tuesday nights. Unfortunately they have been creeping slowly into the rest of the week. This problem more than any other has served to alienate a large part of the audience. We recall an early overwhelming sense of optimism thanks to the showings of such films as the Maltese Falcon and Psycho. Surely a steady diet of that type of movie along with the regular Tuesday evening avant-garde shows would keep the majority of students happy.

Of course, another factor should be taken into account while considering the poor attendance. Except on rare occasions, what little publicity there is has centered solely on the director of the film in question. Little, if any, mention has been made of cast, plot or other points of interest. While not expressly uncalled for, the lack of mention of other facets of the film may well contribute to the student disinterest and apathy.

The authors of this article were present at a meeting of the Film Committee several weeks ago. With the ideas mentioned earlier in mind, a populist plea for more accessible films was rudely ignored at this preliminary selection meeting while vague put vigorous discussion of the New German Cinema and the French New Wave filled the air around the table. Worthwhile films of wide appeal were rejected out-of-hand in favor of more obscure films. A financial schizoidprenia of some magnitude is also apparent. It is appalling that the same people who would advocate the expenditure of $300 for a piece of third-rate pornography such as Haraucchio Cherry would not consider spending a similar amount on a more important work such as Clockwork Orange. Better things could be done with the $5500 that the Film Committee has at its disposal without any decline in the number of films shown.

The Film Committee's moves have been confusing and frustrating at times. There are some moments when the goals that the Film Committee sets for itself have been ignored. In the final analysis, the people who respond to items such as The Trip and Muscle Beach Party would seem to contradict the goals and ideals of the Film Committee. By and large, the campus would probably like to see movies rather than films. Since the final selection of films for next semester, if it has been made, has not been announced, we have only to fear more of the same.