WHAT IS H.E.O.P.?
AN INTERVIEW w/ STEVE GERALD
BY MARILYN O'CONNOR

To answer this query the obvious person to see is the Director of H.E.O.P. (High Educational Opportunity Program), Stephen Gerald, also one of the first H.E.O.P. enrollees and a Bard graduate. After attending Lehman College, Gerald came to Bard in 1970. Majoring in theater, he graduated in 1973 and went on to receive his Masters in Fine Arts at Rutgers in 1977. Before coming back to Bard, this year, Gerald taught theater and was involved in a remedial skills program at Union College and Jersey City State College.

Gerald says, "The H.E.O.P. program is not similar in any other schools; they all must adapt to the personalty of the school." The enrollee has to decide, for example, between the huge classes of Columbia or Bard's tutorial system. Gerald believes that "... the rationale behind why Bard exists, and that Bard does, is that it creates, supposedly, a better or quality student." H.E.O.P. enrollees are applying to the college and not the program. H.E.O.P.'s primary function is to provide a service and not financial aid. "...part of the myth is that students who come here aren't paying for their education...people interpret the program as a financial aid program and it is not." It is not primarily a financial aid program, though certainly the H.E.O.P. enrollees receive some aid: $700 per year for tuition and a $200 per year for books and supplies. The H.E.O.P. enrollees also apply to the financial aid services (BEOG, TAP, Bard scholarship).

Clearly H.E.O.P. is not here to give away money. It is a service that "...finds students who have the potential to do well in the institutions that have H.E.O.P. programs where prior history does not show that those students have the potential. Many of us question the validity of SAT scores. We also learn to question on the validity of high school grades... H.E.O.P. asks the question, are there individuals who could probably do extremely well in college but have not the opportunity to do so?" Admissions are based on three things: (1) The enrollee must be an underachiever in the traditional educational system with a high school average lower than 85 and SAT score lower than 550, though neither of these is compulsory, (2) One must be financially unable to meet the cost of the institution, financial status is decided by complex guidelines (similar to BEOG, TAP guidelines) considering not just income but also the size of the family, property and assets, and (3) The enrollee must be interviewed by the H.E.O.P. office to determine a potential for achieving at college-level in the particular institution.

Gerald reports to Michael Simpson but his salary is paid by the state. Once the enrollee is at the institution, "H.E.O.P. is involved in probably every aspect of college: admissions, financial aid, academic affairs, student life." This year H.E.O.P. is providing assistance with writing at three levels: Isha Alter's Essay Writing course; individual laboratory practice with Jean Cook and Alex McKnight; and a Grammar Skills course given by Stephen Gerald. If this program is successful Gerald would like to use the same format for a reading analysis program next year.

As former student, Gerald understands Bard and its problems. One problem is the "tagging" of H.E.O.P. enrollees. "H.E.O.P. is tagged as students who have underachieved in the traditional educational system, but they are not tagged as potentially bright capable individuals... That's redundant, of course we see that, because that was the condition by which they had to apply to special admissions." The fault of "tagging" lies with the misconceptions of our community and plainly not with H.E.O.P.

WOMEN AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY... WHERE WE STAND ON THE FIRST AMENDMENT
BY WENDY KAMNER

We are a group of feminists speaking out against pornography, because it exploits and encourages violence against women. We are protesting the physical and psychological violence in most pornography and the degradation of women; we do not oppose displays of nudity or erotica. We do not advocate censorship. We respect First Amendment protections against the imposition of prior restraints on any form of expression, and we do not wish to devalue pornographers of businesses that deal in pornography or any general prohibitions on the publication of pornographic material. We respect the right of all adults to read or view what they choose in the privacy of their own homes.

We have not put forth any repressive legislative proposals, and we are not carrying out any new exceptions to the First Amendment. The Supreme Court has traditionally held that "obscenity" is not protected speech, but the Court has struggled with how to define...
W.A.P. continued...

the formulation of a fair and workable definition of obscenity and an effective constitutional enforcement scheme. We want to change the definition of obscenity so that it is based on violence, sex but we do not propose to alter the basic process by which obscenity laws must be enforced, in accordance with the procedural guarantees of the First Amendment. We accept the constitutional limitations on official regulation, and we do not expect the government to magically rid us of pornography.

We are working hard, in the exercise of our First Amendment rights, to develop strategies for effective private action against the pornography industry. We are seeking to educate people aware of the implications of the increasingly violent pornography that is becoming an accepted part of our culture. Most hard-core pornography contains explicit, graphic descriptions of women being raped, bound, beaten, or mutilated; some of it involves child molestation. Subterfuge images of women as passive sexual toys pervade soft-core pornography and legitimate commercial advertising. The message is clear: Sex is power, and women and children are objects for subjugation and abuse.

Pornography is not a harmless outlet for sexual fantasies. It is fascistic, misogynist propaganda that fosters acts of violence against women. It is sexual bondage, not liberation. We believe that the recent growth in violent pornography and the sexual exploitation of children is, in part, a reaction to the Women's Movement by men who cannot accept women as equals. We do not expect to find any simple solutions to these problems. Pornography is deeply rooted in our culture, and it both shapes and reflects our sexual identities. But the Women's Movement has proven that we can change the way people think— the way men and women view themselves and each other. The fight against pornography is part of this struggle for change and crucial to the sexual liberation of us all. 

Is ADOLPH'S A BREEDING GROUND?

What can you get for free while cruising at Adolph's? A viral infection that is spreading among Americans known as Herpes Simplex 2. Type 2 Herpes is a genital infection transferred by intimate contact and can infiltrate into your nerve cells quicker than the alcohol on Tequila Night. The contact site is prominently displayed by the rash of blisters and pustules permeating the infected area. Subsequent eruptions can be triggered by hormonal changes or emotional stress-weeks, months or even years later. However, if you are one of the 5 million Americans infected with "genital herpes" by Peter Gesler

W.A.P. (Women Against Pornography) was formed in 1976 by five New York City women who opposed the pornography industry and the resulting moral corruption they felt was widespread. The group rapidly grew, and the first national conference, "Fighting Pornography," held in October 1979, attracted more than 500 women. W.A.P.'s efforts have included monitoring various aspects of the industry, running a hotline for information and support, and distributing literature and information. W.A.P. is a non-profit, non-dogmatic organization that relies on volunteer labor and donations. W.A.P. is not a women's rights organization, nor does it support women's lib. Instead, W.A.P. supports a campaign to stop pornography, which, W.A.P. believes, will lead to improvements in women's rights. W.A.P. is committed to stopping the sale of pornography, which it believes is a violation of women's rights and a violation of the law. W.A.P. supports the right of individuals to choose whether or not to engage in sexual activity, and it supports the right of individuals to engage in sexual activity in a consensual, mutually satisfying manner.

Webster's Dictionary defines "pornography" as "a depiction of erotic behavior (as in pictures or writing) intended to cause sexual excitement." This is also the commonly accepted definition, and it comes to most of our minds when we encounter the word. Women Against Pornography (W.A.P.) has (or claims to have) a different definition. "Pornography is anti-women propaganda," says Dolores Alexander, one of W.A.P.'s founders. Gloria Steinem says, "It is violence and domination that are pornographic." This is an arbitrary redefinition of a commonly used noun, and, predictably enough, it seems to cause a lot of misunderstanding about the nature of WAP, both within and without the organization.

In the first place, their arguments are only about pornography which relates to women, which is not pornography. Webster's Dictionary defines "pornography" as "material that is violent towards women." So really, in plain and proper English, the name of the organization should be "Women Against Pornography" (W.A.P). W.A.P. accuses WAP of defaming women by mimicking the definitions, so as to directly indict or implicate as many of the people who create, distribute, and enjoy violence oriented sexualization of the female body. W.A.P. does not accept the WAP's definition of "we are against pornographic and it is a different thing from "working against pornography". WAP accuses WAP of defaming women by mimicking the definitions, so as to directly indict or implicate as many of the people who create, distribute, and enjoy violence oriented sexualization of the female body. W.A.P. does not accept the WAP's definition of "we are against pornographic and it is a different thing from "working against pornography".

Perhaps you consider this a very dangerous and, if not deliberate, then grossly negligent. However, if you are one of the 5 million Americans infected with "genital herpes", then you are at risk for WAP's definition of "we are against pornographic and it is a different thing from "working against pornography".

by Nathan Wagener

by Peter Gesler

don't despair—help is on the way. Though herpes simplex virus has been successfully medically treated, medical attempts at controlling it, through serious and strict measures, have not yet been approved by the FDA.

The drug, applied like cold sores, is allowed to relatively non-toxic while also penetrating into most genital herpes. While WAP knows that drugs take an average of 34 months to be approved by the FDA, it is comforting to know that drugs take an average of 34 months to be approved by the FDA. It is comforting, and it is not necessarily expressed in this publication, to both shape and reflect our sexual identi­fies. But the Women's Movement has proven that we can change the way people think— the way men and women view their own selves and each other. The fight against pornography is part of this struggle for change and crucial to the sexual liberation of us all.
Inactivity, it does not please me to see a magazine cover of a woman put through a meat grinder, but there are right and wrong ways of handling anything, and I see no other available evil in the name of righting another.

LETTERS TO ST. MARK

Dear St. Mark,

In a recent conversation, it was argued that there are now two Bard's, an establishment Bard and a non-establishment Bard. And, as might have been expected, the so called establishment Bard referred to the Bard envisioned by the administrative offices of the college, seemingly as 'Them'. While the proper noun, Them, as applied to the Bard management is hardly innovative—it is a name likely to appear in any u-keo-relations—the idea of establishment vs. non-establishment at Bard did have an acute enough to bring a smile to my lips. My amusement was challenged on the spot, and I listened to the following argument. (I reconstruct as best I can.)

There are a number of institutions common to the college such as- moderation, liberal education, institutional major, senior project, course registration, credit, grades, etc.,—which are traditional and lend definition to the passage of successive groups of students. In addition, there are those institutions, some relatively stable, which know the differing concerns of individual students. Such are the common areas of the dormitory, the coffee shop, the chapel, tutorials, down-the-road, and the various athletic teams. This is Bard, the Bard we all know, non-establishment Bard.

But the housing now has been added; clubs which by their nature determine whether or not Bard belong to the Bard Establishment. These, for the benefit of neophytes, are listed as:

The Honor Fellowships
The Peer Counselors Assoc.
The Sundance
The Reception.

The creation of these institutions (it was argued) introduces privilege as a principle to the campus. Whereas previously privilege was contingent, ad hoc, doubtful and usually self-confessed, it now bears insignias, is approved from above like knighthood—and thus is an Establishment.

I found and continue to find this argument dubious as natural and, at least, is an Establishment. Inactivity, it does not please me to see a magazine cover of a woman put through a meat grinder, but there are right and wrong ways of handling anything, and I see no other available evil in the name of righting another.

I could? What is the difference between perceiving that it is not g and learning for the non-perceive non-g? (These are not questions for managers. They don't have the argument.) By classifying any managerial attempt at social innovation as 'on' and all other social activities as 'off', one fails to do justice to the variety of kinds of things that happen without the confines of management programs. Chateau Pichon-Longueville, 1955, will be served at a complimentary lesson. Anybody who really wants to can go to the Reception; and a tablet establishment honors is yet to be offered up for inspection at a Sunday Brunch.

It seems that establishment institutions do not spring forth, full grown as social bonds from the hand of Zeus, the knot of the Czar, or the moves of the Pedagogical Expansion Committee. Here, as elsewhere, the manipulative engendering of social facts is but a persuasion (properly speaking) of the creative impulse, involving frustration. A more fertile use of this creative energy would find a suitable field for its imagined structures and histories in the making of comic books or in some other art whose materials are more plastic than the minds and bodies of 18-year old adults. Only in history, legend, and myth do customs, mores and institutions have inventors or mothers. But if a liberal education should help us to conceptualize our more adequately our notion of reality, then any agency to this end, including the available, abstractly-managed exemplifications of an Establishment (which the administration is so good at invention) should be welcomed. To dub such 'educational' phenomena "the establishment" misses the point of a somewhat artificial lesson.

Secondly, aside from the doubtful use of the word establishment I characterize that which is at least locally innovative, I question the validity of the term used in the argument, to suggest the existence of two Bard's, Bard and non-Bard. Binary sorting is tricky, playing havoc with choice. The objects before me can be sorted into those which are and those which are non. Those which can not be sorted into those which are and those which are non can be sorted into those which are and those which are yellow. True, but what would I achieve by looking at a painting of an establishment in this way? One, I teach myself to see the color "non-yellow?" Possibly. Why would I want to if...
STEV GERALD RESPONDS

Dear Mark & Tom:

As the director of the Higher Education Opportunity Program, I feel it is important to respond to your queries concerning the "benefits of HEOP. Students have often wondered about Bard HEOP--what it is and what it does, and for the nine years Bard has had this program, questions about HEOP have surfaced at one time or another in the Bard community's newspapers, forums, or conversations.

Perhaps as director of the program, I should expect student inquiries because HEOP does not directly affect the lives of every Bard student. Naturally, other students are inclined to wonder about what they are missing.

Your editorial inquiry, for example, suggests that Bard's HEOP is a benefit program. From whom, may I ask, did you gather your information about the program? Do the editors of the community's official newspaper, who have the right to print erroneous information and mislead its readers? Indeed the editors of newspapers--you do not. Students who have been accepted by the college under HEOP, whose convocation fees are waived. Do you, as editors, know why?

For your statement, "the freedom to charge any amount of books at the bookstore to the HEOP account," please show proof through fact or retract the statement.

A college newspaper is not and should never be a vehicle for biased reporting or informing. Statements made by you become part of Bard, an institution promoting intellectualism. Other colleges, professors, alumni, or interested individuals read our paper. Please don't humiliate those among us who are trying to be intellectual.

I am very interested in un-covering HEOP. Perhaps you can set aside a column or page or two so that HEOP might be revealed for all times and Bard Times (sic). Can this be done?

A final word about your terminology. This is Bard College and not HEOP College. Those students who are enrolled under HEOP are Bard students and not HEOP students. For convenience we say "HEOP" students, referring to those unique individuals who have come to Bard with high ideals and the potential for fulfilling them through learning. Perhaps you are, for convenience sake, a HEOP student, too!

Sincerely,

Stephen Y. Gerald
Director, HEOP

The editors would like to amend the statement which appeared in the last issue of Bard Times, "How far do the benefits of being a HEOP student go, aside from the waiver of convocation fees and the freedom to charge any amount of books at the bookstore to the HEOP account?" The last phrase should read "and the freedom to charge up to two hundred dollars in books per year at the bookstore.

We apologize for the misleading wording.

Yvonne Peterson

JOURNALISTS!

Thursday, November 15: 4:30-6:00

College/Committee Rooms

Kline Commons......

..."How can I ever get a job in publishing or journalism or television when I did my senior project on Plato and majored in philosophy?"

Discussions on opportunities for liberal arts graduates in the communications field. Participants include documentary producer for CBS; senior editor at Viking Press; John Weisman, Bureau chief for TV Guide in Washington D.C.

I LOVE BARD

I love Bard and the Bard community. I came to Bard to educate myself so one day I can return to my people and free them from darkness. Once I have succeeded in educating my people, we will walk with the white man to keep our country free and to love and obey God. We will not walk in front of you so that we can fall in to a pit of despair, we will not walk behind you to get the last piece of stale bread, but we will walk together, side by side, step by step. So if I fall or you fall, we will fall together.

Do not attempt to stop me from my dream for I will strike like a serpent with venom in its fangs. Except me, Bard, for I am not here to hurt you but to better myself and my community. I bring you no challenge or competition. I bring with me the eagerness to listen and the potential to learn. Fear me not, White man, for I will never take from you, as you have taken from me. Instead, I will suck out all of your knowledge and feed it to my children. My children in return will use it to help the world in which we live.

I wish we were all green so we may not be judged by the color of our skin or by the contents of our minds.

Dear Mark and Tom, I think the October 4th issue of THE BARD TIMES is excellent. Congratulations.

Sincerely,

Lona Betstein
President

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October 25, 1979

BARD TIMES

TIGER AT THE GATES

by Randall Buttermere

Dr. Elliot Skinner, who is described in a recent "Bard College Center News" as our new professor, is venerated as a former U.S. ambassador to Upper Volta and U.S. foreign policy expert. He was ill-conceived on a Thursday afternoon, October 4th in the Committee Rooms in Kline Commons.

The occasion was a lecture which had been publicized as dealing with "The Fall of Andrew Young." An eclectical audience of several dozen Bardians and visitors received us with suitably universal enthusiasm and loud acclaim.

Those of us who declined to join in the occasion, and would have preferred a walk, were more likely to have been excused by some sobering news. Whatever comfortable rationalizations we may have individually employed to justify our will to be present, nobody could have reacted to Skinner's perception of the past as well as to the present. The latter we served in the past, later to be filled and vacated by Andrew Young. The invasion of the mind of Young's distinguished predecessors triggered a healthy repartee with the audience regarding what Dr. Skinner suggested, oh so cautiously, might be a Jewish malady, "dual loyalty.

The afore mentioned dialogue progressed to a consultation of the future and took place in the presence of the audience who had done his demographic homework. The operative statistician was eliminated as "more than Tel Aviv." The Big Apple was also home to three more Italians than Irish, to whom the Big Italians chose Milan, more Blacks than any Africans and more Nazis than any Fascists. The subject, after all was "them.

The subsequent warning that "They" were hellbent on plunging the U.S. into an "Israelian Vietnam" was followed by a crazy-quilt of opprobrious commentary focusing upon supposed Jewish opposition to quota systems in education, government, and commerce. Affirmative Action programs were considered by Skinner to be an anathema to "Them" and it thus followed that "They" were to be considered hostile to Dr. Skinner's next generalized group, "the blacks.

As then doomed the matriarch, (the uncontradicted spokesperson of the most well-known, single-opinion-possessing slice of humanity), Bayard Rustin, Executive Director of the A. Philip Randolph Foundation, others great thinkers notwithstanding, and "the blacks," according to Skinner, all knew that "They" got Andy (Johnson who? Cyrus who?), this child's version of the decline and fall. Young carried in it's wake a plea for the cause of P.L.O. terrorism. He warmly embraced the Lowery/Jackson dogma, one which has been denounced as dangerous drive by genuine leaders as Benjamin L. Hooks, Executive Director of the N.A.A.C.P. and Vernon J. Jordan Jr., President of the National Urban League, who labels these acts as "sideshow" and "headline grabbers." Jordan goes so far as to say that "Jackson and Lowery show more concern for Yasir Arafat's future than for the millions of black kids growing up in poverty." Bayard Rustin says that in the meeting with the P.L.O. is tantamount to meeting with the Ku Klux Klan. 

Skinner went on to justify this embrace with the type of cynical economic reasoning recapitulated ad nauseum by Jesse Jackson. The Arab oil-producing states having suffered an attack on some eighty billion dollars from the American consumer in the last twelve months would surely reward this support for the P.L.O. (which they despise and fear) with handsomely financial aid. Furthermore any future oil embargo directed against the U.S. might be selective as to the color of the American victim! This argument clashes hardly with the indignantly moral tone affected by Skinner throughout the evening. The honored name of the late Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King was invoked several times by Skinner. That Dr. Kings whole life's work testifies to what could be his revulsion to Skinner's diatribe, and his unchallenged horror at the ugliest spectacle of the American hero's embracing machine-gun wielding P.L.O. chieftain, while singing we shall overcome, was not considered worthy of mention.

The remainder of the evening was larded with cryptic incitements, and vicious mendacities, stated, then hastily withdrawed to the worst tradition of one of our former presidents. The opinions and statements about which we were degrading and insulting to both Jews and Blacks. It was sixty minutes in a peaceful academic Sleepy Hollow in the Hudson Valley. If you listened carefully you could hear the thud of jack-boots marching on cobble stone Manhattan streets. O.K. Dr. Skinner, you made your best pitch and we're not buying it. Someone should have told you that you're in a Brave New World. You're dishing out words: some people, regardless of whether they like it or not, may have to take it. We cannot by our own collection of tribal tripe off-campus and rejoin the human race, we'd be glad to welcome you back. Respect for the rights granted us by the Constitution and its amendments demands that the Doctor Elliot Skinner of the Bard and his ilk be refused our forum. But the time has come for all of us, regardless of religion or political beliefs to rid ourselves of the conciliatory and fear which have conspired to silence our outrage to such visions. The tiger of racial bigotry is at our gates. Destroy it or we ourselves are destroyed.

NOT INSANE PRESENTS...

by Spike Henderson

I think Paul Spooner's article on gun control at Bard is wonderful. Ignoring any ethnic overtones, there are those who wholeheartedly subscribe to his ideas, but his plan is too limited in scope. We should defeat our enthusiasm for arms, not the gun owners. There is a large percentage of students on this campus who cannot afford guns, and it is discriminatory to keep firearms from them. I feel that for $8,000 a year, each member of the Bard student community, both on and off campus, should be armed with either a handgun or rifle of reasonable quality. Furthermore, this school should offer a required two-credit course to teach the proper use of firearms, and it is discriminatory to keep firearms from these students.

Such an arrangement would greatly enhance the national and social aspects of this college. Proper training in weapons tactics will open a myriad of new activities to Bard. For example, some new campus organizations could be: The Bard Para-Military Club, The Revolutionary Students for Republicans Freedom, The Shoot a Squirrel Society, and NOTC.

Gun laws release inner tensions by allowing hostile personalities to vent their frustrations in a constructive way. The support of military readiness on this campus could lead to a more cohesive community. Bard apathy would end; stick minds would be ended out. Desirables will learn either to toe the line or face dire consequences. Depressed people could use guns, but if you give them an outlet, they will cheer up. In other words, An ARMED BARD WILL BE A HAPPY BARD.
HELPFUL HINTS by Art Carlson

writing a paper that will get you a good grade at Bard College is no piece of cake, but on the other hand, it is no so difficult for someone with a modicum of intelligence to pick up a grade or two now and then if you need one. Notice that I said a paper, not a 'serious paper.' This does not necessarily mean a good paper; as a fact student, how the hell you know what a good paper is anyway? The trick is to write the paper that will get the grade; this is every bit as much an art as writing a 'good paper.' Now that I've graduated I feel I can pass on some of the tricks of the trade that brought me no such fabulous success in my career as a lit. major.

There are several important considerations to have in your attitude towards your professors. For these things vary a bit from teacher to teacher, and if you find yourselfRouter One professor likes the best advice I can give you is stick with what you're going to write. Now think about it. If you were a teacher, what would you want to read? The first thing you gotta realize is that when college students get old, they go to grade school, (most of your professors have been there) where people are expected to do very serious critical work. Therefore, for almost every subject you can think of for your paper there have been many very serious papers on the same subject and your teacher has undoubtedly read a few. In other words, little undergrad paper doesn't cut shit compared to the real thing.

So, the first thing you must realize is that it's foolish to try for the big one. There probably is not much of anything that you will enlighten anybody on if you write a serious paper. Unless of course you choose some extremely minute subject, like St. Catherine, maybe, and write an exhaustive study, maybe 5 or 6 pages. This is a possible strategy. But anyway, your professor probably would not enjoy a serious paper. They have to wait long enough time as it is waiting through some of the shit people hand them. Out of this comes the first rule: Make your paper different. Do not choose your character's names aren't doing it. It will be easy enough for you to see their papers under some pretense. 0) Use unusual metaphors. Bizarre formal strategies, argue relentlessly against the common sense interpretations of your classmates. You might cause your professor to pause while he's reading your paper between innings and sit there and wonder who you are; this is good. Speaking of metaphors and innings, an important thing to keep in mind is that lots of Bard professors are real sports nuts, and when your in a clinic in your paper, a good earthly sports reference is a good way out.

Most teachers at last will see this as evidence that you are an intelligent thinking person. Here's an example from a paper I wrote: 'Dante's use of the ladder structure resembles, in many ways, the perfect game Catfish Hunter threw in 1965. Batter after batter, he set down, each one building on the last until the pinnacle of perfection where Beatrice stands was reached at last.' In this same vein it is important to remember that really all Bard teachers no matter what they look like, see themselves at heart as being tough little gutsy macho types. Consequently that is the type of prose that play like to read, bally, unforgiving prose that pulls no punches. A lot of people come to Bard and they write 'papers where they try to assert a point by beginning "I think that in light of certain evidence to the contrary it might be plausible to say that maybe blah, blah blah..." This is wrong.

First, you should never say 'I think.' I mean, of course you think it. You're the one saying it, right? If you didn't think you think it. You're the one saying it, right? If you didn't think it you have to prove it. You've got to prove it and there is nothing wrong with this. A few footnotes can change a teacher thinks so too. Either way, it's self evident. You should make strong assertions in your prose, without any hedging. Here the word 'obviously' can be valuable. In one magic word you can throw the full weight of scholarship and common sense behind you. I mean, if something is obvious, you don't have to sit around explaining it. That would be a poor taste, like explaining a joke. It also saves time and enables you to proceed with your argument. Here is an example of a good assertive sentence with which to start a paper. (If already used if though. If you want it, you'll have to footnotes.) "In the Republic it is obvious that Socrates and Plato, whoever the hell he is, are complete charlatans."

This example leads nicely into my next point. This is more pertinent to creative-type writing, but hopefully your papers can be creative too, now and then. As I said your teachers probably prefer bally prose. One way to insure this effect is to use lots of cuss words, throw in a fuck and a shit and what have you. You find a good one yourself which is more powerful prose: Example 1. 'stop that please. Example 2. You fuckin better stop that please. Example 3. What can you do?'

Of course its important not to go overboard with those things. You have to remember that since you're not writing a serious paper you should have to use a plausible one. A plausible paper is worth at least a C. You have to understand that a C is quite an honorable grade. It places you firmly in the pack; you aren't a mongoloid, but when those miserable failures come moaning to you, you can say, 'Yeah I only get a fuckin' C myself. On the other hand, it shows the smart people that indeed there have to do some smoke and beer farts between your ears, and your parents, well for them it could go either way. If you're a fuck up them a C is evidence of your good intentions, and if you used to be an over achiever you say 'Look, ma, college is hard.' Besides, sometimes a C paper can easily get a higher grade. Remember that you've got all the stuff you know in your head.

Some teachers will want you to just regurgitate the class material. In this case you just have to render enough of their ideas in the proper revelatory form and you'll do fine. This is easy and boring. Other teachers will want more serious creative-type work and you're a perfect example. Here's where you come into your own. You're a 'serious paper' and this is where most people panic. "What can I possibly do?" they think. But understand it is justified, because as I mentioned before, you can really do much for this is actually where you come into greatest control; the paper becomes a creative act and you become caught in one of the basic debates of the liberal education. It's to grade the creative act. One must be aware of the normal qualities of a work, but beyond that it becomes a matter of taste and opinion. Hand in anything you can defend. The liberal arts will not let you fail to your death.

Next Week: How to be an Intellectual: 1980 Major League predictions.

IMPRESSIONS OF A TRANSFER STUDENT

by Jeff Schwartz

Having always been somewhat of a wandering person with a personality searching out others of like nature, I was not surprised to find myself at the tender age of 19 looking for a college that would stimulate my mind beyond the point of disinterested book-learning.

Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, had for nine long months, failed to fit the bill. It was clear to me that if greener pastures didn't exist, college had to become a finishing school in my life. Somewhere, Bard College on the Hudson, I thought, offered the picture. The college definitely had some innate and initial qualities. Coming from Bloomington, Indiana, (just the name of the town seems to imply sophistication, doesn't it?) I was interested in coming back to my home state. And having lived practically all of my physical life in Queens, New York, a two-hour drive (or one hour as I drive the Thruway) was immensely appealing. It seemed, at least graphically, I could have my Apple and eat it too, in fact, everything about Bard (even the semi-urban town of Annandale) favorably impressed me, except for the dorm situation. It took about a month to properly throw it about, until I eventually went to the administrative offices, acknowledged some of the plainer facts of life. For most of us, and (by most of us) I am referring to those of us without Rockefeller or Gottry money connections, is a game in which we all at some time or another go into 'lock for the matter of tuition. But that is another story.

I decided that if I was going to be thrown in jail for failing to pay, I would rather offer my martyrdom for such honor.
boring however, about seeing the same people every weekend trying to pick up the same people. This scene is made even more boring when one realizes that all of this goes on chiefly on the upper floor of Adolph’s. I’ve heard where the volume of the music is so loud that most students cannot even hear what they themselves are saying (which is fortunate, for it is so loud that it is almost impossible. And so it goes on every weekend; superficialities rule the conversation being unimportant; the intellectualism of Bard quickly gets sloshed just like any other tired pretension. (but don’t let me convince you that the sexual scene at Bard is chaotic or unpleasant; it will only further convince you that I haven’t got your sympathy.) Future Bard students seem to have a deserved reputation for enjoy-able sexual experimentation, even if this is only born of the freedom that gen-erally comes with having money, it still seems pretty positive to me. Basically, everything I currently hear of the sex lives of most Bard students seems something terribly absurd to me, for which I have very little sympathy. I still prefer the Morey in Tivolli to Adolph’s, and anyway, I probably prefer the Morey if I ever get married, live on a farm in Northern Vermont some time. But I can’t imagine anyone ever moving to the seventy-twist when I have a chance, and my parents have told me I have to move because I can’t make it on $300 a month. We aren’t going to be too unhappy about the seventy-twist when the trial of the defendants begins, but we are going to miss the seventy-twist when the distinguished guests announce that they are going to move to the White House. The demonstration began on January 29th when have you ever noticed how physically sick the Bard students physically generally seem to be? The professor of my chemistry class constantly tries to speak through a great orchestra of hacking coughs and gag-force sneezes. No sooner does one person cease coughing when another bronchial attack strikes another different person. There may be some truth to the scientific conjecture that Communists are generally ill because they never sleep and they always seem to be on the go. They also don’t seem to eat properly. Which brings on, no matter how hard we and everybody else try to evade the subject, to the subject of Saga food. Saga, in the interest of terminologies, sucks. Dog food is of higher quality. There is something especially degrading about receiving our dinners from a dish which is usually used by unrelentingly belligerent high school students, who, however, apparently possess justifiable reasons, hate us. The typical five o’clock crowd of hungry students crowded together behind a steel gate waiting for food, which is usually un- appetizing (to say the least) could be made into a slick dungeon with colored lights and sent to Hollywood as avant-garde foot-age. For some reason, there seems to be a sexual meeting place for all other animal. Adolph’s (a.k.a. “down the road”), Hitler’s, “the beast market” which seems to be the sexual meeting place for Bard College. There seems something terribly
Ecology

This country's gone overboard on the whole ecology kick. I'm not thrilled by pollution, but I can learn to live with it if I look around and see the benefits in convenience and luxury that our industries afford me. I believe that Nature, like the Indians, is there for us to come closer, not p Emmee and placate. Take the issues on whether or not that big dam west somewher be should be built. The environmentalists are screaming their heads off that it's going to kill these small-darter fish. I ask you: who gives a damn about those measly small-darters? As far as I know the damn things aren't even edible! And speaking of Indians, just when we get the environmentalists off our backs, now there's a bunch of redskins meaning that's their land. Well, I say, uh-uh, chief, we won that land fair and square!

Nuclear Power

There's a lot of loud-mouthed kids running around shouting, "No Nukes!" Well, I notice those punks seem to have two things in common: how their stereo and guitar amplifiers are going to work without power. I've got one thing to say to those kind of people. If it wasn't for nuclear energy we might not have won W-W-2 and we'd probably be speaking Japanese right now! So, "so s so Chally" I'll take my chances until you can come up with something better!

Women Against Pornography

C'mon girls, don't get all flustered. I think you'll all understand these broads! Look, if all the women turn against pornography, then there won't be any dames in those pictures anymore—just guys! And that's not only weird and depraved, it's a sin!

Bard's General Appearance

Bard's standing, as far as I'm concerned, is very high. I haven't seen anyone ask them how their stereo and guitar amplifiers are going to work without power. I've got one thing to say to those kind of people. If it wasn't for nuclear energy we might not have won W-W-2 and we'd probably be speaking Japanese right now! So, "so solly Shally" I'll take my chances until you can come up with something better!

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THE WINNING TRADITION
by PETER GEISSER

For 22 years Charlie Patrick has managed Bard sports and his final act before leaving Bard on November first, may be to bring another Soccer Championship to Bard. His main responsibilities to the College have been the coaching of intercollegiate soccer, basketball, and tennis. He also gives tennis lessons to parents of students, does the laundry, and marks the fields without the benefit of an assistant. Charlie has earned a rest.

Charlie was born in Greece in 1923; seven years later his family immigrated to New Paltz, New York settling next to a tennis court. While attending the State University at Cortland, his career in Baseball was cut short due to injuries. As Charlie concentrated on tennis, later to become a paid tennis assistant soon after graduation from Cortland and prior to receiving his Masters from Columbia University. Before the age of 30, he became the 150th member of the United States Professional Tennis Association; now an over 3000 member organization. ...

Charlie on the sidelines of the Columbia Green game, October 17.

Charlie was the varsity tennis coach at Hartwick College from 1946 to 1947. Then for six years he owned a restaurant in partnership with his brother on Route 9W called Patrick’s. Charlie came to Bard in 1958 with the initial intent of staying only two years and then going on to earn his doctorate in Physical Education. At the time, Charlie says, “I was the best man they could hire.” Among his accomplishments while at Bard was the founding of the intercollegiate tennis, soccer, and basketball programs. Though Charlie feels his greatest accomplishments stem from his relationships with athletes who developed into successful doctors, lawyers, and writers.

JIM RODEWALD: GOALSTÄRPER

by John Stoddart

Credit needs to be given to a special performer at Bard. He is the goalie of the soccer team, Jim Rodewald. Last year Jim led the Bardons to the N.A.C. championship. It is likely that they will win the title again, thanks to the strong defense. So far this season, Jim has allowed only twelve goals in eight games to help the Bardons achieve their 6-1-1 record. Jim’s success is due in part to his daring and aggressive style. He challenges the opponents by hustling after any loose ball in the goal area. In this way, he often gains control before the shot is made. Jim is relentless at stopping shots. He holds the ball with a tenacious grip, and guards it with authority.

Charlie sees the Bard student as needing certain qualities not so firmly stressed in other institutions. “The Bard student has to be a certain type of kid, disciplined and a self-starter.” While “Bard students haven’t changed much over the years,” Charlie says, the recurring problems of bad food and too many dogs still annoy, if not at times disgust students in general. A detrimental aspect of the college in his opinion concerns the offering of courses that are not academically solid. “The type of things people used to do in their spare time.”

Charlie began teaching when the College enrolled only 250 students and physical education was required of freshmen and sophomores. As enrollment expanded it became more difficult for Charlie to attend to the individual student. “I could hardly even keep track of them let alone teach them.” Therefore, in 1969, physical education at Bard changed, from a requirement to a recreation—with most of the recreation taking place at Agolb’hs. Happy is the man who rejects the world before it rejects him is a suitable epigraph for Charlie Patrick.

CROSS-COUNTRY BRIEFS
by JOHN STODDART

The Bard Cross-Country Flyers have raced in three meets so far this month. On October 6, they outdistanced the runners from Albany College of Pharmacy 26-29, in a close match on our scenic 5.0 mile course. On October 13, the Flyers lost to a strong Vassar team at the 6.0 mile Vassar course. Score: 32-23. On October 15, the Flyers managed a 29-28 tie with Stevens College at the 8.0 mile Stevens course, in spite of going without three of their five top runners. This brings the Flyer’s current record to 1-3-1. There will be only one more meet (October 29, home) before the N. A. C. championship at Vassar on November 2.

The second annual Bard-Schuyler run (8.0 miles) will be held on Sunday, November 4. It is open to the Bard community.

PARENTS DAY CONTINUED...

hard. It was a tiring day for Mano and Dad what with Bill’s walk, Steve’s class and Leon’s discussion; they were anxious to get back to familiar territory. Their kid was feeling disengaged from the rest of Bard and was anxious to get some work done so that later he might have the time to go down the road...
Charlie Patrick continued...
"You lose that hustle" by remaining in a place too long long, "I feel I have done as much as I can do here."

By no means will Charlie be inactive in the future, he will continue the tennis teaching position he has held for the past 16 summers at the Saratoga Golf and Polo Club, and now during the summer months he will have a comfortable position as a tennis teaching pro in Miami, Florida at the Indian Creek Country Club. A job set up through his connections with the Saratoga Fac- ing establishment.

Charlie stresses, "I have never been a lisper in my life," This recalls the event when the newly instal­ led Athletic Director was challenged to a tennis match by Bard's President at the time, Jim Case. Standing on the clay courts, now the site of Kline Commons, Charlie contemplated whether or not to defeat his superior. Charlie figured, "...what the heck, ...so I beat him, I beat the hell out of him."

Michael O'Donoghue is a pretty funny guy. He wrote for "Saturday Night Live" during its best years, and for the National Lampoon in the early seventies. Here, he expresses his philosophy and humor better than I: "If I was immortal, then it would be perfectly normal for me to make fun of these pathetic human beings who have corncob pipes and grey powdered face, and a few forward and piss blood on the rug. But as it happens I'm part of them and it's up, return too incom- so I really don't care."

Mr. Mike’s Mondo Video has a reputation for being, as Mr. Mike puts it, "SHOCKING AND REPUG- NANT BEYOND BELIEF", not to mention "bizarre" and "point- less and purposeless". All of that is fine with me. Anything truly bizarre or extremes am­ amuses me, and I am helpless to grasp the concept of "taste" except when emotional or phys- iological. So, I dig. For instance, I dig Mel Brooks' stuff, except when people get ticked in the balls, and Monty Python films except when Libbs get cut off. So I was prepared to have my wheezy- ly enjoy Mondo except for winning and crying and things not too gashly. Unfortunately, I don't find Mondo Video very repugnant, and I don't find it very funny either. Many of the sequences are not terribly inspired, and most of them suffer from slow pacing. Though it is impossible to tell what is coming next, much of the film is tiring. It seems over long, although its running time is only 70 minutes.

The film’s style is pretty scattershot. It was originally made for T.V., but ultimately the head N.B.C. censor vetoed that its showing would take place "over my dead body." All the commercial lead-ins and lead-outs were left in, so several times we have to watch Mike say, "You see, when we return to the incred- ible world of Mondo Video," as well as a hand-held frame reading "COMMERCIAL INSERT.

Mr. Mike’s Mondo Video screening was so bad, I was forced to leave."

The awaited sequence in which the Americans know that they are the most perfect idiots on earth, and couldn't be happier about it or more polite. - Pat Nixon’s attendance at a topless African dances, in which a native takes a bit of ass in her face was worth white, particularly to view Pat’s pasted smile interlock with an expression of prim dread.

- I also enjoyed a brief shot of two Japanese girls taking a bath in dolphin blood. Inspiration is missing from Mondo. The opening segment shows us a swimming school for cats through which I finally learned that cats can indeed swim. Beyond that, though, it’s pointless - my strongest reaction was an in- itial fear that the film would drown. The bit continues with a lo-mo shots of cats falling, swimming, etc., to classical music. This is faintly pretty, but awfully slow, and the scene goes on too long. I also had a "what?” reaction to a scene which Australian women ceremonially leap over a fire pit in their lingerie. The worst bit was nearevenness of a whale getting harp- horned to a dumb, high-pitched "COO! OH!" voiceover.

There is some pointed anti- State commentary in the film, and while it’s nothing new, I’m glad to see that Mr. Mike feels this way and is spread- ing the same to a mass audi- ence. In the case of this film, the audience is a mind- less youth crowd, the bulk of whose political philosophy is continuous the "el-iot’s-party" or "everything’s fine" attitude I’m prejudiced. As far as I can see, The Kids Are Pucked.

Anyhow, these sentiments sur- face in the Mondo Video crew’s repeated attempts to swaggle out a top-secret film that will "expose the throat of the American War Machine;" a dream sequence in which a gunman in Mao masks invade a suburban home, slap daddy’s "Pants business section to the floor, blow away the house- hold appliances, and burn down the house, (while the kids check out Hustler in the bathroom). In the final scene O.S. Planes drop CAGE packages onto an island of des- perate natives. The awaited parcels contain not food or supplies, but discarded American fails to pre-occupy the savages. Bula Hoops, Chummy Dodo Dolls, Blue Cheer Album - the spectacle is taudry indeed. As O’Donoghue comments, "These pathetic creatures have forgotten the ways of nature. They no longer sacrifice to the Old God-- rather they genuflect while chanting the Mondo Video theme song. The final credits scoot across the screen, a couple of kids attend the screening at the West 8th Street Playhouse decried, "That Buckels!! That Plateau!" Though I hold affection for Mike O'Donoghue and his Vision, I'm afraid I agree with their general sentiments about Mondo Video. The murky, settled fluid at the bottom of my poppy box—an inch of greyish-grease once passed off as butter, was as bizarre and intriguing as most of Mondo Video.
Interviewer—Mark Ebner
Interviewees—Stick Wagger, Reefe Richardson, Fryin' Bones, Binaca Wagger, and Dairy-An Ann Wasteful

M.E.- You're the Bolling Drones?
Stick- Yeah, that's what they call us. Why?
M.E.- What are you doing in Red Hook at the Halfway Diner?
Stick- Well it's kind of like this...

M.E.- Have you ever been to Bard before?
Stick- I was up there last year sometime that—that the president, um, Lec was giving a party, and it was there that I met him and his wife, Jill. We've been keeping in touch a bit. It's nice to communicate and have a place in—here in Red Hook, to stay at, you know.
M.E.- Hey, isn't Fryin' Bones dead?
Fryin'- I'm not dead!
M.E.- He's just been out for a swim for a few years.
Fryin'- use to tell my high's to turn in for the afternoor.

M.E.- You know her?
Reefe— On Orange Juice! Orange Juice! Orange Juice! We just drive in at Bard College's parking lot, turn in for the afternoor.

M.E.- Thanks, Stick, O.K., Fryin', will you be alive and well enough to perform with the Drones at Bard on the 3rd?

Fryin'- Well, it all depends if they come through with the guilla adраilav they've been assyphizing me with. I think it's mighty good stuff. It gets my beans into the sort of right state of mind. I really dig it.

M.E.- Fryin'—Your's been playing a little bit recently and he's really sounding hot after the vacation he took for a few years.

M.E.- Speaking of vacations, Reefe, what are you doing in the States now?
Reefe- Oh, I don't want to talk about that whole space. You know like, I'm not going back there for a long time. I mean even though the government says it's alright, and I've repented for my sins and all that bullshit, I just don't want to go back up there because it's too much of a black page in my life.

M.E.- You know her?
Fryin'—At Bard???

M.E.- Up at Bard, have we a slot open at our Annual Halloween Party, if you'd be interested in playing...

Fryin- We're not interested in playing...

M.E.— Have you performed together recently?

Stick- Not really a lot. We played at a T.M.G.A in Buffalo.

M.E.- I have to ask this. Have you considered playing at Bard?

Stick- No...

Fryin'- At Bard???

M.E.— You know her? Simon's...

Fryin', Fryin'. Fryin! Juice! Orange Juice! Binaca. We care about the government says it's alright, and I've repented for my sins and all that bullshit, I just don't want to go back up there because it's too much of a black page in my life.

Fryin'—Even though he got to go to a drug rehabilitation program up there every tuesday night.

M.E.- You know her?

M.E.- Wall Drones and Dronettes?

Stick- Well, it's been a really nice talking to you, but you know, like, we've got to be getting some, We're going to take a tour of Saugerties.

M.E.- You should go up to Olana. It's really beautiful up there.

Fryin’—Maybe we'll check it out, but what we're really interested in is the industrial strength of Saugerties.

Reefe- We'll take care of the Fab, Marx. It's all right.

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**ON THE SPOT** w/ the BOLLING DRONES

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food, review

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By Kathleen Whittington

music

JOEJOEJOE AT E. Woodstock; They are in the midst of reorganizing
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will soon be a Free Concert night and Thursdays will be set aside for
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