Richard Starkie, at the age of 46, has resigned as director of security at Bard College to devote as good deal of his time to his family. Starkie will be greatly missed by his many friends in the Bard community. He can't help but be wary as to how that gap in need of friendship and security will be filled.

Starkie, a native New Yorker, has spent most of his years in Queens, N.Y., where he met and married his wonderful wife Bernice. In 21 years of marriage, Dick and Bernice have expanded their family to the lucky number 7-5 children. The oldest two are married. Rich who went to Bard, Shally, who works at Bard, and Tammy, the 13 year old. They are also the proud grandparents of a one year old grandson.

Starkie's employment history began in 1950 in the mail room of the National Industrial Conference Board. From there he joined the Navy for a four year stint. Having two years in Japan with offshore duty on the Battleship New Jersey under his belt, he ended up being stationed on shore in Maine, you've got to sort out the good from the bad and keep out the undesirables.

Starkie has worked nights for so long, that to have weekends off would be "something very rare and unusual, and I probably wouldn't know how to react to it..." I'm used to working nights."

Bernice does not appreciate her husband frequent long absences from home because she also works nights. "I get home later than him and he's sleeping because he has to get up early in the morning...It's like always coming home to nobody...and when he's sleeping, he'll get called out in the middle of the night, and I have to answer the phone all the time and give it to him. But that's the way it is because they believe we have to make a living. We didn't get a college education..." Starkie feels that the most rewarding part of his job is being able to help students out whenever he can. "I've devoted many hours doing a job that's not superior, but it's really like as Stuart Brown said in 1972 when he graduated: "I was an unpaid social worker and psychologist." There things that I've put into that job that others wouldn't. I made myself available at all times. The rewarding things were that if I could've helped any kids with any problems that they had, it would have been a lot of kids walking around completely lost, and I find it rewarding if I can help them get back on the right road."

Starkie's future spans time, as mentioned, will be devoted to his family, while in the past, "there never was no spare time...never no time for my family because I was always concerned with the problems at Bard. And that is one of the biggest reasons why I'm leaving. I've got two girls, one fifteen, one thirteen, at home, and a son who is 21 who said "You were never around to listen to me! When your own children tell you that it hurts."

Concerning Bard activities, Starkie still loves to come watch sports contests. Sports are an all time love for him, having once wanted to be a professional athlete when he grew up. He also likes to "go down the road" on rare occasions, but to him and Bernice, "things have definitely changed..." When Starkie worked at Adolph's about nine years ago, "Kids were different. There were a lot of unique characters. No troubles. No fights. Adolph wouldn't allow any harassing to go on down there. In any case, Starkie does "go down" on occasion, but when he does, he "gets billeted."

One of Starkie and Bernice's main loves is the theatre. They've attended and enjoyed about fifty shows in New York City, and "have kept the Playbills from every one. They both feel that they will one day return home to "the city." Starkie has no solid predictions for the current crop of students at Bard. Besides being the Freshman class, he says, "They are young, but it's too bad they have to go off to college so early. It will be interesting to see how the bunch goes."

As for the returning students, Starkie perceives that "they're becoming more politically active than they have in past years. They sense a little power amongst themselves."

There are no definite "next moves" planned in Starkie's life, he doesn't want to go back to college security, but would consider other work in the field of social work. Starkie contemplates his last few days at Bard, he foresees, "I don't think I'll be returning to Bard in the near future. I want a break from it, and I just want to be home with my family for awhile."

LEVINE INSTITUTE WANTS END TO COLLEGE DORMS

(UPI) Colorado Springs, Aug. 19, 1979. A committee for the Levine Institute for Psychoanalytic Fishery announced today the results of a four year study which proved that residential housing in universities and dormitories caused grave psychological harm. According to the committee chairman, K.S. Levine, "Our tests have shown again...and again, that the dorms in America cause abnormal behavior that leads to venereal disease, lung cancer, the deterioration in judgment capacity and mental coordination..." Mr. Levine also pro-

continued p.9
Paul Spencer

BARD TIMES
OCTOBER 4, 1979

CAMPUS GUN CONTROL: AMOCKERY OF FREEDOM

Bard students seem to be more than willing to involve themselves in political movements, whether it be an anti-nuclear power protest or calling for the resignation of Dick Griffin. That is why I am so amazed by the fact that they have seemingly ignored the great infringement on our freedom as students and human beings by the Administration. I am talking about the college rule against firearms on campus.

To begin with, I am of the firm belief that Gun Control is a lot of bull-shit-nothing but a mess of hot air cooked up by bleeding-hearts like Ted Kennedy and fat loud-mouthed broads like Bella Abzug to further their political ambitions. It is our right to bear arms. You don't know about you, but I might sleep with a .357 Magnum, a Colt .45 Automatic and a .38 Special Smith & Wesson just sitting in a drawer at home collecting dust. That's a shame! I could certainly use them here at Bard. I, like many Bard students, have a lot of expensive possessions such as a stereo, T.V., and a typewriter which I cannot afford to lose to theft. I got a girl who needs protection and security.

The last occurrence of vandalism on campus steel belts of her radials, which in turn caused the tires and light covers of Robert Nedelkoff's car parked next to her melted. The culprit or culprits were nabbed.

At 5:00 A.M., Sharon Gordon's '76 Renault burnt down to the W.W.

A NIGHT OF VANDALISM ON CAMPUS

The culprit or culprits are still unknown and in the mean time we wonder whetherotted parking lot is the safest place to leave one car.

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On the 26th of September there were four episodes of automobile vandalism. The following is an account of what happened according to our investigative reporter.

The first victim was Ronco Pezora whose windshield wipers on his '76 blue fire were nipped.

The culprit or culpritos was gone from her '69

have them registered with the State. At the beginning of the academic year when they had their pictures taken and purchase room keys, they can register their firearms with the school as well. It would be a very orderly process.

This is a very important issue, and one that must take a great deal of consideration. I, like most responsible people, want a peaceful campus. But we cannot have peace without security! This is true both of nation and college. This beneficial mixture of peace and security can be had only if the rule against firearms on campus is repealed.

Last I seem like some lone nut with a twisted dream, I assure you that there are many students like myself. In fact, we are very well organized and will do whatever is necessary to make sure that this issue is not buried by the Administration. We need your support.

Write to Box 719.

Paul Spencer, Chairman, Bard Students for Freedom
THE COPS & ROBBERS COLUMN

I find the issue of campus security among the students, almost to a person, believe that security ought to answer to student "needs." That, on the surface, is good. But which of the two, "needs," among the students represents student "needs?" Let me state very clearly on the purpose of campus security officials.

Campus security officials exist to give parking tickets that remain unpaid and to prevent rape, murder, and theft. It is not as simple as it seems. Some days ago I found in my box a notice that the college was looking for a new Security Director. It urged me to send in my resume to such-and-such address. Presumably students were ranked precisely to children not perceived policemen in such applications.

It is a nice gesture, but I suspect the job is too much for any one student. It would be possible that some would normandy reserved for homework. And then one must remember that security is not a part-time job. Don't pay attention to one's personal convenience. I know some who are as willing to wait in line for a Big Mac as the next person. But when it came to things involving their "business", they were quite impatient, and ready to shoot on sight. Likewise, they were polite towards women they didn't expect to be socialized towards those they did. Nice people.

In Louisville, eh? It brings back memories of the University of Louisville Division of Public Safety, commonly called the DPS. For four years, until I transferred to a more feared and organized. My fears proved well grounded in April 1979, when I was obliged to pay sixty-five dollars in fines and to make a court appearance. This was several months after I had published an article in the University newspaper, The Cardinal, explaining how to avoid getting parking tickets by driving either other than the official ones.

The DPS was, for all practical purposes, established in 1969, after a violent rape-murder on campus. They were hired for the same reason as the appearance on the second paragraph above, except they also tow. They are quite good at catching violators, both real and imagined, and at ticketing cars. They are also good at shooting people as they demonstrated some years ago when they pumped bullets into a student who was allegedly trying to break into the library by crawling into the overnight book drop. Happily the student survived. As for my own vigilantes, there have been a couple of rapas in recent years, and since none of my own vigilantes were not prominent athletes they were viciously prosecuted.

The DPS was not available to anyone at the University. I well remember an occasion where our school vice-presidents was stopped by an officer and informed through a mirror sunglasses, would survey the scene, then whisper. A undergraduate from Tuscaloosa would run up.

"Who, whohdo?" t Kingsford way? (Translation: Son, what do you think this is?) "Well, ah, Chief Dan, if through next metaykan. In aw looks lak they-huh havin what in my mind, why isn't." "Ah, do you suspect, in-mutiny, tooms unna o' that kind?" We go! That's it, tuff!"

The understudy's face lights up. She realizes that her plot works worth boasting about is in the offing. "To mean business!"

"Bannight. Ever' last one of 'em, Minnewfolk we let out after coop' o' hours. Minnefolk we send up foro o' o'chad shah'd ma'pe."

The understudy is lost in fancy. "Yes, mah fellow cido-moon, ah took ahn these here hahmatiksh chah'd-sodo-mants singal-hand' an sen to the right."

"Magin 'they'll awl be in hof it in Eddohville!"

"No, no, not in New Yawk. They're up goin to New Yawk!"

"Attica! Cheyuf, we ga't do theyu? Then's radical prifin'sh."

"Deal. we, we. ga't figg out how to get 'em t." (They the Kentucky pri...)

"They vision faded out here. Now you see that, al' though the current security people may be inadequate, this one might be replaced by others who are much worse. Lunch time used to use this sort of argument when it explain- ed why Idi Amin, while an unpleasant soul to be sure, did not rate the sort of international intervention some argued for. "Hissuccessor may well be bloodier!" True, this logic didn't work out when Amin, or Macias, or Bokassa were overthrown. But it suffered to pad out an article.

Allow me a personal example. Recently, an automobile parked next to mine increased to a crisp. It may or may not have been set. Security showed up too late to see that car, but they did use fire extinguishers to put out the areas still flaring. As a result, my car, rather than catching fire in turn being destroyed, had a couple of tires and light covers melted. Security had let them, in the final analysis.

Which is more than I can say for prominent West Virginia's radical counterpart. When I related my story, the antagonist expressed casually, that such vandalism didn't matter much, since it had not been all summer. The implication was that it would happen again, and that perhaps my car in turn would be immobilized. The statement was one of the two great successes of Russian logic I have come across. The other, to digress a moment, was related to a French teacher at my old school. Once, during the occupation, she was walking down a street with two other friends. At the time, there were Frenchmen who congregated in public places. At a corner they were halted by a German military policeman.

"I am afraid that you are under arrest for violating the assembly-lay," said the teacher, "there is three of you."

"The officer chuckled and shook his head. "There's five of us, and you--and you--and me! That makes four, ja?"

They were quick-minded enough to laugh, so he let them go.

SETTLING FOR A CORNER OF THE SKY by Howard Silverstein

There is a world out there for the taking. Or so they taught us in sixth grade Map Skills. And we ate it all up. That year, I first gained consciousness of the vastness of the globe. We memorized the names of the continents, major countries, the fifty states and their capitals. We really believed that when the time came to settle down--excuse the contradiction--in terms of the sky the whole world would be the limit. It was trendy among my classmates to lay claim to a state, or even a country, and to fantasize about moving there and raising a family. I wanted Montana, but Bruce got it first. So, I settled for Wyoming. Phillip took Colorado and used to fight it out with Nancy over...
Having grown up in the 1960's like most of my fellow students, I suppose naturally I should be thought of as a "product of the Sixties". I assure you, that it is only by chronology that I am such. My freshman year at Bard began in 1976, the same year in which I graduated high school, and the Bicentennial. What has transpired in the first day offreshman orientation (?) and the writing of this article, remains difficult to analyze. But the difficulties herein, lie precisely in the summing up of four years of college, and more important, putting the moral, social, and intellectual climate of my surroundings into perspective.

Upon arriving at Bard, I was struck by (among other things) such as an errant baseball) what seemed to me a deceptively relaxed, unhurried atmosphere about the place, such a change I thought, from the hectic pace of high school. That was until I started classes. My misconceptions about college undoubtedly stems from a somewhat sheltered urban background, as did the honest delusion that college was an extension of high school. It turned out that those lonely, frenetic years at Franklin High (college placement assistance, and all) had done little in the way of helping to prepare for college. It was at least an entire 4 1/2 months before I began to realize that college was a great deal more than just the courses I was taking. On the last night of my first semester I succumbed to Adolph's. It is times like those, when I wished I had a quarter for every "I told ya" that greeted me the following morning.

If one actually learns from his experience, he has learned a great deal indeed. As trite, as it sounds, what I have learned here these past four years which I consider of enduring importance is virtually nothing to do with academia. Learned knowledge or a learned skill can be acquired by almost anyone, provided he or she is sufficiently motivated. Reconciling the inside world with the inner self, on the other hand, is infinitely more difficult, more painful and more challenging. Having observed the changes in Bard parallel with my own, I can say with some assurance that there is no such thing as the "typical" Bard student, despite numerous claims to the contrary. In fact, I will go even further in saying that we can completely deny the existence of this mysterious, elusive animal, because I suggest that he could not exist. Bard doesn't mold the student, the student molds Bard. If on occasion, the face which Bard presents (and an ever changing one it is) looks pock-marked and dirty, the fault lies with the student body, fine faculty and spacious campus notwithstanding. My attitude towards Bard has undergone considerable editing and revision during the past few years, ranging from an initially positive one, to occasional (though vivid) outbursts of almost cynical disgust; and back to positive again. At present, my feelings are not very positive, because I see something happening which I began to notice at the very beginning of last year, something inescapably stronger than apathy and more pervasive than the "Harmless" ideology of "BARD-O STUDY" scribbled on the walls of the Dining Common's, or the awnings and "JUDITH VERMOUTH" in the Albee bathrooms. I see in these "isolated incidents" a general contempt for life, not just for the establishment or specific political ideologies, but a hostile indifference towards the sensibilities of others. As the face of Bard gets dirtier and dirtier, I have become increasingly intolerant of this indifference. One reads frequently in journals and newspapers about the "stagitation of the '60's" the political activism of the '60's" and the "torpidity of the '70's", none of which really meant much to me until recently when I started looking around, and seeing the changing faces of the campus, changing too fast. The landscape of any community must necessarily change in appearance, but for Bard, I do not see it as a change for the better. Instead of growth, I see decay. I look with hope towards the future, for after I graduate, many of my friends will continue here. I hope that their future will be a little brighter.
ALIENATION OR COMMITMENT: to end to scholastic questions

The following is the first in a series of articles on what is hoped will be a useful political, economic and social critique of educational institutions under capitalism with Bard College as a model. One goal of the series is to discuss the role of student hierarchy of power to define our rights, or perhaps violate them by one who is not a student official. But, more importantly, the controversy relates to political relations, the more fundamental realm of social relations. As a student, life as a private individual and interests of the society are of political relations that have been artificially separated from the realm of men’s relations to political and economic institutions. We are basically social persons who relate to institutions in a political fashion. Generally speaking, we are divided into roles as student, administrator, board member, faculty or other students or students. These roles refer to group needs, interests and their interaction. We are part of the social relations that are understood only as revolutionary practice. The coincidence of the changing structures and human activity or self-changing can be concealed and rationally understood only as revolutionary practice. 

The materialist doctrine concerning the changing of circumstances and upbringing forgets that circumstances are changed by men and that it is essential to educate the educator himself. This doctrine must, therefore, divide society into two parts, one of which is the superior position in the goals. The author bears full responsibility for the content and fully admits to its polemical nature.

The recent controversy over security policy and the appointment of Richard Griffin as chief of security is part of a larger question involving student rights, power, and agenda. The move reflected the transfer of authority within the administration. A certified engineer on campus life is appointed to a source outside ourselves. In our social relations, our freedoms and rights are impossible, as great as the power we have to take the authority of the decision-making from the bureaucratic hierarchy. The sit-in action taken against the Administration in the Griffith's controversy showed the exercise of this power. Our interests were objectively, outside of the administrative and governmental context of needs that could only be met by seizing control of the “security policy” area of our lives. Now that we have won in this conflict, it remains for us to explore the other areas of potential freedom.

Freedom is defined by our limited individual life, then the administration is made up of our residents. Our life appears in the innocuous form of a “decision”, the function of the context in which we operate. If our freedom is defined collectively, then the control of any segment of our life represents a limit on our freedom to act in the larger world outside the self. Collective freedom represents both a larger definition of the individual’s potential as well as the suggestion that we are living in an already constituted political community where the actions of each affect each in a significant material way. Most students at Bard feel they have little or no control over the direction of educational policy here.

Their influence is limited to a few committees which in the end can only advise without the power to actually make decisions. There is a real alienation, a separation between both administrative and student groups. The division already exists in the theory that policy belongs to the constituency of educators rather than the community of students, faculty, and administrators. The administration treats its ideas as things (as policy is ratified), and students as ideas (an abstract constituency group who have no right to define the excited idea or “decide” policy. We may intuit or suggest what the Educational Policy “Geist” is, but ultimately the administration is reduced to an act of faith in its own values to determine what the “Geist” is. Of course, the different groups within Bard (teachers, Board members, students, administrators and college employees) who have performed different functions, this does not mean that they should make decisions exclusive of one another. The “ability” or “virtue” of any group does not suggest the need for a corresponding possession of power over another group.

The administration has defined our power as the power to advise. Our speech has been given a political value. However, we can only speak to groups with different interests. That is, speech only becomes the means in which groups relate to each other. The community at Bard is based on groups in which speech is supported by power. Thus, at a Board of Trustees meeting, Board Members’ speech carries more weight than student voices because of the former’s relative status in a relationship of economic power that has put them in a position where they can become Board members, i.e. the superior position in the educational hierarchy. The power to advise is reduced to a triviality because the decisions which affect educational Board policy are made in an alienated fashion. Policy is conducted in a situation where students are removed from the arena of decision-making. Thus, policies are made which bear no relationship to the student group living human beings. Policy is made toward the student as objects. There is no relationship of parity. We are, in fact, pariahs when it comes down to the bottom line of where the final decision is made and it is based on the substance of our educational lives.

On September 21st the Bard Radio Station went back on the air, but not officially. The intent was to work with the equipment and given some time to work out the “kinks” in the system were, and since the radio station uses telephone larger structure to be crucial the cooperation and assistance of local technicians. The station was maintained with the equipment and given some time to work out the “kinks” in 1976. A few new people have been given air time, so the programming scheduleincluding 3 pm until daylight, seven days a week) is almost full. However, there are a few time slots open for any of you who want to turn on the Bard Community to your music or commentary for a couple of hours a week. (Contact Ivan Stoler or Howard Silverstein.)

In the fall of 1976, WANC radio (changed to WXBC) was built with the aid and perseverance of Thomas McPherson, Rob Leder, Charles Moor, Dan Wiltshire. Their goal was to reach the entire Bard Campus with a clean signal, but with little money to purchase high quality components, the goal fell short. This semester the staff of WXBC will persevere in its original goals. A certified engineer has been hired and new equipment ordered; the original goal of reaching the entire campus except Sands, Feitler, Haghen and Schuyler, with a clean signal will be accomplished. Future plans include acquisition of new turntables, a 10 minute four-hour morning show, and increased paid staff with the help of Bard students.

The future of the station is promising. Programs are growing in diversity; you can tune into anything, from the records. To support these plans, WXBC is sponsoring a casino night at which the license has already been purchased and an auction.

36 YEAR OLD WHITE MALE would like to meet a lady 20-40, honest and sincere. Bill Stone, Box 7000-013, Texarkana, Texas 75501
Andrew J.—The Raving Arts Reporter

Having spent time at the Proctor Art Center, I have been well exposed to its magnanimously termed "artistic freedom," and I have come to the conclusion that the majority of art at Bard doesn't work. The true work in creating art is not applying the paint, cutting the stone, or welding the metal and plastic; any hack can do that. The true artist is one who: 1—has personal vision, 2—can give that vision some intellectual coherence, and 3—can coherently communicate that coherent vision.

At Bard, however, it would seem that only the first requirement is fulfilled, if fulfilled at all, and somewhat preposterously at that. It would also seem that Bard art majors are either not very visionary, or are very astigmatic, or just don't see the necessity for vision in art. To that I say: "Art Gratis Arts (Art for Art's Sake)" may have done well for M-G-M, but at Bard, this philosophy has been disavowed, resulting in a corpus of work that rivals dead animals on the highway for point and aesthetic sense. (This is not true of all Bard art; many works of merit manage to slip past the faculty unnoticed.) The student work of the art department bears out my opinion. These films, termed "avant-garde" for want of a better description, show no sense of montage, and no sense of any other kind. At one such epic, it took the audience and myself included, ten minutes to realize that the subject was a naked woman. Not only did this film not move me intellectually, spiritually, or emotionally (falling as art, not only did it not amuse me (failing as entertainment), it also did not sexually arouse me (thus falling as pornography). It succeeded in occupying a qualitative no-man's-land. Film majors in the audience, however, proceeded to lead it to the heavens, having formed a mutual admiration society for the creators of celluloid claptrap.

The music department's cardinal sin is that of pretension. It is partially accomplished by it's high degree of technical performance, but not totally. Music is partly a spiritual and philosophical art, and is in this area that pretention and pomposity, and even self-righteousness abound. Consequently there exists in the department a "cosmic" and very lunatic fringe that very clinically complains of disinterest and noise and calls it music. Give me the subtlety and melodic genius of a poetic drum drill any day.

The drama department is refreshing in its lack of pretension. Only rarely is the vision inherently flawed. The main problem is an occasional inability to communicate or understand the vision on the part of the director or the actors. Still the drama department delivers the highest percentage of "quality" I have seen. One would seem that the strict hierarchy within a production eliminates that anarchy (called artistic freedom) that promotes pointlessness and confusion. Although I do not think that science critique the Dance Department, being largely unacquainted with its capabilities to that little I have seen exhibit that confusion which is a hallmark of artistic anarchy and lack of discipline.

In short, the majority of art at Bard is a sham, a fake that is easy to perpetrate. For the majority of art at Bard is a sham, a fake that is easy to perpetrate.

The New York Art Scene

Randall Battermann

The insular community of troglodytes clinging to the neat little t-square formed by 57th Street and Madison Avenue, and its claim of being the pulse if not the heart of the art world for decades, occasionally this smug boast has been credited due to a variety of reasons. Prominent among these have been the abdications of Paris and London as important art centers and the sheer weight of the collections at the Big Apple's museums and galleries.

This season, however, appears to have earned the art capital's status for the city for far more positive reasons. The perennial delights, the Met, the Frick, Modern Art, the Whitney, and the Guggenheim have all fleshed out their permanent collections with exciting new acquisitions and extensive loans. Some of these loans such as the Matisses collection loaned to the Guggenheim by the Baltimore museum are not only comprehensive, but are visibly dispersed by the Mandarins as "new art." Contrast this vigorously with the unlabeled emperors of those "old artists in new bottles" impertinences. Our emperors and even geniuses by the academicians is one new collection.

On June 6, 1978 a nineteenth century American painting done by George Caleb Bingham set an auction record when it was sold for $980,000 to the famous international New York art dealers Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 70th Street. Hirsch & Adler Galleries has stirred the art world in the past with its French Impressionist, American Primitive, American Expressionist, and other shows, both orthodox, avant-garde and spiritual. The painting, "The Jolly Flatboatmen," sent shock waves of disbelief coursing through the international art market and made worldwide headlines.

Equally awesome was the sale of the American Frederic Church's "New England Landscape" for $230,000, the highest price ever paid for a Frederic Church.

Norman Hirsch, director of Hirsch & Adler predicts a great growth of interest for nineteenth century American painters whose works have been long neglected and is striving to correct to "the forefront of rediscovering for the American public of our own American Impressionism." Mr. Hirsch's earliest exposure to the art world was as an apprentice to Frederic Frazier, an Englishman who managed Hirsch galleries in N.Y. which specialized in Barbizon, late 19th century English painting, (especially the Pre-Raphaelites) and old masters. Mr. Hirsch learned rapidly from this the importance of exploring that great expanse of land comfortably wedged between the Hudson River and the Pacific Ocean so to introduce art to these "Hinterlands." For twelve years, he managed the influential John Levy gallery in New York whose competition included such notable galleries as M. Knoedler and Wildenstein.

When Hirsch and Adler was first established 20 years ago in the Hayague Hotel, 270 Park Avenue, the opening exhibition included works by Beppe Boudin, Maurice Brazil Tour, Richard Wilson, Gilbert Stuart, George Inness, Mary Cassatt, and the marvelous but little appreciated at the time, American Impressionist and Old Hassen, whose present day acceptance may be largely ascribed to Mr. Hirsch's faith and promoting efforts.

Mr. Hirsch may well be proud of his pioneering of the brilliant Emil Nolde to the American public of our own American Impressionism.

Mr. Hirsch's earliest exposure to the art world was as an apprentice to Frederic Frazier, an Englishman who managed Hirsch galleries in New York.

A brilliant Emil Nolde to the American public of our own American Impressionism.

In short, the majority of art at Bard is a sham, a fake that is easy to perpetrate.
The career of Erich Von Stroheim was practically doomed from the start. Ever since he arrived in Hollywood in 1912, the temperamental young Austrian was viewed by many as a troublemaker, and more often than not, they were right. Indeed, Von Stroheim was a troublemaker, a quarrelsome, tyrannical, at times individualist. Forever at the mercy of hack cutters and enraged business executives who complained that his films weren't making enough money (which was often the case), Von Stroheim relentlessly maintained his artistic integrity, even as it happened, at the expense of his directorial career.

Von Stroheim was an artist, indeed, in the sense that he was the greatest American filmmaker, second only to Welles, and of them, although I will concede that his legendary perfectionism and abhorrence of mediocrity in all levels of production (as evidenced in Foolish Wives, 1924, where the costume and yellow decor, not to mention the set for Monte Carlo were tailored and built with almost documentary authenticity) and meticulous care, stamp him as a first-rate craftsman if not something less than a master.

The film itself had a rather banal plot, concerning a lascivious Russian nobleman Count Kamzin (played to the hilt by Stroheim) the American Ambassador to Monaco who has just arrived in Monte Carlo on business. The count, persuaded by his two dubious cousins, learns where the ambassador's wife, is staying and after some deliberation, seeks her out and strikes up a conversation which leads to a semi-affair. Knowing that she is captivated by his swelling aristocratic manner he tells her that he is completely broke, admitting that he has been living solely on his estate in Russia and needs a considerable sum of money in order to pay off all of his debts. She consents to lend him the money, but meanwhile the count's jealous maid whom he once consented to marry, had overheard the entire conversation between the count and the ambassador's wife and in a fit of jealousy sets fire to the palace and both of them are nearly burned to death. Apparently the shock of the whole episode was too much for the ambassador's wife, and in the end she returns to her husband, realizing that she had been, indeed, a "foolish wife". Literary merit aside, one of the few saving graces of the film was Von Stroheim's wonderfully stylized Kamzin. His performance (monocle and all) was somewhat eclectic, in that his image seemed more Prussian than Russian. At times he resembled an Ulman officer with his scarred face and stiff carriage, other times, an archetypal European nobleman.

In sharp contrast is Robert Ricketts, who despite the airiness and fragility of his style, fashions his work with a sense of American vitality which removes it from the trite and banal upon it an exciting sense of urgency. In sharp contrast is Robert Ricketts, whose style, slightly mysterious aspect lends an air of the occult to his work. Other Americans to watch out for are; Opden Plasemiero, who medium is watercolor, Robert Vickrey, a master in the arcane domain of acrylics, and the precision and realism of Ken Davis's still lifes. Indeed, cousins, learns where the art has had a slow start, he was the greatest American artist, had his day in N.Y.C. in 1934. He has been involved in a multitude of exhibitions including the Modern Museum of Munich, Germany, and the Parrish Art Museum in Southampton, N.Y. Also being exhibited is Michael J. Kakissis, who, despite the airiness and fragility of his style, fashions his work with a sense of American vitality which removes it from the trite and banal upon it an exciting sense of urgency.
Irene Dance Theatre

A production of Pafu and Her Friends by Maria Irene Fornes that requires unusual discipline and complete concentration. Director Allen Pasoff and her cast of eight women spend hours getting to know each other and themselves better. Much of their warm up period before rehearsal is devoted to exercises specifically created to help in the centering and controlling of the self. Control of the vocal, visual, mental and physical aspects of performance technique are all stressed and repressed.

The intimate nature of Pafu makes rehearsal more than just a time for learning one’s lines. In order to interact in a natural way, one must have both self-control and a sense of communication. The resulting effectiveness will be in direct proportion to the cast’s devotion to Ms. Pasoff’s intense method of preparation. The transition from rehearsal to performance is made more difficult by Bard’s super-analytical approach to relationships. The cast must virtually unlearn the Freudian concepts so prevalent in the seventies. In order to satisfy the script Ms. Pasoff has worked with Ms. Fornes on this as well as other plays, and has seen the playwright’s own production recently given at the American Place Theatre. She adds her first-hand perception to the authentic interpretation. The emphasis in the Bard production is on the characters which people Pafu. She claims, “There are no insignificant roles in Pafu, all of them are important.”

As for the play itself, it is set in the mid-thirties. The thirties was a time of gloom and a time of affinity. It was an era that provided the worst of some things and the best of others. Fornes chose that ambiguous period - the worst of some things and the best of others. Fornes has seen the mid-thirties. In order to satisfy the script Ms. Pasoff has worked with Ms. Fornes.

Features in the cast are: Alissa Moser, Katie Hubert, Robin Hardy, Lauren Buffardi, Kathy DiStefano, and Judy Kaplan.

Certainly the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance’s first production of the year is an ambitious one. But, if the dedication and hard work that I have seen in the rehearsals pay off, the performance of Pafu and Her Friends will be rich, warm and exciting.

Theatre and Dance Productions

Oct. 13, 14, 15, 16 - Pafu and Her Friends - Maria Irene Fornes

Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23 - Pwec Theatre

Nov. 3, 4, 5, 6 - The Miser

J. B. Molieres

Nov. 17, 18, 19, 20 - Student Directed Repertory: Action-Sam Shepard

Wye’s Due in Eastbourne in 10 Min.- N. F. Simpson

Theatre - Witold Gombrowski

Dec 8, 9, 10, 11 - Dance Theatre

L. C. 16, 17, 18 - As You Like It - William Shakespeare

HOOKS - NOT SOME NEW ROCK & ROLL

The lead guitarist, who writes all of the original material, was derelict and goofy enough with a repertoire of silly, pained facial expressions. The keyboardist looked like a reject from a lounge band - overweight and going back to mom’s house in New Jersey. The drummer was the ethnic spice in the band. I couldn’t tell what nationality he was, but he would make a great extra in an epic film on Attila the Hun. The vocalist, Sharon, there 6,8, or 10 more like her?, was cute, slender, and wore great clothes. The bass player was the most real and unaffected. He had a quiet, almost refined appearance. Their music was loud rock and roll, quite competent, with obvious Blondie overtones. While the music was nothing to be enthralled about, it was nothing to throw up at either. Hooks had a good sound, rather good stage presence, and they were great to dance to; everyone seemed to enjoy the evening.

Lucy and Hannah are definitely “hooked”
NOT INSANE PRESENTS: 7 NECESSARY NEW WAVE "HITS"

This year’s freshman orientation program was analogous to a summer camp, replete with built-in trips but minus the arts and crafts. After three days I started to lose sight of the fact that this is college and not just a week in the country for opulent fresh air kids. All of this fun was toned with a sense of anticipation concerning the rigor of the weeks to come.

With mostly freshmen on campus, it was easy to see the diversity of the incoming students—punks, teary-eyedly, all dorms should be converted into solar heated apartments of college employees to save on commuting energy wastes and to end alienation of the socialist variety. And finally, “students should be moved into dorms shared with their professors; the Platonic dialogue must take place after hours. We can cut down on immoral behavior if the academics are willing to provide the proper moral example and ego-ideal for the youngists.” Lou Harris reported that over 45% of students of college age approved the plan, with 32% opposed, 3% unsure, and 20% against. The move for dorm conversion was overwhelmingly by Lee

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 included documentary producer for CBS; senior editor at Viking Press; John Balaban, Bureau chief for TV Guide in Washington D.C.

END TO DORMS CONTINUED... posed a three point plan designed to combat nautical realizm. First, he argued for "a complete end to college dormitories..." Secondly, all dorms should be converted into solar heated apartments of college employees to save on commuting energy wastes and to end alienation of the socialist variety. And finally, “students should be moved into dorms shared with their professors; the Platonic dialogue must take place after hours. We can cut down on immoral behavior if the academics are willing to provide the proper moral example and ego-ideal for the youngists.” Lou Harris reported that over 45% of students of college age approved the plan, with 32% opposed, 3% unsure, and 20% against. The move for dorm conversion was overwhelmingly

FRESHMEN ORIENTATION—WHAT IS IT? by Jessica Bayer

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ENVIRONMENTALISTS TO TAKE ACTION WITH "CLEAN FUN"

If you want to have sex, do not read this article. On Wednesday, September 26th, Mary Bugatt, Peter Amato and Richard Griffiths met with the Bard Environmentalists to discuss the implementation of an on-campus conservation campaign. They believe that with direct action and complete support from the community, excessive energy waste can be eliminated. The Environmentalists will be placing decals next to light switches as reminders to everyone that lights not in use should be turned off. Security personnel have been instructed to turn off unnecessary lights during their rounds. Physical Plant intends to turn off the heat in dormitories on October 15th or earlier if it is necessary. In the months to come, Richard Griffiths, with his Building and Grounds crew will be engaged in energy efficiency projects. The plans include the lowering of the ceiling in Kline Commons for more efficient heating; they will construct a centralised heating system in Manor and Manor Annex; they will re-build the electrical systems in many dormitories making them more efficient. The Environmentalists with Building and Grounds will assist any students in storm-proofing their rooms in preparation for the winter months. Working together, we can make much progress towards creating an energy efficient community. Read the BSE Environmentalists for Safe Energy bulletin board. Rallies, lectures, on campus and off campus projects are in the works. The BSE meets every Wednesday at 7:00 P.M. in Albee Social; come to the meeting and speak out about issues that concern you and your environment.

The Environmentalists

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As you will remember, the Bard soccer team clinched the N.A.C. (Northbound Athletic Conference) title last year with a record of 9 to 2. So far, this season, they are doing well with a record of 2 wins and 1 loss.

Bard's second game with Columbia Green Community College was a well-balanced match. The Bard was leading in the first half, 2-1, when Bard's Community College tied it up to 2-2 in the second half. Though Bard's cross country team has not won either of their two meets this year, they have run well in both of them. The first of the cross country meets was held at the 3.9 mile course at Olana State Park. Greenfield Community College placed first, Columbia Green place second, and Bard placed third. The top Bard runner was Dave Willard, who placed 6th with a time of 23:20.

The second meet was with Bard Community College in Pittsfield. Bard took 4th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, and 11th place out of 15 runners. The best time for the 4.8 mile course was 25:30. That is about a 5 minute mile, very fast for cross country.

According to coach Bill Griffith, the 1979 team appears to have faster runners than the 1974 Bard team that won the N.A.C. championship. While Bard is running faster this year, so is the rest of the league, and from the looks of the first two meets we can look forward to some stiff competition in the weeks to come.

This year's runners are: Dave Willard, Greg Phillips, Jamie Humphrey, Mike Marshall, Terry Allen, John Stoddart, Roque Sanchez, Chad Wysong, and Lisa Durfee. Clear the track for Lisa. She has already set records for the fastest woman's time on each of the two courses run so far and she will certainly be setting a few more.

We understand that our soccer field has a prominent hill causing for a great deal of irregular plays. This must be why we have so few home games. Or is it that other schools can't seem to find Bard on the Athletic Map and rather than get lost on their way to us and our tilted field they would rather come to them? We hope that the extra energy on our part fosters winning aggressiveness.

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?

Equal pay for equal work does not appear to be the policy of Building and Grounds. Maids are paid about fifty cents less than Janitors yet the women we have spoken to feel that they work just as hard as the men. The Janitors we have spoken to agree. Is there wage discrimination at Bard College? The maids say yes. Now where do they go from here?

questions from the editors-

With the radical housing shortage on campus, how long can the school postpone the renovation of Stone Row? Dear Peter, we sympathize, our understanding was that it would be done by this past January.

Why, in the first week of October, when the Planning Committee has fairly much decided on the allocations for the semester, can't landlords come through with a definite figure for the convocation fund so the Planning Committee can finalize their disbursements?
ON YOUR OWN

FILMS

Bread and Chocolate (Italy '78) . . . . . Oct 4-7
Upstate Films, Rhinebeck
Admission: $2. 876-2515

MOONRAKER
Lyceum Theatre, Redhook
Admission: $2.50 758-3311

They Shoot Horses Don't They?
SUNY College at New Paltz
Showtimes: 7:00 and 9:30
257-2193

Trivial Pursuit
Bardavon 1869 Opera House
More info call 473-2072

LEGACY (US '75)
The Scenic Route (US '78)
Upstate Films
Admission: $1.00 and Up

FREE, Lecture Center
Munsterberg, Professor Emeritus.
Scheduled for Oct 4-7

THINGS TO COME
SUNY College at New Paltz
Showtimes: 7:00 and 9:30 pm

THE MALE DANCER
Among featured artists: Paul Taylor and Arthur Mitchell

LECTURES

Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden will be speaking with a musical introduction by John Hall, a member of Musicians United for Safe Energy.
Time: 12:00 noon in the Old Main Bldg.
SUNY College at New Paltz

AN ART HISTORIAN VISITS CHINA, illustrated lecture. Dr. Hugo Runsterberg, Professor Emeritus. Free, Lecture Center 112 SUNY College at New Paltz, 8:00 pm

THEATRE

Long Days Journey Into Night
Parker Theatre SUNY College at New Paltz. Advanced reservations recommended.
Showtime: 8:00 pm
Further info: 257-2081
Box office: 257-2192

Julius Caesar
Bardavon 1869 Opera House
Poughkeepsie, 473-2072

Much Ado About Nothing
Bardavon 1869 Opera House

Professional Children's Theatre
Bardavon 1869 Opera House
11:00 am and 2:00 pm

EXHIBITS

Drawings, Prints and Small Sculpture
Jurors: Frank Alexander, Lily Kite, Norm Morgan and Work of Three Juries
Opening reception Sat. Oct 6, 4-6 pm
28 Tinker St. Woodstock
Info: 679-2940

Photographs by Nora Moore
Opening reception Sun. Oct 7, 2-5 pm
Barrett House, 55 Market St., Poughkeepsie

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