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Everybody must getstoned: Two hundred University students stoned the Mexican Embassy in Managua, capital city of Nicaragua on Oct. 4. According to U. P. I., the students broke several windows and wrested the Mexican government seal from the office and made off with it.

The Guardian

A Ripple in a Very Large Pool: More than 100 students of NYU occupied two Bronx campus buildings from dawn until noon last Friday to protest the dismissal of John F. Hatchett who had called Vice President Humphrey, Richard Nixon, and Albert Shanker, head of NY city’s teachers union “racist bastards.”

The New York Times

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From the HEMP: I’d hate to be stuck in a fourth floor in a tenement with the rats nipping on the kid’s toes — and they do— with the garbage uncollected—and it —— with the streets filthy, with no swimming pools, with little or no recreation. I’d hate to be put into those conditions, and I want to tell you, if I were in those conditions, and that should happen to have been my situation, I think you have had a little more trouble than you’ve had already because I’ve got enough spark left in me to lead a mighty good revolul over those conditions.

--from a talk by Vice President Humphrey to the National Association of County Officials, July 18th, 1966.

LNS—NY

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Peru Nationalizes Esso Oil Subsidiary -- Peru’s new military government Wednesday nationalized the $200-million holdings of U.S. owned International Petroleum Co., a subsidiary of Esso Standard Oil, N. J. Gen. Juan Velasco Alvarado, head of the military junta which ousted the constitutional regime of President Fernando Belaunde Terry less than a week ago, announced the expropriation. He went on a nationwide radio-television network to ask the citizenry to support his action, Velasco spoke for only five minutes. His emotion was such that he was halted frequently for words. He said his action was the first step in a program of “national reinduction and defense of sovereignty.”

UPI

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Congolese Rebel Leader Executed -- Congo’s rebel leader Pierre Mulele was executed by a firing squad Wednesday, 16 days after he gave himself up, hoping for a pardon. The neighboring Brazzaville government, the former Belgian Congo, broke off diplomatic relations in protest. A statement broadcast by Brazzaville Radio accused Kinshasa Congo President Joseph Mobutu of going back on his word in executing the leftist leader. Mulele, wanted for having led a rebel movement in the former Belgian Congo, was turned over to Kinshasa authorities by the Brazzaville government after he gave himself up Sept. 29.

UPI

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Catholics and Protestants Battle in N. Ireland -- Riot police in Londonberry, Northern Ireland Monday fought stone-throwing youths in the third straight night of violent protest by minority Catholics against the Protestant city government. Prime Minister Harold Wilson summoned Premier Terence O’Neill to London and ordered an investigation of the incident. At least 98 persons have been injured since Saturday night when police broke up a Catholic parade intended to protest alleged discrimination in the allocation of jobs and housing.

The Guardian

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Washington, D. C.: The Warren Circuit: The Supreme Court on Oct. 7 overruled a stay of transfer granted by Justice William O Douglas in the case of 206 army reservists. The reservists may still pursue their appeals of lower court decisions, but they are now subject to immediate transfer to Vietnam. The reservists argued that the 1966 law under which President Johnson ordered their units activated contradicted their contracts under an earlier law that based any Reservist call-up on a formal declaration of war or national emergency.

The Guardian

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Flushes: The Celluloid Circus and the Fourth Wall: Godard’s “Alphaville” with the “Manchurian Candidate” playing Oct. 17-21 at the Elgin Cinema, 8th Ave., and 19th St. — Country Joe and the Fish at the Fillmore East Oct. 18 and 19th. — Radial Theatre Repertory presents Up Against the Tree Theatre, a Benefit for the Columbia Legal Defense Fund at the Fillmore East, 2nd Ave., and 6th St., Tues. Oct. 22 at 8. P. M.; and the Living Theatre, Open Theatre, the Pageant Players and the 6th Street Theatre — Miss Copper Queen by Mogen Terry and the Baptism by Lebo Jones will be at the Players Workshop, 249 7th Ave. This Friday and Saturday evenings at 8:45 P. M.; — Les Biches (more than a sensitive or sensual triangle) at the 68th St. Playhouse.

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New York — Come On People, Now, Love On Another — Herman Ferguson, senatorial candidate of the New York Freedom and Peace Party (PPP) and his campaign manager, Arthur Harris, were sentenced Oct. 3 to from 31/2 to 7 years in Sing Sing Penitentiary for “conspiracy to murder” Ray Wilkins and Whitney Yound. Sentencing of the two black defendants took place in the Queens County courtroom. Ferguson and Harris were convicted last June 15 on testimony presented at the trial by Holstein admitted he himself had planned.

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Greenfield, Mass.—Split in the Underground — Court action against staff members and associates of Liberation News Service in New York City ended Oct. 4 as a group pleaded guilty to charges of breach of peace. The solution, usually known as plea-copping, was forced upon the group when Ray Muno and Marshall Bloom (LNS, Mass.) filed the new breach of peace charges. The trials were the result of a split within the news service in which the Mass. members posted contents of the New York office in a midnight raid, and the New York group attempted to reclaim them.

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The Guardian

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And before I’d Be a Slave — sabotage -Ann Arbor, Michigan — a two-story building temporarily occupied by the CIA, Kingston, two buildings used by the Urban Renewal Office found kindling. Firebombing of the Wisconsin Selective Service Headquarters in Madison, Three bombs inflicted considerable damage to government buildings in Oakland; On Oct. 2, a bomb exploded inside the Oakland Hall of Justice (Police Headquarters). Less than 24 hours later, another explosion blew out 263 windows in the Almadan county court house (where the trial of Black Panther Huey Newton was recently held).

The Guardian

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Sejong—It’s All Over Now for the Red White and Blue — American bombing of the North and the DMZ intensified this month: despite the restricted target area U.S. officials have been talking about in Paris. On Oct. 4, U.S. pilots flew 143 missions against enemy targets above the DMZ. In the first 1/2 of Sept., the U.S. made an average of 85 raids per day on the southern provinces of North Vietnam. More than 40,000 bombs were dropped in these areas.

The Guardian

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Fort Bood, Texas: The Ford Hood Three: After more than two years in prison, the Fort Hood Three are to be released this month. Dennis Mora will be free on Oct. 16, with David Samas and James Johnson due out a few weeks later. In Sept. 1966, the three refused orders to Vietnam and were imprisoned subsequently to court martial.

The Guardian

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The Guardian
Washington (CP)--Running parallel to last week'sHUAChearingsonadversion in Chicago was a slideshowentitled "Life's Little Circle". Puton by local Movement groups, the Circus was billed as an alternative to the more formalgoings-on in the Cannon House Office Building.

Both Washington University, focal point of activity, and American University, held forums at which the Movement leaders in town for the hearings gave the standard speech against the war, againstHUAC, and for funds to keep the Movement solvent.

Tom Miller, but since Chicago the audience has changed dramatically. While before radical speakers ended up talking to small bands of those already convinced of the war's worthlessness, lately the police have to exclude a sizeable number of people looking over the "peace-crowd" to see if there is anything worth listening to. Many seemed convinced. From the beginning it seemed evident that there was not only a boost in numbers, but in enthusiasm as well.

The main attraction at the outside-the-earном activities, though, was the Cultural Circus. It started the weekend before the hearings on Washington's P Street Beach (which isn't a beach) and ended on the capital Mall (which is barely a mall). The most notable characters were Yippies Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner and the entourage which accompanies them on trips. Coordinating the affairs was Dennis Livingston of Washington's guerrilla theatre groups.

As far as the public was concerned, these rallies were the only real events of the week. TheHUAChearings had almost disappeared. Among the spectators were fewer than 40 uniformed policemen, and an unknown number in plainclothes. In order to get a mythical spectator pass, you had to get a regular House gallery pass and then sign up on a pad of paper a Capitol policeman kepthim with him. By the end of the hearings over 200 names were on it; none of them gained entry.

Yet the sight of unusually gowned and colorfully attired people lining the walls of a House Office building did liven up the place. Paper hats, bubble gum and apples were handed out to spectators the first morning. Occasionally peace chants would rise out of the crowd. On one occasion, "Up against the wall" was repeated in a crescendo that baffled police. What could they do?

It was the finest week for the Yippies, born at a party in New York City last December. TheHUAChearings were the symbol of success for a massive put-on.

Not only did the Congressional committee evidently believe that such an absurdity as Yippies was nonexistent, but even the Yippies had already abandoned their anti-establishment, but even the Yippies had already abandoned their anti-establishment

by George Brewster

Early last Saturday morning there was a drug bust at Bard. Unlike the raid last spring, it did not involve an informer, it was not planned in advance, and it was not conducted by Sheriff Quinlan.

At 4:30 A.M. on Saturday morning, Dean Selinger received a call from Pat DeFife, a campus procutor, saying that he had received word that there was a person on campus selling drugs. The information came from a student through an intermediary, and concerned Paula Dorfman, a former Bard student.

Miss Dorfman was located by Mr. DeFife and the drugs in her possession were confiscated. According to the Dean, there were "substantial quantities" of LSD and mescaline, among other things. After consulting President Kline, the Dean instructed the procutor to bring Miss Dorfman and the drugs to the Dean's office. She did not interrogate her, but called the state police who sent two troopers. The troopers escorted Miss Dorfman and the drugs to headquarters.

When she was interrogated by the authorities, she divulged some information which, although helping to lessen the seriousness of the charges against her, also implicated a Bard student. Specifically, she gave the police the name of a student to whom she had sold acid.

Miss Dorfman appeared before Frank Martin and received a fine of $250 for "criminal possession of dangerous drugs."
The State Police informed Dean Selinger of the student named by Miss Dorfman, but did not press charges. Thus, the matter became a disciplinary matter within the jurisdiction of the Dean. The action the Dean took against the implicated student was, as those who know the particular student realize, well considered and fair.

Drug Policy

In a recent interview the Dean explained his basis for disciplinary actions in drug cases. Each case can only be judged by its own facts, not with a general policy. The circumstances to be considered are:

1. Whether the person involved is a student or non-student.
2. Whether the person was simply using drugs or was dealing drugs.
3. The type of drugs involved.
4. The quantity of drugs involved.

By way of the school's complying with the law, the Dean stated, "If it becomes necessary for the College to take possession of drugs, and if the law requires that they be turned over to the state police, it will be done. In addition, he unequivocally stated that the administration will not knowingly allow informers to place or lobby their purpose of gathering evidence.

From these policies, then, it can be seen that the Dean was justified in dealing with Miss Dorfman the way he did. The student involved was given every consideration. In the first case, the facts that the person was a student, and that any number of relatively "hard" drugs constituted a felony and would endanger the entire school if sold, were taken into account. The second case, he explained, was a mistake.

The Dean's actions, then, were in the best interests of the school and the students. If the student hadn't notified the procutors of Miss Dorfman's actions, there would have been no arrest made. As for that student, it seems that he was just an over-zealous anti-drug fiend who accidentally discovered Miss Dorfman's dealing.

But for those still having feelings of paranoia or righteous indignation, you might think about which one of your fellow students is so concerned over his fellow students' well being that he wants to keep them away from drugs -- even to the extent of endangering those students he's supposedly trying to protect. Or perhaps he just "squealed" on Miss Dorfman out of hate. Whichever way it came about, it certainly is sickening to know that any Bard student is capable of bringing the police onto his own campus.

Rubin and Krassner were announcing their plans for the coming months. Rubin talked of the fun in Washington on inauguration day, Krassner urged people to go vote and throw up in polling booths to "scare the system. He said he hoped he'd be called to testify. He was going to present the committee with one of his "Pink Course cards" posters and accuse them of being soft on Communism if they didn't accept it.

At one of his regular luncheon press conferences with about 35 newsmen, Rubin also expressed sorrow that he hadn't been called to testify. "I planned to tell them everything" he said. He carried with him the Washington phone book to submit as the Yippie membership list. He said this was the second time in two years HUAC had paid his way to Washington only to not let him testify. "And I'm getting pretty pissed," he concluded.

"Excuse me" came Krassner's voice from the crowd of newsmen, "is that spelled p-t-s-e-o-d-?"
by Wayne Robins

"We don't want to be shit sleuths" was the way someone described the animal programs in Robbins House. The remains left on the rugs and halls of Robbins, in the mailroom and classrooms throughout the school have become a problem warranting serious HPC attention. It was decided that a committee would investigate complaints and make recommendations of fines or other legal action against owners of disrespectful dogs. While the committee was in heated debate concerning the situation, a representative of the dogs, Pushkin (not an HPC member) walked through the half open door in an obvious attempt at self-legitimation. Pushkin received a mixed reaction of cheers and boos when he left the meeting, only to return a few minutes later to dramatize his point. HPC was not to be intimidated by anyone's lobby, and it was decided to set up investigations in spite of Pushkin's passionate protests. All investigations were tabled until Monday night's referendum. It was realized that the social probations given to the girl in South Hall last week was made a fit of paranoia. That case was different than any other, and pointed out the danger of HPC or anyone else playing judge and jury. A motion to rescind this case was made by a vote of 30-17, and the case was tabled. The committee realized that the way violations have been handled previously was "inane" and therefore came to a decision. First, they approved the new social regulations, and then pledged to take firm action on any violations under the new rules. An official motion was passed stating that two points were to be assigned for inter- visitation and one point for noise violations. Special consideration is to be given to appeals. However, if no appeal is made, it will be assumed to be a plea of guilty.

Mrs. Sugatt also added to clarify the "townie" situation. A meeting between "the Dean and myself, the state police chief for this area, Mr. Delfie, Mr. Grifflath, and two students" had come to a few conclusions and recommendations. The police chief said that because of the tremendous area involved in their jurisdiction and a shortage of manpower, regular patrols cannot be made at all times. He was adamantly in stating that our proctors not carry guns, but have a good communications network, with walkie talkies, so that the police could arrive at the scene of any incidents in a matter of minutes.

The "Dean", Mrs. Sugatt continued, "did not represent any organized extremist attitude. The people who have caused the trouble are just alienated people with nothing to do. There is nothing for them to do here, and they feel rejected by Bard people. We have generally good rapport with the community at large. So far, the courts here are on our side. Three of these people have been arrested here, one with quite a record. Justice Martin threw the book at them and one is out $750 bail. We need the support and protection of the police. Any retaliation by Bard students could only worsen the situation." Be cool.

The roots of Manny Farber's work can be found in Abstract Expressionism and Oriental rugs and tapestries. Mr. Farber has done much the same thing as Helen Frankenthaler and Robert Motherwell; he has moved beyond Abstract Expressionism to a more personalized means of expression. Although the Manny Farber exhibit in Procter Art Center may appear to be without focus it demonstrates what is a very definite development of one man's work. The earliest piece in the show, a work in vivid red, yellow and blue, displays a rather crude and almost jarring handling of color. It lacks the subtleties inherent in the artist's later works. Mr. Farber has tried to lessen the harshness of this painting with neutral areas created by masking tape, footprints on the yellow band and the tonal variations in the large color areas. In later paintings, the artist becomes more sensitive to color, turning to the brown earth to find greater subtlety.

One may ask why Mr. Farber chose to do several still lifes in the course of his many abstract works. An answer might be that the realistic aspect presents a quicker, more direct method of seeing the problem of form and color relations, thus allowing the artist to move more readily back into abstract pieces.

The works of Mr. Farber suggest that he has found the same interest which Matisse did, the exotic color of Persian miniatures. In the large pieces on brown paper he is working with a problem many artists are trying to solve now; that is, to move away from a traditional format which is bounded on four sides with a frame. These pieces have shaped unbound edges which tend to make to painting move away from its edge and become almost environmen
tal.

In the large works, Mr. Farber deals with bright colors again, but considerably more successfully than in the early works. What he has learned from working with the earth colors is culminated in a large painting which is primarily red but moves from a dark greenish-red, through the range of orange and yellow to white. Here the artist has produced a field painting where all the colors seem to merge into one, yet remain apart enough to be definite color forms acting together.

Manny Farber's most recent exploration are very much a part of the changing world of art today. He is working with a large format -- most of his pieces are much larger even than those latest ones displayed at Procter -- done in acrylic paint and dayglow colors on brown paper. They can be done quickly and are quite disposable.

Two small dark paintings seem to throw the still lifes, Muted colors done in an almost cubist manner characterize these pieces. A series of dot paintings, using the lighter color show the next step towards abstraction and a more personal expression. In these works we see a brightening of the palette and great control in the subtle color relationships. What appears to be the final stage in this series of small paintings shows that Mr. Farber feels confident in handling his color. He employs brighter (though somewhat pale) color, along with more earthy shades. The colors in these paintings come close to those of Frankenthaler although they are not yet as loosely applied.

An old painting, done on canvas, links the small works to larger, later ones. It, too, is reminiscent of Frankenthaler. Mr. Farber juxtaposes itself contained forms upon a generally loosely painted work. Like Frankenthaler, he uses colors which eminate light.

The latest compositions of Mr. Farber are large works done with acrylics on brown paper. The influence of Oriental rugs and tapestries is readily seen in these pieces. The form, shaped edges on easily rolled up paper makes them much like movable wall hangings. Colorwise they have the play between vivid day-glows and oranges and various shades of more muted blues.

"You may consider it a fact that all narcotics seized on this campus will be turned over to law enforcement agencies. There will be no hiding or protecting... As to whether the student will be turned over with the drugs is an open question..."

This statement by Bruce Lieberman concerning the Saturday bust at Hilltwood, in which a non student was handed over to the state police with a small amount of acid and speed found on her, was the only event of interest in an otherwise dull and short Senate meeting. There has also been a meeting with the District Attorney Rosenblatt, concerning the harassment of Bard students on public roads and the possibility of feeding the buns. The discussion so far has shown that Rosenblatt, according to Lieberman, is "reasonable" and there is

by Wayne Robins

"Some hope that fruitful dialogues between nun and the students can begin.

The Community Advisory Board has also made some suggestions concerning education affairs of the Faculty Executive Committee. They are:

1) Copies of the agenda for each meeting should be sent to the Senate.
2) When a particular subject to be conside
directly affects the students, the FEC should issue invitations to designated student representatives.
3) The Secretary of the Faculty will provide the chairman of the Senate with a written record of the actions taken.
4) The Senate may ask FEC to place on the agenda subjects that directly affect the students.

We were also informed that Sunday brunch would very soon replace the regular breakfast-lunch procedure, from 10:30 to 1:00 P.M. There has also been a problem with a shortage of silverware. We have been asked not to take silver out of the Dining Commons to avoid any unnecessary expense.
in view of the fact that a meeting of the trustees will be held here in the near future, the Observer felt that the students should know something about the men who make the decisions concerning, among other things, educational policy, finance, development and buildings and grounds. In this we are indebted to the Vice President of Bard, Mr. Boynton, without whose help this article would have been a lot less accurate and complete.

When we first conceived the idea for this article, we had in mind a big exposé in which we would disclose that at least half the trustees were engaged in the manufacture of napalm or guns. We did some investigating of those involved, which had auspicious names, like Allied Thermal (which makes heating equipment), but found that these firms either weren’t listed at all, or they made tools and lightbulbs. Failing to get proof that Bard was run by war criminals, we looked desperately through Who’s Who, however to our amazement we found that only one out of 34 trustees was listed, and that one by virtue of his position. This all should say something — we’re not exactly what, but we do know we’re not at Columbia.

Following is a list of abbreviations:

T.V. = Trustee Vacancy
L.R.P. = Long Range Planning Inv. = Investment
Dev. = Development
B&G = Buildings and Grounds
H.D. = Honorory Degrees
Ex. = Executive
E.P. = Educational Policies
Fin. = Finance

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MR. WILLIAM LANDAUER President of Red Book, Director, First National Bank of Red Hook, Member of local and state school boards, Member, B&G Committee.

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THE RIGHT REV. HORBAC W. B. DONEGAN, D.D.
Bard ’25, Protestant Episcop al Bishop of New York, Member, H.D. Committee.

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MR. THEODORE H. RUBIN President of Standard Prudential United Corp., N.Y. Trustee of Lebanon Hospital, Associate Chairman of U.J.A. Director of N.Y. City Div., American Cancer Society. Member of Dev. Committee.

by John Hershey

There is a tendency, among the student body at Bard, to erect a newly published work by a faculty or ex-faculty member as a sort of monument, more or less spectacular than the Second Coming. Such was the case with Anthony Becht's Pulitzer Prize Winning The Harvest, the first novel of The Universal Baseball Association,Inc.; J. Henry Waugh, Prop. Appearing this past June, the book was well received, its author hailed for his imaginative, style and skill at mixing the seemingly irreconcilable subjects of baseball and cosmic symbolism. There is certainly no denying Coover's talent or his literary ambitions. He has attempted to apply some of Kant's concepts concerning time, space, and God to a metaphorical baseball world and has, for the most part, succeeded.

Coover's major character is J. Henry Waugh, a rather sad, slowely decaying, fifty-six year old accountant. We've met this type of character before in the short stories of James Thurber where we have an impecably neat, incredibly efficient little man, for whom keeping a company's ledgers is in order is the zenith of existence. Waugh is obsessed, but not with everyday order or efficiency on the job. Waugh's grand passion is an intricate baseball game of his own invention which he plays, alone, in his apartment, night after night. This game, for Waugh, is far more real and important than the outside world. Eight teams of the Universal Baseball Association battle for the pennant, the fate of the teams and the individual plays decided by three dice and several elaborately detailed charts. Waugh provides an entire world for his imagined ballplayers. They break into the league, enjoy fame, grow old, lose their skills and retire to sell insurance and write their autobiographies. The league has a detailed history commemorated in original folk poetry. The deeds of yesterday's heroes are remembered in ballpark and corner bar, Waugh records the events that occurred during the season and what happens to the players in the off-season. This is Waugh's reality and he functions well as its God.

As the book opens, the Association is in a period of decline after its Golden Age. Waugh is starting to lose interest because of over-familiarity and a lack of dynamic personalities. There is, however, a strong possibility of a Renaissance, for Damon Rutherford, the most brilliant rookie pitcher in the history of the league, fires Waugh's smoldering interest. The first chapter, a detailed description from the ballfield of Rutherford's perfect game, is a startlingly brilliant immersion into the reality of Waugh's world, for the game, so precisely detailed, gets its flavor from Henry's excited imagination. He loves this figment of his imagination like a son. Singlehandedly he will revive the League.

But fate shatters Waugh's cosmos. He throws triple one's three times in a row and the "Extraordinary Occurrences Chart" demands the death of the next batter. The next batter is Rutherford, and try as he will to find a way to rationalize a change in the dice, Waugh must observe the necessary laws holding the cosmos together. The rookie dies.

Waugh goes to pieces. He drinks heavily, cheats with the dice to punish Rutherford's murderer, Jack Casey, and by assuming the role of an active God, throws his cosmos into chaos. As he drinks his troubles away the people of the Association comfort him, coming fully alive in Waugh's mind, transcending the thin line between illusion and reality.

The players are now in full control and as the book ends, the Association is staging a Passion Play re-enactment of the duel between Rutherford and Casey.

In Waugh himself we have the rather frightening picture of God, torn between the active and passive role, knowing that he can't save man from a malicious fate, and destroying the cosmos if he tries. This deity is not only incapable of saving man, he is also incapable of saving himself from the fate of being God.

There is difficulty in reading this novel, much of it stemming from flaws inherent in the plot structure. A person totally unfamiliar with baseball is going to have a hard time understanding the professional jargon and much of the action. The unknowing reader may also wonder how anybody could be as wrapped up in a game that for him is totally devoid of interest. Coover has infused the story with much of the mythic quality that appeals to baseball traditionalists. As Coover tells it there shouldn't be much difficulty in recognizing if not appreciating, the game's appeal. Unfortunately, to make the game come alive as completely for us as it does for Waugh, Coover has had to put his main character to one side for a large portion of the book as the League takes Center Stage. Consequently there is a two-dimensional reality about Waugh that prevents full appreciation of his situation. Coover may have intended this, but it impairs our full acceptance of the story. Waugh is only rarely amusing, or, at his worst, pathetic, where he should be tragic on a small scale. There should be a stronger emphasis on the horror of a man's mind slowly giving into an obsession. Coover may have been too symbolically metaphysical for his own good, while you may find yourself marvelling at the character's ingenuity, I doubt if you will be fully affected by his main character.

I should add that this book will bear many interpretations, and mine is just one. This is an interesting, challenging and important work that will, hopefully, gain its author a wide following. If you are at all interested, the best way to find out is to read it. It deserves to be read.

light
the sun devours
the bird's black path
casts the splinters
line, carved by
jagged wings. in gold.

by Robert Warren

sky
night-long rain
in the prison court;
the dove's dim cry,
my heart keeps time.
WORDS

Words to define
the boundaries of silence.

(-- and the silence
between words --)

words are words
or islands,

ellipses: they are the stone that is thrown/the meaning is in the curve

The word is male
& Female the silence
(concupitation of sentence & its empty space )
wordphallus & womb silence.

AIM: to restore the meaning of the word in silence.

I want empty words,
The Tao is silence/emptiness in the spoken word: no-word.
The arrow pointing that is not arrow

only trajectory
only pointing.

Pierre Joriss

Early in autumn you turned
fiery red as apples along riverroad
singing in the cool morning you arose
smooth as crystal skies
when noisily leaves tumble down.

Sometimes I like to think
how your tresses flowed
silken among pastures of hay
golden in the passionate suns

filling lingering moments of summer
with all the heat of green .

And turning to starry blackness
nights in autumn
tell passionate secrets of wisper
among oaken strongholds of youth
and you turn
fiery as apples along riverroad,

by robert warren

the swift
my lips
fell
my brow
a tingling throb
my hand
cool in the rain

feel the shadow?
see the swift?

heart crescendo
velocity of mandalas
then: angels in a whirlpool
jesus bows to pierre 'toke ha';
stumbling pilgrims in love's hot wind:
cry or crash ...

The maiden
head
of time

stabbed
by red paper
roses

black drops
of blood
carving the hidden
face
of
rocks

those hieroglyphs
of wounded
time
proving nothing
but its
everlasting absence

Pierre Joriss

drawings by Mark Murray
ON
BERGMAN'S
"PERSONA"
(by Peter Minichiello)

One of my good friends remarked, when we were talk- ing about Ingmar Bergman's film "Persona," that the entire film may be a fraud. He had seen the film twice, he admitted the plastic beauty of all the images, es- pecially the face, he even said that he had been emo- tionally affected by certain scenes late in the film--- but was it all real? The scene-by-scene construction seemed so random, the ending so inconclusive, so gratuitous, and the opening and closing shots of arc lamps took on (for him) falseness, an artificiality.

I answered that I thought the film to be about artifice, physical and mental, about languages of artifice. It hadn't anything to do with "normal" psychology, about characters per se, about motivations in the usual way. Finally, I said it was cyclical and precise in design, with certain scenes being perhaps dreams or scenes shot in the conditional tenses . . .

At which point he said, let's go eat, and we did. He was right, I was right, "Persona" stuns by its elliptical, self-consumed presence. It hurts to watch, it's often impossible to watch.

Here are some good words on the film by two writers, one American and one French, from two magazines: Sight and Sound and Cahiers du Cinema . . . . . .

" 'Persona' draws heavily on the themes and schematic cast established in 'The Silence.' (The principal characters in both films are two women bound together in a passionate, aged relationship, one of them the mother of a drastically neglected small boy. Both films take up schemes of the scandal of the erotic; the pederasties of violence and powerlessness, reason and unreason, language and silence, the intelligible and unintelligible.) But the new film ventures further.

"The most explicit vehicle for this meditation is the opening and closing sequence, in which Bergman tries to create the film as an object: a flatile object, a made object, a fragile object, perishable, and therefore existing in space as well as time.

"A principle of intensity lies at the heart of Bergman's sensibility, and determines the specific ways in which he uses the new narrative forms. Anything like the vivacity of Godard, the intellectual innocence of Jules et Jim, the lyricism of Bertolucci's Before the Revolution and Szilasovszki's Le Depart, is far from Bergman's range. His work is characterized by its showiness, its deliberateness of pacing, something like the heaviness of Flaubert. And this sensibility makes for the exercisitantly unmodulated quality of 'Persona,' a quality only very superficially described as pessimism. (From an essay in the Autumn 1967 issue of Sight & Sound by Susan Sontag.)

"Yet the doubt is raised: is the projector always on the inside of projection, doesn't the screen stay trans- parent (a young boy will pass his hand in front of the screen, as if to assure us of its reality: a windowpane, the other side of which we're the spectators)? At about the middle of the film, the lamp reappears on the screen, takes possession of the images, breaks, burns. And the film reverses, but this second part inverts the understandings, destroys the hypotheses that the first part had constructed. . . ." (From March 1967 Cahiers du Cinema, translated from the French by Jean-Louis Comolli.)

Bergman said that the film is a sonata for two instruments. That may be the best way to leave it until the film is shown at Bard this Friday and Sunday at 8, 15 p.m.

"Le Mistral," a thirty-minute film by Joris Ivens and Chris Marker will also be shown. It concerns the most famous of winds, which originates in the Alps, cuts across Provence to the sea. "We shall feel a country," said Ivens, who asked Marker to write the text and Georges Delerue to do the music. This is another film being presented in the Film Committee's obvious attempt to show everything that Chris Marker ever had anything to do with. Also written by him, "The Kounsilo Mystery" and "Night and Fog."
by Frank Meltzer

Think of a rather tall man, slim and muscular, with thinning hair and bobbed eyes, about twenty-five years old. Think of him as an outline ‘cycle freak, black T-shirt, leather bracelet, long, curling, reddish hair. Think of him standing in front of you (you are sitting down) sneering at you, his spittle dotting your face.

Now think of him as an Elder of thebes in Sophocles’ Antigone. This will begin to suggest the Living Theatre to you. Roughly, the production is a free adaptation of an English translation of Bertolt Brecht’s German version of Antigone of the Greek. So the program says. Participating in (and you will participate, like it or not), you find it to be more and less. I am not aware that I saw Sophocles’ play today, but I am quite certain that I have lived one of the most vibrant, exquisite and terrible experiences of my life.

The Living Theatre has been out of the country for four years (tax difficulties). It would have been better had it been some form of social protest, but whatever the reason, they have been in Europe far too long. The company offers significant, innovative ideas in dramatica. However, they also present some rough spots, which I might as well mention at the outset. Like others whose dramatic themes have been political (Arnold Wesker, for example), the Living Theatre is having some difficulty establishing a distinct form. Wesker is a playwright, but the Living Theater is merely an acting company, you argue. This simply is not so. Antigone is not Sophocles. Franksenstein is not Mary Shelley’s, and which comprise their current repertoire are original. The Living Theater is not are (in a dramatical Antigone is not formless. It still satisfies the requirements of Aristotelian tragedy, for instance, but the patterns of the play are sometimes obscure. Other difficulties stem from this, I think.

Large sections of the play are done in a sing-song fashion. The melody of the chant if suggestive of the sacred music found in Jewish and Catholic liturgies. The import of this is not made clear; the play as a whole, however, is apparently to be taken as a mockery of the more or less formalized dogman (religious or secular) which all of us have. That is fine. That is not equally acceptable is that the company seems insistently to be presenting their own doctrine. Possible most of us find a revolutionary creed preferable to a fantastic one. But it simply is not credible to present a cannon while satirizing all others.

Another problem: coyness. Creon lapses occasionally from Viendont English into a burlesque of LBJ or into three or four lines of Brooklyness. Antigone speaks in four discernible voices which alternate randomly. Suggesting similarities between Creon and Jordont seem consistent with the statement of the play, but so many voices emanating from the same two characters is confusing and pointless.

Another problem: the show run nearly three hours without a break. Artificial intermission (designed to enhance the sale of orange drink) can well be dispensed with, but there simply is no three hours worth of significant material in Antigone. During the performance, one acquires the feeling that once the company realizes it is on to a good thing there is a general reluctance to move on. In fact, this implies a one word summary of most of what is wrong with the production— it is overdone.

Let me stop griping and mention some positive aspects, which more than compensate for the difficulties, in any case. The actors are thoroughly professional, when they want to. The voices are distinct, even in the balcony, even though the actors are often interrupted with the audience. The speech is not that of traditional Greek drama, however. Antigone’s sister, Ismene, speaks with a Brooklyn accent. I make this is intentional, though I’m not sure of the reason. In any case, it is certainly annoying.

The members of the company demonstrate remarkable grace, when they want to. Apparently, the actors can be bumbling or physically eloquent, at will. Creon is consistently unglam, but when the actor who portrays him moves into another role, he suddenly acquires beautiful fluidity. Creon’s clumsiness is undoubtedly studied, but it is effective nonetheless. There is very successful choreography of posture, gesture and movement. These actors are dancers as well. Finally, there is the physicality. If you are timid, if you are afraid of exultant physical action (if you are afraid of the potentialities of your own body, in other words) the Living Theatre will disconcert you. Creon castrates the Elders of Thebes (several times) by literally clutching their genitals and yanking. There is a scene of Bucephala of some length and lovely explicitness, but it is not this which sets the company apart from other groups in “experimental theatre”.

The nudity (Hair. The Sound of a Different Drum) is still more palpable. What makes the Living Theater unique is their perception of the beauty of the human body and the celebration of this beauty which is observed throughout the play. This awareness on the part of the actors is responsible for the degree of audience involvement which is demanded. The players spend nearly as much time on the floor of the theater as on the stage, and some of the most significant events of the drama are “staged” in the audience. Actors move through the aisles, screaming, gesticulating, stepping on toes, even clutching members of the audience. What happens, thankfully, does not seem to be a cry for attention, but a demand for personal recognition.

Reading this over, I find it not a review. Just as well. Antigone is not a play. Or at least, not just a play. It is dance, psychodrama, mime, propaganda and some sort of exultation of life. The actors are not just actors. They are dancers, therapists, anonymous accusers, revolutionaries, people. The Living Theater is alive and well at the Brooklyn Academy of Music through October 21 (next Monday). It is their only New York performance this year. The schedule is as follows, if you can possibly get to the City, by all means don’t miss them.

Oct. 15—Paradise Now
Oct. 19—Antigone (matinee), Paradise Now (evening)
Oct. 20—Mysteries and Smaller Places (matinee), Paradise Now (evening)
Oct. 21—Paradise Now

N.B. Because the actors do not confine themselves to the stage, you should think seriously of investing in orchestra seats. The balcony railing obscures everything, even a portion of the stage upon. The most expensive tickets are $5.00. For the matinee you may not sit in the balcony for $1.00. After the performance begins, you may move downstairs— the orchestra will probably be half empty— the ushers are cool. Also, don’t get there late. The opening of Antigone is noteworthy, and I gather that the beginning of the other plays are also intriguing.
Editorial:

DICHOTOMY

Good guys, bad guys
Townies bad guys
Police good guys
Beat's bad
Police bad
Vietnam war bad
Israel war good
Senate good guys
Administration bad guys
McCarthy good guy
Humphrey bad guy
Nixon bad guy
Wallace bad guy
Evolution good
Revolution bad
Black, white
No grey
CLANCY ON SENATE

Charles Clancy

To the Editor:

I emphatically agree with the sentiment that poor last week's change editorial on the subject of grade reform. However, I disagree with the notion.

What good is the accent when the ABCD system is the foundation for the high school/college system of grading? The entire standardized grades we have now rely on some sort of a three-inch square note card. Poor with average, average with average, and average with high, and so on. This is a little different from the present system.

A grade is a grade and should be utilized to reflect anything whatsoever to fit with education, but is simply a way to rank students in a particular category. Grades should be eliminated entirely, not blown out with a burst of Puff, Puff. Properly filled out Crede sheets would be enough to verify the students, and good grades would be useless to make the graduating schools very happy.

Agree that there must be grade reform, but let's stop beating at the heads of the teachers and let them enjoy their jobs. Any other change is no change at all.

Sincerely,

Jeffrey Judson

To the Editor:

The old Board of Aldermen would allow such a plebeian, insignificant article as the Sunny States into its pages as a review is too irresponsible. The style or two paragraphs actually devoted to the writings of the editor to the beauty to control what the editor is writing, but then she has the grill to attempt to suppress even more in the order to hide his insignificant voice. The fact is that the Board of Aldermen has the only opportunity for a technique and a technique without any discrimination. S. W. H. W.

In a review of painting art, the discussion on whether criticisms of the art forms as such are arrived at in a rather carelessness manner, but in a review of paintings as such, one hand on his father's shoulder is intolerable.

I suggest that we need the staff of the Observer more; a little more care in writing when Mr. W. H. W. W.

Thank you.

Mrs. G. H. B.

The Great Decree

by Dolly Moore

In the year next to that marked, there were about 100 refugees on canvas last winter. The office of the Board of Aldermen had no list of the names and addresses of the refugees who had sought their protection. The Board of Aldermen was called upon for their protection.

The office of the Board of Aldermen was much the same as that of the Board of Aldermen in the previous year. The Board of Aldermen was a group of men who had been elected to the Board of Aldermen in the previous year, and the Board of Aldermen was a group of men who had been elected to the Board of Aldermen in the previous year.

One lesson learned at the Board of Aldermen's Meeting, where Professor Clancy explained the procedure and procedure of the meeting, and senior T. H. C. C. Chou explained the Board's purpose, a question and answer session followed the meeting.

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The Great Decree

It was not true that the police had been making life difficult as far as notice for the Board of Aldermen. Quite the contrary, the police were doing a fine job.

The police were doing a fine job, but they did not say that this is the only relationship possessed between us and the police, for we have never been in any way connected with the police.

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The police were doing a fine job, but they did not say that this is the only relationship possessed between us and the police, for we have never been in any way connected with the police.

First, the music from 2001 on Side One of this record is not from the movie's sound track but is performed by Bernstein and Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra with an electronic prelude and interludes by Morton Subotnik that were not in the film. Thus for those who will buy this in the light of their memories of the film, the present album's 'electronics' are a slight improvement on the orchestral sounds and few electronic effects on the original sound track. For without the added electronics, the music from 2001 sounds like the sound track of a dozen other multi-million dollar spectacles such as Lawrence of Arabia and The Bible. A golden opportunity for a serious electronic composer was lost when Hollywood bureaucrats decided that 2001 needed Strauss'/"Blue Danube Waltz" and selections from "Aino Sprach Zarathustra."

The strange lack of unity in the music is, of course, a reflection of the film's two sections, one narrative, the other somewhat abstract, which are far from clear in their relationship to each other.

Morton Subotnik's prelude and interludes are not particularly striking and far too short for any serious development. Placing Subotnik's pieces between the orchestral soundtracks limits the interest of side one of this record to those who won't be listening as much as viewing the film in their heads.

The orchestral and electronic suite from Blomdahl's opera, 'Antara' with electronic and computerized sounds by Swedish Radio makes a greater use of the resources of electronics than the music by Subotnik, although serious listeners may be disappointed with program elements such as a representation of meteors passing a spaceship.

Sifting through the jazz-rock syndrome by Wayne Robbins

Don Sebesky played trombone with the Warren Covington, Claude Thornhill, and Stan Kenton big bands. In the album 'Don Sebesky and the Jazz Rock Syndrome' he makes an abortive attempt at creating an original musical hybrid by combining the best of the big band tradition, which he understands quite well, and rock, which he just can't seem to grasp. The fault is not in the musicians, included on the album are Hubert Laws, Mongo Santamaria's vibrant flutist, and Larry Coryell. Coryell was the dynamic force behind the Free Spirits, one of the first true jazz-rock groups, and more recently has starred as a member of the Gary Burton Quartet. He is considered one of the best jazz-rock guitarists in the world. Unfortunately, his presence is only felt on two of the cuts: Lennon-McCartney's 'The Word' and 'Dancing in the Streets.' His first-rate guitar work on 'The Word' is nearly drowned by the big band at times. Otherwise, the song is becoming a musical cliche, and this version is little better than Gabor Szabo's and Gary MacFarland's castration of it on their 'Impostico' album.

The rest of the album shows a strong Mama's and Papa's influence. Besides 'Dancing in the Streets,' which features some interesting counterpart between Coryell's guitar and Sebesky's organ, there is 'Somebody Groovy', which gets lost in the translation to the big band sound, and a Sebesky original, 'Big Mama Casa', which is best ignored. The same can be said for most of the other originals, which espouse Sebesky's hipness by sporting such titles as 'Banana Flower' and 'Meet a Cheeta.' Rock standards such as 'Never My Love' and 'You've Got Your Troubles' suffer from Sebesky's inability to comprehend the rock idiom. Someone summed it up when he said, 'it sounds like hip music.' This album should be listened to in your favorite elevator or in the dentist's chair. Very painful.

by Mike Boddy

Peter Walker — "Second Poem to Karmel" by Mike Boddy

"Second Poem to Karmel" is a very dense and intricate album with a multitude of interweaving but independent voices. The major roles are reserved for Walker's guitar and arcole and the flute but these do not exclude important contributions by the fiddle and tambourine. All these elements combine to give the album a very cerebral air about it which is underscored by a gently flowing beat.

All the personnel for this album is new. The most significant switch is Jim Pepper for Jeremy Steig on flute. Steig had a penchant for wandering and, to damn him totally, he lacked any feeling for rags. Even on a simple level like technique Pepper's flute is far better suited to duets with Walker. An excellent addition is the country fiddle which spends its time recalling country and western tunes like Turkey in the Straw, acting as a drone, and quoting from middle symphonies.

The album is excellently recorded and well worth it for the nine cuts which fit the above description. If, however, a little conventionalism is wanted in your recorded music there is a final cut called "Mixture" which includes organ and oudoline that can best be described as a cross between the Beatles and John Fahey.

by Ken Vermees

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