By ELLEN McMAHON

College Business Manager, Bernie Iser, has submitted his resignation to President Joseph Murphy. The announcement was revealed shortly before the start of this term.

Hoping to leave as soon as the college is able to find a replacement and possibly before the end of the term, Iser cited his deteriorating health as a major factor in his decision.

Iser, who has been with the college since President Joseph Murphy’s inauguration in January, 1977, denied that his departure is linked to the current financial difficulties of the college.

“My original commitment was for two years. Now that time is nearly up and I have chosen to leave,” he said.

Concerning the college’s current deficit of $800,000, Iser claimed that it came as no surprise. He blamed the deficit on an accumulation of debts related to operating costs and the college’s outdated fiscal guidelines, stating that the financial state of the country has changed so drastically in the past 10 years that the increased cost of utilities was just not anticipated.

Asked if the present administration’s fiscal policies — emphasizing an increased spending on “student life” — has contributed to the current deficit or his departure, Iser said, “No. The previous administration’s attitude that only the academic mission was important was just not healthy for the college. Only half the job is recruiting students — the other half is keeping them.”

Since Iser’s appointment to the presidency, students feel there has been a considerable improvement in those programs affecting student life, such as N.R.T., Admissions, and Financial Aid and Student Services. However, Iser refuses to take the credit for those improvements, saying: “I do not act alone; my policies reflect those of the president.”

He did stress that the College’s 50th Anniversary Campaign’s efforts to raise $9 million dollars ($3,000,000 a year) over a three-year period plays a key role in Bennington’s future. If the campaign fund is successful, Iser sees the future financial security of Bennington College as practically guaranteed. As it stands now, though, Iser predicts radical changes within the college, predominantly in its technical systems.

“I am sorry about leaving,” Iser said. “Bennington is an extraordinarily interesting place and a community that agrees with me personally.”

He says it was his doctor’s suggestion that he resign, noting that diabetes and an assortment of other ailments have been aggravated by Vermont’s climate and work related pressures. He also said that the area’s lack of substantial arts and entertainment contributed to his decision to leave and that he is anxious to return to the city and pursue his interests in opera and ballet.

Iser, who worked at Queens College as a financial administrator previous to his appointment at Bennington, has no desire to return to administrative work. Instead he talks, enthusiastically, of returning to teaching English, which he did at the high school level from 1967 to 1964.

Iser will be leaving Bennington “so later than the end of the term, but probably at the time of the May board meeting.”

Immigration officials investigate College

By TIMOTHY LITTLEFIELD

Bennington College, recently examined by U.S. immigration officials for unethical and possible illegal distribution of admission forms (1-20’s) to foreign students, is now being investigated by immigration officials for its stringent admissions policies. The college received a notice from the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) in late December, requesting the turnover of all forms and records related to its immigration history.

Bennington had issued pre-signed forms to Iranian students, who are not allowed to enter the school if they are not in residence in Bennington during the second half of the spring term. The forms clearly state that they are for “students” only.

The investigation was prompted by an ABC News broadcast, which stated that Bennington was one of several colleges that distributed pre-signed blank 1-20 forms to foreign students. ABC interviewed New York-based representatives of Hunter College, Seward Noor-bakksh, who said that he had taken a number of signed applications to Iran at Bennington’s request.

College officials say that the forms were only issued to expedite the arrival of qualified students, and that Bennington was not interested in “collecting warm bodies.”

According to College President Joseph Murphy, pre-signed forms were issued to assist Iranian students in leaving their country. The College issued 50 1-20 forms this year, of which 19 are still unaccounted for.

District Immigration Director George Lara called this practice “a questionable habit.” He said it’s a control issue. It’s totally improper.

“There’s no law that says you’re not supposed to, but these forms should not be handed out just like that,” Murphy said.

College Admissions Director John Nissen had no comment, saying only “talk to Murphy.”

Dean of Studies Ricky Blake said that he thought “the college had done nothing illegal.” Murphy insisted that Bennington had done nothing illegal and was just being dragged into the spotlight because of the publicity received by Windham College, a school upstate forced to close down.

“I am embarrassed as anyone can be,” the President said. “It was a procedural error.”

Dean of Studies Ricky Blake said that he thought “the college got itself into trouble for no reason... our lines of communication were stretched.”

Faculty member Stephen Ferruolo asked this: “How can Bennington practice such unethical admissions policies and still parade itself as a selective school?”

Ferruolo pointed out that the forms clearly state that they are not to be filled out until a student’s name is inserted.

Student reaction was varied. One said this:

“The Iranians are the victims in this case... good Iranian students arrived, but the policy was stupid and the College received a lot of detrimental publicity from it.”

Bennington has since been cleared of all charges concerning illegal admissions policies. But as Kevin Farley put it, “The ethics of such a policy have to be examined, not to mention the wisdom.”

Fellow named

Novelist, critic and photographer Wright Morris has been named the Ernestine Cohen Meyer Fellow at the College for the spring term. Morris, the creator of 27 published works between 1942 and 1977 and a three-time Guggenheim Fellow, will be in residence in Bennington during the second half of the spring term.

Morris’s appointment inaugurates a College fellowship in honor of the late Ernestine Cohen Meyer.

By ELLIE Mc Mahon

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College raises tuition

The College has announced that tuition for the 1979-80 year will increase by 7 percent, raising yearly tuition to $6,590. The only alternative to higher fees, President Joseph Murphy explained by letter, would be reductions in the quality of education at Bennington. Any such reductions would eliminate the very reason for Bennington’s existence, Murphy noted.

The per-term cost of tuition, which will be $2,955, represents an increase of 7 percent. Room charges, at $465 per term, and food service charges, at $510 per term, have risen at somewhat higher rates, and reflect “the general increase in wholesale and consumer prices.” The total cost for the year, exclusive of personal and travel expenses, will be $8,420, as compared with $7,540 for the current year.

Workshops continue

For the third consecutive summer, the College will offer summer workshops in a dozen disciplines.

Bennington Workshops, featuring College faculty and guest artists, will take place from July 1-28 on the Bennington campus.

Workshops will be offered in the following areas: writing workshops, which will consist of prose fiction, non-fiction and poetry; music workshops, to be conducted in composing, cello/bass, violin, flute and voice; painting; children’s literature; acting; dance/video; and criticism and performance.

College faculty member Nicholas Delbance will lead the prose fiction workshop, one of the most popular of the courses offered. He will be assisted by author George Garrett and visiting artists John Gardiner, John Irving and Bernard Malamud.

The cost of the four-week sessions totals $700, including room, board and tuition. Applications are available through Workshop Director Christine Graham.

Academy honors Fine

Composer Vivian Fine, a teacher of composition at the College, has been honored by the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters for her work in music. The award carries a $4,000 prize and a recording of one of Fine’s compositions by Composers Recording Inc., a professional firm.

Fine was one of four winners of the Academy-Institute award, given to honor and encourage qualified non-members and help them continue their creative work. The others were Paul Celano, Robert Sokolnick and Robert Storer. The winners are selected by a jury of composer members of the Academy-Institute.

Past winners of the award include John Cage, Elliott Carter, Henry Cowell, George Crumb, Gian Carlo Menotti, Gunther Schuller and William Schuman.

Fine, who has been at Bennington since 1964, was a student of Ruth Crawford-Seeger and John Cage. She received grants from the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations and in 1974 and 1976 from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Marker wins competition

Senior Catherine Marker has won a Music Teachers’ National Association composition competition. “Configurations,” Marker’s award-winning work, was recently performed at the regional MTNA meeting in College Park, Md., by Marker and soprano Peggy Richardson, a recent Bennington graduate. “Configurations” is a song cycle in four movements for soprano and piano, and is based on poems by A.R. Ammons.

Marker, of Hoosick Falls, N.Y., began studying piano and composition eight years ago with Rosamond van der Linde, a Bennington graduate living in Old Bennington. While in high school, she won the eastern division of the MTNA’s competition at the high school level.

Kensinger gets tenure

Anthropology teacher Ken Kensinger has been granted tenure. It was recently announced by a college-wide gallery.

Kensinger’s contract had been one of several that had not been renewed following a June review by the Faculty Personnel Committee; he then appealed the case. Following a Vanguard editorial and many letters in support of Kensinger, the Faculty Personnel Review Committee reviewed the case and decided to renew his contract.

“I think that given the kind of information that we generally have about our colleagues’ professional activities, and our lack of knowledge about their status outside Bennington, the lack of a pure review by professionals outside Bennington can lead to the kind of situation I found myself in.”

Kensinger received word of the decision in his favor via letter from Dean of Faculty Don Brown on February 13, after both Brown and President Joseph Murphy had received many letters in Kensinger’s behalf. Brown cited these letters as instrumental in the FPRC’s decision.
Security director hired

Peter Blind, a veteran of more than 10 years experience in the security field, has been named the College's new security director.

Blind, who assumed his post the first week of March, is in charge of the entire security operation at the College, including traffic and parking enforcement.

"I'm very excited about Bennington. For the first few weeks, I've been primarily getting acquainted with the campus and the people, and I like them both very much," Blind said.

Blind has spent the past seven years as a security specialist for the State of New York, involved with security procedures and investigating fire and safety on campuses throughout the state. Before that, he worked for three years as an investigator in the Army.

Blind cites fire safety as being one of his main concerns:

"I'm very naive with regard to fire safety on campus. Fires and candles are all over the place and are being used where they shouldn't be. My second week here, there was a fire in one of the houses because a girl threw some burning paper into a wooden basket. These types of things just shouldn't happen."

Blind is very satisfied with his staff:

"There are 18 security guards, and they're very professional and I look forward to working with them. I'm very pleased with their reactions to the situations I've been involved in."

Other concerns of Blind include training of the security guards in first aid and CPR "as soon as possible," and changes in patrolling the campus:

"There should be less control of the booth in the daytime and more patrol of the actual campus - I don't think we have to be like a concentration camp during the day and screen what are, for the majority, people coming and going on normal college business."
Crossett Library Head Librarian Robert Agard has asked for an increase in funds for this year. The budget cuts, considering the soaring costs of books and periodicals, there should be no hesitation involved—it is a question of priorities and of how important the library is to the College. We feel a library should be an intellectual barometer of its environment, reflecting the community's diversity and depth.

President obviously disagrees. Considerations first the elimination of the position of cataloguer, a position essential for any library, and secondly on this budget increase. Actions speak louder than words, the old saying goes, and President's seem to indicate that he sees the library as superfluous. We can't defend his passivity even in light of the financial crunch.

If there was at all, the library should be the first to receive it; if it doesn't it will be the intellectual state of the College the President will be eulogizing in his next meeting. We hope the President and the Board of Trustees understand the imperative nature of increasing the library's budget, and take the appropriate steps immediately.

**Applause for the President**

Last Monday, President Murphy spoke and answered questions for nearly three hours on the state of the College. This kind of contact with the President is always welcome, though certainly not obligatory on his part. We applaud the President's efforts and would like to see it more often. He was not called primarily to prophesy financial disaster, nor was it a last minute attempt to make the community aware of an emergency situation, as some at the meeting insisted. The shaky financial state of the College has long been obvious to those who've been following it: the current situation is no surprise.

The real purpose of the meeting was to squelch a number of rumors spreading around campus and to personally inform the community of the College's current state. To this end, we thought it a success: Murphy took full responsibility for the questionable pre-signing I-20 forms, admitting he had made a mistake and that it would not happen again; and he confirmed the stories concerning the College's financial woes.

We thought it was an admirable performance, considering the situation: a hostile crowd of irate students intent on backing the President into a corner, firing question after question, belaboring many points and often rambling aimlessly. In our opinion, the President fielded the question admirably and managed to retain a certain degree of decorum. Granted, he evaded a question here and there, dodged a few issues and was vague on others; but when pressed, we thought he answered honestly and with a concerned conviction, displaying a sense of humor and patience with an audience that seemed to be, by and large, ignorant of accusations.

"There ought to be a little more effort on the part of the people here to find out what's going on," President Murphy said a bit angrily toward the end of the meeting. We agree, and would like to see this type of meeting more often. It is a realistic way for the entire college community to communicate with each other. And the more President is seen and heard, the more impressive and concerned he seems.

Now about those cocktail parties...

**Commentary**

By ALISON DAVIES

Being the laid-back peach from California that I am, I, in a pillar in this unforsaken land, have witnessed a fastly staid and practical culture virtually unknown in the West. Although fastly staid and practical, the East Coast, like a cat, is capable of cultural and social upheaval at any time. Even an encounter group graduate couldn't comprehend. As a traveler possessing a voracious appetite for the dangerous, I have beheld many curious and wondrous sights in the jungles of NYC and its suburbs. These sights, with due respect to the practical nature and the private reticent mind of the New Englander, are not subtle. For lack of a better way to put it: I'm going to bring up a sore line, say it as if a chill has gone through your bones:

"I'm not a punk, I'm a preppie."

"I'm nota punk, I'm Andy Warhol.

"I like life but I don't like art."

"I can't act but I like art."

"It's O.K."

"I'm not a punk, I'm a preppie."

"I'm not a preppie, I'm a graduate student."

"I'm not a student, I'm a cavy with a PhD."

"I'm not a punk, I'm Andy Warhol."

"I'm not a punk, I'm a graduate student.

"I'm not Margeaux, but I can act."

"I can't act but I like art."

"I like art but I don't like life."

"I like life but I don't like art."

On 47th Street and Fifth, I saw a tall older woman, holding shopping bags from Gimbel's. She was shouting something about socialized medicine. It was Katherine Hepburn. We exchanged a few pleasantries; I told her I liked her last movie; she said she liked mine. I told her I liked her aviator glasses; she said she liked mine. "Thanks!" I said and shuffled my feet. I gave her my autograph and she gave me hers. As we parted, warmly shaking hands, she placed a small piece of paper in my hand. It announced the opening of a new disco. I remembered my original query: "What do you think of Punk Rock?" She was wending her way uptown, through downtown traffic on her skateboard. "Lacks character, they all need cold showers and a brisk walk."

She disappeared up through a fleet of yellow cabs. I turned away.

Feeling a little bit like Barbara Walters, I wondered why this innocuous question kept popping up in the first place. Perhaps I should ask Joe Murphy if he shaved under his chin. Deeply questioning my integrity, I returned to Bennington. I donned a light grey Chanel suit and my aviator glasses, hoping I would further be able to extract the meaning from the meaningless of my question, or vice versa. It didn't really matter. What had begun to matter though was that through this inner questioning and deep torment and the fact that the waist of my Chanel skirt was too tight, I was beginning to feel incredible angst. Luckily enough, I arrived on time to find people sitting around, the viewers: Jen, Hayley, Louis, and the President after seeing the premiere of The Punk Rock Retrospective. This was a grand effort on the part of the Ford, and Peggy Guggenheim Foundation, together with the Courtauld Society, to nonnalize Punk Rock, underwater. It was a gala event. The Guggenheim's were there; Peggy, Peggy Sue, Sue Ann. The workshop: Henry, Glenn and John. Jacobs provided the entertainment perfectly lovely harbour scene.

As most were off to dinner after the show, the responses were brief:

"Marvelously funny."

"Running and witty."

"Unbashfully bold."

"A marvelous underwater vaudeville. I loved the lobster."

"Not long pants. I like stroking better than pounding."

"I've seen it twice."

And on this note I'll close. You've seen this twice and you have no excuse not to. I can hardly defend my ambivalence. Mind you ambivalence, not indifference. Like a fencer I'll hop from one opinion to the other and I'll hop any social barrier for a cigarette. Cheers kids.
Letters

To the Editor:

Having just read the letter informing us of the tuition increase, I am struck with one question: why doesn’t this term’s student/teacher ratio manifest itself in classroom size?

I am now a sophomore and have yet to take a class with more than 60 students. Classes with 60-plus students are complete, for I was able to get enrolled in my first class with 90 students. The present term has started badly. First, my car died. Then my lovely-haired honey flew me off. Without companionship and wheels, I was left with nothing to do. I struggled on the other end — and for a time, I was amazed by my accomplishments. Sculpture for sculpture class. Wonderful, primitive sculpture for me! Then, I was informed that I should not have a second thought about it. One day, God knows why, I became disenchanted. My habits returned, creeping upon me like a gentleman. Perfect, perfect. I clasped his shoulder, man to man. “Time to take action. Sport,” I said as I helped him to his feet. “Time to take action.”

The whole campus was in an uproar when I got off work. Girls lined the roof of Booth House, threatening to jump. Sports cars tore dangerously across Commons lawn. Franklin House was in flames. I held my own grades in my hand, having retrieved them from my mailbox. I wanted to see them in silence, in my room — amidst familiar settings... the St. Andrew's posters, the fire of the three-footers, my book collection. I sat in my dorm room at the shitty wooden desk and nervously tore the envelope open.

Oh God, four D’s... I couldn’t believe my eyes. I had done more work on this term than the previous one and still, even then, I hadn’t done so badly. At least comments were am- biguous. I thought about it, but I did not panic; as I had told my roommate, it was time to take action.

I’m a zip gun. Needleless to say, my intentions had been misunderstood. Mr. Stein, my Black Painting teacher, had obviously not understood my desire to authenticate my work. He must have noticed my use of Afro-sheen in place of gesso. My religion teacher didn’t like my paper on my Jim Jones’ People’s Punch Factory entitled Come I II. My music teacher said I couldn’t keep a beat. What the hell.

I had never been in the predicament before. I preferred a bang. But what to do? With a bang, not a whimper... hmmm. A bang. My heart sank, for my good gal was gone — no, a minute. A bang — the zip gun...

I found a pair of dark pants and a black turtleneck and put them on. I donned a dark woolen longshoremans’ cap and smeared my face with charcoal. I put the zip gun in my belt and studied myself in the mirror. Perfect, perfect. I ran to the bureau and extracted three bullets from my case. I then went to the President and told him that I was going to pay him a visit.

Ralph stuck his head into my room. “What the hell?”

“I’ve got business to take care of,” I told him. He looked at me. “I wouldn’t go outside, if I were you.”

“Don’t you know?”

“Don’t you know?” He shook his head. “Red Feathers group just blew up the barn. The National Guard is coming any second.”

I smiled and edged past him. “I wouldn’t go,” I pleaded. “It couldn’t be that important.”

“It is,” I assured him. “I’m going to bump off the President.”

He rolled his eyes. “You’re nuts,” he said.

“Probably am. Probably am.

I stayed in the shadows as I meandered my way across campus. The smell of smoke filled the air. Screams echoed and gunshots cracked overhead. Papers pumped out like oil gushing from the earth. Books absorbed without effort. Ideas flooding through my electrified skull, visions of Lauve, Lauve, Lauve, great office buildings and luxurious apartments and summer homes by the sea, scores of children, grand children, a long and happy life end an obituary in the Times — all this and more. One day, God knows why, I became disenchanted. My habits returned, creeping upon me like a gentleman. Perfect, perfect. I clasped his shoulder, man to man. “Time to take action. Sport,” I said as I helped him to his feet. “Time to take action.”

To the Editor:

I’m writing to express my relief that the President has finally gotten together with the College community and let us know exactly what’s going on? I think it’s about time, and I think we should be informed. If I were the President, I would not have the right to keep us in the dark. It is up to you, the students, to decide whether we want to be kept in the dark. We, the students, comprise the people who pay the President’s salary; but even more importantly, the school is being run by us — don’t we have the right, before anything else, to know exactly what’s going on?

Let’s leave these emergency meetings to the hospital.

Vanguard * March 28, 1979 * 5
“The Warriors” has evolved quite an astounding variety of reactions and criticism since its release less than three months ago. Paramount Pictures was delighted by the movie’s terrific draw at the box office: over $171 million grossed in the first six weeks. But their cheerful mood was dampened somewhat when it became apparent that the movie was provoking acts of violence in and around the theaters where it opened. Apprehension soon turned into something like panic when three deaths were attributed to the movie’s influence. Fearing lawsuits, which typically follow right on the heels of violent deaths, Paramount abruptly halted their provocative advertising campaign which featured various gang members in their colors, complete with bats, chains and defiant demeanors. There was some talk of retracting the movie completely but a Paramount spokesman successfully argued that such a rash move would set an ugly precedent.

By MICHAEL ROGERS

Down at the local Cinema, I asked the policeman sitting in a patrol car out front of the ticket booth if he thought that there might be some trouble after the late showing of “The Warriors.” “No,” he said flatly and turned his key in the ignition. “Well, don’t underestimate us,” I mumbled over the rumble of the engine and swaggered to the window to have my ticket halved. This “Warriors” movie really does something to people, I thought, as I bought a 75¢ popcorn; am I exempt from its influence?

The martial arts style of fighting in the movie has been called, by none other than The New York Times, the most violent movie I’ve seen by any means. Clint Eastwood in “Dirty Harry” and even Bruce Lee in “Enter the Dragon” were more brutal than any one of the Warriors. The rhythmic, martial arts style of fighting in the movie has been called, by none other than The New York Times, “exhilaratingly visceral, with no thought of pain or gore.” There aren’t even any fatalities resulting directly from the bat, switchblade and chain gang battles (although a cop does throw a Warrior in front of a subway train and the Riffs triple team the gang’s leader Cleon). Only in director Walter Hill’s carefully staged visual effects is the violence evident. We see it in the vivid “dagglo” colors set against black backgrounds, inKronenbourg 1664 is $4.95, the same price you’ll pay at most bars or restaurants. The difference is that Kronenbourg 1664 is made in the traditional French style using all natural ingredients. It’s the perfect choice for people who like a little more character in their beer.

The plot is, again according to The New York Times, “a comic-book version of Xenophon’s account of how the Greek warriors, whose leader was killed in Persia, had to make their own way home.” The performance ethic from the ancient Trojan battle-field comes alive, prowess in battle and quick-witted street savvy are the necessary criteria to earn the esteem of your gang members. The Warriors are resourceful and loyal to the end. The tone of the film is similar to that of Kubrick’s “A Clockwork Orange.” Ajax, for example is just like Dim, worth three men in a fight but not too bright. The gang fails from one confrontation to the next. They slide by the fearsome Turnball A.C.’s, skinheads in overalls, and step on the Orphan’s turf. They hop their way through a terrific battle with the uniformed, painted-faced Baseball Furies only to succumb to a thorny rose seduction by a lesbian gang called the Lizzies (Sirens, thank you). The Warriors are constantly sidetracked by women—a girl named Mercy (the most brutal scene of the movie occurs when she delivers her mushy little philosophy of life to Swann, the gang member who is appointed “warchief” after Cleon gets wasted), a policewoman (who doesn’t look like a policewoman), and the Lizzies—and all cost them a lot of time and bruises. They make it back to Coney, but not in time to save their lives.

In the end, the Warriors, once punks, are bona-fide heroes. “You Warriors are good,” says the Riffs leader after an informer finally tells him that our team was not at fault, “real good.”

The best, “replicates Swann.” They suffered unjustly, but without complaint. “Grit your teeth and forge ahead” might be their motto. The Times noted that the movie comes out stronger “courtesy of a romantic and true love—for just about everything in fact except motherhood.” This is the intrinsic flaw involved in the movie’s very conception. Hill has taken the very real problems of low-class urban male adolescence, its territorial aspect, its devastating sexuality, and put them into a fantastic comic-book context. Some kids who see it are bound to emulate their heroes and find out that it really hurts.
College President Joseph Murphy called a special community meeting last week in which he spoke and answered questions on many of the problems that have besieged the College of late. Speaking before a packed Tishman audience, the President said that the school is in no danger of closing its doors, but said there will have to be more trustee responsibility if the College is to do more than survive. Murphy also commented on the 1-20 controversy, saying "I've made a mistake and I regret it, and I don't know what more I can say."

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Softball preview
Season opens next week against 'The V'

By SIDNEY SLAYTER

"Spring training has begun," shouted softball player Ken Fowler as he vitamins his familiar perch at the end of the bar. Utility outfielder Topper "Hot Spot" Lilien reaffirmed Ryan's sentiments, ordering another round, and presidential-hopeful "Spike" Farley was not one to argue. For it is one of those custom-made coincidences of The Almighty—like the dove-tailing of Ted Williams and Yaz—that the members of this year's softball squad are also the Villager's most frequent patrons. So while others excel at academics, searching for new horizons and pushing forth man’s half-assed pursuit of wisdom, and still others great spring by classical rituals and orgies at the end of the world, this undying band of alcoholic novelists will be knocking the cover off the old ball.

The team looks strong this year. Having lost only John Ryan to the Yankees and Michael Tarbox to the S.P.F.D. ("A bum wrap," Tarbox shrieked to reporters.) A few bright faces even turned up in The V, though only for a monetary stay. ("He hit me first," an angry Mike Roger's lamented.) But from the only practice the team attempted ("—it’s let’s go to The V," a tired Barry Weinbaum suggested), things are indeed far from sober. Routine flies were swatted at as if they were smaller than insects. Throws from rusty arms were sluggish and inaccurate. And things promise only to get worse as the weather warms, the beers cool and the women shed their clothes to reveal dimensions.

With the season opener in a week against The Villager, the squad will have to work "damn hard," Ryan says. "I don't want to cause embarrassment. Here's how the team shapes up:

**Topper Lilien:** Always strong in the late innings, Top could single-handedly drink the entirety of the softball team's meager budget. A preppe reject by habit and a poor baseball player by nature, Topper will have to work hard to find a spot in a very competitive line-up.

**Michael Rogers:** Another preppe who is used to winning, Rogers will have to learn not to take the game so seriously if he wants to play. A recent brawl at The Villager, though, proves his quick assimilation into the American Way and general lack of purpose.

**Kenrick Fowler:** Always good for a few laughs every inning, "Frosty" is assured a position on this year's squad. A second-year letterman, he knows the game well, seriously if he wants to play. A recent brawl at The Villager, though, proves his quick assimilation into the American Way and general lack of purpose.

**Barry Weinbaum:** No stick, no woman, no arm, but what the hell, no cry. "The Kid" is definitely this team's Bucky Dent, with his crazy and wild sex appeal (hey girls, wouldn't you just love to run your hands through his back), lack of ability and amazing luck.

**Tim Littlefield:** Ryan is concerned as to whether or not Littlefield will ever take off his topiders to don spikes. A controversial player who has the residents of Canfield in tears with his countless foul balls, "TW," as he affectionately calls himself, has all the right virtues of a young Republican.

**Kevin Farley:** Intelligent, handsome, athletic and quick of wit. "Spike" doesn't drink enough to deserve a high spot in the batting order. A new craving for power might also distract from his graceful swing on and off the field.

**Perry Norris:** Serious academic work (no kidding) and George Guy might hinder this 5th term senior's poking this spring. I mean to the opposite field.

At right, third base coach Topper Lilien flashes the sign for the Ol' Senecan suicidal squeeze. Below: much of the team has been laid up by social disease, but a few hard cores (from left: Barry Weinbaum, Perry Norris, Ken Fowler, Topper, Mike and Clark) pose for a photographer in better days at Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Jennings changing the world of contemporary music to take ball seriously this spring.

**Chris Clark:** A classic example that those who can, do study, and those who can't, do play softball. Ah, but what the hell, Clark's just there for the beer and women.

**Andy Batchett:** "The Torch is a real asset and a nice guy.

**David Becker:** E Pluribus Unum.

Other hopefuls include: Carroll Cartwright and brother Hoss, Bader Howar, Joe Murphy, Evans and Mara Malizia.

For others interested in try-outs, practices are held randomly at 3:30 everyday.

Some objections have been raised about the team's nonacademic candor and lack of women. "Sexist," one Benny U. female charged and a philosophy major was heard saying he saw no "existential merit to this sort of subhuman behavior." Kevin Earley apologized and added, "At least we play at the far end of commons."

By SIDNEY SLAYTER