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HEY YOU!

(Yes, YOU, you stupid jerk!)
Do you realize that this entire issue was put together by three people?
Did you know that it takes at least five people to put out a newspaper on this campus with any regularity?
Did you know that dozens of campus events and other assorted happenings go unreported and often unnoticed because of the lack of a newspaper?

For two years now, this paper has been crippled beyond which it operate at any efficiency at all because of the almost pathological refusal of anybody on this campus to do anything at all for it.

Actually, the situation was never all that much better, but at least there were layout people when they were needed, people to write about important things that happen here (believe it or not, important things DO happen here) and people to take photos and make drawings to help this rag look a little bit respectable. Now, we're down to two editors, a copy editor, and scattered contributions embellished with "stock" illustrations.

All it would take to change this situation is a couple of people willing to cover campus, one public-spirited kid with a camera, and two people who either know about offset layout or would be willing to learn, plus maybe someone who would take care of ads and the mailing list. A total of nine people on a newspaper is not all that large a staff.

If, therefore, you think you could be one of those nine (or seven or six or whatever), contact Box 79, Campus, or come to McVicker basement at 6:30 on Tuesday evenings and talk with us. Newspapers don't just come together by accident; people make them. So let's get something the hell moving, people!

The Editors

old times

It is an exceptional play with which the drama department has opened its new season. "Old Times," a Pinter gem, represents a genre of introspective theatre that originated in the late fifties as an attempt to deal with the life-styles emerging after the war. Pinter and Albee, among others, wrote fledgling works in that period, and by 1960 were shaking up theatre audiences in a significant way. "Old Times," which was written fairly recently, follows in a direct line from the works of that period. These playwrights were, and are, major innovators of style and content, and their work maintains a discipline and a dramatic reality which could indicate some effective creative channels for young talent today.

The situation of the play is a bit complicated. A married couple, Kate and Deeley, are awaiting and speculating on the arrival of an old friend of Kate's. Anna, the friend, arrives, reminisces on her old life with Kate, and allows Deeley to make passes at her. Later, Deeley and Anna almost make love, but

Cont. on p. 7
The Dong and The Short of it...

"And lo, said St. Stephen, to the college of Bard I shall give this bell; and by its magical virtues it shall toll the half-hour, yea, even to thirteen and beyond... until such time as a clean virgin shall pass these temptations unstained, in token of which it shall be brazen anudder..."

The problem, mainly, is one of vigilance. It’s not as simple as it once was. When the world was young, usually you could ask, and if the answer was "yes," that was the answer you got. In fact, you probably got it anyway. But times have changed. The first semester of the freshman year is a reachable period of grace—but past that point, the compulsion to meet the obligations of nobility grows so pressing that some may hedge, yes, even lie, to avoid admitting the shameful truth. How, then, can we truly know these "clean virgins" in our midst? And more important, how can we save them—and our beloved bell besides?

The problem is not a trivial one. An infinite number of ways exist for the virgin to conceal his (or her) secret vice. Is your roommate saggy about his whereabouts on weekends—and might he turn out to have been home with his parents? Does the bathrobed girl you collide with in the doorway prove, in inspection, to be merely a passing stranger—borrowing soap? The telltale danger signals are small, but they are there. Learn to spot these efforts, and balk them. "What," you may say to yourself, "is a virgin more or less in the freshman class?" Nothing, now. But a year may pass—then two—and before you know it, that young man or woman is shuffling you block, and all is lost—the bell has tolled for the last time!

But what, you may ask, is to be done? What indeed? As with every other problem, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Shock troops, ready to descend on each entering freshman class, are indeed already an institution. Nonetheless, a lynx-eyed manager, as eager to catch that copy of What Every Girl Should Know hiding under the Village Voice, that bed that squeaks when no one else is in the room, those pristine, unstained sheets—should stand ready to infiltrate the sophomore and junior classes. But to the hardened cases—those who, mirabile dictu, remain untouched even unto the Senior Project by the tender, considerate advances of Bard men, the firm bosoms and supple grace of Bard women—to them, I say, our greatest concern is due. For from them comes the most immediate peril.

Direct dealing, at this advanced stage of the affliction, must be considered implausible. Remember, the virgin who's made it this far is a crafty beast. They may go to any length to maintain this habit—and destroy the bell you hold so dear. A concerted effort on all fronts is necessary, combining the best guerrilla tactics with a policy of continuous and direct assault.

1. Firstly, a raffle to be held twice or three times a term, in which the most athletic, vigorous and dedicated students of both sexes can, for a nominal fee, purchase chances on anyone who appears a direct threat to the life of the bell (proceeds to go to the Bard Observer.) How they make use of their chances is their own problem, but one envisions the possibility of waylaying the miscreant in a body in a lonely grove or studio building.

2. As well as, or in conjunction with, the raffle, a reasonable prize—a bottle of brandy, say, or a moderate meal at the Whaleback—might be offered in lieu of more perilous (or painful) hunting trophies.

3. The proudest of Bard to form a clique—called, perhaps, the "Bellringers!"—dedicated to keeping our bell intact. Arduous the qualifications for membership may be (for the cherry blossom so long unpleased is sure to be ringed with thorns)—but this is surely outweighed by the satisfaction of a noble deed and the sight of Bardians truly united in support of a common cause.

In these days of apathy and non-involvement, so impassioned a call to arms may seem over-idealistic, or at best naive. But ponder that: In the vacuum of a fateful graduation—how the hours come and go, and the bell fails to ring, its voice stilled forever, gowned figures glance nervously from side to side, each wondering that—where have they failed? That somewhere—someone, or she, had failed. It might happen, this grisly scene, but not if we act now—for it is not too late to save an institution that embodies Bard and all that it stands for and reverences most deeply.

Karen E Murray

WHO? for tax assessor?

What? A Bard Freshman running for Tax Assessor in Germantown. It is no quite serious, and what's more has the Democratic nomination. His name: Philip Car-ducchi, an unsung veteran of the US Navy and Wall Street worker, who bears no small resemblance to Grover Haxx. He is a Brooklyn boy originally, but a two year resident of Germantown. He had planned to run on an independent ticket for the Justice of the Peace of Germantown; however when he received a late night phone call from the chairman of the local Democratic party, offering him the Democratic nomination where he was to run as Tax assessor rather than for the Justice of the Peace, he accepted the offer. As a result, he faces the Republican nominee, the incumbent, Jim Baxter, on November 6th.

The office of Tax assessor holds a four year term, with a yearly salary of 1,800 dollars. Phil cites his chances of being elected as 50/50, and is counting on the younger vote. He stated that Germantown has always been, and most likely still is, a Republican town. However he thinks that it might be different in this, the year of Watergate.

When asked why he wanted this office, or at least why he was running, his reply was simple: "I always wanted some politics; it was too hard in Brooklyn or the city, but up here you have to start out small."

Cindy Murrk
The Bard Student Association is under full sail; clubs are functioning, films rolling, dances happening, concerts sounding, committees in session. The Student Senate ratified this semester's budget, representing a broad cross-section of community interests. If you have an interest listed here, get in touch with the club chairperson if you can't find your thing, maybe you should contact someone on Senate.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Organisation</th>
<th>Chairman</th>
<th>Allocation</th>
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<tr>
<td>Art Club</td>
<td>Elliot Caplan</td>
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<td>BBSo</td>
<td>Darlene Rubain</td>
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<td>Ron Wilson</td>
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<td>Dawn Toppin</td>
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<td>Chess Club (Boards in Coffee Shop)</td>
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<td>Dance Club</td>
<td>Jordana Briggs</td>
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<td>Nick Serlinshaw</td>
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<td>Lindsay Hill</td>
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<td>Film Society</td>
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<td>Karrte</td>
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<td>Judy Walcott</td>
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<td>Mattewan</td>
<td>Ellen Tabachnick</td>
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<td>Musical Activities</td>
<td>Mary Delzell</td>
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<td>Latin Am. Org.</td>
<td>Louis Mancisano</td>
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<td>Eric Fish</td>
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<td>Symposum</td>
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<td>Margaret Murphy</td>
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<td>Entertainment</td>
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<tr>
<td>Film</td>
<td>Bill Hahn</td>
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Sensa has also been active soliciting people for committees which represent student concerns (are you concerned about what you digest intellectually, biologically?)

Educational Policies Comm.—Kate Wittenstein
Food Comm.—Danny Tilers, Jamie Greanor
Harry Ferris
Student Judiciary—Ellen Tabachnick
Recreation—Harry Ferris
Comm. on Tenure—Jeff Crist, Shelley Weinstock
Tabachnick

So, this list covers people who are doing things through the Student Association. As for what happens with any of these committees or clubs, it isn’t solely the responsibility of these people—it’s up to you.

Jeff Crist

Baltimore (AP)—A student at Northern High School gave birth to a 7-pound 14-ounce baby girl in the school’s dispensary. "She had no idea she was pregnant," the principal told school officials later.

The 16-year-old mother was described as a good student who had never missed a day of school.

Beirut, Lebanon (AP)—A Lebanese court acquitted South African elephant trainer Karl Graham Fisher-Lloyd of the murder of British topless dancer Margaret Cougher.

Fisher-Lloyd, 24, and the 32-year-old woman both appeared in a show at a casino near Beirut. She was found stabbed in her Beirut apartment on May 30, 1970, and Fisher-Lloyd was arrested after he admitted stabbing her once because she had been unkind to his elephants.

Paris (Reuters)—A man who fell to his death from the first floor of the Eiffel Tower May 25 was the 357th person to die in a plunge from the tower since it was opened in 1889.

Aachen, Germany (UPI)—A 37-year-old woman was hospitalized after her husband bit her so hard on the cheek that she equilizer stitches, the police said. Police spokesman said the couple was having a row and argument.

Milwaukee (AP)—Klery Boners, a bachelor who said he has no family anniversaries as an excuse for throwing a party, was host to about 500 friends and relatives for his own mock wake.

"Don't I look natural?" the 49-year-old grover asked his giggling guests as he admired a coffin containing a replica of himself and decorated with a bouquet of vegetables and mushrooms.

Invitations had requested "no memorials".

But many guests came with gifts and sympathy cards for the civic-minded Boners, founder of a youth conference at his church.

He began organizing the wake six weeks ago, he said, "to thank all of my friends for the weddings, anniversaries and graduation parties they have invited me to."
CROSS COUNTRY

Sept. 15th, 1973, will go down in Bard athletic history. For the first time in thirty-five years Bard College competed in a cross country meet. We competed against Marist College and Ulster Community College in a tough triangular meet. Even though we were beaten badly by Marist, we did take second place by out-running Ulster. Phil Cardinal and Don Paul Reed starred for Bard and placed 11th and 14th, respectively.

Marist 15 Bard 29 Ulster 75

A week after Marist and a tough loss, Bard came out running in it's second meet this year. Manhattanville runners also ran very hard but not hard enough as Phil Carducci, Stan Corkin, Don Paul Reed, Azabache Bonet, and Bill Moss took five out of the first six places to win it. A vast improvement was shown in the week's time since the Marist meet. Carducci and Corkin both broke the thirty minute barrier, placing 1st and 3rd. Winning time was 27:12.

RESULTS Sept. 26th, 1973

1) Carducci 27:12
2) Manhattanville
3) Corkin 29:05
4) Reed 30:12
5) Bonet 31:47
6) Moss 34:28
7) Manhattanville
8) Manhattanville
9) Manhattanville
10) Manhattanville

BERKSHIRE CHRISTIAN 19 BARD 49

The injuries acquired in the meet against Berkshire Christian hurt the team in their next two appearances. On Parent's Day they barely beat Vassar and two days later lost to New Paltz. Phil Carducci and Bill Moss sustained injuries on the tough New Paltz course. One bright note though, Mike Russo, an up and coming runner, competed in his first meet and made a good showing of it.

Future meets for Bard include Vassar, Manhattanville, and finally, the Northeastern Athletic Conference Championships on Oct. 27, at Bard.

TENNIS

Well, this year's tennis is off to a rough beginning. Bard is having a tough time getting off the ground. So far, this reporter has covered three matches and the only bright spot was Bard's women beating Bennett, 7-2. But this ray of hope was snuffed out temporarily by losing to Dutchess, 6-3.

The men, on the other hand, are having a lot of difficulties so far this season. They lost their debut to Vassar, 6-3, even though Bill Hall took the singles match. Also, three days later they lost to Dutchess, 7-2. All I can say is that the season is still young and also, better luck next time out.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE VARSITY SOCCER TEAM FOR WINNING THE NORTHEASTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE TITLE.

WE'RE NUMBER ONE———1973
BARD in the 70's

It was 1969 and I was in tenth grade. About a quarter of the student body of a high school of 2,000 students had organized a march to the village park to demonstrate against the war in Vietnam. It was a time for student protest and talk of revolution was going on throughout the country.

Whether students protested by marching to the park or holding moratorium sit-ins in the high school's large commons, they were risking getting cut slips or even being suspended. But we felt a part of something bigger and were not affected by the threats of the high school administration. We were protesting against mass murder and were cutting our classes for what we felt was a great cause. We wanted people to know that we cared and that we were right in tune with all of the college students who were protesting in Washington and on our own campuses. The group of five-hundred students that marched to the village park were oddities in a high school where more people turned up at the pep rallies and football games. We were just waiting for the day when we would be in college. While in high school, my friends and I believed that college was the place where everyone was "hip." To most college was the place where people cared about the injustice of the war, and we believed that in college, people like us would be the majority instead of the minority.

High School students were waiting for the day when they could cast a vote against Nixon and in twelfth grade I went to door to door of a Long Island suburb canvassing for McGovern. One woman with an apron came to the door and told me that while Nixon's face disgusted her, McGovern's face reminded her of a rapist. Another woman told me that her husband was the one who was interested in politics, and a man with a flag decal on his front door said that Wallace was the man for him and that I should try another house. I soon came to the conclusion that I really wasn't doing any good, but I still believed that in college, I would be able to do something that really mattered.

By the time I came to Bard in the fall of 1972, McGovern was beginning to have Bagehot problems and his credibility was disintegrating. The whole Nixon-McGovern race was being considered by most people at Bard to be a joke. Clinging to the idea that even a weak McGovern would be better than an evil Nixon, I went canvassing for McGovern in Poughkeepsie. The day I went there was just one other person from Bard besides me, and two people from Vassar. The reactions from residents in Poughkeepsie were much more positive than those of the Long Island suburbanites, and the people working at the McGovern Headquarters seemed to believe in their candidate. There was enthusiasm at the headquarters where high school and college students, as well as adults addressed envelopes, sorted literature and made phone calls. But if it would come out in a conversation that I had gone canvassing, people would smile or laugh. I had made it to college, but I was still in the minority. The majority view was one of "I don't care."

On election night 1972, about thirty people sat in the dining commons lounge watching the election returns and later McGovern's concession speech on television. It was hard for me to believe that there had been a student strike on campus before I had come to Bard. For big issues on campus at that time (fall of '72) were those who were sleeping with whom, and who had some pot, as well as the stories and papers that everyone had to do. It was true that McGovern had proven to be quite shady and was a hard candidate to become excited about, but as I watched his concession speech, I wondered if things could have turned out differently had there been the kind of momentum and involvement that existed in 1968.

At Bard, as well as at other schools, it seems that people have withdrawn into their academic communities. This has quite true of myself. I find that my major concerns lean towards what I'm going to write through my papers on and how I'm going to exist within the daily life at Bard. I feel far away from the rest of the country and when I read the newspaper or listen to the news on the radio, it all strikes me as something out of a novel or movie. I really couldn't imagine going to Washington D.C. tomorrow and demonstrating against the corruption in the government.

It seems that the time for demonstrations and group movements has passed. The campus life of demonstrations and "radicals" that my friends and I read about in high school no longer exists.

Beth Aronson

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CHARLIE B’S

ALL NEW AND DIFFERENT

- serving lunch and dinner -
- FULL LIQUOR LICENSE -

special on mondays
(9 p.m. to midnight)
ALL THE DRAFT BEER YOU CAN DRINK $2.00
old times
from p. 2

don't. Kate emerges as a woman of exotic sexuality. It becomes clear that Kate's relationship with Deely, and that they were possibly lovers. As this surfaces Deely is undermined in his role as man and husband by the strength of the women's relationship, and he collapses, the victim of an eerie emotional confrontation for which he was not prepared. The play, as written, is psychological drama of the highest caliber.

Driver and company have achieved their production with mixed results. The first act went well. The sets and lighting were appropriate, and in the opening expositions Deely sets the right tone for the action; tense, quiet, and constantly sparring with his wife. Deely, as it happens, is vain and superficial, a successful and apparently ruthless businessman, not to mention being something of a lecher. He's a real sleazy bastard, an S.O.B.'s S.O.B. Joel Parker's interpretation of Deely was, for the most part, full and imaginative. He should have made an effort to handle props with a little more confidence. Successful businessmen simply don't shake when they pour brandy, and this oversight contrasted badly with his otherwise well-disciplined technique.

In the second act, Kate becomes the dominant character. Whether she is aware that Deely and Anna almost make it, or that they actually don't, isn't important. What is important is that she holds all the sexual cards, and is dealing them with a licentiousness that is both alluring and carnal. Claudia Unger creates, through unusual facial and vocal patterns, a unique characterization. Despite the performances, though, the second act was a failure. When the climax arrives, it should be well prepared for; the logical fruit of the actions preceding it. Here, the climax had no firm root in the actions preceding it. Why? There was a directional thread missing, which unravelled the whole emotional webbing (grounding) of the play. The relationship of the woman must be established clearly, or the second act falls flat, which it did. Their relationship should be hinted at in the first act, and clarified in the second. Here, it was only suggested, and the result was that they lost their audience. Sylvia Zaub's performance lost focus in the second act, and contributed to the problem. In the first act, though, she was very attractive and entertaining. Despite all of this, the play was still a full step better than anything produced last year.

Jim DeLynn

BESTIALITY at Bard

One of the more curious new clubs this year, indeed perhaps one of the most unusual clubs in the history of Bard bears (excuse the pun) is the 'Bard Bestiality Club.' Whether or not its members are serious or whether the club is merely an elaborate joke is anyone's guess, however, on questioning they maintain that they are in fact very serious, and get quite hostile when respect to humor on the subject. Rather than attempt to explain the club in this reporter's own words, it would be best to allow the club's constitution to speak for itself:

"Throughout history mankind has claimed love for his domestic animals. We of the Bard Bestiality Club wish to promote a more perfect union between man and his menagerie. While the presence of bestiality has always occurred throughout history and legend, it was not until recently through the advancement of sexual politics that bestiality has gained wide based acceptance throughout the general public. It is only our pleasure, not duty to educate people."

OUT OF THE BARNYARD AND INTO THE MEADOW!

This stirring constitution was followed by a budget which requested funds for a goat ($125), and upkeep and medical expenses ($50), totaling to $175. This budget was, for better or worse turned down by the Senate Budget Committee. Jeff Crist, a member of the committee, gave his reasons for turning down the request as, "for one: it's illegal, and second, what are we going to do with the goat after these fellows discover woman!"

Richard Baxter

DID YOU KNOW that there really is a Bard Pep Club? Applications now being accepted—must be trim, peppy, have good sweater figure. Funds also needed for pom poms, letter sweaters, skirts and briefs in school colors and pep buttons. We can't have a good season unless you help. Contact Box 888, Campus Mail, D.P. President, Bard Pep Club
STUDENT ELECTIONS

STUDENT SENATE

On Wednesday, November 7, an election will be held to fill four seats on the Student Senate. These seats are for two semesters.

All students are eligible to run for Student Senate. To run, a student must send a written note proclaiming his or her candidacy to Jeff Crist (Chairman, Elections Committee), Box 963, Campus Mail, no later than Tuesday, November 6; notes must be received by 5:00 that afternoon.

Candidates are also requested to sign the sign-up sheet which will be posted on the Student Senate bulletin board, at the entrance to Dining Commons near the coffee shop.

All students will be eligible to vote in this election, which will be held in Dining Commons during lunch and dinner.

FILM COMMITTEE

The Film Committee for Spring 1974 will be appointed by Student Senate on Wednesday, October 31; the Committee will consist of five voting members and a Chairman who is responsible for the booking, mailing, handling and security of the films (Chairman receives $100 salary from the Senate).

All students are eligible to run for Film Committee. To run, a student must send a written note proclaiming his or her candidacy and stating his or her qualifications for the Committee (or Chairmanship) to Jeff Crist, Box 963, Campus Mail, by 4:00 P.M. on Wednesday, October 31. (Please specify whether you are running for the Committee or the Chairmanship, or both.)

There will also be a sign-up sheet posted on the Student Senate bulletin board in Dining Commons, which you will be requested to sign. In addition, you should watch that bulletin board— you may be asked to appear before Student Senate to state your qualifications at the Senate meeting on October 31 (6:30 P.M. in Albee Social).

A NOTE ON NOTES

Some confusion had been caused by a rule passed by Student Senate last year to the effect that candidates for student offices must send notes of candidacy to the Chairman of the Elections Committee in order to be eligible. Often, someone who wants to run for an elected or appointed position overlooks this provision. Therefore, the Observer staff thought it would be wise to include an explanation of how this rule came about.

Unfortunately, the rule has been accidentally overlooked by several would-be candidates since its inception. Therefore, a word of advice: The note is always more important than the sign-up sheet.