

Bard College
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OBSERVER

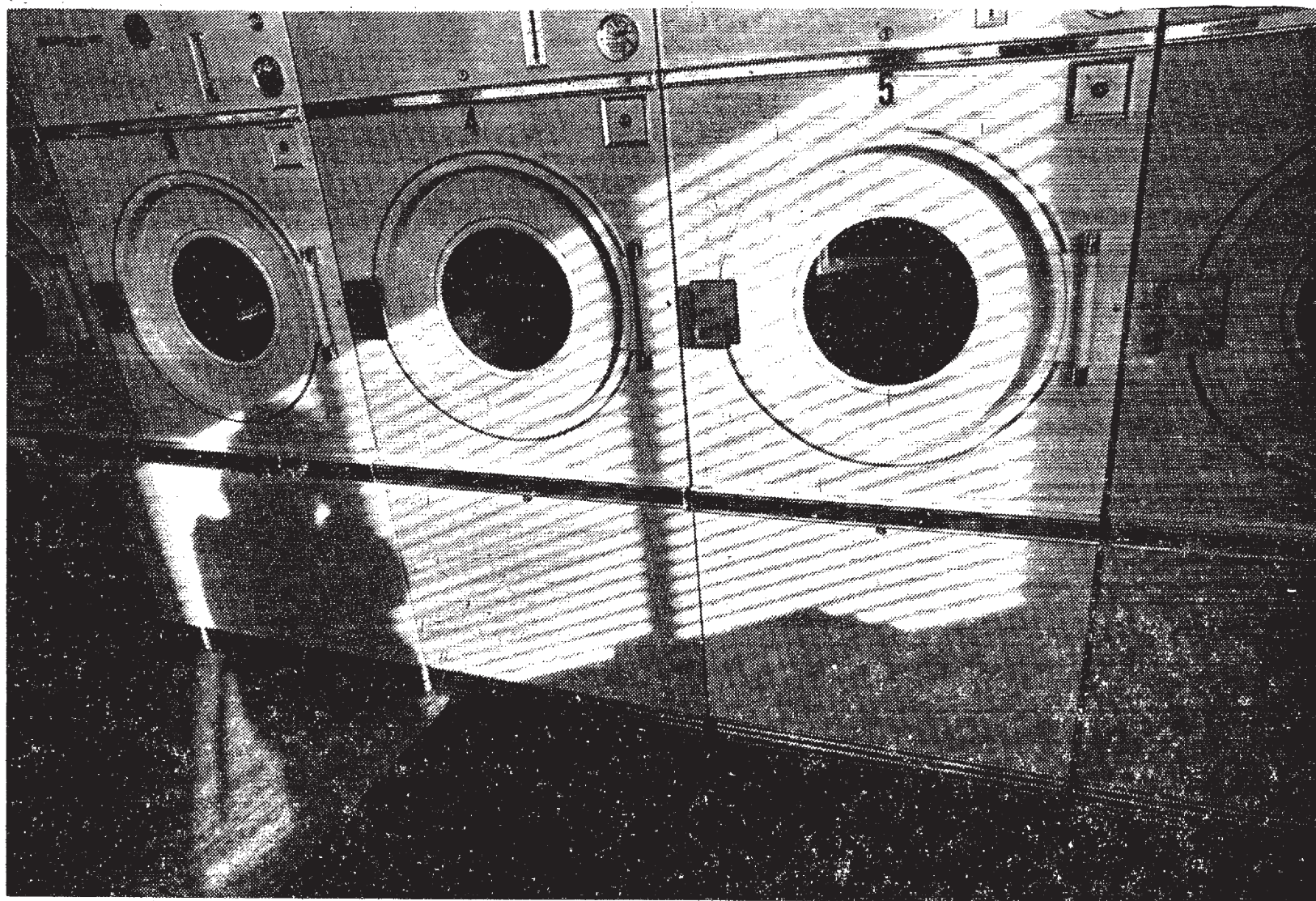
Vol. 16 No. 3 October 27, 1976

Front Page	Shit on Toast Mark Callahan Highstrung Kate Phillips Quote From Leon Botstein Save the Children! No Male Lady Jane Hurd Bill C. Davis Gypsy Dreams Catherine Williams
Page 2	An Apology Gail Levinson
	Letters [“ . . . Article discussing the value of the pool tables in the basement . . .”] Andy Abbatepaolo [“ . . . Article on the faculty art show.”] Steve Salzman [“My name is Jef Brown and I am writing to you from a state prison.”] Jef Brown [“ . . . Bard Clinic Staff at Northern Dutchess Hospital has asked us to . . .”] The Health Committee
	Viewpoints Commit Your Professor Cash In Your Hands
	Alternative Viewpoints Kim C. Graves

Page 3	Dr. Bish Questions & Answers Dishwater Virgin Music Steve Salzman Comedy Depicts Lowness Peter Kosewski
Page 4	Necrophelia Faculty By Themselves Ellsworth P. Squeazer, ed. A Gross Canard? Perhaps Stuart F. Brown Who Would Win the Right? Christopher Rushton Future Daze Alex McKnight
Page 5	The Gift Lloyd Nichols Necrophelia Faculty By Themselves Ellsworth P. Squeazer, ed.
Page 6	The Art of Stooping Christopher Rushton Trick-Or-Treat! John Rittmaster Theses Vanish Robin Carroll
Page 7	Sports Mark Callahan Bard Puzzle Solution
Page 8	It's The Amazing Newshow Photograph Hugh Crawford

volume 16 number 3 October 27 1976 TEN CENTS

observer



Shit on Toast

Believe it or not, the food situation here is being improved. There is now a concentrated effort by S.A.G.A., the administration, and the student Food Committee to accomplish this. At a recent meeting of the Food Committee, concrete steps were taken towards bettering the quality of the food served by SAGA. Specifically, the aims of the Food Committee are to insure that food here will be palatable, available in sufficient quantities and well prepared.

Some might argue, and understandably so, that this will never happen, that SAGA is the I.B.M. of food services and it is unalterable. Yet, as Chairman of the Food Committee, I feel we can improve the food situation and ease the heavy volume of student complaints which Dean Sugatt and Controller Bill Asip call the heaviest ever.

The fact that Ludlow figures from Sugatt to Botstein have stated that we are now confronting an either/or situation gives me considerable hope for improving the food plan. Either SAGA shapes up or action will be taken against it by the students and administration. Let's hope that the students here can effect a positive change in the food without radical action like that taken at New Paltz, or further recourse to the administration.

To do this please keep in touch with the activities of the Food Committee and attend its meetings. The next one will be Thursday, November 4 at 12:30 in the Committee Room. Jim Gavin, head of Bard's SAGA, will be there and will be more than happy to discuss any suggestions you might have. If you have complaints, either come to the meetings, see me, or hold your peace.

Mark Callahan

Save the Children!

Lisa Preschel, a student at Bard, through an organization called Save the Children, is helping to feed a child in the inner city. She began this in August by way of a \$16 monthly contribution to Save the Children Federation, and has since begun a correspondence with the child she is sponsoring. The situation of our own food plan here with its abundance, if not real nourishment, makes for an overall poignancy. Lisa has suggested that students at Bard might arrange to miss a meal (or meals) and have that particular amount of food plan money contributed to Save the Children. She said that this went well with all involved at Sarah Lawrence College, and is certainly possible for Bard. She feels Save the Children is an honest channel for these contributions. Anyone interested in contributing energy to this project might contact the *Observer* (Box 85). If your interest is in sponsoring a child you should write to: Save the Children Federation Dept. P, Wilton Road, Westport Connecticut 06880.

No Male-Lady

Connie Fowle, Bard's friendly mailroom person, has recently been the source of much local controversy. She just wants to join the Red Hook Rescue Squad, which she is qualified to join, as she has taken the advanced First Aid program offered to faculty at Bard. However, for some as yet unexplained reason, Connie cannot join the Rescue Squad until she is also a member of the Red Hook Fire Department, another hassle altogether.

At the time Connie submitted an application, she was told that she *didn't stand a chance*, because the Fire Department's by-laws prohibit women from joining. So she *decided to put up a bit of a stink* - namely, circulating a petition that landed her cause in three local newspapers (a Hudson paper, and two from Red Hook).

The upshot of this public exposure was the Fire Department's decision to change their laws so that anyone fulfilling the age requirement (18-45) can join. Their newly established method is to 1) take applications, 2) send applicants before the investigation committee, and then 3) vote on candidates who have

passed the investigation at one of the monthly member's meetings.

Last week she was voted on, 39 against, 3 for. But she's not going to let them get away with that. She intends to take legal action through the Mid-Hudson Civil Liberties Union, which has recently contacted the New York Civil Liberties Union to help back her. She is aware that she will have to prove that she has been discriminated against, and must find someone who was present at the voting who will testify to that effect. She feels that she is unable to trust anyone who was there, and so is rather dubious about the court situation. Coupled with that is the problem that the Rescue Squad, (with the omission of her husband, who is a member), is not really helping her or at least vowing to give her support when she goes to court.

At this point, she can only hope the Civil Liberties Union will be able to pull her through. *If any students have any advice. I would gladly appreciate it, she says, adding, It's rough to do it alone. We can sympathize.*

Jane Hurd

bill c davis, author of "Everyman Revisited", "Celebrating the First Few Months", "Metanoia", and "Who is Enoch Crosby?", now presents "Gentle Catapults".

"Gentle Catapults" is about friendship growing in the stark purity of a home for aged men. "The play shows that love is stronger than death, but instead of demonstrating it on a balcony ("Romeo and Juliet") it is demonstrated on the porch of a home where death is just a few breaths away," says davis. "It gives a real perspective to those of us who think we'll never

bill c davis

grow old."

Surprisingly enough, the playwright is but a quarter of a century old.

"Gentle Catapults" is presented in conjunction with the Performing Arts of Woodstock. The play will be performed at the First Lutheran Church in Woodstock during the first two weekends in November. For additional information call (914) 679-7900.

Highstrung

Music at Bard can be isolated to just the people involved within certain circles. When seen only through the music department, it may seem very formalized to someone outside the dept., but who may be interested in music as a side interest or hobby.

This is where I think the coffeehouse comes in. The purpose of it is to provide entertainment for students at Bard performed by students off-campus performers. I think one of the main attributes of the coffeehouse should be to provide entertainment (music, dance, drama, poetry, etc.) that does not necessarily have its foundations in the departments at Bard. Another goal is to get people interested in bringing out talents that may not necessarily be the major focus of their activities. This would be a place to share them in an open and relaxed atmosphere and to find other people with similar interests with whom they can work.

For these reasons I am compiling a list of musicians at Bard in and out of the music department for the purpose of getting our music out into the open. This list would serve as a resource to find other musicians to play with or as a reference guide (i.e., if the drama/dance department needs certain instruments played

for a piece they could find such musicians by using the list.)

One might think that music can be found easily at Bard, but there are people interested in different kinds of music that are not openly expressed in the department. A good example is folk, traditional, and ethnic music which I love but have found the discovery of other people interested in it to be slow and difficult because no medium of contact exists at the present time.

The coffeehouse and this list can best broaden areas of interest (in music, drama, dance, poetry readings, etc.) so that all people can be exposed to the wide assortment at Bard.

Please contact me, Kate Phillips, at Box 591 if:

1. You have any suggestions for the list or the coffeehouse
2. If you sing or play any instrument send me your name, instrument(s), special interest in certain kinds of music, and Box number.
3. If you want to perform at the coffeehouse of help me with it in any other way. There are many things that can be performed there so don't feel limited. (some examples-music: folk, jazz, classical, ethnic; drama or dance pieces, poetry possibly combined with music or dance/drama).

Use your imagination.
Kate Phillips

Gypsy Dreams

Dr. Philip Bennett... gypsy philosopher? wandering mystic? Well, you take a college professor with a year's sabbatical, a van to travel in, and, most importantly, the incentive to share through lecture and discussion his own particular angle in the perplexing area of philosophy, and you've got, if not exactly a mystic, at least a rather curious individual who's likely to catch your attention both through his motive and through his material.

Dr. Bennett, self-titled gypsy philosopher, travels in his van from college to college delivering his lectures solely in exchange for room and board, and sometimes just for meals. One of the advantages of this is that he has no restrictive schedule to keep to... he can go where he likes, stay as long as he likes, and leave when he likes. In fact, his choice in coming to Bard was a matter of chance: he looked at his map, saw there was a college in his vicinity, and came up to "check us out."

Dr. Bennett indicated that part of his purpose in doing this sort of thing is to obtain a diverse, and

hopefully challenging, body of response to the philosophical arguments he sets forth. The lecture he gave Tuesday night (Oct. 19) in Bard Hall, entitled *Dreaming and Madness*, was one in the series of four he has in his repertory. The subject of this lecture dealt with two questions raised by Descartes in *The Meditations* (briefly paraphrased, 1) How do I know at any given moment that I am not asleep? and 2) How do I know at any given moment that I am not mad? hmmm). After drawing a comparison between Descartes' treatment of the questions and a contemporary view of the same questions in Philip Roth's book, *The Breast*, Dr. Bennett then set forth to define and analyze the nature of these questions himself. His conclusions, needless to say, raised some controversy from students attending the lecture. As I listened to the discussion wander further and further into the murkiness of indefinable experience, I was reminded of one of the many quotes Dr. Bennett used in his lecture: *Philosophy is a battle of bewitchment of our intelligence with words.*

Catherine Williams

I READ IT RELIGIOUSLY

Leon Botstein

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observer

An Alternative Newsmedia Project

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Special thanks to Burt Brody, Peter Skiff and William Walter for their obituaries.

An Apology

To the following brave and hardy souls who have contributed their efforts to this paper only to be shamelessly hurt by separating their names from their master works I do humbly beg your pardon:

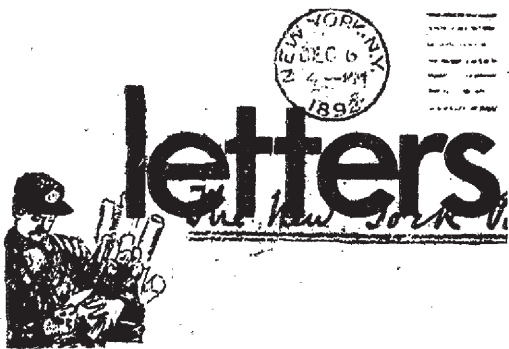
Issue number 1

Cover photo: Hugh Crawford
Page 1 photo: Hugh Crawford

Issue number 2

Cover photo: John Kisch
Page 1 photo: Hugh Crawford
A Waste of Time by Alex McKnight
Alternative Viewpoints by Peter Kosewski
Bard Puzzle by Shelia Spencer

gail levinson



To the Editor:

In one of the last issues of the Spring '76 *Observer*, there was an article discussing the value of the pool tables in the basement of the gym. In this article, which I have been unable to find a copy of, it was promised that the tables were to be repaired, renovated, and preened for this fall's use over the summer. It was also stated that the tables were to be maintained in this fashion on a three year cycle of overhauls. There was also something said about the money having been appropriated for the work prior even to the printing of that article.

Well, what happened ???
What is going to happen, as far as the tables' conditions are concerned?

I have a persistent suspicion that



Commit Your Professor

It is clear from the Thursday night speech of President Botstein that the administration is not planning to accost students en route to classes and inquire whether the corrals should be built in ellipsoids or squares. Input must be given by the students under their own initiative.

Problems with residential life have been the major focus of students efforts to control their lives for several months now. Academic life, which is at least supposed to be our primary reason for being here, has been ignored.

The Divisional Education Committee and College Committee have very real power in evaluating our faculty's performances. They require both time and thought because the judging of a teacher's effectiveness cannot use a gut reaction or emotional criterion if the best interests of the

students are to be served. Both of these programs come up for revision this spring. Since their implementation in the Fall of 1971 they have become yet another casualty of the apathy/ignorance cycle discussed here in the last issue. This is one of the few places we have real power. We cannot afford to let it slip away.

Complaining over your zucchini canoes in Dining Commons that Professor Foolsap doesn't know a thesis from a conclusion will not improve the flavor of this teaching or your food. Working on these committees might.

Cash in your hands

The few sheets of paper you hold in your hands at this moment are in danger of vanishing. This is not some clever Halloween trick: The *Observer* is in trouble. The amount of money available to us has reached an all-time low.

It is not the fault of the Planning Committee that injudicious use of funds last year gave them a small amount of money to allot to various clubs and organizations for this year's activities. Credit for this should go to the individual who overspent the budget by several

thousand dollars last spring and a series of creative tortures should be enacted on this person's body at a public meeting, but the awarding of such favors is not our concern at the present.

The point is that the Planning Committee feels that the student-body deems it more important to allot money for beer at dances than to continue putting out this paper. This is a decision that only you can make. This paper is the only available source of printed communication distributed on a regular basis to the Bard Community. No one would dream of cutting back the film or entertainment Committee's budget by seventy-five percent. Our function is at least as important as theirs. With the proper input it can serve as the medium of communication between the small, closed factions of this school. This is the forum for the six hundred people who do not sit on committees or serve on student government, as well as for the fifty who do follow these pursuits. Are you willing to let it go?

The Planning Committee will soon be putting a note in your boxes asking you to list your priorities of how you think money should be spent. Please remember that the *Observer* tries to serve the interests of the whole community but cannot survive without your support.

Alternative Viewpoints

Print the placards. Yell loudly. And why not? After all, is it not our college president, child prodigy, healer of the sick and distressed educational institution, who is to blame for the ineffectiveness we students feel in determining the destiny of our Bard experience. After all, one cannot have a dog on campus. President Botstein would do well to listen to the Ad Hoc Committee on Student Grievances.

But going deeper, perhaps it is we students who should also be looking at ourselves. It is not only the Bard experience that we feel ineffectual in dealing with. Only a fraction of those eligible to vote this November will do so. Even fewer have been reading the paper or listening to the Ford-Carter debates. And why should we? After all we have no control. We have no real say in the way our country is governed, in the way the world turns. We are only parts of the cosmological process; accidents.

If we cannot be effective, why

the pool players at Bard have been shortchanged. I invite anyone who doubts that conclusion to attempt a serious game on either of the tables. To write them off as, good enough, is a poor joke.

Sincerely,

Andy Abbatepaolo

To the Editor:

In the last issue of this newspaper appeared an article on the faculty art show. This piece was perhaps the most inane, illiterate article I have come across in any publication in some time.

The authors claimed that the opinions expressed those of uneducated non-majors. These opinions were obviously solicited from some of the slower children at the Red Hook Kindergarten (my apologies to you kids).

I spoke with a number of people (majors and non-majors) about the show, and, while not all the comments were favorable, at least there was exhibited some level of critical thinking. The comments printed in the article in question were an insult to the intelligence of Bard students.

should we extend ourselves? A beer at Adolph's. A one nighter. Why care only to be shot down? Relax. Don't care. Apathy.

And if we cannot be effective in determining our destiny at least we can be effective in our acts. We can tear the mirror off the wall in Robbins. We can pull the receiver off the telephone. We can vandalize the motorcycle out in the parking lot. If we cannot be effective in choosing our destiny, at least we can be effective in our destructiveness.

It is easy to forget that revolution begins with the individual. Reverend King, Susan Anthony, and the Kent State students have shown us that it does. We forget that it is necessary to care in order to be effective. We forget that pain is a necessary ingredient for growing. But most important, we forget that courage, ordeal by fire, boldness, combined with a rational sense of purpose are all necessary personal qualities to create change. What Reverend King did was not safe. He put

all he had on the line. All we remember is that Reverend King is dead. And we think, to him it doesn't matter anymore.

So let's jump on Leon. Indeed, Leon should recognize, respect, and even actively seek our ideas. But certainly let's not look too deeply at ourselves. Let's instead throw apathy. Laugh at it. After all, it hurts too much to do anything else. And anyway, it's easy enough, safe enough, and less painful to blame all our problems on Leon.

Kim C. Graves

than hinder, a person to understand a Jackson Pollack (or a Murray Reich for that matter).

The critique of the faculty show has only helped to place art only that much further away, and it is very sad.

Steve Salzmann

To the Editor:

Hi!

My name is Jef Brown and I am writing you this letter from a state prison. I am 22 years young, white, and I like to try and keep up on what's happening in the world today. I am writing this letter in hopes of finding young people to correspond with. My address is:

Jef Brown
76-D-7
Box 51
Comstock, New York
12821

To the Editor:

The Bard Clinic Staff at Northern Dutchess Hospital has asked us to pass on this hassle-preventing reminder: bring your Bard ID card with you if you need to be seen by the clinic. It seems that some non-Bardians have been trying to take advantage of our Health Insurance coverage.

Sincerely,
The Health Committee

DR. BISH questions & answers



Dear Readers,

Since no one seems to have problems or comments to share this week, Dr. Bish will take the opportunity to answer Ms. J.R., Blithewood:

Yes, the Bish family is the same as that which sponsors your annual *Billy Bish Award* in cinema studies. (Curiously, the award was ignominiously excluded from last year's presentations, though it represents a substantial yearly contribution toward student efforts in a field which suffers local neglect.)

Below, you will see photos of my esteemed brother, Manfred, N.Y. critic and lecturer of reknown and our sister, Bessie, who lives somewhere in the west - Kansas, I believe. Billy, we rarely hear from.
Dr. B



Manfred R. (von) Bish

dear Willy,

I am sorry about you having the shingles they are caused by nerves and I know you suffer a lot with them. They are a very serious disease Frank isn't very good he doesn't seem to improve, he has bad days & good days. No let up. He can't work anymore he put it for both SS & VA but hasn't heard nothing yet. I couldn't work if I wanted to because you can't leave him alone because he can hardly walk the house you lived in burn out last Sunday all that's left is a frame It is a wreck, Bob Johnson the Fish Man died and Samson is in the hospital with a stroke and they operated on him a large Blood clot on the brain. Don't know if he will come out of it or not. It happen Monday. Peanine has a blood clot in the right leg she is being treated for it now. She says she hasn't heard from Dawn since that time a long time ago.

If I knew the peoples telephone No. I would call & try to find out. Dawn may be alright Sally was just the same but when she got older she changed. I think Dawn needed Doctors treatment she was so mixed

DISHWATER



Concerning the various legends indigenous to Bard College, the very professorial **WILLIAM WALTER** grumbled something rather vague about "a private necklace and a public albatross."

LEON BOTSTEIN approached **MARY & THEO** at lunch on Parent's Day in hopes of acquiring some biographical information on the panelists for the forum on the steady state. "I have to introduce them," Botstein explained, "and I don't know who the hell they are."

The other day, the mail was late again. Hundreds of distressed Bardians wandered aimlessly outside of Hegeman Hall while they wondered what state Aunt Nina's granola bars would arrive in. The thought of a more weather-beaten

post-card from that kibbutz near Tel Aviv brought a worried cast into more than one eye. Then, someone asked **CONNIE FOWLE** (aka, **CONNIE MAIL-LADY**) what the problem was. She replied, "You know all that stuff about rain and hail and sleet? It's all bullshit." And so it is.

DISHWATER may have published an erroneous account of the **SETTLE-FITCHETT** spat in the Kellogg library. Ms. Fitchett claims that she never did say, "Who the hell was that?" **MELISSA ROBERTS**, on the other hand, DID say "Who the hell was that," when Academic Dean **GRACE ALLEN** refused to extinguish her cigarette which she was smoking in the new reference room. Dean Allen did offer to refrain from "ashing" until she had entered the Hoffman Library, where smoking is allowed. Meanwhile, **ALEX MCKNIGHT** has suggested an entire series of articles about library personnel all ending with "Who the hell was that?"

The saga of the spider continues: it seems that on that fateful summer night, **THEO & JONI** were not alone in the house. **CAROL MERLE** and **JAMIE FISHMAN** were on the scene, too, and were every bit as intimidated as was our associate dean. **DICK STARKIE** just squashed the thing under a kleenex and left in disgust.

AGAIN, CONFIDENTIAL:
Thank you, Dick.

Virgin Music

Inspired by the marvelous record reviews by Comrade Carlson, I would like to describe briefly, other albums of the "new music." Along with the previously mentioned group, **Henry Cow**, are other progressive groups working in similar directions. Unfortunately, these groups are frequently overlooked in today's corporate music industry. If you are tired of the monotonous and inferior quality of music being sold by the Grateful Dead, Bob Dylan, and Bruce Springsteen types, then you might like to check these out.

First, a group known as **Egg** have been extremely involved in expanding the realms of contemporary avant-garde music. Their influences can be traced to Edgard Varese as well as to Cage and Stockhausen. Dave Stewart on keyboards and Mont Campbell on bass are among the most exciting new musicians around. There are 3 excellent **Egg** albums: *Egg*, *The Civil Surface* and *The Polite Force*.

Another superb group is **Hatfield and the North**. More mellow and melodic (perhaps) than **Egg**, **Hatfield** are going way beyond such groups as *Return to Forever* and *Weather Report* in the Jazz-Rock realm.

This group also features superb musicianship with Phil Miller on guitar, Pip pyle drums, Richard Sinclair bass, and again Dave Stewart on keyboards. **Hatfield and the North** have released two albums; *Hatfield and the North*, and *The Rotter's Club*.

I would also like to mention that Henry Cow has released 4 other incredible albums: *Unrest*, *In Praise of Learning*, *Henry Cow*, and *Desperate Straights* (with *Slapp Happy*). These records are to be found in the import section of the most reputable shops.

Steve Salzman



Bessie Bish

up she could be so nice to you and change so fast. Have you heard from Kelly? I called Sally & they told me they no longer live there. I don't know where she is but that's the way she is. We havnt been to the Club since we went with you, I'll call you sometime when I get the money that is scarce now. until Franks pension come though. Frank says Hello doesnt know why you live so far away. I have been sick all winter my legs & arms I cant hardly moved but tell Mike I still drink my old Genessee I've got a six pack in the ice box. now Billy doest drink hardly at all he gets so tired he sleeps most the time Take care and write soon if you decide to leave Okla. come here. things are picking up now. Keep in touch with us. Bessie wrote and told me she was sick for awhile I didn't get to G. Falls yet.

Love

Mom & Billy

Do you & Manfred go to Bingo?
dear Mom,

For God's sake, don't call me Willy!

-- Dr. Bish

Comedy Depicts Lowness

Ah, yes. This world's too evil to live in. And no one's interested in anything but scandal. The pilgrims are having a party in the yard, and tea is no good at all if one has had a vision.

No. This is not Lewis Carroll. The matter at hand is Alexander Ostrovsky's *DIARY OF A SCOUNDREL*, the first production of the semester at the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance. Under the rather elegant direction of William Driver, the play is a biting, satiric comedy. It is attractively set and attractively costumed. In writing as well as in performance, *DIARY OF A SCOUNDREL* was a marvel of symmetry and consistence, and the Bard audience was happier than we had ever seen it.

I have no virtues, says Kourchaev. Have you only vices? asks Kleopatra. No more than any ordinary fellow.

No more than any ordinary fellow. It is a thought that is the very crux of the play. Yegor Gloumov, the scoundrel of the title, is no worse than anyone else and in some ways he is more respectable than his compatriots. Mamaev, for example, gives Gloumov a lesson in making love to his (Mamaev's) wife. Gorodoulin buys his after-dinner witticisms from Gloumov even as old Kroutitsky buys his treatises. All the fine ladies and gentlemen slander each other as a matter of course.

All but Gloumov. He is no gentleman, but rather a young man with much ambition and a realistic view of the world. He knows quite well that talk, that the turn of a phrase means more than the very best of ideas. Gloumov will have his way, and methodically, he sets out to secure his success. He has but one flaw: *Alone in the silence of the night, I shall write a chronicle of human triviality.* Gloumov keeps a diary. Thus, in the eerie quiet of the fourth act during which Kleopatra discovers and reads Gloumov's diary, we prepare for downfall.

But *DIARY OF A SCOUNDREL* is not a tragedy. A comedy, says Kroutitsky, depicts lowness. Kleopatra sees to it that Gloumov's diary is read, that his treacheries are exposed. In so doing, Kleopatra exposes herself and her friends to the truth of Gloumov's observations.

DIARY OF A SCOUNDREL is not so heavy-handed as it seems in re-telling. It is beautifully constructed, and the actors, by and large, do the play justice. Benett Bolek and Polly Corman achieve a pleasing subtlety in their roles as the scoundrel and his mother. Newelle McDonald was as delicious as Lady Bracknell without a touch of whipped cream. Benkoczy, Brotherhood, Hurst and Keane stood on solid ground. All performances were enhanced by Driver's rather remarkable staging. We had no real complaints. On the whole, *DIARY OF A SCOUNDREL* was an auspicious beginning for the fall season of theater.

Peter Kosewski

NECROPHILIA

Faculty by themselves
ELLSWORTH P. SQUEAZER, ed.

The Bard College Administration is still refusing to comment on the tragic deaths of some two dozen students Monday night, October 25. The naked bodies of the Ad-Hoc Committee on Student Grievances were found early Tuesday morning, scalded nearly beyond recognition, in the Wardens' gang shower. Equally dead, though clothed, were on-the-scene *Observer* staff members Shelia Spencer, Gina Moss, and Lora Jacobs. Judging from the remains of a tape recorder and several scrawled notes rescued from the heap of blistered corpses, an interview was in progress when the water suddenly shot out in torrential fountains from all directions, bathing the group in steam, and vaporizing their outer layers of skin instantly. They never had a chance. B&G has extended abject apologies, and promises to have the room cleaned by Thanksgiving. The front page of the next issue of the *Observer* will no doubt feature last minute contributions expressing sympathy for the committee and advancing theories of plotting on the part of the administration. This wealth of late additions will then probably result in the cutting of condolences for our own sorely missed teammates. B&G has prepared a 9x9 ft. portion of Blithewood's northwest lawn for the mass burial scheduled for 6:00 am, Saturday mourning. All are encouraged to attend, BYOB.

Members of the Bard Community are urged to take careful precautions when travelling at night in the vicinity of Stone Row. Two students have died, and dozens have been injured by the vicious Belgian Giant rabbit unleashed this weekend. Evidence suggests that Ruth West, owner of the blood-thirsty beast, had trained it to attack Jane Hurd on sight. This it did, sometime between two and five o'clock, early Saturday morning, October 23. Having acquired a taste for human flesh, it turned on its master voraciously, leaving hardly a scrap. Since then, its insatiable drive has made it the most serious threat to student health since the administration's refusal to provide an on-campus gynecologist earlier this semester. The ashes of Ruth and Jane's remains will be distributed among members of the Pet Committee through campus mail, as a stern reminder of the threat of uncaged pets on campus to student safety.

On Sunday, October 24, a stone row resident discovered a severed arm in a washing machine in the basement of McVickar. Subsequent investigation turned up many of the remaining missing portions of the same body in several nearby bathrooms and storage closets. Official identification of the body of *Observer* Business Editor, Andy Abbatepaolo, was finally made possible when his head, vital organs, and genitalia were served in Commons, Monday evening, as a dinner stew entitled, "Potpourri." Police have released the following reconstruction of Andy's demise: While writing bills in the *Observer* office late Friday night, Andy was set upon by a matching pair of fiends, armed with an assortment of screwdrivers with which they dismantled his body. The motive is still a complete mystery. Funeral services will be held in the Chapel when the glue dries.

Lanzarote, Islas Canarias,
November 1, 2025

No one attended the memorial service yesterday as the few ashes of the 100-year-old ex-professor, William Walter, were scattered from the public dock. Long a retired resident in the posh Hotel Atlantique, the old American never learned Spanish. Yet even among his compatriots, he seldom opened his mouth to emit more than a loud hollow laugh. His four short novels, *Quirk*, *Snoog*, *Snoog Revisited*, and *Sailor's Holiday*, are reputed to be popular among young Americans, largely because of their cynicism and obscurity. He came to the Canary Islands near the end of the last century for relief from a severe allergy to chalk dust. He is not expected to rest in peace.

A Gross Canard ? Perhaps



The gargoyle, *in situ*, as revealed by erosion.

In April of 1976 a large piece of the tree-lined hillside west of Blithewood slid, virtually intact, into the bay below. It left an area of slippery gray clay exposed. My colleague Gremaud said of the occurrence, *A lacustrine deposit. Come to think of it, the Institute for Short-lived Phenomena might be interested. Someone should notify them.*

When I recently paid my first visit to the location, I was greeted by an astonishing sight. At the base of a clump of withered wildflowers, erosion resulting from the heavy fall rains, had brought to light a true anomaly. Standing almost free from the viscous clay of the bank, in which it must have been imprisoned for a very great deal of time, was a small and ugly stone gargoyle, apparently immortalized in the act of devouring its own offspring. I could hardly believe my eyes, yet there it was, and in a remarkable state of preservation.

My historical research on the subject revealed that this gargoyle was of a type popular in Europe during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. An examination of the history of literature yielded scattered references to gargoyles dating all the way back to Hall's *Chronicle* in 1548, which noted that *Out of the mouths of certain beasties or gargels did runne red, white and claret wine.* Tennyson, in 1875 in *Queen Mary*, referred to a priest as *This old gaping gargoyle.* A few years earlier (1864) Miss Yonge's *Trial* contained this observation: *Ethel here has too much sense; and that's what makes her such a dear old gargoyle.* The *Encyclopedia Americana* has this to say...*weird mixtures of animals...grotesque monsters or any horrible creation of the imagination...not necessarily evil...etc.*

But none of this serves to explain the presence of this gargoyle in a solid bank of clay possibly many thousands of years old! Radioactive carbon dating is of no use here because the figure is carved from a non-organic substance. Scholars visiting the site have made careful observations and measurements, pondered the mystery, and finally shrugged their shoulders in bafflement.

Stuart F. Brown

Who Would

Rollin grips a strong gin and tonic, quietly blending himself into plaid upholstery and a quasar television. He dazes with the police violence quite absorbantly, quite enthusiastically, but subconsciously a bell is ringing in his ear, as if someone speaks of him. Three hours ago his wife excused herself from the household again, again "to visit the girls." But Rollin is beginning to sense that an evil pattern is developing. *Its the third time this week she's gone.* It's the third time this week she's gone out in the evening for a long stretch of time. It could mean something. It could mean something awful...

Awakening, he raises his glass to his lips, raising himself to refill it, now thinking, maybe, just maybe... and remembering how she flirted around at the party last week like a "God damn whore." He grunts, ohhh.

Double-in-hand, Rollin walks slowly about the den. He turns a desk light off, so it's dark except the TV-glow-beam and gazes outside, up and down the empty street. He grows sort of bitter deep inside himself, and those drinks seem to motivate him.

"Jesus," just noticing, "Jesus, the moon's bright tonight."

Once again Rollin falls into the television set, but restlessly. Its colors and actions zip passed him unnoticed. He suddenly stands like a ram, his ankle against the coffee table, and bursts a frenzy.

"Bastard! Bastard! Bastard!"

Raging he stomps the paper-like table. He won't let this happen! The evil swarms about his head like(s) moths teasing a flame(s). So spontaneous logic concocts a simple plan. An awful smirk now calmly discards his clothing, and pauses patiently behind the front door thinking, "What a surprise" and sweat moistens the handle of an exceedingly sharp carving blade....

Rollin roll, leaning, waiting voices of yester hear, can hear h breathing, breat who knew him, herself in know, Her chill hands ness-awareness l the feels in him in him, and the i He slows his hec in his mind to s all this change l straining for voi all that, about ti

In that instar to a key shoved lock. Quickly h watch, then his Panicking, he sc his littered cloth bedroom, and b squeak, like a ch The wife enters little noises, as F just a little while very soon;...

An eight alar out of his slumb He slams the clo man yawns his a bumping his too next to him. Bri touch her arm e moans a phrase, He looks at the c his feet to the fl the edge of the t A bit spin on the turns to look at under blue cover be funny if she else's name like he strolls to wor

The evening comes home, in carrying a new wife watches hi with her arms f and head shakin if she had been time.

"And how th knife get into, th

Future

1984

This is Al McKnight reporting for WOBS from high atop the Kellogg wing of the Bard College Library. The big event we are reporting tonight is the last day of Bard. For over one hundred years a college has stood on this ground and in just a few minutes it will all be over. A citadel of academia will fall to the forces of ignorance and superstition. O.B.S. is on the spot to make sure you are there for this momentous day in history.

From here I can see the alien invaders moving across the soccer field to the west of this sanctuary of the written word. Torches lit, they are headed this way, undoubtedly to burn the more than 200,000 volumes which represent thousands of years of man's knowledge and society, as we know it.

To the east I can see route 9G crowded with cars, motorcycles, bicycles, and hundreds of people on foot. Bard's campus is virtually empty now, except for a few stray dogs -- left behind by their loving masters.

Earlier today we heard the final Bard rumor of all time. The rumor was that the crowds are headed toward the ruins at Harvard a few hundred miles away. It is said that all the country's academicians are

returning to th ditch stand aga know to be the

The invasio the capture of the field behind A small tent, a freshman, was c hold was establ done about it. hundreds of pe appear as the ir Instead of supp in their grief an administration President Chase finally removec pet misdemean

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Rollin's startled. He had totally forgotten about the blade. For just a ridiculous instant he wonders if she knows. Avoiding her glance, he shys, doesn't have the faintest idea of what she's talking about. With the sharpness of razor blade, the wife hisses in a tone that slices the husband, dreads.

"Look at me!" she screams. Rollin's mouth drops into her fire, she burns, "This terrible knife?!"

Rollin feels like smirking for scene of irony. To think just the night before he held that same terrible knife, awaiting. Now look who holds with sweaty her palms. In a pre-tending daze, the husband her husband watches the same rage that swarms about her head, wondering if maybe, just maybe she would.

The extremely sharp carving blade firsts reflects a blinding flash in a quick jerk, swirling a blur through the air at him. His woman's mouth is wide open, most likely in a pathetic scream, but Rollin can hear nothing but the real spin of the throw.

Placed in a situation complex, a man stops, reviewing all under eye, since only the fool reacts on pure reflex, knowing he has the growth of one try. He reasons the routes, corpus delicti, until everything's flat facts, and knows just where to rely. So close before intellectual climax, a mood emerges thinking of what's implied. Arrière-pensée developing the sense which will give you insight: the feeling of who lied and if you know, how to use this mental enhance. Your first thought will unravel the play, while your second will deal you the way. . .

He doesn't move. It was only a scratch, which marked through his right ear, but he couldn't be outraged. His little woman meekly falls into falling tears on his shoulders moved closer. He presses his body against her, trying to think of what caused this, about that, about this. . . they coast into the bedroom wondering to themselves.

"Who would win the night? "

Christopher Rushton

Daze

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some to Boston, not believing that the same thing was happening to all the other seats of learning.

Now, not even a miracle can save Bard. I'm alone up here. A few devoted professors, who knew no other home, are said to be held up in Faculty Row, but no one is here to defend the books. The last hard-cover against lunacy is about to go up in smoke.

It is almost over now, the great columns of this nineteenth century temple have crumbled. The smoke is rising all around me and the heat coming from the burning books below is almost unbearable. The first floor which housed the works of Dante is now an inferno.

I can hardly breathe! I guess this is the end. If only we had resisted and driven them out when they landed in Barrytown ten years ago. This is WOB\$ signing off forever.

This is Al McKnight again to set things straight for Bard and the Observer staff. No! That face you see at the window is not a Moonie sneaking upon you, it is simply a pumpkin carved into a Jack-O-Lantern, for after all, this is only Halloween and nothing like this could ever really happen to Bard.

Alex McKnight

The Gift

She nods at him
"What are you majoring in ?"
Philosophy sons of Bergson
Here I come!
When I speak
The Philosopher burns
Inside my enlightened brain
And I dissert of great causes.
No one understands
They think I'm heavy
It's the proof
I belong to another society
A society of evolution
She stands in front of him
"What are you majoring in? "

Creative writing, sons of Shakespeare
Here I come!
Tolstoi, Kipling, James Joyce
Are the fathers of my style
I spend hours at my work creating
Shaping
Polishing
Bending my tired forehead
Over my beloved desk.
I've produced all sorts of books
But never finished them
The Life of an Artist is an absolute
Hard and misunderstood. . .

I'm also a poet
Donne, Shelley, Milton
Among the others
Give me the will to continue
When at night
In the middle of my sorrows
Inspiration boils
I've written myself great stuff
You know the kind which begins
"I was here and you were there
so I told you to come here
Beware! Beware! . . . "

I think I have something
The teacher doesn't know
What it is
I told him it was the Gift of God
But he didn't answer
He's maybe jealous
She fixes him

"What are you majoring in? "
I'm majoring in drama acting
The last role I played was Romeo
They needed someone of my kind
I was so truly in the role
That they all laughed
Yes, Romeo and Juliet
Is a comic play.

Next year I'm going to Hollywood
My father is a friend of Polansky
I'll be a star very quickly
The girls around me
Feel it already

They run away. Quickly,
She stares at him
"What are you majoring in? "
I am a movie major

I realized a few things
I stand between Renoir and Fellini
With a few million dollars
I could create a masterpiece
Erotic and romantic at the same time
I also take pictures

The point is to push
The button at the right moment
I invented a new style
Pictures taken in a dark room
And when I'm hot and wild
I shoot corners

That's the secret of my art
But keep it to yourself
She frowns at him
"What are you majoring in? "
He stays in the library every night
But he will not say.

Lloyd Nichols

the Absurder

NECROPHILIA

Faculty by themselves
ELLSWORTH P. SQUAEZER, ed.

While attempting an interview with the Minotaur, resident of the library's basement, Robin Carroll was assaulted by her topic and prolifically abused. She did, however, manage to crawl away with her life, only to die inexplicably a short time later at Northern Dutchess County Hospital. Doctors say that her death cannot be accounted for by physical injuries alone; they prefer a diagnosis of post-facto ennui. One nurse thinks that she may have heard Robin's last utterances. Not absolutely certain, she believes that Robin mentioned the Minotaur's atrocious French accent, muttered a vague obscenity, let loose a prolonged sigh, followed by a dramatic, "Wherefore art thou, Minotaur?" and collapsed back onto her pillow. Flowers and gifts can be addressed to Robin and sent through Campus Mail; they will be delivered to her hometown funeral free of charge. Condolences should be addressed to the Minotaur, c/o Fred Cook.

Burt Brody was done in, yesterday evening, on the Massachusetts Turnpike. It appears that he had just uttered a sharp pun with initial velocity Vo, forward, when a large force F, in the other direction, abruptly slowed the car and the pun, turning on him, as it were, impaled him. (At the scene, observers of the ashen form said, "What, 'im paled?") Funeral services will be held in Hegeman 107 ("as he lived, so shall he be mourned"), and will feature appropriate music and drama/dance productions. There will also be a display of relaxation oscillators and perhaps a posthumous debate with Peter Skiff on unresolved issues. Gifts of broken stereos should be made to anyone but the Bard Physics Department. Burt was mourned by unknown descendants, and even by Kim Graves. Jill Botstein commented, on hearing of the incident, "That's what he gets for going away every weekend."

At noon, on Friday, September 10, Todd McCullough, copy editor for the Observer, succumbed to vexations in the coffee shop. Apparently, he was unable to cope with a particularly prolonged streak of bad luck at foosball, and dropped stone dead on the spot, his left hand still locked on the goalie bar. Reports from all eleven witnesses are in perfect accord with this conclusion. A reasonable facsimile was speedily provided, courtesy Theo Jolosky, to fill in for Todd until such a time as his services as peer counselor were no longer valuable to the administration. In the meantime, the body is being stored in deep freeze, at a moderate cost to the Bard community, at Grand Union of Rhinebeck. Visiting hours are 10:00 to 11:00 am, Monday through Friday. Todd's facsimile will be more than willing to accept gifts, money, compliments, flowers, etc., on behalf of his mentor.

Final truth is often the only redeeming virtue accompanying mortality. At least, for one of us here at Bard, this has proven true. Former senior editor of the Observer, Gail Levinson died last night in bed as a result of overwork. Realizing the financial state of her paper, she had stared bravely into the jaws of personal sacrifice and the captain's role when the ship sinks. Only someone of her remarkable talents could have dealt so enthusiastically with both. In order to raise the badly needed funds, Gail had worked literally around the clock: editing by day, and selling her body by night. Loss of sleep, physical exhaustion, and internal bleeding eventually took their telling toll. All hats off to the captain who went down for her ship!

Prof. Peter Skiff expired tragically this A.M. while attempting a quantum leap. The death raises several epistemological and ontological questions concerning temporal processes and the paradigmatic status of single events, none of which are particularly important. Services will be conducted by representatives of seven religious faiths and the college administration in plain brown wrappers. Prof. Skiff will be memorialized by having his major theories imprinted on pencils to be distributed by his friend.

The Art of Stooping

Who is the Stoooper? And whom is the stoopee? My lips curl upon these questions, and my fingers linger at a crease in my trouser: I'm thinking. Carefully, I won't strain myself.

stoop/stüp/ 1a: to bend the body forward and downward, sometimes simultaneously bending the knees... b: to stand or walk with a temporary or habitual forward inclination of the head, body, or shoulders...

At the advice of Webster, I decide that the only way one is to completely understand the art of stooping, for good or for worse, one must attempt and execute. God having mercy, I close the door.

Hopping in place, I struggle into leotard and Keds. (Prior to stooping, it is suggested to *loosen up*. You know, exercise. Flex your muscles. And this I did.) I breathe smoothly, quite deeply, stand in place, feet eighteen inches spread evenly. I close my eyes, reviewing for the last time the keen instructions of Webster through and through my head. Then slowly, ever so slowly, I begin to bend slightly forward and slightly downward, simultaneously (at the same time) bending my legs at the knee joint. My God. Terrified, I ease open my view, glancing into the mirror... I had to laugh.

My first experience with stooping was dramatic, traumatic. I saw myself as a statue, poised in the museum of life, asked myself why. Why? I asked. I needed to know. Logically, I consulted my nearest subconscious, my nearest karma, my most close senior project. Hours in dreams and caffeine finally revealed an answer. The truth that stooping is an art is something you just don't fool around with. It's not a passing fad; it's more likely here to stay as long as man exists. It's not just something to fool around with.

Stooping is executed to reach. One stoops in order to clutch, perhaps for just an instant, clutch something below, a goal down beneath. And perhaps, that goal could be anything. Anything. But perhaps while stooping, stealth up behind someone, and suddenly spook them. But that's only perhaps.

The question arises: should someone stoop in public? I began an investigation immediately of four thousand eighty trips up and down upon the escalator at Sears,

while stooping, sixteen thousand eighty passing pedestrians made absolutely no notice of me and my awkward position. One thousand eighty gave a passing glance and mumbled. And six hundred eighty (pure coincidence) began to throw hard and solid objects at me. (One woman, just in passing, went toppling down the steps as I had accidentally bumped her with my buttocks upon my stoop.) Stooping in public is not in the least recommended. The public stoop is pitiful. And foul.

Stooping in private is another story. I've tried the stoop with many of my friends: ex-friends. I once tried stooping next to a naked woman. She slapped my cheek, then left me. I was on the verge of frustration, the edge of sticky syrup. I needed relief, relaxation, a get-away-from-it-all, a break, a turtleneck-sweater-freedom-feeling. I had to do something. I looked for heights.

I am standing way atop a very tall building labeled for experimental purposes only), Tewksbury. Tewksbury is a majestic structure of whole stories (not including the basement). The wind is barking, I mean howling through one ear and out another. A jetliner, a Boeing baby 747, soars in mid-air, roaring. The captain waves, waves at me, I suppose. I return the gesture with a casual wink and a subtle smirk. I know what I'm doing. Simply, as if nothing in the world would matter, like a knight striking down his lance, I stoop. I'm stooping. I am stooping...

I'd like to conclude, in conclusion, finally (without a speck of cereal) with a few suggestions on the subject, if I may, if I might, which I am. Stooping is socially devastating. It is my advice to stoop where no one can see you, where you are positive you won't get caught. Second, stoop alone. Don't pull anyone down with you. This can be not only physically dangerous, but also mentally disturbing. And third, stoop so no one else is affected. Stoop for yourself, by yourself.

A crowd of people turned away. [Someone] had to look, having read the book. I'd love to turn you on... to stoop.

Christopher Rushton

TRICK-OR-TREAT!



Theses Vanish

In the dark and cavernous depths of the Kellogg Library, the adventure-seeking traveler will find both danger and excitement. It is a perilous wilderness, from which no man returns unchanged. Indeed, there are those who never return at all.

And yet, many brave souls venture forth daily. A certain R. C. recounts her meeting with one adventurer, who begged for matches to light his way. He was determined to go hunting in the dark and gloomy wilds of Literary Criticism. Fearlessly, he set out. In the distance, a tiny light flared, then flickered out. Another followed, and another. Nervously R. C. counted the brief flashes of light. Surely there were no more

matches left! Yet several moments later, the dauntless hunter emerged from the darkness, clutching his prize in charred and soot-covered fingers.

Many have been less fortunate, their only remains are a pitiful trail of sawdust. We can but speculate about their tragic end. Did they fall prey to the Minotaur, the terrible beast that lurks in the shadowy depths? It feeds exclusively upon back issues of Library of Congress Index, and occasionally on unwary travelers. Feared though it is, there is no description of the beast; no man has seen it and lived. Yet all the authorities agree upon the unique odor of its cold breath - a delicate mingling of dust, mold, and glue. Its exhalations are said to be fatal at twenty paces.

Oddly enough, local officials deny that the creature exists, since they have never seen it. Oh, ye of little faith! Still, there is an explanation.

cont. on p. 7

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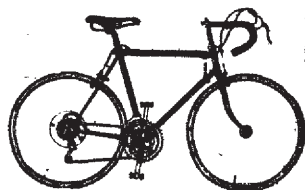
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ADOLPH'S

SPORTS

Cont'd from Page 6

After successfully finishing the season with a 4-1-1 record the Bard Mellowtones continued their winning ways in an extended home stay. Dominican college was the RedTide's first victim, suffering a humiliating 6-1 defeat at the hands (or feet) of Bard's booters. In a fine team effort sis men scored: Dave Fleming, Jeff Kinnard, Jeff Taylor, George Dobbs, Trevor Vasse and Kenny olmstead. Bard's next victim was Albany Pharmacy who had previously given Bard a hard time at Albany. This time however, Albany was quickly set back with a 4-0 half time deficit. At the whistle, Bard had its sixth win of the season, 5-2. Scorers for the Bard were Jeff Kinnard, Jeff Taylor (2) Dave Fleming, and Kenny olmstead.

The Skidmore game proved to be a considerably tougher contest. Before a Parent's day crowd, Bard went ahead 2-0 at the half. Skidmore, showing off its tough but well organized style of play, managed to tie Bard in the last twelve minutes of play. In the overtime, Skidmore lucked out on a handball call and scored the winning goal on a penalty shot. The final score was 3-2 Dave Gleming and Jeff Kinnard scoring on beautiful chip shots.

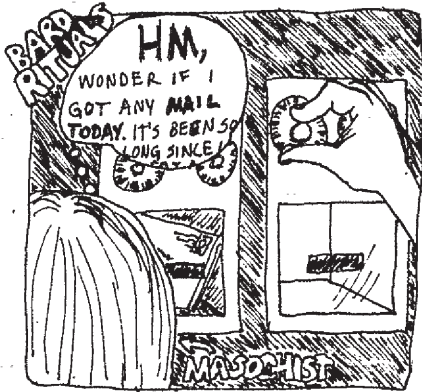
Underterrd by the heartbreaking and boneracking loss of Skidmore, Bard responded by winning one of its most important contests of the season against Columbia Greene Community College.

On a submerged field, the rain-soaked Bard squad quickly asserted its superiority over Colubia Greene despite the fact that Columbia scored first. The mud-eating fullbacks, led by amazing performances by center-fullback Jean Louis provided a tough cordon for goalie Dave Kelly to do his thing. Displaying his usual deftness, Bard's team Guru had numerous spectacular saves, including a miraculous, one-armed, behind-the

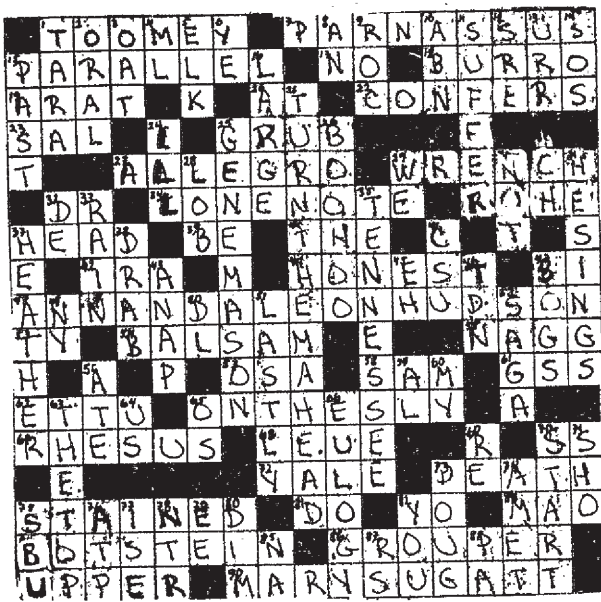
back deflection. Offensively, Bard's twin scoring aces Jeff Kinnard and Jeff Taylor scored Bard's only goals but these were sufficient to give Bard a well-earned 2-1 victory.

On the whole it was a fine team effort and a credit to the coaching abilities of theV ince Lombardi of Bard, Charlie Patrick. Bard faces Vassar later in the Season to decide the league championship. Come support your team!

Mark Callahan



BARD PUZZLE SOLUTION



nation. The Minotaur lives in dire fear of Librarians, dreading the day when it will be caught, classified, and shelved. Because of this, some natives claim that the magic charm *Deweydecimal!* has protective value. Others swear by the incantation *LibraryofCongress!* No one has yet returned alive to report the success of either method.

There are several routes by which the traveler may return to civilization. Two bleak, forboding staircases wind their way upwards, and for the very patient, there is a blood-colored elevator.

For the stout-hearted, there is yet another way. A dungeon-like passage, sewn out of solid concrete, tunnels its way beneath a vast Greek mausoleum. Through an iron grating in the tunnel's roof, a stream of roaches, centipedes, and scorpions fall to the cold, damp floor. There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that the tunnel is used as an oubliette for careless or troublesome persons such as the author of these lines.

Robin Carroll



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Two national conferences of gay men and lesbians in late 1975 featured panels, speakers, and workshops on media issues. The Bicentennial Conference on Gays and the Federal Government, sponsored by the Washington D.C., Gay Activists Alliance, brought together more than 200 organizers. Participants were briefed about national efforts to influence network programming, largely through the efforts of the National Gay Task Force in N.Y. A panel featuring representatives of local Philadelphia, Boston and Washington media action groups told of successes in building relations with TV broadcasters, radio programming and videotapes.

The Gay Academic Union's annual meeting on Thanksgiving included two panels on media - one on the gay media itself, and another on broadcast images of gays. In addition to gay activists a representative of the CBS Standards & Practices department participated.

TeleVISIONS is preparing a comprehensive round-up of local and national gay media projects. If you wish to plug in, write David Sasser, 70 8th Ave 2B, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

(ZNS) - Former Yippie leader Jerry Rubin is making another stab at the publishing business, this time as the editor of a new Los Angeles newspaper.

Newsweek magazine says that Rubin plans to tailor the new weekly after New York's *Village Voice* and that he has stressed that it will not be either left-wing or underground in its approach.

Rubin is currently deciding between three possible titles for the paper; *L.A. Heart*, *L.A. Life* or *The L.A. Paper*, and plans to have the first issue out next year.



BURLINGTON, Vt., Oct. 4 (AP)- Brian McNellis, 23 years old, of Burlington, pleaded no contest today to a charge stemming from an incident during Senator Robert J. Dole's weekend campaign stop in Vermont. He was charged with a misdemeanor for allegedly tossing a crumpled paper cup in Mr. Dole's direction. The object did not strike the Senator. He was held today for further investigation.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. (AP)- Housewives should throw away their kitchen sponges and boil their mops, according to Dr. Betty C. Hobbs, an award-winning food microbiologist.

Organisms multiply in sponges. It is impossible to keep them clean of bacteria, Dr. Hobbs said. She also said mops should be boiled and sterilized between use, and that wooden cutting boards were *notoriously difficult to clean and disinfect.*

(ZNS) Senator William Proxmire charges that the trans-Alaskan pipeline has become a "golden gobbler" two months before Thanksgiving. The Wisconsin Democrat says that *this multi-billion dollar turkey should have been plucked three years ago, instead of today when it's too late to undo most of the damage.*

Proxmire finds it upsetting that as the \$8 billion dollar project finally nears completion, the government suddenly reports that it doesn't know what to do with most of the oil the pipeline will soon deliver.

The excess oil will reportedly create a glut on the west coast, and there is serious talk about exporting the domestic petroleum to Japan.

To further complicate matters, California Pollution Officials warn they may veto the construction of a mammoth docking and unloading site for oil tankers transporting fuel from Alaska to Long Beach, saying that the tanker terminals would lead to increased air pollution and oil spills.

Proxmire states that hearings before Senate committees forecasted this problem four years ago, but the Alaskan Pipeline Project was pushed through anyway by big-money oil corporations and the Nixon administration.

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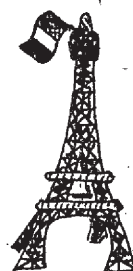
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