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"Were it left for me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should prefer to risk having neither.

Thomas Jefferson

The Official Publication of the Bard College Community

RICHARD GRIFFITHS:
Open letter

It is imperative (sic) to tell them over before they become contaminated by some of the returning students...

August 17, 1978

"To All Physical Plant Employees"

College is opening on Saturday, September 2, 1978 with the 200 or so students on campus on that day. It is imperative (sic) that we begin to get our facilities, our offices, and our classrooms in order for the incoming students, and take advantage of the last few days before classes start to help them around campus and maybe even with their work before they become contaminated by some of the returning students...

The emphasis in this memo was this warning: "Close attention to the first paragraph of this memo will reveal the attitude of Dick Griffiths towards students, faculty, and administration as a whole and new and existing. The fact that this memo is addressed to all Physical Plant employees shows that Mr. Griffiths' personal bias has become Physical Plant policy."

When questioned about the interchange President Griffiths defended his position to the students and faculty. He also denied that the memo was directed at "a misfit-Watterson." Below is Mr. Griffiths' open letter to the community, the memo that was not deleted, edited, or altered in any way.

"I am writing to ask that you permit me my constitutional right to express an opinion and make clear the policies of the Physical Plant Department as they relate to a recent attempt by one or two individuals, to name the department by reference to an underhanded method of dirty tricks. Ordinarily I would ignore accusations and attacks, as irresponsible, and accept them believing the individuals responsible did not seek the facts or had personal motivation, and that acceptance would be part of the responsibility of the board that go with being the Director of the Physical Plant. But this being the target for sputtering nervines, expressions of personal opinion, or agitations to further personal biases.

The Board, however, in the particular incident, the student community should not be allowed to be4 be part of the policy that is being promoted, and how the performance of the following officials, are attempting by underhanded methods, to discredit and destroy the administration. It is high time that the true workings of the Physical Plant Department, in particular, are made available to the student body.

Last Friday, as an interoffice personal memorandum, there was a communication from an office in the physical plant building, without context and with the intention of derogatory means, was multi-copied, affixed with a caption under discussion was the intent and then campus mailed to the President of the Student Union and the Observer, hoping for exploitation. This was done by the procedures for the labor department work schedule...

SEVERAL UPLIFTMENTS proceeded to debase over the necessity of a student new publication, whereupon a resolution was passed making a student publication (or Oberon), a high priority for the student body. Once again order broke down into a chaotic debate over the policies of the Oberon.

At 8:45 a.m. was made that the Association voted $750 of the $960 in the print fund would be spent for the Oberon. It was quickly clarified that this was special funds to cover the cost of equipment beneficial to the entire Association. Finally a vote was taken, and the motion carried. At this point all discipline dispersed and Tony Bennet worthy called a meeting to order.

The meeting consisted with considerable discussion surrounding the above-controversies of our present constitution. Tony tabled all discussions concerning the constitution so that the agenda could be completed. The meeting was quickly and calmly called.

Several questions have been raised concerning the constitution and constitution and constitution and constitution and constitution and constitution.
The observ'rs of governments are always the most attractive and cost the people the most. — Horace

"We were robbed" seems to adequately express the feelings of the people upon learning that the Observer- acquired $700 during the past week. Threats, said remarks, bickering, and other animal antics have poured in from the state since the newspaper began the government. Now, more than ever, an explanation should be forthcoming. The Observer being large before more propaganda spears out from Richard's mouth.

First, the Observer did not "rob" anything. We were merely the proper channel for a number of grievances as presented by the Student Forum Constitution (the constitution as presented by thirty students). To those who claim that we are not going to get a meeting, blame your Student Government. They are in full control of the allocation of meetings. In the memorable words of Arthur Carlson: "Politics is a game for those who show up."

Over the past few weeks, the Observer's budget has dropped from $3,600 to $240, to $899 and, this semester, to $130. The cost of student production has gone up 11% from last semester. This reduction in the Observer's budget has indirectly led to an editorial policy by setting financial constraints, which has led to a decrease in production and expansion. It was suggested that the Observer should be reorganized to ensure a more efficient use of the budget for production purposes. We rejected this idea. Last year, the Observer was not reorganized because the Observer in that year did not look like a magazine. The Observer was a newspaper in size and format, and this was reflected in the printing costs in mind.

Over the past few weeks, students have observed the granting of additional funds to the Observer. However, the issue is, what are these funds being used for? The newspaper welcomes all alternative media on campus, but demands that the newspaper be financially responsible for its own operation. The Observer has no money to spend on a radio station. The Observer has no money to spend on a radio station.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. E. P. SKINNER

Dr. E. P. Skinner is a visiting Professor of Psychology this semester. Dr. Skinner is the only black professor to teach at the university this semester. He is an eminent man, and the diversity of his career illustrates this. Aside from being a psychologist, he is also a political activist. He is also a former ambassador to Uganda and currently teaches at Columbia University, where he received his degree in 1953 and 1955 respectively. He became the first black student to graduate from the university in 1963. Dr. Skinner has also written many books and articles on Africa. He is teaching two courses in Bard; African Problems in the Historical and Cross-Cultural Perspectives I and II, and Patterns of Accommodation and Rebellion among African Peasants. It is hoped that the following conversation with the distinguished psychologist will provide a different perspective of him as a teacher, and as an individual.

Q. Was tomski a major factor in your employment decision?
A. "I think that as far as the faculty is concerned, I was hired to achieve a black presence on campus and on the faculty. Not any kind of black presence, but an authentic black presence. When I have been anywhere as a visiting professor, the major criteria has always been my eminence as a scholar."

Q. What problems do you feel have faced the black student at predominately white colleges?
A. "In the sixties, black colleges were not designed specifically for black students. The courses for black students. For example, there were no black professors assigned to teach courses. Black students had to transform the college system to meet their own needs, while white students as well. But, to bring blacks into the system was considerably more traumatic. Black students almost had to create a black community on campus."

Q. How have you encountered racism among your colleagues a.k.a. the faculty?
A. "I just got here!... You must understand that blacks are a minority in this society. It happens all the time."

Q. If you sensed any hostility among the faculty, would you inform the students of it?
A. "Definitely."

Q. Are you planning to aid the administration in hiring future black professors?
A. "As far as I am asked, I can, and I shall. Bard has its own specific system of review. Recommendations must be seen against the national colleagues of the college."

Q. Do you feel that you are a model for black students here?
A. "I hope I am. I think I have a special niche for them. Not, I don't think that I'm a model for black students here."

ADIOS ESPANOL

Tanya Fayadi

Dr. Skinner drew to a close, Nacino Knapp announced to her Spanish students that she could speak Spanish to test their current status for the semester. And in the spring of 79 she would be reduced to quarter-time status. This means that only Spanish courses for intermediate (second year) and upper level courses are included. In the spring, the only course offered will be at the intermediate level. Students can expect five Spanish classes. Upon discovering that she could speak Spanish, the students attempted to communicate with the professor in Spanish.

Initially, several students were given appointments with President Beck to discuss their options. As usual, those who were successful were able to maintain an intermediate status for their Spanish assignments. However, they attempted to communicate with the professor in Spanish.

On September 18, 1978, these students decided to adopt the following steps to save the Spanish program from being cut-off: 1) they would go through normal administrative channels as they did before, and as before, they would not receive any results; then, they would circulate a petition in the college community; 2) teachers would write letters to the Board of Trustees; and 3) finally, if these actions had no effect, they would ask their parents to write letters to the administration pro- testing the termination of the Spanish program.

After a few weeks, after the exasperation had made them in those planning, the quest for any effort at all being unnecessary, came to talk to him at that time.

Upon arriving for this semester, Mr. La Fargue suggested that students who were planning to attend Bard College were still required to register at the school for their Spanish requirements. Students who were not planning to attend Bard College for the current semester. The latter raises the question of why Spanish students should pay Bard College $7000 a year for work that is not required for work.

Several students transferred to Bard this black attending (white) colleges were viewed as so few black colleges were bad for blacks to become educationally and still retain their communities."

Q. What problems does the black college graduate meet entering the educational fold?
A. "Education is not the most lucrative fold in the U.S.A. At one point, the black teacher held one of the few white collar positions among blacks. Now, more opportunities are opening up for blacks in other fields. So education is given problems like: inert- tensive study, and the fight for tenure, is not that popular anymore. Also, for black people the employment."

Q. How have you encountered racism among your colleagues a.k.a. the faculty?
A. "I have just got here!... You must understand that blacks are a minority in this society. It happens all the time."

Q. If you sensed any hostility among the faculty, would you inform the students of it?
A. "Definitely."

Q. Are you planning to aid the administration in hiring future black professors?
A. "As far as I am asked, I can, and I shall. Bard has its own specific system of review. Recommendations must be seen against the national colleagues of the college."

Q. Do you feel that you are a model for black students here?
A. "I hope I am. I think I have a special niche for them. Not, I don't think that I'm a model for black students here."

mary o'connor

Get $7200 & expenses

We believe that we should be able to complete all the work required for the course without any additional expenses. After about a thirty dollar replenishing charge for a suite in Stone Row, the total cost of the program, which has all not been abolished, is now $47.00. Peter Amato and Dimitri Papadimitrius, in designing and maintaining the damage going on, have been perhaps the major cause of the damage that has not been abolished. The paper in the spring of 1978.

On the other hand, if we estimate the total cost of living, we must include $70 for the spring of 1979, and $767 for the spring of 1975. It is only fair to Tom that before we talk to him about the possible large increase, the Vice President and..."
Two hundred years ago today, blues

by Roderick D. Michael

America helped invent these blues, and we the people are paying the dues.
America is the home of these blues but foreign to its emotional views.
America's blues brought the world its beat, and it snapped its fingers and tapped its feet.
These blues are American — that they boast.
but Uncle Sam is a zealous host.
These blues are American as apple pie but like the King murder — the question is "Why?"
Why should these blues have it so lucky here? Well, this country provides the atmosphere.
These blues were born in early wretchedness but raised in forgotten slums filthiness.
Born on the beaches where the slave ships dock, raised on our forefather's auction block.
These blues grew up in Nat Turner visions, in Union armistice of Black divisions.
These blues grew up in small town deprivation and later in big city isolation.
These blues grew up in Bebop and Billies, their blues songs sung from New York to Philly.
These blues grew up in dreams of the white man and in that so-called independence plan.
The problems of this country you can find next to these blues on a parallel line —
from Plymouth Rock to Acid Rock, from thirteen states to Watergate.
These blues have grown but not the home.

These blues have grown but the country has not.
These blues remember what Nixon forgot.
At the White House they were a resident,
Cursed by a spiraling Vice-President.

Now let me make one thing perfectly clear.
Seventy-three was a very good year.
Gerald Ford tried to swing some good deals
but Oatmeal Man couldn’t put them on wheels.
In seventy-six, we still had these blues
but along came Carter with down-home views.
Skippy and the Colonel began to walk.
Creators of Southern-fried triple-talk.

Let us not forget Mister Henry K. "Let's make a deal", he used to always play.
Henry stayed in office with a long lease,
known as the global godfather of Peace.
A piece of Angola, a piece of 'Nam
not a bad act for a very bad man.

This maybe frightening but please don’t fret.
In four years we’ll have a new blues duct.

butterflies turn
to violet strangers
and my sheep white paper
holds no sympathy.
exiling my thoughts
to some foreign land
where colors are lost
in vast desert plains,
and one-horned dragons don’t exist.
the dimensions touch
in fire,
and somewhere between
here and there
my castles are washed away.

Annette Mahon

I have a picture in my mind,
I reach in, rummage around pencil outlining a phrase here,
a person there.
Images sift through my fingers,
dry, warm, heavy nor-water,
sluicing down, to splash,
shattering tear-sized fingerprints
into shining shimmering reflections.

Becky Heydemann
With a wheeze and a grimace, Damien Matchbox tossed off his black hood and sucked in several deep gasps of the cool night breeze flowing briskly through the opened window. He sat several minutes gazing out the window until the bedroom door opened and his wizened wife, also wearing a hooded robe, entered.

"Particularly nasty ceremony tonight wouldn't you say?" she cackled. Damien responded with a wheeze and a dry cough and she continued.

"I think He’s going to be quite pleased with us." Disinterestedly Damien picked up a copy of an old magazine and idly thumbed through the pages.

"Confess, my poor tubes can’t stand much more of that horrid incense," he gasped, "I’ve got to find something else with my spare time." 

"Like what?" she asked.

"I don’t quite know, Ah, it says here 'Make money! Repair old toilets in your yard being old and frail. I’ll take care of everything.'"

"Nonsense!" Enid croaked, "You know how much you love weekly masses and besides, it just wouldn’t be the same without you." 

"I know my incense is going to be the death of me." Their big mansion was quiet now, the congregation having departed. The old couple lived alone in a sixty-room estate which had once been owned by a former congressman. Attracted by its evil atmosphere and equally solid history, they bought the house and moved in with their dog, Boochie.

Each week traditional black mass was held at the house, and it was attended by a group of people from all walks of life. There were bankers, and insurance agents, teachers and politicians, oil company executives and bored housewives, all willing to drive deep into the eerie New York countryside to attend services on Wednesday evenings. Damien, aside from being the master of ceremony, was also a revered elder among Satanists world-wide as he had authored a best-selling autobiography, "I’ll Be Damned!"

"Glimbing into bed next to his already sleeping, wife, Damien snuffed out the candle. He was just about to close his eyes when he was startled by a dazzling explosion of light. Upright abruptly, he stared in awe as a figure dressed in red satin emerged from the cloud of smoke which hung before the bed.

"Look! Look!" Damien screamed jostling his wife violently, "It’s Him! It’s the Boss!"

"An! An! At ease! At ease! As you were!" Satan began, his voice barely masking his excitement. "I realize this is an ungodly hour and that’s why I’ve avoided it! I have some wonderful news for you."

"News?" Damien asked, one eyeClosure uplifted.

"Ah my good man! News!" Satan replied, lifting his cape as he sat down it a chair by the bed. "Of the most pleasant and joyous nature."

Carefully he laid his gold pitchfork on the foot at the bed and gazed at the wide-eyed, unblinking couple, two have given me. I might also add that services tonight were especially lovely!"

"Why thank you," Damien squeaked as he fought with a cough.

"After tonight you’ll never have to breathe that infernal incense again."

"You mean...I can retire!" Damien asked glefully.

"Well...not exactly," the Devil said, rugging lightly on his well-manicured goatee. "Now here is the plan. I’m well aware of your wife’s advanced age, but also know there is no greater honor for a devoted couple than for them to be the parents of my own son.

The couple stared, eyes wide, jaws hanging slack. Damien was the first to summon words.

"But...but why Enid...surely a guy in your position could find some foxy chick to..."

"Well...because Enid kind of reminds me of the gal who married dear old dad," Satan said quietly, blushing slightly.

After an uneasy moment of silence the Devil continued. "Don’t worry about frail! I’ll take care of everything."

"Well, what do you say Enid?" Damien asked, "You feel up to it?"

"I...I don’t really know," she said, her face going pale, "I’m at a loss for words. This is quite an honor."

"And I personally see it to that you’re soon long enough to nurture the little brat through his childhood," Satan added.

"What ya...say...be a sport?" Damien said as he elbowed his spouse, "I always kind of wanted to be a father, and besides, now I can make use of that old box of cigars your mother gave me for our anniversary."

"Well...well, right," she said, her face brightness a bit, "But you’re absolutely sure I’ll be alright?"

"Would I lie to you?" Satan asked, Snuffing Damien’s reply, Satan said with a sly smile: "Good! Then we may as well begin."

He stood up and rubbed his hands together.

"Now, Mr. Matchbox, if you have a good book in the study you’ve been meaning to read..."

"What?...Hey! Wait a second here! You didn’t say anything about...Oh, no not with my Enid you don’t! I thought this thing was just supposed to happen."

"My dear Mr. Matchbox," Satan said dryly, removing his cape, "God may work in strange ways, but I don’t!"

The months passed and Enid began to take on the appearance of an expectant mother. Masses were being held elsewhere and the couple devoted all their time to preparing for the cursed event. During the time Enid never ventured from the house out of fear of the looks she would receive from pedestrians who had never seen a pregnant old lady before.

One night when Enid was in her sixth month, the couple were lying in bed reading. Suddenly she looked up, thought a moment, and then spoke.

"Damen?"

"Huh?" came the reply from behind the cop of ‘Fryars Weekly’.

"What do we do if it’s a girl?"

"Huh? What? Oh, don’t be silly, HE wouldn’t fool up like that! Besides, HE’s not supposed to have a daughter! That’s ridiculous!"

"Is it?" she asked.

Her tone of voice told him she was serious.

"Aw creeps Enid! Who put all those crazy ideas into your head? You’ve been talking to your mother again haven’t you? Confound that woman! She always wanted a girl."

He glowered at her and said: "Come on. Let’s catch some winks."

The candle was extinguished but her curiosity wasn’t, and she lay for nearly an hour pondering the strange notion that had occurred to her.

A few weeks later Damien came to work from his herb garden to find the house empty. He searched for his wife high and low, but there was no sign of her, not of any indication of where she had gone. He sat down on the sofa in the living room and pondered his next move.

An hour later he still hadn’t any idea of where she had gone. A few phone calls to close friends and relatives came up empty and Damien retired to his study genuinely worried.

All at once Enid came bustling in, out of breath. There was a weird smile on her face.

"Raid!" he yelled, "Where in hell have you been?"

"To Doctor Slaw!" she replied.

"But he wasn’t supposed to come here until next week," he said, truly vexed, "Tell me, why Slaw on the side?"

"Well, remember when I asked you about the baby’s sex?" she said, "And if there could be a foul up?"

"Yeah, well I remember," he replied dryly, "Aw, Enid, come on! I told you it was impossible. Things have to go according to the plan. I can’t fool you!"

"Well they can! And they have!" she squealed, "Today I went for one of those pre-birth sex determination tests and my good man, the ‘son’ of Satan is a girl!!!"

"Holy shit! This ain’t funny! I’d better get on the hot line right away and tell the boss. He’s not going to like this one bit. Look, it’s back to breaching incense again."

Within a few minutes he was on the phone to the big furnace downstairs. After being put on ‘hold’ several times, he finally got through.

"Hello, Boss?" he said frantically, "This is Damien Matchbox."

"Why, Hello, Damien!" the Devil said in a pleasant voice, "How is everything? How is Enid?"

"Terrible!" Damien said abruptly, "Listen, Boss, we’ve got troubles. Enid had some tests done today and that son of yours is a girl!"

"Christ on a crutch!" came the reply, "That blows it for another sixty years."

"It was?"

"That’s it old boy. You see, I can only have a kid when the planets are aligned right. Tried once before but some lousy christians fooled me. This time the setup is perfect and this happens! You know, it’s things like this that make a guy want to find a new line of work."

"Say, Chief," Damien said earnestly, "Did you know that there is good money to be made in repairing old toasters?"
ROBER TRONER

ROBER TRONER's abandishment of his much ballyhoolied Hermit-shly style, a process which began to take shape two years ago with "Long-Meere Days" has amounted to a gradual slide towards rock. Perhaps this was partly induced and facilicated by the acquisitions of drummers Bill Lorincz and bassist Allen, two of the first "Stone" alumni. While Troner's dense, churning, octave-based riffs became increasingly brittle and visceral, he began to place more emphasis on his vocal and rhythm section. What it amounted to was an inability to turn away from the swing funk, something which just thing to say, "The City Dreams," his most refresh- ing and well-realised album to date. "Mozart's" is the next logical step in this progression. However, it suffers from its hunger to a wider audience, lacing into a tendency to latch onto controversial societal and commercial themes. "King of the Dance," his latest, is a ripe pal for the "Saturday Night Fever," and "I'm Out To Get You" is just screaming to get extra a dancefloor jokester. The album's real strength lies in the grinding riffs like "Funk."
If this is indeed the case, I shall be patient. My own sense of occasion, and of eventual conclusion, shall not be saddened by present frustration, but live in the hope of eventual realisation of the dreams of the past.

Note from someone variously designated as Consulting Editor, Tipstaff, and basically a nonconspicuous person.

In typing the article re. the Political Action Group, I was dismayed and discouraged by the reappearance of a word which had been banished thirty years ago, when we were a freshman. That word is “irrelevance.”

The panel is aptly named, and the condition it attempts to describe has been variously termed, grumbled about, feared, and defied with vehemence. But all the resolutions have served but one purpose: to accost, and even provoke, the condition they are directed against.

Sociologists are already defining the several vague concepts as “irrelevant” to life, and many are making up new definitions to mean that they do not know what they are.

The irrelevance itself is that incredible contrivance of truth and clarity, the Bard College catalogue, published for the fall quarter (1978) of course, but not that it makes a great deal of difference. The course for a semester is not going to make any difference to the individual. To begin with, we have “Bonne- lour,” which I am told is a French work for the morning. The student will have a French class re vaginal in the morning. At night, we are told, one student did not exist, our entire calendar will be different.

If true, as most of them are, I admit that I jumped from the middle of the eighteen-tenth century right into the middle of 1836 without the years in between. To think of the problems as such impassible action could have caused. (Of course, any wise student would have seen the impossible things in the history of the world, but this era bears special note.)

Mortgag right along, one comes to the next semester called “Persons,” (It is to be Peter’s marriage and divorce course of the next year’s “Things”) After this there are several courses, which just like the Freshman Truth, but I will leave it to the reader to look up the course descriptions for himself.

The Freshman catalogue is just that, a catalogue of inferiority. Unfortunately, I was still under the delusion that such a catalogue did not exist, and the entire Freshman catalogue, I was so made to believe, I was taken in. I spake with seemed to be confused about the situation, but this I declared was but a character to prevent me from discovering the truth. I questioned them relentlessly, but it became apparent they had been warned that the upper classes would be jealous of the poor thing and stowed upon the class of ‘82. The only thing I was able to find was that they were reading that well knownPhilosophy thesis on the Freshman stu- dents. (I left feeling a little bit frustrated, wondering how I had missed out on all about such a Sociological.)

My investigation continues at the time of another class. And, I must confess that I am beginning to lose heart. Will we ever understand the Freshman catalogue? I wish I had asked the Freshman Seminarians? My mind goes back to the Freshman catalogue and I recall some of my remarks then. “This particular catalogue, the Freshman catalogue of the Liberal Arts.” Perhaps I spoke much too strongly, and now am beginning to think that because the secret of the Freshman catalogue is to be found in the mystique of the Liberal Arts. I console myself in this thought, for it is my fond hope that the Freshman catalogue, with my adinumine to the “rights, honors, and eternal pleasures” of the Liberal Arts, some kindly administrator will take a good look at it and, when they see the“Institutional Liberal Arts,” thus open my eye to the mysteries of the Freshman Seminarians.

Dr. Bish sends greetings to old friends, the administration staff, Security, faculty, student body — to new campuses residents, and the Observer staff. Wishing you all well in this school year, may the paper might survive and be a tru- sely useful organ for the community.

Since the Dr. is not a resident this year he cannot pass along his usual advice re- garding the paper might survive and be a tru- sely useful organ for the community. But you is it good to have a lot of people. You may recall certain suggestions from columnists in your past regard ing, mass of movement (from Dining Com- mons to DTC, from Manhatta n, to the Internally and internally, etc. Essentially, the hopes for action or your own future. It is itself on the future of this activity, learning, relating, etc. — for a sense of a nd, a sense of quiet, well being.

Take good care of yourselves; we depend upon each other. P.S. The librarians are gathering food for winter and are such. They don’t know about cans, so please watch for them and slow down.

COMMUNITY EVENTS

Sept. 27: "The Great Estates of the Hudson River and their Preservation", by W. Worlock Abbot of "Kodak", at the New York State Historic Association at the Second Avenue House, 8:00 p.m.

Sept. 28: "Scrambling with Scotts", by Mr. Scotts, at the Student Center, 7:30 p.m.

Sept. 29: "The Poet's Kitchen", by Mr. Poets, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Sept. 30: "The River Reapery Company", by Mr. Reap, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 1: "The National Garden Club of America, The Kitchens of America", by Mr. Gardens, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 4: "Dr. Snow, the Snowy, Winter City", by Mr. Snows, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 5: "The Mystery of Raper House", by Mr. Rapers, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 6: "Live, Dead, and Dying", by Mr. Lives, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 7: "The Great Great Western Night Irem", by Mr. Greats, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 8: "Poetry Reading", by Mr. Poets, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 9: "The Great Great Night", by Mr. Nights, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Nov. 3: "W.G. Fabricating His Life", by Mr. Fabrics, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Nov. 4: "The Nuttall Art", by Mr. Nuttall, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Nov. 5: "The Expression of the Human Psyche", by Mr. Psycho, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Nov. 6: "The Great Great Western Night Irem", by Mr. Greats, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

Nov. 7: "The Great Great Western Art", by Mr. Greats, at the Student Center, 8:00 p.m.

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BARD RALLIES, BEATS S. VERMONT

WOMEN'S SPORTS:
The first Women's Varsity Basketball Practice will be held October 9th & 10th at 7:30. All interested women please come and join us. We are starting the season early in order to be well prepared this year and all new players are welcome. We will be members of the Northwest Athletic Conference along with Burlington College, Tufts, Harvard, and Brown. For further information, please contact Coach Segall at 802-646-2516.

CROSS-COUNTRY NEWS
At press time, the Bard Cross-Country team has not yet made its season debut. However, reliable sources (Dreux Xerox's bookie) have informed the Observer that heavy money is being bet on Bard this year. Whether this holds true, we at the Observer hold this sign of Bard's ascent to the big time.

WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING
Basketball here at Bard can be described in one word: small. Small gym, small locker, small squad, small athletic budget, etc. But Bard is a "small" school and is mostly academic.

WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING
Basketball here at Bard can be described in one word: small. Small gym, small locker, small squad, small athletic budget, etc. But Bard is a "small" school and is mostly academic.

The students who play for the basketball team can be described in one word: big. Big hopes, devoicing "big" time and energy, working out on their own so they won't look "big", etc. The point of this article is to give freshmen, sophomores and upperclassmen alike a sense of what athletics is like here at Bard.

Two ingredients are necessary for one to enjoy himself:
- Participation - do not worry about what you look like and do not say "I can't play" (especially if you can play!)
- A caring attitude - caring about your physical condition, your body, your teammates and caring about your school work (the main reason why you are here!)

The reason I mention these two attitudes is because they were displayed by the Girls' Basketball Team. Despite the fact they never won a game, they continued to play, practice, and put out because they had and bare the aforementioned virtues and they felt that winning isn't everything.

The Girls' Basketball Team tryouts will be held in the gym on October 9th and 10th at 7:30 pm. Rod Michaels

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Soccer News
A rainy, cool Vermont afternoon in the shadows of the Green Mountains was the scene for a stunning soccer victory by the Bard Saints over Southern Vermont. The Saints, after a hard fought game, finally found themselves trailing 1-1 with only 10 minutes remaining. The Saints, realizing their desperate situation, battled back. Led by John Callahan (2 goals), the team tied the score before time ran out. The Saints, maintaining their momentum, won overtime. The final score: Bard 4, Southern Vermont 3.

The Saints will be opening their home season on September 27. Come out and support the Saints.

SOCCER SCHEDULE
September:
22 (Fri.) 1st Tec. Away 4:00 pm
25 (Mon.) Col. Gr. 3:30
27 (Wed.) Ben. Comm. 4:00
27 (Wed.) Red. Comm. 3:30
October:
3 (Tues.) Ben. Comm. 4:00
5 (Thurs.) Alco. Chall. 3:30
9 (Mon.) Stevens 4:00
11 (Wed.) Vass. B. M. 3:30
14 (Sat.) Skidmore Away 2:00
19 (Thurs.) Col. Gr. 3:30
27 (Fri.) Scho. V. 3:30

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