Bard takes steps to deal with asbestos

Some hazard to students appears to remain

By SCOTT PASS, RACHEL GRELLA, and GAVIN MCCORMICK

Reported by SCOTT PASS

Seven hundred linear feet of asbestos pipe covering were removed from the Hegeman science building and Albee Annex by a professional asbestos removal firm August 26 through 29. The firm’s foreman, Mike Theriault, says that asbestos remains in many buildings on campus, including student dormitories.

The removal was part of what Buildings and Grounds director Dick Griffiths estimates to be a five-year project of the college to rid the campus of asbestos.

Griffiths would not admit to the presence of asbestos in the dormitories, and claimed that it is located mainly in boiler rooms and other locations inaccessible to students.

Asbestos, a fibrous mineral noted for its heat resistance, was used widely in the building industry until 1973. It is now recognized as a serious threat to health and life. Inhalation of the tiny, invisible asbestos particles can cause scarring of the lungs, a potentially fatal condition known as asbestosis. Asbestos is also instrumental in the onset of cancer in various parts of the body. What makes asbestos particularly dangerous, according to Rhonda Kaplan, of the New York State Department of Health, “once you have asbestos fibers in your lungs, they never clear out.”

While it is impossible to gauge with certainty just how serious Bard’s asbestos problem is, the fact remains that the administration, as of yet, has no clear idea of exactly how much asbestos is not any place to deal with the worst areas quickly.

The removal of asbestos last month took place after the college discovered and identified, by lab test, asbestos in Albee Annex, which held the Publications Office and the Student Housing Office. The firm of DEC-TAM Asbestos Removers and Industrial Cleaners of Andover, Massachusetts was involved in the four-day project, which included the sealing and cleaning of the building.

Foreman Points Out Asbestos

During the clean-up work, Foreman Theriault conducted an informal inspection of the Albee dormitory with this reporter. He identified areas in several rooms where “air-cell asbestos (a mixture of asbestos and paper pulp) was flaking and coming off the pipes. While the substance inside the dorm rooms has not been positively identified by a lab test, it was identical in appearance to asbestos being removed from the Hegeman building, and Theriault had no doubt as to what it was.

Pointing to a deteriorating pipe cover, he said, “You can see how it’s been played with — students sticking their pens in it, making a cross. That just throws fibers into the air.”

Griffiths, in a September 11 interview, initially denied the presence of asbestos in the Albee dormitory. After being told of Theriault’s assessment, Griffiths said, “I’ll have to go look. If [he says] it’s there, I’ll go look. If it’s there, we’ll remove it next summer.”

On September 16, two Observer reporters returned to a room in Albee in which Theriault had pointed out a large piece of what he identified as asbestos coming off the pipes. The condition of the room was found to be unchanged.

Pass resigns editorship, turns to Senior Project

Scott Pass, Editor in Chief of The Bard Observer, has announced that he will be resigning the Observer editorship effective September 25. His resignation, he says, is necessary in order for him to direct his attention to his academic, particularly his Senior Project.

“I hate to leave at this point,” he said, “but I feel that The Observer has begun to take off. But if I’m going to turn in a good Senior Project, I don’t think I have much of a choice.”

Pass was first elected to the Observer editorship in December 1983, and since then has worked to re-establish the Observer as a “serious, well-regarded paper.”

After the end of his first year term, Pass did not run for reelection, citing academic demands, but served as Editor Emeritus, assisting Christina Griffin in her efforts to edit the paper last semester.

After Griffin’s resignation in May, Pass was elected, by acclamation, to his second term which began with the end of the semester.

Although Pass has certainly played a key role in the Observer, he expects the paper to continue publishing regularly with success. “We have enough at this point—equipment, funding, a working format, several dedicated sub-editors—that there is no reason for the newspaper to go into a serious lull,” Pass said.

Currently, however, the newspaper’s staff is looking for students interested in the editorship, and the workload of the job is greater than ever. Pass says, “I know of at least one interested student, a sophomore transfer who edited a weekly high school paper, who would be capable of getting the paper out on schedule.”

But, as of yet, no definite candidates have been found. In the event that no steps forward for the job, Pass says, he feels some kind of co-editorship could be worked out among the sub-editors.

And, Pass is quick to stress, he will still remain involved with the paper, albeit to a lesser degree. “I would like to work with the new editors,” he said.

(Cont’d. p. 4)

Parker’s resignation: Kridler says all was OK

Reported by RACHEL GRELLA

On July 11, the Dean of Students Office issued a terse memo to faculty and staff only, announcing that David Parker (“would be leaving his position” as Assistant Dean of Students. The memo stated that Parker would be leaving on July 15, only four days after the memo was released.

In an interview, Dean of Students Jim Krider said that “David Parker was not fired, nor was he forced to resign. I want to be emphatic on that point.” Parker’s leaving, according to Krider, was a result of discussions about the reorganization of the Dean of Students Office that “had been going on for a long while.” The parting, according to Krider, was on friendly terms.

Parker Finds New Position

Dean Stuart Levine, Sharon Kurgier, Dean Krider, Leon Botstein, and David Krider

Adolph’s up for sale

Reported by JULIANA BISKEBORN

In anticipation of the approaching 21-year drinking age, Adolph’s, the bar “down the road,” is up for sale.

Adolph’s, more formally known as the bar of the Annandale Hotel, has been, for decades, a place for Bardians to socialize, dance, and buy their drinks. It is, most students would say, a Bard tradition.

But “starting December 1st, the world’s going to turn upside down,” Mike Appy, the bar’s current owner said, referring to the approaching 21-year drinking age. For a bar as dependent on the business of college students as Adolph’s, the news has been a heavy blow. According to Appy, the law will mean a reduction of fifty to eighty percent of his business.

And since Appy has little interest in adapting the bar to a less drinking-oriented atmosphere, he feels there is no choice but to sell. “It is a change of necessity,” Appy said.

Since early summer, when the Annandale Hotel was put up for sale, numerous
Bardians applaud Watson — what happened?

By SCOTT PASS

On June 1, at Bard's 1985 Commencement ceremony, six honorary degrees were awarded. The last degree awarded was a Doctorate in Humane Letters, given to Thomas Watson Jr., ex-chairman and Chairman Emeritus of the IBM Corporation.

Four days prior to the graduation ceremony, The Observer printed an editorial entitled, "Bard Goes Big Business." In the editorial, we questioned the ethics of giving a degree in Humane Letters to one of the major leaders of one of the world's largest corporations, a corporation which counted among its main customers the government of South Africa, which uses IBM computers to track the movements of black South Africans, and conduct the day-to-day business of its apartheid state.

The only purpose we could see behind Bard's administration's choice of Watson was to secure a grant of IBM computers, a grant the college had been pursuing with little success for over a year. We thought the compromise of ethics was so great, and so clear, to the students in the community that our editorial would strike a chord. We expected some show of disapproval from the student body on the choice of Watson on June 1. But it never came.

Was the Observer accurate in its assumptions that the degree was awarded to secure a grant? You tell me. On July 11, hardly a month after the commencement ceremony, the Bard Publicity Office released the following news release to newspapers across the country: "Bard College has received a $265,000 gift in computer equipment and materials from the International Business Machines Corporation, the College announced today, the release read. "Thirty-three IBM Personal Computer systems, along with software and other computer peripherals were donated by the College to integrate the computer into the classroom."

By giving a degree to Watson, I think we, as students, had an obligation to call attention to the ethics of what was going on. To have let the degree be awarded with applause was tantamount to approval of IBM's dealings with South Africa.

I think one thing that bothers me most about what happened at last year's graduation is the manner in which the college tried to mask Watson's lifelong connections with IBM behind his brief ambassadorship to the U.S.S.R. Shorty after the college realized the students had reservations about giving a degree to an ex-Chairman of the Board of IBM the college retracted its publicity releases, now listing Watson's ambassadorship and other public service duties before his lifetime service to IBM.

During the awarding of the degrees, Donald Fagen, co-founder of the band Steely Dan, received wild, sustained applause. Clearly, Fagen was admired by the students. I suspect Fagen's appeal was largely due to the idealism and commitment to personal beliefs that was such a characteristic of his decade and his music.

Yet in 1985, on June 1st, it seemed that students had little sincere interest in altruism themselves.
Ernest Gaines, 1985 Commencement Address

Ernest J. Gaines, commencement speaker and recipient of an honorary Doctor of Letters degree at the 1985 commencement at Howard University, is one of America’s most distinguished novelists and short story writers. Best known for The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman, he has published many acclaimed novels and collections of short stories, all of which combine keen and compassionate insight and unique ear for language. Recipient of the Black Academy of Arts and Letters Award and the award for excellence of the San Francisco Arts Commission, Mr. Gaines is professor and writer-in-residence at the University of Southern Louisiana.

His commencement speech of June 1 is reprinted here in entirety for the benefit of those students who were unable to attend the ceremony.

Thank you, Mr. President, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Graduates.

It is an honor to be here, a greater honor to have been given the privilege of saying a few words.

Thirty-seven years ago I left my native state of Louisiana to go to California where opportunities at that time were greater for my parents and me. I went to California not with a chip on my shoulder, but with a block of oak wood in a sack on my back. Not knowing then what it was, not being able to identify it then. Knowing that I carried a burden, a heavy burden, but not knowing what it was about.

Like any healthy 15-year-old American boy, I played baseball, football, basketball. After the game I liked standing on the corner with the rest of the guys, talking about what was going on. The Merchant Marines, came home once and told me I had better get off there and go to a school that would get me into a lot of trouble. In Vallejo, California, at that time, I had two choices—YMCA or the library. I chose the YMCA.

**Boxing Tribune**

My first day there, I put on a pair of boxing gloves with a guy who really knew how to box. And for the next two or three minutes, he used my face, my head, and my body for his personal punching bag. After the first round, I decided not to take off the gloves, using my teeth to burrow up the process. Then I went to the library where I had hoped that the little old ladies there would not hit too hard.

This was my first time in the library because I came from 37 years ago, being black, I was not allowed inside the public library.

I had never seen so many books in all my life. I was on my own—there were too few books. There were little enclosures where you could go and hide with a book for hours and hours and hours. I decided that I began to read, read, to read. It did not matter to me what I read as long as I read. I read about the things that were happening. I read about my own people—the blacks of Louisiana. I believe it was 1948-49, there were few books and about blacks in most of our libraries—yet, I would read and read and read. The American white writers, the French writers, and the nineteenth-century Russian writers. But no matter how much I read, I still did not see my own people in the books.

So I decided that the best way for me to see myself, like my own people—they loved, they wept, they lived, they worked, they died just like my people did—but they were not my own people.

**Burden, No Tools**

It was then that I tried to write, but I had no tools. I had the block of oak wood in the sack, which I had brought on my back from Louisiana; but I did not have the tools to work with on the block, not yet. That would come later—at school. Back home, the Negro men like Stanley Paul Anderson, Mark Habib, Joe Black, Ed Felt, Dr. Lew Van Tilburg, Davie Clarke, Wallace, Stegner, Richard Scoocrow, Malcolm Cowley and others. They taught me the tools of the trade.

"Read this, read that..." I would read, read there, read that. Build here, cut here, build here, cut here. More work on narrative, more work on description. Your dialogue is all right." "Right, Sam Callier, " read Conrad, read Cervantes. How much Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Twain, Faulkner, Hemingway have you read? You must read Turgenev and Flaubert. And you must read Thomas Mann and T.S. Eliot. ""But I like E. L. Doctor, I said, "I don't know what he's talking about." "He read him anyhow," they said. "In this small room, now you have lost most of your hair and all of your teeth, he'll make sense to you. "So if you want to do something for your people, here are six words of advice: read, read, read."

So I read and I wrote and I read and I wrote, and the A's came easily, and I thought life would be easy because the A's came so easily from San Francisco State and Stanford. But I did not know then that those A's are only represented how well we could use the tools—the chisel and the hammer—in the classroom. The classroom where everything was so orderly, where my instructors always stood at the front of the room where we sat and listened and discussed for forty minutes, then left—oh, the tools worked so well there in the classroom. But now it was time to go out of the classroom, out into that real world.

**One-Room Apartment**

In San Francisco I rented a one-room apartment in a Murphy bed. A Murphy bed—you have seen them in the comedies of Laurel and Hardy— is a bed that you can hide in the wall during the day, and bring out at night. The mom was so small that the bed took up most of the space in the room. In this small room, I chipped away at the block that I had brought on my back from Louisiana in 1948. A kind lady cooked and brought me some Spanish rice. My grandmother gave me mustard greens, cornbread, sometimes fried chicken.

I got a job as a printer’s helper to pay the rent and other necessities. I ate pork—beans—cans and cans of pork and beans. The Chinese grocer knew why I came into his store. "Ah, the writer, Pik ‘a bank, and he would have it on the counter wait- ing for me.

Sometimes I would warn the beans, most times I would not. I had to hurry back to the block and chip and chip and chip some more. I would show the little figure that I had chipped from the block to my friend and she would say, "It looks good, but..." and I would go back and chip and chip another little figure from the block, and show her that, and she would say, "Definitely looks better, but..." and I would go back and chip and chip and chip again.

**Scrawls From the Big City**

And I would show it to her, and she would say, "Let’s send it to the big city, and see what those in the big city think." And I would send it to the big city, and in the big city, because I was an unknown, the little fictions would have to be scrutinized first by someone just out of one of our major Eastern colleges.

I would show her how intelligent she was, she would have to find something wrong with my little block. She would think the right hand was slightly larger than the left hand, I’ve almost certain—and she would be backed up accompanied by a note, which I barely could read; but I would be able to see that the right hand was a little bit smaller than the left hand, I’m almost certain—and she would be backed up accompanied by a note, which I barely could read; but I would be able to see that the right hand was a little bit smaller than the left hand. So I would chip and chip and chip away to make the right hand right, then I would send it back again.

**A Promise**

But then you remember the facts of those you left back in Louisiana in 1948. In their silence they have asked you a favor; in your silence you had promised you would, without knowing what you were promising. But now you did know. It was to chip, to chip on that block of wood, to say something to the world about their plight, something that had not been said before.

So you go back to that small room, and you look at the block, and you select several good, sharp carving knives, and you start all over again.

**A Block of Granite**

For you this time, the right hand would be too perfect, and now the left hand would have to be improved. So I would chip away to make the left hand better, too, then I would send it back... But the little figure would come back again with a note saying, "The hands are too perfect; it is now the block bellicke on his pants that is off center, being a mile too much to the left of the shirt button..."

*Anguish*

You want to scream, you do scream. You want to beat your fists against the wall. Why couldn’t the one see that the belt buckle was too far to the left the first time? Why was she conscious of it? What had I done to her? I didn’t even know her. Maybe the belt buckle far to the left because the little fellow was sloppy. Maybe he didn’t want the belt buckle in the middle; maybe he wanted it slightly to the side. Sure. Why? He wanted it slightly to the side. After all, he was a farmer, a peasant. Peasants liked their belt buckles slightly left of center.

But the little critic in the big city, a recent graduate from one of our major Eastern colleges, was not amused. "If he was a farmer, then he should have a straw hat—either a straw hat or straighten the belt buckle."

Now you have been working three, four, maybe seven years. You’ve been eating too many cases of pork ‘n beans; you’ve been having to go out for homes; you’ve been coming home for homes; you’ve been having to go out for homes; you’re good, to go out for homes. You have the money to do, I’m sure of it. He should be working. You want him to read the little critic from the major college in the East, but you don’t have money left to go 3,000 miles. So you stay home and call her names associated with a certain female domestic animal...

You want to give up now. You ask yourself if this is what you really want to do with your life. Why torture yourself? Why go on? You have a few dollars in your pocket—why not get a bottle! No—why not go all the way: a good dose of the good white stuff would relieve all your problems. Why not? Why? Oh, hell, why not...

**A Promise**

But then you remember the facts of those you left back in Louisiana in 1948. In their silence they have asked you a favor; in your silence you had promised you would, without knowing what you were promising. But now you did know. It was to chip, to chip on that block of wood, to say something to the world about their plight, something that had not been said before.

So you go back to that small room, and you look at the block, and you select several good, sharp carving knives, and you start all over again.

**A Block of Granite**

For you this time, the right hand would be too perfect, the block is larger and even harder. Mine was and is of oak; yours is of granite. Mine was...
Asbestos at Bard (Cont’d. from p. 1)

Assessments. Kaplan said few laws exist regarding the presence of asbestos in academic areas. “There are no laws that mandate removal of asbestos from classroom buildings in New York City public colleges,” she said. “Each school has been handling the situation in its own way. It’s a big problem that no one has really addressed as a whole.”

According to Kaplan, those laws which do exist have been written to deal with industrial situations. However, any exposure of the college is protected under the Occupational Safety and Health Administration’s standards for permissible levels of asbestos in a work environment. Also, under the “Right to Know” laws, employers are required to give pertinent information upon inquiry within a set number of business days.

Griffiths Inspected Twice

Griffiths says that he originally conducted a campus-wide inspection for asbestos in the summer of 1984. Before last month’s work, Griffiths said he looked at areas of the campus again with assistance from a consultant. “Buildings in the last 20 years don’t have it [asbestos],” Griffiths said. “What’s left is in buildings that were mainly limited to boiler rooms and on steam pipes.”

However, in a cursory inspection of the Observer reporters, many areas were found to have deteriorating pipe coverings similar to those pointed out by the consultant. Though it is unknown what buildings are loaded with it. There’s miles and miles of it.”

Griffiths said that he is concerned about “a lot of asbestos near the condition of the pipe coverings were the most deteriorated were the laundry room and corridor of the Tewksbury basement, and many areas in the lower level of the gym. At the entrance of the lacrosse courts, a large diameter pipe is exposed with what appears to be asbestos, the substance’s most dangerous form, crumbling off. Asked about the pipe, Griffiths said, “I’d have to have it tested. It wouldn’t surprise me. It’s a basement area.”

B & G Cleaned Previously

Bard’s clean-up plan is, according to Griffiths, a five-year program “where it’s being removed a little bit by year.” He said the plan began in the summer of 1984 when some asbestos removal was done by B & G workers, who wore respirators, gloves, and protective suits. They would have done the work this year, he said, but “we just manage to keep up with the amount of work we already have. Bard then began accepting bids for the asbestos removal job, and hired DET-CAM on a trial basis.

Burton Brody, physics professor, recounted in an interview that a senior physics student noticed B & G is known of what appeared to him to be asbestos in a classroom in the basement. B & G worked on the area shortly thereafter, but Brody mentioned that he had noticed another work, that the room was “not clean; i.e., there was a white dust on the surfaces inside the room. It may well have been asbestos, Brody said, ‘but there’s no way of being certain.’ B & G subsequently cleaned up the dust.

The cost of DET-CAM’s clean-up operation was $5,000. It is unknown whether the firm will be retained for further asbestos removal.

Ernest Gaines (Cont’d. from p. 1)

Meanwhile, on the sidelines, Coach Paul Brown would send in another play by the rest of the guards. The guard would give the play to Otto Graham; Graham would relay it to the rest of the team; they would clasp their hands on the ball and go back to the line of scrimmage.

Beneath Again

Otto Graham would look down either side of the line, call out the signals, and then hand the ball off to Jim Brown. This time, Brown would run right. Again, there would be Bednerek- waiting. BART Knocked Down Brown down again, pushed himself off the ground using Brown’s helmet for support, while Brown’s head was still in the helmet. He, Bednerek, would say, “Brown, you stink.”

On the sidelines, Coach Paul Brown would send in another play by a guard. The guard would pass it off to Otto Graham. Otto Graham would pass it off to the rest of the players; they would clasp their hands once and go back to the line of scrimmage. Otto Graham would look both ways again, call out the signals, hand the ball off to Jim Brown; and this time Brown would go up the middle. But there would be Mr. Bednerek waiting. BART knocked Down Brown down again, pushing himself using Brown’s helmet as a crutch. It was the same helmet with Brown’s head in it, several inches deep into the mud. He, Bednerek, would say, “Brown, I’ve been telling you all day long, you stink!”

Again, on the sidelines, Coach Paul Brown—who never took a break—would call in another one of the guards another play to take on the field. The guard gave the play to quar-

FDR awards to be given at Bard

By CHRISTINA GRIFFITHS
Staff Writer

Florida Congressman Claude Pepper will receive the 1985 Franklin D. Roosevelt Four Freedoms Medal at a ceremony on February 6 in the Bard chapel. Pepper, the oldest member of Congress and long-time advocate for the rights and care of the elderly, will be among five recipients, each of whom will be recognized as representative of one of the four freedoms proclaimed by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In a September 17 meeting with students, President Bottstein announced that Senator Ted Kennedy will be the event’s main speaker.

Since 1951, the Roosevelt Freedom Medal has been presented to those whose lives have given special meaning to those freedoms which President Roosevelt described in a memorable speech to Congress on January 6, 1941: freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, and freedom from fear.

In addition to Pepper, the other honorees are:

Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, one of the country’s outstanding social scientists, whose commitment to scholarship and civil rights played an important role in the legal processes that led to the Supreme Court decision of 1954, which ended segregation in public schools;

Elie Wiesel, Chairman of the National Holocaust Commission;

Dr. Kenneth Calhoun, Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard University, former Ambassador to India, and one of the most influential writers and speakers regarding the problems of developing countries;

Dr. Isidor Rabi, whose scientific work was a major element in bringing the nuclear age into being and whose leadership has worked to confront and examine the moral issues involved in the survival of mankind.

Korn to perform

On October 26 (Bard Alumni Day), Bard alumni, students, faculty, and staff will spend an evening together to enjoy a concert of 12-string guitar compositions in the Bard chapel at 8 p.m. As part of this event, Korn will be giving a selection of his own works, usually characterized by a blending of blues and jazz techniques. The concert is, of course, free to Bard students.

Pass resigns (Cont’d. from p. 1)

said. Küriger’s main responsibilities as of present are with student housing and orientation.

A major project that Küriger has helped to complete, Crisis said, is the establishment of the new student health policy with the Rhinebeck Health Clinic. Her position, Küriger said, is permanent, not temporary. However, Küriger offers certain of her coaching duties this fall, continuing her work with the Women’s Volleyball Team.

Editor’s Note: The Observer was unable to contact David Parker by phone during the two days this article was assembled.
Alexander Archipenko: a pioneer in art

By THEA MOHR
Arts Editor

Now that experimentation no longer surprises the art world, who can assure us that there is anything new and different to look for?

Alexander Archipenko, a Ukrainian-born sculptor whose late works of the 1950’s are now on exhibit at the Blum Gallery, found ways to make individual subjects into general symbols of gender, mood, and power. After spending his life making all kinds of media stand out and sit together, he discovered that he was doing much more than just experimenting with the reactions of his conservative contemporaries.

He indicates to his viewers and to other artists that even ordinary or "overfied" subjects can be translated through art into an infinite number of surprising themes, and also the reverse—that abstract ideas can take on quite tangible or universally familiar shapes and figures, which are meaningful because they are not surprising.

"Les Formes Vivantes." 1962-63 Lithography

That abstract ideas can eventually take tangible forms through art is not a new idea to most of today’s artists. However, Blum Gallery curator Linda Weinstraub believes that new artists are succeeding because their philosophies are similar to Archipenko’s, and that persistence on their part is lending them to discover limitless new realms for their themes. Some of today’s artists are continuing, in other words, where Archipenko left off.

"The man has been dead for twenty years,” she says, “(but it’s) not over yet.”

Archipenko was one of the first to defy the “material unity” of Western art by using materials like paper mache, glass, wood, metal, wire, and lacquer all together in one piece. And he combined materials—such as marble and bronze which were used separately in classic sculpture. "Fragmentary Relief,” for example, flexes what look, to a viewer who is used to seeing heads or mythological heroes brooked-in marble or bronze muscles and limbs protruding from a marble background. It is a piece into which Archipenko also sculps a variety of texture and defies the traditional “smooth look” of bronze and especially marble pieces.

Other examples of his texture strategies are apparent in “Revolving Figure,” wherein a special mother-of-pearl mosaic covers a surface which interacts multi-refectively with sleek wood planes and metal surfaces with mirror-like properties.

Where Archipenko does not employ many medias, he makes suggestive shapes and/or accents with color. "Encrusted Forms” is a cohabitation of errie blues, yellows, and black, defined as limits of color by chalky-white lines. "Living Forms (Les Formes Vivantes)” and other lithographs on exhibit at Blum, including the suggestively man-and-woman "Encounter" and the many-limbed "Black Dance,” communicate far beyond what they resemble.

“Archipenko: Drawings, Reliefs, Constructions” leaves the Blum Gallery October 26. Until then, the final important products of Archipenko’s career are collectively available for viewing.

“You feel as though you’re in the presence of something otherworldly,” says Linda Weinstraub. While no artist’s motives are obvious unless they are confessed in expository form, it is certainly clear when one looks at Archipenko’s various works that anything is possible. Ms. Weinstraub adds, "If you’re a member of the school of the avant-garde, that limits you as well...it’s the artist’s responsibility to explore his own emotional resources."
Soccer, Women's Tennis open with uncertainty

By GAVIN MCCORMICK
Associate Sports Editor

Uncertainty is a perennial watchword in most Bard sports programs, has clouded the opening of the soccer and women’s tennis seasons.

In soccer, Coach Joel Thomson is concerned about his squad’s lack of depth. Injuries and other unforeseen departures have left just 13 players available for the season’s opening two games, both losses. In many respects the games confirmed Thomson’s pre-season conceptions about the talent he has on hand.

The tennis program is facing a fairly complete overhaul. Janet Lawson of Red Hook was recently named as head coach, and an Observer press time was attempting to finalize a roster in anticipation of Tuesday’s match at Hudson Valley Community College.

The soccer team, meanwhile, has begun its season with, in Thomson’s view, more experience but better athletes than last year’s 6-11 club. But it will be facing what the coach calls “our toughest schedule ever. We play no two-year colleges, and there will be no easy games,” he said. The first two certainly proved not to be, as Bard lost to Alleonce, last year’s NAIA District 19 champion, 3-1, and then dropped its home opener to Vassar 4-0. Thomson was never entirely pleased nor surprised by the club’s performances.

The loss of “seven or eight” potential starters has hurt the team’s skill level and depth, and Thomson also feels it will take some time for the remaining group to gel, particularly offensively.

“I’m the type of coach who thinks of defense first, so we’ve concentrated a lot on that,” he said. “Until we develop confidence in our mid-field and forward lines to control the ball and take the pressure off the defense, we will have a hard time scoring goals. We did well in the Alleonce game. I saw some improvement against Vassar, but we’ve got to start getting the ball in the net.”

Thomson expects to see an improved offensive balance “by the fourth or fifth game.” A lack of consistent aggressiveness in the opener also bothered the coach.

Curt Elbers, a three-year letterman at halfback, played a solid all-around game at Alleonce, according to Thomson. Junior goalie Percy Gibson made some good saves, and halfback Nicki Burnham knocked in Bard’s lone goal.

Senior co-captains of the squad are Mark Chesler and Peter Holland.

Women’s Volleyball team attempting to recapture championship

By TIM LESHAN

The 1985 Women’s Volleyball Team is looking strong with five returning starters and five newcomers. “After winning the regular season, the N.A.C. Tournament, and making it to the NAIA playoffs last year,” Coach Sharon Kuepfer said, “we expect to continue to be competitive in the new CAAC league this year.”

The women have a very full schedule this year and veterans Tha Bloom, Debbie Waxman, and Dorothy Atchison—all playing their fourth season at Bard—are confident that the Blazers will do well.

“We have some difficult competition this season,” Atchison said, “but good new players as well.”

Coach Kuepfer is particularly excited with the arrival of the five new players who, she says, “will contribute greatly to the success of the ’85 team.”

The team’s five newcomers are: Lisa Dinino, Jarek Glener, Olivia Goldberg, “Alex” Greene, and Jodi Kippner. Returning players are: Dorothy Atchison, Tha Bloom, Rene Reatnick, Ana Rodriguez, and Debbie Waxman.

Bard Athletic Schedule

Fall 1985

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fri., Sept. 27</td>
<td>Dominican College Tourney</td>
<td>2 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., Sept. 29</td>
<td>Dominican College Tourney</td>
<td>2 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed., Oct. 2</td>
<td>College of St. Rose</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat., Oct. 5</td>
<td>New Paltz State</td>
<td>2 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fri., Oct. 6</td>
<td>Mt. St. Mary College</td>
<td>3:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed., Oct. 16</td>
<td>Utica Tech</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat., Oct. 19</td>
<td>Dominican College</td>
<td>2 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed., Oct. 23</td>
<td>Green Mountain College</td>
<td>3:30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed., Oct. 30</td>
<td>Alberek College of Pharm.</td>
<td>3 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat., Nov. 2</td>
<td>King’s College</td>
<td>1 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 7 - 9</td>
<td>NAIA District Tournament</td>
<td>TBA</td>
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</tbody>
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Women’s Volleyball

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mon., Sept. 23</td>
<td>Bard at GCCC with Colleens</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed., Sept. 25</td>
<td>Lehman at Bard</td>
<td>6 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri., Sept. 27</td>
<td>Bard at Dominican</td>
<td>4 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed., Oct. 2</td>
<td>Bard at Marathon with Western Conn.</td>
<td>6 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri., Oct. 4</td>
<td>UCC at Bard</td>
<td>7:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., Oct. 5</td>
<td>Bard at Mt. St. Mary</td>
<td>2 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon., Oct. 7</td>
<td>Bard at Mt. St. Mary</td>
<td>7 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed., Oct. 9</td>
<td>Green Mt. at Bard</td>
<td>7 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat., Oct. 12</td>
<td>F.T.I. at Bard (Parent’s Day)</td>
<td>2 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun., Oct. 13</td>
<td>College of St. Rose and Bluffield at Bard</td>
<td>12 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon., Oct. 14</td>
<td>Bard at New Paltz</td>
<td>6 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thu., Oct. 17</td>
<td>Bard at St. Thomas Aquinas</td>
<td>6:30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed., Oct. 23</td>
<td>Nyack at Bard</td>
<td>6 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed., Oct. 30</td>
<td>Coldwell and Concordia at Bard</td>
<td>6 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., Nov. 2</td>
<td>NAIA District Tournament</td>
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</table>

The season begins on the 14th with the Wagner Invitational—a big meet with large schools competing. Coach Griffith said “I hope that the team comes away from this meet knowing what a big race feels like.”

The first home meet will be against St. Thomas Aquinas, the Blazer’s most difficult rival, as well as other league teams. The team hopes to repeat last year’s feat of winning the NAIA District No. 31 championships, which would send them, for a second year, to the nationals in Wisconsin.

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1) Think of something to say (sometimes the hardest part).
2) Write it down (try to keep it less than 30 words).
3) Send it to Box 123 no later than October 1.
4) Keep your money — Observer Classifieds are free to the Bard community.

PERSONALS

D.K., How's about a Deco concert sometime? We both love, S. Min.
You Taffeta-wearing, sophisticated lady, I've been one look — and I'm in block and white. To that tenderfoot blond — a warning — don't let that little blood get under your skin.
Anyone interested in attending a AG/POP show at the Peppermint lounge or uptown on 8/19 and 8/20 I want to go and I will share expenses. Box 567.
Join sworn women — here we go again. Think about what?
To the usher who used to wear a tweed coat — it's going to be that time again. — The Bar Dancer.
To Cameron, Are you really dead?
Chris P., You are my sweet pea. We want to sleep with you.
Burlid and Spike; read this our ad in the bedroom. I am the exotic animal trainer from Havana and will supply the stilt animal of your choice very, very rare, but plenty of good fortune. Otomans extra, Rhapsody 206 Tanks.

To Bob, Willy, and C.B., Whorema (lol) I removed you all over the naner. How about some cheese and what? I love you good, love, Pat.
Susan: You are the perfect or my stooge/cheetah
Peter; Peter Pumpkin Eater, you have a smile that couldn't be erased. HMS, 0.
Christopher, Tell me you love me and do it.
I WANNA BE MADONNA.
Duff and Tim, Are the Mods withstanding the cow and got it.
We know the lasses got cold, microwaved, and it's starting now. We'll get hope that it doesn't begin to shriek at the next time it's re-heated.
Why do all the beautiful girls have boyfriends that are not real?
Andy, Bewin, Wilber remembers you.
J. — Your mother was a hoover and your father sniffs of elderly women.
Pet, you indefinitely, you're just not making things difficult.
Well, if we follow these phrases in alphabetical order, we're bound to find Planet Z.
Happy Birthday to be .... I.S.C.
O.C., Hello! I think we are going to need another day at the Falls — soon.
Q. What do you say that we get a fine or a bond so you can break your other chain?
R. Thanks for the inquiry. I needed it last year and we'll follow that up this year. Allah, Allah, Bingo.
Swedish Art History Major not extremely interested in homeland Art History Major. Look elsewhere!
S.S., I don't know about you, but i can use some manuscript, maybe...
E.B.: Is it Rip Van Winkle stuff just a phase? What do you think, ready for windowed?
D.C. NO ANSWERS! You — get help!
Engine Engine No. 9, when will you return?
Key Saw by Steve — Leather and Love.
Does S. S. know Fri., do decided to attend? Responds: Observer.
Add me: Where are the manytoxozole sandals?
On the track.
An hour and a half — oh my, are we on part or a botanical refrigerator?
Still looking for any fit to take out to mute the by or the Stone Foxes picture.
Chardonnay, Capt. Green wants you for a bath.
Have you ever wondered where your Agnolaite was? Well, look no further. If you are Hercules type, send photo and letter to Observer.
Barrenness are rampant. Steeped Feeling!
WE WANT BILLY BRAGG!
The Good times are
T.A., You look wonderful!
PAWO! Let's watch Contact in the bull.
Catch a wave dude?
The flowers are in bloom at Pot. 210. Where all where is the publishing house?
A weed on the town sounds enticing, However, for this adventure to prove interesting, the dining need be nutriment, C.S.D.
I must ask a fantastic Thralls puntig partner! Where is that?
Rapp it. It won't last such a long on the third floor.
Will you always be my rings, D.C.?
Cherry oh, Cherry oh, Boy love!

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University of Salford, SALFORD, M5 4WT, England
Tel: 061-736 5943 Ext. 7269

And if you wish to discuss the programme personally with Mr. Vincent, he will be at 212-243-3700 in New York, from September 28 to October 1st - call any day. Thank you.
**Thursday**

**The 19th**


If you haven't had enough romance and intrigue and poor blind girls for one night... if you're still not satisfied... it's Shot Night at Adolph's and vodka can be had for a mere two quarters, a dime, and a nickle. For three quarters of one dollar multiplied by your weight you can be a poor blind girl or boy for one spectacular night.

So, your "friends" wouldn't go down to the bar with you? Don't despair—it's "Viewer Mail" on David Letherman. And you wanted to go out and have some fun.

**Friday**

**The 20th**

Here we gotta dolly dolly fo'ry five lookin' fo' a dolly seventy. Seventy seventy seventy, I have a dolly seventy cents. Soc./Anth. Department Book Auction at 4 p.m. in Hegeman 102. Wine will be served.

Okay you sissies! This is it! Fall in! Time to sweat yourself into physical fitness during the Student Workout. In the gym at 4:45 p.m. Hop to it!

If the workout wasn't enough, if you're seeerious about exercise and aquatics, there's swimming at the Y tonight. Meet in front of the gym at 6:30 p.m. Bring flippers.

What smells bad and lays around thinking a lot? A Bard philosophy major? No. It's the Dead Reckoning, starring Humphrey the Bogeyman himself and that little miss starlet Elizabeth Scott. Shows start at 7 and 9:30 p.m. with Bugs Bunny cartoons. Thomas and Tom will be your projectionists this evening. In Sottery.

**Saturday**

**The 21st**

ROAD TRIP!!! Van to New York City, leaving at 10 a.m. See Sharon Kuriger for sign-up and details.

Can't go to the city, but still need to get away? Take a bus to the Hudson Valley Mall, land of Muzak and fluorescent lights, Wicks 'n Sticks 'n Fluff 'n Stuff. Wear protective clothing. Bus leaves gym at 6 p.m.

**Thursday**

**The 26th**

Hip Hardware for your Happiness. It's Barbara Ward Jewelry, the ginchiest little dangly stuff to be had in the Commons, all day.

Looowo, exciting and new! Climb aboard... we're expecting youuuuu! The Steeambot, soon will be making another runnnn... with Buster Keaton as Steamboat Bill, Jr., 7 p.m. in Preston.

It was a dark and stormy night. Suddenly, a shot rang out! A girl screamed, "G-I-I-I-I-I-I!" Adolph, swarthy and pithy, stood over the trembling lass, "Gin, Ma'am? That'll be seventy-five cents. Cash, Ma'am."

**Monday**

**The 23rd**

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the gym... they're at it again! More Student Workout! Will it Never End? 4:45 p.m. in the gym.

All you do is take, take, take! And what do I get? Nothing! Not even a phone call or a card maybe. Oy, Irving, if you're dead father (God rest his soul) could see the way you treat your long-suffering mother! You're selfish. A pure and simple case of Greed. The movie. By Erich von Strachem, tonight in Sottery at 7 p.m.

**Tuesday**

**The 24th**

Please, Sir, can I have some more? More Greed by Erich von Strachem, more Sottery, 7 p.m. again.

Clash of the Titans! Society for New Students vs. Students for a New Society Meeting at 6:30 p.m. Presidents' and College Rooms, Kline Commons.

**Wednesday**

**The 25th**

Puff, puff, puff, grunt, wheeze, crack! Student Workout in the gym, 4:45 p.m.

**Saturday**

**The 28th**

Bus leaves Bard College Gym for Hudson Valley Mall. And Never Returns! Authorities baffled. Details at 6 p.m.