

Bard College
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OBSERVER

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The Bard Observer

VOLUME XCIV NUMBER SIX

OCTOBER 27, 1988

News is whatever
sells newspapers.
The Observer is free.

AIDS Committee Funding: A Question of Priorities

by Amara Willey

As mid-term passes, the AIDS Committee has still not received the funding it was promised. Meanwhile, there are already twelve applicants for the Love, Lust, and Luck Contest that the Committee is sponsoring.

A recent memo from Dean Stuart Levine asked the Committee to find money from different sources, suggesting Health Services and the Dean of Students' Office.

However, when the Committee expressed its worry to Levine, he reassured the members that the money would be found. "There should be no concern for funding," Levine said.

Despite this assurance from the Dean's Office, Father Bruce Chilton, chairperson of the committee, has doubts. "Money on the way will not help us meet immediate commitments," Chilton said.

The Committee began researching an AIDS brochure before the semester began. It decided upon one from the Gay Men's Health Crisis that explicitly explains how condoms are used.

Because the Gay Men's Health Crisis operates on a cash only basis, a check must be sent before the brochures can be received. "It is a frustrating position to be in after three months of activity," Chilton said. "If it's not like a slap in the face, then it's like a cold shower."

The Committee will be lucky if the brochures arrive before the semester ends, he added.

The AIDS Committee has also promised \$400 in prize money for

the Love, Lust and Luck Contest. "It is not clear to me how we're going to procure funds for the exhibition," Chilton said.

The exhibition of submissions from the contest is scheduled for November 8-10 in the Student Center.

Since funding has been reaffirmed, the contest will continue as planned. "We'll pay them in IOU's if we have to," Chilton stated.

The twelve applicants for the contest range from photographers, poets, and painters to journalists and essayists. One applicant may even design a brochure for the Committee.

During an interview, Levine explained that extra funds will be made available. "We'll find money from unspecified parts of the budget. There must be some flexibility."

When pressed, Levine admitted that where exactly all the money would come from was still unknown.

Funding for the brochure will come from the Dean's Office. "We will find additional money. It's my responsibility to ask if there is money in any other departmental budgets. It's my job."

So far there has not been a check. "An expression of sympathy may result in actual funding," Chilton said. "I have no doubt of the administration's good will. No one is out to stop the AIDS Committee, but the college has to decide what its priorities are."

The sock hop, held in honor of the opening of the Stevenson gymnasium, and Parents' Day, was a semi-formal held on the gym floor. Dozens of students, parents, and others braved the rain to attend.

Charles Stevenson, who donated funds for the facility, was there to admire the success of the gym and the event.

The socks, which saved wear and tear on the new floor, were accompanied by the sounds of the 60's and 70's, and even the 50's. A wide variety of outfits, from formal, including ties on gentlemen, to the 50's motif were sported by the students hopping about the gym.

Shelley Morgan, the Assistant Dean of Students, oversaw the hop, from the shoe room, to the hot hors d'oeuvres, to the flavored seltzer waters. A very pleasant time was had by all.

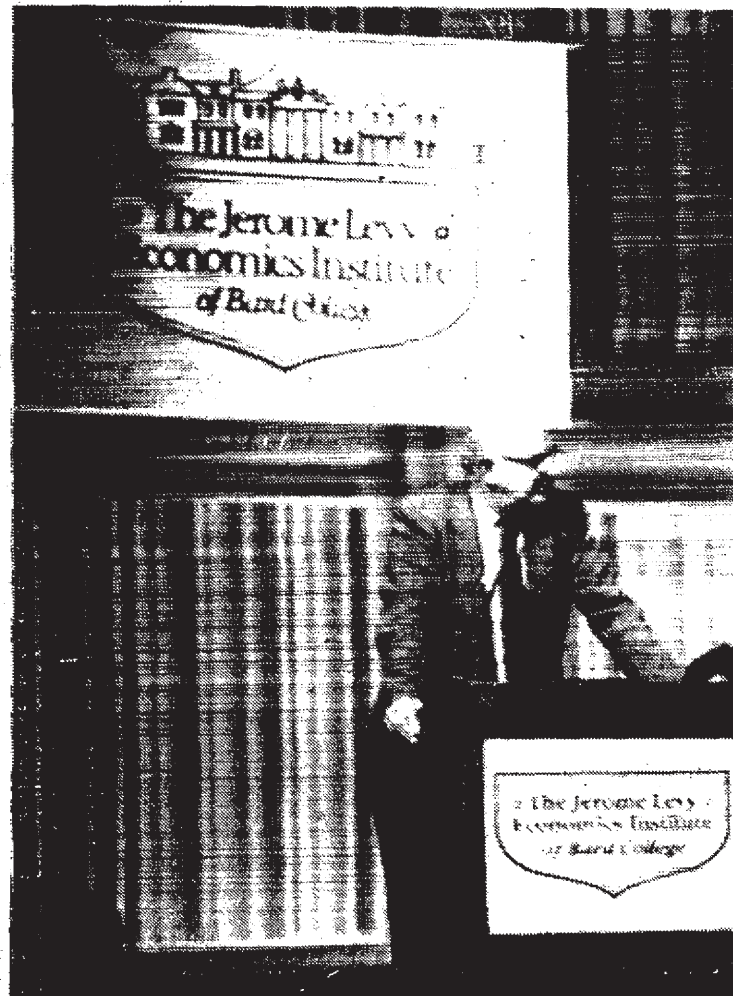


Mastermind of the Sock Hop

Bard Hops

by Lisa DeTora

Where can you go to see Leon Botstein walking around in his socks? Why, the Bard Sock Hop, of course.



Paul Volcker speaks at the Levy Conference.

First Conference of Levy Institute

by Valerie Scurto

The Jerome Levy Economics Institute of Bard College held its first international conference from October 13-15, 1988. The theme was Financing Latin American Growth: Prospects for the 1990's. The three day conference attracted many distinguished economists, bankers and policy makers, including New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Former Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker.

The conference was co-sponsored by the Levy Institute, Washington University in St. Louis, and the National University of Mexico. Funding was provided by the Ford Foundation.

This gathering originated in response to the need for finding a solution to the Latin American countries' defaults.

The inability of many countries to repay their loans on time or even meet the interest bills threatens the stability of the global financial system and the stability of the debtor countries.

Financiers and government officials in the United States and other countries worked with the nations to reschedule interest payments and provide new funds

to ward off defaults. Yet, the crisis continues.

Senator Moynihan spoke on the nature and limits of U.S. government activity to resolve the debt crisis. "What is the world's largest debtor (the U.S.) supposed to do about other nation's debts?" was his main question.

Moynihan asked the New York State Business Council in 1981, "Do we want a decade in which the issue of public discourse will be how big must the budget cuts be in order to prevent the deficit from being even bigger?" The United States' military budget is in its fourth year of decline, he noted.

Moynihan commented that "the huge budget deficits created were intentional on the part of the administration." He went on to say that "if the policies can be remedied, the decline can be averted."

He claimed we are "on the threshold of being transformed from an economic superpower into just one more bankrupt American republic. Our debt problem is the direct result of deliberate policies pursued by

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An Apple IIe sits happily in the computer center.

Computer Center Improvement

by Amara Willey

New acquisitions at the Henderson Computer Resources Center punctuate its growth in recent years. Computers that have been donated or bought this summer are part of the process of accommodating growing computing needs on campus.

Also a needed addition, the new classroom replaces old office space in the center.

It is used as a multi-purpose classroom. Computer classes are taught there by Bonnie Gilman, Director of the Computer Center, Michael Lewis, Director of Computer Education, and Stuart Greenfield.

Other professors can also incorporate the space in their teaching. Professor Frank Oja uses the room as a statistics lab, for example.

This room is used as a classroom only 5% of the time the computer center is open. At other times, when the converted office space is not being used as a classroom, it acts as an extension of the computer center, providing more computers for student use.

Two mobile classroom computers supplement the computer center's capabilities. Both Olin and Hegeman boast these versatile machines.

Currently, the mobile computer in Olin is being used in conjunction with foreign language classes as well as to demonstrate computer classroom concepts. Using an overhead machine, a liquid crystal replication of the computer screen can be projected on a large display screen.

Campus News

Foreign Tutors

by Melissa Anderson

An integral part of Bard's foreign language department are the teaching assistants, who lead special tutorial sessions outside of class to provide further instruction for students.

This year Bard is pleased to have Alicia Cogolludo from Spain, Chrystelle Coutead from France, Petra Detterkmann from West Germany, and Zhang Meng from China.

Before coming to Bard, Alicia studied Spanish philology (historic linguistics), receiving her master's degree from the Complutense in her native Madrid. She believes her stay in the United States will provide an excellent opportunity to travel (she hopes to visit Florida and California) and to learn more about American culture. After spending a year at Bard, Alicia would like to either return to Spain to find a job or possibly stay in the states next year and get a master's degree in linguistics.

Chrystelle, who received a master's degree from the

Sorbonne in Paris, became aware of the teaching assistant's program at Bard through the Institute of International Education. Chrystelle's main goal is to show her students France "in a way they've never seen before." While she is quite excited about teaching French to American students, she also hopes to learn a great deal from her students. Chrystelle also plans on travelling and visiting New Orleans and California.

Previously working both as an English and science teacher in Trier, West Germany, Petra would like to show her students "how German is really spoken--something more than what is taught in books." Petra wished to come to the United States mainly for the experience of getting to know another country better. To do this, she plans to travel a great deal, hopefully going across the United States to California next year.

Zhang, Bard's first Chinese teaching assistant, is originally from Zheng Zhou City in the Henan Province. She worked as an English teacher before coming to Bard, and is the first middle school teacher from Henan to go to the United States. She views her stay in the States as her "golden time"--a time in which she can study and work and fully explore what life is like in America, an experience which she hopes to share with her students in China.



Trees have always changed colors at Bard

Colors Change at Bard

by Lisa DeTora

A suprising number of trees at Bard turn color in the Fall. Scientists say that this is caused by a myriad of chemical events and such phenomena as leaf abscission and the reduction of sap flow beneath the corky periderm.

Most people, not particularly caring what the scientists think causes the color change breathe

in a deep breath, and look at the beautiful leaves in their autumnal array, which even Solomon could not boast in the days of his greatest glory.

Foreign students especially love to watch the color change, which does not occur in such far-flung places as Pakistan and India, due to climactic variations, and the low incidence of deciduous hardwoods.

Those in the know, however, are sure that the color change has nothing to do with abscission, or deciduousness, but are really caused by the wandering activities of the tree elves. The tree elves have come forward to debunk the myth that "God paints each one by hand", and replace it with the truth, that God has each continued on page 12

Kingston Counseling Center

905-211-1212 Telephone (914) 351-2870

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By Appointment

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1988 Graduates
Melissa Ackermann
Naomi Catalano
Jennifer Delahoyde
Michael Fine
Olivia Goldberg
Shawn Hill
Dena Katzen
Gavin McCormick
Glenn Ribble

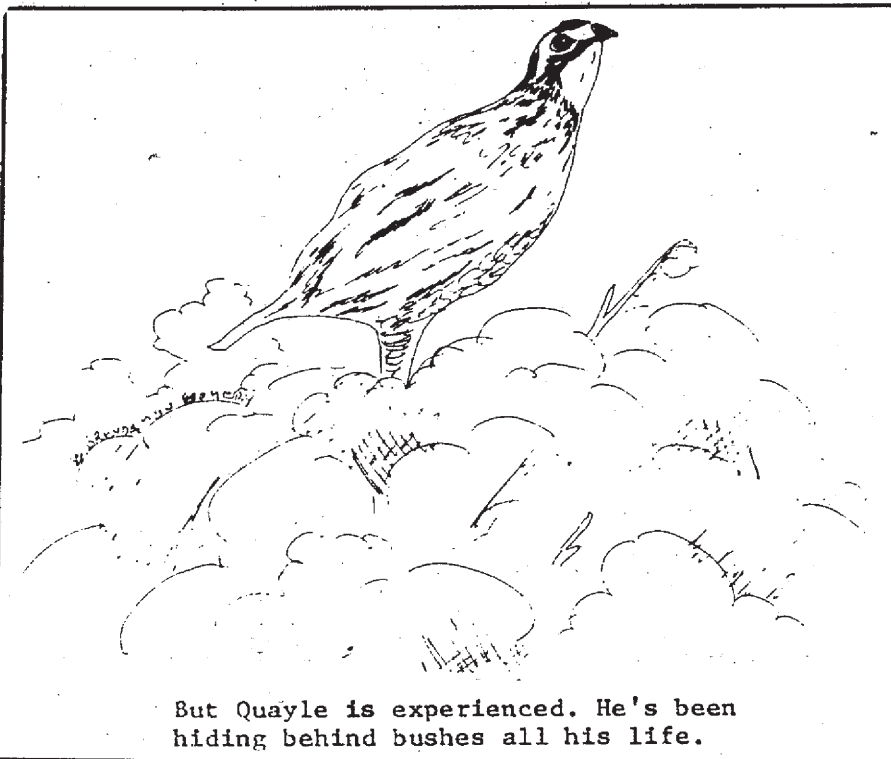
"Dr. Grammer"

"Dr. Grammar" is Jack E. Surrency, PhD, assistant dean of Communications at Florida Community College at Jacksonville, South Campus.

CONTEST CONTEST CONTEST CONTEST CONTEST CONTEST

C O N T E S T C O N T E S T C O N T E S T

Editorials



But Quayle is experienced. He's been hiding behind bushes all his life.

To test or not to test...

by Joshua Wolff

With mid-term exams out of the way, it seems like an appropriate time to talk about another type of testing: the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) test. Unlike mid-terms however, it is your choice whether or not to take an HIV test.

A lengthy debate has ensued ever since HIV testing first came into use. Issues such as confidentiality, mandatory testing, discrimination, test accuracy, and the like have been argued in the medical community and throughout the court system in the United States. Organizations which one day advocate for testing have been known to recommend against it the next day.

An HIV test is NOT a test for AIDS. Rather, the test can detect the presence in blood of antibodies which are produced by the body's immune system in response to the virus. A positive HIV test means that you have been exposed to the AIDS virus. It does not mean that you have AIDS. In order to be classified as having AIDS, an HIV positive person must contract at least one of several specified opportunistic infections.

A positive HIV test means that you can transmit the virus to others through unsafe sexual contact, by sharing intravenous needles, or during pregnancy to an unborn baby.

Although estimates vary widely depending on who and when you ask, the most common prediction is that approximately 75% of those persons infected with HIV will eventually (within ten years) go on to develop symptoms of AIDS Related Complex (ARC) or full-blown AIDS. It is still too

early to know just how accurate this estimate is.

Because of possible discrimination which might follow a positive test result, such as cancelled insurance, loss of job, and eviction from place of residence, it is essential that the test be performed anonymously.

The test results shouldn't be entered into any kind of permanent record under your name. Even if you are assured confidentiality, medical records can be subpoenaed by a court of law. For this reason, it is not advisable to have the test done by a general health care practitioner.

The test is not 100% accurate. If you have an HIV test you have to contend with the possibility of 'false negatives' and 'false positives.'

A false negative is a negative test result which should have been positive, and a false positive is a positive test result which should have been negative. Because of the design of the test, false positives are much more common than false negatives.

In order to try and control for false results blood is often screened more than once. The first test performed on the blood is called an ELISA. This is the test which was developed to screen blood for blood banks. Thus, the test is more concerned with identifying contaminated blood than non-contaminated blood. For this reason some good blood is discarded because of false positive results.

The ELISA test is an inexpensive and effective means

of keeping contaminated blood out of the blood supply.

Although blood banks only screen blood once, labs which are testing individuals' blood do not conclude that the blood is contaminated on one positive test. If the first result is positive a second ELISA is performed. If the second ELISA is positive a different test, called the Western Blot, is performed. This test is much more precise, but also more costly, than the ELISA.

Blood will be tested up to five times; twice with an ELISA and three times with a Western Blot. If at any point a negative result is found, the testing is discontinued and the blood is deemed uninfected. However, if each of the five tests come up positive the blood is then deemed infected.

It is also important to remember that the HIV antibodies take an average of three to six months to appear in measurable amounts after exposure to the virus. Thus, you cannot engage in risky behavior tonight and expect to find out whether you've been exposed tomorrow.

For persons interested in being tested for HIV, New York State has what are called Alternate Testing Sites. These are facilities which offer HIV testing which is both anonymous and free of charge. The testing site closest to Bard is located in Kingston.

The phone number to make a test appointment is (914) 632-4133, ext. 360. When you call this number, you will be asked what county (Dutchess) you live in, your age, and your sex. Along with your appointment date and time you will be given an identification number. They will never ask for your name. There is generally no waiting period for an appointment at this time.

When you go for your appointment you will meet with a counselor before any blood is drawn. The counselor will ask you questions similar to those

presented later in this article. He/she will also inquire as to whether you have engaged in any AIDS-risk behavior.

It takes approximately three weeks for results to come back from the lab, at which time you will have to go back for more counseling and your test results. No test results are ever given over the phone.

Remember that it takes three to six months for antibodies to appear after exposure to the virus. Make sure you wait a long enough period before being tested.

HIV testing is not available through the college health center. Because they are in the process of setting up their laboratory and trying to cope with the general health care needs of the college, it is not yet possible for them to start performing such a test.

More importantly, although the college health service can do its best to ensure confidentiality, they cannot provide anonymity. When they are more settled into the new role of primary health care providers for the college, the possibility of HIV testing on campus will again be debated.

Before making your decision to test or not to test, the most important question you need to ask yourself is, "Why should I have an HIV test?"

If you have not engaged in any unsafe-for-AIDS behavior, you really don't need to be tested. Just keep on protecting yourself.

If you have engaged in any unsafe-for-AIDS behavior the decision to have or not to have the test is not an easy one to make. The time in between making

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Correction

Excuse the omission: the last two issues we forgot to give the credit deserved to our business manager, Rebecca Ames.

The Bard Observer

Editor-in-Chief.....	Amara Willey
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News Editors.....	Suzin Hagar Michele Thomas
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Graphic Design Editor.....	Brenda Montgomery
Night Editors.....	Russell Glickman Sara Willig
Layout.....	Lisa De Tora Erin Law Valerie Scurto

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are not necessarily those of The Observer. Letters to the Editor must be signed and should not exceed 300 words in length. Send to The Bard Observer.



To the Editor:

I never thought I'd be writing to you, but I've had a truly spiritual experience that I'd like to tell you about.

I was out in the field one day a couple of years ago, working with the combine (which, if you don't know, is one of those huge threshing machines with the big paddle wheel in front and the snowblower attachment that chucks the wheat or what have you into a box) when something got caught in the wheel. I was a little upset as it was nearing supertime and I didn't want to stay out in the field any longer than I had to. So, dopey me, I forgot to turn off the engine like the manual says before I climbed down from the cab.

I went around to the front of the combine and looked inside and darned if there wasn't a tricycle in there. I'd warned the kids several times not to leave their toys in the field and now here was a perfectly good tricycle ruined. I reached in there and tried to jar it loose but it wouldn't budge, so I braced my foot up against a strut and pulled harder. Wouldn't you know it, the thing came loose and the wheel started turning and my foot slipped in up to the middle of my thigh.

I felt no pain but was rather annoyed what with missing supper and the kids disobeying me and now this. While trying to get my leg loose I somehow managed to have my other three limbs pulled into the whirling blades. I figured I'd be lucky if I'd see breakfast, let alone dinner.

I hung there for awhile until the wheel had finished chawing on my appendages at which point I fell back on the ground.



Needless to say, I was very annoyed.

Yo, God, I prayed. Can you see me here? I sure could use some help, Lord. I'm bleeding profusely from four gaping wounds and it sorta hurts. Could you send a doctor, Lord? How about a bandaid?

But God must have been busy or something because He didn't send me anything unless that raven that was trying to peck out my eyes belonged to Him. Once I decided God wasn't gonna do anything for me I determined to go back to the farmstead and call a doctor myself.

You see, the wife was out playing bridge with the girls (she always comes home late and drunk) and the kids were on the green, doing who knows what.

So anyway, I rolled myself onto my stomach and started dragging myself across the field with my tongue. Believe me it was tougher than getting a Visa card. I don't know how long it took me to reach the house because my watch was on my wrist which was in the box under the snowblower attachment on the combine.

When I finally got there I realized it was going to be quite a chore to get the door open. Luckily it wasn't locked and I won't go into the gorey details of how I got through the door but suffice it to say that to this day I can't sing any parts lower than the tenor ones.

Since I had worn my tongue down to a stub dragging myself around, I had to dial the phone with my nose. I had always meant to get one of those push-button phones but had never gotten around to it (I've since gotten one).

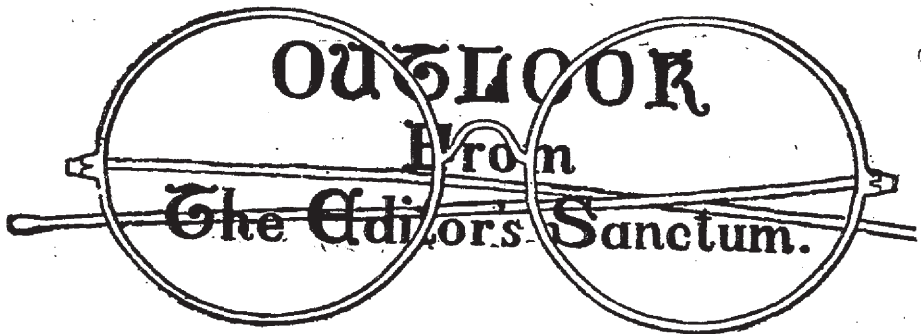
To make an already long story short, police and doctors came in answer to my screams and I was swiftly brought to a high-tech hospital in Albany via one of those nifty new super-whirly birds.

I languished in the hospital for several months undergoing a total of twenty-seven operations including fourteen separate skin-grafts and bone transplants. The surgeons there were able to rebuild my feet and hands from pieces recovered from the combine, however I am now two feet shorter and they say I'll never again have complete use of my left index finger.

Four weeks ago, I once again sat in the cab of the combine that had mangled a tricycle so many years ago. I harvested my whole spread by myself and only wet myself twice.

I thank the Lord I am still alive to enjoy the love of my family and friends. You may ask why, since He abandoned me in my most desperate hour of need. Well, I realized then, and I know now, and I'll remember for the rest of my life the truest words George Harrison ever sang: "The Lord helps those who help themselves." My faith is stronger than ever.

Albert B. Horvath
Woodstock



There are many complaints about how little news gets covered at Bard and how The Observer's news is outdated by the time it reaches mailboxes. Etc. Etc.

I, however, would like to make a point (and it's not the one at the top of my head, for those wondering). When I go to class on Thursday morning or walk around campus during the rest of the day, I actually see people reading the paper.

And do you know what? The first things people turn to are the classifieds, the comics (Babbling Brook included), and the Arts and Entertainment page.

Now, this isn't unusual. Of the small percentage of people who actually buy a newspaper in "the real world," an even smaller percentage ever gets past the above-mentioned sections to the news.

Why are people so interested in comics? What is the attraction of stupid little personal notes to people you can't necessarily identify? Why aren't people interested in news?

Perhaps it's because people don't really want to know what's going on. If it's not sensational, it's often depressing.

Or maybe it's because news is boring. Ask yourself, "Would I rather read about a bird in a bush (condensed as it is to a picture, equalling a thousand words) or about money problems

in some committee that you might have heard of but really aren't sure what it does?" (I'm actually not trying to be insulting to you guys, but I can only put down my own articles.)

Perhaps the problem is that you can't experience the wonder of news in person. Rather it becomes impersonal, and thus, gasp, boring, in its re-telling.


So maybe all of this is just restating the obvious. Maybe I'm just USING the sanctum of the editor to hide the fact that half my staff was too busy with midterm rush to write. Maybe I'm filling space.

Or maybe I think it doesn't really matter what I say in this column because no one reads this column anyway.

Or maybe, just maybe, I think that all of you complainers and kvetches should put your money where your mouths are and write a few things for the newspaper, and maybe, just maybe, I think you should sign them.

Hint: If we get real letters to the editor, I won't have to publish satirical comments on Calvinism from (purported) Woodstock farmers that smack of last semester's oh-so-newsworthy format. And then we can address some of the real issues on campus that somebody, just maybe, could be concerned with.

For those of you who made it all the way through MY kvetching and complaining, Bravo!



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The Babbling Brook



At one of the Forum Meetings this semester, Steve Nelson said that he wanted Bard to be the kind of school that students just love to come back to from their vacations. He intimated that the way to do this was to implement a series of dances and other social events for the weekends. I, personally, have always liked Bard, and see no reason for any more social events. A friend told me that in certain circles I might be considered boring. I gave her a withering glance and sat down to write a brief explanation of exactly why I love to come back to Bard.

For the past two summers and last January field period, I have held the same two jobs, one answering phones at night at a church rectory, and the other working with retarded adults. Perhaps the mere thought of tolerating these two occupations for an entire summer would sway the faint of heart, but I have been known to be foolhardy.

This summer, since I have some 'experience' I was put into the 'behavior room', which houses those clients who are considered to be the most dangerous. The point of housing them all together is to modify their behavior, but I'm not quite sure it works. The behaviors I saw ranged from biting, kicking, punching, and throwing furniture to howling, screaming, and tearing the skin off of people's arms. I was none too thrilled to be placed with this delightful bunch.

As I was the smallest person in the room, I was elected to be the one left alone in charge of all the clients whenever one of them went completely berserk and had to be manually restrained by four or five people. The logic of this escaped me, since the remainder of the clients could each go berserk as well, necessitating up to five people apiece to keep them from killing someone. Naturally, being left in a room full of completely unreasonable people twice as big as myself who had no qualms about breaking arms or ripping flesh if they were refused cigarettes, coffee, or cookies was rather worrisome.

On the first occasion of my being left to fend for myself, a certain client, Sam the arm ripper, chair flinger and smoker, came up to me and demanded a cigarette. My first impulse was to give him anything he wanted, but I had to show him who was the boss. It was, after all, my job to help modify these behaviors.

A Particularly Graphic Page

Sam could only have a cigarette if he had sorted four boxes of beads, and Sam had only sorted two. Of course I could not really explain this to Sam, because he really wanted the cigarette, and he had torn the skin off of someone's arm the day before for just this sort of thing. Sam has a very low frustration level, and I had no desire to have my arms torn open, so the only thing left to do was to--run? no I needed the money--think fast; something that Sam is unable to do. It occurred to me that if I could convince Sam that I was really in charge, that I would be, for all practical purposes.

I was beginning to feel pressed as the rest of the room was getting restless, so I walked Sam over to the beads, keeping my voice calm and low, assuring him that he only had to sort a few beads and then he could have whatever he wanted. I pasted a huge smile on my face, and wondered what I could do when he decided to spring. Sam, looking confused, sat down and sorted his beads.

Suddenly, a highly functional client (this means that they have every notion of what they are

doing, so if they go after you, watch out) named Nancy dashed into the room, screaming at me to protect her. I was at a loss to see how I could protect Nancy, who was twice as big as me and three times as strong and who had been known to tear apart whole residences. "What's going on?" I asked.

"She's throwing chairs." Banging and shouting from the 'quiet room' told me that Mary had decided to take her aggressions out on the furniture again. I pointed out to Nancy that she would be much safer in her classroom as long as Mary was in the quiet room, and she ran off, presumably to sort beads.

By this time, the berserk client had been calmed down enough to be reintroduced to the classroom, and I was elected to help hold the door shut on Mary. As a co-worker was holding the door, which will not close unless held, Mary, who had had a hard day, put her fist through the plexiglass window. In the classroom, Sam tore the skin off of someone's arm, and got his own trip to the auxiliary quiet room.

Mary felt better after breaking the window, and soon returned to her room, to throw chairs no more, at least until she got home. Meanwhile, a 6'5" client with the mental capacity of a toddler dashed out of his room screaming, "cookie cookie," into the ladies' room where I found him in a state of undress, looking at a 4'6" woman with Down's Syndrome, who was trying to explain that he was in the wrong place. Luckily, it was time to go home, so all the clients were packed up on their buses, and shipped to their residences.

I then went to answer phones at the church rectory, which I usually found restful after a day of excitement. The night before, there had been two calls, both for the cook. I hoped I would have another easy night. The Fates, however, would not have it so.

We were expecting a priest from India that evening, and I was left thinking that he already had a ride, since he had called from Rome the day before. Imagine my chagrin when I got a call from this man, who had been at the airport for two hours, and refused to give me the number of the pay phone he was calling from, his gate number, or the name of the airport. Great.

I called the day secretary who said that our visitor, Fr. Silas, had to call Fr. Abraham in the Bronx and get a ride. I wrote down Fr. Abraham's number. Unfortunately I could not call Fr. Silas, because I did not have his number, which he had refused to give to me.

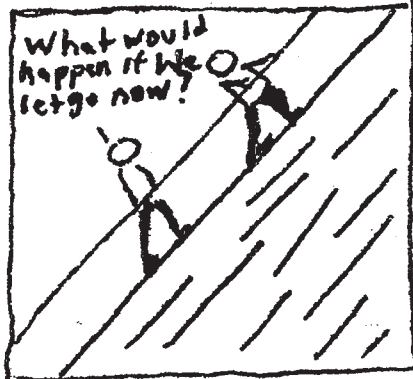
I tried to find our resident Indian priest, Fr. James, but he was out. The phone rang, and a parishoner who had somehow extracted Fr. Silas' number from him gave it to me, saying that the reason he would not give me the number was that he could not understand that I could call him on the phone. I wrote the number down. It almost seemed natural to me that this priest would assume a greater familiarity with the phone system of my own country than I have.

I called Fr. Silas, but he could not seem to understand that he had to call Fr. Abraham. "No no no no..." he said into the phone, as if he were scolding a foolish child. After insisting that I come to get him, he hung up.

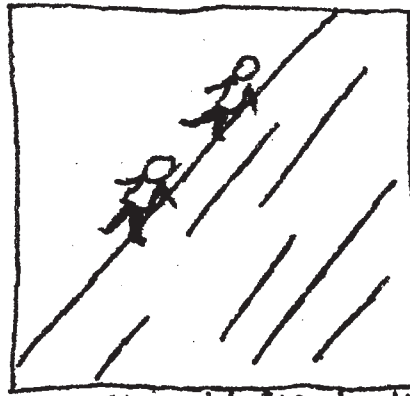
I became annoyed. He had no business addressing me in that tone, assuming that I did not know how to use the phone, or thinking me a fool. After all, I was not the one who had been trapped in an airport for three hours because I had not bothered to arrange a ride, or even to take a taxi.

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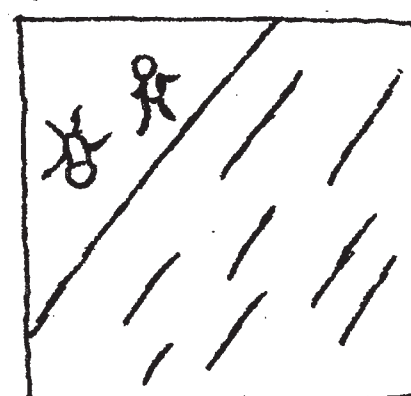
Acrophobia



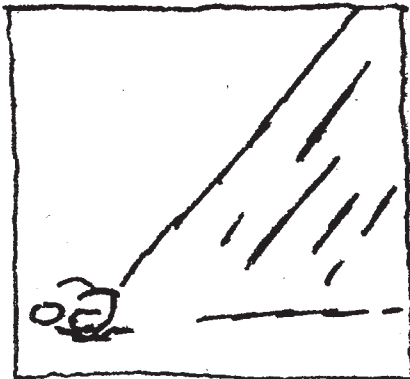
Well, I'm not sure...



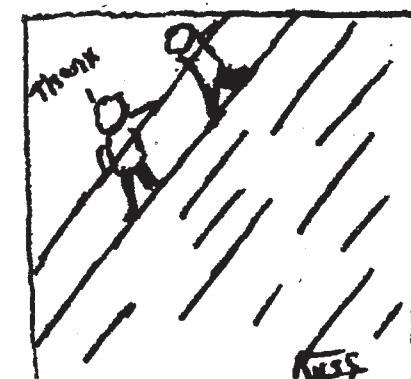
I guess we'd fast slide for a while...



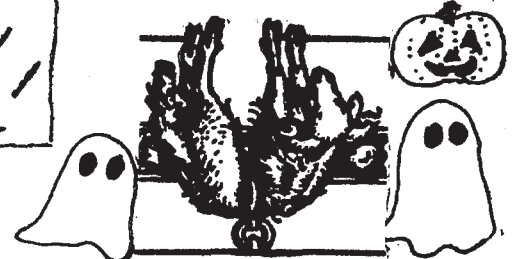
And then we'd tumble...



And then, I guess we'd end in a mass of torn and ripped balls of flesh... yeah, that's what I'd think would happen.



THE END



Observer Classifieds

How to Place an Observer Classified in our nest issue:

- 1) Think of something to say (sometimes the hardest part).
- 2) Write it down (try to keep it less than 30 words).
- 3) Turn in to the desk assistant at the front desk of library.
- 4) Keep your money-Observer classifieds are free to the Bard community!

PERSONALS

freakin cows!

Moo?

tb: two very big questions i have to ask you to which i have one very long answer. why don't we just gedidovawit'?

Butch & Chipper: Why would I want to go to the Comptrollers? Ask me to go to Paris and I'll consider the offer--Swan

Kristina: Who is this blonde bespectacled devil that y'all like so much?--Curious and just a little jealous and asking your attention before you leave.

J.: if you don't play piano, why carry piano wire?--D.

Jan: Do you know what I'm thinking?

flea collars, day-glo paint, & tootsie rolls? I'll never pass this class!

Could you be in 3-D Foundations in Art by any chance?

Babbling On

continued from page 6

Meanwhile, a parishoner had come in looking for Fr. James, who was not at the meeting he was supposed to be running. I sent her to the church to look for him.

I called Fr. Abraham. When I told him the name of the church I was calling him from, he said that that was not his parish and gave me back my own number. Wishing I spoke some Indian language, I hung up.

Just then, Fr. James came in, so I thrust all of my papers at him and told him to deal with it. He wanted to know why the parishoner had known the number of the pay phone at the airport. Two hours later, Fr. Silas took a taxi to Fr. Abraham, and everyone was very relieved.

Summer fun and games. No wonder I like it here, where I can get some rest.



Are you from Hallowell, Maine? Is your name Andy? If so, call 758-4308 after 9 pm.

Happy Birthday, Morgan!--L.D.

C.J. & M: thank-you for taking such good care of Fester! With friends like you, who needs enemies?!

Andy Malloy: where are you?--Box 739

Where's your camera? (editorial comment)

Beoff, Rocky,...& Skip?!?! What is this world coming to?! ACK!!

"Dee & Skip"? I just can't see it!!!

This seems to be the semester for "weirding out"...

A hermit with handcuffs would never have any fun. We're looking for you, Andy M....

I know what happened to all the toilet paper in Robbins.

Christopher Robin: you know exactly what I'm talking about!

- n \ ((((((((((
(Classified from my cat. Hey, Alex, would you get off the keyboard!--Amara)

Crow: When are we going to France? I'll get the boat, you grab the oars--Swan

Swan: oarmakers on strike. Raincheck? Maybe after we grad-i-ate?--Crow

Tipper: Call. But get a phone first--Swan

Yeah. Cause that's what I say when she's right.

Katherine: I swear I'm not slandering Chris.

Chrissopher M: That's not about you--Swan

Why not? Gee, you never write to me.--Chris

VI: are you having fun yet?

Maybe. Have a day.

To the Narnian from last issue: When does the Dawn Treader set sail? My dagger and bow for the cause of Aslan.--Kamara Brufu-no

Narnians: Aslan needs help. Anyone with trusty sword and intelligence may come. I await your arrival in the Lantern Wastelands. (Look toward Olin for light)

Jade & Kip. Jade & Beoff. Jack & Skip? I see a pattern here...

To the man with the curly hair, glasses, and tiny pony-tail: Haven't we exchanged glances?.....Manor, a deep dark night, you asked me if I had a cigarette. I said no but wanted to say I have another similar instrument I'm dying to smoke with you!!! Can we get beyond Glances?--yours, Finochio

Wally's married everybody!

To Kiersten: The silly olives ran forward in shoes--Annabell

To Annabell: Jack's marbles cleaned the chocolate houses--Kiersten

Goalie: Damn you have strong hands! Why don't you give in to fate. Come wrap those long thighs of yours around me so I can show you how I seriously play ball.--I think you know

D-no-B: let loose any more barking spiders in my room and it's no darts for a week. Ha.--Game

Tony & Rob: The Reality Fish is looking for a few good misogynists - and don't forget the weekly c.b. trips

Doog: let's team up and wreak havoc on the other sex--Dynamo & Juggernaut

Nic: I want you, I need you, but even this 'friendship' requires a little attention. WHERE ARE YOU??--green guy w/the hair

Dark one: I want mail. What gives?

Stop by sometime, Dorothy. The wicked witch won't be there.--g.

FOR SALE

Raleigh, lightweight bike, men's, black, model #410. Best offer over \$125. Practically new, only used twice. Call 876-6059 after 5 pm.

HOUSING

Wanted: a roommate or someone to sublet a fully furnished apartment in Red Hook for the month of January. If sublet, take care of cat. Apartment is \$425/month (including utilities!). If roommate, rent is half. Call 758-0111 for more information.



Quotes of the Issue:

Oft-remembered names and faces,

but to whom do they belong?

You can't draw blood from a stone.
-folk saying

(But we did)

CHIMES POTTERY CANDLES PRIMITIVES POTPOURRI DOILIES

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ALBUMS MUSIC BOXES TEDDY'S BANKS



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914-758-0821

MAGNETS POTPOURRI STEAMERS SOFT SCULPTURE HOOPS BIBS

African Notebook

by Lianna Williamson

We are standing in a light misting rain at the base of Mt. Vishoke, Volcanes National Park, Rwanda, fiddling with our bamboo walking sticks as our packs and camera equipment are hoisted on to the backs of our "porters". We are all nervous, except for my Dad, who is as excited as a little kid on Christmas Eve. This is the reason he came to Africa.

We--my father, fifteen-year-old brother, my boyfriend Jesse and I--are about to climb up into the mountains to have an experience that it may soon be impossible to have. We are going to see the mountain gorillas, of which there are only 360 left. The gradual destruction of their rain forest environment and the market for their hands and head have pushed them to the brink of extinction.

These are the same gorillas that zoologist Dian Fossey did her research with, from the early 70's until her death in 1985. She studied the mountain gorillas and made their plight internationally known. Her struggle to understand and protect the gorillas, as well as the mysterious nature of her gruesome death, are the subject of a recently released film, "Gorillas in the Mist," starring Sigourney Weaver.

We are informed that we will be visiting group 11. Gorillas travel in small family groups, which Fossey numbered for convenience. Group 11 is one of the groups which are accustomed to regular interaction with humans. We are lucky to get this group--there is an infant only three months old in it, as well as several silverbacks--mature males.

We are also briefed on the rules of the Park. The guides speak no English and very little French, so it will be impossible for them to communicate with us verbally. Therefore, we must pay very close attention to their gestures and imitate them whenever possible. There are other rules as well: no pointing, no talking above a whisper, no sudden movements. Armed with this information, we set off.

The first portion of our journey is through someone's fields. We trudge along in silence, single file, getting used to the mud and the walking stick. By the time we reach the base of the mountain, I'm already tired.

The climb gets steeper and steeper as we approach the forest. Finally, we step, one at a time, through a gap between two bamboo trees, into the forest.

The bamboo forest is dark and damp, with a carpet of orange leaves and no discernable path. After a while in the trees, we



Photo by Jesse Kleitman

emerge into the bright sunlight to find that the rain has stopped and that we are surrounded on all sides by impenetrable vegetation. I quickly lose my sense of direction as we climb first uphill, then downhill, then enter the bamboo forest again. The "path" is not wide enough for a human body to pass without being attacked by the surrounding plant life. Soon we discover the nettle bushes, charming plants covered with prickles that smart and sting for days if they brush your skin.

The ground is wet mud, which makes both going uphill and downhill nearly impossible. One of the porters takes my hand and pulls me along, slipping and sliding behind him, while I just keep gasping "Urakuze, Urakuze," (Thank You). It is about the only word of his language I know.

We climb like this for two hours. My legs are spasming and my heart is pounding in my ears when we reach a ridge of land against a sheer wall of vegetation. Looking up, my only thought is, "Tell me we're not climbing up there."

It really isn't that bad, if you don't mind hanging off the side of a mountain, trying to find a foothold in a mass of tangled vines. My father slips and falls five feet straight downward before he hits something solid enough to support his weight.

Now the guides are pointing and shouting, the things we're not supposed to do. They send a scout over to search a distant area. When he returns the guide grins and points. "Ici, aujourd'hui," he says. They were here today.

The walking is easier now that the land is level. The porters have left us since only six people can be with the gorillas at once. There is one guide with a machete clearing our path, and one bringing up the rear with an enormous shotgun. The gun

reminds us of the element of danger in our quest. Full grown male gorillas often reach 450 pounds, and there is a possibility, no matter how remote, that one could attack us.

Suddenly, a clump of trees and vegetation about 20 feet down a small hill begins to shake and quiet, though distinct, munching noises can be heard. I look backwards in to the face of the rear guide, who beams and nods at me. I find myself wishing that I could sit down, rest, and collect myself before going forward. But it is too late, because here he is.

He is a full-grown male, though not yet a silverback, about 400 pounds, and startlingly black against the green cave of vegetation in which he is breakfasting. He ignores us, while we stand about five feet away, six humans totally focussed on everything he does. He is the first one we saw, and I remember him most vividly. I remember the sound of his breathing, and that he smelled like old vegetables and damp, matted fur. After what seems like only seconds but is probably five minutes, we move on.

We stay with the gorillas for about an hour, the maximum time allowed by the park. We wander through the vegetation, using paths created by the gorillas themselves. It is unnervingly quiet up here; there doesn't seem to be anything living besides the gorillas and us.

Each time we stumble across them I feel privileged--how many people get to see such a magnificent creature free, living the way it has since the beginning of time?

We trudge on. I'm exhausted, and lightheaded from the altitude, but rapidly getting used to the constant feeling of apprehension and expectation. Suddenly, our guide begins to grunt again. We have learned to identify these low, guttural sounds as a greeting to a gorilla we cannot see, but the guides can sense.

We step into a clearing to find a rather small, stooped gorilla. The back guide taps my shoulder and whispers, "Eh, bebe!" Looking closer, I notice the gorilla's hand clasped to her chest. The guide grunts, and the gorilla looks up and grunts back in response, revealing a tiny, wrinkled baby in her arms. I only see its little face for an instant, but the sight of it alone would make the trip worthwhile.

The next gorilla we see is a silverback, feeding alone. He appears normal, but the guides are making a tremendous fuss over him, grabbing their own hands around the wrist. Then I see what they mean--this gorilla is missing his right hand. "Poacher," says one of the guides solemnly, indicating the gorilla. His hand was caught in a poachers' trap--did park officials remove it or is it sitting, stuffed, in someone's living room? This gorilla is the last one we see. Our hour is up.

As I had hoped, the trip down the mountain wasn't nearly as difficult as the trip up. The nettles and mud still plagued us, but it didn't seem to matter as much. We were all silent, thinking of the gorillas. As we came down into the fields, I looked up behind me, suddenly awed by all we had just experienced.

1988-89 CALENDAR GRADUATE RECORD EXAMINATIONS

BE SURE TO CHECK THE SCORE REPORT MAILING DATE WHEN SELECTING A TEST DATE.

Administrations of the GRE in the United States and Puerto Rico	Oct. 8, 1988 ^b	Dec. 10, 1988	Feb. 4, 1989	Apr. 8, 1989 ^b	June 3, 1989 ^c
Receipt Date for Special Requests <small>Supplemental test centers, Monday administration, accommodations for handicapped examinees</small>	Aug. 19	Oct. 20	Dec. 14	Feb. 21	Apr. 17
Postmark Date for Regular Registration	Sept. 2	Oct. 31	Dec. 27	Mar. 1	May 1
Postmark Dates for Late Registration Period <small>Not for late registration fee</small>	Sept. 3-7	Nov. 1-8	Dec. 28-Jan. 4	Mar. 2-9	May 2-9
Administrations of the GRE in Other Locations	Oct. 8, 1988	Dec. 10, 1988	Feb. 4, 1989	Apr. 8, 1989	June 3, 1989 ^c
Receipt Date for Special Requests <small>Supplemental test centers, Monday administration, accommodations for handicapped examinees</small>	Aug. 11	Oct. 11	Dec. 1	Feb. 8	Apr. 5
Receipt Date for Regular Registration	Aug. 24	Oct. 25	Dec. 14	Feb. 22	Apr. 19
Approximate Score Report Mailing Date	Nov. 18	Jan. 20	Mar. 17	May 19	July 7

AIDS Testing

continued from page 4

the decision to get the test, actually getting an appointment, having blood drawn, and waiting for the result, can be a very emotional time.

Many people sway back and forth between deciding to test and deciding not to test. It is not a simple choice.

Two important questions to ask yourself are, "What would I do if I tested positive for the HIV antibodies?" and, "What would I do if my test results were negative?"

If you found out you that had been exposed to the AIDS virus, would you change your behavior in any way? Most people say they would take better care of themselves, getting plenty of rest and exercise. They would also be extremely careful not to transmit the virus to anyone else.

If these sound like things you might do if you tested positive for HIV antibodies, then you might consider doing them now. Why do you need to know you've been exposed to HIV to start taking better care of yourself and refraining from unsafe sexual and drug behavior?

Finding out that you haven't been exposed to the AIDS virus could mean that you've been properly careful in your activities or that you've been incredibly lucky. If you're being careful, continue that way.

If you fall into the "incredibly lucky" category, you might want to thank your stars and change your ways. If you continue to partake in risky behavior, you're playing a dangerous game.

As with a positive test, do you need to know that you haven't been exposed in order to change your behavior?

Take the time to think over the pros and cons of HIV testing and just what a positive or negative result might mean to you.

If you have a question about AIDS and don't know who to ask, send it to The Observer. Any reasonable questions will be answered in this column.

Computers

continued from page 2

"Students come in with expectations which challenge the computer center to stay up-to-date," Gilman said. The computer center is growing quickly for a liberal arts school, she added.

Expanding services grew to keep pace with expanding usage and demands. And in the more than four years it has been open, the usage of the computer center has seen consistent growth.



HUNTING NEW YORK'S WILDFLOWERS: New York State Botanist, Dr. Richard Mitchell of the New York State Museum, indicates a patch of rare Globeflowers. Trekking through swamps, climbing mountains and exploring the state's wilderness areas since 1976, Mitchell is compiling as much information as he can on New York's wild plants.

Them Darn Ghosts

by some Bard reporters

The Observer, yielding to popular demand, has agreed to print an article about the ghosts that are thought to haunt the Bard community.

The best-known ghosts are haunting Blithewood. Reports have come down through the years from a wide variety of sources, including security and faculty.

Three years ago, a Bard security officer described the following incident:

Just previous to the Fall semester, this officer, following his daily rounds in Blithewood, checked the boiler room.

Everything seemed in order; he closed the door. The instant the door shut,

he heard a loud hissing. Thinking that a pipe had burst, he opened the door, and the sound ceased. He investigated the area and found no problem. He shut the door, and again the hiss was heard. He opened the door and once more it stopped. He slammed the door, heard the hiss, and fled the area.

The officer told The Observer, "I don't believe in ghosts, but goddamn, something hit me that night, scared the hell out of me, and I was gone." He had not heard anything unusual since.

Professor Dick Wiles, who has been at Bard since 1967, has no doubt that "something exists in Blithewood". When he

had an office on the first floor of the building, during one summer, he repeatedly heard sweeping upstairs. He went to investigate and found nothing. When asked about the sweeping sound, Wiles commented, "Several times I've heard it, but never when students are there; it's always when they are on vacation."

This summer, with the new renovations of the building, ghostly activities are reportedly on the rise. The Observer has been told that security has had to answer many more false alarms since the Spring. It will be interesting to see what happens as Halloween approaches.

Village Pizza III

17 North Broadway
Red Hook
758-5808



HOURS
MON-THURS 11 AM-11 PM
FRI & SAT 11 AM-12 MID
SUN 3 PM-11 PM

Sports

Men's Soccer on the Rise

by Michele Widrick

October 18, 1988: The wind is chill, and the rain clouds hang in the cold, grey sky. Fans are clad in wool sweaters and fleece-lined boots while the men's soccer team braves the unforgiving weather conditions. The athletes crusade to meet glorious victory. The less fortunate opponents campaign only to fall in dreary defeat; they are forced to face a long journey back to Nyack.

This Bard victory, paired with the previous 1-0 win over SUNY Purchase, puts the team in fine standing for a position in the NAIA playoffs. Joel Tomson had valuable insight to offer concerning the new-found success of his team. He feels that the team finally has unified, and as a result is performing at a level which is nearer to its potential. The beginning of the season was tainted by a series of harsh losses which acted to dishearten the players. Now, the players have combatted their sense of defeat, and go forth with courage displaying heart and spirit of full-blooded soldiers. Tomson says that the players have become more aggressive and play a more intelligent game. These team improvements have enabled the men to score goals and hold the lead.

The team has undergone visible strategic transition as well. Chris Hancewicz has been moved to sweeper-back (a defending position directly in front of the goal), and Aaron P. has moved to stopper (also a defending position). These moves enable the more experienced players, i.e. Colin Clark and Torrence Lewis, to utilize their knowledge and skill to improve the offense and the attack of the team as a whole. Tomson feels that they are "still a bit shaky in goal," but that can only be due to Jodi's inexperience as a goalkeeper; his improvement over the course of the season is still very commendable.

The team has only three confrontations left. These are major matches which will determine their fate in the NAIA playoffs. To be considered as a team in the playoffs, Bard must first bring King's, Dominican, and Bloomfield to their knees. Tomson describes Bard's opportunity as "an outside shot," but not an impossibility...Only the future will tell.



above

Men's football at Bard:
Then and Now

GAME SCORES:

Men's Soccer (2-8-1)

9/21 with Skidmore--lost 3-0
9/23 with Sarah Lawrence--won 4-3
9/25 with N.Y. Poly--lost 6-0
9/28 with St. Rose--lost 3-0
10/5 with Albany Pharmacy--lost 3-0
10/9 with Culinary Institute--won 1-0

Women's Soccer (1-5-1)

9/23 with Dutchess cc--lost 3-1
9/26 with New Paltz State--lost 1-0
9/30 with Manhattanville--won 1-0
10/3 with St. Rose--lost 7-0
10/8 with Southern Vermont--tied 1-1

Women's Tennis (2-3)

With Marist--lost 3-6
With College of St. Rose--lost 3-0
With Hudson Valley CC--won 8-1
With Russell Sage--won 5-4
With Russell Sage--lost 3-6

Women's Volleyball (3-6)

9/24 with Nyack--lost 3-1
9/24 with Manhattan College--lost 2-1
9/28 with SUNY Purchase--won 3-1
10/6 with Russell Sage--lost 3-1
10/8 with St. Rose--won 3-1
10/10 with Sullivan County CC--lost 3-0



Pool Hours:

Monday-Friday

8:00 a.m. - 9:00 a.m.	Lap swim.
12:00 Noon - 1:30 p.m.	Open swim.
4:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.	Open swim.
8:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.	Open swim.

Saturday

12:00 Noon - 1:00 p.m.	Lap swim.
1:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Open swim.
7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Open swim.

Sunday

1:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Open swim.
7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Open swim.



Events in the Hudson Valley

ART

People Places Things by Carol Guzman Estep. October 26-November 18, Mon-Thurs 9-9, Fri 9-5. Hudson Hall Gallery at Dutchess Community College, Pendell Rd., Poughkeepsie.

DANCE

Pilobolus Dance Theater on Saturday, October 29, at 8 pm. Bardavon Opera House, 35 Market St., Poughkeepsie. Tickets are \$18 and \$16, available at the Bardavon box office or by calling 473-2072.

New Music Dance Night with DJ Jolly Joel Tyner every Thursday at 9 pm. Rhinecliff Hotel, take Rt. 308 2+ miles west of Rt. 9/Rt. 308 light in Rhinebeck, then a right on Shatzell Dr. 876-8688.

FILM

Upstate Films--call theater for descriptions (876-2515), 26 Montgomery St., Rhinebeck.

October 27: The Thin Blue Line. 7 & 9:30 pm.
October 28-November 3: Frida. 7; Sunday mat. at 2 pm.

October 30: Videodrome. 7:30 pm only.
October 28-Nov. 3: Alice. Fri-Sat at 9:30 pm, Sun at 4:30 pm, Mon-Thurs at 9 pm.

November 4-10: Boyfriends and Girlfriends. Fri-Sat at 7:30 & 9:30 pm; Sun at 4, 7, & 9 pm; Mon-Thurs at 7 & 9 pm.

LECTURE

The People of Colonial Albany: a three-part lecture series. At The New York State Museum on November 1, 15, & 22 from 7:30-9 pm. Admission is free. For more information, call (518)474-5877.

MUSIC

UPAC concert on Thursday, October 27, at 8 pm.

Marvin Hamlisch performs everything from ragtime to romantic on November 4 at 8 pm. Bardavon Opera House, 35 Market St. in Poughkeepsie. Tickets are \$23-25. 473-2072.

Bewildered Bull Productions benefit concert for animal rights. Friday, November 4, at 9 pm sharp. At the Rhinecliff Hotel. Musicians: Mike Callahan, Blind Carl Hoyt, Tom Pandamonium, Leo Smith, and The Band Onan's Wetsuit. \$3 or more donation at the more.

THEATER

"Noises Off" by Michael Frayn. An English farce by the Rhinebeck Theater Society. October 28-29, & November 4-5 at 8 pm, November 6 at 3 pm. Directed by August Armstrong. Tickets \$6. Dress rehearsal (no frills) on October 27 at 8 pm is only \$2. Rt. 308 & Wynkoop off Rt. 9.

Audition for the Philip Meister Award at the National Shakespeare Conservatory. Winners will receive up to \$1000 towards study in the conservatory's two-year program beginning January 23, 1989. The program includes an intensive eight-week residency at the conservatory's summer quarters in the Catskill mountains. New York City on Saturday, November 19. Call 1-800-472-6667 for more information and an audition appointment.



ARTS & entertainment

Degas at the Met

This is the first time in more than fifty years that as complete an exhibition of the work of Edgar Degas is occurring.

The exhibition will remain at the Metropolitan Museum of Art through January 8, 1989.

Three hundred works of art are arranged in twelve galleries. They include paintings, pastels, drawings, monotypes, prints, photographs, and sculpture from every decade of Degas's fifty-year career.

Organized chronologically, his studies of nudes, laundresses, dancers, and jockeys showed a change in style over the years.

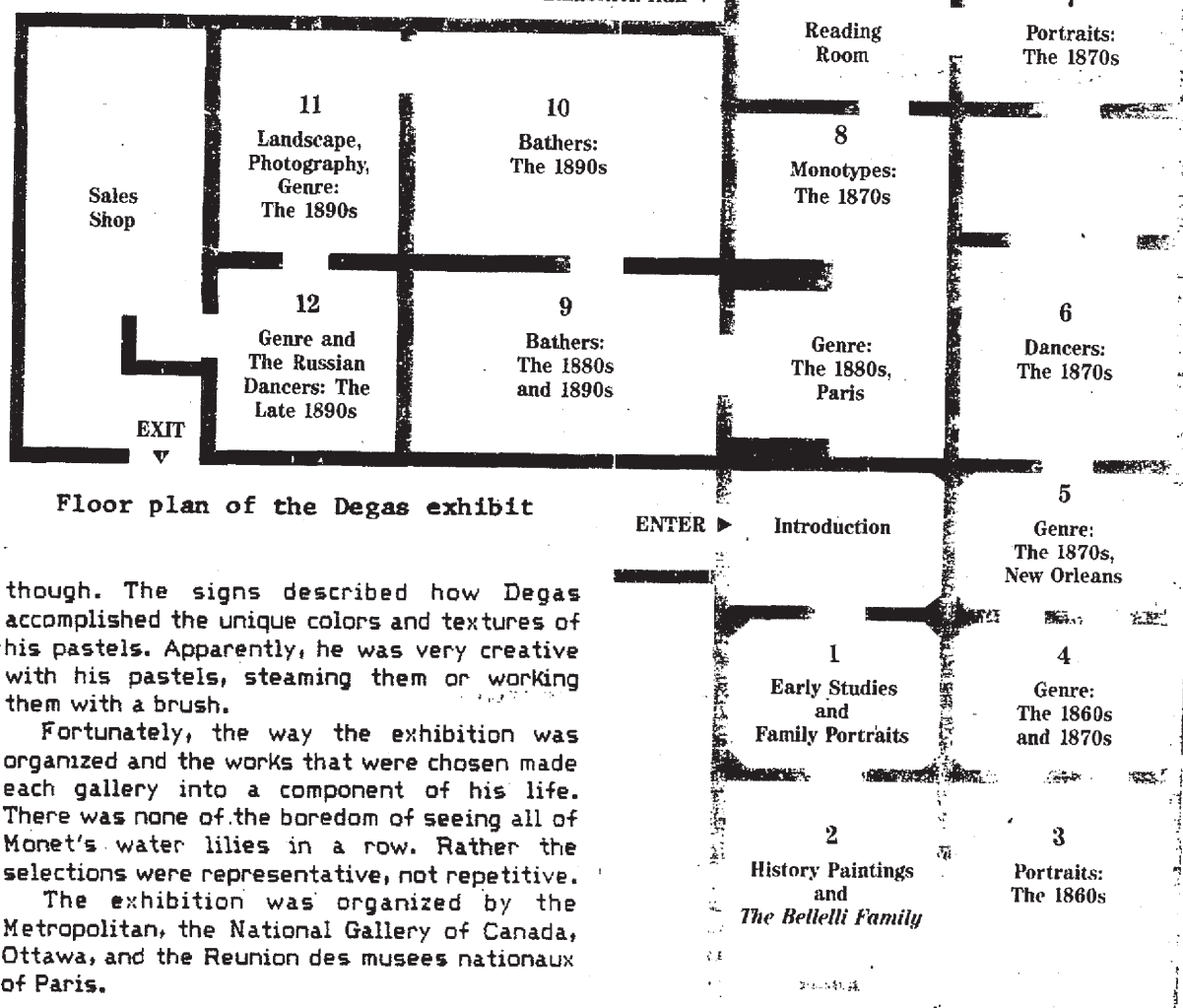
His earliest paintings were student exercises, drawn in Italy around 1856. The later paintings and pastels were conceived in his Paris studio in the beginning of the twentieth century.

Signs on the walls of each gallery explain the period of art and provide commentary about certain paintings. They speak of "unusual groupings of figures, distinctive coloring, and ambiguous multileveled meanings."

The signs occasionally grow tiresome, speaking of the combined pain and ecstasy of Degas's bathers. They refer to the often uncomfortable-looking poses of nudes drying themselves after their baths. The editorializing seemed unnecessary.

Some information was quite interesting

Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Exhibition Hall



though. The signs described how Degas accomplished the unique colors and textures of his pastels. Apparently, he was very creative with his pastels, steaming them or working them with a brush.

Fortunately, the way the exhibition was organized and the works that were chosen made each gallery into a component of his life. There was none of the boredom of seeing all of Monet's water lilies in a row. Rather the selections were representative, not repetitive.

The exhibition was organized by the Metropolitan, the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, and the Reunion des musees nationaux of Paris.

Edgar Degas was born in 1834 to a wealthy banking family in Paris. He spent most of his life in Paris, though visited family in Italy often. He died in 1917 at the age of 83.

"THE THING chills to the bone."
— NEW YORK POST



SUNDAY 10/30

7 & 9:30 PM IN STUDENT CENTER

Thursday The 27th

Cross Country with CACC. Home Course at 3:30 pm.

BLAGA meeting, 5:30 pm. Kline Presidents Room. All Club Heads invited.

Poetry read by Peter Filkins, Olin 201 at 8 pm.

American Androgyny during the Revolutionary Era: a lecture by Karen Greenberg at Suzanne Vromen's house at 6:30 pm.

Friday The 28th

Shabbat Services in Bard Hall, 5:30-6:30 pm. Dinner and program to follow in Kline College Room.

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds in Scene Shop Theater at 8 pm.

Films: The Candidate & Betty Boop in the Student Center at 7 & 9:30 pm.

Hudson Valley Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra in Olin Auditorium at 8 pm. Kurt Weill's Symphony No. 2, Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 1 Op. 11, & Robert Starer's Kli Zemer-Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra. Leon Botstein conducting. ID at door.

Saturday The 29th

Women's volleyball game at Skidmore. 9 am.

Men's soccer game at The King's College at 2 pm.

Elvis Presley Club, 5-7 pm in the Kline Committee Room.

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds in Scene Shop Theater at 8 pm.

Sunday The 30th

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds in Scene Shop Theater at 8 pm.

Meditation, Prayer, and Talk. 7 pm in the Chapel.

Film: The Thing in the Student Center at 7 & 9:30 pm.

Calendar

Monday The 31st

Halloween, Bard's official holiday. Okay, not really.

Beginning conversational Hebrew (not for credit). 11 am in Chaplin's Office.

The Bard Observer meeting. 6:30 pm in Kline Committee Room. Very important meeting: all reporters must come or else talk to one of the editors!

Intro to Judaism workshop. 7:30 pm in Olin.

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds in Scene Shop Theater at 8 pm.

Political videos from Students in Solidarity. 7-12 pm in Kline Committee Room.

Tuesday The 1st

French table. 12:30 pm in Kline Presidents Room.

Silver Jewelry Sale in Kline Lounge, 10-4.

German table. 5-7 pm in Kline Committee Room.

Women's Center Meeting. 7 pm in Student Center.

Koerbaad Kuiper lecture in Olin 203 at 7:30 pm.

Wednesday The 2nd

Spanish table. 5-7 pm in Kline Presidents Room.

Students in Solidarity meeting. 6:30 pm in Kline Committee Room.

Jane Begos reads various diaries. Olin 305 at 6:30 pm.

Films: Healthcaring and Homebirth were originally scheduled for 7 pm in Olin 201. Watch for when they've been changed to!

BBSO meeting. 7 pm in basement of chapel.

Al Anon/ACOA "New Beginnings" meeting. 7:30 pm in Aspinwall 302.

AA meeting. 7:30 pm in Aspinwall 304.

Thursday The 3rd

DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE BARD OBSERVER. Turn submissions in by noon to the desk assistant at the front desk of the library. There is a box there. Do not send to desk assistant through campus mail. Use your brains.

BLAGA meeting. 5:30 pm in Kline Presidents Room.

Marcelle Clements will read selections from her work and talk about how she got started. Olin 102 at 8 pm.

Dance Theater in Dance Studio at 8 pm.

Friday The 4th

Bard Library used book sale in Kline Lounge.

Shabbat Services in Bard Hall, 5:30-6:30 pm. Dinner and program to follow in Kline College Room.

Dance Theater in Dance Studio at 8 pm.

Film: Brothers Quay Animation Extravaganza. Student Center at 7 & 9:30 pm.

Saturday The 5th

Bard Library used book sale in Kline Lounge.

Elvis Presley Club. 5-7 pm in Kline Committee Room.

Dance Theater in Dance Studio at 8 pm.

Sunday The 6th

Meditation, Prayer, and Talk. 7 pm in Chapel.

Dance Theater in Dance Studio at 8 pm.

Film: Hangman also die. Student Center at 7 & 9:30 pm.

Monday The 7th

Beginning conversational Hebrew (not for credit). 11 am in Chaplin's Office.

The Bard Observer meeting. 6:30 pm in Kline Presidents Room.

Intro to Judaism workshop. 7:30 pm in Olin.

Tuesday The 8th

French table. 12:30 pm in Kline Presidents Room.

German table. 5-7 pm in Kline Committee Room.

Women's Center Meeting. 7 pm in Student Center.

Wednesday The 9th

Spanish table. 5-7 pm in Kline Presidents Room.

Students in Solidarity meeting. 6:30 pm in Kline Committee Room.

BBSO meeting. 7 pm in basement of Chapel.

Films: Walking up to Rape shown with Why Women Stay. Olin 201 at 7 pm.

Al Anon/ACOA "New Beginnings" meeting. 7:30 pm in Aspinwall 302.

AA meeting. 7:30 pm in Aspinwall 304.

Concert by Dance Faculty in the dance studio at 8 pm.

Trees

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one painted by hand.

This is where the elves come in. The elves know that trees, if left to themselves would stay green, and drop the green leaves all over the ground. God, not liking to see a mess, had the elves paint the leaves to make them more appealing to children, who would bring them home, thus tidying up.

The elves, who are related by blood to the elves at Santa's workshop, scoff at the notion of leaf abscission. "Bunk," they say, "Pure scientific mumbo-jumbo."

Howsoever the leaves turn color, the Bard community is more than glad for the change of color.

Conference

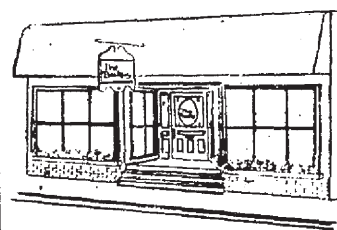
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the current administration," said Moynihan.

Paul Volcker spoke later in the afternoon.

The economic performance correlates with the stability of the democracy, Volcker stated. There is "more concern about the present approach and why the approach has not been changed by now," continued Volcker.

Yet, Volcker said, "The conclusion to the Latin American and the United States debt crisis is to follow the present approach if it does and will work."

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