Hungry?
Check this out before you go to eat – New meal exchange policy

FEATURES

Literary Tea
Bard student chases wild goose down to New York

ARTS

Writing Contest
Observer seeks student opinion on quality of teaching at Bard

SPORTS

Highlights
Long journey narrated by guest writer

Short-changed

After 3 1/2 hours and $200, Budget finally passes

It took over 3 hours and seven hostile amendments, but the Student Convocation budget was finally passed by the Student Forum at 11:21 last Wednesday evening. The Forum opened with a series of elections and a successful resolution to repeal the 10pm locked dormitory policy. Only two clubs managed to secure more money for themselves, while the entire budget was severely debilitated by a $10,000 debt.

As Treasurer Jason Foulkes explained, the Convocation owes around $17,000 to Bard College. Foulkes attributed this debt to a misallocation of funds last semester when the Planning Committee incorrectly estimated the number of students attending Bard, and the subsequent amount of revenue that would be generated by their activity fees. Additionally, some clubs over-spent their budgets last semester and bills were received over the summer for clubs that no longer had any money.

Foulkes claimed that the former treasurer, Matt L. Lee, left with his ledger, so the Planning Committee is not exactly sure which clubs went over and by how much. Foulkes said, however, that the clubs which can be held responsible for specific bills will be surcharged (notably, the Film Committee).

The chair of the Planning Committee, Jeff Rhyme, commented, “I cannot tell you how upsetting it is that we owe $17,000 to the administration.” He urged clubs not to “raid” the Emergency Fund during the Budget Forum. “Once we raise the budget, clubs can always appeal to the Emergency Fund. But help you if there is a real emergency, and there is nothing left. We should have learned our lesson last semester to leave the Emergency Fund alone!”

“You elected us [the Planning Committee] to create a budget,” said Rhyme. “If every person is going to try and change what we’ve worked on, we might as well dissolve the entire committee.”

Hostile Takeovers

The Bard Party Brigade was the first club to attempt to increase its budget by merging with the Audio Co-op and asking for $500 from the Emergency Fund. The money would have been spent on replacing damaged equipment and purchasing new equipment so that the BPB could continue to offer disc-jockey services to campus parties. “Our reputation speaks loudly for our history of wildly successful parties,” said one member of the BPB.

Concerns were raised and tempers flared over the issue of where the BPB stores its present equipment. They admitted they keep the equipment in their own rooms, but this is only because reliable storage space is not yet available. After considerable confusion over parliamentary procedure, the amendment continued on page 5
Reservations required

Food Service changes its dinner exchange program

"The purpose of meal-exchange, when it was created, was to provide meals for people who had class conflicts during regular meal times," said Dining Services Manager, Peter Belencha, in an interview yesterday afternoon.

In the past, meal exchange was available in the coffee shop for one hour after standard meal times. Breakfast and lunch exchanges are still offered in this manner.

However, in order to allow deKline to set up in the coffee shop by 8pm, dinner exchange will now be offered as a boxed meal. Any student on the meal plan who will be unable to go to Kline needs to fill out a boxed dinner request form 24 hours in advance. The forms are available at the front counter as you walk into Kline, and they offer 5 choices to be picked up the next day at any meal.

Belencha explained that the 24 hour notice is needed so that the food service will have time to prepare the requests together. The options are A) ham & swiss on a Kaiser roll, B) Rainbow Scholarship with ranch dressing, C) turkey sandwich with lettuce and tomato, and D) Creek Salad with pita bread. Each of these options come with potato chips, fresh fruit, dessert, and a beverage. A fifth option available is the hot entree from the next night's menu.

When asked if he anticipated any difficulties with this new system, Belencha was optimistic. "I don't expect any problems," he said. "But we're starting this on an honor system. If the demand becomes more than we can produce, we might have to start asking to see students' schedules."

Belencha confirmed that the primary reason for the change in the dinner exchange was to make room for deKline in the coffee shop. Concerning last year's dinner exchange, Belencha commented: "It was really busy and too much. The coffee shop is really not set up to put that many people through." Students are reminded that only their demand account, and not their food service account, can be used to buy food in deKline.

Food Committee

"Everybody that works here is upset if something goes wrong with the food," said Belencha, when asked about an incident earlier this week that allegedly involved maggots on a bagel. Belencha said that it was an isolated occurrence, and has taken measures to prevent any problems in the future by changing suppliers or looking into baking bagels on site. The incident has served as an impetus for a more encouraging development.

"Now that we have everyone's attention, we want to clear the lines of communication," commented Belencha. He announced that he is looking for 10 student volunteers to work on a Food Committee that would meet regularly with the food service management to voice concerns and suggestions. A similar committee was very effective in last college year, and the service at Kline could benefit from it as well.

"There are a lot of suggestions out there, and sometimes the bulletin board is not the best means to get specific details," said Belencha. This committee would meet every other Monday evening at 6:30pm (regular dinner hours). Students will have a chance to discuss with Belencha and the food chef any problems and to introduce new recipes. Belencha stated that the menu can be changed or winter break, and the committee "would give us a ten-week jump on bringing new items into the system."

"We are trying to keep the lines of communication as open as possible, so we can provide (within our boundaries) the best food we can conclude Belencha. Anyone interested in being involved in the Food Committee should sign up at the front counter.

Classifieds & personals

Hudsonia wants reusable (clean, used one side only) letter-size file folders and 3"x5" index cards; also a Kayak paddle. Please call ext. 273 or 274.

For sale: 1989 Kawasaki EX500 - Only 3,000 miles, great condition, saddle bags. Must sell. Please call Judy at ext. 435 or 758-5286.

Wanted: Used IBM/compatible, 386/486, super VGACard, 2+Meg RAM. Printer would be nice. Box 880 or 757-2510.

Writers & photographers needed to work on the Bard Annual. A book of photographs, or Malls DuMont (758-1) for writing or layout & design.

Car for sale: Ugly, but reliable Dodge Colt 1984 w/65,000 miles. $600. Negotiable. Call 752-7389. Also for sale: Floor Rug; subwoofer; music system, almost New. $155.

St. John's Reformed Church on Old Post Road in Upper Feud Hook will sponsor their Annual FALL RUMMAGE SALE on Saturday, Sept. 23, 8-6pm; Friday, Sept. 22, 6-10pm; and Saturday, Sept. 25, 9am-12noon. Something for everyone — clothing, books, toys, games, jewelry, plants, household items, kitchen wares and much, much more. On Saturday, clothing will be $1 bag all day. Refreshments available. Don't Miss Out!

Help Wanted: Childcare. Entertainment Agency now hiring local, talented, reliable, energetic people. Excellent pay. Must have a car. (914) 758-6084.

Bard gets Olin grant

The P.W. Olin Foundation has awarded a $216,000 million dollar grant to Bard College for the expansion of the W.F. Olin Humanities Building. College officials announced last week. The grant will be used to construct a 11,750-square-foot addition that will house new language laboratories, classrooms and seminar rooms.

The P.W. Olin Foundation's grant was the only one presented this year for the expansion and renovation of existing Olin buildings. A college press release noted that the foundation evaluates special grant proposals based on rising enrollments, expansion and quality of proposals, and the success of the original building.

The 40,000-square-foot Olin building was built in 1987 with a $3.5 million grant from the Foundation. The two-story addition was designed by Cathy Simons, a principal of the firm Simon Martin-Levy Winkelman Morris—the architects of the original Olin building. The addition will feature a language laboratory with "state-of-the-art" audiovisual equipment, three seminar rooms, three classrooms and a lecture hall.

Ground breaking will be broken for this project in the spring of 1994, and construction is expected to be completed by winter of 1995.

September 22, 1993

Feisty, beautiful, wavy-haired, petite brunette with a spectac- ularly diverse music collection seeks down-to-earth, decisive guy with a good sense of humor and an easy-going nature. Asholes need not apply. Box #605.

Shy, quiet, tall, brown-skinned female is looking for a straight male companion, who is funny, interesting and talkative. I love alternative & rap music, long talks & moonlit walks. Asholes need not apply. Open-minded men only - BOX 1242.

Thanks to all those who voted against taking $1812 away from the Observer. This teary eyed gal is relieved that she can appreciate their campus newspaper.

To the author of "The Torment of Ecstasy": The Observer would be more than happy to print your poem at any time, but without a name. We have a very strict non-anonymity policy — we cannot make exceptions. Please give us your last name and we will run your submission.

Dear my dreamy, so many rainy mornings and only one first day of autumn. "Without you, what does my life amount to?" Broken glass.

Yes, I know I forgot last week—excuse me? Get on my knees? Why my—ouch! Watch where you swing that…yough? Oh gods, let me up! Aagh! I'm sorry, please—I'll never happen again! I'll never miss my turn! Aagh! I PROMISE!!!

Hey, period girl, you can help me into your skirts any time, beta babe! Saturday was fantastic! Get better soon.

My kingdom for a distribution amplifier… Guess who everybody…As if we didn't know.

THE BARD OBSERVER
Our only real threat

Economical insight given at Levy by Levy

Tuesday night, the 4th of September, marked the beginning of a series of lectures to be given at the Levy Economics Institute. Jay Levy, the son of Jerome Levy for whom this economic "think tank" was named, opened the series with his annual speech. The atmosphere was one of a presidential press conference, with about one hundred well-dressed economists and lay people awaiting the start of Mr. Levy's speech for their chance to inquire about the country's economic future.

Levy first used a long biographical sketch of his father to launch into his predictions for the coming fiscal year. Levy compared the economic situation in the early 1990s to that of the early '30s. He differentiated the '90s from the '30s as being, a "contained depression" which will continue on into 1994 with a "better than 50% chance of recession." To continue the comparison between the two decades, Levy cited the socialist candidate who ran against Roosevelt on a platform of rebuilding the infrastructure. The candidate was defeated, but Roosevelt ended up taking over. Levy's speech highlighted the need for government involvement to alleviate the depressed economy. His view, however, does not focus upon the deficit, as does that of many economists today. He believes that the rebuilding of the infrastructure is most important and will be a better long-term investment than cutting the deficit. He pointed out that if the government aggressively pumps money into the economy, the economy will recover, but only for a short time. He concluded that the United States national debt, when put in perspective with the debts of other leading countries of the world, is nothing serious. Other countries have debts comparable to, if not larger than, our own. Mr. Levy's final words to the assembled group were, "Our country is paralyzed by an alien sense of helplessness, that is our only real threat."

The atmosphere of the lecture was unique and the lecture itself was very insightful. There is a joke that if you placed all of the world's economists from head to toe, end to end, in a row, you still would not reach a conclusion. But listening to ideas debated amongst economists can be provocative and informative.
Mark Leyner and other contemporary writers speak in New York

Disappointment and wonder at the Waldorf

September 22, 1993

Gloria Naylor is one of my favorite contemporary writers. The Women of Brewster Place is the only book I read from cover to cover. The book was popular enough or classed with enough to get put on my American Literature syllabus. I love Gloria Naylor's books. I love to linger over each carefully constructed phrase. I cannot wait to begin one, and feel myself getting a little sad as the number of pages in my right hand decreases. To see the number in my left grow. It's more than loving her books; I love Gloria Naylor. No, it's more than that. I want to be Gloria Naylor, the tough, colorful African-American New Yorker who writes these amazing books.

I cannot believe it when I see the ad for a Literary Tea with Gloria Naylor, Terry Anderson, Susan Isaacs and P.J. O'Rourke at the Waldorf-Astoria. This is something I can do. I can actually meet Gloria Naylor — the Gloria Naylor! After much searching, I find a companion, Rose Merrill. I write the check that will secure my reservation, considering that I am already the number in the room with Gloria Naylor.

So I wait patiently. I wade my way through a crowded New York City. I have a tremendous fear of crowds, telling myself that the reward will be worth the trouble.

Finally, we walk into the Waldorf. I immediately exclaimed, "I'm here, Rose. I'm actually going to be in the same room with Gloria Naylor!"

I lose consciousness for a second when the man who is selling books to be autographed says to me, "Gloria Naylor's book is only six dollars since she won't be here today. Her father passed away." "Oh," I say, but what I am thinking is: What do you mean she won't be here? I spend the money that I supposed to sustain me at school. I need my greatest fear without so much as a "Dear God, please get me away from all these people" escaping my lips, and did I tell carrying ten pounds of backpack just to hear Gloria Naylor's voice, and she isn't even there! I suppose I am very selfish, my father died. However, I still can't stop from crying as the encomium Alberto Ibarquet announces the change in the program. I begin to read about the People, this is where you should have begun: Ibarquet, senior vice president of New York. Nowadays, announces the first speaker, Terry Anderson, and his book, Devil's Lilies. A neatly dressed man in a suit and tie takes the stage. So it is Terry Anderson. I suppose I expected a man in rags having just returned from seven years as a hostage in Beirut. I wonder if he ever expected to be speaking at a Literary Tea.

Anderson begins by saying that his wife Madeline co-authored this, their first book. During the book signing, she is at his side autographing their book.

"I threw away," he explains. He says that the Associated Press had trained him to be a journalist so well that he could not write anything more than a word: "I." He explains that he couldn't write a book that he felt he did during his ordeal. He continues to explain that to write this book, he and his wife had to read two of his poems. "I don't know how I do this. I don't have any poems for anybody. I quote the book of the New York Newsworld, "This is a love story." His talk was brief. When I jump his hand at the book signing, I can understand what I do not have things through a book, things that I have in my worst nightmares.

Ibarquet announces the next writer, Mark Leyner, by saying he is, "The love child of a bizarre menace to a trove of William Burroughs, Hunter S. Thompson and Mark Twain."

Leyner begins, "Imagine being here expecting Gloria Naylor and getting me. All I can think is that I wish I was imagining it. Who is this guy? In his army vest and slacked back hair? He looks like an aging, balding Gap model, only not as tall. He tells us that he is going to be of being paid to masturbate does not surprise (him) in the least. Here are all these little old ladies and stuffy old newspaper men laughing and laughing about the possibility of dying from a blow to the head caused by a sample of semen accidently dropped from the 72nd floor of the Empire State Building.

Did I ever misjudge Leyner? I ended up buying three of his books, for friends and one for me. They are My Cousin, My Gastroenterologist and Et tu, Bride. He signed my copy, "To Beth too, see yason-Mark Leyner."

"You are the author of this woman in my literature throughout history citing examples such as Tess of the D'Urbervilles and Orson Welles. I point out that Thelma and Louise is supposed to be about these two women on a great adventure, but, in the end, it is just this story about women who become outrageously emotional and turn to violence as they continue to seem more and more in competition.

Women in literature don't have adventures unless they are the sidekick to the man, and even then, they end up dead, leaving the hero free to remarry. She states that this theme is true with the exception of Jane Eyre. She says that she has tried to make Rosie in her book like Jane.

I want to see women fight for a cause bigger than themselves. I want to see women passionate about something other than passion. What a great thing to say. Also asked to fill in for Naylor is Jill Nelson. Being asked to the tea on short notice, Nelson decides to address a review of her book, Volunteer Slavery: an Authentic Negro Experience, which attacked her in the book in the first story by saying it is a story by saying her stories are gratuitous.

I don't think it's gratuitous," says after reading it. However, she makes the point. "I think that women should be able to have gratuitous sex and write about it most as men have."

She ends by saying that when she wrote her book, she was not out to change her mind. She was not out to change her mind, someone else does. I was sorry that she did not stay for the book signing.

Promoting his book, Gite War A Chance, was P.J. O'Rourke. Ibarquet introduced him as "a man who made me see that Dr. Ruth is truly Mr. Rogers run amuck."

O'Rourke tells us that "I don't see... I... I don't know..." I think I mean fun of things that frighten me, things that I consider dangerous and, in particular, the U.S. government, which frightens me and I consider dangerous."

He is an avid Republican. "God is co-ordinary, and Santa Claus is a liberal... Santa Claus gives us a better deal in every way except one. Santa Claus is not real... I think there are a lot of Santas in our government today."

While he seems fond of government, he also seems to believe it. "Giving power to government is like giving whiskey and car keys to a teenage boy."

While he admits he is a Republican, he describes his party as "The Grumpy Old Man Platform" versus the Democrats or the Whining Spoiled Brat Platform."

At the book signing, a seventy year old woman tells him that she is a Democrat. O'Rourke tells her that she is the one with the mind when she grew up. "I did," he says. Wow, a Republican with a sense of humor about government.

All in all, I enjoyed myself. I'm still disappointed about Gloria Naylor. Rose asked me if I thought Leyner and Nelson were a good substitute for Naylor. She points out that Nelson is a strong African-American woman, while Leyner is in his fifties and the madman. All I can think is that if Jill Nelson and Mark Leyner had a child, she would probably be a lot like Gloria Naylor.
Dead Goat Notes

The Bard Observer usually uses this space to inform you that the opinions expressed in the following columns are not necessarily those of the staff. However, due to budget cuts, we can no longer afford a disclaimer. See the Dance Club. By the way, the Film Committee can kiss my big dead goat butt!

Recently the administration at Antioch College decided that students must have a verbal contract before getting romantically involved. Not just “I can sleep with you” but a verbal contract for each step on the dance floor before the horizontal begins, such as: “Can I hug you? Kiss you? Fondle you? etc.” These verbal contracts are meant to stop the ambiguity around campus sexual assault and rape cases. If a couple starts to get romantically involved and one of them clearly says no, then the other is clearly guilty. No protracted trials, no witnesses with blue dots, no lobbying groups lining up to support the person who was obviously and conveniently fitting their agenda. Just clear-cut convictions and acquittals based on verbal contracts.

Ideally, all rapists would go to jail and people wouldn’t have to face the stigma of false accusation if they had the unequivocal verbal consent of the accuser.

Well, that’s the theory.

But, if the administration requires a verbal contract between the two romantic parties that opens up the issue of sex to all sorts of contract laws, first of all, as the legal saying goes, “verbal contracts are worth the paper they’re written on”. Clearly, signed agreements are what’s needed. Secondly, what if one party isn’t as good in the sack as he/she said she/he was? Isn’t that fraud? Isn’t the other party entitled to just compensation?

I could just see the future at Antioch college now:

“Hi Brenda, I brought you some flowers. I believe you know my attorney, Mr. Rubinsons.”

“Oh, Dylan, they’re wonderful. But, as you know, my contract stipulates that gifts are to be used as potential incentives for sexual contact. I’ll put them in a box while you acquaint yourself with Mr. Murphy, Esq. of the Jacoby and Murphy firm.”

“We met when I dated Susan. How are you doing Mr. Murphy?”

“Fine, Dylan. Mr. Rubinsons, I think you should know about the new sanity clause in this contract.”

“Santa Claus? I don’t believe in Santa Claus; I’m Jewish.”

“No, the temporary insanity clause. Your client is not considered to be in her right mind to give consent to sexual contact after three drinks.”

“Oh, one more thing before these kids go on their date. My client is now demanding that your client be under birth control in addition to a condom to decrease the chances of unwanted pregnacies and sexually transmitted diseases.”

“I think we can work with that as long as your client agrees that, in the event that the aforementioned unwanted pregnancy occurs, he shares half of all costs and duties as is in accord with the 1992 Jackson vs. Smith precedent.”

“That’s fine, Murphy. Then these kids are ready to have fun. Uh, have you seen my client?”

“I think he’s making out with my client in the kitchen! We had better make them sign these waivers quick!”

Later that evening:

“Look Brenda, I’m really sorry about this. This never happened to me before.”

“That’s okay, Dylan, but you can expect a call from Mr. Murphy.”

“Brenda, don’t be unreasonable. It’s not you, I’m just under a lot of stress.”

“I think it’s Dylan, Brenda, but I want compensation, not compassion.”

“Brenda, give me a break. It’s not you. This happens to a lot of guys.”

“Tell it to the judge, Dylan.”

“Fine, maybe it was you. You shouldn’t have a lamp!”

“Abuse! This violates article IV, section B, paragraph 2. Murphy, get in here, we’ve got a lawsuit.”

Shameless Filler!

Oh, give me the dorms, solid dorms, with my stuff all stowed inside...don’t lock me in! I can ride my bike to other dorms where friends reside, don’t lock me in! I just turn me loose, let me trot or run to Potter with no thought of breaking in. And I would not some place to foster paranoia, with passkeys and shillbots that’s for those other wussie schools where jocks drink their weight in beer every night and people actually major in breaking and entering. Yes, Bard is different. As it should be.

And the dangers we find at other schools might be less prevalent...but that could be attributable to the size of this college.

On the other hand, let us never forget that Bard is not without its dangers. Dangers which are unique to the bard community and which one should look out for. Perhaps this report will change some minds about how unnecessary a lock-out is at Bard. In the interest of free time for all issues, consider these dangers and accommodations which a dorm lock-out would eradicate:

There are people who like to break into rooms at Bard. But this first danger is a radical subgroup which seems to be unique to Bard College. Apparently, some people personae unknown have been breaking into people’s rooms and ridiculing their wardrobe. Usually this happens on the floor, usually grouped by seasonal appropriateness. Some have complained that the culprit has left little post-it notes (in designer color) on the articles of clothing themselves, describing which slacks or shoes would work best. Unfortunately, the victim usually does not have any appropriate articles of clothing, and he or she is left feeling violated, despised, and tacky.

Teresa Casey actually has the misfortune to be in her room when the suspect broke in. She said she came in wearing “an attractive black jumpsuit with big, white stockings on her head. He began tearing through my closet, mocking every article of clothing I owned. I wasn’t thinking—I guess I should have just called the fashion police.”

Begun to cry when he stated in my shirt that he said, “Nobody wears flannel anymore, who do you think you are, Emily Vedder?” I felt like I would never be fashionable again. It was horrible.” Only a secure dorm system can stop these destructive and needless attacks from happening.

Another thing the lockout would help prevent is one of the somber sights in the Bard social scene...the weekend wanderer. This is the sad sight of one or two lonely and bored looking guys wandering around campus, looking in windows, looking in, just kinda looking for party or function. Nobody told them what would be going on...they’re just looking...but they don’t really want to do nothing, so they figure there must be something going on somewhere. It’s pitiful, watching them walk in, trying to seem casual. They glance once or twice around the room to see if anyone they know is there. When they realize they are in enemy waters, the kinds wander on, as if they had a destination in mind, and lay just beyond that particular room...or floor...or dorm, no one actually visiting anyone there, just passing through on my way to Robbins, you know, to warm up a little.

These reasons point to the need for Bard to lock the front doors of dorms every night. Of course, one of them doesn’t really exist, and the other is just a question of tact. Why even bother to mention them? Well, there’s a reason this column is called Shameless Filler.

But beyond that, I just wanted to illustrate how it feels to be a student who feels strongly about this issue. In the eyes of the administration, our opinions aren’t heard. The survey we filed out a year ago has been swept under the rug. And in instating this system, everyone involved in an administrative level seems to want to dispel the students’ tacky little complaints. They keep talking about a “smooth transition” into the use of dorm keys. They don’t understand that it’s not how tacky the transition is that the students are opposed to. Seems to me there’s more than one lock-out going on.

In which we examine a key issue

Attention All Sports Clubs!

Department of Rec. & Athletics will accept Club Sports proposals to the department until Sept. 30th.

A proposal outline can be picked up in the department.

* Club Sports organizations are composed of Bard students organized w/ the purpose of furthering their interest in a sport. Clubs are initiated & run by students.

by Matt Gilman

A page of unedited observations by guest writers
A strong weekly series by Sean O'Neil

Nadine Seefeld sits him on a bed in his room in Robbins House. "Tell me," pleads Nadine. "Tell me. Don't you trust me?"

"I do not want to hurt you," he says. "I care for you too much."

"But I know that you are withholding from me a crucial part of your essence," she says. "How can our spirits ever commune, if you do not tell me?"

"Okay," he says. "I am really a count from Romania.

"Let me see your passport," says Nadine. "Which one?" he says. "You see, one might say that I am in exile. With the revolution in 1988, my throne was overthrown, and my family fled to Jerusalem. Yet I am still a Romanian."

"How do I know you are a count?" she asks.

"Look here," he says, displaying a magazine clipping. "You see that boy there? That's me. I was an attendant at Prince Charles and Lady Di's wedding in England. Do you like my suit?"

"Very nice," she says. "Like a Polish soldier."

"And these are pictures of my family," he says. "That's Countess Cavour, my mother. A very strong woman. And that's my father, the Count Cavour. And this is my cape."

"Madame, I never eat mustard grapes," he says, dramatically. He takes out a ring. "This ring is of ancient importance. After the Battle of Hastings, my ancestor was given this ring by William of Normandy to seal the bond with which the Romanian helped the king's troops. It's a family heirloom that's been passed down for generations. I want you to have it."

"Me?" says Nadine.

"Yes, Nadine. You. It's yours. It's a way of sealing the bond with which the Romanians with your love."

"Then why do you have a Midwestern accent?" she asks.

"Midwesterners don't have any accent," he says. "Besides, with all of my travels, I have come to speak an international English, free of accent."

Nadine wondered what her father would think of her being involved with this aristocrat. Not very democratic of you, Nadine, she imagines the ex-Senator saying. "It's a very nice ring," says Nadine.

"Marry me," he says.

"What?"

"Marriage?"

"Marriage is the end of life," says Nadine.

"That's why everyone throws such big parties when it happens, a last hurrah. Marriage is an institution of oppression. Do you know any one whose marriage worked?"

"Batulath, it's a different beast," says "We could have the ceremony in the chapel here. We could invite President Boutros Boutros."

"But you're delicious," says Nadine. "I'm in college. You're in college. Our lives haven't begun."

"Can we not begin them together and embark on our shared journey hand in hand? I love you, Nadine."

"The ring isn't that nice," she says.

"Oh, Nadine, you take a chainsaw to my heart!"

She kisses him gently.

"There are other ways we can show our feelings for each other," she says.

"Not until we get married!" he says, abruptly. "I am from the House of Cavour. We have aristocratic standards to maintain. Don't you think so?"

"We're still in the wedding process. You are supposed to propose, and I am to return even more doggedly to prove to you my love."

"How long does this wedding business go on for?"


"If Nadine opens her eyes, pull him up on top of her, and kiss him passionately. After several minutes, they each take a breath.

"Does a woman have to tell a man everything?" says Nadine.

"You have told me too much, my little kumquat. What will my mother think of her little Count?"

"She's easy. It's about time. It's because she knows who her mind and can get what she wants."

"They embrace again. But you're not Jewish," he says. "Pardon me."

"You're a gentile. My mother's a Romanian Jew living in Jerusalem. She would be much happier if I married someone in the faith."

"Is your family wealthy?" she asks.

"Well, wealthy enough to be happy," he says. "I could even sell the royal jewels."

"Then, I'll convert," she says.

"But I don't think we can have a Jewish marriage in the chapel, though. Dilemnia might still come, though."

"I did not say I would marry you," she says.

"But you said you would change religions."

"Anything for love. Except marriage. Not so soon, anyhow. How about after we graduate?"

"A knock comes at the door. Colby Sprague."

"Hi, Basile. I finally found you, I suppose."

"My name is Stefano Cavour, Colby," he says, startled.

"Well, whatever your name is, there is a young lady from Nebraska who is looking for you."

"Betsy?" he says. "You're here?"

"You low-down, skanking, two-timing, son-of-a-bitch," screams Betsy. "Four weeks, and you're off with some other Coast slut. Bail Rodinger, you should be ashamed of yourself. And you look like Dracula in that crazy get-up."

"Basil!" whispers Nadine.

Another View

unbend love

by Sophia Martin

The Independent Theater Group, formally "Freeman's Play," is now a club. This is a club for motions, principally, because majors do eventually get a chance at louds and directing through moderation and senior projects. Anyone who wants to put on a play, has written a play, wants to be in a play, wants to help out with a play, whatever, can join. They plan to put on at least one production this semester; this will depend on how many people become involved. As club head, I will only be directing into one engagement as chess, at least as any other than to be there to find props, help with publicity, be a go between, make things easier, solve problems, etc. Should be fun. Otherwise, there's not much in the way of description because this club will be what members make of it. Interested parties can contact me, Sophia Martin, at ext. 7169, or box 1022.

Anthropology Club

by Angie Jancius

The Anthropology Club exists to provide activities for student anthropologists, as well as the Bard community at large. Our motiffs are twofold: We seek, on the one hand, to encourage theoretical discourse on campus by sponsoring lectures, forums, films and other mind-engaging activities which promote an awareness for cultural diversity and anthropological issues. On the other, we are a very social bunch. We take trips, eat dinner together, and have an end of the semester Anthro Bowling Night. All people with an interest in anthropology are welcome. Contact: Angie Jancius, box 520.

Fencing Club

by Angie Jancius

The Fencing Club is not a sports team. It is an organization made up of students and faculty who like to get together and fence. We travel to competitions, run workshops to teach beginners, go to an occasional Renaissance Festival, and fence each other with a passion. All levels are welcome to come. We've got equipment. Fencing (the mother of ballet) is as graceful as dance, as dramatic as drama. Your easiest way of doing things can actually be the most difficult. Gemini (May 21-June 21): If you have been planning on getting away this coming weekend, you might want to reconsider what it would be like to enjoy some quiet time alone instead.

Cancer (June 21-July 21): Your loved ones may nag or holler, but instead of becoming angry, you ought to realize that those loud or annoying things are actually signs of affection.

Leo (July 22-August 22): Strong and wise decisions on your part are on the way. However, silly or undesirable choices will be made this week on the part of your co-workers or perhaps students.

Virgo (August 23-September 22): Whatever Madame wants, Madame gets. If you are feeling irresistible, think again. P.S. Happy Birthday!

Libra (September 23-October 22): If you are starting to feel confident about your love life, stand up and take a good look around. You never know who might be next in line.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21): Temperament, temperaments. You want it to happen, and you know who is the only one who can make it come true. My advice would be to go to the Falls before it gets too cold. Sink or swim, baby.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21): Don't get belligerent with me!

Capricorn (December 22-January 19): When life seems dirty, rotten, stupid and tough, remember that if it isn't one thing, it's another, and it's not just me who says so.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): Do you really deserve a horoscope this week? All Madame can say is that if you can't stand the heat, don't cook soup.

Pisces (February 19-March 20): Even though your love life is not so hot at this time, there is not only a chance that it will heat itself up, but also that you might not even notice it hot.

A page of unedited observations from guest writers.
A great film maker in our midst

Well, give him time

Following in the footsteps of the famous film celebrity Chevy Chase is Rune Lind, a freshman this year. However, this up and coming star prefers to work behind the camera, as we learned in our exclusive interview with him. We found our lucky victim spruced up, his celebrity shades in place, under a tree in front of Kine Commons. Lind was more than happy to spend some of his time with us. We began by asking him about his previous accomplishments in the film business. "I've done quite a few films. Let's see, I've done 20 films including live television and stuff like that, working as editor and cinematographer on other projects as well. My two most recent ones are My Vision and Think Positive, and I intend on making more." He recently won a film award in the "Suffolk County Film Festival" for his film My Vision. Other articles about him have appeared in 'The Post,' 'Newsday,' "the Enquirer" (indirectly, he claims) and most recently "The New York Times."

At the age of six, Lind saw his uncle's name on the credits of a movie and said, "I want to do that!" Lind is quite happy to accept the fame and fortune that come with the film business, but his main goal is to enjoy making films. He says, "I like to make people feel what I'm feeling." Lind writes his own scripts, and admits that all of them are "extremely autobiographical." He says that he does not cast "typical" roles but finds that the interaction between characters, especially between the leading male and female characters, is a reflection of his own life. He said that he tends to cast a particular look in his actresses. "My mother says I tend to cast girls who look like Italian immigrants, so I guess that pretty much classifies it." Although he would use another author's script if he were given the liberty to moderate it, he would prefer to do his own. "I've done things that I've found challenging, but primarily films that interest me. I enjoy much better. I think the result would be much clearer, and I would have a better film. I've done things that I've had to do for work that just totally sucked!"

When making a film, Lind says that he is emotionally involved 24 hours a day, therefore he finds being in class stifling to his creativity. "If I am in a class, and I'm really bored with the class, and I really want to start working on the film, and I can't, I get really depressed and pissed off." At the same time, Lind has positive things to say about Bard's film department. "I think the department has a lot of creative freedom in it...they'll say o.k., here's the equipment, do what you will, and I need that freedom to create my own stuff." His favorite film so far happens to be the one he is working on at the moment. It is a film entitled 'Her' which is currently in production. It will start two current Bard freshmen, Anah Payne and Donald Gunz. Lind hopes to have finished this production by the beginning of next semester. Don't miss the premiere of this exciting new film.

Unrecognized by the music scene and the public

A review of Boccherini's new album Time Machine

Boccherini, the award winning jazz/Rock/Blues/R&B/Classical playing ensemble, will be releasing their album Time Machine in October.

Boccherini's Time Machine includes such instrumentals as the classical, electric and rhythm guitar, cello, violin, viola, keyboards, sax, drums and percussion. This grand mixture of instruments blends a unique sound. The use of acoustic instruments, as opposed to synthesized instruments, is a refreshing change, but not enough to keep the listener enthralled.

The group's name was borrowed from the 18th century cellist and composer Luigi Boccherini who was best known for his chamber music. This influence is heard throughout even their rock pieces.

Boccherini's latest album was recorded in Prince's Paisley Park studios and was co-produced by Clyde Stubblefield, the original "funky" drummer of the James Brown band. Stubblefield has also played with Boccherini on several occasions since 1991.

"We don't play gear-grinding metal, or slut pop, or glue sniffing rock like Nirvana..." Jon Mishne, the lead guitarist and the inspiration for Boccherini, said. Time Machine accomplishes the quest for an album of variety, including rock, blues and even one piece by Bach. However, Time Machine fails to break any musical barriers and typifies a soft rock or soft blues album.

"I can honestly say I love Bach as much as I love James Brown."

-Jon Mishne (lead guitarist of Boccherini)

Although Boccherini boasts of having over eighty original pieces, Time Machine is unoriginal, and quite frankly boring. It borrows too many ideas from other artists and lacks the vitality of an up and coming band. This point is painfully obvious, as this is their fifth album without a label picking them up, and they are as yet unrecognized by the music scene and the public.

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The cost of the show is $8. Transportation is limited. Contact David Loebell by Campus Mail or at 752-7352 for more information. Checks should be made out to "Bard College Folk Society" and should indicate whether or not you need transportation.

If you can provide transportation for others, please let David Loebell know how many. He can provide directions to Skidmore.

All checks (or cash) must be received by Thursday, September 23, at 4:30pm, either in person or by Campus Mail. If you must use cash, please find David Loebell and pay in person.
continued from front page

failed to receive the two-thirds majority necessary to change the rules. One disgruntled F/BF member announced in a "pointed statement": "for your information, this campus will be dry!"

The Photo Club also attempted to acquire $300 from the Emergency Fund. "We are really frustrated over how our budget has dropped from $100 to $500," said one member of the club.

Rhyne once again spoke against clubs taking money from the Emergency Fund before the semester even begins. "If any club runs out of money later in the semester, we will all incur that debt," he argued. Foulkes added: "The amount of money in the fund had not even been exactly determined yet, since the Planning Committee did not have the exact enrollment figures. The Photo Club's amendment did not pass.

The only amendment that did succeed was the motion by the Dance Club to take $100 each from the Bard Observer and the newly formed Ping-Pong Club. Among their other activities, the Dance Club was hoping again to offer an open dance workshop, but without a $15 charge to each participant. When asked why they wanted to take money from the Ping-Pong Club, the spokesperson for the Dance Club responded: "They are a new club and received $110 more than we did."

The Recording Studio's attempt to take $285 from the Emergency Fund was unsuccessful. The Studio said they needed the money to purchase cables, microphones, and an effects box that would be available to all Bard musicians. "Our interests are not represented in the curriculum in any fashion," argued one student for the Studio. He later returned with another amendment asking for $50 less, but the Central Committee barred the amendment from reaching the floor since it was not enough of a "substantial revision."

The Planning Committee attempted the largest amendment of the Forum, motioning to take $2,800 from the Bard Observer and $300 from the Central Committee. "We are being held responsible for a $2,000 debt incurred by our predecessors," said one member of the Planning Committee. "The Observer and the Central Committee are the most consistent source of free entertainment on campus and we are notresourceful enough to raise the money ourselves.

"The Observer has $1,500 in hand, but the amount of money in the fund had not even been exactly determined yet, since the Planning Committee did not have the exact enrollment figures. The Photo Club's amendment did not pass.

"Your club went over budget last year, it is an affront to ask for more money," responded Foulkes. "In the real world you'd be closed down for owing $2,000."

"As much as I like movies, why do clubs always try to plunder the Observer?" asked Fred Foulkes. "Every time the Observer is used as a scapegoat when clubs want more money. I don't consider myself a geek for reading the Observer; I just want to stay informed."

The Planning Committee's amendment failed as well. The speaker's list had been closed for over an hour when a final amendment was introduced by the Wedding Committee. They were asking for $100 from the Emergency Fund to hold a large rock-concert for anyone "in a conscious recognition of the absurdity of marriage," particularly when it is legally prohibited to gays and lesbians. B.A.G.L.E. and S/M A.C.E.S. offered to help sponsor the event; and the amendment failed. The budget then passed, unanimously.

During the Forum, however, some concerns over the entire budget process were raised. Tracy LaGrassa said that the Planning Committee was "poorly representative," and she encouraged more women to run. Foulkes responded to this statement by saying that, besides himself and Rhyne, each of the five members of the Committee ran for election unopposed. "Come to the Forum and make your vote count," said Foulkes.

"This is a good budget - not a perfect one - but if you want a perfect one, get yourself elected," stated Ephraim Glenn Colter. "Nevertheless this is a homophbic budget. S/M A.C.E.S., which has done so much and spent their money very wisely in the past, only received $800. It is ridiculous to call Bard liberal and not realize how we're becoming homophbic."

Roam-free

Earlier in the evening, Greg Ciaccio introduced a resolution to the Forum against the policy of locking the dormitories each night. "It is a redundant and inconvenient measure that does not provide any additional security than locking one's room," read the proposal. "Security locks the doors when they are left in the room, and unlocks them when they feel like it," said Ciaccio.

When asked why he consulted in writing the resolution, Ciaccio responded that he "spoke to the students that the administration did not." When polled last year the student body rejected the locks, and stipulated that they would prefer a "universal key if the doors must be locked."

Opponents to the resolution countered that the policy is necessary to prevent theft and to keep of-campus people from entering the dorms and causing trouble. "You lock the front door of your house," said Chris Nevin. "Why not lock the door of your dorm?"

A member of Bard EMS spoke against the locks. "We always arrive before Security," he said. "We end up with radio in hand and a bag on our shoulder, waiting at a locked door."

"The administration made a choice against the will of the students," said Gabriel Miller. "The entire debate should continue among the students where it belongs."

The resolution passed by an overwhelming majority, 124 votes in favor with 9 opposed and 8 abstentions. The resolution was immediately passed on to Dean of Students, Shelley Morgan. The final sentence of the resolution read: "Failure to comply with this proposal, upon passing, will be seen by the student body as a blatant act of defiance against the will of the student body."

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Writing Contest!

What to do

Write a 300-500 word article including the name of your favorite Bard professor, names and descriptions of some of his/her classes, why s/he is your favorite, some interesting quotes from him/her and any other interesting things you can come up with. Submit your article to the Bard Observer via campus mail or drop in envelope to Downtown 54.

Deadline

Saturday, October 2nd

Prizes

1st Prize: Two tickets to any movie at the Lyceum or a $10 gift certificate for the Hoadley Valley Mall
2nd Prize: An 8 oz package of Gevalia coffee and a really cool coffee mug
3rd Prize: An 8 oz package of Gevalia coffee and a really cool coffee mug

Other important stuff you should know

All submissions must include first and last name of the author and a box 11. All submissions will be printed in the 10/6/93 issue of the Observer. Staff writers are eligible, but editors are not. Judging will be done by Jeana C. Breton-Editor-in-Chief based on creativity and content. All participants will receive a special certificate.
Running on ahead

Impressive finishes, dry spells, defeats, and victories

Greetings, everyone out there who’s interested in the huffings and puffings of Bard Athletics. It’s really a pleasure to see you all after a week—shiny happy faces smiling up at the journalistic me, imploring me to bestow large dollops of chunky-style sports prose upon your foreheads. So, let’s get started, shall we?

Many little legs were run off this past week, as the men’s and women’s cross-country team made an impressive start at the Quinipiaq Invitational in Hamden, Connecticut. The men’s team impressed the stuffing out of everyone present by finishing second as a team in the field of seven teams. All five runners made impressive finishes, starting with Brad Richman, the Male Athlete of the Week who crossed the finish line sixth, with a time of 28:06 for the 800 meter course. In addition, four of the five runners who finished before Richman were from NCAA Division Two schools (Bard is Division Three) with fancy-schmancy athletic programs to hone their athletics with techniques imported from Eastern Europe. The other Bard team members fared extremely well: John Hannon finished 11th with a time of 29:00; Evan Rallis came in 15th at 30:07; Millord Roseburgh came in 19th at 31:14; and DavePearl placed 23rd with a time of 31:51.

The women’s team also showed well. Despite the fact that there were not enough runners to constitute a team in the team rankings, the two female runners made a strong showing. Dawn Gray was named Female Athlete of the Week by coach Steve “Cougar” Schellenkamp for her fourth place finish. Her time was 21:12 for the 5K course and that was less than one full minute behind the leader. In addition, she improved from last year’s 25:57 finish on the same course. Inaddition, Jennifer Mathews finished in 31st place, with a time of 27:36.

Still more bad news for the men’s and women’s soccer teams. The lack of depth isn’t helping the women end their dry spell; they fell to an 0-3 record, losing to the Mariet club team on Saturday, 4-0. The men’s team has fallen to 0-7-1, tragically losing two matches last week. Mount Saint Mary handed them an 0-4 loss on Wednesday, and Dominican College routed Bard 8-1 on Saturday. In between the two losses, the men had an exhibition game against Sapsire, a Costa Rican team, and they couldn’t cut a break even in a fun game. They fell 3-1.

The women’s tennis team cannot buy a match. That’s not to say they’re doing badly—they’re just not doing. Their match with Sarah Lawrence last week was cancelled when Lawrence couldn’t field a team. Then their Saturday match against Mt. St. Vincent was rained out. Oh, well.

Saving the best for last, the women’s volleyball team continues to impress despite a lack of reserve players. On Thursday the 16th, the team played a 2 hour marathon match against Nyack College, and finally defeated them in five games by a score of 12-15, 15-11, 15-13, 5-15, 15-6. Then on Sunday, the volleyball squad rolled into Vassar for the Vassar Invitational, where they were handed their first defeats of the season. Vassar defeated Bard 4-15, 5-15; New Paltz (the team that went on to win the tournament) sent down Bard 1-15, 6-15; and Russell Sage came out on top in a match that Bard had a chance in winning, 15-10, 8-15, 10-15.

Bard salvaged their last game, against the College of New Rochelle, winning 15-11, 13-11. On that day, Dana MacDonald had exactly 24 kills and 5 aces, Misti Williams had 34 assists, and Niki Kollia had 11 aces.

The adventure of biking

Blood on my tires, and mud on my face

Last year a few of us cyclists had a crazy idea. Why not form a racing team? Yeah! We’d be great.

We all had skills to offer and we’re an awesome racing team.

Right? I mean there was Drew Yoon: road race extraordinaire who’d won multiple triathlons. Noah Drnovc: technically skilled mountain bike rider, destined to be the foundation of our off road racing. Chris Marcz: all around bike rider with nerves of cold steel and a bit of technical knowledge to boot. Chris Bosch: off road rider who can ride up the Kline staircase.

And me: team mechanic, with the bike handling skills of a big city messenger. Sure, we’d be great.

So I arrived back at Bard fresh from messengersing in San Francisco when Drew approaches me. “We’re getting the team together. We’re getting money for team jerseys from a friend of mine named Mark Graminsky. Our first race is in two weeks.”

“Race?” Drew, I’m not so sure. I know I’ve been talking a lot about it, but... a race? Lots of big, angry bicyclists wanting to go faster than me down an insane, broken, boulder-strewn course? Me falling off a cliff? Dying? Never getting to eat Ben and Jerry’s off a spoon again because all of my teeth have been bashed in by a big rock? Oh, God, what have I gotten myself into?

“Um... Sure Drew... I’m up to it, heh.”

So last week I began the psyche up process for the race. I became to check each of my bike components thoroughly, looking for the smallest imperfection. Well, I found lots of them, but you know how it’s... well maybe you don’t, I do. And we’re each basically living in our own universes of perception anyway, so when it comes down to it, I really don’t care whether or not you actually know; I just want to think that you know. Right?

Ahem. So, where was I? Ah... last week was bad. Real bad. Thursday Chris Marcz, Drew Yoon and I all decided to go out on a training ride. Let me set the scene: It was a dark and stormy afternoon as the three unwitting riders embarked on a journey only their most nightmarish imaginations could comprehend. I was going down the trail in Tivoli Bays when BAM! A big ol’ stick had jammed into my rear wheel, ripping four spokes straight out of them. We all stood around for a second and looked at the mangled, twisted sculpture project my beautiful wheel had become. So I gingerly rode the bike back to Bard. Later that evening I found out that Chris Marcz had put his foot down in just the right way to pull the top of one of his quadriceps (upper leg muscle). He was hurt. He wouldn’t heal by Sunday, the fated race day. So I got somebody to buy me some new spokes. I fixed up my wheel. I was ready to race. However, over the weekend, Chris Bosch got ready to go out for a ride on the trails. He put his bike out in the hallway at Robbins for a while as he got ready to ride. When he returned, it had been stolen.

So there were three of us, Drew, Noah and myself. And off we went to Connecticut for the race. We arrived with plenty of time...
Biking on and on and on

continued from page 9

to get ready. The race site was a forest behind a high school. The football field was dotted with bicycles and racers, a sea of bright colors. We did all the paperwork, forked over 23 dollars, stretched out and started to ride. Nervous. Nervous. I have to pee again. Nervous. How much time do I have? What is the race course like again? Nervous. All the beginners lined up. And we waited for the whistle. I started talking with a guy next to me to alleviate the frantic energy in my chest. It was His first race too. "I'm so nervous," he said. I smiled. Drew was next to me in the pack of racers, and Noah was up towards the front. "One minute," the race official called out. A chorus of clicks arose as the riders snapped their shoes into their racing peddles. I joined in with a click from my pedal. Everything fell silent. Waiting. Waiting. And the whistle.

We all pushed forwards at once, and the race began. It would be two loops of a 4.5 mile course. The first 3 miles were supposed to be a climb. Then a descent which would probably be fast and crazy, bringing us back here to the high school to do it all again. I began fast. Too fast. I was riding a much faster pace than I could handle, but my revved up mind wasn't concentrating on such things. I was overcome by the excitement. When the bottlenecks occurred, and the racers had to funnel into single file, I was about 12th. I couldn't see Noah. He was probably in front of me. I couldn't see Drew either. Where was he? And then we left the school area and hit the trail. It was technical. Lots of rocks and dips in the trail, so close together that I didn't even have time to think. Just use instinct.

I rode hard for a couple of miles and was starting to wear out when I saw a man go by 1 mile. What? Had I only ridden one mile? "I'm gonna die," I thought. The climb continued, and a couple of riders passed me at points where the trail widened. I was just about spent when finally we reached the downhill. Oh shit, the downhill. I began to pick up speed, and I shifted my weight back. I bent my legs to absorb the shocks of the rocks that were coming up. I was going too fast! I checked my breaks for a second to make sure they were still working. Sort of. Omigod. I love this.

And the rocks began to rattle my skull off my neck. And I saw some guy behind me swing me into the turns. A turn to the left and a turn to the right. Okay, I hadn't died yet. And then up ahead there were some spectators gathered around a section of the course. What was the matter? Had someone gotten hurt? As I neared them I got my answer. The course got really right there. In my chaotic, bounding field of vision, I could barely make out the shapes of big rocks and a dropoff of maybe a foot or two. Follow the dude in front of me. Do whatever he does. Wait. I didn't see what he did. Aaahah!

Whoa. I made it. The spectators behind me are saying something but I can't hear what they're saying.

And we came through a couple more turns and then I saw spectators again and a photographer. Oh shit. This trail got crazy for about twenty feet. Extremely downhill with a bunch of dropoffs and nasty-looking things. I could see the glee in the onlookers' faces. I grabbed my brakes. They weren't really doing anything. A big alarm siren started going off in my head. Do anything to survive. Aaaahah!

And I came smashing awkwardly down the trail, over lots of nasty roots and rocks and things that had been put there to kill me. Somehow I managed to remain on the bike. I plummeted down the trail to emerge through the trees onto concrete. The school dropped to the ground. He was pretty messed up. So I took a few sips of water and stumbled around for a while as we watched the last racers come in.

Later we found out the race results. Out of 71 racers Noah placed eleventh while I placed in the twenties and Drew a little over halfway down. Well, Noah might get something. So we waited around to see. They gave prizes and medals and things to the top eleven junior and the top eleven women and... the top ten senior men.

Great. Oh, well. It was cool hanging out with the other scrappy racers examining their broken bike parts and talking about the race. "Oh yeah, when I hit that downhill, I just lost it." "You know, you guys did really well for your first race. Apparent most of the others in the beginners' class had raced four or five times already. This was the first mountain bike race for all of us.

The next issue arose down at the race official's table. I went to check it out. One of the women racers was bringing up the point that they had heaped all the women together in one category for the purposes of giving prizes. Apparently usually they broke the women up into age groups just like the men. This being my first race, I wasn't aware of how things worked, but I was familiar with the sexism that pervades professional cycling.

Classically the women's prizes aren't as much money as the men's. The people who hold the races say there aren't enough women racers to make it profitable to have large amounts of prize money. But more prize money would attract more women racers, the women say. And the crowds goes around.

The race official stood around befuddled for a minute and then struck a deal of some sort with the woman in front of him. She got some equipment or something. The whole situation left a bad taste in my mouth. We left.

In the car, I pulled out my pen and paper and interviewed the other guys to hear their side of the race.

Did Noah have any strategy?

Noah: Not really. Go as fast as you can. Fail as little as possible. It's just total fuckin'... you gotta just like... I don't know. (Shakes his head. Looks at road) There's no strategy.

How did this compare to triathlons Drew?

Drew: This was a completely different experience. Normally at a road race people go at a more steady pace. Here people were sprinting from the beginning. Mountain biking is a lot harder; it's a lot more exertion.

Noah: Especially when you're racing. It's like you're trying to go as fast as possible. You're not just out for a ride.

Drew: The trail was just really, really technical, and that is where I have the least experience. With the rocks and roots and stuff.

Both riders had some pretty good wipeouts that they described vividly. And we all talked about the sport class cyclists we'd seen racing after us. They were the more experienced hard core racers. They were doing three laps. And the expert class was doing four. I didn't want to think about it.

We arrived back at Bard and took all of our junk out of Noah's car. Drew and I staggered and limped back to Cow Branch. We said goodbye, and I stumbled back to my room. And as I hung my bike up on my wall, I realized I would never view it in quite the same way again.

If you are interested in finding out more about the Bard racing team: Graminsky Racing, call up Drew Yoon at 752-7307. Call if you want to race either road or off road. We always welcome more serious cyclists. You gotta get your own jersey, but we can all race together.
Stop Speeding!

Dear Editor,

I write to express my intense outrage regarding the "Security and Annandale Road" article. Living in Cruger Village, I have been alternately shocked and angered by this Annandale Road. Students living in these quarters must, obviously, transverse road several times daily to attend classes, meals, and so forth. Motorists drive at an appalling rate, totally disregarding speed limits, but this, of course is the fault of the individual motorists, not the college. (What the Hell are these drivers thinking? Are you really in such a hurry? Ever killed someone, not a pleasant experience, I imagine?)

To get to the point, exactly what "immediate actions" are you taking, dear Director of Safety and Security? The signs and cross walks are a start, but simply asking the county is not likely to be fruitful. It is too expensive to buy Annandale Road, we need it serviced by the county (snow removal and such); this is obvious, and it is absolutely no excuse for this incredible lack of action. What about installing speed bumps, what about working with the county and demanding something be done? Is the county really going to object if we offer to pay for speed bumps? (where, exactly, does this hundred plus tuition go to, any left over for safety?) What about those nice inexpensive speed bumps over by the Levy Institute, where important people go, but there is considerably less student traffic, but motorists and, particularly, pedestrians? What about security patrol and fining those who blatantly abuse the speed limit? Is this completely illegal, what can we do to change it? I entreat you...

Do we really need those oh-so-important ten pm door locks, when a simple twisting of one student's key permanently locks the door? Where are your priorities? What about painting bright white lines at the edge of the road so motorists and students can clearly see where the roads and the "walking path," as it is, begin? Addressing "the most important safety concern is illegal parking," excuse me, repeat excuse me. Ever walked along Annandale Road recently? I certainly notice the cars barreling from all directions before I notice the "illegally parked cars." And since when is a car more important than an human being? We are talking about life - or rather, its destruction - here. Need I remind you that the unsharable curves are a much greater "obstruction of view" than "illegally parked cars"? Everyday I walk from Cruger Village to Main Campus and, with the exception of a few times in front of the gym, I have never seen a parked car. Are these "illegally parked cars," the new irresistible kind? Certainly it is not your road, but it is your students that are being negatively affected. It is time we, both students and administration, take responsibility and remedy this outrage.

Dana Lynne Czwick.

An open letter to the Bard community

My fellow students:
The night of the budget forum was for me a semi-annual ritual of agonizing over a proposed budget. While each semester proves that ratifying the budget is not easy, this semester, the attacks made by several interested parties were especially brutal. In the heat of the ongoing controversy, I even entered the fray of attack. Since I am an elected official and a veteran of these budget debates, my behavior was particularly inexcusable and I offer apologies to the student body in general. In particular I offer my sincerest apologies to the Bard Party Brigade and its President Adesola Speller. Contrary to any innuendo, on my part, Mr. Speller has worked diligently to provide Bard's students with entertainment and while I might have the right to disagree with the manner in which his club may have been trying to gain funding, my disagreement should have never become personal. In the end, I again offer my apologies to all Bard Students, but Ade in particular.

Thanks For Your Consideration,
Jeffrey Rynne

"Dream's End"
-- a big mistake, and we're sorry

By Jeanna B. Breton

Several members of the Bard community have rightfully expressed concerns and regrets about the article "Dream's End" which was printed in last week's issue of the Bard Observer. The author of that particular article is no longer working for this paper, but I would personally like to say that I sincerely wish that article had never been printed. Although it expressed the intensity of shock and despair that Monica (the student hit) now feels; and it forced the administration to realize that if something had been done about the dangers of Annandale Road sooner this horrible accident might have never had occurred, many things were left out of the article.

The biggest of these omissions was that, according to the police report and the driver, the driver was not speeding; she was actually driving slower than the speed limit due to the fact that it was around nine at night and there were students at the side of the road. And she had other things left out were that Monica said that she could not believe herself to blame the driver completely, and according to some witnesses, Monica (before being hit) yelled out "Help, help...I can't stop."

It is not, however, the right of any member of the Observer to make judgements regarding the incident. I feel that because facts were left out of the article, the author made a big mistake. He failed to realize that although Monica was the one physically injured in the accident, many others were hurt by the ordeal as well.

The remaining staff of the Observer wants at this point to extend their deepest apologies for any and all unnecessary pain caused by the printing of "Dream's End." And I can personally promise that, as long as I remain Editor-in-chief, no such one-sided article (excluding, of course, reviews and articles which are submitted to the Another View Page) will ever be printed again. To the driver and others, whose stories were left out of the article, I sincerely apologize. I hope that you can forgive the paper for the poor reporting of "Dream's End."

In addition, I would like to say that no student should be afraid of calling the Bard Emergency Medical Services for any medical problem, because of the statements given by Monica in "Dream's End." Knowing that all members of BEMS are well-trained and extremely dedicated students, I have complete faith that they would not and have not ever, physically endangered any of their patients. Although BEMS services are absolutely confidential, it is a well known fact that they have given medical assistance to many students every semester, and I do not want this to be taken out of context. Taking all this into account, one must assume that if any action taken by the BEMS students who responded to Monica's accident was professionally handled to benefit, and not further injure, the victim.

This is all I can say to make up for the damage caused by "Dream's End." I wish there were more I could do, but there is not. To Monica, the driver and her family, the medics who responded, and all others who were not properly represented in "Dream's End," I apologize one more time.

We at the Observer are very sorry and hope that no one is hurt further by the article or this letter.

Another look at Needful Things

Dear Editor,

Re: Matthew Kern's review of Needful Things.

Having read the book, I felt the need to add a bit to Matthew's article. Needful Things is not my favorite King, but I can safely say that the makers of the movie butchered the book. Granted, it must be difficult to condense all those details into a feature length film, but the little AA meeting at the end is such a pathetic addition, you'd think they'd have used the time for something else. Plus there are countless small things included in the book which could have easily been included in the movie - like Gaunt's eye-color changing with each new customer. And the most sorely missed aspect of the book has to be Ace Merrill. If anyone remembers Stand By Me, they will remember Kiefer Sutherland's bully - that was Ace Merrill, and he has a lead in Needful Things. Now - with that in mind, doesn't it sound a bit more King-like? If Ace Merrill was missing; if there has an interest in Needful Things...

READ THE BOOK!

The Bard Observer

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Bard Observer Editorial Policy
All submissions must be turned in to either campus mail or our quarterly office no later than 5pm the Friday before the issue for which they are intended. Space on the Another View and Letters pages works on a first come basis. If we are not your submission in one week, it will be guaranteed space the next week. We do not exclude any material unless it is slanderous, or does not include the name of the author. Classified ads are free to Bardians and $5.00 per word per issue for all others in our local region. For more information on our policies or advertising rates please call (518) 758-6712 or write The Bard Observer Bard College Box 185 Annandale, N.Y.12504.
**WEDNESDAY. SEPTEMBER 22**

* Walk **For Health.** Bard's Athletic department is sponsoring a series of walking tours. **Meet in front of Ludlow, 8:15a.** Walk lasts for 45 minutes, wear comfortable footwear.

* A.W.E. **meeting.** Bard's Environmental club meets every Wednesday **Albee Social, 7p.**

* Constance **Berkley** will give a lecture entitled, "Charles Chesnutt: Early Innovator." Dr. Berkley is a poet and founder of the Harlem Writer's Guild. She currently teaches African and Islamic Literature and Africana Studies at Vassar. **Olin Auditorium, 7p.**

* Language **Lecture.** Naomi Sedman, Assistant Professor of Comparative Literature at Stanford University, will give a talk entitled "A Marriage Made in Heaven? The Sexual Politics of the Hebrew-Yiddish Language Wars." **Olin 102, 7:30p.**

* Human **Form.** An exhibition of paintings that depict the human figure will be on view. **Proctor Art Center.** Exhibit runs through October 8.

**THURSDAY. SEPTEMBER 23**

* Meet the **artists.** The artists of the "Human Form" exhibit will be on hand to talk with students. **Proctor Art Center, 4:30p.** Refreshments will be served.

* La Tavola **Italiana & Conversazione** Keep your Italian up to date. **Kline President's Room, 5-7p.**

* Bisexuals, **Activists, Gay, Lesbians, Et al. B.A.G.I.E.** will meet this Thursday **Club Room in the Old Gym, 7p.** All interested are welcome.

* Alcohols Anonymous **Meeting.** Thursday nights, 7:30p.

* Distinguished **Guest Lecturer.** Marianne A. Ferber, Professor of Economics at the University of Illinois at Urbana Champaign, will give a lecture entitled "Beyond Economic Man." **Levy Economics Institute, 8p.**

**FRIDAY. SEPTEMBER 24**

* Walk **For Health.** Bard's Athletic department is sponsoring a series of walking tours. **Meet in front of Ludlow, 12:15p.** Walk lasts for 45 minutes, wear comfortable footwear.

* Drawing **Marathon.** Bard's Art department is sponsoring a week-long non-credit drawing course during Reading Week. Today is the deadline to register. **Call Amy Cheng at 758-6823.** No charge and no experience necessary.

**SUNDAY. SEPTEMBER 26**

* Morning Worship at Church of St. John the Evangelist, 10a. See van schedule for transportation.

* Schola **Cantorum** Choral music in the **Bard Chapel, 6p.**

* Community **Eucharist** Bard Chapel, 7p.

**MONDAY. SEPTEMBER 27**

* Observer **Staff Meeting** Must bring your own goat cheese. **Third Floor of Aspinwall, 8p.**

* Distinguished **Guest Lecturer.** Aji Singh, Fellow and Director of Studies in Economics, Queens College, University of Cambridge, will give a lecture entitled "The Stock Market and Economic Development: Should Developing Countries Encourage Stock Markets?" **Levy Economics Institute, 8p.**

**TUESDAY. SEPTEMBER 28**

* Student **Run Support Group** for students with or recovering from eating disorders and for students dealing with issues of weight, appearance and body image. Come to talk or listen. **Upstairs in the Student Center, 5:30-6:30p.**

* Luis Bunuel **screening.** See Bunuel's "Mexican Burial," 1951. **Preston, 7p.**

**WEDNESDAY. SEPTEMBER 29**

* Walk **For Health.** Bard's Athletic department is sponsoring a series of walking tours. **Meet in front of Ludlow, 8:15a.** Walk lasts for 45 minutes, wear comfortable footwear.

* Michael **Groth.** Ph.D. candidate at Binghamton University, will give a lecture entitled "The Interpersonal Politics of Slavery, Manumission and Abolition in Antebellum Dutchess County, New York." **Olin 202, 6p.**

* Arts **Symposium.** Paul Brach, painter, writer, professor and administrator, will lecture on his work. **Olin Auditorium, 7p.**

* A.W.E. **meeting.** Bard's Environmental club meets every Wednesday **Albee Social, 7p.**

* Constance **Berkley** will give a lecture entitled, "W.B. Dubois: Black is Beautiful." Dr. Berkley is a poet and founder of the Harlem Writer's Guild. She currently teaches African and Islamic Literature and Africana Studies at Vassar. **Olin Auditorium, 7p.**

**SHUTTLE VAN SCHEDULE**

**FRIDAY:**

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<tr>
<th>Rhinecliff:</th>
<th>Poughkeepsie:</th>
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<td>Leave at 4:20p., for the 4:53p. train</td>
<td>Leave at 5:30p., for the 5:49p. train</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leave at 5:20p., for the 5:56p. train</td>
<td>Leave at 7:45p., for the 8:49p. train</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leave at 7:10p., for the 7:41p. train</td>
<td>Leave at 10p., for the 10:43p. train</td>
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**SATURDAY:**

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<tr>
<th>Rhinecliff Train Station, Rhinebeck, and Red Hook:</th>
<th>Hudson Valley Mall:</th>
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<tr>
<td>Leave at 10a., return at 2p.</td>
<td>Leave at 5:45p., return at 7:45p.</td>
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**SUNDAY:**

* Church: Leave at 9 return at 10:30a. for St. John's (Barrytown) and St. Christopher's (Red Hook) Rhinecliff: Meet 7:15p and 9:30p trains. Poughkeepsie: Meet the 6:40p, 8:40p and 10:40p train.

Meet all Shuttles behind Kline Commons.