

# OBSERVER

Vol. 101 No. [2] September 1, 1993

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The  
BARD

# OBSERVER

VOLUME 101 ★ NUMBER 1

BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504

SEPTEMBER 1 ★ 1993

"Colleges are places where pebbles are polished & diamonds are dimmed."

—R.S. Ingersoll

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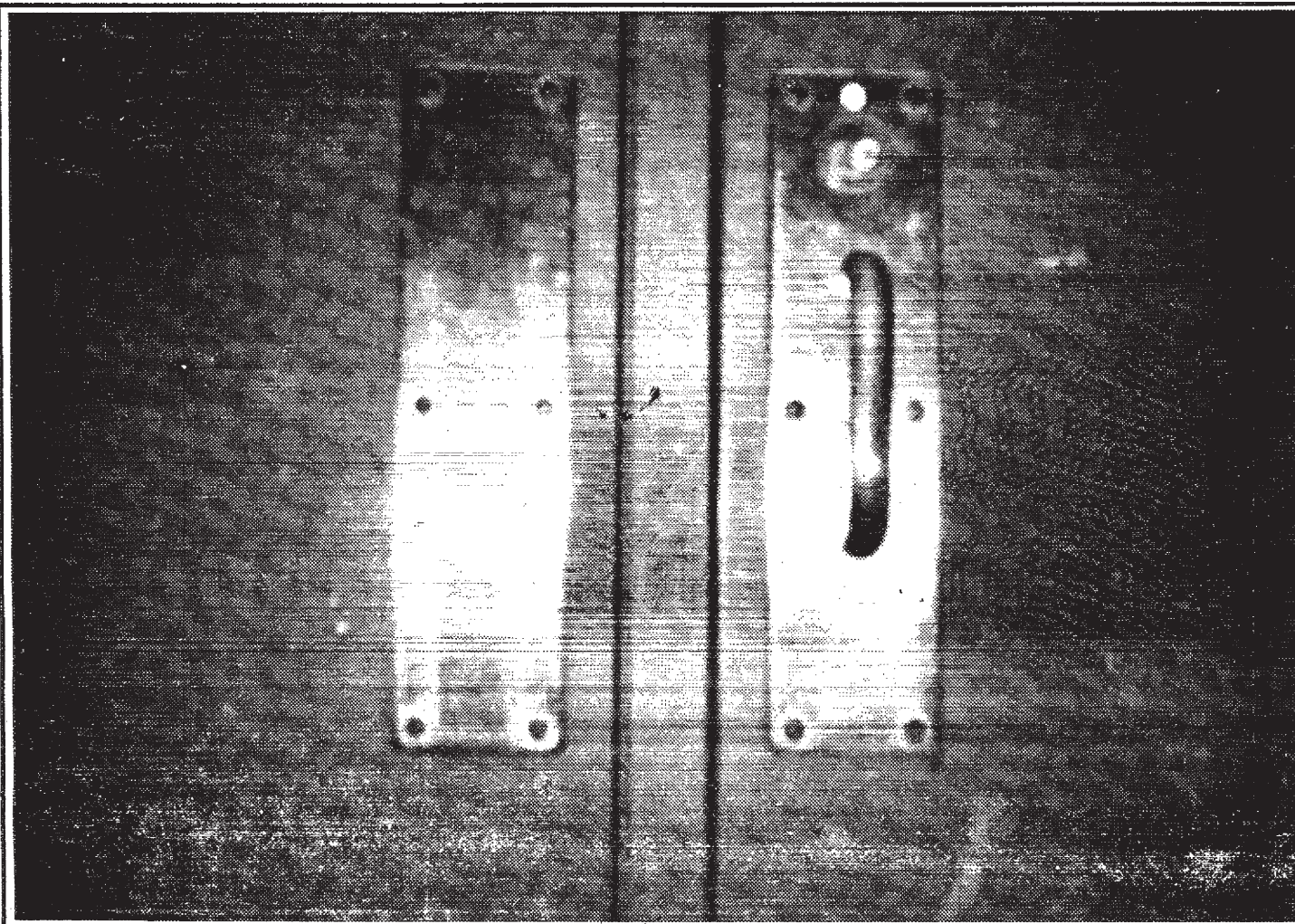
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## Knock, knock...

### Bard College locks its doors at 10 p.m.

You may have to wait near the front door to have your pizza delivered, but the administration of Bard College is extremely serious about the new policy of locking the exterior doors of all dormitories at 10 p.m. In an interview yesterday afternoon, Dean of Students Shelly Morgan explained that the decision was made for "purely safety and security reasons."

**Michael Poirier**  
News Editor

"We had to respond quickly to student needs," she commented. "The safety issue was just too important to wait any longer."

Morgan said that, for the past few years, her office and student representatives had been trying to reach a compromise concerning the issue of locking the outside doors. The administration wanted individual keys for individual dorms, but students wanted every Bard student to have a universal key to open any dorm. "The question was not

whether locks were important," Morgan commented. "Just how to implement them, and who would get the keys."

In the 1992-93 academic year, South Hall and Feitler had their doors locked at the residents' request. Morgan said that more and more similar requests by students had been brought to her attention. Finally, after the most theft-ridden year in Morgan's memory, the administration had no choice but to take decisive action. Like nearly every other college in the country, Bard will have its dormitories locked to the general public (at least during the late night hours).

"A college campus is very inviting for those who would want to steal or endanger persons and property," Morgan said. "If a locked door can be a deterrent to a perpetrator, then that door should be locked."

Sally Mehrtens, chair of the Student Life Committee and Peer Counselor of the first floor of Tewksbury, sees this as a welcome change. "It's going to be really tough for returning students to get used to the locks,

but I think it's a good move," she said. "It's a real safety preventative measure...just like locking the front door of your house."

"We're hoping every student has the outlook that security and safety is everyone's business," said Acting Director of Public Safety and Security Kim Squillace. She explained that a repeat of last year's abnormally high number of thefts of personal items from residential rooms could be prevented by this measure. "You just have to make sure that the door is locked behind you," she said, adding that students locking the doors to their own room is the most necessary precaution. In the future, Peer Counselors may share the duties of locking the dorms, while Security will be ultimately responsible for ensuring that each dorm is locked.

According to Squillace, some dorms on campus will not be locked each night until their locks are upgraded by Buildings and Grounds. Squillace also pointed out the

*continued on page 7*

## Bookstore security steps up

Students rush in to buy books under the watchful eye of Barnes & Noble

After signing a contract with Bard College in May of 1990 to run the Bard College Bookstore, Barnes & Noble initially renovated the basement of Potter and McVickar in Stone Row at the cost of a b o u t

\$130,000. After three years of improved security, the Bard College Bookstore, B & N #568, has still not seen the black.

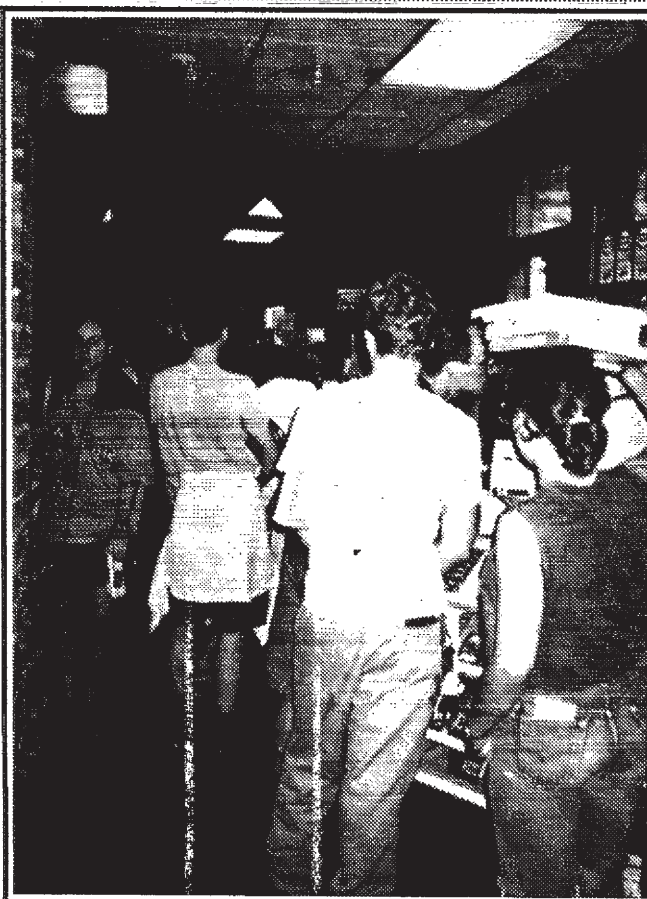
According to Regional Manager Steve Ronson, the Bard Bookstore is one of the smallest in terms of sales in Barnes & Noble's college division and has thus far not profited Barnes & Noble. Most Barnes & Noble college bookstores averaged a shrinkage percentage of between 2 and 2.4 for the fiscal 1993 year, which began May 1, 1992 and ended April 30, 1993. Bard, on the other hand, had a shrinkage of 5.42 percent, which, though substantially lower than last fiscal year's 12.87 monstrous percentage, was still among the highest in the Barnes & Noble college division.

Barnes & Noble first instituted security measures in January of 1993 in an attempt to halt the runaway shrinkage at the Bard Bookstore. "Shrinkage" is the difference between the paperback stock—purchases minus sales and

visible areas of the store, bookstore employees were trained to be more aware of people entering and leaving the store, and merchandise was tagged to set off the EAS (Electronic Article Surveillance) machine installed at the entrance to the bookstore. However, Ronson felt that, before last year, security measures weren't effective because of a lack of rigorous enforcement.

"We should stop each person that sets the alarm off to ensure that it's not something they're carrying on them that sets it off falsely, because we don't want to cause future embarrassment," said Ronson. "That is a very difficult part of loss prevention—how you deal with that."

If a customer sets off the EAS while leaving the bookstore, a manager can ask the customer to open his or her bag to look inside, but cannot conduct a body search. Physical evidence is needed be-



September 3rd when most students buy their books. Hiring a security guard may no longer be an option, however, as Bard College Bookstore Manager Steve Van Denburgh was depending on Bard College to supply a security officer and no longer has the time to conduct interviews for potential bookstore guards.

Although many Bard students have complained that the bookstore's text prices are too expensive, apparently justifying theft at the bookstore, the Bard Bookstore's prices are the same as every other Barnes & Noble Bookstore. "Textbooks are

expensive," Ronson conceded. "That's not a function of Barnes & Noble; that's a function of the industry." Of every new textbook dollar earned by a college bookstore, approximately 76% goes to the publisher and to the author. The remaining 24% is divided between freight, bookstore salaries, bookstore overhead and the

college. The bookstore, in comparison to the publishing companies, makes very little money on textbooks.

To offset the ever-rising price of books, the Bard Bookstore buys used textbooks from companies like the Missouri Book System and also buys back used books from Bard students at the end of each semester. Buyback is determined one of two ways: reuse in Bard classes, for which the bookstore will pay half of the original new price, regardless of whether the book is new or used; or, if a book is not being used the next semester at Bard, demand and supply of that specific book nationally, with the prices determined by wholesalers, who generally pay "significantly

under the value" of the book.

"The availability of the used book is influenced by the timeliness manner of that book order from the faculty member, as well as the supply of that book used on the national wholesale," said Steve Van Denburgh.

Most colleges require their professors to turn in book order forms by the beginning of April for the Fall semester and October for the Spring semester—Ronson estimated that the national average for professors orders in by the conclusion of buyback was around 75%. Bard's is around 50%. The bookstore has pamphlets available that fully describe the buyback and pricing processes.

"If a book is being used next semester [at Bard], our intention is to pay 50% of the original new price on every book we possibly can," said Ronson. "If the book being used, it's incumbent upon the professors to get us the book orders as early as possible, because students selling a book back in December, right after they finish finals...if we don't have the order yet, and the professor waits until January 15th, we don't know that

*continud on page 7*

### Classifieds & Personals

**Help Wanted!** Children's Entertainment Agency Now Hiring local talented, reliable, & energetic people. Excellent pay. Must have a car. (914) 758-6084.

Honey- Thanks for a wonderful summer! Yours Forever, Honey.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY RAMI, YOU PUTZ!

For Sale: 1989 Kawasaki EX500—only 3,000 miles, great condition, saddle bags. Must Sell. Please call Judy at ext.435 or (914) 758-5286.

For Sale: Over \$1000 worth of fine quality used clothing. Wonderful fabrics, period pieces, interesting lingerie and bondage gear. Owner dead or missing. Contact UPS immediately, prices open to debate.

Hey Rabbit, All the muscle re-

laxants in the world won't diminish your goiter. You're awesome anyways ~ le pauvre tigre

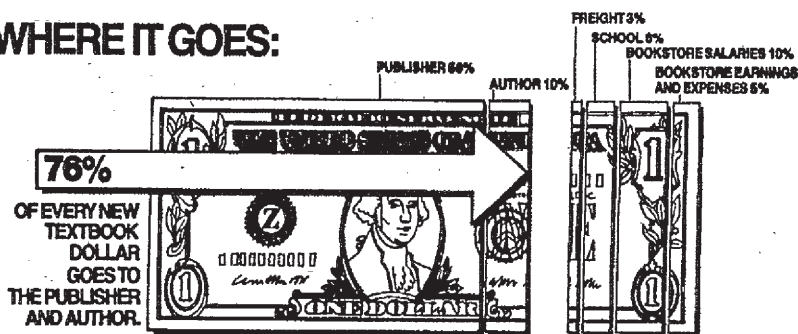
Dear Lynda, Since you didn't have time to write over the summer, hope you'll have time to visit this semester. Sincerely, Jeana.

Mr. Editor -n-Chief Person Sir: I'm glad you finally recognized my potential. Now I'm sure we'll be spending many long evenings together. Salutations, Your Number One.

Hey all you aspiring writers out there! Capture the attention of all your peers and then some! Write for the campus newspaper! Don't miss the *Observer* recruitment meeting this **Friday at 7pm on the third floor of Aspinwall!**

To place a classified or personal in the *Observer*, drop a note through campus mail.

#### WHERE IT GOES:



markdown in prices—and the physical inventory of items in the store's stock. There are three ways shrinkage occurs: paper loss, discrepancies in paperwork; internal, meaning a Barnes & Noble employee is responsible for theft; and external, theft at the hands of customers. High theft merchandise was relocated to more easily

before a customer can be detained, i.e., a bookstore employee must see someone actually steal an item. The bookstore is also considering additional surveillance equipment this fall, which could include mirrors and hidden cameras, as well as the possibility of a security guard for "rush," the period between August 31st and

## The Demand Card/Meal Card

### The system and how it works

Around mid-July, Bard College mailed a memo to every student expected to return or come to Bard this semester. The memo outlined the college's plan to phase out the usage of two identification cards, one for the library and bookstore and one for the cafeteria, and to begin the usage of only one card—The Demand Card/Meal Card, to be used at the bookstore, library, cafeteria and coffee shop. Although many students and their parents felt this letter was vague and confusing, the college did offer more information through an instructional letter sent on Monday during clearance procedures.

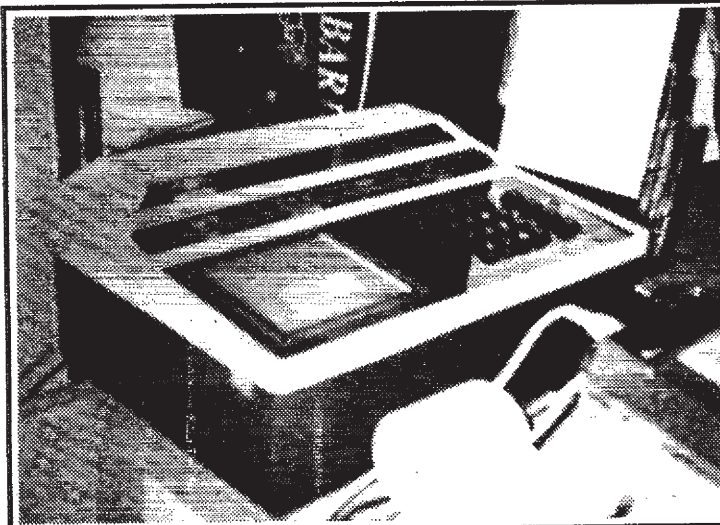
At the bookstore, the card will serve as a charge card through which money is subtracted from a balance pre-deposited into Student Accounts every time a student purchases books or supplies with the card. In order to activate

**Jeanne C. Breton**  
Managing Editor

the service, students or their parents must first deposit a minimum of \$100 at the Student Accounts office; additional deposits can be made as necessary in the amount of \$50 or more. Students who run the balance down to zero will not be allowed to purchase any bookstore items with the Demand/Meal Card until an additional deposit is made.

At the library, a bar code just for library use will be added to the back of the Demand/Meal card. This bar code will be used with the library's computers to keep track of what books each student takes out, when they are due and the amount of fines to be charged for materials not returned on time.

At the cafeteria, the Demand/Meal card will be used by students to purchase meals. These meals also must be paid for in advance. The amount to be paid by each student depends on what meal plan the student wishes to have. Once a student has eaten the maximum amount of meals for the week as indicated by his or her meal plan on his or her Demand/Meal Card, s/he will no longer be allowed into



the cafeteria.

In the coffee shop, the Demand/Meal card will be used for purchasing food and drinks just as it is used for purchasing books and supplies. The money, of course, must be deposited into the students' account beforehand.

What some people may not understand is that the Demand/Meal card is an access card to utilize three very separate ac-

counts. The money a student deposits for use at the bookstore cannot be used for having breakfast in Kline, nor can it be used for getting a bottle of Snapple at the coffee shop. The money a student or their parent(s) have pre-paid for a meal plan cannot be used in the bookstore, etc.

Others are concerned that if they do not have money in their Demand/Meal card account, they

will not be able to purchase the books that they need for classes. This is not so. According to the informational letter distributed to each student on clearance day, students can still use major credit cards and cash to purchase all items at the bookstore. Cash can also be used at Kline, but credit cards are still not accepted.

Those who still have an antiquated student identification card can continue using it for taking out books at the library if it already has a library bar code on the back. Demand/Meal cards can be obtained at the offices in Kline Commons, but money deposits to the accounts controlled by the card must be paid at the Student Accounts office. A student's old meal card, however, can be used now as a Demand card as well. The college expects to have the old identification card completely phased out by next year, but hopes the process can be completed by next semester. To obtain more information on the Demand/Meal card, students should contact the comptroller or Dean of Students Shelly Morgan.

### New human for Human Resources

"I want every employee here to have at least one good experience with this office in the next 12 months," said Seth Goldberg, the new Human Resources Manager for Bard College.

**Gregory Giaccio**  
Featured Columnist

The Human Resources office in the basement of Ludlow coordinates all of the aspects of Bard colleges employees, from hiring to benefits, pensions to salaries and affirmative action policies. This was a bit different from Mr. Goldberg's former position as Assistant Manager of Human Resources for the Columbia Graduate school which oversaw more employees, but was more compartmentalized.

"This is a rebirth of the office for



Bard," commented Goldberg. The office had been left vacant for about two years after the former director John Secco left in 1991. "Basically, it's like starting a new business from the ground up."

However, Mr Goldberg has characterized this as "an easy transition" since he had known many Bardians from studying her

in the Continuing Studies Program. Ironically, Mr. Goldberg had applied here in the late seventies through the IDP program and was accepted, but declined to go, not once, but two years in a row. Over the years he visited friends he had who attended Bard and was fa-

miliar with the area before signing on to work here.

Mr. Goldberg plans many internal changes in the Human Resources department that will be "pro-active."

"I envision this office as an active service organization. Our mission is to reach out to the employees."

### The New Demand Card/Meal Card Pros & Cons

1. Less chance of the Bookstore being jtypped
2. No more \$10 minimum charge requirement at Bookstore
3. Partially eliminates paperwork for student accounts office
4. Less chance of students becoming further indebted to Bard through bookstore charges
5. Students no longer need cash to purchase food at coffee shop
6. Fewer identification cards to carry around and worry about losing
7. Computerized system makes finding out balance simple and fast
8. Cards can be easily deactivated if lost
9. The replacement fee, of \$10, is fairly inexpensive and reasonable
10. Remaining money will be refunded, if requested, at the end of the semester

1. Confusion this semester of which card is to be used where and for what
2. Must have money up front; no Bard charging
3. No way to use money deposited except for books, supplies, and food purchased on campus
4. Set minimum starting balance of \$100
5. Set minimum deposit of \$50
6. Confusion for students whose scholarship(s) include food and/or books
7. No refunds during the semester
8. Processing delay before one can actually purchase books after deposit is made
9. Inability to use money from Demand account for Food at Kline and vice versa
10. System being phased in instead of instantly applied

## unbard love

Fiction by Sean O'Neill

The bus headed north from Manhattan. Colby Sprague, a returning Junior, mistakenly said 'hello' to the fellow seated next to him, a man who refers to himself as "the Romanian from Long Island."

"Where does this guy get off?" Colby Sprague asks himself. He looks out the window from seat 36 as the man next to him in seat 35 tells Sprague his life story. "Go Greyhound, go insane," murmurs Sprague.

"By the way," says the Romanian, "where do you go to college?"

"Bard, in Annandale," says Sprague.

"Why didn't you go to a good college, like Penn State?" the man asks.

Sprague shrugs.

"I can't wait to see my wife again," says the Romanian.

Sprague wishes he had a portable stereo.

"I hope my wife don't find out," says the Romanian. "About her. She probably hasn't been faithful. Eight months, you know. But what I don't know, doesn't bother me. She's at her sexual peak, you see. She's 23. Women are at their best then." He uses finger motions to elaborate his point with the Mexican.

"She's gonna be excited to see me," the man continues. "And she doesn't want me to know there's been someone else." He nudges his new friend, knowingly.

"She's a good girl," the Romanian says. "Don't have to say nothing, she'll do it. Like make breakfast for me. I do things for her, too. Like make breakfast once in a blue moon. We used to go out every night. We went to the mountains. It's beautiful up there. There was a hotel, a bar, dancers. Entertainment. She still doesn't know how to swim. I'll have to teach her. I learned back home."

"We own the Black Sea," the man continues. "All the Black Sea is practically ours. Not a lot of beach, but it's nice. I met my first love there, at a party. Normally, I'm real smooth, jumping into conversation, always knowing what to do and say. But with her, I just stared. For a whole minute. You know how it is, when you see a beautiful woman, and you're scared to talk to her because she might be stupid—a gorgeous body and then this dumb voice comes out. But she wasn't like that. She was clever, you see. I didn't know what to say. I was nervous. Imagine, me speechless!"

Sprague savors the thought.

"I offered her a drink," the Romanian says. "We talked, I invited her to my *dacha* for a party. It lasted two days. Drunk for two days! All I remember is waking up and me and her are on one side of my bed, with all of our clothes on, my friend and his girl are on the other side, and my cousin on the floor with his date in a chair. So I said to 'em, 'Wake up! Wake up! Get out of here!' I even gave them money for a taxi. Because, hey, this was it. And we were both nervous, which is good, 'cause it meant we cared. For five days that's all we did. We ate and were together. Like a honeymoon. And we stayed together. Sure, we had fights. Misunderstandings. But that's how we stayed together, we got through 'em. The girl was 22, and I was 17. *Turning 17*. We were together for a year. My first true love. I had to come back to America. And, of course, I wrote her letters and sent her things. But when I came back, she had a boyfriend."

"I have green eyes," he continues. "Do you see? She had bluish-green. She was as tall as me. I had her first, so I was kinda jealous to come back and see her with somebody else. I tried to stay calm, because I'm sophisticated, and I tried to make him crazy psychologi-

cally. I told him that his mother was a grocer. Pathetic, her son not caring for her. 'And you think you're good enough for this one?' I said to him."

"I want you to call me," the Romanian says to Sprague. "I want you to meet my mother. You're like a gypsy, and I hate gypsies. I spit on them. But for you, I'll make an exception. I want you to call me when we reach Manhattan. Do you understand?"

Sprague nods his head. The man goes on.

"I want you to live with us. I'm a cook at the Sheraton. I earn seven-hundred a week. That's good money. If I had a college diploma, I'd earn better. College is a good thing. You sacrifice four years of your life, but it's worth it. I met a girl who went to college, once. She was from Sweden."

For the first time, Sprague thinks of Bard as an oasis of sanity.

\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, on an airplane heading north from Washington, D.C., Nadine Seefelt is flying coach class for the first time. (Her father had failed to be re-elected to the U.S. Senate.)

"Where are you travelling to?" asks the stranger seated next to her.

"Bard College," says Nadine.

"Oh, really?" he says. "It sounds expensive. It must be good. What's your major?"

"I'm a pianist, but I like to write fiction," Nadine says.

"Oh, you're a writer! So am I."

"What were you doing in the nation's capital?" she asks.

"I wanted to see the Director about my problem," he says.

"The Director of what?" she asks. "What problem?"

"The CIA," he says. "The French government is using satellites to drain the story ideas from my mind. They can do that, you know. Truly. The French love satellites. And they can publish my stories in French, and I'll never know since I can't read the language. How am I ever supposed to make it in the Industry?"

"Where did you go to college?" asks Nadine.

"Hampshire."

"Oh," says Nadine, empathetic. "Nuts?" She offers him a package.

"No, thanks," he says. "You know, I own a piano. A Steinway," he says.

Nadine lapses into reverie. She had played on a Steinway, once. Her father owned a Yamaha, but sold it last year, and that drab college where she is heading simply has no proper pianos. The only time that a decent piano is available for her to play is at midnight. Yet, a Steinway. Oh, its graceful octave range!

"How old is it?" she asks.

"Old enough to have real ivory," he says.

Nadine's fingers tingle. Real ivory. Back when people knew what the only worthwhile part of the elephant was. And they say you can't tell the difference but, oh, she could! The touch, the tone, the resonating sensation from her fingertips up the length of her arm.

He kisses her.

"I'm twenty, and you don't know my name," she says.

"I'm thirty-six, and I don't know your name," he says.

"Nadine," she says.

"Rosco," he says.

continued on page 7

Interested in Journalism, Photography, or  
What's Happening on and around campus?

Then we've got a job  
for you!

Bard Observer recruitment meeting  
7pm

Friday, September 3rd  
3rd Floor of Aspinwall

Positions available include: Arts & Entertainment Editor, staff writers,  
advertising reps, Copy Editors, typists, graphic design, layout,  
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emergency (large or small) by calling  
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and free of charge.

## Dead Goat Notes

*The reader of this column is advised to take a dose of one (1) grain of salt with each joke. Read three times daily and let slowly dissolve under the tongue. May cause nausea in supercilious-minded people.*

How I spent my summer vacation, by Greg Giaccio. First, I went looking for a job. I applied for this job working for the county in a program called the Neighborhood Youth Corps. I called it "Hoods in the Woods" because they basically employed young kids from my town to keep them from sitting around all day and selling crack. The guy at the county office told me that my chances were "excellent." They were so excellent that I wasn't hired.

I applied for a myriad of other jobs. They were mostly "Joe jobs," jobs that you didn't need any skills for. I had plenty of basic skills, like forklift or floor-buffer operation. That didn't get me anywhere. I even put down that I spoke Latin as a second language. It may seem obsolete, but what if the Pope passed through my town on the way to Denver? Latin would have been darn handy then. All I have to say to those scoffers is "Basiate meum anus."

There isn't much calling for Latin-speaking floor-buffers, especially when they can only hold the job for three months. I tried lying my way into jobs ("Vascular surgery? Sure I can do it. Done it a million times. Which part is the vascular?")

Finally, seeing as there were no openings for salt-miner, slave or light-house keeper, I tucked my figurative tale between my literary legs and went to work in the same gas station that has been hiring me on and off for four years now. There were the following disadvantages to the job: it's boring. It's mind-numbing. It makes one's brains bleed with dullness. It makes you lose sympathy for prisoners and hostages. It only paid \$5.00 an hour. It required nine-hour shifts, without a break of any kind (unless you count breaking state labor laws, which my boss didn't). It required wearing a dorky uniform. One risked getting robbed by the crack-addicted customers daily. It carried less status than "road-kill scraper-upper."

People condescend to you when you pump their gas, including idiots who were dumber than you in high school. It made one long for one's appointment with Dr. Jack Kervorkian.

The advantages are thus: I got a tan on my arms and face. It was better than hanging out with my dad. Oh, I also got to translate the Latin on state or town seals, and on college window stickers.

In case any of you think I'm exaggerating, I'll relay this little anecdote. One day, a guy I knew from high school came into the station. When he found out that I was working there, he gave me a \$5 tip out of sympathy. He worked as a supermarket checker. The only interesting thing that happened to me this summer was that a 91-year old man murdered his 78-year old business partner in the cheese factory across the street from where I worked. I saw the cops, the ambulances and those media vultures all descend upon his corpse. It turns out that the 91-year old guy is the oldest murderer in the state of Pennsylvania. And your friendly goat journalist watched history in the making.



Greg Giaccio

Featured Columnist

For two weeks I worked as a dishwasher at night for the world's worst hotel, in addition to the lucrative gas-pumping position I had. In fact, it was named the "World's Worst Hotel," but a new company bought it and changed the name to "The Inn at Plymouth Meeting."

The head chef told me that he would give me a full time job paying \$6.00 an hour. He lied. I was part-time and got \$5.00 an hour. He only wanted me for a week so he could take his family to Disneyland ("You've just given five people ptomaine poisoning, what are you going to do now?").

The worst night of my experience there was when I had to walk two miles home, through the rain, at 11:00 at night to get up the next day at 5:00 a.m. to go to my second job because my dad fell asleep watching T.V. He couldn't understand why I was pissed off when I got home.

The advantage to working at the "World's Worst Hotel" was that we averaged one (1) customer per night. No joke. I read two books at work in two weeks. However, when I wasn't reading I was hearing about Anthony's sexual experiences. He talked without any sign of embarrassment and in graphic detail about having carnal knowledge of a 300 pound woman, a 15-year old girl, his girlfriend's mother, hiring himself out to 40 year old women. His dream was to buy a \$2,000 weight set so he could work out and get a job as a male stripper. You have to chase your dreams sometimes.

Now, I'm back at Bard. I'll be graduating this semester. In three months I'll be unemployed with student loan sharks asking me if I use my legs much. I'm afraid because my boss at the gas station said that I would be excellent management material.

## Shameless Filler!

Well, now that we're all settled, what's been happening lately? Anything new to report? How did the summer treat me, any wonderfully exciting things? No, not really...nothing too great happening...I suppose I'm just one of those guys who digs stability. New dorm, but that's not too exciting...senior project, of course. And that seems, uh, to be...all...whaddaya staring at?

Oh, yeah. The beard.

The beard was first seen at a bar in Westchester County. I was at a table with some friends enjoying a draft beer, it was sitting alone at the bar nursing a gin and coke. I admired the deep redness of it, how it didn't quite seem to fit in, and certainly didn't care. As it noticed me watching it, it downed the remainder of its drink defiantly and stared right back at me. Eventually, I turned back to my companions and continued talking. However, I made sure to let it know I was watching as it slipped out of the bar. I made idle chat for a little while longer, then made up some excuse about leaving my money in the car.

As I rounded the side of the building, I saw the beard leaning up against my two-door, sideburns folded across itself, waiting. I unlocked the car door for it, it slipped inside. I followed. Before I knew it, it was all over me.

Unsubstantiated reports of beard sightings came in from rural parts of Ireland, where farmers claimed they saw it hovering above their fields, glinting in the moonlight, spooking their livestock. In the morning, the farmers found strange, cryptic shapes burned into their fields. Investigators were skeptical, blaming it on the boredom of local youths. When a local farmer had a similar experience, I found myself strangely drawn to the newspaper reports, no matter how far fetched or sensational they were. I cut out and pasted up every fuzzy photograph the farmers had taken. I even bought the Weekly World News.

Soon I found myself making drawings of a large, red, patchy beard along the borders of my notes. At dinner, I began making sculptures out of my spaghetti and tomato sauce. I started to watch old reruns of This Old House on PBS, admiring Bob Vila's growth. I began to feel more and more dissimilated from my normal life. I began to feel I had lost something I suppose I never had. One day, I disappeared into the mountains, returning six days later, a changed man.

Walking out of Grand Union with two weeks

worth of groceries, I was stopped by a local youngster.

"Excuse me, sir, would you like to buy a raffle ticket? It's to benefit the Red Hook Astronomy Club's trip to the Hayden Planetarium in New York City. They're only one dollar!"

Putting down my bags, I reached for my wallet. "Sure, I'd love to help. The planetarium is a great place. I've got a couple of dollars here...there you go."

"Thank you, sir," he said as he tore off two stubs, "Just write your name, address and telephone number here on both of them."

"Okay, done."

"First prize is a 19" colortelelevision. Second prize is a \$100 gift certificate to Anaconda Kaye Sports in Kingston."

Putting down the pen, I asked, "What's third prize?"

We had been corresponding for a year and a half now, beard and I. It discovered my personal ad in Harper's Monthly, and we shared a common interest in plush vegetables

### In which we discover what was right under our nose

and flexi-straws. Once we began our correspondence, we discovered we had so much more in common. Things began to get more...serious. I sent it a photo of me with my older brother. It sent me a clipping of itself. We even met once, at a New Year's Party in Orange, New Jersey. We talked all night, hitting it off at once.

Beard was the one who suggested we spend time together on a regular basis. I tried to talk around it in our letters. I, too, wanted what was being offered, but I was scared. Beard was, as I had hoped, insistent. I knew eventually it would happen. But I wasn't sure how.

One day, I came home to my apartment, and the door was unlocked. Cautiously, I opened the door. There, in the living room, stood beard. Looking just like it had that New Years past, maybe a little shaggier. I sighed with relief, and I flushed with emotion. I closed the door behind me and said, "Well, make yourself at home."

I realized how beard would take that, so I quickly appended my comment with, "But you can't stay."

"I think you want me to," it replied.

"No, listen...I'm afraid of becoming...too attached."

"How ironic," it said, as it eyed my chin, "That's precisely what I intend to do."

by Matt Gilman

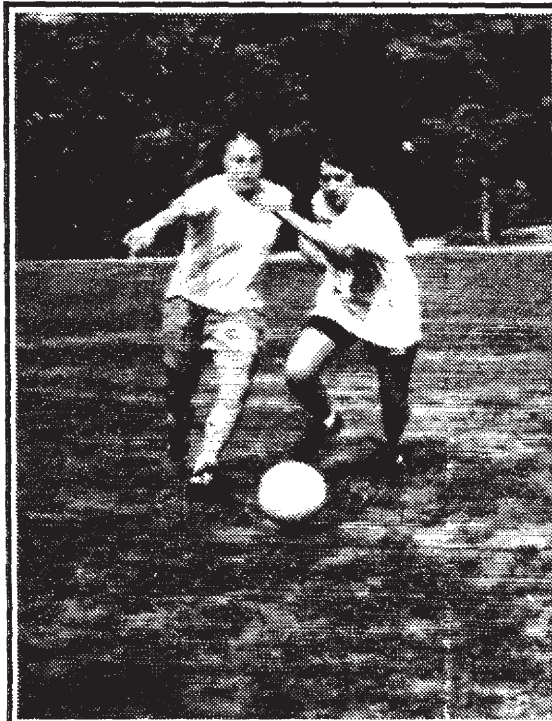
The Bard field

If you build it, who will come?

If you have been walking aimlessly around campus lately, you might have heard the soft murmur of activity emitting from the bowels of the Stevenson Gymnasium. That's as close to being abuzz as the brass gets

over there, and with good reason. Right now is, speaking relatively, the busiest part of the year for those crazy gym rats. So much last minute scheduling, preparing and planning going down for all aspects of athletic activity, from varsity on down to recreational must occur within the next week or so. This is the eleventh hour, when hard problems breed hard decisions. And none will have a larger impact (as far as Bard sports is concerned) than the final word about the new field that has been growing all summer. And that word is "plastics." Uh, no, sorry. That word is "no."

Bard athletes left school last summer hopeful that the field, which had been seeded and growing since late October, 1992, would be lush and green in time for the soccer season, and then be modeled to accommodate intramural softball in the spring. People were hopeful for the field to be ready on schedule, but when the students returned last week, Joel Tomson made the decision not to



chance it. I asked Joel exactly what had affected his judgment in this decision.

"Well, I consulted with the expert from Scott's [Lawn Care], and he told me that the grass had not grown enough to withstand full time practices and a full schedule from the men's and women's teams, and survive the winter." Tomson says that the 35 day drought that hit the area had severe impact on the field's growth, and when the school finally began watering it itself, some areas got too much water, and some not enough. In addition, he said that

me. It's right up against the woods, and that could pose a problem for any balls that roll down there, and it can be dangerous for players or spectators who aren't careful." With all these concerns for the safety of the players, as well as the health of the field, Tomson decided to nix the new home field for the fall season. It remains to be seen whether the spring sports will be held there or not.

As a result of this decision, all home games and some practices will be held this season at the Rhinebeck Fairgrounds. Of course, transportation for the teams will be provided. Most practices will be held behind Kline on the abbreviated field. Luckily, when construction for the library was completed, B & G quickly reseeded and smoothed out the field, and now it can be safely practiced upon. But, all is not peachy keen on the soccer front; women's soccer, specifically! Coach Tomson said that there wasn't enough in-

the water the grass got from sprinklers was not "the right kind of water for the grass."

In addition to poor growth, Tomson expressed concern for the safety of the field. Uneven growth causes some parts of the field to become looser, and that could cause divots. "Also, in the north west corner of the field, there is a steep bank which worries

interest in Women's Varsity Soccer this year. When asked how many players show up reliably for practice, Tomson replied "only ten. We need about fifteen to have a strong, consistent team." C'mon, folks! Gals, join up now! Guys, join up in drag! Practices for both the men's and women's teams are every day at 4:00pm at the Kline Field.

Physical Phrolicking

In Intramural news, there is a captains' meeting for tennis and 3-on-3 basketball this coming Tuesday, the 7th, in the Gymnasium lounge. Tennis is co-recreational, while basketball will have divisions for women's and men's teams. Times for these meetings are yet to be announced, but start gathering your teams together now! Call Good 'Ol Kris Hall for more info, at extension 530.

In activity news, a new fitness

competition is making its way to the gym soon. It's called "Fitness to Florida," but it's a misnomer. First of all, my copy editor tells me that "fitness" isn't a verb. In addition, nobody is going to Florida anytime soon; at least not in connection to this here fitness thingy. What it is is this: every time you work out, you get a certain allotment of points. The more points you accrue, the further a little representation of yourself (most likely a simple name tag) moves towards Key West on this map of the eastern seaboard. The object, then, is to accrue enough fitness points to allow you to reach Key West on this map, while avoiding the path of Hurricane Emily. Your reward for reaching the promised land? A great big kiss from our own Joel Tomson. No, really, rewards have yet to be determined (but I'd ask for the smackeroo). Ta ta for now, folks.

Stevenson Gymnasium hours

**Entire Facility**  
**Mon-Fri 7:30am-10:30pm**  
**Sat&Sun 9am-10pm**  
**Swimming Pool**  
**Mon-Fri 7:30am-9:30am LapSwim**  
 12:00pm-1:30pm LapSwim  
**Tues,Thurs 4:00pm-7:00pm LapSwim**  
**Mon,Wed,Fri 5:00pm-7:00pm LapSwim**  
**Sat 10:00am-12:00pm LapSwim**  
 2:00pm-3:00pm LapSwim  
 3:00pm-5:00pm OpenSwim  
 7:00pm-9:00pm OpenSwim  
**Sun 12:00pm-2:00pm LapSwim**  
 2:00pm-5:00pm OpenSwim  
 7:00pm-9:00pm OpenSwim  
**CLOSED** Thursdays at 8:30pm until October 28th due to scuba class

Men's & Women's  
**Soccer Practice**  
 4pm  
 Every day at Kline Field

Intramural Captains' Meeting for  
**Co-Ed Tennis**  
 &  
**Men's & Women's**  
**3-on-3 Basketball**  
**Tuesday, September 7th**  
**in the Gymnasium Lounge**

For more info. contact: Kris Hall at ext.530

YOGA

Monday nights at the gym!  
 6:30-8:00pm  
 Sept. 13-Nov. 15  
 10 weeks -- \$20

Faculty/Staff/Students All Welcome!

## Can you say...Paranoia?

by Matthew Apple

The Bronx is a pretty rough place—I know, having gotten lost there for over two hours last week. Like most modern-day cities, the Bronx is dangerous to walk alone at any time of the day. My brother now goes to school there.

Actually, Manhattan College is in one of the better parts of town. The security guards stationed at the campus perimeter told me that students would be better off walking the daytime streets of the Bronx in pairs (alone is foolhardy, while groups of three or four would be seen as gangs). Accordingly, Manhattan College has a very strict security system—its administrators proudly boast that Manhattan has the fifth best security in the nation for its size, and, after trying to wander the tiny campus, I'm tempted to believe them.

The dorms at Manhattan are made of brick and steel, six to eight stories high, built into the side of hills. Each room door has a keyhole and a five-button combination lock, and each dorm's outside door has a different lock. In addition, each dorm has a lobby with a watchman who opens the front doors electronically after you show him proper identification. Not to mention that the several entrances to the college are all blocked by armed sentries in pillboxes and electronic gates. The entire campus is surrounded by an iron fence with points at the top of it. I got the distinct impression that I was visiting a minimum security level penitentiary, or, at the least, a reformed school for boys.

At dear old Bard, as part of an administrative backlash to the theft on campus last year, all dorms are now locked every night at 10 and reopened at 7 each morning. This is supposed to prevent non-residents of dorms from wandering in and out of dorms without permission. Students have been told that if they want to visit friends, they should call their friends ahead of time and arrange for said friend to open the dorm door. Naturally, students have already complained that this is an inconvenience. What is more important is that this "anti-theft" measure will not solve anything.

Let's face it: if someone wants to break into a room and steal or molest, they will find a way. It's as easy as a brick and a good throwing arm—not the most subtle of methods, but a tried and true method nonetheless. Will students feel any safer knowing that the only way to "protect" themselves is to hide behind a locked set of doors? Maybe we should install latches on the inside of our doors, or even add burglar alarms or motion detectors. Then we could all hide under our beds from the boogey man, safe and secure and paranoid with the knowledge that we trust our fellow students so much that we have to take all these ridiculous precautions just to live on the same six hundred acres of rural land.

Bard is not in the Bronx. We don't need to live in a police state. We don't need to all become lock-and-key kids. We don't need any additional paranoia. Just as the Admissions Director told me when I applied for a job last summer, there are some things that are societal problems, not Bard problems, and Bard can't solve societal problems. Bard can't prevent theft and molestation by locking everything up. People will only find a way to get around it.

## Bookstore continued

*continued from page 2*  
that book's being used again. We can't pay 50% of the original price if we don't know it's being used.

"We want to return something to the community, to give stu-

dents the best value they can get," Ronson added. "If we can buy back the books from the them and resell them to the community, it's in our [Barnes & Noble] best interest as well."

## Knocking some more

*continued from front page*  
possibility that certain dorms may pose a fire hazard if they are locked. These buildings will not be locked until new equipment such as push-bars, has been installed.

Last year, the Student Life Committee conducted a poll asking if Bard students wanted the exterior dorm doors locked. The response was largely negative. Mehrtens supported the notion, and she thought it was strange that Bard did not lock the dorms like most other colleges do. "I've seen how the first-year students have gotten used to it, and everyone else can make this adjustment," she continued.

"It is going to be hard to make the switch," commented another Peer Counselor, Dara Silverman. "This

has the potential to be a good thing if everyone cooperates."

Mehrtens commented that dorms which host officially registered parties will not be locked for that evening. Morgan promised that her office, in conjunction with student committees, will be conducting intensive research and surveys into possibilities for the future such as phones outside the dorms, inter-

coms, and work-study or volunteer receptionists for each dorm. None of these measures is likely to happen this academic year.

In the meantime, campus residents will have to remember to take both keys with them when they leave the room. As for visitors and pizza deliverers—"if you make plans ahead, it should work out," said Mehrtens.

## Story continued

*continued from page 4*

An exotic man, Nadine reflects. A rare specimen amongst non-sensitive men. She deserves a sordid affair, a fling after all that she has been through, and in dark of where she is heading. They could wake up and eat croissants after a night on top of the piano! No, the croissants might frighten him.

"Where is your Steinway?" she asks.

"Is that all you care about?" Rosco whimpers.

Oh, no, thinks Nadine. The Men's Movement must have visited Hampshire, too.

"No," she says. "I want to see your writing."

"You mean, you're a spy? You're one of them?"

Nadine begins to realize that Rosco is not all that he had seemed. She had been caught up in a brief moment of carnal lust, but she had made it through unscathed, and she had grown a lot.

"Excuse me," she says. "I have to go to the bathroom."

"You're going to tell the pilot, aren't you? I know you better. I'm not naive. I didn't fall off the tree yesterday, you know!"

Nadine slides the lock on the lavatory door shut. She looks at her reflection in the mirror.

"Why are men such fools," she says to herself, sighing. "At least at Bard you won't have to wear mascara."

*(A one-semester, weekly saga).*

## Good job kids!

To the Bard Observer,

Congratulations to the "student protestors" who were able to stop the cutting of trees at Blithewood.

I hope to be able to use this as an example when I again have to meet with my fellow neighborhood representatives some of whom have been attempting to enact a "View Preservation Ordinance" which would create a legal mechanism to permit neighbors trees to be cut.

I have been continually opposing this. Here in California what trees there are are precious and their preservation is more essential than a view for many reasons including the fact that they oxygenate our polluted air.

"Urban forests" are needed all over the world.

The decimation of the rain forests is one of the worst atrocities occurring environmentally on the planet.

Hurrah for Bard! Keep up the work of preservation.

I'll spread the word.

Andy Wing

P.S. A representative of a land planning group, who work all over the world, told me of a law which was passed in Germany which made trees with circumferences beyond a certain size illegal.

The resultant cutting led to people doing wholesale cutting of trees.

## The Bard Observer

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The Bard Observer is published every Wednesday while class is in session. Editorial policy is determined by the Editorial Board under the direction of the Editor-in-Chief. Any editorials which appear unsigned are those of the Editorial Board and not necessarily of the Observer staff. Any opinions which are signed do not necessarily represent the views of the Observer or its staff.

Letters to the Editor and Personals or Classifieds must not exceed 500 words and must be signed legibly. All articles, cartoons, and photographs that are submitted by deadline will be considered for publication. Turn all material in at the Observer office in the basement of Tewksbury or through Campus Mail by 5 p.m. Friday one week before the publication date. The Editor reserves the right to edit all articles (except those intended for the Another View page) for style and length.

**Classifieds:** Free for Bardians, 5¢/wd. for all others. Personals are free.  
**Display ads:** Contact the Ad Manager.

**Bard College**  
Annandale on Hudson, NY 12504  
(914) 758-0772



# CALENDAR

BARD

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE

SEPTEMBER 1 TO SEPTEMBER 8 ★ 1993

## What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

### ★ WEDNESDAY. SEPTEMBER 1 ★

★ **Scottish Country Dancing.** Even the inexperienced non-Scot can learn jigs, reels and even strathspeys and have fun doing it. Soft soled shoes helpful, but not required. **Manor Living Room 7:30-9:30p.** Contact Carey Griffin through campus mail for more information.

★ **Classes begin.** Set those alarm clocks, kids! It's time to seek wisdom once again. **In various places around the campus, 9a.**

### ★ THURSDAY. SEPTEMBER 2 ★

★ **Keep your Italian language up to date!** Join LA TAVOLA ITALIANA! **Kline Commons President's Room, 5-6 p.** Italian conversation follows in the **President's Room, 6-7 p.**

### ★ FRIDAY. SEPTEMBER 3 ★

★ **Observer à go-go.** Find out how this wacky publication works. All are welcome to the introductory meeting. **Third floor of Aspinwall, 7p.**

### ★ SATURDAY. SEPTEMBER 4 ★

★ **Preston Film Review.** Join the best film publication at Bard College. I hear Siskel and Ebert started out this way. **Kline Wall, Noon.**

★ **Sit down for some Stand-up.** See John Henson, stand-up comedian for a night of guffaws. **Old Gym, 8p.**

### ★ SUNDAY. SEPTEMBER 5 ★

★ **Community Eucharist.** Spiritual fulfillment at the **Bard Chapel, 7p.**

### ★ MONDAY. SEPTEMBER 6 ★

★ **Observer Staff Meeting** Want to feel loved, needed and appreciated? Then come on in and get involved. **Third Floor of Aspinwall, 8p.**

### ★ TUESDAY. SEPTEMBER 7 ★

★ **Do something.** Be Creative! Fill up your free time. **All over, anytime.**

### ★ WEDNESDAY. SEPTEMBER 8 ★

★ **Recess.** Dodge-ball, kick-ball, jump rope, freeze tag. **All over, anytime.**



Remember, our professors' kids are on Annandale Road waiting to go back to school as well. So drive carefully!

## Hey Club-heads!

Kids are out there looking to help you out. Advertise your club's events and meetings in the weekly calendar and they will come. Just drop a note with a description of the event you have planned to the Dean of Student's Office.

Deadlines are Fridays, at 5p.

Want to buy/sell/find something?  
The *Observer* classifieds can help.

Drop a note to the *Observer* through campus mail. Free for Bardians, \$.10/word for local ads, \$.20 for national. Must include name and campus address.

## Transportation

Red Hook Taxi, Red Hook: 758-1478  
Horseless Carriage Cabs, Rhinebeck: 876-2900  
Rhinecliff Train Station: 876-3364  
Amtrack America: 1-800-USA-RAIL  
Metro North, NYC-Poughkeepsie: (212) 532-4900  
Trailways Bus Station, Kingston: 331-0744