

Observer

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Bard No Longer Home to Princeton's "Reefer Madness"

by **Jamie Newman**

AMIDST A FIRESTORM of controversy at The Princeton Review in New York City, Bard was removed from their esteemed "reefer madness" list, one of 63 top 20 lists created yearly for the 345 Best Colleges book. Despite any attempts from the student body to maintain our place among the likes of such Elite institutions as Skidmore and UVM, Bard has yet again fallen short in another area of collegiate life that it was once dominant. The consensus among many current Bard students is that the school is changing every day. Whether it be the incessant on-campus construction or the visible administrative shifts in school policy, most returning students concur that Bard as it was once known is in jeopardy of losing its unique niche in academia. Regardless, it is undeniable that there will no longer be as much "reefer madness" on Bard College Campus.



Although some of these changes at Bard have benefited many students in various ways, others have complained that they left feeling harassed by new efforts by security. However, in terms of the way the college is viewed by others, Bard is on the rise in most categories. The U.S. News and World Report college rankings have Bard up four points to number 36 among liberal arts schools, which is good news for any prospective students with overbearing conservative parents. The Princeton Review's 345 Best Colleges, a staple for many students in making decisions in finding "the best college," raised the school's statistics significantly since 2000. Since then Bard is up three points (out of 100) in the, Campus Life (82), Academics (94) and Selectivity (94) categories. Yet despite so many signs of this fine school improving for the better, within the school there is an air of discontent. Whether these problems lie in administrative changes or a consistently disgruntled student body is unclear, but some students speculate that it can be explained by a decline in the so-called "reefer madness."

Despite all indications that Bard is becoming more competitive with schools like Swarthmore in the ranks of The Princeton Review, Bard's standings have gone down significantly in the areas that prospective students really look at. The 63 quirky little lists that have made applicants chuckle at a good match or so quickly turn the page

in disgust, have become (sadly enough) a definitive force in college selection in an era of ultra-convenience. The book sells more than a million copies each year. Robert Franek, Editorial Director at The Princeton Review explained in a press release, "We compile ranking lists in many categories, not-just-one based on what students at the schools tell us about their campus experiences. We do this to help applicants and their families decide which of these colleges is best for them. That has been our mission for over a decade, and will continue to do so." Understandably, The Princeton Review also happens to make millions of dollars annually on the publications of this book.

In reply to an inquiry, Jeanne Krier, a publicist for The Princeton Review confirmed, "You are right - Bard is no longer on the "reefer madness" list." Later in the letter she added, "Schools are on (or not on) lists totally as a result of what surveyed students said about their experiences at them." These outside factors she speaks of must be more influential than student surveys, because one of the only things Bard Students can seem to agree upon is the advantages of self-medication. In a conversation with the book's editor Erica Magley, she explained; "the decisions are made directly by student responses to questions about drug and alcohol use on-campus and the only reason you would have been on that list last year and not this year is that students who filled the survey this year didn't indicate that students didn't feel strongly about marijuana use on campus." She then added, "either that or you fell below the top twenty." It is still unknown whether the 300 people supposedly interviewed for these lists truly denied any involvement in the alleged "reefer madness," or whether other schools have simply been more diligent in their pursuit of a good buzz.

Irrespective of any of these new developments in academia and the obvious cliché of regurgitating a phrase recently heard hourly on-campus: Bard is changing by the day. Either students will lay down and allow their school to become progressively less progressive, or they can stand-up and lay claim to the aspects of campus life that they so vehemently assert define the essence of our school.

In related news, Vassar College, a school that many Bard students agree sucks, was ranked number one on The Princeton Review's "happiest student body" list in preliminary ceremonies.

Grocery Store Planned for Kline

"Green Onion" to offer produce, dairy, dry goods.

by **Dumaine Williams**

THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN discussions at Bard about students needing more dining choices on campus. Over the last couple semesters we have increased the amount of Bard Bucks that students received and gotten rid of the policy that all on-campus students have to be on a mandatory 19 meal plan. With the completion of the Village Dorm suites, talk started about an on-campus grocery store where students can purchase goods that they can (in theory) cook in their dorms. The result of these discussions is the Green Onion, a Chartwells operated (not student-run, as some rumors have it) grocery store that will be located in Kline Commons beside the office.

The Green Onion will carry a full selection of produce (ordered locally from Robin's Food and Vegetables in New Paltz) as well as some dry goods and dairy products. When the store is up and running students will be able to purchase either prepared/microwavable meals (like a frozen lasagna dinner) or pick up goods like rice, peas, cheese and taco shells to cook their own meal. Of course, the Green Onion will also carry more practical/easy cooking selections, such as Ramen noodles, Macaroni and Cheese and Spaghetti O's.

The Green Onion will also sell some things that have been on students' wish lists for the cafeteria in Kline. These things include Cap'n Crunch cereal and a choice of either chunky or smooth peanut butter. In addition, students can purchase basic kitchen necessities such as plastic wrap, aluminum foil and dishwashing detergent. And what about the price of these goods? As an example, a 12oz bottle of Skippy peanut butter will cost \$2.40 at the Green Onion.

Because of liability issues, the store will not be selling the usual raw protein products that one can find in a regular grocery store... so don't expect to get any raw meat at the Green Onion. However, the store will carry pre-packaged tofu, milk, butter and margarine. Also, students who have been anticipating organic produce being sold in this store will be disappointed. The Green Onion will not carry organic produce, primarily because of a cost issue.



by Braden Lamb

According to Jim, with students having a limited amount of Bard bucks, "are students going to buy a \$2 organic tomato when there is a regular 50c tomato right next to it?" I don't know Jim, with Bard students you can never tell...

The Green Onion is expected to be up and running in late September, and now both Buildings and Grounds and Chartwells staff are working on the installation of shelves and countertops, as well as some other construction details. It is still undecided what the hours of operation of this store will be, but the proposed schedule being considered is noon to 7pm daily. As always, the Chartwells staff is open to suggestions.

Who are the Board of Trustees?

by **Vincent Valdmanis**

THE DECISION TO RAZE the Old Gym and replace it with a science building is part of Bard's long-term goal of strengthening its science program. And that, in turn, is one of the many goals of Bard's Board of Trustees, a collection of mostly wealthy individuals who are, in the words of Leon Botstein, "responsible for the well being of the College."

The Board is composed of nearly three-dozen members. Roughly half are Bard grads, spanning the years from 1939 to 1973. They meet four times a year to approve the College's budget and oversee all monetary transactions. They also make strategic decisions like taking Simon's Rock under Bard's wing, establishing Smolny College in Russia, and opening the Bard High School Early College. If they want, they can hire and fire a new president.

"Bard is on a growth trajectory," said Botstein, so right now the Board's focus is to develop the College's financial stability and the quality of its programs.

The Board's Chairman is David Schwab II, class of '52 and Officer of Triarc, a holding company that derives most of its revenue from sales of Snapple and Mystic beverages and is a franchisor of Arby's restaurants.

There are two Vice Chairmen: Charles

Stevenson, Jr., who recently gave a grant to Idaho Rivers United, an environmental group dedicated to saving Idaho's river and fish; and Emily Fisher, who was quoted in the September 13th issue of The Chronicle of Higher Education praising Leon Botstein's long tenure as college president.

"You're looking at a college that 25 years ago was expected not to make it into the next decade," she told the Chronicle. "If we had changed presidents every seven years, it would still be a college on the verge."

Richard Fisher is the Board's Treasurer and, as the recently retired Chairman of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, apparently has experience with money matters. He is also Chairman of the board of Rockefeller University, the Urban Institute, the Brooklyn Academy of Music Endowment Trust, and is a trustee of the Tate Gallery American Fund, the Sundance



David Schwab II '52, Chairman of the Board

Continued on Page 4 . . .

Drag Race to Have Sober Friend, Not Rival

DOSO will host pre-party alternative

by **Emily Sauter**

I WAS ASSIGNED TO WRITE this article because rumors were circulating that there would be a party during Drag Race in the MPR with fabulous cash prizes. This got me thinking that the administration was trying to shut down our beloved Drag Race! Now, most of you don't know me, but I'm not the partier type. There was a party at Tremblay right outside my window last week and you know what I did? That's right, I read Thoreau's Walden. But partier and

non-partier antisocial bookish types like me can all enjoy the Drag Race. I was afraid my one social outlet was going to be destroyed for good, and be a thing of the past like the scandalous Ménage. So there I was, armed with my questions of "why" and "how" administration could be so cruel and heartless ... but I didn't get to use any of them because the rumors simply aren't true.

So, here's the truth...the Drag Race is getting a pre-party talent show. Elizabeth Anderson, head of our darling

Queer Alliance says the reason is partly because of the Bard alcohol consumption before the Race of Drag. "Last year we had EMS calls before the party started and we had to turn people away from the door because they were already too drunk at 10 pm to be in a room with so many people," said Anderson. She and our wonderful Dean of our First Years, John Kelly, thought of a Pre-Party talent show. Elizabeth Anderson went on to tell me, "It will include costume contests, music, etc. and we hope that it will help people slow down a little with the pre-party drinking."

I spoke for a quick second to ask John Kelly if he thought the pre party would interfere with the Drag Race. "Our event ends at 10:30, Drag Race begins at 10:30," he said. So, not to worry loyal Drag Race participants. This talent show is not going to interfere with your wonderful Drag Race.

So there you have it! The rumors aren't true. If you want to get involved to help with the pre-Drag Race activities, you can email Pia Carusone (pc496@bard.edu), John Kelly (kellyjr@bard.edu) or Elizabeth Anderson at (ea876@bard.edu.) Hope you all have a safe and stimulating Drag Race!

Budget Forum Still Keeps It Real

A drunken (surrealist) circus, and honorable tradition

by Tom Mattos

I DON'T REALLY KNOW where to begin. The budget forum was pretty cool, it went off in the classic bard style. Kline filled with smoke, Bard students getting drunk on the Planning Committee's tab, and the ambitious, over-animated drunken screaming as club heads struggle to pilfer small amounts of cash from another small amount of cash. This year that drunken screaming was exceptionally entertaining.

The night began, for me at least (I was triple fisting beers at this time, only possible with the aid of a Kline table) with the Surrealist Training Circus demanding 200 bucks from the Entertainment Committee for the purchase of "some Arabian Horses." Very animated people, dressed as clowns and other strange things (such as the dude in the o.d. green and the gas mask) began running around "entertaining" for support for the Surrealist movement. A female clown opened my hand, poured a small amount of salt in the palm, nodded, and moved on. I was hooked.

I quickly moved in to gain a better looksee into the workings of the Surrealist Training Circus and as to how things generally were going to happen. I got some interesting answers. "We will make you happy, yep real happy," said one of the clowns. Another offered a more lengthy response: "As a member of the Surrealist Training Circus I must say that the need for our commodity is desperate. Bard College lacks soul. Walk down any hallway and watch people cower in when you look into their eyes. We profess to be an artistic campus, but art is stale and monotone without passion. The circus seeks to propagate such passion via cute entertainment, political and social education and general inquiry into the bizarre[ities] in life. Without forces like the Surrealist Training Circus the Bard campus has as much inspiration and creative fire as David Hasselhoff."

While I am unwilling to say that I "lack soul" and "cower" when someone looks in my eyes, I will say that the Surrealist Training Circus is going to be a kick ass club. Controversy was avoided early on when the Entertainment Committee, standing by their platform of... entertainment... opted to just give the circus the 200 bucks they were asking for. Very cool move. They also gave away 300 bucks to Trouble & Bass the electronic music



Students squeezed into Kline for their say in club spending.

club that holds up its own platform saying "It's about makin' trouble." Another cool, entertainment-minded move on the part of the Committee. The Surrealists then mounted another onslaught, this time against the Model U.N. While it proved unsuccessful, the antics in the room were very entertaining.

One of the most interesting events of the night was one that didn't even happen. Everyone failed to notice that the new BARDge project was the only club on the list that received MORE money than it asked for. That's right... MORE. The BARDge Society, a new project, sets out to accomplish the monumental goal of sailing to New York City on a sailing bar[d]ge made of fiberglass coated trash. It might not be orbit, but the Bardge project will do what the Space Program did not: Actually go somewhere. When asked to comment, Cap'n Dane Klinger slurred: "ARR! Anchors aweigh!" The rest of the BARDge crew declined comment due to a minor bout of scurvy. Sick. However, Cap'n Dane insists that by the end of the spring semester a 20 foot long trash sloop will sail to New York City. He also told a cool pirate joke. "Why couldn't the kids see the pirate movie? It's rated ARR!"

Security, Safety and Students

by Mareen Keeley

FROM ELEVEN EACH NIGHT to seven the following morning, Bard Security's staff patrols the campus. Ken Cooper, the head of security, has just begun his third year with many hopeful visions for the future and complete faith in his current staff. Max Dube, Bob Bathrick, Jim Geskie, Don Lown, Eugene Maroney, and Cliff Powell all work closely together each night to ensure the safety of the Bard community throughout the 650 acres and a total of 80 buildings. "The main goal of Security is not to act as a police force; it is to protect. The students' safety is our priority," says Cooper.

Unlike state-regulated training procedures that are covered in the duration of one day, Cooper trains his staff over the course of

two weeks. He aims to select only thoughtful, approachable people who will fit into the community that exists

here, and people who genuinely care about their job. Cooper says he wants to maintain the Bard "environment". Security is not there to police the students, they merely intend to create a safe campus.

Each night the campus is divided into three sections, South Campus, Stone Row, and North Campus. The staff covers all three areas, as well as the new Performing Arts construction site. They do this on foot, in recently acquired aerodynamic electric cars, by radio, and at times even on bikes. "Security does not wish to impose on the lives of the students, they mere-

ly need to be present, offering protection," states Cooper.

Bard's campus, unlike many typical colleges, is a wide-open campus that can be accessed by the public around the clock. The main issues that Security deals with are created not by Bard students, rather the trouble stems from outsiders like high school kids around the area. Often immature and disrespectful of the students and the campus, they have wreaked havoc in the past by vandalizing cars or buildings, even chasing down security in their cars. Door propping is also one of Security's worst concerns. Although the students should feel safe and secure, they should not forget that anyone can come to Bard at any time.

Cooper also has the help of certain students. The "party patrol" is a student initiated, student run organization that was recently created to further insure the safety of the students. Instead of having a guard "patrol" a party, a student will attend and patrol, while still being able to contact security through radio if need be. Cooper hopes that this will make Security less intimidating, and create a student-student presence that might be more comfortable, yet maintain safety. Another hope for the future is to have two kiosks, or guard houses at north and south campus, where Security can keep a closer eye on who enters the campus, or even to check identification.

Cooper intends to create more communication between the students and Security, with hopes that this will lead to more trust. When a problem arises it is quickly abolished, yet as the staff is so small, they do not see everything and need the students' input and participation. Cooper emphasizes that Security is not attempting to deny students their freedom, yet the students also must act responsibly. The combined efforts of both will help to keep Bard the safe, comfortable, and unique place that it is.

Instead of having a guard "patrol" a party, a student will attend and patrol, while still being able to contact security through radio if need be.

Record Numbers for Bard NYC Program

by Jon Dame

BARD'S GLOBALIZATION and International Affairs program is enjoying its highest enrollment of the three semesters it has been running. The program, located in New York City, began in fall 2001 with 14 students participating, and increased to 17 students

last spring. Enrollment was further enlarged to 24 students this fall thanks to an extra apartment suite made available to the program at Bard Hall on West 58th street in the Lincoln Center district. In addition to 14 students from Bard, nine students from other colleges and universities are participating this year.

The Bard in New York program provides undergraduate students with graduate-level experience and education in international politics, economics, media, ethics, environmental and human rights issues. A key aspect of the program is the internship each student takes on in a reputed international organization. Some organizations that have sponsored internships for the program include The Council on Foreign Relations, Dow Jones Newswires, The Human Rights Watch, and The World Policy Institute, among others.

In addition to an internship, students take three courses taught by leading international affairs scholars and professionals. The faculty includes, for instance, Barbara Crossette, United Nations Bureau Chief for the New York Times, and Joel Rosenthal, President of the Carnegie Council on Ethics and International Affairs. The classes are taught in the same building where students live, a building that is rented primarily for the Bard Graduate Center for Decorative Arts.

According to James Chace, director of Bard Globalization and International Affairs, admission to the program continues to become more competitive as it enters its second year. He estimates that eventually BGIA will be a 50/50 mix of Bard/non-Bard students. However, it is unlikely the program will expand beyond the roughly two dozen students currently enrolled, because of limited housing. According to Chace, the program, especially the internship component, has met with near-unanimous success, and should continue indefinitely.

News Briefs

by Anya Vostrova

1. The first fall festival is quickly approaching the Bard Campus and several student organizations are ready to greet it with open arms. Oktoberfest, known for its bright colored fall leaves and good ale is a good diversion from the

fact that summer is indeed over. What better way to wave goodbye than with good drink and food. Speaking of which, even though PETA (People for Eating Tasty Animals) got denied the money they requested, they are still planning to organize a lamb roast (luckily for the deprived meat eaters of this community). A location and exact time have not been revealed, but carnivores keep your forks and knives on guard.

2. This Wednesday the RPM Puppet Conspiracy performed at the Old Gym. They are a bunch of Eco-activist puppeteers from various backgrounds that like to entertain while discussing topics ranging from composting to bikes against car culture. Their comment on the show was that "Bard had a very good turn out" and that it has "good screamers." So maybe the activist culture isn't dying and the student body isn't as apathetic as some think, or maybe the large turn out came from the interest caused by posters portraying shit attacking toilets.

3. Students are upset and curious about why Kline isn't offering sorbet as a desert. It satisfies the vegans' desire for a desert, and is also appealing to vegetarians and meat eaters. What's more, it is cheaper than most ice creams and it is healthier. Come on Kline, we sure as hell pay enough, so get your act together!

4. Entrepreneurship amongst the freshmen class is blooming. Some kids are carrying out the traditional sale of cigarettes, raising the price by at least a dollar per pack versus last year's standard, which isn't really cool since people's personal finances really haven't changed and most of us are still broke college students. Others have turned to the sale of food (snacks and fruit), which is a godsend at 3 o'clock in the morning when The Campus Center has long closed. Good looks people, just keep your supplies coming because everyone knows that this campus will always smoke and will always need munchies. (As for the prices, don't be greedy, we can afford only so much)

5. The Mona Lisa has no eyebrows, as stated by fact #85 on a Snapple cap.

Diversity Awareness Peers Trying to Get You Together

by **Vinny Taubner**

YOU MAY HAVE SEEN a handful of people at the Club Fair or walking around campus wearing gray and maroon-sleeved baseball-style jerseys with a D.A.P. tag on the front and last names on the back. The people you've seen are all part of an on campus organization associated with the Office of Multicultural Affairs called the Diversity Awareness Peers. The Diversity Awareness Peers is a team of students engaged in a process of enhancing individual and social growth and change in our community. They are dedicated to promoting campus and local community dialogue on the issues of difference, prejudice, privilege, and discrimination. Race, sexuality, ethnicity, and sexism are put into context and experienced by people daily in different ways. Our country is a melting pot of people of various cultures, ethnicities, sexualities, and classes, yet a vast amount of people are still not considered "American," nor do they have the same privilege afforded to others. Through our concentrated efforts we strive to bring about social awareness of such stories that are barely part of our society's collective.

Last year D.A.P. had a successful retreat towards the end of intercession with a group of all new DAP participants, and returning members Dumaine Williams and Biek Satasut. The retreat focused on preparation for the work ahead by sharing personal stories, and the discussion of issues that are part of the focus of D.A.P. activity. D.A.P.'s accomplishments included a

screening of "But I'm a Cheerleader," a film and discussion sponsored by B.S.O on the subject of Female Mutilation, a performance by H.O.T Works (Harlem Overheard Theater Works) on Bard campus sponsored by D.A.P., and last but not least, D.A.P. co-sponsored the Spoken Word Fest. This semester we helped introduce the new freshman class to Bard through an interactive workshop that focused on students' personal stories and identities.

This fall the group is more experienced and we look forward to a highly focused and driven semester. An upcoming event to keep an eye out for is a discussion involving Bard faculty on the subject of men of color and masculinity. Also, coming up is a film screening co-sponsored by Queer Alliance and B.S.O. of The Watermelon Woman and Paris is Burning.

D.A.P consists of six members: Saran Adkinson, Elizabeth Anderson, Vinny Taubner, Dumaine Williams, Hannah Janal, and Jennifer Ronald. The coordinator of DAP is Jennifer Jimenez, Assistant Dean of Students/Director of Multicultural Affairs. If you see any of the members of DAP around campus feel free to voice your own concerns or ask about what's happening. For those who are interested in joining D.A.P., our recruitment efforts begin at the end of the fall semester. Watch out for posters and check your e-mail. D.A.P. is searching for applicants from all different backgrounds. We want people who are simply dedicated to the D.A.P. vision, and are willing to put in time outside of classes and clubs. Contact us as if you are interested, and we'll fill you in. If you have any questions or comments e-mail dap@bard.edu.

Trustees... Continued from page 3

Festival, the Environmental Defense Fund, and Classroom, Inc., a nonprofit educational software distributor. He owns paintings by Robert Motherwell, Willem de Kooning, and Franz Kline, and is so avid a chef that he opened his own restaurant two blocks from Union Square.

More hardcore 'old Bard' than any senior or recent graduate is John Honey, class of '39, the Board's Secretary and a Life Trustee.

Other Board members include James Ottaway Jr., mega-newspaper publisher, Susan Soros, director of the Bard Graduate Center and wife of fund manager George Soros, and Martin Peretz, editor-in-chief of The New Republic.

Corrections/Comments from Last Issue.

Last issue, in the article, "Old Gym RIP 2003" by Jacob Cottingham, the date of the Gym's construction was mistaken. The Old Gym was completed in 1921. In the News Briefs we misspelled a professors name. The correct spelling is "Lindsay Watton."

Vassar News

Blood Drive to be Held

A blood drive will be held by the New York Blood Center in the Village Room on October 2-3 from 12:30 to 6:00 p.m. Sign up will be available all week in the ACDC. The housing droup (dorm/TH/TA/SC) that donates the most blood will be rewarded with a "Trick-or-Treat" party. Students wishing to donate blood must be 19 years old and weigh at least 110 lbs.

Security Reports Criminal Mischief

A security report was filed for Criminal Mischief at the Town Houses on Saturday, Sept. 21. The report was written after six rounds of paintballs were fired at a security vehicle. "Students should remember that guns of any type are not permitted on campus," said Kim Squillace, Assistant Director of Security.

Wallet Taken from Unlocked Room

A student wallet containing a diver's license, cash, and credit cards was stolen from an unlocked dorm room on Saturday, Sept. 21. "Students are reminded to lock their doors," said Kim Squillace Assistant Director of Security.

Buildings and Grounds Rumor Untrue

A rumor stating that custodial and Buildings and Grounds employees are instructed not to speak with students is untrue, according to the Director of Grounds Jeffrey Horst. "We do ask our folks to be careful about time conversing in relation to their work," said Horst. "But we do encourage them to be courteous with students."

Courtesy of the Miscellany News Editorial Board

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Coldplay

By Tom Mattos



by Henry Casey JACK BAUER (KIEFER

SUTHERLAND), star of the newly released DVD 24 Season One, is not just "the man". He is not just a "bad ass". He is the almighty lord.

Who else could stay up for 24 hours straight, saving presidential candidates, fighting evil Russian ex-patriots, tracking down his kidnapped wife and daughter, and most importantly discovering a mole in his own agency. Jack is a member of the Counter Terrorism Unit agency, an FBI-ish organization. They fight against all the evil world super powers, terrorists and the 'not so dead'.

The television show 24 (FOX, Tuesday nights, 9 PM - 10 PM) was the best show not on HBO last season. It is based around one entire day, in the life of Jack, his formerly estranged wife Teri (Leslie Hope), daughter Kimberly (Elisha Cuthbert). Other characters include: the first major African-American Presidential Candidate David Palmer (Dennis Haysbert), his wife Sherry (Penny Johnson Jerald), son Keith (Vicellous Shannon), and Jack's fellow CTU agents Tony Almeda (Carlos Barnard) and Nina Meyers (Sarah Clarke).

What makes this show so damn perfect is that the shows' editors never waste time and use each second to its utmost potential. The plot is so complicated, the only way to relate it to what anyone might understand, is by saying that it is what would happen if Usual Suspects was a TV show, with a moment comparable to the revealing of Keyser Soze after every 4 episodes. The show is so complex, with plot twists so major; the actors were never given full scripts for fear of the major plot points leaking. And finally, when the season finale rolls it had quite possibly the best guest star ever on a TV show.

24 towers over most TV shows in that it actually has a good supply of complex female characters. They range from the scheming Sherry Palmer to Kim Bauer, a jail-baitesque fifteen year old who, though constantly being kidnapped is always fighting her way out, (definitely her father's daughter). Even shows that focus on women, such as the newly canceled Ally McBeal or the anciently cancelled Roseanne, gave their leads pretty simple roles as screaming divas or desperate-for-sex ditzes.

Each episode is one hour of the day, in real time, and for those math buffs out there, you're right that's 24 episodes. When it was broadcast in the US though, the commercial breaks would take up 15 or so minutes of the hour broadcast, making each episode 45 minutes total. I mention the US specifically because in England, when it was aired on the BBC, there were no commercials and additional scenes were added to make a fuller, almost-hour-long episode.

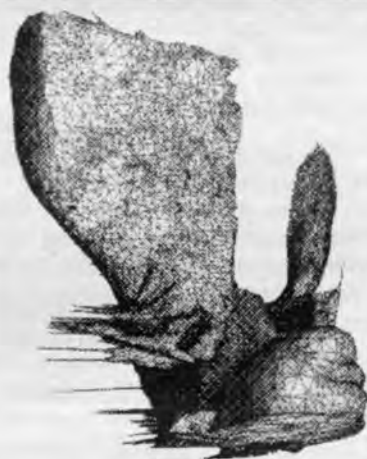
With season two of the show currently scheduled to begin on October 29th, FOX, in what may be one of their best and worst decisions of all time, decided to rush the DVD, releasing it on September 17, mere months after the first season finale. This was a great idea because now those who missed the beginning of last season can now watch the series from the beginning to the end without missing a second and without commercials. People who missed out on 24 won't be in the

dark come season two. How could this DVD go wrong you ask? You probably think since I'm such a raving nut about the show, I could see no wrong even if an obvious flaw stared me in the face. Fear not

reader! I have noticed the 2 faults of the DVD. Firstly there is no chapter navigation for any episode, an error some can look over due to the fact that each episode is only 45 minutes. I can't look past this and the DVD lost points in my mind for this reason. Secondly and lastly, there are not many special features, but then again this is a TV show and it was done quickly for the benefit of viewers (and FOX executive's wallets), so I guess the results weren't that bad.

The two special features of the DVD are on disc six. The first being an alternate ending to the show. The second extra is an introduction to season one and a preview of season two, hosted by Kiefer Sutherland. The preview isn't that long, but for 24 fans it is pretty cool.

Overall, I give this DVD collection a rating of 9/10: Highly Recommended. Buy it now, you can't miss out on this one.



"A RUSH OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD" is simply that. Coldplay's new album, released August 27th, quickly proved to be a true rock record, one that will stand timeless. "A Rush of Blood to the Head" established Coldplay as England's freshest straight-up-rock band. The first track, Politik, a post-September 11th explosion of GenY angst in staccato bitter guitar slams, quickly establishes a mysterious mood. Lyrics beckoning "Open up your eyes" echo over and over again while the rest of the band says "If you won't open them... We'll

open them for you." When you do "open your eyes," you see the beauty, as well as the mystery, your mind taken over by a beautiful melody/fade out trip. Like any true rock record (Zeppelin II, Radiohead's OK Computer), Coldplay just kicked the fucking door in.

The album continues with more well-constructed rock songs, most of which evoke a bit of a U-2 feel. The acoustic guitar chord progression at the beginning of track three is both beautiful and mysterious, it lets you know something is desperately wrong. The quick drums reinforce the feeling, and the song takes off. Track nine explodes with a Radiohead sound (one of their main influences) and busts into a raucous rock session that shows how tight the band really is. All of the parts seem to reinforce each other in a seamless explosion of sound. The title track "A Rush of blood to the Head" evokes more

Generation Y feeling with the lyrics "I'm going to get a gun and start a war/If you can tell me something worth fighting for."

Coldplay offers their music to a new generation of rockers, and it simply feels more dedicated and serious than whatever the hell else is going on. Coldplay leads rock music into a new horizon, expanding the role of artists to a more clearly defined responsibility towards the world. Since the release of their first album they refused to allow the Gap to use one of their songs in a lame commercial, turning down an offer of \$85 million dollars. To a new band

trying to make it in the U.S., that is a big deal. Another 85 million could have done wonders for them, but they chose to keep it real. However, Coldplay keeps it modest as well. Lead singer Chris Martin comments: "I'm sure we'll do something in the future where we will fuck up. I'm sure one day we'll be desperate for money or exposure and we'll go crawling back to the Gap and say, 'Hey, are you sure you don't want a song?' But at the moment we can say 'Fuck 'em!'"

In addition to their current anti-corporate standpoint Coldplay established a 10,000 tree forest in Bangalore to offset the CO2 used to cut and distribute "A Rush of Blood to the Head" I'm not sure what that means or why the fuck its useful, but the tree huggers will probably love it. Maybe it's advertisement, trying to reach that ever elusive, skeptical vegan/hippie/veggie/ilovetheplanet/minority rights/puppet-making market. But it seems genuine. Maybe they should have sold one of their songs and bought more trees. That would definitely be a good debate.

All in all the new Coldplay will definitely prove to be complete ear candy as long as you actually listen to them. Don't write them off as typical Oasis shite, and don't take them too seriously. Don't attack them for being mainstream (Eminem), because they're doing the right things with it. But please listen to them with a serious ear, and take their messages to heart.

Videogame Review

Dark Age of Camelot

by Chelsea Doyle

HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED AN online RPG game where the graphics are gorgeous, the quests are entertaining, the fighting and armor structure is practically perfect, but the other players are a pack of thirteen year old aggressive punks who take out their negative energy in computer games? You might if you have played EverQuest, Baldur's Gate, Ultima Online, and now the newest popular online RPG game, Dark Age of Camelot. This is not to say that the game, made by Mythic Entertainment and released late last year, does not have value to

it. The game is set in medieval times, ironically in the time of Camelot and King Arthur, with three realms at war. Each realm is known for a particular brand of power (arms, magic, nature), and is modeled after medieval Ireland, Britain, or Norway.



The computer graphics are beautifully done, and being a visitor of Ireland myself, I can assure you the game's graphics look rather realistic. The only difficulty is the large number of moronic kids that plague the online environment and make the game "kill everything possible," when many normal players just want to go on quests and role play. Outside of that, Dark Age of Camelot is an excellent game with plenty of tasks and side quests to put your character on his or her respective way. As a character/player of

Dark Age, there are twelve races you can choose from (for your character), each with about ten different faces and hair colors to go from there. It is a very interesting play, and I encourage people to give it a try! Rated T for Teen, and made for the PC.

Meshuggah: Chaosphere

by Adam Fletcher

BY FAR THE MOST INNOVATIVE heavy band to come along in years, Meshuggah blends the aggressive speed of old school thrash with complex time signatures often found in jazz music. The result is a completely new form of music that redefines the word heavy. Chaosphere is the Swedish quartet's third album, and like it's previous two leaves no room for dispute. The guitar and bass work is the tightest I have ever heard, the lyrics are incredibly intelligent, and the brilliant use of polyrhythm by the drummer will leave you stunned and laying naked on the floor bleeding out your ass. If you are a fan of heavy music of any kind, do yourself a favor and pick up Chaosphere, but be warned: this album was simply not created for the weak of heart, it is so hard, that it'll ream you!

The Four Feathers

by Michael Morini

THE FOUR FEATHERS IS THE STORY of a British officer, Harry Faversham, circa 1895, who resigns from his post just as he is about to ship out to war in Sudan. After his friends and fiancée find out about this they send him feathers as a sign of cowardice. Harry then decides to travel to Sudan and follow enemy spies in an attempt to help out his friends and try to reverse his cowardly standing.

The plot of this film starts out like any of Hollywood's typical masterbatory "masterpieces" and bored me to death. The movie appeared to be going nowhere and just when I began to become annoyed that I wasted my four dollars, Harry, played by "heartthrob" Heath Ledger, decided to grow up and get his ass to Sudan. Only he went by himself and disguised himself as a Sudanese slave and, with the help of a member of a Sudanese slave tribe, Abdu, Djimon Hounsou (Gladiator, Amistad), followed around some enemy spies in an attempt to win back his friends, but mainly his self respect. The film then takes some plot risks and feels at times like it will never resolve into a typical stupid happy ending. One in which Harry will end up staying in Sudan and his best friend, Wes Bentley, will go back to England a war hero and marry

Harry's then fiancée, Kate Hudson. However, the movie then changes it's feel and opts for the happy ending. The heart-throb gets the girl.

Despite the mediocre to horrible plot line the acting wasn't half bad. Heath Ledger seems to be establishing himself as a pretty decent little actor. He mastered the "cute" for all the ladies out there, and surprisingly he lost the pretty boy look, with a beard and extremely tanned skin, and maintained the role of a Sudanese slave convincingly. Although none of the actors gave a convincing British accent, Wes Bentley's was the most believable. He too gave an excellent performance as a convincing British, somewhat pretentious, officer. Kate Hudson did a decent job as well but she wasn't very fit for part as a career fiancée.

The Four Feathers, directed by Shekhar Kapur, whose last directorial effort was the Oscar winning drama, Elizabeth, did have some strong cinematic aspects. The cinematography of the film was at times breathtaking. Throughout the movie there were beautiful landscape shots of the desert and there were also several attractive crowd shots from overhead that were very aesthetically pleasing. They just all

lasted about 3 seconds. You don't have time to fully enjoy them. Whether it was the decision of Kapur or the production company to keep those shots so short, it was a big mistake. The film lost all chance of being respected in any sort of artful manner because of the choice to keep down the length of its best shots. The film did however have some great cinematic moments in the battle scene. The choreography and cinematography complemented each other very nicely in the sequence. The cinematography indoors, on the contrary severely lacked. It was very confusing at times and far too jumpy. Within one scene that would have been shot handsomely in one or two angles, several shots from all angles of the room were used. The quick cuts added to the confusion. This was the case in most indoor sequences with the exception of the prison scenes. The cinematography and editing added to the claustrophobic feel of the space.

This film had its moments consistently throughout the movie between (at times) beautiful cinematography, superb



Heartthrob Heath acting, and the inventive middle of the plot line. The rest of the movie, however, lacked. It was definitely a mediocre film. See it if you get a chance perhaps on a bargain night. The landscape shots are actually worth the admission price, but if you're going to see it on a big screen, which you definitely should, try to sneak in. Jed Clarke summed up this movie nicely, "First I hated the movie, then I got into it. Then I hated it again, but when I saw that guy riding on that camel at the end it reminded me of the part when I liked it."

Clipse: Lord Willin

by Ben Robling

THE COVER TO "LORD WILLIN", the debut LP from VA act Clipse (you heard them once in '96 before they got dropped from their label after one song - they're now on the Neptunes' StarTrac label) blesses us with the Clipse twins (no, for real, twins) in the juiced Caddy on dubs with Jesus in the back. What the listener gets is a lot of dubs, and a little Jesus. I won't lie, this isn't Rakim...this isn't Black Thought...this isn't even necessarily an album of good lyrics. However, you get 15 bangers by the Neptunes, with some clever VA Beach coke and loose hoes flows that make a line like "the panels are full of shit/and I ain't full of shit" sound tight. You've all heard the single "Grindin'": it's a radio top 40 joint about cooking up crack and servin' it like a waitress do. Hot beats and some clever cocaine culinary shit "I'm Uncle Jemima/good in the kitchen like Corningware pans." This album has no positive consciousness-hip hop message, but hey, we all need lessons in serving fiends rocks and accessorizing 60 thousand dollar cars. The remix with NORE is a throwaway, but the remix with Sean Paul make him sound almost like a real dancehall singer for a hot minute. The other single "When's the Last Time" is off the chain, and if you were even in a car on 14" rims this summer you know it. 'Nuff said playa. A track with Jermaine Dupri and one with Fabulous totally fuck up the flow for a minute, reminding us that dope-as-shit club production with mumbled worthless rhymes are the current flavor of hip hop

"I'm Not You" features half of The Lox and is probably the tightest track on here that approaches some thoughtful lyrics. Clipse comes off with a tone of complexity discussing coke as a way out the hood and a plague on their people at the same time, and hey, Styles P proclaims "The Lord is great." The beat rocks some flowing steel drum patterns, shuffling hi-hats, and gorgeous 80's synth pads, making it a nice shuffle in comparison to the Neptunes' usual sparse trunk-knock.

The intro claims these guys learned everything about the law from watching Miami Vice, and between the beats and the silk-shirt southern mobster scenarios, I think its where they learned everything about rap too. Let's face it, these guys have charisma but would be NOWHERE without The Neptunes', who keep it gully like a seagull with a nickname. They already went platinum, download this album.



RJD2: Dead Ringer

by Andres Costa



"DEAD RINGER," THE FRESHMAN album from RJD2; the newest prodigy from Def Jux Academy presents us with an immaculate album. In the tradition of DJ Shadow and Cut Chemist, this is an ambient hip-hop instrumental album with bugged-out samples, a dark aesthetic and a style completely its own. This sounds like nothing that Def Jux has presented us with before. (The El P album, "Fantastic Damage," Aesop Rock, "Labor Days," Cannibal Ox, "Cold Vein," and the Mr. Lif EP.) The album although clearly influenced by DJ Shadow, has a vintage sound which is more influenced by soul and sixties rock than live instrument drumming. There is a wide range of emotions presented through wax. Drama-filled, it takes on the feeling of a

good suspense novel. Each song has a smooth beginning which then climaxes either in a soulful sample or an anger-induced cut. RJD2 stays dropping gems like a clumsy jeweler. All of the songs hold their own, but some mentionable tracks are: "Ghost Writer," an extremely organic track, which starts out with a classic guitar loop and eerie synthesized sounds. When the classic hip hop beat drops there is an almost call and response between a sped-up a-cappella and a deep cooing. When the song reaches its apex there is an eruption of trumpets which sound as classic as the "Rocky" theme. The beats are then juggled with complete fluency as the song calms down and then fades away. "The Horror," another splendid piece of music, drops with immediate intensity. This rather inorganic piece is on some Flash Gordon Space Rock shit. It is a tale tantamount to an epic comic book battle where samples and scratches destroy Superman, leaving the monster victorious. "The Chicken-Bone Circuit," is not one of the better tracks in that it seems to be a barrage of break beats with no central idea. However, it is short and moves right along. Overall, the album introduces us to one of the more amazing DJs from New York City. Combined with the Def Jux appeal and immaculate production it definitely glows in the dark. Buy this album.

Do You Like Muffins?

by Chelsea Doyle

WEB SITE REVIEW

THERE IS A SMALL BUT DEDICATED cult that finds themselves drawn inherently to www.muffinfilms.com. When I speak of this site, I am either questioned "what muffin site do you speak of?" or applauded for my good taste, "yeah muffins!". For those ignorant of the rather fabulous site, let me give you a run down. Do you like very strange, very bizarre websites, and/or humor? Are you artistic in any sort of way? Of course you are, you're at Bard!

Muffinfilms.com is just your sort of place! Muffinfilms houses a series of twelve short films made by the talented Amy Winfrey, which involve badly drawn cartoons of muffins talking to people, eating people, and being eaten by people. After you see this site, it is doubtful you will be able to eat a muffin in the same way again! Now you have to see it, right? Give it a try, especially when you are bored of run-of-the-mill homework and want to procrastinate.

Clouded Silver Lining: Dark Cloud Review

FOR ALL THOSE PLAYSTATION 2 fans out there, you most likely have heard of the game Dark Cloud from Sony Computer Entertainment. For those of you who haven't, have you ever dreamed of having a genie to grant every wish of yours, no matter how dark? I am sure you have wondered what could happen if the power of a genie falls into the wrong hands! That is the pre-tense of this RPG game. In the introduction to the game, the player is told that a King from ancient times used a genie as an instrument of war, but the power of the genie was too strong for the King and turned on him. Only the mysterious powers of a lost nation could stop the genie, and now centuries later when the genie is raised by an equally moronic leader, that power is needed again.

In the game, you are the young boy Toan, who has suddenly been thrust upon by a Fairy with power beyond your dreams and instructed to battle demons to save your world (which has already been destroyed). In advancing from level to level, you regain some of your village piece by piece. Companions join you along the way, each with their own special ability, aiding you in your quest to save the world! Yay? Honestly the game is not half bad. It has an interesting enough story line, although it is classically hidden behind the constant battling of evil monsters. Do not expect a Final Fantasy caliber game, but rather one that can be enjoyed if you have the time to spend going from level to level. Certainly something worth looking at, if only as a rental



Last Class from the 20th Century

Annandale-on-Hudson: past, present, future

by **Tatiana Zaharchenko**

In my encounters with Bard alumni, however limited, one thing shone through all conversations: an irreversible generation gap. And I don't mean mentality – perhaps that shift is somewhat present as well, but in general the Bard liberal tree-hugging spirit doesn't seem to change with years, except maybe they had fewer vegans a decade back. What I mean is: the campus perception. 'We' are surely as avant-garde for our time as 'they' were for theirs, but in spite of all that unites us (hail to the butterfly tie...), we will never be as close to them as those who went to Bard when the Post Office was in the basement of the Old Gym (must have been ages back... it's just a legend now), and the square Campus Center didn't exist at all. Or, if you go even further back, and dig through the archives for lack of something better to do, you may find photographs of Bard when there was no North Village at all, and no Kline for that matter, and life, believe it or not, still existed.

After I wrote this article, in a quite mystical coincidence with my thoughts (or maybe I'm just too hungry for the mystical?), the Free Press put out an issue with the excellent review of the Old Gym history. Think about it: "...the Class of 1924 held the [first] Freshman Dance in the Gym." But there's no need to go that far back. Think of those who were around before the Campus Center was built – and believe it or not, they are still young. I wonder if today this college has anything to do with the Bard campus they knew. They must feel so alienated and nostalgic for their times.

Oh well, you know, those older people – who can keep up with them anyway? So you just smile politely and nod: no Campus Center, how interesting indeed... – and then run off to Down the Road. Life goes on – life in the here and now. (And you've gotta love the here, what can I say.)

That's what I thought. But here's the scary part. I am the old generation now!

I remember my spring freshman seminar with (theoretically) The Great Leon (© Fitzgerald), but in reality with the wonderful Frederic Grab, whom we lost this year. But the ever-busy President did make it to class once in a while, and then he'd invite us to his house, where we sat among the almost-surreal towers of bookshelves and munched on his cookies (freshmen... gotta love them.) It was a "Thus Spoke Zarathustra" seminar, but that's not the only thing we discussed. We flew out and about on various tangents, and sometime in the first few weeks of class we inevitably discussed the ancient peoples called 'seniors.' We honestly thought we were so awesome compared to their ephemeral presence (and I bet we were), and then the Butterfly President welcomed our generation – yet another generation to grow before his eyes – with a time-arching thought. He has seen thousands of child-adults pass through these lands into the world – each generation carrying a firm and no doubt justified faith in its uniqueness and timeliness – and he talked that day about the generation gap between

Bard classes. I do not quote, but as I understood it, his statement was simple: the gap cannot be mended. Not because we are bad or good. Just because of – well, time. And inherent distrust of those who just don't share your own time dimension.

That was then. This is now. And now is when I got back to Bard after a year in Petersburg, Russia. And man, was I in for a shock. I'm not even going to go into the unbelievable fact that I and everyone I have known for nearly four years are seniors (That's scary enough – we never saw it coming. You won't either. Remember my words, ye youth!) What is most strikingly different is (gulp!) the campus. All of a sudden I sit at Kline with those who never saw Bard without New Cruger. I actually remember driving into North Campus for the first time in 1999: my first impression of Bard was the mud and naked cement sticks of Cruger's

skeleton. I spent the first semester of my freshman year in Keen North suffering through the 7 am construction and torturing my roommate into keeping our windows shut.

And new Henderson. My freshman year I actually hung out in South Hall with a green lawn in front of the room windows. Or Dean Levine. Here are the people who never had Tuesday teas with him... Honestly I never did, either.

The lives of lowerclassmen are true college lives, and so were ours. Just the framing is different.

But at least I saw those sweet invitations around campus! And then there's Observer's play on it: "Tuesday tea with the dean... Wednesday cocaine with the president!" – or something equally dorky but, honestly, so timely!

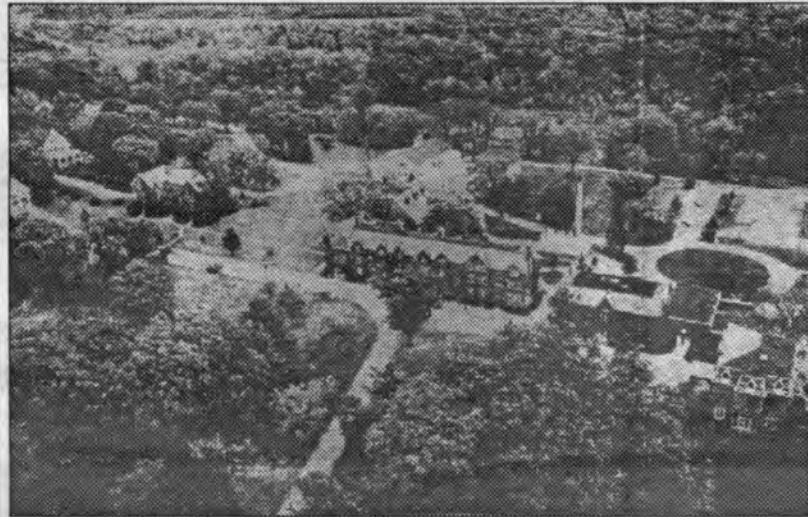
Oh, and not to mention the days when Kline meals were divided by time. You'd have a mad rush of seriously horrified kids trying to get inside during the last minute of the "breakfast" slot. Otherwise you lost that meal for the day.

During the dinner hours, you wouldn't be allowed to come in twice. And Bard bucks? Guess how much? – fifty. (And we didn't die of starvation.)

Need I mention the new cardlike buildings that only pretend to be Toasters? Hail the old Toasters! And keep your eyes open, my fellow students: you are actually sharing the parking lots with the last of those who lived in Ravines as freshmen. (Those things shook! And I mean shook! Not only during storms. Even if you sneezed. No private life, you can imagine – although Bard students never suffered from unnecessary modesty. So keep the 'life' and just subtract the 'private'.)

So I get back from a year abroad and what do I see? Hundreds of

Bard bucks? This is called spoiling! And these new Village dorms I'll never get used to (of course they are cool and arranged so perfectly... they're just so sterile) And I was in for a shock to see two of the patented Ravine names allotted to those weird new dorms by the back road and the cemetery. Oh, and need I mention the neat roads and parking lots



Our humble campus in 1968.

around Campus Center? Don't take them for granted, for our sake! Last but not least, those six Apple email terminals down in the lounge? You don't even want to know what we had in their place two years ago.

And then there are the old rusty vans we had for shuttles. Crawling in, you'd hit your head. Crawling out, you'd hit you're your backpack, plus present your fellow Bardians with an unnecessary

view of your (no doubt) wonderful rear. This new bus we have nowadays is luxury, man! But here's the highlight of my return. Ready? Those cheesy shuttle stops! Give me a break! I (and many others) spent rainy days and freezing nights on those stops under the open sky

year after year... Wilderness is being taken away from students! Lowerclassmen are being pampered! My first words at Bard this year, addressed to my parents, on the upperclassmen arrival day, in a mumble-grumble fashion, starting at those stops: "Look at that! I'm going to throw up!"

But here comes the sad part... I think this; I decide to write this; then I reread it and all I see, really, is that useless nostalgic rant I used to run away

It's not about insensitivity or indifference. It's about that generation gap that never heals.

from when I was a freshman. Yes, this is a tribute to our years at Bard, but no one really wants to hear it, and only my classmates perhaps nodded again and again while they read this. Younger classes, I'm sure, shrugged their shoulders. What else can they do? It's not about insensitivity or indifference. It's about that generation gap that never heals, like Leon said at the end of last century. Upperclassmen are never content with lowerclassmen: it's that powerful feeling of our time having gone by, and no time being quite the same as our time. And then our lower-

classmen grow up, and they're alienated in exactly the same way from their lower-classmen. It's not about some artificial walls. It really is about, well... age. This campus grows also.

And suddenly all those stories I heard from alums begin to make sense. No, I'll never know what it was like before Campus Center was built. But neither will the class of 2006 know what it was like with the old van and the empty space for Cruger. What are we losing? Nothing. The lives of lower-classmen are true college lives, and so were ours. Just the framing is different. But maybe it's something to keep in mind as we take each other's places

behind the looking glass of time.

And just as I (let's admit it) whine and complain on this page, just as hundreds have complained before me, in three or four years the classes of mid-single-digits of the new century will look at classes of 2009 or so with an inadvertent sigh: "what do they know..." Perhaps it's this sigh that always stays the same while the campus changes year after year?

Quoting the Free Press, there will soon be a "state of the art science building" where the Old Gym is now and "new student space, a 5,000 square foot building located in the soccer field behind Stephenson Gym." So, here I am about to be sick of these toyish shuttle stops that don't really make sense. And the classes of 2005 and 2006, perhaps, will be saying or thinking among themselves: "Man! Spoiled brats! Look at those internet terminals! I remember I spent years sitting at the bus stop and waiting for the shuttle, and we never did internet from there!" Or: "Remember the time when there was no 17-story tower on the lawn of Campus Center?" – "Yeah, you could see the sky back then..." Or: "Of course we always had moving escalators to and from Kline and Olin, but now there are seats installed! Freshmen these days are pampered, man! I'm gonna be sick!" Or: "Back in the day, when books from library weren't delivered to your dorm window by machines..."

Just guessing, but ah, you never know. But one thing is for sure. Nostalgic

rants, published or not, will always go on. Blank looks from freshmen at the mention of 'the way it used to be' will always go on. We can't bridge it. But we can try to fathom where it comes from.

If I'm sounding cheesy, man, I'm sorry. It's just somehow so sad to be a senior...

From the class of 2003 to the class of 2006, on behalf of all my classmates, may I say with respect and with the best of wishes for your next four years of growth:

Down with the shuttle stops!

Why the Old Gym is So Important

Take you meds; read this; do something

by **Jacob Cottingham**

Being the Editor of the Observer has afforded me with a unique perspective on Bard. It is an old newspaper, and the archives stored in the office go back to 1922. It had several different names before settling on the Observer in 1962. From my first year at the school I have heard about and seen "how Bard is changing." Since last year I have read the same in the archives of the newspaper. Practically every four years has an impassioned moment of change and its affects on the small, distinct group of people at Bard. I think Bard has, is, and always will be changing. It's not that isolated.

I do believe that the changes we are seeing currently at Bard are worth our time and effort. I think that— for whatever reasons— Bard is attempting to increasingly crack down on students, their partying, and their general lackadaisical attitude. The Old Gym represents a past Bard that has a minimal science department and kids smoking grass in public, flaunting their violation of other state laws...a past that includes artists, hippies, flawed geniuses, drunks, beatniks and idiot savants.

The Old Gym as a building is nothing more than a rallying point for this "old spirit" of Bard. This college could lose the gym and be all right, but if it loses the gym without a fight then we're really in

trouble. That building has been home to more raucous parties, orgies, shitty bands with great friends, and stories that involve mid-speed Security chases off road. I think there's even a Radiohead rumor. But it doesn't even matter if these rumors are really true, because I certainly saw SPB jam that place with several hundred people, most of them smiling, most of them with friends, and nearly everyone intoxicated.

Yet more and more I see Bard students not getting along because of some petty shit. I think very few of us are ever going to be among such a large group of generally open-minded, creative and

similarly inclined people. Because Bard seems such a non-confrontational place, and is mostly populated with kids possessing a real appreciation of peace, it's maddening that students here separate over such fine lines, and take so personally every offense felt. Students here can forgive al-Qaeda but not each other.

The interesting part of Bard is that kids here aren't totally like the stu-

Gym might be a pain in the ass to keep around, but it never did any serious harm. Most the people I met here are more fucked up than the Old Gym. In fact, it seems like the administration is getting rid of both.

I think it's a shame. Despite the different kinds people that go here, I think nearly everyone can rally around getting together, meeting people, getting loose and

listening to music. If you can't support that, I don't know what you can support. It's not about having huge rallies and

demanding the preservation of a physical building; it's about showing each other that at least we can come together over something that isn't in favor of the distancing of a shared human connection.

In a world so violently polarized by beliefs and prejudiced, it seems that people begin to neglect the similarities that make us so distinctly human. The whole world really does appreciate music, intoxication, and a shared moment. With students claiming to be so progressive and open-minded, it is amazing that such common interests don't overlap much. It's a small school, of course there are stereotypes and all that, but why can't the rugby team and the Ladies Misbehavior Society throw a joint-fundraiser for breast cancer research. I'm sure that, regardless of personalities, these groups could agree to help save women's lives, that there could be alcoholic beverages and different kinds of music.

Maybe I overestimate. Maybe I'm too optimistic. I've learned here that good ideas run amuck but follow-through and action are a bit more rare.

It's not the 60's, and I don't really expect peace and love to ever reign on this earth. However, I think that if any group of kids could make each other feel like someone else can relate to them, even just four times a month, this is the place. I know that the Bard Space Program was beautiful because for three hours hundreds of kids talked to each other and felt the same bit of suspense and real drama. Jamie O'Shea will probably never get to space and he may be entirely crazy and not a "productive member of society," but that shit certainly doesn't go down at Vassar or Reed.

Students here can forgive al-Qaeda but not each other.

dents at other colleges. Yes, Bard seems to get more and more mainstream every year, but considering the practically unavoidable nature of mainstream culture these days, it's putting up quite a resistance. Meanwhile, as we sit and bitch about the increase in cell phones every year, security makes legal drinkers pour out their beer at a party.

Freshman year my roommate and I got kicked out of our dorm in Tewks. Our "destruction with a purpose" (balcony entrance) was their "vandalism." I had to read the student handbook to keep the administration from fining me \$200 when the maximum fine was \$100. Then, I read

As we sit and bitch about the increase in cell phones every year, security makes legal drinkers pour out their beer.

more of the handbook and realized how much power the students here can have. After being editor of the Observer I realize how much that power was fought for.

Bard is changing and we could try to make it change for the better. This will take some getting along and some effort. You cannot say that if 1300 students demanded the Old Gym not be taken down, they would be too eager about taking it down.

It doesn't really matter that it will someday be torn down. Either this is the last year for the Old Gym, or this is the year people show up to save something, even if it is just a fucking building. Yes, the Ol'

On the Fate of the Old Gym

Where are we on 9/11/02?

by **Matt Dineen**

"As I thought about how cool it was for these kids to have a space to practice, to have shows, an info shop kinda thing, a food coop, etc. I thought about how many other cities have had great things like here at Bard, but somehow, people ended up forgetting just how easy it is to take shit for granted, until one day, when they come and take our spaces away. Hopefully kids here don't underestimate all the good things they have going on and nurture that into something even greater."

-Jose Palafox
Maximum Rock N' Roll, January 2002

Reading these prophetic words, written after Palafox's trip to Bard last October, is so haunting to me with the recent talk of tearing down the Old Gym. The current situation with our space seems

very urgent, but what is really happening and what can we do about it?

Both the Free Press and Observer recently ran cover stories about the administration's plan to tear the Old Gym down to make way for a new science facility and build a "New Old Gym" within the year. This news has created quite a stir on campus. I think this stirring has been rather healthy, but it is essential to truly learn the facts about the situation.

According to Leon at his student open house on Wednesday September 18th, the fate of the Old Gym is "quite simple." He was originally an advocate for keeping the building where it is when discussion of the new science facility began. Because the building is in poor structural condition he said it was a matter of either renovating it or tearing it down. This question was answered when the hired architect surveyed the area after the science faculty decided that their new facility must connect to the current one. For various reasons the existence of the Old Gym would prevent this plan from being fully realized.

When addressed with the concern of students not having any input in this fundamental decision, Leon replied that it is "non-negotiable" and that academics override any other concerns. We are now supposed to feel consoled by the fact that students will have input in the planning of the "New Old Gym" even though the fate of Bard's most important student space (now and historically) was determined with complete disregard of student opinion on the matter. Leon seemed to react to the idea that students should have had input in the decision as a joke, for this is the business of administrators—namely him. This brings into question the very democratic ideals that Bard claims to hold dear.

Are American colleges inherently undemocratic institutions from the perspective of its students? The student population at any college is fluid, constantly changing every four years. From the perspective of college presidents it is an absurd ...continued on page 9...

the drab report

by Michael Marlin, Jr.

I had originally written an editorial for this issue about "bitches and asses" at Bard. There are many of them, and the hostility on this campus can be unbearable at times. But after I finished the article, I noticed that the writing was awful (as it will also be in this column that I write at 3 a.m. on the night before going to press), and I had become very hostile myself. So instead of trying to redo the whole thing, I'm going to talk about Rocky movies.

Many people don't realize that the original Rocky, written by Sylvester Stallone, is arguably one of the greatest films of all time. The cinematography is absolutely beautiful. The acting, superb. The plot, stimulating. Many people who have grown up watching the later Rocky sequels on broadcast TV simply assume that the first is just as cheesy. The same people don't realize that Rocky actually loses the final fight in Rocky II! But while the plot does have its share of cheese, the film stands apart from the rest of the series as a cinematic masterpiece.

Rocky II has merit. It seems to be a mix between the cinematic genius of its predecessor and the corn of the ones that follow. While the producers may have simply been trying to make big bucks off the sequel, the directors clearly made an attempt at another work of art. In some ways then, Rocky II can be seen a mere extension of the first.

Rocky III begins the high-production value, shitty movie quality that lasts for the remainder of the series. Some consider Rocky III to be the absolute worst in the series, with a Hulk Hogan appearance and Mr. T as the main antagonist. Others claim Rocky III is one of the most entertaining. Personally, I think it sucks...and yet I love it.

Rocky IV is straight out of the cold war. Basically, the plot is Rocky versus Russia. And of course, Russia equals steroids, gender-challenged women, and communists who cannot help but cheer for the American underdog. I grew up with Rocky IV and I think it's the most entertaining of all five. Cinematic value? Not much.

Many people say Rocky V is the worst in the series. I agree that it is pretty bad, but I love the fact that Rocky loses his riches and returns to his roots in Philadelphia. After all, as anyone from the area knows, Rocky practically represents Philadelphia and its die-hard spirit. Another excellent aspect is the street fight at the end of the movie. It's the only real time Rocky fights outside the ring, gloves off, and of course he kicks ass. Everything else in the movie is pretty crappy, but I think it ended at a good place.

Could there be a Rocky 6? For years Stallone has said he wanted to make another. He's pretty old, but I wouldn't mind seeing another. I love Rocky and I wish the series could go on forever. In the meantime, go watch all five and you be the judge.

The opinions and ideas expressed in the *Observer* do not necessarily reflect the views of the *Observer* staff. Each writer is a member of the Bard Community who publishes his/her views at his/her own discretion. If you would like to express your opinion in the *Observer*, send it via email to observer@bard.edu, by campus mail to *Observer*, or drop it off at the office in the basement of Tewksbury.

Little Green Alligators

La Coste shirts: where are they now?

by **Nguyen Nguyen**

When I was in elementary school, I wore a bright red La Coste shirt. I don't remember caring especially for this shirt at the time, but for a while now I've had an urge to wear it again. Why do I find this little alligator so appealing? I guess a part of me doesn't want to let go of my childhood and bringing back something from my past is comforting. So, I went to several La Coste stores this summer. I found my red shirt but the price was too steep. An adult sized, short-sleeve collared La Coste shirt has a price tag of seventy dollars. I went to second hand places, hoping to run into a more affordable option, but no luck either. My hope depleted, I gave up and tried to forget about it. Nostalgia is too expensive.

I got back to Bard and, to my

chagrin, came across several kids wearing La Coste shirts. Every time I see that logo on some one else I am overcome with jealousy. That little alligator is mine and no one else can have it. I suppose some of these kids with La Coste shirts are like me, and connect the shirts with their childhoods, but I fear the rest are wearing La Coste for the sake of fashion! Kids wearing La Coste Shirts underneath their Salvation Army blazers! I should have guessed.

But my outrage has subsided. I want to turn this lemon into lemonade. Everyone should have a La Coste Shirt! But, since I can't even afford one for myself, I have to find some way to bring the joy of La Coste to the rest of us. I propose that all who feel like adding La Coste to their wardrobe, to go to the La Coste website. Download the alligator logo onto your computers. Use Photoshop (Ask your friend in the photo

or art department) to duplicate the logo over and over again so they fill up a whole 8x10 page. Then print it out on paper you can get for making sticker labels (Office Depot). Cut the little alligators out and distribute them to all your friends (If you're weird and worried about breaking copyright laws: play around with the logo until it looks like a crocodile). Put them on your shirts, your backpacks, in your hair. I want Bard campus to be visually bombarded by little green alligators, until we reach the saturation point, and the collared French shirt becomes extinct. Time will pass. Maybe vertical stripes will dominate the campus. But I won't be counted among these trendsetters. Because when the day comes and every one has forgotten, I'll once again put on my bright red shirt with the little alligator stitched on the front and grin with the satisfaction of a job well-done.



Dear Miss L,
Your typical perpetually single guy here to ask a question. For as long as I can remember girls never took me seriously when I asked them out, saying something like "I don't think of you like that." I'm tired of the single life, with its boredom and one seat tables at restaurants. Any hints to help a guy out?
Sincerely,
Sadly Single

Sadly Single-
It always seems intimidating-making that single seat table a double-but there are a few helpful guidelines to make the girls slightly more romantically inclined. If taking you seriously is the problem you have to be more straight forward with your desire-However by the response they are giving it doesn't seem like these lovely ladies are going to change their minds anytime soon. My helpful hint to you sir is to dine with the lovers that will love you back. Pick easier targets that wont spurn your lust-perhaps your problem is not you, but who you picked.
-Miss Lonely Hearts, (not Miss L!)

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,
How do you let a girl off gently when your not digging her and she is digging you hard.
-Henry

Henry
Well, you could say-The line's long, your turn's been way too long- "Next" and just walk on by-or be an almost gentleman and feed her the "it's not you it's me, I just need to be friends right now" line, because that's sure to work out for someone. But really honestly I don't see that you have a problem-if you don't like the woman than take advantage of the situation-it probably won't happen to you again.

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,
I like a boy. This boy says he likes me-but he also likes another girl. And he is waiting to see which one to choose. Should I wait around for him to make his decision?
-Liked but not Loved

Dear liked but not loved
Two can play at this game. My advice to you is to find another honey and play this boy's game right back at him. Tell him you like him and your second choice dude, and that you're waiting on time to see where it takes you-my guess is he will see that you're less available and want you more. If he still is in a holdup over his girlie decisions then dump him for the newfound love.
DearMissLonelyhearts
@hotmail.com

Letters to the Editor

Dear Students,

It is time for us to do some serious soul searching to recognize and utilize our potential as people to the fullest. No longer should we point our fingers, the time has come to take the initiative to unite our minds.

My name is Tracy L. Brown and I am presently incarcerated in an upstate New York correctional facility called Sullivan. I am striving to establish a correspondence group named "CONSCIOUS MINDS" consisting of other fellow inmates behind the walls who are involved in other constructive organizations that interact with society in some capacity, such as "Scared Straight, Youth Awareness, Substance Abuse, AIDS Awareness, Alternatives to Violence and many other programs."

Inmates that want to be apart of this group will be carefully screened by their behavior conduct, educational and academic achievements with no sex offenders allowed in order to assure safety of the people corresponding as well as the continuation of this group.

My goals are establish lines of communications between inmates and people out in society where they can

exchange a wide range of ideas that will enlighten and motivate the inmate as well as the student toward change because you are the future builders of this world. We strongly feel that this is another form to eliminate the stereotypical views of incarcerated men. We are really striving towards improvement and by interacting with the students will have a profound effect upon the inmates' self-esteem and give them motivation to work harder on being responsible, productive and progressive men once they have returned back into society.

I welcome all of you to contribute to this cause and help make a change because hope is fading on both sides with everyone going for self and not concerned for other people when in all reality what they do impacts all of us in one way or another. That is food for thought. Anyone, wishing to inquire about this program can write me at the address below. In closing, I would like to thank everyone who took the time to read this letter and may continuous blessings be unto you all.

Sincerely,
Tracy L. Brown
Shawangunk Corr. Fac.
Walkill, NY 12589

Sharing the Old Gym

...continued from page 8...

proposal that their students would have any real power in terms of concrete decision-making about the school. Bard is probably better in this respect than most colleges and universities, but that is not to say that it is in any way a genuine democracy.

Our political situation as Bard students is analogous to citizens of this country in terms of the limitations and illusions of representative democracy. Here we have a student government that we elect that "represents" us, just as the U.S. citizen votes to elect politicians to "represent" them. But in both cases the actual power and agency that students and citizens have to shape their social and political reality is extremely limited. The American public does not vote whether or not the Bush administration attacks Iraq just as we have no direct say

in whether or not the Old Gym should be torn down. Both issues are "non-negotiable" as far as the men in power are concerned.

With that said, what direction should those of us that are interested in saving the Old Gym start moving? According to Leon this new plan "will not happen tomorrow." He predicted that those students who are currently sophomores might never see the "New Old Gym" in their academic lifetimes. It is really a matter of raising funds for the new science building which will cost some \$40 million. Something like an economic recession, according to Leon, could affect how soon this proposed plan goes into action.

If this is the case then the Old Gym will be around for at least a couple more years. I believe that instead of putting all of our extra time and energy

into building a student movement to save the Old Gym (however fun a Ludlow sit-in would be) we need to further build and perpetuate what the existing Old Gym student spaces have to offer. This means utilizing all of our student spaces to their full potential and building a stronger community. As Palafox urged, we need to "nurture this into something even greater."

Just as important, and related, is reaching out to first year students to share the potential of the Old Gym and its history. For they are the ones that are going to be leading the fight when that time eventually does come. If we don't pass this along then they will not be there to fight and future generations of Bard students won't even know that the Old Gym ever existed. This gentrified future that students may face is frightening and if it is realized will be tragic. It is up to us.

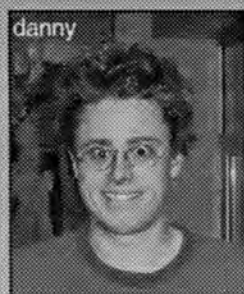
the Guy@ KITCHEN SPECIAL CAMPUS CENTER EDITION



Being in a dress, having my ass grabbed by different women... maybe men.



1/2 a dozen freshmen drunk off a keg of O'douls. (no hard feelings please)



The time I saw the Nihilist Spasm Band perform a song called "Worse than Hitler"



Seeing 3 different penises at Comoniwannalaya and enjoying every single one afterward.



When the Russians attacked.



There's no most memorable because there aren't any I forget.

What's your most memorable moment at the Old Gym?

How to Cheer Against the Army and Not Get Thrown in Jail

by Jacob Cottingham

I'm from Louisville Kentucky, which differs from fancier places such as Connecticut in that college sports are practically unavoidable. As a resident of Kentucky, you eventually must decide whether you are a University of Kentucky fan, or a University of Louisville fan, and I picked the latter some time ago. While I hadn't been to a college football game since I graduated high school, and never was really a huge fan, I saw a unique opportunity when the U of L Cardinals took on Army last weekend at West Point. As it turns out, the Cardinals were a preseason nationally ranked team with a Heisman Trophy candidate in quarterback Dave Ragone. Army on the other hand, has not seen much football glory in the post-Vietnam era as most talented players would rather not get yelled at and shot at.

I knew the game would be a blow out, and I had never been to West Point, which is just down the river, so I decided to go to the game and cheer for my hometown team. I went with my housemate Ian, an art student who had never been to any football game ever, much less at West Point.

West Point is a lot farther away than it looked on the map, and it ended up taking us slightly more than an hour to get there. We followed signs that indicated where parking for the "general public" was. Once we got to the main gate of West Point campus, we were halted by a guard with an M-16 casually slung over his shoulder. He informed us that when he had raised his fist in the air we were supposed to stop. Being civilians, we were ignorant to such Army etiquette. At this point we're feeling like a bunch of longhairs. Once I showed him my ID and he noticed the Kentucky license, he seemed to relax and believe our claims that we were there to watch a football game, not commit terrorist acts.

We were waved through a series of checkpoints with armed guards, sometimes MPs, holding assault rifles with grenade launchers attached underneath them. Ian recognized the weaponry from T2. At this point it felt more like Israel than a football game. And while we had decided we were probably not going to see this many men in uniform ever again with our own eyes, we also knew we'd be around more men in uniform who felt like

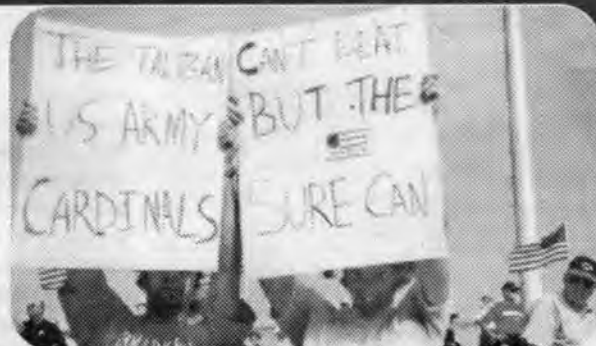
losers than was likely in the near future. I like America, but I think personal views aside, everyone can agree that at least the Army's football team sucks. To say nothing about their intent to wage a war that'll turn my life into the Security Zone they live in at West Point.

We parked our car at "Lot Target Hill" conveniently located in a field next to the Army's own water treatment plant. By the time we got to the game it was halftime and the Army was losing 30-0 to U of L. There was no one at the ticket office so we bribed a gatekeeper \$5 each (tickets were \$24) to let us in, claiming there was no way Army could win now.

We eventually made it to a section of the stadium that was definitely pro-Cardinal. This was a bunch of mostly old people who had come for the weekend attached to some tour company and each other. They cheered U of L players on a first name basis, and for all I know they were a flock of players grandparents. We sat across several hundred young cadets in their uniform. There was a mock tank in the Army endzone and at certain exciting times, such as extra point kicks, a short burst of artillery would echo forth from outside the stadium.

We saw Army score their first touchdown, and when they did a good portion of the cadets ran onto the field to do pushups. There's no alcohol served inside the stadium so draw your own conclusions. By the end of the third quarter the score was 42-7 and Ian and myself went to work making a poster that read "The Taliban Can't Beat U.S. Army But The Cardinals Sure Can." It was two poster-board sheets wide and we drew a simple and small American flag on one side to avoid getting beat up.

The sign got several laughs, especially from the U of L fans. Most of the cadets were grinning sheepishly after reading it. Only one grumpy old man told us that it was "in poor taste" and "disgraceful" that we had such a sign. He tried staring us down and we told him it was our First Amendment right, and that we were enjoying thoroughly our American Rights. He kept staring at us, stammering about poor taste and First Amendments until insisting that the cadets across the way were "real Americans." Ian pointed out that we drew a flag on our poster and I told



him the Cardinals were Americans too. Once I began to talk about Kentucky being part of the Union and that it was a Commonwealth, not just a state he began to walk away.

By this point some people were having us turn our sign around so they could read it in the stands. More chuckles, a look of reprove from an elder woman, and a guy who took our picture. Most of the Academy kids seemed to laugh a little at themselves, and I did sort of realize that they were my age and not as serious or angry as I thought. The fourth quarter wore on, with each team scoring once more. A group of cadets finally began to gather towards the bottom of our section, occasionally glancing up at us. We smiled, made eye contact and held the sign up. Eventually they came up and asked if they could have their picture holding our sign. Four huge Army dudes aren't easy to say no to. They ran off with the sign and tore it up. Even the little American flag, I might add.

It was by this point the end of the game, and with sign now gone we left. I was glad that the Army guys had asked for the sign instead of grabbing it from us, and I was surprised that most of them were not offended or angry at us. It was just football and a backhanded comment on the fallibility of the US Armed Forces, and everyone seemed to understand that. When we left, Ian asked if he could take a picture of these MP's with some hardcore looking submachine guns. They said yes, if he got in the next one, and I snapped a picture of them as they complimented his "wild hair."

Keep Punching

by Sean Sullivan

'Winky' Wright owns the other major organization's belt, for

The Tennis Team, What a Scream!!!

by Chiara Issa

The Women's Tennis

team is working it...hard. The team is currently 4 and 1 with their only loss to St. Joseph's College in Connecticut. There have been some stellar performances from #1 singles player Ketaki Pant, a freshman from India, and an undefeated victory record from #2 singles player Chiara Issa, a sophomore from sunny California. Returning players Lauren Johnson and Lucy Colby brought in wins for the team at the last two matches in singles. Freshman Sarah Elia, a Saugerties local and also the team manager, has won her last two matches at #6 singles. The tennis team also welcomes back Kendra Rubinfeld, Nili Chernikoff and Rebekah Nelson, three of last year's impressive players who have won most of their matches so far. With Coach Fred Feldman, the tennis team is looking very good this season as they have high hopes and determination in winning the conference title. Also give a shout out to our other freshmen Page Whitmore and Riley Wise. Wish these girls the best and come out to the courts and support the team! Congrats go out to Pia Carusone as the only 4 year survivor on the team who has also won her last two matches at #2 doubles!



Top Ten New Names for the Bard Rugby Team

- 10) The Marshmellow Ponies
- 9) Those Guys Who Run Around Outside The Kline Smoking Section
- 8) Sexist Jerks Who'd Be In a Frat if They Got into a Better School
- 7) The Daisies
- 6) The Fellas
- 5) Vikings of War and Drunkenness
- 4) The Bow Ties
- 3) Beat Upon by Bigger Colleges Where Kids Take Steroids and Use Roofies
- 2) The Future Residents of Tivoli and Red Hook
- 1) SUNY Annandale



So how many of you are familiar with the term "DeKline"? Stephanie Bauman, a cool sophomore, told me yesterday that she didn't know what it meant, but that her boyfriend, Observer Opinions Editor, Mike Morini, was aware of it. She seemed pretty curious about it, so I'll assume some others of you out there are as well if you do not know of "DeKline". Basically it's the opposite of Kline, meaning better food type eating place. Anyway, I had to wait mad long for my grilled chicken sandwich the evening of Wednesday, September 25th. Now, what did I tell you last time, huh? What did I tell you.... That Oscar De la Hoya-Fernando Vargas fight was a helluva match, was it not? My father thought it was fight of the year.

Both Oscar and Fernando came in superb condition and were tremendously focused for the fight. There was an enormous amount of anticipation and anxiety among both the fighters and fans. So much was at stake: pride, respect, championship status, bragging rights, etc. These two really hated each other. Oscar stated that he's always had respect for all of his opponents except for Fernando. Fernando has carried this intense dislike of Oscar ever since he was a young teen, when apparently he and Oscar had an altercation. Fighting and defeating Oscar De la Hoya became Vargas's obsession throughout his whole career. When the moment came that he had waited for so long, he was ready and up for the challenge. This fight was to determine who was the best junior-middleweight (154 lbs.) in the world, and semi-unify the title belts. Oscar came in with the WBC title belt and Fernando held the WBA belt. Capable and crafty Ronald

the IBF. Wright also has previously fought Vargas before in a very very close fight, close enough to warrant a rematch sometime in the future.

The first round set the tone for the entire fight. Oscar showed himself to be the quicker and better boxer, whereas Fernando employed his superior strength and aggressiveness. Fernando drew first blood creating a laceration on Oscar's cheek, but Oscar soon reciprocated with his own damage. Oscar's best moments came circling Vargas in the middle of the ring and using his movement, and Fernando's best came when he managed to trap Oscar on the ropes and unload his power shots. Fernando was by far the strongest and biggest foe of Oscar's career. In fact, it was only his second fight at the junior-middleweight limit. It was a very even and seesaw battle that by which gave each fighter five rounds a piece going into the eleventh stanza. At the end of the tenth round, a round in which Vargas easily controlled, De la Hoya roared back with a monstrous left hook that badly wobbled Fernando. Fernando never really recovered from that one devastating punch and wearily fought on in the eleventh until Oscar struck again with another left hook, knocking Vargas flat on his back. Bravely, he rose, but only to take further punishment as Oscar then pinned him against the ropes to land the final barrage of punches before the referee stepped in to stop the fight. Oscar would now like a rematch with one of his conquerors, "Sugar" Shane Mosley.

***For those of you who know Ian Schaff and enjoy his company, why don't you give him a call and tell him so and how you wish he stay at Bard to finish his final year to get his degree before setting off to go sailing in Rhode Island. Of course, he should follow what is in his heart, but knowing what his friends feel can't hurt. His number is X4169.

Horoscopes

by **Madame Babarosky-Smith**

Cancer (June 22 – July 22) Remember that time your mom said that 'thing' and you stoically stood until you got to your room and then cried on your pillow? Well many of your friendships seem to be having a similar time, eh? I suggest taking a slightly different stance as times are going to get rather 'trying.' When insulted or made sad by another take this month and its days as a time to make clear to others how you want to be treated. Also, say thank you to those who have been 'good' to you – they need the reassurance.

Leo (July 23 – August 22) Unlike Gemini, you were so on top of your game without any real trouble in sight, I didn't think you needed me to tell you about your future. A slight astrological oversight on my part, as things have built up in your life in a simultaneously foreseen and unforeseen manner. Outside sources, stronger than even the stars are making this a month of extreme caution. My advice to you is: be careful of the company you keep, the money you lend and the cars you drive.

Virgo (August 23 – September 22) Scale back on your ingrained habits. You are hurting those you love. If you're not careful, all the progress you've made will be lost in a flip-pant action or conversation. Sadness or frustration is not always a valid defense... be better.

Libra (September 23 – October 23) This is your month! You're getting older, but you're still so young you shouldn't have any insecurities about it. More likely than not you've finally become legal to either buy cigarettes or alcohol. If you're those in-between years, sure you haven't gotten any new privileges to speak of, but the planets are convening. And they are coming together for you. Take advantage of your 'birthday month' to explore new avenues and people without shirking those you already have. This is a time to celebrate, party like a true – well, like a true party-er.

Scorpio (October 24 – November 21) Well, for the Zen-like beginning, this second month has gotten off to a rocky start. You have begun to "get in the groove" but certain key elements of the groove are a bit out of sync with your own cosmic rhythm. Your romantic life will continue in its stable instability. Be aware of your finances and pay attention to your academic commitments. I see a pseudo (if not outright) psychedelic experience in your future. (Continue to eat soup – if you know what I'm talking about).

Sagittarius (November 22 – December 21) Last month I spoke of having to reconcile conflicting parts of your psyche with one another. And though you've made progress, you haven't really gotten anywhere, nor have you been entirely honest with others. It's difficult, this line we all walk, and you tend to go to one extreme or the other. Pay attention to the activities that define your intellectual/creative self (without them you are lost) and don't lose sight of how to get those other things (and people) you want – you know how. Tread carefully and surely and try not to be insincere or duplicitous. Your strong points are your humor, honesty and supposed intellect – don't question them!

Capricorn (December 22 – January 19) You've been feeling the need to free yourself of some "burdens." These burdens come in the form of people, places or things that bring you

down (or should I say pull you down). This month you're going to realize that some aspects of your biggest burden can be lessened into non-existence, while others are so overwhelmingly real you might as well accept them. In this time of lessening and acceptance, take care to keep a positive outlook. Your positivity will perpetuate good things for you in the cycles to come.

Aquarius (January 20 – February 18) Be prepared for a busy busy busy time. Often busyness at Bard means too much academic work, in your case this does not apply, yours will be a busy-ness of the heart. Flit, flying from one emotion to another, you will feel strapped for endings and over-saturated with beginnings and middles. Be careful, high levels of anything eventually come to a fallout point. Live up to your busy-ness, but make sure you have a plan for slower times.

Pisces (February 19 – March 20) Things have evened out a little for you this past month. The coming weeks offer you normality with a slight change in mindset. What brings apart this change is part astrological and part beyond the stars, and within yourself. You should expect continued stresses in all aspects of life, but for this month the stars are with you my friend. Remember this even on the cloudiest night the stars are still there, shining down on you, and on you!

Aries (March 21 – April 19) Perhaps when you were a child, you liked to build snowmen; stick arms, carrot nose and all, or perhaps you liked building some other sort of transient structure, like a sand castle or a fort. Part of the pleasure of this kind of project came from seeing the finished piece, and on a more "deep" level: the ability to see it slowly melt away. There is a streak in you that longs for the destruction of all you have built, all you have achieved. But more powerful than this inclination is that of building, creating and fortifying. In the month ahead, many of your most long lasting "structures" (sanity, your car, relationships, that gingerbread house from last Christmas) may seem to begin to crumble. Do not give in to enjoying the destruction, remember what makes you happy: a finished snowman, not a puddle.

Taurus (April 20 – May 20) This is a romantic month for you. Don't ask me why, I couldn't tell you. The stars simply have made it abundantly clear that one way or another this upcoming month will have you dwelling on the sex/love aspect of your life. Depending on your specific personality, this could be an incredible (and reachable) opportunity or a tremendous strain. If you are on the more timid side of the romantic spectrum, I strongly suggest you don't let your timidity stand in the way of a good fuck or fledgling relationship. If you're already outgoing, then simply out-go and prosper!

Gemini (May 21 – June 21) Talk about trouble. Your future looked so bleak last month, I didn't even want to make it public. Expect slight improvements. As the trees lose their leaves you will regain your footing – as to properly hear the foliage beneath, watch out for the questionable persona in your midst, you are right to mistrust their intentions.

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Email: observer@bard.edu
Campus Mail: Observer
Phone: 845/758-7460 x.7131

Here's when we plan on coming out.
September 26
October 8
October 22
November 5
November 19
and sometime in December.

Upcoming Old Gym & MPR Events...

compiled by Leila Brillson

9/28/02	Old Gym	10/12/02	Old Gym
ASO – "All That Hip-Hop"	Multi-purpose Room	"Ted Leo and the Pharmacists and Radio 4"	Bard Olympics"
10/4/02	Old Gym	10/18/02	Old Gym
Thailand Group Party"	Thailand Group Party"	Trouble and Bass Party	8-2 am
10/5/02	Old Gym	10/26/02	DRAG RACE!
BSO Party	8:30-2 am	That's it for October	
10/11/02	Old Gym		
Trouble and Bass Party	8-2 am		

October 4th Olin Auditorium, 9pm.

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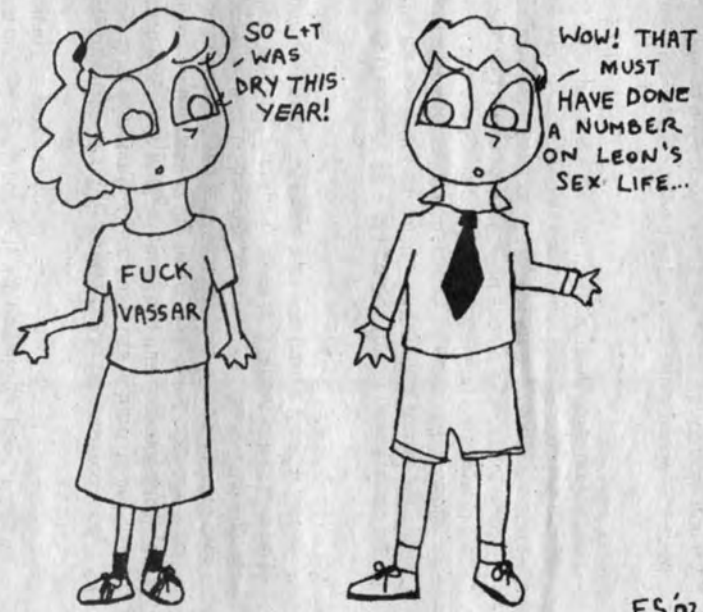
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ADVENTURES IN BARDLAND by Emily Sauter



interested in submitting anything to the Observer?
articles, reviews, cartoons, phtographs, are all needed.

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Cover Photo: <Jamie Newman>