

OBSERVER

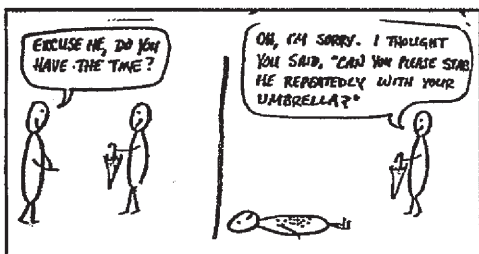
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THE BARD observer

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"A single sentence will suffice for modern man: he fornicated and read the papers."
—Albert Camus

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Ani Weinstein confers with Prof. Craig Smith amid queues of students in Olin on registration day, Wednesday, December 4. (More photos, page 14) photo: Anna-Rose Mathieson

SLC Campaigns Against Guess

by Jeff GiaQuinto

On Monday, November 25th, members of the Student/Labor Coalition participated in a full-day awareness campaign as part of a nationwide effort by the national textile workers union, UNITE, to distribute information about GUESS Clothing's unfair and illegal labor practices. Students stationed at the Bard Post Office, Kline Commons, and the deKline Coffeeshop urged fellow students and professors to sign postcards to be sent to GUESS denouncing the sweatshop conditions which many of their workers endure—often for less than the future minimum wage.

By evening, over 250 postcards had been sent to GUESS headquarters in Los Angeles (where many of the sweatshops are located). Information sheets were also given out which told of GUESS's firing of workers who had tried to organize, the closing down of factories in which organization was successful, and the ironic

fact that GUESS won a Business Trendsetters Award for the supposed success of its "self-monitoring," an award which has since been revoked. The sheets also contained a toll-free number that interested people could call to personally voice their concerns for GUESS's employees. SLC member Andrew Greenberg, who helped organize the event, remarked, "It went great. I think we really got the word out."

The campaign's focus was both the spreading of general awareness about GUESS's actions and about the resulting boycott of all GUESS merchandise. A few passers-by remarked that GUESS's designer clothing is far too expensive for they themselves to buy, thus participating in a boycott is meaningless. To this, SLC member Ian Greer responded, "GUESS doesn't know who you are. The management will simply see that it has lost business on a college campus due to its labor practices, and that is what we want."

Various SLC activists remarked about the need for an information campaign partly due to the fact that the posters supplied them by UNITE were somewhat ambiguous: parodies of GUESS's advertising were sometimes indistinguishable from the real thing. Overall, however, participants said they were excited by the amount of support shown by students for exploited workers, and the general consensus was that Bard College had made a unified statement of opposition to this powerful manufacturer's policies.

Alumni Nostalgia Appeased by Art

Health and Counseling Services

by Lillian Robinson

Bard's Health and Counseling Services will undergo some significant changes in the coming year, Dorothy Crane, Director of Counseling Services, revealed in a telephone conversation this past Monday. At present, they are seeking a part-time counselor/multicultural specialist to replace Maureen Forrestal, who is to become the full-time Director of Career Development next semester. They hope to have the new counselor/multicultural specialist by the beginning of the spring semester, Crane said.

The counselor/multicultural specialist would be a nursing-practitioner-in-training doing clinical work under the close supervision of Barbara-Jean Briskey and Marsha Davis, respectively the Associate Director and Director of Health Services. He or she would also counsel individual students, faculty, and staff.

So far, two candidates have come in, and one more is scheduled to do so. In addition, the Health and Counseling Services have urged various student organizations on campus to meet with the candidates, and members of the BBSO, AASO, and BiGala have reportedly already held fruitful discussions with them.

As Crane remarked, there is a great deal of diversity at Bard and the right candidate should have "extensive" experience with multicultural issues. As for other qualifications, he or she should also have a Master's degree (or better) and at least three years' experience in the field.

Health Services Director Marsha Davis, speaking to the *Observer* a day after Crane had, mirrored the latter's upbeat attitude about the new position in Health Services. "I'm very optimistic about the multicultural specialist. [The Health Services] have received some good resumes."

In addition, the Health and Counseling Services, currently residing in Robbins Annex, are looking to expand their physical space in Robbins. A proposal to take over the adjacent wing (currently comprising student rooms, mostly singles) has been around for a couple of years, according to Davis. Though she also mentioned that the Robbins wing was a part of the Health and Counseling Services building (then called the infirmary) until the 1970s, when the college, already beginning to experience a student housing shortage, decided to convert it to dorm rooms.

The proposal for expansion is mostly a response to the needs of students, Davis said. Many have expressed a desire for sound-proof walls and more privacy. The Health and Counseling Services also need space for storing medical records, and to comply with various state and federal laws. "We don't have enough offices—we're sharing offices," Crane also pointed out.

Both Crane and Davis want to make it clear, however, that the accumulating complaints will only be acted upon with the simultaneous construction of new dormitories. (There is talk of one potentially being built in Cruger Village.) "It's important to let students know we've been planning this for years," Crane said emphatically. "We've been working with the Dean of Students to get this done in coordination with other campus construction. No student residents' beds would be lost." And if students want to voice their opinions on the expansion into Robbins, she said finally, adding that she thought student input was valuable and might speed the process, they should "get in touch with the Student Advisory Committee."

by Meredith Yayanos

Last October, two Bard graduates presented their brainchild during the Alumni/Parents Weekend: a limited edition Bard lithograph. Officially unveiled last weekend at a dinner in New York City, the poster was inspired by '94 graduate Peter Ulfik's ambition to give something in the way of desirable memorabilia to fellow alumni.

"It's sort of amusing," Ulfik, a student of physics, said. "After they graduate, most seniors never want to see Bard again, but as soon as they leave, they start wishing for something tangible to appease their nostal-



Jamie Pike and Peter Ulfik present their brainchild.

photo courtesy Ginger Shore.

gia." Under the assumption that Bard coffee mugs, bumper stickers, and boxer shorts were not enough, Ulfik set to work last spring, contacting a '95 graduate, artist Jamie Pike. "A physics and an art major collaborating goes with the basic idea of Bard," he said, "of trying to foster a melding of minds and ideas."

After fielding suggestions, they decided that a series of black and white vignette photographs on 18"x24" posterboard was the way to go. The photographs feature various sites on campus, including Kline Commons, the library, the Old Gym, and Blithewood.

"At the unveiling, everyone fell in love with it," Ulfik said. "We've already started taking orders." Available for purchase as of next semester, portions of the proceeds will be donated to the Alumni Association, and if the idea is successful, more editions of the poster will follow.

The Bard Papers

art and photography to Seze Devres
writing to Ashley Crout

all work judged
anonymously—
box # only please.

submit.

At What Price Sexual Freedom?

by Abigail Rosenberg

When it comes down to it, no one wants to talk about it. There are too many things to worry about already. Why bring blisters and babies into it? Here are two good reasons for Bard students: 90% of us have herpes or are carrying the virus, and the pregnancy rate on campus is too high for a school this small.

According to Barbara Jean Briskey, Bard's nurse practitioner, the most alarming "sexually transmitted problem" on campus is the high pregnancy rate. In the first two-and-a-half months of the fall semester, there were three reported pregnancies on campus. Considering Bard only has 650 women enrolled, that constitutes an extremely high rate for students. What many women on campus don't know is that Health Services offers many forms of birth control including the Pill, Depro Provera, diaphragms, and ECP, Emergency Contraceptive Pills better known as the "Morning-After Treatment." Gynecological appointments can be made with Health Services to figure out the best method for each individual. Although most students are probably familiar with the Pill and diaphragms, Briskey says that Depro Provera is a great alternative for women who travel since it requires only getting one shot every three months for protection from pregnancy.

Condoms, which can be bought on campus through the Dime Store for ten cents each, are not always reliable. Spermicide in the form of jellies, creams and suppositories are recommended to enhance protection. Nonoxol-9 is a good thing to include in all heterosexual use. Unfortunately, birth control is often left up to the woman, so take the initiative. For emergency contraception, if a condom breaks, for example, Health Services offers the Morning-After Treatment. This consists of specific doses of hormones found in birth control pills to ensure pregnancy doesn't take place. Although it is available, it is considered for emergencies only and not as a form of birth control.

An important thing to know is that while latex condoms like Trojan, Sheik, and Lifestyles offer protection against the spread of HIV and pregnancy, they do not offer complete protection from other STDs like herpes. Who wants to know about herpes? While it's not something that people want to talk about, it is something that needs to be discussed. Of samples taken nationally, 70% of people have Type 1, which traditionally manifests itself on the mouth and lips and is commonly known as a cold sore. Another 20% of sexually active people have Type 2, which occurs on the genitals.

What people don't realize is that a carrier who has oral herpes can give it to someone genitally through oral sex. In fact, one-third of

all women with genital herpes contract it this way. Having sores cultured by a health provider can tell you which strain of the virus you have. As with other STDs, trying to figure out who gave it to you can be frustrating. The incubation period can be from a matter of days to a matter of months. It can lay dormant in the body until the immune system is weak and allows for the first outbreak. Although it's the gift that keeps on giving because there is no cure, no one wants it. Usually starting with a tingling sensation on the genital area, it quickly turns into fluid-filled blister-type sores that are painful, especially during the first outbreak. There are treatments for herpes such as Zovirax, a medication that can be taken orally or as an ointment, but the virus will remain dormant in the nerve endings. Whenever the immune system becomes run-down from stress, exposure to sun, menstruation, physical trauma, etc., outbreaks can occur. This is when herpes is highly contagious.

However, it can also be spread when no sores are present. For example, when blisters are present, do not touch them and if you do, wash your hands with soap and water immediately. Never touch your eyes without washing your hands, because eyes are particularly vulnerable. Have some compassion for your partner, and do not engage in any kissing, oral sex or intercourse when you are having an outbreak!

Sometimes coming as a package deal with herpes are other STDs such as HPV, Human Papilloma Virus or condyloma, better known as genital warts. The virus is spread through

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Submitting to the Bard Papers:

A Possible Alternative to Wallowing in Pathetic Obscurity, Regretting Your Marked Lack of Ambition Until Some Day in the Distant Dismal Future Death Releases You From Your Decidedly Slothful Existence and Delivers You, Lamenting Your Lack of Vision, to the Void

by Meredith Yayanos

Folding her hands on the table, The Bard Papers co-editor, Ashley Crout gazed fiercely at fellow staff members. "I know there's good work out there, I just wonder who I'd have to fuck to get it." At a recent meeting, with a week to go before the deadline, and far less than adequate submissions, the people currently staffing Bard's oldest, most consistent, highly acclaimed student publication were, to put it mildly, a little shocked at the lack of student interest. Granted, they have received some submissions, but not nearly as many as one would think, considering how many artists, writers, photographers, musicians and egoists attend this liberal arts college. Not to mention professors, who, in case they are not aware of it, are also highly encouraged to submit.

Staff member Meri Pritchett shook her head and sighed. She couldn't understand it, either. "The Bard Papers is something that represents the school...people keep it on their shelves for the rest of their lives, because it's a nicely formatted little book that reminds them of what went on that year and what was produced creatively."



"We're bored."

photo: Kee-Kee

Contrary to popular belief, the journal is interested in more than poetry, prose, photography and small-scale art. They also encourage submissions of film stills, music scores and are willing and able to photograph paintings, sculpture, installations, dance pieces, and performance art. "I want people in all areas to be aware that they could be included in this publication," said Crout.

Fellow editor Seze Devres nodded. "We're really genuinely interested in making this a substantial publication, as well as beautiful."

Submitting is easy: send all text to Crout via campus mail with only a box number attached (anonymity for written works is important in keeping judgments unbiased) and hand all art over to Devres. Both editors urge students to call them with any questions they may have regarding the submissions process.

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Babies and Blisters

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sexual contact and occurs on a man's penis, or on a woman's vulva, vagina or cervix. For most men, though, HPV is asymptomatic. That means that whoever gives it to you probably doesn't even know they have it. Like herpes, doctors say that the virus stays in the body, but warts are treated to avoid further infection. A strong immune system is important to ward off more outbreaks for both herpes and HPV. Another virus that Briskey says is rampant on campus is Molluscum. Ever heard of it? It's a localized viral infection and in college students, often occurs in the genital area. It is usually transferred through sexual contact. Looking pretty much like pimples on the penis head or shaft, or in the bikini line area, it's important to have checked out. Molluscum has no long-term complications, but needs to be treated. The lesions are usually frozen or cauterized.

So what happened to the Sexual Revolution we've all heard about? People say sex was like shaking hands in the '70s. What they don't tell you is that Playboy employees used to call the pool at Hugh Hefner's mansion the "herpes pool." Herpes has been around for 2,000 years and is written about or referred to by many authors. In an article about "the new scarlet letter," the author points to Romeo and Juliet. Remember the line about blisters "o'er ladies' lips?" How about in ancient Rome where Tiberius banned kissing because of herpes' epidemic proportions?

If it's been around for that long, why are we still afraid to talk about it? Herpes is like a dirty word. The stigma that surrounds a herpetically-challenged person is like the smog surrounding Los Angeles. Everyone knows someone who has it, that is, if you don't have it yourself. Condoms will not protect you from many of these viruses. The latex doesn't cover everything. Unless you're equipped with a latex ball sack attached to your Jimmy Hat, you be swingin' in the breeze. Just remember that breeze can be infectious.

Protect yourself. Blisters, bumps and warts are not something that adds to the quality of life of most college students. Be aware of what you might be getting yourself into, and if you know that you have an STD, tell your partner before, not after sex. Try not to be afraid of rejection. For all you know, your partner probably has it already.

Notebook

by Kee-kee the Wonder Chimp

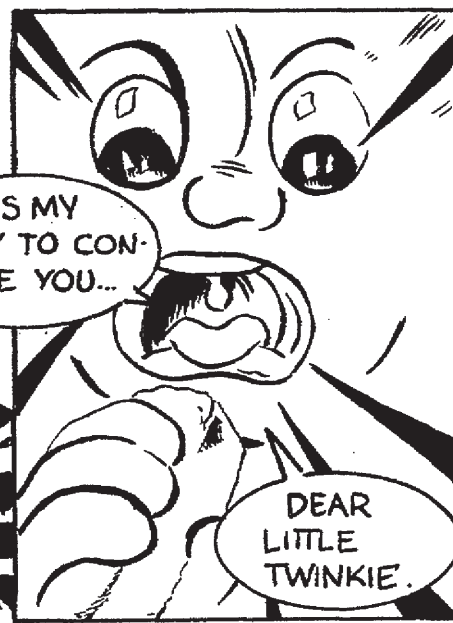
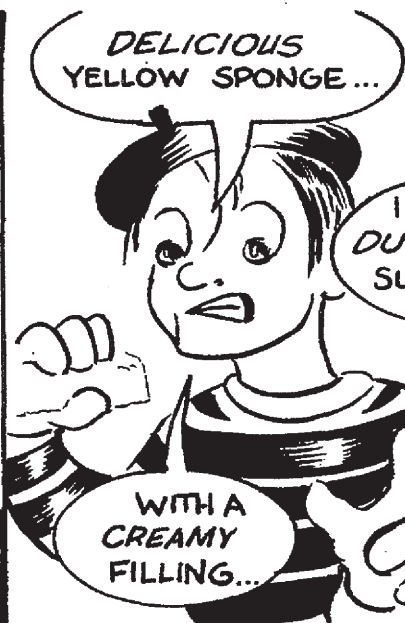
"Kafka is laughing in his grave," a student remarked, stomping out of the Olin Language Center. As usual, Registration Day was disorganized, thoughtless and sadistic. More than 30% of enrolled students were required to trek to B&G after sign-up sheets did not appear in their mailboxes. Reasons the cards were withheld ranged from unpaid library fines, neglected parking tickets, overlooked tuition payments, and general stupidity. Glowing and scrubbed, freshmen set forth for main campus wielding carefully planned schedules. By 3 p.m. however, useless advisor suggestions and dismissive professors had transformed their virginal visages into contorted wads of despair. One girl, discovered crouching in the far stall of the Olin lavatory, piteously bleated the phrase, "They won't let me take Sanskrit, why won't they let me take Sanskrit" over and over again until somebody hugged her.

An Art Closing in The Building that Used To Be Proctor last Friday night showcased senior installations and photography that ranged from breathtaking to downright silly. The center room was blessed by the presence of a gargantuan, hand-sewn Arch Deluxe cushion, upon which various and sundry drunks collapsed over the course of the evening. Dozens of recent Bard art grads came up from the city to visit. Having attained an ethereal, somewhat intimidating New York Vegetarian pallor, they gazed skeptically about at underclassmen, making pointed comments about how boring Bard seemed to have gotten since they left.

"Why have they done this to me," wailed Sam Provost, zealously pounding the new Velveeta-shaded game, Bad Cats. Bard's pinball wizards are throwing a collective hissy fit over the recent departure of The Magic Trunk from DeKline and the ensuing insipidity of its replacement. Nevertheless, the machine does have positive elements: it only costs a quarter, is equipped with a titsy mechanized hausfrau who beats a spinning car with

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Jacques and The Twinkie



Disclaimer: We do not advocate or endorse nuclear warfare: surely it is not the solution to pretentious French children.

Entertainment

Digressions, Dentures, Drunks Emmet Was Here

by John "One L" Holowach and Chris "Two Ls" Van Dyke, with weird idea support provided by Diana Oboler and Melissa Tremblay

Q: Should Ringo Star have been beat up by Thomas the Tank Engine when he was that two-inch conductor freak on "Shining Time Station"? Send your answers to:

Ringo!
c/o John Holowach

We'll print the results of this survey next issue. If you want to include a short description of what exactly Thomas should have done to Ringo, we'll print the most colorful ones, and send three lucky contestants autographed photographs of our dogs.

It was a cold and bitter night, bitter like an old man whose dentures have been stolen by the squirrels so he can't order his favorite cup of Jasmine tea, and when he struggles to say "checkmate" all that comes out is "the Truth" in a soft, guttural voice...

...which resonates through the cafe, sounding of lost memories and unanswered prayers, causing the retro-neo-post-beatnik-wanna-bes to sigh dejectedly into their triple espressos. It was that sort of bitter. When I mean bitter, I mean bitter bitter. Yea. So it was cold, and we were on the shuttle, traveling to a little restaurant which was nestled in a far off corner of...the Twilight Zone! Okay, not really, but it was damn close. It was nestled in Tivoli, and Tivoli definitely has more pickup trucks than the Twilight Zone. But we digress. Actually, we can't digress, because we haven't gotten to the topic yet. If any of you out there would like to send us a topic, please send it to us, at:

Topics!
c/o Chris Van Dyke
Box 513

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by Lauren Feeney

The audience at the Emmet Gowin lecture in Olin 101 sat cramped and cross-legged in the aisles, leaned against the walls and spilled out into the hallway. This vast body of people included nearly all of the photography majors as well as dilettante members of the department, a good number of film and art students, and some other members of the community, including a few faces that I didn't recognize from Bard at all. The size of the crowd was quite impressive.

I heard a few negative comments. Someone said that he was a little too mystical for her taste, a perspective that I can empathize with though it is not my own. I overheard a few freshmen complaining that the lecture was "boring" and even "kind of stupid." I submit with justifiable arrogance that these people either weren't listening or weren't allowing his words to penetrate their thick skulls. The majority of the audience was enthralled. Most open-jawed and wide-eyed, totally enamored of Gowin.

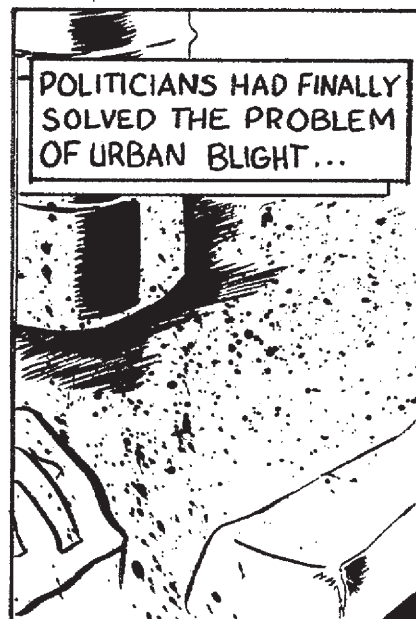
I cannot give more than a vague sense of what the lecture was about. Even direct quotations will not compensate for the eclectic slide presentation, the sublime southern accent and the serene mannerisms of the sanctified speaker.

Emmet Gowin began his lecture the same way that he begins his Introductory Photography class at Princeton; by slowly telling a peculiar little folktale which instilled a rather ethereal mood in the room, leaving the audience more open to the spiritually inspired words that were to come. Then, instead of showing slides of his own photographs as protocol would suggest, Gowin gave a provocative account of the history and philosophy of landscapes that had been compiled by himself and his students. He introduced the presentation as "a little group of pictures about where landscape comes from, how it came into the human consciousness and what it could possibly mean," and then asked, "what is our relationship to it?"

The "pictures" consisted of slides of Robert Frank photographs, Persian rugs, John Constable's painting "A View of Weymouth Bay," tattered pages of antiquated maps of the Eastern states, and aerial views of the city of Paris and of the entire Earth.

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The Twinkie



Disclaimer: Twinkies are the sole property of the Hostess Corporation. The use of Hostess products in these pages is not meant to be slanderous, but rather complementary, Twinkies being such wondrous things.

By Tom and Bob Hostess

Music Department Professes Admirable Faculties

by Meredith Yayanos

At 8 p.m. on November 26, the lights dimmed in Olin Auditorium. After much impatient rustling of programs, snapping of gum, and convulsive pre-recital giggling, the large audience settled down for one of the more successful musical events of the semester, "Diversity: The Bard College Music Faculty In Concert."

Hearty applause ushered the first act onstage. Performing the "Sonata in G minor" by Baroque composer Elisabeth Jacquet de la Guerre, were flautist Pat Spencer, violinist Mia Wu, cellist Andre Emelianoff, and Sir Fredrick Hammond on harpsichord. (Hammond, a full-time professor at Bard, earned his title in Italy some years back, where he was knighted by the government for his extensive services to Italian music as scholar and performer.) Hammond and the three other musicians, instructors at Bard of their respective instruments, gave an ebullient rendition of the piece, then made way for estimable department head and world-renowned composer Joan Tower and vocal instructor, baritone Arthur Burrows.

Seated at the Steinway grand, Tower commenced the first of three decidedly pastoral works, which consisted of Debussy's sugary "Beau Soir," Saint-Saen's saucy "Let Us Love Each Other," and Schubert's

crunchy "The Son of the Muses." Burrow's resonant baritone coasted easily from French to German in another cultured performance. (They also receive the "Most Resplendent Raiment" award of the evening, both being dressed to the nines: Tower sporting a lovely purple silk blouse, Burrows in dignified tweed.)

Next up was concert pianist and Bard professor Jeanne Golan. Consistently amazing in live performances and possessing a strong stage presence, Golan displayed a quiet, intuitive aptitude for the music. Her choice of Copeland's "Our Town" suite was perfect. Copeland is like an opiate; one can completely lose track of time and wander senselessly under its thrall until the applause signals its close. This dreamy mood continued as Tower and Emelianoff returned to perform Tower's own "Tres Lent," an eerie, slowly drifting work. Emelianoff, cellist for the Da Capo Chamber players and Bard faculty member, is well known for his immaculate performances and unique flair. This was no exception.

Onwards and upwards sped the concert. Four aforementioned musicians, as well as clarinetist and composer Laura Medlin, returned for "Petroushskates," Tower's quintet for violin, flute, cello, piano and clarinet. "Wow, wow, wow," vociferated members of the audience. The piece, described by Tower as "an amalgam of two diversified ideas: the pure rhythm of figure skating...and, obviously, the patterns of Stravinsky's Petroushka," had a marked, nearly palpable effect. "Petroushskates" is an explosive, yet subtle composite, providing the most well-executed, attention-grabbing performance of the evening.

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The accompanying speech was a pre-meditated free association; he talked about history, religion, art, philosophy, environment, science, myth, his own life, his family, and moved so fluidly from one topic to the next that the transitions were hardly perceivable. He gave the impression that the world according to Emmet Gowin's perception is a whole that cannot be divided, for everything within it is interrelated, one thing bleeds into another, and even time is incapable of creating divisions. He related a story about an Inca shaman lassoing the sun so that it would not drift away on the Winter Solstice, to an Edward Weston photograph placed upside down on the screen, making the shadows viscerally disconcerting. The connections that he drew made it seem like he must have some sort of primordial understanding of the order of the universe, a knowledge of nearly everything, and a deep faith in his own aesthetic, artistic, and spiritual convictions.

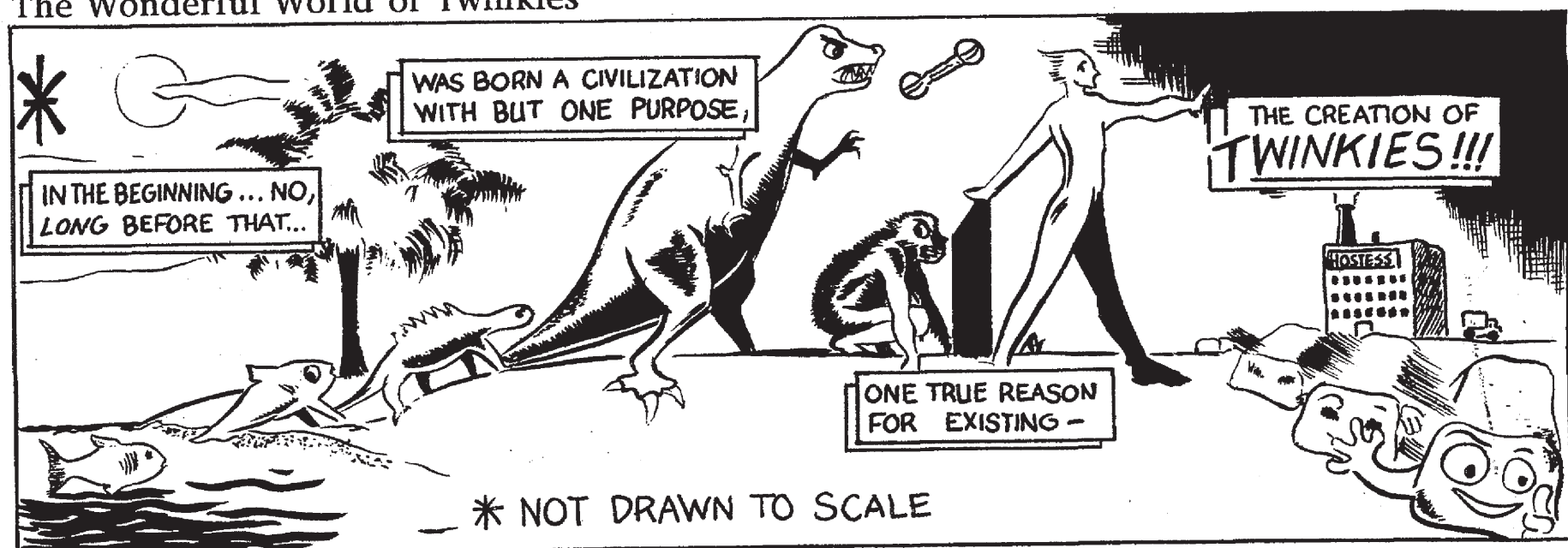
When Gowin finally arrived at slides of his own work, he suddenly became modest and his comments abbreviated. He showed work from disparate points in his development as an artist; intimate photographs of his family home in Virginia, landscapes shot during a family vacation in Ireland and Europe, aerial views of Mount St. Helens, eerily incandescent pictures of the ancient city of Petra, Jordan, and beautiful depictions of missile sites and nuclear waste dumps. Like the landscape lecture, Gowin's discussion of his own work integrated elements of every aspect of life. He talked about love, nature, family, death, time, space, relationships.

One photograph seemed to capture almost everything for him: a 1973 photograph of his beautiful wife Edith standing in a doorway, open to the world, arms reaching outwards. He left this slide on the screen a few seconds longer than the others. As for the rest of his work, he gave only enough information to arouse interest.

Somewhat early on in the lecture, Emmet Gowin quoted from the gospel of Thomas, "Let one who seeks not stop seeking until one finds. When one finds, one will be disturbed. When one is disturbed, one will be amazed." This is how Emmet himself must be experienced.

The Wonderful World of Twinkies

By Tomax and Xamot



Disclaimer: We do not endorse evolutionary theory, seeing as how we're Creationists and are quite certain man didn't evolve from apes and that the world was created in 4004 B.C..

The Happy Hour Review

by Jeremy Dillahunt, and the Happy Hour Crew (John Rosenthal and August Crawford)

THE BARD observer

December 11, 1996

Beer.

by John Rosenthal

Beer. For me, beer offers a release not unlike the one experienced by that sexy Calgon bubble bath woman from those 1970s commercials. Instead of "Calgon...take me away," the first sip of a beer after a long day finds me groaning orgasmically, "Saranac...take me away." Try it now: "(your favorite beer label)...take me away." Joy! Beer is the great leveler. From all walks of society we flock to bars to drink pint after pint, spill huge portions on our clothes, and leave equally reeking of grog. Thank god for microbreweries for we now have zillions of different porters, lagers, pilsners, ales, bocks (double and triple), and stouts to choose from. By divine providence I came of age in the era of beer freedom, joy!

Those dark days when a cruel oligarchy of beer blandness manipulated our tastes are receding into memory, but it should be our duty as connoisseurs of the suds to assure that "we won't get fooled again." Beer is good. Another great quality of the liquid is that it is easy to spot a true believer. A fat gut is a sure sign of a beer hobbyist who is all the more ready to hoist the FLAB in praise of his favorite label.

Yet there is an added mystical dimension to the beer experience. When I reach the point in the evening where I am thoroughly blasted, when I have drank that mythical beer, the one that opens the door to...well...somewhere vague in reflection, I am made privy to an immutable truth. If you drink a lot, you get drunk, euphorically so, yet not denying those occasions when all you feel like doing is hugging your friends out of some overly sappy mentality brought on by who-knows-what or slumping, silently cradling your cup.

When you are beer-drunk you experience a feeling that defies time. You may find yourself someday slumped hard on a sticky bar, passed out in a seedy techno dive, or sauced in trendy Cafe Sha Sha on the lower west side, but keep in mind that you are sharing in an experience felt by ancient Mesopotamians drinking in celebration of...Gilgamesh? Well, maybe not, but I know they drank beer. That is reassuring. History is full of beer-drenched fun.

Sometimes I like to sidle up to a bar and get myself real drunk; there is something therapeutic about it. It's easy to do at the Rhinecliff Hotel, an establishment that has been getting a portion of the Hudson Valley wasted for more than one hundred and fifty years. The building is steeped in tradition and antiquity, and is for sale if you would like a personal ticket to alcoholism, but does not have the high airs of other establishments in the area. The Rhinecliff is a real mellow bar, the kind of down-home establishment that could become a hangout for life if you are not careful. With buck-and-a-quarter pint drafts of Saranac and dollar shots of cheap liquor (Nikoff vodka?) it is quite easy to find yourself enamored of the bar on a Sunday morning after a good band has played. That's the kind of place the Rhinecliff is, a place where you can bring your dog, a place where you can sleep it off until you're sober enough for a hair of the dog that bit you, a place where the bathroom wall still reads "I'm fucked up. 1972."

You can go to Rhinecliff to unwind, to get fired up, to forget all about her, to lose yourself, to start all over, to have a good time, to mellow out, to get serious, to get trite, to meet people, or to be by yourself; eventually, though, one thing consistently happens; you get drunk. I guess that is the real nature of bars and everything else is superfluous. The bar is the great social attraction that is totally indifferent. The bar could care less for a mood you may be in. The moment you sit down the relationship is presented without any fallacies; "What'll it be?" What will it be, indeed. What concoction specifically suits your need, enhances your mood, or captures your fancy? What will it be? Taken out of context it could be a Platonic pontification of immense philosophical weight, a state of mind often frequented by anyone who's had more than two of Anton's BUF martinis. At the Rhinecliff it's your call. The bar is laid out before you in all honesty, the liquor bottles naked under hazy smoke-filled light, waiting to be called upon to do their duty, expanding to either side like the arms of a welcoming friend.

Before we get too deep let's get some basics down. Women, use the bathroom before you go to the Rhinecliff, I don't think they have been cleaned since the original clay pipes were laid down in 1850 and they don't have locks. The pool table costs a buck and is frequented by felt sharks; act real cool if confronted by one, they smell fear, it gets them excited and uncontrollable. On any given night the music venue could either be stellar or complete shit. I have seen bands that have caused people to remove their clothes and fall onto the floor in spastic fits of alcohol-induced music-enhanced ecstasy; I have also seen bands that cause people to throw alcoholic vessels in fits of spastic revolt to audio-induced torture. Use the time-honored adage, "Don't judge a book by its cover": Cherokee Sex Workshop may sound cool but they don't, while Schleigho may sound like a demented Hanukkah Christmas carol fusion rock experiment, but they're quite funkified. If you tip big once you will drink quite cheaply for the rest of your existence at the Rhinecliff. When you get hungry, the bar is cool to the munchy crowd; China Rose, across the street, has white rice by the quart for a buck. Or, if you are on an expense account, get the spicy mushroom appetizer for five bucks, mmmmm...good.

Yep, getting drunk is real therapeutic. Unfortunately, too much therapy is a bad thing. So if you go to the Rhinecliff, treat it like you would a trip to your mom's; get what you need and quickly get out before it goes bad. You'll feel better and can always go back for more.

The World According to Twinkies



Disclaimer: We just generally apologize for the poor taste of this strip.

Tower of Power

continued from page 6

Intermission. After a cigarette break, a slew of music majors returned to their seats. I recognized pop thrush Natalie Merchant sitting in the row in front of me and quietly notified a friend, who promptly alerted those sitting directly behind him, who in turn had no idea what he was talking about. "Natalie who? Eh? 10,000 Maniacs? What?" Someone started singing an off-key, a capella rendition of "Candy Everybody Wants." Soon thereafter, Ms. Merchant relocated to another seat in the auditorium.

The first work of the second half, a violin/piano arrangement of contemporary composer Arvo Part's "Fratres," featured Mia Wu. Accompanied by Tower, Wu tore confidently through this challenging piece, glibly navigating double, sometimes triple stops and pneumatic artificial harmonics. It was bewitching, and more than one person breathed a sigh of awed disbelief at its conclusion.

Tower briefly announced that due to family emergencies, professors Richard Teitelbaum and Thurman Barker were both unable to attend. Their contributions were sorely missed, as were those of Bard professors Luis Garcia-Renart and Daron Hagen, but no matter: the show sojourned happily into jazz country with "A Tonal Universe Parallel to Lester Young," written and performed by the ever-slick Joel "Bishop" O'Brien on piano and karmic alto sax wizard, Harvey Kaiser.

Finally, piano man John Esposito & Co. plugged in to play two of Esposito's works, "Pharaoh's Dance" and "Trane's Church." The latter, written in homage to the San Francisco church which claims late great Coltrane for their patron saint, was exuberantly executed. Guitarist Peter Einhorn and bassist Fima Ephron were tight, and during his solo, the drummer affected what was likely the most thoroughly funky expression Olin Auditorium will ever see.

After the concert, students and professors mingled at a reception at Tower's house, drinking good wine and cheerfully slandering one another. Mahler's name came up incessantly and somebody almost choked on a bagel chip, but otherwise it was a cozy end to a wonderful evening.

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Kranky Makes Hunt Happy

Jessamine, *The Long Arm of Coincidence* and
Labradford, *Labradford*.

Available on Kranky, P.O. Box 578743 Chicago, IL 60657.

by Joel Hunt

Since 1993, the Kranky label from Chicago has released some of the most incredible records by bands that blur the lines between "high," "low," and "popular" music, if such terms actually exist. In addition to releasing the newest sounds from way out, Kranky has re-released some of the most interesting (and obscure) records of the past decade, mostly from the little-documented-until-recently New Zealand "free-rock" (or whatever. . .) scene. The two most recent Kranky releases, however, are records by American groups which seem to be reaching their respective artistic plateaus.

The third, self-titled LP by Labradford represents a stylistic departure from their previous two efforts, "Prazision" and "A Stable Reference." The trio of guitar/vocals, keyboards/percussion, and bass/samples stay true to their "ambient" roots by enveloping the listener in a blanket of sound, but have developed a more pronounced fascination with what I term "minimalist" percussion: bells, subtle synthesizer beats, and tambourine. Their songs are studies in understatement, but in being so, invite the listener to create his/her own worlds within a song. Their oeuvre has always conjured up imaginary winter landscapes seen from a speeding train, stasis within the seemingly chaotic. Only now, with the help of new touches (such as said percussion and violin on a few tracks), the grays, blacks, whites, and blues become so much more vivid. If you've ever taken notice of the serene, yet violent beauty of ice floes on the Hudson, you just might be ready for Labradford.

Jessamine's second long player, "The Long Arm of Coincidence," is precisely that: a lengthy, chaotic excursion exuding both tension and calm. More sprawling and less structured than their debut, self-titled LP, the new record nonetheless conjures up the freedom within space, stretching ideas and concepts to their limits. More of a traditional "band" than label mates Labradford (with their bass, guitar, drums, keyboards lineup), Jessamine nonetheless evoke a less organic feel, relying less on the "natural" tones of their instruments. For example, their guitarist Rex Ritter plays through a variety of effects pedals (heavy on the fuzz and wah) while strumming unusually high along the instrument's neck. Andy Brown, keyboard player and engineer of this LP, conjures otherworldly sounds out of his Farfisa and Moog, even more so than the average "space-rock" band. Less "melodic" and "hummable" than the songs on the earlier LP per se, songs such as "Periwinkle," "Polish Countryside," and "It's Cold in Space" are nonetheless hypnotizing, unafraid to actually rock, to an extent, without being silly (kudos go to the rhythm section of Dawn Smithson and Michael Faeth).

Jessamine and Labradford pick up where the German rock experimentalists of the early 1970s — such as Kraftwerk, Can, Faust, Neu!, Cluster, and Amon Duul II — left off, but have expanded the vocabulary of such music incredibly. They have done so to the point where new vistas are being explored, and the 19th-century distinctions between "high" and "low" music are being eroded even further. Certainly it's about time such barriers were destroyed. Now if only someone would clue Leon in. . . .

Twinkieville



Disclaimer: We do not advocate or endorse Twinkies and their racist ways. This comic strip is an effort to realistically portray their close-minded, misled souls.

Horoscopes

by Nicole DiSalvo

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) The gods created Sagittarians to lend us the optimism we need to get through the coming winter. All of them love to party, and they're good at it. They'll be the center of attention at any gathering until they blurt out some tactless truth. You see, the Sag doesn't believe in any kind of deception, well-meaning or otherwise (even including those little white lies). They'll never say your hair looks good when it doesn't. They say what they think, and they're not afraid to act on it. They're idealistic and intelligent, happy to spend an evening discussing all types of religious, philosophical, and political topics. Just don't invite one to your house to do it—they love to eat and will eat just about everything. Most of them love spicy food. If you want to date one, invite him/her over for dinner, and borrow somebody's dog (they love all animals, but especially dogs and horses). Sagittarius is a fire sign, so these people are generally active extroverts. It is a mutable sign, so Sags love and live to communicate their thoughts and ideals.

BEST JOB PROSPECTS: There are lots of Sagittarians in show biz because they love to entertain. They also make great professors (although their students won't receive crit sheets until midterm of the next semester). Because of their love of travel to exotic places, they can be wonderful *National Geographic* photographers.

BEST LOVE MATCHES: LEO shares the same fiery temperament, and won't be overly possessive. An AQUARIAN will sympathize with you humanitarian impulses, plus they're fun. You can have lots of adventures with fellow daredevil ARIES. **WORST LOVE MATCHES:** CANCER is too emotional for your taste, SCORPIO is too intense. VIRGO will irritate you with his/her constant analysis of your brilliant ideas. TAURUS is possessive, and there is nothing you value more than your freedom.

FAMOUS SAGITTARIANS: Our fearless leader, Leon Botstein; Walt Disney; Beethoven; Jim Morrison; Jimi Hendrix; John

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Milton.

THIS MONTH: You Sagittarians can count on getting all of your papers done on time, due to Mercury's favorable influence. The placement of Jupiter, your ruling planet, suggests that now is a good time to study religion and New Age philosophies. Venus enters your sign on the 17th, just in time for you to run into that hometown crush from high school. Turn your optimism to good use by helping out at a homeless shelter this holiday.

CAPRICORNS are at their best this month in work situations. This is a time when you can sell anybody on your ideas. Mercury is parked in Capricorn till January, suggesting that you'll be the life of the party. A new moon in your sign on the 10th warns you not to let the past interfere with the present.

AQUARIUS tends to feel a little sad this time of year, but the 13th brings a release from the pressure. Venus indicates that now is the time to turn that best friend into a lover. Try to eat healthier—your mind may keep you healthy but your body eventually rebels.

PISCES' energy is boosted by the moon's entrance into your sign on the 15th. You're going to need it, because of conflicts on the homefront. Try to remember that not everyone is as understanding as you are. Mars is in your work box, signaling that now is the time to act on all your creative impulses.

ARIES are getting sick of being criticized for their natural exuberance and verbosity. Remember that others see it as trying to steal the show. The astrological load lightens on the 17th. A new love cycle is beginning for you. Relationships need to be taken from their limbo, either made something serious or ended altogether.

TAURUS A powerful figure from your past is about to reappear. Ignore him/her! You r

strong attachment to what you love can lead you to make the same mistake twice. You're flirtier than usual this month, so don't hold yourself back. The planets say that this is a great moneymaking month for you.

GEMINI Life has been kind of blah lately, hasn't it? Don't worry, things will get more interesting when Venus enters Sag on the 17th. Your efforts at school are not going ignored. Cancel any airline tickets you have for the 23rd, when Mercury retrograde messes with travel plans.

CANCER This Christmas Day will be one of the best days you've had all year, whatever your religious denomination. Venus in your house of romance gives you the courage and irresistibility to get anyone or anything you want. An old friend may be overly demanding, so try not to let your sense of responsibility override what you need.

LEO, planetary conflicts in your house of health implore you not to ignore any nagging complaint. Your money problems will disappear due to a bright idea on your part. Someone's going to claim your heart this month. Don't be afraid to let them. If you start to feel low, Mercury in Capricorn reminds you to look at the Big Picture.

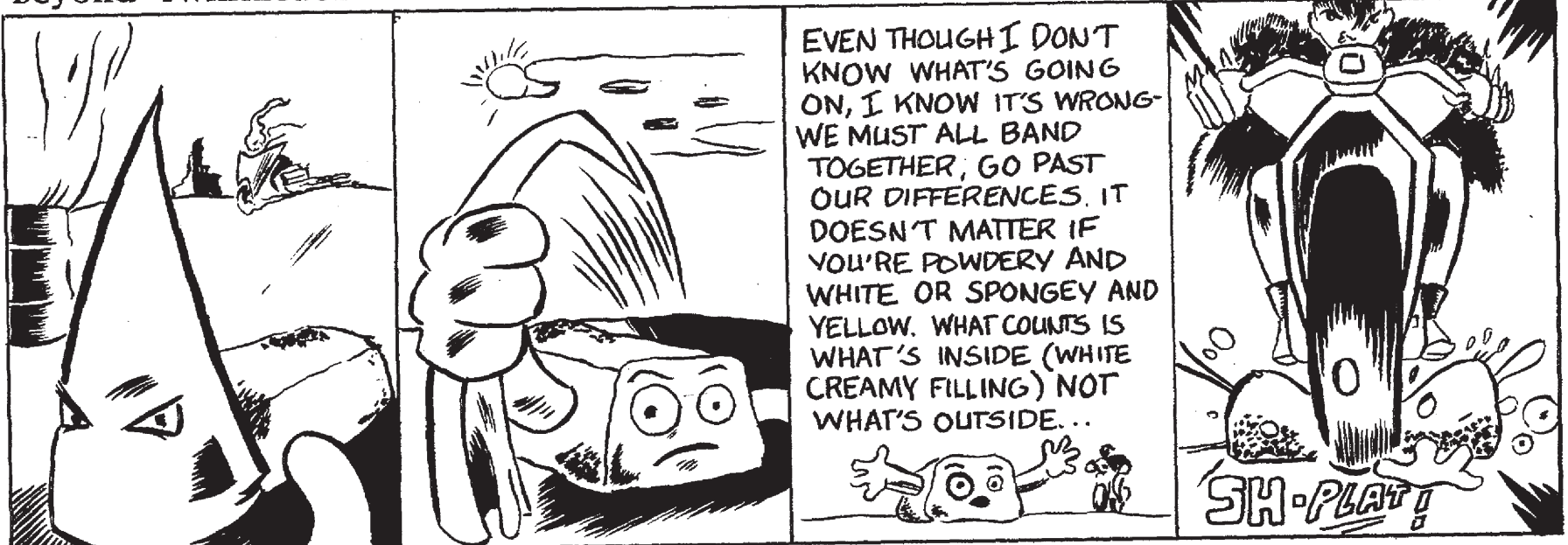
VIRGO Mars; abundant energy continues to supply you with all the impetus you need to turn your ideas into reality. Try not to be too critical of family over the holidays—nobody's perfect. The 19th brings attention from an attractive member of the opposite sex (probably a Taurus). Don't miss their signals!

LIBRA needs a vacation, preferably someplace warm. After the exhaustive period of work you're now finishing up, you need time to relax and get back in balance. Intercession offers you lots of time to read books and get fueled for next semester's intellectual discussions. Lighten up on your lover—remind yourself of why you're with them in the first place.

SCORPIO's charisma is unparalleled this month, due to Venus's dalliance in your sign until the 17th. Warning: that overly charming suitor has an ulterior motive that's not in your best interests. Try to stay away from mind-bending drugs, as you need a clear head for several sticky situations that may arise.

Beyond Twinkiedome

By I. Master & U. Blaster



Disclaimer: This has been a double Senior Project in the Arts and Literature division. We would like to thank our board, our families, Jesus, and Stuart Levine for his continuous encouragement, support and tea.

Opinion

The Somnambulist

by Pedro Rodriguez

I had hoped to wake up. I had hoped that I would soon reach a fork, the fork or the first of several, in the road of my life while I remain young. According to the plan, by now I was to be walking far beyond the fateful spot, maybe even over the horizon, fork in hand as Yogi Berra advised. But, slothful creature that I am, I slept instead. Sure, I kept walking—in the ridiculous fashion of the fat zombie in *Plan Nine From Outer Space*: with arms stretched ahead of me and a side-to-side bouncing gait. There were probably visible “Z’s” emanating from my mouth as I passed through college, letting whatever talent I have guide my somnolent body and keep me from work.

Now, at the end of my final semester at Bard, about to emerge from the undergraduate tunnel, I have barely cracked the sticky lids of an eye. And even if in this drowsy limbo I can see through the slit to perceive a piece of cutlery, I can’t yet remember what the damned thing is.

Still, my stupor has not kept my insulation complete. I have realized, observed, and learned a few things during my relatively short tenure here.

Bard is in many ways far less harrowing than either of the two lesser schools I used to attend. I attribute much of my feeling to my age; I am 22 at Bard, soon to be 23 (that’s past the theorized male sexual peak and halfway to 46, folks, which is four years short of 50), instead of 18 at Miami-Dade Community College or 19 at Florida International University. Nevertheless, Bard has fewer fist fights, guns, murders, rapes, and (remember, this is Miami) drugs, more close friendships, and a bureaucracy that, whatever you might think, is amateur in the collegiate world. Try dropping a class, rallying for a professor, or even finding the president at a school of 25,000. I know who Modesto Maidique is because (surprise!) I wrote for the FIU student newspaper. But even my editors didn’t know where his office is. We never knew whether he

prefers ties, bow ties, ascots, or bolos.

I have also realized via Bard that the political left is more often than not the mirror image of the right. It would grant the freedoms the right would restrict and restrict the freedoms the right would grant. Both claim its ideas are not considered by the other side and both are correct. Then both dig in on their moral high ground and stare across the ravine at each other. Each sees its ground as highest but neither accounts for the curvature of the earth.

A few semesters ago (before I wrote a column), a campus group invited all to a discussion of *The Bell Curve*. As advertised, the discussion was not of whether the book is racist, but of how the book is racist. At the height of Gingrich’s power, a campus group sponsored a discussion of “The Contract on America [italics mine].” Such discussions begin with specious premises, the failing of many a clever argument. Such advertisements fall under the heading of propaganda, the tool of many a totalitarian state. I’ll bet my diploma that no more than 20 Bard students have read either *The Bell Curve* or *The Contract with America* and that, of those 20, not five have read both. Remember Bob Dole damning movies he hadn’t seen? Ever hear of mobs burning books they’ve never read? Compare and contrast, students.

Enough.

I am glad I transferred. I have had a mostly happy stay. Bard has introduced me to, with a couple of hometown exceptions, the smartest, the most fascinating, and the most captivating persons I have ever met. It and they have changed me.

Forgive me if I miss someone. In some sinister subconscious ordering, thank you, Larry Bortman, Malia duMont, Philip Schnell, Daron Hagen, Joan Tower, Luis Garcia Renart, Fred Hammond, Bill Weaver, Liz Frank, Chris Callanan, Sean O’Neill, Maya Kucij, Josh Ledwell, Lillian Robinson, Meredith Yayanos, Nathan Carlton, Andrew Fowler, Karen Sullivan and Mark Lambert (no joke, for making the difficult decision to defer me from the Languages and Literature department), Grethe Kvernes, Dorothy Stringer, Lisa Rommeser, Diane Lowy, Jil Christensen, Leland Deeds (the real adversary), and Linnea Knollmueller.

Beer Hurling and Other Patriotic Endeavors

by Diana Oboler

You can find some great stuff on the Web. For example: the Beer Drinkers of America Homepage. You can learn all sorts of stuff. I mean, did you know that Ronald Reagan pitched Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer in 1954? That’s right. In 1954 one of our (ahem) great presidents was trying to throw beer.

Now, my source didn’t say if it was some sort of pitching league, or whether they mistranslated (travelled, read, wrote, whatever) and in fact, meant that he threw up beer. But then, I didn’t try too hard because I’ve never been one to pry into the lives of others.

Let me give you an example. Earlier this year my friend Tony came to me and said, “You’re going to buy me things.” I said, “Why?” (Some of you out there may point out that this only shows that I was prying into the lives of others by asking this question, but I will point out that he wanted to use my money.) He pointed out that I owed him money,

so away we went.

He told me that we were going to HomeDepot, and as I did not ask why, he said, “I want to buy some pipe.” Again, I did not pry into why he would want pipe, but calmly drove on, so he told me, “I’m making a potato cannon.” Now friends, this is my point, AT THIS POINT I DID NOT ASK HIM WHY HE WAS MAKING A POTATO CANNON! I did not say, “Excuse me Tony, but why would you like to be able to shoot potatoes 200 yards?” (Some of you out there may say that the answer is self-explanatory. To those people I pleasantly say “thuurpp.”) So, as you see, I am not a person who prys into the lives of others.

An interesting thing that I learned on that trip to the HomeDepot, however. Are you aware that the caps and connectors that hold pipes together have genders? I’m not making this up! Connectors that fit inside others are “male” and those into which they fit are “female.” That’s all very understandable. But here is the scary part. There are some which are male on one end and female on the other. Yes, friends! America is being held together by hermaphroditic construction materials! If I was Ronald Reagan, that would be reason enough to hurl beer for me!

Tenacity and Tenure

by Eric Swanson

Tenure has been a subject of heated debate at Bard for the past few years. I think that some of the controversy surrounding tenure and rehiring decisions is due to a simple but regrettable lack of information. As a member of the EPC, or the Educational Policies Committee, I am frequently surprised by students' unawareness of fundamental issues in Bard's hiring practices. With student association forum attendance flirting with the quorum line, the few who hear EPC or Committee on Vacancies reports already know what both committees do. Those who don't sometimes also don't realize that they can make a difference in hiring and rehiring decisions. With that in mind, I'll briefly outline the tenure process, as well as making and rebutting some criticisms of it.

Tenure was originally intended, in part, to guarantee freedom of thought to worthy professors. The unparalleled job security that comes with tenure is also an effective way of attracting the brightest minds to academia. Finally, tenure provides continuity from semester to semester, an aspect which is especially important at a school like Bard, where particularly close connections between students and faculty are necessitated by tutorials and the senior project. Tenure is generally a well respected institution: it has a potential to be abused, but if tenure decisions are made with a judicious eye to the future, it benefits students and professors alike, providing continuity, security, and no small degree of academic and professional freedom.

Tenure can be and is abused, however. Once a professor is granted tenure they cannot be fired unless, to put it poetically, they come to class drunk every day or cavort salaciously with students. (And even such extreme behavior is not necessarily grounds for the revocation of tenure.) The important point is that tenure is essentially irreversible; I'm afraid the seriousness of the tenure decision is obscured by the fact that getting denied tenure is tantamount to getting let go. It's not really as bad as being fired, however: not getting tenure happens, and there are plenty of professors at Bard who were denied tenure elsewhere and have it here. Although I'm happy to drawl a sardonic "how's it going, brother [sic]" and hoist a can of Schlitz in the direction of the journalists who composed an earlier *Observer* article on tenure and job security, I do not agree with their assertion that denying tenure is akin to "throw[ing]" a professor "to the wolves." Making a decision that will keep a thirty-year-old at a school for forty more years should not be taken lightly.

Under such circumstances it is not at all unusual for a competitive school not to give tenure. If a professor is denied tenure, he or she usually teaches at Bard for another year while looking for a job. Only a few, who have the right connections, manage to hang on for

more than a year.

Tenure can be revoked, in a way, through the rather ghastly process of ostracization.

If a professor and their department don't get along, for whatever reason—perhaps they don't teach effectively, are lazy, difficult, or just "different"—people can act as people are wont to do and give them the cold shoulder. Students are rarely aware of such intra-departmental tension, so class enrollments for such professors aren't always affected by this strategy. Rather, the department tries to drive the professor in question into early retirement by making their work environment less than hospitable. I should qualify this paragraph by making my position perfectly explicit: I do not know of such political manoeuvring at Bard, but my "inside track" contacts at other schools suggest that ostracization is fairly common. I would be quite surprised, however, if an insular, small, and occasionally nasty school like Bard proved to be an exception.

Positions at Bard are either "tenure track" or they're not: a professor is aware of the structure of rehiring process he or she will go through when signing their contract. Tenure track professors go through two "rehirings," one at the end of their second year, and the other at the end of their fourth. They then come up for tenure, an evaluation that takes place at the end of their sixth year at Bard. Divisions are supposed to only recommend that a professor be rehired at the first level of evaluation if they feel that the professor shows enough promise to be competitive for tenure. Certain notable exceptions nonetheless unselfishly recommend that all their professors be rehired. Non-tenure track professors are not really "tracked" at all. Instead, their future at Bard is evaluated every few years. A non-tenure track professor never gets the job security afforded by tenure, unless his or her contract is renegotiated.

Professors who don't have tenure are usually called "assistant professors," although some have the title of "visiting professor" and other similar nominations. If a professor is granted tenure, they are also granted the title of "associate professor." After a time, they come up for a "promotion" to "professor," with an ensuing pay raise. After that honor, all that's left is to be promoted to "senior," which also brings more money. Non-tenure track professors, by contrast, have a paltry lexicon of titles and evaluations: they get "rehired" or not every few years.

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The Bard Observer

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The *Observer* is Bard College's student-run newspaper. It is published at timely intervals during the semester. Everyone is welcome to write for it. The deadline for submissions, be they stories, cartoons, photographs, statistics, letters, classifieds or advertisements of any kind, is 3 p.m. on the Tuesday before publication. Send all submissions via campus mail to either Meredith Yayanos or Lilian Robinson. Submit all writings on a labelled disk (or else we claim them for ourselves) as a text file and in hardcopy form. Submit developed photographs if possible, preferably in the commercial 4x6 print size and shot in black-and-white.

It is the responsibility of the writers to contact the editors before the Thursday after deadline to speak with them about their submissions. Otherwise their submissions will face editing pencils alone. The *Observer* reserves the right to edit for spelling, grammar, and length. The *Observer* discourages anonymous submissions. If you must submit anonymously, you must reveal your identity to the editors.

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Tenure

continued from page 11

When you see signs hanging up around campus, usually a bit before midterms, that have professors' names on them followed by the words "rehiring," "tenure," "promotion," "senior," or "non-tenure rehiring," they refer to the above.

Rehiring decisions are made by the president of the college, who reads files prepared by the Dean of the College. These files are in turn made up of reports generated by the Faculty Evaluation Committee, or FEC, and the student-based committee I mentioned earlier, the EPC, along with the student evaluation forms we fill out at the end of every semester, letters written on the professor's behalf, publications, peer classroom evaluations, the professor's curriculum vitae, or resume, and so forth. The FEC is made up of two professors for each division and takes both student and faculty testimony. Between you and me, however, I've read more than a few FEC reports that gloss over student testimony: they are the faculty evaluation committee, after all.

The focus of the EPC, by way of contrast, is taking student testimony (which is not anonymous) and poring over the anonymous evaluation sheets and letters students write. We then abstract the information in a report that goes on to the president, concluding with a recommendation as to what course of action should be pursued with the professor in question. There are also two EPC representatives per division, elected at the student association forum at the end of every year and the first forum of the semester (the budget forum), when there is a vacancy. To serve on the EPC for a division, you have to be moderated into that division.

Yes, Leon does make the final decision, all by himself. This might surprise you, but that's what presidents do: they make decisions. Sure, sometimes they let other people make decisions and, despite their better judgement, opt not to undermine the authority of the administration as a whole by projecting an indecisive image. But in general, they make decisions. One of the most frequent complaints about tenure at Bard is precisely that the president has too much power over the tenure decision. Some have proposed a decision by committee, composed perhaps of a selection of administrators, faculty, and students. Such a committee would be unlikely to hasten the decision process or leave everyone magically happy with the result, but it could add an element of impartiality and accountability to our current process.

The idea that the president is unaccountable, however, seems to me to warrant further thought. Leon may have a house on a hill, overlooking the grounds of the campus, and we may even have a building called "Manor," and he may study the time of Otto von Bismarck, the time of Realpolitik, but it strikes me as a little silly not to realize that he wants Bard to have a congenial atmosphere, just like the rest of us do. After all, the "Manor" at Bard is a dormitory, a fact confirmed by its heating system and access road. (I guess the only time Manor isn't a dorm but a Manor is during the summer—read, in a whisper, during the music festival—when, incidentally, you can walk to main campus and you don't need heat.) If Leon makes everybody at Bard unhappy by making poor decisions, he has to live with those consequences; he has to stew in that unhappiness. For that matter, I would be quite surprised if he goes into hermit-like seclusion to make tenure decisions. He probably talks it over with people, and, after all, the information on which he bases his decision is a direct synopsis of student and faculty testimony.

Conflicts between students' opinions and Leon's decisions, however, are frequent. I think they are generally caused by a difference of perspective. The president tries to make decisions that are in the best long-term interests of the college. Quite frankly, even though his decision may mean that your senior project advisor will spend the year looking for a job, or that the person you thought would be your advisor is leaving, the president has to weigh carefully the possibility that a professor may not remain viable for their next forty years at Bard.

Frankly, the debacle of having your advisor be denied tenure happens all the time in graduate school, and the only way to avoid the problem is to be aware of the rehiring process and the careers of your professors. I don't see why things should be any different at Bard. If you want to find out who's coming up for tenure in your four years here, you can look in the back of the thick Bard course catalog, which is available at admissions, and find out when

the professors you're interested in were hired. If they're approaching the six year mark, be aware that they may be asked to leave. Since rehiring generally go through, you only really need to get worried about tenure decisions, but if you're anxious about it, only study with tenured professors. That's what they're there for.

In conclusion, I can't emphasize enough how important it is to give testimony to the EPC and to fill out evaluation forms thoughtfully at the end of every semester. Most of the testimony the EPC collects consists of rave reviews, and I'm afraid that the unremittingly positive reports we get may blur together when considered by the powers that be. Students seem afraid to say anything remotely negative about a professor in EPC testimony because it's not anonymous, but professors take seriously well-considered student criticism. Even if you like a professor, it's useful for them if you make a tactful critique which, indeed, makes your praise that much more genuine.

Evaluation forms don't carry as much weight as testimony or letters, but they are quite important. Try to answer not the questions asked on the form, but the ones that are important to you. I know that when I have to go through a few hundred forms, I'm concerned about what each student has written, not what the questions are. Don't let your evaluation form be one of those that doesn't get read. Don't check off fours and fives on every number box and loaf out lame and ineffectual comments: write what you loved about the class, what you hated about it, and if the class really left you without a positive or negative feeling, write that. Some are even proposing the idea of publishing a compilation of those very evaluation forms that every student could look over before registration. If that idea gets off the ground, your comments will have, retroactively, even more weight than they do now, helping other students decide whether to take "Lyric Modes" or "Four Poets." But Bard students can't hope that anyone will hear their voice without making their voice heard.

the Root Cellar!

Bard's student-run, non-profit natural food store is located in the basement of the Old Gym. We have organic coffee, great snacks, Annie's Mac & Cheese, tea, and more.

Evening Hours: 8pm-11pm, Fridays 7pm-11pm*

*The Root Cellar is seeking volunteers for daytime shifts. For info contact Meredith Schafer via campus mail or drop by the store.



570-A Albany Post Road
Hyde Park, NY 12538

914-229-1121

Letters

Flik Workers Ask for Support

An Open Letter to the Student Body:

On Friday, December 6, the overwhelming majority of Flik employees represented by Hotel employees and Restaurant Employees International Union 471, AFL-CIO, presented their request for union recognition to Flik management and the Bard administration.

The student and full-time workers are looking forward to negotiating a new contract that will offer greater job security, a grievance procedure, and better overall working conditions.

We are asking for student solidarity, and for you to support your cafeteria workers. To show support, please wear a ribbon or a union button, and tell Flik employees that you support our efforts.

Flik Employees
Student Labor Coalition
HERE Local 471

Disgruntled Interviewer Retorts

President Botstein:

I understand that it is difficult for you to accept that not everyone has exactly the same opinions as you do. Nevertheless, suggesting that a reporter was at fault does not really seem to be the right way to criticize an article in which a professor expressed an opinion that isn't exactly similar to yours. As odd as it may seem, there are some people who view Bard in a different way than you perceive it.

I can definitely understand that you're a busy fellow, so you didn't have time to inquire about my transcript of the interview before mauling my journalistic integrity in a public forum. Still, you might enjoy listening to the tape of the interview; it's exactly the same as my article, but perhaps you'll trust the professor's voice a little bit more than my reporting skills.

Cordially,
Anna-Rose Mathieson

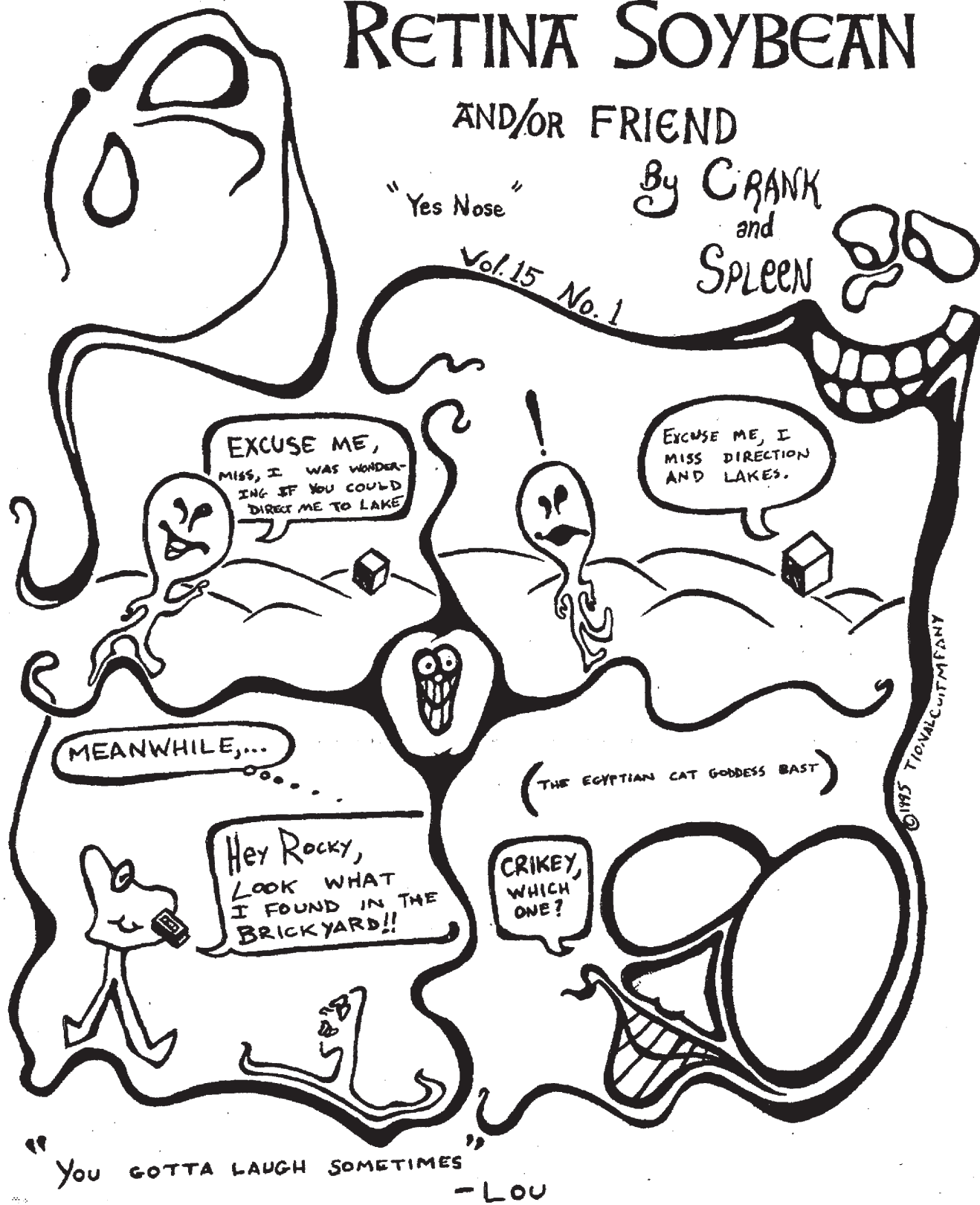
THE CONTINUING SAGA OF RETINA SOYBEAN

AND/OR FRIEND

By CRANK
and
SPLEEN

"Yes Nose"

Vol. 15 No. 1



"YOU GOTTA LAUGH SOMETIMES"
- LOU

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Ol' Gym M-F 9am-4:30pm

(Samuel's is an almost non-profit organization whose proceeds benefit us.)

THE BARD observer

December 11, 1996

Digressions

Continued from page 5

Eeeeeevening," would have made our epoch. But... that was Alfred Hitchcock.

So. Robyn Hitchcock was supposed to sing at Santa Fe (which we did know the way to), but the dick weed canceled on us, forcing us to write this review with no material (which we admit is more fun). Well, we don't really think he's a dick weed, because it was the weather's fault he couldn't make it, but we're only saying that because we want to see him if he reschedules (which he might), and when we do see him, we don't want him to smack us upside the head with a can of airfreshener. So Robyn, if you're reading this, you're okay by us. Besides, he sang that well-loved classic "Superman" song on his *Queen Elvis* album. You know, "Superman, Superman / Crunchy little Superman / Found you in a cornflake box / Chewed both of your feet off," or something very close to that.

We stepped off the shuttle with hope in our hearts.

But the signs reading "Canceled" caused our mirth to depart.

We screamed to the Heavens, cursing our luck.

And some passerby said "Shut up, you dumb...guy."

So we were in Tivoli. At night. With no shuttle. In sight. Oh dear, we can't stop rhyming. And we have to finish, what horrible timing. We are going to stop it right now, we mean it (does anybody want a peanut? The Dread Pirate Roberts will...okay, the voices are gone, we're in control again). But without the voices feeding us this stuff, we don't know what to write. What to write, what to write...Looeedoo...thinking, thinking. Okay, the voices are back (cheese, cheese, spam if you don't!) so we can begin writing again.

So where was I? Oh yes, we were in Tivoli. Up to our knees in

snow, with 75 mile-an-hour gale force winds tearing our very souls from our bodies, but it was the humidity that was killing us. That scorching heat that was just like when we were back in...Vietnam! Spring break, last year, but that has nothing to do with the concert. Anyway, the only salvation in sight was this castle built of sand which was suspended in the air, and towards it we rode for a year and a day, mounted upon our horses formed of the purest clay, and held together by daydreams and Tinker Toys. But alas, such comfort could not be ours, for the phantom dwelling was but a mirage, as were our horses, which was odd, as we were riding them down the street, and then, suddenly, we weren't (oh boy, it is too late to be writing an article, but we were only asked at the last minute, so thpt!). Then, like the gleaming beacon of the Holy Grail, The Village Bookstore appeared to us.

We entered the bookstore, and spent a long time chatting with _____ (name). And then after that the _____ (creature) went to the _____ (noun) and then the _____ (adjective) _____ (noun) appeared and told us to _____ (expletive)!!!! But luckily _____ (name of California state representative in '76) appeared and told the owner that we couldn't _____ (verb ending with xxy) because we didn't have any money.

All in all the concert was pretty nifty, and we encourage any and all of you to see it when it is canceled next time, because there is nothing like riding back on a shuttle filled with drunk students to make your day just zippity-doo-da-day wonderful. (continued on back page)

More Scenes from Registration



"Go on! Try to get in without my permission!"

—Kafka, *The Trial*



"A man from the country arrives and asks to be admitted...The doorkeeper says he cannot let him in now...The man then asks if he'll be allowed in later...The answer: possibly, but not now."

—Kafka, *The Trial*

Notebook

continued from page 4

a broom, it meows occasionally, and according to the Bally outlet who rented it to Bard, is very temporary.

Falling overnight in a silent blanket of unblemished white, snow briefly transformed Bard into a magical winter fairyland. However, this heavenly precipitation soon softened into a thick brownish veneer of sludge. Forthwith, campus was intermittently speckled with skidding cars and prostrate professors. Students without adequate shoe traction lay cursing on poorly salted paths, others were accosted from above by avalanches falling from the eaves of buildings. This wet snow, the perfect consistency for snowballs, induced several impromptu skirmishes which commenced the shattering of more than half a dozen windows across campus. The highly anticipated arrival of filmmaker Milos Forman was postponed until March due to weather. That night, a small assembly tramped into Olin and blasted "Rock Me Amadeus" for several minutes, sort of in Forman's honor, mostly out of desperate, stir-crazy boredom.

Mere days remain until the end of Bard's fall semester. Time to remove all perishables from your fridge and make new living arrangements for your ferret. Houseplants, if taken to the Stevenson gym, will be watered over Intercession. A quick reminder from Security to turn off all electricity and lock your doors on your way out. Happy Whatever from all of us at the Observer.

THE BARD observer

December 11, 1996

An Announcement by BUF

There are too many liberals on campus. An ideology has developed that allows for any kind of moral behavior, no matter how degenerative to our great society it may be. There is too much drug abuse, too much alcoholism, too much perverse sex, and too much disregard for the basic moral Christian principles that make this country great. We here at BUF (Buchananite United Front) are sick and tired of the rampant amoral activities practiced daily in this institution of purific learning.

Unfortunately we can only accept and wait through another four years of this type of behavior. This last election has dealt a great blow to our just cause; with Bill Clinton and his brigade of sinners in the White House our righteous country can only fall farther into debauched lecherism. A great nation like AMERICA is supposed to lead the world to a new, morally righteous millennium. Patrick J. Buchanan could have put a stop to this march toward destruction; unfortunately for all our souls he was not elected to this virtueless nation's highest office. With a leader like Clinton, however, we can only steel ourselves against an all-out onslaught on our children's ideals of a role model. We must protect ourselves and the future generations' righteous moral identities from the corruption that has become Washington.

Hope is not lost, though; we only must weather the coming immorality and hold on for four years. There will be another election and in that time we will be ready to rescue our great country. All of you fellow Buck brothers out there, fear not and hold your righteous beliefs high because you are not alone. The movement towards purification is growing and soon it will wipe this country clean of sin and moral decay. As for all of you liberals on campus: have your sick, perverted fun while you are able because Uncle Buck is coming and this time he will vanquish the disease that infects the good citizens of Eden and transforms them into the evil citizens of Gomorrah.

Jeremy Dillahunt
BUF co-chairman

A Dissertation from FLAB

I am writing to the greater Bard community to announce my formal spilt from BUF. I hereby rescind my co-chairmanship with Mr. Dillahunt, in all due respect to that paragon of Christian virtue. I have regretfully come to the decision that Pat Buchanan is an impotent opportunistic patsy, willing to be an establishment sellout. So I announce to you that I am now the official Bard representative of FLAB (Fascist Liberation Army Brigade). We at FLAB have devoted ourselves, body and soul, to a man who shall inherit the laurels of true Christian history, Mr. G. Gordon Liddy.

Some of you may be aware of G's daily syndicated radio show, a program that dispenses the truth of patriotic moral fortitude. Forget about that tub of pus Rush Limbaugh, the true and incorruptible voice of conservative hope is Liddy. Daily he warns America of the impend-

ing wave of U.N. Shock troops that will occupy our fatherland, pouring forth from massive bunkers underneath Nugget, Peoria, and Kingston. Is it a coincidence that this is ignored by the debauched liberal media? I think not. I thank the stars and stripes that G. Gordon Liddy is diligent and courageous in his warnings of the coming "New World Disorder." My man Gordon first gained notoriety in the 70s through his shrewd and cunning covert skills, exemplified by the righteously cool Watergate break-ins. I tear when I recall his glorious deeds.

FLAB is a small grass-roots organization. Though I am the only charter member in the northeast, I am not discouraged. I recall that the Sons of Liberty started out puny. What FLAB proposes for Bard is redemption. Redemption from hedonistic liberal ideologies

received from everyone during my illness. Your many warm wishes via cards, gifts, and prayers were just what I needed. I'm so happy for your friendship. I miss my special friends and look forward to seeing you soon.
-Affectionately, Bea.

CLASSIFIEDS

Lost and Found

Have you seen my cape? It is green with a satin-lined hood and was stolen/misplaced during the ISO Formal. My own dear mother made it for me, it is my most prized article of clothing, and I'm really depressed by its disappearance. Please return it to me anonymously via campus mail. Please! Please! If you do not, and I see you wearing it or somehow figure out who you are, don't think I won't kick you a new cornhole. Anyone with info, call me! I'll make tea and lend you obscure artsy comic books and read yer Tarot and burn lesser items of my wardrobe on a pyre in your honor—M. Yavanos

Wanted

I am looking for an OFF-CAMPUS ROOM to rent, within walking distance from Bard College/Annandale Rd. I'm also willing to watch children! Contact x4309 or Box #1185

Are you driving to Boston (or the Cape) on the morning of Sunday, December 15? Is there room for one more passenger? If so, please call me at x4344. I'm more than willing to pay for tolls and gas. -Lilian Robinson

Announcements

To the Bard Community. Dear friends, thank you for the kindness I

A heartfelt thank you to whoever returned the \$160 dollars worth of prescription drugs to my residence. -Barb Shlarp

To the Enigmatic Upperclassman who scrutinizes me in Kline: I notice you staring. I meet your gaze. I see you standing outside my window at night. I do not close the blinds. I am intrigued by your brazen insouciance, lack of personal hygiene and socially inept behavior. Meet me in DeKline on Wednesday night at 9:00 p.m. I have longish brown hair and blue eyes. Also, I will be holding a large, bronzed Canadian marmot. -Cordially, Manos H. of F

Happy birthday, Mr. President, happy birthday to yooooo. -Luv, Marilyn

Dear Observer. I want more articles about booze. There are simply not enough articles pertaining to alcohol. Or sex. Can't forget about sex. And you do not mention poop nearly often enough. Incidentally, the quotient of typos per page per issue is atrocious. Shame on you. -Signed, A Satisfied Nitpick

If you have a classified you would like run in the next issue, by all means, mail it us.

taught here that promote false truths as history. Furthermore, we plan to offer preparation skills for the coming U.N. Onslaught. You will need to know how to fight, for as Liddy thus spaketh, "only the blood of patriots will cleanse the wicked."

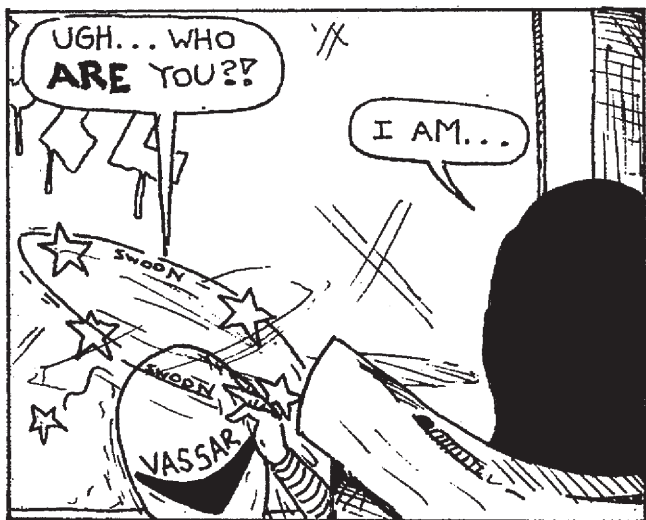
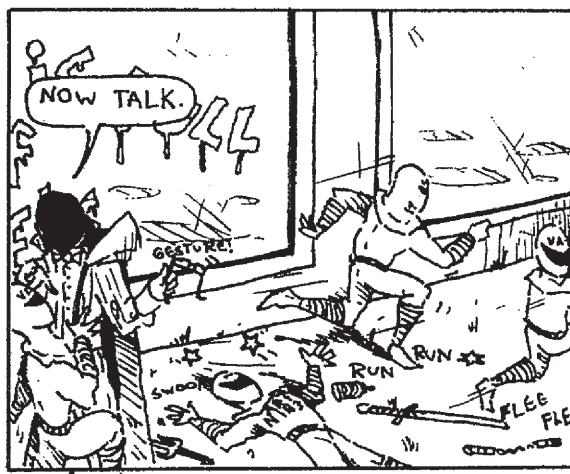
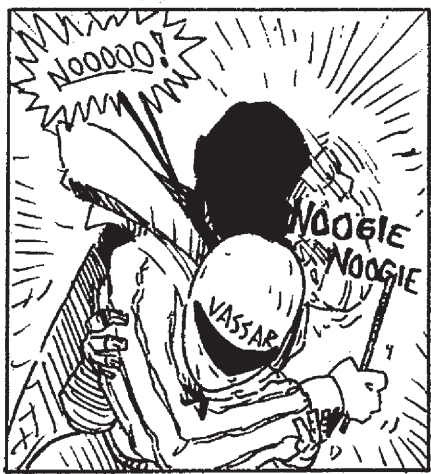
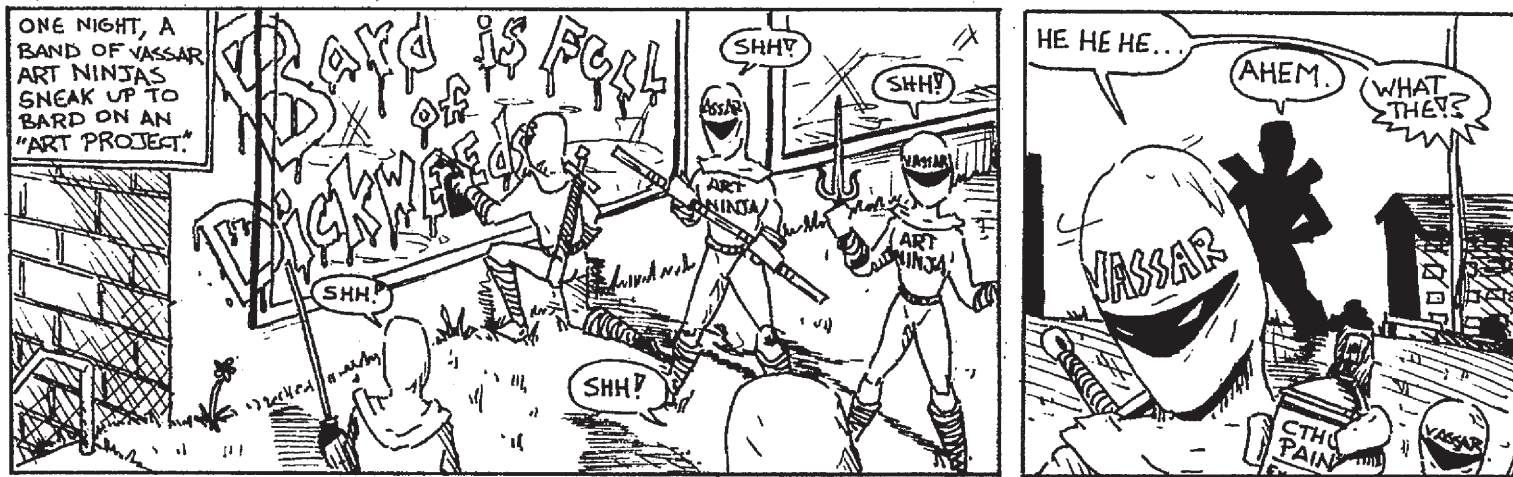
At FLAB meeting, we eat only thick slabs of red meat and our ears will be graced only by the saintly sounds of Lawrence Welk, Sousa, Wagner. We do not condemn all rock music outright. Indeed, we make exception to classic Osmonds or vintage Stryper, for they serve to reinforce the themes of patriotic moral rectitude that once made America a pillar of strength in a world of heathenism. Diet and music are important and they must be pure. With the help of the dedicated among you, FLAB has a fighting chance of achieving a moral reawakening in America. Without support our freedom shall wither in the face of degenerates! Anal moral mongers of the world, unite!

John Rosenthal
FLAB Uberstrum-Liddyfuhrer

THE BARD observer

December 11, 1996

THE BARD OBSERVER PRESENTS A F.I.G.A.Z.E.T.O.* PRODUCTION...



CREATED BY: John Holmloch and Chris VanDyke Written By: John Illustrated By: Chris
*Fun Intelligent Geniuses Attempting to Zealously Engineering a Totalitarianist Oligarchy