

# OBSERVER

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"News is whatever sells newspapers; *The Bard Observer* is free."

# The Bard Observer

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NY, 12504 DECEMBER 15, 1997 ISSUE 6, VOLUME 8

## Registration Card Pulling Caused Delays, Aggravation

*Frustration prompted questions about how to best collect fees*

By NATE SCHWARTZ, Design Editor

Entering a dense throng in front of the Student Accounts Office (SAO) on registration day, December 3, one encountered dozens of students whose attempts to clear their accounts before the beginning of registration proper were frustrated by confused, slow-moving lines. One-hundred-and-ninety registration cards were withheld, pending the payment of outstanding charges ranging from tuition to library fines; consequently, the SAO was deluged with students seeking information and financial clearance. Many of these students then went to the professors without their cards and succeeded in getting on class rosters without officially registering.

Forming an undefined queue which overflowed into the main entrance of the Buildings and Grounds building, Sophomore II's, Juniors and Seniors vied for position to see Bursar Viki Papadimitriou, hoping to get the cards and still participate in registration between 11 and 12:30 p.m. while students of lower status worked towards obtaining their cards in time for their afternoon registration at 1:30-3 p.m. There were three lines which were nearly indistinguishable and it was only through students passing information along that those at what appeared to be the rear learned whether they ought to cut ahead.

After several minutes an inquisitive student found her way to either the two-pronged information line where one could obtain data and submit payment, or to the line which led to Papadimitriou's office across the hall from Student Accounts. In the latter line one had to wait and report payment to the Bursar or otherwise convince her that it was soon to be made in order to acquire the card. It was necessary to visit Papadimitriou even if one had paid one of the two staffpeople tending the information lines.

Papadimitriou attributed the back-ups to a number of factors. One was the inexperience of her staff—both were spring registration rookies. Another was the fact that students were already queued when she arrived in the morning and the lines grew quickly so that at first she had no opportunity to develop a strategy with her staff and soon it was difficult to maneuver at all.

In a recent interview the Bursar expressed frustration concerning the debts about which she sent

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LET THERE BE LIGHT: During the Festival of Lights, on the evening of December 13, Rabbi Joanna Katz holds aloft a braided candle as she speaks in Bard's chapel.

## Arts Exchange

*New grant will help support Bard-Red Hook arts partnership*

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, Arts & Entertainment Editor

The Empire State Partnership Project awarded a \$94,000 grant to the Bard College and Red Hook School District's partnership program in arts education which has been in existence for twelve years and now will be able to involve a greater community, including Bard students.

The program, entitled B.R.I.D.G.E.S. (Bard College and Red Hook Central School Introducing and Developing Goals for Enlightening and Enriching Students through Arts), is designed to integrate the visual arts and the core curricula in the Red Hook Schools.

The B.R.I.D.G.E.S. program is one of twenty-three partnerships in the state to receive such a grant which "recognizes the strength of the partnership's program in arts education and its promise as a model for the statewide educational initiative developed by the New York State Council of the Arts and the State Education Department," reported a recent press release.

According to an article published in the Fall/Winter issue of *Artscene*, a publication of the Dutchess County Arts Council, Ann Gabler, Bard's arts-in-education liaison, said that the goal of the program is "to integrate the arts with the study of social studies, history, writing, reading, math, and science and to offer students multiple ways to learn and show what they know."

The program follows the belief that the arts can promote basic symbolic and theoretical skills. Professional artists from the Hudson Valley region and students and faculty from Bard College will work with the classroom teachers in implementing the new program.

Bill Rock, superintendent of the Red Hook Schools, who described the program as an attempt to "fuse the arts into the curriculum," said the grant will go to further training of classroom teachers as well as the bringing more artists such as storytellers,

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## Parking Problems Bewailed

*Packed lots, potholes, and towings irk drivers*

By ABIGAIL ROSENBERG, Opinions Editor

Been having trouble parking lately? You're not alone. The Olin and Kline lots have been filled to capacity on some days, forcing students to park in other lots such as the one at the Fisher Arts Center. On most days, cars are parked two rows deep in both the driveways of the Olin lot, and some students have taken to parking in handicapped spaces and other illegal spots such as the Kline loading dock.

According to Director of Security Robert Brock, this parking shortage is not attributed to there being more cars on campus. He explains that because the parking on Ravine Road has been suspended due to the construction of the Bertelsmann Campus Center, those cars have had to be redirected to what is referred to as the "back corner" of the Olin lot

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COURTESY: JEFF SICHEL

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JEREMY DILLARD



## Registration frustration exacerbated by delays...

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reminders to both parents and students.

"I would like to ask how I can get it across," she said. "I'm going to send copies of the bills to every student." This was an idea she is considering as a response to the large number of students who didn't get their accounts clear before registration day.

She regretted the slow movement of the line to see her on registration day but said that "the majority of the students here I see every clearance." Another factor contributing to the slowness of the line was that the financial situations of the students in the line varied considerably. That is, some had merely to hand over proof of payment and receive their cards while others required more lengthy consultations about payment problems.

This points to another consideration: the type of office Papadimitriou is trying to run. Invoking her belief in the character of Bard, she said, "I've been here a lot of years. Bard is a good place." Which is to say, she refuses to resort to such tactics as fines for late checks (such as are used by many collection offices) or to resort to more automated methods.

Papadimitriou proposed that students might be involved in calling their peers to remind them of unpaid fees.

Some students whose cards were pulled did not know that they owed funds until the morning of registration.

"I didn't get into one class because of it," said Junior Aaron Brokaw. "I registered anyway [without the card]. I told my teachers I would have my card later... [at the SAO] it was a long time to wait in line...it was one of the longest lines I've ever seen there."

On registration day Brokaw learned that the reminder notices sent to one of his divorced parents didn't reach the other parent who is responsible for the payment. The bill wasn't paid on time, but Brokaw settled it himself within hours of learning of its tardiness.

"If they'd have sent the letter to me I would have gotten on it and done something about it," said Brokaw.

Another student, Freshman Adam North, was not aware of his debt of \$128 until registration.

"It was so bureaucratic—it was insane with the line and everybody was stressed about getting classes. I felt like I had to pay right then or not go to school here. It was really sort of threatening," said North. "I don't personally pay my bills, my family pays them. I always assume I'm financially cleared."

North disregarded the reminder he received because to the best of his knowledge his family was taking care of it. If the reminder had been addressed to him specifically he would have treated it differently, he said.

This request for earlier notification was a recurring suggestion from students. The new Banner computer program which has completely revised the process of entering registration data, would also allow the SAO to generate a list of uncleared students. Those students could then receive notice of their non-clearance prior to registration day.

According to Papadimitriou one problem with this is that the time between the due date of the bill (in this case, November 28) and registration (December 3) is such that even if the students were informed, many would not be able to have a cheque written in time. On the other hand, many of the smaller fees, such as that of North might be resolved beforehand. Further, students like Brokaw, who pay fees out of their personal accounts, could write a cheque directly in the days proceeding registration. This would

clear the way for students who cannot produce the monies immediately.

Despite the difficulties on registration day, at press time 67 registration cards were still in the possession of the Bursar. Among this number some are cards of students taking a leave of absence or going abroad. Nevertheless, many students have yet to settle their accounts. Some are waiting as long as possible to pay and some are even refusing to pay in defiance of the withholding of the cards.

In a recent interview, Registrar Ellen Jetto reported that the college has always withheld cards from students who are not financially cleared, but suggested that, regarding the high number of unpaid accounts at this past registration, "There needs to be a recognition that there's a problem," and that the parents ought to be informed of its seriousness.

She too brought up involving students.

"I would like to create an environment where the students affected can assist in the process," said Jetto. "My highest priority is to make registration equitable, meaningful, and as painless as possible...When things don't go well we all suffer."

"My advice to students—in addition to the institution taking more precautions—is to be more proactive. It's important to be responsible for yourself, to learn what the balances are—it's a difficult time to do that. Both sides need to be informing each other better."

She said that the billing dates could be moved back, or registration moved forward, in order to allow a larger window of time for collecting funds. She also proposed giving Student Accounts a space in Olin during spring registration so that it is more centrally located. This would also reduce the problem of congestion which exacerbated the frustrations of those waiting in the cramped hallway outside the SAO.

Papadimitriou said that she "prefers to have the students in Olin," but that it is technically more complex because laptop computers have to be set up for the task.

It has also been proposed that the Bursar's work could be made easier by sharing staff.

"Maybe we need to pool resources and be more supportive of one another. The best place for that to happen is with the students—they have some influence. I'm certainly willing to try to help to make the process more 'user-friendly,'" said Jetto. "There's definitely room for improvement and I love change."

Papadimitriou holds that because of the training involved, sharing staff probably doesn't make sense but reiterated that "it may be time to involve students."

"It's not gestapo tactics which I think it could be called. I think students need to remind their parents...The truth is I know what I have to do," said Papadimitriou.

Asked whether there will be some intra-administrative dialogue on registration, Jetto remarked, "There may be some discussion."

Ultimately, Papadimitriou's attempts to remind students and parents have proven insufficient in getting accounts cleared before registration. Thus, more time, which Jetto is willing to help create, or a new plan for alerting students and collecting their funds may be more successful.

Papadimitriou emphasized the importance of getting the job done while acknowledging the difficulty of balancing the personal and the financial, the students and their accounts.

"I think it can be solved. Everybody doesn't learn the same way... I think it has to be a little more individualized," said Papadimitriou.

## Arts exchange partnership...

STORY CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

performers and musicians to share their talents with the Red Hook schools. The grant will also allow the school children to go on more field trips to different concerts, theater productions and museums, including Bard's own Center for Curatorial Studies.

Though Bard students are not currently involved in the program, the goal for next semester is to get them to participate. In late January, there will be a meeting for Bard students interested in working in the Red Hook classrooms with the artists-in-residence. Students who are interested can contact Ann Gabler (ext. 7434) or Maureen Forrestal (ext. 7539) for more information.

## Rueing parking complications...

STORY CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

and the Avery Arts Center lot.

When asked if there are plans to improve the parking conditions, both in the way of space and maintenance, Associate Vice President of Finance and Administration James Brudvig, said that the only lot scheduled to be enlarged and paved is the Fisher lot. This lot is considered to be the main lot for the new student center since there are no plans for adjacent parking for the building. While Brudvig is aware of the bad conditions of lots such as Kline and Olin, infamous for their mud and New York City-sized potholes, he says that there are no plans to pave them. The concentration will be on grating and laying down new gravel, which is taken care of by B&G. Brudvig says that there are plans in the works for redirecting traffic throughout the entire campus and parking lots such as the one at Cruger Village. Landscape architects have already designed possible changes for the Cruger lot, but the construction depends on, of course, funding. The campus-wide parking focus will be on organizing the space already available so that less is wasted.

## When asked if there are plans to improve the parking conditions, Brudvig said that the only lot scheduled to be enlarged and paved is the Fisher lot.

According to Brock, parking is an "aside" issue for Safety and Security. The real issues are the unpaid parking tickets that students are racking up. These unpaid tickets have brought on the wrath of the "Boot." Contrary to popular belief, the "Boot" is not used on illegally parked cars. The main use of the car immobilizer is to get drivers to settle their accounts with the college. Only cars that are unregistered and have more than five outstanding tickets are the recipients of the infamous "Boot." A list of violators' license plate numbers, (names are unknown since the violators' vehicles are not registered), is circulated among the Security officers. The list ranges from five to fifteen unpaid tickets. When officers see these cars on campus, the "boot" is called into duty.

Brock points out that the college does not look to fund its major programs with revenue from parking tickets, but students need to register their cars and park responsibly. He denies that there are not enough parking spots, pointing out that students, faculty, and staff should either show up earlier or make use of parking on North Campus at Manor or Robbins or behind Stevenson Gym. "That's what the shuttle's for, right?" says Brock. "There are enough spaces, people just need to be willing to hoof it."

To clear up any misconception, the three parking spaces just off the road, (near the Post Office), otherwise known as "the special spots," are not legal parking places. Although it is not directly near the spots, a "No Unauthorized Vehicles" sign nearby does pertain to these choice places. Asked about why there is no obvious sign addressing these parking spots, Brock speculated that the administration did not want to "clutter up" the campus with an overabundance of signs. When asked why there are no plans to pave, Brock said that the administration envisions a campus where students leave their cars at their dorms and walk to classes and other campus hotspots such as the new, much touted Bertelsmann Campus Center.



# Student Life Committee Report

By JANICE SANDWICK, Contributor

The members of the Student Life Committee (SLC) would like to update the student body on the projects that we have been working on throughout the semester. The following includes significant changes that will impact the student body in a positive way:

Through our participation on the Computer Services Committee, we have learned that the college plans to invest in the expansion of the current modem pool. This change should decrease the amount of time by half that students wait to connect to the internet. Expect the service to be in place sometime early next semester. The Computer Services Committee also wants to organize a support group for students experiencing individual

computer difficulties.

As for life in the red barn, B&G is working on numerous jobs all over campus. Keen North will be happy to hear that B&G is considering adding a t.v. (possibly with cable) to the upstairs lounge. In order to increase safety on campus, the Safety and Security Committee is requesting that all new call boxes that are to be installed in the coming weeks will be equipped with blue lights. Expressed long-term goals include the addition of blue lights to call boxes already in place but this will take time because some rewiring is required.

Kline has also been diligently working with students to address problems with food and food service. FLIK has committed to investigating the option of making herbal tea, the table with the fancy juicer and a wider variety of

desserts available on a consistent basis. The long-running concern of disappearing is being addressed by the Food Committee and the Earth Coalition.

Future projects for the Student Life Committee include addressing the needs of off-campus students, attempting to form a working relationship between undergrads and graduate students, holding a referendum over the sale of cigarettes in the Bookstore, and beginning a dialogue through the proper channels about student concerns regarding the registration/financial clearance process.

As always, any comments, concerns, or suggestions that you have are welcome and appreciated. You can contact Kate Massey, Shuli Ariei, Janice Sandwick, Aubrey Stimola, Andy Varyu or Samir Vural.

## Theatre for a New Audience

A blab session with director/professor/playwright Jeff Sichel

By MEREDITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

Avery is host to a number of ghosts. We can refer to them as "powerful energies, unpredictable occurrences," even "the damned drama-major vapors" if such terminology feels more comfortable to you. In any case, from basement to tech booth, from the well-trod green carpeting and grubby dressing rooms to the costumes in the loft, there's no lack of Presence. The extroverted residue of years of communal predisposition towards passionate fancy, this Presence is the result of something that every self-respecting theatre need to subsist: a persistence of crazy ideas.

Recently there's been a marked increase in that particular venue, primarily due to the introduction of an accomplished conjuror to Bard's drama/dance department. Jeffrey Sichel is a young magician of the first rate in the theatrical vocation, an expert at making dreamstuff tangible. Over the course of a single semester here, he and his students have been pulling those aforementioned crazy ideas out of the rafters by the score. What's more, they have been pulling them off.

Age thirty, the founder and artistic director of his own off-Broadway company (Empty Space Theatre Company), Sichel has been closely associated with numerous Obie Award-winning productions by En Garde Arts, is an affiliate to the likes of Julie Taymore (The Lion King) and the producers of Rent, and friend to the Knitting Factory contingent. In the almost-decade since he graduated from Skidmore college, there has been a musical collaboration with Gordon Gano of the Violent Femmes, a teaching stint and MFA from Columbia University, curatorial obligations to the influential New York Theatre Workshop, numerous productions of his scripts, countless directorial successes, and so on and so forth.

In a recent conversation, Sichel spoke at length about whatever sprang to mind: his colorful off-Broadway history, the nature of his innovative Site Specific Theatre course, his role as director of this fall's post-modern, Pre-Raphaelite dream, Pelleas and Melisanda, his respect for "the fierce independence and creativity of Bard students," and grandiose plans he's making for the future, specifically The Summer Bard Performing-Arts Festival, which would occur just before the ASO's Tchaikovsky festival.

"So, I'm blabbing," Sichel says for the fifth time, and eyes with reproach the hand-held recorder tape recorder currently purring on his office coffee table. "I tend to blab a lot." After being assured once again that blabbing is perfectly acceptable, he settles back and continues discussing his department's recent production of the stunning Alma Tadema-esque Pelleas and Melisanda, specifically complications that would arise if it was produced off-Broadway.



FLAIR FOR THE DRAMATIC: The new Drama/Dance Professor Jeffrey Sichel.

"Yes, theatres are interested in doing the show down in the city," but Sichel is cautious of such a move. "There are complications. One problem [is] the amount of money and tech time it would take to move a show like this. More importantly, I don't want students to be prematurely exposed to press. I don't believe we should aspire to something which will be dumbed down or simplified to a degree by critics. It's not something that students need to deal with yet."

More ideally, he says, the ensemble could take it to a summer festival, where audiences would be perceptive to the ensembles' intense efforts and more likely to appreciate its inherently collaborative nature. "That ensemble created it. Sometimes people get afraid of collaboration, and a lot of what [Pelleas] was about had to do with learning to work together... merging individual strengths." Sichel slept in the theatre for a week before the production went up, the devoted cast stayed hours so late that even he deemed "unacceptable," there were some concerns that the students' other course work would suffer, but the final outcome removed all doubt. The most talked-about, unique, and well-attended drama/dance department production in years, Pelleas and Melisanda has put Sichel in extremely good standing with his students and fellow professors.

Then there's the success of his Site Specific Theatre course, which allowed him to draw upon extensive past experience with the Mac Wellman, leader of the experimental NYC troupe, En Garde Arts. "The term 'site specific' has to do with creating theatrical pieces that evolve organically out of a particular place, usually somewhere with mythological or historical significance to it. When I worked with Wellman on the lake in Central Park, he sat there for a month beforehand writing a play [that] could only exist in that particular space." The locations of stu-

dent works for Sichel's course ranged from the Rhinecliff hotel to a moving traincar to Tivoli's Town Hall to the forests of German town. Sichel has been, to say the least, pleased with the enthusiasm of his students. "I taught at Columbia before teaching here. Without a doubt, Bard surpasses the quality of Columbia students in terms of theatrical ingenuity. I'm fascinated by the kind of stuff that students bring into their projects here."

Sichel makes no bones about his intentions for Bard. Having accomplished much downtown, the professor is determined to bring similar success upstate. "Something can exist one day and be gone the next, but this job is round the clock for me. My wife and I have moved into a cottage on campus with our cats...so it's pretty obvious that I'm not interested in splitting my life between here and [NYC]. What I'm interested in is creating a vital, viable arts community centered around Bard college."

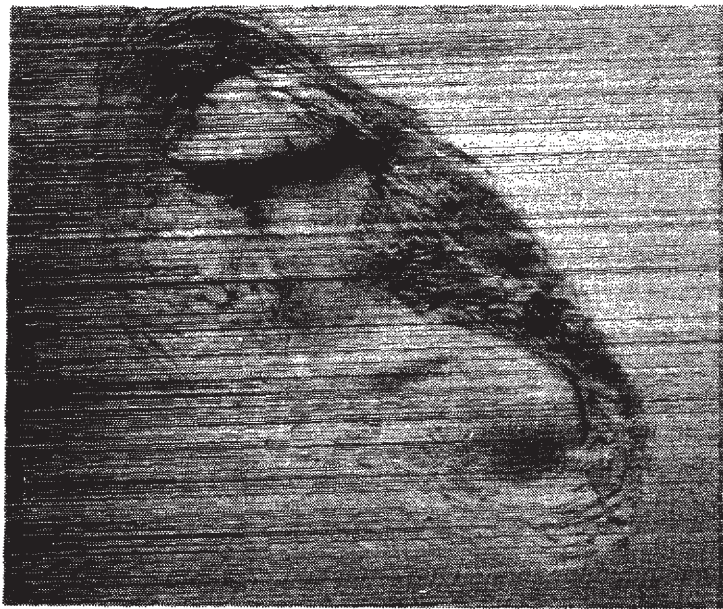
This is perhaps why Sichel is lobbying ferociously for the successful presentation of a four-week Bard Summer Festival of Performing Arts. "The notion is that such a festival would create interaction on a collaborative level between faculty, students, professionals, that there would be a wide range of things happening. A great mix of contemporary and [classic theatre]. I'll do everything I can to make it happen." To triumph over monetary and organizational concerns, Sichel states that a tremendous amount of involvement from several departments is going to be necessary, although he has no doubt: the interest and the motivation is there. Working closely with administrator Robert Martin to ensure that the idea doesn't fall through the cracks, Sichel predicts that the festival will take place shortly before the ASO festival in August of 1998.

In the meantime, the professor wishes to continue to bring the drama, dance, music and art departments even closer together next semester. "I'm hoping there will be enthusiasm amongst students to do an opera next semester." Sichel commented favorably upon a recent independent production of Jesus Christ Superstar and his enthusiasm for integration of musical theatre with more experimental elements. Speaking of his wish to create newer, more contemporary forms of theatre that combine all factions of the Bard community, Sichel stated, "theatre can be a lot of things, but if its possibilities are not explored, you end up seeing Death of a Salesman a thousand times, and that isn't at all what I want to do here."

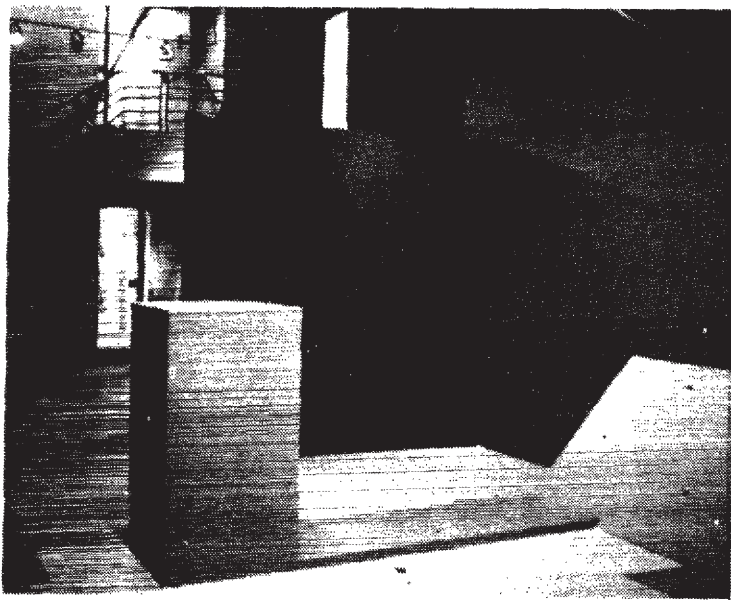
No one can remember a time in recent years where so many large-scale student performances have happened, whether within or beyond the sphere of departmental influence. It's safe to say that at least some of that energy is due to the influence a person like Sichel has in a close-knit community with such a need for (pardon the pun) new direction. Students, sit up and take notice! Drama/dance is not the only department to receive a transfusion: the Music Department has musicologist Kyle Gann, and the Arts have Ann Bertrand. Expect a lot.



## Final Exhibitions of Image and Form



JEREMY DILLAHUNT



JEREMY DILLAHUNT



SENIOR SHOWS: Three seniors presented their work in the Fisher Art Center last week. Clockwise from top left: plaster sculpture by Laura-Gail Bibb, Untitled by Augusta Anderson (one of her many photographs), and sculptures by Ray Oglesby in the Fisher Atrium.

## Witness Variety City

Bard band has EP on sale at Crazy Bird Records

By MEREDITH YAYANOS,  
Co-Editor-in-Chief

Welcome to an abbreviated tour of Variety City, population five. We ask only that you keep your hands and legs inside of the bus at all times, as we don't want to cause trouble with the natives. Here's one now! That grubby banshee in the fishnet bodysuit with her legs wrapped around the mic stand, is vocalist Laurel Barclay. A little further down the road, the exceedingly tall fellow with a poker face and iron-strong guitar riffs, that's Matthew Katz-Bohen. Barclay Saul's the curly one with the joyously cracked-out keyboard parts. Bassist Erin Watson just moved to town recently, and we're certainly glad to see her baby blues. And of course, there's Tess Durand, the little drummer girl with a big mean 3/4. That's everybody. Stay and listen for a spell: you'll be glad you visited...

Arguably the most startling Bard band around this semester, Variety City is an amalgamation of straightforward '90's rock sensibility and impetuous bizarro mentality. Sadly, they'll be on hiatus for a while because front-girl Barclay is venturing off to Israel for the remainder of the year. However, a self-titled EP replete with five splendid tracks is currently available on Crazy Bird Records to tide diehard fans over 'til she returns from the Holy Land.

Among other things, the CD



MEREDITH YAYANOS

FRONTING: Barclay will soon repair to the Holy Land.

proves that Variety City is more than simply a live spectacle: these guys have really got something going on. Barclay's vocals are clear and intelligible in the mix, so one can actually appreciate her gleefully demented lyrics. Katz-Bohen's guitar and Saul's keyboard parts are in perfect sync, Durand's playing is concise and steady, and so on and so forth...oh dear, I realize this article sounds more like an ad campaign than a music review, but really, I have little to say about Variety City that isn't biased by my ensuing adoration and a current 102-degree fever. I'll be ecstatic to finish up and go home, but it's a bittersweet departure, for I know I shall never see Variety City play again. I'm going to miss them.

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# In Midnight in the Garden of Good & Evil, Eastwood Fails to Attain Consistent Tone

Effort to circumscribe the true-crime novel's story line causes confusion in film version

By SCOTT COMMERSON, Assistant Copy Editor

Testifying in a widely-publicized murder trial, the always-opinionated Lady Chablis digresses for a moment to give a matronly juror a fashion tip. "No offense, Miss," purrs the drag queen to the horrified grandmother, "but blue is definitely not your color."

This is one of the more memorable scenes from Clint Eastwood's newest directing effort, *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*. While the film has oddities and one-liners aplenty, its basic storyline fails to engage. Based on John Berendt's immensely popular true-crime novel set in Georgia, the film follows a young magazine writer as he forages through the sunny, scandalous jungle of Savannah high society. On assignment from *Town and Country* magazine, New York freelance writer John Kelso (John Cusack) comes to Savannah to cover the annual Christmas gala held by wealthy antiques dealer Jim Williams. Kevin Spacey, who (in the movie, if not in the novel) is an enigmatic sweet-talker with a permanent smirk on his face and a perpetual twinkle in his eye.

In his low "Jo-jahhh" drawl, Williams introduces Kelso to his high-roller guests, a roster of eccentrics which would make the producers of

MTV's "Oddville" jealous. But the party is just a warm-up for the real spectacle. In the wee hours of morning, Williams kills his young gigolo boyfriend. In spite of his repeated claims that the shooting was in self-defense, he is indicted on murder charges anyway. Once he is "outed" by the newspapers, Williams is deserted by the rich socialites and sycophants who clamored for invitations to his party only the night before. Mired in the hypocrisy of small-town Southern society, journalist Kelso realizes he is onto something much bigger than some rinky-dink *Town and Country* story.

While investigating the slain hustler's background, journalist Kelso encounters some truly unique personalities, including an obnoxious drag queen, a voodoo priestess, and a gun-toting widow. This zany cast of characters really forms the heart of the movie; the mystery surrounding the murder is far less engaging in comparison to the movie's many subplots. In the most memorable supporting role of the year, Lady Chablis (playing him/herself) not only endows her character with spunk and sass, but gives her a genuine heart as well. The scene in which Lady Chablis busts up a black debutante ball is funnier than anything else seen in this year's comedies.

Unfortunately, such scenes cannot compensate for a dull plot. It seems that Eastwood is unable to decide which genre he is aiming for; is the movie supposed to be a high-concept comedy, a mystery or a trial drama? Perhaps Eastwood was trying for a combination of all three, but he never achieves a consistent tone. The result is that, aside from a few disjointed scenes, the movie fails to fully engage the audience on any level. The plot's driving force is the mystery surrounding the murder, yet we are never made to care whether Williams killed his lover in self defense or in cold blood. As a character, Williams remains too mysterious and detached to capture our interest.

At over two-and-a-half hours, the film would have benefited from more editing. Eastwood's hesitancy to pare down Berendt's widely acclaimed novel is understandable, but the consequence is that the film lacks a focus. The love affair between Kelso and a Southern belle (Ally Eastwood) seems particularly superfluous, while the frequent, long shots of downtown Savannah often make the movie seem like a travel video.

*Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil* certainly has its moments, but fans of the book will likely be disappointed by the film's mishmash of genres.

Arnie's Fatality Fest Recorded		
Film	Human fatalities	Notables Lines, Stats and Facts
Conan the Barbarian	27	Waxes a vulture, a 20-foot snake, a horse
Conan the Destroyer	39	Polishes off a horse, a camel, a monster, a demigod, and Wilt Chamberlain
Red Sonja	27	Makes pasta of a gigantic metal alligator
Red Heat	11	Two dogs offed.
True Lies	75	Utters "You're Fired" before launching a missile at a chap.
Twins	1	Dumps 4,000 pounds of chain on a man and says, "He had a lot on his mind."
Commando	130	After impaling a victim on a steam pipe: "Let off some steam"
Terminator	61	"I'll be back."
T2	0	"I'll be back."
Running Man	10	Blows guy up: "What a hothead."
Total Recall	58	Rubs out robot taxi driver.
Predator	38	Ices all humans in first 20 minutes. Many plants and bugs annihilated.
Pumping Iron	0	Destroys Lou Ferrigno and a few braincells.

The Zine Scene

Dress Code Angst, Biker Solidarity, Lice & More

by Elissa Nelson & Lauren Martin, Columnists

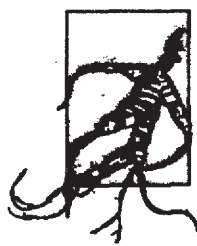
More zine reviews! More great reasons to visit the Bard Zine Library, located in the Root Cellar (Bard's own student-run natural food store) in the basement of the Old Gym.

*Matriculate* (a.k.a. *Sidetracked* #9A). Remember how much you hated high school? Remember all the bullshit you had to go through, like cliques, and dress codes, unreasonable rules and out-of-touch teachers? Well Menghsin took over a year to collect stories from all sorts of different people all over North America. There are comics, photographs, lists, newspaper clippings, and tons of rants against the institution known as high school. Besides many angst-ridden tales of dress code violations, *Matriculate* also contains stories of sexual harassment, underground newspapers, one school's fucked-up reaction to rape, and other scary stuff. Though we can all be thankful that high school is now but a distant memory, this is a good reminder that for many, school is still a living hell. L.M.

*Fierce Femme* #2. The subject of this zine? Women, bicycles and culture. No joke. I love it! Though I am no big-time biker myself, I get a kick reading about tough girls biking around the world. This zine reminds me of these wheat-pasted signs I saw plastered all around Seattle this summer: "CARS KILL; KILL CARS." Learn about biker solidarity, "Waving Wednesdays" (a simple concept: ride your bike on Wednesday and wave to everyone else biking!), bike messenger championships, the California AIDS ride, critical mass, and more. #2 also contains interviews with Donna Dresch and Mary Manning, photos of "Dykes on Real Bikes," and some reviews, too. L.M.

*Real Girl*; *The Sex Comik* for all genders and orientations...by cartoonists who are good in bed! Lori, who does *Hot Snot Pot* (see review), sent me three issues of this great comic compilation. We have very few comics in the zine library, partly just because Lauren and I don't know much about the genre--if anyone does, and wants to suggest stuff we should get, please contact me. Anyway, this is a fabulous queer-positive, sex-positive comic, with a two-page paperdoll spread of The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, San Francisco's notorious and oft-photographed drag sisterhood; a strange little piece about a man who finds Jesus, shrunk down to a tiny size, under his kitchen table (Jesus tries to pass himself off as a leprechaun, but our narrator isn't fooled for a minute, despite the Irish accent); Tom Tomorrow's Sparky with a condom on his beak; and lots of other entertaining and informative stuff. E.N.

*Hot Snot Pot* #7. Lori and her sister are two weird and funny ladies. They each have a unique writing style. In my favorite story, about when their whole family got lice, Lori describes the humiliations that accompany the lice check and the embarrassment suffered by any child unfortunate enough to have a little bugger in her hair. She tells how the school nurse made ten-year-old Lamey (her sister--don't ask me) sit by herself in the hallway outside the nurse's office, and everyone walking by knew exactly why she was sitting there. Lori says, I'd like to go back to that school and give them all, the heartless petty tyrants, a once-over with a giant popsicle stick, a.k.a. a 2x4. Lice check, fuckers! Also I like *Hot Snot Pot* because Lori had Dr. McCoy, Uhura, and Spock review zines for her this issue, and Spock was really kind to my zine, *Hope*; for one thing, he said "The zine is so small, it fits in my pocket and doesn't interfere with the sleek lines of my uniform." E.N.



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# Don't Believe the Hype?

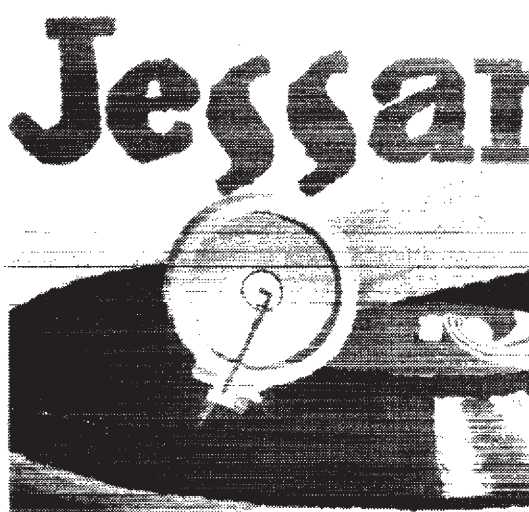
By JOEL HUNT, Contributor

That dreaded of words, hype, can be an interesting thing. Hype, of course, permeates everything in late-twentieth century culture; that is, its sometimes evil, sometimes good, but always insidious nature. Hell, even the dull and uninteresting world of underground rock is susceptible to hype. Yes, even the shitty music that I choose to write about that you, dear reader, have probably never heard of, is publicized, debated, and dismissed – albeit on a much smaller scale – in much the same way that mass media phenomena such as the Spice Girls or *Seinfeld* are. The difference being that the music that I often review is, generally, much better than anything any of you would ever bother to listen to. Hey, it wasn't my choice to have such good taste. It was, rather, a precious gift from God Himself. And if you believe that, then there's a bridge I'll sell ya, ya rube. Anyway, the first recipient of hype which I wish to examine is that estimable indie-fusion powerhouse known as Tortoise.

After a few singles, two albums, and a few remixes these Chicagoans seem poised on the brink of, well, something (even though only 50,000 copies of their last lp were sold worldwide). Along with their above-radar status (I heard that one of their songs is featured prominently in a current Calvin Klein television ad) has come considerable hype, along with its late-arriving sister backlash. Although their releases have stylistically changed over an incredibly short span of time, there is still something of substance there. However, those of us who are fans (from the first single, man!) will have to wait into the middle of next year for their new LP which is tentatively entitled *mt*. So, in lieu of new material, there are quite a few Tortoise side-projects worth mentioning.

First off is the debut by Isotope217 which features Dan Bitney, Johnny "Machine" Herndon, and Jeff Parker of said aquatic-reptile-group, as well as some other Chicago luminaries. Recorded by Windy City stalwarts Bundy K. Brown (himself a former Tortoise member) and Casey "The Designer" Rice (Tortoise soundman and former guitarist for – gasp! – Liz Phair), *The Unstable Molecule* (a split release from Thrill Jockey and New Beyond) has the same sound quality that you would expect from any Tortoise release. However, it does contain one wonderful element which Tortoise lacks: horns. I will admit that I've been a sucker for horns lately, and in the talented hands of this ensemble, the instruments have an indescribably wonderful versatility. The compositions themselves range from contemplative pseudo-jazz to almost-unembarassing funk. Hey, these nutty guys even play a Tortoise song, "La Jete," which is unavailable for the moment. Wow, and I thought there was a lot of nepotism at Bard...

Also Tortoise-related is the new split twelve-inch single by Delarosa and U-shen on Fluid Ounce Records. But contained within these grooves you'll find drum n' bass-oriented stuff, nicely executed and relatively anonymous (to the point that I don't know which Tortoise members are actually involved). Which, for such a deliberately star-less genre, is commendable. On the ep end, there's a new one by The Sea and Cake. This Chicago pop group features Tortoise drummer John McEntire as well as occasionally ol' man Doug McCombs on synthesizer duties.



A LESSER LIGHT: Jessamine's unhyped *Another Fictionalized History*.

Their newest release on the ubiquitous Thrill Jockey imprint, *Two Gentlemen*, features three remixes by Jim O'Rourke, Bundy K. Brown, and Casey Rice, and two instrumental reworkings of songs from their last lp *The Fawn*. I'm not such a huge fan of the Rice and Brown remixes, although they have their moments. Of course, the O'Rourke remix is excellent (as are most things the man touches), and the two instru-

**Yes, even the shitty music that I choose to write about that you, dear reader, have probably never heard of, is publicized, debated, and dismissed – albeit on a much smaller scale – in much the same way that mass media phenomena such as the Spice Girls or *Seinfeld* are.**

mentals are pretty good, too. But unless you're a completist, it's probably not such a good introduction to their goofy-pop-fusion world.

David Pajo is the one member of Tortoise with the most hype baggage, having once been a member of Slint and Stereolab. But to those of us who may know him, we also know that he was in lesser lights Maurice, Rising Shotgun, Solution Unknown, King Kong, etc. Plus, knowing that he takes a shit just like anyone else helps reduce the idolization-hype factor. Anyway, he's got a new album out under the pseudonym Aerial-M, and if you were here over Reading Week, you might have seen this band (fleshed out by Louisville compatriots) perform. The main complaint I heard that night was that they were "boring." Well, let me fill you in, bub: it's not they who are boring, it is you. I find the music that they make to be a zillion times more interesting than hearing your complain, you pathetic student. Whew! Lost myself there for a second. Anyway, Aerial-M's self-titled debut is available on Drag City, and it does not smoke. Rather, it smolders, which is nice for a change.

Another recipient of the indie-hype sweepstakes would be none other than Will Oldham. You may know him better by many of his bands' names: Palace Brothers, Palace, Palace Songs, Palace Music, etc. (you get the idea). After the excellent first album *There Is No-One What Will Take Care of You*, Mr. Oldham was the receiver of much hype, but mostly well-earned. However, after a slew of bad tours and worse albums (*Viva Last Blues*, *Arise Therefore*), I was ready to write

him off. However, he pulled off a successful tour last summer, and has a great new album entitled *Joya* (on Drag City). Basically, this album seems to represent Oldham's proverbial grab-for-the-ring. Some people I know have complained about the "slick" sound, but I actually enjoy it and find it appropriate. –But, at least it's nice to know that this band (which includes David Pajo) can actually play. Besides, the poorer sound quality of earlier lp's probably had more to do with lack of funding than an actual choice. Whatever, *Joya* represents Oldham's latest foray into the Scott Walker eccentric-loner-songwriter stakes, and that's fine. When he sings "I am still what I meant to be/ And I'm losing my mind/ But our burdens must lessen/ And our enemies die," I can't help but get shivers.

Two lesser lights in the realm of underground-whatever-you-call-it that still haven't received their respective hypes quite yet are Jessamine and Windsor for the Derby. So, hey, supplying the hype is what I'm here for! Jessamine are a four-piece from the Pacific Northwest (yeah, I know what you're thinking, so don't think it) who have released two albums and a handful of singles. Their newest release, *Another Fictionalized History*, is a double-lp compilation of said singles. Unlike most singles comps, however, this release features rerecorded versions of said singles. Which is actually a good thing because Jessamine expand on their previous ideas without perverting their own creations (a la that Police "greatest hits" lp). The compilation, available on their own Histrionic label, features hard-to-find tracks, not to mention their great covers of Suicide's "Cheree" and the Silver Apples' "Oscillations." Windsor for the Derby's new album (*Minnie Greutzfeldt*) just arrived from the Austin-based Trance Syndicate label. If you missed their performance at the Old Gym on Friday, November 14, then you missed one of the only bands I've ever heard which successfully conjures up the ghosts of Joy Division without being so specifically obvious. Which, again, is a good thing.

If you're wondering where to get the dish on such low-level hype, you might want to try the so-called "fanzine" culture. Of course, they do stock a few music-related things in Bard's Zine Library in the Root Cellar, but you'll have to wade through dozens of pointless "personal" zines produced by teenagers with too much free time who superficially tackle such "weighty" issues as vegetarianism, sexuality, fashion, and, uh, weight. However, for the music lover, there is hope.

The latest issue of *Bananafish* has hit the shelves, complete with the usual lengthy interviews and amusingly impenetrable reviews. For those not familiar, *Bananafish* covers the "noiser" side of the spectrum, as this issue features "bands" such as Climax Golden Twins, Nihilist Spasm Band, and Stilluppsteypa. The cheap price also includes a great compilation cd featuring America's favorite comedian, Neil Hamburger. Also out now is the British magazine *The Wire*, featuring a cover article (and snazzy photos) on Jim O'Rourke as well as articles on Oskar Sala, Faust, French post-rock (ha!), and others. Soon to hit the shelves are the new issues of *Muckracker*, *Halana*, and *Popwatch*, among others, so keep those eyes peeled, kids! (No, I don't mean literally!)

So for next time, I'll try to keep it brief as I get away from the rock thing and explore releases from the wonderful genres of Minimalism and Microtonality. It'll be lots of fun, and I promise that you won't fall asleep while reading it. Well, maybe that's one promise I just won't be able to keep. But since this is the last issue of the *Observer* for the semester, you'll just have to wait. Damn! Well, we'll see you next year.

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## Stevie Nicks 4-leatha, 4-lace, and 4-Eva

By LEAH ZANONI, Contributor

Wow, I can't think of anyone else on earth that I fantasize about more. Stevie Nicks is just about the most magical woman I've ever heard wailing and her outfits are neat-o. Are her floor-length sheer cuffs custom-made or what?

When you think about it, Stevie totally created '80's sleazy dress-up fashion. A visionary of the pen and cloth, Stevie's been strutting around in gauzy dresses and cowboy boots and throwing sparkles with her smile for longer than Madonna's had a personal trainer. Consider Madonna's look: tons of bracelets, net shirts (I'm talking '80's here, folks), mini skirts, high and tight, and scarves bunched all over her stiff, dyed hair. Allow me to point out how we get Madonna directly from the lovely Nicks. Stevie's own personal style is what she carried onto the stages of the world: her visions of crows and magic and gypsy travelers. Take off her flowing dresses (if only), and you are left with the net shirt and pounds of pancake make-up and thus '80's Madonna, whom I love. Don't think I'm saying that the Material Girl needs more than money to fix her ills, because she has with the new conservative (respectable), 90's look she has going. Unlike Madonna, Stevie never really ventured into the tacky by showing lots of shoulder skin. She just marched to her own (often out-of-time) fashion sensibilities, creating a persona much more memorable than say, Mariah Carey. See, Stevie really is a legend. Directly from her we got the 80's cowgirl/mystic/accessorized/diva look. There's magic all around her.

Fleetwood Mac is not back together as I thought. Wishful thinking perhaps, but not over Stevie's dead body would the traumatized members of rock's first "super group" reunite officially. They just needed the money, but I'm grateful for the fantastic televised Burbank Studios concert where Stevie looked better than ever in a dark-mooded funeral pyre outfit of black and wings. Her performance of "Silver Springs" left me aching for more as she turned to Lindsay and inimitable fashion sang/screamed at him during the close of the song, "Was I just a fool?" Well, I am for loving her, but Stevie's vocal and visual performances can weaken the hardest soul. This girl has fire.

So, I must write of her, for she is the only performer left with an ounce of artistic integrity. And the same can be said for her band members. They don't stand on stage and look bored for our benefit. They provide an emotional, heartfelt performance for the viewer, a rare treat in an age when stupidity and stage zombies rule concert venues. I hate Jakob Dylan and everyone else. Thank god for this resurgence of 70's rockers. Yes just played in St. Louis recently and again I say thank god! The 70's were IT and people who don't recognize this can all go listen to Prodigy or whatever, because I am saying that YOU ARE STUPID. What about grooves and mommy in the sunlit kitchen of suburbia, wearing a striped,

**"Was I just a fool?"  
Well, I am for loving her,  
but Stevie's vocal and  
visual performances can  
weaken the hardest soul.  
This girl has fire.**

flared sweater and feeding the cat? There's nothing attractive about cold-hearted snakes, as Paula Abdul learned. The 70's, at least my stilted, particular conception of them, was a time of slow grooves and hopeful harmonies. That's where Stevie comes in, along with Christine McVie, who deserves more than a cursory mention in this piece. A moment of respect for this British softie who wrote such songs as that one (I've forgotten the title) on Fleetwood Mac's first album. It goes "Forever and ever..." and it's just as smooth as ice, but sunny ice. California, you know. Anyway, to go along with a common statement, I love Fleetwood Mac because those folks wrote terrific songs and sang them even better, hit after hit.

The lyricists of Fleetwood Mac, Lindsey Buckingham and Christine McVie, and Stevie Nicks specifically, sculpted some of the most perfect sounds in the history of pop music. My friend, Barclay, would disagree and mention the Beatles and that my love of Fleetwood Mac is dragging me down, but hey, I can connect the two bands in a sentence if I want to. Fleetwood Mac were really about the '70s as far as feeling goes--and that would mean post-'60s--and so the tortured youths were on a different wavelength than the Beatles who seemed too concerned with the world. Both bands had tons of hits, though. Barclay would then posit that "just because a band has a hit doesn't make them visionary."

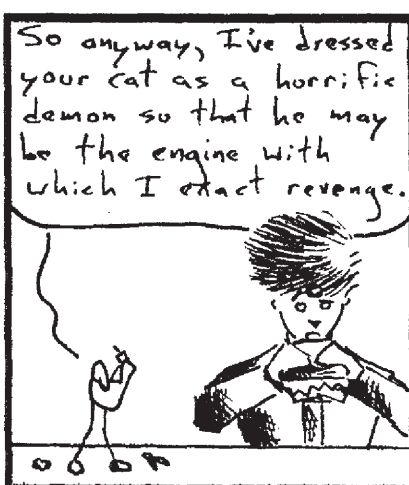
Stevie and her friends were oh so delving sharply into personal themes effectively and beautifully. More to the point, the Beatles didn't have Stevie. The Beatles were a pop group too, except they "substance" whatever that means in a capitalist structure like the recording industry.

Stevie is babe in the first degree. Her voice is like wavering gold and her words are like Hebrew script on lambskin. Anyone who is not appropriately prepared to experience the gypsy's soul can change such a dire state by watching VH-1, which has been airing biographies of all my favorite drug-addicted, manic, alcoholic 70's rockers.

Stevie wore a lot of red in the '80's. A great picture of her can be found on the cover of her 1989 album, *The Other Side of the Mirror*. On that particular album, she sings a duet with Bruce Hornsby, another '80's least favorite, and this hit, "Two Kinds of Love," is, depending on where you stand, spruced up by none other than the famous Kenny G. Personally, I love the song because it takes courage to have such a threesome, but Stevie did it. It's a great prop to a decade of aqua and the Cole-Haan loafers. Stevie's lyrics definitely suffered in the '80's and I feel that this has to do with her abuse of cocaine. The chatty, downward-spiral drug left skeletons of her profundity amidst synthesizers and mediocre studio musicians. Although she went her own way, she never found musicians so attuned to her creative self as Fleetwood Mac. Everyone knows the story of how Stevie had a hole in her nose the size of Mama Cass, but as long as Stevie's o.k., I don't think it's a point to belabor. What is rock and roll all about, if not living in a world with no rules or restrictions? She needed cocaine because she was miserable "dancing across the stages of the world." Yet, she had to dance because it was and is her passion.

I feel for Stevie because kids nowadays just don't get her passion, her cross-decade sex appeal and vigor. Everyone should at least own Rumours to appreciate her artistic greatness. Just to mention another fabulous lady of classic rock who has gotten the short end of the adulation stick, Grace Slick—she needs some attention. The girl rocks—but back to Stevie; her voice melts with Grace's on the terrific duet, "Rhiannon." Even my techno-listening roommate thinks Stevie's vocals melt like hollandaise on his tongue. Yes, I have pushed Stevie on him. Now he knows the truth about the planet's grooviest songstress and is grateful. I've been thinking about Stevie for months. How sexy and talented this blonde goddess is and how if I could've, I would've. Stevie 4-eva.

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# Rough Waters, Smooth Sailin'

*A night with jazz legend Jimmy Cobb*

By BASIL BOURIS, News Editor

Never let anyone tell you that Olin Auditorium is a good place to hear live jazz. Its sterile walls and lecture hall-style seating are immediate obstacles to any musician whose art thrives on the intimate and subtle interactions between performers and audience members. Such was the scene this past Friday evening as legendary jazz drummer Jimmy Cobb (you might know him from such albums as John Coltrane's *Giant Steps* or Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue*) took the stage alongside an all-star cast including trombonist Roswell Rudd and saxophonist extraordinaire Harvey Kaiser.

Despite the organizational efforts of Melanie Shaw and the Bard Jazz Heritage Club, the sole sponsor of the concert, the impersonal setting proved the least of the obstacles the musicians had to overcome. "Ina," a song by an obscure 1950's composer named Herbie Nickles, was the first tune of the evening and was marked by the obvious inaudibility of bassist Walter Booker. However, what appeared to be a faulty amplifier gave Roswell Rudd a chance to truly show off his skills of improvisation as he wrapped the only vocal microphone in a T-shirt and stuffed it between Booker's bass strings.

Two songs later the microphone had to be unwrapped so Bard's own pianist Joel Bishop O'Brien could sing "Shangri-la", a tune that allowed the rhythm section to exhibit their stylistic diversity as they ripped into a steamy Latin groove midway through the ballad. The evening reached its comical peak a few minutes later, however, during "Grand Central" (a song Cobb recorded originally in the mid-1960's with John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, and Paul Chambers). Booker, with microphone now safely restored to its nook between his strings, roared into a mesmerizing solo but was unfortunately now much too loud. Harvey Kaiser quickly sent a series of hand signals up to the control booth, which apparently houses the microphone's volume knob. Upon the misinterpretation of Kaiser's downward gesticulations, the five musicians momentarily disappeared as the stage lights faded into darkness. But despite it all—faulty amp and schizophrenic microphone alike—Booker came smokin' out of the darkness and set the stage for a near-flawless (by comparison) second set.

As humorous as all of the evening's problems were, it was very much this same disorganization and miscommunication that allowed the 150 or so in attendance to bare witness to one of the things that makes live jazz so great. That is the solving of musical problems, whether they exist structurally within the music itself or involve outside forces beyond the musicians' control. This is the creative process unfolding live before your very eyes. A great musician once remarked that "playing music in a studio is like building a ship in a bottle, and playing music live is like navigating a ship on the open sea." The beauty of this process and of this music is in the details, the stuff that you might miss if you don't have a front-row seat in a large concert hall.

When, before a Rudd original entitled "Bonehead," a fiery-eyed and mellow Jimmy Cobb shook his own head and murmured, "How does that one go?" Walter Booker laughed, and in a gravel voice even deeper than his bass, sang four words of explanation: "da-bome-de-ba." And they were off.

So no matter how rough the waters this past Friday evening, much respect is due these great musicians who have successfully navigated uncharted territory for many more years than most of us have lived, and many thanks are due to the Bard Jazz Heritage Club for bringing a little jazz to the stark halls of Olin.

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# Eschew Individuality, Block it off with the Trilogy

*The philosophy of television viewing in deKline*

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, Arts & Entertainment Editor

Working in deKline in the evenings has forced me to watch a lot of t.v. Over time, I have noticed distinct patterns in the t.v.-watching habits of Bard students. I can deduce what shows are most popular by the size of the crowd present at that time. Each year offers a new spectrum. Last semester, there was a *Dukes of Hazzard* contingency, which now seems to have given way to Highlander crowd. And of course there are the obvious favorites: the always classically comic *Simpsons*, the intriguing *X-Files*, and perhaps this year's biggest phenomenon: *South Park*.

Being forced to study these patterns, I have also noticed a difference between the way that I and many at Bard view t.v. For me, it is not the individual show that is most important, although I do have favorites as well. Rather, I like to plan my t.v. watching around the most convenient time in order to get maximum t.v. enjoyment. In other words, what I am calling for is a new way of viewing t.v. Instead of going for the individual show, one should aim to find one's own personal block of t.v. time, made up of a conglomerate of personally appealing shows. I thought that I had found that ideal block until it was cruelly altered. I am trying to adjust to the new block, but it is the old one for which I still long. It was perfect. It was t.v. heaven.

The block that I am talking about is what a friend of mine has coined "The Trilogy." It started out with *Seinfeld*, followed by *Cheers*, *Murphy Brown*, and the grand finale: *The Honeymooners*. (O.k., so that's four shows. Sorry.) Now, the whole purpose of the Trilogy was predicated on the fact that you would watch each show with the knowledge of what came before it and what would come after it. In other words, you watched *Cheers* with the knowledge that it was sandwiched between *Seinfeld* and *Murphy Brown*. You didn't watch each show as an individual entity, but rather as part of the whole. The conception of shows as a block of t.v. colors how you view each show.

The beauty of a block of t.v. is that you know where it is going and you know when it will end. Your t.v. watching is never anti-climactic. You know exactly when to walk away. If you watch shows individually, you are using t.v. as a momentary distraction; with a block you have a conception of the future. You watch because there is something to look forward to and something that you've completed.

It is very important that you find your own personal block, but I will tell you why the Trilogy was such a great one.

*Seinfeld* is a show that can very well stand on its own two feet. It's funny, although many times it has a painfully frustrating storyline it definitely hooks you in. It's entertaining. It's got solid characters. And since the Trilogy was made up of syndicated shows, many *Seinfeld* episodes were prime ones from the glory days of the series. But I can't really get involved in describing why each show is so great, because each show really isn't so great on its own; but in a block, they were part of something perfect.

For example, I will never admit to being a fan of *Cheers*, but I watched it in the Trilogy. Why? Because it is in the middle, it is the static, familiar part of the block. It is centralized, conceptually and physically. As most people know, it takes place in a Boston bar, whose patrons sit in a circular configuration—at the bar—with the show's stars (the bartenders Coach, Sam, and Woody) in their midst. It's just so comforting and that is what t.v. is all about. What's important is not the specific content of each episode, but rather how the show makes you feel. For example, my little sister, when she couldn't sleep, would watch the *Home Shopping Club*, not for its content but for its soporific effect. T.v. serves other purposes besides merely entertaining (putting you to sleep is not always the main one, though).

*Murphy Brown* is a great show on its own accord—but thank heavens for syndication, because later episodes (for my tastes) become watered down and drivel, and too politically oriented.

At the end of the Trilogy, *The Honeymooners* was like an after-dinner mint, your reward for sitting through an hour-and-a-half of the other shows, from which you are not always guaranteed a good episode. With *The Honeymooners* you are. I promise that you won't be disappointed.

But now the Trilogy is gone. The executives at Channel 11 have for some reason stuck *Frasier* in the midst, therefore eliminating *the Honeymooners*. What's the point of watching now? I just don't know. I can't grasp *Frasier*; it is such a watered-down show with such demented characters. You get the sense that there is something seriously wrong with each one. They have taken the sickest character from *Cheers*, the psychiatrist played by Kelsey Grammer, and added the rest of his family (yep, even Lillith occasionally makes an appearance). I just don't get it: why did they destroy t.v. perfection?

So, lately, I've been in search of a new block of T.V. time, and I'd recommend that if you plan to watch T.V. over Intercession you should find your own personal block. Treat it as a project, something you can construct. It is kind of like a recipe: find your particular ingredients and make something that you'll look forward to everyday.





## "Too Clever By Half"

*Lewonczyk directing Ostrovsky makes sense  
But many are curious: what's with the schlong?*

By LAUREN CIBORSKI, Contributor

I, the aforesigned, a somewhat horn-swaggled reporter, would like you to read this review with the understanding that I do not consider myself a clever critic. But here's what I think anyway.

The Bard Drama Department's latest production, *Too Clever by Half* or *Diary of a Scoundrel*, by Alexander Ostrovsky, is set in Moscow during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The main character, Yegor Gloumiov (Ty Howell), as part of a scheme to replenish his family's lost fortune, manipulates a circle of aristocrats by playing on their sympathies. The story serves to expose the various insecurities and whimsicalities of the Russian elite at the time the play was written. The script lends itself well to comparison with other plays of its time; nothing particularly shocking or absurd, it has a somewhat academic sense of humor, and it is more longwinded than most freshman seminar papers.

In fact, with all due respect to the stamina of the cast and crew, the show was pretty damn long. It's asking a lot of an audience to spend three and a half hours watching a production at this time of year, and perhaps this play could have been produced earlier on in the semester. It's a shame that the Drama Department consistently saves the lengthiest show of the season for finals week, when student morale is low and the audience leaves half of its attention in the library.

The acting was generally pretty solid, but as usual there were a few outstanding cast members who I would like to recognize. First, Ty Howell, whose almost hypnotic stage presence was the glue that held this lengthy production together. Without trying to

sound like a spot on his resume, Ty is an exceptionally talented and funny theater artist whose ability to remain onstage almost throughout the show should be lauded. Second, Caitlin McDonough-Thayer (Kleopatra) and Danny Bowes (Mamaev), newcomers to the Bard theatre scene, who held their own in a cast of primarily more experienced actors and whose future appearances are eagerly anticipated. Applause is also due to the three footmen (E. Corinth Briggs, Youssef Kerkour, and Graham Bliss) who provided much-needed comic relief.

Extra applause is owed to the set crew, and the costume, make-up, and hair design. It is rare to see so much attention paid to such details in a Bard production, and all of the students on the technical end deserve long overdue respect for a job well done. Of course I cannot compliment the production staff without mentioning the designers, Darryl Stone (costumes) and Alexis Kelly (hair) in particular.

But, a few words of admonition are in order as this is a critical review. Though nudity in a theatre production can make a very powerful statement, it is often abused by Bard's Drama Department. In this production specifically, the opening scene showing a twenty-something Russian aristocrat waltzing around buck-naked in front of his mother buck naked seemed exceptionally awkward and perhaps a little unnecessary. Really, what is the point? All the audience can do is wonder, "Why the schlong?" Also, regarding the ending, I don't get it.

Finally, congratulations to Jeff Lewonczyk on his mainstage directorial debut. All in all the production was cohesive and refined. It is obvious he spent innumerable hours putting it together. I love you, babe.

### Skimmingtons



Hi! I'm Skippy, the talking hot dog. I am the only one of my kind, and I am lonely.



Will you be my friend?



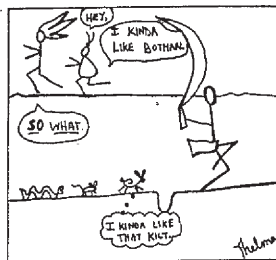
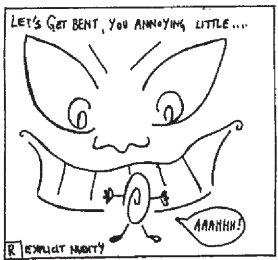
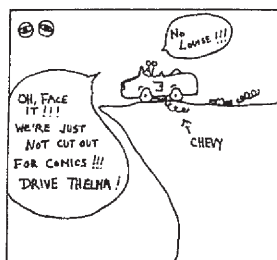
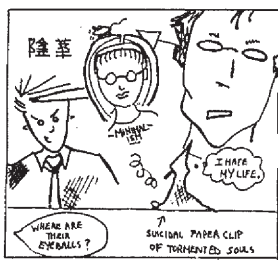
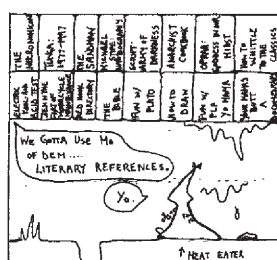
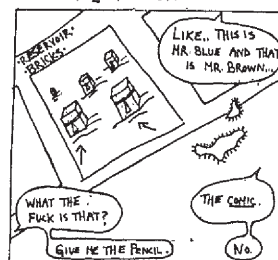
So, Herbert, what's for dinner?

Beans  
&  
weenies.



Written by Diana Oberer. Drawn by Sonja Wilson. Masticated by Herbert.

### So You've Got Mono



CREATED, WRITTEN, DRAWN + SHOKED BY: LOOSE + BINKY  
WE LIKE TO GIVE A SHOUT OUT TO: OUR MOMS - FOR THE HAIRCUTS, ANGRY DUDE (DAVID CASE) -  
"DANN THE HAN"/, EWAN Mc GREGOR - FOR THE KILT, THE PAPER CLIP - FOR BEARIN' BOOTY IN  
THE NAME OF ART, BARD WOMEN'S SPORTS - KICK ASS!!; WDSY 101.1 - FOR PLAYING THE RED  
HOUSE PAINTERS, OPRAH - FOR LIGHT IN OUR DARKNESS, CHRIS, JOHN, MORGAN + HOUSE GIRL -  
FOR NOT SUING US (THANKS, HAN), NORA KINDLEY - ROCK ON, WE GOT YO BACK, SAVE THE  
LITTLE PIGGY, OINK!, AND MOST OF ALL, HARRY MAGDALENE - FOR LETTING US USE HER  
PENCIL SHARPENER IN TIME OF CRISIS. THANKS ALL, WE LOVE YOU, SNIFF SNIFF. ☺



# The Truth and Reconciliation Commission:

## A betrayal of the martyrs who fought for South Africa's liberation from a racist government!

By MICHAEL CANHAM, Contributor

Immediately after signing the Truth and Reconciliation Bill into law, President Nelson Mandela remarked, "now that South African's have reached this historical epoch, it is only by knowing the truth that South Africans will enjoy true freedom and heal the wounds of the past."

On December 31, 1961, the African National Congress (ANC), then a liberation movement and the only true representative of the aspirations of the oppressed majority declared, "There comes a time in the life of any nation where there remains two choices: submit or fight. That time has now come for South Africa. We will not submit, but fight until we bring the Apartheid regime to its knees." This declaration, taken after almost 50 years of passive resistance against an unyielding racist regime backed by British imperialism, was to change the course of politics in South Africa.

With the ANC banned as a liberation movement, its leadership either under house arrest, jailed for long term sentences or killed, thousands of youths fled South Africa to join Umkhonto We Sizwe (Spear of the Nation), the ANC's military wing, located in Zimbabwe, Zambia and Mozambique. It had become clear that the only hope for liberating South Africa was to confront the Apartheid state with violence, as it had for a long time confronted peaceful and unarmed demonstrations with the barrel of a gun. These youths left their families and education and underwent intense military training in order to contribute to the freedom struggle in South Africa.

At the same time, the White minority represented by the racist and fascist Nationalist Party viewed the actions of this just war an act of terrorism and sabotage and a threat to white privilege. Adopting a policy of destabilization, often backed by the United States through military and logistical support, thousands of troops entered some of the southern African neighboring states, killing anyone suspected of associating with the banned ANC and its military wing. This policy of destabilization not

only ensured the deaths of thousands of innocent women and children, but also targeted statesmen.

The first statesman to fall victim to this was President Samora Machel, the head of the first worker and peasant socialist government in Mozambique who died in a mysterious plane crash in 1985. The South African government denied any direct involvement in his death, despite subsequent court evidence to the contrary. And although some of the atrocities of the Apartheid state were given ample attention in the progressive black media, the privileged white minority raised not a single specter of objection to the tyranny of South Africa. In fact, more and more white South Africans were equipped with firearms to "exterminate these Native terrorists."

To bring all these details to light, and as part of the negotiated settlement in South Africa, the Nationalist Party that had formerly ruled finally agreed to assist and cooperate in the establishment of the so-called Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC). Among the many tasks of the TRC was to investigate the activities of the former Apartheid regime and to subpoena all those involved directly or indirectly in alleged human rights abuses committed in the heyday of Apartheid. More significantly, the TRC was to secure relief measures and compensation for those who fell victim to the Apartheid state's dirty tricks.

Suddenly, the white minority, this time represented by the defeated Nationalist Party, have come out against the TRC, saying that it is a witch hunt, an exercise of revenge by the black majority. Of course, this is all nonsense because the same whites who now claim to be victims of Apartheid ideology in fact were its greatest defenders and continue to be the primary beneficiaries of the legacy of Apartheid capitalism.

For example, in 1995, the South African Supreme Court subpoenaed the notorious Eugene De Kok, Director of Vlakplaas, a strategic location just outside Johannesburg used by the former government to carry out assassination activities against black anti-Apartheid

forces—a location of covert operations, responsible for the maiming of innocent civilians in downtown Soweto. Mr F.W. De Klerk immediately issued a press statement, denying any knowledge of De Kok. This is despite sworn court statements by De Kok and many others that De Klerk was at the head of state security and knew each and every activity of covert operations.

The case of De Kok cost taxpayers almost 3 million rand, (\$1,034,482), and De Kok was found guilty anyway and sentenced to 120 years imprisonment. Why did the government spend all this money, even though each black person in South Africa knows that De Klerk was indeed involved? The De Kok case proves that the TRC is yet another extravagant waste of money that could have been directed to essential social services, for which Black South Africans have no access.

At the same time, P.W. Botha, former state president from 1979-1989, Mr Adriaan Vlok, former Minister of Police from 1980-1988, and countless former cabinet ministers have publicly refused to appear before the TRC, claiming that their attacks on Blacks were in defence of Afrikaaner and white supremacy against the threat of black domination. In the meantime, the youths that left South Africa in the 1970's have returned to a situation of despair, hopelessness and joblessness. The promises of a better future has all but collapsed. With only 5 months left before the TRC concludes its failed mission, it is only a matter of time before the world realizes the struggle for justice in South Africa epitomized by the surrogate TRC (reconciliation and fraternity) is a betrayal of those who lost their lives in the real struggle for a better South Africa. The TRC has thus become a talk shop, failing to bring the real perpetrators to justice. In fact, many of these ministers continue to serve in South Africa's democratic parliament. Therefore, it is clear to everyone that the TRC is not, as Mandela has hoped, uncovering truth, but is an instrument of those who continue to secure privilege.

## Please Don't Kill Yourself

By ANDY VARYU, Contributor

I've been hearing a lot of talk lately about people who have been thinking about killing themselves. I can hardly write this, it rips me up inside so much. Because it's not okay, it's really not okay, but I know that if you are already thinking about killing yourself then it's hard to understand why it's not okay. I guess I just want to try to explain, because until we're done with the semester, things seem to be only getting harder around here. I want to say something to everybody who will ever think about this.

Once years ago, I was driving with the brother of a friend past an elementary school that I didn't even go to, but my friend's brother told me that school had been canceled that day, because some kid had been found who had hanged himself from a tree in the playground. I had no idea who the kid was, but to hear about somebody choosing that felt like somebody pulling the drain plug from my stomach, and my soul just emptied through my abdomen. As if it was somebody I knew. I remember, after I was empty that way, becoming so pissed off, fighting from the inside against any idea that would even consider that okay, becoming so vitally pissed off - at a dead person - for doing that. I think, though, that if it had been somebody I had known, I wouldn't have been able to get so pissed off. It would have been a lot worse.

Sometime between then and now, I learned what suicidal thoughts felt like. It's not appropriate here to go into it, but looking back I ask myself why, why? How could it get so bad that these thoughts would plague my mental activity, that I would entertain this exhilarating, frightful threat that at once would show the world that it couldn't push me around anymore. Once it had pushed me off the edge.

I know it can seem like a choice, and that part of the seductive nature of killing yourself is that, with one final exercise of free will, you get to leave a life that seems trapped under a burden of unforgiving circumstances. But no, please, don't let your mind play that trick on you. There is nothing free about choosing to end it all, it is only evidence of a mindset that has become a little too overwhelmed to see the less severe choices that can be made to find your way out of a mess.

When you consider the question, you are really gambling with some pretty high stakes on a very unpredictable outcome, and a depressed mindset is hardly the right one from which to be doing so. Who, really who is to say what it's like after you kill yourself? I can describe damn well the emotional mess you'd leave behind here afterwards, but for you - who's to say?

Your answer probably depends on the feelings that led you to ask. Do you expect nothingness? This is what I've heard from somebody, and he talks about suicide because he's too tired to deal with this shit anymore. Or are you willing to deal with eternal, spiritual damnation, if that's what your religion predicts? I would guess that the problems you feel are very oriented around dealing with the tedious issues of life,

which have led you to neglect your spirit. Perhaps you even see a benefit in death, because it would allow you to leave the superficial concerns of life behind and experience something, even hell, at a spiritual level.

Please, listen, there are an infinite number of choices you can make, all of which can lead you to the fulfillment you are lacking, and suicide is only the most uncertain and irresponsible one. If rest is what you desire, then do what you need to do to give yourself time to rest. Change your responsibilities so that they leave you time to get rest, and so you don't feel guilty when you do take a break. If you have taken on more than you can handle each day, then of course, after a few weeks, you are going to get tired of that life. But the answer is to take on a different life, choose to take on less work, rather than getting annoyed and expecting that your life will always be that way.

If your problems are more personally troubling than that, and you feel you can't cut it at the pace expected of us here at college, remember that the things college professors do, especially at Bard, have never been designed to take the wind out of our sails. I agree, they expect a damn lot from us, and maybe they could be more sensitive to the difficulty of our circumstances, but then one thing you could do is explain how hard it is. It sounds scary, but it could seriously make a difference. Talk to one of your professors, most of them have been through it too, and they will hear your sincerity when you request some leeway. And if they don't, fuck 'em. This is supposed to be for you, and if they don't offer advice or help in some way, they are not the sort of professors you need shaping your life. If you don't feel like you want to follow the advice they give to make it easier, then consider what one professor took an entire period to get across to his class: leave. None of us is trapped here. College can be for everyone, but timing is everything, and if there are other issues that you need to deal with first, then get out of here and take care of them before you pour your energy out here. Make life work for you. I left for a year for precisely that reason, and it turned me around, I can't tell you how much.

I guess that one last thing I would ask you to consider, if you are ever considering something possibly stupid, is that talking to somebody else about it will help. I have come to realize that I will never be faced with a major decision that will not be better made by talking to the right person: maybe a friend, maybe a counselor. And I think that especially something like taking your life works the same way. Don't let yourself be fooled by the feeling of power and command that you have while entertaining suicidal thoughts. You would never be able to convince another of that power, and the fact that the feeling fades when you consider sharing it with somebody else shows you how false it is. The nature of life is that it is designed to show us that we need each other, we need to communicate, we need to help, we need to rely on somebody else for that feeling of sureness that we can never have on our own. Please consider that now, or any time before you would do something you'd never have the chance to regret.



## The Case Files

## Life in the Projects

by David Case, Columnist

On August 6, 1994, I first came to Bard. On December 1st, 1997, I submitted my project to the Dean and had my project board. I think it's a good project, and my board agrees. It has lots of citations, insights, footnotes, and it is all in black and white. In it lies the fruition of my Bard experiences but somehow I feel that something is missing. Nevertheless, at the end of my Bard career, I sincerely believe that I have had the finest liberal arts education that money can buy, and that no amount of money could buy the gossip which reveals the details of student, faculty and administration politics.

If I had to repeat either my project or my entire Bard education, there are a few things I would do slightly differently.

For one, there would be more full frontal nudity in my project. I could not seem to work any into an economics or political science project (not for lack of trying). If anyone has any ideas about this, I would appreciate a quick note. Likewise, although I have said the words "theoretically" or "according to such and such a model" many times, I wish I could go back to L&T, stand up on stage and say the "f-word" until my eyes fall out. In L&T this would be considered poetry. Of course, I would not rhyme it with truck, buck, duck, or suck or maybe even "Jürgen Habermas."

I wish I could be oppressed. People at Bard seem to believe that if they complain enough to Leon, Stu and Dimitri (LSD) about being oppressed, they will get "special privileges." Although it is my belief that all of Bard's benefits should be extended to all students, regardless of how they, or their ancestors, entered the country, some tell me that oppression carries with it certain benefits at Bard that that I was unaware of. Perhaps the oppressed people are the ones who the Bard Security dispatchers are always polite to.

If I had to do it all over, I would have taken an MPZ or an "Integrated Arts" course. This way, I could record the sound of my typing and call it another project. While doing this, I wish that I could have contemplated my sexual identity. I don't really know what "contemplating one's sexual iden-

tity" means, but many people seem to do it at some point between L&T and their senior project. Unfortunately, I am so immature that I start to giggle when people say "identity."

I wish that I had been a PC. According to page 19 of the PC Handbook, "As PCs you are upperclass students, in good academic and social standing, responsible for promoting the safety and well-being of students living in residence halls..." (sic) Although I am in favor of a classless society, I think it would be nice to be an "upperclass student," because then I think I would be able to oppress the proletariat. Likewise, I always wanted to be of "high social standing." The PC Handbook is unclear as to whether or not the Dean of Residence Life determines if a potential PC is in high social standing, or if as PCs, a select few are given certain access to certain secrets to popularity. I wonder if these secrets to popularity involve picking people up who look like they need a ride, as Jake Kim and Chris Planer did, or if DOSO considers a little helpfulness an improper way to obtain "high social standing."

But it's all over now. This is my last column, and before you start accosting me in the library, or wherever it is that I hang out, I want to remind you that "I love Bard." To love something you must be honest with it, or you will soon be loving yourself more than you love the object of your affections. Sure, there are problems at Bard, but there are problems with everything. To that end, anyone who highlights what they think are problems at Bard is doing Bard a service. I want to thank all the students, faculty, and staff members who have been strong enough to point out some of the festering beef in apparently sacred cows. In fact, on the pasture of Bard, there are no sacred cows, and anyone who claims that some institutional cow is sacred, probably has something to hide which is profoundly anti-Bard. If a cow feels that it has been wrongly butchered, it can respond by writing a letter, and eventually the truth shall prevail, and everyone shall know the truth.

## DOSO Über Alles

## Diary of a madman: The Case Filer details Bard political intrigue

What follows is a journal of things that might have happened at Bard. Most of the journal entries are true, though some of them did not actually happen. Anyone with half a brain should be able to tell which is which. However, for the common-sense impaired, I have italicized things that I have confirmed via various sources. I wish to thank all the students, faculty, staff, gossips, and interested parties who have not hid behind "the integrity of the institution," for revealing things that are extremely sobering to the uninitiated. The legal department reminds me to say that 1) all of the dates are made up, 2) I have made every effort to confirm things that are in italics, though being human, I occasionally make mistakes, 3) if you endeavor to become a public figure on campus, expect to be subject to criticism, and sometimes ridicule, and 4) if you are particularly enraged about something that has been mentioned, I would advise you to confirm it yourself, and perhaps write a more detailed article for *The Observer* before taking it as fact. I do not see it as my duty to protect any student from the truth. In fact, I see it as my duty, and the duty of those who write "conventional news," to expose the members of this campus to as much information as possible, and to let them decide for themselves what to do with it. No amount of censorship, cloaked as "journalistic integrity," will protect idiots from their stupidity.

**August 1st:** Professor Richard Wiles is suddenly told by the Dean of the College, Stuart Levine, that his office will be moved to a smaller space in the dank basement of Tewksbury. After this switching of offices, which is widely-regarded as a thinly veiled attempt to get Professor Wiles to retire, in the old office of the Hudson Valley Regional Review, sits Paul Marienthal and Allen Josey, who seem to do something involving sports and "Bingo for CDs" that the college seems to think is more important.

**August 2nd:** Dean Levine tells several professors that Richard Wiles asked to be moved, and that his new office is bigger.

**August 4th:** L&T begins. A composite of first-year students announce that they have boyfriends and girlfriends at home.

**August 7th:** A composite of first-year students enjoy a one-night stand with a person they just met.

**August 9th:** A composite of first-year students announce that they are gay.

**August 10th:** Newly promoted Dean of Residence Life and University of Delaware graduate Leah LaValle declares herself to be the sole arbiter of right and wrong on campus and proceeds to tell people to pour out their beer. Leah LaValle explains that Bard students do not have the right to drink alcohol (no matter how old they are) and that it is her job to enforce the laws of New York State. Few notice that her British friend, who lives in a Bard dorm, is permitted to drink alcohol, and she is permitted to partake in his frequent festive libations.

**August 15th:** A student is caught writing obscenities on the Levy Bathroom wall about the Institute's president, Dimitri Papadimitriou.

**August 10th: Dean of Residence Life Leah LaValle declares herself to be the sole arbiter of right and wrong on campus...**

**August 25th: The New Dean of Students, Jonathan Becker, declares himself to be a nice guy.**

**August 17th:** After the Levy Institute establishes new security procedures, a meeting of the Student Judiciary Board is called to decide on a penalty for the student, and in a surprise move, the SJB finds that Papadimitriou provoked the graffiti, and should be sentenced to having his driver's license suspended.

**August 20th:** The Dean of Students Office decides that because a student made the mistake of telling their Peer Counselor that they are depressed, they are obviously too stupid and naïve to be at Bard. A DOSO official "recommends" that the student take some time off by saying that if they do not take the recommendation they will be

"asked to leave." Proving DOSO's suspicions that first-year student are naïve and stupid, the student complies.

**August 22nd:** A dancer is found to be thin, and one of the highly qualified people at the DOSO insists that the dancer is anorexic and threatens to send her home, unless she gets "treatment."

**August 25th:** The New Dean of Students, Jonathan Becker, declares himself to be a nice guy.

**August 27th:** Bard's new Head of Security, Robert Brock, announces that Bard Security is not only "cooler" and "smarter" than other Campus security forces, there are no problems and everyone is happy.

**August 30st:** PCs Jake Kim and Chris Planer are caught giving a student a ride. This student turns out to be carrying alcohol, and an anonymous PC, known only as "Nick Gagne," decides that they represent a threat to society, and turns them in to the Dean of Students Office. Renewing their commitment to public service, Kim and Planer make a public service announcement about the danger of picking up hitchhikers.

**September 1st:** "Nice Guy" Dean of Students Jonathan Becker fires Kim, and places Planer on probation. Becker goes on to say that his tenure as Dean of Students will not be about alcohol.

**September 2nd:** The PC Handbook states, "Confidentiality suggests that you will not share the details with other students or College personnel. If you are unsure about whether or not you should break the confidentiality, consult your RD" (PC Handbook, p. 61). After consulting her Residence Director, PC and erotica writer Rosalie Purvis demurely turns herself into DOSO for thinking naughty, yet supposedly confidential, thoughts.

**September 5th:** Leah LaValle thinks she smells Marijuana in Tewksbury and calls Security.

**September 10th:** A Delegation of Bard students complains to Leon Botstein about the paternalistic attitude of Security, DOSO, and the Photography Department. Leon explains that had he been in DOSO, he would not have acted that way. Leon goes on to point out that photo majors are narcissistic anyway, and that he has no clue where the Dean of Students Office is, and if you are insecure you should see a shrink.

**September 15th:** Two people are caught not drinking in



a ravine by Leah LaValle, who was feeling rather queasy and mixed up this morning, after a night of drinking with her British friend. As always, EMS is called, by an every-happy-to-panic PC. In a freak accident, Bard EMS pumps the person with alcohol, and Leah LaValle expresses disgust at the presence of so much oxygen in the room. Leah is heard to comment, "I can't go in there, because if there is vomit, I am in there vomiting with you!"

**September 16th:** In an effort to increase Bard's reputation, the folks at Ludlow conduct an analysis of survey responses by Bard freshmen and find that they have an abnormally high number of smokers in comparison to entrants at other "prestigious" schools. Ludlow responds by banning the sale of cigarettes in the campus bookstore. Abigail Rosenberg expands her "Dime Store" operation in order to sell cigarettes via campus mail.

**September 17th:** After accidentally finding themselves in agreement, Ian "Man of the Proletariat" Greer and Dave "Capitalism isn't as bad as what Bard is becoming" Case publish articles in The Bard Observer which are slightly critical of DOSO. Leon Botstein calls Leah LaValle into his office and points out that Bard is not like her alma mater, the University of Delaware, where she made her name as a Resident Director by informing the administration of the tell-tale signs of clinking glasses together.

**September 18th:** In another effort to increase Bard's reputation, an analysis of Bard freshmen reveals that there is an abnormally high number of nosebleeders among entrants to "prestigious" schools. Ludlow responds by banning the sale of tissues in the campus bookstore. Abigail Rosenberg is told that if the Dime Store started selling tissues, it would be encouraging masturbation.

**September 19th:** Leah LaValle is officially placed on the Disabled List by the paternalistic forces under Ludlow.

**September 20th:** In an effort to increase awareness of Latin American Culture, The Latin American Students Organization begins to fight amongst itself as to who should be in charge of a party.

**September 21st:** In a successful effort to moderate into the Film Department, Rune Lind produces several very technically proficient minutes of masturbation into a camera, followed by a (censored). No one gets the irony of the jerking off into a camera being by a man whose name is pronounced "ruin a lens."

**October 2nd:** After taking a fiction workshop, four other sources come up with strange stories about "what is actually happening" at LASO.

**October 5th:** After feeling oppressed for awhile, a group of students announce that they are "very oppressed," and although they cannot quite explain why, they say that there should be some changes at Bard.

**October 7th:** The changes are made. It is unknown if the students are still oppressed.

**October 10th:** Saddam Hussein declares himself to be multi-disciplinary, oppressed, diverse, cross-disciplinary, and above all, "ethnically sensitive." A delegation of Bard students ask that he be given a tenure-track position.

**October 15th:** The Bard Animal Rights Collective (B.A.R.C.) announces that it is against bad things, and that anyone who is against B.A.R.C. is in favor of bad things.

**October 17th:** After becoming depressed, and talking to drug and alcohol counselor Eric Keller, a naive pig commits suicide on the third floor of Tewksbury. People Eating Tasty Animals (PETA) chairperson Chris Planer seizes the opportunity and roasts the pig.

**October 20th:** B.A.R.C. and LASO join together and announce that the pig was depressed because of the lack of diversity at Bard.

**October 23rd:** In an heroic act of literary analysis, Dan Ragone finds a sexual connotation in the bumper sticker "Vegetarians taste better."

**October 24th:** A group of angry Bard staff members pickets Ludlow demanding the resignation of Associate Registrar Peter Gadsby. According to an anonymous spokesperson, "He is so nice and helpful to the students, and not only is his behavior against our bureaucratic creed, but his wanton respect for students makes us look bad."

**October 25th:** After receiving almost unanimous support from the faculty and students, God is denied tenure.

**October 27th:** At the Drag Race a number of people get naked and comment that it is a "good thing."

**October 30th:** Millions of Bard students experiment with LSD for the first time. Meanwhile, Leon, Stu, and Dimitri (LSD) realize that not only was James Chace paid to take LSD during his time at college (see *What we had: A Memoir*) but in fact LSD has also been receiving large dosages of LSD whenever they lick the feet of George Soros, or pretend that a very rich broker is a scholar, and not just a rich dude who happens to think that a free press might be good for free markets.

**November 2nd:** Bard College President Leon Botstein announces that he is an intellectual.

**November 4th:** Dean of Foreign Students Amy Ansell asks to be paid the same as a regular Dean. She is told to "go fuck yourself."

**November 7th:** In a symbolic struggle against reality, PIE Student Michael Canham announces that things in South Africa are not perfect. This revelation shocks many. Leah LaValle busts herself, after an anonymous tip from a mysterious PC known only as "Nick Gagne."

**November 8th:** In an effort to relive the offense that many felt after reading Michael Canham's article on how the new South Africa sucks, thousands start reading Shawnee Barnes's column on clouds, time, and hugging.

**November 9th:** David Case points out that after calling EMS, students do not have an assurance of confidentiality, and that life might not be perfect either. This revelation shocks many.

**November 10th:** While setting up The Bard Observer email account, observer@bard.edu, it is noticed that Dean of Students Jonathan Becker, and his secretary, Lee Cokely, have access to it.

**November 11th:** In an effort to prove that she is not a touchy-feely nitwit who can't deal with complex intellectual issues while competently doing her job, Dean of Residence Life Leah LaValle reads a children's book to the PCs, involving "warm fuzzies" and "cold pricklies." The PCs pretend to be interested, and few tell their residents about this incident for fear of receiving the wrath of Leah.

**November 15th:** Head of Security Bob Brock announces that it is a good thing that the Bard Security owns a "boot" to immobilize cars. This way, Security dispatchers and guards will no longer scream obscenities at students as they will no longer have feelings of inadequacy. It is unknown what Brock's stance on "cold pricklies" is.

**November 19th:** In the guise of a request for "emergency information" the administration tells off-campus Bard stu-

**September 5th: Leah LaValle thinks she smells Marijuana in Tewksbury and calls Security.**

**September 10th: A Delegation of Bard students complains to Leon Botstein about the paternalistic attitude of Security, DOSO, and the Photography Department.**

dents that they are required to submit local addresses. However, this only seemed to happen after the police asked for the address of a Bard student who happened to be in a bank just before it was robbed.

**November 20th:** Ben Boretz, of Integrated Arts/MPZ fame, commits some form of sexual/platonic/holistic harassment with a Woman/Man/metamorph, by touching/not touching/experiencing his/her breast/hand/text.

**November 21st:** After a student says that he did not to give a local address, Levine steps out of his senile, yet nice, mode (in which he cannot remember where his house is) and steps into his mean, alert mode and tells the student, "What are you trying to do? Take a stand?"

**November 22nd:** Christie "The Überflake" Achebe announces that in the name of sharing across cultures, people at Bard will, from now on, act like people in Syria and Turkey.

**November 23nd:** DOSO and Security, in the name of sharing across cultures, and appreciating the diversity of humanity, begin following the same human rights policies of Syria and Turkey.

**November 24th:** Off-campus students are asked to give a sperm sample, "in case of emergency." The architects of this policy point out that at most other schools this is an accepted precaution, and that if there is a case of venereal disease, the police might want to ask for a sperm sample, and that the police should be able to obtain a sperm sample from any Bard student without a search warrant. A Bard administrator says that although requests for information were usually made via the Dean's office, Bard exists to serve the police and Security should provide the cops (which, as Bob Brock might be interested to learn, is an acronym for "citizens on patrol") with one-stop paperwork-free shopping.

**November 25th:** The idea of requiring sperm samples is dropped, after many are unable to provide sperm samples after Leah LaValle walks in on them, ordering them to "seek counseling." Rune Lind suggests that instead of giving an actual sperm sample, he "shoot" technically proficient films, to not only help DOSO, but also to complete his senior project. The New York State Police have a good laugh at this idea, but when reminded that possession of a video of a 17-year-old Bard student masturbating might be a crime, decide to leave Bard students alone to jerk off during poetry reading in L&T.

**November 26th:** A composite of Bard seniors announce that they are straight once again.

**November 27th:** Former Associate Dean of Residence Life Gladys Watson, for whom many feel nostalgia, loses 25 bottles of sperm in a freak paperwork accident.

**November 29th:** After announcing that she does not give A's, Art History professor Patricia Karetzky changes a student's grade to "A" after the students says, "I might not get into the school I want if I don't get an A." Karetzky explains her hypocrisy and unfairness by saying that her daughter failed a class and was denied admission to Vassar. Everyone who did not get an A from her, despite deserving one, understands.

**November 30th:** In an all-time record, a Political Science student submits the exact same paper to five professors, breaking the old record of four. Although a few professors notice, the student is considered too much of a sacred cow to be disciplined for this insult to academics.

**December 1st:** Senior Projects are due. Millions of students manage to bullshit Dean Levine into believing that they actually wrote them, and that the scrap papers inside the black binders are, in fact, senior projects.

**December 2nd:** President of Bard College Leon Botstein announces at a President's Tea that he has his finger on the pulse of the college, whatever this means.

**December 4th:** The new club SILK announces that for five dollars anyone can put their finger on the pulse of my college, if you know what I mean.

**December 5th:** After the College's Friends get worried about it and call Security, Bard EMS cannot find the pulse of the college. The College is declared in an Altered Mental State and forced to go to the hospital. A doctor at the newly-merged hospital announces that "Colleges DO have pulses, and they are a human life." After going to confession, the Pope grants the Doctor a one-time dispensation to release a non-breathing entity, and the college is released on the condition that it not give birth to baby colleges in France or Russia. Although this condition saddens LSD, they liberally interpret the Pope's words, and figure that it is okay to conceive colleges, so long as they don't pay the professors, as Russian professors don't seem to ever get paid, anyway.

**December 6th:** The College is forced to attend a meeting with Dean of Students Jonathan Becker. Becker says that he is concerned about the college's problems, and says that if it does not seek counseling and take some time off, he holds the power to expel it (or at least use the practically defunct SJB to do so). The college, like most who live in fear of DOSO, "voluntarily" takes some time off and visits Eric Keller who spews psychobabble more than Rune Lind spews... well, you get the idea.

**December 9th:** This time, the College "really means it" when it tries to commit suicide. However, the College's friends, in view of what happened last time they called EMS (and were forced to go to the hospital) stand by while the College engages in self-destructive behaviors such as eliminating all the mid-level faculty members.

**December 11th:** After not being given tenure, Carol Nackenoff gets mad. She sues the college and settles for \$250,000 (roughly the amount of money needed in order to pave many of the unpaved or pothole-covered roads on campus) on the condition that she will keep quiet about the situation.

**December 12th:** At a faculty meeting (at which what is said is supposedly confidential), now-departed, mid-level faculty member Thomas Dandeleat announces that this professor's silence was "bought" and that he expects this information not to travel out of this room, as it is supposedly a confidential meeting. Two Senior faculty members announce, "Leon is God. I love Leon." They tell Leon Professor Dandeleat's allegedly confidential words.

**December 15th:** With a ph.D. in Political Science, Jonathan Becker announces that in a reincarnated college, the core curriculum would consist of 15 "required" student activities, and that Allen "Macdaddy" Josey will be teaching a freshman seminar entitled "What my college days were like."

**December 16th:** Professor Dandeleat accepts a position at Princeton, where this stuff is normal.

**December 19th:** In disgust, Bard Observer, Columnist David Case admits that disgruntled South African Pundit Michael Canham was right about how shitty things really are!



## Classifieds

### Announcements

**Cheap Storage!** For your stereo, computer, bicycle, rare art piece, t.v.—anything you don't want to leave in your dorm room over intercession. Store it with me for just \$10 - 20. Call Eric at 758-4511. E-mail: es753@bard.edu

### Staying at school over Christmas?

Looking for someplace to stay through December? Sublet my spacious apartment in Red Hook village. One block from town center and IGA. \$125 for Dec. 18 - Jan. 6; negotiable. Call Eric at 758-4511. E-mail: es753@bard.edu

### PHOTOWORK '98

Eleventh Annual Photography Exhibition, March 21-April 25, 1998. Juror: Lisa Dennison, Curator of Collections, Guggenheim Museum, NYC. Cash awards/exhibition opportunities. Slide deadline: January 24, 1998. Send SASE for prospectus: Barrett House Galleries, 55 Noxon Street, Poughkeepsie, NY, 12601; fax (914) 471-2678; or call (914) 471-2550.

Academic-based group leaving for the rainforest of Kalimantan (Borneo) on December 27 and January 15 to study orangutans.

Space is limited. If interested, call 1-800-510-4578 or e-mail AllApes@aol.com

### Internships & Job Opportunities

Remember that song, "Oh I wish I were an Oscar Mayer Wiener"? Well, Oscar Mayer is actually looking for people who want to be wieners. Each year recent college graduates get paid to travel all over North America. They attend exciting events like the Super Bowl and Mardi Gras, as well as parades, fairs, and charities. They are goodwill ambassadors for Oscar Mayer Foods. Did I mention they travel in a 27-foot-long hot dog on wheels? The Hotdoggers, pilots of the Wienermobiles, spend a full year traveling from border to border and coast to coast making promotional appearances. A major portion of the job is participating in television, newspaper, and radio interviews. For more info or if you think this internship satisfies your appetite for fun, excitement, and adventure, write to Oscar Mayer, Wienermobile Department, P.O. Box 7188, Madison, WI 53707, call Kirsten Suto at (608) 285-3204, or e-mail ksuto@kraft.com

### Wanted

Looking for students (work/study and oth-

ers) who are able and available to assist in concert production. Prior house experience desirable but not required. Inquiries can be made to Amie McEvoy, President and Manager of Music Programs at x7425 or via campus mail.

**Actors/actresses.** Local entertainment agency looking for talented, vivacious, responsible people to portray characters at children's birthday parties. Must have car. Excellent pay. Most work on weekends. Call (914) 758-6084.

**U.S. and European chess magazines 1996-1997.** Also looking for chess video, for free if possible. Send any or all to Miss Margarita Broymann, 715 East Rand Grove Lane, Apartment 2A, Palatine, IL, 60074.

*All classified ads are printed free of charge to the advertiser. The Bard Observer "reserves" the right to edit them for length and clarity, however. Please try to keep your ad to a maximum of 75 words. Students: send your ad(s) to the Bard Observer via campus mail. Others: send your ad(s) to The Bard Observer, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504. The Observer will also accept classified ads via e-mail at observer@bard.edu.*

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## Observer Editorial Policy

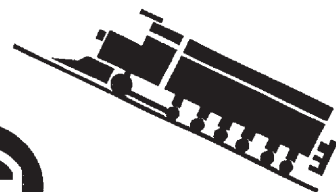
*The Bard Observer* is Bard College's only student-run newspaper. It is published every other Monday and is distributed free on campus and in nearby communities. Everyone is welcome to submit.

The deadline for all submissions, be they stories, cartoons, photographs, statistics, or advertising, is 2 p.m. on the Wednesday prior to publication. Late submissions (with the exception of late-breaking news articles) will not be accepted for any reason. Submit all writings on a labeled disk (or else we claim them for ourselves) in

Macintosh Word format (no PC files please!) along with two hard-copy printouts. Send submissions via campus mail to the corresponding section editor.

All letters go to either Lilian Robinson or Meredith Yayanos. Submit developed photographs if possible, preferably in the commercial 4X6 print size. We strongly discourage anonymous submissions. If anonymity is absolutely necessary, you must reveal your identity to the editors. *The Bard Observer* reserves the right to edit for spelling, grammar, length and coherency.

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# Y Chromosomes are in Doubt

*Some male sports  
tend to leave out the man*

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

"Face it, fencing is a gay sport. I mean as far as they go, fencing is not very manly."

It's true. When one thinks of Manness as it concerns the world of competing males fencing does not initially leap to the forefront of the pack. Guys in tight virginal white suits prancing back and forth on a raised dais lightly slapping each others torso, abdomen, and wrists with thin metal rods doesn't seem manly. In fact it seems more fit for The Vault on a Saturday night after three in the morning.

No, Manness in sports is football's Bret Favre and Barry Switzer, baseball's Cecil Fielder and Roberto Alomar, basketball's Latrell Sprewell and Dennis Rodman. When these paragon's of the Y chromosome aren't cross dressing, crying about pain killer addiction, crying about whiskey drinking/whore mongering, grabbing their nuts, grabbing each other's tight asses, spitting tobacco on their fat bellies, spitting in their coaches faces, and throttling their coaches they're whining about abusive societies, rough upbringings, bad parents, and unfair multi-bazillion dollar contracts. In between the heart felt Bryant Gumball specials and Katie Couric exposés you might find these guys hitting, spiking, or dunking a ball. Fencing on the man-o-meter ranks up there with bad mitten, Frisbee golf, and ice-skating. But that's OK because in the contemporary enlightened society we live in it's fine to do something because you like it.

"I get a lot of ribbing from my friends." Mike Beach, Bard's epee extraordiniary, continues, "It's cool though, they're not serious about it."

"I'll tell you what fencing is," Johan Eriksson, one of the ribbers, interjects. "Fencing comes from when you're three and you discover you have a penis. So you start waving it around like a sword. Fencing is when you do that after puberty."

After discussing it further Mike states that that is not where fencing really comes from. According to some bastardized history not related to any text book, fencing is a derivative of an often fatal ritual performed in historical Europe. Men with cojones the size church bells decided to kill or maim each other, in a civilized manner: town square, public audience, ruffled cravats, and chest hair, over petty insults concerning heritage, social standing, and the relative size of the counterparts cojones. Since this was an integral part of the European social scene, many of these men would train for these duels by going to school to learn the art of sword fighting, hence fencing, so they would have a better chance of not getting skewered. When they figured out that the insults were ephemeral in nature it became less necessary to die over them. Ergo the cork tipped foil (sword) and the padded white suits with face masks. You can be sure if Shaq was under the threat of being run through for missing foul shots he wouldn't be shooting them at 45%.

While the average Bard sports fan laments the fact that there are corks on the tips of the sabers, foils, and epees (swords, swords, and swords) this doesn't mean with an active imagination (Stevenson Gym: Vienna 1683, competitors: the Earl of Longshoremah vs. Duc de Canard, colored lights and buzzers: severed limbs and gushing arteries) fencing won't satisfy that bloodlust. Although fencing will probably not surpass football, basketball, and baseball in popularity for at least another decade in this country sports fans should be on the lookout for upcoming matches. That way ten years from now when Mike Beach is performing live in front of a world wide audience of 62 trillion you can sit back comfortably in your Chicago Sabers sweat-shirt/hat/shoes and say without slipping up, "Dashing fin de siècle parry followed by a smashing offensive Duc de Canard reverse Monk Steals Swallow Eggs cut. Yeah, I was way into fencing before it got popular."

# Bard Bloodies Brooklyn

*Men take it hard  
everywhere but the hoop*

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

The Bard men looked good at the start of the season with a 1-1 start. The thrill of victory was short lived, however, as the 'Tors lost their next three: Brooklyn College, Webb Institute, and Cooper Union. With a season standing of 1-4 the men's b-ball team looks to improve on the ignominious position of Rolling Stone Magazine's worst basketball team in the NCAA (1995). Their first home game (Cooper Union) was disappointing in the end but through out held the promise of a decent game. The second home game of the season, against Brooklyn, didn't reap the same rewards. Although blood was spilled, a sight that sets the average Bard fan's heart a pitter patter, in the end the victorious ones were the visitors. Losing by over forty points didn't seem to phase our boys because, like any young team (Celtics, Cavs, Wizards), they know that victory waits just around the corner.

Against Brooklyn the men kept the game close for the first ten minutes, and although they could run with Brooklyn they couldn't keep them from scoring. Samir Vural pounded the boards as usual, but unfortunately at least half the time the ball had already swished through the net. Ian Sudyam and Billy Spevac, both veterans from last year's 1-17 Blazer team, and Adam Kosic did an excellent job of bringing the ball up and distributing it. In fact Bard's game looked better than Brooklyn's when passing and bringing the ball to the perimeter. The 'Tors looked good from the outside, raining down dozens of long bombs but rarely connecting with the inside of the rim, and with another few weeks of practice the, mostly, new team should gel nicely. Ray Martey led the offense and had more than one behind the back, 360, praise the Lord and hail Mary Iversonesque baskets. On defense Ray had one monster Mutombo block and a Barkley elbow to the nose.

Brooklyn limped off the court, victors on the big board but losers all the same, while the Bard men strutted to the locker room. The old adage rang true again, "We might not beat em on the court but we can beat em into the ground."

# Schedule

**Men's Basketball:** Jan. 24 vs. St. Joe's (Home 2 p.m.), Jan 27 vs. Albany Pharmacy (Home 7 p.m.), Jan. 30 at Vassar, Jan. 31 at Suny Purchase

**Women's Basketball:** Jan. 24 at Baruch, Jan. 28 at York College, Jan. 30 vs. St. Joesepps (Home 7 p.m.)

**Women's Fencing:** No January Matches

**Men's Fencing:** No January Matches

**Women's Squash:** Jan. 31 at Smith/Holyoke

**Men's Squash:** Jan. 30 at Connecticut College, Jan. 31 at Vassar

# New Record

*What came after  
was even more successful*

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

Last Tuesday, December 9, marked an historic occasion for Bard College's sports division. Not since the Men's Basketball team was named by Sports Illustrated as the worst NCAA basketball team in the country, with a losing streak that spanned two seasons, has the Bard Athletics department gleaned so much national attention. It is quite possible that with today's performance, Bard athletics could get into a second national publication (one with a distribution

of around ten billion) within the next three years.

Against Vassar College, a mere 30 miles away, the Bard Women's Basketball team, in the full forty-eight minutes of play, scored four (4) points. This marks a new record in the NCAA history books, making Bard the holder of the officious title: least amount of points scored in a basketball game played by a women's division 3 NCAA team, ever.

Fear not, intrepid sports fanatics, it's not all that bad. At Vassar the Bard women played without either of their starting guards, Abby "Smurf fists" Rosenberg and Kalia "Jordan ain't got nothing" Papadaki. While the fearless Raptorettes knew that the Vassar game was going to be a tough one, rather than take it as a forfeit they stuck it out.

Against the College of St. Elizabeth the following Friday, December 12, the women extended their season to 0-8 but showed signs of sleeping giant. In a tight game in which the lead depended on who had made the previous basket, the Raptors chased balls, sank three-pointers, and drove to the hoop like a team. At one point the Raptorettes were up by as many as eight points but the tenacious Elizabethans hung on. An Elizabethan guard showing genetic relations to Dale Ellis, Steve Kerr, and Reggie Miller dropped the long bombs from behind the arc with close to a 99 percent game. The Lady Birds were unable to withstand the attack and in the end succumbed in a tight, well-fought, emotional game that had half of the forty fans attending standing on their feet screaming "squawk, squawk" at several moments in the game.

# Squish Squash

*Have ye a looksie at this*

By EVA BODULA and LEILA BANDAR, Contributors

What do you get when you cross 5 female, liberal arts students, an ex-pilot and a rental van? A gourd-eous combination! Ha Ha.

Driven by returning coach Steve Kuzman, Women's Squash played 7 matches over the weekend at the Wesleyan College tournament in Ct. Traveling short with 5 players instead of 9 gave the ones that made the bus an opportunity to improve play and kick some bootie. Despite team losses, individual success prevailed. MIP (most improved player) goes to Manasi Tirodkar. After a frustrating season last year she came out with renewed vigor. She won several games in the paint-chipped court at the Wesleyan athletic facility. Senior, Ruby McAdoo, captain, remains a constant source of support and stability. She reminds us what the game is all about. Always composed, yet competitive as ever, Anuradha Kumar, Secretary of ISO, missed the formal to play. But damn did she look good in our new uniforms! Leila "the Bandit" Bandar made a heart-breaking steal from the #3 of Mt. Holyoke among other upsets. We can always count on a laugh from her (thanks for the "gord-eous" joke). Last, but by no means least, Eva Bodula (a.k.a. "the Bodulator") picked up the game quickly last year. Playing #2, she hit the ground running and hasn't stopped since. Her enthusiasm, excitement and energy cannot be ignored. She is blazing fire in the Raptordome.

These Fab 5 are the core of the dedicated, competitive and positive players who make up the Women's squash team. We are welcoming future players for next semester to help continue the tradition of Women's squash at Bard which was begun four years ago by Ruby McAdoo and others.

Included with your team membership are dazzling dinners (we're not kidding), luxury lunches, Holiday Inn shower caps, complimentary shampoo, free lotion, firm beds, fitness, laughs and a good time. SIGN UP!

# Quotation of the Month

"Yeah, I like the Stanley Cup. It's the best looking cup out there eh. It's a lot prettier than that basketball cup ya know. It's like women eh, ya wanta go for the prettiest one."

—New Jersey Devil's goal tender Martin Brodeur



# Seven Years in Annandale-on-Hudson (Continued)

Bot-man, Issue 6, Volume 2

**OUR STORY:**

AFTER SADDAM HUSSEIN WINS TIBET IN A RAFFLE BOT-MAN ENTERS THE BOXING RING TO WIN IT BACK. IT'S THE MOTHER OF ALL CHRISTMAS SPECIALS:

**IT'S A WONDERFUL FIGHT!**

LISTEN BOT, YOU CAN BEAT HIM. HE'S A BUM.

LET THE FIGHT BEGIN!

YOU WILL DIE, AMERICAN SCUM! YOU WILL DROWN IN A SEA OF YOUR OWN BLOOD! YOU WILL BECOME SICK OF MY FACE ON THE COVER OF NEWSWEEK AGAIN AND AGAIN!

I GIVE THE LECTURES AROUND HERE!

Oooh! 1,000 POINTS OF LIGHT!

ONE!

FALL

ONE... ONE... ONE... ONE...

I'M FINISHED. NO ONE CARES WHETHER I LIVE OR DIE. I WISH I HAD NEVER BEEN BORN.

OH NO SADDAM, DON'T SAY THAT! I'M YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL, AND I'M HERE TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE WORLD WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE WITHOUT YOU!

WITHOUT YOU, THE U.S. WOULD HAVE HAD A PUPPET DICTATOR THEY COULD CONTROL, SO THE GULF WAR NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED. AMERICA WOULD HAVE EMBRACED PEACE USHERING IN AN ERA OF WORLD-WIDE UTOPIA!

LOVE LOVE LOVE!

GEORGE BUSH WOULD BE RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT, SINCE THE IRAN-CONTRA AFFAIR NEVER HAPPENED BUSH WOULD BE FREE FROM ANY SCANDALS.

THE PEOPLE WOULD TRUST BIG GOVERNMENT AGAIN, AND AS A SHOW OF GOOD WILL THE U.S. WOULD END TAXES AND THE MILITARY.

AND BEST OF ALL, "HOT SHOTS PART DEUX" NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN MADE.

ALL IN ALL, THE WORLD WOULD BE MUCH BETTER OFF WITHOUT YOU!

THE USA - HAPPY? THIS CANNOT BE! I WANNA LIVE, YOU HEAR ME, I WANNA LIVE!

TWO. I WANNA LIVE!

(IT'S OKAY TO CRY AT THIS TOUCHING MOMENT.)

THANK YOU BOT-MAN! I'VE LEARNED THE TRUE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS!

DING!

THAT'S ROUND ONE!

LOOK BOT-MAN! TEACHER SAYS EVERY TIME A BELL RINGS, AN ANGEL GETS ITS WINGS!

I KNOW, SADDAM. MERRY CHRISTMAS FOLKS!

AND GOD BLESS US EVERYONE!

THE END!



AND A VERY SPECIAL "HAPPY-BIRTHDAY" TO THE **REAL** BOT-MAN, WHO TURNED THE BIG 5-1 ON SUNDAY!

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY BOT!**

CREATED BY: Chris VanDyke & John Holowach COPYWRITE © 1997 - VanDyke & Holowach  
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