“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 5, one encounters dozens of students whose attempts to clear their accounts before the beginning of registration proper were frustrated by crowded, slow-moving lines. One-handed-and-ninety registration cards were withheld, pending the payment of outstanding charges ranging from tuition to library fines. Apparently, 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 officiously 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-reeled 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 out 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 debate about which she sent...

STORY CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

Academic

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 $28,000 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 provide greater community, including Bard students.

The program, entitled B.R.I.D.G.E.S. (Bard College and Red Hook Central School Intersecting 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 Arccene, a publication of the Duchess County Arts Council, Ann Gabler, Bard's arts-in-education liaison, stated 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 "tie the arts into the curriculum," said the grant will go to further training of classroom teachers as well as bringing more artists such as storytellers,...

STORY CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

Parking Problems Bewailed
Packed lots, potholes, and towing ink drivers

By ABIGAIL ROSENBERG, Opinion's 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 Bock, 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 Benningman Campus Center, those cars have had to be redirected to what is referred to as the "back corner" of the Olin lot...

STORY CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

News

Student Life Committee report

Ruminations on t.v. in deKline
Jeff Sicheli: toast of the town "Two Clever by Half" review

In this issue...
Registration frustration exacerbated by delays...

reminders to both parents and students. "I would 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 was considering as the number of students who didn't get their accounts cleared before registration day. She regretted the slow movement of the line to her her registration day but said that "the majority of the students here see it every challenge." 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 held over, over payment and receive their cards while other required more lengthy conversations about payment problems.

This points to another consideration: the type of office Papadimitriou is trying to run. As the dean 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 fine for late checks (such as re-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 owned funds until the morning of registration. "If I didn't get into one class because of it," said Junior Aaron Brodkau, "I registered anyway [without the card]. I told my teacher I would have my card later... For 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 Brodkau learned that the reminder notices sent one 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 Brodkau 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 Brodkau.

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

"I was surprised— it was insane with the line and everybody was staring about getting changes. I felt like I had to pay right then or not go to school there. It was really sort of threatening," said North. "It doesn't generally pay my bills, my family pays them. I always assume I'm financially cleared."

North disagreed 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 high plea from students. The new Banner computer program which has completely revised the process of entering registration data, would also allow the SAO to present a list of outstanding accounts. These 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 is too short to allow students to make up fine payments or to make up any late fees. Even if the students were informed, many would not be able to charge a check in by December 15. According to Papadimitriou smaller fees, such as that of North might be resolved beforehand. Further, students like Brodkau, who pay fees out of their personal accounts, could simply choose a different check in the days proceeding registration. This would clear the way for students who cannot produce funds immediately.

Despite the difficulties on registration day, at press time 67 registration cards were still in the possession of the Banner. Among this number some are cards of students taking a leave of absence or going abroad. Never too many, 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 Jettro reported that the college has already 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 Jettro. "My highest priority is to make registration meaningful, equitable, and as painless as possible...When things don't go well we all suffer." "In addition to students—in addition to the institution taking more precautions— is to be more proactive. It is important to be responsible for yourself, to learn what the balances are—if it's a difficult time to do that. Both sides need to be informing each other better," she said.

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 Banner work could be made easier by having staff.

"Maybe we need to pool resources and be more supportive of one another. The best way to do that is to happen with the students—they have some influence. I'm certainly willing to try to help to make the process more 'user-friendly,'" said Jettro. "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 just a process 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.

As for the two parking violations this past registration week.

"It's not just a process 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, Jettro remarked, "There may be some discussion."

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

"I think it 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 more individualized," said Papadimitriou.

Arts exchange partnership... THE ARD OBSERVER NEWS MONDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1997

performers and musicians to share their talents with the Red Hook audience. This group will also allow Bard students to work on more field trips to different concerts, theater productions and museums, including Bard’s own Center for Curatorial Studies. Enough Bard students are 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 Fornaroli (ext. 7330) for more information.

Racing parking complications... THE ARD OBSERVER NEWS MONDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1997

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 grading and laying down new grass and next year the lot behind the Fisher lot (which is designed by RCEC) will be paved. He also said that "there are plans in the works for redirecting traffic through-out the entire campus and parking less such as the one at Cruger Lot. 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 stated to be scheduled for enlargement and paved is the Fisher lot.

According to Brudvig, parking is an "awful" 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 "Boy," contrary to popular belief, the "Boy" is not a legal parking place. The main use of the car immobilizer to get drivers to settle their accounts with the college. Only cars that are unregistered and have unpaid tickets are immobilized. When asked if there are no plans to pave them. The concentration will be on grading and laying down new grass and next year the lot behind the Fisher lot (which is designed by RCEC) will be paved. He also said that "there are plans in the works for redirecting traffic through-out the entire campus and parking less such as the one at Cruger Lot. 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.

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Student Life Committee Report

By JANICE SANDWICH, Co-Editor-in-Chief

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 student pool. This change should decrease the amount of time by half that students wait to connect to the Internet.

Explicit 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 the red barn, B&G is working on numerous jobs all over campus. Kneen North will be happy to hear that B&G is considering adding a TV (possibly with cable) to the upstairs lounge. In order to increase safety on campus, the Safety and Security Committee is investigating adding new call boxes that are to be installed in the coming weeks will be equipped with blue lights. Expressions 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.

Rine 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 joker 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 Events Committee.

Future projects for the Student Life Committee include addressing the needs of off-campus students, attempting to form a work-study program with the College of Environmental Science and Forestry, and addressing the concerns of 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 Arie, Janice Sandwich, Aubrey Stimala, Andy Veyos or Samir Vaqil.

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Theatre for a New Audience

A blab session with director/professor/playwright Jeff Sichel

By MEREDITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

Avery is bent to a number of ghosts. We can refer to them as "powerful energies, unpredictable occurrences," even "the damned drama-major vapor" if such terminology feels more comfortable to you. In any case, from basement to tech booth, from the well-traveled green room to the oft-mentioned "rape" to the costumes in the loft, there's no lack of Presence. The environs of a venue of communal predication towards prosenium alchemy, the Presentness, is the result of something that every self-respecting theatre tends to resist: a persistence of crazy ideas.

Frequently, there is a marked increase in that particular venue, primarily due to the introduction of an accomplished conjuror to Bard's drama department. Jeffrey Sichel is a young magician of the first rate in the theatrical vocation, an expert at making dreams tickle. Over the course of a single semester here, 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.

Here, the creator and artistic director of his own off-Broadway company (Empire Space Theatre Company), Sichel has been closely associated with numerous Ohio Award-winning productions. Sichel is also an affiliate to the likes of Barricade Theatre, and received the 1996 Bard's finest, which was performed at the Knitting Factory. This festival is perhaps the greatest of it's kind that could only happen here. Much of Bard's energy is perhaps a transfusion: the students other course work would suffer, but the festival would take place shortly before the ASO festival in the spring of 1998.

In the meantime, the professor wishes to continue to bring the dreams, dance, music and art departments even closer together next semester. I'm hoping there will be enthusiasm amongst students to do an open 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, "there can be a lot of things, but if its possibilities are not exploited, you end up seeing Death of a Salesman a thousand times, and that isn't all I want to do here."

No one can remember a time in recent years where so many large-scale student performances have happened at the same time. This is a bigger problem than anyone probably realized. The Sichel's final note was his hope for the future of drama at Bard, and his hope that the students would continue to thrive in the future with him, and hopefully, in the future without him. This is perhaps the greatest of it's kind that could only happen here. Much of Bard's energy is perhaps a transfusion: the students other course work would suffer, but the festival would take place shortly before the ASO festival in the spring of 1998.

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Final Exhibitions of Image and Form

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 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 Barday. 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 straight-forward 90’s rock sensibility and impetuous bizarrism 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 until she returns from the Holy Land.

Among other things, the CD 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 nastily 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 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 Koehl (John Cusack) comes to Savannah to cover the annual Christmas gala held by wealthy antiques dealer Jim Williams. Kevin Spacey, who (as 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 voice, “Jo-John” drew, Williams introduces Koehl to his high-roll guest, a roster of eccentrics which would make the producers of MTV’s “Odyssey” 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 self-defense, he is indicted on murder charges anyway. Once he is “outed” by the newspapers, Williams is deserted by the rich socialites and sympathizers who claimed for invitations to his party only the night before. Mired in the hypocrisy of small-town Southern society, journalist Koehl realizes he is onto something much bigger than some rinky-dink Town and Country story.

While investigating the slim hunter’s background, journalist Koehl encounters some truly unique personalities, including an obscure drag queen, a voodoo priestess, and a gun-toting widow. This tiny 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 herself) not only endows her character with sput and sass, but gives her a genuine heart as well. The scene in which Lady Chablis plays a truck driver 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 yarn or an emotional 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 disinterred scenes, the movie fails to 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.

As over two-and-a-half hours, the film would have benefited from more editing. Eastwood’s hysteria to pare down Berendt’s widely acclaimed novel is understandable, but the consequence is that the film lacks a focus. The love affair between Koehl 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 merits, but fans of the book will likely be disappointed by the film’s minimalism of genes.

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.

Martindale (a.k.a. Sidemacked #9). Remember how much you hated high school? Remember all the bullsh*t you had to go through, like cliques, and dress codes, unreasonable rules and out-of-touch teachers? Well Menghnen 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 stories against the school system, and features "brought to you by the students themselves." In one story, someone who is a disc jockey in high school, goes on a school dance and madness fills those floors. Enjoy the show! 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 time reminds me of these west-coast signs I saw plastered all around Seattle this summer: "CARS KILL KILL CARS." Learn about biker solidarity, "Waving Wednesday" (a simple concept: ride your bike on Wednesday and wave to everyone else!), bike messenger championships, the California AIDS ride, critical mass, and more. #2 also contains interviews with Donna Dresch and Mary Morning, photos of "Dykes on Real Bikes," and some reviews, too. L.M.

Red Girl, The Sex Comic for all genders and orientations—by cartoonists who are good in bed! Lori, who does Hot Snot (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-postive, sex-positive comic, with a two-page paperdread spread of "The Sisters of Montpelier Indigene," San Francisco’s notorious and off-photographed drag sisterhood; a strange little piece about a man who finds Jesus, shrecks down to a tiny size, under his kitchen table. (Jewry tries to push himself off a leash, but our narrator isn’t fooled for a second, despite the Jewish accents); Tom Tomorrow’s Specky with a send-on his beard; and lots of other entertaining and informative stuff. E.N.

Hot Snot #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 toxic, 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 Laney (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 headless petty tyrants, once-over with a giant papoose stick, a.k.a. a 24" Lice check. Heck! Also I like Hot Snot #6 because Lori had Dr. McCoy, Libra, and Spock review zines for her this issue, and Spock was really kind to my taste. Here’s for one thing, he said “The zine is so small, I fit in my pocket and I’m not interested in reading any kind of any uniform.” E.N.
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The Bard Papers
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Deadline February 1, 1998
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Don't Believe the Hype!

By JOEL HUNT

That decoded words, hype, can be an interesting thing. Hype, of course, permeates everything in late-twentieth century culture; thus it is, in itself, evil, sometimes good, but always oblivious to nature. Hell, even the devil and unitarianism would agree: it is a too-good rock that is not easy to hype. Yes, even the shifty music that I choose to write about that you, dear reader, have probably never heard of, is publicized, debased, and dismissed—almost 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: I often review, generally, much better things you would expect from any kind of civilian television ad. There is still something of substance there. However, those of us who are fans (from the first single, mainstay and recent addition to their universe, the fabled thrice-mentioned Aerial-M's self-titled debut is a great compilation cd featuring three rerecorded versions of said singles. Which is actually a good thing because you know that you have to write about that Texas noise-ridden four-piece 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 conjure 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 slab on such low-level hype, you might want to try the excellent "fanzine" culture. Of course, they don't lack for music-related things in that Zine Library in the Beat Canteen, but you'll have to wade through dozens of "personal" items produced by teenagers with too much free time who superficially tackle such "weirdos" in vegetarianism, sexuality, fashion, and, uh, weight. However, the music lover, the true fan, should be aware of all the new music that is out there.

The latest issue of Bananafish has hit the shelves, complete with the usual lengthy reviews and amusingly impudent columns. You know, those of us who superficially tackle such "weirdos" in vegetarianism, sexuality, fashion, and, uh, weight. However, the music lover, the true fan, should be aware of all the new music that is out there.

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Stevie Nicks
4-leath, 4-lace, and 4-Eva

By LEAH ZANONI, Contributer

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 talking and her outfits are next-to—Are her floor-length cuffs custom-made or what?

When you think about it, Stevie totally cre­ated '80s sleazy dress-up fashion. A visionary of the pins and cloths. Stevie's been staring 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 skirts (it's 'talking '80s here, folks), mini skirts, high and tight, and scarves bunched all over her stiff, dried 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 cows and magic and gypsy travelers. Take off her flowy dresses (if only), and you are left with the net shirt and pounds of pancake makeup and then '80s Madonna, whom I love. Don't think I'm saying that the Material Girl needs more than money to fix herills, because she has with the new conservative (respectable), 80s 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-of­fashion) wavelength, creating a persona much more memorable than say, Mariah Carey. See, Stevie really is a legend. Directly from her we got: the '80s cowboy/simple/accents/flava look. There's magic all around her.

Fleetwood Mac is not back together as I thought. Wonderful thinking perhaps, but not over Stevie's dead body would the traumatized members of rock's hippest 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-molded funeral pyre outfit of black and wings. Her performance of "Silversprings" left me aching for more as she turned to Lindsay and in inimitable fashion sang about as soon as he started 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.

flared sweater and feeding the cat? There's nothing attractive about cold-hearted snakes, as Paula Abdul learned. The 70s, at least my stylized, particular conception of them, was a time of new 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 singer 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 along with a common statement, I love Fleetwood Mac because those folks wrote terrific music. 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 adolescence stick, Grace Slick—she needs some attention. The girls rock—back to Stevie; her voice melts with Griss's on the terrific duct, "Not Fade Away." Even my techno-listening roommate thinks Stevie's vocals melt like hollandaise on his tongue. Yet, I have pushed Stevie on him. Now he knows the truth about the planet's greatest songstress and is grateful. I've been thinking about Stevie for months. How sexy and talented is she and how if I could've, I would've, Stevie 4-eva.

The Dancing Paperclip of Tormented Souls / by Magnvs

I just had the most disturbing experience:
A duo of sick dunes been carried away to the vague shapes of a Bunny.

So anyway, I've dressed your cat as a burrife demon so that he may be the one to which I start revenge.

I haven't had a cat since Mr. Fluffus died!

Which is why they'll find him stuffed to their window.

Special thanks to Lauren and Ricki for making the word "toothy" official, and Chris for being my unforgottable contact Performed by Ms. Lumsy, Myself, and Chris for being my unsung contact Dedicated to my cat: Come Luna, Cygnus

DO IT FOR A DIME

Celebrate the Season: The Dime Store would like to remind you to stick up on condoms for the long winte.

Don't drink and drive. Even if you haven't had a drink. A car is a car, so be good to this one. Get home safe, get some sleep. The Dime Store urges you to stay safe. Have your friends go to the party with you. One thing to note: if you or a friend are under the influence of alcohol, don't drive. Call a cab, a friend, or a relative. At the Dime Store, you can purchase a car key chain in the shape of a 10 cent commercial key with a 10 cent car key attached. It's a great gift idea. Give it to the person you care about most. Be safe! Have a happy holiday season. The Dime Store wishes you a merry Christmas!

For more information, contact the Dime Store at (555) 555-5555.

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.resource (DECEMBER 15, 1997)
Rough Waters, Smooth Sailing
A night with jazz legend Jimmy Cobb
By BASIL BOURIS, News Editor

Never let anyone tell you that Olten Audition is a good place to hear live jazz. Its sterile walls and lecture hall-style setting are immediate obstacles to any musician whose art thrives on the intimate and subtle interactions between performer 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 Russell Rudd and saxophonist extraordinaire Harvey Kaiser.

Despite the organizational efforts of Melanie Shaw and the Bard Jazz Heritage Club, the sole purpose of the concert, the impromptu setting proved the least of the obstacles the musicians had to overcome. "But," 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, whatever appeared to be a faulty amplifier gave Russell 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 unraped as Rudd's own pianist Joe O'Brien could sing "Shanghaied," a tune that allowed the rhythm section to exhibit its stylistic diversity as they ripped into a steamy Latin groove midway through the bill. The evening reached its climax 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 his own solo before stepping aside to allow Cobb another chance to demonstrate his mastery of the drums.

As humorous as all of this music was, it somehow seemed to exist or so in attendance to music live is like building a ship, sang Walter Booker laughed, and in the midst of this music is the..." It was this very last line of this performance that really brought the evening to a close.

"Shangri-la", a fiery-eyed piece that Cobb recorded originally in the mid-1950's and an assortment of other goodies. A whole 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 but was crushed when you couldn't 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 whole. 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. But, you'll see, in the mid-1960's, so that's a few 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 whole. 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 rather 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, familial part of the Trilogy. It is centralized, conceptually and physically. Everyone knows, it takes place in a coffee house, which is patenly set in a circular configuration at the bar— with the show's stars (the bartender Coach, Sam, and Woody) in their midst. It's just so comforting and is that T.V. is all about. What's important is not the specifics 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 Network, 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 dryly, and too politically oriented.

As 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 9 have for some reason stuck Fezzie in the midst, therefore eliminating the Honeymooners. What's the point of watching now? I just don't know. I can't grasp Fezzie; 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 stickiest character from Cheers, the psychiatrist played by Kelsey Grammer, and added the rest of his family (yes, even Lillith occasionally makes an appearance). I just don't get it: why did they destroy T.V. perfection? So, lately, I've been on a search for a new block of T.V. time, and I'd recommend that if you plan to watch T.V. over Christmas you should find your own personal block. Treat it as a project, something you can construct. It is kind of like a recipe of your particular ingredients and make something that you'll look forward to everyday.
“Too Clever By Half”

Levonczyk directing Ostrovsky makes sense
But many are curious: what’s with the schlong?

By LAUREN CIBORSKI, Contributor

I, the aforesigned, a somewhat born-swaggered 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 Gloumov (Ty Howell), as part of a scheme to replenish his family’s lost fortune, manipulates a circle of aristocrats by playing on their insecurities. The story serves to expose the various manipulations of the Russian elite at the time the play was written. The script lends itself well to the glue of our library.

In fact, with the acting generally pretty good, the ending, why it was worthy, the hair design, is obvious he needed a sense of humor.

After applause is owed to the set crew, and the costume, make-up, and lighting is asking a lot to spend three and a half hours watching a production of a show this time of year, this is a show worth seeing. The story is a good one, the acting is very good, and the script is pretty good. It is all in the acting, and it is more than just a pretty face.

In fact, with all due respect to the Greene’s of the cast and crew, the show was pretty darn 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 semester. It’s asking a lot of an audience to spend three and a half hours watching a production at this time of year.

The acting was generally pretty solid, but it would be sad to see a few outstanding cast members. 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 be profound, I’m skipping the talking hot dog, I am the only one of my kind, and I am lonely.

The acting was generally pretty solid, but it would be sad to see a few outstanding cast members. 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 be profound, I’m skipping the talking hot dog, I am the only one of my kind, and I am lonely.

Skimming

Written by Diana Oboler. Drawn by Soja Wilson. Mastheaded by Herbert.
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 on September 28, 1995, former President Nelson Mandela remarked, "now that we have established an independent Truth and Reconciliation Commission it is only by knowing the truth that South Africans will enjoy true freedom and heal the wounds of the past."

On Tuesday, December 15, 1998, the African National Congress (ANC), then a liberation movement and the only true representative of the aspirations of the oppressed majority declined, "There comes a time in the life of any nation where those remaining two choices: submit or fight until we bring the racist regime to its knees."

The ANC, with the ANC’s 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 ANC was the only hope for liberation. The ANC would continue to exist, as it had for a long time confronted peaceful and unarmed demonstrations with the bullets of a gun. These youths left their families and education and underwent military training in order to contribute to the freedom struggle in South Africa.

At the same time, the White minority represented by the, then racist and fascist National Party viewed the actions of this just war as an act of terrorism and sabotage and a threat to white privilege. Adopting a policy of destabilization, the apartheid government 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 women.

The last testament of the 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 1986. The South African government denied any direct involvement in his death, despite subsequent court evidence to the contrary. Although some of the atrocities of the Apartheid state were given ample attention in the progressive black media, the privileged white minority rated out a single-specter of attention to the history of South Africa. In fact, more and more white South Africans were equipped with firearms to exterminate these brave warriors.

"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 exist and cooperate in the establishment of the so-called Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC). Among many of the 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 defunct 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 white martyrs who now claim to be victim of Apartheid ideology in fact were its greatest beneficiaries.

For example, in 1995, the South African Supreme Court overturned the notorious Eugene De Kock, Director of Vlakplaas, a strategic location just outside Johannesburg, using the former government’s carry our assassination activities against black anti-Apartheid forces – 4 located of covert operations, responsible for the maiming of innocent civilians in downtown Soweto. De Kock was convicted of numerous war crimes, but never faced any consequence.

The case of De Kock cost taxpayers almost 3 million rand, ($1,254,842), and De Kock was found guilty anyway by another 120 year imprisonment. Why did the government spend all this money, even though each black person in South Africa knows that De Kock was indeed involved? De Kock 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.

It is at the same time, F.W. de Klerk, former president of South Africa from 1989-1999, Mr. Adriaan Vlok, former Minister of Police from 1980-1998, and countless former cabinet ministers have publicly refused to appear before the TRC, claiming that their actions on Blacks were in defence of Afrikaner and white supremacy against the black majority.

The promises of a better future has all but collapsed. With only 5 months left before the supposed end of the so-called apartheid era, it is evident that the youth left South Africa in the 1970s 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 supposed end of the so-called apartheid era, it is evident that the youth left South Africa in the 1970s have returned to a situation of despair, hopelessness and joblessness.

One from which they were able to get across to this new world, which felt like somebody was pulling the drain plug on their lives.

This declaration, taken by the government to prove that the so-called TRC is valid.

Contributor

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. It’s a very serious issue, but it can hardly be tackled, it is so much. Because it’s not okay, it’s not okay, but I know that you are already thinking about killing yourself, then it is hard to understand why it is not okay. I guess I just want you to know that I can relate to it, I have been there. I know that it can be so bad, so bad. I know that it is hard to get over it, over it.

I was empty that way, becoming so pissed off, fighting from the inside against any idea that would even consider that okay, becoming so pissed off at death, at death – for doing it. I think, though, that if it had been somebody I had known, I wouldn’t have been able to get over pissed off. It would have been a lot worse.

Sometimes between them and me, I learned what suicidal thoughts felt like. It’s not appropriate here to go into it, but looking back, I am grateful, why? How could I get so far if these thoughts would bring my mental activity, I would enter this exhalating, frightful thing that at once would have thought that it could push me right over, where once I pushed him edged of the second.

I know it can seem like a choice, and that part of the seductive nature of killing yourself is that, for one time, you will feel as if you are free, as if you, for once, can take control. I know that this is a very real choice that can be made to find your way out of a mess. When you consider the question, you are really gambling with some very high stakes on a very unpredictable future, and a depressed mindset is the right one from which to be doing so. Who, really who is to say what is life worth after you kill yourself?

I am allowed to feel what your emotions would have behind after wards, but for you – why is it so sad?

Your answer probably depends on the feelings that led you to ask. Do you expect negative evaluation of yourself, of your life, of your mind? Do you expect others will judge you? The most important thing is that you have thought about it, as if someone you would have harm you behind after wards, but for you – why is it so sad?

I guess that one last thing I would ask you to consider, if you are ever considering something pointless and that is talking to somebody else about it will help. I have come to realize that I will never be faced with a career decision that will not be made by talking to the right person; maybe a friend, maybe a counselor. And I think that it is easy to imagine that it is okay, that it is okay, that it is okay.

But 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 yourself to stop doing it. 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 yourself to stop it. Because you would never be able to convince yourself to stop it.
Life in the Projects

diary of a madman: the case file: bard political idiocy

What follows is a journal of things that might happen. This book is true, though some of these things did not actually happen. Anyone with half a brain should be able to tell which is which.

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 idea to record the dates of my project board, since 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 firmly 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 differently.

For one, there would be more full frontal nudity in my project. I could not seem to work any into an economy or political science project (not for lack of ideas, I just couldn’t attempt a quick note. Likewise, although I have said the “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 “t-word” until my eyes turn blue. In L&T, this would be considered poetry. Of course, I would not rime 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 Lasu, Sun and Dennis (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, fell from heaven, I think that with certain sensitivities at Bard 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 MPL or an “Integreated Stentsy” major. This way, I could record the sound of my typing and call it another project. While doing this, I wish I could have incorporated my sexual identity. I don’t really know what “contemplating one’s sexual identity” really means, but many people seem to do it at some point between L&T and their senior project. Unfortunately, I am so immersed 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 moral standing, responsible for maintaining the safety and well-being of students living in residence halls...” (did) 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 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 all is not over. 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 in a negative, story-telling vein, wants to toprank 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 wrongfully butchcred, it can respond by writing a letter, and eventually the truth shall prevail, and everyone shall know the truth.

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

On August 15th: A student is caught writing obscenities on the Levy Building wall about the President’s speech, Diniti Papadimitriou.

On August 16th: Newly Promoted Dean of Residence Life and University of Delaware graduate Leah LaVallle declares herself to be the sole arbiter of right and wrong on campus and proceeds to tell people to pour out their beer. Leah LaVallle declares that Bard students do not have the right to drink alcohol (no matter how old they are) and that is her job to enforce the laws of New York State. Few notice that her British friend, who lives in a Bard dorm, is also drank in alcohol, and she is permitted to partake in her frequent fornicative liaisons.

On August 20th: The Dean of Students, Jonathan Becker, declares himself to be a nice guy.

On August 22nd: A dancer is found to be thin, and one of the highly qualified people at the DOSO brain that the dancer is “anorexic.”

On August 26th: The New Dean of Students, Jonathan Becker, declares himself to be a nice guy.

On September 1st: The New Dean of Students, Jonathan Becker, declares himself to be a nice guy.

On September 12th: The new President, Robert Bock, decides that Bard is not a nice enough “niche” to be called “nice” and that “niche” means to “other campus activity forces, there are no problems and everyone is happy.”

On September 1st: PCs Jake Kim and Chris Planer are caught picking a student a ride. This student turns out to be carrying alcohol, and an anonymous PC, known only as “Nick Gaga,” decides that they renege to a society, to rename themselves to the Dean of Students Office. Removing their commitment to public service, Kim and Planer make a public service announcement about the danger of picking up hitchhikers.

On September 1st: “Nice Guy” Dean of Students Jonathan Becker fees Kim, and places Planer on probation. Becker goes on to say that he thinks that he is as nice as he does his job of alcohol.

On September 20th: 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. 59). This is not the situation for Residence Students, PC and anyone wearing Rosale Fousis, demands herself turned herself into DOSO for thinking naughtily, which supposedly confidentiality, thought.

On September 5th: Leah LaVallle thinks she meddles Marianne in Levyle and calls Security.

On September 10th: A Delegation of Bard students complains to the President of DOSO, and the Photography Department. President explains that he had been DOSO, he should not need an office. Lean goes on to state that photos majors are racketeers anyway, and that he has no clue where the Dean of Students Office is, and if you are insecure you should ask a shrink.

On September 15th: Two people are caught not drinking in...
September fifth: Leah LaValle thinks she smells marijuana in Tewksbury and calls Security.

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

dents that they are requested to submit local additions, they are only served to happen after the protest for the addition of a Bard student who happened to be in a fact book just before it was refiled. 

December 20th: Ben Benet, of Integrated Amzy FM, commits some form of sexual harassment, assault, or an attempt at rape. The Department of Television, Broadcasting, and the Organization of Gender..

January 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 Bard EMS and were forced to go to the hospital instead of the College engaging in self-destructive behaviors such as eliminating all the mid-level faculty members.

December 11th: After not being given tenure, Carol Mackeiny got mad. She uses the college and writes for $290,000 (roughly the amount of money raised in order to paint many of the醌-painted publiconteims 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 supposed to be supposedly confidential), now-departed, interim faculty member Thomas Danderleit announced that this pru

January 15th: The Bard Animal Rights Collective (B.A.R.C.) announces that the animal rights hang, and people who are B.A.R.C. in favor of bad things.

October 17th: After becoming depressed, and talking to drugs and alcohol, I counselor Eric Keller, a senior, will com

Bard College President Leon Botstein announces that he is an intellectual.
Classifieds

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) to Macintosh Word format on PC fies pleased) along with two hard-copy prints. Send submissions via campus mail to the corresponding section editor.

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

Observer Editorial Policy

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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 Mannes as it concerns the world of competitive fencing does not initially leap to the forefront of the peak. Guys in tight ribbons, in tights, fencing in a raised at last tightly slicing each other onto, in ten bags, with fingers metal rods doesn’t some addiction, crying about whiskey drinking/whore mongering, and ice-skating.

Barry one of the ribbers, interjects. “Fencing comes heart of the matter.”

After discussing it further Mike states that while fencing is, “I mean fencing doesn’t look like much to me. Can you beat dozens of long bombs but rarely connecting with the inside defense Ray, in the worst NCAA games in history, sank three-pointers, and drove to the hoop. The ‘Tors lost their next three: a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game 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remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball game played by Ruby McAdoo, captain, remaining, a golly basketball player.

Squash Squash

Have ye a looakie at this

By EVA BODULA and LEILA BANDAR, Contributors

What do you when you wear 5 females, liberal fathers, and a rental van? A good idea for leisure activity.

This marks a new record in the NCAA history books, making Barry the holder of the official title: least amount of points scored in a basketball game played by a woman's division I NCAA team, ever.

Fear not, interfresh sports fanatics, it’s not all that bad. As Vassar the Bird women played without either of their starting guards, Abby “Stomach” Rosenberg and Kella “Antin ain’t getting nothing” Papadaki. While the fearless Raptorettes knew that the Vassar game was going to be a tough one, rather than take it as a forerunner they took it.

Against the College of St. Elizabeth the following Friday, December 12, the women extended their season to a 5-0 but showed signs of sleeping giant. In a tight game in which the lead depended on who had made the previous basket, the Raptor chained balls, sank three-pointers, and showed how they be a team. At one point the Raptorettes were up by as many as eight points but the tenacious Elizabethans hung. On an Elis>bard guilt show generating genuine feelings to Dend Ellis, Steve Ken, and Reggie Miller dropped the long bombs from behind the arc with ease to a 99 to 99 tie game. The Lady Tors be unable to withstand the attack and in the end succumbed in a tight, well-fought, emotional game that lasted all of the forty minutes. The feet screaming “agony, agony” at several moments in the game.

Schedule

Men’s Basketball: Jan. 24 vs. ST. Jrvs (Home 2 p.m.), Jan. 27 vs. Albay Pharmacy (Home 7 p.m.), Jan. 30 at Vassar, Jan. 31 at Sunny Purchase Women’s Basketball: Jan. 24 at BCGE, Jan. 28 at York College, Jan. 30 at St. Josephs (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 ruled by Sports Illustrated as the worst NCAA team in the country, with a losing streak that spanned two seasons, has the Bard Athletics department glowed with such 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 men’s team of the Bard Women’s Basketball team, in the final forty-eight minutes of play, scored four (4) points. This marks a new record in the NCAA history books, making Barry the holder of the official title: least amount of points scored in a basketball game played by a woman’s division I NCAA team, ever.

New Record

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.”

—New Jersey Devils’ 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 RAPID, BOTT-MAN ENTERS THE BOXING RING TO WIN IT BACK. IT'S THE TOUCHSTONE OF ALL CHRISTMAS SPECIALS.

IT'S A WONDERFUL FIGHT!

---

LISTEN BOY, YOU CAN BEAT ME, HANS!

---

LET THE FIGHT BEGIN!

---

OH NO, SADDAM, DON'T SAY THAT! YOU CAN'T KILL ME, AND I'M HERE TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE WORLD WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE WITHOUT YOU.

---

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

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

---

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

---

Without you, the U.S. would never have had a puppet dictator they could control, so the Gulf War never would have happened. America would have embraced peace and hope in an era of world-wide utopia.

---

George Bush would be re-elected president, since the 9/11 attacks never happened. Bush would be free from any scandals.

---

And best of all, no shots part deus'! Never would have been made.

---

The people would trust big government again, and we would enjoy peace, no wars, and the military.

---

All in all, the world would be much better off without you.

---

Thank you, Bot-Man! I've learned the true meaning of Christmas!

---

DING! THAT'S ROUND ONE!

Look Bot-Man, Teacher said every time a bell rings an angel gets its wings!

---

I know, Saddam, merry Christmas Pooh!

---

AND 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 Van Dyke
WRITTEN BY: John J. Cirri
ILLUSTRATED BY: Chris Van Dyke
SPECIAL THANKS TO: The Burner of Hell, Charlie Sloth, George "Our of the Loop" Bush, Frank Capra, Charles "Carol" Dickens, and Vincent for his inside information. Many Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight!