Hundreds from Bard Community Protest Fascism and Police Brutality
In wake of student's arrest, Bard examines protocols, Resident Director Fegan resigns
Amanda Kniepkamp and Jessica Jacobs

5,000 March for Mumia
New developments in prisoner's case spark international mobilization, protest
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Sister Cities Dinner Raises $1,000 for Hurricane Relief
Sickness, shortages of water, food, and medicine cripple Central America
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Russian liberal arts institution but one of many schools now guided by Bard's new Institute for International Liberal Education
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Special thanks to: Allen Josey, for being forced to appear in this obligatory sequel; Morgan and Mulzer, for helping with last minute brainstorming for extra wacky dialogue to pack each panel; all the insanely paranoid individuals who insured that my life as a hit man would be short and sweet (my homework thanks you) and as always, Mumia Abu-Jamal, for being someone who leads to college student protests, and thus an endless source of entertainment.
Hundreds from Bard Community Protest Racism and Police Brutality

In wake of student's arrest, Bard examines protocols, Resident Director Fegan resigns

By Amanda Kingcamp & Jessica Jacobs

On November 4, nearly 350 Bard students, faculty and administrators gathered before the Dutchess County Sheriff’s Office in Poughkeepsie to rally against racist police brutality. For almost two hours, the protestors marched and chanted in front of the building, voicing their anger at the recent arrest of Mario Bourdeau. "If you are here today, showing your support, you are saying that racist police brutality will not be tolerated," said Wade at the rally.

The Students of Color for Racial Justice, a group of student activists, organized transportation and provided signs for those in attendance.

During the rally, student leaders wearing white arm-bands directed the protest, leading chants and ensuring that students maintained a peaceful protest. Speeches defining the purpose of the rally were given by Marguerite Wade and Hector Andenso (see speech on page 3), both students of color at Bard. "If you are here today, showing your support, you are saying that racist police brutality will not be tolerated," said Wade at the rally.

Yes, the rally’s impact on the future conduct of Sheriff’s Office. (Continued on Page 3)

Sister Cities Dinner Raises $1,000 for Hurricane Relief

Sickness, shortages of water, food, and medicine cripple Central America

By Stephanie Schneider

The annual Sister Cities Dinner/Dance, held on November 7, could be called a success. Everyone seemed to enjoy the meal, the dancing lasted until midnight, and Bard’s Sister Cities club raised about $1,000. Yet despite the lightsomeness and revelry, the attendees did take time to reflect on the true purpose of the dance: fostering support for the city of Laserrargas, Nicaragua. In light of Hurricane Mitch, this support and friendship is all the more crucial.

As well as selling raffle tickets to raise emergency funds, the Sister Cities club displayed newspaper clippings describing the devastation felt through much of Central America. Almost daily since the hurricane, news agencies have brought more news of the deaths and photographs of the destruction. As a New York Times news account explained, "It was the rain, not the winds, that did the most damage. Torrential downpours spawned floods and avalanches that killed more than 10,000, eroded villages, devastated crops and destroyed much of the infrastructure in Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador and Nicaragua."

In addition to the damage to crops and infrastructure, the storm caused a health crisis due to poor water sanitation. CNN reported that in the capital of Honduras (Tegucigalpa), residents bathe and wash clothes in "rivers contaminated by corpses and by chemicals from a factory upstream, destroyed in the storm. Skin infections abound." (CNN)

Hospitals are also suffering from the lack of sanitary water. In Tegucigalpa, "the hospital no longer has running water, and sanitary conditions are so bad that doctors have canceled all but the most urgent surgeries." (CNN, 11/11/98)

"Our biggest concern," said Dr. Carlos Hueso, the director of the hospital, "is that the consumption of our water can lead to epidemics, especially of cholera." Moreover, "Because the incubation period for dangerous diseases like dengue fever, cholera and gastroenteritis is several weeks, the worst may be yet to come." (CNN, 11/11/98)

Though Honduras was the hardest hit of the Sister Cities countries, Nicaragua and Guatemala were also affected. The disaster led to simultaneous outbursts of cholera as water supplies were contaminated by the floods. (Continued on Page 2)
A HANDSHAKE BETWEEN CULTURES: President Boasnine and Rector Ludmilla verbitskaya finalize the pact between Bard and Smolny College.

Sister Cities’ Dinner/Dance Raises Funds to Combat Devastation

The Institute for International Liberal Education, founded last July, is behind the creation of these programs. Along with the partnership with Smolny, the ILE currently provides exchange opportunities in Zimbabwe, South Africa, France, and India, and is currently investigating a joint venture in Vietnam. Smolny said that one of the main objectives of the institute is "to expand the practice of liberal education internationally. Where it's needed and where it did not exist before."

Realizing this objective involves collaborating with schools in "very unusual and dynamic periods of social and political change," said Colleps. "We could lay a red foundation for solving larger problems." This ties into another function of the ILE: to raise questions about international education in the greater educational community. "I think that, at this time in history, international education can be different from the way people thought about it in the past," Colleps said. "The world is small now and it is easy to communicate and go places. What I really envision is that international education is a way for students to begin to create a conversation with students and faculties from other countries and look at things differently."

For any students considering these programs, Smolny emphasized that "the experience of another culture directly... expands us spiritually, emotionally, intellectually-human beings."

Smoyn College Agreement Cemented

Russia's liberal arts institution but one of many schools now guided by Bard's new Institute for International Liberal Education

Russian liberal arts institution

Without the appointment of St. Fusa-Poornard, Bard will significantly enhance its contribution to the one of environmental research and policy, locally as well as globally," said Robert Martin, Bard's dean of graduate studies. "For experience in the United Nations, her academic background, and above all her passionate concern for the environment made her perfectly suited to lead Bard's new center."

The Bard Center for Environmental Policy will take the place of Bard's Center for the Study of Environmental Policy (CSER) after a transition period of several years. The future graduate program of the Center for Environmental Policy will shift its focus from environmental issues to sustainability, economics, and local community development.

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CULTURES: President Boasnine and Rector Ludmilla Verbitskaya finalize the pact between Bard and Smolny College.

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Arts Center Impact Statement Approved by Red Hook Board

Editor's Note: The following is the text of a speech given by Henric Douglas at a rally convened by Bard students in front of the Bardsmoni Office of the Dutchess County Sheriff, on November 6 to protest police brutality.

I WAS NOT SHOCKED nor surprised when I learned that a Black student had been beaten by a white police officer on the campus of Bard College. What surprised me was the amount of people who were shocked, the amount of people who believed it to be inconceivable. What shocked me was the passive language used, which described it as a "sickly charged incident." Which made it seem as if what happened was some minor occurrence not worth noting, instead of the extremely brutal act that it was.

The reality is that with the exception of those without telematics and radios, who have never been near a campus or a magazine, or a person who has not been all that surprised when they heard about a violent attack started by a white police officer against a person of color? That it is slow to slip from our collective memory that it had happened.

Anthony Baez because of a football hitting the head. It's all a matter of color. This is what colorblindness looks like. It is Blikck.

But this is not to say that I understand anger. And this anger is justified on two accounts. You should not be angry only because a Black man was beaten. You should be angry for another reason as well. You should be angry because it happened again. Deputy Sheriff Enkler's "attributes" wasn't "inappropriate," it was racist. Deputy Sheriff Enkler's "actions" weren't "improper," they were malicious.

So is it why write here, because a white police officer abused his power again? Because another white police officer thought he was above the law. We will not tolerate any other police officers displaying this type of violent behavior, which is based on race/color.

Bard students at Bard College convened in front of the Bardsmoni Office of the Dutchess County Sheriff, on November 6 to protest police brutality.

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Mumia Case Protested

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

River Ridge, an arterially deprived community, supported his 95 death warrants in three years in office and has vowed to sign Mumia immediately. Abu-Jamal once had a death warrant on him, but the case was eventually dismissed as "Mumia" by Judge Lee of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, an organization that once turned down an ad for the New York Times July—demurring Mumia's immediate execution.

Five of the seven judges on the PSC (including Cardiel) are endorsed by the PSC.

MUMIA ABU-JAMAL has been on death row since 1982, when he was convicted of murdering police officer Daniel Faulkner. Mumia has always maintained his innocence. His case has raised numerous concerns about racial inequality in the U.S. judicial system. Abu-Jamal's court-appointed attorney was given neither the resources nor the time to prepare an effective defense, the attorney himself admitted during the proceedings. Mumia was absent for much of his own trial, as Judge Albert Sabo frequently removed him from the courtroom.

Sabo, denounced by district attorneys for his pervasive pro-prosecution bias (USA Today, 12/29/97), has presided over 31 death sentence verdicts in 25 years, more than any other judge in the United States. A former member of the Fraternal Order of Police (FOP), Sabo was forced to retire last year by court administrators.

According to The New York Times, Judge Sabo's behavior at a 1995 hearing demonstrated that he was "openly contemptuous of [Mumia's] defense... Sabo sustained virtually every prosecution objection without pausing during almost every defense objection... Sabo turned his back and walked out of the court room as defense lawyer, Rachel H. Wolkenstein, was addressing a legal issue" (12/20/97). During a hearing, Sabo listened Leonard Weinglass, Mumia's primary lawyer, for contempt and had Weinglass removed from the courtroom on contemptual grounds.

Responding to allegations of Sabo's biased behavior, the PSC asserted: "There were certainly instances in the record where the judge displays [sic] displeasure or impatience, but we cannot conclude that any of the rulings were legally improper. Judge Sabo displayed no such adversarial position toward Appellant."

IT WAS NOT until the summer of 1995, when Governer Ridge signed a warrant for Abu-Jamal's death, that doubts concerning the legitimacy of the trial began to grow internationally: activities throughout the world mobilized to stop the execution. Ten days before the appointed execution date of August 17, as Philadelphia was enthralled in protest, Sabo granted Abu-Jamal a stay of execution by state law to examine whether more time could have been devoted to review the case.

"It makes you wonder," said police officer James Green who turned Abu-Jamal in for the murder of Officer Bill India, "whether a court would have a second look if the defendant is put to death."

The police charged that "due to the fluency of our languages, we cannot conclude that any of the rulings were legal­ improper, Judge Sabo displayed no such adversarial position toward Appellant."

FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE: "Man Rallies Protesters in a模拟 Philadelphia march for Mumia's freedom. Mumia's defender's exercise of free speech and freedom of associa­ tion in this case a white-supremacist) could not be used as an argument for the imposition of the death penalty."

THE PRECARIOUS DETAILS regarding the events of December 9, 1981 paint a uncertain picture. Philadelphia police officer Daniel Faulkner was shot and killed on Locust Drive. Just prior to this, Faulkner and William Coa (Mumia's brother) were arguing on the side­ walk. Cook had been stopped by Faulkner for driving the wrong way on a one-way street. Mumia noticed the scuffle as he drove down Locust Drive in his cab. He pulled over and ran across the street to see "why my brother was getting beaten up." In a mixture of swears, both Mumia and Faulkner were shot. Police who came on the scene just after the shooting found Faulkner lying on the street, Cook against a wall, and Abu-Jamal sitting on the curb with a bullet in his chest.

The police immediately arrested Mumia, a man with no criminal record, of shooting Officer Faulkner to the back and then again to his face. Convincingly, Faulknur die Mumia just before the former got to the ground. Police's partner, Officer Walshe, accompanied Mumia to the hospital and wrote in his report that "the negro male made no state­ ments." However, at Mumia that the police and prosecu­ tion alleged that Abu-Jamal made a loud confession at the hospital. When Mumia's attorney tried to subpoena Walshe at the 1992 trial, prosecutor claimed that Walshe was on vacation. He was actually at home. When Walshe was brought into court in 1995, he testified that, despite his own statement, he had heard Mumia confess. The officer attached the discrepancy to having been "emotionally over­ whelmed." The PSC found this excuse credible.

THESE ARE NUMEROUS other policies of contention: A medical examiner's report, first entered into official record in 1995, identified the bullet removed from Faulkner's brain as a .44-caliber. The gun that Abu-Jamal had in his gloved compartment (he had been licensed gun because of two prior armed-robbery incidents in his cab) was a .38-caliber. Abu-Jamal's court-appointed attorney attributed the discrepancy to having been "emotionally over­ whelmed." The PSC found this excuse credible.

In contradiction with the preliminary autopsy report, police had not shot the victim a few bullet holes were "consistent with a .38-caliber" (NYT, 7/30/90).

William Singletary, an eye-witness, told detectives that he had left the parking lot for a few minutes, leaving Mumia, his partner, and Faulkner behind. Singletary testified at Mumia PCBRA hearing (1995) that police had torn up the two statements about the fourth person. Singletary further testified at the hearing that the detectives held him at the police station for hours, intimidating and threatening him to such a degree that he left Philadelphia. However, the PSC agreed with Judge Sabo that Singletary's version of events was more credible because of the inconsistencies in his statement.

Cynthia White and Robert Chobert, two of the prosecu­ tors for Mrs. White, were instructed by the court to argue that Abu-Jamal was guilty of murder. Mrs. White, who had consented to the hearing, was told not to record her own tape for the police force that was later to accuse police. Mrs. White's account, instead, was used to support the prosecution. Verdon Jones was another key witness for the prosecu­tion in 1982. However, at a 1992 PCBRA hearing, she testified that she was only present one time at the scene. She made no promises that her statements with the taking of her daughter away (Jones was a prostitute at the time). At the PCBRA hearing, Jones told the court that she was on the roof of the police station, but was men running away, contrary to her sworn, overall testimony. Immediately following her verified account, in what the New York Times called "a St. Valentine's Day massacre" (10/29/95), Mrs. White was barred from writing a last check two years before this new testimony was given.

WOBBLER'S Mumia has used his prison experience to become an eloquent inside critic of both the penal and jus­tice systems. Since his incarceration, Mumia has written three books, including Survival & Still a Crisis and Death Blossoms. A series of his commen­ taries were recorded and released by the Prison Radio Project Public Radio's "All Things Considered." Under pressure from Philadelphia FOP and then—Senator Robert Dole, Mumia was removed from the courtroom after publicly announcing it. The American Bar Association (ABA) and other organizations such as the Prison Radio Project, have vigorously fought against political forces. The ABA called the consti­ tutionally "exacty the kind of tampering of unpopular speech the First Amendment was designed to protect against" (ABA, June 1996).

In response to NPR's decision to censor his series of commentaries, Mumia released a statement observing that "It is clear that, in my case, the title 'All Things Considered' did not mean all the commentaries were published under the title Live From Death Row.

SINCE THE PENNSYLVANIA SUPREME COURT's judgments, the trajectory of Mumia's legal process has come alternatingly close to an end. Attorneys for Mumia have filed an application with the PSC for a rehearing of Mumia appeal. This filing allows the case to remain in the state court system for the time being and delays Governor Ridge from signing a death warrant. However, if the rehearing is denied, Mumia will have 30 days to file a habeas corpus motion in the federal court. Because of the Anti-Terrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act (EDPA), which was totally signed in 1996 by President Clinton and passed by the Congress,死刑犯 can no longer appeal beyond the federal court. A section of the EDPA demands that federal courts accept the motions and verdicts of state courts as final courts of last resort (as long as they are not "unreasonable"). In essence, the process of effective review is greatly impeded.

The last and most important legal process in the U.S. Supreme Court, a body currently comprised of conser­ vative judges. The Court accepts very few death penalty cases. If Mumia's case is granted review (contingent, the Supreme Court may have to make the constitutionality of the EDPA, a possibility that has enormous implications for a period when " Jonah on crime" has become the watchword of politicians and legislatures.

In a statement issued from death row, on October 31, Mumia said, "I am sorry that this court did not rule on the right side of history. But I am not surprised. Every time our nation has come to a fork in the road with regards to men it has chosen to take the path of prosperity and betrayal..."

On October 29th, 1998, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court released a minority court members also, as well as information on other ways to support Mumia, can be found on the website of the International Concerned Family and Friends of Mumia Abu-Jamal at http://webhome.princeton.edu/~fip/.
WXBC Snags on Tech Complications

Organizers are optimistic. They have conducted interviews and now plan to have the station fully underway by next semester.

A NUMBER OF TECHNICAL and logistical setbacks still impede the start-up of WXBC, Bard's fledgling radio station. As of the week of November 8, Allen Josey, director of student activities, and the student organizers await the arrival of vital equipment. According to Josey, only after the equipment arrives can the radio engineer make the final connections required to make the station operational.

Josey expressed frustration at the difficulties WXBC has faced, noting that these are only the most recent steps in what has been a long and difficult process. One problem the station confronted, according to Peter Rinko, general manager of the station, was the theft of all of the station's equipment, requiring the most recent purchase. Funding from the Planning Committee, Student Activities, and an Alumni grant, made that purchase possible.

Meanwhile, Rinko and the other student organizers interviewed over 70 applicants for student positions. Of these, 45 were selected. "We tried to make it fair," Peter said. The most important criteria for selection, he noted, were ideas and experience. The selected students will be volunteering along a particular schedule for airtime, organized by Matt Hayes, program director. DJs will have complete control over the music played during their air time.

Rinko is pleased with the diversity of musical interests among the DJs hired. He is also excited about the contribution the station will make to the Bard community, providing a new media resource for many of the cultural events on campus. Program ideas he has to complement normal programming include jazz shows, discussion forums, comedy, and commentary.

He also noted that the station did not previously have a rigid management system. He and seven other students approached Allen Josey last year to express interest in reviving the station. Amidst all of the excitement and planning, Allen Josey stresses that there will need to be time after the equipment is in place for everyone involved to become accustomed to its regular use. All DJs will have to be trained in operating the equipment, and all the plans and procedures will have to be modified in response to the complications of operating a radio station. He expects the technical issues to be resolved soon, but sees the students requiring, at the minimum, the rest of the term to, as it were, "get their feet wet."

Nonetheless, the complications the radio station face contrast with the evident seriousness of the time and energy so far invested by the organizers, causing much of their frustration. According to Hayes, "the real setbacks have been with the engineer, who works with mainstream commercial stations, and is doing this almost as a favor. Allen and the rest of us have been doing our part since the beginning, and these setbacks are in no way indicative of the interest and commitment at Bard."

The station will transmit an AM signal when it is operational, and will be receivable primarily on the Bard Campus. According to Rinko, an FM signal would require an extremely expensive license, and would place the station under FCC regulations.

THE SEAT OF POWER: WXBC is not yet operational.

AQUOUS ASSASSINS: Death Comes To Us All

A hundred and thirty Bard students accepted the challenge to kill their assigned targets and remain alive till the end.

A thousand voices rang through the campus as students stepped onto the wet, cold floor of the basement of the Reunion Hall to begin the longest and most complex game the student body has ever been involved in. This was the 10th Annual Aqueous Assassins: Death Comes To Us All. The game is composed of four parts, each a separate challenge: (1) kill their assigned target and remain alive till the end, (2)uffle down a wooded ravine, (3) flood a large room with water, and (4) sail a boat on a lake.

Each participant signed up before the game began to receive a list of their assigned target and the date and time of their meeting. Targets were randomly assigned to participants by the organizers of the event. The organizers held a meeting the week before the game to inform the participants of the rules and regulations of the event.

The game was divided into four stages: (1) the assassination, (2) the evasion, (3) the survival, and (4) the celebration. Each stage had a specific time limit and a set of rules.

The assassination stage lasted for two hours. Participants had to complete the assassination of their target within this time frame. If they were caught or failed to complete the task, they were eliminated from the game.

The evasion stage lasted for two hours. Participants had to escape from the scene of the assassination and reach the designated meeting point without being caught. If they were caught, they were eliminated from the game.

The survival stage lasted for two hours. Participants had to survive the elusional stage and reach the designated meeting point. If they were caught or failed to complete the task, they were eliminated from the game.

The celebration stage lasted for two hours. Participants had to reach the designated meeting point and celebrate their survival. If they reached the meeting point and survived, they were considered the winner of the game.

A hundred and thirty students participated in the game, which is part of the Bard College tradition. The game is organized by the Bard College Student Union, and is a way for students to bond and have fun. The organizers of the game are always looking for ways to improve and make the game more challenging for the participants.

The Aqueous Assassins: Death Comes To Us All game is a combination of physical activity and problem-solving. It is a game that requires teamwork, strategy, and creativity. The game is always a success, and participants always look forward to participating in the next year's game. The organizers of the event are always looking for ways to improve the game and make it more challenging for the participants.
Talking about The Tempest, I heard a girl say, “That was really easy to understand.” And it was. A simple, clear interpretation of Shakespeare’s famous play. Nothing was taken away and little was added. Shakespeare is often treated like a Christmas tree on which to hang ornaments; directors focus his comedies with physical gags and adorn them with quirky characters. In this case, the tree stood on its own. This production was designed for newcomers to the brave new world of Shakespeare.

One example of this production’s lucid storytelling was Prospero’s explanation to his daughter Miranda of how he lost his diadem. When Prospero antagonized his brother Antonio, this evil usurper walked on stage, so that there was no question whom he was talking about. The show was full of these kinds of signposts to guide the audience, such as when Ariel waved his hand in front of Gonzalo’s face to show us that the Ariel he featured for this production was invisible.

Although it was a fairly low budget production, the island’s fairies and spirits ingeniously compensated for the lack of technical support by creating atmosphere and sound effects. They made all the noises, from thunder to bowing winds, and sang all of the musical pieces a capella. When not taking part in the central plot, the fairies stood at the back and sides of the stage, whispering to each other and making strange movements.

All of the performances were clear-cut and easy to follow, while avoiding the use of stereotypes. Gonzalo (Noah Schoot) was old but not doddering. Stephano (Jeffrey Bard) was drunken but not swagging, and Antonio (January Morell) was a bad guy but not rotten to the core. The two directors, recent Bard graduates Jeffrey Lewonczyk and Hope Cartelli, played the leads. Prospero and Ariel. Lewonczyk said that they wanted to “play it straight and let the show speak for itself.” This was evident from the way he portrayed Prospero; he made a good full for the buffoonery of the other characters, focusing more on the original words than on their dramatization. Cartelli had more fun with her part, portraying a snakelike Ariel who played with her words and unadulterated as she danced around the stage. She and Lewonczyk “decided to embrace the script,” she said. “We wanted to put the focus on the story and the writing.”

Overall, the jokes were not milked nearly as much as they could have been. Trinculo, Stephano, Caliban (played by Danny Brown, Jeffrey Bard, and Claire Thietman, respectively) made an amusing comic trio, but the comedy was still somewhat stifled. Because of the show’s loyalty to the script, jokes that Shakespeare obviously meant to be funny come across as hilarious. But the supplementary gaps that these three added were small and unobtrusive. Comedy suffers when performers overdo it, and this production certainly exploited that fact. However, they went toward the opposite extreme, ultimately detracting from Will’s comedic intent by style slipshod humor. Lewonczyk and Cartelli directed and produced this show themselves. They knew at the outset that it would have to be low budget and no-frills, and they made good use of the resources available. The result was not laugh-a-minute comedy, but was indeed The Tempest as the bard intended it.

Reliving Log-Cabin Memories in Scheff’s

Nearby restaurant combines friendliness and service with an eclectic atmosphere, enhanced by a plethora of novelty breads

By STEPHANIE SCHMALCK

EATING AT SCHAFF’S Kitchen is like revisiting one’s childhood — of one grew up in a log cabin.

Then again, I must make it known that Scheff’s Kitchen does have some universal appeal. It’s filled with refrigerator artwork and sayings with which almost anyone could relate to his or her own experiences. When the staff says, “Make yourself at home,” they really mean it. The pioneer feel comes through in the food, the interior and the one room layout. I must say, it is a refreshing change to eat in a place that is cozy, too.

The only separation between the dining area and the kitchen is a few carefully arranged shelves filled with all sorts of interesting items. My favorite aspect of the shelves is the many cans of condensed milk.

The only separation between the dining area and the kitchen is a few carefully arranged shelves filled with all sorts of interesting items. My favorite aspect of the shelves is the many cans of condensed milk. A restaurant that seems to focus this delivery so much has to be a great place to eat.

The one room layout was so special because it broke down the barriers of the customers and the proprietors. I could see everything in the kitchen; it was like being in my own kitchen. The staff certainly helped in establishing this home-like atmosphere.

In Scheff’s Kitchen, the new breakfast place of choice, is located on Route 9 towards Germantown. It is open from Mondays and Tuesdays.
When We Dead Awaken Provokes Varied Opinions

By Luis Moreno

"Is there something hidden in everything you say, Irene," says Rubek in Ibsen's play.

The music was composed and performed by Sean Price. The set was a combination of upstage scaffoldings with shadow windows, a small river crossing the stage diagonally, surrounded by gravel and stone, and the main set piece of planked walkways, riting above the gravel and enclosing it in a U shape, connecting two mud baths, and a shower. The audience sat on one tier above the stage, looking down on the performance.

The play was performed to Copenhagen, 1899, and was the last of Ibsen's works. His plays include A Doll's House, An Enemy of the People, The Wild Duck, and Peer Gynt. Ibsen was a playwright of both social realism and intense poetic symbolism. However, this work falls into its own category. In a way, it is a solitary master's piece of Ibsen's, bringing elements of the artist's own title into the complex play. It is necessary to see Rubek, the aging sculptor, the center of all relationships in the play, and Ibsen's self-projection. Rubek's play does not depend for their interest on the action or on the incidents. Even the characters, faultlessly drawn though they be, are not the first thing in his play. But the abalienated mind is altered in a great truth, or the opening up of a great question, or a great conflict which is almost entirely rivets our attention. For this reason, the scene of the play, when Kerkour and Grillo entered the mud, carries the play to a mellow, penitent mood, while the moods of the previous region into shadow. The tone of the lighting was good; dark enough to define a brooding mood, assist the script and the music.

The music was unfortunately unsurpassing and somewhat boring. Nonetheless, it suited the beginning of the performance, and its great crescendo, samples, and voice compositions were attractive. The music did contribute to a mellow, penitent mood, while holding within the performance and lost the interest of the viewer.

The first act provided tension from the first moment. It was, as it became apparent that Wulfheim was the one truly unique and solitary character in the play. In the second act, the greatest passion in the play, when Kerkour and Grillo entered the mud, came to a mellow, penitent mood, while the moods of the previous region into shadow. The tone of the lighting was good; dark enough to define a brooding mood, assist the script and the music.

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BRUCE MCDONNELL

Random Reviews:
From Beck to Spiritualized

It comes as an excellent surprise to come across a live album that actually stands as an artistic statement... Live at the Royal Albert Hall is an album for Spiritualized fans and non-believers alike, a live album with the ability to actually convert.

While my confidence outing, Bring It On with "Get Me," a space-out blue number that features Ben Ottewell's distinctive voice, a sort of bourbon-spiced hybrid of Tom Waits and Eddie Vedder. Needless to say, in order to enjoy Bring It On, the listener must grow accustomed to Ottewell's vocal: his resonant voice conveys much of the work's emotional breadth. Ian Bell, the other singer/guitarist, balances Ottewell's delivery over the album's course with thin, affected vocals more readily, identified with British pop groups, featured best on "Whippin'. Prettyly," a song about the album's stand-out tracks. Layering precolating rhythmic and electronic effects onto what begins as an anthemic acoustic-based number, the song is inspired from the backbone of the album. "50 State Wides," sounds almost Beethoven in its approach, and "Jubilee Lady," while creepy in its emotional babble, is actually moving. Bring It On is an unlikely update on roots-based rock, shocking in its modern-day Cotton Club sensibilities like "space age chocolate rock." It's not for everyone, but those who give it a chance will find the album genuinely rewarding.

Owen Smithson's prolific nature has always been a good thing. It seems that when one tour always manages to find time in the studio, releasing limited-edition seven-inches, compilation tracks, and remixes. Aluminum Tones, Spiritualized's third Switched On singles compilation, is further evidence of the group's productivity. The double disk comp opens with "Waxing the Onion," from the American Body Study Center, an EP recorded for a Charles Long art exhibit released originally in 1995 but never widely available in the U.S. After that, there are plenty more gems to enjoy: unreleased from the Emperor Tomato Ketchup sessions, "Singer's Arrest," capture the group in their most creative state. The disc also features Jim O'Rourke's sharing production duties with John McEntire and is looking to be a triple LP.

Generally speaking, live albums are well on the recording industry, the result of money-hungry marketing designed to drain cash from the wallet of any devoted fan. It therefore comes as a surprise to come across a live album that actually stands as an artistic statement, and a grand, awe-inspiring statement at that. Live at the Royal Albert Hall is an album for Spiritualized fans and non-believers alike, a live album with the ability to actually convert. The double-disc album contains the almost seamless 90-minute set to entice fans looking for the songs from Spiritualized's Ladies and Gentlemen... album as well as two such as Linda Gold Minnie and Pure Phase. Played with a four-piece horn section, a string quartet, and a 12-piece gospel choir, the experience is nothing short of divine. The album is neither respectable, nor indulgent; Spiritualized manages to reinter the songs in an interesting fashion while constructing a completely new context within which to interpret. The act seemed to elicit from the group's music is better captured live here. In the studio, and Live at the RAH's instrumentation to that effect. Frontman's greatest "Is it Live at Brixton?,"... this album sets the standard by which all the albums should be measured. Released in a season's record of a season's record. Spiritualized's,"... Stones, III, and Baccus are all releasing live albums with... in the next couple of weeks), Live at the RAH will have no problems distinguishing itself.

Masturbation Frustration

By MARY MARY

I AM UPPSET BECAUSE I hardly ever masturbate anymore. When I was 15, 16 and 17, I masturbated nightly and let me tell you, some of that sex made me have orgasms that were the strongest/most pow...
Orson Welles Meets Deathstalker

Drug Deals of Yesterday; Three Light Upon the Present Day

Touch of Evil turns out with a bang. Not the big bang, of course, but one of sufficient size to destroy a car, kill two occupants and completely ruin the honey-moon of drug enforcement officer Mike Vargas and his bride Susan (Janet Leigh), making them both into a mess of intrigue and violence on the Mexico/U.S. border. Visually, the film is memorable: one of the first shots lasts over three minutes, and the surrealist camerawork makes Telenovelas look like a cheap rip-off. I'll remember for a long time the shots of people walking down empty streets while litter flutters around their ankles, the heat of a murdered man peering over the headboard of a bed, and Susan (in a corseted waist. Even in her undergarments, she looked like an escapee from the tight-laced days of the nineteenth century. And I'm sure that the issue of that the movie deals with seem to be ahead of their time. Conflicts between Mexicans and Americans, police corruption, planted evidence and drugs are usually considered the property of later times unless you're on your toes. Fortunately, the cinematography and direction make it worthwhile. Perhaps a larger problem is that the movie is dated. I saw with my mouth open, amazed at the tiny circum-

straTjes, VEngeance, Ever Plannved

The thing about the

Deathstalker series-besides all the 80's hair—is that, despite its badness, one is still tempted to watch. Just as I'll eat an entire bag of chocolate-flavored popcorm every time I go to the video store, knowing that I'll feel sick for the next four hours, these films seem to call me. I've obsessed them above The Breakfast Club, above The Godfather, even above Indiana Jones. When I wind up regretting it approximately ten seconds after inserting the tape into the VCR. The pain is enormous, and even worse because I am the only person to blame, except for the hundreds of people who made these movies.

In short, I urge you strongly to never rent any Deathstalker film, and if you do, never watch it... unless it's really late at night or you're out with your friends and in the mood for a hideously bad flick to make fun of, and even then, be aware that the latest crop of "horror" flicks could never dream of intruding on the genre of puppy entertainment. To the sea-

BETTER SEX THROUGH CHEMISTRY

A series of films so pure in their awful-

ness that they should labed a controlled substance, these flicks are vaguely set in the Middle Ages, in a sort of alternate universe in which magic is the major form of power and everyone is scantily clad.

The Dancing Paperclip of Tormented Souls

by Morgan Pielli

The Rap battle which is a "big and murky yet utterly funny Deathstaker." The film was made in 1984, and is memorable largely for the appearance of Barbara Benton as Princess Cordelia. The Deathstalker goes and, uh, there's a tournament and an evil sorcerer, and three powers to be united. And a guy who looks strikingly like Luke Skywalker with brown hair, but then again Deathstalker looks like He-Man, so it all works out.

The second Deathstalker flick is the best or worst, depending on your point of view, but at any rate it features John Turturro as the "Deathstalker who gets all the good times." I like him. Also, the evil sorcerer has a passing resemblance to David Bowie, or some- one. And, finally, Deathstalker IV. This one has an evil queen instead of an evil sorcerer, but it's Dick Hill and a tournament again. That's about it. They even steal bits of the first Deathstalker, so prepare to be offended.

The plot: Deathstalker goes and, uh, there's a tournament again. That's about it. They even steal bits of the first Deathstalker, so prepare to be offended.
The Perilous Flight of the Worm—
Herr Dan Desmond: A Retrospective

By Nick Jones

Dan Desmond shang shoo shoo, Wooges keep keep hoo gho gho..

(as I think back on the boy, I see clearly, the man.)

He is the son of which Adolf sang. He is the mighty Munch who turned rockside beside as they sang their bittersweet dinges. He is the cancerous sugar substitute we love to hate. He is inside incumbent.

He is the quintessential boy, and would be the ideal Greek, if the Greeks were little German schoolboy audita. He is our very own scampere and label: Dan Desmond.

To this hardly soul I give tribute this month, in celebration of his twenty-fifth birthday. New he will be able to legally drink, closing forever the chapter of his youth and ushering him violently into the world of adulthood, where he will feel pressed and trooped, like a blind animal being handled down the iron gilded streets of time. At the end of this blurr
ty story, the final paragraph awaits death, either: One he is real, I may not be around to write the epilogue to Dan Desmond's life, but I apparently have enough free time right now. Actually, I've been preparing for something to do this in a Dan himself: Well (peace Spanish phrase here) Dan, this was your life.

Fandango, Eights, 190 E. The Bingo Hall is a later to be transformed as Dan Desmond, lays siege upon the wandering Jewish nation, beginning a three million year war, which has still gone unretouched. His throne is eventually usurped at the hands of his own son.

Tallbuck, New York. Tell. In karaoke participa
tion for the man's soul, this is the moment Dan Desmond is born into the seven
due, and due to an unspeakable hormonal imbalance, is full grown two minutes later. Absolutely, he is unable to speak, walk, or even dance. Leading a fertile and fruitful life, his knees burn off in the disco stool as he watches from the television.

Tallbuck, Mass. Massachusetts, 1977. Nailed in the apple scented-hills of Western Massachusetts, a newly created child gives birth to their first and only son. The boy's father, Paul, a U.S. Marshall, named him Dan, after his favorite tennis anchor, Dan Rhodes, Desmond, which year old, the family's first
name, was the suggestion of Dan's mother, Kathy. In a dream she foresaw that her son would eventually amount to seven stars, and so the name "Dan Desmond" surrounded by lights. The family's real name is Despicious.

And so was our boy's lesson, learning, in a small town, in a lame state rise with, purchases with nothing to do on the weekends, and no one to hang out with except rednecks and witch-fishers. How did he make it so far? To Bree, of all places! This is a fiasco, a random mix-up of paperwork, that allowed this country bumpkin into our sanctified halls, where the best minds in the country labor chowly in the pursuit of academic excellence! Were the admissions inspectors overtake by their Puritan mind-chirons? Britain? Threatened? Surely there must be some mistake! This was no mistake, my friend (his papers have been inspected and re-inspected), because Dan was born with two special gifts. One he is really good at his eyes. Neither his mother nor his father are what we would call a U.S. Marshall as I have said. In fact, Dan's mutant powers were acquired before birth, when a dismembered nurse, thinking the baby was going Dan's mother a shot of epinephrine for labor pains, actually injected him with worm DNA! The genetic information intrinsically passed through this woman system with others. But in Dan's developing cells, still without antibodies to defend themselves, the worm DNA somehow became grafted to his own, spawning a creature half man, half worm.

His parents suspected early on that something was wrong with their baby son. Worms would crawl into his crib at night, but, rather than being bothered thus, their baby Dan would try when his fussing parents tried to remove the pests. In contrast to the worms, Dan was deadly afraid of the family canine, a phobia he has yet to completely subside. When the time came to crawl, rather than use his hands, Dan would attempt to drag himself with his chest, flopping around like a fish until he was picked up or hit his head on something. And of course, the telltale sign that something was amiss came when he began by the whole easy he wrote...it was all so sincere, so beautiful. And I thought to myself, for however small a town and lame a state this guy is from, I'll bet he could contribute a lot to Bree.

However, things were not perfect. The sensitive small town boy who wrote the easy had little resemblance to the misguided dwarf that arrived at the gates of Bree. Years of frustration and alienation had taken their toll on Dan. He had turned to punk rock, the only subculture which seemed to have no quibbles about accepting a worm-man (the props for which were the above mentioned worms). It was better to be known as Punk Rock Dan, he reasoned, than his earlier nickname: Worm Man. Dan descriptors, just stay bugs, decorated by his metal spikes and cotton patches, which said typ
ically punk rock things like 'I'm going to kill you,' people adopted even enough. In less than one semester, Dan went from "that dangerous looking guy" to that "stirring lipsedge with the fine girlfriend." Yes, only bad Dan overcomes a potenti
er of fear, water, then he went on to court fellow mutant Candy, whose lovely form was imbued with the grace of a dolphin. (They met in a pool.) But oh, how does dreams fade fast.

Following their breakup, Dan's perfect jewel began to something evil and very scary. A con
e of drugs, punk rock, and unprotected sex. Dan eventually landed in the hospital after a few days born in dying during next week, Dan's chemistry professor, alarmed that her usually...public student had failed to come
class Monday, informed with his PC, and found that he had failed to return to Blaschke as well. Nearby, a stoning, emaciated Dan Desmond was found trying to burrow his way through the concrete floor of his jail cell. An intense five month recovery followed, according to Dan as a time, "where the after effects finally broke." He never again entered to return, but, in this day he still maintains a tenuous relationship with punk rock; for
fortune, not real punk rock, just stay bugs.

It was during his difficult convalescence that Dan was first introduced to Nana Schwartz, now Etterer-In-Chief of this newspaper. Dan had heard rumors of an underground worm community to Berlin, and convinced Dan to join in an exodus to the Fatherland. Reasoning that it would be cheaper to go with Bree, the two worms first underwent the legendary German Immigration Process, taught by the good Docen Team (Heart of Brown, 1998). A summer of spiritual and sexual discovery followed, which both worms will never forget (lor Devon White, who was also in Germany and made very interesting discoveries).

There you have it—Dan Desmond up to the pre
sent day. You'll know when you see him, but the one dressed like a little German schoolboy. With tight pants and an ass to match. But don't be fooled by those pretty brown eyes. underneath the calm pools surges an untidy river of rage, flowing directly from his very soul. Few people can fathom the intensity of one born with such chombers. Only 1, who have known Dan since freshman year, and am now writing his biography (Heart of Brown, to be released in March by Penguin Books), can truly understand him. I have held the man's head as he bel
lowed to the heavens, and crossed the worm to courage as it bowed deep inside my bosom. I have faced him out of pools of his own vomit. I have shamed him as he defended Viewer in the Olympic Skating Tournament. Where others have faded into the dark
ness, I have been his only friend. I, who have kept him his darkest secrets safe, by rendering to me hidden layer upon layer of subtext and fiction.

When the time came to crawl, rather than use his hands, Dan would attempt to drag himself with his chest, flopping around like a fish until he was picked up or hit his head on something. And of course, the telltale sign that something was amiss came when he began shooting mud out of his eyes. As Mrs. Diddo's

"Shooting mud out of his eyes. As Mrs. Diddo's recalls, "It was his fourth birthday. We had invited some of the neighborhood children over and were opening the presents. The was very popular back then, and we had told everyone that they should all Dan's war against. I told them not to tell the cut guy—you know, the drummer. Dan hated

When the time came to crawl, rather than use

the cat guy. Well, anyway, as chance would have it, he got two cat guys for his birthday that day, and no one, I mean no one."

Stern Simmons. Oh boy, was he mad. His eyes

had started glowing with this strange brown light. And
then, suddenly, there was mud spraying all over the place. The mud, the smoke, the mud—everyting—ruined!

It was Dan's account of growing up half worm in a small town that won him an essay contest. An observer named Dan Tambert. 'I was just touched," he said,
Living in the Villa Borghese: Ravine Review

My roommate has scabies again. I shamed him, but he's still itching. How could there be scabies in a nice place like this?

By Howard Megdal

"There is the right before Christmas. And all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

(Bring us the first passage of a yuletide poem because it quite clearly didn't take place here at Bard College. It certainly doesn't occur here in the Ravines. After all, the mice are a pretty much constant here, jumping to cook our pasta longer. As far as no stirring, when a resident shares the common bond offers to reside in, every resident shares the common bond that there is a better than even chance that your ed remains well be placed on a disease ridden, vermin infested deathtrap, and paraphrasing),

"Putzheads, Demagogues and Glitter: Elections 1998 Probing the mind of the American voter, the Observer's political analyst develops elaborate, meaningless theories"

By Howard Megdal

In the aftermath of the 1998 elections, the very pundits who predicted the doom of all Democrats rushed to explain the mood of the electorate.

"They are being held up with duct tape for about a month! Now, Leon could be advocating the return of Hitler to power."

Senator Alfonse D'Amato, despite running a campaign so above partisan politics that he often referred to his challenger Dan Quayle as "Congressman Putzhead" and "Congressman Putzbead" in the same day, was defeated by Charles Schumer.

Alfonse D'Amato's defeat, we wish to restate _ the fact that no one was going to vote for him anyway. Senator Alfonse D'Amato is now former Senator Alfonse D'Amato.

"Putzheads, Demagogues and Glitter: Elections 1998 Probing the mind of the American voter, the Observer's political analyst develops elaborate, meaningless theories"
Even Gandhi Would Be Pissed! And the Man Never Eats Out

By Susan Meisel

I AM NOT by nature, a machinist. I am not saying that there is anything wrong with taking machinists, or anything. I'm just saying that I do not see myself as a machinist, who, in the eyes of some, is not a very nice person. I'll probably never get a union card, but I think that I am a very nice person, and I am very proud of my work.

When I am saying that I do not find that I do not see all that many opportunities to raise hell. A roomful of people would, quite honestly, make me feel for my life. This comes from a Jewett woman who learned me against such dangers as freemasonry, stay-fasts, and breaking my teeth two-way.

I suppose my tendency is to be, in the world of an

It is easy not to be a machinist, for a woman. 

What makes this terrorist threat so disturbing is

Baid's adriir:ting:;;tti

1. A green-base icoil shop
2. A good education
3. A college not in icago

Many of these demands have been met by

Both parties immediately issued statements refuting

Two weeks after Tiger's last turn at the end of the season, when he was preparing to defend his U.S. Open title, I asked what the story was. His father, who has always been very private about his son's life, said that

Tiger vs. Tiger:

Exxon Seeks Damages From Cereal Giant

By Mark Jones

LAST WEEK Exxon filed a lawsuit against Kellogg's, claiming that the company's mascot, the Tiger, too closely resembles their own mascot, the Exxon Tiger. In addition to charges of copyright infringement, Exxon is seeking compensations for considerable trauma suffered by the Exxon tiger, whose sense of identity has been "extinct." When asked what prompted the suit, which came after years of peaceful coexistence between the two tigers, Exxon attorney Jim Boucher reported: "we just noticed him. If we had noticed him before, we would have sued him then, but we just noticed... The bottom line is [Exxon] cannot afford to be associated with a cereal company." Exxon is requesting that Tiger be renamed as some other jungle creature. It is not clear why Boucher suggested a tigersu, which also begins with the letter T. Kellell has no objection to acting as counter-suing Exxon for tiger rights.

Kellell's demands that the Exxon tiger be redawn and that Exxon refrain from using the color orange, which they claim is signature to their product. This was abandoned, however, when a patent holder called to assert his copyright of the color orange as well as the word "tiger." Mr. Gates has preferred to remain unnamed, but, unfortunately, his request is not legitimate, as the writer of this article has ownership of the name "Gates/" Understandably, there has been exponential condi- tion regarding copyrights privileges, but as the law now stands, ownership is guaranteed to artists at the moment of conception of their work. Many protective systems have been implemented to the possibility of pirate printing their children. Sperm donors have expressed concern over liability if their seed grows up to rear someone in a parking lot, or go on a shooting rampage, regarded medically unsuitable by, say, the lack of a father's figure. To both of these parties, the American Patent office has replied an "open," so the law is to include human beings.

As regards the Tiger vs. Tiger case, reports are mixed regarding which tiger came first. Though Exxon is trying to prove photographs of ancient cave paintings, in which their mascot is depicted pumping gas, beside an "all rights reserved" symbol in the year "2000 B.C.", God, who was subpoenaed, has given the following written statement: "The Earth was made in seven days. All the species of tigers combined were made in less time than it takes to tie your shoes, and simultaneously"
Feeling a Bad Bit "Dumb in the Heart!"
Penguin Puts Penache (Intern(ship)

Savvy Bardian decends from the Zarathustrian heights to mull about in the agoge of inchoate genius: the realm of the Heart

By Carol Cox

"PEOPLE DO NOT LIKE READING about things that are sad." Such is the wisdom of one who has been a hands-on mass-market editor can dispense, with a lip-twitched smile, as she welcomes a fresh-faced intern into her cubicle, round-winged, as if to signal the existence of a.wavering electric smile, as I welcome her.

I had to tackle the age old question faced by advice columnists everywhere: should I leave a personal problem? I thought about this extensively: many a sleepless night was I up considering with what I would do. Look what you have reduced me to. Finally, I decided that I would just use someone else's job and they would unwittingly become the subject of my column. Petty snob, huh? Sometimes my tastes and mediocrity that a capitalistic enterprise produces, that evoke sadness. Sadness is the stuff of tears, as they tear at the heart, and the possibility of a viable future reigned upon my being, I found myself a young lady. My friend, this wasn't a desperate plea, this is a calculated action breeds drama, and drama festers until you have to seek my advice, I had to assume that I was not the only one down and explain that she didn't care about her enough to sit down and explain that she hadn't asked for help.

Joel spent four months speaking around the state, attending demonstrations and protests, and putting on his "Schumato" puppet show that dramatizes the lack of democratic process within the media and the extent to which it is controlled by corporate interests.

Thanks to a Cladistics editor's decision to prematurely pull out of her career, I got a year of my own by the third party alternative to our terrible corporate, unisonic two-party system. To further this end, Joel spent four months speaking around the state, attending demonstrations and protests, and putting on his "Schumato" puppet show that dramatizes the lack of democratic process within the media and the extent to which it is controlled by corporate interests.
Dear Bard Community,

The town meeting held on October 27 regarding Mario Boedt's arrest of the Saturday prior was informative and productive. It drew our Bard community closer together to resolve this current dilemma.

Before, during and after the town meeting, there was a great deal of rage expressed. Although there was much justifiable anger over the recent events, there was also much misguided rage towards our surrounding community, all police officers, Bard administrators and security. The 'conspiracy theory' surfaced numerous times at the town meeting. What has been done is done. The facts that the county deputy made racist remarks and used unnecessary force are clear. As a community, we shouldn't dwell on anger, but focus on a reasonable solution. Upon returning to my dorm, I have given this situation considerable thought, and have reached the following conclusions:

First, the Dutchess County deputy who made the arrest should be suspended for his actions of both racism and brutality. Second, the Bard staff members and administrators should not be forced to resign.

Words of racial bigotry are in poor taste but are not against the law. However when these biases interfere with the deputy's ability to properly perform his duties to uphold and preserve the law, then he is incapable of performing those duties as a peace officer and therefore should be removed from service. While I respect the police's difficult task to serve and protect, there is no justification for the misuse of official powers. The abuse of powers creates tension between the police and the community and depletes trust between citizens and officers. 'The law is not a shield behind which the police could hide' stated The Poughkeepsie and Red Hook newspapers of the facts of the situation. Although his words and actions were bigoted and wrong, it would be an extreme action to force his resignation and his loss of career over a single incident. However, further inconsiderate action of this type is definitely grounds for his permanent removal.

While the Resident Director and security officers did not interfere with the assault, the students present also did not stop the police officer. The Resident Director, security officers and students alike were shocked by the deputy's deplorable actions. Any further interaction with the deputy would have complicated the situation. The lack of interference on the student's part and staff's part further distinshes the police officer's actions as racially oriented and unnecessary force. While it is easy for individuals to say: "If I were there I would have..." it is unlikely that anyone could have acted in the height of confusion. For those reasons, the Resident Director and security officers should not be held responsible, and should not be forced to resign.

—Ling Chia Fatty

Dear Bard Community,

I would like to extend many thanks to all of you for being there for me during my recent bereavement. My brother was a gentle, quiet man who never had had a word to say about anybody or anything and his death is a great loss to his family and friends. We will always remember your kindness and thoughtfulness during this time of sorrow. Your prayers, kind words, love and dedication are greatly appreciated.

—Shirley Schrady

The Bard Observer & Bard Community

Letters to the Editors

The Bard Observer is Bard's only student-run newspaper. A forum for the exchange of ideas and information, the paper is distributed free-of-charge on campus. Twelve issues are planned for the academic year; distribution generally takes place Mondays. Everyone is welcome to submit. The deadline for all submissions, be they stories, cartoons, photographs, statistics, or advertising, is 5 p.m. on the Tuesday prior to publication. Late submissions (with the exception of late breaking news and sports articles) will not be accepted. Submit all writings on a labeled disk with files saved in a Macintosh-compatible format (no PC files). Include a double-spaced, typed, handwritten (printed) letter, with author's name, suggested headline and subtitle when relevant, and a short description of the work. Letters to the Editors are welcome. We strongly discourage anonymous submissions. If anonymity is absolutely necessary, the writer must reveal her or his identity to the Editor.

Observer Editorial Policy

The Bard Observer reserves the right to edit letters for spelling, grammar, length, and coherency. Send submissions via Campus Mail to the PO Box 850, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504. The Editors can be contacted at observer@bard.edu; 758-7131; and PO Box 850, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12540.

Scribning Candidate Kovel's Senate Defeat

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The Bard Observer

November 18, 1998

Slim in Dank. Godfather-esque qmhic tones iiunctuated with splashes of fiery neds And oranges, this exciting new litismrical follows the transformation of Elizabeth from young, awkward queen to powerful, beloved monarch.

"They dance their way to romance in this film, with Irving Berlin tunes."

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A Slice of New York!

We deliver to your room!

Tivoli 757-2000

$2 off with this ad

Good on any purchase of large pizza or dinner

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  $1.00 Bud Draft All Appetizers Half Price*
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Four stars - Poughkeepsie Journal
IN KLINE...

I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED JOSEPH ANYBODY SEEN HIM?

WELL, I'LL JUST STAB YOU WITH A... A... DON'T TELL ME THEY WERE OUT OF FREAKIN' NIVES!

AMUSEMENT? IF YOU WANTED AMUSEMENT, WHY DIDN'T YOU COME TO BOARDS' GAME NIGHT?

YOU ARE CEASING TO AMUSE ME JOSHDUB?

DAMN YOU AND YOUR LIQUID JUSTICE BEE-MAN!

YOU WIN AFTER YEARS OF PARA-MEDIA, INSANITY, MINING FRIENDS, ANNOTATING BRUTAL TRIVIA, AND SCARING INNOCENT DEFENDERS, YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF MY BETTER IN THIS TWIBBLE GAMES OF MADNESS!

HERE IS YOUR NEW TARGET!

OH BOY...

YOUR REIGN OF TERROR ENDS HERE JOSHDUB!

IF YOU COME ANY CLOSER, I'LL CUT HER AT THE TAPED EDGE OF...

...OF THIS PAPER...