

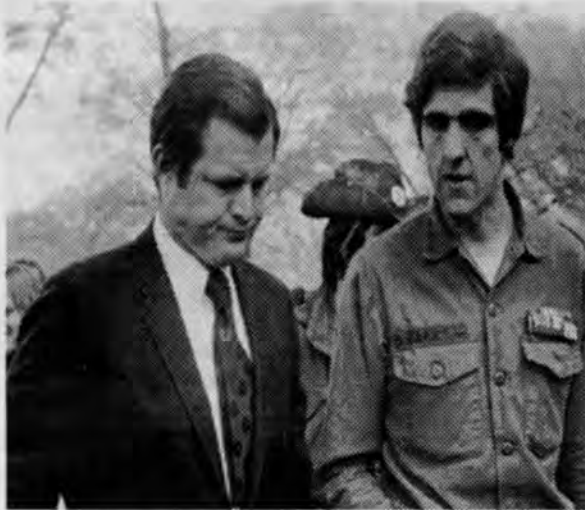
Professor James Chace  
16 October 1931-8 October 2004

# "John Kerry Could Have Been A Bard Student:" A Brief History of The Man Who Might Be The Next American President

*Protests, bass guitars and war in southeast Asia*

By Christine Nielson

Democratic presidential candidate John F. Kerry could have been a Bard student. He is an excellent debater, he plays bass guitar, and he admits to having smoked pot. He believes in a woman's right to choose, and in the separation of Church and State. He's for government funding of stem cell research. He led an effort in 2002 to raise fuel efficiency standards. He is for civil unions for gays (though unfortunately is unwilling to attach the label "marriage"). He is against the death penalty, with the exception of the terrorists involved in the 9/11 attacks. He has promised to "roll back the Bush tax cut for the wealthiest Americans" if elected. He believes "we must end the disgrace of America being the only industrialized nation on the planet not to make health care accessible to all our citizens." He has



promised to raise the minimum wage to \$6.65 by next year, something many Bard students would appreciate. And, contrary to repeated statements by President Bush and his administration, Kerry did not vote for the war, he voted to give President Bush the authority to use military force against Iraq, if the President determined that "reliance by the United States on further diplomatic or other peaceful means alone...will not adequately protect the national security of the United States against the continuing threat posed by Iraq." The act allowed the President to use his own discretion, and any failure to do so wisely is in fact a breach of trust on Bush's part, which Congressmen like Senator Kerry have every right to criticize.

But what else is there to the Democratic challenger for the highest office of our land, besides the fact that he is a Democrat? Where did he come from? What has he done? If you are heading toward Election Day thinking of John Kerry as "the guy who was in Vietnam," take a moment and let The Observer fill you in on some details.

John Kerry was born into a family of modest means. His mother, Rosemary Forbes, came from a rich family which made its fortune from the China trade; as one of eleven children, however, her inheritance was slim. She served as a nurse in Paris during World War II. His father, Richard John Kerry, also served in the war as a test pilot for the U.S. Army Air Corps. The family name "Kerry" was adopted by Richard Kerry's father, Fritz Kohn, who became Fredrick Kerry when he decided to convert from Judaism to Catholicism in 1901, four years before immigrating from what is now the Czech Republic to the United States with his wife, Ida. Because Kerry's father worked for the Foreign Service, the family moved often—too often for the young Kerry to really find a place to call home. While he has commented on the detrimental effect that type of lifestyle had on him, there were compensations to being part of his family, including many summers spent at various

Forbes estates, especially Les Essarts, where his mother grew up in Saint-Briac, France, and one on Naushon, a private island off the coast of Massachusetts. It was a relative of Kerry's mother, his great-aunt, who enabled him to attend St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, for high school by covering the high tuition that his father's salary could not.

Politics first became a passion for Kerry during high school (as one of the rare liberals in a primarily Republican institution), and he was an accomplished member of the debate team. Kerry played lacrosse on a team captained by Robert S. Mueller III, now the director of the FBI, and also played bass guitar in a band. As for love interests, the summer after his senior year the young Kerry dated Jacqueline Kennedy's half-sister, Janet Jennings Auchincloss.

In the fall of 1962, John Kerry enrolled in Yale University, and continued to add to his remarkable list of accomplishments for the next four years. By his sophomore year, he was president of the Yale Political Union. He continued to win debates with his peers from across the country, and even won the Ten Eyck prize for Best Orator in the junior class with a speech that criticized America's foreign policy. Kerry also continued with a plethora of athletics, and for two summers he did heavy lifting at a trucking warehouse to earn his spending money.

Kerry was going to need whatever physical endurance he could muster in the three years following his graduation from Yale. In 1966, nine years into the Vietnam War, John Kerry voluntarily enlisted in the U.S. Naval Reserves, and by June of 1967 he was on his first tour of duty, as an ensign in the electrical department on board the USS Gridley. The Gridley and its crew were deployed to the West Pacific, and went as far as the Gulf of Tonkin, but never engaged in combat. Kerry soon requested reassignment in Vietnam as a commander of a Fast Patrol Craft (a.k.a. "Swift boat") in order to fulfill his officer commitment. The twenty-five-year-old did not have a death wish, however—at the time he signed up, Swift boats were considered to be a relatively safe assignment. "When I signed up for the swift boats, they had very little to do with the war. They were engaged in coastal patrolling and that's what I thought I was going to be doing," Kerry recounts in a book of Vietnam remembrances published in 1986. The young lieutenant got his first choice of assignment, but soon—two weeks into his tour in Vietnam—the Swift boat he was in command of was assigned to take part in Operation SEALORD. Kerry and his crewmates went from low impact patrolling duties to having to be prepared for combat at any moment. Kerry received his three Purple Hearts for the three minor wounds he received during service, each on separate occasions. On the first two occasions, Lieutenant Kerry returned to service the next day, even in the second instance, when his medical care involved stitching a wound closed over a piece of shrapnel (the metal remains embedded in Senator Kerry's leg to this day). On the third instance, Kerry was out of commission for two days while he recuperated, and soon thereafter requested a transfer out of Vietnam—a right guaranteed to servicemen earning at least three purple hearts. Kerry was also awarded one Silver Star and one Bronze Star for remarkable acts of service.

According to his official military records, Kerry was awarded the Silver Star because his "devotion to duty, courage under fire, outstanding leadership, and exemplary professionalism directly contributed to the success of [an] operation and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service." During said operation, Kerry successfully orchestrated a complex maneuver involving several Swift boats, and at one point decisively leapt ashore himself in order to catch and kill a retreating

enemy who was in possession of a loaded rocket launcher. Kerry received the Bronze Star, according to the official citation, for his "professionalism, great personal courage under fire, and complete dedication to duty." The citation reads that "While exiting the [Bay Hap] River, a...mine detonated close aboard [Lieutenant Kerry's] Inshore Patrol Craft knocking a man into the water and wounding Lieutenant Kerry in the right arm. In addition, all units began receiving small arms and automatic weapons fire from the river banks. When Lieutenant (jg) Kerry discovered he had a man overboard, he returned upriver to assist. The man in the water was receiving sniper fire from both banks. Lieutenant Kerry directed his snipers to provide suppressing fire, while from an exposed position on the bow, his arm bleeding and in pain and with disregard for his personal safety, he pulled the man aboard."

Various attacks have been made on Kerry's war record, most notably by the "Swift Boat Veterans for Truth," a conservative 527 that was responsible for a series of defaming television ads which have been subsequently debunked. Upon his return home, however, Kerry did not



*Far left: John Kerry with Ted Kennedy, prior to his election to the Senate. Adjacent left: Kerry was better looking as a kid*

glorify his heroism or the war. By many veterans' testimony, as well as the silent testimony of the more than fifty-eight thousand dead, the situation in Vietnam could have made anyone's face droop. As soon as he was in the position to do so, Kerry joined the ranks of the more than twenty thousand Vietnam Veterans Against the War and added his own testimony to the anti-war cause. He had experienced for himself the grisly reality of war. He had felt the loss of five close friends during his tour of duty. In a letter to his parents following the death of Richard Pershing (a best friend and confidant of his since childhood), Kerry asserted that "Time will never heal this. It may alleviate but it will never heal."

Kerry has been criticized since the seventies for speaking out against the war, and undoubtedly will continue to be, at least until after the election. He raised notable ire for his description of atrocities committed by U.S. soldiers in Vietnam—as they had been related by the responsible soldiers or eye witnesses—during a Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing in 1971. He fundamentally objected to the operation of the war, however, and he used his voice as a citizen and a veteran to do what he could to stop what he and millions of Americans viewed as a grotesquely prolonged atrocity. It can even be surmised that those initial experiences in communicating the desires of the public to the government were the sparks that lit John Kerry's desire to serve his country again, this time in public office. Two weeks' time will tell if John Kerry's leadership as a young man, combined with almost twenty years of governmental experience in the U.S. Senate, will outweigh President George W. Bush's own record in the minds of the American people.

## submit to verse noire!!!

Verse Noire, Bard's newest literary magazine for alternative, imaginative and sexually-charged fiction and prose is seeking your submissions.

Please send poetry (up to three at a time), prose (up to ten pages in length) and experimental work to [versenoire@bard.edu](mailto:versenoire@bard.edu). Be sure to note the type of submission in the subject.

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# Presidential Debates Shift Momentum of Race to Kerry

By Sarah Martino

Every four years Americans can turn on their televisions and watch as two men try to convince viewers that they should be elected President. With a polarized and volatile sentiment surrounding the two candidates and the issues in the 2004 election, the general attitude going into the Presidential debates was that they could make or break John Kerry or George W. Bush. After the first debate, which took place on September 30th, at the University of Miami, John Kerry emerged as the clear victor, judging by his performance and the response of the American people and the media. This impression was only confirmed by the two subsequent debates and the broad public reaction.

The topic for the first debate was foreign policy and homeland security, though besides answering questions about their politics, each candidate obviously had their own particular objective; for Kerry it was to prove that Bush had wrongly executed the war and misled the American people, and for Bush it was to question Kerry's credibility by capitalizing on the "flip-flopper" label frequently attributed to Kerry. These objectives found their way into almost every answer and seemed to be the real point each candidate wanted to make, not only in the first debate but in the second. The first debate began with a discussion of the war on terror and the war in Iraq, which remained the main topics of the debate. Bush sang his administration's praises for their accomplishments in Afghanistan because the Taliban was no longer in power and an election was to be held 9 days after the debate. Kerry immediately jumped on the President's biggest failure in Afghanistan: the failure to capture Osama bin Laden and moving the focus to Iraq which was not connected to the 9/11 attacks. Kerry continued to discuss the President's mistakes in Iraq, citing his disregard for forming alliances, his "arbitrary" end to diplomacy, his failure to honor his "last resort" policy for war, and the disproportionately large number of troops he has in Iraq as opposed to Afghanistan.

Bush responded by turning the question in to one of Kerry's integrity saying, "He said I misled on Iraq. I don't think he was misleading when he called Iraq a grave threat in the fall of 2002. I don't think he was misleading when he said that it was right to disarm Iraq in the spring of 2003. I don't think he misled you when he said that anyone who doubted whether the world was better off without Saddam Hussein in power didn't have the judgment to be president." Bush continued to pounce on the credibility issue, repeatedly quoting Kerry as having said "Wrong war, wrong place, wrong time" to make the point that American troops, America's allies, and the Iraqi people would not put their trust in a President who didn't believe in the war effort. His major point throughout the evening was, "You cannot lead if you send mixed messages."

Kerry was ready to defend himself. "I've had one position, one consistent position, that Saddam Hussein was a threat. There was a right way to disarm him and a wrong way. And the president chose the wrong way." He also acknowledged and defended some of his problematic statements saying, "When I talked about the \$87 billion, I made a mistake in how I talk about the war. But the president made a mistake in invading Iraq. Which is worse?"

The debate continued along the lines of arguing about

character, but Kerry had important successes. He outlined some of his own plans for America's future involvement in Iraq while Bush had little to say about the future. Kerry was able to attack Bush on points Bush was unable to respond to and resorted to embarrassing retorts. For example, Bush said he had declared preemptive war because "the enemy attacked us" and Kerry pointed out that it was Osama bin Laden, and not Saddam Hussein who had attacked the United States. Bush was left to say, "Of course I know Osama bin Laden attacked us. I know that." Kerry noted that the President had promised a strong coalition to join American in the war. "When we went in, there were three countries: Great Britain, Australia and the United States. That's not a grand coalition. We can do better." Bush's response? "Well, actually, he forgot Poland."

The second debate, five days later, proved to be very similar as far as Bush's focus on Kerry's character and Kerry's focus on Bush's mistakes with Iraq. With the added topics of tax cuts and health care, Bush switched his tactic from not only painting Kerry as inconsistent, but making him seem too liberal as well. Similar arguments were used in the Vice Presidential debate as well, during which a very stern and calm Dick Cheney not only attacked John Kerry for having an inconsistent voting record, but questioned John Edwards's credibility by accusing him of often being absent from Senate and committee meetings. Edwards repeatedly accused the Vice President of misleading people and pointed out an important inconsistency of Cheney's saying, "This vice president, when he was Secretary of Defense, cut over 80 weapons systems, including the very ones he's criticizing John Kerry for voting against."

The media response to the debates has been surprisingly decisive. It was difficult to find any media source that pegged Bush as the winner of the first debate. Even Jay Nordlinger, Managing Editor of the conservative *National Review* said of Bush and Kerry's performance, "I thought Kerry did very, very well, and I thought Bush did poorly... If I were just a normal, fairly conservative, war-supporting guy, I would vote for Kerry on the basis of that debate." At the very least, those who don't necessarily like Kerry acknowledged that he was able to do damage control as far as his public image is concerned and, as Todd Purdum from *The New York Times* said, "accomplished his primary goal for the evening: establishing himself as a plausible commander in chief."

Much attention was given to the tone and physical appearance of both men. Andrew Sullivan wrote in his blog, "In stark contrast to the Bush-Gore debates, it was Bush who was grimacing, frowning his brow, almost



*Kerry makes some sort of unnecessary hand gesture; Cheney smiles while addressing his subjects*

rolling his eyes and at the very beginning, looking snippy and peevish." In the second debate, Bush was less visibly agitated, though he still made the kind of linguistic mistakes that have unfortunately marked his career, such as using the word "internets" and stating that he had a plan to "increase the wetlands by three million." Kerry remained calm and composed through both debates and consistently sounded knowledgeable and in control.

The polls, like the media, showed a favorable response to Kerry. Of the registered voters polled by Newsweek, 61% chose Kerry as the winner of the debate, while only 19% chose Bush. Other polls were not quite as drastic: a Gallup poll had Kerry as the winner by 53% to Bush's 37%, while ABC News's post-debate poll showed Kerry as the winner by 45% to Bush's 36%. A CBS news poll taken the week before the debate had Bush-Cheney with a 9 point lead on Kerry-Edwards. After the debate the numbers had evened out to a dead heat. Clearly a win for Kerry in a broad scale, but the polls that really matter are those in swing states where the decision lies in a close race. According to some polls, Kerry pulled ahead of Bush by small margins after the debates in Pennsylvania and New Jersey and by even smaller margins in Ohio, Florida, and Arkansas.

The outcome of the debates is certainly a positive one for John Kerry, although it is hard to say whether the polls are a cause for celebration for Kerry supporters. In a race this close where the percentage differences are marginal and each poll is different, the accuracy of polling is questionable. Some polls still have Bush in the lead, even after the debates. At this point, the 2004 election is still too close to call and no matter how many people are convinced by a candidate's debate performance, neither side will be able to claim victory until November 2nd.

## Upcoming Election Events at Bard:

Panel Discussion: "Why I'm A Democrat/Why I'm a Republican"  
Wednesday October 20, 2004

Joel Miller (R), Patrick Manning (R), Maurice Hinchey (D), and Kevin Cahill (D) will discuss their political parties and why they support them

Time:  
Location:  
E-mail:  
Phone:

7:00 pm  
Campus Center, Multipurpose Room  
election@bard.edu  
845-758-6822 x6144

PLEASE NOTE: THIS EVENT WILL FILL UP FAST. COME ON TIME TO SECURE A SEAT.

The Presidential Election, the Judiciary, and the Supreme Court  
Monday October 25, 2004

Alan Sussman and Mark Lindeman will explore the impact of the Bush presidency and the upcoming election on the judiciary

Time:  
Location:  
E-mail:  
Phone:

5:00 pm  
Olin Language Center, Room 115  
election@bard.edu  
845-758-6822 x6144

For more information on these and other events, visit [election.bard.edu](http://election.bard.edu).

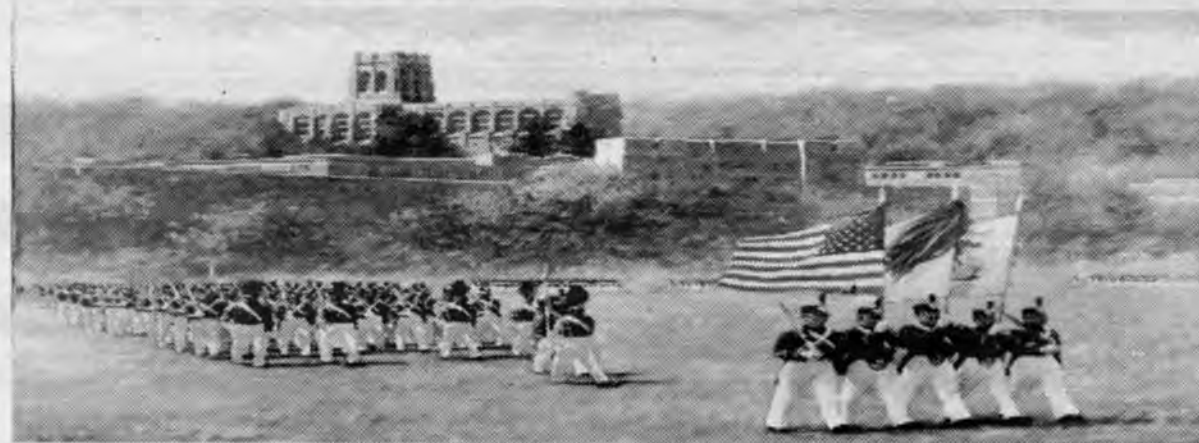
# What Happens When Bard Meets West Point?

Everybody smiles

By Reanna Blackford

A couple of weeks ago, the Bard Model UN team sent several of its members to West Point military academy for a workshop conducted by West Point students. While the workshop itself wasn't particularly exciting (although informative and appreciated by all involved), the experience of being guests at the academy was unforgettable to say the very least. Bard students, myself included, spent the night and the following day with West Point students (who are essentially army officers-in-training). The students who hosted us belong to a student body of 4000 which takes a regular load of academic courses in addition to being responsible for rigorous military exercises and training sessions. The students lead extremely structured

lives and follow a tight schedule with precious little free time, literally only a few minutes each day. Despite the stringent routine in place however, we were generously received and our hosts were given immunity to many of the academy's customary daily events.



Our fellow college students

When we first arrived, our hosts were fully dressed in identical army uniforms and were slightly intimidating because of their formal appearance. Fortunately, any intimidation was remedied by the friendly, gracious and as described by Bard student, Ivan Lidarev, "gentlemanly" demeanor of the West Point students. We were further put at ease when our hosts were permitted to change into their "civilian clothing" for dinner. Seeing the cadets (armed services trainees) in jeans and t-shirts presented them to us in a different light; they looked just like us. After an evening of socializing, we returned to our hosts' dormitories. Their dorms are spacious but bare due to the prohibition of wall decorations, including posters, pictures, twinkle lights, etc. The dorm rooms seemed additionally plain because the only belongings of the students present were those that had been issued to them by the army. These belongings included army green colored bedding, an assortment of uniforms for various occasions, a pair of combat boots, a pair of really shiny shoes, a rifle, a computer and some special, unidentifiable equipment. We went to bed in a timely manner, as all lights are turned off by midnight and students are expected to have returned to their rooms by 11:30 every night. An early bedtime turned

out to be in our best interest when we were awakened the next morning at an hour unseen by most Bard students. In the morning we were called down to "breakfast formation" by the shouts of a cadet assigned to pace the dorm hallways announcing how many minutes were left for our hosts and us to get ready (wash, dress, make bed, etc.). The "formation" consisted of the cadets arranging themselves into an obviously well-practiced organization for the purpose of being counted. All of the cadets with the exception of first-year students, are in charge of others and must account for those under their charge at "formation." The formation was one of numerous examples of the apparent and respected hierarchy that exists at the academy. Bardian Oana Ghita commented on her surprise by the ways in which the hierarchical system is observed. She mentioned that lower-classmen are required to greet every upper-classman they encounter with a special greeting according to his or her rank, company and graduating class. Aside from this greeting, the under-classmen speak to upper-classmen only when an upper-classman has initiated the conversation. We were constantly being reminded of the academy's (the army's) hierarchy. Bard student Tamara K., recalled that during our breakfast in the mess hall, the first year cadets were required to "amuse" their respective tables. I can't speak for the West Point upper-classmen who were meant to receive this amusement, but the Bard students seem to have been successfully amused.

Throughout the rest of the day our hosts were allowed to disregard their usual customs for the sake of leading our workshop and giving us a complete tour of their campus. The campus tour included a brief history of the academy, scenic views, a chance to overhear an impressive choir rehearse and a glimpse of the fate of cadets who forget to adhere to the extensive regulations and maintenance of hierarchy at the academy. Such unfortunately forgetful (or obstinate) cadets were seen marching in the quad between the residence halls we passed on our tour. Classical music played over a loud speaker while the cadets marched rhythmically along the parameter of a large square, with their rifles on their shoulders. One of

hosts, Bill, explained to me that the dutiful marchers were fulfilling their "hours." He said that he could acquire as many as 120 "hours" for such an offense as touching a bottle of beer. Having 120 hours would mean spending 60 mind-numbing Saturdays marching in the quad. When asked about this seemingly extreme way to keep people on task at the academy, the consensus among the West Point students was that the system of accumulating "hours" was difficult to appreciate but effectively discouraged deviation from academy rules.

As a Bard student, or simply as a civilian student, looking at this highly controlled lifestyle of the West Point students begged the question of why some of the most able, young people decide to commit themselves to not only four years at the West Point academy, but to five additional years of service as an army officer. When my host and her roommate attempted to terrify me with stories of room inspections, boot camp, marching in squares for hundreds of hours and running endless military drills, they assured me that they felt that they had made the right decision for themselves by attending the academy. My host's roommate had very practical reasons for her decision to attend: She was being paid by the army to go to school, become physically fit and do all kinds of crazy things she would not otherwise do. She was also issued a really nice lap-top computer and promised job security for the rest of her life. My host herself was drawn to West Point because of both of her parents' history of service in the military. Other Bard students discovered a profound sense of obligation and desire to serve the public among the West Point students, keeping them at the academy. As put by Bard student Ivan Lidarev, the "responsibility" felt by the cadets was inspiring. Despite a general opinion pervasive in the Bard community that these cadets are not devoting themselves to a noble cause, it's my opinion that Bard Model UN members returned from West Point with new respect for the sacrifice and valuable service provided the students who hosted them. In sum, it was a positive experience for all involved, even when one considers what Bard student Brenden Beck called the "draconian" atmosphere of West Point.

Topping the list of most interesting or surprising aspects of West Point as submitted to me by Model UN members are as follows:

- 1). "The way in which everything is constructed around opposing extremes. On the one hand, there is extreme discipline, hierarchy and regimentation. Waking up at 5:00am, lights out at 12:00 and every second planned in between. But then there are moments of insane release such as pillow fights on Thursday nights, movie games at breakfast (in a Harry Potter-type hall) and wild football games with screaming fans and strange traditions. It was definitely a surreal experience."-Nurina A.
- 2). "The breakfast with 4000 fully dressed-up cadets in one room and listening to the freshmen that had to amuse each table."-Tamara K.
- 3). "The unexpectedly feminine and attractive, female cadets."-Ivan Lidarev
- 4). "The hierarchy and requirements for under-classmen to properly greet upper-classmen."-Oana Ghita

## The Care Bears, Healing the Campus One Sicko at a Time

By Hallie Waters

Plenty of things are worse than being sick. One of those things is being sick while away from home. Kendra Rubinfeld knows this from personal experience. That's why she founded the Bard Care Bears in Fall of 2002. Rubinfeld calls it "a feel-good club." Club members—who, if it must be mentioned, are not actual bears, but students—are dedicated to brightening the lives of their sick peers. In a dormitory setting, it is nearly impossible to avoid the transmission of germs. The Care Bears hope that cheer is just as communicable. "We're a club that wants to spread care around Bard's campus," said Rubinfeld.

They do this by delivering gift baskets. Students suffering from '80s nostalgia should not be confused. Characters from the popular cartoon show will not be making house calls. The gift baskets contain palliative items such as tissues, cough drops, and water. And no package is complete without the age-old panacea, chicken soup. Of course, vegans get sick, too. A vegan option is available. Gift baskets are available on request. They are delivered directly to the dorms, usually in the evenings. Baskets typically arrive within 24 hours.

The club currently has about seven members. They each commit to making deliveries one day of the week. Each club member has a special Bear name. Most



students who call are happy and grateful after a visit from Sexy Bear, Baffled Bear, Presidential Bear, Snuggles Bear, or Pink and Green Cow Bear. Rubinfeld, the senior formerly known as Mama Bear, is making changes. Her new plans go beyond switching her name to Mama Mia Bear. The Care Bears report complaints from students who did not get their baskets. This is often because the sick stu-

dents leave their dorms and are not there to receive the baskets. Packages left outside doors have mysteriously disappeared. The Bears have left notes under the door, to show that they were there. But there are still errors in communication.

To address the problem, Rubinfeld is setting up a table in Kline Commons. This will serve as an addition to the deliveries. Students who have ordered baskets will be able to pick them up on Tuesdays. Check your e-mail for specific times. The members of the club are trying to help sick people get care they need. Still, the Care Bears must face a few Darkhearts (a reference to the television show) on campus. Rubinfeld said: "We're sorry if we've made enemies. We try our hardest to deliver soup."

The Care Bears usually get about seven calls a week, but the number increases as it gets cold. Baffled Bear said they used to get a lot of calls the week after Drag Race. Though immune systems will no longer be compromised by that particular bacchanal, the sick season is still upon us.

For more information, e-mail Kendra Rubinfeld at kr698. Call the Care Bears at X6063 to order a gift basket.

# "Battlin' Maurice:" Meet Your Local Congressional Hero

By Matt Rozsa

During the heyday of the Progressive era in early 20th century American politics, the halls of the Senate were frequently graced by a Wisconsin Senator named Robert LaFollette. He was not always well-respected by his Congressional colleagues; many felt that his personal style was pugnacious, his rhetoric melodramatic, and his philosophy too darn liberal. Battlin' Bob was what they called him. And yet during his years in power many important achievements – from the granting of suffrage to women and the creation of consumers' rights legislation to the establishment of "Brain Trust theory" as a method of managing government and the nomination of Louis Brandeis as a Supreme Court Judge in spite of his religion – sprung from the mind and actions of this single man. His name is today revered throughout the State of Wisconsin, and to a large extent throughout the hallowed halls of both houses of Congress, for as its most candid members would confess to you, a man who combines LaFollette's ideology with the pragmatism of the hard-boiled politico is hard to find indeed.

Yet if one searched long enough, their endeavor would eventually take them to the 22nd Congressional District of New York, where a rather unassuming old man with a grandfatherly air is known both for his principled stands and his political acumen.

Maurice Hinchey has represented that district for almost twelve years now, after having served in the same area for eighteen years as a New York State Assemblyman. Among the many positions that this political statesman has taken, there are the following:

- He has emphasized the necessity for an education as a key to social advancement in America, and has pushed through legislation to ensure that higher education is available for all Americans, regardless of race, creed, and socioeconomic status.

- He is a staunch advocate for environmental protection, and has opposed recent Republican efforts to roll back the hard-fought environmental protection of previous decades.

- He promotes a health care plan that would cover the more than 43 million Americans who are currently uninsured as well as the millions more whose policies are not adequate to cover basic needs.

- He is, as his website eloquently states, "firmly committed to the right of a woman, in private consultation with her doctor, her clergy, her family or whomever she chooses, to make private personal decisions about her reproductive health without interference from the government."

- He is a firm supporter of bills to help protect the rights of senior citizens, be it through financial assistance, health care coverage, or the defense of consumers' rights.

During his first half decade in Congress, Hinchey served on committees ranging from the House Committee on Banking and Financial Services, the House Committee on Natural Resources, the House Appropriations Committee, and the Board of Visitors of the U.S. Military Academy in West Point. As his political website puts it:

"Early in his first year in Congress, Hinchey initiated and led the successful effort to preserve the Sterling Forest, the last significant area of open space in the New York metropolitan region and an important watershed for southeastern New York and northern New Jersey. He also introduced and saw enacted legislation to create the Hudson River Valley National Heritage Area, the first federal action formally recognizing the fundamentally significant role the people of the Hudson Valley played in the early development of America and its institutions."

Hinchey also made a name for himself through his interrogation of what he perceived were the questionable economic policies of Federal Reserve Chairman Alan



Maurice in the trenches

Greenspan, and on the Appropriations Committee he has been a great agricultural spokesman, protecting both the family farm and the nation's food supply. He is also one of Capitol Hill's resident intellectuals, whose staunch support of the Smithsonian institute has saved it from the sort of commercialization that would have watered it down and distilled the dream of John Quincy Adams.

His other accomplishments in the House are myriad. With the help of the late Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, he helped re-designate New York's Route 17 as Interstate 86. In 1999 Hinchey wrote an intelligence amendment that declassified documents which revealed the role the Nixon Administration and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger played in the illegal overthrow of Chilean Salvador Allende. He persisted in the investigation of the infamous toxic dumpsite "Love Canal" despite the fact that, having broken as a scandal in 1979, many individuals wished to sweep it under the rug.

The most recent accomplishment, however, of this Representative – the first Democrat to represent the Ulster County area since 1912 and the second since the end of the Civil War – was his outspoken opposition to the war in Iraq, one that predated that of any other congressman in upstate New York. He was also among the first Congressmen to actively criticize Bush for his lack of any

post-war plan, such as in this speech delivered on September 3, 2003.

"While American soldiers are engaged in what our military is calling a guerrilla-style war, President Bush is failing to come clean with the American people about what it will take to rebuild Iraq. Iraq is still not secure. The Bush Administration failed to adequately plan for post-war Iraq and a reassessment of our current situation is badly needed. The Coalition Provisional Authority is running out of money, yet the president still has not put forth a budget to fund its work beyond September 30th of this year. "We currently have 140,000 troops stationed in Iraq, costing over \$4 billion a month to maintain. This figure does not include rebuilding costs, which the Bush Administration is refusing to fully outline. We do know, however, that Bechtel and Halliburton have been awarded well over \$2 billion in contracts to help rebuild Iraq. Our troops are subject to daily attacks. Each day 10 American troops are being reported as 'wounded in action.' In total, 1,124 troops have been wounded in action, 740 since President Bush declared an end to major combat operations on May 1st. Two hundred eighty-two troops have been killed in Iraq, 147 since May 1st. Our rebuilding efforts are proceeding extremely slowly as opposition forces sabotage works projects and attack employees who aid in reconstruction. Oil is flowing out of Iraq at a trickle. Baghdad is getting less electricity than when Saddam was in charge. The water system has been badly sabotaged. Carjackings are becoming daily occurrences. Foreign fighters who had no interest in aligning with Saddam are now entering Iraq to fight the U.S."

"Despite four major car bombings in the last month, costing over 150 lives, President Bush has allowed ideology to get in the way of receiving additional foreign assistance..."

EDITOR'S NOTE:  
CONGRESSMAN  
HINCHEY WILL BE  
IN THE MPR  
TONIGHT AT 7

## Security to Bard Drivers: Slow Down

Annandale Road is not a racetrack. Except when it rains.

By: Haillie Waters

During the first two weeks of this semester, a string of accidents produced two minor head injuries, three broken ankles, a few mangled bikes, and plenty of unrest on the Bard campus.

The first two accidents involved cars and bicycles. On September 15, there was a nasty confrontation between a speeding motorcycle and a Bard shuttle. Ken Cooper, Director of Security at Bard College, is taking steps to make the campus safer.

"Right around us we have incredible danger," he said. "It's like a bunch of sharks in the water and we're the red meat."

Annandale Road and 9G are full of pedestrians, bicyclists, and drivers from inside and outside the community. The student body has grown, and so has the number of guests on campus. Lifetime Learning, for example, draws members of the geriatric set. It holds programs on Friday nights. Risks multiply when the high occurrence of accidents is paired with a mix of drivers on the road.

"My plan is simple: to slow cars down on 9G," explained Cooper. "And the state doesn't want us to do that because it impedes traffic. Well, it's my college that's right here, and there's a lot of accidents."

Cooper would like to turn the blinking light at the college's entrance into a radar-controlled stoplight. The light will stop cars speeding through from either direction by turning from yellow to red. If you are not speeding, it will let you go.

Cooper would move the yellow blinking light up

the road near the PAC and the turn toward Tivoli. This, he said, is another dangerous area.

Lieutenant Paul Piastro of the Dutchess County Sheriff's Department mentioned installing a digital sign to detect and display how fast drivers are going. It might be put up near the Stevenson Gymnasium, facing south for northbound traffic. Hopefully, students will not run toward the sign to gauge their speed when all the treadmills and elliptical trainers are being used.

Some students thought the speed limit on 9G gets too high too quickly. Others admitted to speeding on Annandale Road. Few could deny the problem, and agreed people will slow down if they see a cop. Students also offered other solutions. These included more speed bumps, a zero-tolerance policy, frontal lobotomies, and monsters in the woods.

Given the college's budget and relative scarcity of monsters in the area, patrols seem to be most efficient.

Lt. Piastro said that speed is always a concern when the number of accidents increases. He noted a consistent speeding problem on Annandale Road. Recent events have prompted the Sheriff's Department to take action.

Police are now patrolling what Piastro calls "hot spots" for speeding vehicles. The Sheriff's Department cannot afford to post officers all of the time, but cars have been stopped. Have tickets been handed out?

"They did stop quite a few, Piastro said. "We don't always like to hand out a lot of tickets. But just the pres-

ence acts as a deterrent."

"I fuckin' hate cops," one Bard student said, corroborating Piastro's assertion.

Many ways of addressing the speed problem depend on external sources. Radar-controlled stoplights, digital signs, and police officers must be brought in from off-campus.

Changes can be made within the community. Everyone can benefit by being more aware of the issues. The newly-formed Student Resources Group is using foot patrols and party patrols to keep campus safer for fellow students. Bright yellow "Pedestrians Crossing" signs stand in the middle of the crosswalks. These signs are new. Cooper had to replace an old set, each of which had been abducted.

"That little sign's not an inanimate object. It's an animate object. It was a protector of the campus and somebody killed it," Cooper said.

Addressing these problems will require the cooperation of all students and staff. Interested in breaking Ken Cooper's heart? Just steal the signs.

"We may not dodge the bullet the third time," he said, referring to the first two bike accidents. "We may end up with a squished student, and squished students aren't part of my thing."

## Introducing the New Professors...

*It's a bit late, but you might as well get to know 'em sometime*

By Bonnie Ruberg

### Ben Stevens



Professor Stevens comes to Bard having received degrees from Reed College and the University of Chicago. His current and future teaching and research interests include: Latin and Greek languages and cultures, linguistics, including language origins, comparative literature, and the American comic book. While at Bard for the next two years, Ben hopes to serve as a resource for

students interested in exploring language from a variety of disciplinary perspectives. Outside of academia, Ben is the coordinator of the Recorded A Cappella Review Board, a vocal percussionist, and occasionally a martial arts instructor. He is delighted to be part of the Bard community, and looks forward to rich dialogue with other Bardians in and out of class. His teaching and research interests include: Latin and Greek languages and cultures, linguistics, including language origins, comparative literature, and the American comic book. While at Bard for the next two years, Ben hopes to serve as a resource for students interested in exploring language from a variety of disciplinary perspectives. Outside of academia, Ben is the coordinator of the Recorded A Cappella Review Board, a vocal percussionist, and occasionally a martial arts instructor. He is delighted to be part of the Bard community, and looks forward to rich dialogue with other Bardians in and out of class.

### Gautam Sethi



Professor Sethi, who teaches game theory here at Bard, studied at the University of Texas, Austin and the University of California, Berkeley. His research interests include natural resource and environmental economics, applied microeconomics, philosophy of economics, and history of economic thought. His doctoral work focused on fishery management under uncertainty. Additionally, he has worked in India on energy-economy-environment linkages and associated policy issues. Though he will be spending sometime this semester in the undergraduate college, he will mainly be focusing in the Center for Environmental Policy.

### Amelia Moser

Professor Moser received her PhD from Harvard in romance languages, specifically modern Italian. In addition to the student teaching she did as a graduate student, she's spent two years in a professorship at Yale. She is here for one year, replacing Professor Joe Lutzi, who received an off-campus fellowship. This semester, Professor Moser is teaching intermediate Italian, a course on the city of Florence and a class of Italian for conductors. She has worked in the past as a translator and interpreter, and though she specializes in twentieth century Italian fantastical literature, she aspires to translate unpublished manuscripts and old journals. Professor Moser has, so far, been very impressed by Bard students and their genuine interest in Italian.

### Maria Simpson

Professor Simpson is here at Bard on leave from the University of Washington in Seattle. She has taught at Mount Holyoke College, Middlebury College and the Bates Summer Dance Festival. Professor Simpson has been dancing professionally since 1987. Maria's research in the teaching methodology of anatomy courses for dance students has been published in *Impulse—the International Journal of Dance Medicine and Science*. Maria received a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from the University of Massachusetts in 1988 and a Master of Fine Arts from the University of Washington in 1996.

### Xiangrong Wang



Professor Wang will be working mainly with the Bard Center for Environmental Policy. His areas of interest and study include: eco-environmental planning and management, urban ecosystem and landscape ecology, environmental assessment, vegetation ecology and urban greening.

## Cheney Directs Debate Audience to Soros Website

By Christine Nielson

*We think that this would be an example of "irony."*

During the vice presidential debate Cheney succeeded in scoring more goals on Edwards than Bush had been able to score on Kerry in the previous presidential debate; unfortunately for Cheney, he made one of those shots for the other team. In a spectacular backfire, Cheney's attempt at deflecting accusations made by Edwards about the vice president's history with Halliburton—by referring viewers to [www.factcheck.com](http://www.factcheck.com)—delivered thousands of interested Americans directly into the welcoming arms of one of the Bush administration's most outspoken opponents—none other than our man George Soros, billionaire philanthropist and benefactor of both MoveOn.org and Bard College.

Obviously this was not Cheney's intent. It would seem from the Vice President's description of the site he was promoting as "an independent Web site sponsored by the University of Pennsylvania" that he meant to say [www.factcheck.org](http://www.factcheck.org). By his slip of the tongue, however, Cheney sent many viewers of the debate to a site owned by Name Administration Inc., based in the Cayman Islands. Within an hour the site was barraged by 48,000 visitors, leaving the owners unable to handle that kind of traffic, and not particularly wanting to (the site was unused at the time of the debate). The company's lawyer, John Berryhill, said that his clients decided on a "creative and amusing quick fix" soon after the onslaught began—they would redirect all visitors to a web site that could handle the traffic without making a profit on it, and they would make a political statement at the same time. They would redirect to [www.georgesoros.com](http://www.georgesoros.com), a site bearing the heading "Why we must not re-elect President Bush."

According to his spokesperson, Soros had nary a clue of his new and unexpected publicity until Wednesday after the debate. In his blog, Soros said of the circumstance that "While I want to get my message out, I certainly do not want to force it on people. I apologize to those who were annoyed by FactCheck.com redirecting to GeorgeSoros.com, but I'm also pleased that I may have reached some people who would not otherwise have known about the site."

Perhaps the most intriguing part of the whole affair, however, is the content of the site that Cheney desired to direct the American people to for his own defense. An article published on [factcheck.org](http://factcheck.org) on Wednesday, October 6, makes corrections on false assertions and implications made by both Cheney and Edwards, including Cheney's mistake. "Cheney got our domain name wrong -- calling us 'FactCheck.com' -- and wrongly implied that we had rebutted allegations Edwards was making about what Cheney had done as chief executive officer of Halliburton. In fact, we did post an article pointing out that Cheney hasn't profited personally while in office from Halliburton's Iraq contracts, as falsely implied by a Kerry TV ad. But Edwards was talking about Cheney's responsibility for earlier Halliburton troubles. And in fact, Edwards was mostly right."

# The Art of Debunkery: Can We Party on Halloween, or What?

Laura delivers the straight dirt, no filter

By Laura Bomyea

RUMOR: The administration is not allowing any on-campus parties around the time of Halloween because they are afraid that any party might turn into another Drag Race with a different name.

Hoping to either prove or dispel this rumor, I spoke with the Director of Student Activities, Bethany Nohlgren. She was rather disheartened to hear that students believed her office as well as the rest of the administration was trying to "squelch" something. "As the person who registers parties," she said, "there has been no conversation between my office and any other office on campus regarding the vetoing of parties on Halloween." According to Nohlgren, standard event registration protocol will be adhered to during this and any other month.

As far as the rumor that non-registered, on-campus Halloween parties will not be tolerated, I think it suffices to say yes, of course that's true. But that is also true any other night during the semester. If you do not register a party and there are more than 20 people there, it will be broken up by Security. That's the rules, yo. Nobody wants to break

up parties—they have to. But the rules for parties on Halloween are no different than they are on any given weekend this semester.

What is different, and not just this Halloween but overall, is the approach Bard is taking towards party registration. No longer can you, as it's been said many times before, plug in a keg and somebody's iPod and call that a party. We simply do not have the space to make that practical or safe. Thus, if someone tries to register a keg party in Tewksbury for Halloween and the only reason they provide for throwing the party is so that people can get plastered and have a good time on that fine fall holiday, I would say it's unlikely that their party will be approved. But again, the same would be true for any weekend in November.

My advice—find a better way to celebrate. Throw a horror movie marathon. Dress up and storm the café demanding treats. Check out the giant Halloween bash being thrown by Noire and a bunch of other clubs on campus. Above all, lay off the conspiracy theories for a while. Get over it and have some fun.

# Santa Clause Creates A Sense of Benevolence

## About the Panopticon

By Hamish Strong

Not many political actions have created the sleepless nights in the bunkers of Civil rights activists like the USA Patriot Act. Tossing and turning, these soldiers for the common good have asked themselves, "How, in this day and age, and with a government that refuses to tell people not to buy Uzis, can an act be passed that so blatantly removes my right to privacy?" Because it burst onto the scene in a flurry of post-9-11 opportunism, the Patriot Act is easy to misunderstand as a modern invention. The Patriot Act has many historical precedents and foundations, and indeed there exists a community of individuals who have been preparing for just this kind of unhindered governmental control since before any one of them, or their grandparents can personally remember. Their task was, quite simply, the cooption of Santa Claus and eventually the widespread cultural acceptance of Christmas and it's jolly, omnipresent mascot.

"It seems silly, but the whole reason we started spreading Christianity was to push through the idea of Santa Claus," remarked a senior Bush administration official when approached about the Claus project, "and to instill early on that good behavior will be rewarded with toys, and bad behavior with coal. This, of course, prepares these barbarian youngsters for the rather difficult lessons we will teach them as adults when we dispense F-16's to our 'good kids' who stabilize the political situations in countries where we have a vested interest, and reduce the houses and hospitals of those who are 'bad' to something resembling a 'lump of coal.'

When asked about the potential risks of a panopticon in the United States, a country with a strong foundation in freedom and small, unobtrusive government, she responded: "We don't like to use the word 'panopticon' because it sounds too much like 'deception,' the 'race' of evil transformers, but the acceptance of this organization of a nation-state, early on in the minds of children is what we are aiming for."

The apparent goal of the C.I.a.u.s. project, whose letters are an acronym for the projects name: Convincing Little Assholes to stop thinking about Usurping Super-powerful military industrial empires, is to instill in the still-malleable minds of the youth that authority figures have perfect judgment, and are in fact necessary and benevolent in a functioning, fun, jolly society.

"Who would question the value judgments of jolly old saint nick? That is just the kind of trust that we are trying to associate with surveillance in general." Remarked a low level peon in the organization. When asked why ideas of co-opting the character of "God" were laid aside, he responded: "the Jews and that guy who put up that website 'god-hates-fags-dot-com' already destroyed any chance for the presentation of God as a non-partisan entity."

These efforts to insert the belief that authority is beyond question are at odds with another popular character that kids are more and more frequently exposed to: the referee, who's apparent social role is to remind children that even those who are generally accepted as "experts" in the rules still must be challenged by red-faced men wearing ties who, despite their age, still have a great deal of stake in the direction a ball travels on a field.

This image of benevolence is, of course, being actively projected onto the current Administration. Members of the Claus project insist that the plan is going along smoothly, though they did concede that the task is made more difficult considering: "Dick Cheney's belly doesn't jiggle like a bowl full of jelly when he laughs." They remained hopeful, however, adding: "but isn't it enough that his grin is as sour as a jar full of 'warheads' candy? Kids are edgier today anyway, they love the sour candies."

# The Sports Report: A Red Sox Fan, Live At Yankee Stadium

Sox in 7.

By Emily Sauter

Last night, I would describe my experience as a cross between a nightmare and a fantasy. I found myself swimming in Yankees fans wearing a Red Sox hat and my David Ortiz jersey in the center of the Evil Empire in the Bronx. People were yelling at me.

"Fuck David Ortiz!" Some blonde guy yelled in my face. Somewhere between terror and pure bliss, I just started to laugh. I was at the American League Championship between baseball's two best teams.

Best of all, I had gotten my seat from Boston's first base coach. My cousin is fraternity brothers with him.

"When I picked up the tickets, he was talking to Orlando Cabrera..." my cousin told me.

"You met shortstop Orlando Cabrera?" I want to meet Orlando Cabrera! Our seats were behind home plate. I could see the whites in the eyes of Johnny Damon and Derek Jeter. They were real people, they were right in front of me.

Yankees Stadium is an intimidating place, especially for a Red Sox fan like me. Wearing your Red Sox hat there is like signing a death wish. And it was boding so well for me when my Red Sox were down 8-0 and Mike "The Moose" Mussina was pitching a perfect game. My cell phone beeped and I had a message.

It was a "friend" (well, I wouldn't call him a friend...more like a deranged acquaintance). I had IM'd him and told him I had made a sign that said "1918? You mean 2004!" (For those of you who don't know, which means all of Bard...the Red Sox haven't won the World Series since 1918, which the Yankee fans like to rub in their faces...oh because they're so cool because they beat the Mets in the Subway series in 2000, I could beat the Mets...)

He was asking why he hadn't seen my sign. "You need to hold it higher" he jeered at me. "I can't see it..." followed by a chant of "1918" and then he hung up. This just pissed me off. I had paid good money to see Curt Schilling pitch and the Red Sox make the Yankees look like a bunch of assholes but all I got was spat on. And I watched Curt Schilling pitch one of the worst games of the season.

Except then, second baseman Mark Bellhorn, the American League strikeout kingpin, hit a monster double into center field that bounced off the wall. My cousin looked at me and smiled.

"It's not over yet."

The score was eight to seven and I was sitting on the edge of my seat. We also realized that we were sitting in a row of Portland Seadogs, Boston's double A farm team. We were talking with them and they were all really nice guys. Behind us though were the rudest Yankee fans, wearing more bling than P-Diddy, yelling and cursing at us. Whatever, I just thought, the Red Sox have this series. It's their year, except everyone always thinks it's their year. And then some asshole unknown Yankee comes out of the woodwork and hits a homerun in game seven and makes me cry (fuck you Aaron Boone...) This year, I'm betting it's first baseman John Olerud. He's got unsung Yankee jerk going to make manager Joe Torre cry written all over his pale body.

Then, of course, the Yankees bring in sob story Mariano Rivera to pitch the last two innings. Yeah, it's a shame his cousins got electrocuted in a pool in Panama and I

was impressed how he went from grieving at a funeral to throwing strikes.

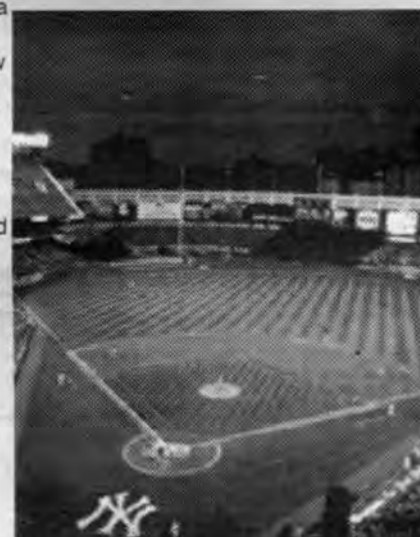
My cousin looked at me and he knew the game was over.

"Let's go home and get some sleep," he said. I downed my beer and put my Red Sox hat in my bag so no one would know I was leaving a complete loser.

"Go back to Boston!" Someone yelled at me as I left my seat. I was depressed we had lost but it was only game one. There are still six more games that the Yankees have to fuck up and they will. This is Boston's year. They deserve it more than any team and they've worked harder than those money grubbing Republican Yankees (yeah, third baseman Alex Rodriguez gave a lot of his multi million dollar paycheck to none other than Dubya...what a dick).

So Bard, get into the spirit of baseball. Last year, I watched game seven of the American League championships with over 200 people in Keen. It was incredible and everyone at Bard was talking about it. So listen to the games (94.3, the country station reports all the games and it's a good signal, even though it is the Yankees radio network and you have to sit through that awful guy that does that stupid "THHHEEE YANKEES WIN" crap) or find a TV (do we even have TV here anymore?) and watch this shit. Because I guarantee you'll get sucked in and love every minute of it (except perhaps they'll print this after the series but if the Red Sox win, watching the damn World Series) and oh, GO ASTROS!

I just have one more thing to say: fuck the Yankees.



Some call it "The House That Ruth Built," Red Sox fans call it hell.

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# Team America: Fucking Assholes For Life

By: Henry Casey

The words and phrases most repeated in the film "Team America: World Police" are as follows: Terrorist, Intelligence, America, "Fuck Yeah," Dick, Asshole and Pussy. Oh, I forgot AIDS, they say that a lot too. After reading the above list, I may have turned a good deal of you from seeing "Team America," but in all honesty, this film is not for everybody. One of the TV spots for the movie claims something to the effect of "Republicans ignore it, Democrats deny it, and Hollywood just hates it." Now that I've seen it, I have to say one thing: I love it.

"Team America" is a satirical film, where everything is possible. For example, the same person voices all of the following: an American soldier, North Korean dictator Kim Jong II, and the UN Weapons Inspector Extraordinaire Hans Blix. This is because the entire cast is made up of marionettes. Known for their low budget animated show "South Park," the film's directors and voice actors Trey Parker and Matt Stone have already proven themselves able to tell a compelling story with as little aesthetic value as possible.

The comparisons to past works do not end at the unusual visual style either. Both "South Park: Bigger, Longer and Uncut" and "Team America: World Police" have a world domination plotline. In "SP: BL & U" Satan and Saddam Hussein are out for control, while in "TA: WP" the villains are Kim Jong II and an army of Hollywood celebrities. And in this day and age, when we have idiot celebrities like Drew Barrymore making documentaries about vot-

ing and millionaires like Sean Combs threatening non-voters with death, celebrities are just as dangerous to the world as nuclear-arms-bearing dictators like Il. He's got nukes, and they're leading uneducated masses to the polls: each is just as big a "threat" to democracy as the other.

Who are the good guys? It's possible that this is one of those movies where there are no traditional "good guys." Team America, the titular characters, are a group of US espionage experts. They are made up of traditional stereotypes: the asshole, the woman with "psychic powers," the bland generic one, and the hot blonde who's good with a shotgun. Okay, so maybe they're not stereotypes, but for Parker and Stone, this is as close as it gets. Bad publicity hits the press for Team America when their leader is killed and three major monuments (the Eiffel tower, the Arc de Triomphe and the Sphinx) are accidentally destroyed in battle. To replace their leader and regain their good name, they find Gary, a Broadway actor who was starring in a knockoff of "Rent" called "Leased."

The "special effects" in the movie are the destruction of the above monuments, which were missing some crucial humor. A 9/11 comparison might have been the missing link of offensive humor, but this movie pissed and spewed on enough boundary lines to the point where a 9/11 joke might have stopped it from being green-lighted by Paramount. This movie almost got a NC-17 rating actually and marionette sexuality is supposedly what the FCC made Parker and Stone cut down. In the movie two of the puppets have some pretty hot plastic-on-plastic action. You know, like if Pam Anderson and Cher made some home porn tapes (but that wouldn't be hot, it would suck). What were these perverse sexual acts that the MPAA thought warranted an NC-17? The marionettes engaged in golden showers and pearl necklaces. If you don't know what those things are, ask the person sitting next to you, and if they don't know ... well, you need to find a new crowd, if only to reduce your ignorance.

Have you noticed a pattern in my article yet? I'm insulting your friends, wanting people to joke about 9/11, and talking about gross celebrities. My point, as I said earlier, is that this movie is definitely not for everybody. Reviewers have noted that while people in the younger age groups have laughed through the movie and come out with smiles on their faces, those of an older demographic have walked out shaking their head and wondering about if there's any hope for the future generations.

The movie is as funny as they get, with a 98%



joke success rate there are only a few duds in the whole hour and forty-five minute feature. A critic says that the decision to make a marionette movie may backfire, as audiences might not be able to handle a marionette-based film, that the directors might pop up and say, "Surprise! We were kidding, here's the real movie with real actors." But no such scene happens. The moment where Parker and Stone come the closest to breaking the fourth wall is the first shot of the movie where an even more low budget pair of marionettes appear and provide a chuckle or two.

The only problem that I can find in the movie is that there are a few things that are directly lifted from the "South Park" TV show. On TV, there was one episode entitled "Asspen" where they spoofed 80's teen drama movies like "Better Off Dead" and had a whole scene where they mocked montage scenes. In the movie, the same thing happens, and they even reuse the background song, "We're Gonna Need a Montage!" This is a small thing to criticize, but it does show a lack of range on their part. Also, the voice they use for Kim Jong II is in the same vein as the cook at City Wok on "South Park." But that's not really much of a problem either, because it's a hilarious voice that will inevitably cause even the most politically correct individual to crack up.

Nitpicking aside, this is a fine film and definitely different than most of the recent politically minded movies. The main difference is that this film doesn't take itself nearly as seriously, and is much easier to swallow for that fact.

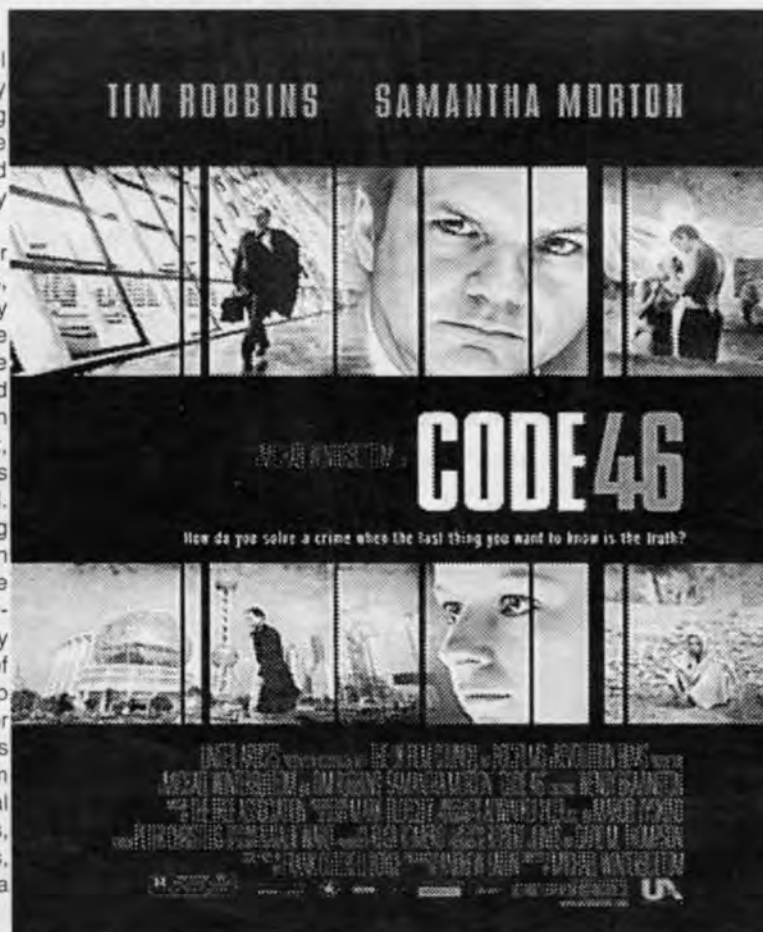


## A Complicated Code

By: Fran Laniado

The future, as seen in Michael Winterbottom's "Code 46," appears eerily similar to the present—there are no flying cars, no robots. In fact, the only surface changes seem to be slightly more advanced technology. But the world of the film is oddly cold, and the images appear sterile.

We soon learn that in the near future, there are no countries, only cities, and one needs papers to travel from one city to another. Criminals and undesirables are exiled to "the outside," which is a desert. The world is controlled by one government called the Sphinx. William (Tim Robbins), our main character, is an investigator for the Sphinx, and is sent to Shanghai to look into a series of travel papers that are being forged. William discovers that the forger is a young woman named Maria (Samantha Morton, in a great performance), but he falls in love with her and covers her crime. William's travel papers for Shanghai last for only twenty four hours, so he and Maria have only a brief time together. When William returns home to his wife and son, he cannot forget Maria or his short but passionate affair. A few days after his return, William's boss informs him that he must return to Shanghai—several people have died due to the fake papers, and he must reinvestigate. William goes, excited at the prospect of seeing Maria



again, but when he arrives he learns that Maria is missing. His affair with Maria had been a violation of Code 46, one of the Sphinx's most important laws (I can't reveal what it is without giving too much away), and now his marriage and his government are no longer the strongest obstacles to a life with Maria; their love is genetically doomed.

"Code 46" can be looked at as a tragic love story, a warning against cloning and genetic manipulation, or a criticism of globalization. Ultimately, I believe it is a story about intimacy. The only scenes of warmth in the sterile world of the film are those that William and Maria share. These scenes have a disturbing quality of desperation to them, but they are what the viewer clings to as evidence of humanity in this futuristic world.

Not everyone will like "Code 46." Some may find it too slow moving, or slightly convoluted. Yet it may appeal to a wide demographic audience as it recalls elements of "Minority Report," "Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind," and "Brave New World." Even if some people don't like this film, it will undoubtedly provoke thought and conversation after seeing it.



# Zombies VS UK, Again

By: Henry Casey

*If Only The Zombies Had Beckham on Their Side*

In the middle of one scene in "Shaun of the Dead," I just lost all control of my laughter. In this fit, I declared, "This is one fuckin' funny movie!" What was so funny? Shaun (Simon Pegg) and Ed (Nick Frost) were pummeling the heads of two zombies. Ed is armed with a shovel and Shaun a cricket bat. These are the first zombies that are killed in the movie, and once they have found out that they have to go for the head, Shaun and Ed act like any normal person caught up in this supernatural situation would. They keep hitting the zombies. They go with the flow, and even start to smile.

In the past years, we've seen an army of movies about the undead (or at least those who look and act like the zombies we've been used to). They range from the new-agey "28 Days Later" which featured meth-head-quick zombies, to the remake of "Dawn of the Dead" which was a great combination of horror and comedy and did not disgrace the DoD legacy. What makes "Shaun of the Dead" worth the price of admission is not just the fact that it is a good zombie movie, but the fact that it's not purely a zombie movie. While it does provide a good bang for your buck when it comes to decaying flesh, it's grounded in a quite good romantic comedy plot, which helps accomplish something that few horror movies have been able to do these days: the audience cares about the characters.

Shaun, like every other modern protagonist these days, is stuck in a menial job that bores him. And judging from the opening credits sequence, all of England is in the same spot. In "28 Days Later," the army general gives a monologue on how nothing has changed, even during the outbreak, because people were already killing people. In "Shaun of the Dead," if anyone were arrogant enough to try and make a speech like that the point would be a bit less grim. It would be that we've all be walking around and groaning and not acting "alive" for a long time, and the outbreak didn't change anything on that level. For the most part people walk around with blank expressions, glazed over stares, and they only act alive when they're answering their cell phones. Fortunately, this kind of social interaction is not limited to England, because we all see it every day. This makes the movie comprehensible to everybody.

The script and the movie were both been superbly edited within an inch of both of their lives. Each and every shot pushes the story forward, from small changes in the set to screaming TV news anchors. Dialogue is short and concise, with whole debates edited down to just having the characters throwing their names back and forth. For example, in one of the first scenes of the movie the main cast finds themselves at "The Winchester," Shaun's locale of choice. They get into a yelling match over Shaun's friendship with Ed, which at one point turns into the following, "Ed?" "Ed!" "Shaun?" "Shaun!" "Liz!" Now that's what I call economy of language.

Before the zombies start going for his brain, Shaun has enough problems, with his asshole stepdad, his monotonous relationship with his girlfriend Liz,



her elitist flat-mates, and the constant bickering between his uptight flat-mate and his other flat-mate, the hilarious, fat, lazy, drug dealing Ed. Simon Pegg, who was one of the film's writers in addition to its star, plays Shaun the way that any great comedic action hero should be played.

Shaun was always told how much potential he had, but just needed the right situation to bring it out. Like most people, once Shaun has gotten the hang of zombie bashing, he gets an attitude about it. The scene that shows Pegg's acting chops is when he's taken it upon himself to lead his band of survivors (Liz, her flat-mates, his mother and Ed) and they decide that in order to survive, they need to act like zombies and blend in with the crowd. They go down the line, testing their impressions and when it comes to Shaun, he pauses — as if this was too easy — and then gives the perfect zombie impression: eyes rolled back, head tilted back, a noise that is somewhere between a groan and a yawn and his arms just slack completely. This goes back to the whole idea behind the movie that we are already zombies, their physical movements are so close to his own so that "zombie action" would be innate. He can be

a zombie, because his life isn't that different.

The conflict that Shaun and Liz have, while being somewhat standard fare, really fits in well with the overall satire of modern day life. Her complaint is that they go to Winchester too much and never to anywhere else. She is the other motivation for Shaun to change his life; she gets him to try and do everything right. He finally tries to reserve a table for them at the fancy restaurant, he gives her the expensive flowers meant for Shaun's mother, but in the end everything goes wrong, she dumps him, and then there are an ever-growing but slowly moving army of the undead.

Not only is this a great movie, it jams in an homage to classic horror at the end, by slapping modern horror a little bit. The science behind the viral outbreak in "28 Days Later" was a problem that many had with the movie. That movie claimed that their outbreak was based around human anger and rage, "Shaun of the Dead" responds by calling such a theory "bollocks." The dead return, they're slow, and the way that humans react to them is what makes zombie movies what they are.

## One to Forget

By: Fran Laniado

"There are worse things than forgetting," a character tells Telly Paretta (Julianne Moore) towards the end of "The Forgotten."

"No there aren't," she replies. This is an understandable reaction, considering that for the past fourteen months Telly has been mourning the death of her son, Sam, who died in a plane crash on the way to summer camp. Suddenly, within the space of a few days, all record of Sam's existence is erased. He is no longer in photographs, his belongings have disappeared, and according to the newspapers, the plane crash that killed him never happened. Telly's husband (Anthony Edwards) and her therapist (Gary Sinise) try to convince her that Sam never existed, that he was a delusion Telly came up with to help her deal with a miscarriage. Not buying this explanation, Telly seeks out the father of Sam's friend Lauren, who also died in the crash. At first Ash Correll (Dominic West) has no recollection of Lauren, but eventually Telly is able to jolt his memory, and the pair embark on a desperate quest to find out what happened to their children, and why they have been forgotten by the world.

Telly and Dominic are pursued by the police

(who think that Telly is insane and possibly dangerous), a group who may be federal agents, and a single, mysterious man. Telly and Dominic refer to these pursuers, and whoever or whatever took their children simply as "they", but neither the characters nor the screenwriter seems to have a real interest about who "they" are, or what "they" want. At one point in the film Telly and Ash capture one of "them" and attempt to interrogate him. He gives vague, ambiguous answers that don't seem to upset Telly or Ash too much. Understandably Telly and Ash just want to find their children, but the viewer has an interest in what's happening, and this interest is never fully satisfied.

"The Forgotten" is a thriller based mostly on characters' vague speculations, chase scenes, and a few truly startling jolts, but ultimately it is a film that is leading up to a climax. This is where it fails. The right explanation for the disappearance of the children could have made this a thoroughly enjoyable and frightening ride. The explanation we are given is completely unsatisfying. What we are left with is a frustrating film, because it could have been so much better. Screenwriter Gerald Di Pego comes up with a great

premise but doesn't take it anywhere. Most of the cast is content to let the film ride on Julianne Moore's fine performance as a desperate, grieving mother. Sadly, this makes for an ultimately forgettable film.



# Mos Def is Great at Everything

By: Noah Weston

Talib Kweli should take notes

To drop some Ken Burns on you, let me paint something of a rap tableau: it's the late 90's, a confusing time for hip hop listeners. The two long-existing strains of hip-hop competing for attention in the pop market were grit and glitter, bullets and bezels, and other shit that MTV beats to death in its retrospective pieces on the period. While the prevailing excess and party vibe had its roots in the very beginnings of rap, along with the gun-waving, weed-smoking braggadocio, there was a third way, and perhaps even a fourth, fifth, and sixth. A sea of burgeoning underground rappers carved an almost religious fan base in every big scene, particularly in Los Angeles and New York. It was in the latter city, however, that Rawkus Records emerged.

Rawkus brought together the boldest, loudest voices in the New York underground scene together, including one Dante Smith, also known as Mos Def. Sadly, Rawkus sank on some Titanic shit, along with the hopes of many for independent hip hop. As usual, cynicism helped no one, and plenty of rappers in a variety of locales filled the void of Rawkus, but plenty worried about the professional fate of the Rawkus refugees, particularly that of Mighty Mos. His album with Talib Kweli, "Mos Def and Talib Kweli are Blackstar," and solo effort, "Black on Both Sides," sent a jolt to the rap world and left his fans ravenous for a fitting, sophomore LP.

After 5 years of rumors and internet teases, Mos' new record, "The New Danger" slithered into stores

without much fanfare, and reasonably so. One could call this Mos Def's "The Love Below," except it offers so much more than Andre 3000's Prince impression did. On "Danger," Mos strikes every chord, ventures into several styles and further solidifies his own, daringly and without a single misstep. He follows each leap with a fluid descent, and a cocky b-boy pose upon landing. Before I start moistening about the mouth and groin, let me justify my gushing.

"The New Danger" is not a rap album, for one thing. It isn't even just a hip-hop album, in broader terms. If I were an iPod-up-my-ass idiot Pitchfork Media reviewer, I might call this album "the orgiastic meeting of hard rock fervor, bluesy angst, and illmatic hip hop thump." I'm not that corny, though, so I'll just call it a sound blend of different music that Mos has already pursued in the past. He begins with sultry crooning on "Boogie Man Song," but soon abandons it for power chords and then rapping over them on tracks like "Ghetto Rock." The remainder of the album weaves in and out of rap, blues, soul, and Mos' impeccable synthesis of all three.

For me, the album peaks on the track "Modern Marvel," a tribute to Marvin Gaye that begins with a ghostly sample of Gaye's "Flyin' High" loops in the background. After several minutes of build-up, the song swings into Mos' rumination on the state of the world. While it certainly sets him apart from nearly every rapper out there, the song also exemplifies the retrospective



*"If I were an iPod-up-my-ass idiot Pitchfork Media reviewer, I might call this album 'The orgiastic meeting of hard rock fervor, bluesy angst, and illmatic hip hop thump.'"*



spirit that has driven hip hop from the beginning.

So, what should prevent you from buying this record? Nothing, really. Some complain that Mos Def sings like a heroin addict. If that's the case, then we've all a reason to try heroin. Not only does he sing astoundingly well, but he still raps with as much panache as he ever did, over great production by beatmakers like Minnesota, Kanye West, and 88 Keys. Honestly, assuming you're willing to be moved, Mos Def is that motherfucker to take you there.

# Montreal Ensemble Lays Waste To The MPR

By: Charley Lanning

It is not often that a band truly, *truly*, deserves the label "original." That is to say there is a difference between garnering the respect of robotically homogenous indie music critics and actually breaking the genre mold. Do Make Say Think, the band that performed in our beloved MPR on Friday, October 1<sup>st</sup>, deserves much more credit than Pitchforkmedia.com or any other hipster resource gives it. Despite what some may say to the easily convinced, this seven-piece instrumental ensemble from Montreal does *not* do what Godspeed You! Black Emperor does, and they do *not* sound like Explosions In The Sky. The incredible performance we witnessed in the MPR in early October is a universe beyond what any of these aforementioned acts could ever conceptualize, let alone produce.

Do Make Say Think, an instrumental rock group fond of jamming or developing their melodic themes to the point of climax, are often clumped with a host of other "post-rock" bands by the general indie populace. However, the core of this band's music lies not in some formulation of indie-rock academia, but in the synthesis of seven extremely diverse musicians, each offering something fresh and extreme to the emotional palette.

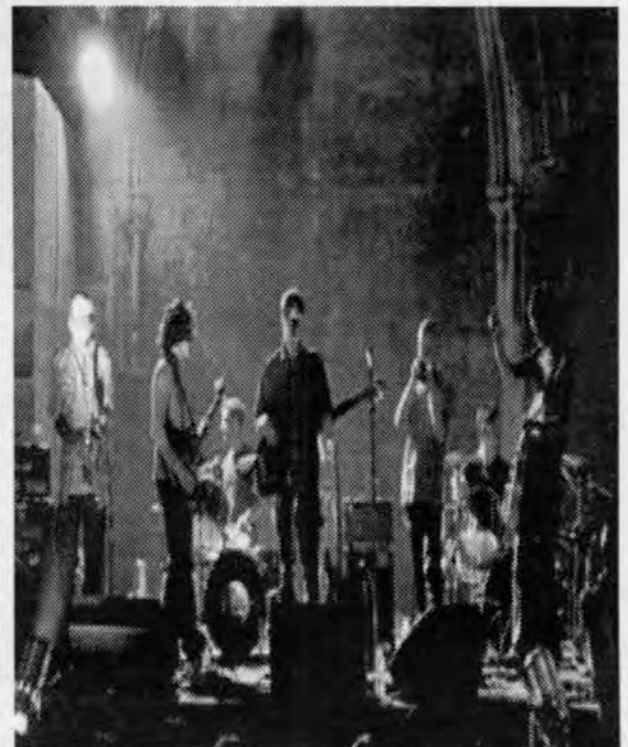
Members' backgrounds range all over the place, from the jazz stylings of bassist and trumpeter Charles Spearin to more rock-oriented plucking and strumming a la lead guitarist Justin Small. The result is not one decided-upon style, but a free exploration of an immense spectrum of emotion all dressed in the distinct, sophisticated character of the collective. One might have jumped to "math rock" conclusions after hearing the repetitive build and release of show-opener "The Landlord Is Dead", but by the time the companion piece, "Goodbye Enemy Airship" pulsed from airy jazz-rock to a synth-washed jam

lasting nearly 15 minutes (and blowing out the PA in the process), pigeon-holders were surely dumbfounded.

Indeed, the set itself was as much a journey as one of their four highly acclaimed albums, beautifully cohesive, yet boldly ranged. Many of the set's eight lengthy pieces flowed into one another, and included substantial improvisation and loop-sampling, keeping even the most astute DMST fan guessing. After blowing out the PA system, Spearin looped his own announcement of the blow-out over the melodically delicate introduction to "Fredericia", until his words became distorted and wrapped in the same ambient sheet as the rest of the instrumentalists, fitting perfectly within the piece's ascending melody.

This sort of spontaneity clearly flows in the veins of every member, and when they're communicating as tightly and perfectly as they were in the MPR, songs like "Fredericia" and the 15 minute finale "Inner, Outer & Secret" seem to birth on stage. Each of the two drummers are focused precisely on one another, speaking in a percussive language so simultaneously rhythmic and melodic that the rest of the band, rather than sitting on top like so many of their contemporaries, rides along in brilliant harmony with the percussionists.

This concluding piece was an undeniable testament to Do Make Say Think's sheer emotional power as a band, leaving a number of Bardians, including myself, visibly stunned. Though it was not quiet, or any sort of pretentious reverence, that permeated the crowd, but something more visceral, in staunch contrast to the forced silence that follows the typical high-high-brow Sigur Ros show. DMST does not profess to be delivering a higher message, or to embody an unprecedented concept. Rather, a band as genuinely musical as DMST is a concept in itself, undaunted by critical framework or



genre classification, and artistic without having to say "look, we're artistic." I can only hope that Bard campus sees more acts of this caliber, though sad to say music for music's sake is becoming something of a rarity these days. If asked for my opinion, I'd much rather spend time and money on the good ol' Do Makes than someone more artistically "sophisticated" (dare I say Godspeed?).

# RJD2: Live and Spinning

By: Zachary Smith

So I saw RJD2 at North Six last Saturday. Now, I don't claim to be an expert on hip-hop. Of all the subgenres of popular music to specialize in, I'd wager that I know about as much about hip-hop as most of the kids at Bard; id est, not as much as I think I do.

That said, RJD2 is not the best DJ to go see in order to build up one's cred. If we accept for the moment the definition of DJ as 'someone who plays other people's music', RJD2 is certainly still a DJ - he's a DJ's DJ, even - but at the same time, RJ is the kind of DJ who attracts the sort of concertgoer who wouldn't normally show up at a hip-hop show: someone like, say, me. As an artist he - a white dude from Ohio - has pretty effectively achieved some measure of recognition well outside the hip-hop core.

The fact is that RJD2's work tends to transcend the conventional constraints of hip-hop record spinning; the man is more nearly a sort of Rube Goldberg of sound, who manages to transmute his four turntables and a sampler (that's right, 4+1) into joints and cogs of a ridiculous and confounding apparatus designed to turn a dozen records into a single, morphing, organic behemoth of bangers, grooves and hooks. He did this on Saturday by way of constant motion, incessantly scurrying hither and thither from turntable to turntable to turntable to turntable to sampler to record bin, and back just in time to line up the next sequence of sounds - incessantly, I should say, except for a brief and surprisingly entertaining mid-set caesura wherein RJ got on the mic and challenged the audience to a round of 'Win Free Shit'. I would go so far as to claim, judging from his performance on Saturday, that RJD2 deserves the title of 'hardest-working man in hip-hop', except that we all know that 'hardest-working' is only ever bestowed upon the artist whom nobody likes, and his massive and scene-spanning appeal clearly therefore disqualifies him. Extra points, too, for his valedictorian acoustic guitar rendition of the title track of his new album, 'Since We Last Spoke'. I didn't know he had it in him.



As much as RJ's appeal reaches outside hip-hop, a glance at his touring partners made it clear on Saturday that he was - and always has been - operating squarely in a hip-hop context. The show was started off with a short warm-up set by Rob Sonic's DJ, Fred Ones, and to the same degree that RJ's set demonstrated the flexibility and potential of the role of the DJ, Fred's reminded all in attendance that any good DJ must, before

all else, be able to keep a party bumpin'. He spun a crowd-pleasing selection of Old-School hip-hop, and demonstrated his skill in precisely the way that he was able to keep the music going and keep it seamless, employing the tools of the trade - scratching, beat juggling, mixing - without ever once losing the beat or seeming showy.

Following Fred's set was Rob Sonic himself, accompanied onstage by co-MC Creature, and while he clearly demonstrated a knack for lyrics (somewhat tempered by the listener's inability to hear the majority of them), their rather monotonous flow and constant pleas for audience response - in the form of hackneyed 'Can I get a "HELL YEAH", Brooklyn!' and the like - became grating before his set was over.

Last up before RJ was his fellow instrumental hip-hop DJ, Diplo. Diplo served up a fine set of rather ordinary, if serviceable, mashups and beats, though he certainly suffered in proximity to the headliner. The only other element of his set of note was a rather ill-conceived 'Walk Like an Egyptian' mashup: a cardinal sin, to this reviewer, in light of Kid606's previous and far superior use of that same song.

Oh, and there was some guy wanking around with old cartoons and movies and stuff on projected onto a big screen on the stage. But who goes to a hip-hop show for that?



# Toast-Off 2004

By: Laura Bomyea

This weekend I was supposed to go camping with my father. I was also supposed to write a review of camping equipment. Since we didn't go camping, I didn't really get an opportunity to fairly assess the camping equipment we have. So I thought I would draw on my experiences and write a different sort of review.

Different Toast-Making Methods: a review  
Bread-on-a-Stick

One of the more primitive toast-making methods, this is perhaps my least favorite way to make my bread warm and crunchy, short of microwaving a cruton. Basically, we make toast on a stick when we are camping and someone forgets to pack more sophisticated toast-making devices. Most of the time, the bread never really gets toasted. Either that or it bursts into flames, much like my social life around midterms. 95% of the time I drop the flaming non-toast into the fire, curse the world and settle with cold bread and peanut butter.

Method Grade: C-

Gas Stove Burner Toasting Mechanism

Though I am unsure as to the technical term for these contraptions, I am quite familiar with their toast. Essentially a Gas Stove Burner Toasting Mechanism is a metal ring that goes around a gas stove burner upon which are soldered several metal stands whereupon you lay your virgin bread. The burner is then turned on, and the bread tepee you have made captures the heat and crisps the bread. Although it is marginally more difficult to cause the bread on this contraption to burst into flames when it does happen (and live seen it done before) it creates such a glorious explosion that campers for miles will hear you scream like a little girl. Ultimately, though, even if you are fortunate enough to avoid paying fiery tribute to the toast goddess and unless you have a really new, clean gas stove, the bread tastes a whole lot like gas. It is nasty.

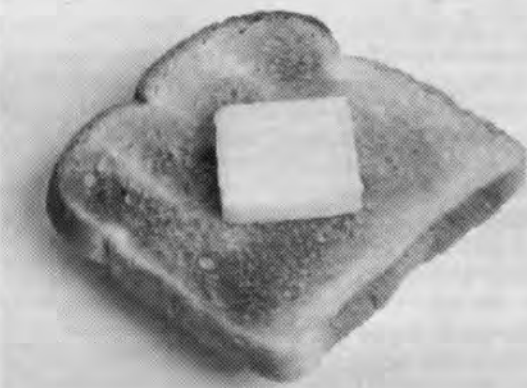
Method Grade: D-

Over-the-Fire All-Purpose Toasters

These funky things look a lot like flyswatters for giant metal mosquitoes of doom. Two squarish grates wired together with one long handle (sometimes even with a rubber grip, so you don't burn yourself) press and hold bread, hot dogs, fish, wet socks and anything else you feel like putting over the fire. They work really well and, when used right, can even be suspended over the fire without using any hands. (This requires an old-fashioned high-tech patent-pending hands-free device discovered by my grandfather. Sure, it looks like a rock to

you, but market it to the flatlanders and my oh my, we'd be rich.) This is probably the best way to make toast over a campfire. The only drawback is that, at least in my family, we use them for everything. So not only are you getting toast and Peter Pan Creamy Peanut Butter for breakfast, you're also getting last night's Cajun chicken and yesterday afternoon's glazier hot dogs. Yum.

Method Grade: B-  
Microwave



Everybody Wants That Perfect Brown,  
But The Question Remains, How?

If you've ever eaten a meal on Amtrak, you know that anything they sell you in the dining car is first punctured and then thrown into a strange, high power microwave, including your bagel or toast. A microwave, for those that do not know, does not toast bread. It makes it hot and chewy. And though I sometimes enjoy hot chewy bread, it is not toast, and that makes me sad. Microwave, you are not a toaster. I like you the way you are. You cook my popcorn and my chicken patties. You heat up my leftover ramen noodles. You make parts of my mashed potatoes incredibly hot and leave parts colder than they were when I offered them to you. Why do you have to go and pretend like you're something you're not? Be proud of who you are! I love you man.

Method Grade: N/A (it's not toast, yo)

Pop-up Toaster

It's the missionary position of the toast world.

You know what you're getting with a Pop-up Toaster. I like that. The toast goes in, it does its thing, and it gives you the toast back when it's done. Sometimes it likes to burn the toast, sometimes it barely warms it. I like to let the toaster decide. In the end, it is probably the most consistent appliance to have as a friend enough so that some have been made famous for their consistency. Let us all give a brief pause for our great childhood toaster friend Brave Little.

Method Grade: B+  
Toaster Oven

If James Bond has a toast-making device, it's most likely a Toaster Oven. It's the sophisticated older brother to the Pop-up Toaster. My goal in life is to someday graduate to the Toaster Oven. When I have my own place, it won't be a home till it has a Toaster Oven. Like most people, I am sucked in to the Toaster Oven following because of the sheer amount the toaster oven can do. I can make a grilled cheese in a Toaster Oven. I can cook frozen tator tots. I can melt plastic army men for an art project. And above all, I can make kick-ass toast. It goes without saying, the Toaster Oven is by far my preferred toast-making method.

Method Grade: A  
Industrial-Sized Kline Toaster

When I am lying awake at night, feeling the cool breeze coming through the gaps between the wall and my window casings, I am probably thinking about making a toasted hard roll at Kline. Toasted hard roll is by far my favorite Kline meal. The Kline toaster is a big part of this. That week, when the Kline-sized toaster was out sick, I grieved. I petitioned my friends to help me put up a memorial on the counter by the window where the toaster used to sit. And toast. But, happily, by the time I convinced a few of them to go in on a tasteful bouquet of breadsticks, the toaster returned and my life could go on. The only problem I have with the Industrial-Sized Kline Toaster is the height restriction on the bread that is inserted in via the metal conveyor belt. Some people don't pay attention to this restriction, and this makes for perilous toasting. When tall slabs of french bread or badly cut bagels are too tall, they get caught up in the heating element inside the toaster and burst into flames. This is not only a frightening experience for other diners and their toast, but it also leaves the other slices in the toaster tasting like ash. Not cool, my friends, not cool.

Method Grade: B

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observer

# One Big, Giant, Rolling, Sticky Ball

By: Bonnie Ruberg

I will roll you up into my giant sticky ball!

Yes, this is how you too will feel once you've played the amazing "Katamari Damacy." You'll see a group of your friends chatting outside of Kline and think, "Wow, if I were big enough, I could roll you all into my katamari. And you would scream."

Psychedelic, hilarious, sticky; these words all describe this highly entertaining game by Namco, straight from Japan for the PlayStation 2. And who can go wrong with a name that translates to "Stuff-Ball of Souls?" Deep.

The premise of the game is pretty simple. You're a puny little prince with a green jump suit and a rectangular head. Your dad is the King of all Cosmos - a giant asshole of a guy with a bright orange nose, multicolored threads and an amazingly large crotch. He's gone and hit the bottle a bit too hard, and in an attempt at a crazy King-of-all-Cosmos-type boogy, he's destroyed all the stars in the universe. Now it's up to you to replace them. How? By collecting giant balls of stuff from earth and letting him toss them up into the sky.

So if he got to party, why do you have to do all the work? Because it's fun!

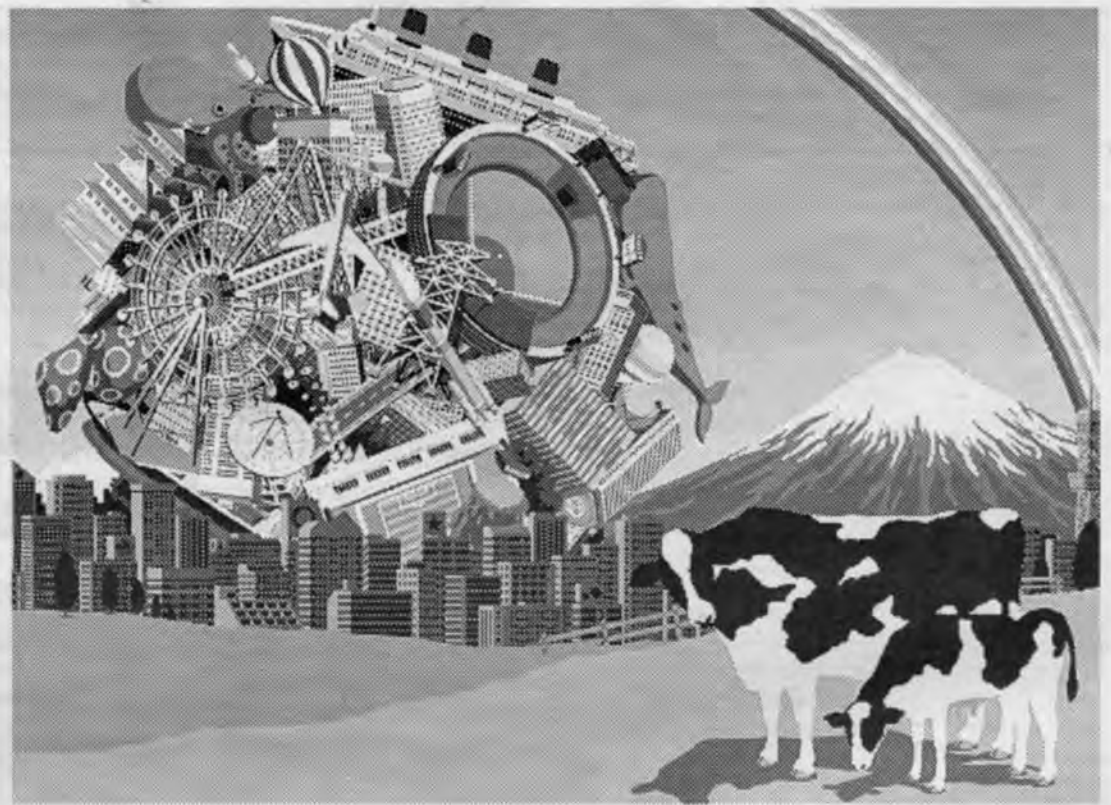
As the prince you get sent out on missions to earth, sometimes to make a specific star, or sometimes to gather material for a constellation. Whatever the task, you'll be doing the same thing: rolling a giant sticky ball!

This ball, or "katamari," can pick up almost anything in your environment, depending on your size. If you start out small enough, you'll be grabbing tacks or candies or pieces of yen. But as your collection gets bigger, so do the things you can pick up. At a certain diameter small animals, like hens and cats, can get caught in the mix. Eventually you can even roll over people, all of whom scream amusingly indiscernible things in frantic Japanese. The craziness doesn't stop there. Grow large enough and you can pick up buildings, stadiums, even giant squids.

The most impressive thing about the game-play of "Katamari Damacy" is scale. When you start out with a tiny katamari, even relatively small things - like mice or rats - pose substantial obstacles. But as you grow, the world around you shrinks accordingly. Soon you can't even see the rats you're rolling over. After only a few minutes of playing, it's surprisingly satisfying to hear their little squeaks as you suck them up into your sticky ball.

And cows. Cows are the best. You know you've always wanted to be a little green man pushing around a big ball of cows.

One might fear that "Katamari Damacy" borders



on repetitive. To that I say, "You fool!" More importantly, it's just not true. Yes, you're completing essentially the same mission every time you play, but the prettiness and humor of the game will totally hold your attention. And even though you often play in a familiar area, new items appear each time. Who knows when you'll get to suck up a line of bananas, a row of monster trucks, or even a classroom full of schoolgirls.

Beyond all that, the game is gorgeous. Bright graphics allow for enthralling simplicity. Even the menus are adorable. The whole thing is perfectly iconic and very collect-them-all!

And the soundtrack is great. Each mission gets its own music, ranging from a funky a capella version of the theme song, to sexy Japanese swing, to the stylings of a chorus of zealous children. These tunes definitely stick in your head. For now, I think that's a good thing. In a month, when they've tied me down to a chair as I sing about Katamari Damacy, I might reconsider.

My only major complaint with the game is the handling. I am myself a Nintendo kind of girl, and this wacky PS2 gaming throws me for a loop. Don't get me wrong, I'm willing to learn. And for the most part it's easy with "Katamari Damacy," because you barely use the buttons, only the dual control sticks. But it can get tricky pushing around that ball. You have to press both analog sticks simultaneously to move forward, and in opposite directions to turn. It's like driving a remote control car. If you're like me, you never owned a remote control car and rolling around a sticky ball for too long puts knots between your eyes. But, in the overall, it's well worth the pain.

So go out and buy this game. It's a mere twenty dollars, available at an oversized chain store near you, and supposedly going fast! You too can roll your friends into a giant sticky ball.

The true message of "Katamari Damacy": The earth really is full of stuff.

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# Dogs Versus "Champagne"

By: John Weinert

With a title like that, could this be about anything but beer?

When last I did a beer review, I promised that my next endeavor would be to compare the American light lagers and aid you with your Friday-night decision-making. I had grand plans for a comparison of Bud, Miller, Pabst, and Coors, the flagship brews of our largest domestic breweries. It was to be a blind tasting with multiple assistants, a grand effort to forever determine which beer the broke but discriminating Bardian deserved.

Alas, this effort has been put on hold temporarily, due to difficulty in securing any of the necessary beverages. In the meantime, I will attempt to determine which of my neighbors' brews of choice is the more deserving recipient of their attention. Yes, that is correct: for this article, my gracious dorm-mates have kindly donated a can each of their most frequent tipples-of-choice: Miller High Life

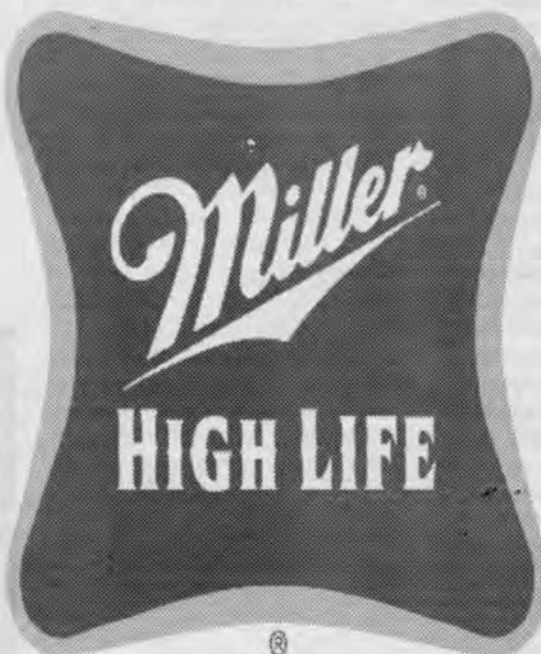
and Red Dog.

Ah, gentle reader, I know you have come to expect more from the Observer's food and beverage staff, and I can see your reaction. You yelp. You shudder in confusion and disbelief. You look at this article aghast, but verily, I say unto thee: have we not all to make this sort of decision at some point? To choose the lesser of two gustatory evils and make do with what we have? So it is with my neighbors, and by extension my roommate and myself, who count ourselves lucky to live next to such generous souls. This article is being written as an aid to those noble individuals who take it upon themselves to buy cheap beer in quantity, and by extension to buy free beer for those of us who mooch off of them! Can I be faulted for helping my selfless benefactors a bit farther along the road to gustatory satisfaction? Ungrateful wretch! You should be ashamed! Back to your elitist cave, begone!

The beers themselves seem to be ideological clones. Both hail proudly from Milwaukee. Both beers' marketers seem to have faith in the fundamental gullibility of humanity (Red Dog is "Uncommonly Smooth," while Miller bills itself as "The Champagne of Beers.") Both are American light lagers, likely brewed with corn or rice adjuncts in addition to their meager quantities of malt. Most importantly, they're both dirt-cheap.

Plank Road Brewery's recipe included tossing a rusty muffler into the lagering tank. The Miller had a faint tangy citrus note that started to resemble cat pee at warmer temperatures, and a bit of toasted malt flavor in the finish. Both brews have their devotees, and I have no doubt that I would be stepping on toes no matter which beer I favored.

Nevertheless, my choice is clear, and Miller is it. As fondly as I remember the 30-packs of silver cans that graced Four-Square in ages past, High Life has a distinctly more benign "cheap" flavor to it than does Red Dog, cannot get past the image of corroded auto parts, while images of felines are associated with more good memories than bad.



V.S.

After a thorough chilling, both brews were poured into identical glasses. Red Dog seemed a bit more golden (eyen, I suppose, "redder," if the brewery-subsidized poet insists), while the Miller could only be described as yellow. Both had minimal aroma, with the Miller having slightly more nostril-tickling properties.

Inside the mouth, Red Dog had the lighter body and a more prickly mouthfeel from carbonation, while the Miller felt a touch more solid and "creamier." The Red Dog had an odd, lingering metallic aftertaste, rather as though



It is my hope that in the weeks ahead I will be able to devote myself to the more "gourmet" end of the alcohol world. Nevertheless, I feel that I have rendered an important service to all who buy cheap beer that will end up stolen by other people. Until next time, I remain your sampler-at-large...

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# Losing A Friend

The Editors

Positions have been filled, duties reassigned, and new advisors found, but we have lost a friend. Professor James Chace stood so high above the rest that when we think back upon his life his absence brings with it such acute feelings of loss that our words, no matter how genuine, only exacerbate the pain which his death has caused. There is the rare sentence which, when written in his honor, does justice to the ideals for which he stood. If you find this to be lacking here, blame simply the poverty of our vocabulary and know as we do that this community has lost one of its most valued members. We feel that our words, now helpless to reach him, at whom we gazed with such reverence, would have elicited only a wry and humble smile accompanied by an admonishment for exaggeration of his deeds. James, who quoted *The Simpsons* to an interviewer from the BBC, calling the French, "cheese-eating surrender monkeys," may never have stood for such praise. Professor Chace died last week at the age of 72 in Paris.

Born the thirteenth of October 1931, Professor Chace graduated Harvard University magna cum laude and went on to be one of the most influential thinkers of foreign policy in the 20th century. During his career he wrote nine books and was working on his tenth, a biographical study of the Marquis de Lafayette, when he died in Paris on sabbatical leave. In 1990 he published his memoirs, *What We Had*, detailing his childhood and the loss of his family's position as New England elite. In addition he had edited, among others, *World Policy Journal* and the *New York Times Book Review*, staying true to his loves of politics and literature. Perhaps he was best known for his biography of Dean Acheson, a book which culminated Professor Chace's belief that, at the end of the day, the decisions made by nations are traceable to the people who make them. His book has led others in the foreign policy world to begin to think differently about the way in which history had hitherto been written.

Professor Chace's sudden death is a devastating loss to the Bard community. His commitment to his students prompted several to remark over the years that were it not for his encouragement, they may never have graduated. When we were disillusioned, Professor Chace provided inspiration. When we were frustrated, he was there to remind us that no task was insurmountable. He would tell us to look at the others who had accomplished the seemingly insurmountable tasks we faced. Coming from James, the knowledge that others no better than us had successfully traversed the intimidating path in front of us gave us the strength to succeed. For countless aspiring political studies majors, James provided a personal connection that made the process bearable. James was widely loved and universally admired; it truly is difficult to imagine Bard College without him.

He is survived by his companion, Joan Bingham, his daughters Rebecca, Sarah and Zoe, his two ex-wives, Jean Valentine and Susan Chace, his two grandchildren and by all who knew him.

## Eulogy for Chris Wise '92

Letter to the Editor

Dear Bard Observer,

Chris Wise '92 committed suicide recently at the end of a long period of depression and under the pressure of severe financial burdens due to student loans. At Bard, Chris was a Political Studies major and a leftist—an activist. He went on to study law and graduate from Georgetown Law School.

Chris had a warm heart and an exceptional mind and used his talents for the good of humanity. He was involved in Georgetown University's Pro-Choice campaign; he campaigned for marijuana legalization; and he was in the process of developing a campaign for environmental justice. He was a good friend and we loved to talk about politics and share our insights about an America that is clearly too conservative, and our hopes for a more liberal America. Above all, Chris craved the love of others, which is why he moved to Eugene, Oregon. Eugene is a place full of love.

Chris's death was the result of depression and financial burden, but his passing speaks of something much deeper and more venal in our American economic system. Chris was, like most activists, struggling most of his life to stay alive and do work that for the good of humanity. He rightly resisted going into mainstream law, realizing that it was selfish, greedy and often at odds with the good of humanity. Chris discovered, as many people do in the political left, that there are few jobs and opportunities for those with the best of intentions for humanity. Because of this reality Chris was positioned with no alternative—no way out... he could not fulfill his dreams of political activism under the pressure of his depression and financial burden in a climate that does not favor leftist ideas and goals. In the fog of his depression he saw no alternative and finally committed suicide.

Chris was a wonderful person, very smart and very warm hearted. He had the best of intentions and died precisely because our society generally does not support the efforts of truly good causes. The American economy is often at odds with the environment and the most vulnerable in society, not just here but worldwide. Chris died not from poor health or a lack of money, but from a lack of hope. In our society we must be humble enough to accept that some people have better ideas and visions than our own, dreams and visions that are good for society and the environment. As leftists, as humanitarians, as religious adherents, and simply as decent people we must support and promote those in society who wish the best for all of us. Chris wished that for us and we simply did not support him enough.

If you would like to express your support for the family please write to:

David and Joan Wise  
3434 Ashley Terrace NW  
Washington, DC 20008

Thank you. Seth Leonard '92

## the drab report

by Tom Mattos

In this fourth installment of the Drab Report I will offer some words that have gotten me through many long nights and helped me through my hardest of times. I've always struggled with the idea of writing in a public forum; of broadcasting my opinion to the masses in hopes that I will hear echoes and murmurs of agreement. But there is always the feeling—the distinct acid taste of fear—that I might be wrong, that I might not know everything I hope I do. Looking back over years of articles written for this newspaper—hundreds of pages of writing, some more memorable than others—many transport me right back to the moment they were written. One fills me with the angered passion that caused me to write it, one makes me cringe in embarrassment, and still another makes me laugh in my own face.

There are times when people do not appreciate what we spill in the Observer. I've criticized people I know and like openly and publicly. Often these situations end poorly. There are arguments, evil eyes in Kline, uncomfortable silences. Distrust. Unease. And I don't even like journalism.

Why do we do it? The money? There is none. CV? If I cared about that I'd run for student government. The thanks? The disappointed man speaks—"I listened for an echo and I heard only praise."

No, not quite. The words that have followed me were written by a young Goethe, spoken by the devil: "My pathos would be sure to make you laugh, / Were laughing not a habit you've unlearned. / Of suns and worlds I know nothing to say; / I see only how men live in dismay." Following the Devil's speech, the Lord replies: "Can you not speak to abuse? / Do you come only to accuse? / Does nothing on the seem right to you?" The devil's answer? "No, Lord. I find it still a rather sorry sight. / Man moves me to compassion, so wretched is his plight."

There are many things that we set out to accomplish at the Observer, and many of those original goals have been accomplished. There are goals that we have augmented, pushing the envelope further and further. Unfortunately, as it stands, I am unable to keep up with the level of seriousness that I helped to create, and rather than drag everyone and everything down with me, I'd rather quit while I am ahead and let some of the younger dogs on the staff take a chomp at Bard.

And yet when I think back to who I was when I started writing for the paper—the dimwitted drunken freshman scribbling notes at the budget forum—and walk through all of the memories I attribute to the Observer, many of them are not happy memories. They are memories of hard work, of strife, of sacrifice, of arguments. Memories of endless typos (which none of you ever let us forget). Memories of a piece of shit printer that never worked. Memories of occasionally working close alongside people I didn't particularly like. Or that article about Marty Reisinger.

But there's a triumph in knowing that when you slice open that ream of newspapers in Kline—and you're about to either get patted on the back or tossed onto the floor—that when you handle that knife that you are one of a few people whose hands are shaking, that you are one of few people around you who are invested and interested enough in what's going on around them to say something about it. There is that triumph—wrong or right, I took a stand. That's a good habit for a young man to get used to.

Make no mistake: there is a drum beat off in the distance. Are we to place our feet on the down beats and step forward on the ups? Are we to lay down, refusing to move? Or are we to frag the nearest lieutenant and take control of ourselves? I've done as much as I'm willing. There will be more articles, yes, but it's time for new people to step up and take control. Ethan and Henry will surely be there, but will you? Will you?

The Drab Report has, for the last two years, been a running diary of all of my personal takes on everything that has happened at Bard that made me turn my head. They've ranged from meditations on violence, to exaggerated links between Internet porn and registration day, to my Mom sucking a gerbil up in a vacuum. There was a description of a bat getting crushed by a tennis racket. The Drab Report will continue until I graduate—I can't bring myself to let it go, but the rest of my responsibilities at the Observer will be seriously curtailed. To everyone who reads my column, my sincerest thanks. You've put up with a lot. And (I'll restrain myself from my normal begging) I wish to extend the invitation to anyone who has ever thought of writing—try it. This is a great place to practice, and a great place to learn.

It's time to hook some chains to this heaping burnt-out hulk to lumber back to the garage. It's time to rearm, refit, refuel, rework and reread. For very soon the bell will once again ring, and I have no choice but to come out swinging.

So farewell my friends—farewell; farewell.

the 21 days

by Robinson David Martinez

The New Emporia

A second Bush term wouldn't be the end of the world

Matt Rozsa

Last semester I cheated on my now ex-girlfriend. We were going through hard times, and communication became a stagnant puddle. I was withdrawn and distant, trying to find solace somewhere else. She was scared and desperate, trying to find solace within me.

Sometimes I look at the pictures of our first trip together to New York City. Everything was so exciting: her smile; running to catch the subway; her glances; even moments of awkward silence while waiting. We lunched at a Brazilian restaurant. It was raining and cold. We crossed the Brooklyn Bridge hand in hand. My shoes were wet; my socks were damp—and I hate when my shoes and socks are cold and damp. But I loved it. I loved crossing the bridge with her, pausing to take pictures of her. Each time the flash went off, I tried to capture her warmth and the soft candle of her eyes. We dined at a Mediterranean restaurant that night. There were no lamps, no light bulbs. The only light came from dozens of candles, placed on tables, ledges and counters. We ordered a dish, which consisted of two plump artichokes. I have heard that the Chinese say that hunger is the best condiment. But sometimes I think company is the better. When I think of that trip, I can taste the artichokes, smell them; I can feel a slice on my palate; and I can feel the olive oil on my fingers. Even though they now come just from memory, they still taste as good.

When I remember this night; when I remember our fights; when we tickled each other and when we cooked together; when we drank our tea in the morning; when we brushed our teeth at the same time, I ask myself, how does something so beautiful come to an end so abruptly? It's as if it were an unexpected breeze, felt and gone, in a windless day.

When do we shift from lust to indifference, from a smile to a punch on the wall, to tears, to resentment? Next time, I hope to wear glasses with thick lenses, so I can see the repercussions of acting without reflecting. Then again, you cannot thwart all mistakes and errors, though you can learn to not make the same ones over and over. I hope that I will never again inflict the only woman I love with so much pain.

Even though we fought and argued, fought and argued, thanks to this I learned a lot about myself, especially my flaws. Never before have I been more intimate with my faults.

Looking over the photos from that trip, I am drawn to one of her sleeping on the train. Why do you feel the most love for someone when they are asleep? Even now that things are over, I have to say that I can't help but still feel an incredible magnetism for her. She is the only woman for whom I've felt a gravitational pull. Even now, with all her flaws, all her beauty, all that we've been through, I still feel her on my skin as I did the first time I saw her riding her bike past me, like a breeze.

As anybody at Bard College with an ear for politics has heard by now, I not only predict that John Kerry is going to win this election, I think he's going to win big. My prognosis includes not only the projected sweep of New England, the Northeast, and the Pacific Coast (Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, D.C., California, Oregon, Washington, and Hawaii) — which would bring the second JFK to a total of 173 electoral votes — but also comfortable victories in the swing states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, New Mexico, and Nevada. That, if my calculations are correct, would bring the distinguished Senator to a grand total of 289 electoral votes, a tally attributable in large part to the turnout of blue collar and Middle American voters who have been negatively impacted by Bush's economic policies, as well as to the resurgence of a liberal coalition that has not been able to tout such a united front against a hated foe since Lyndon Johnson put an atomic cloud over the head of Barry Goldwater. Given that a presidential candidate needs only 270 electoral votes in order to find himself at an inaugural ball on January 20th of the year next, whether the Bush campaign is able to steal Florida again — and all signs point towards this happening — becomes, for better or worse, inconsequential.

Having said this, I do not deny that my forecast, however sunny, is just that. Political weathermen can take into account every factor available — economic turbulence, social climate, ideological precipitation — and still find that a hurricane comes in off the coast and brushes all of their data and statistical indices by the wayside. One possible tropical storm is the third presidential debate. While I doubt, save some extreme faux pas on the part of either candidate, that this forensic exhibition will do anything more than solidify the impressions garnered from the first two, I nevertheless recognize that as this editorial is being written, that debate has not taken place, and it would thus be foolish for me to dismiss any possible ramifications it might have on the impending contest. Another potential twister might come in the form of the much-dreaded "October Surprise", such as suddenly finding Osama bin Laden or discovering that President Bush could pronounce "strategy" all along.

At the end of the day, though, all pundits — meteorological and political — recognize that, no matter how vast the quantity of empirical evidence might be, the unforeseeable can always debunk even the most meticulous calculations. As a consequence, our optimism must be tempered by an acknowledgement that the worst is always possible, and just like any responsible weatherman will tell you how to prepare for a blizzard if the chances of such an occurrence seem reasonable, it is likewise the obligation of any commentator worth his salt to comment on how to deal with a likely-if-unhappy scenario. That is why I have constructed this guide to "Life Under Bush".

First, we must look at the domestic repercussions of a Bush victory. His opponents always assume that the Administration has omnipotent powers which, with a mere flick of the wrist, can make all of a leftist's worst nightmares come true. The fact of the matter is that no Bush mandate, regardless of its plausible magnitude, can compensate for a hostile Congress. The same Democrats who are now routinely roasted for serving as Bush's lapdogs in the year after the World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks are not anxious to reprise that role in the next term. This will be especially true if Tom Daschle is deposed by John Thune in the South Dakota Senate race, thereby forcing the Democrats to come up with a new Senate Leader, preferably a man with star power (Ted Kennedy), parliamentary prowess (Chuck Schumer), or ideological chutzpah (Russ Feingold). As for the House, the leadership of Nancy Pelosi, while hardly spectacular, has certainly been effective enough at steering the party away from the moderate agenda embraced by many of her predecessors. In short, unless the Republicans make substantial inroads into both houses of Congress in 2004 — a prospect which is highly unlikely — President Bush will have a hard time getting any of his legislative proposals through the 109th Congress, which would make radical change in social and economic policy incredibly difficult if not downright impossible. His only real hope of influencing in any significant sense the domestic affairs of this country would be if a Supreme Court Justice either died or retired, and while it seems likely that Bush might try to maneuver Antonin Scalia or Clarence Thomas into the seat of Chief Justice, I am dubious as to whether he will be able to appoint a new, far right judge without a fight so brutal that any victory would be Pyrrhic. Then there are those who assert that a second Bush

term would see greater change on the homefront than the first because the President will no longer have to seek reelection, and thus would have little to restrain him from ramming down his conservative agenda. The major fallacy to this argument is that it assumes that the Republican National Committee would allow the man to sacrifice the future of the GOP for irrational power grabbing. Bush might not have a vested interest in what happens to the White House after 2008, but the Republican party sure does, and if Bush has any hope of getting his agenda put forward, he needs a united front within his own base. If he starts to make dangerous decisions that alienate the public and threaten the candidacies of Republican candidates in 2006 and the years thereafter, one can guarantee that the Republican base will start to jump ship, leaving Bush in the same situation in which Richard Nixon found himself after Watergate. What's more, under this assertion, one would assume that every American president would begin to flower under his second term, and yet history has shown that all of the modern two-term Presidents — Truman, Eisenhower, Johnson, Nixon, Reagan, and Clinton — began to decline during their final four years. I see no reason to assume why, on the domestic front at least, Bush would be any different.

Foreign policy is a bit touchier. While it is inaccurate to assume that Bush is solely responsible for the revulsion with which America is held throughout the world, it is fair to say that he has greatly exacerbated whatever previous anti-American sentiment had already existed. Thus removing President Bush from power in 2004 would undoubtedly help regain some ground in the geopolitical arena, since we can always claim that we never elected him in 2000, and summarily rejected him as soon as we saw what he had done. That opportunity will be removed as soon as the world sees America embrace the international philosophy of the Bush Administration by reelecting him, and the effects of such an event could be quite long-term.

Beyond this, of course, there is the fact that Bush has thus far succeeded in toppling only one of the three nations in the quintessential "Axis of Evil", and would likely devote the foreign policy efforts of a second term toward the removal of the other two (Iran and North Korea). The stronger effort put out by domestic opposition might make it more difficult for Bush to rally support against those two countries as he did with Iraq, but recent American history has shown that liberals have a much harder time stomaching positions that might lead to that old canard about their "lack of patriotism" than they do accepting such terms as "bleeding heart". One needs only look at the rhetoric of the Kerry campaign to see that the left is far quicker to attack Bush on grounds where they know they have popular support than they are in fields where public approval is shakier. Ergo I could foresee a situation where a second Bush term could lead to more preemptive wars. That said, I do not believe that this would ultimately devolve into an all-out nuclear extravaganza, as many self-appointed soothsayers like to claim.

To assume so relies on a premise that is fundamentally flawed — that the opposition of other countries to American foreign policy is vehement enough that they would be willing to sacrifice the lives of their own countrymen in order to protest it. The fact remains that none of the major nuclear powers hold such a conviction, and as for terrorist groups that may have nuclear weapons, I am firmly convinced that the pragmatic ones — who attack our country only when they feel that it will provoke a retaliation which will increase their recruiting rates — will have no reason to further bait a dragon that has already stuck itself on the sword, whereas the more zealous terrorists would attack our country regardless of anything we do abroad.

This editorial is by no means an attempt on my part to minimize the threat posed by a second Bush term. Obviously the nation would be a lot better off with John Kerry in the White House than with George Bush, and it is abundantly clear even from the arguments I have put forth in this article that another four years of President Bush would have a negative impact on this country. However, the message I am trying to convey here is that a two-term Bush tenure will not herald the apocalypse. Our nation has endured, and can continue to overcome, much worse. Someday the name of George Walker Bush will sink into the annals of history, and at that point it will be the job of the chroniclers of the past to pass judgment on his legacy. For right now, we must bear in mind that — while warmer climes are obviously preferable to a blizzard — even the worst snowstorm will someday end, and then melt.

Someday the name of George Walker Bush will sink into the annals of history, and at that point it will be the job of the chroniclers of the past to pass judgment on his legacy. For right now, we must bear in mind that — while warmer climes are obviously preferable to a blizzard — even the worst snowstorm will someday end, and then melt.

# The Need for a Draft

## A Revisited Opinion

By Len Gutkin

Several weeks ago I wrote an editorial for the Observer calling for a universal military draft for all Americans of a certain age. In response to the significant degree of criticism I have received for this position, I'd like to take the time to fully elaborate and articulate precisely why, especially at this juncture in history, a draft for all strikes me as so extremely necessary.

I assume as a first principle that all who accept the social contract which makes American-style democracy possible acknowledge the need for a capable and effective military. This does not mean that I do not agree that the American government has for a long time spent far too vast a sum of money on its military. It has. Nor was I in favor of many of the better-known military actions of recent decades, up to and including the airstrikes on Afghanistan that followed 9/11, in which, as is well known, more civilians perished than in the fall of the Twin Towers. (Whether or not the blow to Islamofascism ultimately justified the civilian casualties in Afghanistan is an extremely complicated question that cannot be treated here; suffice it to say that intuitively I resist the moral equation that permits the murder of innocents in the hopes of theoretical future benefits). What I am trying to express is that, contrary to the positions of some of Bard's more extreme campus leftists, one can admit the necessity of a powerful standing army without falling unthinkingly into an invariably pro-military stance.

So: we need a military, but of whom will it consist? A volunteer army has the advantage of creating the illusion of freedom. If you want to be in the army, you can; if not, not. By this view, the job of the soldier is more or less analogous to any other job: certainly the government cannot force it upon you, just as it cannot force a career as a B&G worker, Chartwell's chef, or college professor, but if one has the requisite skills, then by all means one may apply.

As anyone who considers the question for half a moment will admit, however, the job of the soldier occupies a space in society quite different from that of the B&G worker or college professor. Soldiers enter into a contract of submission and regimentation which cannot be found in most vocations. During their period of contractual service they have no escape, unless they are willing to suffer potentially devastating official sanctions. And should war

break out, it is their job to kill. With killing comes the chance of being killed. Soldiers therefore suffer a degree of inconvenience so extreme that to introduce it theoretically into other occupations produces a surreal, and comic, effect. If a B&G worker feels incapable of meeting the physical requirements of his job, he may quit and look for alternate employment. If an English professor fails to publish he will not, in fact, literally perish; he may simply find himself without tenure and searching for a faculty position at a community college. "Normal" work in twenty-first century America does not tend to bring with it either extremes of discipline and submission or a constant existential engagement with murder and death.

Not so, obviously, with a career in the military. The volunteer system is wrong, chiefly because it absolutely exploits the rural and urban poor, who, lacking other viable means of employment, or requiring money from the government for higher education, turn to it in order to gain access to avenues of success denied them by circumstance. Through their predominant position in the military, the poor are subjected to a dirty, difficult, and necessary job that no one else wants. The government in effect bribes the lower class into assuming the role of the soldier. In return, it grants valuable career training and college funds. That this system is profoundly unjust should be apparent to all.

Therefore all Americans for a certain period of their youth must be eligible for involuntary military service. Service in the army is a duty that must be shared. This does not mean that all Americans will in fact be drafted—I doubt that the government requires so huge an army, or that it could afford it. However, the possibility of being drafted must be equally present for all, with no exceptions made for college or graduate work.

The resulting class-stratification of the military would have an incredibly positive effect on American foreign policy. The powers that run the country—the conglomerate of corporate interests and policy-makers who determine American action abroad—do not currently have children in the army. Their children, if they are of army age, are in college. College students are therefore directly linked to the power structure in a way that the rural and urban poor who currently constitute the military are not. Thus the risks

incurred by soldiers would assume, if the military were class-stratified, direct and severe consequences for the men who are at present so eager to release the dogs of war.

It should now be obvious why a class-blind draft becomes so necessary in this period of unjust, lunatic, imperialist war. If policy is to change, the power-structure must be rendered vulnerable by the threat war imposes on its own darling children. From this angle at least, the rapidly increasing possibility of a draft for the Iraq war can be viewed as a major vehicle for social justice.

But there is another reason why the possibility of a draft right now, as the situation in

Iraq worsens, seems so appealing, a reason I touched on in my earlier Observer editorial on this topic: the desperate need for the radicalization of the more privileged sector of American youth. Forced service, the reality of killing and dying in a foreign land, will spark a necessary fire in the hearts and minds of American students, who are at present so swathed in privilege and entitlement that the very notion of military service seems, rather than undesirable, simply unreal to them. This signifies a curious failure of the imagination. Even with a media as cowardly as ours, images of military life and of the faces of the newly dead are ubiquitous and unavoidable. Acts and movements of revolutionary rage are not often associated with a class as privileged as that to which many American college students belong, but one must not underestimate the degree to which entitlement, the mechanism of perpetual privilege that blinds one to the realities of (among other things) military life, creates in the entitled an explosive point of resistance. And when this point of resistance is probed, provoked, punctured, American students will respond with fury: first, that they are being called to a service they have always understood, instinctively and unthinkingly, as beneath them; then fury at the harshness of the reality they will discover this service entails; and finally, fury at the government that against all reason, in spite of great global resistance, lied its way into a corrupt and disastrous war.

# Art Is A Right, Not A Privilege

By Elizabeth Daly

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A new fee has been imposed upon students who wish to take a film class this semester. According to the most recent course catalogue, "there will be a charge of one hundred dollars for students taking one or more film classes." This fee is not without precedent. Both the art and photography departments already have fees in place. The art department charges "seventy five dollars per semester for enrollment in one or more art classes" while the photography department charges a one hundred and thirty-dollar lab fee which is not listed in the catalogue. In addition to paying these fees, photo students must pay for paper, a camera, developer and film. Nick Albertson, a junior in the photo department, estimates that a student wishing to take an intro to photography class is expected to have spent at least five hundred dollars on supplies (including camera) and Professor Shore concurs. Studio Arts students are given materials for certain classes such as sculpture, and are offered discounts on paper in return for their art fee, however they are usually expected to invest more than the seventy five dollar fee. When there is no formal financial aid in place, one may feel awkward asking for assistance and may instead avoid the department all together.

While it is expected that all students will have to spend money on books and supplies for classes, to place the burden of additional fees on students who already must spend more money per class on materials is

extremely restrictive. Stephen Shore holds meetings with perspective photography students where he explains the fees to them, "I meet with students so they know what to expect," Shore says. This past year all students wishing to take a photography class after meeting with Shore have been able to enroll.

The photo department is one of the most popular departments at Bard. Since there is such a large demand for photo classes, the fee serves to weed people out, creating photo classes made up of students who can afford to pay the extra money, or creating a hardship for those without the funds. "A large percentage of our students are on financial aid. We have a great diversity of students and our classes are always full," Shore replies. When I ask Shore what he thinks about possibly calculating financial aid based upon major, he replies that literature majors "wouldn't want to have to subsidize photo classes that they may never take." He reminds me that most colleges have lab fees and I remind him that tuition is based upon income, there is no flat tax. Shore finds lab fees to be perfectly fair: you get what you pay for. But Brudvig asks: "are students avoiding these classes because they can't come up with the money? That would be against our philosophy." Brudvig believes there is a need for change but says he doesn't "know how to make the playing field level."

Why are these fees only found in the art departments? Does it cost any more money to run a darkroom

than it does to run a science lab? Is it the case that the art departments are allocated less money? According to Brudvig, all departments write budgets and are generally allocated the amount of money they request. The photo department, due to its notoriety, is even able to attract private donors. Thanks to private donations, Shore is able to offer large scholarships to one junior and one sophomore in the department. However, the students who do not receive this scholarship may find themselves working at Bard has created an environment in which certain classes are more likely to be made up of one socioeconomic class. According to Academic Dean Michele Dominy, "It is not Bard's intention to exclude anyone from certain classes." In an ideal world, the art tax would not exist. The poorer kids would not be relegated to video as opposed to film. Senior projects would all cost the same amount of money and manna would rain from heaven. Offering financial aid for arts majors is small in the grand scheme of things, however if diversity and equality are what Bard College values, this would be a step in the right direction.

While other schools may have a similar art tax, we should not compare Bard with lesser institutions. We should strive to be better than schools that operate under the archaic assumption that all students at private colleges come from similar financial backgrounds. We should strive to be better than schools that view art as a privilege rather than a right.

## the bootleg "Guy@KLINE"

## Why Does Guy at Kline Suck So Much?



Because it's a big, stupid hassle.

Alex Rodriguez slapped him

Henry Casey Needs to Cut his Hair

People Give Stupid Answers

The Observer thinks of Stupid Questions

My Picture is Awful.



# He's Nothin' but a Flap, Flipping

And Thus the Observer Finally Becomes a "Fair and Balanced" News Organization

Alex Weinstein

In less than three weeks Americans will go to the polls to elect a president. The race itself arguably began the day Bush took office, for millions of incensed Democrats felt cheated over the Supreme Court's decision. Nevertheless, as a political observer, albeit biased, one cannot blindly vote for Kerry out of anger, for doing so overlooks many of his glaring flaws.

Senator Kerry has altered his position on Iraq far too much. Before the war began he offered his support on the Senate floor, and in numerous television interviews.

"If Saddam Hussein is unwilling to bend to the international community's already existing order, then he will have invited enforcement ..." (Sen. John Kerry, Op-Ed, "We Still Have A Choice On Iraq," The New York Times, 9/6/02)

Three weeks after his op-ed, the senator voted for the use of force in Iraq; however, as the war began to lose support within the democratic ranks a problem began to immerge for the ambitious senator. The activists who fanatically fought against the war found a home in the campaign of Howard Dean, and as Democrats felt they had an issue to unseat the President they gravitated to the unwavering anti-war candidate. As many of you remember, Mr. Dean's popularity was so large there was serious talk of him winning the Democratic nomination. To counteract his popularity John Kerry decided his own political stance was malleable, and reinvented himself as an anti-war candidate.

"Do you think you belong to that category of candidates who more or less are unhappy with this war, the way it's been fought, along with General Clark, along with Howard Dean and not necessarily in companionship politically on the issue of the war with people like Lieberman, Edwards and Gephardt? Are you one of the anti-war candidates?" SEN. JOHN KERRY: "I am - Yes, in the sense that I don't believe the president took us to war as he should have, yes, absolutely." (MSNBC's "Hardball," 1/6/04)

Let's fast forward to the past three months. Mr. Kerry has again had to alter his position because he mis-

calculated how Americans would respond, for he seemingly became wrapped up in the misplaced notion that a modern President can be anti-war in the midst of a war. I applaud Mr. Dean's ability to speak against the masses, but his utility evaporated once troops crossed into Iraq. Watching the debates Mr. Kerry appears to remain anti-war, but is willing to support action under a different set of operating procedures. However, this tactic is meant to attract the moderates who abhor the notion of America pulling troops without victory, but in remarks made outside the debate one sees a different side to his views.

"Democratic presidential nominee John Kerry on Monday called the invasion of Iraq 'the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time' and said his goal was to withdraw U.S. troops in a first White House term." (Patricia Wilson, "Kerry On Iraq: 'Wrong War, Wrong Place, Wrong Time'," Reuters, 9/6/04)

Clearly, the senator is playing a shell game with debate audiences. One is either for something or against something, and regardless of your views on Bush; at least his views can be pinned down. Bush's un-vacillation nature is far more in touch with how the real world operates. Imagine working for a company and having the responsibility of choosing a supplier. There is no way on earth a boss would tolerate 3 let along 9 different positions, and if you don't believe me, try it out in ten years and tell me how it goes. Unfortunately one is sometimes asked to make a choice and live with it. America, like a company, requires a leader who can make decisions regardless of the changing political winds.

What I am about to write may be so shocking and taboo that I fully expect to have my car re-vandalized. In the first two debates Mr. Kerry highlighted the growing number of U.S. combat deaths, and used it as a weapon to criticize the way in which the President has run the war. The loss of 1000 soldiers is not a justifiable reason to question the President's stewardship. The reason is simple: In comparison to past U.S. wars, we have suffered an incredibly low number of casualties. The Revolutionary War saw 26,000 lost, World War 2 saw over 300,000 lost, and Vietnam was responsible for 56,000 combat deaths. In fact, in a training exercise for D-Day numerous boats cap-

sized killing 2,000 men in a single day. If today's activists and Democratic politicians existed then, Roosevelt would have been unable to win the war. Yet I am not someone who views death abstractly, for every soldier lost is a tragedy. However, to win a war one must be able to withstand the loss of live for the sake of victory. Mr. Kerry and his army of Democratic emissaries are only weakening the public's resolve for war, and while their chief objective is to weaken the President, they are encroaching onto territory better left untouched.

Senator Kerry has a myopic and distorted view of the forces arrayed against us. Repeatedly the Senator tells audiences he will hunt down terrorists and kill them, but I have yet to hear him say he will aggressively counteract states who sponsor these psychotic groups. First, let me draw an analogy. If a drug dealer in Red Hook is busted for selling coke, one could never argue this would prevent future drug sales. Unless the source of the cocaine is eradicated, the drug will continue to find its way to America. The President has, on the other hand, understands that finding individual terrorists is important, but the key to success is confronting Syria and Iran, for they are largely responsible for funding terror today. I have seen no evidence that Mr. Kerry would sanction a military response to stop state sponsorship. How do I know that even given the perfect political environment the Senator is naturally squeamish about war? Look back to the First Gulf War, and even with a massive coalition on board, the Senator voted no. If he was unwilling to fight a textbook military conflict against another land based army, there is no way on earth he could muster the backbone to fight a country out-sourcing its warfare to subcontractors, in this case Al-Quida and Hezbollah. Once again, even though many of you would (wrongly) prefer a beanie baby as commander in chief, the mere fact that Bush is willing to tackle these threats is something beyond reproach. Postponing military conflict until conflict erupts on our shores is tantamount to delaying chemotherapy until organ failure. Democrats must shed their illogical aversion to Bush's terrorist policies, and instead, begin to fear John Kerry for supporting the postponement of the inevitable.

# Letter to the Editor

The Politics of Continuation by other Means

By Jack A. Smith

The war in Iraq is the most important issue that confronts the American people during the presidential elections. The war will continue, however, no matter who wins in November, even as the guerrilla resistance is increasing and antipathy to the U.S. is spreading throughout Iraq, the Middle East and the world as a consequence of the invasion.

Both President George W. Bush and challenger Sen. John F. Kerry are committed to prevailing over the Iraqi national resistance and to transforming this country and its oil wealth into a de facto U.S. dominion. Reality has obliged the Bush administration to relinquish certain grandiose war objectives, but the core goals of dominating the Baghdad government and occupying Iraq militarily for many years to come remain intact - for Bush and Kerry.

The Democratic candidate supports the war but has excoriated his opponent for "conducting the wrong war at the wrong time." He has accused Bush of dissembling about the causes of the invasion, for bungling the occupation, and for neglecting the fight against Al-Qaeda in order to remove Saddam Hussein from power.

Many of Kerry accusations are correct. It has recently been proven - as the peace movement has suggested for years - Iraq destroyed the last of its weapons of mass destruction (WMD) in 1996, and there was no connection between Baghdad and 9/11. Further (though neither candidate mentions it), UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan has pronounced the invasion illegal in international law, which makes the U.S. the principal world lawbreaker. Also, the invasion cannot be justified in moral principle because the two key ingredients for defining a "just war" were violated (i.e., Bush did not launch hostilities as a "last resort" or in response to an "imminent danger").

Despite the illegal, unjust and deceptive nature of the war, however, both the Republican and Democratic parties agree not only about continuing the war but about what must be done to prevail.

First of all, both agree it is essential to intensify the fighting and to occupy Iraq for "as long as it takes," which according to Republican Sen. John McCain could last 10 to 20 years. Both seek more international support in money and troops from important allies who have wise-

ly disdained the entire adventure. Both hope to create and control an Iraqi security force capable of reducing the GI death toll and serving America's interests in succeeding years. And both favor "free" elections that undoubtedly will propel to office politicians subservient to Washington's whims.

Interestingly, while they agree on continuing the war, each does so for different reasons. Bush argues that the war was justified, despite the absence of WMD or an Al-Qaeda connection, because "The U.S. and the world are safer and better off without Saddam Hussein in power." Kerry argues that although the U.S. should not have invaded when it did, "We must stay in Iraq until the job is finished." We'll examine both arguments.

Is the world "safer" with former President Hussein in prison? Let's remember that before the invasion, Iraq was crippled following the 1991 war and 13 years of U.S.-led economic sanctions that the UN says took the lives of over a million Iraqis, including 500,000 children. The Iraqi army contained one-third the number of troops it fielded in 1991. It was very poorly equipped and not even capable of home defense - as the Pentagon well knew. Baghdad possessed no weapons of mass destruction. Political and ideological relations between Hussein and Osama bin-Laden were sharply antagonistic, and it is absurd to suggest, as Bush does, that the Iraqi leader would supply the Al-Qaeda with WMD. Iraq was simply in no position to make any country "unsafe," much less history's most powerful military state.

On the other hand, the war has cost U.S. taxpayers up to \$200 billion, in addition to the annual Pentagon budget, and the price will rise. Over 1,000 soldiers and marines have been killed and many thousands have experienced terrible wounds, and the tally will increase. The estimated death toll of Iraqi civilians has been exceptionally high - up to 30,000 men, women and children, according to the Associated Press. Al-Qaeda, which was banned under the previous regime, has now entered Iraq, at least in small number. Iraq under Hussein's Ba'athist Party was dedicated to secularism, while it soon may be governed by a religious Islamic regime. The status of Iraq's women,

who enjoyed relative equality under the previous regime, has been lowered.

Regarding Kerry, why must "we" stay until the "job" is finished? Does Kerry fear that "premature" withdrawal will humiliate the mighty United States? Frankly, the U.S. already has been humiliated by the exposure of Bush's cynical lies to justify a war of aggression, by his administration's ineptitude, and by the extraordinary resistance waged by the Iraqi people. Withdrawal and generosity toward a truly independent new Iraq would not result in humiliation but the restoration of some credibility to Washington.

Or must "we" stay for the "good of the Iraqi people," as some apologists suggest, because chaos will ensue if the army of occupation is withdrawn? Chaos already has ensued. Yes, there could be a civil war, and political dislocation, and attempted secessions, and the defeat of secularism - all of which are possible with or without the army of occupation, following Bush's decision to convert Iraq into a "democratic" neocolony by violent means.

The real reason "we" must stay because America's mission is to rule the world, and to "change" regimes, and "reorganize" societies, and destroy "failed states" which do not meet with Washington's lordly approval? This is the rationale of militarism and imperialism.

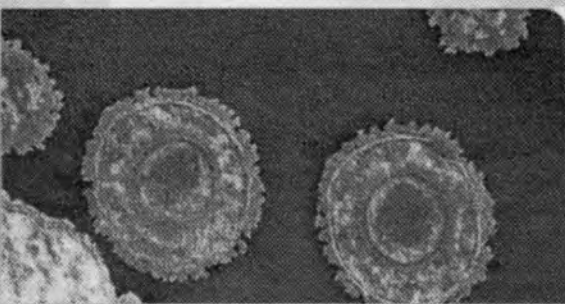
Regardless of who takes the presidential oath in January, the U.S. appears committed to an illegal, unjust war that will drain America's treasury and lives while alienating world opinion for many years to come. Evidently, this is considered a small price to pay for control of the world's second largest reserves of petroleum and the establishment of a huge military presence in the Middle East that will become a stepping stone for further brutal adventures in the region.

It seems to me that an immediate end to the war and withdrawal of troops is not only principled and moral, but much more in the genuine interests of the American people than the military pursuit of political and economic hegemony throughout the world.

observer

# When the Sperm Meets the Egg

OK, I have a question for the Observer sex column. Is oral herpes transferable to genital herpes? I have an oral herpes sore and thought maybe if I'm not careful I might spread it elsewhere - is this ludicrous or should I quarantine my hands if they ever touch my face, etc? Thanks



Dear Sex Column,  
How do girls feel about ball licking?

I am not the authority on every girl's thoughts on this issue and I don't have the absence of self, but if you have good communication with your partner, I don't see why it would be a problem coming across her feelings about it. Personally, I've always thought this act was reserved for dogs—and even then they're licking their own balls. Too bad your tongue can't reach that far. It's like any other act of intimacy, or not, depending on the seriousness or non-seriousness of a relationship—people do what they're comfortable with and make sure the other person is comfortable too (ideally).

Here are the facts on herpes. Oral herpes is an extremely common disease caused by infection of the mouth area with herpes simplex virus, most often type 1. 90% of Americans are infected with the type 1 virus by the age of 20. For clarification, Herpes Virus Type 1 causes oral sores and sometimes genital sores through oral-genital contact. Herpes Virus Type 2 causes genital sores and if exposed to oral tissues may cause oral sores as well. The initial infection may cause no symptoms or mouth ulcers. The virus remains in the nerve tissue of the face. In some people, the virus reactivates and produces recurrent cold sores that are usually in the same area, but are not serious unless the person is immunocompromised. Recurrence may be triggered by menstruation, sun exposure, illness with fever, stress, or other unknown causes. Herpes viruses are contagious. Contact can occur directly, or through contact with infected razors, towels, dishes, etc. Again, oral/genital contact can spread oral herpes to the genitals (and vice versa), so people with active herpes lesions on or around their mouths or on their genitals should avoid oral sex. Unfortunately, both oral and genital herpes viruses can be transmitted even when the person does not have active lesions. Don't worry about transferring your oral herpes to genital herpes by yourself, but washing your hands often won't hurt a thing. Oh, interesting herpes fact: The leading cause of blindness in the U.S. is from herpes infection in the eye, as it bruises the cornea. So don't rub your eyes!

I thought we were being safe. He never said anything about oral herpes.



Dear Observer Advice Column,

How do I ask a girl on a date? If not a date, how do I get to know a PYT, aside from propositioning her at a drunken social event? I'm reasonably attractive, smart, and interesting, but I only hook-up with girls casually on weekends sometimes; this is a major dilemma for me.

Sincerely,  
Quietly Desperate

Wow, a guy at Bard who wants more than a hook up. How interesting. Well, there isn't a magic formula for starting a relationship, but talking to her is always a good start. Just sit down next to her and talk—but not how you're interested in her. Make sure to introduce yourself. And voila, you've made a friend. And if you want any future rendez-vous with this girl not to be the last, do not hook up with her randomly. And this is probably a major dilemma for you because you're shy and don't like starting conversations, but you can't just wait for your boat to come in, you have to swim out to it! Like say, "Hey, what does that thing on your necklace mean? I think I knew once, but I forgot." And it's a conversation. So don't be shy.

Eat Healthy, Eat Yourself!



send your **FUCKING**

questions to [gw876@bard.edu](mailto:gw876@bard.edu)

this is not intended to replace professional medical advice.



Peanut.



by Duncan Malashock

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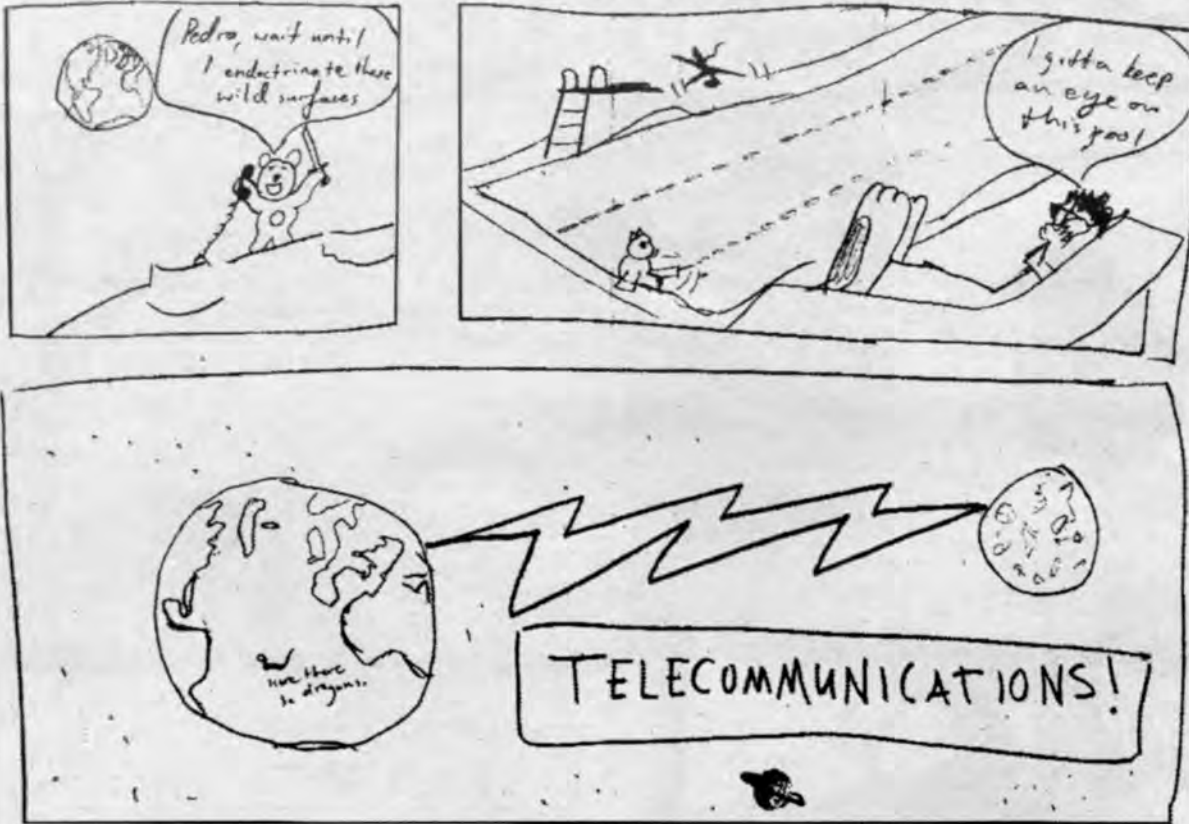
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**Special Thanks:** Professor Jonathan  
 Becker and President Leon Botstein.

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 It ain't safe no more.

## The Modern Age

by: Somebody who really sucks at making comix.



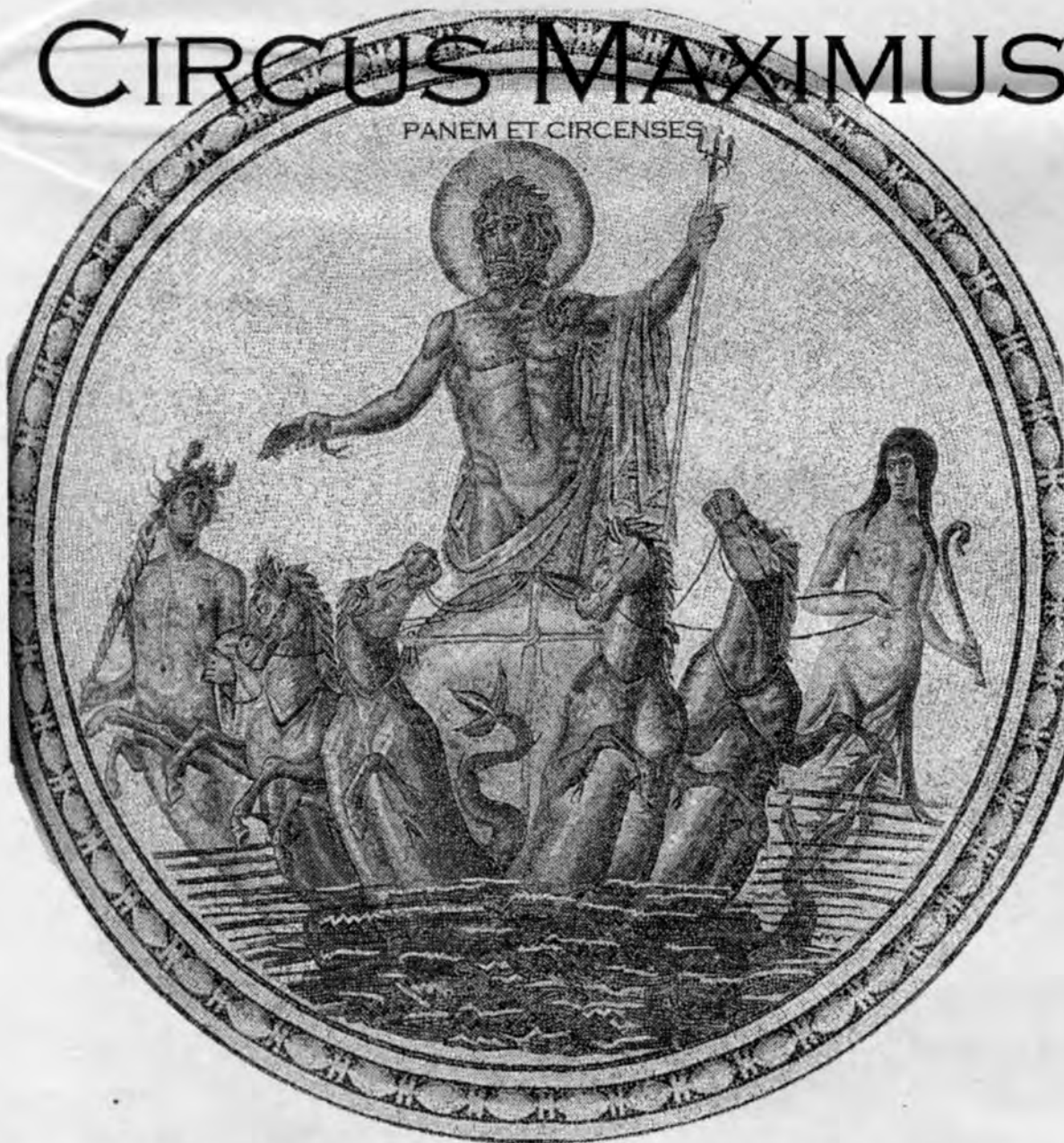
From the group that traveled 15 miles farther than the Bard Space Project

From the group that built a 20 foot sailing barge out of refuge, fiberglass, and epoxy

The BARDge Society presents...

# CIRCUS MAXIMUS

PANEM ET CIRCENSES



A no-holds-Bard design-your-own soap box chariot race around the campus. Open to all. Information Meeting Soon.

Watch for signs.

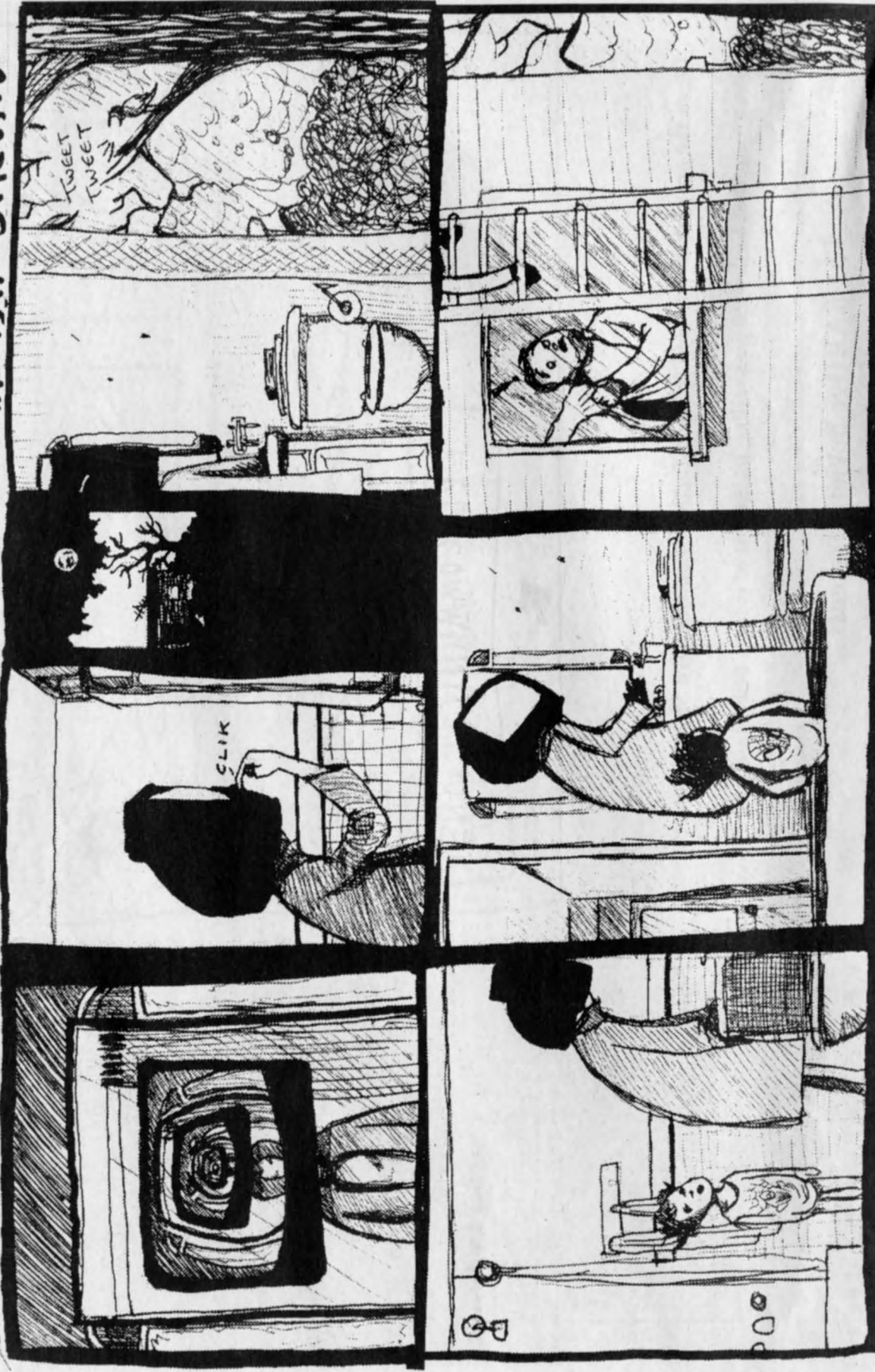
Contact Captain Dane Klingler  
 dk354@bard.edu

The BARDge Society



# STRIFE AFTER BARD

PART 2 of ∞  
HAMISH STRONG



# ★ FEVERDREAMING

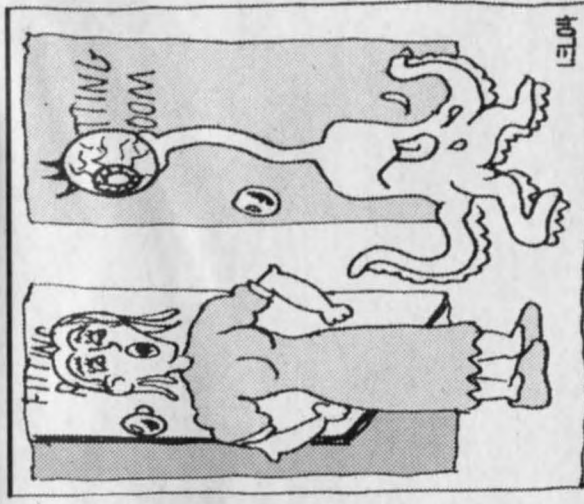
by Laurence E. Lauffer, Esq.



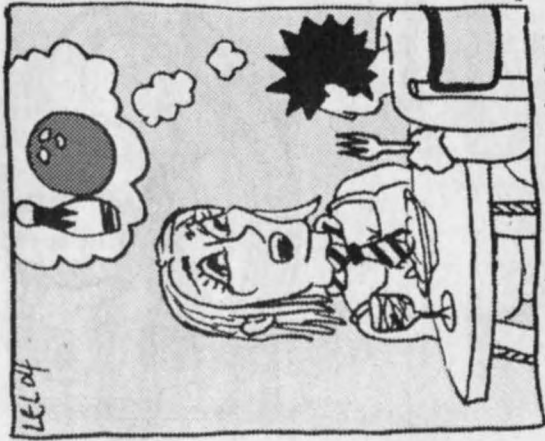
Your problem, WHITEY, is that you ain't got no spice in your life.



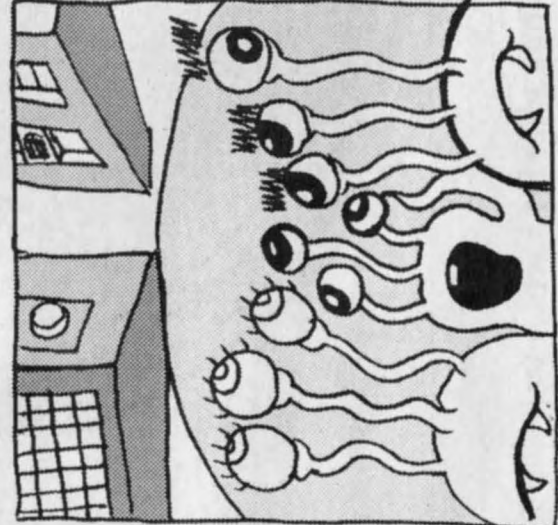
The war on Terrierism was about to begin...



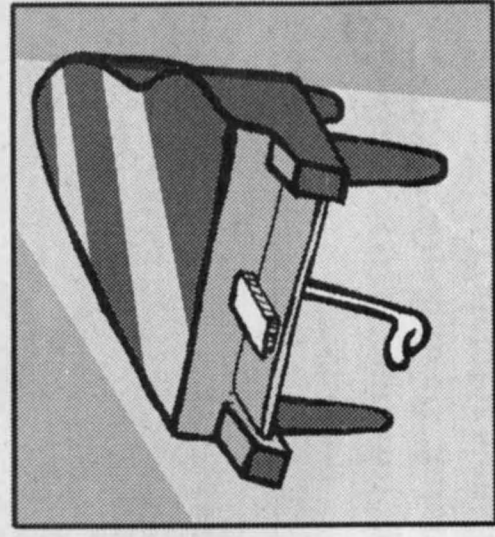
Stop undressing me with your eye and tell me if this dress fits!!



I thought you said this was a tie resaurant.. And, I'm the only person with a tie on!



MOM! Are we there yet? how many more light-years??



The 1st Piano. (by Dave Segal)