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SLC Campaigns Against Guess

by Jeff GiaQuinto

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

By evening, over 250 postcards had been sent to GUESS headquarters in Los Angeles (where many of the sweatshops are located). Information sheets were also given out which told of GUESS's firing of workers who had tried to organize, the closing down of factories in which organization was successful, and the ironic fact that GUESS won a Business Treasonable Award for the supposed success of its "self-monitoring," an award which has since been revoked. The sheets also contained a toll-free number that interested people could call to personally voice their concerns for GUESS's employees. SLC member Andrew Greenberg, who helped organize the event, remarked, "It went great. I think we really got the word out."

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

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

by Lilian Robinson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alumni Nostalgia Appeased by Art

by Meredith Yayanos

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

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

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

After fielding suggestions, they decided that a series of black and white vignette photographs on 18 x 24" posterboard was the way to go. The photographs feature various sites on campus, including Kline Commons, the library, the Old Gym, and Blithwood.

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

by Abigail Rosenberg

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

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

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

An important thing to know is that while latex condoms like Trojan, Sheik, and Lifestyles offer protection against the spread of HIV and pregnancy, they do not offer complete protection from other STDs like herpes. Who wants to know about herpes? While it's not something that people want to talk about, it is something that needs to be discussed. Of samples taken nationally, 70% of people have Type 1, which is the type that manifests itself on the mouth and lips and is commonly known as cold sores. Another 20% of sexually active people have Type 2, which occurs on the genitals. What people don't realize is that a carrier who has oral herpes can give it to someone genitally through oral sex. In fact, one-third of all women with genital herpes contract it this way. Having sores cultured by a health provider can tell you which strain of the virus you have. As with other STDs, trying to figure out who gave it to you can be frustrating. The incubation period can be from a matter of days to a matter of months. It can lay dormant in the body until the immune system is weak and allows for the first outbreak. Although it's the gift that keeps on giving because there is no cure, no one wants it. Usually starting with a tingling sensation on the genital area, it quickly turns into fluid-filled blister-type sores that are painful, especially during the first outbreak.

There are treatments for herpes such as Zovirax, a medication that can be taken orally or as an ointment, but the virus will remain dormant in the nerve endings. Whenever the immune system becomes run-down from stresses, exposure to sun, menstruation, physical trauma, etc., outbreaks can occur. This is when herpes is highly contagious.

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

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

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

by Meredith Yonnon

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

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

"We're bored." photo: Kee-Kee

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

Fellow editor Sere Devres nodded. "We're really genuinely interested in making this a substantial publication, as well as beautiful." Submitting is easy: send all text to Crout via campus mail with only a box number attached (anonymity for written works is important in keeping judgments unbiased) and hand all art over to Devres. Both editors urge students to coll them with any questions they may have regarding the submissions process.
Babies and Blister
continued from page 3

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

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

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

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

Jacques and The Twinkie

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

Notebook
by Kee-lee the Wonder Champ

“Kaska is laughing in his grave,” a student remarked, spotting out of the OU Library Center. As usual, Registration Day was disappointing,thankless and suffocating. More than 1,000 underclassmen were required to trek to 800 after sign-up sheets did not appear in their mailboxes. Reasons the cash were withheld ranged from unpaid library fines, neglected parking tickets, overcharged tuition payments, and general students of the campus who stepped on the carefully planned schedule. By 1 p.m., however, underclassmen and disinterested professors had transformed their visual images into colored pools of despair. One girl discovered an empty cake tin in the far stall of the OU Library, promptly believed the phrase, “They won’t let me take Kaska’s.” A few over and over again until somebody bought him.

An Art Opening in the Building that Used to Be Religion Hall Friday night showcased senior paintings and photographs that ranged from breathtaking to downright silly. The center piece was blessed by the presence of a gargantuan hand-etched Arta Deluxe cushion, upon which various and sundry drunks collapsed over the course of the evening. During the course of the exhibition, a 6 feet 2 inches tall girl stood up and said, “C’mon, I’m going to visit. Having strangled an ethernet, somewhat intimidating New York Vegetarian pillar, they stood awkwardly at the entrance, muttering to painted camerawork about how horrible it seemed to have to depart since they left. They have done this to me.”

Who have they done this to me?” yelled Sue Perconti, previously pounding the new Velcro-attached game. But Cut, Band’s favorite waschbrot is choosing a collective Made in the recent departure of the Magic trunk from OU and the current matriarch of its replacement. Nevertheless, the machine does have positive elements. It only costs a quarter, is equipped with a toss mechanism button who uses a spinning top will...
Digressions, Dentures, Drunks

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

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

Send your answers to:

Ringo!

c/o John Holowach

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

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

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

Topics!

C/O Chris Van Dyke

Box 513

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Emmet Was Here

by Lauren Feneu

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

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

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

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

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

continued on page 6

The Twinkie

World War II lasted four days...

Politicians had finally solved the problem of urban blight...

2024 AD

Once man has fallen back into the dark ages...

A new form of life arises from the ashes!

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

By Tom and Bob Hostess
Music Department
Professors
Admirable Faculties

by Meredith Yovanov

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

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

Seated at the Steinway grand, Tower commenced the first of three decided pastoral works, which consisted of Debussy's "Beau Soir," Saint-Saens's "Let Us Love Each Other," and Schubert's crunchy "The Song of the Muse." Burrow's resonant baritone coated easily from French to German in another cultured performance. (They also receive the "Most Resplendent Raient" award of the evening, both being dressed to the nines: Tower sporting a lovely purple silk blouse, Burrows in dignified tweed.)

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

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

The Wonderful World of Twinkies

* * *

In the beginning...No, long before that...

Was born a civilization with but one purpose.

The creation of Twinkies!!!

One true reason for existing.

* NOT DRAWN TO SCALE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beer.

by John Rosenthal

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

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

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

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

The World According to Twinkies

by The Captain & Taneal

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Disclaimer: We just generally apologize for the poor taste of this strip.
Tower of Power
continued from page 6

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

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

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

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

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

Kranky Makes Hunt Happy
Jessamine, The Long Arm of Coincidence and
Labrador, Labrador.
Available on Kranky, P.O. Box 578743 Chicago, IL 60657.

by Joel Hunt

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CAPRICORNS are at their best this month in work situations. This is a time when you can sell anybody on your ideas. Mercury is parked in Capricorn till January, suggesting that you'll be the life of the party. A new moon in your sign on the 15th warns you not to let the past interfere with the present.

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

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

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

TAURUS A powerful figure from your past is about to reappear. Ignore him/her! You'll feel the strong attachment to what you love can lead you to make the same mistake twice. You're flirter than usual this month, so don't hold yourself back. The planets say that this is a great moneymoon making month for you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beyond Twinkedkeme

By I. Master & U. Blaster

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

by Diana Oehler

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

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

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

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

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

by Eric Swanson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

continued from page 11

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

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

The focus of the EFC, by way of contrast, is taking student testimony (which is not anonymous) and poring over the anonymous evaluation sheets and letters students write. We then abstract the information in a report that goes on to the president, concealing with a recommen-
dation as to what course of action should be pursued with the professor in question. There are also two EFC representatives per division, elected at the student association forum at the end of every year and the first four of the semester (the budget is our concern, after all). To serve on the EFC for a division, you have to be moderate into that division.

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

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

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

Frankly, the debacle of having your advisor be denied tenure happe-
ned all the time in graduate school, and the only way to avoid the prob-
lem is to be aware of the rehearing process and the careers of your profes-
sors. I don't see why things should be any different at Bard. If you want to find out who's coming up for tenure in your four years here, you can look in the back of the thick Bard course catalog, which is available at admissions, and find out when the professors you're interested in were hired. If they're approaching the six year mark, be aware that they may be asked to leave. Since rehearings generally go through, you only really need to get worried about tenure decisions, but if you're anxious about it, only study with tenured professors. That's what they're there for.

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

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

the Root Cellar

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

Evening Hours: 8pm-11pm; Fridays 7pm-11pm

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

The Uncommon Caffeine

914-229-1121

570-A Albany Post Road
Hof Park, NY 12538
Flik Workers
Ask for Support

An Open Letter to the Student Body:

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

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

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

Flik Employees
Student Labor Coalition
HERE Local 471

Disgruntled
Interviewer
Retorts

President Botstein,

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

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

Cordially,

Anna-Rose Matheson

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Ol’ Gym M-F 9am-4:30pm

(Samuel’s is an alumni non-profit organization whose proceeds benefit us.)
Digressions

Continued from page 5

Eeeeen-vien-ing," would have made our epoch. But...that was Alfred Hitchcock.

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

We stepped off the shuttle with hope in our hearts. But the signs reading "Canceled" caused our mirth to depart. We screamed to the Heavens, cutting our luck.

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

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

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

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

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

More Scenes from Registration

"Go on! Try to get in without my permission!"
—Kafka, The Trial

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

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

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

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

Jeremy Dillahunty
BUF co-chairman

A Dissertation from FLAB

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

Some of you may be aware of G's daily syndicated radio show, a program that dispenses the truth of patriotic moral fortitude. Forget about that tub of putrid Limbaugh, the true and incorruptible voice of conservative hope is Liddy. Daily he warns America of the impending wave of U.N. shock troops that will occupy our fatherland, pouring forth from massive bunkers underneath Nugent, Pearl's, and Kingston. Is it a coincidence that this is ignored by the debauched liberal media? I think not. I think the stars and stripes that G. Gordon Liddy is diligent and courageous in his warnings of the coming "New World Disorder." My man Gordon first gained notoriety in the 70's through his shrewd and cunning covert skills, exemplified by the righteously cool Watergate break-in. I tear when I recall his glorious deeds.

FLAB is a small grassroots organization. Though I am the only charter member in the northeast, I am not discouraged. I recall that the Sons of Liberty started out puny. What FLAB proposes for Bard is redemption. Redemption from hedonistic liberal ideologies taught here that promote false truths as history. Furthermore, we plan to offer preparation skills for the coming U.N. onslaught. You will need to know how to fight, for as Liddy thus spoketh, "only the blood of patriots will cleanse the wicked."

At FLAB meeting, we eat only thick slabs of red meat and our ears will be graced only by the sonnets of Lawrence Welk, Sussa, Wagner. We do not condemn all rock music outright, indeed, we make exception to classic Osmonds or vintage Stereophonic, for they serve to reinforce the themes of patriotic moral rectitude that once made America a pillar of strength in a world of heathens. Diet and music are important and they must be pure.

With the help of the dedicated among you, FLAB has a fighting chance of achieving a moral reawakening in America. Without support our freedom shall wither in the face of degenerates! And moral monsters of the world, unite!

John Rosenthal
FLAB Überstrom-Liddyführer
THE BARD OBSERVER PRESENTS A FIGAZETO PRODUCTION...

ONE NIGHT, A BAND OF MUGGS AND NINJAS SNEAK UP TO BARD ON AN "ART PROJECT"...

"DICK WEED" IS THE WORDS YOU PUPPET OF POPULAR CULTURE?

YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH OUR SPREE?

TUNE IN NEXT ISSUE.

AND LEVINE BOY!