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

The Bard Observer

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

Registration Card Pulling Caused Delays, Aggravation

Frustration prompted questions about how to best collect fees

By NATE SCHWARTZ, Design Editor

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

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

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

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

In a recent interview the Bursar expressed frustration concerning the debate about which she felt

ARTS EXCHANGE
New grant will help support Bard-Red Hook arts partnership

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, Arts & Entertainment Editor

The Empire State Partnership Project awarded a $20,000 grant to the Bard College and Red Hook School District’s partnership program in arts education which, has been in existence for twelve years and now will be able to involve a greater community, including Bard students.

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

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

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

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

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

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Winter Sports Recent Scores

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PARKING PROBLEMS
Bewailed

Packed lots, potholes, and towing ink drivers

By ABIGAIL ROSENBERG, Opinions Editor

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

According to Director of Security Robert Beck, this parking shortage is not attributed to there being more cars on campus. He explains that because the parking at Ruvine Road has been suspended due to the construction of the Bermudian Campus Center, those cars have laid to be redirected to what is referred to as the “back court” of the Olm lot.

STORY CONTINUED ON PAGE 2
Registration frustration exacerbated by delays...

reminders to both parents and students.

"I wouldn't ask how I can get it across," she said. "I'm going to send copies of the bills to every student." This was an idea she considered as a way to involve the large number of students who didn't get their accounts cleared before registration day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's a surprise—" it was insane with the line and everybody was shouted at getting through. I felt like I had to pay right then or go to school here. It was really sort of threatening," said North. "I don't generally pay my bills, my family pays them. I always assume I'm financially cleared."

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

This request for earlier notification was a recurring theme throughout the students. The new Banner computer program which has completely revised the process of entering registration data, would also allow the SAOG to prevent a list of non-paying parents from being sent. Those students could then receive notice of their non-closure prior to registration day.

According to Papadimitriou one problem with this is that the time between the due date of the bill (in this case, November 28) and registration day is too small. He added that even if the students were informed, many would not be able to come a quick check written in time. On this point he further said that, "The smaller fees, such as that of North might be resolved beforehand. Further, students like Brokaw, who pay fees out of their personal accounts, could simply check a share of the proceeds directly in the day's proceeding registration. This would clear the way for students who cannot produce payments immediately.

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

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

She too brought up involving students.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Papadimitriou asked whether there will be some intra-departmental discussion on registering, Jettos remarked, "There may be some discussion."

Ultimately, Papadimitriou's attempts to remind students and parents prove insufficient in getting accounts cleared before registration. Thus, more time, which the college needs in order to help create, or a new plan for alerting students and collecting their funds may be more successful.

"There was emphasis on the importance of getting the job done while acknowledging the difficulty of balancing the personal and the financial, the students and their parents."

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

The Arts exchange partnership...

performers and musicians to share their talents with the Red House. The goal of the program will also be to attract students to the performance and educational events that take place on more field trips to different concerts, theater productions and museums, including Bard's own Center for Cultural Studies. Enough Bard students are currently involved in the program, the goal for next semester is to get them to participate. In late January, there will be a meeting for Bard students interested in gaining paid work on the Red House campus with the arts-in-education. Students who are interested can contact Ann Gehrer (ext. 7434) or Maureen Foran (ext. 7358) for more information.

Racing parking complications...

and the Avery Arts Center lot.

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

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

According to Bruedig, parking is an "inside" issue for Safety and Security. The real issues are the unpaid parking tickets that students are racking up. These unpaid tickets have brought on the wrath of the "Boo," contrary to popular belief. The "Boo" is not the name of a vehicle or business, but the name of the recipients of the infamous "Boo." A list of violators' license plate numbers (names are unknown since the vehicle's plates are not registered), is circulated among the Security officers. The list ranges from five to fifteen unpaid tickets. When officers see these cars on campus, the "Boo" is called into duty.

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

To clear up any misconception, the three parking spaces just off the road, (near the Post Office), otherwise known as the "special parking" spots, are not legal parking spots. Although it is not directly near the spots, a "No Unauthorized Vehicles" sign nearby does pertain to these church spots. According to Bruedig, theadministration did not want to "chauffeur" the campusthrough the above-mentioned areas. When asked why there are no places to park, Brock said that the administration envisions a campus where students leave their cars at their dorms and walk to classes and other campus hangouts such as the new, much touted Bertellionis Campus Center.
Student Life Committee Report

By JANICE SANDWICH, Contributor

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

Through our participation on the Computer Services Committee, we have learned that the college plans to invest in the expansion of the current computer pool. This change should decrease the amount of time by half that students wait to connect to the internet.

Except the service to be in place sometime early next semester. The Computer Services Committee also wants to organize a support group for students experiencing individual computer difficulties.

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

Kline has also been diligently working with students to address problems with food and food service. FLIK has committed to investigating the option of making herbal tea, the table with the fancy joker and a wider variety of desserts available on a consistent basis. The long-running question of disappearing is being addressed by the Food Committee and the Earth Committee.

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

As always, any comments, concerns, or suggestions that you have are welcome and appreciated. You can contact Kate Massay, StuLi Arie, Janice Sandwich, Aubrey Strimlay, Andy Veyo or Sammi Vasa.

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Theatre for a New Audience

A blab session with director/professor/playwright Jeff Siech

By MEREDITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

Any box is but a number of ghosts. We can refer to them as "powerful, unpredictable occurrences." Even "the damned drama-major vapors" if that terminology feels more comfortable to you. In any case, from basement to tech booth, from the well-trod green carpet of the college to the costumes in the loft, there's no lack of presence. The evocative residue of years of communal predication towards preservation, this presence is the result of something that every self-respecting theatre need to subsist: a persistence of crazy ideas.

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

As a director, the founder and artistic director of his own off-Broadway company (Empire Space Theatre Company), Siech has been closely associated with numerous other Award-winning productions of En Garde Arts, an affinity to the likes of Taylor Montaque (The Lion King) and the producers of Rent, and founded the Kotory Acting Company. In the almost-decade since he graduated from Skidmore College, there has been a musical collaboration with Gordon Gauss of the Vault Femmes, a teaching stint and MPA from Columbia University, curatorial obligations to the influential New York Theatre Workshop, numerous productions of his scripts, countless directorial meccas, and so on and so forth.

In a recent conversation, Siech spoke at length about what's left to say about his colorful off-Broadway history, the nature of his innovative Site Specific Theatre course, his role as director of this falls post-modern, Pre-Raphaelite dream, Pellios and Melians, his expectation for "the force independence and creativity of Bard students," and grandiose plans he's making for the future, specifically The Summer Bard Performing Arts Festival, which would occur just before the ABC's Tchehovsky Festival.

"Sure, you don't think about the dream, and eyes with apprehension at the hand-held recorder tape recorder currently perching on his office coffee table. "I tend to see the people as homemakers," he says, "and the idea that the performance is perfectly acceptable, he sends back and continues discussing his department's recent production of the steaming Alvin Ailey水管 Pellios and Melians, that is complex and that would arrest if it was produced off-Broadway."
Witness Variety City

Bard band has EP on sale at Crazy Bird Records

By MEREDITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

Welcome to an abbreviated tour of Variety City, population five. We ask only that you keep your hands and legs inside the bus at all times, as we don’t want to cause trouble with the natives. Here’s one now: This grizzly bear in the fishnet bodysuit with her legs wrapped around the microphone stand, is vocalist Laurel Barclay. A little farther down the road, the exceedingly tall fellow with a poker face and jet-black guitar riffs, that’s Matthew Katz-Bohen. Barclay Saul’s the early one with the joyously cracked-up keyboard parts. Barista Erin Watson just moved to town recently, and we’re certainly glad to see her baby blues. And of course, there’s Ten Darden, the little drummer girl with a big mean 3/4. That’s everybody. Stay and listen for a spell; you’ll be glad you visited...

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

Among other things, the CD proves that Variety City is more than simply a live spectacle; these guys have really got something going on. Barclay’s vocals are clear and intelligible in the mix, so one can actually appreciate her gloriously detached lyrics. Katz-Bohen’s guitar and Saul’s keyboard parts are in perfect sync. Darden’s playing is concise and steady, and so on and so forth...oh dear, I realize this article sounds more like an ad campaign than a music review, but really, I have little to say about Variety City that isn’t biased by my enduring adoration and a current 102-degree fever. I’ll be ecstatic to finish up and go home, but it’s a bittersweet departure, for I know I shall never see Variety City play again. I’m going to miss them.
In Midnight in the Garden of Good & Evil, Eastwood Fails to Attain Consistent Tone

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

By SCOTT COMMERSON, Assistant Copy Editor

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

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

In his low-voiced "Jo-oh-hell" drawl, Williams introduces Kelso to his high-rollger guests, a roster of eccentrics which would make the producers of MTV's "OzzyOz" jealous. But the party is just a warm-up for the real spectacle. In the wee hours of morning, Williams kills his young gigolo boyfriend. In spite of his repeated claims that the shooting was self-defense, he is indicted on murder charges anyway. Once he is "outed" by the newspapers, Williams is deserted by the rich socialites and society people who clamored for invitations to his party only the night before. Mired in the hypocrisy of small-town Southern society, journalist Kelso realizes he is onto something much bigger than some rinky-dink Town and Country story.

While investigating the slim hunter's background, journalist Kelso encounters some truly unique personalities, including an outrageous drag queen, a vodka priestess, and a gun-toting widow. This tiny cast of characters really forms the heart of the movie; the mystery surrounding the murder is far less engaging in comparison to the movie's many subplots. In the most memorable supporting role of the year, Lady Chablis (playing himself) not only endows her character with spark and sass, but gives her a genuine heart as well. The scene in which Lady Chablis buys a black diamond ball is funnier than anything else seen in this year's comedies.

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

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

Midnight in the Garden of Good & Evil certainly has its moments, but fans of the book will likely be disappointed by the film's minimal use of genre.

Arnie's Fatality

Fest Recorded

Two synthbirds, student Dress Lowell and Nick Black, sponsored by Alfred Salome's Improvisation Club at the Shabbie Lounge. The 24-hour lost six, and had Planet Does and Ferris Drink as well as students and a curl-ball for a spontaneous, puming-up. At 8 its bright, 22 stud appears perfect, at its 2:30 Ferris is argued wriggly while Lowell is injected as an "abandoned turn." At 6 and Lowell managed to induce the death cell for all for all creative sound and imitating seller. Delight the glory!

Dress Code Angst, Biker Syndrome, Lice & More by Elissa Nelson & Lauren Martin, Columnists

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

Trenchcoat (aka. Sidemanet) #9.A. Remember how much you hated high school? Remember all the bullsh!t you had to go through, like cliques, and dress codes, unreasonable rules and out-of-touch teachers? Well, Mengheber took over a year to collect stories from all sorts of different people all over North America. There are comics, photographs, lists, newspaper clipping, and tons of stories against authority. This is a collection of high school. Besides many angst-ridden tales of dress code violations, Trenchcoat also contains stories of sexual harassment, underground newspapers, one school's fucked-up reaction to rape, and other scary stories. Though we were grateful that high school is now but a distant memory, this is a good reminder that for many, school is still a living hell.

L.M.

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

L.M.

Red Girl, The Sex Comix for all genders and orientations...by cartoonists who are good in bed! Lori, who does Hot Sex Pat (see review), sent me these issues of this great comic composition. We have very few comics in the zine library—partly just because Lauren and I don't know much about the genre—if anyone does, and wants to suggest stuff we should get, please contact me. Anyway, this is a fabulous queer-positive, sex-positive comic, with a two-page papernick spread of The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, San Francisco's notorious and off-photographed drag sisterhood; a strange little piece about a woman who finds Jesus, shrinks down to a tiny size, under his kitchen table (I'm sure to print myself out if the press produces, but our mar-

the tone isn't fooled for a minute, despite the Irish accents); Tom Tomorrow's Squeaky with a condom on his head; and lots of other entertaining and informat-ive stuff.

L.E.N.

Hot Sex Pat #7. Lori and her sister are two weird and funny ladies. They each have a unique writing style. In my favorite story, about when their whole family got live, Lori describes the humiliations that accompany the lice check and the embarrassment suffered by any child unfortunate enough to have a little bugger in her hair. She tells how she school nurse made ten-year-old Lemay (her sister—don't ask me) sit by herself in the hallway outside the nurse's office, and everyone walking by knew exactly why she was sitting there. Lori says, I'd like to go back to that school and give them all, the heart- less petty tyrants, a once-over with a giant pockapack stick, a.k.a. a 24" Lice check scooter. Also I like Hot Sex Pat because Lori had Dr. McCoy, Umbra, and Spock review stories for this issue, and Spock was really kind to my topics. He's for one thing, he said, "The time is so small, fits in my pocket and isn't intererest for the line of any uniforms."
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The Bard Papers

The Bard Papers is now accepting photographs, artwork, poetry, fiction, and film stills.

Deadline February 1, 1998

Send submissions to box #799.
All work must be anonymous and include box #.
Don't Believe the Hype?

By JOEL HUNT, Contributor

That decade of words, hype, can be an interesting thing. Hype, of course, pervades everything in late-twentieth century culture; thus is, in some terms, evil, sometimes good, but always insidious nature. Hell, even the dull and uninteresting populace of underground rock is susceptible to hype. Yes, even the dusty music that I choose to write about that you, dear reader, have probably never heard of, is publicized, debated, and dismissed—albeit on a much smaller scale—in much the same way that mass media phenomena such as the Spice Girls or Seinfeld are. The difference being, however, is generally, much better than anything else you would ever bother to listen to. Hey, it wasn't the best thing FM radio was good taste, it was, rather, a precious gift from God Himself. And if you believe that, then that's a bridge I'll sell you as, as a matter of fact, the first recipient of hype which I wish to eschew is that estimable indie-fusion powerhouse known as Toroise.

A few weeks ago, two albums, and a few remixes these Chicagoans seem poised on the brink of, well, something (even though only 10,000 copies of their last LP were sold world-wide). Along with their above-radar status (I heard that one of their songs is featured prominently in a current Calvin Klein television ad) has come considerable hype, along with its accompanying plethora of articles and interviews that Toroise has finally changed over an incredibly short span of time, there is still something of substance there. However, those of us who are fans (alas, the first single, Meta, is now rocking into the middle of next year for their new LP which is tentatively entitled Meta. In lieu of new material, there are quite a few Toroise side-projects worth mentioning.

First off, the debut is the laptopz17 which features Dan Barney, Johnny "Machine," Herndon, and Jeff Park (in addition to a few other marioke member) and "Casey "The Designer" Rice (Rice soundsman and former guitarist for - grrrr - Lit / Fast Life, the Urbandelic from Thrill Jockey and New Beyond) has the same sound quality that you would expect from any Toroise release, and also it dates from a wonderful element which Toroise lacks: hope. I will admit that I've been a sucker for horns lately, and the talent band of this ensemble, the instruments have an indescribably wonderful versatili-

mentals are pretty good, too. But unless you're a completist, it's probably not such a good intro-

The latest issue of Bananaphot has hit the shelves, complete with the usual lengthy inter-

So for next time, I'll try to keep it brief as I get away from the rock and explore releases from the wonderful genres of Minimalism and Microtonality. I'll be lot of fun, and I promise that you won't fall asleep while reading it. Well, that's promise I can't be able to keep. But since this is the last issue of the Observer for the semester, you'll have to wait. Damn! Well, we'll see you next year.
Stevie Nicks
4-leath, 4-lace, and 4-Eva

By LEAH ZANOLI, Contributed

Wow, I can’t think of anyone else on earth that I fantasize about more. Stevie Nicks is just about the most magical woman I’ve ever heard wailing and her outfits are next-to-no. Are her floor-length curtains custom-made or what?

When you think about it, Stevie totally created ’80s sleazy dress-up fashion. A vision of the pin and cloths, Stevie’s been amassing around in gauzy dresses and cowboy boots and throwing sprinkles with her smile for longer than Madonna’s had a personal trainer. Consider Madonna’s look: tank of necklaces, suit skirts (I’m talking ’30s here, folks), mini skirts, high and tight, and scarves bunched all over her stiff, dried hair. Allow me to point out how we get Madonna directly from the lovely Nicks. Stevie’s own personal style is what she carried onto the stages of the world: her visions of cows and magic and gypsy travelers. Take off her flowing dresses (if you can), and you are left with the suit skirt and pounds of pancake makeup and then ’80s Madonna, whom I love. Don’t think I’m saying that the Material Girl needs more than money to fix her ill, because she has with the new conservative (respectable) ’80s look she has going. Unlike Madonna, Stevie never really ventured into the tacky by showing lots of shoulder skin. She just matched her own (often out-of-place) fashion sensibilities, creating a persona much more memorable than any, Martha Carey. See, Stevie really is a legend. Directly from her we get the ’80s cowboy/mystic/accessorized/faux look. There’s magic all around her.

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

This girl has fire.

flared sweater and feeding the cat? There’s nothing interesting about cold-blooded snakes, as Pablo Abdul learned. The 70’s, at least my shaded, purported conception of them, was a time of high ghouls and hopeful healers. That’s where Stevie comes in, along with Christine McVie, who deserves more than a cursory mention in this piece. A moment of respect for this British siren who wrote such songs as that one (I’ve forgotten the title) on Fleetwood Mac’s first album. It goes “Forever and ever...” and it’s just as smooth as silk, but not so icy. California, you know. Anyway, to go along with a common statement, I love Fleetwood Mac because these folks wrote terrific songs and sang them even better, hit after hit.

The lyrics of Fleetwood Mac, Lindsey Buckingham and Christine McVie, and Stevie Nicks specifically, sculpted none of the most perfect sounds in the history of pop music. My friend, Barclay, would disagree and mention the Beatles and that my love of Fleetwood Mac is dragging me down, he says, but he can connect the two hands in a sentiment if I went to Fleetwood Mac were really about the ’70s as far as feeling goes—and that would mean post-’60s—and so the tortured youths were on a different wavelength than the Beetles who seemed too concerned with the world. Both bands had tons of hits, though. Barclay would then posit that “just because a band has a hit doesn’t make them vanguard” Stevie and her friends were all doing drugly up into personal and professional and beautiful. More to the point, the Beatles didn’t have Stevie. The Beatles were a pop-group too, except they “substance” whatever that means in a capitalist structure like the recording industry.

Stevie is bake in the first degree. Her voice in like the female equivalent of the微量 musicianship, the quill ink on laptop. Anyone who is not appropriately prepared to experience the gypsy’s soul can change such a dire state by watching VH-1, which has been string biographies of all my favorite drug-addicted, manic, alcoholic ’70s rockers.

Stevie wrote a lot of red in the ’80s. A great picture of her can be found on the cover of her 1989 album, The Other Side of the Mirror. On that particular album, she sings a duet with Bruce Hornsby, another ’80s least favorite, and this hit, “Two Kinds of Love,” is, depending on where you stand, spurred up by none other than the famous Kenny G. Personally, I love the song because it takes courage to have such apsychotic, but Stevie did it. It’s a great prop to a decade of aqua and the Cole-Hamilton looks. Stevie’s lyrics definitely suffered in the ’80s and I think that this has to do with her abuse of cocaine. The chorus, down-home-wisdom drug left skeleton of her probab- lity smart symphonists and mediocre studio musi- cians. Although she went her own way, she never found music so connected to her creative self as Fleetwood Mac. Everyone knows the story of how Stevie had a hole in her nose the size of Mama Cass, but as long as Stevie’s ok, I don’t think it’s a point to belittle. What a rock and roll all about, if not living in a world with no rules or restrictions? She needed cocaine because she was miser- able “dancing around the stages of the world.” Yet, she had to dance because it was and is her passion. I feel for Stevie because kids nowadays just don’t get her passion, her cross—deuce sex appeal and vigor. Everyone should at least learn! Fumous to appreciate her artistic greatness. Just to mention another fabulous lady of classic rock who has gotten the short end of the abduction stick, Grace Slick—she needs some attention. The girl rocks—but back to Stevie; her voice melts with Graces’s on the terrific duet, “Thoreau.” Even my techno—listening roommates think Stevie’s vocals melt like hollandaise on his tongue. Yet, I have pushed Stevie on him. Now he knows the truth about the planet’s grooviest songstress and is grateful. I’ve been thinking about Stevie for months. How sexy and talented she is, and how if I could’ve, I would’ve. Stevie 4—eva.

The Dancing Paperclip of Tormented Souls / by Magnus

I’ve had the most disturbing experience: A dude with soy sauce burns his feet to the vacuum shape of a Bunny.

Sho... anyway, I’ve dressed my cat as a hurrican demon so that he may be the one with which I start revenge.

I haven’t had a cat since Mr. Phillips died.

Which is why they’ll find him stapled to their windows.

Special thanks to Laurel and Bob for making the word “thrive” fulfill and to Chris for being my icky contact dedicated to my soul: come wave, girlies.

DO IT FOR A DIME

© Morgan Magnus Fiedl 1997

Celebrate the Season The Dime Store would like to remind you to stock up on condoms for the long winter ahead. Get your seasonal Joy and Vaginal Balance index now and get some liquor. The Dime Store urges you to order. How much you decide to spend this week for sexual pleasure is completely up to you. You can make an appointment to buy your condom in the privacy of your home by calling 772-7976 next to the campus mail drop off or make up one of your own. Write down what you want, how much you think it costs, and order what you feel. You’ll be surprised. Remember, the Dime Store is not responsible for any photos or other items you may order. If you’re having trouble ordering, call 772-7974 and don’t forget your money. The Dime Store would like to keep things anonymous. We have confidential lifestyles and trophies, laundered though, receive same but different lifestyles, and inflated lifestyles originals.
Rough Waters, Smooth Sailin’
A night with jazz legend Jimmy Cobb
By BASIL BOURIS, News Editor

Never let any one tell you that Olaf Audunsson is a good place to hear live jazz. Its sterile walls and lecture-hall-style setting are immediate obstacles to any musician whose art thrives on the intimate and subtle interaction between performers and audience members. Such was the scene this past Friday evening as legendary jazz drummer Jimmy Cobb (you might know him from such albums as John Coltrane’s Giant Steps or Miles Davis’s Kind of Blue) took the stage alongside an all-star cast including trombonist Russel Rudd and saxophonist extraordinaire Harvey Kaiser. Despite the organizational efforts of Melanie Shaw and the Bard Jazz Heritage Club, the sole sponsor of the concert, the impresario setting proved the least of the obstacles the musicians had to overcome. "But," a song by an obscure 1950's composer named Harrie Nickles, was the first tune of the evening and was marked by the obvious insubordination of bassist Walter Becker. However, what appeared to be a faulty amplifier gave Russel Rudd a chance to truly show off his skills of improvisation as he manipulated the only microphone in a T-shirt and stuffed it between Becker’s bass strings.

Two songs later the microphone had to be unplugged as Rudd’s own piano solo got in their way and the rhythm section to execute their stylistic diversity as they stepped into a steamy Latin groove midway through the bill. The evening reached its climatic a few minutes later; however, during “Grand Central” (a song Cobb recorded originally in the mid-1960’s with John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, and Paul Chambers). Becker, with microphone now safely restored to its nook between his strings, coared into a measuring solo but was unfortunately now much too loud. Harvey Kaiser quickly sent a set of hand signals up to the control board, which apparently boused the microphone’s volume knob. Upon the misinterpretation of Kaiser’s downward gestures, the musicians momentarily disappeared as the stage lights faded into darkness. But Rudd didn’t mind it—gently sexy and schizophonic microphone slink— Becker came smokin’ out of the darkness and set the stage for a near-faultless (by comparison) second set.

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

When, before a Rudd entitled “Beneath,” a fiery-eyed and mellow Jimmy Cobb shook his own head and murmured, “How does that one get put in the bottle, and in a green voice even deeper than his bass, sang four words of explanation: “s-bone-de-ba.” And they were off.

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

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Offering the very best in natural refreshment
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Eschew Individuality, Block it off with the Trilogy
The philosophy of television viewing in deKline
By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, Arts & Entertainment Editor

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

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

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

The beauty of a block of t.v. is that you know where it is going and you know when it will end. Your t.v. watching is never anti-climactic. You know exactly where you will be walking away. If you watch shows individually, you are using t.v. as a momentary distraction; with a block you force the conception of the rest of the show.
“Too Clever By Half”

Lewonczyk directing Ostrowsky makes sense
But many are curious: what’s with the schlong?

By LAUREN CIBORSKI, Contributing Writer

I, the aforementioned, a somewhat born-wronged reporter, would like you to read this review with the understand-
ing that I do not consider myself a clever critic. But here’s what I think anyway.

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

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

The acting was generally pretty solid, but as usual there were a few outstanding cast members who I would like to recognize. First, Ty Howell, whose almost hypnotic stage presence was the glue that held this lengthy production together. Without trying to sound like a spot on his resume, Ty is an exceptionally talented and funny theater artist whose ability to remain onstage almost throughout the show should be lauded. Second, Caitlin McDonough-Thayer (Kleopatra) and Danny Bowes (Mme. Mavroc), newcomers to the Bard theatre scene, who held their own in a cast of primarily experienced actors and whose future appearances are eagerly anticipated. Apparatus is also due to the three founders of the Drama Department (E. Cornish Brigg, Yousef Khouk, and Graham Blas) who provided much-needed support.

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

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

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

Skimmingtons

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

Will you be my friend?

Written by Diana Obata, Drawn by Seiga Wilson. Masthead by Herbert.
The Truth and Reconciliation Commission: A betrayal of the martyrs who fought for South Africa's liberation from a racist government!

By MICHAEL CANHAM, Contributor

Immediately after signing the Truth and Reconciliation Bill into law, President Nelson Mandela remarked, "now that we all know what we fought for, this historical struggle is by no longer knowing the truth that South Africans will enjoy true freedom and heal the wounds of the past."

On May 10, 1994, the African National Congress (ANC), then a liberation movement and the only true representative of the aspirations of the oppressed majority declared, "There is a time in the life of any nation where these two remains two choices sub- mit to fight. That time has now come for South Africa. We will not submit, but fight until we bring the Apartheid regime to its knees." This declaration, taken after almost 50 years of passive resistance against an unfolding racist regime backed by British imperialism, was to change the course of politics in South Africa. . .

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

At the same time, the white minority represented by the ruling and fascist National Party viewed the actions of this just war as an act of terrorism and sabotage and a threat to white privilege. Adopting a policy of destabili- sation and confrontation, the apartheid regime through mili- tary and logistical support, thousands of troops entered some of the southern African neighboring states, killing anyone suspected of associating with the banned ANC and its military wing. This policy of destabilization not only erased the deaths of thousands of innocent women and children, but also targeted women.

One of the first women to fight against the regime was a victim of this was President Samora Machel, the head of the first worker and peasant socialist government in Mozambique who died in a mys- terious plane crash in 1986. The South African government denied any direct involvement in his death, despite subsequent court evidence to the contrary. And although some of the atrocities of the Apartheid state were open enough attention in the progressive black media, the privileged white minority rated not a single specker of objection to the tyranny of South Africa. In fact, more and more white South Africans were equipped with firearms to "exterminate these Native terrorists."

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

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

For example, in 1995, the South African Supreme Court overturned the notorious Eugene de Kock, Director of Vikplas, a strategic location just outside Johannesburg and used by the former government to carry our assassination activities against black anti-Apartheid forces -- a location of covert operations, responsible for the maiming of innocent civilians in downtown Soweto. The former Apartheid state had finally recognized, after many years of denying any knowledge of De Kock. This is despite sworn court statements by De Kock and many others that De Klerk was at the head of state security and knew about every activity of covert operations.

The case of De Kock cost taxpayers almost 3 million rand, ($1,243,682), and De Kock was found guilty anyway and had to serve a 12 years imprisonment. Why did the government spend all this money, even though each black person in South Africa knows that De Klerk was indeed involved? The De Kock case proves that the TRC is yet another extravagant waste of money that could have been directed to essential social services, for which Black South Africans have no access.

At the same time, FW De Klerk, former president from 1979-1999, Mr Adriam Vlok, former Minister of Police from 1990-1998, and countless former cabinet ministers have publicly refused to appear before the TRC, claiming that their acts on Blacks in was defence of Afrikaner and white supremacy against the ANC, and that the TRC is an illegal commission. The youth that left South Africa in the 1970s have returned to a situation of despair, hopelessness and joblessness. The promises of a better future has all but collapsed. With only 5 months left before the TRC comes to an end, it is not a surprise that the TRC is still fighting to live, to bring the real perpetrators to justice. It is a sad commentary on the post-Apartheid society that left South Africa in the 1970s have returned to a situation of despair, hopelessness and joblessness. The promises of a better future has all but collapsed. With only 5 months left before the TRC comes to an end, it is not a surprise that the TRC is still fighting to live, to bring the real perpetrators to justice. It is a sad commentary on the post-Apartheid society that left South Africa in the 1970s have returned to a situation of despair, hopelessness and joblessness.

The TRC has thus become a talk shop, failing to bring the real perpetrators to justice. In fact, many of the commissioners continue to serve in South Africa's democratic parliament. Therefore, it is clear to everyone that the TRC is not, as Mandela has hoped, uncovering truth, but an instrument of those who continue to secure privilege.

Please Don't Kill Yourself

By ANDY VARYU, Contributor

I've been hearing a lot of talk lately about people who have been thinking about killing themselves. It is a hardly true, because there are no such people. Because it is not okay. It is not okay to say this. I do know, however, that there are some people who are just too depressed to live. Can we agree that it is very hard to deal with depression, and a depressed mindset is hardly the right one from which to do anything. Who, really is it that says it's what he like after you kill yourself? It is difficult to understand that more people have killed themselves after wards, but for which it's too late?

Your answer probably depends on the feelings that led you to ask. Do you expect someone to agree or to disagree? If so, they both can't agree. This leaves you with nobody, and be talks about suicide because he's too tired to deal with this shit anymore. Or you are willing to deal with...
On August 6, 1994, I first came to Bard. On December 1st, 1997, I sub-
mitted my project to the Dean and had my project board. I think it’s a good
idea to share my experience because it can be helpful for others.
There have been a lot of changes since that time, and I hope this article will
provide some insight into what Bard is like today.

For one, there would be more full-time faculty in my project. I could
not seem to work anything into an economics or political science project (not
to my advantage). I also think that it would be a good idea to appreciate a quiet
note. Likewise, although I have said the words "theoretically" or "according
to such and such a model," many times, I wish I could go back to L&T, stand
up on stage and say the "Y-word" until my eyes fall out. In L&T this would
be considered poetry. Of course, I would not chime it with truck, buck,
duck, or suck or maybe even "Jürgen Habermas." I wish I could be oppressed. People at L&T seem to believe that if they
complain enough to Loun, Sun and Dennis (LSD) about being oppressed, they will get "special privileges." Although it is my belief that all of Bard’s
benefits should be extended to all students, regardless of how they, or their
ancestors, arrived, I still think it’s important that they carry it with them
certain benefits at Bard that I was unaware of. Perhaps the oppressed
people are the ones who the Bard Security dispatchers are always polite to.
If I had to do it all over, I would have taken an MIT or an "Integrated
Art" course. This way, I could record the sound of my typing and call it
another project. While doing this, I wish that I could have contemplated
my sexual identity. I don’t really know what "contemplating one’s sexual iden-
tity" means, but many people seem to do it at some point between L&T and
their senior project. Unfortunately, I am so immersed that I start to giggle
when people say "identity." I wish that I had been a Ph.D. According to page 19 of the Ph.D. Handbook, as PCs are up-and-coming students, to good academic
and moral standing, responsible for promoting the safety and well-being
of students living in residence halls..."(id) Although I am in favor of a class-
less society, I think it would be nice to be an "up-and-coming student," because
then I think I would be able to express the proletariat. Likewise, I always
wanted to be of "high social standing." The Ph.D. Handbook is unclear as to
whether or not the Dean of Residence Life determines if a potential PC is
in high social standing, or if as PCs, a select few are given certain access
to certain secrets to popularity. I wonder if these secrets to popularity
involve picking people up who look like they need a ride, as Jake Kim
and Chris Flanner did, or if DOSS considers a little helpfulness an improper
way to obtain "high social standing." But all is over now. This is my last column, and before you start to-
inducing me in the library, or wherever it is that I hang out, I want to remind you
that "I loathe Bard. "To love something you must be honest with it, or you will
soon be loving yourself more than you love the object of your affection.
Sure, there are problems at Bard, but there are problems with everything.
To that end, anyone who highlights what they think are problems that are
Bard related is not doing Bard a service. I want to thank the students, faculty,
and staff members who have been strong enough to point out some of the festering
beet in apparently sacred cows. In fact, on the pasture of Bard, there are no
sacred cows, and anyone who claims that some institutional cow is sacred
probably has something to hide which is profoundly anti-Bard. If a cow
feels that it has been wronged butchered, it can respond by writing a letter,
and eventually the truth shall prevail, and everyone shall know the truth.

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

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

On August 10th: Newly promoted Dean of Residence Life and
President of Delaware State University, Leah LaValle declares her-
self to be the sole arbiter of right and wrong on campus
and proceeds to tell people to punch out their hair. Leah
LaValle explains that Bard students do not have the
right to drink alcohol (no matter how old they are) and
doesn’t see her job to enforce the laws of New York State.
Few notice that her British friend, who lives in Bard
dorm, is permitted to drink alcohol, and she is permitted to par-
take in his frequent forlorn liaisons.

On August 15th: A student is caught writing obscenities on
the Levy Bathroom wall about the President’s wife, Domeni
Papadimitriou.

On August 17th: After the Levy Institute establishes new
security procedures, a meeting of the Student Judiciary
Board is called to decide on a policy for the student, and
in a surprise move, the SBF both that Papadimitriou
protected the profs and, should be cautioned to having
his keepers line-up.

On August 20th: The Dean of Students Office decides that
certain students made the mistake of telling their Peer
Counselor that they were depressed, and should be cautioned to having
their keepers line-up.

On August 26th: The Ph.D. Handbook states, "Confid-
niality suggests that you will not share the details with other
students or College personnel. If you are unsure about 
whether to tell your teacher the confidentiality, consider
taking your R&D." (PC Handbook, p. 518.) She also
writes that Residence Director, PO, and executive writer Rosalie Fournier
denies herself into DOSS for thinking naughty, which is
supposedly confidential, although.

On September 5th: Leah LaValle thinks she muffs Mariana
in Tinderbox and sells Confidentiality.

On September 10th: A Delagation of Bard students complains
that PO can’t be found at DOSS, the Photography Department,
and the Writing Department. PO explains that he had been in DOSS, he couldn’t be found that
way. PO goes on to note that photo majors are restor-
inantly stringy, and that he has no clue where the Dean of
Residence Life is, and if you are treasure you should just
think.

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

Diary of a madman: The Case File details Bard political alises

What follows is a journal of things that might have hap-
pened at Bard. Most of the journal entries are true,
though some of them did not actually happen. Anyone
with half a brain should be able to tell which is which.
However, for the common-sense impaired, I have indi-
cated that I have confirmed via various sources. I
wish to thank all the students, faculty, staff, guests, and
interested persons who have not hid behind "the integrity
of the institution," for revealing things that are extremely astonishing to the uninitiated. The legal depart-
ment reminds me to say that all of the dates are made up.
I have not even bothered to confirm things that are
true, though human beings, I occasionally make mis-
takes. If I endeavor to become a public figure on
campus, expect to be subject to criticism, and sometimes
ridicule, and 4) if you are particularly enraged about
something that has been mentioned, I would advise you to
confide in yourself, and perhaps write a more detailed
article for the Observer before taking it as fact. I do not
see it as my duty to protect anyone from the truth.
In fact, I see it as my duty, and the duty of those who
write "conventional news," to expose the masses of
this campus so as much information as possible, and to
let them decide for themselves what to do with it. No
amount of half-knowledge, cloaking "academic integrity,"
will protect kids from their stupidity.

August 1st: Professor Richard Wilke is markedly told by
the Dean of the College, Stuart Levine, that his office will
be moved to a smaller space in the dank basement of Tishubury.
After the startling of offices, which is widely regarded as
a deeply sad event, he goes to the office of the Student
Representative, Paul Belzer, a faculty member who does
not have a desk. Paul Belzer tells Richard Wilke that
the old office of the Hudson Valley Regional Review, a satirical
magazine, is now a New York City not only "cliché" and
"tamer" than other Campus activity forces, there are no
problems and everyone is happy.

August 30th: PCs Jake Kim and Chris Flanner are caught
giving a student a ride. This student is told to stop drinking
alcohol and, an anonymous PC, known only as "Nick
doggles," decides that they deserve a extension to society, and
turns them in to the Dean of Student Office. Removing
their commitment to public service, Kim and Flanner
make a public service announcement about the danger of
pick-up hitchhiking.

September 1st: "Nicely Gone" Danger of Student Jonathan
Becker fires Kim, and places Flanner on probation. Becker
goes on to say that his tenure as Dean of Students will not be
above alcohol.

September 2nd: The PC Handbook states, "Confid-
niality suggests that you will not share the details with other
students or College personnel. If you are unsure about
whether to tell your teacher the confidentiality, consider
taking your R&D." (PC Handbook, p. 518.) She also
writes that Residence Director, PO, and executive writer Rosalie Fournier
denies herself into DOSS for thinking naughty, which is
supposedly confidential, although.

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The Case Files

Life in the Projects

by David Cane, Columnist

Bard Observer

Volume 12, Number 15

Monday, December 19, 1997

The Case File

Life in the Projects

by David Cane, Columnist
September 17th: After accidentally finding themselves in agreement, Ian “Man of the Plaidiet” Casey and Dave “Capitulation’s not all bad at what Bard is becoming” Puechart write a new article in The Bard Observer which are slightly critical of DOCSO. Luke Judd calls Leah LaValle into his office and points out that Bard is not like her alma mater, the University of Michigan, where she made her name as a Resident Director by informing the administration of the tell-tale signs of clipping glasses together.

September 18th: In an effort to increase Bard’s reputation, an analysis of Bard freshmen reveals that there is an abnormally high number of freshmen among every department, which is causing the dean to ban the sale of times in the campus bookstore. Algonquin is reported to be selling the times under the guise of “politic” material.

September 19th: Leah LaValle is officially placed on the Disabled List by the patronizing forces under Judd.

September 20th: In an effort to increase attendance at Literary Culture, The American Student Organization begins to fight against itself so as to be so dull that people will come.

September 21st: In a successful effort to moderate into the Film Room, Rune Lunde produces several very exciting experiences in the making of a camera, followed by a camera review. For those who are learning about how to use a camera, it is a great learning experience.

September 22nd: After feeling privileged for one week, a group of students actually take ‘what is actually happening’ and ask what is actually happening to the Bard student community. The students are not interested in the ‘what is actually happening’ anymore and they ask questions about the Bard student community.

September 23rd: In an effort to make the Bard Animal Rights Collective (B.A.R.C) more popular, the group is planning to host a movie night and a discussion about animal rights in order to attract more attention to the animal rights movement. The group will be showing a movie about the treatment of animals in laboratories and will have a discussion about the ethics of using animals in research.

September 24th: After becoming depressed, talking to drug and alcohol counselors, and feeling like a failure, a small group of students comes to a realization of the importance of their own existence.

September 25th: In an effort to try to improve the low attendance at Turkey Picking, People Eating Turkey (P.E.T) chairperson Chris Peters plans to improve the attendance at the event.

September 26th: B.A.R.C and LAOO join together and announce that the pig is, in fact, depressed because of the lack of diversity at Bard.

September 27th: In an effort to analyze curiosity, Dan Regan finds a sexual connotation in the bumper sticker “Veganism tiny toe.”

September 28th: In an effort to spread self-criticism, Lisa Pudlow demands the resignation of Associate Registrar Peter Gadsby. According to a nonprofit organization, he is not nice and helpful to the students and not only is his behavior against our bureaucratic creed, but his behavior is also responsible for making us look bad.

September 29th: After receiving almost unanimous support from the faculty and students, Gudrun is desired tenure.

September 30th: At the Drag Bazaar a number of people get relieved and comment that it is a ‘good thing.’

October 1st: In an effort to make Bard more competitive, a group of staff members paint the law school with the demand ‘Bard must be better than Bard!’

October 2nd: In an effort to make Bard more competitive, a group of staff members paint the law school with the demand ‘Bard must be better than Bard.’

October 3rd: In an effort to make Bard more competitive, a group of staff members paint the law school with the demand ‘Bard must be better than Bard.’

October 4th: Bard College President Leon Boosten announces that he is in law school.

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

October 10th: A Delegation of Bard students complains to Leon Boosten about the paternalistic attitude of Security, DOCSO, and the Photography Department.

October 15th: The Bard Animal Rights Collective (B.A.R.C) announces that they will continue to fight against the practice of using animals in research. They are in favor of a kind of thing that is not bad for bad things.

October 16th: After becoming depressed, talking to drug and alcohol counselors, and feeling like a failure, a small group of students comes to a realization of the importance of their own existence.

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November 7th: In a symbolic struggle against reality, PIE Student Michael Czarniak announces that things in South Africa are not perfect. The revolution shows that Leah LaValle has been better, after an anonymous tip from a mysterious PO box tells us all, that it is not perfect.

November 8th: In an effort to make Bard more competitive, a group of staff members paint the law school with the demand ‘Bard must be better than Bard.’

November 9th: David Case presents an effort to make Bard more competitive, a group of staff members paint the law school with the demand ‘Bard must be better than Bard.’

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November 15th: Bard’s Security announces a new policy to try to make Bard more competitive, a group of staff members paint the law school with the demand ‘Bard must be better than Bard.’

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Classifieds

Advertisements

Cheap Studio! For your owner, computer, bicycle, nice art piece, etc—anything you don't want to keep in your dorm room over winter. Scare it with me for just $10 - $20. Call Eric at 756-4511. E-mail us at Eric@TheObserver.

Staying at school over Christmas? Looking for a place to stay through December? Studio or spacious apartment in Rad Hook Village. One block from town center and EGA. $125 for Dec. 18 - Jan. 6; negotiable. Call Eric at 756-4511. E-mail: Eric756@msn.com.

PHOTOWORK '98

Elevenses Annual Photography Exhibition: March 21-April 25, 1998. Juror: Lisa Daminoff, Curator of Collections, Ogunquit Museum, NYC. Call for entry/exhibition opportunities. Slide deadline: January 24, 1998. Send 35mm slide, $4.50 for up to 6; $1.50 per additional slide. Deadline: January 24, 1998. Send 35mm slide, $4.50 for up to 6; $1.50 per additional slide. Contact Lisa Daminoff at 756-4511. E-mail: Lisa@OgunquitMuseum.org

Contributors

Macintosh Word format (no PC files please) along with two hard-copy printouts. Send submissions via campus mail to the appropriate section editor. All letters go to either: Lillian Robinson or Meredith Yarvanian. Submit developed photographs if possible, preferably in the commercial 4X5 prime size. We strongly discourage anonymous submissions. If anonymity is absolutely necessary, you must reveal your identity to the editor. The Bard Observer reserves the right to edit for spelling, grammar, length and cohesiveness.
Bloodied Brooklyn

Men take it hard everywhere but the hoop

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

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

Against Brooklyn the men kept the game close for the first ten minutes, and although they could run with Borden they couldn't keep them from scoring. Samir Vural pounded the boards as usual, unfortunately at least half the time the ball had already swashed through the net. Ian Stolyn and Billy Spence, both veterans from last year's 1-17 Borden team, and Adam Kuciel did an excellent job of bringing the ball up and distributing it. In fact Borden's game looked better than Brooklyn's when passing and bringing the ball to the perimeter. The victory was ours; the team was not down, running down dozens of short boards but rarely connecting with the inside of the rim, and with fewer and fewer blocks of practice, the men should get used to the offense and had more than one behind the back, 360, praise the Lord and hurl Mary Ivesonnesque
to their advantage. Defending Bay had one monster monster black and a Petley elbow to the nose. Brooklyn limped off the court, victorious on the big board but losers all the same, while the Borden men returned to the locker room. The old age rage ring true, again, "We might not beat em on the court but we can beat em into the ground."

Schedule

Men's Basketball: Jan. 24 vs. St. Joes (Home 2 p.m.), Jan. 27 vs. Albany Pharmacy (Home 7 p.m.), Jan. 30 at Vassar, Jan. 31 at Sunny Purchase Women's Basketball: Jan. 24 at Bingham, Jan. 28 at York College, Jan. 30 vs. St. Josephs (Home 7 p.m.) Women's Fencing: No January Matches Men's Fencing: No January Matches Women's Squash: Jan. 31 at Smith/Holyoke Men's Squash: Jan. 30 at Connecticut College, Jan. 31 at Vassar

New Record

What came after was even more successful

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

Last Tuesday, December 9, marked an historic occasion for Bard College's sports division. Not only was the Men's Basketball team named by Sports Illustrated as the worst NCAA basketball team in the country, with a losing streak that spanned two seasons, but the Bred Athletics department also raised the bar of professionalism. It is quite possible that with today's performance, Bard athletics could get into a second national publication (one with a distribution of around ten billion) within the next three years.

Against Vassar College, a mere 30 minutes into the Bard Women's Basketball team, in the full forty-eight minutes in the0, scored four (4) points. This marks a new record in the NCAA basketball books, making Bard the holder of the infamous title: least amount of points scored in a basketball game by a women's division 3 NCAA team, ever.

For those of you who have forgotten, it isn't all that bad. As Vassar the Bard women played without either of their starting guards, Abby "Shembo" Rosenberger and Kelli "Auntin ain't got nothing" Papadaki. While the fearless Raptorettes knew that the Vassar game was going to be a tough one, rather than take it as a form of revenge.

Against the College of St. Elizabeth the following Friday, December 12, the women extended their streak to 9-0 but showed signs of slipping giant. In a tight game in which the lead depended on who had made the previous basket, the Raptorettes clawed their way to a 59-57 win for the 10th straight year. At one point the Raptorettes were up by 10 in many as eight points but the tenacious Elizabethhungs hung on. An Elizabethan guard showing generic relations to Dale Ellis, Steve Kent, and Reggie Miller dropped the long bombs from behind the arc with ease and with a 99-57 victory. The Lady B.'s were unable to withstand the attack and in the end succumbed in a tight, well-fought, emotional game that saw half of the forty fans screaming "I'm watching the feet stretching agawkaw, awkwak" at several moments in the game.

Squash Squash

Have ye a lookie at this

By EVA BODULA and LEILA BANDAR, Contributors

What do you get when you cross 5 females, liberal arts education, and a rental hut? A great eco-comboulation! Hu Hi.

Driven by returning coach Steve Kuman, Women's Squash played 7 of their four weekend at the Wesleyan College tournament. Traveling short with 5 players instead of 9 gave the ones that made the bus an opportunity to improve play and kick some butt. Despite team losses, individual success prevailed. MIP (most improved player) goes to Marni Tinsale. After a frustrating year, in which she came out with renewed vigor. She won several games in the paint-clipped court at the Wesleyan athletic facility. Senior, Sally McAdoo, captain, remains the mainstay of the team in terms of support and stability. She reminds us what the game is all about. Always composed, yet competitive as ever, Amadita Kamar, Secretary of EOS, missed the formal to play. But damn did she look good in our new uniforms! Leila "the Bun" Bandar made a heart-breaking steal from the #3 of Mt. Holyoke among other opponents. We can always count on a laugh from her (thanks for the "good-egg" joke) here, but by no means least, first Bodkas (aka., "the Bodkas") picked up the game quickly last weekend. Playing #2, she hit the ground running and hadn't stopped since. Her enthusiasm, excitement and energy cannot be ignored. She is blazing fire in the Raptorettes.

These Feb 5 are the core of the dedicated, competitive and positive team that we have. The February Holiday Inn shower caps, complimentary shampoo, free lotions, firm beds, fitness, laughs, and a good time. KEEP GOING!!

Quotation of the Month

"Yeah, I like the Stanley Cup. It's the best looking cup out there eh. It's a lot prettier than that basketball cup. But like, we like eh, ya wanna go for the prettier one." -New Jersey Devil's goal tender Martin Brodeur

Y Chromosomes are in Doubt

Some male sports tend to leave out the man

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

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

It's true. When one thinks of Menzones as it concerns the world of competitive males fencing does not typically leap to the forefront of the peacocks. Guys in tight little ribbons, in tights. Fencing comes forth on a raised dais lightly slapping each other tonsos, abdomen, and wieners with thin metal rods doesn't seem very manly when you drown after you for a while. On a Saturday night after three in the morning,

No, Menzones in sports is football's Best Favre and it's his shining in 435.1 Fielder and Roberto Alomar, baseball's last Strawberry and Dennis Rodman. When these personage of the Y chro- mosome aren't cisaa daing, crying about point after distraction, crying about whiskey drinkingwherever morgering, grabbing their nuts, grabbing each other's tray, spitting tobacco on the goal, spitting at their coaches faces, and theothercoaches they're whispering about swinging abstinence, rough upbringings, bad parents, and unfair multi-bargain dollar battle between the heart felt Bryant Gumball specialists and Katie Kouris expose your you might find those guys high, spitting, or dunking a ball. Fencing on the manso-meter ranks up there with that mitten, Fribbe golf, and ice-skating. But that's OK because in the con- temporary enlightened society we live in it's fine to do something because you like it.

"I get a lot of ribbing from my friends," Mike Beach, Ford's ever-exuberant, continuous, "It's cool though, they're not serious about it.

"I tell you what fencing is," Johan Eriksson, one of the fencing. What you're doing when you're done and you discover you have a penis. So you start waving it around like a sword. Fencing is that."

After discussing it further Mike states that that is not where fencing really comes from. According to some bastardized history not related so my text book, fencing is a derivative of an often fatal ritual performed in historical Europe. Men with coats the size church bells could be tied to or falling or other, in a civil manner: town square, public audience, nutsclenched, and cut the hair, over entry results concerning hermaphroditism, social standing, and a relative size of the counterparts. Since it was this integral part of the European social scene, many of these skills passed down for these days going to school to learn the art of sword fighting, hence fencing, so they would have a better chance of not getting slaughtered. When they figured out that the insults were epiphenomenal in nature it became less necessary to die over them. Ergo the cork tipped foil (epee) and the padded white suits with face masks. You can be sure if Shag was under the threat of being run through for missing foul shots he wouldn't be so pretty.

While the average Bard sports fan laments the fact that there are cops on the tips of the sabers, foil, and epees (swords, swords, and swords) this doesn't mean with an active imagination (Stevenson Gyn) Vienna 1683, competitors: the Earl of Longchamp vs. Doc de Creid, colored lights and buzzer's severely limited and gashing arreng- ments) fencing won't satisfy that bloodlust. Although fencing will probably not surpass football, basket- ball, and in popularity for at least another decade in this country sports fans should be on the look out for this. That two years from now when Mike Beach is performing life in front of a world wide audience of 62 trillion you can see the future Sabine Sabine sweat- shritshoos and any with slip up stopping, "Dashing din de sicle perry followed by a shrinking offspring of Dave Crockett and everyone Monk Steak Egg succ and. Yeah, I was in way into fencing before it got popular.
Seven Years in Annandale-on-Hudson (Continued)

Bot-man, Issue 6, Volume 2

OUR STORY:

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

It's a Wonderful Fight!

I give the legrey around here!

One!

I'm finished. No one cares whether I live or die. I wish I had never been born.

Georje Bush would be re-elected President. Since the 2nd-Century, nothing happened. Bush would be free from any scandals.

Oh no Saddam, don't say that! I'm your guardian angel. I'm here to show you what the world would have been like without you.

The USA... happy. I wanna live, you hear me, I wanna live!

The People would throw big government again, and as a new dawn, the U.S. would end taxes and the military.

The USA-will be sharing in an era of world-wide utopia.

Two... I wanna live!

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

Ding!

That round one! Look Bot-Man, Teacher got away with it. I'll win. It's mine.

I know, Saddam. Merry Christmas fool.

And God bless us everyone!

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

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BOT!

CREATED BY: Chris Welle

Written by: Joanne Ma

Drawn by: Chris Welle

Special thanks to: The bunch of Addams, Charlie Sheen, "Our of the Loop" Bush, Frank Appena, Charles "Care of the" Dickens, and Vincent, for his inside information. Many thanks to all and all a goodnight!