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Two Days of Workshops Confront Environmental, Social Pollution

Close to 180 students from 35 schools flocked to Annadale

By KATE MINI, Contributor

Weekend before last Bard hosted a Student Environmental Action Coalition (SE.A.C.) conference. It started on Friday evening and ended on Sunday afternoon. The conference was equally funded and co-planned by Bard and Vassar students.

SE.A.C., the largest student-run environmental group in the country, is devoted to the elimination of environmental and social pollution. Each state has a headquarters located with student state coordinators. (The Bard Earth Coalition is a member of the New York SE.A.C., which is based in Syracuse.)

Approximately 180 students, from 35 schools and six states travelled to Bard to continue on next page.

A National Day to Kick the Habit

The Great American Meatout is Friday, March 20

By ABIGAIL ROSENBERG, Opinion Editor

To herald the coming of spring, Carl Luria '61, is sponsoring the Great American Meatout on Friday, March 20. "The Meat Out is a spectacular annual event organized by the Farm Animal Rights Movement (FARM) to educate meat-eating people about the cruelties animals, and raise the level of recognition about the environmental devastation caused by animal farming.

Carl Luria, a Harvard-trained, organic-vegetarian fed Jew and exponent of a inviting community movement to kick the meat Habit (at least for a day). Join the campaign of Carl for a day of live every body.

Using the “F-word” Without Reservation

Bard women prove the power of NOW

By ABIGAIL ROSENBERG, Opinion Editor

Something happened last weekend: a group of twenty women cured themselves of the Amoratimal Syndrome that is notoriously contagious at Bard, and drove to Boston to take part in the National Organization for Women (NOW) Northeast Young Feminist Summit. Contrary to the dry name given to the conference, the workshops offered much juicy titles as Race and Feminism; Debating Political Correctness; Politics, Humor, and the F-Word; and arguably the most crowded workshop, Feminism, Sexual Desire, and Sexual Practice.

NOW spent almost a year planning this conference in order to bring together young women to celebrate a word that is sometimes muttered under the breath; feminism. Over 1,000 women from high schools, colleges, graduate schools, and from the work force in the northeast got together to discuss, listen, and plan how to define women’s rights for a new generation.

Once accused of being a white, upper-to-middle class, feminist organization, NOW visibly attempted to change its image. Two of the keynote speakers that were featured under the title “Women Who Have Led The Way” included Luce Santos, a Latina immigrant who settled in Connecticut and organizes activities against so-called welfare reform with a group called Warriors for Real Welfare Reform, and Lynette Woodard, a member of the Women's National Basketball Association's expansion team, the Detroit Shock, and who was the first female player on the Harlem Globetrotters. Many of the workshops focused on the intersection of race and feminism and the numerous leaders that were women of color made it clear that the female experience in America has been much different for non-white women.

The “Sea Workshop,” one of the only workshops to draw almost the entire Bard delegation, focused not just on heterosexual sex, but homosexual sex and autosexualism as well. The most outspoken member of the panel, a former employee at Grand Opening, aka “sexuality boutique,” spoke at length about "sex positive attitudes," advocating the idea that women masturbate before becoming sexually active (“How are you going to enjoy sex if you haven’t figured out what you like already?”), and demonstrated such tricks as putting on a condom with her mouth. Reminiscent of the notorious whipping workshop sponsored by the Bard club formerly known as S/M ACES (now SILK), members of the panel donned leather harnesses designed to be worn on the thigh with dildos attached and demonstrated how they allow for full penetration. Such openness about sexuality prompted many questions that were answered in a comfortable, simple fashion.

Thanks to donations from BGals, The Women’s Alliance, The Drag Store, BSM, and the tireless efforts of Ariadne Mueller, a legion of Bard feminists are ready for action.

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Remembered
Laughing, Crying, and a Whole Lotta Rugby

By ABIGAIL ROSENBERG, Opinion Editor

On Thursday night, February 26, Bard Hall was transformed from an empty building into one filled with friends, family, college faculty, and students coming together to remember Seth Goldfine.

Seth was a student at Bard from the fall semester of 1994 until the spring semester of 1997. On February 11, while driving from his childhood home in Providence, Rhode Island, to visit friends at Bard, Seth was involved in a car accident and died instantly. He was twenty-two. A few Bard students, including members of the Bard Rugby team, drove to Providence in order to attend Seth's funeral on February 15. The memorial held at Bard Hall gave community members who could not make it to the funeral a chance to meet Seth's parents and remember Seth in an informal, comfortable atmosphere.

Approximately 100 people formed a circle in Bard Hall as sponsors took turns telling stories about Seth. The stories ranged from the first time that they met to the multiple times they joined him across the river in Kingston to eat at the Gourmet All-You-Can-Drink Chinese Buffet. Members of the Bard Rugby team, which Seth founded during his first year at Bard and now represents one of the most popular sports at Bard, wore their rugby jerseys in memory of their captain and friend. Many render anecdotes focused on Seth's unparalleled strength, both physical and mental. Kimani Davis, who was named by the remaining members of the team as the new captain, spoke about his relationship with Seth and spoke of their first meeting. Upon seeing the stocks, crew-cut, ticket, and hat that came with the job, he joined in to join in a pick-up football game and after a grueling handshake.

Kimani joked that Seth told him, "Marian is 20 miles down the road." After three seasons of playing rugby together and watching Seth tirelessly work to refine, financial, administrative, and spectator support for the sport, Kimani said that he could not understand everyday issues like this.

Siblings Samir and Marissa Vital stood in amazement to remember Seth. Marissa, also wearing her jersey, spoke of a family bond that was present in his relationship with Seth. During a game last season when Samir was being illegally guarded by a player, he complained to Seth. "Don't worry about it," was the reply as Seth kept his eye on the ball. It was, said Samir that he wished that he could know how to deal with everyday issues like this.

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Marissa's words about Seth were reinforced by the fact that her brother would stand next to her. "Though my brother's a damn fine of a man," said Samir. Yet from her choice of stories to tell, it was obvious that Seth was kin as well.

Rich Stein, James Feldman, and Josh Bell, good friends of Seth, remembered his "indisputable human spirit." Rich, who lived with Seth for a semester, referred to him as being part of a "warrior clan" with "a will that is not overcome among many people.

Many other speakers at night noted Seth's strength, but Rich also called attention to the lightweight component in Seth's character who placed him in the category of "reassurance man." James Feldman, tearfully passing through his speech, spoke of weekly card games where they "celebrated all things mally." James pointed out that remembering the strength of such a visible powerhouse is easy, but he also knew Seth's sensi-

tive side. He offered the audience an image of Seth that few were privy to one of an emotional, deeply feeling man.

Throughout the night, Seth's parents, Marcia and Melvin, sat near the center of the crowd, keenly attentive to the stories being shared. With a small tape recorder in hand, Seth's mom's emotions were visibly captured and crying. She was not alone. The stories that were shared in Bard Hall that night elicited both belly-laughing and tears that ran freely. From PHL1130, who described his fellow student's offer for a $60 discount to "cold-cod"－a fellow student who was giving her trou-
bles to face Jenkins' emotional moment in which the simplest words, "he was my friend," carried in an intensely profound meaning. Seth Galliford will be remembered at Bard for the passionate, strong, and gentle man that he was. Bill Mullin, a Classics pro-
fessor, brought a sense of closure to the gathering when he read a quote from Herakutus, "A man the God loves dies young."
The Food Committee's Latest Report

Tobacco use, fat busing, and sneaking into Kline discussed last month

by ANDY VARY, Columnist

We told Flik that we thought the Cols had been running out, and were pleased that the Col's thought back the first two meetings. We explained that there were many sugar cubes, and asked if they also try to always have something to drink and eat.

For dinner, Flik brought back the fresh milk and brown bread. We discussed the milk and brown bread, since we've heard a few complaints about the milk and brown bread. From the creamery, Flik brought back the fresh milk, and we decided that we would buy back to the students' union, although the students at the creamery. Flik found this to be logical, because we have had less cream milk being sneaked out, it could be that everybody is one of the people that we've seen the milk. We did not notice it.

On a more serious note, we discussed the problems of existing having your card around, both by the people who don't have it, and by those who do. Flik said he had it.

Flik has been talking with Jim about the sneaking, and has been trying to figure out where the milk is going. He thinks that the people who don't have it will eat less, if they don't have it. He also在广州, with the teachers and students in the session, as you would expect, the time of year.

The committee should not return to normal, with the use of new face cookers that Flik has purchased. (Please let us know more about the knowing of the outcome is.) Committee One thought it had become too sticky, doesn't anyone there agree.

Next we spoke about the "nail polish problem." (Why want nice nails?) Many people have the habit of grabbing as many nail polish as they can within without considering whether or not they will be used. Many of you are doing it right now, but not those nail polish. Oh, but it would still be less wasteful if you could take one or two at a time rather than a large pile which will end up in the trash.

Dean and Chae have looked at different models of nail polish dispensers, which would still be located by the after hours, but have not been fully satisfied with any of them. None of them, they said, held nail polish that were large or sturdy enough. They will continue looking at models and meeting with representatives from nail polish dispenser companies.

The salt and pepper shakers have been a big concern because they are disposable. They are not refillable or refillable, so what happens if they are simply discarded. This is another huge source of unneeded waste. We discussed the possibility of using the disposable shakers, however, there is a very high likelihood that they would "walk." (Flik's predecessor, used a type of salt and pepper shakers that were glued onto the lid, and they would definitely try to hunt it down and would most likely purchase it when found. Oh, yes, we recycle these, I assume here because everyone knows what's happening. Basically, every 1-2 weeks Flik orders $50-$100 worth of glasses, bowls, plates, and silverware. Dean and Chae have said that the problem has been alleviated significantly since last spring, but is far from solved. The way the purchasing system works, Flik receives a certain amount of money from Bard (our meal plan money) each month in order to purchase supplies, wages, and food. When a purchase of one overpriced item must be made, expenditures for other things are sacrificed. The ultimate problem behind all of this is that Flik cannot just keep replacing all of the bars of soap. The last time we spoke to the food service, Flik's usage, and the vegeta-

Earth Coalition Continues Efforts to "Green" Food Service

by KATE MINN, Contributor

The Earth Coalition held a meeting with the managers, "Dean" and "Chae," on Wednesday, February 25. Our purpose was to express some ideas that the group had about making the campus more environmentally responsible and in the long run, possible. The Flik administration has been increasingly supportive of the Earth Coalition's efforts to "green" our dining system, and this support has been well appreciated as mentioned in the meeting. My purpose in relaying the details of the meeting is to attempt to fairly represent the food service's viewpoints and challenges as sources of the problems at Kline. Hopefully, by seeing both sides of coin on issues such as the glass shortage and napkins, we can work toward more constructive and respectful changes in our eating system.

The first item brought up was the Earth Coalition's idea to buy and install a mug rack for Kline employees. Kline employees use, on average, 9.12 paper cups each day. We have made room in our budget this semester to purchase a long rack that some personal mugs can be rimmed out and hung up. Dean and Chae offered to distribute Bard travel mugs (remember there's a great recall on them--we've tried to employ) in order to get the program rolling.

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BRAVE Case Excerpts: a Question of Regret

By THE COUNSELORS OF BRAVE

For most bar students, LIT & was a blurb of activity, new faces and new experiences. The majority of us can barely remember the "attendance mandate" for the LIT & barshop. The fact that the BRAVE seemed really great, but the speeches about personal safety flew right past us. The idea of being unmauled or raped seemed incredibly remote. There is, for most of us, our one and only view of crime. I never could hear the extent of BRAVE's services.

Few of us joined BRAVE with a full realization of those services. Looking back at our own histories, many more people have realized there were occasions when we could have, maybe even should have, connected with BRAVE. What follows are some of our own observations on how BRAVE might have been a useful resource (we stress that none of these situations are actual BRAVE cases).

"Within the framework of our school my gay best friend was accused of rape by a girl I barely knew, but who had approached me with the allegations. It was a ugly, terrifying time. The man who was charged was subsequently cleared. But to this day, I am still upset by it. My freshman year, another bar student mentioned that he felt very uncomfortable about a professor making sexual remarks to him.

"A male friend told me he had his first sexual experiences with a 19-year-old girl when he was only 13. He didn't object; he'd had it drilled into him that only a real grown-up woman could be a woman, but he wasn't comfortable with it. It wasn't what he wanted, and he spent ten years after those encounters (which incidentally qualified as rape in the second degree under New York State law) negatively affect the way he feels about himself and how he interacts with women.

"I was hanging out with a friend one night. We were just having fun when he decided to sit on the floor. I was immediately clear that I saw a female, but that didn't stop him to him - he knew what he was doing. I didn't want to repeat to him what it meant, considering our relationship, and I willed him out. I ended up having to throw him out of my room. I'm still uncomfortable when I see him.

"I've had problems communicating about sex with my boyfriend. There have been times when he's wanted to have sex and I didn't really want to, but I agreed to it to please him, or didn't object at all, because for some reason I fell obligated. It is despite the fact I think I'm naturally that I'm not at all obligated. Although it doesn't mean that we aren't happy together, this certainly doesn't improve our relationship. It makes this happen a lot to others.

"When my boyfriend was in seventh grade, he used to babysit for a family in his neighborhood. One day he and the other family member realized they had sex with her, he, her. Once while they were together, she pulled out a knife and forced her to have sex with her. Her hasn't really talked about it and I work through it all the emotions.

"I have found myself in situations that can be described as "gray areas." These usually involved alcohol, drugs, and disagreements with communications between me and other".

DIPLOMACY IN ACTION: Zach Walheim, representing Iraq, faced the international system of control during an impromptu debate about the occupation of Kuwait. Iraq, in response, sent a message to the United Nations to make clear the position of the Iraqi government and to make the point to the world that they must be negotiated as a factor for both. The new government in the United Nations decided to incorporate the sanctions imposed by the United Nations to maintain order and stability.

Active BRAVE Members: Shawn Barnes, Kelly Lucas, Dave Smith, Danielle Gouraud, Nicolle Maccaroni, Eileen Sweeney, Melissa Brook, Lauren Martin, Kate Schip, Katy Cole, Mary Molina, Mimi Wink, Milt Oldfield, Linda North, Betty Frank, Jennifer Heckathorn, Chris Pappas, Sarah Wynn, Mira Kelsey, Yelesa Hamuts.

Global Fiasco Narrowly Avoided in Bawdy Model UN Crisis Session

Boozed Bard diplomats entrusted with the fate of the world

By ANNA ROSE MATHESON, Photography Editor

Real time stopped last Monday. Since then, two Bard students have controlled the world, destroying diplomatic and denoting nuclear weapons whenever the action strikes. Confessential sources reveal that this situation was caused by members of Bard's Model United Nations Club who foolishly cowed whole world to Jeramy Stimp and Chris Plater. The pair wreaked havoc on reality in order to provoke a global crisis, which Model UN members attempted to resolve last Friday night in a Middle East Summit simulations.

Model UN has existed at Bard for years. But polls show that fewer than one in ten Bardians has any idea what this cute little club actually does, despite tireless efforts by their Minister of Propaganda to plant the "crisis" on every billboard of campus. The bizarre combination of Risk and Charades, Model UN casts participants as different nations in a massive and morally wrestling match for world power. As each delegate tries to accurately represent their nation's foreign policy, solutions to world crises are proposed and personal insults are woefully hurled about the room.

Several large Model UN conferences are held at other colleges every semester. These official conferences are four-day affairs that require students to dress up like stuffy young republicans, pretend to know or care about foreign policy, and get lost in interesting cities. Confessential informants at large, preternaturally schools reveal that Bard has established a stellar reputation for representing crazy parts nations and yelling "Street Justice" at inappropriate intervals. To bring this United Nations experience to Annadale, the club also organizes Crisis Sessions this semester. These informal, disorganized evening features international diplomat in the elegant atmosphere of Committee rooms.

With a mounding thump of the gavel, Crisis Session Number Five was called to order on Friday, March 6. Since this was a "Special Summit on the Middle East" instead of the usual Security Council simulation, all official protocol could be nullified as the whim of the chair. Drizzling with excessive power, Chairman Zach abdicated within fifteen minutes and commanded the nation of Egypt, leaving a lonely minority to chair the table fall of readily delegates.

The crisis began with a live broadcast from Tel Aviv. As he backed up his laws and ascended to the podium, a dieing journalist managed to report that Iraq had just attacked Israel with biological weapons. (Note: as most marginally well-informed people know, this did not really happen.) A crisis was declared and a conversation among the people who lives in Amanduille, however, might need the clarification.)

Debate began immediately; the U.S. and its stooges vociferously denounced Iraq while an unlikely coalition of Islamic nations objected about a jihad. Debate was temporarily stopped when two self-beheaded termites staggered in and bubbled some light and informative insights about a U.S. plot to frame Iraq and lead a tour on a cornfield harmonica. As confidential communiques from each nation's home government revealed that the U.S. was responsible for the bombing, China began to scream "Abby's Penis"; this entity, representing the U.S., was actually placed on the speakers list, discussed in press releases, and propitiated by a perpetually detached philosophy major.

Though not as sanctified as previous "crisis" on "reality," the Bard version managed to pit the delegates with traya upon traya of savory beverages to what the wheels of diplomacy inside sources report that as much cash was spent selecting the appropriate drinks as deciding which countries to both. Those without experience in techniques of interna- tional relations may find this peculiar, but the club must try to model itself on the real United Nations.

The delegates reported difficulty representing their nation's foreign policy through hours of debate, ciniting the urge to begin formally making nations as a distinguishing factor. Personal vendettas were also incorporated into debate, while Iraq and the U.S. incisively tarnished each other with promises of the best bombing that the world has ever seen.

Though a few piddling little nations dissolved their governments and left, marveling about a party in Othellohaven, the remaining delegates法令ically closed debate and passed a resolution that "unleashed the U.S. like a poor coonhound in the pethern of the SILK Bull. The U.S. delegate promptly tore apart the aforementioned document with his hands.

As the tired delegates cleaned up the debris and staggered out, all agreed that the evening had been enjoyable supplied.

"How to contact BRAVE:

Officer: counter-on-call 24 hr playthrough the beeper: call x7777

Office hours: Saturday 2-11 pm. (tendency of Twinkletoes) call x7552 or 7555, or drop in to talk.

Upcoming BRAVE events for the Spring of 1998

- Debate Club on call
- BARSH Event (Date TBA) 24 hr playthrough the beeper: call x7777
- Office hours: Saturday 2-11 pm (trend of Twinkletoes) call x7552 or 7555, or drop in to talk.

- gotta go...
A Quick Tour of the Eye-Popping, Jaw-Dropping Dark City

By MEREITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

When French filmmaking duo Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro released The City of Lost Children, their second masterpiece (the first being Delicatessen), the world of cinema dropped its collective jaw in astonishment. Three years later, the screenplay is no less brilliant: The cast of characters is still unbelievably tantalizing, and its sets are still unprecedented in creepiness. From its unobstrusive computer-generated effects right down to its musical score, the film is an immaculately gory hybrid of fantasy, science-fiction, and your worst childhood nightmare. British director Terry Gilliam (Brazil, 12 Monkeys) proclaimed it "the most visually stunning film in over five years." Yet, despite its status as a foreign film and the fact that it initially received sparse coverage from mainstream American press, The City of Lost Children remains relatively obscure. Luckily, the same fate does not seem to have befallen its Hollywood brethren, a goldmine of inspiration on the fringes of its shattered bowl, and all of its memories gone. Relentlessly pursued by pale, manic Brilliant and caricatured, the psychiatrist in league with them (Kiefer Sutherland), as well as a cop (William Hurt) who wants him on several counts of murder, and finally, by his unhappily repellant wife (Jennifer Connelly), Munchausen gradually comes to realize that he can't reliably alter reality just by thinking about it. The otherworldly beings chasing him are also capable of this, and the process, appropriately, "tuning." The story evolves through a confusing maze of flashbacks, heart-pounding scene changes, and split-second sequences.

Never mind that things get a little dissonant sometimes, or that the ending is a bit silly: the script of Dark City, though not perfectly executed, is incredibly one of the most bizarre and unique to be squeezed out of the Hollywood sausage grinder in ages. The story may be said of any murderous purist will be tempted to grumble that Pryor's vision is far less original than the idea of a city that, by doing it as, it would be a shame to ignore the film on that principle alone. Visit Dark City.
Upcoming Events

Unless otherwise noted, all events are free of charge.

Mar. 9, Monday
Readings by Mournor Howard, author of A Lion’s Almanac. Introduced by Prof. Bud Morrow, Bard Chapel. 2:00 p.m.
Lecture: "Archaeological Resources Management and Land Use Change," by Prof. Chlo Nether, School of Archaeology/CHES programs. For more information, call Prof. Rita Felder at 758-2743. Room 115, Old Language Center. 7 p.m.
"Events": meeting for "On to johor" 98, with a video interview with Philip Allsopp. Africa of MOVE, speakers, information on political prisoners in the U.S. and how to get on the list from Bard to go to Washington, D.C., and more. 200,000 people demanding amnesty for the 150 political prisoners in the U.S. Find out how you can "catch on the White House" on March 21, The New Student Action Center (Earth Coalition room), basement of the Old Gym. 8 p.m.

Mar. 10, Tuesday
Discussion/Debate: "India After the Elections," with Prof. Sudhir Barthakur, Richard Davis, and Brad Chong. Old Laugh. 203, 6:30 p.m.

Mar. 11, Wednesday
Lecture: "Margaret Sanger and the Reproductive Rights Movement Past and Present," by Ellen Cenden of the Open Society Institute. Room 115, Old Language Center. 6 p.m.
Concert: "Amen Gospel," world-renowned pianist. Third in a series of four lectures entitled "Great piano Sonatas." The program will focus on the work of Franz Liszt, with a performance of Liszt’s Sonata in B Minor. For more information, call 758-7425. Old Auditorium. 8 p.m.

Mar. 12, Thursday
Colloquium in Applied Anthropology: "You Are Among Friends: A Phenomenologist’s Perspectives on Establishing a Self-help Organization in the Gay/Lesbian Community," by Dr. Paul Murray, Catholic Chaplain. Old Laugh. 203, 6:30 p.m.
Lecture: "Louis Sullivan’s Tall Office Buildings Reconsidered," by Richard A. Elkins, Wilkes H. Elkins Professor at the University of Maryland. ELKIN is a candidate for the position in Architectural History at Bard. Old Laugh. 203, 6 p.m.

The Many Masks Behind His Face

By NAJDA CARNIEL, Contributer

For those of us who have read Shakespeare, the mask becomes an important device in both Shakespearean tradition and our own. So it was with great excitement that I went to see "The Masked Man" on Friday, March 6. When I arrived at eight o’clock, Bard Hall was still filled with the preliminary chatter and milling about of any large crowd. Remembering the way Mr. Faust had tapped into the students who had come in late last year, I was quite relieved to be on time. I chose a seat toward the back as I could do my note-taking without being sin- gled out and ruled for the audience's entertainment.
Bob Faust began with a simple introduction about masks, their uses throughout history, practical and otherwise, and was soon rewarded by the entry of the first four masked dancers. When does your watch stop? he penned, the unfortunate struggler slunk to the farthest dark corner. He then introduced us to his latest creation - the College Student - a warped, splendid, baffling face that he pointed out, was always accompanied by a beard. This reference received a lot of appreciation from a row of Middle City fans in the back row who had apparently met Faust when wearing their handmade masks in New Orleans. When interrupted by a fourth faceless, Faust

Art Opening: "Strokes of Lacquer," photography by Dean Stuart Levine. Held by the Dean of Students Office. Faber Gallery. 6:30 p.m.
Screenings: "Advertising and Our Bodies," a 30-minute award-winning video. Followed by a panel discussion with "superstars." Olon 102. 7 p.m.
"Opera" House: "for students. Coffee and conversation" with President Leon Botstein. President’s House. 7 p.m.

Mar. 13, Friday
Band Concert/Screenings: Miles Dumelee, whose "Someone" was the theme song in the "critically-acclaimed" movie On Fish, which will be shown after- wards at 8 p.m. Old Gym. 10 p.m.
Screenings: Latin American film La Ciudad de Los Perros (The Dogs). Olon 102. 9 p.m.
The Bardovan Presents... the annual Bardovan Battle Kne Foundation Young Playwrights Festival. Tickets $5 for all seats. For more information, call the Bardovan Box Office at (914) 473-2072. The Bardovan Opera House, 15 Market Street, Poughkeepsie. 10:15 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Mar. 14, Saturday
College Bowl. Campus tournament. The game of tan- der: "Knowledge." Also happening tomorrow. For team registration or more information, call 61435.
Concert by Kehrer musician Henry Sperandio and his band Freshly, Freshly. Tickets to benefit the Bahia Ewino Emtb Emission School may be ordered by calling (914) 454-0474 during school hours or (914) 297-6335 after 7 p.m. A gala reception will follow the performance. Temple Beth El, 118 Grand Avenue, Poughkeepsie. 6:30 p.m.

Mar. 17, Sunday
Screenings of the second film in Sarahjane Ruddy’s Aju Trilogy by the Film Committee. 7 and 9 p.m.

Mar. 16, Monday
Lecture by Peter Aarne 86. Part of the Bard College Spring Photography Lecture Series. For more information, call 758-6822. Old Laugh. 203, 8 p.m.

Mar. 17, Tuesday
Lecture: "Concerto! Textures," by Joseph Koeppel, critic, musicologist, and author of the classic study On Opera. For more information, call 758-7425. Old Auditorium. 7 p.m.

Mar. 18, Tuesday
Dance Performance: Dance Theater 1. 1998. For more information, call 758-8622. Runs through Monday, March 23. Sunday matinee at 3 p.m. Dance studio, Avery Arts Center. 8 p.m.

Mar. 22, Sunday
Screenings of the third film in Sarahjane Ruddy’s Aju Trilogy by the Film Committee. 7 and 9 p.m.

Very plain, "neutral" mask.

He argued that the stereotyped mask is the most difficult mask to wear because one must let go of all traces of emotion. This mask was serene, ageless, and alien-like in its total symmetry. Often used as a training tool for actors, it would require the wearer to shed all bodily language, becoming neutral. The mask was wadded while, for a few moments, he became a nameless being. Then, with a relieved exhalation and a relaxing of the muscles, he regained his own body.

After examining the absence of character, he moved on to show us full masks with different facial types and emotions and the varying expressive qualities that the body takes on to match the mask. A pokey face with a neck smile elicited affec- tionate memories from the audience as Faust crept shily around the edges of the stage. He illustrated how a solid mask could change an expression when the posture or the angle of the light was altered. At first the mask looked deformed, then, as the performer tilted his head, the expression turned to one of sadness and upon raising the head again, the face seemed to be filled with awe.

There were a number of half masks which allowed Faust to talk while wearing them. He became some highly stereotyped characters – the goon, thearrêtic Porfirio, the scheming artifac, whom lectured on a different aspect of the mask. He then created characters with simple maneuvers meant
Subtitled Why Not Untitled?
I Have Dozens of Titles.

A TRANSFORMED EXPERIENCE: Garden del Sal, Camouflaje

Camouflaje is itself a hybridization of a variety of genres, wide or narrow. The majors of rock feature Madonna Popp from Oval who adds his particular blend of digi-

cal manipulation as an underlying tenor. Yes this isn’t

my ideal electronic music: Grubel and O’Keeffe make a number of styles from 1960s psycho-symphonic

cosmopop (call it Jack Nicholson) with their familiar

blend of elliptical, bare tonality and back ground.

The end result manifests in songs (very much in the

Style of the 70’s "Senses of Wonder" and "Moon Country", in which I hear

something truly new: music that understands and

interprets the past (without a gauge or a record) by going forw

ard. But the charm in Camouflage is not confirmed to its

music it contains some moments of I dare I write it beauty

that I see will always resonate beyond the typi

cal definition of musical beauty (Beethoven, era your

heart out). Remarkable, recommended, really don’t
go your entire life without hearing this one.

And what of said music? Most of the one.

The reason I’m interested in this sort of music is that it does
even when it’s good reference any other music that’s

ever been made before by managing the technology

of the new. The newness of electronic music outside

highly-abstract/science genres is exactly how it can be (and

it is) manipulated. Let’s face it: music of the sort (as I

mean) which uses the tools, technology, and

methodology of the familiar will always be a reference

to something that’s been played before. Most music is

about other music. But that’s not a bad thing either:

obviously some sources are ripe for new interpretations

(see above paragraph). Dak, the new collaboration

between German compact-disc manufacturer Oval and

Tokyo-based installation artist Chris Stacho (on Thrill Jockey, is certainly cool, and is
doing mainly electronic. And it’s pretty damn good and

interesting (two qualities which, from me, go together).

To boot, This part of one of a saliva exchange man-

age to take the by-now familiar (found sounds, com-

puter, computer, synthesizers, etc) and change it.

As far as I can tell, the whole thing is

unfamiliar, the new, uncharted territory. Some might

say that the "sing to noise" ratio of music is too microme

cule for the "music" to be any good. To

them I say, "Welcome to the 1990s." This music

is reflective of the world in which we live. The last time I

checked my watch it was 1998. We can’t (and should

it) keep living in the Nineteenth Century (is that

resistance to the new way no one at Aard is willing or

able to teach Marshall McLuhan). Put the music in its
cuillin. The Shadow Ring bring

back the "old" new question of music they request, in their poetic English, that you "Put the Music in its r

ut." Are they waiting for "mature" to (finally) be

bored? So if they (or anyone else) are not playing

music, what are they doing? What social activity are

they engaging in if not the playing of music? Well, they

are able manipulation of the "noise" instrumentatio

of rock n’ roll the electric guitar, drums, keyboard, vocalizations of a "loud singing," etc. They trace the

convention on its ear, and my eyes (but probably not

yours), that’s a necessary action with best results. A "Ikebukuro" LP of their live performances in the United

States last autumn, pribly entitled Live in U.S.A., is

available on the Watanabe label. It wasn’t quite

expected the experience of seeing these live (which

you, by the way, am most grateful, but it’ll get you a little cla

several years ago, and Fox Theatre, which is clearly

word British of your history?

I have no more aspirations, to be quite fair, to

stand upon the reaching end of the right hand of the

Lord. Despite everything I hear and see which

lead me to bitterness, to cynicism, there are occa

sionally moments when I am just stuck, and I start to

feel something else. The most recent time this

happened (besides everyone I hear Camouflage) was

last week when I heard the compact disc Our by

Alexander "Skip" Spence. Although I heard for

about the underground press of this recording, I

shouldn’t get around to purchasing it until

May. Not too soon, it seems a few months I’ll have

the last copy (maybe) in Manhattan: both the vinyl

(obviously) and CD are well out-of-print. This

album is one of the great lost recordings of the 1960’s,

something you hear talked about in hushed tones.

And for good reason: Spence, a former member of the

band Tiny Tim, formed his own group (Campbell) in

four days in Nashville, playing every instrument

himself. A true "solo" album, it traces the gamut from

full-bore psychedelia to country-crooner at

times even exist yet) to wispy folk without being the

least bit country or country. Spence fluctuates between

hilariousness and小组在drama (sometimes

within a single song), blurring the lines from

each. The result is not just the documenta

tion of some burned-out hippie (although it’s not),

but an amazing thing to hear and feel as well.

An incredible mixture of "Moon Country," "Brick

Drake, Skip Spence transcended blues. You need this

record. These two new albums can convey how

beyond-amazing Our is good heck finding a copy.

It’s not gonna be a hit by why so when there’s

no way these words can ever convey what I can

boast, but I’ll keep trying anyway. I think I’d rather

be blind, rather be crippled, than not to ever hear

these. I’ll continue my attempt at tunneling out. Hope I see you there when I reach the

next one.

Next week: the new albums by the Shadow

Ring, L招呼, LBN, mcs

Indies answer key: 1. George Del Sol, "Blues

Substituted No Sense of Wonder" (review title). 2.

Lennon, "Fin" (paragraph one). 3. Langford,

"Cleaner Than Your Surroundings" (paragraph

two). 4. George Del Sol, "Moon Country" (paragraph

three). 5. the Shadow Ring, "Put the Music in its

Gallifrey". (paragraph five). 6. McKean, "Burden of

Hearts" (paragraph six). 7. Smog, "A Hit" (para

graph seven).

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The Dancing Paperclips of Tormented Souls / by Morgan Pielli

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Three Fated Mardi Gras All-or-nothing, Balls-out Road Trip Gives Yankees a Slug o’ the South

Four students take to the highways and byways in a desperate quest for the Planet of New Orleans

Preparation

15 February - 17 February

We begin by locating the backwoods of Germantown and reaching Vic to drive a stick-shift. By then, there is, fortunately, only one major fit of road rage. Further preparation: we get the car washed and vacuumed at a do-it-yourself car wash, where Sonja enjoys the psychic power of the high pressure water jet. Lisa Sadowski (Associate Director of Bard Security) gives the expedition more food than we could possibly eat - all of it Freihofers (distributor of our choice). This allows her goodbyes and prepare for a psychological-filled, picnique adventure.

Four Days of Sin

15 February (Wednesday)

As Sonja is determined to leave at 5 a.m. and “make good time,” we blast off at dawn. After attempting to retrieve a beverage from our cooler (again, courtesy of Lisa Sadowski) we foresee dis- tinct packing issues ahead. Most prominently is the fact that Nick is sleeping on the Freihofers’ donut products. Indeed, clacking the chocolate coated donuts in his sleep, Nick manages to spread Freihofers love throughout the car. Fortunately, Megan has broken her only pair of shoes, requiring a sidetrip to a mall in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania (for those interested, this mall is actually pictured on the National Geographic Road Atlas of the United States, 1998. Where Sonja pats a disembodied feta about smashed donut on her pillow. Remarkable sights of the road: the Executive Spa (a.k.a. the “Perth-Harert”), the Mason-Dixon Line (and its commercial counterpart, the Mason-Dixon Auto Auction); the Molly Pitcher Highway. We have definitely reached The South. In Virginia we attempt to eat at the Freihofers donut products (sigh) do not burn. To console ourselves, we make festive “Mardi Gras or Bust” signs for the car windows, as well as a “You lick Your Lover’s Assmelt” sign (Cosmo tip - Nick says it works!). No one hocks. Since we were “in the neighborhood,” we stopped at the dormitory of Sonja’s friend Sam in Knoxville, Tennessee. (Sam was very surprised to see us.) We stop for supper at “The Best” Italian Restaurant. Nick affirms that his Parmesan actually is “The Best.” But The Best can only be appreciated for a small amount of time...there are miles to go before Nick and Megan sleep. Five hours through Alabama leave us wandering what indeed lurks in those dark woods... “there are demons in that kitchen tonight!” The tidum of Alabama’s straight roads is broken by a stop for gas and a talkative clerk who shares stories of her fiancé, her daughter’s pregnancy, and her trip to Birmingham to confront the governor about education policies. We enter Mississippi at the break of dawn and realize that what we had imagined to be dense woods were actually layers of freight trains, receding into swampland. The highlight of the morning is peering in the Mississippi backwoods at the sun rises, a mercurial globe hovering over the bayou. The road has been a mixture of rain, sleep, gas stations, run-ins with 18-wheelers, and mix tapes. Louisiana beckons... P.S. Are we there yet?

19 February (Thursday)

We blow into New Orleans at about 8 a.m., scream- ing Don Jovi’s “Living A Prayer.” We finally make it to Megan’s friend’s house. Jen by name (the friend, not the house). The house itself is nice enough, but smells like cat ass. Lavender walls, stuffed New Orleans windows, and hardwood floors upon which we eagerly collapse (Sonja and Vic eagerly collapse on Jovi’s bed). Upon awakening, we are introduced to the downtown neighbor, who is from New Jersey and looks a lot like Kevin Smith (Silence Bob from Clerski). Twenty-to-two and Vic and Sonja are already drinking beer. We head out to eat and go to this good Mexican joint, Kopolopili’s by name. RSGhurst, good tacos for Sonja. Bourbon Street is the partytrick at work: men standing in balconies begging young, perky-breast- ed women to “throw your tits” and dangling cheap beads before them as incentive. We get some take-out daiquiris and Vic and Sonja duct-tape their nipples (each: Sonja won’t make that mistake twice) to keep the guard of the cuties at bay. Weary of the revelry, we retreat to the Dragon’s Den, a cozy bar atop a Thai restaurant. Word on the street: it used to be an opium den. Nice place: small, dark, good clientele. BAD poetry readings. Our vote for the worst poets include in the open mike night go to the “hijip” trio of dancers, in a wacky assemblage of silk, turkeys, and spaceships who dance emigmatically whilst the majority of the crowd focuses intensely upon their beverages. Sonja and Vic drink sake. Sonja thinks it will “kick” both their “asses.” Vic says it has a kick but fades quickly. (Sake, for your information, is served hot.) Sonja orders an “Evil Jungle Prince” and declares...
hawking masks made from leather, wire, velvet, and feathers. Zed voiced music fills our ears and the scent of bakers of croissants fills our nostrils for the festival, we stop to enjoy the performance of the "Mask Man" (at this festival, every Friday; see review). After three of us purchase masks, we develop strange cravings for hot dog stands and satisfy them at Ben and Jerry's. On route to Jen's, Nick describes his "par" in New Orleans, outside of "On," where signs demand, "Show Your Ticket." At home, a jogger is going on and Vickers crashes on the coach for a much-needed nap. As he is sleeping, some girl climbs on the couch and falls asleep to twenty thirty-six-tenth people who populate the joint. We all sit down and stare on in wonder for a moment before we kill the place out. Vic goes ahead and orders a Jack and Coke (having the feeling that ordering a Sex on the Beach would have been a faux pas given the occasion). Dan observes that "the whole vibe of New Orleans is like a bar to bathroom until settling finally on the plows in the candle glow of the aforementioned Thai restaurant. (And no - we didn't come to New Orleans only for the bidet and the toilet capability as a sudden thunderstorm awakens, and Nick and Megan frolic through rain and under rain gutters."

22 February (Sunday)
This is our last day in New Orleans. Sunja is coming down with something, but still wants to go out. We go to a very nice used bookstore. It's three stories high and probably has a copy of every book ever published. Finding what you want is the challenge, then going to a counter where the owner has actually heard of. He calls it "Sex and Drugs and the Hillsb."
That evening we go to the "Super 80's" which is the first, probably because we're seeing it in a more residential area. However, we are shocked (once more) at teen hooligans who hurl beads at poor Joe distributors and hurl their bodies (once more) at poor Megan. New Orleans is losing its appeal. Thus, we make for the apartment, load our car, see our goodbyes and road out that night.

Penance
22 February - 23 February
In hindsight, our trip back should have been televised on Fox. "World's Scariest Roadtrip!" After leaving New Orleans at midnight, we finally stopped for dinner at a Mississippi Waffle House around 1 a.m. This is the lower end of late-night dining. The jokebox actually has a section dedicated to songs about the Waffle House. (No, we are not kidding.) With five cups of coffee and food in our bellies, Nick and Megan were prepared for another all-night drive through Alabama. Thankfully, we drove rather uneventful. This time the highlight was a gas station which sold "cheesburger-flavored potato chips," pork rinds, and moon pies. In Virginia, however, danger awaited us in the form of an Armada and followed it all the way to New York. Furthermore, Sunja had broken off and Megan had covered herself in sweatshirts while walking down the road, leaving truckers and police vehicles in our wake. The zenith of this dirty drive was spending three hours on a snow-covered entrance ramp to I-84 in Scranton, Pennsylvania. When we finally got tired of sitting there without knowing why, Vic volunteered to take the elements and questions the truck drivers as to what was happening. It turned out that there was so much ice on the highway that the 18-wheelers had gotten stuck and had to be dug out - one at a time. Traffic thankfully started moving a few minutes after Vic returned with his report (Megan's "Drunk-Mom"), and apparently shifty blondes are incapable of love and not to be trusted. We're all pretty drunk and so we throw the bag down Boudewijn's and Sunja continues to "liberate" herself for beads until Vic is forced to defend her honour from a man who wants to push her, in need of serendipity to return to the Cafe Du Monde. The cafe's water glasses are the 3rd Klaine glasses from the Woods administration, and really beautiful where they went. Another plus is it definitely easy to fill with unimpressed beignets from the neighboring table. We find a table for three. People are still partying at Jen's, even though it's about 6 a.m. 21 February (Saturday)
We head off to the museum. The parking is hideously expensive. The festival itself is filled with booths occupied by artisans

Phrases of the road trip
"Go to the waffle house"; you need someone yourself in another world to be gain perspective.
"Throw me something mister";
"Show me something dirty";
"Give me New Orleans, the experience";
"You smell everything in New Orleans, it's not just to Nick..."
"You smell everything in New Orleans, it's not just to Nick..."
"You smell everything in New Orleans, it's not just to Nick..."
"You smell everything in New Orleans, it's not just to Nick..."
"You smell everything in New Orleans, it's not just to Nick..."
of masks. His Elvis impersonation turned into a money-hungry preacher who shouted, "Reach in your pockets and put your two bits in here!" Two popular cartoon characters are gone in quick, surreal incarnations—dumbbells flailing up behind a puppet, tiny frowning puppets, and a small, faceless, rubber-angled creature that moved in a leaping manner which suggested other atmospheric laws.

Finally, two pairs of volunteers from the audience had the opportunity to go up on the stage with the mask. Probably the most memorable line: "You're making me moist!"—came from one of the players after she convinced the other to sit on her lap.

After the last segment, Rob Fanti told us the story of his childhood in the Deep South and his wonderfully soft-sounding colored-man. He described his mother figure with nostalgic affection while he, like the others, added on a brown shirt and various accessories. He put on Marley's mask, a huge, blissful smiling face, and did the dance which he would do while working in his parents' kitchen years ago. At the end of the dance, Fanti slipped off the costume. I became unsuitable because of the simplification of this complicated individual to fit his ideal. He was able to represent how he existed in his mind.

When he had finished, the audience was invited onto the stage to handle the masks. He gave out his card and Carleen McDonough-Thorne told me to make sure to mention how easy it is. I hope to see next year (at least).

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**Epstein Presents "Autobiography"**

**Photography lecture series rolls on.**

**In STEPHANIE RABIN, Contributing Editor.**

The night of March 2, Second Olin 108 packed for the second week in a row, by members of the Ford community, this time to hear Michael Epstein, photographer and former Ford professor, as part of a series of four photography lectures this semester.

Contrary to the previous lecture, in which Maurice Silver was the featured speaker, the works of Epstein’s career has focused on an extensive collection of photographic projects, the most recent of which was a two-year, and a half-year in the making, entitled "Autobiography of New York City." Epstein was appropriately dressed for the occasion, in a black suit. He opened the evening with a brief introduction to the "photography that the city was his photography." Epstein’s relationship to New York is so wide that it has developed over twenty-five years.

This is a collection of "autobiographical" pictures, which were compiled from a series of "incidents" that he defined as: "anything that happens to you while you’re trying to put yourself in the past."

Epstein said, "I feel I often have to lose this sense of a defined work of art. In the past, my work was more personal in nature."

"I felt that the way I was trying to put myself in the past was not going to last as a realistic art form for him."

"The way of trying to define the past for Epstein for a few of the things that are involved, the way I was trying to define it for myself, the photography of black, and white photography of people and their family environment. The one thing that, I feel, the only thing that can sustain Epstein’s influence, is the idea that photography is the way of trying to put yourself in the past."

The audience for Epstein’s "autobiographical" pictures, which were compiled from a series of "incidents" that he defined as: "anything that happens to you while you’re trying to put yourself in the past."

Epstein’s project will not double continue to art form every after being published and exhibited. His personal love for the city is what has continued hidden in the art form, rather than the art form itself. His love for the city would continue to grow, but rather encourage him to overcome it in his affection of the past.

"I don’t see Epstein’s work as a "mark," but rather as a way of overcoming the "mark."" Epstein’s project will not double continue to art form even after being published and exhibited. His personal love for the city is what has continued hidden in the art form, rather than the art form itself. His love for the city would continue to grow, but rather encourage him to overcome it in his affection of the past.

**By LAUREN POSEY, Contributor.**

A subversion of normal museum behavior: when forming an opinion of a show at the Center for Curatorial Studies, one has to look not only at the art, but also at the space. The curator’s work lies in the pieces on the wall, in the organization of the space, in the tensions and relationships created by placing this painting next to that sculpture, this film after that video. Artists, critics, negotiant, interior designer—the curator uses existing artwork to create his own.

Exhibitions organized by CCS students as part of their final master’s degree projects will be opening sporadically in the months to come. The three shows, which opened this past Sunday, are: Trace, curated by Ian Berry, Unbearable Laughter, by Anne Elligo, and The Art of Memory, by Victoria Norrisroom. All three contain cutting-edge work, some created just this year. Most of the work is by younger artists who are willing to work with the curators’ interpretations of their work. Although developed individually by the three curators, the shows work well together. Perhaps this can be attributed to the artists themselves working well together, advising and supporting each other in small classroom discussions about their work. Still, each show has its own distinct atmosphere and meaning.

Trace, by Ian Berry, includes works by artist Simon Frost, Jim Hedges, Mary Judge, Martin Kline, Kate Shepherd, and James Siena. This show was the second show of the season, and a highlight for the Center for Curatorial Studies.

The Art of Memory, by Victoria Norrisroom, is a collection of works that explore the idea of memory from a psychological, sociological, and cultural perspective. The works included, by Nicole Eisenman, Kara Walker, and Sue Williams, are bold and satirical, as is the show as a whole. The work, especially Kara Walker’s life-size silhouettes, fill the space, transforming it into another world. The use of the nineteenth-century medium makes you feel as if you’ve stepped through the looking glass.

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**Getting Down with the Marks Quartet.**

"Do your soul thing — your liberal arts soul thing," says Marks.

**By NOAH BILLING, Contributor.**

The state of live music at Bard is dire. Too often I find myself standing in a crowd of fellow concert-goers, clutching a cup of Buch and waiting for some indie-rock band to set up so they can pummel my ears with a blend of overdone three-chord hooks and grooveless drumming. But on Friday, February 27 in Bard Hall, I experienced the pleasure of having my ears caressed by the funky "in-the-pocket" sounds of the Keith Marks Quartet.

The show was advertised by Student Activities as "jazz," but the only name from the traditional repertoire of standards was "My Favorite Things" (from the original "Popular Music") and was played with the Quartet with a 3/4 (rather than the regulation 4/4) time signature. This rendition had a much more exotic sound than its traditional counterpart.

From the first note, which was a Calypso tune played with a relaxed, laid-back feeling, Mr. Marks urged the audience to dance. Indeed, each tune elicited an urge to get down and the small but enthusiastic crowd bunched around the room to the sounds of the Staple Singers' "I'll Take You There" and "Cannonball" Adderley's "Mercey Mercy Mercy," which was preceded by a long funk vamp.

Even if the repertoire might have been unusual for a jam band, the sound that went on between the musicians was characteristic of any good jazz group. The songs' forms weren't fixed and Mr. Marks was seen giving visual signals to the band at times providing verbal directions. For example, at one point he called out "Piano!" and the pianist took a solo.

Although certain transitional sections of the tunes suffered as a result of the looseness of form, the performance benefited overall from the spontaneity that such improvisation demands. The excitement of spontaneity created an atmosphere of the noon and the audience was into it.
The Women of Southfork

Ineffectually fished and objectified poolside

Ewing and afterlife, Sue Ellen tries to get out of the family, but only ends up in bed with the animalistic Southfork stud, J.R. Ewing, whose behavior, which is not seen but alluded to, infuriates Sue Ellen so that she will not be home for dinner. Victoria Principal. Sue Ellen is so furious at J.R. that she is leaning against one of Southfork's looming pillars. She will not be going anywhere. J.R. keeps her descriptive a hot plate and although Sue Ellen can't keep away.

Although the forced sexual encounter provides Sue Ellen with zero love and marring, she is left with perhaps the hope that things might be different, next time.

Moving on down the hallway of the perennial living quarters of the gracious white house, we come to J.R.'s younger brother, the aforementioned dropped playboy Bobby, making unattractive love with his gorgeous, simply dressed wife, Faye Ewing.

Pamela Barnes Ewing is playing by none other than, you guessed it, the Venus-like goddess, Victoria Principal. Bobby sure was a lucky guy! I can never figure out why Patrick Duffy didn't propose to the luscious Principal in real life.

And that is why I became a scriptwriter in my own right, for breaking down Victoria Principal's fabulous and physicality.

In the first episode ever, Principal wore a gray, supple, woven-in-pure-fur jacket, complete with sole and elbow pad and a thickened brown turban. The three during the earlier days were also something like blue and green, but through the course of Principal's shining, bather hue. Those who saw Dallas in the past five episodes of the series would be more than a little surprised by the various very bad haituis and hempryed sculptures.

Bobby is at first strong-willed, on the half, in chivalry, by any means on the other, from the degred of the davesy, and Ewing enemies, Cliff Barnes.

Unfortunately, the slim-waisted and limpid-eyed Pam met many cruel and demanding times while living with the Ewings. When it turned out that she had Neumannstoma and would not be able to carry a baby, Bobby had her institutionalized because she was "obsessed" with the necessity of attaining a child. Eventually, Bobby worked it out and bought the baby of Sue Ellen's dead, angel-dusted-sister sister Kristen. Lucky for Pam, because she was going to be locked up.

Pam, like Sue Ellen, personified the acronym of the bientitic women since her psychological present- tion was totally fancied on her actual worth. A big problem for Pam was that her child with Bobby would not be of Ewing blood. In a family marriage, with heirs and inheritances, Pam certainly had a burden on her shoulders. Not to mention lightly she was of the painful biological predetermination. But Pam never had time to think solely of herself, but only of herself in relation to the entire Ewing family.
Happy Hour Review

Frank Guido's and Max Dube: plastered peas in a pod

By JEREMY LOCAL, Staff Writer

It's Sunday, three nights and three days after Max Dube's stellar performance at Frank Guido's Maritime Harbor Inn, and I still have a hangover. While Guido's isn't the cheapest stop on the intoxication train that makes up a Bard student's extracurricular activity, it has that strange blend of predatory energy and kiosk aesthetic that combine to trigger the generic drinking reflex. Going to Guido's invariably leads to answering friendly queries of "What did you do last night?" with "Ciggies, umbluhhh, tazz, smokcle, cripples, vragb, up." Yeah, when you go to Guido's it becomes one of those...

Happy Hour at Guido's doesn't last long. It is from 5-7 on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The bartenders, Meggan, who claims to be behind the bar "always," explained it to me this way, "You buy one, you get one free-per-order." After my 6th Dewars and a healthy dose of unpot-casting I needed more explanation than that so I asked, "Aisle one for the on-threshold, but just get fresh... mmm popcorn." She waved it down for me after that.

Let's say that you go to Guido's with four friends on a Tuesday afternoon. Because Tuesdays are traditionally reserved for drowning your sorrows so you don't have to face whatever reality is driving you to drink-on Tuesday. Being a sane type, you put your sauce on and stagger to the bar with a fresh twenty from the Key Bank ATM (Alcohol Transaction Maker). "Your Budy please." Meggan brings back five. Rewind. "One Budy please." Meggan brings back two. Four trips to the bar and your table has eight beers.

One trip and your table has five.

Budweiser and Michelob Lite drafts are $1.50, Sam Adams and Bass drafts are $2.25, Budweiser bottles $2.75, and premium bottles are $3.50.

So, during Happy Hour you could go to Guido's with $5.00 and come out on an hour later six Buds heavier with a smart $5.00 for the pinball machine at Delaware. Although if at six drafts on hour you can make it back to Delaware without getting lost in the Bard grapevase you should probably check out the AA literature at Health Services. Careful, however, all that drinking makes a person want something to chew on. Guido's has devised perhaps the most insidious bar food ever. It looks like popcorn, it smells like popcorn, it doesn't taste like popcorn. The little white kernels found in the little baskets have a salt content fifty-five times that of the Dead Sea. They have a consistency but unlike the popcorn found in computer packing cases and they sit in your stomach like sponges, absorbing, absorbing, absorbing.

Watch out for the popcorn or before you know it you will look like Dashi Moore on the cover of Vanity Fair and you will sound like Joey Ramone on a bad night.

Possibly the first thing you notice about Frank Guido's is the correlation between Frank Guido and Don Corleone. Note real, but the rumors are rampant and one can't help but wonder. The second thing you notice is the plethora of famous, once famous, and not famous people who grace the walls at Guido's. Pethouse Pets, esteemed actors, and rebuffed actors all stand down from the walls with sly sincere smiles on their faces. There are 150 of these portraits in the bar alone. With three or a hallway alone and 500 of these faces to keep you company. Depending on how much you drink it is entirely possible to mistake an empty bar for a crowded one and strike up a conversation with the facade of Ms. October '87. I wouldn't try taking her home, however, with all the security cameras panning the joint, illegal activity on the part of patrons is highly unsuccessful. A few Bard students did manage to sneak some live lobsters out of the lobster tank in drunken bacchanalian fun. The fate of a live lobster on Bard campus...aheder to think of it! For you who did it, Frank has eyes everywhere, beware of late night knocks on your dorm-room door.

Frank couldn't have been too displeased with the Bard show. With more than two hundred students attending, the night was a surprisingly inebriated success, ding ding. The back dining room was cleared out for the Dubea to do their thing. Playing classics like "Suspicious Minds," "Midnight Hour," and "Love Sweet Love," Max Dube kept the party going until 4 a.m. While in the fray there was some serious guzzling happening, in the back there was some casual carousing, some funning, sweat-dripping frenzy with the Jackson Five staple, "ABC." The freestyle extraordinary from NYC pumped the crowd with the classic."All the ladies in the house say "yeah," and "All the men in the house say "Too." The crowd even felt the freestyle move as fifty or so people started an impromptu "Guido, Guido, Guido" chant.

Frank Guido's Maritime Harbor Inn leaves only one thing to be done at happy hour: get drunk.

THE BARD CENTER PRESENTS

ALAN GANPEL in the third of a four-part series of lectures/lectals on
Great Piano Sonatas

by LISZT

featuring Sonata in B Minor

Wednesday, March 11
8:00 p.m.
F.W. Olin Auditorium

EARN EXTRA INCOME FOR '97


Vegetarian Organic Cafe

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Join us on Friday, March 20th, for the Great American Meatout
Letters to the Editors

Smoking Disturbing

To the Editors,

Last summer (when none of us were around, of course), the smoking policy was revamped: no smoking in dorm lounges, no smoking in Kline, no cigarettes in the book store, and so on. For most of us who were returning seniors last semester, this came as a surprise. We were informed of this policy change through mass mailing with a “suck-it-up” tone.

In the beginning of the year, that’s what we did. People found alternate means to supply themselves with cigarettes. For a couple of weeks, very few people smoked in the pantries and the policy seemed to be working. Then the student body realized that the smoking policy was not going to be enforced. Think about it. Why should the Fisk employees have to enforce a policy that they didn’t create? Thus, Kline has regressed to the smoking-laden place it was a year ago.

I used to eat in Kline and was a smoker as well. I know how it goes-smoke in the entrance while you talk to your friends; go to the pantries during or after you eat to smoke some more; stand in the hallway by the pantries and smoke. I never really thought it bothered anyone. Hey, it’s a smoking section, right?

But there is something that some of us may not be aware of and it may totally change our smoking patterns in that building. Some members of our community who suffer from chronic illnesses have practically been forced out of Kline Commons because the secondhand smoke that filters into the hallways is extremely detrimentai to their health. Expose to our secondhand smoke during every meal in Kline can be fatal for all of us in the long run, but is immediately damaging for these individuals.

We have to recognize what is going on. I am sure we all know the consequences to our own bodies when we light up, but we have to think of everyone in our community. In turn, we must see how problematical it is that members of our community must eat somewhere else for fear of the intense dangers of the smoke to their health.

Step outside. The weather is improving and spring will be here soon. I know that it may seem inconvenient, but at this time it is the only option.

Thank you,
Shadi Avish
Writing on behalf of The Student Life Committee

Calling Misappropriators

To the student who “misappropriated” the two books in the Career Development library having to do with writing personal statements for graduate and professional school.

Please return them. ASAP! I suggest a responsible person to help a local farm sell products at farm markets, craft shows, and festivals in the Hudson Valley. Monthly weekend sales from April through November. Must have a valid营业执照. Call Mark at (914) 736-2549.

Summer Programs in Washington, D.C.
The Federal for American Studies is recruiting interested students from colleges and universities for its 1998 summer program at Georgetown University. Undergraduates will gain critical work experience through internships in public-policy, politics, business, journalism, or international affairs and will earn credits through coursework at the University. The final application deadline is March 15, 1998. There is no minimum GPA requirement, and students who have been active on campus are encouraged to apply. Scholarships are available to all students.

Classifieds

Web Site Designer: If you are interested in working on the development of the web site for the Hudson Valley AIDS Action (a major fundraiser for the AIDS Service Organization in the Hudson Valley, which will be taking place on Sunday, June 7 this year), call James Tatem at 240-1740.

Student Assistant for Summer Courses: Sought by Barns Cancer center manager for two summer concert series. Stage and house managers, usher, and light/auxiliary technicians are needed for two sets of subscription series, June 6, 20 and 27, and July 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31. If you are interested, qualified, and plan to be on or near campus in June and July on these dates, please contact Ellen Nolan at ext. 7237.

Make Extra Cash on Weekends: Part-time job opportunity: looking for a responsible person to help a local farm sell products at farm markets, craft shows, and festivals in the Hudson Valley. Monthly weekend sales from April through November. Must have a valid营业执照. Call Mark at (914) 736-2549.

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A SLICE OF NEW YORK!
WE DELIVER TO YOUR ROOM!
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$2 off with this ad
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Women's Fencing Ends Season with Successful Matches

By DIANA CICOLERI, Contributing

Women's fencing finished this week with two different and exciting meets. Most meets have all four members of a team compete against all four members of the opposing team's wire as a whole, then counted against the opposing team's wins for a team score and a winner. This week, however, the fencing team went to some very different meets and fought individually.

On February 22, Bard Women's Fencing travelled to Hoboken to face Stevens Technical Institute for their second annual individual competition. In this case, each team member is on her own to compete against everyone else in the competition, instead of competing as a four-foil team. Four schools entered competitors this year: Bard, Stevens Tech, CCNY, and Yeshiva.

The competition is long and tiring. The fencer must fence up to fifteen rounds (depending on how many fencers each school brings) and these one after the other. There is no telling when one's harder round is going to be – it could be right off the bat or after you've gone through fencing twelve other girls. The competition is not only outcome of quickness and skill, but also of endurance and stamina. After all the bouts have been fought the total victories and indicate the number of touches that she has both scored against her opponents and those that have been scored against her. Both have been termed the other difference between competition and most others. The top six women receive medals in a ceremony at the end of the day.

This year's competition was won by the following teams: Women's fencing competed against male students, in one event; A: Amy Foster; B: Danielle Debons; C: Rachel Ebert; and D: Anna Rose Mathison. In foil both had A: Green Street; B: Debon; C: Ebert; and D: Mulgrew (our fourth member - Caroline Dzwon) was unable to compete due to severe illness. Overall Bard did not win high honors against the thirteen other schools (including Temple, Army, Johns Hopkins and many others) with one placing ninth and foil twelfth with twelve ranked foils and the sense of an entire season's breathing on essentials. However, Bard's Women's Fencing still had an exciting day and a steady string of competitive fencing with Danielle Debons and Anna Rose Mathison competing well with eight wins each.

Amy Foster asked for the last event of the year, the regional Competitions; also, the rest of the team will have to wait until next year.

Freshmen Lead Bard Men to Resounding Victory Over Cornell

By CHRISTY VAN DYEKE, Art Editor

Everyone likes to end a season's sport with a bang, and a bang was what Bard's Men's Fencing Teams got on Saturday, February 21, at West Point. At first glance, it seemed confusing, the idea of Bard, one of the more cerebral schools in the hemisphere entering into hand-to-hand combat with the Defenders of the Free World. Bard teaches its students how to write a convincing essay, West Point – how to kill a man twelve different ways, using only their hands. Needless to say, Bard had rather low hopes of leaving unreadable, let alone alive.

However, Lady Justice did indeed smile upon the representatives of the Little Whole Horse on the Hudson that day. Not only was the team able to walk away from the conflict with the United States Military Academy, some of the Bard Fencers even won. True, Bard lost overall, but nothing is better than the feeling of beating a trained killer with nothing but your wins. Ben Blattberg's victory over his West Point opponent got Bard on their feet. One of the first-year fencers, Ben had spent all year getting used to the fine art of fencing and had unfortunately yet to win. However, something clicked that day on the strip. Perhaps it was knowing that he was defending the honor of every degenerate at Bard, but Ben managed to beat the pants off his opponent.

The day really got rolling after fencing Military -- Cornell was next! It was truly the day of the first-years, as Ben won his second bout of the year while fencing Cornell. Jeff Tedrowan, another first-year, won his first bout of the season against Cornell. Jeff's victory is made even more astounding because he is a saber by trade, unfortunately forced to fence foil because of a certain someone (Mile?) didn't show up. Not only was Jeff not fencing with his best weapon, but he also had to use a righthanded foil in his left hand, as all the left-handed foils weren't working.

When the dust cleared and the blood had been mopped up, Bard hadkaped by Cornell 14-13. The saber team accumulated 6 of the total points, making it one of their most successful days. Bard lost to USMA, but beating Cornell made it all worthwhile. The Men's Fencing teams will be back next year, and they hope to have you join them on the strip.

**USMA**

**Cornell**

- Saber: 3-6 loss
- Foul: 2-7 loss
- Epee: 3-7 loss

- Saber: 6-3 win
- Foul: 4-5 loss
- Epee: 4-5 loss

**Yo Quiero Más Fútbol**

**Mi pie es más guapo que tu pie**

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

With names like Henriques, Salinas, Eriksson, Mangilli, Cerfelli, Romanenko, Margaritides, Tedfski, Gerdes, Pacchioni, Novik, and Boura might think that the European and South American all-star soccer teams have descended on the Stevenson Gymnasium on Thursday and Friday nights. Not so, however, for it is merely the second most competitive intramural sport (behind the lofty softball season which quickly approaches) that team friends to become enemies, friendships to splinter, and verbal epithets as vile as "that's bullshit" to be liberally laid upon the ears of referees. Intramural soccer has arrived and the jocks, pseudo-jocks, and cluet sports have awakened in full force to its call.

While Jim Cervelli may not look or play anything like Alex Labh, he probably smokes the name amount of pot before games. He and Simone Mangilli are the captains of the new generation born and raised in this city. They play a game of soccer like a boxer fights a dog—this year called Flying Sporks. Surprisingly the hippie team has a win notched on its team long, probably a first in soccer intramural soccer's long and esteemed record of Euro-jock domination. It is also surprising to note that the hippie team is not the worst team in the league, another first. In fact the proof pot smokers are tired for fourth, of six, with the team led by Brian McCabe (formerly and forever known as Tedfski) and Basil Bouras who have broken new boundaries of animosity through not being able to name their teams. As always the hippie team is the most entertaining team to watch as they are usually distracted enough to be distracted by fairness, trolls, and butterflies dancing about Stevensian Gymnasium. The Sporks are the sentimental favorites because of their dazed determination to subvert all aspects of serious athletic competition and, in doing so, cultivate the kinesthetic joy inherent in intramural sports. This spirit of competition can be best understood in the overheard phrase, "I know who we lost, we didn't smoke enough pot before the game."
American squads. The game may be played on the court of America's newest national sport but that doesn't mean any of them should deliver some coddled feet to the feet of the Americans. Jen Beattie and John Henriques, of Chapsaracitas FC., hold up the bottom of the top with a 3-2 record. They are led by the multiple-scoring antics of Women's Soccer coach Jeff Doiigo, who, while on the field, looks like a cross between Ronaldos, Donaloni, and Gomez Pyle, and of the field looks just like Gomez Pyle. The Chapsaracitas stare at the backs of Javier Salinan and Johnson Elsland's Lone Stars. The Lone Stars hold the second best record int the league at 4-1. They are led by the Todd Eldridge-like foot work of Javier Salinan who plays with the ball like Tiny Tim played the ukulele. Apparently Igor Romanenko and Willy Margariths were influenced by Euro-Dney in their youth, ergo the Musketeers. They certainly don't play soccer like they have been watching The Big Green, considering their 5-0 record.

Jude Faciday's Last Call, Paige Taylor's and Chelsea Guedear's Burning Tools, Jen Novick's and Chris Planer's The Destroyed, and Nathan Ryan's unnamed team fill out the rec league. Of those four teams only two will advance to the semifinals and get a shot at the almost-as-prestigious-as-the-Winter Cup Raparomaio Mug.

The Burning Tools have been playing soccer as though they were cloned from Pelle's inamricate foot itself. The pace and subtlety with which Paige Taylor掌控s the ball is hypnotic. Chelsea Guedear's raw physical power and scoring last send most opponents running home to mother for a litte recuperation. Max Rubenstein's thiget foot has already resulted in the decapitation of two goalies. Orchestrating the offense with all the bravado of Napoleon's Emperor and the geometric genius of Mozart, Pete Manney has redefined the back position as only Valderama could appreciate. The Burning Tools are second in the rec league with a 3-1 record, but with an astonishing seventeen goals, lead the league in scoring.

First place in the rec league is held by the handily generous, yet youthfuly cute in their houseful naivete, Last Call, led by Jude Faciday. The "only first at Barz," as Jude likes to refer to him and his drinking-song-oriented cohorts, holds a 3-0 record with eight goals scored. An intense but not all together unfriendly rivalry has sprouted between the Burning Tools and Last Call which serves to make the games physical and fast-paced.

The almost bottom of the heap called rec league is held by Jen Novick's The Destroyed who boast a 1-1 record with 4 goals scored. They are followed by the nameless team captained by Nathan Ryan that holds a 0-3 record with four goals scored.

The season's stats should deliver some competition of '94 Winter Cup caliber as six teams of ten will advance to the semifinals. The playoffs are set up sudden-death style-one game-and-you're-out for the losers—and with so many teams sporting comparable records there should be some vicious (a la Nigeria) soccer being played to keep from being eliminated.

Season's End for Men's Basketball

Last college game for three seniors

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

More than one hundred plus people packed the Stevenson Gymnasium's bleachers two Friday ago (Feb. 21) to watch the final game, against Vassar of the Bard College Men's Basketball season. It was also the final game for three of Bard's seniors: Samir Vural, Ian Saydam, and Rodrick (Chad) Winter. Samir Vural (center) said it was an "ideal" last game because the "fans were so into it and the team played so well."

For the last game of the season Men's team played the best basketball they have all season. "Usually we aren't even able to score in the first sixty minutes of a game; this game we were actually winning for the first six minutes," Samir said of the game against Vassar. In the opening minutes it looked like Bard might be scripting its own Hoosiers saga. Blocked shots and quick outlet passes by Kimani Davis (forward) and Samir Vural had the Vassar team scrambling back on defense as they tried to cope with the speed of Bard guards Logan Grennick and Ian Saydam. Vassar's superior talent and stacked roster got the game under control and it began to mathematically dominate about ten minutes into the first half.

While Bard couldn't keep up with Vassar's scoring the Riptors executed textbook play after textbook play and were clearly in control of their game. "It was amazing," said Samir Vural of Bard's team play. "We actually converted a two-on-one fast break. It was the first time we had done that all season."

For the first half of the season the Bard men played like they weren't on a team. There was no help defense in games and paves, when they came, were sloppy and used only when players needed to bail themselves out of bad situations. Rotation was almost non-existent, and what few points were scored came from one-on-one play. Slowly, though, as the players became more comfortable with each other off court, the team play started to improve. Respect for each other's ability and confidence in eachother helped the team out immensely. Following Intercession, almost half of the team didn't report back for the second half of the season because of injuries, academics, and time off. The Riptors went into the second half of the season with three seniors, two juniors, and five freshmen. As the season drew closer to its close, however, the team began to have more success on the court. "It was great. In that last game everyone was smiling and having fun," Samir said. Samir attributed the respect and friendship that developed off court showed itself on court as the players began to help each other out. "In that last game Billy Spence played like mad because he wanted to give us [Ian, Chad, and Samir] a good last game. It wasn't about basketball, it was about friends having a good time," Samir explained.

The Riptors had a season-high fourteen assists against Vassar which made up almost half of their points. In the second half Kimani Davis dished out four of his six assists as the ball movement and rotation looked better than it had all season. Bard used kick out passes reportedly as the guards collapsed the defense, and quick passing found the open man for easy shots. With six minutes to go in the second half, Vassar had pulled ahead by forty points. The Riptors, in the last five minutes, put on the most impressive display of basketball seen in years at the Stevenson Gymnasium. Bard went on a sixteen-to-four run. With only three minutes left the Vassar coach had to use his empty bench for fear of the biggest comeback in NCAAg history. The game ended with Bard losing 56-42 but on possibly the highlight of the season.

Samir Vural finished his last college game with 6 points, 1 rebounds (3 off), 1 assist, 1 block, and 1 steal. Ian Saydam finished his last college game with 7 points, 2 rebounds (1 off), and 1 assist. Chad Winter finished his last college game with 10 points.
RAIDER
OF THE LAST SALT

Bot-man, Issue 9, 1998

Hav[ing encountered the militant tray patrol, Bot-man fights for his life! But they are too evenly matched, so the tray patrol has an offer to make in-radiator of the lost salt.

Kline has been out of salt for years. If you can enter the cavern beneath Kline and return with salt, you may leave.

So Bot-man follows his work-study mate through the forbidden region of the kitchen...

Ah ha!

...I'll replace this salt with a sack of worthless gold.

Darn Big Construction!

No time to waste, throw me the salt!

Throw me the bow-tie!

Pluck

Adios, El Presidente!

Darn work study student!

Adios

Lempi

Ah, run away tray cart!

Ah, mr. Bot-man! Once again, you see that there is no condiment you can possess that I cannot take away!

Talk to the manager!

Into the caverns...

...in having a talk with Sempre Master about this.

Rhym-rhymes.

Bad taste.

Until...

Good generic guide---use my bow-tie to stay in safety.

Rhym-so that's where all the classes go.

Ah, ms. Botman! Once again you see that there is no condiment you can possess that I cannot take away

Talk to the manager.

Pumple

Rhum...