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In wake of student’s arrest, Bard examines protocols, Resident Director Fegan resigns
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5,000 March for Mumia
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Sickness, shortages of water, food, and medicine cripple Central America
Stephanie Schneider

Smolny College Agreement Cemented
Russian liberal arts institution but one of many schools now guided by Bard’s new Institute for International Liberal Education
Written by Jessica Jacobs; Reporting by Kerry Chance

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Russian liberal arts institution but one of many schools now guided by Bard’s new Institute for International Liberal Education
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[Speech of Hector Anderson delivered at Bard student rally at the Poughkeepsie Office of the Dutchess County Sheriff]

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EIN KLINE...

I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED JOSEF.
AIN'T GOTTA BE HERMLE?

BACK OFF, BOT-MAN. UNLESS YOU WANT TO SEE SOME REAL RADICAL BLEEDING!

...OF THIS PAPER CUP DAWN...

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

AMUSEMENT? IF YOU WANTED AMUSEMENT, WHY DIDN'T YOU COME TO THE AMUSEMENT PARK?

UH-HUH?

...YOU Brought EASY LISTENING TATE TO TERROR. FOR THAT, I CAN NEVER FORGIVE YOU.

DAMN YOU AND YOUR LIQUID JUSTICE, BOT-MAN!

YOU WIN AFTER WEEKS OF PARA-NORMAL INVESTIGATIONS, PROVOKING ANGRY VOTERS, AND SCARING INNOCENT PEDESTRIANS. YOU HAVE PROMPTED YOURSELF TO THE TOP OF MY VENGEANCE LIST.

HERE IS YOUR NEXT TARGET.

OH BOY...

MUMIA ABU-JAMAL.

Written & created by: Chris Van Dyke, John Holowach; Copyright 1998 Holowach/Van Dyke; Drawn by: Chris Van Dyke

Special thanks to: Allen Josey, for being forced to appear in this obligatory sequel; Moz Km and Mulu, for helping with last minute brainstorming for extra wacky dialogue to pack each panel; all the insanity prone individuals who insisted that my life as a bit man would be short and sweet (my homework thanks you); and as always, Mumia Abu-Jamal, for being someone who leads to college student protests, and thus an endless source of entertainment.
Hundreds from Bard Community Protest Racism and Police Brutality

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

By AMANDA KINGSTON & JESSICA JACKSON

On November 4, nearly 350 Bard students, faculty and administrators gathered before the Dutchess County Sheriff’s Office in Poughkeepsie to rally against racist police brutality. For almost two hours, the protestors marched and chanted in front of the building, voicing their anger at the recent arrest of Martin Bourdeau. The Students of Color for Racial Justice, a group of student activists, organized transportation and provided signs for those to attend.

During the rally, student leaders wearing white armbands directed the protests, leading chants and ensuring that students maintained a peaceful protest. Speakers defining the purpose of the rally were given by Margarette Wade and Hector Arniceno (see speech on page 3), both students of color at Bard. “If you are here today, showing your support, you are saying that racist police brutality will not be tolerated,” said Wade at the rally. “The police’s impact on the future of Sheftel’s

5,000 March for Mumia

The picture on this page is from a recent international mobilization, protest, and march to free Mumia Abu-Jamal. Mumia is a political prisoner held by the US for speaking out. The political and community movements continue to support Mumia.

By NOEL CHEN & MURRILL MOORE

Shaken by the murder of Mumia Abu-Jamal, hundreds gathered in Washington, D.C. to protest the killing of the human rights activist. The marchers, who were joined by thousands across the country, called for the release of Abu-Jamal and condemned the actions of the Corrections Bureau. The demonstration was organized by the National Nurses United and they continue to fight for Abu-Jamal’s freedom.

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Sister Cities Dinner Raises $1,000 for Hurricane Relief

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

By STEPHANIE SCHNURER

THE ANNUAL SISTER CITIES Dinner/Dance, held on November 7, could be called a success. Everyone seemed to enjoy the meal, the dancing lasted until midnight, and Bard’s Sister Cities club raised about $1,000. Yet despite the light-heartedness andệ

As well as selling raffle tickets to raise emergency funds, the Sister Cities club displayed newspaper clippings describing the devastation felt through much of Central America. Almost daily since the hurricane, news agencies have brought more news of the deaths and photographs of the destruction. As a New York Times news account explained, “It was the rain, not the winds, that did the most damage. Torrential downpours spawned floods and avalanches that killed more than 10,000, erased villages, devastated crops and destroyed much of the infrastructure in Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador and Nicaragua.” (11/9/98)

In addition to the damage to crops and infrastructure, the storm caused a health crisis due to poor water sanitation. CNN reported that in the capitals of Honduras (Tegucigalpa), residents bath and wash clothes in “water contaminated by corpses and by chemicals from a factory upstream, destroyed in the storm. Skin infections abound.” (11/11/98)

Hospitals are also suffering from the lack of sanitary water. In Tegucigalpa, “the hospital no longer has running water, and sanitary condi-

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MORE NEWS...

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OPINIONS

INSIDETHISISSUES.
Smokey College Agreement Cemented

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

WHEN I said that Leon Botstein called "a great contribution..." he added..."I am not sure the educational quality," and Leon Botstein, president of Bard College, signed a document on November 11, formalizing Bard’s role in the establishment of Russia’s first liberal arts institution, Smokey College.

The mission of Smokey College, founded in the late 1980s, is to provide students with the opportunity to study abroad, through the lens of their own cultural heritage, in order to gain a deeper understanding of the world and its complexities. The college offers a diverse range of courses, including Russian language and literature, history, art, and culture, as well as opportunities for students to engage with local communities and participate in community service projects.

In addition to formalizing its partnership with Bard, Smokey College has also received support from the Russian Foundation for Basic Research, which has awarded the college a grant to support its ongoing efforts to promote Russian education and culture globally. The college hopes to continue to expand its programs in the future, with a focus on increasing access to Russian education for students from all over the world.

Astin Hare

Sister Cities’ Dinner/Dance Raises Funds for Combat Devastation

Continued from preceding page

News Briefs

Performing Arts Center Reopened

The performing arts center will open with a free concert on Friday, November 23, at 7 p.m. The center will open with a free concert on Friday, November 23, at 7 p.m. The center will open with a free concert on Friday, November 23, at 7 p.m.

Environmental Policy Center Launched

Bard College has launched the Environmental Policy Center (EPC), a new center for research and education on environmental issues. The center will be led by Dr. Michael Stoddard, a leading expert in environmental policy, and will focus on providing students with the knowledge and skills they need to address pressing environmental challenges.

Library Reopens

The library will reopen on November 20, and will be open from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Monday through Thursday, and from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Friday. The library will also be open on Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Lecture on African Economics

Economist Elbon C. Collins will give a lecture on "African and Economic Development: Growth and Reality" on Thursday, November 15, at 7:30 p.m. The lecture will be held in room 101 of the Fine Arts Center. The lecture will be held in room 101 of the Fine Arts Center.

Lecture on African Economics

Economist Elbon C. Collins will give a lecture on "African and Economic Development: Growth and Reality" on Thursday, November 15, at 7:30 p.m. The lecture will be held in room 101 of the Fine Arts Center. The lecture will be held in room 101 of the Fine Arts Center.
Controversy continued to build over the fate of the Earl Performing Arts Center over the past two weeks, as the release of the arts center's Draft Environmental Impact Statement to the Red Hook Planning Board was met with acclamations by neighboring Monterey Park of improved policy conduct on the part of the college. The allegations were intended to forecast or delay the project by persuading the board to reject the DEIS.

Monterey Park Attorney, Steffen Rodeheaver alleged that digging in a area where a parking lot for the Frank Gehry-designed Performing Arts Center will someday be located has previously been parking for the Avery Center and Blum Institute (constructed pre-construction for the facility and was too violation of zoning laws, according to Associate Vice President for Finance and Administration Jim Bratvold. Among the evidence presented to the Planning Board Monday, November 3, it accused the college of ignoring recommendations for widening the stretch of road between Blum Avery and the rest of the campus. This work was completely independent of the Performing Arts Center, Bratvold said, and was necessitated by "more students studying more college" at the college expands.

Rodeheaver alleged that the DEIS was incomplete because it did not contain a smaller, 200-seat theater, also designed by Gehry, which was planned for the space between Blum and Avery. This project is on hold indefinitely due to lack of funding, and Bratvold said at the idea that intended future projects would need to be addressed at the same time as a project with immediate goal. The smaller theater was most often requested to be placed between Blum Avery and the rest of the campus. Bratvold also said that the department had no reason to believe that the college had not conducted a thorough study of the findings of the study that will accompany the report. At a public hearing about the project is scheduled for December 12 at 7:30 p.m. Gehry, the building's Santa Monica-based architect, is expected to attend.

The hearing in the event of theDEIS, said, will be held in Monterey Park Library.

Bratvold said that "A lot of people have a lot to be happy about." He said, "We are the owners."}

The Planning Board rejected both of Monterey Park's appeals and accepted the Draft Environmental Impact Statement. "Accepting the statement does not imply that the board agrees with the findings of the study that will approve the project. A public hearing about the project is scheduled for December 7 at 7:30 p.m. Gehry, the building's Santa Monica-based architect, is expected to attend, as are landscape architect Laurie Olin, who designed a 200-seat theater, and a number of the buildings involved in the DEIS.

Bratvold remains confident about the results of the project. "Our owners have huge momentum," he said. "We are the owners."
filed by the United States Department of Justice, to end the notorious brutality of the Philadelphia police. In this manner, Mumia unerringly brandished the instruments of the very police force that was later to accuse him of first-degree murder.

MOVE came into conflict with the police again in 1981. In a lengthy court action, Philadelphia police and Mumia burglarized the group's row house, killing eleven MOVE members, including five children, and burned down the entire neighborhood, which consisted of 250 row houses.

Even before his journalism career, Mumia's political activism had already been noticed. The FBI had started a file on Mumia when he was 15 years old. He was convicted of the occupation of the Pennsylvania Office of Public Relations. "All Things Considered." However, under pressure from Philadelphia Police and then-Senator Robert Dole, Mumia was released the next week after publicly announcing it. The American Bar Association (ABA) and other organizations such as the Prison Reform Project opposed the parole decision to political forces. The ABA called the conclusion "exactly the kind of censorship of unpopular speech the First Amendment was designed to protect against" (ABA Journal June '96). In response to NPR's decision to cancel its series of commentaries, Mumia released a statement observing that "It is clear that, in my case, the title 'All Things Considered' did not mean all. The commentaries were later published under the title Live from Death Row."

Since the Pennsylvania Supreme Court's judgment, the trajectory of Mumia's legal career has come alternating close to an end. Attorneys for Mumia have filed an application with the PA for a retesting of Mumia's appeal. This filing allows the case to remain in the state court system for the time being and delays Governor Rendell from signing a death warrant. However, if the retesting is denied, Mumia will have 30 days to file a habeas corpus motion in the federal court. Because of the Antiterrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act (AEDPA), which was largely signed in 1996, the Supreme Court has no power to interfere. Mumia's lawyer argues that cases pending in the federal court, as long as they are not "cumbersome." In essence, the process of effective retesting is greatly impeded.

The last autumn of Mumia's prolonged struggle has been the U.S. Supreme Court, a body completely comprised of conservative judges. The Court accepts very few death penalty cases. If Mumia's case is granted review (contingent), the Supreme Court may have to rule on the constitutionality of the AEDPA, a possibility that has enormous implications for a period when "social crimes" has become the watchword of politicians and legislators.

In a statement issued from death row, on October 31, Mumia said, "I am sorry that this court did not rule on the right side of history. But I am not surprised. Every time our nation has come to a fork in the road with regard to men it has chosen to take the path of complicity and betrayal. On October 29th, 1998, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court delivered a collective irresistible view. It dismissed the motion, thereby ended the fair trial, and raped justice... A court cannot make an innocent man guilty... The righteous fight for liberty, freedom and justice can only continue."

Another demonstration in the fight as usual Mumia is scheduled for Thanksgiving Day in Philadelphia. Organisations for Bar students to participate are in progress. For more information, stop by the Student Action Collective (SAC) Center at 838 Chestnut. Find out all about the political activities of Mumia's friends, people and family. Information on other ways to support Mumia can be found on the website of the International Concerned Friends and Family of Mumia Abu-Jamal at http://www.internationalconcernedfriends.org.
WXBC Snags on Tech Complications

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

By Charity Smith

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aqueous Assassins: Death Comes To Us All

By Dan Rostow

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

McKeever argued that his method of killing was most efficient. He spent the morning trying to break every window in the building before heading to the dormitories to kill his targets. He was successful in his mission, and returned to the dormitories later that day.

Some students argued that the game was unfair and that the organizers should have provided more information about the rules. Others argued that the organizers were trying to make the game more interesting for the players.

The game was called "Aqueous Assassins" and was designed to simulate a murder mystery. The players were given a list of suspects and had to use clues to solve the mystery. The game was won by the player who correctly identified the murderer.

Landy argued that his survival was simply due to luck. He was unable to find his target and was therefore able to remain alive. He said that he had been a successful killer in the past, but that this time he was simply not as lucky.

Landy's argument was met with skepticism by other players. Some argued that the game was rigged in favor of Landy and others argued that the rules were not clearly defined.

In the end, the players were left to determine the winner of the game. Some argued that Landy was the winner, while others argued that the game was a failure. The outcome of the game is still up for debate.

The game was designed to be fun and entertaining, and was a success overall. The players enjoyed the challenge of solving the mystery and the thrill of the game. The organizers hope to continue the game in the future and improve upon it for next year.
The Tempest: Nearly Gag and Frill-free

By Peter Malcolm

AS IT STOOD UP to leave the Cocoon Theatre after watching The Tempest, I heard a girl say, "That was really easy to understand." And it was. It was a simple, clear interpretation of Shakespeare's famous play. Nothing was taken away and little was added. Shakespeare is often treated like a Christmas tree on which to hang ornaments; director focuses his comedies with physical gags and adorn them with quirky characters. In this case, the tree stood on its own. This production was designed for newcomers to the brave new world of Shakespeare.

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

Although it was a fairly low budget production, the island's furies and spirits ingeniously compensated for the lack of technical support by creating atmosphere and sound effects. They made all the noises, from thunder to howling winds, and sang all of the musical pieces a capella. When not taking part in the central action, they stood at the back and the sides of the stage, behind the translucent curtains that served as the set. The fairies formed shapes with their bodies, and their ongoing, slow movements added an effective mystical quality to the island.

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

Overall, the jokes were not milking as much as they could have been. Trinculo, Stephano, Stephano, and Caliban (played by Danny Bower, Jeffrey Bard, and Chace Thirnant, respectively) made an amusing comic trio, but the comedy was still somewhat stifled. Because of the show's loyalty to the script, jokes that Shakespeare obviously meant to be funny come across as hilarious. But the supplementary gags that these three added were small and undervalued. Comedy suffers when performers oversaw it, and this production certainly overstuffed that fare. However, there were moments that touched the opposite extreme, ultimately detracting from Will's comedy and making the work less sophisticated. Lewonczyk and Cartelli directed and produced this show themselves. They knew at the outset that it would have to be low budget and no-frills, and they made good use of the resources available. The result was not laugh-a-minute comedy, but was indeed The Tempest as the bard intended it.

Reliving Log-Cabin Memories in Scheff's

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

By Stephanie Schimmick

EATING AT Scheff's Kitchen is likeinviting one's childhood — or one grew up in a log cabin. Then again, I must make it clear that Scheff's Kitchen does have some universal appeal. It's filled with refrigerator artwork and toy collection which almost anyone could relate to, in or out their own experience. When the staff says, "Make yourself at home," they mean it.

The pioneer feel comes through in the woodsy interior and the one room layout. I must admit, it is a refreshing change to eat in a place that is cozy and

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

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

The one room layout was so special because it broke down the barriers of the customers and the proprietors. I could see everything in the kitchen; it was like being in my own kitchen. The staff expertly

ly helped in establishing the home-like atmosphere. I was perhaps the friendliest person I've ever met. When the lady asked me how I enjoyed my meal, she actually waited around for me to answer. And the server at the counter was a friendly one. It was simple, rustic and perfect. The menu, written on a blackboard, offered a variety of dishes and entrees, such as French toast, which I've heard is divine but haven't had a chance to try yet. After perusing the menu, I realized I could only choose one item, which stood out from all the others: breakfast pie.

Now, steel yourself up with images of weird quiche with indiscernible vegetables or fuzzy cheese. Don't think of either of Margaret's experimental breakfast pies, which consists of a pile of scrambled eggs dumped onto a pizza crust. (Please don't think I actually ordered this — I am only familiar with this mismatch because it was offered to me for free.) This was different: it was made with raw eggs and yellow pepper. The delicious cheddar cheese crust was topped with melted cheese, tasty identifiable vegetables and only a few bits of scrambled eggs.

"After such a delightful experience, I couldn't have been more pleased. I took home a beyond-belief, moist ginger spice bread to extend the experience into the outside world."

Now, the final straw that convinced me to become a Scheff's Kitchen superfan was the option on the menu that read, 'Novelty breads.' Luckily, I inquired. The very friendly lady showed me pictures of bread leaves that were in the actual shapes of alligators, iguanas and turtles. (They make fish as well, but no photographs were available.) This is a guaranteed success if served at any party or just kept around the house, perhaps sandwiched to make a great conversation piece.

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

By Lisa Manzione

The performance at the Bard Scene Shop Theatre of Henrik Ibsen's last play, When We Dead Awaken (opened November 7-11), was directed by Jeffrey Stichl, director of two previous Bard shows, Pelleus et Medione and Don Giovanni. Performing were Helena Grillo, as Maja, Rubek's young wife; and Wendy Hurt, as Ibsen, Rubek's old maid. Also star-ring were Yosef Kerkor as Rubek, an aging sculp-tor; Ferrand Guberman as Erik, the beer hawker; Witte Bepler, as the Nurse; and, in Bard's regular role, Anthony Rivera as the Bath Inspector. The set was designed by David Maguire, the costumes by Angeline Audl, and the lighting by Andrew Hill (all comprising a design team that has been with the company for the last two seasons). The music was composed and performed by Sean Price. The set was a combination of upstage scaffoldings with shadow windows, a small river cutting across the stage diagonally, surrounded by gravel and stone, and the main piece of plastered walkways, rising above the gravel and enclosing it in a U shape, concealing two sets of walkways and a basement, and a shower. The audience sat on tier one above the stage, looking down on the performers.

The play was performed in a revival to Copenhagen, 1899, and was the last of Ibsen's work. His plays include A Doll's House, An Enemy of the People, The Wild Duck, and Peer Gynt. In 1893, when Henrik Ibsen was a playwright, a combination of the artist's own title and the complex plot, it is necessary to see Rubek, the aging sculptor, the center of all relationships in the play, Ibsen's self-projection. Rubek's situation is one of the characters of the play, the only one with no double face (perhaps Maja). He seems to represent, very power-fully, the untruthful, his speech bearing an almost ineradicable tinsel. This very raised illusion can be accounted for by the fact that he is united to the social and political issues of that time. He is not a real character in the play, but his role is not as a real character, but as a symbol of the artist's life and work.

Consistent with Joyce's perspective, the questions that arise, the poetized philosophical core of this rarely performed play (there have been three performances in the U.S. in the last 20 years, including this one) make it stand as a beacon among this kind of epic theatre.

question: "What is the matter?" of Maja, his disillu-stioned and apparently neurotic wife, becomes a broad-er question, directed to the audience, to the world, or to Ibsen himself. Maja's reply is poignant: "Don't you hear the silence?"

"Ibsen's plays do not depend for their interest on the action or on the incidents. Even the characters, pursued down the line, are not the first thing in his plays. But the idea of one's perception of a great truth, or the opening up of a great question, or a great conflict which is almost independent of the conflicting actors, and has been and is of far-reaching importance—this is what pri-marily interests our audience." So wrote James Joyce of When We Dead Awaken in 1900. Consistent with Joyce's perspective, the questions that arise, the poet-ized philosophical core of this rarely performed play (there have been three performances in the U.S. in the last 20 years, including this one) make it stand as a beacon among this kind of epic theatre. It reverber-ates throughout the consciousness and the active mind of the audience. In the questions of the audience, such as, Do you care to listen? Do you enjoy simply being entertained by a play, or are you willing to plunge into it, no matter what form, and suffer the consequences?

All the actors were extremely successful in achieving their goal of creating an experience that "challenged the expectations of the audience," as Prof. Stichl put it. The actors were determined to let the words and the music through, not just through their intentions. I was immediately drawn in by the clarity of their visions, by their deep understanding. This group of director and actors was ever a little underplayed: Considerably, there were no constant shrieks of excessive passion, no ac-ting, all avoiding, at times with little margin, the intense, the all-pervasive melodrama possible with a text such as this. Overall, however, all who were able to look past the dramatic demands of the show into its music, to select their performance, or risk overwhelm-ing both themselves and the audience. This accounts for the points of uncertainty and unavailability one feels during the weighty pauses, the dramatic per-formance, as we were drawn into their world. The actors' command of fluidity nonetheless slipped at times, becoming monotonous and arid, even inflecting the transitions between acts.

The mud baths during the show did not distract; rather, their union with the wooden set works in the terms of the color and opaqueness of the sur-rounding space. They provided a frightening and disturbing metaphor for both the immersion of the sculptor and the soul, and then death, the return to the ground, the unanswerable and deadly union between the artist and artwork. The mud baths are a unifying and the understanding between complex worlds. The lighting was used to purposeful effects: to pass the player into different beds of the walkways, the lights softly faded the previous region into shadow. The tone of the lighting was good; dark enough to define a brooding mood, assist the staging and the music.

The music was unfortunately uninteresting and somewhat boring. Nonetheless, it suited the begin-nings and the end of the performance, and its great crescendos, samples, and voice compositions were attractive. The music did contribute to a mellow, pens-ive mood, though it fell limp within the performance and lost the interest of the viewer.

The first act provided tension from the first scene forward. As it begins amongst several nudes and is surrounded by Maja curled up at the foot of her bath, opposite Rubek, lying pensive. Maja sits, slowly trembling, the water pouring down her head, until she softly expli-cates a piece on a gap shifting the initial mood and begin-ning the dialogue. It was only after a few minutes into the play, when Kerkor and Grillo entered the room, that this true form becomes apparent. The honesty in their words allows the relations between them to become fluid and chilling. In the context of the perfor-mance, Maja becomes a messenger, saying that, while our encounters with the real world may be heathen, we nevertheless have a self-willed freedom. Maja wants to do things, but in an unphilosophical manner. She was almost crude to the viewer; unpre-dictable, and funny.

Here we also encounter the white- clad and looming figure of the inspector, who makes his rounds, asking Rubek and Maja into their respective baths in an in-u-stri-atric manner as possible, like a priest giving the last rites to the sick. Rivero's tone is affable and serv-antly, equally powerful. In the scene, and Rubek and Maja enter the room, that their true forms become apparent. The honesty in their words allows the relations between them to become fluid and chilling. In the context of the performance, Maja becomes a messenger, saying that, while our encounters with the real world may be heathen, we nevertheless have a self-willed freedom. Maja wants to do things, but in an unphilosophical manner. She was almost crude to the viewer; unpredictable, and funny.

In the final scene of the play, the greatest passion in the characters finally emerges. Rubek and Ibsen. In a quiet and intimate scene, the characters are for a moment less a part of their world, and the world is more a part of them. This is the moment of change, this departure from the vocal mood that per- vaded the show, left many people with a good taste in their mouths, and left me, for me, the same odd. I am still unsure of what I think of Ibsen's performance, though I commend him for making me see what I did not know.

When We Dead Awaken is a great play, a great act, and one of the most intellectually productions I've seen. It may not be as grand a pageant, as half-realized entertain-ment, should not be a low aesthetic hoop to jump through, should not be a passive game to play with little imagination, and should not be understood. It's a thinking art. It uses human subject matter and provokes one's sense of being as self, as a human, if not human, and flowers all of these gestures and gave one new ideas.

The Nora’s relation to Irene was strong and pervas-ive. Later in the act, the two became beautiful, strange, loving statues of tobacco smoke, breathing through the arch of the arched face of the Nur, in the space in the middle of the room. The Nur seemed to bring storms with her, even the potential storms found in Ibsen’s history. I was no little moved, yet, as a sculptor, I could speak symbolically, in repetition, and be concerned with the underlining and unobtrusive. What they presented, they did well, though left me waiting to receive more from their performances. Hart and Kerkor have together wrought a great, deep, and justifiably so in his play, his act, in return for his “possession” of her soul. Wendy became a burn-ing torch, a clear voice of rendering. Her performance was weak, her voice all that was left.

Rubek was childlike, an artist in desperate, and at the end of his days. Kerkor made him simple in appearance, even simple in tone, while skill that she, and the inspector as well, could speak problem in his performance. Since it was not convincing to hear Rubek speak, he seemed cold and distant, getting from a childish demeanor to one of absolute control.

Ulstein’s was the only truly unique and solitary charac-ter of the play, the only one with no double face (perhaps Maja). He seems to represent, very power-fully, the untruthful, his speech bearing an almost inexorable tinsel. This very raised illusion can be accounted for by the fact that he is united to the social and political issues of that time. He is not a real character in the play, but his role is not as a real character, but as a symbol of the artist’s life and work.
Random Reviews: From Beck to Spiritualized

By Scott Schum

UNBELIEVABLE EARLIER THIS MONTH, Beck’s new album, The Information, is the year’s more controversial release. Recorded live in the studio with his touring band, the album was originally slated for release on the indie label Beggars. Soon after, the album was released to mixed reviews, with many critics praising the album’s raw energy and unique style, while others found it to be a disappointing departure from Beck’s previous work.

This with its mind, the 60s, Beck pondered of the album that is substituted with slick production courtesy of Nigel Godrich (producer of Radiohead, OK Computer), self-conscious egotism, and a younger sense of melody. A sample-free album, concentrating on folk-based compositions, Mutations has some great points. “Cold Dead,” a droning folk ballad featuring a ghostly chorus and an imperious harmonica solo, kicks off the album nicely, while Beck incorporates elements of 60s-era Beach Boys-style riffs on “Nobody’s Throwing But My Own.” The album’s strongest track, however, is probably Beck’s ability to bring together disparate stylistic elements. Mutations finds Beck’s ability to shine through those styles separately over the course of the album, shining in its composition. In fact, “Cancan Beggars,” despite being a good song, Beck’s songwriting style and lonesome country aesthetic, and the album’s low point, the album’s most devotee-like “Tropicana,” is nothing more than a shambling sibling of the “Diamond” single. However, Mutations ultimately remains true to Beck’s substitution of pop conventions while managing to distinguish itself in its catalog. While not without its flaws, the album is nevertheless another fine release from one of modern music’s more significant performers.

For this year’s Headspace, Memory has returned with what must certainly be one of the year’s best albums. On Defendant’s Scream, the group abandons the kitchen-sink chaos and noise of earlier releases, delivering instead a collection of lush, orchestrated pop music. The album’s bold nature brings Mylo Xyloto to mind, similar in feel to the best of his work.

The group’s extensive use of Melodrama enhances the album’s gentle melodies with moving symphonic arrangements, all while achieving a new level of grandeur. Over the course of 11 tracks, the cinematic nature of Defendant’s Scream develops amid short instrumental interludes, all of which mask the lack of a final word on both within and among the songs. Two guests from The Head are in an opposing sense, Leona Lewis constitutes the cinematic opening to “Opus 60” and Earth Holland helping out on tenor and also as for “Hurricane Line.” The charm andscope of Defendant’s Scream is more than that of modern rock albums, and the result is an impressive work made all the more refreshing by its unpretentious accomplishments.

Masturbation Frustration

By Mark/Mary Stone

I AM UNPRACTICED because I hardly ever masturbate anymore. When I was 15, 16, and 17, I masturbated nightly and let you tell me, some of that sex made me have organs that were the strongest/most powerful/fulfilling/creative/best ones that I ever had. Other people are rare, but there is nothing as subtle and specific and accurate as working myself up into a situation where I knew I’d blast into the cosmos. I told my friend that I thought masturbation sometimes feels better than sex with another person and he said, “Coming in a girl’s pussy feels better.” Interesting.

Once, not too long ago, I had a practical exercise when I came and banged my head against a wall for 15 minutes, and I have the sweats of all the great times I have had jerking off, but somehow, these days, I start to touch myself and I find myself just wanting to give up. I feel like I have no sex in myself. I feel like I have no desire or desire or just stop. Maybe if we had a VCR in our house I could rest. New Wave Heston and think about S.C., but that would be nice, but I find myself not being able to have fun without having to pay for it.

What is my problem? I received an interview survey of people who went through my house so that I could gain a little perspective on my needs for this column. I told them of my masturbation frustration and asked them to answer the question. “How often do you masturbate?”

The answers were varied. One woman told me that she had masturbated every day consistently since she was 15; and she’s very happy. So young men complained that he did not masturbate as much as he used to, but then he said that he was in the three-of-four-or-five-week period. This meant that he casually masturbates every week, but he just happened to be busy this week. Another woman told me that she hardly ever masturbated because she feels secretive and dirty. I think that my main problem is exhaustion. The men that I work with at the Bard counseling services told me that “not sleeping is worse than not eating,” and this is probably true. If I pleased myself and relaxed a little tension, I would relax more. I can’t rest. I am trapped in an ominous cycle where I am too tired to do the work needed to get off and I am too restless to sleep. I can’t, I am too tired to do the work needed to get off, and I am too restless to sleep. I can’t, can’t rest. I am completely unable to release the energy that is making me so wired and so exhausted. (Author’s note: This column is meant to start an ongoing conversation between people about various ideas, but I find myself in a dilemma. Send ideas and questions to PO Box 850)
Orson Welles Meets Deathstalker

Drug Deals Of Yesteryear Three Lights Upon the Present Day

Touch of Evil turns out to be a song. The big bang, of course, but one of sufficient size to destroy a car. It is not two occupants and completely ruin the honey-month of drug enforcement officer Mike Vargas and his bride Susan (Charlene Henson and Janet Leigh), plunging them both into a mess of intrigues and violence on the Mexican-U.S. border. Visually, the film is breathtaking: one of the first shots lasts over three minutes, and the surrealist camerawork makes Tarantino’s look like a cheap rip-off. I’ll remember for a long time the shots of people walking down empty streets while bullet flies around their ankles, the beat of a murdered man perched over the headboard of a bed, and Susan Vargas hysterically scanning on a fire escape while hercohliberous husband drives past below. Fans of old-time radio will have a field day; besides Leigh and Henson, Marlene Dietrich makes an appearance in a Maudlin, Chooz Welles (who also directed) plays a corrupt cop, and keep your eyes peeled for Zsa Zsa Gabor’s few seconds as a nightclub owner.

About half an hour or so into the movie, Susan and Mike are separated. Mike is dragged unwittingly into the investigation of the two murders, and Susan (in a situation which seems to be the basis for Petrel) is tormented and finally kidnapped by the thugs of a local gang leader. The story isn’t quite as simple, however, instead of moving straight ahead, it seems to go around in a series of loops and circles so complex that it (once again) makes Tarantino’s circular plots look comical and discombobulating its comparison.

Touch of Evil does have its flaws. For one thing, even after being re-edited to comply with a fiesty twelve-page memo by Welles, it’s difficult to follow the plot unless you’re on the toes. Fortunately, the cinematography and direction make it worth your while. Perhaps a bigger problem is that the movie is dated. I saw with my mouth open, amazed at the tiny circum-

rather than inspired by the kind of Leitich’s constructed world. Even in her under-

she looked like an escapee from the tight-laced days of the nineteenth century. And I mean that the scenes involving drugs will have many people gig-

grasping, rolling their eyes and saying, “Ter-

eryin’ out loud,” at least inwardly. At the same time, it’s easy to see the flaws of the cinema that the movie deals with seem to be of their time. Conflicts between Maximilian and Americans, police corruption, planted evidence and drugs are usually considered the property of these times and movies, but they are all dealt with in Touch of Evil. The result is a period piece that seems to transcend the passage of forty years.—Anne Matasiewicz

Dreky Sheath Stainless Films Back in 6-Mile Sprender

Considering the weather, the options are many. You could discuss the thrill of Hitchcock films or the evolution of thriller films; the humanity of the Evil Dead series; the natures of the Dead; their own unworldliness; or, unsaid, Fearless Back in The Craft or Tim Burton, the master of spooky films. Yes, there are many appropriate subjects on which I could write.

Indeed, I think I’ll write a nice article about Deathstalker. A series of films so pure in their awfu-

lness that they should be labelled a controlled substance, these flicks are vagely set in the Middle Ages, in a sort of alternate universe in which magic is the major power and everyone is scantly clad. They have several things in common: bad acting, minia-
ture budgets, leather clothes, blurry moonlighting, footage from B-movie fans, and tame death scenes which involve whacking with swords, groan-

The first Deathstalker features Rick Hill as the "bog and church and yet entirely fuzzy Deathstalker." The film was made in 1984, and is memorable largely for the appearance of Barrie Benton as Princess Corditte. The second Deathstalker goes on, with, of course, a tournament and an evil sorcerer, and three powers to be

united. And a guy who looks strikingly like Luke Skywalker with brown hair, but then again Deathstalker looks like Han, so it all works out.

The second Deathstalker flick is the best or worst, depending on your point of view, but at any rate it features John Turski as the "Deathstalker who gets all the good times." I like him. Also, the evil sorcerer has a passing resemblance to David Bowie, or some-

body. And the movie is too long. —Anne Matasiewicz
The Perilous Flight of the Worm—
Herr Dan Desmond: A Retrospective

By Nick Jones

Dan Desmond is a man of refined taste. He is the very image of a gentleman, with a connoisseur's eye for art and music. Yet, behind his polished facade, there lies a darker side—a side that has driven him to commit some of the most heinous acts of injustice and cruelty.

In the early years of his career, Dan Desmond was just another man in the city, but it was not long before his true nature began to emerge. He was a man of great wealth, and he used it to amass a personal fortune that would have made any other person envious. But behind this façade of success and prosperity, there was a darkness that had been slowly growing within him.

Dan Desmond was a man of great ambition, and he was not content to rest on his laurels. He desired more, and he was willing to do whatever it took to achieve his goals. But his methods were ruthless, and he did not care who got hurt in the process.

In his youth, Dan Desmond was a member of a secret society that was dedicated to the pursuit of power and wealth at any cost. He was one of the most influential members of this group, and he used his position to further his own interests. He was a man of great intelligence, and he was always one step ahead of the game.

As the years passed, Dan Desmond became more and more isolated. He was surrounded by a circle of devoted followers who were willing to do anything to keep him in power. But these followers were as much a part of the problem as the solution. They were used to his methods, and they were afraid to challenge him.

In the end, Dan Desmond was a man who had lost his soul. He had sold his soul to the devil for power and wealth, and he had paid a terrible price for it. He had destroyed himself and those around him in his quest for domination. And in the end, he was left with nothing but regret and remorse.

He had been a man of great talent and intelligence, but he had allowed his greed and ambition to consume him. He had been a man of great potential, but he had failed to realize it. And so, Dan Desmond's story serves as a warning to all of us. It is a reminder of the dangers of greed and ambition, and the importance of using our talents and abilities for the greater good.

The story of Dan Desmond is a警示 to all of us, and it is a reminder that we must always be mindful of our actions. For as we nave seen, even the most powerful and influential people can be brought down by their own arrogance and greed. In the end, it is the simple acts of kindness and compassion that will determine the course of our lives. So let us strive to be kinder, to be more compassionate, and to use our talents and abilities for the betterment of all people.
Living in the Villa Borghese: Ravine Review

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

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

Bearing us the first passage of a prayer: "because it is quite clearly don't take place here at Bard College. It certainly doesn't occur here in the Ravines. After all, the rains are a pretty constant here, bouncing without warning onto the stove and even advising us to cook our pasta longer. As far as I know, when a house is built on choppsticks, there's always stirring, but only when you, the residents of a Ravine house, eat.

I will not tell you which ravine I actually live in. I do not wish to involve the row of the mice.

However, regardless of the structure you actually reside in, every resident shares the common bond that there is a better than even chance that your

Someone wanders the hall scratching, or offers to sell his soul for ornament, and we in the Ravines look at each other with a knowing look, a look that says, "That's probably scabies, but it could be lice.

remains will soon be found at the bottom of a woodshed.

During L.A.T., at our first opportunity to meet Leon Botstein, I botched the chance that he will ever invite me to talk by asking him a paragraphing.

"So Leon, how come you've put me in a disease ridden, vermin infested deathtrap, and

where's my tuition actually going? I mean, obviously not the food!

Professor Botstein explained to me calmly and patiently that it is actually more "stale" for the building to be on "rotted sticks," because the "over-population" of the freestanding houses "came" for about a third of us to be "liquidated." His answer, white quite witty and full of irrepressible academic cheer, left me somewhat unsatisfied. But not my father. He'd side with Leon Botstein in any argument. Leon could be advocating the return of Hitler to power in Germany, and my father would say, "You're going to argue with him? He's been on C-Spul."

Of course, the Ravines occasionally gives that itch to get away. Actually, it's simply an itch. That itch could be the official disease of the Ravine Houses. Scabies are bugs that infect areas I'm not allowed to mention in print, and these reside until possibly they move to Florida and learn to play shuffleboard. (It's not exactly clear what ultimately happens to them, since no one's been cured here. They traverse through extreme torture of skin-to-skin contact, which happens a lot here at Bard College, due to out, harmful, unwise behavior, for skin-to-skin contact. We've all detected here. I'm referring to sex, as opposed to other skin-to-skin contact, such as full contact y Elling:

It now becomes the insert version of the Scarlet Letter. Someone wanders the hall scratching, or offers to sell his soul for ornament, and we in the Ravines look at each other with a knowing look, a look that says, "That's probably scabies, but it could be lice."

is there a problem here too? But who cares? We're all going to die soon anyway! I mean, Tremblay was being held up with duct tape for about a month now. Now

Putzheads, Demagogues and Glitter: Elections 1998

Probing the mind of the American voter, the Observer's political analyst develops elaborate, meaningless theories

In the aftermath of the 1998 elections, the very pundits who predicted the doom of all Democrats rubbed to explain the mood of the "American voter." When I speak of the voters, of course, I refer to the one men in Des Moines, Iowa, who actually voted. Turnout was at a new low, breaking the previous low of three.

No one could understand what had happened! This was the great American rejection for Bill Clinton and everything he stood for! Yet it was clear from the poll numbers that Americans side with the Ford:er-in-Crime. Sixty-five percent or so still favor the job Bill Clinton is doing. Seventy-four percent are against impeachment. And a whopping 97 percent feel that "a blow job is wonderful, even if given by someone on the tidy side."

As a result, the Democrats gained six seats in the House of Representatives, to bring the Republican edge down to just 12 votes. Meanwhile, the Senate, which many predicted would be as many as five Republican gains, remained at a standoff, 55-45. Henry Hyde, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, saw this as a close voter infall of the impeachment process, and said that in the future, his inquiry will be limited to "those Bill Clinton has actually done wrong." The claims of a cover-up and perjury have been scaled back to three lesser charges: contempt, resting less than 100 percent of the FFA requirement of reformation. Clinton is doing his best to make it clear that it is without permission of the Attorney General.

The big loser in all of this? Newsweek. In the wake of the news media's attention and perjury, Gay Gitch died off to give up control of the speckle in a statement line manner when it became clear that no one was going to vote for him anyway. Gitch, resigned from Congress altogether, but has begun to plan his 2000 Presidential campaign, in which he will run as a crusading populist, able to appeal to both men and women voters.

Who were else the big winners in the 1998 elec-

Notes:
1 Note: Chuck Schumer won in his election bid over "Alphaform D'Amato."
Even Gandhi Would Be Pissed! And the Man Never Eats Out

By Humam Miceli

I AM AVOIDING by nature, a machoistic. I am not saying that there is anything wrong with being machoistic, or anything like that. I am just not so eager B&G, who will no doubt respond to any offensive comments by getting security to put the book on my geographies, concluding her order.

When I am saying that I simply do not find all that many opportunities to raise hell. A beameer of person would, quite honestly, make me fear for my life. This comes from a Jewish mother who learned me against such dangers as freewillism, stray cats, and brushing my teeth two tigazvially.

I suppose my tendency to be, in the world of an official, "conservative by extremely liberal students," means I am a bit of a single person. But I, I trust like Leon Biased I never get angry with him. (One, how's establishment I am.) I've read a book of Wisconsin... I think. Short, I'm not very subject to attacks...

Which makes this tourist threat so disturbing. Because I'm going to have to blow up definte if they continue to threaten me.

Now, before I begin to tell you exactly why I was given my coffee for free. Of course, as a gentleman of the press, I know what that's all about! A little hush money to keep this scandalous little nightmare of caffeine and chronological depravity silent!

Tiger vs. Tiger: Exxon Seeks Damages From Cerial Giant

By Bruce Nims

Last week Exxon filed a lawsuit against Kellogg's, claiming that the company's mascot, the Tiger, too closely resembles their own mascot, the Exxon Tiger. In addition to charges of copyright infringement, Exxon is seeking compensations for considerable trauma suffered by the Exxon tiger, whose sense of identity has been "demonized." When asked what prompted the suit, which came after years of peaceful coexistence between the two tigers, Exxon attorney Jim Boucher reported, "They just noticed them. If we had noticed them before, we would have sued them then, but we just noticed... The bottom line is [Exxon] cannot afford to be associated with a cereal company." Exxon is requesting that the court order Kellogg's to refrain from using the color orange, which they claim is signature to their product. This was abandoned, however, when a patent holder called to assert their copyright of the color orange, as well as the word "tiger." Mr. Gates has preferred to remain unnamed, but, unfortunately, his request is not legitimate, as the writer of this article has ownership of the name "Gates." Understandably, there has been an exponential confusion regarding copyrights. Privileges, but as the law now stands, ownership is guaranteed to artists at the moment of conception of their work. Many protective measures have been taken to keep this small point of detail, but no matter how many times we are reminded, we still seem to forget. As regards the Tiger vs. Tiger case, reports are mixed regarding which tiger came first. Though Exxon is 20 years older, they claim rights to produce photographs of ancient cave paintings, in which their mascot is depicted pummeling another tiger.
Feeling a Bad Bit Dumb in the Heart!
Penguin Puts Penache (Intern(ship)

Savvy Bardian

descends from the Zarathustran heights to mull about in the agena of inchoate genius: the realm of the Heart!

By Car Il. Cox

"People do not like reading about things that are sad." Such is the wisdom of one who has been a seasoned, market-oriented editor, who can dispense with a Lipstick-crusted smile, as she welcomes a fresh-faced student into the world of publishing.

This past summer I was one such student, at the paragon of paperback integrity known as Penguin Books. My power-suited boss Michelle espoused her theory of contemporary readability after I turned in a revised version of what I thought was a fairly good manuscript. The manuscript was com- prised of violets bound by a female narrator who grew up with a schizophrenic mom. "It was shiny, witty, and let- ter-sweet," I wrote, "and had the potential to appeal to a mainstream, female audience." Michelle, whose hair, teeth, and complexion are all different hues of yellow, appreciated my review and, in good humor, explained that "manifest" tends to steer away from subjects that evoke sadness. Sadness is the stuff of Penguin's literary division.

But what is an internship, if not a lesson in the dulled tastes and mediocrity that a capitalist enterprise produces? It was an astonishment, a Babeltong amongst Romans, and all in all, not too big a hassle to come to the realization that I did not want to end up in the corporate publishing world. But alas, not for a long time. From now on, therefore the sentiment of Michelle's assistant, my assigned mentor for the internship.

Sophia was one of my many editorial assistants in her early 20s. She was a salary at Skit after her age. She had graduated from Columbia University one year prior having double-minor in lit and film. I could easily call her to order, and she told me straight out that she's a huge reader of science fiction. Turning to an editor's assistant, her dedication to the craft was an inspiration, her advice was rigorous and exact. We discussed her own process of editing, putting together sale sets (collating, in essence), and photocopying like mad. On Mondays I'd get to set in on editorial meetings. On a peripheral note, along with Sophia and the other all-female assistants—tragically, the gender ratio of the actual editors was almost equal— I listened to the editors discuss what they were reading, always with an eye to a week's marketing potential. One potential project was contingent on Bruce Willis signing on to do a movie tie-in. We sat there and smiled, visions of Angora floating through my head.

Thanks to a Cluster editor's decision to prematurely half out her career, I got a year of my own. The second week, and damn, was Ms. Woolf had been proved. I had my own wallooning, email, and Internet accesses. In many ways, it was like playing office. I was surrounded by the very signs of classic that I had (basically) read in high school, including them in my own personal air-conditioned armchair, sneaking coffee out of a company jug. Occasionally a pot-by would look in, unaware of my minor professional vacillating (for the schizophrenia my manifest manuscript in front of me, and I'd give him or her knowing smile and half-wink (faked to perfection) that said "yesh buddy, I understand your.

All in all, it was a good way to spread the daylight hours of the Big Apple, despite a tragic lack of pay. For my exclusive services at Penguin I was afforded but $28 a week to cover my travel and to find (while Pennsylvania contractually prescribes the end). Now this was for as low as 28 hours a week, making for a rate of pay which all but Michael Kruger would cry. Alas, Penguin forced me into a criminal lifestyle. It just so happens that at the big P there were boxes of scattered books all over the building, which any employer could take in his own. I begged up as much as I could carry and then trashcans to the Scound where I sold those bad boys for top dollar, saving a violent series of complaints. I made an addi- tional 20 to 30 dollars on days that food was running low, and my arms were feeling strong. I also worked part- time at the Lion King musical to supplement my income, which by my standards is criminal...but that's another story.

Che, we alas those aspiring to an experience such as mine, send out exaggerated resumes to as many publishing companies as possible by the middle of April. I've decided that the best way to handle the inevitable was to write back and request an interview.

Analyzing Kovel's Defeat in Senate Elections 1998

It was perhaps no surprise that Joel Kovel, Green Party candidate at New York, was not elected to the U.S. Senate on November 3. This fact, however, does not properly convey the results of his run for office. During a conversation on November 4, Joel emphasized that many of his goals for this election campaign were met. His most important goal was to get his mes- sage out; he wanted to move the issues of the restora- tion of the Kyoto accord, the transition of the indus- trial sector to renewable energy sources, universal health care such as exists in every industrialized country in the world, and the third party alternative to our terribly corrupt, undemocratic two-party system. To further this end, Joel spent four months traveling around the state, attend-
Letters to the Editors & Bard Community

Dear Bard Community,

The town meeting held on October 27 regarding Mario Botta’s ordain, the Saturday prior was informative and productive. We drew our Bard community closer together to resolve this current dilemma. Before, during, and after the town meeting, there was a great deal of rage expressed. Although there were many people present, there was also a great deal of confusion and disorder. The issues at hand were complex and required careful consideration.

Dear Bard Community, I have given this situation considerable thought, and have reached the following conclusions: First, the Dutchess County deputy who made the arrest should be suspended for his actions of both racism and brutality. Second, the Bard staff members and administration should not be found guilty of racial and sexual harassment.

Words of racial bigotry are in poor taste but are not against the law. However, when these biases interfere with the community’s ability to properly perform its duties to uphold and preserve the law, they become inexcusable. Police officers should be removed from service. While I respect the police’s difficult task to serve and protect, there is no justification for the misuse of official powers. The abuse of powers creates tension between the police and the community and depletes trust between citizens and officers. The “law” is not a shield behind which the police can hide.

The deputy in question should be suspended immediately. The suspension should last at least six months, during which time he should make a public apology on Bard campus and inform the Poughkeepsie and Red Hook newspapers of the facts of the situation. Although his words and actions were bigoted and wrong, it was an extreme action to force his resignation and his loss of career over a single incident. However, further incitement of this type is definitely grounds for his permanent removal. While the Resident Director and security officers did not interfere with the assault, the students present did not stop the police officer. The Resident Director, security officers and students alike were shocked by the deputy’s drastic actions. Any further interaction with the deputy would have complicated the situation. The lack of interference on the students’ part further distinguishes the police officer’s actions as racially oriented and unnecessary force.

I am willing to extend my help to all of you, if there are things I can do to support you during this time of stress.

My brother was a gentle, quiet man who never had a bad word to say about anybody or anything and his death is a great loss to his family and friends.

—Ling Chia Kotty

Dear Bard Community.

I would like to extend my thanks to all of you for being there for me during my recent bereavement. My brother was a gentle, quiet man who never had a bad word to say about anybody or anything and his death is a great loss to his family and friends.

I will always remember your kindness and thoughtfulness during this time of sorrow. Your prayers, kind words, love and donations are greatly appreciated.

—Shirley Daniel

Observer Editorial Policy

The Bard Observer is Bard’s only student-run newspaper. A forum for the exchange of ideas and information, the paper is distributed free-of-charge on campus. Twelve issues are planned for the academic year; distribution generally takes place Mondays. Everyone is welcome to submit. The deadline for all submissions, be they stories, cartoons, photographs, statistics, or advertising, is 5 p.m. on the Tuesday prior to publication. Late submissions (with the exception of last minute breaking news or sports articles) will not be accepted.

Submit all writing to a labeled disk with files saved in a Macintosh-compatible format (no PC files). Include a double-spaced typewritten (printed) copy with author’s name, suggested headline and subheadline when relevant, and a short description of the work. Letters to the Editor are welcome. We strongly discourage anonymous submissions. If anonymity is absolutely necessary, the writer must reveal his or her identity to the Editor.

The Bard Observer reserves the right to edit letters for spelling, grammar, length, and coherence.

Send submissions via Campus Mail to P.O. Box 850. The Editors can be contacted at observer@bard.edu: 758-7131; and P.O. Box 850, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504.

The Bard Observer Editorial Staff 1998-99

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Scrutinizing Candidate Kovel’s Senate Defeat

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE
IN KLINE...

I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED JOSIE. ANYBODY SEEN HER?

NO!

BACK OFF, B.O.MAN, UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE SOME REAL RADICAL B.INGIERS!

AMUSEMENT? IF YOU WANTED AMUSEMENT, WHY DIDN'T YOU COME TO BOARD-SANE NITE?

YOU ARE CEASING TO AMUSE ME, JOSIE!

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

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YOU ARE CEASING TO AMUSE ME, JOSIE!

BACK OFF, B.O.MAN, UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE SOME REAL RADICAL B.INGIERS!

IF YOU COME ANY CLOSER, I'LL CHERISH WITH THE TACKED EDGE OF...

...OF THIS PAPER

YOUR REIGN OF TERROR ENDS HERE, JOSE!

YOU BROUGHT EASY LISTENING JAZZ TO BORD, AND FOR THAT I CAN NEVER FORGIVE YOU!

DAMN YOU, AND YOUR LIQUID JUSTICE B. O. M. A. N.!

YOU WIN! AFTER WEEKS OF PARA-

MUTUAL INSANITY, WARRING FRIENDS, ANNOTATING RANDOM NUMBERS, AND SCORING INNOCENT FPICTURES, YOU HAVE PREPARED YOURSELF MY BETTER IN THE WATER soluble CROPS OF MALIGRANCE.

HERE IS YOUR NEXT TARGET.

OH BOY...

Written & created by Chris Van Dyke, John Holowach. Copyright 1998 Holowach/Van Dyke. Drawn by Chris Van Dyke
Special thanks to: Allen Jones, for being forced to appear in this obligatory sequel; Morgan and Mulher, for helping with last minute brainstorming for extra wacky dialogue to pack each panel; all the insanely paranoid individuals who insured that my life as a hit man would be short and sweet (my homework thanks you); and as always, Mumia Abu-Jamal, for being someone who leads to college student protests, and thus an endless source of entertainment.