

Bard College
Student Newspaper Archive
(1895-1999)

All Rights Reserved. Copyright © 1999 by Bard College

OBSERVER

Vol. 9 No. 4 December 9, 1998

Page 1	Dean Levine Denounces Erotic Pinup Calendar The Senior Class fundraiser “Days of Decadence” 1999 Calendar branded by Bard conservatives as “Unmitigated Smut” Johannes Climacus Bard and Montgomery Place Take Their Cases to the Board Student group actively opposes Performing Arts Center site David Porter Miller Registrar Jetto Resigns After Ten Years at Bard Citing personal reasons, she plans to depart before the beginning of the spring semester David Porter Miller
Page 2	Stokely Carmichael dies at 57 Ready for the Revolution Until the End Michael Haggerty News Briefs Art Awareness Week Flourishes Loney Will Stand Trial in Spring <i>Observer</i> Editors Conduct Mach3 Test
Page 3	Students Join Protest of School of the Americas Bardians travel to Georgia to march for the closure of the U.S. government-run military camp for South and Central American soldiers Sue Schwartz
Page 4	Restaurant Review Dark Existential Crisis at the Local D’n’D Instituting a new policy of closing the drive-thru and midnight, a trusted Red Hook bulwark collapses into the penumbra Stephanie Schneider Diary of a Dork...Um...I Mean...Madman Self-titled “Master of the World,” freshman Jurvis LaSalle killed off his friends and classmates to win at assassins—what’s next? Greg Johnson
Page 5	The Disappearance of All Holy Things? Woodstock Chamber performs world premiere of Kyle Gann orchestra, Prokofiev’s second violin concerto, Beethoven’s seventh John Coyne Film Reviews Berg’s Very Bad Things Doesn’t Deliver on Laughs Anne Matusiewicz
Page 6	Perspectives in Music Notable Releases of the Year and What Lies Ahead Scott Staton
Page 7	Neurotic-Erotic Obsessions MaryMary’s Dildo Madness Westward Bound: Henderson is Rolling You prayed it wouldn’t happen; you longed for an end to the madness, but it couldn’t be: the Stanco Henderson Update is back Joe Stanco
Page 8	Dance Theatre Four: No Guts, No Glory From the flamenco, to satiric vitriol against machismo, to Teletubbies bouncing about eerily, the concert hit home again and again Johannes Climacus
Page 9	Miss Lonelyhearts Miss Lonelyhearts Holiday Special Because the holidays are the loneliest days of the year
Page 10	Bard Sports 1998: When You Lose You Win Raptors, women and men alike, achieved success this season with hard work, determination and merit, despite material loss Patrick Maguire
Page 11	Letters to the Editor and Community <i>Observer</i> Editorial Policy
Page 12	Bot-man: Leader of the P.A.C. Chris Van Dyke and John Holowach

THE BARD OBSERVER

December 9, 1998 • Issue 4, Volume 9 • Annandale-on-Hudson, NY, 12504

Dean Levine Denounces Erotic Pinup Calendar

The Senior Class fundraiser "Days of Decadence" 1999 Calendar branded by Bard conservatives as "Unmitigated Smut"

By JOHANNES CLIMACUS

Editor's Note: The following article was discovered in a hidden cranny of the Observer P.O. Box. The author is suspected to have ties to the Senior Class. We publish it without exacting scrutiny.

DAYS OF DECADENCE, a student pinup calendar created by the Senior Class, has come under fire from Dean Stuart Strizler-Levine and a coalition of conservative forces on campus, who have characterized the calendar as "unmitigated smut."

Levine and conservative students want to halt the sale of the calendars and censure the calendar project organizers.

Dozens of students took part in the pinup project as models, photographers and designers. A second student-produced calendar, *The Spirit of the Century*, is illustrated with historical photos of Bard campus.

Proceeds from the calendar will fund the Tent Party and the traditional Senior Gift to the college.

Organizer Devon Ludlow was flabbergasted.

"You have attacked this project, but is this calendar not the work of students in a college? And is this college not a part of the endeavor of American education as a



IS THIS SMUT? Student Kasia Urbaniak poses for the 1999 calendar.

whole? I put it to you, is this not an indictment of the entire American educational system?" asked Ludlow.

One senior was shocked to learn that prominent members of the Senior Class were involved in the production of the document.

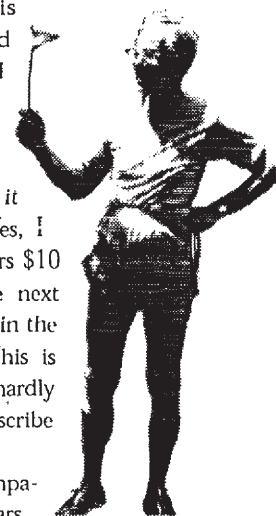
"I know the organizers personally. I never suspected such a horrendously appalling scheme. I think the administration should consider the immediate expulsion

of these rabblers," said senior Steve Bero.

Dean Levine, who initially supported the calendar project, changed his mind when he discovered the truth: the seniors had produced not one, but two calendars.

"I was hornswaggled!" exclaimed the dean. "But it reminds me of something. Yes, I recall it well. I gave the Seniors \$10 dollars for a few beers. The next thing I knew there was a hole in the Commencement platform. This is no different! Chicanery is hardly strong enough a word to describe the actions of the seniors!"

Ludlow and his senior compatriots plan to sell both calendars in Kline and the Post Office this week for \$12 (students receive a \$2 discount).



SPIRIT OF THE CENTURY: Richard Koch '40 raves about the calendar in which he appears.

Bard and Montgomery Place Take Their Cases to the Board

Student group actively opposes Performing Arts Center site

By DAVID PORTER MILLER

DOZENS OF STUDENTS and hundreds of local citizens squeezed into a room in Red Hook's Fire Hall on Monday night to hear representatives of Bard College and Historic Hudson Valley (the owners of neighboring Montgomery Place) debate the College's current site plan for the proposed Performing Arts Center. The Red Hook Planning Board also heard testimony from student Kate Mini, who spoke on behalf of a group of concerned students, and from Steve Yarabek, who designed the Master Plan for the College, among others.

The hearing was called to recess after three hours. It will resume tonight at 7:30 p.m. at the Red Hook Town Hall and, due to the length of the speaker's list, it may spill over into a third evening.

Bard invited landscape architect Laurie Olin; lawyer Ronald Blass; and representatives of Frank O. Gehry and Associates, architects for the project; and Buckhurst Fish & Jacquemart, authors of the Environmental Impact Statement; to speak to the board. President Leon Botstein provided an introduction in which he criticized what he considered to be sensational-

ist misinformation spread by Save Our Sawkill, an ad hoc coalition of groups, spearheaded by Historic Hudson Valley, who are opposed to the PAC's location. Bard intended to "use facts to dispel rumors," said Botstein.

Historic Hudson Valley repeatedly stressed that they are in favor of the project and find the stainless steel-draped structure to be "beautiful," but that they believe the planned location will impose upon the Sawkill River and is consequently unacceptable.

Montgomery Place repeatedly referred to "Site B," located at the end of the ravine that contains the Ravine Houses, as their preferred choice. This site is one of six initially considered and rejected by the architects.

This alternate site was the focal point of a full-color, glossy magazine that was distributed throughout the region and mailed to every Bard student in November.

"There is no 'Site B,'" Botstein insisted in a phone interview with the *Observer* the following day. The site, he said, was rejected due to its steep grade, the mature tree growth on its slope, and the difficulty of constructing access roads.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

Registrar Jetto Resigns After Ten Years at Bard

Citing personal reasons, she plans to depart before the beginning of the spring semester

By DAVID PORTER MILLER

REGISTRAR ELLEN JETTO, a ten-year veteran of Bard's administration, announced her resignation on November 18. Jetto cited personal reasons for her decision to leave Bard, noting that administrators often need to put in more than a full day's work, which can limit their ability to spend time with their family. Jetto has been working 21 years in higher education and has been at Bard for a decade, first as associate registrar and then as registrar.

No date has been set for Jetto's departure, but she hopes to leave before the beginning of the spring semester.

The Registrar's Office had been understaffed since former Associate Registrar Peter Gadsby took a new job in the Computer Center last spring. Despite an exhaustive search, the position remained vacant for most of this semester, putting a heavy work burden on Jetto and the other employees of the office. A new associate registrar, Diane Smith, began work on November 16.

Jetto has nothing but praise for Smith, whom she described as "a delightful and hardworking person." While Smith's presence has begun to make the workload more manageable, Jetto noted that there is "a lot of technical and idiosyncratic information about Bard," which any new

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

INSIDETHISISSUEINSIDETHISISSUEINSIDETHISISSUEINSIDETHISISSUEINSIDETHISISSUEINSIDETHISISSUEINSIDETHIS

NEWS

P2
Remembering
Stokely
Carmichael



P4 Meet Jurvis. Assassin
Champion and self-appointed
"Master of the World"

A & E

MORE A & E



P7 Computer Center Update

P9
Lonelyhearts
Holiday
Special

OPINIONS



Stokely Carmichael dies at 57

Ready for the Revolution Until the End

By MICHAEL HAGGERTY

IN JUNE 1966, James Meredith began his solo "Walk Against Fear" from Memphis, Tennessee to Jackson, Mississippi. Meredith, the first black student to be admitted to the University of Mississippi, wanted to prove that black students being integrated into schools nationwide had nothing to be afraid of. When he reached Greenwood, however, he was shot. Thousands immediately flocked to Greenwood to demonstrate. Among them was Kwame Ture, then known as Stokely Carmichael, who was soon arrested.

"This is the 27th time," Carmichael said, addressing the crowd who had gathered to meet him upon his release. "We've been saying 'Freedom' for six years. What we are going to start saying now is 'Black Power!'"

His statement shocked many white Americans, who spoke of "reverse racism," and drew sharp criticism from black leaders such as Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. However, Carmichael was not deterred, and his hypnotic rhetoric continued to grow more revolutionary. In his book *Black Power*, published the following year, Carmichael explained, "It is a call for black people in this country to unite, to recognize their heritage, to build a sense of community." Until his death last month in Guinea, Carmichael remained dedicated to this edict. Although he died in relative obscurity, his legacy in the civil rights movement persists.

Born in Trinidad in 1941, Carmichael was raised by his grandmother. At the age of eleven, he immigrated to the United States and was reunited with his parents in Harlem. The family soon moved to the East Bronx and Carmichael joined a gang called Morris Park Dukes. However, he abandoned the gang when he was accepted into the prestigious



Bronx High School of Science. "They were all reading the funnies when I was trying to dig Darwin and Marx," he later remarked.

In 1960, Carmichael refused scholarship offers from several white universities and enrolled at Howard University in Washington, D.C. At the time he entered, he was indifferent

to the civil rights movement and considered many of its proponents self-promoters. But when he witnessed televised footage of the police brutality waged against participants at lunch-counter sit-ins, his revolutionary fervor was ignited. He joined the Freedom Rides in the South, which protested segregation in interstate travel. It was on these rides that Carmichael was first arrested; he later stated that he lost count after his 32nd arrest.

After graduating with a degree in philosophy, Carmichael joined the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), an organization dedicated to educating and registering southern blacks to vote. As field organizer for Alabama's Lowndes County, Carmichael raised the number of registered black voters above that of whites. His experience in the South, where he witnessed consistent racial harassment and brutality by the police, steered him toward the radical views that he later advocated.

In 1966, Carmichael—then only 25 years old—replaced John Lewis as the chairman of the SNCC. Lecturing on campuses across the nation, Carmichael spoke

of black separatism and militant social justice. His rhetoric was too fiery for the SNCC, however. In Havana, he said, "We are preparing groups of urban guerrillas for our defense in the cities. It is going to be a fight to the death." The militant black separatist program Carmichael was promoting did not fit with the SNCC's plan for nonviolent integration. The organization severed ties with him in 1967.

That same year, Carmichael was made honorary prime minister of the Black Panther Party, which Huey P. Newton founded the previous year. But Carmichael found the Black Panthers not revolutionary enough; he resigned when they began discussing alliances with radical whites. In 1969, he broke all ties with the American movement and left the country. Urging other black Americans to follow his lead, he settled in Conakry, Guinea.

Carmichael changed his name to Kwame Ture to honor his friends Kwame Nkrumah, who led Ghana to independence, and Sekou Toure, the head of Guinea. After settling in Africa, Carmichael founded the All African Peoples Revolutionary Party, which called for the establishment of a socialist state encompassing the entire continent. However, the party had little resonance, either in Africa or worldwide. Until his death, Carmichael answered the telephone with the greeting, "Ready for the Revolution," as he had for over twenty years.

Kwame Ture died of prostate cancer on November 17, 1998 in Guinea. He was 57 years old. He had been receiving treatment at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City and attributed his disease to the "forces of American imperialism and others who conspired with them." He is survived by his mother Mabel and his son Bocar.

Taking it to the Board

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

In addition, any relocation of the building would require a complete redesign of the exterior, which would not only be exceedingly expensive, but is task which Gehry would not necessarily be willing to undertake.

"If [our proposal is] turned down," Botstein said, "the project will die."

Landscape architects on both sides of the issue presented the board with visual images intended to simulate the visibility of the building from the Sawkill. Historic Hudson Valley included extensive digital imaging. They also screened footage garnered from a video camera that was flown at the height of the proposed building, implying that the structure will be visible from any point the camera could see.

Laurie Olin and William D. Rieley, the landscape architect for Bard and Historic Hudson Valley, respectively, debated the historical purpose and value of the Sawkill Ravine. The river does not presently exist in its natural state, having been sculpted by prominent landscape architects in the 1840s. Thus, the debate was not as much over the preservation of a natural landscape as of a historical one. Olin noted that the landscape is significantly overgrown and dilapidated in such a way that it barely resembles the Sawkill of more glorious days, and suggested that catching "a glimpse of 20th-century architecture" through the trees might not be so horrible. Rieley responded by insisting that "this is not about architectural expression, is not about historic preservationism versus modernism, and



ON THE SCENE: Mark Primoff of Bard (center) with Pete Tamburini and Brian McCoy, both of Montgomery Place, examine a model of the site.

is not about the past versus the future."

While the Draft Environmental Impact Statement devotes extensive attention to the direct and indirect ecological impact of the Center and its construction, the visual impact has remained the primary focus of Montgomery Place's concerns. Bard's Earth Coalition, as well as individuals from the Bard community acting on their own behalf, have recently become more vocal in their opposition to the project on an ecological basis.

At Monday's meeting, Mini read a speech, signed by 13 students, that expressed concern about possible disruptions to an area that students "have enjoyed . . . for swimming, hiking, painting, writing, and meditation" for many years and suggested an additional four alternative sites that had not been discussed at the meeting; among them, the space between Sands House and Buildings and Grounds—a site originally suggested by Campus Master Planner Yarabek. Yarabek later reaffirmed his affinity for this site, which is right "where all the parking is."

Also becoming vocal on the matter is "Ranger

Mike" Linde, an employee of the Department of Environmental Conservation who works out of the Ecology Field Station on Tivoli Bays. At a November 20 informational meeting, Linde said that his colleagues at the Field Station were convinced of the disastrous ecological implications of the project, and that they felt threatened into silence by the Administration, which could hypothetically close the Bard-owned Field Station if angered.

The opinion of Historic Hudson Valley was evidently shared by a majority of those attending Monday's hearing; the crowd enthusiastically applauded Historic Hudson Valley's contentions and fell silent following Bard's presentations. It is arguable that Bard is losing a war of public opinion.

"[The Planning Board is] not guided by public opinion; they're guided by law," stressed Botstein. "Even if public opinion were against us, we are still [in the] right. It's the college's property. It's the college's program."

He insists that Bard is delighted to provide the board with any information they require; yet he has clearly become irritated by what he believes are underhanded tactics on the part of the project's opposition. He has become significantly less diplomatic in his reference to them.

"There was a lot of emotion, a lot of prejudice, and a lot of hostility" in their argument at Monday's meeting, Botstein lamented. He also cited an alleged threat by Montgomery Place to sue the board in case of a ruling in favor of Bard. He expressed confidence in the board's abilities, and noted that while he greatly respects the concerns of Bard's student dissenters, it does not change the facts at hand.

"The building," he reiterated, "cannot be moved."

NEWSBRIEFNEWSBRIEFNEWSBRIEFNEWSBRIEFNEWS

ART AWARENESS WEEK FLOURISHES

Shattered mirrors encircling the pillars of the library, dramatic scenes staged in Kline Commons, and provocative nudity in Hegemon are all the result of Bard's first annual Art Awareness Week. This event, the right-brain child of Gwenele Gobe, is an attempt to "get the different arts out of their respective buildings... [and] make art public." Other manifestations of the artworld in Annandale include poetry placed at aesthetically random locations about campus, sculpture protruding from the field outside Kline, and the infamous orange string that was spiderwebbed throughout the treetops near Olin.

LONEY WILL STAND TRIAL IN SPRING

For Loney, the man charged with the murder of Bard student Anna Jones, has been declared competent to

stand trial. This ruling means that the court believed he was able to understand the nature of the alleged crime, according to Marjory Smith of the District Attorney's Office. Loney has been charged with murder in the second degree. Though no date for his trial has yet been set, Smith believes it will be held this spring.

OBSERVER EDITORS CONDUCT MACH3 TEST

Three Observer scientist-editors have conducted a test of the latest beard-busting technology: the "revolutionary" Gillette Mach3 shaving system. The razor has gained startling popularity among Bard students.

Joe Stanco was "generally satisfied."

"Nonetheless, it lacked precision," piped Stanco. "The blade seemed too large to provide the accuracy I demand in a shaving system. This may be the product for a hack job, but men like me need a more developed



SMOOTHNESS DEFINED: Stanco sets the scene for an encounter with the legendary Mach3 system.

technology. The results fall far short of the classical for "experimental purposes" on his goatee.

"No shaving system is a panacea," concluded Nate Roman countenance that I desire."

"I will not buy this product. It's tested on animals," Schwartz. "Let I predict that shaving will never be quite the same. I've never had a closer shave."

Students Join Protest of School of the Americas

Bardians travel to Georgia to march for the closure of the U.S. government-run military camp for South and Central American soldiers

By SUE SCHWARTZ

ON SUNDAY MORNING, November 22, I stood with three other Bard students in a crowd of 7,000 people outside the entrance to a military school in Fort Benning, Georgia. The military school we gathered in front of is called the School of The Americas, and we were there to demand its closure. The four of us were about to participate in a funeral procession commemorating the suffering and deaths of people in South and Central America caused by the School of the Americas. We were about to trespass, in procession, on to the school's property. Earlier that morning we had picked up four wooden crosses from a pile of 15,000. Each cross was painted white, and bore the names and countries of people who were killed in connection with actions of the school's graduates. The protest was organized by the School of the Americas Watch. It was held in November in remembrance of the six Jesuit priests who were killed, along with their housekeeper and her daughter, by graduates of the school of the Americas in El Salvador on November 16, 1989.

Founded in Panama in 1946, the United States Army School of the Americas was moved to Georgia in 1984. The school provides training to military personnel from Central America, South America and the Caribbean, with the said goals of helping to promote democracy and teach "American" values. However, the school's graduates have consistently been involved with human rights violations in Central and Latin America. For example, of the 69 military officers cited in the U.N. Truth Commission's report on abuses in El Salvador, 48 were graduates from the SOA. One alumnus of El Salvador is the late Major Roberto D'Aubuisson, who directed several of the death squads that operated out of El Salvador in the 1980s. D'Aubuisson also reportedly orchestrated the assassination of Archbishop Oscar Romero. Over one hundred of the Colombian officers charged with violations in a 1992 report by human rights groups were SOA alumni.

The school's current curriculum includes some courses on human rights, although it has been said by former instructors of the school that these courses are not effective and may only be cover-ups to mask what the school actually promotes. In 1992, the United States Defense Department reviewed SOA teaching materials and found that several manuals advised repressive military tactics. One of the Pentagon investigators noted that "the manual 'Handling Sources' . . . refers to motivation by fear, payment of bounties for enemy dead, beatings, false imprisonment, executions and the use of truth serum." It wasn't until four years later in 1996 that the Pentagon released a public fact sheet about the SOA materials along with a list of phrases from the manuals that were decidedly "objectionable and questionable."

Critics of the SOA say that graduates consistently target the poor and those who work with the poor. The school's curriculum includes torture techniques and counter insurgency methods. In fact, the school teaches military training techniques that are in violation of United States Army policy. Not surprisingly, the countries from which students come are consistently in sync

with the United States' military interest in Latin America. In the 1980s, the majority of the students were from El Salvador. Beginning with the Zapatista movement in Chiapas in 1994, the current majority of students sent to the school are now from Mexico.

The school is funded by U.S. federal money. At the protest, speakers emphasized that they were sure that if more people in the United States knew about what the School of the Americas does, they would refuse to let their tax money support it. One of the resounding cries at the protest was that the suffering caused by graduates of the School of the Americas should be "not in our name." Many of the protesters were from church groups and other religious institutions, along with student groups, peace activists and other concerned citizens. Attention was given to the four American church women and six Jesuit priests whose murders are connected to graduates of the SOA.

When Miranda Buffam, Megan Campbell, Drew Slipper and myself arrived at Fort Benning on Saturday afternoon, we attended an hour-long workshop on civil disobedience in a nearby Methodist church. Organizers of the rally wanted protesters to participate in an act called "crossing the line," whereby participants would trespass on to the school's grounds in a funeral procession to commemorate those killed by graduates of the SOA.

Organizers of the rally wanted protesters to participate in an act called "crossing the line," whereby participants would trespass on to the school's grounds in a funeral procession to commemorate those killed by graduates of the SOA

told to expect that we would be arrested, which would mean that we wouldn't be allowed on Fort Benning property for the next five years. Leaders of the workshop told us that among those planning to trespass were "second time line crossers" who faced a three thousand dollar bail and six months in jail if they were to be arrested. Those who were "second time crossers" led the procession the next day, carrying six black cardboard coffins.

As the march began to "cross the line" Sunday morning, speakers at the rally sang names of at least one thousand people who have been killed. After each name, the 7,000 gathered at the rally answered, "Present!" Megan, Drew, Miranda and I linked arms and held the crosses in front of us. We moved into the line of those marching, and walked slowly below the front of the stage, in front of the thousands of other protesters, as the chant of the names continued. Finally, we crossed over the white painted line at the school's entrance and on to the school's grounds.

We walked in rows of four over a road to the interior of the school, past lawns and a bordering forest. Reporters and "peace keepers" from the rally moved alongside the procession. We were told that over 2,391 people had crossed, nearly four times the number that

had crossed the previous year. We sat down to await arrest, chatting with some women in front of us who were involved with a group called Pastors for Peace. One of them, an 83-year-old, had helped drive a Pastors for Peace caravan down to Nicaragua a few years earlier. Also walking alongside the now seated line of protesters were a few men wearing skirts and fishnet stockings. One gave us a newsletter from his organization, the Intergalactic Drag Queen Activists. (On the way back to Bard, the four of us rejoiced in the fact that we had been among drag queens and nuns fighting on the same side of the protest line.)

After waiting an hour or so, we were told that due to the number of trespassers, no one was going to be arrested. We were loaded into blue busses, starting from the front of the seated procession. As we were loaded on to a bus, we lay down our crosses on the lawn and sang "This little light of mine." As we were being loaded, it seemed nearly every one of the protesters was singing. While the singing continued from inside the bus, I watched a few men in army fatigues pick up the crosses from off the lawn. There were over a thousand crosses, stretched all the way back to the school's entrance.

We were driven around for about 20 minutes in the bus, and eventually taken to a park a mile and a half from the school's entrance. Our group of over 50 people on the bus sang protest songs nearly the whole time. We were told eventually by an officer from the School of the Americas that we could get off the bus and walk back to the rally if we wanted to. An officer gave each of us a letter as we stepped out the bus door saying that we had trespassed, and if we did it again that day we would be arrested. Since the school had no way of knowing who any of the trespassers were, the people who had been in danger of jail sentences and serious fines were safe. The huge number of people involved in the procession served as a protection to the trespassers. After we left the bus, we looked back to see 24 other busses parked along the road.

Last weekend I was disappointed to hear from my CNN-addicted father that the only thing he had heard about the protest was a brief interview with Martin Sheen. Sheen had been one of the first in the procession that Sunday. Amy Ray of the Indigo Girls had played songs at the rally the day before. It seemed to me, though, that the huge number of people outshone the presence of two celebrities. It is heartening to think that a bill to close the School of the Americas was only twelve votes away from being passed in this past year. Since the protest seemed to be successful in increasing awareness about the School of the Americas, it may be possible for a similar bill to pass next year.

For those interested, the bill is HR 611 in the House of Representatives and S 980 in the Senate. If you'd like to find out more, including information on the bill and to which Congressperson one ought write in support of the bill, visit the School of the Americas Watch home page (<http://www.soaw.org/nov98sched.html>) Miranda Buffam also has a documentary video entitled, "Inside the School of the Assassins." She's happy to loan it to anyone who would like to watch it.

Registrar Jetto Resigns

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

employee will need time to learn and assimilate.

Many of the problems experienced in the Registrar's office were reflected in the distribution of course books, whose tardiness and sloppiness have been described as unprecedented in recent years.

The course books, which were initially promised by Thanksgiving Break, did not appear in firstyears' mailboxes until the afternoon of Tuesday, December 1. This left students 48 hours to choose their Firstyear Seminar courses and eliminated the possibility of meeting with prospective professors who did not have Wednesday or Thursday office hours. Most of the remaining student body received their course books on Wednesday, December 2.

The books contained numerous errors; courses were listed with the wrong professors, dates and times were incorrect, and rewritten course descriptions failed to be updated properly. Eric Orlin's "Fall of the Roman Empire" course and Mario Bick's "The Collapse of the State in Africa: Liberia and Sierra Leone" were listed with descriptions of a women's history course and a course in ethnography, respectively.

"A course description is kind of a contract with the students," said Sociology Professor Steven Colatella, who found two of his courses listed with inaccurate descriptions and his name erroneously attributed to a course he is not teaching. "If the description is something you didn't write . . . you're going to find that students are disappointed."

A supplement to the course book was distributed on Tuesday with many pages of corrections.

[The course book is] a very difficult document

to manage. It takes a lot of planning and quiet. If the balance is upset at all, it has an effect which is not small," said Jetto, referring to the problems of understaffing and work overload. "It's not my best work, [but] that it exists at all is pretty remarkable."

Dean of the College Stuart Levine clarified that Jetto's resignation is not related to the course book nor the registration process.

"I don't think anyone should confuse a decision on the part of a ten-year employee with some ephemeral, immediate circumstance," he said. "People should see what she makes the course list out of and then they would understand the quality of her work."

"Ellen Jetto has been a loyal employee," he stressed. "I will miss her extraordinarily."

Jetto expressed "regret [for] having to leave students whom I've come to know and to care for as if they were my own children. It's very painful for me. But I think it's the right decision."

Dark Existential Crisis at the Local D'n'D

Instituting a new policy of closing the drive-thru at midnight, a trusted Red Hook bulwark collapses into the penumbra

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER

IMAGINE THIS:

Your stomach is making ungodly noises. Your eyes are so heavy you've resorted to duct-taping them open. Your essay resembles something you wrote during L&T. You snorted your last NoDoze three hours ago. It's four in the morning. What do you do?

You (for the sake of this example, you live in Red Hook) trek on down to the only establishment open after dusk in this small town: Dunkin' Donuts. You know that only the drive-thru is open, and hope you'll get served if you walk thru. But instead of see-

It used to be my port in the storm, its bright neon orange and pink sign the only thing lit for miles on that dark and desolate highway. Any hour, any day, I could get my berry berry bagel and go on with life.

ing the gleaming lights—a beacon of hope—the place is dark. You are sent into a state of deep and utter despair.

This scene is based on numerous first hand accounts I've heard since Dunkin' Donuts instituted the heart-crushing new policy of closing the drive-thru at midnight. Since this draconian measure was put into effect, the world has not been the same.

It used to be my port in the storm, its bright neon orange and pink sign the only thing lit for miles on that dark and desolate highway. Any hour, any day, I could get my berry berry bagel and go on with life. Now, I pass by only a few minutes after midnight and see the workers inside bustling about, but I am no longer welcome. The doors are locked, they ignore me at the drive-thru, and my tears go unnoticed.

Little does Dunkin' Donuts know that this year I need them more than ever. I can remember the good old days of my boisterous youth. Back then I could



IONESCIAN MADNESS: The Coffee Coolatas and berry berry bagels are now but a dream of the night warrior, the paper-burdened Bardian.

whip out 20 page papers in three hours without having slept for 48. Those were the days when midnight would roll around and my day would have just started.

I used to have more energy and I could stay up much longer, but those youthful all-night days have passed. Settling into my old age, I need something to help me get through the daily/nightly grind.

And making my own coffee in the comfort of my dorm room just doesn't cut it. It's not so much the coffee that keeps me awake, but more the thought that someone else out there is still awake in the wee hours of the morning.

I still make D'n'D (as I affectionately refer to it) runs quite regularly and think about the many memories which have been forged there during the past four years.

I remember the constant seasonal decorations that change at head spinning speed from Thanksgiving to Christmas to Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Easter and on and on, displaying "Happy Birthday" signs

when no holiday could be found in the next 24 hours.

I remember buying buckets of iced coffee which lasted me for days. And who can ignore the delectable coffee Coolatas which, though quite expensive, are a much-needed treat for this state of global warming in which we find ourselves.

I remember meeting the manager (who at the time was on roller skates); I had convinced one of his cronies who commented on my license plate that I drove all the way from Indiana for their donuts. And perhaps if things were different, that is, if D'n'D weren't a national franchise, this would not be far from the truth.

So I am now making it my life goal to find an alternate, surrogate D'n'D, and while the Northeast resists the coming of the great Krispy Kreme Donut-making establishment, I am still searching. I am searching for that inextinguishable flame of an eatery that—Is it so much to ask?—will help get me through another night.

Diary of a Dork... Um... I Mean... Madman

Self-titled "Master of the World," freshman Jurvis LaSalle killed off his friends and classmates to win at assassins—what's next?

By GREG JOHNSON

AFTER 29 GRUELING DAYS of paranoia, skipped classes and squirt-gun drenchings, all but one of the 130 assassins players lay in watery graves. Freshman student Jurvis LaSalle braved the challenge of the assassins game and narrowly escaped death. He won \$120,

which reportedly went towards beer and debts. The *Observer* recently sat down with the retired murderer. He had the following wisdom to share:

On Assassins and Education:

"It helped me get caught up in Philosophy, ... [but] I missed three or four Chinese classes."

On Solitude:

"At the end you don't want to go out without anybody. When it's kill or be killed, that just sucks."

On Cornering An Opponent:

"I had to kill him ... I got his course schedule ... When he came back [from Thanksgiving break] I was



ALONE: Jurvis' cunning won him the \$120 pot.

"I'm going to announce my retirement from the assassins game as first freshman champion and Master of the World. What other honorable titles can I bestow on myself?" said Jurvis.

waiting for him at his class again. He wasn't even carrying a gun ... I don't think he could pick the gun back up and put himself back in the game knowing that every class that he had, I would be there waiting."

On Joe the Wiener and What He Is:

"Joe the Wiener is such an assassins junkie."

On the Future:

"I'm going to announce my retirement from the assassins game as first freshman champion and Master of the World. What other honorable titles can I bestow on myself?"

On Professor John Pruitt:

"[Pruitt] asked, 'Why can't we have just one non-infantile moment in this class?'"

The Disappearance of All Holy Things?

Woodstock Chamber performs World premiere of Kyle Gann orchestra, Prokofiev's second violin concerto, Beethoven's seventh

By JOHN COYNE

"I LIKE IT A LOT! It reminded me of Batman!" exclaimed one listener, responding to "The Disappearance of All Holy Things from this Once So Promising World," a new orchestral work by Bard professor and new-music revolutionary Kyle Gann. Given its world premiere November 11 by the Woodstock Chamber Orchestra, under fellow Bard Professor Luis Garcia-Renart, this is the composer's first work in the orchestral medium since probably before most of us were born. He frequently composes for traditional instruments and ensembles, but, because of his taste for microtonal music and complex tempos, a great deal of his most interesting music is written for synthesizers, Disklaviers or computers. This is not to say, of course, that this work lies outside Gann's expertise—his handling of the various orchestral choirs and colors showed a meticulous and sensitive ear operating well within its capacity.

Its twelve word, eighteen syllable title is probably the longest for an orchestral composition in the history of the medium. The title is taken from a poem entitled "One Who Hopes" by beat poet Kenneth Patchen, whose work Gann has made copious use of in previous compositions. Opening with a colorful gesture in the glockenspiel, the high strings began a harmonic sequence which slowly and softly unfolded down the scale, sinking lower and lower each time, never quite settling into one harmonic area. Eventually, this harmonic restlessness is quelled, some eight minutes into the work, but it is soon replaced by an asymmetrical rhythmic pattern consisting of a cycle of nineteen beats. Like the opening harmonic pattern, this rhythmic cycle lends a feeling of restlessness to the music in that it does not allow a regular rhythmic pattern to develop. It is a rather disturbing technique, psychologically, but it comes off well, and with what one can suppose is the desired effect. If you were not aware that this was one of the composer's first works for orchestra, it would have been difficult to tell. With any luck it will not be his last.

Sharing the program with Gann was Prokofiev's second violin concerto, with soloist Alisa Regelin, and

the seventh symphony of Beethoven. The concerto is a quirky and, at times, lyrical work. There are an abundance of abrupt tempo and textural shifts, especially in the first movement, which is quite typical of the idiosyncratic Prokofiev. The entire first movement is permeated almost relentlessly with the melody introduced in the opening measures by the solo violin. Such repetition serves to hold the piece together. Without it, the rapid harmonic digressions and the swift juxtaposition of contrasting sections would pose a problem for the ear to follow.

Ms. Regelin brought a distinguished and mature sound to the work. Her humble stage presence

[Garcia-Renart] never uses a baton, and his gestures seem to be a combination of basic conducting gestures, dance steps, and even the movements of cello-playing (he is, after all, a virtuoso cellist).

allowed one to focus less on her physical gestures and to listen more closely to the wonderfully, singing tone of her instrument. This quality was especially prominent in the songful second movement, entitled *Andante Assai*. This gave both the soloist and the orchestra various opportunities to make the most of the lyrical moments, some of which were taken, and some of which were not. The quick rhythms of the last movement, aided by the use of percussion instruments including castanets, gave the distinct flavor of Spanish dance to the concerto. Though Prokofiev was a Russian living in Paris at the time he wrote this concerto, his musical palate in no way excluded the culture of Spain, in whose capital, Madrid, the piece first premiered.

Occasionally, one got the feeling that the orchestra would almost lose itself in the more rhythmically treacherous areas of the program. Thankfully, these moments few, and it was only occasionally that an incongruity would arise in the performance, breaking the continuity in the engrossing music-

making going on up to that point. Under the intuitive directorship of maestro Garcia-Renart, the Woodstock Chamber Orchestra has become a significant musical entity, offering sincere and always effective performances. On the podium, Garcia-Renart resembles other conductors only in that he stands in front of an orchestra and waves his arms. Aside from that, his approach to the act of conducting is rather original. He never uses a baton, and his gestures seem to be a combination of basic conducting gestures, dance steps, and even the movements of cello-playing (he is, after all, a virtuoso cellist). But none of these movements are so flamboyant as to take one's attention away from the music—they are all functional, and effectively communicate his intentions to the orchestra, as the gestures of a good conductor ought to do.

More important than how a conductor communicates with an orchestra, though, is just what that conductor has to say. It is fine to have a whole group of musicians understand your every gesticulation, but what good is it if you have nowhere to take them in the music? As it turns out, this is maestro Garcia-Renart's strongest point. The Beethoven symphony which closed the concert was performed with a specificity of intention that you only get with a conductor who knows the work thoroughly and knows exactly what qualities need to be brought out.

When such is the case, technical problems can be overlooked if the music is performed with an ear for the breadth and consistency of the composition. This is why, in the Beethoven, the somewhat offsetting imbalance between the woodwinds and the rest of the orchestra did not create much of an impediment to the work as a whole. Rather, it proved to be an exceptionally articulate performance. I even picked up some melodic nuances that I missed in listening to my trusty old Furtwangler recording. It is refreshing to hear an interpretation, especially of Beethoven, in which the conductor takes nothing in the music for granted, and remains faithful to the expectations inherent in the music. It is a lesson that even some of the more famous conductors today could use.

FILM REVIEWS

Berg's *Very Bad Things* Doesn't Deliver On Laughs

I'VE SEEN A LOT OF DARK, sick, twisted comedy in my lifetime, and so I feel that I am, perhaps, more qualified than most to critique *Very Bad Things*, the latest "gross" comedy from Hollywood. In the end I can only say what I was preparing myself to say before seeing this film: "Y'know, after *Meet the Feebles*, everything just seems so bland."

The movie starts off with Kyle (Jon Favreau), who's about to get married to Laura (Cameron Diaz). His friends (Christian Slater, Daniel Stern, Jeremy Piven, and Leland Orser) take him to a bachelor party in Las Vegas, during which one of them has a little sex accident with the stripper (Carla Scott), resulting in a corpse. Doped-up on various illicit drugs, the men panic. Rather than calling the police, they decide to quietly dump the body. Unfortunately, a security guard walks in, notices, and is shortly dispatched with a corkscrew, leading to a *Reservoir Dogs*-esque visit to an all-night Target for luggage and a hacksaw. They chop up the bodies, take them out into the desert, and bury them. And that's the beginning.

My mom thought I was making it up when I told her, but that's what happened. It leads to the total destruction of lives, hopes, dreams, body parts, and a minivan.

This is not a great movie. My principle complaint involves the direction: first-time director Peter Berg does a mediocre job. Given the script and the talent assembled, this could—and should—have been a very funny movie. Unfortunately Berg is too busy

going. "Look at that! That's so awful! So killing an asian hooker didn't shock you? How about stabbing a black security guard, huh? Let's make fun of Jewish people now! And then we'll show you a kid who can't walk!" Another mistake, I thought, was to switch from a gleefully nasty (think: the aliens of *Mars Attacks*) tone during the burials to a panicky, Hitchcock-esque tone in order to highlight the guilt and paranoia of Stern's character. The change is too

Unfortunately Berg is too busy going, "Look at that! That's so awful! So killing an asian hooker didn't shock you? How about stabbing a black security guard, huh? Let's make fun of Jewish people!"

jarring; the film seems to call for something low-key. And call me spoiled by years of *MST3K*, but I didn't find it especially funny, either.

Compared to the masters of the sick flick, such as John Waters, Peter Jackson, and the Troma team, Berg neither goes over the top enough to elicit cheap laughs, nor spends enough time and thought in developing climactic scenes of intelligent humor. He seems to assume that, just because something is macabre, it will make people laugh. The absurdity—the sick little twist—is missing, replaced by a sort of

self-conscious shock value. Berg also likes to create scenes which consist largely of actors yelling. This is entertaining early on, but soon it just becomes stupid and indulgent.

Another major cause for dislike: the basic premise of this movie. Who the hell would marry Laura? She is fixated on her wedding. She has no life beyond planning her wedding. She doesn't even have a personality. The idea that anyone could spend ten minutes, much less the rest of their lives, with her, without clubbing her with a handy blunt object, is utterly implausible. (Also, there are people who will tell you that Cameron Diaz is a glowing film diva. This is a lie; she is actually Satan.)

Third complaint: the characters. The bickering of the brothers Berkow (Piven and Stern), the bratty kids, the nearly autistic silence of Orser's mechanic all are only sporadically amusing. There are no really good characters to root for; Kyle is too one-dimensional, and has a tendency to blend into the woodwork. I went out on a limb and alternated between rooting for psychopathic real estate dealer Robert Boyd (Slater) and the no-nonsense Lois, but when the pair got into a struggle to the death, I was stumped.

Other reviewers may tell you that Slater stood out, but in fact, he is the thing that makes this film worth watching. His character does all the intentional killing and gets all the good lines. Typical. Having traded morals for a philosophy of self-help psychobabble, Boyd walks off with every scene he's in.

The verdict? Christian Slater rules. Oh—on the movie... After careful thought, I can safely say that *Very Bad Things* has had a definite effect on my life. I will never marry. Not even you, Christian darling.

The film is rated R for violence, sex, drugs, language, and Jeremy Piven naked.—Anne Matusiewicz

By Scott "STYLZ" STATION

Compared to '96 and '97, this past year has been excellent in terms of the quality and quantity of the music released. Disregarding the generally (some might argue typically) awful product that glutted the mainstream music market (*Matchbox 20*, *Backstreet Boys*, *Third Eye Blind*, et al.), there have been many notable releases to be pleased with. Unfortunately, given the impressive output of 1998 and the esteem in which I hold it, this year in music simply cannot be done justice by my meager column. What follows is a selective list of 13 notable '98 releases and a short appraisal of each. I apologize for (and make note of) albums previously discussed in earlier editions of this column. I end with a brief preview of projected releases for 1999.

Arab Strap—*Philophobia* (discussed in "Just Gimme Scottish Rock!") A moving if somewhat bleak work documenting the fear of falling in love. The group makes ample use of contrasting organic and analogue rhythms while overlaying intricate textures with organ, acoustic guitar, and occasional squalls of noise. With Aidan Moffat's brilliantly delivered monologues setting the narrative tone, the result is a gripping work that maintains an insistent, driving pulse from beginning to end. The best Scottish release of the year, no doubt.

Cornelius—*Fantasma* The definitive studio statement of the year, made by Japanese producer/recording artist Keigo Oyamada. Heralded as the Japanese Beck, Oyamada is deserving of much more recognition than he has had in the past. A pop kaleidoscope of loops, beats, buzzes and whirs, *Fantasma* is a channel-surfing mutation of the Beach Boys, *My Bloody Valentine*, hip-hop and modern detritus philosophy. Brilliant.

Gastr del Sol—*Camoufleur* The swan song from the David Grubbs/Jim O'Rourke collaboration, *Camoufleur* finds the duo reigning in their experimental impulses a bit. What results is a bewitching foray into the art of cerebral pop, betraying an affection for the work of Van Dyke Parks. *Camoufleur* is the warmest and most immediately accessible release from Gastr del Sol, and undeniably one of the finest. (This is not the first time I have made a reference to Van Dyke Parks, and it will probably not be the last. For those unfamiliar with his work, he collaborated with Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys for the legendary unfinished *Smile* project, and then went on to carve out an unrivaled legacy in the world of avant-pop with his 1968 solo debut *Song Cycle*.)

Gomez—*Bring It On* (discussed in "Random Reviews") A space-age update on American roots-rock, Gomez manages to refresh the whole blues-based approach with youthful confidence and vigor. An album that took Britain by storm, *Bring It On* merits attention, and for the impressive scope and ambition of the group's efforts, and for the degree to which they succeed at doing something that no one else is doing.

David Grubbs—*The Thicket* A solo project by the former partner in Gastr del Sol, released after *Camoufleur*. In this work, Grubbs goes with the fractured pop sensibility (ooh, Van Dyke Parks!) evinced on *Camoufleur*, while grounding it in a more back-porch feel by using the banjo liberally and employing a large cast of guests, including John McEntire and Tony Conrad, for more of a "band" presence. An excellent work, *The Thicket* brings to mind enough of Gastr's legacy to compliment it though clearly showing Grubbs developing his own voice.

Lauryn Hill—*The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* Freeing herself from the shackles of cover-dom imposed by various critics of the Fugees' massive success, Lauryn Hill regroups and unleashes her muse. Her solo debut is a seamless blend of hip-hop, reggae, gospel and soul, with the irrepressible Hill writing, arranging, or producing nearly every track. A genre-bending, life-affirming work that criticizes the abuses of stardom, *The Miseducation of . . .* is one of the most remarkable hip-hop albums in recent memory.

Massive Attack—*Mezzanine* The originators of the trip-hop/Bristol sound return with a challenging and

intensely personal effort. Darker, but more focused than their previous work, *Mezzanine* reflects the amorphous nature of the group's line-up and their ability to make such shuffles work. Elizabeth Fraser of the Cocteau Twins contributes her ethereal vocals to great effect on two tracks, with legendary reggae vocalist Horace Andy continuing to lend his talents to the group. A meticulously constructed, harrowing soundscape, *Mezzanine* cements the musical myth the group began with *Blue Lines*.



Freeing herself from the shackles of cover-dom imposed by various critics of the Fugees' massive success, Lauryn Hill regroups and unleashes her muse. Her solo debut is a seamless blend of hip-hop, reggae, gospel and soul . . .

Mercury Rev—*Deserter's Songs* (discussed in "Random Reviews") A blissful, beautifully orchestrated album that manages to subvert pop conventions while keeping its warped aspects accessible. (*Curses upon thee, Van Dyke Parks, and the whole miserable lot that advances in thy damned wake!*) An abandonment of the chaos and noise of earlier releases, showcasing a more gentle melodic side of this very talented group.

Pan American—*s/t* A solo album by Mark Nelson of Labradford, *Pan American* can be regarded as a companion piece to Labradford's excellent '97 release *Mi Media Naranja*. Stripped of the Morricone-isms of *Mi Media Naranja*, *Pan American* instead showcases sparse, hollow rhythms that propel the work while retaining the fleeting melody and whispered vocals of the best Labradford work. An entrancing album of tense ambience and hushed overtones.

Pulp—*This Is Hardcore* The follow-up to the group's brilliant *Different Class* can be described as a sort of "morning after"-type album. Thematically based on "the fear," *This Is Hardcore* is an intense artistic statement haunted by disappointments and letdowns. Produced once again by Chris Thomas, Pulp delivers a claustrophobic vision that lets up only slightly near the end of this taut musical work.

Spiritualized—*Live at the Royal Albert Hall* (discussed in "Random Reviews") The live album to end all live albums, *Live at the RAH* captures the sonic breadth of Spiritualized more than any of their excellent studio albums. A 90-minute double disk release, the album presents the seamless, divine set in its entirety. Magnificently constructed and executed, *Live at the RAH* should put to shame the countless dispensable live albums that accomplish little more than draining money from devoted fans.

Squarepusher—*Music Is Rotted One Note* A departure from his more goofy and melodic rapid-fire

drum and bass work, *Music Is Rotted One Note* is an album Tom Jenkinson believes is closest to his vision. The album is essentially jazz-fusion as modern electronic music, bringing to mind Miles Davis' early to mid-70s work. A sample-free album that was created by Jenkinson alone in the studio, this album is a shocking electronic music release that stands as a testament to Squarepusher's instrumental and studio prowess.

World Standard—*Country Gazette* A Japanese electronic music project grounded in the organic ambience of the West, World Standard is produced by Haruomi Hosono of the electronic music pioneers Yellow Magic Orchestra. *Country Gazette*, released by the esteemed Asphodel label, is a lovely album of wonderfully textured guitars and banjos that interweave with thunderstorms and other natural noises. In the liner notes, the collective gives "hats off" to various groundbreaking guitarists and artists in the folk vein, among them Mississippi John Hurt, John Fahey, and (gasp!) Van Dyke Parks.

What to expect in 1999: Beck has already begun work on the proper follow-up to *Odelay*. Expected to be out sometime in the summer, the album is described by the artist as a "dumb-ass party record" replete with annoying '80s keyboard sounds and old-school hip-hop samples. . . . Belle & Sebastian release a new single this month entitled "This Is Just a Modern Rock Song." The group is currently writing material and hopes to release its fourth album by the end of '99. . . . Björk also releases a single this month and plans on releasing an album of love songs early next year. It has not been revealed whether the tracks on the album will be covers or original contributions. After its release Björk plans to enter the studio to begin work on a proper album. This recent productivity dispels rumors that she was retiring from music due to a recent stalking incident. . . . Blur have finished recording their new album, produced by William Orbit. A single from the album, "Tender Is the Night," will be released in February followed by the album in March. . . . Broadcast is set to deliver their debut full-length on the Warp label sometime in early '99. Originally expected to be out late this year, the group has spent extra time refining the album and writing additional material. For those familiar with the Broadcast singles comp *Work and Non Work* out on Drag City, this album will be anxiously awaited. . . . Mogwai have been in Buffalo, NY recording a new album with Mercury Rev member Dave Fridmann producing. Entitled *Come On Die Young* after some form of Glaswegian street-slang, the album is set to be released in the spring of next year. . . . Radiohead enter the studio this month to record the material they've been amassing over the course of their tour. At the end of the new Radiohead documentary, *Meeting People Is Easy*, Thom Yorke admits that he's "bored of *OK Computer*" and disillusioned with fame. The public can therefore await a moving, morose work that grapples with the debilitating effects of fame and critical adulation, due out no sooner than October of next year. . . . Matt Sharp is bringing the Rentals back for a new album entitled *Seven More Minutes*, his first since announcing his departure from Weezer. Due out in early spring, the album features various Brit-pop guests, among them Damon Albarn from Blur, Elastica bassist Donna Matthews, and Tim Wheeler of Ash. . . . As mentioned in "Random Reviews," Stereolab hope to have their sixth full-length out mid-'99. Jim O'Rourke will be sharing production duties separately with John McEntire, though the two may collaborate on a couple of tracks. This album is the last under their recording contract with Elektra and looks like it might be a triple LP. And lastly, who knows, maybe My Bloody Valentine will release the follow-up to *Loveless* before the millennium. There's always hope.

BY MARYMARY STEIN

WHEN THEY COME INTO MY ROOM, friends occasionally inquire, "MaryMary, why would anyone need such a large dildo collection?" Why? If one stops and really looks at my collection it becomes obvious.

Firstly, common logic says that any girl could, if so inclined, use three at one time. I am indeed so inclined. Therefore, it is logical that I would have three rub-chubs as a minimum.

"But MaryMary," they might interrupt, "why dildos at all? There are so many natural, biodegradable sexual tools in the supermarket!" These, so goes the argument, are inexpensive and edible. My answer: reliability and durability. I have a memory of pain and horror relating to my association one night with a French baguette that wasn't as stale as I had thought. Let me warn both girls and prostate-prodding experimentalists that things do break off inside you, and might not come out as easily as you hoped.

But back to the size of my collection...ten rods, at first glance, seven to be exact. See, I need three standard size dildos since they make a nice combination for everyday unwinding. Unless I'm feeling unwell or sore in some way, I will at least do the

MaryMary's Dildo Madness

double plug and plunge with my three six-inchers. I also have two extra-long ones for variety. I didn't buy the third because I've never felt comfortable inserting all three extra-longs at the same time. Then there's the green extra-wide (called "The Hulk") that I need when I feel really raunchy. It

The real question should not be why do I have so many dildos. The reason is easily deduced. The real question should be why do I put them out on display for anyone who comes into my room to see?

has huge textured ripples running around it like a drill bit. If nothing seems to relax me, it always does. I never use the candy-striped one that smells like mint. It was a gift from somebody, so I feel weird about touching it.

The eighth is actually a vibrator that people

mistake for a dildo. I use it to help me go to sleep and wake up in the morning. The ninth and tenth dildos are also not really dildos. One is actually a small penis-shaped bong, which I only used as a sexual apparatus once when I was really high and couldn't take the trouble to get up. The last one is just a candle that I would never use. Bad idea.

Another reason I need all of my wang-sticks is that they have become sentimentally important. To be more specific, I have named them all—to be even more specific, I have named them all after professors I have had. I know it would be a big hoot if I told you which ones, but I'm not into cheap laughs. If you happen to come over some day, I'll tell you, but to include them in this article would be tasteless and disrespectful.

To conclude, the real question should not be: "Why do I have so many dildos?" It should be: "Why do I put them out on display for anyone who comes into my room to see?" The answer: It turns the topic of conversation directly to sex. I need to get laid.

Westward Bound: Henderson is Rolling

You prayed it wouldn't happen; you longed for an end to the madness, but it couldn't be: the Stanco Henderson Update is back

BY JOSEPH "1.21" STANCO

AT LAST, you can all gasp with relief. I know you have all been waiting with bated breath for another Computer Center update.

Finally, your committed correspondent has returned from that rubber-floored and climatically erratic jungle with yet another scintillating story. There I have dwelled at length, on excursions from my off-campus abode. There I have encountered a variety of individuals, whom I will call "natives" for lack of a more quaint and assumptiveterm. I consider a "native" to be one of those people who seldom leave the building. Some have even declared, with hopeless subjectivity, that I myself am a "native." This proposition is so ridiculously tainted by personal and cultural delusions that I simply refuse to issue a rebuttal at this time. For now, let it suffice to call meat "meat" and natives "natives."

At any rate, I have come to know the different kinds of people at the Henderson Computer Center. For instance, there are those glassy-eyed fanatics who burn a dozen CDs a week, each with a meticulously-designed color insert. By now, most of us who go to the Multimedia Lab are probably familiar with those avid devotees of the Real Audio Player. This group, consisting of a solid contingent of international students, has contributed to a unique melange of musical profusions in the multimedia lab. Sometimes I am concerned that another group of students has nearly vanished from the labs. These obsessive individuals have been known to play a video game which, to the distress of surrounding students, has been known to cry out phrases such as "Destroy!", "Annihilate!" and "I long for combat!" Some students believe that this "cult," if you will, had dissolved with the introduction of the assassins game on campus.

Beyond this fascinating world of lab inhabitants and workstudy shenanigans, there is room No. 312.

I was recently approved for admittance into the office by Ben Running, the "official naysayer" of the 312 crew. There I met the two men who are



RIDING HIGH: When Henderson's Techmeister Joe DeFranco isn't cruising around campus to solve computer problems he enjoys his Toyota "monster truck."

responsible for the brunt of the hardware and software support on campus. Although they were given a joint birthday party recently, Vince and Joe are actually two distinct persons.

Of the two, I met Vince Winig first. He declares himself the "F.N.G." You can ask him what it means. Vince has a laid-back personality, but is straightforward and direct about doing his job. When the *Observer* needed to get on the network, Vince was there with his homemade Ethernet cables. Though he has a history of working with mainframes for IBM, Vince has most recently done networking for 38 school districts in the Columbia County area. Here at Bard, Vince helps to troubleshoot hardware and operating system problems for both students and faculty.

Joe DeFranco is the man with the Toyota "monster truck." With a 9 1/2 inch lift, Joe's truck is the definition of a serious hobby. Word is out that his next project will be a "Henderson Mobile" with all the trimmings. Like Vince, Joe also has a history working for IBM and has experience doing software and hardware support. Joe can usually be found running around getting computers to work for faculty

and administrators. He has helped to get most of the old machines from OS/2 Warp to Windows 95.

Though Vince and Joe deserve a lot of credit for getting the college's computing resources up to snuff, they could never have done it alone. Therefore, I take a moment to recognize the sacrifice of workstudy students such as Stefan

On a couple machines in the labs, someone programmed a macro in MS Word to autotype "mother\$&#*ing" when anyone typed the word "the."

Nelson and especially Ivan Dramaliev. Hats off to them for going the extra mile when a laser printer needed to be transported to the Center for Curatorial Studies through three feet of snow.

And so, to reference the 312 jargon for defunct hardware, this installment of Computer Center updates has officially "gone west." If you suspect that your computer was gone west, do visit these fellows. They're usually as hilarious and as they are helpful.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS

ResNet is now up for Tewksbury, Reuger, Rovere, Honey, and Seymour. Contact Glenn Knoch, Mike Lococo, or Owen Moldow to find out how to get connected to this fast ethernet network. Residents of Keen, Oberholzer, and Creuger Village are next on the list to get wired into the network. Updates are forthcoming.

TOTALLY MISCELLANEOUS

The inkjet color printer in the multimedia lab has "gone west." Staff members suspect that people were printing too many Snoop Doggy Dogg posters.

On a couple machines in the motherfucking labs, someone programmed a macro in MS Word to autotype "mother\$&#*ing" when anyone typed the motherfucking word "the" motherfucking. A similar trick was executed to autotype an advertisement for the motherfucking radio station.

Finally, just before Thanksgiving break, a strange message appeared on the Post Terminal Dial-Up Screen (familiar to Windows 95 users) after logging onto the network. The usual login prompt was preceded by an absurdly perverse text block about women shaving their armpits in this repressed society.

Dance Theatre Four: No Guts, No Glory

From the flamenco, to satiric vitriol against machismo, to Teletubbies bouncing about eerily, the concert hit home again and again

By JOHANNAS CLIMACTUS

THIS DANCE CONCERT was one of the best I can remember. A compilation of choreography by seniors and faculty, the concert was, on the whole, superb. A mixture of emotive, powerful choreography, and gripping, almost "epic" style dance, the show was something to behold. Despite the running time of close to four hours (including the Flamenco concert) it was consistently engaging.

The Flamenco concert stood in splendid contrast to the rest of the show. The focus, passion, and vitality of the performers was refreshing and enjoyable. I especially enjoyed Seth Gillim singing "Cafe de Chinitas." However, the concert lacked some of the more powerful and audacious performances and dances I have previously witnessed. Nonetheless, it was a fine show.

The main dance concert began on a poor note. The first two pieces, "Up The Beach" by Wendy Hart and "IMITYNF" a solo piece by Allison Eggers were lamentably forgettable. Hart's piece was brief, and lacked the gripping quality an opening piece demands. I felt quite awkward when Jane's Addiction began blaring, and lights began flashing. It was like a bad rock concert. I never had time to involve myself in the piece. This was made worse by the light, dancery quality of the piece, which needed more time to develop. Her dancers were fine technically, but Eggers' piece was disappointing. The choice of music and the quality of the movement were uncomplimentary and awkward. Her choreography gave her a chance to display her excellent ability as a dancer, but, as was the case with Hart's piece, it failed to enthrall the audience.

"Various Reasons" by Caitlin Marcoux followed. It

"Various Reasons" by Caitlin Marcoux followed. It was easily one of the best pieces I have ever seen at Bard, and would do well on a professional stage. It was a gorgeous duet by Marcoux and dance professor Jean Churchill in which everything worked.

was easily one of the best pieces I have ever seen at Bard, and would do well on a professional stage. It was a gorgeous duet by Marcoux and dance professor Jean Churchill in which everything worked. Her choice of music, an emotional piece by Philip Glass, seemed at first melodramatic, but almost immediately I was spellbound by Jean alone on the stage. The choreography was a flawless execution of modern technique, and Churchill's movements were both solid and fluid, graceful and yet full of life. The same can be said of Marcoux. They listened to each other and used each other—there existed a very real interaction which was emotionally stunning. The piece was dedicated to her mother, and naturally I saw Churchill as the mother and Marcoux as daughter. It evoked the pain of departing, of saying farewell. The contrast between the mature, intense quality of Jean's dancing and Marcoux's youthful, lithe dancing was remarkable and wonderful. In the middle and end the choreography was a bit muddy (I stress a bit) and could have used more refinement. It remained, for all that, a startling piece.

"Lovely," a solo by Clare Amory, also captured the audience. Amory's choreography never shies away from confrontation and always attempts to further blur the barrier between performance art and dance. "Lovely" was no exception. It was simply staged: Amory in an ice skater's outfit standing in a spotlight with a fan blowing on her (to give the effect of movement on the ice) while ice skating commentary played. She moved sparsely and with great focus, presence, and intention. The piece was witty and biting. It contained a commentary on the whole ice skating industry—its exploitation of women and its effect on the performer. Issues of egotism, and observing and being observed were also brought up. However, I feel her movements did little to emphasize these themes, and although I thoroughly enjoyed the piece, it could have used some work in terms of her spatial placement.

Amory's second piece, "American Girl In New York," was even more witty and challenging. Closest to performance art of all the pieces, "American Girl" left me awestruck. The movements of the dancers (excellently performed by four girls, Adrienne Barr, Willa Bepler, Kathryn Johnson, and Alexis Steeves, all dressed in simple black) were subtle, intelligent, and evocative. This was combined with text written by Amory. The text dealt almost entirely with gender relations. Senseless machismo, sexist banter, stereotyping, and the degradation of women were themes brought up in the piece's stories and anecdotes. I was initially slightly annoyed at what seemed to be a gratuitous stab at men, and was annoyed that the piece had not included male performers. I felt it was simplifying things. Then the piece repeated itself, this time without text, sped up and with music; it was then that the piece hit me. It revealed how much goes into a dance, embellishing and embroidering the movements with powerful social content. When it was over I felt like I had been slapped, and I had nothing to say in my



MOVEMENT AND FORM: The four hour dance concert ranged in style and quality, but was unsurpassed in overall breadth and creativity.

defense. My friend turned to me and said "That was really good. I feel bad now." Touchée.

THE FINAL PIECE of the first half changed gears. "Before the Winds after Breughel" was a wonderful, wistful piece, tinged with melancholy. Being a Breughel enthusiast, I was highly pleased when I saw the piles of dancers (18 in all) dressed in costumes that matched the tones and colours used in his paintings. The movement and composition were artful and provoked many sighs. The dancers reminded me of autumn leaves. They were all attentive and involved in the piece. Churchill's attention to line, form, and her manipulation of the eye were all reminiscent of a painter's expertise. Yet the placement of the piece in the concert was somehow awkward: coming right after such a strong and confrontational piece may have been apt in terms of emotional content, but it detracted somewhat from its power.

After a much needed breather, we returned to witness "A Users Guide for Adults (9.9.98-9.15.98)," another work by Marcoux. The piece was fascinating and vivacious. It combined two themes. First, a group of dancers would each strike a pose, sometimes in a group, sometimes not, at one point in the audience, and at another imitating runway models. Once in place, the dancers began spouting sound bites from the evening news. One would catch bits of Clinton, the weather, Iraq, earthquakes, and rescued puppies scattered about. Four TV's filled the stage, projecting the visual equivalents of the text. The lighting was dim, the mood frantic. The second theme was the "Teletubbies," and may God bless those who don't know who they are. It was a truly frightening moment when the TV projecting the "Teletubbies" turned off, and dancers dressed as the Tubbies bounced on stage, the background lit as the TV show. "A Users Guide" switched smoothly between

these two themes. My thought was "thank God someone is giving me some social commentary and not a self-absorbed dance." However, her perspective was undefined. On one hand, one had the sense that she believes the media and such mindnumbing Prozac-style television as the "Teletubbies" are pernicious. Yet she took no strong stance, nor was any solution offered. Only the feeling that the existence of the show is upsetting. This is a positive attribute inasmuch as the piece avoids preachiness and allows the audience to ponder the possible corrupting influence of the show for themselves. However, it could have had more impact without becoming overly didactic. The performers were excellent, pulling off the difficult task of maintaining unity while allowing individual sounds and dancers to flare. The "faux-teletubbies" could have been a tighter unit, however, as they were often clearly out of sync unintentionally. The piece left me invigorated by the fact that such stuff was being shown.

The next piece "Seven Maurices" by Mahdi Shah was a classical affair, by which I mean he took few risks with

"I Collect Rules" by Kathryn Johnson was the most fun piece of the concert. It was refreshing to see boys other than Mahdi dancing and the costumes were spectacular...

this dance, and seemed mainly interested in practicing his ability to work within the confines of modern dance. His choreography was adequate, and proved that he has an eye for composition, relationship, timing, and form, yet this piece lacked the powerful emotional or social draw of some of the others, and thus seemed rather superfluous, though entertaining and well executed. His dancers were all excellent.

"I Collect Rules" by Kathryn Johnson was the most fun piece of the concert. It was refreshing to see boys other than Mahdi dancing, and the costumes were spectacular; they were dark-colored, wide-legged, extremely long-armed garbs, which looked like a mix between a uniform, a straight jacket, and the dress of courtly Chinese women. And the dancers made good use of them. They looked like they were having a blast, so I had a blast watching them. I loved it because the dancers didn't take themselves too seriously and were truly having a good time, without sloppiness. Johnson's choreography gave it a shape that kept me involved and excited.

The last dance of the section was "Working in Progress" by Caitlin Marcoux. Caitlin and Ani Weinstein danced a lovely duet wearing fun costumes. The dance was light and didn't have much impact. But after it was over, I wanted to get up and dance and groove, so I guess it did its job well.

At this point I was exhausted, but I stuck it out for the last piece, a real monster by Professor Aileen Passloff. The piece was created by working in collaboration with Film Professor Peter Hutton, Composer David Arner, and James Waring doing costumes. The piece was slow and meditative without being calm or hypnotic. It reminded me somewhat of Pina Bausch, in that there was an extensive use of props, and because the dancing was sectionalized. For example, the dancers would have a short interaction with a honeycomb, or with poles, or on scaffolding, then the film would come on, depicting in stark black and white silent ice flows, rivers, and ice breakers. The dancers would sometimes move across the screen, reacting to whatever was being shown—being crushed by boats, or being washed with the light reflected by the waves. Meanwhile, Arner plucked the strings of the piano menacingly. It was extremely interesting visually and, despite the great length (near half an hour), I was always interested. It left me feeling deeply contemplative with a slight feeling of despair.

And that was the dance concert. On the whole the courage, ability, and vitality of the performers made for an excellent concert. I look forward to next semester with high hopes. There is a great deal of talent and imagination there, and for those who have yet to attend a concert, I strongly recommend you avail yourself of this opportunity.

Miss Lonelyhearts Holiday Special

Because the holidays are the loneliest time of the year

CONGRATULATIONS! (at least to those of you who responded to my calculated dare). Now you don't have to listen to me bitch about your apathy. I have cried out, and the masses have responded. So lets rock this casbah:

CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE WANDERLUST STAGE

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

I've been going with a girl for a few weeks. I enjoy her company, but sometimes I wish she inspired me more. I often fantasize about how things could be different. I'm going through the famous wanderlust stage, I guess. One of my best friends thinks that every couple is destined to fall out of love. He believes the most important consideration in a relationship is how well you get along. I also think about this statement: love is not a matter of the brain, but the gut. How can I know if this gut feeling of slight uncertainty is trustworthy?

Yours,
Neurotic Lover

Dear Neurotic,

Congratulations (again). In my opinion, slight uncertainty is a sign of true love. By this I mean that your uncertainty regarding your feelings for this girl shows that you definitely have strong feelings for her. I am a little confused about how you can really be in love with someone you have been 'going with' for a few weeks, but then again, I haven't always been the biggest proponent of love at first sight. In order to help you truly grasp your feelings for this woman (I'm not actually sure whether you can fall in love with a 'girl'—especially one you don't find inspiring—but that's for you to know and me to find out) I turned to my trusty deskside dictionary to aid us in our search: -love (lúv) n. 1. Intense affection and warm feeling for another. 2. Strong sexual desire for another person. 3. A strong fondness or enthusiasm. 4. A beloved person. 5. A zero score in tennis. (I'm going to completely avoid the verb part. However, the American Heritage Dictionary and I would just like to add here that tennis is obviously an inferior sport, otherwise 'love' would represent the most points you could get. Or else the scoring system must have been invented by a nimrod.)

I know, I know, I'm making you use your brain and you want to feel with your gut. But hey, that's Okay, most guys feel with something else, so your gut's right up there. And to tell you the truth, most of the time it is necessary to use our brains to understand our guts anyway. For example, if you perhaps had a gut feeling that you were in love with a toaster, you could just open up the dictionary and realize that you can have intense affection, warm feelings and even a strong fondness or enthusiasm for toasters. However, you would then realize that you cannot have strong sexual desire for a toaster because it is not a person. (And no, it can't be your beloved either). This thought process can save you thousands of dollars in medical bills and help you to avert grievously injuring yourself.

So, my dear, your gut feeling of wanderlust is just a natural reaction to the fact that you are afraid because you realize you have got something real. As far as I can tell, you are right in calling this feeling a stage in your relationship. However, if your gut refuses to cease its wandering tendencies, I would definitely reevaluate your relationship. And as for your friend, I would tell him to leave this advice thing up to me, because you can fall out of love, but if it happens after three weeks, you were never in love, just neurotically searching for it.

TANTRIC RITUAL: WHAT ARE THE BASICS?

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

I don't know if this is in your scope or realm of knowledge but . . .

Lately my girlfriend and I are feeling impulses to try new things. I've heard that there are sexual techniques that allow you to merge with your partner. Is

this just some New Age Buddhist crap or is it possible . . . and how do we do it? I want to share all of myself with her . . . and are these techniques possible between two women? Scratch that. Of course they are.

Casually,
Curious

Dear Curious,

First of all, there is nothing that isn't in my scope or realm of knowledge, baby. That's why I write this column. And of course, with questions such as yours, where I feel I can more fully respond to your request by consulting alternate sources, other than my trusty dictionary, I do. That's why I'm here, to do all the leg-work. I'm the gal who writes the contract, and all you have to do is sign it and the yacht is yours.

I assume that when you write that you want to "merge" with your girlfriend and that you wonder if that will simply involve "New Age Buddhist crap" you are referring to some form of Tantric sex. While Tantric sexual rites are but one aspect of Tantric Buddhism, I think that is all we shall concern ourselves with at present. I did a little research, because I felt my knowledge of these escapades is somewhat convoluted, and I didn't want to confuse one technique with another. Basically, sexual rites developed through the symbolism of coupled female and male

(A quotation of a master): "Most people think sex is about an orgasm. You are a woman, you are a goddess. I'm talkin' about multiple full body orgasms. People usually are finished before their energy fields even begin to charge."

dieties. And whereas a male diety might be remote and transcendent, his female partner was thought to be active and accessible. So this union mainly symbolizes the merging of their energies.

You are quite right when you mention that these unions can be achieved between two women. In fact, you'll have double that shakti (divine female energy). As you are looking for a way to expand your technique and don't want to concern yourself with what you probably regard as religious mumbo jumbo, this is the best I can offer, (and I quote a master): "Most people think sex is about an orgasm. You are a woman, you are a goddess. I'm talkin' about multiple full body orgasms. People usually are finished before their energy fields even begin to charge. They're frightened of merging (which is what happens when you sexually charge your energy field) so they get it done real quick before they let go of their egos and really experience each other, merging when every sensation becomes orgasmic, everywhere, every thought moans with ecstasy."

To charge your energy field, and thus 'merge' it helps to visualize your partner and yourself surrounded by brilliant light. If that's too hokey for you, just try letting go of things. You are not on a quest to achieve the perfect orgasm (and if you are, I suggest reading Cosmo for some incredibly insightful tips on exactly how an orgasm feels). Let your body tell you what an orgasm is, not a magazine. If you concentrate on every single sensation, and go into it with no expectations I cannot see how this technique can fail you. And if you doubt me, I leave you with this advice:

"Let go of everything. Just pay attention to every part of her body, make her skin tingle, her back arch and her whole body beg for you. And then begin. Be right there, not going anywhere. That's when real fusion begins. Intercreate, don't think of the future, be right here right now. The eternal now." You'll have to torture me for the name of this source.

And have fun.

MY BOYFRIEND MAY BE YEARNING FOR HIS GUY PAL

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

I have an annoying roommate, and I often sleep in my boyfriend's single in Robbins. We have been

together since the middle of freshman year (I am a sophomore now) and we have a fairly comfortable relationship. The only problem is that he is a very "animated" sleeper. He moves and talks a lot in his sleep. This is generally not a problem and even cute when I am not sleep deprived. However, for the past two weeks he has been moaning in his sleep. It is pretty apparent that he is having a sex-dream. I thought this was amusing initially. Then, quite clearly, in the middle of one of these dreams he called out his closest friend's name, a guy's name. He's done it several times, and when I ask what he dreamt about, he denies remembering any of it. I haven't confronted him on the issue yet, but it is really weirding me out. I don't know if I should talk to him, or consult with his closest friend. Please help.

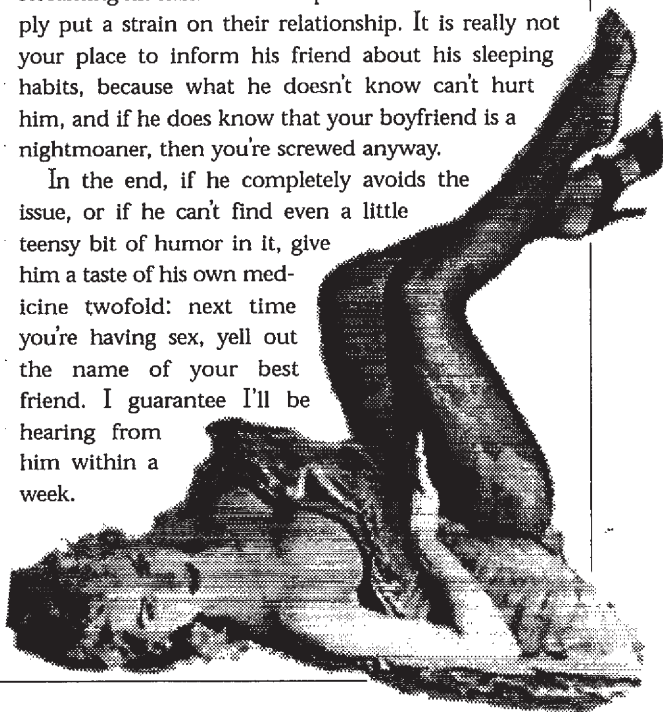
Sincerely,
Dating-a-Nightmoaner

Dear Dating,

First off, look on the bright side—at least he's not calling out "Mommy." This situation obviously has disaster potential for your relationship. If it turns out that he wants to do more to his closest friend than just dream about him, you'll probably be on the road to splitsville. However, never fear, our subconscious works in mysterious ways and unless you have a degree in Freudian psychology (unfortunately, it's only one of my many minors) you will chalk up his cries to just that. Still, it sounds as if this is really bothering you and I think that the only way to really resolve this is to talk to him about it. If your relationship is really "fairly" comfortable, just bring it up in conversation and see how he responds. If this makes you feel weird, try passing it off as a joke and seeing what his reaction is. Here's a couple of lines that might help you out: "You know, the craziest thing happened the other night. I was just drifting off when you started moaning. Then, you'll love this, you called _____'s name." If you feel at this point you have gone too far, just tack on the old: "Well, actually, I was just about to fall asleep and that Vicadin I've been taking does tend to make me hallucinate." This response will not only give you a quick escape, but you can then change the subject by bringing up your prescription drug abuse. If that doesn't work for you, maybe you'll find this one a little more reasonable: "You know sweetheart, I've been thinking a lot about your relationship to _____, and I know you care about each other, but the fact that you moan and then cry out his name in your sleep is beginning to rattle my nerves a little."

So, I definitely think you should at least mention it to him, and though you imply in your letter that he may actually remember his dreams and just doesn't want to share them with you, it is more than likely that he has absolutely no recollection. Whatever you do, DO NOT bring this up with his closest friend. If there is actually something going on, that is for your boyfriend to tell you. Asking your boyfriend's best friend if he knows why your boyfriend might be screaming his name in his sleep will do more than simply put a strain on their relationship. It is really not your place to inform his friend about his sleeping habits, because what he doesn't know can't hurt him, and if he does know that your boyfriend is a nightmoaner, then you're screwed anyway.

In the end, if he completely avoids the issue, or if he can't find even a little teensy bit of humor in it, give him a taste of his own medicine twofold: next time you're having sex, yell out the name of your best friend. I guarantee I'll be hearing from him within a week.



Bard Sports 1998: When You Lose You Win

Raptors, Women and Men alike, achieved success this season with hard work, determination, and merit, despite material loss

MEN'S SQUASH LOOKS TOWARDS TOMORROW

THE MEN'S SQUASH TEAM opened the 98-99 season on the road with a trip to Wesleyan University for matches against Connecticut College and St. Lawrence University. At the end of the day, Bard stood 0-2 with losses to both schools by the identical scores of 7-2. Bright spots were Jeremy Thomas (2-0), Max Streeter (1-1) and Johann Erikson (1-1).

A tough fall schedule was concluded in the first week of December with 8-1 and 9-0 losses to Vassar and Fordham respectively; the lone win going to Gerald Mupingo. Under the guidance of first-year coach Rob Bruley and assistant coach David Ames, the men's team will look to improve its record when it opens the spring semester against Haverford.

—Jason Pavlich

GRACE AND PERSISTENCE: WOMEN'S VARSITY SQUASH

THE BARD'S WOMEN'S SQUASH team just returned from four matches played over the weekend at the Wesleyan University Invitational Tournament. The schools competing at this tournament included Bowdoin College, Wesleyan University, St. Lawrence University, and Mt. Holyoke. Although Bard realized no team victories, several members of the team scored personal wins. Anu Kumar ('00) shut out her Mt. Holyoke opponent 3-0, savoring her victory over a school the team had scrimmaged here at Bard before Thanksgiving. Eva Bodula ('99), the team captain, played very intense matches against all her opponents, finally winning out over Mt. Holyoke 3-0. All on the team agree that her athleticism, determination and sportsmanship are models of conduct to be followed on the court, especially in light of the fact that the team plays some of the most obnoxious girls on the East Coast. Additionally, Leigh Jenco ('99) performed an incredible feat of precision aiming when she sent her serve out the third story window opposite her court.

Other team members showed great improvements since the start of the season. Amanda Holt ('01) was congratulated by her opponents on the marked improvements in her game, and all on the team were praised by other coaches for their courtesy and sportsmanship. The team hopes to match their winning attitudes with winning scores under their new coach Rob Bruley.

BARD FENCING DRAWS FIRST BLOOD

THIS PAST WEEKEND the Bard Fencing team ventured out beyond Annandale into the depths of Boston, for this year's most exciting overnight tournament at Brandeis College. The Fencing Team, affectionately dubbing themselves "Bardvarks", faced a long and arduous day squaring off against teams not only from the tops of their respected leagues, but in leagues well above Bard's humble Div-3 status. Under the leadership of Hope Konecny and Joel Glucksman, the hopeful Bardians faced Div-2 Brandeis, Div-1 Boston College, and Div-2 Brown. Our duelists were hard met and performed admirably.

The Lady Bardians came to several impressive near victories, los-

ing to Boston College 23-9, Brown 23-9, and drawing blood and tying Brandeis for 16-16. Unfortunately, due to the nature of fencing, the win went to Brandeis. Ties in the most genteel of sports are decided by total number of touches (points) landed by each team, Brandeis squeaked ahead of our Ladies 120-112. It was close, ladies and gentlemen, and definitely a moral victory. Foil fencer Diana Oboler lashed out and bathed her blade in hearts of all those who challenged her, bring home ten out of twelve bouts. Not to be outdone, Bard's first-year foil ringer, Kira Appel, also gave to the Big Red Raptor with a whopping ten victories. The Women's epee, led by Co-captains Amy Foster and Danielle Dedroux, also performed valiantly with both of the squad's first-year fencers, Andrea (a.k.a. Drea) Koiniski and Megan Irving, walking away with bouts under their hilts and notches in their pommels.

Unfortunately fate was not with the men's team. The male Bardians lost to Brandeis 20-7, Boston College 23-9, and Brown 23-9. Men's foil suffered honorably but horribly. The gentleman Bardvarks were out done by the overzealous and, at times, unruly fencing machines of the three opposing schools. Jason Rabinowitz carried the day for men's foil, walking off with a victory against Boston and two against Brandeis. Men's saber made a good showing with Jeff "Poseidon" Rawson winning two bouts against Brown, and leading veteran Andy Small winning a close one against Brandeis. But the strongest showing for the guys was the epee team. Drew Slipper led the way with an amazing eight out of nine wins. Following Drew's lead, Austin Campbell trounced a Brown fencer five to one for his only win of the day.

"It was a good experience," said Amy Foster, Co-captain of women's epee. "Everyone got to fence people of different abilities. . . it was the challenge that made it worth while." —Patrick Maguire

First-year Starter Named For All-Tournament Team!

LAST SATURDAY, Dec. 6, at Mount Saint Vincent Invitational Tournament, a Bard First-year student won herself fame by being selected for the All-Tournament team. Emma Kreyche, Bard's new 5' 10" varsity center, scored a whopping 23 points against SUNY Old Westbury.

Emma had no intention of playing sports in college, originally intending to focus solely on academics while at school. Her sports career at Bard began when she took up a job at the gym working the front desk. Once, in a pinch, she was asked to line judge a volleyball game. It wasn't long before she was recruited. After volleyball season she found herself without an activity, so she picked up B-ball. Emma had been playing basketball off and on since she was ten, including three years in high school. But, ironically she never made varsity. Thinking Bard would be a good, low pressure environment to pick up the game again, she tried out and made the roster. Emma no longer warms the bench.

When asked how she felt about being named to the "All-Tournament Team" Emma smiled and simply said she was "honored." She agreed that Bard sports are, if anything, unique. "I like

my teammates and I like being in a new program. You can feel the rough edges, and that's good . . . It would be nice if sports in general had some more support, and if more people came to our games."

Thus far, women's basketball has not had the best of showings, but this does not phase the team at all. "Even though we had some rough games, we learned where we need to go in terms of overall development."

Ms. Kreyche looks forward to her next game, and along with the rest of the team, is optimistic about the future. Regardless of what the scoreboards have said in the past, she and the rest of the team see definite wins in the future.

The women play one of their last home games of the semester today, Wednesday, Dec. 9 at 7:00 PM against the College of New Rochelle. A strong showing would be greatly help the ladies carry the day.—Patrick Maguire

Men's Basketball Searches for a Win

LAST WEEKEND, THE BARD MEN'S basketball team back by a loss to Becker College (65-39). Like any good game, the reality of it was not reflected in the score. If Bard basketball has nothing else, it has heart. "Despite our record," says team center Kimani Davis, "we have a team of very good, dedicated ball players. We go against schools that put of a lot of effort into their athletic programs. . . All we can do is work hard with what we have." Kimani is like most of the players in that he looks at how he and his teammates played and not necessarily the scoreboard. "Our only win was against Pratt, we felt that it was one of our worst games. Our best effort was our first game against City College."

The men's squad is a tight and tough bunch. They have suffered a lot together and have all come out the stronger for it. They are a bunch of scrappers who know they have a couple of strikes against them. Most schools our men face, even the ones in our division, tend to have more numerous, taller, and better prepared players. Mr. Davis, our center, is the tallest on the team, a mere 6' 2". Very often Kimani finds himself against opponents at least 6' 6" or taller. It is the team's drive that is their greatest asset. "We have to be tenacious . . . from warm-ups to the last buzzer." Says team captain and point guard Mario Bourdeau. "We can't have four out of five of our people putting it on the line; everyone, the five on the floor, the guys on the bench, they all have put everything into it. Because we're not super athletes we have to take everything personal, like we have everything to loose." Forward, Center and co-captain Raymond Marte expressed similar sentiments: "It doesn't matter if we lose, we have to lose with pride."

Everyone interviewed agreed that the team needs to "step up" and "come together as a team." "Right now were playing intensely, but as individuals." Says Mario. The men's squad are perhaps their own hardest critics, but all agree with a grin that they expect to win a few this year.—P. M.



Astor Square Sweets & Delicacies

Especially for you . . . from our select bakers in the historic Hudson Valley

Fantastic Holiday Baked Goods

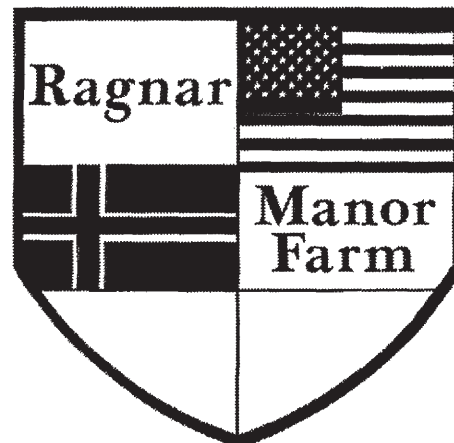
Cookies • Biscotti • Chocolate Pecan Torte • Gingerbread Huntsmen
Horse Chocolates • Gourmet Coffees • Teas • Gift Baskets

Place your orders early • We ship anywhere in the U.S.

VISA, MC, DISCOVER, AMEX accepted

Open Daily. Mon-Fri 6 AM- 7 PM, Sat & Sun 9 AM-6 PM
Astor Square. 92 Route 9 North, Suite B Rhinebeck, NY 12572
(914) 876-7297 • FAX (914) 757-3002

-RAGNAR MANOR FARM-



"Happy Holiday
from our farm
to your home."

MR. & MRS. S.R.

KJARTANSSON

RAGNAR MANOR FARM

Tivoli, NY 757-2429

BROADWAY PIZZA



A SLICE OF NEW YORK!

WE DELIVER TO YOUR ROOM!

TIVOLI 757-2000

\$2 off with this ad

Good on any purchase of large pizza or dinner

(cannot be combined with any other coupons or specials)

MOONDANCE

MUSIC

GIFTS

JEWELRY

CLOTHES



BEHIND ROLLING ROCK

ROUTE 9 RHINEBECK

OPEN: Mon-Thur 3-9PM; Fri 3-11PM; Sat 11AM-10PM; Sun 11 AM-8PM

Letters to the Editors & Bard Community

To the Editor:

While we found the article on lice and scabies in the November 18th *Observer* to be mostly amusing, we would like to clarify and comment on these perennial college-lifestyle "plagues." The author incorrectly asserts that somehow the physical structure of the Ravines is involved in the outbreaks of lice and scabies. These minute bugs do not infest buildings. However, later in the same article, the

A major contributing factor besides sexual and close contact (one student cited no less than ten beds he had slept in upon arrival at Bard) is poor hygiene. . . . We believe that the problem involves a few students who are laundry-challenged.

author is right on target about how these mites and lice are transmitted which is by close skin to skin contact. A major contributing factor besides sexual and close contact (one student cited no less than ten beds he had slept in upon arrival at Bard) is poor hygiene. This is not to say that students are not taking showers, etc. We believe that the problem involves a few students who are laundry-challenged. To eliminate lice and scabies, a student must use medication as well as launder all bedding and clothing immediately while treating the disease. We know that this is a huge annoyance, but ultimately it will provide the solution to end the pestilence.

—Marsha Davis, F.N.P.
Barbara-Jean Briskey, F.N.P.
Peggy Mantey, R.N.

To the Editor:

I read with interest the *Observer* every time it appears. I was startled to read the opinion column by Howard Megdal in the last issue. I expect the health services will respond as well.

There should be no doubt among our distinguished undergraduates, that scabies and lice are transmitted through personal contact. They are a function of personal hygiene and not the consequences of any building conditions. They can be present and transmitted in an elegant and pristine environment, as well as one that is run down and old. Of the many ills one can

ascribe to the Ravine houses, scabies and lice, unfortunately, do not qualify.

—Leon Botstein

To the Bard Community,

There is something wrong when we allow ourselves to forget. When actions are committed which violate our human rights we should not react in protest for a short period of time, but for as long as those violations exist. We should react not only as long as they exist for us but for as long as they exist in our world, in our community, in our family. It is unacceptable for me to allow myself to forget what happened to Anna Jones and to Mario Bordeaux. It is unacceptable for me and you to forget. It is unacceptable as a community, who once found these events tragic and inexcusable, to forget them. I refuse to forget what happened in my community, in our community. It is not enough to protest during times of unrest because the problem still exists during times of rest.

Anna was murdered two months ago. This should not be forgotten. Domestic violence is present in so many homes across the world. This should be our concern, always. Maybe some of us have never experienced or have never been near domestic violence. Well, that's truly terrific, but it can't just stop there. We should not forget, as long as it continues to rear its ugly head into the homes of anyone. The fight is not over. The fight will not cease as long as we allow ourselves to be passive bystanders in a violent world. I will not sit by and watch another Anna Jones be murdered. We must stay awake. We must remember.

It was only a few weeks ago that Mario was the victim of racially motivated abuse. I remember, and I want to know if you do too. Racial injustice is not something to be taken lightly. It is not something to protest immediately, once a violation has taken place, and then to let slide. We should not forget Mario or any other victims of racial injustice merely because of the passing of time. It has been weeks since Mario's human rights were violated by not only a deputy but by people he should've been able to trust. It has also been weeks since I've heard any one mention it. This poses a huge problem in my eyes.

We should not wait for a major violation of our human rights to occur before we take actions against them. We should certainly not discontinue our concern or protest, only a few weeks later, once our initial rage is somewhat settled. It is this time, this aftermath, which is so crucial and beneficial. It is in this

time that we can put our heads together and plan a major step of action. This is not a time to forget nor is it a time to accept these violations as a way of life. This is not a time of passivity but one of activity. I, as a community member, a student, a neighbor, a friend, a person, call for a plan of action. I call for us not to forget what is so near to remember.—Maysoun Wazwaz

To the Bard Community,

Art Awareness Week was about taking art out of all the hidden corners/ closets/ art buildings/ studios, and putting them in public spaces for everyone to enjoy/ experience/ be flabbergasted by/ walk by/ hate/ love/ think about.

I wanted to see what would happen. Unfortunately, this is what happened:

- 2 lanterns were stolen near the library from Elizabeth Strikland's piece;
- 1 collage by Dan Desmond was burned;
- 1 painting of Julie Ember's was stolen from Hegemann and another was found stuffed behind a radiator;
- 1 poster burned;
- 1 poster stolen from gym.

I expected more respect to be shown on a college campus than for people's original, in some cases, irreplaceable artwork to be stolen and burned. I am very discouraged.

—Gwenelle Gobe

Organizer of Art Awareness Week

To the Bard Community,

Are you so juvenile that you have to destroy artwork to get a hard-on? Can you not get drunk without burning a poster or kicking a wall in? If so, than Bard College is the place is for you. I am disgusted by the disrespect and outright sabotage shown toward my peers during Art Awareness Week. Some people at this school must have been severely ignored or abused as children to show this degree of infantile aggression. At the risk of sounding antagonistic, I wish I could find the person/people involved so I could shove an avocado or groundhog up his/her/their rectum, and make them admit that it's art. Breaking shit is just fucking stupid, and someday you may find yourself in a dank prison cell in Turkey where you wish to dear god you had so much as a lewd caricature of a man/woman scratched on the wall to help pass the time in your desolate empty self-defeated existence.

—Nick Jones

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 late breaking news and sports articles) will not be accepted.

Submit all writings on a labeled disk with files saved in a Macintosh-compatible format (no PC files). Include a dou-

ble-spaced hardcopy (printout) labeled 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 her or his identity to the Editor.

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

Send submissions via Campus Mail to P.O. Box 850.

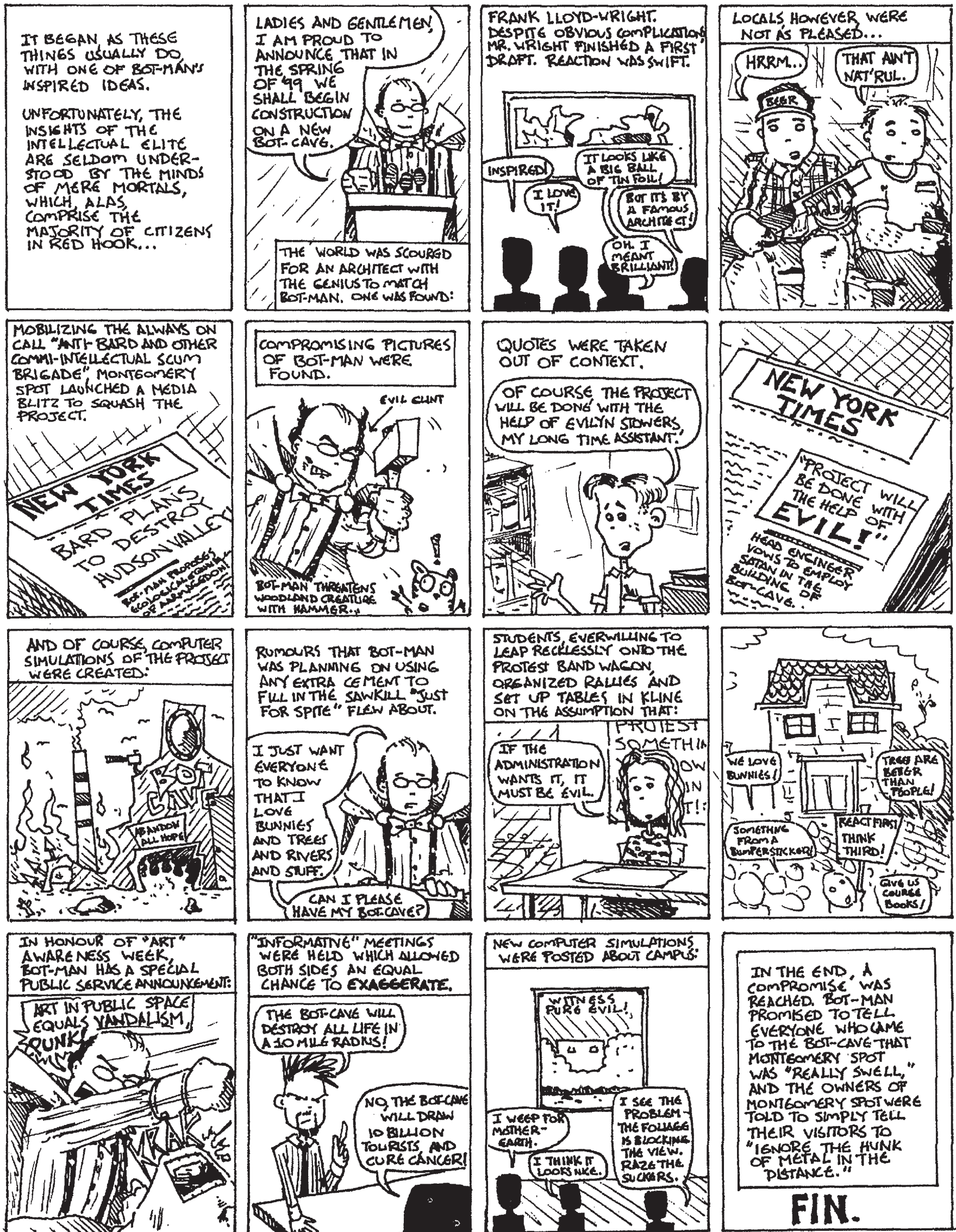
The Editors can be contacted at observer@bard.edu; 758-7131; and P.O. Box 850, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504.

The Bard Observer Editorial Staff 1998-99

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Nate "Mummra" Schwartz	DESIGN EDITOR Nicholas "ADD" Westlund	SPORTS ENFORCER Patrick "Magnum" Maguire	STAFF WRITERS CONTINUED Nick "Thug Killer" Jones
EXECUTIVE EDITOR Anna-Rose "Green Clovers" Mathieson	ART EDITOR Chris "Spelling Bee" Van Dyke	COPY EDITOR CAP'NS Ciprian "Chips" Iancu	Anne "Casper" Matusiewicz
MANAGING EDITOR Joe "Stanks" Stanco	NEWS EDITOR Jessica "JJ" Jacobs	Nicole "Cap'n" Cook	David "Potty" Porter Miller
BUSINESS MANAGER Devon "Mr. January" White	ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR Michael "Hags" Haggerty	COPY EDITOR SWABDIE Steve "GOP" Bero	Sue "Drag Queen Activist" Schwartz
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR Amanda "AK-47" Kniepkamp	OPINIONS EDITOR Stephanie "Berry-Berry" Schneider	STAFF WRITERS John "Machine Gun" Coyne	Scott "Stylz" Staton
		Greg "Interview" Johnson	STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS Andy "Hefner" Small
			Dan "Worm-man" Desmond

BOT-MAN: LEADER OF THE P.A.C.

Bot-man, Volume 3, Issue 4, 1998



Written & created by: Chris Van Dyke, John Holowach; Copyright 1998 Holowach/Van Dyke; Drawn by: Chris Van Dyke
 Special Thanks to: Morgan "Evil" Pielli; Karen "Reactionary Git" Lamprey, Vic, and Mulzer "Blocking the View" Mulzer, for brainstorming all the humour kinks out; Art Awareness week, for allowing a grown man to say "When are you on the fish?" and mean it; Montgomery Place, for giving me a subject to mock; and of course, all the lovely people who devote hours of their lives to sitting at tables in Kline.