

interview with salvador plascencia...  
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# OBSERVER



Cover Photos/Lizzie Mumro



Erin Cannan and Michele Dominey enjoying a “waste-free” lunch at Focus the Nation: potato soup, root vegetable stew and chili, cole slaw, and an assortment of beverages.

The Observer staff wish to extend our sincerest condolences to the family and friends of Warren Hutcheson. A service will take place at the Chapel of Holy Innocents, Thursday, February 14, 2008 at 10:00 a.m. with a reception at the President’s House immediately following. An Art Exhibit of Warren’s work will be shown Fisher Studio at 8:00 p.m.

## private college welcomes public art: olafur eliasson installation to be completed this spring

By MAE COLBURN

Early next July, Bard College will inaugurate Icelandic artist Olafur Eliasson’s first permanent public outdoor installation in the United States, a piece called *The Parliament of Reality* in a field near the Fisher Arts Center. The 1.2 million dollar piece is to consist of a circular pond surrounded by a ring of 24 planted trees. Nestled in the center will be an island, accessed via a stone bridge surrounded by a steel latticework tunnel. The *Parliament* was envisioned by the artist as “a place where students, teachers, and visitors can gather to relax, discuss ideas, or have an argument,” as quoted in the press release. Eliasson continues, explaining that, in his view, “negotiation should be at the core of any educational scheme.”

“So I can’t say it isn’t a little bit unreal, but that’s the design,” said Vice President for Administration Jim Brudvig of life at Bard College. “You have the ability to bracket off the rest of the world, read some great books, start developing your own views. It’s a tremendous opportunity for reflection.” Perhaps this is why President Botstein writes that colleges and universities are unique in being “able to sponsor programs in which open debate and free inquiry are sustained,” – unique because of the private, insulated nature of our surroundings, a landscape intentionally designed to cultivate the exchange of ideas and emphasize internal debate.

In this respect, the project is a perfect fit for Bard; it directly reflects Bard’s philosophy of “rigorous scrutiny and open discussion of ideas.” This said, Brudvig admits that “some might see the structure as a violation of certain historical landscapes.” But the artist does not claim *Parliament of Reality* to be an “environmental piece” in the green sense. Rather, the installation was conceived as a piece that, by combining man-made and natural materials, will incite discussion about the way we apprehend the natural world.

Eliasson is known for work that fuses natural phenomena, such as light and temperature, with constructed settings, such as city streets or galleries. In *Double Sunset*, a large-scale installation in Utrecht, Holland, completed in 1999, Eliasson erected a bright yellow, forty-foot wide corrugated metal sun on the roof of a coffee warehouse facing towards the setting sun. To people facing east in the evening, it produced the unsettling impression of witnessing two suns setting over the city simultaneously.

In *The Weather Project*, an installation conceived for Turbine Hall of London’s Tate Modern, Eliasson covered the 115-foot high ceiling in mirror foil and installed a 2,000 light bulb sun. More than two million spectators bathed, many sprawled on the floor, in the paradox of the outdoors indoors over the six-month duration of the installation. The artist’s meticulous construction of natural occurrences is meant not to fool the spectator but rather to stimulate a sense that Eliasson explains on the Tate Modern website as “seeing yourself seeing,” drawing attention to

# focus the nation

By RACHEL MEADE

Despite the truckload of slush that was dumped on Bard last Friday, a good 300 people dragged their soggy selves to Bard’s Global Warming Conference in a rare show of solidarity between Bard students and local residents. The Conference featured several panels of Bard and community speakers and a zero-waste lunch. Similar events were held simultaneously at colleges across the country as part of Focus the Nation, a sweeping coordinated effort designed to alert officials of the mass support for carbon-reducing measures.

Event organizer and Environmental Resources Auditor Laurie Husted pronounced the event a success, citing the influx of emails she’s received from students, teachers, and community members who were inspired by the conference. But the most significant achievement of the Conference was President Botstein’s signing of the American College and Universities Presidents’ Climate Commitment (ACUPCC), which 489 participating institutions have also signed. “This is a huge result of the conference,” said Husted. “Colleges realize they need to be leaders on [combating global warming].”

While the President’s commitment may be the most palpable result of the conference, the power of individual change was given no less credence. Event organizer and BERD member Molly King hopes that “if you’re involved in the day you’ll pick up some little bit of info. It’s hard not to pick up even one little fact on the way.”

According to King, the power of Focus the Nation lies in its dual focus on both individual and institutional change. For the Bard student distrustful of politicians’ commitments to the environment, panels

highlighted a plethora of ways that individuals could significantly reduce their carbon footprint. It’s likely that the majority of these solutions were familiar to most conference attendees, but speakers went further in depth on such topics as the carbon savings that accompany a vegan or vegetarian diet or the energy savings of buying locally produced food. Freshman Emilie Ruscoe pointed out that when it comes to global warming, repetition is not necessarily a bad thing. “Often the repetition of a point [eventually] triggers a different response,” said Ruscoe.

Depending on the speaker and panel, the emphasis on individual versus institutional solutions varied throughout the day. According to event organizer Chris Herring, such contentions among panelists “really provoked thought and debate.” The third panel discussion, “Growing a Solution,” emphasized consumers’ power to choose food based on its impact on the environment. Some panelists, such as

Gidon Eshel from Simon’s Rock, who spoke about the differing carbon footprint of a vegan and meat diet, completely discounted the power of government policy to make a difference.

However, other panels were entirely focused on influencing policy, such as “Motivating Change: The Politics of Change”. History professor Mark Lytle tied America’s poor record on global warming to our ongoing faith in consumerism to solve any and all crises that confront us. He cited historic trust in Keynesian economics which sees goods as the driving force of the economy as well as President Bush’s advice following September 11<sup>th</sup> for Americans to

shop. Thus, according to Lytle, solutions may come from abroad. “The world no longer looks to us as the cause of solution, but as the cause of problems— maybe we’ll learn a little humility,” said Lytle.

Political Studies Professor Mark Lindeman followed up with a somewhat more upbeat take on environmental policy. “We don’t have to be brilliant,” said Lindeman, pointing out that we have all the resources and technologies we need to significantly reduce our energy consumption. Though disappointed that no politician has been willing to endorse a carbon tax, he rejoiced in the knowledge that our next president will come to office having said something intelligent about global warming. “We’re moving on this,” said Lindeman. He cited a poll in which 75 percent of Americans said they would pay more for renewable energy. Unfortunately, added Lindeman, politicians and members of Congress are scared of provoking the wrath of the American people. “We have it in our power to make political leaders more afraid not to tackle the problem than to [tackle it],” said Lindeman. “Everyone in the room— you can communicate with political leaders.”

In addition to eight panels featuring Bard, Simon’s Rock, and Bard Center for Environmental Policy Professors, local politicians such as assemblyman Marc Molinaro, and local environmental activists, Chartwells catered a waste-free lunch, featuring all local food. “There’s no reason Hudson Valley couldn’t be the Napa Valley of the East,” said local juice producer Martin Bruhn, citing the abundance of fruit, vegetables, meat, and dairy to be had in the region.

A Global Warming Art Show featuring works by Bard students, teachers, and local community members followed the last panel. Trolling through Fisher were various masked tour guides, eager to talk about global warming and art in a funny

“...we can get [administration] to think with this in mind on every issue...”

-senior Chris Herring



Photo Courtesy of Olafur Eliasson

Visualization for Icelandic artist Olafur Eliasson's Parliament of Reality. Funded by a private doner, construction on the installation will begin this March. The installation will be made open to the public early in July.

## million \$ sculpture

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

the blurred line between natural and constructed realities.

Construction will begin on the Bard installation in early March. It is to be fully funded by a restricted gift of approximately \$1.2 million given by to the college by the Luma Foundation, a funding agency founded in 2004 by Maja Hoffman, a member of the CCS Board of Governors. The money was given specifically to cover the costs of the installation, not for other campus expenses. Brudvig explained that "some people will see those [expenditures] side by side," but the money is being drawn from an altogether different pool. CCS's Tom Eccles, who was key in attracting the piece and the donor, saw this as part of a larger effort to extend the Center's programming on campus, providing students and the public with the opportunity to engage both critically and empirically with contemporary art.

The Sculpture's location on north campus reflects a historical shift in Bard's public and private spaces. The Blithewood area was originally envisioned to be Bard's public end, housing CCS Bard/The Hessel Museum of Art, the Fisher Center, and the mansion. But as plans for the Fisher Center matured, the site on which it was to be built was judged a "historical landscape" too close to the Sawkill Creek. "The issue [with the land] became a historical one," said Brudvig of the situation. The college wasn't interested in pushing the matter, so the Fisher Arts Center was instead built on the far end of campus, past Manor House. Consequently, he says, "Our public presentation is more spread out than originally intended." Indeed, while some spaces, such as Tewksbury and Kline commons are regarded as private in that their chief role is to serve the student population, others are considerably more public. These spaces are less obviously useful to students but crucial to drawing a broader audience to the campus.

Although undeniably a boon to our public image, the sculpture no less stems from the private liberal tradition - encouraging inquiry and discussion in a constructed space that is, to a certain degree, shut off from distraction. With relation to the private college sphere versus the larger sphere of public life, Brudvig points out that "there are two worlds going on here, [but] maybe it'll be some comfort to know that it's intentional." In this sense, he continues, the piece is "of the insular, college world. It's intended for students. Olafur knows this."

## bawling at the bowl: bard has football fans

BY CAROLINE FRIEDMAN

Figures are coming out to suggest that this year's Superbowl has been the second most watched event in Television History (after the M\*A\*S\*H series finale). How does the average Bardian celebrate, commemorate, and participate in the Superbowl? In addition to the high viewership the Superbowl has at Bard, this year, with two Northeastern teams, many of us had a personal stake in the game. With a highly weighted spread (14 points!), some even had a financial investment.

There is, however, a separate faction here at Bard. Many are quick to say that the Superbowl is just another dumb American tradition ("Actually, I didn't even know it was happening until I was in Down the Road and a girl ran in screaming."). But of all the events that we as begrudging American citizens have to put up with (July 4<sup>th</sup>, Thanksgiving, the State of the Union...), the Superbowl is the one we can have the most fun with. Bear with me.

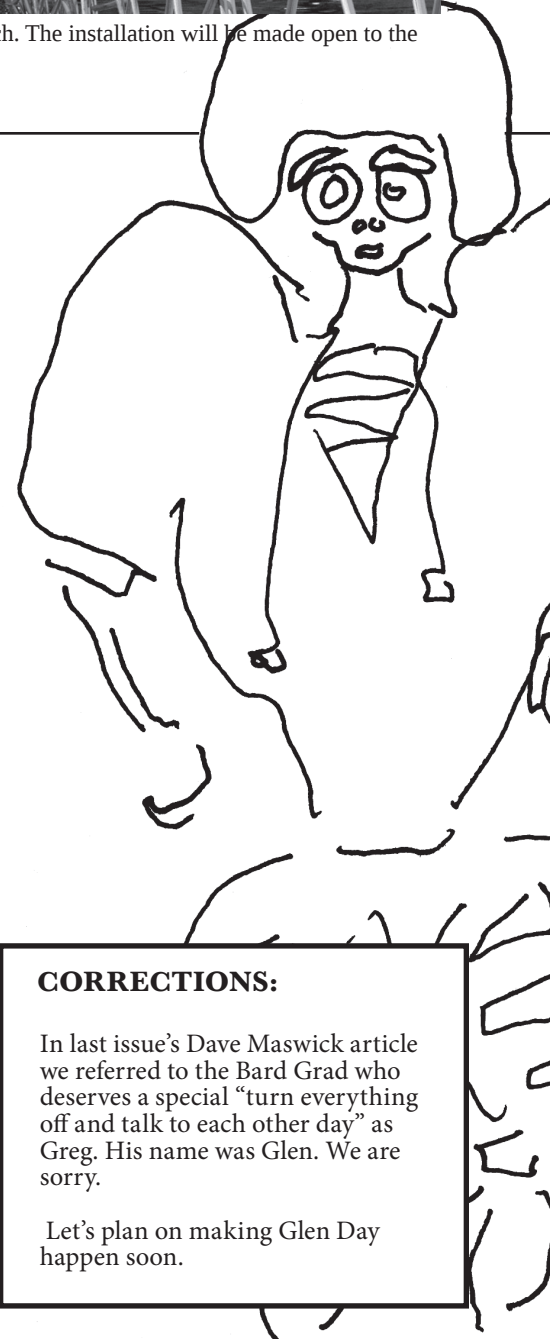
My night consisted of 60% snacking (hot wings, nachos, beverages). As I watched my dreadlocked friend add more cheese to the nachos, I realized: this is our homage to American culture. We are not even at the game for most of it, and yet we feel as if we are partaking in something larger than ourselves. My friend in flannel is checking on his wings. This could only happen at Bard.

The Superbowl is a chameleon. It can

truly be whatever you want it to be. If you want to paint your fat naked body an ugly shade of blue and stand in the freezing cold, go ahead. If you want to get trashed in a room of people who wouldn't know a turnip from a pigskin, be my guest. If you want to wear your lucky pair of underwear for the prior 5 days, do it! But if you're like me, and you vaguely want to root for the Giants, but you'd rather be eating munchies, that's your prerogative.

The game was one of the greatest upsets in recent sports history. The huge spread signified just how outmatched most people thought the Giants would be in this game. The Giants opened up the game, and in their first possession, converted four third downs, and scored a field goal, bringing them ahead 3-0. However, in the following Patriots possession, they scored the first touchdown, a completion to Lawrence Maloney. During the fourth quarter, after an impressive completion by Manning, the Giants scored their first touchdown, bringing the score to 10-7. It had been David Tyree's first touchdown all season. In one last attempt to win the game, the Patriots came back with another touchdown. Favorite receiver Randy Moss motioned obnoxiously as if to say "WIDE OPEN!" However, with 35 seconds left in the game, Manning hit Plaxico Burress with a 25-yard touchdown pass to win the game. In the end, the Giants' pass rush

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### CORRECTIONS:

In last issue's Dave Maswick article we referred to the Bard Grad who deserves a special "turn everything off and talk to each other day" as Greg. His name was Glen. We are sorry.

Let's plan on making Glen Day happen soon.

## NEXT ISSUE

Meeting Wed. 2/13 7pm obs office (tewks)

Deadline Thurs. 2/21

Issue comes out Tuesday 2/26



Photo/Paul Collins

Bard students and faculty rally for Obama on the eve of Super Tuesday. Performances, speeches, and good eats made for an inspiring evening.

# super tuesday

By FRANK BRANCELY

The atmosphere in the MPR late Tuesday night was generally lackluster. The room was dominated by Obama supporters cringing as Hilary Clinton edged out every Obama win with a major victory of her own.

Twenty-four states held either primaries or caucuses on February 5<sup>th</sup>. For the Democrats, 1,681 delegates were at stake in 16 primaries and 7 caucuses, while Republicans had 1,020 delegates at stake in 15 primaries and 6 caucuses. For the Republicans, the night was decisive, with McCain, gaining a comfortable lead over opponents Mitt Romney, who has since suspended his campaign, and Mike Huckabee, who now has less than a third of McCain's delegates.

Bard Democrats however, were left on the edge of their seats as Clinton and Obama traded victories. Although New Yorkers voted overwhelmingly for their Senator who won 57% of the states vote, Bard's district voted overwhelmingly (297 to 85) in favor of Obama. Locally, estimates indicate that Democratic turnout in Dutchess County was over 41%, compared to 17.4% in 2004. Obama received 46.4% of the vote, while Hillary received 50.6%, making Dutchess Obama's 4th strongest county. "Our estimate is that there are between 420 and 450 active students who are registered Dem, which would place turnout percentage to be at least 71%" adds Pat Kelly, who has taken part in organizing "Obama phone bank parties," the next being held Saturday. Bard students seemed only to represent one sample of a much larger pattern in the area as Obama also won in Beacon, the City of Poughkeepsie, Clinton, Millan, Northeast, Rhinebeck and Stanford.

"Bard students gravitated toward Obama because of his strong message of change. For most of us, our political memories have always involved a Bush or a Clinton in the White House. It's time for someone different" said sophomore Andy Simon, student-organizer of the previous night's Obama-rally.

When it was announced that Huckabee won Alabama, mock-applause and feigned cheers could be heard echoing across the

MPR to the café. The real drama of the night came on the Democrats side. The scoffing accompanying Clinton's speech and the jubilation following Obama's unexpected triumph in supposedly Clinton-country Connecticut, made the popular choice on campus crystal clear. Obama's win in Connecticut was "the only real surprise of the night" said Kelly.

Since Super Tuesday, Obama devastated Clinton's already thin lead for the nomination after winning caucuses in Nebraska and Washington state, the Virgin islands, the Louisiana primary and most recently, Maine (like Connecticut and New Hampshire, a supposedly Clinton-given state). But the race remains far from

"Our political memories have always involved a Bush or a Clinton in the White House. It's time for someone new."

-Sophomore Andy Simon

over. If anything, the contest that traditionally serves to decide the winner only suggested the likelihood of lasting, grinding competition that could extend until the convention itself. This is a startling departure from last summer when even President Bush weighed in by predicting a Hilary ticket. Now Obama leads Clinton by roughly 70 delegates in a total pool of about 2,000. And at 9pm, on Tuesday night, Obama is widely expected to take Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia.

Clinton, perceived as the candidate with a more moderate stance, substantial experience and record, has been winning more traditionally "blue" states with a reliable following among older women. Obama, seen as largely outside the bureaucracy of Washington, has been winning the democratic vote in a number of more conservative states; his most reliable constituents are represented largely by the African-American vote. Bard students and other young Americans across the country will now likely have months to learn and participate in what is already an especially historic decision.

# focus the nation

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monster voice. Local resident David E. Levine, wife of Bard Professor Lauren Rose explained his piece, "Wise?," a decayed bag of Wise brand cheeto chips. "They look like they glow in the dark— they'll still be around for another million years," said Levine, who has a particular interest in consumer art.

Post-conference, Bard has been abuzz with new environmental fervor, much of it centering around Botstein's signing of the Climate Commitment. Though the ultimate goal of the ACUPCC is the eventual erasure of Bard's carbon footprint, the act allows for each participating college to set its own time frame for achieving neutrality. In the meantime, colleges are required to meet two of seven immediate commitments. Bard has opted to focus on three: participating in the waste minimization category of Recyclemania, purchasing only Energy Star appliances, and encouraging and enabling access

# bard students question elected officials at democracy roundtable

By SARAH LEON

Focus the Nation was a broad-reach opportunity for students, professors, and academics to come together and engage on how to incorporate environmentally sound philosophies into our future. The "Green" Democracy segment opened the MPR to politicians from local to state level, who were slotted to speak specifically on government or non-government policies that are embracing the nation's environmental concerns.

Botstein opened with comments about the college's commitment to energy economy, citing campus-wide geothermal heating and cooling, hybrid cars in the fleet, the Environmental Science Graduate program, and a self-described "College-wide commitment to conservation". He then opened the floor to the politicians, to be followed by questions from student delegates representing the Democrat, Republican, and Independent parties.

Marc Molinaro, a Republican from the Tivoli Board of Trustees and NYS District 103 assemblymen, discussed the impact of suburban sprawl on the environment, and ultimately suggested that by more careful city-planning we could maximize public transportation and foot transportation.

Steve Breyman, a professor of Science and Technology at RPI and an employee of Senator Spitzer, focused on his work with the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, which acts independently of the federal government's Environmental Protection Agency. He asserted that the Hudson Valley is ahead of the curve in our production of organic food and free-range meat and dairy products, and hopes to see an increase in renewable energy sources in the region.

Republican senior Kit Martin spoke first, querying Molinaro as to the effectiveness of lowering land taxes, as this would presumably allow more people to buy more land and thus leave a greater energy footprint, to which Molinaro reiterated

rhetoric and Botstein suggested that perhaps there could be no land ownership at all.

Senior and democrat Chris Herring posed an open question, asking if the delegates believed that we needed to re-frame "environmentalism" in more progressive terms, and was met with agreement that it indeed needs to be reframed, preferably as a constant pattern of behaviors instead of an other-ized movement.

Senior Ben Blumiss, an Independent, inquired as to the science and technological advisors that provide the foundation for environmental initiative, the answer to which was the Northeast Climate Input Assessment unit of the Union of Concerned Scientists NGO.

This question allowed Botstein the berth to discuss the foolishness of relying on scientific research to inform whether or not we change our energy expenditure patterns, saying that "there is NO downside of reducing our footprint" right now.

Botstein is absolutely correct in this assessment. The "Green" democracy meeting, though the assemblyman Molinaro and Senator Gillibrand's statements in particular were little more than rhetoric couched in ambiguity, represent a positive step forward at least in the ideological realm.

The biggest problem we face now is the dearth of money and resources from the government at a national level that a full re-structuring of our systems of housing, electricity, and transportation would take. Local politics and local funds can only solve local problems to an extent: we need the federal government to put their money where their mouth is for wide-scale change. Botstein's assertion that "life in itself is taxing unto the environment" is true and enlightening, although still completely unhelpful in thinking of concrete proactive plans, which is what we need to be doing right now.



Photo/Mae Colburn

A Masked Global Warming Guide at the Focus the Nation Art Show.

to public transportation on campus. In addition, Husted sent a list of all seven commitments to every department at Bard to encourage additional action. Herring pointed out that "a lot of these things we're already doing, but we're not doing well." Though Bard had previously been involved in the Energy Star Purchasing program, it had not previously been enforced. Husted plans to send every vendor a letter informing them that they need to provide Energy Star appliances where possible.

No money has been allocated by Bard to meet these goals, so preliminary efforts will focus on economical solutions. For example, instead of hiring more shuttle drivers, Husted hopes to rearrange the existing schedule to provide more constant service. At the same time, she is also focused on writing grant proposals for sources outside of Bard. One of the most promising is the Clinton Foundation, although Bard is among five hundred institutions competing for a billion dollars in loans, so receiving a portion is by no means certain. However Husted is confident that Bard will receive the funds necessary to meet our goals. "We just need to take the time to find [them]," said Husted. Although funds

will eventually be necessary, according to Herring, the most important first step is in changing the institutional structure. As Herring said, "If there's a way we can get administration to think with this in mind on every issue..."

In addition to steps taken through the ACUPCC, Husted has noted a generally increased interest in environmentalism since the conference. For example, the Career Development Office was inspired to host a green jobs day on Earth Day. Most importantly, says Husted, elected officials have been made aware of events of the day, through letters from students, Botstein and presidents of colleges across the nation, and formal invitations which were personally delivered to them during Green Torch. Additionally, two students delivered the results of the day to Congresswoman Kristen Gillibrand. "Hopefully it gets on their agenda somehow," said Husted. Without denying the importance of individual choice, Husted emphasized the importance of influencing officials: "You do the individual things to build community," said Husted. "But we're not going to change things on our own."

## BUDGET FORUM

**KLINE**

**WED.**

**8 PM**



Construction 4/Robert Harrison

January 2007: Bard sophomore Lizzie Crawford works on the third floor of Wilson. Rooms on this floor were untouched by floodwaters but sustained significant damage from looters and disuse.

# no child left behind in new orleans

By GRACE DWYER

*This winter break fifty-two Bard students traveled to New Orleans and worked for two weeks in a heavily-flooded neighborhood called Broadmoor. The group was split into two teams—half conducted case management interviews and helped Broadmoor’s community-led neighborhood association (with two professional social workers on staff) advocate for resources on behalf of impoverished and, often, homeless residents of the neighborhood. Local and national organizations (Red Cross, Salvation Army, etc.) were capable of delivering financial aid to those still fighting to recover from the storm, but often cases were delayed or dismissed due to incomplete documentation—the Bard group sought to close these gaps and direct resources towards residents. Along with around twenty others, I worked daily at Andrew H. Wilson Charter School, a community-driven elementary school in its first year of operation post-Katrina.*

We drove into New Orleans at around seven on a Friday night—it was dark and the four of us had been driving, crammed into my car along with bedding, suitcases, and boxes of used children’s books, for two days. We exited the highway onto Claiborne, a major artery that would lead us to Broadmoor, and suddenly there was traffic and a howling siren. A neon-vested firefighter directed us onto a side street, and for the next half hour we drove around, tired and lost, in the labyrinthine convolutions that constitute streets in this city—dead ends, one-way streets, corners with no street signs. People stood in doorways and on corners, looking up at the orange glow in the sky.

Finally we began to pass streets with names I remembered from doing survey work in Broadmoor the year before—Miro, General Taylor, Cadiz. The houses were familiar too; shotguns freshly painted in cheerful colors or boarded up with peeling paint and cracked foundations, the line where the water had come up to during the flood still visible. At long last we reached our destination. We were staying on the corner of Napoleon and Claiborne, one of many volunteer groups housed and fed post-Katrina by the Church of the Annunciation.

In January of 2007 our group had stayed at the Salvation Army directly across the street, the last volunteer group to stay there before it was re-converted into a homeless shelter. One of our main projects then was cleaning and rehabilitating Andrew H. Wilson, an elementary school centrally located in Broadmoor that had remained virtually untouched since it flooded after Katrina. Desks, books, insulation, and other debris covered in toxic mold filled the hallways and classrooms. The ceilings had been torn out by looters looking for valuable copper wiring, and the longer the building lay in disuse, the worse Broadmoor’s chances were for convincing state government to reopen their school and provide educational opportunities for returning families.

Bard students took down the walls with crowbars and sledgehammers—a process known as gutting—and carried all the furniture and debris out to the curb, where city trash collectors picked it up by the truckload. We threw out desks and waterlogged report cards, boxes full of toys and moldy books, dry-erase boards, cafeteria tables, artwork still hanging on

the walls, heavy metal cabinets full of never-used school supplies.

By the time we left at the end of January, the building was empty, literally gutted—one step closer to restoration and a return to its original function.

This winter I worked again at Wilson, though not the same one I—and the neighborhood’s residents—remembered. This Wilson was a charter school under the direction of Edison Schools, an international for-profit public school partner. It was located in a former elementary school about two miles away from the original site, and opened essentially through the tenacity of a neighborhood group we had worked with before—a group called the Broadmoor Improvement Association, or BIA. Wilson is currently New Orleans’ only community-led public school.

Before the storm Broadmoor was historically one of the most diverse neighborhoods in New Orleans. Its population was over 68 percent African American and around 26 percent white. However, with a geographical location that is less than ideal—it is at the bottom of the bowl that is the city’s topography between the Mississippi River and Lake Pontchartrain—the first plans for the restoration of the city after the storm marked Broadmoor with a green dot. The neighborhood was to be bulldozed and

second grade classrooms and worked with a woman named Mrs. Walker.

Mrs. Walker was in her late twenties or early thirties and one of only a handful of African American teachers in a school that was populated predominately, if not entirely, by black students. A strict disciplinarian, Mrs. Walker was loud-voiced and fierce-eyed, but the kids loved her anyway, if the frequent notes she received full of Crayola-ed hearts and rainbows from girls and boys alike were any indication.

There were two of us in the classroom—we were introduced as Miss Deedee and Miss Grace—but even before the kids knew our names they were calling out across the room for help, sharpened pencils, permission to go to the bathroom, and hugging us as we passed by their desks.

Every day we had reading, writing, math, art, lunch, gym, and science or social studies. School was from eight to four. There were two bathroom breaks. No getting up from your desk without permission. Walk in the hallway in a straight line with your hands behind your back. Raise your hand if you want help. These became my mantras; after long days at school I even found myself inadvertently shushing my friends when they raised their voices above an “inside voice.”

If Mrs. Walker was strict, it was because there was a lot to catch up on. Her class had twenty-five kids in it. They ranged from the

there wasn’t enough food at home, or frequent tears and a point-blank refusal to do work or even talk. Despite the fact that these were second-graders, many had dealt with, and were dealing with, very adult problems.

In the second grade their test results didn’t yet affect their progress in school, but once in the fourth grade—just two years away—failing a standardized test mandated by No Child Left Behind meant they were held back from the fifth grade as many years as it took them to pass. In a school that only went as high as fifth grade, the students who couldn’t pass the test towered over the other kids in the hallway. There were fourth graders that were thirteen years old.

On the last day of school those of us who had worked in the second grade had pizza and sat with our teachers while they discussed the benchmark tests of the kids we had worked with for the last two weeks. There were some surprises, but for the most part scores were woefully below the levels prescribed by Edison’s education plan. A white-haired teacher who had always smiled at me in the hallway explained to us that, with classrooms of 25 rowdy children and only one teacher, it was often impossible to teach anything, much less bring everyone up to the levels they needed to pass through the grades. She had come out of retirement because there weren’t enough teachers to go around, and as we looked at the scores together, she began to cry and swear at both the government and the educational crisis that forced teachers to degrade themselves to disciplinarians cramming information in these kids’ heads so they could pass tests instead of connecting to them on an individual level.

The last day of school Miss Deedee and I brought our kids pencils and notes we had written for each of them the night before. There were more hugs than usual that day, and when dismissal was announced over the loudspeakers chaos ensued as we took pictures together with a disposable camera. “Why do you have to leave, and when are you coming back,” they asked us. One boy asked if he could come live with me in New York. Another girl told us to come back when we were “grown-ups” and be teachers. And it wasn’t just the students that were thankful—for the entirety of our two weeks, everyone that we met, from teachers to Broadmoor community leaders to neighborhood residents, had been overwhelmingly grateful. They responded with an incredible and sincere generosity that made whatever work we were able to help them with a pleasure.

As volunteers, we were an experiment. Wilson is looking to build long-lasting relationships with area schools like Tulane and Loyola so that tutors and teachers’ aides will be around all year, not just for two weeks. “The Bards,” as the principal, Sheila, called us, helped teachers to understand how college-aged volunteers could have the greatest impact on the students.

And the school itself continues to grow. We saw it in its first year, but already it was staffed with a group of dedicated and passionate teachers—many of them barely out of school, some, including the principal, come back to teaching after years of retirement. Construction on the

“...failing a standardized test mandated by No Child Left Behind meant they were held back from the fifth grade as many years as it took them to pass. In a school that only went as high as fifth grade, the students who couldn’t pass the test towered over the other kids in the hallway. There were fourth graders that were thirteen years old.”

converted to a drainage park.

This initial denial of a right to return to low-lying neighborhoods marked the latest in a chain of complex and multi-layered social and economic injustices in the city. Plantation owners based on the high ground on the banks of the Mississippi had originally used low-lying areas as slave settlements. After slavery was abolished, racism and white flight kept neighborhoods stratified, so that the higher-income, predominately white population continued to live in more environmentally stable areas.

The BIA was established decades ago to combat the practice of blockbusting, but Katrina lent its existence a new and vital importance. If Broadmoor was to survive as a neighborhood, someone had to both demonstrate its viability and bring its residents back—a feat that required not only gutting and rebuilding houses, but also restoring essential community resources like the neighborhood elementary school. Without a place to educate their children, residents would be unlikely to return.

At Wilson each of us was assigned a classroom, where we performed tasks like copying and grading worksheets, supervising small-group exercises, tutoring one-on-one, and serving as a general teacher’s aide. I was in one of the

ages of seven to nine, some had missed a year of school because of Katrina, a few couldn’t read. There were troublemakers and kids who just couldn’t sit still and others who couldn’t get through a worksheet without constant help and attention.

C. fell in between the last two categories. She belonged in the first grade but was advanced enough that she came up to our class for math and reading. She was smaller than the other kids and, at the age of seven, her four front teeth had already been replaced with metal caps. It was hard for C. to sit through class. She would rock in her seat, fall on the floor, break her pencils in half so she couldn’t do work, and like most of the class, constantly raise her hand with questions. Even with three of us in the room it was impossible to get to all the students, and she was one clear example of what happened when we didn’t. If someone helped her with her work, she did well and finished before most of the class. If left to her own devices, she often turned in assignments completely blank or with just her name scrawled across the top.

More than anything else, the children at Wilson needed attention. Difficult home situations and the trauma many had suffered as a result of Katrina often were made abundantly clear in the classroom—whether it meant chronic stealing because

photos/Roxanne Behr



# hey! bard is diverse!!

BY HOMER HILL

A lot of people at Bard (mainly students) have recently been debating/lamenting the lack of diversity among the student body. While this might be (is) true, we do boast another kind of diversity here at Bard. Though what I'm about to point out isn't nearly as important as the issue of socio-political-racial homogeny at small liberal arts schools in America, it is a type of diversity our politicians bother to notice about our nations colleges. Still haven't guessed it? Architectural diversity, of course!! That's right, Mayor Bloomberg knows what's up. During his graduation address to the class of 2007 Bloomberg pointed how Bard is home to "725 different styles of architecture in one square mile." He's actually wrong about this number, if you didn't know already. In total, Bard boasts 727 different architectural styles. Tewksbury actually counts for two: international and modern collegiate, as well as the Tree Houses which can also be considered post-modern collegiate.

Ever wonder how this little gem came to be home to the only "typical college dorm experience" at Bard? Plans for construction of Tewksbury were officially announced in the April 1957 issue of the Bard College Bulletin as Bards first dorm to be built since 1936. Built on land donated by former Blithewood estate owner Christian Zabriskie, Tewksbury was designed by two Bard alumni: Peter Paul Muller, '40,

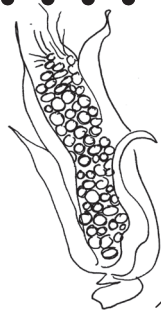
and Sidney M. Shelov, '37, who later went on to serve on the Bard board of trustees and the New York State Board of Regents for architecture. Originally intended to be an all-women's dorm, Tewksbury's floor plan included a second floor lounge and a faculty residence (now occupied by Res Life). Completed in 1959 after running \$133,000 over its initial \$416,000 budget, Tewksbury's notoriety as a bastion of first year excess and debauchery has since been circulated among various internet journals.

One alumni described the building as a "concrete monolith" that has historically housed "unfortunate first years" and "degenerate upper classmen who annually corrupt their neighbors by implicitly suggesting to them that higher education chiefly involves depraved chemical abuse and neurotic/psychotic self destruction." The author went on to note that the Tewksbury was their "preferred place of residence for three years." Another ex-resident reminisced about living in the "Holiday Inn" and hearing George Benson blaring out of a neighboring room while trying to use the payphone. Despite its current and past reputation as a party dorm, Tewksbury's namesake, Dr. Donald G. Tewksbury, was actually an early founder of the school's educational philosophy.



photo/robert harrison

A classroom in Old Wilson.



## FOOD

*look out next time for another grocery guide*

Following Europe's lead, many in the US are seeking a more humane and healthy way to eat. Many terms abound, but what do they mean?

### Free Range-

Animals are permitted to roam freely. Tries to allow the animals to live freely, such as practicing their instinctual behaviors. The Department of Agriculture requires that chicken have access to the outdoors to be considered Free-Range. However, the rules do not specify that the chickens be able to sustain themselves on the land. Free-range eggs, have no definite rules. The EU has much stricter certifications. Free-range hens are de-beaked at the hatchery in the same manner as caged-hens. Many free-range chickens live in a shed with only one small opening, permitting only a few birds out at a time.

### Organic-

A food item is organic if it has been grown in a natural way. Usually, it means crops grown without fertilizers, waste, or sewage, and not processed with chemicals. For animals, it means they were raised without the use of antibiotics and growth hormones. In some countries, organic food cannot be genetically modified. Organic farms use less energy and produce less waste than others.

### Genetically modified food-

First put on the market in the early '90s, GM foods have had their DNA altered through genetic engineering. It is especially widespread in crops such as soy, corn, canola, and wheat. These foods are sold with no special labeling. Originally an American phenomenon, GM foods have spread to Europe and now developing countries. These crops threaten biodiversity, and can lead to environmental damage.

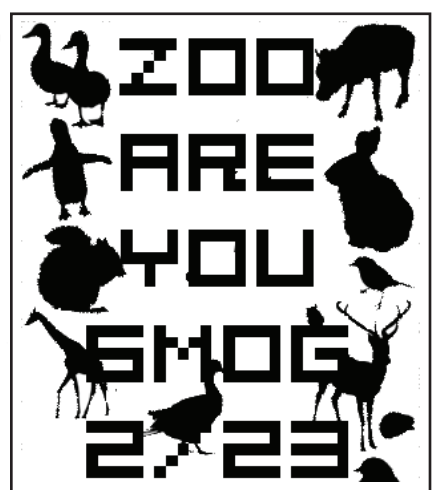


## super bowl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

overwhelmed the Patriot's offensive line. The scene in the MPR was reminiscent of Midterms Elections and Sex Workers Art Show (people were actually in there). The crowd seemed to be evenly split, though the Pats fans I ran into seemed to be acting a little bit under the weather. As a New Yorker, it was an extremely intense night. After the embarrassing World Series, it became even more important to show "New England" exactly how much worse than us they are, in every way. And I hate Tom Brady. Maybe it's because he is dating Gisele Bundchen (I want to be dating Gisele Bundchen). But it's mostly because he is a handsome, rich football player. Most of us are programmed to hate people like that. He's too perfect. I'm glad the Giants could ruin his Perfect Season and prevent him from winning a 4<sup>th</sup> Superbowl. Plus, what is "New England"? Why would you want a team to be from an extremely vague area? Yes, that was their downfall.

There's something about the Superbowl that brings people from all demographics, quadrants, and circles of life into the same traditions. The Superbowl is a chameleon; it is anything you want it to be. Many people claim that football is stupid, and it probably is, but with the millions of dollars spent on advertising, and the abysmal half-time shows (except for that one when I saw Janet's boob), you might as well get into it. There's even some money to be made (\$40). And the smile was wiped right off of Tom Brady's gorgeous face.



## new orleans

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR

original Wilson school is scheduled for completion next summer, and the school will move back to its home in the heart of Broadmoor in time for the 2009-10 school year. And as of January, around two thirds of Broadmoor has returned, a number roughly on par with the citywide average.

Though a pressing example of a city where many age-old injustices were never fully rectified, New Orleans is not unique. As I've heard someone say, post-Katrina New Orleans as a city is like a body without skin. It's not that the problems are bigger here than many other places in the country, but here, you can see them - and maybe, with the help of the influx of young, dedicated, intelligent and creative professionals now manifesting itself in the city, begin to solve them. Every child I worked with deserves to live in a safe neighborhood and have a good education. With relationships between institutions of higher education and communities in need challenging previously held conceptions about the role of academia in society at large, we can make sure they do.

The Bard New Orleans Project continues to take groups to New Orleans - get in touch at [bard.neworleans@gmail.com](mailto:bard.neworleans@gmail.com).

For the first time this summer, Bard's Urban Studies in New Orleans summer program pairs rigorous coursework in urban geography and public policy with intensive internships in a range of neighborhood-based recovery organizations. Applications reviewed through the end of February. For more information visit [www.bard.edu/](http://www.bard.edu/)



stacks//Ben Wlody

## alum profile: michael haggerty

BY: KEVIN POWELL

Five years after his graduation from Bard and with a Masters degree in urban planning from Harvard, 29 year-old Michael Haggerty found himself placed in a recovering New Orleans for what would be the most compelling six months of his life.

While at Harvard, Haggerty became interested in New Orleans through an architect named Fred Schwartz, who invited him to work on a recovery planning project for post-Katrina New Orleans called the Unified New Orleans Plan, a building program sponsored by the Rockefeller Fund which lasted from August until January 2007. "I had never been to New Orleans before," said Haggerty. "I had never known anything about it, and pretty much became obsessed with it afterwards."

Haggerty and Schwartz were assigned two of the city's 13 districts in what began as a cooperative planning process between locals, designers, and activists. "I spent about a month and a half going to community meetings," explained Haggerty, "speaking with the leaders of each neighborhood." To acquaint himself with the city, Haggerty would request tours of each neighborhood from locals, with the goal of completing a planning project to be submitted to the city hall.

"Probably the most amazing part of my experience in New Orleans was the people," said Haggerty. "The communities couldn't have been more socially, culturally, or economically diverse. In the morning I could be up at someone's nice house drinking coffee—later I'd be downtown in the housing projects."

Yet there is always a certain duality to the stories shared by people who visit post-Katrina New Orleans. Overshadowing Haggerty's awe of its cultural and historical beauty was the immense destruction and disarray still palpably felt throughout the city. "There was a sense of loss about the city," recalls Haggerty.

"I felt great empathy for the people there, as well as incredible anger at the government and army." The city hall, as Haggerty related, was also extremely lacking in resources and institutional stability. When the city ultimately approved the plan, little money was available to fund it.

"I think one of the biggest challenges of the city now is addressing the needs of the poor," explains Haggerty. "The cost of housing and rent has increased incredibly

**"I think one of the biggest challenges of the city now is addressing the needs of the poor. The cost of housing and rent has increased incredibly since the storm. Public discourse has been moving against New Orleans as a city for the poor. Decisions are being made at state and local levels that make it difficult for them to return."**

since the storm. Public discourse has been moving against New Orleans as a city for the poor. Decisions are being made at state and local levels that make it difficult for them to return."

The segue from a Liberal Arts college to urban planning is a curious one. Raised in Detroit, Haggerty attended Bard from 1997 to 2001. He took a double major in history and literature, with the guidance of his advisor, Nancy Leonard, and spent his junior year as editor of the Observer. "I used to write a lot of fiction," recalled Haggerty, "and when I started taking history courses

I loved the way historical narratives were structured. Politics of History, with Robert Culp, was probably my favorite class—I feel there was a lot in that class which I apply to the work I'm doing today. I also took a very interesting course with Myra Armstead called American Urban History. Another important instructor was Lisa Katzman, who was adviser to the Observer. I think one of the common characteristics of these four teachers was how much they encouraged me to pursue studies in new areas of interest."

Haggerty also spoke fondly of the experience of his senior project, the content of which perhaps foreshadowed his work in New Orleans. "My senior project was about was about representations of the modern city in literature, art and theory, and the concept of creative destruction—how the city is constantly rebuilding itself."

He later attended the Harvard University Graduate School of design to work towards a degree in Urban Planning. "I found that the most interesting students that I met in my grad studies came from Liberal Arts backgrounds," said Haggerty, adding, "I really appreciated Bard's embrace of people being people and doing what they want to do."

Currently Michael resides in Brooklyn, working for an architecture firm called SMWM (which, long before his arrival, designed Bard's Olin Humanities Building, Language Center, and Bartlesman Campus Center among its hundreds of projects, with plans to complete a new music building for us in the future). He himself is working with a large, multidisciplinary design team on a 25-year strategic plan for NYU. "All of my best friends in Brooklyn are from Bard," says Michael fondly. "You keep the friends you make here."

# observer interviews: salvador plascencia



Image/Phil Channing

BY BECCA ROM-FRANK

*The Bard Fiction Prize, which includes a monetary award and a semester-long appointment as writer-in-residence on campus, is awarded annually to an emerging American writer under the age of 39. The winner of this year's Prize is Salvador Plascencia, author of The People of Paper (McSweeney's, 2005). His first novel is a magic-realist experiment in narrative, exploring a war against sadness and the implications of omniscient narration through vivid metaphor and multiple perspectives.*

**BRF:** The style of your book is really interesting; the layout includes multiple perspectives organized into columns, blotted out text, and drawings. What influenced you to write it that way?

**SP:** Part of it was that I was looking through all these older books, like the first novels printed, and then I was looking at Lawrence Sterne's Tristram Shandy. You open it up, and there's just this square of black ink, and then you flip through it and there are little doodles of him making the motion of [what he's describing] and then it goes in the book. And this book is an early book, and it was so playful and experimental in typography; it seems that that playfulness disappeared, so I was just kind of nostalgic for this old school typography. But everybody said it's the new media that made me do it. I mean, it made it easier because there's Pagemaker and there's InDesign. But the real thing was, I was really excited by his earlier books.

**BRF:** Did that style also influence the way you envision your characters?

**SP:** Sometimes when you're writing it's just a matter of understanding the geography of the place, or the layout of how the characters are going to move, and sometimes I just actually draw what's happening and I try to move them through it. So, there is some sort of logistical realism – you can't just teleport from this corner of the room to down the hall, you have to move the character. And that's mostly so when I write, I can do those moves and think a line. And some of it remains, like oh, that's a drawing and it's maybe a little sad it's a sad drawing I should probably use it. Like the pyramid, the food pyramid, where the sadness is the base of the diet, and that was I was thinking of sadness and nutrition, and I drew that food pyramid. And I'm like, "I like it." I mean, then I got my friend to re-draw it, because he was better at it.

**BRF:** In addition to the interesting drawings that pepper the pages of your book, the columns that distinguish different characters' perspectives are another unique stylistic choice. Two of the most consistent characters are a father and daughter. What made you choose to explore that type of

relationship?

**SP:** One of my strange childhood stories ... something happened to me on my first trip to the States, and it happened to me and my dad, and my dad sort of said, 'It's okay, son.' I wanted to use that moment, but I didn't want it to be that directly autobiographical given the meta-textual, meta-fictional element that happened later. So I had to alienate myself somehow from that, and then ... can't be a boy, has to be a girl. That's how it happened; it was mostly because I was trying to put resistance between my experience and the character's.

**BRF:** But a little ways in, the book takes a blatantly autobiographical turn. Did you always intend for it to turn out that way?

**SP:** I think conceptually, but maybe not in the details. I was always interested in that fiction but I was wondering how I could make it more personal and tender. That was the solution to the problem of meta-fiction for me. How can it be not just a trick but something that has emotion.

**BRF:** You grew up in rural Mexico until you moved to California when you were eight years old. How did the stories you heard from your grandparents influence your writing?

**SP:** A lot of it was just kind of the mode of the way they talked. They were such fantastic, surreal stories, but they would just tell them in a very offhanded way. [E.g.] "We're walking, we're crossing the river, and all of a sudden this stampede of horses came out from underwater," – but they never try to justify it – "and then I grab the horse and now he's mine!" And it's like, "Oh, okay." It's this kind of deadpan, surrealistic [mode]. I think it's more sort of that vibe towards reality that I've sort of adopted.

**BRF:** Your novel seems to be richly influenced by your heritage. How would you say that places inspire you, and where did you write most of the book?

**SP:** Part of it is that the main characters are Mexican-American or they're Mexican, but a lot of the characters are types that exist in Mexican-American literature. Except, in my book, they're operating in parody a lot of the time, and it depends upon the reader. Some readers are familiar with Chicano and Mexican-American literature, and they read it and see the parody. Sometimes they get mad, like this is not a sincere Mexican-American novel. But other people that are perhaps not as versed in it don't really see that, so I like to make it read in both directions. But I wrote half of it actually in upstate New York, in Syracuse, and I finished it off in LA where I grew up. But this kind of place – like Bard in upstate New York – the snow and trees

are perfect place to work really, the trees. See, that's all it takes really [laughs].

**BRF:** On the subject of nature, there are a lot of themes in your novel that explore science, particularly the solar system, math, and anatomy.

**SP:** I'm interested in the aesthetic of what math looks like, of what anatomy looks like, and physiology. I'm interested in terms of looking through books and flipping through them, but my understanding of the other sciences are not – I'm not very versed.

I mean you flip through a book of the solar system and it's beautiful, I mean, you see Mars and he looks sad, and you see Saturn and he looks happy, or whatever it is, so it's what can you do with these scientific images and icons and how you can imbue them with feeling.

**BRF:** There's also a lot of religious imagery in the novel, e.g., saints disguised as humans. Where did that religious influence come from?

**SP:** I was raised Catholic, I mean, everybody in my neighborhood was raised Catholic, so there was always the imagery the icons of churches. And in a strange way, saints were my first superheroes. So it always stayed with me that saints were like superheroes, that they had special powers. Like: a saint of fishermen, you know, he's like Aquaman, or whatever. Or, the saint of lost keys oh so ... I was always sort of interested in that. How these saints, in a way, they become these models of virtue, but at the same time – how do you make that a problem, like how do you dirty them up a little.

**BRF:** Apropos your more recent history, how did your experience as an undergrad at Whittier College help you grow as a writer?

**SP:** I think early on, at least in my high school experience, even my early college experience, all I read was the canonical stuff: Hemingway, Steinbeck, Milton. And even though [Kurt] Vonnegut was big, I'd never heard of Vonnegut 'til I was a junior in college. So I never heard of John Barth, I'd never heard of Marquez 'til I went to college. And suddenly my Hemingway, my Steinbeck, my Milton got to meet all the other funky, crazy writers and that's really what shaped it – just the fusion, and just having this professor – Dr. Patty, back then – just say, 'have you heard of David Marston?' I'm like, 'no.' – 'You should read him!' – "oh, okay!" That was really exciting ... I never had that experience ever again; of just people inputting and mixing. Everything else became so myopic and focused, and discovery hasn't been the same since.

## The Free Use Store: Clothing, random objects, Mystery, crap.

BY JEREMY NOVAK

A few days ago I got my first pair of black jeans, a polo shirt, and silk leopard print boxers. For Free. The Free Use "store" located next to Kappa house (by the rugby field) is still open, still free, and still filled with a bunch of interesting shit that just needs to be dug out and washed thoroughly.

The Free Use Store isn't necessarily worth an exclusive trip, but if you're strolling by it's an interesting way to kill ten minutes. Each time is a gamble but there is certainly the possibility of discovering a great find: on my last trip I left with a sequined figure skaters leotard and a plastic champagne glass with hearts on it.

The Free Use store is home not only to clothes but also to a potato gun, Van Halen singles on vinyl, a plastic baggie of catnip, and a wooden clock with a picture of a half naked woman from the '80s (fully functioning). There is also a pretty legitimate skateboarding helmet and Brita pitcher. While they definitely need a long soaking, these items are all intact and could be put to good use.

As far as clothes go there are some gems, though they are occasionally tucked away between some ratty crap. There were badass carpenter pants, t-shirts with very strange graphics/logos, sandals made entirely from rope (only one sighted, but another assumed) and also track jackets. You have to be careful when "shopping" for pants though: many look good from the front but do not pass the "butt hole test" when you turn them around. An example of what you can find with a little searching: a shirt with a big smiling orange on top of a ripped superhero body giving the thumbs up, bearing the name "Citrus Man". If I took a size L in t-shirts no doubt Citrus Man would be seen around campus more because I'd wear him everywhere. I encourage someone with a wider torso to make that move.

On my last visit to the Free Use Store, I noticed something strange. In the corner I found a pink chest of drawers that was filled with tiny packaged pink and blue miniature "bibs" with girls and boys names. They are shaped like bibs but are much too small to fit around the neck of even the tiniest baby. They must go around their wrists, and therefore, I believe they are "baby labels" used to help identify babies right after birth when they all look the same. They are certainly a curious sight, and raise many questions: Which student had the responsibility of labeling some five hundred babies? How did they get out of this task? What has become of all these unlabeled babies? This chest of drawers could use some further investigation.

The Store isn't without its disappointments. This usually happens when certain objects raise your hopes sky high before they come crashing violently down to earth and are stepped on by the heel of a newly acquired free boot (also some winter footwear available). These are the items that make you think "how great that I found this, for free" and then hurt your feelings when you realize that they could not possibly work – things like computer printers, or multicolored Christmas lights. Upsetting in a different way, there is a hooded child's onesie pinned to the wall in the shape of a cross. You can't help but stare at its faceless horror for a moment-until you unavoidably turn away and find comfort in the Hawaiian shirts behind you.

I highly recommend utilizing the free use store when gift shopping, it can help out in all types of situations: friend's birthdays, mother's day, your two-year anniversary with your girlfriend. Check it out someday, it's pseudo-legit.



The drawer of Mysterious mini-bibs

Photo/Jeremy Novak



# the oscars will be televised

Compare your Oscar hopefuls with our critic's picks (\*\*\*) by using this un-official guide to the 80th annual Academy Awards. Also, be sure to tune in to the live broadcast on February 24 at 8pm on ABC.



**Performance by an actor in a leading role**

George Clooney in "Michael Clayton"  
 \*\*\*Daniel Day Lewis in "There Will Be Blood"  
 Johnny Depp in "Sweeney Todd"  
 Tommy Lee Jones in "In the Valley of Elah"  
 Viggo Motensen in "Eastern Promises"

BY JESSE BOGNER

After the least entertaining Golden Globes in quite sometime, The Writers Guild Strike will not rear its ugly head on February 24th, as The Oscars will resume as usual. The only difference in the award show spectacle will presumably be the quality of the films and the enigmatic personalities nominated. And fortunately, for those expecting an upset of the magnitude of the Giants Super Bowl victory, most of the major awards seem to be up for grabs. So as the award show approaches the question on the tip of your tongue must be who will win Best Picture? And the easy answer is of course, The Coen Brother's adaptation of Cormac McCarthy's novel *No Country for Old Men*. However, unlike last year's winner *The Departed*, or the losing favorite the year before *Brokeback Mountain*, this year's winner does not seem to be set in stone, and has some considerable competition. While *Juno* and *Michael Clayton* both look like throwaway nominations, *There Will Be Blood* and *Atonement* are both successful


epics with all the elements of a Best Picture winner.

The director race also looks particularly interesting this year, especially after Schnabel surprised everyone with his Golden Globe Win. More eccentric than every other nominee including the Coen Brothers, the bearded Art Star wore pajamas to Oscar's luncheonette, and made one of the emotionally resonant films of the year, a modernist tale of memory and human suffering. Paul Thomas Anderson, in this humble critic's opinion is the best Writer/Director working today, and deserves a win in both categories. *There Will Be Blood* is his most accessible and ambitious film. He adapts the mediocre Upton Sinclair novel, *Oll!*, into a visceral epic about the power of greed. While *No Country for Old Men* will probably be remembered for years to come, *There Will Be Blood* is a better film that I don't hesitate to put in the same breadth as *Giant* and *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*.




**Performance of an actress in a leading role**

Cate Blanchett in "Elizabeth: The Golden Age"  
 \*\*\*Julie Christie in "Away from Her"  
 Marion Cotillard in "La Vie en Rose"  
 Laura Linney in "The Savages"  
 Ellen Page in "Juno"



**Performance by an actor in a supporting role**

Casey Affleck in "The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford"  
 \*\*\*Javier Bardem in "No Country For Old Men"  
 Philip Seymour Hoffman in "Charlie Wilson's War"  
 Hal Holbrook in "Into the Wild"  
 Tom Wilkinson in "Michael Clayton"




**Performance of an actress in a supporting role**

\*\*\*Cate Blanchett in "I'm Not There"  
 Ruby Dee in "American Gangster"  
 Saoirse Ronan in "Atonement"  
 Amy Ryan in "Gone Baby Gone"  
 Tilda Swinton in "Michael Clayton"


**Achievement in directing**

"The Diving Bell and the Butterfly" - Julian Schnabel  
 "Juno" - Jason Reitman  
 "Michael Clayton" - Tony Gilroy  
 \*\*\*"No Country For Old Men" - Joel Coen and Ethan Coen  
 "There Will Be Blood" - Paul Thomas Anderson




**Best animated feature film of the year**

"Persepolis" (Markane Satrapi and Vincent Paronnaud)  
 \*\*\*"Ratatouille" (Brad Bird)  
 "Surf's Up" (Ash Brannon and Chris Buck)



**Best motion picture of the year**

"Atonement"  
 "Juno"  
 "Michael Clayton"  
 \*\*\*"No Country For Old Men"  
 "There Will Be Blood"



## WXBC SPRING SCHEDULE

<p><b>//SUNDAY</b>                  12-2pm: Issa Revell &amp; Jack Byerly                  2-4: Emily Derian DeMartino &amp; Emily Carmen Rice                  4-6: Erica Cohen-Taub                  6-8: Nina Willbach &amp; Liz Morrel                  8-10: Thomas Jonathon Martinez &amp; Chas Wylie McCarty                  10-12: Benjamin Fogarty &amp; Ken Katsumura                  12-2am: Aurora Cobb</p> <p><b>//MONDAY</b>                  10-12pm: Cheryl K. Symister-Masterson                  12-2pm: Lisa Dratch                  2-4: tba                  4-6: Brian Ehrenpreis                  6-8: Clark Fleury &amp; Kit Singleton                  8-10: Camilla Aikin</p>	<p>10-12: Wendy Vogel                  12-2am: Samantha Richardson, Olivia Hall, &amp; Jennifer Bourque</p> <p><b>//TUESDAY</b>                  12-2pm: Kendra Schirmer                  2-4: Stephen Simpson                  4-6: Spencer Lawrence &amp; Cooper Jacoby                  6-8: Ashleigh McCord &amp; Rachel Grodman                  8-10: Billy Rennekamp &amp; Allison Griffin                  10-12: Rebecca Brickman &amp; Lia Vardy                  12-2am: Myles Curtis</p> <p><b>//WEDNESDAY</b> * ★                  10-12pm: Paul LaBarbera                  12-2pm: tba                  2-4: Elias Isquith                  4-6: Tim Lewis                  6-8: Rachel Fagiano</p>	<p>8-10: Marten Elder, Alana Moskowitz, &amp; Joey Guerin                  10-12: Kenji Garland                  12-2am: Margot Protzel</p> <p><b>//THURSDAY</b>                  10-12: Andrew Meyer &amp; Andy Reinmann                  12-2pm: Mariel Fiori                  2-4: Julie Blusse                  4-6: Jenna Crivelli                  6-8: Ted King &amp; Mark Essen                  8-10: Tegan Walsh &amp; Paul Shepard                  10-12: Maxwell Bank                  12-2am: Alexander Hood</p> <p><b>//FRIDAY</b>                  12-2pm: Eric Silberberg &amp; George Glickerdas                  2-4: Yan Matusevich</p>	<p>4-6: Dennis Donnelly &amp; Carla Perez-Gallardo                  6-8: Vanessa Haroutunian &amp; Elvia Pyburn-Wilk                  8-10: Emily Diamond &amp; Emily McMaster                  10-12: Samuli Haavisto &amp; Jun Harada                  12-2am: Jack Kerns &amp; Stefan Klecheski</p> <p><b>//SATURDAY</b>                  12-2pm: Gryphon Rue Rower-Upjohn                  2-4: Lauren Hillman &amp; Abbey Hart                  4-6: Kendra Urdang &amp; Lilly Bechtel                  6-8: Rachel Richardson &amp; Claire Lutz                  8-10: Trevor McGinn &amp; Jesse Myerson                  10-12: tba                  12-2am: Adam Goldman</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><a href="http://wxbc.bard.edu">wxbc.bard.edu</a></p>
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# Face-to-face with Ultimate Reality

Le Musique Electronique de Dan Deacon

By ENRICO PURITA

Bard students will often engage in discussions on what is real and what is reality. But what happens when the Bard student body is faced with ultimate reality?! Melting minds with his Ultimate Reality sonic experience, Dan Deacon's hot beats and slick suspenders produced arguably the best live music performance Bard has seen all year.

The Dan Deacon Ultimate Reality tour kicked off recently to bring Deacon's innovative video collaboration with Jimmy Joe Roche to the live stage. In combining both visual and auditory sense teasers, Deacon fully utilized the technology of the Multi Purpose Room (MPR). As far as pure sound quality goes, the show was by far the most advanced as is necessary with a performer who relies so much on acoustics.

The show started off with an opening performance from (did anyone really catch her name?). Unable to anticipate the dance fever that the crowd had, she attempted a few softer numbers and asked the audience to be quiet. This, as might have been predicted, did not work in a room full of anxious and slightly intoxicated people. Declaring "fuck this," she launched into a couple of lounge-tinged dance songs

that interestingly enough energized the already-apprehensive audience. The remixed cover of Rihanna's "Umbrella" was a total miss both in the attempt to make a terrible pop song into a cult favorite and the unwillingness of the audience to sing along. That was no matter, however, because she kept the crowd enthusiastic enough for the Ultimate Reality that was about to ensue.

As the first images of Arnold Schwarzenegger appeared on the screen and the scene of two drummers facing each other in an almost duel-like manner took hold of the crowd, Dan Deacon's sonic experience had begun. Despite the lukewarm reviews the Ultimate Reality movie received, the live performance was a revelation for the advance of multimedia in music. The live drumming complimented the entrancing mix of rock, soul, and dance beats to synthesize music worthy of casual listening as well as dancing.

The videos consisted of scenes from various action movies, mostly consisting of Schwarzenegger and various warped, manipulated images. A vast array of colors, textures, strategically placed film clips, and miscellaneous images was very visually pleasing. Its actual message may



Photo/Nick Scribner

be unclear, but what was made clear was that reality is pretty weird, but Ultimate Reality exceeds the boundaries of weird.

Despite the fact that the Ultimate Reality portion of the show kept the audience's attention for its duration (a great feat in the world of DJs), Dan Deacon was ready to reveal himself to the audience and perform a healthy mix of favorites and obscure (but still danceable) pieces. Deacon's live music is not all that much different in sound from his studio material, but he was able to utilize the enhanced energy of the live setting to create a much more aggressive and hard-hitting brand of beats.

Deacon's greatest strength, much like his wham city contemporaries, is in his ability to engage the audience. Armed with an impressive arsenal of pedals, samplers, iPods attached to bananas,

and other post-consumer generation souvenirs, Deacon's table of gadgets was engulfed by the willing audience who pushed and swayed in unison to the music. Being close enough to the front, one lost the ability to do anything but dance with the seemingly endless crowd of people. In order to break any potential monotony, Deacon instructed the audience to create a constant circle of running where everyone was joined at the hand. After this, he utilized the domino effect once again to create endless tunnels of the audience and have people go through them.

Much like virtual reality, Deacon's performance appealed to all five senses in an incredibly well-rounded and well-executed manner. Quite simply, he fucking rocked.

# books

A NEW COLUMN BY JACK KERNS

## each is spatial in its own way



This column is the product of a certain feeling I have detected at Bard since I began studying here, a restlessness that stems from two seemingly separate issues: an as-yet unfulfilled desire to see more of the world while one is relatively young, unfettered, and energetic enough to appreciate it, and the unflagging notion that one is not reading enough outside of class. I'm not referring to common complaints about not having a car or having too much school-work. The feeling is wanderlust, coupled with the realization that, while reading has traditionally been "for fun" and homework for lazily flipping through, thanks to the nature of classes and professors here, the reverse comes about.

Leaving and returning to Bard, I have discovered, focuses these negative energies. And being away doesn't help much - it's easy to spend January in a sort of haze, rambling around close to home and agonizing about internships and moderation and senior projects and such. A solution I hit upon this past intercession is to read and enjoy good books more frequently at Bard.

I needed a book to get me on track that spoke to the nature of the problem; *Invisible Cities* by Italo Calvino was perfect. A mild Jorge Luis Borges binge over break led me from Borges' labyrinths to this patchwork of literary genius and municipal engineering. The text consists of Marco Polo's recollections of cities he has visited - the reader overhears conversations between the seemingly retired explorer and Kublai Khan, who hopes to understand the grasp of his empire

and what lies beyond.

Though Marco Polo accommodates the emperor, this is no travel guide. These are cities fully populated with philosophical, linguistic, and aesthetic considerations. None of these cities is real, really, but that it does not really matter is, for me, the most obviously intriguing aspect of the novel.

And these cities are beautiful. Their names are made-up exotic or women's names, and generally end in vowels. One city, Sophronia, is composed of "two half-cities": one with banks and shops and a city center, and one with a Ferris wheel and colorful tents. And so, "every year the day comes when the workmen remove the marble pediments, lower the stone walls, the cement pylons, take down the Ministry, the monument, the docks," and so on.

The author's is associated with Oulipo, a ragtag confederation of authors who write purposefully "constrained" works. A famous example of, Georges Perec's lipogrammatic masterpiece *La Disparition* (translated as *A Void in English* by Gilbert Adair), contains not a single instance of the letter "e" (it must be assumed, on purpose).

*Invisible Cities* adopts a constrained attitude in its lack of a conventional narrative structure. That I could satiate my intellectual need to roam over beautiful landscapes by reading an intentionally constrained work smacks of the same pleasant little ironies that accompanied my eavesdropping on Calvino's *Invisible Cities*.

Your opinions on this column are welcome—email is convenient. Write to [jk682@bard.edu](mailto:jk682@bard.edu)

# NOW PLAYING

at Upstate Films

Until 2/14

## The Savages

(US 2007, dir by Tamara Jenkins)  
Two grown-up siblings must re-examine their lives when they must become their father's caregivers in this dark comedy. Two Academy Award noms.

## Persepolis

(France/US 2007, dir by Marjane Satrapi & Vincent Paronnaud)  
Based on Marjane Satrapi's bestselling graphic novel about a spirited coming-of-age Muslim woman in Tehran during the rule of the Shah, the Islamic Revolution, and the grueling Iran-Iraq War. Academy Award nom for Best Animated Feature

2/15

## Honeydripper

(US 2007, dir by John Sayles)  
In his new feature, John Sayles continues his insightful examination of the complexities and shifting identities of American subcultures.

2/19

## The Father

(Russia 2007, dir by Ivan Solonov)  
Instead of joy at the thought of returning home, bitterness and anxiety haunt soldier Alexei Ivanov.

## The Orphanage

(Spain 2007, dir by Antonio Bayona; produced by Guillermo del Toro)  
Joining the roster of recent elegant horror films from Spanish directors (THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE, THE OTHERS, PAN'S LABYRINTH) is THE ORPHANAGE.

For more showtimes and directions, check out [www.upstatefilms.org](http://www.upstatefilms.org)



sex worker's art show wed. 9pm. mpr.

# zines we got

a selection of zines available at the root cellar

BY DYLAN FETTIG

As you may or may not be aware, the Root Cellar, on-campus stronghold of coffee, serious issues, and stunningly attractive people, has within its walls a priceless library of those homemade histories often grouped together under the banner name "zine." Whether or not it is in fact the "largest zine library on the east coast," there are, in fact, tons of homemade publications about alternative health, radical issues, how to make cool things out of dumb things,

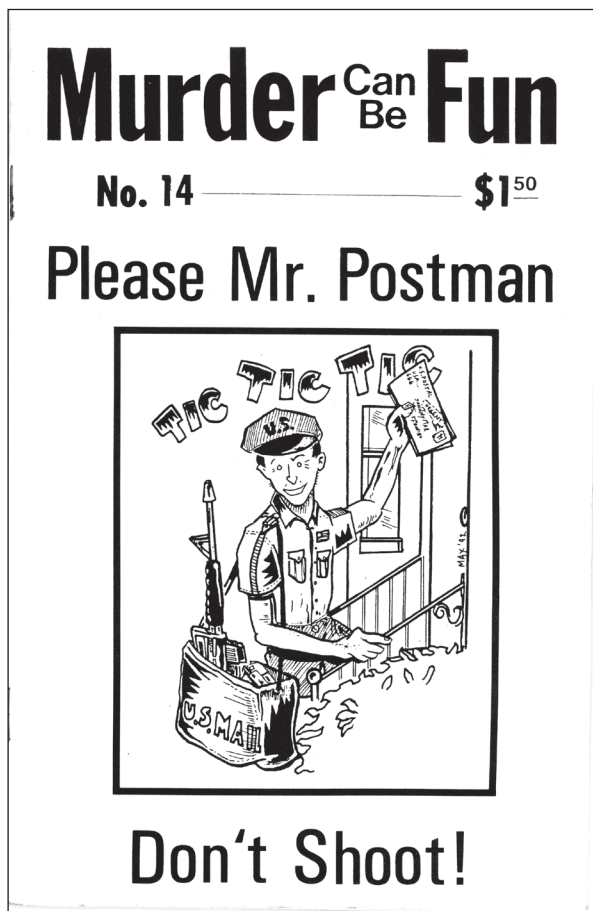
washing dishes, punk rock records, and a handful of less-tackled subjects like Evel Knievel and rest stops. Beyond that, there is a staggering wealth of self-published poetry and comix.

So, when you are done with this article, go find these zines or some other ones that catch your attention. These zines can be found in a special marked box inside the zine library. The Root Cellar is located in the basement of H. Potter, next to Academic Resources.



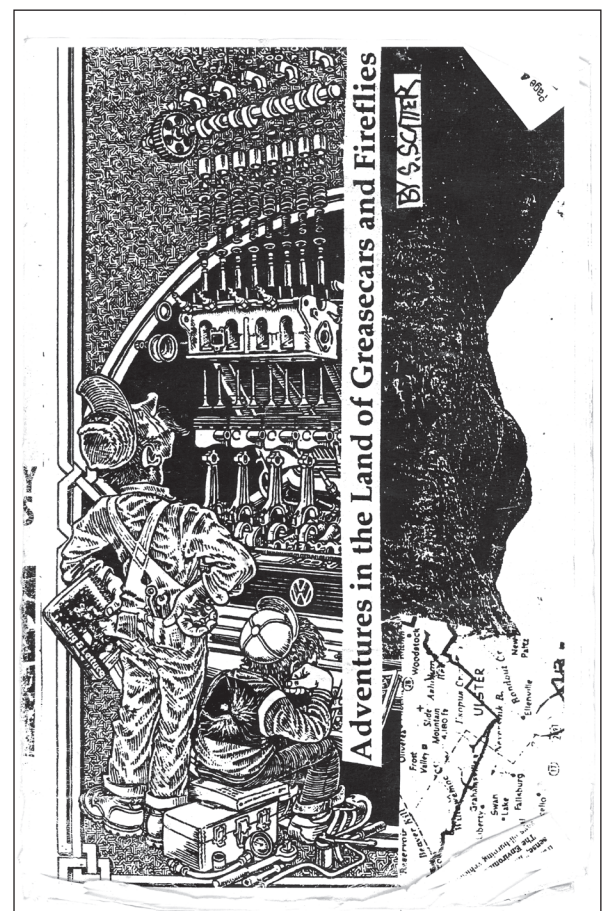
THE ABOLITION OF WORK

This one's essentially the manifesto of one Bob Black, detailing the way in which "work" as we know it is the source of modern angst and anger. It also has a fancy collage of a baby head on the cover and some supporting information (biography, some interview questions, suggested reading) in the back. Best of all, there's a real fine quote from Abraham Lincoln going on about how he'd rather do any of a number of fun things. Whether or not you agree with the guy's ideas or can even identify with the somewhat narrow focus, it's a solid read.



MURDER CAN BE FUN No. 14

"Murder Can Be Fun" is an attempt to collect and record the history of some real brutal stuff that happened in the past. This particular issue is called "Please Mr. Postman—Don't Shoot!" and includes a look at "the #1 intramural sport of the United States Postal Service: homicide," providing a pretty comprehensive account of the topic. It also describes in full an early 20<sup>th</sup>-century train wreck and includes a list of some of the author's favorite riots. It's a solid read and has some neat lil' comix and a great letter from somebody who was offended by an article about people dying at Disneyland.



ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF GREASECARS AND FIREFLIES

Sascha Scatter's booklet about punk rock and alternative energy combines discussion of cars powered by vegetable oil with the author's personal history in the fields of driving, anarchism, and ripping off payphones. It's got diagram of how a greasecar works, some discussion of the politics of operating such a vehicle "in the age of corporate oil wars," and artful descriptions of the author's involvement, from first seeing a documentary on the subject in 1995 to his own car's eventual conversion. Plus, a lot of it takes place in nearby New Paltz just a few years ago, only further driving the point home that these things aren't just happening in far-off places and on special episodes of "Good Morning, America."

# shooting spires

tuesday 2/12  
8:00 pm smog

If you were a fan of Parts & Labor's set at SMOG last fall, you'll want to hear the bassist's noisy new offshoot.

Shooting Spires is the solo project of P&L's BJ Warshaw that was born in his bedroom during the winter months of 2007. According to Warshaw, it was a chance for him to employ electronics and improvisation in order to create a more ambient, "drony" sound. The influence of Brian Eno's droning rock songs of the 1970's is "pretty immediate when you listen to the album," says Warshaw. He also credits other bands such as Boredoms as muses.

Listening to the songs on Shooting Spires' self-titled albums, Warshaw's song

writing process reveals itself through the soaring choruses and repetitive hooks. He builds songs around loops and drumbeats, relying "on simple rhythmic and melodic structures... I try [to make music] as organically as possible, with little pre-meditation." Warshaw's instruments of choice include looping pedals, a Casio SK-1, and an oscillator.

Bard is the second stop on Shooting Spires' premiere tour with a full four-piece band. While Warshaw has performed his songs solo before, he expects that adding bodies to his stage will flesh out what were previously lo-fi live performances.



Image/myspace.com

# radical materialism suggests rewrite for evolutionary theory



A still from Zizek's documentary "A Pervert's Guide to Cinema."

BY BEN BLIUMIS

The anthropological and psychoanalytic foundations of Slavoj Zizek's oeuvre often lend a reorienting potency to his socio-political commentary. This is certainly the case when it comes to evolutionary theory.

As last semester came to an end, and finals found us like the most artful of stalkers, the name Zizek was on people's lips. Whether it was the latest book that a critical theory concentration was reading,

a commentary on Lacan that French studies majors were contemplating, a sophisticated strategy that the debate team was taking, or café buzz around his latest NY Times op-ed, Zizek had become ubiquitous. A fundamental

re-framing of evolutionary debate could be on the horizon, and Zizek's "radical materialism" provides the key to understanding it.

Zizek calls himself a "radical materialist." "Materialist?"—You ask with surprise. The "materialist" label has been throwing people off; namely because people tend to read Zizek as an "idealist". In philosophy, idealism is the antithesis of materialism. So what's the deal?

Idealism begins with the assertion that the material aspect of experience can be fully understood only through the "transcendental". Some take this to mean that a transcendently valid science sheds light on everyday experience in the material world. That is, a universal law like Newtonian gravity transcends the particular of an apple falling, but the world is much more than falling apples. Universal laws of nature, however, hardly begin to touch upon what is connoted by the "transcendental." One must ask the question, "Can truth be transcendental, or static?" Three angles of a triangle always make one hundred and eighty degrees in Euclidean space and no one, from the advent of non-Euclidean geometry to general relativity and quantum electrodynamics, has ever suggested otherwise. Therefore a triangle in Euclidean space can, in a sense, represent a truth that transcends the particular. Evolution, which describes that which is materially ephemeral, decrees that nothing is absolutely immune to change. So can conceptual truths really transcend?

An overly-simplistic reading of Darwin's theory of evolution invalidates transcendence: period. Nothing transcends, nothing is permanent or static. Nothing is exempted from the ebb and flow of evolutionary tide. So how do scientists reconcile notions of transcendence with evolutionary theory?

Just as one is unable to pin pi (what mathematicians call a "transcendental number") down to any single material expression—just as pi is unknowable in its limit—the material possibility for unchanging truth in an ever evolving world seems incomprehensible. Nonetheless, since Plato people have asserted that transcendental truth exists.

A material explanation can maintain that truth does change, pointing to the extremely slow rate of evolutionary change as giving the illusion of "transcendence": the impression of static truth. In the

Lockean sense of a tabula rasa mind, the world

"impresses" apparent truths upon it.

Hans Reichenbach, a mid-twentieth century philosopher of science, corroborates the view that transcendental truth is an illusion. As Reichenbach has it, every now and then nature throws the human mind an evolutionary curveball and a novelty like Einsteinian relativity pops out. But ironically there is good reason to believe that Einstein himself would have disagreed. Historians of science intimate that Einsteinian relativity was not an evolution of knowledge so much as a baroque refinement: an innovative artifice: an elegant addition to the bastion of scientific concept.

Historians further point to Einstein's precocious study of Kantian Idealism under Max Talmud, and his later intimations of Kantian influence as evidence that Einstein himself was an idealist: that he believed in transcendental truths a sense impermeable to material evolution. Furthermore, his participation in a private Viennese reading-circle that studied and discussed Kant's critical works is suggestive: another member of this reading circle was Franz Kafka.

But it is the cryptic word-choice of Einstein's famous Herbert Spencer lecture, in which he describes scientific concept as "the construction of a free mind" that gets this car off the lot. These words ring of idealism, and are lifted directly from Kant. Kant describes science as the autonomous construction of a mind seated in a

free and transcendent realm.

For idealists, it is the freedom inherent to the mind's transcendence that allows it to imagine new truth, to appreciate older concept, and to keep articulating endless ones: like the endless project of finding new digits for pi.

So much for Einstein, but what about Slavoj Zizek, who identifies himself as a "Lacanian" more often than he does a "radical materialist"? Jacques Lacan's psychoanalytical writing is more amenable to "idealism" than to any other philosophy, and both Zizek and Lacan rely heavily upon the German idealists: e.g. Immanuel Kant.

It is the radical in "radical materialism" upon which the sense of Zizek's self-designation pivots: radicalizing materialism

into its transcendental inversion. As it turns out, Zizek's new label is largely a political move to unload the historical baggage that "idealism" carries without fundamentally disavowing it.

The classic example of this move was with Ernst Cassirer, mid-20th century epistemologist. From Nazi misappropriation to poorly informed navel-gazing, these days "idealism" leaves a sour taste in people's mouths. As Professor Moynahan explains, Cassirer abandoned "idealism/Kantianism" because, "he wished to escape association with prevalent misconceptions." Zizek, as well.

For a Lacanian, psychoanalysis can only begin after having suspended disbelief in the following practical fiction: the idea that the person on the couch is knowable. Surely the psychoanalyst must understand the patient before treatment can ensue. But the catch is that understanding exists within one's subjective mind, and so the fictitious illusion of truly knowing another person ultimately only boils down to a knowledge of oneself. "I am you are me," as the Red Hot Chili Pepper's song goes. The idea is that we can understand each other because, essentially, we are the same. The psychoanalyst sets out stating, 'I can understand you because I believe in transcendental aspects of mind.' These are the same transcendental aspects that allow for the understanding of universal conceptual (scientific/mathematic) truth.

As Zizek points out, today's science does not warrant a belief in transcendent mind, but the fact remains that it also gives no warrant for disbelief. The strongest argument for belief one way or the other is that the "fiction" of transcendence is practical. It allows people to attempt cures through talk-therapy: to act on the faith of common understanding: and, ultimately, to believe in the possibility of communication.

In a recent Times Magazine article, Stephen Pinker writes about morality as an implicitly transcendent "toggle-switch" that people can turn on and off. Yet Pinker, a non-radical materialist and perhaps one of the last in the outdated breed of

TO PAGE TWELVE

**STARK KEY**

SMOG:SMOG SMOG:SMOG

**TALIESIN**

**H. HARPER**

10PM SATURDAY 02/23

**STREET BASS**

BELIEVE IN THE POWER

**REMEDY**

# looking up at the sky

WITH AARON AHLSTROM

## This Week: Fog

It's important to remember that skywatching happens on the ground. Those of us without jet packs and hot air balloons must remain down below and get cramps in our necks from looking up. Every now and then, though, the sky gods give us a respite and allow us watch clouds without turning our eyes upward. Clouds often descend to greet us at eye level and hang out for a little while. I'm talking about fog, that diaphanous blanket of suspended water which graces this campus on a fairly regular basis. Many of us have seen it peering through the window in the semi-conscious hours of the early morning. Others have had to slow down while driving when it makes everything out the windshield look like oatmeal.

This mysterious vapor which obscures our surroundings is not merely a spooky special effect. Fog forms when air becomes laden with water. Moisture content increases as the temperature drops. In these conditions, saturation occurs, the air grows heavy, and a former void suddenly holds a wet ghost. This process happens in two primary ways: either through advection or radiation.

Advection fog occurs when a sudden influx of cold air enters a region with a

significant amount of moisture already present. With radiation fog, though, the cooling night air lowers the temperature enough so that water droplets materialize.

To understand this, think about your breath in the winter. When you're inside a cozy dorm, you can't see your breath, though you probably can smell it. Walk outside, though, and suddenly it looks like you're smoking, even when you're not. This transformation comes from the change in temperature between inside and outside. Cooler air can hold less moisture than warm air. Cold air is like a moisture hotel with no vacancies. All that water vapor without a place to stay condenses and becomes visible. While out breath turns to clouds when we move to a colder area, fog emerges when the cold comes to it.

Earlier this month, a weather front moved through and brought with it a mass of cooler air which turned all that moist air hovering around Bard into a liquid shroud of fog. Radiation fog develops more often and can be seen many a night down in the bays as the night chills the wet air until it can no longer conceal itself. Though a bit ominous and creepy, witnessing fog rising out of the water and oozing up the



Image/Aaron Ahlstrom

shore stands as one of the most beautiful meteorological phenomena this campus has to offer.

Something I've always loved about fog is its ability to confuse and surrealize the world. Ordinary views gain a mystic quality once endowed with a blouse of vapor. For a forest to be truly spooky, some type of fog or mist must be present. Fog leaves you guessing. It causes people so much anxiety that they make special headlights just to penetrate its shadowy abysses.

Despite its horror movie connotations, fog's really just another cloud, cousin to puffy balls of cumulus and elegant wisps cirrus. It also makes the cloudwatcher's life infinitely easier. According to the Field Guide to North American Weather, "Fog is essentially a cloud with its base at the ground." Fog isn't aloof or removed, it lives alongside us. Personally, I think this is great. I mean, screw jumping out of airplanes or flying on magic carpets, we already live in the clouds!

## zizek

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN

evolutionary psychologists, dismisses transcendence of every sort. To many, this denotes an irony.

As a popular writer, Pinker must set out with a faith that readers will understand his words as he means them. This faith is based on the idea that they are essentially similar to himself. It is a faith that certain aspects of the human mind can overcome the solipsism of individual consciousness, transcending a lonely island for something more collective. But what could this collective similarity be except for something that is in some sense transcendent?

Zizek states that if one is to speak of Homo sapiens collectively then one is forced to embrace transcendental characteristics. But Zizek's radicality is to suggest that the mind, as transcendental, has never essentially evolved; that our ability to communicate is not a coincident homeostasis resembling transcendence, but rather that it is transcendence.

Slavoj Zizek implies that mind represents a transcendental kernel. The material world has, of course, evolved, but it has evolved around mind. He suggests that

the material world has cradled and housed mind within ever changing biological forms, but that mind always remains radically distinct.

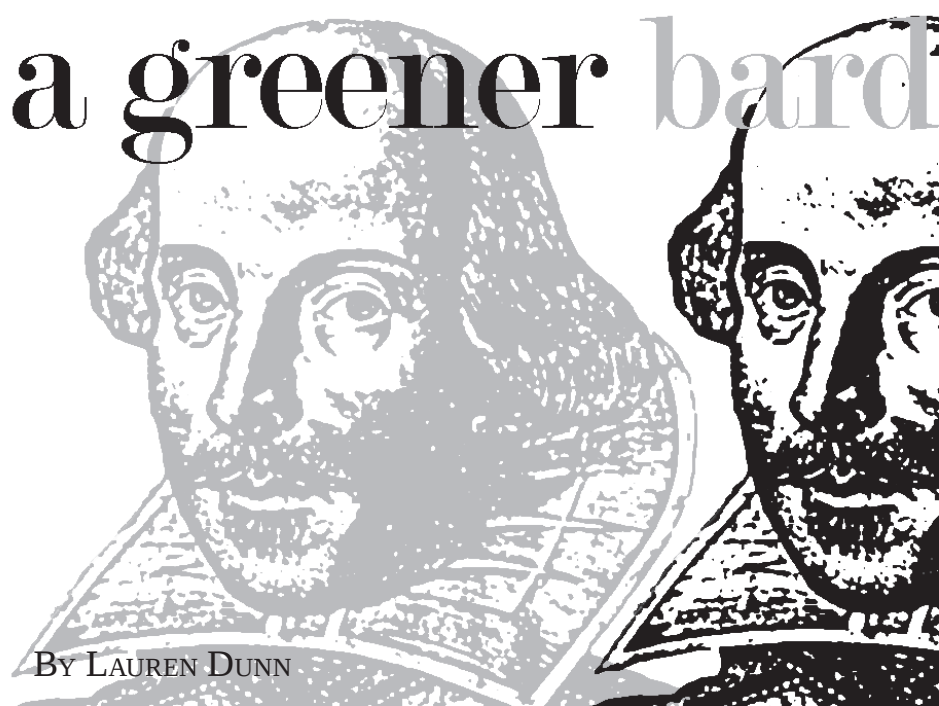
Just imagine the twist that Zizek's "radical materialism" gives to Moby Dick when Captain Ahab asks the severed head of a sperm whale what secrets it holds—Ahab is speaking to a mind, then, identical to his own in its transcendence: only this mind is housed within the biology of a whale, that's all...!

In that the universe is a composition of minds housed by the objective world in various forms, Zizek's vision resembles that of the Meat Puppets when they sang, "This is a big house. No body ever leaves. The whole thing just vibrates a little."

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Do monkeys have minds like ours? Haven't studies in animal behavior disproved such fancy? To this latter question, the answer is, amazingly, "no". Building upon the Big House metaphysics of Zizek's radical materialism, an upcoming installment of this article explores why: delving into the world of animal intelligence and behaviorist studies.

The scientific community forced James Watson into resignation from Cold Spring Harbor for a remark tainted with the implicit scientific racism of evolutionary psychology. But is the scientific community ready for Slavoj Zizek?



BY LAUREN DUNN

I question the commitment of my peers to the cause of environmentalism when they can't even do something as simple as put a few beer bottles into a recycling container or turn off a light when leaving a room. And this doesn't just go out to you, Bardians. It's not a good sign when the kids at a national conference focused on combating climate change (Powershift 2007 in D.C.) aren't even taking basic steps to do something as simple as recycling or reducing waste. It certainly isn't for lack of knowledge or awareness; you'd have to have been living under a rock for the past few years to have not heard about global warming.

At this point, debate over the legitimacy of climate change as an issue has settled down. The solution is by no means easy. Getting corporations and governments to set higher standards may be a daunting task, but everybody can understand a fundamental principle such as using less energy in daily life.

And that's not to say that I'm perfect; I am nowhere near as passionate or as active as I could be on many issues: environmentalism included. There are plenty of steps I could take in my daily life that I haven't yet. The last thing I want is to come across with any sort of "holier-than-thou" attitude. On the contrary, the self-questioning of my own efforts and commitments to environmental activism lies at the root of my desire to make others consider the ramifications of

their own actions.

I'm tired of sitting around listening to people talk about how awful something is but hardly ever hearing anyone ask what they can do to make it better. And why is it that the people who do seem to be asking questions and taking action are more often than not the same ones time and time again?

This problem is by no means unique to Bard students, or to the environmental movement. Compassion is rarely accompanied by motivation to act. Thinking and talking about the problems of the world are great places to start, but it's only going to take us so far. Cautious and mindful efforts made by many, many people must accompany our concern if we have any hope of ameliorating the complex, sticky web of crises that surround us.

Being green is not about performing an isolated act at your convenience such as buying an organic cotton t-shirt, or remembering a cloth bag on the trip to the supermarket. It is about the continued, daily practice of thinking about nearly every decision you make and what the results of your actions will be. Stop talking so much and start doing more. Making sustainable purchases, etc. is inarguably important, but applying our ideas to everything we do will ultimately yield a greater and longer-lasting result. Don't just tell people what you believe in; show them.



Untitled/Amanda Vissering

# memo

A NEW COLUMN  
BY OLIVER TRALDI

*This is the first installment of a regular column on issues in campus life, policy, and student government. Oliver Traldi is the Secretary of Bard's Student Association government. The views expressed here represent neither Student Association policy nor the views of the Observer.*

In one of the Observer's final issues last year, the Career Development Office responded to student criticisms and complaints by requesting that in future, students choose to converse with the Office itself, instead of addressing the public. The attitude of civility over solidarity is one of those strange ideas intrinsic to how Bard works. If you think a job could be done better, tell the person who is doing the job rather than connecting with people who agree with you. That way, the administration can tell you how many people have come in to tell them they do it well, and find other reasons to demonstrate that you're wrong.

At other colleges these issues are solved in different ways – and, I'd argue, in non-college environments everywhere: in government and in communities, at work and at home. In most places, the idea that some part of a system might be changed is not viewed as inherently offensive or disruptive. And neither is the idea that a group of concerned citizens might get together to try to decide how best to structure that change.

My intent in writing this column is to start that dialogue. The CDO is a great place to begin. Campus surveys and anecdotal evidence indicate that an overwhelming number of students feel that there is something wrong with how the Office works. We might call this the complaint, the problem, or the issue. Nobody has really nailed down exactly what is wrong or how to fix it. But we know that something's there – not something that "must" be fixed, I guess, but something that ought to be, considering the possible benefits to campus life.

Administrators tend to complain on the one hand about students offering only problems, not solutions; and on the other hand about students not approaching them personally. But, of course, the CDO or whatever office or department there might be an issue with should not, and probably cannot (because if they could, they would) solve the problem simply by sitting down with a single student. To solve problems it takes effort, brainpower, and a sense of the collective experience associated with the problematic structure.

This is where student government ideally comes in. We get together a group of students who are concerned with a specific issue. We broach that issue as accurately as possible with the administration. Working with the student group and with the administration, we come up with a solution that is both feasible and that begins to rectify the original problem. For example: we might suggest that the CDO shifts its mission statement so that one focal area is removed and another added. Then again, we also might suggest that additional personnel be hired. Then we present the solution to the student body at one of our monthly Student Forums and let it be put to a vote. If the solution is approved, we take that to mean we can sit back and see if the changes work in the way we want them to. If it's not, we take that to mean we should go back to the drawing table and come up with something more amenable to student interests.

This is the way student government ought to work, and this is the way campus policy ought to be changed. A process like this requires three things. First and most importantly, it requires a directly democratic student government whose only real concern, in the final analysis, is the alignment of campus policy with student wishes to the greatest extent possible. Second, it requires an administration that is willing to be self-critical, that takes student concerns seriously and works hard to address them. Third, it requires students who invest some time and energy in the workings of campus governance, at least to the extent that they can describe

TO PAGE FOURTEEN

# what to keep in mind about our beloved candidates

BY ENRICO PURITA

Didn't Deltron teach anyone anything? The world is radically changing and it's changing in 2008, not 3030. In the upcoming years, the United States Empire is growing to rapidly consume the lives of its citizens. China (with 1/3 of the world's population and the world's economy under its control) will expand on its incredibly rapid growth to create an incredible military and economic force. And, yeah, we're killing the environment. I wish I could say that that's all part of some sci-fi conceptual hip-hop album coming from the finest in the 1990s alternative rap scene, but...it's not. The most depressing part of it all is that the 2008 presidential candidates don't seem to care. What's worse is that we're letting that influence the mass media and most importantly, all of us.

The American public has been brainwashed. It wasn't Obama, it wasn't John "straight-talker" McCain, it wasn't Huckabee, Clinton, Romney, Giuliani, or Edwards. It was all of them. The most depressing part of this presidential race is that it highlights the sad direction the country's going. The public needs to wake up, and realize whom they are really voting for.

A good portion of the youth and anyone with a good heart have embraced Barack Obama. He is the only candidate that can attract a wide variety of people and reach across party lines. The thing to remember here about Obama though is that despite his campaign slogan, he will be hard-pressed to create any real change in Washington. An inexperienced politician will find the congressional stalemate and the corporate-political regime currently controlling Washington a daunting task to undertake successfully.

Barack Obama, despite being a swell guy, doesn't support a rapid withdrawal of troops in Iraq, doesn't have a true universal health care plan, and has been spoon-fed by huge corporations that he has no plans on fighting against (especially since he receives more campaign contributions from corporate lobbyists than any other candidate).

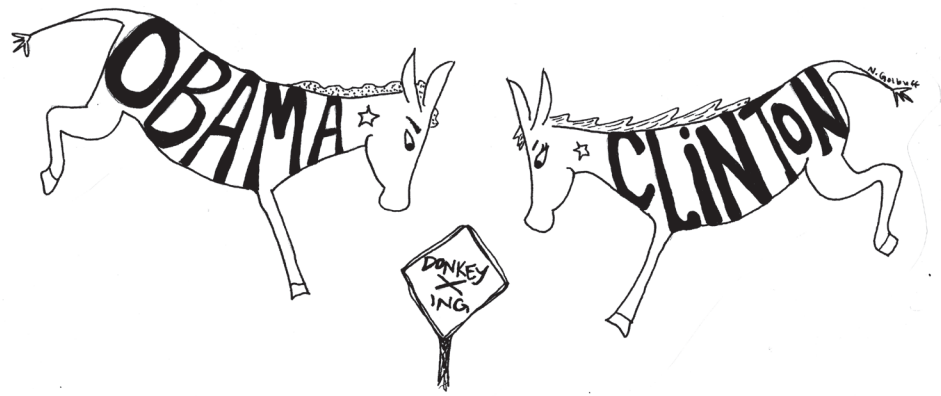
Hillary Clinton is in fact the stereotypically bad politician. It is hard to take fault at her stances on issues because, well, she doesn't have a concrete stance on any issue. Hillary Clinton was just as eager to vote for the Iraq war as any Republican when public opinion told her what to do. What's mind boggling about Clinton's popularity is that she has been at the center of the inaction of Congress over the past four or five years, and has failed in helping the American people cope with a warmongering administration.

I haven't got too much against John Edwards other than his unnerving attorney jargon and demeanor and the fact that everything he says ends with how his father worked in a mill. While all the Obama groupies at Bard and beyond start their love fest and Clinton groupies continue to stick around, the only two candidates that voted against the war and the PATRIOT Act (Dennis Kucinich, Ron Paul) are infeasible due to low poll numbers.

The Republican candidates are even more frightening. John McCain says he wouldn't mind being in Iraq for "100 years if necessary." Hello, 51st state. Mike Huckabee shows how vast and powerful the evangelical population still is, and this is not to mention his statement about how the Constitution needs to be made more in line with the "word of living god." Mitt Romney is the Republicans' answer to Clinton with his bottomless pockets and ideas that change based on what voting district he's in.

The Republican debates resemble a meeting of Sith Lords; each candidate having his own sinister plans for empire-building. There is the smooth talking graduate of the Boss Tweed school of politics (Mitt Romney), the military veteran so scarred from the horrors of Vietnam that there is fear he'll recreate our past mistakes (McCain). Huckabee, admittedly, despite being misguided, seems genuine (McCain is genuine too but his Iraq War Policy and his economic ignorance is downright scary).

Then, of course, there's Ron Paul. Despite a lot of the hype by his sometimes overly passionate supports, Ron Paul is



drawing/ Natalie Golbuff

the only classical Republican for smaller government, military non-intervention, and free trade. Yet, he has been treated as a joke by both the mass media and the other candidates for simply not telling everyone what they want to hear. He's telling every-

“There’s a case to be made on both sides for victory – Obama won more states, Clinton received more votes.”

one the hole that we've dug ourselves and why we've dug it. But the general public, with their overzealous nationalism, refuses to listen.

There is where the problem starts. We have let the mass media and other candidates dictate our political views and who we want in office. The media is in love with Obama. They should just draw a fluffy pink heart around his picture every time they show him. This is, of course, with good reason as he is by far the most likable candidate. However, the two party system has created two sides of the same coin and Barack Obama, despite being the most above partisanship, is still not exempt from this.

The mass media, controlled by an obvious corporate agenda, has given us note-

card-ready bias that we take as absolute truth. The media doesn't worry that the value of the dollar is devalued to as low as it's been in years, that every respected economist has predicted an economic collapse in our near future, that there is legislation for a National ID that has passed in both houses, that parents have been given the option to insert tracking microchips in their children, and that any passport made within the last year has a tracking device in it.

I wish I could say this was part of some nutty conspiracy theory, but these are public records that have been ignored by an apathetic populace. Ideas are now dead, they have been replaced by party lines and a federal government that has invaded our privacy and created unjust taxation to build an insurmountable debt that Thomas Jefferson himself would've shamed us all for.

We're heading down a dangerous path as a nation, and it is time that we realize that television, the mass media, the military industrial complex, and the medical industrial complex are not above us. We control the government and we cannot let it be run in a tyrannical and oligarchical way. We have to think for ourselves and know who we are voting for and why we are doing this. Being the youngest demographic of voters doesn't mean we are the dumbest (at least not dumber than the general voting majority), and we have to prove that by being a generation that thinks freely and does not let the mass media choose our representatives for us.

## letters to the editor

Dear Editors,

Just a letter to let folks at the Observer know that your on-line edition is greatly appreciated by many of us alums who used to write for the paper.

Styles, of course, change. In the spring of 1968, editor-in-chief Francis Fleetwood and art editor Morgan Rieder, transformed the Observer from a boxy 4-page weekly, with a standard "straight" layout, into a flamboyant, flowing, countercultural journal of 8-16 pages. The new look matched perfectly the flamboyant, flowing hair and psychedelic clothing of growing numbers of students. During this period the Observer was unique in that it was (to my knowledge) the only "official" campus newspaper to be a member of the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), founded in 1967 by Tom Forcade and other hipster journalists. Member publications, which included most of the era's countercultural press, permitted the reprinting of stories, photographs and graphics from each other's journals. While the Observer lacked the spectacular colors of San Francisco's Oracle, some of its front-page layouts would have done publications such as the Berkley Barb or the East Village Other proud.

When I wrote for the paper, the Observer offices were situated in the basement of North Hoffman Hall in Stone Row, and consisted of two rooms with brick walls painted a chalky white with glossy, battleship grey cement floors and trim. The longer, outer room running north-south

hosted three or four fold-up work tables set against the walls, with beat up typewriters on them. They were interspaced between some filing cabinets containing old issues of the newspaper. More recent issues were stacked in semi-neat piles against the wall. Scattered about on the tables, metal folding chairs and the floor were various underground newspapers and the contents of old mailings from Liberation News Service (LNS). The latter was a movement alternative news service which put together a 20-page packet of news articles, photographs and graphics sent them twice weekly to 800 subscribers around the country.

The Observer offices also had a windowless inner room, running east-west, where most staffers hung out, and where the weekly staff meetings took place at 6 pm every Wednesday evening. This "inner sanctum" was equipped with a couple of layout tables, a low-watt fluorescent light box for art work, an IBM Selectric Composer typewriter and an editor's desk. Plenty of ash trays for old cigarette butts (and the occasional marijuana roach) were strewn around. An old wooden coat/hat rack stood in one corner of the room helping to keep wet coats, scarves and other clothing off the layout paste-ups. Light bulbs in bare metal shades dangled from the ceiling.

That was then. How about a photo essay about today's Observer? Anyway, keep up the good work!

Kurt T. Hill ('72)

# through a stranger's eyes

ANONYMOUS

Ever since I was a girl, I always wanted to study in the US. Initially, this desire was provoked by the TV series Beverly Hills 90210, which enjoyed a cult reputation in Eastern Europe during the 1990s. People, regardless of age, sex or education, were drawn to stories of young, wealthy and good-looking American teenagers as if by an invisible magnet. Everyone wanted to know what life in America was like. I too devoured each new part; yet, being ten, I was barely aware of the fact that what was on the screen might have been miles away from reality. This was quite a painful realization on my first trip to the U.S.

I first arrived here during my junior year of high school for a scholarship at a private boarding school in the South. It was a relatively traditional institution with a strict dress code and a weekly church assembly. I was the only student from Eastern Europe and one of the very few in the school's history. I loved the academics, my teachers, and the extracurriculars, but there were lots of exceptions. American people never really accepted me. It was partly because I did not wear clothes with precious little animals on them, like crocodiles, horses or deer. Moreover, the name of my country (God knows where that was) never sounded so alluring as let's say Germany, which in the imagination of most my classmates meant cool cities, beer and hot blonde girls. For these reasons my peers mostly just stared at me and very few actually decided to get to know me, an obscure foreigner. I do not want to sound too harsh, for during that year I also met some wonderful people who I will remember with love and thanks all my life.

A few years later fate led me once again to the U.S. — this time to the more cosmopolitan and open-minded North. Compared to my previous experience, Bard was exactly the opposite. With its hippie, liberal and wild atmosphere, Bard is a shock to every student coming from Eastern Europe and maybe anywhere else in the world. I often wonder why that is so and what it is exactly that makes this place so special. I guess the key to the answer is Bard's tremendous diversity and tolerance that can be seen almost everywhere. Yet, there must be more to it. The difference is also ingrained in the general American culture and way of life. Growing up in communist and early post-communist Eastern Bloc of the '80s and '90s, most of my friends and I were brought up with a great respect for order and for everything common and ordinary, and were taught to obey our parents and not to stick out so much. Thus, to us, Bard first seemed an almost unreal, unearthly place where everything is the other way round. I

"Bard is a shock to every student coming from Eastern Europe and maybe anywhere else in the world."

have to admit I even felt a bit disappointed, wishing I could experience a more typical college with sororities, fraternities, and, let's say, more traditional values. Also, woods and squirrels irritated me.

The first two or three months were hard but then, like most of my foreign friends, I started to love Bard. Bard's creed, "A place to think," or the freedom of expression that my friends started to call 'express yourself' first sounded like a cliché. It took me some time to figure out its full meaning. Now I think it simply means that people here at Bard can be who they really are. They will not be looked at with suspicion because of their sexual orientation, religion, hobbies, style of clothing or country they come from. Forgetting all these issue and not having to try desperately to fit in, they can plunge into study and enjoy their crazy student years. Bard is simply a nice little place where being different is ok. It is so liberating and at the same time so stimulating. Furthermore, the nature all around



and the lazy atmosphere of the place provides a nice contrast to the hectic pace of the modern world, which allows students to reflect. Yet, on the other hand, every wise Bard individual will probably agree with my opinion that a trip to the city at least once a month is necessary to preserve one's mental health.

To conclude my reflections, I am afraid I described Bard too positively. I agree that it is a nice, wild place, but everything has its limit. Experimenting too much and being too liberal or being too out of touch with the real, harsh world is not always good and sometimes it can even be dangerous. But that's a discussion for another time.

# super tuesday: a reaction

BY ELIAS ISQUITH

As the days wound down before Super Tuesday, it became increasingly obvious that, barring something truly unpredictable, the Democratic primary would be no closer to crowning a victor by Not Particularly Super Wednesday. Well, I'm writing this on that very Wednesday, and we're still no closer to determining which historic Senator, Hillary Clinton or Barack Obama, will represent the party in November. There's a case to be made on both sides for victory—Obama won more states, Clinton received more votes—but in essence, things are still tied. And when it comes to what truly matters, delegates, things get even murkier. Depending on where you look, you'll find Senator Obama with a slight delegate lead, or you might find Senator Clinton holding a slim advantage. Looking forward, there are reasons for supporters on each side to feel confident—Senator Obama has more money, and has exceeded expectations; Senator Clinton has a distinct infrastructural advantage, higher name-recognition, and great clout among the party establishment—but there isn't much weight to claims of victory, be it current or inevitable.

Meanwhile, as is often the case, things on the Republican side are both simpler and more heated. John McCain went into Super Tuesday with many pundits describing the day's contests as a mere formality; the nomination was his. What added some drama to this inevitability was the rage it inspired among many Republican commentators and voters. Leading up to the day, Dr. James Dobson, the ultra-influential Christian Right leader of the Focus on the Family organization, released a brutal anti-McCain statement to that blond, skinny, female conservative radio host not named Ann Coulter (or, as she calls herself, Laura Ingraham). While saying he would, "not vote for John McCain under any circumstances," Dobson called the Arizona Senator, "not a conservative" and accused him of "[going] out of his way to stick his thumb in the eyes of those who are." Even Ann Coulter herself said she would vote for Clinton over McCain. Adding to the pile-on was Rush Limbaugh, probably the most powerful political radio host in the country, who for nearly a full week urged his listeners to support Mitt Romney—because, apparently, "a vote for Huckabee is a vote for McCain"—and reject the Vietnam POW.

It all appears to have been mostly in vain. Although McCain did under-perform with self-described conservatives, and although Mike Huckabee did much better in the South than many expected, the billion-term Senator had a good Super Tuesday, amassing a delegate lead which Romney or Huckabee have no chance in overcoming, as demonstrated by Romney's recent departure from the race. The fun on the Republican side will be following two separate stories. First, how woeful will McCain haters on the right become? Will they pick up the pieces of their broken hearts in time to support the Straight Talker come November, or will they continue to rail against the apostate, thus dooming him in a general election? Second, since Huckabee did so surprisingly well within the heart of the GOP (with surprisingly little cash) will McCain be tempted to enlist the former Arkansas Governor as his running mate? It might be a smart way to woo those social conservatives who are generally ambivalent towards the Senator.

Lastly, I think it's worth giving Obama supporters at Bard (of which I am one of many) a hearty way-to-go; although Clinton won New York state rather comfortably—she does represent it in the Senate, after all—Obama's campaign manager reported that of the state's 232 delegates, Obama claimed an impressive 90. Here, at least, "Yes we can" has become "Yes we did."

## memo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN

a problem in detail and give feedback on possible solutions.

If you take issue with this view of student government, feel we haven't been living up to it, or want to raise any sort of concern for us to address, please contact me at ot119@bard.edu. This semester we are already planning on examining the student activities fee (too high? too low? just right?), the Career Development Office, the Student Body Constitution and governmental structure, and student space (which you should be hearing much more about very soon). But we are always willing to take more on. Come talk to us — and we don't mind if you bring some angry friends.

## a brief word on avoiding an obaminable presidency

BY JESSE MYERSON

How was President Clinton able to get away with such reactionary acts as removing great numbers of the most needy from the welfare rolls, establishing anti-labor "free trade" agreements, and tightening social stagnancy on the American workforce without causing uproar in the progressive community? The answer, in large part, lies in the sigh of relief the Democratic Party let out on his election day in 1992. America had endured twelve nauseating years of Republican presidencies, and Democrats were so glad to have one of their own sitting again behind the finest desk on Pennsylvania Ave. that they eased off the pressure. Here was a charismatic politician with a compelling life story, a gifted orator able to craft coalitions, a charmer who spoke of hope and unity. Why check up on how he was handling the issues of the day when we could just trust the (D) after his name to get the job done?

Well now there's another such politician running for president, and his chief rival is the wife of the first. I would caution the readership of this publication, by and large infatuated with him, to beware lest history repeat itself.

See, it's not that I particularly distrust Senator Obama (setting aside my distrust of him, that is); I just distrust the will of the Democratic voters who support him to maintain constant pressure on a President Obama to be our deputy, end the war in Iraq, provide health care for everyone in America, strengthen social security, work to end poverty, and vigorously combat the climate crisis. The reason is that I don't be-

lieve as many of his supporters were drawn to him for his promises in those fields as for his inspirational words and narrative (and his dreamy face). I would emphatically urge my friends to adopt a Palmerstonian view and develop permanent interests, not permanent allies.

If Senator Obama is nominated by Democrats and then elected by Americans (and I hope like hell he is), it would be a disastrous outcome if we who supported him became so devoted to him as a candidate that we allowed him to operate without our

scrutiny and pressure, even at the expense of the issues to which we ought be even more devoted.

You may go forth with great confidence to the betting tables and lay enormous amounts of money on the prediction that he will be catching hell from the other side. Corporate wealth, special interest lobbyists, conventional-wisdom mongers


and the like have a very firm grasp on the throat of Washington's culture and discourse. If we are not tugging just as hard from the other side, constantly letting him know we mean business and expect our needs to be met by his office, Obama might well steer the presidency the way of Clinton's: endless compromise, triangulation and appeasement of the worst factions of American life, those who benefit from the misery of the ordinary folks who support Obama with such fervor.

Work hard on Obama's side. Then, once he wins, work even harder to keep him on ours.


"I just distrust the will of the Democratic voters who support him to maintain constant pressure on a President Obama."

**BARD-ON**  
**VALENTINES DAY**  
**5 to 8 IN THE MPR**

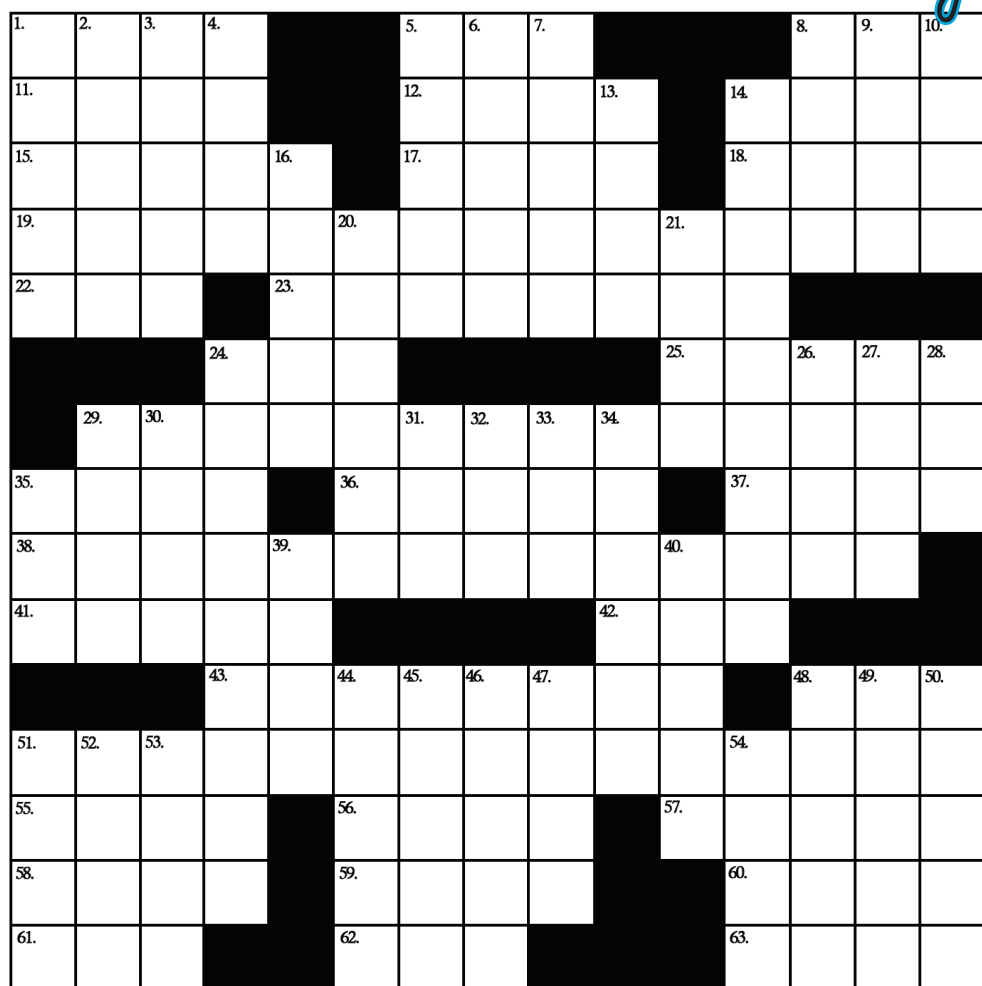
PLAN B FOR ONLY \$10 (at CVS its almost 50)  
 SEX TOY RAFFLE  
 THE SEX OLYMPICS  
 (get a team together)  
 SEXY COOKIES



AND LATER  
**DEVON WHITE**  
 class of 99 RETURNS  
**GET OUT OF YOUR HEAD**  
**AND INTO YOUR BED**  
 a follow up to his hit presentation  
 "How to become an unforgettable lover"  
 check out [www.sexwithdevontv](http://www.sexwithdevontv)  
 for a sneak peek

**830PM BARD HALL** 

# Social Networking *Across*



crossword/Grace Dwyer & Sally Nagel

- 1. Country Johnny
  - 5. Work wk.
  - 8. Celeb. story
  - 11. Great Lake
  - 12. Inits seen on midwestern baggage labels
  - 14. Laying place
  - 15. Ogles, with at
  - 17. Belted, poetically
  - 18. Start the pot
  - 19. Party periodical?
  - 22. Unified
  - 23. Stomach
  - 24. Kernel
  - 25. Birth adjective
  - 29. Literary sandwich?
  - 35. Brisk ride
  - 36. Restraint
  - 37. Prefix with present or potent
  - 38. TV toast?
  - 41. Spanish countryside
  - 42. A-team actor
  - 43. For fun
  - 48. One in a pod
  - 51. Personal satellites?
  - 55. Sponge or pound
  - 56. Melt
  - 57. Bios in the newspaper
  - 58. Arab ruler
  - 59. Quercus grove
  - 60. Legal heading
  - 61. Cooking amt.
  - 62. Cereal box abbr.
  - 63. Editor's note
- 2. "The doctors \_\_\_\_\_"
  - 3. Strain
  - 4. Present
  - 5. Magnate
  - 6. Cow's first stomach
  - 7. 32nd pres.
  - 8. Capital of former West Germany
  - 9. Small amount
  - 10. 1920s German auto make
  - 13. Classical portico
  - 14. Concern oneself
  - 16. Abdominal workout
  - 20. To fasten a coat or robe
  - 21. Alternative reader
  - 24. It's usually lined
  - 26. Monument for the dead
  - 27. Grilling sauce
  - 28. New Testament chap.
  - 29. Region
  - 30. Standard
  - 31. Matrix protagonist
  - 32. Fairy, poetically
  - 33. PAC performers
  - 34. Half of one 90s one-hit wonder
  - 35. Active drug ingredient [abbr.]
  - 39. Participant in corked bat scandal
  - 40. Attempt
  - 44. Emoter?
  - 45. "\_\_\_\_\_ a good run..."
  - 46. Sushi fix?
  - 47. Online chat add-ons
  - 48. \_\_\_\_\_ blank
  - 49. Between in Paris
  - 50. Plus
  - 51. Drs test
  - 52. Sometime Thanksgiving dish?
  - 53. Pass over
  - 54. Large wading bird

## *Down*

- 1. One in a string section

for answers email [observer@bard.edu](mailto:observer@bard.edu)

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## FROM THE ARCHIVES

So Jimmy Carter's the President?  
 I laughed and stood up fast,  
 Back to fill my glass and sit again.

So Gerald Ford's the president?  
 I sighed and shrugged my shoulder  
 And went to buy some wine for dinner.

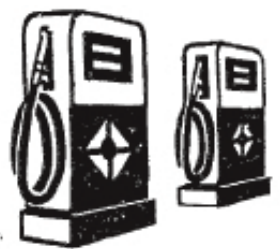
So Eugene McCarthy's the president?  
 I clapped and walked upstairs  
 Leaving a trail of melting icecubes.

So Marcel Marceau's the president?  
 I stood and walked against the wind  
 Leaving theatre tickets and an after  
 dinner drink.

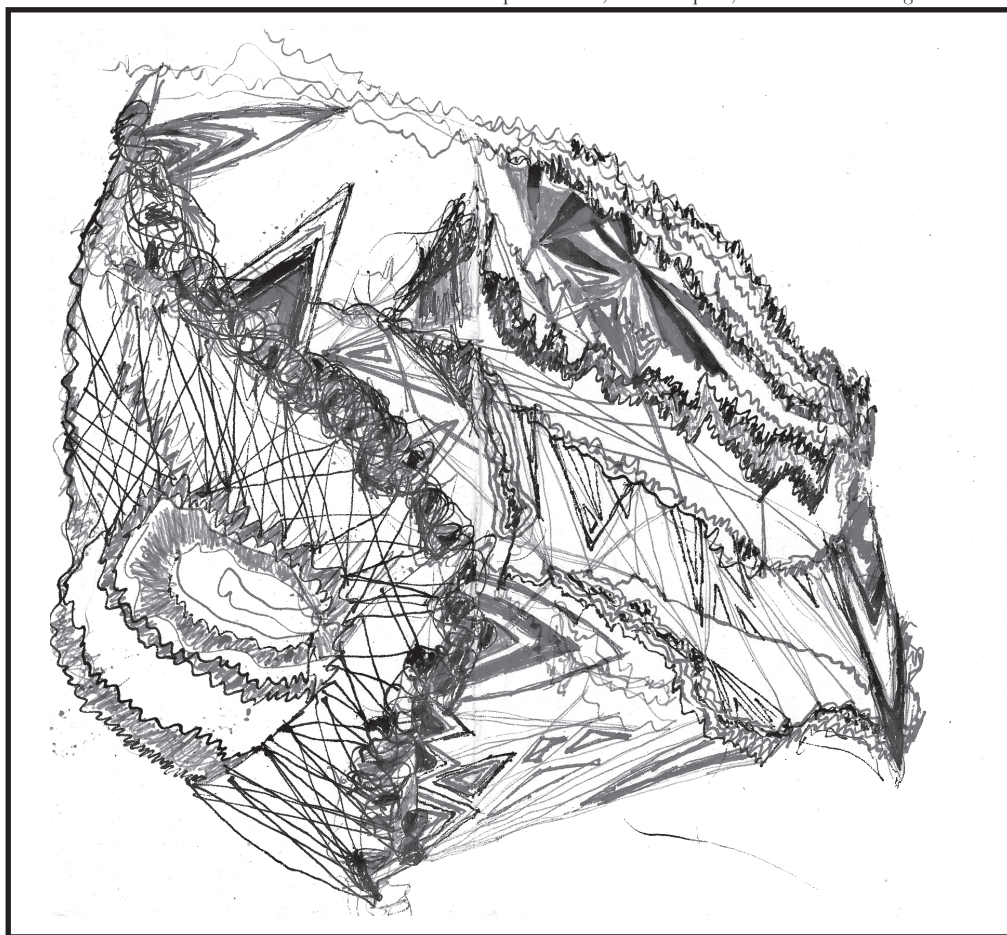
So Willie May's the president?  
 I hurried from the spotlight  
 And found a seat with Johnny Walker.

So now I'm the president?  
 I laughed and stood up fast,  
 Back to fill my glass and sit again.

T or J



Part One of 'Napkin Series', ink on napkin, 10.25 x 9 in./George Gilkerdas



# support student expression

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# OBSERVER

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