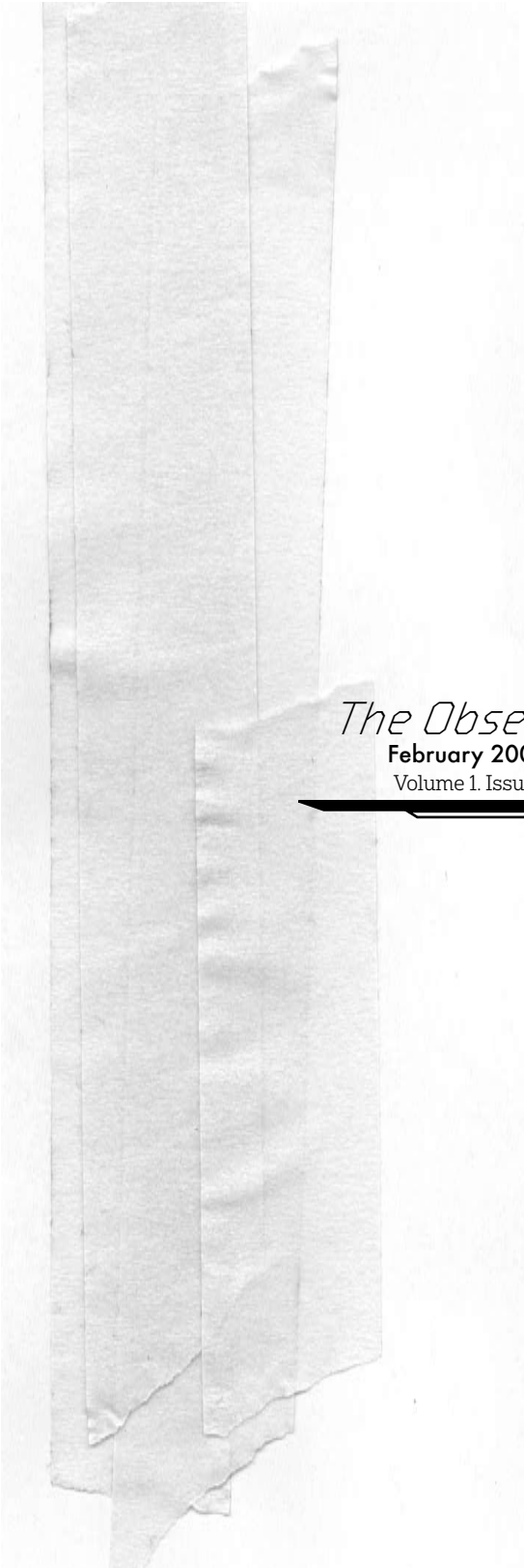


BARD

OBSERVER



The Observer

February 2007

Volume 1, Issue. 1

Cover: *Meryl Streep*
by Ted Quinlan

FEATURES

SMOG Re-Opens

Grace Dwyer...Page 4

Conference Honors 50th Anniversary of Hungarian Revolution

Rachel Meade... Page 6

Media Concerns Tackled at Conference

Tamer Veá... Page 8

Untitled Landscapes #1-4

A Photo Essay

Mekko Harjo...Page 10

Your Club Shouldn't Get Money

No, Really, It Shouldn't

Noah Weston...Page 12

Report on New Orleans

Stephen Tremaine...Page 14

Letters to the Editor...Page 16

Art of Glass

Jason Mastbaum...Page 17

Life Imitates Geeky Science Fiction And What This Means for the Future

Dr. Mischa Nachtigal...Page 20

BPM Must Stand for Big Pathetic Mess: Monotonous, Tedious, Disgustulous

Jesse Myserson and Noah Weston....

Page 23

Cooper and Dhavernas Save "Breach" from Melodrama

Joey Lee... Page 24

ART, MUSIC, ETC.

Music Reviews

Andrew Worthington and Ted Quinlan

...Page 26

Sexy Singles

Fiona Cook...Page 28

Sex Column

Genevieve Lynch...Page 29

COMIC...Page 30

BACK PAGE

Fox News Ticker Scroll During Video Of Anna Nicole Smith in Clown Makeup

Michael Newton...Page 31

SMOG Re- opens

By Grace Dwyer





After nearly six months of delays and growing skepticism as to the likelihood of renovation ever reaching completion, SMOG reopened this past Saturday to mixed student reactions.

New SMOG boasts many changes. The west wall has been knocked out and replaced with a garage door that can be raised to connect the original Smog space with a new 30 by 40 concrete pavilion. The loft, deemed unsafe for concertgoers, has been blocked off and turned into storage space. The walls are freshly painted, the ceiling has been replaced, and work continues to extend current heating out to the pavilion to install a new toilet and sink.

The \$50,000 expansion has been a long time coming. The realization of a proposal dating from last spring was originally slated for completion by the beginning of the academic year but was delayed both by more pressing campus construction projects and difficulties obtaining a Red Hook building permit. Inclement weather postponed construction once more over winter break, and though the space was usable Saturday night, scaffolding and construction tools still littered the concrete addition.

"A lot of people have slammed John Gall [head of B&G] and the administration, saying, why aren't they getting it done...but I mean it was a huge project, and I think they've done a great job," articulated first-year Alex Carlin, one of five committee members responsible for the management and upkeep of new SMOG. In addition to the renovation, this committee hopes to dispel SMOG's reputation as a grimy, cramped space. As Carlin phrased it, "I think that everyone involved has a vision that it'll be better organized, cleaner, and just as loveable and charming and student, but more professional."

Part of that newfound professionalism is new sound equipment bought with \$7500 budgeted from the Reserve Fund. A professional-grade PA system and brand new mics, cables and a guitar amp were scheduled to arrive in time for the opening show but were delayed in shipping, forcing Saturday's bands to play with the pre-existing equipment.

Featured bands Aa (BIG A little a), These Are Powers, and Birthday Boyz played in old SMOG, leaving students unable to fit inside

peering through the windows of the new side door. Confusion as to what to make of the new pavilion ensued as several times throughout the night the door was raised to create a larger space but then lowered again as the crowd inside complained of the cold. Though the pavilion will be heated and the SMOG committee plans to purchase removable canvas walls to create a larger space in winter, these improvements were not yet in place and some students expressed reservations about the usefulness of the concrete addition.

"I'm sure it'll be great for the couple weeks when it's warm before we go home, but right now it's kind of a waste," said one of the students relegated to watching the band play from the un-lit pavilion outside. A number of students also grumbled about the removal of student graffiti and art from the walls and the closure of the loft space, saying that these features were part of what made SMOG an appealing and adaptable student space. "They painted it an interesting red and put music notes on the wall... they tried to force false character on the building rather than let the natural character of the building exist. They destroyed the spontaneous outburst of people's creativity and enjoyment of the space," complained Ross Saxon, a first-year student. He added, "But I do like the side door."

Plans are underway to create a student mural on the wall behind where the bands play, and though the crowd seemed hesitant to immediately embrace the possibilities of new Smog, several expressed the opinion that when renovations are fully complete the more than doubled usable space will be a valuable addition to Bard's live music scene, especially in warmer weather. "I think that first show was a bad first shot, in a way, only because kids were kind of insane," said one student, referencing the bickering over the positioning of the new door and restlessness at a protracted set change. "But yeah I think it makes sense, as long as kids enjoy being outside as much as they do inside. Which they seem to. I think it's gonna be fucking awesome."

If you missed the grand opening on Saturday, check out new SMOG on Thursday March 1st. The alt-country outfit Kamikaze Hearts play at 8 PM sharp.

Conference Honors 50th Anniversary of Hungarian Revolution

By Rachel Meade

Before he'd reached his twenty-first birthday, Zsolt Szilagyi was out of options. Denied continuing education due to the Soviets' classification his family as members of the intellectual class, Zsolt Szilagyi threw himself into Hungary's revolution against the Soviet Union in 1956. When it failed, he had only two options: leave his home country, or accept the almost certain death promised to anyone involved in the revolution. Within months, he found himself at Bard College, along with 325 other Hungarians seeking refuge.

After an eventful journey on the New York Rail system, the refugees, ranging from 18 year-olds lacking secondary education to 35 year-olds with college degrees, arrived with little more than the clothes on their backs on a bitterly cold winter day just before Christmas. For nearly three months during Bard's extended winter break, they took a crash course on life in the US, learning English, American culture, and history.

Bard professors, as well as language specialists from around the country and many eager Bard students, donated their time to guarantee the Hungarians the best possible introduction to America in the amount of time allotted. "In a few weeks we transformed from clueless immigrants to educated immigrants," said Thomas Kerenyi. "I soon became a successful transplant."

Kerenyi was one of many

successes, judging from the immense array of accomplishments boasted of by the alumni who reunited in a conference February 8-10. Among the group were countless novelists, inventors, musicians, journalists, directors, scientists, activists, as well as many who, in one way or another, have committed their lives to helping others, just as they were once helped. For Kerenyi, helping others is his way of paying back those who had helped him adjust to life in the US. "Add another link in the chain of goodwill," said Kerenyi. "If you do that we'll live in a better world."

He added his own link to the chain by starting a foundation awarding young Hungarian medical students yearlong scholarships to New York hospitals in a quest to improve Hungary's somewhat stagnant medical situation. He attributed some of his achievements to experiences at Bard. "Bard...really laid the foundation for our later successes," he said.

Szilagyi, now a successful optometrist, as well as a self-professed unrecognized inventor of the pixel, expressed similar sentiments about his own success in relation to Bard. "If it weren't for Bard, I probably would have been working in a factory," he said. Due to the his family's dangerously intellectual status, he was unable to attend school after he obtained his primary education, a situation he only became aware of when the Dean of a law school he was barred from attending read to him the contents of his record: "It is not impossible to assume that he

has anti-revolutionary thoughts," it stated. This was enough to shut him out from any future educational opportunity in Hungary. "If I fail in a communist system, there [are] no further opportunities," said Szilagyi. "This is the land of opportunity. If you fail once, there are always others."

Szilagyi, and the 324 other participants in Bard's refugee program, were given the opportunity to obtain success in America. The program's main objective was to familiarize the Hungarians with the English language. Interpreter and language expert Nyikos Julius was remembered by many attendees of the reunion as their most important guide to the English language, as well as a close friend and role model. "He was so close to them in the way that he thought," said his daughter Katalin Julius, explaining the bond that seemed to exist between student and teacher. She attributed this to his young age, as well as his role in the founding of Hungary's First Democratic student Union in the 1940s, which set the stage for student protest during the revolution.

"They said that my father gave them the key to American culture and how one can learn a foreign language best," said Katalin, who spoke with most of the alumni over the course of the weekend. According to his daughter, Julius employed a unique brand of language methodology which stressed communicative competence.

To achieve comprehension of English in all its complexities, Bard students from different geographical areas volunteered their time to speak for the Hungarians each morning. In addition to language classes, students were taught about American culture through classes, videos, and field trips to local factories or towns. On one memorable occasion, they traveled to

Albany to meet the mayor.

Participants remembered this particular outing with great fondness. After meeting the then current mayor, the Hungarian students sang the national anthem, in what was apparently a very moving display. "It was a prayer," said Katalin Julius, recalling her father's words. Later, several students crowded around the bewildered official and hoisted him onto their shoulders in celebration.

Many of the students were able to go straight from Bard to universities and colleges throughout the country, thanks to a National University program offering aid to refugees. In addition, several students received full scholarships to Bard, graduating with the class of 1960.

Because education was forbidden to Szilagyi in his home country, he was always vitally aware of its importance. "During the war we lost money, we lost property, but the education remains as an asset," said Szilagyi. Due in part to the language instruction he'd received at Bard, Szilagyi excelled at his studies in college. He obtained a master's degree in physics in only six semesters, working through breaks, and often taking as many as 46 credits in a semester.

The weekend's reunion was by turns joyful and sorrowful. Seeing old friends and learning of their great accomplishments also dredged up old memories from the revolution. But above all, it was a weekend of thankfulness and love. For the Hungarian refugees, Bard's three-month program meant a foreseeable future in a strange land, illustrating the profound influence a few people can have in alleviating the pain of others. Szilagyi expressed the common sentiment eloquently: "I'm eternally grateful to Bard for giving us a home."

Editors **michaelBROWN fionaCOOK**
graceDWYER mekkoHARJO justinLEIGH
genevieveLYNCH rachelMEADE
michaelNEWTON elviaPYBURN-WILK tedQUINLAN
Contributors **frankBRANCELY edHALL**
joeyLEE jasonMASTBAUM jesseMYSERSON
mischaNACHTIGAL stephenTREMAINE
noahWESTON andrewWORTHINGTON
tannerVEA

Media Concerns Tackled at Conference

By **Tanner Ve**a

An estimated 3,500 media professionals and activists gathered in Memphis, Tennessee for the third National Conference for Media Reform, hosted by Free Press the weekend of January 12. Attendees cited a diverse set of concerns regarding the state of American media and democracy. Issues included corporate consolidation, Internet neutrality, and the mainstream media's complicity in the Iraq war. The conference's placement on the weekend leading up to the celebration of Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday and in the city of his death, proved to be more than coincidental.

Setting a tone of empowerment and hope with his opening address on the first day of the conference, the award-winning TV journalist Bill Moyers suggested that corporate consolidation and government deregulation are bringing our country's media system under the rule of "the plantation mentality," in which everything is seen as a resource to be exploited and monetized.

Moyers described a media system controlled by powerful elites, set on using their power to enforce a pecking order desirable only to them. "What does today's media system mean for the notion of an informed public cherished by democratic theory?" he asked the crowd, packed to the walls inside the Memphis Cook Convention

Center. "Quite literally, it means that virtually everything the average person sees or hears, outside of her own personal communications, is determined by the interests of private, unaccountable executives and investors whose primary goal is increasing profits and raising the share prices. More insidiously, this small group of elites determines what ordinary people do not see or hear. In-depth coverage of anything, let alone the problems real people face day-to-day, is as scarce as sex, violence and voyeurism are pervasive."

Moyers called on conference attendees to support local and independent media sources, as well as to urge the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) to stop deregulation. "If we lose the future now, we'll never get it back," he said. Laying the rhetoric on thick, Moyers compared the media reform movement to the struggle of black slaves on a southern plantation. It seemed that no one in the mostly white audience found the comparison problematic, and Moyers received an explosive standing ovation as he left the stage amid a storm of bloggers' camera flashes.

Among the other notable personalities giving speeches at the conference were Rev. Jesse Jackson; Senator Bernie Sanders of Vermont; Congressmen Dennis Kucinich of Ohio and Ed Markey of Massachusetts; FCC Commissioners Michael Copps and Jonathan Adelstein; actors

Jane Fonda, Danny Glover, and Geena Davis; and journalists Amy Goodman of Democracy Now! and Helen Thomas.

Attendees spent the three days of the conference attending panel discussions on topics such as "Saving the Internet," "Diversity in Media Content and Representation," "Citizen Journalism: Making an Impact in the New Media Environment," and "Faith Communities & Media Reform." Panelists included people from the mainstream media and politics, as well as bloggers, independent media owners, and nonprofit groups from around the country. At one point, attendees gathered into "regional caucuses" to discuss the opportunities for activism in their local communities.

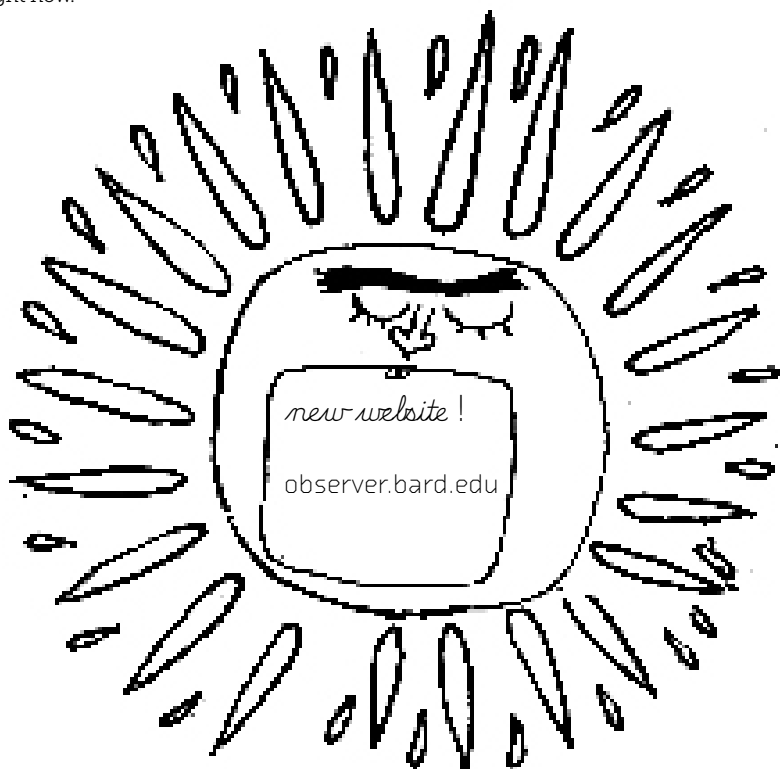
The technical setup at the conference put the rhetoric of "the movement" into action. Free Press installed its own temporary wi-fi network for the weekend and made audio and video recordings and transcripts of many conference events available online, emphasizing the relative ease with which media tools could be used to further the organization's political goals. During a glitzy evening event, emcee Robert McChesney of Free Press informed the crowd that "hundreds more of us are streaming online right now."

Despite the image of growing momentum suggested by conference speakers and organizers, media reform activists face a number of upcoming hurdles. For example, Congress adjourned at the end of 2006 without passing a new telecom bill, which means a new one must be drafted in 2007. Media reform organizers warn that important issues that ride on this legislation, such as consumer protection and the future of public access, are still up in the air. Additionally, just this month politicians in both Maine and Maryland have introduced legislation on the topic of Net Neutrality.

On the Net:

- Conference Website, Includes Media from the Conference: <http://www.freepress.net/conference>
- Save the Internet: <http://www.savetheinternet.com>
- FCC Website: <http://www.fcc.gov>

Tanner Vea attended the National Conference on Media Reform as part of his senior project research on internet news, interactivity, and democracy.







Your Club Shouldn't Get Money

No, Really, It Shouldn't

By Noah Weston

As a member of the Planning Committee, the branch of student government that distributes the semester's budget, I've noticed a recurring misconception that requires a little clarification. It appears that several students fail to understand the purpose of the Convocation Fund, the sum of our student activity fees. Let me make it explicit for everyone who may still be foggy on this: the Convocation Fund ought to pay for endeavors which serve as broad a community interest as possible without diluting the distinct character of specific projects. By no means is it simply an excuse to not spend your own disposable income on whatever you do with yourself and your friends on a regular basis.

What does this mean for clubs, then? First, folks that just eat together and watch movies merit considerably less of the Convocation Fund unless they provide an enduring, regular social benefit to a large group of students, a fixture that would be exceptionally harder to sustain without assistance. All too frequently, the Planning Committee weathers a lot of huffing and puffing

from students indignant over not receiving \$500 to eat fancy desserts or "anything better than Kline food." Though I cannot speak for the rest of the Committee, I take enormous offense at the notion that gourmet dining, a luxury no matter how you dice it, should get a dime of the Student Convocation Fund. Granted, there are exceptions, such as religious meals and large-scale events such as culturally educational food festivals, but if your club consists of nothing more than six people and a bomb ass crème brûlée recipe, dip into your own pockets, not the student body's.

My frustration with the small, but significant measure of frivolous budgets does not lie merely with the frivolity itself, but how starkly it deviates from Bard's dedication to social justice and the enlivened mind. Every club could pour its energies into continuing a history of activities that either search for relief for the world's ills or make life as it is more interesting, more fun for those at Bard. When we choose instead to spend money on disposable, consumptive trifles that nobody will remember the next month, it's a shame and a sin. As Clifford Smith once said, "Cash rules everything around

me,” and we cannot afford as a community to practically eat and excrete our money.

I don't mean to knock the merits of nourishment and digestion, but instead put an emphasis on the enduring as opposed to the brief, the transformative instead of the humdrum. This dichotomy extends way past food, mind you, into the realm of film showings, parties, and even small handicrafts. Every event we hold here makes some meaningful inflection on campus life, leaving its participants with something they can cherish or appreciate later. In this regard, the unique brevity of the college experience pushes us into a corner, yet at the same time, we will rarely enjoy this kind of closeness with others and potential to do some wildly fresh shit. This is a period in our lives for boldness, so go big or go to Marist.

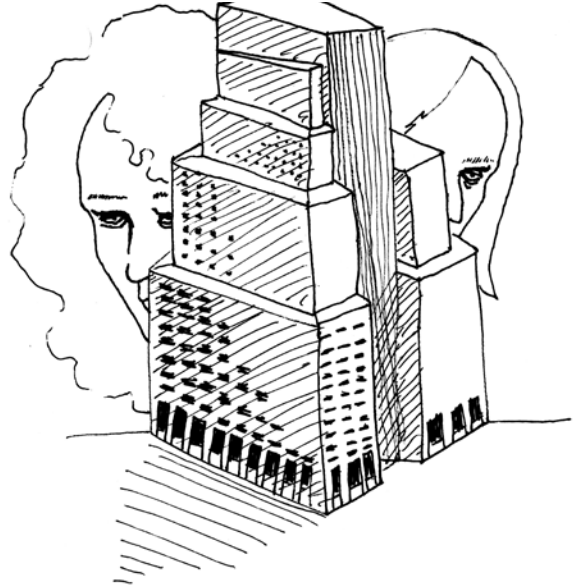
If I've come off as crotchety, or worse, condescending, then I apologize. But the school I came to was a defiant, loud place that strove for beautiful things, and when it couldn't change the world, it made fun of it with utter brilliance. I just want people to do whatever they can to sustain that tradition. It's a part of Bard I can say is unquestionably worth keeping. We will find difficulty in doing so, however, if we give priority to expenditures that are, well, lame. And while everyone has the right to indulge in something that most people perceive as bereft of merit, we need to collectively accept that funding clubs of narrow or ephemeral benefit to the school only results in a more boring, more trivial campus experience. And I ain't fuckin' with that. It's corny.



Submit to Verse Noire!

Verse Noire is looking for your fiction, non-fiction, poetry, visual art, essays, and just about anything you can fit on a page. All you have to do is send your work in an email to do versenoire@bard.edu. We look forward to reading/seeing it!

Deadline: March 15th



REPORT ON NEW ORLEANS

BY STEPHEN TREMAINE

It's hard to tell whether or not New Orleans is still alive. One could make a compelling argument that it's been dead for nearly a year now, doubled-over and stiff in the Gulf like a dead person unnoticed on the street.

That argument would go something like this: a year ago, the local government put to rest any notion that certain flooded areas of New Orleans would be turned back into swampland and that the city would return three or four neighborhoods smaller. Original citywide plans designating neighborhoods like the Lower Ninth Ward, Broadmoor, and others as future parks and greenspace were left on the shelf. As a result, anybody can rebuild in any neighborhood they want to across the entire city. Today, New Orleanians are resettling a vastly spread out area; many returning families represent the only functioning household on their block.

The problem is this: to provide water, electricity, telephone, sewerage, roads, police, etc. to that one house, the city has to pay to power the whole block -and yet City Hall (broke four times over from the cost of rebuilding their own facilities) only gets tax revenues from the one house. Into this impossible formula, consider the costs of re-opening and operating schools and social services. And new, multi-billion dollar levees to protect each of the city's 73 neighborhoods.

That leaves desperate needs like affordable public housing and hospitals unaccounted for.

The storm left the government of New Orleans with two clear options: allow

the entire city to be repopulated at the will of the market, or select certain heavily damaged neighborhoods for demolition. There are clear arguments against the latter (peoples' hard-earned private property shouldn't be messed with.) Both options, however, seen realistically, are frightening.

Among other urgent remedies, it would take a sizable contribution from the White House to pull the city out of this macabre financial situation. And yet the President, as though offering final proof of the irreparable goneness of New Orleans, did not mention the city once in his recent State of the Union Address. Not even an epigram.

Meanwhile, New Orleanians watch, huddled in their plastic FEMA trailers, as the national government spends a shit-load of money in a last-ditch effort to make Baghdad look like the Lower Ninth Ward.

The prospects are clear: property values drop drastically in flooded parts of town, and those that can't afford to rebuild at such a great financial loss will be priced out of their neighborhoods; the Department of Housing and Urban Development will continue to stall and squabble over the five contested public housing projects (St. Bernard, Iberville, Lafitte, Magnolia, and B. W. Cooper, totalling nearly 10,000 units of housing, and all of them indefinitely shut down since the storm) until the strain on their past residents is too great and they leave for Houston or Atlanta or Dallas permanently. All the while, bids from developers continue to pour in for the land the housing projects are built on (much

of it just blocks from the French Quarter) until eventually the city, desperate for some financial lifeline, announces the development of a theme park/hotel resort/golf course, and the streets that once housed the Magnolia projects are lit up from all sides by neon signs: Satchmo Town!, Jazzy Golf!, etc. And suddenly \$34 po-boys are dripping their fancy mayonnaise all over Rampart Street. I can't describe to you my fear of that nasty gumbo, that lumpy etouffe.

Meanwhile, well-intentioned volunteer groups continue to push all of their resources into destroyed neighborhoods that, it is becoming increasingly clear, will not come back. While their work gutting houses and bleaching mold is more than admirable, much of it serves to give community members in areas like the Lower Ninth Ward a false sense of hope; these groups address the damage that the storm left on people's homes, but they don't address the more pervasive and terrifying damage wrought on the city by gentrification and institutional racism.

Somber though it may be, that's a realistic assessment of where things stand in New Orleans today. Before continuing to discuss what can be done, it's important to acknowledge as explicitly as possible the scope and extent of the natural, social, and human devastation brought upon the city. When this doesn't happen, volunteer groups end up standing outside a gutted house, sweating, saying things like "One house at a time, we'll bring it back!" and slapping each other's backs knowingly like couples in therapy. Housing is great, but a house alone doesn't give a community member a say in the active and immediate reshaping of his or her neighborhood.

So many people, homes, and resources have been lost that the city can faithfully be considered dead, long past any point of miraculous and whole-sale rejuvenation into the New Orleans of old, with its oysters and its glaring inequities. Native son Lil' Wayne explains: "It's not back to normal cause it won't ever be. It's back to a way that nobody thought it would ever or could ever be back to."

New Orleans today is something

quite different, a new and awkward organism squawking for money. And it is being decided today who gets to be a part of it. Seen this way –as a newly-charted city with needs far beyond its means –the urgency of lending help is clear. There's fertile ground in the Gulf, but, if it's to be developed fairly, a lot of hard work is gonna have to happen very soon. There are countless community members in New Orleans today who are politically active, organized, know precisely what they want for their community, and know how to make it happen—they just need resources.

One person with a free week can help out in lasting and significant ways, without ever lifting a sledgehammer. One could tally needs in an out-of-the-way neighborhood and give the info to volunteer groups active in the city, document a flooded school or community center and help the owner compile data into a grant application, or help a neighborhood association determine who's back and what their needs are by going door to door.

You don't even have to go down South. Just share project ideas with a friend at another college, urge your own college to commit itself institutionally, or put together an independent study in which you help a neighborhood group with their research. Last year, Bard students working in Henderson in their spare time compiled a list of functional relief and volunteer organizations, letting community members know who to call to get their home remediated for free, what employment offices were open, etc. It was the most up-to-date and comprehensive list available at the time. They distributed thousands of the pamphlets through the mail to the major supply distribution centers across New Orleans. Nobody is incapable of contributing.

It's been eighteen months since the storm, and most New Orleanians are forced to face its aftermath everyday; to drive past houses torn off their foundations and thrown across the street, past hollowed-out neighborhoods in which food and water are scarce at best. Without the immediate attention and care of the rest of the country, that "aftermath" will soon become a way of life.

Letters to the Editor

February 16, 2007

Dear Observer,

Readers interested in making their voices heard in opposition to the Iraq war are invited to join the Mid-Hudson peace contingent taking charter buses to Washington the morning of Saturday, March 17, to join the march and rally at the Pentagon, returning at night.

Speakers at the rally include Cindy Sheehan, former Attorney General Ramsey Clark and many other leaders of the campaign to end this war. This event will also mark the 40th anniversary since the historic Pentagon peace rally in 1967.

Buses will be leaving from New Paltz, Kingston and Poughkeepsie, organized by the Hudson Valley Activist Newsletter, which has been sponsoring buses to these events for years. The roundtrip is \$50, with discounts for people of low income. For reservations, email jacdon@earthlink.net or call (845) 255-5779, providing your name, town, email address, telephone number and one of the three boarding options. Then make out a check to Newsletter and mail to H.V. Activist Newsletter, P.O. Box 662, New Paltz, NY 12561.

The buses will be filling up fast so we urge people wishing to travel with us to make reservations before all the seats are taken.

From,

Jack A. Smith - Hudson Valley Activist Newsletter, New Paltz

February 6, 2007

Dear Observerver,

Molinaro's first significant act as Assemblyman in Red Hook has been to cross a line that separates our school district from local politics. It is deplorable that this engineered event

took place in our publicly funded school where a firewall should stand between students' education and campaigning.

The focus of the "send-off" event lifted it away from the typical school assembly where a politician might visit a school or class to explain an issue. That would be justifiably educational. But in this assembly, the theme was not any issue or civic topic - it was Molinaro. What is the educational value of a "send-off"?

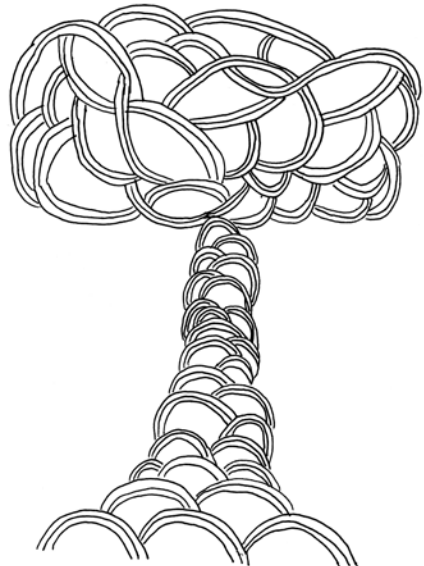
The assembly at Red Hook High was political. At least four members of Molinaro's party were recognized. Amid the pomp of a color guard, a swearing-in and a video "roast", Molinaro exhorted the students to vote; they will be more likely to vote for him. After all, no alternative candidates or even alternative party were visible!

No one would argue that it's nice to celebrate accomplishments and hard work. A send-off or recognition ceremony at the club or private location is perfectly reasonable where one could choose to go or not. But this school assembly was mandatory for the students. They were a captive audience.

The students had just finished weeks cramming for midterms and were not fooled by the pretense that this was an innocent civic lesson; their judgments were "What a waste of time" and "this was just a publicity stunt".

From,

Vicky Perry - Red Hook, NY





Art of Glass

By Jason Mastbaum (interviewing **Jesse Kohl**)

I'd like to introduce you to my friend Jesse Kohl, who will be graduating at the end of this semester. His senior project is the culmination of a lifelong interest in the art of glassblowing.

How did you get involved with glassblowing?

As a child I collected glass bottles and other little glass art curiosities. I was always captivated by how the colors and forms were achieved. My parents also collected glass art. We had several family friends who were glassblowers, but none of them had an operational studio.

When I was in middle school I attended a small private school called Arbor School of Arts and Sciences in Tualatin, Oregon. Arbor had what they called a senior project in which we spent a year working with a mentor in a field of our chosen interest. I found out that one of the kindergartener's fathers, by the name of Paul Trautman, Jr., was a glassblower and owned a company called Northstar Glassworks. I spent the year with Mr. Trautman studying not only glassblowing, but also the art of manufacturing colored glass.

Throughout High School I continued to blow glass and practiced diligently. This has paid off greatly—glass has been a continued source of enjoyment and relaxation. My work is currently represented in galleries nationwide and I regularly teach glass seminars around the US.

What are you doing for your senior project at Bard?

Ever since 8th grade glass has been a primary focus for me. Throughout high school and subsequent years I have worked for companies that produce colored glasses and other technical products. One color that captured my fascination was a borosilicate glass that contained silver and germanium. These silver/germanium glasses can produce a wide array of colors nearly completing the ROYGBIV spectrum. The resultant color can be controlled by how long the glass is worked and in what type of environment it is heated. This process is analogous to developing a black and white photograph. The longer the plate is exposed to light the more colloidal silver forms. This glass allows the artist to shade and produce a fascinating gradient of color within a single work. This specific type of glass is referred to as

thermochromic glass and was developed by my second glassblowing teacher, Suellen Fowler. The chemical mechanism of how this color is generated has never been fully explored, nor well understood. Many people have speculated as to what gives the glass its ability to generate this color, but no comprehensive study has been made.

Because Bard lacks the equipment to solve this problem analytically, I turned to my contacts at Corning Incorporated. Corning generously allowed me to utilize their lab to explore this unique glass. So last semester I spent two days a week up in the lab at Corning. This resulted in putting nearly 10,000 miles on my tired 1986 Volvo. The data yielded was overwhelmingly positive. It was found that a unique redox reaction previously unknown takes place in these glasses. The results will be published in a peer-reviewed journal.

What was the coolest thing you saw at Corning?

I couldn't tell you; what I saw where I worked was classified.

What other hobbies do you have besides glassblowing?

I started playing violin when I was five years old, and I've continued to enjoy making music. I also like collecting antique toys, fountain pens, and other items that take up space. In addition, I restore theatre organs and sixties and seventies muscle cars. Yes, classic car restoration is my one juvenile vice!

What kind of cars?

My current project is a 1968 Firebird convertible.

I Googled you, and your name came up on the American Theatre Organ Society page.

The American Theatre Organ Society is an organization that was established for the preservation of theatre pipe organs. These instruments were installed in movie palaces in the late teens and early 20's, and were used to accompany silent films. They're one-man bands, and take up an incredible amount of space. I started working on them sometime in middle school, and have bought and restored a couple of them back in Oregon. Currently I serve on the New York Theatre Organ society board and have a small Wurlitzer of my own that I am working on.

What draws a person to theater organs?

There was a theater organ installed in the Organ Grinder Pizza Parlor back in Oregon. I was a regular from the age of three. I remember pointing up at the Wurlitzer and saying to my father, "I want one of those!" It is a sonic experience unlike any other and it is a contraption straight from Rube Goldberg's wildest fantasy.

You're from Oregon, right?

Yes indeed. I grew up in a small town called Forest Grove, out on a small farm. My family does not work the land but we had horses and all the accoutrements of country living.

Nothing fascinating to say about Forest Grove?

To be blunt, Forest Grove is a not what I would call a thriving metropolis nor is it a booming cultural hub. It is a very picturesque town, a nice place to live...but like the architecture, the people are frozen in the 1950's. My parents are both New York City transplants, and so for summer vacations we would make an annual pilgrimage to the East Coast. So growing up I had a pretty good conception of the outside world despite living where I did.

You took a year off, so you entered Bard back in 2002. What do you have to say about Bard as an “old Bard” person?

Yes, I entered Bard in 2002, went through three consecutive years, and then took a year off. During my year away I worked as the acting technical director of Northstar Glassworks. It was a valuable experience, but made me realize I needed to finish up school.

Now that I’m back, I feel like they’re putting a lot of emphasis on the science department. I only wish I was here long enough to have had class in the new building. The campus has gotten bigger, with a lot more people and additional buildings. In this period of great change my only fear is that the charm and intimacy of the school is not hampered. The most drastic difference I have noticed upon my return to Bard is the class size. Classes have gotten drastically larger!!!

When you have a school that grows at such a rapid pace, the infrastructure and bureaucracy must proportionally grow as well. In doing so I believe some of the freedoms and the relaxed campus environment that Bardians have traditionally enjoyed will be lost. I will say that one of the most the unique facets of this school that has not changed is having the opportunity to pursue one’s own interests and integrate it into their undergraduate academic career. How many colleges could I have waltzed into and had my own glassblowing studio on campus? Not too many, I suspect.

How did you get your own glass studio on campus?

The glassblowing studio was a combined effort of Ken Cooper, Mary Backlund, Leon Botstein, and the head of the physical plant here, John Gall.

What was your conversation with Leon like?

Our mutual interest in vintage pocket watches came up as a point of conversation. I intentionally wore my Hamilton 992B Railway special to see if he would make a comment! Other than that it was brief and to the point. He was a big help.

Did you try and work with the art department?

Yes, but the art department was surprisingly reticent to get involved with my glass. One of my few disappointments at Bard is my experience with the art department. I had hoped to set up a relationship with the art department, allowing students to utilize my knowledge of glass, but they coldly rebuffed the idea because they felt that glass was a craft and not an art. I feel that the art department puts an overly weighted emphasis on conceptual art and has very little respect for technical proficiency in any medium. I believe that if an idea is to be conveyed in a creative and aesthetically pleasing manner the artist doing so must possess both the conceptual background and technical proficiency to do so.

Where do you see yourself after Bard?

After Bard, hopefully I’ll have the motivation and grades to get myself into a PhD program in glass technology. A PhD is a ticket to more freedom and a better place in the job market; I think it could go in a lot of different directions. I’d be very happy in a research position at a company



Life Imitates Geeky Science Fiction

What this Means for the Future

By Dr. Mischa Nachtigal

Humans have survived thus far by constantly adapting and evolving to our environment. Ever since the invention of the wheel, man has worked to create devices that will assist and make the daily grind a little easier to bear. A lot of the progress we've made seems only logical: energy became portable, communication became mobile, information became concentrated, and so forth. But now that the computer-generated era has reached a ripe old age, creative technological expansion has never been more readily pursued. Computers, in our sense of the term, have been around since the forties, but seem only now to be hitting their developmental prime.

Throughout the history of computers, it has mostly been about us working on them. Man conforming to the machine. The interaction has been on a button-to-button basis. When the big bang that is the Internet originated, we began a process of networking that has allowed us to communicate with each other in quicker and easier ways. But even though great progress has been made, we're still letting the machine determine how this interaction takes place. The

time has come for machine to conform to man.

And it's happening. Just look at the iPhone as a baby step in that direction. Its touch screen requires no mouse, no keypad; it's all in the hands (well, the fingers more precisely). Not only that, but when you flip the iPhone from a vertical plane to a horizontal one, the iPhone registers that movement. This has served to decrease the distance between the user and the system's interface. In other words, the learning curve has been shortened, but it still exists. We're still subjecting ourselves to computer interfaces. The iPhone lets one interact more directly with the interface, but it does not replace it.

For a truly revolutionary interaction with a machine, check out Jefferson Han, the founder of Perceptive Pixel, and his interface-free multi-touch screen. Calling a machine interface-free is a bold claim because it suggests that the machine has perfect usability. Go to YouTube and type in "Minority Report for Real." It will bring up an image of Han showing off his pet project. For those of you who've seen Minority Report, try to remember that scene with Tom Cruise using a pair of gloves to operate a computer screen in front of him. He flips through hundreds of photo

frames searching for a face, all with a flick of his wrist. He can resize the images by dragging his fingers apart, and moving things effortlessly without clicking any buttons or typing anything in. Jefferson Han has created this computer, and you don't even need gloves for it. This time, it really is all in your hands.

The best part about Han's invention is that it is supposed to be an infinite touch screen, meaning you could put ten pairs of hands on it and the computer would register all points of contact. That's at least one hundred points of contact. Trying this with the iPhone could possibly cause an explosion. But comparison with the iPhone is inappropriate here; their functions might revolve around the same concept (user-interaction,) but in purpose they diverge. The iPhone seeks to be portable, whereas Han's touch screen boasts increased sensitivity but could require up to an entire wall for space.

It's an exciting time for the growth of computer technology. There are many companies that are trying to bend the barrier between man and machine, pursuing new technology to put the user above the interface, and maybe eventually reaching the point where there will be no learning curve. We already have Honda's Asimo humanoid robot to look forward to. Asimo not only retrieves a

newspaper, but it can respond to music and dance accordingly (you can check that out online as well). The potential ramifications of Aismo are huge: it's a working machine that learns and adapts to its environment all by itself. Hopefully, though, we're still several years away from needing Will Smith to go I, Robot on us and save our asses from killer machines.

Everything that we are starting to see produced, from the iPhone to the Nintendo Wii, is being designed with the theme of interaction in mind. But is this technological progression necessarily good for the evolution of mankind? The answer to that is a little ambiguous. For instance, the Apple web site demonstrates the iPhone using mapping abilities to find the simplest of things - a Starbucks in San Francisco. If you really need a phone to tell you where a Starbucks is and can't bear to walk the three blocks it would probably take to find one, then maybe there is something to worry about. Increased convenience is one thing, but replacing common sense with downright laziness is slightly terrifying. Either way, all this new technology is going to be pretty costly when it first comes out. For the moment, I'm just happy to wait and see what intriguing developments the future holds in store. As long as it's not killer robots. That would blow.

Graduating Seniors: Are you working too hard? Do you need some meaningful R&R?
By Eleanor Lake '70

Well, we hope you'll apply for the Bernstein Award for Leadership in Life Enhancement Research.

Jerry Bernstein was a fine student, who graduated from Bard in 1970, and later got his PHD in bio-chemistry. (He is on record as the inventor of Bean-O.)

Jerry also had the ability to enjoy himself, and knew the value of leisurely pursuits!

He died several years ago, and his friends wanted to set up a prize for a special, graduating senior - a good student, of course, but also someone who knows how to have a good time, and hasn't had one in awhile.

The prize will be something for this senior (YOU?), that is COMPLETELY selfish and frivolous. No tuition will be paid; no rent will be paid; no charity will be donated to in the winner's name.

No. If you apply for this award, it has to be for something pleasurable, just for YOU.

So, first, let us know about you - what is your major; what is your senior project; what symptoms do you have of working too hard?

Second- What is your heart's desire (in terms of this award)?

Shoot your email to EleanorLake@aol.com. The deadline for the initial application is April 1st (approximately), so get it in!

We will arrive at semifinalists; then we will establish the finalists. All finalists will have to present their case to an appreciative audience.

Award Requirements:

- You are a good student.
- You are an original.
- You are entertaining.
- You know how to have fun.
- You have been working too hard.




photo by edHALL

BPM MUST STAND FOR BIG PATHETIC MESS: MONOTONOUS, TEDIIOUS, DISGUSTULOUS

BY JESSE MYERSON AND NOAH WESTON

A CONCERT REVIEW IN
THREE PARAGRAPHS

ot since Tupac Shakur died has hip-hop suffered so grave an injury as it did Friday, February 9, when the members of BPM took the stage in the MPR. Their opener, Amateur Prose, it could be said, "fucked the stripes off the zebra," if that can be said at all. And it has been said. Say what you will. All's said that ends said. Edward Said. All the world's a said. Shit, we forgot we were writing a review. Ok, so: Amateur Prose was fucking zebras. Meanwhile, two retards conspired to ruin everyone's night with their clownish antics. These retards were Soul Khansenses and Lyricus, white and whiter. Fact: a BPM performance diminishes the likelihood of its audience members' having sex by 75%.

Paragraph two: Jesse bought a new fish recently. So did Trevor, and Trevor's fish died. What does it prove? That BPM will kill your fish in its sleep and then make a decorative pin out of it (see, too: Soul Khan's lapel). Fish death is also an apt metaphor for what BPM tried to do on Friday. But we don't make the

rules; the streets do. The streets love metaphors. And similes: like a fish, BPM tried to breach the surface of the water (which fish don't really do) and not suck for once, but like an even bolder fish, a Joe Lieberman of the sea, if you will, they kept on trying and failing. Luckily for BPM, the consequences of their failures don't involve the deaths of thousands of people, just one sleepy, sleepy fish—and the disappointment of hundreds.

To best describe the central flaw of the BPM show, I can only use one word: suckmobile. It's got a Korean air conditioner for an engine and spinning rims that spew Dr. Pepper and the Aaron Neville's smegma. I don't know much, but I know I don't love that. So how you love that? Not much. Edward Said. But back to the task at hand. Had BPM rapped less about things and more about things, we could have seen quite the show. They kept going on about blah blah blah oppression and blah blah blah I'm a great rapper blah blah, which is great if you like rap, which we don't. This is Bard, not Save the Last Dance.

Cooper and Dhavernas save "Breach" from melodrama

By Joey Lee

Oh boy, new boss. Boss is shifty and mean. Getting to know boss better; seeing him with his grandchildren. Boss has a heart of gold. Standard issue. The only real surprise in *Breach*, opening Friday, is the overwhelming degree to which even its supposed surprises are forced to conform to the Hollywood suspense/thriller plot mold. Every second of the film is a screaming, self-indulgent advertisement for its own, theoretically secret, payoff; the boss is responsible for the biggest security breach in American history. Bitch!

Eric O'Neill (Ryan Phillippe) is just starting out in the FBI with all of the accompanying naïve ambitions, when agent Kate Burroughs (Laura Linney) assigns him the task of tracking Agent Robert Hanssen (Chris Cooper). Kate tells Eric that he is to track Hanssen so the FBI can obtain evidence of, and convict him for, his perpetual sexual

deviancy. As a shared Catholicism between the two men is the initial bond that binds them the film assumes an air of delicious topicality. Surprisingly, Robert becomes a mentor for Eric, supplying words of wisdom about the inter-workings of the FBI. Shockingly, Robert and Eric's friendship has a stressful effect on the relationship between Eric and his ex-Protestant wife Juliana (Caroline Dhavernas). Unbelievably, Eric is distraught when Kate reveals to him that the FBI's motivations for busting his new boss run deeper than trifling sexual deviancy, but rather pertain to a deviancy infinitely more disturbing; the treasonous action's Robert engendered by selling privileged information to the Russians for his entire career. At this point in the film there is an eloquent metaphysical pause in the action, as both Eric and by extension the audience are forced to realize the consequences of finally having heard all the explication: there is going to be what feels like an incredibly long,

tediously titillating, time until this all ends.

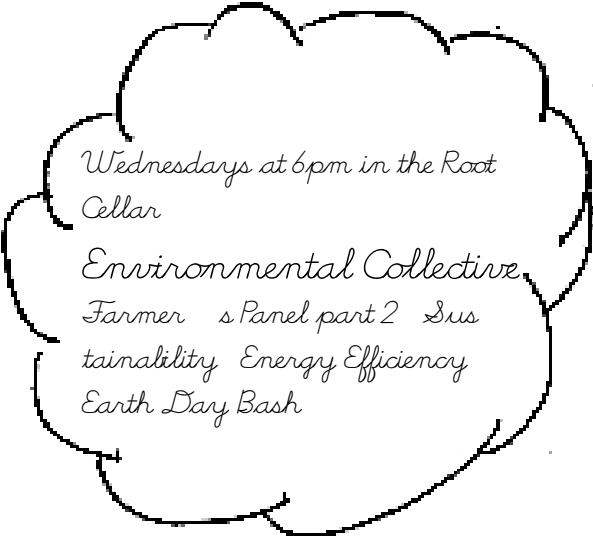
Can Eric do it? Does he have the climactic chutzpas necessary to both the FBI and this film, to listen to the whispers of a close friend, the whispers of a father figure, and with snow and gasoline fires illuminating the night, calmly pull the trigger of his S&W Model 459 Standard Issue pistol and send a Standard Issue 9 X 19mm Silvertip bullet, ammunition stock which can penetrate a car door at twenty feet, into that treacherous brain pan, an action likely to loose a sphincter, throw brain matter back into the assassins own face and coagulate beautifully in the crisp snow.

There's no doubt that Breach, based on a true story, has what could be kindly deemed a compelling plot. However, the real surprise of the film is relative newcomer Caroline Dhavernas as Juliana, in the wifely role. Yes, of course Chris Cooper is amazing, he has far and away the most complex role in the film. What Dhavernas does is equally impressive because she takes a typical role, with so much potential to fall flat, and shines. Her eyes emote vulnerability and strength at the same time. When Eric and Juliana fight, we're most concerned with Juliana. Considering Eric is the main character of the film that's impressive.

The greatest weakness of Breach is that Robert is so much more interesting than the bland Eric. Ryan Phillippe plays it straight and predictable. Conversely, Chris Cooper surprises us at every turn with his toughness, with his will, with his dedication, and with his sadness. It's the kind of performance in which vulnerability becomes shocking, eliciting the noises of sympathy viewers momentarily do not recognize as their own. Eric is a character that the viewer observes; Robert is a character that the viewer has a relationship with.

There is a nice bit involving Eric and his dad. Eric is contemplating quitting the FBI and his father encourages him to stay and serve his country! This scene succeeds by engaging the audience in a dialogue with their own personal feelings about Justice. Like most films, scenes wrought of ambiguity are the strongest in Breach. Unfortunately, like most movies, there are not many of those moments. The film never escapes the onus of its Hollywood genesis, never makes real the history it purports to base itself on. The exception to this is Chris Cooper's stellar performance, which succeeds in validating the millions of dollars spent making and advertising this movie.

Oh, one more thing. Be warned, it starts a little slow.



*Wednesdays at 6pm in the Root
Cellar*

*Environmental Collective
Farmer s Panel part 2 Sus
tainability Energy Efficiency
Earth Day Bash*

**Volunteer to Help Tutor in
Germantown**

**Get Valuable Teaching Experi-
ence Working with 7th, 8th, and
9th Graders while Helping the
Community**

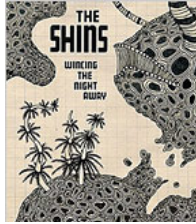
**Contact sg222@bard.edu, or meet
at Kline parking lot on Thurs-
days at 2:30 to visit the school and
work with the kids. Transporta-
tion provided.**

Music Reviews

The Shins

Wincing The Night Away

No matter what Natalie Portman says, the new Shins will not be changing anyone's life. The Shins two prior releases, *Chutes Too Narrow* and *Oh, Inverted World*, each resounded with rather raw, yet starkly superficial and overtly blissful acoustic-driven songs, signaling a triumph for quirky art freaks. But, alas, the Shins' latest release, *Wincing The Night Away*, bears the two obvious signs of a band in decline: a failed attempt to "change with the times" (or perhaps the failure is that the attempt was made) and a noticeably lower strength in songwriting. The new album presents bandleader James Mercer struggling to capture the tune-writing skills of past years. Meanwhile, the production is much more overdone and confused, though not quite as overdone and confused as the "progress" in musical direction, which veers away from pop and rock towards the abstract, ambient, and post-rock movements. My favorite track was "Phantom Limb", which is the most lyrically interesting as well as one of the most musically innovative tracks, as it features a cool synth sound, but it does not send a chill up your spine like some of the best songs on the old albums. The opening piece, "Sleeping Lessons" is solid, I guess, but it does not burst with the euphoric happiness that can be seen in the opening tracks to the other two albums; this song builds slowly and the plateau it builds to is not really that high. Such is the same with the rest of the album, as the Shins deliver a work that gives a noble effort but simply lacks that magic of the past.



LCD Soundsystem

Sounds Of Silver

The songs are still a little too long, the overflow of electronic instrumentation still causes headaches to swell, the vocals still consist of one dude talk-singing along with an erotically fused chorus, and LCD Soundsystem is still succeeding in making brilliantly cliché European electronic dance music that any one of the Ramones could learn to love. When I first heard LCD Soundsystem I was amazed at how the artist was able to fuse a very smart and advanced punk attitude and song structure with Euro dance beats. This time around, I was more enthralled by the improved song writing skills; the groundbreaking, genre-bending feel of before no longer resonates. The songs appear to be catchier, but just as punk is hard to change in sound unless progress is made away from punk, so seems to be the case for dance-punk. "North American Scum" is one of the most melodic songs on the album, but one could argue that the song, at least the musical element, is just a more subdued rip-off of "Daft Punk Is Playing At My House" from the band's previous self-titled debut. Also, I can't find any one track that I like more than my two favorite songs from their first CD: "Tribulations" and "Never As Tired As When I'm Waking Up." The dance influence is still overwhelming, especially on songs like "Get Innocuous," but overall there is a greater presence of rock and roll; the guitar at times becoming an almost glorified participant, as if one was listening to Yngwie Malmsteen. To conclude, you may want to go out and buy if you have 14 dollars to waste on an album, but this new release is one you should definitely download.



-Andrew Worthington



The Arcade Fire-*Neon Bible*

The Arcade Fire's new album, *Neon Bible*, though yet to be released, has fallen into the hands of internet users all around this great nation. That which the band has worked so hard to create has been beamed directly into the grease and Red Alert-covered computers of America's hunched youth. I'll admit, I took the bait. I got myself a copy because I just could not wait. But before the record company bigwigs send out their police squad to nail my hands to a silicon cross, let me just say that there is no way I could not buy this album when it comes out. I do not say this because I want to save face or pledge my commitment to new, original music. No, I say this because for the first time I actually do not want to be held responsible for any hardship Arcade Fire would undergo because of poor record sales. I do not want to implicate myself in the ruination of something great at the hands of the profit-meisters at Merge. I believe in the Arcade Fire, and the *Neon Bible*.

Let me start by saying a few things about why I like this album on a purely musical level. Sure, *Neon Bible* has some great "riffs" and the such. Sure, it has that old Arcade Fire intensity that keeps you going after a long day. However, there is something new here. Or old, however you want to put it. The songs on the album elicit a response that is hard to quantify. Is it the precursor to a new age of songwriting, or is it a way to look into the past? When I say the past, I do not mean it in a definite way; I do not mean the way we try to place the past in terms of dates and movements and events. No, I mean the past in terms of a nebulous amalgamation of indefinite memories and emotional responses. The music presented on *Neon Bible* picks at what one knows and has experienced and places it in the context of the present simply

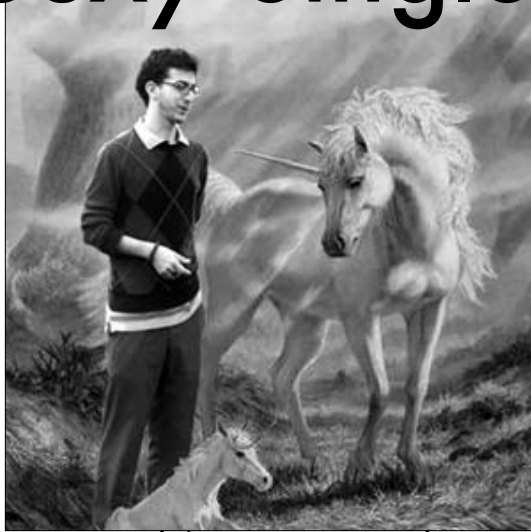
by existing in the present. *Neon Bible* never seems to ask the listener to forget everything they know and experience the music as something new. It is not "fresh." That fact is enough to make me committed to *Neon Bible*.

After *Funeral*, the band had a choice. They could have easily pursued the style of the album's more fast-paced, exciting songs, and they would have probably been fine. However, *Neon Bible* presents a direction that I don't think many people expected after *Funeral*. The Arcade Fire has chosen to make music with a message. They have gone down the slippery slope of preachy music. The songs on *Neon Bible* tell of people sick of the way things are; people who no longer want to passively let the world go to hell around them. Though at times it is so blatant what they are trying to say, the real value of this album is that the message never actually feels forced; it feels genuine.

On the website for album there is a video of a masked man claiming to be the Juno award winning guitarist of the Arcade Fire. He is sitting in a directors chair and asking if the viewer wants music that makes them feel how music used to make them feel. This inquiry is not an attempt to conjure up the ghosts of music past, but rather serves to remind people that music can perform a very important function; it can elicit from the listener emotional memories that are not tied to anything specific. The Arcade Fire, with *Neon Bible*, is aware of this and uses this power to connect our pasts with the present in a way music rarely does now. Songs about dissatisfaction and disconnection are saved from seeming petty or sounding like complaining simply because the music itself is so concerned with making the listener accept that what is being said is genuine.

It is difficult to say how thoroughly *Neon Bible* will affect people. It is easy to just listen to it an enjoy it as "good" music. However, there really is something else there. That something else is what makes this album truly great. The discovery of this something else is why *Neon Bible* is so strong. There is so little music today that allows the listener to understand the people making the music as much as the Arcade Fire's *Neon Bible*.

Sexy Singles



By Fiona Cook (interviewing Noah Weston)

Q&A Begin:

1. What is your year?

I am a senior.

2. What is your lovin' style?

A Walk to Remember

3. What do you think of Carl Kranz?

I would take a bullet for Carl, as long as it safely passed through me and lodged in his heart. So, in short, I don't mind him.

4. Favorite love jam?

Sam Cooke's "That's Where It's At." If this is a problem for a woman, then we may be playing board games instead, but not even good ones. I'm talking about stupidly themed Monopoly where you buy different state birds or civil war battle sites.

5. Where is the most magical place you did the dirty?

The roof of my first-year dorm. It was beautiful until I realized that anyone could see us from the third floor of Tewksbury.

6. Junk in the trunk? Or bonkin' boobies?

I feel disgusted by such objectification. That said, I'm going with datass, which is coincidentally my own state bird.

7. Are you Jewish?

Yes. Once, a Hebrew school teacher told me that assimilation was a horrible plague to the integrity of the Jewish people. Looking around at the obnoxious she-beasts in my class, I was all for betraying the tribe. But maybe that's just a complication of looking for girls in a synagogue, which is scarcely

SEX COLUMN

Greetings, fuckers.

The observer sex column has not received a single question in over a month, so I guess that means you know everything about getting off, licking clit, sucking balls, anal beads, fisting, bend over boyfriends, G spot orgasms, orgy etiquette...everything. I'm shocked, I'm proud, and I'm just a little skeptical, but it is my BIRTHDAY, and today, I'm going to get up on my little pulpit and preach to every one of you about what I believe is the most essential element in a healthy, happy, sexual engagement. On my birthday I am writing to tell you all about the import and wonder of lubricant—creamy, oily, slippery lube—where to get it, when to use it, and what type best suits your particular fucking needs. Ready? Let's do it!

One of the only reasons that condoms (properly applied) tend to malfunction is too much friction, which can be read as NOT ENOUGH LUBE. You might be sitting there in your rocking chair knitting a hat thinking "but I only needs my natural stuff...if I ain't makin' it, my body ain't into it...". This is a sad, sad lie. Your body does what it can, but dehydration, hormonal cycles, and medications (such as oral contraceptives) are among many factors that can contribute to a frustratingly dry vagina. Of course, it is always a good idea to allow your partner to work until you are good and ready to fuck, but if you're looking and feeling open and ready (deeper pink than before you were turned on, a little puffer than before, welcomingly "open" at the vaginal opening, and mentally/emotionally ready for that finger, dildo, dick, vibrator...) and still dry as you typically are during a Botstein lecture about Mendelsohn, it is time for lube!!! Don't be embarrassed! Lube makes sex better for everyone involved! It can be bought online in privacy, or anonymously ordered from the dimestore! It can be found at Hannaford, CVS or any sex toy store. It can be used by groups, partnerships, or masturbators. And it comes in soooo many varieties! Are you ready to explore them with me? Again, let's DO IT!!!

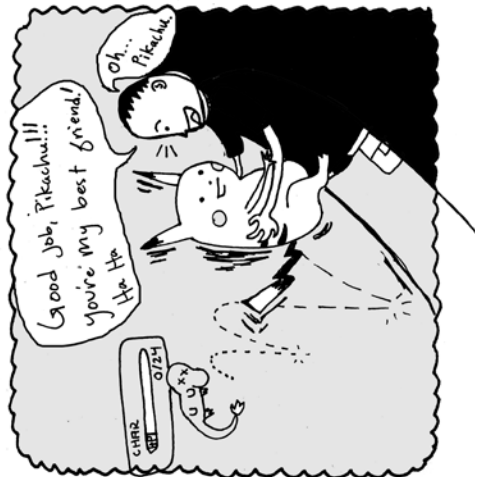
Water based lubricant: This type of lube is the most multipurpose lube. It can be used with condoms, it can be used with all

of your sex toys, it can be ingested, it can be used inside of the vagina, it can be used for anal sex, it can be used for hand jobs...there's really nothing you can't do with this lube. There are many brands that make water based lubricant—we like Sliquid H2O and Babelube (by Babeland). Both of these lubricants are glycerin free (which means they are not likely to contribute to yeast infections) and they are long lasting. When engaging in anal sex it is ALWAYS essential to use a good lubricant. As you may know, the anus is not self-lubricating, and anal sex without lubricant is a hugely dangerous drag. For anal sex we would recommend Lucky brand lubricant, as it is creamy and thick for added "padding" and it is also long lasting, and does not become sticky as it dries up.

Silicone lubricant: This type of lube is safe to use with condoms, but NOT SAFE to use with your silicone sex toys (the lube will cause your toys to disintegrate, and bits can get lodged in your orifices.) It is typically smoother and even longer lasting than water based lubricant, and it is also water proof, which makes it a great choice for shower play. It is worth mentioning that silicone does, in some brands of lubricant, taste quite bitter, and is thus not recommended for oral sex, although it would not be dangerous to ingest. Some brands we like are: Eros Bodyglide and Pink Lube (which also happens to be adorably packaged).

Oil based lubricant: Stay away from oil based lubricant for anything other than male solo masturbation. It is NOT safe to use with condoms (as it destroys latex and causes condoms to break) and it is typically not safe to use internally (for anal or vaginal sex.) For hand jobs and masturbation, if you are looking for a nice alternative to Vaseline or hand lotion, we would recommend Boybutter brand lube, but we recommend it for nothing else.

If you are ready now to buy yourself some lube, get to a computer and go to Babeland.com. Everything mentioned in this article can be ordered from that site, and it comes in discreet packaging. I hope this has been helpful—happy fucking!



Middle School
By Mekko Harjo

...secretaries in history of iraq...agreement brown burial...the adult children and his rae hynie had been browns dec 25 death lay him to rest... kept confidential... elevated...continuous fox news...fox news moore fed appeals dismissal of libel suit filmmaker michael oklahoma city bombing Nichols claimed he was



for his handling reached on james late soul singers partner tomie battling since over where to location is being terror alert live coverage on ticker...score for court upholds filed against liberal moore...brother of conspirator Terry defamed in moores

2002 film 'BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE'... some dem lawmakers urge defense secy robert gates to respond to reports of poor treatment and conditions for injured troops at walter reed army med center...white house says pres bush is concerned about the report, which appeared...

...AS THE NEWS TICKER AND THE VIDEO SEGMENT...

...slide over each other in the back alley of fox news network, each only hot in the grip of the other the quick dirty flash of realization that contexts lock in coitus...cockpits now regular fracture tears porno mag up into explosions snow fall out of sky onto sand...that people continually saw...teeth flashing, smith smiles down into the stroller, out of which stare eyes made of plastic... a babies growth inside her that she regressed towards to meet more quickly on its own terms...wall street journal calls her symbolic of america...covering her and her 'possibly phantom will', the news becomes anna nicole smith...a situation she perhaps was the mastermind of...recognized in her face a mask to be worn to cover itself...when bodily movements become symbolic acts...the language of her actions became the language of those discussing them...the point every (performance) artist aspires...as the fire grows in the dirt circle of eulogy, empty bottles leak through hair thin cracks the booze each one of the boys is made brave by...before jumping the fire with flair, shirts come off and disappear into the brush...and even the quiet ones hooting and slapping ass after awhile, worry about collecting booze money for the guy who bought it in the morning...bills never paid, forgotten with good cheer... Smith dies at age 39 in the Bahamas...and next blithe segment the war... a perfect critical commentary...news validated as news the video that remade media...fulfills every requirement of performance art...so what if not intentionally...editors and photographers consciously chose how she would be represented...choosing between two photos as smoke wafts across linoleum tile print...writers sweating out the specific words to be used about her, little dangling pearls...and the readers who responded the way they did...country and culture...a perfect machine...pooling oil and tightening screws...gears sliding in tension to turn each other over...over and over...art it takes a whole society to produce...smith on the news wearing clown makeup and pushing a fake baby in a stroller as the white columns in the background fairly begin to drip the moonshine as shes racing all the televised iterations of her life out into vast black...LONG LIVE THE NEW FLESH

[TO SEE VIDEO GO TO YOUTUBE AND SEARCH [ANNA NICOLE CLOWN]]

