Vol. 8 No. 8 February 23, 1998

Page 1 Campus Tank Leaks 5,000-7,000 Gallons of Fuel
- Extent of wetlands contamination still unknown; questions remain concerning the fall '97 spill
  Amy Foster
- Spring Budget Forum Favors Jell-O Over Political Correctness
  Jell-O Appreciation Society wins $100 in All-out Brawl
  Anna-Rose Mathieson
- Students, Professors Help Stage Protest Against Dutchess County Hospital Merger
  Michael Haggerty and Amanda Deutsch

Page 2 News Briefs
- Bard/Mid-Hudson Sister Cities Project Clothing Drive
  Stephanie Schneider
- What Kind of Conference is This? [Student Environmental Action Coalition]
  Andrea Davis
- Candlelight Vigil [Iraq]
  Andrea Davis

Page 3 Rock City Oil Spill
- Story by Amy Foster; Reporting by Karin Bolander of The Red Hook Gazette

Page 4 In Memoriam
- Seth Harry Goldfine
- A Law for the Lion, Another for the Lamb
  Professors Joel Kovel and James Chace discuss Iraq situation in Forum
  Jeremy Dillahunt

Page 6 Exploring the Frontiers between Life/Death, Perfection/Imperfection
- Michner first photographer in spring lecture series
  Stephanie Schneider
- Restaurant Review
  Go for the Gold at the Golden Ginsa Restaurant
  Roundout spot worth travel rigmarole
  Stephanie Schneider

Page 7 Records Reviews
- Destroy all Cultural Forms!
  Attempts No. 3,457
  Joel Hunt

Page 8 Upcoming Events

Page 9 Got a But o’ Time to Kill? Travis Roy’s Novel Eleven Seconds is the Hatchet/Hockey Sticks
- Turnout at Hospital Merger Silent Protest Insufficient
  Amanda Deutsch

Page 10 Erotic Obsessions
- No “You Go, Girl”
  Columnist thwarted in attempt to expose Jenny Jones
  Leah Zanoni

Page 11 Buffer Than You Think: Stevenson Fitness Center May be Last Campus Stronghold of Masculinity
- Ami Copeland

Page 12 Letter to the Editors

Page 13 Classifieds

Page 14 Men’s Basketball Shows True Grit Against North Adams
- Unfortunately, it’s another rout
  Jeremy Dillahunt
- Bard Faces Defeat, Wormy Alumni in the Big Apple
  Chris Van Dyke and Dizana Oboler

Page 15 Women’s Basketball Wraps up the Season
- Team founders play last college game
- Late Night at the Lanes [Bowling]

Page 16 Bot-Man
- My Dinner With Bot-man
  Chris Van Dyke and John Holowach
News is whatever sells newspapers; The Bard Observer is free.

The Bard Observer

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NY, 12536  FEBRUARY 23, 1998  ISSUE 8, VOLUME 8

Campus Tank Leaks 5,000-7,000 Gallons of Fuel

Extent of wetlands contamination still unknown; questions remain concerning the fall '97 spill

By AMY POSTEL, Staff Writer

"Do you smell something?" "Where is it coming from?" Last November, several students on their way to class at Clark started asking questions little more than nibbling at the relentless indifference coming from the outside, the "Ann Clark" in the Old Campus. Behind the Old Coordinator's office, and facing the parking lot, there was a smell. It was first noticed by Michelle Popapoulos, Student Association Vice President and Advisor for the Natural Environment.

12, before an Alan Campbell concert at Clark.

"After the concert that night, Brian reported to Security that a suspiciously strong smell was coming from somewhere near the parking lot, but Security found no evidence to explain the odor. Lisa Sadowski, Assistant Director of Security, reported three complaints concerning the odor recorded prior to Nov. 12 and three more complaints during the following week. However, any reported complaints made during the same day would not have been recorded in the Security logs. On November 19, a full seven days...

Spring Budget Forum Favors Jell-O Over Political Correctness

Jell-O Appreciation Society Wins $100 in All-out Brand

By ANNA ROSE MATHIESON, Photographer Editor

Expectations were already inflated: the Spring 1998 Budget Forum promised to be less efficient, ethical, and dull than the budget forum of last fall. Valiantly attempting to bring back the elegant deliberacy of previous Budget Forums, several clubs had deliberately opened themselves to attack by including shady elements in their budget proposals.

Last fall's Budget Forum had been roundly denounced by Bard students, many complaining that the Planning Committee had done too good a job. "I didn't even have time to finish my first speech," carped one club head. Plans for a constitutional amendment requiring the Planning Committee to be corrupt were deemed unnecessary, however, once the proposed budget for the spring semester was released. Jubilantly, Bard's political crackpots began answering mud and Jell-O to fling at one another at the only political event of the semester about which anyone cares.

The forum commenced with a level of decorum appropriate for any proper English tea party, under the experienced guile of Kate Massey. After the routinely dull and unnecessarily sober committee reports, newly elected Student Judiciary Board (SJB) Chair Patrick Maguire ran an election for the vacant position on the SJB. The assembled masses quickly elected Zachary Khan, human rights advocate extraordinari-

Students, Professors Help Stage Protest Against Dutchess County Hospital Merger

By MICHAEL HADDERTY, Staff Writer

"Keep your hands off my ovaries," Sarah Pulver, a second-year student at Bard, said Thursday at a rally held in front of Northern Dutchess Hospital. Several Bard students joined with nearly forty Rhinebeck and Red Hook community members in a silent demonstration organized by the local group Save Our Services (SOS). Living on the side of Route 9, they held signs and placards in opposition to the proposed merger between Northern Dutchess, Kingston, and Benedictine hospitals. The merger has caused controversy among the citizens of the mid-Hudson Valley since the three hospitals signed a memorandum last spring stating that they were planning to merge. Since then, SOS has continued to fight that there has been a "lack of information" from the hospitals and that the hospitals have a habit of "trivializing and marginalizing the opposition" to the merger.

The proposed merger is controversial because once merged, Northern Dutchess and Kingston hospitals (both secular) would have to accept the religious guidelines of Benedictine, an affiliate of the Catholic church. These "ethical and religious directives" would limit and even eliminate medical services such as abortion, artificial fertiliza-

In this issue...

News

Seth Goldfine in Memoriam
Chace, Kovel discuss Iraq
A&E

Opinions

Grunting at the gym
Letters to the Editors
Protest turnout insufficient
Sports
True grit: Raptor B-ball comes to a close
Fencing in the Big Apple

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4
Fuel leak in Olin parking lot
CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE

later, Dick Griffiths, Director of the Physical Plant, indicated that the parking lot was a leak in an underground tank opposite the Old Gym, because of an offensive odor coming from the spill site and from the dist.

inct red color. Number 2 fuel oil that was already visible in the surrounding area. According to Griffiths, he immediately called the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) and the other Fpletals, which recommended that Ira L. Conklin & Sons Inc., an Environmental Services company of Newburgh, which has a permit from the DEC, orchestrate the cleanup.

The culprits of the clean-up confusion that spanned the entire months of December and January were two 10,000-gallon steel fuel tanks buried beneath the ground at the north end of Olin’s parking lot. They were previously used for heating the Old Gym and South Hall.

The tanks had been recently filled and passed inspection reg.

ulations by “outside professionals” only two days before the discovery of the spill, according to Griffiths. The tanks are to be regularly inspected by professionals every five years, stated Vincent McCabe, who has been helping Griffiths to determine the precise inspection of heating fuel tanks to involve mostly “observational tests,” which would include testing the tank appearance, the tank bottom, and the tank’s conductivity to a meter and listening to the tank for bubbling sounds which would indicate a leak. Brudvig hypothesized that the inspectors probably checked the air pressure gauge of the tank and then pressed that 14 inches of fuel in the tank was measured by the DEC, only to find out that one tank was los.

ing fuel faster than the other. BGG promptly disconnected all building connections with the tanks and a heated temporary tank was hooked up to the heat.

ing plant until the replacement tank was permanently in place (around the end of January), according to Griffiths.

McCabe and other DEC per.

sonnel were brought in to survey the scene and worked “hand-in-hand” with the Physical Plant administration. The BGG crew worked to clean up the spill and to drain the tanks, but the impacted area, yet the exact dimensions of the site vary depending on to whom one speaks. The largest area the DEC considers the spill to span, according to Griffiths, includes the land between the stream which runs parallel to R63 and the easternmost site of the Old Gym, known as the “slatting pond,” about one foot in depth, in the area of the oil tanks and drains south, accord.

ing to Erik Kiviat, Executive Director of Hudsonia, Inc., a non-profit environmental research institute, nevertheless the oil still managed to seep into the pond, concreted Brudvig, and the pond acted as the northeasterly boundary of the spill’s effects. (McCabe of the DEC claims that the oil never reached the pond.) The northeasterly boundary of the spill is the land immediately behind the homes of Professor Terry DeWeyer and Professor Chinua Achebe. The entire area is designated in “mud.

al and salt wetlands” and “wildlife corridors” on an Environmental Sensitivity map of Bard Campus developed by Hudsonia and Pacific Designs, Inc. of Kingston, and dated November 7, 1996.

The exact amount of oil that escaped from the tank is unknown at this time because it was initial.

ly brought in to survey the area and the slating pond in order to flush the oil and decrease the spill’s impact. Because the tanks had been previously cleaned estimating that between 5,000 and 7,200 gallons of oil leaked into the wetlands. John Scasciani from the Conklin Corporation has refused to release any information concerning the spill until a court order gives him permission to do so, however even then any information that is released has to go through the administration first. McCabe only confided that Bard’s spill was of a “prettily decent size.” According to Bard professor George McCarthy, Conklin is required to report all case information to the DEC, after which the information became public infor.

mation. (As of press time, the Observer had not obtained the aforementioned case information from Conklin or the DEC.)

Once the tanks were removed, 12 holes approx.

imately the size of drinking straws were found at the bottom of one of the tanks, according to Griffiths. The other tank, however, was found to be leaking from a working condition. Although both tanks were pur.

chased from the same manufacturer, made of the same material, and installed simultaneously in 1974, Griffiths believes the holes were the result of “poor steel.” Brudvig on the other hand believes that “the oil spill was definitely not an accident, it was due to a deteriorated tank.” The task, he com.

ments, was in “corrosive condition.” Vincent McCabe of the DEC acknowledged that the tank “probably had leaked for years” and that the spill was not preventable with old tanks like those found on Bard’s campus. He estimates that most of the tanks in Bard were installed between the 1950’s and 1980’s and should be replaced every 25 years. The Olin tank was 24 years old. Both of the old tanks were replaced at the end of January by one 10,000-gallon, double-walled, fiberglass tank with a monitoring alarm system inside that would give continuous monitoring of the tank itself, at the cost of $50,000, according to Brudvig.

Griffiths estimates that there are about 30 underground fuel tanks and 25-12 aboveground tanks on campus. As Bard’s required proposal to the DEC on how Bard plans to clean up the spill and prevent future incidents is happening in the future, BGG staff are working to update the old tanks by either replacing them or digging them up and pouring cement for vents in which the tanks would sit. The December 1998 DEC

requirements for underground heating fuel tanks require all tanks to have some kind of addi.

tional spill protection, which could include double-walled sides, leak detection or spill detection, or a cement vault. Brudvig believes that these monitoring systems “will probably put agen.

Cers in the Olin fuel oil area will be mitigated and the tank will have a con.

tainment field.”

Bard’s clean up started two hours after Griffiths called Conklin on November 19. “First, the oil was contained, then it was cleaned up,” Griffiths explained. Conklin believes the paths that the fuel oil took appear as if the oil could have followed various underground drain lines, including enclosed telephone lines, which eventually deposited oil into the stream, so the oil was spread into the surrounding soil. However, a substantial amount of contaminated dirt, what looks like 5-10 truckloads worth, was dug out (judging from what is sitting at the south end of Olin parking lot) and covered with white plastic. It is planned that Conklin will haul away the dirt and it will be burned, according to Griffiths. A drainage ditch and several other drainage pits were dug with.

in a few feet of the Olin parking lot in order to divert the oil, which was skimmed off the water’s sur.

face and pumped up into a Conklin truck in order to be disposed of at the proper specifications. At a site over 40,000 cubic feet of solid waste was hauled to a site over 40,000 cubic feet of solid waste was hauled to a site owned by Connecticut Oil, which is located on a site owned by Connecticut Oil, which is located on North Broadway, where it is recycled and used as roadbed.

Candlelight Vigil

For anyone who feels angry, sad, helpless, or anything at all about the present military situa.

tion in Iraq, there will be a candlelight vigil on

main campus on Friday, February 27 at 9:30 pm.

Although this event is in conjunction with the Peaceland International Peace and Anti-War Conference, it is also meant to bring this community together to express unity across the possibility of war, the deaths of innocent people, and all other conflicts which are impeding our efforts to live in peace. It is hoped that the vigil will allow all of the Bard Community to feel empowered with the voice of peace. Please bring a candle, and be prepared to come. Please bring a candle and dress warmly. —Andreas Davis

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE
his clothes four times and dried them twice and they still smelled of oil. He described walking up to his knees in the "murky water" and putting the washed "tampas" sponges into the bags which would later be disposed by Conklin. The stream flows south through a series of wetlands that are interconnected and eventually runs into the Saw Kill Creek and into South Tivoli Bay," said Kivist. The question remains as to whether any oil escaped into the Saw Kill because there was a time gap between the two discoveries of the oil spill and also because the clean up is still going on. According to Kivist, the stream is part of the Saw Kill watershed and anything in the watershed eventually drains into the Saw Kill. Because Conklin refuses to release any information directly to the Observer, it is unknown how fast they were able to construct the dam and whether or not all the oil in the wetlands has or can completely drain into the ditch in order to be removed.

Tom Menig, head of the drinking water plant, and Peter Marlow from the Department of Environmental Health, said that in 1997, Bank's average daily consumption of drinking water was 149,500 gallons per day and 90% of that comes from the Saw Kill Creek. The other two percent comes from the Town of Red Hook. Marlow said that the filters at the plant are "not designed to remove organic contaminants," such as oil, and would "directly affect the drinking water at Bank" if a significant amount of oil reached the plant. Menig stated that even if small amounts of oil were to enter into the filtering system at the water plant, it would collect and compound itself and create a strong, detectable odor. No odor has been detected yet and recent water sample tests conducted at the plant have not indicated the presence of oil in the creek. Although aware of the spill, Menig has not yet taken a sample from either the small stream or the Saw Kill and tested them to find out whether or not they contain oil. As for the wetland, Kivist explained that various plant species have different degrees of susceptibility to oil, depending on the species and the concentration of oil. General wetland vegetation includes grasses, cattails and sedges, all of which are relatively tolerant to pollutants such as oil. Oil, however, is toxic to many animals. Wildlife which would be most directly impacted by the spill would be amphibians, such as frogs and newts. Kivist states that amphibian larvae could be killed with fairly low oil concentrations.

Bill Maple, Bard Biology professor and avid naturalist, says that the "skating pond" is the home of several different species including frogs, salamanders, newt, pickerel, yellow perch, large-mouthed bass, and painted and wood turtles. Maple believes that the main effect of the oil spill would have on surrounding wildlife would most likely originate with contaminated insect larva that would be eaten by nearby red-winged blackbirds as well as by other predators. Downstream, some of fuel oil in the creek appears to be contaminated with xylene and other compounds. The DEC confirms that the wildlife and vegetation would be severely impaired.

The completion date for the clean up is uncertain; however, to supplement their allocation of $1,600, while the Jell-O Appreciation Society petitioned for $100 from the Emergency Fund.

The international students carefully and coherently explained that they needed $1,000 in order to hold both the Festival and the Food Festival, events that are traditionally staged during the spring semester. Unfortunately, the quality of debate was hampered since the international students expressed extremely low academic standards, lacking evidence that the ISO missed their funds, their opponents resisted to account the ISO of not spending enough during the previous semester. Despite his apparent honesty, a Planning Committee member reassured the audience, "I'm not against international students. I'm being totally sincere, folks. Honest." On a vote clearly divided into smoking and non-smoking factions, the ISO's historic amendment was rejected. After several passionate speeches, promptly quashed by members of Bard's Model United Nations Club, whose members are the only people on campus who get perverse pleasure from following parliamentary procedure, a re-vote was held despite Roy Rins's eloquent existential analysis of the situation ("You guys are voting on a re-vote! This is absurd."). The ISO lost. Again.

Next on the agenda was the Jell-O Appreciation society, who claimed to have abandoned last week's racist acronym (A.D.E.S.) in order to appease the thwarted forces of international awareness. Protesting himself before a sacred Lemon-Lime idol, Jell-O car Michael Ginsburg chanted, "We want to cover our bodies and become totally immersed in Jell-O-ness.

Debate on the Jell-O amendment was of the lowest level of intellectual rigor; incoherent references to banana peels, John Cage, and "our Jell-O creative output" were wantonly flung about the room. Josh Bell gave a brilliant exegesis of the untraditional commentaries of ethics held by the Planning Committee members. After repeatedly proposing to spike the Jell-O, a drunken philosophy major proceeded to proposition his chair, table, and finally himself. Fortunately, all this taxicab inebriation was rewarded by Joel Hure's sensitive appeal to his "vegan brothers and sisters."

With the support of the smoking block, the Jell-O amendment easily passed. Dispersing with the pointless formalities of properly adjourning the meeting, the satisfied forum masses filtered out of Eliot.
Community joins in merger protest

THE BARD OBSERVER NEWS MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1998

A new wave of support for the demonstration that the Bard community is currently planning in response to the merger threat is being seen as a sign of growing solidarity among Bard students, faculty, and staff.

In Memoriam Seth Harry Goldfine

Our friend Seth Harry Goldfine died last Thursday, October 11, while driving to visit us at Bard. He was twenty-two. Memorial services are not something that most of us think about at the age of twenty-two. But Seth was a friend, a classmate, or just a guy you recognized from around campus; it is important for all of us to remember his life at Bard. He gave our school a rugby team and he gave many of its students a sense of community, strength, and friendship which will not be forgotten.

Seth's passing was a shock to the Bard community. His death comes at a time when the Bard community is facing a merger with the New School for Social Research, which has profound implications for the future of the school. The Bard community is united in its determination to fight the merger and to preserve the unique character of Bard College.

Seth was a talented athlete who played rugby with great enthusiasm. He was also a devoted student who was always willing to lend a helping hand to his fellow students. His loss is a great blow to the Bard community and to his many friends and loved ones.

We will remember Seth's spirit and dedication to his community. His legacy will continue to inspire us as we continue to fight for a better future for Bard.

The Bard Observer

Law for the Lion, Another for the Lamb

Professors Joe Kovel and James Chace Discuss Iraq Situation in Community Forum

By JEREMY DELAHUNT | Sports Editor

In a surprising show of interest in foreign policy, more than 100 people attended last Monday's (Feb. 16) panel discussion, featuring professors Joe Kovel and James Chace with Dean of Students Jonathan Becker mediating, on the United States' positions towards Iraq. Then again, with all the White House blustering and Congressional hectoring, who could not be interested in the real possibilities of the US declaring war against the "second Hitler," as Secretary of State Madeleine Albright calls the president of Iraq. Enough interest was generated by the latest media blitz in order to fill Olin 202 to standing room only as students, and three administrations, came to hear a view more refreshing than that on the New York Times front page, "For Chirrons, Hussein Must Go, But Bombs May Not Be The Way."

James Chace began the discussion by focusing on domestic and international policy. Domestically, Clinton and the White House have been promoting Iraq as a counter to terrorism and to international efforts by promoting and promoting the image of Saddam Hussein as the second most reviled tyrant in the twentieth century. By driving the White House has created a conundrum: they have to deal with Saddam’s flaunting of the UN resolutions, but by threatening force they further fuel the situation. As the House of Commons has debated the UN sanctions against Iraq, the US has not contemplated a diplomatic solution as they won’t be seen as backing down. According to Prof. Chace, Congress has made things worse by pressuring Clinton to carry out a full military action.

In the domestic arena, the US has been more aggressive in regards to the war in Iraq. As the House of Commons has debated the UN sanctions against Iraq, the US has not contemplated a diplomatic solution as they won’t be seen as backing down. According to Prof. Chace, Congress has made things worse by pressuring Clinton to carry out a full military action.

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After his statement on domestic policy Prof. Chace turned to the foreign policy arena, which has not been overwhelmingly popular in the Middle East in recent history. Despite some in the Arab countries not showing full support for American war plans, Kuwait, Oman, and Qatar are the only Middle East nations to show more than a flagging interest in the United States’ plans, but none of them are willing to economically support the war. Saudi Arabia declared that no attacks on Iraq could be launched from its territory even though it allows US troops to be stationed there. Turkey does not support the war with Iraq because Iraq was the only thing between Iraq and Iran. The Turkish government is under pressure from its neighbors too. Russia does not have any interest in meeting with Jews, allies themselves with Iran, and is in a position to destabilize the Turkish government with anti-Islam ideology. Jordan and Syria do not believe in the American policies of the war.

The support of American ties to the Middle East, Israel, has varied over the years and again is that the Arab countries are not showing full support for American war plans. Kuwait, Oman, and Qatar are the only Middle East nations to show more than a flagging interest in the United States’ plans, but none of them are willing to economically support the war. Saudi Arabia declared that no attacks on Iraq could be launched from its territory even though it allows US troops to be stationed there. Turkey does not support the war with Iraq because Iraq was the only thing between Iraq and Iran. The Turkish government is under pressure from its neighbors too. Russia does not have any interest in meeting with Jews, allies themselves with Iran, and is in a position to destabilize the Turkish government with anti-Islam ideology. Jordan and Syria do not believe in the American policies of the war.

After Prof. Chace’s remarks Prof. Kovel stood to outline his views on the legality of the war. Prof. Kovel concluded by saying that the US was acting on a domestic agenda that influenced foreign policy.

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Fuel leak in Olin parking lot
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5
McCabe believes that the clean up won't be completed for several years. As it stands most of the oil has been absorbed and currently there is lit- tle which must still be collected. The new tank is monitored every morn- ing by BSG and weekly by the DEC, according to Griffiths, although McCabe mentioned that he had not been out on the site for "several weeks." As for the overall cost of the clean up, Brudvig estimates with confidence that it would be in the "6-digit range." The money to pay for the clean up comes from BSG's "internal costs" which will result in "bud- get adjustments" according to Brudvig. The replacement of the old tank is qualified as a "capital expense," meaning that "leaks improve- ment to the college and does not create a debt in current expenses." BSG's only coverage on tanks has a $10,000 maximum, which the incident was an accident and again Brudvig clearly states that "this was not an acci- dent." "The cost of the clean up will be absorbed into the normal opera- tion. According to Brudvig, the spill was a "wake-up call" for BSG's mainte- nance crew and he believes that the entire spill could have been avoid- ed if the tanks had been replaced last year.

The oil spill was a tragic occurrence, and according to Griffiths, the first in bins 37 years at Bard. It is a huge loss for the environment and for Bard. Brudvig states that "the real loss is the opportunity to do some- thing else with the money used for the clean up." He confesses that the Bard community was probably not notified of the spill because it is embarrassing for the college, although most of the administration is aware of the spill.

After almost three weeks of research on the spill, exactly how much oil leaked, the overall cost of the project, the water quality of the small stream and the Saw Kill, and how much oil (if any) entered into the Saw Kill, is not known. What is certain, is that the clean up is not over yet. After almost four months on the job, Conklin still makes periodic returns to clean up the remaining oil from the site, in addition to the countless hours already put in by BSG staff. The relative condition of the area in regards to its state after the occurrence of the spill is also unknown, but further information on this issue is still being investigated by Observer staff and the progress of the clean up will hopefully become available for future articles.

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Exploring the Frontiers of Life/Death, Perfection/Imperfection
Michter first photographer in spring lecture series

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, Arts & Entertainment Editor

The Bard community, for perhaps an hour or so, experienced secondhand, "the moment between life and death" and traveled "to the edges and "imperfect" by way of the work of Diana Michter, one participant in a series of lectures by professional photographers. In her lecture February 16, Michter exhibited slides and gave insight on a variety of photographic subjects ranging from interpretations of mythology to decapitated cattle. Perhaps the most memorable part of the lecture was when she was discussing her different series exploring many aspects of death. She said she was turned toward this desire of exploring morbid subjects by a realization of how much violence exists in this country. Her photographs from the slaughterhouse interpreted the "moment of decapitation, when the life force is felt as if the life has gone, she said." Her photographs demonstrated this idea as one could look at Michter's head of the cow and almost believe that that is all the animal is dead which proves the photographer's success in capturing that moment.

Michter, with the photographs, Michter's personal accounts allowed listeners to gain a more in-depth view and understanding of not only the cattle she photographed, but also the people who captured it. She talked about her "initiation" into the slaughterhouse when she was asked to stick her hand in a bucket of blood that would be used to make sausage. She spoke of the incredible smells and described how after the head was cut off, it would be "thrown across the floor." Her desire to explore this moment of death caused her to try to photograph inside a morgue but she was unable to get permission. In the meantime, she was offered the opportunity to take photographs of an open casket at a museum. Surprisingly, these pictures of variously malformed babies were not presented as a freak show from which the viewer would walk away. Instead these pictures were photographed in such a manner that, as Michter herself said, they don't appear to be images. One of the features is "not much different from a normal baby." She said she wanted them to be seen as "the right angle, the silence, the gesture." Michter said that she was quite lucky in the photographic conditions. The jars were in a room lit by a skylight, which used to her advantage. She emphasized her ability to spend a lot of time with the fetuses, being able to move them. They need looking at a long time.

Michter finally achieved her wish to photograph inside a morgue. The chance did not come quickly or easily. She said a lot of her time was spent waiting until she was told she was okay to go to the morgue. "My life began very caught up with waiting to have something revealed to me...I was in and out of the morgue." She said one period lasted for five years.

Once inside the morgue, she said that the workers paid her no mind, continuing their unique processes as if Michter had never intruded their workspace. "I was having to explore within the process," she said. As with the slaughterhouse, she was examining the moment between life and death, one where she believed could see the disintegration of self through taking photographs, she came to realize that the bodies "never lost their individuality." With each series, Michter revealed that she was constantly learning during the process, discovering elements which before she might have dismissed. In fact, the existence at the morgue encouraged her to begin another series, this one focusing on self portraits. "I photographed myself because I was trying to get to know myself and was this girl waiting for this for almost a year." Go for the Gold at the Golden Ginsa Restaurant

Rondout spot worth travel rigmarole

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, Arts & Entertainment Editor

I knew that the Golden Ginsa would be a golden experience as soon as I walked into the restaurant, especially since I knew when I saw the river, complete with boats and staff from Bard Health Services. Okay, maybe not the entire staff but that had that effect. At about that time my dinner companion nipped me with her elbow and said, "Stop staring!" I couldn't help it, I heard someone say from the Health Services table, "I don't know if I would've survived the whole meal bad seating arrangements been different. I then managed to slobber all the other strangers we were sitting with at the Hibachi table by having one of my infamous fits of laugh. "I can't believe...ha...hah...we're sitting...ha...ha...no time for hah...ha...of health services...ha...ha, ha!" By now, everyone in the entire restaurant could write me off as being insane.

This tumultuous beginning didn't please me too much; I was determined to have a nice dinner, especially after the rigmarole I went through trying to find the place. I recommend that if anyone does try the Golden Ginsa he or she calls first and not only ask for directions but remember them as well. I oversensed my branching-in devices and it took a lot more than just driving around Super K eight times to find this place. The Ginsa is located at 2428 Broadway, which is in an area of Kingston to which I'd never ventured before; it was quite a nice surprise, the restaurant facing close to the river, complete with boat, and the street has quite a few shops and restaurants with those dainty little white Christmas lights on trees lining the sidewalk. The actual restaurant has a decor which, as my dinner companion remarked was very "UN oriented," or as I heard someone say from the Health Services table, "I feel like I'm in the Olympic Village!" This was because, besides the traditional Japanese lanterns and paper table mats representing various nations are strung from wall to wall. We were seated on a bench near Great Britain and Italy.

Picking the menu, I noticed that I basically could not afford anything. However, I definitely recommend taking the toll and ordering a Hibachi dinner because nothing can beat the experience of eating while cooking. If you're a vegetarian, you can order the Hibachi vegetables (and that's about it), which sets you back 12 bucks. I opted for the Hibachi steak for (eek!) $9.95. Though it's pricey, the portions are very generous. A meal comes complete with a shrimp cocktail, soup, which does fish in it, a salad, which my vegetarian friend stole because she was upset that the soup was fish in it, rice, plenty of Hibachi vegetables and noodles.

The Hibachi dining experience was extremely fun to watch and could be an endless source of conversation. I was a little disappointed that our chef didn't do the "Japanese microwave joke" as someone told me, I would. He did crack eggs in his hat, which was equally entertaining. My steak was delicious and I had it cooked exactly to my liking, but I think if I went again, I'd try the Hibachi shrimp, because the shrimp cocktail was superb, lots of garlic. Whatever I really enjoyed was this ginger sauce that came with the meal. I just devoured at the end, trying to find anything to dip in the sauce.

As I figured I would go into debt after this meal anyway, I decided to take a gander at the Hibachi (cream fried ice cream), and my companion ordered the green tea ice cream. We ended up trading because I liked the green tea better and she wasn't ready to be swayed. To me, it tasted exactly like the name, green tea but in an ice cream created form. One should definitely try it once, just chalk it up as another golden experience at this Golden Ginsa.
Destroy all Cultural Forms!

Attempt No. 3,457

by Jud Herl, Columnist

The scene this past weekend wasu formally titled as "The Bard Observer Arts & Entertainment Sunday Special," held at the historic Shakespearean Theatre in Richmond, Virginia.

"All music is sent to God!" he thought. He had no attention to all our noise and makes great big plans to destroy us!

"Anyway, on with the record! Yeah, so I've been 'em' Bethel for a while now, and while I'll agree with the Free Library kids that Albatross on aren't as interesting as Prince, I am not convinced yet on what the band's name is this week. Shall say, 'record' then have come out on Touch & Go, and is basically long overdue. The recordings on the album were pretty much finished over two years ago (the sessions date from 95-96), and includes songs like "Canada" and "Dignity." Apparently, all records are now available for four years, unless you find the album on eBay.

I'm not sure what to make of the cover. The image of the album is a starburst or star with rays, and the text says "No One." It's hard to read, but it looks like a star or a flower.

"Although I don't review stuff like this, I'm doing this for the sake of future generations. This is a really beautiful piece of music. I can't imagine anyone else doing something like this."

But, I didn't actually get to 'til December, so it's fair game. Having become interested in his schtick in the past couple of years now, I've noticed that he has a knack for picking out the most obscure albums that have gone unnoticed over the years. This one, which sounds like the most recent Nine Inch Nails pseudo-industrial crap I've ever heard, is a real low point, but possibly also a future hit of strategic importance on Richard J. Daniel's part. Anyway, the other three tracks (on vinyl), I think it comes with a bonus track, whose-de-fucking-who's that, you'd expect you'd get from the Twin without being what you'd expect.

'Peace' also released on the 'Wep' label last semester is 'Burning Tree' for the most excellent Squarerepur. I had a dream that this guy played Tent Party, that's how much I dig his music. Anyone, this ZLP thing is a compilation of 12" singles tracks that Mr. Johnson recorded for the Sympathy label way back when in good old '91 (plus two bonus new tracks). Seeing that these 12" singles are out of print, it would behoove you to pick up the double vinyl, especially if you're into space, super-fused-fusion-less bass player over impossibly complex drum 'n' bass seen in this 300 beat-per-minute mix.

One of my roommates claims that Modus Operandi, the Phonk triple LP from last year that all the critics died over because Roni Size became a household name, is merely functional drum 'n' bass. That is not to say that it's bad at all. In fact, it's certainly not going to hit you over the head with a bloody shoe, shoveling it before you deal with a murder weapon-like the Bigon Album by The Chief Masters of Down that I've never heard of until today's version of Yoko Ono's "DontWorry Kyoko," then you just don't know what to do, but it's quite a different approach. It's not! Unlike any mere neck hand, Phonk, uh, oooo (the purpose) combines a fine amount of laughable melodies with complex rhythms. So shell out the slimline and check it out.

Before we go, there's also Dancehop to attend to. I won't pretend to be "objective" (as anyone should) since these guys played as a party in my parent's living room a couple of summers ago. I've been waiting for their (semi) new record, As from Above (Actor boys from the vinyl, Ohio Cleft the CD), for a while now. Although it doesn't have the "mysterious aura" of their first two 12" singles this two-box, one-drummer band is really neat. Now I know you're thinking "Teenage," but those guys honestly sound nothing like that other Chicago U. I think the "true" sound by Jonas, and Kip never got caught up in any early-70's Davis phase, though I could be mistaken. Although one of the soundtracks unexpectedly like "Peer 'Frisbys Blues" by Come, the set is overall pretty pleasant, ong by Midwestern post-punkband (Shore, Bars, etc.) with assorted material, including the occasionally gothic pseudo-growl vocal style (a nice nostalgic touch).

So, as usual, the first part of this article has nothing to do with the second part. That's okay. Like I always say, always leave 'em guessing. And, even though they don't have a joke. Next issue hopefully some new Geri Doll, some new Shadow Ring, some new Oval and some other shit. "Still true, then.

The Dancing Paperclip of Tormented Souls® by Morgan Pielli

Hey Cains! You know how we've always said it would be great if we and just one other band are in this strip with them to banter?

Well, 22 like to introduce you to our Third Character.

What's his name?

Next character.

Get a wig. What can we possibly do with a character that doesn't speak?

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Upcoming Events

Feb. 23, Monday
Bard Cinematheque Presents...
Guest speaker: M. Henry James presenting a special perambumatic screening of the late Harry Smith's #12 (a.k.a. Heaven and Earth Magic Feature). Preston. 7 p.m.

Feb. 25, Wednesday
Heroin presentation by addiction specialist Tom Dorem. Committee Room, Kline Commons. 4 p.m.
Ash Wednesday Catholic Mass. Observe the beginning of Lent, a season of penance, reconciliation, and healing. For more information, call Father Paul Murray, x7379. Chapel of the Holy Innocents. 6 p.m.

Lectures "Defining and Bridging the Gap Between the Right and the Needs of Crime Victims and Offenders," by Nancy Mahon, Esq., Founding Director of the Center in Crime, Communication, and Culture of the Open Society Institute. Mahon is a nationally recognized expert on criminal justice issues. Olin 102. 6:30 p.m.

Open Concert. Students perform their own works along with those by other composers. Blum Hall. 7 p.m.

Feb. 27, Friday
SEAC Conference (see News Brief on pg. 2 for more information). Keynote address, "Why Are We Doing All This Stuff, Anyway?: Reflections on Environmentalism and Progressive Action," by Mary Webb, a social justice activist from Seattle, NY. Olin Auditorium. 8 p.m.
SEAC Conference: Candlelight Anti-war Vigil. Main campus. 10 p.m.
SEAC Conference: Performance by David Riviere, a folk musician from Boston, MA. Kline Commons. 10 p.m.
Lectures: "Aesthetic Communities and Aggression in the Work of Judith Stive," by curator Debra Brider Balkin. Olin 102. 4 p.m.
Screenings: Latin American film El Viejo (Argentina). Olin 102. 8 p.m.
Musical Performances: Keith Marks and Company. Contemporary jazz and rhythm & blues. Blum Hall. 8 p.m.

Feb. 28, Saturday
SEAC Conference: Various workshops including Eastern Old Growth Forests, the American Indian Movement, Media Skills, the Campaign to Free Burma, the History of the Student Movement, Farm Worker Organizing in the Hudson Valley, the Hudson River, the Indian Point Nuclear Power Plant, Eco-Feminism, Environmental Racism, the New Party, the Cooperative University. Sixtan in Progressive Organizations, Animal Rights, Campus Greening, Capitalism and the Environment, the Genetic Engineering of Food, Queer Issues, and more. Specific times and locations will be posted in the Olin Atrium and in Kleine before and during the Conference. For more information, call Andrea Davis at x4271. Olin. 10 a.m. - 1:30 p.m., 5:15 - 6:15 p.m.
SEAC Conference: Open Mic. All welcome. Bring drums and other instruments (poetry too). Kline Commons. 10:30 p.m.
Carnival: "Festive" gathering with DJ and live Latin American music, dancing, food, and fun. Olin Gym. 10 p.m.
The Bard Drama Department Presents... The Notebook of Trinigga. Tennessee Williams's free adaptation of Anton Chekhov's The Sea Gull. Directed by Richard Corley. Runs through Mar. 3. All shows are at 8 p.m.; there will be one matinee on Mar. 1 at 3 p.m. Reservations are "essential"; call 735-8822 to make them or obtain more information.

Mar. 1, Sunday
SEAC Conference: Workshops (see listing above for particular subjects, times, and locations). Olin. 10-11 a.m.
The Lakota Sioux Indian Dance Theatre. Tickets are $16.50 for adults, $14.50 for students and seniors, and $13.50 for Bard students. (Daytime performance tick- ets are $4.50.) For more information about tickets, call (914) 473-2722. For more information about the performance, call (914) 473-5288.
The Bard Dance House, 35 Market Street, Poughkeepsie, 5 p.m. (also on Mar. 2 at 10 a.m. and 12 noon)

Mar. 4, Thursday
SEAC Conference Lecture, "The Hudson River," by Andy Mele, Director of Clearwater. Olin Auditorium. 9 p.m.
SEAC Conference Lecture, Open Mic. All welcome. Bring drums and other instruments (poetry too). Kline Commons. 10:30 p.m.

Mar. 5, Thursday
Screenings: Sitke Hopes, a documentary film by Jean Killoran. Explores the connection between media images and body image. Olin 102. 7 p.m.

Mar. 6, Friday
Theatrical Performance: "Mask Gym." Performance with handmade masks. Bard Hall. 8 p.m.

Mar. 8, Sunday
Opening Reception: For "Trace." "Limbic Laughery," and "The Art of Memory," three new exhibitions organized by second-year students of the graduate program at Bard's Center for Curatorial Studies (CCS). The exhibitions will be on display until Mar. 22. CCS hours are Wed-Sun. 1-5 p.m. For more information, call 735-5707.

Mar. 9, Tuesday
Lecture by Mitch Epstein. Sponsored by the Bard College Photography Lecture Series Program. Olin 102. 8 p.m.
Got a bit o’ time to kill? Travis Roy’s Novel

Eleven Seconds is the Hatchet/Hockey Stick

By STEPHANIE SCHNIEDER, Art & Entertainment Editor

If you’re sitting around in dire need of something to do, Eleven Seconds by Travis Roy will provide an escape that will take you away from your schoolwork and do some reading for pure pleasure and fun. While the book will not quench your desire for a year-round extracurricular schedule, it will leave you in deep thought for hours, it may stop you for perhaps only for a minute and just be thankful for education.

This is a story both ordinary and extraordinary, if that makes any sense. Although it is “based on a true story and fact,” it is obvious what the story is about, what the “message” is, from reading only the dust jacket. It’s a story about an ordinary kid who has an extraordinary talent for playing hockey, to whom an extraordinary accident happens. Eleven seconds into his first Division I college hockey game of his career, he crashes into the boards and is paralyzed from the neck down.

The rest of the book describes his therapy process, emotional and physical. To the book’s credit, it doesn’t attempt at its end to make Travis out to be this person who was so extraordinary that he felt he could be perfectly content with his new life and even overcome his paralysis. Instead, one can see his life from now on will never be the same, there will be many more obstacles and he will be constantly adjusting. His courage is evident in his simple repertoire of being confident after his accident, and when striving to realize his dreams of being a hockey player.

The book is a simple and heartening tale of the human spirit trying to overcome such a debilitating affliction as paralysis. Roy’s story certainly educated me on aspects of a paraplegic’s therapy, options that are out there such as the “sip and puff” wheelchair which is controlled by breathing through a tube, and also what research is being done and how close those researchers are to finding a cure. The reader follows Roy as he learns to do things such as feeding himself, and eventually, he finds himself re-engaging. The book tells of when he talks for the first time after his accident and when he called up his old coaches, shocking them all by being able to speak, just to say it. It tells of how he learns to feed himself, by finding the “Achilles heel” of the grate by puncturing it with the fork at the base of the stem. As so often happens when bearing issues about these humbling situations, one becomes self-reflective, realizing how many things most humans take for granted, such as the ability to move.

This book is not the most fascinating one out there but though it may be predictable, it does give enough personal information so the story is not too generic. Particularly fascinating was the amazing extent to which others, who saw Roy’s story on ESPN or the Today Show, took an interest in this person they’d never met. Roy recollected meeting various people, some he knew, some he named; someone built an extension for his wheelchair.

Turnout at Hospital Merger Silent Protest Insufficient

By AMANDA DELTCH, Contributor

Leaving the library to go to the silent protest of the merger between the Duchess County Hospital and two other facilities, I asked my friend and a girl he was talking to if they wanted to come. The girl said, “No, I’m going home. I’m sick.” My friend asked me some details about the reasons for the protest, and this is what he said: “It’s not happening and shit.” Holding up the book he was reading with a twisted smile and noting the inherent irony, said “No.” His book, Plato’s Republic, would be occupying his attention for the next hour or so. The irony inherent of his armchair revolutionary approach is exemplary of a common paradigm among students here at Bard College. He placed more importance on reading Plato’s plan for an ideal society than to help our society become an ideal one. It is more important to get the authors of a man that lived almost 2,000 years ago than to get off your ass for an hour and actively contribute to the society we are living in.

A merger between the Benedictine hospital, the Kingston hospital, and the Northern Duchess County Hospital would result in the removal of all emergency facilities, the provision of consumption, birth control counseling and supply, vasectomy, tubal ligations (tubes tied), abortions, HIV prevention, living will and end-of-life rights. The idea is that each hospital will provide specialized services, such as outpatient, or extended care. One of the three will carry an emergency room. I think that the destruction of the emergency room is the largest, most immediate threat to our community. In the case of life threatening emergencies (which are somewhat abundant here), one greatly risks their life by having to drive an extra 10 minutes.

Merger has been presented by a foundation called Dynasty to investigate alternatives that would save the hospital without imposing religious health care restrictions to this religious merger and the expropriation of all of the aforementioned processes. The board of trustees at the hospitals refused the offer.

About 13 Bard students showed up at the silent protest. Signs lined the road that passes Duchess county, not disturbing the cars that passed by but forcing them to slow down. Many cars produced raised, stray limbs of support along with furiously bucking horns of praise. One young face wore a cowboy hat and the sun had emerged from the back of a black limousine, whistled and blew a kiss. Hmmm.

The signs read things like: “Accept Dynasty.” “We want the facts.” “All people belong in this hystorical hospital,” and my favorite which I was told is a classic, “Keep your panties off my ovaries.” See how some Bard ingenuity is needed.

I must say, I was pleased to see that a handful of professors turned up to hold signs. The ones I recognized were Bill Griffith, Daniel Berthold-Bond, and Bruce Chilton — white collar and all.

While at this protest I chatted it out, finding what interesting what a girl told me on the bus ride over, that Leon Botstein is investigating the possibility of a lawsuit against the hospital for breaching the separation of church and state by accepting federal funding. Publicly and in memoranda, Leon Botstein has stated his opposition to this merger, and his intent to sue.

I also spoke with a woman named Gigi. It really is the whole thing. She confirmed the possibility of a lawsuit and her awareness of Bard’s investigation. She also said that this was just the beginning, and that if a lawsuit occurred, it could go on for years. Therefore, many more protests could follow.

While there, I looked down the road at all the faces, the cold hard holding signs, turned, to someone and said, “Wow, that’s cool that there’s some people here.” She said, “Yeah but there should be 100.” We were supposed to be a bit past the merger, but the hippie freaks (now shueph you whose saying, “I ain’t no hippie”, because somewhere else you are), so let’s represent.
No "You Go, Girl!"

Columnist thwarted in attempt to expose Jenny Jones

Several weeks ago, rallied by depressive insomnia, I lay on my plush couch in overpriced fashion, savoring late-night talk show repeats. While flipping restlessly through QVC and Home Shopping Club, I spirited upon the scrutinizing Jenny Jones Show. Since I was on my feet, I did not feel quite the nothingness at Bard College, I didn’t shrink at her shoulder-padded appearance or the way she seemed to have been in a stronger rage. In her plastic perfection, Jenny’s head bobbed, her cheeks chiseled, and she continued repeating that owing to the show’s heat, she blushed. "This is a hard place to be!"

That’s big of Jenny, since she collects her salary for perpetuating the exploitation of the underable (the guest) and packages it for the spuck potato viewer. The Big-Bag-of-Chips and Two-Liter of Diet Coke-Americans must admit some sort of pathetic gratification from watching girls who screen misogynistic epithets at each other, and rip each other’s hair out, as well as gopple who have just been murdered or are just on the verge of a divorce. These viewers, in fact, thrive on this sort of nickel. (There’s no food, but she’s getting far in more ways than one from her scripted representations of real negative personality and relationships.) Could possibly exist. It’s about abuse, Jenny’s game. And she has quite a penchant for gopple who see, for the most part, institutions, ill-constructed, economically ailing, and generally deprived.

This is a difficult place to be, stuck in the middle of national, nowhere television, the videoepidemic of snuff shop waiting room and nursing home bedrooms.

On the other hand, I saw, that last night, the topic concerned a particular, and of course inept, woman with the flamebob and the curl, the "Chaz," "Chaz," "Chaz," "Chazi," "Chaz," apparently. Fleebly Fleebly, megamurder as she said she had been, had engaged to her, spicy, honey face, the first time around, she was into a hibachy, just because she would not marry her and then proceeded to manipulate him into purchasing for her, a remembers this of her. A shimmery blanched mound club (she probably wanted the rock to big so that her wearer fangs would look larger), was it in a platinum and diamond"clasp"? Delia, the Chaz, Chaz, Chaz, Chazi, "Chaz,

After gaining her pitch, Fleebly then went on (a month later no less) to sleep with her ex-boyfriend. After telling her boyfriend she was going to finance this wonderful news, she then became, ligament where he was. Somehow, Fleebly then convinced the snuff to purchase another ring. To sell to some other third party, Fleebly, a number with a number calculation which can be inflicted and received only by people destitute to abuse and denounce of abuse. Whatever the secret plot core of Jenny Jones may have been that night, I was not interested in getting to the vomitcute of this rather Whitmanic Sampler.

The show seemed centered mainly on the xenophobian acidity of the audience, and the collective group weighed, rested, and blindly judged the guests. The audience’s reactions and current and commentaries on the show, can essentially mean that there is always fun in a old-fashioned witch hunt. That is to say, inverting and berating talk-show panalists.

During a personnel break, a blue Jenny bobble popped onto the screen. Exhaled from the dog back of the studio audience, I was grateful for tea, any tea, even those crazy compay-counter-bubble water. I was said in a cold, fresh, and now you’re super-cool, call. Well, I may not be the most aesthetically extreme girl around, but I don’t give Jenny people a hard and fast rule for their money. This would be my chance to expose, at a theme genre, the exploitive nature of talk shows as well as boohoo.

Middle-aged or teenage, the people need Jenny. And she eats them up by exposing them and their indecency on national television. Even if they asked me out, I’d still be in. And never blink an eye. And some weird live audience kid from Fresno, California would think I just need to get a life. And try to explain to them that I am in need of a good book. But who am I to judge? Would Jenny glare at me as I walked back stage after the show? Or would she have me escorted out? Would the audience want me escorted out for picking their fantasies? Smile. It is hard not to potenlate such vacuous driving.

Anyway, back to the bubble. And me taking pictures. I wanted to tell Jenny off of her face, but I also had another motive. High school and every- thing before was shifty and amusing and I had a radical time until I got to the bawdy colonial of Bard. Part of me wanted to fly to Chicago, express my pain, to share my pain and personal glory. I hope you know that was said with too many spoons of salt. But not too many. Love.

Sure, I’d love to fly to Chicago to be on Jenny as a geek-tuned-fab. But what about the fact that I really would feel greasy about having done it at all? Why be a pawn on a show so unproductive, so destructive? So embarrassing, really. Perhaps I take it all too seriously. But that’s my reality.

Suspicious, suspicious.

I called the number and spoke to an unromanced, unattractive, unromantic man, and we talked. It was over. I went to bed soon after, and Jenny slipped from my mind, as most unpleasant things should. I did not think of her until the next day, when Anne-Marie from Jenny phoned me. She interviewed me for a while, and I sensed that the scene was predescribed by my verbal self-reflection chip. Still, she had me send her "before" and "after" (now that I don’t pick). Anne-Marie even gave me her Fed Ex facsimile account number and impressed upon me that my phone by next Monday because saying that was Thursday.

My heart fluctuated with wild fear and anticipa- tion. What if I were chosen? What if I were not? Could I really be, in reality now that I wanted me, on a show which I so disparaged and suspected of harrasing the qualities of ingenuity and creative- ness, respect and vision in a large chunk of our popula- tion? I would just have to wait until she got my picture to find out.

Confronted Anne-Marie, "This is simply spec- ulative at this point?"

She replied, harried and stifled by her aggravating life.

Some sick part of me wanted to be chosen even though I cannot think of anything more de-moralizing. Being chosen means nothing to the ego even if the reality falls short of the dream. I didn’t really feel I had a chance. I did not have enough Muriel Metcalf of Chicago. I was just a run of the mill gynecologist. I was never against my regular nudity.

I am speaking of visual identification, which is a premeditated form of conceptual presentation based on feature, color and style of clothing, adornments, and bodily stance. The back-bitches to Jenny Jones

Get down now. Even spoken language becomes visual when complemented by the rich specifica- displayed by Jenny’s hand-picked lawn, six-inch, palm-tree-decorated acrylic nails and bush with enough gel in it to make Seinfeld’s love life. Does a rebellious person slump more than she sits straight? This visual relationship is the easiest to assimilate with the visual relationship convention Jenny uses. You can count on Jenny to have both extremes: the slender sufferer and the defensive named poodle. I say "relationship convention" because Jenny relies on the viewer’s interpreta- tions of particular aesthetic fashion. You. You are faced with the task of making a judgment, a decision, and a choice. You are faced with the task of an impossible decision. You are faced with the task of making the decision that you want to make. You are faced with the task of making the decision you don’t want to make.

By asking for "geeks, radicals or freaks," Jenny is calling out for all classifiables to respond. Geeks, radicals, freaks are familiar words, more, pointedly, provide justification for conformation based on aesthetics and presumed intro- vertedness. These types are open for external deci- sion due to their dramatic differences. Jenny seems everyone to fight.

"This is a hard place to be.

Jenny says her guests on, people shout while she bends over and raises her eyes. The guests begin to judge and scuffle amongst them- selves, and Jenny turns her pointed counteract to the camera, to everyone at home on the plush, red couches. I really get the feeling she respects her guests and her opinions and heartaches and bad breaks and tens.

I’d love to fly to Chicago to be on Jenny as a geek-tuned-fab. But what about the fact that I really would feel greasy about having done it at all? Why be a pawn on a show so unproductive, so destructive? So embarrassing, really. Perhaps I take it all too seriously. But that’s my reality. Suspicious, suspicious.

Darling Op-Editor Ali talked me quite smooth- ly through that difficult time, and suggested that I go as a columnist for The Observer. If I went in the name of the paper, I could justify my journey and appearance as one of investigative importance. In other words, I would no longer be heart couldn’t change my numral Jenny face.

Anne-Marie never called me back. As of yet my previous photographs haven’t been returned to me, although I wrote a polite note in the original Fed Ex package, and asked Anne-Marie to please at least return the pictures back! I was shocked to be chosen. My hands ‘shake’ when I think of that strange Jenny lapdog having my pics. Or worse, throwing them away.

After a week of silence from Anne-Marie, in Chicago, I received another call. This time from "Mike." He was calling me about "the show." He called him back and left a message on his machine.

To this bloody day, Mike has not contacted me. I have been thwarted by "the show" because of my visual seduction, docting that problems are not neces- sarily always fashionable bad, and my inquisition belief in myself. I think the problem is the real one. Jenny cannot handle people with multiple inner chakras. You’ll have to forgive me, I’ve just given up the bonde. Two days now.

I know the article could exist even if not chosen, and it certainly does, even if only for the gigantic amount of space it is taking up. And I say this with a certain degree of amusement, because for the most part this article does its job to entertain. It has never been said that the rule of the Observer is not to be imitated. So, I have been thwarted.

In any case, my time is long overdue. In closing I shall simply say that I cannot believe I got picked around by Jenny I didn’t "go girl."
Buffer Than You Think: Stevenson Fitness Center May be Last Campus Stronghold of Masculinity

By AMI COPELAND, Contributor

They started calling me Gandhi in my freshman year of high school. We were still called freshmen in those days. Not to hit puberty for another year and a half, my 5 feet 6 inch, hairless, twig of a body was somewhat of a joke amongst the swim team and their parents. At the end of the season the existing team formally induced the freshmen into the team by dousing their heads. So, take a miniature freshman, with no body hair (besides what used to be on his head), add a pair of wire-rimmed glasses and voila — an instant Gandhi.

From that moment on I vowed to never again be called Gandhi, but as fortune would have it, seven years later, I am still trying to rid myself of that nickname by attempting to attain six pack, "totally ripped," Men's Health look.

I transferred to Bard this past fall and this has led me to undertake my quest at the apostle, state-of-the-art, high-energy, testosterone-pumping Stevenson Fitness Center (SFC) at the Gym. I don't mean to soundcondescending, but, after all, what else would you expect for thirty thousand dollars a year? After six months at Bard I've come to the conclusion that the SFC is without a doubt, the last bastion of ancient "manly" principles left on campus. Not that this is either a good or bad thing, but rather if you should ever feel like time traveling back to the Eighties of my high school, all you need to do is workout in the SFC.

At the Gym, genders are seen to separate (an apparent rarity at Bard, I've noticed), with each going to its designated workout area upon entrance. Women quickly head for the Stairmasters and treadmills, occasionally taking a short trip over to the rowing machines since they usually limp off after a couple minutes with newfound patience in waiting for the other machines to free up.

The men (for the most part), if they are feeling particularly manly, this fall, will follow the women's lead and attempt a cardio-session before hitting the weights. However, this tends to be short lived as we men quickly begin to breathe and cough before giving up for the free weights in the center of the room whilst the women continue on an apparent quest that continues to elude me. I'll be the first to admit that at the beginning of the semester, the men begin to feel like men of the good old days (without the help of sheep) and the women, quoting a friend from the other day, "just laugh at their stupid shit."

We real men arrive with our belts, buckles, gloves, wrist-guards, and whatever else we think will give us any sort of advantage in lifting weights twice our size. This lifting panoply also helps to create the illusion that we know what we're doing. The strapping, stretching and preexercise flexing in full view of the mirror takes up half our workout time. For some reason efficiency isn't a big concern for many men in the gym. We tend to fart around, talk about various muscle-isolating techniques with other puny men, and imagine that the women are admiring us from vantage points above their imaginary Empire State Buildings.

By the time we actually start to lift, we're in such a frenzy over the physics we think we possess by the end of the semester, that we grab a weight that is 10 pounds heavier than we're used to. Although we know that the correct way to build muscle is through numerous repetitions of lighter weights, we successfully lift (with the help of someone standing over us, mind you), the overtly-large dumbbells (see any connection here?) accompanied by a symphony of cries and grunts. I freely admit that my masculinity is one of the loudest and annoying yet to be heard this year.

We then proceed to flex (again), stretch, and manage the previously strained muscle in the mirror for ten minutes, again hoping to catch the eye of one of the women on the machines, generate a little jealousy from a workout colleague, or just to admire ourselves. I know what you're thinking and you're right, this is not only egotistical and narcissistic, it's also just plain stupid. I'm sorry to say that we just can't help it.

As this process is repeated in order to encompass at least four muscle groups, the average workout (from my observations, which are certainly not science-based) is between an hour and an hour and a half. During this time, the women have finished their thigh-busting cardio-routines, jumped in the abdominal machine, lifted a few free weights (in the correct manner), and are home having dinner while we are still running up and down the stairs between sets to grab a quick sip of water.

Now, before I leave you thinking that I am an overly-steroidized psycho and need help, I just want to say a few words about the imaginary flexing that I hinted at earlier. I say "imaginary" because it wasn't until the other week that someone told me, "Aimi, what you don't understand is that Bard women are different (sexual identity issues aside). We look at you guys making fools of yourselves in the mirror and just laugh out loud at what you are trying to accomplish, but how you do it. All your grunting and groaning sound like you are giving birth or something. Just trust me when I say that you look ridiculous!"

Fine, we, the towel is thrown in, and she's right. I've been working out at the SFC for half a year now and have yet to hear of anyone getting together because of his or her coinciding workout time. So why fall for the make-believe game of eye-tag, right?!

I've concluded that it really doesn't matter whether or not we meet someone there, what's important is that we think we're making some kind of impression. Sometimes illusions are more powerful than facts, especially in an Eighties haven where the men can peacefully return to their Geo-Magnum ways while looking for some non-existent recognition of their lascivious.

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**Do it for Free**

The Dime Store is in search of a new President. If you're interested in being part of the sex lives of Bard students, contact Abby Rosenberg at 757-5817 or e-mail at#382@bard.edu

Step up and be part of the rubber legacy.

---

**Skimrimonsters**

*Hey Moses! What has it taught and taught?*

*What?*

*Write it down.*

*It taught me to walk again.*

*Oh, I see. Do you write that down?*

---

**A base ball team!**

---

**I know that's the problem, with being at all places at all times.**

---

**If you don't mind, I write it down.**

---

**Out of sight? It's not to be anybody's business.**

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**Written & Drawn by Diana Ober. Grouched by Sujoy Wilson. Interacted by Hert.**
Letters to the Editors

ISO’s “Unfair” Funding Crisis

To the Bard Community:

I am writing this letter as an active and concerned member of the Bard College National Student Organization (ISO). I was dissatisfied at the proceedings of the Budget Forum last Wednesday and upset at the resultant decision of the ISO to cut $1,000 for the student newspaper. I believe that this decision could have some real consequences for the future of the Bard student newspaper and I want to bring these issues to light.

The ISO’s stated goal of $1,660 for the student newspaper was totally justified. The newspaper provides an essential service to the Bard community, and it is crucial that we continue to support it. However, the decision to cut $1,000 for the newspaper was not justified. I believe that this was a mistake and it will have negative consequences for the future of the newspaper.

I urge the ISO to reconsider its decision and to support the student newspaper in its entirety. I believe that this will be in the best interest of the Bard community and I hope that you will take this into consideration when making your final decision.

Sincerely,

Erica Miller
Bard College

Hunt Defends Pop Culture

February 11, 1998, approximately 5:00 p.m.

To the Editors of the Observer:

Much to my delight, I found plenty of respondents to the last issue (except for my own article, with which I was profoundly disappointed). So, to name one of Senior Project procrastination, here goes:

Leah Zanoni is right-on-the-money in amending Kermit’s line, tam, tams. I also agree with her to the extent that Leonardo DiCaprio can’t act his way out of a paper bag. However, I disagree with Ms. Zanoni’s overall evaluation of Thirtieth. Of course the first two hours which set up the “big romance” are pretty horrible. Add in some twenty minutes worth of computer-animated shots of what amounts to a helicopter sweeping the ship from bow to stern six times, and you’ve got my respect for the love story. However, the love story does become compelling in the only way Hollywood knows: by having the woman in the context of “the big romance” (whether personal or pandemic). Before the inevitable occurs (which everyone should expect to occur, as the movie is entitled Thirtieth, after all), she could care less. But during the big all-bleak-breaks- and-soft-and-does-the-soft-honeymoon, Winona shows her sexuality, and I actually came close to tears, crying. DiCaprio is discarded into the icy deep by Winona (my vote for fittest image of the year), and the grand becoming evening gown, showing how just useless his character really is. But let’s face it: death by drowning is a pretty hard way to go. Moreover, if you’re looking for an artistic reworking to that particular subject matter, try Peter Greenaway’s Drowning by Lust instead. Ms. Zanoni writes, “Second, the movie’s Hollywood for expecting so much from the American viewer.” Why expect the impossible? And who said the American viewing public was so naive as to think that Hollywood is capable of anything? In fact, all we ever saw to Timu’s (Wagner) which brings me to my next point: 2) Nick Schwartz seems to be measuring SpiceWorld the Spice Girls’s cinematic treatment with a stretch of six-inch ruler when he should be using a yardstick. Don’t get the wrong idea about the last sentence. What I’m trying to say is that this is the teen who takes pride in coordinating an Arnold Schwarzenegger-film, he has a wild eye of aesthetic application. It is bizarrely, certainly,4=[MVAB, wonderfully wholesome as they are, do actually bare their breasts a la Anime in the “Comics” movie Track (which I found at Mr. Schwartz’s so is it? I mean this a reverse-sexta double standard? Which brings me to my next point: 3) Expect your grad students to enjoy doing so often (case-in-point: this letter) that I usually include an apostrophe in all of my recent reviews. Others exposing me as an idiot I enjoy even more. Elisa Nelson and Lauren Martin, in their always-fascinating columns “The Scene,” really called out ch: I enjoy the effort, really do it, but they made a mistake. They responded to my review issue on the Observer issue #6 (Dec. 19, 1997) with: “Hey, Just Hunt, all of our stories aren’t about weight obsessed teenage girls.” However, in my review I wrote, in reference to “The Nine Lives of Desire: A Novel” (it is a great idea, “You’ll have to wade through dozens of pointless ‘personal’ stories produced by teenagers too much prose to offer much more than a handful of ‘weight issues’ such as vegetarianism, sexuality, fashion, and, oh, wealth.” As you’ll note, I enjoyed the word teenagers which, as far as I can tell, refers to humans of both sexes between the ages of eighteen and seventeen. Also, everybody knows that these girls are not weight obsessed, sexuality obsessed, fashion-obsessed, and vegetable-obsessed at anybody else (this is the 90’s, after all). What Mr. Nelson and Ms. Martin blessed was the subtext in-joke that: statement over seven years ago I was the co-editor of the Nine Pick-Up Track (which I found at Mr. Schwartz’s so is it? A) Alternative Press magazine via an advertisement for Crater/Hunter LP some years later, and when I grad school a friend quizzed me on what I was trying to do I started a new line entitled “The Slimy which for now has no planned article about weight, but possibly could, giving the title (if you want to contribute, well, don’t call us, we’ll call you). Let me just say that I appreciate the use of toxic in the same way that I appreciate identity politics, which I believe might seem just as extreme in the feminist in the 1970s. What? It’s not appropriate to question whether all women are the same all the time? Why can’t someone write a report exposing their own specific brand of identity politics as irresponsible? (for instance) Why even bother with English (or any other language of Earth) at all? What else can be done? According to Ms. Zanoni, the “All” people have tried since the days of ’69 Jim Morrison is to, admire the politics of rock music. Although Mr. Zanoni is coming from an angle opposite of those who attempted to wage Mr. Morrison’s “poetry” into high art (see my recent review for a snarky explanation of hypocrisy in cultural forms), he is still using the same tired means. He attempts to point out the very obvious holes in identity politics (specific use of the nick eco term, possibly to point out to the reader how “clever” he really is. Well, keep trying. Such an act is as easy as acting clever as it is actually quite easy to act clever. For twenty-four hours but still have lock on their minds. Why does everyone have different words for the Observer (myself included) try to act so damn clever? Which brings me to my final point: 5) I’d, like, bet you that before I, like, turn into, like, Yate, like Mickey, F**k Em’ If They Can’t Take a joke.

Sincerely,

Joan Hunt

PS. I really loved how the editors at the mighty Observer review to the (my note in the upper left corner: “Contributor” to the supreme “Opinion Editor” last issue. However, I would actually prefer the dete...
Men's Basketball
Against North Adams

Unfortunately, it's another rout
By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

It wasn't quite as one-sided as a Harlem Globetrotters game, but then again the game wasn't scripted. Bard College's Men's Basketball team went head to head with North Adams State College on Feb. 9 and came out of it with a 113-49 loss. While this isn't the most pleasant part of the season, it proved to be one the most enjoyable to watch.

Having never seen North Adams play before, the game was larded into the idea of a competitive match when in the first twenty seconds Kimani Davis and Billy Spevace combined for a total and fast-break scoring opportunity. Unfortunately they couldn't convert and it wasn't until 3:20 into the game that Billy Spevace put Bard on the big board with a lay-up, after Adams had drained 8 unanswered. After the first five minutes it was obvious that Bard's team play wasn't up to the level of North Adams', but the Bard fans found excitement in the localized brilliant plays by individual Bard players.

One of the more memorable moments of the first half came when Rodrick Wynn, playing offense, unnerved his defender with a between-the-legs pass. Unfortunately no Bard players were in position to receive the ball and North Adams got two quick fast-break points off the turnover.

With North Adams quickly running away with the game, Bard called a time out with 10:28 left in the first half. Apparently Bard's coach, Paul Marienthal, told the team to clean up their passes and play tighter defense because the Raptors only allowed 16 points in the last 10 minutes of the first half. When the Bard men stuck to basics like clean passes and defense the game stayed within the borders of a rout instead of a massacre. At the close of the first half, North Adams was held to below doubling the Raptors score: 54-28.

With the start of the second half the Raptors looked relaxed and confident with playing the game. The Bard men executed textbook plays like driving and kicking out to the open man and giving the ball up. While there was no hope of a come-from-behind win the men looked like they were playing the best basketball they have in a while; they even seemed to be enjoying the game. Bard's confident and relaxed attitude was most apparent when, just 5 minutes into the second half, they got dunked on, making the score 62-30. Coach Paul Marienthal, caught in the frustration realization of being totally out-classed, was heard to say, "This is ridiculous, we should forfeit." Bard center Samir Vural, who was waiting to sit in, backalasically replied, "What's the big deal? We've been dunked on before, let us play." The North Adams' showboating continued with an alley-oop two minutes after the dunk, and another dunk with 7:29 to go in the game. Bard never lost its composure, and after each spectacular North Adams play, came back and played their game. The same couldn't be said for the visiting team, however. Following North Adams' 44th dunk with 7:05 to go, making the score 59-39, #44 let out a crystal-cracking shriek of "Yeah," fell to the floor kicking with grief, got up and threw the ecstatic fist-in-the-air salute to himself, ran to the North Adams bench and high-fived every player twice while whooping "Yes, yes, yes!" and finally made it to his head, a la Jordan or Iverson, with a "I'm the baddest motherfucker you ever seen" look on his face. Most likely #44 had never dunked before, or he could just be a monstrosity prick. Bard made a nice 10-point run with 5 minutes to go in the game and fell 1 point short of an historic scoremark. The final score: North Adams 113, Bard 49.

Bard Faces Defeat, Wormy Alumni
In the Big Apple

By CHRISS VAN DIKEL, Sports Editor and DAINA OROWIL, Contributor

Ah, the Big Apple – where the buildings are tall, the liquor is strong, and the taxis don't brake for pedestrians. Or fencers. Which is how this all ties into this fencing article. At 2:30 p.m. on Monday, February 10, Bard's Men's Fencing team cut out early from their important classes, packed their weapons (as do all visiting to New York City) and headed off to spend eight soul-sucking hours at NYU (our crass, mean, mood music). Right. The first sign that the day was one to be branded in our memory forever was our running into Ben Epstein. For those of you who don't know or remember Ben, God bless you, may you be saved the horror. For those of you who have blocked him out of your mind, I understand. But yes, we ran into Ben Epstein. That should be enough. Andy Small, captain of the saber team and ex-teammate of Ben, had to be held back else he beat his ex-teammate to death with his saber pommel.

Okay, in the end we fenced. Drew Slipher won a great bout against NYU for epee, and John Berman beat the pants off some university boy in foil. And the rest of us fenced as well. After we were done working over NYU, we sat around for two hours doing nothing. NOTHING! Agghhhhhhhhh!!!

As if NONE of us had any work to do, nothing better to do than to sit around the stupid NYU gym with a bunch of sweaty jocks just to be told that we couldn't fence the other teams we were

supposed to. Noooooo, not biiiiier. Anyway, we did stop at a damn good deli, and Andy bought some nice sauce to dip our sandwiches in. Hmmm... but we got back at midnight, pissed off, tired, and sweating never to ride in a dark van with a bunch of Greek scholars ever again. February 14 showed bright and clear. Birds were singing, love was in the air, many were feeling the effects of a glorious previous evening. Women's Fencing had a meet.

Yes, on the day of love, we were forced into Stevenson Gymnasium along with representatives from CCNY and RIT. Although many familiar faces came to visit and see their progeny (Hi Mom!) it was still a barren area where we sought foreign blood. At least we won (for the opposite of "winning," see the bit on Men's Fencing above).

Women's foil had a lovely scrummy day (at least in terms of beating others into small piles of pulp). Caroleine Dwirein did very well, as did Malure (she won two, increasing her winnings by a full hundred percent). The epee team only fenced CCNY who showed very good sportsmanship and when they were beaten by the excellent talents of the entire team.

In spite of our fencing extravaganzas, many of us later went on to have a wonderful time at the Swing Dance that evening, brought to us by the efforts of Allen Josey and Student Activities (thank you!).

Bard Men's Fencing vs. NYU: saber, 0-9 loss; epee, 1-8 loss; foil, 1-8 loss.
Women’s Basketball Wraps up the Season

Team founders play last college game

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

Lindsay Goldstein and Abby Rosenberg, team captains, played their final college basketball game last Saturday, Feb. 21, against Stevens Institute of Technology. They are the only remaining members of the group who founded Bard’s Women’s Basketball program two seasons ago. In her college career Lindsay Goldstein (forward) averaged 10.3 rebounds per game and 2.3 steals per game; this year she was named to the Hudson Valley Women’s Athletic Conference all-conference team. Both Lindsay and Abby are graduating this year and because of their efforts they leave behind a stronger foundation for women’s sports at Bard College.

The last three women’s games proved to be as realistically suspended as Alfred Hitchcock’s Rear Window, as dramatically gripping at the last twenty pages of Gabriel Garcia Marquez’ One Hundred Years Of Solitude, and as unbearably agonizing as Edward Munch’s The Scream. Against Mount Mary College, Feb. 11, the women played a WNBA-worthy defense and a Debut Storm comparable offense. For the full 49 minutes of play the lead traded hands by single baskets and foul shots. Both teams played off aggressive harassing defense and a smooth cutting offense. With 1:10 left in the game, the score 43–44, Bard committed a foul and Mount Mary was able to convert one basket, making the score 43–45. Bard and Mount Mary then traded misses and with nine seconds left in the game Bard turned the ball over and Mount Mary ran out the clock for their first win of the season.

In the next home game, against City College of New York on Feb. 18, the women came out determined to play. Abby Rosenberg had the game as her career against City College with 19 points (5 of 6 from downtown), 8 steals, 7 assists, and 3 blocks. On the defensive side, City College was the Iraq and Bard the peanut butter. On the offensive the City College were the guns and Bard was Picasso Stevie. In the 1966 World Cup, England vs. Brazil semifinal, the Rio de Janeiro siper Jornal dos Sports attributed Brazil’s victory to divine intervention. “Whenever the ball flew towards our goal a goalless score seemed inevitable, Jesus reached his foot out of the clouds and cleared the ball.” At the game against City College it seemed that Jesus would do it again, but it was not destined to go well. In the last two minutes, with 20 seconds remaining, four players, strange inexplicable things began to happen. The ball was firmly held by the backcourt. When Bard scored, the ball was perfectly arced and dead center on, little atmospheric anomalies began to happen: the ball would suddenly veer off to the right or left, or sink off the rim, the rim would become as malicious as butter on the countertop in summer when it needed to be stiff and as still as a wet towel left out to dry in winter when it needed to be soft. On the defensive end no matter what City College threw up, it went in. Shots would carom through the air before slipping through the net. The game ended as another heartache, close loss for Bard.

New York was losing everything, but as the Knicks lead the NBA in least amount of points allowed per game, the Raptors played defense like they had been getting instruction from defense guru George Karl of the Seattle SuperSonics. In the last minutes of the game, Bridget McCarthy, Abby Rosenberg, and Lindsay Goldstein looked like octopi on crack as they maneuvered Stevens Tech players in a haunted court defense. The Bard women did an excellent job of double teaming and recovering and forced four turnovers in the final three minutes. The Raptors were a little nervous on offense, however, and missed shots before settling down about 7 minutes into the first half. When Bard took the lead with 13 minutes to go in the first half, Stevens Tech looked like they had been out all night with Dennis Rodman before the game. The Bard women moved down the court like water bugs on a pond, and through the defense as though Stevens Tech were straining in a paddle of molasses. Unfortunately Bard suffered some of the most terrible officiating in NCAA history. With 10:11 to go in the first half Charles Goldstein, Lindsay Goldstein’s father, leaped to his feet and shouted, “Is that a foul for touching the ball? when the referee called an open-court foul on Bridge McCarthy. From that moment on, Stevens Tech pulled ahead by 4 to make the score 3–7. From then on it was open season on the referee as he made absurd and ridiculous calls again and again. The peanut gallery was almost as enjoyable as the game as they heckled the officials with such memorable barbs as, “What, you can’t run and whistle at the same time?” and “We need some ref-rehab on the court.” At the close of the first half, Stevens Tech had pulled ahead to a 16–24 lead. The beginning of the second half kicked well for the Raptors when, in the opening seconds, Abby Rosenberg stole the ball, drove hard down court, faked to the layup and hand- ed a nice assist to Morgan Knight. Kalin Papadaki made a surprise appearance in the second half but couldn’t get the team a lift as the score 1–3 from the arc and couldn’t get into team rhythm after being out three weeks with a knee injury. The Raptors displayed some excellent improvisation nevertheless and seemed ready for a second wind with 10 minutes to go in the game. That second wind didn’t come, however, and the women closed the season with a 30–50 loss to Stevens Tech. Abby Rosenberg finished with 8 points, 6 steals, 3 assists, 3 blocks, and 1 rebound. Lindsay Goldstein finished with 13 rebounds (3 off), 5 steals, 3 points, 2 assists, and 1 block.


Schedules

Men’s Basketball: Feb. 23 at Pratt Institute, Feb. 25 at Yeshiva University, Feb. 27 vs. Vassar College (Home), 7:30 p.m.***

Women’s Basketball: Season ended Feb. 21

Women’s Squash: Feb. 20-21 at NISRA Intercollegiate Team Championships

Women’s Spanish: Season ended Feb. 15

Women’s Fencing: Feb. 22 at Stevens Institute of Technology, Feb. 28 at National Intercollegiate Women’s Fencing Championships

Men’s Fencing: Mar. 8 at NCAA Northeast Regional Championships

*LAST GAME OF THE SEASON

Late Night at the Lanes

Masked Ecstasy: Bard Intramural Bowling

Bard Intramural bowling, fueled by sunny organizers as the "only sport in which you can smoke, drink, win and play" meets every other Tuesday beginning at 8:30 p.m. At the alley, beer and games, at no serious games, all fun and games. "Free" PIZZA... The season kicks off March 1, 1994. For more information, contact the Intramural Sports Office, Big Bard Hall, 4th floor. Mar. 3.
MY DINNER WITH BOT-MAN

Bot-man, Issue 8, 1998

HAVING breakfast at NASA, Evil Super-Man, The Shield Diners, Sedanics Smokes, and Subway, Bot-man decides that he needs a challenge. He needs to face down the Cyclopsian horror which lurks upon Bot-man's campus, a fight which Bot-man has never faced. And so he boldly sets out to eat at KLAN?

DAY ONE: BREAKFAST FOR DINNER.

I LOVE IT! SCRAMBLED EGGS AT 6 AM?!
IT'S WACKY! BRILLIANT!

DAY TWO: DINNER FOR BREAKFAST.

ROAST BEEF AT 8 IN THE MORNING.
NAUSEATING, NAUSFY, NOT WACKY AT ALL.

DAY THREE: BREAKFAST FOR DINNER.

Nanah...

OH WELL... AT LEAST I HAVE MY BAGEL.

I'M CLEARING IT FOR YOU.

TOO LATE. CONSIDER IT BLESSED.

LISTEN - I'LL CLEAR IT MYSELF WHEN I'M DONE.

ALL RIGHT, BOT-BOT, YOU'RE IN FOR IT NOW. PREPARE TO FALAL...

THE MILITANT TRAY PATROL!

CREATED BY: Chris Van Dyke, John Holowach, Copyright 1998 Chris John
WRITTEN BY: Chris Van Dyke
SPECIAL THANKS TO: Multer - “Breakfast for dinner for Breakfast” Multer