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# OBSERVER

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"News is whatever sells newspapers; *The Bard Observer* is free."

# The Bard Observer

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NY, 12504 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 FOSTER, Staff Writer

"Do you smell something?" "Where's it coming from?" Last November, several students on their way to classes at Olin detected a strange gasoline-like odor coming from the eastern side of campus, behind the Old Gym. Students and faculty were not given any notice of the oil spill that took place in the federal wetlands near the Olin parking lot, which was first detected by Michele Dominy, Bard anthropology professor and Jim Brudvig, Vice President of Finance and Administration, on the night of November

12, before an Alan Gampel concert at Olin.

After the concert that night, Brudvig 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 repeated complaints made during the same day would not have been recorded in the Security log. On November 19, a full seven days

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## Spring Budget Forum Favors Jell-O Over Political Correctness

*Jell-O Appreciation Society Wins \$100 in All-out Brawl*

By ANNA-ROSE MATHIESON, Photography Editor

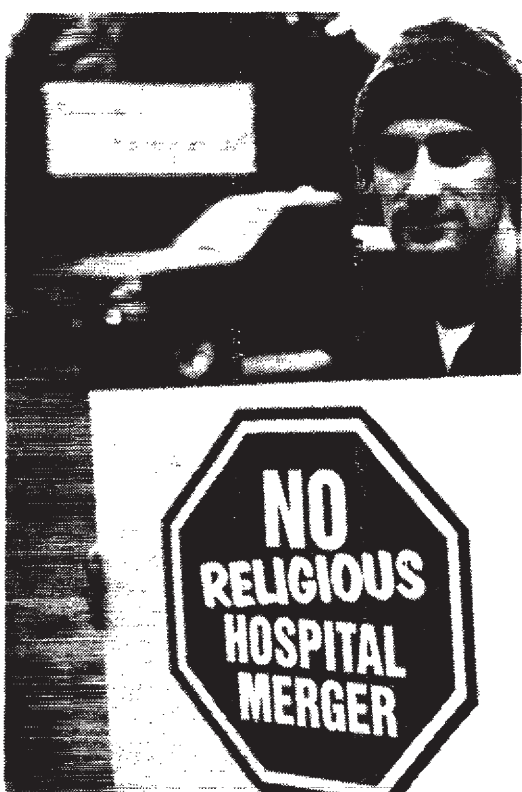
Expectations were already inebriated: the Spring 1998 Budget Forum promised to be less efficient, ethical, and dull than the budget forum of last fall. Valiantly attempting to bring back the elegant debauchery of previous Budget Forums, several clubs had deliberately opened themselves to attack by including 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 six-pack," 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 crackheads began amassing 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 gavel of Kate Massey. After the routinely dull and unenthusiastic 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 Sabina Khan, human rights advocate extraordinaire. The two empty positions on the Educational Policies Committee were filled by Helena Grillo and Allison Fletcher, who seemed to be the only two art majors without aesthetic objections to such rigid, linear concepts as attending a forum.

The real fun began when two hostile amendments to the budget were read. The International Students Organization (ISO) requested an additional \$1,000

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TAKING A STAND: Bard students, professors, and members of the surrounding communities rally against the hospital merger.

## Students, Professors Help Stage Protest Against Dutchess County Hospital Merger

By MICHAEL HAGGERTY, Staff Writer and AMANDA DEUTCH, Contributor

"Keep your rosaries 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). Lining the sides of Route 9, they held signs and placards in opposition to the proposed merger between Northern Dutchess, Kingston, and Benedictine hospitals. The merger issue 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 continually said 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 fertilization, the dissemination of contraceptives, sterilization, and euthanasia. The presence of both

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JEREMY DILLAMANT



## Fuel leak in Olin parking lot

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later, Dick Griffiths, Director of the Physical Plant, independently discovered a leak in an underground tank opposite the Old Gym, because of an offensive odor coming from the spill site and from the distinct red color of 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) hotline in New Paltz, which recommended that Ira D. Conklin & Sons Inc., an Environmental Services corporation of Newburgh, which has a permit from the DEC, orchestrate the clean up of the site.

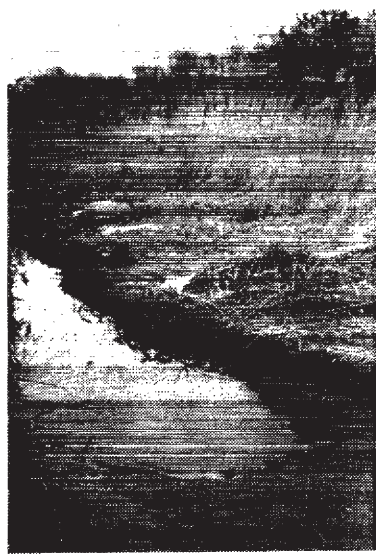
The culprits of the clean-up confusion that spanned the entire months of December and January were two 10,000-gallon steel fuel tanks buried beneath the ground at the north end of Olin's parking lot. They were previously used for heating the Old Gym and South Hall. The tanks had been recently filled and passed inspection regulations 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 of the DEC. McCabe described the typical inspection of heating fuel tanks to involve mostly "observational tests," which would include testing the temperature volume changes with a meter and listening to the tank for bubbling sounds which would indicate a leak. Brudvig hypothesized that the inspectors probably only checked the air pressure gauge of the tank and then pressurized the tank to specifications. Once the spill was detected, the two tanks were investigated and the volume of oil in each tank was measured by the DEC, only to find out that one tank was losing fuel faster than the other. B&G promptly disconnected all building connections with the tanks and a loaned temporary tank was hooked up to the heating plant until the replacement tank was permanently in place (around the end of January), according to Griffiths.

McCabe and other DEC personnel were brought in to survey the scene and worked "hand-in-hand" with the Physical Plant administration. The B&G crew worked extensively with Conklin to clean up the impacted area, yet the exact dimensions of the site vary depending on to whom one speaks. The largest area claimed by the spill, according to Brudvig, includes the land between the stream which runs parallel to Rt.9G and the eastern-most side of the Olin parking lot. A small pond, known as the "skating pond," about one foot in depth, is situated northeast of the oil tanks and drains south, according to Erik Kiviati, Executive Director of Hudsonia, Inc., a non-profit environmental research institute, nevertheless the oil still managed to seep into the pond, confessed Brudvig, and the pond acted as the northernmost boundary of the spill's effects. (McCabe of the DEC claims that the oil never reached the pond). The southernmost boundary of the spill is the land immediately behind the homes of Professor Terry Dewsnap and Professor Chinua Achebe. The entire area is designated as "inland and tidal wetlands" and "wildlife corridor" on an Environmental Sensitivity map of Bard Campus designed by Hudson 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 initially diluted with hundreds of gallons of water pumped from the "skating pond" in order to flush the oil and decrease the spill's impact. Because the tanks had been recently filled Brudvig estimates that between 5,000 and 7,000 gallons of oil leaked into the wetlands. John Scandurra from the Conklin Corporation has refused to release any information concerning the Bard spill until a Bard administrator gives him permission to do so, however even then

any information that is released has to go through the administration first. McCabe only confessed that Bard's spill was of a "pretty decent size." According to Bard professor George McCarthy, Conklin is required to report all case information to the DEC, after which it then becomes public information. (At press time, the *Observer* had not obtained the aforementioned case information from Conklin or the DEC.)

Once the tanks were removed, 12 holes approximately 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 in perfect working condition. Although both tanks were purchased 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 tank, he comments, 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 campus. He estimates that most of the tanks at 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 and alarm system installed inside that allows for continuous monitoring of the tank itself, at the cost of \$50,000, according to Brudvig.



FOULED WATERS: The wetlands by the Olin parking lot were severely impacted by the leak.

ANNA ROSE LATHROP

Griffiths estimates that there are about 30 underground fuel tanks and 15-20 aboveground tanks on campus. As part of Bard's required proposal to the DEC on how Bard plans to clean up the spill and prevent such an incident from happening in the future, B&G staff are working to update the old tanks by either replacing them or digging them up and pouring cement for vaults in which the tanks would sit. The December 1998 DEC requirements for underground heating fuel tanks require all tanks to have some kind of additional spill protection, which could include double-walled sides, leak detection or overspill

detection, or a cement vault. Brudvig believes that these monitoring systems "will probably put agencies like Ira Conklin out of business because the area will be mitigated and the tank will have a containment field."

The actual clean up started two hours after Griffiths called Conklin on November 19. "First, the oil was contained, then it was cleaned up," Griffiths explained. Griffiths believes that 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 the oil into the stream, so presumably not much 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 have it burned, according to Griffiths. A drainage ditch and several other drainage pits were dug within a few feet of the Olin parking lot in order to collect the oil, which was skimmed off the water's surface and pumped up into a Conklin truck in order to be disposed of to DEC specifications. A dam was built of absorbent sponges, pads, and sandbags to prohibit further contamination of the stream, and artificial dams were constructed of soil to contain and redirect the flow of the stream through the absorbent materials. B&G staff has taken over most of the clean up work now and it is their responsibility to change and replace the sandbags and sponges regularly, Brudvig said. A student working on the clean up with the B&G crew said that after an eight-hour day of working on the site, he washed

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## News Briefs

### Bard/Mid-Hudson Sister Cities Project Clothing Drive

On the night of Carnival, February 28, before you get ready for an evening of fun and festivities, take a moment to go through your closet and bring any items you're willing to donate for a clothing drive project sponsored by the Bard/Mid-Hudson Sister Cities project. The clothes you donate will be shipped to Larreynaga, a small town in Nicaragua as well as Bard's sister city. There, they will be sold at low prices as a way to provide affordable clothing to the people of Larreynaga as well as a way to generate funds for community projects. The Bard/Mid-Hudson Sister Cities project appreciates your help. Clothes should be in good condition and designed for hot weather!

This project is one of several sponsored by the Sister Cities project, an organization which includes members from Bard and the surrounding communities which focuses on dignified development and sustaining a friendship with Larreynaga. Over Intersession a delegation of two Bard students traveled to Nicaragua, visited Larreynaga, and made personal connections that are as important as the material connections. If you are interested in this organization and perhaps traveling to Nicaragua, the Sister Cities holds meetings every Wednesday at 7 p.m. in Olin Moon Room.

—Stephanie Schneider

### What Kind of Conference is This?

In the past few weeks there has been a great deal of information randomly circulating campus about the upcoming environmental conference. To clarify this issue, there very certainly will be a Student Environmental Action Coalition (SEAC) conference on campus from February 27 through March 1. SEAC is the largest student-run environmental organization in the country, composed of a coalition of over 1,000 high school and college student environmental groups. SEAC is a grassroots network working for environmental protection and social justice. The coalition realizes that sexism, racism, and other forms of oppression are also toxic aspects of the environment and aims to better those aspects of our society. The conference is being co-sponsored by student groups at both Bard and Vassar including the Vassar Greens, the Vassar Student Activists Union, the Vassar Animal Rights Coalition, the Bard Animal Rights Collective, the Student Labor Coalition, the Universal Human Rights Society, and the Earth Coalition. The overall aim of the conference is to encourage the exchange of ideas and information in order to unite the left and strengthen the student movement to produce real change and a better world. Members of the Bard Community are encouraged to participate in this weekend of thought and action. See *Upcoming Events for times and locations of workshops and other events in the SEAC conference.*—Andrea Davis

### Candlelight Vigil

For anyone who feels anger, sadness, helplessness, or anything at all about the present military situation in Iraq, there will be a candlelight vigil on main campus on Friday, February 27 at 9:30 p.m. Although this event is in conjunction with the Student Environmental Action Coalition (SEAC) conference, it is also meant to bring this community together to express unity against the possibility of war, the deaths of innocent people, and all other issues implied with the prospect of war. It is hoped that the vigil will allow members of the Bard Community to feel empowered with the voice of light and cleansed by the solidarity of students, faculty, and staff. Most importantly, the vigil will be a time to dedicate an hour of our lives to reflecting upon the bloodshed in the world. All are encouraged to come. Please bring a candle and dress warmly. —Andrea Davis



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his clothes four times and dried them twice and they still smelled of oil. He described wading up to his knees in the "murky water" and putting the soaked "tampax" sponges into bags which would later be disposed of 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 Kiviat. 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 Kiviat, 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 wetland 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, Bard's average daily consumption of drinking water was 149,500 gallons per day and 98% 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 water plant are "not designed to remove organic contaminants," such as oil, and would "directly affect the drinking water at Bard" 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 fuel 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, Kiviat explained that various plant species have different degrees of susceptibility to oil, dependent on the species and on the concentration of oil. General wetland vegetation includes grasses, cattails and sedges, all 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. Kiviat 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, sunfish, pickerel, yellow perch, large-mouthed bass, and painted and wood turtles. Maple believes that the main effect that the oil spill would have on surrounding wildlife would most likely originate with contaminated insect larvae that would be eaten by nearby red-winged blackbirds as well as by its other predators. Downstream, near the stream's convergence with the Saw Kill Creek, the wildlife ecology includes dace, darters, insect larvae, and water snakes. The insect larvae would be most affected, but fish and snakes would also be significantly affected, according to Maple. McCabe of the DEC confirms that the wildlife and vegetation would be "severely impacted."

The completion date for the clean up is uncertain, however

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## Rock City Oil Spill

By AMY FOSTER, Staff Writer

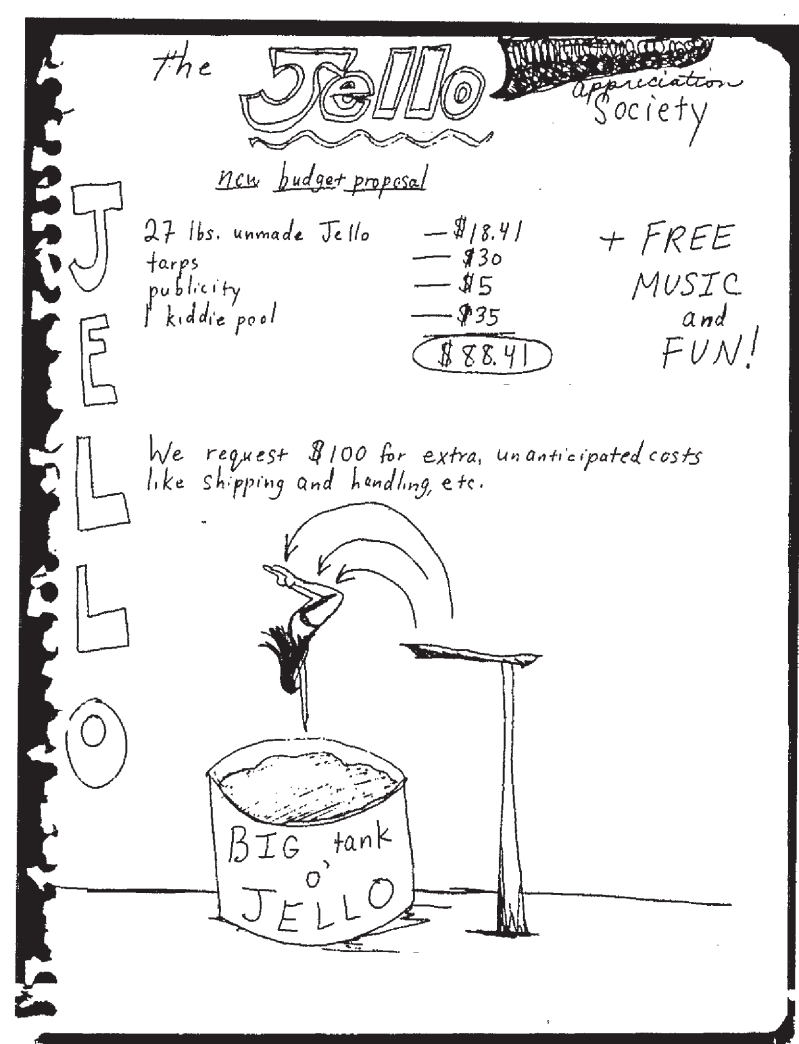
Reporting by KARIN BOLANDER of *The Red Hook Gazette*

On the morning of June 6 last summer, a tractor-trailer truck carrying 7,000 gallons of diesel fuel lost control coming around the Rock City bend. The tanker, which was owned by Island Transportation Corp. of Long Island, crashed at the intersection of Routes 199 and 308 in the Town of Milan, flipping over and sliding violently into a garage owned by Kenneth Cole of Red Hook. The tank ruptured, spilling 4,900 gallons of raw diesel product, enough fuel to fill a small swimming pool.

The oil flowed into a culvert which empties into the nearby Saw Kill stream. In an effort to prevent the dangerous spillage from flowing any further downstream, Island Transportation contracted a Newburgh-based firm, Environmental Products and Services, who soon installed snakelike, white siphon dams across the waterway.

According to residents who reside downstream of the spill, the oil is still present in the stream. As of October, a reported 500 gallons of raw product was still sitting in the culvert, and an uncertain amount was seeping through the soil and settling into the bedrock under eight feet of gravel and topsoil.

The spill at Rock City is very similar to the Bard spill, being relatively the same size, employing related clean up action, and effecting yet another stream that is part of the Saw Kill watershed, where most of Bard's drinking water comes from. Although they were of different origins, both spills occurred within 10 miles of each other, within a six-month span, and threatened the safety of the stream as well as area residents' peace of mind. The main difference between the two spills is the fact that the Bard spill not only affected the ecology of a small stream, but an entire wetland ecosystem. The New York State Department of Environmental Conservation commented that the wetland will be "severely impacted" and with the emergence of spring around the corner, Bard students, faculty, and staff may be able to witness the tangible damage done by the spill.



## Jell-O wiggles into hearts at Budget Forum

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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 Formal and the Food Festival, events that are traditionally staged during the spring semester. Unfortunately, the quality of debate was hampered since the international students appeared entirely too ethical; lacking evidence that the ISO misused their funds, their opponents resorted to accusing the ISO of not spending enough during the previous semester. Despite this apparent hostility, a Planning Committee member assured 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 hostile amendment was rejected. After several spurious motions, 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 Rim'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 (J.A.P.S.) in order to appease the thwarted forces of international awareness. Prostrating himself before a sacred Lemon-Lime idol, Jell-O czar 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 highest level of intellectual rigor; incoherent references to banana peels, John Cage, and "our Jell-O creative outlets" were wantonly flung about the room. Josh Bell gave a brilliant exegesis of the untraditional conceptions 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 taxing intellectualism was rewarded by Joel Hunt's sensitive appeal to his "vegan brothers and sisters."

With the support of the smoking block, the Jell-O amendment easily passed. Dispensing with the pointless formalities of properly adjourning the meeting, the satisfied forum masses filtered out of Kline.



THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR IT: Despite their initial rejection by the Planning Committee, club head Mike Ginsburg won a \$100 budget with the winning line: "We want to cover our bodies with Jell-O."



## Community joins in merger protest

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women and men of all ages at the demonstration showed the wide range of people who believe the new directives will affect them.

SOS also hopes to put pressure on the hospitals to accept an offer made by the Dyson Foundation, a philanthropic organization which has said it will fund research on alternative methods to the merger. However, if any of those alternatives were to be implemented, they would require the approval of the archdiocese of New York state. Mergers between hospitals have become increasingly common in recent years as governmental funding for health care has been sharply reduced, causing health care facilities to seek such measures to survive financially. Among the secular and religious hospitals that have merged, alternatives to the enforcement of religious doctrines have been sought out and implemented. For example in Poughkeepsie, Vassar Brothers and St. Francis hospitals collaborated rather than merge so that religious restrictions would not be imposed. Gale Wolfe, who heads SOS, drew an analogy to marriage, saying that "maybe [the hospitals] living together is better — divorced, but living together."

Bard's involvement in the demonstration represents a growing concern among students and professors for the preservation of essential medical services. SOS's presence on campus last fall, when Gale Wolfe and other SOS members spoke in Olin, was not strongly felt, while at Kline last Wednesday they were undoubtedly noticed. Although student opinions concerning the merger are not presently passionate, the administration of Bard is highly concerned about the ramifications of the merger. President Botstein has gone as far as to say that the school will sue the hospitals if they merge because the act will breach separation between church and state. In a letter to Michael Mozzarella, the CEO of Northern Dutchess Hospital, Botstein offered to work with the hospitals to find alternatives. Although that letter was written last summer, Mr. Mozzarella has not found the time or inclination to respond.

Senior Pauline Gnesin said, "there was a lot of support [from people who passed by the demonstration] that was positive. That surprised me." Despite rising community concern, the hospitals do not appear to have taken their protests into serious consideration. Representatives have yet to offer comment in response to the demonstration, or to alternatives offered by the Tyson Foundation.



## In Memoriam

Seth Harry Goldfine

Our friend Seth Harry Goldfine died last Thursday, February 12, while driving to visit us at Bard. He was twenty-two. Memorials are not something that most of us think about at the age of twenty-two. We've survived the torments of adolescence and are still putting off the realities of adulthood. Mortality is the last thing on our minds. For the handful of us who made it to Seth's funeral — who met his family and his friends from high school — the reality of death, and the immensity and importance of one person's life have become tangible. Whether 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 strength, community, and friendship which will not be forgotten.

Speaking at Seth's funeral, Kimani Davis said something along the lines of "Imagine me, a kid from Harlem, playing Rugby!" It was something he couldn't have predicted and something that two years ago no one at Bard had seen coming. Everyone who knew Seth would agree that he was the only person who could have possibly done it. Not because he was obsessed with sports (which he was) and not because he looked like he was born to coach a rugby team (which he did) but because he believed in it and he struggled for it

with a strength and a passion that is more rare than we like to think. No one had even considered Bard Rugby three years ago. As a first-year, Seth conceived of the idea, did the research, held meetings and infused other students with his enthusiasm. When Seth applied for funding from the gym, they refused to give it to him. It was as hard for them as for the rest of us to imagine a sport like rugby at a school like Bard. This was no intramural softball: who would play? Who would organize it? In the end they told him that if he could pull off an exhibition game before the end of the school year, they would fund the team. They were betting it wouldn't happen. Seth went before the Planning Committee and was so convincing that he received the funding he needed, the most ever given to a first-time club led by a first-year student.

With the barest of essentials, Seth began to run practices. There was no coach, one ball, and only a handful of jerseys and mouthguards. There wasn't even a proper pitch on which to play. There were no goalposts. How Seth pulled it together was a mystery to most of us. Suddenly, our friends were showing up in Kline with giant bruises from rugby practice and in the spring semester of 1996, Bard Rugby had a scrimmage against Marist College. Before we knew it, Rugby was the most enthusiastically followed sport at Bard and "scrum" became a household — or rather a dormi-

tory — word. To make it all the more fitting, our team kept getting in trouble because we were too rowdy as fans.

So, he gave us some of our best days at Bard. So what. Well, on top of that, Seth taught something to every member, past and present, of the rugby team and to many of us on the sidelines. It's not that Seth never gave up, if that were the only factor it would have still been a lost cause. What mattered, and what is still most important is that he taught us never to give up. Again, we think Kimani put it best when he said that no matter how bad things got, and things always get bad, Seth kept going. He pushed the team as hard as he pushed himself, and he managed, through his perseverance, his confidence, and his enthusiasm to bring a group of totally different guys together and make them into a team in every sense of the word. Whether friends or teammates, the respect we have for Seth because of his strength and his hopes can hardly be expressed in this article. Though we go on about the sport that was important to Seth and to many others, we could say the same things about Seth in his life. Seth was genuine in every respect. He was considerate beyond our expectations and persevered beyond our capacities. He was as loyal to us as he was to his passion, the Bard rugby team. His death is a tragedy, and we will never forget him.—Bryan Shelton, Josh Bell, Sarah Slawski

## A Law for the Lion, Another for the Lamb

Professors Joel Kovel and James Chace Discuss Iraq Situation in Forum

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

In a surprising show of interest in foreign policy, more than thirty Bard students attended last Monday's (Feb. 16) panel discussion, professors James Chace and Joel Kovel with Dean of Students Jonathan Becker moderating, on the United States' position towards Iraq. Then again, with all the White House blustering and Congressional hatchet unburying, who could not be interested in the real possibility of the US declaring war against the "second Hitler," as Secretary of State Madeline 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 administrators, came to hear a view more refreshing than that on the *New York Times* front page, "For Ohioans, 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 backed themselves into a corner by promoting and promulgating the image of Saddam Hussein as the second most reviled tyrant in the twentieth century. By doing so the White House has created a catch 22; they have to deal with Saddam's flaunting of the U.N. resolutions, but by threatening force the White House must execute an unpopular punishment so they won't be seen as backing down. According to Prof. Chace, Congress has made things worse by pressuring Clinton to carry through with the United States' threats. From the domestic perspective the US has to bomb Iraq if Saddam does not comply with US wishes. An air strike will not succeed in ousting Saddam, most military experts agree; it has been tried before and has failed. The only option left for the United States is a ground invasion involving several hundred thousand troops. Americans are not willing to risk their fellows' lives over a perceived threat; after all Saddam Hussein has not done anything truly drastic yet, he simply has not let UNSCOM (United Nations Special Commission) inspectors into areas of Iraq where nuclear and biological weapons are suspected to be stored. The dilemma is very problematic because, as Chace said, "They need a ground invasion to get the results they

want, but nobody [in Congress or the White House] is willing to risk American lives."

After his statements on domestic policy Prof. Chace enumerated the problems in the foreign arena. The United States has not been overwhelmingly popular in the Middle East in recent history, except as a consumer. Prof. Chace made the important distinction that in '91 the Gulf War was a result of Iraq invading Kuwait. Since no invasion has occurred this time it is no surprise 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 is the only thing between it and Iran. The Turkish government fears that should Saddam Hussein be toppled, Iraq's southern Muslim separatists would gain control of Iraq, ally themselves with Iran, and then be in a position to destabilize the Turkish government with strict Muslim ideology. Jordan and Syria depend on Iraqi oil for their daily existence. The linchpin of American ties to the Middle East, Israel, has stated over and over again that they are more than capable of handling anything that Iraq can throw at them, which they have proven before. Distention from non-Middle Eastern countries has occurred too. Russia does not want an American war with Iraq because Iraq owes them \$8,000,000,000 and is a cash-happy, technology-poor country. While Iraq does not have large outstanding debts with France and China, neither of those countries wants to cripple Iraq's already straitjacketed economy. Prof. Chace concluded by saying that the US was acting on a domestic agenda that influenced foreign policy.

After Prof. Chace's remarks Prof. Kovel began by outlining what he felt was an immoral, illegal, and hypocritical policy towards Iraq. Prof. Kovel went over the United Nations' resolutions as they pertain to weapons inspection: the United States' bombing of Iraq would be illegal because resolution 687 allows

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



## Fuel leak in Olin parking lot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

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 little which must still be collected. The new tank is monitored every morning by B&G and weekly by the DEC, according to Griffiths, although McCabe mentioned that he had not been out to 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 B&G's "internal costs" which will result in "budget adjustments" according to Brudvig. The replacement of the old tank is qualified as a "capital expense," meaning something that "lends improvement to the college and does not create a debit in current expenses." Bard's only coverage on tanks has a \$10,000 maximum if the incident was an accident and again Brudvig clearly states that "this was not an accident." "The cost of the clean up will be absorbed into the normal operation. According to Brudvig, the spill was a "wake-up call" for Bard's maintenance crew and he believes that the entire spill could have been avoided if the tanks had been replaced last year.

ed if the tanks had been replaced last year.

The oil spill was a tragic occurrence, and according to Griffiths, the first in his 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 something 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 B&G 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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for US military intervention only in the instance that Iraq invades Kuwait and resolution 687 allows no provision for use of force in ascertaining that Iraq "cannot wage sophisticated warfare" (i.e. chemical/biological and ballistic weapons); resolution 687 allows only for inspection.

Prof. Kovel called what the US was doing to Iraq a "great crime of modern history." The United States-led embargo on Iraq has made baby formula the most sought-out and expensive item on Iraq's black market. Over 1,000,000 Iraqi civilians have died of malnutrition and treatable disease since the embargo started, most of them children. 5,000 children die every month from these two causes. Prof. Kovel felt that part of the reason why these drastic results were overlooked is because the US government has done an excellent job of personalizing the conflict: the enemy is Saddam Hussein rather than the Government of Iraq.

The hypocritical nature of the US' policy toward Iraq was outlined by Prof. Kovel. He pointed out that the US has the largest cache of chemical/biological and ballistic weapons on the planet but nobody, not even most of the United States' own government, is allowed to inspect it. Iraq's development of nuclear weapons started after Israel had established a program of its own and created a destabilizing power structure in the Middle East. After the Israelis executed an

unprovoked attack on Iraq's nuclear program, and succeeded in destroying it, Iraq began developing its chemical and biological weapons programs in an effort to equalize the power structure with its neighbor; Prof. Kovel called this US-led power structure a "law for the lion and another for the lamb." Prof. Kovel also pointed out that Saddam is not the madman that the US government and media have branded him as; he had the opportunity to use the chemical, biological, and nuclear weapons that the US suspects him of having trained upon Israel, but opted not to.

Kovel also lamented the lack of any pro-bombing views at the discussion, "to make it more interesting." Profs. Kovel and Chace disagreed on the morality of the situation. Prof. Chace stated that in foreign policy, specifically with Iraq, morality has the least impact on decision making and is generally negated in US policy formation. Prof. Kovel felt it was important because, if used correctly, it can delegitimize an unfair situation or viewpoint. Aside from Prof. Chace forgetting Dean of Students Jonathan Becker's name, the evening's discussion went smoothly and was more illuminating than Tuesday's *Times* quote, "He's [Saddam] just like a little bully on the playground. He's kicking sand in our face, and we've got to do something about it. We can't just let him get away with it."

## The Bard Journal of Social Sciences

The Journal is now accepting submissions for its Spring '98 issue. We welcome papers on topics dealing with any aspect of the social sciences, including (but certainly not limited to): literature, history, economics, philosophy, religion, art history, linguistics and sociology. Send either IBM or Mac disk and a hard copy through campus mail to Leigh Jenco. If you would like to work on the Journal or have any questions, call Leigh at X4323.

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## Exploring the Frontiers between Life/Death, Perfection/Imperfection

Michner 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 place between perfect and imperfect" by way of the work of Diana Michner, one participant in a series of lectures by professional photographers. In her lecture February 16, Michner exhibited slides and gave insight on a variety of photographic series 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 you don't feel as if the life has gone," she said. The photographs demonstrated this idea as one could look at Michner's head of the cow and almost have to be reminded that the animal is dead which proves the photographer's success in capturing that moment.

Along with the photographs, Michner's personal accounts allowed listeners to gain a more in-depth viewing and understanding of the process she underwent. 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 fetuses in jars at a museum. Surprisingly, these pictures of variously

malformed babies were not presented as a freak show from which the viewer would have to turn away. Instead these fetuses were photographed in such a manner that, as Michner herself said, they don't appear that strange; one of the fetuses is "not much different from a normal baby." She said she wanted them to be seen as they were, "in the right scale, the silence, the gesture."

Michner said that she was quite lucky in the photographic conditions. The jars were in a room lit by a skylight, which she 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."

Michner 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 it was okay to go to the morgue. "My life became very caught up with waiting to have something revealed to me...I was not in and out of the morgue." She said one waiting period lasted for five weeks.

Once inside the morgue, she said that the workers paid her no mind, continuing their unique processes as if Michner 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, Michner revealed that she was constantly learning during the process, discovering elements which before she might have dismissed. In fact, the experience at the morgue encouraged her to begin another series, this one focusing on self portraits. "I photographed myself because I was trying to figure out who was this girl waiting like 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 the first thing I saw when I walked in was the entire staff from Bard Health Services. Okay, maybe not the entire staff but it had that effect.

As I was waiting to be seated, I tried not to stare. About that moment my dinner companion nailed me with her elbow and said, "Stop staring!" I couldn't help it, it was too intriguing. I tried to wave to Barbara Jean but I don't think she saw me, and that just made me nervous. Of course, we were seated at a table directly in front of them, but luckily with our backs turned, because I don't know if I would've survived the whole meal had seating arrangements been different. I then managed to alienate all the other strangers we were sitting with at the Hibachi table by having one of my infamous fits of laughter. "I can't believe...haa, haa, haa...we're sitting...ha, ha, haa...right in front...ha, ha...of health services...haa, haa, haa!" By now, everyone in the entire restaurant could write me off as being insane.

This tumultuous beginning didn't phase 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 overestimated my honing-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 is close to the river, complete with boats 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 is 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 objects, flags representing various nations are strung from wall to wall. We were seated underneath Great Britain and Italy.

Perusing 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 in-your-face 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!) \$16.95. Though it's pricy, the portions are very generous. A meal comes complete with a shrimp cocktail, soup, which does have fish in it, a salad, which my vegetarian friend stole because she was upset that the soup had 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 he 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. What I really enjoyed was this ginger sauce that came with my meal; I got desperate 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 might as well go in style and order the tempura ice cream (fried ice cream), and my companion ordered the green tea ice cream. We ended up trading because I liked the green tea better (she thought it tasted like seaweed.) To me, it tasted exactly like the name, green tea but in an ice creamed form. One should definitely try it once, just chalk it up as another golden experience at the Golden Ginsa.

RESTAURANT REVIEW

## Celebrity Worship and Rockabilly

by Lauren Martin  
and Elissa Nelson, Columnists

FIRST, A CORRECTION: The title of our last column was supposed to be "esoteric zines," not "erotic zines." Ahem. I guess you could maybe find some of the zines we reviewed to be slightly erotic, perhaps. Like the zine about Prince, man. If he ain't erotic, who is? (Ow!)

Anyway, some more zine reviews for you. You can find them posted on the Zine Library bulletin board in the Root Cellar.

*Letters to Celebrities.* A creation by Nomy Lamm, the girl goddess of the fat oppression movement. She is also author of *I'm So Fucking Beautiful* zine, and was one of Ms. Magazine's 50 Most Notable Women of 1996. *Letters to Celebrities* is a funky little zine, exactly what the title says. In it, Nomy writes letters to such well-knowns as Richie Rich, Lorena Bobbitt, Cyndi Lauper and Eddie Van Halen. In this weird, sometimes-funny, sometimes-scary way, Nomy is able to bring up issues like class, rape, racism and, of course, celebri-

ty worship. In her letter to Cyndi, Nomy writes, "I honestly don't think that I'd be a punk now if it weren't for you, cuz you were the first person who ever told me it was cool to be weird. And I don't know why people always compared to you [sic] Madonna, I mean it was cuz you and her were the two really popular girl singers of the time; but really there is no comparison, cuz you kick Madonna's ass." (LM)

*Original Cool #24.* Okay, this zine ain't exactly my cup of tea. But when I noticed it on the shelves of See Hear (this awesome music zine store in Manhattan), and saw what its contents were about, I knew I just had to purchase it for the Zine library. Talk about diversifying! The editors of *Original Cool* self-define their zine as a "Rockabilly Swing Rock and Roll zine." There must be some Bard kid out there who's into that sort of thing, no? Where is Bard's rockabilly clique? Issue #24 has interviews with Big Sandy and his Fly-Rite Boys, Cordell Jackson ("the rockin granny"), and Don Weise, "Rockabilly's Poor Boy Paul." I have no idea who these people are, but maybe you do. And maybe this is just the zine you've been waiting for. (LM)

ZINE SCENE



"IF SONGS WERE LINES in the conversation, the situation would be fine" -Nick Drake, "Hazy Jane II."

Although the above quotation is taken way-the-fuck out of context, I find it to have a lot of resonance lately within my thoughts about cultural hierarchy. The concept of hierarchical structure is especially

by  
Joel Hunt,  
Columnist

relevant to understanding "music," where — after John Cage's initial breach in the 1950's — these structures have become, to me, thankfully a bit sloppy. That is, these forms (usually designated as high/low/popular) have totally broken into one another's realm. That's how you can have cultural products such as, say, Philip Glass' *Einstein on the Beach*, and Rhys Chatham's and Glenn Branca's symphonic works for electric guitars (where the popular invades the high) as examples of "trickle-up" (read: liberal) theory and the Beach Boys *Pet Sounds*, and the Beatles "Yesterday" (where the high invades the popular) as simple examples of "trickle-down" (read: conservative) theory.

The 90's present a whole new set of complexities in the breakdown between hierarchical structures. The products of popular culture are no longer unsophisticated (as if they ever were: such contentions of "popular" being equal with "dumb" obviously support a specific, high-minded agenda). Case in point: how many "smart" people do you know who actually find *Seinfeld* clever? Probably quite a few. "Being clever" was its selling point, especially to equally clever college kids (although after this May its main selling point will be nostalgia as the show's run is ending). But it doesn't end there. In viewing *Spice World* (which I have no problem with stating that I enjoyed), I found it to be much more sophisticated in terms of construction (although probably not as much in execution) as the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night* movie. That may sound like sacrilege to most of you, but why? They are both basically promotional tools. Admit it. The only reason the latter strikes you as classic is because of hindsight. Hindsight, always being perfect, is what makes people declare Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys a "creative genius," and although I don't doubt that, I guarantee that nobody was saying that over thirty years ago when *Pet Sounds* flopped commercially.

The major problem, of course, in writing for a college newspaper (besides the fact that no one really gives two shits about what I'm writing anyway) is the tendency of the college critic to completely act as if the products produced by the popular culture that s/he reviews are below the writer's level of sophistication (and therefore the reader's). Puh-leeze. Just pointing out that *SpiceWorld* (or *Titanic* or whatever big-ass Hollywood movie is currently raking in the bucks) are crass and commercial is a fucking no-brainer. Bringing in large crowds is their imperative! Otherwise, they wouldn't be big-ass Hollywood movies!

Although I don't review stuff like the Spice Girls (although I do enjoy their music for what it is), it's mainly because I review what I buy. I mean, I know that the Spice Girls aren't Chain Gang, and vice-fuckin'-versa. But this way not only do I get to be really specific without wading through the glut of new product released monthly (that I don't get for free because I'm too lazy to bother calling record companies to get on promotional lists), but I can also trace out some really specific stuff. However, I do occasionally get tired of all this, and at those moments I think of these lyrics by the excellent Men's Recovery

# Destroy all Cultural Forms!

Attempt No. 3,457



SUPER-FREAKY: Aphex Twin's album *Come to Daddy*.

Project of Richmond, Virginia:

ALL MUSIC IS SHIT TO GOD!  
HE THINKS WE'RE A BUNCH OF BABIES!  
HE PAYS NO ATTENTION TO ALL OUR  
NOISE AND MAKES GREAT BIG PLANS TO  
DESTROY US!

Of course, since we go to Bard, we can substitute "Leon" for "God."

Anyway, on with the records! Yeah, so I've been "into" Shellac for a while now, and while I'll agree with the Zine Library kids that Albini & co. aren't as interesting as Prince, at least I'm not confused over what the band's name is this week. Shellac's new record *Terraform* has just 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 include songs like "Canada" and "Disgrace" which were also recorded as part of a John Peel session for the BBC way back in '94 or something. It's nice to finally get those songs on vinyl because, unless you could find the ultra-rare bootleg 7" which I'm convinced is a mythology, you'd have to tape it off somebody. Also present is the song "Mouthpiece," which includes the supremely pithy lyrics "Blockhead! . . . you're a dummy!! You're made out of wood!" The coup de grace, however, is the opening track briefly entitled "Didn't We Deserve a Look at You the Way You Really Are." As Justice Platt was fond of reminding us, Brevity is the Soul of Wit, but regardless this song goes on forever. Which is nice, because it consists mostly of Todd Trainer's drums and Bob Weston's bass (no Steve); the guitar doesn't come in for three minutes (I clocked it), then fades out again. The end result of which is eerily reminiscent of the rhythm section in "From the Side of Man and Womankind" track from Tony Conrad and Faust's *Outside the Dream Syndicate* (1972), an album which I can almost guarantee that Albini owns. If you doubt my claims that Steve is actually a sensitive guy, I have it from a reliable source that he owns the Nick Drake *Fruit Tree* boxed set as well.

Intercession, and last issue's foray to the periphery of new shit, has caused a lag: I've got some stuff to review which is actually slightly old (in the pop world), but still worth checking out. Sometime last autumn Aphex Twin released the *Come to Daddy* EP,

but I didn't actually get it 'til December, so it's fair game. Having become interested in his schtick in the past couple of years has had its confusing moments, but none to prepare me for the first track off the EP, which sounds like the most remedial Nine Inch Nails pseudo-industrial crap I've ever heard. A real low step, but possibly also a funny bit of strategy on Richard D. James' part. Anyway, the other three tracks (on vinyl; I think the CD comes with a bonus track, whoop-de-fuckin'-do) are the quality you'd expect from the Twin without being what you'd expect. Got me?

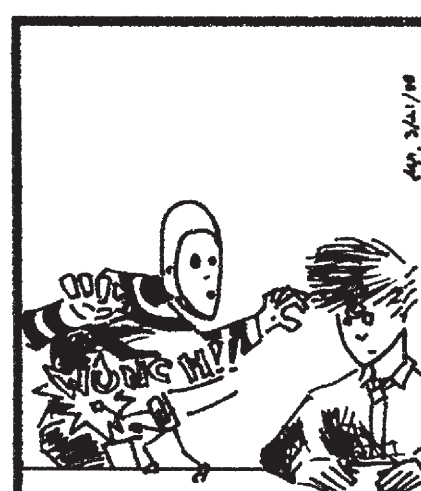
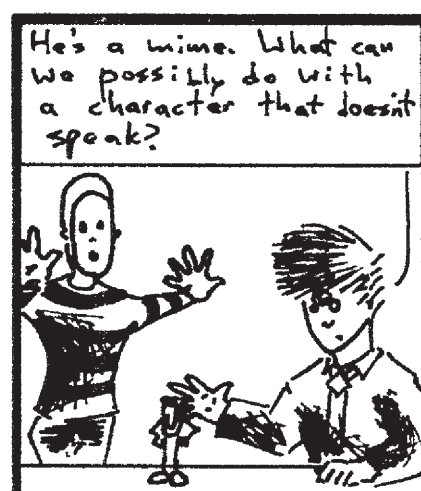
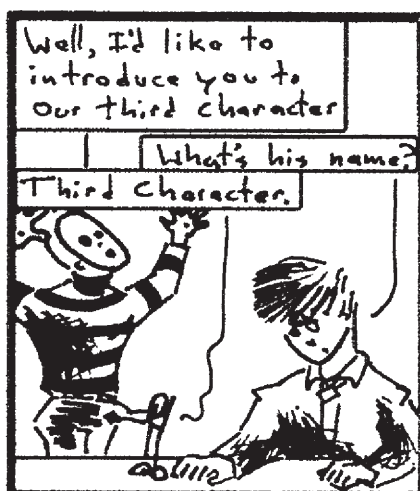
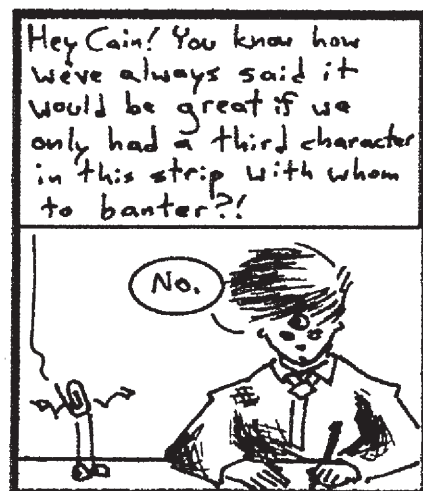
Also released on the Warp label last semester is *Burnin' Tree* by the most excellent Squarepusher. I had a dream that this guy played Tent Party, that's how much I dig his mad jams. Anyway, this 2xLP set is a compilation of 12" singles tracks that Mr. Jenkinson recorded for the Spymania label way back when in good ol' 1995 (plus two bonus new tracks). Seeing as how those 12" singles are way out of print, it might behoove you to pick up the double vinyl, especially if you're into spastic, live super-fusion fretless bass played over impossibly complex drum n' bass beats nearing the 300 beat-per-minute mark.

One of my roommates claims that Modus Operandi, the Photek triple LP from last year that all the critics shit over before Roni Size became a household word, is merely functional drum n' bass. Which is not to say that it's bad at all. I mean, it's certainly not going to hit you over the head with a bloody shovel then bludgeon you to death with a rusty wire-brush like the *Brown Album* by The Child Molesters does (if you've never heard their version of Yoko Ono's "Don't Worry Kyoko," then you just don't know what comedy is), but that's like comparin' apples and lobsters, ain't it? Unlike any mere rock band, Photek's, uh, m.o. (excuse the pun) combines a fair amount of laconic melody with complex rhythms. So shell out the simoleans and check it out.

Before we go, there's also Dianogah to attend to. I won't pretend to be "objective" (as if anyone should) since these guys played at a party in my parent's living room a couple of summers ago. I've been waiting for their (semi) new record, *As Seen from Above* (Action Boy carries the vinyl, Ohio Gold the CD), for a while now. Although it doesn't have the "mysterious aura" of their first two 7" singles, this two-bass, one drumset band is really reet. Now I know you're thinking "Tortoise," but these guys honestly sound nothing like that other Chicago unit. I think it's 'cause Jay, Jason, and Kip never got caught up in any early-70's Miles Davis phase, though I could be mistaken. Although one of the tunes sounds suspiciously like "Fast Piss Blues" by Come, the set is overall pretty pleasant, evoking Midwestern post-hardcore (Slint, Bastro, etc.) without being too obvious, and while still including the occasional slightly-goofy pseudo-emo 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 also, fuck 'em if they can't take a joke. Next issue: hopefully some new Gastr del Sol, some new Shadow Ring, some new Oval and some other shit. 'Till then, toodles.

## The DANCING Paperclip of Tormented Souls® / by Morgan Pielli



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# Upcoming Events

Unless otherwise noted, all events are free.

## Feb. 23, Monday

### Bard Cinematheque Presents...

Guest speaker M. Henry James presenting a special paracinematic 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 Doren. 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, x7279. Chapel of the Holy Innocents. 6 p.m.

**Lecture:** "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, Communities, 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 Briefs on pg. 2 for more information): Keynote address, "Why Are We Doing All This Stuff, Anyway?: A Reflection on Environmentalism and Progressive Action," by Mary Webber, a social justice activist from Ithaca, NY. Olin Auditorium. 8 p.m.

**SEAC Conference:** Candlelight Anti-war Vigil. Main campus. 9:30 p.m.

**SEAC Conference:** Performance by David Rovics, a folk musician from Boston, MA. Kline Commons. 10 p.m.

**Lecture:** "Aesthetic Continuities and Aggression in the Work of Arthur Dove," by curator Debra Bricker Balken. Olin 102. 4 p.m.

**Screening:** Latin American film *El Viaje* (Argentina). Olin 102. 8 p.m.

**Musical Performance:** Keith Marks and Company. Contemporary jazz and rhythm & blues. Bard 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 Corporate University, Sexism 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 Kline 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:** Panel Discussion on homosexual and bisexual rights, animal rights, women's rights, social justice, and environmentalism. Olin Auditorium. 3:30 - 5 p.m.



**RECENT RUMPUS:** (top to bottom, left to right) Neco Gato performs invited students to join them onstage in Olin, February 7; At the Valentine's Day Swing Dance, Michael Rich gets his sugar fix; Terence O'Rourke stays abreast of his partner; The Kingston Holy Light Choir sings "Lord, I Stand" at the Gospel Extravaganza in Olin on February 21; Dobbs Ferry member Dave Janik introduces his band's rendition of "I Get Knocked Down" by Chumbawamba during the Excruciatingly-Loud-Predominantly-Caucasian-Agnostic-Bard-Mosh-Extravaganza in Ye Olde Jim later that same evening.



**SEAC Conference:** Lecture, "The Hudson River," by Andy Mele, Director of Clearwater. Olin Auditorium. 9 p.m.

**SEAC Conference:** Open Mic. All welcome. Bring drums and other instruments (poetry too). Kline Commons. 10:30 p.m.

**Carnaval!** "Festive" gathering with DJ and live Latin American music, dancing, food, and fun. Old Gym. 10 p.m.

**The Bard Drama Department Presents...** The Notebook of Trigorin, 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 758-8622 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 Bardavon members (daytime performance tickets are \$4.50). For more information about tickets, call (914) 473-2072. For more information about the performance, call (914) 473-5288. The Bardavon Opera House, 35 Market Street, Poughkeepsie. 5 p.m. (also on Mar. 2 at 10 a.m. and 12 noon)

## Mar. 2, Monday

**Lecture:** by Mitch Epstein. Sponsored by the Bard College Spring Photography Lecture Series Program. Olin 102. 8 p.m.

## Mar. 5, Thursday

**Screening:** *Slim Hopes*, a documentary film by Jean Kilbourne. Explores the connection between media image and body image. Olin 102. 7 p.m.

## Mar. 6, Friday

**Theatrical Performance:** "Mask Man." Performance with handmade masks. Bard Hall. 8 p.m.

## Mar. 8, Sunday

**Opening Reception:** for "Trace," "Unbearable Laughter," 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 758-7598. CCS. 1-4 p.m.



# Got a bit o' time to kill? Travis Roy's Novel *Eleven Seconds* is the Hatchet/Hockey Stick

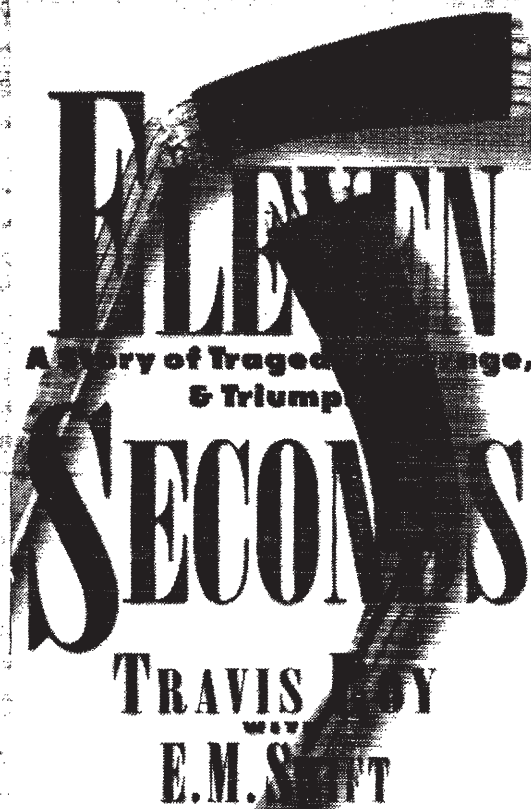
By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER,  
Arts & Entertainment Editor

If you're sitting around in dire need of something to do, *Eleven Seconds* by Travis Roy will provide an excuse to turn away from your schoolwork and do some reading for pure pleasure and fun. While the book will not quench your desire for a mind-expanding, literary adventure leaving you in deep thought for hours, it may make you stop perhaps if only for a minute and just be thankful for ordinary things.

This is a story both ordinary and extraordinary, if that makes any sense. Although it is written in a clear and straightforward manner, it is obvious what the story is about, what the "message" is, from reading only the dustjacket. It's a story about an ordinary kid who has an extraordinary talent for playing hockey, and 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 back to normal, there will be many more obstacles and he will be constantly adjusting. His courage is evident in his simple perseverance as a paraplegic 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 into 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 everything over again, anecdotes which I found pretty 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 hi. It tells of how he learns to feed himself, by finding the "Achilles heel" of the grape by puncturing it with the fork at the base of the stem. As so often happens when hearing stories about those in horrible circumstances, one becomes self-reflective, realizing how many things most humans takes 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 recounts getting free meals at restaurants when the owners learned his name; someone built an extension on

Roy's house (in order to make it more wheelchair accessible) at no charge. This story is as heartwarming as it is heartwrenching.

The story is easy to identify with, easy to comprehend, and easy to relate to one's own life. Travis Roy loved hockey more than anything else and that was taken away from him. He had the skill but more importantly he had the dedication which separates superior athletes from mediocre ones. Most enjoyable is how he expresses this love. Instead of launching into long descriptions of how it feels to score so many goals and get so many assists or even how it feels to skillfully skate on the ice, he talks about the smaller aspects of sports, which are the reasons I love sports.

He talks about the feeling of being on the team, the camaraderie, the locker room banter; all this is what he really missed. As I reflect on all my past sports attempts, I have to agree with Roy. Nothing beats that high school victory dinner at McDonald's at which I spilled ketchup on my uniform, or the way a team could joke their way from crying about a loss, making fun of stupid mistakes and themselves in a way that encouraged their improvement the next time rather than getting them down.

Sports isn't as big a part of my life as it was for Travis Roy but reading his book certainly reminded me why I constantly try to play despite what I consider an obvious lack of athletic skill or naturally given talent. The dedication, the teamwork, the feeling of accomplishment do mean something. It really is something amazing when your teammates will be concerned after you sprained your knee by tripping over second base (as in my case). At times like this you realize you are a part of something in which you matter. You come to understand that although you may not have scored the most runs or baskets, you were still an integral part of the team. This is why I think a lot of people join sports, why they should appreciate their ability to play sports because when that opportunity is taken away you'll realize, as Travis Roy did, what is most special about participating in team sports.

## Turnout at Hospital Merger Silent Protest Insufficient

By AMANDA DEUTCH, Contributor

Leaving the library to go to the silent protest of the merger between the Dutchess 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: "So this is like really 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 attitude 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. Is it more important to sit with the writings 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 Dutchess County Hospital would result in the removal of all emergency facilities, the provision of contraception, birth control counseling and supply, vasectomies, 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 extrication 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.

Funding has been presented by a foundation called Dyson to investigate alternatives that would save the hospital without imposing religious health care restrictions to this religious merger and the extrication 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 Dutchess 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 honking horns of praise. One young face wearing a cowboy hat emerged from the back of a black limousine, whistled and blew a kiss. Hmmm. . .

The signs read things like: "Accept Dyson," "We want the facts," "People of all faiths use this hospital," and my favorite which I was told is a classic, "Keep your rosaries 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 up, finding out what I could about 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 memorandums, Leon Botstein has stated his opposition of this merger, and his intent to sue.

I also spoke with a woman named Gail Wolfe about 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 hands 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 are supposed to be a school of liberal minded, hippie freaks (now shutup you whose saying, "I ain't no hippie", because somewhere else you are), so let's represent.





by  
Leah Zaroni,  
Columnist

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, racked by depressive insomnia, I lay on my plush red couch in overprivileged fashion, surfing late-night talk show repeats. While flipping restlessly through QVC and *Home Shopping Club*, I spirited upon the scintillating *Jenny Jones Show*. Since I was drained from yet another day full of nothingness at Bard College, I did not shriek at her shoulder-padded appearance as I might have had I been in a stronger state. In pure plastic perfection, Jenny's head bopped, her cheeks shone, and she continually repeated that owing to the show's heated blind rage, "This is a hard place to be."

That's big of Jenny, since she collects her salary for perpetuating the exploitation of the undesirable (the guest) and packages it for the couch potato voyeur. The Big-Bag-of-Chips-and-Two-Liters-of-Diet-Soda American must attain some sort of euphoric gratification from watching girls who scream misogynistic epithets at each other and rip each other's hair out, as well as couples who have just married but are already on the verge of a divorce. These viewers, in fact, thrive on this sort of mockery.

Jenny's no fool, but she's getting fat in more ways than one from her scripted representations of every negative personality and relationship that could possibly exist. If it's about abuse, Jenny's game. And she has quite a penchant for guests who are, for the most part, inarticulate, ill-educated, economically suffering, and generally depraved.

"This is a difficult place to be," stuck in the middle of national nowhere television, is the videotaped crap of muffler shop waiting rooms and nursing home bedrooms.

On the particular episode I saw, that late night alone, the topic concerned a porcine, and of course inarticulate, woman with flamingo lips and Delilah cheatin' ways. Apparently, Fleshy Phlegmingo, as we shall call her here, had been engaged to her spindly, faggy fiancée twice. The first time around, she went into a blubbery snit because he would not marry her and then proceeded to manipulate him into purchasing for her a sizeable symbol of his love: A shimmering diamond chunk (she probably wanted the rock that big so that her wiener fingers would look longer), set in a platinum and diamond-studded band.

After gaining her prize, Fleshy then went on (a month later no less) to sleep with her ex-boyfriend. After telling her spineless big-spender fiancée this wonderful news, she then became belligerent when he was hurt. Some-how, Fleshy then convinced the simp to purchase another ring. To seal their truth, perhaps. Or scald his broken heart with a numbing callousness which can be inflicted and received only by people desirous to abuse and desirous of abuse.

Whatever the secret plot core of *Jenny Jones* may have been that night, I was not interested in getting to the vomitous center of this rancid Whitman's Sampler.

The show seemed to center mainly on the moralistic animosity of the audience, as the collective group weighed, tested, and blindly judged the guests. The audience's reactions and curses and comments all seemed justified by Fleshy's unchristian behavior. Lying, adulterous, easy woman! America's viewers, in the studio or on the couch, can be content that on *Jenny Jones* there is always fun in a good old-fashioned witch hunt. That is to say, cornering and berating talk-show panelists.

During a commercial break, a blue Jenny bubble popped onto the screen. Exhausted from the dog barks of the studio audience, I was grateful for text, any text, even those crazy computer-color-bubble letters. It said, "If you used to be a goth, radical or freak, and now you're super-cool, call..." Well, I may not be the most aesthetically extreme girl around, but I figured I could give those Jenny people a hard and fast run for their money. This would be my chance to expose, as a theme guest, the exploitive nature of talk shows as well as bombast

## No "You Go, Girl"

Columnist thwarted in attempt to expose Jenny Jones

the great Jenny monster herself.

Middle-aged or teenage, the people need Jenny. And she eats them up by exposing them and their inadequacies on national television. Even if they edited me out, I'd spill it all. And never blink an eye. And maybe some weird live audience kid from Fresno, California would think I just needed to get a life. And I'd try to explain that he was in need of a good book. But who am I to judge? Would Jenny glare at me as I walked backstage after the show? Or would she have me escorted out? Would the audience want me escorted out for popping their fantasies?

Smile. It is hard not to patronize such vacuous drivel.

Anyway, back to the bubble. And my taking note of it. I wanted to tell Jenny off to her face, but I also had another motive. High school and everything before was shitty and alienating and I had a rough time until I got to the bucolic wonderland of Bard. Part of me wanted to fly to Chicago, expenses paid, to share my pain and personal glory. I hope you all knew that was said with some teaspoons of salt. But not too many. Love.

*Sure, I'd love to fly to Chicago to be on Jenny as a geek-turned-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 automated message, leaving a two-minute manic chat about myself. Click. 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 following Friday, when Anne-Marie from Jenny phoned me. She interviewed me for a while, and I sensed that she was overwhelmed by my verbose self-reflective chitchat. Still, she had me send her "before" (when I sucked) and "after" (now that I don't) pics. Anne-Marie even gave me her Jenny Fed Ex account number and impressed upon me that my photos be in by next Monday because taping would be that Thursday.

My heart fluttered with wild fear and anticipation. What if I were chosen? What if I were not? Could I really be, in reality now that Jenny wanted me, on a show which I so disdained and suspected of hastening the dulling of ingenuity and creativity, respect and vision in a large chunk of our population? I would just have to wait until she got my pictures to find out.

I confronted Anne-Marie, "This is simply speculative at this point."

"Yes," 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 demoralizing. Being chosen means something to the ego even if the reality falls far short of the dream. I didn't really feel I had a chance. I did not have black henna designs of crows and daggers all over my body to qualify me for the goth category. I didn't have sixty-nine marble crosses screwed into my scalp. I didn't even have Manic Panic hair. I was just a run of the mill geek. Details were certainly against my relative normalcy.

I am speaking of visual identification, which is a premeditated form of categorical presentation based on features, color and style of clothing, adornments, and bodily stance. The boot-lickers at Jenny Jones

have this down pat. Even spoken language becomes visual when complemented by the rich specifics displayed by Jenny's hand-picked losers, like six-inch, palm tree-decorated acrylic nails and hair with enough gel in it to make Seattle look dry.

Does a rebellious person slump more than she sits straight? This visual relationship is the easiest to swallow in connection with the visual relationship convention Jenny uses. You can count on Jenny to have both extremes: the sullen slumper and the defensive ramrod pose. I say "relationship convention" because Jenny relies on the viewer's interpretations of particular aesthetic fashions in order to incite associations and then fights, sobbing fits, and self-righteous, emotional outbursts whose very essence is negated by the dramatic falseness of their setting. Jenny is another way of saying interrogation.

By asking for "goths, radicals or freaks," Jenny is calling out for all classifiabiles to respond. Goths, radicals and freaks are familiar words but, more pointedly, provide justification for condemnations based on aesthetics and presumed ideologies. These types are open game for external derision due to their their drama and detachment. Jenny wants everyone to fight.

"This is a hard place to be."

Jenny eggs her guests on, then people shout while she feigns concern and squints her eyes. The guests begin to judge and scuffle amongst themselves, and Jenny turns her pained countenance to the camera, to everyone at home on the plush, red couches. I really get the feeling she respects her guests and their opinions and heartaches and bad breaks and sins.

Sure, I'd love to fly to Chicago to be on Jenny as a geek-turned-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 Abs talked me quite smoothly through that difficult time, and suggested that I go as a columnist from *The Observer*. If I went in the name of the paper, I could justify my journey and appearance as one of investigative importance. Unfortunately, even my turn of heart couldn't change my surreal Jenny fate.

Anne-Marie never called me back. As of yet my precious 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 send my pictures back if I was not 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 my enemies in Chicago, I received another call. This time from "Mike." He was calling me about "the show." I 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 subtlety, denoting that problems are not necessarily always fashion bads, and my impassioned belief in myself. I think the problem is the real me. Jenny cannot handle people with multiple inner chakras. (You'll have to forgive me, I've just given up the bottle. Two days now.)

I knew the article could exist even if I were not chosen, and it certainly does, even if only for the piggish amount of space it is taking up. And I say this with a certain degree of smugness because, for the most part this article does its job to entertain. It has never been said that the rule of the *Observer* is rational writing. So, I have lucked out.

In any case, my time is long overdue. In closing I shall simply say that I cannot believe I got jerked around by Jenny! I didn't "go girl." BIG WHOOP!

*Editor's Note: Since the Observer received this piece, Jenny Jones invited the author to be on the show, but only if she would confront a person from her past. Leah refused.*



# 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 foot 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 exiting seniors formally inducted the freshmen into the team by shaving 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 that 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 spotless, state-of-the-art, high-energy, testosterone-pumping Stevenson Fitness Center (SFC) at the Gym. I don't mean to sound condescending, 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 actually seem 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 should the other cardio-machines be occupied. No one seems to know how to correctly use these 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 masochistic that day, will follow the women's lead and attempt a cardio-session before hitting the weights. However, this tends to be shortlived as we men quickly begin to wheeze and cough before giving up for the freeweights in the center of the room whilst the women continue with an apparent ease that continues to elude us. It's at this time that the men begin to feel like men of the good ol' 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 paraphernalia also helps to create the illusion that we know what we're doing. The strapping, stretching and preemptive 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 climbs up their imaginary Empire State Buildings.

By the time we actually start to lift, we're in such a frenzy over the physiques we think we'll 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 muscles 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 proudly admit that my cacophony is one of the loudest and annoying yet to be heard this year.

We then proceed to flex (again), stretch, and massage 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 absolutely right: this process is not only egotistical and machoistic, 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 empirically tested) lasts 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 freeweights (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-testosterized psycho and need help, I just want to say a few words about the imaginary flirting that I hinted about earlier. I say "imaginary" because it wasn't until the other week that someone said to me, "Ami, 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-not 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, ok, 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 times. So why fall for the make-believe games of eye-tag, right?

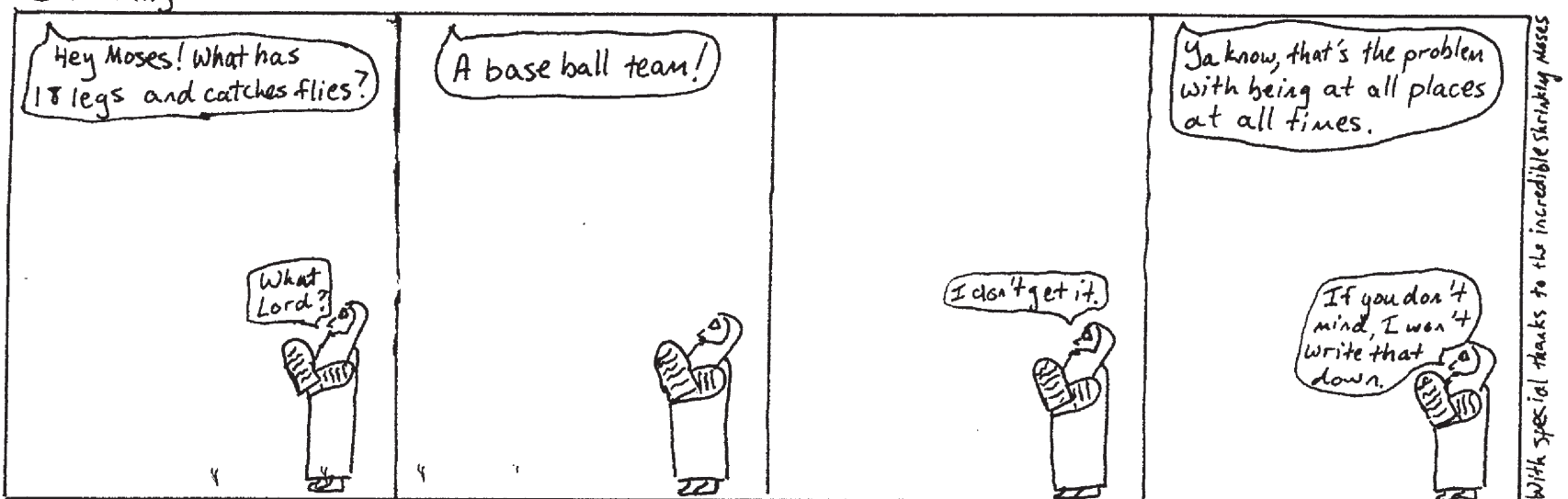
I've concluded that it really doesn't matter whether or not we meet someone there, what's important is that we think we're making some kind of impression. Sometimes illusions can be more powerful than facts, especially in an Eighties haven where the men can peacefully return to their Cro-Magnon ways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

## 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 ar382@bard.edu.

**Step up and be part of the rubber legacy.**

### Skimmingtons



Written & Drawn by Diana Oboler, Grouled at by Sonja Wilson, Interbated by Herbert.

With special thanks to the incredible skimming Moses



# 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 International Student Organization (ISO). I was disgusted at the proceedings of the Budget Forum last Wednesday and upset at the response of the community to the ISO's hostile amendment for \$1,000. Few people are aware of the consequences of last week's budget forum. As an active member of the ISO, I am privileged to be informed of these consequences and am taking this opportunity to inform you of some of them.

The ISO requested \$2,925 for their spring 1998 budget, but was allotted only \$1,600 by the Planning Committee. A hostile amendment for \$1,000 was presented at the Budget Forum, but did not pass by a two-thirds majority. Speakers in favor of the amendment included Mehnaz Mustafa, the ISO's President, Anuradha Kumar, its Treasurer, and Sabina Khan, an active member. The primary arguments of the ISO revolve around the fact that the money that was allotted to the ISO is not even enough to cover the two traditional events of the spring semester, the Food Festival and the Formal; the fact that the ISO has a history of requesting money from the Emergency Fund, when in fact the events held are all planned and NOT emergencies; that the distribution of funds to other clubs was "unfair" in relation to the money allotted to the ISO.

Several ISO events have become Bard traditions over the years. The traditional events for the fall are the Cultural Show and the Formal Party. The Food Festival and Spring Formal are the two main events of the spring semester. The Cultural Show, which is always held on Parents' Day in October, is an event the Bard Community prides itself upon as an exhibition of the diversity of the community and talents of the students. It is well-attended by students, parents, faculty, and administration. Last semester's Cultural Show was extremely well-organized and is the best I have seen in my three years here. The Food Festival is also an event that Bardians look forward to. Their eagerness is indicated by the lines outside Kline as students, faculty, and administrators flock to taste food from around the world. The appeal of the Formal lies in the fact that there is "hard" liquor served at a bar and there is good music from a professional DJ, making the ISO Formal reputedly the "Best Party" on campus. The expenses for the Food Festival and Formal are high, approximately \$1,000 for each. The implication of the lack of funding this semester is that one of these events will not occur. The general sentiment amongst ISO members is that if anything should go, it should be the Formal, because the Food Festival gives us a chance to display an integral part of our cultures and make a stronger statement of "internationalism."

But the ISO isn't known only for its "traditional" events. There are also various other events hosted by the ISO, such as foreign-language movies, intra-cultural events, and co-sponsored dance performances. With the lack of funding, not only will the Formal go, so will these other smaller events that give us a chance to celebrate our cultures rather than simply display them for the public. The other events planned for this semester are Nego Gato (an Afro-Brazilian dance performance co-sponsored by Student Activities and other student clubs which took place on February 9), the Indian Harvest Festival which will be co-sponsored by the South Asian Students Association at Vassar, an International Easter Celebration, and movies. Some of these events will invariably have to be dropped without funding.

"So why doesn't the ISO just apply for money from the Emergency Fund? They'll most probably get it if they ask for it..." Over the last week this question and comment has been raised a number of times. The question I ask back is, "Why should we beg for money from the Emergency Fund when they know we need the money (i.e. we aren't 'padding' the budget), we use the money wisely, and we have a history of fulfilling all the events we have proposed?" The Emergency Fund is for "emergencies" and unexpected costs. The ISO has planned all its events and is not dependent upon any outside sources that are likely to renege, so they are guaranteed to occur. All ISO events are on-campus and open to the public. The second major point is that, at least in all the three years that I have been here, the ISO has requested emergency funds every

semester except for one. Granted, the ISO has had problems with its administration in the past. But this particular administration has proven itself one semester already. I do not see any reason for the Planning Committee to be cautious in allotting funds to the ISO. The excuse that the ISO did not use \$300 granted to them from the Emergency Fund last semester is invalid, since Mehnaz explained that they found a cheaper DJ than in the previous semester, bringing the cost down to \$750 instead of \$1,000. The other argument, that profits from the entrance charge at the Food Festival should cover the expenses for the Formal, is also invalid since the money we collect at the Food Festival barely allows us to break even with the expenses of the ingredients of the food. The small profit of less than a hundred dollars that we make from the Food Festival goes toward publicity.

One final question I have regarding the budget allotment for ISO is, "Why did the ISO get less money than other 'ethnic clubs'?" The memberships of clubs such as the BBSO, LASO, and AASO is far surpassed by the membership of the ISO. By birthright alone, at least 12 percent of the Bard student population holds membership in the ISO. However, the International Student Organization is not exclusive, and there are a number of non-International students who attend meetings and support the ISO and its events. By that count, I see no reason why certain members of the community who opposed the hostile amendment last Wednesday night should feel threatened by the fact that with an increase of \$1,000 the ISO would be one of the "largest clubs." It already is. Unfortunately, the distribution of funding this semester did not reflect that.

In conclusion, I would like to say that I still cannot understand the rationale of the Planning Committee in cutting the budget of the ISO to the extent they did. Arguments against the hostile amendment presented at the budget forum were weak and insubstantial to the degree of "We don't like hostile amendments in general" and "You can always apply for money from the Emergency Fund." I think it's time for the ISO to stop being a passive club that always goes to the Planning Committee at a "later date" to request money. The events we do are valid, they are planned, they are organized, and there is no doubt we will do them... provided we have funding. The rest of the Bard community cannot take ISO events for granted any longer. If the Bard community wishes to pride itself on its diversity, it needs to show its support in more ways than simply attending and enjoying our events.

Sincerely,  
Manasi Tirodkar

## Hunt Defends Pop Culture

February 11, 1998, approximately 5 in the A.M.

To the Editors of the *Observer*,

Much to my delight I found plenty to respond to in the last issue (except for my own article, with which I was profoundly disappointed). So, in the name of Senior Project procrastination, here goes: 1) Leah Zaroni is right-on-the-money in assessing Kate Winslet's, um, talents. I also agree with her to the effect that Leonardo diCaprio can't act his way out of a paper bag. However, I disagree with Ms. Zaroni's overall evaluation of *Titanic*. 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 or so (I lost count) and you've bored me to tears. However, the love story does become compelling in the only way Hollywood knows: by including it within the context of "the big tragedy" (whether personal or pandemic). Before the inevitable occurs (which everyone should expect 'cause the movie is entitled *Titanic*, after all), I couldn't care less. But during the big all hell-breaks-loose-and-so-does-the-hull scene, Winslet shows her versatility, and I actually came close to, you know, crying. DiCaprio is discarded into the icy deep by Winslet (my vote for filmic image of the year) like an unbecoming evening gown, showing just how useless his character really is. But let's face it: death by drowning is a pretty bad way to go. However, if you're looking for an artistic take on that particular subject matter, try Peter Greenaway's *Drowning by Numbers* instead. Ms. Zaroni writes, "I love Hollywood for expecting so much from the

American viewer." Why expect the impossible? And who said the American viewing public was so sophisticated (especially when they, myself included, all went to see *Titanic*)? Which brings me to my next point: 2) Nate Schwartz seems to be measuring *SpiceWorld*, the Spice Girls' cinematic tour de force, with a 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, for someone who takes pride in coordinating an Arnold Schwarzenegger filmfest, he sure has a weird way of aesthetic application. Is it because the Spice Girls, wonderfully wholesome as they are, don't actually bare their breasts a la Arnie in the "Conan" movies (and many others) that Mr. Schwartz is so upset? Is this a reverse-sexist double standard? Which brings me to my next point: 3) Exposing myself as a total idiot is something that I enjoy doing so often (case-in-point: this letter) that I usually include an aspect of this activity in all of my record reviews. Others exposing me as an idiot I enjoy even more. Elissa Nelson and Lauren Martin, in their always-fascinating column "The Zine Scene," really called me out, eh? I enjoy the effort, really I do, but they made a mistake. They responded to my review from the *Observer* issue #6 (Dec. 15, 1997) with: "Hey Joel Hunt, all of our zines aren't about weight obsessed teenage girls." However, in my review I wrote, in reference to the Zine Library (which I sincerely think is a great idea), "You'll have to wade through dozens of pointless 'personal' zines produced by teenagers with too much free time who superficially tackle such 'weighty' issues as vegetarianism, sexuality, fashion, and, uh, weight." As you'll notice, I employed the word teenagers which, as I far as I know, refers to humans of both sexes between the ages of thirteen and nineteen. Also, everybody knows that teenage guys can be just as weight-obsessed, sexuality obsessed, fashion-obsessed, and vegetable-obsessed as anybody else (this is the 90's, after all). What Ms. Nelson and Ms. Martin missed was the subtle self-jab in that statement: over seven years ago I was the co-editor of the zine *Pick-up Truck* (which found its way into the pages of *Alternative Press* magazine via an advertisement for Crain's Heater LP some years later), and when I graduate a friend of mine and I plan to start a new zine entitled *The Skinny* which for now has no planned articles about weight, but possibly could, given 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 zines in cultivating and disseminating identity politics, which I believe might stem directly from the advent of Feminism in the 1970's. What I don't appreciate is the same old boring subjects all the time. Why can't someone write a zine exposing their own specific brand of identity politics as it relates to, say, a completely made-up gibberish language (for instance)? Why even bother with English (or any other language of Earth) at all? Which brings me to my next point: 4) Scott Commerson's article "De-constructing Spice: Exegesis of the 'Zigzag'" attempts to duplicate what people have tried since the days of ol' Jim Morrison: that is, to analyze the poetics of rock music. Although Mr. Commerson is coming from an angle opposite of those who attempted to vault Mr. Morrison's "poetry" into "high art" (see my next review for a murky explanation of hierarchy in cultural forms), he is still using the same tired means. He attempts to point out the very obvious holes in the Spice Girls' specific use of the rock lyric form, possibly to point out to the reader how "clever" he really is. Well, keep trying. Such an act is about as clever as pointing out that 7-11s actually stay open for twenty-four hours but still have locks on their doors. Why does everyone who writes for the *Observer* (myself included) try to act so damn clever? Which brings me to my final point: 5) I'd, like, better end this before I, like, turn into, like, Yates, like, McKee. Fuck 'Em if They Can't Take a Joke.

Signed,  
Joel Hunt

P.S. I really loved how the editors at the mighty *Observer* changed my status from the vague "Contributor" to the supreme "Opinions Editor" last issue. However, I would actually prefer the designation "Opinions Oberguppenfuhrer," if y'all don't mind.



## Classifieds

**Wanted:** The Observer is looking for some office furnishings, in reasonably good condition: a couch, comfortable chairs, and a small refrigerator. A healthy fern has also been wished for. If you have any or all of these and want to donate them to an underfunded student organization, please e-mail the paper at [observer@bard.edu](mailto:observer@bard.edu) or call x4526.

**Web Site Designer:** If you are interested in working on the development of the web site for the Hudson Valley AIDS Auction (a major fundraiser for the AIDS Service Organization in the Hudson Valley, which will be taking place on Sunday, June 7 this year), call James Tissot at 246-1740.

### Announcements

The Bard Music Festival is now accepting applications for student ushers, babysitters, ticket and concession sellers, page-turners, drivers, and stagehands for this summer's festival. Applicants must be able to be at Bard August 14-16 and 21-23, 1998. The Bard Music Festival is also accepting applications for an Operations Manager: a full-time, year-round position. To apply for any of the above, see Pedro Rodriguez, Ludlow, Room 306, or call extension 7410.

If you collect foreign stamps and could use the few we occasionally get, please call or e-mail Carol Brener, Faculty Secretary at 758-7231 or [brener@bard.edu](mailto:brener@bard.edu).

**Summer Programs in Washington, D.C.** The Fund for American Studies is recruiting student leaders from colleges and universities to participate in its 1998 summer Institutes at Georgetown University. Undergraduate students will gain critical work experience through internships in public policy, politics, business, journalism, or international affairs and will earn credits through coursework at the University. The final application deadline is March 15, 1998. There is no minimum GPA requirement, and students who have been active on campus are encouraged to apply. Scholarships are available to each of The Fund's three seven-week programs: the Engalitcheff Institute on Comparative Political and Economic Systems, the Institute on Political Journalism, and the Bryce Harlow Institute on Business and Government Affairs. Each of the Institutes includes internships throughout the city, courses at Georgetown University taught by top-notch faculty, and opportunities to meet and talk with national and international leaders at site briefings, lectures, and evening dialogues. For brochures and applications, students should contact The Fund for American Studies at (800) 741-6964 or visit our web site at [www.dciinternships.org](http://www.dciinternships.org).

### Summer Study/Travel in Austria

The University of New Orleans announces the 23rd session of its annual International Summer School in Innsbruck, Austria during the summer of 1998. About 250 students as well as some 30 fac-

ulty/staff members live, learn, and travel in the magnificent setting of the towering Tyrolean Alps in the "Heart of Central Europe." Participants can earn up to ten semester hours of credit, selecting from over 50 courses offered in a wide variety of subject areas. Courses focus primarily on the cultural, historical, social, political, business, and economic issues of U.S./Europe relations. All instruction is in English and coursework is complemented by field trips and European guest lectures. The session convenes July 5 and ends on August 15, 1998. Enrollment is limited, so interested students should apply as soon as possible. For a full color brochure and course descriptions write to: UNO-Innsbruck-1998, P.O. Box 1315 - (UNO), New Orleans, LA 70148; call the UNO Division of International Education at (504) 280-7116, Fax (504) 280-7317; or use our e-mail address: [ielpmc@jazz.ucc.uno.edu](mailto:ielpmc@jazz.ucc.uno.edu). The Division also has a web site that includes more information on UNO-Innsbruck-1998 as well as a multitude of other international study/travel options: <http://www.uno.edu/~inst/Wel-come.html>.

**Summer Study/Travel in the Czech Republic:** The University of New Orleans is also offering, for the first time, a four-week program in Prague, the capital of the Czech Republic. The program includes seminars and lectures on the literature, history, culture, music, politics, society, and life of Prague and Central Europe. For more information, interested students should contact the New Orleans' Division of International Education at the address, phone number, fax, or web site in the previous ad. (Be sure to mention your interest in the "Prague Summer Seminars.")

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### Internships & Job Opportunities

Remember that song, "Oh I wish I were an Oscar Mayer Wiener"? Well, Oscar Mayer is actually looking for people who want to be wieners. Each year recent college graduates get paid to travel all over North America. They attend exciting events like the Super Bowl and Mardi Gras, as well as parades, fairs, and charities. They are goodwill ambassadors for Oscar Mayer Foods. Did I mention they travel in a 27-foot-long hot dog on wheels? The Hotdoggers, pilots of the Wienermobiles, spend a full year traveling from border to border and coast to coast making promotional appearances. A major portion of the job is participating in television, newspaper, and radio interviews. For more info or if you think this internship satisfies your appetite for fun, excitement, and adventure, write to Oscar Mayer, Wienermobile Department, P.O. Box 7188, Madison, WI 53707, call Kirsten Suto at (608) 285-

3204, or e-mail [ksuto@kraft.com](mailto:ksuto@kraft.com)

### Putting Earth Day to Work

Earth Day comes and goes, but the Environmental Careers Organization focuses on making the spirit of Earth Day last not only all year long -- but all career long. The Environmental Careers Organization (ECO) is a national non-profit organization based in Boston that has spent the last twenty-five years developing environmental professionals and promoting environmental careers. Working with the organization's regional offices in located in Boston, Cleveland, Seattle, and San Francisco, ECO places over 600 new environmental professionals directly each year into the workplace with short-term, paid internships in corporations, government agencies, and non-profit organizations. The organization is host to the nation's premier environmental career conference each year, and will draw more than 1,500 students. In its thirteenth year, the National Environmental Career Conference (NECC) presents sessions that address all levels of environmental careers including a networking event for those ready to enter the workforce. For more information on ECO, NECC in Boston, or how to start a career in the environment [sic], visit the organization's web site at <http://www.eco.org> or call 617/426-4375.

### Scholarships

Scholarship Available to Students Pursuing Mental Health Related Careers The Mental Health Association in New York State, Inc., announces the availability of one 1998 Edna Aimes Mental Health Scholarship. Students who are residents of New York state, in their third or fourth year of college or attending graduate school, and are planning careers in mental health related human services fields are eligible to apply. The scholarship winner will receive a \$2,000 award (in June) to be applied to the 1998-99 academic year beginning with the fall semester, and will be an honored guest at the association's Annual Awards Luncheon. The Edna Aimes Scholarship is named for its benefactor, who left a bequest through the MHA of Columbia County. Interested applicants can get more information and application forms from their local MHA or by contacting the state association directly. Write: Edna Aimes Scholarship Committee, MHANYS, 169 Central Avenue, Albany, NY 12206. Deadline for receipt of applications is March 16, 1998.

All classified ads are printed free of charge to the advertiser. The Bard Observer "reserves" the right to edit them for length and clarity, however. Please try to keep your ad to a maximum of 75 words. Students: send your ad(s) to the Bard Observer via campus mail. Others: send your ad(s) to *The Bard Observer*, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504. The Observer will also accept classified ads via e-mail at [observer@bard.edu](mailto:observer@bard.edu).

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The Bard Observer is Bard College's only student-run newspaper. It is published every other Monday and is distributed free of charge on campus and in nearby communities. Every-one is welcome to submit.

The deadline for all submissions, be they stories, cartoons, photographs, statistics, or advertising, is 2 p.m. on the Wednesday prior to publication. Late submissions (with the exception of late-breaking news articles) will not be accepted for any reason. Submit all writings on a labeled disk (or else we claim them for ourselves) in Macintosh Word format (no PC files please!) along with two hard-copy printouts. Send submissions via campus mail to the corresponding section editor.

All letters go to either Lilian Robinson or Meredith Yayanos. Submit developed photographs if possible, preferably in the commercial 4X6 print size. We strongly discourage anonymous submissions. If anonymity is absolutely necessary, you must reveal your identity to the editors. The Bard Observer reserves the right to edit for spelling, grammar, length, and coherency. The Bard Observer copyright 1998.

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## Sui Generis

"of its own kind"

Bard's literary magazine of foreign language poetry and short prose, and translations into English of such works, is now accepting submissions from the community. Send submissions to Profs. Melanie Nicholson or Eric Orlin with P.O. Box No. ONLY and a cover sheet with name, Box No., and phone number.

**Deadline:**  
**March 6**



## Men's Basketball Shows True Grit Against North Adams

*Unfortunately, it's another rout*

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

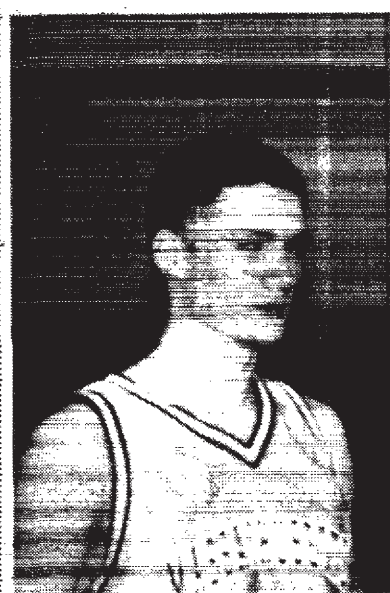
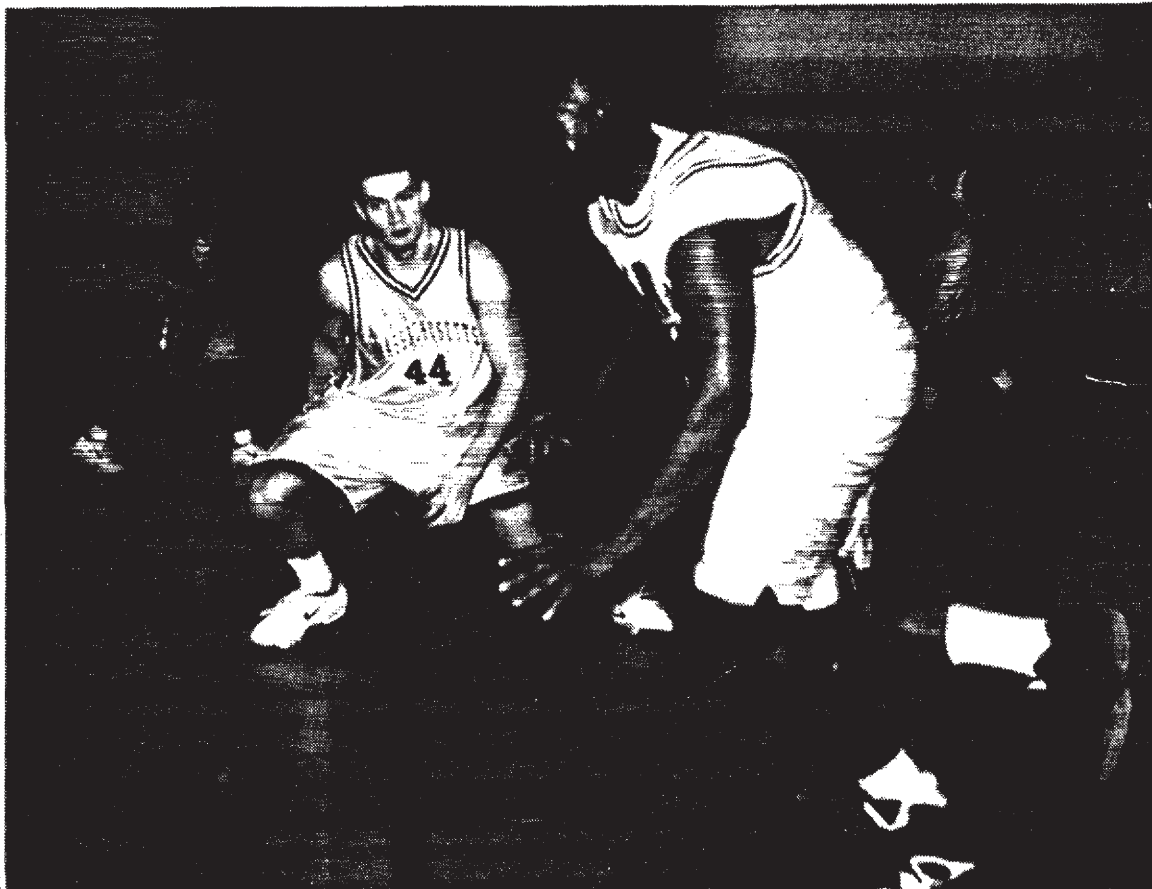
It wasn't quite as one-sided as a Harlem Globetrotters game, but then again the game wasn't scripted. Bard College's Men's Basketball team went head to head with North Adams State College on Feb. 9 and came out of it with a 113-49 loss. While this isn't the worst defeat of the season, it proved to be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

Having never seen North Adams play before, the arena was lulled into the idea of a competitive match when in the first twenty seconds Kimani Davis and Billy Spevac combined for a steal and fast-break scoring opportunity. Unfortunately they couldn't convert and it wasn't until 3:20 into the game that Billy Spevac 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.

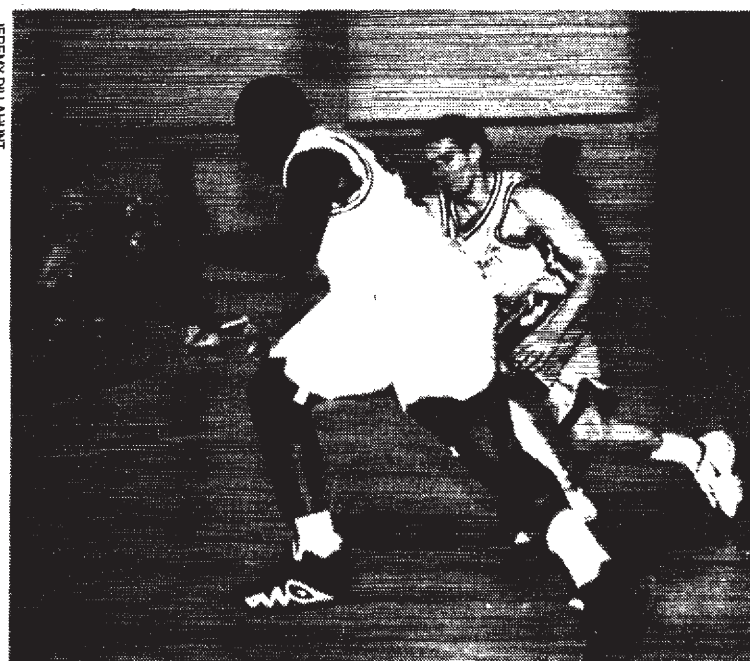
One of the more memorable moments of the first half came when Rodrick Wynter, playing offense, nutmegged his defender with a between-the-legs pass. Unfortunately no Bard players were in position to receive the ball and North Adams got two quick fast-break points off the turn-over. With North Adams quickly 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 15 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 give-and-gos. 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 frustrated realization of being totally out-classed, was heard to say, "This is ridiculous, we should forfeit." Bard center Samir Vural, who was waiting to sub in, lackadaisically replied, "What's the big deal? We've been dunked on before, let us play."

The North Adams' showboating continued with an allez-oop two minutes after the dunk, and another dunk with 7:05 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' #44's dunk with 7:05 to go, making the score 99-39, #44 let out a crystal-cracking shriek of "Yeah," fell to the floor kicking with glee, got up and threw the ecstatic first-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 back on defense lolling his head, a la Jordan or Iverson, with a "I'm the baddest mutha-fucka you ever seen" look on his face. Most likely #44 had never dunked before, or he could just be a monumental prick. Bard made a nice 10-point run with 5 minutes to go in the game and fell 1 point short of the bicentennial mark. The final score: North Adams 113, Bard 49.



YES! YES! YES! North Adams' exclamationary #44 (above). The Raptors lost 113-69 at home. (Above and right) Kimani Davis drives to the hoop.



## Bard Faces Defeat, Wormy Alumni In the Big Apple

By CHRIS VAN DYKE, Sports Editor and DIANA OBOLER, 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 Tuesday, February 10, Bard's Men's Fencing teams cut out early from their important classes, packed their weapons (as do all visitors to New York City) and headed off to spend eight soul-sucking hours at NYU (cue dramatic 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 sissy-boy foil wimp. And the rest of us fenced as well. After we were done working over NYU, we sat around for two hours doing nothing. NOTHING! Agggghh! 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 sweating jocks just to be told that we couldn't fence the other teams we were

supposed to. Noooooo, not bitter. Anyway, we did stop at a darn good deli, and Andy bought some nice sauce to dip our sandwiches in. Mmmmm. But we got back at midnight, pissed off, tired, and swearing never to ride in a dark van with a bunch of Greek scholars ever again.

February 14 dawned 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 RTI. Although many families 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). Caroline Dworin did very well, as did Mulzer (she won two, increasing her winnings by a full one-hundred percent). The Epee team only fenced CCNY who showed very good sportswomanship when they were beaten by the excellent talents of the entire team.

In spite of our fencing extravaganza, 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!).

(Mulzer would like it to be known that, in her opinion, love was most decidedly not in the air, and she was quite glad about this. However, Diana Oboler was wearing war paint and the spiked collar which was a Valentine's Day present, so one can never tell.)

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

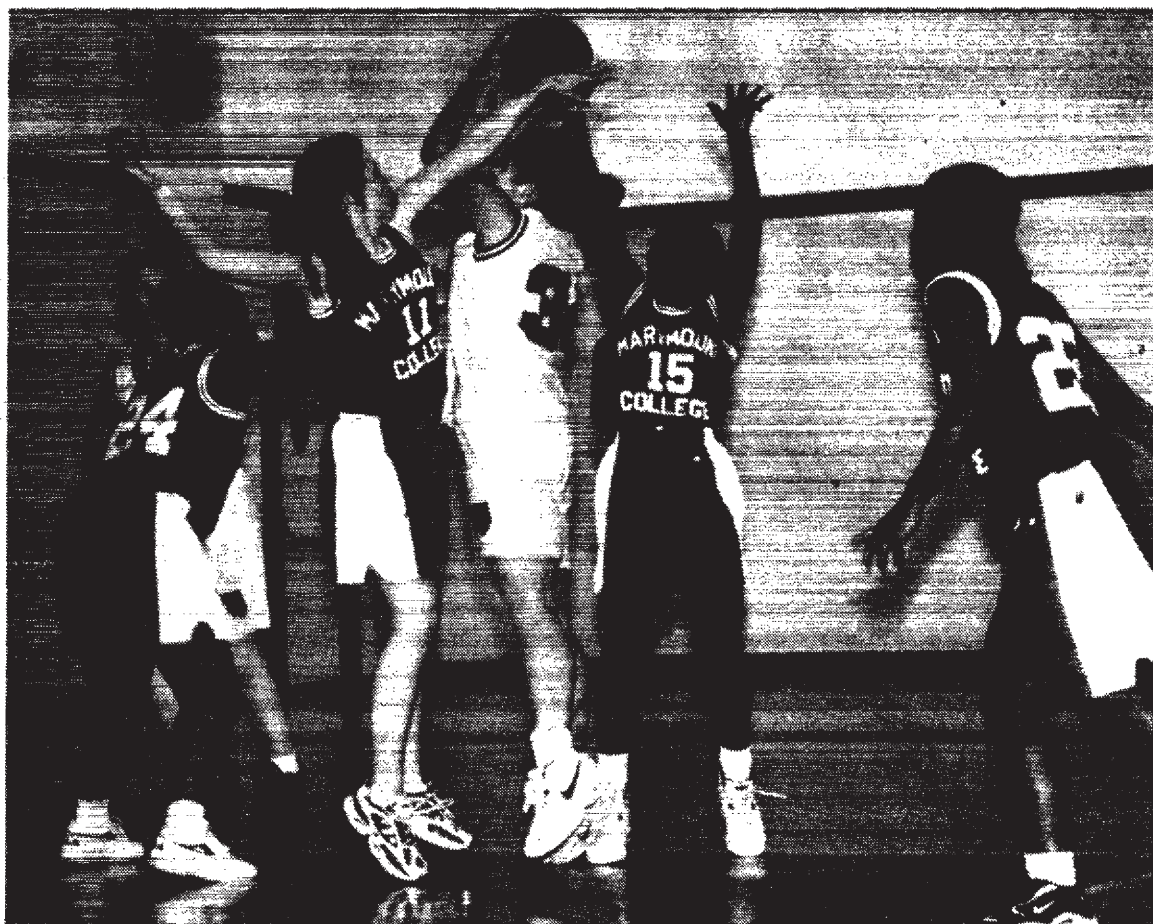
By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

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. In her three years as point guard and guard Abby Rosenberg averaged 6.4 steals, 4.3 assists, and 5.2 points per game; this year she was named to the Mount Saint Mary Tournament all-tournament 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 nail-bitingly suspenseful as Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Window*, as dramatically gripping as the last twenty pages of Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *One Hundred Years Of Solitude*, and as unbearably agonizing as Edward Munch's *The Scream*. Against Marymount College, Feb. 11, the women played a WNBA-worthy defense and a Desert Storm-comparable offense. For the full 48 minutes of play the lead traded hands by single baskets and foul shots. Both teams played an aggressive harassing defense and a smooth cutting offense. With 1:10 left in the game, the score 43-44, Bard committed a foul and Marymount was able to convert one basket, making the score 43-45. Bard and Marymount then traded misses and with nine seconds left in the game Bard turned the ball over and Marymount 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 *plaaay*. Abby Rosenberg had the game of her career against City College with 19 points (5 of 6 from downtown), 8 steals, 7 assists, and 3 blocks. On the defensive end City College was the bread and Bard the peanutbutter. On the offensive end City College were the gates and Bard was Picabo Street. In the 1966 World Cup, England vs. Brazil semifinal, the Rio de Janeiro paper *Jornal dos Sports* attributed Brazil's victory to divine intervention, "Whenever the ball flew towards our goal and a score seemed inevitable, Jesus reached his foot out of the clouds and cleared the ball."<sup>1</sup> At the game against City College it seemed that Jesus worked his dastardly will again. In the last two minutes, with Bard down by 2 and City College flooring only four players, strange inexplicable things began to happen around City College's basket. When Bard shots were perfectly arced and dead center on, little atmospheric anomalies began to happen: the ball would suddenly veer off to the right or left and clank off the rim, the rim would become as malleable as butter on the countertop in summer when it needed to be stiff and as stiff 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 corkscrew through the air before swishing through the net. The game ended as another hardfought, close loss for Bard.

New York must be doing something right, for 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 their last game of the season, Feb. 21 vs. Stevens Tech, the women allowed only 2 points in the first six minutes of the game. Bridget McCarthy, Abby Rosenberg, and Lindsay Goldstein looked like octopi on crack as they swarmed the Stevens Tech players in a half court defense. The Bard women did an excellent job of double teaming and recovering and forced four turn-overs in the first three minutes. The Raptors were a little nervous on offense, however, and rushed shots before settling down about 7 minutes into the



PUTTING UP THE ROCK: In the last game of the season the Raptors took on Stevens Institute of Technology. They lost the game 50-30.

## Late Night at the Lanes



### Madcap Excitement: Bard Intramural Bowling

Bard Intramural bowling, hailed by savvy organizers as "the only sport in which you can smoke, drink, eat pizza and play," meets every other Sunday behind Kline at 9:15 p.m. At the alley, bowl two games, at two simoleans a game, and enjoy free shoe rental and FREE PIZZA.

The season rolls on March 1, 15; April 12, 26 and concludes with the world-renowned no-holds-barred finale, the Big Bard Bowl Out, May 3.

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 standing in a puddle 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, leapt to his feet and shouted, "Is that a foul for touching the ball?" when the referee called an open-court foul on Bridget McCarthy. From that atrocious call 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 ludicrous and ridiculous calls again and again. The peanut gallery was almost as enjoyable as the game as they heckled the officials with such memorable beratings 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 boded well for the Raptors when, in the opening seconds, Abby Rosenberg stole the ball, drove hard down court, faked to the hoop, and handed a nice assist to Margot Knight. Kalia Papadaki made a surprise appearance in the second half but couldn't give the team a lift as she shot 1-5 from the arc and couldn't get into team rhythm after being out three weeks with a knee injury. The Raptors dis-

played 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.

<sup>1</sup>The Soccer War, Ryszard Kapuscinski. The Best of Granta Reportages; Granta Books, London, 1994.

## Schedules

Men's Basketball: Feb. 23 at Pratt Institute, Feb. 25 at Yeshiva University, Feb. 27 vs. Vassar College (Home, 7:00 p.m.)\*

Women's Basketball: Season ended Feb. 21

Men's Squash: Feb. 20-22 at NISRA Intercollegiate Team Championships

Women's Squash: 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



# MY DINNER WITH BOT-MAN

Bot-man, Issue 8, 1998



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