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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 MARCH 9, 1998 ISSUE 9, VOLUME 8



WHIP IT, WHIP IT GOOD: A willing slave receives the kiss of the lash at the SILK Red and Black Ball this past Saturday, which featured a "Playpen" (pictured above), goth, industrial and techno DJ's, and a plethora of prophylactics.

ANNA ROSE MATHESON

## Using the "F-word" Without Reservation

*Bard women prove the power of NOW*

By ABIGAIL ROSENBERG, Opinions Editor

Something happened last weekend: a group of twenty women cured themselves of the Amotivational Syndrome that is notoriously contagious at Bard, and drove to Boston to take part in the National Organization for Women (NOW) Northeast Young Feminist Summit. Contrary to the dry name given to the conference, the workshops offered carried such juicy titles as Race and Feminism; Debating Political Correctness; Politics, Humor, and the F-Word; and arguably the most crowded workshop, Feminism, Sexual Desire, and Sexual Practice.

NOW spent almost a year planning this conference in order to bring together young women to celebrate a word that is sometimes muttered under the breath: feminism. Over 1,000 women from high schools, colleges, graduate schools, and from the work force in the northeast got together to discuss, lament, and plan how to define women's rights for a new generation.

Once accused of being a white, upper-to-middle class, feminist organization, NOW visibly attempted to change its image. Two of the keynote speakers that were featured under the title "Women Who Have Led The Way" included Luz Santana, a Latina immigrant who settled in Connecticut and organizes activists against so-called welfare reform with a group called Warriors for Real Welfare Reform, and Lynette Woodard, a member of the Women's National Basketball Association's expansion team, the Detroit Shock, and who was the first female player on the Harlem Globetrotters. Many of the workshops focused on the intersection of race and feminism and the numerous leaders that were women of color made it clear that the female experience in America has been much different for non-white women.

The "Sex Workshop," one of the only workshops to draw almost the entire Bard delegation, focused not just on heterosexual sex, but homosexual sex and autocroticism as well. The most outspoken member of the panel, a former employee at Grand Opening, a local "sexuality boutique," spoke at length about "sex positive attitudes," advocating the idea that women masturbate before becoming sexually active ("How are you going to enjoy sex if you haven't figured out what you like already?"), and demonstrated such tricks as putting on a condom with her mouth. Reminiscent of the notorious whipping workshop sponsored by the Bard club formerly known as S/M ACES (now SILK), members of the panel donned leather harnesses designed to be worn on the thigh with dildos attached and demonstrated how they allow for dual penetration. Such openness about sexuality prompted many questions that were answered in a comfortable, simple fashion.

Thanks to donations from BiGaLa, The Women's Alliance, The Dime Store, BRAVE, and the tireless efforts of Ariadne Mueller, a legion of Bard feminists are ready for action.

## Two Days of Workshops Confront Environmental, Social Pollution

*Close to 180 students from 35 schools flocked to Annandale*

By KATE MINI, Contributor

Weekend before last Bard hosted a Student Environmental Action Coalition (S.E.A.C.) conference. It started on Friday evening and ended on Sunday afternoon. The conference was equally cofunded and co-planned by Bard and Vassar students.

S.E.A.C., is the largest student-run environmental group in the country, is devoted

to the elimination of environmental and social pollution. Each state has a headquarters location with student state coordinators. (The Bard Earth Coalition is a member of the New York S.E.A.C., which is based in Syracuse.)

Approximately 180 students, from 35 schools and six states travelled to Bard to

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## A National Day to Kick the Habit

*The Great American Meatout is Friday, March 20*

By ABIGAIL ROSENBERG, Opinions Editor

To honor the coming of spring, Café Luna 61 is sponsoring the Great American Meatout on Friday, March 20. The Meat Out is a nationwide annual event originated by the Farm Animals Reform Movement (FARM) to celebrate meatless eating, promote awareness about cruelty to animals, and raise the level of recognition about the environmental detriments caused by animal farming.

Café Luna, the area's only vegetarian, organic restaurant and juice and espresso bar is inviting community members to "kick the meat habit (at least for a day)." Join the owners of Luna for a day of live jazzy, folk

music by Steven Pague and friends, raffles, and great food and juice. Prizes have not yet been decided upon, but "something big, like a car" has been promised.

Debra Maisel, co-owner of Luna, says that she decided to be part of the Meatout in order to "raise awareness not just about the inhumane treatment of animals in the meat industry, but also the exploitation of human workers."

Celebrate spring on the porch of Luna with a glass of orange, banana, apple juice or a latte and perhaps you'll learn something about the positive effects of plant-based eating and how much better you'll feel without a bellyfull of carnage.

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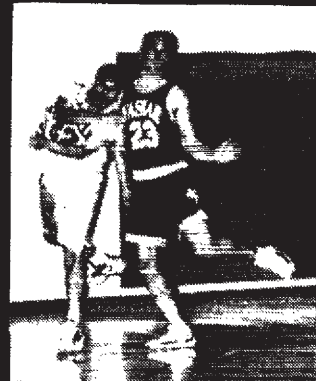
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JEREMY DILLAHANT



# Seth Goldfine Remembered

## Laughing, Crying, and a Whole Lotta Rugby

By ABIGAIL ROSENBERG, Opinions Editor

On Thursday night, February 26, Bard Hall was transformed from an empty building into one filled with friends, family, college faculty, and staff remembering Seth Goldfine.

Seth was a student at Bard from the fall semester of 1994 until the spring semester of 1997. On February 12, while driving from his childhood home in Providence, Rhode Island, to visit friends at Bard, Seth was involved in an car accident and died instantly. He was twenty-two. A few Bard students, including members of the Bard Rugby team, drove to Providence in order to attend Seth's funeral on February 15. The memorial held at Bard Hall gave community members who could not make it to the funeral a chance to meet Seth's parents and remember Seth in an informal, comfortable atmosphere.

Approximately 100 people formed a circle in Bard Hall as speakers took turns telling stories about Seth that ranged from the first time that they met him to the multiple times they joined him across the river in Kingston to eat at the Gourmet All-You-Can-Eat Chinese Buffet. Members of the Bard Rugby team, which Seth founded during his first year at Bard and now represents one of the most popular sports at Bard, wore their rugby jersey in memory of their captain and friend. Many ruggers' anecdotes focused on Seth's unparalleled strength, both physical and mental. Kimani Davis, who was named by the remaining members of the team as the new captain, compared his relationship with Seth to a brotherhood and spoke of their first meeting. Upon sighting the stocky, crew-cut, jock coming down the hill behind Kline to join in a pick-up football game and after a gripping handshake, Kimani joked with Seth, "Marist is 20 miles down the road." After three seasons of playing rugby together and watching Seth tirelessly work to rally financial, administrative, and spectator support for the sport, Kimani said he wished that he "could attack everyday day issues like that."

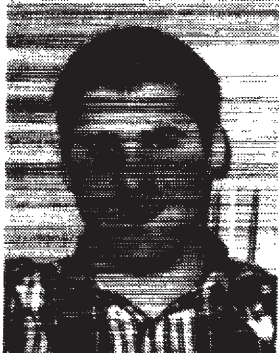
Siblings Samir and Marissa Vural stood arm in arm to remember Seth. Samir, also wearing his jersey, spoke of a family bond that was present in his relationship with Seth. During a game last season when Samir was being illegally guarded by a player, he complained to Seth. "Don't worry about it," was the reply as Seth implied he'd handle it. On the next play, Seth kept his word and Samir said that it was the first time that he had seen a man "folded in half." Lightly pounding his chest with a closed fist, Samir vowed to keep Seth's memory alive by "living the way he would want us to."

Marissa's words about Seth were reinforced by that fact that her biological brother stood next to her. "Any friend of my brother's is automatically a friend of mine." Yet from her choice of stories to tell, it was obvious that Seth was kin as well.

Rich Stern, James Feldman, and Josh Bell, good friends of Seth, remembered his "indomitable human spirit." Rich, who lived with Seth for a semester, referred to him as being part of a "warrior caste" with an "iron will" that is not common among many people. Many other speakers that night noted Seth's strength, but Rich also called attention to the fighter/poet complement in Seth's character that placed him in the category of "renaissance man."

James Feldman, tearfully pausing throughout his speech, spoke of weekly card games where they "celebrated all things manly." James pointed out that remembering the strength of such a visible powerhouse is easy, but he also knew Seth's sensitive side. He offered the audience an image of Seth that few were privy to: one of an emotional, deeply feeling man.

Throughout the night, Seth's parents, Marcia and Melvin, sat near the center of the crowd, keenly attentive to the stories being shared. With a small tape recorder in hand, Seth's mom's emotions ran the fine line between laughter and crying. She was not alone. The stories that were shared in Bard Hall that night elicited both belly-aching laughter and tears that ran freely. From FLIK employee Koreena Salerno's story of Seth's offer for a \$60 discount to "cold-cock" a fellow student who was giving her trouble to Jude Faccino's emotional moment in which the simplest words, "he was my friend," carried an intensely profound meaning, Seth Goldfine will be remembered at Bard for the passionate, strong, and gentle man that he was. Bill Mullen, a Classics professor, brought a sense of closure to the gathering when he read a quotation from Herodotus, "A man the Gods love dies young."



REMEMBERED: Seth Goldfine

## S.E.A.C. Conference

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attend about 30 workshops on a variety of environmental topics. The topics covered included Eastern Old Growth Forests, Environmental Archaeology, Hunger Striking, Media Skills, The American Indian Movement, the Hudson River, Animal Oppression, and Environmental Racism. The workshops were given by experts in those particular fields and issues, including amateur and professional activists, S.E.A.C. leaders, and writers. The keynote speakers for the weekend were Mary Webber, from Ithaca, who spoke on the environmental movement, and Andy Mele, Environmental Director of Clearwater, Inc. of Poughkeepsie, who spoke on "Environmental Careers: the Hudson River As a Case Study." Olin was filled to the brim and was bustling with activity all weekend.

Many students stayed at Bard for the entire weekend. Everyone was required to register when they arrived and was asked to wear a pink wristband throughout the weekend. The cost was \$15 for non-S.E.A.C. members and \$10 for S.E.A.C. members, both charged on a sliding scale. Those who stayed for the weekend slept in the Stevenson Gymnasium and Manor Lounge, and were asked to bring sleeping materials, a plate, cup, and eating utensils. Those sleeping in the gym were allowed to set up after 10:30 p.m. and were asked to be in the gym by 1:30-2:30 a.m. Students had to be out of the gym by 8-9 a.m. the next morning. Breakfast was in Kline, before it opened for Bard students. Lunch and dinner were also in Kline, starting when the regular hours of operation ended. Meals were simple, prepared and served by student volunteers from Bard, and included soup, pasta, and salad. Ginny Doellgast and many others helped to organize and prepare a simple but nutritional vegan menu. Food was donated by local food stores and restaurants such as Luna 61, Grieg Farms, Montgomery Place, IGA, and Red Hook Health Foods. A special thanks goes out to Lou, George, and other Flik staff for their assistance and for allowing the Kline

kitchen to be used for food preparation.

Students were provided with entertainment on both Friday and Saturday nights. While everyone was welcome to explore Bard and campus events, many attended the performance in Kline Friday by folk musician David Rovics. On Saturday night was an open-mic event, again held in Kline. A candlelight vigil in support of peace negotiations between the U.S. and Iraq also took place at about 9:30 on Friday night.

Students attending were cooperative and very respectful of the Bard campus, which helped make everything run smoothly. The weekend went unbelievably well, according to Erin Canaan, who said that there is usually a glitch during events of this caliber. There were no big emergencies during the weekend. Students fended for themselves, napping in the library, hanging out in Kline and the coffee shop, and holding independent discussions with other attendees. To top it off, the weather, especially on Saturday, was warm and sunny.

While few Bard students attended the conference, many were involved in making it happen. Clubs such as the Bard Animal Rights Collective, the Earth Coalition, the Student Labor Coalition, and the Universal Human Rights Society all contributed time and/or funds to the event. People were assigned to jobs such as emergency transportation, food preparation and clean up, workshop set-up, registration, entertainment, and hospitality. EMS members were on call and on location at the gym all night, and four adult chaperones were required to be present each night, per rules of the Stevenson Gym. A few key students carried radios and beepers at all times in order to stay in close communication with workers.

The conference took an enormous amount of time and planning. Thanks to the hard work and perseverance of many students, staff, and faculty – especially Andrea Davis, head coordinator of the event – it was a success, and all involved hope that such environmentally and socially informative events will solicit a yet still warmer reception from Bard students in the future.

## Investigating the Archaeological On and Around the Bard Campus

### Professor Lindner guides students through the local past

By DIANA OBOLER, Contributor

Who were the people who lived on and around Bard College and the Hudson Valley area one-thousand to seven-thousand years ago? How did they live? What sort of technology did they use? How can we learn about these people from the broken tools they left behind?

These are the sorts of questions that Dr. Christopher Lindner, Bard professor of archaeology and president of the New York Archaeological Council, tries to answer.

Sitting in his office, Dr. Lindner makes a wry comment about his "books" – boxes of archaeological evidence that have been collected in the area and sit, cataloged and tagged, along the shelves in which one would normally see the books of a professor's field.

Inside these boxes are the answers that Dr. Lindner has been looking for. He pulls down a display case. Inside are arrayed a collection of "projectile points" – spear and arrowheads from prehistoric ages. He explains how the progression of these flint points show the advances of the Lanape and Mohican people through time and, as he explains using the example of a broader

point which is thought to have maybe been used to spear fish, as their environment changed.

The people who are being studied, the Lanape (also known as the Delaware) and Mohicans, lived in the Hudson valley and had camps on Bard campus and neighboring areas. There have been many discoveries made on the Bard sites, some by Bard students, which have proven the richness of these sites. Flint tools, knives, and decorated pottery are among the finds which also include earth ovens and a possible roasting platform. From these finds it is possible to learn the types of animals hunted (such as in the example of the spear head), or even social aspects of these people from the images on the pottery.

Dr. Lindner has shared the excitement of the dig with his students. Going out to the site and dealing with thousands of years of data is expected of many of his undergraduate level courses.

The course he is hosting this summer is a case in fact. Students will, as part of the Bard Archaeology Field School, work at

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one of Bard's three ongoing digs one of which was just opened on March 4 and, Dr. Lindner hopes, may prove to be a very rich site. The four-credit course, which runs for four weeks over the end of July and August, is an opportunity for students interested in archaeology to try their hand at collecting and working with raw data even before it comes out of the ground. Lab and field work, major components of on-site archaeology, are both taught at a hands-on level with students doing much of the actual work.

Professor Lindner will be giving an open talk entitled, "Archaeological Resource: Protection and Land Use Change," which will be discussing the sites which will be worked on in the course of the summer. The talk will be held on Monday, March 9 at 7 p.m. in room 115 in the Language Center. Anyone who has further questions should contact Professor Lindner at (914) 758-7299 or lindner@bard.edu or visit the new Web page set up by the Archaeology department which is connected to the main Bard page.

## Earth Coalition Continues Efforts to "Green" Food Service

By KATE MINI, Contributor

The Earth Coalition held a meeting with the managers of Flik, "Dean" and "Chaz," at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, February 25. Our purpose was to express some ideas that the group had about making Kline the most environmentally efficient system possible. The Flik administration has been increasingly supportive of the Earth Coalition's efforts to "green" our dining system, and this support was evident and appreciated at the meeting. My purpose in relaying the details of the meeting to the campus is to attempt to fairly represent the food service's viewpoints and challenges to some of the problems at Kline. Hopefully, by seeing both sides of the coin on issues such as the glass shortage and napkins, we can work toward more constructive and respectful changes in our eating system.

The first item brought up was the Earth Coalition's idea to buy and install a mug rack for Kline employees. Kline employees use, on average, 9-12 paper cups each day. We have made room in our budget this semester to purchase a long rack on which personal mugs can be rinsed out and hung up. Dean and Chaz offered to redistribute Bard travel mugs (remember those?? think reccel hard -- they were free) to employees in order to get the program rolling.

Next we spoke about the "napkin problem." (What napkin problem?) Many people have the habit of grabbing as many napkins as they can without considering whether or not they will all be used. Many of you are saying right now, "But I use all of those napkins." Okay, but it would still be less wasteful if you could take one or two at a time rather than a large pile which will end up in the trash. Dean and Chaz have looked at different models of napkin dispensers, which would still be located by the silverware, but have not been fully satisfied with any of them. None of them, they said, held napkins that were large or sturdy enough. They will continue looking at models and meeting with representatives from napkin dispenser companies.

The salt and pepper shakers have been a big concern because they are disposable. They are not refilled or refillable, so when empty they are simply discarded. This is another huge source of unneeded waste. We discussed the possibility of using the diner-type glass shakers. However, they are expensive and there is a very high likelihood that they would "walk." Woods, Flik's predecessor, used a type of refillable plastic shaker; Dean and Chaz said that they would definitely try to hunt it down and would most likely purchase it when found.

Oh, of course...the glass shortage. I won't preach here because everyone knows what's happening. Basically, every 1-2 weeks Flik orders \$300-\$400 worth of glasses, bowls, plates, and silverware. Dean and Chaz said that the problem has been alleviated

## The Food Committee's Latest Report

*Tomatoes, tray bussing, and sneaking into Kline discussed last month*

By ANDY VARYU, Contributor

Things seem to be looking up this semester, as far as food goes, and if you think otherwise you'd best let one of us on the Food Committee know. We meet with the Flik Managers, Dean and Chaz, as well as Head Chef Lou, every other Wednesday, bringing both our personal feedback and what we hear people in Kline talking about. Right now our members are John Berman, Howie Wyman, Natalie Urminska, Aubrey Stimola, and me, Andy Varyu. (If you're interested in being on the committee, speak to one of us; we might be looking for another member.) We discussed the following concerns of both students and Flik at our first two meetings on February 18 and March 4.

Taking food from Kline has been a problem. In case some of you don't know, the official Kline policy (like at most colleges) is that your meal card gives you the right to all the food you can eat while you're in Kline; not all you can fit in your room, too. Flik lets the rules bend a little bit, allowing us to take some fruit or a bagel or cup of coffee out, but packing bags of food is pushing it. It's true you pay for the food, but if food services had to budget for our grocery shopping too, we'd all be paying a lot more. It puts the workers and managers in a tough position when people take so much food from Kline, so we ask that it not be done.

Now for the food itself. Tomatoes have been less than satisfactory owing to the time of year. The crunchy rice should return to normal with the use of new rice cookers that Flik has purchased. (Please let us or the managers know how the outcome is.) Couscous? One of us thought it had become too sticky, does anyone out there agree?

We were also happy about a number of improvements. We applauded the un-watery pasta, the new dessert selection (Congo Bars are back), the new salads they feature every few days, the new Organic Muesli, and the vegetables in the Wok Bar. The meat-eaters among us expressed hearty satisfaction with the London Broil and the Beef Ribs (although one thought the latter was too much like Flintstones' food.) We requested more meat off-the-bone, and that, for the vegetarians' sake, the Coffee Shop offer both vegetarian and non-vegetarian specials at lunch, but Georgetown said that the best she could do was rotate them, or continue to offer the sandwich specials with the option of non-meat patties, because there wasn't a lot of preparation space. Vegan salad dressings may already be offered, but not labeled as such, so Flik is looking into doing that.

slightly since last spring, but is far from solved. The way the purchasing system works, Flik receives a certain amount of money from Bard (our meal plan money) each month in order to purchase supplies, wares, and food. When a purchase of one oversized item must be made, expenditures for other things are sacrificed. The ultimate problem behind all of this is that Flik cannot just keep replacing all of the wares that are lost. (Note: last spring Kline lost 525 glasses in one week.) So they resort to plastic and paper wares, which obviously are wasteful and harmful to the environment. It also teaches a bad lesson to those people taking the silverware and dishes. (Please note that another reason for this paper and plastic use is lack of tray bussing, which is an entirely different issue.) The Earth Coalition spoke with Flik last semester about not replacing lost wares at all, and making sure that everyone knew that when there were no more glasses, there were no more glasses and that's it. Then everyone could use their mug to its full potential; however it's not very practical, unfortunately.

On the plus side, Flik will soon begin a coffee card program. If you use your travel mug to fill up with cof-

We told Flik that we thought the Coke had been running out too often, and were pleased that they'd brought back the bran flakes after we complained about too many sugar cereals, but asked that they also try to always have something chocolate for dessert. We discussed the rearrangement of the milk and dessert areas, since we'd heard a few complaints about the milk now being too far from the cereal. With no better ideas, though, we on the Committee decided we could live with it. As for the constant shortage of glasses and silverware -- who knows? Flik assumes that the glasses and silverware continue to be taken back to students' rooms, although the students on the Committee found this hard to believe, because none of us had ever seen silverware being sneaked out. It could be that everyone's one or two glasses just adds up, but you'd think this would slow up after a while. We're still trying to figure this one out, and in the meantime Flik continues to spend a lot of money purchasing new glasses and silverware in order to keep them in stock. If anyone has any solutions about what's going on, let one of us know.

On a more serious note, we discussed the practice of evading having your card swiped, both by people who aren't on the meal plan (if they are still in the country) and by those who have cards but sneak into Kline so they can stock up later at the Coffee Shop. Members of the Food Committee are pretty much with Flik on this one: cut it out. Dean has been talking with Jim Brudvig about rearranging the entrances a little bit; there are plans to make the doors at the end of the hall, (past the "paranoids" and Committee rooms), into alarm-rigged fire doors only, and the seat for the card-taker will be moved to the center of the walkway, with one-way traffic on each side, in order to cut down on the sneak-ins.

The Food Committee's last complaint to Flik regarded the pressure students were feeling to finish our meals so Flik workers could take our trays -- sometimes before they were finished eating. Dean, and later Donna, outside the meeting, agreed that the problem could be owing to some of the younger workers who hadn't gotten the picture yet, and both said they had and would talk to newer workers about easing up on us. Apparently, after Donna spoke with one student who was particularly upset about this, he wrote an apology that is posted on the Feedback Board.

That's it for our first two meetings. We plan to be discussing some deKline issues at an upcoming meeting. Remember, we'll fight for freedom, wherever there's trouble -- Food Committee is here. Talk to us if you have comments or concerns.

fee, tea, etc. at deKline, you not only get \$.10 off each cup, but after 9 cups you'll get one for free. Cards and a marking system are being considered. (Just to remind you: You've always been able to get a discount if you use your mug. Make sure you ask for it.)

Don't start thinking that I'm trying to justify the administration of Flik. I'm not "working for the man" or anything. I just feel that people don't try hard enough to see both sides of the story, especially when it comes to our food service. My hope is that by knowing the position of the other people struggling with problems at Kline we can all start being a little more constructive and helpful and a little less militantly disrespectful toward those people. Chaz and Dean are nice guys -- go talk to them, you'll be surprised at how much they might agree with you but are constrained by obstacles such as money and time. I distrust administration as much as the next guy, but I am convinced that Dean and Chaz really do have our interests in mind and work hard to be helpful. It's not easy to feed 1,000 Bard students. It's probably like trying to put eyeliner on a person with a twitch.



## BRAVE Case Excerpts: a Question of Regret

By THE COUNSELORS OF BRAVE

For most Bard students, L&T was a blur of activity, new faces and new experiences. The majority of us can barely remember the "attendance mandatory" BRAVE workshop. The fact that Bard has a group like BRAVE seemed really great, but the speeches about personal safety flew right past us. The idea of being assaulted or raped seemed incredibly remote, to the point that for most of us, our eyes glazed over before we could hear the extent of BRAVE's services.

Few of us joined BRAVE with a full realization of those services. Looking into our own histories, many members have realized there were occasions when we could have, maybe even should have, contacted BRAVE. What follows are some of our own examples of when BRAVE might have been a useful resource (we stress that none of these situations are actual BRAVE cases).

"When I was a senior in high school my guy best friend was accused of rape by a girl I barely knew, but who had approached me with the allegation. It was a ugly, terrifying mess that was only partially resolved, and I'm still upset by it now. My freshman year, another Bard student mentioned that she felt very uncomfortable about a professor making sexual remarks in class and sometimes to her."

"A male friend told me he had his first sexual experiences with a 19-year-old girl when he was only 13. He didn't object; he'd had it drilled into him that only a freak (or a queer) would refuse sexual advances from a woman, but he wasn't comfortable with it. It wasn't what he wanted. And almost ten years later those encounters (which incidentally qualify as rape in the second degree under New York State law) negatively affect the way he feels about himself and how he interacts with women."

"I was hanging out with a friend one night. We were just having fun when he started trying stuff on me. I made it blatantly clear that I am a lesbian, but that didn't seem to stop him - he knew what he was doing. I didn't want to resort to shoving him away, considering our friendship. He was not getting the hint, however. I ended up having to throw him out of my room. I'm still uncomfortable when I see him."

"I've had problems communicating about sex with my boyfriend. There have been times when he's wanted to have sex and I didn't really want to, but I acted like I wanted to, or didn't object at all, because for some reason I felt obligated. This is despite the fact that I know rationally that I'm not at all obligated. Although it doesn't mean that we aren't happy together, this certainly doesn't improve our relationship. I think this happens to a lot of women."

"When my boyfriend was in seventh grade, he used to babysit for a family. The girl who lived next-door would come over and they would fool around. The girl was in high school and would pressure him to have sex with her, but he refused. Once while they were together, she pulled out a knife and forced him to have sex with her. This has affected every sexual, intimate relationship he has had since. He's never really talked about it and hasn't worked through all the emotions."

"I have found myself in situations that can be described as 'gray areas.' These usually involved alcohol, drugs, and difficulties with communication. I'm talking about situations in which consent was given, or implied, but maybe after subtle coercion or simple persistence. The kind of encounter when you just don't feel comfortable about what happened, and can't really remember if you did anything to say, 'No, I don't want to do that.' Or it was something you never would have done if you hadn't been totally sloshed. If stuff like this happens frequently, it can really damage your self-esteem."

Most people would not have contacted BRAVE in regard to any of these situations either because they don't affect them personally or weren't a "real emergency." BRAVE members are trained to listen to concerns about anything related to sexual issues. A call to the beeper or the office does not have to be an emergency. Calls to BRAVE from people just wanting to talk are common and always welcome.

Although each of us has our own personal reason for being in BRAVE, ultimately we are here to serve the community. Each BRAVE member is trained to listen and help people identify their feelings and validate them. We do not judge people or their behavior, nor do we impose "cookie cutter" definitions of rape that apply to every situation; we do not pressure people to take action. Although we may suggest possibilities, resources and information, decisions are left up to the person. BRAVE services are not limited to heterosexual women; we counsel men and women, gay or straight, perpetrator, survivor, or the unsure. BRAVE counselors also represent the range of people we counsel, and a client can request a certain type of counselor. Above all else we ensure confidentiality. We do not "answer to" DOSO, administration, Security, the counseling offices, or anyone else.

Aside from our counseling services, we host campus events related to rape and sexual violence for education and activism purposes. April is Sexual Violence Awareness Month, so there will be several events to get the Bard community involved. We encourage you to attend events and contribute to the community dialogue.

**Active BRAVE Members:** Shawnee Barnes, Kelly Lucas, Diana Sanchez, Danielle Bourchard, Nicole MacCarone, Illile Sawady, Melanie Brook, Lauren Martin, Kate Schapira, Katy Crile, Mary Molina, Maro Sevastopoulos, Sara Handy, Adam North, Beanie Watts, Jennifer Heckathorn, Chris Pappas, Sarah Wymer, Mira Kelsey, Yelena Ramataur

### How to contact BRAVE

Counselor on-call 24 hrs/day through the beeper: call x7777

Office hours: Sunday 8-10 p.m.

(basement of Tewksbury); call x7552 or 7553, or drop in to talk

## Global Fiasco Narrowly Avoided in Bawdy Model UN Crisis Session

*Boozed Bard diplomats entrusted with the fate of the world*

By ANNA-ROSE MATHIESON,  
Photography Editor

Real time stopped last Monday.

Since then, two Bard students have controlled the world, destroying diplomats and detonating nuclear weapons whenever the whim strikes. Confidential sources reveal that this situation was caused by members of Bard's Model United Nations Club who foolishly ceded world power to Jenny Slem and Chris Planer. The pair wreaked havoc on reality in order to provoke a global crisis, which Model UN members attempted to resolve last Friday night in a Middle East Summit simulation.

Model UN has existed at Bard for four years, but polls show that fewer than one in ten Bardians has any idea what this cute little cult actually does, despite tireless efforts by their Minister of Propaganda to plaster the "truth" on every billboard on campus. A bizarre combination of Risk and Charades, Model UN casts participants as different nations in a massive and muddy wrestling match for world power. As each delegate tries to accurately represent their nation's foreign policy, solutions to world crises are proposed and personal insults are wantonly hurled about the room.

Several large Model UN conferences are held at other colleges every semester. These official conferences are four-day affairs that require students to dress up like stuffy young republicans, pretend to know or care about foreign policy, and get lost in interesting cities. Confidential informants at large, pretenacious schools reveal that Bard has established a sterling reputation for representing crazy pariah nations and yelling "Street Justice" at inappropriate intervals. To bring this United Nations experience to Annandale, the club also organizes Crisis Sessions twice a semester. These delightfully disorganized evenings feature international diplomacy in the elegant atmosphere of Kline Committee rooms.

With a resounding thump of the gavel, Crisis Session Number Five was called to order on Friday, March 6. Since this was a "Special Summit on the Middle East" instead of the usual Security Council simulation, all official protocol could be nullified at the whim of the chair. Drooling with excessive power, Chairman Zach abdicated within fifteen minutes and commandeered the nation of Egypt, leaving a lowly minion to chair the table full of rowdy delegates.

The crisis began with a live broadcast from Tel Aviv. As he hacked up his lungs and succumbed to the plague, a dying journalist managed to report that Iraq had just attacked Israel with biological weapons. (Note: as most marginally well-informed people know, this did not really happen. Anyone who lives in Annandale, however, might need the clarification.)

Debate began immediately; the U.S. and its stooges vociferously denounced Iraq while an unlikely coalition of Islamic nations shrieked about a jihad. Debate was temporarily stopped when two sheet-bedecked terrorists staggered in, babbled something unintelligible about a U.S. plot to frame Iraq and left playing a tune on a corncob harmonica. As confidential communiqués from each nation's home government revealed that the U.S. was responsible for the bombing, China began to scream "the United States is the spawn of Satan" whenever recognized for a speech. The most influential participant in the Summit seemed to be Abby's Penis; this entity, representing the U.S., was actually placed on the speakers list, discussed in press releases, and propositioned by a perpetually drunken philosophy major.

Though not as scantily clad as previous belly-dancing barmaids, Bartender Jen supplied the delegates with tray upon tray of tasty



DIPLOMACY IN ACTION: Zach Watkinson, representing Iraq, flashes the international symbol of contention during vituperative debate.

beverages to whet the wheels of diplomacy. Inside sources report that as much time was spent selecting the appropriate drinks as deciding which countries to bomb. Those without experience in techniques of international negotiation may find this peculiar, but the club must try to model itself on the real United Nations.

Several delegates reported difficulty representing their nation's foreign policy through hours of debate, citing the urge to begin randomly nuking nations as a distracting factor. Personal vendettas were also incorporated into debate, while Iraq and the U.S. lasciviously tantalized each other with promises of the best bombing that the world has ever seen. Though a few piddling little nations dissolved their governments and left, muttering about a party in Obreshkove, the remaining delegates finally closed debate and passed a resolution whipping the U.S. like a peer counselor in the playpen of the SILK Ball. The U.S. delegate promptly tore apart the aforementioned document with her teeth.

As the tired diplomats cleaned up the debris and staggered out, all agreed that the evening had been enjoyable and tremendously educational, though not quite as elaborate as Crisis Sessions from the era of Dave "Napoleon on Laundry Day" Case and Dan "The Ultimate Street Justifier" Ragone.

### Upcoming BRAVE events for the Spring of 1998

- Discussion on Men's Concerns
- Women's Health (3/9; Moon Room, 7 p.m.)
- Good Sex Talk (3/16; Albee Social, 7 p.m.)

#### Multicultural Issues

- Take Back the Night
- Clothesline Project

- Speak Out
- How to Help a Friend

#### Movies to be shown:

- The Accused
- Dreamworlds
- Gristown
- What's Love Got to do With it

Look for more times and dates in the Calendar



# Rambling Russians in Varying States of Ruin

*A review of Tennessee Williams's The Notebook of Trigorin*

By MEREDITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

The name Tennessee Williams will likely elicit a different response from each person one speaks to. To some, Tennessee Williams means nothing. To others, his name denotes unexcelled brilliance. To this particular reviewer, the inclusion of William's name upon a playbill is fair warning that oozing sackweights of theatrical Schlock with a capital Slurp will shortly be dropped upon the unsuspecting audience, sending them all into a saccharine-induced coma.

Let me clarify something: when a director (in this case Richard Corley) handles a Tennessee Williams play deftly, when the inherent melodrama is either exaggerated to an extreme for emphasis or completely downplayed, it won't curl my teeth. Sometimes I'll even enjoy myself. Case in point, the drama department's recent production of *The Notebook of Trigorin*. For one thing, the script is a free adaptation of an early Chekhov play, *The Seagull*, which immediately curbs the Schlock factor. In fact, members of the cast seemed to thrive on the text, their strength and confidence bolstered by an unfailing sense of pacing. For another, the spartan set of weathered wooden planks and pillars (David Maxine), nostalgic lighting (Brian Alduous), and period costumes (Mary Myers) were all gorgeous. If one overlooked some sluggish moments of dialogue (or at the very least, was willing to blame their monotony on poor old Tenny himself) and forgave a few technical inconsistencies (some uncomfortable sound cues, noise from backstage, and a hideous stuffed seagull), one would have walked away from the Avery building as satisfied as one can possibly be after spending two hours watching a handful of babbling bourgeoisie ninnies crumble under the weight of their own ineffectuality. These are characters who, though they might yammer passionately about their soulful yearnings, bitter disappointments, and spurned transcendent love, never lift a finger to fix their predicaments. However, presented in the context of Chekhov (the indisputable master of ennui), William's adaptation of their plight is powerfully affecting.

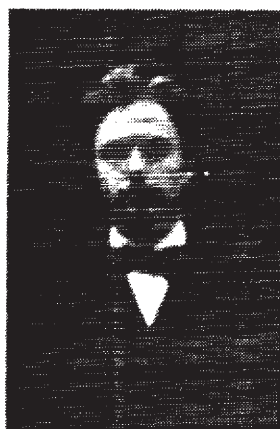
*The Notebook of Trigorin* revolves around occurrences at the country estate of an aging man name Pytor Sorin (Mahdi Shah) and the havoc wreaked upon his family and friends by his younger sister, the prominent Russian stage actress Irina Nikolayevna Arkadina (Abigail Marlowe). If you think that name's a mouthful, just wait until she



Nick Levy as Constantine



Abigail Marlowe as Irina Nikolayevna Arkadina



Ty Howell as Boris Trigorin

opens her mouth! Irina's monologues, performed ebulliently by Marlowe, are rife with self-obsession and insecurity.

Somehow, this woman manages to indirectly ruin the lives of all those around her, namely her son, the aspiring but sadly mediocre writer, Constantine (Nick Levy). Irina's neglect, combined with meddlings of her young paramour, the famed writer Boris Trigorin (performed with dry chagrin by Ty Howell), ultimately ruins her son's life. In turn, Constantine destroys the hopes of a dour young woman named Masha (Aziza Omar) by spurning her affections, driving her to alcoholism and an unhappy marriage with a bumbling schoolteacher named Semyon (Youssef Kerkour). Omar's drunken Masha and Kerkour's earnest portrayal of Semyon were endearingly rueful.

Constantine's love for his childhood friend, an aspiring actress by the name of Nina (wistfully portrayed by Willa Bepler), is also unrequited. The tortured writer watches as she is seduced, then nonchalantly cast aside by the perverse Boris. Levy's choice to underplay his character's desperation was a commendable one, providing smooth counterpoint to the hysterical punctuations of his mother Irina.

Shah's performance as Pytor, an old man whose entire life has generally been a disappointment to him and for whom Irina is too stingy to pay for a city trip before he dies, was hilarious at times, excruciatingly sad at others. Bron Nudel was more-than-sufficiently vile in his performance as Pytor's pipe-puffing doctor, Yvengeny Dorn, a callous leech with no interest whatsoever in healing people. The interactions of Dorn with Polina (Maren Holmen), the wife of Pytor's estate manager Ilya Shamrayev (Danny Bowes), whom Dorn had seduced, were also a sight to behold. Holmen's strong performance was infused with quiet rage and humility.

Tennessee Williams's decision to apportion Boris a "questionable" sexuality puts a fascinating twist on the original Chekhov character. Hushed discussions concerning Boris's lakeside recreations with an estate workman named Yakov (David Homan), as well as inferences to the writer's illicit activities abroad crackle and spark beneath surface discourse, eventually acting as catalyst for his fiery confrontation with Irina in the second act. The chilling scene between them, infallibly paced by Howell and Marlowe, was marvelously done. What a pleasant surprise, that the cast's enthusiasm and the beautiful trappings of their sets and costumes were emphasized rather than muffled by the prosaic waxings of Tennessee Williams.

## A Quick Tour of the Eye-Popping, Jaw-Dropping *Dark City*

By MEREDITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

When French filmmaking duo Jean Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro released *The City of Lost Children*, their second masterpiece (the first being *Delicatessen*), the world of cinema dropped its collective jaw in astonishment. Three years later, the screenplay is no less brilliant, the actors are still unbelievably talented, and its sets are still unprecedented in creepiness. From its unobtrusive computer-generated effects right down to its musical score, the film is an immaculately gorgeous hybrid of fantasy, science-fiction, and your worst childhood nightmare. British director Terry Gilliam (*Brazil*, *12 Monkeys*) proclaimed it "the most visually stunning film in over five years." Yet, due to its status as a foreign film and the fact that it initially received sparse coverage from mainstream American press, *The City of Lost Children* remains relatively obscure. Luckily, the same fate does not await the similarly sumptuous American sci-fi/thriller/spectacle, *Dark City*.

Although by no means of the caliber of

Jeunet and Caro (in fact, its aesthetic borrows heavily from its French precursor), *Dark City* is indisputably the jaw-dropping eye-popper of the year, maybe of several years. Directed and co-written by Alex Pryos, the man responsible (for better or worse, depending on who you talk to) for *The Crow*, and headed capably by William Hurt, Rufus Sewell, and a couple of Hollywood's "second-tier" actors (Jennifer Connelly and Kiefer Sutherland), the movie is destined for both cult worship and mainstream success. In a strange neogothic realm where the night never ends, people's souls are under the constant surveillance of pallid, spidery, otherworldly beings called "tuners" who gather in subterranean caverns to conduct mysterious experiments.

The plot revolves around the bewildered journey of one John Murdoch (Rufus Sewell), who wakes up in the bathtub one evening to find a single inexplicable spot of blood on the center of his forehead, a goldfish gasping on the floor beside its shattered bowl, and all of his memories gone. Relentlessly pursued by pale, mania-

cal tuners and the psychiatrist in league with them (Kiefer Sutherland), as well as a cop (William Hurt) who wants him on several counts of murder, and finally, by his unfaithful but repentant wife (Jennifer Connelly), Murdoch gradually comes to realize that he can tangibly alter reality just by thinking about it. The otherworldly beings chasing him are also capable of this, and call the process, appropriately, "tuning." The story evolves through a confusing maze of flashbacks, heart-palpitating scene changes, and split-second sequences.

Never mind that things get a little disjunctive sometimes, or that the ending is a bit silly: the script of *Dark City*, though not perfect by any means, is indisputably one of the most bizarre and unique to be squeezed out of the Hollywood sausage grinder in ages. The same may be said of its visual properties, and although purists will be tempted to grumble that Pryos's vision is far less original than the stupid American critics are heralding it as, it would be a shame to ignore the film on that principle alone. Visit *Dark City*.



## Upcoming Events

Unless otherwise noted, all events are free-of-charge.

### Mar. 9, Monday

**Reading:** by Maureen Howard, author of *A Lover's Almanac*. Introduced by Prof. Brad Morrow. Bard Chapel. 2:30 p.m.

**Lecture:** "Archaeological Resources Management and Land Use Change," by Prof. Chris Lindner of the Bard Archaeology/CRES program. For more information, call Prof. Kris Feder at 758-7243. Room 115, Olin Language Center. 7 p.m.

**"Event":** meeting for "On to Jericho '98," with a video interview with Phil and Delbert Africa of MOVE, speakers, information on political prisoners in the U.S. and how to get on the bus from Bard to go to Washington, D.C. and join with 200,000 people demanding amnesty for the 150 political prisoners in the U.S. Find out how you can "march on the 'White' House" on March 27. The New Student Action Center (Earth Coalition room), basement of the Old Gym. 8 p.m.

### Mar. 10, Tuesday

**Discussion/Debate:** "India After the Elections," with Profs. Sanjib Baruah, Richard Davis, and Brad Clough. Olin 203. 6:30 p.m.

### Mar. 11, Wednesday

**Workshop:** "Building Democracy and Diversity: Challenging the Right While Honoring Democratic Discourse," led by Chip Berlet, Senior Researcher at Political Research Associates. Olin 202. 4 p.m.

**Lecture:** "Margaret Sanger and the Reproductive Rights Movement Past and Present," by Ellen Chesler of the Open Society Institute. Room 115, Olin Language Center. 6 p.m.

**Concert/Lecture:** by Alan Gampel, world-renowned pianist. Third in a series of four lectures entitled "Great piano Sonatas." The program will focus on the work of Franz Liszt, with a performance of Liszt's *Sonata in B Minor*. For more information, call 758-7425. Olin Auditorium. 8 p.m.

### Mar. 12, Thursday

**Colloquium in Applied Anthropology:** "You Are Among Friends: An Anthropologist's Perspectives on Establishing a Self-help Organization in the Gay/Lesbian Community," with Dr. Paul Murray, Catholic Chaplain. Olin 205. 4:30 p.m.

**Lecture:** "Louis Sullivan's Tall Office Buildings Reconsidered," by Richard A. Etlin, Wilson H. Elkins Professor at the University of Maryland. Etlin is a candidate for the position in Architectural History at Bard. Olin 102. 6 p.m.



**VIVIR ES BAILAR:** Above, revelers at the SILK Red and Black Ball, March 7. Below, Devon Ludlow shows off his lively latin steps and stylish vinyl pants to a small cluster of devotees and dilettanti at the fourth annual Carnaval, a salsa dancing extravaganza held in the Old Gym, February 28. A live salsa band and DJ stirred the dancers, and an ample selection of salsas, chips, build-your-own-burritos, and sodas satisfied the hungry, parched crowd.

**Art Opening:** "Streets of Lacoste," photography by Dean Stuart Levine. Held by the Dean of Students Office. Fisher Gallery. 6:30 p.m.

**Screening:** "Advertising and Our Bodies," a 30-minute award-winning video. Followed by a panel discussion with "experts." Olin 102. 7 p.m.

**"Open" House:** "for" students. Coffee and "conversation" with President Leon Botstein. President's House. 7 p.m.

### Mar. 13, Friday

**Band Concert/Screening:** Mila Drumke, whose "Someone" was the theme song in the "critically-acclaimed" movie *Go Fish*, which will be shown afterwards at 8 p.m. Old Gym. 10 p.m.

**Screening:** Latin American film *La Ciudad de Los Perros* (Perú). Olin 102. 9 p.m.

**The Bardavon Presents...** the third annual Bardavon Berrilla Kerr Foundation Young Playwrights Festival. Tickets: \$5 for all seats. For more information, call the Bardavon Box Office at (914) 473-2072. The Bardavon Opera House, 35 Market Street, Poughkeepsie. 10:15 a.m. and 7 p.m.

### Mar. 14, Saturday

**College Bowl.** Campus tournament. The game of random "knowledge." Also happening tomorrow. For team registration or more information, call x4153.

**Concert:** by Klezmer musician Henry Sapoznik and his band Freylech, Freylech. Tickets to benefit the Rabbi Erwin Zimet Hebrew Day School may be ordered by calling (914) 454-0474 during school hours or (914) 297-6535 after 7 p.m. A gala reception will follow the performance. Temple Beth El, 118 Grand Avenue, Poughkeepsie. 8 p.m.

### Mar. 17, Sunday

**Screening:** of the second film in Satyajit Ray's *Apu Trilogy*. By the Film Committee. 7 and 9 p.m.

### Mar. 16, Monday

**Lecture:** by Peter Aaron '68. Part of the Bard College Spring Photography Lecture Series. For more information, call 758-6822. Olin 102. 8 p.m.

### Mar. 17, Tuesday

**Lecture:** "Concerto Textures," by Joseph Kerman, critic, musicologist, and author of the classic study *Opera as Drama*. For more information, call 758-7425. Olin Auditorium. 7 p.m.

**Performance:** by Vanaver Caravan, a world percussive dance ensemble. Olin Auditorium. 8 p.m.

### Mar. 21, Saturday

**Dance Performance:** Dance Theater I, 1998. For more information, call 758-8622. Runs through Monday, March 23. Sunday matinee at 3 p.m. Dance studio, Avery Arts Center. 8 p.m.

### Mar. 22, Sunday

**Screening:** of the third film in Satyajit Ray's *Apu Trilogy*. By the Film Committee. 7 and 9 p.m.

## The Many Masks Behind His Face

By NADJA CARNEOL, Contributor

For those of you for whom his appearances have become an annual tradition, you can understand the excitement and fear with which I sped to the performance of "The Mask Man" on Friday, March 6. When I arrived at eight o'clock, Bard Hall was still filled with the preliminary chatter and milling about of any large crowd. Remembering the way Mr. Faust had ripped into the students who had come in late last year, I was quite relieved to be on time. I chose a seat toward the back so I could do my note-taking without being singled out and ridiculed for the audience's entertainment.

Rob Faust began with a simple introduction about masks, their uses throughout history, practical and otherwise, and was soon rewarded by the entry of the first latecomer: "What time does your watch say?" he boomed, as the unfortunate straggler slunk to the farthest dark corner. He then introduced us to his latest creation - the College Student - a warped, asymmetrical, buffoon face that, he pointed out, was always accompanied by a beer can. This reference received a bit of appreciation from a row of Mardi Gras fans in the back row who had apparently met Faust when he was selling his handmade masks in New Orleans.

When interrupted by a fourth latecomer, Faust



**CREEPY:** Rob Faust performed in Bard Hall, March 6.

donned an irate mask and stalked the unwitting student to his seat accompanied by the hysterical roar of the audience. He then pointed out that Maysoun Wazwaz, who was sitting in the front row, had to leave at eight-thirty, "but not because she's bored," and demanded of a student clicking away in the third row: "Are you sure you can knit and listen?" With the audience now sufficiently guffawing, Faust returned to the subject of masks, continuing with a

very plain, "neutral" mask.

He argued that the androgynous mask is the most difficult mask to wear because one must let go of all traces of emotion. This mask was sexless, ageless, raceless, and alien-like in its total symmetry. Often used as a training tool for actors, it would require the wearer to shed all body language, becoming neutral. The room was hushed while, for a few moments, he became a nameless being. Then, with a relieved exhalation and a relaxing of the muscles, he regained his own body.

After exhibiting the absence of character, he moved on to show us full masks with different facial types and emotions and the varying expressive qualities that the body takes on to match the mask. A pudgy face with a meek smile elicited affectionate moans from the audience as Faust crept shyly around the edges of the stage. He illustrated how a solid mask could change its expression when the posture or the angle of the light was altered. At first the mask looked defiant, then, as the performer lowered his head the expression turned to one of sadness and upon raising the head again, the face seemed to be filled with awe.

There were a number of half masks which allowed Faust to talk while wearing them. He became some highly stereotyped characters - the goof, the artistic Frenchman, the redneck - all of whom lectured on a different aspect of the mask. He then created characters with simple accessories instead

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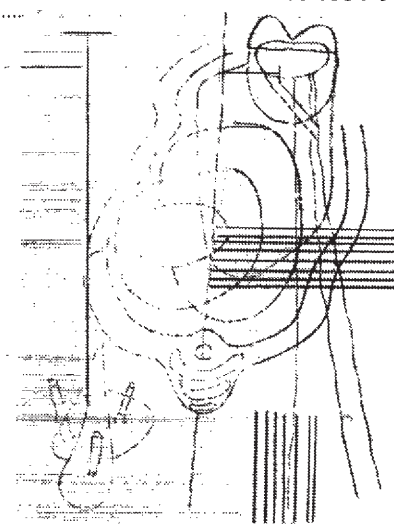
by  
Joel Hunt,  
Columnist

**OPEN CALL FOR A PRISON architect**  
My tendency has been to try to place all of this ephemeral phenomena called music (or whatever) outside the realm of commercial or materialist experience, but still ground it within the sensation of listening. That is, records (or compact discs, or whatever's next) are nice and everything, and it's pretty okay to have a whole bunch

of them even (if you can afford them: that's really the only status a large amount of anything confers), but they're not as important as what their grooves contain. No matter what sound pours forth from the speakers, there's a good chance that that sound may mean something to somebody who's listening (whether or not music can mean anything is a whole 'nother argument). That something can also be nothing just depends on where you sit. Music (or non-music, sound, whatever) may embody a sort of tunneling out, an escape from the regimented life into a new freedom of interpretation. Or not. Either way, the experience of listening is a major component of my life and, I suspect, of many others' as well. The practice of making music to me seems related to some sort of expression (although I hate to use such a corny word) that is perceptually based: one manipulates (or does not manipulate) some sort of instrument. Perception, therefore, leads to interpretation, which leads back into perception; however, it's easy to get lost while trying to figure it all out (that's when you need the blueprints).

How many ways can you say your heart's been smeared apart? Obviously, a vast amount of music is produced as a reflection of some intensely personal vision. And that's fine, that's excellent. My generic designation of "Personal Vision" could designate any number of disparate sorts of music made by individuals from John Coltrane to Derek Bailey to Brian Wilson to Darby Crash to blah, blah, blah (although "individual" is an interesting distinction when only one of those examples actually plays alone on a regular basis). And that work that somebody somewhere did inspires other people to play and to listen and to think, and that's good. But it's pretty hard for some people (including myself) to comprehend these slippery mechanisms at work. I really don't and can't (and won't) subscribe to the idea of "genius"; everyone takes a shit now and again. Do people understand why they do the things that they do? Do you understand? I'm not sure I do, either. Do you do things because that's what's really in you or because you know you can? (Note to Bardians: I can easily be way more cynical than all of you, so allow me this one moment of sincerity. I know you think this clarity doesn't happen often with me, so let us all enjoy it. At least my intention is for your enjoyment.)

Transparent is o.k. if you place me at the horizon. The third month of 1998 has just begun, and already what will probably be my favorite album of the year has appeared. *Camofleur* is the new LP by Gastr del Sol on the Drag City label, and the last to feature Jim O'Rourke and David Grubbs working together. After six excellent releases (counting LPs and EPs), O'Rourke is calling it quits (whether or not Grubbs keeps the Gastr moniker remains to be seen). Although I have long felt their music's particular dissembling of song structure to be amazingly rewarding (not to mention "pretty damn neat"), their new album commits to an altogether astonishing direction only previously hinted at. Then I realized that it wasn't one direction at all, but rather many. The LP features many guest musicians, but unlike Gastr's previous album *Upgrade & Afterlife* which specialized in a different genre-interpretation from song to song, each track on



A TRANSFORMING EXPERIENCE: Gastro del Sol's *Camofleur*.

*Camofleur* is itself a hybridization of a variety of genres, wide or narrow. The majority of tracks feature Markus Popp from Oval who adds his particular blend of digital manipulation as an underlying texture. Yet this isn't staid electronic music: Grubbs and O'Rourke merge a number of styles from 1960s pseudo-symphonic composer-pop (a la Jack Nietzsche) with their familiar blend of elliptical, bare tonality and back again. The end result manifests in songs like "Blues Subtitled No Sense of Wonder" and "Mouth Canyon," in which I hear something truly new: music which acknowledges the past (without a grudge or a retread) by going forward. But the charm in *Camofleur* is not confined to its newness: it contains some moments of (dare I write it) beauty that to me will always resonate beyond the typical definition of musical beauty (Beethoven, eat your heart out). Remarkable, recommended, really don't go your entire life without hearing this one.

And what of staid electronic music? One of the reasons I'm interested in this sort of music is that it doesn't (when it's good) reference any other music that's ever been made before by managing the technology of now. The newness of electronic music outside high/pop/whatever genres is exactly how it can be (and is) marginalized. Let's face it: music (if the term must be used) which uses the tools, technology, and methodology of the familiar will always be a reference to something that's been played before. Most music is about other music. But that's not a bad thing either: obviously some sources are ripe for new interpretations (see above paragraph). *Dok*, the new collaboration between German compact-disc manipulators Oval and Tokyo-based installation artist Christophe Charles (on Thrill Jockey), is certainly staid, and certainly electronic. And it's pretty damn good and interesting (two qualities which, for me, go together), to boot. This "part one of a soundfile exchange" manages to take the by-now familiar (found sounds, compact discs, synthesizers, etc.) and change it into the unfamiliar, the new, uncharted territory. Some might say that the "signal-to-noise" ratio of such music is too miniscule for the "music" to be any good. To them I say, "Welcome to the 1990s." This music is reflective of the era in which we live. The last time I checked my watch it was 1998; we can't (and shouldn't) keep living in the Nineteenth Century (is that resistance to the new why no one at Bard is willing or able to teach Marshall McLuhan?).

Put the music in its coffin. The Shadow Ring bring

## Subtitled Why Not Untitled? I Have Dozens of Titles.

back the "old" new question of music; they request, in their polite English way, that you "Put the Music in its coffin." Are they waiting for "music" to (finally) be buried? So if they (or anyone else) are not playing music, what are they doing? What social activity are they engaging in if not the playing of music? Well, they are able manipulators of the "crude" instrumentation of rock n' roll: the electric guitar, drums, keyboard, vocalizations of a "lead singer," etc. They twist the convention on its ear, and to my ears (but probably not yours), that's a necessary action with bent results. A "bootleg" LP of their live performances in the United States last autumn, pithily entitled *Live in U.S.A.*, is now semi-available on Alpine Archive. It won't quite replicate the experience of seeing them live (which was, by the way, amazing), but it'll get you a little closer than you are now. And did I mention their distinctly weird brand of British humor?

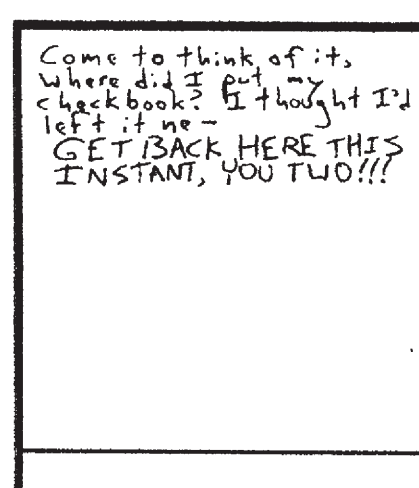
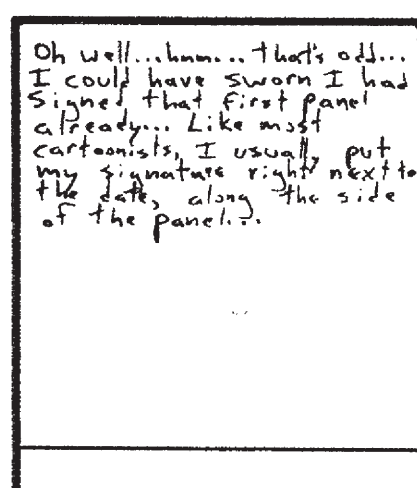
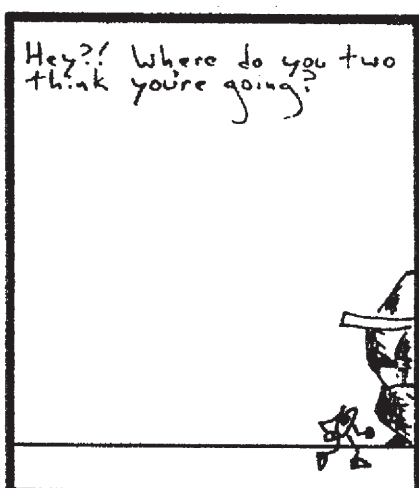
I'd rather have no eyes at all, be blind upon the floor, than to stand upon the receiving end of the right hand of the Lord. Despite everything I hear and see which leads me to bitterness, to cynicism, there are occasionally moments when I am just struck, and I start to feel something again. The most recent time this happened (besides everytime I hear *Camofleur*) was last week when I heard the compact disc *Oar* by Alexander "Skip" Spence. Although I'd heard for some time about the redemptive powers of this recording, I didn't get around to purchasing it until last week. Not too soon, it seems, as mine was the last copy (maybe) in Manhattan: both the vinyl (obviously) and CD are well out-of-print. This album is one of the great lost recordings of the 1960s, something you hear talked about in hushed tones. And for good reason: Spence, a former member of Jefferson Airplane and Moby Grape, recorded *Oar* in four days in Nashville, playing every instrument himself. A true "solo" album, it runs the gamut from full-bore psychedelia to country-rock (which didn't really even exist yet) to wispy folk without being the least bit corny or contrived. Spence fluctuates between hilarity and dead-on drama (sometimes within a single song), blurring the lines between each. The result is not just the documentation of some burned-out hippie (although it's that too), but an amazing thing to hear and feel as well. An American mixture of Syd Barrett and Nick Drake, Skip Spence transcended both. You need this record. There is no way these words can convey how beyond-amazing *Oar* is; good luck finding a copy.

It's not gonna be a hit so why even bother? There's no way these words can ever convey what I can hear, but I'll keep trying anyway. I think I'd rather be blind, rather be crippled, than to not ever hear again. But until my faculties fail me, I'll continue my attempt at tunneling out. Hope I see you there when I reach the surface.

Next week: the new studio albums by the Shadow Ring, Lithops, L@N, more.

Italics answer key: 1. Gastr del Sol, "Blues Subtitled No Sense of Wonder" (review title). 2. Pavement, "Fin" (paragraph one). 3. Lungfish, "Cleaner Than Your Surroundings" (paragraph two). 4. Gastr del Sol, "Mouth Canyon" (paragraph three). 5. the Shadow Ring, "Put the Music in its Coffin" (paragraph five). 6. Skip Spence, "Broken Heart" (paragraph six). 7. Smog, "A Hit" (paragraph seven).

## The DANCING Paperclip of TORMENTED SOULS® / by MORGAN PIELLI





# Ill Fated Mardi Gras All-or-nothing, Balls-out Road Trip Gives Yankees a Slug o' the South

*Four students take to the highways and biways in a desperate quest for the Planet of New Orleans*

By "THE YANKEES," a.k.a. Sonja "North Dakota" Olson; Vic "I'm no fucking Yankee, I'm from Texas" Ruiz; Nick "Utah" Bodkin; Megan "Massachusetts" Savage

Two weeks ago, three Bard students and one graduate decided to take a small break from the semester and travel to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras festivities. What follows is a travelogue recounting the experience - the road trip down, the four days of excess therein, and the journey home. Those looking for a comprehensive overview of the city, an incisive account of the Mardi Gras culture, or a cohesive narrative with recurring characters need look elsewhere. The story we have assembled is a collage of the moments which defined our experience - moments ranging from the eccentric to the blatantly hilarious, from the frustratingly banal to the relatively creepy. One definitive emotion which each of us has taken away from our trip was the feeling that New Orleans, especially during Mardi Gras, is a collection of diverse people from scattered locales converging in a stew of common experience. Religious protesters, drunken college students, tarot readers, and Elvis impersonators pooled their eccentricities into the crazy quilt that is a city at play. The following article reflects this sentiment...we have crammed the disparate stories of the road and the city into the tight space required for publication. Furthermore, this is a story told from four diverse viewpoints - all four travellers contributed to its writing. This format is not accidental, but specifically chosen in hopes that, in following our account, the reader is able to experience vicariously some of the humour, joy and absurdity of our travels. Most importantly, however, we write in hopes that the format we have used carries with it the intense and exuberant energy of Mardi Gras itself.

## Preparation

15 February - 17 February

We begin by locating the backroads of Germantown and teaching Vic to drive a stick-shift. Br. There is, fortunately, only one major fit of road rage. Further preparation: we get the car washed and vacuumed at a do-it-yourself car wash, where Sonja enjoys the phallic power of the high pressure soap rinse. Lisa Sadowski (Assistant Director of Bard Security) gives the expedition more food than we could possibly eat - all of it Freihofer's donut products (sic). Finally, we say our goodbyes and prepare for a psychoanalysis-filled, picaresque adventure.

## Four Days of Sin

18 February (Wednesday)

As Sonja is determined to leave at 5 a.m. and "make good time," we blast off at dawn. After attempting to retrieve a beverage from our cooler (again, courtesy of Lisa Sadowski) we foresee distinct packing issues ahead, most prominently the fact that Nick is sleeping on the Freihofer's donut products (sic). Indeed, clutching the chocolate-coated donuts in his sleep, Nick manages to spread Freihofer love throughout the car. Unfortunately, Megan has broken her only pair of shoes, requiring a sidetrip to a mall in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania (for those interested, this mall is actually pictured on the National Geographic Road Atlas of the United States!) where Sonja pets a dachshund and frets about smashed donut on her pillow. Remarkable sights of the road: the Executive Spa (a.k.a. the "Porno-Hut"); the Mason-Dixon Line (and its commercial counterpart, the Mason-Dixon Auto Auction); the Molly Pitcher Highway. We have definitely reached The South. In Virginia we attempt to set fire to the Freihofer donut products (sic); they do not burn. To console ourselves, we make festive "Mardi Gras or Bust" signs for the car windows, as well as a "Honk If You Lick Your Lover's Armpit" sign (Cosmo tip - Nick



WHEEEEE!!! I'M FLYING!!! Bard's New Orleans entourage bobs and cat-calls with the crowd. "Throw me something mister!" shrieked one.

says it works!). No one honks. Since we were "in the neighborhood," we stopped by the dormitory of Sonja's friend Sam (in Knoxville, Tennessee.) (Sam was very surprised to see us.) We stop for supper at "The Best" Italian Restaurant. Nick affirms that his Parmesan actually is "The Best." But The Best can only be appreciated for a small amount of time...there are miles to go before Nick and Megan sleep. Five hours through Alabama leave us wondering what indeed lurks in those dark woods... "there are demons in that kudzu tonight!" The tedium of Alabama's straight roads is broken by a stop for gas and a talkative clerk who shares stories of her fainting fits, her daughter's pregnancy, and her trip to Birmingham to confront the governor about education policies. We enter Mississippi at the break of dawn and realize that what we had imagined to be dense woods were actually layers of fragile trunks, receding into swampland. The highlight of the morning is peeing in the Mississippi backwoods as the sun rises, a mercuric globe hovering over the bayou. The road has been a mixture of rain, sleep, gas stations, run-ins with 18-wheelers,

and mix tapes. Louisiana beckons...

P.S. Are we there yet?

19 February (Thursday)

We blow into New Orleans at about 8 a.m., screaming Bon Jovi's "Living On A Prayer." We finally make it to Megan's friend's house, Jen by name (the friend, not the house). The house itself is nice enough, but smells like cat ass. Lavender walls, stately New Orleans windows, and hardwood floors upon which we eagerly collapse (Sonja and Vic eagerly collapse on Jen's bed). Upon awakening, we are introduced to the downstairs neighbor, who is from New Jersey and looks a lot like Kevin Smith (Silent Bob from Clerks). Twenty-to-two and Vic and Sonja are already drinking beer. We head out to eat and go to this good Mexican joint, Kokopelli's by name. BIG burritos, good tacos for Sonja.

Bourbon Street is the patriarchy at work: men standing in balconies begging young, perky-breasted women to "show your tits!" and dangling cheap beads before them as incentive. We get some take-out daiquiris and Vic and Sonja duct-tape their nipples (ouch! Sonja won't make that mistake twice) to keep the gaze of the curious at bay. Weary of the revels, we retreat to the Dragon's Den, a cozy bar atop a Thai restaurant. Word on the street: it used to be an opium den. Nice place: small, dark, good clientele. BAD poetry readings. Our vote for the worst participants in the open mike night goes to the hippie trio of dancers, in a wacky assemblage of silks, turbans, and spandex who dance enigmatically whilst the majority of the crowd focuses intently upon their beverages. Sonja and Vic drink sake. Sonja thinks it will "kick" both their "asses"; Vic says it has a kick but fades quickly. (Sake, for your information, is served hot.) Sonja orders an "Evil Jungle Prince" and declares

## Prices of Interest in New O

|                               |                     |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| Yard dog (very tall daiquiri) | \$9.50              |
| Bat heart                     | \$6.50              |
| Beignets (one order)          | \$1.10              |
| Orgy                          | \$2 cover*          |
| Finger nun                    | \$1.25              |
| Pocket Cajun                  | \$9.95              |
| Gasoline                      | \$1.03 <sup>a</sup> |
| Gumbo (per cup)               | \$3.95              |
| "HUGE ASS BEER TO GO"         | \$2                 |
| "Jesus loves you" balloon     | Free                |

\* Two drink minimum (drinks are \$4.75)

<sup>a</sup> Per gallon (in Virginia, it's \$.89 per gallon)

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it "slightly naughty...well, kinda wicked." Sex on the Beach gets a thumbs-up from Vic. We go to the Old Opera House, which sucks: too expensive. Eight dollars for a Hurricane, the connoisseur's kool-aid of choice (with 12 ounces of rum). This particular hurricane was cherry, and very big. Later, we stagger through the gay quarter, poking our heads into "Oz." Our heads are turned by the duo of sturdy dancers, frantically displaying for a throbbing crowd just how oiled a g-string can get. Finally, in search of serenity, we head to the Cafe Du Monde, where we get cafe au lait and beignets (high-quality fried dough). There has been no showing of tits to the masses, and Megan and Sonja discuss how one might or might not subvert the dominant patriarchal paradigm of Mardi Gras.

20 February (Friday)

"Frankly, if I wanted to sit around someone's apartment and smoke dope, I'd have stayed at Bard," Sonja observes as we watch several of the other houseguests smoke up. When they finally rolled in around 5 a.m., they kept us up bragging about all the "wool" they had seen the night before. Good for you, guys. We decide to go to the zoo today and see the Komodo dragon that it recently acquired. This was thwarted by the \$8.50 entrance fee, so we go the French Quarter for lunch and shopping. Here we are treated to a mini-parade of five horse-drawn carriages. The last one has a sign up front which reads "Big Boobs = Big Beads/ Bigger Boobs = Bigger Beads/ Bare Boobs = Pearls." Sonja shows her tits, gets some pearls, and finds the whole process liberating. Another bizarre aspect of New Orleans: the great many religious fanatics who are trying to save the Mardi Gras revelers from Hell. An inordinate number of them drag life-size wooden crosses through the streets for hours. When Sonja poses for a picture on such a cross, one of the religious people explains to her that "Jesus died for our sins so that you wouldn't have to do that." A crowd amasses to watch a fire juggler by the name of Chris. After the show we do some window shopping. On Dumaine St. we find an incredible mask shop, which is just closing. Enthralled, we decide to go to a mask festival the next day. Dinner tonight is at the Cafe D'Orleans, which has an exceptionally friendly waiter, and gumbo for Nick and Sonja. Leaving to go to our first parade, we run into a slightly drunk and rather talented young man named the Bucketman, who sticks his head into a big plastic pickle-bucket and sings a semi-rap song incorporating the names of his audience. (His real name is Keith Sandridge and he's looking for a producer.) The parade itself, sadly, is basically a cat-fight for beads with floats as dressing. Furthermore, the guys on the floats are all insinuating that they want the women to lift their shirts for beads. Nick is shocked by the psychosis of one bead distributor who hurls bead packets as a form of target practice, making rude gestures all the while. Megan is nearly knocked off balance on several occasions by avaricious bead-collectors, causing her to engage in queries with her neighbors about the point of the Mardi Gras festivities. And Vic's shout of "Throw me some fucking beads, you son of a bitch!" proves just about as effective as the traditional "Throw me something, mister!" After the parade, we go to Lucky Cheng's, which features an all-drag waitstaff. Twenty minutes and two perfect Manhattans later, Nick is no longer designated driver (Megan is now "Drunk-Mom"), and apparently skinny blondes are incapable of love and not to be trusted. We're all pretty drunk and as we head down Bourbon Street, Sonja continues to "liberate" herself for beads until Vic is forced to defend her honor from a man who wants oral sex. Once again, in need of serenity, we turn to the Cafe Du Monde. The cafe's water glasses are the 3" Kline glasses from the Woods administration, in case you were wondering where they went. Another plus: it is decidedly easy to filch uneaten beignets from the neighboring table. We finally head home and crash. People are still partying at Jen's, even though it's about 6 a.m.

21 February (Saturday)

We head off to the mask fair. The parking is hideous and nearly brings Sonja to tears. The festival itself is filled with booths occupied by artisans

hawking masks made from leather, wire, velvet, and feathers. Zydeco music fills our ears and the scent of buckets o' crawdads assail our nostrils. At the festival, we stop to enjoy the performance of the "Mask Man" (at Bard this past Friday; see review). After three of us purchase masks, we develop strange cravings for hot fudge sundaes, and satisfy them at Ben and Jerry's. En route to Jen's, Nick divulges his "part" in New Orleans, outside of "Oz," where signs demanded "Show Your Dick!" At home, a kegger is going on and Vic crashes on the couch for a much-needed nap. As he is sleeping, some girl climbs onto the couch and falls

### Phrases of the road trip

- "Go to the waffle house": you need to immerse yourself in another world in order to gain perspective.
- "Throw me something mister" or "Show me something sister": Sonja's favorite New Orleans exchange, a.k.a. how one acquires beads.
- "Cool": everything in New Orleans, according to Nick.
- "Navigatrix": he or she who sits in the passenger seat, wielding a map and issuing directions with a firm, disciplining hand.
- "Yeah I want some cheesy poofs!!!" "yeah I want some cheesy poofs!!!"



SO LOVELY! New Orleans architecture in the French Quarter.

asleep with her head on his chest. He gives Sonja and Megan a quizzical glance, then shrugs and goes back to sleep. Five minutes later, the girl gives Sonja and Megan a quizzical glance after Vic gives her nose a friendly squeeze. Later we go to an Italian restaurant called Semolina's. Sonja gets carded, even though at 22 she's the second oldest of the group. She demands that the waiter card Vic. The waiter refuses, and calls Sonja "Granny" for the rest of the evening. The tiramisu sends Sonja... and Nick... and Megan to the "Happy Place." Vic says the tiramisu is good, but he doesn't have the afterglow that Sonja does. Later we decide we are tired of the tit/bead couture and wish to spend the evening dancing at a lesbian bar called Rubyfruit Jungle. Nick straps on his mask - made of three spoons, the caps of saltshakers, and metal wire - and declares, "I've got steel on my face - all I want are techno high-speed dykes!" Our hopes are dashed at Rubyfruit - \$5 cover charge, two-drink minimum. We try Charlene's, which looks like a converted diner. Checkerboard linoleum, leather-covered booths, low lighting and a \$2 cover. The place looks a bit dead - perhaps excepting the fif-

teen to twenty thirty-something lesbians who populate the joint. We all sit down and stall on our orders for a moment, mentally feeling the place out. Vic goes ahead and orders a Jack and Coke (having the feeling that ordering a Sex on the Beach would have been a faux pas given the locale). No problem there, until the clever waiter observes that Vic's, Megan's, and Nick's licenses are all stamped UNDER 21. The math is apparently irrelevant. From there we flee from bar to bathroom until settling finally on the pillows in the candle glow of the aforementioned Thai restaurant. (And no - we didn't come to New Orleans only for Thai.) Vic sleeps off irritability as a sudden thunderstorm awakens, and Nick and Megan frolic through rain and under rain gutters.

22 February (Sunday)

This is our last day in New Orleans. Sonja is coming down with something, but still wants to go out. We go to a very nice used bookstore. It's three stories high and probably has a copy of every book ever published. Finding what you want is the challenge. We go to a costume shop where the owner has actually heard of Bard. He calls it "Sex and Drugs on the Hudson." That evening we go to the "Bacchus" parade. The king of this particular parade is Drew Carey. He is riding the first float of the parade, throwing beads to the masses. This parade is much nicer than the first, probably because we're seeing it in a more residential area. However, we are shocked (once more) at teen hooligans who hurl beads at poor bead distributors and hurl their bodies (once more) at poor Megan. New Orleans is losing its appeal. Thus, we make for the apartment, load up our car, say our goodbyes and head out that night. ...destination: Annandale-on-Hudson.

### Penance

22 February - 23 February

In hindsight, our trip back should have been televised on Fox. "World's Scariest Roadtrips!" After leaving New Orleans at midnight, we finally stopped for dinner at a Mississippi Waffle House around 1 a.m. This is the lower end of late-night dining. The jukebox actually has a section dedicated to songs about the Waffle House. (No, we are not kidding.) With five cups of coffee and food in our bellies, Nick and Megan were prepared for another all-night drive through Alabama. Thankfully, the drive was rather uneventful. This time the highlight was a gas station which sold "cheeseburger-flavoured potato chips," pork rinds, and moon pies. In Virginia, however, danger awaited. We hit a snowstorm and followed it all the way to New York. Furthermore, Sonja had bronchitis and Megan was coming down with it. We hurtled over the icy roads, leaving truckers and police vehicles in our wake. The zenith of this shitty drive was spending three hours on a snow-covered entrance ramp to I-84 in Scranton, Pennsylvania. When we finally got tired of sitting there without knowing why, Vic volunteered to brave the elements and question the truck-drivers as to what was happening. It turned out that there was so much ice on the highway that the 18-wheelers had gotten stuck and had to be dug out - one at a time. Traffic thankfully started moving a few minutes after Vic returned with his report. By this time it's 4 a.m. and Nick and Megan are preparing for yet another drive into the sunrise. Vic and a very ill Sonja crash in the back as Nick takes the helm and navigates through the snow and slush of the Poconos. At long last we reach the flatlands of New York and, though the snow does not abate, the rising sun gives us light to make our way home. At 7:30 in the morning we pull into the Gahagen driveway, the rumble of the car disrupting the divine silence of the snow-coated morning. Thirty-one hours and nine states later we have officially returned home, the quietude of winter at Bard effectively replacing the throbbing warmth of New Orleans streets. Parting ways, we slip out of the snow into the solitude of our own beds, the crowded city a distant dream evaporating in the February chill.

MEGAN MASSACHUSETTS'S SAVAGE



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

of masks. His Elvis impersonation turned into a money-hungry preacher who shouted, "Reach into your hearts and your wallets and put your trust in heee-im!" Faust then abandoned these common caricatures and gave us quiet, surreal incarnations — disembodied hands floating up from behind a partition, tiny flirtatious puppets, and a small-faced, four-legged creature that moved in a loping manner which suggested other atmospheric laws.

Finally, two pairs of volunteers from the audience had the opportunity to create a scene with the masks on. Probably the most memorable line — "You're making me moist" — came from one of the players after she convinced the other to sit on her lap.

For his concluding piece, Rob Faust told us the story of his childhood in the Deep South and his wonderfully soft/strong-colored maid. He described this mother figure with nostalgic affection while he, little by little, pulled on a brown fat suit and various accessories. He put on Margey's mask, a huge, blissfully smiling face, and did the dance she would do while working in his parents' kitchen years ago. At the end of the dance, Faust stripped off the outfit. I became uncomfortable because of the simplification of this complicated individual to fit his ideal. He was able to represent how she existed in his fond memories, but when he became Margey he was still able to remove the weight and the color, and emerge, sweating, a white man.

When he had finished, the audience was invited onto the stage to handle the masks. He gave out his card and Caitlin McDonough-Thayer told me to make sure to mention how sexy he is. Hope to see you next year (on time)!

## Epstein Presents "Autobiography"

Photography lecture series rolls on

By STEPHANIE RABINS, Contributor

The night of March 2 found Olin 102 packed for the second week in a row, by members of the Bard community, this time to hear Mitch Epstein, photographer and former Bard professor, speak as part of a series of four photography lectures this semester.

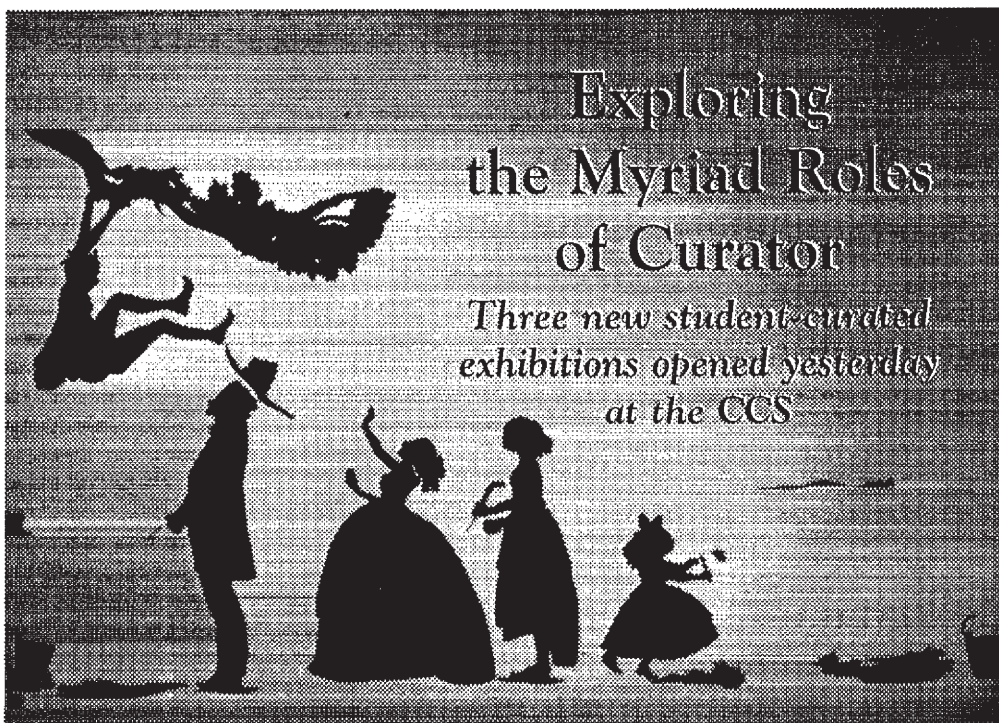
Contrary to the previous lecture, in which Diane Michner chose to speak about and present work from throughout her photographic career, Epstein focused on an extensive collection from his most recent project. The series, two and a half years in the making, entitled "Autobiography of New York," deals predominantly with the conflicts and dichotomies encountered by the artist when he returned to his native Manhattan to take pictures.

When he began photographing New York again after spending time abroad, Epstein said he quickly felt the changes that had taken place since the seventies when he was a student at Cooper Union. Besides the obviously different social order of the city he was photographing, Epstein's relationship to New York as an artist had changed. Twenty-five years ago, a camera on the street was still a novelty. Today, in our media-saturated country, that novelty has been replaced with a "new self-consciousness and suspicion" of the photographer in public, Epstein said. He explained that he was no longer able to be invisible on the street, and the "honest witnessing of the world" that he tried to portray in the past was no longer a realistic artistic ideal for him.

This sort of loss of anonymity led Epstein to think about people in New York, and the fact that for many of his friends, living in the city was about finding "sanctuary amid chaos." He began to supplement his color street photographs with black and white portraits of his friends and family in their home or work environments. He used only natural light in these "private" pictures, which were dispersed throughout many "public" ones, color images ranging from that of a young woman getting her navel pierced on the street to the interior of a car with a Bible placed neatly between the seats.

Both endeavors — street photography and "private" portraiture — proved difficult for Epstein at times. Portraiture was hard at first, he said, because of the intimacy between the photographer and sitter and because of the staged nature of the setting. When he was more comfortable in that setting he began to crave making portraits and was suddenly apprehensive of going into the street to photograph. Still, he was strengthened by the time he spent taking pictures in Vietnam and India, and he said that he found himself moving around New York City "like a foreigner," intrigued by the exhibitionism of some and the exclusiveness of others.

Epstein's project will no doubt continue in some form even after being published and exhibited. His apparent love for the city and his life there will not rid him of challenges but rather encourage him to overcome them as "disorientation." And that, he said in answering a student's question, is the "basic premise for any successful art."



SO FUNNY IT HURTS: Kara Walker's life-sized silhouettes, part of Anne Ellegood's *Unbearable Laughter*.

By LAUREN FEENEY, Contributor

A subversion of normal museum behavior, when forming an opinion of a show at the Center for Curatorial Studies, one has to look not only at the art, but also at the spaces. The curator's work lies in between the pieces on the wall, in the organization of the space, in the tensions and relationships created by placing this painting next to that sculpture, this film after that video. Artist, critic, negotiator, interior designer—the curator uses existing artwork to create his own.

Exhibitions organized by CCS students as part of their final master's degree projects will be opening sporadically in the months to come. The first three shows, which opened this past Sunday, are *Trace*, curated by Ian Berry, *Unbearable Laughter*, by Anne Ellegood, and *The Art of Memory*, by Victoria Noorthoorn. All three contain cutting-edge work, some created just this year. Most of the work is by younger artists who are willing to work with the curators' interpretations of their work. Although developed individually by the three curators, the shows work well together. Perhaps this can be attributed to the students themselves working well together, advising and supporting each other in small classroom discussions about their work. Still, each show has its own distinct atmosphere and meaning.

*Trace*, by Ian Berry, includes works by artists Simon Frost, Jim Hodges, Mary Judge, Martin Kline, Kate Shepherd, and Susan Tiger; little-known artists found serendipitously in New York City, the Hudson Valley,

and Philadelphia. The drawings, paintings, and sculptures in this piece are all very delicate and beautiful, precious even. Each is, in a sense, a diary or journal which has taken the form of a work of visual art. Each speaks of the marks left by time passing.

*Unbearable Laughter*, by Anne Ellegood, attempts to deconstruct sexual, racial, and cultural stereotypes. The works included, by Nicole Eisenman, Kara Walker, and Sue Williams, are bold and satirical, as is the show as a whole. The work, especially Kara Walker's life-size silhouettes, fill the space, transforming it into another world. The use of the nineteenth-century medium makes you feel as though you've stepped through the looking glass.

*The Art of Memory*, by Victoria Noorthoorn is a Jorge Luis Borges-inspired piece about real time vs. museum time, about the time it takes to create a work of art, the speed with which we look at a piece of art in a museum, the time it takes to understand or internalize the work from memory. These are all questions raised through the paintings of Judi Wertheim, videos by Bill Viola, a film by Liisa Roberts, and an installation piece by Ken Lum.

These little blurbs cannot help being gross oversimplifications of the work of the CCS students. All three shows are complex interpretations of beautiful and important contemporary art works. The show opened Sunday, March 8 at 1 p.m. Bring along a snapshot from your family album to contribute to one of the pieces.

## Getting Down with the Marks Quartet "Do your soul thing — your liberal arts soul thing," says Marks

By NOAH BILLICK, Contributor

The state of live music at Bard is dreary. All too often I find myself standing in a crowd of fellow concert-goers, clutching a cup of Busch and waiting for some indie-rock band to set up so they can pummel my ears with a blend of overdriven three-chord hooks and grooveless drumming. But on Friday, February 27 in Bard Hall, I experienced the pleasure of having my ears caressed by the funky "in-the-pocket" sounds of the Keith Marks Quartet.

The show was advertised by Student Activities as "jazz," but the only tune from the traditional repertoire of standards was "My Favorite Things" (from *The Sound of Music*) which was played by the Quartet with a 3/4 (rather than the regulation 4/4) time signature. This rendition had a much more exotic sound than its traditional counterpart.

From the first number, which was a Calypso tune played with a relaxed, happy feeling, Mr. Marks urged the 30+ audience to

dance. Indeed, each tune elicited an urge to get down and the small but enthusiastic crowd bounced around the room to the sounds of the Staple Singers' "I'll Take You There" and "Cannonball" Adderley's "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy," which was preceeded by a long funk vamp.

Even if the repertoire might have been unusual for a jazz band, the rapport that went on between the musicians was characteristic of any good jazz group. The songs' forms weren't fixed and Mr. Marks was seen giving visual signs to the band and at times providing verbal directions. For example, at one point he called out "Piano!" and the pianist took a solo.

Although certain transitional sections of the tunes suffered as a result of the looseness of form, the performance benefitted overall from the spontaneity that such improvisation demands. The excitement of spontaneous creativity pervaded the atmosphere of the room and the audience was into it.





by  
Leah Zamoni,  
Columnist

TWO WEEKS AGO, *Dallas* fanatics were treated to the first episode of The Nashville Network's second re-broadcasting of the magnificent thirteen-year series.

*Dallas*, which ran primetime from 1978-1991, has been rerun in its entirety over the past year and seven months. It is on five days a week and three times a day at 11 a.m., 4 p.m., and 11 p.m.

The amazing thing about *Dallas* is that it's simultaneously hard to miss and a campy treat not worth missing. The 45 blissful, manipulative minutes (excluding commercials) of Jock and Ellie Ewing and their "boys," Bobby and J.R., are fraught with sexism, racism, and classism. The writers and producers of *Dallas* created a show which was and is entertaining as well as socially relevant as a projected American reality, dream, and ideal. *Dallas* presents "traditional" (read: unequal) male and female relationships and a mentality directly connected with the first world and specifically 1980 fascination with, and hunger for, wealth and power. As far as *Dallas* is concerned, wealth and power are attainable only through strong men undermining and then destroying their competitors.

Sex is the tool utilized specifically and especially by the coarse and megalomaniacal J.R., Jock and Ellie's eldest son. J.R. sleeps with women in order to seal shady deals, or uses them as pawns, directing them to seduce the men he needs to conquer. As far as J.R.'s enemies are concerned, sex is the only presented loophole available in which J.R. can frame, manipulate, and crush these otherwise staunch threats to his father's company and ego.

The Ewings all live together on the 1,000-acre Southfork Ranch. The family also owns Ewing Oil, an independent oil company which is run by J.R. and his younger, sweeter brother Bobby.

It is continuously made clear that the Ewings are not Americans, but rather are full-blooded Texans and present-day frontiersmen who are driven to fighting their way to the top of the independent oil industry and staying there. This "winners" mentality has been engrained in J.R. and Bobby from birth, although Bobby has managed to maintain a somewhat shaky moral code.

The bullish and overbearing head of the clan is the aforementioned hard-nosed oilman rancher, John Ross Sr., better known as Jock. He is married to the senile, unobservant, and pandering, Ellie Southworth Ewing. The geriatric-but-still-kickin' duo live right down the hall from their first son, the abusive, mean, drunk, and ruthless J.R. and his alcoholic, emotionally neglected, and traumatized wife, Sue Ellen.

Sue Ellen was voted Miss Texas, so of course J.R. married her out of public interest. As quite a visually pleasing addition to the Ewing ranks. Unfortunately, the life of an unappreciated trophy is what awaited her at the surreal Southfork. Verbally abused and disdained by J.R. season after season, Sue Ellen is caught in the hysterical woman's cage. Sue Ellen spends the first five years or so of the series keeping silent, over-reacting, and binging all hours of the day away with a frosty glass of alcohol, or a room temperature glass of expensive red wine (or brandy). The message with Sue Ellen is a complicated one.

Although the viewer becomes distressed by her portrayal and "lot" in life (which is a passive word, certainly, for a "lot" is inherited, not earned or connected with the actions of the receiver), the Ewing family, particularly Miss Ellie and Jock, does little to acknowledge Sue Ellen's horribly abusive marriage or J.R.'s inhumane treatment of her. This is because J.R. is a EWING, and Sue Ellen must learn to play by the rough rules of "winners." Even after ten years of relentless abuse and rejection, Miss Ellie could not be less moved to intervene. She drags on like a broken record, offering limp, false advice on how to "control" a Ewing man.

J.R., living right under his "Momma and Daddy's" (his words) roof, couldn't possibly have turned out healthy. If we acknowledge his perpetually infantilized positioning in his father's family, J.R.'s animalistic persona and his voracious and venomous hunger for power make more sense. No matter for his business successes, though, at home J.R. is still his father's son and what Jock says goes.

Also festering under the same roof is Jock and Miss Ellie's first grandchild, Lucy. Perky, quickwitted and often as cruel and invasive in her jibing as J.R., fifteen-year-old Lucy is the daughter of Jack and Ellie's second son, Gary, the weak gambler.

"Bad seed" Gary had sex with a fifteen-year-old hick named Valene who then became his child-bride and moved onto Southfork with him. J.R. wouldn't stand for such "trash" contaminating the Ewing property and name, so when Weak Flake Gary ran away from

the mire and deceit of the ranch, J.R. had Valene escorted to the border of Texas.

At first Valene was able to keep Lucy with her, but J.R. soon sent "some goons" (Valene's description) to backwoods West Virginia to take back the precious Ewing baby. Valene of course had strict orders never to return to Texas.

Lucy was the baby bird of the family, pampered materially but disregarded emotionally because of the family's many "distractions," as Bobby once put it. However, she is portrayed, from the pilot episode, as a wily, conniving sex kitten, who is always "ready" - a manipulative woman who loses her virginity to the ranch foreman, Ray Krebbs, while also making eyes at every young stud the casting directors of the show present to her.

People in the UK still have a pin-up fascination with Charlene Tilton, who played Lucy. At an unusual-for-television height of five feet and three inches and surrounded by a gorgeous mane of brilliant blonde hair, Charlene Tilton exemplified Hollywood standards for visual perfection.

A very important element of *Dallas* is its repetitive assertion of traditional sex roles. The men are sexual players, business hookers, and verbally abusive snakes while the women resignedly accept their positions as

***Pamela Barnes Ewing is played by none other than, you guessed it, the Venus-like goddess, Victoria Principal. Bobby sure was a lucky guy! I can never figure out why Patrick Duffy didn't propose to the luscious Principal in real life.***

financially dependent, emotionally flailing blobs.

While Miss Ellie, Sue Ellen, and Lucy recurrently have moments of clarity, their helplessness more often translates into a hysterical display of their dependency on males for the validation of their existences. The intense and desperate needs of the women continually surface and distract the men from making money.

For instance, upon first arriving at Southfork, Pam (played by Victoria Principal), has a moral problem with, and personal concern for, fifteen-year-old Lucy's sexual relationship with the twenty-seven-year-old ranch hand, Ray Krebbs (who much later turns out to be Jock's love-child from an unnamed war). At first, Pam succeeds in halting the illicit affair (especially sordid since Ray is actually Lucy's half-uncle), but several episodes later she merely smiles when she finds Lucy up in the loft with another older man. Pam can't let herself become involved in a world which spins with or without her. She is truly in love with Bobby and after a while realizes that her marriage is more important than giving guidance (which means making trouble) to the motherless, fatherless waif who wanders the sumptuous acres alone.

Pam can't stop Lucy because Pam is not really a Ewing. She must adhere to the skewed and abusive world of her adoptive family.

On *Dallas*, sex is the only practical (please understand this word within its context) tool the women are portrayed as having, other than the obvious inherited power of their married names. The women of *Dallas* are so rooted in their degrees of lineage and association with the Ewing name that there is little room left for any expansion or growth. They are all represented within severe and stereotypical feminine stations present in the patriarchal social ideologies which riddle television and movies alike.

Sue Ellen's attachment to societal positioning negates any potential investment she might have in herself. The very first time she decides to leave J.R., he has already slept around on her for seven years, refused to make love to her, or rarely even spoken to her for just as long. J.R., who is never home, refuses even to give her the child she so desperately desires, offering to "buy a puppy" for her.

# The Women of Southfork

*Ineffectually fisted and objectified poolside*

Empty and alienated, Sue Ellen tries to get out of the family, but only ends up in bed with the animalistic Bourbon Puff himself. After their violent encounter, which is not seen but alluded to, J.R. informs Sue Ellen that he will not be home for dinner. The final shot of the episode is of Sue Ellen leaning against one of Southfork's looming pillars. She will not be going anywhere. J.R. keeps her dancing on a hot plate and although she spins, Sue Ellen can't leap away.

Although the forced sexual encounter provides Sue Ellen with zero love and nurturing, she is left with perhaps the hope that things might be different, next time.

Moving on down the hallway of the perverse living quarters of the gargantuan white house, we come to J.R.'s younger brother, the aforementioned do-good playboy Bobby, making unadulterated love with his gorgeous, amply-chested wife, Pam Barnes.

Pamela Barnes Ewing is played by none other than, you guessed it, the Venus-like goddess, Victoria Principal. Bobby sure was a lucky guy! I can never figure out why Patrick Duffy didn't propose to the luscious Principal in real life. Considering that she dated the fated Bee Gee's member, I guess he had no chance: he is only Patrick Duffy after all. Suzanne Somers is quite a drop in stock for him as far as romantic leads are concerned.

Bobby and Pam are the only Ewings, by blood or marriage, who seem to abhor the construction of the family's relationships and behavior.

I am not ashamed to admit that because of its airing frequency and fond memories of my dear Nana, I watched all but six weeks of TNN's first *Dallas* cycle. At the end of January, as the last five episodes of the series ran, I became panicked. The Ewings had become my family. I loved them. I needed to see them everyday. I had become a soap addict.

Lucky for me, TNN has had the business sense to run *Dallas* again. Now I am able to see the first season's episodes which I missed, as well as admire the lovely aesthetics of Linda Gray (Sue Ellen), Charlene Tilton (Lucy), and Victoria Principal (Pam).

Now we come to the ultimate *Dallas* dreamboat. This is where I become a sexist in my own right, for breaking down Victoria Principal's fashion and physicality.

In the first episode ever, Principal wore a grey, wasp-waisted university professor jacket, complete with suede elbow pads and a thicknecked brown turtleneck. The shots during the earlier *Dallas* years are also something to be praised. I couldn't get enough of the close-ups of Principal's shining, auburn hair. Those who saw *Dallas* in its later years probably noticed Pam's various very bad haircuts and hairsprayed sculptures.

Pam is at first strong-willed, on the ball, and in charge of herself. She will take no snippiness from Lucy or J.R., and asserts herself in their home, for she is the sister of the dreaded lawyer, and Ewing enemy, Cliff Barnes.

Unfortunately, the slim-waisted and limpid-eyed Pam met many cruel and demoralizing fates while living with the Ewings. When it turned out that she had Neurofibromatosis and would not be able to carry a baby, Bobby had her institutionalized because she was "obsessed" with the necessity of attaining a child. Eventually, Bobby worked it out and bought the baby of Sue Ellen's dead, angel dust-addicted sister Kristen. Lucky for Pam, because she was going crazy being locked up.

Pam, like Sue Ellen, personified the stereotype of the hysterical woman since her psychological presentation was solely fixated on her sexual worth. A big problem for Pam was that her child with Bobby would not be of Ewing blood. In a family obsessed with heirs and inheritances, Pam certainly had a burden on her shoulders. Not to mention lightly how she probably felt about her painful biological predicament. But Pam never had time to think solely of herself, but only of herself in relation to the Ewing men's perceptions and the Ewing women's judgements.

Victoria Principal really rocks the boat for me on a sexy seventies wavelength. I recommend that anyone with a pal who subscribes to cable tune in to *Dallas* at the soonest possible chance.

The show is interesting on myriad levels and to defeat my entire argument against objectification, the women are seriously sensual in their desperation.



# Happy Hour Review

Frank Guido's and Max Dube: plastered peas in a pod

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

It's Sunday, three nights and three days after Max Dube's stellar performance at Frank Guido's Mariners Harbor Inn, and I still have a hangover. While Guido's isn't the cheapest stop on the inebriation train that makes up a Bard student's extracurricular activity, it has that strange blend of paranoid energy and kitsch aesthetic that combine to trigger the genetic drinking reflex. Going to Guido's invariably leads to answering friends' queries of "What did you do last night?" with "Grgghh, uuuhhhh, tagck, snorckle, cripple, yeaggh, urp." Yeah, when you go to Guido's it becomes *one of those nights*.

Happy Hour at Guido's doesn't last long. It is from 5-6 on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The bartender, Meggan, who claims to be behind the bar "always," explained it to me this way, "You buy one, you get one free—per order." After my fifth Dewars and a healthy dose of carpet cutting I needed more explanation than that so I replied, "Ish one fer the ordrah, butt jou get freesh... mmm popcorn." She wrote it down for me after that.

Let's say that you go to Guido's with four friends on a Tuesday afternoon because Tuesdays are traditionally reserved for drowning your sorrows so-you-don't-have-to-face-whatever-reality-is-driving-you-to-drink-on-Tuesday. Being a suave type, you put your swerve on and swagger to the bar with a fresh twenty from the Key Bank ATM (Alcohol Transaction Maker). "Four Buds please." Meggan brings back five. Rewind. "One Bud please." Meggan brings back two. Four trips to the bar and your table has eight beers. One trip and your table has five.

Budweiser and Michelob Lite drafts are \$1.50, Sam Adams and Bass drafts are \$2.25, Budweiser bottles \$2.75, and premium bottles are \$3.50. So, during Happy Hour you could go to Guido's with \$5.00 and come out an hour later six Buds heavier with a smart \$.50 for the pinball machine at deKline. Although if at six drafts an hour you can make it back to deKline without getting lost in the Bard graveyard, you should probably check out the AA literature at Health Services. Careful, however—all that drinking makes a person want something to chew on. Guido's has devised perhaps the most insidious bar food ever. It looks like popcorn, it smells like popcorn, it doesn't taste like popcorn. The little white kernels found in the wicker baskets have a salt content fifty-five times that of the Dead Sea. They have a consistency not unlike the popcorn found in computer packing crates and they sit in your stomach like sponges, absorbing, absorbing, absorbing. Watch out for the popcorn or before you know it you will look like Demi Moore on the cover of *Vanity Fair* and you will sound like Joey Ramone on a bad night.

Possibly the first thing you notice about Frank Guido's is the correlation between Frank Guido and Don Corleone. None really, but the rumors are rampant and one can't help but wonder. The second thing you notice is the plethora of famous, once famous, and not famous people who grace the walls at Guido's. Penthouse Pets, esteemed statesmen, and rehabbed actors all stare down from the walls with pasty sincere smiles on their faces. There are 150 of these portraits in the bar alone. With three rooms and a hallway there are close to 500 of these faces to keep you company. Depending on how much you drink it is entirely possible to mistake an empty bar for a



MAXIMUM DUBEAGE: Kimani Davis breaks it down at Guido's.

crowded one and strike up a conversation with the facsimile of Miss October '87. I wouldn't try taking her home, however—with all the security cameras panning the joint, illegal activity on the part of patrons is highly unsuccessful. A few Bard students did manage to sneak some live lobsters out of the lobster tanks in drunken mischievous fun. The fate of a live lobster on Bard campus...shudder to think of it? For you who did it, Frank has eyes everywhere; beware of late night knocks on your dorm-room door.

Frank couldn't have been too displeased with the Bard show. With more than two-hundred students attending, the night was a smashingly inebriated success, ching ching. The back dining room was cleared out for the Dubers to do their thing. Playing classics like "Suspicious Minds," "Midnight Hour," and "Love Sweet Love" Max Dube kept the party grooving until 4 a.m. While in the front there was some serious guzzling happening, in the back there was some earnest carpet-

cutting. Kimani Davis got the crowd whipped into a leg-throwing, arm-flailing, sweat-dripping frenzy with the Jackson Five staple, "ABC." The freestyle extraordinaire from NYC pumped the crowd with the classic "All the ladies in the house say 'yeah,'" and "All the men in the house say 'ho'." The crowd even felt the freestyle muse as fifty or so people started an impromptu "Guido, Guido, Guido" chant.

Frank Guido's Mariners Harbor Inn leaves only one thing to be done at happy hour: get drunk.

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# Letters to the Editors

## Smoking Disturbing

To the Editors,

Last summer (when none of us were around, of course), the smoking policy was revamped: no smoking in dorm lounges, no smoking in Kline, no cigarettes in the bookstore, and so on. For most of us who were returning students last semester, this came as a surprise. We were informed of this policy change through mass mailing with a "suck-it-up" tone.

In the beginning of the year, that's what we did. People found alternate means to supply themselves with cigarettes. For a couple of weeks, very few people smoked in the parlors and the policy seemed to be working. Then the student body realized that the smoking policy was not going to be enforced. Think about it. Why should the Flick employees have to enforce a policy that they didn't create? Thus, Kline has regressed to the smoke-laden place it was a year ago.

I used to eat in Kline and was a smoker as well. I know how it goes—smoke in the entrance while you talk to your friends; go to the parlors during or after you eat to smoke some more; stand in the hallway by the parlors and smoke. I never really thought it bothered anyone. Hey, it's a smoking section, right?

But there is something that some of us may not be aware of and it may totally change our smoking patterns

in that building. Some members of our community who suffer from chronic illnesses have practically been forced out of Kline Commons because the secondhand smoke that filters into the hallways is extremely detrimental to their health. Exposure to our second-hand smoke during every meal in Kline can be fatal for all of us in the long run, but is immediately damaging for these individuals.

We have to recognize what is going on. I am sure we all know the consequences to our own bodies when we light up, but we have to think of everyone in our community. In turn, we must see how problematic it is that members of our community must eat somewhere else for fear of the intense dangers of the smoke to their health.

Step outside. The weather is improving and spring will be here soon. I know that it may seem inconvenient, but at this time it is the only option.

Thank you,  
Shuli Ariei  
Writing on behalf of The Student Life Committee

## Calling Misappropriators

To: The student who "misappropriated" the two books in the Career Development library having to do with writing personal statements for graduate and professional school.

Please return them ASAP. I sug-

gest you place them in a manila envelope in campus mail as I don't want to know who you are. Your selfish act, bordering on cruel, affects not only your fellow classmates' futures but those of the current Junior class as it is our policy, born out of economic necessity, to replace a particular book every 2 years. The one text was just purchased within the last two months!

I would also encourage other students to apply some pressure if you are aware of who took these books—one is a Peterson's guide to writing essays for grad & professional school and the other is entitled, Graduate School Essays—as this will have more of an effect than any plea I might make.

I am particularly fond of the current Senior Class and the thought that anyone could commit an act that would deprive any of these wonderful, hardworking students of the best possible chance for admission and fellowships both angers and sickens me. It truly makes me wonder what we are teaching you here at Bard since I have always thought that the values of compassion and sharing should be an integral part of any college experience. I'll have to live with my failure in this regard. Can you live with yours?

Sincerely,  
Maureen Forrestal  
Director  
Office of Career Development

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).

Scholarships 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 Bard Observer will also accept classified ads via e-mail at [observer@bard.edu](mailto:observer@bard.edu).

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## Editorial Policy

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.

# Classifieds

**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.

**Student Assistance for Summer Concerts**  
Sought by Bard's Concert manager for two summer concert series. Stage and house managers, ushers, and lighting/sound technicians are needed for two sets of subscription concerts to be held on Saturdays, June 6, 20, and 27, and Fridays, July 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31. If you are interested, qualified, and plan to be on or near campus in June and July on these dates, please contact Ellen Hobin at ext. 7327.

**Make Extra Cash on Weekends**  
Part-time job opportunity: looking for a

responsible person to help a local farm sell products at farm markets, craft shows, and festivals in the Hudson Valley. Mostly weekends from April through November. Must have a valid driver's license. Call Mark at (914) 758-2549.

**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

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## Women's Fencing Ends Season with Successful Matches

**Raptors picked up four medals**

By DIANA OBOLER, Contributor

Women's fencing finished this week with two different and exciting meets. Most meets have all four members of a team compete against all four members of the opposing team. The team's wins as a whole are then counted against the opposing team's wins for a team score and a winner. This week, however, the fencing team went to some very different meets and fought individually.

On February 22, Bard Women's Fencing travelled to Hoboken to face Stevens Technical Institute for their second annual individual competition. In this case, each team member is on her own — she must compete against everyone else in the competition, including her teammates; four schools entered competitors this year: Bard, Stevens Tech, CCNY, and Yeshiva.

The competition is long and tiring. The fencer must fence up to fifteen rounds (depending on how many fencers each school brings) and these one after the other. There's no telling when one's hardest round is going to be — it could be right off the bat or after you've gone through fencing twelve other girls. The competition becomes one not only of quickness and skill, but also of endurance and stamina.

After all the bouts have been fought the total victories and indicators (number of touches that she has both scored against her opponents and those which have been scored against her) have been tallied comes the other difference between this competition and most others. The top six women receive medals in a ceremony at the end of the day.

This year three of Bard's seven competitors were awarded medals; Amy Foster (1st place epee), Gwen Smith (4th place foil), and Diana Oboler (5th place foil). The other members of the team were not lax, however. Rachel Ebert defeated the second place epee fencer, thus securing first-place for Foster.

On February 28, Bard Women's Fencing once again headed south to Hoboken for the 70th year of the National Intercollegiate Fencing Allegiance competition. This meet is also different in form: each member is slotted according to their rank in their own school as A, B, C, or D. They then fence only the member of the opposite team slotted in that same space. Bard women's fencing sported, in epee; A: Amy Foster, B: Danielle DeBoux, C: Rachel Ebert, and D: Anna Rose Mathison. In foil Bard had A: Gwen Smith, B: Diana Oboler, and C: Mulzer (our fourth member- Caroline Dworin- was unable to compete due to severe illness). Overall Bard did not win high honors against the thirteen other schools (including Temple, Army, John Hopkins and many others) with epee placing ninth and foil twelfth with twelve forced forfeits and the stress of an entire season's beatings on essential limbs. However, Bard's Womens Fencing still had an exciting day and a steady string of competitive fencing with Danielle DeBoux and Anna Rose Mathison competing well with eight wins each.

Amy Foster qualified for the last event of the year, the regional Competitions; alas, the rest of the team will have to wait until next year.

## Freshmen Lead Bard Men to Resounding Victory Over Cornell

By CHRIS VAN DYKE, Art Editor

Everyone likes to end a sport's season with a bang, and a bang was what the Bard Men's Fencing Teams got on Saturday, February 21, at West Point. At first it seemed dismal, the idea of Bard, one of the more cerebral slacker schools in this hemisphere entering into hand-to-hand combat with the Defenders of



FIERCE: Women's Fencing finished the season with two winning competitions. Many of the Raptors placed well and claimed medals.

the Free World. Bard teaches its students how to write a convincing essay, West Point — how to kill a man twelve different ways, using only their hands. Needless to say, Bard had rather low hopes of leaving unscathed, let alone alive.

However, Lady Justice did indeed smile upon the representatives of the Little Whore House on the Hudson that day. Not only was the team able to walk away from the conflict with the United States Military Academy, some of the Bard Fencers even won. True, Bard lost overall, but nothing is better than the feeling of beating a trained killer with nothing but your wits. Ben Blattburg's victory over his West Point opponent got Bard on their feet. One of the first-year foilists, Ben had spent all year getting used to the fine art of fencing and had unfortunately yet to win. However, something clicked that day on the strip. Perhaps it was knowing that he was defending the honor of every degenerate at Bard, but Ben managed to beat the pants off his opponent.

The day really got rolling after fencing Military — Cornell was next! It was truly the day of the first-years, as Ben won his second bout of the year while fencing Cornell. Jeff "Poseidon" Rawson, another first-year, won his first bout of the season against Cornell. Jeff's victory is made even more astounding because he is a saberist by trade, unfortunately forced to fence foil because a certain someone (Mike!) didn't show up. Not only was Jeff not fencing with his best weapon, but he had to use a righthanded foil in his left hand, as all of the left-handed foils weren't working.

When the dust cleared and the blood had been mopped up, Bard had squeaked by Cornell 14-13. The saber team accumulated 6 of the total points, making it one of their most successful days. Bard lost to USMA, but beating Cornell made it all worthwhile. The Men's Fencing teams will be back next year, and they hope to have you join them on the strip.

| USMA  |          | CORNELL |          |
|-------|----------|---------|----------|
| saber | 3-6 loss | saber   | 6-3 win  |
| foil  | 2-7 loss | foil    | 4-5 loss |
| epee  | 3-7 loss | epee    | 4-5 loss |



IT'S LONELY AT THE TOP: Indoor soccer is the best in the biz.

## Yo Quiero Más Fútbol Mi pie es más guapo que tu pie

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

With names like Henriquez, Salinas, Eriksson, Mangilli, Cervilli, Romanenko, Margaritides, Tefelski, Guerdat, Faccidomo, Novik, and Bouris one might think that the European and South American all-star soccer teams have descended on the Stevenson Gymnasium on Thursday and Friday nights. Not so, however — it is merely the second most competitive intramural sport (behind the lofty softball season which quickly approaches) that causes friends to become enemies, loyalties to splinter, and verbal epithets as vile as "that's bullshit" to be liberally laid upon the ears of referees. Intramural soccer has arrived and the jocks, pseudo-jocks, and closet jocks have answered in full force to its call.

While Jim Cervilli may not look or play anything like Alexi Lalas, he probably smokes the same amount of pot before games. He and Simone Mangilli are the captains of the new generation hippie team, everyone's sentimental favorite underdog — this year called Flying Sporks. Surprisingly the hippie team has a win notched on its team bong, probably a first-time-ever in intramural soccer's long and esteemed history of Euro-jock domination. It is also surprising to note that the hippie team is not the worst team in the league, another first. In fact the proud pot smokers are tied for fourth, of six, with the team led by Brian McCabe (formerly and forever known as Tefelski) and Basil Bouris who have broken new boundaries of unmotivation by not being able to name their team. As always the hippie team is the most entertaining team to watch as their severely truncated attention span is constantly distracted by fairies, trolls, and butterflies dancing about Stevenson Gymnasium. The Sporks are the sentimental favorites because of their dogged determination to subvert all aspects of serious athletic competition and, in doing so, cultivate the kinesthetic joy inherent in intramural sports. This spirit of competition can be best understood in the overheard phrase, "I know why we lost, we didn't smoke enough pot before the game."

The rest of the bottom half of the Athletic league is made up of the aforementioned unmotivated team (team name possibility: Guinness Before Game) and The Macrobiotics, led by Jamie Strobel and Sarah Drexler. Apparently the hyper-healthy lifestyle touted by the diet-of-algae-and-bark squad hasn't quite paid off because they stand at the bottom of heap with a record of 0-3. Soccer, however, is a game of stamina, and with the playoffs approaching, the unhealthy lifestyles of Flying Sporks and Guinness Before Game could lead to severe fatigue in these, the most crucial, weeks of the season.

The top of the athletic league is dominated, as usual, by the European and Central/South

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American squads. The game may be played on the court of America's new national sport but that doesn't mean any of the talent has osmosed to the feet of the Americans. Jen Beattie and John Henriquez, of Chupacabras F.C., hold up the bottom of the top with a 3-2 record. They are led by the multiple-scoring antics of Women's Soccer coach Jeff Dezag, who, while on the field, looks like a cross between Ronaldo, Donadoni, and Gomer Pyle, and off the field looks just like Gomer Pyle. The Chupacabras stare at the heels of Javier Salinas's and Johann Eriksson's Lone Stars. The Lone Stars hold the second best record in the league at 4-1. They are led by the Todd Eldridge-like foot work of Javier Salinas who plays with the ball like Tiny Tim played the ukelele. Apparently Igor Romanenko and Villy Margaritides were influenced by Euro-Disney in their youth, ergo The Musketeers. They certainly don't play soccer like they have been watching The Big Green, considering their 5-0 record.

Jude Faccidomo's Last Call, Paige Taylor's and Chelsea Guerdat's Burning Tools, Jen Novik's and Chris Planer's The Destroyed, and Nathan Ryan's unnamed team fill out the rec league. Of these four teams only two will advance to the semifinals and get a shot at the almost-as-prestigious-as-the-World-Cup Raptordome Mug.

The Burning Tools have been playing soccer as though they were cloned from Pele's immaculate foot itself. The nuance and subtlety with which Paige Taylor controls the ball is hypnotic. Chelsea Guerdat's raw physical power and scoring lust send most opponents running home to mother for a little recuperation. Max Rubenstein's thunder foot has already resulted in the decapitation of two goalies. Orchestrating the offense with all the bravado of Napoleon's European bid and the genetic genius of Mozart, Pete Mauney has redefined the back position as only Valderama could appreciate. The Burning Tools are second in the rec league with a 3-1 record, but with an astounding seventeen goals, lead the league in scoring.

First place in the rec league is held by the brazenly gregarious, yet youthfully cute in their boastful naivete, Last Call, led by Jude Faccidomo. The "only frat at Bard," as Jude likes to refer to he and his drinking-song-oriented cohorts, holds a 3-0 record with eight goals scored. An intense but not all together unfriendly rivalry has sprouted between the Burning Tools and Last Call which serves to make the games physical and fast-paced.

The almost bottom of the heap called rec league is held by Jen Novik's The Destroyed who boast a 1-1 record with two goals scored. They are followed by the nameless team captained by Nathan Ryan that holds a 0-3 record with four goals scored.

The next two weeks should deliver some competition of '94 World Cup caliber as six teams of ten will advance to the semifinals. The playoffs are set up sudden-death style-one-game-and-you're-out for the losers- and with so many teams sporting comprable records there should be some vicious (a la Nigeria) soccer being played to keep from being eliminated.

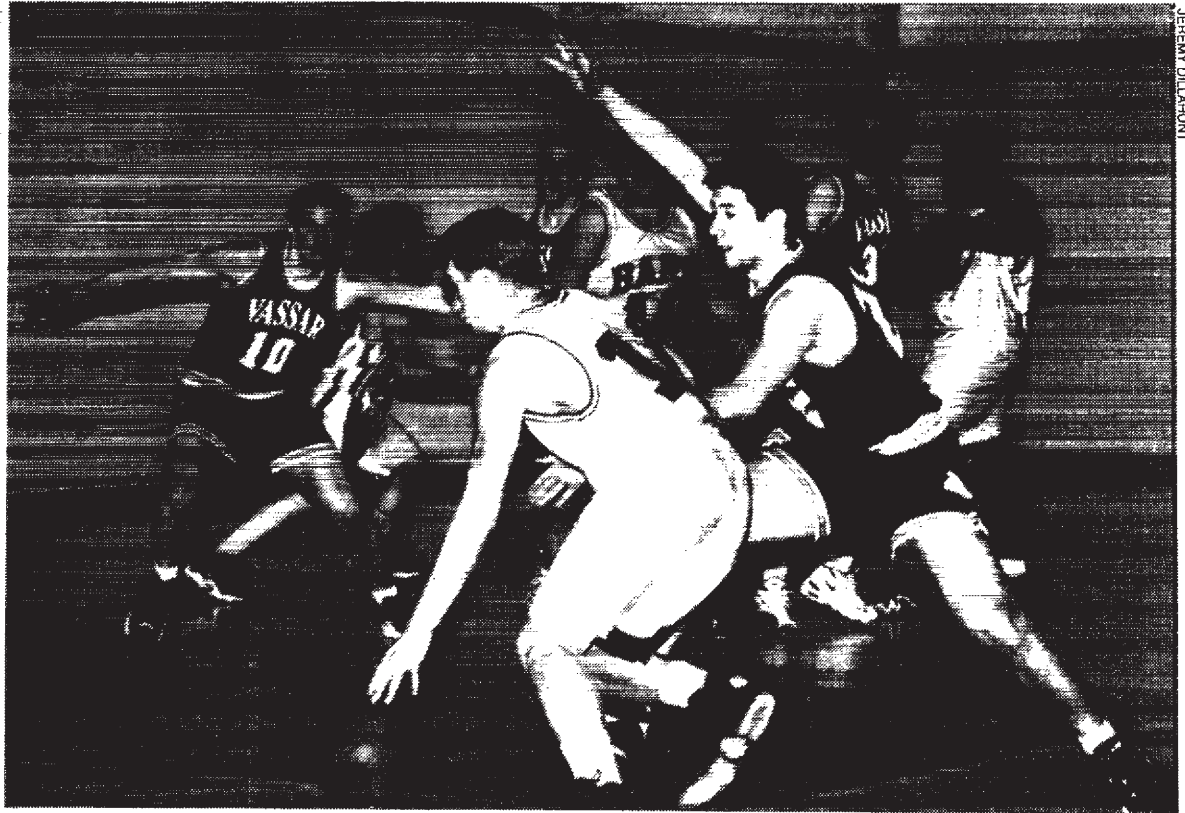
## Season's End for Men's Basketball

### Last college game for three seniors

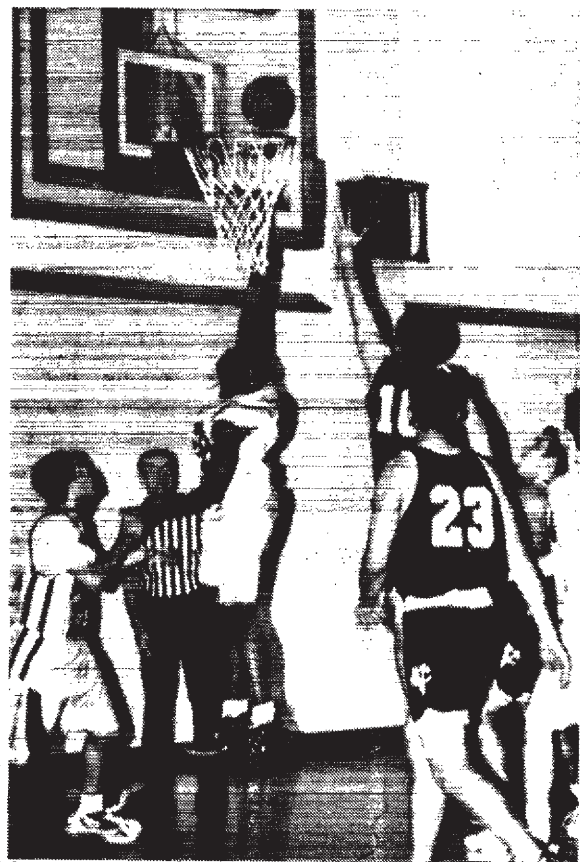
By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

More than one hundred plus people packed the Stevenson Gymnasium's bleachers two Friday ago (Feb. 27) to watch the final game, against Vassar, of the Bard College Men's Basketball season. It was also the final game for three of Bard's seniors: Samir Vural, Ian Suydam, and Rodrick (Chad) Wynter. Samir Vural (center) said that it was an "ideal" last game because the "fans were so into it and the team played so well."

For the last game of the season the Men's team played the best basketball they have all season. "Usually we aren't even able to score in the first six minutes of a game; this game we were actually winning for the first six minutes," Samir said of



JEREMY DILLAHUNT



JEREMY DILLAHUNT

HOOP DREAMS: The Raptors faced down Vassar for their season closer, February 27. The game was a high point of the season.

the game against Vassar. In the opening minutes it did look like Bard might be scripting its own Hoosiers saga. Blocked shots and quick outlet passes by Kimani Davis (forward) and Samir Vural had the Vassar team scrambling back on defense as they tried to cope with the speed of Bard guards Logan Germick and Ian Suydam. Vassar's superior talent and stacked roster got the game under control and it began to methodically dominate about ten minutes into the first half. While Bard couldn't keep up with Vassar's scoring the Raptors executed textbook play after textbook play and were clearly in control of their game. "It was amazing," said Samir Vural of Bard's team play. "We actually converted a two-on-one fast break. It was the first time we had done that all season."

For the first half of the season the Bard men played like they weren't on a team. There was no help defense in games and passes, when they came, were sloppy and used only when players needed to bail themselves out of bad situations. Rotation was almost non-existent, and what few points were scored came from one-on-one play. Slowly, though, as the players became more comfortable with each other off court, the team play started to improve. Respect for each other's ability and confidence in each other helped the team out immensely. Following Intercession, almost half of the team didn't report back for the second half of the season because of injuries, academics, and time off. The Raptors went into the second half of the season with three seniors, two juniors, and five freshmen. As the season drew closer to its close, however, the team began to have more

success on the court. "It was great. In that last game every one was smiling and having fun," Samir said. Samir attributed the respect and friendship that developed off court showed itself on court as the players began to help each other out. "In that last game Billy Spevac played like mad because he wanted to give us [Ian, Chad, and Samir] a good last game. It wasn't about basketball, it was about friends having a good time," Samir explained.

The Raptors had a season-high fourteen assists against Vassar which made up almost half of their points. In the second half Kimani Davis dished out four of his six assists as the ball movement and rotation looked better than it had all season. Bard used kick out passes repeatedly as the guards collapsed the defense, and quick passing found the open man for easy shots. With six minutes to go in the second half, Vassar had pulled ahead by fourty points. The Raptors, in the last five minutes, put on the most impressive display of basketball seen in years at the Stevenson Gymnasium. Bard went on a sixteen-to-four run. With only three minutes left the Vassar coach had to un-empty his bench for fear of the biggest comeback in NCAA history. The game ended with Bard losing 56-84-but on possibly the highest note of the season.

Samir Vural finished his last college game with 6 points, 11 rebounds (3 off.), 1 assist, 1 block, and 1 steal. Ian Suydam finished his last college game with 7 points, 2 rebounds (1 off.), and 1 assist. Chad Wynter finished his last college game with 10 points.



**Panel 1 (Row 1, Col 1):** HAVING ENCOUNTERED THE MILITANT TRAY PATROL, BOT-MAN FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE! BUT THEY ARE TOO EVENLY MATCHED. SO THE TRAY PATROL HAS AN OFFER TO MAKE IN-  
RAIDER OF THE LOST SALT.

**Panel 2 (Row 1, Col 2):** KLINE HAS BEEN OUT OF SALT FOR YEARS! IF YOU CAN ENTER THE CAVERNS BENEATH KLINE AND RETURN WITH SALT. YOU MAY LEAVE.  
LET ME GET MY HAT.\*  
\*BOT-MAN HAS BEEN INDIANA JONES BEFORE-SEE ISSUE 1, Vol. 2.

**Panel 3 (Row 1, Col 3):** SO BOT-MAN FOLLOWS HIS WORK-STUDY NATIVE THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN REGION OF THE KITCHEN...  
HMM...DATES!  
BAD DATES.  
OH.

**Panel 4 (Row 2, Col 1):** AH HA!

**Panel 5 (Row 2, Col 2):** HMM... I'LL REPLACE THIS SALT WITH A SACK OF NORTH-LESS GOLD.

**Panel 6 (Row 2, Col 3):** DAMN B+G CONSTRUCTION!  
RUMBLE  
FACE APART

**Panel 7 (Row 3, Col 1):** THROW ME THE BOW-TIE! SHUT!  
NOTIME TO ARGUE- THROW ME THE SALT!

**Panel 8 (Row 3, Col 2):** FLICK  
ADIOS, EL PRESIDENTE!

**Panel 9 (Row 3, Col 3):** DAMN WORK STUDY STUDENTS!  
LEAP!

**Panel 10 (Row 4, Col 1):** HUH...? RUN AWAY TRAY CART!  
RUMBLE

**Panel 11 (Row 4, Col 2):** AAAH!

**Panel 12 (Row 4, Col 3):** CRASH THROUGH WALL!

**Panel 13 (Row 5, Col 1):** ...INTO THE CAVERNS...  
I'M HAVING A TALK WITH SERVICE MASTER ABOUT THIS.  
UNTIL...

**Panel 14 (Row 5, Col 2):** ADIOS.

**Panel 15 (Row 5, Col 3):** AH, MR. BOTMAN! ONCE AGAIN YOU SEE THAT THERE IS NO CONDIMENT YOU CAN POSSESS THAT I CANNOT TAKE AWAY!  
TALK TO THE MANAGER.

**Panel 16 (Row 6, Col 3):** TO BE CONTINUED.

And a very special thank you to our friend in Kline with the green pen: keep readin' the comic, we love you baby.