

# OBSERVER

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The  
BARD

# OBSERVER

VOLUME 101 ★ NUMBER 4

BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504

SEPTEMBER 15 ★ 1993

"That's the news, and I am outta here."

—Matthew T. Apple

★ Inside ★

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## Towards a geometry of nature

### Benoit Mandelbrot's Distinguished Scientist Lecture

"Science is about finding order within a mess, about replacing that complicated mess by simple rules," said mathematician Benoit Mandelbrot during his lecture at the Olin Auditorium Saturday afternoon. Mandelbrot, credited as the founder of fractal geometry, was the first speaker of the 1993-94 Bard College Distinguished Scientist Lecture Series, now in its 14th year. Speaking to a standing-room only crowd, Mandelbrot related his most famous work with mathematical fractals to the importance of perspective in geometry, science and the arts.

**Michael Poirier**  
News Editor

Bard Associate Professor of Mathematics, Ethan Bloch, introduced Mandelbrot as responsible for a "fundamental shift in our world view" and "single-handedly creating widespread interest in the studies of fractals and chaos." Mandelbrot's awards and distinctions are too numerous to list, but they include the 1993 Wolf Prize in Physics and the 1985 F. Bernard Medal for Meritorious Service to Science. Currently, he is an IBM Fellow at the Thomas J. Watson Research Center and Abraham Robinson Professor of Mathematics at Yale University.

The eye as a tool

Mandelbrot opened his talk with a historical discussion of the introduction of perspective into art. Before western artists rediscovered the geometry of Euclid, Mandelbrot said, "perspective was missing, and there was no separation of space and what is happening in space." Elemental geometry was necessary in the arts to create accurate representations, and precise depiction was an important element in the scientific work of such men as Galileo and Leonardo da Vinci.

"Seeing is not passive, but an active action," insisted Mandelbrot. However, as history

progressed, pictures were deemed to be of little importance to the sciences, particularly in mathematics. "By the time I was a student, pictures had all but vanished," described Mandelbrot. "I remember looking in horror at a geometry book, written by a professor of mine, that contained absolutely no illustrations."

The professor claimed that pictures lie, that illustrations misrepresent the geometrical concepts and therefore give students the wrong ideas. Mandelbrot blames this distrust of illustration upon the philosophy of Plato. "I first read Plato late in life, and my immediate reaction was 'I hate this man!'" joked Mandelbrot. His point was serious, however; the idealistic epistemology of Plato insists that absolute truth cannot be found in nature. Plato claimed that knowledge (such as geometric proofs) can be obtained only by purely mental activity, without the interference of the senses. Mandelbrot takes great exception to this belief that geometry is not

continued on page 15

Dream's end

A tragic accident related from the inside source

On September 1, 1993, the first day of classes at Bard for the fall 1993 semester, Monica Lehmann

**Matthew Apple**  
Editor-in-Chief

was rollerblading back from the Stevenson Library towards the Ravines. As she was about to cross Annandale

Road, she was blindsided by another Bard student's car, which, according to Lehmann afterward, was traveling above the posted speed limit. As a result of the accident, Lehmann suffered a broken pelvic bone and broke the first through 5th lumbar bones in her back, as well as other as yet undetermined bones.

I visited Monica in the Northern Dutchess County Hospital over the past weekend and talked with her about her accident. Rather than write an article, which could not possibly begin to describe the pain and anguish Monica is suffering, I instead opted to let Monica herself tell her story to the Bard community:

"I had seen a car all the way down the road, so [I knew that] by the time I got to the road, the car wouldn't even catch up to me...that's why I knew, when I got hit, the car was going fast, because the car hit me really hard, and the doctor said it took a really hard hit for it to break my bones the way it did..."

"I didn't even notice that the car was behind me...I had just bumped into a one of my friends..., and I just kept skating and before I knew it, the car hit me. I was shocked...all I can remember is when I got hit by the car, I kind of went into slow motion...I didn't

feel any pain, but all of a sudden the pain went right through me. I kept on repeating in my mind, 'I can't believe it, I got hit by a car.'

"All I know is that I was on the ground, and all I could think about was, oh my god, I'm paralyzed...I



This section of Annandale Road, in front of the Bard Chapel, was the scene of Monica Lehmann's accident on September 1st.

remember my friend Dave...he was beside me and he was holding my hand and saying, 'Monica, it's going to be okay.' All I could say was—you know, it was like a movie, because it was so horrible—and I just looked at him and I was crying and I said, 'It's all over, it's all over...it's all over, isn't it? I just began.' And he said, 'Don't worry, you're going to be okay.' And I said, 'No, I'm not, I'm not going to be okay. I'm paralyzed, aren't I?' He said, 'No,' and

**"One of the 'guys' from [BEMS or Red Hook Emergency Medical Squad] said, 'Turn her over' and I said, 'No, don't turn me over. It hurts too much.'**

**"They said, 'She's just in shock, she's okay.'**

**"Then they turned me over, and it just hurt even more..."**

I said, 'Dave, I got hit by a car—I me, I got hit by a car.' I couldn't believe it. That's all I could say. Why did this happen to me?"

"I kept crying and crying. I told him, 'I'm only nineteen years old; it's all over, I'll never be able to

dance again, you'll never see me dance again.'

"All these people started crowding around me, and I felt like I was suffocating. They kept saying, 'It's going to be okay,' and I kept saying, 'No, it's not going to be okay.'

"The pain was excruciating...I knew the bones were broken in my back, I knew it...I felt so heavy, I couldn't even hold myself up. I felt like I was a project or something, people were looking at me

like I was something to look at...I said, 'Tell them I'm not something to look at, tell them to go home.' I was on the ground, helpless.

"I know my shirt had rips and it was scraped all down my left side, and people said, 'Oh my god, she's bleeding.' And one of the guys from [BEMS or

Red Hook Emergency Medical Squad] said, 'Turn her over,' and I said, 'No, don't turn me over. It hurts too much.' They said, 'No, she's just in shock, she's okay.' And I said, 'What are talking about, I'm just in shock, I'm okay?'

I'm not in shock, I was hurt, don't turn me over.'

"Then they turned me over, and it just hurt even more...I started hyperventilating...I was convinced that I was going to die and I was convinced that I was going to be paralyzed, and I was angry at the driver. I kept thinking, 'Why did you hit me?'

"I was so helpless. I'm a really strong person, and when it happened to me, I had no power... They put me in the Emergency Room [at

Northern Dutchess]...people were sticking me here and sticking me there...even the nurses [were] putting their hands over their mouths, as if [they were thinking] 'she was hurt really bad, it's a bad one, she got hit hard.' All I wanted to know was...how bad is it, will I be able to walk again?

"They asked me if I was on rollerblades...I felt as if they were saying it was my fault, like I jumped in front of the car...they took some X-rays, then they came back and said, 'Well, you broke a couple of

bones' ...then they brought me back again [for more X-rays], then they said I had to have a catscan...then they put me back through the catscan...they kept on moving me...I was really scared.

"The vice-president [Dimitri Papadimitriou] and Gladys [Watson] came and visited me...Dave [Wilson] and Marilyn [Bernard] were there all the time, supporting me..."

"I want everything to be like brand new...at first, I think I was denying myself, I was saying, 'Everything's going to be okay, I'm going to be back in school...' I was basically ignoring the fact that I would have to do physical therapy every

day...I kind of want to forget the accident really happened, because, being in the hospital, I'm reminded of it every day...People who came to visit [kept saying] 'I thought you'd be in a body cast, I thought you'd be in this, I'd

**"I feel like, when that car hit me, she [the driver] killed me. She took a part of my soul, something that's not going to be there for a long, long time."**

thought you'd be in that...people don't realize that...I'm going through a lot of pain. People see me talking and people see me happy, but they're not here when I'm crying..."

"I appreciate everything everybody's done for me...I know people want me to get better. Everybody's been really, really supportive at Bard...they've made me a lot stronger, they're part of my strength, but I have to be my own strength...if I don't have my own

continued on page 3

The inside story continued

continued from page 2

strength, I'm never going to get anywhere...I finally realized it's going to be a long time before I can listen to Janet [Jackson] and get up and start dancing and get up and do what I used to do...

"I feel like, when that car hit me, she killed me. She took part of my soul, something that's not going to be there for a long, long time. Until I heal, until I actually see myself walking and feeling strong again, then Monica will come back."

Lehmann blamed Annandale Road and the speed limit in part for the accident. When I told her that Bard College had, at one time, considered buying Annandale Road from Dutchess County so the College could lower the speed limit (as reported in the *Observer*, March 1, 1991), she wanted to know why the College hadn't done so.

"Why do people have to be hurt before they do anything about it?" Lehmann wondered. "What are they waiting for?"

"There are no sidewalks," she

continued, "You have to walk on the side of the road. Where else are you going to walk? And it's supposed to be your fault if you get hit by a car? Who do you blame?"

"I don't understand... it's not just the physical being of it [acci-

**"There are no sidewalks. You have to walk on the side of the road... Why do people have to be hurt before they do anything about it?"**

dents]. It's not just that, she gets hurt, she goes to the hospital, she gets a cast, she's fine, because she's not fine. You take a lot away from that person. That person has to go through a lot of mental things, and a lot is taken away... The President's daughter died, and he's still working at Bard... I feel so bad the President's [Leon Bötstein] daughter died. I totally understand how he must feel... I don't

understand why so many people have to die and so many people have to get hurt. I think people should take more precautions when they're driving... I feel safer in the City than I do out here in the suburbs, I'll tell you that right now."

Monica Lehmann was transferred from Northern Dutchess County Hospital to the Joint Disease Hospital on the morning of September 13th to begin physical therapy and strength conditioning. She had high hopes for a quick recovery, since she will be working with the same doctor who helped singer Gloria Estefan recover from a broken back. Lehmann expects to return to Bard for the spring semester, probably with a wheelchair and crutches for support.

As parting advice for students who are walking Annandale Road, which does not have sidewalks, Lehmann warned, "Pedestrians better be extra careful, because nobody else is doing anything."

Security and Annandale Road

"We recognize the problem and are taking whatever immediate actions we can," affirmed acting

Director of Safety and Security, Kim Squillace, concerning safety conditions on Annandale Road. Recently, a student on roller-blades was seriously injured there by a automobile driven by a student (see article on page 2).

Squillace commented that, since Annandale Road is owned by Dutchess County, there is very little Bard can do to slow down traffic. The College has considered trying to purchase the road from the county, but the interests of residents alongside the road and road maintenance (such as snow removal) have to be taken into account.

A more likely possibility is that signs and crosswalks will be put

in place. According to Squillace, the College plans to ask the county to install painted cross-walks across from the Stevenson Gymnasium and at the bottom of the hill beneath Kline. Squillace would also like to see "Not a Thoroughfare" signs installed at both ends of Annandale Road that runs through Bard.

"Unfortunately, fatal accidents are what usually cause signs to be put up," said Squillace. "We are hoping to prevent that from happening."

Squillace did point out that a large majority of the traffic on Annandale Road is from members of the Bard community. "Drivers on campus have to be safety conscious at all times," commented Squillace. She pointed out that the most important safety concern is illegal parking. When people don't park in the parking lots, Squillace said that they create an "obstruction of view" for vehicles and for pedestrians. Drivers cannot see when someone is about to cross the road, and those on foot

cannot see cars coming. "We recommend that people park in the designated lots, and look out for each other," stated Squillace.

The official policy of Safety and Security prohibits skateboarding on campus. "It's for the safety of everyone," said Squillace. "No matter how good you are on a skateboard, drivers and pedestrians don't know that, and you risk causing an accident." Squillace commented that a similar policy might be applied to rollerblading (which is considered illegal on county roads.)

In other Security news, Squillace said that unregistered parties have been "keeping us quite busy." She urges students to register their parties, free of charge, through Jeff Huang's office in advance so that Security does not have to shut them down. She added that large parties, such as when a keg is involved, should only be held in the old gym since large amounts of people would constitute a fire-hazard in most dormitories.

Classifieds & personals

Hudsonia wants reusable (clean, used one side only) letter-size file folders and 3x5" index cards; also a Kayak paddle. Please call ext. 273 Or 274.

HELP WANTED! Growing Company Needs Campus Reps For Project. Excellent Earnings. Gain valuable experience and references. Work at school or home. Flex hours. Send resumé to: CAREER ADANTAGE P.O. Box 82 Howell, NJ 07731 Attn: Personnel.

For sale: 1989 Kawasaki EX500—Only 3,000 miles, great condition, saddle bags. Must sell. Please call Judy at ext. 435 or 758-5286.

I need a miracle! Friendly guy needs 2 tickets for the dead at the garden in NYC for Saturday night (that's right Saturday night) September 18. If you can help, drop me a line at Box 549, or call ext. 343. Me Llamo Dan Stafford.

Wanted: Used IBM/compatible, 386/486, super vGA, 80+ Meg HD, 2+ Meg RAM. Printer would be nice. Box 880 Or 757-2310.

Writers & photographers needed to work on the Bard Annual Sketchbook staff! Interested people should contact Lisa Kereszi (7053) for photography, or Malia Du Mont (7581) for writing or layout & design.

Car for sale! Ugly, but reliable Dodge Colt 84 w/65,000 miles \$700 negotiable. Call 752-7289.

Jeana, thank-you for immortalizing me in Bard's most Esteemed news journal — The Saint

Greg, DGN was a horrific glimpse at a too-near future of Bard. I hail you as a visionary! — CM

The Queer Van Dyke Show— Sounds of Lavender. Coming soon to a Bard radio station near you!

Music by gay, lesbian and bisexual artists and those we wish were. More Madonnalike music than you can shake an extremely phallic cucumber at!!

Mr. Editor-in-Chief Person Sir: What on earth will I call you next week? How does friend sound? Must say you left us with a very full — and nice— last issue. Good luck on your senior project and life, but don't concern yourself with too much socializing, OK. Well, farewell! --Your Number One

Set of nine used, but still usable golf clubs FOR SALE. \$10 or best offer. Call 758-0772 if interested, or stop by Tewksbury 84 this Sat. or Sun. 1-4:30 pm.

"I smoke is an idea." A quote spoken by Boystone on a rather interesting summer night. Thanks—G-Vibe

Hey, Matt G., didn't you forget to do something this week? Ask Kat; she'll remind you.

Hey, Kat, didn't Matt G. forget to do something this week? Hit him over the head with your baseball hat a coupla times.

Listen up, all you poor, sniveling bastards at Bard College. We're sick and tired of you test-driving all of our cars with no intention of buying them. What's so great about that damn Faire anyway?! —the Friendly Boys at Honda

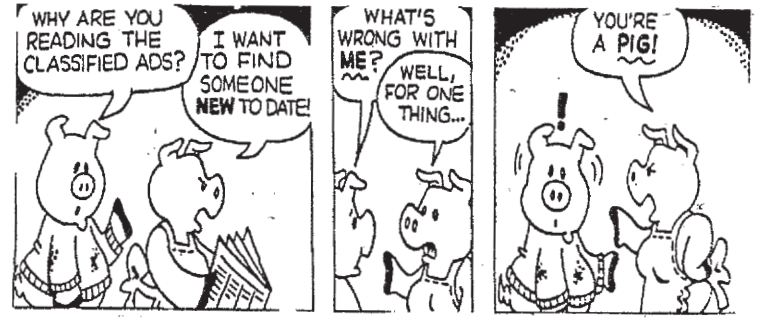
Hey, Greg, I really hope you didn't feel at all guilty for going to the movies Tuesday night without your snookie-ookums. I really hope you can just bear to live with yourself, you schmuck.

2 Hours of Intense Whiplash— not quite as good as sex, but then what is? Every Friday from 8 to 10pm, starting the 24th. If it's too loud, too bad.

I'm very tired. Goodbye.



Michael Poirier News Editor



## Plus ça change, plus ça rest même

## A new location and atmosphere for deKline

Ah, deKline, that intimate hole in the wall in the basement of the Old Gym...how many upper-classmen haven't wasted several hours there, reclining in the dimly lit cafe, entirely student-run, watching

couples share pints of Ben and Jerry's, reading magazines, or just absorbing the bohemian atmosphere with friends? Well, now deKline is moving from the Old Gym, where it has been housed since 1990, to the coffee shop.

DeKline has a rather interesting history. In September of 1990, students Josh Kaufman and Amy Fenwick submitted a proposal to Shelley Morgan, Dean of Students. She approved the plan to establish a cafe/convenience store in the basement of the Old Gym. Its purpose was to operate between the hours of 8 p.m. and 2 a.m., with extended hours during midterms, finals, movies and other events at the student center. The store, named deKline, was not set up to be in competition with the coffee shop. It would only serve prepackaged food such as candy, ice cream and soft drinks. Prepared food, such as grilled items would have required different facilities, and conflicted with the food service.

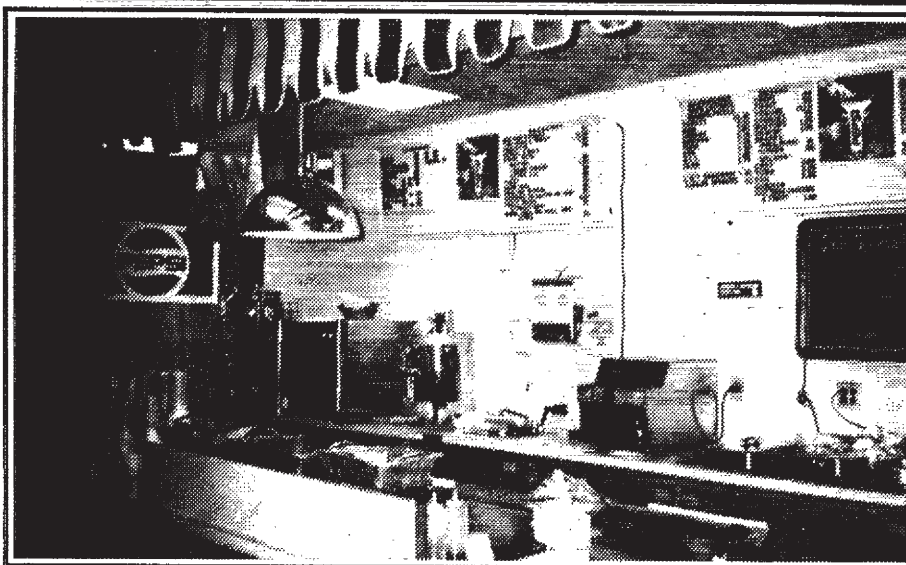
Fenwick and Kaufman had planned to add a cable TV lounge, which was their main incentive for establishing the store at the time. Cable was never installed, however, because of Administrative concerns.

DeKline was once the site of shower rooms, and according to the September 28, 1990, issue of the *Bard Observer*, the designers had considered keeping a stall or two for an "innovative effect." Even the pews facing the squash courts in the Stevenson Gymnasium were considered as furnishings to give the cafe a distinctive feeling. The ambitious designers had imagined having a delivery service, and all profits were to go to the convocation fund, in hopes of improving the entertainment on campus.

The convenience store/cafe was

**Linnea  
Knollmueller  
Staff  
Writer**

haven't wasted several hours there, reclining in the dimly lit cafe, entirely student-run, watching



an alternative to Treetops, a delivery service run by a Barrytown resident until early 1990, when his lack of an owner's license, suspicions of drug dealing and accusations of overcharging and sexual harassment resulted in his banishment from Bard.

#### New and Improved

DeKline's philosophy has remained the same over the past three years, despite a great deal of growth. It should remain the same old café, even in its new, larger location. Last spring Ralph Rogers, then Director of Food Service at Bard, approached managers Tami Sloan and Shawn Taylor about moving deKline to the coffee shop. They negotiated with him, eventually reaching satisfactory stipulations. Sloan and Taylor wanted to maintain the student-run aspect of deKline, which Woods Food Service was willing to offer.

Some changes in its operation are being made, though. Whereas deKline used to be completely nonprofit, turning all its funds back to student groups, now Woods receives the earnings. Once deKline is open for a substantial period of time, assuming it turns a profit, students will be given part of the money. So, the move is a good business move on both parts—Woods will increase revenue, and deKline can expand as it has needed to do.

If for any reason problems arise with deKline being housed in the coffee shop, the old space is being

reserved for a year. Under the conditions of the deal, it cannot be permanently altered for one year, though at present a class is being held there. Reservation of the space falls under the jurisdiction of Shelley Morgan.

Every night, one member of Woods Food Service will work at deKline, along with two shifts of two students. Jobs there are not work study, and workers become Woods employees, which offers a beginning salary of \$5.00 per hour. A pay scale is being implemented, so that people with experience at deKline and managers earn more than beginners. Applications have been taken, but deKline staff is so backlogged that they do not encourage more people to look for work there yet. Perhaps they will be hiring later, but that is dependent on the amount of business.

Certain business aspects of the move are still up in the air. For example, when there was a price overlap between deKline and coffee shop rates, originally the deKline price was to prevail, but negotiations are still taking place to iron out conflicts. "Both sides are giving," said Taylor.

Taylor described the negotiation process as a rollercoaster. Since Ralph Rogers was promoted, leaving Bard for Buffalo State, and a new foundation had to be built with new people. Also, Tami Sloan has resigned as manager because of time constraints and inaccessibility due to moving off campus, turning her job over to Todd Hefner. According to Taylor, what problems there

have been are attributable to issues of perspective. Woods feels they are taking a risk trusting students, so there is pressure for deKline to succeed. Pete Belenchia, Assistant Director of Food Service, said that so far they are very happy with the arrangement, calling it a "win-win situation".

Of a meeting Tuesday morning, attended by Belenchia; Rich Ackerman, temporary Head of Food Service; Mark Touissant, manager of the coffee shop; Tim Ail, Regional Manager of Woods Food Service; Charles Crimmins, the Bard Comptroller; Shelley Morgan, Taylor, and Hefner, Taylor had this to say:

"Everything was reestablished. We found out which promises Ralph [Rogers] should never have made, and rediscussed the students goals. DeKline is under Woods' supervision, but it's not just the coffee shop open late. We're making a cooperative effort in a place where there hasn't really been much cooperation before." said Taylor, calling the mood after the meeting "enthusiastic."

#### The Big Day

Though it has been operating unfinished, the unveiling of the new deKline will take place on Friday, September 17th. It will not closely resemble the coffee shop as it appears during the day. The regular lights will be replaced by halogen and colored lights. Staff plan to have tablecloths and candles to try to recreate the intimate ambience. A stereo will be playing music as usual, but deKline hopes to feature more live bands and performances to utilize the new space. A new TV will be purchased but will not be on constantly. Taylor hopes to have features like "Simpsons night," and Jeff Huang, Assistant Dean of Students, is planning to host

movie nights. Plans have also been made to show Monday Night Football, a definite plus for any sports fans. Some rearranging will be done inside the coffee shop to allow better use of the space. A suggestion box will be available for comments, and all ideas will be given consideration. Students can use their Demand cards in deKline, which may come in handy due to the new availability of hot food and sandwiches.

Woods also intends to begin a pizza delivery service through deKline, so Broadway may lose the monopoly it currently holds. Taylor mentioned perhaps initiating a general delivery service, where students could order anything on the deKline menu and have it delivered to their rooms.

Belenchia and Taylor agreed that one of the major benefits of the new location is its accessibility. It is a safe place in the center of campus for students to socialize and a convenient place to purchase food without having to leave campus. Said Belenchia, "We're interested in making this the place to go on campus."

#### The More Things Change

Despite surface changes, deKline will remain essentially the same. Ice cream, candy and cappuccino will still be available, it will remain strictly nonsmoking, and it will provide quarters so people can do laundry. Its hours remain 8 p.m. till 2 a.m. seven days a week. And, of course, the philosophy has not changed. "We need to rebuild our foundation, reestablish our reputation on campus. The opinions of students are still our priority, and we hope people will give us a chance in the new space just like they did in the old one." concluded Taylor.

Friday night's opening is planned to be a big party, with give-aways and entertainment. Any groups interested in playing deKline's grand opening should contact Shawn Taylor as soon as possible. So, if you don't mind that the renovation will not be absolutely complete, stop by deKline Friday and support your fellow students. It will be a night of good food, and entertainment, and as the weeks go by, the evolution of deKline should become complete.

"the inimitable Gabor & Zoltan show"

Otherwise known as the Bard Journal of Social Sciences

Let us forget the motorcycle, witchcraft and sailing clubs for a moment and openly admit that the poster advertising "the inimitable Gabor and Zoltan show" is the most intriguing one around campus. What could this be about? Who are these guys?

**Sean O'Neill**  
Features Editor

Gabor Bogнар and Zoltan Bruckner are the chief editors of the *Bard Journal of Social Sciences*. Like the recently resuscitated *Bard Sketchbook* and the *Bard Papers*, the *Journal* succeeded last spring in establishing a legacy on the campus, because it has attracted enough interest from both students and administrators to ensure that the idea behind the periodical will outlast the time its creators spend here.

The *Journal* is a free, monthly, non-partisan compilation of articles and essays by Bardians. The editors seek articles and essays that individuals think others should know about outside of the classroom, or ideas that might not otherwise be expressed in a clear form. In addition, the editors seek pieces on how the social sciences and the arts are connected, pointing to the work of Eastern European artists as examples of how art and society are mixed. The *Journal* welcomes book reviews, too.

Several students have expressed interest in assembling issues as well, and the editors are always looking for more people because, says Bogнар, "you never have enough bright people around."

"The good thing about the *Journal*," says Bruckner, "is that it is not just a writer sends a submission to it and then we decide what to do with it, but it is more like that people submit something, and then Gabor and I and the other editors start working on the papers with the authors . . . making our suggestions on how it can be improved and be put in a form that is interesting,

exciting and at the same time still has that [original] quality."

Bogнар thinks that "working on this publication is more educational than taking any course at Bard. No insult to professors or courses, but nothing compares to sitting there several nights in a row and just talking or debating things like what the author really means [in a certain piece]."

**Dynamic Duo**

Both Bogнар and Bruckner grew up in Hungary when it was still under the sway of communist party rule. They seem to share a displeasure with people who consider intelligent discourse a thing to be manipulated or to be merely displayed in a superficial form.

Bruckner is a twenty-three year old senior who has studied English and German literature at the University of Budapest, and has fulfilled a year's compulsory military service in the Hungarian Army. He first came to Bard on the Partners In Education (P.I.E.) program and stayed on thanks to other scholarships.

Bogнар is a twenty-year old junior who first came to Bard with a grant from "the very generous" Soros Foundation, and then received additional funds from the college to study economics.

The original idea for the *Journal* came from a student who no longer attends Bard, David Sloan. His idea, according to the current editors, was to create a school newspaper to rival or surpass the *Observer* in quality. Bogнар and Bruckner instead transformed the idea into making a forum for serious student discussion of issues that transcend the Bard campus, and together they submitted a budget to the Student

Convocation Fund last September and received money to produce two initial issues. They also received financial help from the college's Publications Department. Thus, Bruckner and Bogнар can be credited with developing



the essential vision that is the *Journal* today.

"Students should know more about each other than what is shared over dinner," says Bruckner, "because nobody really talks with the others about what they do most of their time at Bard. So most of the papers are written for professors and read by professors, and most serious ideas are not discussed . . . I think that is a very important media function. That it helps stir up conversation on issues that really interest students."

**"Line in the sand"**

How independent is the *Journal*? Unlike the *Observer*, and soon the *Sketchbook*, the *Journal* lacks an office in the basement of Tewksbury and reliable access to a computer.

"Publications is doing us a favor," says Bruckner of the department. "[Director] Ginger Shore offered to redesign the cover [of the upcoming special issue: "War in the Balkans"], for which we are thankful . . . But this is it. It is a student publication."

that it can become a journal from Bard, written mostly by Bard students and faculty, but read both here and elsewhere."

The editors plan to distribute copies to libraries and universities in the Northeast. They have also extended invitations to every professor in the Social Science Division to contribute to the *Journal*, but they have not received any articles from Bard faculty, except for Ryszard Frelek, who was a Fellow at the Levy Institute last year.

In upcoming issues, readers will find their interviews with two U.S. State Department junior officials, Stephen Walker and Marshall Harris, both of whom resigned in disgust with the Clinton administration's policy actions concerning Bosnia. The editors have corresponded with two other resignees and have invited all of them to speak at Bard this fall.

**Future is now**

What is the most difficult part in starting a publication? Bogнар says, "When you start out you don't really see all the possibilities until you start to get responses and you start really thinking about what you might make of it. Then you realize that there is more work to be done than you can do in your lifetime."

In their case, Bruckner adds, "we also had to overcome the point where it just looks like a self-advertising campaign . . . and convince everyone that the *Journal* is itself something that is good for everyone and to be read and worked with, and that it is not just us, Gabor and I."

The first "inimitable" issue of the *Journal* this fall should appear in two to three weeks.

**The Elusiveness of Freedom:  
The African American Novel**

Series of Four Lectures by

**Prof. Constance Berkley**

Begins with...

**"Charles Chesnutt: Early Innovator"**

Wed., Sept. 22

Olin 102, 7pm

Presented by the Bard L&L Department

What it's like to go to Bard

This is definitely not your brother's high school yearbook

On August 30, Bard students participated in the yearly ritual of Financial Clearance Day. They all visited familiar college institutions in the Olin Building, such as Woods Food Service, Security and, of course, Student Accounts. Some, however, ventured into a room assigned to a less well-known organization. In a scene more reminiscent of high school than what returning Bardians are used to finding here, the Bard Annual was taking pictures for this year's official *Sketchbook*.

**Joshua Ledwell**  
Staff Writer

Despite appearances, though, this is not your high school's yearbook. Michelle Dunn, the head of the Bard Annual group, explains that, this year, the book will have a much different look, "pretty much stepping away from an 'Annual' format." Instead, the anticipated *Sketchbook* will simply contain "what we do at Bard." Last year's format, in which the *Sketchbook* staff wrote a description of each of the school's divisions, will change. This time, the blood, sweat and tears of Bard students will be on display in excerpts from their classwork.

A range of materials from Freshman Seminar papers to Senior Projects, music scores to lab reports, fiction stories to movie stills and play scripts to foreign language translations will all be considered for inclusion. Staff member Kelly Messerle sees the Academics section as an "effort to broaden people's horizons." She hopes it will give an attractive picture of the level of Bard academics to alumni and prospective students, but perhaps more importantly it will show students her some interesting work going on in other divisions that they may not know about. Dunn agrees, saying, "There's so much that happens here that you completely miss."

The Student Life section, organized by Lisa Kereszi, will be a collage of photos and captions representing "what it's like to go to Bard." Including both campus scenes and off-campus hangouts

like the Santa Fe restaurant, Student Life will capture the feel of Bard using photos with little to no traditional descriptive writing. Kereszi calls it "showing, not telling" what Bard is about.

"I have admittedly the least exciting section," says Stacie Turner enthusiastically. Hers is tentatively entitled *People*, and will include the approximately one-hundred photos of returning students taken on Financial Clearance Day. According to Turner, an equal number of first-year students had their pictures taken at the beginning of the Language and Thinking workshop. Later in the year, all the students will receive a mailing asking if they wish to have their picture taken for the Annual. If there is enough response, says Turner, the photographer present on August 30th will return; otherwise not. Seniors will have the special opportunity to submit anything that they feel describes them. Submissions can be "pictures, self-portraits, squiggles with crayon, anything." The section will include much more than these "mug shots," however. Turner is also accepting photographs to make up a "candid photo" display of Bardians. In addition, she plans a section for short biographies of "interesting people." Anyone can



Where The Wild Things Are

send photos or bios to Stacie Turner through Campus Mail for possible inclusion in the *Sketchbook*. Dunn was the driving force behind the creation and production of what became the first Bard Annual since 1951. She relates that when she arrived at Bard for her first year, the lack of an Annual surprised her. She found both students and administration supported beginning one, especially Dean of Students Shelley Morgan, although there were some reservations. According to Dunn, one group, after obtaining funds from the college for a yearbook, "made 9,000 pink vinyl covers and then never made another deadline." Morgan told Dunn that students interested in starting an Annual had approached her almost every year,

and so far none had followed through.

Along with other students committed to her idea, Dunn worked through the spring and summer of 1992 to organize and prepare for production of a 1992-93 Annual. As the actual writing of the *Sketchbook* began in the fall, the Annual staff approached "almost every administrator" to ask for help with production costs. Dunn praised the members of the *Sketchbook* organization for working very hard on the project despite doubts that it would ever become a reality. The staff also canvassed for advertisements to help offset production costs.

The *Sketchbook* came out last spring, and though "book sales were not what we had hoped," Dunn believes that Bard students will develop more enthusiasm for the annual as it becomes more familiar to them. Dunn also received valuable responses from the Bard community that led in part to the new look for this year's *Sketchbook* included "tapping into" the activities at Bard through photographs and images rather than simply writing about them.

This year's staff is organized in a very loose hierarchy. Dunn gives the section editors significant autonomy in developing their own areas of the *Sketchbook*, and they in turn emphasize that the rest of the Annual staff has very few constraints. The idea is to "give something of Bard back to Bard," as Dunn attests. "Hopefully, this is something that will stay. The interest is there."

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**Budget Forum**

TONIGHT (September 15)

1. Committee reports
2. Elections
  - Library Committee (2 seats)
  - Bard Emergency Medical Services Council (2 seats)
  - Student Judiciary Board (1 seat)
  - Residential Director Search Committee (2 seats)
  - Student Health & Counseling Advisory Committee (2 seats)
3. Roam-free proposal
4. Budget

**Kline - 8:00pm**

CONGRATULATIONS...

**Sasha & Ephen**

are the Student Representatives to the Board of Trustees for the '93 - '94 school year

**ELECTION RESULTS:**

Sasha Gorman... 142  
Ephen Glenn Colter... 101  
Josh Ledwell... 87

Features

Budgets old and new

Club	Received Fall'92	Received Spring'93	Asked for Fall'93	Allotted Fall'93
Akido	NA	NA	\$425	\$350
Amnesty International	\$500	\$600	\$653	\$450
Anthropology Club	\$300	\$100	\$715	\$315
Art Club	NA	\$0	\$100	\$0
Art Magazine	NA	NA	\$410	\$0
Asian American Student Org.	\$1,735	\$2,100	\$4,290	\$2,000
Audio Co-op	NA	\$750	\$727	\$529
Bard Black Students Org.	\$2,500	\$3,000	\$11,000	\$2,200
Bard Emergency Medical Serv.	\$510	\$446	\$746	\$746
Bard Folk Club	NA	NA	\$280	\$200
Bard Journal of Social Sciences	NA	\$25	\$925	\$620
Bard Papers	NA	NA	\$3,425	\$0
Bard Party Brigade	\$300	\$750	\$2,285	\$0
Bard Recording Studio	NA	\$500	\$585	\$300
Bisexuals, Activists, Gays, Lesbians, et al.	\$2,200	\$2,900	\$3,805	\$1,800
Bulletin Board Service	\$300	\$400	\$565.50	\$550
Central Committee	\$2,180	\$2,100	\$1,970	\$2,000
Coalition for Choice	\$2,200	\$2,200	\$2,047.50	\$1,500
Dance Club	\$300	\$500	\$2,200	\$300
Entertainment Committee	\$12,800	\$9,000	\$16,200	\$10,000
Film Committee	\$11,000	\$12,000	\$12,922	\$10,000
Fencing Club	NA	NA	\$60	\$0
Freek Republic	NA	\$300	\$600	\$450
Independent Democratic Revolutionary	NA	\$300	\$1,495	\$550
International Relations Club	\$300	\$710	\$883	\$682
International Students Org.	\$2,000	\$2,800	\$2,800	\$2,000
Jewish Students Org.	\$430	\$600	\$1,100	\$750
Latin American Students Org.	\$1,800	\$1,800	\$1,900	\$1,500
Leonard Peltier Support Group	\$300	\$700	\$2,650	\$700
Love & Libido	NA	NA	\$2,100	\$150
L.Y.N.D.A.	NA	\$300	\$2,100	\$300
Marriage Club	NA	NA	\$300	\$0
Observer	\$3,400	NA	\$2,693.01	\$2,300
Outing Club	\$300	\$400	\$420	\$300
Photography Club	\$500	\$800	\$1,800	\$500
Ping Pong	NA	NA	\$410	\$410
Preston Review	NA	NA	\$100	\$0
Psychology Club	NA	NA	\$362	\$200
Russian Studies Club	NA	\$450	\$1,250	\$500
Scottish Country Dancing	\$150	\$150	\$581	\$150
S.M.A.C.E.S.	\$450	\$800	\$1,217.85	\$850
Society of Physics Students	\$1,000	\$800	\$960	\$600
S.P.A.Z.	NA	NA	\$450.89	\$150
Students Educating Against Racism	\$100	\$700	\$1,680	\$800
Student Mechanics' Open Garage	\$500	\$800	\$958.54	\$600
Sub Genius	NA	NA	\$620	\$0
Theatre Group	NA	\$200	\$250	\$175
Trek	\$200	\$200	\$185	\$150
T.V.Lounge	NA	NA	\$750	\$0
Women's Center	\$2,100	\$2,800	\$1,900	\$1,500
World Magazine	NA	NA	\$2,050	\$0
Write Network	NA	NA	\$100	\$100
W.X.B.C.	\$1,240	\$900	\$2,840	\$1,270
Zen Jugglers	\$50	\$50	\$23.05	\$23.05



## Dead Goat Notes

Write your own friggin' disclaimer here:

Right now, many of us are wondering about life after Bard.

Wait, that's a generalization. I really don't know what other people are wondering about. For all I know they could be wondering about silly things like life after death. Let me start again.

Many of me have been wondering about life after Bard. I've seen the Chevy Chase show, and believe me, our future looks a whole lot dimmer now.

Functional skills have never been the mainstay of a Bard liberal arts education.

Where do you think that history degree will get you? You think that maybe you'll open a history store and sell bits of history?

"Good morning. Can I have two pounds of history?"

"Take a number, lady. Next!"

"I want two pounds of history."

"Imported or domestic?"

Note that the word "history" can easily be replaced with "philosophy," "literature," "religion," "arthistory," "MPZ," and even "Math." In

fact, I saw a former literature major in New York with a sign that said "Will read for food." I felt so bad, I gave her a sandwich in exchange for a dramatic rendering of *Finnegan's Wake*. Her voice wobbled at about page 300, so I only gave her half.

Some think that graduate school is the answer. Heck, if you can't get a job with a BA, you might get a job with an MA or a Phd. It's the same logic that compels someone who can't unscrew a bolt with a screwdriver to get a bigger screwdriver. True, 80% of all Bard grads go to grad school, but 80% of them would prefer training pit bulls in a cat costume after one semester. My friend, who became a teacher's assistant in math at the New Mexico State University, put it this way, "Despite being able to solve difficult theoretical math concepts, your societal status is considered lower than substitute teacher in high school by people who don't know algebra." This of course leads to many grad school drop-outs entering the field of substitute teaching.

Take a relatively well-respected major like Political Studies. Sure, you've put in your time with 4 years of classes with Professors Chace and Baruah. Your Senior Project on the Post-Cold War Economy of Former Uzbekistan was true brilliance. But when you show up at the State Department personnel office with your new suit and shiny resume, you might not make it through Bill Clinton's

Bean Counting Employment Machine™. And even if you do, there's a pretty good chance that in 1996 President Rush Limbaugh will fire you and hang up a big sign on the White House that says "No Wonks Need Apply."

The answer here is creativity, folks. Government service, with all of its perks like pensions, health benefits, corruption and stealing, is just a bit too unreliable. But you can still apply your savvy for political studies, combined with a love of travel and a desire to meet new, exotic people. Become a mercenary. The back pages in the *Political Studies Quarterly* are a bit short in want ads, but the ones in

*Soldier of Fortune* never are. *Political Studies Quarterly* has ads for pamphlets like "Post-Cold War Economy in Former Uzbekistan." *Soldier of Fortune* has ads for dogs that are part timber wolf and lockpicks that are only legal in four states! Best of all, *Soldier of Fortune* comes out every month!

Visit exciting places like Angola, Kampuchea (Former Cambodia), Former Yugoslavia and the Former USSR. Fly on exciting Former Airlines and use

weapons made in Former Prison Camps by Former Rebels. Remember, always insist on payment in hard currency or gold. Former dinars and rubles aren't worth a former damn. Best of all, if you establish a successful government in any of the countries, you can get a job as a wonk there. Due to party purging, there's always plenty of room for advancement.

Where do you religion majors think you're going? Heaven? Not on a preacher's salary. Our poor college chaplain has to run a church on the side just to make ends meet. But make no mistake, there's big money in theology if you know where to look for it. Few people know this, but Jimmy Swaggart was a Bard graduate. If you start your own cult you'll rake in the dough. But pay your firearm registration fees and learn from David Koresh's example of what happens when you don't give to Caesar what is Caesar's.

If you're not getting a degree for the money, and are one of those saps who really cares about pursuit of wisdom, I only have one good career move for you: Go to prison. You can catch up on you're reading as long as you can keep Bubba from taking you to the cell-block prom. Remember Malcolm X? When he was in the hoosegow he spent his time reading Herodotus and Homer. Heck, it was practically Freshman Seminar. I wouldn't be surprised if Ol' Mr. Tewksbury got the idea for Freshman Seminar in the klink.



Greg Giaccio

Featured Columnist

## Shameless Filler!

I am one of the many people, one of a vast sea of statistics, known collectively on this campus as the Great Car-less. I am also a member of the Great Causeless and the Great Clueless, but we'll leave that aside for now. In any case, in order for me to return home to visit my parentage, I must be shuttled down to Poughkeepsie and be stuck on a train for two hours. Sometimes I am stuck in Poughkeepsie station for two hours or so, depending upon train schedules and such. And that's where this adventure begins...

As I was attending to my lavatorial duties one fine day in Po-dunk station, I happened to notice the colorful and suggestive messages scrawled on the walls of the little stall. Several of them dealt with humbling comments of sexual prowess (if they are to be believed...oh, come on, you mean you don't believe everything you read?!) and promises or applications for various acts of depraved desperation. Then, in a slightly less shaky hand, I noticed the phrase

"Leon is a Wanker."

I struggled to find a pen so I could write the phone number to this tempting advertisement down, and then noticed there was none. Only then did I realize what I was dealing with. This was an honest-to-god epithet aimed against our beloved leader, the one we affectionately call Prez, Leon Botstein.

There in the station, I mused on the fact that news of Leon's exploits had reached such a far-off place as Poughkeepsie. I know that a disgruntled Bard alum had penned the poetry in question: I had seen a similar example not three days before in the men's facility of the Computer Center. I was just glad that the young man (or extremely confused young woman) in question had decided to branch out.

See, I've noticed a distinct lack of colorful graffiti in the darker corners of our fair school. I, myself, have tried to remedy this problem in several ways. For instance, I don't know why no one thought of it sooner, but condom machines are a perfect target for derisive comments. Foul-tasting gum was just the beginning! How about balloon animals! Someone could show disappointment at the lack of adequate fitting stations! The more inventive drug dealers could thank the administration (indirectly) for putting the machines so close to the most popular fast-disposal unit known to narcs!

Also, remember way back when in High

School (think back, now) when we could actually carry on inter-period conversations? You know, you'd write something essential and cutting, informational and cutting edge (like the fact that some dopey Heavy Metal band rocks), and the next day, someone who shared that desk with you three periods thereafter would correct your spelling and add their own thoughts to the matter ("what kind of a wuss would like Twisted Sister, anyway?!"). Then you'd write back to that person ("aahh, g'wan ya boot-lickin' nerd!") and they'd respond ("who you callin' a nerd, pock-face?"), and thus a friendship would be born until the janitors came in and boraxed the correspondence away. Well, that can still happen, on the great, oaken arms of the great oaken chairs of Olin. Of course, being in college, the conversation might be a tad more erudite ("What kind of fallacy-laden theory of behavior would lead you to agree with the findings of an addlepatated lummox

like B. F. Skinner?"

"Who you callin' addlepatated?!"), but the flush of new-found camaraderie would still be there.

Oh, and the graffiti terrorism doesn't stop there. There are tons of professors and administrators I've heard my fellow students badmouth and giggle about in public. But they

never seem to make the step of putting pen to plaster and WRITING IT DOWN! Was L & T wasted on everyone here? Okay, dumb question, but I see the pristine walls of the college as an invitation to one huge freewrite. Again, I've contributed, and frankly, I'm running out of ways to reiterate that Terry Dewsnap is the Rapmaster. I can't carry you all!

Think of that one brave soul who opened his soul and his oil-pen in the bowels of Poughkeepsie station. He wasn't satisfied with just the Bard populace knowing who was and who wasn't a wanker. Oh, no. Freedom of speech, Jack: the public at large should know about the President of our fine college, and our impression of him when he takes matters into his own hands. In the business world, it's known as networking. And you all are afraid to even let your neighbor know through the universal language of the bathroom wall.

What does this all add up to? You're right. I'm a pervert, and I spend too much time in men's public lavatories. For a good time, call.

### In which we take up our oil-free magic markers and walk

by Matt Gilman

## unbard love

Fiction by Sean O'Neill

Nadine Seefeldt's best friend is Minh.

"Come in," says Minh.

She opens the door. Minh is dressed in black, as usual, and is practicing her sustaining ritual.

"Can I watch?" asks Nadine.

"Sure, I have almost completed."

Minh kneels again and lights a fourth candle under a poster of Virginia Woolf. She then opens to a page number (indicated to her from the rolling of two dice) in the *Letters of Virginia Woolf*. The "Indigo Girls" play on her surround-sound system. Minh writes the found sentence on a slip of light blue paper with her scented-ink pen and then places the slip in a thin vase next to the candle. She rotates her head, murmurs something, and then stands up.

Nadine speaks: "I remember how in Freshman year you would dress in black and go to the grave of John Bard every day and place a single red rose by his tombstone. Why did you stop?"

"I discovered how in life he was a stockbroker," says Minh.

"I love you, Minh."

"Me, too. I mean, well, you know what I mean."

"Are you going to dinner now?" asks Nadine.

"Yes," says Minh, picking up the scattered lettuce.

The two stroll toward Kline.

"America is exhausted," says Minh. "And I'm not just saying that to be cool. Everything is commercial. Everything's up for sale. Even intelligence."

"Success is everything," says Nadine. "It's what I want. What we all want. That's all we live for now."

"America's problem is it hasn't a culture," says Minh. "What is McDonald's? There is no culture to draw upon."

"Culture is important," says Nadine. "It's too difficult to form an individual persona. It's easier to draw upon a set of attitudes to define ourselves. We are all on quests for identity. We make fun of it: 'Oh, I'm searching for myself.' But we really are."

"I draw upon being both Dutch and Chinese," says Minh. "That's a big part of who I am. Perhaps it's because I've been there. But I am an American. I am in that drive for success."

"America is a really great idea," says Nadine. "In theory, it's wonderful. Of course, the founding fathers were all White Men. I should know, having lived in Washington with all those statuesque figures all my life."

"America is very white," says Minh, "meaning West European, of course. I understand the Minority Power movement. That's the only Big movement. It irritates some people. And the In-Your-Face attitude can be annoying, but I understand the underlying need. Every race needs its day in the sun. Just because the White People

have gone out and dominated the world whether the world likes it or not, they cannot now say that's not where it's at."

"You have to be separate before you can join, be different before you can become the same," says Nadine. "And many of these cultural traditions are elusive in our mass societies."

"I really dislike it when White People say, 'It's not me who enslaved you, it was my great-grandfather.' I mean, they draw from that culture."

"Well," says Nadine, "time for another meal at Kline."

"People insist that vegetarians want to eat food that looks like meat without the meat. I hate hot dogs. I don't want to eat something that looks like a hot dog, no matter how many chick-peas are stuffed in it. And no tofu burgers, either."

"But it's full of protein," chides Nadine.

"I have enough protein to last me well into my reincarnation in my next life."

Nadine walks to the other rack to pick up her tray.

A young man reaches for it also.

They both pull on it, back and forth. They raise their heads, and their eyes meet. Fate has brought them here. He, tall, thin, sweaty, with wire-rimmed glasses and large ears. She, the woman that is Nadine.

"Excuse me," the young man says.

Nadine has never seen him before. She wants to lie down in his lap and have him feed grapes to her, with his dreamy, vaguely anorexic face looking down at her. Then he could lick the scattered drops of grape juice from her stomach.

She loses her appetite.

"I thought you liked their crispy fish," says Minh, sitting down at the table, soon after Nadine's Encounter.

"Have you ever seen crispy fish swim?" says Nadine.

"What's the matter, friend? You look ill."

"I think I am in love," says Nadine.

"That will do it."

"What is love, Minh?"

"Phenylethylamine."

"What?" says Nadine.

"A natural amphetamine. Somehow, it is okay for Americans to blame depression on a chemical imbalance, but love, love must be something supernatural, right? Americans are stupid. Love is a chemical detraction."

"I thought you just said you are an American, with the drive for success and all that."

"When it comes to the idiotic parts, I consider myself Dutch and Chinese instead of silly American. These fish nuggets are tasty. Try some."

"I have to know whether he feels the same way I do about me as I do about him."

"I will only help you if you eat something," says Minh. "Have some celery soup."

"Yes, Minh. Thank you."

*continued next week*

## International News Review

by Shawn Milburn

My grandfather is eighty-three years old and a strong believer that religion is at the core of this world's tendency towards bloodshed. When he looks with his learned eyes at the Middle East, he does not see men at odds for power or wealth. In his mind, the quest that places Jews and Arabs at opposing ends of a horror-stricken history lies in their differing religious world views. It is curious to me that someone that I associate in the same aged realm of Reagan chooses not to view the region's population as a mass of less-than-average people in the way of "our" oil reserves. I have chosen for this brief editorial to examine my grandfather's point of view.

Terry Anderson was held captive by Arab fundamentalists as a political hostage for approximately seven years. During the beginning months of captivity, Mr. Anderson was joined in his cell by a priest named Lawrence Jenco. This grey-haired priest proceeded to hear Anderson's confession, an emotional ceremony that left Anderson with a very powerful feeling that, as a Catholic, he would survive his torment. Terry Anderson's sacrament of reconciliation transformed his formerly agnostic self into a reader of the modern Bible, one of which was given to him in his cell. At the end of seven years, Anderson had memorized several psalms and attempted prayer several times a day. As a prisoner of a group of Islamic fundamentalists, who were in conflict with the Jewish state, an American Catholic was born.

Palestinian supporters believe that Israel lies on their home. Israel believes that the PLO exists to rob them of what is rightfully theirs. How can the United States, which is itself only 217 years old, possibly regard with belittlement a region existing for thousands of years? Do we pretend to understand why there are hundreds of thousands of people that are willing to die for their belief that religion and faith are at the core of human existence? How dare we feel obliged to look with pity at people whose accumulated knowledge of history and tradition far surpasses that which U.S. thinkers have only written, let alone allowed to filter into our own weakling culture.

It is men such as Anderson that can allow us to realize, when seen in this context, that the region is in conflict amidst a world controlled by a nation still awaiting maturation. Anderson plays the part of the culturally undeveloped American in a setting saturated with cultural maturity. My grandfather is correct in his realization that religion influences action in the Middle East. It is a religion within a culture that political and diplomatic America cannot caricature without losing all hope of comprehension. We must realize our own inexperience before truly aiding the peace.

*The International Relations Club is dedicated to exploring and understanding the intricacies of global diplomacy. It is our goal in this weekly column to spark interest as well as to inform readers of what is happening on the international scene. If you are interested in becoming an active member, or are simply interested, feel free to contact Malia Du Mont via campus mail.*

## Multiculturalism & Ethnic Studies

### Lectures, Discussion, Workshops

#### "When We Were Black:

*From Identity to Performance and Back Again"*

**FRIDAY, SEPT. 17**

**8:00 pm • Olin 102**

#### Panel Discussion:

*"interpretations which surround the multicultural debate in higher education and the wider society"*

**SATURDAY, SEPT. 18**

**10am-12pm • Olin 102**

#### Student-led workshops

1. Essentialism v. social construction of racial and ethnic identities
2. Hyphenated-Americans v. Diaspora studies as the focus of a multicultural curriculum
3. The link between multiculturalism and broader social divisions such as class and gender.

**SATURDAY, SEPT. 18**

**2:30-5:00 pm**

**Olin 202, 203, 204**

## Of paint, pianos and practice studios

## The Music Department finds a new home in (formerly) Blum Gallery

Take a walk these days through the halls of what was formerly the Edith C. Blum Art Institute, and you'll notice a bustle of activity and the scent of fresh paint. To the professors and students of the Music Department, it is a welcome indication of change and a refreshing switch from the stench of backed-up sewage.

**Rose Merrill**  
Arts  
Editor

The Blum building is the department's new home and, imbued with state-of-the-art sound-proofing, studio/offices, seven practice rooms and a 100-seat concert hall, it is a very comfortable home indeed. Professor Frederick Hammond, Chairperson of the Music Department, sees the move as "very exciting [and] totally positive."

It is easy to see how Hammond can be so enthusiastic when one takes a look at the department's old location at Annandale House, a small, dingy structure across the road from Kline Commons, where, according to Hammond, "the sewage backed up twice, and, on damp days, the smell permeated the whole building." Compared to that, the new building seems like a paradise, even though it may be a bit of a hike to get to Blum

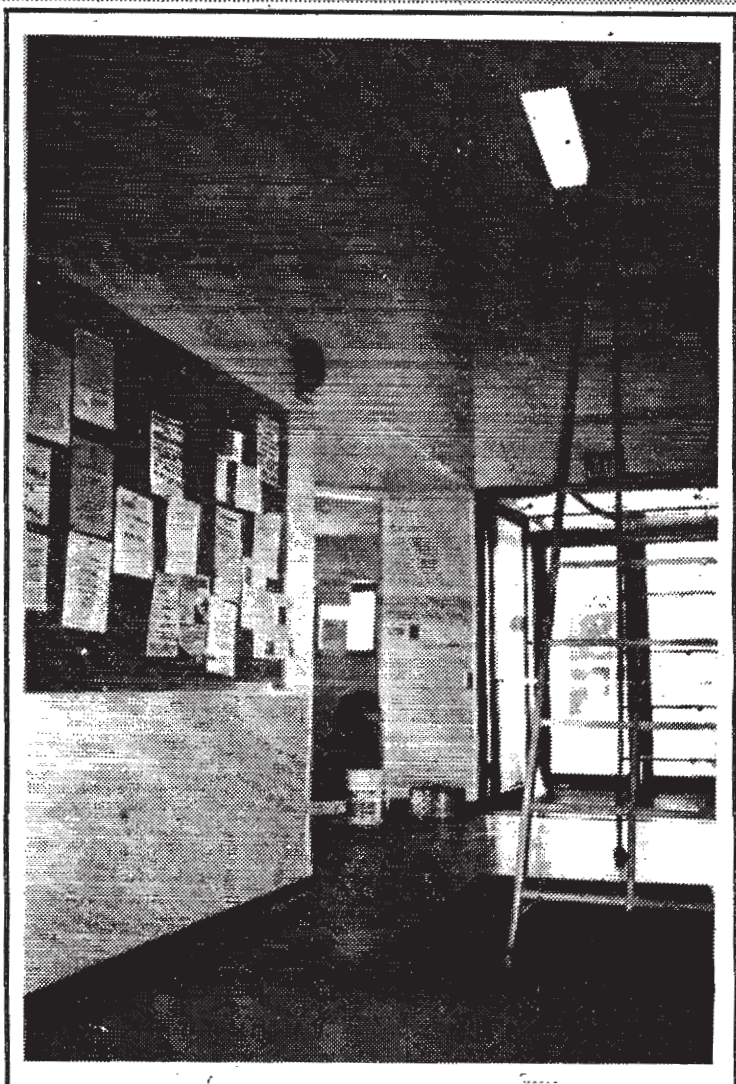


for a class after lunch.

In the future, Professor Hammond hopes that the facility will draw "more and better music students to Bard." In the meantime, however, the Music Department's move will extend benefits far beyond the immediate circle of the department: Annandale House will be used as studio space for art majors, thus eliminating the difficulty that the Art Department has had in past years of trying to accommodate its students.

Students involved with the Music Department echo Hammond's sentiments. Brian Patterson ob-

served that, in past years, "students' biggest concern was whether or not [they had] a piano to play on and whether or not that piano was 40 or 50 years old." Chris Smith, another student, perceived that the new facility will offer both students and faculty "more space to work in." This is exactly what Hammond also sees as being one of the main advantages of the improved resources. Said Hammond, "We have a first-rate faculty here, and this will give them the chance to function, to teach, to coach. [It will enable us to] turn them loose and allow them to do their best."



Left, the entrance to the Edith C. Blum Gallery; right, a glimpse of the inside of Blum and its new Music Department Bulletin Board™.

## Alumni dance concert preview

This Saturday, September 17th, at 8:00 p.m. the Bard Drama/Dance Department launches the fall 1993 semester with the Alumni Dance Concert. Six former Bard students will team up with their professional dance colleagues to bring an evening of exploratory dance to the community. Aside from pure and unadulterated entertainment, the show promises to bolster the confidence of those Bard artists who can forsee no brighter future than starvation and pizza delivery. To be sure, the art world has never coddled its soldiers, but a Bard degree could be

**Megan Demarkis**  
Guest  
Writer

the makings of impervious armor. Take a gander at these promising bios:

**Arthur Aviles**—In 1987, the year following his graduation, Aviles danced with Bill T. Jones/Artie Zane and Company. For his work during the 1988-89 season at the Joyce Theatre, he received a Bessie (New York State Dance and Performance Award). Most recently, he has choreographed a piece commissioned by the Julliard Dance Ensemble.

**Susan Christensen**—In the years following her graduation in 1989, Ms. Christensen has toured throughout the United States, India and Eastern Europe. Currently, she is a member of both Company Appels and the Lorellen Green Dance Company. Her

work has been presented at the Knitting Factory, Ceres Gallery, The Downtown Dance Festival and the Greenwich Music House.

**Kaitlyn Granada**—Graduating with honors in 1985, Ms. Granada went on to perform with many independent choreographers in both Pennsylvania and New York, including the South Street Dance Company and Terry Beck Troupe. This fall begins her fourth season touring with Zero Moving Company.

**Susan Hamburger**—While at Bard, Ms. Hamburger structured the first Lighting Design Tutorial with the department's current designers and dance professors. The first to graduate from Bard with Lighting Design as a fully recognized part of

her Senior Project, she has gone on to create the lighting design for a variety of original productions and performance pieces, including works at the Soho Repertory Theater and the Public Theater Fringe Festival. Currently, she is the Technical Director at The Kitchen in New York City.

**Rob Kistos**—After receiving his Bachelors in 1990, Mr. Kistos went to Albany to work with the Berkshire Ballet and Ko-Motion Movement Theater. Now in New York City, he performs with the Gina Gibney Dance, Company Appels and Janis Brenner. Mr. Kistos is also the drummer for a Brooklyn-based alternative band called "The Hounds."

**David Parker**—Introduced to Modern Dance by professors Reid

and Pasloff, Mr. Parker has been choreographing his own work since 1990, using rhythm as a catalyst for emotion. His pieces have been performed by Dance Theater Workshop—Fresh Tracks, Yale University, Connecticut College and others. Mr. Parker has recently completed a residency with his Company at the American Dance Festival.

In collaboration with dancers, musicians and choreographers from New York and the world, these artists have returned to their alma mater to strut, to leap and to stretch their stuff at the Bard Theater. With pieces titled things like "Salad Days," "Black Jello" and "Intoxicating Calm," the evening promises to be a festival of sinew and sound in the true Bard anti-tradition.

## Negativland survives

## With or without U2

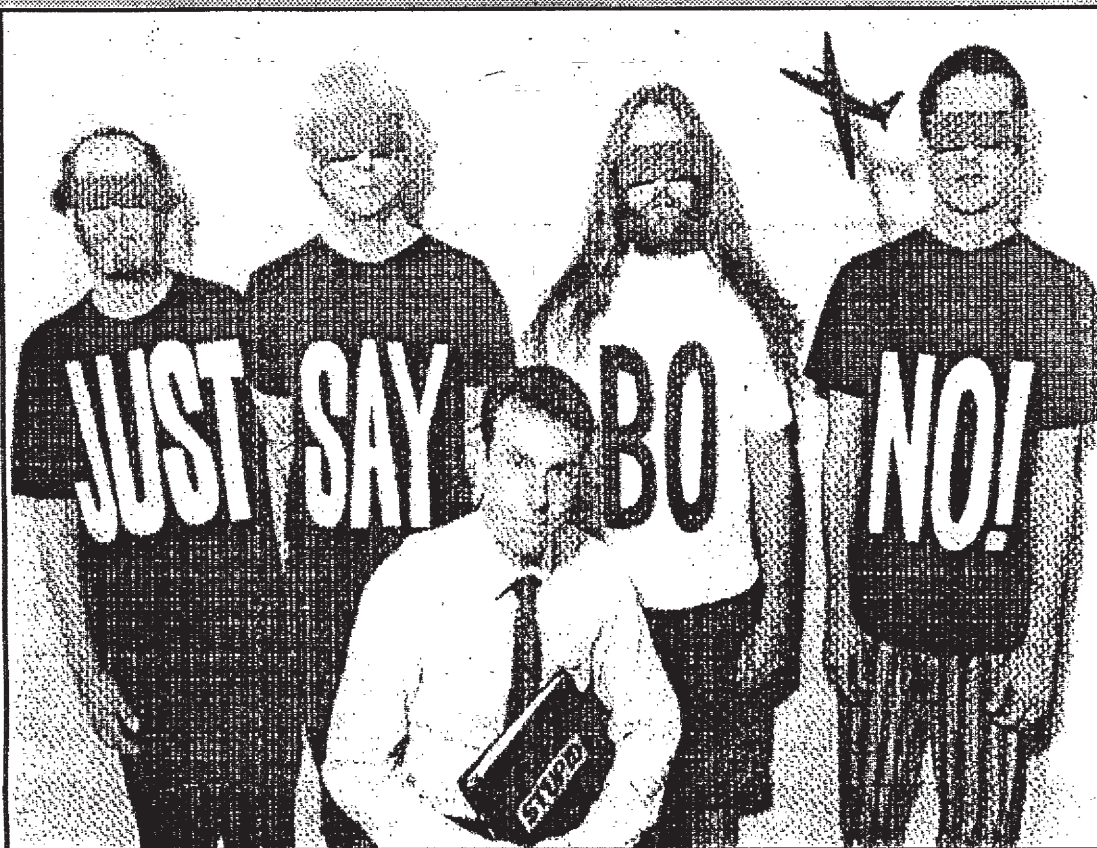
After two years and (at last count) three lawsuits, the media-commentary music experimentalist

**Matt  
Gilman  
Negativ-  
land  
head**

group known as Negativland have finally released a new album. If you have been following the woes of the group over the past two years, you can appreciate the irony in the title, *Free*. For those of you who don't understand any of the above, here's a brief history of the band's highs and woes.

Negativland started out in 1980 as a side-project for a San Francisco high-school senior, Mark Hosler, and a few of his friends. He put together a long string of found sounds, noises and samples from the media and managed to turn it into a running aural commentary on suburban life. He and his friends self-released the album, creating a unique cover for every single cassette (and, later, CD) of the album that was sold. Since then, Negativland have taken on several guises and employed several other sound hacks, including Chris Grigg, Don Joyce, Richard Lyons, Jan Allen and David Wills, in various combinations. Usually, the core of the group could be identified as Hosler, Joyce, Wills and Lyons. Regardless, the members like to be referred to as Negativland, collectively, in terms of anything having to do with their music.

The band went on to make more albums, usually concerned with the so-called harmony of suburbia and middle-class life (especially the album *A Big 10-8 Place*, which included a free bag of lawn clippings in every album). Their first underground success came with the album *Escape from Noise*, a far-reaching parody of the pop music biz, as well as a venture into the dangers of unruly noise. One cut on the album, "Christianity is Stupid," became the touchstone to a large-scale media prank that supposedly linked the band to the slaying of a midwest fundamentalist family by their rebellious teenaged son, David Brom. The media ate up the hoax, which was perpetrated by Negativland, to prove a point about media manipulation. Negativland's final action in regard



Members of the group Negativland posing with their lawyer

to the prank was the creation of their most successful work to date (in terms of achieving their artistic goals), *Helter Stupid*, a commentary on the power media has in our lives, and the supposed power music has in teens' lives. It made the media embarrassed and upset, but to Negativland, it was good art.

If that weren't enough, Negativland went on to turn the music scene on its ear with its 1990 single, entitled *U2*. At this point, Negativland had signed a contract with the indie label SST records, founded by former Black Flag guitarist Greg Ginn. The single was a truly hilarious rendition of U2's song, "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For." An ironically-voiced David Wills intoned the lyrics (with running commentary) over a loop of people humming the melody, while in the background one can hear an out-take of Casey Kasem swearing and wondering who the hell U2 is ("This is bullshit...these guys are from England [sic] and who gives a shit?!"). The single was released only ten days before Island records sent their lawyers after Negativland and SST. They sued for the appearance of the title "U2" on the cover of the album, the unauthorized use of the

lyrics, the unauthorized use of the tune, and ordered that all existing copies of the album, and any tapes used in recording it, be destroyed. Island won, demanding that SST buy back all the copies of *U2* from those who bought them, and destroy those waiting to be bought. They also demanded that the defendants repay their legal fees, in excess of \$55,000. In addition, rights to the single were handed over to Island. It should be noted that Island acted separately from the group *U2*, and they did hassle Island records not to press for payment of legal fees.

After the lawsuit was settled, Ginn told Negativland that he expected the group to pay for all the damages SST incurred from the action; that includes all the costs, both technical and legal, for both SST and Island Records. Ginn estimated that total to be around \$90,000. Negativland assumed that they and SST might pay off the fees and damages 50/50. SST knew what they were doing when they agreed to release the single, they reasoned, and as a result, they tried to make several counter-offers along those lines. SST refused to even bargain with the group, and their decision to stick Negativland

with the bill stood fast. As the faxes flew, Negativland became more and more disillusioned with SST, and finally sent them a letter informing them that they were leaving, going back to self-production on their own Seeland label. Their next action was the release of a limited edition magazine chronicling the whole shebang—faxes, press releases and all—entitled *The Letter U and the Numeral 2*. Negativland became the underdog in the music biz, and everyone loves an underdog.

And then came the piece de resistance (or however it's spelled). SST sued Negativland for the publication of the magazine. Their reason? Negativland was making money off of SST's own public domain press releases (which means they can be reprinted anywhere, so long as they are not changed in any way), and a copy of SST's bumper sticker, all of which were reprinted in the magazine, without SST's permission. SST knew Negativland had no money to pay off Island, what made them think they'd get something more from them?

Thankfully for Negativland, they have recently received pro bono legal services, and some fans have privately funded the production of

their latest album, the profits of which will go directly to SST to pay off half the fees from the *U2* case, which Negativland agrees they owe. The SST case is still being tried.

So, now we have a new Negativland album that has nothing to do with *U2*. But, even though nothing about the situation is explicitly mentioned anywhere on the album, you can feel how it has affected the group. The playful sense of mischievousness from earlier albums like *Escape from Noise* is gone, replaced by a dour and upsetting sense of loss. Most of the cuts are supported by ominous and downcast repetition of guitar chords or keyboards. What lyrics there are are mostly about disappointment and self-deception.

This isn't a bad thing for Negativland, since they've been pointing out the side effects of good intentions since their first album. The difference is that the themes seem more personal than on other albums. At least two songs, "Cityman" and "Crumpled Farm," seem to come more from personal pain than from a satire of city life and automotive comfort (in the former case) or seclusion and loss (in the latter). In the song "Truck Stop Drip Drop," the speaker sings of loss of love and comfort, while tapes of CB radios echo in the distance, discussing warfare and control of the airwaves by the government. It's a well-aimed barb, but there's more at work here than a poke at CB truckers.

Negativland are also specialists at poking acrimonious fun at the lunatic fringe, and this album's cuts are especially cutting. "View to the Sun" utilizes a sample of a home-made letter-recording to satirize the use of religion to those who are lonely: "Make some room/for everyone/and blind yourself/with a view to the sun." In another religious parody, "I Am God," concentrating this time on prodding the extreme Christian right, a pantheist preaches the universality of love and comfort, while violent slogans and threats from Jesus Freaks can be heard in the background. Negativland has the last laugh, of course, ending the track with the seeming voice of cool, agnostic reason pronouncing: "No cathedral or monastery; no donations or so-

continued on page 14

## A strange brew

## Stephen Dobyn's new novel weaves together the inane and the absurd

Reading Stephen Dobyn's new book, *The Wrestler's Cruel Study*, one is strangely reminded of those recent beer commercials in which seemingly unrelated things (such as Wiener

dogs and drag racing) are juxtaposed against one another, through the sheer power of the beer itself, to create a new and more entertaining spectacle for the viewer. Dobyn's new book, through its outlandish use of forced marriages between the profound and the inane, the serious and the absurd and high and low culture, stands as a remarkable and entertaining example of what one might term contemporary post-modern fiction.

The story itself revolves around professional wrestler Michael

Marmaduke, otherwise known as Marduk the Magnificent, and his search for missing fiancé, Rose White. Along the way, however, Michael must undergo trial after trial, ranging from gang-warfare style encounters between rival Gnostic sects to doing battle with insane pro-wrestlers who have "refused to give up their gimmick." Ultimately, Michael's quest will lead him to question the very nature by which he defines himself.

Alongside this central story line Dobyns weaves sub-story after sub-story, using televisual narrative method, oddly reminiscent of the camera work used by Richard Linklater in his movie *Slacker*. Following the journey of a double-headed gold coin, one is privy to the private lives of numerous citizens who inhabit the city of the absurd wherein the central story itself place. Following the coin, one watches as these

seemingly unrelated characters unknowingly interact with one another, growing steadily closer to a fate which they will all share, all the while acting out modern retellings of folktales such as "The Fisherman and his Wife" and "The Frog Prince."

Of great importance to the story is Michael's mentor, trainer and Nietzschean philosopher, Primus Muldoon. Muldoon defines himself as a "director" or one who "train[s]...in falsehood, that honorable word which is the most distinguished of all the names we give to truth." At Pforta, Muldoon's term for his gym and also the name of the school Nietzsche attended as a youth, Muldoon trains "grapplers with the chimæra," or wrestler, in the process of mask-making and self-creation known as "the Gimmick." Although Muldoon remains largely within

the background of the central narrative one finds the character repeatedly stepping forward and engaging in soliloquy so as to address the reader directly and engage in philosophical theorizing.

Central to Dobyns' book is also the notion of the confrontation of the self and its "double" or "other." The story itself is one of

edly find themselves personified by characters such as Rose White and her twin sister Violet White, the identical detectives Brodsky and Gepski, and ultimately within Michael himself.

To summarize the central focus of Dobyns' book is a difficult thing. One might think of *The Wrestler's Cruel Study* as Barthesian analysis of the phenomena of professional wrestling itself. Alternatively, one might categorize the book as a fictional discourse on Nietzschean philosophy. Or, yet again, one might see the work as a psychological study of one's attempt to define himself or herself. All of these depictions are, of course, correct in so far as they go. For in *The Wrestler's Cruel Study*, Dobyns weaves all of these elements, and many more, into a strange brew that is an exciting and entertaining roller coaster ride into the irreverent, the absurd, the eerie and, more than once, the profound.

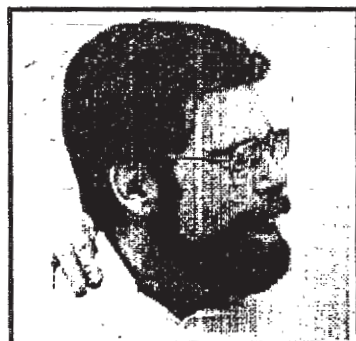
## How to question the nature of self-definition by wrestling

the individual's maturation through repeated encounters with its "other self." Such Dostoevskyan/Conradian/Jungian notions as these repeat-

Stephen King's *Needful Things*

Those of you who were concerned about where multi-millionaire Stephen King's next car payment was coming from will be relieved to find that *Needful Things*, yet another film adaptation of one of his bestselling novels, has been released into theatres for your viewing pleasure.

Of course, Stephen King movies are nothing new. They've been around since the '70s and are likely to stay around for some time to



Stephen King as he appeared at the front of his book *The Talisman*

come. Lately, television adaptations of his novels such as *It* and *The Tommyknockers* have become popular, and in the late '80s there was even an attempt to turn *Carrie* into a Broadway musical. Some of these films, such as *The Shining* and the aforementioned *Carrie*, have gone on to become horror classics. Others such as *Maximum Overdrive* and *Cat's Eye* have been wisely forgotten or blocked out in the minds of the few moviegoers who were unfortunate enough to see them in the first place.

This latest film, *Needful Things*, directed by Fraser Heston, is certainly not one of the worst King films, but it is far from the best. The story of a mysterious old man (Max von Sydow) who opens an antique store in the sleepy town of Castle Rock, Maine, is more of a black comedy than a horror film. The story revolves around von Sydow's manipulations of the poor simple townfolk. He magically comes up with items that they must have and then has them play vicious tricks on each other as payment.

A big ruckus naturally follows as hell breaks loose in what was

formally deemed a "nice place to grow and live." While certainly not very scary, the film is one of the most unpleasant King films. The storyline features child suicide, two mentally ill women attempting to stab one another, a priest and a Baptist minister attempting to kill each other, a husband's murder of his innocent wife, a grotesque arthritis attack and even the murder of a beloved pet.

Despite all of this violence, the film fails to be at all frightening. Perhaps the reason for this is that the cause of all of this hatred and violence is such a one note character, even if he is the devil, as is often asserted in the second half of the film. Although von Sydow is an excellent actor, this film is not worthy of his talents, as he is reduced to making bad jokes that are supposed to show us how witty and evil he is. For example, when one man at-

tacks on Sydow for making him murder someone, this witty devil says "Don't blame me, blame it on the bossa nova." This has got to be one of the worst lines of dialogue ever put on screen. One would hope that Satan would at least have some better lines.

Other good actors are similarly wasted. Ed Harris is fine as the town's sheriff who eventually catches on to the evil antique dealer's schemes, but he is forced to make a truly awful "let's do the right thing" speech at the end that left the audience saying "Oh God, No!" and wishing it would end. Bonnie Bedelia is reduced to whining about her arthritic hands and playing a generic nice woman, and Amanda Plummer, who seemed to have broken out her habit of playing retarded women with *The Fisher King*, takes a big step back towards "LA Law" in this film.

While certainly not awful, this movie leaves a lot to be desired.

Not having read the book, it is difficult for me to evaluate whether this is just not a very interesting story or the filmmakers failed to do it justice. Whatever the reason, *Needful Things* just goes on and on. And after a while the amusement of watching priests stab holes in people's tires wears awfully thin. We expect more from Satan, and from Stephen King.



Satan, but not the one in the movie

Ready, set, spike

Women's Volleyball: back again and prepared to take the world by storm

Stop, children, what's that sound? That ominous slap of canvas on polished wood, echoing throughout the campus? Why, it's the sound of newly inflated volleyballs hitting the floor with great force, propelled down there by

**Matt Gilman**  
Sports Editor

the newly triumphant Women's Varsity Volleyball Team.

After a one-year hiatus, due to lack of players, the Women's team is back, and they have come prepared. The roster is still small—seven players of a sport which requires six on the court—and only one member, team captain Dana MacDonald, is a Bard veteran. But lack of experience did not seem to be a problem as Bard rolled over Bloomfield 3-0 and then sent down Steven's Tech, a game whose 3-2 final score does not indicate how uneven the match really was.

The Bloomfield squad was never really in it, playing undisciplined, while Bard was patient enough to set up points instead of forcing them. Bloomfield went down 15-9, 15-9, 15-5.

Stevens looked to be a better team than Bloomfield, with stronger serving and better organization, but the Bard team took control of the momentum early, mostly due to the smart play by the setter, co-captain Misti Williams, who had 53 assists for the day. Bard won the first two games 15-9, 15-6. Then things became rocky for the Bard squad; they lost their focus to some extent, and Stevens picked up on it. Stevens overpowered Bard, and stole two games from them. But the final game was all Blazers, with Williams and MacDonald combining for 15 service points, seven of which were aces (three for Dana, four for Misti). In addition, Niki Kollia, an exchange student from Athens, Greece, had 16 kills and four blocks in her first varsity game.

Unfortunately, every other varsity team that played this past week lost. Do you realize how depressing that is?

**Men's and Women's Soccer**

The mens' soccer team played



Dana McDonald and Misti Williams struggle for control of the ball v. Stevens Tech.

two matches, one against Hunter College last Wednesday and then against the New Jersey Institute of Technology on Sunday.

Bard managed to score only one goal against Hunter, falling 1-4. Despite the loss, out of the rubble came Bard's Male Athlete of the Week, Nick Bodkin, left fullback. Sez Coach Corrales, "He shows excellent skill and bravery, and has saved our team in many situations. He did not lose control." Congratulations, Nick. There's a Gillette ad in your future.

Then, against those masterminds at NJIT, some math genius on the Jersey team figured out the correct arc to place on the ball, and managed to actually score a goal on a corner kick, which curved untouched into the Bard goal. No other goals were scored in the match, but in a sense,

the NJIT game was a small victory. They are a tough team, who last year defeated Bard 12-0. If it hadn't been for the calculus ringer NJIT obviously snuck in specifically for the corner kick, Bard might have mustered a tie or victory against their nemesis.

Bard Women's Soccer team didn't fare much better, losing two games in the past week as well. On Thursday the 9th, they lost to SUNY New Paltz 0-3, and on Saturday they fell to the University of Bridgeport 0-4. However, hope springs eternal, especially when you've got talent like Julianne Voss, Bard's Female Athlete of the Week on your team. Joel Tomson says of her that she was the "anchor of defense in the first two games. [She] kept Bard in the game."

**Varsity Women's Tennis**

In Women's tennis, their first match was no tea party, either. Winning only two of the nine matches, and only five sets overall, an inexperienced Bard team was defeated by the New Jersey Institute of Technology Lady Braniac team. In an inexplicable fit of pessimism, coach Fred Feldman was quoted in the *Daily Freeman* assaying, "It's about what I expected." That name again is Fred Feldman, F-E-L-D-M-A-N. Not G-I-L-M-A-N. Mr. Feldman's address can be obtained from the kindly folks at the Stevenson Gymnasium. Oh, yeah. Laurie Curry played an integral part in Bard's victories, winning her singles match 6-0, 6-0, and then combining with Hoa Tu in doubles for a 6-3, 6-4 victory.

**Intramurals and Recreational Stuff**

Hey, kids! Intramural basketball and tennis begin this week! Time to get dribbling and volleying, respectively.

And now, an update on Bard's most popular recreational activity yet, the Fitness to Florida program. Not only will the winners receive a tonsil-buffing courtesy of Joel Tomson himself, but you'll also nab yourself a free T-shirt! It is still

unknown whether it reads "I fittessed to Florida, and all I got was this lousy T-shirt," or the ever popular "Kiss me! Joel Tomson did!" Stay tuned, the controversy rages on.

Finally, the newly revised aerobics schedule remix has been released by the all-knowing at Stevenson. The infamous Step Workout is now appearing Mondays and Wednesdays from 5:15-6:30 p.m. Step Workouts will be thrown in with other exercise techniques as well. There's the stretch & step (not to be confused with shake & bake), with emphasis on the warm up for the muscles and joints (Tuesday and Thursday, 9:30-10:45 a.m.). There's the up and down step, which combines step and floor aerobic exercises (Wednesday and Friday, 6:30-7:45 p.m.). Intermediate step, featuring fewer power moves (Thursday, 5:15 p.m.-6:30 p.m.). In addition to these step aerobics, there's a hi/lo aerobic combo which takes place Wednesdays and Fridays from 6:30-7:45 p.m., and a body sculpting limbering workout, which takes place Tuesday and Thursday from 6:30-7:30 p.m. On Saturday, the intense circuit workout, incorporating lots of exercises, takes place from 4:00 to 5:00 p.m. On Sunday, the lord's day of rest and football, a lo-impact aerobic workout will take place from 4:00 to 5:00 p.m. No sweat!

**Sports Schedule**

**Men's Soccer**

Wed., Sept. 15th - home v. Mt. St. Mary College 4:30pm  
Sat., Sept. 18th - home v. Dominican College 2:00pm  
Mon., Sept. 20th - home v. Centenary College 4:00pm

**Women's Soccer**

Sat., Sept. 18th - home v. Marist College noon

**Women's Tennis**

Sat., Sept. 18th - at Mt. St. Vincent 2:00pm  
Tues., Sept. 21st - at Western Connecticut State 3:00pm

**Women's Volleyball**

Thurs., Sept. 16th - at Nyack College 7:00pm  
Sat., Sept. 18th - at Vassar Tournament 10:00am  
Tues., Sept. 21st - home v. Mt. St. Vincent 7:30pm

**Cross Country**

Sat., Sept. 18th - at Quinnipiac Invitational 1:00pm

**\*\* SOCCER MATCH \*\***

**Thurs., Sept. 16, 4:00pm**  
**Dutchess County Fairgrounds**

It's free!!



**Bard College (Men's Team)**  
vs.  
**SAPRISSA '72 (Men's Costa Rica Team)**

## Aufwiedersehen to you

by Matthew Apple

I've spent the last three years of my life writing a page or two each week for the *Bard Observer*. During the last two years, I have had the pleasure of enjoying an unending series of sleepless Tuesday nights; in fact, at least three times, I saw the sun rise while my managing editor and I were driving the paper up to Hudson to be printed. I did my best to see that the *Observer* was run efficiently, effectively and honestly, and I can only hope that I achieved my goals. However, the *Observer* has taken a sizeable chunk out of my study time and, more importantly, out of my leisure time. With a Senior Project looming in the wings, I decided that, after 67 issues of the *Bard Observer*, the time has come for me to step aside.

But nature abhors a vacuum, and so does the *Bard Observer*. That's why the office was so goddamn dirty while I was working there. Fortunately, the *Observer* now has Jeana C. Breton as its Editor, and not only has she already swept the floor and cleaned out all the dust from the office, she completely reorganized and beautified it, to make it resemble a real office. I know with Jeana in charge, the *Observer* is in good hands.

While I was Editor-in-Chief, the *Observer* acquired a fax/modem, a new page format and became financially independent for the first time in its history. As Bard's only student-run newspaper, the *Observer* can only improve. I wish the *Observer* and Jeana the best of luck, and leave them with this quote:

"The newspaper is of necessity something of a monopoly, and its first duty is to shun the temptations of monopoly. Its primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation, must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free but facts are sacred." (C.P. Scott)

## Bonjour!

by Jeana C. Breton

It's a good thing we're not running that one as quote of the week; it wouldn't fit in the little box. Matthew and I didn't always get along; in fact, we hardly ever got along when it came to the paper, but he did accomplish a lot for the *Observer* that will certainly make my job easier—and I am grateful for it. I must also thank him for his help, advice and for putting up with me.

So, it's down to me. The run of the mill's finally mine! I've been waiting for this day ever since I began as a staff writer. As insane as that may sound, I'm serious. I'm looking forward to my job; I like being in charge!

I'm new at being in charge, of the paper at least, but I already have some strong ideas of what my job should entail besides cleaning up around the office. I plan to make it my responsibility to improve the public image of the *Observer* while, at the same time, maintaining the number and quality of the stories printed in it. I would like to contribute more to the community, and to see the community take more interest in its newspaper.

To make this inspiration a reality I know I must work hard to encourage prospective writers, present worthwhile story ideas, respond to community desires and interests, and always remain optimistic. I am willing to do all this and more, and I am confident that I will receive the assistance I need from my staff and my friends—some of which are one and the same. I look forward to the long nights and the potential success of the *Observer*. I can only hope the staff and the student body will be looking forward to me.



Me, the new boss

## On the road to nowhere

by Matthew Apple

I met Monica Lehmann in July, when she first arrived at Bard for the HEOP summer program. Though the extent of my contact with her was a ride to the Rhinecliff train station, I knew that she was a fantastic dancer, possibly headed for a career in dancing. When I talked to her last weekend, she was bright and energetic as ever, but I could see the tracks of tears on her cheeks, brought on from the hopeless feeling of being bedridden and unable to move. When Monica returns to Bard, it will be with a wheelchair and a walker. She will have to learn how to walk all over again and will have to cope with intense physical and mental pain, living with the knowledge that she may never again dance the way she once could.

Why did this tragedy have to happen? Like Monica, I can't place all the blame on the driver of the car. Roads around Bard are dangerous, and, though drivers do have the unswerving belief that Annandale Road is an extension of the Taconic State Parkway, it is the very nature of the roads that creates so many accidents. The parked cars in front of the Chapel make driving, walking, bicycling or crawling past Kline extremely dangerous. When walking up to North Campus, one must cross the road twice merely to see around the blind curves. A few years ago Shelley Morgan urged students to walk behind Stevenson Gymnasium to reach North Campus. Of course, there weren't any lights there (and there still aren't). This left Bard with three choices: install more lights where they are desperately needed, install sidewalks like normal, sane colleges have, or do nothing. Bard has obviously chosen the cheapest non-solution: number three.

What will it take to force Bard's administration into action? Monica Lehmann was virtually crippled, but she could have been paralyzed or even killed. Does someone have to be killed before Bard actually proves that it "cares" about the safety of its students? Or will it take an expensive lawsuit (or donation) to make Bard change its tactics? Bard must have spent tons of money on all the "re-seeding" it did around campus—and that was to prove that Bard is beautiful to the Olin Foundation, from which President Botstein is hoping to extort 2.5 million dollars for an "Olin Annex" for his precious little orchestra. Money does talk, doesn't it.

Since I have been at Bard, and probably since the beginning of time, students have constantly pestered the administration to build sidewalks. I'm done asking Bard to put in sidewalks. I demand that Bard pay for sidewalks to be built. And I demand that Bard install lights behind the Gym, so students can finally walk behind there without worrying about being assaulted at night. These things should have been done a long time ago, if Bard really gave a damn about its students. By doing absolutely nothing, the Bard administration has shown exactly how heavily the concerns of Bard students weigh in its mind: not as heavy as a checkbook.

## Negativland rolls on

continued from page 11

licitations; no priest, rabbi, minister or monk; no passion, sermon, mass, costume, candle, or hymn; no picnic, party, band or bingo; no image, benign, bereaved, or crucified; no ordained saint or confirmed miracle; no literature but one book, and no God but Allah."

If organized religion is Negativland's favorite target, guns must be their second favorite. So, why not combine them? Possibly the most successful cut on the album, "The Gun and the Bible" does everything it sets out to do succinctly and with a strong shot of humor. The album is indeed full of humor, despite the sour tinge. In fact, Negativland sound like their old, playful selves, if just a tad more grim, on cuts like "Freedom's Waiting," "Our National Anthem" and "Pip Digs Pep." The latter is a near-whispered tale of drunk driving which would be simply informative if it weren't for the clever touch of interspersing a talk on traffic safety geared toward kids. Hearing Mike Wallace talk about kids who take chances around busy streets ("Hey, gang, have you ever considered this: You might be a 'dunk!'") brings us back to all those stupid, patronizing safety films

which insulted our intelligence back in grade school. It both lightens the impact of the cut and sharpens its focus.

However, in sharp contrast to these lighter cuts are two songs which are positively chilling. "We Are Driven," another creation about drunk driving employing that old Datsun tagline, features a taped admission and cautionary tale from an ex-drunk driver, with appropriate sound bites and music. In the middle of the song, a near tantrum about the worthlessness of feelings ("pain is just a word/anger is just a word") helps the listener identify with the hopeless attitude of the chronic drunk. The tune ends with a childish cry which reminds us who the real victim is. But far more affecting than that is "The Bottom Line," a song I still find chilling and sinister even after twelve plays. I will not tell you what the song concerns, but it's the most difficult difficult-listening I have ever heard, outdoing any attempt to shock or disturb by any two-bit G. G. Allin in recent memory.

Nobody does Existentialist disillusionment like Negativland, and *Free* is a real success. The only problem area is the pointless fairy-

tale-like story "Happy the Harmonica." What little humor there is in it evaporates long before the ten minute song does. It's interesting from a technical standpoint, but it wears down an otherwise well-flowing album.

I should remind you that Negativland is always an acquired taste. That being said, understand that this album is as good an introduction as any other, and it's a little easier on the patience than their earlier works. In keeping with the group's public domain ideas about ownership of music, *Free* is not copyrighted. This means you could get a dub of the album from someone, send a note about it to the band, and they'll give you their blessing. However, I strongly urge you to buy the album and give these folks some money. It'll be a long time before they see any profit from the album, and it's only ten dollars for a CD. If you're interested in ordering a copy, send your address to Negativmailorderland, 109 Minna #391, San Francisco, CA 94105.

*Negativland: Free. Produced by Negativland, No Copyright 1993, Owned in Perpetuity by Negativland.*

## More Mandelbrot

continued from front page

influenced by our senses or the natural world. Mandelbrot argued that "while proofs are in conceptual language, the eye is the proper tool to find these truths."

True to his word, Mandelbrot's lecture was accompanied by slides presenting the astonishingly beautiful representations of fractal geometry created with computers. The intellectual tyranny of Plato prompted mathematics to divorce itself from physics; where the latter tried to answer problems in the tangible world, the former "had no interest in reality whatsoever." The genius of Mandelbrot was his insight to take the mathematical concept of fractals and realize its profundity in the natural world.

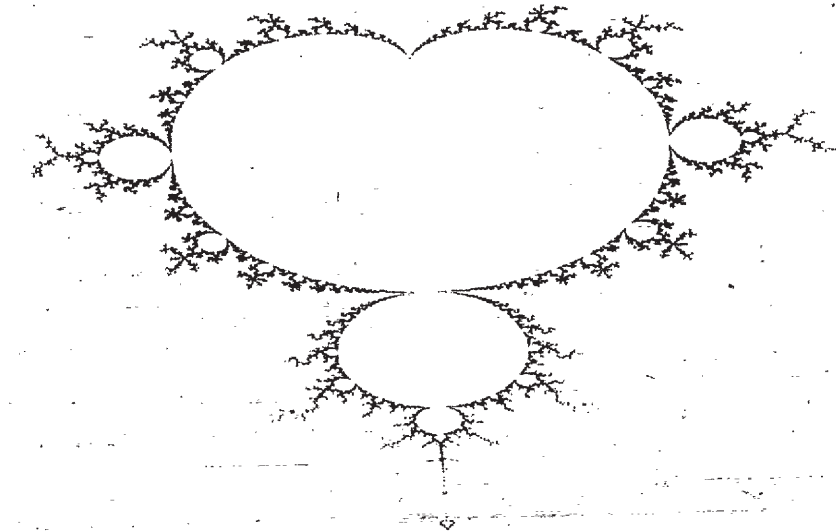
## Nature is Fractal

"Fractals are shapes that are very, very irregular and the computer is the principle tool to view them," explained Mandelbrot. As Bloch helped to explain in his pre-lecture, fractals are objects which are so "wild" that they cannot be expressed in whole number dimensions. For example, a geometrical line exists in one dimension while a cube exists in three. However, a fractal (such as the deceptively simple Koch curve) can be proven to exist in something like 1.26186 dimensions.

Fractal objects can also exhibit the property of self-similarity. That means if you take a piece of an object and magnify it, that piece looks like the original object from which it came. Mandelbrot and Bloch used the analogy of cauliflower to demonstrate self-similarity. When magnified, a piece of cauliflower is virtually indistinguishable from a full head of cauliflower.

In the physical world, self-similarity can only extend to a finite point where the progressively smaller pieces no longer seem similar to the original. Mathematical objects, on the other hand, have infinite complexity and self-similarity; no matter how close you get, there is always another level of intricacy that looks like the original.

"The shapes nature gives us are actuals," explained Mandelbrot. The basic shapes of Euclid such as



the cube or triangle are rarely found in nature. Yet fractal topology can be found in mountains, DNA, galaxies and essentially everything else in nature. Mandelbrot said that while this correlation seems obvious to us today, twenty-five years ago it was met with distrust or even hostility.

## Islands and Continents

Our understanding of fractal geometry and its similarities in the natural world would not be possible without the capabilities of computers, according to Mandelbrot.

Mandelbrot described how in 1917, two French mathematicians (Fatou and Julia) completely exhausted the mathematical tools of their time to investigate the iteration of complex numbers. They could go no further than written formulas in their analysis of the graphs of so-called "imaginary" numbers repeatedly placed into a simple formula. The conclusions they arrived at separately involved concepts called Julia sets, where the

interested in Julia sets. When Mandelbrot was a student, his uncle suggested he try to do something with Julia sets for his thesis. It wasn't until thirty years later, with the dramatic assistance of computers, that Mandelbrot was able to discover more about these things that "could never be understood with only paper and pencil."

Mandelbrot's discovery was to represent graphically the set of all complex numbers in the Julia set equation that did not extend into infinity to see where these numbers "stay put or go off to infinity," as he put it. The celebrated Mandelbrot set therefore includes all possible Julia sets. On a computer screen, it is an elegant and sprawling diagram with delicate curving tendrils and insect-like shadows. Mandelbrot described his consummate discovery in terms of "islands and continents." The Mandelbrot set also exhibits infinite complexity and almost total self-similarity; the closer the analysis, the more the same patterns appear and submerge into infinity.

"There is a shimmering power to these pictures," commented Mandelbrot. "These vibrant, artistic shapes are pure mathematics." The various colors in a Mandelbrot diagram reveal the multiple levels of computations and complexities. "The eye cannot see the infinite complications without the colors bringing out this complexity." The striking aesthetic power of these computer graphs was the icing on the cake for Mandelbrot.

## Fractals into the Future

Since Mandelbrot's discovery, fractal geometry has been put to work in the art world. Programs

use fractals to create vivid computer images of mountains or oceans, resulting in beautiful man-made mathematical landscapes. Music is also essentially fractal in its construction. Mandelbrot even described a computer-created song which received the "compliment" that it was "not noise, but bad music." Modern artists further reveal an understanding of nature's fractal quality, creating art which reflects the intricate and chaotic

qualities of nature. However, the most important use of fractal geometry is its implications for the physical sciences.

In one sense, the implementation of computers reaffirms the importance of visual observation for the scientist and mathematician. "We must use the eye as a tool for matters of conjecture," said Mandelbrot. "I have a feeling for what the eye can tell us. Pictures say to me, 'Here is an interesting phenomena, ex-

plain me!"

On another level, the example of the Mandelbrot set shows how simple formulas can lead to infinitely complex solutions. According to Euclid, simple formulas lead to simple shapes. In fractal geometry, that distinction is reversed: a basic equation results in a massively convoluted object. For Mandelbrot, the entire purpose of science is to find these simple formulas that lurk beneath the complexities of nature. "Nature can be reduced to simple laws," claims Mandelbrot, and fractal geometry strengthens the hope that those laws are indeed available for discovery.

"Mathematics is a struggle," concluded Mandelbrot. "I was not inventing but discovering." Indeed, Mandelbrot has used his mind in conjunction with his eyes to unravel the visual mysteries that computer technology could uniquely reveal. What he found involved something more than mathematics and more than art, it was the miracle of human discovery. Ironically enough, when Mandelbrot came to show his achievements to his uncle thirty years later, that uncle said, "Well, I'm sorry. That is not what I was hoping you would do."

## The Bard Observer

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Bard College  
Annandale on Hudson, NY 12504  
(914) 758-0772



# CALENDAR

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE

SEPTEMBER 15 TO SEPTEMBER 22 \* 1993

## What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

### ★ WEDNESDAY. SEPTEMBER 15 ★

★ **Scottish Country Dancing.** A non-credit class for anyone wishing to learn the traditional social dances of Scotland. **Location TBA 7:30-9:30p.** Contact Carey Griffin through campus mail for more information.

★ **A.W.E. meeting.** Bard's Environmental club meets every Wednesday **Albee Social, 7p.**

★ **Budget Forum.** Dorm locking, allocation of funds, elections and other fun topics to be discussed. **Kline, 8p.**

★ **Human Form.** An exhibition of paintings that depict the human figure, will be on view. **Proctor Art Center.** Exhibit runs through October 5.

### ★ THURSDAY. SEPTEMBER 16 ★

★ **La Tavola Italiana E Conversazione** Keep your Italian up-to-date. **Kline President's Room, 5-7p.**

★ **Bard College Folk Society.** Folk musicians, storytellers, and those interested in attending fun events like campfires and round singings, please come to discuss events for the fall semester. **Kline College Room, 6p.**

★ **Introductory Yoga.** A course in Yoga will take place on Thursday nights, starting on this night. **Olin 202, 6-7:30p.** The course is open to students, faculty, staff and their families. There will be eight sessions, and the fee is \$20. Contact Prof. Ben Vromen for more information

★ **Bisexuals, Activists, Gays, Lesbians, Et al.** B.A.G.L.E. will meet this Thursday **Club Room in the Old Gym, 7p.** All interested are welcome.

### ★ FRIDAY. SEPTEMBER 17 ★

★ **Professor Don Levi** will give a lecture entitled "That to Philosophize is to Learn How not to Fear Death." **Olin 102, 4p.**

★ **Professor Sarah Willie** will give a lecture entitled "When We Were Black: From Identity to Performance and Back Again." **Olin 102, 8p.** Followed by a reception in the Olin Atrium.

### ★ SATURDAY. SEPTEMBER 18 ★

★ **Panel Discussion** on multiculturalism and higher education with Sarah Willie, Joy James, Robert Ku and Lourdes Alvarez. **Olin Auditorium 10a-Noon.**

★ **Student-Led Workshops on Multiculturalism.** Topics to be announced. **Olin 202, 203, 204, 2:30-5:30p.**

## Hey Club-heads!

Advertise your club's events and meetings in the weekly calendar and get results. Just drop a note with a description of the event you have planned to the Dean of Student's Office.

Deadlines are Fridays, at 5pm.

It's free. It works.

### ★ SATURDAY. SEPTEMBER 18 ★

★ **Bard Alumni Dance Concert.** Participants include Arthur Aviles '87, Susan Christensen '89, Susan Hamburger '90, Rob Kitsos '90, and David Parker '79. **Dance Studio Theatre, Avery Arts Center 8p.**

★ **Oeba All-nighter.** Sponsored by the Bard College Folk Society. **Various places around the campus, all night.** First event of the semester. Watch out for signs or call 752-7352 for information.

### ★ SUNDAY. SEPTEMBER 19 ★

★ **Morning Worship at Church of St. John the Evangelist, 10a.** See van schedule for transportation.

★ **Schola Cantorum** Choral music in the **Bard Chapel, 6p.**

★ **Community Eucharist.** **Bard Chapel, 7p.**

### ★ MONDAY. SEPTEMBER 20 ★

★ **Observer Staff Meeting** Meet the people who inspired "Murphy Brown." **Third Floor of Aspinwall, 8p.**

### ★ TUESDAY. SEPTEMBER 21 ★

★ **Student Run Support Group** for students with or recovering from eating disorders and for students dealing with issues of weight, appearance and body image. Come to talk or listen. **Upstairs in the Student Center, 5:30-6:30p.**

### ★ WEDNESDAY. SEPTEMBER 22 ★

★ **A.W.E. meeting.** Bard's Environmental club meets every Wednesday **Albee Social, 7p.**

★ **Language Lecture.** Naomi Seidman, Assistant Professor of Comparative Literature at Stanford University will give a talk entitled "A Marriage Made in Heaven? The Sexual Politics of the Hebrew-Yiddish Language Wars." **Olin 102, 7:30p.**

## SHUTTLE VAN SCHEDULE

### FRIDAY:

#### Rhinecliff:

Leave at 4:20p. for the 4:53p. train

Leave at 5:20p. for the 5:56p. train

Leave at 7:10p. for the 7:41p. train

#### Poughkeepsie:

Leave at 5:30p. for the 6:18p. train

Leave at 7:45p. for the 8:30p. train

Leave at 10p. for the 10:43p. train

### SATURDAY:

Rhinecliff Train Station, Rhinebeck, and Red Hook:

Leave at 10a., return at 2p.

Hudson Valley Mall: Leave at 5:45p., return at 10p.

### SUNDAY:

Church: Leave at 9, return at 10:30a for St. John's (Barrytown) and St. Christopher's (Red Hook)

Rhinecliff:

Meet 7:15p and 9:30p trains

Poughkeepsie:

Meet the 6:40p, 8:40p and 10:40p train

Meet all Shuttles behind Kline Commons