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

The Bard Observer

Campus Tank Leaks 5,000-7,000 Gallons of Fuel
Extent of wetlands contamination still unknown; questions remain concerning the fall '97 spill

by AMY POSTER, Staff Writer

"Do you smell something?" "Where's it coming from?" Last November, several students on their way to class at Olin noticed a pungent smell. The smell, coming from the eastern edge of campus, behind the Old Chemistry labs, was attributed to a gas leak. The gas was later identified by Michelle Dwyer, Bard's sustainability coordinator and Enviro-Sci. President of Fossil Fuels A.H.Renneau called the smell "odd." The smell, however, was found to be harmless.

E.A.

Spring Budget Forum Favors Jell-O Over Political Correctness
Jell-O Appreciation Society Wins $100 in All-out Brawl

By ANNA ROSE MATHIESON, Photography Editor

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

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

The forum commenced with a level of decorum appropriate for any proper English tea party, under the experienced gavel of Kate Massey. After the routinely dull and unroutinely sober committee reports, newly elected Student Judiciary Board (SJB) Chair Patrick Maguire ran an election for the vacant position on the SJB. The assembled masses quickly elected Shibani Khan, human rights advocate extraordinaire. The two empty positions on the Educational Policies Committee were filled by Helena Grillo and Allison Fletcher, who seemed to be the only two art majors without aesthetic objections to such rigid, linear concepts as attending a forum.

The real fun began when two hostile amendments to the budget were read. The International Students Organization (ISO) requested an additional $1,000...
Fuel leak in Olin parking lot

CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE

later, Dick Griffiths, Director of the Physical Plant, independently discovered a leak in an underground oil tank opposite the Old Gym, because of an offensive odor coming from the spill site and from the distinct red color. Number Two Fuel Oil that was already visible in the surrounding area. According to Griffiths, he immediately called the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) to report the leak, which recommended that Ira D. Conklin & Sons Inc., an Environmental Services corporation of Newburgh, which has a permit from the DEC, orchestrate the clean up of the site. The culprits of the clean-up confusion that spanned the entire months of December and January were two 10,000-gallon steel fuel tanks buried beneath the ground at the north end of Olin's parking lot. They were previously used for heating the Old Gym and South Hall. The tanks had been recently filled and passed inspection reg- ulations by "outside professionals" only two days before the discovery of the spill, according to Griffiths. The tanks are to be regularly inspected by professionals every five years, stated Vincent McCabe, a DEC employee who did the initial inspection of heating fuel tanks to involve mostly "observational tests," which would include testing the connections between the tanks and any building connections, checking the tanks for any cracks, dirt, what looks like spilled oil, and pouring cement for vaults. Brudvig believes that there are about 30 underground fuel tanks and 15-20 aboveground tanks on campus. As part of the Bard's required proposal to the DEC on how Bard plans to clean up the spill and prevent future incidents, the tank was replaced at the end of January by one 10,000-gallon, double-walled, fiberglass tank with a monitoring alarm system inside that will allow continuous monitoring of the tank itself, at the cost of $50,000, according to Brudvig.

Griffiths estimates that there are at least 30 underground fuel tanks on campus. As part of the Bard's required proposal to the DEC on how Bard plans to clean up the spill and prevent future incidents, the tank was replaced at the end of January by one 10,000-gallon, double-walled, fiberglass tank with a monitoring alarm system inside that will allow continuous monitoring of the tank itself, at the cost of $50,000, according to Brudvig.

The actual clean up started two hours after Griffiths called Conklin on November 19. "First, the oil was contained, then it was cleaned up," Griffiths explained. Conklin explained that initially the fuel oil was thought to be a tennis court, but oil leaked out and poured cement for vaults.

However, a substantial amount of contaminated dirt, what looks like 5-10 ton lookalike waste, was dug out (judging from what is sitting at the south end of Olin parking lot) and covered with white plastic. It is planned that Conklin will haul away the dirt and have it burned, according to Griffiths. A drainage ditch and several other drainage pits were dug with a few feet of the Olin parking lot in order to divert the oil, which was skimmed off the water's surface and pumped up into a Conklin truck in order to be disposed of in accordance with DEC specifications. At the same time, workers pumped water from the "slatting pond" in order to flush the oil and decrease the spill's impact. Because the tanks had been filled, Conklin estimated that between 5,000 and 7,200 gallons of oil leaked into the wetlands. John Scadramo from the Conklin Corporation has refused to release any information concerning the Clean Water Act. Brudvig plans to give him permission to do so, however even then any information that is released has to go through the administration first. McCabe only confirmed that Bard's spill was of a "prettily decent size." According to Bard professor George McCarthy, Conklin is required to report all case information to the DEC, after which it then becomes public information. (As precise information, the Observer had not obtained the aforementioned case information from Conklin or the DEC.)

Once the tanks were removed, 12 holes aprox­imate­ly six feet in diameter were dug at the bottom of one of the tanks, according to Griffiths. The other tank, however, was found to be working condition. Although both tanks were purchased from the same manufacturer, made of the same material, and installed simultaneously in 1974, Conklin believes the holes were the result of "poor steel." Brudvig on the other hand believes that "the oil spill was definitely not an accident, it was due to a deteriorated tank." The tank, he comments, was in "corrosive condition." Vincent McCabe of the DEC acknowledged that the tank "probably had leaked for years" and that the spill was not preventable with old tanks like those found on campus. He estimates that most of the tanks at Bard were installed between the 1950's and 1980's and should be replaced every 25 years. The Olin tank was 25 years old. Both of the old tanks were replaced at the end of January by one 10,000-gallon, double-walled, fiberglass tank with a monitoring alarm system inside that will allow continuous monitoring of the tank itself, at the cost of $50,000, according to Brudvig.

The December 1998 DEC requirements for underground heating fuel tanks require all tanks to have some kind of additional spill protection, which could include double-walled sides, leak detection or overspill detection, or a cement vault. Brudvig believes that these monitoring systems "will probably put an end to this," because the Conklin oil tanks are part of an underground system that includes a number of smaller tanks. According to Brudvig, all of the underground tanks on campus will be replaced or resealed. "Several of the tanks have been filled with dirt, what looks like spilled oil," Brudvig believes.

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Rock City Oil Spill

By KARIN ROLANDER

On the morning of June 6 last summer, a tanker-trailer truck carrying 7,000 gallons of heating fuel lost control and plunged into the Rock City bend. The tanker, which was owned by Island Transportation Corp. of Long Island, crashed into the intersection of Routes 199 and 308 in the Town of Milton, and the oil started fueling the water in the stream as well as the bedrock underneath the area. The fuel spill caused severe environmental damage to the wetland and the surrounding wildlife.

Due to the severe environmental damage caused by the oil spill, the wetland will be "severely impacted." The oil spill would be "severely impacted," and the wetland will be "severely impacted." The wetland will be "severely impacted," and the wetland will be "severely impacted."
In Memoriam
Seth Harry Goldfine

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

Speaking at Seth's funeral, Kimani Davis said something along the lines of "Imagine me, a kid from Harlem, playing American football." It was something he could not have predicted and something that two years ago no one at Bard had even considered. Everyone who knew Seth would agree that he was the only person who could have possibly done it. Not because he was obsessed with sports (a common stereotype of "athletes"), but because he believed in it and he struggled for it with a strength and a passion that is more rare than one would think. No one had even considered Bard Rugby three years ago. As a first-year, Seth convinced of the idea, did the research, held meetings and inspired other students with his enthusiasm. When Seth applied for funding from the gym, they refused to give it to him. It was as if all the administrative team at Bard for the first time realized what it is to be a student. When Seth was refused for funding, he continued on his own, and with the help of the Bursar's office, he was able to put together the first team. They were treated as non-students, coach, one ball, and only a handful of jerseys and mouthguards. There wasn't even a proper practice field to play on. There were no goals, how to direct a team. Everything was optional, and Seth took it as a challenge. It was a mystery why we were not seeing any change in the attitude of religious documentaries, why Seth's life was being shared, why he was treated as a non-student, why we were not seeing any changes in the attitude of religious documentaries, why the only thing that changed was his life. Seth was taking something that was as important to him as it was to the others, and he was making a change.

Seth's involvement in the demonstration represents a growing concern among students and professors for the protection of essential medical services. SoS is the organization that provides medical care for homeless people in the community. A letter to Michael Mouzarella, the CEO of Northern Dutchess Hospital, was sent on behalf of the school and its students, speaking to one of the most critical issues of the current moment. This letter clearly highlights the importance of the students' involvement in the demonstration and the need for attention and support for these individuals. Seth's death is a reminder of the importance of these issues, and the need to stand up for what we believe in.
Fuel leak in Olin parking lot

McCabe believes that the clean up won’t be completed for several years. As it stands, most of the oil has been absorbed and currently there is little which must still be collected. The new tank is monitored every morning by B&G and weekly by the DEC, according to Griffiths, although McCabe mentioned that he had not been out to the site for “several weeks.” As for the overall cost of the clean up, Brudvig estimates with confidence that it would be in the “6-digit range.” The money to pay for the clean up comes from B&G’s “internal costs” which will result in “budget adjustments” according to Brudvig. The replacement of the old tank is qualified as a “capital expense,” meaning that “funds improvement to the college and does not create a debit in current expenses.” As it stands, the cost of the clean up will be absorbed into the normal operation. According to Brudvig, the spill was a “wake-up call” for Bard’s maintenance crew and he believes that the entire spill could have been avoided if the tanks had been replaced last year. The oil spill was a tragic occurrence, and according to Griffiths, the first in his 37 years at Bard. It is a huge loss for the environment and for Bard. Brudvig states that “the real loss is the opportunity to do something else with the money used for the clean up.” He confesses that the Bard community was probably not notified of the spill because it is embarrassing for the college, although most of the administration is aware of the spill. After almost three weeks of research on the spill, exactly how much oil leaked, the overall cost of the project, the water quality of the small stream and the Saw Kill, and how much oil (if any) entered into the Saw Kill, is not known. What is certain, is that the clean up is not over yet. After almost four months on the job, Conklin still makes periodic returns to clean up the remaining oil from the site, in addition to the countless hours already put in by B&G staff. The relative condition of the area in regards to its state after the occurrence of the spill is also unknown, but further information on this issue is still being investigated by Observer staff and the progress of the clean up will hopefully become available for future articles.

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

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Exploring the Frontiers Between Life/Death, Perfection/Imperfection

Michner first photographer in spring lecture series

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, Arts & Entertainment Editor

The Bard community, for perhaps an hour or so, experienced secondhand, "the moment between life and death" and traveled to "the realm of the grotesque and imperfect" by way of the work of Diane Michner, one participant in a series of lectures by professional photographers. In her lecture February 16, Michner exhibited slides and gave insight on a variety of photographers ranging from interpretations of mythology to decapitated cattle.

Perhaps the most memorable part of the lecture was when she was discussing her different series exploring many aspects of death. She said she was turned toward this desire of exploring morbid subjects by a realization of how much violence exists in this country. Her photographs from the slaughterhouse interpreted the "moment of decapitation, when the animal feels as if the life has gone, she said. The photographs demonstrated this idea as one could look at Michner's head of the cow and almost believe that that the animal is dead which proves the photographer's success in capturing that moment.

Along with the photographs, Michner's personal accounts allowed listeners to gain a more in-depth viewing and understanding of her work and herself. She talked about her "initiation" into the slaughterhouse when she was asked to stick her hand in a bucket of blood that would be used to make sausage. She spoke of the "incredible smells" and described how after the head was off, it would be "thrown across the floor."

Her desire to explore this moment of death caused her to try to photograph inside a morgue but she was unable to get permission. In the meantime, she was offered the opportunity to take photographs of fetuses in jars at a museum. Surprisingly, these pictures of variously malformed babies were not presented as a freak show from which the viewer would turn away. Instead these fetuses were photographed in such a manner that, as Michner herself said, they don't appear to be morning sickness; one of the fetuses is "not much different from a normal baby."

She said she wanted them to be seen as "the end, the right angle, the silence, the gesture."

Michner said that she was quite lucky in the photographic conditions. The jars were in a room lit by a skylight, which she used to her advantage. She emphasized her ability to spend a long time with the fetuses, being able to move them. "They need looking at a long time."

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

Once inside the morgue, she said that the workers paid her no mind, continuing their unique processes as if Michner had never intruded their workspace. "I was having to explore within the process," she said. As with the slaughterhouse, she was examining the moment between life and death, one where she believed could see the distinction of self through taking photographs, she came to realize that the bodies "never lost their individuality."

With each series, Michner revealed that she was constantly learning during this process. During the search, she said that the characters of the fetuses are very different from a normal baby.

"The actual restaurant has a decor which, as your dinner companion remarked is very "UN oriented," or as I heard someone say from the Health Services table, "I feel like I'm in the Olympic Village!" This was because, besides the traditional Japanese lanterns and paper flags representing various nations are strong from wall to wall. We were seated underground near Great Britain and Italy.

During the menu, I noticed that I basically could not afford anything. However, I definitely recommend taking the toll and ordering a Hibi-chibi dinner because nothing can beat the experience of eating food cooking if you're a vegetarian, you can order the Hibachi vegetables (and that's about it), which sets you back 12 bucks. I opted for the Hibachi steak for (eeek!) $16.95. Though it's pricey, the portions are very generous. A meal comes complete with a shrimp cocktail, soup, which does have fish in it, a salad, which my vegetarian friend stole because she was upset that the soup was fish in it, rice, plenty of Hibachi vegetables and noodles.

The Hibachi dining experience was extremely fun to watch and could be an endless source of conversation. I was a little disappointed that our chef didn't do the "Japanese microwave job" as someone told us but I would. He did crack eggs in his hat, which was equally entertaining.

My steak was delicious and I had it cooked exactly to my liking, but I think if I went again, I'd try the Hibachi shrimp because the shrimp cocktail was superb, lots of garlic. What I really enjoyed was this ginger sauce that came with my meal; I got desperate at the end, trying to throw up the sauce when I noticed my meal wasn't going to be finished. I'd try the Hibachi shrimp next time because the shrimp cocktail was superb, lots of garlic.
"IF SONGS WERE LINES in the conversation, this one would be flat," Nick Drake, "Finale of Tormented Soulsc." Although the above quotation is taken way the back of context, I find it to have a lot of resonance lately within my thoughts about cultural hierarchy. The concept of binomial hierarchical structure is especially relevant to understanding "music," where — after John Cage's initial breach of the 1950s — those structures have become, as)^hanks, somewhat inchoate and undefined. Those terms (usually designated by high/low/popular) have totally broken into the another's realm. That's how you can have cultural products such as, say, Philip Glass' Einstein on the Beach, and Rhys Chatham and Glenn Branca's symphonic works for electric guitars (where the popular invades the high). As examples of " Mocking Up" (read: liberal) theory and the Beach Boys' Pet Sounds, and the Beatles' Yesterday (where the high invades the popular) as simple examples of " Mocking Down" (read: conservative) theory.

The 90's present a whole new set of complexities in the breakdown between hierarchal structures. The products of popular culture are no longer homogenized (if they are even such exceptions of "popular" being used with "dumb" obviously as a specific, high-minded agenda). Case in point: how many "smart" people do you know who actually find Strangelove clever? Probably quite a few. "Being clever" is its selling point, especially to equally capable critics. I can't imagine that my main selling point will be nostalgic as the show's run is ending, but it doesn't end there. In viewing Spiceworld (which I have no problem with, seeing that I enjoyed it, I found it to be much more sophisticated in terms of construction (although probably not as much, in execution) as the Beach A Hard Day's Night movie. That may sound like sacrilege to most of you, but when you have such basic formats, such as, let's say Wilson of the Beach Boys a "creative genius," and although I don't doubt that, I guarantee that nobody was saying that over thirty years ago when Pet Sounds, spilled commercially.

The main problem, it seems, is a question of exchange: even the fact that you are even in with what I'm writing anyway is an extension of the college critics to come completely set as if the product produced by the popular culture that the reviews are below the winter's level of sophistication (and therefore the reader). A rubbing is not that its Spiceworld (or Barbra or whatever) bigwig Hollywood movie is currently taking in the微软, but commercial and is a fucking brain: bringing in large amounts of incredibly impressive. Otherwise, there wouldn't be such big Hollywood movies.

Although I don't review stuff like the Spice Girls (although I do enjoy their music for what it is), it's interesting how often I know that the Spice Girls aren't Chain Gang, and vice-versa. But this way do not only get to be really specific without going through the gross new product released monthly (that I don't get for free because I'm too lazy to bother calling record companies to get no promotional items), but I can also rate some really specific stuff. However, I do occasionally get tired of all this, and at those moments I think of these lyrics by the excellent Meat's Recovery

I..."
Upcoming Events

Unless otherwise noted, all events are free.

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

Feb. 25, Wednesday
Hersin presentation by addiction specialist Tom Dorm. Committee Room, Kline Commons. 4 p.m.

Ash Wednesday Catholic Mass. Observe the beginning of Lent, a season of penance, reconciliation, and healing. For more information, call Father Paul Murray, x7719. Chapel of the Holy Innocents, 6 p.m.

Feb. 27-28, Friday
SEAC Conference: Performance by David Rowen, a folk musician from Boston, MA. Kline Commons. 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.

Lecture: “Anti-racism: the Times...” by Andrea Davis. At the Hudson River, the Indian Point Nuclear Plant, the Genetic Engineering of Food, Racism, the New Progressive Party, and Company. Contemporary jazz and rhythm & blues. Bard Hall, 8 p.m.

SEAC Conference: Panel Discussion on environmental justice, animal rights, women’s rights, social justice, and environmentalism. Olin Auditorium, 3:30 - 5 p.m.

Mar. 1, Sunday
SEAC Conference: Wookaby (see listing above for particular subjects, rooms, and locations) Olin, 10 - 11 a.m.

The Lakota Sioux Indian Dance Theatre. Tickets are $16.50 for adults, $14.50 for students and seniors, and $13.50 for Bardavon members (daytime performance tickets are $4.50). For more information about tickets, call (914) 473-2072. For more information about the performance, call (914) 473-5288. The Bardavon Opera House, 35 Market St., Poughkeepsie. 5 p.m. (also on Mar. 2 at 10 a.m. and 12 noon).

Mar. 2, Monday
Lecture by Mitch Epstein. Sponsored by the Bard College Photography Lecture Series Program. Olin, 8 p.m.

Mar. 5, Thursday
Screenings: Slum Hope, a documentary film by Jean Kilbourne. Explores the connection between media image and body image. Olin, 7 p.m.

Mar. 6, Friday
Theatrical Performance: “Mask Mus.” Performance with handmade masks. Bard Hall, 8 p.m.

Mar. 8, Sunday
Opening Reception: for “Trace,” “Unbearable Laughter,” and “The Art of Memory.” These three new exhibitions organized by second-year students of the graduate program at Bard's Center for Curatorial Studies (CCS). The exhibitions will be on display until Mar. 22. CCS hours are Wed.-Sun., 1-5 p.m. For more information, call 759-2500. CCS, 1-4 p.m.
Got a bit o’ time to kill? Travis Roy’s Novel
Eleven Seconds is the Hatcher/Hockey Stick

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, Arts & Entertainment Editor

If you’re sitting around in dire need of something to do, Eleven Seconds by Travis Roy will provide an excuse to turn away from your schoolwork and do some reading for pure pleasure and fun. While the book will not quench your desire for a kick-expandingly literate view of hockey, for those deep thought for hours, it may stop you up perhaps if only for a minute and just be thankful for other things.

This is a story both ordinary and extraordinary, if that makes any sense. Although it is not in a world with the superheroine, it is obvious what the story is about, what the “message” is, from reading only the dust jacket. It’s a story about an ordinary kid who has an extraordinary talent for playing hockey, and to whom an extraordinary accident happens. Eleven seconds into his first Division I college hockey game of his career, he cracks into the boards and is paralyzed from the neck down. The rest of the book describes his therapy process, emotional and physical.

To the book’s credit, it doesn’t attempt at息 to and make Travis out to be this person who was so extraordinary that he felt he could perfectly content with his new life and even overcome his paralysis. Instead, one can see how his life from now on will never be back to normal, there will be many more obstacles and he will be constantly adjusting. His courage is evident in his simple smile after his accident, and when arriving to dream his dreams of being a hockey player.

This book is a simple and heartening tale of the human spirit trying to overcome such a defining affliction as paralysis. Roy’s story certainly educated me on aspects of a paraplegic’s therapy, options that are out there such as the “sip and puff” wheelchair which is controlled by breathing into a tube, and also what research is being done and how close those researchers are to finding a cure. The reader follows Roy as he learns to do everything from which I found mostly engaging. The book tells of when he calls the first time after his accident and when he called up his old coaches, shocking them all by being able to speak, just to say hi. It tells of how he learns to feel himself, by finding the "Achilles heel" of the grape by puncturing it with the fork at the base of the stem. As so often happens when leaving means, about these few hours of paralyticism, one becomes self-reflective, realizing how many things most humans take for granted, such as the ability to move.

This book is not the most fascinating one out there but though it may be predictable, it does give enough personal information so the story is not too generic. Particularly fascinating was the amazing extent to which others, who saw Roy’s story on the ESPN or the Today Show, took an interest in this person they’d never met. Roy recovers so quickly, and the hospital would expand their research, and the opportunity to score so many goals and get their hands on the book, even if the name is not necessarily built into a story. The book did so well, that even at the end of his long hospital stay, he was able to write and connect with his fans.

Turnout at Hospital Merger Silent Protest Insufficient

By AMANDA DELUCA, Contributor

Leaving the library to go to the silent protest of the merger between the Duchess County Hospital and two other facilities, I asked my friend and a girl he was talking to if they wanted to come. The girl said, “No, I’m going home. I’m sick.” My friend asked me some details about the reasons for the protest. “So this is like really happening and shit?” Holding up the book he was reading with a twisted smile and noting the infernal irony, said, “No.” His book, Plato’s Republic, would be occupying his attention for the next few hours. The irony inherent of his armchair revolutionary approach is exemplary of a comment period among students here at Bard College. He placed more importance on reading Plato’s plan for an ideal society than to help our society become an ideal one. It is more important to write about the lives of a man that lived almost 2,000 years ago than to get off your ass for an hour and actively contribute to the society we are living in?

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

Funding has been presented by a foundation called Dyson to invest in the medical and other welfare restrictions to this religious merger and the extraction of all of the aforementioned processes. The board of trustees at the hospitals refused the offer. About 15 Bard students showed up at the silent protest. Signs lined the road that passes Duchess county, not disturbing the cars that passed by but forcing them to slow down. Many cars produced raised, stray limbs of support along with furiously burning horns of praise. One young face wearing a cowboy hat is sprained your knee by tripping over second base (as in my case). At least I felt some comfort in knowing that if I was to suffer at all, the mercy I was meant to be in that the Dyson foundation was still trying to save. The signs read things like: “We support the arts,” “We want the facts,” “People of all faiths use this hospital,” and my favorite which I was told is a classic, “Keep your county’s name off my ovaries.” See how some Bard ingenuity is needed! I must say I was pleased to see that a handful of professors turned up to hold signs. The ones I recognized were Bill Griffith, Daniel Berthold-Bond, and Bruce Chilton – white collar and all.

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

I also spoke with a woman named Gia. It really is the whole thing. She confirmed the possibility of a lawsuit and her awareness of Bard’s investigation. She also said that this was just the beginning and that if a lawsuit occurred, it could go on for years. Therefore many more protests could follow. While there, I looked down the road at all the faces, the cold hands holding signs, turned, to someone and said, “Wow, that’s cool that there’s some people here.” She said, “Yeah but there should be 100.” We are supposed to be a small liberal college. I agree, a hippie freaks (now shutup who you say. "I ain’t no hippie", because somewhere else you are), so let’s represent.
The great Jerry moment here.

Middle-aged or teenage, the people need Jerry. And she eats them up by exposing them and their appendages on national television. Even if they admit me, I'll spit all is. And never blink an eye. And some maybe weird live audience kid from Fresno, California would think I just needed to get a life. And try to explain to you that I need a book of good, but who am I to judge? Would Jerry glare at me as I walked backstage after the show? Could she have me escorted out? Would the audience want me escorted out for being a pop fantasy? Simple, it is hard not to promote such vacuous drive.

Anyway, back to the bubble. And me taking the little man card along. I wanted to tell Jerry off to her face, but I also had another motive. High school and everything before was shitty and unimpressive and I had a weird time until I got to the baccalaureate of Bard. Part of me wanted to fly to Chicago, expressed pain, to share my pain and personal glory. How you know that was said with some trumps of salt. But not too many. Love.

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

Suspicious, suspicious.

I called the number and spoke to an unmoved Damage, having a permanent manic clash along. It was over I went to bed soon after, and Jerry slapped from my mind, as most unpleasant things should. I didn't think of her until the following morning when Anne-Marie from Jerry phoned me. She interviewed me for a while, and seemed that she was preoccupied by my verbal self-exploiter chimp. Still, she had me send her "before" and "after" (now that I don't pick). Anne-Marie even gave me her Fed Ex facsimile number and impressed upon me that photo by next Monday because saying that would be Thursday.

My heart flowered with wild fear and anticipations. What if I were chosen? What if I were not? Could I really be, in reality now that Jerry wanted me, on a show which I so disdained and said having the dulling of ingenuity and creativity, respect and vision in a large chunk of our population I would just have to wait until she got my pictures to find out. I confronted Anne-Marie, "This is simply speculative at this point?"

"Depressurized by Fleishy's unchristian behavior. I'm here, I'm here," she replied, harrumphed and stilled by her aggravating life.

Some sick part of me wanted to be chosen even though I cannot think of anything more demoralizing. Being chosen means something to the ego even if the reality falls short of the dream. I didn't really feel I had a chance. I did not have the designs of creators and designers all over my body to qualify me for the goto category. I didn't have any ninety-nine marble crosses inserted into my skin. I didn't even have Mailo Pani's best. But I was just a run of the mill citizen. We all generally respect our normality. I was speaking of visual identification, which is a pretentious form of conceptual presentation based upon forces, color and style of clothing, adornments, and bodily stance. The bootlickers at Jerry Jones have hung down paws. Ever spoken language becomes visual when complemented by the rich specifica displayed by Jerry's hand-picked lawn, six-inch, palm tree-decorated acrylic nails and bath with enough gel in it to make Seinfeld sniff. Does a rebellious person slump more than she sits straight? This visual relationship is the easiest to install with the visual relationship convention Jerry uses. You can count on Jerry to have both extremes: the slender supper and the defensive bared pose. I say "relationship convention" because Jerry relies on the viewer's interpretation of particular aesthetic fashion in order to incite associations and then fights, sobbing this, and self-righteous, emotional outbursts whose very essence is negated by the dramatic fakiness of their setting. Jerry is another way of saying incresence.

By asking for "gocha, radicals or freaks," Jerry is calling out for all classifiables to respond. Gocha, radicals, or freaks are familiar words here, more pointedly, justified for condemnation based on aesthetics and presumed ideology. These types are open for external decision due to their their dramas and detachment. Jerry wants everyone to fight.

"This is a hazır place to be.

Jerry eggs her guests on, then people shout while she binges concern and at against her eyes. The guests begin to judge and snuggle amongst theirselves, and Jerry turns her patented counterme to the camera, to everyone at home on the plush, red couches. I really get the feeling she respects her guest and their opinions and heartaches and bad breaks and systematic.

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

Suspicious, suspicious.

During a phone call earlier this week, I talked to quite smoothly through that difficult time, and suggested that I go as a columnist for The Observer. If I went in the name of the paper, I could justify my journey and appearance as one of investigative importance. The Observer's editors were lukewarm of heart couldn't change my normal Jerry face.

Anne-Marie never called me back. As yet my previous photographs haven't been returned to me, although I wrote a polite note in the original Fed Ex package, and asked Anne-Marie to please at least take a picture back if I was chosen. My hands 'shake when I think of that strange Jerry lapdog having my picture. Or worse, throwing them away."

"After a week of silence from the Observer in Chicago, I received another call. This time from "Mike." He was calling me about "the show." I called him back and left a message on his machine. To this bloody day, Mike has not contacted me. I have been thwarted by "the show" because of my visual solitude, denoting that problems are not necessarily always fashion bad, and my uninformed belief in myself. I think the problem is the real one. Jerry cannot handle people with multiple lesser chums. You'll have to forgive me, I've just given up the bode. Two days now. I know the article could exist even if I were not chosen, and it certainly does, even if only for the razzle-dazzle of amount of space it is taking up. And say this with a certain degree of smugness because for the most part this article does its job to entertain. It has never been said that the role of the Observer is to entertain. So, I have been thwarted."

In any case, my time is long overdue. In closing I shall simply say that I cannot believe I get picked around by Jerry I didn't "go pick."

WHOOOP.

Editor's Note: Since the Observer received this piece, Jerry Jones indeed the author to the show, but only if she would confront a person from her past. Leah refused.
Stairmasters and treadmills, occasionally taking a short trip over to the rowing machines should the other cardia-machines be occupied. No one seems to know how to correctly use these rowing minutes with newfound patience in waiting for entrance. Women quickly head for the machines since they usually limp off after a couple dollars each going to its designated workout area upon entering (an apparent rarity at Bard, state-of-the-art, COPELAND, JD) CONs.

At the Gym, genders actually seem to separate. We tend to cluster about the unstoppable state-of-the-art. Women move to the center of the room whilst the women continue traveling back to the Eighties of my high school, a time that I've come to the conclusion that the SFC is without a doubt, the last bastion of ancient "manly" principles left on campus. Not that this is either a good or bad thing, but rather if you should ever feel like time traveling back to the Eighties of my high school, all you need to do is workout in the SFC.

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

The men (for the most part), if they are feeling particularly masochistic that day, will follow the women's lead and attempt a cardio-session before hitting the weights. However, this tends to be shortlived as we men quickly begin to breathe and cough before giving up for the freewayights in the center of the room whilst the women continue. Although we know that the correct way to build muscles is through numerous repetitions of weight that is possessed by the end of the semester, that we grab a little jealousy from a workout colleague, or just to massage the previously strained muscle in the loudest and annoying yet to be heard this year. It's at this time that the men begin to feel like men of the good ol' days (without the help of shep), and the women, wanting a friend from the other day, "just laugh at their stupid shit." We real men arrive with our belts, buckles, gloves, wrist-guards, and whatever else we think will give us any sort of advantage in lifting weights twice our size. This lifting paraphernalia also helps to create the illusions that we know what we're doing. The snapping, stretching and preemptive flexing in full view of the mirror takes up half our workout time. For some reason efficiency isn't a big concern for many men in the gym. We tend to fart around, talk about various muscle-isolating techniques with other puny men, and imagine that the women are admiring us from cliffs up their imaginary Empire State Buildings.

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

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

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

Now before I leave you thinking that I am an overly-testosteronized psycho and need help, I just want to say a few words about the imaginary flattering that I hinted about earlier. I say "imaginary" because it wasn't until the other week that someone told me, "Ami, what you don't understand is that Bard women are different (sexual identity issues aside). We look at you guys making fools of yourselves in the mirror and just laugh—but what you do it. All your grunting and groaning sound like you're giving birth or something. Just trust me when I say that you look ridiculous." Finale, the towel is thrown in, and she's right. I've been working out at the SFC for half a year now and have yet to hear anyone getting together because of his or her coinciding workout time. So why fall for the make-believe games of eye-tag, right? I've concluded that it really doesn't matter whether or not we see someone there, what's important is that we think we're making some kind of impression. Sometimes illusions can be more powerful than facts, especially in an Eighties culture. So why fall for the Cro-Magnon ways while looking for some non-existent recognition of their lucre?
Letters to the Editors

Hunt Defends Pop Culture

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

To the Editors of the Observer,

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

Leah Zanoni is right-on-the-money in answering Kate Winter's, um, Salon. I also agree with her to the effect that Leonardo dicaprio can't act his way out of a paper bag. However, I disagree with Ms. Zanoni's overall evaluation of Thánc. Of course the first two hours which set up the "big romance" are pretty horrid. Add in some twenty minutes worth of computer-animated shots of what amounts to a helicopter sweeping the ship from bow to stern six times and you've got a pretty graphic mess. However, the love story does become compelling in the only way Hollywood knows: by putting away the costume of "the big star" (whether personal or pandemic). Before the inevitable occurrence (which everyone should expect to see) the movie is entitled Thánc, after all, couldn't care less. But during the big all-bleek/broke-and-so-does-the-hell-scene, Winter shows her sensitivity, and I actually came close to, you know, crying. Dicaprio is discanted into the icy deep by Winter's (you vote for film image of the year? This year) becoming evening gown, showing just how useless his character really is. But let's face it: death by drowning is a pretty bad way to go. However, if you're looking for an artistic take on that particular subject matter, try Peter Greenaway's Drowning by Numbers instead. Ms. Zanoni writes, to Hollywood expecting so much from the American viewer. Why expect the impossible? And who said the American viewing public was so sophisticated? (I'd love to see a poll on this, I know it's been done, all went to Sintec). Which brings me to my next point: 2) Nate Schwartz seems to be missing the point. The Spice Girls' cinematic debut is still a vastly superior project with a six-inch radius when he should be using a yardstick. Don't get the wrong idea about the last line. I'm trying to say that. Which brings me to my next point: 3) Nate, who takes pride in coordinating an Arnold Schwarzenegger-get film, he sure has a wild way of aesthetic application. It is both the worst thing and wonderfully wholesome as they are, don't actually bare their legs in the commercial movies. So stop saying we're either this a re-verses-sexual double standard? Which brings me to my next point: 3) Expect to graduate a friend if I ever do say so (case-

Sincerely,

Thandie Snook

ISO's "Unfair" Funding Crisis

To the Bard Community:

I am writing this letter as an active and concerned member of the International Student Organization (ISO). I was dissatisfied at the proceedings of the Budget Forum last Wednesday and upset at the response of the community to the ISO's hands-on an amendment for $1,000. Few people are aware of the consequences of last week's budget forum. As an active member of the ISO and a participant in Cultural affairs, I believe the consequences of informed of these consequences and am taking this opportunity to inform you of some of them.

The ISO requested $2,265 for their spring 1998 budget, but was allotted only $1,650 by the Planning Committee. A hostile amendment for $1,000 was presented at the Budget Forum, but did not pass by a nos-

March 2, 1998

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is March 15, 1998. There is no minimum
won't and wish to participate is enrolling as an
summer's festival is an educational program called
Dorothy Rodfield, Ludlow, Room 305, or call extension 7410.
If you collect foreign stamps and could use
summer's festival is an educational program called
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a couch, comfortable chairs, and a
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Men's Basketball
against North Adams
Unfortunately, it's another rout
By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

It wasn't quite as one-sided as a Harlem Globetrotters game, but then again the game wasn't scripted. Bard College's Men's Basketball team didn't see action until 3:20 into the game that Billy Spevac put Bard on the big board with a lay-up, after Adams had drained 8 unanswered. After the first five minutes it was obvious that Bard's team play wasn't up to the level of North Adams', but the Bard fans found excitement in the localized brilliant plays by individual Bard players.

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

With North Adams quickly running away with the game, Bard called a time-out at 10:28 left in the first half. Apparently Bard's coach, Paul Marienthal, told the team to clean up their passes and defense the game better.

With North Adams, playing the game and driving from-behind, the ball was lost. Coach Paul Marienthal, frustrated in the realization of being totally out-classed, was heard to say, "This is ridiculous, we should forfeit." Bard center Samir Wormy Mulzer, who was watching to sub in, headdeskishly replied, "What's the big deal? We've been dunked on before, let us play." The Bard's Adams' boasting continued with an after-coop two minutes after the dunk, and another dunk with 7:25 to go in the game. Bard never lost its composure, and after each spectacular North Adams play, came back and played their game. The same couldn't be said for the visiting team, however. Following North Adams' 44th dunk with 7:05 to go, making the score 49-39, #44 let out a crystal-cracking shriek of "Yeah." fell to the floor kicking with glee, got up and threw the ecstatic fist-in-the-air salute to himself, ran to the North Adams bench and high-fived every player twice while whooping "Yes, yes, yes!" and finally made a hirer's belly laugh, ran to the North Adams bench and, his look on his face. Most likely #44 had never dunked before, or he could just be a monumental prick. Bard made a nice 10-point run with 5 minutes to go in the game and fell 1 point short of the historic score mark. The final score: North Adams 113, Bard 49.

Bard Faces Defeat,
Wormy Alumni
In the Big Apple
By CHRIS VAN DYEKE, Sports Editor and DIANA OBOLER, Contributor

Ah, the Big Apple – where the buildings are tall, the liquor is strong, and the taxis don't brake for pedestrians. Or fencers. Which is how this all ties into this fencing article. At 2:30 p.m. on Tuesday, February 10, Bard's Men's Fencing team cut out early from their important classes, packed their weapons (as do all visitors to New York City) and headed off to spend eight soul-sucking hours at NYU (our democratic mood music). Right. The first sign that the day was one to be媲nd was heard to say, "This is ridiculous, we should forfeit." Bard center Samir Wormy Mulzer, who was watching to sub in, headdeskishly replied, "What's the big deal? We've been dunked on before, let us play." The Bard's Adams' boasting continued with an after-coop two minutes after the dunk, and another dunk with 7:25 to go in the game. Bard never lost its composure, and after each spectacular North Adams play, came back and played their game. The same couldn't be said for the visiting team, however. Following North Adams' 44th dunk with 7:05 to go, making the score 49-39, #44 let out a crystal-cracking shriek of "Yeah." fell to the floor kicking with glee, got up and threw the ecstatic fist-in-the-air salute to himself, ran to the North Adams bench and high-fived every player twice while whooping "Yes, yes, yes!" and finally made a hirer's belly laugh, ran to the North Adams bench and, his look on his face. Most likely #44 had never dunked before, or he could just be a monumental prick. Bard made a nice 10-point run with 5 minutes to go in the game and fell 1 point short of the historic score mark. The final score: North Adams 113, Bard 49.

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Women’s Basketball Wraps up the Season

Team founders play last college game

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

Lindsay Goldstein and Abby Rosenberg, team captains, played their final college basketball game last Saturday, Feb. 21, against Stevens Institute of Technology. They are the only remaining members of the group who founded Bard’s Women’s Basketball program two seasons ago. In her college career Lindsay Goldstein (forward) averaged 13.3 rebounds per game and 2.3 steals per game; this year she was named to the Hudson Valley Women’s Athletic Conference all-conference team. Both Lindsay and Abby are graduating this year and because of their efforts they leave behind a stronger foundation for women’s sports at Bard College.

The last three women’s games proved to be as nail-bitingly suspenseful as Alfred Hitchcock’s Rear Window, as dramatically gripping as the last twenty pages of Gabriel Garcia Marquez’s One Hundred Years Of Solitude, and as unbearably agonizing as Edward Murphys The Seizam. Against Marymount College, Feb. 11, the women played a WNBPA-worthy defense and a Deena Stover comparable offense. For the full 40 minutes of play the lead traded hands by single baskets and foul shots. Both teams played off aggressive harassing defense and a smooth, cut ting offense. With 1:10 left in the game, the score 43-44, Bard committed a foul and Marymount was able to convert one basket, making the score 43-45. Bard and Marymount then traded misses and with nine seconds left in the game Bard turned the ball over and Marymount ran out the clock for their first win of the season.

In the next home game, against City College of New York on Feb. 16, the women came out determined to plant. Abby Rosenberg had the game as her career against City College with 19 points (5 of 6 from downtown), 8 steals, 7 assists, and 3 blocks. On the defensive end to City College was the worst and Bard the peanut butter. On the offensive end City College were the gurus and Bard was Pablo Escobar. In the 1969 World Cup, England vs. Brazil semi-final, the Rio de Janeiro paper Jornal do Sport attributed Brazil’s victory to divine intervention. “Wherever the ball flew towards our goal our defense score seemed inevitable, Jesus reached his foot out of the clouds and cleaned the ball.” At the game against City College it seemed that Jesus washed dustarily will again. In the last two minutes, with Bard down by 2 and City College scoring only four players, strange inexplicable things began to happen.

The women moved down the court like water bugs on a pond, and through the defense as though Stevens Tech were strutting in a puddle of molasses. Unfortunately Bard suffered some of the most terrible officiating in NCAA history. With 10:11 to go in the first half Charles Goldstein, Lindsay Goldstein’s father, leapt to his feet and shouted, “Is that a foul for touching the ball?” when the referee called an open-court foul on Bridget McCarthy. From that atrocious call Stevens Tech pulled ahead by 4 to make the score 3-7. From then on it was open season on the referee as he made haphazard and ridiculous calls again and again. The peanut gallery was almost as enjoyable as the game as they heckled the officials with such memorable bawlings as, “What, you can’t run and whistle at the same time?” and “We need some ref help on the court.” At the close of the first half, Stevens Tech had pulled ahead to a 16-24 lead. The beginning of the second half looked well for the Raptors when, in the opening seconds, Abby Rosenberg stole the ball, drove down the court, faked to the byre and handed a nice svist to Morgan Knight. Kalin Papadaki made a surprise appearance in the second half but couldn’t give the team a lift as the shot, 1-3 from the arc and couldn’t get into team rhythm after being out three weeks with a knee injury. The Raptors played some excellent improvisation nevertheless and seemed ready for a second wind with 10 minutes to go in the game. That second wind didn’t come, however, and the women closed the season with a 30-50 loss to Stevens Tech.

Abby Rosenberg finished with 8 points, 6 steals, 3 assists, 3 blocks, and 1 rebound. Lindsay Goldstein finished with 13 rebounds (3 off.), 5 steals, 3 points, 2 assists, and 1 block.


Schedules

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

Women’s Basketball: Season ended Feb. 21

Women’s Squash: Feb. 20-22 at NISRA Intercollegiate Team Championships

Women’s Spanish: Season ended Feb. 15

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

Men’s Fencing: Mar. 6 at NCAA Northeast Regional Championships

*LAST GAME OF THE SEASON
MY DINNER WITH BOT-MAN

Bot-man, Issue 8, 1998

Day One: Breakfast for dinner.

DAY ONE: BREAKFAST FOR DINNER

I love it! Scrambled eggs at 6 o'clock? It's wacky! Brilliant!

Day Two: Dinner for breakfast.

DAY TWO: DINNER FOR BREAKFAST


Day Three: Breakfast for dinner.

DAY THREE: BREAKFAST FOR DINNER

Nanh...

Must get, real... Food! Milk... Does body... Good.

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

Hey! That's my tray!

Oh well... At least I have my bag.

I'm clearing it for you.

Dear God! Only one glass? Where did Soros' So-Million go?

Too late. Consider it blessed.

Listen: I'm busying it!

Listen - I'll clear it myself when I'm done.

All right, Bot-Boy, you're in for it now. Prepare to fall...

The militant tray patrol!

Created by: Chris Van Dyke, John Holowach, Copyright 1998 Chris; John
Written by: Chris Van Dyke.
Special thanks to Mulzer "Breakfast for dinner for Breakfast" Mulzer.