

OBSERVER

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- Page 1 Oli Spill “Facts” Inconsistent: Was There a Cover-up?
Conflicting reports call into question the true reasons for the disaster and the true cost of cleaning it up
Amy Foster
Bardians Join Jericho March in Washington
Dozens of Bardians protest for release of U.S. political prisoners
Jeff GiaQuinto
Malcolm X Speaks, Does Bard Listen?
BBSO presents screening, talk with Muslim Chaplain
Basil Bouris
- Page 4 Breaking the Confines of the Bureaucratic Machine
Tivoli Free Health Clinic answers need for a people’s health care; affordable services now available
Michael Haggerty
Ex-Bardian Forced to Leave Chiapas
Human rights worker Pasquarella deported by Mexican government
Stephanie Schneider
Emergency Forum
- Page 5 Celebrating 50 Years of Women at Bard
Stephanie Schneider
Red Hook’s BRIDGES Program Flourishes
Eleven Bard faculty members and forty-five students are participating in educational exchange
Stephanie Schneider
- Page 6 Earth Coalition Responds to Increase in Production of Garbage With New Recycling Incentive Program
Doug Jones
- Page 8 Plays of Strindberg, LeRoi Jones, Woody Allen Performed in Two Recent Student Programs
Nadja Carneol
- Page 9 Forty Years of Dynamic Drama, Dance, Courtesy of Bill Driver
Luis Moreno
Nearby Hamlet’s Rosendale Café Bland, Quirky [Restaurant Review]
Stephanie Schneider
- Page 10 Upcoming Events
- Page 11 Zine Scene
Library Receives Mounds o’ Material
Lauren Martin and Elissa Nelson
- Page 12 The Well-Tuned Professor: Composer Kyle Gann Gracefully Endures “Minimalistic” Interview
Meredith Yyanos
Cartoon
- Page 13 Record Reviews
Pop Rules Everything
Joel Hunt
- Page 14 Erotic Obsessions
Injustice for Some
Making a mockery of Oscar
Leah Zanoni
Classifieds
- Page 15 Choice Still Main Issue With Proposed Hospital Merger
Shawnee Barnes
- Page 16 Cartoon
- Page 17 Jericho ‘98 Attracts Thousands of Protestors, Over 50 Bardians
- Page 18 Women’s Rugby: Will They Too Sup of the Famed Drinking Boot?
Anna-Rose Mathieson
- Page 19 Intramural Sports
Soccer Wraps it Up, Basketball is Underway, and Softball Begins
Jeremy Dillahunt
New Study Shows Softball to be Hazardous to Your Health
In game of passion sometimes hearts explode
Jeremy Dillahunt
- Page 20 Bot-man
Raiders of the Lost Salt: The Last Crusade
Chris Van Dyke and John Holowach

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

The Bard Observer

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Oil Spill "Facts" Inconsistent: Was There a Cover-up?

Conflicting reports call into question the true reasons for the disaster and the true cost of cleaning it up

By AMY FOSTER, Staff Writer

The smell of fuel oil still lingers in the air around the Old Gym and the Olin parking lot almost five months after the oil spill of last November. Its last remnants are currently being cleaned up by Buildings and Grounds (B&G) staff, and this process is occasionally being overseen by the New

York State Department of Environmental Conservation (NYSDEC) officials. Recent investigation into some of the questions raised in the last *Observer* spill update (February 23) have yielded several controversial details, as well as provoked even more questions as to the actual truth about the spill.

Many of the previously reported "facts" from Bard staff concerning the oil spill which took place in the federal wetlands near the Olin parking lot seem to conflict with actual written reports released by the NYSDEC. First of all, the date on which the spill took place was originally reported by Dick Griffiths, Director of Physical Plant, to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Bardians Join Jericho March in Washington

Dozens of Bardians protest for release of U.S. political prisoners

By JEFF GIA QUINTO, Contributor

Approximately 5,000 people, including over fifty Bard students, descended on our nation's capital on Friday, March 27, in Jericho '98, a march on the White House to demand the release of over 100 political prisoners in the United States. "While the U.S. is quick to condemn other nations for keeping political prisoners, it never acknowledges that it locks up its own citizens for their political beliefs," said Dan D'Oca, a senior philosophy major.

Among the most famous of those currently imprisoned include American Indian Movement (AIM) activist Leonard Peltier (whose cause has been adopted by famous rock bands like Pearl Jam and Rage Against the Machine, for somewhat obscure reasons), award-winning African-American journalist Mumia Abu-Jamal (supported by the likes of Alice Walker and Noam Chomsky, and for whom there was a now-famous full-page in *The New York Times* last year), and eight members of the radical Philadelphia-based group MOVE. While no one denies that such persons are actually in prison, the issue of contention is the reason for their imprisonment. Herman Ferguson, a one-time member of the Black Panther political party who was imprisoned in the 1970s and served as national Coordinator for the Jericho march, defines political prisoners as "people who are involved in political activities and are members of organizations whose aim is to bring about change in the system, and were imprisoned as a result of their political beliefs."

Because the arrests of such prisoners usually take place around an act of violence of which the prisoner is accused (such as the murder of an FBI agent or police officer, as in the above examples), the long sentences they receive are ostensibly justified. Supporters of the Jericho march, however, cite the



THE UNITED COLORS OF JERICO: Protesters raise awareness.

shaky evidence on which such convictions are often based. Angela Davis, a noted African-American who spoke at the rally, criticizing the profit motive that creates an incentive to continually expand the prison system, noted that there were 700,000 prisoners in the United States in the '60s and there are 1.7 million currently. "I believe that the federal government answers more to the economic elite than to any other group in our nation, and thus has a defining interest in silencing those who question the existing economic structure, such as these political radicals. I don't think that these people are justly imprisoned, if anyone can be justly imprisoned," says Susannah David, a sophomore psychology major.

Most of those present expressed similarly radical views—the march itself attracted primarily the radical fringe of left-wing political and minority organizations such as the Black Liberation Army (BLA), Industrial Workers of the World (IWW, or Wobblies), Food Not Bombs (who distributed free vegetarian meals), and the Nation of Islam.

For some marchers, however, Jericho was their first experience at a political rally of any kind. Many, such as Justine Taylor (a sophomore art major) had only recently become aware of the issue via the massive media campaign staged last year by supporters of Mumia Abu-Jamal to stave off his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

Malcolm X Speaks, Does Bard Listen?

BBSO presents screening, talk with Muslim Chaplain

By BASIL BOURIS, News Editor

Make It Plain, a documentary about the life and work of Malcolm X drew about 25 students to Olin's Moon Room on Tuesday, March 24. Flyers announcing the movie, sponsored by the Bard Black Student Organization (BBSO) read "Hear Malcolm X Speak!" and promised a discussion with Bard's Muslim Chaplain Imam Salahuddin Muham-mad. The words of Jean Paul Sartre accompanied the flyer's information: "What did you expect when you removed the gag that closed those black mouths? That they would sing your praises?"

This question, rhetorical as it may be, becomes poignant when one considers at whom it was originally directed. Unlike Malcolm X, whose words were almost always spoken to black Americans, Sartre's question seems to respond to a white reaction to black agency and voice, two possessions that Malcolm X dedicated his life to obtaining. Sartre's "you" in "What did you expect?" is a white "you." The need for such a question to be asked is in itself evidence of the revolutionary impact that Malcolm X had on all of America. The movie *Make It Plain*, as it parallels and complements *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, co-authored by Alex Haley and published in 1964, even if one knows nothing about the life of Malcolm X, is more than convincing of this black leader's awesome charisma, control of language and imagery, and his continuing impact.

While almost half of *The Autobiography of*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

In this issue...

NEWS

Bard Women's Golden Anniversary
Recycling Analysis

A&E

Student Reps.: Six Plays
Interviews with Bill Driver, Kyle Gann



INWORLD NEWS

OPINIONS

Hospital Merger Commentary
Rallying for the
Revolutionaries: Jericho '98

SPORTS

Softball Madness
Women's Rugby
Scores & Schedules



JERICO MARCHANT

Oil Spill Inconsistencies

CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE

have occurred on November 19, however he has only recently stated that the B&G staff detected the smell of oil in the vicinity the night before, although a search crew was unable to locate the source until the next morning. Chuck Simmons, Director of B&G, confessed that he was aware of the "pungent smell" since November 11, yet the call to the NYSDEC, alerting them of the spill, was not made until November 19, and by Griffiths.

A NYSDEC spill report was issued for the Student Center (a.k.a. Olin parking lot) spill and called into the NYSDEC by Griffiths on November 19. The actual spill date that he reported was November 17, which was justified by his recorded remarks that "they've had odor of fuel oil in area - today (Nov. 19) located." He also reported that the spill cause was "deliberate," meaning an outside party dumped the oil, however, Griffiths has amended this statement, reattributing the cause of the spill to 12 holes, approximately the size of drinking straws and which formed owing to corrosion, that were found on the underside of tank #8, one of the two tanks buried underneath the Olin parking lot.

The NYSDEC Spill Response and Prevention Program records indicate that the leaking tank, tank #8, was on the north side of the Olin parking lot, heavily impacting the area at the southern end of the lot, near the wetlands. Because of the concentrated damage to this area it was noted by NYSDEC to "check other possible tanks" that might have also leaked nearby. The oil spill was estimated to cover 4 or 5 acres of the wetlands (approximately half of a mile). David Weitz, from the NYSDEC Spills Department for Putnam and Dutchess Counties, was the first representative at the spill site and noted on Nov. 19 that there was "a one-inch layer of product over approximately 800 square feet surface" of the skating pond north of the parking lot.

The interesting thing about nature is that sometimes it prevents manmade disasters, as exemplified in this case. Weitz noted that a large chunk of ice was preventing a massive pool of oil from flowing further downstream in the Sawkill tributary that runs parallel to Route 9G. The pool had formed approximately where the absorbent sponge dam, constructed by Ira D. Conklin & Sons Inc. (the company called in to assist B&G with the clean-up), is currently located. The dam forms the southernmost boundary of the spill and is adjacent to and immediately behind the homes of Professor Terry Dewsnap and Professor Chinua Achebe and also happens to be in the "front yard" of B&G.

The NYSDEC made several remarks on November 19 which were included with Griffiths' called-in report; most importantly they included the NYSDEC estimate of how much fuel oil had spilled into the nearby wetland. The report says that approximately 2,000 to 4,000 gallons were spilled, yet this estimate was made on the first day the NYSDEC arrived at the site, so the actual number of gallons spilled may be higher. The NYSDEC Spill Prevention and Recovery Program report states that it is "most likely that more (than 4,000 gallons) actually was lost."

Griffiths' report also stated "the source" of the spill to be a "storm drain" that "runs into a wetland/swamp area." It is suspected that the oil leaked from the tank into the storm drainage pipe, according to Weitz. Yet, when questioned about this storm drain, Griffiths denied its very existence. On the other hand, Simmons stated that the oil had flowed "out of the berm and into the storm drain at the south end of the parking lot."

The implicating factor regarding Griffiths' report to the NYSDEC involves conflicting information reported by Kosco, a Rhinebeck Fuel Oil Company (with a main office in Kingston) which delivers oil to Bard tanks as well as to the homes of Bard employees at a discounted rate. According to Kosco records, the last filling of the Student Center tanks (one of which leaked) was on November 12, 13, and 14. Three deliveries were made, filling the tanks with 9,436 gallons of Number 2 Fuel Oil. The total delivery for the month of November to tanks #8 and #9 was 17,000 gallons. According to Simmons,

tanks #8 and #9 burn approximately 65 gallons per day, depending on outside air temperature.

Was there a cover-up?

The fact that Kosco's last delivery was November 14 implies several cover-ups regarding one party or another, primarily on the grounds that even though Simmons has stated that he first noticed the smell on November 11 and Michele Dominy and Jim Brudvig reported a distinctly concentrated smell of oil on November 12 to Security (as did several other Bard residents), the tanks nevertheless were filled. Simmons commented that Kosco makes automatic deliveries to Bard tanks whenever their computer indicates a routine fill is needed. Simmons refused to direct Bard's liability toward Kosco for the spill, by simply stating that it was "our tank." Secondly, it was also reported by Kosco that the "South Hall tank" was terminated in October 1997, yet Griffiths and Simmons deny the existence of a "South Hall tank" because the Student Center tanks were supposed to heat South Hall and the Old Gym. Tanks #8 and #9 are "connected tanks," that is if one is filled it also fills the other. Therefore, either Kosco information is incorrect or the Student Center tank(s) were terminated and no one knew about it.

Another implication in this saga surrounds the issue of when the actual tank testing took place. Petro-Chem, a fuel tank testing agency, reported to have tested the tanks on November 5, 1997, and they passed, yet Griffiths recalls the testing taking place on November 15, two days prior to

When asked why the Tewksbury spill happened in the first place, Weitz responded that the Tewksbury tank (as well as other tanks on campus) failed testing inspection because "they were really old." The Tewksbury tank was installed in October 1958, making it 40 years old (15 years over the NYSDEC recommended replacement age).

his reported leak. Griffiths explicitly stated that "all tanks on campus had passed inspection."

As a point of reference, the NYSDEC report filed by Griffiths explicitly did not include what tank number was responsible for the leak. However, in an interview, Griffiths confessed that tank Number 8 was responsible for the spill. This tank was installed behind the Old Gym in September 1974, making it 24 years old, one year under the recommended replacement age, according to Vincent McCabe of the NYSDEC. It was a 10,000-gallon tank that had recently been inspected on November 5, 1997, so that its next test due date would not be until November 2002 because tanks over 1,000 gallons must be tested every five years, according to the NYSDEC.

As a third source to further complicate the issue, a handwritten copy of a daily log of the Bard Student Center spill report from the NYSDEC Spill Prevention and Response Program, noted spill recovery activities according to various NYSDEC officials who were at the site. Included in these records was a copy of a required tank inspection report from Ira D. Conklin & Sons Inc., Environmental Services of Newburgh, dated January 12, 1998. It was a routine inspection of both tanks #8 and #9, located behind the Old Gym, which was deemed necessary by the NYSDEC. Conklin's inspection was carried out after the holes in tank #8 were found, upon the tank's removal. This inspection took place a little over one month after the Petro-Chem inspection, yet this time tank #8 failed inspection under the tightness test (that is, how "tight" the tank is in regard to its capability to have leakage). Simmons commented that different inspection methods were used by each agency during the two tank tests, however there are several inspection methods deemed suitable by EPA

standards. According to a routine inspection report, Petro-Chem tested Bard tanks #8 and #9 and they both passed under the Horner EZ Check tank inspection. What is not stated is that the Petro-Chem inspector did not view the actual tank, being only responsible for routine "observational tests," including temperature, volume, and auditory tests. Whereas, the inspection on January 12, which was carried out by Conklin, indicated that tank #8 had "10 holes that went completely through" which were approximately half an inch in size. The NYSDEC Spill Prevention and Response Program reports that the tank test done by Petro-Chem "may have been faulty results."

Griffiths reports that the holes in the leaking tank were the result of "poor steel," while Brudvig on the other hand believes that "the oil spill was definitely not an accident, it was due to a deteriorated tank." Wayne Wadsworth, the Conklin inspector, said, "It is my opinion that this leakage has been ongoing for quite some time." He also stated that "the second tank removed showed signs of substantial pitting, but no holes were found." This report is cause for significant concern for all other campus tanks over 20 years old. Forty out of sixty-five oil tanks on campus are 20 years or older.

Yet Other Spills?

Obtained under the Freedom of Information Law (FOIL), the NYSDEC summary spill fact sheet contained copies of two reports of the spill. The first report was dated November 5 and was reported into the NYSDEC by Dan Unwin of Petro-Chem Tank Testing. The second report was called into the NYSDEC by Griffiths on November 19, concerning the Student Center tank. The first report indicated that Bard's fuel oil tank #27 failed inspection on November 5. This inspection was accompanied by remarks from Unwin concerning a "suspected piping leak; tank to be excavated, isolated and retested."

The test failure of tank #27 justifies Griffiths' brief comment that not one, but "two tanks were leaking." This statement could be ambiguous for the very reason that previously Griffiths emphasized that only one of the Student Center tanks were leaking, therefore leading us to conclude that another tank somewhere else on campus was also leaking at the same time. Tank #27 was the Tewksbury fuel tank, with a 7,500-gallon capacity, located in close proximity to the dorm itself. Nearly two weeks into the spring semester, a small clean-up crew was hovering over the "Tewks tank." Weitz of the NYSDEC was also involved in overseeing the "minor spill" at Tewksbury. He recalls the Tewksbury spill being a fairly messy operation, which involved cutting the tank in half in order to remove it from the ground where a small pool of oil had accumulated. When asked why this spill happened in the first place, Weitz responded by saying that the Tewksbury tank (as well as other tanks on campus) failed testing inspection because "they were really old." The Tewksbury tank was installed in October 1958, making it 40 years old (15 years over the NYSDEC recommended replacement age). The NYSDEC issued a notice to B&G on March 17, 1998, stating that tank #27, along with two other tanks on campus, was overdue for inspection. These overdue tanks would therefore be in violation of testing requirements under state law 6NYCRR 613.5. According to Griffiths, all tanks in violation have been tested. However, even if these tanks in violation of the code were tested last year, they were supposed to be tested up to eight years ago. He also noted that the NYSDEC is responsible for notifying the owner when their tank(s) require testing, and it specifically is not up to the oil tank owner to keep track of such dates. Griffiths denies the veritability of the NYSDEC-Petro-Chem reports, exclaiming that they are "incorrect information," and he stands by his original statement.

Not only were there at least two oil spills on campus during this academic year, but the NYSDEC has records and spill numbers for three other spills on campus, dating as far back as 1988. Griffiths believes that these spills are probably

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minor or even insubstantial, as he hesitated to acknowledge them and also could not recall their exact location and description. Simmons did not recall any oil spills in his 26 years at Bard.

The Cost of the Clean-up

Much of this information about the Student Center tank spill seems to pose new questions rather than answer old ones. Although copies of NYSDEC reports were obtained relatively easily once the right official was contacted, a requested copy of this case was never received from Ira D. Conklin & Sons Inc., the agency which was permitted by the NYSDEC to clean up the site. Conklin required that Jim Brudvig, Director of Finance and Administration, call Conklin directly and approve the release of a report, yet he never contacted Conklin, according to John Scandurra of Conklin. However, Brudvig did quote the Conklin invoice directly, in regard to the final cost of the clean-up which came to \$140,000, plus an additional \$150,000 for the new double-walled, fiber-glass tank with a monitoring and alarm system installed inside (this amount was misquoted in my previous article)—making the grand total over \$300,000, including B&G salaries for their work on the continuous spill clean-up. The money to pay for the clean-up comes from B&G's "internal costs" which will result in "budget adjustments," according to Brudvig.

Typically when an oil spill is not technically qualified as an accident the NYSDEC requires the spiller to pay a fine, however Griffiths confessed that the reason Bard did not have to pay a fine was because "we were not negligible" in reporting the spill to the NYSDEC.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) underground storage tank (UST) regulates USTs and piping systems in excess of 110 gallons that

store petroleum. Tank upgrades in New York State become effective December 22, 1998, and require that "systems are corrosion resistant, have spill/overflow prevention devices, and leak detection" according to the NYSDEC. Yet, these regulations exclude two categories, "heating oils used consumptively on site, and motor fuel tanks under 1,100 gallons on farms or private residences, if used for non-commercial purposes." This information has apparently not been made explicitly clear to all parties involved in the Bard oil spill, because it was originally conveyed by Bard administration that these requirements also applied to all fuel tanks on campus. Griffiths confirms that these regulations only apply to Bard tanks holding motor fuel over 1,100 gallons and he stated that the few motor fuel tanks on campus will be upgraded during this summer. There were also no plans made by B&G to have the tanks on campus upgraded until this year, despite Brudvig's comment that "this whole thing could have been avoided if we had just replaced the tanks last year."

Griffiths is currently looking into finding a tank protection company in order to install cement vaults around some of the heating oil tanks on campus (even though it is not required under EPA regulations) and to prove that he is concerned about preventing the possibility of another oil spill occurring. "We won't let things rest," Griffiths said confidently.

Simmons commented that the clean-up is far from over, even though B&G staff is continually replacing absorbent sponges and sandbags and monitoring the stream everyday. "Every time it rains, more oil is washed into the stream from the wetland," Simmons added. Several questions are still unanswered, and may remain that way unless corresponding facts emerge at a later date. These include: how much oil actually spilled. Why did Petro-Chem inspection results pass tank #8, while Conklin's inspection test failed it. What are the specifics on the Tewksbury spill

Jericho '98 Protest

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impending execution. (Abu-Jamal still languishes on death row, awaiting a ruling on whether he will receive a new trial.) Taylor remarked: "I suppose that some of the claims made here [by protesters at Jericho] might seem unbelievable—especially what happened to the MOVE people. If you look at history, though, from the way the FBI harrassed the Black Panthers in the '70s to Rodney King, the reality of police corruption and the prevalence of police brutality, literally murderous brutality, become pretty obvious."

Sophomore Dan Desmond summed up the mood of the Bard group: "Getting fifty Bard students on a bus to D.C. was quite an accomplishment, and a surprise; it shows that people are committed to raising consciousness around this issue on Bard campus."

For more information about Leonard Peltier, check out <http://members.xoom.com/freepeltier/story.html>

For information on Mumia Abu-Jamal, see <http://afrikan.net/wwwboard/messages-3.html>.

and the possible tank leak at Woods Studio? What is the "inventory discrepancy" mentioned in the Spill Prevention and Recovery Program report? What was the outcome of both the Public Water Source sampling of the stream that was done on November 21 (indicated in the Spill Prevention and Recovery report) and the soil sampling test done by Conklin? These and other questions have yet to be concretely addressed by any involved party or individual.

Malcolm X screening, discussion

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Malcolm X is concerned with Malcolm X's life before his conversion to Islam, a life which is graphically described in such sensational detail that it has no doubt contributed to the book's almost constant status as a "National Bestseller" since its publication. *Make It Plain* concentrates on Malcolm X's activities after his release from prison and his ascent to a position of national leadership.

One of the most striking aspects of Malcolm X's life, an aspect that *Make It Plain* preserves and documents beautifully, is that, above all, this man not only represented change, but that he was change. In every way Malcolm X showed himself to be a man who, from the beginning to the end of his short life, underwent a number of drastic (indeed revolutionary) transformations, philosophical and otherwise. His aim in showing how he rose from, in his words, "the very bottom of the American white man's society," was not only to demonstrate that such a transformation was possible, but to try and explain exactly how it was possible. At points his autobiography resembles a kind of moral how-to book, a form that was not new in Afro-American autobiography. However Malcolm X's anti-assimilationist stance, one which found its orientation (at least in part) in both the teachings of Marcus Garvey and the tenets of The Nation of Islam, stands in stark contrast to the ideas of leaders like Booker T. Washington, who some seventy years prior to Malcolm X, also capitalized on the medium of autobiography to transmit a moral and political agenda.

Perhaps the best example of Malcolm X's response to the values that many believe Booker T. Washington epitomized, also demonstrates his subtle and masterful manipulation of language.

In one scene in *Make It Plain* Malcolm X is shown addressing a Harlem audience at the height of his career, before his violent break with the Nation of Islam. He takes the infamous image used by Booker T. Washington at his 1895 Atlanta Exposition address when he told the

southern white elite that "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." Almost seventy years later Malcolm X held an open hand above an audience of black men and women and said, "someone can slap you all day long and it won't make you listen, but if you close that hand, then you're felt."

Such speeches were not limited to Nation of Islam meetings either. Malcolm X told an audience of millions on national television that "the white man is the devil." The controversy

In every way Malcolm X showed himself to be a man who, from the beginning to the end of his short life, underwent a number of drastic (indeed revolutionary) transformations, philosophical and otherwise.

that surrounds Malcolm X comes from the fact that he put absolute fear into the hearts of not just white Americans, but many people of color as well. He said things that no one had dared to say before. For a white man not to feel threatened by such words would require that he not only acknowledge 400 years of black oppression in the United States, but that he is willing to take responsibility for it. This is something that few white people could even contemplate, much less know what to do about it even if they accepted it. The same is true today.

Imam Muhammad, in a brief, informal lecture after the movie, found it important to make it clear to the students present that the branch of Islam taught by Elijah Muhammad, the head of the Nation of Islam during Malcolm X's lifetime, is a "pseudo-Islam." This realization is one which ultimately contributed to what could be considered Malcolm X's final transformation (albeit one that will forever remain incomplete). While on pilgrimage to Mecca, after breaking

officially with The Nation of Islam, Malcolm X reported the realization that "In America, 'white man' meant specific attitudes and actions toward the black man, and toward all other men with non-white skin. But in the Muslim world, I had seen that men with white complexions were more genuinely brotherly than anyone else had ever known." In 1964, when he was shot to death, Malcolm X was still changing and fine tuning his radical politics.

Imam Muhammad continued: "Malcolm X represents many things to many different people. Think about what he represents to you." In the wake of Malcolm X's political impact, however one measures that impact, this is arguably the most powerful thing that he left behind. That is, an icon. It is in trying to answer this question, "what does Malcolm X represent to you?" that one encounters the very issues that Malcolm X struggled with in his lifetime. The realization that everyone, no matter what lengths we as Americans go to to try and hide our preconceptions about each other in this politically correct day and age, has been born out of a system that depends on the social construction of race for its survival. Said more simply, in order to decide "what Malcolm X represents," one must confront that which within themselves they have been taught to either take for granted or ignore.

Speaking primarily to the students of color in attendance, Imam Muhammad encouraged the Bard students to "decide what you want to represent and figure out how to represent that at Bard so that you can go into the world and lead."

Although Malcolm X may have not completed his personal journey of self discovery, almost 40 years after his death his image has become concrete in many people's eyes. This always moving man has become in many ways a kind of pillar. Some lean against his image for support, others define themselves beside it, while many push and struggle against it. But as long as his image and his words still send shivers of pain, fear, sorrow, or even elation through a room with many colors of people, his life and his image will remain controversial and constant.

Breaking the Confines of Bureaucratic Medicine

Tivoli Free Health Clinic answers need for a people's health care; affordable services now available

By MICHAEL HAGGERTY, Staff Writer

The Tivoli Free Health Clinic is open, again. Dr. Victor Waters, a Germantown resident, is now holding office hours every other Tuesday from 4 to 6 p.m. on the third floor of the Watts de Peyster Hall at 86 Broadway in Tivoli. The clinic reopened after a four-month hiatus last winter, during which there was no doctor who could volunteer their time; the former doctor, Nydia Perez, who first conceived of the clinic and whose energies brought it into being in May 1996, found that she no longer had time to volunteer. Anyone is welcome to the free service for common outpatient problems.

"No one is dehumanized, treated like a number or a statistic," said Perez. In Dutchess county, where, because of the impending merger of Kingston, Benedictine, and Northern Dutchess Hospitals, medicine is no longer an issue of health but of politics, the Tivoli Free Health Clinic offers an alternative to the bureaucratic and depersonalized health care system. Originally, the clinic was opened with the idea of providing health care to uninsured people and those who could not afford it, but has expanded to covering anyone. The clinic is run on a volunteer basis, the space being provided by the Village of Tivoli. Furniture and equipment has been donated by local Tivoli residents as well as the Northern Dutchess Health Department. By taking a more people-oriented approach, with the issue of money being absent, Perez found that it was "a wonderful way of administering health care to the needs of the community."

The clinic sees between 25 to 35 patients every other week, a fair share of them Bard students. Waters, who began volunteering earlier this year, has extensive training in family and emergency medicine. He works in the emergency room at Kingston Hospital. Further, he provides students with an added benefit in that he is, in his words,



BUILDING A NEW HEALTH CARE: The Clinic is on the third floor.

"an expert in college health." Between 1989 and 1991, he worked at the University of Pennsylvania's health center. He thus has much experience dealing with college-related medical problems such as stress, alcohol abuse, and sexually transmitted diseases. However, Waters stresses the fact the clinic is

"directed toward the entire community."

While still at the Tivoli Free Health clinic, Perez made efforts to provide women with health care specifically for them. During that time, she offered free pap smears and mammograms; from time to time she returns to the clinic to provide these services. Her reasons for leaving are related to the proposed hospital merger, which has led many local residents, including Bard students and faculty, to speak out against it. Perhaps the most devastating effect the merger would have would be to eliminate many services hospital essential to women's health which are currently offered at the Northern Dutchess Hospital. Perez said that "there have to be alternatives for women. Women have always had to band together, to teach and help each other." It is with this conviction that she plans to open a women's clinic during the summer, with the tentative name Preventive Medicine for Women. She hopes that the clinic will be "complimentary" to the changes taking place within the walls of the area's three big hospitals.

Since the hospital merger was proposed last summer, local activists in opposition to the merger have repeatedly said that the hospitals are not exploring the alternatives at their disposal, which would enable them to avoid eliminating specific women's health care services. The Tivoli Free Health Clinic, as well as Perez's women's clinic (when it opens), represent such alternatives not necessarily to the problem the merging hospitals face, but to the problem of health care as a big business. Although it cannot boast a high-tech emergency room, the Tivoli Free Health Clinic is responsive to the people who live in the area, rather than a set of boardroom directors. The medical industry is continually changing, particularly now. Clinics such as the one in Tivoli represent a direction of change which the industry might wholeheartedly consider.

Ex-Bardian Forced to Leave Chiapas

Human rights worker Pasquarella deported by Mexican government

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, ASE Editor

Mexico's recent rash of deportations of foreigners have now included former Bard student Jenny Pasquarella. In early March, shortly after arriving in Mexico to observe human rights conditions in Chiapas, she was sent back to the U.S. at the request of the Mexican government. The Chiapas region has received much international attention in the last several years as the result of continual bloodshed in a sporadic war between the Zapatista army and the Mexican government concerning treatment of the indigenous population.

Pasquarella, who transferred from Bard after last semester, left Mexico under "voluntary departure" while little of what happened to her seemed voluntary at all. As part of a human rights group organized by El Centro de Derechos Humanos Fray Bartolome de las Casas, she arrived in the community of Ejido San Jeronimo Tuluja on March 10, but instead of observing conditions in light of the aftermath of a recent conflict involving local inhabitants and federal police forces there, she and her companions were confronted by immigration officials who then demanded to see their passports. "We told them we were human rights observers from the CDHEBC and showed them our credentials. We were filmed by military personnel and individually photographed by immigration officials," Pasquarella wrote in an e-mail correspondence from March 18, reporting her ordeal. The group was then transferred to an immigration office in the town of Palenque, where they were interrogated and given citations, which had to be presented within 48 hours to the office in the town of San Cristobal, where they had been staying previously. "It was never explained to us why we were being given a citation, nor which of Mexico's laws we had broken," she wrote. In San Cristobal officials interrogated the group again and then transferred them to Tuxtla Cartier, another town. "on the pretext that some officials there needed to speak to us—we were told

that we would be returning to San Cristobal within a couple of hours," Pasquarella explained. Reaching Tuxtla, the group was taken to the airport, put on a government plane, and flown to Mexico City. They were not permitted to make phone calls. In Mexico City, a U.S. embassy representative greeted Pasquarella and informed her that her deportation had been changed to "voluntary departure." "Immigration never fulfilled the promise to return us to Chiapas, it was never explained how we were violating Mexican law. I was denied access to a telephone until I had signed the papers stating my voluntary departure, and released in Mexico City without my belongings or money." Pasquarella is one of about two dozen foreigners deported in the past few months from Mexico.

According to the April 14 *Washington Post*, on April 12, Mexico deported 12 "who were arrested when about 500 state and federal policemen stormed a small community that had recently declared itself autonomous from the local elected government and sympathetic to the rebels, known as the Zapatista National Liberation Army." Mexican officials said that the deportations came after foreigners violated tourist visas by working, which requires a different visa. According to a *New York Times* article from April 12, Governor Roberto Albores Guillen said, "This action by my government is not against anyone. It is simply in favor of the state of law." Officials also said that the "underlying reason was the belief that the foreigners were intervening in Mexican politics [and this was] a violation of the country's constitution," said the *Washington Post*. Analysts cited in the *Washington Post* article said the deportations were to intimidate human rights workers and diminish international focus following the massacre of 45 unarmed Chiapas peasants by "a group aligned with the ruling political party." Government officials maintain the position that Mexico welcomes humanitarian workers on proper visas, so long as they do not engage in political activity.

Emergency Forum!

Wednesday, April 22, at 7 p.m. in the Kline Committee Room.

The Bard Student Association requests the presence of all students at an emergency forum to consider an amendment to the Constitution of the Student Association. The proposed amendment would delete the section of the Constitution which bans a member of the Planning Committee from serving as an officer of any club, and in its place insert a clause which allows club officers to serve on the Planning Committee but bars them from voting on any budget or Emergency Fund request made by that club. A two-thirds vote of all present is required to pass this amendment.

Additionally, the forum will consider a resolution to establish an ad-hoc committee to develop guidelines for the Planning Committee. If this resolution is passed, elections for this ad-hoc committee would occur at the forum.

Proposed Amendment

Strike Section IV. D. 1. b. and replace with "No member of the Planning Committee may vote on a budget or Emergency Fund request by any club of which the member is an officer or towards which the member is unduly partial."

Celebrating Fifty Years of Women at Bard

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, A&E Editor

Olga Andreyev Carlisle paints, writes and translates, Kit Ellenbogen practices law, Carolee Schneemann is a media artist, Katherine Stein researches for the Food and Drug Administration, and Jerri Dell advises for the Economic Development Institute of the World Bank. What do all these women have in common? They graduated from Bard College. This year marks the fiftieth year of women at Bard, and thanks to the efforts of a group of current Bard women students, Eleanor Scott (who works in the Alumni Office), and Karin Lippert, class of '67, during Commencement weekend several special events will honor this anniversary and it will mark the beginning of an oral history project, tracing women's lives at Bard. *The Bardian* will come out with a special issue commemorating women, complete with personal interviews and histories. Two awards will be given out to exemplary women, The Mary McCarthy Award, (in honor of McCarthy, who taught both in the 1980's and 1940's) and the Emerald McKenzie Award (a scholarship named for the first woman of color at Bard). This scholarship was created in order to recognize "women who exemplify a strong spirit," as Emerald Mackenzie did in facing many adversities, including blindness, said Eleanor Scott.

As well as awards and scholarships, a dance at Blithewood on the Friday night of commencement weekend, will recall Blithewood formals of old and celebrate women and music as the performers who either have went to Bard or are currently enrolled take the stage. Perhaps the most exciting and unique part of the celebration will be the exhibition in the Fisher Arts Building, a multimedia collection of work by women students from 1948 to the present. In conjunction with this, Bard Hall will become a Women's History and Meeting Room, where everyone is invited to remember and learn about women's lives at Bard. There, people will be encouraged to take part in an oral history project by learning how to record oral history. Then, as Scott says, students are going to record the oral history of alumni. The project will carry over to the fall '99 semester when a course on oral history will lead to an actual published book preserving these histories. A women's archive is also being put together, complete with old journals, letters, pictures, and other items that chronicle or document particular experiences at Bard. Collecting these items has led to many discoveries. Scott came across one particularly interesting letter written by a student in 1951, describing a dinner she had with Eleanor Roosevelt. The letter reads, "I had the experience of a lifetime, an experience that relatively few



people ever will or have had and I shall remember it all my life and tell my grandchildren about it when that time should come." The letter also recounts what Eleanor Roosevelt had to drink at the dinner. "Well, then we sat around the living room and had sherry (Mrs. Roosevelt and her friend had tomato juice) and talked." Collecting such data and preparing for the celebration has been no easy task, but the pieces have started coming together. The involved students have done much footwork by taking pages from the alumni directory and calling many women to ask them if they would like to contribute anything to this celebration. Last Wednesday, this group got together in New York City with alumni for a kick-off party. This gave the students an opportunity to meet the women they had been calling over the past few months. Katherine Walmsley, a first-year student at Bard, saw this as an opportunity to "get in touch with some really cool people," such as a fashion mogul who designed costumes for the TV show "Sisters." Walmsley has formed a special connection with a particular Bard alumna based on the two women's having shared the same space at Bard. The woman, with whom Walmsley is working, graduated in 1972 and majored in art. While at Bard, her studio, unconventional in Bard fashion, consisted of a model of the notorious "ravine" dormitories (which were being constructed at the time) in the middle of Tewksbury field. This alumna will recreate her studio in a project "exploring space and buildings at Bard," said Walmsley. Walmsley of course can relate; she has been a "ravines" resident all of this year. Shuli Ariei has also been able to connect with past women at Bard, a former psychology major in particular. Ariei also majors in psychology and naturally was excited to talk to this woman on the phone: "We were talking about our senior projects." Currently Ariei is working on finding

books in print by Bard authors in order to compile a bookcase for the exhibition at Fisher. She describes this experience of tracing women at Bard as being insightful, especially in light of her own graduation this spring and realizing "that people have lives after Bard." These connections made are perhaps the most valuable rewards of this project. Emily Scarfe, a student who's been working on a video (which will include an interview with a woman who graduated in '48 and was best friends with and tutored Emerald McKenzie), said she can see the likeness of past Bard to present Bard. "From what [the alumnae] have said, it sounds pretty similar." She described how the atmospheres of past and present Bard correspond, recalling an example of how back when dorms were segregated by male and female, no one really paid attention to the rules. Karin Lippert said that these connections exist whether women are aware of them. "These women have led fabulous, interesting wonderful lives" and all can "trace their intellectual history to Bard." The commonality "may not be immediately apparent but it's there...Everybody who's there now and everybody who's come before is connected." Lippert, who has been involved in the women's movement for over 25 years and worked as a publicist at *Ms.* magazine, described the importance of the documenting this history. Having worked on similar projects (such as a documentary film for HBO about the histories of women in the medical field), she said that the recording of history in women's own voices empowers and strengthens. "I knew all along how rich this territory could be," she said of the Bard Women project. Current Bard students are to be included in this project, Lippert said, and she urges students to participate in the oral history project over commencement weekend or to at least simply leave a "Bard moment" recorded to become a part of the archives.

Red Hook's B.R.I.D.G.E.S. Program Flourishes

Eleven Bard faculty members and forty-five students are participating in educational exchange

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, A&E Editor

On the way to class on Wednesday, April 1, I noticed a lot of new faces at Bard, that is, a lot of "younger" faces. Preschoolers and grade-schoolers filled Olin Auditorium that day to attend a special performance by Vanaver Caravan, Andes Manta, and musicians from the Hudson Valley Philharmonic. This event was part of two educational exchange programs which have helped create an alliance between Red Hook Schools and Bard College. Throughout this semester, the programs, one, B.R.I.D.G.E.S., funded by a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts, and the other, America Reads, have created exciting connections between Bard students and the students of Mill Road Elementary School in Red Hook.

First-year Lailie Weidman experienced this connection first hand, visiting the pre-first and

second grade classes, helping the children write poetry. She said helping them to come up with ideas is quite interesting. She observed them "grappling with language" in a way that she never thought about language before.

These programs are designed to incorporate literary and performing arts into the preschool and grade school curriculum. Eleven Bard faculty members and 45 students participate, sharing a wide range of topics, whether it is Professor Thurman Barker and the Bard Jazz Ensemble acquainting children with the history of American jazz or Professor William Maple helping the children explore the flora and fauna of the Hudson Valley. The programs have extended outside of the classroom as well. Students serve as tutors in reading, assist in dance classes, give piano lessons, and help out with computer projects after school. Through America Reads, other students involve themselves in Headstart

programs, public libraries, after-school activities, and local nursery schools by encouraging children to start reading at an early age and to read a lot. Because of funds from America Reads, students are offered work-study positions for tutoring in literacy. Ann Gabler, grants writer for Bard, said she is very enthusiastic about the way the programs are going and how well the Red Hook community and the school are receiving Bard students. "I have heard nothing but praise for students involved. Bard students are a tremendous resource, and, especially when they team up with faculty, great things happen." Gabler looks forward to seeing the program grow. "Next year we want to make this bigger and better. I simply did not have the time or transportation needed to place all of the students who wanted to be involved. This is by far the biggest project we have attempted to develop in collaboration with the Red Hook schools."

Earth Coalition Responds to Increase in Production Of Garbage With New Recycling Incentive Program

By DOUG JONES, Contributor

"The apathy of some of these students appalls me," said Doniel Ellis as he pulled out a clump of paper napkins placed into the wrong recycling bin. "People don't seem to think twice about how to recycle. They just throw it anywhere, as if they think someone else will do the work for them later." A garbage barrel stood nearby and atop the garbage piled in it was a bottle. Noticing this, Ellis put his hand into the garbage and pulled out the bottle. Shaking it in the air vigorously, he said "this could have been recycled but somebody chose to throw it away." Ellis, a Bard student and former recycling activist in San Francisco, is concerned that the amount of waste being recycled at Bard is lower than it has been in the past.

In 1996 representatives from Cornell University came to Bard to study and document the Bard Recycling and Composting program. When they were finished they exclaimed that Bard's Recycling Program was "the best in the state." According to their figures, Bard had recycled 74 tons of waste in that year alone. At that time Rich and Marie West, Bard recycling coordinators, reported that 87 percent of Bard's waste was sent away to be recycled. Since then, the amount of waste recycled at Bard has significantly declined and the amount of garbage sent to be burned in the Poughkeepsie incinerator is increasing.

The Bard recycling program was officially founded through the efforts of the Bard Recycling Committee and Richard and Marie West in November of 1994. Richard West drives a van around the campus every weekday morning to pick up the recyclables, which are collected from the recycling bins in dorms, offices, and academic buildings and put out on the curb by ServiceMaster employees. Marie West is responsible for locating the market for the recyclable goods and accompanies Richard on his campus rounds. Like all other markets, the market for recycled goods bought by companies to be reprocessed, fluctuates. The market is currently "bad" for recycling, whereas in the past the demand for recyclable waste products was higher. Regardless, it is still cheaper to recycle than it is to send waste to the incinerator. However the fact that the market for recyclable goods is at a low could have something to do with the increase of garbage production and the decrease in recycling at Bard, Marie says.

Richard and Marie West and Dick Griffiths, director of Buildings and Grounds (B&G) and member of the Recycling Committee, all vouch that the amount of garbage produced by Bard has increased and that the amount of waste recycled has decreased. As pointed out by Richard, this is a fact made visible simply by comparing the quantities of waste in garbage buckets and the recycling bins around campus. However, the documents located in the B&G office which provide the numerical information on the output of garbage and recycling at Bard per month is "confidential," making it difficult to tell whether or not Bard's Recycling Program has improved since the Cornell study two years ago.

At a Recycling Committee meeting last Tuesday afternoon in deKline, Marie shared some brute evidence of one of the possible reasons behind the current decline in the amount of waste being recycled at Bard. On the morning of February 23, 1998, Marie captured on Polaroid film a cluster of transparent garbage bags placed on the curb in front of Robbins by ServiceMaster employees. There were fourteen bags of garbage and only one bag of co-mingled recyclables. Through the transparent garbage bags one could see that the contents consisted primarily of goods that could have been recycled, especially card-

board beer boxes, bottles and paper. This photo provides visual proof of a problem all around campus, not just in the larger dorms like Robbins: recycled goods are not being placed in recycling bins, but instead are being placed in those large thirty-two-gallon gray plastic garbage buckets standing sentry in every dorm lounge, kitchen, and hallway and academic building.

Marie also took pictures of the recycling situation in Cruger Village, which has a poor reputation for recycling. This time she penetrated the building itself and went straight to the bins and the garbage buckets. One photo showed the colorful recycling bins overflowing with cardboard and paper, a beautiful yet disorderly sight. What could not fit in the recycling bin was placed in the garbage bucket beside it. Another photo showed the interior of the garbage bucket that was full of bottles and paper, which made some of those attending the meeting wince, contorting faces while pondering the fate of the recyclable items at the incinerator: a potentially recyclable commodity wasted and turned to noxious smoke.

These gray thirty-two-gallon buckets are tak-

In 1996 representatives from Cornell University came to Bard to study and document the Bard Recycling and Composting program. When they were finished they exclaimed that Bard's Recycling Program was "the best in the state."

ing items that could otherwise be placed in the recycling bins. The buckets are more conveniently located and numerous than the recycling bins. One might wonder why there are so many of these buckets when Bard has the capacity to recycle 87 percent of its garbage.

"To protest this maldistribution of waste containers [at Bard], I go out of my way to go to the recycling bin, take off the lid of the bottle [bottles are not recyclable with lids], and be careful, even tedious in sorting the recyclable goods into the proper compartment as specified by the signs above the bins [if not sorted properly the recycling becomes "contaminated" and is no longer recyclable]," said Doniel Ellis. "Otherwise I fall victim to apathy and convenience and oblivion as symbolized by the gray thirty-two-gallon bucket."

ServiceMaster employees are responsible for taking the recyclables from the bins and bringing them to the curb. They empty the contents of the bins into plastic bags, keeping the contents of each bin separate. But if the contents of the bins are not sorted properly then they must be thrown away. Bill Wiever, director of ServiceMaster, said that one problem he often sees is that bottles and cans are placed, with liquid still in them, in the co-mingled container. The liquid then spills and contaminates the rest of the contents of the bin so that it must be thrown away. He also said that "occasionally there might be mistakes [made by the employees when emptying recycling bins], such as if there are only two bottles in a bag, then it might be mixed in with another. But mostly we just do what were told to do: put the contents of the bins into plastic bags and bring them to the curb."

The Bard Earth Coalition and the Recycling Committee have come up with a Dorm Incentive Program to help motivate Bard campus residents to recycle. Marie West and the Earth Coalition's designated recycling monitors are keeping a close eye on the recycling bins in dorms. Several times a week they examine the bins in each dorm and

write down the results of what they see on a specially designed "recycling audit" form. They will also take note of the places where additional bins are needed, as well as make recommendations to the dorm inhabitants and the Recycling Committee. At the end of the semester, they will evaluate their results and determine which dorm has been most efficient in reducing its waste via conscientiousness and careful recycling. Meanwhile, all of the bottles and cans with deposits will be taken and rinsed at the "bottle station" by members of the Earth Coalition work-study team. The money that is gained from these bottles and cans will be put into an account which will then be used to reward the dorm most successful in recycling with a "pizza party" (the prize is also open for suggestions).

In the words of Dick Griffiths, "In all respects to benefiting our environment, [recycling] is about one of the best things human beings have." He also pointed out that at Bard recycling and composting have direct financial benefits; it is cheaper to recycle than it is to send garbage to the incinerator. Some waste management corporations will even pay to take our recycling. According to Dick Griffiths, there is a mill about thirty miles away that will pay between thirty and forty bucks per ton of recyclable paper products (Bard is not yet taking advantage of this because of transportation expenses which would be greater than the money gained from the paper sold, however, the Wests and Griffiths are trying to work out a solution to cut transportation expenses to make the use of this facility possible).

Composting at Bard is literally bearing its own fruits. Richard West brings about 15,500 pounds of compost a week to the "Bard Composting Center" (located behind the Stevenson Gym). The pile of compost is always steaming as it maintains a temperature of a hundred and some degrees fahrenheit, conditions under which it is possible for an orange to decompose in about a week, according to Marie. According to Richard West, last spring there were about thirty tomato plants, a lot of cantaloupes, honeydew melons, and cucumbers all growing on the compost pile itself, from the seeds that were in the food waste collected from the dorm compost buckets and Flik. He and Marie harvested and ate some of them and Richard said that they were good and "sweet." This shows that the compost generated at Bard is highly fertile stuff. The Bard Community Garden Club is already planning to dump several truckloads of the compost on the plowed patch across from the Toasters (which will be transformed into a full-fledged garden this summer).

In a Recycling Committee meeting at which the logistics of the Dorm Incentive Program were being discussed, Marie pointed out that "if this [Bard] is a place to think, as it is, why not get to thinking about recycling and how to get it to the curb better? There are so many intelligent students here, it seems like if they put their heads together then they would be able to come up with some great solutions." But first the students must be persuaded that recycling is a worthwhile and necessary thing to think about and actively take part in. All the reasons why should speak for themselves: resources are dwindling, the dumps are overflowing, and the air will continue to be polluted if we continue to burn garbage. If you are interested in taking an active role then come to the Earth Coalition meetings every Wednesday at 6 p.m. in a Kline conference room.

Doug Jones is a member of Earth Coalition.

PEOPLE + IDEAS = EVENTS + FUN!

The Student Activities is a new club on campus that was formed to organize, well—activities for students! It consists of a few Bard students together with Allen Josey, and we are on the lookout for new members. So far we have arranged two magicians to entertain during the midnight breakfast at Kline. We would like to get ideas from students for possible activities next semester. We will have a table at Kline on Thursday, April 23, from 11:30-1:30 p.m. Please bring any ideas you have, and we would welcome any students interested in joining the organization.

TONIGHT!



Ronald McDonald House

provides the parents of seriously ill children with housing near to the hospitals where their children are being treated. In support of this organization, the Knights of Pythias of Wappingers Falls are asking Bard students to participate in a simple fundraiser. We can help Ronald McDonald House by removing and collecting the pop-tabs from aluminum beverage cans. The pop-tabs are sold as scrap metal and the money raised is donated to Ronald McDonald House.

To pull a pop-tab off a soda can before recycling it takes only a moment. Please place your tabs in the collection envelopes over the recycling bins in your dorm. If your dorm doesn't yet have a collection envelope, bring your tabs to the envelope on the door of the Earth Coalition office (in the basement of the Old Gym, right at the bottom of the stairs) when you're on your way to the post office. This is an easy way to help a worthy organization, and with everyone's participation we can make a significant contribution. Won't you take a few seconds to help?

DO YOU WANT TO BE PART OF A CAR CARAVAN WHICH WILL HAPPEN IN PROTEST OF THE IMPENDING MERGER? JOIN US FOR A VISUAL PROTEST AIMED AT MAPPING OUT THE ROUTE A PERSON WILL HAVE TO TAKE IN ORDER TO GET THE SERVICES WHICH WILL BE DENIED THEM AT NORTHERN DUTCHESS AND KINGSTON HOSPITALS.

IT WILL TAKE PLACE ON APRIL 26, STARTING IN THE CENTER OF RHINEBECK AT 12 PM. WE WILL THEN GO IN OUR CARS TO NDH, THEN TO THE TWO HOSPITALS IN KINGSTON. THERE WE WILL PASS OUT INFORMATION, DO SKITS, AND INVITE THE BOARD OF THE HOSPITAL TO HAVE AN OPEN, PUBLIC MEETING TO DISCUSS THIS ISSUE.

COME JOIN US FOR THIS CAUSE AND BE PART OF THE ACTION!

THIS IS IN CONJUNCTION WITH VASSAR STUDENTS, SUNY NEW PALTZ, PRESERVE MEDICAL SECULARITY (PMS), AND LOCAL ACTIVISTS.

Dave Case Fans: Take Note

The BARD JOURNAL OF SOCIAL SCIENCES is coming soon, featuring the work of your fellow students Joel Hunt, Jeanette Estima, Lauren Martin, Ruby McAdoo, and Joshua Miller, as well as alumnus David A. Case. We are also accepting SUBMISSIONS for the summer issue and it is not too late to join the editorial staff. Contact LEIGH JENCO at x4323 or on email at lj795@bard.edu.

Plays of Strindberg, LeRoi Jones, Woody Allen Performed in Two Recent Student Programs

By NADJA CARNEOL, Contributor

I attended Program A (pieces by European playwrights) of the student-directed plays on opening night, Friday, April 10. I slipped my boots off at the door, although, being from NY and of little faith, I had a short flood of visions involving various shady characters running away with my shoes while I sat distracted at the performance. I had to point out to myself that everyone else's shoes were strewn about as well and there was little likelihood of my own footwear being picked from the bunch if such a thief were afoot (ha ha, sorry, I couldn't help it). Having sufficiently reassured myself, I continued into the dance studio. Nothing like some good cynicism to counteract the effects of paranoia.

The first play, *Springtime*, by Maria Irene Fornes, was directed by Helena Grillo (with costumes by Kendra Miller). The first scene was a quirky and sweet flirtation between Rainbow (Kerry Conant) and Greta (Willa Bepler). Despite the surrounding darkness isolating the two characters there was an innocence and joy apparent in the women's discourse as Rainbow, while sweeping the floor, asked Greta to repeat to her sentences in German. Each scene following the first took place in a bedroom where sickness and the unseen presence of a man caused the mood to progressively darken. The dialogue and poses were broken by repeated black-outs, giving each scene a snapshot quality which was very effective in conveying the awful stillness of a sick-room. Each character became more and more involved in her own misery which created a rift between the two. The mystery man, Ray (Nathan Reich), who was the subject of conversation throughout, entered toward the end yet effectively remained anonymous by keeping his face turned from the audience, which also heightened our sense of his lack of humanity. Though the play was a tragic one, Bepler and Conant brought to life the mutual caring of a lesbian relationship in such a way that even an ultra-conservative would have to acknowledge the naturalness of what he or she usually regards as an aberration.

The *Stronger*, a play by August Strindberg was directed by Julie O'Brien (with costumes by Anna Barker and stage managing by Laura Coxson). The drama took place in a cafe on Christmas Eve. At a table, front and center, sat the severe Mademoiselle Y (Astra Rodrigo) in a tight-necked black dress, reading. Madame X (Caitlin McDonough-Thayer) entered in a gorgeous brown dress with hat and muff and approached Mademoiselle Y. A waitress (Laura Coxson) brought a tea cup to the table and exited. Madame X addressed Mademoiselle Y and thus began a stunning monologue as she went through every emotion and mood change, from conciliatory to loathing to adoring, all before the rigid face and hard silence of Mademoiselle Y. Although there was no exchange of words, Madame X maintained such momentum and striking variety of mood throughout her speech that I was riveted and in a terrible state of suspense, wondering whether Mademoiselle Y would ever speak. Well, she never so much as groaned and Madame X packed up the slippers she had made with the awful tulips on them, grabbed her muff, and left the cafe. Clearly, verbally squirming women going nuts before our very eyes was a favorite subject of Strindberg's. I wonder whom he regarded as "the

stronger." And I wonder if he would have based his judgement of strength simply on stereotypically male characteristics such as stiffness and lack of emotion. Mademoiselle Y was immovable-but it was Madame X who was active, addressed uncomfortable subjects, and then moved on. Somehow I don't think an answers to questions about the title are as straightforward as they initially seem.

The third and final play of the evening was Harold Pinter's *Silence*, directed by Wendy Hart (with costumes by Micheline Brown). Each of the three characters, Ellen (Clare Amory), Bates (Tomasz Gubernat), and Rumsey (Noah Sheola), was situated on a separate platform, all three of which together formed a simple triangle filling the stage. The characters spoke intermittently, yet not really to one another. The script was composed of passages that were more fragmented personal memories than anything else; the short speeches were simple but would bring to mind a number of interesting yet unrelated pictures. The play *Silence* was beautifully nostalgic. It brought up images not because of their monumentality but because of their unique sensory impact, like that of barking dogs on a hill or a woman's grey dress, remembered

The play Silence was beautifully nostalgic. It brought up images not because of their monumentality but because of their unique sensory impact, like that of barking dogs on a hill or a woman's grey dress, remembered because she wore it for him.

because she wore it for him. The arrangement of the words reminded me of a story I heard when I was young about a queen, silent Bianca, who did not speak but when her frozen breath was melted by the fire a flood of words in a delicate chaos was released. The actors were quite well-adapted to the respective moods of their characters, which greatly enriched the audience's experience. Ellen's words, "There were two..." resurfacing throughout her lines referred to two men she would see, each appealing to her in completely different ways. At times the thoughts Ellen had would mesh with one of the men's and we could imagine the same scene from both points of view but often the aspects each chose to speak of were not similar, illustrating how interpretation alone can change the reality of a moment.

The following evening I attended Program B: three more plays, this time by American playwrights. The *Dutchman* by LeRoi Jones was directed by Amanda Deutch (with costumes by Caitlin Hance and stage managing by Kristin Golas). Two musicians played while the audience sat down and the first scene commenced in the interior of a New York subway car. Unfortunately, most of the dialogue was drowned out by the subway sound effects and I only caught a few sentences here and there. There was what appeared to be a flirtation between

Lula (Christin Minnotte), a short-skirted, jaded New York type and Clay (Devon White's favorite philosopher, Greg Richardson), a conservatively dressed black man. Lula seemed to be using her conversation as a sexy assault weapon. In one of the lines I was able to catch, she said to Clay, "You look like you've been living in New Jersey with your parents and trying to grow a beard." Ouch. There was a long period of conversation between the two, unbroken by subway stops in which Lula seemed to be dominating the conversation. A number of subway riders began boarding at one point (among them were Maya Haptas, Heather Holden, Rachel Israel, Kendra Miller, Eric Fraser, Joe Elwin, Drew Slipher, Ozan Adam, and Baris Ger), who, because of the muted dialogue were a bit distracting. Three quarters of the way into the play the fire alarm went off and, perhaps because we were all in our own little make-believe play world nobody made a move to leave until someone started shouting at us from up in the control box. We filed outside, hoping Security would come and turn the damn thing off. During the wait, certain people who were displeased by racial aspects of the play, confronted Amanda, the director, and created a bit of a stir. When the ringing finally stopped we had to wait for the actors to reorganize. The explanation given for the alarm was: "Just a freak of technology." Anyway, back inside, Clay resumed his justified rant at Lula and the play came to a sudden and somewhat awkward end with his murder. The "freak" interruption was certainly damaging to the climax but I did get a chance to move my seat closer to the stage and catch a few more of the closing lines.

An *Interview*, by David Mamet, was directed by Laura Robinson (with costumes by Micheline Brown). The setting was the entry to Hell and an Attorney (Aziza Omar) had to defend herself against a hilarious set of accusations. She displayed crisp wit and an impressive mastery of a confusing set of lines before the irritable bureaucratic force of the Attendant (Erin Hecker). After arguing extensively over the possible burial of a lawnmower, the Attorney gave in, and in a fit of exasperation admitted to having buried the lawnmower simply in order to speed the process along. As a result she was given a slip of paper listing her punishment as eternity in Hell. Aghast, she asked what actions of hers could possibly have warranted this judgement and was told, "You passed the Bar and neglected to live forever." Aziza carried her role with incredible style and momentum and Erin was forbidding with her impatient and impossible bureaucratic character.

Woody Allen's play, *My Apology*, was directed by Zack Adler (with costumes by Caitlin Hance). It was a relief not to have a Woody Allen impersonator playing Socrates/Woody, but Ty Howell is such Goyim I just couldn't help missing the bespectacled kvetching little Allen. Ty is an orator not a whiner and in this one instance it was a disadvantage. Devon Ludlow as Agathon was sarcastically indulgent as Socrates' close friend. Both Agathon and the Executioner (David Holmen) clearly wished Socrates would shut up and die and were amusingly unsympathetic to his last-minute panic, a classic portrayal of Woody Allen's endearing paranoia. It would have been fun to see Ludlow in the part of Woody Allen; perhaps he's a better whiner? It was

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Forty Years of Dynamic Drama, Dance, Courtesy of Bill Driver

By LUIS MORENO, Contributor

Perhaps you've seen him walking out of his Albee apartment high above Main Campus, on his way to the theater in his ever-present white Converse sneakers—the man with gray hair and glasses. Or perhaps you've seen him in Mariner's Harbor, dancing wildly to Max Dube's beats. Or even better: maybe you've seen a play he's directed. Maybe you even know his name.

William Driver has worked and lived at Bard for thirty-nine years, as of this date. Since 1959, when he arrived in Annandale-on-Hudson and pulled together the remaining fragments of the original Drama department, Bill Driver has been the department's head, creating, in these four decades, a joint Drama/Dance department, the structure of which has remained largely unchanged in that time. I have interviewed him because the department of which I am part will of course not be the same after he leaves, because his career has been more than impressive, because he has created a unique drama program that may suffer changes after his departure. Bill will be retiring in the fall of 1999.

I ask him if I can smoke. He assents and points out a large number of ashtrays in the living room, adding that he once smoked "on a big scale." I nod, light my cigarette, and I press on. Important question: where was he born? "In England," he says quickly, smiling as I laugh at myself. "You mean, what part of England? In the North, in Yorkshire." I ask him about his studies at university. "Oxford," he replies. Classics, actually.

We pause, and he tells me in amiable tones that all the biographical information I was requesting would be found in an *Observer* interview from some ten years ago. So, if I may reiterate some details from the piece: Bill Driver was working in Boston, directing a play, in 1957, when he met a few people from Bard. Some time later he received a letter in London asking him to come and take up the task of rebuilding the Drama department, left empty after influence clashes and tension had literally stripped the department of its faculty and left one ragged, part-time survivor with little will to take up the reins.

"There was nobody. My predecessor, the person in charge, had left and had not been rehired. Why? I have no idea, to this day. Because I set myself against being told, because I knew, as it is easy to tell, as it always is inside an academic context, when one arrives in that academic context, if there are tensions. Clearly there were. So, I made it very clear to the people I knew who had been here before me that I wanted to start unhampered by gossip."

So, it was easy, you would say, to start up.

"Oh yes. A blank sheet. I came here in June of '59...off a boat, actually, not a plane. I came on the *Queen Mary*."

He came off a Cunard liner to a school that would allow him freedom to create the perfect environment in which, to teach drama. The department consisted of the one quarter time professor and Bill Driver, working out of the Blithewood carriage house, which also, at that time, housed the Dance department. In all truth, could a professional actor and director ask for a better opportunity than this to ply his trade and create? Bill seized the opportunity, as his career here indicates. But a question was pending. I asked about the fusion of Drama and Dance, one of the most distinctive qualities of the department.

"I had become very aware of this strange breed of people at the other end of the building [the dancers]...and these people worked in the studio, and they performed the pieces they were instructed to do, once a semester. And then, halfway through 1960, a member of the faculty [Irma Brandeis] made her first stab at retirement, and there was a great party at the Beekman Arms, and Ana [Ana Itelman], who was the principal dancer of the Dance department, performed at this party. This was the first time I had seen her perform herself, and what came to me very clearly was that this, as opposed to what I thought, in my Anglo-European prejudice, was simply barefoot



A DRAMA/DANCE DEMIGOD: Professor Bill Driver

pussy-footing around, was real theater...no question of it being on a concert stage, this was designed theatrical performance dancing."

The friendship formed with Ana Itelman would form the foundations for the new, integrated department. Once familiar with each other's work (Bill had done only one play here so far), they decided to put on a show together, a recent British musical choreographed by both of them and directed by Bill. Shortly afterwards, in quid pro quo fashion, owing to the lack of male dancers, Bill danced for her in some of her pieces. In 1964, Bill and Ana agreed to do away with the formal divisions between their departments for reasons obvious to them both: actors needed to learn dance, and dancers, ideally, needed to learn acting. From that moment on the structure of the department has remained unchanged, and the individual departments ceased to exist and became what is now the Drama/Dance department.

As a result, since 1964, two performances aptly named "Dance Theater" are given each semester. If you have ever attended one of these performances you know exactly what I speak of: the borders between both performance arts are crossed, and what holds up the already translucent screen between the dancer and the actor falls. There is no attempt at definition of these arts in Dance Theater performances, of modern dance and theater in their "post-modern" stages. They are experimental and renewing, using elements from both classical and modern technique. Both arts approach one another and merge in the department, and the fruits of these affairs are what we experience when we see a performance.

Another product of this fruitful collaboration between the two was the onset of musical theater at Bard, which was done extensively in the ten years that followed. The first show the department did Bill called "strict" musical theater. After that first show, musical theater in the more general sense was performed frequently, always directed by Bill. From 1960 until 1973, almost every year, music filled the Carriage House Theater (destroyed by fire in 1973; but its foundations are still visible amidst the flowers and grass that covers them). Shows like *Bastien & Bastienne* (Mozart), *The Beggar's Opera* (Gay/Pepusch), *Master Peter's Puppet Show* (De Falla), *Trouble in Tahiti* (Bernstein), and *The Threepenny Opera* (Brecht/Weill), to name but a few, were sometimes double-billed, but were otherwise mostly performed separately, with a full orchestra directed by music department faculty.

"In the early seventies, when, as part of the development in the department, it occurred to me, explicitly and consciously...that the way to get people to be more expressive as actors (to learn what subtext means, and have color in one's voice, and emotional tone) was to make them face the difficulties of playing really good opera, not old-fashioned elitist conceptions of opera, beautiful music sung by good singers with no drama,

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Nearby Hamlet's Rosendale Cafe Bland, Quirky

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, Arts & Entertainment Editor

At first glance, the town of Rosendale may appear to be merely another "weird and funny" small upstate New York town. A deeper examination, however, reveals a different dimension that perhaps separates it from the rest. Rosendale is incredibly wholesome, so earthy and "organic" one can taste the dirt. (The one incongruity is the Rosendale Youth Center, which appears to be run by orphans.) The town's other outstanding buildings include a movie theatre where you can see a show for only \$3.50, "Rosendale Wares" (a thrift store which I suspect is the supply closet of the mongers outside of Kline), and finally, the Rosendale Cafe. Stepping into the Rosendale Cafe is sort of like stepping into a more rustic, homespun version of Pongonall the trendiness sans the intimidation. The rugged wooden chairs and campestrial tablecloths add to the whole folksy nature of the place. What keeps it upscale is the "eclectic" artwork hanging on



the walls. I would not recommend taking a table next to one particular piece; a big circle which, if read one way, says, "Everyone will die." Try enjoying your fakin' bacon soy cheese arame burger with that hanging over your head. My companion and I chose a table near the window where we could still keep an eye on the delinquency going on by the Youth Center. I began the meal with a ginger beer because I like the bite. My companion asked for a glass of water, which, we both noticed, was unfamiliarly cloudy. "Must be organic," I told her, trying to ease her fears. "Yea," she agreed. "Straight from the Esopus." Looking at the menu and ignoring the weird formations now floating in my friend's glass of water, I noticed something interesting. It seemed that if you had any combination of the words "organic, brown rice, tofu, seaweed, and black beans," added a steamed vegetable and put some lemon tahini or ginger tamar sauce on it, you had a Rosendale Cafe entree. I was just a little overwhelmed by the good health factor and decided to stay away from the less familiar options like the "Zen Platter" or "Jerk Red Cabbage." I chose safely, or so I thought, with the spinach ravioli. The meal included a salad topped with a ginger-faced Japanese dressing which was heavily advertised throughout the restaurant: "Take-home, \$3.50 a bottle." I appreciated the toasted sunflower seeds on top, which added a crunchiness that counteracted the waxy leaves of the fancy lettuce. When the ravioli arrived I initially was really excited because the noodles were green but after lifting one of them up, I noticed a pool of water underneath. This just added more of the non-flavor that I would be faced with swal-

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but doing operas without the bow to fashion, done by actors, not singers...and then having to face how to do it."

In 1974, now in the Great Hall of Preston, Bill decided to take the plunge into real opera and put on, with only a piano and some actors, Mozart's *Così Fan Tutti*. The success of this show attracted the attention of Arthur Burrows (now Musical Director of the Bard Theater,) who, two years after *Così*, set up with a member of the Music faculty the class known as "Opera Unit," (a "unit" being an acting class that is not preferential to majors or class level distinctions, anyone interested may enroll,) and, two years later, began the series of performances known as the Opera Repertory. It began with *The Marriage of Figaro*, Mozart and Da Ponte's *Le Nozze di Figaro* performed side by side with Beaumarchais' original play, which was almost twice as long as the opera's libretto.

Before 1981, while the new theater was being completed, three more Opera Repertories were done in Preston: *Sir John In Love* (*Falstaff*, by Verdi, and Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*), *The Borough* (*Peter Grimes* by Britten and *The Borough*, by Crabbe/Driver), and the greatest and most challenging of the three, *Ariadne Auf Naxos* (both versions of the Strauss and Hofmannstahl opera, the original 1912 Berlin performance, with Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* as one act of the libretto, and the 1916 Vienna performance, with *Gentilhomme* removed and replaced with a new prelude).

"Of course, *Ariadne* wasn't perfect, and people with elitist minds about music will turn up their nose and say, 'Very nice, the children, but of course, it won't do.' But it can be better, dramatically, than what you would see in all sorts of opera houses. That being the main point, not simply a foolish, competitive point; people do not hear the same when they are engaged dramatically, when something has really happened on stage. They don't hear slightly sour notes."

Eight Opera Repertories were performed after *Ariadne*, now in the Scene Shop Theater, including Alban Berg and Buchner's *Wozzeck*, Britten and Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Bear*, by Chekhov and Walton/Dehn, and the last, in 1988, MerinÈe and Satie's *The Coach of the Holy Sacrament*, with arrangements by Driver and Burrows. "So, when the opportunity arose with Jeffrey [Jeff Sichel, director of this semester's *Don Giovanni*], who I knew, at once when I met him, was ripe for doing this sort of thing, I determined that this was the chance to bring it back, because I think I should not retire and turn the department over to Joanne Akalaitis without this still there. Of course, doing things like what I've been describing [Ariadne] takes two semesters of work...now, with two people directing it, each separate piece, how would it work out if a whole year was spent on it, the opera worked on in the fall and the play added later? And then, go back, which I think is very important, to the same cast, or at least a good percentage, having them in both shows."

This year's revival of the Opera Repertory has a distinctness about it: it is being directed by two people, Jeff Sichel and Bill Driver. Jeff is the newest faculty member of the Drama/Dance department, who arrived last year with abundant energy and enthusiasm. The play that marked his debut, Maeterlinck's *Pelleas and Melisanda*, was an indicator to Bill on Jeff's willingness to affront challenges and ambitious projects, and his capacity to pull them off with remarkable results. The repertory *Don Giovanni* (Mozart/Da Ponte)/*Anatol* (Schnitzler) is like the others in the similarities

shared by the story of each piece. *Anatol* is the story of a seducer, a libertine like Giovanni, the characters of both plays mirroring each other (*Don Giovanni* and his servant Leporello and *Anatol* and his best friend Max). The cast is not the same in actuality, but imagining the results of doing both plays and a switching of roles is very exciting.

Bill will be doing his last series of plays as head of the Department in this next year, '98-'99, as a new professor arrives to take his place. Her name is Joanne Akalaitis, an avant-garde theater director, the ex-head of the Public Theater and the Summer Shakespeare Festival in NYC, and also once a Bard professor, teaching acting back in the seventies. She and Bill have known each other for twenty-five years, a relationship which began when she arrived to New York with the *Mabu Minds* company from California. That company comprised of Lee Breuer, Joanne, and her then ex-husband, composer Philip Glass. "I think she's the right sort of person, she has exactly the right attitudes towards the theater," says Bill of Akalaitis, who will be a part-time professor all of next year, teaching one class each semester and perhaps directing some sort of performance. I asked what changes might happen. "There's nothing in her contract obliging her to continue the things that I've been doing...but she will discover that there's all sorts of constraints caused by the senior project and the moderation, which will manipulate her and control what she chooses to do. She may not choose to deal with them the way I do, she could choose to say 'Okay, there's too much production going on, so let people write papers for Moderation,' which I have never done. It's something I think never leads to true theatrical results; Writing about acting is not the same as doing."

Having worked in the Drama/Dance department since my first year at Bard, I have noticed how, on the whole, faculty members will allow themselves and students to embark upon extremely ambitious projects. The opportunities this tendency produces for students to learn about their art, as well as to act, direct, and extend themselves outside of the department, in the producing and directing shows all their own, is overwhelming. Much faith is placed in the students, to adapt to these new forms of expression and make the most of the opportunities they have. The results are always impressive and uplifting.

"It's a dangerous game, and that's how it works. And when it doesn't work, there's trouble. But that doesn't happen very often. You have to put faith in the students, which is why sometimes I prefer not to show I'm thinking: 'No...please don't! Stop!' So I maneuver, rather than let problems go to the head, or be confrontational."

Do you think students understand the possibilities they are offered?

"Oh, not always, of course, the same is true of the whole human race, but, I assure you, pretty consistently, when people graduate after four years, whether they had any talent when they began, they're better on the stage than they were when they began and you can see it, if you're looking."

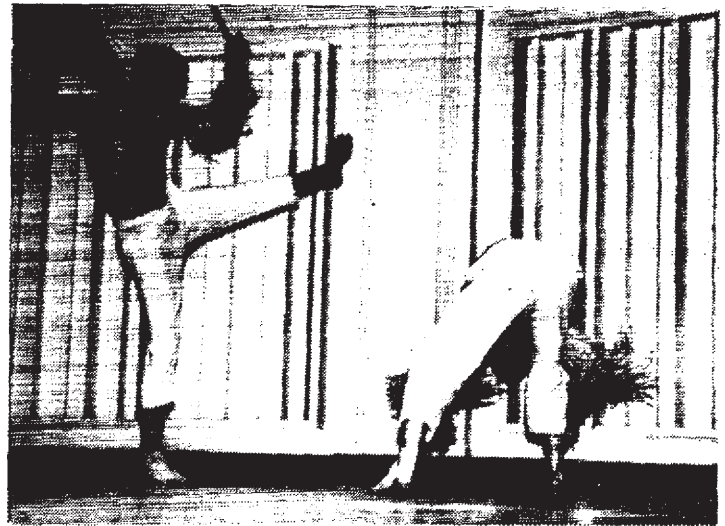
Is that the point?

"Yes, because I think there's no point teaching people to do something, or to be something, when the thing they're to be or to do is a performative thing, if the teaching and the learning are not embodied simultaneously, both, in an act of communication with an audience."

Bill's last Opera Repertory, another double-bill performance, opens on Tuesday, April 28, with *Anatol*, followed by *Don Giovanni* on the next night.

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lowing. Now, it really wasn't all that bad. I mean, I ate it all but can't really remember doing that; it was almost as if I were eating air. I ordered a cup of organic coffee at the meal's end and it perhaps was the most delectable part of the whole dining experience. If you do want to visit the Rosendale Cafe, I suggest that you order only the multi-grained bread and coffee, both of which are excellent and won't break the bank (unlike the \$10.95 entrees). This meal of bread and coffee may seem spartan, but each item is so satisfying that you won't want or need anything more to eat or drink afterward. Now, the Rosendale Cafe isn't a "disaster," it's just not for everyone. I myself was just a bit overwhelmed by everything on the menu just being so good for you. And I think that if it had tasted a little better and cost a little less I would've left more satisfied. But Rosendale Cafe isn't a total loss; it's nothing that a few push-pops and cherry cokes can't cure.



THE SOUND AND THE FURY: Vanaver Caravan dancers perform last Friday.

Upcoming Events

Unless otherwise noted, all events are free-of-charge and occurring on the Bard campus. If you would like an "event" "performed," hosted, sponsored, or lorded over by you or your club/organization/coterie to be included in Upcoming Events, please "drop a note" in campus mail, call 752-4526, or e-mail observer@bard.edu.

April 21, Tuesday

Lecture: "Image, Reality, and the Writer's Craft," by Francesca Duranti, an Italian novelist. Sponsored by Italian Studies. Olin 104. 6 p.m.

April 22, Wednesday

Panel Discussion: on "Religion and Nature," or, the role and place of nature in the texts, liturgies, and beliefs of various religions. With Bard chaplains and environmentalists. In celebration of "Earth Week '98." Sponsored by the Earth Coalition. Olin Moon Room (310). 7:30 p.m.

Open Concert. Featuring, as usual, students playing their own and others' compositions. Blum Hall. 8:15 p.m.

More Than a Lecture: Professor Dick Wiles will speak about Bard's history and folklore. Refreshments provided. Sands Lounge. 9 p.m.

Yom Hashoah: the Jewish community's annual commemoration of the Holocaust. This year, in recognition of the 50th anniversary of the birth of Israel, a country which became the refuge for many Holocaust survivors, the program is entitled

"From Holocaust to Homeland." The keynote speaker will be Barbara Searles, an English teacher at John Jay High School who has been teaching Holocaust literature for 20 years. The program will also include music performances by a Jewish community chorus and a Vassar College vocal group; the lighting of memorial candles; and readings by community members. For more information, call the Jewish Federation of Dutchess County at (914) 471-9811. Jewish Community Center, 110 Grand Avenue, Poughkeepsie. 7:15 p.m. (To be preceded by a memorial service at the Temple Beth-El Cemetery at 6 p.m.)

April 24, Friday

"Take Back the Night." Join activists in Hudson to protest violence against women. Transportation will be provided. Speak with a BRAVE member for more information.

Theater: Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera*. Directed by Nicola Sheara. Reserved seats: \$22 (discounts for G&S, Bardavon, and NYTOS members; students; seniors; kids under the age of 12; and groups). For more information, call the Bardavon box office at (914) 473-2072. Bardavon Opera House, 35 Market Street, Poughkeepsie. 8 p.m.

Screening: of Antonio das Mortes, a Brazilian film. Olin 102. 8 p.m.

Theater: *Everything's Coming Up Roses* and *Before the Parade Passes By*, two seriocomic plays



by Brian L. Petti. Admission granted following a donation of food, clothes, or money for the benefit of AIDS-related community services. Bard Hall. 8 p.m.

Performance: by Mark Sherman, singer/songwriter. "You've read his columns in the *Herald!* You've heard him on WPDH!" Owing to the "immature" themes of some of his material, people under 17 should drag along a parent or guardian (angel). General admission: \$10; \$8 for Unison members. For more information (what else?), call (914) 255-1559. Unison Arts & Learning Center, 68 Mountain Rest Road, New Paltz. 8 p.m.

April 25, Saturday

Earth Day celebrations. Featuring speakers, information booths, petitions, raffles, live music, food, and "general" revelry. Sponsored by the Earth Coalition. Kline Terrace and adjacent grassy areas. (If raining: Old Gym.) 12 p.m.

AIDS Walkathon (the second annual): a 3-mile walk around the campus, held for the purpose of raising money to donate to ARCS (AIDS Related Community Services). Participants are to collect donations ("flat" donations, not money-per-mile pledges) and bring them to the Walkathon registration (envelopes for the donations can be had at the DOS office, Stevenson Gymnasium, or Kline Commons). (Behind the



Stevenson Gymnasium. 12 p.m.

Concert: by Max Dube. Kline Terrace. 6 p.m.

Contra Dance. Co-sponsored by Earth Coalition and Student Activities. Old Gym. 8 p.m.

Concert: by the Audubon Quartet, performing Mozart's *Quartet in B-Flat Major, K. 458*, "The Hunt"; Kodaly's *Serenade, Op. 12 for Two Violins and Viola*; and Dvorak's *Quartet in G Major, Op. 106*. Sponsored by the Rhinebeck Chamber Music Society. Tickets: \$12 for adults and seniors, \$5 for students (children under the age of 13 may attend at no charge). Church of the Messiah, Route 9,

Rhinebeck. 8 p.m.

April 30, Thursday

Lecture: "The Art of the Van Eycks: Recent Discoveries," by Ann Van Buren, Professor Emerita, Tufts University. Olin 102. 7 p.m.

May 1, Friday

Concert: by the American Symphony Chamber Orchestra, performing the season finale, "an 'exciting' and 'varied' program of modern and classic works": Henry Cowell's *Concerto for Percussion and Orchestra*; Mozart's *Concerto No. 26 in D Major, K. 537*, "Coronation," with Richard Wilson, piano; and Beethoven's *Symphony*

EAT IT UP, KIDDIES: (clockwise from top left) Kwesi Thomas looks for a bone to pick at the annual Food Festiva at the International Students Organization, Saturday; Lauren Willis lights the fire of two eager first years at the Model UN Speak Easy, Friday; Lesbian comedy troupe, Utopia Roaming, strike a pose—they gave a performance in Manor Lounge, Wednesday.

No. 4 in B-Flat major, op. 60. Of course: conducted by Bard's president, Leon Botstein (who is also the ASO's music director, if you didn't already know). Richard Wilson is a Vassar music professor and an ASO composer-in-residence. For more information (yes, and tickets), call 758-7425. Olin Auditorium. 8 p.m. (Pre-concert talk begins at 7 p.m.)

Gigantic Twister Competition. A "Spring Fling" activity. Prizes: \$50 gift certificate to Stoney Creek for the winning team. To sign up for your team (of two players), stop by the gym or call Mark at ext. 4384. Field next to Ludlow. 6:30 p.m.

May 2, Saturday

1998 Home Run Contest. Entry forms are due to Mark Todd by Thursday, April 30. Field behind the Stevenson Gymnasium. 1 p.m.

Hike to the "Dover Furnace." Lead by Jane Giesler, who will speak on the 19th-century iron industry in Dutchess County. Sponsored by The Environmental Management Council and the Cornell Cooperative Extension of Dutchess County. For more information or directions, call Jennifer Chichester at (914) 677-8223 (ext. 127). Camp Green Acres (Sharparoon), Dover, NY. (The "rain date" will be the next day, Sunday.)

Concert: by John Renbourn, "folk-baroque guitar master" (formerly of the influential English group Pentangle), and Robin Williamson, "contemporary Celtic bard" (formerly of The Incredible String Band, which was a hit on the British charts in the '60s and performed at the first Woodstock Festival). Tickets: \$15, general admission; \$12 for Unison members; \$10 for students. For tickets and reservations—and, of course, "more information"—call (914) 255-1559. Unison Arts & Learning Center, 68 Mountain Rest Road, New Paltz. 8 p.m.

Concert: by Charles Libove, violinist, and Nina Lugovoy, pianist. Featuring as-yet-unannounced pieces of music by Edvard Grieg, Mozart, Frank Bridge, and Christian Sinding. General admission: \$12; \$10 for Guild members. Sponsored by the Woodstock Guild. For more information (and wit too?), call (914) 679-2079. Kleinert/James Arts Center, 34 Tinker Street, Woodstock. 8 p.m.

ZINE SCENE

Library Receives Mounds o' Material

by Lauren Martin and Elissa Nelson, Columnists

Back in November or so, we made a trip up to Albany to visit the New York State Library Archives. Mike Gunderloy, founder of *Factsheet Five* (an incredibly large zine that reviews other zines and is a huge networking tool for zine creators and readers) donated his entire zine collection to the Library. Billie Aul, curator of Albany's collection, estimates that they have about 15,000 zines—probably the largest zine collection in the country. Being the zine geeks that we are, the two of us just had to go and admire all of these zines that dated back to the early '80s, as well as ask for advice on how to archive Bard's own collection.

We really hit it off with Billie and as an unexpected bonus she offered us all the duplicates from the *Factsheet Five* collection. So now we've got some awesome zines of historical significance. A large percentage are anarchist, since that's how Gunderloy is politically oriented, there are also some *Little Free Press* zines too. Ernest Mann, who ran the *Little Free Press* out of his rural Minnesota home, was a founder of the

modern zine movement. He began printing his zines in 1969 and continued up until his death a couple years ago.

A brief sampling of zines from the *Factsheet Five* collection includes *Green Anarchist*, whose motto is: "The enemies of the people are those who know what people need." There's also *Love and Rage*: a revolutionary anarchist newsmagazine; *The American Rationalist*; *The Alternative To Religious Superstition*; and one of Lauren's favorites, *Daily Cow*, a zine about cows!

Because the collection was so random, comprising pamphlets, flyers, posters, and mail art, we had to arbitrarily decide which were zines and which were just ephemera. This means that we now also have a pretty substantial collection of stuff that we just don't know what to do with. What we would really like to do is to donate all of this excess stuff to any individual or group on campus (Student Labor Coalition, perhaps?). Come on, all you anarchists, socialists, and other interested parties—there's lots of really interesting and historical stuff to dig through. Oh, there's also some pretty creepy reactionary (hello neo-nazis, Christian Right, and misogynists!) zines that we just don't want to touch, but maybe you'd like to take them and burn them in a ditch or something. Please contact Elissa or Lauren through campus mail, or email us: en979 or lm549. Thanks y'all.

The Well-Tuned Professor: Composer Kyle Gann Gracefully Endures "Minimalistic" Interview

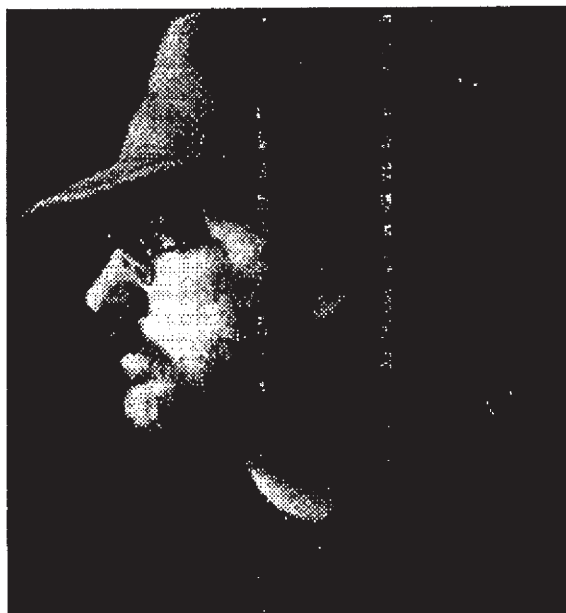
By MEREDITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

My attempts to interview Bard's new musicology/theory professor during the cockadoodle din of midday meal exchange are proving difficult, but even if Kyle Gann hears me over the ping! zam! of the pinball machine and yodeled grill orders, it is doubtful that he finds any of the questions I've asked him thus far very engaging. Momentarily, I take comfort in the fact that my subject is compassionately ignoring my sleep-deprivation-induced ineptitude. Then I remind myself that he also happened to be a highly acclaimed journalist who has written over a thousand articles for more than two dozen different publications (including one of my favorite columns of all time, a gumshoe satire entitled "Who Killed Classical Music?") but has probably never drooled on himself during an interview, which is currently a very real possibility for me. In addition to his work as a critic, my subject is an accomplished composer, the author of two books, a leading historian on late 20th century music, and a genuinely nice guy. He deserves better than this. Surreptitiously I nudge the tape recorder further towards him and struggling for coherency, croak out the first thing that pops into my head. "So, like..." Pause. Better rephrase that, Mer. "Um. Uh." How embarrassing. Gann rescues me from my brain embolism with an anecdote from his career writing for the *Village Voice*:

"The most famous person I ever interviewed was Yoko Ono, at her apartment in that hotel [Dakota]. She was wearing those really big sunglasses, and when went walking through the streets, she pretended to be incognito, but of course everybody recognized and she just loved it. But...when she got back to the hotel at that walkway where John Lennon was shot, she walked right past it, then she turned back, looked very anxiously from one side to the other, and ran through. This is thirteen years later, mind you." He chuckles. "I wrote an article that she loved so much she sends me a Christmas card every year. I think I was the only person who had ever interviewed her who knew more about her work than John Lennon's." In the time it takes Gann to tell this story, I have polished off the bagel and orange juice he was kind enough to buy me, and my conception of linear time restored, I am ready to salvage our conversation.

Hired last fall to "beef up the music history side of the curriculum," Gann is anything but your average music theory professor. To put it more

bluntly, the man is not a hopelessly repressed classicist whose long-winded lectures on sonorous harmonic progressions in the second movement of Mahler's 4th are capable of rendering an entire classroom comatose before you can say Wagnerian Leitmotif. Anything but. A tall, bearded fellow with a Lone Star State twang and a penchant for American Indian jewelry, Gann's close familiarity with modern works by everyone from Laurie Anderson to Terry Riley to Philip Glass to Diamanda Galas to John Zorn tend to bring his seminars into a much sharper focus. This is not to imply that he can't hold his own teaching about all those dead white European guys. He does. Without inducing a flatline.



EVERYONE'S A CRITIC: Journalist/Musicologist Kyle Gann

The eclectic zeal of Bard suits him. "The faculty here is far more alive and exciting. [While teaching theory] at Bucknell University, I was more interesting than most of the professors." He laughs. "Here I'm just like everybody else." As well as Bucknell, Gann has taught at Columbia University and the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. At none of those schools has he felt quite as comfortable as he seems to here. "I had people sign up for one of my classes this semester who had read my scholarly articles before. I've never been at any other place where that could have happened. It's great."

Gann is impressed by his student's commitment to their pursuit of their art. "Personally, I'm convinced that thinking about [a career following college] beforehand doesn't do any good. People

who try to predict where the jobs are going to be fail. They get out of school and they find out the world has already changed. They go into computers only to realize that everybody else is going into computers, they go into law not understanding that the law profession has changed and you can't necessarily make money at it anymore. [Bard students] tend to have one thing that they want to do with their life and they are going to follow that, no matter what."

As an undergraduate at the Oberlin conservatory, Gann was much the same way, searching for new possibilities off the so-called beaten path of music. Diligently he learned his contrapuntal harmony theory, studied his Beethoven and Bach, and familiarized himself the Westernized structure of the symphony, but meanwhile he was captivated by the innovations of Charles Ives and Henry Cowell as well as jazz, the burgeoning electronic scene, and the music of indigenous peoples. He studied with famed composers Ben Johnston and Morton Feldman, and began writing music the likes of which no one could have anticipated. His microtonal pieces often use up to 37 pitches per octave and his rhythmic language, based on "differing successive and simultaneous tempos, was developed from study of Hopi, Zuni, and Pueblo Indian musics."

Currently, he is teaching a course called "The Arithmetic of Listening," which, among other things, explains the acoustics of musical intervals and addresses the development of different tuning systems around the world. Next semester, as well as a course on the symphony and romantic harmony, Gann plans to teach a course on music since 1985, called "New Musical Currents Since Minimalism," which will "basically address the state of that scene currently and its emerging composers." Eventually, he wants to teach a course in criticism. "I'd love to use what I've learned in fifteen years of writing to impart experience to somebody."

Before sojourning to a faculty meeting, Gann imparted some advice to me as one writer to another which echoed his earlier sentiments as to why Bard is such a successful place to begin learning about and seriously making art. "I believe in going out and being a big frog in a small pond, then moving on. If you start out the other way around, it takes forever to work your way up. When you come in from outside, people are always prepared to believe you capable of more, some-

The Gospel According to the Dancing Paperclip of Tormented Souls/ by Morgan Pielli



Judas, just before really committing to the idea of betrayal



by
Joel Hunt,
Columnist

Okay, kids, so maybe a do-it-yourself record review wasn't the best idea in the world. I was hoping to get dozens (well, maybe at least a couple) of individually marked copies via campus mail. I was looking forward to skimming those marks (whether by pen, pencil, or crayon) in search of new, untapped talent in much the same way that a literary agent skims a fresh manuscript. Alas, my delusions of Bard grandeur (and relatively harmless creativity) were not meant to be. Was it because the majority of Bard students are as lazy as, well, me? Or was it that the whole endeavor was just too vague?

I'll be the first to readily admit that the entire exercise was a not-too-subtle stab at that favorite of buzzwords: deconstructionism (because "Mad Libs" would probably not suffice as most chichi literature snobs' definition). But after that I'll distraction, I have decided that it is my job to put some meaning back into my criticism! Really, you can "deconstruct" all day, but all you'll sound like is a drunken conversation about art between Yeats MacKey and the Artist Formerly Known as Gandalf at some party in Red Hook. Not to "dis" on poor Yeats, 'cause it was actually the Artist Formerly Known as Gandalf who uttered the words "You have to go and talk to Picasso." Let me give you a hint, guy: Picasso's dead.

Anyway, what better way to put the heart and soul back into music criticism than to discuss (or, uh, write about) genre distinctions! Hey, this is an area of major importance: it's almost as necessary as using "Brian Wilson-esque," for example, when comparing somebody to the Beach Boys. There are plenty of new genres created everyday (anybody know what Speed Garage is?), but we'll stick to the basics—that is, "pop" music. Now, in 1998 this term "pop" is so vague as to be completely confusing. Back in the early days, "pop" was synonymous with "popular," but that is of course no longer the case. As evidenced by fliers I've seen around campus lately with the words "Indie Pop" emblazoned at the top, pop music doesn't necessarily mean popular. And, as we all should know, popular doesn't necessarily mean good (although there's plenty of supremely popular music that's good; did I ever tell you about my penchant for Blackstreet?). Whatever...The reader (uh, that means you) should know by now that it's the critic's job to stay, er, abreast of the latest genre mutations. Unfortunately, critics (especially those writing for publications of any size) always seem to be well behind the curve. But me, I'm so far ahead of you that I'm behind you.

Yeah, well one band that's been ahead of me on the critical road for a while now is that group of Britsters, the High Llamas, whose new record *Cold and Bouncy* (released domestically on V2) hasn't been out for too long (at least it's new enough for me to review). I heard about the High Llamas a helluva long time ago from a good friend (with a quadraphonic stereo system), and was impressed by their musical resemblance at the time to the legendary Steely Dan. That impression, however, was incredibly inaccurate (hey, we were stoned in his car), since the High Llamas play pop music in an "impressionistic" style similar to the Beach Boys or Van Dyke Parks, (that is, pop meaning "pop" (i.e. melodies with upfront vocals), not meaning "pop-

Pop Rules Everything Around Me (Almost)



TAKING IT TO THE HILT WITH THE TILT: Walker's new LP.

ular." The songwriter/leader of the band, Sean O'Hagan, is also an adjunct member of Stereolab so there's plenty of electronic gurgles and stuff all over this fine record. There's also plenty of lilting melodies, propulsive percussion, crafty lyrics, and even a song entitled "Showstop Hip-Hop" which is not musically similar to its title. But hey, these guys charm the listener with smooth string and brass arrangements (which are certainly Brian Wilson-esque), and that's been enough for me lately. And, after all, this review is about pop records.

Speaking of which, I was really behind the curve on the next artist, especially since I worked at his American label all last summer and never heard his music until last week. I'll give you a hint: imagine if Brian Wilson (that's right!) grew up in the 1980s, listened to tons of hip-hop, was way into pop music, occasionally took lots of drugs, and was into My Bloody Valentine and the Clash (ugh!). Now, think of this Wilson-esque character with the added cultural bonus of being Japanese, and you've got Cornelius, whose American debut *Fantasma* was recently issued by Matador. The end result is an amazing mix of twenty-billion-odd musical styles all under the aegis of some cool pop which kicks the shit out of anything Beck ever did (and will ever do). Describing this masterful amalgamation of completely disparate elements is probably beyond my "powers" as a critic, so I'll just write that Cornelius is really big in Japan (which is dissimilar to being "a big theatrical hit in Indiana"). Late twentieth-century Japanese musical culture, even its mainstream, seems to be incredibly open compared to its American counterpart. Which is not to say, if Americans ever had any clue, that Cornelius should be the biggest damn thing since sliced bread. Oh, and by the way, he did get his name from everybody's favorite Planet of the Apes character.

Somebody who has been on the periphery of pop for decades now is the fabulous Scott Walker, who originally sang with the Walker Brothers (none of whom were actually brothers). Although his latest album *Tilt* was actually first released over two years ago (as a difficult-to-find import on Fontana), it has recently been reissued domestically by Drag City. And he's come a long way, baby.

Although I find the exquisite pop of his earlier 1960s albums (especially *Scott*, 2, 3, and 4) completely mesmerizing, they might seem a l'il bit "quaint" to many so-called modern listeners. However, *Tilt* is a totally different game. Even though Scott Walker doesn't possess the vocal control that he once had (his vibrato is getting pretty intense), his singing fits so well with the stark smoothness of *Tilt*. The production is first-rate and features plenty of beautifully dark orchestration (especially that by the Strings of Sinfonia of London), spectacularly dense church organ, percussion, guitars, etc. And Walker is a completely ingenious songsmith: his craft consists of creating immaculate, brilliant songs through a truly unique grasp of language and contexts. It's not often that a pop record should come with lengthy footnotes, but *Tilt* deserves such close scrutiny. When he sings "It's a beautiful night from here to those stars," he's scarier than any lame-ass Goth (Nick Cave ripped off his material big time to no great effect), and more compelling than any other "lame-ass" "singer/songwriter." Scott Walker is a god on par with Brian Wilson, John Coltrane, John Fahey, Ornette Coleman, Nick Drake, Van Dyke Parks, Daniel Higgs, KRS-One, Colin Newman, Brian Eno, whatever, etc. Buy this record now.

Finally, we'll get away from the pop tip to discover a new record which incorporates quite a few different styles in order to form something new. That would be the self-titled debut by Pan-American (available on Kranky), which is actually by Mark Nelson of the austere Labradford. On this album, the emphasis is more upon beats (as opposed to Labradford's relatively percussive-less music) of both the electronic and live kind. Also present are plenty of electronic textures, Nelson's ubiquitous Morricone-esque guitar and barely-breathed vocals, as well as a l'il bit of bongos and dulcimer. The rhythmic center of this album, although occasionally super-complex, is really close to that of dub reggae, although it don't sound "irie" (and that ain't a bad thing, either). Certainly, *Pan-American* is not "Ja-fake-an" (white Rastas, anyone!), but is something well off on its own tangent. Although I do miss the cohesive keyboard stylings of his bandmate Carter Brown, Mr. Nelson has surely made something more than worthwhile with *Pan-American*.

Well, as you can probably guess, the boundaries of pop are finally breaking down, and there's a bunch of musicians out there who incorporate a wide range of music sometimes within single songs. Ooooh, how postmodern, you might think. I don't really want to get down with what I think is the most over-used (and therefore most misunderstood) term at Bard, so I'll let you draw your own conclusions. That is, if you think that you can make the effort.

Next time we'll delve into the world of compact disc reissues by looking at some new old stuff by Arnold Dreyblatt, Jack Smith, John Fahey, Lynyrd Skynyrd, and others (no Victoria Williams or indignant jazz reviews, I promise). And I'll bust it up New York style!

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by
Leah Zanoni,
Columnist

Kate Winslet began crying softly on the evening of March 23rd, as we all did, when the Best Actress envelope was unsealed and none other than *Mad About You's* jeune gaunt-lette Helen Hunt was called to the podium.

Winning for her sophomoric performance in *As Good As It Gets*, opposite the smirky, puff-faced Jack Nicholson, who was also honored (could he please play someone other than himself?), the Air toothpaste green-sheathed Hunt was haltingly applauded by her (understandably) shocked date for the evening. As Hunt's name was called and the orchestra began playing her film's theme song, the man who had been sitting to her right balked in surprise.

Competing with such performative goddesses as Helena Bonham-Carter, Julie Christie, Judy Dench, and the aforementioned Winslet, Hunt certainly seemed the obvious last choice. Her presence on the small or big screen is embarrassing and it is inconceivable to me that she is now a member of the Academy.

While I freely admit that Winslet (who lustily filled out an emerald green and gold Givenchy creation) was not my first choice for Best Actress at the 1998 Oscar Ceremony, there is no doubt in my sane mind that Helen Hunt deserved nothing more (or less) than a slap in the face.

Isn't it interesting that the sole American "actress" among the Best Actress contenders managed to beat her far superior British counterparts? I think not. Much to my chagrin, the Academy of Motion Pictures has yet again proven itself to be a corporation run by salacious, soapy mongrels and moguls. Academy voters showed unwarranted loyalty to the box office and cheated four talented Brits out of an award that is supposedly based on skill, in order to present AquaNet consumers with an American heroine who also happens to be an anorexically thin, blonde dullard.

Kate was not whimpering because she did not win the coveted golden statue. I'm sure that she had hoped against the obvious, but Winslet knew that *Titanic* was not her best piece of work. Nominated just three years ago for her perfor-

mance in *Sense and Sensibility*, Winslet has appeared in much more actorly films and chewed much tougher performative fat in the past. No, it seems to me that Winslet cried because Helen Hunt had won, which proves yet again that there are no standards in Hollywood and only unapologetic injustice.

Isn't losing to Helen Hunt akin to losing to the wizened old woman who demanded, "Where's the beef?" (May she rest in peace.) As far as talent is concerned, in Hollywood they apparently like it lean. I've never been much of a Bonham-Carter fan, and I don't know much about Julie Christie, but when none of these honest-to-god, do-it-or-die actresses won, dazzling Kate had every right to cry.

Word has it that the chicken-necked Hunt and her pelican-beaked primetime co-star, Paul Reiser, have asked NBC for one million dollars per episode. Wouldn't that money have been better spent in bribing the Academy's varied and distracted voters not to pick Hunt? Why give her this false legitimization? It is the atrocity of Hunt's presence on screen that I cannot comprehend. Helen Hunt is a rube. I suppose, though, that this is why couch potatoes like her: she is just like them.

I was so crestfallen by Hunt's winning the Oscar, that my entire attitude towards the film *Titanic* shifted. If only for Kate's honor, I crossed my fingers every time her movie was nominated, and felt glorious and victorious rage every time the gluttonous epic swallowed another prize.

Director James Cameron and his crew certainly deserved the eleven awards which were bestowed upon them. While *Titanic* still does not strike me as an actorly film, it is a testament to the art of technical movie-making.

Shouts out, still, to the effervescent Winslet, who professed before the gala event that she was "thrilled" to attend such a carnivalesque party. Unfortunately, for me it became painfully clear that my impending engagement to Winslet is offsetting her being predictably escorted to the

Injustice for Some

Making a mockery of Oscar

Oscars by a pimply complexioned young man whom she called her "boyfriend." I am confident, however, that she will miss my wit and charm and return to me before long.

Not in attendance at the three-plus hour event was my true love, the scintillating Jodie Foster. I missed her in worsted Armani; I pounded my forehead that she was probably at home with her perfectly manicured feet in a tub of hot water, trying to keep down the swelling of pregnancy. At least I could have boiled the water!

Seriously, though, Jodie's dry humor, intelligence, and class were missed by all. This year's Oscars didn't have any to spare, although BILLY CRYSTAL was a wonderful host again.

One thing that got my goat, however, was Billy's obnoxious treatment of the sweet rabbit who won for his documentary about the Holocaust. The rabbit had many people to thank and was shaking in his boots up on stage. The orchestra began playing music and he kept talking for about a minute. Billy Crystal returned to the stage and let the man continue, all the while making faces at him. Finally, the poor rabbit was ushered off the stage.

This rabbit had just won an Oscar, and was having the moment of his life. Not only did Billy Crystal disrespect him by making faces, but he also made a crude comment (which I cannot recall entirely, so I will not attempt to quote him), about going back to synagogue. What a jerk. Billy Crystal is Jewish.

Frances McDormand, Best Actress winner in 1996 for her portrayal of local sheriff, Margie, in the stark and impressive *Fargo*, looked terrific in a really shiny dress and I just have to say: love her. How commendable and refreshing it was when, during her acceptance speech last year, she lambasted Hollywood and the Academy's questionable voting standards. What a lady.

In closing, I would like to say that the next and last issue of *The Observer* (May 4) will contain what will be my final article in this paper. Isn't that too bad?

Classifieds

Wanted: Sublets: If you have an apartment or house you are willing to sublet to a graduate student for the months of June, July, and August, please submit all specifics (number of rooms, location, price, contact number, etc.) to the Graduate Office via campus mail, or e-mail gradschool@bard.edu.

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

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

We want to adopt a baby. Four years ago we were blessed with the adoption of a beautiful boy. Today we hope to be just as fortunate by locating a birth mother who finds us to be the right family for her baby. My husband and I are both artists and own our own design business. We work at home which allows us tons of time to be together. Our son Tucker very much wants to be a big brother and asked us if he could adopt the baby too. To speak to Tom or Deborah, call 1-888-610-2555.

Announcements

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

Summer Study/Travel in Austria

The University of New Orleans announces the 23rd session of its annual International Summer School in Innsbruck, Austria during the summer of 1998. About 250 students as well as some 30 faculty/staff members live, learn, and travel in the magnificent setting of the towering Tyrolean Alps in the "Heart of Central Europe." Participants can earn up to ten semester hours of credit, selecting from over 50 courses offered in a wide variety of subject areas. Courses focus primarily on the cultural, historical, social, political, business, and economic issues of U.S./Europe relations. All instruction is in English and coursework is complemented by field trips and European guest lectures. The session convenes July 5 and ends on August 15, 1998. Enrollment is limited, so interested students should apply as soon as possible. For a full color brochure and course descriptions write to: UNO-Innsbruck-1998, P.O. Box 1315 - (UNO), New Orleans, LA 70148; call the UNO Division of International Education at (504) 280-7116, Fax (504) 280-7317; or use our e-mail address: ielpmc@jazz.ucc.uno.edu. The

Division also has a website that includes more information on UNO-Innsbruck-1998 as well as a multitude of other international study/travel options: <http://www.uno.edu/inst/Welcome.html>.

Summer Study/Travel in the Czech Republic

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

Internships & Job Opportunities

Remember that song, "Oh I wish I were an Oscar Mayer Wiener"? Well, Oscar Mayer is actually looking for people who want to be wieners. Each year recent college graduates get paid to travel all over North America. They attend exciting events like the Super Bowl and Mardi Gras, as well as parades, fairs, and charities. They are goodwill ambassadors for Oscar Mayer Foods. Did I mention they travel in a 27-foot-long hot dog on wheels? The Hotdoggers, pilots of the Wienermobiles, spend a full year traveling from border to border and coast to coast making promotional appearances. A major portion of the job is participating in television, newspaper, and radio interviews. For more info or if you think this internship satisfies your appetite for fun, excitement, and adventure, write to Oscar Mayer, Wienermobile Department, P.O. Box 7188, Madison, WI 53707, call Kirsten Suto at (608) 285-3204, or e-mail ksuto@kraft.com

Putting Earth Day to Work

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

All classified ads are printed free of charge to the advertiser. The Bard Observer "reserves" the right to edit them for length and clarity, however. Please try to keep your ad to a maximum of 75 words. Students: send your ad(s) to The Bard Observer via campus mail. Others: send your ad(s) to The Bard Observer, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504. The Observer will also accept classified ads via e-mail at observer@bard.edu. As you can see, The Bard Observer will print any and all absurd nonsense in order to fill space.

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A plea to all Bard students:

On June 17, I am planning to attend Stevie Nicks' solo concert at Radio City Music Hall. While purchasing tickets for this monumental event will not be a problem, I am desperate to also acquire BACK STAGEPASSES.

My dream, against all odds, is to meet Stevie Nicks. Unfortunately, I do not "know" anyone, so I am afraid I MAY NEVER REALIZE THIS WISH.

Considering my dilemma, I have decided to share my plight with every Bard student who reads *The Observer*, in the hope (against all hopes) that one student might have a connection or capability to assist me in this pursuit.

I ask all of you, with fathers and mothers, older sisters or brothers with rock and roll contacts, WHO WILL MAKE MY WILDEST DREAM COME TRUE?

I can think of nothing more generous or selfless than what a fellow student could do for a stranger. You would have my undying gratitude for eternity. Whomever grants my wish will win the coveted award of being interviewed and praised by me in my last article EVER for the illustrious and cuttngly edited *Observer*.

Please, if anyone has connections at Radio City Music Hall, Ticketron, or through the actual music business, shine your good fortune on me!

My dear friends, Angela and John, who are similarly taken with the glorious Nicks, will be joining me. I cannot leave them seething with painful jealousy in their seats if I am so fortunate to go backstage. Please keep this in mind, considering my desperate efforts.

If only, if only!

I am a graduating Senior, so think how memorable your efforts would be!
Thanks all. I'm crossing my fingers, AND DON'T FORGET THE BIG PRIZE!

Sincerely,
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Choice Still Main Issue with Proposed Hospital Merger

By SHAWNEE BARNES, Contributor

By now people are aware of the impending hospital merger between Northern Dutchess Hospital and Kingston Hospital with the Catholic-run Benedictine Hospital. If the merger goes through, Northern Dutchess and Kingston Hospital will be governed by the Catholic directives of the Archdiocese of New York. This hospital merger affects all of us in the community, since it will curtail the many rights we have taken for granted. This merger will eliminate many reproductive services, some of which will include all forms of contraceptive and HIV/AIDS prevention counseling, as well as reproductive and birth control counseling. Abortion, tubal ligations, and vasectomies will be eliminated since they are in "violation" of the Catholic doctrine and Catholic health-care. Staff in the hospital will be forbidden to discuss birth control or give out condoms to any of their patients.

The hospital administration has proposed setting up a separate women's clinic operating independently of the hospital. A women's clinic would perform neither tubal ligations nor abortions. There has been no information released on the nature of the services which will be provided there. A doctor and a few nurses will staff this clinic and it is not known if they will be able to distribute information concerning birth control. A clinic run independently has additional risks in that it could be targeted by anti-pro-choice protesters. A clinic away from the main hospital will also make it difficult for a poor man or woman seeking such services to get to.

Beyond reproductive rights being taken away, end of life rights, such as euthanasia and assisted suicide choices will be eliminated. Neither a dying person nor his or her family could make the decision to pull the plug. Living wills will only be honored if they are in accordance with Catholic beliefs. The reasoning behind this is that "death should be prevented at all costs," for the Catholic faith calls for "redemptive suffering."

The issue that is most pertinent here is the issue of CHOICE. Without choice, control and autonomy are taken away from the individual. The issues involving the merger run deep and will affect this community severely. Hospitals all over the country are merging with Catholic organizations for financial solutions. An alternative way of merging is possible. For example, Vassar Brothers hospital which was able to retain its reproductive services after it merged. Other solutions exist and there is a large movement out there to stop this merger. On a legal level, it is in violation of our Constitution, which bases itself on the separation of Church and State. If you are interested in finding out more about this merger and what you can do to help stop it, call or email Shawnee at x4656/sb679.

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Psst! He won't write a word 'til mid-May

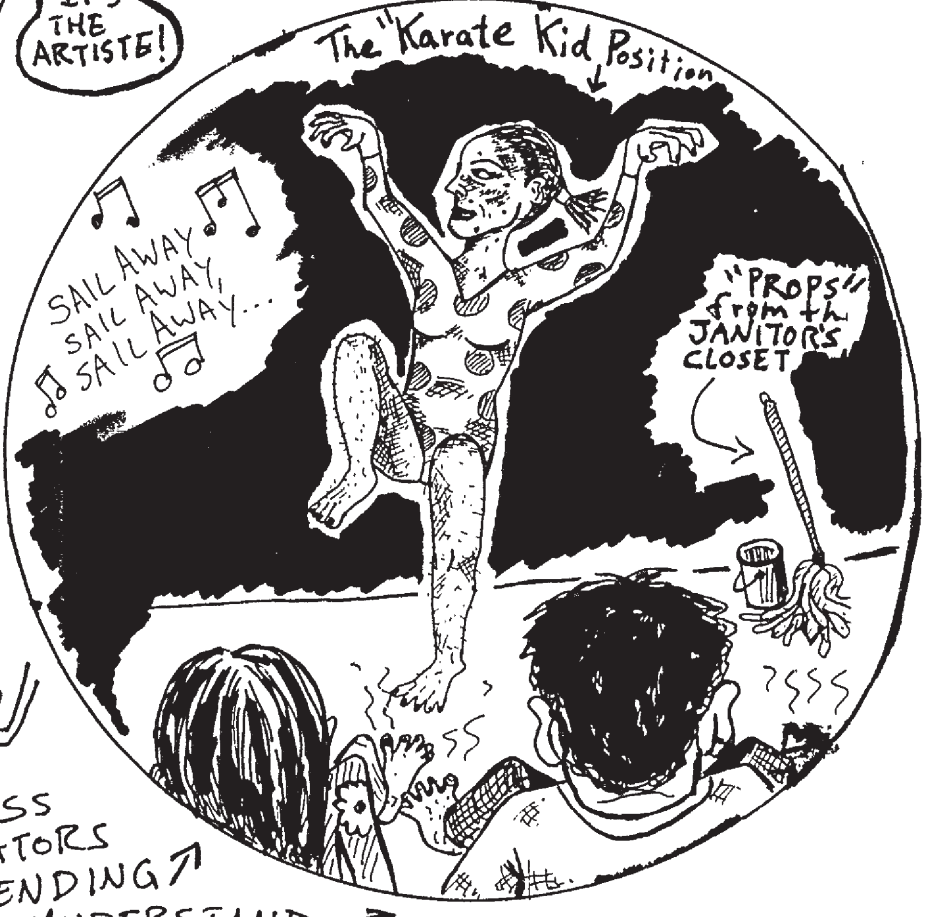


2 Photography Projects DEPICTING OVER-PRIVILEGED KIDS (fellow Bard Students) as "DOWN and OUT BOHEMIAN GUTTER-DWELLERS"



IT'S THE ARTISTE!

I CALL THIS ONE "The Search for Artistic Integrity..."
LOOK FOR IT AT KLINE!



The "Karate Kid Position"

SAIL AWAY, SAIL AWAY, SAIL AWAY...

"PROPS" from the JANITOR'S CLOSET

SHOELESS SPECTATORS PRETENDING TO UNDERSTAND

3 MODERN DANCE Performances BY TRUST-FUND GIRLS WHO COULDN'T DO THE HOKEY-POKEY (or the ELECTRIC SLIDE) IF THEY TOOK A TWO-SEMESTER PRIVATE TUTORIAL.
(Look! she spent 4 years cultivating that "vacant debutant" look and it finally pays off!)

The Bucket and Mop Add the OBLIGATORY "FEMINIST OVERTONES"

Jericho '98 Attracts Thousands Of Protesters, Over 50 Bardians

By NICK JONES, Contributor

It was a better day for a picnic than a protest. Spirits were high, the sun was tremendous, and few would say that they didn't have a good time. However, in terms of organization and political impact, the Jericho rally in Washington, D.C. left much to be desired. Students and activists from around the country had been called on by the African Liberation Army to protest the imprisonment of Mumia Abu-Jamal and all other political prisoners in the U.S., as well as to raise general awareness about the movement. Some 50,000 protesters were expected. Maybe 7,000 showed up, myself and other Bard students among them.

The day began with a march from Malcolm X Park to the White House, and here the energy climaxed as the exhilarated masses raised their voices in unison. Although ostensibly, the various organizations sectioned themselves off, each with their own respective slogans and banners, the lines became blurred. All political differences were dissolved in an overwhelming emotional solidarity and most protesters moved freely through the sections, joining in one chorus of a chant for a few minutes, then moving on. Many people who just happened to be in the area would slip into the crowds and join in the protest. What they were protesting seemed irrelevant; the only criteria for marching were a general dislike for the government and a big mouth. Some memorable chants include "CIA! KKK! Same Shit! Different Name!" and "No Justice! No Peace! Free Mumia! Fuck the Police!" Leaders of the chants changed frequently, owing to the strain of screaming at the top of their lungs. Bard student Jeff GiaQuinto solved this problem by bringing along a megaphone, with which he was able to rant and rave all day at his leisure.

The crowd was a festive swirl of color, the official colors of innumerable causes, reminiscent of Mardi Gras. Indeed, it was a celebration. Each individual had come with their own unique approach. Some came covered in face paint, others with black handkerchiefs or face masks, the latter bringing with them a much more somber attitude to proceedings. Some seemed to take themselves a little too seriously, such as one man who had covered his face in a black handkerchief and who put his hand in front of my camera when I approached, warning me to "fuck off." I doubt whether it was necessary for anyone to conceal their identities. No one seemed to regard us as a threat, not the cops who smiled as we passed, nor the grey-skinned politicians who would later meander through the rally, casually puffing on cigars, seem-

No one seemed to regard us as a threat, not the cops who smiled as we passed, nor the grey-skinned politicians who would later meander through the rally, casually puffing on cigars, seemingly oblivious to the tirades blasting over the loudspeakers, and the fact that they exemplified the very sort of men many of us held in contempt.

ingly oblivious to the tirades blasting over the loudspeakers, and the fact that they exemplified the very sort of men many of us held in contempt. To show us the least bit of resistance, or even scorn, would be to legitimize our claims of injustice, and give fuel to our fire. By simply ignoring us, they gave the greatest insult.

Being told to "fuck off" in the midst of the singing, drumming, and my own enthusiasm for the proceedings did make me realize something. The march was swarming with photographers; almost a third of the protesters seemed to have come equipped. We scurried like cockroaches on the sidewalks, almost a march unto ourselves. If we had not been preoccupied with getting the perfect shot, the real march might have been more powerful. Nonetheless, I think that the guy who was hostile to me was probably just grumpy about having to wear all that black in the hot weather, yet another reason black is the color of martyrdom.

Another Bard student, Adam Davison, likened the march to storming a castle, only to find that when reached, the



RAISING THE FLAG: Jericho '98 protesters sojourn to the park.

walls were impenetrable. The common cause was to make noise, to be heard. Once the march has reached its destination, however, individual interests became apparent. The African Liberation Army, which had organized the event, dominated the stage with its speakers, while down below, innumerable voices struggled to be heard. The very energy which had propelled the march here divided the protesters. Many activists were talking at once and in their eagerness to be heard, became deaf to those around them. Needless to say, most people seemed to be already well informed, and there were unfortunately few D.C. locals around, despite the large black community. To top it off, the president wasn't even in town, but off "preaching about human rights in Africa instead of addressing the problem right here," as one speaker said.

The speeches ranged from fiery ranting about "those lying motherfuckers" (the government), to the only slightly more reserved preaching of black ministers, and the youthful indignation of "revolutionary rappers." The stage was guarded by expressionless young black men, looking very militant in black, red, and green. One young man had even donned the black sunglasses and beret characteristic of his forefathers, the Black Panthers. I was surprised and delighted when one of these bouncers suddenly leapt onstage to drop a few rhymes, thus asserting the place of his generation in this age-old struggle. Such musical interludes helped to reignite the enthusiasm of the crowd, which nonetheless continued to fragment as the afternoon wore on. After the exhilaration and exhaustion of the march, many protesters sprawled in the grass fast asleep, myself included. This is not owing to any fault of the organizers, only the inevitable result of a restless night on the bus, hot sun, and nearly five hours of speeches.

What is perhaps most remarkable about the case of Mumia Abu-Jamal is the number of organizations which have rallied to his support. Mumia has become the symbol of injustice for those seeking freedom for political prisoners, an end to capital punishment, and general reform of government. Due to the obvious illegality of his sentence (evidence having been withheld which would undoubtedly have proved his innocence), the influential and highly public role he played in his community, his militant attitude towards the government, and a very photogenic face, Mumia has become a perfect figurehead for the movement to release (or at least acknowledge) political prisoners. And if his death-sentence is carried out, he'll be just as effective as a martyr. To those of us now acquainted with the movement, it is significant to note that we do not refer to Mumia Abu-Jamal by his last name, but as simply "Mumia."

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Editorial Policy

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

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

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

Women's Rugby: Will They too Sup of the Famed Drinking Boot?

By ANNA-ROSE MATHIESON, Photography Editor

Equality has been hospitalized. This ragged ideal is not yet dead, but Bard's new Women's Rugby team has tackled and bloodied the elusive goal by revealing a fundamental difference between the sexes: "I just can't see any of the girls drinking cheap beer out of an old shoe," lamented team member Jen Novik.

The founding of a women's team in a sport that seethes and slobbers with testosterone may appear to be a step towards gender equality. Given the gross disparity between the quantity of money and attention bestowed upon men's and women's collegiate athletics, it seems like a reasonable proposal to include both halves of the Bard population in the sport that seems to be the most popular one in Annandale (besides the obvious exception of intramural softball, which has moved out of the realm of athletics and into the drunken dregs of sanctity).

A few students did warn us of this danger, pointing out that comparing male and female willingness to participate in rugby would reveal a major difference in the intelligence level of the sexes. Fortunately, droves of women were eager to risk severe bodily injury, tackling and head-butting in pursuit of fun; the women's team appears to have enough "hardcore" members to field a complete team.

Last winter, Diana Sanchez approached Jen Novik with the master plan to cultivate women's rugby at Bard. The timing was right; Jen was frantically searching for ways to avoid thinking about her senior project. With Bard-honed analytic skills, the two women concluded that rugby would be "like fun and stuff". Admiration for the originality of the swell new raptor mascot was a major factor in their decision. Using the men's leftover jerseys, the women began to hold practices thrice weekly; with the help of Nathan Ryan and Kimani Davis, the fledgling team learned the same drills and patterns as Bard's world-famous men's team. They have the privilege of practicing with the big boys twice a week.

Oddly enough, many of the new team members have never witnessed a single rugby game. This severely impairs their personal emotional development. It also impedes their current rugby education; without witnessing a game, it might be hard to accept the fact that no one actually knows the rules. All of the rugby mystique will be lost if the women don't realize that they are obligated to make up an absurdly complicated theory whenever anyone asks them about the score, and that it matters not at all if these numbers coincide with those of the guy with the whistle, since this discrepancy is merely a convenient excuse for complaining good-naturedly about how you should have received three and a half points more when the ball was deflected by the hooker who illegally tackled the pimp.

A controlled study of a randomly selected sample revealed that male reaction to the prospect of a women's rugby team followed a predictable, psychologically interesting progression. Anonymous sources on the women's team report that many men initially express concern for the women's physical safety, but after further consideration more than one man has decided that the idea of thirty women running around in tight shorts and hurtling themselves at each other with animalistic intensity is not entirely unappealing.

The Bard Women's Rugby team hopes to join an official intercollegiate conference next year and play a full game schedule. As most of you know, the Stevenson Gym had planned to move Bard sports



ANNA-ROSE MATHIESON



ANNA-ROSE MATHIESON



ANNA-ROSE MATHIESON

OUTDOOR PLUMBING: Men's Rugby battled the elements last Saturday, and left time for a brief "nature discovery" walk in the woods.

teams into a league more appropriate for our level of athletic ability, but the plans were halted due to scheduling difficulties with the nap-times of our projected arch-rivals, Red Hook Elementary. Consequently, the new rugby team will play several club games next fall and spring against neighboring colleges; Vassar and Marist have let chicas play rugby for many years.

The reaction of Bard's proletarian masses to a real women's rugby game should provide an interesting contrast with the reaction to the men's games. Will the cries for blood and Turkish unity be as fervent? Will as many pacifist vegans shriek death threats at the other team? We may soon find out. Novik asserts, "hopefully, tentatively we have a game on May 9th against Rutgers. Tentatively."

CONGRATULATIONS, KRIS HALL!

On April 5 Bard College athletic director Kris Hall gave birth to a 8.5 pound, 22 1/2 inch long, baby boy; Tor Kronbichler.

INTRAMURAL SPORTS...

Soccer Wraps It Up, Basketball Is Underway, and Softball Begins

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

SOCCKER: After weeks of fierce competition the Lone Stars prevailed against all other teams and won the Bard College Intramural Indoor Soccer Championships. They handily moved through the Athletic Conference, dispatching their opponents with style and panache, before meeting the Recreational Conference champs, the Burning Tools. The dark-horse Burning Tools made this year's playoffs the most memorable in years. After upsetting the Frat Boyz in the Rec. League championship, the Burning Tools moved on to play the heavily favored Musketeers. ...

Perhaps the Musketeers failed to get it up for the game because of ego; nothing will bring a person down faster than self love. Whatever the case the Burning Tools came out strong and the Musketeers weak. The Burning Tools quickly took control of the game and dominated the Musketeers' defense. The Musketeers' offense looked flaccid and uncommitted; shooting blanks at the Burning Tools goal. Chelsea Guerdat proved to be the player of the game as she repeatedly worked the ball up the middle, broke down the Musketeers' defense, penetrated the rear line, and exploded on goalkeeper Villy Margaritides, letting loose volley after volley. The Burning Tools quickly jumped on top with a 2-0 lead in the first half. In the second half the Musketeers came out with attitude. They played efficiently, controlling the tempo, and after some loose play by the Tools, tied the game at 2-2 forcing overtime.

The extra period looked bleak for the Tools when, in the opening seconds, scoring ace Igor Romanenko muscled his way through the Burning defense and received an out pass in. With an uncontested look on an unprotected goal Igor didn't rise to the occasion. He couldn't get his shot off in time, the Burning Tools shored up their defense and protected their rear. While he may have been quick to get up, he was slow to go down. Capitalizing on the missed opportunity by Romanenko, the Burning Tools quickly pushed the ball out to the sides. Max Rubenstein split the defense with some handy penetration. The Musketeers panicked under the withering attack by the Tools. They left their rear open and Paige Taylor showed some inside power with a nice dish to Chelsea Guerdat who established excellent position down low. Chelsea Guerdat scored an uncontested goal and the Tools left a burning sensation that the Musketeers will have to carry around with them until next season.

The Tools' luck ran out however in the championship game against Javier Salinas's and Johan Eriksson's Lone Stars. While the Tools jumped ahead with a first half 2-0 lead they couldn't keep the good work up. In the second half the Stars scored four goals and won the championship 5-3 against the Burning Tools.

BASKETBALL

Intramural 5-on-5 basketball is halfway through the season with some standard results. The heated competition between the Cornwall Corn Balls and Victory, the only undefeated teams left in the league, has yet to come to a head. Bringing up the second spot is a tight race between the veteran Faculty Plus (2-2) and the Quiche Eaters (2-1). The Illiterate Southerners bring up the third spot at 1-3. Tied for last place, both at 0-3, are The Crushers and the Drama Queens.

SOFTBALL

Bountiful Crop won their first game and the Golden Anniversary legacy died with a no-show on the team rosters.



THIS TEAM SMOKES! Abby Rosenberg consults with her team, The Bountiful Crop. They were victorious in their first match-up.

New Study Shows Softball to be Hazardous to Your Health

In a game of passion sometimes hearts explode

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

Last week kicked off the Bard College 1998 intramural softball season. As usual this marked the emergence of the closet jocks and reaffirmed the alcoholic's belief that spring is indeed the best time of year to cirrhosify the liver. While this time of year comes as a boon for those students who find pleasure in laying about in a grassy field with some friends under a balmy eighty-degree sun while worrying about whether to go to Santa Fe for happy hour or save some cash and simply make a Bev-Way run, it sends shivers down the spines of the Northern Dutchess paramedics. For it is a little-known fact, but a fact nonetheless, that Bard College is ground zero for heart attacks by the underage.

According to a study done by the Crockett & Tubbs polling firm, in which many pages of medical records were carefully analyzed, Annandale-on-Hudson leads the country in heart attacks occurring in men and women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. Among the startling discoveries was that thirty-eight Bard students died last year from "massive coronary destabilization owing to sudden and intense stress of the aortic vessel structure" in the months of April and May. The study made reference to a medical paper written by a Dr. Julius Erving.

In the paper, entitled "Beer and Kline Do Not Make a Balanced Diet," Dr. Erving discovered that the cause of these heart attacks was a corpulent and slothified body suddenly subjected to the intense physical exertion of dashing to first base. In his paper he states, "It seems amazing to me that in a country where Arnold Schwarzenegger is the Athletic Director General one could find an entire microcosm of society entirely devoid of physical fitness. While it is not surprising to find this in forty and fifty-year-olds [softball heart attacks are second only to snow shoveling heart attacks in the United States—possibly the only fact in this article] I've never seen this in eighteen to twenty-one year olds." Dr. Erving's paper found that the main dietary supplement on Bard Campus was beer, seconded by fruit loops in 2% milk. He postulated that because of this deposits of sugar, fat, and yeast formed along the walls of arteries and blood vessels and eventually caused the pathways of blood to collapse on themselves owing to the tremendous weight of the foreign substances. "The overall physical fitness of Bard students is so poor that many, although their frail hearts literally burst with pride while on the playing field cannot swing a softball bat without pausing to take a deep breath in between pitches; this, combined with the effort to walk to the baseball diamond, already has the heart in an excited state. While in

major league baseball the average time it takes to reach first base is just under three seconds, it took Bard students five times as long to travel approximately half the distance. Many of whom had to be administered with oxygen when they got there."

Dr. J suggested a total overhaul of the athletic department's magna carta. He found that the directors of athletics were more than capable of carrying out their responsibility of care for the student body's bodies and had within their grasp the means to do so. Unfortunately it seems that the administration (ineffectual middle management money-grubbers) had ordered an "anti-fitness" directive. In a psychological profile that can be found in the Stevenson Library, Dr. R. Westheimer states that "Mr. Botstein had a breakthrough today in therapy. He alluded to an incident in grade-school in which he was repeatedly spurned on the playground by a group of boys playing T-ball. He said, while in a deep hypnosis, 'Let me play, I can hit the ball too,' to which a bully he referred to as 'Nelson' replied, 'Ha ha, go play with the girls and their dollies.'"

However statistics show that the will to resist sloth is increasing. There are eighteen teams playing on the intramural softball field this year. At an average of thirteen players a team, there are 234 softballers out there. That comes close to equalling or even surpassing the entire Bard College varsity rosters for both fall and spring sports. 234 people represents close to a quarter of the college's enrollment. So while Bard would like to think of itself as "A Place to Think," maybe it's time to foster some good old mindless competition and come up with catchy new slogan like "Bard, a Place to Hone Your Body Into the Likeness of Adonis and Enjoy the Purely Physical Aspects of Life."

By the way, Bountiful Crop is going to win everything.

*Co-Editor/GA Eulogist's Note: Golden Anniversary and its minions may have passed on (or more likely, passed out) but we are NOT forgotten. *hic* Hear us, Bountiful Crop! Hear our sodden howls of righteous drunken wrath, challenging you from the bowels of the earth! *hic* AND ON THE EVE OF WORLD'S END, THERE SHALL BE A PURGATORIAL-RECKONING, A RESURRECTION, AND A GLORIOUS REMATCH! HEAR US, O SCABBY ONES! WE SHALL ROUT *hic* YOU, RANCID SCOURGE, *mump* FROM YOUR REEKING DEN OF ABSENT-MINDED SLOTH. YOU SHALL BE MADE TO DRINK CHEAP BEER FOR ALL ETERNITY. BOUNTIFUL CROP, WE'LL SMELL YOU IN HELL!!!! YAAAAAR!! *hic**

RAIDERS OF THE LOST SALT: THE LAST CRUSADE

Bot-man, Issue 11, 1998

HAVING FAILED TWICE TO GAIN SALT IN KLINE, BOT-MAN ESCAPES FROM THE TEMPLE OF DOOM, HOPING TO SUCCEED IN HIS LAST VALIANT TRY...

