

OBSERVER

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THE BARD observer

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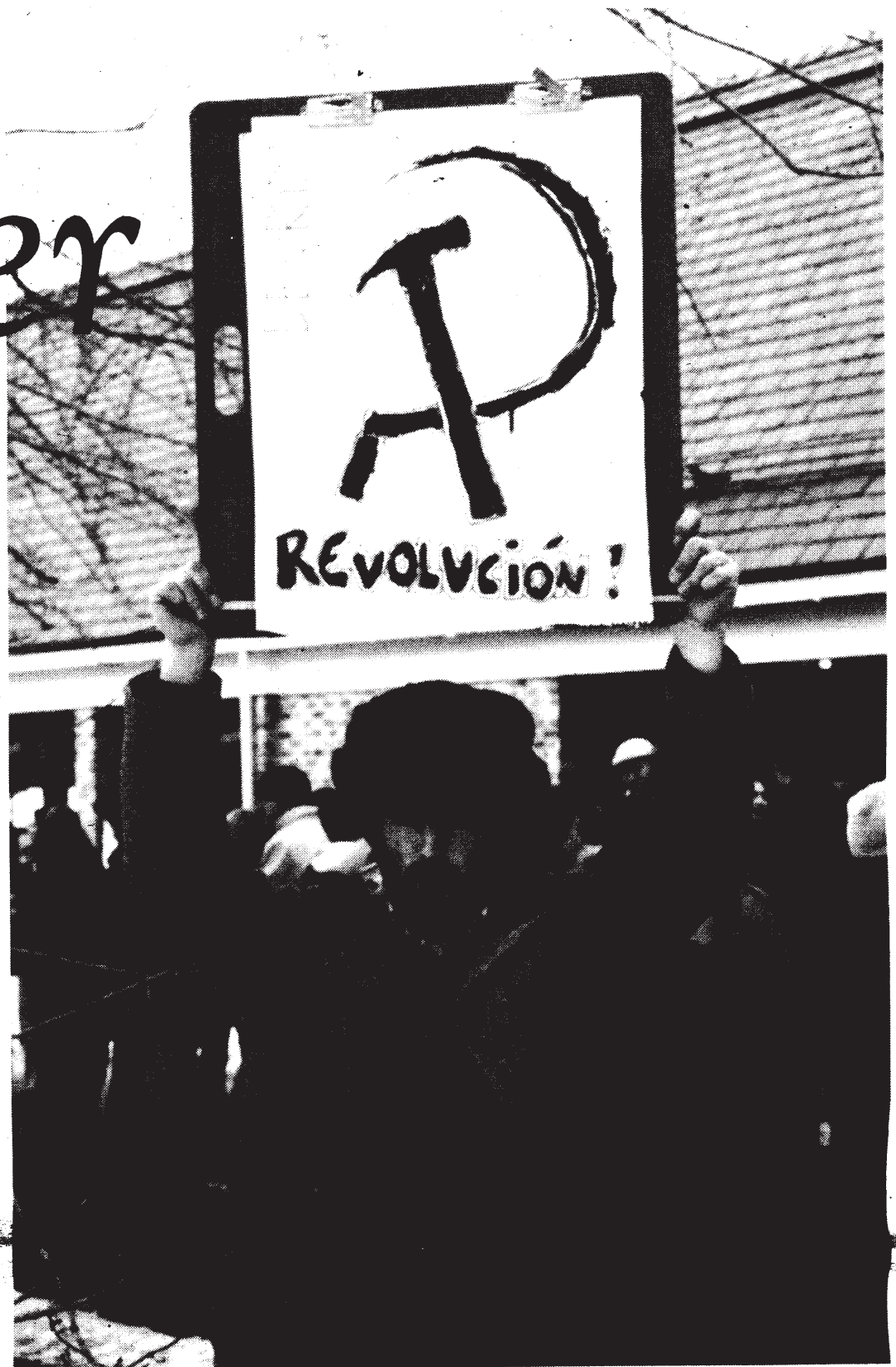
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Newspapers are unable,
seemingly, to discriminate between
a bicycle accident
and the collapse of civilization.
—George Bernard Shaw



Ozan Adams.

Photo: Anna-Rose Mathieson

Students Rally in Support of Flik Workers

by Anna Raff and Stephanie Schneider

"We'll be back, we'll be back," chanted Bard students, Kline workers, and other supporters at the end of the rally outside of Kline Commons, Tuesday, February 11. Students gathered that afternoon to demonstrate support for Flik food service employees and their campaign to unionize.

120 students were estimated to be present, according to an article published February 12 in the Poughkeepsie Journal. The event began around 2:30 p.m. and the students walked both to the offices of Flik management and the offices of Bard administrators in Ludlow in attempts to deliver petitions which demonstrated that 23 out of 34 Flik workers want to have the union recognized.

The Student Labor Coalition organized this event and according to SLC member Muni Citrin, "The purpose of the rally was to once again demand recognition from Flik management of the majority of the workers of the cafeteria who are organized and want HERE [Hotel, Motel, and Restaurant Employees and Bartenders Union] local 471 to be their bargaining representative."

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SLC member, Gretchen Wilson.

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February 17, 1997

All photos by Anna-Rose Mathieson

SLC Rally

continued from page 1

The other purpose of the rally was to put pressure on the administration. According to SLC member Naya Colkett, the rally was held in order to "force the administration to take a stand. These [Flik employees] are people that work on the campus and should have the respect of being supported by other members of the community."

Union organizer Teresa Hammer said that the administration can play a part in the effort to unionize but is now skirting the issue "by saying workers are Flik employees." She cited that the college employs the food supplier and "has every right to talk to the company."

The decision for the union will be made through an election held by the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) and according to Hammer, "Flik is trying to hide behind the NLRB." She said this is a common tactic for the employer in order to gain time to frighten employees.

Flik management sent a notice to all its employees stating that Flik has filed an employer's petition (RM petition) with the NLRB on February 12. The reasoning behind this, as the notice states, is because the union "has refused to file a petition for a representation election which would allow each eligible employee to vote in a secret ballot election conducted by the NLRB in accordance with procedures under the National Labor Relations Act."

Ann Marie Polinski, director of the industrial division and Union label division of the AFL-CIO in New York state, also attended Tuesday's rally and said that Flik has already violated the National Labor Relations Act. She explained that it is against the law for an employer to promise benefits during a unionizing campaign and that Flik had made promises

after the campaign was underway. She said that the union filed a complaint with the NLRB and Flik has settled with the labor board.

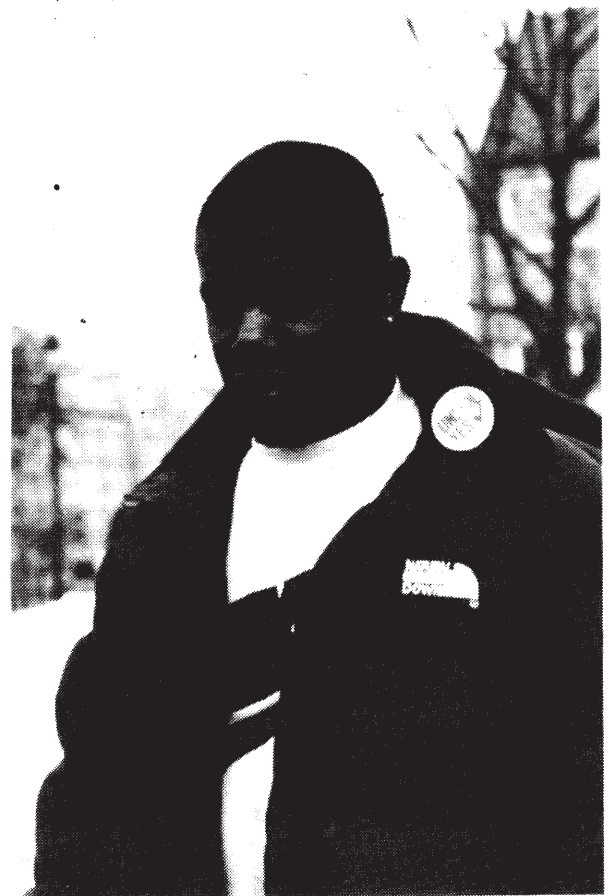
Polinski said she was pleased with the rally and was glad to see involvement on the part of the students, saying that these are people that will soon enter the workforce as well and "they're the next victims."

Flik workers also attended and one full-time worker said that the support of the students was appreciated by everyone at Kline. "We are here for the students and we are part of Bard and we shouldn't be made to feel that we have to leave," he said.

Not all felt that the student involvement was that beneficial. One Flik worker, Koreena Salerano, said she feels that the students may be involved too much. "I think the students' role has been obtrusive and shadowing to the issue as a whole. Though I must say, I admire their dedication and seeming affection for the Flik employees. I have noticed no actual conflict. I have heard from members of management that students have come off as aggressive and overbearing."

Some students decided not to support the rally for various reasons. Bard student Nathan Corbin said that he decided to attend class instead of the rally because he felt that it "was mostly a manifestation of college kids finding a cause that they believe in and that they can fight for relatively easily without doing too much."

Others feel that students have a definite role in the unionizing campaign. Bard student Caylor Roling, member of the SLC, said, "I think everyone that's involved has a direct concern. I don't think it was some kind of whim, 'activist project.' I think people are dedicated to people on campus and they care about what goes on around here."



Union member and Flik worker.



Feb. 11, an estimated 120 supporters of the union gathered outside of Kline.



The voice of the masses.



Bridgette Raff and other students outside of Ludlow.

Change to 'SILK' Rubs Administration the Right Way

by Meredith Yayanos
(interview by Chris VanDyke)

In the spring semester of 1990, a group of Bard students interested in S/M activity and education founded a club called S/M ACES. Since that time, due to an inherently insurgent nature and outspoken disposition, the group has become one of the most widely recognized, controversial campus organizations. Recurrent skirmishes with administration came to a head in 1995 when S/M ACES co-heads were informed that no funding would be provided by the college due to worries pertaining to lawsuit liability. The "dangerous sexual activities" promoted by S/M ACES were not something Bard could comfortably condone.

Only after extensive negotiations was S/M ACES allowed to transfer its funds to other clubs to pay for speakers or vice versa. Even so, the administration had jurisdiction to screen all

of their potential activities. Although the majority of students disagreed with administrative conditions implemented at that time, they concurred with Bard's liability concerns. As *Observer* correspondent Chris VanDyke aptly said, "Love hurts, but the school shouldn't have to fund it."

The situation is now notably different now than it was two years ago. Since that time, S/M ACES has seen a marked shift in its realm of interest. Apparently, the (in)famous images established by the group, those of master/slave martini socials and whipping workshops, no longer reflect the general predilection of club members. According to them, very little of the agenda is S/M-oriented. The administration, however, was not convinced.

"...It seemed ridiculous to be penalized for something that we're not really doing anymore," President Gwendolyn Norton said in a recent *Observer* interview. "It was really frustrating."

Over Intercession, Norton devised a means to release her club from (ahem) bondage. "What if we just change our name and come up with a different statement of pur-

pose and...officially say that S/M isn't what we are?" As of now, the club formerly known as S/M ACES is officially SILK (Sexual Individuality, Lifestyles, Knowledge).

SILK is striving to redefine itself by offering a new assortment of workshops and activities. Norton referred to the possibility of "sex-positive" education: "Sex positive refers to a sexual educational movement, the philosophy behind it being that sex is a good thing...that anyone who told you that there is something wrong with it was wrong. So just learn to relax, and here are a few things to explore." Norton stressed the importance of AIDs awareness and safe-sex promotion. "[Sex-positive] also...focuses on consent and sexual negotiation. That's one of the big things, because a lot of people get very embarrassed...The whole point is that there is nothing embarrassing about that, you must be able to communicate...with your partner."

On March 1, SILK will hold its first major event, "Descent Into Decadence," a costume ball in the Old Gym. According to SILK the ball will incorporate all of the campy, light-hearted exuberance the student body has come to expect from recent S/M ACES-sponsored events, minus an intimidating name. There will be gift certificates to Frederick's of Hollywood given in two divisions: "dressing up, and dressing down."

(conspiracy) NOTEBOOK

by Meredith Yayanos

The author of this column has determined that **nothing is funny**. From now on the *Notebook* shall be composed of matter-of-fact phrasings, stentorian depictions of current events, and far less adjectives. Hopefully the author's newfound propriety will compensate for all sojourning pediculous satire which appears tri-weekly in this sodden tome of periodical filth.*

The cover story of February's *New York Magazine*, entitled "How to Make a Bestseller," concerns a publishing house's **calculated stratagem** "To Turn a Literary Novelist into a Marketplace Superstar." It gives a detailed account of the people behind a soon-to-be-released Viking Penguin novel entitled *Giovanni's Gift*, by none other than Bard's own **Bradford Morrow**. A literature professor and editor of the *Conjunctions* literary journal, Morrow is currently receiving grand publicity for his fourth book, which according to the publisher, is "a vivid retelling of the Pandora myth." The story (inspired by an antique cigar box Morrow acquired and believed to be in some way connected to a murder in his hometown) contains eerie true-to-life accounts of mysterious night intrusions into the home of Morrow's own relatives. Rumor has it that *Giovanni's Gift* may very well go the same route as Michael Ondaatje's acclaimed novel, *The English Patient* (although one cringes to envision Juliette Binoche playing the part of Giovanni's daughter, Helen, in any prospective film adaptation).

Everyone who has assumed (correctly) that **Valentine's Day** is a carefully calculated ploy devised by Hallmark Cards to peddle scads

of perfunctory keepsakes to cherubic-checked co-dependents may have briefly succumbed to a change of heart last Friday at the **Manor Swing Fling**. "Fling" seemed to be the key, as Harvey Kaiser and his twelve-piece brass band played zesty postwar medleys into the witching hours. Platonic or smitten, sober or inebriated, couples hurled themselves recklessly across the crammed dance floor in a hybrid courting ritual that seemed one part cotillion and three parts mosh-pit. They awoke the next afternoon with the tang of cheap cherry cordials on their lips, and carnations withering on their lapels.

"We want the band, **down with Erin Cannan**," students cried last Saturday night as apologetic security officers crept through Robbins lounge breaking up the **Bread & Butter/Flowers post Valentine's day concert**. Until that point, the foot-stompin', hog-callin', country hearth wholesomeness of Bread & Butter had inspired exuberant applause, line dancing, and gratuitous hippie-wiggles. At 11:25 p.m. however, their second set was interrupted by a fire alarm and the crowd was ushered from the building. When finally allowed to return, the band struck up again, only to be reprimanded by Security. "You're supposed to be outta here by 11:30," said the Officer. "Just one more song," pleaded guitarist/vocalist Seth Travens. Members of indie/nostalgia band The Flowers attempted protest, first by violently pounding on their drum set and when that failed, by refusing to move their gear. To no avail. "This would never have happened if Jeff Huang was still here," one student shouted hysterically. Moments later, he mysteriously disappeared, only to be discovered much later wandering through Manor Field, muttering the current Resident Director's name.

*Co-ed's note: Ms. Yayanos' prevailing journalistic integrity may or may not be correlated with the recent discovery of a mysterious metal implant embedded in her right elbow. More to follow.

Budget Forum Smooth Sailing, Unfortunately *An opinion/news manifesto*

by Jeremy Dillahunt
photos by Anna-Rose Mathieson

The Budget Forum was decrepitly pathetic. There were no fights, minimal yelling matches, and only about half of an unreasonable argument was presented. On an entertainment level it ranked up there with picking bellybutton lint and listening to Leon's lecture about Lucretia Zorbatz's Third Symphony experienced via binary mathematics. In short, it went as only John Adams could have dreamed a Budget Forum could be conducted: with the utmost civility, respect, and dryness that benefits such occasions dealing with money and the dispensation thereof. It couldn't have gone smoother if it had been held in a Cadillac Diablo on the Autobahn. Therefore, it was a complete failure.



Rich Stern: 80's preservationist and pizza-eater.

There is only one place to lay the blame, and that is at the feet of the Planning Committee. It was their responsibility to provide for the students. In this respect, they failed miserably. First of all, they lacked the proper arrogance necessary to those in like positions. When a large group of individuals request money from a select few, those few should treat them like the paltry beggars they are. A sense of inferiority was not instilled in the rabble necessary for the quick rise in temper inherent at such gatherings. People actually carried on polite conversations with members of the committee.

In the interest of entertainment, politeness is seriously detrimental to an abrupt and uncalled-for quip. This lack of disrespect could have been made up for effectively if there had been more alcohol provided for the

teeming masses seeking entertainment. Alcohol has the peculiar power to turn the most civil gatherings into debauched war zones after enough has been consumed. At the Budget Forum, however, there was almost none. This is another mistake on the committee's part. What could have been a verbal free-for-all was instead a miserable cream-puff conglomeration of whiny mutterings, half begging and half lost in space for a few miserable hundred dollars.

Due to the poor performance, most of the audience had exited the dining hall at the end of the first hour. One thing for which the committee must be commended was its use of time. In Kline on Wednesday, February 12, the committee somehow managed to manipulate the nature of time so that for every ten minutes of real time that passed by outside, only one minute passed inside the building. Starting at 7 p.m. and ending around 9 p.m. (4:15 a.m. if one calculates for the aforementioned time/space-continuum rift), the forum ran all of six activities: electing the alternate Student Judiciary Board member (Patrick Maguire), electing the Languages & Literature Education Policy Committee (Sarah Slawski, in a tight race for which this reporter-on-the-beat has heard rumors of election-rigging), electing the Social Studies Education Policy Committee (Ruby McAdoo), defeating a hostile amendment in which the Eighties Preservation Society (dedicated to spreading the righteous gospel of Reagan and Bush) president Rich Stern was accused of attempting to embezzle funds for the private use of pizza-eating,

defeating a hostile amendment over the course of which Entertainment Committee head Joel Hunt was called a Nazi and a beater of three-legged dogs for speaking against local bands at Bard brought here by the Kab Co., and finally, denying an allotment of funds for this spring's Hemp Fest, a hostile amendment in which Joel Hunt again incited Nazi allegations for speaking against.

So. Not much happened in the nine hours it took to decide on six issues. The most important sequence of events was Joel Hunt speaking against everything and everybody in order to secure the remnants of the Emergency Fund on the vague premise that "I will do my best to try to give Pavement a call and see if they'll come."

The most memorable moment came from none other than Mr. Hunt and committee chairman Justice Platt when, after enumerating the beneficent qualities of Bushmills, Mr. Chairman stood on top of the committee table, slammed back (at the very least) half a bottle of the cheapest Irish whiskey ever appearing in public, proclaimed himself the new president of Bard College, and publicly challenged "that dimwitted sissy" Leon Botstein to a match of wits concerning "Bowery Dogs." To which Mr. Hunt made a



The Planning Committee presides.

seconding motion and passed out, spilling his Ol' Grandad to the dismay of Senior Class President Josh Diaz and Swerve-On lead singer Jeff Salzberger. This paltry pop at the end of nine long hours made for a miserable grand finale. Budget forums should end with no less than a drawing of blood lines, the building burning to the ground, and a dry consolatory wheeze of consumed keg shells.

In the end, the budget passed but the forum failed. There wasn't a single hair from Bacchus' loins present at the Spring Semester '97 Budget Forum. Perhaps unknowingly, Rich Stern's Eighties Preservation Society wasn't totally defeated. A definite eighties ideology permeated the forum with an air of civility, integrity, corruption, conservatism, and boredom. Next semester, turn up the heat, provide more kegs, and be meaner. Otherwise it just isn't worth the \$28,000 it costs to go see.



Joel Hunt, accused fascist and dog kicker, with Planning Committee Chair Justice Platt and Jeff Salzberger.

THE BARD observer

February 17, 1996

Putting Bard Online

by Kathleya Chotiros and Muni Citrin

If you have seen posters featuring a large "O" next to a large "L" you have had some exposure to Bard's new student-run publication, *Online*. We put up our first issue on the web last November, and the results were encouraging. The comments were very positive, as well as helpful.

Technology has allowed us to make the voices of our community accessible to the rest of the world, as well as enabled us to more easily include material that is more costly or impossible to produce in print. We intend to regularly feature artwork in our Arts section, and we hope to bring video footage to the pages of *Online*.

The other sections are dubbed News: Bard and Beyond, Commentary, Calendar,

Classifieds, and Comments. As you may have surmised from these headings, *Online* is not exclusively devoted either to current affairs nor to more introspective matters. We also accept material from those outside of the Bard community. Articles on more of an academic level are welcome. We are interested in Senior Project theses, as well as any current projects faculty members are working on. Our community should not only be aware of what is physically happening on this campus but of what ideas and issues are concerning our members.

To better facilitate such an awareness, *Online* provides a feature which allows you to inform us of an event on our calendar page and to comment on anything you have seen in *Online* (or anything at all, for that matter). As comments are directly posted on the page, our aim is to create an open and continuous dialogue between Bard community members and the world at large.

We have no regular staff writers; our material relies solely upon submissions. If you

have visited *Online* already, you may have noticed that there are no items in the Classified section. We therefore invite you to advertise in *Online*. We also wish to encourage all members of the Bard community to take part in an effort to enliven and sustain the kind of exchange that we expect from a publication.

Speaking of good publications, congratulations to the *Observer* staff for the vast improvements in this year's issues. Good writing coupled with pertinence usually yields positive results. The newly collaborative venture between the *Observer* and *Online* will see some *Observer* articles on the net, and vice versa.

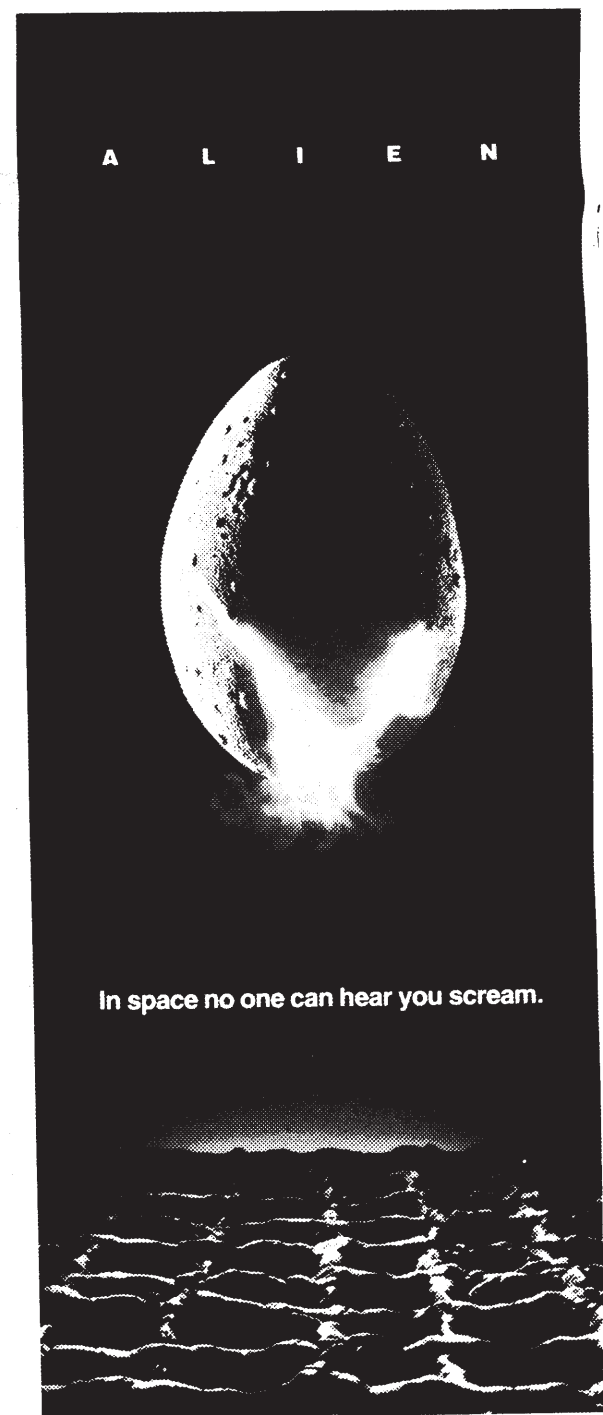
But in order to see any articles at all, *Online* needs your written work, art, short fiction, reviews, or whatever else you would like to share.

Please send submissions on disk and in hard copy form to us by campus mail, or via email (bardonline@bard.edu). And visit us at www.bard.edu/bardonline.

Bard College Convocation Fund Budget, February 12, 1997

Club Name	Request	Allotment
AASO	\$1,875.00	\$1,800.00
Art Club	790	150
Asian Film Club	600	400
ASL	450	350
ASO	1,640	600
ATM	1,055	0
Audio Co-op	1,670	920
BAHA'I CLUB	0	0
Bard Big Sister/Bro. Prog.	350	300
Bard Blaze	734	0
Bard Chess Club	760.45	300
Bard Debating Society	1,750	1,550
Bard EMS	1,200	1,200
Bard Folklore Society	907	0
Bard Jazz Heritage Club	2,820	1,800
Bard Martial Arts Club	1,750	1,050
Bard Observer	3,500	3,000
Bard Outing Club	530.50	400
Bard Psychology Club	600	125
Bard Recording Studio	801	400
Bard Rugby	1,130	1,130
Bard Sound System	799	799
Bard Stud. Labor Coalition	1,255	500
Bard Student Server	3,900	0
Bard Zine Library	700	250
BiGala	2,660	1,900
BJSS	4,700	3,600
Building Community Club	380	0
CAN/NORML	1,100	400
CEESO	1,498	900

Central Committee	2,275	2,275
CJC	300	300
College Bowl	553	553
Dance Club	1,300	700
deKline	485	450
Dime Store	250	250
Earth Coalition	765	150
Eighties Preservation Soc.	270	0
Electronic Arts	1,700	800
ELF	1,700	0
Entertainment Committee	12,500	9500
Equestrian Club	770.78	150
Eurasian Thought and Culture Club	1,325	500
Film Committee	12,510	10,500
ISO	2,050	1,900
JSO	3,042	900
Kab Company	250	0
Kitchen Club	1,425	0
LASO	2,375	1,350
Model UN	3,355	1,800
Movimiento J.C. 1800	1,600	0
MSO	950	500
Nicaragua Sister Cities Club	445	400
Photography Club	1,200	600
Poetry Club	1,000	0
Root Cellar	490	400
Scottish Country Dancing	569	269
SILK (formerly known as S/MACES)	1,775	800
SMOG	653	653
Soc. of Physics Students	512.32	200
Ultimate Frisbee	1,250	400
Wow Bob Wow	498.30	150
Writers' Conspiracy	400	200
Ye Olde Soda-Makers Guild	547.45	100
TOTAL	\$102,995.80	\$60,574.00
Approximate Amount in Convocation Fund		\$64,750.00
Amount Allocated		\$60,574.00
Approximate Emergency Fund		\$4,176.00



Presented by the Film Committee,
movie #1 of the Sci-Fi film fest.
7 p.m. Old Gym. Fri. February 21.

Opinion

Career Flash!: The Publishing Industry

by Charlotte Jackson

"IS THERE LIFE AFTER BARD?" the fliers query, in service of some worthy event, no doubt: some alumni petting zoo or cheese-and-crackers schmoozing hour. Such niggling reminders of the "real world" that awaits us are calculated to strike at least a little trepidation into the liberal artist's heart, and even though books or beer will probably lure us away from any "Life after Bard" pep rally, at some point most upperclassmen will skulk into the Career Development office and start to ransack those overstuffed binders in search of inspiration. For the fact is, sordid as it sounds, most of us are going to have to work. And judging from the mentor biographies one stumbles across in the archives, the "w"-word, beckoning like the Ghost of Christmas Future, may well wear the guise of a polyester apron in a putrid color. This is not even to mention the lost souls who list their current occupation as "looking for a job," or supply such *inspirational curriculum vitae* as "I tried working with addicts and discovered I liked it!" or offer to "inform any interested student what a living hell the retail fashion business is." Such precedents are hardly reassuring, although other people's misfortunes always make for a good chuckle.

All the more incentive, then, to explore what fields might be amenable to a bachelor of arts, and take advantage of summer vacation or the conveniently brief January intercession to assay an internship. Last year, I indentured myself to a publishing house for four weeks. I figured I might do at least a small service by sharing my experience there for the edification of all and sundry. Publishing and journalism alike exert a special attraction for the erstwhile literature major who can't forgo that backwards glance at the Sodom and Gomorrah of Letters. After all, you get to eat, and you at least get to be around books. Or so the theory goes.

I made overtures to a medium-sized company called Shambhala Publications which has a career development listing. At the time I had no clue who they were or what they trafficked in, just that they were housed in the stately Horticultural Building on Mass Ave. in Boston, and that my sponsor was a Bard graduate named Peter Turner, who radiated a sort of Gen.-X corporate hippie astonishment at his own loafers and tie. For the uninitiated, Shambhala is in the business of transforming

Jungian psychology into coffee table books and Eastern mystical texts into "Pocket Classics," pygmy-sized paperbacks which crop up on little racks by the cash register alongside the novelty bookmarks. Mind you, these titles were basically none the worse for being glossy *objets d'art*. Menopause also seemed to be a hot topic. Their projected big seller for the upcoming season was an anthology entitled "Erotic Poetry," translated by the poet Sam Hamill; Titian's Venus winked slyly at us drones from the dust covers as we puttered about our editorial tasks.

As for the business of the internship itself, I had little to complain about other than the seasonal and geographic. Boston was a slushy grey petrofact, as usual. One lived off Starbucks and cheap moo-shu shrimp. The work environment was idyllic, especially if you didn't suffer from SAD and thrived under fluorescent lighting. Interns generally work twenty hours a week and choose their own hours. The full-time employees are pleasant and helpful, with a sizable twenty-something contingent given to Guinness-belching competitions in the foyer and other endearingly human traits. For the most part, they left me to my own devices without breathing down my neck.

My duties encompassed a variety of light clerical tasks, such as proofreading, filing copyright applications, and correcting the fact sheets designed for marketing the titles to booksellers. Browsing through the latter can prove quite enlightening, as they reel off the books' selling points: "Author is former Chair of American Poetry Association and hence his book will receive undeserved attention." "Television tie-in to PBS special!" There were certain unexpected perks for the neophyte: for instance I got to read the chief editor's correspondence, which included a cranky epistle from Jim Harrison (Shambhala's prize ponies author) detailing how he fell down a well on Christmas Day – very gratifying for someone who was forced to read copious Jim Harrison and other fishin'-and-huntin' "Midwestern imagists" in high school. The biggest perk of all, however, was a side benefit of primary responsibility, which was rejecting unsolicited manuscripts.

Strictly speaking, I didn't actually reject them: they came pre-rejected from the editorial assistant's desk. I did the plug-and-chug work to generate rejection form letters, an odd role-reversal for a creative writing major. All my fellow aspiring hacks, harken to me, for I am describing the nightmarish truth about what awaits your Muse at the hands of people like myself. After being logged in, the unsolicited manuscripts repose in disheveled stacks on a big bookcase for up to six months. Occasionally the index cards that identify each one come loose; even more occasionally one slithers from one

pile into a neighboring heap. When the assistant editor has spare time, she peruses them and smirks while endeavoring to look professional. Then they are turned over to the intern, who handles the condolences with some help from MacWrite. Hence I got to peruse all the duds at my leisure. I began to photocopy and pilfer some of the choicer specimens to enliven the subway trip home, howling aloud to the consternation of carbuncular Harvard students in chinos. Then I would circulate them among all my friends amidst general merriment and then stash them in my files; they currently repose just behind the "Yukky Men" file containing semi-literate love letters from ex-flames and fraudulent dossiers and business cards from former stalkers. Bibliotaph that I am, I felt no stab of compunction for this, reckoning that it was probably as close to publication as those poetasters would ever get and I could only imagine they would be grateful.

A typical sample was the cover letter for a novel entitled *Fear Death by Yoga*, which "unfolds not along linear progression, but springs from mandalic exfoliation." It is told through the voices of five characters: "a subliminal five-fold mandalic aggregate, actually, conceived to portray the human ego as a manifold entity." By the time the story line and excerpts from this self-described pastiche of "Indian Thought, Khmer Civilization, Shamanism, Buddhist Ordination, Cult Infiltration, Classical Drama and Mystical Eroticism, among others," hit the slush pile months later, the opus had been renamed *Abandoned Yonis: A Tantric Romance*. The prose samples sported snappy titles such as "Apercu on Philosophy and Logic," and were stapled together in random order, betraying no particular plot other than a lot of conversations reminiscent of LSD in a French cafe called "Cirrhosis by the Sea." Let me reiterate that this was daily fare at Shambhala.

My favorite manuscript came from an individual who called himself Nwobniwla, which I would like to think is a real name in some tongue. He launched his spiel thus: "Dear Sir, I am owner of a book, extremely old, its contents refers to events taken place thousands of years ago in the past, its writing is very difficult to understand since its written in a death language for the human being." One wonders what a death language might be; is it simply a dead language, or does it rather resemble the supernatural sounds that accompany revelation in Kafka stories, excruciating to the mortal auditor? Possibly it is the latter, since the tome in question hailed from a "super-advance civilization" residing in the Pleiades. At any rate, the death language was "being necessary to be translating," which job apparently devolved upon us. Nwobniwla had squared the circle, discovered a

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Earth Coalition Responds to Student Queries

by Andrea Davis

Why will everyone be given the same generic mug?

Thanks to Flik's generosity, the mugs that will be handed out at Kline on February 19 will (by serving as an alternative to the paper cups that are otherwise used) enable us, as a student body, to further reduce the waste that is produced on campus. Effective cooperation between the Earth Coalition, the Recycling and Environmental Education Committee, and Flik have provided us with the opportunity to prove that we can indeed make a difference through the daily actions of our lives. If you use your mug at deKline, you will receive a fifteen-cent discount on a sixteen-ounce cup of coffee, and Samuel's will reduce their coffee price by five cents. Please, allow your mug to be your new best friend. Rumor has it that they love to be kept in dingy book bags so that they are always readily available to combat disposable cups.

Am I seeing things or are there composting buckets in Manor and Robbins?

No, your eyes are not playing tricks on you. There certainly are composting buckets in the North Campus dorms. Most of our household trash is composed of compostable materials that can be put to much better use on the campus compost pile than they can be at the local incinerator. Essentially, if your waste was once alive, it can be placed in the composting bins. This includes tea bags, meat, egg shells, pizza, produce, and dairy products. If the composting program is successful on North Campus, it will be initiated in the rest of the dorms.

What do I do with my napkin at Kline?

If you are a slob, kindly place it in the trash receptacles provided. If you consume your food in a more civilized manner, your napkin can be placed in the red recycling container labeled "ALL OTHER PAPER" for your convenience. Properly disposing of your napkin will enable your leftovers to be composted more efficiently. Also, be aware of how many napkins you grab in the first place.

My roommate told me that he is now a work-study student through the Earth Coalition and the Recycling and Environmental Education Committee. Is he pulling my leg, or is this really true?

Unless your roommate is a pathological liar, this is probably true. The work-study positions that previously monitored recycling and composting on campus have been restructured to better serve the environmental needs of the Bard community. In all, eight students will be employed.

Why is the table in the post office always cluttered with junk mail?

Ahhh, there are two main reasons for this. First of all, Bard students seem to be on countless mailing lists. Catalog subscriptions can be minimized by notifying the distributors that you would like to be taken off their mailing lists. Groups of students can also get together and decide to get one L.L. Bean and share it among themselves instead of receiving L.L. Bean on an individual basis. The second reason for the disastrous table is pure lack of consideration. Many students leave their unwanted mail on the table instead of placing it in the appropriate recycling bin.

What is the Earth Coalition up to this semester?

Despite a miniscule budget, the Earth Coalition plans to provide an Earth Day celebration for the entire campus. The Earth Coalition will also complete its second Hudson River Clean-up for the academic year as well as continue with their nursery school education program. The group hopes to increase student awareness of events and issues off-campus by orchestrating mailing campaigns and attending a conference or two on environmental issues. Also in the works for this semester is a small, student-run garden. If you would like to get involved in the Earth Coalition, come to the Presidents Room in Kline every Wednesday night at 6 p.m. or drop a note in campus mail for Amy Foster.

The Bard Administration and Flik Management Are Lying About the Union

by the Student Labor Coalition

Flik management will tell you: That the majority of Flik workers do not want a union.

They're lying. When the campaign began a few months ago, 80% of the workers signed union cards. Now, in the past few days, the majority of Flik workers have signed a petition for union recognition, reconfirming their determination.

Flik management will tell you: That the only way to legally recognize the union is through a National Labor Relations Board election.

They're lying. This is a classic and predictable union-busting tactic. Management wants an NLRB election so that they can delay the unionizing process and browbeat their employees. An NLRB election takes months to set up, and meanwhile management will pay workers to attend meetings and listen to hired anti-union professionals. During this time, management also breaks the enthusiasm and leadership of the workers through intimidation, empty promises, etc.

Flik management will tell you: That unions are a third party and just want to take the workers' money.

They're lying. The leaders of HERE local 471, the union which would represent the Flik workers, are democratically elected by the membership of the union. Workers elect a representative from their own workplace to negotiate contracts with the company, and the contracts are voted on by every worker. Unions can give a democratic voice to workers.

The Bard administration will tell you: This campaign to unionize is solely an issue between workers and management and the administration of the college should not interfere.

They're lying. President Botstein has told every incoming class that Bard College is a place of learning, mutual respect and self-empowerment. We must make sure that these principles are extended to everyone. The Flik workers must have healthcare, decent wages, and job security, and above all they must have a democratic voice in their workplace. Any slight against a single individual is a slight against the whole community. Anytime an individual feels free to speak out and feels that they have an active role in shaping their own lives and the life of the college, enriches the whole community. Therefore this struggle involves everyone on the campus.

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The Publishing Industry

continued from page 6

Gold Number, 161,803,398, which could replace the Pythagorean Theorem, and solved all the Biblical enigmas using extravagant calculations from the lives of the patriarchs, which cover four pages of the cover letter alone. For good measure, he throws in a lively account of his efforts to communicate with various officials in the U.S. government about the Beast 666 which is incarcerated in the Egyptian Pyramids: "I was very surprise when the Chief of Security would not let me see the Base Commander, after this I called the C.I.A. and got only negative results, because the person who interviewed me on the phone only wanted to know if I had seen little Martians or been kidnapped by one, or if I had been inside a U.F.O..." More calculations subtracting thirty-two elephants from the life of Ezekiel and so forth follow.

Another amply represented category includes the twelve-step recovery buffs, who all stress how inspirational their brethren across the nation will find the diary of their "personal struggles" and "spiritual journeys"; and although I have already yielded too much to the British national vice of quotation, I cannot resist sampling from one of the three-hundred-odd odes foisted on us by a seventy-year-old alcoholic, namely an elegy "On Female Dress":

"Little girls want to be cute and pretty.
I wish they'd stay that way.
But who wants to be feminine anymore?
Seems these days that went out the door!
Nearly all sporty, casual you see:
will styles ever change again?"

What is to be?

Will it remain only this selfish comfort?

Ready-made, no-iron, no-fuss, comfort!

Have women been at work too long-

- independent, not caring about being femininely attractive: is this wrong?"

Also noteworthy was Dr. Ronnie Edell, the sex therapist seeking to promote his romance novel by a videotape of all the talk shows he had ever graced with his company. I have forgotten the substance of the novel, although it certainly involved copulation via astral projection, but the talk shows stuck in my mind: a silver-haired android who bore the marks of many facelifts, he took the side of a cuckolded wife who wanted her husband to buy her silicon implants so he would not find temptation so strong. "Shame on you! If you had a really small phallus, wouldn't you want your wife to help you buy a penile implant?" He then produced a lovely assistant who whipped a nylon knee-high out of her cleavage and fondled audience volunteers with it as part of a demonstration on spicing up marital sex. Also included on the tape were clips of "Talk Soup" making fun of him for four weeks running. And this publisher's trade is called work...

Of course this is only the proverbial tip of the iceberg: I would be remiss if I did not at least mention in passing such classics as *I Am Woman By Ritual*, which counseled menopausal females to bury a hardboiled egg in their back yard and sit on it; or *The Third Testament*, a sequel to the Gospels which the prophet was certain the faithful of all creeds would accept as "fully canonical;" or the guide to Jungian archetypes

in Star Trek. There were the doctoral dissertations for colleges in California about the Heisenberg Principle and Grand Theories of Everything, pundits reconciling Jesus walking on the water with modern particle physics.

At the end of the internship, I carried away not only a slightly broader sense of the steps that go into creating a new book, but also a deep unease about the number of crackpots and lunatics who were apparently roaming loose on the streets, making appearances on national T.V., and even teaching in colleges and universities. It was not so much what they wrote that augured for their madness and also for a certain cultural malaise, a dry-rot of which they were only the most obvious symptom, the mere froth on the lip of a rabid dog: it was their serene and pompous certainty that they were all geniuses, that they offered society something of inestimable value, and that Shambhala would be delighted to publish them.

Still, it wasn't the unsolicited manuscripts themselves that I found most perturbing; after all, these reflected only obliquely on the publishing industry itself. For me, the nadir was a personal rejection letter from the editor's files. It commenced: "Dear _____, You will probably find this an odd rationale for rejecting your manuscript..." It went on to point out that Shambhala publishes as eminent a personage as Marie-Louise von Franz, Jung's torchbearer and chief disciple, who writes in a fairly populist way on the symbolism of fairy-tales. Apparently they just can't move her off the shelves. "Simply put, your book is too intelligent and well-researched to survive in today's market. Best luck for the future!"

"So He Was Like..."

by Yates McKee

'Mend your speech a little,
lest it may mar your fortunes'
- William Shakespeare, "King Lear"

I would like to bring to the attention of the Bard community a severe and widespread affliction: the infection of our generation by the most nefarious of vernacular viruses, the four letters which strike fear into the hearts of linguists: L-I-K-E. Seldom do I hear a complete sentence in Bard-speech which does not include at least one inappropriate or superfluous usage of this conversational calamity. To those who will accuse me of pretentiousness or nitpicking, I am by no means advocating militant cohesion to the King's English. In fact, I

consider myself a fan and in some cases a proponent of colloquial speech, but this imp of inarticulation has transcended lines of geography, education, and subculture, and grown to gigantic and, frankly, annoying proportions. The three principal incorrect uses of the word "like" are as follows:

1) **quantity:** "That guy said "like" like ten times in his last sentence!"

2) **narration of dialogue or action** (usually accompanied by appropriate gesticulation): "Then Bob was like, 'Yo! what's up!'"

3) **in place of, and sometimes in cooperation with "um,"** an equally worthless sentence filler, or muttered in the midst of ill-prepared explanations when searching for ideas and in many cases adjectives: "It was like...um...I mean like...big."

Perhaps the most frightening aspect of this philological phenomenon is the fact that for most of us, its usage is unconscious. Indeed, such an utterly unbearable utterance can debilitate

otherwise fine ideas and in many cases preserve ageist stigmas and generational separation. Of course our postmodern tongue must be and is unique, but it should not inhibit communication with our elders (or with ourselves for that matter!), to the degree that our "like"-laden lexicon does. Alas, what a shame it is that so many ideas and voices continue to endure such a frustrating eclipse of their brilliance and diversity.

Why do we use "like" with such frequency? Is it the legacy of parents who grew up in a decade of mind-draining decadence? Or perhaps the ugly inheritance of such unfortunate 1980's archetypes such as Shaggy, Bart Simpson, Bill and Ted? Whatever the origin of this epidemic, I suggest that the first step towards its eradication is its acknowledgement. I challenge myself as well as the community to be conscious speakers and resist the temptation of regressing to such a tiresome and juvenile habit, and to illuminate the important opinions of the twenty-first century.

Letters

To all faculty and the administration:

On Friday, December 6th, the overwhelming majority of cafeteria employees presented their request for union recognition to Flik management and the Bard Administration. The cafeteria workers are looking to gain job security, a grievance procedure, better overall working conditions, and, most importantly, a democratic voice in the workplace.

The Student-Labor Coalition has assisted with the campaign to unionize, but not out of a feeling of charity. Rather, we felt that Bard College should be a place of learning, mutual respect and empowerment. We felt that it was our responsibility as members of this community to make sure these principles were extended to everyone and that no group was left out.

We recognized that each of us, faculty, students, administration and staff, are all implicated in a network of social ties which bind us together. Daily, we interact with one another and benefit from our relationships. There was no way that we could stand idly by, and pretend that this was an issue solely between the Flik Management and their employees.

Any slight against a single individual, is a slight against the whole community. Any time an individual feels free to speak out, feels that they have an active role in shaping the college, enriches the whole community.

The alliance of the students and workers is one of solidarity and trust. Their defeat is our defeat. Their victory is our victory.

Please do not feed on someone else's anguish. Actively support the cafeteria worker's in their struggle to win a democratic voice in the workplace. Let the workers know that you support their campaign and tell Flik management that they should recognize the union.

In solidarity,
The Student Labor Coalition

To the Editors of the Bard Observer,

In the December 11 issue of the *Observer* there was an article by Lilian Robinson regarding the Health and Counseling Services. In general, it was an excellent article reviewing some changes that will be occurring in our services.

However, there was one factual error that needs to be addressed. The part-time counselor/multicultural specialist will be working in the Counseling Service with Dorothy Crane, director of that service. The counselor/multicultural specialist will not be a nurse or nurse practitioner nor will he/she be working directly with either Barbara-Jean Briskey or myself.

Our services are organized independently, although we do work collaboratively.

Sincerely,
Marsha R. Davis, F.N.P.
Director of the Student Health Service

the Root Cellar!

Bard's student-run, non-profit natural food store is located in the basement of the Old Gym. We have organic coffee, great snacks, Annie's Mac & Cheese, tea, and more.

Evening Hours: 8pm-11pm, Fridays 7pm-11pm

The Bard Observer

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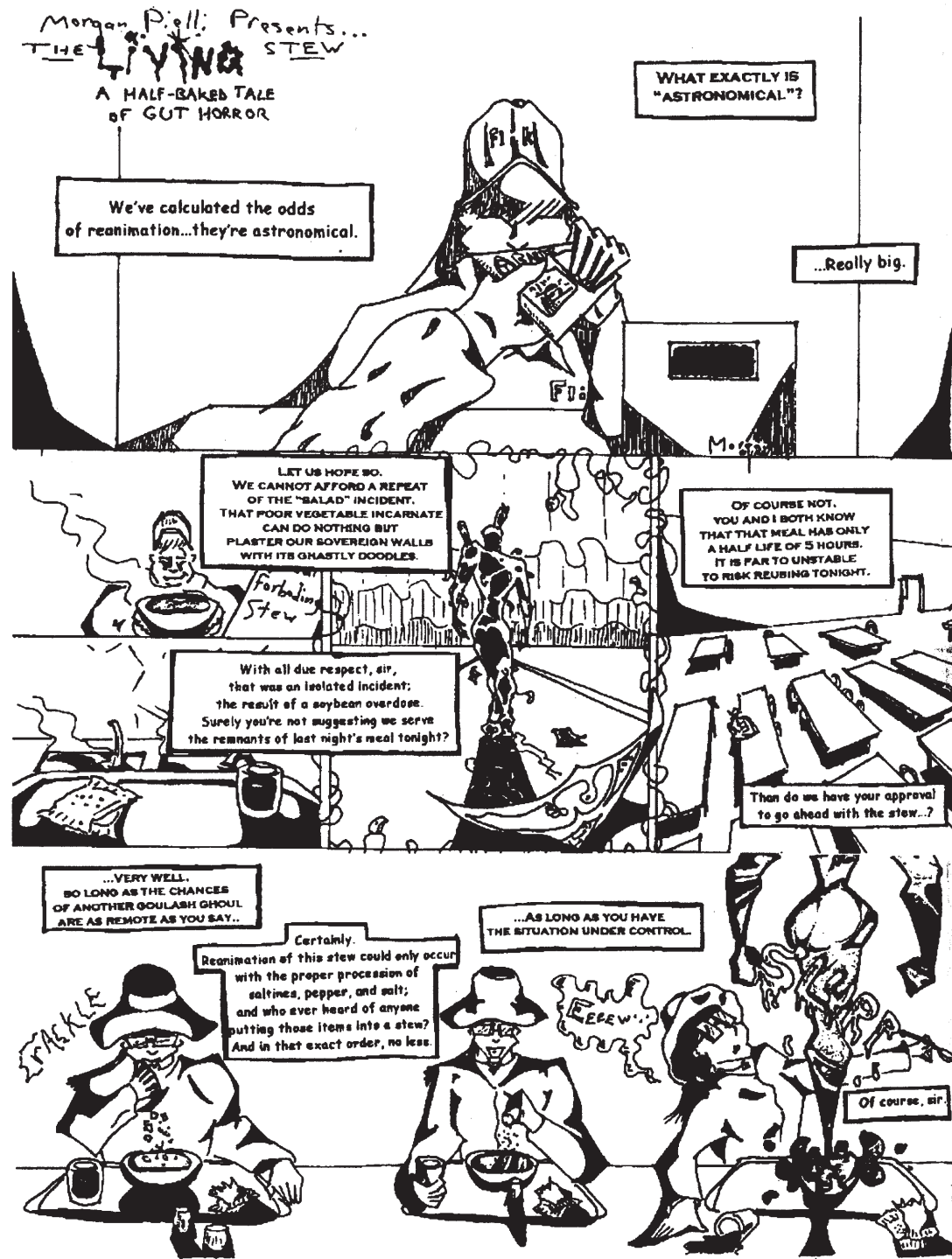
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Editorial Policy

The *Observer* is Bard College's student-run newspaper. It is published at timely intervals during the semester. Everyone is welcome to write for it. The deadline for submissions, be they stories, cartoons, photographs, statistics, letters, classifieds or advertisements of any kind, is 3 p.m. on the Tuesday before publication. Send all submissions via campus mail to either Meredith Yayanos or Lilian Robinson. **Submit all writings on a labelled disk** (or else we claim them for ourselves) as a text file and in hardcopy form. Submit developed photographs if possible, preferably in the commercial 4x6 print size and shot in black-and-white.

It is the responsibility of the writers to contact the editors before the Thursday after deadline to speak with them about their submissions. Otherwise their submissions will face editing pencils alone. The *Observer* reserves the right to edit for spelling, grammar, and length. The *Observer* discourages anonymous submissions. If you must submit anonymously, you must reveal your identity to the editors.

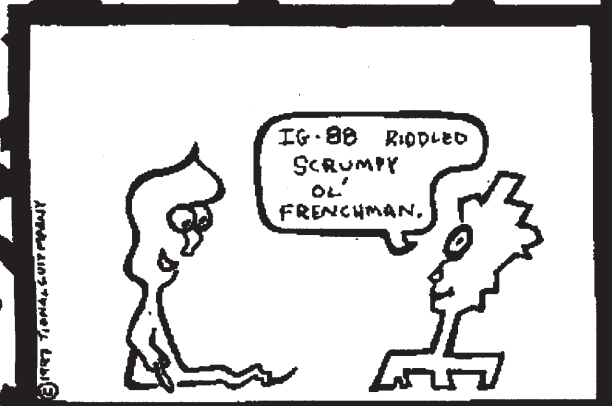
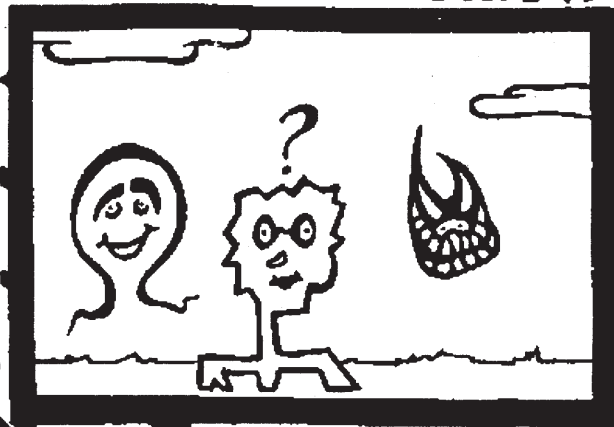
Comics



THE BARD observer

February 17, 1997

RETINA SOYBEAN AND/OR FRIENDS Vol. 30.



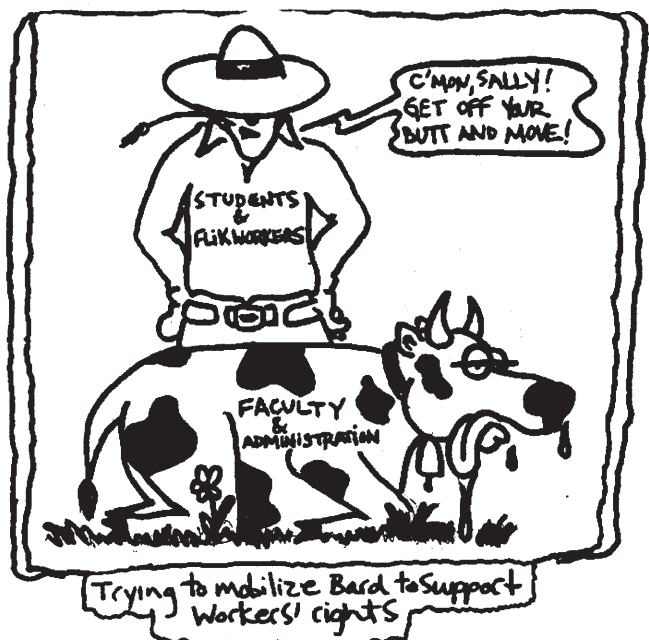
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A DINO DE LAURENTIS PRODUCTION **JANE FONDA**



The space age
adventress
whose sex-ploits
are among the
most bizarre
ever seen.

SEE
BARBARELLA
DO HER THING!

Presented by the Film Committee,
movie #2 of the Sci-Fi film fest.
9 p.m. Old Gym. Fri. February 21.



THE BARD observer

February 17, 1997

The year is 2024...

a future you'll probably live to see.



a boy and his dog

an R rated, rather kinky tale of survival

LQ Jones presents 'A BOY AND HIS DOG' starring DON JOHNSON, SUSANNE BENTON and ALVY MOORE with a special appearance by JASON ROBARDS co-starring HELENE WINSTON and CHARLES MCGRAW. Produced by ALVY MOORE. Based on the award winning novella by HARLAN ELLISON. Written for the screen and Directed by LQ JONES

LOS ANGELES HERALD EXAMINER
"The film is first-rate science fiction, totally alien and yet unneringly plausible."

FILMS INCORPORATED



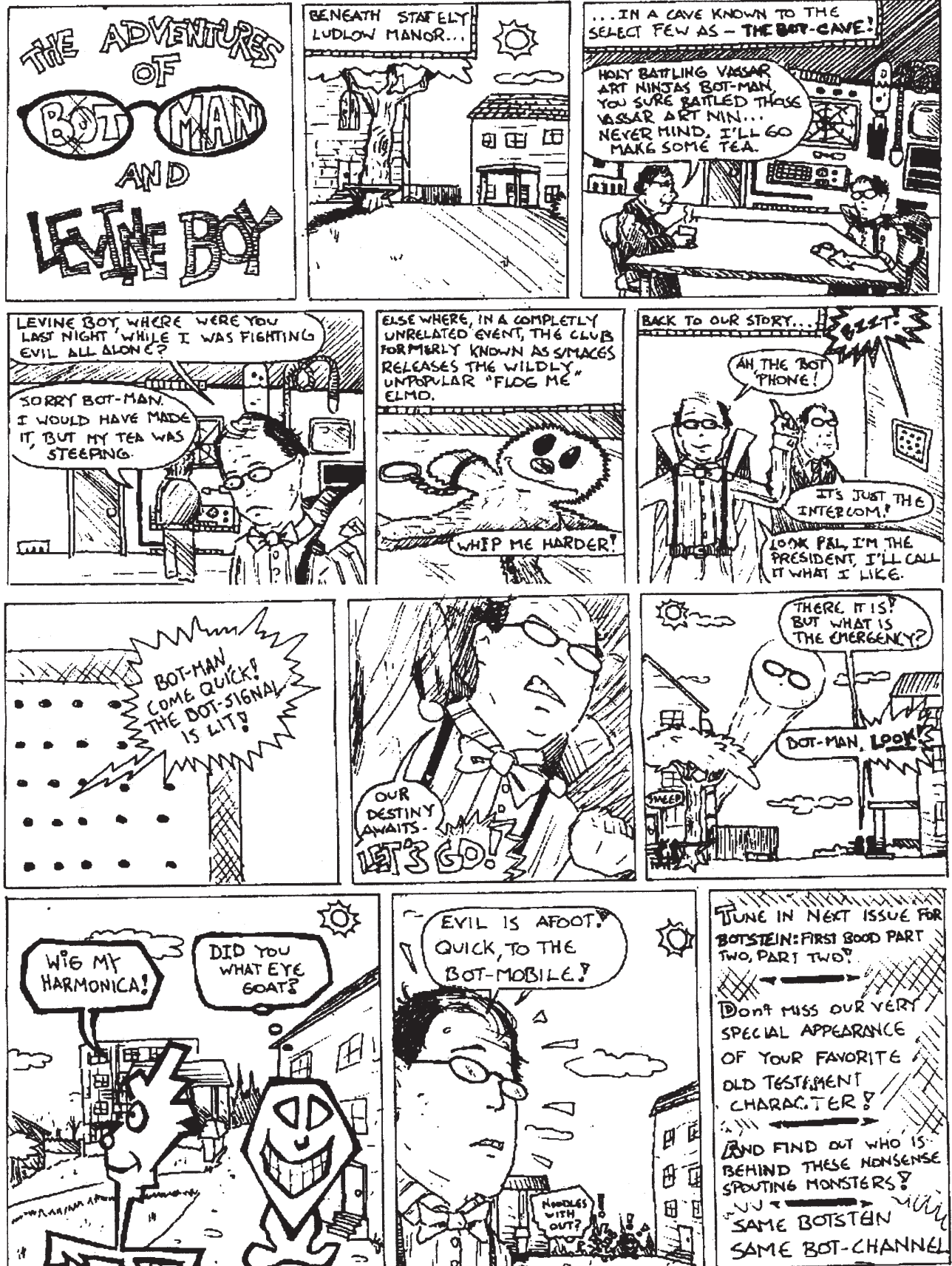
A world inside the computer where man has never been. Never before now.

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JOURNEY
PG PARENTAL STRONG CAUTION
DOLBY DIGITAL

Presented by the Film Committee, movies #3 and #4 of the Sci-Fi film fest. 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. Old Gym. Fri. February 21.

BOTSTEIN: FIRST BLOOD PART TWO, PART 1



WRITTEN BY: John Halowach ; Chris VanDyke DRAWN BY: Chris "Lord Nelson" VanDyke
SPECIAL THANKS TO: Sesame Street, Adam West, and Liam-O's ThunderCats

Classifieds

Yoga Course

An introductory course of eight sessions in Yoga will take place on Thursdays, 6:00 to 7:30 p.m. in Olin 201, starting February 20. The teacher is Ben Vromen who has been teaching at Bard since 1985. He received teacher training at the Kripalu Yoga Center in Stockbridge, MA. Registration through Campus Mail, Box 187, or by e-mail: bvromen@bard.edu. The course fee is \$25.

To all Faculty and Staff:

On behalf of the Senior Class, we would like to welcome you back for the spring 1997 semester. As you may know, in past years, the Senior Class has held an auction of Bard memorabilia and artifacts contributed from a variety of people associated with the college. Not only is this event a good fundraiser for the Senior Class, but it is also an excellent

way for students, particularly graduating seniors, to obtain some relic of their tenure at Bard. Examples of items auctioned in years past are: Leon's bowtie and baton, signed copies of Bard professors' books, dinners with faculty, photographs and other artwork by art professors, etc. We look for items that carry the personal mark of the professor or college. We are asking that you please consider making a donation to this year's Senior Class Auction. All items are welcomed and appreciated. The event is planned for mid-March and any donations should be left at the Dean of Student's Office by March 7th. If you would like a senior class officer to pick up your item, please call Lisa at x4412. If you have any questions or concerns, please feel free to contact any of us by phone. We encourage your attendance at the auction - further information information will be publicized at the end of February. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely, Lisa Jarvis (x4412), Josh Diaz (x4281), Eve Stahlberger (x4321), Justice Platt (x4303)