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OBSERVER

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

The Bard Observer

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NY, 12504 MARCH 23, 1998 ISSUE 10, VOLUME 8

Community Bicycle Experiment Begins this Spring

By BASIL BOURIS, News Editor

While springtime teases our senses and the sun hangs on the horizon a little longer everyday, a Canadian-born wind still roles off of the Hudson, reminding a Bard student on North Campus that the long walk to her class, for which she is already late, will be a numbing trek. Luckily she spots one of three violet bicycles on the front porch of Manor, all three unchained and yet miraculously unstolen and in perfect working order. Although the bike is not hers, she mounts it guiltlessly and off she rides.

From the bowels of the Drama/Dance building leap two famished dancers into the crisp air. It's 2:25 p.m. and meal exchange is drawing to a close, although no one has actually gotten their food yet. Even though neither dancer owns a bicycle, two bi-wheeled, violet chariots await the duo at the entrance of the building. Away they ride. At 2:28 p.m. Korreena expertly slides their IDs through the register. (Now a freshly fried bean curd patty, pickle, and chips are just hours away.)

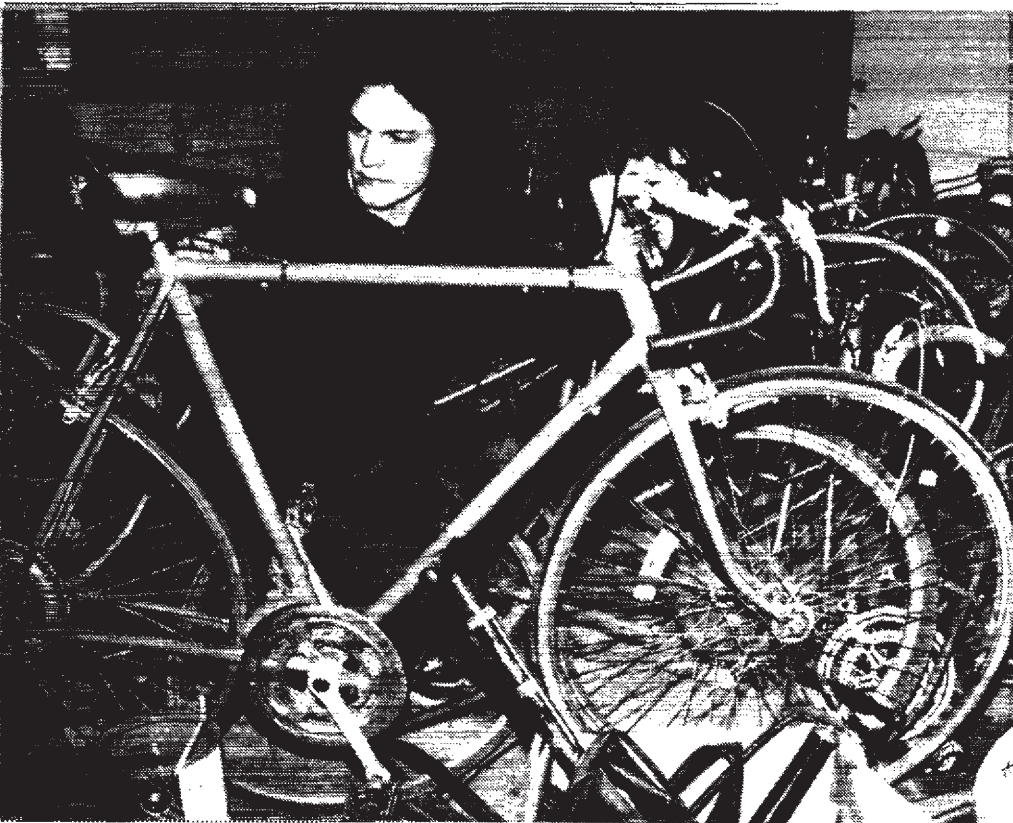
In Ludlow, Leon's secretary raps gently on the

President's office door. "Line 1 is for you, President Bot-man - I mean, Botstein. Oh, and sir," she continues, lowering her voice a bit, "I believe it's a Booty Call."

"Yes, yes, darling, I understand," President Botstein whispers passionately into the receiver. "I'll be there before you can say antidisestablishmentarianism."

Two seconds later a violet purple streak is spotted peddling frantically past Stone Row, headed

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TRANSPORTATION, FREE AND VIOLET: Matt Warren and a member of "fleet" soon to sail on the Bard campus.

It Takes a Village To Decide the Fate Of Tivoli Nightlife

Response committee is appointed to address rowdiness of barhoppers

By ABIGAIL ROSENBERG, Opinions Editor

Usually the bar is the place to be at night in Tivoli, but this wasn't the case two weeks ago when the number of occupants of the Village Hall exceeded the number of chairs that the "village" owned. On Monday, March 9, about a hundred Tivoli residents and other interested parties attended a town meeting either to show their support for the proposed 1998 Public Decency Laws or to voice their opposition to it.

For weeks prior to the meeting, rumors spread around Tivoli and Bard Campus that the village was trying to crack down on the laid-back atmosphere synonymous with Tivoli living. The village is known to students, non-Tivoli residents, and tourists as the small, trendy spot on the Hudson complete with no traffic lights, four restaurant/bars, a few small shops and galleries, and colorfully painted, charming Victorian architecture. People flock to the village for long sessions of eating and drinking both inside the impeccably decorated restaurants and on their well-known porches. After dinner or a stint at one of the bars, it is common practice to either stroll down the main street to see the sights and do some shopping (usually characteristic of the diners) or run stark, raving mad, criss-crossing the street while yelling obscenities at others (usually earmarks of the drinker).

After approximately a year's worth of complaints from Tivoli residents about the noise and conduct of the business establishments and their customers, Mayor Marc Molinaro and the Village Board found it fit to propose Public Decency Laws in addition to the New York State Penal Codes. The proposed laws included a Cabaret Regulation Law which would require businesses to apply for a specific license in order to have music and dancing;

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Intellect, Buzzers, and Cheese Wheels

Eleven teams fought for trivial supremacy in College Bowl

By ANNA-ROSE MATHIESON, Photography Editor

"Lady Godiva and Camel cigarettes."

Bzzz. (Cue loud, obnoxious buzzer noise.)

"What were answers to random trivia questions in the Bard College Bowl tournament?"

For those of you who may have wandered by Robbins or Manor lounges on March 14 or 15 and wondered why bizarre wibes and flashing lights were scattered about, the answer is easy: Bard students were intellectually duking it out in the campus College Bowl tournament.

Okay, so perhaps I can't exactly write

an unbiased article about this. So what? No one else wants to write about it, so I'll apologize and continue. On the bright side, no one will bother reading this except for our poor, harassed copy editrix who has to actually read every inane *Observer* article, not just once, but over and over again. Even Joel's. It is such stuff as nightmares are made of.

Bzzz. "What is a pointless digression?" Sorry, 11 teams competed in the Bard tournament, each team playing three rounds before the top four teams broke to semi-finals. Not every match was a nail-biter; one team had their score slip into

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Tivoli nightlife controversy

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an Open Container Law; and a Disorderly Conduct Law which included provisions for offensive language, unlawful assembly, throwing snowballs and other "missiles, propelled objects," lewd acts and gestures, filming, loitering, intrusive noise, and trespassing. Each of the aforementioned violations would incur a \$35 to \$350 fine.

The strictness of the laws which were interpreted by some residents to outlaw tossing a football, having live music or dancing at any of the bars, and meeting in large groups, elicited the overwhelming response at the town meeting. The tension built as Mayor Molinaro took the podium only to slice through that tension by announcing, "In my hand I hold the proposed Public Decency laws of 1998... and this, ladies and gentlemen, is a garbage can." He then proceeded to toss the pack of laws into the trash.

In sneaky, burglar-esque fashion, the mayor admitted that the laws were not appropriate to Tivoli's unique situation and that they were proposed simply to evoke the large town meeting response that they generated. The complaints and concerns that kept Molinaro awake at night (literally, since Tivoli is such a small town that many residents have the mayor's home phone number and aren't afraid to use it), were seconded by both Tivoli newcomers and lifetime residents, and had to do with the "loud late-night noise" from the bars including both conversation and taped and live music; public indecency; obscenity; trash; people walking from bar to bar or hanging out on the corners while drinking; speeding; and people not cleaning up after their unleashed dogs.

According to Mayor Molinaro, the uncomfortable situation had come to a head in the last few weeks and the only way to begin an open dialogue between businesses who profit from the loud late-night activities and the residents that are inconvenienced by them was to propose these laws and hold a town meeting. Since the Tivoli government wants to find a compromise for all involved, a Response Committee was appointed and given forty days to come up with a solution. The committee attempts to represent all the interests in the community and consists of business owners, residents, village officials, and a Bard representative (the author of this article). The solution that the committee suggests is then open to consideration by the Village Board, which retains the right to dismiss the solution, or, if one is not found by the committee, to enact the Public Decency Laws. Molinaro promised that enactment of the laws is a last resort and after conferring with a lawyer, said that the New York State Penal Laws cover most of the problems. Since Tivoli does not have its own police department and only budgets \$15,000 a year for hiring the Dutchess County Sheriff's Department to patrol the town, the question remains: How will the Penal Laws be enforced?

Many of the complaints about the noise from the bars and the trash that litters Main Street come from residents who live in the business district. This creates a difficult situation since the area on Main Street is designated as a "business district" under the Tivoli Zoning Law and not a "mixed use" district, which more aptly describes the area since both businesses and residents occupy the buildings. Closing the bars earlier, employing bouncers and full-time managers, hiring security officers on horseback, and increasing the police presence in the town (especially when the bars close), were all suggested solutions.

College Bowl tests Bardians

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the negative numbers while their opponents had amassed around 600 points. I sent the losers home to watch Stuart Smalley.

In the buzzer-clutching final round, "Team Banzai!" (Joel Hunt, Josh Bell, Kathleya Chotiros, and Christian Te Bordo) beat "Madman with the Strength of 20" (Ken MacLeish, Rachel Ebert, Benjamin Blattberg, Michael Chameides, and Andrew Acerbo). The only surprising element of the final round was that a group of Tremblayres put up such a good a fight against the ferocious Team Banzai, since Banzai Joel Hunt placed third out of more than 50 people in last month's Regional Tournament in Rochester.

Hunt's individual finish was much more impressive than what Bard managed to pull off in the team competition at Rochester, tying for fifth out of twelve schools, not shabby by Bard athletic department standards, but not nearly as spectacular as Bard's third place finish in the Regional Tournament last year.

There was, of course, the inevitable embarrassment when someone buzzed in and then realized that they had no idea what the correct answer was. Each team had a stock joke for this situation; "Kafka" seemed to be the trademark freshman answer, while "My Mutter" served for the more sophisticated teams, one of which tried to claim that their mother had in fact been responsible for

everything from raiding Harper's Ferry to having a perfect NHL season record. Much to their surprise, one team received a 10-point giveaway when their joking answer of "Johnson" proved to be the correct answer to a question about some dead guy.

Bard's College Bowl Club purchased the question packets for the campus tournament.

I had a ten-minute conversation with some guy before I realized that he thought College Bowl involved bowling. I had no idea how to disillusion him.

from a peculiar company in California that seems to employ a bevy of people just to write esoteric and pointless trivia questions. The writers seems to share an uncontrollable urge to write out the pronunciation of every two-syllable word in the question packets, so that any illiterate second grader who happens to be moderating a College Bowl round can figure out how to sound out complicated words like "debur (dahy-bew)." You can't imagine how annoying that gets after seven solid hours.

Incidentally, Joseph F. Glidden invented barbed wire.

Community bicycle project

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gleefully for home.

With the motivation of a few first-year students, as well as the abandonment of more than 50 old bicycles which have been collecting dust over the past ten years in dormitory basements and storage facilities around campus, the above hypothetical scenarios will be well on their way to becoming a reality.

In the coming days, Matthew Warren, a first-year Trustee Leader Scholarship (TLS) student from Seattle, Washington, plans to release the first ten reconditioned bicycles in a fleet that will eventually number from twenty to thirty before the semester's end. The bikes will be distributed around campus for use by the Bard community, much as the now famous "yellow bikes" were distributed around Warren's native city.

"My only fear is that the bikes will be abused or stolen," says Warren as he puts the finishing touches on bike number ten and lifts it from a rack in the garage of the now defunct Student Mechanic Organization (SMOG). Warren has put an estimated 80-90 hours of labor into collecting and refurbishing the bikes, as well as hauling away truckloads of debris from the garage so that there would be enough room to work on the bikes. Despite Warren's many hours of labor on the project he is quick to point out that he is not the only TLS student who has given their time. "Rick Eickler and a few other TLS kids have done a lot to help out," says Warren. The Trustee Leader Scholarship program was established by the Bard Trustees and began in the Fall Semester of 1997.

According to Paul Marienthal, the program's director, as well as the Bard Men's Varsity Basketball coach, "The aim of the program is to attract and nurture students who have demonstrated a desire to take on leadership roles within their community." He explains that the bike project is but one facet of the many projects undertaken by the 12 TLS students currently at Bard. Among the projects that Marienthal lists are:

1. Tutoring for the Columbia County Youth Project in Hudson, NY. This is a project which helps children who are "one step away from jail." In addition, through the TLS program, Flik has donated food for as many as 30 children per week.
2. Internships at the Grace Smith House for

Battered Women in Poughkeepsie. Sarah Davis, one of the 5 TLS interns, has been nominated for a major, national community service award.

3. Jorge Santana has been developing a student-run newspaper at the Red Hook Middle School.

4. David Holme will be producing the play *Our Town* to protest the construction of a strip mall which is planned to be built between Red Hook and Rhinebeck.

"Our job is to seed things," says Marienthal, "to help various programs get started. We're not an exclusive club." He encourages other members of the community who are interested in the various projects undertaken by the TLS program to get involved on any level that they can. At the end of

April there will be a TLS show in the library, at which all of the year's projects will be documented and explained.

While Warren has his hands full rummaging through the monstrous pile of old bikes, he encourages donations of either spare parts or anyone's time – if they know how to work on bikes or would care to learn. Marienthal believes that the more people who invest in such a project, the more people there will be who respect that project's goal. He calls the bike project a "challenge to the community, to see how well we can treat these bikes." Bard's Dean of Students Jonathan Becker believes that the bike project is "most interesting from a sociological point of view. The bike experiment has been tried at other places – namely, [in] Europe – and it will be interesting to see how it will translate to the Bard community."

The first ten bikes will serve as a kind of "trial run" says Warren. He chose to paint the bikes purple partly so that people will be able to recognize them immediately. He calls them "obvious yet not intrusive."

Another way that he will attempt to prevent the bikes from being abused or stolen is by allowing the community to name each bike. Each one will be equipped with a flag bearing that bike's name, as well as "some kind of message or something," says Warren. He will be tabling in Kline within the next few days in order to allow people to decorate the flags. The idea here is that people will develop a personal attachment to the community's bikes, and will try to take good care of them. After all, wouldn't it be great never to be late to class, meal exchange, or a booty call again?

The Observer staff wishes you an enjoyable Spring Break. Look for our next issue, April 20.

Getting With the Programs: Dance Theatre I

By MEREDITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

PROGRAM B: On Saturday the 21, the Avery dance studio was filled to overflowing with every incarnation of concert-going miscreant. In attendance that evening to see Program B of Dance Theatre I, their outbursts evenly interspersed between dance pieces like performance art of the most obnoxious ilk imaginable, were: a dozen obsessive-compulsive program rustlers, countless chronic chit-chatters, a handful of phlegmatic sniffer/coughers of the tissue-deprived variety, a well-behaved but nonetheless fidgety group of elementary school children, a couple gum-snapers, and some unforgivable bastard who seemed to have eaten an excessive amount of rancid cabbage recently. PHEW! Who are you people? Do you have a quotient to fill or what?

Nonetheless, whenever the lights dimmed and the performers took the stage, a herd of giraffes could have wandered through and it would have taken me awhile to notice. Unquestionably the stronger of the two programs, Program B showcased some impressive work. Whereas some of Program A was at times falteringly executed, nearly every performance in the B section was received with raucous enthusiasm that evening. Eccentric but well-balanced, humorously theatrical at times, rigorously intense at others, and peppered with some downright imposing performances, Program B was very strong.

The first piece, "Slippery Faiths," choreographed by Marina Smerling, was a prime example of what somebody means when they say, "Wow, that was really clean." The performance of four female dancers costumed in a Victorian vein, wearing white masks, and moving in odd variations like windup dolls, was smoothly executed and meticulously rehearsed. It's always good to see dance that is whimsical without being sloppy. Another instance of capriciousness combined with tight execution was "Only 20 Minutes a Day," which featured eight women who, transformed by their costumes and movements from frumpy fifties housewives into aerobics goddesses, was bolstered by an amusing sound collage of Perez Prado combined with the voices of the choreographers (Micheline Brown and Jackie Fiesinger) coaching the dancers through various muscle exercises. The piece was no small opportunity for students to flex their muscles.

Speaking of muscular, remember your high school drill team? Not the cheerleaders...I'm talking about the REAL dancers--jazzy performers with bedazzling smiles and seemingly natural amphetamines coursing through their veins. Noel Brandis must have been the captain of hers. Her piece, "Three Alarm Chili," was merciless. Backed by rollicking Brit-pop, the movements of Brandis and four others were percussively rhythmic. Barring a couple missteps, they kept in sync with admirable verve. I was amazed that none of them hyperventilated while taking their bows.

A completely different kind of strength was displayed in Ani Weinstein's solo, self-choreographed performance, "50% Chance of Showers." This dancer was a pure joy to watch. Her clear-faced concentration and clean lines tended to make the most difficult position look effortless, capturing the audience without fuss or exhibitionism. Weinstein was the closest Program B came to perfection. The other two solo performances were also solid. In "The Vicious Circle," Sarah Ward's spritely body and remarkably expressive face were complemented by the Cocteau Twins' song "Alice." Similarly, Amanda Caughey's gaze was piercing under a mask of black and white face paint as she leaped and rolled assertively through some tempestuous lighting to "Taboo," by Peter Gabriel and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan.

Spoken dialogue, indeed verbalizations of any kind can often be difficult to sanction when combined with dance, as they tend to become distracting or superfluous. Clare Amory's puzzling "Dance Imagined While Driving, December 24, 1997," pulled it off somehow. Her dancers twitched, slid, grunted, sang, clucked, twittered, counted, and sang their way through a collage of beautiful lighting changes and hilarious interactions. Other lighter pieces included "Try and Catch the



THE DANCE IS AFOOT: (top) Student performers in "By the Silvery Room," and the colorful "Egyptian Two-Step" (left).

not to giggle himself.

Giggling took on a new meaning in the next Reid sketch, called "Laugh Lines." The dancers' movements were convulsive and grotesque and they moved in a congealed clump of jittering limbs to the sounds of cackling laughter. In "Flor di Lino" and "Triangle," two very disparate pieces, the same permutation of one male dancer and two female dancers worked in completely different axioms, and in the final piece, another trio, three women in Spartan '50s dress waded/glided weightlessly from one wing to the other.

That concluded the official program, although the entirety of Bard's Drama/Dance department later returned to the dance studio, luring their unwitting dance professor Jean Churchill onto the stage in honor of her birthday, where she was bathed in blue light, hugged and howled at for a full quarter of an hour.

PROGRAM A:

On the following evening, though the house was still close to full, Avery's dance studio was decidedly less crowded and I was extremely grateful not to have any of my sense assailed by any rude sounds or stench. As I said, Program A was generally less engaging, but there were still some brilliant moments:

"La Guerre D'Independence," choreographed by Kathryn Johnson, was a weird amalgam of 20th century institutionalism and Gamelan/Kabuki postulating. Teetering atop terrifyingly high stilt-shoes, the four VERY brave dancers moved with angular gestures at a diagonal across the stage in shimmering saris while four more dancers wearing prison uniforms scurried around them in repetitive circles.

In "Static Four," a vibrant piece choreographed by Ariane Policastro, the dancers were assertive and confident, as were Mahdi Shah and Company in his piece, "Architecturally Prized Rooms." The premise of Shah's highly atmospheric work was further strengthened by the presence of some daunting sculpture, courtesy of Nick Emmet. "Shadow of Doubt," a lush piece choreographed by Owen Muldow, was very beautiful to watch, and incredibly wistful. Marina Smerling's solo piece, "Wired," was incredible. Smerling's movements were imbued with a longing that amplified the constancy and elasticity of her style. As with Weinstein in Program B, Smerling was the power player of the evening, although her music choice of folk-shrew Dar Williams was something that might have annoyed me, were I not blown away by the dance itself.

Finally, a powerfully fun piece choreographed by Marguerite Wade for six dancers, gave the audience an opportunity to watch someone shine. Whether it was intended or not, she, along with performer Micheline Brown, commanded the stage. Wade's work was at times amusingly lighthearted, at others, simply gorgeous to watch.

ANNA ROSE MATHIESON

Café Pongo Would Do Well On a Shorter Leash

By NATASHA EDWARDS, Contributor

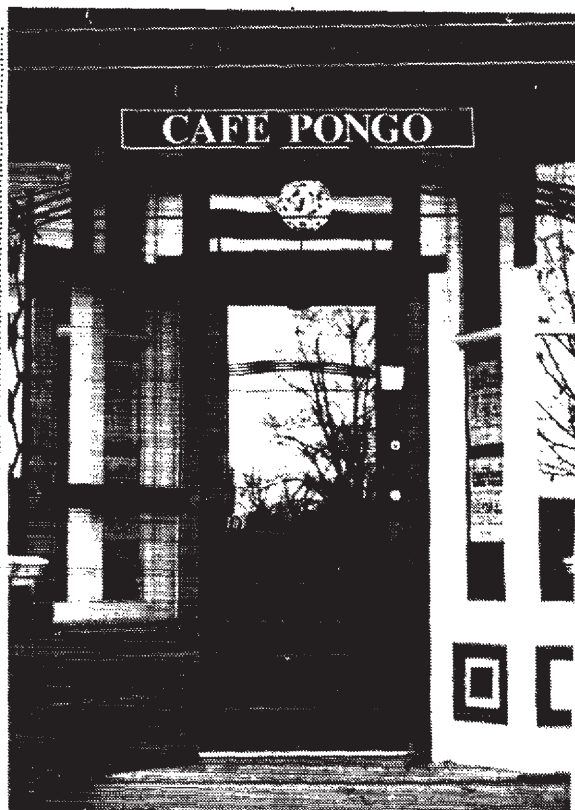
To write about Pongo is either to be fooled by its trendy facade and write a great review, or to strip away its pretense and expose it for what it is. Take a guess.

If Pongo was a book you would find it at the top of the trashy novel bestseller's list. No doubt about it. Although Pongo has the capability of becoming one of the best local restaurants, the effort to make it one is seriously lacking. Time and time again, I have given the restaurant/bar/bakery a chance to prove that it's a great place at which to eat or simply to hang out, yet every time I leave disappointed. And every time I swear never to go back. So, why the hell is it that I periodically get drawn back there in the same way that I keep on reading that Jackie Collins novel?

Well, an unfortunate factor in finding myself at Pongo yet again, is that the area surrounding Bard seriously lacks eating establishments that combine a trendy decor with a pricy-but-affordable menu and a late-night bar where Bard students and other locals can hang out, enjoy a good meal, ponder worldly issues over a glass of cabernet, or play chess without fear of being scorned. There are only four places that I can think of that fit this description, three of which are situated in Tivoli. The only Red Hook restaurant on this short list would be Max's Memphis Barbecue, but for the Bard student without a car, it's off the map of fashionable places to hang out. Hence, the majority of Bard students who venture off-campus on the weekend to escape Student Activities tend to make their way to Tivoli where they can choose from four bars and restaurants (excluding Bruno's and Broadway Pizza, which are mainly take-out). Tivoli is also a great place to go with friends since it is so small that there is little chance of losing each other.

There is the Hotel Moray (the never-changing dark and dingy drinking den run by fellow Irishwoman, Annie - can't go wrong there), Santa Fe (the Mexican restaurant and bar that has long lost its oomph - a bit like the limp salad they use to hide the little grub on your plate), Stoney Creek (the best restaurant and bar in Tivoli - there, I've said it too!), and Pongo.

One of my main gripes is that Pongo is unsanitary. All you need to do is look at the tableware or hold your wine glass up to the light. If there is one thing that I demand from any restaurant, whether it be the Red Hook Diner or Bois D'Arc, it's spotless tableware. Nobody wants to see traces of the person who ate before them, and everybody, no matter how much they are paying, deserves clean silverware and glasses. Late one evening at Pongo, I witnessed dirty glasses being taken from the bar, rinsed under running water, and immediately reused. I consistently send back mugs that are stained with rings of tea and coffee and a friend of mine discovered dried lettuce enamelled to the plate on which her desert was served. Invariably, I find fingerprints, lipstick marks, and grime clinging to my wine glass and crumbs stashed behind the breakfast condiments.



PANNED: Pongo's "pricy-but-affordable" menu doesn't cut it.

If this is the standard dared made visible to the customer, God knows what it's like behind the scenes! I dread to think of it. Perhaps a trip to the dumpster at the back of the building (which is unavoidable when one parks in the Municipal Parking Lot), may give dubious readers a taste, needless to say a whiff, of what I am talking about. Even dumpsters at ultra-clean restaurants smell, but overflowing garbage, a leaky receptacle, and the piles of bottles and old cardboard boxes that have been sitting in the rain add to the stench issuing from Pongo's dumpster.

Now, about the food—Pongo has two menus: a brunch menu and a dinner menu, both of which boast a variety of interesting and creative dishes. I have had a mixture of experiences with the quality and taste of the food, but breakfast definitely outdoes dinner. One of the reasons I eat breakfast at Pongo is because the decor soothes a hangover, but as far as eggs go, Miss Ellie's in Red Hook is the place to go. Poached eggs at Pongo come in a little bowl, swimming in hot water, and vinegar and eggs over-medium are always overcooked and charred at the edges (Flik does a better job). However, I have been told that the "create your own" omelette is good since you can choose from a list of fillings that includes goat cheese, roasted red peppers, avocado, marinated wild mushrooms, and other eclectic extras. The Breakfast Burrito is a standard and consistently good. The Eggs Benedict is tasty but beware of garlicky/fishy/spinach breath following you around for a couple of days! The French Toast, made from Pongo's own freshly baked baguettes, is delicious, but unfortunately I was sorely put out when I recently ordered this favorite of mine "with strawberries" and was handed a plate full of thick and succulent french toast with four measly

strawberries in tow. It's hard to go wrong with any of the sandwiches on the menu, provided you like the ingredients which in some cases (like that of the Spinach Melt), are a bit untraditional.

Dinner at Pongo is inconsistent, but if you come with a large party, attention will be lavished on you. You can never be certain that the quality of the food is going to be excellent or that the service will be praiseworthy. The best way to discern if a restaurant is top-notch is to order the steak rare (provided you are a meat eater). If it melts in your mouth, you have a winner. If it feels coarse and needs a fair amount of chewing, forget it. For \$12, the Steak Dinner at Pongo can range from average to dreadful, simply due to the varying quality of the meat. However, the oven-roasted vegetables that accompany both the steak and chicken are yummy and the sautéed spinach has some magic ingredient that I am still trying to work out.

There is one item on the dinner menu that can't be missed and that is the Blue Cheese Salad. People who don't like blue cheese love this salad. Need I say more? The portion is small and costs \$5, but can be quite filling eaten along with the fresh bread, olive oil, tomato paste, and freshly grated parmesan served once you are seated. Do not bother with any of the red wines offered: you're better off waiting until you've finished eating and then heading over to Stoney Creek for a bottle of their \$12 Cabernet Sauvignon. Delectable!

The kitchen at Pongo usually closes around 10 or 10:30 p.m. The lights dim (so much so that if you are still eating it is impossible to recognize anything on your plate), the music is turned up (there goes your intimate conversation), and the bar scene takes over. The bar staff have an incredibly bad reputation for being snotty and unfriendly to customers that they are not good friends with, and on certain nights even if the bar is virtually empty, it will take a good fifteen minutes to be served since the bartender is busy talking to one of those good friends at the other end of the bar.

The crowd that Pongo attracts tends to be cliquey and the atmosphere on a weekend night is not very friendly. Single shots are generously hand-poured so drivers beware when you think you have only consumed one or two drinks. Ladies' Hour was a splendid idea and is greatly missed. For a few weeks, women (and men in drag) drank free between 10 and 11 p.m. provided they chose bottom-shelf drinks. Ladies' Hour should be brought back with Kahlua established on the bottom-shelf so that female White Russian lovers don't have to pay.

Other than Pongo's freshly baked goods and desserts, the thread that keeps Pongo's reputation afloat is the staff's friendliness towards dogs. The Chocolate Espresso Torte is a killer and don't touch the macaroons - they're mine!

Pongo used to be a great place to have breakfast. Nowadays, instead of focusing on what it does well, it is trying to be everything all at once without the proper organization and management to help it reach its full potential.

Skimmingtons



In 1928, a Russian named Karpechenko tried to engineer a vegetable with the roots of a radish and the leaves of a cabbage.*

*Unfortunately, it only propagated with the roots of a cabbage and the leaves of a radish—thus is the way of science.



I decided to have a go at it myself, only with spinach and turnips.



How's your supper, Herbert?

I hate you.



Written by Diana Oboler. Drawn by Sonja Wilson. Yirred at by Herbert.

More Sweet Relief on Victoria Williams's *Musings of a Creekdipper*

By SCOTTY COMMERSON, Associate Cuppy Editor

To adequately describe the unique sound of Victoria Williams, one must employ all of the adjectives we cynical, hardened journalists at the *Observer* normally work so hard to avoid; "happy," flowery words like wondrous, sincere, life-affirming, heartwarming and (that most offensive and generic appellation of all) original come to mind in attempting to convey the magic of Williams's music. The difference is that, for once, all of these clichéd, Hallmark-greeting-card adjectives really do apply. After all, we are talking about a woman who holds conversations with cows, composes lullabies for trees, and sings about rainbow gatherings as matter-of-factly as Madonna dishes about sex.

Despite having released her first album over a decade ago, Williams has never garnered the fame of fellow eccentrics like Tori Amos or Björk. Her first two studio albums were released with little publicity in 1987 and 1990; while she earned the respect and admiration of her fellow musicians in the industry, commercial success eluded her. In one of those ironic quirks of life which Williams so often muses about in her songs, it took the tragedy of a crippling illness to bring her the exposure she had so long deserved. During a 1992 tour with Neil Young, Williams noticed a strange tingling in her hands whenever she played the guitar; the sensation gradually spread throughout her body. She was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis (MS), a debilitating disease which varies widely in its severity. Like many musicians, Victoria did not have health insurance; unable to perform, she had no way of paying her mounting medical bills. A diverse group of performers (including Pearl Jam and Lou Reed), all longtime admirers or friends of Williams, pooled their talents to help the ailing musician. They performed two benefit concerts in New York and Los Angeles which raised over \$20,000 and inspired a tribute album entitled *Sweet Relief*, containing 14 new versions of Williams's songs. (The album's success led Williams to establish the Sweet Relief Foundation, a nonprofit organization providing financial assistance to uninsured musicians needing medical attention.) The album's roster of high-profile performers resulted in widespread critical attention for Williams's songs.

Shortly after the release of *Sweet Relief*, Williams's MS went into remission. She immediately plunged into the writing and recording of her first album in four years, but the process would be a difficult one. Aside from the occasional flare-ups of MS,

Williams suffered the losses of her beloved father Pappy and her dog Belle in the span of a few weeks. Considering all she had been through, few would have predicted that the resulting album would be particularly upbeat; however, bitterness and self-pity are nowhere to be found in Williams's vocabulary. She'd rather sing about the simple joys of life, like Love, Nature and Childhood, than resort to the overwrought, self-pitying wailing of Alanis "I-am-woman-hear-me-bitch" Morissette. *Loose* turned out to be the most uplifting album of 1994 — who else but Williams would have the guts to put out a rendition of Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World" in the wake of the Nirvana Teen Angst era?

Besides a positive outlook, the 16 songs that comprise *Loose* have little else in common. Williams deftly moves between genres (even within individual songs), dabbling in folk, country, and gospel music. "Crazy Mary," a personal favorite, concerns a wild-eyed bag lady who literally rises out of her tarpaper shack and flies off into the night—"where she stops, nobody knows." In "Century Plant," a rare tree which blooms once every hundred years becomes a metaphor for all late-bloomers in life, such as the man who develops into a master surfer at the age of 85. "Hey! Do you want to come out and play the game?" Williams asks, assuring us that "it's never too late." She displays her spiritual side as well, although never in an overbearing or preachy way. On "You R Loved," she sings: "Jesus walked on the water, He turned the water into wine / Go down to the drunkards, And tell them everything is fine." The album features several big-name "guest appearances": Dave Pirner of Soul Asylum stops by for the poignant duet "My Ally" and the ecological awareness ballad, "Nature's Way," while Peter Dinklage and Mike Mills of R.E.M. provide vocals and instrumental accompaniment on several songs.

The most refreshing quality of Williams's songs is the total absence of self-absorption in her lyrics. She doesn't rant about the boyfriend who never called her (Alanis, are you taking notes?) or the mother who neglected her; nor does she whine and scream about how fucked-up her life is. Whether she is singing about a man's journey into heaven or the magic of a hitchhiker's smile, what Williams does best is tell stories; the beauty of her songs is that anyone who is human can identify with them.

Williams's new album, the aptly-titled *Musings of a Creekdipper* (Atlantic, 1998), proves that she still has many worthwhile stories to tell. "Creekdipping"

refers to the practice of wading and swimming in creeks, a common pastime in Williams's native Louisiana; the title reflects Williams's fondness for the simple, natural pleasures in life. *Creekdipper* has a slower and more subdued sound than *Loose*; it is like a leisurely evening walk on a country road. The album's first track, "Periwinkle Sky," is a comparison between city life and country life. "Grandpa's Cornpatch" is told from the point-of-view of Williams's grandfather; she sings, "I wish I could fly and see everyone I love in the blink of an eye." "Hummingbird" and "Rainmaker" are other gentle highlights.

The catchiest tune on the album (and the only one likely to get any airplay) is surprisingly one of the more downbeat. In the banjo-driven ditty, "Train Song (Demise of the Caboose)," Williams uses the obsolescence of the caboose to symbolize the losses accompanying technological growth in an industrialized society. "I can't understand how they can take the job from a kind old man / Steal the joy from a young child's heart just when it gets to the groovy part," she laments. Yet even here Williams cannot resist ending the song on an optimistic note, sharing her dream of a solar-powered train.

Finally, no review of Williams's work would be complete without commenting on her voice. Her little-girl vocals are a cross between Carly Simon, Cyndi Lauper and puppeteer Shari Lewis of "Lambchop's Play-along." Alternately endearing, chilling or grating, Williams's distinctive voice is strengthened by her unconventional singing style. She compensates for her lack of natural vocal range by frequently changing tones and accents, as if she were playing an entire cast of characters in a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. She may begin singing in a whisper then suddenly break into a wail; other times she will temporarily adopt a country twang, as she does when she sings "chores, chores, chores" in "Grandpa's Cornpatch." Her soft, tremulous voice is often touchingly beautiful, and her occasional off-key moments add depth; no two of Victoria's songs ever sound the same.

With *Musings of a Creekdipper*, Victoria Williams has established herself as one of the most inventive folksingers around and proven yet again that she does things her way. While her music may be an "acquired taste," one can't help but admire an artist with such positive creativity. Besides, how can you not like a singer who puts her dog on an album cover?

ZINE SCENE

Thrift SCORE and Girl Zines

by Lauren Martin
and Elissa Nelson, Columnists
with guest Zine Review by Betsy Cawley

THRIFT SCORE. Thrift SCORE is more than just a zine dedicated to shopping in thrift stores. Thrift SCORE tackles the big issues: thrift karma (how being a good and generous person will result in fabulous finds), love among the piles, dreams involving thrift stores. Included are helpful hints on just what to do with the odd find, histories of clothing trends (#7 was the swimsuit edition), how to throw a tiki party. Thrift SCORE's editor, Al Hoff, published a book by the same name last fall, and a copy can be found under H in the Browsing Collection at Stevenson Library. Thrift on! (B.C.)

Two book reviews by the zine librarians: The Stevenson Library bought a bunch of zine-related books at the Bard Zine Library's request. We haven't read them all yet — partly because some just came in, but also because they keep getting checked out! — but here are reviews of two that we read. Both can be found in the Browsing Collection.

Vol. 1 ZINES! (Ed. V. Vale, V/SEARCH). This book, edited by V. Vale, former publisher at RE/Search books, is a collection

of in-depth interviews with editors of some of the more well-known, popular zines. For example, V. Vale talks to Al Hoff, editor of *Thrift SCORE* (reviewed above) about thrifting, selling out, Riot Grrrl, and fashion; he also interviews zine editors ranging from Matt Wobensmith (editor of *Outpunk*, a queer punk zine which the Bard Zine Library owns) to Ramsey Kanaan (founder of AK Distribution/AK Press, an anarchist mail-order distro named after his mother), to Lynn Peril (editor of *Mystery Date*, a '50s-inspired dating and etiquette zine which the Bard Zine Library had until someone STOLE IT!!!). It also includes a zine directory, a history of zines, and quotations taken from a lot of different zines.

A Girl's Guide to Taking Over the World: Writings from the Girl Zine Revolution (Eds. Tristan Taormino & Karen Green, St. Martin's Press). Hey, guess what? We're in here, and so are many other girl zine editors, writing about sex, celebrities, class, family, being queer, falling in love, going on Oprah, and stuff like that. It's hard to come up with one all-encompassing statement about the book because it gleams from zines by girls and women coming from very disparate points of view and places. The point? There is no definitive idea of what a "girl zine" is.

Books are rad, but so are zines! Go to the Root Cellar! Read some zines too!

Gampel's Liszt Performance Brings Sonata in B Minor to Life with Bravura, Skill

By JOHN COYNE, Contributor

Pianist and musicologist Alan Gampel returned to Bard on Wednesday, March 11, for the third concert in his popular series of lecture-recitals. With last semester's recitals tracing the development of the piano sonata from the late baroque and early classical periods (from Scarlatti and Mozart up to Beethoven), Wednesday's concert, "Great Piano Sonatas," picked up not quite where he left off historically. Gampel jumped ahead to the music of Franz Liszt, in a lecture-recital based entirely on the composer's monumental *Sonata in B Minor*.

Mr. Gampel began with a biographical discussion of Liszt, focusing on the impact he made as the first real "showman" (or, rather, "show-off") virtuoso pianist in classical music. Descriptions of Liszt's life on and off the concert stage complemented the relating of a few of the more telling moments in the life of this legendary pianist.

Although Mr. Gampel's lecture style is somewhat shaky — punctuated by many pauses as he looks down at his notes — he managed to paint a fairly accurate picture of Liszt as a hyper-romantic, mildly eccentric musical firebrand with a penchant for the melodramatic. The lecture proved to be well-informed, with references to the writings of Liszt's friends, mistresses, and critics, managing, with any luck, to set straight anyone whose only knowledge of this man comes from the movie *Impromptu*.

After speaking about Liszt's importance as a pianist, Mr. Gampel quickly segued into his contributions to musical literature as a composer, and to the *Sonata in B Minor*. Here, he took to the piano to walk the audience through this colossal one movement, half-hour work. Because of the unprecedented size of

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by
Joel Hunt,
Columnist

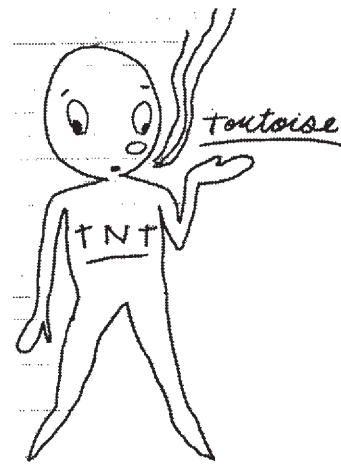
It's pretty obvious that anybody can write a record review. As a public service, the "normal" format of my column has been relinquished in order to help everyone at Bard experience one small part of the fun and exciting lifestyle that I, as resident rock-crit, enjoy every single day.

The First Paragraph: Beginning the record review with a bang is the most effective way to grab the reader's attention (duh). This is especially important when you're reviewing records that s/he would probably never buy and/or listen to anyway. Of course, you could try to "utilize" some heady concept that you learned in your Literature class as a method for analyzing music. Unfortunately, like most things you will "learn" at Bard, either no one will understand where you're coming from, or the concept you'll attempt to explicate will be out of date and irrelevant. So the suggested solution is to bring into the mix personal interpretation of *anything* you might have stuck within your head. This could include whacked-out conceptions of structures of cultural hierarchy, ridiculous explications of the "tongue-exploitation" of vocal music (a la Richard Meltzer in *The Aesthetics of Rock*), or maybe what you think about the latest big movie/television show/whatever. Despite how incoherent your big concept might be, remember that coherent writing is the key to making people believe that you know what you're writing about. If you're good, you might even receive some flattering comments from a few of your professors (even that stodgy Lit. Professor whose class you've skipped one too many times).

The Second Paragraph: Here you get to expand a bit on Paragraph One, but it is important to remember to bring some other entirely unfocused aspect into the review, the more far-afield it is the better. However, the most important function of the record review is *entertainment* (certainly not education), and you don't want to bore your reader by making your argument too complicated or convoluted. Try to write something that they, the average Bard student (and I do mean *average*), can relate to. So, as you're about to end, make some sniping comment about:

- A. Dr. Leon Botstein, that feared tyrant of Bard.
2. The cowardliness of most of your professors.
- III. How everyone else who writes for the *Observer* sucks.

Create Your Own Record Review!



TORTOISE'S TNT IS (ADVERB) (ADJECTIVE).

So now that we have the basic opening pointers down, let's get to reviewing records! And what better place to start than with some "just-released" music, (or music that is at least so obscure that we all can pretend that it's just released!) I've taken the reviews that I intended to write for this issue, but either gave you (yes, you!) multiple options or blanks (a la Mad Libs style) to circle or fill-in in order to give you a feel for the multitude of stylistic options that I, master critic, have in my power. So let's get crackin':

The new LP by Tortoise, entitled *tnt* (on Thrill Jockey), is _____ (adjective). I mean it *really kicks ass / really blows chunks* (circle one). Since I've been waiting _____ (adverb) for over two years, I'm really glad that this album *finally saw the light of day / came out so I can start the backlash* (circle one). Although I *really don't appreciate / extremely love* the song which sounds like Steve Reich on _____ (drug of your choice), overall I find *tnt* to be quite *inspired. / insipid* (circle one). With the departure of David Pajo, one would think that Tortoise *would call it quits / would finally get rid of that "post-rock" tag* (circle one), but they've kept _____ (participle) away. Overall, I think that *they should continue making records like this for another thirty years / they should probably die in a plane crash a la Lynyrd Skynyrd* (circle one).

For the first review in the column, it's good to start with something slightly familiar. Reviewing

Tortoise, however, is not so challenging as they have been critics' darlings for years. So let's go on to something a bit more obscure (whether or not you've actually heard or own the records you're reviewing is, of course, irrelevant).

L@N is a _____ (adjective implying mysterious) group from Germany that records for the A-Musik label. Their _____ (adjective) music *evokes the rhizomatic structures posited by the French philosophers Deleuze and Guattari / boredom* (circle one). Their two albums are _____ (adverb) _____ (past tense verb), and are *joys to hear / monuments to obscurity* (circle one). If you like *subtle electronic pulses / ass-kickin' Southern Rock a la Molly Hatchet* (circle one), you'll _____ (verb) L@N.

If you're a *fan of / indifferent to* (circle one) the German electronic duo known as Mouse on Mars, you might be interested to hear *Lithops*, which is the solo album by _____ ("Christian" name) _____ (surname) of that _____ (adjective) duo. Released on their own Sonig label, *Lithops* employs *fat electronic beats, yo / fat electronic beats, yo* (circle one)! _____ (pronoun) don't call it _____ (time-related noun) _____, (synonym for disco) for nothin'! All in all, the record is _____ (adverb) _____ (adjective), and _____ (adverb) _____ (verb). *Two thumbs up / By no means buy this record, or you will be beat a la Duane Allman* (circle one).

By now, you're on your way to being a great rock critic! Don't worry about failing this little test, as there are no correct answers. Hey, isn't that kind of like your schoolwork at Bard? Of course! That's why what I do (and what you can do too) is *so super-relevant* to all of our lives. Remember, it's about *enriching*, and it's also about *sharing*. That's right, there's a new spirit in the air. C'mon Bard students, let's put on a happy face, and get caring! Becoming an astute rock crit is just one step toward the inner peace that anyone, even you, can attain. At the very least, writing informal music reviews can help you develop your incredible writing skills (this is Bard, after all); to the point where you can use the phrase *a la* in every paragraph (a la Joel Hunt).

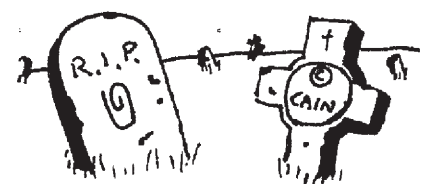
Next time: a super-dope analysis of the music of Finland! I promise!

Do it for your country

LONG LIVE THE RUBBER LEGACY!

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The DANCING Paperclip of TORMENTED Souls® / by MORGAN PIELLI



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

this sonata, it was helpful to be given an outline of the internal events within the piece.

Mr. Gampel also gave his interpretation of the programmatic underpinnings of the work, which involve the Faust legend according to Goethe. According to Gampel, the descending octaves which open the piece represent Faust's descent to hell, the angular first theme heralds the appearance of Mephistopheles, and the "spinning" second theme is a character portrait of Gretchen. Given Liszt's notorious preoccupation with the Faust legend, this can be taken as a valid reading.

For the most part, the performance held true to Mr. Gampel's reputation for clean cut, dramatic playing, but with just a few minor problems. The opening bravura passages were taken a touch too hastily, and some "technical difficulty" was "experienced" after the fugue midway through the sonata. In both cases, however, Mr. Gampel managed to quickly regain his footing with considerable and convincing finesse. Although I admit that, for better or for worse, I hold the Vladimir Horowitz recording of the Liszt sonata as definitive, seeing this monumental work come alive in performance, by a pianist who is in his own right a consummate performer, was an hour well spent.

Upcoming Events

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

If you would like an "event" "performed," hosted, sponsored, or loaded 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.

Mar. 23, Monday

Lecture: "Nelson Mandela and the New South Africa," by Andrew Nash, professor in the Department of Philosophy at the University of the Western Cape. Olin 203. 7 p.m.

Lecture: "The Ideas of 'Place' and 'Bioregion' in Environmental Ethics," by Daniel Berthold-Bond of Bard's Philosophy/CRES Dept. Call Prof. Kris Feder at 758-7243 for more information. Room 115, Olin Language Center. 7 p.m.

Screening: *The Emerging Woman*, a 40-minute documentary film about the women's movement in America. Discussion (with coffee, tea, and cookies provided by the Root Cellar) to follow. In honor of Women's History Month. Sponsored by the Womyn's Alliance. 8 p.m.

Mar. 24, Tuesday

Lecture: "Problems in Studying Religion: Sufism in Modern Egypt," by Valerie J. Hoffman, Associate Professor of Religion at the University of Illinois. Sponsored by the Religion Dept., the Muslim Students Organization, and the African and African Diaspora Studies program. Olin 202. 4 p.m.

"Discussion": on women in graduate school "and beyond," professionalism, and women in the workplace. With Bard faculty and staff. Room 115, Olin Language Center. 7 p.m.

Women's Awareness Poetry and Prose Reading

By Bard faculty, students, and staff (scheduled: Thalia Field, Jean Churchill, Erin Cannan, Nancy Leonard, Melanie Nicholson, and Ying Li-Hua), in honor of Women's History Month. Bring original or favorite pieces to share. "Open mic" (and after that, "refreshments") to follow. Olin 104. 8 p.m.

Mar. 25, Wednesday

Open Forum: with Imam Salahuddin M. Muhammad, Bard's Muslim chaplain. Come listen to Malcolm X. Sponsored by the BBSO. Refreshments will be served. Olin Moon Room (310). 7 p.m.

Concert: by Robert Martin, cellist, and John Kamitsuka, pianist. Featuring J.S. Bach's *Goldberg Variations* (for solo piano, BWV 988), *Suite No. 1 in G Major* (for solo cello, BWV 1007), and *Sonata No. 2 in D Major* (for cello and piano, BWV 1028). For more information, call 758-7425. Bard Hall. 8 p.m.

Mar. 26, Thursday

Lecture: "The Glass House in Paris: Myth and Reality," by Brian Brace Taylor, art historian, critic, and theorist. Sponsored by Bard's Art History Dept. For more information, call 758-6822. Olin 102. 6 p.m.

Mar. 27, Friday

Theater: Steve Martin's *Picasso at the Lapin Agile*. Directed by Bob Miller and performed by Sean Marrinan, Jack Harris, Christine Crawfis, Bruce Pileggi, Elizabeth Burdick, and John Burdick of the Readers' Theater Group of the Mohonk Mountain Stage Company. Also on Mar. 28 and Apr. 3 and 4. General admission: \$10, \$8 for members. For more information, call (914) 255-1559. Unison Arts & Learning Center, 68 Mountain Rest Road, New Paltz. 8 p.m.

Concert: by the David Grisman Quintet (Grisman, mandolin; Enrique Corta, guitar; Matt Eakle, flute; Joe Craven, percussion, violin; and James Kerwin, bass). Tickets: \$19.50 for adults; \$17.50 for students and seniors; \$15.50 for Bardavon members. For more information, call the Bardavon box office at (914) 473-2072. The Bardavon Opera House, 35 Market Street, Poughkeepsie. 8 p.m.

Mar. 28, Saturday

Concert: by the Angeles String Quartet, with Charles Russo, clarinetist. Featuring Schubert's *Quartet in E-Flat Minor*, Op. 125, No. 1, D. 87, Schmittke's *Quartet No. 3* (1983), and Brahms's *Clarinet Quintet in B Minor*, Op. 115. Sponsored by the Rhinebeck Chamber

Alumnus Peter Aaron Speaks On Photographing Architecture

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER,
Arts & Entertainment Editor

Whether it be swimming on rooftops in Paris or by passing top-government security in Peru, it's all just another day's work for Peter Aaron, architecture photographer, who graduated from Bard in 1968 and returned to his alma mater on March 16 in order to speak in the Bard College Spring Photography Program lecture series.

Aaron noted that when he was a student, Bard didn't have a photography department. "I chose physics as my specialty," he said. He photographed as a hobby for *The Bard Observer* and the literary magazine, but decided to pursue this interest academically when he went to graduate school at New York University. He later branched into cinematography, but it was architecture photography that got him in the end. He said this kind of work appealed to him over filmmaking because of its independence. "It wasn't my temperament to work in crowds."

Aaron began the lecture by showing slides of historical architecture photographs that he said had inspired him. Most of the work dated back to the turn of the century, ranging from pictures of buildings in Florence to bathroom pipes in London -- yet all were comprised by this genre known as "architecture photography."

"Architecture photography" is often simply the documentation of an architect's work for his or her portfolio, Aaron said, which is why one individual photograph becomes less important than the series in which it is contextualized. He also remarked upon the difficulty of trying to figure out how interpretive to be as the photographer when documenting other people's artwork. Aaron describes the work as being "painstaking." Waiting around for the perfect shot can be time-consuming and not for the "normal person" who would surely pass out from the tedium, he joked. He follows the gospel of "I-22 and be there!" and always likes to be prepared for the perfect shot. Often, Aaron uses double exposure to make the perfect shot easier to come by and fudges a little

with reality by taking part of the picture during one time of day, and the other part at another time and then overlapping the two.

"You just can't make the time of day, you have to wait for the earth to rotate," he said. His favorite time of day at which to shoot is twilight, because as it makes a building turn itself inside-out, so it is as if you're "looking at an x-ray," he said. Some of the photographs shown illustrated how by shooting a building's exterior at twilight, against a darkening sky, but with the interior well lit, details became easy to discern.

Besides the time of day at which you shoot, another important factor of architecture photography is the placement of people in the photograph, Aaron said as he showed a humorous photo of a "convex man and a concave TWA building" complementing each other's shape.

For those who might think architecture photography is not such an interesting genre, Aaron gave anecdotes that would certainly convince them that it is. Besides opportunities to travel around the world, Aaron related some of his more adventurous shoots, including the one for which he was taking pictures from the roof of a building on Ellis Island when he heard a large crash -- his ladder had tumbled to the ground, leaving him stranded on the rooftop. He had to yell for help in order to get out of that predicament. He also told of his trip to Lima, Peru to photograph the U.S. embassy there -- "before that problem they had" -- he described the security as being so tight that even going to the bathroom was a hassle.

Aaron wrapped up the lecture with slides showing off his versatility in photographing subjects other than architecture -- with pictures from his vacation in Yemen. These were simple portraits as well as landscapes and building shots and all maintained an intriguing element, especially the picture of two smiling men holding AK-47's. Finally, Aaron showed a photograph of his five-year-old twin daughters, Evie and Lizzie, ending his lecture on a sentimental note.



LOOKING IT "OVER": Students examine the art moderation show.

Music Society. Tickets: \$12 for adults and seniors; \$5 for students; and free for children under the age of 13. Church of the Messiah, Route 9, Rhinebeck. 8 p.m.

Dance performance: 15th Festival of Dance, by the Ulster Ballet Co. and several guest companies. Tickets: \$12 for adults, \$8 for seniors, students, and children. For group ticket sales or more information, call 246-4316. The Broadway Theater at the UPAC, Broadway, Kingston. 7 p.m.

Mar. 29, Sunday

Spring Bird Walk. Join a naturalist in search of spring migrant and resident birds. For more information, call 831-8780. Stony Kill Farm, Route 9D, Wappingers. 3 p.m.

Screening: *Milt and Honi*, jazz film by Louise Tiranoff. General admission: \$10, \$7 for Guild members. Sponsored by The Woodstock Guild. For more information, call (914) 679-2079.

Kleinert/James Arts Center, 34 Tinker Street, Woodstock. 4 p.m.

Apr. 1, Wednesday

Recycling & Waste Prevention Roundtable

Moderated by Ellen Harrison, Director of the Cornell Waste Management Institute. Sponsored by The Dutchess County Environmental Management Council (DCEMC). For more information, call Barbara Kendall, Executive Director of the DCEMC, at (914) 677-8223 (x126). Farm & Home Center, Millbrook, NY. 4-9 p.m.

Apr. 2, Thursday

Band Concert: by Beekeeper, featuring Matt Schickele (Bard class of '92; ex of Bard bands Toothbucket, Mulchbunny, and Lasagna; and son of P.D.Q. Bach) and Karla Schickele (sibling of Matt; also in the band Ida; and the daughter of the aforementioned Bach). Also playing: Skulpey. For more information, call Beekeeper at (212) 226-9163 or e-mail mussny-hair@artomatic.com. Rhinecliff Hotel.

Apr. 4, Saturday

Nature walk and slide show. Topic: Stissing Mountain Fire Tower. Led by Jay Wilmarth. For more information, call Jennifer Clüchchester at (914) 677-8223 x127. Lions Club, (at the corner of) Beach Rd. and Stissing Ave., Fine Plains, NY. 9 a.m.

Apr. 13, Monday

Lecture: by Thomas Roma. Part of the Bard College Spring Photography Lecture Series. Call 758-6822 for more information. Olin 102. 8 p.m.

Apr. 17, Friday

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

Art Openings: for "Pressure," a group show of recent print work, curated by Ken Gray. Sponsored by The Woodstock Guild. Gallery Hours: Fri.-Sun., 12-5 p.m. For more information, call (914) 679-2079. Kleinert/James Arts Center, 34 Tinker Street, Woodstock. 5-7 p.m.

Apr. 18, Saturday

Art Opening: for Marilyn Reynolds ('78-'98 Selected Works). Show runs through May 3. For more information, call 757-2667 or 657-7024. Tivoli Artists' Co-op, 60 Broadway, Tivoli. 6-8 p.m.

Apr. 19, Sunday

Screening: *The World of Apu*, the third film in Satyajit Ray's Apu Trilogy; by the Bard Film Committee. Old Gym. 7 and 9 p.m.



by
Leah Zamoni,
Columnist

Taking for granted that there is nothing sexier than a bad girl, the irrepressible Shannen Doherty wins my heart without a fight.

From her humble, whiny beginnings as Jenny on Michael Landon's saccharine-sweet '80s series, *Little House on the Prairie*, Shannen Doherty proved even in her awkward, early adolescent years to be a powerful presence. Although she maintained a voice of moralistic reason opposite Melissa Gilbert and Mary Sue Anderson (Laura and Mary Ingalls, respectively), Doherty's personal insolence shone through gloriously. Regarding her role as Jenny, however, it must be stated that there were no clear implications in her early career that Doherty would in real life far surpass the shameless behavior of *Little House's* own wayward wench, Nellie Olsen.

Later, appearing on the coma-inducing *Our House*, Doherty co-starred with the furry, porcine Cocoon and Quaker Oats commercial guru, Wilford Brimley, night-time soap-bitch Deirdre Hall, and the shiny-eyed Chad Allen. Doherty's winged haircuts and horrific white Keds did not at all lessen her appeal to America's adolescents, and it was on *Our House* where Doherty honed her deplorable teen persona, as she dealt with issues such as FMS and water retention in a consistently fitful mode.

As everyone knows, sexy Shannen's problems began in 1991, when she joined the fledgling cast of Aaron Spelling's plastic conception, *Beverly Hills, 90210*. Next to bubble-butt Jason Priestley, pig-faced Ian Ziering, wanna-be hip-hopster Brian Austin Green, the dronish Jenni Garth, and benefitting-from-nepotism Tori Spelling, Shannen shone like a search light over a toxic waste dump. Her gang of friends on the show were not, to put it mildly, compelling counterparts to Shannen-as-Brenda's capricious moods. This made Doherty, for her time on the

program, the easiest female to adore and pedestalize as a sex symbol. Her condescending sighs and cutting one-liners were framed perfectly by her gorgeous, shiny bangs and endearingly uneven eyes.

Shannen Doherty was the best thing that ever happened to 90210, and I stopped watching the limp program after her firing, because she was, after all, the sole reason to tune in. I loved her icy eye-rollings and "whatevers." The trick with Shannen-as-Brenda was that Brenda, for all her pettiness, was a nicer person

Her condescending sighs and cutting one-liners were framed perfectly by her gorgeous, shiny bangs and endearingly uneven eyes.

than the volatile Doherty. Based on the press coverage of Doherty (available by searching through most libraries' back issues sections), acting the character of Brenda Walsh must have stifled her terribly. As I watched an old episode on tape, I could sense Doherty's impatience with Jason Priestley and Luke Perry. Just imagine how hard it must have been, not being able to shout epithets and mount a full-scale attack on such dull Kents!

And what was that nonsense about creator Aaron Spelling not liking Shannen's influence on his precious daughter, Tori? He should have been more concerned about Tori's face under the

surgeon's scalpel than the presence of the delectable and salacious Doherty. He might also have been more attuned to the ratings of his weakly-premised television program; without Doherty on board, there were barely one pair of lips to admire, not to mention that, other than Andrea Zuckerman (ON-drea, remember, she didn't like to be called AN-drea), Doherty was the only main female character with dark hair. I am not from L.A., so I may be missing something, but peroxide blondes just don't turn me on.

As far as Jenni Garth's pasty skin goes, we won't even get into it. I would purchase a bag of dough from the grocery if I wanted to stare at such bland puffiness.

Thanks to a quick rise to superbabe fame, Shannen was wooed by and drawn to the bottle, big bags of cocaine, and lame-o Rat Pack has-been Judd Nelson. Soliciting fights, throwing beer bottles, and biting every hand that fed her did not do Ms. Doherty much good in the end, and she eventually lost her covered role as Brenda Walsh. I'm no fan of the enormously nostrilled Judd Nelson, but at least he was a jerk.

Shannen is exciting because she wears leather pants (yum), rides a motorcycle, and drinks like a fish, making everyone around regret her invitation. That's my type of girl! I'd love to spend the night with this bawdy broad, breaking glass and picking fights with simps who make the mistake of simply recognizing her.

Authors Note: I would sincerely like to thank whomever campus-mailed me the book The Women of Dallas. I appreciate your thinking of me and was ecstatic to receive it. I wish I were able to thank you face-to-face, but if anonymity is your wish, I can accept that. Thank you again.

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America Versus Iraq

A new wave of imperialism grips the world

By MICHAEL CANHAM, Contributor

In 1991, when the United States of America (with the approval of 35 other nations) invaded Iraq, it had become clear that imperialism, in the most general sense (the naked use of force to impose the will of major powers on smaller states), was flourishing. The invasion was all the more ironic because it occurred in the midst of a period in which the world was ostensibly entering a post-imperialist stage. World leaders like George Bush and Vaclav Havel of the Czech Republic had been declaring the start of a "new world order." It was now a time, they said, in which disputes between states could be settled peacefully under the guidance of the United Nations – the old order of confrontation was extinct and the world was embarking on a new golden age.

A careful observer of politics can now see too clearly that these words were all naked lies. This "new world order" is merely the same sick, old imperialist one, the only difference being that with the collapse of the Soviet Union, the United Nations is now being used by the U.S. to legitimize American military intervention. This goes to show that even though the Cold War is over, the major powers can still threaten the world with wars of mass destruction. Nevertheless, as *The Washington Post* reported, UN Secretary General Kofi Annan and the Security Council expressed reservation about the U.S. sending troops to Iraq a few weeks ago. One of the major objections was that Iraq could no longer be considered a threat to world peace, a fact confirmed by Syria, Israel, and Iran, Iraq's own neighbors. It was for this reason that Kofi Annan flew to Baghdad in the eleventh hour to try to broker a peace deal with Iraqi officials. *The New York Times* falsely reported a few days later that the apparent success of negotiations between Iraq and Annan was because Iraq feared "another US missile." This reasoning is sheer hypocrisy because

back in 1991, the US military failed to remove Saddam Hussein from power despite a 35-hour-long non-stop bombardment of Baghdad, the longest in military history. The bombing of Iraq not only affected Saddam's palace, but of course also innocent men, women, and children who had no interest in the intra-ruling class struggle for the monopoly of oil and oil prices.

What the U.S. government was doing was turning its back on its professed positive human rights track record and its defense of "democracy" (if that word has any meaning in the world today). This attitude of American, hegemonic arrogance was further displayed at a Bard panel discussion (February 16, between Professors Chace and Kovel, and entitled "Iraq: Is War a Vaccine?") at which one of the student attendants proudly said, "Now that America is the remaining superpower, it must make the world safe for democracy." Perhaps what the U.S. should be focusing on is ridding the world of the illegal drugs that are taking their toll on the youth of both First and Third World countries. Instead, the U.S. is prepared to sacrifice millions of innocent lives in the name of "defending democracy" rather than going after drug traffickers working for General Manuel Noriega (even while he sits in his Florida prison cell), a one-time darling of the CIA and the U.S. government.

The real question is this: Which way is the world headed? Are we living in the sort of world so faithfully envisioned by George Bush, Vaclav Havel, and Bill Clinton? This requires no "expert" or "scientific" explanation. Wars continue to rage in the Middle East, Asia, and across the lands of Africa and have returned to Europe on a scale not seen since 1945. In the African state of Rwanda, over a quarter million people died in the first few months of the civil war in 1994. In Cambodia and Somalia, thousands continue to die as the "Western Powers" switch alliances from one warlord to another in

their search for regional influence and profit. In the former Yugoslavia, these Western powers – like Britain, France, and Germany – try to exploit the mayhem there. Dozens of other wars rage across the globe. Humanity, it seems to me, has returned to barbarism, only this time with a human face.

This new wave of imperialism that Bush, Havel, and others have allowed to wash over the globe has also produced a world of economic uncertainty. The so-called Cold War was viciously fought out on the soil of Third World countries, causing the deaths of thousands in Vietnam and Angola; now, after its much ballyhooed "end," older weapons are being sold by the major military powers to the countries with less military power. *The Times International* of November 1997 reported that the Hungarian ruling class, while concerned about war in the neighboring Baltic countries, has bought \$800 million-worth of MIG-29 jet fighters from Russia, and Germany has supplied Hungary with spare parts and equipment from the stockpiles of the old East German army.

Clearly, the world has never been so well equipped to kill nor has it been so volatile. The political situation in Russia and the former countries of the Eastern Bloc is equally acute, characterized by a continued economic crisis, enormous unemployment, and a deep alienation from political institutions. In Hungary, the economic picture is equally bleak. Hungarian workers showed their disillusionment with the free-market economy, when, in the elections of May 1994, they voted the Communist Party (now renamed the Socialist Party) back into power. At the same time, if the Hungarian Government pushes ahead with its "austerity programs" of privatization, over 200,000 jobs could be lost (or so *The Journal of Economic Literature* estimates).

When Boris Yeltsin ascended to power in a coup against Mikhail Gorbachev in August 1991, he was full of optimism (during a live interview on CNN) about plans for Russia to adopt the free market. In a surprising development, Yeltsin himself subsequently survived a coup attempt against him as his

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

El Niño Storms Wreak Havoc Around the Globe

A Bard student contemplates mortality in tornado-prone central Florida

By CHRISTINE HARBAUGH, Contributor

Very still, I stood by the side of the road. I was completely devastated. I mean it was completely devastated. I was empathizing. I'm not sure what I was thinking. I was trying not to let my thoughts be the trite ones that most people felt worthy to voice. So maybe my thoughts were nothing and I was just overwhelmed.

The wind pushed softly and steadily against my back. "A baby gust," I thought. The blades of grass were bent in homage to the weather. Unmoved, I wished I could be as rooted and pliable.

Several weeks ago, I went home to central Florida. Going home's one of those luxuries that those of us from places other than the Northeast rarely get. I sat in my parents' kitchen going through the Sunday ads. We live just over a mile from where one of the disasters occurred only a week prior to my visit. A friend of my mother stopped by on her way to work. My mother began to re-tell the story of where she was when it hit – as if it were JFK's death. My mom was at a friend's house for dessert and conversation. "When I left, it was as if the tornado was chasing me." She rushed home, worried, and finally went to bed. Her friends lost portions of their roofs while she slept.

The reality is that they all were aware of the warnings, but my mom didn't know that a tornado had hit until she was home and safe. She was never in harm's way. A friend's home was severely damaged, but somehow my mom managed to make the situation all about herself.

When I was young and living with my parents and someone new came to our home, especially someone from out of town, I would say, "Welcome to my cardboard house." That's what I always thought of the houses in my area: not very strong or lasting but affordable. I also called them "Edward

Scissorhands" homes because that film was shot in a central Florida community similar to mine. They're built in droves, cheaply and often poorly. They look as if a strong wind could knock them over and strong winds do.

During that weekend that I was home, there were severe thunderstorm warnings. My father took them very seriously. The lightning was too bright and constant to allow sleep. Some say that it had been too long since central Florida had had a tragedy. We were due or something. Others said that this was mother nature reminding us once again that we are not all powerful. I don't know if either of these arguments hold even a drop of water.

Here at Bard, I'm pretty sheltered and ignorant of events in the rest of the world. In the days after the first tornadoes, news of it came to me bit by bit as hearsay. Then, I went home.

What I do know is that people are going to be more careful now. They will take things seriously – at least until they forget.

But how much could they have prepared for disaster? My sister said that yes, she had heard the warnings, but she did what everyone else did, she went to bed. The first tornado touched down after midnight when everyone was sleeping.

My mother said to me, "You know, our dentist's office is not really there anymore."

"I know," I replied.

"I wonder if our dental records were lost," she wondered.

I looked at her, bewildered, "Who cares?"

Tragedies often affect us even if they don't directly effect us. I looked at my mother and this tragedy seemed too close. I could have walked to the dentist's office.

I was annoyed by the 16-page spread in *The Orlando Sentinel* devoted to this tragedy. Stories of a baby ripped from her parents' arms, 911 calls of people screaming in the streets and lacerated bodies – the sole purpose seemed to be to bring its readers to tears. It did.

Blame it on El Niño. We've had a very mild winter at Bard and I often hear complaints about the mud or the cold. It's often me making those complaints. But there are frozen crops and flooding in the southern states, severe flooding and damage in Peru, and my parents in Florida have some sort of severe weather warning every weekend. Last weekend there was another tornado warning and two were recorded as having touched down. That makes a total of eight tornadoes on three consecutive Sundays. One leveled half a middle school. Until this winter, I remember only two or three in the fourteen years that I lived there.

I don't have any enlightened answers to this. All I have now is an idea of how people deal with tragedy. Here at Bard, I'm pretty sheltered and ignorant to events in the rest of the world. In the days after the first tornadoes, news of it came to me bit by bit as hearsay. Then, I went home.

On February 22, while I was safely in Red Hook reading stories in bed, five tornadoes touched down in central Florida in the course of an hour. Four of them were level-fours which means that the winds blew in excess of 200 mph. One of those level-fours hit about a mile from my house. Over sixty people died, many more were injured, and it caused millions of dollars in damage.

We Hate Ourselves for Loving You

By MEREDITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

"Now, I realize you're very busy. You've got that paper to write, that opening to hang, that trip to the city this weekend, that crippling inferiority complex concerning your creative abilities to reckon with, that bowl to smoke, that enigmatic upper-classman to stalk, whatever. You've got a thousand things on your mind, which should come as no surprise considering that this is Bard, A Place to Think, it says as much on the catalog, so go ahead, think away, think, think, think, and when you're done, pull your finger out of your nose, pick up a pen or a crayon or a camera and extrapolate. If the tangible finished product ain't half bad, consider calling us."

--some twitchy broad, *The Bard Observer*, November 18th, 1996

Almost two years have elapsed since Lilian and I yanked an oozing rag called *The Bard Observer* out of its festering cesspool of nonfeasance and began the struggle to restore a concept of student-run, bi-weekly journalism in Apathy-on-Hudson. From the beginning it was an excruciatingly slow process: no real staff, no equipment, no feedback, no one besides the two of us and a dispassionate layout designer slouched in front of a single Publications computer for hours on end, attempting to imbue what meager submissions we received with some semblance of credibility. In those early months, it was impossible to produce issues consistently, and consequently, difficult to gain anyone's respect. Promises made to us by high-standing administrative honchos concerning funding rang hollow and the reception from the student body was lukewarm at best. *The Observer* languished in relative ineffectuality for no small time.

Things began to change in May '97. I was hanging out in Josh Diaz's Albee dorm room when three of his friends stopped by for a beer. Although I didn't know much about them beyond their writing abilities, and while I have never been a particularly religious individual, when Abby, Jeremy, and Basil appeared in the doorway, I beheld a celestial light and heard a chorus of ethereal voices. We got to talking. A couple beatitudes and one sonorous belch later, *The Observer* had section editors. Coincidentally, Dean John Pruitt contacted me that same day to offer his aid in stabilizing the paper's communications with faculty and administration. At the end of the semester, I left confident that a dark era had ended. When design wizard Nate Schwartz came aboard this school year, the catalyst occurred. KERPOW! Suddenly we had a fully-fledged staff, real deadlines to uphold, and eventually, bestowal of an office and equipment.

And there was much rejoicing. Yet no sooner had this structural integrity been established, then the need for further expansion became obvious, so we broke out with the flyers and the fanfare: "Calling all writers, all photographers, essayists, cartoonists, columnists, conspiracy theo-

rists, satirists, soapbox ranters, moody bitches, raging smarmballs! We want you to write for us. We need you to get involved." Many did, but apparently, not enough -- Jonathan Becker recently called a meeting with Lilian and myself to inform us that some students feel that *The Observer* is still little more than a social club with its own agenda and a limited view of campus life. In a backhanded sort of way, I guess that's a compliment. At least it shows that *The Observer* is finally being taken seriously enough to warrant criticism. Bad press is better than no press, right?

Hell, no! So, when Dean Jonathan Becker called a meeting to inform us that he had been approached by students who believe *The Observer* lacks balanced coverage of

When Dean Jonathan Becker called a meeting to inform us that he had been approached by students who believe *The Observer* lacks balanced coverage of racial issues, our staff was greatly consternated. It was the first we'd heard of it. What should we do?

racial issues, our staff was greatly consternated. It was the first we'd heard of it. What should we do? It's obvious by now that anyone with the desire to write for us and the reliability to follow through on things will be welcomed on staff with open arms and furthermore, that anyone with input of any kind concerning absolutely any particular element of the paper is invited to write a letter or call us about it. But our staff can't be expected to respond or alleviate a problem when we are unaware of its existence. Although the discord is apparently prominent enough to have prompted individuals to discuss instatement of a separate newspaper to counterbalance *The Observer's* own inadequate coverage, only one individual has ever personally approached us with beef about the issue of race, and that seemed to have been resolved.

There is obviously a need for further discourse, so after spring break, *The Observer* will hold an open discussion about the possible need for reform or expansion of racial coverage at Bard. Look for the flyers. In the meantime, to the right, on the masthead, are the names and phone numbers of our staff. Please, feel free to call any of us and talk to us about whatever concerns you may have, racial or otherwise. We count on your feedback. That means you, Bub.

Ultimately, this paper strives to be the voice of an entire community, and exists for everyone. Please, let it speak for you.

USA-Iraq conflict

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

economic reforms become unpopular. At the same time, the years of drastically falling living standards in Russia have taken their toll. The world watched in dismay as the groups of prospective rulers fought it out in the streets of Moscow. Nationalism across Europe has resurfaced as the consequences of the protracted economic and political crisis escalate. Fascists have been the main beneficiaries of these consequences as people turned their backs on the former Socialist and Communist parties. This is most graphically illustrated by the fascist Vladimir Zhirinovskiy's "Liberal Democratic" Party, which emerged with the largest bloc of seats in the Russian Duma (parliament) elections of 1993.

An interesting (but hardly novel) paradox, however, is that this latest wave of imperialism has also helped to increase class conflict, as economic and political instability has sparked working-class resistance. Mass class struggles have engulfed Western Europe. For instance, Eduard Balladur's right-wing government in France has been rocked after huge strikes and mass protests have occurred, including one in which over a million people participated in order to show their anger about cuts in education.

I know of no more eloquent vision for the future than what Karl Marx and Frederick Engels wrote many years ago, but which still rings so true today: "In place of the old bourgeois society, with its class antagonisms, we shall have an association, in which the free development of each [individual] shall be the condition for the free development of all." This is what the "new world order" should be.

Letters-to-the-Editors

To the Bard Community,

Thank you for coming to Tivoli to relax and enjoy yourselves. Without your presence, the village would lose a lot of its energy and atmosphere.

Recently, residents of the village have expressed their discontent at some of the negative aspects of this energy. The main issue is noise on the street. Most of the residents work nine-to-five and deserve to

get a good night's sleep. Most of the residents have been living in Tivoli since before the nightlife re-emerged. Therefore, it's unfair to think that they should have "known better" than to live in the business district. Further, many children live on Broadway (the main street in Tivoli), and need attention, care, and consideration.

Now, about the garbage. No one

likes to see empty beer bottles, broken glass, and cigarette butts on their front lawn. Environmental awareness starts at home.

Tivoli is a great place for us to get together and unwind and if we keep our partying inside, it can be a great place for everyone.

Sincerely,
Tim Voell

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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.



ERIC FRASER: THE CROP WAS NOT SO BOUNTIFUL MAAAAA...

Classifieds

Wanted

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

Make Extra Cash on Weekends

Part-time job opportunity: looking for a responsible person to help a local farm sell products at farm markets, craft shows, and festivals in the Hudson Valley. Mostly weekends from *This is all absurd nonsense!* 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

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. *This is all absurd nonsense!* 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. *This is all absurd nonsense!* 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: iclpnc@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, poli-

tics, 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

This is all absurd nonsense! 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. *This is all absurd nonsense!* 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. *This is all absurd nonsense!* 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.

Let the Games Begin

The season of irresponsibility approaches

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

There was an unusual energy buzzing through the Kline Commons on St. Paddy's day. You can be sure it wasn't due to the lunch special; "Irish Surprise," a culinary emigration of cabbage, ground beef, and green dye. It was a tight, expectant, and nervous energy, like that of the NBA or NFL draft. People moved a little quicker than usual from the mess hall to their eating places. Normally boisterous tables were quiet as hushed whispers floated through the grease-laden air. The standard fare of BLT and Mac 'n' Cheese was completely ignored as lunch trays were shoved aside to make room for something else at the center of the table.

Outside of the main dining hall there was a log jam of people trying to get through the corridor to the Paranoids. Semi-circles of students three-deep surrounded an ordinary folding table. Some would excitedly squirm their way out of the throng and giddily hold up white pieces of paper, often meeting a friend orbiting the mass in order to display the piece of paper to them. The students treated these pieces of paper like they were gift certificates for drinks for life, carefully holding them by the edges and shielding them from the harsh elements of Kline with their bodies.

What were these pieces of paper that commanded the attention of entire tables, that students would sacrifice their bodies for, that caused the "Irish Surprise" to go completely unnoticed by even the most stoned diner at Kline? Why, they were the Bard College Intramural Softball Rosters: more valuable than the Magna Carta, more important than the Declaration of Independence, and more stirring than the Gettysburg Address.

That's right, kiddies, it's almost softball season. The time when it's perfectly acceptable to get wasted two days out of the school week and two days on the weekend. The only time it's OK for seniors to show up at project meetings loaded or miss them altogether. The time when students can swear, scream, and confront each other without the fear of being brought up on indecent citizenship charges. The softball season approaches and the administration cringes, for when it is softball season all of the civil-society and enlightened-individual crap that college has tried so hard to brainwash the students with gets wiped clean like the memory capacity of a convict being rehabilitated with shock therapy. Rejoice, for as the season moves into the sun god's favor, Dionysus is reborn three days a week on the diamond behind the Stevenson Gymnasium.

As every softball season does, this season is looking to be competitive and passionate; that is, if the intramural offices don't screw it up. Not to be overly critical, but those of you who were here last season remember the high drama that unfolded as softball neared its end: the truncated season that had some teams playing only three games, the threatened arrest of a student for protesting the inept scheduling, and the filing of a libel lawsuit against a sports editor of ivory tower repute.

LEGAL DISCLAIMER: No sports editor would seriously propose the consumption of illegal drugs and alcohol before entering into a strict NCAA-guided event. Let this be a lesson to you softballers, if a sports editor ever insinuated that smoking pot and drinking alcohol before serious athletic competition would improve your performance, they would only be joking and thumbing their noses at the administration. Remember, it's your decision to smoke pot and drink alcohol before softball games, but you have to live with the consequences of running the bases backwards, spacing out and getting smacked in the head with the ball, and the difficulty of trying to decide which is the real ball to hit and which is the hallucination.

Last year the Flik team won the right to wear the championship T-shirts (perhaps this year the intramural offices will come up with something more aesthetically pleasing than a spilled Miami enchilada design) in a match that the defending champions, the Unicorns, were forced to forfeit. Only France bears a larger grudge (against the rest of the world) than do these two teams. Games between them should be as intense as the rivalry between Springfield and Shelbyville. Another staple of rivalry to count on is the classic "beer versus pot." Bountiful Crop and Golden Anniversary will be going at it head-to-head with the intensity of a cheap alcoholic who has won the Super Bowl pool and with the passion of a hippie espousing the beauty of the Grateful Dead. So for all of you softballers out there, it's time to polish your bats, oil your gloves, and stockpile the drugs and alcohol (see legal disclaimer).

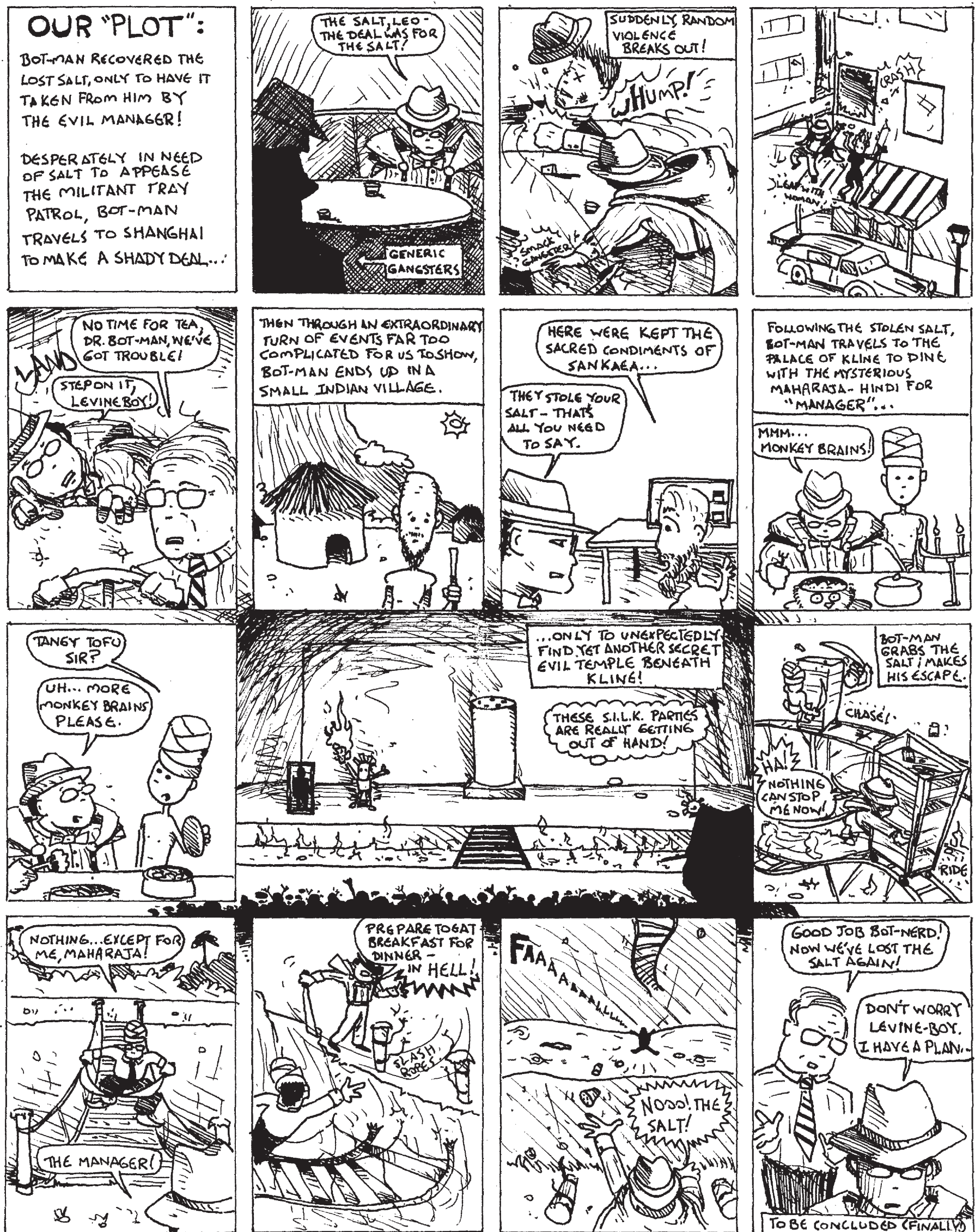
Hi-Ya! Hi-Ya? Hi-Yaaa...

Last week's real Thursday night madness started promptly at 6:30 p.m. when the Bard Martial Arts Club sponsored a seminar in Indonesian Pencak Silat Mande Muda. Bard students from a variety of martial arts backgrounds gathered to learn locks, throws, and groundfighting from Jagabaya Dua Mike Hands. By day, Mr. Hands is a mild-mannered Catholic priest on Long Island, by night he is a student of Pendekar Herman Suwanda and one of the most experienced Mande Muda practitioners in the U.S. Students who attended the seminar were rewarded by his fine attention to detail, the depth of his philosophical vision, and his fine wit. In addition to introducing students to several of the 18 traditional Silat systems of which Mande Muda is comprised, Jagabaya Dua Hands also performed several Kembangan. The Kembangan, longer sequences of movements which resemble Balinese dance, disguise Silat's self-defense techniques. During the Dutch occupation of Indonesia, the practice of all Silat was outlawed. Kembangan practice was created to keep the indigenous fighting traditions alive.

During the seminar, Bard students concentrated on the Buah, the application component of Silat, and had an excellent time throwing each other around. There is a continuing Silat class at Bard on Sunday and Wednesday nights. Students who are interested in learning more about this rare martial art should contact Brandon or Eva at x4676.

THE OBLIGATORY SEQUEL OF DOOM

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Written & created by: Chris Van Dyke, John Holowach; Copyright 1998 Holowach/Van Dyke
 Drawn by: Chris Van Dyke.

Special thanks to: The manager, for taking all this abuse for no other reason than that he's the authority figure;
 Random Blond Women who appear during fight scenes; and the guy who drew the picture of the Pig
 on the board in Kline - Mr. Conspicuously Not Chris Van Dyke (keep up the not being me).