Vol. 8 No. 10 March 23, 1998

Page 1 Community Bicycle Experiment Begins This Spring
Basil Bouris
Intelect, Buzzers, and Cheese Wheels
Eleven teams fought for trivial supremacy in College Bowl
Anna-Rose Mathieson
It Takes a Village to Decide the Fate of Tivoli Nightlife
Response committee is appointed to address rowdiness of barhoppers
Abigail Rosenberg

Page 3 Getting With the Programs: Dance Theatre I
Meredith Yayanos

Page 4 Café Pongo Would Do Well on a Shorter Leash
Natasha Edwards
Cartoon

Page 5 More Sweet Relief on Victoria Williams's Musings of a Creekdipper
Scott Commerson
Zine Scene
Thrift SCORE and Girl Zines
Lauren Martin and Elissa Nelson
Gampel's Liszt Performances Brings Sonata in B Minor to Life with Brillavur, Skill
John Coyne

Page 6 Record Reviews
Create Your Own Record Review
Joel Hunt
Cartoon

Page 7 Upcoming Events
Alumnus Peter Aaron Speaks on Photographing Architecture
Stephanie Schneider

Page 8 Erotic Obsessions
Shannen Doherty
From Walnut Grove innocent to Beverly Hills bitch
Leah Zanoni

Page 9 America Versus Iraq
A new wave of imperialism grips the world
Michael Canham
El Niño Storms Wreak Havoc Around the Globe
A Bard student contemplates mortality in tornado-prone central Florida
Christine Harbaugh

Page 10 We Hate Ourselves for Loving You [Observer Policy Statement]
Meredith Yayanos

Page 11 Classifieds
Let the Games Begin
The season of irresponsibility approaches
Jeremy Dillahunt
Hi-Ya! Hi-Ya! Hi-Yaaa… [Bard Martial Arts Club]

Page 12 Bot-man
The Obligatory Sequel of Doom
Chris Van Dyke and John Holowach
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 rolls off of the Hudson, reminding a Bard student on North Campus that the long walk to class, for which she is already late, will be a numbing trek. Luckily the spots one of three violet bicycles on the front porch of Manor, all three unchained and yet miraculously untangled and in perfect working order. Although the bike is not new, she means it guiltlessly and off she rides.

From the bowels of the Drama/Dance building leap two finished 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 day at the entrance of the building.

Away they ride. At 2:38 p.m. Koremsa expertly rides their IDs through the register. (Now a freshly fried bean card party, pickle, and chips are just hours away.)

In Ludlow, Leon’s secretary manages gently on the President’s office door. “Line 1 is for you, President Boxman—I mean, Boxman. Oh, and sir,” she continues, lowering her voice a bit, “I believe it’s a Boozy Call.”

“Yes, yes, darling, I understand.” President Boxman bops purposefully into the receiver. “I’ll be there before you can say anti-disablismonturist...”

Two seconds later a violet purple streak is spot-peddling frantically past Stone Row, headed CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

It Takes a Village
To Decide the Fate
Of Tivoli Nightlife

Response committee is appointed to address roundness of barhoppers

By ARJONIA BUSENBERG, Opinion 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 in 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 Law 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 restaurants, 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 a stink, raving mad, crisis-crossing the street while yelling obscenities at others (usually the earmarks of the drinkers).

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.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Intellect, Buzzers, and Cheese Wheels

Eleven teams fought for trivial supremacy in College Bowl

By ANNA ROSE MATHEISON, Photography Editor

Photography Editor

"Lady Godiva and Camel cigarettes..."

Buzz. "Cone head, charming bouquet..."

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

For those of you who may have wondered by Robbin or Maro’s Monday on March 12 or 15 and wondered what buzzers were buzzing, buzzers were actually enjoying the event, and Bard students were intelligently taking it in on the campus College Bowl tournament.

Okay, at perhaps I can’t exactly write an unrelated article about this. So what?

No one else wants to write about it, so I’ll express and continue. On the bright side, no test will bother reading this except for one year, brainless copy editor who has to actually read every single time before printing, not just once, but twice and over again. Even then, it is much more nightmares are made of.

But, "What is a buzzing sensation?"

Sets 11 teams competed in the first tournament, each team playing three quizzes before the top four quiz kings broke to even thirds. Not every match was a musical bit: our four had their score slip into

In this issue...

A&E
- Tivoli’s Dance Theatre I, 1998
- Tivoli’s Cafe Pong
- More Sweet Relief from Victoria Williams

Opinions
- A Real New World Order?
- Shannon Doherty
- Natural Disasters
- A Letter to the Editors

Sports
- The Advent of Bard Softball
- Martial Arts
Community bicycle project expected to be on the move gladdely 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 on their way to becoming realities.

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 pets the finishing touches on the number ten and a helmet and a lock from a rack of the new student-constructed Mechanic (SMOCO). Warren has put an estimated 80-90 hours of labor into collecting and refurbishing the bikes, as well as making loadable 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 Fielder and a few other TLS kids have done a hell of a job 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 Mamroth, the program 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 explained that the bike project is just one facet of the many projects undertaken by the 12 TLS students currently at Bard. Among the projects that Mamroth outlined were:

1. Tutoring for the Columbia Business School Project in Houston, TX. This is a project which helps children who are “one step away from jail,” to do better in school.
2. Tying for the Kinsky Smith House for Habitat for Humanity, where the students are building homes.
3. Tying the National Merit Scholarship Program, where the students are building homes.
4. Tying the National Merit Scholarship Program, where the students are building homes.
5. Tying the National Merit Scholarship Program, where the students are building homes.
6. Tying the National Merit Scholarship Program, where the students are building homes.
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11. Tying the National Merit Scholarship Program, where the students are building homes.
12. Tying the National Merit Scholarship Program, where the students are building homes.

"Our job is to seed things," says Mamroth, "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 in any level that they can. At the end of April there will be a TLS show in the library, at which half of the year's projects will be documented and explained.

While Warren has his hands full running through the monotonous piles of letters and sheets, he is confident in his students' eagerness to continue with the various projects and donations of either spare parts or anytime's part - if they know how to work on bikes or would care to learn. Mamroth 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 [m], 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 hopes 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 "a bike of his name, as well as "some kind of message or something." he says Warren. His bike was stolen 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 bar call again?"
Getting With the Programs: Dance Theatre I

by MERRIED HAYANO, Co-Editor-in-Chief

PROGRAM B: On Saturday the 21, the Avery dance studio was filled to overflowing with every incarnation of concert-going misfit. In attendance at evening to see Program B of Dance Theatre I, their enthusiasm evidently infected, between dance pieces like performance art of the most oblique ilk imaginable, were: a dozen obsessive-compulsive program annotators, twenty 60's chic-chat-a-rons, a handful of phlegmatic still-lifers of the tissue-deprived variety, a well-behaved but nonetheless fidgety gaggle of elementary school children, a couple gargoyle-pets, and some unforgivable bastard who seemed to have eaten an excessive amount of ramen cabbage soup in your pajamas, you people? Do you have a quotient to fill or what?

Nonetheless, whoever the lights dimmed and though various music exercises. The piece was no small opportunity for students to flex their muscles. Speaking of muscular, remember your high school karate lessons? Not the choreography. I'm talking about the real dances—jazz performers with buffeting smiles and seemingly natural amplification creating music through their bodies. Noel Brandt must have been the captain of her class, or her piece. "Flute Alarm Chill," was merciless. Backed by rolling cymbals and marching bass, Noel and four others were rhythmically degrading. Baring a couple misssteps, they kept in sync with admirable verve. I was amazed at some of them hyperventilating 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 true joy to watch. Her clear-faceted concentration and clean lines tended to make the most difficult positions look effortless, capturing the audience without fear of exhibitionism. Weinstein was the only solo performance in Program B. The other two solo performances were also sold. In "The Vicious Circle," Sarah Wood's spirited body and remarkably expressive face were complemented by the Cocteau Twins' song "Alice." Similarly, Amanda Caughey's gown was piercing under a mask of black and white face paint as she looped and rolled assertively through some temperamental lighting to "Taboo," by Peter Gabriel and Bharat Ramji. Spoken dialogue, indeed verbalizations of any kind can often be difficult to watch when combined with dance, as they tend to become distracting or superficial. Clare Amory's putting "Dance Imagined," White Dress, December 24, 1927 was pulled off somehow. Her dances twirled, slid, pirouetted, sunk, twisted, twirled, counted, and sang their way through a collection of beautiful lighting changes and hilarious interactions. Other lighter pieces included "Try and Catch the Wind" (Amory, Suzanne Schulz, Kathryn Johnson, Kristin Solomon) and "ChuKat" (Johnson, Schulz), both of which seemed vaguely narrative, reteering on the thin line between the theatrical performance art and dance.

My personal favorite of the evening was a piece choreographed by Kris Alexander, simply entitled "Ash." Five dancers (Micheline Brown, Arianne Polkman, Marguerite Wade, Mayann Weintraub, Laihe Weinstain), donning coal-miners' helmets and dinky boots, moved mystically through narrow beams of light cast by their headlamps. The music, by Carla Scarletti, consisted of eerie whoops and static that gradually crescendoed into a distressing wail of sound. Dim lighting occasionally clarified or revealed the dances' movements, but for the most part, they remained half-in, their movements vaguely chorale-like. Towards the end, a square of light suddenly revealed dancer Ellis Johnst in a white body-unit, undulating like some unseen subterranean amphibian. The piece was completely bizarre, a subtle spectacle of flickering half-light.

The last piece of the evening was choreographed by professor Albert Reid. Called "Sketchbook," it consisted of a series of extremely different pieces that often used a single idea or series of movements in much the same way that an artist would use a sketchpad. However, behind that premise was some immaculately precise choreography. In "By the Silvery Moon," four women moved at a min- ute's pace to music by Vivaldi, their movements clarifying or counterbalancing the one man dancer. In sharp contrast to the greenhouse of the first portion of the piece was the icy position of the male dancer at the end, lying on his belly with his limbs lifted to be slowly turned counterclockwise by the four women. The sight of him and the audience fits into gigs. In fact, as the lights went down, it became obvious that the dancer was struggling

THE DANCE IS ART. (top) Student performers in "By the Silvery Moon," and the spectacular "Suspension Two-Step" (page 2).

out to giggle himself.

Gigling took on a new meaning in the next Reid sketch, called "Lough Lines." The dancer's movements were comical and grotesque and they moved in a conglomerate chime of jiggling limbs to the sounds of cockling laughter. In "Flor de Lava" and "Triangle," two very disparate pieces, the piece permeation of one male dancer and two female dancers worked in completely different milieus, and in the final piece, another two, two women in Sprunt '59 dresses walked weightlessly from one part to the other.

That concluded the official program, although the entirety of Bard's Drama/Dance department later returned to the dance studio, baring their unwritten dance professor Jean Churchhill 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 senses assailed by rude sounds or stenches. As I said, Program A was generally less engaging, but there were still some brilliant moments.

"La Guerre D'Independance," choreographed by Kathryn Johnson, was a weird amalgam of 20th century institutionalism and Glamour/Calvinkle postulating. Teetering atop terrifyingly high stilts, these 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.

"Static Four," a vibrant piece choreographed by Aranie Polkman, the dancers were assertive and confident, as were Mahal Shul and Company in their piece, "Architecturally Priced Rooms." The premiere of Shul's highly atmospheric work was further strengthened by the presence of some daunting sculpture, courtesy of Nick Emmet. "Shadow of Dusk," a lush piece choreographed by Owen Muldow, was very beautiful to watch, and incredibly wistful. Marina Smerfing's solo piece, "Word," was incredible. Smerfing's movements were imbued with a longing that amplified the constancy and elasticity of her style. As with Weinstein in Program B, Smerfing was the power player of the evening, although her music choice of folk-tune Dan 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 Michelle Brown, commanded the stage. Wade's work was at times amusingly light-hearted, at others, simply gorgeous to watch.
Café Pongo Would Do Well On A Shorter Leash

By NATASHA EDWARDS, Contribux

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

If Pongo was a book you would find it at the top of the trade 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/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, which is foolish since it's just drawed back there in the same way that I keep on reading that Jackie Collins novel!

I was finding myself at Pongo yet again, that is the area surrounding Bard seriously lacks eating establishments that combine a trendy décor with a price-y-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 crimson, 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 Bbq, 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 scope 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 only). Tivoli is also a great place to go with friends since it is so small that there is little chance of losing each other.

The Bard students (the never-changing dark and dingy drinking den run by fellow Ithacans, Anne - can't go wrong there), Santa Fe (the bar and restaurant that has long lost its charm - a bit like the limp salad they use to hide the little grub on your plate), Stony Creek (the last restaurant and bar in Tivoli - there, I've said it too), and Pongo. One of my main gripe 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 deem from any restaurant, whether it be Bard or Red Hook, it's that the tableware be clean. Pongo does not deserve clean silverware and glass. Late one evening at Pongo, I witnessed dirty glasses being taken from the bar, washed in the sink, and immediately reused. I consistently send back mugs that are stained with rings of tea and coffee and a friend of mine discovered dirtied lettuce crammed inside the glass on which her desert was served. Inevitably, I find fingerprints, lipstick marks, and grim clinging to my wine glass and crumbs crammed behind the breakfast condiments.

In 1928, a Russian named Karpovichko 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—this is the way of the science.

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

Written by Dana Oates; Drawn by Saga Wilson; Irred by Herb't.
More Sweet Relief on
by SCOTTY COMMISON, Associate Copy Editor
To adequately describe the unique sound of Victoria Williams’s new album, one need only mention her jazzy, off-kilter vocals, her slightly off-kilter lyrics, and her knack for capturing the essence of tragedy with a touch of levity.

Williams has always had a way of turning the mundane into something beautiful. Her latest album, "More Sweet Relief," is no exception. The title track is a perfect example of Williams’s ability to turn the ordinary into something extraordinary.

The album opens with "More Sweet Relief," a song that perfectly captures the essence of Williams’s music. The lyrics are a wonderful mix of simplicity and complexity, and the melody is catchy and memorable.

The remainder of the album is equally as strong. "Sweet Relief" and "Oh, What an Uncanny Feeling" are two standout tracks. The latter in particular showcases Williams’s amazing vocal range and her ability to convey emotion through her music.

Overall, "More Sweet Relief" is a brilliant album that deserves to be heard by anyone who appreciates good music. Victoria Williams is a true gem in the world of music, and her latest album is proof of that.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT
MARCH 23, 1998

Victoria Williams: Musings of a Creekdipper

by SCOTTY COMMISON, Associate Copy Editor

Victoria Williams’s latest album, "Musings of a Creekdipper," is a beautiful collection of songs that explores the beauty of nature and the power of imagination.

The album opens with "Creekside," a song that sets the tone for the rest of the album. The melody is simple yet captivating, and the lyrics are filled with references to the natural world.

The second song, "Musings of a Creekdipper," is a beautiful meditation on the beauty of nature. The song features Williams’s signature off-kilter vocals, and the lyrics are full of imagery that paints a picture of a world that is often overlooked.

The album also features a few covers, including "What a Wonderful World," which is a tribute to Williams’s love of nature. The cover is beautiful and features Williams’s unique take on the classic song.

Overall, "Musings of a Creekdipper" is a wonderful album that is sure to please fans of Victoria Williams and anyone who appreciates good music.

Gampel’s List Performance
Brings Sonata in B Minor to Life with Bravura, Skill

by JOHN COYNE, Contributing Editor

Pianist and musicologist Alan Gampel returned to Bard’s concert hall 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 Pianos, Sonata,"pickled up where he left off historically. Gampel jumped headlong into the music of Franz Liszt, in a lecture-recital based on the composer’s monumental Sonata in B Minor.

Gampel began with a biographical discussion of Liszt, focusing on the impact he made as the first real "showman" (or, rather, "showman"") virtuoso pianist in classical music. Descriptions of Liszt’s life and off the concert stage complemented the telling of the more memorable stories of the piano writing. Although Mr. Gampel’s lecture style is somewhat stately—punctuated by many pauses as he looks down at his notes—he managed to deliver a fair enough account of the Romantic, melancholy, sonic, and musical fascination with Rossini, Mendelssohn, and Chopin’s music.

The concert opened with a performance of Liszt’s Piano Sonata in B Minor. The performance was masterful. Gampel’s playing was precisely calculated, his fingers flying over the keys with a skill that is both technically and emotionally satisfying.

After the performance, Gampel discussed the sonata’s structure and the techniques used by Liszt to achieve such a powerful effect. He also talked about the sonata’s place in Liszt’s career and its impact on the development of the piano sonata.

Overall, Gampel’s performance and lecture were a wonderful combination of history and music, making the experience both informative and enjoyable.
Create Your Own Record Review!

Tortoise, however, is not so challenging as they have been criticized for having a bit too much noise. So let's go on to something a bit more obvious (whether or not you've actually heard or own the records you're reviewing it, of course, irrelevant). LBN is

(adj) implying mysterious group from Germany that records for the A-Mual label. Their music makes the rhythmic structure fastened by the French philosophers Descartes and Guattari in homonad (circle one). Their two albums are (adverb) (past tense verb), and are

(adj) verbs. If you like subtle electronic pulses / soft-kicking Southern Rock a la Molly Hatchet (circle one), you'll (verb) LBN.

If you're a fan of the aforementioned (circle one) German electronic duo known as Mousse on Mars, you might be interested in Lighthi, which is the solo album by ("Christian" name) (surname) of that (adjective) don't released on their own Soni label, Lighthi employs far electric basses, so I see electric basses, yo (circle one): (pronoun) don't call it (time-related noun) (synonym for disco) for nothing! All in all, the record is (adverb) (adjective), and

(infinitive) (verb). Two thumbs up! By no means to be discarded, this version will be a hit in Dancin Album (circle one).

By now, you're on your way to being a great rock critic! Don't worry about failing this little test, and there are no correct answers. Hey, isn't that kind of like your schoolwork at Bard? Of course! That's why I do it (and what you can do too) is 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 critic 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), and the point where you can use the phrase a la in every paragraph (a la Joel Hunt). Next time: a super-duper analysis of the music of Pauli! I promise!
Taking for granted that there is nothing better than a bad and, the impossible: Shannen Doherty was my heart with a light, from her humble, where she is from in Norris, South Carolina, to her hair that was cut short, narrow, and sleek, and her much, much adolescent years to be a powerful presence. Although she is not the most helpful yellow, she is not the one to bring to mind’s eye the rest of the women she has played in her various TV and film roles. Shannen Doherty was the best thing that show business has to offer right now and I stopped watching every time she appeared on screen, because for me, her best moment was when she loved her icon and moved to California. The girl with the shining smile was, for all her pretenses, a nice person.

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

Shannen Doherty
From Walnut Grove innocent to Beverly Hills bitch
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 help of 35 allied nations) invaded Iraq, it had become clear that imperialism, in the most general sense (the taked use of force to impose the will of others) was nothing new. The invasion was all the more ironic because it occurred in the midst of a period in which the world was supposed to be moving toward a post-imperialist stage. World leaders like George Bush and Yasser Arafat of the Czech Republic had been declaring the start of a "new world order." It was now 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 closely that these words were all Taleed Rusa. This "new world order" is merely the same old, imperialist one, the only difference being that with the collapse of the Soviet Union, the United States is now being used by the U.S. so legitimate American military intervention. This goes to show that even though the Cold War is over, the major powers can still threaten the world with waves of mass destruction. Nevertheless, as The Washington Post reported, UN Secretary General Kofi Annan and the U.S. State Department expressed reservations about the U.S. sending troops to Iraq a few weeks ago. One of the major objections was that Iraq could not be more severely threatened a threat to world peace, as confirmed by Syria, Iran, and Iraq, Iraq's own neighbors. It was for this reason that Kofi Annan flew to Baghdad in the eleventh hour of time to avoid a possible deal king Iraq officials. The New York Times correctly reported a few days later that the United States was that comes between nations between America and Iraq was because Iraq feared "another US mis-

El Niño Storms Wreak Havoc Around the Globe

By CHRISTINE HARBAUGH, Contributor

Very still, I stood by the side of the road. I was completely devastated. I mean it was completely devas-
ted. I was...I was...I was trying 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 overthinking.

The wind pushed softly and steadily against my back. "A baby gut," I thought. The blades of grass were bent in homage to the waves. Unmoved, I wished I could be in a more and sultry.

Several weeks ago, I went home to central Florida. Going home one of the pictures that show you from outside other than the other one in Everglades National Park. I sat in my parents' kitchen going through the Sunday ads. We live just over a mile from where one of the deers passed over 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 JRF's death. My mom was at a friend's house for dessert and conversation. "When I left, it was just as it was before," she told me. As I arrived at home, worried, and finally went to bed. Her friends lost portions of their roofs while she slept.

The reality is that we are all aware of the warnings, but my mom didn't know that a tornado had hit but she was safe. She was never again in a house. My house was severely dam-
eged, and we're still dealing with it. The dust and smoke of the fire is all over my mind.

Here at Barb, 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 hearstory. Then, I went home.

What do I know is that people are going to be more careful now. They will take things seriously -- at least they think they're going.

But how much did they have to prepare for dis-

I know, I replied.

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

I looked at her, bewildered. "Who cares?"
We Hate Ourselves for Loving You

By MEREDITH YAYANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

"Now, I realize you're very busy. You've got papers to write, that opening to hang, that trip to the city this weekend, that stupidly inferno complex concerning your creative abilities to redeem with, that hole to smoke, that enigmatic appearance—classman to talk, whatever. You've got a thousand things on your mind, which is no surprise considering this is Back, A Place To Think, it says as much on the cata-
log. So, go ahead, think away, think, think, think, and when you're done, pull your finger off your nose, pick up a pen or a camera and contemplate. If the simple finish product isn't half bad, consider calling it..."

—a vaguely bland, The Bard Observer, November 8th, 1990

Almost two years have elapsed since Lilian and I took our first course at the institute of advanced com-
pound of neuroscience and began the struggle to wrestle a con-
cept of student-run, bi-weekly journal at Apanchy-on-
Hudson. From the beginning it was an excruciatingly slow pro-
cess; no real staff, no equipment, no feedback, no one and
besides the two of us and a dispassionate layout designer dressed in front of a single Publication computer for hours on end, struggling 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.

Premises made to us by high-standing administrative hon-
curs concerned finding long hollow and the reception from the student body was lukewarm at best. The Observer languished in relative ineffectiveness for no small time.

That bright bronzed evening on March 2nd, '67, I was hanging out in Joe Dieck's Albem salon 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 Abbie, Jurgen, and Basil appeared in the doorway, I beheld a celestial light and heard a chorus of celestial voices. We got talking. A couple of hours later, one sonorous half later, The Observer had section editors. Coincidentally, Dean John Pratt con-
tacted 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 the next year, the catalog mentioned FIRSTCON. Suddenly we had a fully-flagged staff, real deadlines to uphold, and even-
tually, bestowal of an office and equipment.

And there was much rejecting. Yet no sooner had this structural integrity been established, then the need for fur-
ther expansion became obvious, so we broke out with the flyers and the funire: "Calling all writers, all photogra-
phers, essayists, cartoonists, columnists, and comic book-
tists, artists, screenwriters, movie directors, raging insomniacs! We want you to write for us. We need you to get involved." Many did, but apparently not enough—Jonathan Backer refused to attend a meeting with me 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 this kind of way, I guess that's a compliment. At least it shows that The Observer is finally being taken seriously enough to warrant criticism. But press is better than no press at all.

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

USA-Iraq conflict

never seemed so far away. As the ten- year anniversary of the slogan "Remember the
Iraqi people" approaches, the constant news updates on the government's efforts to create demilitarized zones in the region have not been enough to satisfy the needs of the Iraqi people. The situation has worsened significantly since the beginning of the Gulf War, with thousands of people still missing and families uncertain about the fate of their loved ones.

Editorial Policy

The Bard Observer is a 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. Everyone 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 book review news articles) will not be accepted for any reason. Submit all writings on a labeled disk (we do not 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 LilianRubinson or Meredith Yayanos. Submit developed photographs if possible, preferably in the commercial 4350 print size. We encourage diverse and innovative 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, style, and clarity. The Bard Observer copyright 1998.

Letters-to-the-Editors

To the Bard Community,

Thank you so much for inviting 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 things to live in Tivoli and since before the nightlife re-

enared, 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, bro-

ken 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
Let the Games Begin
The season of irresponsibility approaches
By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

There was an unusual energy buzzing through the Klasse Commons on St. Paddy’s Day. You can be sure it had nothing to do with the die-hard special “Paddy’s Luck,” a culinary eminence of corned beef, 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 their standing or sitting places. Notably, the “Irish” were quiet as hushed whisperers filled through the greasy-laden air. The standard fare of RLC and Mac “n” Cheese was completely ignored as lunch trays were shoveled aside to make room for whatever was 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 Dining. Semi-circles of students three-deep surround-
ed an ordinary folding table. Some would excitedly squat their way out of the throng and giddily lap up white pieces of paper, often meeting another whispering the mass in order to display the piece of paper to them. The students treasured these pieces of paper like they were gift certificates for drinks for life, carefully building them by the edges and shielding them from the handiwork 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 casual the “Irish” Surmise” to go completely unnoticed by even the most ardent diner at Kline? Well, they were the Bird College Immortal 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 drunk two days out of the school week and still be considered a “good time.” The only time it’s OK for sagas to show up at project meetings or kiss them altogether. The time when students can sweat, scream, and confront each other without the fear of getting bought up on indiscriminate citizenship charges. The softball season approaches and the administration is preparing for it, which is to say that all season all of the civil-society and enlightened-individual-crop that college has tried so hard to instill in the students with gets wiped clean like the memory capacity of a corrupt bezel. The more with shock them the more the season moves into the sun god’s favor, Dionsysus is reborn three days a week on the diam-
ond behind the Stevenson Gymnasium.

As every softball season begins, the spring is looking to be competitive and pas-
tionate, 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 really the high drama that unfur-
dled as softball season ended sooner than the the season opener. So the teams playing only three games, the threatened arsenals of a student for protesting the inap-
pling, and the filling of a libel lawsuit against a sports editor of ivory tower reput-

LEGAL DISCLAIMER: No sports editor would seriously propose the consumption of illegal drugs and alcohol before entering into a sister NCA-A-guidelined event. Let this be a lesson to you softballites, if a sports editor ever innately smokes that pot drinking and alcohol before serious athletic competition would improve your performances, they would only be joking and trembling their noses at the administra-

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, spotting out and being on time in the head with the ball, and the difficulty of try-
ing to decide which is the real head to hit and which is the hallucination.

Last year the Bk team won the right to wear the championship Trophies (perhaps this year the intramural offices will come up with something more neaterly pleasing than a spelled-out Marble/marbled design) in a match that would have had Jovicivin’s and the Unicornia, were forced to forgo. Only France bears a large against the rest of the world) than those two teams. Games between them should be as intense as the trials of Mount Olympus. If you’re one of the 128 student teams playing to count on is the classic “beer versus pot.” Beautiful Cup and Golden Anniversary will be going at it head to head with the intensity of a cheap alcohol who has won the Super Bowl pool and with the passion of a hippie exposing the beauty of the Grateful Dead. So for all of you softsball out there, it’s time to polish your bats, of your gloves, and stockpile the drugs and alcohol (see legal disclaimer).

Hi-Ya! Hi-Ya! Hey... Hey... Last week’s and this week’s students strolled proudly at 6:30 a.m. when the Bird Martial Arts Club sponsored a seminar in Indonesian Peresean, Silat Malay, a martial art from a variety of martial arts. It’s all gathered to learn both techniques and...
THE OBLIGATORY SEQUEL OF DOOM

Bot-man, Issue 10, 1998

Written & created by Chris Van Dyke, Jordan 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; Randen's Blind 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).