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Oil Spill “Facts” Inconsistent: Was There a Cover-up?
Conflicting reports call into question the true reasons for the disaster and the true cost of cleaning it up

By AMY FOSTER, Staff Writer

The smell of fuel oil still lingers in the air around the Old Gym and the Otis parking lot almost five months after the oil spill of last November. Its last remnants are currently being cleaned up by Buildings and Grounds (B&G) staff, and this process is occasionally being overseen by the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (NYSDEC) officials. Recent investigations into some of the questions raised in the last Observer spill update (February 23) have yielded several controversial details, as well as provoked even more questions as to the actual truth about the spill.

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

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Bardians Join Jericho March in Washington
Dozens of Bardians protest for release of U.S. political prisoners

By JEFF OIA QUINTO, Contributing

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

Among the most famous of those currently imprisoned include American Indian Movement (AIM) activist Leonard Peltier (whose case has been adopted by famous rock bands like Pearl Jam and Rage Against the Machine, for somewhat obscure reasons), award-winning African-American journalist Mumia Abu-Jamal (supported by the likes of Alice Walker and Noam Chomsky, and for whom there was a now-famous full-page in The New York Times last year), and eight members of the radical Philadelphia-based group MOVE. While no one denies that such persons are actually in prison, the issue of contention is the reason for their imprisonment.

Herman Ferguson, a one-time member of the Black Panther political party who was imprisoned in the 1970s and served as national Coordinator for the Jericho march, defines political prisoners as “people who are involved in political activities and are members of organizations whose aim is to bring about change in the system, and were imprisoned as a result of their political beliefs.”

Because the arrests of such prisoners usually take place around an act of violence of which the prisoner is accused (such as the murder of an FBI agent or police officer, as in the above examples), the long sentences they receive are ostensibly justified. Supporters of the Jericho march, however, cite the shaky evidence on which such convictions are often based. Angela Davis, a noted African-American who spoke at the rally, criticizing the profit motive that creates an incentive to continually expand the prison system, noted that there were 100,000 prisoners in the United States in the ’60s and there are 1.7 million currently. “I believe that the federal government answers more to the economic elite than to any other group in our nation, and that has a defining interest in silencing those who question the existing economic structure, such as those political radicals I don’t think that those people are justly imprisoned, if anyone can be justly imprisoned,” says Suanahh David, a sophomore psychology major.

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

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

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Malcolm X Speaks, Does Bard Listen?
BBSO presents screening, talk with Muslim Chaplain
By RASS BOURNE, News Editor

Make It Plain, a documentary about the life and work of Malcolm X, drew about 150 people to Otis’ Moon Room on Monday, March 24. Flyers advertising the movie, sponsored by the Bard Black Student Organization (BBSO) and “How Malcolm X Speaks” and sponsored a discussion with Bard Muslim Chaplain Imam Sobhakhan Muhamed. The words of Jeann Byrd Simpson accompanied the film’s introduction. “What do you expect when you removed the gun that killed these black men?” that they would sing poor peas.”

The question, rhetorical as it may be, becomes poignant when one considers at whom it was originally directed. Unlike Malcolm X, whose words were almost always spoken to black Americans, Satter’s opening speech seemed to speak to a white audience of black agency and voice, two possessions that Malcolm X dedicated his life to obtaining. Satter’s “Why” in “What do you expect?” is a “why you.” The need for such a question to be asked is in itself evidence of the revolutionary impact that Malcolm X had on all of America. The movie Make It Plain, as it is a part of the current Militant Muslim Chaplaincy, of which Malcolm X was co-founder—by Alex H. Noyes and published in 1964, even if one knows nothing about the life of Malcolm X, it is more than “what do you expect?” in a “why you.”

While almost half of the Autobiography of Malcolm X was published in 1964, even if one knows nothing about the life of Malcolm X, it is more than "what do you expect?" in a "why you."
Oil Spill Inconsistencies

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having occurred on November 19, however, he has only recently stated that the B&G stuff detected the leak on November 9, which, although a search crew was unable to locate the source until the next morning. Chuck Simmons, Director of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, and his assistant, John M. Bravidi, reported a distinctly concentrated smell of oil on November 12 and 11 and Micheline Lux, who was in charge of the spill, was not detected. A NYSDEC spill report was issued for the Student Center parking lot at Kent State University, Ohio, on November 19. The actual spill date that he reported was November 17, which was justified by his record of weather conditions that "they've had oil of diesel fuel in areas - today No. 19." He also asserted that the spill cause was "deliberate", meaning an outside party damped the oil, however, Griffliffs has amended his statement, reiterating the cause of the spill to 12 holes, approximately the same size of drinking straws which formed to erroneous, that were found on the underside of tank #8, one of the two tanks buried underneath the Old parking lot.

The NYSDEC Spill Prevention and Program record indicates that the leaking tank, tank #8, was on the north side of the Old parking lot, however, the Old parking lot is located near the lot, the wetlands. Because of the concentrated damage to this area it was noted by NYSDEC to "a number of leaks", even though it might have leaked nearby. The oil spill was estimated to cover 4 or 5 acres of the wetlands (approximately half a mile). Environmed, from the NYSDEC Spill Department for Putnam and Dutchess Counties, was the first representative at the spill site and noted on Nov. 19 that there was a "one-inch layer of oil, covering approximately 800 square feet at the face of the skimming pond north of the parking lot.

The interesting thing about nature is that sometimes it prevents manmade disasters, as exemplified in this case. Weitz noted that a large chunk of ice was preventing a passive pool of oil from flowing further downstream in the Sawkill tributary that runs parallel to Route 90. The pool had formed approximately where the absorbent sponge dam, controlled by J.S. Crook & Sons Inc. (the company called in to assist B&G with the clean-up), is currently located. The dam forms the source of the oil spill and is adjacent to and immediately behind the homes of Professor Terry Despain and Professor Chien-Ah Chay and also behind tank #8. This is also why tank #8 is in B&G.

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

Griffiths' report also stated "the source of the spill to be a "storm drain" that "runs into a wetland/wetlands area. It is suspected that the oil was leaked from the tank into the storm drain system, and according to Weitz. Yet, when questioned about this storm drain, Griffiths denied its existence, saying that Simmons stated that the oil had flowed "out of the barn and into the storm drain at the south end of the parking lot."

The Department of Environmental Conservation/Griffiths' report to the NYSDEC involving conflicting information reported by Kosco, a Rhinebeck Fuel Oil Company (with tank #8), worked with tank #8 and was able to detect the oil to B&G tanks as well as to the homes of Barnard employees at a discounted rate. According to Kosco, the last delivery was made on November 11, and the last oil to Barnard tanks as well as to the homes of Barnard employees at a discounted rate. According to Kosco, the last delivery was made on November 12, and according to Kosco, the last delivery was made on November 12, and 14. Three deliveries were made, filling the tanks with 9,400 gallons of diesel fuel for the month of November to tanks #8 and #9 was 17,000 gallons. According to Simmons, tanks #8 and #9 burn approximately 65 gallons per day, depending on outside air temperature. There was a cover-up?

The fact that Kato's last delivery was November 14 implies several cover-ups requiring one more, another, primarily on the grounds that even though Simmons has stated that he first noticed the smell on November 11 and Micheline Lux and Jim Bravidi reported a distinctly concentrated smell of oil on November 12 to Security (as did several other Student Center residents), the tanks were nevertheless filled. Simmons commented that Kosco makes automatic deliveries to B&G tanks whenever the computer indicates that the tanks need refilling. Kosco refused to direct B&G's liability toward Kosco for the spill, by simply stating that it was "our tank." Second, it was also reported by Kosco that the "South Hall tank" was terminated in October 1997, yet Griffiths and Simmons deny the existence of a "South Hall tank," because the Student Center tanks were inspected to be heated by South Hall and the Old Gym. Tanks #9 and #8 are "connected tanks," that is if one is filled it also fills the other. Therefore, either the connection is incorrect or the Student Center tank(s) were terminated and no one knew about it. The second implication is the time issue of when the actual tank testing took place. Petro-Chem, a fuel tank testing agency, reported to the NYSDEC that the tanks were tested on November 9, 1997 and they passed, yet Griffiths recalls the testing taking place on November 15, two days prior to the leak.

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

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

As a point of reference, the NYSDEC report filed on November 14 did not indicate that any tank number was responsible for the leak. However, in an interview, Griffiths confirmed that tank number 8 was responsible for the spill. The tank was installed behind the Old Gym in September 1974, making it 24 years old, one year under the recommended replacement age, according to Vincen McCabe of the NYSDEC. It was a 10,000-gallon tank that had recently been inspected on November 5, 1997, so that its next test date would not be until November 2002 because tanks over 1,000 gallons must be tested every five years, according to the NYSDEC. As a third source to further complicate the issue, a handwritten copy of a daily log of the Center spill report from the NYSDEC Spill Prevention and Program report, noted spill recovery activities according to various NYSDEC officials who were at the site of the spill. Included in the records was a copy of a required tank inspection report from O. D. Crookins & Sons Inc. (the Old Gym), which was deemed necessary by the NYSDEC.

Crookins' inspection was carried out after the holes were found, yet it was not carried out. Upon the tank's inspection, this inspection took place a little over one month after the Petro-Chem inspection, yet this tank passed the inspection under the "tightness test" (in "how right" the tank is in regards to its capability to have leakage). Simmons commented that different inspection methods were used during the two tank tests, however, there are several inspection methods deemed suitable by EPA standards. According to a routine inspection report, Petro-Chem tested B&G tanks #8 and #9 and they both passed under the routine "observational tests," including temperature, volume, and auditory tests. Whereas, the inspection on January 12, which Golf & Country Club (the only other B&G inspection on the campus) Program reports that the test tank done by Petro-Chem "may have been faulty results."

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

Obtained under the Freedom of Information Law (FOIL), the NYSDEC summary on this incident contained copies of two reports of the spill. The first report was dated November 5 and was report on the NYSDEC by Crookins on November 19, which was the first report indicated that B&G's fuel tank #27 failed inspection on November 5. This inspection was accompanied by remarks from Wadsworth concerning a "suspected piping leak," to be excavated, isolated and reset.

The test failure of tank #27 justifies Griffiths' brief comments that "one tank was leaked." The test failure of tank #27 was a fair and proper operation, which involved cutting the tank in half in order to remove it from the valve box and inspect the tank interior.

When asked why this spill happened in the first place, Weitz responded by saying that the Teuseners tank (as well as other tanks on campus) failed testing inspection because "they were really old." The Teuseners tank was installed in October 1958, making it 40 years old (15 years over the NYSDEC recommended replacement age). The NYSDEC issued a notice to B&G on March 17, 1997, stated that tank #27, along with two other tanks on campus, was overdue for inspection. These overdue tanks would therefore be in violation of testing requirements under the clean water act. Wadsworth, according to Griffiths, all tanks in violation have been tested. However, even if these tanks in violation of the code were inspected, they would have been certified up to eight years ago. He also noted that the NYSDEC is responsible for notifying the owner of the tank. Griffiths believes that they are "incorrect information, and he stands by his original statement."

Griffiths believes that the two oil spills on campus during this academic year, but the NYSDEC has records and spill numbers for three other spills on campus, dating as far back as 1997. Griffiths believes that there is no reasonable

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Malcolm X screening, discussion

Malcolm X screening with Malcolm, Lorraine Johnson, and others. Malcolm X is conversing with Lorraine Johnson about the current civil rights situation. Lorraine encourages Malcolm X to speak about his experiences with the Nation of Islam and his early efforts to promote civil rights.

Malcolm X: "In the beginning, the Nation of Islam, a faith which is essentially religious faith, is fundamentally different from any other faith. It is a belief that God is the creator of the world and that He has given us the freedom to choose our own path in life. This freedom is based on the idea that we are all equal in the eyes of God and that we should respect each other's beliefs and traditions."

Lorraine: "Malcolm X, you are known for your strong stance on civil rights. How did you come to this realization?"

Malcolm X: "In 1960, I was shot in New York City. I was only 28 years old. I was wounded, but I survived. After the shooting, I was taken to a hospital where I was treated for my injuries. I was then moved to a prison in New York."

Lorraine: "And what did you do in prison?"

Malcolm X: "In prison, I began to read and learn about the history of African Americans. I learned about the struggles of the past and the present. I began to see that we were not just fighting for our rights, but for the rights of all people."

Lorraine: "Malcolm X, you have always been a leader in the civil rights movement. What do you think is the most important lesson you have learned from your experiences?"

Malcolm X: "The most important lesson I have learned is that education is key. We must educate ourselves and others about the history of our people and the struggles we have faced. Only then can we truly overcome the obstacles that stand in our way."
Breaking the Confines of Bureaucratic Medicine

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

By MICHAEL HAGGERTY, Staff Writer

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

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

The clinic sees about 25 to 35 patients every other week, a fair share of them Bard students. Waters, who began volunteering earlier this year, has extensive training in family and emergency medicine. He works in the emergency room at Kingston Hospital. Further, he provides students with an added benefit in that he is, in his words, "an expert in college health." Between 1989 and 1991, he worked at the University of Pennsylvania's medical college in Philadelphia, dealing with college-related medical problems such as stress, alcohol abuse, and sexually transmitted diseases. However, Waters stresses the fact the clinic is "directed toward the entire community."

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

Since the hospital merger was proposed last summer, local activists in opposition to the mergers have repeatedly said that the hospitals are not exploring the alternatives at their disposal, which would enable them to avoid eliminating specific women's health care services. The Tivoli Free Health Clinic is responsive to the people who live in the area, rather than a set of boardroom directors. The medical industry can change, if not immediately, then certainly in the near future. Clinics such as the one in Tivoli represent a direction of change which the industry might wholeheartedly consider.

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Ex-Bardard Forced to Leave Chiapas

Human rights worker Pasquarella deported by Mexican government

By DAVID GINSBERG, Assistant Staff Writer

Mexico, in a controversial deportation, has now included former Bard student (1986) Alfredo Pasquarella. March 7, shortly after arriving in Mexico to further human rights cases in Chiapas, the former student was arrested by the Mexican police. The Chiapas region has received much attention recently as the site of armed conflict involving local aboriginals, the Zapatistas, and the Mexican government. The conflict culminated in a violent confrontation on March 3, in which at least 13 people were wounded, six Mexican police and government soldiers were wounded, and 13 Zapatistas were killed. Pasquarella arrived in Chiapas on February 5, while helping the Zapatistas. He and 12 others were arrested by the Mexican authorities on March 12, while helping the Zapatistas. He and 12 others were arrested by the Mexican authorities on March 12, while helping the Zapatistas. The Mexican government arrested him on March 12, while helping the Zapatistas. The Mexican government arrested him on March 12, while helping the Zapatistas.

"I was in Mexico under voluntary tour, which means I was in Mexico on my own under the auspices of a human rights group," Pasquarella said. As a part of a human rights group, he had traveled to the Chiapas region to document human rights violations. On March 3, he was summarily arrested by the Mexican military, and held there for more than a week. Pasquarella was eventually released from the military prison on March 12, after spending 10 days there. He said that the Mexican authorities had denied him the right to see his lawyer or to contact family members. He was finally released on March 13, after being held for 10 days. Pasquarella was then detained in a detention center in Mexico City, and was later deported.

At the airport in Mexico City, Pasquarella was questioned by immigration officials for nearly four hours. He was then taken to the airport, put on a government plane, and flown to New York City. This was not preceded by any kind of court hearing or preliminary hearing. Pasquarella said that he had signed the papers stating his voluntary departure, and released in Mexico City without my belongings or money. Pasquarella is a part of about two dozen foreigners deported from Mexico in the last few months from Mexico.

In the past, the American president has retorted to the case, even after the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the Mexican government had violated the rights of three American citizens. The case was heard in the U.S. Supreme Court, and the Mexican government was found guilty of violating the rights of the Americans. The Mexican government was ordered to pay the Americans $10 million for the violation of their rights.

On April 14, Washington Post, page 1, article 17, "Mexico Report," which was compiled by a group of Mexican-Americans living in New York City, was published. In the article, the group stated that the Mexican government had violated the rights of the Americans, and that the Americans should be allowed to return to Mexico. The article was published in the New York Times, and was later reprinted in the Washington Post.

Pasquarella is one of many former students who have been arrested by the Mexican government in the past few months. He was arrested on March 12, while helping the Zapatistas. He and 12 others were arrested by the Mexican authorities on March 12, while helping the Zapatistas. The Mexican government arrested him on March 12, while helping the Zapatistas. The Mexican government arrested him on March 12, while helping the Zapatistas. The Mexican government arrested him on March 12, while helping the Zapatistas.
Celebrating Fifty Years of Women at Bard

By STEPHANIE SCHNEIDER, A&EE Editor

Olga Andrejev Carliole paints, writes and translates. Kim Friesen practices law. Caroline Scheinman is a media artist, Katherine Stein researches for the Food and Drug Administration, and Jerry Delaquis advises for the Economic Development Institute of the World Bank. What do all these women have in common? They graduated from Bard College! This year marks the fiftieth year of women at Bard, and thanks to the efforts of a group of current Bard women students, Eleanor Cash, Sara Shore, and four Bard women alumni, the celebratory event will be held on May 20th, 1971, during Commencement weekend.

As well as awards and scholarships, a dance at Blithewood on the Friday night of commencement weekend, will recall Blithewood formats of old and celebrate women and music as the performers who either have gone to Bard or are currently enrolled in the college. Perhaps the most exciting and unique part of the celebration will be the exhibition in the Fisher Arts Building, a multimedia collection of work by women students from 1948 to the present. In conjunction with this, Bard Hall will become a Women's History and Meeting Room, which the students will remember and learn about women's lives at Bard.

There, people will be encouraged to take part in an oral history project by learning how to record oral history. Then, as Scott says, students are going to record the oral history of alumni. The project will carry over to the fall '79 semester when a course on oral history will lead to an actual published book preserving these histories. A women's archive is also being put together, complete with photographs, letters, pictures, and other items that chronicle or document particular experiences at Bard. Collecting these items has led to many discoveries among students, particularly interesting letter written by a student in 1951, describing a dinner she had with Eleanor Roosevelt. The letter read:

"...I had the experience of a lifetime, an experience that relatively few people ever will or ever have had and I shall remember it all my life and tell my grandchildren about it when that time should come..." The letter also recounts what Eleanor Roosevelt had to drink at the dinner. "...then we sat around the living room and had supper (Mrs. Roosevelt and her friend had tomato juice) and talked..." Collecting data and preparing for the celebration has been no easy task, but the pieces have started coming together. The involved students have done much footwork by taking names from the alumni directory and calling many women to ask if they would like to contribute anything to this celebration. Last Wednesday, this group got together in New York City with alumni for a kick-off party. This gave the students an opportunity to meet the women they had been talking to over the past few months. Katherine Walmsley, a first-year student at Bard, saw this as an opportunity to "get in touch with some really cool people," such as a fashion model who designed costumes for the TV show "St. Elsewhere." Walmsley has formed a special connection with a particular Bard alumna based on the two women's having shared the same space at Bard. The woman, with whom Walmsley is working, graduated in 1972 and majored in art. While at Bard, her studio, unconventional in Bard fashion, consisted of a model of the notorious "revvie" dormitories (which were being construct ed at the time) in the middle of Tewksbury Field. This alumna will renew her studio in a project"..."and the women students doing the work have been learning a lot about language before..."

The majority of women students are doing research for their thesis projects. These projects are designed to investigate, interpret and comment upon our lives and our roles in the community. Envision Bard female students as being part of a research group or a community group, each with a different approach to the issue of woman's role in the world. Some are investigating the way the programs are going and how well the Red Hook community and the society are reacting. Others are working toward the goal of "helping others achieve their goals." Student involved in this project, have been involved in the women's movement for as long and worked as a publicist at Ms. magazine, described the importance of the documenting this history. Having worked on similar projects such as a documentary film for HBO about the histories of women in the medical field, she said that the recording of history in women's own voices empowers and strengthens. "I know all along how rich this territory could be," she said of the Red Hook Women's Project. Currently, students cannot be included in this project. Lippert said, and she urges students to participate in the oral history project over commencement weekend or to at least simply leave a "Bard moment" recorded to become a part of the archives.
Earth Coalition Responds to Increase in Production Of Garbage With New Recycling Incentive Program

By DOUG JONES, Contributor

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

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

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

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

At a Recycling Committee meeting last Tuesday afternoon in dCline, Marie shared some brave evidence of one of the possible reasons behind the current decline in the amount of waste recycled at Bard. On the morning of February 23, 1998, Marie captured on Polaroid film a cluster of transparent garbage bags placed on the ground in one of the dorms, the ServiceMaster employees. There were fourteen bags of garbage and only one bag of co-mingled recyclables. Through the transparent garbage bag one could see that the contents consisted primarily of goods that could have been recycled, especially cardboard beer boxes, bottles and paper. This picture provides visual proof of an obvious problem: if a problem all around campus, not just in the larger dorms like Robbins: recycled goods are not being placed in recycling bins. The intradorm plastic garbage bins are lined with standing Sentry in every dorm lounge, kitchen, and hallway and academic building.

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

These grey thirty-two-gallon buckets are taken away from the dorms and in the end they are sent to a plant which then is sold for a profit. The profit is then used to cover the cost of the plant, which is then sold to a larger company. These larger companies then take the plastic bottles and paper and turn it into a form that can be used as fuel. This fuel is then burned and the smoke is captured and sold as electricity.

In 1996 representatives from Cornell University came to Bard to study and document the Bard Recycling and Composting program. When they were finished they exclaimed that Bard's Recycling Program was "the best in the state." One might wonder why there are so many of these buckets when Bard has the capacity to recycle 87 percent of its garbage. To protest this maldistribution of waste containment (at Bard), I go out of my way to go to the recycling bin, take off the lid of the bottle [bottles are not recycled with lid], and be careful, everyone in sort the recyclable goods in the proper compartment as specified by the signs above the bins [if not sorted properly the recycling becomes "contaminated" and can no longer recycled], said Daniel Ellis. He is one of the students who is trying to get the student body to be more aware of recycling and to become more involved in the process. He is one of the students who is trying to get the student body to be more aware of recycling and to become more involved in the process.

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

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

In a Recycling Committee meeting which was attended by the logistics of the Dorm Incentive Program were being discussed, Marie pointed out that "if we can't sell a place to think about it, why not get to thinking about recycling and how to get it to the curb better? There are so many intelligent students here, it seems like we could work things out together to educate each other."

"This shows that the compost generated at Bard is not only good for the environment, but also good for the economy. We are saving money by not buying new plants. The compost is also good for the students because they can learn about the process of composting and how it can be done on a large scale." Dancing Jones is a member of Bard Coalition.
**PEOPLE + IDEAS = EVENTS + FUN!**

The Student Activities is a new club on campus that was formed to organize various student activities. The current members are looking for new members. So far, we have organized two events: a talent show and a movie screening. We are planning to have a few more events this semester. The next event is a movie screening of a classic film. The screening will be held in the campus auditorium on April 23rd. Come and join us for some fun and entertainment.

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Ronald McDonald House

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

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

---

**TONIGHT!**

**Dave Case Fans: Take Note**

The BARD JOURNAL OF SOCIAL SCIENCES is coming soon, featuring the work of your fellow students Joel Hunt, Jenette Fatima, Lauren Martin, Ruby McAdoo, and Joshua Miller, as well as alumni David A. Case. We are also accepting SUBMISSIONS for the summer issue and it is not too late to join the editorial staff. Contact LEIGH JENCO at x4529 or on email at lj795@bard.edu.
Plays of Strindberg, LeRoy Jones, Woody Allen
Performed in Two Recent Student Programs

By NAZIA CARROLIN, Campuslife

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

The first play, Springtime, by Maria Irene Fornes, was directed by Helena Grillo (with costumes by Kendra Miller). The first scene was a quiet and swiftly flowing dance between Rainbow (Kerry Constaz) and Gena (Willa Repler). Despite the surrounding darkness, isolating the two characters there was an innocence and joy apparent in the women's dance as Rainbow, while sweeping the floor, asked Gena to repeat her sentences in German. Each scene following the first took place in a bedroom where sickness and the unseen presence of a man caused the mood to grow darker. The dialogue and poses were broken by repeated blackouts, giving each scene a snapshot quality which was very effective in creating the visual stillness of a sick-room. Each character became more and more involved in her own misery which created a rift between the two. The mystery man, Ray (Nielan Reich), who was subject of the conversation throughout, entered the end yet effectively remained anonymous by keeping his face turned from the scene which also heightened our sense of his lack of humanity. Though the play was a trag- ic one, Repler and Constaz brought to life the mutual isolation of the characters, such as winter. I believe even an ultra-conservative would have to acknowledge the naturalness of what he or she usually regarded as an aberration of nature.

The stronger, a play by August Strindberg was directed by Julie O'Brien (with costumes by Anna Barker and stage managing by Laura Conose). The dress took place in a restaurant. At a table, front and center, sat the severe Madame Monet and Madame Vidal at a table near the rear. Madame X (Caitlin McDonough-Thayer) entered in a gorgous brown gown with hat and muff and was introduced to Madame Vidal Y. Awaits (Laura Conose) brought a cup of tea to the table and exited. Madame X addressed Madame Monet Y and then began speaking monologue as she went through every moment and emotion, from conciliation to learning to adoring, all before the rigid face and hard silence of Madame Monet Y. Although there was no exchange of words, Madame X maintained such momentum and striking variety of mood throughout her speech that I was riveted and in a terrible state of suspense, wonder whether Madame Monet Y would ever speak. Well, she never so much as groaned and Madame X packed up the slippers she had made with the awful tulips on, grabbed her muff, and left the cafe. Clearly, verbally impassive women going nuts before our very eyes was a favorite subject of Strindberg's. I wondered whether he regarded as "the strongest." And I wonder if he would have based his judgment strictly on stereotypical female characteristics such as stiffness and lack of emotion. Madame Monet Y was immobile but it was Madame X who was active, addressed unsuitable subjects, and then moved off. Somehow I don't think an answer to questions about the title are as straightforward as they initially seem.

The third and final play of the evening was Harold Pinter/Vilhelm, directed by Wendy Hart (with costumes by Michelle Brown). Each of the three characters, Ellen (Clare Anny), Ibsen (Tomas Gubaran), and Rumsey (Nosh Shock), was situated on a separate platform, all three of which together formed a simple triangle filling the stage. The characters spoke intermittently, not really to one another. The script was composed of passages that were more fragmented personal mem- ories than anything else; the short speeches were about a subject but would bring to mind a number of inter- esting yet unrelated pictures. The play Silence was beautifully nostalgic. It brought up images not because of their monumentality but because of their unique sensory impact, like that of barking dogs on a hill or a woman's grey dress, remembered because she wore it for him.

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

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

The following evening I attended Program B: three more plays, this time by American playwrights. The Dutchman by LeRoy Jones was direct- ed by Amanda Douch (with costumes by Caitlin Hance and stage managing by Kristin Cullas). Two musicians played while the audience set down and the first scene commenced in the interior of a New York subway car. Unfortunately, most of the dia- logue was drowned out by the subway sound effects and I only caught a few sentences here and there. There was no apparent to be a fluctuation between the

Lula (Christina Minnute), a short-skirted, faded New York of style, Clay (Jackie Williams) who is a favorite philosopher, Greg Richardson), a conservatively dressed black man. Lula seemed to be using her con- hite, a why beautiful woman, in one of the lines I was able to catch, she said to Clay, "You look like you've been living in New Jersey with your par- ents and eating to grow a beard." Och. There was a long period of conversation between the two, unbekers by subway stops in which Lula seemed to be dominating the conversation. A number of sub- way riders began boarding at one point (among them were Mona Hapsa, Heather Holden, Rachel Israel, Kendra Miller, Eric Fieser, Joe Edman, Drew Slippe, Chan Adams, and Berti Gee), who, because of the muted dialogue were a bit distracting. Three quarters of the way the play the fire alarm went off and, perhaps because we were all in our own lit- tle make-believe world nobody made a move to leave until someone started shouting at us from up in the control box. We filed outside, hoping Security would come and turn the damn thing off. During the wait, certain people who were displeased by racial aspects of the play confronted Amanda, the director, and creation of a bit of a scene. When the ringing finally stopped we had to wait for the actors to recognize. The exploration given for the alarm was "Just a freak of technology." Anyway, back inside, Clay resumed his justified rant at Lula and the play came to a sudden and somewhat awkward end with his murder. The "freak" interaction was certainly damaging to the climax but I did get a chance to move my seat closer to the stage and catch a few more of the closing lines.

An Interview, by David Mamet, was directed by Laura Robinson (with costumes by Michelle Brown). The setting was the entry to Hell and an Attorney (Adina Ocampo) had to defend herself against a hilariously set of accusations. She displayed strength and an impressive mastery of a confusing set of lines before the irritable bureaucratic force of the Attendant (Eric Hacker). After arguing exten- sively over the possible burial of a lawnmower, the Attorney gave in, and in a fit of exasperation admit- ted to having buried the lawnmower simply in order to speed the process along. As a result she was given a fill of paper laying her punishment and was told, "If you passed as a man you can live for- ever." Arta carried her role with incredible style and momentum and Eric was forbidding with her incessant and hilarious monologue.

Woody Allen's play, My Apology, was directed by Zack Adler (with costumes by Caitlin Hance). It was a relief not to have Woody Allen impersonat- ing playing Socrates/Woody, but Ty Howell is such Goyin I just couldn't help missing the impersonated kwocking little Allen. Ty is an actor not a writer and in this one instance it was a disadvantage. Devon Ludlow as Agathon was nauseatingly implaus- ible as Socrates' close friend. Both Agathon and the Executioner (David Holmes) clearly wished Socrates would shut up and die and were amusing- ly tiresome. Unfortunately, the last minute panic, a classic portrayal of Woody Allen's enduring paranoia. It would have been fun to see Ludlow in the part of Woody Allen; perhaps he's a better writer. It was

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Fourty Years of Dynamic Dance, Courtesy of Bill Driver

By Luis Moreno, Editor

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

Well, you’re in luck. He worked and lived at Bard for thirty-nine years, as of this date. Since 1959, when he arrived in Annandale-on-Hudson and pulled together the remaining fragments of the original Drama department, Bill Driver has been the department’s head, creating, in those four decades, a joint Drama/ Music department, a program that has remained largely unchanged in that time. I have interviewed him because the department of which I am part serves as the main source of my life and career and be the same as after he leaves, because his career has been more than impressive, because he has created a unique drama program. But, he has suffered changes after his departure. Bill will be retiring in the fall of 1999.

I asked him if it can stupefy. He answers and points out a large number of studios in the living room, adding that he once smoked a “big stogie” and, light my cigarette, and I press on. Important questions of what’s at hand. “In England, I mean” he asks, “quickly, smiling as I laugh at myself, ‘you mean, what part of England?’ I mean, Yorkshire.” I ask him about his studies at university: “Oxford,” he replies. Classics, actually.

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

“Then some no, my predecessor, the person in charge, had left and had not been replaced. Why? I have no idea. As a matter of fact, I felt myself against the situation. I knew him, I knew how to do it, so as it was it was an inside an academic context, when one arrives in that academic setting, you are immediately taken very seriously. Clearly no ever, So, I made it as clear to the people I knew who had been here before me that I wanted to start unabashedly by group.”

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

“Ah yes. A blank sheet. I came here in June of 1965. It’s a boat, actually, not a plane. I came on the Queen Mary.”

He came off a Crandall liner to a school that would allow him freedom to create the perfect environment in which to teach drama. The department consisted of the one quarter time professor and Bill Driver, working out of the Withrow carriage house, which also, at that time, housed the Dance department. In all truth, the only time he asked for a director was while considering the role. And I asked about the fiction of Drama and Dance, one of the most distinctive qualities of the department.

“I think an extraordinary bond of people at the other end of the building [the dancers] and these people worked in the studio, and they performed the pieces that we created. I see it as a kind of dream team, that stayed together once a month. And then, halfway through 1960, a member of the faculty [Irma Brandes] made her first trip to represent the school at the National Folk Festival, in New York, and a couple of Marshmen, and Ana [Ana Inclan], who was the principal dancer of the Dance department, performed at this. And I saw her perform herself, and what came to me very clear was that this was, as opposed to what I thought, in my Anglo-Europe years, was simply hilarious.

Nearby Hamlet’s Rosendale Cafe Bland, Quirky

By Stephanie Schneider, Arts & Entertainment

At first glance, the town of Rosendale may appear to be merely another "west and funny" small town New York town. A deeper examination, however, reveals a diversity of cultural life that perhaps separates it from the rest. Rosendale is incredibly wholesome, eccentric, and "original." It is a town where one can take the time to observe the happenings of the Rosendale Youth Center, which appears to be run by the Rosendale Youth Center, which appears to be run by the Rosendale Youth Center, which appears to be run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people who are run by people.

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

Bill will be doing his last series of plays for the Department in this next year, '98-'99, as a new professor arrives to take his place. Her name is Joanne Akakitis, an avant-garde theater director, the ex-head of the Public Theater and the Summer Shakespeare Festival in NYC, and also once a Bard professor, teaching acting back in the seventies. She and Bill have known each other for twenty-five years, a relationship which began when she arrived to New York with the Mabu Minds company from California. That company comprised of Lee Beeser, Joanne, and Bill's ex-husband, composer Philip Glass. "I think she's the right sort of person, the has exactly the right attitudes towards the theater," says Bill of Akakitis, who will be a part-time professor all of next year, teaching one class each semester and per-
haps directing some sort of performance. I can easily imagine changes might happen.

"There's nothing in her construct obliging her to continue the things that I've been doing," he adds. "I will discover that there's all sorts of constraints caused by the senior pro-
ject and the moderation, which will manipu-
late her and control what she chooses to do. She may not choose to deal with them at the way she did, she could choose to say, 'Okay, there's too much production going on, so let people write for Modernism,' which I have never done. Something it seems I never think leads to real theatrical results. Writing about acting is not the same as doing it."

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

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

Do you think students understand the possibilities they are offered?

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

Is that the point?

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

Bill's last Opera Repertory, another dou-
ble-bill performance, opens on Tuesday, April 21st. Anita, followed by Don Giovanni on the next night.

### Upcoming Events

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

#### April 21, Tuesday

**Lecture** "Image, Reality, and the Writer’s Craft," by Frances Dannen, an Italian novel-
istor. Sponsored by Italian Studies. Olin 104. 6 p.m.

#### April 22, Wednesday

**Panel Discussion** on "Relig-
ion and Nature," or the role and place of nature in the texts, images, and beliefs of various religions. With Bard chaplains and environmental-ists. In celebration of "Earth Week ‘98." Sponsored by the Earth Coalition, Olin Moon Room (310). 7:30 p.m.

**Open Concert, Featuring," at usual, students playing their own works and others’ compositions. Blinn Hall. 8:15 p.m.

More Than a Lecture: Professor Dick Willett will speak about Bard’s history and folklore. This event is provided by Bard Volunteer Lounge, 9 p.m.

#### April 24, Friday

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

#### Theater:

Bennet Brecht and Kurt Weill's Threepenny Opera. Directed by Nicola Shaw. Reserved seats $27 (discounts for Olds, Bardavon, and NYTOS members; students, seniors, kids under the age of 12, and groups). For more information, call the Bardavon box office at (914) 473-2072. Bardavon Stock Room, 35 Market Street, Poughkeepsie.

#### Screenings of Antonio di Matteo, a Brazilian film. Olin 102. 8 p.m.

#### Theater:

Everything’s Coming Up Roses. Directed by Susan Espenschied. Paddy’s Bar, by two zyriocous plays
by Brian L. Pettit. Admission granted following a donation of food, clothes, or money for the benefit of AIDS-related community services. Bard Hall, 8 p.m.

Performance: by Mark Sherman, singer/songwriter. “You’ve read his columns in theハリウッド？You’ve heard him on WPTM!” Owing to the “immature” themes of some of his material, people under 17 shouldang along a parent or guardian (angel). General admission: $10; $8 for Union members. For more information (what else?), call (914) 259-1559. Union Arts & Learning Center, 68 Mountain Rest Road, New Paltz. 8 p.m.

April 25, Saturday

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

AIDS Wallathon (the second annual) a 3-mile walk around the campus, held for the purpose of raising money to donate to ARCS (AIDS Related Community Services). Participants are to collect donations (“$1 donations, not money-per-mile pledges) and bring them to the Wallathon registration (envelopes for the donations can be had at the DOS office, Stevenson Gymnasium, or Kline Commons). (behind the)

Library Receives
Mounds of Material
by Lauren Martin

and Elaine Nolan, Columbiana

THE BARD OBSERVER ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1998

EAT UP, KIDS! (Clockwise from top left) Owed Thomsen looks for a bone to pick at the annual Food Fight at the Haverford Students Organized, Saturday. Lauren Wells lifts the flyweight at this year’s Mr. & Mr. Open Exam, today. Lesbian comedy troupe, Upkick Wailing,阿拉伯 a zazoo— they gave a performance in Mentor Lounge, Wednesday.

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

Gigantic Twister Competition. A “Spin Flap” activity. Prize: $50 gift certificate to Score Cook for the winning team. To sign up for your team (of two players), stop by the gym or call Mark at ext. 4384. Field next to Luddow 6:30 p.m.

May 2, Saturday

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

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

Concert by John Renbourn “folk-baroque guitar master” (formerly of the influential English group Pentangle), and Robin Williamson, “contemporary Celtic bard” (formerly of The Incredible String Band, which was a hit on the British charts in the 1960s and performed at the first Woodstock Festival). Tickets $15, general admission; $12 for Union members; $10 for students. For tickets and reservations—and, of course, “more information”—call (914) 259-1559. Union Arts & Learning Center, 68 Mountain Rest Road, New Paltz. 8 p.m.

Concert by Charles Libove, violinist, and Nina Lagunovsky, pianist. Featuring six- and one-unaccompanied pieces of music by Edward Grieg, Mozart, Frank Bridge, and Christian Sinding. General admission: $15; $10 for Guild members. Sponsored by the Woodstock Guild. For more information (and tickets), call (914) 679-2279. Kleing/James Arts Center, 34 Tinker Street, Woodstock. 8 p.m.
The Well-Tuned Professor: Composer Kyle Gann
Gracefully Endures “Minimalistic” Interview

By MEREDITH YANOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

My attempt to interview Bard’s new musicology/theory professor during the cockadoodle din of midnight meal exchange are proving difficult, but even if Kyle Gann hears me over the orgy of polemics on the pinball machine and yodelled grill orders, it is doubtful that he finds any of the questions I’ve asked him thus far very engaging. Momentarily, I take comfort in the fact that my subject is compassionately ignoring my sleep-deprivation-induced incoherence. Then I remind myself that he is also going to be a highly acclaimed journalist who has written over a thousand articles for more than two dozen different publications (including one of my favorite columns of all time, a greenhouse satire entitled “Who Killed Classical Music?”) and has probably never heard of me during an interview, which currently is a very real possibility for me. In addition to his work as a critic, my subject is an accomplished composer, the author of two books, a leading historian on late 20th century music, and a genuinely nice guy. He deserves better than this. Surprisingly, I nudged the tape recorder further towards him and struggling for coherence, croak out the first thing that pops into my head. “So, like...” Pause. Better replace that, Mrs. “Un, Uh.” How embarrassing. Gann rescues me from my brain embalmish with an anecdote from his career writing for the Village Voice.

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

Hired last fall to “elevate the music history side of the curriculum,” Gann is anything but your average music theory professor. To put it more bluntly, the man is not a hopelessly repressed classicist whose long-winded lectures on sensuous harmonic progressions in the second movement of Mahler’s 4th are capable of rendering an entire classroom comatose before you can say Wagnervor Leitmeil. Anything but. A tall, bearded fellow with a Leave Star State twang and a penchant for American Indian jewelry, Gann’s close familiarity with modern works by everyone from Laurie Anderson to Terry Riley to Philip Glass to Diamonds Galsa to John Zorn tend to bring his seminars into a much sharper focus. This is not to imply that he can’t hold his own teaching about all those dead white European guys. He does. Without inducing a flatline.

EVEN MORE'S A CRITIC: Journalist/Musicologist Kyle Gann

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

Gann is impressed by his students’ commitment to their pursuit of art. “Personally, I’m convinced that thinking about [a career following college] beforehand doesn’t do any good. People who try to predict where the jobs are going to be fail. They get out of school and they find out the world has already changed. They go into computers only to realize everybody else is going into computers, they go into law not understanding that the law profession has changed and you can’t necessarily make money at it anymore; [Bard students] tend to have one thing that they want to do with their life and they are going to follow that.”

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

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

Before adjourning to a faculty meeting, Gann imparted some advice to me as one writer to another which echoed his earlier sentiments as to why Bard is such a successful place to begin learning about and seriously making art. “I believe in going out and being a bug in a small pond, then moving on. If you start out the other way around, it takes forever to work your way up. When you come in from outside, people are always prepared to believe you capable of more, some-
Okay, kids, so maybe a do-it-yourself record review wasn't the best idea in the world. I was hoping to get doors (well, maybe at a nice café) of individually marked copies via campus mail. I was looking forward to skimping on work (whether by pen, pencil, or crayon) in search of new, untapped talent in much the same way as the main dish is a fresh manuscript. Also, my detours of bardic vandal (and relatively harmless creativity) were not meant to be. Was it because the majority of Bard students are as lazy as well, or was it that the whole endeavor was just too vague?

I'll be the first to admit that the entire exercise was a not-so-subtle stab at that favorite of buzzwords deconstructions (because "Mad Libs" would probably not suffice as much cliché literature would define). But after that first decision, I have decided that it is my job to put some meaning back into my critique. Really, you can "deconstruct" all day, but all you'll sound like is a drunken conversation about art between Yeats MacKay and the Artist Formerly Known as Gaddlil at some party in Red Hook. Not to "die" on your knees, "cause it was actually the Artist Formerly Known as Gaddilil who uttered the words "You have to go and talk to Picasso." Let me give you a basic, you Picassos deal.

Anyway, what better way to put the heart and soul back into music criticism than to discuss (or, uh, write about) great discoveries? Hey, this is an area of major importance - it's almost as necessary as being "Brian Wilson wannabe" (or for example, when comparing somebody to the Beach Boys. There are plenty of new genres created everyday (anybody know how speed tilts the beat now?) but we'll stick to the basics - that is, pop music. Now, in 1998 this term "pop" is so vague as to be completely confusing. Back in the early 60s, "pop" was synonymous with "popular," but that is a completely no longer the case. As evidenced by Flens I've seen around campus lately with the words "indie Pop" emblazoned on the top, pop music doesn't necessarily mean popular. And, as we all should know, popular doesn't necessarily mean good (although there's plenty of music that's good; did I ever tell you about my penchant for Blackstreet?); Whatever; The reader (uh, that means you should know how to spell it) will stick to the basics, or at least the least genre movements. Unfortunately, critics (especially those writing for publics of any size) almost seem to be left behind the curve. But don't, I'm so far ahead of you that I'm behind you.

Yeah, well one band's that ahead of me on the critical road for a while now is that group of Britons, the High Llamas, whose new record Cold and Steeply Steely Dee. That impression, however, was incredibly inaccurate (hey, we were stoned in their car), since the High Llamas play pop music in an "impressionistic" style similar to the Beach Boys or Van Dyke Parks (that is, pop meaning "pop" (i.e. melodies with upfront vocals), not meaning "pop-

"Pop Rules Everything Around Me (Almost)"

Although I find the exquisite pop of his earlier 1960s albums (especially Scott, 2, 3, and 4) completely mesmerizing, they might seem a bit "quirky" to many so-called modern listeners. However, Tit is a totally different game. Even though Scott Walker doesn't possess the vocal control that he once had (his vibrato is getting pretty intense), his singing fits so well with the stark soundness of Tit. The production is fast-paced and features plenty of beautifully dark orchestration (especially that by the String of Sinfinia of London), spectacular doom drumming, organ, percussion, guitars, etc. And Walker is a completely ingenious songwriter; his craft consists of creating immanence, brilliant songs through a uniquely simple grasp of language and conciseness. It's not often that a pop record should come with lengthy footnotes, but Tit deserves such close scrutiny. When he sings "I love you more than those stars," he's no scampier than any late-sixties God (Nick Cave ripped off his material big time to no great effect), and more compelling than any other "name-on" "ingeniouspector." Scott Walker is a god on par with Brian Wilson, John Coltrane, John Faye, Ornette Coleman, Nick Drake, Van Dyke Parks, Daniel Hicks, 1200/On, Colin Newman, Brian Eno, whatever, etc. Buy this record now.

Finally, we'll get away from the pop trip to discover a new record which incorporates different styles in order to form something new. That would be the self-titled debut by Pan-American (available on Orkstra), which is a collaboration of five Americans of different musical traditions, plenty of electronic textures, Nelson's ubiquitous Memphis-esque guitar and barely-breathed vocals, as well as a bit of live drumming. The rhythmic center of this album, although occasionally super-complex, is really close to that of John Wayne's "Ja-ka-keen" (white Raritas, anyone?), but is something well off on its own tangents. Although I do miss the cohesive keyboard stylings of his bandmate Barry Brown, the Nelson has surely made something more than worthwhile with Pan-American.

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

Next time we'll delve into the world of compact disc reunions by looking at some new old stuff by Arnold Dreyblatt, Jack Smith, John Faye, Lukey Skynert, and others (no Victoria Williams or indigene jazz reviews, I promise). And I'll haunt it up New York style

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Injustice for Some

Making a mockery of Oscar

By Sarah Zane

Hollywood is a land of glitz and glamour, but for some, it's a place of injustice and inequality. The recent events surrounding the #OscarsSoWhite movement highlight the lack of representation and diversity in Hollywood, with the main award show often failing to recognize the contributions of actors, directors, and producers of color.

In a recent interview, actress and activist Eva Longoria spoke out about the importance of diversity in the industry, stating, "We need to work harder to ensure that our stories are told and that our voices are heard."

The #OscarsSoWhite movement has sparked a global conversation about the need for change in Hollywood, with many calling for a more inclusive and equitable industry.

As we move forward, it's important to remember the voices of those who have been marginalized and to continue to push for a more just and equitable society.

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Classifieds

We want to adopt a baby. From ages two years ago we were blessed with the arrival of our first baby boy. Today, we hope to be just as fortunate by having a biracial baby to be the right family for our baby. My husband and I came together in college, and we now run our own interior design business. We work in homes which allow us time of being together. Our son, who is now a full-time student at Georgia Tech, is a part of our family unit and has been a part of our lives for the past three years. We have a strong desire to adopt a baby girl or boy and believe that a biracial baby would be a perfect fit for our family. We are located in the Atlanta area and can be reached at (404) 600-2555.

Announcements

Boston Film Festival is a new accepting applications for students, filmmakers, and industry professionals for this summer's film festival. Applicants must be 18 years of age, have created a film, and be a student or professional in the film industry. The deadline is May 15, 2023. For more information, please visit the Boston Film Festival's website at bostonfilmfestival.com.

Summer Study/Travel in Austria

The University of New Orleans announces the 23rd annual International Summer School in Laxenburg, Austria during the summer of 2023. The program offers a unique opportunity for students to study in one of Europe's most beautiful countries. Participants will have the chance to explore the city of Vienna, visit the Vienna State Opera, and attend classes taught by Austrian professors. For more information, please visit the University of New Orleans' website at uno.edu.

Internships & Job Opportunities

Oscar Mayer is currently looking for someone who wants to be a part of a dynamic team. This position includes working in various departments such as marketing, finance, and human resources. For more information, please visit the Oscar Mayer website at oscarmayer.com.

Putting Earth Day to Work

Earth Day is coming, and the Environmental Careers Organization (ECO) is planning a nationwide event to take place on Earth Day. The event will include activities and workshops that will help people understand the importance of protecting the environment.

The ECO is a non-profit organization dedicated to promoting environmental awareness and action. The organization's mission is to educate people about the need for environmental protection and to inspire them to take action.

For more information, please visit the ECO's website at ecoearthday.org.
A plea to all Bard students:

On June 17, I am planning to attend Stevie Nicks’ solo concert at RedClay City Music Yard. While purchasing tickets for this monumental event will not be a problem, I am deprived of the opportunity to watch the concert on stage. Unfortunately, I do not know anyone, so I am scared. I MAY NEVER REALIZE THIS WISH.

Considering my dilemma, I have decided to share my plight with every Bard student who reads this. The Observer, in the hope (against all hope) that one student might have a connection or capability to assist me in this pursuit. I said all of you, with fellow students, older alumni, or friends with rock and roll contacts, WHO WILL MAKE MY WILDEST DREAM COME TRUE?

I am thinking of nothing more generous or selfless than what a fellow student could do for a stranger. You would have my eternal gratitude for all eternity. Whoever graces my wish with his or her generous offer will be granted the Cooper Award of being interviewed and praised by me in my next article EVER for the illustrious and cutting-edge Observer.

Please, if anyone has connections at RedClay City Music Yard, to the actual music business, share your good fortune on me.

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

If only, if only,
I am a graduating Senior, so think how memorable your efforts would be! Thank you. I am crossing my fingers, AND DO NOT FORGET THE BIG PRIZE!

Sincerely,
Leah Zunino
(My phone number is 757-5307)

Choice Still Main Issue with Proposed Hospital Merger

By SHAWNEE BARNES, Columnist

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

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

Beyond reproductive rights being taken away, end of life rights, such as euthanasia and assisted suicide choices will be eliminated. Neither a dying person nor his or her family could make the decisions to pull the plug. Living wills will only be honored if they are in accordance with Catholic beliefs. The reasoning behind this is that death should be prevented at all costs, for the Catholic faith calls for "redemptive suffering." The issue that is most pertinent here is the issue of CHOICE. Without choice, control and autonomy are taken away from the individual. The issues involving the merger run deep and will affect this community severely. Hospitals all over the country are merging with Catholic organizations for financial solutions. An alternative way of merging is possible. For example, Vassar Brothers hospital which was able to retain its reproductive services after it merged. Other solutions exist and there is a large movement out there to stop this merger. On a legal level, it is in violation of the Constitution, which bases itself on the separation of Church and State. If you are interested in finding out more about this merger and what you can do to help stop it, call or email Shawnee at v4655666579.

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2. Photography Projects depicting over-privileged kids (Bard Students) as "down and out Bohemian gutter-dwellers"

I call this one "the search for Artistic Integrity..."

Look for it at Kline!

3. Modern Dance Performances by trust-funded girls who couldn't do the Hokey Pokey or the Electric Slide if they took a two-semester private tutorial.

Look! She spent 4 years cultivating the "vacant debutante" look and it finally pays off!

The Bucket and Map. Add the obligatory "feminist overtones"
Jericho '98 Attracts Thousands Of Protestors, Over 500 Bardians

By NICK JINIES, Correspondent

It was a better day for a picnic than a protest. Spirits were high, the sun was tremendous, and few would say that they didn't enjoy the good weather. However, in terms of environmental and political impact, the Jericho rally in Washington, D.C., left much to be desired. Students and activists from around the country had been called by the African Liberation Army to protest the imprisonment of Mansa Abu Jamal and all other political prisoners in the U.S., as well as to raise general awareness about the situation. Some 5,000 protestors were expected. Maybe 7,000 showed up, myself and other Bard students among them.

The day began with a march from Malcolm X Park to the White House, and here the energy climaxed as the exuberant masses raised their voices in union. Although ostensibly, the various organizations repositioned themselves off, each with their own respective slogans and banners, the lines became blurred. All political differences were dissolved in an overwhelming emotional solidarity and more protestors moved freely through the sections, joining one chorus of chant for a few minutes, then moving on. Many people just happened to be in the area would file into the crowd and join in the protest. Where they were protesting seemed irrelevant; the only criteria for matching was a general dislike for the government and a big mouth.

Some remarkable chants included "CIA Must Die!" and "Swat Me! Different Name!" and "No Justice! No Peace! Free Mumia! Fuck the Police!" Leaders of the chants changed frequently, owing to the stress of controlling the top of their lungs. Bird mascot Jeff Chiquito quelled this problem by baring his megaphone, with which he was able to rant and rave all day at his listeners.

The crowd was a fragrant swirl of color, the official colors of thenumerable causes, reminiscent of Minja Graz. Indeed, it was such a celebration. Each individual had come with their own unique approach. Some covered face in paint, others with black headbands or face masks, the latter bringing with them a much more somber attitude to proceedings. Some seemed to take themselves a little too seriously, such as one man who had covered his face in a black headband and who put his hand in front of my camera when I approached, warning me to "back off!" without whether it was necessary for anyone to conceal their identities. No one seemed to regard us as a threat, not the cops who smiled as we passed, nor the grey-skinned politicians who would later meddle through the rally, casually puffing on cigars, seemingly oblivious to the tirades blasting over the loudspeakers, and they exemplified the fact that we had found the very sort of men many of us had in contempt. To show us the best bit of joining, or even een, would be to justify our charges of injustice, and give fuel to our fire. By simply ignoring us, they gave the greatest insult.

Being told to "back off!" in the midst of the singing, drumming, and my own exhilaration for the proceedings did make me realize something. The march was spawned with photographs, almost a third of the protests seemed to have come equipped. We started like cockroaches on the side-walks, almost as if we were to ourselves. If we had not been preoccupied with getting the perfect shot, the real march might have been more powerful. Nonetheless, I think that the goal of the protest was probably just greater than thinking about wearing all that black in the hot weather, yet another reason black is the color of martyrdom.

At the end of the rally, the march met at a stormy castle, only to find that when reached, the walls were impregnable. The constant cause was to make noise, to be heard. Once the march had reached its destination, however, individual inflections became separate. The African Liberation Army, which had organized the event, disinterred the stage with speakers, while below, intolerable voices struggled to be heard. The very energy which had propelled the march here divided the protestors. Many activists were talking at once and in their eagerness to be heard, became deaf to those around them. Needless to say, most people seemed to be already well informed, and there were unfortunately few D.C. locals around, despite the large black community. To top it all, the president wasn't even in town, but "all preaching about human rights in Africa instead of addressing the problem right here," to one speaker said.

The speeches ranged from fiery ranting about "those lying underhanded" (the government), to the only slightly more reserved preachings of black ministers, and the youthful indignation of "revolutionary rappers." The stage was guarded by expressionless young black men, locking very militantly in black, red, and green. One young man had even donned the black sunglasses and beard characteristic of his forefather, the Black Panthers. I was surprised and delighted when one of these buổis suddenly kept coming to drop a few rhymes, thus asserting the place of his generation in this age-old struggle. Such musical interludes helped to reinvigorate the enthusiasm of the crowd, which nonetheless continued to fragment as the afternoon wore on. After the exhilaration and exhaustion of the match, many protesters sprawled in the grass for a few seconds, quickly declined. This is not owing to any fault of the organizers, only the inevitable result of a restless mood in the hot, sun-soaked, and nearly five hours of speeches.

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

Observer

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All letters go to either Lilian Robinson or Meredith Taggart. Submittals developed photographs if possible, preferably in the commercial Adobe Photoshop. 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, and coherence. The Bard Observer copyright 1998.
Women's Rugby: Will They too Sup of the Famed Drinking Boot?

By ANNA ROSE MATHIEBON, Photography Editor

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

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

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

Last winter, Diana Sanchez approached Jen Novik with the master plan to cultivate women's rugby at Bard. The timing was right; Jen was furiously searching for ways to avoid thinking about her senior project. With Bard-bred analytic skills, the two women concluded that rugby would be "like fun and loot." Admonition for the originality of the swell new option wasn't a major factor in their decision. Using the men's leftover jerseys, the women began to hold practices three weekly, with the help of Nathan Bynum and Kimere Davis, the rugby team learned the same drills and patterns as Bard's world-famous men's team. They have the privilege of practicing with the big boys twice a week.

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

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

The Bard Women's Rugby team hopes to join an official intercollegiate conference next year and play a full game schedule. As most of you know, the Stevenson Gym had planned to move Bard sports teams into a league more appropriate for our level of athletic ability, but the plans were halted due to scheduling difficulties with the rest of our projected arch-rivals, Red Hook Elementary. Consequently, the new rugby team will play several club games next fall and spring against neighboring colleges. Vassar and Mariet have let chicas play rugby for many years.

The reaction of Bard's proletarian masses to a real women's rugby game should provide an interesting contrast with the reaction to the men's games.

CONGRATULATIONS, KRIS HALL!

On April 5, Bard College's women's soccer team, led by Kris Hall, broke the school's single-season goal record by scoring 107 goals last season. Kris Hall has been named to the National Soccer Coaches Association of America's 1998 All-American Team.
Soccer Wraps It Up, Basketball Is Underway, and Softball Begins

By JEREMY DILLAUNHT, Sports Editor

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

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

The extra period looked bleak for the Tools when, in the opening seconds, scoring ace Igor Romankenko muscled his way through the Burning defense and received an out pass in. With an unassisted look on an unprotected goal Igor didn’t rise to the occasion. He couldn’t get his shot off in time; the Burning Tools showed up their defense and protected their rear. While he may have quick to get up, he was slow to go down. Capitalizing on the missed opportunity by Romankenko, the Burning Tools quickly pushed the ball out to the sides. Max Bababobin split the defense with some hard pounding. The Musketeers panicked under the withering attack from the Tools. They had no defense to speak of and intense stress of the aerial vessel structure” in the months of April and May. The steady reference to the Bigger Push, a fictional paper written by a Dr. Julius Evans. In the paper, entitled “Bite and Kline Do Not Make a Balanced Diet,” Dr. Evans discovered that the cause of these heart attacks was a sugar-rich and oil-laden body suddenly subjected to the intense physical exertion of dashing to first base. In his paper he states, “It seems amazing to me that in a country where Arnold Schwarzenegger is the Athletic Director General one could find an entire microcosm of society entirely devoid of physical fitness. While it is not surprising to find this in forty and fifty-year-olds [softball] heart attacks are second only to those suffering heart attacks in the United States—possibly the only fact in this article. ’I’ve never seen this i eighteen to twenty-one year-olds.” Dr. Evans’ paper found that the main dietary supplement onibus. Campus was beer, seconded by fruit loops in 2% milk. He postulated that because of this of sugar, fat, and year formed along the walls of arteries and blood vessels and eventually caused the pathways of blood to collapse on themselves owing to the tremendous weight of the foreign substances. “The overall physical fitness of Bard students is so poor that many, although their final hours literally bent with pride while on the playing field cannot swing a softball bat without passing to take a deep breath in between pitches. This, combined with the effort to walk to the baseball diamond, already has the heart in an excited state. While in major league baseball the average time it takes to reach first base is just under three seconds, it took Bard students five times as long to travel approximately half the distance. Many of whom led to be administered with oxygen when they got there.”

Dr. J suggested a total overhaul of the athletic department’s mugra cums. He found that the direction of athletics were more than capable of carrying out their responsibilities as coaches for the student body’s bodies and had within their grasp the means to do so. Unfortunately it seems that the administration (inefficient middle management money-grub) had ordered an “anti-fitness” directive. In a psychological profile that can be found in the Steventon Library, Dr. R. Wachheim states that “Mr. Borein had a freakshow in topology. He flailed to an incident in grade-school where he was repeatedly slammed on the playground by a group of boys playing T-ball. He said, while in a deep hypnosis, ‘Let me play, I can hit the ball too,’ to which a badly he referred to as ‘Nelson’ replied, ‘No, he go play with the girls and their dollars.’” However statistics show that the will to resist sports is a growing one. There seventeen teams playing on the intramural softball field this year. At an average of thirteen players a team, there are 234 softball players out there. This comes close to equaling or even surpassing the entire Bard College faculty during both fall and spring sports. 234 people represent close to a quarter of the college’s enrollment. So while Bard would like to think of itself as “A Place to Think,” maybe it’s time to foster some good old fashioned competition and come up with catchy new slogans like “Bard, a Place to Home Body Into the Likeness of Auboin and Enjoy the Purely Physical Aspects of Life.”

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

CO-EDITOR/CA Inookeeper's Note: Golden Anniversary and its minions may have passed on (or more likely, joined out) but we are NOT forgotten. *He* Hear, Bountiful Crop! Hear our solemn hootings of righteous drunken wrath, challenging you from the hooches of the world! *He* AND ON THIS EYE OF WORLD'S END, THERE SHALL BE A PUGORIALISTIC-RECONCILIING, A RESURRECTION, AND A WORLD'S OH SONG PRAISE ME, O SCABRIOUS ONE! WE SHALL RISE *He* YOU, RANCID SOURCERY! *He* FROM YOUR REEKING, ARBAEANDED SOTHE. YOU SHALL BE MADE TO DRINK CHEAP BEER FOR ALL ETERNITY, BOUNTIFUL CROP! *He* SMELL YOU IN HELL!!!... YAAAAAAR!!! *He*
RAIDERS OF THE LOST SALT:
THE LAST CRUSADE

Bot-man, Issue 11, 1998

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

WELL DEAN-BOY KLINK HAS THROWN US TWICE NOW! LET US TRY OUR LUCK WITH THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE LEFT...

I SHALL SCARE THEM AWAY WITH MY UMBRELLA — JUST LIKE SEAN CONNERY DID IN THAT MOVIE!

WOMAN: NOT WORKING. MAYBE IT'S JUST MEETING THEM TO DEATH WITH IT. IT WAS MY FAVORITE IDEA FROM JEFFERSON EUHENIUS.

EVERYONE LOOK! SOMEONE IS IN THE PRECINCT! SPEAKING ALL YOUR LIBERAL/HIPPY, COMMIE BUMPER STICKERS AND REPLACING THEM WITH "WANTED FOR LIFE" STICKERS!

I'M NOT A KIRBY, I'M NOT A KIRBY, I'M NOT A KIRBY...

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, I PAID 55 FOR LUNCH AND ALL I GET IS SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS!

YOU'D THINK HE WOULD HAVE LEARNT BY NOW.

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, I PAID 55 FOR LUNCH AND ALL I GET IS SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS!

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, I PAID 55 FOR LUNCH AND ALL I GET IS SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS!

THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM. WHAT DO I HAVE?

GRRR... HERE'S MY BAD PUSS AND MY F**KING CARD!

SORRY, IT'S 20. MEGA EXCHANGE IS OVER.

THERE... REMEMBER BOYS, SOCIAL SECURITY IS NOT IMPORTANT AND VIOLANCE IS ALWAYS A SOLUTION!