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The Bard Observer

Faithful to the truth

VOL. 22 NO. 4

BARD COLLEGE, ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON

MARCH 2024

C-Bus Saved

Students, faculty, and community members fight attempts to terminate local bus route.



Photo by Mica Rajakumar

LUKE REDGATE
JASPER VON STUDNITZ

This winter, Dutchess County Executive and Legislature announced plans to eliminate the Red Hook and Tivoli stops on their Route C bus line. The changes were a part of the 2024 budget, adopted on December 7th by the County Legislature. The new budget would provide more than \$265,000 in annual savings. County officials told The Daily Catch, Red Hook's newspaper. These adjustments would have been in effect by March of 2024, but were halted by a full legislative vote to not only reinstate the bus line, but improve it. Had the changes been actualized, Loop C would have been severed at Tops Market in Rhinebeck, cutting off the last ten miles of the C loop, which includes Red Hook, Tivoli, and Bard. The policy has allegedly been in development since 2019. According to Erin Canaan, Vice President of Civic Engagement at Bard, Dutchess County Legislators introduced it to

the community "without any warning."

Fortunately, Bard students and faculty took action, and the situation quickly turned around. Shortly after the announcement of the policy, on the afternoon of December 13th, 2023, the Bard Student Government and the office of President Botstein sent out emails to Bard students inviting them to engage with the issue, landing in inboxes from multiple different sources. "We strongly protest this decision!" reads one of the emails. It invites students to "join us tomorrow and help us protect our only access to public transportation".

Erin Canaan describes how quickly the process took place: "I found out about the bus cancellation over the weekend from Jeff Smith, who is in charge of the transportation office at Bard. We all reached out to local leaders, the county legislator, and got in touch with the local newspaper. We were notified on a Friday and the meeting in Rhinebeck was that Thursday, so the announcement was very quick."

A community discussion was held in Rhinebeck Town Hall on the evening of Thursday, December 14th—six days after Dutchess County initially announced the changes. Means of transportation to the demonstrations were provided, appropriately, by Bard Transportation. Public recordings of the discussion

demonstrate an exceptional turnout, with over twenty-five students in attendance. Cannan describes the scene as "a case study in the community coming together. There were some very moving stories and I think that was

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Displaced Students Voice Housing Concerns

Inside Bard's on-campus housing over break.

SAGE RUDOLF

On December 8th, Sofia Semenova posted a slideshow on her Instagram account entitled "How Bard College Treats Refugee Students." Semenova prefaced the slideshow with a caption explaining her background as a Russian dissident and her gratitude to the Bard program and its faculty that has allowed her, and many other refugee students, or 'displaced students,' to complete their studies in Annandale-On-Hudson. "However," she wrote, "there are several circumstances that I want my colleagues from Bard College to know about."

She went on to explain that in the first week of December, Bard notified members of the refugee-student cohort that they would be required to pay for their on-campus housing over the winter break. When they applied to Bard, they were told that their scholarship would include full tuition, room, and board. However, there was a miscommunication as to whether or not living expenses over winter and summer breaks would be included as well. For the winter intersession period between December 23rd and January 28th, remaining in the dorms costs \$15 per day, a total of \$525.

Other students who spend

their breaks on campus are expected to pay the same amount. While \$525 for a month's rent is low when compared to a national average of three times that amount and may not pose a significant financial burden to the average Bard student, for students, like Semenova, with an F-1 Student Visa, finding work opportunities in compliance with the Visa's restrictions can be difficult. In her post, Semenova explained that according to Bard's International Student Office, she could work on-campus for a maximum of 13 hours per week. Working on-campus over the 36-day-long break for 13 hours per week would amount to \$780, which, after paying rent, would leave her with \$255 for other expenses.

Semenova also wrote that "there are not enough jobs on campus for the number of refugee students Bard College invited." She said that on Handshake, Bard's internship application platform, just 10-15 jobs were open during intersession for the dozens of students who remained on campus. Furthermore, announced in the midst of finals, the timing of Bard's housing decision did not give students adequate notice to financially prepare or find other, more affordable living arrangements.

Semenova urged her followers to share her post on their accounts in the hopes of forming a refugee student union at Bard, which would give the new and growing cohort of displaced students a platform to express their needs and concerns. Her post garnered over 1,000 likes and quickly made its way to the administration and around Bard's online community.

Though Semenova ended up staying with friends in New York City during the winter break, her post began a larger campus-wide discussion of housing and meal accessibility for students with constrained resources over the breaks. She confided, "I don't know what I will do during the summer."

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Photo by Mica Rajakumar

Tivoli's Rent Forum

TESS VON BRACHEL

On the night of February 13th, roughly two dozen Tivoli residents gathered up on the third floor in the Town Hall meeting room, much too large for the regular crowd. Hosted by mayor Joel Griffith, the forum was led by the board of trustees and was designed for community input towards a legislative proposal. Despite the empty seats and scattered furniture, the room buzzed with anxious excitement and the sound of rustling paper as locals filed through the legislation handout, carefully examining the details of the new law.

The forum was designed to discuss a new policy that would allow short-term

rentals (STRs), accessory dwelling units (ADUs) and Bed and Breakfasts to exist under regulation within certain zoning areas of Tivoli. However, this conversation is nothing new—a previous forum was held in November 2022, and, according to Griffith, the law began circulating in the village government in 2018. The residents were also well accustomed to this legislative addition and were prepared with strong opinions, hands shooting in the air, eager to make their case.

"Why would you want Tivoli to be a city?"

The handout explained in detail the expectations for the housing addition, including a plan to allow legal access to the existing Air-BNBs and other short-term rentals designed for vacationers or visitors. A specification of intent states that the regulation will preserve the village's "neighborhood character," an incessant motif of the community's conversation in what became over two hours of debate. Residents feared outsider's intentions, imagining a young and wealthy New Yorker coming to pick up some properties and transform them into rentals of their dreams.

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Geothermal Drilling

ELEANOR POLAK

Anyone walking past Kline Dining Hall recently will have noticed the extensive drilling underway in the library field. Despite rumors about fracking, the project is actually part of the latest steps in an effort to reduce the use of fossil fuels on campus. This semester, Bard College has begun the process of drilling fifty wells, each about five hundred feet deep, as part of an ongoing project to use geothermal heating and cooling to regulate more buildings on campus. Drilling is anticipated to finish in time for commencement, and work will continue inside the library over the summer. The Energy Manager and

Special Projects Coordinator in charge of the project, Dan Smith, stated in an email to the student community, "The Library project will be the first conversion of an existing building on campus to geothermal, and it is an exciting step on the path to transform the campus energy infrastructure and achieve carbon-neutrality."

Unlike the seasonally-dependent air, below-ground temperatures are fairly stable throughout the year, remaining at roughly 50°F. Geothermal heat pumps take advantage of this consistency, exchanging heat with the earth, rather than open air. A geothermal heating and cooling system does not have to heat or cool

air, simply move it from below the ground. This results in massive energy savings, and eliminates the need for fossil fuel.

The library already has a working heating, ventilation, and air conditioning system (HVAC), so the purpose of this project is to incorporate geothermal into the pre-existing system. Nearly 38% of the campus building area already uses geothermal, but the library project is the first time an existing building will be outfitted with geothermal.

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ON SALT BURN

BY TOM CHITWOOD
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PEARL CIPRIANO

PROFILED BY MAHLIA SLAIBY
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SAME-SEX MARRIAGE

BY TOM CHITWOOD
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TIVOLI BAYS

BY CLAIRE KOSKY
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PERLIN & COXSON

BY SEBASTIAN KAPLAN
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BARD'S LOST ELMS

BY SAGE LIOTTA
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The Fight to Save the C-Bus

LUKE REDGATE, JASPER VON STUHNITZ

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really compelling. It was people talking about how they used the bus.”

These students, along with the office of President Botstein, advocated publicly for the steps to remain intact. Additionally, students sent their own letters to officials in the weeks leading up to the town hall. These actions, as well as major contributions from local leaders and store owners, played an instrumental role in compelling local legislators to keep the stops active.

During the Rhinebeck Town Hall meeting on December 14th, Bard students were able to engage in open and cordial discourse with the county about the necessity of preserving the Loop C transit route. As many students use the C bus regularly for health, familial, or professional reasons, severing Loop C would have had immediate and detrimental effects on the Bard community. Had the county’s changes been implemented, students and faculty without personal means of transportation would have been forced to make compromises or expend their own resources as a means of traveling to necessary appointments. Bard student Alexander Demetriades, speaking on behalf of New York State Assembly member

Sarahana Shrestha, called the elimination of Loop C “a matter of life and death.” She emphasized how, “in a car dependent culture like ours, mobility can be a critical challenge for our most vulnerable.” Jamie Blois, representative of the SCALE project, a student-run group which advocates for low-income and first generation Bard students, further illustrated the injustice of the proposal.

Blois explains, “this isn’t just about an inconvenience,” but a “matter of equity, health and wellbeing.” Joyce illuminated how the Loop C “enables many of us to get home during breaks, attend healthcare appointments and access essential services.” The community also addressed flaws in the methodology used to enact the budgetary reforms.

One of the founding justifications for the removal of the stops was a study that recorded only two passengers riding the bus each month. In the meeting, it was noted that the study was conducted during the Covid pandemic, providing a warped view of ridership that the county was using to justify the elimination of both stops.

Bard students, faculty, and citizens of Dutchess County

expressed their gratitude for the presence of public transportation, prompting Dutchess County to not only reinstate Loop C, but to entirely reconfigure the route in order to make it even more accommodating to Bard Students and faculty, as well as residents of Red Hook and Tivoli. Dutchess County’s transportation services are particular to the region in that they do not provide free use like Ulster County, and also run less frequently than most nearby counties.

“We’re starting to think about what it is that rural communities need and what are the county services that are too hard to reach because they’re in Poughkeepsie.”

The positive changes enacted by Dutchess County include a

shortened time between buses, meaning more trips overall, and the consistent routing of buses through campus. Before Winter recess, buses only appeared per specific request. Additionally, the rescheduled trips were arranged to align better with typical Metro North train lines, making longer commutes to-and-from Bard easier than ever before. This is a victory for Bard students who rely on the bus for recreational and accessibility needs during the academic semester. More importantly, this is a victory for residents in the area who rely on the bus year-round.

The community discussion in Rhinebeck exemplifies how an organized open dialogue between Bard students and the local government can facilitate the needs of students and local residents. “We’re actually trying to use it as a model for how we might approach the county to help us get more services,” says Erin Cannan about the collective effort. “We’re starting to think about what it is that rural communities need and what are the county services that are too hard to reach because they’re in Poughkeepsie. We’re trying to figure out what the next step is and where we can generate some coalition-building.”

As people are watching the construction of the wellfield outside the Library and Kline,

Geothermal Drilling

Stevenson Library converts to cleaner energy.

ELEANOR POLAK CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The library’s HVAC system is thirty years old and in need of maintenance, making it a priority for geothermal upgrades.

“Because geothermal is underground and hidden in the mechanical rooms, it is largely invisible,” said Dan Smith. “It wouldn’t surprise me if most folks at Bard are unaware that almost forty buildings on campus use geothermal heating and cooling, or that there are almost five hundred geothermal wells underneath their feet.”

The buildings on campus that already use geothermal heating and cooling include RKC Science Center, the Fisher Center for Performing Arts, Bito Music, Avery-Blum, Robbins Dorm, the Resnick Village, and the Ravine Dorms. Currently, new dormitories are being built on North Campus. A community building and a performing arts lab will be constructed as well, and all of these buildings will use geothermal.

“As people are watching the construction of the wellfield outside the Library and Kline,

I’m sure they are thinking ‘what a muddy mess,’” added Smith. “And that is what I’m thinking too! But the only way to dig in the ground and transform a field into a grid of five hundred foot boreholes is to get muddy. And the rain and ground water doesn’t help. But that’s the nature of the task, and when the work is completed, you probably won’t be able to even tell there’s a geothermal wellfield below.”

Alexa Murphy, the Associate Director for Library Outreach & Public Services at Bard, is looking forward to the changes. “We’re hoping that we will have a more stable heating and cooling system, because it’s a challenge consistently heating and cooling this building,” she said. Aside from anticipated changes in temperature, there should be few visible changes at the library throughout the drilling process. But when the geothermal heating and cooling system is fully installed, the library will run entirely off of fossil fuels. “It will be a good thing for the library and the college, and the planet,” said Murphy.

Displaced Students Voice Housing Concerns

SAGE RUDOLF

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Shortly after Semenova made the post, an anonymous Instagram account reached out to her and offered to help displaced students pay for their housing expenses over break with personal funds. Over twenty students from the cohort messaged the nameless and faceless donor, who paid each \$500 via virtual money transfer platforms. The account has since been deactivated. While some allegedly took undue advantage of the altruism, it ultimately alleviated financial stress for many of the students this winter.

Indeed, Bard stands alone in its commitment to support displaced students. As of 2024, Bard supports more displaced students than any other U.S. college or university. The college’s active response to international crises began in 1930, when it gave refuge to artists and thinkers fleeing Nazi Europe and then again in 1956 after Hungary was invaded by the Soviet Union. In 1991, Bard’s Program in International Education (PIE) was formally established to provide institutional support to students fleeing political turmoil. In 2016, the Sanctuary Fund was created to cover students’ financial and legal needs. The emphasis on aiding refugees can be attributed to Bard’s commitment to active, not just theoretical, participation in human rights.

In 2021, Bard announced that it would help evacuate 100 Afghan refugees and provide them full scholarships following the Taliban resurgence in Afghanistan. The college did so without any structural or legal precedent in place. According to Danielle Riou, Associate Director at the Human Rights Project, the goal was to get the students here safely, and then figure out the rest. As a result, faculty, like Riou and others at the CCE, absorbed the onus of handling the immigration cases of those students who could not afford their own lawyers. While noble in intent, the lack of structure created gaps in oversight for the displaced students and an unsustainable workload for

has spent the last couple of years evacuating people from Afghanistan following the Taliban’s takeover. “I saw that Bard had this pretty tremendous program, just the fact that it exists is tremendous because no other college has this,” she said in an interview.

Since some students at Bard are not formally part of the cohort, but have nonetheless come from destabilized areas of conflict, there are still gaps in who benefits from the Sanctuary Fund. It is not a perfect system yet, but the administration is learning how to better meet the needs of displaced students each semester.

Dumaine Williams, Bard’s Vice President for Student Affairs, said that if students are unable to pay for housing over break, funds to cover their costs is determined on a case by case basis. “We have, for years, figured out ways in which to adjust our costs,” said Williams. “But we’ve generally done a blanket policy equitably across all students and then any exceptions are made on a case-by-case basis through the Student Relief Fund or through a conversation with counseling.” After concerns regarding housing affordability and work accessibility were raised by some displaced students, Williams convened a team to address the issue. According to Williams, they decided

promise, more structure and support for current and future displaced students will be put in place.

In accommodating the growing number of displaced students, Bard has taken the approach of “figuring it out on the fly.” This can understandably feel destabilizing or confusing to students who are already coming from fraught backgrounds. However, Williams’ sentiment of “we will always figure it out” may offer some comfort. Mohamad Eisa, a displaced student in their senior year at Bard, acknowledges that dealing with the administration can feel like an endless uphill battle, but encourages students to make their needs, whether emotional or financial, known so that they can be accommodated. “The Dean might not have that much authority, but they’ll help you navigate the administration and the school. They’ll tell you what they can and cannot do for you,” says Eisa. “You have people who will help you out.”

Whether it be for food, housing, or work, Williams said that “there has never been a student who I have worked with who has said I cannot pay for housing and we’ve left them on the street. We’ll always figure it out.”

Though jobs were made available, students like Semenova and Hosain expressed frustration that their prior job experience, technical skills, and academic interests were not being put to use. It felt like busy-work. Williams attributed this to a lack of lead-time once his office realized the imminent need for more

jobs. He said that the “runway for this was very short,” but that for the summer and future semesters, there will be a more formalized way to plan for jobs and housing during interim periods if students decide to stay on campus.

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question, he explained, are considered worthless. The people, the animals and the land are all lying around when the colonizer arrives. It is easier to walk in, to seize the land and to exploit the people if you do not believe in the humanity of the inhabitants. Therefore, the colonists dismissed the existence of culture and religion in Africa.

To show the lack of humanity represented in Conrad’s natives, Achebe compared them with Caliban from Shakespeare’s The Tempest. Caliban was a typical colonial victim; he did not know his own meaning in the scuffle. But Caliban could speak, and when he spoke it was beautiful poetry.

Conrad’s natives were a waving mass of black limbs and shining white eyes behind bushes on the shore of the Congo, and had no language. They were a bunch of uncouth babble and chanting in the dark. They could not express themselves, and without this feature, their humanity was incomprehensible.

A return of the celebration of African humanity and art occurs through African literature. The voice is there; it had merely been denied expression.

After Achebe’s lecture, the packed auditorium filled out into the night discussing the event passionately. A huge crowd on the steps of Olin had to be navigated through in order to leave the site. The comments ran that Achebe was to be highly respected, but that he was rude to people who asked him questions during the discussion period, both the videotape and in Olin.

Achebe seemed to have a prepared answer for any question that might be thrown his way. After all, he has been answering the same questions about his interpretation of Heart of Darkness since the publication of his famous essay in 1977. No matter what the question, he could fit it into a category of answers which could then be reiterated. There seemed to be a lack of communication during the question and answer period, with a student telling him “That’s not what I asked!” and Achebe responded, “You’re not listening to my point!” When everyone finally understood each other, it seemed Achebe had had one point to make, made it, and just wanted to make sure that we knew it.

“To express pity is not enough,” Achebe responded to the suggestion that Conrad was expressing pity for the natives in his work. They still were not depicted on the same level as the colonizers, which makes the suggestion unlikely. Conrad chose to have two narrators to provide a cordon sanitaire between him and the perspective expressed. Achebe explained that it didn’t even mat-ter if Conrad condemned the white man in the novel as the villain, what mattered is how the white man and the black man are represented.

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Achebe, in response to questions of censorship of Conrad’s Heart of Darkness, replied that censorship is an admission of failure. The book should be taught as an example of how not to treat human beings. The response to the book now after it is taught is an indicator of racism today. How people react to it is a defense of their own actions. It is a challenge to think and act differently.

Tivoli’s Rent Forum

The debate over Tivoli’s tourist-induced short-term rental policy continues.

TESS VON BRACHEL

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Such undertakings, the Tivolians contested, would “decimate” the sense of neighborly comradery that they grew up with. It was particularly the older residents, Tivoli born and raised, that prized the minuteness of single-family homes and abhorred any attempt to expand them. One shouted from the back of the room was a desperate plea, “why would you want Tivoli to be a city?”

With just 1,000 residents, as per a 2020 census report, Broadway is safe from stretching into its bustling Manhattan counterpart anytime soon. Yet the argument looms: how can the historic village accommodate the influx of weekend

vacationers and Bard parents eager for a rural getaway? Tivoli is familiar with housing issues for both long-time residents and students and an Air-BNB may further limit the availability of homes for future residents, especially for renters who, in the crowd, expressed the constraints of living in Tivoli without the economic footing to purchase a home. Stacy Reilly described her experience as an adult searching for affordable, stable living. “[The house] was barely ready, it wasn’t ready. All that ductwork that’s on the table in the backyard was in the living room on the floor. I had to carry that out myself...and prior to that, I was always in a place I could afford by myself.”

Yet the village government is adamant on allowing these short-term rentals to exist within the community. A large portion of the debate circled around nuances in the text, like the maximum number of days per year a homeowner could rent the house, with shouts of everything from 90 to none. Members from the voiced Tivoli Tomorrow voiced concerns about the vague renter guidelines but agreed, alongside a large portion of the crowd, that STRs, ADUs, and Bed and Breakfasts should be included in the local legislation. They believe in the economic value of such rentals, inviting tourists to support local business, and encouraging visitors to purchase properties and contribute

to the community. Despite the heated forum, Griffith, too, was confident about the legislative efforts.

How can the historic village accomodate the influx of weekend vacationers and Bard parents eager for a rural getaway?

“The STR and ADU effort has definitely been as complicated as anything we’ve taken on, but it has to be taken on.” Tivolians did not hesitate to express their opinions, arguing with one another, yet the forum maintained a cordial atmosphere, as they joked to swallow the tension.

The conversation did not avoid issues that surround standard renter needs. Young adults voiced their frustration with rent prices and vacant homes; a general distaste for the slow action of the sleepy village emerged. Griffith managed to console residents, blaming national forces for the effects on local housing markets. But the divide in the resident’s aesthetic ideals were unable to be tamed by the trustees. A

rise in popularity demanded much more from Tivoli than many of the residents were willing to offer. The isolated, untouched serenity had been maintained for over a century. However, the situation demands action—the NY state government is searching for ways to accommodate the influx without building over the grassy plains that define upstate living. The proposal is far from becoming law, with a predicted additional forum slate for sometime in the next six months. Yet with a continuous flow of visitors, students, and families racing towards the sparse few homes, it may be time for Tivoli to pick up the pace.

Red Hook Natural Foods & Market

Hours:
Sun - Fri: 12 - 7*
Sat 10 - 7*

**We're almost always here til 8 or 9pm*

Next to the Bard Shuttle stop. Come say hi!

Illustrated by MIKE QUINN (miquinn.art)

Tivoli Bread and Baking

THURSDAY 7a-noon
FRIDAY 7a-noon
SATURDAY 7a-3p
SUNDAY 7a-3p

A Conversation with Pearl Cipriano

The face behind Bard Athletics.

MAHLIA SLABY

In a small, dimly lit office tucked away in the heart of the university's athletic department, Pearlann "Pearl" Cipriano sat behind a cluttered desk. The air hummed with the constant whir of computers and the occasional cheers echoing from the three monitors towering over her workspace. I settled into the swivel chair across from her and it became evident that her focus was split. Her eyes were constantly darting between me and the sea of sports statistics on her screens, a juggling act between maintaining eye contact and keeping track of the flow of collegiate athletics. This is the nerve center of the Bard's sports information hub, and Cipriano is at the helm. Speaking of her aspirations within Bard's program, she said, "I fell in love with the idea of sports information. I've always liked interacting with student-athletes and hearing about their experience. As a student-athlete myself, the tennis team was never highlighted and overlooked. So with Bard's program, I want to make sure there is quality within student-athletes, make sure student-athletes are proud of their career and have something to look back on."

A native of Taunton, England, Cipriano holds three undergraduate degrees from Emmanuel University and earned her master's in Strategic Communication from Shippensburg in 2023. A former student-athlete at Emmanuel University, Cipriano's versatility shone through her work as a sports information student assistant. From managing game day operations to handling live video streaming and photography, she played a crucial role in hosting thirty-five sports events in a single semester.

Pearl Cipriano seeks to make an impact in the world of college sports communications and chose

to start at Bard. Pearl has one clear plan in mind: bringing visibility to the students involved in athletics. She told the Observer, "My plan is to increase social media presence, get sponsors for the athletic department, and make sure student-athletes want to come to Bard. Sharing the different stories of the student-athletes, whether it's through writing or video, is also something that I plan to do."

When discussing her prioritization of student-athletes, Pearl emphasizes inclusion and visibility. She stated, "One of the biggest roles is making sure there's more visibility of the student-athletes. I think at Bard especially we've lacked social media presence. I wanted to add more pictures and images of the student-athletes and wanted each athlete to have more visibility and video presence." Speaking about her plan to emphasize inclusion, she said, "I also stress educating student-athletes on diversity, equity, and inclusion. We've shown the importance of D.E.I through interviews and awareness regarding Hispanic Heritage Month, Native American Heritage Month, Transgender Awareness Week, and now the upcoming Black History Month. I want to celebrate the different cultures Bard has. While my role is technically only to stat and recap games, there are other pieces I emphasize."

Assistant Sports Information Director, Armando Dunn, acted as interim Sports Information Director last year. Acknowledging the difference between this year's and last year's organization, he stated, "If you were to go back and look at our past activity on social media and compare it to now, the visibility and just how student-athletes feel about the media throughout our pages is much better with a higher satisfactory rate." Pearl has moved the focus. Spotlights and recognitions on the athletics website and

social media have made student-athletes feel more central to the program than in past years. Sophomore Carina Cooke, vice president of the Student-Athlete Advisory Committee (SAAC), told the Observer, "Having Pearl has been a game changer this year. People ask what's the point of having a presence online and underplay the importance of social media, but it's more than just putting ourselves out there. We are showing what we are and what we stand for to the greater community and without Pearl, I don't think it would be possible." Constantly working closely with Pearl, Dunn has grown to recognize her passion for the student-athletes. He said, "To see her work ethic, to see her drive, and to see how much she just cares about the people around her is huge. We always tell her to take a break a little bit, she doesn't because she really cares about the students and it doesn't really matter about the sports because she cares more about the people." Pearl loves to see her players walk off smiling. Her goal is to capture their pride.

Given Bard's high percentage of art, photography, and other multi-media students, Cipriano believes it would be effective and fair to utilize their talents. She stated, "We have many creative students here at Bard, and having a student staff generates motivation and highlights their creative abilities." First-year photographer Jalen Smiley commented, "I told her my aspirations and visions for the athletics department and she trusted me and gave me an opportunity my first week on campus as a first year. Her contributions to media for Bard's department have enhanced the program and brought a new attitude to the environment." Carina Cooke spoke about the bridge between athletics and the greater Bard community. As an athlete on the women's soccer team herself, she stated, "Athletics doesn't have the best relationship with some of the Bard community.

It feels separate instead of integrated into the culture at Bard and so Pearl is aiming to change that. Every year SAAC tries to eliminate this separation and I think Pearl has taken huge steps in that direction." Looking at it from a professional perspective, the hiring of students have also helped the smooth operation headed by Cipriano. Armando Dunn told the Observer, "Now that we have more students involved working, we are able to get more photos, video, and do more wacky stuff. We're doing more organizing, and the credit goes to her for doing this and keeping everyone

busy. The students who have been working with her have gotten a lot of great experience and I mean, man, I wish Pearl was here when I was a student so that I would've gotten that experience. Who knows if it changes the trajectory of somebody else's life."

On February 9th, 380 spectators crowded the stands of Stevenson Athletic Center to watch the Bard Men's Basketball team compete for a spot in the Liberty League playoffs for the second time in program history. An entertaining halftime show, performed by Afro-

Pulse, stirred excitement in the audience. Pearl watched on from the score table, smiling at the atmosphere of excitement. It was now time for the free-throw contest. She grabbed the mic, calling for contestants to participate. Hollers and loud steps soon followed as a wide range of students, family, and faculty made their way from the bleachers to the court. Pearl laughed admiringly at the sight, the blend of people, perhaps realizing this was a step towards a coherent community of Bard, one that was missing before.



Pearlann Cipriano on the Lorenzo Ferrari Field by Mica Rajakumar

Supreme Court Explainer

On Same-Sex Marriage

TOM CHITWOOD

On June 26, 2015, the Supreme Court made a ruling in the case *Obergefell v. Hodges* that made same-sex marriage legal nationwide. Now, as the court has shifted to a radically right-wing institution, questions over the future of same-sex marriage are once again at the forefront of national attention. Following the reversal of *Roe v. Wade* (the 1973 case that legalized abortion) in the summer of 2022, it seems all but certain that the court has set its sights on overturning *Obergefell*.

Of course, the court has all the reason in the world not to overturn *Obergefell*. Public support for same-sex marriage is at an all-time high, with around 70% of Americans supporting it, and even a majority of Republicans (around 55%) in favor. The Democrats' success in the 2022 midterms has been largely attributed to their commitment to abortion rights. A decision against same-sex marriage would likely have a similar effect. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court is embroiled in ethics scandals. Multiple justices are accused of accepting favors from people who have subsequently had cases before the court. One such justice, key conservative Clarence Thomas, suggested that the court ought to review and overturn every case rooted in the constitutional right to privacy. This includes cases that secured the right to contraceptives (1965), interracial marriage (1971), sexual liberty (2003), and same-sex marriage (2015). Despite the ethics scandals and public backlash, the court shows no signs of slowing

down. In 2023, the court banned affirmative action, ruled in favor of a website designer who wanted to refuse service to same-sex couples, and vetoed Biden's student loan forgiveness plan.

If a case about same-sex marriage does land before the court, there appears to be little hope for its supporters. Of the nine members of the court, three are liberals and six are conservatives. Getting a majority, therefore, would require swaying two members of the court's conservative bloc. This would likely come down to the Chief Justice, John Roberts, who is the least right-wing of the conservatives on the court. He was the only court conservative who didn't vote to overturn *Roe v. Wade*, and may wish to avoid tarnishing the court's image any further.

Even then, protecting same-sex marriage would require another conservative justice to flip, the most likely candidate being Brett Kavanaugh. In contrast to Thomas's view, Kavanaugh wrote a concurring opinion that said of

Obergefell: "Overruling *Roe* does not mean the overruling of these precedents, and does not threaten or cast doubts on these precedents." Without making any promises, this is the closest he can get to saying he will not go after same-sex marriage. It could indicate that he legitimately believes in upholding same-sex marriage, but it would be unwise to invest in such an assumption. During their separate confirmation hearings before the Senate, most of the justices who overturned *Roe* said, or strongly implied, that they would respect that precedent.

Of course, before the Supreme Court gets its say, a case has to come before the court. This case would most likely follow a similar path to the court as the case that overturned *Roe*, *Dobbs v. Jackson Women's Health Organization*. *Dobbs* began when Missouri passed a law that banned abortion after 15 weeks of pregnancy. The law was designed to be challenged in court, with conservative lawmakers hoping that its arrival at the Supreme Court

would overturn *Roe*. This is exactly what happened. Already, many conservative states are placing increasingly strict barriers around same-sex marriage. Virginia recently voted to keep the same-sex marriage ban in its constitution, although it cannot be enforced unless *Obergefell* is overturned, and Iowa Republicans attempted to add a same-sex marriage ban to their constitution. Once laws like these get passed, they will be challenged in federal court and almost certainly rendered unenforceable. The process then involves appealing to the Federal Appeals Court and then the Supreme Court, which will take on the case if four of the nine justices agree to do this; it's only a question of how long it will take. For abortion, the answer was four years, when the Missouri law was passed in 2018 and the court ruling in 2022. If same-sex marriage operates on a similar timeline, we would have until 2028, at the earliest, to do something about its reversal.

If *Obergefell* is overturned, the legal status of same-sex marriage will once again be in the control of the state governments. There are only fifteen states where same-sex marriage would remain legal under state law. Democrat-led states are making efforts to legalize same-sex marriage in preparation for a court decision. Nevada removed its same-sex marriage ban from its constitution in 2020, and California will be holding a ballot measure in 2024 to do the same. In 2022, Congress passed the Respect for Marriage Act, a landmark piece of legislation that forces states to recognize same-sex marriages that were performed elsewhere. It stops short of actually forcing states to perform same-sex marriages.

Here in New York, same-sex marriage is likely to remain safe. However, the efforts of Republican lawmakers to ban same-sex marriage is accompanied by a slew of other laws and campaigns targeting the rights of LGBTQ+ people nationwide. Regardless of the status in

New York, Bard's population includes students from every state and each state brings its own fight. Encourage state and federal law makers to pass laws that keep same-sex marriage legal even if *Obergefell* is overturned. Congress had fifty years to legalize abortion before *Roe* was overturned and failed to do so. Tell lawmakers that forces states to recognize same-sex marriages that were performed elsewhere. It stops short of actually forcing states to perform same-sex marriages.

Regardless of the status in

Inside the Hessel Museum

Photos by Carol Samuel



Tony Cokes

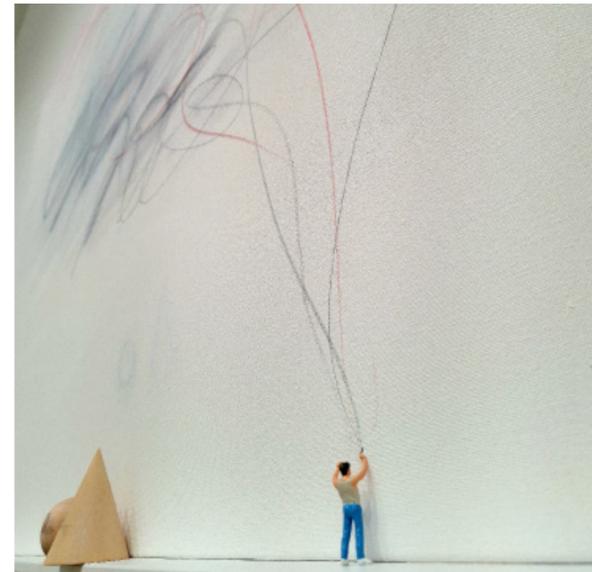
Two Works

TESS VON BRACHEL

Nestled in an entrance room of the CCS Hessel Museum of Art, Tony Cokes's three-piece exhibit expands the limitations of gallery walls and immerses audiences through an entrancing sensorial experience. Tony Cokes: Two Works and an Archive combines the artistic prominence of Cokes alongside curator John Hanhardt. The show provides a glimpse into the extensive and endlessly brilliant career of an artist whose attention to aural and visual details has expanded three decades.

Upon entrance, viewers are confronted with a large projection of a green

animation, dynamic yet undistracting behind excerpts of his essay. Accompanying the screen are recordings of Aretha Franklin, whose voice, singing from two speakers, echoes throughout the room. The Queen is Dead... Fragment One is one of his latest works, created in 2019, and describes the monumentality of Franklin's performances alongside the Civil Rights Movement. The subject furthers his famous motif, utilizing various techniques to translate the potency of the work by Black Americans in the second half of the 20th century. On the topic of Franklin, his essay provides a personal homage to the artist, contextualizing the potency of her work. "She was an activist who strained to



and an Archive

keep a movement going, even after King's assassination." The presentation runs for over fifteen minutes, but among the beauty of Franklin's voice and tribute, it feels as though no time has passed.

Yet, Cokes reminds us that this presentation style is nothing new. A box television set sticks out of the right wall, as if reaching out from the past. *Black Celebration* (A Rebellion Against Commodity) was created in 1988 and loops footage of Black communities during the 1960s uprisings of Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles, Newark and Watts. The fuzzy screen and array of 80s pop music are timeless artifacts, displaying his message as perfectly as

it had in the past. Cokes' piece examines the negative stereotypes associated with Black communities as enhanced by the television, a catalyst for generalizations and misinformation. He elaborates, as seen on the wall text: "The intent of the piece is to introduce a reading that will contradict received ideas which characterize these riots as criminal or irrational." It stands as a fantastic presentation method—once viewers wear the provided headphones they are immersed into Cokes' world, his perspective, which has retained such moving analytical expertise as it did thirty years prior.

The two moving images



Tivoli Bays

The World Behind Bard

CLAIRE KOSKY

In 2022, during the spring semester of his freshman year, biology major Will Mennerick pulled on a pair of waders and set out on a daring mission to circumnavigate the entirety of Cruger Island. It was early May, the season when migration patterns bring new birds to Tivoli Bays. As Will walked down Cruger Road, a wide gravel path labeled number twelve on the accompanying map, he listened for rustling branches and bird calls. He craned his neck, scanning the sparse foliage. Will remembered the beginning of his day's journey: "The winter is slow birthing, but the forest is very open, and you get an appreciation of the space. As the leaves come in and migration starts to happen, you kind of gradually see the road become more lush. More life enters."

Tivoli Bays is a swath of protected land that borders the Hudson River and extends along the edges of Bard's campus. It features a variety of habitats, including marshland, forest, river, and open-water. This diversity of ecosystems provides the perfect sanctuary for many bird species, and an easy opportunity for students to escape the monotony of central campus. Susan Rogers, a Bard Writer in Residence and expert enthusiast of Tivoli Bays said that "One of Bard's greatest assets is the natural world here, not enough students take advantage of it. The Tivoli Bay area in this region has the greatest bird diversity of pretty much anywhere around here. You can't beat it for habitat, and it's right there." A vast network of walking trails connects the Bay's ecosystems, traversing 2,468 acres of land and stretching almost fifteen miles.

Seeking to connect students with the Bay's wonders, Susan taught a course entitled, Reading and Writing On Birds. Will enrolled during his Spring Semester of 2022, and once a week the class went on birding adventures down the Bay's trails. He recalled, "Susan has a special appreciation for the Bays that I haven't seen with anyone else. Especially Cruger Island Road. I'd walked down the road, but I'd never paid attention the way I did with her." That spring semester deepened his appreciation for birds and the Bays, and inspired his solo expedition onto Cruger Island. "That particular day, I went out by myself and saw at least forty species on the road alone. I had to keep going onto the island", said Will.

At the end of Cruger Road, gravel turns into marshland. At low tide, the marsh water recedes and reveals a causeway leading onto Cruger Island. Will uses an app called "Tides Near Me" to track tide patterns and plan when to visit the island. On the Tivoli Bays map, this causeway lies on the green line labeled "Cruger Road", just after it meets the blue line which marks "North and South Bay Trail". The causeway is slick, but it grants access to the peaceful majesty of land surrounded by the Bay. That day, Will ventured onto the muddy path, making his way toward an Osprey nest he had sighted during a previous week's escapade with Susan. About a hundred feet off Cruger Island, the large nest still rested in a tangle atop a buoy on the river.

One sighting led to another, and after Will passed the buoy he began to follow the call of a Great Crested Flycatcher. He said, "With birding in the springtime there's this wonderful feeling that many of the birds you're seeing are just passing through, so any sighting is a right place, right time, type of deal." When he arrived on the rocky beach of Cruger Island's Southern end, Will spotted a mysterious bird swimming towards a stretch of land situated across from him.

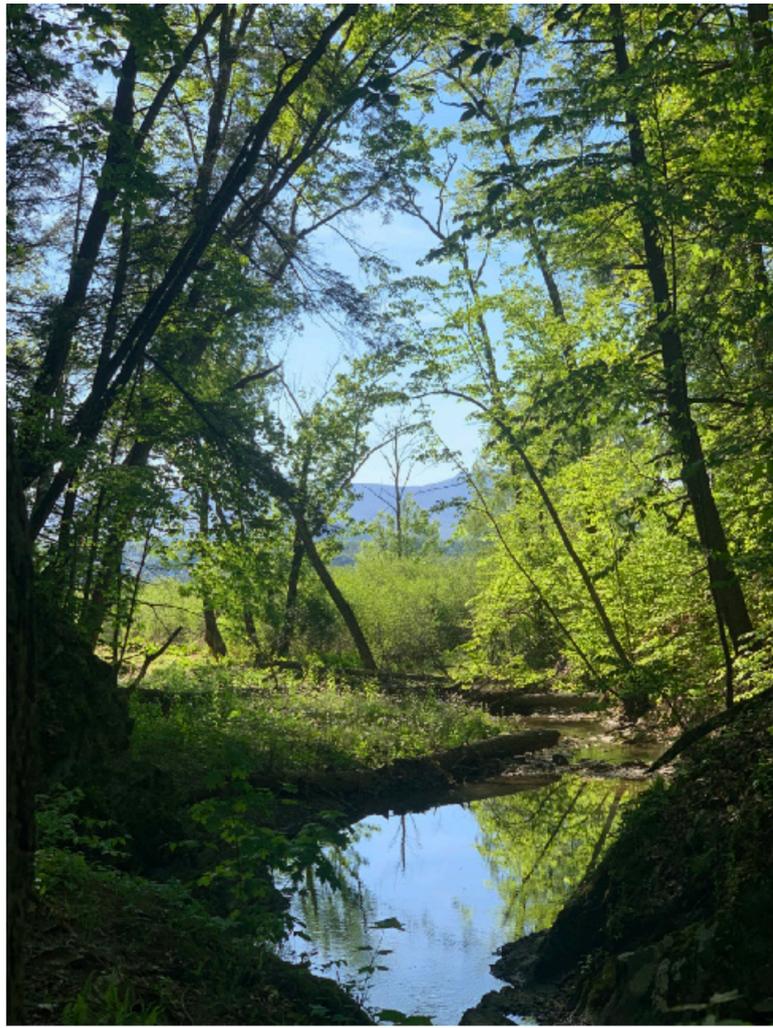
He tore after it, scrambling closer to the mud flats. Will realized he'd found a Hooded Merganser, a crested duck species characterized by the white stripes that run down its back. This sighting brought him enticingly close to a train track alongside the Hudson—on the map, it is labeled "CSX Transportation." If he could traverse the swamp land lying before him, he could use the track's rock foundation to walk back to the Cruger Causeway.

"With birding in the springtime, there's this wonderful feeling that many of the birds you're seeing are just passing through..."

"Birding gets you out of the house in May, but also gives you a wicked confirmation bias when you have knuckleheaded plans," Will confessed. A flock of Warbling Vireos flew over Will's head, racing towards the train tracks. Their pale-gray bodies cut through the sky, careening out of sight. Will's gaze tracked their silhouettes into the distance. Seeing their flight as a sign to continue forwards, he took a step into the mud. "I saw where I had to go and thought that I could make it because the water didn't look too deep. I had my waders; I thought that I was made of steel. Then I took one step into the mud and it was about two feet deep," he said.

Knee-deep in marsh mud, Will considered turning back. He recalled, "the thing that kept me going was I kept seeing birds in front of me. I would go to check out one bird, and then another one would show up and I just kept going further and further." Captivated by the evasive movements of beautiful species, Will yanked his legs out of the mud and then buried them again, slogging toward the tracks. After emerging from a particularly dense mass of marsh reeds, Will stumbled upon a frightening scene.

Across from Will, who stood submerged in two feet of dense mud, a giant white goose flapped its wings and started honking. "It was standing



with its nest on a mud flat maybe fifty feet away from me. Then it started waddling towards me. It has webbed feet so it was moving a whole lot faster than I could, and then it jumped in the water and started swimming all close to me and honking." The mother goose was defending her nest out of worry, unaware that the strange human looming above her posed no threat. Faced with her wrath, Will realized he had the choice to proceed with his "knuckleheaded plan", or to give up, and take the long way home. He said, "I just swallowed my losses and went all the way back."

Will continues to explore the Tivoli Bays area, even during the bitter months of winter. He recently accompanied junior photography major, Forest Simons, on an expedition to find the largest Alternate-Tooth Dogwood tree in the state of New York. "My friend in the horticulture department told us to walk off of Cruger

Road and walk south after a junction until we see a few large black locust trees. We weren't really sure what to expect, and we realized we didn't entirely know what we were looking for, but our field guides told us that the Dogwood wouldn't be especially big, so we knew it would take a bit of hunting," said Forest. Braving patches of prickles and tangled vines, Forest and Will explored the depths of the Tivoli Bay woods. "Eventually we found the champion. It wasn't very large compared to the neighboring Locusts and Oaks, but it felt great to have found what we set out for," Forest said.

As Spring approaches once again, Susan Rogers recommends a walk through Tivoli Bays on her favorite trail. "I do Cruger Island Road and then I follow the trails up, where I stop at the most beautiful view of the Bays that there is. I get to look over the

"Birding gets you out of the house in May, but also gives you a wicked confirmation bias when you have knuckle-headed plans."

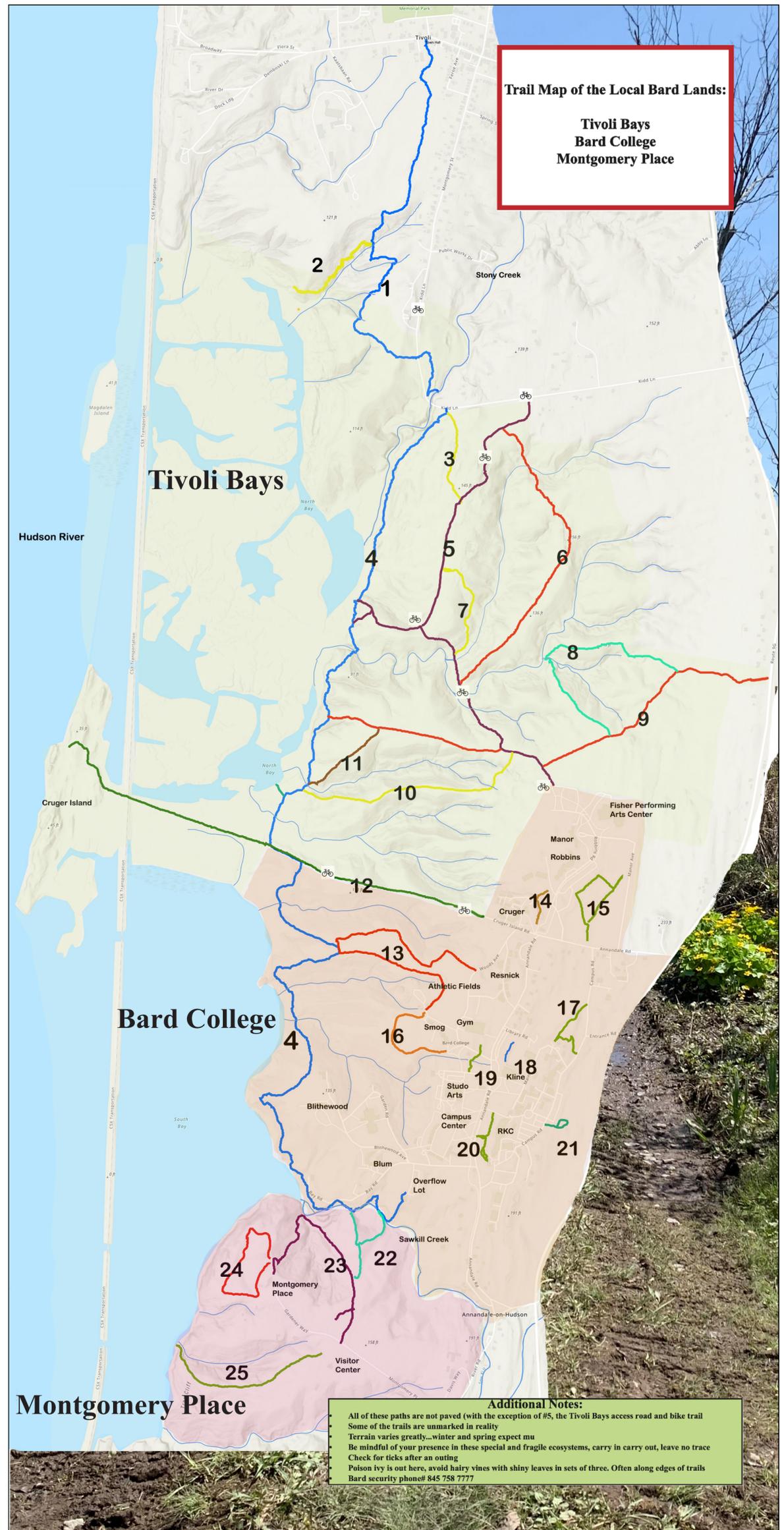
north Bays, then I come back through the fields and end by Manor. So I have fields, woods, and I'm looking over the Bay. There's everything available. It's maybe two miles but it's a beautiful loop. There's nothing better than a loop." The loop she described

is easily accessible: it begins next to Cruger Dormitory, labeled "Cruger Island Road" on the map. Before entering the Bays towards Cruger Island, she turns right and takes "North and South Bay Trail" until she reaches a small gravel parking lot. There, she walks inland onto the "Tivoli Bays Access Road". This paved trail leads through the woods, passes bubbling streams, and crosses open fields before ending behind Manor.

Starting on March 11th, Susan will lead bird walks on this loop every Monday morning at 7am. She welcomes everyone to join her, and said, "You can see cool stuff whenever you go out, as long as you have your eyes open. Right now is a great time of year to start paying attention, when the trees are thin enough to see things". Extraordinary adventures await in the wilds of Tivoli Bays. Lucky for us, it's Bard's backyard.

Tivoli Bays Trails:	Distance (Miles):	Guidance:
1. Tivoli Trail	1.2	Start behind Tivoli Village Hall and continue to Kidd Lane. Meadow, forest, mud
2. North Bay Overlook Trail	.3	Continues along eastern uphill to a wood overlook over the north Tivoli Bay
3. Historic Roadhead Trail	.25	Stony trail with ruins from the Manor summer camp
4. North and South Bay Trail	3.1	From north to south, this trail runs along the waters of the north and south Tivoli bays. Forested
5. Tivoli Bays Access Road	1.5	Nicely paved bike path, linking Bard Campus to Kidd Lane in Tivoli
6. Tivoli Meadow Trail	.8	Moves through forest and meadows
7. Barn Trail	.3	
8. Stream Loop	.6	Hilly and forested, crosses many joining streams
9. Overlook Trail	.9	Starts on route 90, moves through forests, part of the bike path, and meadows reaching an overlook
10. Hogsback Trail	.6	Behind Manor, the trail steeply descends through forest to the north bay
11. Connector Trail	.2	
12. Cruger Island Road	1.2	Only possible at low tide! Down the hill behind Cruger dorms, the trail goes north and across the bay in half Very muddy.
Bard College Campus Trails		
13. Solar Field	1.0	Open field walk starting behind Smog and the recycling center n by the solar array.
14. Cruger-Robbins Connector	.1	Clear between the trees between the Cruger and Robbins dorms
15. Robbins Meadow Trail	.4	Meandering pathways in the meadow adjacent to the parking area
16. Woods Trail	.3	Loops through the woods adjacent to the baseball field towards Smog
17. Bard Cemetery	.2	Pathways through the gravestones
18. Kline Trail	.1	Forested trail sandwiched between the Kline field and parking lot
19. Studio Art-Stevenson Gym Trail	.2	Forest cut through along a stream
20. RKC Trail	.2	Pathway through the center of the forest between Annandale road and the RKC building
21. Constructed Wetland Trail	.1	Built for cleaning storm water runoff by allowing down water and allowing plant absorption
Montgomery Place Campus Trails		
22. Sawkill Waterfall Trail	.3	Extends off of the Saw Kill Trail and overlooks the waterfall and rapids
23. Sawkill Trail	.6	Off of the lawn, the trail moves through forest before emerging again in the meadows in front of the estate
24. Montgomery Meadow Trail	.5	Meandering pathway in the meadows in front of the estate
25. South Woods Trail	.4	Old growth forest via

Photo and map by Will Santora



Trail Map of the Local Bard Lands:
Tivoli Bays
Bard College
Montgomery Place

Additional Notes:
All of these paths are not paved (with the exception of #5, the Tivoli Bays access road and bike trail)
Some of the trails are unmarked in reality
Terrain varies greatly...winter and spring expect mu
Be mindful of your presence in these special and fragile ecosystems, carry in carry out, leave no trace
Check for ticks after an outing
Poison ivy is out here, avoid hairy vines with shiny leaves in sets of three. Often along edges of trails
Bard security phone# 845 758 7777

Bard's Lost Elms

Along the road from Bard Chapel to Stone Row

SAGE LIOTTA

Every day, dozens of students take the road from the Bard Chapel to Stone Row, running to class, walking to meals, and wearily heading back to dorms after a long day. As they venture, few notice the slabs of stone that occasionally line the road; fewer stop and examine the stones; almost none ask why they are there. These are relics of the Bard “elm walk” taken by a tree blight in 1954.

Most of the stones lining the walkway are engraved with a year, representing the graduating class who gave the tree. There are a total of fourteen stone markers currently lining the road. The class years represented range from 1875 to 1931. In its prime, the “elm walk” served an important function. Every year at Commencement, the graduating seniors would

form a procession outside the Bard Chapel and walk up to Stone Row, taking them right under the elms. An article from the 1880s, pulled from the St. Stevens Miscellanies, articulates the procession:

“By twelve o'clock the invited guests arrived, both from above and below, and the procession started from the college in reverse order. A more picturesque effect of the kind we have never seen, than that line of girls and maidens, in scarlet cardinals, followed by the students in square caps and academic gowns, and these in turn by the clergy in surplice and stole, moving in winding line through the open woods, between the college and the church, the chequered sunlight and forest-shadows giving fresh effects at every step, and the many-tinted hues of the foliage around adding to the richness and brilliant harmony of the whole.”

One can imagine a feeling of honor and admiration given to the trees, as if the tree represented the people who constituted the college's legacy.

One can consider the symbolic power the trees had over the procession. Trees have long been associated with memory, and these trees, given by fellow graduates in years past, held a piece of the college's history. One can imagine a feeling of honor

and admiration given to the trees, as if the tree represented the people who constituted the college's legacy. The last class to give a tree was in 1931. The exact reason for this is unknown, but regardless, the trees remained, a fixated reminder of Bard's history and traditions to endure for centuries—or, at least, that was the intention.

When Bark Beetles carrying an ascomycete fungi (better known as Dutch Elm disease) arrived in the Northeastern United States in the 1930s, the Bard elms didn't stand a chance. By the early 50s, the trees were infested and dying rapidly; they did not survive the turn of the decade. A 1954 article titled “Here and There,” in the Bard newspaper *Communitas* gives some insight to the tree's deterioration:

“For some years the elms

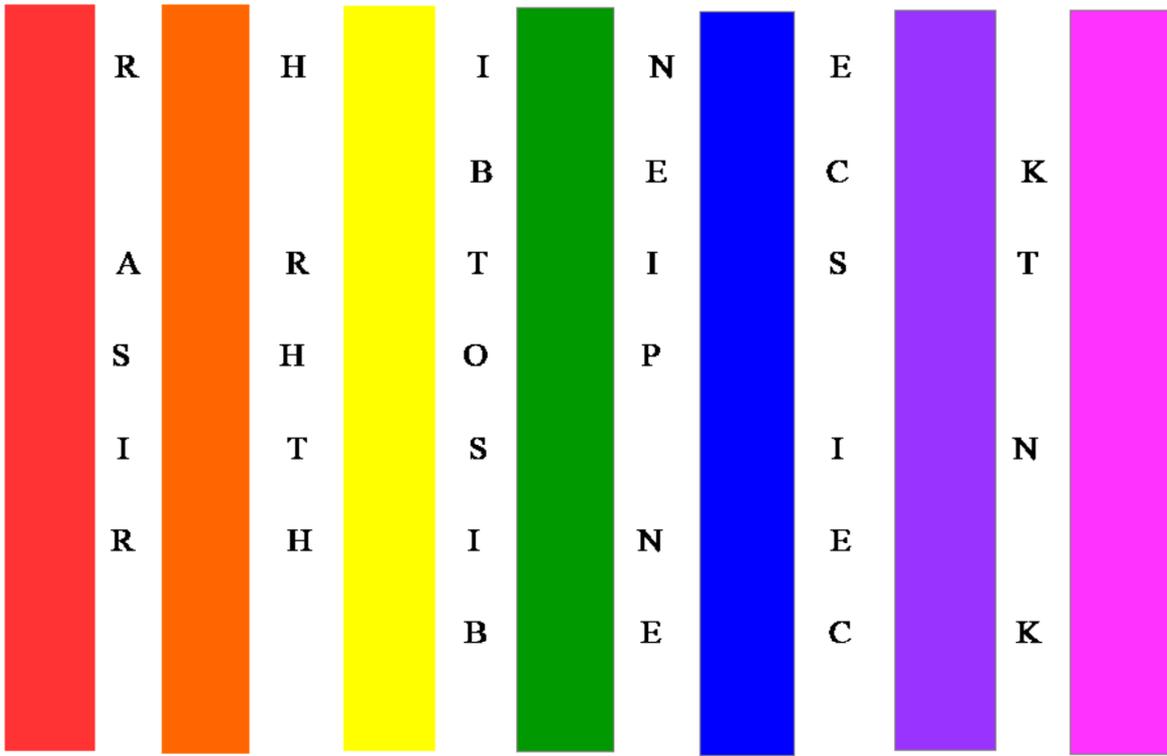
bordering the main driveway and on the front campus have been infested by the Dutch elm disease. B&G has made every effort to keep the blight under control but finally six of the trees succumbed this winter. They were felled and destroyed, including the elms planted by the classes of 1884 and 1886. Despite B&G's efforts, all of the trees were soon lost.”

In just a few short years, decades of tree growth and a college tradition that lasted more than seventy years were reduced to a memory.

Today, no American Elms line the road from the Bard Chapel to Stone Row. All that remains are the stones who, like empty pedestals, wait solemnly for their artifacts to return. Gone are there shade-bringing canopies and towering trunks, but there is a greater loss—and a greater lesson. As tree

epidemics sweep across the nation and the world, we lose more than just gentle giants—we lose traditions, memories, places, and meaning. How might Bard be different today with those trees still standing proud? Would more students think twice about who walked that road before them? Would we hear that connection to our predecessors in the creaking of the limbs and the shaking of the leaves?

Maybe not. In fact, we will probably continue to run to class, walk to meals, and head wearily back to our dorms without giving the trees a second thought. But there is always that one person who would stop, listen, and learn. That one person who might notice the roots running all the way to 1875, and wonder who the student was who planted the tree. But alas, all we have left are stones, and a shadow of what was.



Perlin and Coxson

SEBASTIAN KAPLAN

“Every person uses the word storyteller. I was just at Sundance and the preview before every movie is just the word story or storytelling 500 times. Like Rob Redford is like Storytelling, then someone else is like, I'm a storyteller. Why? I'm not a storyteller, never have been, never will be! I'm constantly being pressured to tell stories.” Laura Coxson, freelance movie producer and Bard alum, told me over the phone.

I met Laura by coincidence while working in the kitchen at a yoga and writing retreat in Italy. I noticed she spent days on a couch, hunched over a laptop, looking through digitized footage shot by her mentor, Albert Maysles. After a few odd jobs after graduation, she found work with Albert Maysles. She was revisiting old footage: ranging from Truman Capote to Marlon Brando, to Big and Little Edie, the subjects of their 1975 film *Grey Gardens*. After Maysles she did a stint at Janus films, and has worked in documentary-making ever since. Facing the inevitable start-of-semester je ne sais quoi, I decided to call Laura up to ask about the trials she had hinted at facing while a student at Bard.

Laura Coxson, Bard class of 2000, was at Costco when I called. Her husband Jake Perlin, Bard class of 1998, is a film-worker too. He founded The Film Desk in 2008, a company which re-publishes out of print film criticism and journalism, as well as collects and distributes 35mm prints of classic films. He was the first artistic director and programmer at Metrograph—the now chic Manhattanite, white-tiled movie theater—before making a personal mission out of distributing films that are becoming rarer and rarer for young people to see on the big screen. Recently awarded Chevalier des Ordre

des Arts et des Lettres by the French Government, at Bard Jake was rejected by the film program at moderation.

Laura, a recent member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, also never moderated while at Bard. One professor on her board called Laura's moderation paper “sentimental dribble,” after being sent into the hall for the professors to decide her moderation status, she overheard one professor whisper to the other: “‘Laura really should not moderate.’” When she entered the office she tried to adjust a vase near the window, in an effort to impress the teachers with conscientiousness, but she knocked it to the floor. But now, Laura recalls the experience of not moderating as a blessing at a small school like Bard.

“...it's essential not to be embarrassed, you don't need to pretend to know. There's always more to know, and... trust your gut!”

“Its really good to fuck up! It liberated me from stress. I started dating a guy who also didn't moderate, it was a relief!” She later went on to produced Albert Maysles' last film. Laura describes her work now as a compilation of things she loved in college “reading, making footnotes, calling people.” For example she took joy in listening to George Plimpton's taped conversations with one of America's most talked about writer-turned-socialite-turned-dysfunctional, Truman

Capote, for the film *The Capote Tapes* which debuted in 2019.

Though doing a balancing act as a producer in New York City now when she was at Bard, Laura had a fulfilling, but oddball relationship with academic work. She never moderated, and it was only through the help of “guardian angel” Literature professor, Elizabeth Frank, that Laura pulled together a senior project on Lewis Carroll. Laura's approach to classes was to get “exposure, exposure, exposure.” She explored in the frenetic style of a '90s indie-polymath placed at Bard. She took courses on the anthropology of sex and gender, sculpture, print-making, and the Brontë Sisters. Even now, she years for the time when three hours a week devoted to the Brontë sisters was business as usual.

The summer before coming to Bard, Laura read George Plimpton's reportorial biography of Warhol superstar, Edie Sedgwick. The book, which is full of eccentric personalities, drugs, and attempts at film and book projects, explained something of the East Coast to her at that time, she said. She loved it. Finding herself in upstate New York, surrounded by eclectic Manhattanites with roundabout connections to characters like Edie Sedgwick, Bard became life-as-education—she saw the literature that compelled her cropping up and intermingling with the people she was around.

When asked about how she kept her curiosity intact after leaving Bard and making her debut into freelance producing, she said, “it's essential to not be embarrassed, you don't need to pretend to know. There's always more to know, and—! trust your gut.”

From Lincoln Center to

Locarno, to Brooklyn and back around, Jake also reckons with a kind of academic dismissal from Bard. “My graduation was by the skin on my teeth.” His film moderation board wouldn't let him pass, and he wound up as an American Studies major with a desire to try his hand at film-making. Of course, like anyone learning to balance a both intensely private and generously open appreciation for film and literature, he persisted with his devout interest. Jake, pulled in different directions by teachers and mentors (he could see how friends could become both), speaks warmly of the 16mm film projections students would set up in the Old Gym, or how his professor, diary-filmmaker and writer, Adolfo Mekas, would host a 6pm to 6am screening of the nine hour Japanese film, *The Human Condition* on 16mm annually. These sorts of student and faculty projects were less requirements than they were spectacles, which gave Jake a technical sense of the complex role film played in the lives of friends and mentors. “Bard at least showed me that there was A world you could be a part of.” He took the inspiration and ran.

He was shown the old as the new, and the modern as on par with the classic by professors Peggy Ahwesh and Hudson Valley filmmaker Peter Hutton, who screened films by eccentric cine-fils turned former UC Berkeley professor and current turned reclusive montagist, Craig Baldwin.

Though not a tip-top boxed-in academic, Jake Perlin cared. His literature teachers saw it. Peter Hutton saw it, though he chastised him as a senior. “Hutton said, you need to be here, I know you're not working because you're not here at midnight.” After that impromptu advising meeting, Jake Perlin says it became

something of a little pleasure to leave Avery at dawn, and drive into Tivoli to rest after a long night's work.

The hours of 6pm to 6am became ritualized with cinema in a way that Jake Perlin took far beyond Annandale-on-Hudson and into places such as Light Industry, Lincoln Center, and BAMcinémathèque.

An intense ponderer, but direct conversationalist, Jake told me, “If I hadn't been at Bard I wouldn't have met people like Ed [Halter, Critic in Residence at Bard and founder of Light Industry]. Life would have been worse. We spent last Sunday looking at [film] prints all afternoon.”

Finished with Bard and working at a bookstore in Manhattan, Jake saw other graduates “quickly start working for star artists of the day or magazines. I couldn't help but feel that personally things were slow.” However, he tells me after a sigh, “I had no master plan. Books and movies, those were the things I wanted to be around. I just wanted to be around certain things. I wanted to watch movies, read books. I didn't yet see a career.”

The Coxson-Perlin experience at Bard wasn't in any way linear. They struggled against the odd boundaries of professionals over-focused on work ethic. Professors interested in capability over curiosity took them to task. But their shaky exits from Bard shaped the work they cared about. In other words, an escape from Annandale-on-Hudson allowed Jake and Laura to figure out exactly what they would do as real people, no longer seeking validation of the most confusing kind: the kind doled out by the teachers you see every week in class.

“There weren't many people who did four years without hiccups, changes of plans,

small failures.” Jake Perlin and Laura Coxson give hope to us anxious Bardiens, those with or without constantly changing plans, to try and stop worrying so much about planning a future because it's essential to get invested in the now work of being curious young people. When Jake Perlin and Laura Coxson were out of school they never thought that working in production, archiving, or film programming held any promise as a career, or could support a family (two things they now do). They went to Bard, and even 23-odd years later, still don't feel as though they've recovered, though at the time they let Bard require some special energy from them. Their experience doesn't have a straightforward plot, but then again, life doesn't.

Laura, has a wide-palette reader and frank speaker, recommends Christine Vachon's book *Shooting to Kill* to Bardiens in their 20s. It's an autobiography by Christine Vachon, the producer for such thoughtful filmmakers as Todd Solondz' and a stream of films by Bard Alum Todd Haynes.

Jake Perlin recommends Bard students hook up more 16mm projectors, and try to find a way to see Fassbenders *Beware of the Holy Whore*, (1971) a film about the making of film. He also told me that former Cahiers Du Cinema editor Serge Daney wrote extensively about tennis.

The Curse

A Not-So-Funhouse Mirror

JASPER VON STUJNITZ

The first episode of *The Curse*, Nathan Fielder and Benny Safdie's 2023 TV-satire, leaves the viewer utterly perplexed. Over the course of its ten episodes, the show cascades from a cryptic novelty into perhaps one of the oddest and most compelling television series ever put to screen. Genius at the best of times and frustrating at the worst, *The Curse* is—in spite of all its issues—a sincere, present, and deeply courageous TV show.

A newlywed couple, Whitney and Asher Seagal (Emma Stone and Nathan Fielder), are filming a TV show called *Filanthropy* which showcases their efforts to bring eco-conscious mirror houses to the marginalized community of Espaniola, New Mexico. Falling in line with the true impact of her efforts, the environment of Espaniola is reflected in her houses as warped, distorted facsimile of how it really

appears, much as the efforts of gentrifiers and colonizers render communities devoid of their former vigor and identity. Whitney and Asher's presence in Espaniola is punctuated by sociopathic and unpredictable producer Dougie (Benny Safdie), who heads up production of *Filanthropy* from the inside of an appropriately dingy motel room. The trio's efforts to rejuvenate (or, to use a more accurate word, gentrify) Espaniola are thwarted at every turn by their less-than-selfless motivations, which are more concerned with crowd pleasing than genuine charity.

Cameras rolling, Dougie prompts Asher to “give some money to a little girl.” Asher gives young Espaniola resident Nala (Hikmah Warsame) a crisp hundred-dollar bill. Because it's all he has on him; because the poor needy young girl was right there and the cameras were rolling; because if he had gone to an ATM to split the hundred into twenties he

would be risking a moment of wholesome charity going unrecorded. The young girl looks at him, her brows furrowed. “I curse you,” she proclaims. That night, upon noticing that the chicken is absent from his meal-delivery *Chicken Penne*, Asher launches on a paranoid quest to set things right.

After Nala bestows upon Asher the titular “curse,” things begin to move steeply downhill. In attempting to help those who they deem “in need,” our protagonists—presumably impeded by the mystifying “curse”—lose themselves in a moral paradox wherein continued efforts to repair the damage they've wrought lead only to further issues, until their downward spiral reaches a momentum where it literally cannot be stopped. The viewer stops asking themselves what'll happen next or where is this story going and starts asking themselves something more like why does this fascinate me and how can it get any worse.

Ultimately, *The Curse* is a show about people who are deeply flawed in eerily realistic ways. It uses its setup to demonstrate the unpleasant ways that the modern social hierarchy renders benevolence a social tool rather than a genuine virtue. Co-showrunners, Nathan Fielder (Nathan for You, the Rehearsal) and Benny Safdie (Uncut Gems, Good Time), demonstrate a South Parkesque understanding of the current cultural zeitgeist, using the characters to illustrate exactly how a socially-conscious person shouldn't act. Over the course of ten episodes, the couples' misguided attempts to “breathe life” into Espaniola lead them down a path wrought with catastrophe. From the very offset, their impact on the town is negligible at best, with a benefit/detriment ratio that nonetheless leans heavily in the direction of detriment. Throughout the show, a serious case of egomania halts Whitney in her constant efforts to stay “woke” and

enact meaningful social change, while Asher sits on the sidelines waiting patiently for the short end of the stick. There is the sense that these people care less about being good and more about enforcing the image of being good. These are two people who work insufferably hard, to create what amounts to a thin veneer of benevolence and social-awareness—layered on top of the even thinner veneer that is their marriage.

If not for its star-studded headliners, its production would be an unbelievable risk. The show's marketing and success seem largely contingent on Fielder's trademark mysticism, the public's inherent desire to see the magician's next big trick. Unlike most straight-to-streaming series, whose general quality can be pretty accurately determined via press or audience reviews, the quality of *The Curse* feels decidedly subjective. While many will walk away feeling frustrated, disappointed,

or even robbed, some will discover a show that provides ample food for thought, a show that invites its audience to engage with it past the act of passive viewing.

At times it feels like a playground for interpretation, a merry-go-round of overt thematic messages clearly meant to convey some hidden meaning. If it sounds difficult to sit through it's because it really is—although it has moments of comedy, to call this experience “fun” feels ill fitting, it's like nails on a chalkboard that you really dislike and think could actually use a scratch or two. *The Curse* succeeds where it matters most, making a specimen of contemporary wealth and providing a mirror that reflects important social paradigms, allowing us to view them how they really are. Let me tell you: it's not exactly a pretty picture.

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Jon Fosse's Nobel Prize in Literature

On *Melancholy I*, *Melancholy II*, and *Septology*

DAVID TAYLOR-DEMETER

Melancholy by Jon Fosse
Dalkey Archive, tr. Grethe Kvernes and Damion Searls, 2006

Melancholy II by Jon Fosse
Dalkey Archive, tr. Eric Dickens, 2014

Septology by Jon Fosse,
Fitzcarraldo Editions, tr. Damon Searls, 2022

Late last year, the Swedish Academy announced that the 2023 Nobel Prize in literature would go to Jon Fosse for his “innovative plays and prose which give voice to the unsayable.” For those who are familiar with the Norwegian author’s prolific writing career, the news might not come as a surprise; Fosse had been on the Nobel candidates list for at least a decade. For those who hear his name for the first time, however, this ought to serve as an invitation to pick up a book from one of the most uniquely exciting contemporary novelists out there.

Jon Fosse is a middle-aged man, considered somewhat “young” for the prize, with long white hair held back in a ponytail and white stubbles. Karl Ove Knausgård, Norway’s literary superstar who’s perhaps still better known in the English speaking world than the reclusive Fosse, describes him in the fifth installment of his *My Struggle* series as a shy person, whose hesitant speaking “full of pauses, stutters, coughs, snorts, an unexpected deep breath here and there suggest nervousness and unease.”

Fosse taught the 19-year-old Knausgård at the Bergen Writers’ Academy when he was still a young writer, having only published four books. Even then, Fosse was known

in Norway as one of the foremost literary modernists who took after the works of James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Thomas Bernhard. In his class—as Knausgård notes—they only read postmodernists. The use of metaphors and alliterations—everything considered “passé” or expressive in a romantic sense—was discouraged. “What was important was mostly rhythm, tone, line breaks, openings and endings.”

The class’s emphasis on the formal aspects of writing certainly reflect Fosse’s own writing praxis. The style of his novels could be characterized as bare, minimalist, and taciturn. The narrator of the 1989 novel, *Boathouse*, captures both the defining mood of Fosse’s works as well as the compulsive quality of his long repetitive sentences when he says, “a restlessness has come over me.” Unlike more conventional novelists, who seek to impress their readers with detail, variety, and sensuousness, Fosse trusts in simple, yet carefully selected words and their artful permutations. The result could prove overwhelmingly direct.

Fosse was born in 1959 in Haugesund, Norway, to a Quaker family, and grew up in Strandebarm. After studying comparative literature at the University of Bergen, he published his first novel *Raud, svart*, (Red, Black) in Nynorsk, which is a Norwegian minority language, spoken by only 10-15% of the Norwegian population, primarily in the East. At the time of completing his masters degree in the same subject, Fosse published his third novel, *Blood, Steinen er* (Blood, The Stone Is). Most of these early works, however, remain unavailable in English.

Fosse’s first internationally acclaimed novel, *Melancholy*, published in 1995, was translated into English in 2006 by Dalkey Archive. It is about a 19th-century Norwegian painter called Lars Hertervig, who studies at the Düsseldorf Academy of Art in Germany. Most of the book is told from the point of view of Lars, who, through the course of a single afternoon, gets kicked out of his rented room, loses his young girlfriend due to her uncle’s disapproval, and becomes a target of his friends’ cruel jokes. The fact that this is written in a stream of consciousness style becomes more disturbing as the reader starts to notice the signs of Lars’ serious mental condition that leaves him existentially vulnerable and unfulfilled in his artistic ambitions. Here, Fosse’s formal consistency, his long repetitive sentences come to emulate the disturbed mental state of a painter who periodically slips into strange hallucinations. As the reader has no access to a different, more objective point of view, reading *Melancholy* quickly turns into a claustrophobic experience where one is trapped between the real utterances of other characters and the inappropriate responses of an alien self that is helplessly preoccupied with unreal and compulsive ideas.

In the novel’s sequel, *Melancholy II*, published one year later, the narrative technique plays a similarly important role. In stark contrast to the disasters of youthful ambition, however, *Melancholy II* is about the sadness and misery of aging. Twenty years have passed after Lars’ death, and only Oline, Lars’ sister, survives, whose thoughts revolve around her aching feet, her long-dead brother, the fish that she has to buy at the

beach, and—notwithstanding the humiliations of old age—not being able to control her water. The same long repetitive sentences that in *Melancholy* felt like the obsessive mental rush of a young painter, in *Melancholy II* convey a dreadful slowness, confirming the versatility of the form in which Fosse works.

The Nobel Committee justified giving the prize to Fosse by highlighting the quality of Fosse’s prose, “which gives voice to the unsayable.” While reading Fosse, one indeed has the sense that something beyond the words—or better, within them—is at work, something that permeates everything but that is never directly acknowledged throughout the text. The writings of the French philosopher Jacques Derrida—which Fosse likes to quote himself—are perhaps best suited here to give a theoretical explanation. Needless to say, it is well beyond the scope of this article to analyze this connection in depth. Let it merely be noted that the early works of Derrida was much focused on proving that any kind of writing is structurally and conceptually necessarily incomplete with regards to its meaning.

What this means in terms of Fosse’s writing can be observed in Lars’ compulsive repetitions. Lars endlessly repeats the same facts and crude observations about his situation: that he is the painter

Lars Hertervig from Borgoya; that nobody can paint well at the Düsseldorf Academy except him and Tiedemann and Gude; that his sweetheart is Helene whom he needs to visit; and that her uncle, Winkelmann doesn’t let him meet with her for selfish reasons. These facts that constitute Lars’ consciousness—all that

he ever thinks about—wish to express stability, affirmation, and security. But the constant repetition betrays this wish, and shows us, ironically, that stability merely attempts to mask the fact that everything is slipping into chaos.

The repetition expresses a wish to ground a meaning that is impossible to ground, that is structurally incomplete and never fully determined because it can always be read to mean the exact opposite of what it intends to mean. The reader pities Lars for not realizing that he is not in control of the words he is saying, that his own words betray his most sincere intentions.

Perhaps what’s melancholic about *Melancholy* is that there is no direct confrontation with the situation. The psychological turmoil of Lars is also, paradoxically, a purely objective, structural one. Just as Lars never realizes his mental illness, the reader never finds out what the chaos is, what it might mean, or where it might lead to. Fosse presents us with no positive image of stability nor with a positive expression of chaos. There are no symbols, images, or transcendent signifiers that the reader could trace back as the ultimate causes of suffering. Instead—very much in line with the Derridean experience—we are left trapped (or free), in perpetual indeterminacy.

In 2012, after a long struggle with alcohol, Fosse quit drinking and formally converted to Catholicism. In this period that defines his work up to the present, after a long time of writing for the theater, Fosse returned to write prose. His magnum opus to date, *Septology*, an 800-page three-part novel, that was finally released in one volume in 2022, is one of his most recent works. The restlessness that dominated his previous works disappeared and a kind of mature serenity has taken over. The novel’s religious themes have transformed Fosse’s repetition into incan-

tation and ritual, and instead of the comparisons with the prose of Bernhard, *Septology* has rather come to reflect the spirit of someone like Charles Péguy or even the smoothness of Gertrude Stein’s less abstract works.

If in the earlier works, repetition as a technique had a structural or formal meaning, in *Septology*, it becomes an ontological conviction. The entire work is a single sentence, and one clause gives way to another as if they organically and naturally followed one another *ad infinitum*. Repetition is extended into a cyclical process: each of the novel’s seven parts begins with the contemplation of a painting that the protagonist Asle recently painted, a brown and a purple line crossing each other, and ends in Asle repeating the prayer of the *Pater Noster* and *Salve Regina* in both English (Nynorsk) and Latin.

As religion takes such an important role in *Septology*, the keyword “unsayable” comes to appear in a different light. It becomes an allusion to the God of negative theology, with which, perhaps not by chance, Derrida’s work is also heavily associated. Negative theology seeks to approach God by negation, describing God in terms of what may not be said about God. (In Derrida, it is mostly linguistic meaning that is investigated or expressed in such a way.) For the mystics who practiced this theology, this was a method to have a sense of something that to them was so great and powerful that it could not be explicated in any other way. In the case of Fosse, repetition—in *Septology*, the repetition or doubling of identities even—is a way to trace something larger as well—something that perhaps cannot be expressed simply, directly. With Derrida’s expression, the best way is oblique engagement.

God works in mysterious ways.

Bard's Restaurant Review Club

Front Street Tavern

63 N Front St, Kingston



“Front Street Tavern was mid, and sadly so.

Promising baked brie means you have to bake it! I don’t like being let down like this. Rug pulled out from under me. My expectations were alas too high. My goodness, at least there was lobster! Lobster was good, the linguine was too edente for me. I like that soft, silky pasta please and thank you!”



“We got the steak and the chicken and waffles. The steak was ordered medium rare, but came almost well done and unfortunately everything I had was under-salted. If you are looking for a very mediocre, yet traditional, take on different dishes, this would be your place. I think a lot of their food could be improved by adding acid or a sprig of something fresh, like parsley. I do love their location in the heart of Kingston and the booth-seating was good. Overall, it was not a bad experience, but it is unlikely that I will go back.”



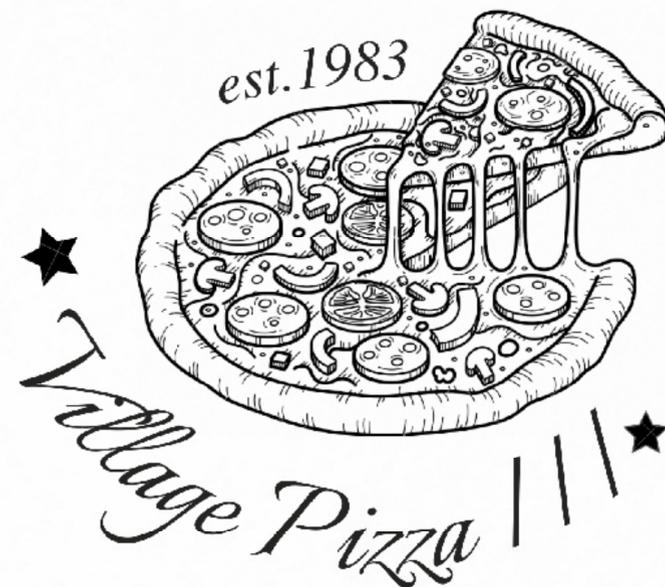
“When you walk into Front Street Tavern, you feel cozy and relaxed. I decided to try the lobster pasta. The pasta tasted fresh and the lobster was cooked just right. It’s one of those dishes that leaves you feeling totally satisfied. The atmosphere in the restaurant was not too loud or crowded and the service was friendly and quick. Overall, I had a really good time there and I would definitely come back for more of that tasty food and cozy vibe.”



“Well...it was food. Many dishes on the menu sounded delicious but everything I tried was mediocre and the flavors lacked complexity. I ordered the NY strip steak cooked medium-rare, but it came medium-well. It was served with an unpleasant jarred steak sauce on the side. However, I expect more when paying for a \$30 steak. The iced tea I ordered as my beverage was excruciatingly sweet. Our table split an order of truffle fries, but the flavor of truffle powder was so subtle that it was undetectable and they were indistinguishable from the plain selection. Although the food here is nothing special, the atmosphere of the place is very pleasant and our food came quickly. Still, I won’t be returning to Front Street Tavern for the high prices and plain food.”

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Saltburn

The veneer of good birth and better manners

TOM CHITWOOD

Saltburn presents a caricature of upper class life. One where good manners is the sole mode of being and everything else must be pushed to the wayside — a broken mirror that Oliver (Barry Keoghan) breaks in a moment of anger is replaced the next morning without reprimand or even remark.

The first act is set at Oxford and details an unlikely friendship that forms between Oliver, apparently destined to be outcast due to his lower class, and Felix Catton (Jacob Elordi), the wealthy and handsome son of an aristocratic family. When Oliver confides that he has nowhere to spend the summer, Felix invites him to stay at the Saltburn, the family’s palatial estate.

Good manners means guests must be treated good hospitality and Oliver knows this. He also knows that the moment he overstays his welcome he will be exiled and never mentioned again. As if to reinforce his impermanence, Venetia (Alison Oliver) examines him before deciding, “I think I like you even more than last year’s one.”

As Oliver examines his room, his attention comes to rest on a music box called “The Catton Players” sitting on the wardrobe. His face reflects in the glass as he switches it on and the four little puppets inside — one for each member of the family — start to dance to the tune. So begins the

game: as long as Oliver can keep them interested, as long as he can keep them dancing, he will remain at Saltburn.

After unpacking, Oliver meets the matriarch of the house, Lady Elspeth (Rosamund Pike). She says, “Oliver, I have a complete and utter horror of ugliness. Ever since I was very young. I don’t know why.” Evicting a guest is an ugly thing but so too is one who has overstayed his welcome. So the rules of the game are established. From here on out, the plot is moved

So begins the game: as long as Oliver can keep them interested, as long as he can keep them dancing, he will remain at Saltburn.

along by this battle of wits.

Every good castle has its jester and Saltburn’s is Farleigh (Archie Madekwe), the American cousin. He, like Oliver, is in a precarious financial situation and is relying on the Catton’s generosity. Unlike Oliver, he’s family. He knows the game inside and out and he sees Oliver as a challenger. In one scene, the Cattons are hosting a karaoke night and

Farleigh puts on “Rent” by the Pet Shop Boys. Oliver starts to sing, not knowing the lyrics. The dim turns to mortified silence as the words appear on screen: “I love you, you pay my rent.”

Saltburn’s caricature of the upper class is delivered with a startling elegance. Lady Elspeth and her husband, Sir James (Richard E. Grant), speak with a disinterested tone that lands somewhere in the uncanny valley and aims well-deserved mockery at how out-of-touch monied interests are with the reality of most people’s lives. The consistency with which Emerald Fennell’s script is able to pull this off is impressive but has the consequence of making some of the otherwise sharp class commentary fail to stick the landing because it feels targeted at the film’s embellished vision of what the upper class rather than at the real thing.

Under moonlight, a young scholarship student, Oliver, meets Venetia, an heiress, on the lawn of her family’s estate. He’s wearing only his boxers but he gives her the towel he’s wrapped in anyway, clutching himself for warmth. She looks up “It’s nearly full. Do you know what that means?” He doesn’t.

“We’re all about to lose our minds,” she says.

Oliver’s story is made to resemble the classic vampire narrative. Repressed desires — a lust for Felix, a need for wealth and status, a detest of ugliness — turn into obsessions. Monstrous

behavior is hidden behind a facade of good manners.

This day/night motif runs throughout the film, daytime representing the need to appear acceptable, to appear human, while night comes with the freedom to give into forbidden desires. Every morning, a maid pulls open the blinds in his room and floods it with daylight and so the charade begins again.

Beneath sunny blue skies, Oliver and Felix sit on a beautiful green lawn talking about nothing important, motivated only by the rules of the game. By night, Oliver goes on the prowl, desperate to sate his repressed desires with a taste of blood or bathwater. The pendulum swings between scenes where characters feel entirely artificial and scenes where they feel embarrassingly real. It is almost inevitable that a film so strongly about desire will feel voyeuristic but Saltburn takes it to the extreme.

As we continue to watch, we find ourselves more and more drawn into the game as the question becomes not just who is winning but what is even at stake in the end. Can anything break through the veneer of good birth and better manners? Do we even want to see what’s underneath? These questions are more important to be asked than answered though the film seems keen to answer them, leading to a climax that perhaps overstays its welcome. Nevertheless, Saltburn remains an ecstatic film that perfectly balances the desire to keep watching with the urge to look away.

So if all the colors combine to make white, why do paints only get darker the more you mix them? This has to do with

The Science Of: Color

CHASE WAYNE-DUFFY

“Why is white light every color frequency at once, and yet when you combine all the primary colors you get brown?”

To answer this color query we’ll need to look at how light works, and how it interacts with pigments and the human eye. First, let’s look at the light side of things. Light as we know it is the small section of the electromagnetic spectrum that is visible to the human eye. Technically all electromagnetic radiation is a form of light, but the human eye is only capable of perceiving wavelengths between 380 nanometers and 700 nanometers. This number is what determines what color our eyes perceive, with 380 nm being the violet end of the spectrum and 700 nm being red. When all of these wavelengths combine, the vision cells in our eyes process the signal of all of them together as white light.

So if all the colors combine to make white, why do paints only get darker the more you mix them? This has to do with

Across

1. Luggage attachment
6. Grocery chain
10. How you know you're healing
14. Sauce for people too good for mayo
15. Geek
16. This is one!
17. Virtuous + Day of the week
19. Know by heart
20. Florid
21. Attaches
23. Fleetwood Mac song
26. "Got it."
27. "Her pleas fell on ___ ears"
31. Paw + Day of the week
35. Proceed until
37. Counterfeit
38. Sofa
39. The Titanic sent one out on April 15th, 1912
40. You'd do them off a mirror, if you're chic
41. Pollen and dander, often
43. Pretty yummy campfire snack
44. Adipose + day of the week
46. Fantasy tree creatures
47. Sunrise direction
48. Kill it, in a fruity way
50. Domestic servants in Gilead
53. Your sister's daughters

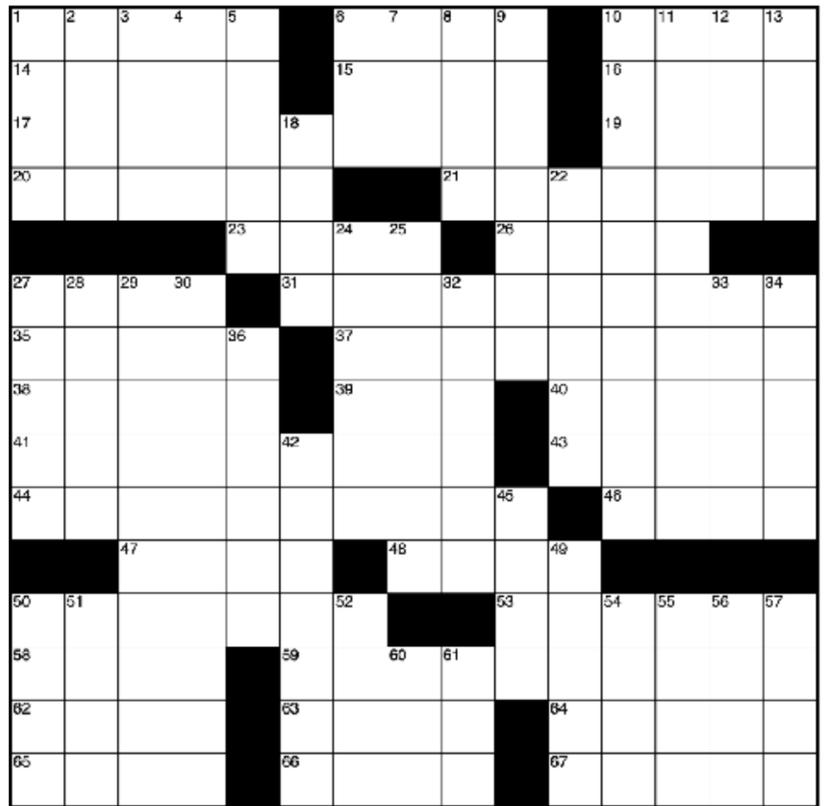
58. Amos, Amas, ___
59. Second Sunday before Ash Wednesday
62. National instrument of Japan
63. Long in the tooth
64. It's a dead language, dead as it can be, it killed the ancient Romas and now it's killing me
65. Comes in golden, football, and Andriod varieties, as well as many others
66. ___ Sofia, Puerto Rican Drag Queen
67. Airs for pairs

Down

1. Villain in Othello
2. Creator of the "New Look"
3. My favorite is Marvin the Martian
4. Alan of "M*A*S*H"
5. Presents
6. Childhood nickname for Darth Vader
7. Escorted
8. a real bore
9. John Clare, who I read in FYSEM, would be one
10. If you don't limit it, your kids are going to end up with CocoMelon for brains
11. Was within trapping range
12. ___bots
13. "___ there, done that."

18. This sucks, but I love to sow
22. Orders from regulars
24. Boosts
25. Apparently, cyanide tastes like this, but bitter
27. Type of coffee with desert
28. ___ gay
29. Waterdown
30. Often Moko is this
32. Prayer Book
33. Avoid, as disaster
34. Assenting votes
36. Songbird
42. Be allowed to voice your opinion
45. Ying's opposite
49. Road Sign
50. ___ Mermaids
51. Love, to Luigi
52. "Sonic the Hedgehog" Maker
54. Brother of Jacob, lover of bean soup
55. Professors are always telling me to do this with my sources
56. Give off, as light
57. Skeleton Guy from Undertale, I think
60. Xe/_ pronouns
61. JSO club head

Crossword by
Josephine Rogers



Miss Lonelyhearts

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

I love my open relationship... but I'm not sure my partner does. Are open relationships too internet-agey to really thrive?

Signed,
Puzzled Polly

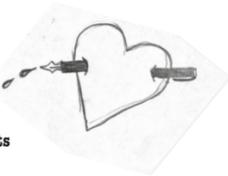
Dear Puzzled Polly,

Relationships, like houses, are only as strong as their foundations, and it sounds like yours was built on sand for all its shiftiness. The problem here isn't the openness of your relationship, it's the closedness of your communication. If you're worried your partner is dissatisfied with your arrangement but won't admit it to you, and you're aware of their dissatisfaction but won't admit it to them, maybe the question you should be asking isn't if open relationships are doomed to fail, but if the two of you are mature enough to handle one. Then again it could be that your partner is perfectly content and it's your own guilty conscience knocking at the door. Either way, don't blame the anthropocene for your lack of a spleen: TALK TO THEM!

Sincerely,
Miss Lonelyhearts



Scan to ask Miss Lonelyhearts



Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

My ex and I used to bake blueberry pie. He wasn't the most skilled baker in the world, but I got used to having pie on the reg. I don't want to go back to my ex. But I'm constantly craving pie.

Send Help!
Hungry on the Hudson

Dear Hungry,

You're probably sick of hearing it (I know I am), but there's plenty of fish in the sea, and a whole lotta of bakers in this big 'ol kitchen we call life. You might have to bake pie by yourself for a while. I know. It sucks, and it's not nearly as satisfying as baking with someone else. But (if it's not too soon) think on yourself not as forlorn but free, not lonely but lucky! You know you don't want to be with your ex. Going back would just be denying yourself the opportunity to try a different kind of pie. It might take a while, but eventually you'll meet someone that's a better baker than your ex, and you guys will want to bake together all the time, and maybe they'll even stick around after to... drink a glass of milk? Okay, the metaphor is kind of falling apart but the milk is the love, the milk is the LOVE!

Sincerely,
Miss Lonelyhearts

Letter From the Editor(s)

Dear Reader,

As most of our senior editorial staff is abroad or SPROJ-ing, many new writers, editors, and contributors have joined our team and bravely taken on the responsibility of bringing you a paper. As our membership and readership continue to grow, we are rethinking what it means to be a campus newspaper. For one, we have laid to rest the idea that this is an inherently stressful and unforgiving process. In making a newspaper, it can be easy to lose the forest for the trees, to get tangled in the minutia. While ledes, grammar checks, and proofing sessions are non-negotiable, the support and excitement shown by students, faculty, local businesses, and alumni/ae has been overwhelming. It is true that the news cycle never stops, but as we write this, we can take a moment of pause to say thank you to our dear readers. Our new modus operandi is one defined by curiosity, as all journalistic and scholarly pursuits should be.

Sincerely,
Chief Editorial Staff

Masthead

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Senior Editors
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Announcements

The Observer is always in need of more contributors. Writers, graphic designers, editors, photographers, and individuals with great personalities are encouraged to reach out or attend our weekly meetings on Mondays at 6PM in the Chapel.

We are excited to announce that a mailed subscription option is in the works for parents, alumni/ae, and non-local members of the Bard community.

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