

OBSERVER

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THE BARD observer

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"If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble... "the law is a ass — a idiot."

— Charles Dickens,
Oliver Twist

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Sunday, April 13 -- Bard's rugby team plays valiantly on home turf, but ends up losing the game against Columbia, 10-3. This past Sunday, however, the Division 3 team faced off against three Division 1 teams in a tournament at Vassar. The score? They lost to the Sacred Heart team (22-12) and West Point "A" team (33-7), but defeated the West point B team 24-10. The West Point B team is considered the best college rugby team on the East Coast. Congratulations, guys!

photo: Anna-Rose Mathieson

"Hell No, We Won't Let Go!"

Bardians Rally in the City of Brotherly Love

by Megan Hamill

On Sunday, April 27th, President Clinton and former presidents Bush, Carter and Ford, as well as Gen. Colin Powell, over 100 mayors, numerous governors, and leaders from numerous U.S. corporations came together for the beginning of a three day summit meeting in Philadelphia. The purpose of this meeting was to encourage U.S. citizens and Corporations to volunteer their time and cash to reduce our countries social problems, more specifically problems among our youth.

At first glance this summit meeting promoting volunteerism seems promising and encouraging, but in reality, it is a sham. "The real purpose is to encourage millions of volunteers (plus some big corporate donors looking to improve

their image and get a tax write-off at the same time) to put a Band-Aid on the great suffering which will result as federal and state governments dismantle safety-net social programs for workers, the unemployed and the poor (Mid-Hudson's National People's Campaign)."

Last year, Clinton signed the anti-welfare legislation which is estimated to throw 2.6 million more human beings, most of them being women and children, into poverty. This new law will replace the rights that poor families won through past struggles with private charity and the activity of corporate CEO's. There will be no safety for these families, nothing for them to fall back upon. The legislation also cuts Supplemental Security Income and food stamps to immigrants and disabled children. "The HHS study showed that a total of 11 million families would lose income under the law(Mid-Hudson National People's Campaign)." This is not welfare reform, these are merely cruel ways of cutting billions of dollars from the budget and, once again, attacking the poor and the working class instead of the rich. Why is it, in a country standing number one in spending on military technology, whose military budget exceeds the rest of the world's nations combined, that we have 100,000 homeless children on our streets and al-

most 15 million persons living in poverty? Today in America it is estimated that one out of every four chil-

New Academic Program Takes Root

by Stephanie Schneider

It is once again time for students to be mulling over course books and deciphering the many acronyms of Bard jargon, such as MES, LAIS, and CRES. This time, though, Bard students get to figure out a whole new one, AADS, which stands for African and African Diaspora studies.

This new program is "designed to give students an opportunity to study basically the experiences of African peoples from an interdisciplinary perspective," said Professor Myra Armstead, who is the co-director of the program along with Professor Craig Smith. She explained that it will focus not only on Africans in Africa but also African culture in the Caribbean, parts of South America, and the United States.

Professor Armstead said that the idea for such a discipline had been discussed for some time and last fall the proposal was submitted to the faculty senate and was passed.

Planning for the program began last spring and Professor Armstead said that those who were involved in the initial planning realized that Bard had much of the faculty and resources which were needed for such a program. She added that Bard also had the program structure for an interdisciplinary program already in place, which would be conducive to the implementation of AADS.

Professor Mario Bick, one of the initiators of the program, said that he had been interested in AADS because his own work dealt with Africa. He cited that it was rather

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inappropriate that the college developed programs that were regional yet this reason was excluded.

As Professor Smith said, the program "arose as a response to a sense among a group of faculty and students that Bard's curriculum had a hole in it. There was no organized way to study the history and culture of Africa and of African influence on societies around the world."

An event in Olin on Tuesday, April 22, signaled the program's beginning. Designed to introduce the program to the student body, the event consisted of information such as the curricular requirements and afterwards a discussion on five different African texts dealing with representation of African images.

"We thought it was a good turnout," Professor Smith said while commenting on the enthusiasm he feels from the students. "There is an excitement."

Professor Bick thought the event went well, remarking that although the turn out wasn't huge, the discussion was very productive.

He said he values the importance of the student participation because, "There are a number of students who have been discouraged about [the program's] absence."

He also men-

tioned that different divisions will offer classes in AADS which weren't available in the past. He cited one gap in the past being in the arts division, but with the addition of a new art history professor, a class on African art will be offered.

Professor Armstead is planning to design a new course as well, dealing with the plantation system. This will be based on a seminar in which she was accepted to participate in and attended last summer. The seminar, which was sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities, focused on historical literature from 1450 to 1890 dealing with the plantation complex and its move from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic.

According to Bick, Professor Armstead is also planning on developing basic, historical core courses dealing with African history in order to give students a stronger foundation in AADS.

Bard has its own history in relation to Africa, Bick added. Prior to the 1989 civil war in Liberia, two groups of Bard students had traveled to study at Cuttington University College. This was a college established by the missionaries of Bard's former incarnation, St. Stephen's. He said he is hopeful the college will reopen and perhaps other Bard students can study there in the future.

Meanwhile, two Bard students are already studying in South Africa as part of an exchange and Bick encourages students who are interested in AADS to look at travel opportunities for summers and semesters ahead.

The Bard Observer

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Notebook

by Meredith Yayanos

It is now May 1st. Do you know where your senior project is? "Fresh meat, fresh meeeeat..." Blinking and bewildered, prospective students were greeted by the warbling dementia of an unidentified Albee resident (apparently in the throes of senior project) as they emerged from Olin Auditorium last IDP weekend. Lured from their work by beautiful weather, the ruckus of Earth Day, and an opportunity to ogle high school students, upperclassmen chain-smoked lackadaisically amidst the new-sprung daffodils, shared nostalgic memories of their own IDP experiences, and splashed gleefully in the big wiggly water fountain, which, having magically reappeared overnight outside of Hegeman, was the subject of loud commentary from dissenting parents.

In a somewhat related topic: "what's wrong with this picture?" states a mysterious flyer which many students have noticed floating around campus. Displaying blueprints (see page 10) for what is supposedly the new Student Center design, the flyer proclaims them a far cry from the original "dragonfly" layout publicized last spring, and requests "if you want to make sure this monstrosity does not actually become the new social center of the college, let them [the administration] know." The Observer has not yet reached administration to verify any possible altercations (more to follow next issue).

Sporting fedoras and spit-curls, students hollered "Ah-Leu-Cha!" and did the Charleston at the Model UN Speakeasy last weekend. The cigar-champing, gatling-packing, bootlegging mentality of the Roaring 20s lent an exciting (though palpably grubby) atmosphere to Kline Commons, and the evening's festivities proved, among other things, that Bard students are terrible cheats at the gambling table and will consistently abuse the generosity of their bartender (editor's revelation: the fact that it still tastes like orange juice does not necessarily imply that a screwdriver is weak).

"Wedding (Dinner) Bells are ringing..." Hearty congratulations to Flik employees, Donna Belcher and Steve Butt! Their state of holy matrimony commenced yesterday at 4pm in the Presidents' Room of Kline Commons. The reception following, at 4:45 in the main dining hall, was replete with live jazz and dancing. Students attending dressed nicely and refrained from wisecracks pertaining to the catering.

Rally in Philly

continued from page 1

dren are living in poverty, one out of every two African-American children. A crowd of angry citizens rallied and marched in front of Clinton's summit meeting in order to protest this and other important issues such as the imprisonment of Mumia Abu-Jamal, police brutality, gay and lesbian rights, and the Bardians were among them. It warmed the heart to see such a thriving community of Bardians so far from home, so full of passion, so sincere in their cause.

The bus left from in front of Kline at 9:15 a.m. last Sunday, carrying about 30 Bardians, as well as numerous students from Vassar and some women from town, arriving in Philadelphia for the rally by 1:00 p.m.. The speakers began at 2:00 and went on for a couple of hours, talking on the welfare reform, the Mumia case, the situations in Peru and in Cuba, the need for social protest, on and on and on. All speakers, both women and men were powerful and inspiring. The spiritual advisor of Mumia was present, speaking for all political prisoners, reminding the crowds that Mumia is locked in a cell the size of a bathroom and that he's been there since the early 80's,

reminding us that Mumia cannot see his own fight, that he must be present only in spirit and heart. Mothers spoke up against police brutality. Students spoke up encouraging students to speak up within their communities. They are hoping that the summit rally in Philly will be the catalyst for a nationwide future movement to take back our country and our

rights. Many Bardians signed their names to mailing lists in order to build nationwide networks of gatherings and protests.

After a couple of hours, we took over Market Street and marched the short distance to the Convention Center where Clinton was meeting. Thousands of angry cries filled the city: "Hey! Hey! Ho! Ho! Welfare cuts have got to go!" "No justice, no peace, until Mumia is released!" "Jobs not jails!" "They cut back, we FIGHT BACK!" There were drums and horns and loudspeakers and the powerful echo of thousands of human voices screaming for the same cause. I really couldn't visualize exactly how immense the rally was, for I was in the

midst of it, but it was big, big enough so that I felt strong as a country, without the inhibiting forces of government hanging over us.

Who knows what we accomplished on Sunday. We demonstrated, not so much with the hopes of immediate social change, the problem is too big for that, but with the incentive of changing the political climate in our country today. It will take much more to actually see some social reform, but Philadelphia was our starting point, hopefully an inspiration for the future. "The National People's Campaign coalition hopes that this first national protest against the welfare law will be a catalyst for a new movement for social justice that offers an alternative vision of society-one that puts people's needs before corporate profits(Mid Hudson National People's Campaign)."

We left Philly by 6:00 p.m., returning to Bard by 10:00 p.m. For many of us, it was our first glimpse at protest, our first glimpse of "the power of the people." It was a hopeful gathering, full of spirit, anger, commitment and community. Hopefully, it's only the beginning of a nationwide movement for social and political change. It's time to speak up for our country. Remember that by remaining silent, one is merely giving his consent.

Disappearing Glasses Result in Environmental Loss

by Andrea Davis

Kline has recently been infiltrated by an endless supply of plastic cups that only add to the environmentally detrimental habits of our lives. Due to the rapid disappearance of drinking glasses, Flik management is no longer willing to purchase additional glasses that will inevitably be stolen. In order to meet the demands of impatient students dying of thirst and milling around the empty stacks of glass racks in the servery, Flik has provided disposable cups. Flik also hopes that students will take the plastic cups instead of glasses.

Please, please, please do not use the plastic cups. Use a mug instead. Also, please return any glasses that may be lingering about your rooms. Help the Earth Coalition in spreading the message that disposable cups will not be tolerated on this campus.

Recycling Really Isn't That Complicated

Despite the unfaltering and remarkable academic capabilities of Bard students, the recycling system extends beyond the intellectual limits of many halfwitted dingbats that are still unable to correctly sort their waste into the appropriate colored bin. The fact is that Bard is currently producing more waste than it did at this time last year. Much of this waste is recyclable, but it is not being placed in the right recycling bin. Contamination is also a major problem. One orange peel in the "commingled"

bin causes everything to be thrown away. Please be aware of what you throw away and where you throw it away. It does make a difference.

Paper Conflicts

For a school that prides itself on thought, there must have been a serious lack of cognitive reasoning in order for Bard to switch from recycled paper to bleached, non-recycled paper without a great degree of protest from the Bard community. Jammed photocopy machines made one too many people irate and recycled paper was seen no more. The time has come, however, to reexamine the situation and discover a way to minimize impact on the environment while fulfilling the demand for a product that does not result in mechanical frustrations.

Part of the problem is a result of improper storage. Most of Bard's paper is currently stored in a barn near Buildings and Grounds that lacks climate control of any sort. As a result, moisture accumulates in the paper, increasing the odds of paper jams. The other aspect of this issue is one of perception. There seems to be a stigma surrounding unbleached, recycled paper because it is a different color and made of "already-used" paper (instead of virgin wood pulp). We can no longer justify the use of bleached, non-recycled paper simply because it is white.

As good science has clearly shown, the reforestation practices of paper manufacturers result in tree plantations and not diverse ecosystems capable of supporting the variety of life required for a healthy forest. Rows of the

same species of tree on an eroded slope just do not cut it. If deforestation in and of itself is not enough, the bleaching process paper undergoes not only results in tremendous damage to the environment due to the release of dioxin into the water and air, but also poses a threat to human health. Pulp and paper mills are the largest source of water-polluting dioxin. Millions of gallons of organochlorines are pumped into streams and rivers everyday. Many of these organochlorines, including dioxin, are cancer-causing and have been shown to cause genetic damage in humans and other components of ecosystems.

Despite the elementary nature of these proven facts, Bard continues to purchase bleached, non-recycled paper. This desperately needs to change. It is imperative that Bard thoroughly investigate paper-storing alternatives. Bard must also seek bids from other companies in order to increase our selection of ecologically-compatible products that will, at an acceptable price, meet the needs of everyone on this campus.

Recycled, unbleached paper is not the answer to the environmental crisis that we are facing, but a decrease in consumption and depletion of our resources is absolutely crucial to alleviating the destruction and beginning the healing.

Voluntary Simplicity: Get Rid of Stuff in a Productive Manner

In upcoming weeks, keep an eye out for boxes in dorm lounges and other key areas. The purpose of these boxes is for you to be able to donate your clothes and other random items to socially-responsible causes instead of discarding them or leaving them in your vacated room to be dealt with by Servicemaster. Your participation would be greatly appreciated.

Bill McKibben, Speaking for the Environment

by Megan Hamill

Last Monday night, in the language center lecture hall, Earth Coalition's Andrea Davis introduced Bill McKibben, an environmental writer living in the Adirondacks. He opened up his soul to us for a night and let his knowledge fly. He is a truly brilliant man with a hell of a lot to say and a sincere passion for passing it on.

Bill McKibben spoke of the state of the Earth today, the state of the human population and the human mind, how devastatingly incredible it is that the human species is able to physically alter the state of the planet. And there is no denying anymore that this is true. McKibben talked extensively about the impact humans have on the weather patterns and life cycles of the planet, and how frightening it is that we are able to manipulate such an immense being to such a great extent, in such a small period of time.

McKibben talked about how isolated the human species has become from the natural world. We are separating ourselves from nature, and therefore distancing ourselves more and more from the root of the problem. Human priorities have become very warped indeed. The fact that a machine has been built to cater to almost any outdoor activity, whether bicycling, skiing, jogging, or rowing, the fact that we are trying to buy our way to a clean environment, the fact that we are spending four hours a day in front of the television screen: all of this is eliminating our contact with the natural world.

In my opinion, the state of the Earth today is merely reflecting the state of our minds. Sure, recycling will help, conserving energy will help, but the real problem is so much deeper than that. It's going to take a universal shift of thought if we really want to heal our planet. It's going to take a movement. Right now we're just scratching the dry skin off the surface of a very living, very rapidly growing problem and absolutely nothing is going to change until we alter our way of looking at the problem, until we see ourselves as a part of the immense whole, and start giving and giving and giving.

Bill McKibben spoke well and sparked a lot of inspiration and motivation. Look for his book, *The Age of Missing Information*, in the bookstore. His ideas are worth the money, the energy, and the time.

Bard Celebrates Earth Day in Grand Style

by Megan Hamill

Bard's Earth Day celebration last Saturday was political, enjoyable, and successful. It's not too often at Bard that those three words are interrelated. However, Earth Coalition, everyone who played music, and everyone who wandered through brought a little life to our campus for the day and proved that Bard is capable of being politically and socially aware.

For those who missed out, Earth Day took place on Saturday, April 19, in the Old Gym from around 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. There were piles of important information ranging from the destruction of the northern forest, to Bard Recycling, the depletion of Blue Birds, the Sister Cities Campaign, the Labor Coalition, and PETA. Santa Fe and Broadway donated food and Darryl Van Dyke served us homemade ginger ale out of extra Bard mugs, which, by the way, worked well. People drank up and then washed and rinsed their own mugs in buckets and returned them. (Party hint. Party hint. Leave those red plastic keg cups on the Grand Union Shelves.) There was music from Bread and Butter, Erin Tedesco, The Clearwater Band, Lou and Chris, Sangre, and Damian and Co. And there were educational speakers as well. Keegan Cox spoke as a representative from SEAC (Student Environmental Action Committee). Mark Wheeler spoke for Inform, which is a recycling research education program. Jim Davis spoke about the PCB content in the Hudson River, and Jim Moore spoke about the alternatives to pesticide use.

A good deal of information was passed on. Earth Coalition thanks all who manned tables, all who donated time and effort and music.

Earth Coalition meets Wednesday nights at 6:00 in the Committee Room in Kline and new faces are always welcome.

Bard's Martial Arts Club Garners Top Prizes in Tournament

The Martial Arts Club hosted its second annual invitational tournament on Saturday, April 19. Beginning around 10:30 a.m. and running until 4 p.m., the tournament drew a crowd of prospective students, community members, parents, and Bardians. This year, the tournament's enrollment consisted of seventy-five competitors ranging in ages five to forty-nine. Fourteen martial arts schools were in attendance, including two from Bard: Wu Hsing Shung Shotokan Karate-Do, instructed by Patrick Maguire, and ITMA Chung Do Kwan Tae Kwon Do, instructed by Brandon Ramos. Eighteen students from the Bard schools competed, resulting in twenty final placements among the forms, weapon forms, and sparring divisions.

Among the Beginner/Intermediate competitors, Bard students Mike Billa, David Iskhakov, Lisa Romesser, Nicole DiSalvo, and Rachel Kaplan were all awarded trophies for forms and sparring. Mike and Nicole excelled, winning first place in sparring and forms. Jane Quinn, Emily Williams, and Bronislav Nudel placed in the Intermediate/Advanced forms divisions. Jane and Emily sparred excellently despite facing the first and second-placed fighters in the initial round.

The Men's Advanced division saw Eugene Kublanovsky and Jeremy Hotalen placing within the top three. Jeremy and Eugene both demonstrated a very precise form and won second and third in their division respectively. Eugene also went on to take home third place in the advanced sparring division.

The Women's Advanced division was dominated by Bard students including Kin Plett, Leigh Jenco, Eva Olsgard, and Judy Haber. Kin placed third with a strong traditional form and second in a very close sparring match with Colleen Mahoney of Fishkill Karate. Eva Olsgard performed an impressive form, placing first, as well as receiving a 9.5 from one judge, the highest score given at the tournament. Eva also placed first in sparring, beating out a second degree black belt, Georgina Murphy of Community Martial Arts. The tournament was a great success and served as a fundraiser for the Bard Martial Arts Club. Next semester the club is planning to use the proceeds from the 1997 tournament to host a seminar with the former women's world kick-boxing champion, Kathy Long. This event will be free for Bard martial artists of any style and observers will be welcome.

Currently the Martial Arts Club conducts classes in Tae Kwon Do, Shotokan Karate-do, Kendo, Aikido, and Tai Chi. If you would like more information about the club or classes, please call Brandon Ramos at 752-4291.

Latin Jazz Express Heats Up Old Gym

On Saturday, April 12, a large group of Salsa-seeking Bard students and Mid-Hudson Valley locals waited patiently for the members of Nicky Marrero and his Latin Jazz Express to arrive at the Old Gym. The Express pulled into town an hour late at 9 p.m., and the fiesta began.

Anticipating what was to come, a small child danced around the room while the musicians were still setting up. This cued Angel Rodriguez (one of the percussionists) to pick up his beaded gourd (shekere) and sing a chant for Elegba, the West African Yoruba deity of children. The rest of the band came in with fiery up-tempo Latin-Bebop Blues, but it wasn't long before they settled into more dance-oriented rhythms. The audience showed their approval with swinging hips and shouts of *Eso es!* The Old Gym remained packed throughout two long sets of Mambo, Merengue, Bebop, and Bugalu.

If you enjoyed this and other events put on by the Jazz Heritage Club, stay tuned for a lecture by Joel "Bishop" O'Brien on "The Lineage of African American Folk Music Into Early Rock and Roll" (tonight, May 1, Olin 104, 7:30 p.m.) and a concert by virtuoso musicians Jeremy Steig (flute), Midge Pike (bass), and Richard Kimball (piano) on Sunday, May 4, at 5 p.m. in Bard Hall.



Nicky Marrero and his Latin Jazz Express (from left to right): Angel Rodriguez, Nicky Marrero, Enrique Fernandez, and Willie Cepeda (Oriente Lopez and Conell Fowkes not shown).

photo courtesy of Ken Kozol

Getting in There:

Joyce Carol Oates discusses the subconscious, the surreal, and the unspeakable

by Meredith Yayanos

April 14, Olin Auditorium: were it not for the comfortably candid demeanor with which the slight, mysterious figure (garbed in deepest black, knot of crimson poplin at her throat) addressed her full-capacity audience, or for the fact that an hour earlier I'd been tugging her sleeve for an interview, this reporter could have sworn that Joyce Carol Oates was an apparition beamed directly from the eldritch cranium of Mr. Edward Gorey. After graciously thanking Professor Bradford Morrow for his introduction, the literary luminary took to the stage, smoothly recited several short poems and then navigated the sea of questions that followed with a deftness one might expect from Oates, whose work—enhanced by an ilk of quicksilver Gothic lyricism that we twentysomethings find indelibly difficult to achieve—is renowned for its adroit sleight-of-hand maneuvers between the surreal and the tangible. Earlier that day, poised at the head of Morrow's "Innovations In Contemporary Fiction" class, Oates discussed, among other things, that mysterious synapse between the surreal and the conscious.

"Surrealism is the fact of our imagination. There's a shared reality of sorts that we can agree upon...but we dream in such ornately different fashions. Why does our species have that gift, I wonder? And of course, why do artists exist to share art?" The class wasn't quite ready to respond to this sort of question, and having an agenda of their own, the conversation drifted into more comfortable landscapes: her approach to interviewing, the bountiful number of stories she has published in *Playboy* magazine, her correspondence with the hamfisted horror bestseller Stephen King, the time she had her picture taken with Mike Tyson... However, humor aside, since the nature of Oates' work is to return eventually to those deep, subversive truths, she soon found herself speaking a refrain to earlier statements:

"We think we know everything about ourselves," she said, "but there is always something that we never acknowledge, it's like an amnesiac patch that keeps us from seeing a certain thing. [There is] such a strong passion in us for denial...we have deeply entrenched taboos in our own

world," she continued. "They are lifted into our consciousness wriggling and writhing; then we put them on talk shows, and they cease to be taboo. But beyond taboo, there are those dark and most unspeakable things, never spoken of. We don't even have names for them. I want to know how to write about those."

Oates has written and edited dozens of books (some, such as various cheeky suspense novels she published under the nom de plume of Rosamund Smith, are somewhat less acclaimed than others), is a Guggenheim Fellow who has been nominated twice for the Nobel Prize in literature and received countless awards, including the National Book Award. As if to glean some secret formula from this prolific woman, Morrow's students leaned forward almost imperceptibly as she discussed her approach to "the blank page in the typewriter."

"Basically you just get an idea and you HAVE to work," she said. "The overall vision gets you on the path but it won't help you beyond that. Let it happen. See what comes out and don't be embarrassed. So many successful writers are such because they aren't embarrassed. [Contemporary fiction] is all about getting in there like Jackson Pollock and flinging things out, then using other...more refined and analytical aspects."

As a professor in the creative writing department at Princeton University, Oates had obvious but erudite advice for students. "[When young writers start] obviously they're reading older writers, which in some ways is a mistake, because the classics were written for an older generation. I think the experience of speaking in the voice of your generation is almost like a music or a cadence...not everyone will necessarily 'get it.'" She recommended playwriting as a method for younger writers to familiarize themselves with dialogue, and to recognize the collaborative nature of all art, even in a forum as solitary as writing.

Mere moments later, however, that solitude seemed to pervade the room. "At the root of fear is the fact that we will be devoured some way...be broken down into disparate molecules and that our personality will be destroyed...it's not just death, it's disillusionment. You can't comprehend it, and you don't want to."

The class ended cheerfully as Oates addressed the "jack of all trades, master of none" syndrome to which many liberal arts students fall prey and advised, "just find your strengths and develop them and forget about everything else. We don't have enough time in our lives to vacillate." (Unless, that is, our own wordplay somehow manages to achieve the amazing sense of balance which Oates' works attain.)

Scottish Dancing and You?

by Diana Oboler

Though Scottish Country Dancing has been at Bard College approximately nine years, no one seems to know much about the club. There are approximately ten of us: community and faculty members who bring snacks and drinks, a group of frosh, and one solitary senior. The group assembles in Manor Lounge thrice monthly, where music and dances both old and new are enjoyed. The older numbers depict stories, like "The Three Rivers," which relates a tale of a wife and a cattle raid. Others, like "Black Leather Jig," are more recent additions, but they too have their stories (yes, there is such a thing as a black leather kilt).

Because the Annandale pool is not large enough to support a Scottish Dance Ball, occasionally the club ventures elsewhere. Going forth into the wilds of Scottish Dancing, kilts are broken out and ball gowns are chosen. So far this year, the club has presided at two balls, the first, in Albany, was the annual "Fall Fling" and then we ventured to the "Spring Thing" at Swarthmore College, where we spent an idyllic seven hours dancing. Student Chris Van Dyke attended and remarked on his lack of kilt: "I usually don't feel awkward wearing trousers." He hopes to remedy this by his next Ball. Another student, Sonja Wilson, was excited by the geographic range of the dancers. "Even though we were in Pennsylvania, we still saw people we met in Albany!"

Scottish Country Dance meets at 7:30 p.m. on the first, third, and fifth Wednesday of each month. The next meeting will convene on May 7 at Manor Lounge. Everyone is welcome to join us and learn century-old dances, as well as some newer ones.

Editorial Policy

The *Observer* is Bard College's student-run newspaper. It is published at timely intervals during the semester. Everyone is welcome to write for it. The deadline for submissions, be they stories, cartoons, photographs, statistics, letters, classifieds or advertisements of any kind, is 3 p.m. on the Tuesday before publication. Send all submissions via campus mail to either Meredith Yayanos (x4188) or Lilian Robinson (x4344). Submit all writings on a labelled disk (or else we claim them for ourselves) as a text file and in hardcopy form. Submit developed photographs if possible, preferably in the commercial 4x6 print size and shot in black-and-white.

It is the responsibility of the writers to contact the editors before the Thursday after deadline to speak with them about their submissions. Otherwise their submissions will face editing pencils alone. The *Observer* reserves the right to edit for spelling, grammar, and length.

The *Observer* discourages anonymous submissions. If you must submit anonymously, you must reveal your identity to the editors.

Cabaret Reveals the Delights of Improvisation

by Deirdre Faughey

When I saw the signs up for an evening of improvisational theater games, I said to myself, "Oh God, not theater games again!" But to my surprise, I laughed harder than I have in a long time. This theater-game group of Bard students and graduates, which was coached by director Paul Sills, presented an evening of improvisational cabaret that showed how important the versatile qualities of improvisation are to an actor.

Yet, as I stated earlier, I was skeptical from the beginning. I arrived at Bard Hall a little before 8 p.m. on Saturday, April 26th, and witnessed some of the pre-show activity. There was a group of people lined up on the grass between the Chapel and the Hall. Though they looked innocent enough, I walked over to take a closer look. As I was on my way, they shouted some words that I couldn't quite make out and then started running in line-formation in my direction. This was when I decided to head inside to figure out what was going on, and to get out of their way.

Inside I found a group of people that I don't often see here in Annandale-On-Hudson; half of the seats were occupied by people who weren't teachers or students. In fact, I was sure that I had not seen any of those people before. Curious, I assumed a seat close to the front and waited for the show to begin. Familiar faces soon came through the door and before long Bard Hall was packed.

Director Paul Sills gave the audience a brief explanation as to what was going to happen in the following hour and a half. In a very clear voice, he told us about the theater games that actors play in rehearsals. These games help the actors to loosen up and they also provide the actors with a way to practice their improvisational acting skills. I assumed that the running going on outside earlier was another way for the actors to warm up and prepare. Whatever they did sure paid off.

The first game that was played for us was called "Who Am I?" In this game one actor leaves the room while the others decide what character s/he is to assume. Once his fate has been decided the actor is brought back into the room, still unaware of his new identity, and the other actors act

"towards" him. Through this process, the actor has to figure out who he is supposed to be. In the first instance, the actor found out that he was playing the part of Gengis Khan, which was no easy task. The second time the game was played, the actor figured out that he was Superman with a little help from a near by Lois Lane.

In another game, two actors carried on a conversation in gibberish while the third translated their conversation to English for us. Rotating the actors every two or three minutes kept these conversations fast, and with the aid of body language, the audience held a steady stream of laughter.

Yet another game that held the audience in close attention was one that revolved around the concept of dubbing. Two actors would face the audience and two would sit on the ground in front of them with their backs towards the audience. After the audience decided who the actors were going to play, where they were supposed to be, and what they were doing there, the scene would begin. The two actors on the floor would provide the voices of the two acting out the scene to create the effect of watching a foreign movie dubbed in English. For the first one, an excited Natalie Merchant called out from the back of the room, "King and Queen," in her unique voice, to give the relationship between the two actors. Once people got over their confusion as to what the famous Natalie Merchant was doing watching a performance of the Bard Theater of Drama and Dance, it was decided that the king and queen would be escaping on a rowboat. The performance left the audience in stitches once again.

If you have ever watched a BBC television show called "Who's Line Is It Anyway," you have seen the Theater Group's format before. Apparently these theater games are not uncommon and can be either really successful or truly dull. After all, we can't expect everyone to be funny all of the time. While there were moments in the evening when the act seemed to be taken a little too far, or allowed to last a little bit longer than it should have, the successes far outweighed the failures. Despite the lack of ventilation in Bard Hall, and the physical lengths to which the actors took their roles, they had plenty of energy and the show lasted until 9:30. Free of charge, the audience enjoyed more laughs than they would have had they paid \$8.00 to see a movie. From what I could tell, the Cabaret was a fantastic success.

The Round-Up Record Guide

by Joel Hunt

The following is an abbreviated consumer's guide to some records that have been released in the last six months.

To begin with, Pavement's new album "Brighten the Corners" has been heralded with much brouhaha: Robert Christgau's wordy review in the *Village Voice* (which mentions Bard prof. John Ashbery at least six hundred times) is an example of the length to which some aspire when trying to describe the album. I, however, will try to be brief. It is a more-than-decent lp which pleases on repeated listenings, unlike most "rock" music today (the standout cuts being "Shady Lane," "Starlings in the Slipstream," and "Embassy Row"). And it's leagues better than "Wowie Zowie," their last effort. Very much worth your time, I think.

Which brings us to "Hazel," the latest release by the Red Krayola. This "band" is more a collective unit than a band, having been active since 1967 under various guises and incarnations. The "leader" behind their many releases is one Mayo Thompson: native Texan, former employee at the much-fabled Rough Trade record label, and currently a professor at

Cal Arts. On "Hazel" he is joined by a cast of twenty-odd people including Gastr del Sol-ers David Grubbs and Jim O'Rourke, former Slovenly guitarist Tom Watson, Tortoise maven John McEntire, visual artist and synthesizer-player extraordinaire Albert Oehlen, and former Minutemen drummer George Hurley. What results is a stunningly complex yet also quite accessible album (thanks to Grubbs' Elton John-styled piano playing). Highly recommended.

June of 44's latest ep "The Anatomy of Sharks" is a foray into already-charted waters for the band: not entirely unpleasant, but more of their guitar-rock histrionics (excluding the dub-infected track "Boom"). Finally Fred Erskine's song "Suitcase" (a live staple) makes it onto one of their recordings, but under the strange title "Seemingly Endless Steamer." This record is worth-buying for fans, but neophytes might be better off checking out their earlier recordings.

"City of Refuge" is the title of John Fahey's return into the recorded world. This amazing guitarist had been putting out wonderful records since 1959 until a more recent bout with alcoholism, poverty, and various illnesses.

Thankfully he's back, and this new lp shows the rejuvenation Fahey has received through the work of younger experimentalist like Jim O'Rourke, Thurston Moore, and others. The tracks consist mainly of explorations into drone-like minimalism, coupled with Fahey's amazing three-finger picking. One of the most amazing, most anticipated comebacks of the year.

In a similar vein is Jim O'Rourke's "Happy Days," which couples the drone of hurdy-gurdies with minimalist, yet more than competent, guitar playing. This being O'Rourke's first solo disc in a few years, it shies away from his earlier electronic compositions in favor of reaching into the American Minimalist "tradition" set forth by such pioneers as Tony Conrad, Fahey, Phil Niblock, and others. Highly recommended for those who are into this sort of thing (I salute you).

For those into electronic music, I suggest the following discs by the German group Oval: "94Diskont" and "Systemisch." Oval make music by manipulating compact discs by other artists. The result is a warm electronic bath of sound: never harsh, but pleasantly fucked-up in its own right.

Well, that's about it. My record funds are exhausted, as is your patience, I expect. Anyway, do yourself a favor and buy some music for yourself, a friend, or a stranger sometime soon.

Supposing Truth Is an Action Film—What Then?

Escape from L.A.

by Nate Schwartz

It would seem that the action movie genre is by now well exhausted, the formula shopworn; we've become familiar with the "concepts" underlying many of the most recognized films: the heavily armed ex-soldier destroying a small third world nation; a kickboxer avenging the death or injury of a father or brother by flagellating droves of highly trained ninjas or street punks, assassins, drug dealers, cops-gone-bad. We've seen these before. I too had lost faith. Until I rented Kurt Russell's new film *Escape from L.A.*

This is the sequel to *Escape from New York*, though it stands well apart. Set in 2013, it features Russell as Snake Plissken, a twenty-first-century heat-packing gunfighter wanted on dozens of violations of "moral crimes." America has become a moral land, rigidly supervised by a dictator-president who has rid the nation of sinners through incarceration and capital punishment. His daughter has stolen a powerful doomsday device that allows him to use satellites to shut down power anywhere on earth. She has run off with a rebel clan living in L.A., which by the way has been separated from California by an earthquake and is now an island. Enter Snake. The gunslinger has been imprisoned and forced to take on a mission: bring back the device and assassinate the daughter.

What is most remarkable is the ingenuity of its maker, John Carpenter who manages to make allusions and subtly spoof every action series from *Rambo* to *007* to *Terminator*. It also includes more modes of transportation than have probably ever been included in a similar film. It starts with a transport van and soon Snake's traveling in a one-man nuclear sub; he rides a motorcycle, a horse, drives a custom convertible, pilots a hand-glider, a surf board, and an attack helicopter. Dressed in a black leather trench coat, Arnold-style, he's given a choice of souped-up destructive

implements in the tradition of Bond, as well as a box of regular matches (reference to Sly Stallone's matchstick-chewing *Cobra*.) Various *Terminator* allusions are employed as he knocks off scores of gun-toting rabble-rousers. Few action sequences could surpass the absurdity of a scene in which, imprisoned by the rebel leader on a basketball court in the Coliseum, he is forced to shoot hoops for his life. Yet this hardly compares to another scene in which he and Peter Fonda go surfing on an earthquake-inspired swell (Snake having been shot in the leg); and in so doing surfs along side a moving *Caddy*, into which he leaps in an attempt to commandeer the cherried-out classic. The final showdown takes place in a burned-out Happy Kingdom, into which Snake and his compatriots descend on hand-gliders killing off hundreds.

Also featuring Stacy Keach and Steve Buscemi the cast is filled out nicely, and offers respectable foils (as far as action movies go) to Russell's stalwart, unsmiling character. It has been quite a spell since an action flick has achieved as much. It has all the basics: hundreds of tattooed ruffians shot, kicked and exploded with better-than-average fanfare; weapons, vehicles, damsels in distress. Interlacing the mumbling tradition of Brando with the grunting school of Eastwood and Sly Stallone, Russell's lines constitute an anthology of the dynamic uses of the mumble-grunt in twentieth-century filmmaking. In short, an utterly ridiculous and yet enjoyable blow-'em-up thriller, highly recommended for those whose aesthetic values have been tinged by one too many machine guns.

Interested in Hosting a Prospective Student?

Please contact the Bard Admissions Office
Drop in M-F 9am-5pm
or call 758-7472
or email to admissions@bard.edu

Opinion

Cry Havoc and Let Loose the Dogs of War

by Jeremy Dillahunt

What is that sound? Is it the muffled thud of a Unicorn head plopping to earth? Is it an Elk noggin relinquishing itself to the natural laws of gravity? A dry can of GA squished on the cabeza of an Elk or Unicorn? Could it be a five-pound bud falling from the Crop in a harvest? No, not just one of these, but all; for the softball season is upon us. That dull thwack, followed by the gigantic drunken roar, is the softball being lofted into the heavens, and the teammates of the lofter releasing an ecstatic bellow as the orb of victory hurtles through the ether.

Yes it is that time again my fellow conspirators, the time when senior projects, finals, and the educational system itself is shucked for the primal release. It is a time when the student reverts to the Darwinian ideal: survival of the fittest. Which team will become rabid enough, frantic enough, violently drunk enough to claim the prize of the Bard Athletic Intramural Champions? Who will become the primate that sells his or her soul in the quest to dominate their schoolmates in the arena of softball? Prepare yourself competitors, for this year's competition will go down in the annals of history, wherever they may be as one of the most drunken, most stoned, and most competitive soft ball seasons ever.

We have two divisions and more than ten teams competing in this year's tournament. The rivalries will be fierce. Bountiful Crop is seeking to regain lost glorification from the Unicorns; the Unicorns are attempting to stave an early challenge from the Elks; and the Elks, they are trying to stay sober enough to reach Opening Day. Already the teams are practicing, Tewksbury field is filled with obsessed frosh, sophomores, juniors, and seniors working on batting, fielding, and drinking. Stevenson library has been over-run by desperate team captains seeking copies of *Babe Ruth Batting Essentials*, *Jackie Robinson's Secret Steal Technique*, and *Nolan Ryan's No Hitter*. Anaconda Sports owner Pinch Sweaty said, "This April's glove, bat, and ball sales are up from last year's," and BevWay owner Tab Puller stated, "I haven't sold so much beer in an April since the Saints won the Super Bowl—especially Golden Anniversary, just can't seem to keep it stocked." Two sure signs that this year's season is going to leave a record number of hospitalities, UFO sightings, and THC comas.

For those of you who aren't in the know (freshmen), softball is the single most important thing that happens during a Bard schoolyear. In fact, Botstein himself has been overheard to say, while enjoying a Cohibo and cognac, that the reason why Bard exists is so he can secretly run an illegal betting syndicate on the Intramural Championships: Crop 1:1, Unicorns 1:1, Elks 1:1, and the rest somewhere in there with St. Tula at 1:999. So, for the next five weeks, train like mad. Your financial aid depends on it.

It is a little known fact that softball pre-dates Bard College. Some of you may find that fact a little uncomfortable (noodle-muscle science majors) but it is, and will always remain, a fact. Softball in the hierarchy of things, compared to Bard College, is like marijuana and beer; marijuana has been around longer, is one-hundred-percent natural, and will outlive you Bukowski-loving GA'ers for all of eternity. You're a flash in the pan, get over it. Sorry, where was I, must have been all that GA I drank earlier...

Oh yes! The history surrounding softball. In 10,000,000 BC a plaque was carved depicting twelve figures standing in a diamond shape. At the point of this diamond a single figure stood with a stick, all the other figures had an enlarged hand, except for a figure standing behind the figure with the stick. This figure was seen to be holding a rule book and had the letters a,s,s,h,o,l, and e carved below it. Surrounding the twelve figures were about ten thousand other figures (one with a noticeable bow tie smoking a cigar), all drinking from what appeared to be kegs. The words "Victory Or Death" were carved at the top of the obelisk and the entire stone was shaped like a large red plastic cup. The stone popularly came to be known as the "Rosetta Stone," named after the

beer boy who carted load after load of beer to the decipherers, and initiated the understanding of the ancient Egyptian/Abyssinian language as we know it today. Actually a new stone, the Flounder stone just discovered in the upper Nile valley, depicts several figures lounging on pyramid steps smoking

spliffs and drinking forties, and is dated roughly the same time as the Rosetta Stone!. Some archaeologists have suggested that the Flounder Stone is a remnant from the victory celebration following the end of the Egypto/Abyssino softball season.

Softball is to played on Tuesdays and Wednesdays this season at 4:30 p.m. till dusk. If you are on a team it is important to remember your game times; failure to do so often results in automatic lynching by fellow teammates. If you are not on a team, show up anyway; Athletics Director Kris Hall has promised free beer to everyone present at the softball diamond on Tuesdays and Wednesdays: "I think getting really hammered and playing sports fosters a sense of community and responsibility that Bard students find missing in their everyday lives. I am just proud to be a part of something positive and good." Remember, softball enthusiasts, it is only a game, and although it is the only time you can really get out the aggression you've been storing up inside for the past eight months, release it with the smack of the ball and the pound of the beer, not upon your fellow competitor's noggin. Also remember that you hit farther, run faster, make better decisions, and have more fun when you're drunk and/or stoned. Have a good dishonest season and may your schoolwork collect dust.

Morituri te salutamus, or something like that.

1 Scientific American, pg. 420 sect 40oz.

Community Member Lambasts Forman

Dear editors,

Two thoughts occasioned by the "Cool Like Us" article in April 11th's *Bard Observer* re the "changing" Bard and Bard students:

1) It is doubtful that Bard students of 20 years ago would have invited Milos Forman, the director of the Larry Flynt bio, to speak in any forum. Had they invited him, he would have arrived to an empty hall. Basta. The silent treatment. Or the hall would have been empty, while students chanted and picketed outside. More than likely, Forman would have been witness to himself burning upside down in effigy (Bard students always loved a bonfire, and B&G was and continues to be the best at building them).

Students of 20 years ago were possibly less courteous, but nearly always politically correct, innovative, creative and humorous movers and shakers. I can't imagine this has anything to do with GPA's.

As for a Bard College professor introducing the flower-laden Milos Forman—the hypothetical situation is of no importance, since no one would have given Forman flowers.

2) Believe it or not, the food is considerably more interesting. Now if we could have wine at meals, we'd be making one giant step into the 21st century.

Pola Chapelle

DaCapo Concert

Premieres of student compositions and performances of twentieth-century masterpieces by DaCapo Chamber Players and students.

Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., Blum Hall

Allen Ginsburg Is Dead!!! We Lose. He Was a Great Guy.

This poem is for my poetry teachers. It is, in some ways, a summary of college in four years as though it were centuries – at least a dozen countries garbled, where I converted babbling to art ("each word was once a poem," reiterates the language student). My education has been rife with distrust, joy, condemnation and finally some accomplishment (how instructive those perpetual classrooms have been; friendships in adversity, I suppose).

Robert Kelly has been a strong influence on me, as recluse as he sometimes was to my enthusiasm and demands. He is a strange man who taught me economy of language. We are both prolific in our outbursts and share a mutual interest as students of Buddhism. Instructing as minimalist, he educated me on the proper function of redundancy, freeing me to write longer poems (none of which are presented here).

As far as I'm concerned, John Ashbery is perfect syntax, near perfect density and a wealth of riddle-intense incomprehensibility – he cheats me of my addiction to rational narrative. Again and again I return for the placebo he offers, and it pushes me further into fascinating and undiscovered lands of poetics. In the inevitable war of high and low language (intellectual obscurantism and everyday speech), he achieves a near perfect balance. I think of it as a seesaw. In my own poetry the two ends still often warp with weight, pulled down to the ground, threatening to break the poem's fundamental effort. In his, the tension is so evenly distributed along the board's length, that it hangs

perfectly balanced, tipping neither to the left nor right. Thanks to his advice, I have earned money as a poet. Compensation is a wonderful impetus when pursuing this ludicrous affair as a possible vocation. He is a sophisticated and subtle molder of language, deserving of the scrutiny and admiration we give Auden and Pound. Sometimes I think it is his joke that I understand him not at all.

Through discussion, Bradford Morrow, the penultimate narrative editor, has given me a musical appreciation for the pace and length of both the sentence and the paragraph (as well as the verse) – I believe his influence is evident in this poetry. Ask him about one of his novels, its "underthreads" and superstructures, and you will understand just how subtle and unostentatious a skilled writer can become.

Justus Rosenberg, the most patient and generous editor and teacher I've ever been lucky enough to encounter, has happily accepted deluges of creative output. His criticisms have been voluminous, pithy and accurate, and the mechanics of the way I write down ideas have benefited from his suggestions. He is also a good friend and the invincible roi de la fête.

Christian is the power of the rich subversive imperative. Ted is a magnificent trick with more raw word skill than anyone else I know my age (he lives with myths more eloquently than I ever have). Courtney produces in her poems the invasive viscosity of the intangible in coition with the reader. Meredith has more wit and understanding of penetrative image (the Beat "deep image," now in journalism) than any of the schmos writing in lower Manhattan. Andrew is a poignant landscapist; a rail worker, his language perpetually in motion. To these people, those I've read both in class and out, and all of the others whom I've admired: Thank you for teaching me how to keep the language in motion.

Raman Frey – April 26th, 1997

Departure Song

1.

Where is your absence of narcissism
in this compilation –
April 1st, 1997,
a snowstorm in the Catskills,
sex on the muddy kitchen floor with someone else's wife?
Don't tease me:

No artist is a religion,
not even an obscure one.
No,

we are turpentine cocktails
and lambskin.
I can tell from your green color,
from these things, that you're hungry,
You are James Joyce,

a structural performer. No,
you are as structural as Joyce was Irish, as

open as a sutured woman crease.
"Got up and dressed up
and went out & got laid" I

If it weren't for my chastity belt,
I'd have fallen in love.

Someone must have a key.
You there, with that milky jar,
will you

write an elegy for my sparrow?
He was hit by a truck.
I have the license.
I'm sure to be paid.

You recognize me.
You see my state, or no
we, the worn out pink erasers.

2.

Lachrymose phrasing –
you, I've read, are phosphorescent on the page, you
come to attend T. S. Eliot's children, eroticise them.

I am a grandchild from outside,
arrogant and poorly read.

Wait up and Live up,
and get up & drop out –
my parents.

Cryostasis, you,
you are too old. But I, I am, AM.
My head is permanent, though at twenty-four,
it has still no compilation.

I am prolific.
Common, you and I?
I confess, but don't say
yes.
Purging is our response.
But no one listens,
because no one can.
It is simply too costly.
A poet tries to slash prices.

3.

I invite you to attend,
lay down with an escape and, when sated
of its form, eat of its heart.

In clothing screaming still to me
through time a
motorcycle buried on the street,

I watch where I have come, wonder –
(Hevajra, Yama) you

wrote the year I was born.
I think from a lama's stable in Tibet,
but now where and where?

Our purpose?
Killing monsters, blue sharks, blue mornings 2
and a sweet melting death of rain
like pepper (you know you could cut).

Help me here to attend.
I want to write a poem.

"Then died and got buried,
in a coffin in the grave," 3

we, the poets, who raise each
other on bold, shared, failing shoulders.

You are a friend who wants the bullseye
marked with green and...

I am invisible and central,
not part of fraternity,
matted, unwoven

of your lense, mine.
I am not hiring choreographers today.
Inscrutable Diamond is to me (only familiar) and

is perfect
with emptiness, 4

centered on a mandala balcony
beneath a manifold eclipse
where I stare at the sun to see
a dishonesty furnished and alive.

-Raman Frey-

THE BARD observer

May 1, 1997

Classifieds

Announcements

Worldwide Search for Poetry

A British publisher is searching the world for new and established poets to send their work to be considered for a new series of books, "Towards 2000." These are to be published in the run-up to the millenium. If you write poetry, Penhaligon Page of Llangollen, Wales, UK would like to hear from you. Send a maximum of 3 poems, up to thirty lines each on any subject, in any style (contemporary or traditional), to reach them by May 30, 1997. There are no entry or reading fees. Please send copies of your poems and retain your originals as the editors are unable to return work. Send your poems to: Penhaligon Page, Upper Dee Mill, Llangollen, Wales, LL20 8SD, UK. Alternatively fax your poems on 0011 44 1978 869110 or e-mail them to kelly@pen-page.demon.co.uk.

Earn College Credit While Conquering the Wilderness: Outward Bound Semester Courses

Want to embark on a real adventure while earning college credit? Outward Bound has the answer: Semester Odysseys. Thousands of college students have found these semester-length wilderness courses are a fun — and valuable — way to take a break from the classroom. Semester Odysseys help you discover who you are and what you want to do with your life. Through the physical and mental challenges of a wilderness expedition you develop discipline, perseverance, and a real sense of self. Group discussions and private reflection away from the daily grind spark understanding of your inner values and aspirations. Most of all, it's an exciting, challenging adventure you will remember for the rest of your life. Outward Bound alumni return to school feeling more self-confident, motivated, focused than they have ever felt before. And, of course, they are in incredible shape. Courses are open to anyone 18 years and older and require no previous experience. Each expedition consists of five to 10 students led by two professional instructors. Course lengths vary from 49 to 84 days and may be taken for college credit at many schools. For more information, contact Voyager Outward Bound at 111 Third Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55401; 800/328-2943; 612/338-3540. Internet: www.vobs.com.

COTTAGE AVAILABLE: Summer or year round rental. Access to private community beach for swimming and boat tie-up on the quiet, 80-acre South Twin Lake, Elizaville, NY. No power boating allowed. 1 bedroom, 1 bath, sleeps 3, reasonable. Less than two hours from NYC, 15 minutes from Bard, hiking, 5 minutes from camps Eagle Hill and Scatico, 50 minutes from Jimminy Peak, ice skate on the lake. 212-724-8027 Ray Recht/Claire Des Becker

PRINTWORK '97, Call for slides to National Printmaking Exhibition, July 18-August 16, 1997. Juror: Roberta Waddell, Curator of Prints, New York Public Library at 5th Ave. in New York City. Cash awards/exhibition opportunities. Slide deadline: May 16, 1997. Send SASE for pros. to: Barret House Galleries/DCAA, 55 Noxon Street, Poughkeepsie, NY, 12601. 914-471-2550.

Internships & Job Opportunities

Putting Earth Day to Work

Earth Day comes and goes, but the Environmental Careers Organization focuses on making the spirit of Earth Day last not only all year long — but all career long. The Environmental Careers Organization (ECO) is a national non-profit organization based in Boston that has spent the last twenty-five years developing environmental professionals and promoting environmental careers. Working with the organization's regional offices

in located in Boston, Cleveland, Seattle, and San Francisco, ECO places over 600 new environmental professionals directly each year into the workplace with short-term, paid internships in corporations, government agencies, and non-profit organizations. The organization is host to the nation's premier environmental career conference each year, and will draw more than 1,500 students. In its thirteenth year, the National Environmental Career Conference (NECC) presents sessions that address all levels of environmental careers including a networking event for those ready to enter the workforce. The 1997 conference will be in Boston, MA on October 24-25. For more information on ECO, NECC in Boston, or how to start a career in the environment [sic], visit the organization's web site at <http://www.eco.org> or call 617/426-4375.

INTERN POSITION: Summer Intern position available in May and continuing throughout summer months, 9-10 hours a week. Intern position is unpaid but may be counted towards school credit and valuable field experience. Send cover letter and resume to: Barrett House Galleries & School of Art, 55 Noxon Street, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601. For further information call (914) 471-2550.

Services

Astrologer Available

I can do birth (natal) charts, relationship readings, specific question readings, etc. Full interpretations, unfailingly insightful. Fees negotiable. More info? E-mail to ND286 or campus mail 716.

Wanted

Sublets Wanted

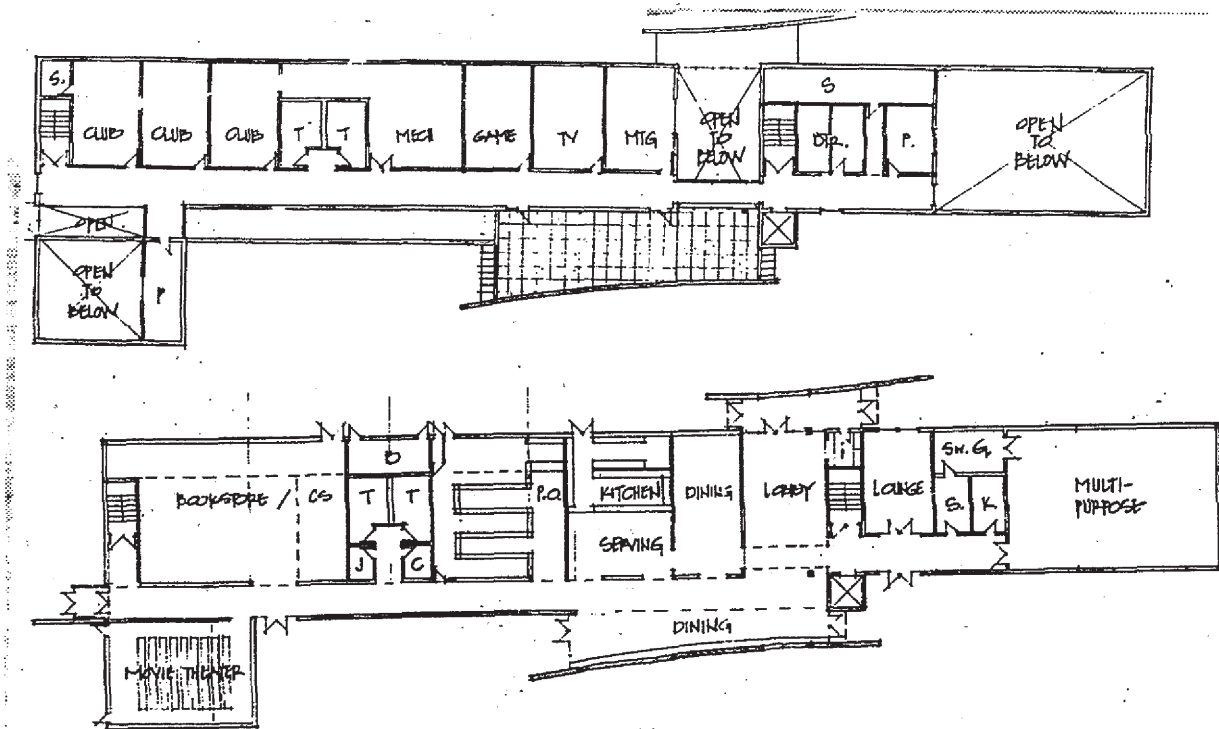
Any off-campus student residents who are interested in possibly subletting their apartments/houses for the summer months should please contact the Graduate Office (Sottery 102/ext. 7483) with a description of the space and cost. We have graduate students who are in residence for the months of June, July, August, and would be happy to try to organize a mutually beneficial sublet.

In Search of Pictures, Stories, and

Poems the loss of a sibling through death can be a very traumatic experience, regardless of the age of the survivor. Because of the limited material in print covering this subject, I feel it is important to provide another means of support to those who have lost a brother or sister. My goal is to create a book where survivors might find pieces of themselves, and receive support in their moments of grief. Therefore I am in the process of gathering stories, poems, and pictures to be shared and published for this purpose. Because of limited space in the book, I may not be able to print all that I receive. There may also be some editing of those materials which are printed. Please include your address with your submitted work. If you would like your work returned to you, please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

A copy of the completed book will be provided to all those whose work is printed out of gratitude for your contribution. Please mail to: Carrie Hammarlof, 148 Hampden Road, East Longmeadow, MA 01028

All classified ads are printed free of charge to the advertiser. The Bard Observer "reserves" the right to edit them for length and clarity, however. Please try to keep your ad to a maximum of 75 words. Students: send your ad(s) to the Bard Observer via campus mail. Others: send your ad(s) to The Bard Observer, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504. The Observer will also accept classified ads via e-mail at observer@bard.edu.



What's wrong with this picture (other than the absolute unimaginativeness and functional ineptness of the design)? This is our new student center. It does not look much like the one that was publicized last spring. And if you want to make sure this monstrosity does not actually become the new social center of the college, let them know (and get your parents to let them know).

Alumni/Development-X7407
The President's Office-X7423/X7427

Above is an anonymous flyer that has been circulated amongst members of the Bard community. The Observer welcomes responses to be printed in the upcoming issue (the semester's last).

THE ADVENTURES OF BOT-MAN ; LEVINE BOY : RS3(4)

LAST ISSUE:
Bot-man, Levine Boy and Fred Grab put their mind together to discover that Evil Soyman is behind the confusion. They arrive at his secret hideaway via the red shuttle....

Please come inside, Highly Educated Tag-team

32 BROADWAY

Inside Chateau Non-Sequitur

We're investigating the invasion of campus by nonsensical uninteresting garbage.

Get milk

Do you recognize this?

From you, dad. I learned it from watching you.

The Dark side of the force is chewy and delicious.

Say it ain't so, Bot-man! Evil Soyman is your son?!

Yes, I/M the true creator of the Evil Soybean,

But who will protect the prospective students?

POV

SPAC

LAHOOF

HELQ! I'm being attacked by Nu Lucas Muppet Sequence!

Do your homework

Welcome to my Ricolab.

RA-BOB

DONE ENTIRELY BY : John Holowach ; Chris Van Dyke ©1997 TIONALCUTMPANY
Special Thank To : Don Vena (for drawing i writing the entire thing)

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THE

Terror... burnt to a Crispy Brown

by Zulu's Keymaster; Morgan Frell,

Since his creation at Kline, the Living Stew was entirely of the mysteriously untitled special sub responsible for his creation have hired Chris and Living Stew walks the lonely path to the village.

Considered aimlessly thru Bard campus during the plot issue of last to appear. Now, those at FLIK and John to eliminate him. It is right now, and the of the Crugers

Enjoy the Full Page you got last issue, stopyy Joe, it'll be your headstone! Teach you to prin-

What the...?

Someewhere, in an abandoned prof's house across the street... John and Chris lurk.

A-chu-tal

We have you now, you strange and chunky bastard!

Domnatio!

...Foot Patrol!

HUM... escort?

Comics

THE BARD observer

May 1, 1997

THE ADVENTURES OF BOT-MAN & LEVINE BOY: THE UMPIRE STRIKES BACK 5(4)

LAST ISSUE: SOY-MAN REVEALED THAT HE IS, IN FACT, BOT-MAN'S SON! TRAPPED BY EVIL SOY-MAN'S "NU LUCAS SEQUENCE," DEAN IS FORCED TO SIT BY HELPLESSLY AS BOT-MAN AND EVIL SOY-MAN BATTLE TO THE GLIB FLIGLE FISH...

JOIN ME, AND TOGETHER WE SHALL RULE ANNANDALE AS FATHER AND GLOBBLE WIDGET!

NEVER!

I SUPPOSE YOU EXPECT ME TO TALK NONSENSE?

NO, MR BOND, I EXPECT YOU TO DIE!

THESE LUCAS COMPUTER ANIMATIONS ARE IMPERVIOUS TO MY TEA BOT-MAN! IT'S ALL UP TO YOU!

POUR! GLEEB!

NO TIME 4 LOVE, DR. JONES?

HEY! NOW YOU'RE JUST BEING SILLY. THAT WAS FROM "TEMPLE OF DOOM!"

LUCAS EFFECTS... TOO MUCH... LOSING... CONCIIOUSNESS...

SWOON SWOON

LEVINE BOY... LEVINE BOY...

MOSES, DRESSED AS J. EDGAR HOOVER?

YOU WILL TRAVEL TO THE TOWN KNOWN ASTIVOLI. THERE YOU WILL SEEK THE ONE CALLED SODA. SODA WILL TEACH YOU MUCH...

MOSES... :-)

(HUFF)... I CAN'T... FIGHT... ANY LONGER?

I'M BACK FROM THE JOHN!

DOE!

OOOH DID I JUST KNOCK OUT EVIL SOY-MAN AND SAVE THE WORLD?

BUT...

JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE YANKIES!

BUT... DIDN'T YOU GO TO THE BATHROOM OVER IN LUDLOW?! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

THE BATHROOM IS A STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS PLACE!

(CUE DRAGNET THEME)

EVIL SOY-MAN WAS TRIED AND CONVICTED ON 367,000 COUNTS OF INSANITY AND 12 COUNTS OF "WILD, MAD CAP, ZANY SLAPSTICK" BY JUDGE MEKAS. AFTER PLEADING INSANE TO THE COUNTS OF INSANITY, THE JUDGE SENTANCED HIM TO 5 YEARS TO LIFE WORKING FOR BROADWAY PIZZA. **FIN!**

WRITTEN BY: JOHN HOLONACH | CHRIS VAN DYKE ILLUSTRATED BY: CHRIS VAN DYKE
SPECIAL THANKS TO: DAN "EVIL SOY-MAN" VENA, TONALCUTIMPANY, AND GEORGE "I CAN'T COUNT TO 9" LUCAS.