

OBSERVER

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Page 1	Campus Center Brouhaha Abates Anna-Rose Mathieson
Page 2	Notebook Meredith Yayanos
Page 3	Spring Breakage: How Bard Dealt With the Spring Break Fiasco Lilian Robinson McCabe Steps Down After Decade as Alumni Association President Nathanael Schwartz
Page 4	Editorial Policy
Page 5	Puppets and Aliens Gabriel Lally A Sonnet Hamlet, Directed by Kenneth Branagh Nate Schwartz
Page 6	Drama Review Brecht's The Good Person of Setzuan Megan Hamill A Spring in Their Step [Dance Theatre II] Deidre Faughey
Page 7	Café Offers Luminous Alternatives Abigail Rosenberg Record Review The Last Round-up Joel Hunt
Page 8	Being Our Constructions A response to Carolee Schneemann's performative reading Your Dog My Cat or Delirious Arousal of Destruction Nathan Carlton
Page 10	Softball Scandal Jeremy Dillahunt
Page 11	Letters Has Truth Served Justice? Chafetz speaks out
Page 12	Another Crackpot Visionary Speaks Out Joe Stanco Campus Center Committee Supports New Plan A Comforting Letter Adam Weiss
Page 13	Classifieds
Page 15	Retina Soybean Dan Veena and John Morton
Page 16	Bot-man The Adventures of Bot-man and Levine Boy

The Bard observer

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In America, few people will trust you unless you are irreverent.

—Norman Mailer

Campus Center Brouhaha Abates

by Anna-Rose Mathieson

Observant readers may have noticed the blueprints for the new campus center, which were anonymously posted in Kline and published in the last issue of the *Observer*, along with a grammatically flawed

campus center to replace the rather dilapidated Old Gym. Apparently, students were polled and a “program” was designed to include the features that students requested; the campus center will contain a large bookstore, a place for parties, cafe, game room

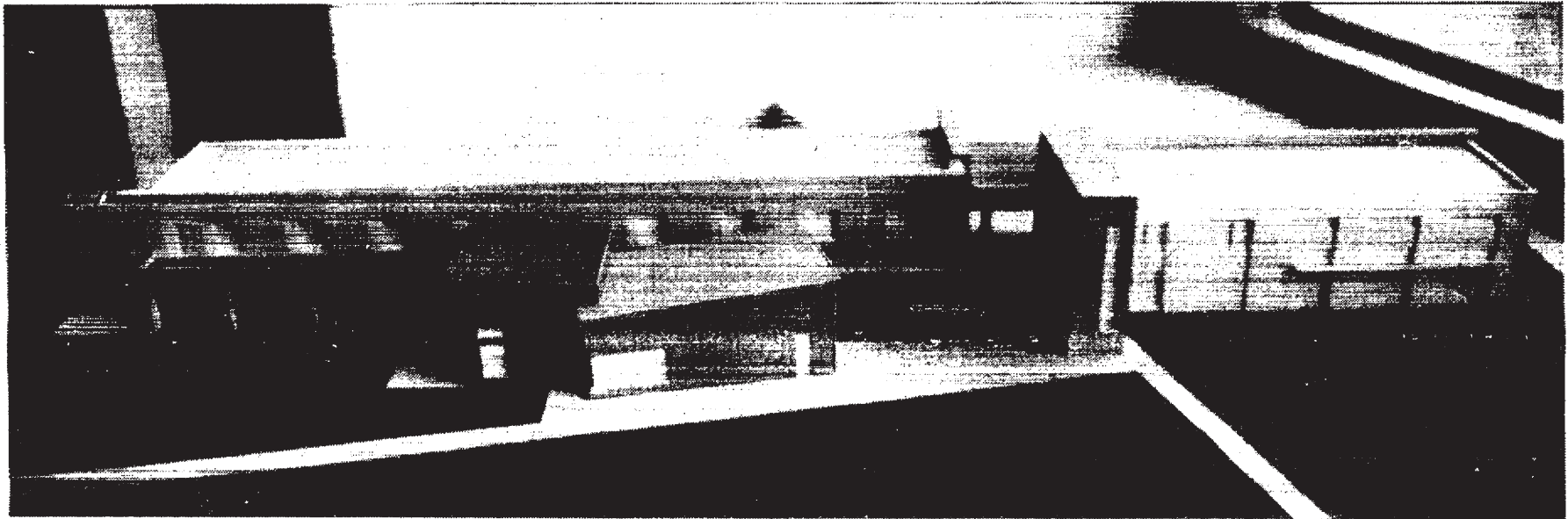


photo: Anna-Rose Mathieson

Model of the Heinz O. Bertelsmann Campus Center designed by Cathy Simon.

News

Notebook, page 2
Spring Breakage, page 3
Peter McCabe, page 3

Entertainment

Brecht review, page 6
Dance Theatre II, page 6
Carolee Schneemann, page 8

Sports

Softball, page 10

Letters

Chafetz, page 11
Internet complaint, page 12
Campus Center, page 12

plea for students to protest the “functionally ineptness of this...monstrosity.”

The good news is that the plans have changed.

The new campus center will be rather rectangular, since the intriguing old design that featured a curving glass wall has been abandoned. The new plans, however, are substantially more interesting than the blueprints lead one to believe; the circulated plans were just an initial attempt at a revised design, not the finalized blueprints that they purported to be.

The new design is slightly larger than the old one and boasts several structural improvements. The banally named “multi-purpose room” (read: “party room”) is now a normal shape, not a long, dark tunnel as it was in the old plan. Seating for the cafe is adjacent to the servery, so it will be easier to swipe a cup of coffee as you enjoy a poetry reading. The movie theater has a whopping 100 seats, a vast improvement over the measly 99 seats that the last plan included.

For those of you who have no idea what is going on, a bit of history: for several years, the college has been planning a new

(complete with foosball, juke box, pool, and video games), t.v. lounge, club rooms, movie theater, exhibition space, several terraces, and a post office. And an information booth (??).

A curvaceous building was designed to include all these features, and the plan was revealed to the students last spring. It was weird. Weird in a good way; the whimsical nature of the curving glass wall seemed in accord with the spirit of Bard. Not many colleges get to have a campus center shaped like the grim reaper’s sickle.

We heard nothing else about the campus center until a radically altered set of blueprints was circulated last month. No one knows how the blueprints were smuggled out of the fortress commonly known as Ludlow, but once these secret plans were released to the public, it was discovered that the old plans had been abandoned quite a while before. Worried that drunken students would impale themselves upon the protruding point of the curving wall, the committee had decided to abandon the old design. The fact that building was 1.5 million dollars over budget also played a role in the

continued on page 2

The Bard observer

May 20, 1997

NOTEBOOK

by Meredith Yayanos

Shrill cries of "don't go in there!" and "damn, she's toast" reverberated from the rafters of the Old Gym last Sunday evening as the Student Film Committee ended their remarkable year's run with a loud and gleeful *Scream*. The 10 p.m. screening of Wes Craven's cunning horror parody drew a colossal turnout, with literally hundreds of procrastinating students crowding seats, scaffolding and storage cubes to get a gander at links of the lovely Drew Barrymore's small intestines. Congratulations to committee members Dan Martinico, Helder Mira, and Samir Vural on a job well done.

"FLIK off. The last cup is mine." At precisely 12:19 a.m., Tuesday night/Wednesday morning, the coffee ran out at *Midnight Brunch*. In the ensuing pandemonium, students quietly hyperventilated into complimentary FLIK goodie bags, appeased the wild dilations of their pupils by donning complimentary FLIK shades, called home and wept profusely to mom courtesy of complimentary FLIK phone cards, but ironically, appeared to prefer the soggy trajectory of discarded french toast to that of their complimentary FLIK frisbees, which, as many would quickly discover, could be easily defamed with Sharpies to exclaim a satisfying, emphatically juvenile three-word expletive.

"Welcome to Ba-a-a-a-ard." Rumors were flying, and so were the sheep jokes. Across campus, gossips joyfully bleated the possibility that this year's commencement speaker might be none other than the Scottish scientist who engineered the world's first recognized mammalian clone. (Hey doc, I got a couple for ya. Q: Want to know the difference between the Rolling Stones and a Scotsman? A: The Rolling Stones sing, "Hey you, get off of my cloud." A Scotsman says, "Hey McCloud, get off of my ewe." Q: How does a Scotsman find a sheep in the grass? A: Deeeelightful.) While on the lamb, this writer recently overheard contradictory hearsay stating that the speaker is actually some economist, but we are still not completely shear that wasn't just misinformation planted by administrative stoolies attempting to pull the wool over our eyes in avoidance of certain ramifications.

In the aftermath of student art openings, film shows, lectures, readings, plays, and concerts, most students are now suffering from acute culture shock. As we perambulate numbly through our last days of classes, let us take a moment to reflect proudly upon the tremendous accomplishments of our community these preceding weeks, and tell anyone who would hold to their assertion that this is an apathetic, overtly-negative or self-defeating citizenry to swallow that bitter pill, wash it down with the absinthe in their complimentary FLIK mug, and hitch the next train outta Dodge City. The *Observer* staff wishes ya'll a safe, relaxing trip to wherever the summer takes you.

Campus Center

continued from page 1

decision-making process.

Although the old design was certainly interesting, it did not seem entirely practical. Rather like a liberal arts degree.

Construction on the new and improved building will start this fall. For those of you who may harbor some doubts about the veracity of this claim, Shelley Morgan says that she is "absolutely positive" that we will see the ground broken this autumn. Granted, we are several million dollars short, but President Botstein is capable of generating that much money.

Theoretically, the building will be finished in a year.

The "drainage problem" has apparently been solved, though no one will quite explain how they are going to make Lake Tewks magically disappear. The feat seems to involve a landscape architect with a master plan for the campus. It will be landscaped just in time for commencement each year.

The new design for the campus center is interesting and very functional, although not quite as Bardianly bizarre as the old design. It will provide a much needed addition to our campus's stunning facilities. Much thanks to all the donors, especially the **Bertelsmanns**. Downtown Annandale-on-Hudson will finally have a city center worthy of its glory.

Even if you do despair at the lack of eccentricity in the new design, remember that it will be just across the field from Tewksbury. In that location, even a strip mall would seem attractive.

It's rather unfortunate that students are woefully uninformed about the plans for our campus center. We were shown the old plans, but never told that they had been jettisoned. The semester is running out. If construction is to be started this fall, next semester is presumably too late for any substantive student impact upon the modified design. Why were we not told about the change in plans until a mole inside the administration leaked the plans to the student body? This isn't the CIA.

Granted, the administration certainly had a decent reason for not previously disclosing the plans; since the trustees haven't officially approved them, the new plans have not been finalized. Nevertheless, we were never even told that the old plans had been abandoned, and the construction would have been begun before we were told that the center had been completely changed. This is rather distressing. Fortunately, we have a wonderful Campus Center Committee, comprised of incredibly competent individuals. Still, only a few students get to express their opinions; I realize that it would be a terrible hassle to actually let the rest of the student body give input, but it would have been nice had the administration at least gone through the motions of trying to inform the students about their student center.

The Bard observer

May 20, 1997

Spring Breakage: How Bard Dealt with the Spring Break Fiasco

by Lillian Robinson

Blizzards, hurricanes, tornados, earthquakes, floods — all the fury and uncontrollable might of the natural world continues to lay siege to the human world. Nothing teaches humans humility better than an out-and-out natural disaster depriving them of resources they've been taking for granted. Even a storm on a relatively small scale can hazzard untold damage to buildings, telephone lines, electrical lines — as Bard learned, probably not for the first time, on the night of Monday, March 31, when an unremarkable snowstorm accompanied by not particularly strong winds descended upon Bard and stole away with the college's, and indeed the whole region's, "resources."

The power outage that paralyzed Bard for almost five days proved to be more than a little inconvenient to students, especially seniors, who had decided to stay on campus to do senior projects and other academic work (as Abby Rosenberg related in an article in the issue of the *Observer* directly following the Break). Students who stayed endured cold water, cold food, no heat, no electricity — and the helplessness engendered by electricity's absence (which prevented computers being used to write papers) and the library's being closed (which, much needed books being inaccessible, prevented any research being done).

Still, most of those students — and many of the students who

returned from happier climes at the end of the Break — were unaware of the enormity and great cost of the damage that the storm incurred. According to Dick Griffiths, Director of Physical Plant Operations, Bard suffered approximately 50,000-55,000 dollars in damage.

Many students perhaps did not realize the immense effort that Physical Plant employees (usually referred to as B&G) put into restoring Bard. Aside from electrical and telephone lines being down, innumerable trees were uprooted or knocked over during the storm (or shortly after, owing to water-softened earth around their roots). A tree fell on an Annandale Road house, which suffered more damage when a small fire began as a result of the returning electrical power.

There were three generators on campus: one at the library, one at the water plant, and one at Kline, although, according to Dick Griffiths, Kline's "was out for two days to start because it was hit with high voltage." Certainly the work didn't end when students (at least those fortunate enough to leave) returned from Spring Break. The B&G crew were still removing tree stumps and clearing away debris weeks afterward.

Downed electrical and telephone lines, and uprooted trees, were not all with which the overwhelmed B&G crews had to deal, however. There was quite a bit of flooding because of the melting snow and rain. According to Dave Bloomer, who does plumbing and heating work for B&G, the Tewksbury dorm, the Woods photo studio, the Barringer House (formerly the pink bed & breakfast) on Annandale Road, and Gray Cottage (residence of Bard film prof. Peter Hutton), all required immediate attendance at the pump. Bloom remarked that most buildings are equipped with sump-pumps which pump out

continued on page 4

McCabe Steps Down After Decade as Alumni Association President

by Nathaniel Schwartz

Peter McCabe '70, president of the Bard-St. Stephens Alumni/ae Association Board of Governors, is stepping down to a position of lesser responsibility after ten years. He is also receiving the Bard Medal, the Association's highest award given to "honor individuals whose efforts on behalf of Bard and whose achievements have significantly advanced the welfare of the college." Bob Edwards '68 will be the Board of Governors' new president.

Despite the fact that he submitted a senior project in creative writing nearly 20 years ago, McCabe makes a living as a stockbroker. He came to Bard under challenging circumstances. "Unlike a lot of people I transferred here. The direction my life would have taken without Bard, I wouldn't even like to contemplate. Bard introduced me to a new world... it was an eye-opening experience."

After graduation he clocked hours for a Danbury newspaper, the *New York Times* business section, and briefly studied pre-med at Columbia General Studies, along the way earning an MBA from Harvard Business School. He found his way to a position at a grain-trading company and finally was hired at Smith Barney, where for the last decade he has sold commodity futures, stocks, and bonds.

Since 1987, with quiet confidence, and a broker's eye for the future, he and a band of dedicated alumni have worked on everything from developing the Alumni Mentor Program, which helps students make contacts with grads, to establishing the alumni magazine *The Bardian*, and fundraising.

"My primary goal was to reach Bardians, and make them feel good about their school..." commented McCabe. "My primary interest was to make friends."

Rather than serving the usual two-year presidential term, well fueled by his love of the Bard education with its insistence on "studying original materials, small classes and strength in the studio arts," he and other alumni with whom he was working decided to maintain "a certain amount of continuity."

One of those alumni was Association Vice-President Michael DeWitt '69, who has been serving with McCabe throughout his tenure. Returning to New York City in 1987, DeWitt worked closely with the Admissions Office to search out alumni/ae across the country to "preach the gospel of Bard."

"So I befriended Peter McCabe and a whole bunch of other Bardians who were already giving their time, energy, and (gasp!) even money to their alma mater: all of us working with the college because we loved and appreciated it as students and couldn't tear ourselves away from it as adults," said DeWitt.

According to DeWitt, it was McCabe's possession of certain win-some characteristics that made him perfect for the job.

"Peter McCabe, in particular, had all the necessary qualifications to become the president of the Alumni/ae Association's Board of Governors: he could speak in public without throwing up, he was tall, and he always dressed appropriately," recounted DeWitt.

After ten years of work, McCabe has had a noteworthy impact on his fellow alumni.

"The fact that [Peter's] receiving the Bard Medal shows our appreciation for how much he's done for Bard, and how much many of us (and I put myself high on the list) value his friendship as well," DeWitt concluded.

The Bard observer

May 20, 1997

Spring Breakage

continued from page 3

surface water, but the snow and rain at the beginning of the Break were simply too much for these pumps. Hence, Bloom commented, "We had to take generators from building to building. With all the water melting, three boilers were submerged: two in faculty buildings, and one in Tewksbury. For a good three days it was really wild. We were running from one building to another."

The B&G crews certainly put in their extra hours. Three shifts of B&G employees — each with one plumber, electrician, and groundsman — worked throughout the first two nights after the storm. But, as Bloom remarked, "Everyone really pulled together — there were also a lot of volunteers. We went by whoever was available [to work]."

Aside from having to postpone (until June) upgrades scheduled for the week of Spring Break, the Henderson Computer Center surprisingly had few complications resulting from the storm, according to Director of Computer Education Michael Lewis. "There were no major technical failures," he said, "because of surge protection systems and line conditioners." Henderson employees were also perceptive enough to shut down the computers when the lights began to flicker and they foresaw the inevitable black-out. Although there are "an excess of 400 computers on campus," Lewis told the *Observer*, "the servers were protected." He added that a low-voltage "brown-out" is worse for computer systems than the high-voltage black-out that Bard experienced. Many Bard students, observing the entire campus deprived of electricity, therefore assumed that no computers were operable. Lewis informed the *Observer* that in fact some administrative computers ("for payroll") were being run on generators.

Kelly Drayer, who handles Bard's telecommunications along with Jim Gallagher, said there was minimum damage to the campus's phone system because all of the campus phone lines are underground. Bard telephones were temporarily inoperable owing to the failure of telephone connections outside of Bard. The electrical power went out around 5:30 p.m. on Monday night, and the phones were dead by 12:30 a.m., when the back-up battery (that lasts 8-12 hours) finally quit.

Bard phones were silent until Wednesday, although Drayer mentioned that there were "power failure phones" (which are supposed to work during emergencies) in key areas: Ludlow, Security headquarters in the Old Gym, and the Physical Plant. When told that the security officers and students on-call were seen using radios in the Old Gym office, Drayer said that this was because someone had removed the power failure phones from that location. Otherwise, the biggest challenge Drayer and Gallagher faced after the power outage was setting the entire campus's voicemail system aright.

Many students complained that the administration wasn't telling them anything

— wasn't even giving them an idea of when the power would be returning. But the students weren't alone in this regard. "Everyone was really in the dark," Jeff Katz, Bard's Director of Libraries admitted, soothing the ear of this reporter, who had been resentful that the library had been closed to students until the power returned on Friday afternoon.

Katz said that certain library staff were working on interlibrary loans throughout the power outage, so that at least the studies of those students returning "from the beach" at the end of Break would not be hindered, but that the library had to remain closed to other students because Security had said it was unsafe for people to be in the building.

This is an unsatisfying answer given Dick Griffiths' remark that the library's generator turns on automatically, and provides power, heat, and one-third of the lights in emergencies. All of the mandatory exit signs over the doors in the library would have been lit as well. Was it the risk of stolen books, due to the library's electronic monitors not functioning because of the outage, that concerned Security? We shall never know, though some students wondered why the library did not employ human "monitors" to supervise the removal of books during the outage; the library's work-study students (at least two of whom were on campus for the entire Break) could have written down the call numbers of the books being removed.

The cause of the library's being closed during the outage stands as a good example of what to avoid in future crises, though: miscommunication. Katz agreed. "Really the problem is a communication problem. The college is taking steps to address these kinds of questions." He said that the library staff had developed a disaster committee and had made a phone tree to deal with situations like that of this past Spring Break, but it was impossible for him to do anything about keeping the library open during the power outage since he had left the campus for vacation and was unable to reach any members of the library staff because of the downed telephone lines.

There definitely needs to be a way for everyone to talk to each other," he said emphatically, adding that a committee from the Human Resources office is being formed to prevent communication ever being stifled again. Finally, he said that the Spring Break fiasco was a "significant warning" to the whole campus that Bard needs to be more organized during such events. "We need to assign people responsibilities — like on a ship," he said, by way of comparison. "When you hear the bell, you throw the lifeboats over."

The Bard Observer

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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). All writings must be submitted on a labeled disk (or else we keep 'em for ourselves) as formatted text-only (or as an IBM text file) as well as in hard copy 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 discuss their submissions. Otherwise, the articles will face editing pencils alone. The *Observer* reserves the right to edit for spelling, grammar, and length.

The *Observer* discourages anonymous submissions. If you are adamant about submitting anonymously, you must reveal your identity to the editors.

Entertainment

Puppets and Aliens

by Gabriel Lally

On Friday night in Olin 102, members of Melanie Nicholson's Latin American Drama class performed two one-act plays in Spanish, "Los Fantoques," by Carlos Solorzano, and "Un Dia Cualquiera," written by a member of the drama class, Mike Billa.

"Los Fantoques" deals with the Mexican Easter tradition of burning effigies of Judas, in the form of large puppets (fantoques), to exact symbolic revenge on the traitorous figure. Solorzano sets his story in a fantoche warehouse, where we watch life-sized puppets interact and await their "liberation" into the world outside when chosen by the Girl, daughter of their creator. The puppets finally realize that what they thought would be liberation really means the explosives on their chests being lit, and their beings blasted into nothingness. One of the puppets, the Big-Headed man who thinks, cerebrally played by Miranda Buffam, deduces this sobering reality as she stands on the shoulders of her companions and looks out the window. The Girl comes to the warehouse three times to choose a puppet and by her third visit, the puppets have changed their tune from eager anticipation to fear as the realization of their true fate becomes clear. As is her wont, the Girl spins in a circle, intending to choose whomever her finger points to when she stops, and in a climactic whirl we are shocked to find the accusing finger pointing straight at us, the audience. So ends the play.

All of the actors portrayed their puppet selves with conviction, but special mention should be given to Ruby McAdoo's interpretation of the Woman who loves. Wide-eyed and optimistic, she provided a humorous counterpoint to the cantankerous Old Man who counts and the stalwart Youth who works. All of the actors brought their fantoches to life and succeeded in establishing a feeling of real interaction among their characters. I think the staging of the piece helped in this respect, for, from the audience's perspective, the movement seemed natural and effective, a good use of space. The pace was consistent, and only a few lines faltered here and there. The Spanish was clear and understandable in all cases.

The play itself on many levels comments directly on the disparity between what we perceive to be acceptable on the surface, and what horrors may lurk beneath. In this presentation of "Los Fantoques," the cast dealt effectively with such a direct message without falling into the quagmire of pedantry.

The second play performed was "Un Dia Cualquiera" (A Day Like Any Other), a surreal comedy by Mike Billa. A normal day at the office is interrupted by two unexpected guests. These "guests" turn out to be aliens, played with zest by Molly Heekin and Gina LoBreglio. These two glitter-faced, long-underwared beings (with plenty of extra padding in the belly and rear) strut around stage, inspecting and nibbling everything in sight, enjoying especially the coffee and cigarettes handed to them by the shocked and frightened humans. The visitors reveal that they are students, studying an average human workday. One by one the employees come up with ploys to escape, and we discover these "students" are actually kindergartners on their home planet. When only one employee remains, she plays "telephone" with the young extraterrestrials and has them call 911. The police hang up on them, and as the woman (Sarah York) hangs her head in despair, two things occur: the aliens slip out a backdoor to continue their "observation" and the police arrive, only to arrest what they think is a crazy woman.

The student-written piece was incredibly funny, accessible to Spanish and non-Spanish speakers alike, owing to its physical humor. The staged bedlam kept the pace rolling, accentuated by a sense of the silly. (The mild-mannered Andres Ferrada wins the Prize for Melodrama for his performance.) All of the characters contributed to the escalation of the plot, but I must admit that for me, the aliens stole the show. When Molly (her vaguely German-sounding character's name was not listed) started chewing on the phone cord, I gave in.

The play slowed down a bit as it neared the end, but it would have been hard to match the shock that accompanied that initial entrance of the aliens with pantyhose on their heads — they took hold of the audience, and I, for one, hated to see them go.

Congratulations to Melanie Nicholson and all of the students involved in the productions. ¡Felicidades!

A Sonnet

Hamlet. Directed by Kenneth Branagh.

by Nate Schwartz

Let me not to the marriage of intent
And execution admit impediment;
Though wit proves witless that along our bent
Ear registers not, the tuned and lush assent
Of speech to tremulous heights can churn our souls
Though we know not the sense of what we hear.
And so it is when words come, paying through tolls
Of lost import, a heavy tax, as near
As they are, loudly they sound without a bell's
Ringing. So Hamlet comes to us in four
Full hours, omitting not a word to tell
The prince's sorrowful tale in a lofty pour
Of pithy verbosity couched in the splendor of film,
With Branagh's taste for blood's vermeil at the helm.

The cast is formed fitly with Jacobi
As Claudius, Gertrude played by Julie Christie.
Kate Winslet is but fair, the lovely

Ophelia. Branagh mocks the prince subtly.

Though Robin Williams cuts the mustard with grace
The blowhard gravedigger Billy Crystal lies
Beneath the weight of his too-famous face.
Although not lackluster, his whine oft binds
And clogs the flowing line with Yiddish lilt.
Set truly within the Duke of Marlborough's
Palace of mirrored wealth, the action's gilt
Frame, with a decadent nineteenth-century glow
Enchants with anachronistic charm
The events that there do so unfold the arms.

Jack Lemmon and the beaked Depardieu
Like birds or citrus in frost are out of place,
And rob their parts of art; While the harsh brood
Of Charlton Heston shudders royal lace.
Employing flashbacks to his ends Branagh
Suggests Ophelia and prince bedfellows
Had been: though such devices con a
Viewer and obscure whose memories they tell.

How such beguiling license with effects
Can fragment and cause cracks that do deform
The author's sculptured faces! These defects
Do but lend hope: for soon a version formed
To fit two hours and half will come upstage
And tell again, revised, the prince's noble rage.

The Bard observer

May 20, 1997

Drama Review

Brecht's *The Good Person of Setzuan*

by Megan Hamill

Saturday, May 17th, was opening night for Bertold Brecht's *The Good Person of Setzuan*. When first walking into the theatre, I wondered if perhaps there was some hidden studio that I hadn't come across before, for the set was completely transformed, almost unrecognizably so. The audience entered through different doors and sat in a square around the performance which made it a bit difficult to see at times, for parts of the play were performed on steel walkways above the audience, but overall the new set up worked quite well.

The performance opened with a song, which surprised me as well, for being unfamiliar with the play, I wasn't expecting any music at all. The cast of about 17 joined together in this first piece in a strong, angry chorus that drew me in immediately. The singing that followed, scattered throughout the performance, was all done quite well, strong and well thought out. I thought that the strongest numbers were those in the larger groups, with characters bursting forth at times independently in song.

Jeffrey A. Lewonczyk, playing the character of Wang, was one of the strongest in the play. He had an air of *The Princess Bride* about him, with a captivating sense of place on stage and in interaction

with the audience. The play almost molds itself around him, though the plot thickens without him in the impoverished town of Setzuan where times are so hard that it seems

being callous and mean are the only ways to survive. The lead character Shen Te (Lucy Smith) was strong and believable, though she seemed to stumble over her words a bit. Her presence on stage was swift and almost elegant. Courtney Rice, playing her fiancée Wung, was angry as hell and extremely good at it. His character called for strength and snarls and harshness and his portrayal was right-on, though it was a bit unclear to the end, whether he was just a confused and hurt young man, or an undeserving asshole. The three "Illustrious ones," played by Julie O'Brien, Devon Ludlow, and led by Alexis Williams, were almost dancing, in my eyes, throughout the entire play. Their movement was windy and synchronized and calm. The three gods were hilarious through their masks and they brought a surreal dreamland ambiance to the performance. The rest of the characters, each occupying two parts as impoverished and hungry townspeople, were excellent as well. Their movement together as a whole, as a family, was beautiful, twisting and writhing like snakes, and snarling like dogs from their windows. These characters shaped the sense of place for me and gave the play the angry, dirty, impoverished feeling of need and want and hurt.

Overall, *The Good Person of Setzuan* was extraordinary, both aesthetically and in voice. Congratulations to the cast for another beautiful accomplishment.

A Spring in Their Step

by Deirdre Faughey

The first weekend of May was a time for dance at Bard. The Bard Theater of Drama & Dance presented *Dance Theater II*, a mixture of faculty and senior project choreography. This program was divided into parts: Bailes Espanioles, Traditional Basque Dances, Escuela Bolera, Flamenco, and most notably, Modern Dance. The organization and presentation of the performance made me realize how lucky these dancers and choreographers are.

Any theater or dance troupe would consider themselves fortunate to have the resources that Bard dancers have. In fact, the opportunities that are open for our dancers are extremely difficult for even the most talented dancers to find. Where else in the world, besides perhaps at another college, can an inexperienced choreographer find (1) dancers who are ready and willing to dance for them unpaid, (2) a theater in which they can perform without having to rent the space, (3) a guaranteed full house for as many as four nights in a row, and (4) available lighting/sound technicians who are willing to work for them.

The evening started with a piece by Todd Grace, which was called "Skippin' Stones." His dancers were Kristin Solomon, Kathryn Tuman, and Ani Weinstein. These three dancers, as well as Deirdre Larson, seem to make up the core of the female performers.

Ms. Larson choreographed the next piece along with Andrew Fearnside. The music was an interesting collage of bird-like sounds, and it went well with the transitional heavy to light movements and varying facial expressions. Ms. Larson especially captured the expressions of a frightened creature one moment, and a sexually alluring creature with the next. The costumes were interesting as well because they gave the dancers freedom in the fact that they seemed to be mere pieces of cloth wrapped around their bodies with strings which were tied in knots at their back. I couldn't help but pray that they had tied them in double knots. The color and texture came off quite well with the piece.

Another piece that I enjoyed was choreographed by Kathryn Tuman. With music from Martin Marais: *Viol Music for the Sun King*, and *Spectre de la Rose*, "Couplets de Folier," we saw three female dancers perform the purest of dance. The costumes were identical; Deirdre Larson, Kristin Solomon, and Ani Weinstein all wore white leotards and dark grey pants. Barefoot, they performed a dance that was quite similar to ballet. In fact, the style that it followed was one that George Balanchine became famous for. His ballets were called "Leotard Ballets" for their lack of detailed costumes, and they were intended to make the audience see the steps for what they were: simply: steps. These dances have no storylines, as full-length ballets do, and they do not encourage the dancer to show any facial expression. For their simplicity they have come under harsh criticism by traditional ballet lovers because some have considered it a matter of incompleteness. Still, they are a favorite of mine because they show off the beauty of the dance steps.

The traditional Basque dances were interesting to watch, especially for their authentic costumes. The dancers all wore white shirts and pants, with red sashes and red hats. Most of this dancing was performed in unison. The Escuela Bolera dances were excellently performed by Megan Savage, who made it to the end even though her costume was coming apart. She danced solo at first and was then accompanied by Todd Grace. The Flamenco dancing was interesting for its costumes and music. The music was performed by two classical guitarists, and parts were sung by Alison Burrows. John Leo showed the right attitude for the Flamenco-style dancing, and the pieces came off very well. Another notable dancer was Bard dance professor Aileen Passloff. She seemed to have more knowledge than some of the other dancers. You could see the passion and effort that she brought to her movements, and that is one of the most important aspects of traditional Flamenco dancing; you could see how much she loved to dance.

The performance was one of the best I have seen here at Bard so far. For a relatively small dance department, we have some very dedicated dancers whose hard work is evident. I recommend that even more people take advantage of these free performances next year.

The Bard observer

May 20, 1997

Café Offers Luminous Alternatives

by Abigail Rosenberg

"Where do ya wanna eat?" How many times have you heard that from your friends? Next time you find yourself faced with the droning question, try something new. Instead of grease-soaked grilled cheese or prepackaged sandwiches, check out Café Luna 61. You've probably passed it a million times, and it definitely has some good treats.

For those of you who are health-conscious at Bard, "Vegetarian Organic Café" has a beautiful ring to it. Luna offers a virtually all organic menu of multiethnic foods, from burritos to hummus. For those of us not even remotely interested in health, Luna transcends the stereotype that good-for-you food has to taste like it. Take the Cuban Press sandwich for example. Grilled vegetables, sundried tomatoes, goat cheese, and sautéed spinach pressed into a thin crisp (\$6.95). Sound good? How about nachos with cheese, black beans, and homemade salsa that won't give you heartburn? (\$5.95) Do grilled portabello mushrooms, lettuce, and tomato with wasabe mayo (\$7.25) appeal to your Kline-reduced taste buds?

Spring is here and you know you're not doing your work anyway, so you might as well go sit on Luna's porch and order a Detox juice to nurse your hangover. Deborah Maisel, the co-owner, is a true

believer in the power of organic food and juice. This can be proved by the size of the juice menu entitled "Karmic Combinations." (You have to excuse the new-agey aura; they formally owned a macrobiotic café in Portland, Oregon.) Try the Star Shine, a mix of grapefruit, orange, strawberry, and banana (\$2.50). Because the juices are frapped together in the blender, the drink has a light, smooth texture to it. People say that it gives you a real energy boost as opposed to the fake one that caffeine creates, but I don't buy it. I stick to the espresso. Whether your poison is a latté, cappuccino, a straight shot, iced or hot, Luna is the only place in Tivoli or Red Hook to get a fix from Tuesday to Thursday during the day.

Bard students' budgets can get pretty tight, but the portions at Luna are big. The enchiladas and burritos or the curried peanut stir-fry are just a few meals that can be split by two people (that means that the price is split, too). Order an appetizer, split a sandwich or an entrée and you're set, with none of that fiber filler, bowel rumble that Kline food produces! You've worked hard this semester. Treat yourself to a real meal. They also has a brunch menu that includes omelets made with eggs from free-range chickens, buckwheat pancakes, and waffles. For those die-hard vegetarians and vegans, tofu scrambles and the McLunatic sound pretty damn good.

Luna's atmosphere is laid-back, the decorating is funky, and the music is eclectic: jazz, world music, folk, rock; just about every category from Rhino Records is represented. The cafe is on your left, about a quarter of a mile past the intersection in Red Hook, towards the Taconic. Look for a cute white house with a porch and a round sign. You can sit on the porch, eat in, or take out. The desserts are sweetened with maple sugar, the falafel is crispy, and the spicy noodles are spicy. What more could you want?

Record Review

The Last Round-Up

by Joel Hunt

So, I've been a really busy guy, and yet I still have the time to listen to this crap and write all about it for you and only you. It's that time of the year when everyone is going crazy and you need some respite, so do yourself a favor and buy some crap to make it better (yes, capitalism is therapeutic, um, well no). What you need is some power-pop to anesthetize the pain of leaving all your close friends here behind for three months or maybe forever. What you need are some discs by Big Star, the best power-pop band ever, circa 1972 or so. Buy *#1 Record*, *Radio City*, or *Third/Sister Lovers* today or tomorrow. I think that the first two may be on the same CD to save you some bucks. So there you go.

Here's the stuff that I've been listening to lately. I'd ask what you listen to, but maybe you should write your own column. Anyway, Derék Bailey is this amazing guitar player who's been around forever playing his own style of improvisational guitar which has influenced, well, at least a handful of people. There's a whole lot of his stuff out lately, but the two things which really grabbed me are *Guitar, Drums 'n' Bass*, and *Music and Dance* with Min Tanaka (a dancer, so you can't really hear his contribution, but you can, if you know what I mean). The former is a collaboration between Mr. Bailey and some character named Dj Ninj. It's really weird at first, but eventually the duality of crazy guitar and somewhat reserved, yet radical jungle beats does make sense. The *Music and Dance* record is from a performance in Paris in 1980 with Tanaka and Bailey and the neat thing about it is the, um, out-

side sounds present on the recording. Side One ain't called "Rain Dance" for nothing. The former is on John Zorn's Japanese label Avant, the latter is on John Fahey's new Revenant label.

Continuing in the dance vein, those of you familiar with the "fucked-up-genius-who-makes-crazy-electronic-music" genre (see: Aphex Twin) might have already heard of Squarepusher. A British Dj/composer/bass player, he pushes the envelope of a weird hybrid between drum 'n' bass, ambient, and fusion. Some of the tracks on *Hard Normal Daddy* (duh, the new LP) remind me of the bass playing of one Jaco Pastorius, which is usually a bad thing. Here it is not.

More satisfying, to me anyway, is the new record *Ghost* by The Third Eye Foundation. Some of the best, most schizophrenic beats I've ever heard mixed with crazy fucked-up guitar (I know you like that, eh?) and atmospherics. A wonderful comment on the times we're living in, the duality of schizophrenia and capitalism, etc. Whatever, it's one of the best albums in this already-short year. I don't think you'll find many like it, so hurry up and buy it, chum.

Leaving the "beats" category and entering the "fucked-up guitar" category, the debut album by The White Winged Moth is another smoker. As in smoldering ashes lingering for days after the entire town was obliterated. Really. And all captured on 4 and 8-track for you. The Moth is Dean Roberts from New Zealand's Thela, so if you like their (I mean his) stuff (and I don't particularly), you might like this as much as I do. On, that's right, the Poon Village label.

And as far as group improvisation goes, you might want to consider The Hat City Intuitive. Throw in everything, including the kitchen sink, and you'll have a good idea of the approach. Which is a good thing.

Yeah, so anyway, have a good summer and all that. Really, I mean it. And if I don't see you again 'cause you're graduating, good luck in that big world or something. You'll need it.

Being Our Constructions: A Response to Carolee Schneemann's Performative Reading *Your Dog My Cat* or *Delirious Arousal of Destruction*

by Nathan Carlton

Carolee Schneemann's work is currently on display at the Black Center for Curatorial Studies.

Walking into Carolee Schneemann's "performative reading" in Olin 102 the onlookers were confronted with and (or) delighted by two t.v. monitors playing videotapes. On the left monitor, mostly in reds and oranges, a woman's body, voices recorded by a Handicam microphone, laughing; then yellow, music, chains . . . the woman was drawing, hanging, dragging herself. On the right monitor, cat films, green, crying sounds, swinging, undressing, crying, hanging, drawing.

These were lists I scribbled as I watched the onlookers take their seats and listened to their chatter. On the stage were two opened umbrellas, somehow "placed," although clearly wet from drizzle and drying. Carolee began to speak gradually, as if preparing us for a performance, as if readying us for a "performative reading," as advertised. Throughout the talk her demeanor was playful yet considered, her voice was piercing and still altogether soothing. Much of the time my mouth was poised in a smile (which is embarrassing to admit but it is what I remember), comforted by her presence, even as she asked uncomfortable questions or asked us to confront and (or) be delighted by profound intellectual and sensual challenges. Throughout the talk her demeanor was consistently provocative, and her performance admirable. Throughout the performance her talk was consistent: maintain an interest in the audience and an interest in the work but do not conflate those interests.

She made jokes about the Bard of over two decades ago, when she was a student here. Apparently there was a red flannel coat with a diaphragm in the pocket that was kindly passed between women (older to younger) as the way to avoid having "rooms full of children like you . . .," a joke that made us laugh, of course. She made the coat seem a lovable thing, a part of the love act, a memory recalling time when sex was talked about less; referred to obliquely, perhaps.

Carolee was here, she said, to talk about motive—about why; about the artist who is a terrorist in a culture that "denigrates and separates making from its history," and first and foremost about real estate. And she motioned to the umbrellas and said something about them. I forgot what it was—didn't write it down. I cannot help but recall that generally, an umbrella shields one from the cold and wet rain.

Like most listeners, I was not able to record everything Carolee told us was important about her history on the Tuesday evening of April 13, but I understood that at some point she was a young woman living more or less contra-legally in an old building in NYC which housed an enormous amount of material for her creative projects. Real estate. It was an old fur-cutting place, with fur-cutting boards (thousands of pin prick holes in them) and furs and cloth; Americana, aspects of territory . . . and umbrellas.

Soon many artists were in and out of the place with Carolee, making and living and visiting. It was a prolific place during a potentially liberating time. Carolee was interested,

like de Kooning and Pollock and the American Abstract Expressionists, in activating the picture frame. She said she wanted to position "myself as an aspect of the constructed material I was working with," and "maintain my authority [as the artist-creator] and still become an element in my canvas." Umbrellas were motorized.

Carolee showed slides of work from this time period. Notably "Eye Body," a rapid series of positions the artist would take within the environment of her other materials (and then be photographed there). This was part of an effort to move the body—in the work of art—"into lived time," . . . Carolee has always considered herself a painter, terrified of (if I understood her correctly, the idea of her own) performance.

In one slide of "Eye Body," "a woman, the artist, lies on her back in a constructed material," shadowy masses of collected items, her vulva visible, snakes crawling across her, a line through the center of her face; forehead to chin. Carolee expressed frustration at peoples' inability (at the time) to differentiate between the thing made and its maker.

"I wanted to do something that was worse," she said at one point,



showing a slide of people ritualistically smearing themselves and each other, manipulating chicken bodies and squirming in pigments . . . she called the participants "performative painters." She was talking about performing dreams. And she was talking about motive. She said she wanted to "eroticize my guilty culture." There was a question from the audience, the gallery visitors, the onlookers, re: how people responded when this piece was originally performed. In different cities it was different. In Paris, the audience stripped and played with the dead chickens. The performative painters had to pull them away. In London the police arrived. We laughed. I wondered what the response would be like at Bard if the meaty piece was performatively painted

continued on page 9

The Bard observer

May 20, 1997

continued from page 8
here, today.

In another piece contact mikes under some seats were wired to a switcher that gave those on stage performance cues. Each night a ritual was enacted differently because of these variable cues.

In the period following JFK's assassination Schneemann's work became more isolated and isolating. No more motorized umbrellas. There was an absence of technology in general (no contact mic-triggering devices). Rope reappeared as a material that lent itself to creative enactment of Carolee's dreams. While we saw slides and videos and heard motivations for Carolee at one point covering her body with wallpaper glue and diving into scraps of paper, a performative act that radically challenges our notions of creator and created, material used and material-user; much weight was placed on a different piece, a static suspension performance that provided most of the material we saw on the videotapes upon entering the lecture room.

For around three years Carolee Schneemann hung herself from a harness, swinging around a corner—two walls and a floor—painting lines on the white surfaces, letting the swing guide her gesture, her line, her meditation, her activity. After a while I began to recall images of this "performance" from books I'd glanced through here and there, after seeing the lines and the hanging equipment and the corners for a while.

The most remarkable thing, in fact, is that I had forgotten them so completely as to not recognize them when I saw them in motion, on the video monitors, at the beginning of the talk. I had not immediately recalled these images of a woman—almost the silhouette of a woman's body—suspended, poised, exhausted, drawing, moving slowly, painting lines, also some words like, "I'm hungry," "I want to smoke." I had not recognized the images, now so important to me, when they were in motion, when I walked into the room, when I was ready to call them a sideshow.

So it calls into question (in my mind) our ability as onlookers, as gallery and museum visitors, as book browsers to assess the qualities of her most well-known work, "Interior Scroll," in which Carolee carefully removes a folded scroll from her vagina and reads aloud from it. Many of us have seen a slide or two of this "performative reading." It is, we were told, her most popular slide request (at just \$20 per). But how is it that the photo of this work can tell us so little, perhaps, relative to the telling in a live performance? Clearly we begin to think about the ability to speak interiority when we look at it. But do we recall that words for women's anatomy were, at the time, few and far between outside of medical and pornographic discourses? Are we immediately confronted with the "vulva, the cunt, the secret mouth," which speaks to us in the way only a live body can? Or does the photograph, the document of the performance look as profound and as silly as a woman pulling a few feet of paper from between her legs?

Should we laugh (as we did) at the slide of the unfolded origami itself, now cased in plexiglass in a museum somewhere? It's certainly as interior now as it was when hidden from view, but something seems a little funny about it; dry. And to me, the death of it has its source in the new display being un-performable. An interior scroll behind plexiglass has more to say about plexiglass trappings than cunts and other mouths, secret or otherwise.

If a parallel (if reversed) narrative can be introduced: With the enclosing of the artifacts of Carolee's performative readings comes a disclosing of life-practices that are typically not material for public forums. We were told: the people that killed themselves at Bard when Carolee was here (in the 70's) did so because they could not come out of the closet. Later, we were shown a bunch of pictures of Carolee engaged in tongue kisses with her cat, beginning in 1982. This piece and the interior scroll are the only major sells Carolee has had to large institutions.

While it is debatable whether Carolee is a queer artist (her Bard film project "Fuses" might pose some electrifying ques-

tions along those lines), kissing her cat each morning for a hand-held camera has a queer energy. When a board of directors offered to purchase the group of the prints (upside-down mirror images opposite so as to disrupt any feeling of "narrative" continuity), they didn't even want Carolee to reprint them onto a more stable photographic paper. Queer. Just buy the record, the document of the performative activity and put it on display, for the onlookers, the browsers, the visitors. The kissing cat photos, it is declared, are suitable for public display. And would a live woman kissing a live cat in front of you carry more bestial connotations than if she sells the photos?

The cat kisses have a broader meaning as well for Carolee. At some point in the 80's, continuing into today, she began to see connections between the work she'd done over the course of her life and ancient artifacts preserved by art historians and archaeologists. The wallpaper piece, for instance, looks like this sacred figure; another experiment resembles an Eskimo icon with many vaginas; a copulating couple subconsciously recalls this still from "Fuses"; a lion's kiss is an ancient symbol for the passing of life energy in the process of death, and so on.

It fascinates me that, in response to a question, Carolee said she has "no thought of the audience whatsoever." Her interest, rather, is in the "support of the constructed work." Yet it is clear she is sentimental about her cat (who has since passed away), kissing life energy (in)to the woman who cares for him.

While Carolee would have liked, over the years, to have sold more of her constructions, she has situated herself, as she said at the beginning, as an "artist as terrorist," in a project to, among other things, "eroticize my guilty culture." This situation makes her work difficult to package. I think it is best read performatively, when you can see and hear and feel the woman speaking . . . and when you can watch umbrellas drying at the same time.

And it disturbs me that, in attempting to disrupt the larger market of institutionalized art, Carolee Schneemann has had only two major sells, both of which can be recuperated so easily in the commercial gallery by the onlookers as bogus records of trivial acts which are nonetheless (if you look closely enough) terribly valuable and worth keeping around. My desire is not, then, to have commercial galleries suddenly take an interest in Schneemann's old work, buying it up left and right and putting it on display. If anything, I would prefer more dreamy, performative readers, who confront and (or) delight in their own (terrifying) performative dream/acts. Even if they consider themselves painters, let them wriggle in the paint. Even if they sculpt and fire and glaze, let them sit in the clay for a while; the fire for a while; glazing themselves and their friends. Let us be our constructions.

The records of performative readings are necessary, but interestingly fragmented and biased: where the camera was, what kind of microphone was used, where the reporter was sitting in the audience, what her syntax was like in the article she wrote, etc. Where the camera was when Carolee took her snapshots of the kitty kisses is important to the piece, and important to her, and I wouldn't expect her to invite guests into her home each morning to perform cat kissing ritualistically. But I challenge Carolee's (declared) investment only "in the constructed work . . . with no thought of the audience whatsoever," because I believe the power and passion of expression in much of what she has done and did happened/s as a living art: a reading, performatively.

As an afterthought, I do not recall why the talk was titled "Your Dog My Cat." Someone else could probably explain it. It is usually just a matter of time before enough fragmented and biased records of performative readings collect together to tell a more or less complete story which, in the end, has more or less high fidelity to the original. Maybe it would be best if galleries started to snatch up all of Carolee Schneemann's old work, after all.

Sports

Softball Scandal

by Jeremy Dillahunt

Doctor of Sports Analysis

Last issue I reported a fallacy in my article concerning soft ball. I would like to take this opportunity to rectify my mistake and apologize to the offended party. Let it be known that no people within the offices of Bard College's sports division were interviewed. A number of gullible students and faculty approached Kris Hall after reading my piece and asked if there really was going to be free beer at the games. I say to you nincompoops, get used to college, you're going to be here a long, long time. Kris Hall did not say that there would be free beer and I apologize for the mistake. I would like to reprint the quote here, in its entirety, to make amends for the shoddy journalism that I practiced.

According to R. Acunto (actually that's too obvious, in the interests of anonymity let's just say Rob A.), "Free beer and marijuana will be available to those students participating in Bard College intramural soft ball and to spectators wishing to enjoy a leisurely afternoon. It seems to be the only way to get people to participate in sports here. I'm an easy-going guy, you know, got to be a chicken if you're gonna hang in the coop."

The official soft ball season is over. In a tight game Aflikted beat Chevy Stuck His Banana In My Pajamas to claim the honorary title of "The Most High Exulted Rulers of the Fiefdom of Bard." The competition was fierce for the first few innings but the mighty batting line-up of Flik was too much for Chevy's Banana and eventually they

succumbed. Another season has passed and all of the favorites seemed to have been lost on the wayside. The Elks did not make it to the finals, or St. Tula, or Bountiful Crop, or the Unicorns, or A Fistful of GA. Only twelve months to wait before the rivalries start anew and the glory can begin again. If you're thinking right now, "Soft ball is over? I thought it just started," then you're thinking the same thing a lot of people are.

This year's softball season was considerably shorter than last year's. Many of the teams did not make it into the finals, or even semi finals, because there was only a four team tournament. Of the twenty teams playing in the league only four got to see a post season. The athletic department did not comment on why only four were let into the post-season but Jen said that "The teams were not seeded by winning records but roster strength." Meaning the department chose by arbitrarily comparing players and making a judgment call on which team had more better players. Because of this four-team tournament sixteen teams had their season cut short and people willing to play ball found themselves unable. Dan D'Oca, captain of the Unicorns, valiantly arranged an eight team tournament in order to alleviate this problem but when he approached the intramural athletics director, Rob Acunto, he was rebuked. Eventually the Unicorns were forced to forfeit their game because it had been scheduled during class time. The athletics department had no comment on why the games were scheduled so poorly and why only four teams were allowed the play in the post season.

Unfortunately this year's season ended badly. Soft ball seems to be the only school sponsored sport that gets a major turn out of students. Bard is not a place known for its athletic prowess and it seems odd that the most participated sport would be run so poorly. Soft ball is the only recreational activity that Bard has that attracts more than twenty five people. This year over two hundred people were registered to play soft ball. Over twenty percent of the school's population wanted to do something collectively. That is as amazing, if not more so, as the Virgin Mary showing up to a SILK meeting in a "Whip Me I Like It" teddy. Next season should run smoothly, however, as Bard students would rather give up drugs, stop having promiscuous multi-partner sex, and rise up in armed revolt than see the glory of soft ball further defamed (maybe not the sex and drugs, but they certainly wouldn't be above pillaging a few ineffectual middle management sucks).



Out of the park...

Brandon Weber hits a home run in last Wednesday's game against Bountiful Crop. His team, Chevy's Foul-playing Banana in My Pajamas, beat the Crop 20-2.



...and into the winners' circle

Weber is welcomed home by his team.

photos: Anna-Rose Mathieson

Letters

Has Truth Served Justice? Chafetz Speaks Out

To the Bard Community:

As some of you know, I am leaving Bard after my first contract because Leon overturned the FEC recommendation that I be rehired. When people in my situation complain, the validity of our complaints is often minimized by the comment that we are "disgruntled, soon-to-be ex-employees." Of course I am angry. I have been unfairly fired from a job that I truly love and am (as is documented) truly good at. The firing is made worse in that instead of being given the chance implicit in a tenure-track contract, I was dismissed in my first evaluation on the basis of personal attacks and willful ignorance of my record.

When I was hired, after an exhaustive search, I did not know that Bard had not tenured any psychologist in 20 years. Upon arriving on campus for faculty orientation, I met a president who immediately expressed hostility towards psychology. In my first year, a highly-rated psychology professor, Kathleen Barker, was denied tenure. Professor Barker had the unanimous support of the both the FEC and the division. She also had support from outside reviewers. Despite Leon's glowing evaluations on her earlier rehires, he claimed that there were "severe problems" with her teaching and research. The faculty had a chance to fight Leon. They argued ineffectually and gave up, thereby strengthening his dictatorship, Leon's self-bestowed title. Two tenured faculty members said their solution was to no longer form professional or personal relationships with junior colleagues. Daniel Joshua Goldhagen should have a book in that.

My second semester at Bard, rumors began filtering out that I was to be denied the rehire. I consulted colleagues at other institutions. Bardians were unwilling to offer help. Colleagues could not believe that an institution could run the way Bard is run. They figured I was worrying too much. Everyone explained that no one is fired after her first year, barring a felony conviction. Official class visits (from Daniel Berthold-Bond, Richard Gordon, and Alice Stroup) were excellent, as were my student evaluations. Stuart Levine, however, put a letter in my file claiming that I was a bad teacher, not good with students one-to-one (how would he know? He never saw me in such a context and the student letters were very positive), and did poorly in moderations and senior project meetings. This last was puzzling, as we were not on boards together, and the letters from faculty and students specifically praised my contributions. John Fout contributed a vicious letter where he admitted that he knew nothing of my teaching or my research, but urged the FEC to not rehire me anyway. His complained of my conduct in meetings. I pointed out to senior faculty members (male) that I did not speak up in meetings as much as other new faculty members. They replied "It's different for men than women." Aah.

It is rare, if not unique, that a faculty member begins research in her first year at a new place. I did. Regardless, Leon complained that I did not do research, or at least began work at the Bard Nursery School too late. Doing research at Bard's nursery school was not in my contract, nor had he asked me to work there. Good science makes it clear why I did not choose an academic nursery school for an established research program. Leon never broached the subject with me. Remember, Leon has no respect for psychology. In his own words: "I think of psychol-

ogy the way I think of photography. They both attract narcissistic students, but psychology has deluded itself into thinking it's a science."

For the record, the members of the FEC were: Michele Dominy (chair), Daniel Berthold-Bond, John Ferguson, Fred Grab, Ben LaFarge, William Maple, Robert Rockman, and Tom Wolf. Fred Grab abstained, claiming I had poor judgment because I disagreed with his assertion that "everyone abuses tenure." One would think the tenured faculty would express outrage. One would be wrong. All the others voted for my rehire, and they wrote a very positive letter recommending rehire. When Leon overturned their recommendation, he held a meeting to explain his decision. Not only was I not invited, I was not told of it beforehand. Furnished with incorrect spring enrollment numbers (which are not only irrelevant to the evaluation but were numbers that were never true, not even at registration), Leon claimed that I was so unpopular, it was best to get rid of me anyway. Only Daniel Berthold-Bond, John Ferguson, and Ben LaFarge were honest and adult enough to disagree with Leon. Michele Dominy backtracked in her support, just as she had for Kathleen Barker. John Pruitt defended Stuart's use of incorrect enrollment figures by saying "He wasn't lying; he just didn't know." No explanation as to why he came up with any numbers at all. Stuart refused to give me a terminal year (the universal practice in responsible institutions) because psychology was hiring two social psychologists. Stuart's said that social psychologists "can teach anything, even language." Social psychologists disagree.

"Why fight?" friends ask. "It will not do you any good." No, but fighting serves justice. Students are transferring because they see faculty members who are sullen, morose, and detached. Faculty members are leaving for the same reasons. They see most of the tenured faculty give in far too easily. These people whimper that they are tired of tilting at windmills (never mind the dragon is real) and that Leon holds all the power. He holds the power because they give it to him.

My experience has not been all bad. I loved teaching the small classes and interacting with the students. There are some faculty and staff who brightened the days. Thank you to everyone at the library and the bookstore for your unlimited patience and good humor. Thank you to: Daniel Berthold-Bond, who never retracted his support; to Brad Clough, who never acted as if I were contagious; to Dorothy Crane, who knew how to help the students I could not, and who listened when I needed an ear; to Theresa Desmond, who is doing college the hard way; to George McCarthy, who has both humor and principles; to Simeen Sattar, who acted as a friend, and at least tried to address various outrages; and to Theresa Vanyo, who was always available, discussed career suggestions, and introduced me to her supremely charming daughter, Katy. To the students: if I stay in academia, it will be because of you. Singling out a few runs the risk of making those omitted look bad by comparison, but I want to mention those with whom I've worked closely this semester: To: Ali Burrows, whose confidence wavered, but whose talent and commitment stayed true; Aubrey Stimola, an "awesome" student and human being, who not only signed up for a new course, but told everyone else about it, inspiring them to enroll as well; Manasi Tirodkar, an advisee and a work-study student, who never gave less than her considerable best; and, Liz Weiner, the only person to fill up more pages than Joyce Carol Oates, who will reach "the unreachable children."

Sincerely,

Jill Chafetz, PhD
Assistant Professor of Psychology

The Bard observer

May 20, 1997

Another Crackpot Visionary Speaks Out

Maybe I'm just a crackpot visionary, but I've gotten the impression that the efficacy of one's economic agency in the next century will hinge upon the ability to efficiently retrieve and exchange information. Then again, it is quite possible that telegraphy may become the next widespread retro fixation and the whole world will become unconcerned with baud rates. Although I am not in a hurry to learn Morse code in anticipation of an unlikely trend, the state of the campus network has nearly forced me to rely on such methods of information retrieval. I have a computer in my dorm room in Robbins which is connected to the campus server. The phone line is so noisy that I can't even write an e-mail extolling Botstein's myriad administrative virtues without having my message constantly interrupted with unfamiliar commands or occasionally deluged with a haphazard flow of miscellaneous characters. Perhaps I am merely the victim of some indiscriminate excretory function of the Bard network, but I have at least enough technological sensibility to realize that shit like that shouldn't happen. We may now have SLIP connections available in theory, but the practical fact is that I can't browse the Internet long enough to download the Netscape web browser. I couldn't even successfully connect with common search engines such as Yahoo! or Altavista—from the computer center itself! I've been made all too aware of the limitations of our server by my numerous encounters with the response "Alert! Unable to connect with foreign host after 5000 tries!" For a student who will be graduating on the cusp of the next century, this translates into "Alert! You're missing out big time, buddy!"

I am writing this for lack of an authority with whom I could make aware of this problem. That problem alone expresses to me how powerless I am as a student with respect to getting things done. Even with the facilities that are available, however dysfunctional, the information necessary to fully exploit these opportunities are not available. It took me weeks to figure out how to do something as simple as saving an e-mail attachment to disk. Not only should the resources be available to students, but so should the know-how. Our means are not means until we have the skills to realize them! If this college wants to maximize its educational potential, online resources should be made as accessible as possible. This is the least Bard could offer, given its paucity of library resources. There's nothing more discouraging than spending \$30,000 a year to find only 30% of the books you're searching for. The Internet offers a greater number and greater variety of resources with convenience and celerity. Each student that takes advantage of the resources available on the Internet as a supplement to assigned materials will bring more to class and more to his/her work. In view of educational potentiality, it may be more sensible to rewire the campus with fiberoptic lines than to dump millions into a student center. Such a move would have an eye to what Bard has to offer to future students as students.

Joe Stanco

Campus Center Committee Supports New Plan

The following letter was dated May 6:

In the past week, the latest floor plans for the Campus Center were anonymously posted in Kline Commons and then published in the *Bard Observer*. To date, the persons responsible for the flyers and corresponding commentary have not identified themselves. We, the committee, have chosen to respond to the community.

The program for the Campus Center has been set for nearly two years and was developed by a committee of faculty, students and administrators. The "curved wall" design was a plan that evolved after prior designs for the building were reviewed. During this semester however, concerns emerged regarding cost and function of the "curved wall" design. We, the committee, believed that the space designated for the multipurpose room was too long and narrow. We also wanted 80-100 seats in the cafe, not across the hall, so we could host readings and musical events in the cafe. In addition, the cost of the design was approximately 1.5 million dollars over the amount budgeted for the building. In other words, we were paying a premium for design when basic function questions had not been addressed.

The architect, Cathy Simon, heard our concerns and graciously responded. We now have a new design that has been reviewed by key members of the community, including the committee. It saddens us to hear that a floor plan was distributed to the community out of context and without our involvement. We have worked diligently to create a space for the community that is welcoming. The new design has not compromised any spaces originally programmed into the building, and in fact we have gained square footage in most rooms. We have accomplished all of this within the projected budget.

We look forward to the ground breaking in the fall, 1997. If you have concerns or comments, please let us know.

Sincerely,

Ethan Bloch, Kate Massey, Archana Sridhar, Shelley Morgan, Jeff Katz, Kris Hall, Allen Josey, Andrea Baerenwald, Adam Weiss

A Comforting Letter

As a member of the Campus Center committee, I feel it is important for the college community to understand what has been happening concerning this new building.

The design has indeed been changed, and the plans on the flyer were the ones seen by the committee over spring break. The reason for the change was financial. Just before the break, it was realized that the butterfly plan was in excess of \$1 million over budget. With no way of raising \$1 million before groundbreaking this summer, a design change was necessary. We had to give up the curved wall and basement in order to cut costs.

Although the new design is much simpler than the butterfly, it is in many ways better. While the rooms in the butterfly were in some cases smaller than what we had asked for, those in the new design are actually larger. The multipurpose room is of better proportions, and will be much more conducive to bands and parties. Furthermore, the design will not be a monstrosity. It is understandable that the current plans would bring on a case of Tewksbury-induced fear of rectangles, but I assure you this building will not be dull and boring. The elevations are very interesting.

Adam Weiss

The Bard observer

May 20, 1997



photo: Anna-Rose Mathieson

Bard's Rugby Team cools down after their last game of the season, against Manhattan. The Bard team creamed their opponents 41-12.

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@penpage.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 Voyageur 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

ALTERNATIVE BOOKS, a fine used and rare bookstore in Kingston's historic Uptown District, specializes in unique 20th century Art & Literature. Come in and browse for that unusual book. Handpicked titles in photography, film, gender studies, modern first editions, small press, poetry, metaphysical, occult and political. Always interested in purchasing interesting individual books or special collections. We also provide book search services. Let us locate that long sought after classic. Please note our hours: Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 12-5. Located in uptown Kingston, 2 blocks north of Schneller's at 15 John Street. 914-331-5439.

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.

The Bard observer

May 20, 1997

Classes/Groups

A Dual Recovery Anonymous (DRA) Group began April 4 at Benedictine Hospital Conference Room 1, at 4 p.m., and continues every Friday. DRA is for those suffering from mental illness and substance abuse. Public welcome. For more information, contact Dan at 339-9090 Ext. 113 or Heather at 339-5206.

The Mental Health Association in Ulster County, Inc. is offering a 12-week program called Options. Participants will meet at the MHA's Clifford Beers Center in Willow Park beginning May 14. It is for persons, aged 18 and over, engaged in the process of recovery from a psychiatric illness. It will be offered in three four-week sessions. The sessions will address topics including self awareness, exploring community resources, and taking that next step. For more information about registering for this program, please call Vanessa Vestergaard at 339-9090 Ext. 110.

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.

Wilderstein, a 40-acre historic site whose focal point is a 35-room Victorian mansion, is located on the east bank of the Hudson River. Open for tours from May to October, volunteers are needed for a number of activities. Wilderstein is looking for students to welcome visitors, conduct tours, participate in special activities, assist in office scheduling, work on grounds and perennial gardens, planting and pruning of trees, and help with curatorial maintenance. Wilderstein offers training sessions, an orientation and ongoing workshops. This is an opportunity to learn more about Hudson River folklore, to become more involved with a community resource, and become a steward helping this ongoing restoration project. For further information, call Joan M. Oury at 914-876-0887 or 212-661-6073.

\$100,000 Available for Project Vote Smart Internships

Bard students are eligible for up to \$100,000 in scholarship funds through Project Vote Smart's National Internship Program. The funds, which are made available through grants from the Hearst foundation, have been released by the Project's founding board, which includes former senators Barry Goldwater, George McGovern, Mark Hatfield and Bill Bradley, and other prominent national leaders. Work at the Project might focus on researching hot current issues, tracking campaign finance donations, gathering campaign issue positions, or compiling voting records and performance evaluations of candidates and elected officials at the federal and state levels. Students serve as researchers on the Voter's Research Hotline (1-800-622-SMART) and maintain and update the Vote Smart Web site (<http://www.vote-smart.org>). Project Vote Smart is a national, non-partisan, nonprofit organization funded entirely through foundation grants and the donations of over 50,000 members. Students wanting more information about internships and scholarship opportunities should call Ann Yoders at 541-754-2746 or e-mail at intern@vote-smart.org.

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.

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.

In Preston Tonight

Senior Film Show

Projects by David Bates, Joshua Diaz, Shumona Goel, Daniel Martinico, Helder Mira, George Murer, Anna Piskoz, Meri Pritchett, Nicholas Rucka, Brian Schneider, Jen Schneider, Luke Siczek, Lucy Smith, Karen Sneider, and Daniel Zarvos.

Starting at 7 p.m.

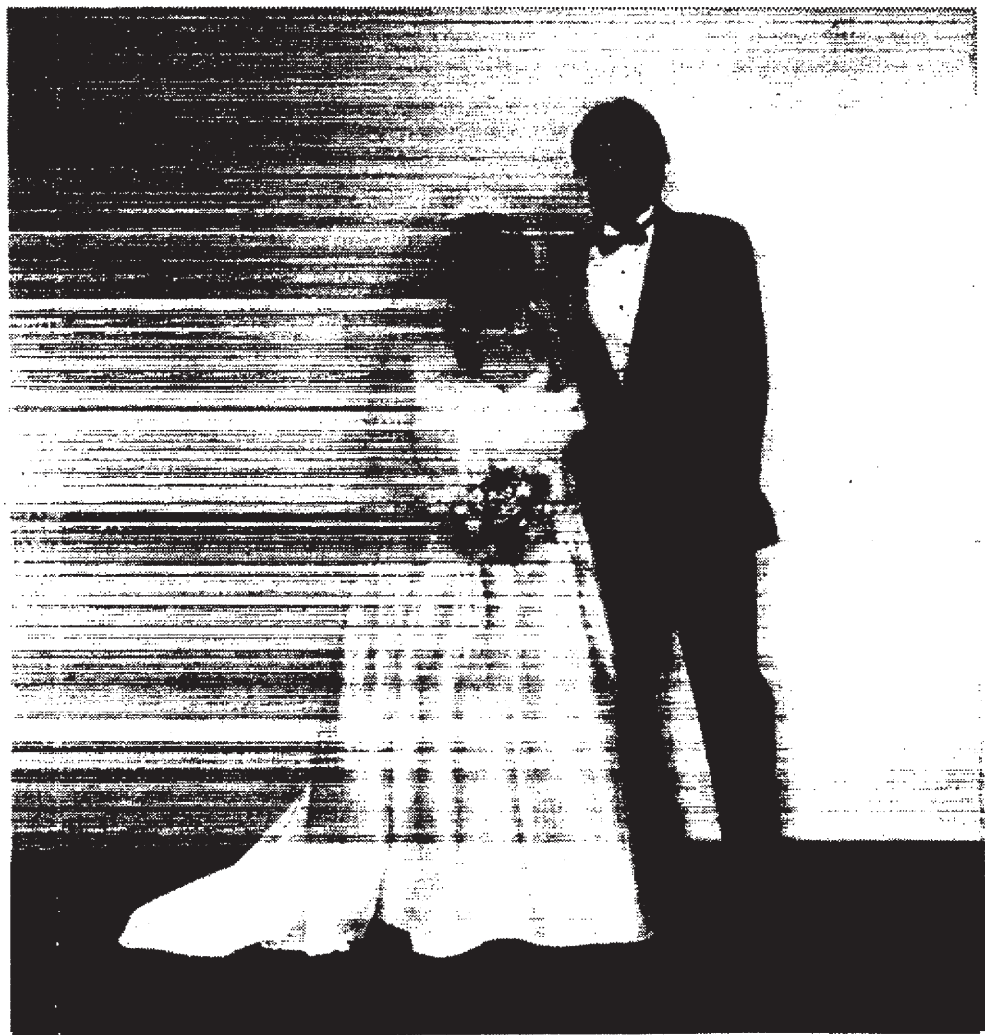


photo: Augusta Anderson

Donna and Steve were joined in holy matrimony on the twenty-ninth of April in the year nineteen-hundred-and-ninety seven.

The Bard
observer

May 20, 1997



The Bard observer

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THE ADVENTURES OF BOT-MAN & LEVINE BOY - ISSUE #6

HAVING DEFEATED THE EVIL SOY-MAN BOT-MAN SITS BACK TO BASK IN THE IRIDESCENT GLOW OF VICTORY! LEVINE BOY, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS OBSESSED WITH TRAVELLING TO TIVOLI TO SEEK THE ONE KNOWN AS SODA, PER MOSES AS J. EDGAR HOOVER'S ORDERS. HE HAS BEEN GONE MANY DAYS, AND BOT-MAN HAS GROWN WORRIED...

I AM SEEKING MY SIDKICK I MUST GO TO TIVOLI!

TIVOLI! YA SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE FIVE MINUTES AGO, I'M GOING TO BANGKOK NOW.

BANGKOK! LISTEN, I'M THE PRESIDENT...

I'M THE SHUTTLE DRIVER, AND ON THE SHUTTLE, I'M GOD, WE GO TO BANGKOK, THEN TIVOLI.

GRRR...

MEANWHILE IN TIVOLI...

I AM SEEKING THE ONE KNOWN AS SODA...

SODAS

SORRY DUDE. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

SODA! I SEEK SODA!

HERE, HAVE A COKE. NOW LEAVE ME ALONE.

NO BRAIN

TASTY LIKE ZEE!

HMM... COKE?

SODA WILL TEACH YOU THE FIZZ. THE POWER OF THE FIZZ IS GREAT.

HMM... FIZZY.

THANKS MOSES! COKE IS BETTER THAN TEA!

BACK ON CAMPUS...

TEA!

AN, I WANT TEA!

EVERY TUESDAY: COKE WITH THE DEAN!

oh oh, now we are...

WHAT ABOUT TEA?

NOOD!

COOL, COKE!

CONFUSION SPREAD ACROSS CAMPUS... (I'M HERE FOR THE COKE)

(GREAT! WHAT KIND?)

UH... FREE BASED WOULD BE BEST. GOT CRACK?

HMM. I HAVE DIET OR CHERRY.

OH, SODA DAMN.

COOKIE?

ARGH! GREAT... DISTURBANCE... IN THE FIZZ... BOT-MAN IN TROUBLE...

...SO I SAID "PLATO DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A HORSE!"

YEAH, THAT'S GREAT, OH MY GOD! LOOKOUT!

BAR

POW

AAAAH!

No BACK SEAT DRIVING GOD, YOU'BE JUST LIKE BARRY BACK IN 'NAM. ONE DAY WE WERE BURNING CHILDREN AND HE...

THAT HE MIGHT BE...

KABOOM!

BANGKOK SM!

...DEAD!

WRITTEN BY: John Holowach; Chris VanDyke. Illustrated by: Chris VanDyke
SPECIAL THANKS TO: Coke, for being too big to notice us, i not beable to sue us, and to Vietnam and Bangkok, just for existing and being funny places.