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“News is whatever sells newspapers; The Bard Observer is free.”

The Bard Observer

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NY, 12504  /  MARCH 23, 1998  /  ISSUE 10, VOLUME 8

Community Bicycle Experiment Begins this Spring

By BASIL BOURIS, News Editor

While springtime teases our senses and the sun hangs... on the horizon a little longer everyday, a Canadian-born wind still rolls off of the Hudson, reminding a Bard student on North Campus that the long walk to her class, for which she is already late, will be a numbing trek. Luckily she spots one of three violet bicycles on the front porch of Manor, all three unchained and yet miraculously untouched and in perfect working order. Although the bicycle is not hers, she mounts it guiltily and off she rides.

From the bowels of the Drama/Dance building leap two finished dancers into the crisp air. It’s 2:25 p.m. and meal exchange is drawing to a close, although no one has actually gotten their food yet. Even though neither dancer owns a bicycle, two hi-wheeled, violet chariots await the build-up. Away they ride. At 2:28 p.m. Korrems expertly rides their IDs through the register. (Now a freshly fried bean curd patty, pickle, and chips are just hours away.)

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

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

Two seconds later a violet purple streak is spotted peddling furiously past Stone Row, headed

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It Takes a Village To Decide the Fate Of Tivoli Nightlife

Response committee is appointed to address rowdiness of barhoppers By ARJOLA ROSENBERG, Opinion Editor

Usually the bar is the place to be at night in Tivoli, but this wasn’t the case two weeks ago when the number of occupants of the Village Hall exceeded the number of chairs that the “village” owned. On Monday, March 9, about a hundred Tivoli residents and other interested parties attended a town meeting either to show their support for the proposed 1998 Public Decency Laws or to voice their opposition to it.

For weeks prior to the meeting, rumors spread around Tivoli and Bard Campus that the village was trying to crackdown on the laid-back atmosphere synonymous with Tivoli living. The village is known to students, non-Tivoli residents, and tourists as the small, trendy spot on the Hudson complete with no traffic lights, four restaurants, a few small shops and galleries, and colorfully painted, charming Victorian architecture.

People flock to the village for long sessions of eating and drinking both inside the impeccably decorated restaurants and on their well-known porches. After dinner or a stint at one of the bars, it’s common practice to either stroll down the main street to see the sights and do some shopping (usually characteristic of the diners) or rummage, raving mad, across the street while yelling obscenities at others (usually the earmarks of the drinkers).

After approximately a year’s worth of complaints from Tivoli residents about the noise and conduct of the business establishments and their customers, Mayoral Molinaro and the Village Board found it fit to propose Public Decency laws in addition to the New York State Penal Codes. The proposed laws included a Cabaret License, Noise Ordinance, Public Decency Laws or to voice their opposition to it.

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TRANSPORTATION: FREE AND VIOLET: Matt Warren is a member of "free" zoom team on the Bard campus.

Intellect, Buzzers, and Cheese Wheels

Eleven teams fought for trivial supremacy in College Bowl

by ANNA ROSE MATERIAL

Photography Editor

"Lady Godiva and Camel Cigarettes," Buzz (Coe), "Edison..."

What were answers to random trivia questions in the Bard College Bowl names?

For those of you who may have attended by Robbin or Marcus Longman on March 14 or 15 and wondered what buzzer wires and buzzing lights were excited about, the answer is easy. Bard students were intellectually taking it all in on the campus College Bowl tournament.

Okay, or perhaps I can’t exactly write an uninterested article about this. So what? No one else wants to write about it, so I’ll mock and continue. On the bright side, no test will bother reading this except for our own, hearst copy editor who has to actually read every single answer twice, not just once, but over and over again. Even worse, it’s each staff member’s livelihood are made of.

But, why a posthumous destruction? Setra 11 teams competed in the 1998 tournament, each team playing three. Quickly before the top four teams broke to semi-finals. Not every match was a real hit. One team had their score slip into controversy twice and

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Tivoli nightlife controversy

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an Open Container Law; and a Disorderly Conduct Law which included provisions for offering alcohol to minors, unlawful assembly, throwing snowballs and other "nastilities, propelled objects," lewd acts and gestures, filming, intoxication, intrusive noise, and trespass.

Each of the aforementioned violations would incur a $35 to $350 fine.

The strictness of the laws which were imposed by some residents to outlaw tomb-ast ing a football, having live music or dancing at any of the bars, and meeting in large groups, elicited the overwhelming response at the town meeting. The tension built as Mayor Molinaro took the podium only to slice through that tension by announcing, "In my hand I hold the proposed Public Order laws of 1998... and this, ladies and gentlemen, is a garbage can." He then proceeded to toss the can into the grass next to the podium.

In a nutshell, aesthetically-driven, the mayor admitted that the laws were not appro priate for the small town and that they were proposed simply to evoke the large town meeting response that they generated. The mayor then went on to state that keeping Molinaro awake at night (literally, since Tivoli is such a small town that many resi dents have the mayor's home phone number and aren't afraid to use it), were accorded by both Tivoli newcomers and lifetime residents, and had to do with the "bad late-night noise" from the bars including both conversation and taped live music; public indecency; obscenity; tasty; people walking from bar to bar; or hanging out on the curbs while drinking, speaking; and people not cleaning up after their uncles' dogs.

According to Mayor Molinaro, the uncomfortable situation had come to a head in the last few weeks and the only way to begin an open dialogue between businesses who profit from the loud late-night activities and the residents that are inconvenienced by them was to propose these laws and hold a town meeting. Since the Tivoli government wants to find a compromise for all involved, a Response Committee was appointed and given forty days to come up with a solution. The committee attempts to represent all the interests in the community and includes city council members, residents, village officials, and a Bard Trustee (the author of this article). The solution that the committee suggests is then open to consideration by the Board, which retains the right to dismiss the solution, or, if one is not found by the committee, to enact the Public Order laws. Molinaro promised that enactment of the laws is a last resort and after conferring with a lawyer, said that the New York State Penal Laws cover most of the problems. Since Tivoli does not have its own police department and only budgets $15,000 a year for hiring the Dutchess County Sheriff's Department to patrol the town, the question remains: How will the Tivoli Police Force be able to enforce the Tivoli Zoning Law and not a "mixed use" district, which more aptly describes the area since both businesses and residents occupy the buildings. Closing the bars earlier, employing bouncers and full-time managers, hiring city officers on horseback, and increasing the police presence in the town (especially when the bars close), were all suggested solutions.

Community bicycle project opens up for spring ride

gloriously for home.

With the motivation of a few first-year students, as well as the abandonment of more than 50 old bicycles that have been collecting dust over the past ten years in dormitory basements and storage facilities around campus, the above hypothetical scenarios will be well on their way to becoming a reality.

In the coming days, Matthew Warren, a first year Trustee Leader Scholarship (TLS) student from Seattle, Washington, plans to release the first ten reconditioned bicycles in a fleet that will eventually number from twenty to thirty before the semester's end. The bikes will be distributed around campus for use by the Bard community, much as the now famous "yellow bikes" were distributed around Warren's native city.

"My only fear is that the bikes will be abused or stolen," says Warren as he puts the finishing touches on bike number ten and ushers it off from a rack near the entrance of the now famous student Mechanic Organization (SMOO). Warren has put an estimated 800-900 hours of labor into collecting and reconditioning the bikes, as well as lifting away tons of garbage from the garage so that there would be enough room to work on the bikes. Despite Warren's many hours of labor on the project he is quick to point out that he is not the only TLS student who has given his time. "Rick Bricker and a few other TLS kids have done a lot to help us out," says Warren. The Trustee Leader Scholarship program was established by the Bard Trustees and began in the Fall Semester of 1997.

According to Paul Marienthal, the program director, as well as the Bard Men's Vanities Basketball coach, "the aim of the program is to attract and nurture students who have demonstrated a desire to take on leadership roles within their community." He explains that the bike project is but one facet of the many projects undertaken by the 12 TLS students currently at Bard. Among the projects that Mr. Warren is involved with are:

1. Tutoring for the Columbia County Youth Project in Hudson, NY. This is a project which helps children who are "step away from jail." In addition to the tutoring portion of the TLS program, FIB has donated food for as many as 120 children per week.

2. Internships at the Grace Smith House for Battered Women in Poughkeepsie. Sarah Davis, one of the 5 TLS interns, has been nominated for a major, national community service award.

The Observer staff wishes you a lovely Spring Break! Look for our next issue, April 20.
Gabriel and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan. 

Gigling took on a new meaning in the next Reid sketch, called "Loud Lines." The dancer's movements were uncontrolled and grotesque and they moved in a convoluted clanging of jarring limbs to the sounds of cackle laughter. In "Flor de Liso" and "Triangle," two very picturesque pieces, the same permutation of one male dancer and two female dancers worked in completely different contexts, and in the final piece, another two, three women in Spartan '50s dress wouldkelightsomely form a V to the sound of "Day." That concluded the official program, although the entirety of Bar's Drama/Dance department later returned to the dance studio, luring their unwriting dance professor Jean Churchill onto the stage in honor of her birthday, where she was bathed in blue light, hugged and howled at for a full quarter of an hour.

**PROGRAM A:**
On the following evening, though the house was still close to full, Avery's dance studio was decisively less crowded and I was extremely grateful not to have any of my sense assailed by rude sounds or stenches. As I said, Program A was generally less engaging, but there were still some brilliant moments. "La Guerre D'Independence," choreographed by Kathryn Johnson, was a weird amalgam of '20s century institutionalism and Gamelan/Kabuki postulating. Teetering atop terrifyingly high stilts, the four very brave dancers moved with angular gestures at a diagonal across the stage in shimmering saris while four more dancers wearing prison uniforms scurried around them in repetitious circles. "Static Four," a vibrant piece choreographed by Ariane Polkowsi, the dancers were assertive and confident, as were Mahli Shuh and Company in his piece, "Architecturally Pivoted Rooms." The preview of Shah's highly atmospheric work was further strengthened by the presence of some daunting sculpture, courtesy of Nick Emmet. "Shadow of Doubt," a solo piece choreographed by Owen Muldow, was very beautiful to watch, and incredibly wistful. Marina Smefing's solo piece, "Wind," was incredible. Smefing's movements were imbued with a longing that amplified the constancy and elasticity of her style. As with Weinstein in Program B, Smefing was the power player of the evening, although her music choice of folk-treew Dar Williams was something that might have annoyed me, were I not blown away by the dance itself.

Finally, a powerful fun piece choreographed by Margarette Wade for six dancers, gave the audience an opportunity to watch someone shine. Whether it was intended or not, she, along with performer Michelle Brown, commanded the stage. Wade's work was at times amusingly lighthearted, at others, simply gorgeous to watch.
Café Pongo Would Do Well On A Shorter Leash

By NATASHA EDWARDS, Contribuxx

To write about Pongo is either to be hooded by its ten-foot facade, or write a great review, or to strip away its pretense and expose for what it is. Take a guess.

If Pongo wins a book you would find it at the top of the trade novel bestseller's list. No doubt about it. Although Pongo has the capability of becoming one of the best local restaurants, the effort to make it one is seriously lacking. Time and time again, I have given the restaurant/bar/bakery a chance to prove that it's a great place at which to eat or simply to hang out, yet every time I leave disappointed. And every time I swear never to go back, which is why I barely hit a transcript drawn back there in the same way that I keep on reading that Jackie Collins novel.

One of the best things I found myself finding myself at Pongo yet again, is that the area surrounding Bard seriously lacks eating establishments that combine a trendy décor with a pricey-but-affordable menu and a late-night bar where Bard students and other locals can hang out, enjoy a good meal, pour worldly issues over a glass of cognac, or play chess without fear of being accosted. There are only four places that I can think of that fit this description, three of which are situated in Tivoli. The only Red Hook restaurant on this short list would be Max's Memphis Barbecue, but for the Bard student without a car, it's off the map of fashionable places to hang out. Hence, the majority of Bard students who venture off-campus on the weekend to escape Student Activities tend to make their way to Tivoli where they can choose from four bars and restaurants (excluding Brando's and Broadway Pizza, which are mainly take-out). Tivoli is also a great place to go with friends since it is so small that there is little chance of losing each other.

There is the Bard Bistro (the never-changing dark and dingy drinking den run by fellow Louisiana, Annie - can't go wrong there), Santa Fe (the cheap and cheerful restaurant and bar that has lost its oomph - a bit like the limp salad they use to hide the little grub on your plate), Stony Creek (the last restaurant and bar in Tivoli - there, I've said it), and Pongo.

One of my main gripes is that Pongo is unnecessary. All you need to do is look at the tableware or hold your wine glass up to the light. If there is one thing that I learned from any restaurant, whether it be the Red Hook Drive Thru, or it's appleless tableware. Nobody wants to see traces of the person who are before them, and everybody, no matter how much money you're serving, deserves clean silverware and glasses. Late one evening at Pongo, I witnessed dirty glasses being taken from the bar. For ten, ten minutes, I immediately and immediately rushed. I consistently send back mugs that are stained with rings of tea and coffee and a friend of mine discovered dried lettuce crammed under the plate on which her desert was served. Inevitably, I find fingerprints, lipstick marks, and grim clogging to my wine glass and crumbs scattered behind the breakfast condiments.

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

How's your super, Herbert?

I hate you.

---

Skimmons

In 1928, a Russian named Karpishov tried to engineer a vegetable, with the roots of a radish and the leaves of a cabbage.

Unfortunately, it only propagated with the roots of a cabbage and the leaves of a radish - this is the way of the science.

Written by Dana O bitter, Drawn by Saga Wilson. Irred at by Herbert.

---

If this is the standard daren made visible to the customer, God knows what it's like behind the scenes! I dread to think of it. Perhaps a trip to the dumpster at the back of the building (which is unavoidable when one parks in the Municipal Parking Lot), may give dubious readers a taste, needless to say a whiff, of what I am talking about. Even diners at ultra-clean restaurants smell, but overgrowing garbage, a leeky receptacle, and the piles of bottles and old cardboard boxes that have been sitting in the rain add to the sickening stench from Pongo's dumpster.

Now, about the food-Pongo has two menus: a brunch menu and a dinner menu, both of which boast a variety of interesting and creative dishes. I have a mixture of experiences with the quality and taste of the food, but breakfast definitely outdoors dinner. One of the reasons I eat breakfast at Pongo is because the decor soothes a hangover, but as far as eggs go, Miss Ellie's in Red Hook is the place to go. Poached eggs at Pongo come in a little bowl, swimming in hot water, and vinegar and eggs over-medium are always overcooked and charted at the edges (Plik does a better job). However, I have been told that the "cre­ ate your own" omelette is good since you can choose from a list of fillings that includes goat cheese, roasted red peppers, marinated wild mushrooms, and other eclectic extras. The Breakfast Burrito is a standard and consistently good. The Egg Benedict is tasty but beware of garlicky/fishy/spinach breath following you around for a couple of days! The French Toast, made from Pongo's own freshly baked baguettes, is delicious, but unfortunately I was so put out when I recently ordered this favorite of mine "with strawberries" and was handed a plate full of thick and succulent french toast with four measly strawberries in tow. It's hard to go wrong with any of the sandwiches on the menu, provided you like the ingredient which in some cases (like that of the Spinach Melt), are a bit untraditional.

The kitchen at Pongo usually closes around 10 or 10:30 pm. The high din (so much so that if you are still eating it is impossible to recognize anything on your plate), the music is turned up (there goes your intimate conversation), and the bar scene takes over. The bar staff have an incredi­ bly bad reputation for being snotty and unfriendly to customers that they are not good friends with, and are not at the bar, either. The bar scene is always well attended, and the bar is the place to go with friends, just to check what is happening and then head over to Stony Creek for a bottle of their $12 Cabernet Sauvignon. Decentable!

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More Sweet Relief on

by SCOTTY COMMERSON, Associate Copy Editor

To adequately describe the unique sound of Victoria Williams's music, one must employ the language of magic. Compositions of lullabies for cynical, hardened journalists about sex, ailing fellow eccentrics like Cyndi Lauper, and performers who deserve financial assistance to uninsured medical bills. A diverse array of songs (The album's success led Williams to establish the Wilding Relief Foundation, a nonprofit organization providing financial assistance to uninsured performers who need medical attention.)

The catchy tune on the album (and the only one likely to get any airplay) is surprisingly one of the most downbeat. In the banjo-driven slurry, "Train Song (Denise of the Caboose)," Williams uses the absurdity of the caboose to symbolize the losses accompanying technological growth in an industrialized society. "I can't understand how they can take the job from a kind old man/ Steal the joy from a young child's heart just when it goes to the groovy part," she laments. Yet even Williams cannot resist ending the song on an optimistic note, during her dream of a solar-powered train.

Gampel's Liszt Performance Brings Sonata in B Minor to Life with Bravura, Skill

by JOHN COYNE, Contributor

Pianist and musicologist Alan Gampel returned to Bard on Wednesday, March 11, for the third concert in his popular series of lecture-recitals. With last semester's recital tracing the development of the piano sonatas from the late baroque and early classical periods (from Scarlatti and Mozart up to Beethoven), Wednesday's concert, "Great Pino Sonata," picked up where he left off. Gampel jumped straight to the music of Franz Liszt, a lecture-recital based on the composer's monumental Sonata in B Minor.

Mr. Gampel began with a biographical discussion of Liszt, focusing on the impact he made as the first real "showman" (or, rather, "show-off") virtuoso pianist in classical music. Descriptions of Liszt's life and off-the-concert stage complemented the relaying of a few more telling moments in the life of this legendary pianist.

Although Mr. Gampel's lecture style is somewhat starchy, punctuated by many pauses as he looks down at his notes — he managed to be a fairly engaging performer. A lyric-romantic, mildly eccentric musical firebrand with a penchant for the melodramatic. The lecture proved to be well-informed, with a few cuts and additions of Liszt's writings and concert management, with any luck, to set straight anyone whose only knowledge of this man comes from the movie "Impromptu."
Create Your Own Record Review!

Tortoise, however, is not so challenging as they have been critical offerings for years. So let's go on something a bit more obscure (whether or not you've actually heard or own the records you're reviewing is, of course, irrelevant).

1BN is a (adjective implying mysterious) group from Germany that records for the A-Mute label. Their (adjective) music makes the rhythmic structures projected by the French philosophers Deleuze and Guattari (circle one). Their two albums are (adverb) (past tense verb), and are joys to hear in moments of obscurity (circle one). If you like subtle electronic tunes (ass-kicking Southern Rock a la Molly Hatchet (circle one), you'll (verb) LBN.

If you're a fan of (adjective) (circle one) the German electronic duo known as Mauze or Mist, you might be interested to hear Lihps, which is the solo album by ("Christian" name) (surname) of that (adjective) don't please on their own Song (adjective) Electronic music, (or music that is at浅末-related) (time-related noun) (synonym for disco) for nothing? All in all, the record is (adverb) (adjective), and (verb) (pronoun) don't call it (verb). You thanks up! By no means this low record, or you will be heir to a Dance Album (circle one).

By now, you're on your way to being a great rock critic! Don't worry about failing this little test, as there are no correct answers. Hey, isn't that kind of like your schoolwork at Bard? Of course! That's why what I do (and what you can do too) is so super-relevant to all of our lives. Remember, it's about enriching, and it's also about sharing. That's right, there's a new spirit in the air. According to David Pajo, one would think that Tortoise would call it quits, but they've kept (participles) (past tense verb). Overall, I think that they should continue making records like this for another thirty years I they should probably die in a plane crash a la Lynyrd Skynyrd (circle one). For the first review in the column, it's good to start with something slightly familiar. Reviewing

Do it for your country

LOVE THE RUBBER LEGACY!

The B Bard Observer ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT MARDAY, MARCH 23, 1998

THE DANCING PAPERCLIP of TORMENTED SOULS / by Morgan Pielli

Say Can't... Without A SIGNED SAMPLE of the Paperclip "I Love NY, YOU think so... I Don't think so... Dount, no... Dount!!!" OR ORDER OUTSIDE NEW YORK CITY.

MORGAN MAGNUS PIELLI 1998
Upcoming Events

Music Society Tickets $12 for adults and seniors $6 for students, but free for children under the age of 13. Church of the Mundus, Room 9, Southfield, 8 p.m.

Schools and arts volunteers themselves to help clean up the area around the school. The event is open to the public and is free of charge. The event is organized by the local community and is part of a larger initiative to clean up the area.

The event is open to the public and is free of charge. The event is organized by the local community and is part of a larger initiative to clean up the area.
BROADWAY PIZZA

A SLICE OF NEW YORK!

WE DELIVER TO YOUR ROOM!

TIVOLI 757-2000

$2 off with this ad

Good on any purchase of large pizza or dinner

(can't be combined with any other coupons or specials)
In 1991, when the United States of America (with the support of the United Nations) invaded Iraq, it had become clear that imperialism, in its most general sense (the naked use of force to impose the will of one civilization on another), was once again at work. The invasion was all the more ironic because it occurred in the midst of a period in which the world was preaching post-imperialism. The post-imperialist stage World leaders like George Bush and Vlaclav Havel of the Czech Republic had been declaring the start of a "new world order." It was now a time, they said, in which disputes between states could be settled peacefully under the guidance of the United Nations—the old order of confrontation was extinct and the world was embarking on a new golden age.

A careful observer of politics can now see too clearly that these words were all naked lies. This "new world order" is merely the same, old imperialist one, the only difference being that with the collapse of the Soviet Union, the United States is now being used by the U.S. to legitimate American military intervention. This goes to show that even though the Cold War is over, the major powers can still threaten the world with waves of mass destruction. Nevertheless, as The Washington Post reported, UN Secretary General Kofi Annan and President Clinton both expressed reservations about the U.S. sending troops to Iraq a few weeks ago. One of the major objections was that Iraq could no longer be considered a threat to world peace, a fact confirmed by Syria, Israel, Iran, Iraq's own neighbors. It was for this reason that Kofi Annan flew to Baghdad in the eleventh hour to try to broker a peace deal at the Iraqi officials. The New York Times falsely reported a few days later that the apparent success of negotiations between Iraq and the UN was "the eleventh hour to try to re-tell the story of where she was when it hit - those of us from places other than the United States are considered old order of confrontation. The invasion was all the more ironic because it occurred in the midst of a period in which the world was preaching post-imperialism. The post-imperialist stage World leaders like George Bush and Vlaclav Havel of the Czech Republic had been declaring the start of a "new world order." It was now a time, they said, in which disputes between states could be settled peacefully under the guidance of the United Nations—the old order of confrontation was extinct and the world was embarking on a new golden age.

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We Hate Ourselves for Loving You

By MEREDITH SAYNOS, Co-Editor-in-Chief

"Now, I realize you're very busy. You've got paper to write, that opening to hang, that trip to the city this weekend, that split eternity complex concerning your creative abilities to reckon with, that hoop to smoke, that charismatic appeal to classroom, to whatever. You've got so much on your mind, so much to do, it's no surprise considering that this is Bard. A Place to Think, it says as much on the catalog, so go ahead, think away, think, think, think, and when you're done, pull your finger out of your nose, pick up a pen or a crayon or a camera and compose. If the simple finished product isn't half bad, consider calling it..."

—a wovely broad. The Bard Observer, November 18th, 1996

Almost two months have elapsed since Lillian and I drank an octagonal glass of water from the fountain in front of the music building and walked off, unaware of the nonsense we were speaking. Lillian and I sat there, drinking our water, and I encouraged Lillian to talk about my writing, while her eyes drifted from me to the street. Most of the residents have been living in Tivoli for more than a year and a half now, and the process has been absolutely necessary, to the degree that I wonder if we really have a chance to learn to understand each other. In such a limited sort of way, I guess that's a compliment. At least it shows that the Observer is really being taken seriously enough to warrant criticism. Bad press is better than no press at all.

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

"We need to involve more students, more faculty, more residents," he said. "We need to have people who are actually living in Tivoli, not just sitting in the Observer's office, and who are willing to put in the time and effort to help us make this paper better."

It is clear to us that the Observer is not a staff paper, not a student-run organization, not a soapbox ranters, not a community whose concerns are ignored. The Observer is a fully-fledged staff, real, and professional, it is invited to write a letter or call us about it. But our staff can't be expected to respond to or alleviate a problem when we are unaware of its existence. Although the discussion was apparently promising enough to have prompted individuals to discuss establishing a separate newspaper to counterbalance The Observer's overinclusive coverage, only one individual has ever personally approached us about race issues, and that seemed to have been resolved.

There is obviously a need for further discussion, so after spring break, the Observer will hold an open discussion about the possible need for reform or expansion of racial coverage at Bard. Look for the flyers. In the meantime, to the right, on the mainhead, are the names and phone numbers of our staff. Please, feel free to call any of us and talk to us about whatever concern you may have, racist or otherwise. We count on your feedback. That means you, Bob. Ultimately, this paper strives to be the voice of an entire community, and exists for everyone. Please, let it speak for you.

GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. Most of the residents have done an absolutely necessary, to the degree that I wonder if we really have a chance to learn to understand each other. In such a limited sort of way, I guess that's a compliment. At least it shows that the Observer is really being taken seriously enough to warrant criticism. Bad press is better than no press at all.

Sincerely,
Tim Wooll

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Editorial Policy

The Bard Observer is Bard College’s only student-run newspaper. It is published every other Monday and is distributed free of charge on campus and in nearby communities. Everyone is welcome to submit.

The deadline for all submissions, be they stories, cartoons, photographs, graphics, or advertisements, is 2-3 p.m. on the Wednesday prior to publication. Late submissions (with the exception of time-breaking news articles) will not be accepted for any reason. Submit all writings on a labeled disk (for the ones we claim them for ourselves) in Macintosh Word format (or PC files please) along with two hard-copy printouts. Send submissions via campus mail to the corresponding section editor.

Letters to the Editor

All letters go to either Lillian Robinson or Meredith Saynoss.

Submit photographs if possible, preferably in the commercial 4350 print size. We encourage all photographs. Acceptance of a photograph with anonymity is absolutely necessary, you must reveal your identity to the editors. The Bard Observer reserves the right to edit for spelling, grammar, style, and saliency.

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Let the Games Begin
The season of irresponsibility approaches

By JEREMY DILLAHUNT, Sports Editor

There was an unusual energy buzzing through the Kline Commons on St. Paddy's day. You can be skeptical of the Irish special, "Irish Surprises," a culinary emigration of cabbage, ground beef, and green dye. It was a tight, expectant, and nervous energy like that of the NBA or NFL draft. People moved a little quicker than usual from door to door in their eating places. Newly made "Irish Surprises" were as quiet as hushed whispers filtered through the glittering-laced air. The standard fare of RLT and Mac 'n' Cheese was completely ignored as lunch trays were shoveled wide to make room for only the best at the center of the table.

Outside of the main dining hall there was a log jam of people trying to get through the corridor to the Dineoos. Semi-circles of students three-deep surround ed an ordinary folding table. Some would eagerly squirm their way out of the throng and glibly lap up white pieces of paper, often meeting another vestibul ing the mass in order to display the piece of paper to them. The students treated these pieces of paper like they were gift certificates for drinks for life, carefully holding by the edges and shuffling them from the handful elements of Kline with their bodies.

What were these pieces of paper that commanded the attention of entire tables, that students would sacrifice their bodies for, that casual "Irish Surprises" to get completely unnoticed by even the most argued diner at Kline? Well, they were the Bird College International Softball Rosters more valuable than the Magna Carta, more important than the Declaration of Independence, and more inspiring than the Gettysburg Address.

That's right, kiddies, it's almost softball season. The time when it's perfectly acceptable to get drunk two days out of the school week and get away with it. The only time it's OK for sagans to show up at project meetings or look at them altogether. The time when students can sweat, scream, and confront each other without the threat of being bought up on indecent citizenship charges. The softball season approaches with the advisement of the season, for which in full season all of the civil-society and enlightened-individual-cp that college has tried so hard to intransact the students with gets wiped clean like the memory capacity of a covetous being. It's often with such observations that the season moves into the sun god's favor. Dianova is reborn three days a week on the diamond behind the Stevenson Gymnasium.

As every softball season starts, this season is looking to be competitive and passionate, that is, if the intramural offices don't screw it up. Not to be overly critical, but those of you who have ever last season remember the highs that unfolded as softball soared and ended with the champions playing only three games, the threatened arena of a student for protesting theillet scheduling, and the filing of a libel lawsuit against a sports editor of ivy tower reputed.

LEGAL DISCLAIMER: No sports editor would seriously attempt the consumption of illegal drugs and alcohol before entering into a sister NCA-A-gladiatorial event. Let this be a lesson to you softballies, if a sports editor ever attempted that smokin pot and drinking alcohol before serious athletic competition would improve your performances, they would only be jokin and thumblin their noses at the administration. Remember, it's your decision to smoke pot and drink alcohol before softball games, but you have to live with the consequences of running the bases backwards, spotting out and throwing into the head with the ball, and the difficulty of tryin to decide which is the real ball to hit and which is the hallucination.

Last year the FBL team won the right to wear the championship T-shirt (perhaps this year the intramural offices will come up with something more neutrally pleasing than a smellin T-shirt (most likely) in a month of temps of 90 plus and St. Paddy's Day). The only time that St. Paddy's Day was on a normal scale was when St. Paddy's Day fell on a normal date and not only for a whole season long; this year it came on St. Paddy's Day for the 220 students in the National Softball Association that is the fairytale equivalent of living in a world where you can't get your ass cut out at St. Paddy's Day.

One of the most important deciding factors that go into the success of softball is the weather. A high pressure cold front was moving in and the weather forecast for St. Paddy's Day was in the 70s with a few clouds that was expected to cool down to the low 60s. If the weather forecast was on the right side, the intramural offices would have to count on the classic "beer versus pot." Beautiful Crop and Golden Anniversary will be going at it head to head with the intensity of a cheap alchoholic who has won the Super Bowl pool and with the passion of a hipppo exposing the beauty of the Grateful Dead. So for all of you softballies out there, it's time to polish your bats, of your gloves, and stockpile the drugs and alcohol (see legal disclaimer).
OUR “PLOT”: Bot-man recovered the lost salt, only to have it taken from him by the evil manager! Desperately in need of salt to appease the militant Tzzy patrol, Bot-man travels to Shanghai to make a shady deal...