

OBSERVER

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News is whatever sells newspapers • The Observer is free

The BARD OBSERVER

VOLUME 100 ★ NUMBER 2

BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504

SEPTEMBER 2 ★ 1992

Depending on space considerations, letters may be cut off after the 500th word and continued at a later date, if necessary.

excerpt from the Observer Editorial Policy (see p. 7)

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but don't bring your car, especially if it rains



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with a choice of three sauces

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Gee...no GTE!

Bard students could save tons of money

Matt Apple
Editor-in-Chief

Students at Bard now have an easier, cheaper way to use telephones in their dorm rooms. Or, at least, that's the idea.

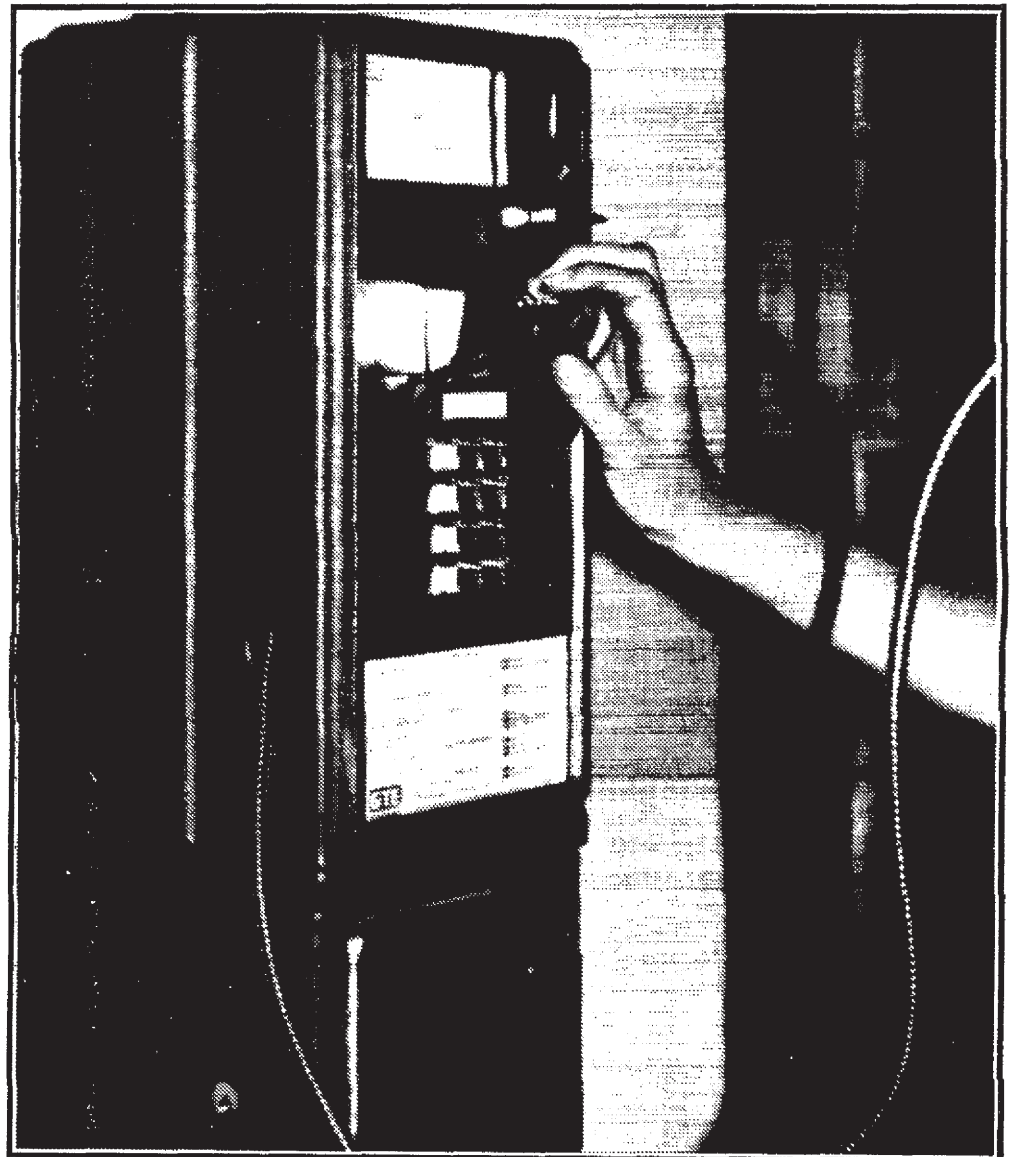
Due in part to an overwhelmingly favorable student survey

late last semester (the actual results were 71 for, 10 against), Bard entered into an agreement with GTE on July 2nd to provide a student telephone network. In the past, students called GTE, waited sometimes one or two weeks for hookup, then paid monthly surcharges regardless of whether they used the phone. With the new network, students pay Bard \$141 in one or two installments to cover all monthly fees and phone hookup and can immediately begin using their telephone. The network also provides several features, such as last number redial, call transfer, three-way conference, call waiting, call forwarding, and speed calling. Students can call other students on the network just by dialing the last four digits of the number. GTE bills Bard for the surcharges on local calls, which will have been already paid for, and a long distance corporation will bill the students for long distance calls.

But will this new network save students money?

"Financially, students are better off if they make more long distance calls," said James Brudvig, Assistant Secretary to the Executive Vice President. The average college student expenditure on long distance calls in Bard's local region, which includes parts of New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts, is between twenty and forty dollars per month. Bard students will save money if they spend only \$9 per month on long distance calls. The ACC Long Distance Corporation, which will provide long distance service, charges only for calls - there is no monthly fee or hookup fee. ACC also provides each student with a Personal Authorization Code (PAC), which students must dial before making any long distance calls. The PAC sets up a personal account in the main computer of the network, located in Rhinebeck, allowing roommates to use the same phone and receive two personalized, itemized bills. Voice mail is also available on the phone network.

The network will have some problems at first. Not all the dorms have been hooked up to the network yet, and students cannot call extension numbers without dialing "9" and then the Bard switchboard. "It's new for the college, so there's going to be rough edges,"



said Brudvig. Because the agreement was just reached in early July, GTE has had little time to implement the network. The network is

still being worked on, and Mr. Brudvig expects the problems to be solved within a week.

Botstein addresses graduates

Greg Graccio
Featured Columnist

The 1992 Bard commencement will be remembered by many, not only for its record number of 235 graduating seniors, but also for President Leon Botstein's touching address and memorial to Nadir Teherany.

Nadir Teherany was a senior who took his own life only a few days before graduating. President Botstein explained that in a suicide note, Teherany had challenged him to bring up his death during the commencement ad-

dress. "I believe that the sanctity of death cannot be answered," said President Botstein, "and I have the honor of fulfilling his [Nadir Teherany's] request."

President Botstein tried to explain the position that Teherany was in during his final days with an old folk tale. The folk tale was about a Farmer who was given a magic thimble that made him invisible. Using this magic thimble, the farmer snuck into the abode of a princess and professed his love to her. She assumed him to be a fairy prince and asked him to reveal himself, expecting

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Class of 1992 remembers Nadir

continued from front page
a handsome vision. Instead, she found the average looking farmer and was disappointed. Botstein said that this was the terror of daily life.

"We try, we reveal, we are disappointed, we start again," said President Botstein, "[Teherany] did not have the courage to start again."

President Botstein stressed the importance of not letting reality shatter our ideal image.

"We must be pulled to an ideal, not to measure ourselves against it as the edge of a cliff... His suicide is a message to us all that we cannot oppress ourselves... His death teaches that love and af-

fection can be real... His cowardice can be a source of courage to all of you...Have the courage to face the most important gap between the real and the ideal."

Botstein's address must certainly be one of the most moving in the history of Bard because he struggled to find meaning in what seemed to some a senseless act of violence by one student against himself. Botstein concluded his remarks by saying that "death has no answer and death has no retreat."

Other highlights included the awarding of honorary doctorates to Dr. William Julius Wilson, a sociologist and author of many books concerning racism and

poverty in America. His commencement address focused on the lack of attention given to the social reasons for poverty. Other honorary doctorate recipients included Jean Erdman, who received a doctorate in the arts for her work in choreography and the theater. Trustee John Honey (class of 1939) received a Doctorate of Humane Letters for his work in higher education. Jazz singer Sonny Rollins received a doctorate of the arts. Dr. Oliver Wolf Sacks, whose life was the subject of the movie *Awakenings*, received a doctorate for his work with neurological disorders. Finally, famous film producer Martin Scorsese received an honorary doctorate for his work in the film industry.

Interested in:

- spectacular writing
- dazzling photography
- graphic design
- Hard-Cold \$\$
- resume building

Then come to the Observer recruitment meeting Monday, September 7th at Aspinwall 301, 7:30 p.m. We have plenty of positions (and lollipops) available.

Classifieds and Personals

If you're interested in going to the renaissance faire in Tuxedo, NY, contact Kat at 752-7286 before September 10.

Interested in joining an A-Cappella singing group? We are forming an instrument-free musical band performing an interesting mix of musical styles. Drop a note to Joshua Farber or Matt Gilman via campus mail a.s.a.p. And, hey, since it's MPZ, you get one whole credit!

We have a dirty refrigerator complete with miniature rainforest, and we don't know who owns it. So, we're selling it for \$40 (don't worry, we'll clean the thing first). Call 758-0772.

Hey, Rebekah! How's things out in Britannia? (or some such...you adjust it.)

Hey, K8E! Is Maine starting to BUG ya? We miss you...the whole fershlinger crew.

Hey, Missy, thanks for the 'scription! You still owe us \$5!!!

Anyone interested in a guided tour of Mardi Gras, contact mama cat immediately.

Studies show that smoking is more harmful to your health than knuckle-cracking, but both are equally annoying.

The only thing there is to fear is...me!

I love myself. You can too! Selfobsessed egoist seeks easily impressed ladies for mental masturbation, and who knows? Contact Johann D. Loon via campus snail

Alas dies laughing, the first issue of the Bard Observer in 3 se-

mesters without a Beer Column...

Hey Slacker, happy day after your birthday!!!
from the boy with a dead dog and a long story

"get me to the train on time, take this nickel make it dime, take this penny make it to 2 necklace when I leave..."

I can see Elvis in that tortilla!!

Today's even remove daresay write as I talk not so friendly with her mittens on my feet.

Hey, Greg, I think I know now why you gave me your job.

When the doors of perception are cleansed, then shall man see reality as it truly is: a rotting, putrid, stinking cess pool in your backyard.

Elvis actually wrote Finnegan's Wake! I'll bet you did not know that. Well, it's true. I have proof. God talked to me. In a dream.

I plead alignment to the flakes of the untitled snakes of a merry cow and to the Republicans for which they scam one nacho, underpants, with licorice and jugs of wine for owls.

It's a free country.

Friday Night

VIVA LAS VEGAS

starring Elvis + Ann Margaret
(NOT THE DK'S)

CRY BABY

with Johnny Depp (A JOHN WATERS) A

Bring a Blanket !!!

The Entertainment Committee

Presents:

MARMALADE

32 TRIBES

BLUM COURTYARD
*See you in the Student Center
IF IT RAINS

24 HOUR BANKING

YOU CAN USE:
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BARD COLLEGE LOCATION

OUR SMART 24 ATM IS CONVENIENTLY LOCATED IN THE STUDENT CENTER

Features

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Recipes for the Environmentally Conscientious



Many products we use every day are hazardous to our health as well as to our environment. Most

of us are aware of the dangers, but continue to jeopardize our own rights to clean air, clean water and good health. This is usually not because we are evil and oblivious, but rather because we lack suitable alternatives.

As communities and individuals become more wary of the thousands of hazardous materials stacked on store shelves, more and more safe alternatives are being devised. Anyone willing can obtain them and start living a longer, happier life. All it takes is the desire to start replacing the toxic products we are used to with a few simple and inexpensive ingredients.

Say you are a college student who smokes (or has a roommate who does), but you do not like the complementary odors. Commercial air fresheners do not get rid of the unwelcome smells; they merely cover them up with nerve deadening agents. It does not sound good, and it certainly does not end up smelling very good either. To avoid this, the answer is not necessarily to give up cigarettes, but rather first to open the windows for a short period every day, and second to create your



Screw this crap. Make your own.

very own odor eliminator.

Citrus Pomander

Orange, lemon, or lime
Cloves

1/2 teaspoon orris root powder
1 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Insert cloves into citrus fruit until fruit is covered.

Then mix orris root powder and cinnamon.

Roll fruit in mixture.

Wrap fruit in a tissue (or other thin cloth) and store in a drawer, cabinet, or closet.

*Other Natural Odor eliminators: vinegar, baking soda, vanilla (reputed to remove even skunk odors), and potpourri in small baskets or sachet bags.

Besides air fresheners, another dangerous but often used product is hair spray in aerosol cans. As we all know, these can give off harmful vapors as well as contributing to the depletion of the ozone layer. There are natural and inexpensive solutions for this problem as well.

Hair Gel

1/2 to 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin
1 cup warm water

Dissolve gelatin in water. Keep refrigerated and use as you would purchased gel.

Citrus Hair Spray

1 lemon (or orange for dry hair)
2 cups of hot water

Chop fruit and place in a pot with hot water.

Boil until only half remains.

Cool, strain, and refrigerate in a spray bottle.

Have a pet or been letting one of Bard's many stray cats sleep in your room sometimes? You may be worried about fleas. Fortunately, there is no real need to purchase shampoos or collars that may contain some not-so-pet-friendly chemicals. There are three very easy and completely harmless prevention techniques:

- 1 Frequent vacuuming (freeze bag for 24 hours to kill fleas)
- 2 Use a ratio of 1 teaspoon vinegar to 1 quart water (per 40 lbs of pet weight) in pet's drinking water
- 3 Place fennel or rosemary shavings under and around pet's sleeping area.

Now, keep happy and healthy and try a safe alternative once in awhile. There are many more options than most think. We may find that things can get better for us and our environment. Every little bit helps after all. For more alternative ideas and recipes check out the *Guide to Hazardous Products Around the Home*; this book helps explain what products are bad for us and why, how to dispose of such products properly, and offers methods by which we can avoid these products. For a copy contact: Household Hazardous Waste Project 901 South National Avenue Box 108 Springfield, Missouri 65804.

Coming soon to this page: HOW TO MAKE POTPOURRI!

Dead Goat Notes



Greg
Giaccio
Featured
Columnist

I don't know how many of you now reading this knew, or even cared, that I was once Editor-in-Chief of the *Bard Observer*. I have since resigned my post.

Being the leader of any campus organization takes a toll on one's heart and mind. I used to compare being Editor-in-Chief to being married. It wasn't like being married to an ordinary spouse; it was like being married to

an alcoholic spouse. Each week I'd come into the office and find my wife passed out drunk, with vomit covering her. And then, with many sighs, I'd clean her off, sober her up, get her dressed and present her to the world on Wednesday afternoon.

And then she'd get drunk again. She'd sleep with many other men. She'd vomit on herself, and I would enable her routine every week. Of course I had thoughts about leaving. I even thought of going out for a pack of cigarettes and not coming back, and I don't even smoke. But I didn't. Without me, the paper would have died and I wouldn't let that happen. Although many people used her like a cheap wench, many people really needed her. She had a family to support. And besides, I loved that bitch.

That's why I had to leave her. I had to leave because I loved the paper so much, it was destroying me. And as it took up more of my time, I began to dislike it. I was afraid that if I didn't stop, I would begin to hate it. It may be hard for some of you who have never been in love to understand, but sometimes you have to leave the one you love to do what's best for them. Otherwise, you might stop loving them.

I don't mind the sleepless nights I spent nursing the *Observer* so that she'd be ready for the next day. I don't mind the the money I spent out of my own pocket to get her the things she needed to survive. I don't mind because I can truly say that I was in love. I am in love. I am not ashamed that I loved a paper.

If you can't understand this type of bond between a person and a business, the equation between time and love, I can only recommend that you read *Atlas Shrugged* by Ayn Rand. If you have never been in love this way then you can't understand how unbearable it is to do so much for something you love, only to benefit the people who can't appreciate it. You can't know the frustration of seeing those who work get punished while those who sit idle get rewarded. You may never comprehend the evil of "hangers-on" who throw fits because you are not pleasing all of the apathetic people all of the time. The social remoras who delegate the blame and suck up the credit. The people who don't realize that things are being done despite them, not because of them.

I can't totally leave the *Observer*. I will write a weekly column tentatively called Dead Goat Notes (until we think of a better title.) I will also handle subscriptions, so have your parents blame me when the *Observer* doesn't get there on time. Also have them call me for a subscription.

I hope Matt Apple, the new Editor-in-Chief, is not discouraged by this. I hope he has the guts to purge his staff of leeches. I hope he can single out the people on campus who punish those who earn and reward those who are in need because they won't work. I know that he is competent; he has proven it to me many times over. My advice to Matt is the same that Ronald Reagan gave to George Bush when he occupied the oval office, "Don't let the turkeys get you down."

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Never Felt
This Good



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PEGASUS

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IN THE INTEREST OF TIME

by Ephen Glenn Colter

In July I attended a seminar and two conferences during my working-vacation in Europe. As a result I have come back with an understanding of HIV, AIDS, and all STDs in the greater context of HEALTH CARE, and homophobia, racism, sexism, classism and victimization in the global context of HUMAN RIGHTS. One can not speak intelligently, realistically, or even practically of either sphere of human being without the other. They are siamese twins, double entendre.

I have learned nothing new about the struggle of good and evil. I have learned about the proximity of human intimacy with the personal as political, about bad science, good science, and bad science sustained by good intention. There is a lot of bad science being researched, published, and accepted into our consciousness. Thus most of us are living in a world of mediocrity. I have learned to be mortally afraid of the power and insensitivity of pharmaceutical companies throughout the world. I have learned to be mortally afraid of the almighty dollar consciousness of the insurance companies of America. I have learned to be morally outraged by good intentions sprouting from the thick roots of ignorance, growing in the weeds of inferiority. Morosely I have learned that Americans know more — and care more — about winning gold medals than about world geography or good nutrition (OK, so ask yourself where Uganda is, or what the capital of Indonesia is, or why these two countries are of any significance or why we only see famished Somalia on Western TV, distracting us from the larger context and continent of Africa which is three times the size of the US and home to many nationalities and regions? So ask yourself who decided there are only "four" food groups and why, why we grow more grains to feed to animals to kill for meat than for people to live through famine, or how industrialized countries can destroy massive amounts of "surplus" crops to protect the "world" economy and live with itself while other parts of the "world" starve to death of malnutrition). I have learned that there are better ways of life, but none is best.

Between the Olympics Games in Spain and the Serbo-Croatian War in Eastern Europe I was re-reading W.E.B. Dubois's *The Souls of Black Folks* on my summer sojourn away from Bard College, away from the Democratic Convention and the assault of American White Volk. My sojourn ended up being a desperate attempt

Queer+

to go back to the work of making connections and to stop drawing conclusions. Rather this season of sun and leisure became cultural work to elicit broader, overlapping questions in a weeklong seminar on Victimology with forty students and mentors in Amsterdam, the ILGA (International Lesbian and Gay Association) Conference with 350 multi-nationals in Paris, and the 8th International Conference on AIDS/ 3rd World Congress on STDs in Amsterdam with more than 10,000 scientists, activists, and people living with AIDS.

The questions I thought I had answered within the higher institution of learning which is college, began to question themselves and ignore the previous answers all together. They got REAL. The moral indigestion began in Germany. While I was planting flowers for a dear friend who died of AIDS I remarked the stones, the pillars and the pebbles wearing down in the sand-filled hour glass of the cemetery. How can one expect to die in peace when classism follows one even to the grave?...I felt a certain carbonation of the real horrors and heinous crimes of the world at the Victimology seminar — reality re-read upside down and backwards — when I realized that bias/hate crimes were not on their agenda or part of their intellectual conception of victims/victimization. Where were these folks liv'n?

Questions bubbled in London, fragile, but full of a breath of life, while hanging-out with a friend living with HIV, amazing me with the magnitude of what life can mean in the midst of so much meaningless death and senseless dying...They ballooned at the ILGA Conference during the discussion "Does Lesbian Sex Transmit HIV?" when a gay man interrupted the women's space to tell them what to do; one woman said How dare you! and told him to Fuck off, so he held up his HIV status and said that he could speak for women because all people living with HIV are the same -and my questions/impressions belched bile from what I wanted to believe was the pit of my stomach, but was in fact the bottom of my heart, nearly boiled over with the naive bullshit and sexist manipulation that this man refused to understand, that other men continue to support with their silence and noncommittal arrogance.

These same burning questions almost blew up in my face at a peaceful ACT UP demo in Paris. Outside the Mexican Embassy a swat team came to beat us over the

heads with their homophobia and terrify us with machine guns (ironically, we had been demonstrating because of the recent deaths of seven AIDS activists in Mexico City at the hands of a death squad). "Gay Paris" has become quite xenophobic these days...The amorphous gaseousness of the questions nauseated me at the AIDS Conference as I witnessed a spectacle of classism, cultural insensitivity, pragmatic Eurocentrism and blatant American Imperialism. Language fascism has replaced rhetoric. It can isolate, ex-communicate, devalue, subordinate and dominate with a power that is daunting. It is all the "isms" we fear, and then some...Finally the questions began to rise to the surface of my consciousness, queasy, and queer. At the French-Dutch border I was held for nine hours with a woman from ACT UP Paris and two PLWAs (a couple of brothers from the Bronx and Brooklyn) for racist suspicion of drug possession, leaving me exhausted, burnt-out and none-too-friendly to healthy white wettern middle-class males.

Then the questions burst into flame in New York, home, away from home, falling short of anything familiar, landing on the neat front lawn of American culture: The AIDS conference was in Amsterdam this year and not at Harvard University as scheduled because the US government bars foreign nationals with AIDS-related travel restrictions. On the plane I realized that I would not be allowed into the good 'ole US of A if I had AIDS and no blue passport. Like someone said along the seamless thread of conversation during my sojourn — a thread that could only end with the I-terms of a needle — I had to put down the cross 'cause somebody else needed the wood. I knew I had to clear the air, air my differences. I've always felt uncomfortable perceiving myself as a writer, but I feel even more disoriented with the duties of a journalist! The smoke has cleared (or merely risen from global warming to do more damage on the psychicozone layer of collective consciousness) and this ain't Kansas, this don't even feel like America! It feels like an enema. I don't know how I keep my feet on the ground, but I do, and I get them wet. I know that I had to see the horizon to know where I am going. I know I have to have my feet on the ground to walk there, to do the work. I just don't know if I am preparing to walk a road or a river.

Sometimes I just wanted to turn and run from all the questions I have to "entertain"

as an American. I feel less like a cultural ambassador because of my queer black feminist perspective and more like a culturally dangerous liaison. People actually still ask me things like, Why are Americans so fat and...OBESE?! They are looking at me, waiting with a smile for an answer, and I am six foot and extraordinarily slim. One man even had the nerve to ask me — getting on my very last nerve — Do you think of yourself as a gay black man or a black gay man -and before I could answer he said, and do you prefer to sleep with black men or white men? Well, I did not snap at him (yes, one of the self-identified white folk). I did not say there are also brown, red, yellow, and green men in the world (a Japanese friend shared with me the fact that some Japanese people turn hues of green rather than tan in the sun). I did not say I identify myself as a queer male person of color precisely to avoid the uninformed, un contemplated stupidity that exists in the world. I said, Don't define me by who I fuck, define me by who I don't fuck. Like you.

After being confronted with a question after insensitive and condescending question, I finally got to talk to one African American psychologist who set me straight about LA, Rodney King, and the Verdict: There were no "riots" in LA, there was an uprising of citizens in South Central Los Angeles in response to the condition of there/their community within the larger community/context of this country, an uprising reflecting the many social injustices that have occurred throughout history, throughout the world, throughout the human condition. So I felt relieved to have an answer in order to get to the real question — RACISM — and to break it down for them in terms of their own indigestible culture, their own moral degeneracy.

During the seminar on Victimology I learned about primary, secondary, and tertiary victimization. For example, there is a personal, a legal, and a social definition of the victimization of rape. Rape is just one form of victimization, a form that tends to devalue and even contend with other experiences of victimization. As well, these experiences can cause third-party victimization e.g. having your car wrecked by the police on a high-speed chase of a suspect. Citizens of every country, of each individual experience of victimization, are obliged to oscillate between all three levels at all times. Therefore victims need volunteers to validate them, advocate for them, and help them develop individual levels of

continued on next page

Another View

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continued from previous page

healing. Volunteers must ask victims about their specific needs (How can we be there to assist you with having another good day? What do you need for your better well-being? What is in your best welfare?) and serve them -not the state -not their own agendas.

The term survivor is sentimental and rather western, and of course a debated issue. It assumes visibility in a world we know to be color biased and tone deaf. Let's be CLEAR: Most victims in the world do not survive. If your childhood has been taken from you and you are terrified of ever having children and perhaps becoming like your parents, what have you "survived"? Most victims do not go on to do talk shows or write books, profit from them or read them, do not have the time because if they live, they must continue to endure overlapping, overwhelming victimizations of their layered defenses, such as the economy, their color, their gender, their orientation, their education, their very fear of victimization, or even just everyday modern stress. If and when they live they must adjust to a different quality of life, another standard of living.

Birds of a feather flock together, especially while the world is roamed by vultures. As one is vulnerable to HIV in the presence of multiple STDs, one is more vulnerable to victimization in the presence of multiple existential crisis. Americans are rather unique in their willingness to "volunteer." Still the concept of "service" isn't necessarily a component or objective. The presence of NGOs (?) (non-governmental organizations) and the power of grass roots organizations make the US a good place to live, and even more of a mystery to nations and peoples who still believe solely in democracy and governments. Probably because these people are in positions of power and privilege (which can just mean knowing where your next meal is coming from) have money, and are invested in these ideologies.

The ILGA Conference gave me the opportunity to see the inconsistencies and inconsiderations of gay and lesbian identity politics superimposed upon what I gathered from victimology on a world scale. Hence I have learned that the words "international" and "world" must always be clearly defined and the definers must clearly identify themselves (usually as language fascist). It was re-emphasized and reconstituted to me that the world is clearly divided, not from east to west, but from north to south. And in the grander scheme of things, the black folks still be liv'n in antebellum South. As in most world maps the scale of continents is in-

correct in most minds because just like most people, the world has gotten a big head, and if the northern part of the world does anything for anybody else in the south, it's just holding onto its balls. Like Indigenous Peoples from Alaska to South America, we need to create trade routes along culturally sweeping currents; trade in information, awareness, service. Trade, not bargains. We must encourage compassion, not consumerism, not capitalism, not colonization.

Multicultural is a word that has liberally broadened its horizons in my understanding. For example, within a community of gays and lesbians there still must be a commitment to serving the needs of communities within, such as the differently enabled, the elderly, people of color, people with special dietary needs (from vegetarians to diabetics to those dangerously allergic to the additives and pesticides of modern processed food). Communities created by language barriers must be remembered. The Lingua franca is not so frank. Let's not forget that Chinese is the most widely spoken language in the WORLD! Let's take a look at our use of the words "underdeveloped" or "developing" and "Third world" when referring to parts and peoples of this planet. Let's not ignore the fact that European languages are pretty and nostalgic and everything, but there are many, many more peoples and like-minded souls isolated in the world by language, illiteracy, and ignorance.

The needs of women need recommitment -not to be confused with the special needs of mothers, or the special needs of lesbian mothers, or the needs of white western feminism. Fathers too! Reproductive Rights are just as important to queers as they are to any other parents. However, in my opinion issues of reproductive rights and parenthood will be precursors to a millennial understanding of Human Rights in the fertile grounds of queer experience. Queer defined by the gays, lesbians, leftist, et. al who have outgrown the safe conceptual mold of dominant heterosexist culture.

The point is, if one is going to have an international or world meeting of minds, there damn sure should be an international/world entourage of interpreters and cultural workers to make sure no one has to meet more than half-way! and that people mind their own goddamn business agenda! We all need to be culturally aware of our "communities" as always bias, as sub-cultures, sometimes dominant culture, sometimes parent culture (sometimes impregnated culture that needs to be aborted, sometimes illegitimate culture that needs to be acknowledged) overlapping, connecting and influencing us individually in the multi-dimensionality of

ethnicities, nationalities, histories, spiritualities, sensualities and heritage. Cultural sensitivity is constructive criticism if we are to build a future. We are these dimensionalities and biases, and we are all in constellation -influencing one another like drugs, attracting one another like flies, hopefully moving one another from blood, bile, semen and tears towards working up a little sweat! The Big Bang theory is fucked-up. We have to debate and discuss changing sexual behavior and not who's-who or who's to blame for HIV disease. Whatever its origins, HIV has now become a part of our natural history. And it is well within the power of Human Rights and Health Care to predispose its future.

How? At the AIDS Conference I learned that there is a gap — a gaping wound — between science and the sick. I learned that the most effective current treatments for HIV/AIDS are a complementary balance between western diagnostic medicine and the indigenous medicines of the world. I have learned new respect for Traditional, Complementary, and Alternative therapies. This respect is not shared with many people because spirituality and indigenous belief systems cannot be put under microscopes, patented, bought, sold, or marketed on the auction block for the colonized mind. Research can and must be done, but with new methodologies and ideologies in mind and at hand.

The WHO (World Health Organization) must stop fucking around and accept the responsibility of the AIDS pandemic. There is no alternative organization in place at the present time which has the global resources, network, or acceptability of WHO. Immediacy is necessary for people living with HIV disease. Money is needed, but more importantly, personal investments to confront the issues of STDs, HIV, and AIDS with an objective of global end. So ACT UP needs to realize its international power and potential and assume the responsibility for organizing people living with HIV or AIDS and the other NGOs. The IAS (International AIDS Society) and AMFAR (American Foundation for AIDS Research) need to recognize the strategy of working within and through ACT UP to complement its capabilities and strengthen the organism. And people should give a hellalavalot more credit, respect, attention and "snaps" to Lady Miss Elizabeth Taylor, founding chairwoman of the foundation -activist diva par excellence. Should the political power of WHO and the personal potential of ACT UP combine to advocate in the global village we could make some sense of this disease and the sweat from our pores could bring rain from the clouds.

We have to broaden our understanding of people who share needles for intravenous drug use with the street youth sharing needles for hormone injections. Let's be REAL. We have to stop drawing conclusions about CSWs (Commercial Sex Workers) and the women and men who do the work and demand the respect of being called whores. We have to realize their Human Rights as well as their community, as well as their intelligence and activism against AIDS. Let's be REAL. We have to acknowledge MSMs (Men who have Sex with Men, not gay identified) cross-culturally and contextually, and offer them support without endangering or selling out gay male identity, culture, sensibility: queer identity politics. OK? We have to be resources of REAL information — which means we have to get over ourselves, our biases, our ignorance, our homophobia — and talk about lesbian transmission of HIV, talk about REAL lesbian sex (sometimes during menstruation), talk about women's bodies: Health Care! Because believe it or not, lesbians are women too. But not necessarily feminist. Let's be REAL.

Let's be REAL and kick the CDC's ass. Enough of us are tired of this condescending kiss-mine attitude. The Center for Disease Control is not doing its job. It is wasting our tax dollars -not to mention our time. It is killing citizens of this country. It is controlling resources, research, and community response but it does not have its shit together on confronting this disease. It is telling the country and the entire population of the world through its inaction that it is scared shitless. Well, join the fucking club. There is still work to be done. If the well has run dry then we have to pick up a shovel and dig another -not dig our own graves. After ten years of talking about "risk groups" and "vectors" we all should have progressed and learned from our mistakes by discussing and debating BEHAVIOR. Modified human sexual behavior. Let's be REAL. And if we do it to the best of our abilities it can also be all-natural. It is really quite that simple a step into the next more complex challenge.

The AIDS conference exposed me to essential matters concerning Health Care such as tuberculosis, malnutrition, and MTV (Media transmitted viruses). I had to learn the difference between prophylactics and prophylaxis. And I still have a lot to learn. The conference inspired me better understand this country's inferior Insurance Companies, inferior Welfare system, and inferior Health Care system. In terms of Human Rights I learned that there are a fierce bunch'a Freaks, Divas, Dykes and Queers all over the world and they are out and out there doing the work in the interest of time -not money.

A page of unedited observations from guest writers

Sports 'n Such

Sports McNuggets



There are many numbers in the article below: don't let that phase you. We're all college students here, and we

know not to panic at the sight of numbers, don't we? However, if you get a case of the sweats when you look at the numbers in the new course book, but still want to give this article a go, I'm here to help. Here is your mantra: "530...530...530." For, 530 is the office extension of the intermural director at the Stevenson Gymnasium, Kris Hall. Should all the other numbers in this column prove too much for you, chanting your mantra over and over again (especially if you chant it to the main switchboard) will put you in touch with Kris, or someone who can channel her, and any questions you might have will be answered. Simple, isn't it?

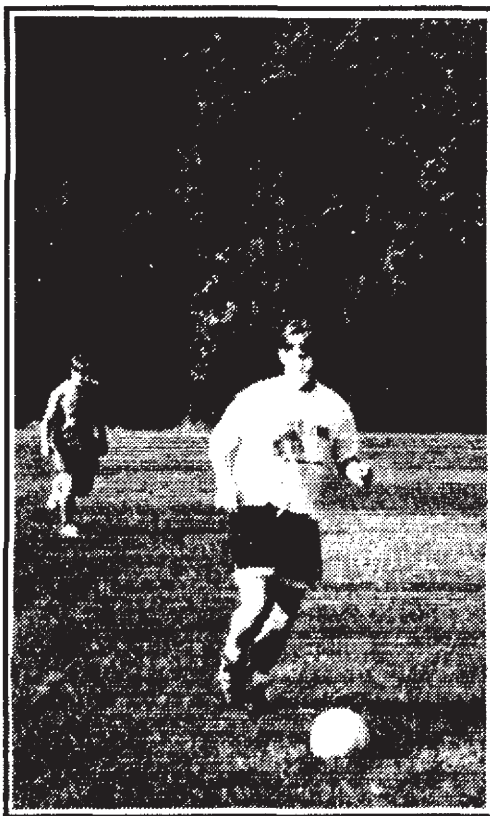
The men's varsity soccer team has its first match next Tuesday, the 8th at Steven's Tech. This is the new, improved men's varsity soccer team, due mostly to the new and improved coach, Edwin Corrales. The women's varsity team, coached by the not-so-new-but-highly-improved Joel Thompson begins its season at SUNY New Paltz on Thursday, September 10th. The men's and women's teams have been practicing hard since before the semester began, so I'm expecting great things of these fine athletes. Last year's home-field confusion has been temporarily cleared up for the soccer teams: all the home games will be held at the Rhinebeck Fairgrounds. The first games played at the fairgrounds will be September 12th and 14th, for the men's and women's teams, respectively. Also, coach Thompson wants everyone to know that there is still time and room for anyone interested in joining the varsity soccer teams to do so. Drop by the Stevenson offices, or stop by the Kline field during the early afternoon, where practice will be in session. Don't be nervous: your scholarship is not in jeopardy over this.

The women's varsity volleyball team, coached by the inimitable Kris Hall herself (530...530...530)

will begin its season away as well, setting and spiking at The King's College on Wednesday, September 9th. Gosh, remember the days when Kings had actual kingdoms? Now they're reduced to becoming despotic rulers of universities, thanks to the new world order. Anyway, there will be some home sports for the fans to enjoy: the women's varsity tennis team will have its first match right here on Bard campus on Sunday, September 13th. The match begins at noon, against the New Jersey Institute of Technology.

Attention men's varsity squash team members! Practice begins this week, Monday through Friday, 4-6 pm. Please show up!

Finally in varsity news, the men's and women's cross-country teams will have their first meet at the Vassar Invitational, September 12th at (of course) Vassar.



Coach Steve Schallenkamp says he's delighted that there are enough women involved to actually comprise a team this year, but he encourages anyone who is interested in running their legs off in the name of competition to stop by and give it a try.

Bard intramurals are coming soon, and you should be aware of all the fun, low-intensity competition you can indulge in.

The ultimate frisbee team has already started competing, and would like anyone at all interested to join at any time. The team is co-ed, and there may be the possibility of some intercollegiate games on the intramural level (that is, not varsity). Contact Fred Foure for more information. If you are interested in intramural tennis or in joining the newly-formed cricket club, there is a captain's meeting in the Stevenson Gym lounge on Monday, September 7th, at 6:30pm. Anyone interested in yoga classes, call Kris Hall (remember your mantra!) to sign up. Yoga classes will be held on Mondays, from 6:30 to 8:00pm, beginning September 14th in the Aerobics Room of the Stevenson Gym.

Any students interested in becoming Aerobic Instructors, or students who are certified lifeguards who wish to work at the Stevenson pool: Carla Davis is now accepting applications. Give her a call at extension 529. Now, that's a new extension number I haven't mentioned before, but don't let it fluster you.

Finally, for your basic athletic fiddling around, the Stevenson Gymnasium hours are as follows: The entire facility is open weekdays from 7:30am to 10:30pm, and on weekends from 9am to 10pm. This includes the gym proper and the squash courts. The weight/fitness room closes a half an hour earlier than the gym itself. The pool hours are too confusing to relate

here, but suffice it to say that it's open for lap swim most of the day on the weekdays, and half the day on weekends. The pool is open for Open Swim from 7pm to 9pm on weekdays, from 3pm to 5pm and 7pm to 9pm on Saturday, and 2pm to 5pm and 7pm to 9pm on Sundays.

Well, that's sports for this week. Thank you for your attention, and sorry about all the numbers! ☘



Shameless Filler!

As if nobody else has said this to you in the last few days, welcome back to Bard, everyone!

Hello, it's me, Matt Gilman, fulfilling my new role as the Observer's Sports Editor. Now, this is a new experience for all of us, so let's all do our parts to make this work and we'll get along fine.

Since it's barely been a week since school began, there isn't much sports news to report. However, there is a lot of activity at Stevenson, due to the happy re-arrival of the intermural volleyball season.

Intramural sports hold a position near and dear to my heart. Any of those people involved in last year's volleyball tourney will no doubt remember my debut team, a group of scrappy, uncoordinated loudmouths who terrorized the floor, or more specifically, terrorized the opposing teams. That was us, a group of Observer flunkies gathered together under the hairy wing of the now-legendary QBS (Quintessential Bard Student), David Steinberg. We were raucous, loud, silly, annoying and grating. We played like a team who had just learned the rules, which was true for most of us. We didn't measure success in how many points, sets or spikes, but how many times the opposing team hollered at us. There were in-joke team cheers (Say "Kwok"), dedications of serves to the lovely Fiona Lawrence, theatric send-ups of big-league injuries (as if we'd ever exert ourselves enough to pull a hamstring) and other general silliness. True, the gods of the forfeit smiled upon us often enough to put us in the Championship game, but we never won one match. In fact, our only truly inspiring cheer was the chant "Longest name! Longest name!" Indeed, we were burdened with the hefty moniker of Entropy Girl and the Genetically Challenged, which I believe is an apt description. We had fun, and we got lots of competitive people angry. We were a team manifestation of sport parody.

That's why Bard intramural are so wonderful. It lets you get away with so much. And our crybaby irritableness didn't stop at volleyball! We infiltrated the ranks of indoor soccer, (moving the goal around to avoid being completely humiliated rather than merely humiliated), basketball (where things got ugly), and the exalted softball league, where everyone on the team operated under a unique team name. At that point, we had become experts in the field of sport foolishness. Who else could louse up a thirteen run lead in one inning and still not be disappointed by the outcome? Well, only slightly disappointed.

And, rest assured, we'll be out there again with our silly name and sillier skills, laughably trying to pass ourselves off as a "team". Hell, we provide a much-needed service. We enrage the people who take this stuff too seriously, thereby helping them work off excess stress by trying to ram a volleyball down our throats.

Shameless Filler!

by Matt Gilman

Opinions/Editorial

7

The Observer Editorial Policy

Editor's note: Last year several letters were run by the Observer that exceeded the word limit by a couple pages. In fact, pages 4 and 5 of this issue contain just one article, large enough to be a term paper, which will be the last over-500 letter to run for a long while, unless space permits. Anonymous letters were also run last year, and students questioned the Observer policy that allowed this to happen. Our Editorial Board decided to print the long-abused Observer Editorial Policy, revised 8/31/92, to answer all questions.

The Bard Observer is a student publication, run by, funded by, and read primarily by students. The Observer strives to be professional, objective, and ethical in all aspects of publication, even though it is a training ground for students. The Observer is dedicated to fair and balanced coverage of on- and off-campus issues which concern the Bard community. This includes campus news and features, entertainment previews and reviews, and national news which relate to college students.

The Bard Observer will not print any submissions that are libelous, whether they be articles or opinion pieces written by Observer staffers or Another View pieces or letters submitted by the community. Determination of what constitutes libel in any given case is determined by the Editor-in-Chief, in consultation with the Editorial Board. Instances of libel are grounds for editing or rejecting a piece.

The Bard Observer will not accept "off the record" sources for newsworthy articles. Anonymous sources destroy the respectability of a paper and the trust of its readers. Anything said, written, or done is inherently subjective, and the identity of the person who said, wrote, or did it affects the reader's interpretation of the statement. Therefore, the name is part of the news. Attribution will also be provided for all information taken from news service stories, press releases, publicity materials, or other documents. The only times a name will be withheld are in cases where publication of the name would prema-

turely compromise an individual's reputation, such as in cases of alleged criminal activity; or in cases of an extremely sensitive nature, as determined by the Editor-in-Chief in consultation with the Editorial Board. Even in such cases, the name must be known at least by at least one editor.

Sensitive or controversial terms, such as profanities or racial, ethnic, religious, or gender identifiers, will not be used unless crucial to an article. All use of such terms must be approved in advance by the Editor-in-Chief, in consultation with the Editorial Board.

All sides in any given issue will be given an equal opportunity to voice their views. In researching articles, reporters will always attempt to contact all sides and search out all viewpoints. If they are unable to contact all sides after repeated attempts, the article will indicate this.

All signed letters, Another View articles, personals, cartoons and any other materials submitted to the Observer will be accepted so long as they conform to the Observer's editorial policy. All submissions should contain the author's name and telephone number. Such articles should not exceed 500 words; if they do, the Observer will attempt to contact the author and ask him/her to edit the article. Depending on space considerations, letters will be cut off after the 500th word and continued at a later date, if necessary. In exceptional circumstances the author's name may be withheld, but in such cases at least one editor must know the author's name prior to publication. The Observer reserves the right to delete numerous signatures if space does not allow for all names to appear. If letters and articles intended for the Another View page are received after the Friday, 5 p.m. deadline, the Observer cannot guarantee publication in the subsequent week's issue. Publication of articles from outside sources depends on space limitations and occurs on a first-come, first-serve basis. Materials may be submitted through Campus Mail, placed in the envelope on the Observer office door in the

Hail the Chief

by Matt Apple

I still find it hard to believe that less than a year and a half ago, I had no connection whatsoever with the Bard Observer. Since then, I have written at least a full page every week of the academic year and found out the true meaning of the word "stress." Now, I have the honor to bear the infamous title Editor-in-Chief and run the whole shebang. My, how things change.

As Managing Editor under Greg, I always admired his ability to make difficult decisions, yet maintain a sense of humor in perspective. Greg never let his sense of humor or his personal feelings interfere with his journalistic integrity, and believe me, that is not as easy to do as it seems. Greg routinely spent upwards of eight to ten hours a day in the Observer office, sometimes more. He used to joke that he spent more time working on the Observer than he did in his own room. That's dedication.

I don't know if I have that kind of dedication. I'll certainly work my hardest to keep the Observer running smoothly, but at the same time I'd like to do some experimenting. I can't say things will improve, but they certainly will change. After all, things are bound to change anyway.

Upon receiving the hallowed title of Editor-in-Chief, I decided that certain niggly things that bugged me as Managing Editor would be done away with. These little problems included deadlines, which were never, ever kept last year and were one of the reasons Greg and I stayed up well past two or three o'clock several Tuesdays in a row. One of the first things I did this year was revamp the Editorial Policy that you see on this page. Then I began the ungodly task of reorganizing this big mess. Some parts may still be rough, because this thing doesn't come with an instruction manual. I'm basically winging it, but whatever I have already done is written in pen, not pencil. (Of course, some pens have erasable ink.)

I welcome any and all comments on the Observer. Inspired suggestions, unfounded complaints, sincere and deep admirations - anything to let us know how you feel. Because even though there appears to be a small group of fascists who run this paper, the readers really run the Observer. Don't hesitate to write to us or call us at 758-0772.

basement of Tewksbury, or given directly to an editor.

Any unsigned editorials represent the views of the majority of the Editorial Board, which is comprised of the Editor-in-Chief, Managing Editor, News Editor, Features Editor, Arts Editor, Sports Editor, Photo Editor, and Production Manager. Signed editorials or columns represent the opinions of the writer, and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Observer or of the members of the Editorial Board.

In order to maintain the independence and fairness of its coverage, The Bard Observer will not promote or endorse specific charitable or political organizations. Reporters and editors will

not report on organizations to which they belong when that membership would present a conflict of interest with their coverage.

Decisions relating to publication belong solely to the members of the Editorial Board. Suggestions and tips from outside sources are welcome, but are not guarantees of coverage or publication. Every effort will be made to check all facts and quotes, especially in sensitive or controversial stories. No source may be present while an article is being written, nor may anyone who is not a member of the Observer staff read copy before publication without prior and selective approval of the Editor-in-Chief in consultation with the Editorial Board.

The Bard Observer

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Matthew Apple

Managing/News Editor
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Features Editor
Jeana C. Breton
Arts Editor
Tatiana Prowell
Sports Editor
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The Bard Observer is published every Wednesday while class is in session. Editorial policy is determined by the Editor-in-Chief in consultation with the Editorial Board. Any opinions which appear unsigned are those of the editorial board and not necessarily of the Observer staff.

Letters to the Editor and Personals or Classifieds must not exceed 500 words and must be signed legibly. All articles, cartoons, and photographs that are submitted by deadline will be considered for publication. Turn all material in at the Observer office in the basement of Tewksbury or through Campus Mail by 5 p.m. Friday one week before the publication date. The Editor reserves the right to edit all articles (except those intended for the Another View page) for style and length.

Classifieds: Free for Bardians, \$5 for all others. Personals are free.
Display classifieds: \$5.00 for local, \$10.00 for national.
Display ads: contact the Ad Manager.

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CALENDAR

BARD

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE

SEPTEMBER 2 TO 9 ★ 1992

What to See, Buy, and Do at Bard

★ WEDNESDAY. SEPTEMBER 2 ★

★ **Jigs, Reels, and Strathspeys.** See and learn the traditional social dancing of Scotland—being done all over the world today. **Scottish Country Dancing will host a dance party from 7:30p to 9:30p at the Student Center.**

★ **I Was Born, But...** See this silent film by the great Japanese director Yasujiro Ozu. At the **Preston Screening Room at 7:00p.** Repeat showing of this film on Thursday.

★ THURSDAY. SEPTEMBER 3 ★

★ **Women's Center.** Come to their first meeting—Be involved. **7:00pm Upstairs in the Student Center.** All people are welcomed.

★ **Three Japanese Directors** holds a repeat screening of *I Was Born, But...* See Wednesday's listing. **9:00p at the Preston Screening Room.**

★ **BAGLE.** Bisexuals, Activists, Gays, Lesbians, Et al, hold thier first meeting. **Date and time to be announced**—Look and Listen for it.

★ **Listen to New Horizons.** WMHT FM 89.1 & WRHV FM 88.7 broadcasts the **Hudson Valley Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra's** 1991-92 series. Conducted by our Leon Botstein, this program presents the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, and Jacob Druckman, with soloist Richard Wilson, piano. **8-10p, WMHT FM 89.1 & WRHV FM 88.**

★ FRIDAY. SEPTEMBER 4 ★

★ **Drive-In Elvis, Ann, and Johnny.** Outdoor movies, believe it! The Film Committee presents Elvis and Ann-Margaret in **Viva Las Vegas.** Don't miss the title tune—it shakes with good vibes. And then check out Johnny Depp in John Waters' campy **Cry Baby.** **Starting at dusk at the Blum Courtyard.** Stay for the bands!

★ **Marmalade** and **32 Tribes** wind out the Double, Double feature Friday. The Entertainment Committee gives us these live bands for live people right after the movie. **At the Blum Courtyard around 11p.**

★ SUNDAY. SEPTEMBER 6 ★

★ **Schola Cantorum,** sacred music in the Bard Chapel. **6:00p Performed during worship at 7:00p.**

★ **Classical Sunday.** WMHT FM 89.1 & WRHV FM 88.7 broadcasts the **Hudson Valley Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra's** 1991-92 series. Conducted by our Leon Botstein, this program presents the music of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Franz Shreker, and Joan Tower, with soloist Carol Wincenc, flute. **4-6p, WMHT FM 89.1 & WRHV FM 88.7.**

★ MONDAY. SEPTEMBER 7 ★

★ **Marlene Deitrich** stars in a Feminist Theory and Film screening of **The Blue Angel.** See it in the **Preston Screening Room at 7-9p.**

★ **Leonard Peltier Defense Committee** Find out about the truth of Native American Civil Rights. **6-9p in the Committee Room in Kline Commons.**

★ TUESDAY. SEPTEMBER 8 ★

★ **Students for Multicultural Education and Awareness** will discuss their agenda for the year. **6:00p in the Committee Room in Kline Commons.** Be there.

★ **Way Down East,** Go to see D. W. Griffith's early work. A silent movie at **7p in the Preston Screening Room.** Sorry, no popcorn and soda. Repeat showing of this film on Wednesday.

★ WEDNESDAY. SEPTEMBER 9 ★

★ **B.B.S.O.** holds their open house in the **Committee Room in Kline, 6:30p.**

★ **Story of Floating Weeds.** This is the 1934 silent film version by Japanese Director **Yasujiro Ozu.** More in the Three Japanese Directors screenings. See them all! **7:00p at the Preston Screening Room.** This film repeats on Thursday.

★ **D. W. Griffith.** A repeat screening of **Way Down East;** see Tuesday's listing. At the **Preston Screening Room, 9:00p.**

If you wish to see your event or speaker in next week's Calender, then submit a note with a description of your event by Friday, 5:00 pm to the Dean of Students Office.