

# OBSERVER

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The  
BARD

# OBSERVER

VOLUME 100 ★ NUMBER 9

BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504

OCTOBER 28 ★ 1992

"Everybody  
needs an editor."

—Max Amann

★ Inside ★

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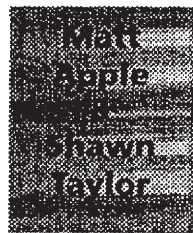
## ARTS

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### Dance Theatre III

Modern dance and  
flamenco

Crashing forth with the force  
of a head-on train collision,  
glass-shattering cymbals, and



horns al-  
ternately  
booming  
and hoot-  
ing, Car-  
digan  
sweaters  
clashing  
with  
baggy  
sweatshirt, wobbling tie and  
slick black suit - a roaring  
mish-mash of jazz, big band  
and cabaret - the sounds of the  
Either/Orchestra teetered and  
popped the Olin Auditorium  
last Saturday night.

The Orchestra, a ten-piece  
band consisting of seven  
horns, piano, bass and drums,  
played two sets of around fifty  
minutes each. The music cov-  
ered a variety of styles, with  
an overall Big Band influence,  
and included covers as well as  
original compositions. The  
actual members of the band  
were quite a diverse assem-  
blage, each with an individual  
style of performance —and  
dress—but operating within  
the framework of the whole.  
Individual members of the  
band have had experiences  
with rock, funk, classical,  
mariachi and merengue while  
naming Duke Ellington and  
Thelonius Monk among their  
influences. The goal of the  
group is to "learn from the



## Big Band blasts Bard

Either/Orchestra rumbles into Olin on their ninth U.S. tour

past and apply that knowledge to the fu-  
ture... a continuing quest for spontaneity  
....and personal expression—and fun." This  
became increasingly apparent as the mem-  
bers of the band gradually loosened up, occa-  
sionally clowning around on stage and gener-  
ally gave the appearance of enjoying them-  
selves. Band founder and self-styled emcee  
Russ Gershon, ready with dry wit, narrated  
the band's exploits throughout the perfor-  
mance, offering background information and  
various anecdotes.

The first set opened a bit stiffly as the band  
members warmed up with "Ecaroh," which  
was the name the songwriter, Horace, spelled  
backwards, and moved into "The Half-life of  
Desire," the title track from the group's sec-

ond CD. Other songs in the first set included  
"Car Wash," which was originally entitled  
"Cliff Notes" by a former band member and  
has not yet been recorded, and "Born in a  
Suitcase." After the intermission the band  
continued to play for a slightly smaller crowd,  
kicking off the second set with their cover of  
Sun Ra's "Brain Bill," continuing through a  
number called "The Door," and then rattling  
into "John's Dream," undoubtedly the best  
song of the night, at least from the audience's  
point of view. Written by "the mysterious  
Bob, whose name is a palindrome," "John's  
Dream" featured saxophonist Douglas Yates  
on the bass clarinet. One of Yates's solos  
during the song got the entire band dancing,  
to the best of their ability, and the audience

happily grooved along. The bass clarinet  
solo was followed by a solo on the pocket  
trumpet by group member, John Carlson.  
"Miles Away" kept the momentum estab-  
lished by "John's Dream," and Duke  
Ellington's "Caravan" ("the greatest song  
ever composed on this or any other planet")  
finished out the set. The group returned  
for an encore, performing the audience-  
requested Aguala.

Overall, the performance was a reason-  
able success. Parts of the first set ran a little  
slow, presumably prompting some to leave  
during the intermission. These folks missed  
out, as the second set definitely outshined  
the first. The trombonists performed ad-

continued on page 11

## Wave of crime hits Bard

### Burglaries across campus prompt administrative action

A wave of burglaries has swept across Bard campus in the past two weeks, sparking increased

concern among administrators for student safety. The first major theft occurred on the night of Wednesday,

October 7th, at deKline, the student cafe in the basement of the Student Center. Tami Sloan, a co-head of deKline, reported \$550 missing from the cash box on Thursday morning, and the Dutchess County Sheriff's Department began an investigation on the following Tuesday. According to Bob Boyce, Director of Security, one of the windows was unlocked, with fingerprints smeared across it so no fingerprinting could be done, but "the amount of area around the window wouldn't have allowed ac-

cess, and the lack of physical evidence in that area [none of the plants near the window had been disturbed] didn't seem to indicate that someone had come in that way."

"Why didn't they do it earlier?" Sloan wondered. "The money's always been there...We [deKline] aren't in this for the money. Whatever we make we give back to the students...It's just really a shame."

The lack of physical evidence at deKline led some to believe that a key, specifically a master key, had been used to gain entry. Of the crimes that followed, several of them appeared to have possibly involved the usage of a master key. Since the end of Reading Week on October 18th, the following burglaries have been reported, in chronological order:

—A stereo and computer were reported stolen from a student's room in Schafer Dormitory, worth approximately \$6000 total. There

was no apparent damage to the room.

—A student on the first floor of South Hall reported that a CD player had been stolen, that the window had been left unlocked, the window screen ripped, and things disturbed beneath the window.

—6 silk shirts and a jacket were reported missing from a student's room in Manor, a value of about \$1000. There was no evidence of a forced entry.

—This past weekend, a computer was reported missing from an office in Sottery Hall. There was no evidence of a forced entry.

Buildings and grounds is in the process of deactivating the master key system, changing all the locks on campus. All the locks in the Alumni dorms were changed Monday, and Tewksbury locks were scheduled to be changed as

of Tuesday. Security and buildings and grounds will be operating on a sub-master key system, with keys that only open rooms in specific buildings, while Servicemaster employees have their own keys that work as sub-master keys.

"It's just an interim solution, but that way we can ensure that the master key system is deactivated," conceded Dean of Students Shelly Morgan. The administration is investigating other key systems, including a system presently used by many large public colleges and hotels, using electronic cards which are essentially "modern, technological keys."

"I really think we've [the administration] responded well to the master key situation," said Morgan, "[but] it's too easy to blame someone.

"A lot of what I've hearing is, 'Hey, someone broke into my room. It definitely must have been a master key,'" Morgan contin-

ued. "Some, granted, that may be true. Others...I'm not sure precautions were taken." Many cases of reported thefts have apparently resulted from students leaving their doors and windows unlocked, almost inviting burglars to enter their rooms without being noticed.

Bard College administrators and Security are working with a detective from the Dutchess County Sheriff's Department on an investigation into the master key crisis. "At this point, I don't care if we get anonymous tips," said Boyce. "We have to find the source of this problem. We've got to solve this dilemma."

Students who have knowledge of the existence of master keys are encouraged to inform Security, even if it is in the form of an anonymous note. Students are also encouraged to lock their doors and windows when not in their rooms, and to report any strange or unusual disturbances to Security at extension 440. ¶

## MPZ evaluation

Oral testimony will be taken from faculty and students in Olin 310 —

Wed., Oct. 28th from 6 to 8pm

Mon., Nov. 2nd from 6:30 to 8:30pm

Letters may be sent to the Faculty Senate via campus mail to Michele Dominy

## the Entertainment Committee presents

Sat. October 31st at 9pm in the Student Center

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## Rebuilding the Ravines

### Dorms to be made more energy-efficient

Having been constructed over twenty years ago, the Ravine dormitories are finally in the process

of being renovated. According to Director of the Physical Plant, Dick Griffiths, each of the dorms shall be made

more energy-efficient "as the money is made available."

The renovation of the Ravines is being conducted "one dorm at a time" because the work being done is expensive and time-consuming. Griffiths explained that Hirsch was the dorm most in need of repair and it was the first to receive attention beginning a couple of weeks ago. "Right now, only wooden sheeting covers the dorms," he explained since the dorms need extra siding and insulation to conserve heat and energy. Hirsch has already been installed with an external layer of insulation and vinyl siding. The other Ravines will eventually receive this same treatment.



Griffiths commented that vinyl siding is being installed rather than the less expensive aluminum siding because: "If you hit it with a rock or a club aluminum will dent but vinyl won't. Vinyl will hold up better and look nicer in the long run."

Griffiths expects that one more Ravine should have the insulation and siding installed before winter begins and anticipates all of the dorms shall be treated within the next two years. Future plans for the Ravines include the installation of heat pumps, so that

the current system of electric heating will be used only as a back-up. Heat pumps would also allow the Ravines the possibility of air-conditioning during the summer months.

The Ravines were first used as dormitories in February of 1972 as single-room housing for upper college students. Now they are exclusively freshman dormitories, and this process of renovation discredits rumors that the Ravines had been condemned or that they were going to be phased out of use. ¶

Editor in Chief

Michael  
Porter  
News  
Editor

Good to the last performance

1992 Semi-Annual Coffee House a great success

Last Thursday, the Women's Center sponsored a coffee house in Bard Hall. There was a full house to watch the performance which lasted from 9:30 to midnight. Here are the highlights:

"My first poetry reading, be gentle," said Sean Penny, the first reader. He read, *Would You Take It From Me?* and two other original works.

Penny's reading was followed by a reading of Sharon Olds' work, "dedicated to anyone who's ever felt shame." Cara Graninger elicited a strong response with her reading of Olds' poetry comparing two maps lying side to side as two lovers together.

Dan Carboni presented an acoustic version of U2's *One* on his guitar. He hammered out the chords, showing the simplicity which makes U2's work so seductive. Dan's also played a Weird Al Yankovic classic with lyrics like "I'd rather have my blood be sucked out by leeches...than spend one more minute with you."

Tracy, Tracy, Tracy followed with some music by Bostonian folk singers Patty Larkin and Dave Wilcox. He also performed Ralph Mac Tell's *Streets of London*. He joked, "I tighten the strings just to make you think I care about the pitch."

An epic poem was read as a gift to the program's organizer and was hypnotic in style.

*Two Songs in Alphabetical Order* were played by Noel, a pianist

who almost sounds like Bob Dylan when he plays his songs.

Benson, an acoustic guitarist, performed two songs of his own creation. The first was inspired by a friend of his who had to leave him, and his other song, *Chess*, was inspired by a discussion between his mother and his brother (who were playing the game) in which his mother chose the white pieces and insisted "white still goes first." Benson's song called for social consciousness. Original pieces like these make Bard's coffee houses especially noteworthy.

"I'm going to sit on the piano, because that's the kind of person I am," kidded Lilah, the performer of an original work called *Big*

doesn't count, since all the kids want there is to sing *La Bamba*," said Josh as he introduced his songs *Quest For Spinach* and *Convertible*, both of which had everyone singing along with the chorus. Josh also said, "I don't write my own songs. I guess it'd be kind of neat to do that. What I do is play songs no one has ever heard of so people will think I'm really eclectic and I'll say, 'Well, yeah.'" He ended with *By the Rivers of Babylon*, "which is named after another song named *By the Rivers of Babylon*, but this one is different. I won't play the other one because I don't know it." Despite all the laughs, Josh could be serious, too, and it was easy to tell the audience would find themselves humming the chorus to *Convertible* for days after the performance.

Parker, a guitarist, presented some original work. He seemed to throw his whole self into his performance. His pieces were full of clever lines, and he closed with *Castles Made of Sand*, which consisted of seemingly complex chord arrangements.

Senior Steve Kury read aloud his brief, but poignant poem *Poised to Kill*. This work was first written during his Language and Thinking classes, "long ago."

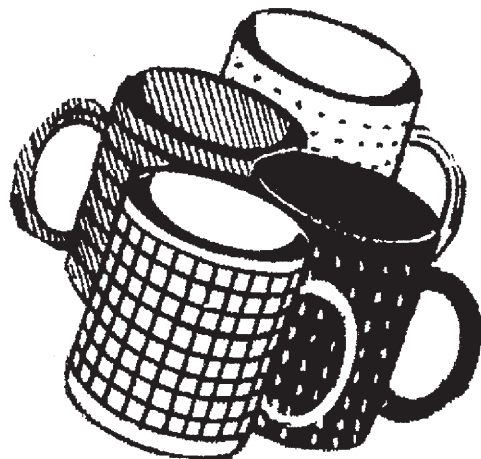
Zeke, a pianist, played an epic-length piece reminiscent of Billy Joel with its imitation of classical intricacies, but with clear underlying melody.

The final performance was done by Kristi Martel, who first recited a poem contemplating "woman as a work in progress," and then sang (with friend Jason accompanying on the guitar) an Anne DeFranco song called *Talk To Me*. Her voice had an echo of Sinead O'Conner's haunting qualities (writer's note: This is meant as a compliment,) and Kristi was arguably the best vocalist of the evening.

Not an untalented person appeared last Thursday. All took a risk and shared their gifts and thoughts. If you could not attend this coffee house, make sure you make it to the next one. It is worth it!



Greg Giaccio  
Staff  
Writer



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Dead Goat Notes



Greg Giaccio signs his name to this column to show that he is taking full responsibility for all of the opinions therein. However, if you can't prove that he exists, then what good is his name? I mean, how do we know he's writing it? How do we know we're reading it? How do we know that we're not butterflies dreaming we are people?

The other day I got a call from Gladys Watson.

"Greg," she said, "I want to take you out of that cave we've been putting you in for the last two years and put you up in a single in Manor house."



"Manor?" I said, "Why are you being so nice to me after I spilled that bowl of onion dip in your office?"

"No reason. It's just that we have a vacancy in Manor 203, a big double with a bathroom and a view and obsolete servant call buttons and it can all be yours."

I hung up on Gladys and went back to my cave. Any student around here knows that you don't want to be in Manor 203, "the Manor Meatlocker," especially around Halloween.

What? You don't know the story of the Manor Meatlocker?

Well, it goes back to when the town of Red Hook wasn't called Red Hook. It was called Chicago back then. This was a sore issue for the town since they frequently had their mail forwarded to the Windy City while simultaneously having to turn down hundreds of tourists aching to see the Sears Tower.

One man, a Lutheran minister, was so disconcerted by his lack of mail and frequent inquiries about "da Bears" that he took a chainsaw to his wife, his kids, their dog and an Amway salesman who just happened to be at the door in order to alleviate the stress in his life. In the process of blowing off steam, he chopped off his own hand.

This disgruntled minister happened to be a Freemason and using their secret and mysterious signs, he was able to get off on an insanity plea. The judge sentenced him to serve his term in a mental asylum.

However, there were no "white collar" mental asylums around here at that time. The closest thing they had was an old age home run by the Ward Manor Baking Company. Today, that house is known simply as Manor.

The differently-abled masonic Lutheran minister was put up in Manor 203. Since he was missing a hand, he was given a prosthetic hook by the infirmary staff (who were on call for such things in those days).

A year later, on a dark and stormy night, a terrible bloodcurdling AAAUUUGGGHHHGHGHHLWLDNVOEJR issued forth from Manor 203. When the sound was investigated, it was found that the one-armed man had murdered his guards and hung them on his spare hooks like so many sides of beef. This is why people at Bard often tell students to keep a few spare prosthetic devices around. Ever since, Manor 203 has been affectionately known as "The Manor Meatlocker."

The story does not end there, kids. Years later, a couple of teenagers from Chicago were parked on the Manor driveway at night doing what young adults like to do when they're parked late at night away from their parents. They were playing Scrabble. The female was winning, having just spelled xylophone on a triple word score.

Suddenly, they heard a strange scraping sound. Spooked, the young male knocked the Scrabble board off of the stick shift, put

continued on page 12

# Halloween shenanigans

## How to look right for the occasion!

Unable to come up with a gross enough costume idea for Halloween? Here are a few hair-curling,



spine-chilling suggestions!  
**To make your face look cut up, bleeding, and scarred:** Pin hair back; mix 1 teaspoon of uncooked unflavored gelatin w/1 drop of red food coloring + 1 teaspoon of hot water; let cool half way then apply to face; push it around to make a lumpy surface and keep mixing more gelatin until face is completely covered. Optional: peel down parts and apply black makeup and fake blood to skin.

**To create a terribly diseased face:** Pin hair back; separate 1 egg into white + yolk; put yolk into a small dish; mix in 2 drops of red

food coloring and paint entire face with mixture; in another bowl mix 1/2 cup uncooked oatmeal w/ 1/4 cup corn syrup; spread this mixture onto the face leaving some gaps and cover oatmeal w/ liquid face makeup (let red keep showing through).

**To make your face ooze:** Pin hair back; pour some corn syrup onto a plate, dip one side of a cotton ball into corn syrup, stick cotton ball above right eyebrow, do another for right cheek, center of the chin, between eyebrows and lower left cheek (stretch them all out a little bit); put 1 1/2 cup of flour + 1/2 cup dried beans into a mixing bowl, add 2 tablespoons of water + 2 tablespoons of corn syrup, mix and cover face (including cotton balls) once cotton balls are securely attached.

**How to be a werewolf:** Comb hair back behind ears; paint face dark brown or black but leave clear stripes going upward on

forehead + down on cheeks; take some lamb's wool + cut off a row 4" long; take a few strands + dip the ends in corn syrup; place these where the stripes begin (close to mouth, below eyes, on nose, over eyebrows, etc.); place several clumps until all stripes are overly covered; pull wool on forehead to get it to stretch up over normal hair; trim chin + pull apart some of wool hairs so they blend together; streak lamb's wool w/ cake makeup or eyeliner and use wax to make fake fangs. Hands and fingers can also be done.

**To become a mummy:** Put a bathing cap over hair + ears; mix 2 1/2 cups of water, 3 cups flour and 3 tablespoons of corn syrup until all the lumps are gone; lay one layer of a paper towel on mixture, lift out paper towel and lay on top front of head from ear to ear (leave wrinkles), do another paper towel and place partially over 1st piece, keep with this pro-

cedure until face and bathing cap are covered all the way around, and brush head with flour. Hands and fingers can also be done.

**How to be a reptile:** Pin hair back; pour 3 tablespoons of corn syrup onto plate, cut piece of thin rope to reach across forehead; dip this into corn syrup + apply to face; cover rope and face with paper towel makeup (as described for "To become a mummy"); cut another piece of rope to fit from mid ear, over nose, and to other ear; cover in corn syrup and apply to face; use paper towel make-up to cover rope and up to first rope (leave extra face around eyes); cut 2 pieces of rope, one to fit from one ear lobe, over top lip, to other ear lobe; and one to go under lip; stick them to face; cover rest of face with paper towels; paint

around eyes and inside wrinkles with green food coloring; cut two egg cups from egg-carton and put eye holes in them (Optional: paint eyes red, dark green, etc.) Fit egg-carton eyes over real eyes and secure in paper towel covering.

### HINTS + HEALTHY REMINDERS:

- 1- **DONOT** apply any substance on or too near the eyes.
- 2- Use different colors and combinations to twist effect.
- 3- Darken around eyes with black cake makeup or eyeliner.
- 4- Let face dry before going out.
- 5- Most faces will simply peel off (best done over a garbage can.) Soap, water, and a scrub brush will take care of excess make-up and left-over stickiness.

## Human rights now!

### Bard Amnesty International takes steps to end abuse

"Man is a servant. Suffering is his master. No one knows himself until they have suffered." (Tortured Prisoner in Africa — written in his own blood on a wall)



Public Enemy Number One in Peru may be incarcerated now, but the movement he has spawned, "The Shining Path" or *Sendero Luminoso*, has inspired bloodshed and continues to encourage widespread human rights violation by the terrorists and the government. The majority of Peruvians, however (like people all over the world), want the horrors to end. Disregard for the personal dignity of political prisoners continues unabated throughout the world. What can be done?

Fifteen Bard students asserted last week that it is indeed "our world," and that things can be done at a meeting of Bard's Amnesty International. It took them

less than fifteen minutes to write their urgent action appeals to leaders in Guatemala to defend students, like ourselves, who have recently received death-threats for taking the special security forces to court.

First, they viewed an animated version of the Declaration of Human Rights. Debra Winger and Jeff Bridges read the thirty articles guaranteeing our liberties in world law while *Plympton* by the famed MTV cartoonist visually illustrated our rightful freedoms. Other artists contributed to this film with indelible images of conscience imprisoned.

The students also saw "Free at Last," a short documentary on the important effects letter-writing campaigns have upon the conditions of abused people. Survivors of torture expressed their gratitude for the concern expressed by people internationally. To know that the world knows you are alive renews your faith and hope as a prisoner.

One campaign brought one thousand letters of appeal on behalf of a prisoner who was subsequently freed. Imagine, if every

Bard student took fifteen minutes to write a letter of appeal, a prisoner could be freed. It does happen. Every day, someone is released somewhere. Last summer, a prisoner (that Bard students had particularly campaigned for) was released.

You have the chance to save another's life, and thus your own. Every person freed is one more person to fight for your own freedom. Any interested person can speak, or write to Chris Chinnock, head of Bard's Amnesty International. Upcoming events for this club include a visit by Ms. Nongcobo Sangweni who was imprisoned, along with her twelve year-old daughter, for political reasons.

Also, there is an upcoming conference in Boston which some Bard students may attend. Meetings of the Bard Amnesty International organization are announced in the calendar on the back page of the *Observer* and on posters all over campus.

Stay tuned to the *Observer* for more information on how to contribute to this cause!

## HAPPY HALLOWEEN

from the staff of the *Bard Observer*



It's not too late... you can still come to the Halloween Scavenger Hunt!

Teams should come to Olin 301 at 6:25pm on Halloween.

9 reasons why you shouldn't miss it...

9. You might have fun.
8. You can drink all the beer you bring yourself.
7. Good character-building adventure.
6. Mindbending norepinephrine rush.
5. It's free.
4. Creepy movies will be shown afterwards (starting at 8:30pm) in Olin 301
3. Wonderful bonding experience for you and your friends.



2. Nifty doorprizes.
1. Your team members could each win a grand prize so great it will blow out the backs of your heads.

## Coming to Bard soon...

## What to expect when the Peace Corps visits

In a recent telephone interview with Mr. David Lilly, a Peace Corps Recruitment Member, the following took place:

**Q: When is the Peace Corps visiting Bard?**

**A: On Monday, November**

**2nd, a representative will be at Kline Commons from 11:30 to 1:30**

to stir up interest and answer questions. Applications will be available. Interested students can sign up later at the Career Development Office for interview appointments. Monday, November 16th, is the scheduled day for interviews to be conducted on campus. Those seniors seriously considering joining the Peace Corps ought to submit applications this semester because the selection process can take almost six to nine months.

**Q: What kind of student backgrounds interest the Peace Corps?**

**A: There are several areas where it would be easy to place Bard seniors. Of course, we are interested in everyone, but our host nations have solicited requests for those with science backgrounds, mathematical skills, knowledge of environmental or natural science, experience in the health field, nursing and education.**

**Q: What if a student is majoring in Art, History, Political Sci-**

**ence, etc.?**

**A: Well, my major was journalism, but I did qualify, not on the basis of my major, but from non-academic work. I tutored foreign students in English; I taught other students French. This side work is equally considered. A student majoring in Art History with a minor in science, business, environment, health, education, etc., or with some work experience working at a hospital or as a Bard E.M.T., or who grew up on a farm and can teach some basic skills, etc. could volunteer for the Peace Corps and qualify. Course work or extracurricular volunteer work qualifies. Or, paid jobs, like a student who spent several summers doing construction could make great contributions to our building programs. Having taken some courses in International Relations would help, so could working in such a club at Bard. Someone with a major in Biology would be asked to teach science overseas, a major in Health would work in disease control programs, and so on.**

**Q: What was your personal experience in the Peace Corps?**

**A: I was a journalism major at the University of Wisconsin. Straight from college I went to Morocco. I was there from 1988-90. I learned Arabic in classes and on my own. I became very familiar with Islamic culture and society. The language program is excellent, providing three months of training.**

**Q: So, a student need not have prior experience with a language of a host country?**

**A: I know of very few Americans who are fluent in Arabic, or Swahili, for that matter. Kenya and Tanzania, for example, ask for volunteers without prior experience with the language. That is taught once they arrive.**

**Q: How many people are currently serving in the Peace Corps?**

**A: 6,000 are serving across the nation in 95 countries, covering more than half of the nations in the world.**

**Q: How many Bard students are currently serving?**

**A: Three. One in Bulgaria—she is teaching English—and two in Mali in West Africa. Since 1987, seven have served in Paraguay, Ecuador, Thailand, Morocco, and Papua New Guinea; those in the first three countries have just finished their tour.**

**Q: For a college, does Bard provide a higher-than-average number of recruits?**

**A: That's hard for me to say. There has always been lots of interest. The campus seems to consider international service as a serious option. When our representatives visit, they meet lots of people; busier than most elsewhere, perhaps. I happen to like Bard very much.**

**Q: This may sound silly, but what would you say to a student considering enlistment who is fair-skinned and fearful of the tropical sun?**

**A: It's not silly. On the application form there is a geographical preference section. If you'd prefer to go to Latin America, you can mark that as a preference. However, if you'd like to work in Fiji, but you are a civil engineer and Fiji has not requested civil engineers, you cannot be placed there.**

**Q: What about illness? Disease? Is health care adequate?**

**A: I will speak for my own case. When I was a volunteer in Morocco, there was a great health care program. We had complete, paid-for health insurance. The health centers and hospitals were fully staffed. All volunteers receive complete immunizations for whatever country they are going to. I thought in my experience, it was great. If you caught malaria, you would be taken care of for two years. Sometimes, though, people experienced relapses later on, and the Peace Corps would ensure they were cared for and treated.**

**Q: Since the collapse of the Cold War, are there projects planned in the Post-Communist countries?**

**A: The Peace Corps has had a massive expansion since the fall of the Iron Curtain and the collapse of the former Soviet Union. We have programs in most of Eastern Europe, including Poland, Hungary, Romania, and all three Baltic states. In November, the Peace Corps will send 100 volunteers to Russia, and in December still others to the Ukraine and Uzbekistan. These countries, however, are looking for instructors in English and MBA's with three to five years of business experience. It's unlikely that the course load at Bard has prepared anyone for that.**



## OFFICE WITH A VIEW



Working at a professional level that ordinarily might take years of apprenticeship back home, Peace Corps Volunteers also enjoy a unique *life* experience overseas. And when they return, they find that international firms, domestic corporations, and government agencies value the skills and knowledge acquired while overseas.

Peace Corps works in more countries now than ever before, and needs people from many disciplines—education, technical trades, health, the environment, agriculture, community development, engineering, and the sciences. Whether you have a degree, or several years of experience, Peace Corps may be

able to use your skills as no other employer would—while giving you the opportunity to immerse yourself in a new culture...and help to improve the lives of others while enriching your own.

You'll also receive some significant financial benefits: \$5400 when you return, partial cancellation of Perkins Loans and deferments of many others, living and travel expenses, language and technical training, and more. Can you afford not to volunteer?



## RECRUITERS ARE ON CAMPUS NEXT WEEK

Information Table  
Kline Dining Commons  
Monday, November 2, 1992  
11:30 am - 1:30 pm

## The Man on the Street Beer Column

I met some friends this week who introduced me to the "black and tan" - an English drink, with a dark beer (originally Guinness was used) and a pale ale (such as John Courage) layered on top of each other. Not shaken, not stirred, these beer cocktails are just poured in a glass, one after each other, creating a drink which combines the best qualities of each type of beer without tasting a bit like the awful combination I first suspected would ensue from such an odd mix. They taste, at best, like a homemade Pete's Wicked Ale. The best combination, I was assured, was actually a variant on this tradition; the bottles of various red lagers and Molson Dark scattered about the sumptuous living quarters (second floor Obreshkove) of these anonymous students supported this thesis. Hence, with the coming of Halloween this week, this week's beer column is a celebration of the fall colors to be found within a "brown and red"—namely, those of Brooklyn Brown Dark Ale and Killian's Red, American beers with a distinctly European flavor as fits an Americanized holiday such as All Hallow's Eve.

Brooklyn Brown is a local beer, one of many local brews which come out of the F. X. Matt brewery in Utica (home of Saranac and others) "underspecial agreement." Mr. F.X. Matt II, son of the brewery's founder, allows those brewers

which do not have enough demand to need their own breweries to prepare their recipes under his roof, both as a show of support for small companies in this great capitalistic land and in an attempt to get more unusual beers on the market. In the case of Brooklyn Brown, the unique qualities of this "pure" beer (the only ingredients are malted barley, hops, yeast, and water) are evident immediately - the heady scent springing from the bottle upon opening is spicy and thick, reminiscent of nutmeg. The beer is truly brown, with a strong nut-brown head, resembling nothing so much as root beer in color and texture, but gives a warm, brown-reddish glow when held up to the light. The taste is, as expected, sharp and bitter, not so much in a bad way but more of a distinctly "acquired taste," as one tester so ably described it. The aftertaste is certainly unusual - after moments of indecision and concentration, we finally identified the taste in our mouths as that of soap. Ah well, the soapsudsy taste is not too obvious, and the beer in general is fine stuff, if a little too bitter for my liking. It is this aftertaste alone which lowers the rating on this otherwise fine beer.

George Killian's Irish Red is from the Coors brewing company, of all places, but you would never guess it from the taste—deep and rich in

smell translates into a sweetish, strong but staple 'beer' taste with a powerful kick. The head is clear and faintly amber colored, but the beer itself is as close to red (more of a reddish orange, really) as I have seen in a beer. But this fine brew is an American beer, cheap at roughly \$5.50 a six, a twist-off cap, for crissakes, and yet it tastes like a gourmet beer, so for the cheap beer category this gets three and three quarter stars. It would be perfect if it didn't lose its carbonation so quickly, but I shouldn't be so picky. My testers offered both "killer" and "Godly" as descriptive adjectives to describe Killians; when pressed further, they could not offer more through the beer in their gullets. In the gourmet capacity, I suppose, Killians is but a three star beer—the red orange makes it clash with the burgundy seat covers—but it does match the foliage remarkably well, and this is an absolutely amazing dinner beer.

The Combination of both beers gets four stars hands down, although, to be fair, it is the concept of the "brown and red" which makes the stuff taste so good to me, not the specific beers involved. The head is big, thick, and dark, and strong enough to support a bottle cap like a boat; the Brooklyn Brown aftertaste is toned down to palatability and even delicious enjoyment; the overall taste is thick and hearty but

doesn't lean too far in any direction. The "brown and red" burns slightly on the way down, like good beer should, and is cold and crisp on the way down, filling the entire head with delicious taste. The color is caramel, rust-brown-orange. Now, just to test the concept, we tried another dark beer of a higher caliber, Xingu from Brazil (which tastes dark, licorice and soy sauce sweet, syrupy, and somehow exactly like the jungle—YUMMY—and comes in 22 oz. bottles) with the Killians, and if I had more than four stars to give, I would give them to this combo. Still, the best thing about the idea of the "black and tan" is that you can make it to your own taste, changing the two kinds of beer and the proportions involved to your heart's content. So give this combo a try, and I promise it will be like nothing you have ever experienced before. I'll see you in Kline later this week, folks.

Budds Coors

**Brooklyn Lager gets:**  
three stars  
**Killian's Red gets:**  
four stars

## Pardon me for interrupting Bard life...

by Rebekah Klein

Dear everyone, pardon me for interrupting Bard life way the heck over here in London. I have tried, but I cannot quell my need to get my two-cents in about what I have read of late in the Bard Observer. I received the Sept. 25, 30 and Oct. 7 issues this evening, and immediately shared them with a few friends as I do each time they arrive. They're a curiosity piece, and are coveted by the scant subversive element which exists at my school. That's not my point, but can considered part of it if you try real hard.

Before I get to the point (Drew's letter in the Oct. 7 issue), I want to congratulate the Jewish Students Organization for getting the most money from the Planning Committee EVER since the organization's revival. You give me such nachus! Good luck in the New Year, and keep those events coming.

I feel that I have to respond to Drew's article which bashes on the "Man in the Street" for describing Asia as an "exotic" part of the world. I do not want you to think, Drew, that I am insensitive to the issue you are raising. I understand your desire to maintain your ethnic identity without becoming a deviant curiosity. You would certainly know that if you saw me going around to my professors here telling them I would not be in class for the High Holidays, and being bombarded with questions about Judaism while trying to fast on Yom Kippur. But I'm masking you for perspective. White America is not inher-

ently evil, but it is the dominant majority culture. It's easy to get lost inside of it if you are of the majority. America as a whole is geographically and intellectually isolated from the rest of the world. It is very easy to forget the rest is there, to imagine it doesn't exist except as media fodder. America folds in on itself in scrambling conflict and national issues. It takes active initiative to understand what is happening in the world from the States. Most people do not have that active initiative, and remain concentrated on their own life.

By attacking the usage of the word "exotic" in the Beer Column, you are making yourself look silly instead of getting your message across. The word exotic is not offensive, and I think this point was brought out well in the Beer Columnist's response. By taking away the word exotic, you are destroying some of the richness of experience. You talk about meeting different people and realizing they are still people. This is good; notice you used the word "different." Yes, DO realize that people are still people, AND that they are different. Every person is a universe.

As I write this, I am sitting in a room with people from at least five countries of which I have no experience. Does it make me evil to appreciate the richness of diversity here without understanding the cultures these other people have come from? Am I uneducated because I have considered their languages, music or clothing exotic? If it does, then we will never learn anything about each other. We'll be too afraid of offending someone with an ignorant re-

mark. Put the fears aside. If you are sincere about learning something new, the other person will know and answer you. I truly enjoyed answering ignorant questions about Judaism on Yom Kippur. Curiosity is a good thing. How could we learn if we weren't curious?

Bard, like America, is isolated. It is easy to get caught up in the pattern of the frustrated, black-clad, cynical misanthrope who hurls misdirected anger at words, that by convoluting reasoning can be considered offensive. No one will listen to you if you release anger in this way. In order to change the popular consciousness, one must be able to communicate with it. You must open yourself up to understanding the mainstream. Case in point: the biggest culture shock I experienced here was in reaction to mainstream Americans. After eight weeks, I have finally stopped thinking, "You can't possibly be serious!" whenever they say something. For the first time

I'm in the company of frat boys and sorority girls who support Bush and flaunt their money. I'm in college with people from high school I tried to avoid. We all watched "Heather's" one movie night, and my friends and I snickered in the background at the subtle irony of it. When I jokingly suggested to one girl that, "These people must be killed," she replied seriously that she'd have to kill off all her friends. At that point I broke through to some sort of understanding. It is at least enough to be able to debate with each other without thinking the other is from space.

These are the people we have to reach. The status quo, don't-rock-the-boat majority. Go beyond Bard in your attacks, and have them make sense. Write a letter to the New York Times. Read Bill Buckley and George Will. You don't have to compromise your ideals to understand others and communicate.

## Beverage way

SUPERMARKET OF BEER AND SODA

Rt. 9 2 miles NORTH of Red Hook Traffic Light

758-0541

● Miller (cans)  
\$11.99/case

● Busch (cans)  
\$4.99/12pk

● American Beer  
\$7.98/case

● Molson (all)  
\$12.99/case

● Kronenbourg  
\$4.29/6pk

● Adirondack Clear  
& Natural  
\$1.09/1.5L





## Another View

7

## "This column sucks!" he said posthumously

Alright now—who the fuck do you think you are anyway? I hope you realize you are all kidding yourselves. You think you're doing something dangerous here? You think you're pushing the limit here? Let me tell you something, come closer so I can whisper it in your ear—you're all kidding yourselves.

Let's just get this straight from the start: I'm right. Of course, you're entitled to your opinion. I guess. For what it's worth. Don't cling to it too tightly, though. It ain't worth much to anyone else. Loser. Now, I don't care how pretentious you think I am, just like you don't care how pretentious I think you think I am.

I feel superior on the outside because I am superior on the inside.

You see, I'm a student at Bard College.

Beat off.

And I'm an artist.

Beat off.

And I'm going to make a difference in the world...

Beat off.

...Goddammit.

Great accomplishments of Western Civilization #14: Mass marketing of a cereal called "Smacks."

We grow weak because we are so comfortable—we surround ourselves with others who think as we do, so that we never

have to defend our beliefs against anyone with half a brain. We use their weak points to make ourselves feel smarter, painting ourselves the salt of the earth even though half the fucking people on the campus don't have the balls to look you in the eyes when you pass by them.

If the members of BAGLE took the money they spend on their booze and their wardrobes and donated it to a cause, would it make a difference?

Redundancy is a right!!! Redundancy is not a privilege!!!

And why can't we get into any good fights around here?

And why can't we have guns on campus, anyway? It can't be just because security's too understaffed and just plain sad to prevent me from stealing someone else's gun and blowing my own toes off. Lots of bikes get stolen around here. Notice that? And these new bike racks that B & G built—you can't lock a bike safely to one with a U-lock. All you U-lock owners, load your guns. If we had guns, maybe we could curb this wave of thefts.

If the members of Coalition took the money they spend on signmaking and shipping half the campus to demonstrations and donated it to Planned Parenthood, would it make a difference?

Pavlov's dogs! You're all just like

Pavlov's dogs!

And so it's my right to sodomize marmosets in public, and even vote for them for president. That's what my mommy said. Always.

Do you think you're dangerous? Do you wish you were dangerous? Piercing; be it ears, nose, nipples, neighbor, dick—danger of infection, maybe, but I can't think of much else. Dying your hair purple: Get a fucking life. S & M: probably the most tired excuse for danger around right now. You wanna do it, fine, but shove that stupid whip at me once more and I'll use it on ya, baby. Pot: the only people I see doing it have lost too many braincells to be able to tell me whether it's dangerous or not.

See, you can do whatever you want—that's why you came here. But you're so caught up in your Identity-As-Social-Misfit role that you have to have people stare at you to feel like you accomplished anything. Ya want my attention? Ya wanna do somethin' dangerous? Jump off a building. Then I'll stare at you. I'll probably even take pictures. But until then, you're completely ineffectual, and you're just going to have to live with it.

Can I join the Self-Righteous Middle-Class White Suburban Activist Defense Society, too?

If the art majors took all the money they

spend on drugs and cheap beer, and used it to buy more paint, would we have better art?

"So...all the people who are living in Kline...are here right now?"

If all Bard Students took the money they spend on Alternative Non-conformist Clunky Black Doc Marten Shoes (tm), and used it to buy a Fucking Clue (tm), would it make a difference?

I could spend ten hours a day trying to force a marmoset through my Anal Sphincter (tm) and another ten hours a day saying how much it sucks. If I did, I'd fit right in around here. But I don't. I'm so goddamn alienated, and different, that you couldn't begin to understand my...uh...uh...

Aw fuck it...I'm gonna go smoke some pot and beat off.

Lovingly,  
A.H.D. and H.E.

P.S. Please address all responses to "Hey Asshole," c/o the Bard Observer. (Please note this writer has no connection with the Bard Observer; we are accepting responses only so no one will discover his/her real name from the post office. -ed.)

## Try to study at the library, I dare you

by Tatiana Prowell

Imagine yourself for a moment in a purple (or orange, as you prefer) upholstered chair with power drills shrieking, hammers pounding and lights buzzing all about you. Can you tell me where you are? If your classes involve books in any way, you probably can. You're at the Hoffman-Kellogg-soon-to-be-Stevenson library.

It goes without saying that the Bard library is not the most impressive facility around. In addition to the clumsy clash of architectural styles, which isn't getting any better, and the inadequate book and periodical collections, which may improve if some of Stevenson's money was also used to purchase books rather than just a costly architect, there is now the constant intrusion of construction work.

Advocates of the new library will say that this construction is necessary in order to correct these very problems, and in fact, I agree. While the noise does liken library visits to a fast-food drive-thru window, it's a temporary thing, and we hope it will be worth the annoyance. Therefore, my greater complaint is not the construction, but the people who use the library—the students.

Perhaps the students have become used to the fact that our library falls short of serving the community as a whole [for example, it is not fully accessible to people in wheelchairs], and now they treat it ac-

cordingly, but this is no excuse. What do I mean? Here's one example. Let's say that the excessively noisy (immature, inconsiderate, etc.) neighbors in your dorm make it impossible for you to concentrate and study there, so you go to the library. Maybe you have a magnetic attraction with these people, or maybe they're conspiring to drive you mad, but they manage to make it to the library five minutes before you arrive every time. You sit down to study, and from the noise, you could be convinced that you have been transported to the Tewksbury Lounge to watch the Super Bowl, except that it's the wrong month. These people simply will not shut up, and some sense of propriety wrongly instilled at a young age tells us not to tell them to shut up, so we give them annoyed looks or say "ssshhh" very quietly. Where were these people socialized? Why didn't their parents give them that sense of propriety that makes one feel slightly ashamed in such situations—that makes one SHUT UP! Even the students who work at the front desk do it; I've worked at a library, and all of those old jokes about librarians saying "ssshhh" until their lips fall off are true. These students must have been told that the library is intended to be a quiet place, or maybe not. Maybe they need to be told, in the same way that they apparently needed to be told by the Dean of Students to walk on the right side of the road and wear

bright clothing at night. So, instead of making 1,500 photocopies telling students how to avoid overdue fines, why doesn't someone send out a witty photocopy about silence. I'm just kidding; we have enough wasted paper as it is.

This is just the beginning, though. Let's say that you've become cynical—that you only go to the library to get a particular book and leave. This wouldn't be so bad if *anyone* put a book back after using it. Most people don't even bother to get the book back to the right floor, but those who do either have a complex with alphabetization and numbers or just think that every book they have used goes at the end of its proper shelf. Come on, guys; it doesn't take that much work to return a book where you found it. Or maybe that's the problem; someone misplaced it for you, too. In that case, you know how fun it is to spend 30 minutes searching for a book.

So, let's say you actually have resigned yourself to getting your book and getting out quickly, and you actually are able to find the book (albeit with a little searching); if only this were the end of the troubles!

Why do people find it necessary to scribble their rather uninspired comments all over the pages of the library's books? These books are for the joint use of the community, not for the students' doodling pleasure. Those of you who don't do this can be basically divided into three groups:

the thieves, who may scribble all over the books, but who never intend to return them anyhow; the people like me who are equally frustrated every time they attempt to use the library; and last, but not least infuriating, the people who just rip out the pages where the crucial ideas can be found. This is great fun for those of us in the second category who are counting our blessings on the third floor of Olin and who actually believe to have finally found the book we need. Just when we're to the point of the book that pertains to our essay or to the best part of the story, the pages skip from 130 to 137. Why do you do this? Do you have these select pages in a scrapbook or on your wall?

The point is (for anyone who still hasn't got it) that the library is a public facility intended for the service of the community as a whole. When inconsiderate students insist upon treating the books and the study space as things to be exploited for their own private use, it ruins it for everyone. We don't have the option of ruining it for you; we cannot *make* you be quiet and return books on time in good condition with pages intact; however, you obviously have the power to keep us from using the library. Please, if I ever disturb anyone in the library, feel free to tell me so; I know how frustrating it is. If nothing else will work, it's time to transcend the old rules of etiquette.

A page of unedited observations by guest writers

# The Uses of Anger: Women

## Keynote presentation at the National Women's Studies

by Audre Lorde

**Racism.** The belief in the inherent superiority of one race over all others and thereby the right to dominance, manifest and implied.

**Women responding to racism.** My response to racism is anger. I have lived with that anger, ignoring it, feeding upon it, learning to use it before it laid my visions to waste, for most of my life. Once I did it in silence, afraid of the weight. My fear of anger taught me nothing. Your fear of that anger will teach you nothing, also.

Women responding to racism means women responding to anger; the anger of exclusion, of unquestioned privilege, of racial distortions, of silence, ill-use, stereotyping, defensiveness, misnaming, betrayal, and co-optation.

My anger is a response to racist attitudes and to the actions and presumptions that arise out of those attitudes. If your dealings with other women reflect those attitudes, then my anger and your attendant fears are spotlights that can be used for growth in the same way I have used learning to express anger for my growth. But for corrective surgery, not guilt. Guilt and defen-

siveness are bricks in a wall against which we all flounder; they serve none of our futures.

Because I do not want this to become a theoretical discussion, I am going to give a few examples of interchanges between women that illustrate these points. In the interest of time, I am going to cut them short. I want you to know there were many more.

For example:

- I speak out of direct and particular anger at an academic conference, and a white woman says, "Tell me how you feel but don't say it too harshly or I cannot hear you." But is it my manner that keeps her from hearing, or the threat of a message that her life may change?

- The Women's Studies Program of a southern university invites a Black woman to read following a week-long forum on Black and white women. "What has this week given to you?" I ask. The most vocal white woman says, "I think I've gotten a lot. I feel Black women really understand me a lot better now; they have a better idea of where I'm coming from." As if understanding her lay at the core of the racist problem.

- After fifteen years of a women's movement which professes to address the life concerns and possible futures of all women, I still hear, on campus after campus, "How can we address the issues of racism? No women of Color attended." Or, the other side of that statement, "We have no one in our department equipped to teach their work." In other words, racism is a Black women's problem, a problem of women of Color, and only we can discuss it.

- After I read from my work entitled "Poems for Women in Rage" [One poem from this series is included in *Chosen Poems: Old and New* (W.W. Norton and Company, New York, 1978), pp. 105-108] a white woman asks me: "Are you going to do anything with how we can deal directly with our anger? I feel it's so important." I ask, "How do you use your rage?" And then I have to turn away from the blank look in her eyes, before she can invite me to participate in her own annihilation. I do not exist to feel her anger for her.

- White women are beginning to examine their relationships to Black women, yet often I hear them wanting only to deal with little colored children across the roads of childhood, the beloved nursemaid, the occasional second-grade classmate - those tender memories of what was once mysterious and intriguing or neutral. You avoid the childhood assumptions formed by the raucous laughter at Rastus and Alfalfa, the acute message of your mommy's handkerchief spread upon the park bench because I had just been sitting there, the indelible and dehumanizing portraits of Amos 'n Andy and your daddy's humorous bedtime stories.

- I wheel my two-year-old daughter in a shopping cart through a supermarket in Eastchester in 1967, and a little white girl riding past in her mother's cart calls out excitedly, "Oh look, Mommy, a baby maid!" And your mother shushes you, but she does not correct you. And so often fifteen years later, at a conference on racism, you can still find that story humorous. But I hear your laughter is full of terror and dis-ease.

- A white academic welcomes the appearance of a collection by non-Black women of Color. [*This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color* edited by Cherrie Moraga and Gloria Anzaldua (Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press, New York, 1984), first published in 1981.] "It allows me to deal with racism without dealing with the harshness of Black women," she says to me.

- At an international cultural gathering of women, a well-known white American woman poet interrupts the reading of the work of women of Color to read her own poem, and then dashes off to an "important

panel."

If women in the academy truly want a dialogue about racism, it will require recognizing the needs and the living contexts of other women. When an academic woman says, "I can't afford it," she may mean she is making a choice about how to spend her available money. But when a woman on welfare says, "I can't afford it," she means she is surviving on an amount of money that was barely subsistence in 1972, and she often does not have enough to eat. Yet the National Women's Studies Association here in 1981 holds a conference in which it commits itself to responding to racism, yet refuses to waive the registration fee for poor women and women of Color who wished to present and conduct workshops. This has made it impossible for many women of Color - for instance, Wilmette Brown, of Black Women for Wages for Housework - to participate in this conference. Is this to be merely another case of the academy discussing life within the closed circuits of the academy?

To the white women present who recognize these attitudes as familiar, but most of all, to all my sisters of Color who live and survive thousands of such encounters - to my sisters of Color who like me still tremble their rage under harness, or who sometimes question the expression of our rage as useless and disruptive (the two most popular accusations) - I want to speak about anger, my anger, and what I have learned from my travels through its dominions.

*Everything can be used / except what is wasteful / (you will need / to remember this when you are accused of destruction.)* [From "For Each of You," first published in *From A Land Where Other People Live* (Broadside Press, Detroit, 1973), and collected in *Chosen Poems: Old and New* (W.W. Norton and Company, New York, 1982), p. 42]

Every woman has a well-stocked arsenal of anger potentially useful against those oppressions, personal and institutional, which brought that anger into being. Focused with precision it can become a powerful source of energy serving progress and change. And when I speak of change, I do not mean a simple switch of positions or a temporary lessening of tensions, nor the ability to smile and feel good. I am speaking of a basic and radical alteration in those assumptions underlining our lives.

I have seen situations where white women hear a racist remark, resent what has been said, become filled with fury, and remain silent because they are afraid. That unexpressed anger lies within them like an undetonated device, usually to be hurled at the first woman of Color who talks about racism.

But anger expressed and translated into action in the service of our vision and our

### Recentering the Women's Center

#### Announcing a Meeting to Form a New Organization

What should a women's center be?

A group of women that offers each other support, opportunities for learning about ourselves, and the ties of community crucial to making social change. In a women's center, we want every woman to feel welcome and sure that her interests are addressed in planning activities that are meaningful to her.

At Bard, the women's center has been a strong organization for many years, but we recognize that it has not created a community to which women of color and international women feel they belong. This letter is not a self-serving, token recruitment campaign to ease our white guilt, or a plea to international women and women of color to "join us" so we look more diverse.

Instead, we are writing this letter because we want to fundamentally rebuild the center so that it truly is a Women's Center, not the "white women's center." We believe the first step in realizing this goal is to form a steering committee made up of women of color, international women, and European-American women so that we can work together to set the new agenda, based on our commonalities and differences.

PLEASE COME TO THE MEETING—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30TH AT 6:30 IN THE KLINE COMMITTEE ROOM—IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN BEING ON THE STEERING COMMITTEE. WE WILL DECIDE WHAT NEEDS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE MEETING AND CREATE THE NEW WOMEN'S CENTER TOGETHER.

Signed,  
Anna Boroughs, Amy Herzog, Cara Graninger

# Responding to Racism

Association Conference, Storrs, Connecticut, June 1981.

future is a liberating and strengthening act of clarification, for it is in the painful process of this translation that we identify who are our allies with whom we have grave differences, and who are our genuine enemies.

Anger is loaded with information and energy. When I speak of women of Color, I do not only mean Black women. The woman of Color who is not Black and who charges me with rendering her invisible by assuming that her struggles with racism are identical with my own has something to tell me that I had better learn from, lest we both waste ourselves fighting the truths between us. If I participate, knowingly or otherwise, in my sister's oppression and she calls me on it, to answer her anger with my own only blankets the substance of our exchange with reaction. It wastes energy. And yes, it is very difficult to stand still and to listen to another woman's voice delineate an agony that I do not share, or one to which I myself have contributed.

In this place we speak removed from the more blatant reminders of our embattlement as women. This need not blind us to the size and complexities of the forces mounting against us and all that is most human within our environment. We are not here as women examining racism in a political and social vacuum. We operate in the teeth of a system for which racism and sexism are primary, established, and necessary props of profit. Women responding to racism is a topic so dangerous that when the local media attempt to discredit this conference they choose to focus upon the provision of lesbian housing as a diversionary device - as if the Hartford *Courant* dare not mention the topic chosen for discussion here, racism, lest it become apparent that women are in fact attempting to examine and to alter all the repressive conditions of our lives.

Mainstream communication does not want women, particularly white women, responding to racism. It wants racism to be accepted as an immutable given in the fabric of your existence, like evening time or the common cold.

So we are working in a context of opposition and threat, the cause of which is certainly not the angers which lie between us, but rather that virulent hatred leveled against all women, people of Color, lesbians and gay men, poor people - against all of us who are seeking to examine the particulars of our lives as we resist our oppressions, moving toward coalition and effective action.

Any discussion among women about racism must include the recognition and the use of anger. This discussion must be direct and creative because it is crucial. We cannot allow our fear of anger to deflect us

nor seduce us into settling for anything less than the hard work of excavating honesty; we must be quite serious about the choice of this topic and the angers entwined within it because, rest assured, our opponents are quite serious about their hatred of us and of what we are trying to do here.

And while we scrutinize the often painful face of each other's anger, please remember that it is not our anger which makes me caution you to lock your doors at night and not to wander the streets of Hartford alone. It is the hatred which lurks in those streets, that urge to destroy us all if we truly work for change rather than merely indulge in academic rhetoric.

This hatred and our anger are very different. Hatred is the fury of those who do not share our goals, and its object is death and destruction. Anger is a grief of distortions between peers, and its object is change. But our time is getting shorter. We have been raised to view any difference other than sex as a reason for destruction, and for Black women and white women to face each other's angers without denial or immobility or silence or guilt is in itself a heretical and generative idea. It implies peers meeting upon a common basis to examine difference, and to alter those distortions which history has created around our difference. For it is those distortions which separate us. And we must ask ourselves: Who profits from all this?

Women of Color in America have grown up within a symphony of anger, at being silenced, at being unchosen, at knowing that when we survive, it is in spite of a world that takes for granted our lack of humanness, and which hates our very existence outside of its service. And I say *symphony* rather than *cacophony* because we have had to learn to orchestrate those furies so that they do not tear us apart. We have had to learn to move through them and use them for strength and force and insight within our daily lives. Those of us who did not learn this difficult lesson did not survive. And part of my anger is always libation for my fallen sisters.

Anger is an appropriate reaction to racist attitudes, as is fury when the actions arising from those attitudes do not change. To those women here who fear the anger of women of Color more than their own unscrutinized racist attitudes, I ask: Is the anger of women of Color more threatening than the woman-hatred that tinges all aspects of our lives?

It is not the anger of other women that will destroy us but our refusals to stand still, to listen to its rhythms, to learn within it, to move beyond the manner of presentation to the substance, to tap that anger as an important source of empowerment.

I cannot hide my anger to spare you

guilt, nor hurt feelings, nor answering anger; for to do so insults and trivializes all our efforts. Guilt is not a response to anger; it is a response to one's own actions or lack of action. If it leads to change then it can be useful, since it is then no longer guilt but the beginning of knowledge. Yet all too often, guilt is just another name for impotence, for defensiveness destructive of communication; it becomes a device to protect ignorance and the continuation of things the way they are, the ultimate protection for changelessness.

Most women have not developed tools for facing anger constructively. CR groups in the past, largely white, dealt with how to express anger, usually at the world of men. And these groups were made up of white women who shared the terms of their oppressions. There was usually little attempt to articulate the genuine differences between women, such as those of race, color, age, class, and sexual identity. There was no apparent need at that time to examine the contradictions of self, woman as oppressor. There was work on expressing anger, but very little on anger directed against each other. No tools were developed to deal with other women's anger except to avoid it, deflect it, or flee from it under a blanket of guilt.

I have no creative use for guilt, yours or my own. Guilt is only another way of avoiding informed action, of buying time out of the pressing need to make clear choices, out of the approaching storm that can feed the earth as well as bend the trees. If I speak to you in anger, at least I have spoken to you: I have not put a gun to your head and shot you down in the street; I have not looked at your bleeding sister's body and asked, "What did she do to deserve it?" This was the reaction of two white women to Mary Church Terrell's telling of the lynching of a pregnant Black woman whose baby was then torn from her body. That was in 1921, and Alice Paul had just refused to publicly endorse the enforcement of the Nineteenth Amendment for all women - by refusing to endorse the inclusion of women of Color, although we had worked to help bring about that amendment.

The angers between women will not kill us if we can articulate them with precision, if we listen to the content of what is said with at least as much intensity as we defend ourselves against the manner of saying. When we turn from anger we turn from insight, saying we will accept only the designs already known, deadly and safely familiar. I have tried to learn my anger's usefulness to me, as well as its limitations.

For women raised to fear, too often anger threatens annihilation. In the male construct of brute force, we were taught that

our lives depended upon the good will of patriarchal power. The anger of others was to be avoided at all costs because there was nothing to be learned from it but pain, a judgment that we had been bad girls, come up lacking, not done what we were supposed to do. And if we accept our powerlessness, then of course any anger can destroy us.

But the strength of women lies in recognizing differences between us as creative, and in standing up to those distortions which we inherited without blame, but which are now ours to alter. The angers of women can transform difference through insight into power. For anger between peers births change, not destruction, and the discomfort and sense of loss it often causes is not fatal, but a sign of growth.

My response to racism is anger. That anger has eaten clefts into my living only when it remained unspoken, useless to anyone. It has also served me in classrooms without light or learning, where the work and history of Black women was less than a vapor. It has served me as fire in the ice zone of uncomprehending eyes of white women who see in my experience and the experience of my people only new reasons for fear or guilt. And my anger is no excuse for not dealing with your blindness, no reason to withdraw from the results of your own actions.

When women of Color speak out of the anger that laces so many of our contacts with white women, we are often told that we are "creating a mood of hopelessness," "preventing white women from getting past guilt," or "standing in the way of trusting communication and action." All these quotes come directly from letters to me from members of this organization within the last two years. One woman wrote, "Because you are Black and Lesbian, you seem to speak with the moral authority of suffering." Yes, I am Black and Lesbian, and what you hear in my voice is fury, not suffering. Anger, not moral authority. There is a difference.

To turn aside from the anger of Black women with excuses or the pretexts of intimidation is to award no one power - it is merely another way of preserving racial blindness, the power of unaddressed privilege, unbreached, intact. Guilt is only another form of objectification. Oppressed peoples are always being asked to stretch a little more, to bridge the gap between blindness and humanity. Black women are expected to use our anger only in the service of other people's salvation or learning. But that time is over. My anger has meant pain to me but it has also meant survival, and before I give it up I'm going to be sure

continued on page 10

## Election '92—here's the candidates

Bard College Coalition for Choice urges all those who are registered to vote in Dutchess County to do so; and we hope you all will make an informed decision. We have compiled a list of all candidates we are eligible to vote for, their views on "issues," and whether or not we endorse them. Please use this as a guide on election day.

We have endorsed Bill Clinton for President, instead of George Bush, Ross Perot, Ms. Fulani, and candidates from the Libertarian, Socialist Workers, Prohibition and numerous other parties.

We also endorse Bob Abrams in his bid

for the U.S. Senate against Alfonse D'Amato. Coalition finds D'Amato's views on abortion intolerable. He only recently approved abortion in cases of rape and incest, and endorses a Constitutional Amendment saying life begins at conception. He also has voted to uphold the Gag Rule in two of three votes. Abrams, who favors abortion rights and is against parental notification and 24 hour waiting periods, is clearly our favorite.

However, this is not a single issue election; there are other reasons to oppose D'Amato and support Abrams. D'Amato calls for a two-year freeze in federal spend-

ing, except Social Security, and carries his party line on most economic issues. While he supports condom distribution in schools, he is adamantly against needle exchanges to prevent AIDS. D'Amato has a hodgepodge approach to environmental issues, seeming sensible on some issues (mass transit in particular), but voting against cleaning up contaminated nuclear waste centers. Finally, D'Amato's vote let Bush's veto of the Civil Rights Act of 1990 stand.

Abrams, on the other hand, favors national health insurance, condom distribution and needle exchanges. He calls for a cut in military spending, and wants us to be a domestic power, rather than "the world's superpolicemen." Abrams is strong on civil rights, punishing bias-motivated violence, and is an advocate of gay and lesbian rights. Finally, he is strict on environmental issues, favoring Federal support for recycling, and supports Earth Summit limits on emission of Greenhouse Gases, among other environmental matters.

Coalition strongly supports Dave Roberts (D) in his attempt to oust Gerald Solomon (R) from Congress. Solomon's congressional office couldn't provide Coalition much information, except that he "generally follows what President Bush is saying" on issues such as the economy, our environment and defense. From Coalition's experience, he is rabidly anti-choice, anti-Planned Parenthood, and awful on gay and lesbian issues. Dave Roberts is a promising candidate—he's pro-choice and against the Gag Rule; his main commitment is to environmental issues.

Also, Coalition for Choice strongly supports Eileen Hickey, running for State As-

sembly in our district (97). You all have probably received tons of fliers from her, sufficient to explain her interests—pro-choice, pro-jobs, pro-expiration dates on prescriptions, among other issues. She is running against Donald McMillen, a republican/conservative.

Carol Weir has our endorsement for State Senate. She is running against republican conservative Steve Saland, and is pro-choice. She is emphasizing jobs and health care in her campaign.

Finally, although Coalition doesn't have much information on these people, here are the names of those running for other positions in our district. For Judges to the State Supreme Court: Donald Silverman (D), Joseph Weft (R/C) and Daniel Flynn (Right to Life Party). For Surrogate Court, George Bernhard is the only person running. In County Court, two from the following: M. Sienty (D), George Merlon (R) and Thomas Dila (R). Finally, in Family Court, Cecilia Hanig (D) is running against James Pagoneis (R). Coalition urges you to contact the campaign offices of the above candidates for further information.

On November 1st, the Coalition for Choice is hosting a rally of 1,000 students on the lawn below Ludlow. Betty Friedan, author of *The Feminine Mystique*, will be our featured speaker. Local pro-choice candidates and activists will also speak, along with representatives from the ACLU, WHAC and NARAL. Leon, faculty, and students will also be speaking, and Akire will sing. Please bring your voices, banners and bodies to Ludlow on November 1st at 1:00.

—Renee Cramer, Coalition for Choice

## Audre Lorde's essay continued

*continued from page 9*

that there is something at least as powerful to replace it on the road to clarity.

What woman here is so enamoured of her own oppression that she cannot see her heelprint upon another woman's face? What woman's terms of oppression have become precious and necessary to her as a ticket into the fold of the righteous, away from the cold winds of self-scrutiny?

I am a lesbian woman of Color whose children eat regularly because I work in a university. If their full bellies make me fail to recognize my commonality with a woman of Color whose children do not eat because she cannot find work, or who has no children because her insides are rotted from home abortions and sterilization; if I fail to recognize the lesbian who chooses not to have children, the woman who remains closeted because her homophobic community is her only life support, the woman who chooses silence instead of another death, the woman who is terrified lest my anger trigger the explosion of hers; if I fail to recognize them as other faces of myself, then I am contributing not only to each of their oppressions but also to my own, and the anger which stands between us then must be used for clarity and mutual empowerment, not for evasion by guilt or for further separation. I am not free while any woman is unfree, even when her shackles are very different from my own. And I am not free as long as one person of Color remains chained. Nor is any one of you.

I speak here as a woman of Color who is not bent upon destruction, but upon survival. No woman is responsible for altering the psyche of her oppressor, even when that psyche is embodied in another woman. I have suckled the wolf's lip of anger and I have used it for illumination, laughter, protection, fire in places where there was no light, no food, no sisters, no quarter. We are not goddesses or matriarchs or edifices of divine forgiveness; we are not fiery fin-

gers of judgment or instruments of flagellation; we are women forced back always upon our woman's power. We have learned to use anger as we have learned to use the dead flesh of animals, and bruised, battered, and changing, we have survived and grown and, in Angela Wilson's words, we are moving on. With or without uncolored women. We use whatever strengths we have fought for, including anger, to help define and fashion a world where all our sisters can grow, where our children can love, and where the power of touching and meeting another woman's difference and wonder will eventually transcend the need for destruction.

For it is not the anger of Black women which is dripping down over this globe like a diseased liquid. It is not my anger that launches rockets, spends over sixty thousand dollars a second on missiles and other agents of war and death, slaughters children in cities, stockpiles nerve gas and chemical bombs, sodomizes our daughters and our earth. It is not the anger of Black women which corrodes into blind, dehumanizing power, bent upon the annihilation of us all unless we meet it with what we have, our power to examine and to redefine the terms upon which we will live and work; our power to envision and to reconstruct, anger by painful anger, stone upon heavy stone, a future of pollinating difference and the earth to support our choices.

We welcome all women who can meet us, face to face, beyond objectification and beyond guilt.

This essay is from *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches* by Audre Lorde (The Crossing Press, Freedom, California, 1984), pp. 124-133. Cara Graninger submitted it because she thought it was very relevant to the "Women and Race" discussion that took place several weeks ago and to racial politics at Bard in general. Letters of response to the Observer are very welcome.

## Betty Friedan

author of *The Feminine Mystique*

is coming to Bard!!

Students for Choice Election Rally

Sunday, November 1st

Bard College

on the Ludlow Green

Other speakers include: President Botstein, local pro-choice candidates, NOW, ACLU, WAC, Barbara Winslow, and Akire will sing!

Sponsored by the Bard College Coalition for Choice

## Sexually harrassing behavior is NOT reasonable!

by Kate McCuumber-Goldring

I am writing in response to the article in the Oct. 21, 1992 issue of the *Observer* entitled "Coming Out, a Character Flaw." I would like to address my response to the anonymous writer of that article.

Although I did not see the television show you referred to in your article, I do think I know of at least one of the cases that was referred to on it. A 15 year-old girl's

name was plastered on the wall of bathrooms in her high school, labeling her as a whore, a "dick-sucking brother fucking whore" to be exact. For 18 months the graffiti continued while the school did nothing. The case was filed against the high school, at which the young woman attended, for not doing anything to stop this atmosphere of sexual harassment. I hope this is one of the cases you were referring to in your review of a talk-show.

However, the specific facts of this case are not as important to me as many of your interpretations.

For example, you say that, "on this show I saw another symptom of the way lines of reasonable, day-to-day, normal human behavior are shot to hell, distorted into 'criminal behavior,' by overzealous, misinformed, self-righteous, self-interested people." Here you have pointed out a flaw in the law on sexual harassment that must be corrected. Individuals must be responsible for their actions, whether verbal or physical. Sexually harassing behavior is NOT "reasonable," it may be "day-to-day" for some women, and it is in no way, shape or form "normal" as you indicate in your article. You also state that, "to make a character flaw of one person into an impinging of rights of another...is to destroy the distinction between character and action." First, there is a distinction in the law between "assault and battery." Technically "assault" is the spoken threat of injury to another person. "Battery" is the physical action of such a threat. Secondly, I would like to point out that any kind of crime, be it theft or murder, could be considered a "character flaw," as you so conveniently

describe sexual harassment.

As a woman who has to live in this culture that tolerates so much violence, not only against women, but against persons of color and economically disadvantaged members of our society, I was deeply troubled and angered by your article. I would like to point out that violence and tolerance of it, is a learned behavior. Your solution of "beating the shit out of" your children if you found that they possessed ideas about women that were "seriously misguided," as you put it, which simply perpetuates the problem. Your assumption that the beliefs that propel a person to harassing behavior are simply a "myriad of contradictions and confusions," that will "play (themselves) out," is not acceptable to me.

I am not willing to be a victim of misguided beliefs "working themselves out," in the form of sexual harassment. People must be told and punished when their behavior is threatening, and sexual harassment is threatening, to another. It is especially important for institutions that have sexual harassment policies and profess to offer an environment of equal rights, to enforce their own rules.

### Upcoming events at Blum

**Saturday, October 31st:**

A lecture by Professor Margorzata Oleskiewicz and documentary video entitled "Drama, Festivals and Rituals in the Andes: Tragedy of the Death of Atahualpa" from 2-3 p.m. at Blum.

A workshop on Andean music and musical instrument making by Guillermo Guerrero and Juan Lazaro at Bard Hall from 3-5 p.m.

A gallery tour on Andean culture and the life of Alejandro Mario Yllanes hosted by Nicomedes Suarez-Arauz, Nicholas Clemente and Maria Balderrama at 5 p.m. at Blum.

A performance of Andean festival music and dance performed by Tahuantinsuyo at 6 p.m. at Blum.

**Tuesday, November 3rd:**

A film entitled "The Courage of the

People" by Bolivian film maker, Jorge Sanjines, at 7 p.m. at Preston Film Center.

**Thursday, November 12th:**

A film entitled "Man Facing Southeast" by Eliseo Subiela at 7 p.m. at Preston Film Center.

**Thursday, November 17th:**

"Memory of Fire," readings and music from the Caribbean, the Andes, Mexico and Central America at 7 p.m. at Blum.

**All special events are free and open to the public, with the exception of the instrument making workshop, which has a \$6 admission fee for non-students. Call the Blum Art Institute at (914) 758-7596 for more information or to make reservations.**

### Classifieds and Personals

Found: Lighter. Please describe. Box 1355

I need a SUBLET for Dec-Jan! Male Senior is looking for decent accommodations to spend Christmas Break and intercession. Easy person to live with. Contact Chris at Box 1117.

Are you an UPSTATE FILMS REGULAR? If you are, I want to talk to you, student or professor. It's for my Project. Contact Chris at Box 1117.

Hey Gang, how do you make a lumpy pumpkin pie? Cook for six hours at 400%, until lukewarm. Make sure it has the consistency of Yorkshire Porridge. When shopping for ingredients, be sure to put lots of garlic in your basket on wheels. Add cinnamon and whip vigorously.

But who's going to fiddle the payer?

...Whatever you do, don't ask her about the myth of female orgasm...

The Bridge Workshop invites students who are interested in organizing a workshop for high school students focusing on multi-culturalism, the college process, available opportunities and programs, to come to a general meeting on Monday, November 2nd at 7:30 in the Shafer Lounge (Alumni Dorms) or contact 752-7540. Please join us in our quest to end ignorance. Men are especially encouraged to attend.

DO YOU WANT TO PERFORM? Do you want to do it in deKline? Contact Shawn Taylor Box 1198 about performance space.

Library Ghost: Thursday night, 2am - be there...the new wing. Love, J.K.

Guilt is relative - why not come in for a physical? WKS

#1 Fundraiser Nationwide. Your fraternity, sorority, or other campus group can earn \$500 or more in less than one week. It is easy, and you pay absolutely nothing. Call 1-800-735-2077, Ext. 215.

T.S. Eliot, H.D., ee cummings, Adrienne Rich and many other poets read their works every Wednesday from 3:30-6:30 pm and every Sunday 5:30-8:30 in the Towbin Poetry Room, Olin 101. These are recordings (of course) so please come by and listen to whatever you want to hear.

Need help with your papers? Peer Tutors are available Mon. through Thu. evenings at 8 pm in Fairbairn 307 to assist you in editing, organizing or just getting started. If you can't leave your dorm, you can always call the Peer Tutor Hotline at ext. 291 during their office hours.

We would've taken a picture, but they wouldn't even let us in with a camera.

Read my quips, please.

**WXBC is on  
the air  
2 pm to 4am  
every day**

You can pick it up in Tewksbury, Sands, South Hall, the Ravines, Oberholzer, Manor, Manor Annex, Robbins (Stone Row, Albee and Seymour coming soon) on 540 AM. Make requests at ext. 374.

**We're going FM in 2 weeks!  
Look for a schedule of DJs in next week's Observer.**

## Dance Theatre III

## Modern dance and flamenco create an accessible performance

Dance Theatre III and Flamenco were presented by the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance from October 23rd-26th with almost all of the pieces in the concert choreographed and performed by students.

Staff  
Writer

*Fishy Soisse*, the first piece performed, reminded those of us who viewed the concert last year that Dance Theatre concerts are not just any old dance performances. In this piece, the first performer in the scene, Herman Harmelink, is not a dancer at all, but rather a lecturer speaking a foreign language at a podium. Two more performers, Abby Bender and Anna Luckey, enter the scene and begin dancing to his speech, which is intended to provide both the music and skeleton of the piece. Meanwhile, images from a film are projected onto a screen in the background. Needless to say, it is difficult to pay attention to the actual dancing while all of this is taking place, and some viewers felt that they should be searching for a hidden meaning in all of the distractions. Although it is unclear if this piece is intended to have a specific meaning, the effect of the dance is not ruined by the distractions; it is simply muddled, which may have been the

choreographer's intent.

Another piece worthy of mention is *girl in my town*, in which the dance is conducted by Craig Peterson, who simultaneously recites a poem/story entitled *Why we all hated Horsewacker*. The story is entertaining and automatically captures the attention of the audience, if in a sick and convoluted way; however, again it is distracting and makes appreciation of the movement and form a challenge. Peterson, who gave a commendable performance, was also quite professional; at the point in the story when he began to make horse noises, a cat snuck in and hacked up a hairball. Although the audience chuckled a bit, Peterson maintained his confidence and worked through the awkwardness of the moment.

*Unions*, a piece choreographed by Layla M. Childs and performed by Miriam Arensburg, Jen Cooke, Dawn Frank, Rosie Gets and Autumn Anna Luckey, projects a very clear message about human interaction. In the piece, the dancers gently caress one another, then separately convulse and make mechanical motions, which appear robot-like and forced. Overall, the movements are unique and well-felt. *Helsinki Theme* by Tom Waits fits in perfectly with the piece and helps to anchor it in place. The dancers wear bland pantsuits, contributing to the heavy feeling of oppression and mechanism often

found among members of low-income strata. In this piece, the dancers separate and reunite, as if seeking human contact despite their dehumanized lifestyle. The struggle for a sense of collective humanity is apparent and gains the audience's empathy.

The last piece in the performance is *Going*, a dance choreographed in memory of Jeannette Leentvarr, and it is undisputably the climax of the show. Beautifully choreographed by Albert Reid, with music by Schubert, and featuring dancers Miriam Arensburg, Krista Boggs, Robert Frazier, Herman Harmelink, Elissa Kammer, Craig Peterson and Marin Van Young, *Going* is a show in itself. Six chairs are lined up with their backs to the audience, and a red chair sits in front with a gentle blue lighting behind the curtain. Working under dim lights, the dancers captivate the audience with their movements of single and paired silhouettes. The beauty of the intermingled limbs of the performers holds the audience attentive throughout the piece and seems appropriate as an end to the concert, with the waving arms feeling almost like a bidding goodbye to the audience, too.

Dance Theatre III should be

praised for its accessibility to the common viewer. Even those who know little of modern dance, including myself, feel a rare sense of intimate involvement in the show.

Following the concert was a flamenco performance directed by Aileen Passloff, accompanied on guitar by Enrique Lopez, and featuring a cast of dancers, some of whom were studying flamenco for the first time: Roberta Anderson, Jenny Bosgang, Rayna Coller, Aisha Dacosta, Lisa Folb, Robert Frazier, Eric Hoffman, Megan Khoury, Elissa Kammer, Mildred Ruiz, Arabella Stewart and Marta Topferova. Although the style of dance is traditional, the performance is lighthearted, with students cheering on their fellow dancers from the sides of the stage.

Passloff claims that the course is not entirely about flamenco, but rather is a general program of Spanish dance, which should be called "Impressions of Spain." Whatever one wants to call it, the entire show provides the audience with a rich and authentic Spanish ambiance in an attempt to use dance as a means of understanding other cultures. As Passloff explains, the clapping and encouragement of the dancers is vi-

tal to this style of dance: "...and without it, there would be no flamenco."

The pieces range from the spirited and dignified *Sevillanas*, which Passloff calls the "Mother of Flamenco," to a piece performed by Passloff herself, entitled *La Maja Descalza*, meaning "gentle woman without shoes." This piece is graceful and gentle, and true to its name, is performed without the use of the traditionally loud shoes. Finally, there is the *Venezuelan Song* sung by Pola Chapelle, again a fascinating and soulful performance.

The performance as a whole, like the dance concert, draws the audience in, making viewers feel directly involved. Though each performance is autonomous and impressive, the show has a sense of unity created by the spirit of the dancers and their trust in the audience. The great confidence displayed by all of the performers makes the show an outstanding success, with its only flaw being its length. An hour is simply not enough to satisfy the viewers; after such a successful performance, everyone goes home wanting more.

## E/O blast onward

continued from front page  
mirably in two songs in the second set—Dan Fox was the feature soloist in "The Door," and Russell Jewell soloed during "Miles Away"—but whenever the other members of the Orchestra played "background," they drowned out the trombone soloist. Other solos were outstanding, such as Gershon's solo on the soprano saxophone in "Caravan," but the absolute highlight was the bass

clarinet solo during "John's Dream"; the raw talent and spontaneity of the solo combined with the musical skill necessary to place it in context was representative of an ability often hinted at in the rest of E/O's performance but only actually seen one or two times. Not to downplay the performance as a whole, which was impressive, rather just to say that the Either/Orchestra probably had more to offer than was consistently evident.

## Goat marches on

continued from page 3

the car in drive and sped away.

When they arrived at home, the couple discovered the bloody Red Hook on their car, which inspired the town to change its name. Every one was happy, except for the one-armed Lutheran Freemason who had foolishly squandered his spare prosthetics.

Some people say that he crawled away to bleed to death. Some say that he sold his story to "A Current Affair" and became a shepherd. However, real Bard Students know that when the wind howls, the sky is dark, and the moon is bright, the one-armed man is waiting to wreak his revenge against Scrabble-playing teens.

## MOVIES

**Black Orpheus** Friday, 7&9 o'clock

Directed by Marcel Camus, 1959: In French w/ English subtitles. The Greek myth of Orpheus, the unrivaled musician whose ill-fated love for Eurydice leads him into the underworld, has been set in Rio de Janeiro during carnival for this superb film. Its stunning photography & captivating rhythms combine both the magical spirit of the original legend with the effervescent spirit of Brazil. SHORT: **Betty Boop's Halloween Party**

**Nashville** Sunday, 7 o'clock

Directed by Robert Altman, 1975, Robert Altman probes behind the surface of American Idealism. He uses the microcosm of Nashville as a metaphor for the American political arena: while on the surface, the Nashville country music culture appears to be stable & sturdy, behind the scenes a sense of foreboding hints at an ensuing disaster. SHORT: **Betty Boop: Candid Candidate**

SEE THEM AT THE OLD GYM

<b>UPSTATE FILMS</b> RHINEBECK	
\$4.50, \$3 for members 876-2515	
<b>BROTHERS KEEPER</b>	Wed & Thurs, 7:00 & 9:15
<b>Bob Roberts</b>	Fri & Sat, 7:00 & 9:15; Sun, 2:00 & 8:00;
"FIENDISHLY FUNNY"	Mon, 9:15; Tues, 7:00 & 9:15;
- Janet Maslin, The N.Y. Times	Wed & Thurs, 7:00 & 9:15
<b>L'ELEGANT CRIMINEL</b>	Sat, 4:30, Sun, 5:30, Mon, 7:00
A period piece about Pierre Lacenaire, one of the most infamous & colorful criminals in 19th C. French history	

Them's the breaks

Bard Varsity teams in pain

First of all, let me extend my best wishes and a "get well soon" to my wonderfully consistent sports writer, Joel Rush. As you probably know, Joel broke his leg while performing his duties as goalie on the men's varsity soccer team, and as a result, can't to the legwork necessary to write this week's column. So, you'll have to deal with me this week.



Matt Gilman  
Sports Editor

Women's soccer didn't fare much better this past week. Two losses, to Manhattanville (0-1) and the Marist club team (1-3) brings their record to 1-7-1. The soccer season is quickly drawing to a close, so now's your chance to come out to the fairgrounds and support the home teams! Rah!

Women's Varsity Tennis

Last Thursday, the women's varsity tennis team suffered a bitter loss to SUNY New Paltz, winning only one of 9 matches, and that one on a forfeit. Lallie

the Week, Stephanie Chasteen. Steph placed ninth overall, with a time of 22:36 in the three mile race. And, see? She didn't have to break anything!

Men's Varsity Basketball

For all those interested in joining the men's varsity basketball team, there is an informational meeting TONIGHT, October 28 at 6:00pm on the balcony in the gym. Come meet the mysterious new coach Kurt James. Anyone interested is welcome!

Cross Country

Oct. 28th - at IAC Championships - 4pm

Men's Soccer

Oct. 31st - at The King's College - 2pm

Women's Soccer

Oct. 28th - home vs. Steven's Tech - 3pm

Oct. 31st - at Georgian Court - 1pm

Varsity Soccer

Okay, speaking of soccer, the men's team was busy this past week, playing two games. First, last Wednesday at Ramapo College, where they lost 0-2. This was the game where Joel broke his leg, and as a gesture of kindness, he is the Bard Male Athlete of the Week! I sure hope this doesn't start a trend; I don't want to see the guys go out there and try to break a limb just to be the athlete of the week. If you really want your name in the sports page, drop me a note and we'll see what we can do. Anyway, this past Saturday, Bard tied Caldwell College 3-3, and that brings the soccer team's record to 4-9-1 on the year.

Richards and Delia Chaplin each managed to win four games in their matches, but that's as close as any of the Bard players got. The team hopes to fare better at the upcoming district championship, held this Saturday, 9:00am at Bard.

Cross Country

The Bard Invitational Cross Country meet took place this Saturday. Placing first among the Bard men's varsity team, 24th overall, with a time of 31:57, the appropriately named Evan Rally. This was Evan's first race on the Cross Country team! Equally impressive was the women's team leader, Bard's Female Athlete of

General Info

Hey, gang, fall intramurals are starting up, and because we know you've been so busy with midterms, we've extended the roster deadline until TODAY AT 5:00PM!!! This is your last chance to sign up for 3 on 3 basketball, co-ed volleyball, or floor hockey, to help take out your academic frustrations. Contact Kris Hall at ext. 530 as soon as possible if you are interested.

Finally, the revised aerobics schedule is now available in the Stevenson Gymnasium. Why not come over and try out a step class, hmm?

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HEY YOU!

Fencing season starts Nov. 2!

Anyone interested in joining the team, please come to the first practice in the gym, Monday at 4:00pm. Experience welcome, but not necessary.

Shameless Filler!

This past Saturday, I traveled to Little Rock, Arkansas to attend the fourth annual Livestock Rules weekend, a communal event designed to raise the awareness and pride of the several species of cows, bulls, and other hooved herd animals. Hundreds of beasts from all over the south, and some as far away as Vermont, came to celebrate all the aspects of living the bovine life. There were several interesting events and speeches lined up this weekend, including a talk on the herd mentality and what it means to lose one's cow identity. There was a branding, tagging and nose-ring demonstration from the Society for Manipulation of Aspects of Cow Exteriors and Skins (but they claim they're not into leather). I, however, did not attend these events. Regardless of the fact that I proudly displayed my press pass, I was barred from most of the events due to the fact that I entered the site carrying a McDonald's bag. While I insisted I had ordered a fillet-o-fish, my protests fell on deaf ears, and I was regaled to some of the less important events.

However, I did find some things of interest. Most specifically, the conference on the portrayal of the bovine in the mass media. As Bossie, a four-year old gurnsey, aptly put it, "Who is this Gary Larson fellow, and what did we ever do to him?!" Several demeaning cartoons by Mr. Larson were laid out on the barnyard floor, and the cows showed their disrespect the only way they knew how. Also harumphed against was the "brutal and unnecessary" death scene of the heroine in the popular Billy Crystal vehicle *City Slickers* after giving birth to a heifer. "No cow-loving herder would have shot a cow so soon after giving birth - it's simply unbovine!" claimed Blossom, co-founder of the PMRC (Public Media Resource for Cows), "And the idea that a calf could survive in the city is just preposterous!" After mooring their discontent, an original print of the film was "sent out to pasture" in a similar manner as the *Far Side* strips.

Meanwhile, there was trouble at the gates. A faction of horses and steeds came bearing placards reading "COWards!" and "UDDER DISCRIMINATION" to protest the use of the "Livestock Rules" monicker without making the event open to horses (and other farm animals) as well. The horses claim they were discriminated against when they asked for a panel discussion on the evils of shoeing, and were hassled by the cow organizers when they were told they must provide their own separate stalls and barns. The cows claimed it was to prevent confusion, but the horses saw it as an attempt to stifle their right to be herd - uh, I mean heard. I approached one protester to ask what he thought about the policies of the organizers of Livestock Rules '92. After a little reflection, he said, "Nossir, I don't like it." A nearby security steer told me, "the idea that we cows would discriminate is complete and utter bull."

Apart from the controversy, there was some prime entertainment. The famous all-boving dancing team, The Alabama Hofers, did an amazing shuffle-step to a medley consisting of songs from the musical *Oklahoma* and the theme to *Green Acres*. Rap stars Beefy B and DJ Hef performed their big hit "Bust a Mooovve". There was a cud-chewing contest for the little calves, as well as face-painting and the ever-popular Snowy the Cow Clown. A rousing marathon game of "Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Farmer" went over well, and, of course, there was Twister. An interesting note: a strong faction, CUD (the Cow Union for Decency) actually managed to get the organizers to drop the sexually-oriented "Udderwear contest," and Willie Nelson sang instead. All in all, the event was uplifting and self-gratifying, if you're a cow. "It's high time the world were made aware of the concerns and problems of the bovine population these days," said a proud Jersey. "We're making our moos heard!" The slogan of the event says it all: We're here! We're steers! Get used to it!

Thanks to Rick Geary and Derek Salvi for their contributions to this week's filler - Matt Gilman

Shameless Filler!

by Matt Gilman

## You're not listening!

Dear Editor,

I am writing in response to the editor's comment to David Sloane's opinion article "No Content Here," a very well-put, fair article expressing the author's opinions on the general quality of the Observer's articles. Unfortunately, Mr. Apple let his anger get the best of him once again (see his retort to the disbanding of the Women's Volleyball team — "Bard loses its best team because of do-nothings" — Sept. 25 issue). Not only did he fail to see the validity of Mr. Sloane's points, but he even resorted to petty insults in his comeback; "Even if you did need three people to help you write a letter two weeks late, we'd be glad to have you..." David had some very good observations on how one does and does not write a critical essay, and specifically stated that he was not trying to "vilify the author" but was using those articles as examples of the general problem at the Observer, yet Mr. Apple begins his reply with "Just because you didn't like two articles in one issue doesn't mean that each and every issue of the Observer is useless." He also states that "if you refuse to write, then you have no right to complain about the writing quality." If we don't plan to run for the presidency, have we no right to comment on the running of this country? The Observer is funded out of the student budget — I think that we have every right to comment on our own newspaper, without needing to feel the obli-

A Dog's life.

gation to take over the job ourselves.

In addition, the editors might not want to complain that nobody reads the Observer when they don't listen to constructive criticism (such as Mr. Sloane's) on how to make the paper more readable. We know the Observer has a staff shortage, we know that there is little of news interest on the Bard campus. That's been drummed into our heads since we picked up the first issue of the Observer this year. While I highly respect Mr. Apple's gung-ho attitude towards educating the campus about the plight of the paper, education which I think was much lacking, does he expect writers to jump into his arms after reading these angry tirades, often aimed at the entire Bard campus? For example, the infamous "do-nothings" article; "Now I'm stuck here, surrounded by apathetic, pathetic students who don't give a crap about actually doing something constructive with their time" (note: this was not run as an editorial).

I am really quite supportive of the Observer in general, and Mr. Apple's actual writers-recruitment article (Sept. 16th issue) was very good, as were his Sept. 25th and October 7th editorials on theft and democracy, respectively. He has proved himself strong in his first semester as ed. in chief. But I do think that sometimes he could stand to take a cold shower or hit a wall a couple times before he picks up his pen. Listen to what we have to say, then critique with a little tact and composure. We might all get a few less headaches.

-name withheld  
(Sorry Mike!)

By David Draper.



Let me clarify my comments last week: the members of the Observer are students. S-T-U-D-E-N-T-S. We have classes for which we have just as much work as anybody else on campus. I myself am an EEC student, and I have to have at least a B average or else I'll find myself working at a Grand Union somewhere for the rest of my life. It is true to some extent that occasionally articles in the Observer are "unreadable" and uninteresting. We are not professional writers; none of us expect to win the Pulitzer for our work on the Observer, and many of our critics sometimes forget this fact. We do try our best, although apparently sometimes our best may not be enough in the eyes of some readers. It would help if there were more than one class (Cultural Reportage) which is somewhat aimed at journalistic skills. As it is, we can only learn by trial and error.

I appreciate the comments of all readers, and constructive criticism is always welcome. However, I do not appreciate attitudes, such as Mr. Sloane's, that claim that the Observer is "a newspaper devoid of content." This is not constructive criticism; it is condemnation. It is true that the Observer receives partial funding from the Student Convocation Fund, and it is possible to infer that the Observer is in some ways responsible to respond to the needs of the student community. Students may claim that nobody on the Observer staff knows how to write or what to write about. If this is the case, the writing in the Observer will always be poor, because those of us who are presently writing for the Observer are the only ones who want to write. This is what I meant when I said, "if you refuse to write, then you have no right to complain about the writing quality." The analogy you drew with presidential campaigns is a false one; not everybody can run for President due to lack of funds, but everyone who wants to write for the Observer is more than welcome. We don't expect students to be willing to take over—we just want some help.

Regarding your other comments, I am in the difficult position of not being allowed to voice my personal opinions without being unfairly attacked from all sides. Therefore, I have to choose between attempting to satisfy everyone by soothing their damaged egos or by saying my fill and getting blasted. I have chosen to remove my mask and to say what I really mean. Sometimes people may be upset, sometimes they may be overjoyed. Neither case bothers me a bit. I believe I have the right to say what I want, just as everyone else does, and I fail to see why being the editor of the Observer should prevent me from speaking my piece. I believe so strongly in this that I sign my name after everything I write,

leaving myself wide open for all sorts of verbal attack, which usually happens. Although you did conform to the Observer policy on anonymity (unlike a couple of people, whose letters we will never print until they do so), I don't understand why you chose not to sign your name: I'm not going to plot retribution against you for whatever reason, and I much prefer talking to a real person rather than a wall. I am glad that you did write, because this would have enabled us to have an open, thought-provoking discussion. By not signing your name, you have defeated this purpose. -ed.

## Intellectual Pretenders

Mister Poirier,

My name is Andrew Choung. I am a junior. I am Korean. I study physics and philosophy. I dislike intellectual pretenders and whiners. I like soft bread. I abhor cooked vegetables.

Now, this is what I have to say: I don't know you. That is, I may have seen your face on campus, but I've seen grass and leaves on campus as well. Who you are matters not one whit to me. (Don't worry, I'm sure there are others out there who do care for you.) In fact, for all I know, "Michael Poirier" could be a pseudonym. Who could tell? Of course, I guess I could go to the registrar's office and ask if "Michael Poirier" is really a Bard student. But I don't really want to. But do you see, that even with the name, I'd have to go through some trouble to find out "who" it is that wrote this little editorial, "A nony mouse." Only your friends would know offhand that "Michael Poirier" is not the indication of "cowardice, a lack of conviction or sincerity." But gee, only your friends...

But that is beside the point. For as I said, I do not care who you are - but I do care about what you said in your editorial.

First of all, half of the article had nothing to do with the idea of anonymity. The latter half of the article was on trying to show how hard the Observer staff works - which most would not disagree with - and how proud they are of whatever it is they write. I am not sure of what personal insecurities this signifies for the author of "A nony mouse," whoever that may be. For that matter, I am not sure what it was suppose to mean in an editorial that seemed to be about anonymity. Was it simply an attempt to show that the author was

no coward - that damn it, he and his friends don't use pseudonyms and that they don't care for those who do? Well, okay. This is just insignificant, personal blabber. This is about "you" - whoever you are - about your personal attitude towards pseudonymous writing. This is "you" entering the writing. And this is only interesting or important to someone who wants to know about "you." I don't want to know about you. So I threw that part of the editorial away.

The three paragraphs starting with the third one down seemed to be saying something. Of course, you phrased it in "personally..." "I think..." and "I feel..." There's no need to point out how this approach to writing - claiming that it is one's mere subjective viewpoint while attempting to convey a sense of its universal judgemental significance - is pure intellectual cowardice. One cannot be held intellectually responsible for an idea if it's just an opinion, eh? So couched in subjective terms, no criticism can challenge the validity or justifiability of your ideas - i.e. "Hey, back off, it's my own (therefore holy and sacred by the laws of the individualism) opinion!" But, I digress, I don't want to start talking about literary (intellectual) "cop-outs" worse than pseudonymity. I just want to address the criticisms leveled in the editorial.

Charge one: Anonymous writing implies cowardice and a lack of conviction. It implies cowardice because the person is not willing to suffer the consequences of what he has written. It implies a lack of conviction since one who truly believes would be willing to put up with any consequence to further spread of "truth." Am I near the mark? I mean there had to be reasons why anonymity implied those things. The "state" did not begin an association of anonymity and cowardice, weak-will, etc, without some kind of reasoning - though twisted.

Rebuttal: Gee, you pretty much missed the point of what was said by the anonymous writer then. Remember, the writer was anonymous, but he did write something. I hope this focusing on the anonymity isn't an attempt to divert attention from the actual writing itself. If it is, then who is the coward, who is the coward that refuses to take up the challenge of what was written in preference to the simpler task of criticizing the character of the writer. I believe there is a term specific for this tactic is argumentation. [sic] But who cares.



*continued from page 14*  
 The point is that you may be right and you may be wrong. Perhaps the writer will later come out into the open. Maybe the writer is only slowly revealing his identity. Maybe the writer is indeed a chicken. Whether or not he is a coward or lacks conviction cannot be definitely determined by the anonymity by itself. There must first be a reaction to the writing to see if the author might need to face consequences. Would you call someone who wrote something which did not arouse any reaction a coward if he wrote anonymously? No, there's nothing for him to be afraid of. Anonymity, in itself, implies no cowardice or lack of conviction. It implies nothing. It is merely a substitute. Inherently, it is simply another name. At most, the implication of anonymity would be that the author wishes more attention to be spent on the writing than the writer. Don't try to call anonymity an act of cowardice until the author really uses it to hide behind. And even then, keep focused on the important matter - the content of the writing.

Charge two: It is a question of character and trustworthiness. Only a person's real identity will be able to hold him responsible. And only a responsible person is more likely, to tell the truth. Therefore, anonymity implies no obligation to truth? That the gist of the "reasoning?"

Rebuttal: Gee, you missed the point of what the author wrote, then. He did write about something. Or was that conveniently overlooked? I am repeating myself. Is there a problem here? But back to the point - first, there is all the use of subjective phrasing to make the editorial deceptively appear to be a personal opinion and now there is the consuming concern with the "truth." Of course, I just made a rhetorical move. That previous statement connected to completely separate thoughts. But it sure gave the appearance of hypocrisy for a moment, eh? Anyhow, the point is that telling the truth is being mixed up with telling THE TRUTH. Does obligation suddenly imply that the truth will be told? Does obligation suddenly mean that biases are erased? No. Truth or not truth is not dependent upon how obligated the author is. "Can we trust" regards not the writer, but the writing. In the end, truth and trustworthiness, as it regards what is said or written, is dependent upon the content of what was said or written (am I lapsing into a coherence theory of... never mind.) Challenge what

was written. Scrutinize the contentions. Find contradictions or bad reasoning. Then you can wonder about the "truth." Again, the emphasis is on the writing, not the character of the writer. It is not a question of character and trustworthiness of the writer. Anonymity, as a reflection of character, has nothing to do with the "truth" of something said or written. If anything, it is really a question of the character and trustworthiness of the writing.

Sincerely,  
 Michael Poirier

(the real) Michael responds: *One mouse to another Mister Choung - need I remind you that your "personal blabber" is just as "insignificant" as my own? As for my use of subjective language, of course I was obligated to write "I feel..." etc. because it was an editorial: a piece of writing specifically intended to convey the personal (subjective) beliefs of one specific author. I knew that I was not speaking for everyone on the Observer staff or spouting some set of absolute objective literary or intellectual paradigms that you seem to feel so comfortable with. I expressed my own opinions not as sacred or perfect, but admittedly as the mere scribbles of one voice that nobody should feel any compulsion to agree with. I signed my name to prove that the piece was simply my own beliefs and to welcome other opinions about that opinion. I agree with your point that the writing itself should be considered, and not just the pseudonym; however, can we completely separate the author from what has been written? Doesn't the absence of a human name put the character and trustworthiness of the writing into question? But gee, you sure did miss the point of my editorial: by signing my name, I assume full responsibility for the intellectual ideas I present, a responsibility that the pseudonymic writer completely avoids. Anonymity with its lack of authorship makes a false pretense at objectivity that is the actual "cop-out." ("Truth is subjectivity," Johannes Climacus, a.k.a. Soren Kierkegaard.)*

### Humpty Dumpty

Dear editor,

The rate the national debt is multiplying its trillions, the threat of wars as well as "military actions" will continue as a natural inevitable result. [sic] Because we have chosen to be the chief world policeman, in charge of the greatest military power with the

### A MEETING OF THE BARD YOUNG REPUBLICANS CLUB.

largest expenditure on "defense," we expect "free world" support, using the U.N. as our umbrella of legality.

Is our growing national debt the luxury we have because of the supremacy of our military and that we constantly have our finger on the trigger to Armageddon. [sic] Is that why the debt is not a bigger issue in the presidential campaigns and why we have so little concern about Japan and other "Allies" 35% or more of it in their ownership? [sic] Would they dare try to collect the principal?

However, is it not possible that Biblical prophecy is also close to reality with the instability of the Middle East factions, who more than likely have nuclear capability? The insane character in Kubric's DR. STRANGELOVE may already exist in the form of an imperitive dictator willing to act in setting off the doomsday effect. "All the king's men" may not be enough to stop it or put back together the Humpty Dumpty World.

### Literary incest

Dear editor:

I recently received your latest editions of the *Bard Observer*. As a participant in the field of professional writing, I was appalled at the self-serving kudos constantly delved from your staff to each other.

In one issue after another, there was your new editor-in-chief, Matt Apple, lauding the former editor, Greg Giacco [sic], the columnists, and the regular and guest contributors. There was Greg returning the favor and complimenting the columnists,

and the columnists and staff writers praising the newspaper administrators and other staff. You people care so much for each other it reeks of literary incest.

It's nice you feel this strongly and that you welcome new writers and staff to your fold. But do you have to do it so publicly?

You don't need this self-congratulatory backslapping to convince your readers of the continued viability and latest improvements of the *Observer*. Your readers already know that.

We see it in the copy: the new format is eye-catching, the writing tight and informative. The topics are, well, topical, and the tone appropriately slightly-irreverant

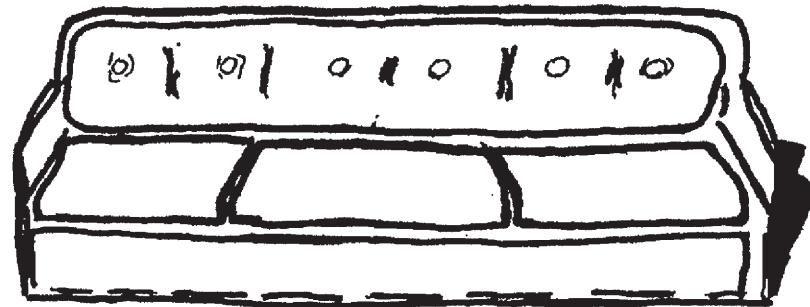
and occasionally irrelevant. This is how it should be in a dynamic, youthful, yet ageless publication such as yours.

To us totally unbiased readers, your new approach is journalistically innovative yet purposeful, poignant yet sensitive, and entertaining yet informative. Best wishes for continued success, and for greater appreciation and participation by the student body and college administration. Nobody could do it better.

Also, keep your grades up.

Thomas D. Apple  
 (Matt's dad)

Geez, Dad, lighten up, will ya?-ed.



e-7200

## The Bard Observer

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**Managing/News Editor**  
 Michael Poirier

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 Jeana C. Breton  
**Arts 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.  
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**Bard College**  
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# CALENDAR

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE

OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 4 \* 1992

## What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

### ★ WEDNESDAY. OCTOBER 28 ★

★ **Cacophony Desires** Get it together women, take a risk—Cacophony's needs your submissions. **Don't delay**...send it today, to Box 995.

★ **Communing with Nature?** If you would like to lead a trip into the other world, then go to the **Outing Club** meeting at **5:30p, in the Committee Room in Kline**.

★ **Asian American Students Organization** is having their meeting today in the **President's Room in Kline, 5p**. Be involved!

★ **Reflexive Dining** Go today to the **Anthropology Dinner in the Committee Room in Kline, 5:30p**. If you eat, you're welcome!

★ **Tea Time** Students, Faculty, & Staff of Bard are cordially invited to Evening Teas at Robbins House—hosted by **Lauren Goodlace**, Visiting Freshman Seminar Professor. Hobnob now, **by entering through the stone arch on the right side of Robbins House, at 9p-ish**.

★ **Hey, Wait a minute...** **Bill Dechand** is playing **in our deKline at 10p**.

★ **Late Spring**. Watch this black and white 1949 movie by the Japanese director **Yasujiro Ozu**—another film in the Three Japanese Directors screenings. **7p at the Preston Film Center**.

### ★ THURSDAY. OCTOBER 29 ★

★ **Health Professionals Club** will be meeting in at 6:30p, **in the Committee Room at Kline**.

★ **Alcoholics Anonymous**. They'll meet every Thursday at 7:30p **in Aspinwall 302**.

★ **Adult Children of Alcoholics** are meeting tonight in Rhinebeck. Stop by the **Church of the Messiah Episcopal, 47 Montgomery, 8p**.

★ **Distinguished Guest Lecturer Series: Herbert Gintis**, Professor of Economics, Univ. of Mass., Amherst will speak on **Macroeconomics Policy After the Conservative Era: New Research in Savings, Investment & Finance**. Hear this lecture **at the Levy Institute, 8p**.

★ **Miss this movie**, you may as well miss all movies. See this great movie by the crazy Hungarian Director Miklos Jancso, **Red Psalm**. They say it's not a movie, but something else. **At the Preston Film Center, 7p**.

### ★ FRIDAY. OCTOBER 30 ★

★ **Women's Center**. Read the Audre Lorde's essay in this issue, & meet with them **in the Committee Room in Kline at 6:30p**.

★ **Sweet Soul Music** Come/Listen to the internationally acclaimed saxophonist **Fred Ho** play his sax appeal **at Bard Hall, 7:30p**.

★ **Film-O-Rama** Our Film Committee brings us **Black Orpheus**. The spirit of the Carnival of Rio de Janeiro is the setting of the magical Greek myth of Orpheus. Catch the rhythms of Brazil **at 7 & 9p in the Old Gym**. Stay for the bands...

★ **Krash Groove** They're back: It's a Double/Double Feature Friday with **St. Booty & Como Zoo**, busting out this Friday night. Rev it up **at the Old Gym, 10:30p**. Remember, its \$2 for these fine, upstanding bands & refreshments.

### ★ SATURDAY. OCTOBER 31 ★

★ **Sins of the Ears** The Entertainment Committee gives us trick/treats with a triple line-up: the **Melvins, Hammerhead**, & our very own **Pull**. Be the chagrin of your neighbors **at 9p, in the Old Gym**.

### ★ SUNDAY. NOVEMBER 1 ★

★ **Tour d'Bard** See Bard's own **archeological Site at Grouse Bluff**—the tour **leaves Kline at 12:30p**. Leave your trowels at home, folks.

★ **Students for Choice** Express your choice by going to the Coalition for Choice's multi-college **Student Rally on the Ludlow Lawn, 1p**. Be involved.

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

★ **Nashville** See Robert Altman use of Nashville as a metaphor for the American political arena; while on the surface, the Nashville country music culture appears to be stable & sturdy, behind the scenes a sense of forboding hints at an ensuing disaster. One show only, folks, **7p at the Old Gym**.

### ★ MONDAY. NOVEMBER 2 ★

★ **I.S.O.** The International Students Organization will meet **in the President's Room in Kline, 5p**.

★ **Hans Koning** Hear this author speak of **Columbus: His Enterprise**, and other works **in Olin 102, 7p**. Sponsored by the Students for Multi-Cultural Education and Awareness.

★ **Fencing Club**. Coach Hope Konecny will teach 8 sessions to Bard students, faculty, & staff. There is a \$20 fee to students, \$45 for all others. **7p, at the Stevenson Gym**. Every Monday until November 7.

### ★ TUESDAY. NOVEMBER 3 ★

## VOTE TODAY

★ **Silence=Death** The **AIDS Committee** is having a meeting today at **12:30p, in the College Room in Kline**. Be There!

★ **C.O.G.** Community service is our responsibility: Columbia County Youth Project, Literacy, Tutoring, Books on Tape. The **Campus Outreach Group** will hold a meeting **in the Committee Room in Kline, 6p**. The community is bigger than Bard.

★ **Dance Club** is open to everybody—so go to their movement/dance workshop **in the Bard Theatre, 5:30p**.

★ **Students for Choice** Meet with the Coalition for Choice **in the College Room in Kline, 6p**.

★ **Be Bush's Campaign Manager** Baker leapt there from international politics, foreign policy, & diplomacy. Maybe you can, too, if you check out the **International Relations Club** meeting **in the President's Room in Kline at 6:30p**.

★ **Rules of the Game** This is considered one of the greatest films of all time: **Jean Renoir's** great movie which was a direct influence on the French New Wave of the '60's. A tragedy/farce of a group of French aristocrats & servants who cling to a doomed 18th century lifestyle on the eve of WWII. You can't miss this one either, **at 7p, Perston Film Center**. Don't be cinema shy.

★ **Gentlemen Prefer Blondes** See **Jane Russell & Marilyn Monroe** go to Paris to seek rich husbands. The Feminist Theory & Film class presents this 1952, color film **at 9p, in the Preston Film Center**.

### ★ WEDNESDAY. NOVEMBER 4 ★

★ **Play Pen** Hear music by Anybody, for everybody at **Bards's Open Concert Series**. See your friends perform a variety of music **at 7p, Bard Hall**—the Annandale House is still taking sign-ups for performances.

★ **Rape & Incest Survivors' Group** is meeting tonight at Woodstock. It's **at the Dutch Reformed Church, Main St. at the Triangle, 7:30p**.

★ **Tokyo Story** This is Japanese Director **Yasujiro Ozu's** most popular film: a simple story of children too busy with life to love their parents before it is too late. However, this is not a sentimental film—it is a film of expressive stillness & silence. This is must-see film **at 7p, the Preston Film Center**.