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Crashing forth with the force of a head-on, train collision, glass-shattering cymbals, and horns alternately booming and hoovering, Cardigan 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 reverberated 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 covered 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 assemblage, 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 Thelonious Monk among their influences. The goal of the group is to "learn from the past and apply that knowledge to the future...a continuing quest for spontaneity...and personal expression—and fun." This became increasingly apparent as the members of the band gradually loosened up, occasionally clowned around onstage and generally gave the impression of enjoying themselves.

Band founder and self-styled emcee Russ Gershon, ready with wit, narrated number called "The Half-life of Desire," the title track from the group's second 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 Bid" 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 pallidrome," "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 established 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 Aquala.

Overall, the performance was a reasonable 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...
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 The Student Center. Tammi Sloan, a co-head of deKline, reported $550 missing from the cash box on Thursday morning, and the printing could be done, but permanent began an investigation.

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 access, 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.”

“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 missing from a student’s room in Manor, a value of about $1000. There was no evidence of a forced entry.
- This weekend, a computer was reported missing from an office in Tucker Hall. There was no evidence of a forced entry.
- A silk shirt 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.

Buildings and grounds is in the process of deactivating the master key system, changing all the locks in Manor, a value of about $1000. There was no evidence of a forced entry.

- A stereo and computer were reported stolen from a student’s room in Schaefer 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.
- A silk skirt 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.

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 Newbury 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 ownkeys 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’m hearing is, ‘Hey, someone broke into my room. It definitely must have been a master key,’” Morgan continued. “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.

Dorms to be made more energy-efficient

Having been constructed over twenty years ago, the Ravines 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 insulated with an external layer of insulation and vinyl siding. The other Ravines will eventually receive the 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.
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 performances 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 Sharan Olds' work, "dedicated to anyone who's ever felt shame." Cara Graninger directed a strong response in 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 also played a Weird Al Yankovic classic with lyr­ics like "I'd rather have my blood 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 MacTell's "The Streets of London." He joked, "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 Comerible," 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 ecletic 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 Comerible 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 "Potted to Kill." This work was first written during his Language and Thinking classes, "long ago."

Zeko, 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 "man 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'Connor'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!

Features

Dead Goat Notes

Greg Gliacco 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 the 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 sort 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 disgusted by his lack of mail and frequent inquiries about "da Bears" that he took up 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 infrared staff (who were on call for such things in those days).

A year later, on a dark and stormy night, a terrible bloodcurdling "AAUUUU/GGGHHHHGGGHHHWHHDDVORR" 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 man knocked the Scrabble board off of the stick shift, put it in reverse and hit the gas.

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Human rights now!

Bard Amnesty International takes steps to end abuse

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

"Path" or Sendere 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 received death-threats for taking the special security forces to court.

First, they viewed an animated version of the Declaration of Human Rights. Debra Wingert and Jeff Bridges read the thirty articles guaranteeing our liberties in world law while Plymooth Doobler, 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 "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 subseqently 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.
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 Science, 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 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. 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 received 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.
THE BARD OBSERVER

October 28, 1992

Another View

The Man on the Street Beer Column

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 sable irony of it. When I jokingly suggested to one girl that, "Those 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.

Pardon me for interrupting Bard life...

by Rebekah Klein

Dear everyone, pardon me for interrupting Bard life this week. In London, I have tried, but I cannot quit 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. I do each time they arrive. They're a curiosity piece, and are coveted by the scant subservient element which exists at any 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 Pard B, 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 as if the awful combination I first suspected would emerge 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 of this tradition; the bottles of various red lagers and Mohlen. Dark scattered about the sumptuous living quarters (second floor Oberhave) of these anonymous students supported this thesis.

Hence, with the coming of Halloween this week, beers are in a celebration of the fall colors to be found within a "brown and red"- namely, those of Brooklyn 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 "undersecret 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 capitalist land and in an attempt to get the otherwise unwise barrow beer out on the market. In the case of Brooklyn Brown, the unique qualities of this "pump beer" (the only ingredient is malted barley, hops, yeast, and water) are evident immediately - the head by 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, bready 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 unique quality. One can easily identify the taste of Sullivan's soap. All well, the soapsey taste is not too obvious, and the beer in general is fine stuff, if a little too bitter for my liking. This is aftertaste alone which lowers the rating on this otherwise fine beer.

George Killigan'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 small translates into a sweetish, strong but staple beer 'taste' with a powerful kick. The head is lean and fairly 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, cheaply thoughly $5.50 a six, a twist of cap for cases, 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 than 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 being 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 tastes. 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, synap, and somehow exactly like the jersey-YUMM! - 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 you will be like nothing you have ever experienced before. I'll see you in Kline later this week, folks.

Buddy Coors

Brooklyn Lager gets:

three stars

Killian's Red gets:

four stars
"This column sucks," he said posthumously

by Tatiana Prowell

Imagine yourself for a moment in a purple (or orange, as you prefer) upholstery chair with power drills shruiking, hammering, pounding and lights buzzing all about you. Can you tell me where you are? I agree. While the noise does liken to a fast-food drive-thru window, it's... Goddamn it.

Prowell


Imagine yourself for a moment as a student at Bard College. I'm a student at Bard College. You U-lock owners, load your guns. If we had guns, maybe we could curb this wave of thefts.

You see, I'm going to make a difference in the world... Beat off.

...Goddamnmit. 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, that so 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 zoohe and wardrobes and donated it to a cause, would it make a difference?

"Redundancy is a right!!! Redundancy is not a privilege!!! Are we going to 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 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 demonstration 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 mar­mots 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. Why am I saying this?

And blowing my own toes off.

"Smacks."

... Goddamnmit.

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.)

Try to study at the library, I dare you

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 at 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, pushing it away, trying 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 it is 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 modal 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 and across 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 I can only discuss it.
- I travel up from the black 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.
- "I have white women beginning to examine their relationships with 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 classroom - those tender memories of what was once mysterious and intriguing or neutral. I avoid the childhood assumptions formed by the raucous laughter at Rastus and Alalfa, the acute message of your mommy's half-crazed 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 humor in her mother's cart calls out, "Mommy, a baby maid!"

And your mother shushes you, but she does not correct you. And so after 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 disaster.


"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. 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 1966, and she often does not have enough to eat. Yet the National Women's Studies Association will require 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 Welfare Reform - to participate in this conference. Is this to be merely another case of the academy discussing life within the closed circuits of the academy?

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 value of community crucial to making social change. In a women's center, we need everyone to feel welcome and sure that her interests are addressed. She is not a spectator, nor a token recruit, nor a temporary lessening of tensions, nor an undetonated device, usually to be buried and then set off when we are not looking.

We believe the best way to realize 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 common realities and differences.

WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN BEING ON THE STEERING COMMITTEE? IF SO, PLEASE LET US KNOW. WE WILL DECIDE WHAT NEEDS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE MEETING AND CREATE THE NEW WOMEN'S CENTER TOGETHER.
Responding to Racism


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 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 forces mounting against us and all that is most human within our environment. We are not here as women examining racism in political and social vacuum. We operate in the teeth of a system for which racism is merely another way of preserving lesbian housing as a diversionary device - as if the Hartford Courant dare not mention the topic chosen for discussion here, racism. I 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 within the fabric of your existence, like eveningtime. I have been raised from the more blatant reminders of our embattlement as women. This need not blind us to the size and complexities of the human dimensions of our existence outside of its service. And I say general, rather than capsulize, 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 them are not changed. 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 refusal 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 defensive destructiveness of communication; it becomes a device to protect ignorance and the continuation of things the way they are, the ultimate protection for changelessness.

I 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 presssing need to make clear choices, out of the approaching storm that can feed the earth as well as bend the tress. If I speak to you in anger, at least I have spoken to you: I have not put you 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, said Angi. When 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 peersbirths 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 itself 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 pretenses 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
Another View

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, Mr. 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 Cag 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 spending, 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 hodge-podge 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 superpoliceman." 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 Cag Rule; his main commitment is to environmental issues.

Also, Coalition for Choice strongly supports Eileen Hickey, running for State Assembly 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 Wett (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. Sinyty (D), George Merlon (R) and Thomas Dilla (R). Finally, in Family Court, Cecilia Hanig (D) is running against James Pagone (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.

-Rose Cramer, Coalition for Choice
Another View

Sexually harassing behavior is NOT reasonable!

by Kate McCumber-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 in 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.

Upcoming events at Blum

Saturday, October 31st:
A lecture by Professor Margorzata Oleckiewicz 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 Nicolas 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 Elinee Stibela 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

DO YOU WANT TO PERFORM? Do you want to do it in decline? 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., e. 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 Towsin 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.

And my quips, please.
THE BARD OBSERVER
October 28, 1992

12
Arts & Entertainment

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.

Fishy Daisy, 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 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 distraction; 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 Horsehoecker. 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 Arensberg, Jen Cooke, Dawn Frank, Rosie Geis and Autumnn 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 Theatre by Tom Waga 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 Arensberg, Krista Boggs, Robert Frazier, Herman Harmelink, Elissa Kammer, Craig Peterson and Martin 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 its glistening 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 intertwined 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 Bospag, Rayna Coller, Aisha Dacosta, Lisa Folb, Robert Frazier, Eric Hoffman, Megan Khozou, Elissa Kammer, Mildred Ruiz, Arabella Stewart and Marta Toperoeeva. 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 vital 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 Mejor Danzuela, meaning a "gentle woman without shoes." This piece is graceful and genteel, and true to its name, is performed without the use of the traditionally loud shoes. Finally, there is the Vuelve en el Song sung by Pola Chapelle, which is a heart-rending 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

E/U blast onward

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. Everyone was happy, except for the one-armedLeroy Fresonson who had foolishly squandered his spare prosthetics. Some people say that he crawled away to bleed to death. Some say that he left, as his story to "A Current Affair" became a legend. However, real Bard Students know that when the wind blows, 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
Directed by Marcel Camus, 1959. In French w/ English subtitles. The Greek myth of Orpheus, the unemployed musician whose ill-fated love for Euridyce 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
Directed by Robert Altman, 1975. Robert Altman probes behind the surface of American Individualism. 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 scene a series of foreshadowing hints at an ensuing disaster. SHORT: Betty Boop: Candid Candidate.

SEE THEM AT THE OLD GYM

UPSTATE FILMS RHINEBECK 876-2515
BROTHERS KEEPER

Bob Roberts
"FILMGRUB FRIDAY" - Janet Maslin, The N.Y. Times

Bob Roberts - Jannet Maslin, The N.Y. Times

Bob Roberts - Jannet Maslin, The N.Y. Times

Bob Roberts - Jannet Maslin, The N.Y. Times

L'ELEGANT CRIMELIN

A period piece about Pierre Launcelot, one of the most infamous & colorful criminals in 19th C. French History

Goat marches on
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 do the legwork necessary to write this week’s column. So, you’ll have to deal with me this week.

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. You really want your name in the sportspage, 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.

Women’s Varsity Tennis - Last Thursday, the women’s 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 29 at 6:00pm on the balcony in the gym. Come meet the mysterious new coach Kurt James. Anyone interested is welcome!

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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, was 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 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!

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Women’s Varsity Soccer - 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.

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

Hey you! Fencing season starts Nov. 21! Anyone interested in joining the team, please come to the first practice in the gym, Monday at 4:00pm. Experience welcome, but not necessary.
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," which was previously published in the newspaper. I agree with the editor's concern about the quality of content produced by university students and the need for more critical thought. However, I believe that the article does not adequately address the issue at hand.

In my opinion, the article fails to provide a clear and concise argument. Instead, it seems to be more of a venting about personal grievances, which I do not find compelling. The writer also seems to use circular reasoning, where the conclusion is assumed as a premise. This is not a sound method of argumentation.

I believe that the writer is not willing to engage in a dialogue about the issues raised in the article. Instead, he chooses to dismiss the concerns of others without addressing them. This is not productive and does not serve the purpose of promoting a healthy exchange of ideas.

I hope that in the future, the writer will take the time to consider the points raised by others and engage in a genuine discussion about the issues at hand. Only then can we hope to find meaningful solutions to the problems we face.

Sincerely,

[Name]

October 28, 1992

THE BARD OBSERVER

Opinion/Editorial

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, 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 noisy mouse." Only your friends would know offhand that "Michael Poirier" is not the indication of "cowardice," a lack of conviction or the sign of a person who has written. Gee, only your friends...

But that is beside the point. For as I said, I do not care who you are...
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: There 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's 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? Back to the point - first, there is all the use of subjective phrasing to make the editorial subjectively appear to be a personal opinion and now there is the confusing concern with the "truth." Of course, I just made a rhetorical move. That previous statement connected to completely separate thoughts. But it does reveal the appearance of hypocrisy for a moment. Right? Anyhow, the point is that telling the truth is being mixed up telling THE TRUTH. Does obligation suddenly imply that the truth will be told? Does obligation suddenly mean that biases are erased? No. Truth or lack of 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 contents. 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
**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 955.
- **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!
- **Reflective 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 Tea at Robbins House—hosted by Lauren Goodacre, Visiting Freshman Seminar Professor. Robins 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 Yasujir0 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 in 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 Geltis, Professor of Economics, Univ. of Mass., Amherst will speak on Macroeconomic 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 Lord's essay in this issue, & meet with them in the Committee Room in Kline at 6:30p.
- **Sweet Soul Music** Come and 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 these Friday night. Rev it up at the Old Gym, 10:30p. Remember, it's 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.

**WEDNESDAY. NOVEMBER 4**

- **Students for Choice** Express your choice by going to the Coalition for Choice’s multi-college Student Rally on the Ludlow Lawn, 7p. Be involved.
- **Schola Cantorum** sacred music in the Bard Chapel. 6p
- **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 foreboding hints at an ensuing disaster. One show only, folks, 7p at the Old Gym.

**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 everyone—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 ’60s. A tragedy/laurea 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 1953, color film at 7p, in the Preston Film Center.

**WEDNESDAY. NOVEMBER 4**

- **Play Pen** Hear music by Anybody, for everybody at Bard'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 Yasujir0 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 a must-see film at 7p, the Preston Film Center.