Armadillos move about mostly at night, and some species roll up into a ball when attacked.

—Webster's New World Dictionary, 2nd College Edition

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Blue with style, hold the Twinkie, extra Jello

New York's Blue Man group celebrates first year off Broadway

You may choose 1 sign and 1 sign only. Three identically dressed, blue-colored figures move around the stage in silent harmony, alternately dancing, exploring the audience and throwing things at each other, but never speaking. A volunteer from the audience is suspended upside-down, smeared with blue paint and bounced off a canvas. Yellow goo shoots across the stage. A bug-zapper hums gently in the background. White crepe paper streams out over the audience to flickering strobe lights and pounding dance music. Is it art? Who knows. Do we like it? After a year at Lafayette Street's Astor Place Theatre, the general consensus seems to be yes, we like Blue Man a lot.

The performance piece "TUBES" centers around the activity of three figures, separate, but comprising a whole, blue being. They are at times childlike and innocent, at times all-knowing and very entertaining. They are accompanied by and sometimes provide live music during the show, and the different parts of their act, "TUBES," range from witty commentary to innocent glee to happy attempts at being simply disgusting. Props for the show include 1500 feet of crepe paper, 2 hours of blue makeup, 60 pounds of bananas and 30 gallons of Jello. There are tubes strapped to every possible outcropping of the small theatre, and, as we are quickly reminded, a tube will carry sound all the way to its other end, unaided by technology. Before the show, the tubes strapped to the sides of the chairs in the audience begin speaking, as sound is piped into them from backstage. Not all the sound is pre-recorded, though—some of the tubes lead directly back to the Blue Man themselves, who will talk to willing patrons via these pre-technological devices for extended conversation before the show starts.

Blue Man is the brainchild of three New Yorkers, Matt Goldman, Chris Wink and Phil Stanton, all of whom are "pretty much 30." The three have backgrounds ranging from catering to software to art history, but all share the desire to create what they describe as an "art playground," upon which they hope to have the opportunity to "blesh" with the audience (blesh is a word combining blend and mesh, taken from Theodore Sturgeon's sci-fi novel More Than Human). Blue Man was conceived as an experimental way of re-introducing the concepts of community and communication in the art world, like a slightly bizarre takeoff on the idea of the saloon, or what became known in the '60s as a "happening." The first appearances of the group occurred in Central Park, where Blue Man staged a "Funeral for the '80s," and on the street across from NYC's Copacabana night club, where Blue Man responded to the long lines of people waiting to get in with their own "Club Nowhere," where anyone could come in and dance for free without needing any music. The group toured as part of "...continues on page..."
THE BARD OBSERVER

December 2, 1992

News

The Blue Man continues

continued from first page

Classifieds & personals

$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

Please help me somebody! If you have, or know anything about my beautiful, soft purple scarf, please contact me! It was kid-napped Sat. night at the Old Gym. (S.C.) No questions asked! BIG reward. Box 793. Thank you!

Found—smoking apparatus in Old Gym after the BAGLE party. Owner may claim by identifying. Box 824.

* Looking for a sublet over Dec.—Jan. Preferably a room in a house, in East Hook or one of the ravines. Please contact Chris at Box 1117.

* Interested in submitting to Paper Maché, the French literary magazine? Send your poems, short stories or essays to prof. HercuCampeauecOdileClifton by February 28th. The author’s name, phone # and title of the work should be written on an attached index card. A vos plaisirs!

The Bard Papers: A journal of poetry, prose, paintings, sculpture, photographs, films, academic papers, music scores, dance and theatre. Accepting submissions until Dec. 18th. Send to Robert Reynolds or Christiane Andrews via campus mail.

Guitarist and cellist looking for guitarist/singer who is sick of bad folksies and over-developed concepts cluttering the score. Must want to make beautiful and mel­litious pop songs with two guitars and cello. Should be able to harmonize like the dickens. Respond to Box 1208.

Do you find going to Upstate Films a different and special experience than going to the Ly­rum? If so, I want to talk to you. It’s for my Project. Contact Chris at Box 1117.

Monday, December 7th there will be a pre-registration reception with Gender Studies Faculty to discuss spring courses and con­centrations requirements. Faculty Discussion Room, Kline Commons, 6-7pm.


I’m looking for a sublet in NYC for over winter break. Please contact me through campus mail or around campus. EphriGlennColber

Mint—I’m in shape, intelligent and good with my mouth. And you? M

To whomever hit my white Saab in the parking lot of Kline on Wednesday, Nov. 18th: Aren’t you a big enough person to at least apologize? Drop a note to Box 1111.

The Latin American Student Organization raised $431 for the Larenaga Sister City Project. We would like to thank all those who came to support the cause and encourage anyone to get involved with the project. LSAO meetings are held Mondays at 6:30 in the Presidents’ Room in Kline. All are welcome to come. Thanks again.

For Melt in Your Mouth On the 7th day of X-mas my true love gave to me:

7 strap-on dildos
6 silky gusses
5 fucking whores (gasp)
4 used rubbers
3 rubber toys
2 large dolls and a vibrator with a battery

Attn: Big snow guy in the sky. Your snowbunny implores you: “Harder!! Faster!! More!! Please!!” Contact third floor, North Hoffman.

THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE PRESENTS

Swirlies
Our American Cousins
with Bard’s own Golden Anniversary & the Bofa Felt Experience
Free w/ Bard ID

TWO CONCERTS

1. Friday, December 4th, 9:30pm
Department of Music presents:

Purple Rain—The Purple Watches and the Whoopi Shorts

2. Saturday, December 5th, 9:30pm
Bard’s own Golden Anniversary—The Golden Guts

the Jerome levy economics institute of bard college

FALL 1992

LEVY INSTITUTE LECTURE SERIES

Thursday, December 3, 1992
4:00 p.m. Lecture

Alice Amsden, Professor of Economics, Graduate Faculty, New School for Social Research, will be giving a lecture titled “Can Eastern Europe Compete by Getting the Prices Right.”

Part of a five lecture series—everyone is welcome.

News

The Blue Man continues

down for artistic critique (which is flashed across electronic sign­boards strapped to Blue Man’s back), and several trends are summarily hashed: the “men’s movement” is the object of a couple of jokes, and short films shown during the performance provide reflection on such popular topics as fractal geometry and virtual reality. This is the Blue Man’s favorite territory; the areas where art and science combine to produce something that one can either have a lot of fun with, or be extremely pretentious about. The Blue Man prefers the fun side, and the latent sarcasm which seeps out during the show lets us know what they think of the pretention.

Blue Man is definitely unique as a theater experience. It is also very individualized; your own indi­vidual experiences and knowledge about the areas on which Blue Man focuses will determine why you laugh, how much you laugh and sometimes who you laugh at. But chances are you’ll get a lot out of this show no matter what your viewpoint. The theatre itself is cramped—there’s little room between seats and almost no legroom, but you stop noticing this almost as soon as the show starts. Indeed, it would almost seem to serve their purposes to have everyone closely packed, since the group work from the very beginning to turn their au­dience into a cohesive unit. Above all, the Blue Man is good-natured. The humor is never cruel, and they provide jokes on levels, from childish to intellectual, so that everyone will find something amusing. Beware though, for the joke may be on you; tickets to this 90 minute show are VERY ex­pensive, and unless you’re used to off-broadway prices or are willing to save up, an evening with the Blue Man might cost more than it’s worth to you to pay.

That’s really what it comes down to: the Blue Man will make you laugh, sometimes at them, sometimes at society, and some­times at yourself. But when the show is over, they’re the ones taking home the cash, and it’s an individual decision whether you’ll find this show a bargain at any price or a total ripoff. You’ll also want to plan in advance by at least a week to go see this show, especially if you want seats on a weekend. The show has been consistently selling out for quite a while, and if anything their popularity seems to be growing. Miss it at your own risk. Do not read this sign.

Toxic Avenger Environmental Party

with Chris Elliot

then

COMO ZOO

Friday night in the Old Gym after the movies—$2, or $1 if you bring your own cup
Pains and strains

**Learning to be capitalist**

Mr. Tadeusz Kowalik, a member of the Polish Academy of Sciences and the major financial advisor for the Solidarity labor movement, visited Bard on November 18th, courtesy of the Bard Russian Studies Club and the History and Economic Departments. He discussed his views on the transition of Poland from a communist-controlled economy to a capitalist-based economy.

Kowalik fervently disagreed with the "shock therapy" approach to the Polish economy. He stated that two million people have lost their jobs—"one-fifth of the working population"—without substantive reforms to bring economic growth. The greatest error Polish leaders made, said Kowalik, was to implement reforms from "above" without the tacit support and not the explicit support of the people. Although most polls of Poles indicate general support for privatization, when citizens were specifically asked if they would work for a private enterprise and risk the stable wages and secure benefits state-run industries provide, they rejected privatization. Kowalik suggested that companies run by employee labor, planning and capital should provide, they rejected privatization. Kowalik suggested that companies run by employee labor, planning and capital should provide.

Besides, I want the law to catch me. I dare them to try and stop me. Even if they catch me and I throw me in jail, I can still break the law. I can still refuse to recycle in jail. And I will never stop recycling until I have total World Domination. Some of you might ask me why I want to be an outlaw. Why, otherwise, I am a pretty upstanding respectable young man. I don't drink, don't smoke, don't solicit promiscuous women. Perhaps you think I don't recycle just to get some excitement in my otherwise dreary life. Not quite. It's much more simple than that. I want to be known as the greatest criminal mastermind of all time. I want to end the world.

Sophia Martin is the first freshman in recent Bard history to successfully put together performances of a full-length drama. Her interpretation of Arthur Miller's A View From the Bridge will be staged in the Old Gym at the beginning of next week. It is the story of a 1950s, New York City couple who adopt and raise the husband's niece. But trouble develops when the wife's cousins from Sicily arrive as illegal aliens and the couple takes them in. One of the immigrants is attracted to the niece, and the uncle disapproves. This sets up a drama in the classical Greek tradition of tragedy with Eddie as the tragic hero.

"Just think that it's an excellent play with fascinating characters," says Martin. The staging is similar to the theater in the round, and the environment of the Old Gym will give a "different look."

Martin had to direct mostly inexperienced people, which she favored because they have no pretensions and take directions very well. The theater department has been "most supportive," she says, as has been the administration, although Dean Stuart Levine "thought that it was too much responsibility for us to undertake." Martin encourages underclassmen who might not be familiar with the actors to come anyway since the play is "exciting" and will show "what inexperienced people really can do with determination."

Martin is originally from Richmond, Virginia, though she spent the past five years in France. She selected Miller's View because she had worked with a scene from it in high school and because the whole script intrigued her. Her only surprise in this production was how cooperative everyone was. Actress Dara Rourke says of Martin, "her dedication to the entire show and the crew comes through, and it's really inspiring." Bard students are encouraged to attend the performance.

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**Dead Goat Notes**

The opinions in this column are not necessarily those of the Observer staff. But that doesn't mean they aren't, either.

I am an outlaw. I am a daring fugitive. A criminally-minded hamburger. Why? Simply don't recycle. According to New York State law, that makes me a bandit.

It might seem like a silly idea to reveal this in a public forum, but no one read the Observer anyway. Look, one of my fellow non-recycling felons just threw this on the floor of the Post Office again.

Besides, I want the law to catch me. I dare them to try and stop me. Even if they catch me and I throw me in jail, I can still break the law. I can still refuse to recycle in jail. And I will never stop recycling until I have total World Domination. Some of you might ask me why I want to be an outlaw. Why, otherwise, I am a pretty upstanding respectable young man. I don't drink, don't smoke, don't solicit promiscuous women. Perhaps you think I don't recycle just to get some excitement in my otherwise dreary life. Not quite. It's much more simple than that. I want to be known as the greatest criminal mastermind of all time. I want to end the world.

**Features**

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**Director's debut**
**Features**

**Person of the Week**

Nomgcobo Sangweni

The knock on the door came at Midnight.

Ms. Nomgcobo Sangweni was in her home with her nine-year-old daughter preparing for Christmas.

In White Plains, NY, a second rash to identify Lyme Disease was discovered by New York Medical College researchers. Victims of Lyme Disease will obtain either a circular red rash or a blistering rash, like that which occurs after contact with poison ivy, about a week after being infected.

In Fishkill, NY, 175 people have begun to protest a proposed water improvement plan that will cost over $6.2 million. Residents of Brinckerhoff are already paying almost a $100 a year for water and fear a dramatic increase in costs if the proposed water tank is built.

In Minnesota, jury selection has begun for the trial of the former Roman Catholic priest James Porter. Porter is accused of molesting almost one hundred children in Massachusetts, Minnesota and New Mexico. The first charge to be dealt with is the accused molestation in 1987 of a babysitter hired by Porter. Porter is currently fifty-seven years old and is pleading innocent to the charges.

In Long Island, five promotion posters for the KKK were discovered and removed by a police officer this past Sunday.

In Washington, D.C., on Monday the Supreme Court announced their decision not to hear a case concerning the outright ban of abortions. Because of this decision, states cannot currently pass total anti-abortion laws. They can, however, still pass laws that would enforce regulations in abortion cases. Such regulations already in existence include: parental consent if the woman were under 18 years of age, notifying the father of the pregnancy prior to an abortion and mandated checkups for the mother after the abortion has taken place.

Nationally, the USA's largest airline, American Airlines, has recently laid off over five hundred workers—some outright and others with compensation packages. This large scale layoff is an attempt by the company to reduce management by at least 6%, thereby reducing company costs. So far no pilots or flight attendants have lost their jobs nor are they expected to, but further layoffs are possible.

Also concerning the nation: the captain, five senior officers, and three crew members of the Navy ship USS Saratoga have recently been charged with misconduct for firing two missiles at a Turkish ship. One missile did hit the ship, killing and injuring some of the officers aboard. The incident took place on October 1st when the crew apparently mistook a drill for an attack and responded accordingly. The ship has been returned to port in Florida, and it is predicted that those charged will receive serious punishment, but not a court-martial.

**Highlights of local and national news**

**BARD STATISTICS**

1-In 1985, the year before the EEC program, 3.8% of Bard students "self-reported" a solid A average in high school. In 1991, 18% reported having an A average.

2-Given choices of Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jewish or None of the above, the majority of 1991 incoming Bard students described themselves as None of the above.

3-Percentage of 1991 entering Bard students who smoke: 26.2%.

Percentage of 1991 Norm (at 4 yr., non-sectarian, private colleges—1264 schools) who smoke: 9.7%

4-63.9% of Bard students describe themselves as "liberal," as opposed to 31.9% of the "norm."

5-Of Bard's 1991 entering class, 7.8% described themselves as Jewish, 9.6% as Roman Catholic, and 53.5% said they had attended at least one religious service in the past year, as opposed to nationwide percentages of 3.4, 29 and 80, respectively.

(All statistics taken from the American Freshman Survey)
Another View

No Racism: stop anti-Asian violence

by James Chang

June 19, 1982

"It's because of you mother-fucking Japs that we're out of work!"

These were the last words that 27-year-old Chinese American Vincent Chin heard before being bludgeoned to death by white men with baseball bats. Although the killers were sentenced to a "full" three years probation and a "hefty" $3,000 fine, a subsequent trial acquitted the men of all murder charges. Neither killer ever spent a day in prison.

August 15, 1992

"Chink," "Vietcong," "nigger,

Luyen Phan Nyugen heard these words before being chased, beaten, and kicked to death by white youths, one of whom yelled, "I hate Vietnamese." Nyugen was a 19-year-old pre-med student at the University of Florida. These two events are bookends to a decade that witnessed the revival of America's national pastime: Anti-Asian violence.

In 1871, fifteen Chinese in Los Angeles were hanged after whites raided and pillaged their communities in search of gold. Since then, violence against Asian Americans has not only increased but has actually been sanctioned by the U.S. Government. The internment of more than 11,000 Japanese Americans in America during WWII was a direct act of violence, the physical use of force to engender the subjugation of a people. And so Anti-Asian violence became institutionalized.

It is the prevailing belief in America that "white is right" is taught and kindles the fire of Anti-Asian violence. From the immigrant "free off the boat" to the forty-generation Japanese American, Asian Americans in the United States are still seen as only one thing: CHINS.

The weekend before Dr. Leonard Jeffries galvanized a nation, the Asian American Student Organization at Bard was attempting to douse the flames that have been kindled by white America's RACISM. We presented Bard at the First Annual Conference Against Anti-Asian Violence at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. The list of events included speeches on the history of Anti-Asian violence, workshops seminars that advocated community action against the perpetrators of Anti-Asian violence, and personal testimonies from youth who had been victimized by those loveable men in blue who told Rodney King and all people of color where they really belonged: on the pavement. Numerous representatives of Asian Organizations and colleges were present to help facilitate dialogue, discussion and tools for promoting greater awareness of Asian American issues on campus and across the community.

After attending a workshop sponsored by Project REACH entitled "Building Coalitions Among People of Color," the AASO hit the streets of Philadelphia instead of the good word: "STOP ANTl-ASIAN VIOLENCE."

The Beer Column

Remember the joke about how a father, when he came home from work in his car, was a magician because in front of the house he turned a driveway/Well, that's what happened to our former beer columnist, Budds Cors—he turned himself into a road. 5'4", asked any native Red Hookian the name of the road from the end of Amadare (past Manor) to Route 9, and they'll tell you it's our good buddy Budds Cors.

No, actually the real story behind the demise of the Man on the Street is far more grotesque than that (although we didn't lie; there really is a road named Budds Cors). Unable to exist any longer with the terrible division implied by his name, and being unable to resolve this dilemma (even with the aid of a case of each of his namesakes and the devout, nay, religious application of all his powers of concentration thereupon for three days or so), our dearly departed friend changed his name to Absolut Stolichnaya, moved to Siberia and is currently raising potatoes (spelled with an e; oh those wacky, wacky Russians). So, as a favor to our dear beloved Observer editor, and in memory of our beloved but mentally decapitated Budds Cors, the two of us whose names shall henceforth and forever remain unknown (except within certain disputable circles) have declared ourselves interim beer columnists—i.e., we want free beer and were actually willing to write for it. We are not like the aforementioned beer märtir in that we are extremely selfish. We will not patrol Kline, Olgy, the Old Gyms, in front of Aspinwall or any other permanent structure (or MITZ hovel) to garner your feeble, half-drunk, sloverberating opinions (i.e., We want all the beer. Buy your own.)

Having said that, it's time to heave the steins and get down to business. For our first week on the job, we chose three ales, two British and one American. Pete's Wicked Ale calls itself "America's Finest," which isn't really that notable, considering that it's one of a grand total of two ales made in the USA, and the other is Ballantine, which tastes like dirty toilet water and looks like camel piss (well, what we imagine camel piss to look like, if we were sufficiently curious to find out, which we're not). Pete's has a nice malty flavor, a surprise for an American product in a land full of no-body beers. The aftertaste is a bit bitter and would get you after a while if the bottle weren't sepsis. After a pint and 6 oz., if you're not a beer drinker or have low tolerance and are well on your way to buzziness, aftertaste no longer matters. For the price of $2 a bottle, Pete's is definitely decent. Also, there's something cool about hitting a huge bottle around—makes you feel like a real drinker. Instead of just a college student desperately attempting to avoid work by getting trashed for no apparent reason (come to think of it, that's probably how most heavy drinkers start).

Whitbread used to be a favorite ale, with a crisp, clean taste and plenty of head. The bottle looks different now, with a fancier-looking label and no more gold foil on the top, because it is now brewed in the United States under authority of the original brewery (funny, costs the same). The taste is somehow different, and although still one of the best ales around, is not quite as good as it used to be. Whitbread comes in four-packs, which is sort of annoying, because that makes it all the more expensive per bottle. At any rate, Whitbread still rates three and a half stars, the only ale better than it being Bass.

Thomas Hardy's Ale, "the finest ale in the world," comes in cute little four-packs like the Whitbread. Unlike most other beers, Hardy's is naturally fermented rather than pasteurized or cold-filtered—the beer we drank was dated vintage 1990—and on the label it suggests that drinkers wait at least 48 hours to give the contents time to settle. One big surprise upon popping the top was the strange word "Florida" printed across the bottlecap. It seems doubtful that somewhere amidst all the sheep and soccer players of Merry Old England there exists a village of palm trees, nude beaches and over-populated state colleges. Wherever it is made, Pete's Wicked Whitbread Thomas Hardy's costs almost two

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<tr>
<th>Pete's Wicked</th>
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<td>Ale</td>
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Hardy's is the ultimate in ales. This beer is not for the faint of heart—it's one of the strongest ales we've ever had. The big problem with Hardy's is the cost. For only a four-pack, with 63.3 oz. bottles, Hardy's costs almost two bucks a bottle. That's reason the lower rating; a four-pack is okay, but more than a couple is a waste of money and kind of overpowering on the senses as well. Everyone should try Hardy's at least once, if only to later compare all other ales to its extragant taste.

That's it for this week. Join us next time as we define the difference between beer, ale and lager, and relate a few tales from the land of bizarre artsy films, Germany.
Since the birth of humankind, men's souls have possessed the energy of the Warrior. Modern social forces have demanded that men repudiate this natural power, and this has caused many difficulties for men and society. The New Warrior Training network is a national men's community whose mission it is to train men to overcome the repression of this essential part of themselves. The New Warrior is a man who has faced his personal shadow and has thus regained the powerful, loving, and life-generating energy of mature masculinity. This is the very energy which enables a man to do what he needs to do.

To understand what men are doing today, it is essential that we understand the planer "Warrior energy." Properly, Warrior energy is the fiercest aggressive and highly focused power that gives men the ability to live, act, and die for what he believes in. For some the proper focus of such energies in men was the protection of others, and the provision for the tribe. For thousands and thousands of years, men knew who they were and what was required of them; our existence today is evidence that our Great Grandfathers lived their missions.

The warrior used to be not merely a man who fought battles with his comrades, but a man who was willing to go into himself and fight the battles in his soul. He had the power, as the Semenui warriors of Japan used to say, "to put his fear on the tip of his sword," and to kill it in himself which needed to die, and to protect that in himself which was sacred. Warrior energy, therefore, is much more than a power to inflict harm on others. It is the energy which men have to fight the battles, to do, despite the physical and emotional pain that accompanies responsibility. We see the Warrior in man being arrested at a political demonstration. We see the Warrior in the angry, honest man who swears through the agonizing moments of fatigue and self doubt that accompany creation. We see the Warrior in the man who works long hours to feed his family when the Warrior in woman rather indutes itself. A man must have the Warrior as he is to be able to commit emotionally present and yet maintain his boundaries in relationships. He must have the Warrior if he is to be the accepting, understanding, caring, loving person who he is. A man must have the Warrior if he is to accept the unpleasant aspects that go along with the joy of raising his children. At all times the Warrior knows who he is, and he will let nothing stand in between himself and what he knows is right.

A generation of feminists men and women, abused by the old, obsolete patriarchy, have accepted the myth that masculinity is evil and destructive in its essence. This has resulted in a many men feeling insecure and afraid to accept the aggressiveness within themselves. These men often feel their true selves unacceptable, so they attempt to escape from a guilt by promoting a more tolerant definition of manhood than their bodies are providing them with. We need to understand that these men, though they would like to help us, are unable to tell us what a man is. Knowledge of what a man is is a secret wisdom that only men can give to men. Knowing what a woman likes and is attracted to is a good knowledge to have, but it is not a complete model to which we can healthily align. Contrary to the egocentric definition of the seventies, men and women are not the same. Neither is sex better or more valuable than the other, but until we as people are willing to honor our differences, and to honor how these differences make us special as men and women, we cannot truly value ourselves as human beings, nor can we honor the opposite.

Men are kept emotionally and spiritually apart by our competitive society, so none of the knowledge of what manhood is is given to us when we aren't boys. A timescentured in which men are cared for the souls of the men in their communities. A powerful masculine love existed between fathers and sons, young men and their mentors, the tribal chief and his followers, and inside cities, selling drugs to and murdering each other. There is the often cited quote that more young black men live in our prisons than attend college. Our homesexual brothers are made to pay the price, and are often completely separated by society. The sexual abuse of children is rising unacceptably, John Bradshaw estimates that 34 million adult American women have been sexually abused by the time they were 13 years old.

Society is beginning to look at the sexual abuse of young boys - a recent study suggests that as many as 1/3 of all sexual abuse victims are male. We are destroying the natural world we are living in, and the people are male. We are looking at each other - for what? Profit? The world is often men, and no respect for the humaneness is incomplete.

There is a vacuum of powerful, integrated men. As Robert Moore and Douglas Gillette have written in their book, "King, Warrior, Magician, Lover: Rediscovering the Archetypes of the Mature Masculine," "in the present crisis in masculinity, we do not need, as some feminists are saying, LESS masculinity, we need MORE. But we need more of the MATURE Masculine."

We need MAN psychology. We need to develop a sense of calmness about masculine power, so we don't have to act dominating, or disempowering behavior towards others. To define mature masculinity in all its beauty is too large a task to attempt here. But at the soul level, men possess and respect three basic virtues: Integrity, Love and Power. In the New Warrior Training network, we are saying, "If we are to be capable of true masculinity, we need a new masculinity, a masculinity that is not shaped in the image of power, but is shaped in the image of love and integrity, in service to one's mission. These three virtues are inseparable in men, and together they make mature masculinity.

Men lose the connectedness of these virtues when, as boys, they lose their sense of basic worth in human beings. Whom boy is taught by his parents in childhood and is blessed by his father and the male community in youth, he becomes a powerful man. His sense of worth comes from a safe, invulnerable place within him. But when the beautiful, golden energy we see in boy children is not nurtured - when it is neglected, abandoned, or invaded - the soul of the boy becomes punctured. When as a young man he remains uninitiated and unwelcomed into the community of men, no more growth can occur. He remains psychologically connected to the safe, warm, all-embracing world of his mother (whom has no power to give him) rather than making himself move into the masculine kingdom, in which all is not always safe, warm, or nurturing, but in which he finds himself, his brothers and a secure base from which he can relate to women.

Without this crucial nurturing of his manhood, the bold within him and all its beauty become shattered by a thick shadow of wounds.
This November 20th through the 23rd, the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance presented Dance Theatre IV, 1992. As with previous modern dances some of which closely resembled previous ones. But what differed greatly in this concert was the fact that many of the dances were intriguing and the show proved to be fresh and innovative.

"The Return," choreographed by Rosie Getz and performed by Layla M. Childs, Dawn Frank and Getz immediately caught the audience's attention as they were ushered into the dance space. Each of the dancers was tied to a pillar with yellow "Caution" tape while twisting herself around it. This itself was strange, because there was no formal beginning to the dance or the program; it was as if they were just waiting for us instead of the audience waiting for them. Yet, once the dancers untied themselves from the caution tape, the dance lost its element of surprise and interest. Unfortunately, he movements of the dancers were unoriginal and tiresome. The dance filled the small space as if it were in a cage, but nothing promising tied the piece together as the caution tape held the dancers.

Craig Peterson, Arabella Stewart and Reym Williams. At first this piece gave the impression that it was going to be just another incomprehensible modern dance as the performers lay on the floor and made strange breathing noises, rising and falling. Yet, as they all got up and moved around, the 'chaos' began and caught the audience's undivided attention. They were curious to see what the dancers were up to, if anything at all. Suddenly, ridiculous conversations began taking place, while they moved around. At one point, one dancer was on the floor alone holding a silly conversation with herself. Two more dancers entered, talking in a nonsensical language. As the rest of the dancers came back to the floor, the movements and conversations became increasingly spastic. In the end, they ceased their talking and stopped and stared at the audience; it was only then that I realized that they were simply performing in which no music had been playing and understood that it was not needed.

"See By Night," s choreographed by Megan Khoury and performed by Jennifer Cooke, Amanda Got, Sarah Krammer, Lena Lewellyn, Arabella Stewart and Martin Van Young was one of the most fantastic pieces of the concert. Stewart entered the dark studio wearing a black dress and carrying a candle. As ocean sounds were played, the rest of the dancers entered wearing flowing white outfits and carrying candles. The movements were peaceful and graceful; the dancers would prance and jump creating continuous, flowing gestures. The fact that it was a flawless performance made it a disappointment when it eventually did end. I am not the only one who desired an encore.

The final piece of the concert, entitled "Aube," was choreographed by Rosie Getz and performed by Rafal Dziemidok- 'Day', Kirsten Peterson- "Night", Alleen Passloff- "Sorceress", and Miriam Arensberg, Cary Baker, Abby Bender, Jennifer Cooke, Rafal Dziemidok, Devorah Flashenberg, Elissa Kammer, Autumn Anna Luckey and Martin Van Young as the "Spirits." "Aube" is the story of two children who were stolen away at infancy and raised by a sorceress. The girl was brought up in a cave and never saw the daylight; the boy was raised in such a way that he never was awake to see the night. This piece was the perfect closing performance for the show because it was colorful and intriguing and much different from the previous pieces because it had a story. Passloff as the sorceress was deliciously funny with her wonderful witch-like gestures. The spirits tried to keep Day from meeting Night but when they failed, tension grew especially when day died. Distressed, Day did not know what to do and was devastated. The elements of ballet mingled with modern dance added to the richness of emotion felt by the audience.

Overall, Dance Theatre IV, 1992 was much more than a mere success. It was a lively show of myriad elements tied together through the different performances. Though some were not as original as others, all showed great effort, skill and daring.
The Match Factory Girl

Much of the action contained within The Match Factory Girl is about process. The opening monologue takes the form of a short play, and the characters narrate the story of Iris, a Match Factory Girl who tries to escape her life in the factory. Iris's story is told in a series of flashbacks, each of which is a separate act with its own distinct mood and style.

Iris is a young woman who works in a match factory. She dreams of escaping her dreary existence and finding a better life. One day, she meets a man who promises her a better life, but she soon realizes that he is only using her. She returns to the factory and becomes determined to make a better life for herself.

The film is a study of life in a factory and the people who work there. It is a story of hope and desperation, of the search for meaning in a world that often seems to offer only drudgery.

Much of the film is shot in a single location, the Match Factory itself. The production design is simple but effective, with long shots of the factory and its workers. The film is also notable for its use of sound, which is used to great effect to create a sense of tension and unease.

The film is a powerful exploration of the lives of factory workers, and it is a moving and thought-provoking film. It is a story of hope and despair, of the search for meaning in a world that often seems to offer only drudgery.
Sports 'n Such

Shameless Filler!

Hoo, boy. Relatives.

This past Thanksgiving weekend I spent my time with those people whom I like to call "the folks." I call them that because I'd get slapped if I called them "the loonies." Everybody has stories about the folks, mostly because everybody has folks. It's one of those universals. Actually, I quite like the folks I'm stuck with.

They're good for my stride sense of humor: smart enough to keep me entertained as I wait for a straight line, dense enough to actually laugh when I insult and deride them. I mean, they think it's cute.

It was cute when I was ten, but I'm almost old enough to drink (legally) now; they should be snarling at me. I love it. They think I'm the tops. I have a ball.

So, my little seven-year-old cousin Jesse Michael came along with his mom and dad this year. He's the one who sets the heat and air conditioning in my house, ever since I showed him how it works when he was four. He lives in New York City where you can't properly bury a snowbank. This is important because he brought a few dead snails with him for the specific purpose of burying them in our back yard. He walked into the house and said to me, not "hello" or "how's that insignificant and inferior college you insist on attending?" but "I brought snails, but they're dead, so we have to bury them." I swear, I thought. Door prizes. So I said, "That's wonderful, Jesse, we can have some escargot." Ba-dum-bum.

I see a lot of me in Jesse Michael. He's smart, and smart isn't mean. Three letters and one hyphen away from smart-ass. I suppose I'll have to cultivate him to take over for me when I stop coming around for good. I don't know, though; sometimes I think he's playing more subtle mindgames with me than I am with any one else in my family. He told me about the ten pages of reading he has for homework every night at this fancy preschool of his where charges about as much as Bard. I told him I had to read about sixty pages a week for my Kent class. He told me that while Kent is truly one of the most formidable philosophers in the Western tradition, his unnecessary conceits to the possibility of a god in his scheme of things-in themselves weakens the conviction of his own arguments for a self-contained development of human knowledge. I suppose I'll have to credit him in my final paper. The kid's a genius. But I have one up on him. I caught him reading the Cliff's notes to Dr. Seuss's The Cat in the Hat

But the strangest of "my folks" was one who didn't even come out to visit. My mother's crazy sister, my Aunt Carol. She lives in California, and I haven't actually spoken to her since I was in high school. I don't know how her mind works.

Whatever strange connections she makes with things people tell her, she thinks she has to tell everyone. She asked me about my college career, and I told her I hoped to become a teacher. So she told me about some guy I never met, the son of a teacher. Well, anyway, she told me about him just so she could tell me about his father, apparently, since all she said about him was, "I know a young man who teaches, and his father's from Spain."

"Ah," I said. "Well, what else could I say?"

"Yes, he's from Spain, but he can't speak English all that well, even though he's written many books in English."

"Ah," I replied.

"And his mother's from Cuba. She's just as bad at speaking English as her husband."

I snapped retorted, "Ah."

"But in a different way. In a Cuban way, I suppose."

I turned the tables on her by saying "Him."

"So, of course, their son is completely bilingual. He speaks perfect English. But with an accent, so it doesn't really count."

"Ah."

"So, maybe you should learn how to speak Spanish if you're going to become a teacher."

At least she didn't say anything about dead snails.

Shameless Filler!

by Matt Gilman
The New Warrior continued

by Malla Du Mont

In the New Warrior Training Weekend, we are all given a safe haven from judgement in which he can begin to look at what keps him from valuing himself. We give him the safety he needs to open up into his wounds and balm them with the compassion and understanding he has always hoped he would find. A man comes to his training weekend in all of his fear, pain, and fatigue—and he leaves owning his power. The destructive energy of his wounds has been converted to the life affirming energy of the New Warrior. After the weekend, he remains connected to the male community through integration Groups—groups of men who are dedicated to living their personal missions and to helping others to do the same. He is also able to staff trainings and pass on the gifts he has been given. With the resources he has, the New Warrior is able to live his mission with guts and power, with integrity and without fear of rejection. On the weekend of the 4th and 5th of December, P.T. Ryan, the Warrior King of the Rochester area, will be coming to the Bard College campus. P.T. is a high school English teacher, a Vietnam combat veteran, and most especially, a man in love. He will be accompanied by myself and several other New Warriors from around the state. We will speak about why the men’s movement is happening and how the New Warrior Training fits into it. Both meetings will begin at 7:30 p.m. and will take place in room 102 of the Cullen Center. Because men need a safe, masculine place to talk about our issues, the Friday night meeting will be for men only. This will give you a chance to hear about the movement from those that are involved in it, to ask questions, and to learn how it can benefit you. The Saturday night meeting will be open to the entire Bard community, and I invite women who are interested in being a part of our society and planet to come and experience the new human community. At the Saturday night meeting, a woman from the Woman Within network will be with us. The Woman Within network is affiliated with the New Warrior and serves the complementary purpose of helping women to face their shadows and regain their powers. When men and women have done the important work of separating to learn what it means to be a man or woman in the next millennium, it is important to them to return to each other.

This happens not in the equitv boundarylessness of the past few decades, but in the safety of being grounded as a member of our own sex. Moore and Gillette have suggested that the earth has never yet had men and women who have been integratd masculinity and femininity that is know being discovered. I invite you to be part of this important movement. The self indulgent eighties are over. As we look towards the new millennium, we face tremendous societal problems whose solutions require people who own their power. The easy way to pretend that we are making important changes to exact new laws to change represents the Kristeva of an earth that is already dead. As we move into the new millennium, we face tremendous societal problems whose solutions require people who own their power. We must change ourselves first, those true changes will then be reflected in our society’s laws and practices.

There are usually two obstacles that keep a man from taking up his place in the male community and receiving the gifts that are there for him. The first is his fear of the reactions of women. When the average man is socialized to take care of women and to fear their shaming should he fail to please them, he often feels unable to explore his true, masculine self without their permission. I propose you that you will never receive this permission. You must be the man who chooses himself away from judgment. Remember that if the men of our society had waited until men had given them permission to have their movement, none of the positive changes their movement brought about would have materialized. Let us not forget that as men we have benefited immensely from their movement. As women have become more independent, we have become more free to begin our own process of self discovery. Some women feared the men’s movement—irritably, some women will fear the men’s movement. But as we did, women will find that our movement holds benefits for others. As a man gains a safe, clean, masculine place to live his life and spiritualit, he finds that he has the more power to give to the relationships in his life. Women see that their children long to be fathered by powerful men. When these and other women see that they can trust powerful men, they find that these are the men they want to date and bear their children. We can only call on these men to do this by being powerful ourselves. The second and more powerful obstacle that stands in the way of men and women is the fear we have of trusting one another. Our wounds have taught us that exposure of who we are leads to shaming and humiliation—but this is my personal promise to you, for which you can hold me accountable: to whatever extent you will risk with us to that extent will you be blessed. The gift that you give us, your brothers, by showing us who you really are will be returned in gifts that are beyond our
The scarf incident

Dear Editor,

I had a dream and it came true! I was visiting a French theater in a liberal arts college on the East Coast of the United States. Having studied the delight of the words of Poe, Whitman and Hawthorne, I had the lucky one to initiate the lively Bard students to the pleasures of "La grammaire Francaise" and share the same time my true love of Americans and twang. I felt that light-hearted, ready to bring amongst the leaves of grass on the borders of the Hudson River. But earlier this week, my dream turned into a nightmare. As I was "joyeusement" on my way to Kline Commons to eat my bagel and cream cheese (to which my French stomach has been reconciled), I'd lost my meal card. All the diplomacy of Ralph was not to have it back the meal card, hours later. But then the next day, as I was going to have lunch, I found the same lady behind the counter. Politely, as I gave her my meal card, I inquired about her scarf. I should have shut my mouth. She suddenly straightened up and looked at me angrily and repeated her accusations: "You have my scarf...you stole my scarf!" and she refused to give me back my meal card.

Patience has limits and I admit I somehow lost my temper as she would not agree with the improbability of such a petty "crime" (If I actually had stolen her scarf, would I wear it under her nose and ask her about it? Come on!) We all know French maroquins but it's my year off!

All the diplomacy of Ralph was necessary to convince her to give back the meal card, hours later. But she still firmly believed I am a thief and teased everyone about it. I am certain she indeed lost her scarf which coincidentally also came from Paris, but I have nothing to do with it.

I am begging you, whoever you are, give Arvie her black scarf "Made in France" back. You would reconcile us, and I would spend it on better nights. I came to Bard to teach French and though I'm not perfect, I am not a "scarf-maniac"!

Merci d'avance.

I want you to know I am having a wonderful time here.

Sincerely yours,

Stephanie Foenkinos

Person of the week cont.

I love my life to them," she said.

Sangwani was quick to acknowledge that her case is but one of hundreds of thousands. She reviewed her experiences to detail how crucial international action can be in saving lives and preserving the rights "of people you will never see...you'll never know." She encouraged the new generation of youth to tackle the challenges of the 1990s. They must mobilize to act against human rights violations everywhere, even in their own country. These abuses have not abated, but have actually increased, since the end of the Cold War.

The Observer chooses Nongoboz Sangwani as its Person of the Week because she took action as a citizen by forming an Organization for Women to connect lawyers to the parents of children who had been detained, and that she endured the consequences of "facing the Devil of apartheid in the eye," experiencing torture both physically and psychologically. Her continued efforts, now in the U.S., to take action completely within the boundaries of the Declaration for Human Rights to protect the rights of others, is deserving of praise.

Jennifer Reck

December 2, 1992

Letters

New Warriors continued

continued from page 10

Letters to the Editor and Personals or display ads: $5.00 for local, $10.00 for national.

Letters to the Editor must be signed legibly. All material in at least 10-point type and not exceed 500 words and must be signed legibly. 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 for local, national, or foreign publication. Turn all material in 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.

Display classifieds: $5.00 for local, $10.00 for national. Display ads: contact the Ad Manager.
PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE

DECEMBER 2 TO 9, 1992

What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

*SUNDAY. DECEMBER 6*

The Film Committee presents
Freeze-Die-Come to Life
Two children learn to survive in a mining community in the Soviet Far East, just after WWII—Watch as they turn the most unlikely situations into their own kinds of games.

Stop by the Faculty Dining Room in Kline, 6-7p.

*Yesteryear's Nostalgia.* Prof. Luis Garcia-Ramart directs the Bard College Community Chorus & Orchestra—Hear J.S. Bach's Christmas Oratorio. Definitely be there at the Bard Chapel, 8p.

*SUNDAY. DECEMBER 6*

Gender Studies Reception
Go to the Pre-registration reception with the Gender Studies faculty—discuss spring courses & concentration requirements.

Stop by the Faculty Dining Room in Kline, 6-7p.

Chris Killip
Photography Lectures at Bard
Hear him speak in the Conference Room at Levy, 8p.

Gymnastics Lessons for Beginners
Learn basic tumbling skills with Sarah Barab—$2/class.
at the Aerobics Room in Stevenson
Monday, 8p & Tuesday, 8:30p

*TUESDAY. DECEMBER 8*

Leonard Schwartz
Bard Alumnus '84

Jesse Browner
Bard Alumnus '83

Hear them read their recent works, Leonard Schwartz—who is teaching Freshman Seminar this year—has published several volumes of verse including Gnostic Blessing (1992), Objects of Thought, Attempts at Speech (1990) & Exiles: Ends (1990). Jesse Browner is a well-established translator (Celine: A Biography), who has just published his first novel, Conglomerates, with Random House. All are invited to attend.

Sponsored by the Division of Languages & Literature.

Hear them speak at Olin Art History Room, 8p

The Hispanic Experience in the United States

Professor Hilda Munde-Lopez of NYU will detail the history, demography, & literature of Hispanic North Americans.

Sponsored by the Edith Blum Center for the Arts, and the Latin American Students Organization

Be there at Olin Art History Room, 7p

*WEDNESDAY. DECEMBER 2*

Student Forum
Elections: Entertainment Committee
Student Life
Planning Committee (2 positions)
Student Judiciary Board, Alternate

Be involved—Run for Student Government

Resolutions: Cable on Campus

Be there at Kline Committee Room, 7p.

*Not a Love Story.* See this film—an early attempt to make us aware of the victimization of women through pornography. Presented as part of today's Psychology of Women Day. Be there at 6p, in Olin Art History Room.

*House-of-Film.* The Three Japanese Directors present Mizoguchi's first color film—Princess Yang KwaI Fel (1955). In 18th century China, the daughter of a cook marries the emperor, a palace rebellion demands that the emperor sacrifice Yang—but he refuses to do so. Go today to the Preston Film Center, 7p.

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*THURSDAY. DECEMBER 3*

Liu Sola

The Chinese writer & composer Liu Sola will be reading from her work. Liu is the author of the prize winning (China's Best Novel, 1988) You Have No Choice, as well as an active composer & performer. She has worked recently with Peter Gabriel's World of Dance & Music Festival. Everybody is welcome.

Sponsored by the Division of Languages & Literature.

Hear her speak at the President's Room in Kline, 2-3:30p

*Hallelujah the Hills.* A film by our own Prof. Adolphus Mekas. See this film in the Preston Film Center, 7p.

*FRIDAY. DECEMBER 4*

The Match Factory Girl

Our Film Committee presents this film by Finnish director Aki Kaurismaki. Anny Taubin of the Village Voice call this "the most inspired feminist topical comedy or comical tragedy since Thelma and Louise—Stay for the next movie...

Hear it in Finnish/See it in English at the Old Gym, 7p

Leningrad Cowboys
Go America

A double feature Friday with another film by Finnish Director Aki Kaurismaki. See this bizarre comedy about an outlawish Finnish rock group touring the U.S.—compare it to the work of Jim Jarmush. A sharp eye for cultural debris, offhand sense of morbid humor, & treo-90's mix of jaded-cool-wide-eyed-innocence puts the Cowboys playing, exorcising cover tunes before baffled audiences in the outskirts of Memphis, New Orleans, & Galveston.

Hear it in Finnish/See it in English at the Old Gym, 9p

New Warrior
Training Weekend

Read about "it" inside this issue.
First meeting open to men—
Second meeting open to the Bard Community.

First meeting: Friday at 7:30p, Olin Art History Room
Second meeting: Saturday, same time same place.