Page 1  Presidents and politics
    Alumni and professors debate the upcoming election
    Michael Poirier
Page 2  WXBC on the air—again
    Michael Poirier
Page 3  What next?
    Sticks, stones and surprises
    Andrea C. Breton
    Dead Goat Notes
    Greg Giaccio
Page 4  Walk-a-thon come and gone
    A tale of determination and blistered feet
    Andrea C. Breton
Page 5  The Man on the Street (literally) Beer Column
    An Interview with St. Stephen’s
    Queer+, Ephen Glenn Colter
Page 6  Sir Horace and Lady Jeananais’ Restaurant Roam
Page 7  A Strange and Twisted Performance
    The Bard Theater presents an ironic and light-hearted “Eugene Onegin”
    Anne Miller
    Columbus and the Stolen Continent
    Constance Quinn
Page 8  Two to go home to
    Blade Runner, the director’s cut, and
    The Tune are must-sees for Reading Week
    Shawn Taylor
    Classifieds and Personals
    [For all those wondering about MPZ’s Storytelling…]
Page 9  Bad week for Bard Varsity
    Women’s tennis team wins; all others lose
    Women’s Tennis
    Cross Country
    Soccer
    Intramurals
    Upcoming Events
    Noel Rush
    Correction
    Shameless Filler!
    Matt Gilman
Page 10  Honor among thieves
    Matthew Apple
    Corrections
    Movement of self-interest
    self-interested
    A Dog’s Life [Cartoon]
    David Draper
Page 11  November Bard Rally
    Theresa Valerio and Jeni Brown
    The Bard Side [Cartoon]
    O’Neill
    Exotic is racism
    Andrew Yoon
Page 12  Calendar
    What to See, Buy and Do at Bard
"The secret marriage of any student will render him liable for dismissal."

- Bard College Bulletin 1964-65

**Inside**

**NEWS**

2

On the air

WXBC finally broadcasts (sorta)

**FEATURES**

4

Where are we?

The dilemma of the AIDS walker

**ARTS**

8

Blade Runner

The director's cut released and reviewed

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**Presidents and politics**

Alumni and professors debate the upcoming election

"The commonest error in politics is sticking to the carcasses of dead policies," quoted Professor James Chace in his opening remarks in a panel discussion about the 1992 election issues. The forum was held in Olm Auditorium last Saturday as part of the Come Back to Bard Day activities for students and alumni. Five Bard alumni from across the country and various professions participated alongside two Bard College professors to consider the pertinent issues of the upcoming presidential election and how each candidate related to them.

Chace said that the interwoven foreign policy and our economy are interwoven, Chace commented, pointing out that the United States has gone from being a creditor nation in 1981 to a debtor in 1992 as a result of excessive government borrowing. The national debt has grown to four trillion dollars, four hundred billion of that being owed to overseas creditors and Chace felt that only Ross Perot is really addressing the deficit dilemma.

"The U.S. is not a superpower," affirmed Chace and he reported that our country uses twice as much energy as France, Germany or Japan just to produce a single economic dollar. Nobody wants dollars in the international markets," he continued. "And the only way to rebuild our country is to invest in the infrastructure, but right now, with this deficit, there is no money to do it."

Stephen Cahn ('62) was the next speaker and, as a lawyer involved in child welfare cases, he addressed the contradictory Democratic and Republican approaches to issues affecting children. The Republicans foster a "weeds and seed" program in urban areas that "weeds" out the unsavory elements of crime and corruption to plant the "seeds" of community development through funding. Ironically, recent Republican administrations have cut back this funding year after year and as Cahn stated, "In this economy kids are given no alternative but the streets."

On the other hand, the Democratic platform "starts with seedling" and supports a program of immediate funding for urban renewal without the Republican's weeding element. The Republican proposition of school choice is actually a choice only available to upper-class students, according to Cahn, while "the Democrats show more of a commitment to fostering and improving the public school system." Cahn concluded with the remark that the poverty of children is at its worst level ever (one of five children in the U.S. live beneath the poverty line) and this election is crucial if..."
The panel on the 1992 election issues continues

continued from front page

things are going to improve.

Ken Johnson (’89) is the Direc-
tor of the Southern Regional
Council, an organization devot-
ed to raising public awareness of
such issues as poverty, education and
civil rights. His remarks centered
around his opinion that “the fail-
ure of Reagan and Bush was a
failure to really invest in people.”

He attributed the gross national
debt to the previous administra-
tion’s policies of tax-
cuts for the wealthy and increased
military spending in addition to
people making enormous profits
without really producing any-
thing. “Just moving paper from
one place to another but making
all kinds of money.” He argued
that the measurement of a
country’s prosperity should not
depend upon the success of its
businesses, but rather upon how
those enterprises are benefiting
the people. “People and business
are two completely different
things.”

David Penberg (’77) works as
the Director of the Liberty Pro-
gram in the New York City school
system that for the last four years
has fostered tremendous success
as a college preparatory program
for urban youths. But funding for
this program has dropped from
nearly $400,000 since its inception
and Penberg challenged the “lip-
service politicians pay towards
children and education when ef-
fective programs are dissolved and
then discarded as failures.”

Penberg discussed how teachers
in this country receive very little
motivation and reward for their
difficult job, especially those who
work in the inner cities, and that
as a fact must change if the education
system is to improve.

One high school student came
with Penberg from New York City
and described how her school’s
teachers and classes were cut back
to the point where she cannot take
the courses she needs to graduate.
“It’s not the kids fault,” she said.

“Why should we bother going
to school when there is nothing
left for us?”

Penberg emphasized the im-
portance and effectiveness of
community programs such as tu-
tering and gardening that have
worked in East Harlem and Hol’s
Kitchen. “We need to turn an ag-
gressive mind set not towards the
military but towards re-building
our schools,” he commented.

“There must be a sense of urgency
and a commitment to equality,
our children must be the most
not reactionary.”

Tom Carroll (’81) serves as a
campaign strategist and political
consultant in California and re-
marked upon how “very few
politicians really talk to people,
and few people really talk to poli-
ticians.” Carroll discussed how
in our age of cable television and
incredibly busy lives, politicians
have hard time communicating.
“Do you even watch the Post?” he
asked, while commenting that even
when politicians do discuss the
issues, the media usually does
not pick up on it.

“Scandals are exciting and they
sell newspapers,” Carroll stated
and he compared the up-coming
presidential debates to the Super-
Bowl because “they are fun but
they don’t really mean anything.”

Clinton and Bush are engaged in
a struggle over character and is-
sues, specifically the economy.
Clinton’s character comes under
more scrutiny than Bush’s but
Clinton has a stronger position
on the actual issues of the campaign.
The concern which receives the
most attention is to election
day, character or issues, will
probably decide the election.

“People have to decide if they
want more benefits or less taxes,”
continued Carroll.

“People have to decide if they
want the White House to be
the center of government they want, but we are de-
aling with a schizophrenia electorate that wants two things
at the same time.” As a political
consultant, Carroll explained how
politicians can usually rely on
government to make political
decisions and by re-making
the “swing vote” to win an
election. The irony is that these voters
are the most disenfranchised
and care the least about politics.

Kris Feder, Assistant Professor
of Economics, was the next
speaker and she specifically ad-
ressed environmental concerns.
She delineated the difference be-
 tween “command and control
“legislation, which forces industry
to make pollution cut-backs at the
risk of profits, jobs, and a
“market based” approach which
sets up a capitalist competition
where environmental clean-up
jobs go to those who can do it
cleanest. This method fosters
business and has met with rela-
sive success as government’s goal
should be to simultaneously pre-
serv and improve both the envi-
ronment and industry. “Clinton
and Gore seem to be more at-
tuned to environmental con-
cerns,” commented Feder. “But it
is the Republicans who better un-
derstand the market-based ap-
proach. The decision is yours.”

Jerry Dell (’73) works for the
World Bank as Coordinator of
Their Women in Development
Program. Dell contrasted Bush’s
“family values” platitudes with the
need for the administration to
make more effective groups,
and women have to work
together to take the responsibility
and share family duties.

Dell implied that the Republi-
cans are attacking Hillary Clinton
because they “are mad and afraid
of women in the work-place.” Dell
stated that our government should
model the appropriate attitude
and behavior, appoint open-
minded people for the cabinet
and other positions and should en-
dorse legislation that would sup-
port this work-family agenda. “The 1960’s was a false world
of white, anglo-saxon male politics,
and we want our president to catch
up with reality,” Dell concluded.

After Reading Week...

the Entertainment
Committee presents

Sat. October 24th at 8pm in Olin Hall
Either/Orchestra
10 piece band combining elements of modern jazz, big band and progressive rock. Reserved seating event—tickets are $2 on sale Mon. Oct. 19th in front of the post office.

Sat. Oct. 31st (Halloween) at 9pm in the Student Center
Melvins w/HammerHead
Free w/Bard ID

The Entertainment Committee is looking for “interns.”
If you are thinking about running for the Entertainment Committee next fall, this may be the experience you
need to get elected. Learn about booking, sound, show
set-up and all that it takes to run a show. Contact Brad
Richman or Rob Brunner through campus mail.

WXBC on the air—again

Last Tuesday afternoon WXBC, the Bard College radio station, officially began broadcasting on 540 AM. Of the
total air time the early spring of last year, WXBC went from a station with
improved equipment, an expanding music library and the goal of broadcasting on the FM dial by the end of the
semester.

“We’re really excited about get-
ing back on the air,” station man-
ger Michael Beatle commented.

“Despite the little setback with
the AM signal, there has been a lot
of interest in the station and our
music library is growing by leaps
and bounds.”

Currently, the station’s signal is
moving through a carrier current
across the electrical system of the
campus and can only be picked up
in Manor and Robbins. The trans-
mitters located in Tewskbury,
Sands, Albee and Leonard were
unwittingly disconnected by ACC
Long Distance Phone Company
when they rewired the college
phone system over the kind of
Buildings and Grounds has
planned to reconnect the tran-
smitters soon (hopefully not long
after reading week), so the rest of
the campus will be able to pick up
the signal in the near future.

Operating roughly twelve hours a
day, between the hours of 4 pm
and 4 am, over fifty student disc
jockeys are participating in WXBC.
The station itself has two
compact disc players, two record
players, a dual cassette deck, and
plans include the installation of a
track machine and telephone
interface to get callers on the air.
The music library from last year
amounted to a handful of donated
LP’s and has now grown to hun-
dreds of compact discs and
records ranging from modern rock
to rap to world beat/reggae,
which arrive almost daily, directly
grown by WXBC.

“With FM we’ll have total cov-
verage of the campus and decent
sound quality,” predicted Beatle.
Parts for the FM transmitter
have been ordered and when they
arrive the transmitter must be tested with the antenna to find air
space. “The conversion to FM should
be sometime this semester…we’ll get
there.”
Features

What next?

Sticks, stones and surprises

Once upon a time, thousands of years ago, the essentials of civilization (if you could call it that) were food, a dry cave and a nice place to club. It could be appropriately assumed that warmth was a necessity as well; therefore, there came to be fire and clothing: simply a few roughly cut pieces of fur at first, then, eventually, woven materials in various styles. With fashion, there have been many other developments through the passage of time.

Take the development of written communication for instance: a crude alphabet became language. First language was spoken; then written on stone, then parchment. Then it was copied by hand and after that it was reproduced by the wonderful invention of the 17th century—the printing press. The printing press was followed by the typewriter, first used by Mark Twain in the 19th Century. A century after the typewriter came the computer.

Computers were very large at first and had limited uses. During World War II, rough versions of computers were used to help code breakers. These computers filled the space of an entire room. In the 1950s and 60s, however, schools and other government agencies were able to obtain smaller, more functional computers. Finally, in the 1970s, computers became both more affordable and more functional. They could be found in homes and businesses. Today, computers are used for almost anything: word processing, entertainment, layout, bookkeeping, accounting, mathematical analysis and learning. These are just a few examples of valuable computer uses, but what next?

Undergraduate and graduate students worldwide are invited to predict the future of computing and get a chance to win cash and a NCRC notebook computer. Computer World magazine, the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers (IEEE), Computer Society, and NCRC Corporation are sponsoring a $60,000 "New Ways of Computing" Essay Competition.

The essays must be original, unpublished work, not exceeding 3,000 words. Contestants are judged on the "opportunity to exercise their imagination and explore the infinite possibilities," Dr. Fiorenza Albert-Howard (VP of IEEE Computer Society).

Giuseppe Bassani (VP of NCRC Stakeholder Relations Division) believes "this competition will foster new ideas and break through old ways of thinking about informational technology."

Could it be true? Very possibly. Award-winning entries will be published in Potentials, a student magazine for up-and-coming engineers and computer scientists. Entries must be typed, double-spaced and on one side of 8 1/2 by 11" bond paper. Each page should be numbered and should also include the essay title in the upper right-hand margin. A separate sheet should include the entrant's name, name, home address and essay title.

The entries will be judged at the state level by selection committees comprised of NCRC employees, IEEE Computer Society members and leaders from business and education. The semifinalists' essays will be evaluated by a blue-ribbon panel of nationally recognized leaders. The judges will be looking for essays that provide an imaginative, well-thought-out vision of the information technology environment that students will become a part of in the near future. The specific judging criteria will include social, technological and business implications; creativity and originality; clarity; and skill in presentation.

The grand prize winner will be awarded $10,000 in cash and an NCRC notebook computer. The second prize winner will receive $5,000 in cash and an NCRC notebook computer, and the third prize winner will receive $3,000 in cash and an NCRC notebook computer. But, that is not all! Professors or faculty advisors who work with and encourage the three winning students will also be awarded NCRC notebooks computers. An attempt to increase faculty/student communication: just a way to promote the company products? Probably a little of both, but certainly a creative way to express ideas and win prizes.

If you would like to have a chance, your essay must be post-marked by December 15, 1992 and received by January 1, 1993. Entries should be sent to College Essay Contest, Manning, Selvage & Lee, 79 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. For further information on the contest itself, interested students should telephone Sean Flynn, 212-213-7192. NCRC employees and family members of course, are not eligible for the contest.

Dead Goat Notes

The opinions in this column are not necessarily those of the Observer. However, Greg tells us that they are definitely inspired and who are we to comment on the Lord's mysterious ways?

Many people on this campus like to complain about prejudice and bigotry and other silly issues like that. However, all those people really missed a doozy last week. No, I'm not talking about my Columbus column, nor the racial epithets I shouted from my window on Sunday, nor even the blantly anti-Asian Beer Column. I am talking about a kind of bigotry that is too often tolerated, the insidious evil of weightism.

I am surprised that none of the so-called liberals at this campus noticed the obviously weightist "Turn Down Your Fat-O-Stat" pamphlets that were handed to us in Kline last week. These pamphlets, published by the American Heart Association Nazis, would have us eating nuts and twigs while goose-stepping our way to uniform weights like they had their way. Luckily, there are people like me that stand in their way and are too heavy to be moved.

The weightist movement relies on our ignorance and on a mysterious regimen of "physical fitness" which was cooked up by their slender Obese scientist goons. They are allegedly helping us help ourselves. Yes, and if you believe that, then why was the "Fat-O-Stat" pamphlet sponsored by four different food corporations? Do you really think that they are trying to alienate their best consumers?

These scientists would have us believe that the way to healthier living is to shed our beloved poundage. Oh, my chunky brothers and sisters, do not be deceived by this pseudo-scientific babble about cholesterol and heart disease. According to a documented study, 26% of the United States population is overweight, but they only make up a measly 9% of all the murders, suicides and other violent deaths in the country.

The results of this study are clear. While very few of us have ever seen a man murdered by a "cholesterol" or the vague malady called heart disease, we have all seen guns and knives and know the destruction that they are capable of, especially in the hands of mentally unstable skinny people. The question we must ask ourselves is would we rather die a natural death due to obese overdose and be buried in a coffin shaped like a piano box or would we rather rest eternally in a pizza box after being hit by a skinny crackhead speeding away from his latest stabbing?

What is it that fat people want? We want what all victims of minorities want: our own month. A "Fully-Figured Persons Appreciation Month." Dedicated to all of the famous heavy people, like William Howard Taft, Benjamin Franklin, Oprah Winfrey, a hefty portion of English Royalty, Buddha, etc., who have achieved so much.

We must also put an end to institutionalized weightism. For instance, the Insurance Industry has determined that anyone who is 10% over their "ideal" body weight should be penalized with heavier premiums as a health risk. Of course, skinny people, with their high risk of being killed by one of their own psychopathic kind, are not penalized at all. Some people have suggested outlawing this type of discrimination, but my solution is simpler: line up the insurance buggers and shoot them.

Last of all, heavy people must take pride in their bulk. We must carry our weight with pride, not shame, in nice bright floral prints and horizontal stripes, instead of battleship gray. It is time that our large minority was recognized.
Walk-a-thon come and gone
A tale of determination and blistered feet

This past Sunday was the Bard AIDS Committee's big day. Eighty people signed up to participate in the eight-mile walk-a-thon. The goal of this community event was to raise as much financial support as possible to benefit AIDS-Related Community Services (ARCS) in its program to provide care for babies with the AIDS disease.

ARCS's mission is to alleviate fear, reduce transmission of HIV and ensure that people affected by HIV/AIDS receive a broad spectrum of services that meet their needs and enhance their lives. Dedicated and well-trained professionals offer their time and skills to deliver ARCS's services free of charge to anyone who may need them. Their programs include hospital visits, community education, counseling, training for HIV test counselors, prison visit and support groups. People who feel they are in need of any of these services should call and speak with a Crisis Intervention Counselor on ARCS's Help Line.

The number for that is 1-800-992-1442. People who would like to volunteer their time to help this organization, or simply would like further information should contact the Director of Human Resources at (914) 345-8888.

"ARCS is a very worthy organization to fund-raise for," remarked one walker on Sunday when asked why he was participating. Many of the students and faculty involved with the walk-a-thon seemed to share this opinion; the most popular reason for walking was "It's a good thing to do," but some felt that the event was even more important than that. A senior remarked, "It's one way of community service... every south, up Route 199 into Red Hook, left onto 9 heading north, down Linden Road, right onto Budds Corners Road, left onto Whaleback (Kelly) Road, back to Annandale Road, back past Manor Gate house and back to the chapel. Some of the participants however, thought they were supposed to head down Annandale Road towards Feltier rather than up to 9. This confusion was settled easily with a few people yelling "go left, go left" and did not at all compare to the confusion later in the walk.

What confusion? No one knows better than the walkers themselves, most of whom managed to get lost and ended up walking farther than the intended distance. One student, Andy Costello reported this, "He walked 26 miles. Why the extremity of misdirection? No one knows for sure. Students were reminded to walk in single file and avoid traffic, but many forgot to bring their maps. Others said that the maps were of little or no use because the roads in Red Hook were not marked. One theory is that Linden Road contained a hook at which some walkers mistakenly headed in the wrong direction.

Despite the lost walkers, most made it back without mishap and were rewarded with red ribbons to acknowledge their determination and accomplishment. Each walker was sponsored by friends and supporters, who pledged to give a certain amount of money per mile walked by the participant of their choice. The participants who got lost, however, will only be collecting for the 8 miles original goal. The total amount of money raised is not yet known.
THE BARD OBSERVER

Another View

October 7, 1992

The Man on the Street (literally) Beer Column

Note: The following article is the product of a drunken and diseased mind. Please pay no attention to the incoherent ramblings of this madman, who is being especially outrageous and un-PC this week in a feeble attempt to get some mail and possibly a free pizza from the Observer hate mail contest. Thank you, and have a nice day.

Hello, boys and girls, and welcome to Mr. Beer Columnist’s neighborhood. Today’s column will be about two of the top beers in recent history. Can you say beers? I knew that you could. But before we begin, let’s check to see what Mr. Mailperson has brought us in his big sack. Let’s see, now...my package from Jamaica...eight of the same Music Program Zero mailings advertising something which happened three weeks ago...my goodness, boys and girls, you have been busy, haven’t you? So busy that you don’t have a few moments to spend writing a letter to your old friend, Mr. Beer Columnist. Now, I know that none of you could possibly have any opinion whatsoever about my choice of beers, because we go to Bard, one of the smallest and most opined colleges in the United States (Can you say United States? Close enough). In fact, just yesterday someone came up to me and promised to write me a note regarding some dark beers he wanted me to try, and then promptly dropped off the face of the Earth. (I suppose he couldn’t find a single piece of paper on this whole campus, huh? Yeah, some do-good liberal who actually reads this garbage must have gone mad and recycled it all.) So, despite the hurtful neglect you have been showing your favorite beer columnist, I have done the impossible, or at least the improbable. Yes, boys and girls, some time this weekend I spent the night in The City at the Park Avenue home, (well, actually he lives in a cardboard box, but the vent he sleeps above is on Park Avenue of Bob Mrazgala, a self proclaimed beer prophet who has threatened to deliver a plague upon me,) whatever that means, if I reveal his name or his mailing address. I brought him home with me and stuck him in the closet, and he has agreed to cooperate with me and give a full “beer reading” of two beers which God himself has told him would be enjoyed by all you boys and girls out there. In return I will take off the handcuffs and give him back his box. Take it away, Bob.

“Thanks, kid. Now, these two beers are a couple of beauties which everyone should drink, and, like I told you before, God has personally assured me that y’ll all like ‘em a real lot. See, ordinarily they are out of my league, but, you know, today is a special occasion and all, cause I got to sleep on a carpet last night. And they are both imported by God’s own Import Company, Guiness. So anyway, Bass comes first. Bass is a Pale Ale, like it says on the bottle. I dunno what that means but it’s British and kinda looks like maple syrup, which is one of my favorite beers...oh yeah, no, well, maple syrup isn’t really a beer, but if you let it ferment a while in an alleyway...yeah, sorry, oh...Bassale. Right. It’s got a slightly bitter taste, right, kinda murky smell, but according to The Lord that’s how a fine beer should be, and that’s the way I like it, uh huh. And it’s really, I mean, really dry, crisp and clean and de-licious. Good head, good beer, that’s my motto, and the head on this beer even tastes so good you don’t want to waste that little bit at the bottom there, see? What’s that say? Talk...more...about...the...well, damn, kid, gimme a minute here to get to it. God says this beer is sacred and should be the standard by which all beers are measured, okay? Yeah, real smooth going down, mellow and nice. It’s got a chill out, but don’t ever leave beer in the freezer for too long cause it will explode. Bass is one of the great beers of all time, a real crowd pleaser, not too expensive, available almost anywhere, and a real good way to impress the chicks, ya know?

Guiness Extra Stout is another great, God-given beer, but it’s real different than Bass. For starters, it’s black. Really black, like the bottom of my feet after three years on the street. Hey, that rhymes, don’t it? Wow, I’m a poet and owww, stop that, okay? Where the hell is it? Oh yeah, black beer, and so, instead of being white like most heads are, the head is the dark brown color of a medium-dark beer itself. Guiness is from Ireland, where they really know their dark beers, and it shows. Roxy, mellow, and satisfying are three words that come to mind when I describe this beer, and that’s not just because it says that on the bottle neither. This isn’t an everyday beer, but like I said before, for special occasions it is a real unusual treat. Get it if you can, but don’t get drunk on Guiness because you’ll vomit black—what do you mean I can’t say that? Oh, okay, okay, kid. This stuff is really sweet even if it doesn’t look like it’s going to taste good, and it tastes kinda like a thick bitter-stoutish licorice-flavored...yeah, that would really hit the spot right about now...oww! Hey, man, God chose me as his beer messenger and you can’t hit me...stop it! Stop! Help! God, help your messenger...

Well, boys and girls, that was exciting, wasn’t it? Sorry to end things so abruptly, but it turns out that even if he was a true beer expert, our friend Bob had to be committed to a special hospital where he can talk to God all day. He was a nice guy, but he was psychic. Can you say “psychotic”? I knew that you could.

An Interview with St. Stephen's

Quer -

Ephn Glenn Coler

Eph: ...Who’s interviewing who?
St.: That is in question.
Eph: You know, I would never have guessed anybody even lived in there if I hadn’t seen you going out for a walk. How long have you been on campus?
St.: Let’s just say I come from the “old” school of thought.
Eph: What do you have time to talk about?
St.: I want to know more about this “tension.” I’ve heard people talking about it.
Eph: Why ask me?
St.: I saw your picture in the paper...and well, I’m interested in what students have to say for themselves. Adolph’s is gone, the Savoy is gone, the dogs were taken away, and the Bard Inquirer doesn’t tell me anything I shouldn’t know.
Eph: (smile) You have to be intelligent to understand racism on this campus. That’s why I tell most people to put the word down. Let us forget. Racism is a weapon. It’s sharp, and you can cut yourself.
St.: You sound like an expert.
Eph: No, just a victim. Just a victim who has yet to find any distance from the scenes of so many crimes...A good friend of mine who graduated last year said she was still too busy “survivin’” to think of herself as a survivor or a victim.
St.: I overheard a woman say that she was feeling “vagabondly” last week. Did it have anything to do with the sign over the Old Gym “Women and Race”?
Eph: I know the woman you’re referring to, and yes: It did. The sign read one thing but was really saying, flashing, groping “White women and those Black people.” And if there were truth in advertising it would have gone on to publically outline the terms women of color are always aware of: White girls will cry, be afraid of you, ask you about your hair again, want to be your sister only to be forgotten. You will leave having wasted your time. I suggested that the next time they bill it Women and Experience.
St.: That’s your opinion. What did the women say themselves?
Eph: One woman suggested that I go even if “men” weren’t allowed because I was “more of a woman than most of the tenderboots who would show up.” One woman called it a “soothing session” for white guilt after it was over; another said that she was ashamed of her race after so many “white” women embarrassed her at the meeting with their stupidity. Another woman who worked on a paper instead that night said she didn’t have to go to the meeting to know the Women’s Center’s issues here at Bard are “redundant.”
St.: Were men there?
Eph: If you can call them that. Frankly I think they were invading the woman-created space. But as one woman pointed out to me and others, they really weren’t; the Women’s Center did not officially say men were not welcome. Nowhere was

A page of unedited observations by guest writers

Table:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>beer</th>
<th>Guiness</th>
<th>Extra stout</th>
<th>Bass</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>type</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
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Beverage way

supersnack of beer and soda

Rt. 9 2 miles Nurell of Red Hook Tadillac Light

- Miller $11.99/case
- IC Light $5.99/case
- Grolsch $4.69/case
- Spaten $4.99/case
- Hamm’s $8.49/case

Pepsi $1.19/L
October 7, 1992

THE BARD OBSERVER

Another View

Sir Horace and Lady Jeananais' Restaurant Roan

Throughout the summer/shiver month of September, Sir Horace and myself ventured to several restaurants in the area. Here we provide you with bits from a few half-baked ideas from the kitchen of the Hudson Valley. Mind the large dose; we've three weeks to catch up on.

Our first stop was the TAP HOUSE. For those of you don't know where this is, it sits on Route 9 between Red Hook and Rhinebeck; basically an out-of-place pub that used to be a quaint little restaurant called a "coffee shop," as over-decorated as the Rolling Rock Cafe, also located on Route 9, but still has that "all-American (elaborated upon below)" character and in most ways seems like an over-decorated and upscale Roy Rogers.

Sir Horace had a bowl of sticky, brackish, though still tepidly warm, soup, followed by a small, charred and forgettable steak — especially dishonoring because Horace likes all steak prepared rare. The word steak, for carnivores, brings delight to all the senses, while it repulses vegetarians to no end (unless of course it is still alive and roaming a pasture in Vermont or Oregon somewhere). Let me say that the TAP HOUSE is not for vegetarians or non-dairy lovers. I, of course, you must understand, indulge in both meat and dairy products and consequently, I was thrilled when, upon ordering a beverage, I discovered that they had unhomogenized cream which is something I most enjoy. I then ordered the Filled Steak Sandwich, and I might add that the TAP HOUSE is not the place for me, for steak, but rather for shoe leather, which could be useful during the upcoming winter, they say it'll be a cold one!

Along with an all-American 1980s reductive mock tradition feel, the seating we had was definitely not the plan for us to enjoy our meal, for we were cramped into a small booth. During the meal Sir Horace and I had to switch seats several times to maintain the usual comfort we demand while dining. One reason for this constant "cacoethes chairs" though is due to Sir Horace's not so restless chair, which I find perfectly charming. After our meal we didn't stop to piddle — we left quickly. For under $30 both of us ate; however, the concept of our own home cooking, some Kilmer's Red Hook IGA fresh steaks would have done quite well, at less than half the cost. And we would have had the pleasure too of feeding the stock to several of the local diminishing population of raccoons which frequent Horace's veranda.

Another evening we traveled over the Kingston-Rhinehill bridge to the THYMES in downtown "Old Kingston," of Wall Street. It is my suspicion that the THYMES shares the building with a secondhand store of sorts as the stagnant dank stench that we were greeted with upon entering the restaurant suggested. [All right — I must interject here this confession and admit that we did not have reservations. At the point when the hostess asked, "Do you have reservations?" I said, "Sir Horace made them for 8:30." Then Sir Horace grabbed my arm with terror, "but Lady, you were supposed to make them." We both looked at the hostess, "OHNOO!" She quickly felt sorry for us and seated us as fast as possible. Our plan worked again. A delightful duplicity!]

As soon as we had relaxed into our chairs, an over-friendly waiter hovered over our table and spoke directly at us, his arm less than an inch from our faces. He greeted us: "Here is some complimentary basil-ty-appasagratos' appetizer. Sir Horace and I were both quite puzzled by his frequent affected offering of "complimentary" taken for granted. We ignored him though, since Sir Horace never touches butter that isn't yellow.

On this particular evening I had duck, while Sir Horace had the venison. We were quite impressed with our entrees. The venison was tender and served with a pleasantly moderate sweet sauce, with peaches. My duck had a similar taste (it seems that they play the same game), yet was a bit more pungent and delicate Bambi. Ample sauce (pleasantly warm) for both entrees, along with a tasty minor assortment of carrots and corn. We had no need for desert, as we left satiated, with the sweet aftertaste of game not in vain, a rare treasure nowadays, — and we considered our stomachs, and looked at one another, and smiled, knowing that we had eaten just the right amount. Although quite costly, the THYMES is a good place to take your parents when they visit. Nevertheless, we would suggest that they acquire more attractive looking menus. They are in the "flop" brand decor used by airlines, and bring to mind my antipathy to flying.

Also over the bridge, in Saugerties, we dined at CAFE TAMAYO. Let me say that Sir Horace and I were thoroughly impressed with the atmosphere of this eatery, and the decor was eagerly admired by the

continued on page 10

St. Stephen's interview continued

continued from page 6

stated clearly: NO PENISIES. I have enough sense and a great deal of respect for my friends to know me and my snaps were not needed. They are "fierce" people of color and I am only annoyed that the Women's Center insulted their intelligence just as a lot of men insulted mankind by not taking them seriously. I heard a man say: "We're not going to let you gentlemen keep us from our men"'s meeting." And all of this was before the Women's movement and before Sally's response to Anne's essay.

St.: Is this racism at Bard?

Eph: On this campus before you can talk about racism you have to talk about white guilt; before you can talk about white guilt you have to talk about black sexuality; before you can talk about black sexuality you have to talk about white sensitivity; before you can talk about white sensitivity you have to talk about white privilege; but before you can talk about white privilege you have to talk about "white washing". If those women had gone in there to talk about racism they may have come out "enlightened" rather than still just white. But since they went into it to talk about Anne's article but were too lily-livered to address it - or anything - directly, they didn't get shit. As my grandmother still says today, Shit or get off the pot.

St.: People say you're too harsh.

Eph: Reality is harsh. When black folks get REAL we're just reflectin' the glare. For white people to understand our identities and to invalidate our experience by explaining our existence. People still find the audacity to ask myself and my friends why we sit together in twos and threes or "little Africa." I'm gonna get REAL with folks on this, and I'm gonna start with some facts. Black folks one of these days and inquiring about little "Eastern Europe." Then I will read them by directing them to a map of Africa, an entire continent much too large to be fit inside Kline, this campus, or this country.

St.: Why do you feel responsible?

Eph: Black folks still have to be responsible for themselves and knowing "white" folks better than they know themselves. As a man of color, the attitude of the statement "You don't know me" is DRAMATs, is defense of the implied statement "Who do you think you are?" Why do white people need black people to call them racist? Why don't white people call themselves racist since the word has gained much more attention than the experience. It's a sick paradox, not to mention selfish and severely insensitive. This is like calling a kid elementary. Most know what this is, and on account of this no one around here have already ridden that merry-go-round of history.

St.: American racism is an objective behavior that we as Americans should point out.

Eph: Then why do people of color, queer people, and all those "othered" in the word find themselves in the position of putting their fingers on and telling "white" people who they are? You know something, I don't have any close "white" friends. I have friends from Ohio, I have lesbian friends, friends I met in Germany, friends that dance, dying friends, older friends, "just friends," friends I walked with at the AIDS Walkathon. I have "white" feet bent on to trying further your "mind and cultural experience — Ya know?"

St.: Yes. More people should know better.

Eph: I don't mind being a friend and I don't mind community responsibility—and I actually like being a man sometimes—but I resist mothering anything but my own babies, personally refuse to be anybody's Mammy.

St.: Are you an angry black man?

Eph: No. I'm just plain 'ole existentially impressed these days. Racism has unfortunately become cliché. There's a lot of work to be done, and a lot of it could be done as housework, on your own time. Black students take the opportunity. Saturday evening a few of us spoke with Black Alumnae. We talked about the war in this country against young black men. There are a lot of things in addition to "racism" that people don't talk about. It is just the opportunity. People yell at me, and I say, "What's the rub?" I personally refuse to be anybody's Mammy.

St.: You do tend to get rather "emotional" over issues.

Eph: You want to talk about "emotional"? Like Mr. Cover of the New York Times Magazine telling someone at one of his house sitting a week and a half before his graduations. What I do hear that?!
A Strange and Twisted Performance

The Bard Theater presents an ironic and light-hearted Eugene Onegin

Appearing from October 3rd to the 6th at the Scene Shop Theatre of the Avery Arts Center is the World Premiere of the play "Eugene Onegin" by Paul Schmidt, adapted from the verse novel by Alexander Pushkin. Like many plays which the Bard Theatre presents, this piece is nontraditional, which is what makes it so interesting. From the very beginning, the audience perceives what a strange and twisted performance is about to take place. A woman enters, reading a novel aloud, after which a man descends from a flight of stairs. A bear then enters from the same direction as the woman and proceeds to meet the man, only to kill him. A fourth party then enters the scene, while reading a recipe book aloud, and screams when she finds the dead man. Though it seems confusing, the audience later learns how this fragment fits in with the play. Yet, the main focus of this scene is to demonstrate the oddities which are lurking about in the context.

Alexander Pushkin, played by Jason Holmes McKay, addresses the audience explaining that he is preparing to write a great novel; the characters in the play are the characters in his novel and lend his opinions to him throughout the course of the work; he still remains the writer in the sense that he tries to control the overall situation. It is ironic that a writer would be so concerned with his characters that he would intercede and become a character himself, making it unclear what is real and what is fantasy.

Pushkin tries to help his main character, Eugene Onegin (played by David Hyde Costello), by convincing this cool and detached grouch that he shouldn’t be so bored and that there exist many fascinating things to behold. Onegin, though, does not want to believe that the reality of love will help his boredom. Even after Pushkin tried to set him up Tatyana Larina, played by Nancy Adams Jones, Onegin still was not satisfied. At this point in the play, the audience is aware of the fact that not only is Pushkin seen and heard by Onegin, but also by rest of the characters in his novel including Tatyana and the happy couple of Vladimir Lensky and Olga Larina, played by Evan Sheehy and Shana Lane-Brock respectively.

With all of this interaction taking place, it is difficult for the audience not to be curious and become concerned with the events about to take place. But what is slightly disturbing about the play is the fact that, at some points, it feels as if it is a confused mix between comedy and serious drama; this discordance at times disruptive to the sequence of action. For instance, it is clear that a great amount of comic relief is intended in the play, as the whole aspect of Pushkin-the-light-hearted novelist who enjoys interacting with his characters. Yet, simultaneously, there are scenes which require the viewers to snap themselves into a serious mood, which is a bit difficult to do so suddenly.

The scene in which Tatyana writes Onegin a love letter, asking him to love her back and to spend the rest of his life with her, was hard to swallow given that they had only met once. Here she was, writing a school-girl letter to a man she barely knows, crying and being emotional; was the audience seriously supposed to feel for her? That is how it appeared to be, but how could anyone inhabit that earnestly and be expected to sympathize with her, especially after the antics which the audience just experienced.

We then have the serious dual scene in which Vladimir and Pushkin face off simply because Vladimir becomes angry at a party where Pushkin dances with Olga and does not let Vladimir cut in. When Vladimir was shot and killed, it was hard to know what to make of this sudden serious scene and so instead of feeling upset, I laughed, as others did.

Yet, despite the cases of overacting and serio-drama, "Eugene Onegin" is a success in its attempt to hold the attention of the audience. It is generally a light-hearted play in which the audience can laugh at Pushkin's attempts to manipulate his own novel, fighting against none other than his own characters as to the action and plot of the story. And though the love-angst scenes between Onegin and Tatyana are rather sickening and pathetic, the general theme behind all of it is what makes the play worth seeing. Pushkin is by far the star of the show not only the character, but the actor who portrayed him as well. McKay's light-hearted attitude and dexterity are what makes the play come together; he was the thread which holds everything in place.

Columbus and the Stolen Continent

Stolen Continents presents a revisionist approach to the traditional, white-European school of thought regarding Christopher Columbus and his discovery of the "new world." As the West celebrates 500 years since the original voyage, author Ronald Wright posits, history continues to have its actors bound up in myths. These myths have gained momentum over time and divide history into cultural winners and losers. The winners, those who write and defend this discovery as the West’s shining hour, are those who benefit from the perpetuation of the myth. The losers, inhabitants of "the great island" at the time of Columbus’s arrival, must continue to embrace the myth in order for cultural survival. What is clearly at issue for Mr. Wright is not Christopher Columbus and his personal biography, but those events that set an already inhabited and socialized world ablaze with irreversible biological and cultural trauma. The ancient nations that have survived the European persecution have done so in a subordinate position, mythological winner over loser. Wright’s intention is to dispel the myth regarding conventional whit-European history. Using the available cultural resources that accurately sketch the origins of the original inhabitants of the "new world," Wright presents the other side of history.

To support his assertion that post-Columbian America not only destroyed the volume of populacao, but the cultural legacy it would leave behind, Wright uses examples of recent interdisciplinary thought. An attack on scientific American progress is waged by anthropologists; a civilization arose without the wheel and plow was a marvel to historians who seemed to forget a minor detail: plow animals did not exist until Columbian times. Maya hieroglyphs, undecipherable to these same Eurocentric historians, could not be considered real writing based solely on a lack of comprehension of this sophisticated style of communication. It is within the same spirit that both these cultural interpretations become misunderstood and lost in a white-European context.

Peruvian novelist, Mario Vargas Llosa, has written his abstracted version of the fall of the Inca Empire. Llosa contends that the Incas were completely in awe of the white-God and would allow themselves to be butchered without orders to the contrary. Llosa defends this mythical revival by...
For many of us, Reading Week is one of the most loved opportunities to get off campus, catch up on world events, and hopefully see a few movies before returning to the green spaces we call home./hall/campus/BARD. For those of you hoping to get the most out of your movie dollar, two great deals that are now in limited release around the country are Blade Runner (the much-touted director's cut) and Bill Plympton's The Tune.

Blade Runner, directed by Ridley Scott (same guy as ALIEN) and starring Harrison Ford, is a movie which has reached household-name status among the echelons of science fiction geeksdom. It was originally released around the same time as Spielberg's E.T. - a good comparison, since E.T.'s early eighties wall-eyed optimism is completely opposite to Blade Runner's futuristic melancholy.

Box office statistics were also opposite; E.T. made a mint even before the fuzzy doll merchandising, while Blade Runner was hated by critics and earned less money than it lost to create. However, Blade Runner's dark mood was a quick hit with the midnight movie crowd, and it stuck around for a short time before playing to video rental, where it remains popular to this day. Why is it back in theaters now? When Ridley Scott first screened the movie—his version to test audience response, the producers had a fit. It was too dark, too strange to understand, and too visually self-indulgent, the producers said. They believed the plot as it stood was outsold by the effects and that viewers would have to strain too hard to understand the story. So they added narration, stuck in a few gory shots that Scott had edited out and tackled on a happy ending to boot. Harrison Ford's ever-sardonic, jaded cop narration is not in the currently released version, and Scott's existentially melancholy vision has been restored. This makes for a completely different perception of Ford's character and his surroundings: without the narration, the audience can more fully appreciate the acting and the direction, and can bask in the brilliantly orchestrated effects without distraction. Whether you've rented it a million times or just heard about it from your friend with the "Yoda lives" t-shirt, Blade Runner is a movie that can really be appreciated on a big screen, and the differences in the director's original make it better than ever. A second movie not to miss is Bill Plympton's The Tune. Plympton is the guy who does the "Enemies" cartoon series for MTV, where the two old men do innately violent things to each other. The Tune is fully animated, a bonafide cartoon movie, and it contains even more delightful oddities than Plympton's MTV or Animal Festival spots. This cartoon is also a musical, by the way, the story of a guy in search of that mystical stuff which allows one to write catchy songs. The problem is, he has to find it before he meets with his boss, an evil corporate type (whose secretary, our hero, is in love with). The music is fun and, well, interesting, and along the way you find some pretty odd people and places that you don't even attempt to describe—just have to see it. At barely 83 minutes, it's a pretty short film for the money, but if you want length you can go see We Finally Got Around to Making A Movie Out of Last of the Mohicans, starring whoever, or better yet, read the book. If you want real multi-media entertainment, though, grab your favorite Elvis fan, stroll on over to Hobby-Nobby, and watch the next showings of The Tune. You'll leave the theater wearing a grin - a really demented one.

Having a ball... wish you were here!}

"OUTRAGEOUS!"
One of the best films I've seen this year!

Joel Siegel, Good Morning America

"AMAZING!"
— Tannara Raphael, The New Yorker

★★★★★!
...high pitched attitude and an incredible cast!

— Lawrence Francisc, UP Magazine

PARIS BURNING
A Janine Livingston Film

Wednesday evening at the Student Center, 7 & 9pm

For all those wondering about MPZ's Storytelling, it is continuing at "the club level" (meaning it meets regularly but is not a "class," therefore no credits are received) under the care of a dedicated student by the name of Tereza Topferova.

Anyone interested can start attending, drop in to just check it out, or show up occasionally for some creative action.

Tuesdays 7-9 pm in Brook House

Everyone's welcome to contribute stories in whatever medium. The format is open and spontaneous but serious and dedicated as well. Show up and share!
Bad week for Bard varsity

Women's tennis team wins; all others lose

This week in Bard sports was, in all honesty, truly depressing with the exceptions of the women's tennis team's crushing defeat of Mount Saint Vincent, and the Cross Country team's performance at the Hawk Invitational at William's Lake in Rosendale. Other events in which Bard students prevailed included the Badminton tournament which was held on Friday, and the four-on-four outdoor volleyball tournament which took place on Sunday.

WOMEN'S TENNIS

The Bard women's tennis team administered, shall we say, a butt-kicking for the second week in a row, defeating Mount Saint Vincent by the score of 8-1. The Blazers improved their season record to 2-5 with the win. The singles players who emerged victorious included Delia Chapin (10-2), Jennifer Rock (10-0) and Christa Shute (11-9). Bard also benefited from two forfeits in the fifth and sixth seeds in the singles and from one forfeit in doubles. Bard's doubles teams comprised of Kristin Berardi and Celeste Carrasco, and Cindy Steinfink and Christa Shute; both won their matches to finish off the over-matched Mt. St. Vincent.

CROSS COUNTRY

Bard's Cross Country team this past week participated in the Hawk Invitational hosted by SUNY-New Paltz in Rosendale. The women's team, despite only having two runners, continues to show impressive results.

Correction

The title of last week's sports information article was misspelled as "The Weak in Sports." It was meant to be "The Week in Sports." We apologize for the error, as Bard's varsity teams did very well last week. Bard athletics, as everybody knows, are hardly weak in their respective sports and we really, really didn't mean it.

Dawn Gray finished the very tough 2k course with a time of 22:53 in tenth place, only 2:35 behind the winner. Stephanie Chasteen finished sixteenth with a time of 23:06. The men also ran what Coach Schallenkamp called, "an extremely hard course." Bard top finisher was John Hanson.

Results are in for two of last week's Intramural events. The Badminton tournament held on Friday in the gym proved successful for Monirul Hogue, who won the men's singles; Weili Wu, winner of the women's singles.

SOCER

The women's soccer team had only one game this week, a loss to Russell Sage College 6-8. Sorry, enough said. The men also suffered two losses this past week. The first to Teyko Post University at home 0-6, and the second to St. Joseph's with the score of 0-3. Despite the loss, this week's Male Athlete of the Week is freshmen goalie Ivan Kerecsz of Budapest, Hungary. Coach Corrals commented, "Ivan's quickness in the goal saved our team from letting St. Joseph's score." Ivan had nine saves despite the 0-3 loss. Congratulations, Ivan!

and the team of Malia Dumont and Chuck Beddus, which captured the mixed doubles title. Also on Sunday, the 4-on-4 Outdoor Volleyball tournament was won, interestingly enough, by the two-person team of Jody Apap and Dana MacDonald. They defeated the more conventional four-person team, the Vollet Spikes, composed of John Moore, Kate Wagner, Art Coolbaugh and Ralph Rogers with the score of 15-10 in the final.

UPCOMING EVENTS

In an effort to improve the exercise habits of college students, Bard will be one of the 250 colleges and universities participating in Timex Fitness Week, presented by Ocean Spray, from October 19-25. During the week, the recreation and athletic department will sponsor a variety of events that stress the need to develop a regular fitness program. To reward participating students, Timex sport watches and Ocean Spray Fitness Week T-shirts will be awarded as prizes. Also, free Ocean Spray sports drinks will be distributed at selected events, so show up and drink up for free! Contact Kris Hall at the gym or at ext. 530 for further information. Also coming up in October are a variety of other intramural events including 3 on 3 basketball, floor hockey, and co-ed 6 on 6 volleyball. The captain's meetings for these events are on October 21. As always, contact Kris Hall at extension 530 for more information.
Honor among thieves
by Matthew Apple

I almost laughed out loud when I saw Bard’s official “crime statistics” for the last two academic years. Only one motor vehicle theft and two burglaries? When I was a freshman, at least a dozen bicycles were stolen from Ravine dwellers. During L & T of this year the same thing happened, and this morning a bicycle was discovered missing outside Tewksbury, with the cast bicycle lock left behind on the ground as evidence. Several students claim to have seen Red Hook residents patrolling Bard campus, throwing bicycles into the back of a van and then taking off. Computers have been stolen every year from students’ rooms and, last semester, from departments; cars have been vandalized in the Tewksbury and Robbins parking lots; someone walked off with over three thousand dollars’ worth of electronic equipment last March; the math department was broken into, although nothing was taken. Apparently, none of these crimes were reported to the police.

Why has Security failed to report these crimes to the real police? Maybe Security differentiates between “major” and “minor” crimes by dollar value. In that case, last year two car windows were smashed, a computer was stolen from HOOF, and a stereo board, a synthesizer, an electric guitar, and an amplifier were stolen from a practice room in the Student Center. Those were major financial losses—that makes four, not two, burglaries/ thefts, and they all happened in just one year. If that year was any indication of how many crimes are committed at Bard in any given year, there’s some major crime activity here that nobody ever knows about. Or does Bard, and Security, have reasons why these crimes are never reported—reasons that students should know.

A more important question is who perpetrates these crimes. I have recently learned, by name, three students who own copies of the Master Key, the key that opens each and every door on this campus. It stands to reason that if these three have copies, then there are others who either have previous copies or the originals. Who knows how many students graduate/whenever a copy of this key. The students I know with a copy of the Master Key are not the type to break-and-enter, at least, I think so; but others might have no qualms about unlocking a student’s door when no one is around. All the same, it serves me to know that, in the dead of the night, one of these students could magically open my door, whether I’m away or I’m sleeping. Some may privately entertain fantasies concerning this situation; I don’t.

One easy solution to Bard’s theft dilemma is to mistrust everybody. I mean it; it would sound a bit extreme, but when it comes to personal belongings, you can’t trust anyone. Lock your door when you’re not there. Of course, with so many copies of the Master Key floating around, even locking your door may do no good. Not to say that those few privileged students will ever illegally enter your bedroom one night...

Movement of self-interest
Dear Editor,

I found Miss Mehrens’ notion of “ Movements Unite” quite interesting and amusing. But shouldn’t it rather be called “ Movements with women’s interests Unite”? Of course, some may object and say that that is redundant after all it’s a MOVEMENT. Whatever the case may be, I have a bit to say.

I think Miss Pah’s point or objection—which I believe Miss Mehrens misunderstood—was what gives “you” the right to determine the nature of the “sexual, social, and economic liberation of all women.” (If I am mistaken, I apologize to Miss Pah. But this is a good point nonetheless.) Might women not have their own agenda and different notions of what entails sexual, social, and economic liberation? To my mind, Miss Pah was reacting to what I think is well known among some of women’s more radical groups as the fascist, neo-Nazi, politically correct, self-aggrandizing, and, I think, the necessity of THE MOVEMENT. Would anyone agree that the Feminist Movement represents a certain set of people with particular values and interests who wish to have those same values imposed upon others and those same interests served at the expense of others? I would.

From my woefully inadequate experience, being limited by my gender, economic comfort, etc., I have come to see that THE MOVEMENT is more like a special-interest group hiding under the banner of civil rights, freedom, human rights, what have you. When it uses those broad terms like reproductive freedom, right to privacy, freedom from the fear of domestic violence and rape, economic equality, and so on, it sounds like human rights, civil rights. The rhetorical force of the words “freedom,” “equality,” “rights,” makes them echo quite loudly and insistently in our ears. But ask specifically what is wanted to be accomplished. The civil rights movement wanted blacks to have a legally cemented right to their constitutional right to vote (besides ending various other discriminatory acts in public places). Feminists (and I use that as a huge, broad term so I’ll definitely hit the people I’m aiming for) aren’t doing anything similar in kind. There is a project of complete redefinition of what is supposedly supposed to be guaranteed (not just cementation of what is already guaranteed). Now I am not going to make a judgement on this act of redefining, but I will make intellectual fuels, and that the redefinition is a natural extension of human rights or is a necessary step in moral evolution or what have you. Just admit that this redefinition is quite obviously out of pure self-interest. Of course, I might be up against with some of the things THE MOVEMENT proposes as being quite fair and practical. But this attempt to fool and trick, to convince everyone, especially the grants (you know, women in the world), that this movement is just trying to get you the rights and freedoms (oh, continued on page 11)

More roaming
continued from page 6
both of us. CAFE TAMAYO is quaint, colorfully decorated with an attractive menu offering everything from fresh salads to pasta and fish. I had the tuna, while Sir H. had the Swordfish. Both were prudently cooked and prepared simply, and well. Finally we found a place not merely for eating, but for dining which has friendly service and is reasonably priced. For half the price of the Taste we were more and relaxed in an authentically looking, charming, and also too, a complimentary setting. We learned they are open for lunch and look forward to finding out soon.

Hmm... wonder where my money is going? Sir H. looks at me with a blank expression. Sir H. is still in search of the 7-pound lobster and we will not stop roaming until we find it and eat it with the proper kind of butter. I want to go to Augusta to look for it, but Sir H. proposes Nova Scotia over reading week.

Corrections
The article “Sponsorship Abandoned” in the Sept. 20th issue of the Observer incorrectly stated that the artwork at Proctor is student work. It is the work of professional New York artists. Also, the article “One night at a movie” incorrectly stated that the priest was outside, but Sir H. proposes Nova Scotia over reading week.

A Dog’s life.
So, where’s the “Suits and Gentleman’s” speech? Oh, much...

By David Draper.

Where that means he’s from Friday night.

Don’t even think it.”
November
Bard
Rally

Exotic is racism

Dear Editor,

On Sunday, November 1, 1992, the Bard Coalition for Choice will sponsor a Students for Choice rally to be held on the Bard College campus. We have invited students from approximately thirty colleges all across the region including New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Also invited is a long list of speakers, politicians, activists, and entertainers.

The Coalition for Choice has long been an active force in the struggle for reproductive freedom, nationalized health care, safer sex outreach programs, and the right of all women of all races to a safe and legal abortion. The Nov. 1 rally is the culmination of that struggle.

The purpose of this rally is to ensure that student activism and the student will again become a powerful political force in our nation. It is our hope that college campuses in the 1990s, like the college in the 1960s, will be hotbeds of new roots to political movements. In the 1960 students raised their voices in protest and were heard. In this crucial election year we must speak out and let our power be felt. We must support our pro-choice candidates at every level of government by vot-
What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

**WEDNESDAY. OCTOBER 7**
- **Asian American Students Organization** is having their meeting today in the President's Room in Kline, 5p. Be involved.
- **Outing Club** is indoors, holding their meeting in the Committee Room in Kline, 6p.
- **Columbus at Home**? Discuss your ideas at the Columbus Forum at 7p, Olin Auditorium. Sponsored by these groups: Latin American Students Organization, Bard Black Students Organization, & the Leonard Peltier Support Group. Be there.
- **Play Pen** Hear music by anybody, for everybody at Bard's Open Concert Series. See your friends: James Chang, Tracy Feldman, The Dixie Cups, Kristi M. Price, Fabulous Five Peace Jazz Quintet/Sextet, Chris Elliot, Carmel Holt, Paul Thompson, Sarah Kramer, Lisa Lizz & Country Jane, & Benson Sebastian perform at 7p, Bard Hall.
- **Student Forum**. This affects you—student forum meets tonight to discuss 3 constitutional changes, & committee reports. 8p at Kline...Don't miss it!
- **Paris is Burning**. The Film Committee presents this documentary of "Vougeing" as part of National Coming Out Week. See this film at 7 & 9p, at the Student Center.
- **Kurosawa** Add to to Japanese film repertoire with *Ikiru*, a Black & White 1952 movie of a clerk who learns that he is dying; he spends his last months creating a children's playground. Another film in the Three Japanese Directer's screenings. At the Preston Film Center, 7p.

**THURSDAY. OCTOBER 8**
- **Proved your masculinity today?** See the video, and discuss this social construct with Greg Barker & Alan Stein at Olin 203, 6:30p.
- **Ernie Gehr at Bard**. This master filmmaker/ex-Bard prof. will speak and show his latest work, *Drive/Visit/Shuttle*- San Francisco as a semi-abstract cityscape viewed upside-down/sideways in long-sustained shots. The constantly moving camera slides down buildings whose facades & the streets below form shifting abstract patterns. Don't miss this chance to film at Preston Film Center, 7p.
- **No Diving Here** with the Skydive Club's grounded party at 8p, the Student Center—complete with bands & refreshments.

**SATURDAY. OCTOBER 10**

**TUESDAY. OCTOBER 13**
- **Oh Where, Oh Where? Storytelling** returns to us as a club in the Brook House, 7-9p. Check it out.
- **The New York String Trip** See the innovative jazz trio that improvises in the contemporary idioms of creative music & contemporary classical music. They are the first group of their nature in modern times to employ these techniques. See them for free at Bard Hall, 8p. ****—jason D.J.

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**BRUNCH**

SUNDAYS AT DEKLIN, 9AM-1PM. BAGELS, FRESH FRUIT, THE SUNDAY TIMES, & MUSIC.

"That's where these three clumsy ones come into my story. At the 7:06 am we met this lady who had two friends very connected to the 'scene.'"

"After a night like that, how could I be expected to study?"

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**dk. deKline Café**

758-2651

regular hours: reading week:
8 PM-2 AM 8 PM-12 AM

COMING ATTRACTIONS

7 OCT, WED, 9:00 PM: LIVEJAZZ
8 OCT, THU, 8:00 PM: CATHY WINTER,
Presented by BAGEL, SINGER.
AKERE will be open.