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Dance Theatre III
Modern dance and flamenco

Crashing forth with the force of a head-on train collision, glass-shattering cymbals, and horns alternately booming and howling, Car- digan sweaters clashing with baggy sweatshirt, wobbling tie and slick black suit - a roaring mish-mash of jazz, big band and cabaret - the sounds of the Either/Orchestra reverberated and popped the Olin Auditorium last Saturday night.

The Orchestra, a ten-piece band consisting of seven horns, piano, bass and drums, played two sets of around fifty minutes each. The music covered a variety of styles, with an overall Big Band influence, and included covers as well as original compositions. The actual members of the band were quite a diverse assemblage, each with an individual style of performance - and dress - but operating within the framework of the whole. Individual members of the band have had experiences with rock, funk, classical, mariachi and merengue while naming Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk among their influences. The goal of the group is to "learn from the past and apply that knowledge to the future...a continuing quest for spontaneity...and personal expression—and fun." This became increasingly apparent as the members of the band gradually loosened up, occasionally clowning around on stage and generally giving the appearance of enjoying themselves. Band founder and self-styled encore Russ Gershon, ready with dry wit, narrated the band's exploits throughout the performance, offering background information and various anecdotes.

The first set opened a bit stiffly as the band members warmed up with "Ecstasy," which was the name the songwriter, Horace, spelled backwards, and moved into "The Hall-life of Desire," the title track from the group's second CD. Other songs in the first set included "Car Wash," which was originally entitled "Cliff Notes" by a former band member and has not yet been recorded, and "Born in a Suitcase." After the intermission the band continued to play for a slightly smaller crowd, kicking off the second set with their cover of Sun Ra's "Brain Bill," continuing through a number called "The Door," and then rattling into "John's Dream," undoubtedly the best song of the night, at least from the audience's point of view. Written by "the mysterious Bob, whose name is a palindrome," "John's Dream" featured saxophonist Douglas Yates on the bass clarinet. One of Yates's solos during the song got the entire band dancing to the best of their ability, and the audience happily grooved along. The bass clarinet solo was followed by a solo on the pocket trumpet by group member, John Carlson. 

"Miles Away" kept the momentum established by "John's Dream," and Duke Ellington's "Caravan" ("the greatest song ever composed on this or any other planet") finished out the set. The group returned for an encore, performing the audience-requested Aguila.

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

continued on page 11
Wave of crime hits Bard

Burglaries across campus prompt administrative action

A wave of burglaries has swept across Bard campus in the past two weeks, sparking increased concern among administrators for student safety. The first major theft occurred on the night of Wednesday, October 7th, at deKline, the student cafe in the basement of the Student Center. Tami Sloan, a co-head of deKline, reported $800 missing from the cash box on Thursday morning, and the Dutchess County Sheriff's Department began an investigation on the following Tuesday. According to Bob Boyle, Director of Security, one of the windows was unlocked, with fingerprints smeared across it so no fingerprinting could be done, but "the amount of area around the window wouldn't have allowed access, and the lack of physical evidence in that area [none of the plants near the window had been disturbed] didn't seem to indicate that someone had come in that way."

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

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

- A stereo and computer were reported stolen from a student's room in Schaefer Dormitory, worth approximately $6000 total. There was no apparent damage to the room.
- A student on the first floor of South Hall reported that a CD player had been stolen, the window had been left unlocked, the window screen ripped, and things disturbed beneath the window.
- A silk shirt and jacket were reported missing from a student's room in Manor, a value of about $1000. There was no evidence of a forced entry.
- This past weekend, a computer was reported missing from an office in Sottery Hall. There was no evidence of a forced entry.

Buildings and grounds are in the process of deactivating the master key system, changing all the locks on campus. All the locks in the Alumnus dorms were changed Monday, and Tewskbury locks were scheduled to be changed as of Tuesday. Security and buildings and grounds will be operating on a sub-master key system, with keys that only open rooms in specific buildings, while Servicemaster employees have their own keys that work as sub-master keys.

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

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

"A lot of what I've hearing is, 'Hey, someone broke into my room. It definitely must have been a master key,'" Morgan continued. "Some, granted, that may be true. Others...I'm not sure precautions were taken. Many cases of reported thefts have apparently resulted from students leaving their doors and windows unlocked, almost inviting burglars to enter their rooms without being noticed."

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

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

Dorms to be made more energy-efficient

Having been constructed over twenty years ago, the Raven dormitories are finally in the process of being renovated. According to Director of the Physical Plant, Dick Griffiths, each of the dorms shall be made more energy-efficient "as the money is made available."

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

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

Griffiths expects that one more Ravine should have the insulation and siding installed before winter begins and anticipates all of the dorms shall be treated within the next two years. Future plans for the Ravines include the installation of heat pumps, so that the current system of electric heating will be used only as a back-up. Heat pumps would also allow the Ravines the possibility of air-conditioning during the summer months.

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

1992 Semi-Annual Coffee House a great success

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

Here are the highlights:

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

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

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

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

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

Two Songs in Alphabetical Order were played by Noel, a pianist who almost sounds like Bob Dylan when he plays his songs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Dead Goat Notes

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

The other day I got a call from Gladys Watson. "Greg," she said, "I want to take you out of the grave we've been putting you in for the last two years and put you up in a single in Manor house.

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

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

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

What? You don't know the story of the Manor Meatlocker? Well, it goes back to when the town of Red Hook wasn't called Red Hook. It was called Chicago back then. This was a sort of rule for the town since they frequently had their mail forwarded to the Windy City while simultaneously having to turn down hundreds of tourists aching to see the Sears Tower.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly, they heard a strange scraping sound. Spooked, the young male knocked the Scrabble board off of the stick shift, put continued on page 12
THE BARD OBSERVER

October 28, 1992

Features

Halloween shenanigans

How to look right for the occasion!

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

To make your face look cut up, bleeding, and scared:
- Pin hair back; mix 1 teaspoon of uncooked unflavored gelatin with 1/2 drop of red food coloring and paint entire face with mixture. In another bowl, mix 1/2 cup uncooked oatmeal with 1/4 cup corn syrup; spread this mixture onto the face, leaving some gaps around the eyes and nose. Place the mixture around the eyes and nose. To make the face look splotchy, add 2 tablespoons of water to the mixture and spread it around the face.

To make your face ooze:
- Pin hair back; pour 3 tablespoons of corn syrup onto plate, cut piece of thin paper to fit across forehead, dip this into corn syrup and apply to face; cover the rest of the face with paper towel covering.

HINTS + HEALTHY REMINDERS:
1. DON'T apply any substance over or near the eyes.
2. Use different colors and combinations to twist effect.
3. Darken around eyes with black cake makeup or eyeliner.
4. Let face dry before going out.
5. Most face will simply peel off (best done over a garage can). Soap, water, and a scrub brush will take care of excess make-up and left-over stickiness.

HAPPY HALLOWEEN
from the staff of the Bard Observer

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

Teams should come to Olin 301 at 6:30pm on Halloween.

9 reasons why you shouldn't miss it...
1. You might have fun.
2. You can drink all the beer you bring yourself.
5. It's free.
6. Creepy movies will be shown afterwards (starting at 8:30pm) in Olin 301.
7. Wonderful bonding experience for you and your friends.
8. Nifty door prizes.
9. Your team members could each win a grand prize so great it will blow out the backs of your heads.

Human rights now!
Bard Amnesty International steps to end abuse

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

Public Enemy Number One in Peru may be incarcerated now, but the movement has spawned, "The Shining Path" or Sendero Luminoso, has inspired bloodshed and continues to encourage widespread human rights violations by the terrorists and the government. The majority of Peruvians, however, like people all over the world, want the horrors to end. "Disregard for the personal dignity of political prisoners continues unabated throughout the world. What can be done?" Fifteen Bard students asserted last week that it is indeed "our world," and that things can be done at a meeting of Bard's Amnesty International. It took them less than fifteen minutes to write their urgent action appeals to leaders in Guatemala to defend prisoners, like ourselves, who have been imprisoned on trumped-up charges. The students also saw "Last of the Stills," a short documentary on the important effects letter-writing campaigns have upon the conditions of abused people. Survivors of torture expressed their gratitude for the concerns expressed by people internationally. To know that the world knows you are alive renews your faith and hope as a prisoner.

One campaign brought one thousand letters of appeal on behalf of a prisoner who was subsequently freed. Imagine, if every Bard student took fifteen minutes to write a letter of appeal, a prisoner could be freed. It does happen. Every day, someone is released somewhere. Last summer, a prisoner (that Bard students had particularly campaigned for) was released. You have the chance to save another's life, and thus your own. Every person freed is one more person to fight for your own freedom. Any interested person can speak, or write to Chris Chinnock, head of Bard's Amnesty International. Upcoming events for this club include a visit by Ms. Nongcobo Sangweni who was imprisoned, along with her twelve year-old daughter, for political reasons.

Also, there is an upcoming conference in Boston which some Bard students may attend. Meetings of the Bard Amnesty International organization are announced in the calendar on the back page of the Observer and on posters all over campus. Stay tuned to the Observer for more information on how to contribute to this cause!
In a recent telephone interview with Mr. David Lilly, a Peace Corps Recruitment Member, the following took place:

Q: When is the Peace Corps visiting Bard?
A: On Monday, November 2nd, a representative will be at Kline Commons from 11:30 to 1:30 to stir up interest and answer questions. Applications will be available. Interested students can sign up later at the Career Development Office for interview appointments. Monday, November 16th, is the scheduled day for interviews to be conducted on campus. Those seniors seriously considering joining the Peace Corps ought to submit applications this semester because the selection process can take almost six to nine months.

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

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

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

Q: So, a student need not have prior experience with a language of a host country?
A: I know of very few Americans who are fluent in Arabic, or Swahili, for that matter. Kenya and Tanzania, for example, ask for volunteers without prior experience with the language. That is taught once they arrive.

Q: How many people are currently serving in the Peace Corps?
A: 6,000 are serving across the nation in 95 countries, covering more than half of the nations in the world.

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

Q: For a college, does Bard provide a higher-than-average number of recruits?
A: That's hard for me to say. There has always been a lot of interest. The campus seems to consider international services a serious option. When our representatives visit, they meet lots of people; busier than most elsewhere, perhaps. I happen to like Bard very much.

Q: This may sound silly, but what would you say to a student considering enlistment if he is fair-skinned and fearful of the tropical sun?
A: It’s not silly. On the application form there is an geographical preference section. If you'd prefer to go to Latin America, you can mark that as a preference. However, if you'd like to work in Fiji, but you are a civil engineer and Fiji has not requested civil engineers, you cannot be placed there.

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

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

The Man on the Street Beer Column

I met some friends this week who introduced me to the "black and tan" - an English drink, with a dark beer (originally Guinness was used) and a pale ale (such as John Courage) layered on top of each other. Not shaken, not stirred, these beer cocktails are just poured in a glass, one after each other, creating a drink which combines the best qualities of each type of beer without tasting as if it were the sum of its parts. I first suspected this would ensue from such an odd mix. They taste, at best, like a homemade Petrie's Wicked Ale. The best combination, I was assured, was actually a variant of this tradition; the bottles of various red lagers and Molson Dark scattered about the sumptuous living quarters (second floor of an old house) of these anonymous students supported this theory. Hence, with the corollary of Halloween this week, we should be in a celebration of the fall colors to be found within a "brown and red" - namely, the cocky, gold-nosed Brooklyn Ale and Killian's Red, American beers with a distinctly European flair for an Americanized holiday such as Hallown's Eve.

Brooklyn Brown is a local beer, one of many local brews which come out of the F. X. Matt brewery in Utica (home of Saranac and others) "undersecretarial agreement." Mr. F.X. Matt II, son of the brewery's founder, allows those brewers which do not have enough demand to need their own breweries to prepare their recipes under his roof, both as a show of support for small companies in this great capitalistic land and in an attempt to get more unusual beers on the market. In the case of Brooklyn Brown, the unique qualities of this "pale" beer (the only ingredients are malted barley, hops, yeast, and water) are evident immediately - the head almost springs from the bottle upon opening, spacy and thick, reminiscent of nutmeg. The beer is truly brown, with a strong nut-brown head, resembling nothing so much as root beer in color and texture but gives a warm, briny reddish glow when held up to the light. The taste is, as expected, sharp and bitter, not so much in a bad way but more of a distinctively refreshing way. A more observant beer tester might have described it as "extremely fresh." The aftertaste is certainly unusual - after moments of infection and concentration, we finally identify the taste as one of a deliciously thin film of soap. Ah well, the scopolamylized taste is too obvious, and the beer in general is fine stuff, if a little too bitter for my liking. This is an aftertaste along which lowers the rating on this otherwise fine beer.

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

Pardon me for interrupting Bard life...

by Rebekah Klein

Dear everyone, pardon me for interrupting Bard life. I have been to the Oktoberfest, and I cannot repeal my need to get my two cents in about what I have read of late in the Bard Observer. I received the Sept, 23 and Oct. 7 issues this evening, and immediately shared them with a few friends. I do each time they arrive. They are a curiosity piece, and are coveted by the scant subversive element which exists at my school. That's not my point, but can considered part of it if you try real hard.

Before I get to the point (Drew's letter in the Oct. 7 issue) I want you to know that I do each time they arrive. They are a curiosity piece, and are coveted by the scant subversive element which exists at my school. That's not my point, but can considered part of it if you try real hard.

I first met the Bard Observer when I was on the editorial board of the Jewish Student Organization for getting the most money from the Planning Committee EVER since the organization's revival. You give me such much good luck in the New Year, and keep those events coming.

I feel that I have to respond to Drew's article which bashes on the "man in the Street" for describing Asia as an "exotic" part of the world. I do not want you to think, Drew, that I am insensitive to the issue you are raising. I understand your desire to maintain your ethnic identity without becoming a deviant curiosity. You would certainly know that if you saw me going around to my professors here telling them I would not be in class for the High Holidays, and being bombarded with questions about Judaism while trying to fast on Yom Kippur. But I'm masking you for perspective. White America is not inherently evil, but it is the dominant majority culture. It's easy to get lost inside of it if you are of the minority. America as a whole is geographically and intellectually isolated from the rest of the world. It is very easy to forget the rest is there, to imagine that it doesn't exist except as media fodder. America is a world of its own in its struggle for conflict and national issues. It takes active initiative to understand what is going on in the world from the States. Most people do not have that active initiative, and remain concentrated on their own life.

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

As I write this, I am sitting in a room with people from at least five countries of which I have no experience. Does it make me evil to appreciate the richness of diversity without understanding the cultures these other people have come from? Am I rudely educated because I have considered their languages, music or clothing exotic? If it does, then we will never learn anything about each other. We'll be too afraid of offending someone with an important role. Put the fears aside. If you are sincere about learning something new, the other person will know and answer you. I truly enjoyed answering ignorant questions about Judaism on Yom Kippur. Curiosity is a good thing. How could we learn if we weren't curious?

Bard, like America, is isolated. It is easy to get caught up in the pattern of the frustrated, black-clad, cynical misanthrope who harls misguided anger at words, that by convoluting reasoning can be considered offensive. No one will listen to you if your release anger in this way. In order to change the popular consciousness, one must be able to communicate with it. You must open yourself up to understanding the mainstream. Case in point: the biggest culture shock I experienced here was in reaction to mainstream Americans. After eight weeks, I have finally stopped thinking, "You can't possibly be serious!" whenever they say something. For the first time I'm in the company of frat boys and sorority girls who support Bush and flaunt their money. I'm in college with people from high school I tried to avoid. We all watched "Heather's" one movie night, and my friends and I snickered in the background at the suble irony of it. When I jokingly suggested to one girl that, "These people must be killed," she replied seriously that she'd have to kick off all her friends. At that point I broke through to some sort of understanding. It is at least enough to be able to debate with each other without thinking the other is from space. These are the people we have to reach. The status quo, don't-rock-the-boat majority. Go beyond Bard in your attacks, and have them make sense. Write a letter to the New York Times. Read Bill Buckley and George Will. You don't have to compromise your ideals to understand others and communicate.
THE BARD OBSERVER
October 28, 1992

"This column sucks," he said posthumously

Another View

Try to study at the library, I dare you

by Tatiana Prowell

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

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

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

Perhaps the students have become used to the fact that our library falls short of serving the community as a whole. (For example, it is not fully accessible to people in wheelchairs,) and now they treat it ac- cordingly, but this is no excuse. What do I mean? Here’s one example. Let’s say that the excessively noisy (immature, inconsiderate, etc.) neighbors in your dorm make it impossible for you to concentrate and study there, so you go to the library. Maybe you have a magnetic attraction with these people, or maybe they’re conspiring to drive you mad, but they manage to make it to the library five minutes before you arrive every time. You sit down to study, and from the noise, you could be convinced that you have been transported to the Towsbury Lounge to watch the Super Bowl, except that it’s the wrong month. These people simply will not shut up, and some sense of propriety wrongly instilled at a young age tells us not to tell them to shut up, so we give them anoyed looks or say “sshhh!” very quietly. Where were the people socialized? Why didn’t their parents give them that sense of propriety that makes one feel slightly ashamed in such situations—that makes one SHUT UP? Even the students who work at the front desk do it; I’ve worked at a library, and all of those old jokes about librarians saying “ssshhh!” until their lips fall off are true. These students must have been told that the library is intended to be a quiet place, or maybe not. Maybe they need to be told, in the same way that the students apparently needed to be told by the Dean of Students to walk on the right side of the road and wear bright clothing at night. So, instead of making 1,500 photocopies telling students how to avoid overdue fines, why doesn’t someone put out a flyer or tell them to stop talking. I’ve been told that the library has no policy against leaving notes in the books, so why doesn’t someone put a note in the books asking them to put them back? And presumably you would have to be told not to spit or smoke in the library.

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

Why do people find it necessary to scribble their rather uninspired comments all over the pages of the library’s books? These books are for the joint use of the community, and for the students’ reading pleasure. Those of you who don’t do this can be basically divided into three groups: the thieves, who may scribble all over the books, but who never intend to return them anywhere and who expect you to spend as much money as they did in buying the books. I think it’s time to learn to live with it. If I did, I’d fit right in around here. But I don’t. I’m so goddamn alienated, and different, that you wouldn’t begin to understand my...uhh-uhh...

Aw f**k it...I’m gonna go smoke some pot and beat off.

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

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

A page of unedited observations by guest writers
The Uses of Anger: Women

Keynote presentation at the National Women's Studies

by Audre Lorde

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

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

Women responding to racism means women responding to anger; the anger of exclusion, of unquestioned privilege, of racial distinctions, of silence, ill-use, stereotyping, defensiveness, meaninglessness, betrayal, and co-optation. My anger is a response to racist attitudes and to the actions and presumptions that arise out of those attitudes. If your dealings with other women reflect those attitudes, then my anger and your attendant fears are spotlights that can be used for growth in the same way I have used learning to express anger for my growth. But for corrective surgery, not guilt. Guilt and defensiveness are bricks in a wall against which we all flounder; they serve none of our futures.

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

For example:

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

- The Women's Studies Program of a southern university invites a Black woman to read a poem and a white woman Buddhist asks, "Tell me how you feel but don't say it too harshly or I cannot hear you." But is it my manner that keeps her from hearing, or the threat of a message that her life may change?

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

- I learn from my students. "To make a poem is a political act," says a white man. "Tell me how you feel but don't say it too harshly or I cannot hear you." But is it my manner that keeps him from hearing, or the threat of a message that his life may change?

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

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

Everything can be used except what is Watson's? (You will need to remember this when you are accused of destruction.) From "For Each of You," first published in From A Land Where Other People Live (Broadside Press, Detroit, 1973), and collected in Cheesestones and New: W.W. Norton and Company, New York, 1982), p. 42

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

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

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

Responding to Racism


October 28, 1992

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

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

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

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

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

Any discussion among women about racism must include not only the recognition and the use of anger. This discussion must be direct and creative because it is crucial. We cannot allow our fear of anger to deflect us or seduce us into settling for anything less than the hard work of excavating honesty; we must be quite serious about the choice of this topic and the anger entwined within it because, rest assured, our opponents are quite serious about their hatred of us and of what we are trying to do here.

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

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

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

Anger is an appropriate reaction to racist attitudes, as is fury when the actions arising from those attitudes prove insidious. To those women here who fear the anger of women of Color more than their own unscrutinized racist attitudes, I ask: Is the anger of women of Color more threatening than the woman-hatred that tinges all aspects of our lives?

Is it not the anger of other women that will destroy us but our refusals to stand still, to listen to its rhythms, to learn within it, to move beyond the manner of presentation to the substance, to tap that anger as an important source of empowerment? I cannot hide my anger to spare you guilt, nor hurt feelings, nor answering anger; for to do so insults and trivializes all our efforts. Guilt is not a response to anger; it is a response to one’s own actions or lack of action. If it leads to change then it can be useful, since it is then no longer guilt but the beginning of knowledge. Yet all too often, guilt is just another name for impotence, for defensiveness destructive of consciousness; it becomes a device to protect ignorance and the continuation of the things they are, the ultimate protection for changelessness.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To turn aside from the anger of Black women with excuses or the pretense of intimidation is to award no one power - it is merely another way of preserving racial blindness, the power of unaddressed privilege, unbreached, intact. Guilt is only another form of objectification. Oppressed peoples are always being asked to stretch a little more, to bridge the gap between blindness and humanity. Black women are expected to use our anger only in the service of other people’s salvation or learning. But that time is over. My anger has meant pain to me but it has also meant survival, and before I give it up I’m going to be sure continued on page 10
Another View

Election '92—here's the candidates

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

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

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

However, this is not a single issue election; there are other reasons to oppose D’Amato and support Abrams. D’Amato calls for two-year freeze in federal spending, except Social Security, and carries his party line on most economic issues. While he supports condom distribution in schools, he is adamantly against needle exchanges to prevent AIDS. D’Amato has a hedge-podge approach to environmental issues, seeming sensitive on some issues (mass transit in particular), but voting against cleaning up contaminated nuclear waste centers. Finally, D’Amato’s vote let Bush’s veto of the Civil Rights Act of 1990 stand. Abrams, on the other hand, favors national health insurance, condom distribution and needle exchanges. He calls for a cut in military spending, and wants us to be a domestic power, rather than "the world’s superpower." Abrams is strong on civil rights, punishing bias-motivated violence, and is an advocate of gay and lesbian rights. Finally, he is strict on environmental issues, favoring Federal support for recycling, and supports Earth Summit limits on emission of Greenhouse Gases, among other environmental matters.

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

Also, Coalition for Choice strongly supports Eileen Hickey, running for State Assembly in our district (97). You all have probably received tons of flyers from her, sufficient to explain her interests—pro-choice, pro-jobs, pro-expansion dates on prescriptions, among other issues. She is running against Donald McMillen, a Republican/Conservative.

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

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

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

—Rose Cramer, Coalition for Choice

Audre Lorde's essay
continued from page 3

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

What woman here is so enamoured of her own oppression that she cannot see her footprint upon another woman's face? What woman's terms of oppression have become precedes and necessary to her as a ticket into the fold of the righteous, away from the cold winds of self-scrutiny? I am a lesbian woman of Color whose children eat regularly because I work in a university. If their full bellies make me fail to recognize my commonality with a woman of Color whose children do not eat because she cannot find work, or who has no children because her insiders are rooted from home abortions and sterilization, if I fail to recognize the lesbian who chooses not to have children, the woman who remains closeted because her homophobic community, her only life support, the woman who chooses silence instead of another death, the woman who is terrified lest my anger trigger the explosion of here; if I fail to recognize them as other faces of myself, then I am contributing not only to each of their oppressions but also to my own, and the anger which stands between us then must be used for clarity and mutual empowerment, not for evasion by guilt or for further separation. I am not free while any woman is unfree, even when her shackles are very different from my own. And I am not free as long as one person of Color remains chained. Nor is any one of you.

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

Betty Friedan
author of The Feminine Mystique
Is coming to Bard!!

Students for Choice Election Rally
Sunday, November 1st
Bard College
on the Ludlow Green

Other speakers include: President Bolstein, local pro-choice candidates, NOW, ALCU, WAC, Barbara Windum, and Akire will sing!

Sponsored by the Bard College Coalition for Choice

A page of unedited observations from guest writers
The Bard Observer

October 28, 1992

Another View

Sexually harrassing behavior is NOT reasonable!

by Kate McCumber-Goldring

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

Although I did not see the television show you referred to in your article, I do think I know of at least one of the cases that was referred to on it. A 15 year-old girl's name was plastered on the wall of bathroom in her high school, labeling her as a whore, a "dick-sucking brother fucking whore" to be exact. For 18 months the graffiti continued while the school did nothing. The case was filed against the high school, at which the young woman attended, for not doing anything to stop this atmosphere of sexual harassment. I hope this is one of the cases you were referring to in your review of a talk-show.

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

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

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

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

Upcoming events at Blum

Saturday, October 31st
A lecture by Professor Margareta Olesnikiewicz and documentary video entitled "Drama, Festivals and Rituals in the Anden: Tragedy Of The Death of Atahualpa" from 2:30 p.m. at Blum.

A workshop on Andean music and musical instrument making by Guillermo Guerrero and Juan Lazaro at Bard Hall from 3:30 p.m.

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

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

Tuesday, November 3rd
A film entitled "The Courage of the People" by Bolivian film maker, Jorge Sanjines, at 7 p.m. at Preston Film Center.

Thursday, November 12th
A film entitled "Man Facing Southen" by Eliseo Subiela at 7 p.m. at Preston Film Center.

Thursday, November 17th
"Memory of Fire," readings and music from the Caribbean, the Anden, Mexico and Central America at 7 p.m. at Blum.

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

Classifieds and Personals

Found: Lighter. Please describe. Box 1355

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

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

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

#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 can do plus absolutely nothing. Call 1-800-735-2027, Ext. 215.

T.S. Eliot, H.D., e. cummings, Adrienne Rich and many other poets read their work every Wednesday from 3:30-4:30 pm and every Sunday 5:30-8:30 in the Town Hall Poetry Room, Olin 101. These are readings (of course) so please come by and listen to whatever you want to hear.

Need help with your papers? Peer Tutors are available Mon. through Thu. evenings at 8 pm in Fairbanks 307 to assist you with all your questions. Call 758-7540 to arrange an appointment.

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

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

We're going FM 2 weeks! Look for a schedule of DJs in next week's Observer.
Dance Theatre III and Flamenco were presented by the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance from October 23rd-26th with almost all of the pieces in the concert choreographed and performed by students.

Fishy Sasso, the first piece performed, reminded those of us who viewed the concert last year that Dance Theatre concerts are not just any old dance performances. In this piece, the first performer in the scene, Herman Harmelink, is not a dancer at all, but rather a lecturer speaking a foreign language at a podium. Two more performers, Abby Bender and Anna Luckey, enter the scene and begin dancing to his speech, which is intended to provide both the music and skeleton of the piece. Meanwhile, images from a film are projected onto a screen in the background. Needless to say, it is difficult to pay attention to the actual dancing while all of this is taking place, and some viewers felt that they should be searching for a hidden meaning in all of the distractions. Although the audience chuckled at one bit, Peterson maintained his confidence and worked through the awkwardness of the moment.

Unions, a piece choreographed by Layla M. Childs and performed by Miriam Aremberg, Jen Cooke, Dawn Frank, Rosie Getts and Autumnn Anna Luckey, projects a very clear message about human interaction. In the piece, the dancers gently caress one another, then separately convulse and make mechanical motions, which appear robot-like and forced. Overall, the movements are unique and well felt. Helsinki Theatre by Tom Wait fits in perfectly with the piece and helps to anchor it in place. The dancers wear bland pant suits, contributing to the heavy feeling of oppression and mechanism often found among members of low-income strata. In this piece, the dancers separate and reunite, as if seeking human contact despite their dehumanized lifestyle. The struggle for a sense of collective humanity is apparent and gains the audience's empathy.

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

Dance Theatre III should be praised for its accessibility to the common viewer. Even those who know little of modern dance, including myself, feel a rare sense of intimate involvement in the show. Following the concert was a flamenco performance directed by Aileen Passloff, accompanied on guitar by Enrique Lopez, and featuring a cast of dancers, some of whom were studying flamenco for the first time: Robert Anderson, Jenny Bosgreen, Raysa Collier, Aisha DaCosta, Lisa Folb, Robert Frazier, Eric Hoffman, Megan Krouzy, Elissa Kammer, Mildred Ruiz, Arabella Stewart and Marta Toporova. Although the style of dance is traditional, the performance is light-hearted, with students cheering on their fellow dancers from the sides of the stage.

Passloff claims that the course is not entirely about flamenco, but rather is a general program of Spanish dance, which should be called "Impressions of Spain." Whatever one wants to call it, the entire show provides the audience with a rich and authentic Spanish ambience in an attempt to use dance as a means of understanding other cultures. As Passloff explains, the clapping and encouragement of the dancers is vital to this style of dance: "...and without it, there would be no flamenco."

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

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

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**Movies**

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

**Nashville**
Directed by Robert Altman, 1975. Robert Altman probes behind the surface of American Idealism. He uses the microcosm of Nashville as a metaphor for the American political area, while on the surface, the Nashville country music culture appears to be stable & sturdy, behind the scenes. a series of forbidding barriers is at an unspoken distance. SHORT: Betty Boop: Candid Candidate.

**E/O blast onward**
continued from front page

The piece is an impressive piece in two songs in the second set— Dan Fox was the feature soloist in "The Door," and Russell Jewell soloed during "Miles Away"—but whenever the other members of the Orchestra played "background," they drowned out the trombone soloist. Other solos were outstanding, such as Gershon's solo on the soprano saxophone in "Caravan," but the absolute highlight was the bass clarinet solo during "John's Dream." The raw talent and spontaneity of the solo combined with the musical skill necessary to place it in context was representative of an ability often hinted at in the rest of E/O's performance but only actually seen once or twice. Not to downplay the performance as a whole, which was impressive, rather just to say that the Either/Orchestra probably had more to offer than was consistently evident.

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**Goat marches on**
continued from page 3

in drive and speed away. When they arrived at home, the couple discovered the bloody Red Hook on their car, which inspired the town to change its name. Everyone was happy, except for the one-armed Freeman Mason who had foolishly squandered his rare prosthesis.

Some people say that he crawled away to bleed to death. Some say that he was shot. A Current Affair became a sheep-herd. However, real Bard Students know that when the wind howls, the sky is dark, and the moon is bright, the one-armed man is waiting to wreak his revenge against Scrabble-playing teens.
Sports 'n Such

October 28, 1992

13

Shameless Filler!

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

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

Cross Country

Oct. 28th - at IAC
Championships - 4pm

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

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

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Varisty Soccer

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

Anyway, this past Saturday, Bard tied Caldwell College 3-3, and that brings the soccer team's record to 4-9-1 on the year.

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

Cross Country

The Bard Invitational Cross Country meet took place this Saturday. Placing first among the Bard men's varsity team, 26th overall, with a time of 31:57, the appropriately named Evan Rally. This was Evan's first race on the Cross Country team! Equally impressive was the women's team leader, Bard's Female Athlete of the Week, Stephanie Chasten. Steph placed ninth overall, with a time of 22:36 in the three mile race. And, see? She didn't have to break anything!

Men's Varsity Basketball

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Sports 'n Such

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

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

General Info

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

Hey you!

Fencing season starts Nov. 21

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

Thanks to Rick Gary and Derek Sage for their contributions to this week's filler—Matt Gilman

Shameless Filler!

by Matt Gilman
You're not listening!

Dear Editor,

I am writing in response to the editor's comment to David Sloane's opinion article "No Contests Here" a very well-written, fair and articulate article expressing the author's opinions on the general quality of the Observer's articles. Unfortunately, Mr. Apple let his anger get the best of him once again (see his retort to the disbanding of the Women's Volleyball team — "Bard loses its best team because of do-nothings" Sept. 25 issue). Not only did he fail to see the validity of Mr. Sloane's points, but he even resorted to petty insults in his comeback; "Even if you did need three people to help you write a letter two weeks late, we'd beg to have you..."! David had some very good observations on how one does and does not write a critical essay, and specifically stated that he was not trying to "vulgarize the author" but was using those articles as examples of the general problem at the Observer, yet Mr. Apple begins his reply with "Just because you didn't like two articles in one issue doesn't mean that each and every issue of the Observer is useless." He also states "If you refuse to write, then you have no right to complain about the writing quality." I don't plan to run for the presidency, but I do think that someone who could stand to take a cold shower or hit a wall a couple times before he picks up his pen. Listen to what we have to say, then critique us with a little tact and composure. We might all get a few less headaches.

--name withheld (sorry Mike!)

A Dog's life.

Come on, Phil! We're gonna be late for the party!

Knock!

Great Lord! What do you think? You're not the only one with a great Lord, ya know!

Good Lord! What do you think? You're not the only one with a great Lord, ya know!

Oh, your Lord and master.

Cheers! TA DA!

By David Draper.

October 28, 1992

Opinion/Editorial

Let me clarify my comments last week: the members of the Observer are students. S-T-L-U-D-E-N-T-S. We have classes of which we no longer go. We work as anybody else on campus, in the mail, and we have at least a B average or else I'll find my way to that grand union someday. We are "Medieval and uninteresting." We are not professional writers; none of us expect to win the Pulitzer for our papers. We simply wish to extend our criticism sometimes forget this fact. We try our best, although apparently sometimes our best may not be enough in the eyes of the readers. It would help if there were more than one class (Cultural Reportage) which is somewhat aimed at journalistic skills. As it is, we can only learn by trial and error.

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

Regarding your other comments, I am in the difficult position of not being allowed to voice my personal opinions without being unfairly attacked from all sides. Therefore, I have to speak in the rather challenging task of satisfying everyone by soothing their damaged egos or by saying my fill and getting blunted. I have chosen to remove my mask and to say what I really mean. Sometimes people may be upset, sometimes they may be outraged. Neither case bothered me a bit. I believe I have the right to say what I want, just as everyone else does, the right to see why being the editor of the Observer should prevent me from speaking my piece. I believe so strongly in this that I sign my name after everything I write, leaving myself wide open for all sorts of verbal attack, which usually happens. Although you did conform to the Observer policy on anonymity (unlike a couple of people, whose let- ters we will never print until they do), I don't understand why you chose not to sign your name. I'm not going to plot retribution against you for whatever reason, and I much prefer talking to a real person rather than a wall. I am glad that you did write, because this would have enabled us to have an open, thought-provoking discussion. By writing under your own name, you have defeated this purpose—ed.

Intellectual Pretenders

Mister Poirier,

My name is Andrew Choung. I am a junior. I am Korean. I study physics and philosophy. I dislike intellectual pretenders and whiners. I like soft bread. I abhor cooked vegetables. Now, this is what I have to say: that is, I may have seen your face on campus, but I've seen grass and leaves on campus as well. Who you are matters not one whit to me. (Don't worry, I'm sure there are others there who do care for you.) In fact, for all I know, "Mister Poirier" could be a pseudoynym. Who could tell? Of course, I guess I could go to the registrar's office and ask if "Mister Poirier" is really a Bard student. But I don't really want to. But do you see, that even with the name, I'd have to go through some trouble to find out "who" it is that wrote this little editorial, "A nonny mouse." Only your friends would know offhand that "Mister Poirier" is not the indication of "cowardice, a lack of conviction, a lack of guts or a lack of courage." But gee, your friends...

That is beside the point. For as I said, I do not care who you are—just be careful about what you said in your editorial.

First of all, half of the article had nothing to do with the idea of anonymity. The latter half of the article was on trying to show how the Bard Observer staff works—which most would not disagree with—and how proud they are of whatever it is they write. I am sure of what personal insecurities this signifies for the author of "A nonny mouse," whoever that may be. For that matter, I am not sure what it was supposed to mean in an editorial that seemed to be about anonymity. Was it simply an attempt to show that the author was no coward—that damn it, he and his friends don't use pseudonyms and that they don't care for those who do? Well, it seems to me that this is just insignificant, personal blabber. This is about "you"—whichever you are—about your personal attitude towards pseudonymous writing. This is "you" entering the writing. And this is only interesting or important to someone who wants to know about "you." I don't want to know about you. So I threw that part of the editorial away.

The three paragraphs starting with the third one down seemed to be saying something. Of course, you phrased it in "personally...

"I think..." and "I feel..." There's no need to point out how this approach to writing—calling attention to the fact that it is one's own subjective viewpoint while attempting to convey a sense of its universal judgmental significance—is pure intellectual cowardice. One cannot be held intellectually responsible for an idea if it's just an opinion, oh? So躲在 in subjective terms, no criticism can challenge the validity or justifiability of your ideas—i.e. "Hey, back off, it's my own (therefore holy and sacred by the laws of the individualism) opinion!" But, I digress. I don't want to start talking about literary/intellectual "cop-outs" worse than pseudonymity. I just want to address the criticism leveled in the editorial.

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

Rebuttal: Gee, you pretty much missed the point of what was said by the anonymous writer then. Remember, the writer was anonymous, but he did write something. I hope this focusing on the anonymity isn't an attempt to divert attention from the actual writing itself. If it is, then who is the coward, who is the coward that refuses to take up the challenge of what was written in response to the simpler task of criticizing the character of the writer. I believe there is a term specific for this type of argumentation. [sic] But who cares.
The point is that you may be right and you may be wrong. Perhaps the writer will later come out into the open. Maybe he/she is only slowly revealing his identity. Maybe the writer is indeed a chicken. Whether or not he is a coward or lacks conviction cannot be definitely determined by the anonymity by itself. There must first be a reaction to the writing to see if the author might need to face consequences. Would you call someone who wrote something which did not arouse any reaction a coward if he wrote anonymously? No, there's nothing for him to be afraid of. Anonymity, in itself, implies no cowardice or lack of conviction. It implies nothing. It is merely a substitute. Inherently, it is simply another name.

At most, the implication of anonymity would be that the author wishes more attention to be spent on the writing than the writer. Don't try to call anonymity an act of cowardice, but the author really uses it to hide behind. And even then, keep focused on the important matter - the content of the writing.

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

Rebuttal: Gee, you missed the point of what the author wrote, then. He did write about something. Or was that conveniently overlooked? I am repeating myself. Is there a problem here? But back to the point - first, there is all the use of subjective phrasing to make the editors and readers appear to be a personal opinion and now there is the concerning concern with the "truth." Of course, I just made a rhetorical move. That previous statement connected to completely separate thoughts. But sure gave the appearance of hypocrisy for a moment, eh? Anyhow, the point is that telling the truth is being mixed up telling THE TRUTH. Does obligation suddenly imply that the truth will be told? Does obligation suddenly mean that biases are erased? No. Truth comes from truth not dependent upon how obligated the author is. "Can we trust" regards not the writer, but the writing. In the end, truth and trustworthiness, as it regards what is said or written, is dependent upon the content of what was said or written (am I lapsing into a coherence theory of... never mind.) Challenge what was written. Scrutinize the contentions. Find contradictions or bad reasoning. Then you can wonder about the "truth." Again, the emphasis is on the writing, not the character of the writer. It is not a question of character and trustworthiness of the writer. Anonymity, as a reflection of character, has nothing to do with the "truth" of something said or written. If anything, it is really a question of the character and trustworthiness of the writing.

Sincerely,
Michael Poirier

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

Dear editor,

I recently received your latest edition of the Bard Observer. As a participant in the field of professional writing, I was appalled at the self-serving kudos constantly doled out by your staff to each other.

In one issue after another, there was your recent editor-in-chief, Matt Apple, lauding the former editor, Greg Giacomo [sic], the columnists and the regular and guest contributors. There was Greg returning the favor and complimenting the columnists, and the columnists and staff writers praising the newspaper administrative and other staff. You people care too much for each other it reeks of literary incest.

It's nice you feel this strongly and that you want to give new writers and staff to your fold. But do you have to do it so publicly? You don't need this self-congratulatory backslapping to convince your readers of the continued viability and latest improvements of the Observer. Your readers already know that.

We see it in the copy: the new format is eye-catching, the writing tight and informative. The topics are well, topical, and the tone appropriately slightly-irrelevant and occasionally irrelevant. This is how it should be in a dynamic, youthful, yet ageless publication such as yours.

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

Also, keep your grades up.

Thomas D. Apple
(Matt's dad)

The Bard Observer is published every Wednesday while class is in session. Editorial policy is determined by the Editor-in-Chief in consultation with the Editorial Board. Opinions which appear unsigned are those of the editorial board and not necessarily of the Observer staff. Letters to the Editor and Personal or Classifieds must not exceed 500 words and must be submitted legally. All articles, cartoons, and photographs that are submitted by deadline will be considered for publication. Turn all material at the Observer office in the basement of Twombly or through Campus Mail by 5 p.m. Friday one week before the publication date. The Editor reserves the right to edit all articles (except those intended for the Another View page) for style and length. Classifieds: Free for Bardians, $5 for all others. Personal are free. Display classification: $3.00 for local, $10.00 for national. Display ads: contact the Ad Manager.

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CALENDAR
PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE
OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 4 * 1992

What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28**

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

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

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

- Reflective Dining: Go to the Anthropology Dinner in the Committee Room in Kline, 5:30p. If you eat, you're welcome!

- Tea Time: Students, Faculty, & Staff of Bard are cordially invited to Evening Teas at Robbins House—hosted by Lauren Goodlace, Visiting Fresman Seminar Professor. No clean up now, by entering through the stone arch on the right side of Robbins House, at 5p-ish.

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

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

**THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29**

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

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

- Adult Children of Alcoholics: Meeting tonight in Rhinebeck. Stop by the Church of the Messiah Episcopal, 47 Montgomery, 8p.


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

**FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30**

- Women's Center: Read the Aurele Lord's essay in this issue, & meet with them in the Committee Room in Kline at 6:30p.

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

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

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

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31**

- Sins of the Ears: The Entertainment Committee gives us trio/trio with a triple line-up: the Melvins, Hammerhead, & our very own Full. Be the head of your neighbors at 9p, in the Old Gym.

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1**

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

**MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2**

- Students for Choice: Express your choice by going to the Coalition for Choice's multi-college Student Rally on the Ludlow Lawn, 7p. Be involved!

- Schola Cantorum: Sacred music in the Bard Chapel. 6p

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

**TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3**

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

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

- Fencing Club: Coach Hope Konczewy will teach 6 sessions to Bard students, faculty, & staff. There is a $20 fee to students, $45 for all others. 7p, at the Stevenson Gym. Every Monday until November 7.

**VOTE TODAY**

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

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

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

- Students for Choice: Meet with the Coalition for Choice in the College Room in Kline, 6p.

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

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

- Gentlemen Prefer Blondes: See Jane Russell & Marilyn Monroe go to Paris to seek rich husbands. The Feminist Theory & Film class presents this 1952, color film at 7p, in the Preston Film Center.

**WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4**

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

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

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