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OBSERVER

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The
BARD

OBSERVER

VOLUME 100 ★ NUMBER 13

BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504

DECEMBER 2 ★ 1992

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

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

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Dance Concert IV and
Chen and Dancers



These guys have never been to Bard, but wouldn't it be neat if they did?

Blue with style, hold the Twinkie, extra Jello

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

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

The performance piece "TUBES" centers around the activity of three figures, separate, but comprising a whole, blue being. They

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

Blue Man is the brainchild of three New

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

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The Blue Man continues

continued from front page

of various performance art collections, appeared on MTV and the Tonight Show, and then set up shop at Astor Place with their current hit, "TUBES," a slightly expanded version of a show commissioned by La MaMa. The show is actually the product of hours of work by a crew of 15 "who've never worked in theatre and don't have a clue, just like

us," says Wink. Aside from the massive amount of food abused for every performance, there is the clean-up process, where they gather up all that crepe paper for recycling.

All goo aside, there is a lot of witty and fairly apt social commentary going on throughout the show, much of it centering around the pretensions of the art world. At one point, a dead fish is brought

down for artistic critique (which is flashed across electronic signboards strapped to Blue Man's back), and several trends are summarily bashed: the "men's movement" is the object of a couple of jokes, and short films shown during the performance provide reflection on such popular topics as fractal geometry and virtual reality. This is the Blue Man's favorite territory: the areas

where art and science combine to produce something that one can either have a lot of fun with, or be extremely pretentious about. The Blue Man prefers the fun side, and the latent sarcasm which seeps out during the show lets us know what they think of the pretention.

Blue Man is definitely unique as a theater experience. It is also very individualized; your own individual experiences and knowledge about the areas on which Blue Man focuses will determine why you laugh, how much you laugh and sometimes who you laugh at. But chances are you'll get a lot out of this show no matter what your viewpoint. The theatre itself is cramped—there's little room between seats and almost no leg room, but you stop noticing this almost as soon as the show starts. Indeed, it would almost seem to serve their purposes to have everyone closely packed, since the group work from the very beginning to turn their audience into a cohesive unit. Above all, the Blue Man is good-natured.

The humor is never cruel, and they provide jokes on levels, from childish to intellectual, so that everyone will find something amusing. Beware though, for the joke may be on you; tickets to this 90 minute show are VERY expensive, and unless you're used to off-broadway prices or are willing to save up, an evening with the Blue Man might cost more than it's worth to you to pay.

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

Classifieds & personals

#1 Fundraiser Nationwide

Your fraternity, sorority or other campus group can earn \$500 or more in less than one week. It is easy and you pay absolutely nothing.

Call 1-800-735-2077 ext. 215

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

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

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

Interested in submitting to Papier Mache, the French literary magazine? Send your poems, short stories or essays to profs. Herve Campagne or Odile Chilton by February 28th. The author's name, phone # and title of the

work should be written on an attached index card. A vos plumes!

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

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

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

Monday, December 7th there will be a pre-registration reception with Gender Studies Faculty to discuss spring courses and con-

centrations requirements. Faculty Dinings Room, Kline Commons, 6-7pm.

For Sale: Daisywriter 2000 letter quality (print wheel) printer, IBM compatible. Ethan Allan couch, cream/beige with light floral design, very good condition. Call 758-5920.

I'm looking for a sublet in NYC for over winter break. Please contact me through campus mail or around campus. Ephie Glenn Colter

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

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

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

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

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

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

the Entertainment Committee presents

Sat. Dec. 5th at 9pm in the Student Center

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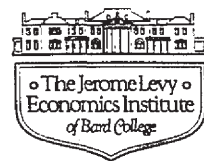
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Chris Elliot

then

COMO ZOO

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



The Jerome Levy Economics Institute of Bard College

FALL 1992

LEVY INSTITUTE LECTURE SERIES

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

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

Part of a free lecture series - everyone is welcome.

Pains and strains

Learning to be capitalist

Mr. Tadeusz Kowalik, a member of the Polish Academy of Sciences and the major financial advisor for the Solidarity labor movement, visited Bard on November 18th, courtesy of the Bard Russian Studies Club

and the History and Economic Departments. He discussed his views on the transition of Poland from a communist-controlled economy to a capitalist-based economy.

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

Currently, Lech Walensa is leading Poland's to brisk, rapid transformation to a market economy. Kowalik noted that this approach to the economy, though widely supported, ignores the

historical precedents of Germany and Spain, each of which took decades to transform their economies by altering laws and behaviors through the use of state incentives. Most of the Polish people have never lived under a Western-style economy and lack the rudimentary knowledge of how it might work and of the importance of management, ownership and profit-making. In addition to this cultural obstacle, there is the structural problem of the economy. Kowalik clearly opposed the planned transfer of state-run industries into private hands without regulation, because 60% of Polish workers belong to industries of 500 people or more, and such a power transfer would give a tremendous amount of control to a small elite group of owners.

"I'd like to be Milton Friedman," said Kowalik, speaking of the ardent free-market advocate, "because in my heart I think his ideas are the best. But the situation in

Poland is so different that I know something different is required."

What needs to be defined in Poland is what the nation's businesses will produce primarily and who is to get these products. The collapse of the trading network with the communist-bloc was a severe blow to the Polish economy. New trade ties will be necessary. A new "entrepreneurial strata" must emerge to protect what Kowalik considered essential to the new Polish economy: full employment, reduced wages, social participation in enterprise and pluralism of property rights. Kowalik did not consider inflation to be the most crucial problem.

A possible solution is to create public works programs. The construction of "flats," small-scale housing units, for the two million Poles who have requested them, would provide a needed stimulus. Kowalik remains optimistic that his people will bear the burden out and prove to be a model nation for the rest of struggling Europe.

Director's debut

Sophia Martin is the first freshman in recent Bard history to successfully put together performances of a full-length drama. Her interpretation of Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge* will be staged in the Old Gym at the beginning of next week. It is the story of a 1930s, New York City couple who adopt and raise the husband's niece. But trouble develops when the wife's cousins from Sicily arrive as illegal aliens and the couple takes them in. One of the immigrants is attracted to the niece, and the uncle disapproves. This sets up a drama in the classical Greek tradition of tragedy with Eddie as the tragic hero.

"I just think that it's an excellent play with fascinating characters,"

says Martin. The staging is similar to theater in the round, and the environment of the Old Gym will give a "different look."

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

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

Bard students are encouraged to attend the performance. ♪

Dead Goat Notes



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

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



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

Besides, I want the law to catch me. I dare them to try and stop me. Even if they catch me and throw me in jail, I can still break the law.

I can still refuse to recycle in jail. And I will never stop recycling until I have total World Domination.

Some of you might ask me why I want to be an outlaw. Why, otherwise, I am a pretty upstanding respectable young man. I don't drink, don't smoke, don't solicit promiscuous women. Perhaps you think I don't recycle just to get some excitement in my otherwise dreary life. Not quite.

It's much more simple than that. I want to be known as the greatest criminal mastermind of all time. I want to end the world.

And I can do it. Hitler couldn't do it. Superman might be pushing up the superdaisies right now, but Lex Luthor won't do it. No James Bond villain ever got close. Even the Joker couldn't do it. Compared to me, Saddam Hussein was a rank amateur, and Socrates was an idiot. But I've done it. I've formulated a foolproof plan to end the world.

You see, environmental scientists know that just as sure as the sky is falling, pollution will back up and kill us all off like bug in a bell jar if we don't recycle. I want to see that happen.

I'm not alone. I have already mentioned my agent in the post office, leaving his newspaper anywhere he wants to. I also have agents in the world's largest corporations, governments, even private homes. Together, we are conspiring to bring about this environmental Armageddon.

Sure, I may be regarded as the most insidious evil to ever rear its head in the world, but at least I'll amount to something. All of you saps recycling your little hearts out may think you're doing the world a favor, but your efforts are in vain. I, along with my littering minions, shall bring the world to its knees. Natural resources will dry up. The sky will cloud over. Our water will be unsafe to drink. Wildlife will curdle up and die like bugs in a bell jar. Whoops, I've used that simile before.

When you kill one man, you are a murderer. If you kill a thousand, you are a conqueror. But I will kill them all, which makes me a god. Look upon me, mere mortal, and quake. Insert evil laugh here.

Now that you know I am serious, you are probably wondering how you can stop me. Simple: just contact governments from all over the world and have them give me 500 million helicopters and a dollar. No, better make that 500 million dollars and a helicopter. Then, you can recognize me as ultimate and supreme ruler of the world. Then, I will wed the entire Dallas Cowboys Cheerleading team.

But, until my demands are met, this evil genius will be holding the world's fate in his hand like an aluminum can over a notebook paper recycling bin.

Haaaa-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha.

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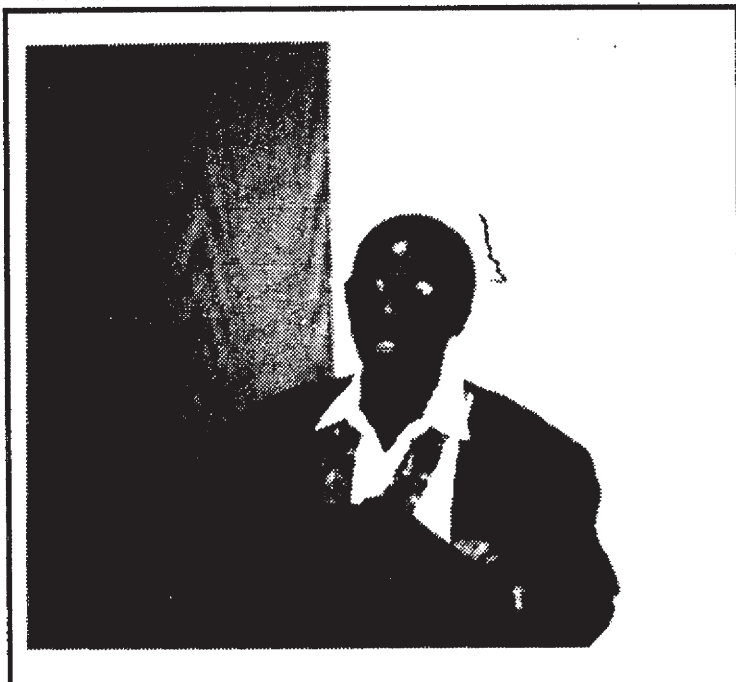
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Person of the Week



Nomgcobo Sangweni

The knock on the door came at Midnight. Ms. Nomgcobo Sangweni was in her home with her nine-year-old daughter preparing for Christmas.



Eight South African police officers entered with State of Emergency powers to search her house. She was accused of being a communist, despite a lack of any evidence, and was asked to come with her daughter to the local police station. The two of them were forced to stand for fourteen hours. When the daughter began to cry, she was silenced by physical threats to the mother. Totally helpless to protect her child, Sangweni had to endure the abuse and submit to being separated from her daughter. Subsequently she was placed in solitary confinement for four months.

In her imprisonment without any charge against her, Sangweni was confined to a closed room without light. Her captors slid food under the door to her, offering breakfast food at night occasionally to disorient and confuse her. She was systematically beaten, interrogated and tortured by electric shock applied to her feet—"giving her the works". She endured the endless cries of children in adjacent cells. She was lied to about her daughter's condition. She was not told that her child had been released unharmed but instead that she had been beaten and was dead. She was permitted no outside contact from family, friends, or legal counsel.

"When I was in prison, I lived on hope," said Sangweni at her visit to Bard on November 18th, courtesy of Bard's Amnesty International Club and the International Relations Club. She told of the hope instilled in her when she discovered that people around the world were petitioning on her behalf. Amnesty International's letter-writing campaign had apparently overwhelmed the Minister of Justice's office, and he had taken actions to improve her conditions so that he could get his regular mail again. Sangweni said it went beyond inconvenience, though, to embarrassing the government, which was scared of international condemnation for its human rights abuses. She was sent to a hospital traditionally segregated for "whites only" for treatment. Political and moral consciousness saved her life.

Sangweni told Bard students at the standing-room-only session that she was critical of the government of South Africa and not its white population. She emphasized the insistence by her white doctors that her police guards leave the room during examination. They risked their comfortable careers to take action within their limited power to rectify human rights violations.

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Highlights of local and national news

In White Plains, NY, a second rash to identify Lyme Disease was discovered by New York

Medical College researchers. Victims of Lyme Disease will obtain either a circular red rash or a blister-

ing rash, like that which occurs after contact with poison ivy, about a week after being infected.

In Fishkill, NY, 175 people have begun to protest a proposed water improvement plan that will cost over \$6.2 million. Residents of Brinckerhoff are already paying almost a \$100 a year for water and fear a dramatic increase in costs if the proposed water tank is built. Town officials, on the other hand, say that water will become cheaper and more readily available to the flourishing area.

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

In Long Island, five promotion posters for the KKK were

discovered and removed by a police officer this past Sunday.

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

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

Also concerning the nation: the captain, five senior officers, and three crew members of the Navy ship USS Saratoga have recently been charged with misconduct for firing two missiles at a Turkish ship. One missile did hit the ship, killing and injuring some of the officers aboard. The incident took place on October 1st when the crew apparently mistook a drill for an attack and re-

sponded accordingly. The ship has been returned to port in Florida, and it is predicted that those charged will receive serious punishment, but not a court-martial.

(Information cited from: *The Poughkeepsie Journal*, *USA TODAY* and *WTZA News*)

Upcoming Local Events:

Route 9 stories wanted. If anything interesting has ever happened to you on Route 9, write about it and send it with your phone number to: The Poughkeepsie Journal Box 1231 Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. Responses to be printed sometime in December.

Festival of trees. A display and sale of decorated artificial Christmas trees to raise money for pediatric medical equipment. Friday, December 4th through Sunday, December 6th. Rochdale Fire House, Route 44 in the Town of Poughkeepsie. For more information, call Mary Tokarz at 452-4979.

Holiday gift wrap. Gift Wrapping taking place at the Poughkeepsie Galleria beginning Saturday, December 5th through Christmas Eve during mall hours. The service is being provided by the B'nai B'rith Women of Poughkeepsie in order to raise money to promote services benefiting the well-being of women and children.

BARD STATISTICS

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

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

3—Percentage of 1991 entering Bard students who smoke: 26.2%. Percentage of 1991 Norm (at 4-yr., non-sectarian, private colleges—1284 schools) who smoke: 9.7%.

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

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

(All statistics taken from the *American Freshman Survey*)

No Racism: stop anti-Asian violence

by James Chang

June 19, 1982

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

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

August 15, 1992

"Chink," "Vietcong," "soyona." "soyona."

Luyen Phan Nyugen heard these words before being chased, beaten, and kicked to death by white youths, one of whom yelled, "I hate Vietnamese." Nyugen was a 19 year-old pre-med student at the University of Florida.

These two tragedies serve as the bookends to a decade that witnessed the revival of America's national pastime: Anti-Asian violence.

In 1871, fifteen Chinese in Los Angeles were hanged after whites raided and pillaged their communities in search of gold. Since then, violence against Asian Americans has not only



increased but has actually been sanctioned by the U.S. Government. The internment of more than 11,000 Japanese in America during WWII was a direct act of violence, the physical use of force to engender the subjugation of a people. And so Anti-Asian violence became institutionalized.

It is the pervading belief in America that "white is right is might" that stokes and kindles the fire of Anti-Asian violence. From the immigrant "fresh off the boat" to the fourth generation Japanese American, Asians

in the United States are still seen as only one thing: CHINKS.

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

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

The Beer Column

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

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

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

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

stars, the only ale better than it being Bass.

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

Hardy's is the ultimate in ales. This beer is not for the faint of heart—it's one of the strongest ales we've ever had. The big problem with Hardy's is the cost. For only a four-pack, with 6.33 oz. bottles, Hardy's costs almost two bucks a bottle. That's the reason for the lower rating; a four-pack is okay, but more than a couple is a waste of money and kind of overpowering on the senses as well. Everyone should try Hardy's at least once, if only to later compare all other ales to its extravagant taste.

That's it for this week. Join us next time as we define the difference between beer, ale and lager, and relate a few tales from the land of bizarre artsy films, Germany.

Pete's Wicked	Whitbread	Thomas Hardy's
Ale	Pale Ale	Ale
★★★★	★★★★	★★

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The Purpose and Training of the New Warrior

Since the birth of humankind, men's souls have possessed the energy of the Warrior. Modern social forces have demanded that men repress this natural power, and this has caused many difficulties for men and for society. The New Warrior Training network is a national men's community whose mission it is to train men to overcome the repression of this essential part of themselves. The New Warrior is a man who has faced his personal shadow and has thus regained the powerful, loving, and life-generating energy of mature masculinity. This is the hero's journey as described by Joseph Campbell; the boon with which each man returns is a secure and steady grounding from which he lives his personal mission, the mission of the New Warrior.

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

The warrior used to be not merely a man who fought battles with his outer enemies, but a man who was willing to go into himself and fight the battles in his soul. He had the power, as the Samurai warriors of Japan used to say, "to put his fear on the tip of his sword," and to kill that in himself which needed to die, and to protect that in himself which was sacred. Warrior energy, therefore, is much more than a power to inflict harm on others. It is the energy which enables a man to do what he needs to do, despite the physical and emotional pain that accompanies responsibility. We see the Warrior in a man being arrested at a political demonstration. We see the Warrior in the artist who sweats through the agonizing moments of fatigue and self-doubt that accompany creation. We see the Warrior in the man who works long hours to feed his family when his body would rather indulge itself. A man must have the Warrior if he is to commit to being emotionally present while yet maintaining his boundaries in romantic relationships. He must have the Warrior if he is to accept the unpleasant aspects that go along with the joy of raising his children. At all times the Warrior knows who he is, and he will let nothing stand between himself and what he knows is right.

A generation of feminist men and women, abused by the old, obsolete patriarchy, have accepted the myth that masculinity is evil and destructive at its roots. This has resulted in many men feeling ashamed and/or afraid to accept the aggressive energies within themselves. These men often find their true selves unacceptable, so they attempt to ask women to provide a more tolerable definition of manhood than their bodies

are providing them with. We need to understand that women, though they would like to help us, are unable to tell us what a man is. Knowledge of what a man is is a secret wisdom that only men can give to men. Knowing what a woman likes and is attracted to is a good knowledge to have, but it is not a complete model to which we can healthily aspire. Contrary to the egregious lie of the seventies, men and women are not the same. Neither sex is better or more valuable than the other, but until we as people are willing to honor our differences, and to honor how these differences make us special as men and women, we cannot truly value ourselves as human beings, nor can we honor the opposite sex.

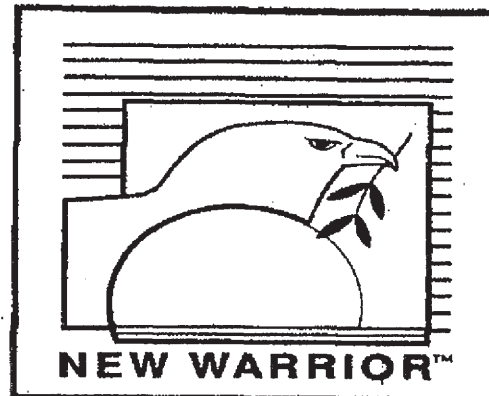
Men are kept emotionally and spiritually apart by our competitive society, so none of the knowledge of what manhood is is given to us when we are boys. A time existed in which men cared for the souls of the men in their communities. A powerful masculine love existed between fathers and sons, young men and their mentors, the tribal chief and his followers, and

inner cities, selling drugs to and murdering each other. There is the often cited quote that more young black men live in our prisons than attend college. Our homosexual brothers are made scapegoats, and are often completely ostracized by society. The sexual abuse of children is rising at unconscionable rates; John Bradshaw estimates that 34 million adult American women have been sexually abused by the time they were 13 years old. Society is beginning to look at the sexual abuse of young boys - a recent study suggests that as many as 1/3 of all sexual abuse victims are male. We are destroying the natural world that we used to feel at home in - and for what? Profit? The souls of men have no respect for the

humanness is incomplete.

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

We need MAN psychology. We need to develop a sense of calmness about masculine power, so we don't have to act out dominating, disempowering behavior towards others." To define mature masculinity in all its beauty is too large a task to attempt here. But at the soul level, men possess and respect three basic virtues: Integrity, Love, and Power. In-



THE NEW WARRIOR

within the male community for itself. Young men were guided by older men who held them in their hearts. These older men taught them what it meant to be a man, they pointed out the young men's mistakes and weaknesses, and encouraged their strengths and powers. Young men were initiated into manhood, and they thus knew who they were and what responsibilities they bore - to the Gods, to the tribes, to their families, and to themselves. A young man learned how to relate to men, women, and children. He learned how to put his wants aside in service to a greater purpose than his ego. He learned spirituality and the magic of his culture's past in an energetic, relevant way. He learned that he could and should go to men for support and guidance. When a man had experienced a childhood and youth like this, the warrior and other energies in his body became his allies and were at his service. Today, however, many men grow up never experiencing a non-shaming masculine love, so these energies become overpowering forces which can devour and disempower him. Energies in the human body are always neutral - we can use them or let them destroy us, but we cannot get rid of them.

A man only needs to glance at our society to see the consequences of the loss of the male community. We have marriages collapsing at tremendous rates, or marriages that lack respect and boundaries, and either circumstance leaves young children without the nurturance so necessary to the development of powerful people. Angry, fatherless young men who have been abandoned by the male community live in our

hoarding of money. At the soul level, men have no respect for the petty domination and abuse of women and children which is often exerted by men who, like the rest of us, long to feel powerful. Such men are living outside of their true power as men, and these men are capable of tremendous evil. Perhaps the most frightening part of this is that we men are now at our weakest when we have the greatest ability to destroy our planet.

Those are some of the larger issues. But these larger issues arise from the pain in the lives of individual human beings. It is always safer, and it is certainly easier to look outward for an explanation of what causes these problems. We in the men's movement, however, are committed to fearlessly looking at their true causes - not all, but most of which exist inside us. There are many men who have achieved all that society tells us we are supposed to want, yet who feel little purpose in their lives. The wounds and the losses they experienced can be avoided but not escaped. Despite their accomplishments, these men radiate very little energy. Whether a man is the macho bully or the overly sensitive, new age guy, he often feels that his manhood is incomplete. The macho man seems to act with power, but he lacks the ability to feel, and this renders his relationships and his spirituality superficial. The soft male is able to feel certain of his feelings quite beautifully, and he cares a great amount for others, but he lacks the ability to act powerfully, so despite the grandeur of his vision, he is ineffectual in his life. Both of these types (which many of us have vacillated between) lack integration. If a man's manhood is incomplete, his

integrity comes from a balance of all the energies in a man's life. A man with integrity takes ownership of his needs, his feelings, and his mistakes. Love is the power of a man to see all that makes a person, and after unapologetically pointing out that person's weaknesses and self-delusions, to bless that person's soul. Power is the ability to act with love and integrity, in service to one's mission. These three virtues are inseparable in men, and together they make mature masculinity.

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

Without this crucial nurturing of his manhood, the bold within him and all its beauty become blackened by a thick shadow of wounds.

continued on page 10

Dance Concert IV

Seniors show off their choreography

This November 20th through the 23rd, the Bard Theatre of Drama and Dance presented



Staff
Writer

Dance Theatre IV, 1992. As with dance concerts in the past, this presented modern dances some of which closely resembled previous ones. But what differed greatly in this concert was the fact that many of the dances were intriguing and the show proved to be fresh and innovative.

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

"Duet for Limbs and Strings" choreographed and performed by Melina Mackall proved to be yet another disappointment. Performed and composed by Jason D. Durham, the music was more enticing to watch than the dance. The instrument on which he performed his music was the back of a stand-up piano. Though it was fun to watch him play, there were points of tension in the dance which brought the audience's attention back to Mackall. But for the most part, this was not enough to captivate the audience and Mackall never truly developed the piece. Sadly enough, the largest attention grabber Mackall had was her glow-in-the-dark wristbands.

"Small Talk" was a piece choreographed and performed by Melina Mackall and Craig Peterson. This performance proved to be a change for the better in this concert. What worked so well for this piece was its use of humor to relax the tension in the audience. The costumes were light-hearted and fun; both were dressed in sweat pants, tee shirts and sneakers. Peterson would continually push Mackall out of the way while he would continue to dance. She would then reenter, and a contest arose to see who could stay on the floor longer. The mix of these antics of bumping into each other, rolling over each other and carrying each other along with the serious-toned music made for a light-hearted and highly original and spontaneous piece.

"Sound Improvisation—Chaos" was choreographed by Susan Osberg and performed by a number of dancers: Miriam Arensberg, Cary Baker, Abby Bender, Hilaire Blumberg, Layla M. Childs, Ephraim Glenn Colter, Rosie Getz, Herman Harmelink,



Craig Peterson, Arabella Stewart and Reyn Williams. At first this piece gave the impression that it was going to be just another incomprehensible modern dance as the performers lay on the floor and made strange breathing noises, rising and falling. Yet, as they all got up and moved around, the 'chaos' began and caught the audience's undivided attention. They were curious to see what the dancers were up to, if anything at all. Suddenly, ridiculous conversations began taking place, while they moved around. At one point, one dancer was on the floor alone holding a silly conversation with herself. Two more dancers entered, talking in a nonsensical language. As the rest of the dancers came back to the floor, the movements and conversations became increasingly spastic. In the end, they ceased their talking and stopped and stared at the audience; it was only then that I realized that this was one performance in which no music had been playing and understood that it was

not needed.

"See By Night," s choreographed by Megan Khoury and performed by Jennifer Cooke, Amanda Gott, Sarah Krammer, Lena Lewellyn, Arabella Stewart and Marin Van Young was one of the most fantastic pieces of the concert. Stewart entered the dark studio wearing a black dress and carrying a candle. As ocean sounds were played, the rest of the dancers entered wearing flowing white outfits and carrying candles. The movements were

peaceful and graceful; the dancers would prance and jump creating continuous, flowing gestures. The fact that it was a flawless performance made it a disappointment when it eventually did end. I am not the only one who desired an encore.

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

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

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Chen and Dancers

Asian-American dance company tackles racism

This past Sunday, November 22, the Asian American Student Organization, the International Student Organization and deKline presented Chen and Dancers at the Dance Studio. Chen and Dancers is a professional touring

ing dance company performing contemporary works informed by an Asian-American heritage. The company's repertory includes works by Remy Charlip, Ruby Shang, Kazuko Hirabayashi, Mariko Sanjo, as well as the Artistic Director H. T. Chen. With its studios in the heart of New York City's Chinatown, the company's activities range from domestic and international touring to lecture-demonstrations for New York City school children and educational programs for disadvantaged children. The company also operated the ARTSGATE CENTER, a year-round performing arts school providing training in dance and music, and the MULBERRY STREET THEATER, Chinatown's first fully-equipped, professional performance space.

Before the performance began, James Chang, a Bard student gave the audience an introduction. He informed the audience that Chen and Dancers make an effort to break down many racial barriers which exist today. The multicultural aesthetics of Chen and Dancers "...breathe life into older people and Bard students."

"The Excerpt from 39 CHINESE ATTITUDES (1986)" was the first piece which was presented and it gave the audience a very good impression as to what would follow for the rest of the program. The dancers: Hikari Baba, Erika Dadura, Cathy Lin,

Dagmar Reichert and Michael Yassenak danced in colorful outfits that reflected the dance itself; fun and highly entertaining. It was short and sweet, a perfect introductory performance.

FAIRY MOON DANCE (Traditional), performed by Chao-Hui Chou is based on an ancient tale which took place over three-thousand years ago. An emperor whom everyone hated wished to live forever, so he concocted a magical potion to allow him to rule forever. Even his own wife did not like this idea, so she decided to intervene and tried to hide the potion, but had a difficult time finding a hiding place. In desperation she drank the potion herself, but since it was too much for her body to handle, she floated to the moon. In this piece, a woman enters in a simple and modest costume in pink, adorned with blue fringe. But what made not only the costume special, but also the dance, was the streamers which she danced with attached to the sleeves of the dress. This added to the elegant style of the dance. At first, the streamers appeared to be bouquets, until Chou unraveled them and surprised us with this added spectacle. Because she moved the streamers well, Chou made this simple dance quite enthralling and exciting.

The Excerpt from MONKEY KING (1991) was a dance which included modern and traditional values. Because this dance is a three-year long project, the group simply decided to take and perform a part of it. Unlike FAIRY MOON DANCE, MONKEY KING was light-hearted and comical. The costumes once again provided the finishing touch for the performance. The yellow tops with the tiger print bottoms added a distinct flavor and motion which helped to create a successful dance. The leaping and jumping created continuous conglomerations of dancers: Baba, Lin, Quintero, Reichert, Yassenak and their twirling sticks and interesting facial gestures instilled a sense of wonder and awe into the audience.

The final selection on the program was entitled, DOUBLE HAPPINESS/ ONE HUNDRED SORROWS (1992), and included: Baba, Chou, Lin, Quintero, Yassenak, Dadura, Inoue, Marshall, Reichert, and Lee. The Chinese calligraphy for the word marriage depicts the character happiness twice, side by side. Using traditional fans with long silk attached, the dancers are playing within a play in a tale about an unhappy marriage. DOUBLE HAPPINESS/ ONE HUNDRED SORROWS is set in Shanghai during the 1940's—a time

of great political and cultural change in China's history. This performance was the most enthralling of all the dances on the program not only because it was the longest and most involved piece, but also due to its mixture of serious and humorous elements. A couple enters with others surrounding them who are covered with their silk fans. As in FAIRY MOON DANCE, this dance uses more than simply the movement of the dancers' bodies, but also their movement of other devices, in this case their long silk fans. The change of costumes from the pajama-like outfits to the women dressed in provocative dresses creates symbolism for the story line. One of the women adds to the couple's marital problems by attempting to seduce the husband

and take him away from his wife. A man enters who also tries to seduce the wife and take her away from her husband. The mounting tension and movement never ceases to hold the audience's attention. All of the dancers, not just the main performers, manage to successfully capture the emotion and feeling which the dance wished to convey.

Chen and Dancers is to be applauded for the outstanding work that they shared with the Bard community. Everything about their performance stands out. Its unique originality, the story lines attached to each piece, the costumes and the heart-felt emotions proved Chen and Dancers to be a spectacular group of lively dancers.

Staff
Writer

Short & Sweet

The Match Factory Girl

Much of the action contained within *The Match Factory Girl* is about process. The opening montage shows how a log—its bark peeled, coated and packaged—is transformed into a box of matches. The process of industry, almost entirely devoid of human presence, is interrupted by a pair of human hands. Iris works in the relentless doldrums of the match factory assembly line, checking the match boxes to insure that their labels are properly adhered.

Where the process of the assembly line leaves off, the story of Iris picks up. *The Match Factory Girl* is a quiet, subtle, subversive film about the perils of a single woman working in modern society. The action of the film, just like the opening montage, shows how Iris, like the log, is slowly unraveled by modern industrial society. With little or no dialogue, the people in the film operate like cogs in a machine. Iris is shuffled through the monotonous routine of daily life. She lives at home with her idle parents, to whom she unwittingly donates her weekly pay check. In a tired ritual, after her long day at the factory, Iris returns home from

work, prepares their meal, and then makes herself up to go out to a local dance. As all of the other women are asked to dance, Iris sits alone, a wall flower sipping one orange soda after another.

Finnish director Aki Kaurismäki adopts a sparse, cold, distant style—and crafts from it a compelling human story. He pares down every scene, to include only what is absolutely necessary. Trimming much of the dialogue, the soundtrack is dominated by clamoring factory machines, voices from television sets, and music from juke-boxes and lounge performers. Clad in her new dress, Iris is wordlessly picked up in a night club by a businessman who, as the music switches from a techno-pop beat to a slow song, asks her to dance with a mere gesture. By minimizing dialogue, the film pays homage to the quaint charm of silent film while utilizing the alienating quality of a soundtrack devoid of genuine human interaction. Iris wants desperately to break from this cycle of depression, she wants to escape the monotony of her boring life, she wants to be loved. When she doesn't get what she wants, she reacts.

Within the inhibitions of this quiet, subtle style, Kaurismäki maneuvers like a true master. An homage to the works of Bresson and Ozu, Kaurismäki weaves a series of single,

long take shots together to create a compelling story. Each shot takes enough time to meditate on the squalid surroundings or to savor a striking comparison, but not so much time that the sequence becomes tedious. Before any scene becomes too lengthy, Kaurismäki moves on. *The Match Factory Girl* is told with startling economy (the film is only about 70 minutes long in its entirety.)

Yet, as Iris plots to escape her predicament, the pace of the film remains patient. Iris's story unfolds with a slow, but definite clarity. Refusing to acknowledge the shift in the action, Kaurismäki creates an unsettling tension which injects humor into this otherwise bleak story. The unsettling effect of Kaurismäki's cold distance, coupled with the unusual and unexpected course of action Iris pursues towards the end of the film, creates a deeply satisfying mixture of tension and humor. Kaurismäki comments on the role of the spectator to the film, for it is the spectator who recognizes the humor of her actions, and the film which refuses to acknowledge it.

The Match Factory Girl is a rare cinematic treat. A film which celebrates the victory of a female protagonist, while in its own playful way exploring the joys of filmmaking, *The Match Factory Girl* will show in the Old Gym this Friday at 7pm. Call 758-6369 for details.

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Butterfingers

Blazers' ball handling loses game

Over the last two weeks, the Bard men's basketball team played its first two regular season games. The first was on November 20th against Albany Pharmacy and resulted in a horrible 68-95 defeat, despite high

scorer Ron Resse's 22 points. On the 24th, the Bard Blazers played their first home game against Vassar. The Bard players seemed tight and nervous in the first half, as they fell behind by 12. The players were too anxious, making several bad passes and driving to the basket out of control. Testament to this sloppiness was the 15 turnovers that Bard committed in the first half. The team seemed out of sync and was lucky to get out of the first half only down by 12. When the Blazers came out for the second half, they seemed much more relaxed and really began to play well. Early in the second half, Bard pulled to within 3 points behind the outstanding defensive play of senior Ray Cable, and three consecutive baskets by forward Roger Scotland, who finished with 18 points and 7 boards. However, it just wasn't enough, as Vassar again surged ahead to take the lead for good. The final tally was Bard 55, Vassar 69. The Blazers' next game is tonight at 8pm, in the gym. Come out and see a good show!

Also on Friday, the Blazers will be playing in the Meadowlands against NY Poly at 4:30pm (see special deal below).

Fencing

In Bard Fencing action, the women's team came away with two victories in their last meet, against City College of New York and Vassar. The team defeated CCNY by the score of 10-6 with Jen Shirk defeating all four of her opponents. The women's team also defeated Vassar, 8-8 (64-61). The match score was tied eight all, but the tie was broken by the total number of touches, where Bard edged Vassar by three.

The men's team did not fare so well in their competition. The foil, epee and sabre teams were

defeated 10-17 by City College of New York. Personal highlights included Kapil Gupta, Stephen Stevens, Miguel Mateus and Peter Boriskin all going 2-0 in their matches. The fencing team next match will be December 12th versus Hunter and Boston colleges.

in the gym. In volleyball, the undefeated International Attack, who have dominated the entire league, will be taking on the winless Souffle Potentate and her Minions of Despair. The other match will be the Dirty Dogs (2-1) versus Something in the Air (1-2). Expect the International Attack,

who hasn't lost one set the entire season, to storm into the finals to its their next unworthy opponent.

In the floor hockey play-offs, the Mother Puckers will face off against the Weed Wackers, and the IBH Crew will tackle the Sons of John Glenn.

Holiday Squash

The Bard Holiday Squash Tournament will take place on Saturday, December 5th. The tournament is open to all students, faculty, staff, and community members. There will also be competition in both the men's and women's divisions in the form of a softball

tournament, and players can sign up with Kris Hall at ext. 530 or in the Stevenson Gymnasium. The deadline is Friday, December 4th. Just squash it!

Intramurals

This week, the semi-finals of both intramural volleyball and floor hockey will be taking place

Sports Schedule

Men's Basketball

Friday, December 4th—

at NY Poly at the 'Meadowlands

Saturday, December 5th—

home vs. Rivere College

Tuesday, December 8th—

home vs. Mt. St. Vincent

Men's Squash

Thursday, December 3rd—

vs. Navy at Vassar

Friday, December 4th—

vs. Steven's Tech at Vassar

Sunday, December 6th—

home vs. Hamilton &

Skidmore

Tuesday, December 8th—

home vs. Fordham

Mad Joel's Deal of the Year!

There are plenty of tickets remaining to be sold for Bard College's history-making game at the Meadowlands' Brendan Byrne Arena. And now Joel Tomson's gotta get rid of them! He's dropping the price of each ticket to \$10 each, at a loss of three dollars to himself—he's practically GIVING them away! Included in that price is an eagle's eye seat to see the Bard Blazers take on New York Polytech, and to see the New Jersey Nets battle the San Antonio Spurs this Friday, December 4th, a coupon for a free Nets cap, and FREE transportation to and from the arena! Bard will provide ticket holders with a bus, which will leave from behind Kline at 2pm. Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity! Hurry before all the tickets are gone, or they finally drag Tomson off to the looney bin for making such a crazy deal! This deal is... INSANE!!!

Shameless Filler!

Hoo, boy. Relatives.

This past Thanksgiving weekend I spent my time with those people whom I like to call "the folks." I call them that because I'd get slapped if I called them "the loonies." Everybody has stories about the folks, mostly because everybody has folks. It's one of those universals. Actually, I quite like the folks I'm stuck with. They're good for my snide sense of humor: smart enough to keep me entertained as I wait for a straight line, dense enough to actually laugh when I insult and deride them. I mean, they think it's cute! It was cute when I was ten, but I'm almost old enough to drink (legally) now; they should be snarling at me. I love it. They think I'm the tops. I have a ball.

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

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

But the strangest of "my folks" was one who didn't even come out to visit. My mother's crazy sister, my Aunt Carol. She lives in California, and I haven't actually spoken to her since I was in high school. I don't know how her mind works. Whatever strange connections she makes with things people tell her, she thinks she has to tell everyone. She asked me about my college career, and I told her I hoped to become a teacher. So she told me about some guy I never met, the son of a teacher. Well, anyway, she told me about him just so she could tell me about his father, apparently, since all she said about him was, "I know a young man who teaches, and his father's from Spain."

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

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

"Ah," I replied.

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

I snappily retorted, "Ah."

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

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

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

"Ah."

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

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

Shameless Filler!

by Matt Gilman

International Review

by Malia Du Mont

This past Thursday [the 19th] I noticed, with some surprise, that there were two "bodies" hanging out of the windows in Olin. The banner that was hung between them implied that they were the product of United States aid to foreign countries. All I could do was shake my head in dismay and disbelief.

I was dismayed because this display of the "bodies" was another example of the fact that the people of the United States are turning inward so much, and have begun to focus almost exclusively on what is happening inside the United States, that they seem to have completely lost sight of the immensely important role that we as a country play in global politics. Yes, the Cold War is over. Yes, we defeated Iraq in the Persian Gulf War. Yes, we have lots of problems right here at home. But that doesn't mean the world (the world including the United States, not the world apart from the United States) doesn't have problems anymore. On the contrary, precisely because the Cold War is over, events in the world are much less predictable, and the global balance of power is in general much less stable. This is evident as we watch the republics of the former Soviet Union struggle to form independent governments, the war in Bosnia force thousands of people to flee their homes and pour into other poor Eastern European countries as refugees, Cambodia/Kampuchea experience its first taste of democracy since the Khmer Rouge initiated its oppressive regime, and tribal wars in Somalia lead to mass starvation. These should not be treated as abstract events that don't have anything to do with us, taking place in countries halfway around the world of which we can hardly conceive. The United States does not and cannot exist in a vacuum, however much some of you might wish that we should. We need to take an active interest in what happens around the world, because these events do eventually affect us. It is impossible to separate our domestic problems from international politics. Therefore, it is undeniably a strong interest of the United States to attempt to shape the way the world is changing.

It may be that I am misconstruing the meaning of the bodies and the banner, but that is hardly surprising since the display was rather simplistic and ambiguous. I merely wish to point out that the United States is a very important actor on the stage of world politics, and that it will continue to play a large role in the global arena.

In the news this week, the UN voted to impose a naval blockade on Yugoslavia. This is the first time the UN has authorized the use of force against the Serbian government. Starting next week, ships on the Adriatic Sea and the Danube River that are suspected of attempting to transport illegal supplies to Serbia will be stopped and inspected. This naval blockade will prevent crude oil, natural gas, aircraft, vehicles, metals, tires, motor and coal (among other products) from entering Serbia. In fact, according to the United States intelligence sources, shipments of oil from Greece, Malta, Italy and Egypt have been smuggled into Serbia with relative ease. United States warships, acting under NATO's auspices, will be in the Adriatic to participate in the naval blockade. NATO will coordinate its efforts with those of the Western European Union, which also indicated that it would participate in the blockade. The naval blockade is the first collective military action taken by NATO since the collapse of the Soviet Union.

The role of NATO has been a subject of intense debate since the end of the Cold War, since its principal purpose was to protect Europe from the Soviet Union. Since the end of the Cold War, NATO has missed many opportunities to define a new role for itself, leading many people to believe that it is an obsolete alliance. In light of that, it is interesting to note that NATO ships will be taking part in the naval blockade, not because of a NATO policy initiative, but in reaction to a UN request.

China created a bit of economic uncertainty in Asia this week when it threatened to scrap a 1984 treaty that it made with Britain and Hong Kong. The treaty guaranteed fifty additional years of political and economic freedom for Hong Kong after it reverts to Chinese control in 1997. It is highly unlikely that the Chinese government will actually follow through with its threat, which would be extremely economically and politically harmful to China. However, the fact that the Chinese government would even suggest taking such action was enough to cause stock prices to drop sharply in Hong Kong.

The situation in Somalia is not getting any better, despite UN relief efforts. Disputes between rival clans have contributed to the famine even more than the drought has. Many of the people of Somalia are nomadic herders; more than one-third of the country's livestock has been killed in the fighting so far, leaving many families with nothing. Those people who are strong enough to make it to camps for the displaced are finding them too be less than ideal. The camps are disease-infested, and death rates have reached 200 people a day.

The New Warrior continued

continued from page 6

This shadow filters and twists the energy of his will, and, as shown above, this has its consequences. Most men in our society feel more shame than power, more removed from their brother than connected, and they have more grief in their guts than joy.

We are these men. If we do not feel our power internally, we will look to things outside ourselves—our relationships, our careers, our children—to try to reach for that golden part of us that festers beneath our wounds. Or in our rage at this loss of ourselves, we may abuse others, often targeting the people closest to us, thus passing on the wounds we have received.

At the New Warrior Training Weekends, we on the staff give a man a safe haven from judgment in which he can begin to look at what keeps him from valuing himself. We give a man the safety he needs to go down into his wounds and balm them with the compassion and understanding he has always hoped he would find. A man comes to his training weekend in all of his fear, pain, and fatigue and he leaves owning his power. The destructive energy of his wounds has been converted to the life affirming energy of the New Warrior. After the weekend, he remains connected to the male community through Integration Groups—groups of men who are dedicated to living their personal missions and to helping others to do the same. He is also able to staff trainings and pass on the gifts he has been given. With the resources he acquires from these experiences, the New Warrior is able to live his mission with guts and power, with integrity and without apology.

On the weekend of the 4th and 5th of December, P.T. Ryan, the Warrior King of the Rochester area, will be coming to the Bard College campus. P.T. is a high school English teacher, a Vietnam combat veteran, and most especially, a man full of love. He will be accompanied by myself and several other New Warriors from around the state. We will speak about why the men's movement is happening and how the New Warrior Training fits into it. Both meetings will begin at 7:30 p.m. and will take place in room 102 of Olin. Because men need a safe, masculine place to talk about our issues, the Friday night meeting will be for men only. This will give you men a chance to hear about the movement from those that are involved in it, to ask questions, and to learn how it can benefit you. The Saturday night meeting will be open to the entire Bard community, and I invite women who are interested in the future of our society and planet to come and experi-

ence the new human community. At the Saturday night meeting, a woman from the Woman Within network will be with us. The Woman Within network is affiliated with the New Warriors, and it serves the complementary purpose of helping women to face their shadows and regain their powers. When men and women have done the important work of separating to learn what it means to be a man or woman in the next millenium, it is important to then return to each other. This happens not in the squishy boundariness of the past few decades, but in the safety of being grounded as a member of our own sex. Moore and Gillette have suggested that the earth has never yet had men and women that possess the integrated masculinity and femininity that is now being discovered. I invite you to be part of this important movement. The self-indulgent eighties are over. As we look towards the new millenium, we face tremendous societal problems whose solutions require people who own their power. The easy way to pretend that we are making important changes is to enact new laws or to change representation in our government. The more difficult way, but the only way that affects substantive change, is for individuals to own their powers. We must change ourselves first, those true changes will then be reflected in our society's laws and practices.

There are usually two obstacles that keep a man from taking up his place in the male community and receiving the gifts that are there for him. The first is his fear of the reactions of women. Since the average man is socialized to take care of women and to fear their shaming should he fail to please them,

he often feels unable to explore his true, masculine self without their permission. I promise you that you will never receive this permission. YOU must be the one who tears himself away from judgment. Remember that if the women of our society had waited until men had given them permission to have their movement, none of the positive changes their movement brought about would have materialized. Let us not forget that as men we have benefited immensely from their movement. As women have become more independent, we have become more free to begin our own processes of self discovery. Some men feared the women's movement; inevitably, some women will fear the men's movement. But as we did, women will find that our movement holds benefits for them. As a man gains a safe, clean, masculine place to bring his emotional energy and spirituality, he finds that he has all the more power to give to the relationships in his life. Women see that their children long to be fathered by powerful men. When these and other women see that they can trust powerful men, they find that these are the men whom they desire to have for lovers.

The second and more powerful obstacle that stands between men and men is the fear we have of trusting one another. Our wounds have taught us that exposure of who we are leads to shaming and humiliation—but this is my personal promise to you, for which you can hold me accountable: to whatever extent you will risk with us—to that extent you will be blessed. The gift that you give us, your brothers, by showing us who you really are will be returned in gifts that are beyond our

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A Dog's life.

By David Draper.



The scarf incident

Dear Editor,

I had a dream and it came true: being a French tutor in a Liberal Arts College on the East Coast of the United States of America. Having studied with delight the words of Poe, Whitman and Hawthorne I had been the lucky one to initiate the lively Bard students to the pleasures of "La grammaire Française" and share at the same time my true love of American slang and twang. I left Paris, light-hearted, ready to frolic amongst the leaves of grass on the borders of the Hudson River. But earlier this week my dream turned into a nightmare.

As I was "joyusement" on my way to Kline Commons to eat my usual bagel and cream cheese (to which my French stomach has been deliciously addicted) the nicest oldest lady—whom since then I had always greeted and who always replied with the sweetest shy smile—looked at me suspiciously and asked me bluntly if I had lost a black scarf.

Though surprised by the question, I answered: "No, thank you for asking, but I happen to have it around my neck to protect me from the first snowflakes which had fallen on campus."

Apparently not amused nor interested in my poetic statements, the lady replied that she had lost a black scarf herself and that it was the very one I was wearing. She even added that the evening before I had asked her if she had seen a black scarf, I would have lost.

Rather bemused—as I had not eaten at Kline the night before, so involved as I was preparing my tutorials—I decided to put an end to the confusion and showed her

the tag "Made in France" to prove my good faith. I even said it was a gift from my "maman chérie" whom I actually miss a lot. Anyway, as I was ready to take my garment back, she protested saying her scarf also came from France. I tried to calm her down and finally succeeded in taking my scarf back; still I felt distraught by such a mistake. The story could have found here its conclusion.

But the next day, as I was going to have lunch, I found the same lady behind the counter. Politely, as I gave her my meal card, I inquired about her scarf. I should have shut my mouth. She suddenly straightened up looking at me angrily and repeated her accusations: "You have my scarf... you stole my scarf!" and she refused to give me back my meal card.

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

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

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

Merci d'avance. I want you to know I am having a wonderful time here.

Sincerely yours,
Stephane Foenkinos

Person of the week cont.

continued from page 4

"I owe my life to them," she said.

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

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

IT BEGAN ON THE
BATHROOM WALLS.

QUITZE

IT SPREAD
OUTDOORS.



New
Warriors
continued
further

continued from page 10

wildest dreams.

Every man was born with his personal vision of what the world is supposed to be. As very young children we believed that this world that we live in was the ideal world. We embodied love; we possessed an infinite ability to love others. Our wounds covered that vision and love, but both live safely on in every man. The gods have protected your gold for you, but you must do the work of finding where they have hidden it.

It is every man's mission to make his life a movement towards creating the world he envisions. Men must begin to ask themselves how much longer our planet can sustain a population of men who ignore their missions, and every man must ask himself how much longer he can afford to run from his own vision. Don't let your fear and mistrust keep you away. Remember- you have within you all the power you need to become the man whom you have always wanted to be. As a warrior brother from Philadelphia has said:

YOU ARE ALL POWERFUL MEN. YOUR POWER, WHEN ALLOWED TO EVOLVE, HAS THE POTENTIAL TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE AND THE WORLD FOREVER. YOUR POWER LIES IN YOUR ABILITY TO LOVE, AND IT IS THROUGH LOVE THAT YOU WILL BE POWERFUL. I extend my hand to you, and I look forward to introducing you to the New Warriors.

For now, I remain,
Yours in service to men,
Bruce "White Stag" Kuznicki

AND IT SPREAD TO
THE CHAIRS IN OLIN.

QUITZE
I KNOW
YOUR MENSTRUAL
CYCLE
BILL &
WINONA

AND TO THE
OBSERVER.



More
harassment

To the writer of "Defining definitions,"

I see the attention placed on sexual harassment by feminists as an attempt to gain power only in so far as it is needed to guarantee that women can exist in the public sector without having to suffer harassment based on their sexuality. It is not a broad attempt to gain control over the definition of criminal behavior for subversive purposes. It is, however, an attempt to define sexual harassment

IT WAS WRITTEN ON
KLINE'S COMMENT CARDS

QUITZE
AWOOD

WILL WE EVER KNOW
WHAT QUITZE MEANS?

perhaps
O'Neill

as unacceptable, criminal behavior in order to ensure women lives free of harassment. In your letter you addressed such a feminist definition of sexual harassment as "an instrument of self-interest" thereby dismissing it. I disagree with the logic that an act of self-interest does not deserve attention. The African-American civil rights movement was certainly carried out in the self-interest of African-Americans yet would you dismiss it and its goals for that reason? Feminists define sexual harassment not out of an attempt to threaten men but rather out of an attempt to protect women.

Jennifer Reck

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Letters to the Editor and Personals or Classifieds must not exceed 500 words and must be signed legibly. All articles, cartoons, and photographs that are submitted by deadline will be considered for publication. Turn all material in at the *Observer* office in the basement of Tewksbury or through Campus Mail by 5 p.m. Friday one week before the publication date. The Editor reserves the right to edit all articles (except those intended for the *Another View* page) for style and length.

Classifieds: Free for Bardians, \$5 for all others. Personals are free.
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CALENDAR

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE

DECEMBER 2 TO 9 ★ 1992

What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

★ WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2 ★

Student Forum

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

Be Involved—Run for Student Government

Resolutions: Cable on Campus

Be there at Kline Committee Room, 7p

★ **Not a Love Story.** See this film—an early attempt to make us aware of the victimization of women through pornography. Presented as part of today's **Psychology of Women Day.** Be there at 8p, in Olin Art History Room.

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

★ THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3 ★

Liu Sola

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

Sponsored by the Division of Languages & Literature.

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

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

★ FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4 ★

The Match Factory Girl

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

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

Leningrad Cowboys Go America

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

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

New Warrior Training Weekend

Read about "it" inside this issue.

First meeting open to men—

Second meeting open to the Bard Community.

First meeting: Friday at 7:30p, Olin Art History Room

Second meeting: Saturday, same time-same place.

★ **Hey wait a minute...** Go see the **Health & Counseling Service Open House** today at the **Health Center, 1-3p.** Refreshments served, folks.

★ SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6 ★

The Film Committee presents

Freeze-Die-Come to Life

Two children learn to survive in a mining community in the Soviet Far east, just after WWII—Watch as they turn the most unlikely situations into their own kinds of games.

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

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

★ MONDAY, DECEMBER 7 ★

Gender Studies Reception

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

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

Chris Killip

Photography Lectures at Bard

Hear him speak in the Conference Room at Levy, 8p.

Gymnastics Lessons for Beginners

Learn basic tumbling skills with Sarah Barab—\$2/class.

at the **Aerobics Room in Stevenson**

Monday, 8p & Tuesday, 8:30p

★ TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8 ★

Leonard Schwartz

Bard Alumnus '84

Jesse Browner

Bard Alumnus '83

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

Sponsored by the Division of Languages & Literature.

Hear them speak at Olin Art History Room, 8p

The Hispanic Experience in the United States

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

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

Be there at Olin Art History Room, 7p