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OBSERVER

Vol. 101 No. 5 September 29, 1993

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The
BARD

OBSERVER

VOLUME 101 ★ NUMBER 5

BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504

SEPTEMBER 29 ★ 1993

*"Journalism is the ability to
meet the challenge of filling
space."*

-Dame Rebecca West

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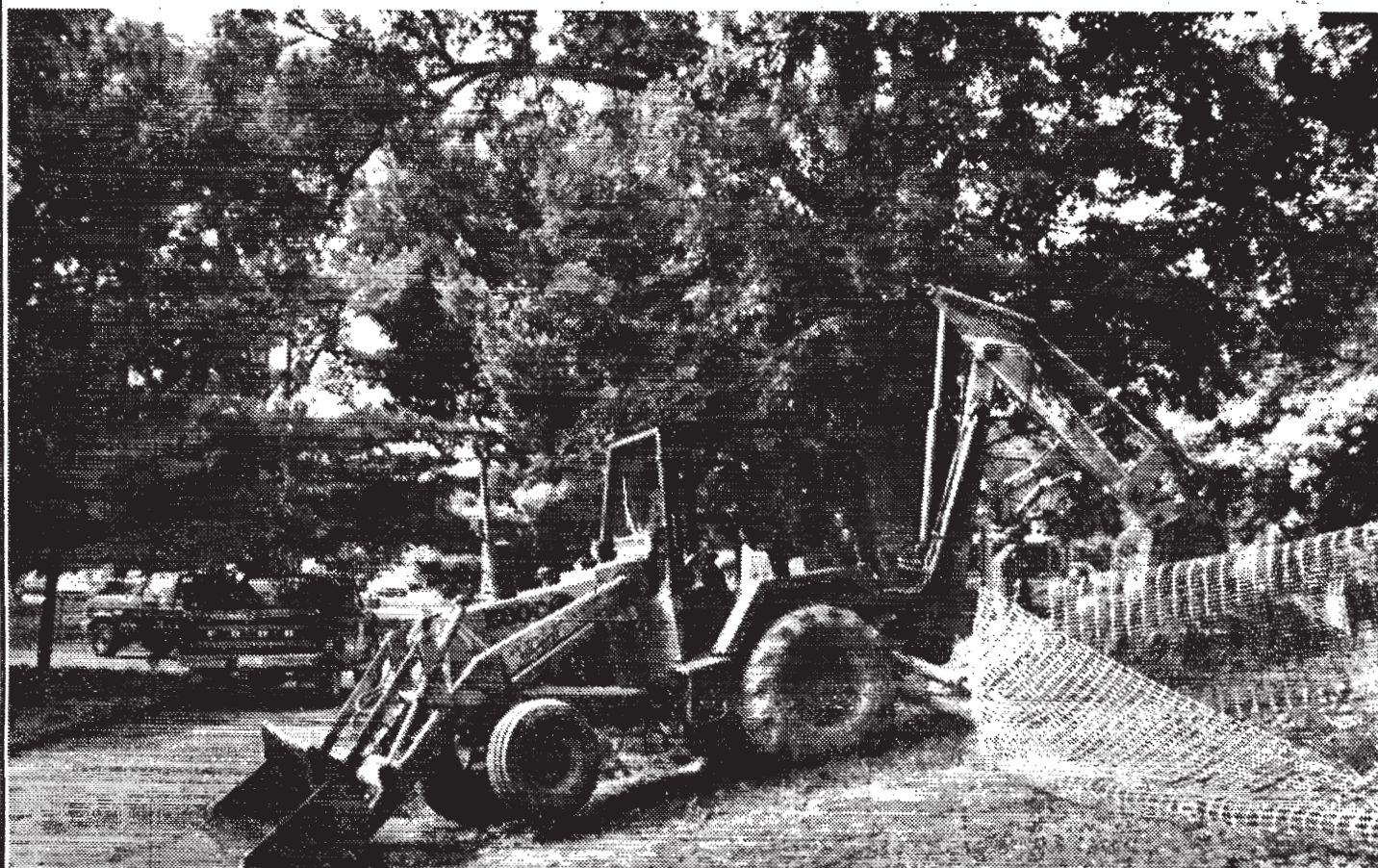
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Three Cheers

The women's volleyball
team wins again



This bulldozer was used for not construction, but destruction last Sunday morning. The culprits? No one knows.

Cats and robbers

Security responds to vandals, burglars and one stray cat

Just before 3 am last Sunday morning, the sounds of heavy machinery could be heard behind the Henderson Computer Center.

**Michael
Poirier
News
Editor**

According to Director of Safety and Security Kim Squillace, a student heard at least two people laughing amidst the roar of the machinery. Apparently, they were using the large back-hoe to dig into the ground around the

Computer Center.

The student reported the incident to Security, but by the time the officer responded, the perpetrators had left. The next morning it was discovered that they had pried open a plate to get to the machine's controls. The extent of the damage they caused was not realized until later that afternoon, when problems with the phone and computer systems were discovered.

Squillace confirmed that the vandals had

dug through important phone and computer lines near the Center. She said that by Tuesday morning, Buildings and Grounds was able to repair most of the damage. "This could have been a disaster situation if gas lines were present in the ground," said Squillace.

Security is not sure whether or not it was students who illegally operated the back-hoe. Squillace urges anyone who has any information regarding this incident to bring it to Security's attention.

Stray cat strut

In a less destructive, but equally dramatic incident, Security spent the weekend involved in the apprehension of a stray cat. Late last Friday night, a student in Cruger Village was accidentally bitten while feeding a black and white stray cat. Concerned that the cat may have had rabies, the student asked Security to help catch the animal.

Squillace said that her office tried to con-

tact various agencies ranging from the Department of Health to different veterinary agencies to the Dutchess County Sheriff's Department for assistance in this matter. "There are no clear guidelines for cats," said Squillace. "So we did not get any assistance from any of these agencies."

"It came down to one of my officers and myself physically catching the animal," reported Squillace. The cat was finally caught on Sunday after being lured by a bowl of milk for several hours. Squillace said that the cat "ate pretty good that day" and "didn't look sick in any way." A county sheriff officer arrived to destroy the animal, but he agreed that it looked healthy and did not shoot the cat.

On Monday, they brought the cat to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The veterinarians there confirmed that the cat did not exhibit any clear indications of sickness.

If the cat had not been caught, the student

continued on page 2

Security beat continued from front page

and a Security officer scratched while trying to catch the cat would have had to go through the painful process of rabies treatments. Even so, the animal will be under close observation for the next ten days to ensure that it does not show any symptoms. Squillace said that \$40 was donated to the ASPCA so that the cat can be adopted once its health is confirmed.

"You can never be too safe when it comes to animals," explained Squillace. "Rabies is on the decline, but it is very important that you do not approach strange animals who might not have been inoculated."

Vandals and burglars

Squillace reported that parties in Robbins this weekend were the scene of extensive vandalism. Fire-crackers were set off, which burned the rug and floor, while setting off the fire alarm. A window in the lounge was also broken.

"Another concern is that if we had to get emergency vehicles into the area, we would not have been able to do so because cars were

parked on both sides of the road going into Robbins," said Squillace. She said that there is some concern about future parties being held in Robbins, and she will be meeting with the Dean of Students Office to see that this doesn't happen again.



"I would hate to say that we can't have any more parties out there," she explained. "But the students really have to take some responsibilities for their actions."

The water treatment plant off Blithewood Road was also the scene of vandalism recently. Squillace confirmed that someone got into the building last week and tampered with the controls. She stated that there

were no signs of forced entry, so the perpetrator(s) probably had a key. The very next day the lock was changed, and that night two stones were thrown through a window of the plant.

The same evening, Security received a report that people were carrying bolt-cutters around Tewksbury and the Ravines. Squillace said that bolt-cutters are used to steal bikes, and when Security responded, the suspects dropped the cutters and left in their vehicle. The officer was unable to get the license plate of the vehicle, but the bolt-cutters are in Security's custody. Squillace said that she was not certain if the incident at the water plant and that one were related.

Regarding the recent theft of a student's extremely expensive bicycle from outside his own room on the second floor of Robbins, Squillace said, "I know several students are very upset about the doors to the dorms being locked, but this is a perfect example where if the doors had been locked, this incident might not have happened." Squillace confirmed that this theft was reported to the State Police, but there have not been too many other problems with lost or stolen bikes on campus.

Classifieds & personals

Pat- Hope all is well. Sorry I haven't written yet. Been very busy with the paper. Will write soon. Love, Jeana.

Hudsonia wants reusable (clean, used one side only) letter-size file folders and 3x5" index cards; also a Kayak paddle. Please call ext. 273 or 274.

For sale: 1989 Kawasaki EX500—Only 3,000 miles, great condition, saddle bags. Must sell. Please call Judy at ext. 435 or 758-5286.

Wanted: Used IBM/compatible, 386/486, super VGA, 80+Meg HD, 2+Meg RAM. Printer would be nice. Box 880 or 757-2310.

Writers & photographers needed to work on the Bard Annual Sketchbook staff! Interested people should contact Lisa Kereszi (7053) for photography, or Malia Du Mont (7581) for writing or layout & design.

Car for sale! Ugly, but reliable Dodge Colt 1984 w/65,000 miles \$600 negotiable. Call 752-7289. Also for sale, Floor Rug: subtle mauve color, Almost New. \$15

Help Wanted! Children's Entertainment Agency Now Hiring local talented, reliable, and energetic people. Excellent pay. Must have a car. (914) 758-6084.

Shy, quiet, tall, brown-skinned female is looking for a, straight male companion who is funny, interesting, and talkative. I love alternative & rap music long talks & moonlight walks. Assholes need not apply. Open-minded men only -Box 1242

TEACHING PIANO Ania (914) 758-6822 ext. 355

Feisty, beautiful, wavy-haired, petite brunette with a spectacularly diverse music collection seeks down-to-earth, decisive guy

with a good sense of humor and an easy-going nature. Assholes need not apply. -Box 605

Responsible, well-groomed individual sought by a daring sybaritic couple in need of hired help/Personal valet, applicants should possess a zeal for serving cocktails, a love for Peruvian stimulants, and a subservient demeanor. Competitive salary. For applications call 752-7435 Ask for Oscar or Annette or, respond to box 784.

FOR SALE: 9 used, but still usable golf clubs with bamboo handles. \$9 If interested, call 758-0772.

H. Your love and support have helped bring me through a lot. Thank-you. Yours, for as long as your willing to put up with me, H.

You Putz! Watch out you philosohunk; you - the waddling muscle leprechaun may be dead but he can always crawl back, piss on your eyeballs, and skullfuck you! Or wouldn't that be the neighborly thing to do? Anyway it's a skull numbing experience watching Jason Priestly tied up in a bikini in a boat with an injured borg calling his Aunt Nancy.

"This light is here to keep you warm, this song is here to keep you strong." I turned on the light and I'm always singing—but where are you? Please come find me soon! Inexperienced but willing ok, so it would probably work best if you were a boy (like me), but mostly it would be nice just to have someone to share kisses and stars and stuffed animals and my blankies with. Box 588 Neither homophobes nor heterophobes need apply.

Note to all: names & box numbers must be included on requests for classifieds & personals. We'll leave it out of print if you want, but this info is necessary if you want your submission in.

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Role-playing and race expectations

MES presents Sarah Willie

As part of the debate begun last spring on the issue of implementing a multicultural-ethnic

**Shelleen
Greene**
Staff
writer

studies program at Bard, the MES Task Force, on the 17th and 18th of September, conducted a lecture and open forum

session. On Friday the 17th, Professor Sarah Willie of Colby College initiated the two-day event with a lecture entitled "When We Were Black: From Identity to Performance and Back Again." Willie is a doctoral candidate in the field of sociology at Northwestern University. Her lecture was based on her research findings and thesis, which focuses on minority academic performance at institutions of higher education. She began her discussion by praising Bard and its attempt at a new multicultural-ethnic studies program, stating, "few colleges have attempted to take the reality of multiculturalism as seriously as [Bard] is now taking [it]... Keep your eyes on the prize for a more accurate history, a wider literature, [and] a new philosophy."

Willie's lecture, while mainly dealing with interviews and research of African-Americans who

attended college from 1970 to 1990, dealt also with general attitudes of minority students towards their academic curriculum and how it affected their performance. The two main ideas that developed out of her research were "race as a social construction," and "race as performance." These two ideas, as Willie explained, were influenced by her exposure to gender theorists, and the idea that "sex roles and identities are constantly negotiated, and altered, or rather socially constructed." Just as "man and woman are social roles" to be played, Willie reasoned, "black and white" also can be seen as "roles or relations in the personal and institutional system of race." Although there is criticism of the "sex-role theory" because it ignores unequal relations due to class difference, Willie explained that the term "role" is central to her argument because it emphasizes "performance as opposed to inescapability."

Destiny or Expectation?

Willie went on to state that the ideas of race as social construct and performance oppose the more narrow biological view of "[inherited] physical characteristics." The strict categorizations of "Negroid, Mongoloid and Caucasoid," Willie explained, include those who "occupy all three spaces simultaneously," and assume that the most dominant

physical characteristics dictate race identification.

"Students and professors of sociology," Willie stated, "agree that [race] is negotiated or socially constructed, and yet [race] is continually treated like sex and age, as descriptive characteristics."

"The implication is that of race as a biological destiny, not a social expectation."

In order to understand more fully the idea of race as performance, Willie interviewed sixty African-American alumni of "historically black" Howard University and "predominantly white" Northwestern University. Willie found that although participants all were of the same ethnic group, they spoke differently on the issue of race. Willie concluded that "depending on where, when and with whom we live, our definitions [of race] vary." One of the alumni from Howard, now an engineer and living in a predominantly white neighborhood, stated that "school gave me my lifestyle... everyone has to do it their own way."

"Being black," the alumnus said, "is not wearing your hair a certain way, or changing your name, going on marches, or reading this or caring about that." Willie described his view of racial identity as forward looking, and more focused on who he is at present, than of his past.

To Be Black in America

In interviews with two alumni of Northwestern, Willie found that one felt "being black meant being in a very close group," while the other, who grew up in a white affluent neighborhood, related feelings of isolation from the Afri-

can-American student population. On the other hand, an alumnus from Howard, also from a white affluent neighborhood, stated that he "assumed that an all-black student body would be narrow," but found that the campus was surprisingly diverse, and that he "could introduce other black people to an expanded understanding of what it meant to be black in America."

Willie, in speaking of her own experience at a predominantly white college, stated that "she began to perform in a way that would invert the racial expectations that others had of [her]." Because of "race expectation, there is a fear, 'that by not acting black or not acting white, [the person] will not be recognized as human.' Willie went on to say that for some "to resist race expectations, ... is to face the possibility of death."

In conclusion to her lecture, Willie stated that, although race expectations can be damaging, there is some "elasticity" within the expectations, which she believes were "fundamental in helping the alumni in the study form larger expectations of and towards themselves." The lecture was followed by a question and answer period, in which the issues of race and performance were



further discussed. It is hoped that, through this and similar discussions on the "intellectual and political issues" of multiculturalism, a comprehensive MES program can be implemented at Bard.



The Jerome Levy Economics Institute of Bard College

FALL 1993
LEVY INSTITUTE LECTURE SERIES

Thursday, September 30, 1993
8:00 p.m. Lecture

Richard L. Schmalensee, Professor of Economics, Alfred P. Sloan School of Management, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, will be giving a lecture on "Recent Developments in Energy and Environmental Policy".

Part of a free lecture series -- everyone is welcome.

Braving the Hudson

Off the road and onto the water

At this time of the year, the Hudson river and its adjacent bays are arguably at their most beautiful. There is something majestic about the water in autumn, as if the river were soaking up the last warmth before a long winter. Standing on the shore - or even driving over the Rhinecliff bridge - there is a great sense of the motion of time and seasons passing.

**Michael
Sylvester**
Guest
writer

If you really want to know a river, though, you have to get out on it, so I recently paddled out on South Tivoli Bay with two good friends. The plan was for us to meet another set of friends by canoe near Cruger Island. There was something damn charming about that idea. We were all pretty smitten by it, smitten enough anyway to squeeze three people into a one-person canoe.

Now I don't know if you have ever seen a one-person canoe. Oddly enough, they are designed for one person. There is a seat in the middle and a crossbar which could sort of be a seat toward the bow, and then at the stern is this cramped little area shaped like a V. This was my place, the rear, the place from which the canoe would, theoretically, be steered. I don't normally like to complain, especially since I had volunteered to sit there, but there is something about having your ankles bent double beneath you that changes a person. I become incessantly whiny. My relative comfort became infinitely more important than such unspoken canoe laws as "canoes can tip" if you move too much" or "canoes can tip very easily" if you nearly stand up trying to get some blood back in your shins. I also found it difficult to give much of a damn whether we were going particularly straight, which caused problems. Usually, however, I could be cajoled into actually paying a modicum of interest to our eventual destination, and so we laboriously made our way through South Bay.

In the Spring, the Tivoli Bays are crystalline expanses of melted snow run-off. In the fall, they are clogged full of water chestnuts. These water chestnuts (or devil

ful. There is something majestic about the water in autumn, as if the river were soaking up the last warmth before a long winter. Standing on the shore - or even driving over the Rhinecliff bridge - there is a great sense of the motion of time and seasons passing.



pod) are non-native Eurasian species which are carried into the Hudson, probably by cargo ships travelling the river. Now they form a somewhat impenetrable barrier of what looks like kelp, but smells like the rot usually associated with swamps or eutrophication. In addition, there is this green scum that resembles pea soup, as well as pods themselves, which are pretty nasty looking and have these long barbs that can cut you up pretty well if you step on them. My friend Ron swears that they are tasty, though, if you don't mind a few PCB's (polychloryl biphenyls) or some DDT from the silt in your diet. Ron doesn't seem to. As a testimonial to the relative safety of Hudson River cuisine, he told me about the old, toothless man that he met one day while walking the shore. According to Ron, this fella swore that, "It's alright, I just go ahead and eat the fish right out of the damn river. I don't worry about no PCB's."

Eventually, we made it out of the chestnuts and into the canals which wind their way through the mass of vegetation. Through one of these canals, we made it to the three railroad bridges which connect the South Bay to the Hudson proper. It is through these three bridges that the South Bay becomes tidal as the water levels fluctuate with the current in the Hudson. At low tide, the South Bay is nothing but mud. If you don't check the tide charts, there is nothing to do but wait twelve hours or get the heck out in neck deep mud and push.

Once you make it out to the river itself, the waves pick up, not

to mention the volume of boats. Jetskies (probably one of the worst polluting devices ever invented - like a Buick I once owned, they can't hold their oil) come zipping right by, and the occasional speed boat will leave you in a wake, which can make things pretty exciting in a canoe. We had in fact just been buzzed pretty closely when I spotted my friends Doug and Ron coming around the tip of Cruger Island in Doug's canoe.

Doug's canoe was beautiful, an old cedar canoe that he had just finished refurbishing himself. Doug was living out every occasional camper's dream. He had found himself a little spot that no

one seemed to care about and built himself a shelter that he was living in. The shelter was big enough to sleep two, although Doug lived alone, and he had a fire pit for cooking as well as for all his other supplies. It was straight out of *Thoreau*, a stab against modern urbanity for all of us who quietly despaired.

We pulled the canoes ashore, allowing me to get out and stretch my legs. After I was pretty satisfied that everyone knew exactly how uncomfortable I had been, and I felt that they had expressed an ample amount of pity, we stripped down and swam in the warm September water of the

Hudson. We rubbed the green mud onto our bodies, painting ourselves and arranging the long green strands of the water chestnut fronds as necklaces and crowns. We swam out to one of the monitoring platforms and dried ourselves in the sun. All in all, it was a beautiful day.

After a while, the two of us (yes, we pawned one of our original crew members off on Doug) spread our legs out in the luxuriously spacious one-person canoe and paddled toward the South Bay and home.

About a week after all this, I heard from a mutual friend that Tom's shelter had been ransacked by vandals. His shelter had been hacked up and destroyed, his food dumped into his clothes and sleeping bag, and his large container of honey had been poured over his few books and just about everything else they could find. The canoe that he had spent weeks refurbishing, that we had all stood around admiring, had been punctured in several places by a large spike. Of his meager possessions, almost nothing was left untouched. The destruction was senseless but total.

I suppose that that is the thing about stabbing at modern urbanity: it always seems to find a way to stab back. I am glad that *Thoreau* isn't alive to hear about it, although I imagine that he wouldn't have been much surprised.

Peacebomb and A.D. review

These secluded Bard campus was not at a loss of live talent last Friday night. The Peacebomb and A.D. concert literally started with an explosion and continued to rock for hours.

**Jancy
Lang
Arts
Editor**

Peacebomb, a five member band originating in New York, immediately inspired Bard's toes to start tapping. The Bard audience was tremendously responsive to the style Peacebomb produced. The music was a mixture of hard rock and an alternative sound. It was easy to dance to and pleased the crowd enough to receive thundering applause during the pauses in the middle of songs. The upbeat tempo was produced by such instruments as cowbells, a whistle, drums, bass

and rhythm guitars.

There was then a short break while A.D. set up their stage.

The Bard audience doubled at the first sound from A.D. The four member band, also from New York, involved the audience brilliantly as the audience slamed and moved energetically to A.D.'s music.

Anthony W. DeMore, lead vocalist of A.D., laughed into the mike and told the audience that if they didn't calm down, someone would get hurt.

The crossover between rap and live rock obviously wired the Bardians as they chanted for an encore, and an encore after the first.

I got the chance to speak to both Peacebomb and A.D. after the concert and got an extremely positive and satisfied response. Both bands commented that the audience they could see at the front was a wild and enthusiastic crowd that encouraged Peacebomb and A.D. to rock even

harder.

If you're afraid that you missed an amazingly live night, well, you did. BUT! there are several ways to hear these artists in the near future.

A.D. has just released their debut album on Enemy Records. Peacebomb has recorded their first album, but has not released it as of yet; however, you may request their two latest singles on local radio stations.

Tune in next week to receive the addresses for Peacebomb and A.D.'s mailing lists, and an exclusive Observer interview with both Peacebomb and A.D. Find out what the combined four Bard graduates from the bands majored in. Find out why A.D. was reluctant to tell me what their initials really stand for, and why Peacebomb prefers not to play in clubs and bars.

Watch this space next week!

Dead Goat Notes

The following column is the opinion and property of Gregory Giaccio, and does not necessarily represent the staff of the Observer. If you disagree with Mr. Giaccio, contact him telepathically.

When I look at the curriculum at our allegedly "Liberal" arts school, it strikes me as being incredibly ethnocentric. None of the courses deal with any culture that is not from Earth. Do we think that we are alone in the universe?

First of all, there are absolutely no aliens among the student body. (Let me remind you here that the term "extra-terrestrial" is inherently alien-phobic. The term implies an earth-centered view of society. The term was invented by old earth men to denigrate non-earth peoples and accustom earthlings to their imperialistic aims of colonizing the moon and other planets.) The admissions department claims to be diverse and multicultural, but any Vulcan could see that there is no logic in their claims. Sure they have a Multicultural and Ethnic Studies Task Force Admission Subcommittee, but what good are they if they can only recruit people from every other continent on this planet? Why not get a few from other planets? If they were really sincere in their drive to "enhance recruitment efforts to reach out to and attract a more diverse student population" then they would look to such diverse secondary schools as Starfleet Academy, the Vulcan Science Institute or any of the fine Bajoran schools.

Of course, few aliens would probably want to study here considering how we do so little to address their culture and their needs. There are no Alien Studies departments. In fact, each individual department could do a little to rectify this situation.

First of all, assuming that our alien-phobic administration let an alien come here, how would we communicate with them? We need alien languages. Certain classics professors on this campus speak four or five earth languages already and

are trying to learn more. Wouldn't it be better if Chris Callanan applied his efforts to learning Klingon? And then, perhaps over the intersession, he could offer intensive Klingon.

This would open the way for Klingon Opera courses in the music department, which would help to erase its alien-phobic stigma. Perhaps some Romulan literature. The economics department could certainly use a course in Feregni business tactics if Earth is ever going to become a major player in the universal economic community. Of course, the applications of a universal curriculum in the film department are obvious. Even the science department could toe the line by teaching all the physics courses with a Scottish accent. And how could the philosophy department pretend to teach logic without offering any Vulcan authors? What's the problem, earthlings? Never read any Vulcan?

The library has made some token efforts to implement a universal curriculum by putting the Klingon Language dictionary on reserve. The Trek club has also contributed by donating a handful of books on the subject, but even these are notoriously earth-centric.

The food service, of course, would have to comply by providing alien food for our new visitors. (Although it seems that they have been incorporating alien meat into our standard earth fare already.)

However, the best option would be to have an Alien Studies major. We have been confined to earth studies for long enough. And there is no way we could have an Alien Studies department headed by an earthling. Now is the time for the college to form a search committee to hire a full-time, tenure-track alien professor. And then we could use a dean for Alien Affairs, helping Alien students adjust to living in an oppressive society on a new planet light years from home.

Let us hope that the entire college can pull together behind a universal curriculum and cease our alien-phobic ways.



Greg
Giaccio

Featured
Columnist

Shameless Filler!

Back in my Freshman year of college, I began to feel a void in my life. I was experiencing an emptiness in my need to be needed. The physical manifestation of this void was my mailbox, which was then still in the basement of Hegeman (remember that, seniors?). My box was way on the bottom, so far down that I couldn't tell whether or not there was anything in there just by looking. So, I had to kneel down before my box like some kowtowing religious cult member, showing humility before my all-powerful mailbox. It could make me exuberantly happy and feel needed. It could make me realize how puny my life is. I knelt there, imploring it for a boon. Most often, I'd get those awful little notes from the administration informing me of some event that I cared not one whit for. My mailbox was empty; the void dominated my life.

That's when I began sending away for catalogs. Lots of catalogs; catalogs of every size, shape and description. They filled up both mailbox space and free time well, and allowed me to feel that I was not alone in the vast postal universe. Even if I was just a return address to them, if they didn't need me personally, at least they needed my money.

A lot of the catalogs I ordered were kind of silly and geared toward interests quite apart from my own. One or two actually seemed to serve no purpose, like the Catalog of Catalogs, from which I could re-order catalogs that had stopped mailing their catalogs. But most of these catalogs were hawking something near and dear to my heart, hard-to-find books.

By hard to find I mean two things. First, and one on which I will not dwell, are books which are not so much hard to find, but hard to gather up the nerve of actually walking into a store that might sell them, spending a few minutes browsing, making a few selections, and then finally swallowing your shame and approaching the counter with books in tow and plunking down cash in exchange for the cheap thrills found within. The other hard-to-find books are ones whose subject matter and challenging data are such that the books never would find a mainstream publisher with the guts to publish them. In this way, one could sort of suggest that these books are "censored." The catalog that offers this and more is Loompanics Unlimited.

In the ad, they called themselves the "Best book catalog in the world." They claimed to have access to titles that are unavailable to the less-informed public. I was intrigued, so I ordered their catalog. They surely did de-

liver the goods, a large, heavy catalog filled with books on topics that I had never begun to consider worthwhile or interesting materials. Of course, there were the obligatory drug and sex sections, but they also included a large selection of books about disappearing from the eyes of the government, smuggling, living rent-free, and one particularly eye-catching little number about how to steal from supermarkets (and why you should). A plethora of information for just about anyone's particular crisis.

As the years have rolled on, I've gotten little updates from the company, including new titles and selections from the books they feature. And I began to notice a peculiar mindset behind the folks at Loompanics; one that I sense with an odd mixture of happiness and wariness. In order to print, distribute, and (in some cases) publish these books on a regular basis, the folks at Loompanics are actually kept working by being inherently suspicious about everyone and everything. I was raised and taught to always question authority, but this is

taking it to the limits of questioning reality. The Loompanics catalog proudly displays the volume *Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, which is a pamphlet by a history professor claiming to have proof that the Holocaust never existed.

This, in itself, is not that bad of a thing. We're talking one book against thousands of historical and personal accounts. And, of course, I never want to suggest that freedom of speech should be in some way restrained.

Just, if someone actually spends a lot of time compiling and seeking out books and publications that are designed to challenge and cause controversy, how could that affect their business and personal lives? Even I began to feel paranoid rifling through the pages of their catalog. And what do these folks hope to gain by offering books about female serial killers?

Part of me thinks that the need to stimulate thought about anything on any level supercedes the need to retain some kind of sanity and trust in our own world. But even I'm starting to scratch my head at some of Loompanics' offerings. I mean, when I'm presented with the opportunity to buy a magazine that features stories entitled "The Homeless Can Eat Shit" or that promises me an interview with the Man/Boy Love Association, I balk. I'll take my cozy little world of pretend security any day to the ever grinding need to expose more and more of life's underbelly. I mean, when it comes down to reading about older men having sex with young boys, I'll disagree with whatever confused, psychotic rantings you have to say, but I'll fight to the death for your right to say it out of earshot from me.

In which the realist peeks out from behind a catalog

by Matt Gilman

Bard's Christian Fellowship Group

**Meetings Every
Thursday
9:30pm
In the Chapel**



Everyone is welcome; Christian or not.

A page of unedited observations by guest writers

unbard love

by Sean O'Neill

Nadine has a TV and a VCR in her room, and Minh has joined her to offer consolation for her grieving soul by watching *The Prince of Tides* every night for four nights. It has been a painful time for Nadine, who was jilted by her true love. It has been a painful time for Minh, who has had to watch *The Prince of Tides* every night for four nights.

"I can't get over how he borrowed the cape from the drama department," says Nadine. "It was so convincing."

They had just made and burnt a voodoo doll of the villain. It was Nadine's idea, and it made her feel better.

"Barbara Streisand really has a long nose," says Minh.

"Why was I such a fool?" says Nadine. "And why wasn't he honest?"

"You have to put this tragedy behind you," says Minh.

"We were going to be married!" cries Nadine.

"Get a hold of yourself, woman," says Minh. "We could call Broadway up and order ten pizzas to be delivered to his room."

"No, that Colby Sprocket guy would probably get them," she whimpers. "At least if we had had the ceremony and broken some glasses, I could watch it over and over again on video tape."

A knock comes at the door. "Come in," says Minh. "Hi, James. Look, Nadine. It's James Beale. Stop moping."

"Hi, James," says Nadine. "You look flushed."

"Hello, ladies. I just came back from the gym. You know, working out."

The message on his shirt reads, "I Lift Volvos."

"Mind if I sit down?" asks James.

"Not at all," says Nadine.

"You know," says James, "I just love the feeling after I've been lifting when all the water rushes to my chest. It's a great sensation, a natural high."

He takes off his shirt to show the fine definition of his chest, the six-pack look. Nadine thinks of the song about the guy with "alpine-ski chiseled features with a sort of a blank look that passes for deep thought or at least the notion that someone's home." That is James.

"Feel this muscle, right here, Nadine," he says.

"That's okay; why don't you do it, Minh?" she says.

Minh massages around his pectoral.

"As solid as concrete, ain't it?" he says.

"That's from constantly ripping the muscle so it becomes more firm. And from eating lots of salad. They really need more greens at that bar in Kline."

"Very impressive," says Minh. "We ought to call you 'Hunk-ra' or 'Beefcake Beale.'"

"You've got a good frame for lifting too, Minh," says James. "You know, you really ought to check out the facilities at Stevenson."

Never had Nadine met anyone who was so intimate with their body. Except, perhaps, Navel Man at the circus when she was five-years old.

"How did you start building up?" asks Minh.

"With my mother's exercise bar," he says. "Do you ever use those power drinks to get energy?" asks Minh.

"Oh, those are terrible for you," says James, his eyes lighting up in excitement. "They have too much iron and vitamin D in them, and they'll make your nose bleed. Those vitamin multi-packs can be the same. You've got to be cautious. Say, do you want to join me some time at the Center? I could show you around the equipment, give you a few tips. I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself by overdoing it."

"I already jog to stay in shape," says Minh.

"That's really cool," he says. "And you don't smoke either. So many Bard students don't appreciate the importance of having a well-tuned body. But you're one of these vegetarians, aren't you? I think I've seen you a lot at the salad bar."

"Yes, but wrestlers eat light, too," says Minh.

"You're missing out on lots of important nutrients, though," says James. "Unless you're in training for some sport."

Nadine screams in irritation.

"You know, Nadine," says James, "exercise is a great way to relieve stress. You should try it. I knew a girl who..."

"Shut that mouth and get your muscle-bound body the hell out of my room," shouts Nadine.

"Was it something I said?" asks James, putting back on his shirt.

"She is just a bit tense," says Minh. "Her marriage was broken off."

"What marriage?" shouts Nadine. "What are you going to do, publish all my life's troubles in the *Observer*? I can imagine it. All these sick Bard students picking up their copy every week to know my private business. Get out, get out. I want some peace."

"Are you on birth control, Nadine?" asks James. "I read somewhere that that always makes women cranky."

"You mean, Mr. Ignorance, that you've actually read something?" says Nadine. "This from the same guy who's been at Bard for five years and still hasn't moderated yet!"

"It's not my fault," says James. "My advisor was on sabbatical."

He starts to cry.

"There, there, now," says Minh. "Don't let the cruel girl upset you."

"I'm going to give him something to really cry about," growls Nadine.

"Let's go to deKline and play pinball," says Minh to James.

"Could we have ice cream?" whimpers James.

"I like ice cream after I've been working out."

"Sure," says Minh. "We can even have the kind with the real lumps of cookie dough."

Nadine begins to throw books at the both of them.

"Out, out, out, out!"

Nadine slams the door after them.

"Why can't men be sensitive at the right times?" she says aloud.

International News Review

by Joshua Ledwell

In early December 1992, United States soldiers wearing full battle dress landed on the beaches of a foreign nation. The troops were forced to collect themselves in the face of the merciless legions of the world news media, for this was no surprise invasion. Reporters had been told of the American offensive in Somalia well ahead of time. The US military was arriving to fight not the Somalis, but the famine-gripping their country. At the time, US leaders optimistically proclaimed that our troops would be home by New Year's.

On September 9, the militia of General Mohammed Farah Aidid ambushed American and Pakistani soldiers on the streets of Mogadishu. Firing from behind a screen of women and children, they killed one peacekeeper and wounded four before UN tanks and helicopter gunships arrived. The peacekeepers killed about a hundred Somalis, including at least some bystanding women and children, during the resultant three-hour battle. Afterwards, it was difficult to determine which among the casualties had been part of Aidid's militia. The dead Somalis told no tales.

Of course, former President George Bush certainly never envisioned this tragic event as a result of his "Operation Restore Hope" campaign. He was focused instead on his true goal: the redefinition of the role of the United States military. In the eleventh hour of his presidency, Bush was attempting a major realignment of American foreign policy with an intervention seemingly motivated by pure humanitarianism.

"Peace Dividend?"

After the fall of the Berlin Wall signaled that the Cold War was over, America slowly began to realize that its enormous military establishment had been left with very little justification for existence. The nation became preoccupied with the "peace dividend" — the resources that could be diverted from defense expenditures now that the Soviet Union was no longer a threat. Bush, on the other hand, did not want to see the armed forces cut. His vaguely defined "New World Order" depended on the United States remaining a military superpower and continuing to support multinational organizations such as NATO and the United Nations. Fortunately for Bush, Saddam Hussein didn't wait for any Cold War demobilization and invaded Kuwait just in time to save the American armed forces.

The Bush-organized, American-led, United Nations response to Iraq's invasion of Kuwait killed the peace dividend. Policymakers, after having seen the events in the newly multipolar world were not less, but more likely, to require US military action, realized that wholesale reduction of the military was not acceptable. They decided instead to try to recast the Army in a more flexible mold, creating "rapid deployment" units. A new Army consisting of these types of units would be much more effective in performing peacekeeping duties or conducting small-scale interventions all over the world. According to the new military doctrine, the US could quickly insert rapid deployment forces at the first sign of some international crisis. They would fix the problem, long before troops could mobilize to respond, and then be withdrawn just as quickly.

To test this premise, Bush sent his new Army, fresh from victory in the Gulf War, to

Somalia. The situation there had many attributes foreign policy experts predicted would be characteristic of post-Cold War conflicts. The famine was highly localized, caused by several petty warlords denying food to each other's territories. The United Nations was already there, and its relief agencies needed help to feed the Somalis. We even received the government's permission to intercede. As a bonus, the terrain was mostly desert, open ground that recalled victory in the Persian Gulf and helped to dispel flashbacks to Vietnam. Finally, an effort to feed starving children whom Americans could see on television every night would undoubtedly be popular domestically. So, under what Bush considered the most favorable conditions possible, the Army landed on the beaches of Somalia. They would easily disarm the warlords and their militias, and stay only until United Nations peacekeepers were ready to guard the food convoys.

Best Laid Plans Gone Awry

At least some of the Somalis, however, have developed the nasty habit of biting the hand that feeds them. Their initial gratitude has understandably begun tending towards resentment after almost nine months of occupation by American and UN soldiers. General Aidid, whom the US once ostentatiously included at peace talks among the warlords, now wages a successful guerrilla war against hapless UN peacekeepers. What went wrong?

Our failure in Somalia lies in the failure of Bush's redefinition of the US military. They are still clinging to a need for firepower, which has been central to Army tactics since the Civil War. On September 9, our rapid deployment forces deployed rapidly enough to fight Aidid's militia, but were ill-equipped for a battle fought among civilians. Instead of tear gas or other riot control devices, their helicopters carried their standard loadouts of twenty-millimeter cannons and rockets designed to destroy tanks. These are clearly weapons that do not limit civilian casualties, and they are completely unsuited for use in supposedly friendly Mogadishu. US soldiers will not disarm themselves if it means becoming like the UN peacekeepers in the former Yugoslavia, where "blue helmet" means "target." But they cannot win by fighting Aidid as if he were Saddam Hussein. Ultimately, fixing the Somalia situation was never as easy as it seemed to Bush.

Will the Somalis understand that we had to protect our troops with any means necessary, or will they condemn their occupiers for the killing of innocent bystanders? The real measure of how difficult it is to suppress guerrillas lies not in the terrain they have to hide in, but in how much support they enjoy from their populace. Therefore, any occupying army, however good its intentions are, must constantly seek to avoid angering the natives if it wants to minimize the influence of an insurgency. The US armed forces have a long way to go before they can institute an effective policy for conducting similar local interventions such as still seem likely in the post-Cold War future. In Somalia, they are learning this the hard way.

(All references to facts and dates are taken from The New York Times).

Another View

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The submission below does not reflect in any way, shape, or form the attitude of the Observer staff on this issue. All comments regarding this submission should be directed to the author and not the Observer.

-Jeana C. Breton (Editor-in-Chief)

Not a mistake and I'm not sorry

by Matthew Apple

I am "the author" of the now apparently infamous article about Monica Lehmann's accident in the September 15th issue of the *Bard Observer*. I wrote that article knowing that it would upset people. And it did. Good. That's what I intended. The funny thing about people is that they never seem to think about anything unless you throw something in their face, and if there's one thing that Bardians have in common with the rest of the human race—if anything, they have raised to a form of art—it's ignoring everything that doesn't directly concern Number One.

Before I go any further, let me make it quite clear that I no longer have any affiliation of any sort with the *Bard Observer*. I wrote the article and I take responsibility for what was written; that is why I always sign my name to what I write. The members of the *Bard Observer* had nothing to do with what I wrote or what I will write (let this serve notice.) The members of the *Observer* also have no business apologizing for something I wrote. I wrote it, not the *Observer*, and I do not intend to apologize for anything.

I did not write the article with the intention of vilifying the driver of the car in the accident. I did write a transcription of a conversation I had with Monica, as she lay crippled in her hospital bed in Northern Dutchess. The

article was primarily a direct transcription, emphasis on the *direct*; I did not add or change anything she said. I did omit, for space reasons, her comment that, although she initially was furious at the driver at the time of the accident, she didn't blame her for the accident having occurred. Anyone who read my editorial on page 14 of the same issue would know that I, too, did not place complete blame on the driver. Rather, I hold Bard primarily responsible for choosing not to install sidewalks, in spite of all the accidents that have occurred along Annandale Road in the past. The driver left a message on my door on Wednesday afternoon and called me after dinner. She wanted to know why I didn't write "the truth" of the accident.

Truth, as we well know, is subjectivity, so no matter what I wrote would have been "wrong" to somebody. Of course the article was "one-sided"—it was a *direct transcript* of what Monica told me had happened. As it is Security's policy never to release names of those involved in incidents, they would not have told me the driver's name nor even that of the victim. I could not have even gone to BEMS, since it is BEMS's policy to never divulge any information of any kind. I would have had *no way* to contact the driver for "her side" of the story. The only reason I found out about the accident, not having been there myself, was when a friend of Monica's told

me. So how the hell was I supposed to get the driver's "side" of the story, when I had no way of contacting her in the first place? And why would I have wanted to contact the driver, since I wrote the article to give Bard students the opportunity to hear what it is like to have your life literally stripped away?

Apparently, the only reason the driver wanted to "talk" to me (more like "verbally assault" me) was to place the blame for the accident entirely upon Monica: "Why didn't you say she couldn't stop? That's why the accident happened in the first place?" (This is a direct quote from the driver over the phone.)

In the first place, there should have been sidewalks. There should have been sidewalks *decades* ago. As for the whole thing being "Monica's fault," I believe the accident was ruled "no-fault" and will be covered by "no-fault" insurance from the driver, the victim and Bard College. (Side note: Monica's mother informed me that Bard's insurance only covers \$5,000, which is maybe enough for Monica's two Catscars (\$900 a pop!) and her stay in Northern Dutchess. Monica's physical therapy will most likely cost in the tens of thousands. What kind of chicken-shit insurance policy does Bard have? Even my high school, in Podunk, New York, has a policy of \$1 million.) "No-fault" means, you guessed it, no fault. All parties share the

blame. In an accident where both parties are in motion, it is *never* entirely one party's fault. Look it up. It's the law.

Unlike the driver, who seems solely concerned with assuaging her guilty conscience, I was not interested in keeping track of who was blamed for what. The point of the article was that Monica's life as she knew it is over. The Monica that came to Bard in July is now dead. When Monica returns with her wheelchair and walker, she will bear the physical and psychic scars of the accident, scars that she will bear for life. Think about it. Think about lying in a bed for months, unable to feed yourself, or go to the bathroom without help, or even roll over on your side. It may be at least a year before Monica can even attempt to dance, and she probably will never be able to dance the way she once was. What does the driver have to sustain? Guilt and a higher insurance premium. Maybe it's just me, but I don't think that compares to having your hip and your backbone shattered and rebuilt.

And if I hurt your feelings, then I'm so sorry. But maybe you need to be offended. So here's my apology, and one more thing...too bad! I'm not about to let Bard or its residents conveniently "forget" that this accident happened. If this is what it takes to get Bard to finally build some sidewalks or to actually *try* for once to deal with Annandale Road and Dutchess

County, then I intend to keep on pissing off people. I'm not the only one who thinks Bard has the responsibility to do something—right next to the *Observer's* whiny apology last issue was a letter by a resident of Cruger Village. She was concerned—outraged, you might say—about Annandale Road and the Jersey Turnpike Syndrome most Bard students have when driving upon it. I doubt Ms. Goswick is the only person other than myself who is fed up with Bard's inaction. How about we *do something* instead of bicker over whose fault it is and how "untrue" my article was. Or doesn't Bard really care?

If somebody has a problem with what I wrote, I suggest you write a letter to the *Observer* explaining why you think it's safe to walk along Annandale Freeway at night. Then I suggest you write to Monica Lehmann and ask her if she's feeling any better. And I hope she tells you *exactly* how she feels. Because no matter who's to blame, Monica got the shitty end of the deal, and there's no way you can prove that false.

P.S.—Dear Leon, I'm so glad you got your \$2.18 million from the Olin Foundation. Now why don't you ask for some money from the Concrete Foundation and build some goddamn *sidewalks* for the students at this college who really don't give a flying fuck about your pathetic orchestra? Or have you forgotten for whom this college exists?

Bard's Student Judiciary Board

by Kapil Gupta (SJB Chairperson)

"I don't see why a small collection of students might not arrive at as many wise restraints as anybody else, especially if their skin is at stake." — Paul Goodman, College Administration Theorist

College administrations are invariably involved with matters of student discipline. Bard, however, is unique among colleges for the degree to which students are involved with the administration of the disciplinary process. The SJB (Student Judiciary Board) is the specific branch of the Student Association dedicated to "disciplinary affairs." "Discipline" at Bard aims to protect individual and community rights through

education, not punishment. The SJB system is designed to be supportive of both victims and perpetrators; no one comes to Bard to become victimized by administrative processes or fellow students—hopefully we are all here to become better educated.

The SJB derives its power from a student, faculty and administration mandate. The SJB exists to protect the rights of all Bard students within the limits of its jurisdiction. (For a listing of student rights refer to the Student Handbook: pp. 22-24, 84-93.) This "protection of rights" is primarily achieved through the enforcement of college policy, conduct regulations and disciplinary procedures. (For more specific explanations,

refer to pp. 55-83 of the Student Handbook.)

College policies include a number of fairly obvious limitations on harmful and destructive behavior; it is expected that individual students will respect the rights of other individuals and the college community as a whole. No member of the Bard community should tolerate property loss, harassment or abuse of any sort. Complaints of this nature, directed against students, should be filed in writing with me, the Chair of the SJB. Please note that criminal charges (with the police) can occur even if the SJB is involved with a case. The SJB however, does not take cases to the police or allow the involvement of legal attorneys

with case hearings. (If you are unsure if a particular personal experience should be brought to the SJB, talk with Gladys Watson, Associate Dean of Students.) The SJB also exists as a court of appeal; meaning that if a student feels punished unfairly, they can bring the specific disciplinary matter to the SJB. The SJB is the court of appeal for the following sort of offenses: motor vehicle, residence hall, dining hall and library related. The SJB is potentially involved with all aspects of student discipline, excluding, notably, academic regulation violations (such as cheating and plagiarism).

"Trial by Peers"

Cases of student infractions are brought to the SJB by the alleged

victims, possibly a student, a staff member or a faculty person. Case procedure is based on the legal tenets of "due process" and "trial by peers." Although Bard College is not bound legally to support a system as exhaustive as the actual governmental judicial structure, students are legally entitled to some unspecified form of "due process." Furthermore, by becoming members of the Bard community, we have agreed to a standard of behavior above that required in the outside world (p. 56, Student Handbook).

Case administration occurs in two parts following the SJB's decision to hear a case: "the hearing" and then the "rendering of deci-

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Human Form

Formless, ambiguous and boring

There's something painful about reviewing bad art. Maybe it's because there seems to be some un-

Rose Merrill
Staff
Writer

spoken rule in the art world that says one cannot judge works "bad" or "good," only different. And I suppose it's true that a certain amount of respect needs to be shown for each individual's expressive voice, but what if an individual has no mode of expression, and/or no voice? What if they just haven't gained the skills, artistic or otherwise, needed to create works for an audience beyond a classroom? It's a little like taking a younger sibling's stick-figures off the fridge and trying to argue that little Johnny or little Joanie just doesn't have a sense of the human form. Well, Johnny's young, he hasn't learned technique or found his artistic voice yet, and neither have the artist's showing in Human Form, but they have no excuses.

The Human Form is the show currently on display in the Procter Art Center. The show features the work of 15 artists, all former Bard students and all with a common subject: human biology.

When most of us hear the words "human form" in connection with the word "art," some common images come to mind, whether we are more familiar with the sinewy, "proportionally correct" forms of da Vinci, voluptuous Rubens, or Matisse's joyful linearity. These archetypal art images are of whole bodies, usually nude and often female. What I did like about the Procter show was that it questioned these traditional assumptions about what defines the human form.

Among the 42 paintings in the show, the "forms" depicted ranged from 5" by 8" facial self-portraits, to stigmatized, bodiless hands. This kind of experimenting with the term "form" is really what art's all about: exploring boundaries and challenging preconceptions. If only these forms could have been executed with more maturity on the artists' parts,

the show might have been a success. Nevertheless, I commend the curator, Ross Sormani, for making the show thought-provoking overall, even if the individual pieces are mind-dulling.

Let's talk more specifically about some of the work you'll find if you decide to meander over to Procter. Depending on which door you enter from, you'll either be beside the work of Ernst Voss, creator of the aforementioned facial self-portraits, or that of Bronson Smith. For simplicity's sake, let's presume that you're entering from the Kline direction, heading over to Procter for a little...dessert. In that case, you'll find Voss' four, numerically titled self-portraits to your right. I

overheard two art students discussing the show and, one said: "I thought this was a student show," and the other responded: "A student show would be better." I haven't been involved long enough in the Bard art department to judge that for myself, but I have seen plenty of student work at a high-school and college level and, while ability varies, I can say with confidence that I've seen better work, better painting done by well-taught seventeen-year-olds. Voss' self-portraits were poorly-painted, poorly-drawn, sadly out-of-proportion pieces, yet they were also some of the best things I saw in the show. That is even sadder than his proportion. The self-portrait entitled "078-74-5975" (I'm still wondering if that's his social-security number) was the best of the four: the space between his eyes was a little more believable, and the light described on his chin was almost painted well enough to make me look twice to see how he'd done it. The problem with Voss' paintings is that they're completely unnoticeable; they shrink into the cinder-block, and even if they are noticed, they're completely forgettable. The atmosphere is such that they impel a viewer to ignore them; the lack of contrast between light and dark values and the conformity of strokes is downright depressing.

Meanwhile, across the linoleum, Hugh Steers' paintings beg for your attention like a Playboy on a magazine rack, using essentially the same techniques. It's not that



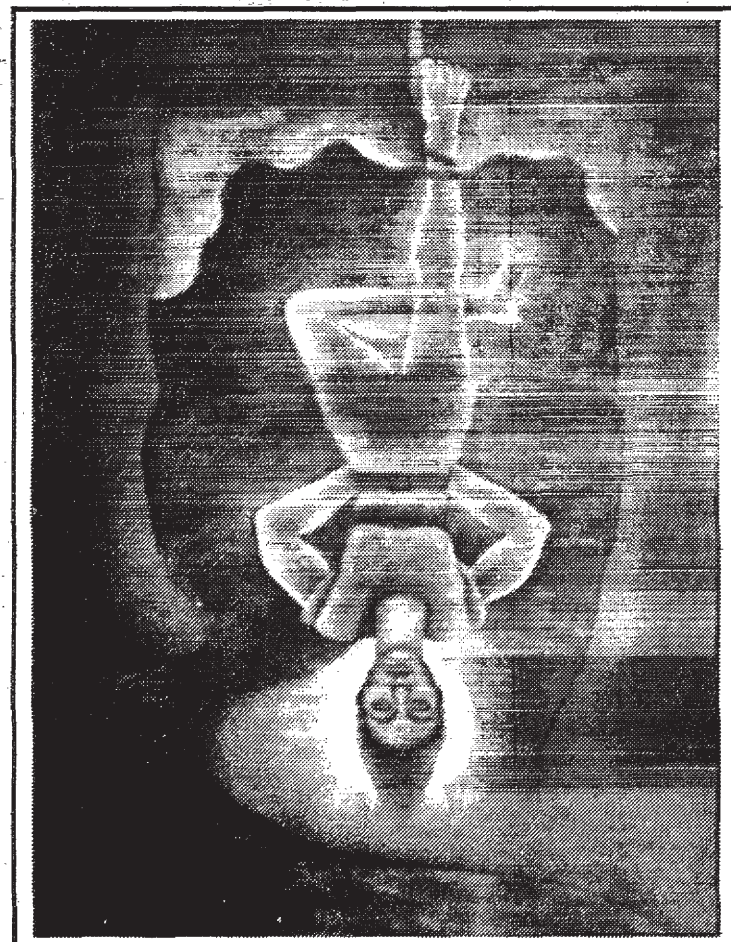
Steers' paintings are pornographic *per se*, but something about them does leave me with the feeling that I've intentionally been shown something tasteless, just to have a reaction elicited. For example, the painting "Blue Dress" depicts a woman in two-inch heels holding on to her underwear. The fact that the viewer cannot be sure whether the figure is donning, removing or just gripping her underwear, points to an underlying weakness in all three of Steers' works: ambiguity of intention. Often one cannot determine the positioning of the figures' bodies and the nature of the environment they are in, mostly as a result of a lack of strong shadow. Indeed "ambiguity of intention" could be the motto for all of "Human Form" because every time I look at these pieces I ask myself, did he/she mean to paint this that way, and is this how that figure is supposed to appear? From a technical point of view, Steers' paintings exude the same adolescent self-indulgence that his subject matter does: his painting is blatantly lazy, as if he thought he would try to get away with it, probably in the same way he thought he would try to succeed with his showy figures. These are deceptive paintings. Don't be fooled by their flashiness, and gutsy perspective (one good thing I can say); the painting is poor, and the mood is flat.

Let me just assume that you'll be passing by Ross Sormani's juvenile, flat, opaque, "human-form-as-puppet" paintings as swiftly and unhesitatingly as I did

and you'll stop long enough to examine the whipped cream textures on Kunio Izuka's "Where Are We Going?" before you move on to something that hasn't been done by Matisse 200 times before, in a much more artful fashion, something like Bronson Smith's more traditionally recognizable nude figures.

Smith's two oil paintings entitled, "Sitting and Standing Nude" and "Standing Nude" are sensuous, thickly painted works. I find myself somewhat attracted to her obvious reverence for the human form, her desire to sculpt the play of light and shadow and her fearless manipulation of the paint. What bothers me is Bronson's over-enthusiasm (a sharp contrast to the laziness of previously-mentioned works). It's almost as though she can't make up her mind to stick to one value: she has to smear other, entirely unrelated, colors on top of the initial value choice, to justify that choice. I want to say to her: if you didn't choose the right value change it, don't try that pathetic compromise. However, if you've been walking through the show in the same order I've been reviewing it, this is the most mature work you've come across so far, so enjoy it while you can.

You might start to think things are looking up still more when you move on to Alan Bassett's four pieces. I deduced that these are small, originally black and white photocopy transfers which were painted over in color: an



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Go ahead...stupefy the competition!

Women's volleyball team racks "up wins left and right."

Sometimes, all you can really do is shrug your shoulders. Take a deep breath, let the past escape you. Then gather your courage, wisdom and strength, then turn your face to the future and do your best. That's how I face another class session. And it might be exactly what the Bard fall athletes need to do now.

This hasn't been a spectacular season by any measure; in fact it's pretty discouraging so far. However, only the players themselves know how hard they've worked, how much talent they've cultivated and fostered; and how ultimately frustrating it is when all the talent and teamwork culminates in one final factor: a great big "L."

For the men's varsity soccer team, this frustration is quite acute. Despite the skills, talent, depth and strength of their team this year, it has not come together for them. Last week, the Men were Defeated by Caldwell College on Thursday, 0-4; and then they were beaten soundly by Teikyo Post University 0-13. This brings their record to 0-7, and that's a very hard thing to recover from. However, the men do have nine games remaining, and they should be able to pull together for some of the remaining matches.

Women's Varsity Soccer is also having a tough season, falling to a record of 0-6. Last Thursday,

they battled hard in a loss to Albany College of Pharmacy. Julianne Voss scored two goals for Bard, but it wasn't enough, and Bard lost 2-4. Three days later, the women travelled to Southern Vermont College and were shut out 0-4.

Women's Tennis

The women's varsity tennis team has had its season shortened by rain-outs and postponed matches, but they did manage to play against Stevens Tech last Saturday. Unfortunately, the squad was overpowered in all of their matches, taking only one set from any of the matches they played (in top-ranked player, Laurie Curry's match). As a result, they fell to a record of 0-2.

Women's Volleyball

The only varsity bright spot is the women's volleyball team, who are racking up wins left and right. In last week's competition, they faced four opponents and won three of the four matches. The one match they lost was against a non-

conference team, so their conference records improve to 3-0 for CACC competition, and 2-0 for IAC. Overall, the team is 7-3 for the season.

Last Tuesday, Bard hosted Mount Saint Vincent College and started slowly, but then steamrolled to a 16-14, 15-6, 15-5

was 82.7, and her completed pass percentage was at 94.2. Later in the day, Bard put aside Medgar Evers College in a two-of-three match, 15-5, 15-2. For the entire day, Dana racked up 20 kills, 9 aces, 4 blocks and 6 aces.

However, Bard's losing streak ended against Baruch College yesterday, as they fell by a score of 8-15, 10-15, 14-16. In the last game of the match, Bard actually had an 1-2 lead before Baruch stormed back for the victory.

Intramurals

The intramural 3-on-3 basketball competition is underway, and after two days of competition, the aptly named God Squad team has won each of its two games and

taken the top spot among the three-team league. On Thursday, September 16, they defeated Botstein's Minions, 61-53. Then the following week they defeated New York Telephone, 32-16. New York Telephone and Botstein's Minions have split their two meetings, the Minions taking down New York Tel on the 16th by a score of 60-50. The following week, Telephone turned the tables on the Minions, beating them 68-60. This Thursday will be the last date of regular season play.

Intramural tennis has a somewhat longer schedule, and fewer games have been played. So far, Ben Gooley has an edge in the field, defeating Gabor Bogner 7-6, 6-3 and Chris Stevens 6-3, 6-2. In other action, David Yee defeated Michael Poirier 6-2, 6-4, and Damnath DeTissera defeated Jeff Ledwell 6-7, 6-2, 7-6.

In upcoming event news, this Friday and Saturday will be the date for some once-off intramural sports. On Friday, a badminton tournament will be held for men's and women's singles and mixed doubles teams. Interested in slamming a shuttlecock over a net? Sign up at the gym offices by September 28th. Then on Saturday, the struggles of L&T come to fruition with Bard's first intramural sand volleyball tournament. Field a team of four people (co-ed, please), and get a roster sheet from the gym and turn it in by September 29th. Hey, it's cold, crisp, and the air is thin. Sounds like beach weather to me!

Don't Forget!

There's lots of fun activities still going on at the Gym, including the infamous Fitness to Florida program! It's still not too late to work your way to key west, in a sense. Sign up for a fabulous fashion statement at the gym!

In addition, don't forget about the two weekly group walking sessions. Every week, Stevenson sponsors Walk for Health, two 45-minute walks. The walks take place on Wednesdays at 8:15am, and on Fridays at 12:15pm. Each walk meets in front of Ludlow. Get those Reeboks pumped up, and get in stride. Good Luck!



DOOR POLICY SURVEY

Please answer all the questions below and send survey to the Observer via campus mail.

1. Should Bard's dorms be locked?
2. Should dorms only be locked at night?
3. Will locking dorms solve the problem of thievery on campus?
4. Are the majority of thefts on campus done by Bard students?
5. Is it right to steal from your peers?
6. Who's opinion on this matter is more important: the administration's, parents', or students'?
7. Is it wrong for the administration to ignore students' wishes to "Roam Free?"
8. Will receptionists at the dorm's doors make the transition of locked doors easier?
9. Would putting receptionists at dorms' doors be feasible?
10. Should Bard students trust one another?

Results will be published next week. They will also be forwarded to the Dean of Students and the Student Life Committee

Religion and Politics

by Sean O'Neill

I was one of approximately twenty-five students who attended this semester's first installment in the Presidential Discussion Series. Leon Botstein, as you are well aware, is inviting students and faculty into his home to discuss different issues on different dates throughout the year. And, although the word "gracious" is rarely used without a hint of sarcasm at Bard, it is sincerely the best word to describe the president's efforts in this program.

At the first experiment with this series last semester, I remember Botstein saying that the intention is not for the faculty members who show up to be necessarily any more knowledgeable about the subjects at hand than the students are themselves. The hope, I believe he said, was to create a time outside the classroom for non-academic, but nonetheless enlightened talk, on current topics of interest to the Bard community.

About six of the twenty-five students attending the talk on "Religion and Politics" spoke in all of the two hours. As stimulating as the ideas brought up were, I don't think I was the only student to feel a bit overwhelmed at the intellectual firepower present among the half-dozen faculty there. The flow of conversation tended to follow a thread of argument in such a way that the students were reluctant to bring up other aspects of the issues of "Religion and Politics" without sounding as if they were rudely interrupting the debate the faculty had become embroiled in. For example, the topic of homosexuality never surfaced in the two hours on "religion and politics." This lends credence to the argument of many that unless activists on homosexual rights are present at these kinds of group discussions, these political rights issues are ignored. Certainly no one in the room is unsympathetic to these issues, but the form the discussion took got so wrapped up in the conflicts that erupt between religious and political allegiances around the abortion issue, that students may have been discouraged to bring up other points. My minor criticism here is that what are for me always the best moments of these kinds of talks — when students can relate their own encounters, experiences and ideas on these issues — were, at this particular talk, moments all too few and far between.

The faculty present are among Bard's best, in most student's minds, because of their action both in and outside of the classroom. In the preceding week, all of the professors at the talk had also participated in extracurricular student-teacher talks. Ethan Bloch led a Jewish Student Organization discussion of the dramatic changes in the Middle East (another topic that went undiscussed); Bruce Chilton led services and Christian Fellowship meetings for students; Laurie Patton was at the philosophy department's discussion on the "fear of death," and also joined Johnathan Kahn at the Multicultural Ethnic Studies Weekend, an event co-organized by Amy Ansell.

Without a doubt, these professors consistently prove that they can have effective, informal group talks with students. But unless someone reconsiders the way these Series discussions develop, the talks may become mere Faculty Panel Discussions, with allowances for open questions from the student audience. That's fine, but it is not in keeping with the original conception of the Series, as I understood it.

Interested students should assume that the upcoming talks will be just as provocative but even more student-led than the one I went to. So go ahead and sign up in the Dean of Students office!

**Forum Meeting
Next Wednesday
8pm in Kline**

Art review continued

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interesting but fairly common idea. What is novel about the works is their presentation of the human form either forcefully gesturing or somewhat contorted as in one of the pieces, "Nut #1" which depicts a naked man in a gymnastic "bridge." Bassett's work is interesting to look at, but it failed to hold my attention for very long; looking at it was more like looking at pleasant, complete, neat pictures rather than examining a work that forces the observer to work and explore and question. I felt very distant from these pieces, a sentiment almost identical to that I experienced when I looked at Claire Libin's paintings, which have that same toned-down illumination, soft texture and picture quality. It's hard for me to criticize this style as it leaves me contented, but not really satisfied: like a bland meal that fills your stomach without appealing to your taste buds.

I'd rather be full than feel nothing at all, which is how I feel when I look at Joan Tomlinson's "+/-" which looks like the visual aid for a junior high student's re-

port on atomization, and Richard Pitt's "Standing Figure," a "human form" which resembles a dwarfed disco-king painted by Lichtenstein. Lichtenstein had more sense of content.

On the more redeeming side of the show are the paintings by Rebecca Weissglass, which are my favorite with paint as a medium. I like Weissglass' work because of the way she uses paint: what looks like messy smears are actually carefully described lights and darks. But I get annoyed by her cute, little caricatures in "Again," I feel almost as though she's undermining her own painting ability.

After you pass by Weissglass' works, you might as well just tune out because you probably won't remember the other paintings anyway, but do stop for a moment before exiting and look at Rebecca Weinstein's four pieces, "Annunciation," "Stigmata," "Deposition" and "Stigmata." Weinstein manages to achieve several remarkable things with her bodiless hands and feet and her floating stigmata that no one else in the show does; she creates entirely

unique work, she makes the viewer wonder, and she does so gracefully and unself-consciously. The other artists in *Human Form* should learn from her ability to use a little to say a lot.

Despite those few artists in whose works I found some sanctuary, I feel pretty much bored and apathetic about this whole show. I can't even seem to muster up some healthy, passionate hatred, which might indicate that this work has a controversial edge. I overheard Professor Grossberg critiquing the work with his students; he wanted them to see how little ability one actually needs to receive notice in the art world. When talking to his students about one more unmemorable piece by Lawrence B. Salander, Grossberg said: "These are just like Max Beckman's paintings; if you want to see the real thing just go get a book on his art out of the library." I couldn't agree more; if you want to see original, well-painted human forms go look up da Vinci or Rubens, or Matisse. You will find it much more satisfying.

Student Life Committee report

by Goldie H. Gider

The Student Life Committee met this past week to discuss, among other issues, the opening of new club space in the basement of Tewksbury. At the Student Forum, Sally Mehrrens had announced a meeting for club heads to request the space. For those who were unable to attend, the following is a short review of pertinent information.

There are two rooms currently available in the basement. Each is approximately 8' by 6' and will be shared by 2-3 clubs. If your club would like to share space with another club, please request it. Access to the rooms will be by security only, and the names of the co-signers of the budget (unless otherwise requested) will be listed as authorized persons. The space is probably more useful as office than meeting space. When more club space becomes available, the SLC will contact club heads. Until then, interested parties should send Sally a description of the type of space sought and for what purposes.

A further note on the locking of dorms: although the Student Forum passed a "Roam-Free" pro-

posal (the vote represented approximately 10% of the student body), the SLC would like to reiterate the policy agreed on by the administration and respected by Student Government. The locking of dorms goes back to a proposal approved by a Student Forum. Two years passed because of a stale-mate as how to implement the proposal. As crimes continued (80% of crimes are committed by fellow Bard students), the school began to implement the approved policy this fall.

In response to certain substantive complaints, Dean of Students Shelley Morgan will be meeting with Vice President Dimitri Papadimitriou this week to discuss the receptionist/buzzer systems. The Dean of Students' office informed the SLC in a recent meeting that the locking of dorms coincides with the Security Act and as a protective measure for the school's liability, as well as the students'. Between the approval of the proposal and the implementation, the school has heard many parents' concerns over the lack of security in the late evening hours. The SLC hopes this has shed some new light on the issue and perhaps helps to make the

adjustment easier. The Student Life Committee and the Dean of Students office realize that, as with any policy, the transition period is difficult, but the locking of dorms with the approval of students and attempts to improve the system are going on now. If serious problems persist, please feel free to contact any member of the SLC or the Dean of Students office.

There has also been some very positive news concerning the implementation of E-Mail or Internet to the Bard campus. Representative members of the SLC met with Fred Foure, head of the Bard Bulletin Board Service and Jeffrey Katz, head of the Stevenson Library. A possible proposition would be to set up an E-mail terminal (through Fred's computer system) in one of the rooms of the library. Use of the computer will be limited at first until more students can get codes and acquaint themselves with the system. There will be more details in the weeks to come.

A final note: the defensive driving courses for students will begin soon, and the trips to the local area should begin soon after Reading Week.

Student Judiciary Board continued

continued from page 7

on." Throughout the process, the plaintiff (the person complaining) and the defendant (the accused) are either directly involved or informed of relevant information. Steps to maintain case confidentiality are integrated into the process. The hearing exists to determine what occurred, who was involved, and so forth, potentially involving witnesses and evidence. The rendering of the decision occurs after the board is made sufficiently aware of what is exactly the substance of the case. The decision is made by the board; which, in a typical case situation, is composed of four student members of the SJB, the student Chair of the SJB, the Dean of Students, a faculty member, and an additional administrator. The SJB is entitled to impose sanctions when the guilt of the defendant is "clear and compelling." Sanctions are usually educational and not punitive in their purpose. Possible sanctions include social probation containing revisions of community service, fines, and loss of privileges. More serious sanctions include suspension, deferred (until the end of the semester) suspension, and expulsion. Sanctions are determined ac-

cording to the seriousness of the infraction. SJB decisions can be challenged by a student; suspensions and expulsions are first appealed to the Grievance Committee, while all other sanctions can be appealed directly to President Botstein.

Individually Empowered

Beyond the specifics of "what if" scenarios involving SJB cases, it is important to remember what initiates SJB cases. It doesn't matter how fair or well-crafted the case procedure is, if no one decides to use it. By and large, the entire task of enforcing student rights is beyond the singular potential of the SJB.

The "administrative" enforcement of our rights comes from a number of sources including Campus Security, the Dean of Students Office, Peer Counselors, the SJB and the Grievance Committee. More importantly, we students are potentially the primary enforcers of our rights. "Enforcement" here does not imply the selective imposition of the will-of-the-few, it means the protection of pre-existing standard of conduct and student rights. I sincerely hope that all of us feel individually empowered to chal-

lenge acts of injustice and destructive behavior [beginning] here on campus.

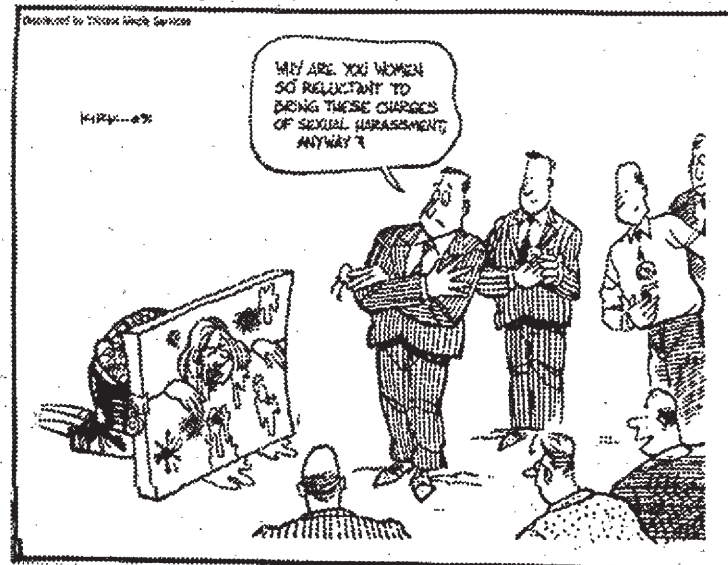
The degree to which we students take responsibility for our own actions as a group is the degree to which external [institutional] checks and regulations on our freedoms become redundant. In our dependence on institutional sources of security, we are sometimes subject to the limitations of institutional mechanisms: which result, for example, in the logic supporting the locking of all residence halls. Remember that, if there were no theft, hypothetically there would be no need to lock anything. The activities of the SJB will be eventually determined by our actions as a community: composed of both individual inappropriate behaviors and the community response to such cases. Allow me to point out some specific empirical evidence that reflects upon the Bard community as a whole—the balance sheet of the campus Barnes and Nobles Bookstore. On this comparative statistic, Bard is nationally ranked #1 for incidence of theft. We, as a community, should consider the possible correlation between theft in the bookstore and thefts else-

where on campus.

If members of the community can regulate their own behavior, the SJB will not be called upon to hear any cases. This would be a good thing, presuming a willingness among the student body to utilize the SJB as a positive expression of their unwillingness to tolerate acts which threaten the development of a supportive, open and pluralistic social environment. "Let's keep the doors unlocked" — literally and metaphorically. It is

my hope that the Bard community will act supportively towards the realization of this goal of individual responsibility.

[Students should refer to the SJB Guidelines in the Student Handbook for further information. A sheet called "Initiating a Proceeding with the SJB" is available in the Dean of Students Office, and will soon be made available through your Peer Counselors. Contact Kapil Gupta, SJB Chair, or Shelley Morgan, Dean of Students, with questions or concerns.]



Madame the Gypsy Queen's weekly horoscope

Aries (Mar.21-Apr.19): If you believe in magic, magical things will happen to you. If you scorn others, you will be scorned.

Taurus (Apr.20-May 20): When the world is unfair, and you think that everyone is picking on you for no good reason, then you ought to just stop and reconsider how good life actually is.

Gemini (May 21-Jun.21): You will find this week that your intuition will lead you to new and fine places. Trust your common sense, and beware of paper cuts.

Cancer (Jun.21-Jul.21): Do not vandalize any soda machines this week. And remember, salting ruins the machine while hooking and ripping only rip the next person off.

Leo (Jul.22-Aug.22): Ask yourself what you really want this week and then go get it. I see good prosperity for you in the coming month.

Virgo (Aug.23-Sept.22): For certain you will get some sort of reward for just being you. Rain falls on the undeserving bad as well as good, and crops will grow with rain.

Libra (Sept.23-Oct.23): The stars are in your favor for happy and joyful love. Don't let your expectations be stronger than your reality. When loved ones are away, use no substitutions.

Scorpio (Oct.24-Nov.21): If it is true that love is blind, then you really ought to wear glasses this week. You are without a doubt going to fall hopelessly. So watch you step!

Sagittarius (Nov.22-Dec.21): Of all the signs of the Zodiac you are prone to doubt yourself at times, and feel stronger at other times. If you really want to enjoy yourself, just let loose.

Capricorn (Dec.22-Jan.19): Outrageously, your enemies will experience monetary gain while you are left in the dust. Pick yourself up, and go play Mortal Combat.

Aquarius (Jan.20-Feb.18): For every moment you stall, your chances will decrease. Quick action and wise decisions are called for now.

Pisces (Feb.19-Mar.20): Things aren't really as bad as they appear. Love will float into life the way pollen clogs allergic noses.

Why don't we know what movies are playing?

Dear Bard Observer:

Why not exchange Sean O'Neill's pithy fiction* with some vital information...such as what movies are playing (Fri/Sun) in the Student Center. Maybe this info isn't delivered to your doorstep, but I know you have feet. And, I assume a phone. Go for it!

Lilan Friedland

*AKA: A Strong Weekly Series.

Dear Lilan:

The *Observer* would love to inform the student body of what the Film and Entertainment committees have planned for each weekend, but it is difficult when they don't hang posters until after the paper comes out. Do you know whom we should call to fix this? Please let me know, and I will reserve a space each week for a listing of the movies and bands that will be playing. I won't, however, remove Mr. O'Neill's Another View piece for that information. His story, like this letter from you, has every right to be printed. If you have any further comments and concerns, please write again.

Jeana C. Breton
Editor-in-Chief

The Bard Observer

Editor-in-Chief
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Bard Observer Editorial Policy

All submissions must be turned in to either campus mail or our Tewksbury office no later than 5pm the Friday before the issue for which they are intended. Space on the Another View and Letters pages works on a first come basis; if we cannot fit your submission in one week, it will be guaranteed space the next week. We do not exclude any material unless it is slanderous, or does not include the name of the author. Classifieds are free to Bardians and cost \$0.10/word per issue for all those in our local region. For more information on our policies or advertising rates please call (914) 758-0772 or write:

Bard Observer Bard College Box 185 Annandale, N.Y. 12504

CALENDAR

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE

SEPTEMBER 29 TO OCTOBER 6 ★ 1993

What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

★ WEDNESDAY. SEPTEMBER 29 ★

★ **Walk For Health.** Sponsored by Bard's Athletic department. **Meet in front of Ludlow, 8:15a.** Walk lasts for 45 minutes, wear comfortable footwear.

★ **French Table.** Kline President's Room, 5:30-6:30p.

★ **Michael Groth,** Ph.D. candidate at Binghamton University, will give a lecture entitled "The Interpersonal Politics of Slavery, Manumission and Abolition in Antebellum Dutchess County, New York." **Olin 202, 6p.**

★ **Arts Symposium.** Paul Brach, painter, writer, professor and administrator, will lecture on his work. **Olin Auditorium, 7p.**

★ **A.W.E. Meeting.** Bard's Environmental club meets every Wednesday **Albee Social, 7p.**

★ **Constance Berkley** will give a lecture entitled, "W.E.B. Dubois: Black is Beautiful." Dr. Berkley is a poet and founder of the Harlem Writer's Guild. She currently teaches African and Islamic Literature and Africana Studies at Vassar. **Olin Auditorium, 7p.**

★ **Scottish Country Dance Club.** Learn jigs, reels and strathspeys while listening to traditional Scottish Music. **Manor Living Room 7:30-9:30p.**

★ THURSDAY. SEPTEMBER 30 ★

★ **La Tavola Italiana E Conversazione** Keep your Italian up-to-date. **Kline President's Room, 5-7p.**

★ **Bard College Folk Society meeting** this Thursday in **Kline Committee Room, 6:30p.**

★ **Bisexuals, Activists, Gays, Lesbians, Et al.** B.A.G.L.E. will meet this Thursday **Club Room in the Old Gym, 7p.** All interested are welcome.

★ **Alcoholics Anonymous Meeting.** Thursday nights, 7:30p.

★ **Distinguished Guest Lecturer Series.** Richard L. Schmalensee, Professor of Economics, MIT, will give a lecture entitled, "Recent Developments in Energy and Environmental Policy." **Levy Institute, 8p.**

★ **Coffeehouse** sponsored by the Bard College Folk Society, **deKline, 9p.** If you'd like to perform, please contact Dave Loebell by Campus Mail, or call 752-7352.

★ **Bard's Christian Fellowship** will meet this Thursday **Bard Chapel, 9:30p.** Everyone is welcome, Christian or not.

★ FRIDAY. OCTOBER 1 ★

★ **Walk For Health.** Sponsored by Bard's Athletic department. **Meet in front of Ludlow, 12:15p.** Walk lasts for 45 minutes, wear comfortable footwear.

★ **American Symphony Chamber Orchestra.** Leon Botstein conducting works of Ludwig van Beethoven. **Olin Auditorium, pre-concert talk at 7p, concert at 8p.**

★ SATURDAY. OCTOBER 2 ★

★ **Parent's Day and Library Celebration.** Show mom and dad the new library and pretend that's where you spend your nights. **Dedication of Library at 11a.**

★ **Anthropology Film.** "Small Happiness" is a documentary about the life of women in a Chinese village. The second in a three part series. **Olin 203, 7p.**

★ **"Playing With Fire."** Two one act plays by August Strindberg. **Bard Scene Shop Theater, 8p.** Play runs through Oct. 5, with a 3p matinee on Oct. 3.

★ SUNDAY. OCTOBER 3 ★

★ **Anyone for cricket?** Cricket, lovely cricket...every Sunday **Inside or near Stevenson Gym, 3:30p.** Contact Damnath (752-7348) or Shehreyar (752-7275) for more information.

★ **Holy Eucharist at Church of St. John the Evangelist, 10a.**

★ **Schola Cantorum** Choral music in the **Bard Chapel, 6p.**

★ **Community Eucharist.** Bard Chapel, 7p.

★ **"Tomb of Caiaphas."** Discussion of the ossuary of the high priest who presided at the time of Jesus' death. **Bard Chapel, 7p.**

★ MONDAY. OCTOBER 4 ★

★ **Observer Staff Meeting** Must bring your own goat cheese. **Third Floor of Aspinwall, 8p.**

★ TUESDAY. OCTOBER 5 ★

★ **Student Run Support Group** for students with, or recovering from, eating disorders and for students dealing with issues of weight, appearance and body image. Come to talk or listen. **Upstairs in the Student Center, 5:30-6:30p.**

★ **Luis Bunuel screening.** See Bunuel's "Woman Without Love," 1951. **Preston, 7p.**

★ **Human Form.** An exhibition of paintings that depict the human figure will be on view. **Proctor Art Center.** Last day of this show.

★ WEDNESDAY. OCTOBER 6 ★

★ **Walk For Health.** Bard's Athletic department is sponsoring a series of walking tours. **Meet in front of Ludlow, 8:15a.** Walk lasts for 45 minutes, wear comfortable footwear.

★ **A.W.E. Meeting.** Bard's Environmental club meets every Wednesday. **Albee Social, 7p.**

★ **Constance Berkley** will give a lecture entitled, "Zora Neale Hurston and Arna Bontemps: Harvesting." **Olin Auditorium, 7p.**

To have your event included in the calendar, contact the Dean of Students office.

SHUTTLE VAN SCHEDULE

FRIDAY:

Rhinecliff:

Leave at 4:20p. for the 4:53p. train
Leave at 5:20p. for the 5:56p. train
Leave at 7:10p. for the 7:41p. train

Poughkeepsie:

Leave at 5:30p. for the 6:18p. train
Leave at 7:45p. for the 8:30p. train
Leave at 10p. for the 10:43p. train

SATURDAY:

Rhinecliff Train Station, Rhinebeck, and Red Hook:
Leave at 10a., return at 2p.

Hudson Valley Mall:
Leave at 5:45p, return at 10p.

SUNDAY:

Church: Leave at 9, return at 10:30a for St. John's (Barrytown) and St. Christopher's (Red Hook)

Rhinecliff:

Poughkeepsie:

Meet 7:15p and 9:30p trains

Meet the 6:40p, 8:40p and 10:40p train

Meet all Shuttles behind Kline Commons