

Bard College
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OBSERVER

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Place first class stamp
on an envelope.
Make out check for a
million bazillion bucks.
Mail it to us.

News is whatever sells newspapers. That's why you're reading this.

The
DRAB

DISTURBER

VOLUME 100 ★ NUMBER 22 1/2

DRAB COLLEGE ★ BOONIES ON HUDSON ★ NY 12504

APRIL 1 ★ 1993

"We don't care
because we're too
fraggin' tired."

— Matt and Mike at 4 a.m.

Outside

NEWS

2

Yeah, right

As if anything ever
happens here

FEATURES

5 π

**Meaningless
statistics**

Just like NBC football

SMARTS

**30 IQ
Huh?**

You're at the wrong
college for that, pal

SPORTS

0

**Number of
wins for any
given Bard
team**



Bard students' response to the President's Committee on the Curriculum's proposal. This has nothing to do with the article below. Or maybe it does. Who cares?

The Kline Omelette Bar:

Plague, Placebo or Provolone?

Why does the Kline Omelette Bar repeatedly fail to stimulate the "digestive ferocity" of the community? Or more importantly, me? The following is a compilation of interviews (in no specific order) that I suddenly remembered I conducted after being hit in the head by a blunt object. Maybe it was sharp...dome a favor and hit me harder next time...

**Riki
Tat
Green
eggs and
ham**

Random Professor: I have many moral qualms about the concept of an "Omelette Bar," including forcing students to make their own food, but I've made some of my best omelettes there.

Max Brown: Yeah, well... eight o'clock... Kline... get there early.... catch that omelette bar... well... yeah... that's the way...

Sarah (1 of 237): I think part of the problem is we don't have enough time to make these omelettes before some people behind you with an early class just starts picking their nose just to annoy you.

Sebastian (1 of 99929837): Yeah, maybe, but maybe the main problem is that "the important art of egg cuisine is reduced to a misinterpretation still associated with using spatulas and singing *The Star Spangled Banner* off-key."

Rene Descartes: Nobody gives a flying fleeb about what I think, therefore I'm dead.

Emily Glick: Okay! So! There's this... pan, right? Okay, and then there's these...well they're these eggs see, and heh heh, and okay! So!

Stuart Levine: Colleges help you to choose a balanced diet. Otherwise, you might end up with too many french fries and not enough green vegetables.

Jim Morrison: Male genitals are small faces. Assurbanipal Babilla: ACT from your genitals.

Shelly Morgan: No one told me about this. I swear.

Julie Hart: Well, it would be more interesting if they had reptile eggs. Then we could make snake omelettes.

Some guy wandering around Hegeman: Mmmm... snake omelettes...

Karen Greenberg: I don't think the problem has anything to do with the eggs that are used; it's the people who cook them. People are drawn to good omelettes. It's unfortunate that not all people are enthusiastic about making them.

Lisa Raphals: Yes, the idea of "canon," that is, that they not only make good cameras, but they make excellent copying machines.

Leon Botstein: Omelette Bar? I thought you said Cocktail Bar...

Shelly Morgan: A bar? On this campus? I didn't know! I mean... how could you expect me to...

Max Brown: Yeah... well... I guess it's just....

life... I suppose... Yeah...

Stuart Levine: Yes, so Sergei and I had just crossed the Swedish Border, and we were all out of ammunition. Then Sergei said he needed have a nice plate of leeks and potatoes before the bomb in his forearm went off, but I said that all my money was in rubles, and we didn't have time to look for a bank, so we would have to wait until we got to the airport... what were we talking about?

Some earthy guy in khaki pants: I don't eat eggs. It's murder.

Hosts of "2 Hours of Intense Whiplash": FUCK YOU MAN! FUCK YOU!!!

Karen Greenberg: We're not trying to force content. We're not trying to force content. You are getting veeery sleepy.... you are veeery happy at this school... veeery happy indeed...

Travis Bickle: You talkin' to me? You talkin' to me? Well who the hell else are you talking to?

The same Sarah: Yeah, so this one guy, instead of picking his nose, just picked up my omelette off the pan and started licking it and saying "I licked it! It's mine! I licked it! It's mine!" I sometimes can't deal with this place.

Ivy League: Well, if the conventional ideology of the algorithms of what so-called "ovular theologians" claim the hypothesis of

continued on some page

Interview with "Snarf Baby"

It's only grunge if you don't wash it

Any day now a new band is going to burst out of Bard and make it to the big time. This fearless GEORGE reporter found his/

Kees me
you
eediot

her way into the secret rehearsal space of Snarf Baby, sequestered beneath the basement of Tewksbury where they have been secretly practicing. Due to their noisome nature, Snarf Baby have been banned from actually revealing their unkempt faces on the actual campus, but that's okay—they haven't seen the inside of a classroom in over two years. Living off of bread and peanut butter their wealthier friends have been able to smuggle out of Kline, Snarf Baby has been fine tuning their grungey-reggae style and are ready to crawl out of the basement.

Band leader and singer Sommer Sucotash (who hasn't seen daylight since puberty) granted me this interview after checking my "vibes" with his "infra-red sunglasses" when I stumbled upon his "agricultural experiment" near the boiler room. Once I picked the strange-smelling ferns out of my boots, I followed him to the filthy cave which Snarf Baby calls home. A ten-by-ten cement hole that time forgot, cigarette boxes and empty alcohol containers filled the space, and, beneath the Spinal Tap poster, I recognized a stack of eight-track cassettes advertising the best of the '70s from Time-Life. The following story is from the tape recording I made, but I changed the quotes around however I felt like afterwards. Snarf Baby doesn't care; only the bassist remembers how to read.

Sucotash- So this is it man, our humble abode.

GEORGE- Well, it's kind of gross, to tell you the truth. How do you keep the rats away from your peanut butter?

Jah (the lead guitarist who has only a mono-syllable for a name and peeked out at me from a mountain of soiled flannel)- Hey, don't you know...the rats are like our brothers, like struggling against the evils of the capitalist, cheese-hoarding blue meanies out there man who listen to the Bee-gees and assassinated Garcia...

GEORGE- Someone killed Jerry Garcia?

Jah- Yeah, totally. I saw it when I dropped those three hits the funny-looking, plaid-haired guy gave us in Poughkeepsie. I saw how they stuck a

hockey stick in the Garcia man right through the navel like and replaced him with this hermaphrodite alien pod person from Pluto...I think it was one of those ice cream dudes from Vermont who did the deed man...

GEORGE- Uh, right. Where do you guys keep your instruments? I mean, I don't really see them anywhere around here...

Davey Jones (not his real name, who plays the bass)- I saw them somewhere near here yesterday...no wait, didn't we sell them for that yellow lava-lamp that Carson keeps staring at...

GEORGE- Who's Carson?

Sucotash- He's that guy up there against the wall, the one who isn't moving...

GEORGE- Oh, I thought he was some kind of day-mation sculpture (Walking over to him and waving my hand in his face, then pointing my fingers at his eyes, grabbing him by the dreadlocks and swinging him around). Wow, he's really out of it isn't he?

Davey- Yep, he lost his shit back in '90 when we were stoned at Lollapalooza and he mixed lighter fluid and vinegar just to see what would happen. He likes being that way, though; he's good for grounding the amplifiers, and after you jump start him, he goes house on the drums.

GEORGE- So anyways, how did you guys get your name?

Jah- Did you ever see that cartoon called the Thundertigers or Lightningcats or something? Well this cool little dude with a furry tail kept saying "Snarf, Snarf, Snarf" when he got nervous or excited or something. It was just so beautiful man, we all cried for the rest of the morning...

Davey- We shed tears in buckets. Like babies, the Snarf Baby...

(At this point the Carson fellow starts mumbling, "Snarf, snarf, snarf" in a progressively louder voice until Sucotash yanks out a stiff lock of hair and he shuts up).

GEORGE- Oooh, that must hurt...

Jah- Nah, when you don't wash

your hair for so long it don't hurt no more. It becomes self-cleansing after three months, and you can keep matches and snacks in there and stuff...

GEORGE- About your music—where do you get the ideas for your songs?

Sucotash- Well, I write all the lyrics when I feel the need to really express the unique and sensitive individual that I am. Like, when I was delivering for this pizza place, and when people asked for anchovies I was supposed to bring them a sheet of LSD. That was when I wrote "Lysergo On the Go." It sounds like this:

(The Snarf Babies start twitching playing air guitar, even the drummer, as Sucotash screams: "Don't be afraid/ 'cuz I'm your pizza and acid man/I hope I don't come/when you're on the can...")

Jah- The one I wrote is called "Cross on Through." The lyrics are like: "Try to cluck/try to glide/cross on through to the other side..."

GEORGE- I detect a certain sense of the Jim Morrison in you guys...

Jah- Actually, it's an existential parable on the chicken's eternal dilemma at the crossroads of his career. Jim was like that chicken, you know, not certain if he wanted to cross over into the fame and fortune or be honest to his karma like a real poet...

GEORGE- I always thought of him more as a drunken junkie...

Davey- Watch it buddy, don't be picking on the messiah like that...

GEORGE- Oh, sorry.

Before Snarf Baby would let me go, they made me promise that I would come back with some malt liquor and various other neuro-chemical adjusters. They refused my offer to bring some soap too. I gave them a copy of GEORGE to keep them busy, but Sucotash wanted to use it for rolling paper, Jah wished that there had been some pictures for him to look at, and Davey tried to fill in the crossword with grease from his fingers. When Carson fell over on his side in a puddle of purple vomit, nobody seemed to mind.

Ned's Atomic Pizzeria



Tired of the same old pizza toppings?

Well try some of our delicious alternatives! We've got rump roast, hard boiled eggs, plywood, burnt toast, peanut butter and jelly, plus our all-time best-seller, ferret testicles!

We'll deliver to the VILLAGE of Bard College (but nowhere else.)

Order (if you dare) 777-YUCK

Madame the Gypsy Queen's Weekly Horrorscope

Aries: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Next time you want blood from a stone you can go stick one up your wazoo.

Taurus: (Apr. 20-May 20) You are entitled to all the self-knowledge which Madame has. Frequently people will worship you.

Gemini: (May 21-June 21) Please screw a virgo this week; Madame knows your two-side nature is prone to such glib transactions.

Cancer: (Jun. 22-July 21) Please find something useful to do with you raging hormones. Maybe you'd benefit from practical jokes.

Leo: (July 22-Aug 22) You will miraculously earn over \$75,000 this year. (April Fool's)

Virgo: (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Congratulations! You finally got sexed up! (Just kidding)

Libra: (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) Recently praised for being even more talented than Yoko Ono, you find true love is in the eyes of the near-sighted fools.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) "Boom, Boom, Boom, let's go back to my room where we can do it all night." NOT!

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) VERY good vibes are zooming in on your summer job. This is no joke.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Little is known about your propensity to long projects, but Madame suspects Moderation will be a BREEZE

Aquarius: (Jan. 20-Feb 18) Little more than two days from now your life will find total fulfillment.

Pisces: (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Although certain people may seem obnoxious to you, they are actually just your relatives.

The Film Committee presents

Two "Art" Films!

We freely admit that we are snooty!

Saturday: Women in a Snit and Men in Turtle Necks
Jean-Claude van Picard's dark film about dark people drinking dark coffee

Sunday: The Three Stooges Meet Sleeping Beauty
An examination of man's existential folly and utter cartoonishness in an unfeeling universe

"Blow In Our Ears, and We'll Confess to Anything!"

the Entertainment Committee presents

Thurs. April 1st at 8:13pm in the Old Gym

The Mother Funkers

A brand-new funk band combining elements of jazz, hip-hop, hard core, soft rock, rap, punk, classical, bugle calls, scottish country dancing, church hymns, campfire sing-alongs, death marches, sound poetry and the Grateful Dead.

\$5 charge: \$2 with Bard ID. \$1 if you bring beer for band members, free if you bring beer for Entertainment Committee members.

Guess who?

Dear Editor,

Although I informed you that I would no longer write to your pathetic rag, I am once again writing for the last time in protest of your anonymity policy. Your final letter to me was a bit harsh, and, I believe, the result of a misunderstanding on your part.

You wrote that you were not going to print my letters without my name because you felt I was a coward. And I quote, "Sign your own name, you self-righteous twit, so we can get the entire campus so pissed at you that you'd have to drive a tank to get into Kline for lunch!" I am so disappointed. I have always admired your publication, which I thought was a fine publication until you took it upon your-

self to ignore my logical, philosophical arguments. I did not attack anyone in my letter; I merely stated a position which was contrary to everyone else's position at Bard, but I didn't withhold my name for fear of retaliation. My anonymity guaranteed that the reader focused on the content of the letter and not the identity of the writer. Even though I wrote my letter in response to my own previous letter and then signed a completely different alibi, I did not abuse any of your policies. In fact, by not allowing me to take advantage of you, you are abusing me as an intellectual writer, and I demand an apology (in private, not public—I don't want anyone to find out who I am).

I had thought the *Disturber* was a forum for community ideas, where an intelligent man could state his

own opinions without reproach, but it appears I severely misjudged the quality of the *Disturber*. I can only assume that you are just like all the other real newspapers which would have immediately refused to print my letters anonymously and that you are overreacting to a perceived personal attack on you by me.

When someone challenges me and has a better position, I attack him in the back from the blind side of a dark alley. You have taken away my opportunity to exercise my right of free speech, and for that, I can never forgive you.

Sincerely,
Don't say my name

P.S. - Please don't print this letter.

I'm a schmuck

Dear Editor,

Why are your responses always longer than the letters?

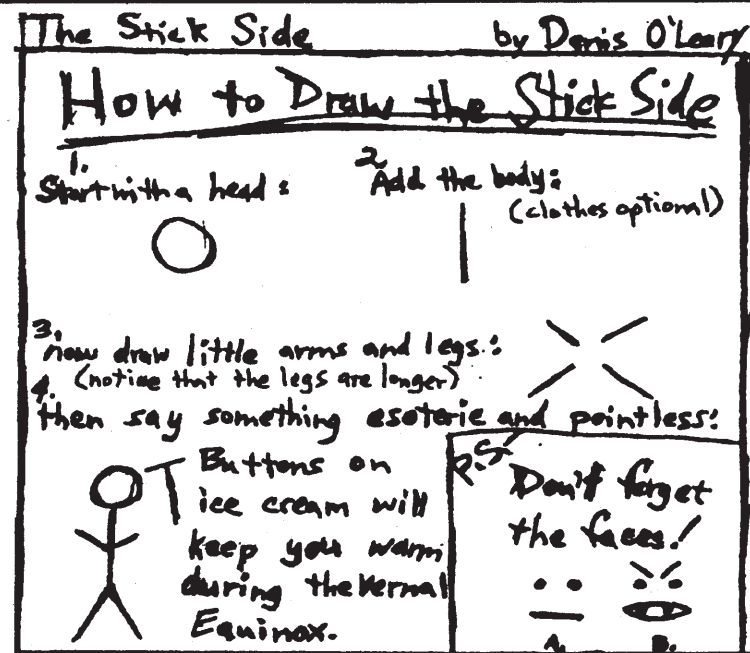
Sincerely,
a dumb Bard student

You stupid schmuck, I never write more than readers. Oh, no, not me. Just because I write over five thousand words every week for this paper which you morons never appreciate, I thought that for some reason I should be able to say what a bunch of illiterate dweebs you all are! How lowly of me, how unprofessional, how uncouth. Well, too bad, you idiotic, wet-behind-the-ears turd! I'll write whatever I want, and there's nothing you can do about it! I have complete control! I am the Editor! I am the Walrus! Koo-koo-ka-choo! Eat me, you puerile, pre-pubescent, zit-infested freak! Get in the ring, and then we'll see who the real boss is around here! I dare ya, I double dare ya.—the Commander rules!!

Contact Paper

Dear Editor,

I went to my mailbox today, and when I looked inside, I found a copy of your paltry little publication. Well, normally it goes directly to the bottom of my birdcage, but for some reason I felt compelled to open it up and read the letters page. Next thing I knew, these very words were appearing before my very eyes. I mean it.



See? I just thought the words "I mean it," and there they are! There it is again! This is so freaky! I mean, I never wrote to your damned paper, did I? And how the hell do you know what I'm thinking anyway? WHY DOES IT SAY THAT HERE? This is just like the Twilight Zone! So, my question is, what exactly do you use in your ink? Acid or something?

Sincerely,
Stuart Levine

Mr. Levine is the Dean of a somewhat prestigious College somewhere north of New York City. Perhaps the pressure is getting to him. We at the *Disturber* use no foreign substances in the preparation of our inks. But check out those pretty colors!

Appreciations depreciated

Dear Editor:

So this is how I'm remembered? After all I did for this school?

Donald Tewksbury
Great Dean.
Ugly Building.

Dear Editor:

What's he complaining about?

Reamer Kline
Great President.
Stir-Fry Bar.

Everyone's a critic

Dear Editor,

Pardon my inquisitiveness, but I believe I found an error in the last issue of the *Disturber*. On page 2, in the article entitled, "Jerk of the Week," in paragraph 3, sentence 6, you stated that Saddam Hussein, your Jerk of the Week, "as well as being a tick on the rump of the UN," he had "given [you] this bad-ass cold for the last month." Forgive me for saying so, but I do believe it is impossible for a man half a world away to spread cold viruses through the atmosphere to be directly deposited in your nostrils. I believe you have made an incorrect assumption without sufficient evidence and, therefore, you are a schmuck.

If you will excuse my temerity, I

find that this is a problem with the *Disturber*. Week after week, mistakes are made, and nothing is ever done to change it. I would volunteer to help you, but right now I'm too busy complaining, so I don't have enough time. In the event you need someone to write another article about a foreign personality, I suggest you find someone who will volunteer to do it (although, pardon me, I won't). I don't want to vilify anyone on your remarkable staff, and I certainly don't want to criticize you personally, but I think you all suck donkeys.

Sincerely cordially truly
yours in all seriousness
and utmost respect,
Knit Picquy

Corrections and like it

So sorry! In our last issue of the *Drab Disturber*, we left out our own club description. So here it is in its entirety.

The *Drab Disturber* is the campus alternative to GEORGE. We feel that not all opinions at Drab are appreciated. We accept only second-hand stories and will take full credit for anything that seems controversial or obscure enough to print. We'll only print crosswords and puzzles if every other answer has the word "sex" in it. We come out on every odd-numbered Wednesday of every month beginning with the letter "M" (except leap years, in which case we come out on even-numbered Fridays of months with less than 20 days.) Interested in joining? We meet every full moon in the Drab cemetery to ask the spirits of Drab for protection against the evils of capitalism and consumerism. Bring your own marshmallows!

What The *Drab Disturber* isn't:

- 1) GEORGE
- 2) The *New York Post*
- 3) A real newspaper
- 4) Anything you'd not be caught dead reading or
- 5) A disciple of SM ACES.

The Drab Disturber

Commander-in-Chief
George Apple

Managing/News Editor
George Poirier

Features Editor
George C. Scott
Arts Editor
George Prowell
Sports Editor
George Gilman
Photo George
George Cool It
George Manager
George

Layoff Staff
George Go Figure
Copy Editor
George Kurnit

Business Manager
George Fong
Advertising Manager
George Shirk
Circulation Manager
George Basani
Circulation Staff
George Kodaira
George Knollmueller
George Miller
Typist
George Grunseich

The *Bard Disturber* is left in small piles at the front of the Post Office so students can conveniently ignore it.

Editorial policy is determined by the Editorial Board under the protestation of the Commander-in-Chief. Any opinions which appear unsigned are unsigned because the real writer was too much of a wussy to sign his real name.

Letters to the Editor and Personals or Classifieds must not exceed 50 words and must be completely biased so the Commander can humiliate the writer. All articles, cartoons, and photographs that are submitted by deadline will be considered for starting the bonfire next Thursday. Turn in all material at the box in the library which nobody ever checks. The Commander reserves the right to commandeering all articles and add additional praises to himself.

Classifieds: Free for no one but my friends, \$5,000,000 each for all others. Personals are usually written by me at 4 a.m. because nobody else writes any.

Display ads: Only available if the payment is a case of beer for the Commander (for treating his unpredictable mood swings).

The page o' Doom

Definitely not GEORGE

continued from underneath the picture that had nothing to do with it

the widely scrutinized "le chat decontracte," to be multiuniformly destructuralized, or how do you say, "groovy," then I can happily say that I am full of shit and have no idea what I'm talking about.

Friedrich Nietzsche: Did you know that I was able to paralyze myself with nothing but my own depression? Isn't that great?

Emily Glick: Okay! So!

Karen Greenberg: You are sooo happy at this school that you won't even care when the tuition goes up to 35,000 next year... Yes.... You're that happy...

Bill Clinton: Chelsea, how many times do I have to tell you—if you're going to use my bong, you *have* to clean out the resin.

Shelly Morgan: Drugs? Nobody does drugs here! I've never seen anyone do drugs here! Nobody told me anything! Really!

Stuart Levine: This reminds me of an old Aztec war chant, which, when roughly translated, goes like this:

I knew an old lady who swallowed a fly

I don't know why she swallowed a fly

I guess she'll die

The King: Thank you. Thank you very much.

Statistically Speaking...

1- Number of Observers left on the Post Office floor every week: 8,456,966.

Number that are actually read: 1.

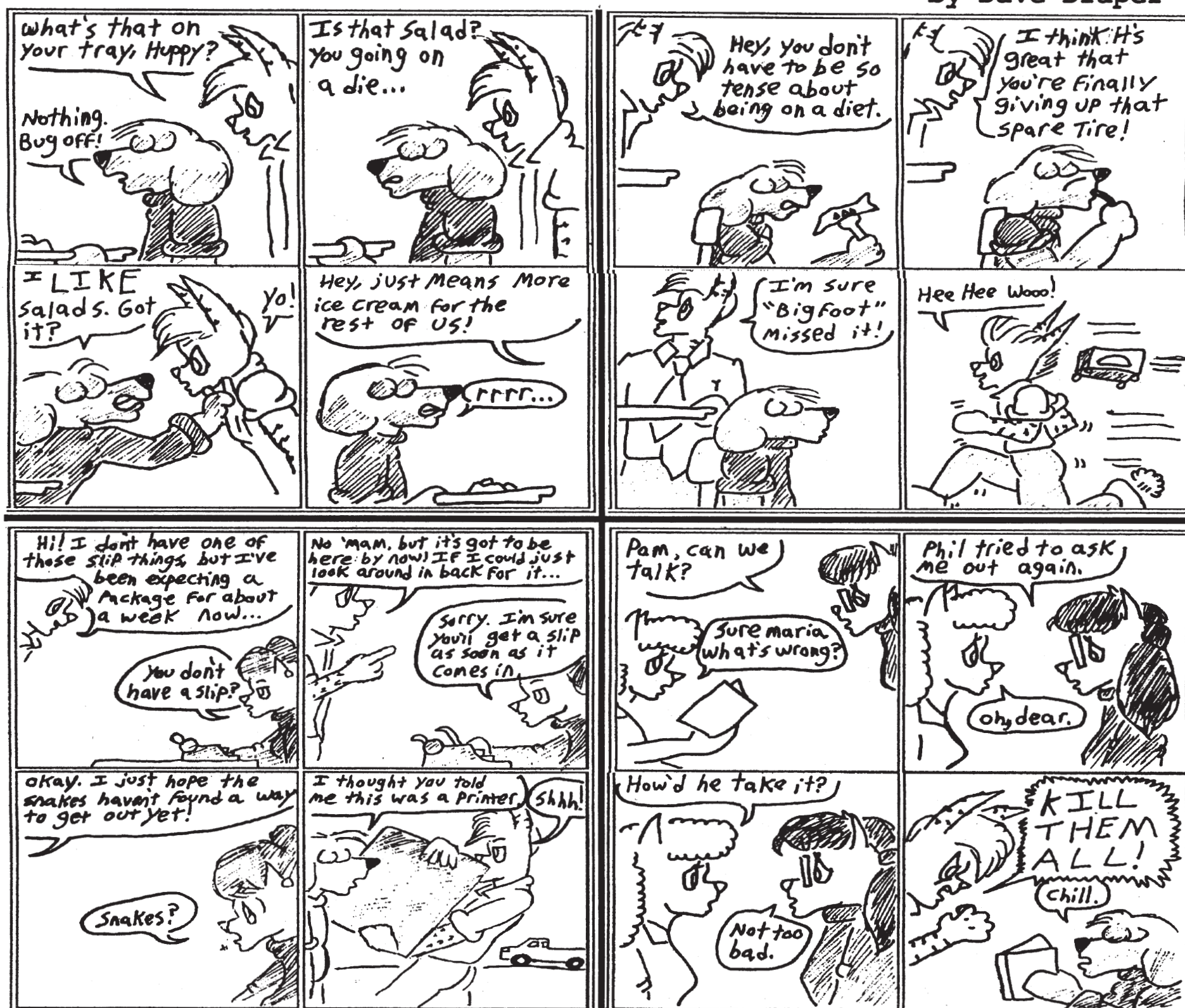
2- 37% of all Bard students are idiots; the other 78% never passed their Q requirement.

3- 1" of snow in winter + 1 Spring day = 3 potholes in Ravine Road & Cruger Parking Lot

4- Number of soda machines on campus: 12
Number of broken soda machines: 12

A Dog's Life in 3D

by Dave Draper



Place first class stamp
here.
Regular rate \$0.52.
International subscriptions
may vary.

News is whatever sells newspapers. The Observer is free.

The
BARD

OBSERVER

VOLUME 100 ★ NUMBER 22

BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504

APRIL 1 ★ 1993

"A closed mouth
gathers no feet."

—Unknown

★ Inside ★

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"Ouch!"

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Medical Squad in action

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Not pure enough?

Just add water

SPORTS

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If you like it wet...

...you'll love
intramural softball.



Women of Bard

A multi-cultural discussion of women's issues at Bard and beyond

A Women of Bard panel was held this past Friday. Its purpose was to generate an informal conversation about racism and women's status in today's society. Afi Zormelo and Naima Carter moderated the panel which consisted of female students and faculty. Each woman shared her background and explained how she felt about the Feminist movement and how she

had been affected by Feminism throughout her life.

The discussion began with Amy Cheng, a studio art professor who has been at Bard for three years. Cheng's parents were from China; her father worked in Taiwan until he was able to emigrate to the U.S. In 1960, the rest of the family emigrated to Brazil. It was not until Cheng was ten that she was able to come to the U.S. Later, she attended college in Texas where the culture was predominantly white; the lack of ethnic diversity was hard on Cheng.

Since Cheng came to Bard she has become very conscious of women and culture. She was aware both of Bard's efforts to balance the gender representation of the faculty and the

number of women artists who only visited Bard. According to Cheng, there was a "Revolving Woman Position," which meant that women professors were not invited to teach at Bard for more than two years, until Laura Battle came and managed to establish a permanent and respectable position for herself.

Next, Alejandra Silberman, a first year student, spoke. Silberman was born in Barcelona, Spain and moved to England at the age of eleven. Coming to Bard has taught Silberman a lot about the Women's Movement. In Spain and England, Silberman had experienced much sexism. This included men's views of what women should look and act like; men seemed to think women are delicate and were, therefore, denied the same educational and work opportunities. Women in Spain, for example, are excluded from the science and mathematics fields and often are only allowed to work part time at any job. Silberman is a science student who now considers herself a Feminist, but does not believe that feminism should be attached to anything negative.

Deirdre d'Albertis, an English Literature and Gender Studies professor, is from Minnesota. She lived there until she turned eighteen, at which time she moved to New York City. This was a shock to d'Albertis because the

people of N.Y.C. were not as homogeneous as those in Minneapolis had been. Becoming aware of the difference initiated her awareness of the Feminist movement, but d'Albertis did not start to think seriously about it until graduate school. D'Albertis then got depressed when she saw that statistically women were not as successful as they should have been. Her personal conflict, however, was not over that, but rather over whether or not she should ever have a child. Settling down and giving up the bulk of her intellectual life, to her, would be succumbing to the pattern of what women are traditionally expected to do.

Simeen Sattar, who is originally from Pakistan, has taught chemistry at Bard for ten years. Since her family moved around a lot while she was growing up, Sattar has never considered herself a Pakistani, but neither does she feel that she can call herself an American. Originally, Sattar was going to become a doctor, but then realized that she hated biology. Science appeals to Sattar because she likes having the answers to questions. There have been minor cultural problems for her, but Sattar was unable to make any generalizations about Feminism and Pakistani women.

Mona Amin is a student, originally from

continued on page 2

Women's Panel continued

continued from front page
Egypt, who has lived mostly in Arab countries. If sexism existed in her family, it was towards her brother, not her. Amin felt that feminism at Bard is a group thing that is brought up too much. According to Amin, at home you are an individual regardless of whether you are male or female, and no one will attempt to stop you from doing what you want to do. Before Bard, Amin felt that the Feminist issue was never brought up. Amin believed that sexism tends to be over-analyzed at Bard.

Mary Ann Newman, a temporary Spanish professor, came from a religiously diverse family. Her father was a Jew, and her mother was a Catholic, but neither was sexist. Newman attended a Catholic school where everyone is supposed to be considered equal in the eyes of God, but she always felt a conflict in her sense of equality. When her parents died, Newman

moved to Spain and assimilated into the Hispanic culture easily. The first time she looked for a job, however, she experienced sexism. Newman said that no one knows what it is like to be a woman until she is discriminated against.

Santusi Kuruppu is an Upper College student who was born in

to overcoming feminism is feeling comfortable with being a woman.

Last to speak was Shelleen Greene, a first year student of Caribbean heritage, although she was not born there. She observed the Haitian community rather than being a part of it. Greene has always lived in America, but has a diluted cultural background.

She has lived in Queens, which is predominantly black, and no one in her family would define her as a Feminist. Greene does not feel like a woman yet, and for her, sexism is unfamiliar territory. She recognizes it is easy to disregard sexism on such a liberal campus at Bard, but feels that "liberalism is conservatism in sheep's clothing." Greene is woman enough to realize that liberalism, in the political sense, can be used and abused.

The panel concluded with a question and answer period, and was considered informative by all in attendance.

No one knows what it is like to be a woman until she is discriminated against.

Sri Lanka, and is from Indonesia. Kuruppu's parents were strict, and Kuruppu attended an international boarding school. Kuruppu maintained that feminism is a big issue, but believes that too much has been made of it at Bard. She felt, however, that the most important step

Security beat

Car vandalism has been curbed

"With concentrated patrols we seem to have brought the [automobile] vandalism to a halt,"

Michael Poirier
News Editor

commented Director of Security Bob Boyce in a interview Tuesday morning. There have been no reported incidents of cars

being broken into or having their windows smashed over the last three weeks, and Boyce was hopeful that the situation is now under control.

Corrections

In the front page article in last week's *Observer*, about Professor James Chace and his life's experiences, Professor Chace's name was frequently misspelled "Chase."

The *Observer* apologizes for this error and any inconveniences or embarrassments it may have caused.

An incident of vandalism of another kind occurred in a student's art studio in the basement of Manor over the week-end. Between the hours of midnight and 2:30 am, early Saturday morning, someone broke in through a window on the west side of the building into the studio. One canvas was ruined with white paint by the perpetrator. No other damage was reported and there are no leads to the vandal's identity yet.

A room in Stone Row was entered last week, and the burglar stole cash from the occupants drawer, her camera and her room key. She had left the room locked after leaving on a vacation, and Boyce reported that "there was no evidence of forced entry." The windows were locked and, when asked if the thief might have been using a master-key, Boyce responded that it was "not likely" because the locks in Stone Row had been de-activated some time ago. "We don't know how it happened," he continued. "We can only rely on what the student reports to us and what we can observe ourselves."

Boyce explained that the de-

activation of all the locks on campus to make them inaccessible to master keys is nearly complete. Only a few administration buildings remain to be de-activated and Boyce affirmed that Buildings and Grounds "has done a good job taking care of the situation."

With the sudden arrival of spring, Boyce stated that drivers should be aware of the "severe mud and soft-ground problem." Driving on lawns or walk ways around campus is already expressly prohibited, but violators could now risk having their car stuck for long periods of time. "Anyone who attempts to drive across a lawn will inevitably get stuck," Boyce said. "Passenger cars will just sink out of sight." There is a heavy charge for towing stuck vehicles, and students shall also be held responsible for whatever cost in labor and materials are involved to repair the area.

Boyce stated that over Spring Break Security will be maintaining its regular schedule of patrols for watching over the campus. "It's always business as usual for us," he said. "Regardless of whether or not the students are here."

Classifieds & personals

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Sublets wanted: If you would like to sublet your apartment or house for the summer to graduate students and faculty, please write down pertinent information and send it through campus mail to the MFA office or call us at ext. 481.

Graduating senior needs to sublet an apartment for the summer. If you'd like to have a neat, quiet and clean person stay in your place, please drop a note to Box 1019.

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For sale: I have to sell my computer! It's an IBM PS2/30, with a monochrome display, and I'll throw in the printer as well. Asking \$500, but we can haggle. Interested? Bo* 1165.

The Queer van Dyke Show. The sounds of lavender. Music by Gay, Lesbian + Bisexual artists (and those who we wish were) with a splash of alternative. More music than you can shake a stick at! Try us! Fridays 4-6pm on WXBC, 540 AM.

In search of a roommate. Female Freshman. I great draw number needs a roommate to try for a Manor Double. Write to Box 101. (I don't snore.)

A quite disorganized historian is looking for someone to share the spring time with, someone who can break his Virgo status. Call him at 752-7402, ask for Jeff.

That sounds good to me, little prince. Togetherness is better late than never, if you know what I mean. Love, S.

v.t.-odaring, better all the time. i've convinced myself that you're not one of my close friends playing a joke on me and i'm settling back to enjoy the pulsating rhythms of your luxurious prose. And there's a sopping wet letter waiting, aching for your box number...

homily yours, Violet
ps. what about safe sex?

Happy Birthday to You! Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Eric, Happy Birthday to You! You're getting older + smarter, but you'll always be my little brother + I Love You, Your Sister Ileana.

Honey, "Mary waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

Greg, we never asked you to come, so quit whining. - The more multicultural-than-thou committee.

Hello everyone in that big red building that most students are afraid of. We know that you are reading this. With all due respect, isn't there any work that you and the work-study peons should be doing instead?

So, I don't have tickles twice. So, my hair color doesn't affect my mood. So, I didn't like the song. So? Sew buttons on my shirt! (for a dollar)

PB (you know who you are): what...what were you laughing about?...what was the incipient thing on your face?...what...you're a jerk, Dent, a complete kneebiter (bet shoulders better)... what...turpentine?...nothing...here, dinner! kittykittykitty Love and kisses-your favorite redneck

I am going to Graceland.

Thanks to all the contributors to this year's April Fool's issue: Matt Apple, Matt Gilman, Robin Kodaira, Dave Draper, Jeana C. Breton, Michael Poirier, Pamela Chaplin and my dog.

Bard EMS at your service

Who they are and what they can do for you

Somewhere on this campus are twenty students roaming around with radios hanging out of their back pockets.

**Tatiana
Prowell**
Arts
Editor

People speculate that they might be working part-time for security, or maybe it is one of those dangerous role-playing games, and they are just pretending to work for security. In fact, these twenty students are medics, and together they make up Bard's own Emergency Medical Services or BEMS.

Bard EMS is a Certified First Responder Unit made up of one Paramedic, two Emergency Medical Technicians, two EMTs-in-training and 15 Certified First Responders. The group is certified in skills ranging from bandaging, Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation (CPR) and psychological emergencies to obstetric emergencies and oxygen therapy, and, better still, this health care is professional, free, completely confidential and available to anyone on the Bard campus 24 hours a day during the fall and spring semesters.

Bard EMS was founded in 1991 by Andy Molloy, a Bard student who had been an Emergency Medical Technician and volunteer firefighter in his home state of Maine. He felt that the health care available to the community was

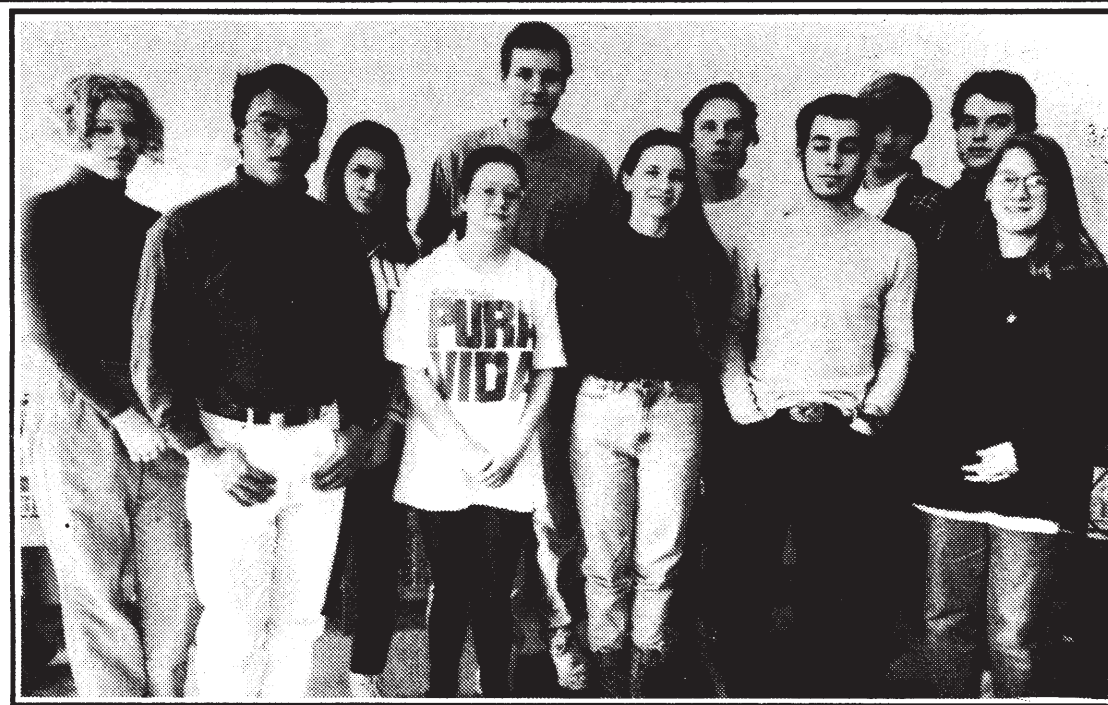
limited by the hours of the Infirmary and Bard's rural isolation. In the past two years, Bard EMS has grown to twice its original size and has more than doubled its call volume.

Bard EMS receives approximately 65 calls each semester, about half of which are for medical emergencies such as drug and alcohol overdoses and diabetic complications, and the other half of which are for accidents ranging from broken bones to car accidents. One student, Ingrid Zink, remembered her only encounter with EMS as a positive one: "I got food poisoning at Kline one time, and when you get food poisoning, you just feel like you're going to die. I called Bard EMS, and they were really great. They took excellent care of me and made sure I was comfortable."

Another student, Betsy Buck, has never needed to call Bard EMS, but said, "Because I know some of the people in EMS, how serious they are and what they had to go through to be certified, I would trust them to handle any medical emergency they've been trained for. I think most people realize that [the Bard medics] are qualified, and that calling EMS is like calling a regular ambulance."

When asked what he thinks of Bard EMS, Professor Dan Freedman responded, "I think that it's a great idea to have a student service to take care of those who have had too much to drink or lacerated themselves [but] I took a 10-hour class, for example, and I didn't feel qualified to perform CPR. I would like to know how many hours of training [the various levels of medics] have."

In response to this, the Certified First Responders have approximately 60 hours of in-class training



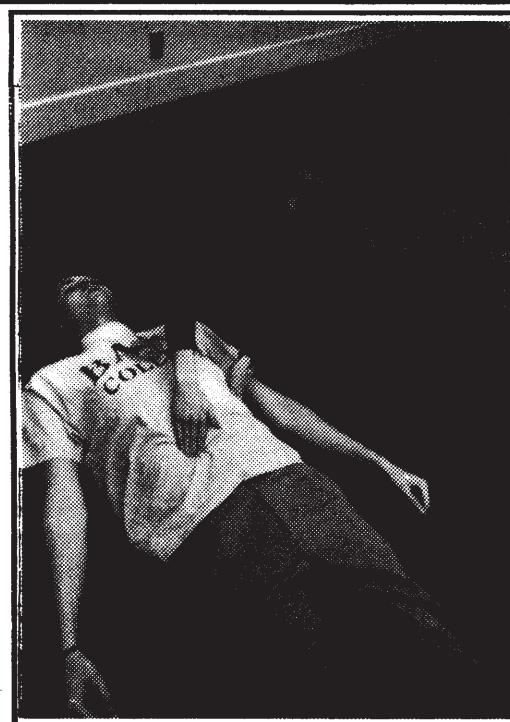
(two months) and recommended observance in an emergency room and/or high-volume ambulance company; the Emergency Medical Technicians have anywhere from 110-180 hours of in-class training (four and one-half months) and a minimum of 10 hours of observance, and Paramedics usually have a year of training with frequent observance.

Bard's medics are a diverse group of people, including majors from all four divisions and reasons for getting involved ranging from "the desire to become a doctor ultimately" to "wanting to overcome my fear of the sight of blood." These students do have a few things in common, however. According to Associate Director Scott Reed, when they recruit new medics, they look for "empathic, communicative, reassuring, confident people who can deal with stress and respond well to crisis situations: outstanding community members."

Bard EMS has a unique role to play given the campus' rural setting. Although local ambulance squads are competent, they are also fairly far away. In emergencies where every minute is important, Bard EMS provides a crucial service to the campus community. Furthermore, the unit serves as a complementary health care provider during the evenings and weekends when the Infirmary is closed.

So what can you do if you, too, yearn to tote around one of these radios? The Certified First Responder Course is taught by a New York State certified Paramedic of over 20 years and is offered in the Fall semester of each year. It runs just short of two months and meets all day every Saturday and a few Sundays. There are twelve total positions in the class, although Reed stressed that, "There is no obligation to fill these positions. We only take competent, promising people."

The training is open to anyone who lives on or within three minutes of campus and is free of charge—Bard subsidizes the cost of the course (approximately \$300



per person) with the understanding that each medic will give back three semesters of volunteer time on-call between 24 and 48 hours each week.

As current Director of Bard EMS Jason Van Driesche remembered, "I got involved with EMS because it seemed like a direct way to do something for the community. I've never been much for protests and marches; I'd rather do smaller, more frequent things that have a greater impact. I never knew what to do in a crisis situation before, and now I know."

continued on page 7

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Tea at Leon's

Discussion on the future of Europe

The Future of Eastern Europe was discussed in President Leon Botstein's house last Friday morning.

Sean O'Neill
Staff
Writer

What began as a little debate between Botstein and Justus Rosenberg on the role of self-interest and greed in

not political aims, yet they are nearing catastrophe because of their ties to depressed markets in the world.

Instead of favoring either ascending political leader in Russia over the other, ("a plague on both their houses") the U.S. should support them both at a distance since a pluralistic form of democracy is desirable.

Switzerland is not a model nation. They have learned to hate in

Peter Hutton and John Pruitt's films will be replaced "with a course at Bard in classic MTV", suggested Botstein. And if they are defensive, they will be accused of a "hegemonic high-culture conspiracy." No medium pulling on indigenous influences that resonates with profundity has appeared to fill the cultural void. Or is that true?

Americans, a new world leader, want to solve international conflicts that have been simmering for centuries in the course of a telephone call of advice to Bill Clinton. "They must think in the long-term, in-depth," said Gennady Shkilarevsky.

Flag-making is a growth industry in Eastern Europe.

The Wilsonian vision of self-determination through plebiscites is problematic. If we concede that territorial boundaries are to be defined by ethnic majority, can Eastern Europe ever disentangle itself from conflict and leap into modernity?

"Workers of the world unite!"

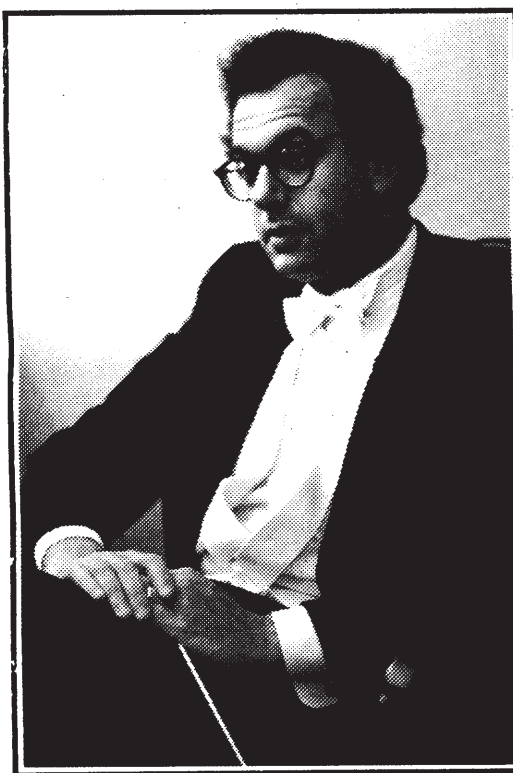
Vance-Owen, the U.N. negotiating team in former Yugoslavia, together have taken the approach that the civil war can be settled by defining whose neighborhood is whose on a map. They have failed because

events keep shifting beneath them. As during the religious wars of the seventeenth century, an area dominated by one religion or one ethnicity today is replaced by a different one tomorrow.

Norman Manea and Leon Botstein are both Jewish. What do they have in common? "We both wear eyeglasses," Manea said.

The faculty—Botstein, Manea, Hutton, Rosenberg, Shkilarevsky and Dolan—peppered the discussion with insights, but the students had many opportunities to challenge or disagree with them, keeping the forum free-form.

Sign-up in or telephone the Dean of Students Office if you would like to attend one of the four remaining encounters this semester on different topics: Ethics in Medicine, Gay Rights, Multiculturalism and Arts & Politics.



peace. Civic virtue is absent there and is sorely needed elsewhere in Europe.

Comparable situations to Eastern Europe are imaginable within the U.S., if one thinks about the collapse of a centralized government and the growth of sectionalism based on geographic, economic, racial and religious distinctions. There is a 'hysteria' and irrationality with politics anywhere, even among supporters of Bill Clinton, that can be exploited for evil ends.

The monoculture of blue jeans and Pepsi-cola being adopted in Eastern Europe does not aid the individual in self-expression. Eastern Europe under communism subsidized 'high-culture', but populism doesn't want Dostoevsky, it wants Larry Hagman. Artists have an uncomfortably aristocratic standpoint.

creating geo-political nightmares soon swept the entire room into a whirlwind of debate encompassing all areas of the globe. The majority of students in the room had the chance to voice their opinion in the two hours of heated discussion. Several ideas were put forward. Some of them follow, paraphrased:

If the United States will not take care of the Haitians, it will not take action about the distant Bosnians.

There must be a military solution to the civil war in former Yugoslavia. Why not have the United Nations create a colony or a protectorate permanently in Eastern Europe to prevent the inhumane natives from killing each other? Why not establish a precedent in which all of

the world's problems are solved this way? Is South Africa next?

China is frightening in terms of its economic development. If successful, it will be a major new power; if unsuccessful, its empire might collapse entirely.

Why doesn't Europe solve the 'problem' of former Yugoslavia? 1. The region is "the powder magazine" of history. Involvement there by major powers has led to major wars. 2. No nation wants to align with Germany. 3. Businesses have no interests there, now that its infrastructure is shattered.

The West can let the strife burn itself out. Of course, it cannot, since it will become another India, each new generation perpetuating and escalating the ethnic and religious hatreds.

Japan and Germany are ideal nations, focused on economic and

News in Brief

Yet another oil spill occurred in our country a few days ago when an underground pipe-line shattered in Virginia. The unexpected break was

estimated to have spilled 336,000 gallons of petroleum which spread for over twenty miles. Wetlands in the Potomac River are in serious environmental danger, but most drinking water was not affected and clean up efforts are moving as swiftly as possible. Two hundred and seventy-five thousand gallons of the spilled oil have been recovered so far.

In Washington, D.C., President Clinton has begun efforts to eliminate federal bans restricting financial assistance to poor women seeking abortions. His efforts will reportedly take effect the week of April 4th when his Federal budget proposal is due to come out. Overall Congress reaction is difficult to predict, but it is expected that abortion opponents will attempt to block the financial assistance proposal. Many predict a struggle for the Clinton administration, but it will not be the first, and most likely will not be the last.

The "hippy" age, has not yet ended as both the Grateful Dead concerts featured at the Knickerbocker Arena in Albany this past weekend were sold out. Although the Albany district welcomed the extended

business and profits throughout the weekend, some citizens were less than thrilled about the hundreds of outsiders who camped out to see the shows. During the shows, one hundred and thirty people were arrested. Seventy-five percent of these people were arrested on a variety of drug charges including possession, use and displaying drug paraphernalia.

Locally, Annandale Road is not the only one covered over by a lake as flooding, caused by the spring thaw, continues. Many roads in the New Paltz area were closed down due to their lakes, including Route 299. The New Paltz problem is still being heightened as the Walkill River slowly rises above its banks.

In Wappingers Falls, the Pleasant Valley Recreation Park was almost entirely covered in water up to four inches deep, and almost two thousand New York Telephone customers lost their phone service when some underground cable wires got wet this past Monday. It was, and continues to be, very wet everywhere in New York state.

On Monday, a statewide flood watch which was supposed to go until 10:15 p.m. ended up being extended until four in the morning. The National Weather Service predicts that the weather will clear up in the next few days meaning warmer days and hopefully the drying up of some of the excess water. Travelers, however, should be wary of the slick roads, drive slowly, and be prepared to take detours in areas where roads have been flooded.

bard statistics

42 Bard Students returned
surveys distributed last week.
Out of these:

33 are non-smokers

31 are not drinkers
and

32 are sexually active

Dead Goat Notes

The opinions in this column were written by a white guy and are therefore racist. Tough darts for you, huh?

I come from a very food-centered house where eating new foods is something to be celebrated. It was a quality to be admired and bragged about by parents in front of our less gastronomically adventurous cousins at family get-togethers. That's why I looked forward to my first taste of sushi, and why I support trade sanctions against Japan afterwards.

I was invited on my journey to manhood by several friends who were more worldly-wise than I. Two were of Asian heritage and claimed to have some sort of enigmatic archetypal knowledge of sushi. Another was a world-traveller whose tongue had tasted just about every corner of God's green earth. The last companion was a typical jingoistic American who referred to sushi as "Raw fish. Gross."

I, concealing my anxiety, laughed derisively at the latter's display of ethno-centrism. I would be open-minded. I would boldly go where no *gaijin's* mouth had gone before. I would choke down some raw fish and pretend that I liked it to impress my elitist friends.

The place of my transformation from a close-minded green-horn to a seasoned globe-trotter was the Golden Ginza restaurant in the exotic land of Kingston.

I know that Kingston doesn't sound too mythological, but we were journeying to the legendary part of Kingston. We travelled on the Vernal Equinox, one of the few days when this Brigadoonesque area can be entered by mere mortals. To get to there, you have to know which part of the Kingston-Rhinedcliffe Bridge is actually a hologram concealing the Legendary Off-Ramp to the Rondout Landing.

As we entered the restaurant, we talked about the upcoming experience.

"This is a really good sushi place."

"Raw fish. Gross."

"No, you don't understand, it tastes really good."

"I wonder if anyone ever accidentally rested their elbow on the hibachi table and burned it?"

"Are you Bard students? We don't take checks."

"Let's not sit at a hibachi table. How touristy and gauche!"

My gauche, touristy side really wanted to see a guy juggle food with spatulas. But I caved in to my Hipper-than-thou friends and my elbows are probably better off for it.

"Our waitress is only 15/16 Japanese and 1/16 Korean."

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"Are you an idiot? It's obvious."

"Oh, yeah, now I see," I lied.

"Did you ever eat at Jacques' Chateau D'Escargot in Paris? They make the greatest snails there, rolling them in the peels of a certain grape which only grow on an old French colony in the South Pacific and boiling

them in the milk of a one-year old virgin goat that was raised on truffles."

"Who hasn't eaten there by now? How do you like Ochorese food?"

"What's Ochorese?"

"It's a tribe that consists of four people on the Kamchatkan peninsula. One of them founded a restaurant in New York that can only be entered by 85th degree Freemasons." Of course, everyone else was so familiar with the place that they could eat there free. My dining companions were more culturally aware than the editorial board of *National Geographic*. I figured that I could still impress them by drinking Mountain Dew and coffee mixed together.

The one person who was not afraid of being called a jingoistic American ordered chicken, cooked at someone else's hibachi table. My jet-setting friends gave me advice on how to order and eat sushi properly (Rice side up! Never point your chopsticks at someone else! Drop and give me twenty!).

I ordered the \$17.95 sushi sampler. I was looking forward to it after the Miso soup and salad (which had an exotic dressing on it. Seven Seas Russian, I believe).

Then came the sushi. It looked really nice, arranged in little bands of seaweed and stuck nicely to little piles of rice with a clump of pickled ginger

off to the side. I grabbed my first bit of sushi, dunked it in my little bowl of soy sauce, and bit down expecting fireworks of olfactory sensations to go off in my mouth.

There is a reason why less-traveled people, ethno-centric people, never left my backyard people sometimes refer to sushi as "raw fish." All the seaweed, soy sauce and rice in the world can't change the fact that the main ingredient is an uncooked ocean-dwelling organism's carcass.

I actually ate over a half-dozen samplings of these little buggers before I experienced an Epiphany: I don't like raw fish. Nothing personal against the Japanese, but I can't stand the taste of water-breathing meat which hasn't been breaded and dunked in hot fat. I'm sure that my Japanese counterpart, wherever he may be, can't stand McFish sandwiches. And that's fine with me. Maybe someday we'll meet and he will trade me a McDonald's coupon for the secret location of the mythical part of Kingston and our two nations will be brought that much closer. Until then, he can keep his raw bait on his side of the big pond.

Now I can say that I am a man, that I tried open-mindedness, that I tried to be a little multi-cultural and, at the cost of \$17.95 a plate, and it wasn't worth it. Next time I try to expand my horizons I'll bring my chopsticks to the Golden Arches.

Special note to angered minorities: This column is a joke. The author recognizes the fact that a culture cannot be judged by one sample of food, no matter how bad-tasting and overpriced.



For those who are interested

For those who are interested, this is a response to the "discussion" on racism that has been playing about in the Observer these past weeks and months, especially to the letters appearing in the last three or four issues.

To begin with, I am not white. So I guess I don't have that automatic stigma that comes with being white when you enter talks on racism. But then again, I am not discriminated against and have not been the target of racism as long as I can remember. In that, I do not have a privileged position either. What to make of myself then, when it comes to talking about racism?

To begin with, I am not Asian. For those who know me, that would seem to be an odd remark considering the fact that I am Asian. Actually, I am Korean by ethnicity. Does that make me Asian? Well, Korean is a subset of Asian. But in terms of being a real, live person, being Korean does not necessarily mean being Asian. It could, but it doesn't have to. Just wanted to make that clear. I think for me, I am not Asian. Maybe I could be, but someone would have to show me a reason for it. Because, at the moment, I just do not identify with being Asian. (I probably identify more with the linguistic philosophers than Asian—inside joke.)

To begin with, I am not Korean. Well, okay, I am. But that merely means that my parents are from Korea and that on the average day I look Korean—and that's not how I care to be Korean. Yes, I am Korean, but I am Korean in a certain sense. That is, when I identify myself as being Korean, I mean a specific thing. Here it is. When I am Korean, it is because I talk to my mother in Korean, it is because I like certain Korean foods, it is because I dig Korean music, it is because I like the Korean family culture, it is because I think Korean women are beautiful, it is because I like watching Korean movies—there's probably more but I can't think of any right now. Then, again, sometimes I have to throw in an English word or two at my mother, there are some Korean foods which I cannot endure, I've heard some Korean groups who don't know that disco is out, I hated it when my father belted me for getting bad grades, I've seen some Korean models (ahem), and Korean movies are always about the same thing. I don't know, does that make me not Korean? It's hard to say. I'm certainly not one who can identify completely with everything that his culture includes. Do I have to in order to be Korean, or does being Korean mean identifying with everything that is Korean? Hmmmm...

To begin with, I am not racist. Well, I am a bit prejudiced or predisposed or something like that. In Korean we have two words for a black person. Translated literally they are black-colored-as-in-darkness and black-colored-as-in-dirt person. When talking Korean I always use the word for black-colored-as-in-darkness person. Get this. I've been told by black officer stationed in Korea (met him at a bowling alley), who

spoke Korean, that he preferred the word for black-colored-as-in-dirt person. Anyway, in English, I've always said just black person. I've tried recently to say Afro-American but that really trips my tongue. It's really embarrassing. Yet, in regards to a real, living black person, I don't ever think "black person." If I know his name, I think, "Roger" or "Chiki", or whatever his name is. If I don't know his name, well, he probably never really comes to mind unless someone brings him up.

To begin with, I am still not racist. Well, actually, I guess I am. When I visited San Francisco and ate in Chinatown, I really put down this Chinese gang that was congregating outside the restaurant. You should have seen the hair, the clothes, and the machoism. I heard them speaking Korean when I walked outside though. Driving through Los Angeles, I always make fun of the lowered Caminos and the boom-boom coming from them—why do Chicano do that? Okay, not all Chicanos do that, I know. But I still ask myself why Chicanos do that when I see it.

To begin with, I am not a great basketball player. But I can hold my own in a good run. Last summer, at UCSD, I played in a three-on-three tournament. Two of my friends and I played - they're both white and neither can jump - but we pass well. Anyhow, second round we were up against these three black dudes from the team. I thought, "Yep, they're black, they can jump, we're dead." And we lost. By the way, was that racism? I know that not all black people can jump. But still, was I right or was I right?

To begin with, my best friends are white. Boy they are whiter than...they are white! I guess you'd call them rednecks or something. They always make fun of Hyundai cars. Well, I can't really blame them. Those Koreans really need to work on style.

To begin with, I am not black. I'm not yellow either. Let's see, I think I am more of a nice shade of California tan. But I still don't think my shadow is any darker than a white person. White...I've seen an albino before.

To end with, I think I could go on forever. There is so much for me to think in trying to figure out what to make of myself. I think I'll think more and maybe I'll write again some other time.

For those who were interested enough to have read all the way through, I'm sorry I didn't get to talk about racism. I just had to try to get myself clear, so I would know if I was a guilty party or an oppressed party and what privileges or handicaps I should have in the discussion. It's tough to actually talk about racism because there's a lot that's not clear. Sometimes I wonder if it isn't just a big misunderstanding. But I guess that's the thing. You have to work through it all, work on the problem of racism.

- Andy Choung
(right now, Bard student)

With all due respect

Every Wednesday, like a lot of peoples here at Bard, I sit in Kline commons during lunch trying to consume the "food" while reading The Observer. I feel as though it is my time to write instead of only reading. This is in response to the articles in the past issues penned by Tracy J. LaGrassa, James Chang and Ephraim Glenn Colter. My fellow students, I have but one thing I really want to say: Do not call me a racist.

Oh, and yes, I am white. Is it that simple, people? How can you honestly put me into a group because of the color of my skin? I thought this was what racism was all about: making presumptions and categorizing individuals because of something they have no control over. What right do you have to tell me or anyone else how our minds work? It is one thing to express your thoughts, but do not presume to know mine.

So I repeat, I am not a racist. Of course I

do discriminate against people. But it won't be because of their color or where in this small world they come from. I mean, what do those things mean anyway? It is what lies beneath the external layer that counts. Why do we concentrate on the wrapping when what's special is the present underneath? The potential of the human individual is staggering. I am well aware of the plight that minorities must endure within this society and (whether you believe me or not) I do empathize. I think that discrimination on the basis of race, color, sex, sexual orientation, etc. is disgusting. But I'm sorry because I do take offense at being labeled a racist. I am an individual, not a group. When you made that generalization, Tracy, you include me without even asking. If you wish to think of yourself that way, fine. I'll think for myself.

Matt Watkins

Arbitrary Human Being

I am writing this letter in response to the open letter printed in the March 17th issue and authored by some "arbitrary white person." The author wishes to distinguish between the "they" racists who actively persecute minorities, and the rest of us so-called liberal PC-ites who merely benefit from the economic and societal imbalances they create. It is the author's view that the disadvantaged position of many minorities creates a situation whose essential nature is to make every non-minority a racist. In other words, if we live in a society where some people are exploited, and we are not on the side of the exploited, then we are racist.

It is an unfortunate pitfall of higher education that many younger students (and some older ones) tend to over-intellectualize macro-societal problems in an effort to make all their experiences and learning fit into a simple and sensible way of thought. Upon more careful examination, however, it should be clear that applying such ideas on a smaller scale is extremely tricky and invariably forces reconsiderations.

The individual who claims that she is not racist is generally familiar with (and abhors) all the symbols of racism. She grew up under economic and cultural conditions over which she had no control. I myself grew up in a middle class family, and in a community almost entirely Judeo-Christian

and white. When I, or anybody else, asks the question: "am I racist?" we are not looking at the hand we were dealt, but what we have done with it. Much of the racism prevalent in our society stems from our cultural differences which may harbor morals, values and traditions widely divergent from our own. It is the effort one makes to understand these differences on their own terms which determines whether we are part of the "they" or the "us." Those of us who try to lead our life in this manner do not appreciate someone saying: "yeah, well, you're racist anyway." Your definition of racism comes from some theory you read in a book, mine comes from something far more substantial—people's actions.

The short of it is that before calling anybody racist, one must look at their individual actions, not their skin color, cultural background, or party affiliation. Salvation lies in each individual's ability to transcend the negative conditions of society and be willing to lead their life in a way that celebrates cultural diversity and fails to discern arbitrary physical differences. When enough people choose to live this way, the problem of racism will begin to fade. In the meantime, the most important thing one can do is lead by example.

Gideon Low
Arbitrary Human Being

World happenings of the week (mostly bad, as usual)

Compiled and oversimplified for the General Public

by Damnath De Tissera and Andrew Fowler

United Nations officials are trying to get some injured people out of Srebrenica [town in Bosnia]. Officials are at a dilemma, since moving people out would be viewed as aiding the Serbian "ethnic cleansing" effort and not doing anything would be inhumane. The convoy was personally led by the French UN special operations General, and the food supply was welcomed by the suffering people. The mainly non-Serbian population was afraid that if Serbs were allowed to leave, the Serbian forces surrounding the city, which holds 80,000 refugees, would completely destroy it.

There was a vote on the enforcement of an air ban over Bosnia at the UN Security council and possible military enforcement was postponed at Russia's request. Russia voiced concern over how far the military action would go.

Washington has postponed its decision to impose trade sanctions against the European Community until an American team attends a Brussels convention which is to be held in the hopes of settling the trade dispute.

Two members of the G7 nations, Germany and Italy, want Russia to be included in the G7 conference in Japan late this year.

There is trouble in the Russian government as President Yeltsin is pitted against the parliament in a struggle for power. Yeltsin has imposed emergency rule and posted guards at press, radio, and television stations while the Parliament is trying to impeach him. Yeltsin wants to put the matter to the people in the form of a referendum in April. American President Clinton has endorsed Yeltsin and his democratic reforms.

A Medellin drug cartel leader was killed by police in Bogota, Columbia. The man is accused of many bombings and murders. Cartel leader Pablo Escobar is on the run and desperate.

Negotiators say armed people occupying the building are ready to leave the Nicaraguan embassy in Costa Rica once a few more details are worked out. Many persons are still being held hostage in the embassy, including the ambassador.

Further bomb explosions in Bombay and Calcutta with at least one person killed. The Calcutta explosion took place in a rail station with one person killed, probably a porter. In the Bombay explosion no one was killed, luckily. Rashid Khan, who is linked to the Communist Party in India, has been arrested in connection with these recent explosions. French general elections show the right wing party winning massively, while the Socialist party is in trouble.

The president of Kenya has accused the IMF and the World Bank of bringing his country to near economic collapse by imposing harsh conditions before aid is provided. He says he will no longer agree to policies which he calls economical suicide.

Somali factions meeting in Ethiopia have reached a provisional agreement on setting up a transitional government in Somalia.

The Angolan government says it has recaptured another city, Kuito, from the UNITA rebels after fierce fighting. The government claims that the rebels have had heavy losses.

Hundreds of thousands of people marched in Algeria demanding an end to Muslim fundamentalist violence in the country. This was the first such march allowed by the government.

American Secretary of State Warren Christopher voiced his concern about the conditions in Russia and said that if Russia fell into despotism or anarchy that the security of the U.S. might be threatened. He also said that the U.S. had a vested interest in Yeltsin's reforms. The speaker of the Russian parliament has called for Yeltsin's impeachment on the basis of his alleged violation of the Constitution when he decided to rule by decree. Even if Yeltsin gets approval from the people on the referendum he has put forth, the struggle is unlikely to subside.

Radovan Karadic, leader of the Bosnian Serbs, changed his mind and decided not to leave the peace settlement discussions in New York. Karadic refused to sign the Owen plan calling for the division of Bosnia into a number of ethnically segregated semi-autonomous parts.

The members of the European Economic community are having problems working out an agreement to freely trade with Russia. France and other western nations fear an influx of certain cheaper goods from former communist nations.

The Israeli conservative party, the Likud, is electing a new leader. An Israeli army officer has been arrested for allowing soldiers under his command to shoot a mentally handicapped boy who was carrying a toy gun in a refugee camp.

South African leader De Klerk and ANC leader Nelson Mandela met on the issue of increasing racial violence and perhaps to bring forward the timetable of elections.


Cuban TV announced that Vietnam was giving the Cuban government 100,000 tons of rice a year in trade for Cuban advisors to be sent to Vietnam.

Cambodian Khmer Rouge guerillas murdered 30 ethnic Vietnamese last week, causing a massive flow of refugees out of the city where the killing occurred. The Khmer Rouge have a stated purpose of removing all Vietnamese from Cambodia.

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Fred Hammond

Meet next year's Music Department Chair

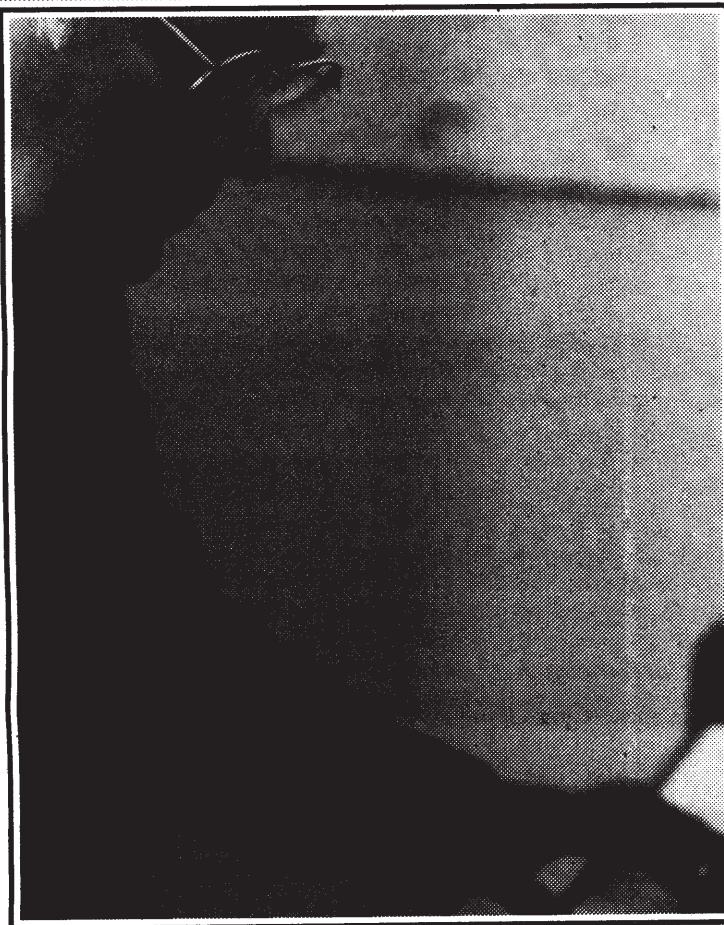
Fred Hammond first came to Bard as a visiting professor in 1989 and was promoted to full-time

Robin Kodaira
Staff
Writer

tenure-track professor in the summer of 1992. He is a Professor of Music History and a performing musician who concentrates on 17th Century Italian keyboard music. Next year, he will add being Chairperson of the Bard Music Department for the 1993-94 academic year to his list of credits.

When asked about his new position, Professor Hammond insisted that he was to be "acting" chairman, and not the "new" chairman, because the current chairwoman, Joan Tower, will return after one year of sabbatical. Although Tower encountered tremendous pressure this year as Chair, Hammond did not seem too concerned. "Those kinds of things come with the job," he said. "I've been lucky to avoid it so far, but maybe there's an advantage in being a newcomer/outsider when approaching a position like this."

"Anyways," Hammond added, "chairpersons are basically buffers between departments and the administration, especially at a school like Bard, with a strong and relatively independent administration."



When asked of the problems the Music Department had this year concerning the rehiring of Leo Smith, Hammond said he had mixed feelings, but he felt that Smith, in his statement in last week's *Observer*, "came out with dignity and forbearance, and explained how he thinks and feels in a lucid and reasonable way." Hammond also added that the

strength of Tower's reaction to this crisis "came from the fact that we are all fond of Leo."

Of the many issues that came out of this controversy, Hammond was most disappointed by the fact that Bard draws a "clear line between classically and non-classically trained musicians," which he believes is "divisive and simplistic." Hammond said that "any

literate composer or performer today is vividly aware of not only traditional western music but also of jazz, non-western and other musics." Despite his concentration on classical Italian keyboard music, Professor Hammond said that he uses twelve-bar blues to teach students classical sonata form.

Hammond believed the unequal ratio of classical to non-classical music professors at Bard was the main controversy in the rehiring of Professor Smith, and he found the charges of racism against both the Music Department and the school administration to be rather unjustified. "In the context of American history, we cannot escape racism," he said, "but it is hard to believe that this incident could be perceived as racist, seeing that American education needs and wants African-American professors, and an institution like Bard is especially desperate."

Fred Hammond facetiously referred to his role in the department this semester as "music professor turned office temp" [in reference to the fact that he is currently doing clerical work in Annandale House on Thursdays], but he has great expectations for next year. "We will have two visiting faculty," he said, "one, a woman composer to take over

Joan's classes, and another to concentrate on performance." In addition, Hammond said that the Department should move into the old Blum building by next fall—"Or so the administration says." Hammond believes that the Blum building would be quite an improvement over Annandale House in meeting the needs of the Music Department. He said there will be much more space for performance and lectures, and that it will also be much better for electronic music. In addition, there will be a student lounge area, and each faculty member will have a private office. "Besides," Hammond adds, "It's a better looking building."

Music professor turned office temp

In spite of the problems the Bard music department faced this year, Fred Hammond seemed to take it all in stride. "I think you have to look in context to the history of the department," he said, "as openings toward electronic, jazz, world and other diverse forms of compositional style are fairly recent events. What we're going through is a kind of 'growing pains' as these important areas begin to find their place in the mainstream of the music department." Professor Hammond assured us that that he and the department will continue to "expand and commit" themselves to world and electronic music in the future. ♪



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Wednesday, March 31st, starting precisely at 9 pm.
Eat, drink and be merry, for Friday is Spring Break.

EMS continued

continued from page 3

Jill Wright, a first-year student who recently completed her CFR training, said, "The training was really rigorous, and we were given a lot of information to digest and remember in a very short time, but now that it is all over, I feel it was definitely worth it."

Van Driesche encourages mature and responsible students possessing strong communication skills to consider applying. He considers these qualities vital and inherent in a good medic, explaining, "You have to have these things to start out with, but with enough practice, medical skills can be learned."

Aside from these personal characteristics, certain lifestyle behaviors are required of all Bard medics.

Medics must be in good academic standing with the College, are forbidden to use any illegal drugs at any time and cannot consume alcohol while they are on-call or at any time previous to being on-call which would affect their performances during a shift. This is strictly enforced because, as Reed explained, "We need to provide effective health care, which cannot be done in anything less than a sober state. We need the respect of our patients, security, local rescue squads and everyone else in the community."

If this sounds like you, there will be an informational meeting at the beginning of the Fall semester at which you can pick up an applica-

tion and schedule an interview with current members.

If you do not want to be one of these people, but would not mind having one of them take care of you, EMS is activated by calling Security at Extension 440/460 during the regular semesters. There are three medics on call at any given time who will be paged immediately and who should arrive in under five minutes. Again, it is stressed that the identity of all patients and medical situations remain completely confidential.

For more information, contact Scott Reed or Jason Van Driesche through campus mail or feel free to grab anyone walking around campus with a radio and ask questions.

"Perfectly neurotic"*A little not pure enough and the just add water woman*

Call it *Two Characters In Search of a Context*. This is the "epic" of two twenty-something American women driving cross-country from here to Minnesota, the state bird of which, they tell us, is the common loon. *A Little*

**Sean
O'Neill**
Staff
Writer

Not Pure Enough and the Just Add Water Woman refers to their states of mind, revealed as each of them leaves her car in flights of imagination to reflect upon her past life and then returns to continue the journey.

The two writers/directors/actresses, Sativa Peterson and Lilah Friedland, hesitate to classify their Senior Project production under any neat label. Plays are "always a work-in-progress," they say, but the idea is always "to be heading towards production."

They succeed in carrying off a polished show. They seem to have a strong theatrical sense of how to wring the most out of a performance on stage. The unsettled question is whether they could have presented their characters, who aren't sure where their lives are headed and have only a vague sense



of how they got where they are, in a narrative that the audience can sense actually goes somewhere.

There is no accumulated tension in this piece, and the characters never reach the climax of the play's conflict. The self-doubt and confusion Dusty and Hazel experience before our eyes is left unexplained; their angst is supposedly universal and its explanation self-evident. But Aaron

Diskin's insane Rabbi Killer Man and Benson Sebastian's psychopsychologist, Dr. Dreamer, are funny, flat, and forgettable to anyone who does not know them personally. They fail to embody a force that adequately symbolizes that which deforms Dusty and Hazel. Neither do the monotone voices from the air, which form the soundtrack of their journey, credibly give shape or substance

to their oppression. The audience could have entered or left at any time in the play and be just as entertained without missing much. The only decisions the two women face are "What to wear?...What to eat?" The writer/directors have merely rediscovered vaudeville.

The best moments of the ninety-minute frenetically-paced show are when Friedland and Peterson are together alone on stage. Each actress complements the other's performance so well that, as a pair, they manage to achieve an electric effect that is a delight to witness. Unfortunately, their characters keep going off to wallow in their Selves.

Without that energy the other sequences languish, drift, and seem too long drawn out.

However, the highlight of the comedy is a scene without the actresses involved. All comedy breaks loose when the Ensemble Stresses of Life, nine actors and actresses acting perfectly neurotic, hit the stage. The event eludes summary, so I will not even try. Later on, Georgia Hodes puts in a clever performance as a housewife brainwashed by society into enjoying to cook, who is rescued by Peterson's tupperware alter-ego.

There was no auditioning, but both seniors are satisfied with the casting since their friends filled the parts admirably. The use of nudity and slang was meant to keep the play, in Friedland's words, "extremely realistic." She had previous writing/directing experience with her production of *Queen Tahini Sexes Them* last year. She met Peterson in a class taught by Naomi Thornton, and their collaborative efforts began. They wanted "to share the burdens of production" for their projects and the playwriting work has gone "remarkably smooth." They wrote some of the material independently of one another and other parts together and were able, they believe, to find a common vision to frame the piece. They would like to continue working, both together and independently, "writing and performing, if that is what 'theater' is," says Peterson. ♣

The Women's Center and SEAR present

A discussion on Diversity in the Curriculum by Puerto Rican lesbian feminist poet, co-editor of *Women of Color in the Curriculum*, and Professor of English and Latin American Studies

Liza Fiol-Matta

will come to talk about her experience in incorporating diversity in the Liberal Arts curriculum as a consultant to the Ford Foundation, the National Council on Woman and the Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs at CUNY.

Tuesday, April 13th, at 8pm in the Kline Committee Room

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Submarine Pitching?

Play ball at the Tewksbury wading pool

Well, folks, it's getting to be that time! The days are getting longer, as are the classes, and the air is

getting more pleasant. The time has come to put away childish things (text books, crit sheets, calculators, the *Observer*)

and get set to do some serious goofing off. Pretty soon, you'll be using the beautiful weather as an excuse to skip class in favor of some serious sunshine quaffing, and shouting at those near and dear to you make semi-athletic fools out of themselves. Yes, the celebrated Bard Intramural Softball League is gearing up!

This past Monday, most of the team captains met with Kris Hall to discuss the upcoming frivolity at the first captain's meeting. The foremost item on the agenda was the field of play itself. The soccer field currently being cultivated behind Stevenson Gymnasium needs to be seeded a second time, and will not be ready for use any time before August. So, this year's games will be played, again, at the Tewksbury Field and Memorial Fishing Hole.

Which brings us to the second-most item. The condition of the Tewksbury grounds are questionable at best. I myself just checked them out, and their con-



ditions could be described as "extra-moist" on the infield, "mud-pie heaven" around the mound and plate, and "Marsh-ridden" in the outfield. So, what are we to do if the weather is not favorable?

Well, one suggestion made by Kris is that the leagues be split into divisions. This would allow there to be fewer games actually played by each team, which would give the field an extra week or two to dry out. Also suggested was an alternative season of INDOOR WHIFFLE-BALL if conditions do not improve. I kid you not. However, Kris did admit that this would come about "only by a near-unanimous vote from the captains."

In addition to these trials and tribulations, this year the teams will again be split according to athletic and recre-

ational leagues, thus allowing a more fair level of competition for all involved. Also, the much-despised no alcohol rule IS STILL IN EFFECT. Any member of a team seen tipping the wrist before or during a game is subject to ejection. For more rules like these, contact your team captain.

What's that you say? You say you couldn't get on a team? Well, contact Kris Hall at ext. 530; there's plenty of room still available on several teams. In addition, Kris is planning on organizing a team consisting solely of free agents: folks who have not found a team to sign with. However, if you do sign with the free agent team, you automatically waive your right to a contract extension or arbitration hearings until the standard three-

year contract has expired. So, call your lawyer and then call Kris.

Men's Intramural B-Ball

The regular season has ended, folks, and now it's on to New Orleans! No, no. But seriously, the final standings are here on this page somewhere. The big news was last week's clash of the undefeated! Da

Real Deal justified their name by taking out heretofore unbeaten Liquid Smoke, leaving them alone atop the final standings. On the flip side, the unlucky, yet ecologically-sound Recyclable team finished the season without a win, and as a result have bowed out of the post season action. This means that Da Real Deal will get a first-round bye in the post season tour-

namment. All the first round games will be played this Wednesday. The semifinals will be held on Monday, April 12th, and the final will take place on Thursday, April 15th (Note change of date)!

Men's Varsity Tennis

The Tennis fellers got their season off to a sour start by dropping seven of nine matches to New York Polytechnical. Jeff Carter, Bard's second seed, took out his opponent 6-2, 6-2, and sixth seed Bill Yeskel won his match 6-3, 3-6, 6-4.

Fun Stuph!

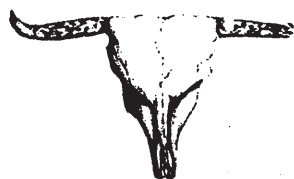
Hey gang! Wanna be the first on your block to sport a genuine Schick T-shirt? Grab two of your cronies and sign up for the Schick Razor 3-on-3 Super Hoops Basketball Tournament! Men's and women's divisions will compete for shirts, razor blades (safe, non-toxic fun for the kids!) and other fun stuff! Sign up soon, the tourney begins Saturday April 18! (Maximum of 2 varsity players per team. Kids under 18, ask your parents' permission. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.)

Final intramural Men's basketball standings

Rank/Team	W	L
1 Da Real Deal	7	0
2 Liquid Smoke	6	1
3 Flight	5	2
4 R x 4	4	3
5 Team Pus	3	4
6 Faculty/Staff	2	5
7 Ballistic	1	6

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The Nom-de-Plume is an erotic writing contest open to all members of the Bard community

1 Maximum length of 10-12 double-spaced typed, pages. (Multiple copies greatly appreciated but not necessary.)

2. We recognize no categories. Good erotica is good erotica. All entries will be judged on 2 points: how well they are written and how hot they get the judges. The ability to eroticize safe sex is a definite plus.

3. All entries must be submitted to Box 815 no later than Friday, May 7th.

4. The winners will chosen by a panel of 5 judges. First prize is \$50, second prize is \$20. All of the entries will be read at a special reading sometime in May.

5. Anonymous entries are allowed. Just remember to include your box number (so we can send you the money if you win) and a pen name so we can announce a winner.

Waterlogging

by Matthew Apple

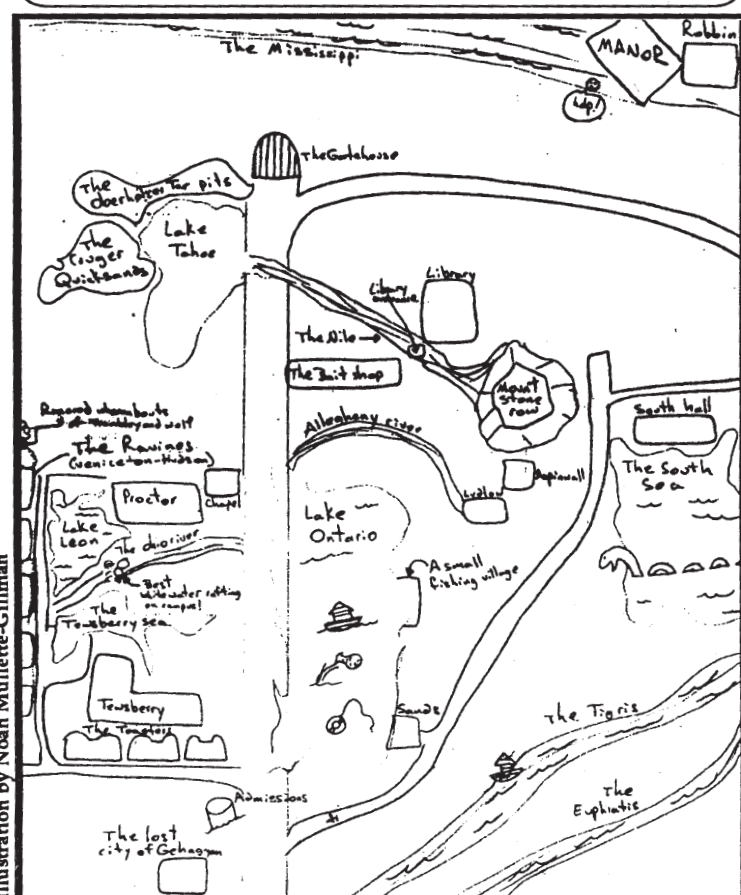
Welcome to Bard Campus, complete with the all new patented Bard Waterways Transportation System™. This brand new method of traipsing merrily from dorm to Kline and back again has numerous advantages, as well as many familiar bodies of water for your personal enjoyment.

As you can see, the erstwhile Bard traveler begins his journey at the little white Admissions building to the south of our gorgeous underwater extravaganza. Working his way northward through Lake Ontario, which covers what was previously known as Annandale Road to the west of the Tewksbury Coast, our jovial voyager proceeds to Three Rivers Lamppost, the junction of the Allegheny, running down from Ludlow, and the muddy Ohio, which, like the national deficit, has overrun its banks once again all over the path to Bleucher. Carefully avoiding the alligators in the Bard Everglades, which range from the southwest of Proctor to the north of Tewksbury, the adventurer finds himself wading through the majesty that is Lake Leon.

Unfortunately, our new irrigation system connecting the Ravines to the Hudson is not yet complete, but once it is, not only will Ravine dwellers be able to enjoy canoeing around their little Venice-on-Hudson village, but any member of the Bard community will be able to sail from any part of campus directly to the Atlantic Ocean. As it is, the amiable vagabond must traverse the portage from the Chapel to Kline, where he may prepare his pack beasts before continuing onward to the Nile, which runs along the perfectly unsloped pathway to the new Library. Here at the entrance way to the Library, the Nile Delta forms, gathering all the silt fresh from the fertile banks of the Library construction site before plummeting downward on the outside staircase to form the impressive Stevenson Falls.

But that's not all! Travelers with southern destinations also have hours of frolicsome intrepidity ahead of them. Beginning to the west of Robbins, one may happily swim southwest to Cruger Village. But be careful—pay particular attention to the location of all trapped cars as you wade through the waist-deep Tar Pits of Oberholzer. Watch out for the Cruger Quicksands as well; it has not been so long since the muck and mire claimed an unsuspecting Bardian for their own.

This concludes our journey. We at Bard hope you had a safe and pleasurable trip. However, if you plan on visiting our beautiful paradise in the future, we suggest that you bring your own Bard Inflatable Raft™. Either that or full body galoshes.



The biggest one (my white self)

This editorial is being run in lieu of Mr. Gilman's regular feature, "Shameless Filler." The regular frivolity will return the week after Spring Break.

by Matt Gilman

Page eight of last week's *Observer* was truly a study in opposites. Occupying the top half of the page was a giant thank-you note from James Chang to Tracy La Grassa for admitting that she, and all white people, are racist. Below this was the second article by S. Martin on the racism issue, mostly about how disempowering the same open letter from Ms. La Grassa made S. Martin feel. These two people having such diverse reactions to the same open letter amazes me. Not because I favor one view over another, but because it underscores just how polarizing this issue is becoming. And how touchy.

I'm not going to pretend I know the solution to the fallout this issue is causing students. However, I have been noticing that anger and pain are dominating the way people are discussing this issue. Most people I have spoken to (for the most part, although not always, white) are upset at being called racist seemingly arbitrarily. Mr. Chang spoke quite often about the "pain" he witnesses in white denial, and he speaks of what "incenses an Ephraim Glenn Colter or a James Chang so." S. Martin said that Ms. La Grassa's letter left her feeling "utterly powerless." There is something about this issue which is alienating people on both sides of it. I don't want to speak out of place, but I assume that this is not what people actively involved in this issue want. I could be wrong, since Mr. Colter did tell anyone who didn't want to help to get out of his way. I have always been of the opinion that education is the most effective starting point for creating positive change. Now, Mr. Chang and Mr. Colter are both undeniably trying to educate people on this campus to their views on this issue in order to move people toward positive change. Why isn't it working? I'll admit it, I, myself, take offense when I am told by someone who does not really know me via a newspaper that I am a racist, and there's nothing I can do about it. With all due respect to the intended teachers, why am I unmoved by this education?

The accusatory tone taken by one side, the prideful, self-righteous indignation of the other, is driving us further apart. I believe the fault is twofold. First, there is no one who can make me believe I am racist. I do not think differently of people because of their race or background. I have been discriminated against in the past because of my religion and sexual orientation. This does not make me immune to having racist hatred, but it does make me aware of whether my opinion of someone is changed by something they do rather than what they are. On the other hand, I do not deny that I have and do treat different people differently. On occasion, this means that I have treated people of color differently than whites, resolutely religious people differently than those who are not, and people with mental and physical disabilities differently than people who are not afflicted by such things. I do not think this is uncommon. This does not mean it is right, either. I treat people differently according to these and other reasons, and for this I am willing to accept that I am somewhat prejudiced. I have known this about myself for some time, and I often try to work on this problem in my own mind and in the real world.

This is a huge jump from what Ms. La Grassa claims all white people are. And yet it's not such a big one. The key here is the way in which the word RACIST is used and reacted to. "Racist" is a powerful, angry word. I have yet to hear of anyone proud to be called racist. And while I admit some irrational prejudice on my part, and the definite effect of my reactions to people in everyday situations because of them, I will not concede that I am racist because of them. I think most people who disagree with the position Mr. Chang and Mr. Colter take feel the same way about this accusation. Mr. Chang is using the word because of its power. He wants us to realize that even though he is not banned from this college because of his race, he cannot lead a truly normal life because of the way he is reacted to, the way his history is neglected, and the way he is, sometimes, unfairly treated.

I am sure that there are people who are racists at Bard. I do not know who they are. The people I do know probably have problems with prejudice like me. Because some people are not as concerned with the unfair representation and treatment of other races in this school, Mr. Chang wants us to see how alienated he feels from all white-American society. He uses the word "racist." It is not his anger which is at fault. He is not "wrong" in his claims. But I cannot accept that he can know the mind of another just because of the skin it's packed into, just as I cannot know the worth of another just because of the skin she or he is packed into.

Truth be told, we probably wouldn't be as aware of these concerns if the word racist weren't used. But there is an incredible, alienating side effect that this word causes. While it drives home the true rage people must feel about this issue, it polarizes the campus so that people are left feeling undermined, powerless and bitter. Being accused of racism through birthright, being told to get out of the way, this alienates people. It rips people apart as a community. It turns them off; makes them unwilling to be educated. We are all members of the Bard community, and the language of race struggle on this campus is making that communal tie seem insubstantial. As a result, this truly worthwhile cause is losing its supporters. One of them being myself. The idea that racism can be overcome through coming together seems to be held in poor stead by both sides at Bard College, and I'm dismayed. I offer this as an explanation for my own disinterest and disgust in the issue at hand, and you can chalk up the blame to me. I'm too cynical to believe that any positive work can be done by me given the situation as it stands now, and the fact that I have only one year left at Bard. As for the "real" world, I will continue to practice tolerance, respect and acceptance for everyone, as I always have, noting when and why it may be more difficult for me to do this. I hope that what I have said strikes a chord in those on both sides of the issue, and those in between, and some community can come of this.

And now, with love, hope and genuine respect for the courage and strength of everyone involved, especially Mr. Colter, Ms. La Grassa, Mr. Chang and S. Martin, I will get out of the way.

The Bard experience

To: The Bard Discommunity,
Including the Faculty,
Esp. Joan Tower,
Hon. Pres. Leon Botstein
And the Bard Observer

I'm sorry to hear what's going on out there. What can one say? Am I surprised-yes and no. No because why should you be any exception to the unrestrained zeal of the "politically" active? (whatever the hell that means) Especially in the environment there-people are so fast to accuse and attack but slow-indeed are paralyzed at the thought of this-to find out all the facts first, to speak respectfully to the parties involved before going on a rampage. No, they just want their fix-did the pigs take over animal farm for utilitarian reasons? Ha! analogies... Back to the beginning I am surprised in another way. Anyone who has had the privilege to know you could never do such a thing-and I think I know you well in a certain way and I can say with no small confidence that you are a truly admirable and humanitarian person. Certainly you would not do anything in the league you are accused of doing with any

intention. This I know.

I want to tell you that the atmosphere there is intolerable and intolerant. Its a maxim of history-the oppressed rise to oppress. Only people with bad souls and too much free time on their hands can get away with this stuff. What's with the poster campaign? What the hell is that? On the big level, you know, we all have a right-almost a sacred one-to be confronted by our accusers in a public forum. Otherwise look what happens-fanatics get away with the most absurd breaches of another persons character and reputation. Both of which for you are exemplary. NO-I don't ever want a Bard student on the jury if I ever go to court. Too many of them give a bad name to the concept of justice. Yes-revenge feels great but you can't pay the rent with it, as they say. Only cowards and those with an authentic fear of authority make faceless attacks on others. etc..etc..

People will criticize what I say here. They'll say I don't understand. Well, that's a low rent accusation-and I've never stood for it. Only too well do I know what it is to have

someone whack you over the head and ask for gratitude at the same time. It can call itself whatever it likes-"liberal," "conservative," "nationalist," "feminist," -ist of all kinds. Vicious, prejudiced, cowardly and humorless behavior has many opposing faces. I am glad to be away from there-I hope you don't learn to feel the same way, for Bard's sake.

The point is that I support you wholeheartedly (whatever good that is). I can only imagine those around you feel the same way. But if people stood up for each other we would all be living in a different world. Accusing is much easier, especially when you can do it with immunity...

Well, I gotta go-let us conclude with these lines which adeptly sum up the Bard "experience":

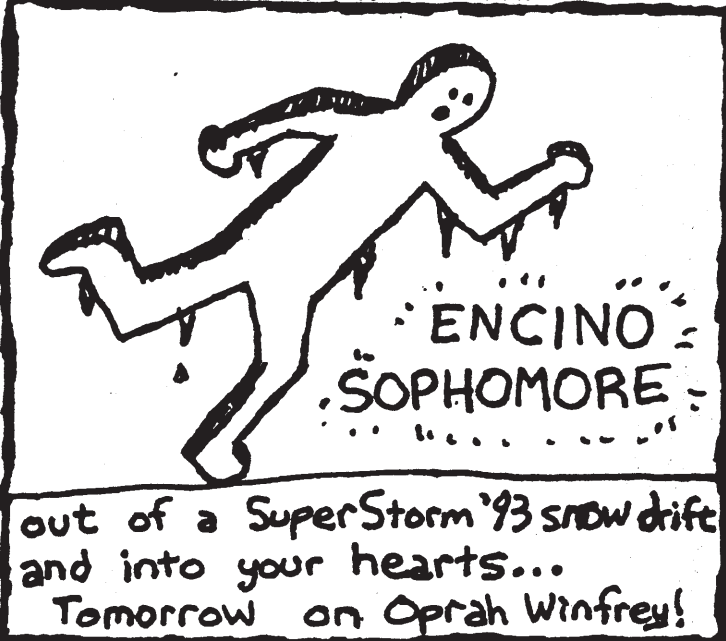
"And a thousand slimy things lived on, and so did I"

-Samuel Coleridge Taylor "The rime of the ancient mariner"

Sincerely:

Christopher Hume ('91),
President, American Music
Engraving House, Ltd.

TWO EGGS AND A SIDE OF BARD



through being present at this demonstration. Lesbians, gay men and bisexuals have been and will continue to engage in the struggle against sexual oppression, but the support of a society which condemns us would show everyone's dedication to liberation. This has denied us the rights to marriage and families and homes, to jobs, to health care, to serving in the military and to education. These are only a few of the issues we must confront in our daily lives, issues which we or anyone else should not have to spend our lives confronting.

By marching with us on April 25, your presence will be recognized with nothing less than positive reception. Again, we cannot stress enough the importance of continuing your interest in our rights-our human rights-and the March is an exciting opportunity to "come out" and join us in this pursuit.

Thank you and we look forward to marching with you.

B.A.G.L.E.
S.M.A.C.E.S.
Coalition for Choice
The Women's Center

Attention all prospective marchers

Dear Editor:

After only one week of tabling, the Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual community here at Bard and all of its supporters are feeling increasingly optimistic about the April 25 March on Washington for our rights and liberation. Thanks to your and over 300 others' support, Bard looks as if it will be impressively represented at the largest single demonstration our Capitol has ever seen!

Now that we are aware of your interest, the purpose of this letter is to inform you of what more is to be done for this March to be a success.

As you have probably seen, B.A.G.L.E., S.M.A.C.E.S., Coalition for Choice and the Women's Center have already begun sponsoring events to raise money to send us all

to Washington. The reason for the need for such fundraising is because, due to the political nature of the March, the Bard student convocation money allocated to the organizations involved cannot be used for funding. That means we have to raise considerable money for Bard's transportation to and from Washington, D.C. Though we would like to raise enough to send all of us there, we need to charge each person attending \$20 to cover the cost of an individual seat. Those of you who absolutely cannot pay should speak to Alex Daye or John Grauwiler as soon as you can-we need you to come! We will be tabling for commitments this week and the first week after Spring Break if need be.

For those of you interested in attending but not certain of why it is imperative that you attend, the remainder of this letter should help convince you of the urgency of participating.

In 1987, Lesbians, Gays and their family and friends came to Washington for the largest civil rights demonstration in U.S. history. Unfortunately, our rights continue to be threatened and outright denied. Therefore, this March is being held to show our oppressors that we are not complacent and our friends and families aren't either. Straight or gay, we all need to declare heterosexism reprehensible

A Dog's Life

By David Draper



The Bard Observer

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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.
Display ads: contact the Ad Manager.

Bard College
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CALENDAR

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE

MARCH 31 TO APRIL 7 ★ 1993

What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

★ WEDNESDAY. MARCH 31 ★

★ **German Table In Kline's College Room 5:30p.**

★ **Table Francaise:** Berets et baguettes required. **Kline's President Room 5:30-6:30p.**

★ **ALANON/ACOA.** An anonymous program for persons who grew up in an alcoholic family. **Third Floor of Aspinwall, 8:30-9:30p.**

★ **Rami-lama-ding-dong.** See Rami and friends take on the world from 9pm onward in deKline. Bring your own lungs.

★ THURSDAY. APRIL 1 ★

★ **Tavola Italiana:** Conversation **4:30-5:30p.**; Italian Table **5:30-6:30 In Kline's President's Room.**

★ **Russian Table In Kline's College Room, 5p-6:30p.**

★ **SMACES Meeting.** Sexual Minorities Aligned for Community Education and Support will meet each week **at 7:30p in the Club Room in the Old Gym.**

★ **Distinguished Guest Lecturer Series** "The Role of Cognizant Skills in Wage Determination" by Frank Levy, Professor of Economics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. **4p, Jerome Levy Economics Institute.**

★ **Grateful Dead Concert.** Free Grateful Dead Concert for all those who don't realize that it's April Fool's Day. Bob Weir will autograph your forehead with a tattoo needle for all those who are still buying this. **At 8p in Olin Auditorium.**

★ FRIDAY. APRIL 2 ★

★ **Spring Break Begins.** No classes. No meals in Kline after lunch. **4:00, all over campus.**

★ **Van Schedule.** There will be additional vans. **See new schedule for alterations.**

★ SATURDAY. APRIL 3 ★

★ SUNDAY. APRIL 4 ★

★ **Learn Chapel tunes.** Spiritual fulfillment through song. **Bard Chapel at 6-7p.**

★ **Non-denominational service.** Join in worship with your fellow theists. **Bard Chapel at 7-7:30p.**

★ MONDAY. APRIL 5 ★

★ **Grand Union Trip.** Stock up on your spring break necessities. **Van leaves from behind Kline Commons at noon. Returns at 2:30p.**

★ **BAGLE Meeting.** Bisexuals, Activists, Gays, Lesbians, Et. al. will meet each week **at 7p in the Club Room in the Old Gym.**

★ **ACOA Meeting.** Adult Children of Alcoholics meets **In Red Hook, 50 South Broadway at 8p.** Contact Jeff Huang at ext. 539 in the Career Development Office for more information.

★ TUESDAY. APRIL 6 ★

★ WEDNESDAY. APRIL 7 ★

★ **Rollerblades.** They're slick, they're quick, they're on sale today! **Outside Kline Commons all day.**

★ **Arts division Faculty Colloquium.** Bernard Greenwald will discuss the paintings from his recent one-person exhibit at the Jon Taner Gallery. **6:30p at the Black Center For Curatorial Studies.**

★ **ALANON/ACOA.** An anonymous program for persons who grew up in an alcoholic family. **Third floor of Aspinwall, 8:30-9:30p.**

Enjoy your Break.
Don't forget to write.

SPRING BREAK SHUTTLE VAN SCHEDULE

FRIDAY:

Rhinecliff: Leave at 4:15p. for the 4:53p. train
Rhinecliff: Leave at 5:50p. for the 6:31p. train
Rhinecliff: Leave at 7:10p. for the 7:41p. train

Poughkeepsie: Leave at 6:15p. for the 7:18p. train

SATURDAY:

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

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

Meet all Shuttles behind Kline Commons