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OBSERVER

Vol. 102 No. 18 March 22, 1995

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THE BARD OBSERVER

Volume 102 Number 18

Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504

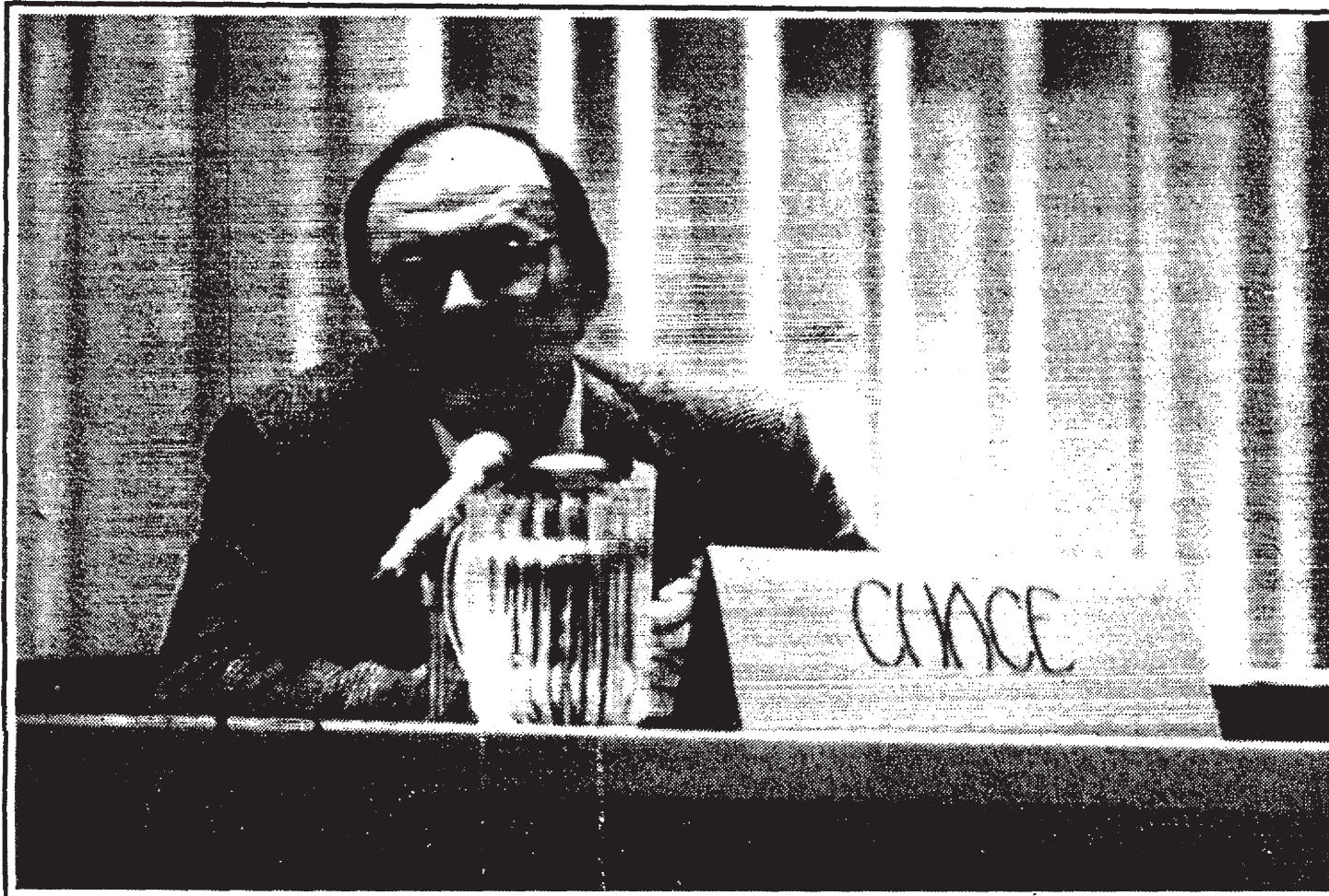
March 22, 1995

*I know he was a Protestant...
so they can do what they like with the
facts of history.*

—Rev. Ian Paisley, head of
the Democratic Unionist Party in
Ireland, on St. Patrick, who was
born 1,000 years before the
Reformation

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Professor James Chace (file photo)

Life in Dangerous Places

James Chace speaks on foreign affairs and journalism

Linnea
Knollmueller
Features
Editor

"First you eat, then
you talk; that's the first
lesson of journalism."
With that, Professor James
Chace set a lighthearted
and jovial tone for his
speech Tuesday afternoon
entitled "Foreign Affairs
and Journalism." Con-

tinuing the series of "Life After Bard" talks,
Chace related anecdotes from his life, which
led into advice for future journalists.

"I'll begin with what I did and how I did
it, since everything in life is autobiographical
anyway," he said, explaining that he went to
college a self-proclaimed aesthete, with abso-
lutely no interest in foreign or domestic policy.

"I didn't even read the newspaper," he
joked. He took no political science courses,
instead focusing on French and Italian History
and Literature of the Renaissance. Said Chace,
"I wanted to be a novelist."

After a disastrous experience with the
Harvard crew team, he decided on one activ-
ity: the literary magazine. The auspiciousness
of this decision would not reveal itself until

several years later.

Upon graduation, Chace went to
Paris on a fellowship, and there gradually
developed an interest in politics.

**"Make the Observer a
better paper."**

"It was impossible to be indifferent
to politics in Paris in 1954 with all the
demonstrations there against the war in
Indo-China. This was also the period of
Sartre, Camus, and de Beauvoir, who were
committed to be engaged in political action,
and to use their plays and novels to advance
political ideas. So I learned that art and
politics can go together."

Though protesting against the war,
even being beaten up by the French police,
Chace still persisted in his literary career,
writing a novel and the libretto for an
opera, neither of which were published.

Returning to the United States, he
enlisted in the army, but rather than be

sent to Korea, was sent back to France as an
interpreter. Stationed with no supervision,
he kept up his creative pursuits, penning a
musical comedy, which toured around
France. "Those were the days," mused Chace,
"selling cigarettes on the black market."

Arriving back in New York with no
money, Chace realized that his only skills
came from his experiences editing the liter-
ary magazine. So he scoured the want ads,
landing a job writing fashion copy for GQ. "I
knew very little about fashion, but what writ-
ing captions there taught me was that you
can learn something from any job."

Meanwhile, he was educating himself
on politics, and eventually moved to *East
Europe*, a magazine published by the people
who ran Radio Free Europe. Becoming man-
aging editor there, Chace learned about the
technical side of journalism, as well as poli-
tics and current events.

Breaking the narrative, Chace inter-
rupted himself to interject, "Keep in
mind. So far no one has helped me to get
a job!"

continued on page 4

News & Notes

The week in review

Pedro Rodriguez
Editor-in-Chief

A bi-partisan Federal commission reported Thursday that despite about thirty years of Affirmative Action, white males still dominate upper management positions.

White men account for 29 percent of the work force and hold 95 percent of all positions designated as vice-president and upwards. White women make up 40 percent of the work force and hold less than 5 percent of the higher positions.

Women fare considerably better in middle management positions; white women hold 40 percent and black women 5 percent of them. Black men hold 4 percent.

The study attributes white male domination of the upper echelon job market to fear. Statistics are taken from the 1990 Census.

There is a threat of suicide amongst the Vietnamese boat people being held at various camps throughout Southeast Asia. Area governments announced in February that the camps, which currently house over 800,000 refugees, will be closing. Some refugees are going to great lengths to stay, one dousing himself with kerosene and threatening to light a match.

Norman E. Thagard became the first American to ride in a Russian spacecraft Tuesday. By Friday he was the first American to step aboard the Russian space station Mir, where he will remain until the space shuttle Atlantis swings by to pick him up in June.

A special report in the Friday, March 17 *New York Times* by Nicholas D. Kristof details human vivisection performed by Unit 731 of the Japanese Imperial Army during and after World War II. Experiments included tying a man down and slicing him open chest to stomach to see the effects of the plague with which he had been purposefully infected. The Japanese dropped plague bombs over

Chinese cities and watched for outbreaks.

Takeo Wano, formerly of Unit 731 tells of a man cut vertically in two, floating in a huge jar of formaldehyde and of body parts labelled as American, French, Chinese, etc.

"Partly because the Americans helped cover up the biological warfare program in exchange for its data," many former members of Unit 731 held or hold prestigious positions in Japan, including governor of Tokyo and President of the Japan Medical Association.

The House of Representatives passed \$17.3 billion in budget cuts mostly from social and welfare programs. President Clinton has threatened to veto should the cuts pass the Senate as they stand.

Protestants clad in green, Catholics in blue, the Ulster St. Patrick's day parade, held Friday in Northern Ireland, marks the first peaceful St. Patrick's holiday in the 25 years of violence.

The British government is holding to its call for the Irish Republican Army to commit to relinquishing its arms, which are estimated at 100 tons. The demand was made during talks in Belfast as a condition to more serious negotiation. In what is being called a symbolic gesture, the British are recalling a regiment of 400 troops from Ireland, the most significant such move in a decade.

President Clinton ruffled the British government this week by allowing Gerry Adams, president of Sinn Fein, the I.R.A.'s political arm, to fund raise in the United States. British Prime Minister John Major said that the I.R.A.

is known to buy arms with funds raised in the U.S. and asked for measures to track any funds ensuring that they are not used for the I.R.A. arsenal.

Senate majority leader Bob Dole vowed to fight last year's ban on assault rifles, conceding to the National Rifle Association.

Add Pat Buchanan to the list of G.O.P. hopefuls. He announced his presidential candidacy Monday.

The Bosnian government ended a cease-fire Monday, attacking the Serbs near Tuzla in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The cease-fire began January 1 and was scheduled to last until May 1.

President Clinton finally announced Monday that he will indeed meet Russian President Boris Yeltsin in Moscow during May for the 50th anniversary of the Allied victory of World War II.

Eight were killed and over 4,700 injured Tuesday when nerve gas was released into the Tokyo subway system. Sarin, the gas in question, was developed by the Nazis during World War II and used in their concentration camps, though not against Allied forces. No group has taken credit as of yet. Hundreds of officials are searching for the perpetrators.

Surely to the delight of Chicago, Michael Jordan has returned to the N.B.A. He turned in a slightly rusty performance for his first game in 21 months Sunday. The Bulls lost to the Pacers in overtime, 103-96.

Classifieds and personals

SUMMER SUBLETS The Graduate School of Environmental Studies is looking for student housing for this summer, mid June through mid August. If you wish to sublet or rent, please call 758-7483 or, see Molly or Liz in Sottery 101.

The Bard Observer seeks staff. All interested writers, photographers, copy editors, artists, cartoonists, etc. are welcome. Meetings are held in room 84, Tewksbury basement, Thursdays at 7:00 pm., or call 758-0772.

The Bard Music Festival needs people. If you are going to be around this summer, or would like to be around this summer and would like to get first hand knowledge of how a music festival works, or even if you are just curious, please call Robin Leebeardt at 758-7410 (x. 7410).

Congratulations Andy! You were great. Love, Stacie and Donna

Congrats Rachel Binder, the new Miss New York City. I love you, honey.

Oh my blue clad buffoon, your burgeoning bisexuality blows me away.

malae semper bibunt.

Have a bite the wax tadpole and a smile

Think of my fist as the place we all know as reality...

est veritas in vino; ergo, nunc est bibendum!

bigus dickus

incontinentia... butucs

Everybody, a day without Cormac is like a day without... uh... asphalt?

To the three naked girls on the Potter fire escape: I didn't look because I didn't want to be ill.

If I had a nickel for every time I'd done *It*, I'd be in debt.

A man walks into a bar... ouch.

e pluribus unum

Descartes strolls languidly through the heavy old-world style, swinging wooden doors that can be seen in many of our favorite spaghetti westerns. He turns to a heavy set bartender (who oddly resembles the doors) and asks meekly yet firmly in the manner in which Christ perhaps said "let he who has not sinned cast the first stone," whether or not the sordid establishment had any beer. The bartender replies through a bristly moustache, "I think not." Poof.

Remember that *Bard Observer* classifieds are free to the public.

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Baccalaureate Service

The Baccalaureate Service will be held this year on Sunday, May 21, 1995. The service is an interfaith gathering, attended by the senior class and the faculty, which marks and celebrates the upcoming graduation of the senior class. We are looking for creative contributions to our program. This would be a marvelous setting for the presentation of some of your work. If you have composed a piece of music, written a poem, or created a dance which you

feel could be incorporated into the service, we are eager to include you. Your piece need not be of a "religious" nature.

Also, we would like to include in this service prayers, blessings and readings from all religious backgrounds represented on campus. If you would like to present anything from your religious tradition, we are also eager to include you.

Please contact Rabbi Jonathan Khigler through the campus mail or at his office in Hopson 203, if you are interested.

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Thespian critique

The American Dream and Criminals in Love

Anonymous
Staff
Writers

Zoo Story and *The American Dream* by Edward Albee played on repertory with *Criminals in Love* by George Walker last weekend in the Bard Scene Shop Theatre. The Albee plays were directed by William Driver, and *Criminals in Love* was directed by Anna Dolan.

To begin with, the set sucked. It was only appropri-

ate for *Zoo Story*, but was completely, totally and absolutely wrong for *The American Dream*. I mean, come on, who has red lights in their living room? I suppose concept is everything, but this was a bit much. However, these two anonymous staff writers did appreciate the green furniture.

Zoo Story discusses one man's (Jerry's) attempt—and failure—to connect with anything, and with the dispossession of another man's (Peter's) innocence.

Jerry was played by Andy

Hill, who gave the best performance of his college career. His presence, physicality and intonation brought Jerry's self-destructive desperation vividly and disturbingly to life, particularly in his last dying smile. The part was perfectly cast.

Peter, played by John Kenny, was clearly a difficult role in which he mainly had to react to Jerry. The actor managed with aplomb.

The American Dream was not as good a play, and the actors never seemed to overcome its difficulties. However,

Jason Daly as Grandma was truly entertaining. He carried off a demanding role with skill and verve. Hubie Van Riel, as the American Dream personified, was delightful.

We don't understand a lot about this play: the chain link fence, the blinking lights, why Mrs. Baker took her dress off. Although, it must be noted that Lena Davis, a.k.a. Mrs. Barker, seemed well suited to her part and performed it with integrity.

Mommy, played by Amber Glassburg, had a great costume. She and Daddy,

played by Matt Kern, made a delightfully stiff middle-class couple.

Although the show was funny in spots, it never seemed to gel as a whole, and Hubie brightened the end up considerably when he burst on the scene.

We aren't going to bother to discuss the plots, since if you haven't read the plays you are uneducated and an idiot. So there.

Editor's note: The views of staff writers are not necessarily those of the Bard Observer. It depends.

Ixodes Scapularis

Tick season is upon us

Barbara-Jean
O'Keefe
Guest
Writer

We are now entering the danger months for Ixodes scapularis bites. Ixodes scapularis has been identified as the tick that harbors and transmits Lyme disease on the East Coast. A bit of knowledge about these arthropods can go a long way toward preventing the transmission of the *Borrelia burgdorferi* spirochete—the bacteria that causes Lyme disease.

Commonly called deer ticks on the East Coast, Ixodes scapularis are endemic to the wooded, long-grassy areas at Bard. A significant number—from about ten to as high as 65 percent—harbor the *B. burgdorferi* spirochete.

Avoiding tick-infested areas is nearly impossible at Bard unless you stay inside or walk the middle of paved roads at all times. Even then there is no guarantee—pets or friends' clothing could bring the ticks

to you. However, taking the following precautions can significantly lower your chances of contracting Lyme disease.

1. Be aware of tall grasses, bushes and woods—ticks are there!

2. Whenever feasible, wear a hat, a tucked-in shirt with a snug collar and long sleeves, long pants tucked into socks and good closed shoes. Light colored clothes make it easier to detect ticks.

3. When returning from the outdoors, remove all clothing, shower, and do a full body inspection (buddy system helps for hard-to-see areas.) Wash clothes immediately to remove any hidden ticks.

4. Check pets every time they go outdoors and remove any loose or embedded ticks.

If you find a tick, remove it promptly and carefully with small, fine-point tweezers.

Grasp the tick as close to the mouth parts as possible. Tug gently but firmly until it releases its hold. Wipe the bite area with antiseptic, or wash with soap and water. Remember the date and the part of your body you removed it from.

Although we can certainly remove ticks found during business hours, please don't wait for Health Service to open if you find a tick on you at night or on a weekend.

Deer ticks carrying Lyme disease bacteria must feed on you a minimum of 12-14 hours before the disease can be transmitted. This makes it imperative that the tick be removed as soon as possible after discovery to prevent disease transmission.

For more information on tick identification and Lyme disease, the Health Service has devoted a bulletin board to the topic. Stop by and take a look!

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Volunteer Opportunities

by Rich Kelley

In order to provide an opportunity for students at Bard to involve themselves in social service programs, they must first be made aware of what is available. During the next few weeks, there will be articles highlighting several organizations that provide various services to the surrounding communities. These programs are also available through the Social Action Workshop, a collection of faculty, students and staff, working to combine academic study and the experiences gained through social service. If you would like additional information or to speak with someone about the programs, please contact Rich Kelley in the Dean of Students Office, ext. 7454.

Molly's African Image

Located in Hopewell Junction, NY, Molly's African Image is a multicultural dance program for children and adolescents. The intent of Molly's is to promote self-discipline, self-esteem and inter-racial understanding.

In addition to the dance program, Molly's group travels to schools in the area to present programs on African culture and activities.

Volunteers are needed to help with the following: teaching African dance; assisting in organizing programs on African culture; clerical duties in the office to help maintain the operation of the program. This is a great opportunity for dance students and anyone interested in working with children, planning events or the study of multiculturalism.

Lassie come home

Volleyball team struggles, while intramurals never say die

Stacie
Turner
Staff
Writer

Varsity Sports

The men's volleyball season is nearing its close, and not a game too soon for the struggling Blazers. The team has not won a divisional match with a record of no wins and eleven losses in the Metro Conference. Their overall record stands at five wins and seventeen losses, which is unfortunately not an improvement over last week's record.

The team lost five tough matches over the last eight days. Last Tuesday the Blazers fell to the City College of New York by a score of 10-15, 15-6, 15-4, 16-14. Playing at home on Saturday, the team lost two close matches against John Jay College (7-15, 11-15, 15-6, 15-11, 15-5) and against SUNY Old Westbury (15-7, 11-15, 15-12, 7-15, 15-6).

This past Monday the team suffered another two

defeats. The Blazers couldn't hold up against either Mount Saint Vincent (15-12, 15-1, 15-12) or Ramapo (15-6, 15-7, 15-10). The team has remained competitive in most of their matches, but they don't seem ready yet to make that final push into the victory column.

The team is being lead by Sebastian Salazar, who continues to post impressive statistics. His kill per game ratio is 3.4, and he averages 0.3 aces a game. Raman Frey leads the team with 2.84 digs/game, while John Brussel is averaging 5.4 assists/game.

Turning to men's basketball, varsity player Kyle Wheeler has been named to the Independent Athletic Conference All-Conference Third Team. During the season, Wheeler posted 15.2 points per game and 3.1 steals per game.

Intramurals

Intramural co-rec soccer has completed its season and crowned a champion. In the semifinals, Chuck Roasters defeated the



Gratuitous graphic.

Province of Ecuador 5-1, while the Korangi Krew knocked off Fatal Error 5-3. The magic number proved to be five goals as the Chuck Roaster went on to take the championship, beating Korangi Krew 5-2.

The Chuck Roasters are Yat Qasami, Tor Loney, Katrina Hajagos, Joe Curthoys, Susie Strauss, Bora Tekay, Sebastian Lupak, Clift Clark and Chris Tignor. Each member of the team received the

new awesome "I'm Champion" tee-shirts, and individual trophies donated by Jeff Huang. Thanks Jeff! (Insert smiley face here.)

The men's intramural basketball league is now three games into its season. Bring the Pain leads the league with three wins and no losses, while four other teams are tied for second with a record of two and one: The God Squad, Smoke V, Six White Guys and

a Funky Afghan, and Faculty Plus. The Super Chronicks have posted one win, but Guzpacho and Serial Jacks with Milk remain winless.

In final intramural news, softball season is only a few weeks away! Team rosters are due by tomorrow, Thursday March 23rd. If anyone has any questions, they should contact the Department of Recreation and Intramurals at 758-7530.

Chace continued

continued from page 1

This do-it-yourself philosophy took him to an international relations magazine called *Interplay* and eventually to *Foreign Affairs*. By this time, he had ceased writing

novels, and was submitting Op-Ed pieces to newspapers.

After leaving *Foreign Affairs*, Chace went to a think tank in Washington D.C., wrote for the *New York Times*, taught at Columbia, then came to Bard. A year ago he took over the editorship of the

World Policy Journal.

"So, you see what a role happenstance played in my life. What's my advice to you? In the world we live in, don't do what I did. Internships are a useful thing to do—beg, borrow, steal, but do them. Life is hard, but you're young; you

work yourself.

"Secondly, while in college, write. Make the *Observer* a better paper. I like the *Observer*, by the way, but make it more contentious; expose Ludlow or something. By writing, you can get clips together to show future employers.

"Third, if you do decide to go to graduate school, know that it won't get you a job. You won't get to the *New York Times* as a cub reporter, especially those interested in foreign policy. But there are ways to get there eventually. Develop a specialty, not just journalism alone. Learn at least one other language. Go somewhere. Get the money and go somewhere and write about that place.

"If you're a good writer, your piece will be published. But you should go to the dangerous and unpleasant places. Don't go to Paris like I did, everyone's there. Go to Uzbekistan, go to Mongolia, that's where the stories are."

can sleep on the floor. You might not get paid, but you can get to know people who can help you. Go to the Career Development office and find a list of internships, but don't get dependent on them. Do the

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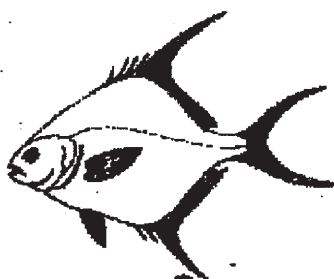
5 slices bread (buttered and cubed)
2 cans shrimp (cleaned)
2 c. grated cheese
3 eggs (beaten)
1 can celery soup
1/4 c. milk

Preheat oven to 350F. Put bread, shrimp & grated cheese in casserole in layers. Mix eggs, soup & milk, and pour over bread mixture. Top w/more grated cheese. Set in pan of water. Bake 1hr.

Baked Haddock

2 eggs
1/2 c. milk
1 c. bread crumbs
1 c. melted butter
Haddock (amt. up to you)

Preheat oven to 375F. Mix eggs & milk. Wash fish, pat dry. Dip fish in egg mix, roll in bread crumbs, place in pan & drizzle w/melted butter. Bake 1hr. Garnish w/lemon wedges.



Salmon Puffs

2 c. canned salmon (deboned and drained)
1/2 c. bread cubes
2 tb. grated onion
1 tb. lemon juice
1 tb. melted butter
1 egg & 1/2 c. milk (beaten)

Preheat oven to 350F. Grease muffin pan. Mix all ingredients together and fill each muffin slot on pan. Set pan in pan of hot water. Bake 45min.

Roasted Pompano

2 whole pompano (3/4lb. each)
1 tb. oil
S&P
lemon wedges

Preheat oven to 400F. Rub fish with oil. Season lightly (inside & out) w/S&P. bake in shallow pan 25-30 min.



Fried Trout

4 brook trout (cleaned w/head & tail on)
2 tb. flour
7 tb. butter
3 tb. oil
2 tb lemon juice
2 tb. minced chives

Pat fish dry, dust w/flour, sprinkle w/salt. Mix ingredients in lg. skillet, fry fish over med. heat 3 min. per side.

Steamed Clams

1 qt. clams per serving
1/4 c. melted butter per serving
Lemon juice or vinegar

Scrub shells w/brush, changing water until there is no sand. Put clams in deep kettle w/ 4tb. water per each qt. of clams. Cover tightly & cook over low heat until shells open (about 15min.) Using slotted spoon, remove clams to lg. soup plates. Strain the broth into sm. glasses and serve w/clams. Set out individual dishes of melted butter (you can add lemon juice or vinegar) and a sm. amt. of boiling water. To eat, lift clam from shell by the black neck. Dip in broth, then in butter, and eat.

What's What

A friend of our columnist disappears without leaving

by Sean O'Neill

Randolph Smith sat across from me in the diner explaining how he could not logically prove that he existed. At first, I thought it was an elaborate joke, and I laughed at the nonsensical proof of his non-existence.

His "reasoning" was that nothing is something; he is something; thus, he must also be nothing. Or something nothing like that.

I missed the nuances of the Marx Brothers' style absurdity while I teased him, tried to outwit him, and then tried to console him. I failed, and, to my surprise he was diagnosed a month afterward as having a bi-polar, manic-depressive personality.

Randy was the high school golden boy who entered Babson Business school to learn managerial skills and to become a super-accountant.

He became lethargic, instead, eating too much and studying too little, while remaining isolated amidst the crowd.

Randy almost transferred to Bard, but his parents dissuaded him from our liberal den of misanthropes. His second year at Babson proceeded better. He met Cindy from Tennessee by e-mailing Byron's poems on the school's computer network to her. She

shared his dilettante's fascination with Romantic poetry.

I made the mistake once of referring to his "winsome charm," a phrase he has subsequently thrown back at me repeatedly to describe his success with ladies.

"Women lust after spontaneity and respect," he said, after describing how a poem he gave supermodel Kate Moss at a Manhattan fete was returned with a kiss. His stories are endless and endlessly unbelievable.

The stories soon lost their humor. He dropped out of college, and when his daily Paxil didn't stop his desire to hurt himself, doctors prescribed lithium.

A life from venality to mental illness. Randy was the only person in high school I had met who could talk excitedly about things other than sports and TV shows, things like novels or international events. It was all hot air, of course — our prate about literature, our chatter about making a literary magazine called "Citizen Unknown," even our tears on the night the Persian Gulf War began.

I thought I had neither the money nor the gumption to compete in the social market of high school, so I took what satisfaction I could in watching from the sidelines. Randy was one of the cool guys to

admire. He was always a well-meaning nutcase.

Despite his symptoms of depressive mania, he is otherwise healthy. His complaints are of feeling an unwhole person when on the anti-depressants — emotionless and listless.

He says, "Life's depressing because it doesn't live up to its promises."

Perhaps nothing alienates as much as witnessing mental illness in someone you know well. Maybe, you think, it could happen to me. And contrary to society's unsympathetic rhetoric about pulling oneself up from sadness willfully, no one ever caught in this kind of agonizingly painful depression wishes to remain in it. And escape requires help.

I know that Randy remains the same person. It's distressing, though, to find that the understanding seems to have vanished from our relationship in a Cheshire Cat-like change.

Medicine attempts to limit his cycles of "manic fits," of eerie tantrums. When the new Randy is cruising high, he is above us all. Some men are dispensable in his anti-democratic opinion, and he is desperate not to be one of those (unknown? ordinary?) people. He wants to be omnipotent (financially? sexually? intellectually?) and

have fans, not friends. He wants to complete another woman's life and thus earn her perpetual approbation.

When low, Randy is below everyone, unable to take compliments, unwilling to like himself.

All the chemical stabilizers Randy can swallow will not change his life's circumstances. So, I worry about him. Men ages twenty to twenty-four have the highest rates of suicide in America, rather than any other group (at 25.7 per 100,000 in 1990, a new historical high). Yes, those statistics describe overt suicides, not the slow descents into escape from mental clamor that get reported under other categories.

Randy does not anticipate that he will return to college. The side-effects of drowsiness from his latest anti-depressant medicine affect him terribly. He sees a psychologist weekly and goes to group therapy twice a month. His mind scatters in every direction, like the contents of a cereal box spilled on a floor. He has to relearn how to cope.

The goal set for him is to stay as close to an equilibrium of fifty on a scale where zero is a state of depression and one-hundred a state of mania. His illness is one not easily proven to exist by casual observation, but is indisputably real, like himself.

Words simply fail.

Bard Spring

Pirouettes, alcohol abuse and the Times' Sunday Magazine

by Sean O'Neill

A dance concert to raise funds for a campus protest brought Sandeep and a writer for the *New York Times' Sunday Magazine* together at last. They were in the audience, side by side, unwitting strangers at a college where students prefer to appear "psychotic."

"Excuse me," whispered Mr. Morris. "But why is the woman on stage naked?"

"It's an artistic device to make you unaware that she is not wearing any clothes."

"Oh, I see. What is your name?"

"Sandeep. Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm just a tourist. Feel free to say whatever you want to me. Tell me anything at all. I'm just curious. That's me, a curious tourist."

"You look perplexed."

"Yeah, I don't understand this production."

"Do you see the big fellow twirling behind the man crouched on his knees?"

"The handsome one dressed in purple back there?"

"Right. That dancer is the owner of the apartment. He's twirling in an-

ger."

"And what's the guy on the floor doing?"

"He's writhing from having had too much to drink."

"What?"

"The big, twirling, purple owner of the apartment is mad because the guy is barfing just shy of the bowl."

"Why is that lady sliding between the big twirling purple sober guy's legs?"

"It's symbolic. You got to work with it. The sliding represents the big twirling purple guy's giving birth to his Anxiety."

"Sandeep, they're such incredible dancers, why don't they pretend to be horses galloping through a field, or something pretty like that?"

"It's experimental theater in an experimental college. This is redefining the traditional morality play."

"What's the big twirling purple guy's dilemma? He should toss the drunk out if he's been waking up to puke on his bathroom floor every morning."

"The wretch has an addiction. The owner of the place ought to take care of him and get him treatment."

"Oh, puhleeze, Sandeep. When you wake up in the morning, you don't slip on a guy's addiction. You slip on his vomit."

"You wouldn't help him face his problem?"

"He is facing his problem. He's staring the puke in the face."

"I suppose you've never had a drinking problem?"

"The only time I drink is when I write my stories, and I can stop that any time I want to. People ought to pull themselves up by their bootstraps. Didn't you read about it in the Style section of the *Times*? Austerity is the fashion. Paying for kids with facial tattoos to go dancing around naked on stage is ludicrous."

"Now, wait a second. I don't know of anyone with a facial tattoo."

"Don't try to hide your secrets from me. You know what, you students are like criminals. You're on the public dole, contributing nothing good to society. Maybe if you kids had to pay for your educations yourselves you wouldn't be wearing leather and being shameless in public."

Shhhh... hushes the surrounding audience.

"Just because people dress a certain way doesn't mean they're empty-headed, and just what do you want us students to do, exactly? Fill potholes on weekends?"

"I don't expect anything from you guys. I'm going to file a story that's wishy washy because these feminine-minded, artsy-fartsy schools turn out sentimental bleeding hearts like you who become editors and destroy our nations values. But the Wall Street lawyers have taken a hit on the stock market, and they're not going to invest in your college's endowment unless you start dressing like Newt Gingrich."

"Hey, why don't we all bow down in the presence of your most humble virtuousness?"

"I guess when a roommate of yours had a drinking disorder you handled it with your oh-so-sensitive maturity?"

"As a matter of fact, when my roomie began sleepwalking into other people's rooms and ..."

But Sandeep did not get to finish his thought. The two men were escorted by two ushers to the doors because they were too disturbing.

D.C. rally

As you may already know, there will be an important rally in Washington D.C. on April 9th. At a similar one in 1992, hundreds of thousands of people attended to voice their concerns surrounding the 1992 elections. This year, the issues to be addressed include the culture of violence against women, anti-abortion violence, budget cuts that discriminate against poor women, and the Contract with America. Although some of these issues address the concerns of primarily women, we feel that they point to the broader picture—that the Contract on America [sic], and its supportive administration, does not discriminate. Many different groups will feel a negative impact. This rally is not only an answer to the politically conservative triumphs of 1994, but a call to action for 1996. The rally will also be a lot of fun, with numerous bands, musicians, interesting speakers and other students from all over the country.

This letter is a call to all clubs,

faculty, administration and students to help organize for this event. This includes anything donated to joint sponsorship (Coalition for Choice is currently the primary sponsor). A group of students has already met to organize delegations and transportation. As of right now, two buses will take 94 students to D.C. on Saturday night (8th) and will return on Sunday night. We are currently trying to raise funds so that those who want to can go for ten dollars. Hopefully, we will raise enough money so that everyone can go for free. Please look for our tables in Kline this week to reserve your space. For more information, contact Caylor Rolling, ext. 7613. If you would like to help organize, please come to the next meeting on Thurs., March 23, on the third floor of Olin. Get involved and let your voice be heard!

Jennifer Hames

Tess Mayer

(representing the rally task

force)

Auction

Dear Bard Community,

The Sister Cities club is planning on holding an auction. We are raising money to sponsor a delegation of Bard students to travel to Larreynaga, Nicaragua (the community we have been in correspondence with for the last five years). We chose to have an auction because years ago the Sister Cities club was involved in a similar event. We were told that the last auction was a blast. It was successful because everyone got into it. Professors, students, and even the local community members participated. And we want this auction to be just as memorable as in the past. Presently, we are envisioning the event to take place on Friday evening, April 28. Wine and beer as well as snacks will be available. Two emcees will

coordinate it. The kinds of things that were donated by students and faculty were dates, massages, dinners, cd's, signed copies of books, room cleans, rare prints, freotyping, art pieces and even Leon's bow tie. Spring recess is coming up and many of you are going home. So please take a look around to see if you have anything that can be donated. Also your parents may have things they can contribute. Last auction a parent donated a case of home brewed beer and a pair of concert tickets. After break, we will either send out donation slips or set up a table in Kline. If you want to be part of the planning committee, please let us know. Thank you.

Sister Cities Club
Box 839

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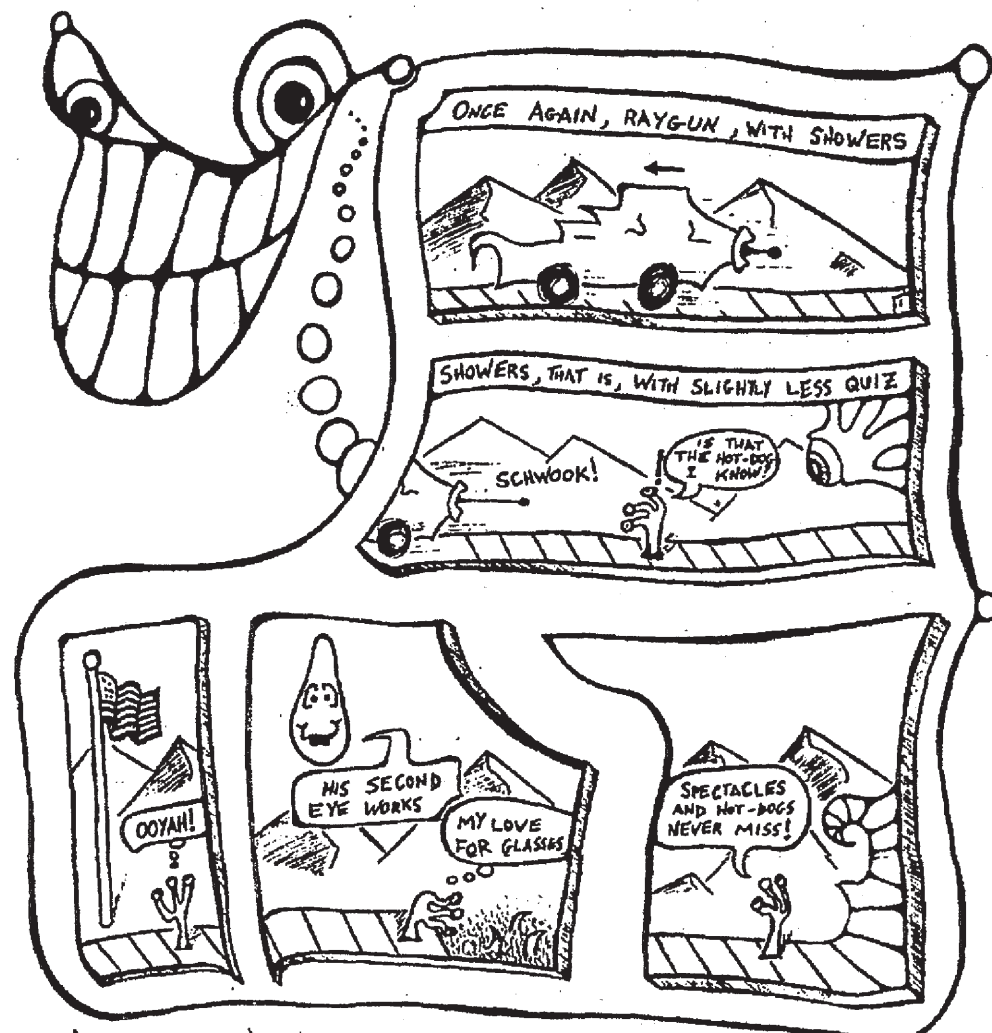
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Bye →

JOHN MORTON AND
DAN VENA



"WHY DON'T YOU GIRAFFE IT?"

— THE EVER MYSTERIOUS AND
ELUSIVE CRESTED BUTLER

Separated at Birth

This article originally appeared in the Style section of the March 5, 1995 New York Times Magazine.

by Bob Morris

It was an autumn Saturday, Parent's Weekend on the campus of Bard College. The students were out walking their families around, and I, a tourist who was neither student nor parent, was enjoying the foliage and the promenade of generations.

Apparently, Bard is a good place to look psychotic. Many of the students had facial tatoos, pierced lips, intentionally matted hair and grotesque outfits. One student in particular captivated me. Her purple coiffure made the fall foliage look dull. She had on so much black eye liner that when she took off her bad girl sunglasses, she looked like a hung-over raccoon. She had the motorcycle jacket,

the studded leather, the S-and-M bracelet, the pierced everything. And of course her parents were the picture of understated propriety.

I watched the strange trio roaming the pebbled paths of a 19th century garden. They looked so comfortable. Happily lost in their own little world, they spoke to each other gently and posed for one another's pictures. It made me a little jealous.

I've never been an outrageous dresser, but I've had style issues with my parents for years. I always somehow manage to be wearing something that they feel indicts them in public. Of course, I usually hate what they are wearing too, so I guess we are sartorially dysfunctional.

I've only recently found myself willing to "look nice" for them by avoiding tattered jeans or shaving off my goatee. My friends tell me that I'm compromising myself

and that my parent should love me regardless. I already know that. And they do love me regardless. But when it comes to personal style, I'm finding that as I get older, I'm able to give it up while I'm in their orbit. After all, it's easier to change your outfit for the weekend than your mother and father.

As I watched the happy pierced punker with her picture book parents, I wondered if she was able to love them more readily because they allowed them to express herself so fully. Or was there something missing from her life that was making her treat every day like Halloween? I don't know. I only know that moments later, an argument erupted among the members of another family in the garden. I couldn't help noticing, as I walked away from the grating sound of their acrimony and neuroses, that they were all dressed pretty much alike.

March 22 to March 28, 1995

Sunday: meet at 9:15a to go to various churches in Red Hook, Rhinecliff and Rhinebeck (St Johns, St. Chris and St. Paul). Pick ups at Rhinecliff Station for trains arriving at 6:15p and 8:02p and 10:12p. Pick ups at Poughkeepsie Station for trains at 6:45p, 8:45p and 10:45p.

AA Red Hook, 6:30p - 7:30p, leaves at 6:15p.