# Bard College
# Student Newspaper Archive
# (1895-1999)

All Rights Reserved. Copyright © 1999 by Bard College

# OBSERVER

Vol. 100 No. 2 February 17, 1993

Page 1 Five Finger Discount
Administration and bookstore respond to rampant theft
Michael Poirier
Page 2 The Heat is Off
Oberholzer Basement Dwellers to Share Space Heaters
Linnea Knollmueller
Classifieds and Personals
Page 3 AASO Protests Sixteen Candles
Film Committee
Sean O'Neill
Page 4 Faces of Bard
Pam Chaplin
Andy Costell
Renovations Begun
More work on Hoffman and Kellogg libraries
Tatiana Prowell
Page 5 Dead Goat Notes
Greg Giaccio
11 More Days to Go, and Counting
EphenGlennColterQueer+
Page 6 Shameless Filler!
Matt Gilman
Madame the Gypsy Queen's Weekly Horoscope
Page 6 How Will We Call it? If it's a Girl Then it'll be… and if it's a boy…
Leos Rousek
Page 7 Seascape with Sharks and Dancer
Flawless actors couldn't salvage an unsuccessful script
Anne Miller
Vito Acconci Discusses His Art
Shawn Taylor
Page 8 Phishing for Fun
Adventures of three Bard students on a Friday night
Jeana C. Breton
Page 9 Blazers Winding up Disappointing Season
Basketball comes to close as volleyball garners first win and squash prepares for championships
Joel Rush
Fencing from the Stands
Dan Kurnit
Page 10 Boys Will be Boys (and vice-versa)
Matthew Apple
Just a Little Squirrely
Matthew Apple
Simon's Rock Coverage Faulty
Parker Ramsey
Page 11 Letters
Racism at Bard
Susan Goedel
Letting it Fly [Men's Movement]
Bruce Kusnicki
Page 12 Calendar

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 16 BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504 FEBRUARY 17 ★ 1993

**"We can just accept four more students."**

—Joel Rush, upon hearing that Governor Cuomo cut Bard's state aid by $100,000.

## ★ Inside ★

**NEWS**

2
**Cold Front**
It's freezing in Oberholzer

**FEATURES**

3
**16 Candles and racism**
Controversy at the movies

**ARTS**

8
**Phish and chips**
A concert odyssey

**SPORTS**

9
**Fencing explained**
The mask is off

# Five finger discount

## Administration and bookstore respond to rampant theft

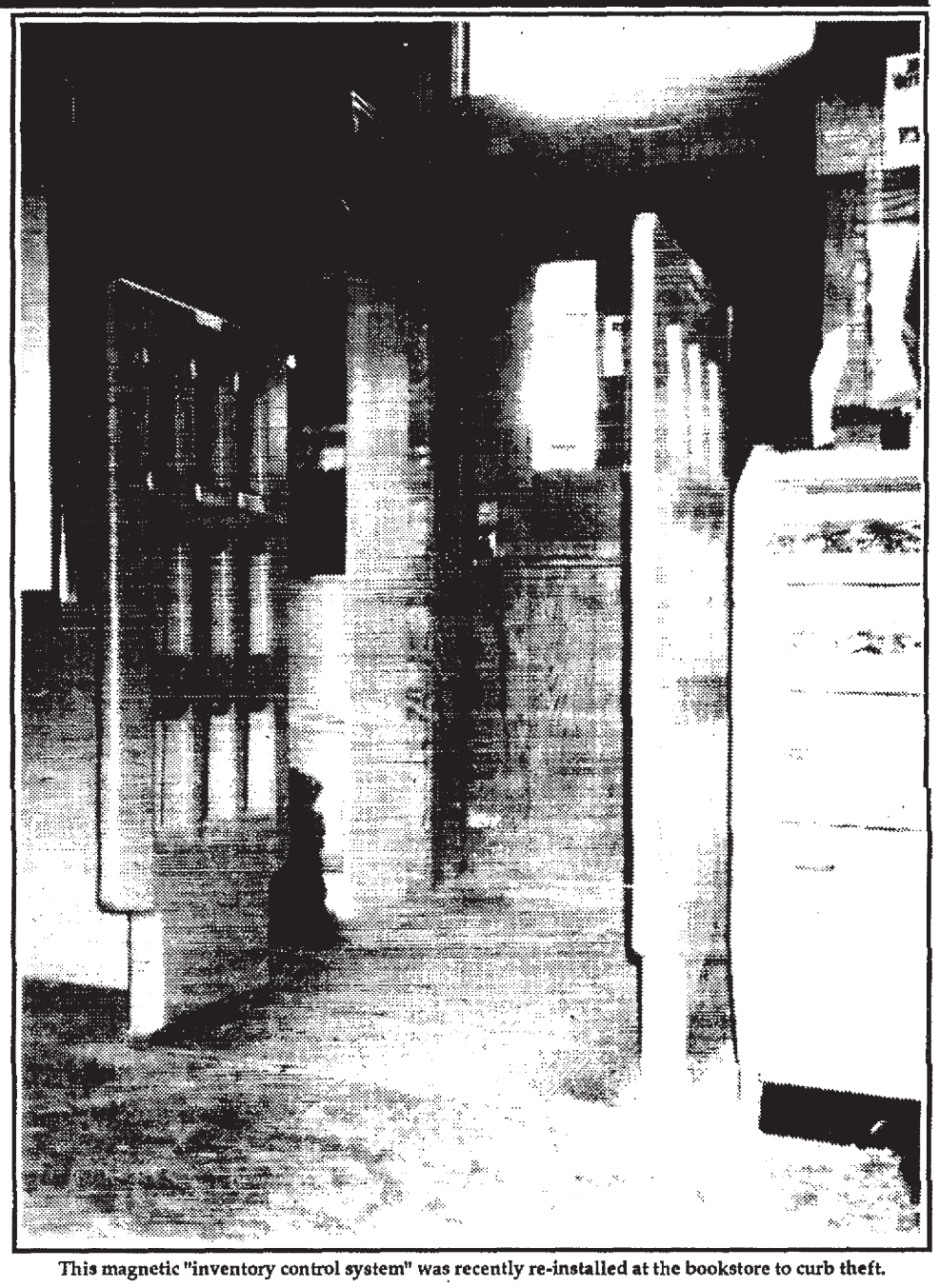
Michael Poirier
News Editor

Among Bard College's numerous accreditations, a distinction of a more dubious nature is now applicable. According to information given to Dean of the College, Stuart Levine, by the Barnes and Noble Bookstore, Bard has become the shoplifting capital of college stores in the northeast region. Theft at the bookstore on campus reached an all-time high last year as the amount of merchandise stolen passed the $100,000 mark over the 1991-92 year.

"It is sadly dissonant for me to talk to varieties of people about the positive qualities of Bard students and to observe this level of theft," commented Levine during an interview Tuesday morning. "It is difficult for me to say this about the institution I have come to know so well, but now I have no choice. I can't disregard the facts before me."

Levine had been contacted by Barnes and Noble towards the end of last semester after the bookstore had completed its inventory assessment. They found the results to be extremely shocking and disturbing. When the sales receipts from last year were compared with the inventory, a discrepancy, or "shrinkage," of $115,695 was revealed. Barnes and Noble essentially lost more money last year than it would cost to pay four years of full tuition at Bard College. The greatest amount of theft occurred in the trade paperback department: $41,000 worth of fiction and gift books were stolen. Text book shrinkage amounted to $17, 213.

Compared with other college bookstores, Bard's own statistics are even less flattering. According to Levine, the industry wide college bookstores suffer losses averaging 2.5% of sales. In the northeast region the average percentage is 1.88% Except for Bard, the highest percentage in our region is 5.9%.



This magnetic "inventory control system" was recently re-installed at the bookstore to curb theft.

Stealing here at Bard more than doubles that figure, with our bookstore reporting a percentage that is 12.73% of sales.

"The amount of stealing is enormous," stated Levine. "Maybe I have been terribly naive," he continued, admitting that he had not been aware that the shoplifting problem was so extreme. "Barnes and Noble and Bard College can no longer afford to be so naive."

According to the store manager Steve VanDenburgh, Barnes and Noble's reaction has included rearranging the supply section and changing store fixtures in the general reading room. An electronic "inventory control system" has been installed, which Levine priced at $20,000. When asked if security cameras or other measures might be implemented, VanDenburgh commented that "all options are open" but hopes that the current measures will be enough to curtail the theft.

Since inventory is only taken once a year, VanDenburgh was unable to comment on whether or not the situation has improved. He did stipulate that all of the losses from last year were "absorbed" by the store, so that they do not affect current prices. However, if the problem persists, he stated that "other ways will be reviewed." Any student caught shoplifting will be referred to Security and the Student Judiciary Board. If anyone witnesses someone stealing, he or she is encouraged to contact the store manager "under the strictest of confidence."

Levine could not stress enough his disappointment and confusion over the stealing epidemic. "It doesn't fit with my 29 years of work on this campus," he said. "It doesn't fit with my view of Bard students and what this institution is all about." His office has been drafting a detailed memorandum that shall be sent to every member of the Bard commu-

*continued on next page*

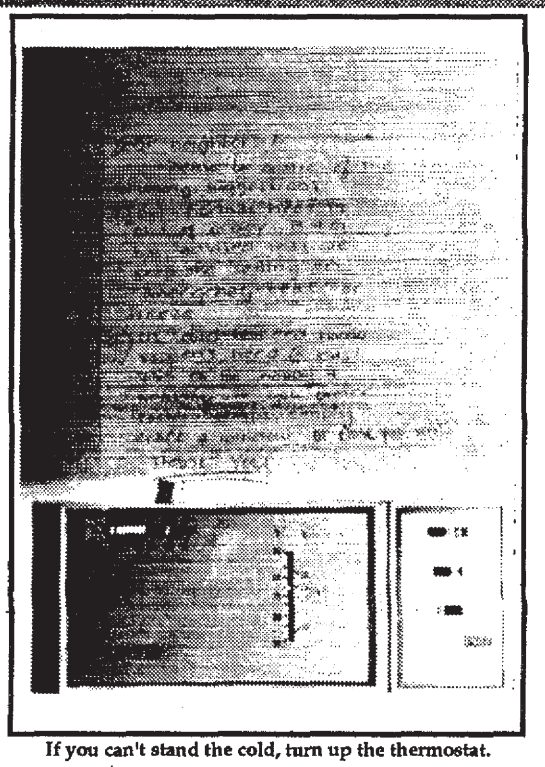
# The heat is off

## Oberholzer basement dwellers to share space heaters

Emma Wallingford
Staff Writer

Residents of the Oberholzer basement dormitory returned from intersession to a frigid surprise. Something had gone wrong with the heating system, leaving the rooms freezing in some of the coldest weather of this winter.

Lisa Basani, a freshman, returned to Bard on Thursday, January 28. She had requested a room transfer for this semester, and walked into her new room, finding it cold. She began to unpack still wearing her coat, finally calling Buildings and Grounds 2 hours later. "There is no heat in Oberholzer," she told them. Later she called back with a more specific message—only the Oberholzer basement was without heat. By Friday there was still no heat, and she wore layers to sleep.



If you can't stand the cold, turn up the thermostat.

On Saturday, lukewarm air was emanating from one of two vents in the room. The heat was not sufficient, especially in the subzero temperatures, so on Monday she called again. A crew from Buildings & Grounds came to turn on a fan. Warm air began to circulate, but the basement is still on emergency heat. In order to maintain room temperature, the thermostat has to be set to about 80 degrees.

The two above ground floors have individual heating units in each room, but the basement rooms have small vents, severely limiting temperature control. Some residents prefer cooler temperatures, but there are no options to increase the heat for those who prefer warmth.

Kim Bacon, a sophomore, said that she was chilly, but rather than calling B&G in the interests of comfort, she called because she was afraid of becoming sick. Basani echoed her sentiments. "Saturday night the temperature was -15," she said.

Students have been resourceful in attempting to heat their rooms. Bacon received a small space heater from B&G, while Basani and her roommate put plastic over their windows in an attempt to reduce the draft. Many residents study and spend their free time in the lounge because it is too cold to stay in their rooms.

Chuck Simmons, Director of B&G, said that the heating system should be repaired soon, because the needed parts arrived a few days ago. Evidently a fan control went dead, leaving the basement cold. B&G does not have enough space heaters to furnish all 12 rooms, but they have been doing the best they can with the resources they have.

Basani feels that contact with B&G has been minimal. Students have received no details as to when the repairs shall be completed, and the process has been slow.

Hopefully the freezing situation is over in Oberholzer. Simmons seems optimistic, and residents become more comfortable daily, as the heating improves and they acclimate to the temperatures.

The Jerome Levy Economics Institute of Bard College

The Jerome Levy Economics Institute of Bard College

SPRING 1993

LEVY INSTITUTE LECTURE SERIES

Friday, February 26, 1993
4:00 p.m. Lecture

***Kathryn M. Dominguez,*** **Professor of Economics, J.F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University will be giving a lecture on "Does Central Bank Intervention Increase Volatility of Foreign Exchange Rates?"**

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

# Bookstore theft cont.

*continued from first page*

nity which outlines the facts of the situation and his own feelings about this "very severe situation."

Ironically, Levine pointed out that the College brought Barnes and Noble to Bard four years ago specifically to improve the services for the students and faculty. They refurbished the bookstore at no cost to Bard and have made the services "a thousand percent better." "They are sticking with us despite this problem," stated Levine. "Our campus community has to be responsive to that fact."

# Classifieds & personals

Interested in submitting to Papier Mache, the French literary magazine? Send your poems, short stories or essays to profs. Herve Campagne or Odile Chilton by February 28th. The author's name, phone # and title of the work should be written on an attached index card. A vos plumes!

**GLOBAL STUDIES**—England, Kenya, Japan, China, Costa Rica, India, Israel. Self-designed study, emphasizing eksperiential education, social responsibility. Self-designed study programs incorporating virtually any field of interest. Credits transferable to your college. Friends World Program. Box ABC 239 Montauk Hwy., Southampton, NY 11968. (516) 283-4000.

**Summer Housing Wanted**

The Bard Graduate School of Environmental Studies is in session June 23 through August 24, 1993. A few students will need off campus housing for a that period. One student will need housing for a shorter period of time—July 24th through August 25th. If you wish to rent or sublet an apartment or house for this time period, please see Bette in Sottery 101 or call Ext. (483) 758-7483.

Anyone who is interested in participating in a **poetry reading** that might take place in deKline sometime in the eventual future should send a note to Lisa Kerezi or Mary Catherine Ferguson through campus mail.

**The Poetry Room**

Yes, you too can come and listen to poetry's greatest hits of the 20th century and beyond on vinyl, reel to reel or cassette every Wednesday from 4-7pm or every Sunday from 5:30-8:30pm in Olin 101, the Poetry Room.

Hey Graham Cracker Isthmus, OOOOPPS! Sorry. I didn't know, really honest, I didn't. Geez, I'll never go to your room again. I have a complex now. Signed, the boy with the short complexion.

Do you have a Physiology, Anatomy, Molecular Bio or Cell Bio text that you want to sell? I'll buy anything in good condition. Contact box 1079.

Missing: a blue-gray camera bag containing a Canon EOS with telescopic lense. Left in Stevenson Gym on Thurs. the 4th. Substantial reward. Call 758-0772.

Once again, Happy Birthday (2/17) to Gloria Gomez!

Joseph Iannacone, Why is Peppermint Patty a lesbian? Mona Amin

"You don't lock me in the privies anymore!" -Snow-Sucking!- after 5 only - shoot my stick baby, just don't complain about my ability when you run out of elephants. VDD was the best-except for the worst.

You just call, out my name and you know wherever I am I'll come running - Spring, summer winter or no phone call.

Ephen, Do you consider yourself to be a racist? Please support your answer. Sincerely, Nicole E. Newburg-Rinn

Feeling unloved? Call ext. 374, Fridays 8-10pm and join the Insult-o-Rami. **2 hours of intense whiplash** will annoy as you've never been annoyed before. Give us a try. WXBC 540 AM—the louder the better.

nod if you can hear me...

BUDGET FORUM

It's your money—don't let other people tell you how to spend it.

Wed. 2/17, 8pm in Kline.

# AASO protests *Sixteen Candles*

## Film Committee selection promotes discussion of racism

The following is a transcript of February 12th at the Student Center prior to the first showing of *Sixteen Candles*, a 1983 John Hughes film. Gabe Wardell is the head of the film committee while James Chang is an official in the Asian American Students Organization. Approximately forty to fifty people stayed to watch the film. About twenty-five people saw *Pretty in Pink* and *The Breakfast Club* in Olin. The following is based on a tape recording and, excluding "uh"s and repeated words, is faithful to what was said and reflects the grammatical or stylistic flaws of speech.

Staff Writer

Wardell: Hi. I'd like to thank everyone for coming, and I've invited James Chang to come speak on behalf of the AASO before the film and then, afterwards, I have some remarks I'd like to say.

Chang: I saw *Sixteen Candles* for the first time in seventh grade. And, like many of you, I laughed at the fumbling Chinese exchange student, Long Duck Dong. I laughed because it wasn't me. I soon found out how wrong I was. It was anything and everything that white society wanted me to be or thought I ought to be. And, although I knew that I had a uniqueness all to my own, that I could compose my own love songs, and that I wrote poetry in the dark, to the outside world, I was a donger, a gook, a chinaman. When I found out that the Film Committee was digging up a tired Asian character from Hollywood's racist archives, the memories of alienation and self-hatred loomed over my head as it did in 1983. It became all too apparent to myself and to many Asian-American peers that today, in 1993, we still have to contend with ignorance, oversight, and prejudices of Anglo-American society.

The Asian-American Students Organization opposes the Film Committee's decision to show *Sixteen Candles*. The racist depiction of a Chinese exchange student is limiting, shallow and altogether a distorted Euro-centric view of Asians in America. It displays the ignorance and lack of interest in Asian-American community and is a reflection of ignorance about Asians in general. The gross depictions are a violation of our complexity as human beings. They systematically and continually reaffirm what Chinua Achebe has called the positional superiority of one group over another, emphasizing the supremacy of the one by disregarding the essential humanity of the other. And, since the Asian-American population is relatively small and concentrated in a few geographic areas, these images have an especially devastating impact. They form the dominant Anglo-American impression of Asian-Americans, and that serves to give force to the concept of the inferiority of Asians.

We are affected by this portrayal, no doubt about it. The media is so powerful because it plays a dominant role in shaping the Asian-American self-image and defining society, and for them. Just try to imagine and even identify our anger. What do these images do to our sense of identity? If all we see on the big screen are the gross depictions of Asians, we begin to repudiate our own culture. Who wants to be a subject of ridicule? Who wants to be a curiosity item, a freak show? It is then, in the midst of this self-hatred that many of us search out for another identity than acculturating the Anglo-norm. You have propagated and popularized these grotesque images for so long with such recurrent frequency that many Asian-Americans have unconsciously accepted them and do not even realize the true extent of racism in the media. And so effective is the brainwashing that Asian-Americans have actually built up a tolerance for racist depictions. You make us repudiate our own race, our own culture, and our own identity by refusing to present us as a whole. Though most of us acknowledge our race and understand its implications in white society, we don't kowtow, we don't use forked chopsticks, and we don't speak in stilted fortune-cookie aphorisms. We are not freak shows. We are not curiosity items. And our culture is not something to be stared down condescendingly at the end of a dinner table. My Korean first name is [pronounced] Yook-yung. And my last name is [pronounced] John. So I'd appreciate it that you don't bang a gong every time you hear it. I know that many of you still don't understand, or still think that we we are over-reacting. The fact that you think that only reflects your ignorance of our culture. It only reflects your prejudices of what a minority should be: silent, passive, persevering. But it also reflects their ability and their tendency to extract themselves from the art, from the film, and, inevitably, from the person the film oppresses, the slant-eyed wonder. It is a point of irony that white liberal progressives who also abhor these images are the same people who criticize us for being too Asian, for being clannish in forming our own organizations. We, on the other hand, only seek to understand our own selves, our own culture, that has largely been ignored, or in many cases stigmatized. The only way to create our own image is by creating it ourselves. So when you progressives stop at our race conciousness, you are, in fact, subjugating us, preventing us from defining ourselves. The fact that the Film Committee chose to show this film is not a mere oversight. It may apologize profusely, as they have been, as they now have been confronted with public outcry. But, when the Film Committee shows *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, a film in which a white actor [Mickey Rooney] dresses his hair in black, scotch-tapes his eyes, and butchers our language, it tells the Asian-American community that pre-existing discrimination and cultural assumptions thrive in the minds of the committee members. By rehearsing, by rehashing, and reproducing the stereotypes that have haunted Asian-Americans for decades, the Film Committee displayed not only an anti-Asian bias, but also the lack of imagination, depth, and innovation.

On behalf of the AASO, I thank you for your time.

Wardell: Thank you. I just wanted to get some opening remarks myself and let everybody proceed.

When James Chang approached me with a complaint about screening *Sixteen Candles*, at first I was puzzled. *Sixteen Candles*? I figured. And then it occurred to me. Although I hadn't seen *Sixteen Candles* since my high school years, I realized his point. The exchange student is indeed portrayed in a very negative, very racist connotation. Due to my own shortsightedness, my own racism, and my own insensitivity, it did not occur to me, or to the other Film Committee members, that *Sixteen Candles* contained objectionable material that may be offensive. But once it was pointed out, it is so obvious. I am honestly ashamed and embarrassed at the oversight.

I want to apologize to anyone who may be offended by any of the stereotypes depicted by John Hughes in this film tonight. The AASO is sponsoring other John Hughes films in Olin, and I invite anyone who so desires, to go. Nevertheless, given that the Film Committee Statement of Purpose clearly reads, "We hope our films will entertain as well as provoke interest and discussion," I invite you to stay and learn from this unfortunate oversight.

I wanted to thank James Chang for giving me, and you all, the opportunity to learn something about ourselves. He has taught me a great lesson this evening, and I hope that we can all view this film with an open eye. Thank you.

Flashback Freedom Boutique
Jewelry, beads, memorabilia, accessories,
Army-Navy wear, blacklight + vintage posters,
incense, patches, rings, holograms, leather...
Open Mon-Sat 10-6, Sun 12-5
329 Wall Street, Kingston, NY
ph. (914) 339-0013
5% discount with college ID

Star Travel
Joan L. Howe
Manager
914 876-1500 / 758-6808
31 East Market Red Hook NY 12571

## Correction

"The Simon's Rock Incident" in last week's *Observer* incorrectly stated that a woman security guard was among the victims. She suffered critical wounds, but later recovered and is now recuperating at home.

In our haste to take the article to press, the details of the incident were not properly corraborated.

## It's that time again!

Time for club descriptions to be printed in the *Observer*. Club descriptions will be run on February 24th, and something will be written about every club. To avoid mistakes, it would be greatly appreciated if club heads would submit a short description of their clubs and upcoming events. Please send to Jeana C. Breton before noon this Friday.

The *Observer* would also like to take as many group/club head pictures as possible of clubs, so PLEASE inlcude a date, time and place of a meeting if club heads are willing to do this.

Thank you for your time and cooperation!

# Faces of Bard

by Jeana C. Bristol

Nineteen-year-old Pamela Chaplin is from Montgomery, New York (a small town about fifty miles north of New York City). She is a Junior II unmoderated psychology major. She used to be a drama major, but changed majors because the drama building made her sick. Her reason: "...I'm allergic to cigarette smoke." She did, however, act in *'dentity Crises, Women Behind Bars, and an ensemble piece.*

Pam Chaplin

Chaplin, who recently cut her own hair, came to Bard because she "wanted to be in the middle of nowhere," and has a unique quality—she really loves Kline food. She says the best thing about Bard is free movies, and the worst thing is Moderation.

Chaplin took courses at Columbia University while attending high school, but says that her best working experience was being a camp counselor at the age of twelve. She describes the position as "...being in charge of nine little girls who absolutely adored me; it did a lot for my self esteem."

Her friends call her "silly," but Pamela insists that she is a "deeply, feeling, caring individual." She also admits, however, that when mad she has "a vicious temper." Her most violent experience, she says, was actually a dream in which she "beat the shit" out of someone she didn't like.

Chaplin has had the same off campus boyfriend for two and a half years. Most of her money is spent calling and visiting him. Although long distance relationships are usually known not to work, she says the secret to success is "talking to each other every day, and seeing each other every week."

Besides school and her "significant other," Chaplin's other interests include: pinball, swimming, rowing, and painting watercolor landscapes and abstracts. She listens to National Public Radio, and is a member of the Zen Jugglers and Actor's Improv. After Bard, she hopes to travel to Italy.

Andy Costell, claims that he "existed before time existed," but is really twenty years old. He describes himself as "Funkaliscious." When asked why he smiles all the time, Costell said it was his outlook to life: "some of which is bullshit." He is a sophomore II drama major from Palo Alto, California who came to Bard because of its close proximity to New York City, where he wants to live someday.

Andy Costell

Costell originally wanted to be a writing major, but he was never accepted into any of Bard's creative writing classes. He feels he was "destined to be a drama major," especially since he haas been in over thirty plays and did technical work for ten. His first acting part was that of a townsperson in a 5th grade performance of *Aladdin and the Magic Lamp*. At Bard, Costell has played a nun in *Marat/Sade*, and will be playing Sara in *The Actor's Nightmare*, which will be featured at the theatre sometime in May.

Costell is also an avid bike rider and owns 3 bikes. He considers biking just a hobby, but admits that he is constantly "thinking about, riding, fixing, buying...bikes." This interest began, he says, in 6th grade, when he got a newspaper route that continued until he was in 11th grade. His most recently purchased bike cost $850 used.

Due to his parents' decision that his grades were not good enough, Costell had to take last year off from Bard. He went to Montana to work at *American Village, USA* where he taught French kids English as part of an immersion program. When that job was finished, he bicycled 474 miles to *Glacier Institute* where he taught elementary school kids about ecology. He says he was out of place because the other workers were science majors, but soon found he was a good teacher "regardless of what I knew."

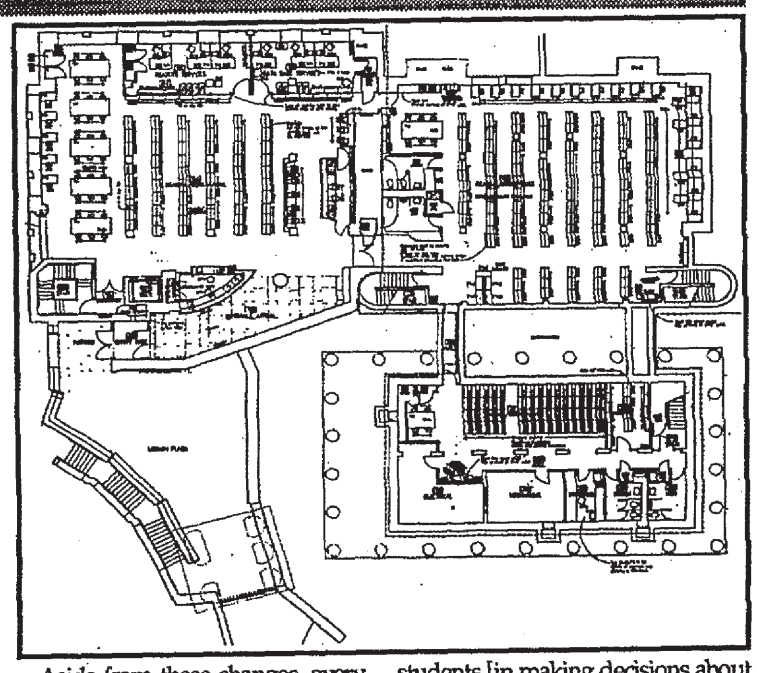
Soon it was time to return to Bard. His friends were happy to have him back because he's "just plain a fun guy, simple, loveable, and a hell of a hiker."

# Renovations begun

## More work on Hoffman and Kellogg libraries

Tatiana Prowell
Arts Editor

Although the Stevenson library has been complete and functioning since the beginning of the semester, much of the dust remains unsettled. The sounds of power drills, chainsaws and hammers continue to reverberate through the walls into the new addition as Kellogg and Hoffman undergo renovations.



When the old libraries reopen after the semester ends, things will look a little different, especially in Kellogg. The most noticeable external change will be the north wall of Kellogg, which is being dismantled and rebuilt to match the brick walls of the Stevenson facility.

Most of the noise, however, is due to the removal of the old elevator, the replacement of lighting units, and the installation of heating, venting and air conditioning ducts in the floor, which students have been requesting for years. The formerly vaulted area of Kellogg, which allowed for a view from the first floor up to the third, will be interrupted with a concrete deck to provide more shelf space. Finally, the area occupied by the front desk and Jeffrey Katz's former office will become the all-night reading room.

The all-night reading room will have seating space for twenty students, as well as a bathroom. Overall, it will be "fairly spartan," with a tile floor rather than carpet and the old library furniture. Katz hopes that this will "lessen the temptation to [vandalize] the room." He also promises that, despite the rumors, students will not have to carry their own lamps across campus; light will be provided.

Aside from these changes, everything else will look pretty much the same. "People shouldn't worry about things they're familiar with disappearing. The fishbowl, the oak shelves, and the metal floors upstairs—all of that will be the same," said Katz.

Over the coming months, library staff members plan to bring a few thousand donated books out of storage in the basement of Blithewood and Tewksbury. Although none of the money from the Stevenson library fundraising efforts has been earmarked for new acquisitions, Katz stresses, "Now that the building is complete, we will be seeking donations for the collection...and we would like to have more student involvement in what the collection looks like."

Katz encourages students who find the collection lacking an important book or periodical to fill out a purchase request form at the reference desk. He explains, "We have never made a concerted effort in the past to involve students [in making decisions about acquisitions], but we will try to honor any request for a book that is reasonable and in print."

Katz specifically would like to see more popular materials so that, "When students are finished with their Marx-Engels reader and just want to read a detective novel, they can."

There are a few details that can make using the libraries a little easier. The books presently accessible to students in Stevenson include literature, philosophy/religion, art/architecture, photography, film, economics and sociology. The record collection, musical scores and periodicals are also available for immediate student use.

Anyone who needs books still in the Hoffman and Kellogg libraries must file a request at the desk before 3:30 p.m. in order to have the book the following evening by 6:00 p.m. Although this is inconvenient, none of the books is entirely off-limits, and as

*continued on page 10*

# bard statistics

* Last semester 36 out of 51 clubs were granted allotments from the Convocation Fund, compared to 44 out of 61 for the spring semester.

* The average allotment per club in the fall 1992 semester was $1,504.86. Spring 1993's average allotment proposal is $1, 083.23.

* According to the Constitution of the Student Association of Bard College, a club budget must bear the names of at least five club members. Only 16 (26%) of the 61 submitted budgets for the spring 1993 semester were constitutional. (see Constitution, IV.D.2.a.i.)

# Dead Goat Notes

*The opinions in the following column are solely those of Greg Giaccio and not the* Observer. *The grammar belongs to James Joyce, and the style is Henry Miller's.*

Over the intersession, I had the good fortune to run across an actual, really royal, bona-fide princess. I asked her for an interview, and she graciously granted it. However, she did ask that I change her name to protect the identities of the guilty. So, I am not revealing her country of origin or her name for her sake.

Me: A lot of Americans don't understand why modern countries continue the tradition of monarchy, especially a figurehead monarchy. Our anti-monarchial roots go back to the birth of our country. I believe it was Patrick Henry who said, "Royalty is about as useful as a snake's armpit." How do you respond to such criticisms?

Princess: Those accusations come from generations of inbreeding between criminals expelled from countries like mine into countries like yours. People just don't realize the duties a princess or other royal personage has. Besides having to wave a lot and be present for bridge openings and such, we have to memorize all the rules of etiquette and follow them. This means that we have to restrain the impulse to curse in front of low bred gutter swilling peons who we represent. We aren't allowed to order out for pizza or Chinese food. And we can't kick back in old sweatpants to watch *Hawaii 5-0* reruns on Saturdays. Although, we can watch them in tuxedos or ball gowns. And certain dukes are allowed to watch TV in polo outfits from the backs of their ponies, but they must forego the right to kill a stag on the Royal lands for a fortnight.

Me: Gee, that sounds rough. But don't you think that getting a salary that would make Ross Perot gasp offsets these minor discomforts?

Princess: Sure, I get paid millions of pounds...I mean what would be pounds if I were English, which I am not...per year, but what the Hell can I spend it on? It's not like my handlers will let me use it to buy tickets to Summer tour with the Grateful Dead. They won't even let me tour with the Viennese Opera. My house and wardrobe might be worth a fortune, but I can't hock the crown jewels to buy a half decent digital watch. I'm trapped in a gilded cage! Sometimes, I just want to get out, mix it up with the peasants and eat store-bought crumpets.

Me: There have been numerous accusations that you are having marital troubles with your husband, Prince Charl...

Princess: Bubba, let's just call him Bubba.

Me: As long as you think that Americans won't confuse him with their President, Prince Bubba it is. But it has been alleged that you have slept around behind Prince Bubba's back. That he is looking to divorce you. That you live in separate parts of the palace.

Princess: These are the kind of rumors spread by the shameless tabloids for which our country is notorious.

Me: So, are you saying it's not true?

Princess: No, it's true alright. However much like the *Bard Observer*, the people in my country don't think that tabloids should be allowed to print the truth. For instance, I have cheated on Bubba, but we're supposed to. We're royalty, we have mistresses and stuff. It's in our handbook. I didn't particularly want to sleep around behind his back, or ears as the case may be, but it is part of my duty, like opening malls. Secondly, if he wants to divorce, he can go ahead. The monarchy thrives on divorce. King Henry VIII got divorced, and he is considered one of the greatest kings of England. I've seen his codpiece before, and let me tell ya, he really was great.

Me: So, you are saying that you're not against the divorce?

Princess: No, but I'm sure it won't sell as many souvenirs as the wedding. Besides, I get to keep the kids, the cash and the title, but I don't have to put up with all this bowing, curtseying, begging and scraping stuff. It could be worse. I could have married King Henry VIII.

Beverage way
SUPERMARKET of BEER AND SODA
Rt. 9 2 miles North of Red Hook Traffic Light
758-0541
● Old Milwaukee $7.99/case (cans)
● Lowenbrau $6.99/12pk
● Busch (reg. or lt) $4.99/12pk (cans)
St. Pauli ● $9.59/12pk
John Courage ● $4.99/6pk
Pepsi ● $1.19/2L

# 11 More Days to Go, and Counting

by EphenGlennColter
Queer+

Everything is *not* copacetic. I am an not an angry black man, on the contrary, I am primarily human and conscious of my cultural differences. And I happen to be aware of the uses of anger against a foe like Bard. Let's not forget that as black students we are making history here at Bard. Anger may not be our full being, but it is a valid one, and a resource in the fight against racism. Sometimes I am more aware than others of a rage "ta beatcha 'till ya beautiful, but black," people rarely have the time to relax and enjoy a pure emotion. They are usually inextricably complex and entangled.

I wish there *were* such a thing as intellectual relaxer. I could get all this tenderheaded political nappiness on the faculty level to exclude me and other students who need a little peace and quiet. We're trying to study, remember? At least keep it down to a dull roar, or keep it tied up and get it outta *my* face. I prefer the Wednesday evening conversations with faculty this month to the everyday hair-raising struggles or the hair-losing stress. I don't care to be involved with such pathological immaturity. Get your collective acts together, comb through your network of Ph.Ds AND GET AN AFRICAN-AMERICANIST on this campus with a decent salary to make up for all the indecent exposures they will have to ignore to stay sane.

> The problem of race in America is, by now, beyond any one author's grasp. Elusive, inchoate, mortally menacing, it surrounds almost all of us, defiant. No black Americans—and few whites—can ignore it.
>
> "The Painful Dream" by William Weaver in *The Yale Review*

And while I'm on the subject, I'd like the folks up in Ludlow—and you know who you are—to stop asking and approaching the "accessible" black students on this campus (whatever that means) to initiate anything and everything multiculti and trendy to get you tenured, a promotion, rehired, or just "in good" with Leon and Stuart. (If you feel guilty upon reading this, then baby, this means Y-O-U. See me.) Why put us in asymmetrical positions of power to make you look good if not to *extend* the means to an end to racism? If you want to be helpful, ask the powers that be why they fired the only African American male on the faculty? As "liberal" as 'ole Bard, is they still only have *one* tenured black professor to speak of.

Yes, this institution of higher learning—that's Bard, baby, a pillar of salt on the intellectual horizon—*depowers* black people as surely as it deflower virgins. Just like all other institutions in the US of A. It is the nature of the beast. As a white person you should have figured it out by now: you are caged up with it. It is the monkey on your back, the monster under your bed, and the road kill you can not help but stare at and don't think to stop for. You're lucky, black folks is chained to the damn thing. Some black folks end up chewin off limbs to get away from it. But never the right one. As a middle class black male in good health, I feel lucky, I know why the caged bird sings.

I have history here at Bard. Did you know that Mathew McDuffie was the first African American graduate of St. Stephen's College in 1889? Did you know that we have a tradition of fascinating Black and Latino Alumni/ae? Many of them have been contacted to attend the Black Alumni/ae day this Saturday. I was surprised at the number. Bard certainly didn't tell the BBSO about them. But we didn't ask. So now we're asking. And?

And oh, for all of you conceited intellectuals who think that "intellectual" and "thought" are synonymous (I am referring to Infrastructure) you can kiss my black ass. I know the power of language and so do you. I just don't think of it as a privilege. There is a diversity and plurality of intelligence in the black community which will not be appropriated by language. That's why rap cannot be confined to poetry or music. Rap is rap on its own aesthetic terms. There is intellectual thought as surely as there is intellectual movement (I'm a dancer, remember?) or intellectual intuitions for survival. As sure as being In Search of Our Mother's Gardens. The point of the title of BBSO's journal is in part to validate and acknowledge the development of other intelligences out there, exterior to the cushy world of fuzzy "warm" black people, exterior to our opportunity and access to power. We know they're out there, and they know we're in here. And we're all *workin* on where we came from and who we are--not just to Y-O-U--to each other.

Well, I guess I'm coming out of the closet as a black man. This is my leisure. Don't let me put on my black tie and tails. And *please* don't make me have to get one of my friends to break out her seventies jumpsuit and seven-inch platform heels. See ya tonight with Leon and Saturday with the Alumni/ae.

*To be continued next issue*

# Shameless Filler!

## In which the author recounts a bit of his past and pigs fly

Ask anyone who knows me: I'm a damn fine liar. I mean, I can look someone in the eyes and lie my face off, make them believe it, and leave them to wallow in their own naivete. It's shameless. It's also dangerous. But, lord, it's fun.

The first time I remember lying well—I mean really well, no selective censoring of memory to allow me an ice cream cone or a few more minutes of watching TV; we're talking lying to save my ass—was when I was in third grade. It was my turn to teach the class for science period, and I was doing a spiel about light and shadow. I was (believe it or not) a snotty little wiseacre, and I was consistently at the head of my class in most things. So, in preparation for this lecture, I thought I knew the outcome of each little experiment I was to perform without doing a dry run beforehand. I reasoned that, given a slide projector, a screen and a hand, the shadow of the hand interrupting the flow of light will appear on the screen to be smaller and fuzzier the further from the light-source it gets. Consequently, the closer the hand gets to the light source, the bigger and sharper the shadow should get. Right? Right. Anyone who has taken Light and Color in fulfillment of their science requirement now realizes how I must have felt when I actually carried out the experiment in front of the class and my third grade teacher, Mrs. Ambrosio. So, I'm standing there, moving my hand closer to the slide projector, saying, "As you can see, the shadow of my hand gets bigger and sha—" I stopped. The shadow was getting fuzzier, not sharper. Less in focus. I let the moment take me: "—uh, fuzzier, the closer my hand gets to the light source."

"And why is that, Matthew?" asked Mrs. Ambrosio.

I had no idea. My mind was racing. The light was burning my hand. Somewhere in the back of my head, I formed a quick lie. It was bullshit. It was not true. It was kinda goofy, though. I said it: "Well, because the light doesn't want to go around my hand. It doesn't like the fact that I'm blocking it." Bullshit. But: I said it like I had said everything else in my lecture. So it sounded like I knew what I was talking about. And some part of myself believed it was true, so that made it all the more believable. The class bought it. I don't know if she was dense or just bored, but Mrs. Ambrosio seemed to buy it. I didn't miss a step, and I finished the lesson with aplomb. Never let 'em see you sweat.

My lying talents lead me down a destructive road for a while, from skipping of classes and staying out late to money laundering and white slavery. But I finally found an appropriate, healthy outlet for my god-given talent for wool-eyeing the masses. Improvisational comedy utilizes all the finer aspects of lying while allowing me to run with a premise to the outskirts of absurdity (another hobby of mine). I've been involved in three improv troupes and one improvisational radio group. None of them have done any more than one small performance. The first never got beyond the infancy stage, the second has since gone on to local fame and fortune after my departure for Annandale, and the third (Act Natural) performed once at last year's Winterschlußverkauf and is now in an uncertain hibernation ("Is it dead? Poke it and see if it moves"). The radio troupe dwindled from five to two, and only got played once on a local radio station as a five-second add-bumper (the same breed of thing as those choruses of folk harmonizing the Deejay's name tunelessly).

But I'm still doing improv on an interpersonal level. And every so often, I get it into my head to run off with a tall tale about something that happened to "a friend o' mine." So, with all this lying, it's good that I have this weekly column to inject some real, unadulterated truth about my life and views. No, really.

by Matt Gilman

# How will we call it?

## If it's a girl then it'll be...and if it's a boy...

by Leos Rousek

How would you name a country? It depends. First of all there are not many of us who would even bother to think about such things. Nevertheless, this year in January, as a result of the Velvet Divorce, the problem with the name has become a hot issue for 10 million Czechs living in the western, larger part of what used to be Czechoslovakia. They began to 'refer' to their new country as the Czech Republic. What a clumsy name! Should the English version of the name be used with the definite article even though there are no articles in Czech? This is, of course, the least important problem arising with this name. But there is something almost mysterious about this name. Let's have a look at those who began the story first.

During World War I several wise men cruised around the war-stricken Europe begging the allies' governments for support to fulfill their dream. They dreamt about a common state for Czechs, Slovaks, Germans, Jews, Poles, Hungarians and Gypsies independent from the about-to-die Austro-Hungarian monarchy. What a lofty dream! Eventually, the honorable gentlemen, led by Tomas Garigue Masaryk (who was later to become the Czechoslovak president), harbored in America. There the Czechoslovak Founding Fathers summoned support from Woodrow Wilson, Czech and Slovak immigrants to make the dream alive. At the 'social science laboratory' somewhere in Pittsburgh the Czechoslovak nation was invented and therefore Czechoslovakia became a reality. Seventy four years later the country of this name does not exist yet and only the main railway station in Prague named after president Wilson reminds us of the help Americans gave to the late lady.

Three score and fourteen years after the first among the Founding Fathers, 'tatichek'* Masaryk, invented the home for all Czechoslovak citizens, his 'true' fellow Czechs found themselves abandoned in the Czech Republic. They are at a loss how to call their own country. They are haunted by their loneliness which they were not used to before. Finding the name for themselves has truly become difficult. Most of the Czechs still call their country Czechoslovakia. Others began using the grammatically incorrect and after all ugly-sounding term Czecho. Some use the term Bohemia (in its Czech equivalent Cechy), but because this is a rather local term for the western half of Czech republic (the eastern one being Moravia), it verges on the border of political incorrectness. Someone proposed a name Czechia but someone else rejected it on the ground that this name though sounding sweet in its Czech original, resembles too much Tsechai, the German colloquial name for the Czech Republic, which makes the whole issue so truly Central European and so Czech at the same time. Historically 1000 years old Czech Kingdom was traded for Czechoslovakia in 1918 so that the republic could be established and all minorities including Germans could feel safe in the new political formation. And now when there are no Germans of the Czech Republic citizenship, the name less clumsy than the former one is rejected because it sounds too German.

One after another the proposed names are dismissed and the Czechs feel sad that after having invented all that 'stuff' about Czechoslovakia they are unable to think of a new invention. They feel again that history is playing dirty tricks with them, and soon they will be confined to their notoriously dark humor (which by the way almost died in the wake of the post-1989 euphoria) to relieve that absurd tension caused by the name hunt, loneliness and God knows what else. Let us hope that this time the anecdotes will bring a name for the country, because the Czech Republic is truly too clumsy and too uninventive. What do you think?

*the Czech equivalent for "little father" (the Czechs adore diminutives)

# ***Madame the Gypsy Queen's Weekly Horoscope***

Aries (Mar.21-Apr.19) Your strength of mind may help you even when your friends don't. Considering your unique circumstance, I find action to be reasonable, particularly when it comes to money.

Taurus (Apr.20-May 20) Like the Gypsy Queen, you still have a need for the earth things in life: Fresh air, the earth, and lots of money. These things the Gypsy predicts for the special times of glee and frenzy.

Gemini (May 21-Jun.21) Love, disloyalty, warmth and passion all are intertwined as your love life heats up with the fire of desire.

Cancer (Jun.22-Jul.22) Money will just fall into your hands if you only let it. Madame the Gypsy Queen wishes it so.

Leo (Jul.23-Aug.22) Your strong leadership capabilities lead you above the rest of the pack: your friends will look to you for advice just as the masses flock to the Gypsy Queen, the teller of all truths, good, bad, and sexy.

Virgo (Aug.23-Sep.22) Ah, the virgin. You are in college now; get it over with. Other than that, this week will be normal.

Libra (Sep.23-Oct.23) Your easy-going, low-stress lifestyle will bring you a long life, and a substantially lower chance at getting cancer during your middle age.

Scorpio (Oct.23-Nov.21) When engaging in potentially dangerous activities, don't let hot blood overflow. Wear that condom.

Sagittarius (Nov.22-Dec.21) The all-knowing, all-seeing Gypsy Queen is forbidden to disclose the name of the tall, dark stripper that you will meet this week. Look in the Bard Faces section.

Capricorn (Dec.22-Jan.19) Your stubborn attitude can only bring you tremendous difficulty. If you walk on water, you will get wet.

Aquarius (Jan.20-Feb.18) Beware of lycanthropy, for you must study the ways of the disco dancer— there is much you could be mistaken about. If your birthday was the recently passed Valentine's Day, romance was probably involved.

Pisces (Feb.19-Mar.20) You must not eat fish-hooks, metaphorically and literally speaking. The Gypsy Queen, knower of all things, must warn you that since you are a fish, you must never leave the water.

# Seascape with Sharks and Dancer

## Flawless actors couldn't salvage an unsuccessful script

Anne Miller
Staff Writer

February 13th through the 16th, the Bard Theater of Drama and Dance presented "Seascape with Sharks and Dancer" by Don Nigro and directed by Sarah L. Smith. This play starred Ean Sheehy as Ben, and Elissa Kammer as Tracy—the entire cast of this play.

Simply by glancing at the playbill, I must admit that I automatically made negative preliminary judgements about the play; from my past experiences of watching a play with a cast of no more than two, I did not have high hopes for its success. Unfortunately, my intuitions were correct, though I could not be sure of this until the final scene.

The action of "Seascape with Sharks and Dancer" in the first scene immediately caught the audience's undivided attention, as any opening scene should. Against the recorded ocean sounds in the background, a man carries in a woman who is not only soaking wet, but also unconscious. We assume that the man has rescued her from drowning in the ocean. He places her on the couch and leaves the room. The woman then wakes up and calls, "Service!" The man reenters and she snaps, "What are you looking at?"

At this point, I felt disgusted by the sequence of actions and dreaded the actions to come which would revolve solely around the woman's argumentative attitude. Sadly, my suspicions were confirmed. Tracy (whose name the audience officially learns after she has slept with Ben) bitches and whines to poor Ben throughout the entire play. The main question is, why does this tortured soul put up with all of her crap and allow her to stay with him at his house and be his girlfriend and housemate? What can he possibly see in her? Perhaps if this question were answered in some way, shape, or form, "Seascape with Sharks and Dancer" might be more interesting.

Perhaps the writer, Don Nigro, wanted us to feel sorry for this irate witch by allowing her to tell her 'sad' story to Ben. I personally do not see what is so tragic about a girl who runs away from home simply because she is not living up to her family's expectations. It would be one thing if she were physically or mentally damaged—then her psychotic nature would make more sense to us. But her so-called problems just do not justify her constant ranting and raving about nothing.

Ben is equally irritating because he just sits and takes all the garbage she spews out at him, which he does not deserve. He wants her to stay, even though she talks about leaving him. Now I ask you, what normal human being would want such a lunatic to stay with him? Even if he were enjoying the free sex, I have a hard time believing that any man would keep this evil seed around for more than three days. Perhaps if "Seascape with Sharks and Dancer" were trying to fit in with the Theater of the Absurd, it would be successful. But in its attempt to be realistic, it fails miserably, because the audience is unable to deduce the reasoning behind this nonsensical behavior.

With all of its faults, though, "Seascape with Sharks and Dancer" does have its shining moments. In the first scene, Tracy accuses Ben of NOT raping her. She claims that he did not do so because he is a 'eunuch.' Ben makes a comeback (one of his few, so it should be noted), "I didn't rape you because you are homely." Okay, so perhaps you had to be there in order to fully enjoy this particular dialogue, but it was amusing in its own way. Another important moment comes is that in which after she tells the story of her life as an allegory. She, then asks him to tell her his. He began, "Once upon a time there was a bewildered young man (he was born with a bewildered look on his face). He saw a looney bird one day and pulled it out of the water; all it did was shriek and shriek." In essence, the only highlights of this play were those times in which Ben insulted Tracy. Sad, but true enough.

I must mention that the actors, Ean Sheehy and Elissa Kammer, did their best with this horrible script. I cannot imagine a better portrayal of these empty characters. There was nothing that they could have done to make the play better; it was clearly unsalvageable.

# Vito Acconci discusses his art

Shawn Taylor
Staff Writer

Last wednesday, February 11th, installation artist, sculptor, and writer Vito Acconci spoke in the Olin Auditorium about his work. The lecture was attended by a large number of students, professors and members of the community. Acconci first gave a brief history of his work, explaining his progression from one stage to the next and how it was made. The auditorium was dimmed and slides shown, moving from his early works to more recent proposals, joined by the artist's comments on sources of inspiration, rationale behind the various designs, and reasons why certain proposals might have been rejected. Acconci then spoke for a short time on his philosophy of art, reading excerpts from an eloquent essay. The lecture closed with a question and answer period.

Acconci started out in the late sixties as a writer, mostly of poetry. In his work, Acconci felt a gradual shift in concern with the words and their meanings to the importance of what they attempted to represent, as well as with the spaces introduced by the surface of the written page. He saw the shift from there to visual art as a natural one, and became concerned with the relationship between the artist, the work, and the viewer. For a time much of Acconci's work featured him as a component, in pieces that would now be classified performance art, but which were then something new. Acconci spoke of his concern with the treatment of art, and expressed frustration that art can so often be used as a method of maintaining class barriers, as well as of raising the perpetrators of art to a level above that of the viewers. "Everything I hated about art," he explained, could be represented by the formula, "Art as religion, artwork as altar, artist as priest."

In the mid 70s, Acconci began to aim his work more at the viewer, stressing the interaction of a viewer or audience with a given piece. This led to "viewer activated" art, where the observer could initiate activity in a piece by sitting in a certain place or working a mechanism. Acconci's sense of irony is evident throughout his work, which often has the characteristic of assaulting the viewer's sensibility, a prankish reminder of what is happening in the viewer's own society. This interest in community relationships figures strongly in Acconci's later work, which focuses on communal spaces and private spaces, the spaces we all use day to day. Much of this body centers around the theme of housing space and the meaning of private property. Acconci's essay stresses this point, urging us to consider ways of breaking the class barrier in art, ways of reclaiming the spaces which others would limit, the concept of "public space in a private time."

Vito Acconci is this semester's Milton Avery Professor of Art at Bard and will be working with the senior class on their projects.

# Phishing for fun

## Adventures of three Bard students on a Friday night

Features Editor

Last Friday, one of Joey, George, and Daisy's favorite bands was playing, and the tickets were non-refundable, so these three brave people set out in a small car to make their way to the Mid Hudson Civic Center despite the cold air and heavy snowfall. On unplowed roads they drove slowly toward their destination. Along the way they would have listened to a Phish bootleg, but the tapedeck wasn't working, so they turned into 101.9 instead. It was a Bon Jovi "Keep the Faith" Valentine's Day weekend on WPDH much to the riders' dismay, but they listened anyway.

The drive went slowly. The car passed at least three vehicles that had skidded off the road. It was dark, and there really wasn't much scenery to look at anyway except the few passing cars, most of which only had one headlight.

Conversation, too, was dismal. They talked only of the weather and past experiences of driving in the snow. George swore that in his hometown the roads would have long since been plowed and sanded, especially since it was after five and the highway workers could get paid overtime.

Finally, they arrived. To avoid the crowded parking lot, they parked on the street about a half of a block away from the Civic Center. They were not sure it was legal to park there, but they honestly did not care.

Just outside the door, George bumped into three people he knew. There were introductions, but no handshakes. Joey and Daisy went in to collect the tickets they had reserved at the beginning of the week; were it not for the reservations, they would not have been able to get in -- the show was sold out!

Tickets received, they entered the building. It looked like a small gymnasium that smelled like a circus. There were some bleachers, but most of the floor was opened up so that people could dance. The stage set-up was the same as it had been at Phish's last few concerts -- their equipment, large speakers, ceiling lights and decorated sheets of plastic in the background. There were the usual number of tapers who seemed to have just as much equipment as the band itself, if not more, and despite the terrible weather, the place was packed.

After finding a round-about way to the bathrooms, Joey and Daisy found seats from which to watch the show, and George went walking around to talk to other people he knew. At 8 p.m., when the show was supposed to start, there was still no sign of the band, and several groups of people were still engaged in hacky sack competitions. At approximately 8:30 a DJ, named Mark C(Italian something), from WPDH came on stage to announce that the band would be out soon, but it was hard to understand him because the volume on the microphone was set up so high.

About fifteen minutes later Phish finally appeared on stage. The crowd crowded in closer to the stage, the overhead lights went out, and the stage lights came on. First red, then blue, then yellow, then green, and back to red again. The band began to play. George, the avid fan of Phish, had gone off somewhere to break the "no smoking" rule, so Joey and Daisy were left to keep a set list themselves; neither having very good knowledge of Phish songs or lyrics. They were not very successful. They think the opening song was "I Saw You."

There is something, however, that everyone should understand about the band Phish, and that is that there is no way to justly describe their music. They once did a lot of Led Zepplin covers. These days they create their own songs, which are made up of some stuff that sounds like jazz, other stuff that is very psychedelic, and other music and lyrics that simply have a bouncy feel to them. It's nice to sway (or bounce) to; it is even, under certain circumstances, good to meditate to. The only real character flaw in their music is that it is too often nearly impossible to figure out what the lyrics are.

Joey and Daisy were thinking about this a lot as they watched the show and held their hands over their ears in a meager attempt to drown out the ringing and figure out what songs were being played. There were ten songs in the first set. One was an a cappella version of "I Didn't Know That I Was That Far Gone" after which there was a very interesting "plastic solo" by the drum player, Phishman, who had a sheet of heavy plastic that he waved in front of the main microphone for all the audience to hear.

Another interesting thing occurred when a harmless girl decided to dance her way across the stage right before the last song in the set. She was whisked away by a member of the stage crew before security people could get to her. After that, the band played a song Joey thinks was "Run Like an Animal Out of Control."

Nothing unusual happened during intermission; the space around the food concession booths was full, the line to the ladies room was long, there was no line at the men's bathroom, and security guards had to help a drunk girl to her feet when she nearly passed out on the floor.

The second set was much like the first except that this time Phishman did a solo on a vacuum. Also, the stage crew dude, who had whisked away the dancer, threw three large beachballs out for the crowd to play with. After seven songs the second set ended, but because Poughkeepsie was Phish's last stop in the northeast for awhile they did an encore.

The encore (in Joey, George, and Daisy's opinion) was by far the best part of the show. The band did a rare performance of their famous song "HARPUA" in which a cat runs away from its owner, goes out into the street and meets Harpua (a large fish), miraculously kills Harpua, and then gets so excited about the whole ordeal that it has a heart attack and dies. After this they sang "Amazing Grace" a capella, and performed "Good Times, Bad Times." In the words of a nameless member of the audience, "It was a real treat and a good send-off for Phish."

PLANNED PARENTHOOD
of Dutchess-Ulster, Inc.
10 Prince Street, Red Hook, New York
Phone: (914) 758-2032

Hours
Monday and Wednesday, 9:00a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

By Appointment
Birth Control, Pregnancy Testing, HIV Testing

ON LOCATION
STUDIO, STORES, CUSTOM LAB
"Serviced by Professionals"
We Use Royal PAPER
High QUALITY Custom Lab
SAME DAY E-6
COLOR + B/W FILM PROCESSING
ENLARGEMENTS - SLIDE DUPES
AND MORE
FILM and DARKROOM SUPPLIES
ALSO
STUDIO & CAMERA EQUIPMENT
CALL FOR MORE INFORMATION
STUDENT DISCOUNTS OFFERED
POUGHKEEPSIE
Canterbury Plaza
120 Dutchess Tpk.
(914) 471-6919
RHINEBECK
Astor Square Mall
Rt. 9 North
(914) 876-7913
HOPEWELL JCT.
Jeffwood Plaza
Rt. 82
(914) 226-7355

Art supplies
The Hudson Valley's largest dealer in fine and graphic art materials: paints, brushes, canvas, sculpting supplies—offers 20% discount to Bard students.*
Woodstock
35 Mill Road
CATSKILL ART & OFFICE SUPPLY LTD.
Kingston
328 Wall Street
Poughkeepsie - 807 Main Street
*Please mention discount prior to purchase

# Blazers winding up disappointing season

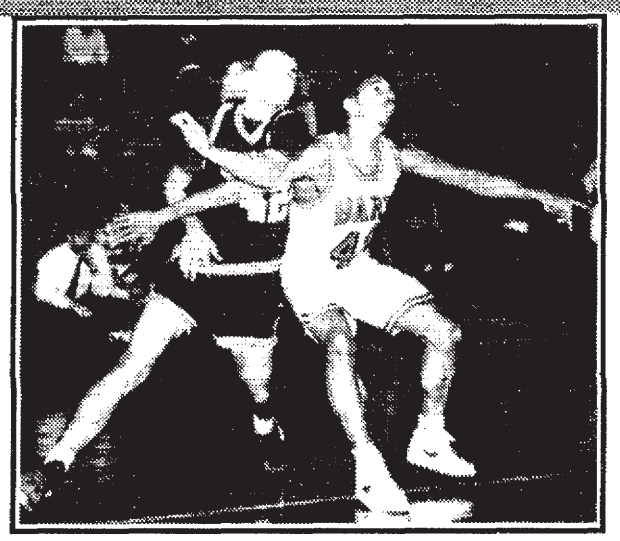
## Basketball comes to close as volleyball garners first win and squash prepares for championships

Sports Writer

As the Bard men's basketball dwindles mercifully to a close, a minute should be taken to highlight some of the bright spots in a season which on the whole has not gone very well. The team's 0-20 record does not do justice to the team's dedication and determination. Bard College and its students should be proud of every member of the team who perseveres to the very end of the season.

Over January, the Blazers played nine games in all. Two games presented especially good opportunities to win, but never the less, Bard went down unceremoniously to Albany Pharmacy 74-61, and by just a single point 66-65 to New York Polytechnic.

On Monday night, Bard faced a St. Joseph's team which was just 2-17, and according to their coach, "... hadn't won since November." Things looked right for the team to come through with a win, but alas it was not meant to be. Bard managed to keep it very close in the first half, cutting the lead to 4 twice, but by half time, the score was 36-28 with the Blazers down by 8.



Roger Scotland (right) jockies under the hoop for another board.

In an effort to close the gap and create turnovers, the Blazers used a full court trap throughout the second half. In many instances it worked, giving Bard the ball, but many other times the press was broken, resulting in easy baskets for St. Joseph's. With just a few minutes remaining, Bard began to foul St. Joseph's players in the hope of poor free throw shooting, but St. Joseph did not cooperate, hitting a string of free throws in the closing minutes. The final score was Bard 53, St. Joseph's 71. Highlights of the game for Bard included Roger Scotland's 13 points and 15 rebounds, "Bucky" Purdom's 15 points and Jamell Kendrick's 9 rebounds and 7 assists.

Over the course of the entire season, Bard basketball players have turned in some solid performances. Senior Roger Scotland is in the top five in the Independent Athletic Conference in both scoring (16.5 PPG) and rebounding (9.3 RPG). Junior Jamell Kendrick is averaging 11.4 PPG, and Purdom averages nearly 10 Points per game and 6 rebounds. In recent IAC individual rankings, Ray Gable was ranked among the leaders in assists, and Ronald Reese was ranked fourth in NCAA division III for steals.

### Volleyball

The Bard men's volleyball team played their first games over the precious week. Their first match was an unceremonious defeat, 11-15, 2-15, 1-15, at the hands of a reportedly very good Ramapo team. The team also played in an IAC Tournament on Valentine's Day in which Bard got its first win of the season, 11-15, 15-9, 11-15, 15-13, 15-10, versus Mount Saint Vincent. Sebastian Salazar led the team with 16 kills and 7 blocks. The team finished in fourth place in the tournament with a record of 1-3. Coach Carla Davis commented that she observed "moments of greatness" in her team early in the season, but feels there is a strong potential for improvement in her team's play.

### Squash

The squash team had one match last week against Haverford on Sunday. Bard dropped the match 2-8. The wins were scored by fourth seed David Ames, 15-11, 15-13, 18-17, and eighth seed Shehreyar Hameed, 15-8, 15-11, 15-11. The squash team's next match is on February 20th in the New York State Championship at Cornell. Good luck.

### Sports Schedule

**Volleyball**
Fri. 2/19 - home v. Sacred Heart
Sun. 2/21 - at Brigdeport w/ Yeshiva
Wed. 2/24 - at Mt. St. Vincent

**Fencing**
Sat 2/20 - at Baruch

**Men's Squash**
Sat 2/20 - NYS Championships at Cornell

**Men's Basketball**
Sat. 2/20 - home v. NJ Tech
Wed.-Sat. 2/24-2/27 - IAC Tourney

# Fencing from the stands

Staff Writer

Fencing is a very engaging sport, but it can also be confusing to watch, especially if you are not familiar with it. And since there seems to be a resurgence of interest in fencing at Bard, it might be useful to give the college community an overview of what goes on at a typical fencing meet.

There are three teams at a men's meet, each one fencing a different weapon. There are foil, epee and sabre men's teams at Bard, but women have only a foil fencing team. Each team is made up of 3 fencers, barring substitutions, and each fencer will fight 3 bouts. So each team fences 9 bouts, for 27 total bouts. Obviously, whichever school wins the most bouts prevails. So, for example, the epee and sabre teams of a school could both lose in a close tournament—say, 4-5 each—and if the foil team wins 6 of its bouts, that school would still win the meet (6+4+4=14 bouts out of 27).

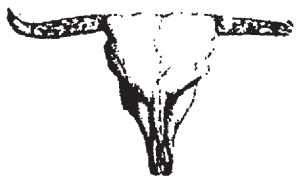
> **"Fencing is sort of like jazz. There have always been a small number of people in America who have understood and appreciated it. But [as far as] the majority of people go—that's where we've had our problem..."**
>
> —Hope Konecny, Bard's Fencing Coach

In an individual bout, the first fencer to get 5 touches wins the bout. The fencers get on the "strip" facing each other. Both are "suited up"—wearing jackets, masks and other safety gear to protect them from having certain body parts accidentally cut, gouged out or impaled.

Foil fencers wear metallic lames when fencing, while epee and sabre fencers wear plain white jackets. Both foil and epee fencers are "hooked up" during a bout—there is a cord running from the bottom of the fencer's weapon, up the arm and around the back, then to the end of the strip and eventually reaching a machine that signals touches by and on the fencers. Whenever a touch is scored, the machine buzzes and a colored light goes on.

In epee, scoring is fairly straightforward; one light against the opponent equals one point, and if both lights go on together, both fencers score a point. Foil is a little more complicated; only the lamed part of the body—the trunk—is a valid target. If a foil hits another part of the body (ouch), it is considered "off target." There is still a buzzing noise, but now a white light goes on and no point is scored. Instead, the action is stopped by the Director, who determines where the off-target action occurred, and the fencers start again where the Director tells them to. This is why foil fencing sometimes confuses spectators: it seems like a point has been scored, but the score is unchanged, and the fencers continue to fight.

What about sabre? Well, I know very little about sabre, so that will be next week.

STARR Cantina
American & Authentic Mexican Fare

Free Delivery Now Available to Bard Campus and Rhinebeck
Sun. thru Thurs. 6pm-10pm
28 Montgomery Street
Rhinebeck, NY
(914) 876-6816

BRUNO'S Deli & Pizza
Free Delivery after 4:30.....757-2305
73 Broadway, Tivoli
Open 7 days a week
6:30 am to 11 pm
2 14" Pizzas
2 Toppings on each
2L Pepsi or Coke
All for $10

# Editorial

## Boys will be boys (and vice-versa)

**feminine** *adj.* **1.** female; of women or girls **2.** having qualities regarded as characteristic of women and girls, as gentleness, weakness, delicacy, modesty, etc.; womanly

**masculine** *adj.* **1.** male; of men or boys **2.** having qualities regarded as characteristic of men or boys, as strength, vigor, boldness, etc.; manly; virile

by Matthew Apple

If I had my way, the above two definitions, taken from *Webster's New World Dictionary*, would be eliminated from the English language. Time and time again, people use these terms to define and justify their actions, blaming the consequences on society. When a woman behaves in an aggressive fashion in the business world, her co-workers complain that she is trying to "be a man." When a man is sentimental and openly expresses his feelings, he is told that he is a wimpy cry-baby because he's acting "like a little girl." Why do we always feel the need to qualify our actions as individuals based on the definitions of others? Can't we simply act as we feel we must, as a unique person who has emotions and desires like any other person?

Using the terms "masculine" and "feminine" does not praise individuals: It pushes them back into society, denying them a voice in the choir. Feminists say they are actively expressing their powerful "femininity," yet by using the term, they fail to break out of the ring of male-created gender-qualifiers. The men's movement, by attempting to "cure wounds" with "mature masculinity," only continues the vicious circle of male-female antagonism. Instead of constantly dividing ourselves, we need to put aside our differences and work together as one race, the human race, to solve our societal problems.

Yes, it is true that I will never fully understand what it means to be female, and I never will, because I am male. But I do know what it means to feel pain, to feel suffering and neglect, to be angry, bitter and cynical, to be sad, happy, hopeful and accepting. I don't have to be a woman to understand what emotions and feelings are, and I don't have to be a woman to know that I care about other human beings. The advice to Mr. "White Stag" in the February 10th issue of the *Observer* was to not shut himself off from a "feminine/woman's influence on [his] life." The author raised an important point, which I believe the men's movement at Bard should strongly consider, that men should not eliminate the ideas and strengths of women when defining their social identity, but the men's and women's movements need to realize that gender roles are not mutually exclusive. Women and men need each other, not just as men and women, but as fellow human beings.

While being a male or female obviously influences the way you look at yourself and your society, by identifying yourself as solely male or female, masculine or feminine, you lose the other half of the human equation. In all your actions and thoughts, remember that more important than being a man or a woman is being human. Rather than wasting time defining each other, people should focus on letting their individuality strengthen society. Humans cannot survive in a vacuum; people need people, and people need to stop telling other people to view themselves based on the preconceptions of others.

—A note on confrontations and anger—Don't confuse anger with violence. Passive resistance or "turning the other cheek" does not mean to accept punishment; it channels anger, without violence, into a firm resoluteness to change what is wrong. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., among others, proved the effectiveness of non-violence as a force for change. People do not need to confront and attack each other to hold a conversation or to argue a point.

## Just a little squirrely

by Matthew Apple

At the beginning of the spring semester, I moved into my new room on the third floor of Potter in Stone Row. My new neighbors are the friendly sort, always helpful and understanding, but at the same time sort of weird. I mean, the guys upstairs are just plain strange. Maybe it's just me, but they seem to get a tremendous kick out of scratching their floors at 2 in the morning. I swear they even scratched their way into the wall between me and the bathroom—how they managed that is beyond me. I heard high-pitched shrieks a couple of times, too. I won't even ask about that.

At first, my upstairs neighbors' actions didn't bother me, but then I began to ponder the question, What if they actually broke through the ceiling while I slept? Not to put them down—they do keep me company at all hours of the night—but I think it's somewhat rude to be scratching, clawing and biting at the half-inch plasterboard above my head while I'm attempting to get some rest after a hectic day. I started getting paranoid, even fearful for my safety. Considering that the stairs stop at the third floor, these guys must be pretty strong if they can reach the fourth floor without the help of a ladder.

Nerves shaking, I tremulously queried my third-floor pals if they knew of my friends upstairs. "Oh, those guys? Yeah, well, we got used to the scratching after a year. So will you." They said there was nothing to worry about. After all, they figured, Bard wasn't concerned enough about building violations to do anything about it, so why should we?

That made me feel so much better. My heart set at ease, I now slumber peacefully at night, undisturbed, almost, by the sound of tiny little claws scratching, scratching, scratching away.

## Simon's Rock coverage faulty

Dear Editor,

I'm writing this letter in response to the article about the Simon's Rock incident. Since coming to Bard I have found that many students here don't really know what Simon's Rock is about. It's a toprated liberal arts college, that accepts students as college freshman upon finishing 10th and 11th grade. It is a *very* intense academic environment, with highly dedicated teachers and gifted, unique students.

Last December one of those dedicated teachers, Nacunan Saez, and a unique Simon's Rock student, Galen Gibson, were murdered in a random, senseless act. It's very difficult for me to comprehend this; words explain it very clearly. We are beseiged with violence on a daily basis by the media. We become fascinated by the details. Who did the killing? What were they thinking? What was the weapon? How many bullets were shot?

No answering of these questions eases my mind. Two people that I respect have been murdered. I have had my memories of them violated by the gunman and by journalists. I can't stand to hear another word about Wayne Lo. Your article did not even mention the names of the victims. You didn't mention that Nacunan Saez was a well-known scholar (although you thought it pertinent to mention his sexual preference), an Argentinian fluent in five languages. You failed to recognize that Galen Gibson was a leader, within his own unitarian church, and at Simon's Rock, or give any insight as to who he was at all. Was. Past tense. A beautiful, healthy, happy, 18-year-old, dead. Senseless, random violence. It is journalists who help us to remember the killer's name and to forget the names of those who are killed for no reason.

Finally, I'm very disturbed that I was quoted in your article without being formally interviewed. There I was in Kline, putting ketchup upon my french fries, when my neighbor asks me how I feel about security measures taken by Simon's Rock in response to the shootings. I thought you were asking me a question for yourself. I was not informed that we were having an interview. Had I known, I would have made a strong statement of support to the college, which not only helped to shape me in many positive ways, but is in the process of healing and moving on.

No answers are found through examining what happened that day. Only regret that it can actually happen, and that the killer can get his face on T.V., and we will all lean forward in our chairs to hear the sordid details.

Parker Ramsey

## New library continued

*continued from page 4*

Katz joked, "maybe this will keep students from procrastinating."

Another small inconvenience is the conversion from the card catalog to computers. Because the library is attempting to phase out the Dewey Decimal system in favor of the Library of Congress system, some of the available books cannot be found on the computer. The conversion should be completed by September, but in the meantime, check both the computers and the card catalogs for titles. Reference librarians are now available from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Monday through Thursday and from noon to 5 p.m. Saturdays for anyone having problems locating materials.

In the basement are located a campus phone and a pay phone, as well as a machine where cards for the photocopier can be purchased. The cards cost $1.00 each and any value can be added to them. As well as keeping people from having to carry a pocketful of change, the card can be used for regular photocopies and for making copies from microfilm. Be warned; the card machine cannot make change, so if you put in $20.00, you are the proud owner of 200 photocopies.

Thus far, reactions to the new Stevenson library have been favorable. "People are saying what I expected them to say. They like the inside better than the outside, but the inside is a real surprise, I think. The people seem comfortable; the atmosphere is a lot like a living room," said Katz.

So, what remains to look forward to in the fall of 1994? There will be a total seating capacity of 300—twice that of before; a music room with cassette players, turntables and a few hundred compact disks, representing a broad range of musical styles; and a video room with VCRs and an expanded video collection to be located on the 3rd floor of Stevenson. And for the upcoming seniors, don't worry; the carrels you have been waiting for since L & T will await you in the fall.

# Racism at Bard

Dear Editor,

I would like to respond to the column, "It was SAID, it was LOUD, it was MEANT," by saying that I resent the statements made by EphenGlennColter-Queer+ printed on February 10, 1993. According to these statements, in being white I am a racist regardless of what action I take towards persons of any race. If I walk past an African-American and fail to say hello, I am a racist. If I do extend a greeting I am merely relieving myself of the guilt that I feel for being racist. The problem that I have consists in wondering what the hell I can do without being called racist. Unfortunately, my interpretation of this column leads me to believe that I am unable to do anything but be racist in any situation that I encounter with a member of any race other than mine.

In "It was SAID, it was LOUD, it was MEANT" is there perhaps a trace of the author's own latent racism through his failure to mention those discriminated against because of their particular multi-cultural or racial backgrounds? Yes, I realize that there is racism on campus and in this country worked by hands of *several* different colors, and that something does need to be done about it, one suggestion being a more culturally diverse curriculum and faculty. I also, however, realize that an individual cannot be judged on the basis of his or her color, religion or sexual orientation, and no, I'm **not** just saying that as a "pathetic display of denial." I don't need anyone to do any sort of condescending white-people-black-people-yellow-people-brown-people work for me, thank you, and I can only hope that, being the Caucasian author of this column, I don't drive anyone insane.

Thank you,
Susan Goedel

# Letting it fly

To the Bard Community,

I want to thank Ben Schwabe for taking the time to write his letter to the Observer. While I honor all opinions, it's nice to occasionally hear (or read) something positive. So to Ben, thank you for your time, your willingness to take a chance, and for your honest and soulful words.

Before I respond to the letter written by Amy Pfeffer, it should be said that when I approached her after reading her letter, she agreed to speak with me. This dialogue is still in process, so in responding, I wish only to address some of the misconceptions her letter expressed, and to say a few words about the tone in which these opinions were communicated.

I was put off by what I considered to be the childishness of her letter, for what I felt more acid than ideas as I read it. [sic]However, between lashes she raised some important questions about men's work that are concern to many people. Her issue about our use of the ritual processes of other cultures, in particular the Native Americans, is a good one. She wrote that she assumes that the men's movement is based on fear and insecurity; this is wrong, but it is a misconception held by many people, women especially. She raises an issue of personal importance to me when she questions how men in the movement deal with and respond to the feminine, both in themselves and as it manifests in women. But the most important issue she dealt with (and the one about which she was most unfair) was around people (men or women) healing their childhood/life wounds. To make the blanket assumption that such work is "New Age" (whatever that is) or to assume that such work is merely blameful and/or ineffectual in nature is inaccurate at best; it reflects her inexperience in such matters.

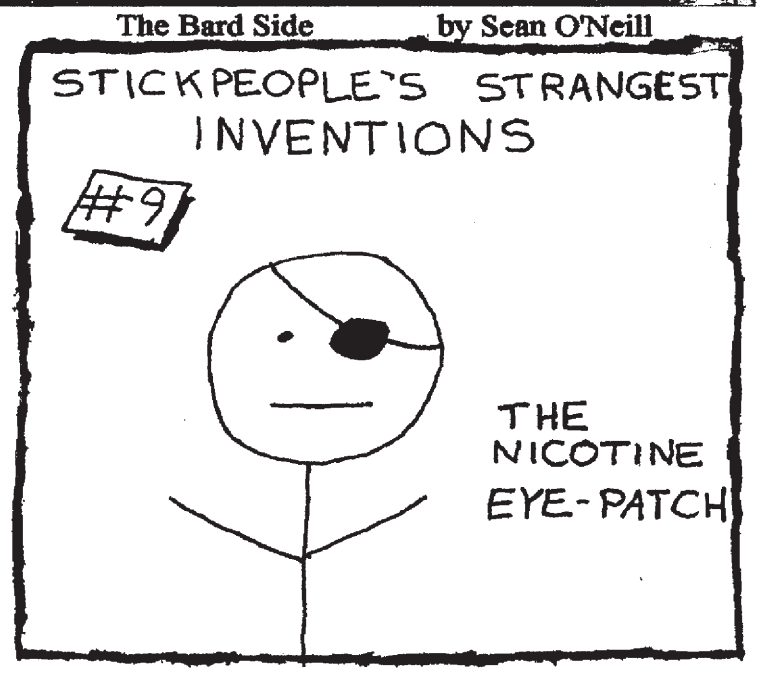
I am preparing a small series of articles in which I will address these issues, for they are all important. In those articles I will also address other issues that people have expressed concern about, such as how the NW and Woman Within trainings can be funded, why they are so expensive, and how the two trainings work together in the lives of boyfriends/girlfriends, husbands/wives, etc. I will address the issue of race relations and how the men's movement is building a safe place for men of all cultures and backgrounds to educate each other and heal our social wounds. I will deal with the many questions that have been raised about our use of the terms "warrior" and "king"—and in doing so, I will address one of the central purposes of the New Warrior Training—this being the difference between the Old and the New Warrior, and why it is essential that we recognize that the Old Warrior, whose power came from dominance and destruction, is obsolete. I will explain why it is necessary for many men of our culture to become MORE masculine BEFORE they attempt to integrate their inner feminine. This will include a description of the feminized male, or the man who tries too hard to be liked and to please women, and the explanation as to why he is as poor a model for manhood as is the macho bully.

After some of the experiences I have had with people who have come to me wanting to talk about NWT, I now need to set a few boundaries. I am still open to hearing what people have to say, and this includes all feelings. However, I need you to know two things: 1. Though I am interested in your opinions, I am not offering to amend my own simply because yours are yours. I promise that I will hear what you have to say, and I will judge all of your ideas fairly and with respect—and on some points I'm sure I will continue to be educated. But simply because you perceive something to be true does not make it true, and it's not my job to validate something that I disagree with. This probably sounds obvious to many of you out there, so don't personalize this—IF IT DON'T APPLY, LET IT FLY. 2. Since the men's movement is a large and for the most part only spritually connect network of men around the world, I cannot pretend that I can speak for all of it. I made a mistake last year when I wrote that "We in the men's movement are committed to...," for while I believe that this is true, there are within the movement three different branches: 1. the mythopoetic, 2. the men's rights, and 3. the pro-feminist/gay men's movements. I believe that we share a vision of the world that is safe for all people, but we have very different approaches to creating this world. The mythopoetic branch is what the media usually refers to when it speaks of "the men's movement." I can speak for this branch in general, and the New Warrior Network in particular.

I look forward to getting to know more of you throughout this semester. May you be blessed on your journeys and may your missions reflect your vast potentials. HO!

Peace,
Bruce Kusnicki

The Bard Side by Sean O'Neill




A Dog's life. By David Draper.

The Bard Observer

Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Apple

Managing/News Editor
Michael Poirier

Features Editor
Jeana C. Breton
Arts Editor
Tatiana Prowell
Sports Editor
Matt Gilman
Photo Editor
Sebastian Colett
Production Managers
Ted Wilford
Heather Bauman

Senior Copy Editor
Tatiana Prowell
Copy Editors
Lisa Basani
Ted Wilford
Dan Kurnit

Ad Manager
Jennifer Shirk
Business Manager
Lynda Fong
Circulation Manager
Lisa Basani

Typists
Jennifer Shirk
Wendy Grunseich

*The Bard Observer* is published every Wednesday while class is in session.
Editorial policy is determined by the Editorial Boardunder the direction of the Editor-in-Chief. Any editorials which appear unsigned are those of the Editorial Board and not necessarily of the *Observer* staff. Any opinions which are signed do not necessarily represent the views of the *Observer* or its staff.
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
Annandale on Hudson, NY 12504
(914) 758-0772

# BARD CALENDAR

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE FEBRUARY 17 TO 24 ★ 1993

## What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

### ★ WEDNESDAY. FEBRUARY 17 ★

★ **German Table.** A bit of the Fatherland here **in Kline's College Room 5:30p**.

★ **Sorry, no Arnold**. It's Austrian Film Week and you can celebrate by seeing "A Woman's Pale Blue Handwriting" (Axel Cord, 1984). Based on the novella by Franz Werfel. **Olin 202 at 6:30p.** All Austrain films will be subtitled for the German impaired.

★ **Panel Discussion.** An interdisciplinary exchange of ideas abour African Americans **in Olin 104 at 7-8:30p.** Moderated by Ephen Glenn Colter.

★ **Forum.** If you didn't likeyour high school civics course, then take part in the Budget Forum. It's never dull. **in Kline Commons at 8p.** Oh, and there are going to be elections too.

★ **BAGLE Meeting.** Bisexuals, Activists, Gays, Lesbians, Et. al. will meet each week **at 7:00p in the Club Room in the Old Gym**.

### ★ THURSDAY. FEBRUARY 18 ★

★ **Austria, Ja Wohl!** It's Austrian Film Week and you can celebrate by seeing "Franza" (Xaver Schwarzenberger, 1986). Based on the novella by Ingeborg Bachmann. **Olin 202 at 6:30p.** All Austrain films will be subtitled for the German impaired.

★ **One of our own.** Documentary Filmmaker Harvey Edwards (class of '51) will present some of his award-winning films. The hihglight being the world premiere of his just-completed film, "Pagan Rites in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom." **Preston Cinema at 7p.**

★ **SMACES Meeting.** Sexual Minorities Aligned for Community Education and Support will meet each week **at 7:00p in the Club Room in the Old Gym**.

★ **Videos** for Black History Month will be shown **at 7:30p in Olin 203.** The videos are "Shadows" and "Imitation of Life."

★ **See ya in Austria!** Why read the novella by Gerhard Roth when you can see "The Quiet Ocean" (Xaver Schwarzenberger, 1986) for Austrian Film Week? **Olin 202 at 8:15p.**

### ★ FRIDAY. FEBRUARY 19 ★

★ **Student Center Movies!** Kick back and watch the Film Committee's Hitchcock double feature. Includes "The Lady Vanishes," which was Alfred's last movie, and "Marnie," starring Sean Connery. **In the Old Gym, 7p showing only.**

### ★ SATURDAY. FEBRUARY 20★

★ **Discussion.** "Keeping a foot in reality: How to Survive as a Black Student at Bard." Part of Black Alumni/ae Day. **1:30p.**

★ **Black Alumni/ae Day** continues with a reception **in the Olin Rotunda at 4p.**

★ **Performance** by Bard Black Alumni/ae and Undergraduates **in Olin at 5p.**

### ★ SUNDAY. FEBRUARY 21 ★

★ **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.**

★ **Student Center Movies!** See "Yaaba," directed by Idrissa Ouedraogo. A haunting and refreshing tale of rural African life in honor of Bard Black History Month. **Old Gym, 7p for non-smokers and 9p for smokers.** In Moore with English subtitles.

### ★ MONDAY. FEBRUARY 22 ★

★ **Observer Meeting.** Write, take pictures, draw cartoons or wear silly hats made of newspaper **at 6p in the basement of Tewksbury**.

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

★ **Fiction & Theater.** "Blood Samples" will be presented in honor of Bard Black History Month **at 7:30-9:30p in Olin 104**.

### ★ TUESDAY. FEBRUARY 23 ★

★ **The Revolution will put you in the driver's seat.** BRACE (Bard Revolutionaries Against Capitalist Exploitation) meets **at 12-1:30p in the Kline Committee room.**

★ **Discussion.** "Blacks, Lesbians and Gays" will be sponsored by the working group on the POC weekend **at 6:30-8:30p in Olin 102**.

### ★ WEDNESDAY. FEBRUARY 24 ★

★ **Panel Discussion.** An interdisciplinary exchange of ideas about African Americans **in Olin 104 at 7-8:30p.** Moderated by Roger Scotland.

★ **BAGLE Meeting.** Bisexuals, Activists, Gays, Lesbians, Et. al. will meet each week **at 7:00p in the Club Room in the Old Gym**.

## SHUTTLE VAN SCHEDULE

**FRIDAY:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Rhinecliff: | Leave at 7:05p. for the 7:41p. train |
| Poughkeepsie: | Leave at 6p. 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.

**SUNDAY:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Rhinecliff: | Meet 6:05p, 8:15p and 10:29p trains |
| Poughkeepsie: | Meet the 7:38 train |
| Church:(St. John's) | Leave at 9:45a, return at noon. |

**Meet all Shuttles behind Kline Commons**