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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 disconcerting 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 disconcerting 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 $115,696 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 $77,213.

Compared with other college bookstores, Bard’s own statistics are even less flattering. According to Levine, the industry wide college bookstores suffer losses averaging 5.5% of sales. In the northeast region the average percentage is 1.88%. Except for Bard, the highest percentage in our region is 5.9%.

Sealing here at Bard more than doubles that figure. In our bookstore reporting a percentage that is 12.75% 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 $30,000. 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 39 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 community.

continued on next page
The Bard Observer
February 17, 1993

News

The heat is off

Residents of the Oberholzer basement dormitory returned from interdormitory visitation 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 until she noticed the pilot light had gone out. She called Buildings and Grounds, but it was 2 hours later when she was told the heating system should be repaired soon. In the meantime, she was informed that heat is not available in the basement.

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

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 cold. 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 the heating system should be repaired soon, and that parts arrived a few days ago. Evidence of 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.

Bookstore theft cont.

continued from first page

The Jerome Levy Economics Institute of Bard College

SPRING 1993

LEYV INSTITUTE LECTURE SERIES

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

Kathryn M. Dominguez, Professor of Economics, J.P. 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.

Classifieds & personals

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


Summer Hogging 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 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 Settory 101 or call Ext. (483) 758-7438.

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 Keren 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 4-7 pm or every Sunday from 5:30-8:30 pm in Olin 101, the Poetry Room.

BUDGET FORUM

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

Wed. 2/17, 8pm in Kline

Hey Graham Cracker Ishmus, OOOPPS! 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 complexor.

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 camera with telephoto lens. Left in Stevenson Gym on Thurs., the 4th. Substantial reward. Call 758-0772.

Once again, Happy Birthday 2/17 to Gloria Martinez.

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

“You don’t lock me in the privies anymore!” (Snow-Sketch) after 5 only - shoot my stick baby, just don’t complain about my ability when you run out of elephants. VDD was the best—for the worst.

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

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

Feeling unloved? Call ext. 374, Fridays 9-10am and join the Insult-o-Rama. 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...
THE BARD OBSERVER

February 17, 1993

Features

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 and official in the American Student 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 tapes recording and, excluding "uh"s and repeated words, is faithful to what was said and reflects grammatical or stylistic flaws of speech.

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, it was a1

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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, it was a thingy 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 dummy, a gook, a chinkman. 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-hated loomed over my head as it did in 1983. It became a conspiracy against myself and to many Asian-American peers that today, in 1993, we still have to contend with ignorance, overtly, and prejudices of Anglo-American society.

The American Student 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 services 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 are these images 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-hated 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 know, we don't use forked chopsticks, and we don't speak in stilted fortune-cookie catchphrases. We aren't curious. 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 are out-of-touching. The fact that you think that only reflects your ignorance of our culture. It only reflects your prejudices of what a minority should be allowed to be, persisting. 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 slanted-wonder. It is a point of irony that white liberal progressives who also absorb these images and become 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 consciousness, 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 for falseness they have been as they now have been confronted with public outcry. But, when the Film Committee shows Breakfast at Tiffeny's, a film in which a white actor [Mickey Rooney] dresses his hair in black, shucks-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 rebasing, 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 a little 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 short-sightedness, 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 wanted 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, zings, hollograms, leather... Open Mon-Sat 10-6, Sun 12-5 329 Wall Street, Kingston, NY Ph. (914) 339-0013 50% discounts 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 haste to take the article to press, the details of the incident were not properly corroborated.

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 club and upcoming events. Please send to Jeanne C. Breton before noon this Friday.

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

Thank you for your time and cooperation!
Features

Renovations begun

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 summer recess, things will look a little different, especially in Kellogg.

The most noticeable external change will be the new walkway in 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, ventilating and air conditioning ducts in the floor, which students have been requesting for years.

The formerly vacated 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 even more space. Finally, the area occupied by the front desk and Jefrey Katz's former office will become the all-night reading room.

The new building will have seating space for 100 students, as well as a bathroom. Overall, it will be a "high-energy" space.

Katz hopes that this will lessen the temptation to "vandalize" the rooms.

Aside from these changes, everything else will look pretty much the same. "People shouldn't worry about things they're familiar with disappearing," she said. "I think the building is complete, we will be seeking donations for the collection and we would like to have more student involvement in what's going on in the library."}

Katz encourages students to show their new spaces soon.

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 was $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.)
Another View

Dead Goat Notes

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

Over the interjection, I had the good fortune to run across an actual, real, 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. Quranti-monarchical 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 arm.” How do you respond to such criticism?

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 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 brow garter swelling 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 to hula dance or ball gown. 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 Vienneese 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 cumplets.

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

Princess: Bubble, let’s just call him Bubble.

Me: As long as you think that Americans won’t confuse him with their President, Prince Bubble is it. But it has been alleged that you have slept around behind Prince Bubble’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 Obscen, the people in my country don’t think that tabloids should be allowed to print the truth. For instance, I have cheated on Bubble, 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 balls. Secondly, if he wants to divorce, he can go ahead. The monarchy thing 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 you, 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, beggar and scraping stuff. It could be worse. I should have married King Henry VIII.

Beverage way

Old Milwaukee 0.9 miles North of Red Hook Trolley Liner $1.95

Lowenbrau 0.9 miles North 59.95

Busch 0.9 miles North (12) $6.95

St. Pauli $2.95

John Courage $4.95

Pop $1.15

The problem of race in America is, by no means, 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.

by Ephren Glenn Cotter

Queer+

Everything is not copacetic. I am 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 'to be beautiful' 'to be beautiful' but black, 'people rarely have the time to relax and enjoy a pure emotion. They are usually inextricably complicated, and so I am.'

I wish there were such a thing as intellectual relaxer. I could get all this tenderheaded political naivete off 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 out of 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 masochism. Get your collective acts together, comb through your network of PhDs AND GET AN AFRICAN-AMERICANIST on this campus with a decent salary to make up for all the indentured exposures they will have to ignore to stay sane.

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 multicultral 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 say, 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 cross 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 McCúffie 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 came to intellectual we 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.
**Shameless Filler!**

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 naiveté. It's shameless. It's also dangerous.

But, Lord, it's fun.

The first time I remember lying well—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 (very) sure the boy in front of me believed me, but I did a dramatic side-show of a cosmic shadow effect to make him think otherwise.

And some part of myself believed I wasn't lying, so that made it all the more believable. The class bought it, I don't know if it was dense or just bored, but Mrs. Ambroso seemed to buy it. I didn't miss 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 hobby I could form my god-given talent for wood-working into the masses.

Improvisational comedy utilizes all the finer aspects of lying while allowing me to run with a given audience the outskirts of absurdity (another hobby of mine). I've been involved in three improvisational groups and one improvisational radio group. None of them have done any more than one small performance. The first ever got beyond the infancy stage, the second has since gone on to local fame and fortune by my departure for Alexandria, and the third (Act Natural) performed only once at least year's Winterstudtstock and is currently in an uncertain hibernation ("it lived?" I joke; it's safe if I'm wrong). The radio troupe dwindled from five to two, and only get played once on a local radio station at twice-a-second speed-hammer (the same breed of thing as those choruses of folk harmonizing the Deeply's nameless tunelessness).

But I'm now doing improv on an interpersonal level. And with great effort, I get it into my head to run off with a tall tale about something that happened to a (fictional) friend to alleviate the absurd tension caused by the name hunt, loneliness, and God knows what else.

Let's hope that this time the anagrams will bring a name for the country, because the Czech Republic is truly too clumsy and too uninnventive. What do you think?

*by Lero Roux*

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**How will we call it?**

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

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**Another View**

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**Madame the Gypsy Queen’s Weekly Horoscope**

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Libra (Sep.23-Oct.22) 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 striper 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-March.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

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 an opening scene should. Against the recorded ocean sounds in the background, a man carries 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, “Serviette”. The man responds, and she says, “What are you looking at?”

At this point, I felt disgusted by the sequence of actions and dreaded the actions to come which would evolve solely around the woman’s argumentative attitude. Sadly, my suspicions were confirmed. Tracy (whose name the audience officially learns after she has sex with Ben) is Obsessive 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 be possibly see in her? Perhaps if this question were answered, someone would save the form, “Seascape with Sharks and Dancer” might be more interesting.

Perhaps the writer, Don Nigro, wanted us to feel sorry for this triad by allowing her to tell her sad story to Ben. I personally do not see what any woman 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 moaning and yelling 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 ride, I have a hard time believing that any man would keep this evil seed around for more than three days. Perhaps “Seascape with Sharks and Dancer” were trying to tell in with the Theater of the Absurd, it would be successful. But it attempts to be realistic, it fails miserably, because it is not capable of deducing 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 paying her. She claims that he did not do so because he is a “sneach.” Ben makes a comeback (one of his few, so it should be noted), “I didn’t pay you because you are handsome.” Okay, so maybe another type of man in order to fully enjoy this particular dialogue, but it was in its own way.

Another important moment comes in which after she tells the story of her life to an allegory. She, then asks him to tell her his. He begins, “Once upon a time there was a bewildered young man was born within the bewildered young man was born. He saw a loony bird one day and pulled it out of the water; all it did was shriek and shriek.” Now, the only highlight of this scene was those moments in which the man 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 unavengable.

Vito Acconci discusses his art

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, rationales 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 timesmall, Acconci’s work featured him as a component, in pieces that would now be classified as 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 perpetuators of art to a level above that of the viewers. “Every- thing 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 character 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 of work around the theme of housing space and the meaning of private property. Acconci’s essay stresses this point, urging us to remove the 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

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 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 tape deck wasn't working, so they turned into 101.9 FM instead. It was Bon Jovi's "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 half 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; they were 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 open up so that people could dance. The stage was set up the same as it had been at Phish's last few concerts -- their equipment, large speakers, lighting 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 no sign of the band, and several groups of people were still engaged in hazy sack competitions. At approximately 8:30 a DJ, named Mark Citlalian 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 too 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 justify decribe their music. They once did a lot of Led Zeppelin 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 a cappella version of "I Didn't Know That I Was That Feisty." There was also 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. Then the encore (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 "Harpoon" 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."
Blazers winding up disappointing season

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

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 persevered 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 unmercifully 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.

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 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, Becky 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 (16.3 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 Cagle was ranked among the leaders in assists, and Ronald Reese was ranked fourth in NCAADivision III for steals.

Volleyball

The Bard men’s volleyball team played their first games over the previous week. Their first match was an unceremonious defeat, 11-15, 2-15, 1-15, at the hands of a reportedly very good Raritan 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, 15-11, 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 Laverford on Sunday. Bard dropped the match 2-8. The wins were scored by fourth seed David Ams, 15-11, 15-13, 18-17, and eighth seed Shereyr Aameed, 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.

Fencing from the stands

Fencing is a very engaging sport, but can also be exhausting 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 5 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 at 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).

In an individual match, 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, white epee and sabre fencers wear plain white jackets. Both foil and epee fencers are "hooked up" during a bout—one end of the cord running from the bottom of the fencer 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. Epee 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 (such), 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 knew very little about sabre, so that will be next week.

Sports Schedule

Volleyball
Fri. 2/19 - home v. Sacred Heart
Sun. 2/21 - at Bridgeport 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 Tournament
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 added to 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 wimp or a 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 these 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 Slab” 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 you are more important than being a man or a woman 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 resolution that change is necessary. 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.

February 17, 1993

Just a little squirrelly

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 in the morning. I swear they even scratch 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 a little 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.

Nervous shaking, I timidly quailed my third-floor pals if they knew of my friends upstairs. “Oh, those guys? Yeah, well, we got used to the scratching a few years ago. So will you.” They said there was nothing to worry about. After all, they figured, I 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 am 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 topped by a small 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, unique students, unique students, unique students.

Last December one of these dedicated teachers, Nacmusic 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 besieged 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 no memories of them violated by the gunmen 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 Nacmusic 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, who was his own unitarian church, and at Simon’s Rock, or give any insight as to who he was at all. Was. Papian time. A beautiful, healthy, happy, 18-year-old, dead. Senseless, senseless 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’ve been 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 only helps 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 regrets that it 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 sound details.

Parker Ramsey

New library continued

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 machine costs $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 changes, so if you put in $1.00, you are the proud owner of 200 photocopies.

Thus far, mention 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 in 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 earl have been waiting for since L’Twill 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 Ephén Glenn Colter-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” there is 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 curriculam 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 Schwaeb 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 responding 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 felt more acidic 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. This is why I assume that she as-

A Dog’s life.

By David Draper

March! How can anybody have snow on the roads? It’s cold. It’s wet. It makes the roads slippery.

John stars snow!

Snowball! You should have seen me inside! I was a little snowball!

The Bard Observer is published every Wednesday while class is in session.

Editorial policy is determined by the Editorial Board under 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 Persons of 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. All material is submitted in the Observer office in the basement of Tennenbaum 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 Sandians, .50 for all others. Personsals are free.

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**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 novel by Franz Werfel. **Olin 202 at 6:30p.** All Austrian films will be subtitled for the German impaired.

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

- **Forum.** If you didn’t like your 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 Woh!** It’s Austrian Film Week and you can celebrate by seeing "Franza" (Xaver Schwarzenberger, 1986). Based on the novel by Ingeborg Bachmann. **Olin 202 at 6:30p.** All Austrian 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 highlight 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.**

- **See ya in Austria!** Why read the novel 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 7:30p.**

- **Student Center Movies!** See "Yaaba," directed by Idrissa Ouédraogo. 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:**
- Rinecliff: Leave at 7:05p, train at 7:41p.
- Roughkeepie: Leave at 6p, train at 7:15p.

**Saturday:**
- Rinecliff, Rhinebeck, Red Hook and Tivoli: Leave at 7a., return at 3p.
- Hudson Valley Mall: Leave at 5:45p, return at 10p.

**Sunday:**
- Rinecliff: Meet 6:05p, 8:15p and 10:29p trains
- Roughkeepie: Meet the 7:38 train
- Church (St. John’s): Leave at 9:45a, return at noon.

Meet all Shuttles behind Kline Commons