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"It is a good thing for an uneducated man to read books of quotations."

—Winston Churchill

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An interview with old "Foulkes" at home

Last Saturday afternoon, Dr. Harold M. Weintraub gave the first Distinguished Scientist lecture of the semester in Olin Auditorium. Dr. Weintraub's lecture was titled, "Genes and Differentiation: How Does an Organism Develop From an Egg?"

Dressed in blue jeans and sneakers (also a shirt and tie), Dr. Weintraub walked on stage to begin his lecture with a quick introduction to the workings of genes and DNA. He explained how DNA is made of base pairs structured in a double helix, and how it is transcribed in the form of RNA. He showed how genes are identified by either antibodies or hybridization of RNA, and how genes could "talk" to each other by sending and receiving hormones. As he talked, he referred to slides flashing on the screen overhead to make his points.

With that much outlined, Dr. Weintraub paused to describe an earlier experiment—"Which," he admitted, "I unfortunately did not perform"—in which the nucleus of a frog cell had been put into a frog egg, whose nucleus had been removed, and the recipient egg had then followed the directions of the nucleus of the first cell, and eventually developed into an adult frog. This much earlier experiment was apparently first done in the 1950s showed that all cells in the body have basically the same genetic material, but develop into very different structures (brain, eyes, liver, etc.). This experiment has served as the focus of Dr. Weintraub's current work.

All of that led up to his main point: that it is gene expression that determines what cells will become, and that changing gene expression will change the cell itself. But this is not just an interesting theory: it's reality. Dr. Weintraub has actually found a master gene called MyoD which can turn various cells into muscle cells. Brain cells, fat cells, pigmentation cells—all of these can be turned into muscle cells when MyoD is expressed in them.

MyoD will only turn cells into muscle cells; it cannot turn them into other kinds of cells, and it cannot turn the newly created muscle cells back into what they once were. But presumably, there are other genes out there waiting to be discovered, that will do the same thing to create other kinds of cells. The eventual possibilities could be fantastic. Imagine turning excess fat cells into muscle cells, or growing extra brain cells. These ideas are slowly moving a little closer to becoming reality, and not just science fiction.

Dr. Weintraub went on to illustrate exactly how MyoD's protein worked—how it activated muscle-specific proteins in a cell, and how it bound itself to each other and receiving hormones. As he talked, he referred to slides flashing on the screen overhead to make his points.

Making muscle from fat

Dr. Harold Weintraub discusses genetics and cell differentiation

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In the month of February, no less than nine automobiles parked on the Bard campus had at least one of their windows smashed in by vandals. With the exception of one incident this past weekend, nothing was stolen from the vandalism. Director of Security Bob Boyce remarked that, "This just seems to be maliciousness; there is no reason for the vandalism except that the perpetrators want to break windows."

Boyce commented that this rash of vandalism "doesn't sound like something common to one or two people." He suspects that it is the work of people riding by in a car of their own, and breaks in the windows with some sort of blunt instrument since no projectiles have been found in the vandalized vehicles.

The incidents have occurred all over campus, and Boyce stated that Security has "no way of knowing" whether it was done by residents or people off-campus. Each of the incidents occurred under cover of darkness, either late at night or very early in the morning.

The vandalism has not been restricted to student vehicles. One faculty car had its window smashed, while another student's car had its windows smashed on two different occasions. The lack of theft along with the vandalism is puzzling; in one incident cash was actually left untouched on the console. The one exception to this trend was last weekend where a car parked at Cruger Village was broken into and the owner's skiing equipment was stolen.

Boyce urges students and other members of the community to contact Security if they see or hear anything out of the ordinary. "Let us check it out," he stressed, and further reinforced the importance of taking down the license plates of suspicious vehicles. "I'd like students to get more involved so we can do our job."

Boyce described an incident last Wednesday when Security was called to respond to student information.

"We were notified that someone was acting strange around Kline Commons at two o'clock in the morning," Boyce said. "We found the individual and, since he was not a member of the Bard Community, we told him to get off campus." When the individual was later discovered trying to get into a dormitory, the sheriff's department was notified, and the person was taken away.

"That's the kind of thing I like to see," commented Boyce. "Let us know if something strange is going on so that we can take care of it."

With the possibility of more snowfall this weekend, Boyce remarked upon the need for students to park their cars legally around campus. "We have towed at least two dozen cars in the last two storms," he explained. "They were illegally parked, and we tried to get in touch with the owners, but alot of vehicles on campus are not registered. There is a $35 charge if Security has to tow your car to the nearest legal parking space, and this difficulty makes the already arduous plowing situation on campus even more problematic."

On Saturday, February 20th, residents of South Hall received a slight scare when postcards on a resident's door were set on fire, absurdly enough in broad daylight. According to security reports, and accounts from South Hall peer counselors, at approximately 12:30 PM, an unknown party set fire to some postcards, and a note was put up on a female resident's door. The resident, who was inside her room, apparently opened the door to go outside when the fire was still burning. When she saw that her door was on fire, she immediately went to get the fire extinguisher and yelled for help. A nearby neighbor subsequently responded and put out the fire before the fire extinguisher was brought. The smoke from the extinguished flames then set off the fire alarm, whereupon security responded.

No witnesses or suspects have been found as of yet, and there was no apparent motive behind this incident. The consensus in the dorm was that it was "just some people being stupid."

In response to that, Bob Boyce, Head of Security, said, "I understand people wanting to act stupid sometimes, but they shouldn't be dangerously stupid." The rather superficial outcome of this incident may make the whole matter seem trivial, but the flames from the postcards did facilitate the fire before the fire extinguisher was brought, and without early detection, the results could have been a lot worse.

Bob Boyce reminds people that this incident is still technically considered a crime, and it is a felony by law. Any person caught in this or similar acts on campus would be brought before the school administration, whereupon they may be compelled to perform a year of community service.

The SLC will conduct an annual light check so it can inform Buildings and Grounds about broken lights and particularly dark areas on campus.

The SLC will contact B&G and E-Mail to F&G about the matter. The final proposal was the potential of a Spring Fest which would involve bands and a day free of classes. The SLC enthusiastically agreed on the idea, but decided that holding a Spring Fest on registration day would be the most feasible option. The SLC will work in conjunction with the Dean of Students office to make this vision a reality.

The first Student Life Committee meeting of the semester was held on Thursday, February 25th and was chaired by Sally Mehrtens. Four new members attended the meeting. Mehrtens stated that the SLC will continue the trend established last weekend. The SLC will start the deliberations of proposed reforms and changes to the Bard student life with a proposal to reconsider the space now called the "dorm room" in the old gym. Mehrtens had been approached by the Billiards Club which desired to use the space currently being used by the SLC. Mehrtens stated that the SLC will be discussing this proposal at the upcoming Student Forum.

The SLC will be considering the possibility of holding a "dorm room" on campus. Mehrtens and the SLC are currently working on a proposal to reconsider the space currently being used by the SLC. The SLC will be discussing this proposal at the upcoming Student Forum.

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One flu over the cuckoo's nest

Why an apple a day doesn't always keep the doctor away

Over the past couple of weeks, Bard has been plagued by the not-so-wonderful flu season. I should know; I had it myself. complete with all of the dreadful symptoms: cough, runny nose, high fever, upset stomach, aches, pains, lack of energy, etc. Anyone who is experiencing it or has had it knows: It is not a pretty sight, and it is a damn awful thing to have to go through! The worst thing is that there is no way of escaping it. If one Bard student catches a bug, you can be pretty certain that the bug is going to be passed on to a dozen or more other students who will pass it on to others. No matter how many apples you eat, it is bound to get around to you sooner or later. Speaking of food, nearly every one eats in Kilmeright! Well, not even sneeze guards are going to keep the germs off for very long. Someone coughing while reaching for a glass could contaminate the entire crate of glasses. Ever think of that? The thought sure does make eating in the cafeteria any more pleasant.

But, who wants to eat when you are lying in bed with a temperature of one hundred and three degrees and feeling like it is colder in your room, under a sweater and three blankets, than it is outside during a snowstorm? Meanwhile, there is just no way of getting over it except to rest and wait, which is not easy when you have classes, work, etc. You can go to Health Services, but the best they will be able to do is take your temperature, listen to your breathing, and send you off with some medicine that will most likely make you drowsy before it starts alleviating any of your illness, and the advice to "drink lots of liquids." Health Services, however, says that there really haven't been that many students coming in with flu symptoms, but rather a lot with upper respiratory—or cold symptoms. One nurse said she "wouldn't call it an epidemic, but rather pretty much what we expect to see this time of year." She also offered the advice that, to avoid spreading colds around, students should wash their hands frequently and cover their mouths when they cough or sneeze. Sounds like something mom would say, but it is good advice nonetheless.

Since the beginning of the semester three hundred and thirty-eight students have been to Health Services for one reason or another. One hundred and thirty-eight of these went in because of upper respiratory problems. Most would rather stay home, but feel just a tiny bit better knowing what is wrong with them. The easiest way, according to The Doctors Book of Home Remedies, to determine if you have a cold or a flu is to examine your symptoms. If it is the flu you will most likely have fever, severe headache, fatigue, aches and severe coughing. If it is a cold you will most likely experience a runny nose, sore throat and a mild to moderate hacking cough. It is the flu, Home Remedies says; Stay Home! The flu "is a very infectious disease that spreads like wild fire."

Also, there is no way to cure the flu or the common cold, but there are ways to combat most of the symptoms. First and foremost—drink lots of liquids; juices are the best option, but avoid orange juice and grapefruit juice if you are feeling nauseous. You can also pat yourself with a cold, wet cloth or take a lukewarm bath to reduce fever. To reduce aches and pains, take two aspirin or Tylenol, ibuprofen, etc. every four to six hours. To relieve a sore or scratchy throat, gargle with salt water as often as possible. Most importantly, however, REST! This is the only way your body will be able to use its own recovery processes.

Distinguished Guest Lecture Series

"Does Central Banking Intervention Increase Volatility of Foreign Exchange Rates?"

This past Friday afternoon at four o'clock at the Jerome Levy Economics Institute of Bard College, Kathryn M. Dominguez, discussed her paper, "Does Central Bank Intervention Increase Volatility of Foreign Exchange Rates?" Dominguez is a Professor of Economics at the J.F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University and NBER, Educated at Vassar and Yale, she has written extensively on foreign exchange.

Banks call intervention anything that involves currency, sales, or purchases in foreign exchange programs. Dominguez believes that people hold three different views about central bank intervention: one group believes that it is dangerous, that it can actually increase volatility; another group is quite optimistic, and still others believe that it is inconsequential. Though intervention is officially supposed to be anonymous, traders can figure out when central banks are in the market early on.

Dominguez made the distinction between non-sterilized and sterilized banking. Non-sterilized banking is an open market which can affect the exchange rate, whereas sterilized banking keeps the monetary base unchanged. Two theories exist as to why sterilized banking has an effect on exchange rates. One is that in changing assets, they ask for returns. The other is the signaling approach—if you believe the central bank has more information than the market, it ought to affect rates.

Dominguez's abstract in her paper reads as follows: Since the abandonment of the Bretton Woods system of fixed exchange rates in the early 1970s, exchange rates have displayed a surprisingly high degree of time-conditional volatility. The volatility can be explained statistically using autoregressive conditional heteroscedasticity models, but there remains the question of the economic source of this volatility. Central bank intervention policy may provide part of the explanation. Previous work has shown that central banks have relied heavily on intervention policy to influence the level of exchange rates, and that these operations have, at times, been effective. The results from GARCH (1,1), AGARCH (1,1), and E-GARCH (1,1) models of the dollar and Mark rate over the period 1985 to 1991 indicate that publicly known Fed and Bundesbank intervention generally decreased volatility over the period. Further, results indicate that intervention need not be publicly known for it to influence the conditional variance of exchange rates. Secret intervention by both the Fed and the Bundesbank generally increased exchange rate volatility over the period.

Prior to 1985, there were very few interventions. The Reagan view was to let the market be the market, to stay out. Then, after 1985, the U.S. decided to intervene once again, devaluing the dollar until it became more stable in 1987.

There is no way to verify why intervention is a secret: all economists know that the central bank has more information than the market. The Spot exchange rate was influenced by information because the Fed knew the monetary policy. The daily change in exchange rates is unpredictable. Is intervention one of the explanations? Intervention occurs when the central bank sees things that they do not like; however, although volatility has a negative impact on exchange rates, secret intervention to reduce the volatility only makes it worse. There is some evidence that intervention had an effect on exchange rates rather than the other way around. Secret intervention has an effect on volatility because it is not secret; it increases volatility and is stabilizing. With secret intervention, it is less clear how the market will react, and because it is more ambiguous, there is more volatility.

Ménage à Trois

Contact: Epher Glatt Colter
Half-hearted handouts

A brief look at the Bard Student Handbook

The Bard College Handbook is distributed to new students every year, and is available for perspective students to peruse. It is the most prominent summary of the physical aspect of Bard as well as student life. The question, however, is whether or not the descriptions are accurate.

Students who have been here awhile clearly remember the imaginary ping pong table supposedly available for student recreation in the Student Center, which is actually just a broken down Old Gym. Many people probably still wondering what ever happened to the proposed television lounge, which was never anything but a locked room that contained tons of broken televisions. The room can now be used by clubs for meetings, but that is not told in the handbook.

Something that is told in the handbook (p.30) is that cable television can be made available (in Tuckahoe, Sands, and all Residential buildings) by making arrangements with the Physical Plant Office. It is true that cable was once available at Bard, but it would be more truthful to say that cable television is no longer available at Bard. The reason? According to the cable company, they can no longer offer their services to campus because of continuous abuse to the system.

The handbook also says that "College buildings are continually being retro-fitted with equipment, and structural changes are being made to reduce the amount of energy wasted and to enhance conservation of energy." It is the policy of the College to keep building temperatures at 65 degrees Fahrenheit. Variations below or above this temperature should be reported to the Physical Plant Office." (page 33). This very well may be true, but why then are the majority of dormitories on campus without insulation? Why hasn't the Physical Plant sent people over to Stone Row to continually retro-fit the dormitory with equipment, and make the constant temperature of 80 degrees or better?

The Student Life Committee was to coordinate with Service Master a policy regarding posters and their removal. This was, of course, after a proposal to enforce the removal of post-dated signs was voted down in a Student Government meeting last semester.

By now, everyone should have realized that there is, and probably always will be, a big problem of misrepresentation at Bard. For instance, the Bard College/Student Handbook constantly refers to the Physical Plant when nearly every community member at Bard refers to it as Building and Grounds, or more appropriately B+G.

There will always be differences in the way people see things, but perspective students should be aware that at Bard, B+G is nothing like actually living at Bard. Current students, who are not satisfied with B+G, could consider a transfer, but it is most probable that things are honestly not much different anywhere else. The administration should consider allowing students to join in the production of next year's student handbook, and everyone should always make an effort to see past propaganda.

Features

News in Brief

The explosion at the World Trade Center was confirmed to be a bomb, but officials still do not know who planted the bomb or how or when the terrorist bomb was used. Meanwhile, a different type of violence occurred on Sunday as the controversial question of religious freedom took violent form in Waco, Texas. A long shoot-out took place when federal agents attempted to enter a cult's compound and arrested the leader Vernon Howell (alias David Koresh) for possession of weapons and explosives. Six people were killed (4 agents and 2 cult members) and several others were wounded. Both sides say the other fired first.

Closer to home, or rather Bard, IBM plans to lay off permanently a total of 6,000 people currently working in Kingston, Poughkeepsie and Fishkill starting Wednesday. The only consolation being offered by the Kingston firm is advice on how to deal with the stress of being unemployed. "1- Don't blame yourself. 2- Get enough food and sleep, but don't drink. 3- Turn to loved ones. 4- Use your skills to find another job even if it means relocation." In addition, The Daily Freeman is offering free "Employment Wanted" classifieds for the month of March.

In Poughkeepsie, residents will now be fined for false fire alarms. This will include malicious false alarms, alarm malfunctions and accidental alarms. The reason for the fine, which will start at $75 for the fourth structural changes needed to reduce the amount of energy wasted and to enhance conservation of energy? And why is it that Manor and Manor Annex seem to be at

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Features

Joan C. Breton
Features Editor

Bard statistics

* More than 138 Bard students have suffered upper respiratory illness symptoms since the beginning of the spring 1993 semester

* During the month of February there have been no less than nine (9) cars which had at least one window smashed

* Last weekend, the movie The Crying Game and Army of Darkness grossed $5.2 and $4.4 million respectively, of which the Observer donated 0.000001%
Another View

"Enough about you, let's talk about me."

by Oscar Figueroa and Ellie Kanos

I never realized how strongly attached I was to the shallow things in life until one dining encounter at Bard. What are the shallow things in life you may ask? Simple. They are absolute necessities no civilized breeder or Miss Thing would even think of passing through life without. From the most fabulous of clothes to checking out Jeff Stryker's manwhore hoe to the cutest shoes to the latest in Eau de Boeing, it's all so incredibly important. Don't get me wrong, I'm no anti-snap fashion queen (well, maybe just a little), it just so happens that I can easily fit through Harper's Bazaar as well as drool over Taylor Branch's Parting the Waters. Therefore I was pleasantly surprised to walk through the Kline coffee shop one day and stumble upon a group of fellow students discussing the gut-wrenching complexities of the Spring designer collections in the new issues of Vogue and Harper's Bazaar.

You see, attending an "enlightened" and "liberal" institution like Bard, that's crammed with progressive ideas for social change, leaves little time to indulge in a chat about fashion or other superficialities. Therefore while sitting back and enjoying a cigarette with my other closet stylists, I felt my veins charge with adrenaline, I felt rejuvenated! For perhaps an hour or two, our talk would whisk us away from rural Liberalism and into the flashiest nightclub in Manhattan where shallowness reigns supreme!

And what exactly did I find? Well, for starters we all agreed that Karl Lagerfeld deserves a round of applause for Chanel's spring collection. Speaking of Chanel, the label's line of cosmetics received mixed reviews. I felt that the entire line was over-priced and the liquid base make-up had a funny metallic odor. "Not so!" claimed the devoted Nicole Delessus, "It's simply the best and besides," glibly adding, "it smells like flowers." When the topic of conversation veered over to the new Mossimo belts, an ebullient Joe Delph couldn't rave enough about them. Candidly adding, "during my last hometown encounter, all I could remember was THAT Belt!" If a belt can generate THAT much pleasure, shouldn't everyone go out and buy one?

Besides the heated argument over whether or not Madonna should get a face lift, and the new Absolut currant-flavored vodka, we enjoyed a relaxing escape from reality. Racking in the illusion of a house music sound-tracked oasis, I was truly grateful for the shallow things in life. "Some day," I thought, "there will be house parties every night and a pair of high heels on every living thing on campus!" But that day would have to wait, for my euphoric visions of an over-stylized world were suddenly shattered when an over-seas main event was canceled at the center of the coffee shop and announced, "Keg party at Albee!!"

Madame the Gypsy Queen's Weekly Horoscopes

Aries (March 21-Apr. 19) Triumphant news! You must never surrender. Even collaborators won't bring you what you want.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) Madame and you share earthly qualities. You must realize that happiness is derived from the juice of a coconut.

Gemini (May 21-June 21) Get your sign tattooed on your arm. Then you can break out your parents and/or guardians. And siblings! Ramadan (June 22-July 22) Anyone would cherish your time, energy and money. But beware anyone who desires money also desires time because time is money.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) Your situation calls for profit and perseverance. Any fringe benefits should be spent on relatives.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Good Luck. Madame knows you need it. After all, your lack of sexual prowess separates you from the rest.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) The gypsy queen wishes you artful delight and times of glee. Don't steal kisses from small furry animals.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22) Zzap! Beware of your temper and passions. Anytime in your way will regret it.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21) Good Luck. You are what you believe. And remember, it is better to look good than to feel good—and you look marvelous.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Elevation makes ordinary routines crazy horses. In other words, if you are wearing elevator shoes you should step lightly.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) Do not let your spirit or body get trapped. Time after time you will look your best.

Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Out of the frying pan into another. Need Madame say more? Your predicament is caused by your inability to resolve your desires for your mother!

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THE BARD OBSERVER

Dead Goat Notes

The Observer staff is not responsible for the opinions in this column. However, no one knows exactly what they were saying at the World Trade Center with a box of high explosives.

Not unlike every budget forum in the history of Bard College, there was some controversy at the last meeting. Some people complained that the Student Association Constitution had so many loopholes cut into that it looked like a diaper. Others complained that their clubs didn't receive enough money while clubs like the Jack-O-Lantern Making Society received enough to fill the Old Gym with pumpkins, which is their goal. Still others complained that the shameless looting of the emergency funds brought pell-mell back into style, after it had gone out with the Gaths and Vandals in ancient Rome.

Much like Rush Limbaugh, I am also overweight and know the way that things ought to be. Although, I am less overweight than Rush and therefore must confine myself to the space that my bulk occupies, that being Bard college, rather than the space that his bulk occupies, that being AM radio.

"The whole problem with student government," I say in my whiny old man voice, "is that there is no committee to enforce the rules.

Yes, our federal government has many agencies to enforce its rules, so why not the student government? Right now the treasurer of the student association could take all the funds and fly off to Tahiti. In fact, he has been flying off to the South Pacific rather frequently, hasn't he? There is nothing we could do about it except whine. Not that Bard students aren't good at whining. That's how I make my livelihood and hope to break into the AM radio market like Rush. But still, I ought to have some way to punish Bard's evildoers other than whining.

First of all, I propose we throw them in Bard Jail. We could use the Club Space in the Old Gym. This is a fine alternative since there is no provision in the Student Association Constitution regarding cruel and unusual punishment like there is in the U.S. Constitution.

Secondly we need an enforcement branch of the student government. We could call it the Student Un-Bardian Activities Committee. And since a recent task force in Albany stated that campus security forces should be allowed to carry weapons, while Bard students are prohibited from carrying weapons, we would have no problems getting lots of friendly cooperation.

Now, the Student Un-Bardian Activities Committee would have to be familiar with all the silly little rules and regulations our bickering student body has passed over the years. This would mean that they could beat anyone of us to tears for saying the F-word instead for First Year Student. We could also get tossed in Bard Jail for saying Student Center instead of Old Gym (yes, this is an actual resolution passed at about the same time as the First Year Student one). A face-full of Mace and we would never again have to worry about the problem of club budgets being submitted with less than the requisite amount of fine trampers.

I've always been a big law and orderian. I watch "Cop's" every day and I have most of the "Traget" episodes on tape. Of course, this means that I would be the logical decision for chairperson.

Besides, I'm the only student at Bard that's conservative enough to believe in my constitutional right to bear arms, especially the kind that go through bullet-proof vests and fire walls of lead in just a few minutes.

My handpicked staff of elite officers would gladly rid this campus of drug-smokers, club-meetings-at-the-same-time-as-the-forum-schedulers, "Freshman" utters, supply side economists, etc. Sure we might have to deal with the occasional lawsuit when a gun is fired into the face of someone who said, "Meet me at the Student Center" when we very well know it is the Old Gym.

We might even be able to replace campus security since most of the students know what did what around here and security doesn't. For instance, I know who has master keys, who writes "Quinta" everywhere, and I have a few leads on the World Trade Center thing. Bob Boyer can't even figure out who is going to steal his computer Friday between the hours of 2:00 and 3:00 a.m.
Shameless Filler!

When I was in fifth grade, I was put into a program for "gifted" students. Recently, they tackled me down and asked me to send them a brief summary of my educational and professional progress. Here's my reply:

I apologize for the tardiness of this reply. The past weeks have proved very hectic for myself and my colleagues; we have finally finished the first complete issue of the Bard Linguistic Philosophy Journal, and it goes to print within the month. As Managing Editor of the journal and co-author of two articles, the last four months have been a trial. And tomorrow I leave for Arizona to shoot my small role in Outer Dark Street, the next motion picture by Ethan Coen. So I have a few hours in which to run off a quick note about what has happened in my life in the last few years.

Middle school and the first two years of high school were an unremarkable period of my life in terms of education. Everybody had stormy adolescence. Towards the end of my sophomore year, though, I began going without sleep for periods of three days at a time, concentrating only on my drama projects. I stopped drinking fluids of any kind, except for bottled mineral water and dinner coffee. I was heading for a severe mental breakdown. Only through the help of my brilliant therapist, Harry P. Dunne, Jr., and the devotion of Duncan, my lover, did I finally emerge from my depression. The manic fits, and the self-destruction, my acting in the school productions became the most important part of my life. Without my family knowing, I stopped attending classes, began working nights at the Light Fluid Bottling Plant in Croton, New York, and returned to school in time for rehearsal. It stands as the pride of the rest of my life.

After my triumphant performance as the title role in Aristophanes' Lysistrata (performed in the classical men-as-women style), I left Starmord, vowing never to return. Duncan had joined the Peace Corps and was off for Guadalajara. I had lost my last friend to drugs, my mother had become an Amway salesperson, and my car broke down.

I was off to Los Angeles to pursue a career as a waiter, acting when I couldn't find work to bolster my income. I was lucky enough to win the lottery once every three weeks or so, so I did not need to compromise my ambitions. Meanwhile, I pursued my hobby of collecting biblical artifacts and got my GED. Then, in late September 1989, a restaurant agent from New York city spotted me and offered me a part-time job at the Trattoria Dell-Arte restaurant in the City. It was my big break. The New York Times even ran a short article (October 7, 1992), in its section, p. 1 col. 3). My job was wonderful and exciting. There I met Leon Botstein, president of Bard College, who was dining with Peter Schickele and John Tatro. The latter introduced me to the Coen brothers, who have used me in small parts in their films Miller's Crossing and Barton Fink. Mr. Botstein convinced me that it was in my best interest to attend Bard College, ushering in its new and rejuvenated program, which he hoped to run in conjunction with the Culinary Institute of America, in Hyde Park. It was a difficult, but I agreed when he offered me full scholarship and guaranteed fellowship. He also left a 25% tip.

The next year, after the now famous "Amstink, Incident" (which I am forced to bring up against all the undue media attention it earned me), I arrived at Bard, and became renowned for offering free intimate workshops and palm readings while consuming each acreage. I donated my several hundred biblical fragments to the Kellogg Library, and decided to pursue acting as a hobby again. This attracted attention from my studies as a restaurateur, and I soon found myself spending more time discussing my ideas about linguistic philosophy with newly hired professor Gary Hayberg. He and I designed a course of study involving the latter philosophy with Wittgenstein, the unrecognition of J.L. Austin, and the more well-known works of Rorty, Grice, and Ayer, to name but a few. Despite threats of disassociation and fire-fishing by Mr. Botstein, I have since abandoned the restaurant studies department for philosophy and the Linguistic Quarterly. Now I am engaged in my senior project, a study of the psycholinguistic language of the San Francisco's culture, with a particular emphasis on the way that humor works in language.

My on-campus activities include my work as a troubleshooter at the Henderson Computer Resources Center, suicide hotline operator, columnist for The Bard Observer, head shirter for the Bard Campus Feminist movement, and volunteer for several sexually confused young men and women. In between semesters, I tour the country giving lectures on mental health and how to recognize it. I have caught four flies so far, and done freelance accounting. I hope to pursue my philosophy studies through the graduate school. When I receive my doctorate, I hope to become a freeman.

by Matt Gilman


PLEASE TAKE NOTICE—DO NOT CALL THE ABOVE NUMBER. The Bard Observer has investigated the above "cruise ship" job placement and found it to be a telephone scam. We are still running their classified (since we already billed them) so as to not let them know we're on to them. Federal authorities have already been notified.

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

Both cars, both small station wagons, with almost no rust after 9 winters. A few small flaws, but overall very early model, $200. TV, b/w, medium sized, speakers, radio, manuals, $50. $100. Full set of recorders, sopranino to bass, very early model, rarely used. I'll sell individually too. ($100.)

Armstrong flute, great tone. Computer, accurate. Call Dave, Fisher turntable, Onkyo amp and speakers, $200. $500 or best offer, it's yours when I leave on June 28th. Call 283-4000.

TO GRAD SCHOOL SALE: EVERYTHING MUST GO! Go! Refrigerator, bar size, $30. Fish tank, Onkyo amp and speakers, $100 (will sell individually too). Armstrong flute, great tone. $75. Played very rarely by a little old lady who had asthma. Full set of recorders, soprano to bass, valuable, asking $300 (a steal). Computer, very early model, w/2 ext drives, disks, computer manuals, $50. TV, b/w, medium sized, $20. Underwood manual typewriter, free. And FAITHFUL CAR, very reliable Dodge Aries small station wagon, with almost no rust after 9 winters in upstate NY, many new parts, please contact box 571.

I'll write back soon. Thanks for writing. Sorry about the broken lollipop. I miss you! Love Always Your Sister, Jeana.

I feel hurt Steph. You put in ads for Luis & Kelvin but not for me. I feel hurt.

We're still working on the geography of the egg that determines which genes are expressed at any given point, and thus what the cells will become. And on this point, Dr. Weintraub said: "If you voted for Ointon, then the question is no longer relevant. The majority of the implications of his work were. The last question that was put to Dr. Weintraub asked whether the success of his work meant that there was "the possibility of a Brave New World."

Dr. Weintraub asked: "in my opinion, something that we should be doing. Just for making people better ... I think that is a political question." "Thank you," he added a moment later, as the audience broke into applause.

by Matt Gilman

March 5, 1993
by S. Martin

Karaoke has come to Bard! A lot of people are paying lip service to what they want to hear, be heard, and be repeated. "I am not racist!" Well for all of you so quick to draw such a frustrating cliché, you're probably right. You're just a pain in the ass. So go over to 'Ole Shady Acres across the road and have a nice stiff drink of denial on me. Use your fake ID. Usually I prefer people to be upfront and tell me that I am inferior to them so I don't have to waste my time hoping for the best. Now back to Bard reality.

I am tired of having to deal with black people who are nervous when white people want to communicate, identify and congregate with their community. If you gotta bail it up in our business 24/7... YOU HAVE A PROBLEM. But more importantly, you are making yourself our problem. And we have enough of them. We don't need to be worrying about hearing anyone's feelings by asking them to give us our space as we define it. It's either jingle fever, cultural overdose, or paranoid schizophrenia ANYWAY.

I am tired of being feared as a hostile trying because I need my space with my people. I'm tired of the uptight white person look from low-down ignorant black people who don't have a fucking clue—and don't want one. What am I talking about? I'm saying that most black people want to enjoy the comfort and politeness of white people without having to confront their personal position of being black. Like it or not. For better or for worse. Till death do us part. And they usually can't take it when a white person points out their racism, assuming they get brownie points for just trying. Check please.

Reality check... And those private little reckonings you just had to go show Y-O-U why I got tired of ignorant insensitive people getting in my face and telling me they are not racist (or that I am racist). Actions should speak louder than words. I should know, being an activist. And if it meets one more passive-aggressive at Bard I think I'll lose my goddamn mind. I am so sick of the hierarchy of oppression bullshit that I want to vomit. And I wanna know something. Don't black people think that white people talk to each other on this campus? I mean really. Don't you think we talk about our color complexes? Don't you think we discuss who the racist assholes are? Don't you think white people talk about their dinner parties or that we insert those warm soothing emojis into their classes just so we can get through them before they shit on us? Don't you think we are smart enough to realize the real perpetrators in our classrooms are the very same students who have the nerve to smile and say "Was that racist?" with the same ease and air of "Who farted?"... If you as a black person—or as an African-American, or as a whatever fancy language-enabling you thing you want to call yourself these days—are not interested in our issues as European Americans, then just GET OUTTA OUR WAY! If you want dinner conversation tune into BET in between your MTV and VH1. Don't be polite and pretend you are helping when you are really not helping at all, but hedging to the status quo.

You are afraid of white people like me because you know I'm one of the Honkeys Black People Love to Hate (and just alter). You know I will do what has to be done WITHOUT-Y-O-U. Do I make myself clear? Clear, not invisible, because you do not have a choice about having to watch us fight anymore. So don't do anything for me. Nothing. Nada. Do it for yourself or not at all. Don't do me any favors—don't come to this speaker or tolerate that. I want you to show up and realize what I'm doing. I know I will do what has to be done WITHOUT-Y-O-U. Do I make myself clear? Clear, not invisible, because you do not have a choice about having to watch us fight anymore. So don't do anything for me. Nothing. Nada. Do it for yourself or not at all.

I am tired of having to be nice to black people. Pack your feelings and fuck you too. Because I know what is said behind closed doors when nobody of color is looking. Your "real" friends tell me Y-O-U tell me by the way you continue to act in my presence. So if you don't like being called— or rather identified as—a black American, stop acting and thinking like one. The next step is to work on the rest of 'em. 'Cause if you haven't realized that being black in America is just like being a recovering alcoholic, a life-long process, then you ain't learned shit.

None of the above statements reflect actual opinions I may have. Doesn't the reversal of color shed a new light on Ephen's arguments, however? I was born with the skin I wear. I did not earn it through racism or activism, and I cannot be held responsible for the actions of other people of my race. I have not committed their crimes.

The above is written entirely in Ephen's words, except for the inversion of colors. I left out the parts concerning Black History Month and the parts which did not lend themselves to this experiment. I also left out the end, feeling I would have to invent racial slurs in order to paraphrase Ephen's. To all those people of color who agree with Ephen, I have a request. Come walk with me in the sun when you have given up your hate; we shall look at our shadows together, and I guarantee that you shall see no difference in shade.

Am I racist?

...I want black people to stop trying to impress me with how bip and "nonracist" they are. And I want them to realize the significance of their fear and anger when they realize I'm not impressed or fooled.

I want folks to get their shit together and own it. Freud can tell you about some shit.

I want the people—black, white and otherwise—who don't have time to do me and my perspective, my cultural criticism, my shared experience—and anyone else for that matter—to shut-the-fuck up and get outta my face. Ignore me. It is as easy as ignoring sexism, classism, regionalism, nationalism and fascism. It is as easy as not busting your tray and assuming "someone else" will do your dirty work. It is as easy as justifying stealing from the bookstore, stealing from dorms, or stealing deKline's sound system. Easy as a piece of the American pie.

I am tired of having to be nice to black people. Pack your feelings and fuck you too. Because I know what is said behind closed doors when nobody of color is looking. Your "real" friends tell me Y-O-U tell me by the way you continue to act in my presence. So if you don't like being called—or rather identified as—a black American, stop acting and thinking like one. The next step is to work on the rest of 'em. 'Cause if you haven't realized that being black in America is just like being a recovering alcoholic, a life-long process, then you ain't learned shit.

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THE BARD OBSERVER

March 5, 1993

8

Arts & Entertainment

Peacebomb plays Poughkeepsie

Bard graduate's band gets their chance

"As the second millennium of waiting for judgement last draws to a close, the time calls out for a new music to sing its passing. A music that has digested all that came before it and is still hungry. A music that has re-invented itself so completely that it is fresh and buoyant enough to keep our heads bobbing above the rising stagnant tide of human history. A music that speaks, and yet somehow remains poised above the abyss of post-modern paradox; it is time for a band called PEACEBOMB."

This excerpt is from the information packet I received when I agreed to review a concert last Friday night. The show was a triple bill of local bands including La Vista Hotheads and the Bands, and PEACEBOMB. Being unfamiliar with the music, knowing only that the guitarist for PEACEBOMB, Dan McBride, was a 1988 graduate of Bard, and reading a flyer like that, I was—to say the least—unaware of what to expect. When I arrived at McBride before the concert, I was impressed with his eloquence and intelligence. Equally as convincing was the local music scene and local musicians as he is on musical terminology and the business aspect of being in a band. McBride displayed a variety of interests and a sense of responsibility to his craft.

Regarding music, he cites Phish, a band with whom he grew up in Sudbury, Massachusetts, as people whom he admires and whose business sense he in some ways hopes to emulate. Though definitely a musician, McBride does not conform to the stereotype of the guitarist who only wants to create, and has no interest in anything but making music. He does much of the group's publicity, and generally keeps himself involved. It seems that PEACEBOMB's indescribable sound grows out of their unique creative process. They do not write songs with the typical 'verse/chorus/bridge' construction, but if they're anything like this one I'll have to rent their own. This is the music for all of you who stay up til 4am drinking beer, eating cold pizza, and watching really bizarre horror movies on cable types. The plot is thin, the characters are shallow, the scripting is just plain odd, and the special effects are grotesquely self-indulgent.

What can I say—it's wonderful. The hero, a guy with a chainsaw where his right hand used to be, is transported back in time by the power of that legendary cursed book, the Necronomicon. Once there, he must battle an army of the undead led by his own evil twin, and try to get back to his own time and his job in the Housewares department at M-Smart. I recommend going to see this with about twenty of your closest friends, on a night when the theatre will be crowded. Being slightly inebriated wouldn't hurt, either. A new low in cinematic self-indulgence, but a good drive-in movie should do and then some. Playing at the Kingston mall theatre. Hail to the King, Baby!

The Crying Game and Army of Darkness

An exploration of extremes

Well, for those of you who haven't already been sucked into the economic swirling word-of-mouth popularity already, Neil Jordan's The Crying Game has finally been put out in major release. Until now, you could only see the film many are naming as the best film of '92 in those arby, small foreign film-type places, but the Crying Game was just too good to keep bottled up. Neil Jordan has created a really believable drama, with a powerful plot and characters who can't be ignored. What should be ignored, however, is all the hype about the film's "Big Secret"—the "secret" that everyone babbles on about is not that big a deal, and it's too bad that so many people are overlooking the wonderful story, direction and acting to treat this like a "Gimmick" movie. This is simply the advertisement industry's attempt to find a hook, a selling point to draw people into theatres, and has very little to do with the way the movie works.

The Crying Game is not about gimmicks; it's about life, love, hate, all that great stuff. The characters are wonderful and believable, and the acting superb, most notably that of Stephen Rea (the main character), Forrest Whitaker and Jaye Davidson. The pace is quick but relaxed, surprising but never overwhelming. The film was made on location in Ireland and London, and the setting serves greatly to enhance the mood of the film. There's not much more to say about it without summarizing the plot, except that if you like movies, the Crying Game is one not to miss. It does everything a movie should do, and does it well. Playing at the Kingston mall theatres.

Our second pick of the week is an extravaganza of cinematic achievement, a veritable plethora of artistic expression. Not, I speak of, course, about Sam Raimi's Army of Darkness, the third film of the Evil Dead series. Myself I have not seen either of the first two movies in the series, but if they're anything like this one I'll have to rent them soon. This is the movie for all of you who stay up til 4am drinking beer, eating cold pizza and watching really bizarre horror movies on cable types. The plot is thin, the characters are shallow, the scripting is just plain odd, and the special effects are grotesquely self-indulgent.

What can I say—it's wonderful. The hero, a guy with a chainsaw where his right hand used to be, is transported back in time by the power of that legendary cursed book, the Necronomicon. Once there, he must battle an army of the undead led by his own evil twin, and try to get back to his own time and his job in the Housewares department at M-Smart. I recommend going to see this with about twenty of your closest friends, on a night when the theatre will be crowded. Being slightly inebriated wouldn't hurt, either. A new low in cinematic achievement, does everything a bad drive-in movie should do and then some. Playing at the Kingston mall theatre. Hail to the King, Baby!
The Bard coed men’s volleyball team is in the midst of an outstanding season. Coach Carla Davis and her team have earned a record of 5-5 to this point and appear to be getting better all the time. Five wins is quite an accomplishment for a team that had only two wins all of last year.

This past Saturday, Bard played two matches at home against Mount Saint Vincent and Baruch College. In the first match, despite playing down a level, Bard handily defeated Mount Saint Vincent by scores of 15-5, 15-10, and 15-2. Mount Saint Vincent has fallen victim to the Bard team three times since the beginning of the season, each time by increasingly lopsided scores. Using Saint Vincent as a measuring stick, the team appears to be improving as the season progresses.

After defeating Mount St. Vincent, the Blazers had a record of 5-5, the best record for the volleyball team in a really long time. Bard then faced a strong Baruch team, totaling 11 kills, 5 assists and 4 blocks. Salazar leads the team in all offensive categories and is having a terrific rookie season. Team captain, junior Eric Johnson had 6 kills, 3 blocks, and 5 on the day. Senior Holly Sindelar led the team with 14 assists.

Volleyball team improving with every match

By sheer coincidence, I happened to be travelling in the same automobile returning from Kingston as Jason ‘That’s All’ Foulkes, one of the new stars of Bard’s most successful varsity team of late, the Volleyball squad. I thought it a perfect opportunity to ask him a few questions about how he felt the season was going. Enquired if he didn’t mind an impromptu interview, and if he didn’t mind a few bucks. The answer to both questions was “no”, so I began to pester him.

I asked him what he thought the biggest ingredient was in the team’s improvement over last year. He replied, “Well, I think the biggest reason for our success was the change in coaches from Willie Davis to coach Carla Davis [no revelation—ed.]. Carla is more fundamentals-oriented coach and a lot more stringent. I get along with her really well.”

I asked Jason what he thought of the team’s performance the previous Saturday, splitting two games against an undermanned Mount St. Vincent team and a powerful Baruch squad. “We were never really ‘in’ the second game, against Baruch. The first game was a little too slow for us, a mismatch, and when we finally played Baruch, we were just overpowering. We should have done better than we did, but we never made it to that level of play. Most of our mistakes were fundamental team errors.”

Indeed, Jason “Just Plain” Foulkes is very much the team player. He has a specific role as a switch-in blocker, and he does it to the best of his abilities, without complaining. When I asked him if there was a particular personal achievement of his own in a game that he remembers as pivotal or particularly exciting, nothing specific came to mind. Just playing the role he’s assigned is enough for him. Finally, I asked him what he thinks the future holds for the Bard Volleyball team. “I see us coming together very nicely. I think as the season goes on we’ll begin to gel even more, and I look forward to our being true contenders next season. That’s when it’ll all come together.”

Coach Carla Davis confers with her team on strategy against Baruch College.
Bardophobia
by Matthew Apple

Language can be a scary thing. Some people use language to convince others that they should believe a certain way; some use language to express their feelings and thoughts on certain issues; some use language to provoke discussion of touchy topics. Many students at Bard realize that language can be a very powerful tool to promote their agendas, so people do actually read the Observer and are affected by what they read. After all, that is one of the purposes of the Observer’s existence—to promote discussion and conversation within the Bard community.

But what happens when a writer does not want to promote discussion? What if someone prefers to lambast any and everyone possible, insulting and degrading those perceived to be in opposition to personal beliefs? Discussion is only possible if all parties involved are capable of conducting a rational argument, drawing support for their ideas from their powers of reasoning. Falling back upon emotionally charged words and phrases inhibits debate. Attacking large groups of people promotes misguided anger and abuse, even fear of response.

It is the fear of discussion that is the most dangerous result of emotional assaults. When people are afraid that, no matter how or when they say, they will be immediately attacked and slandered, discussion cesses. Ideas and thoughts are not shared, people withdraw into their shells, separating from the rest of humanity, becoming more bitter, cynical and contemptuous of any idea that isn’t exactly like their own. Fear of discussion, fear of rebuttal, fear of even writing—the exact opposite of what Bard’s aroused goal as a college and a community is.

Regardless of what a person writes in the Observer, they have every right to say what they want. They have every right to believe what they say, if that is in fact the case. Those writers who have respect for signing their names to their articles, and the students who responded to such articles also have empathy for wishing to have their names withheld. In my opinion, their reasons for desiring to remain anonymous are not sufficient to warrant withholding names—but I do understand their reasons. At Bard, ideas that are not PC are not only repressed, they are attacked with a vengeance. The fear that the holders of non-PC opinions will be immediately and verbally and socially abused does not positively about the Bard community as a whole. This kind of attitude does not a united community make, and it is an attitude that we could do without.

Smoking disappointment
Dear Editor,

I was disappointed that not a single student attended the smoking cessation presentation and discussion on Wednesday Feb. 24 at noon in the committee room at Kline. This presentation was sponsored jointly by Human Resources, the Athletic Department, and the Student Health Service in order to help students, staff, and faculty who have a cigarette smoking addiction. A lack of awareness about the program was not the problem because there was adequate advertising and both faculty and staff were represented.

Student cigarette smoking is the number one factor in student morbidity (illness) on this campus. Smokers are five times more likely to develop respiratory infections than nonsmokers. But students know that as well as all the other health risks associated with smoking. I am going to assume that most student smokers simply do not have any desire to quit. This is tough news to one who is dedicated to health education.

I realize that quitting smoking is a frightening idea to the smoker. We addressed that and many other issues smokers face during the presentation. I can try to help student smokers, but only if there is a little desire to be a nonsmoker. Students who have ideas as to how the Health Service can better approach this sad and deadly addiction can contact me.

Sincerely,
Marsha R. Davis F.N.P. Student Health Service.

I miss SM ACES
Dear Editor,

I have had to make many adjustments upon moving to Las Cruces. Some of them have been pleasant—like adjusting to 65 degree Januarys. Others have offended me—like adjusting to border patrol checkpoints of people and cars. However, the biggest adjustment that had to be made was dealing with intolerance.

While I was back east over winter break, two men wandered into a local restaurant wearing T-shirts that said “AIDS = KILLLOS DEAD” and “ANAL INFLECTED DEATH SENTENCE.” When a homosexual man blew them a kiss in response, he was beaten up. Now I’m not so naive as to believe that this is the only time a gay bashing had occurred in this country. What has shocked me is the response that has appeared in many local papers.

Although many people have written to the NMSU Round-Up and the Las Cruces Sun News to express indignation, there has been a strong current of people defending these actions. One person phoned up Sound Off (a feature in the Sun News) to inquire as to where he could get those T-shirts. Another really intelligent person wrote a letter to the Round-Up concluding, “Two thumbs up for the gay bashers.” Don’t get me wrong, I support fully the right for these people to express those opinions. I just can’t believe that they’re so dumb that these are their opinions.

While thinking about this, I have been reflecting back upon my days at Bard. While Bard politics can be divisive, the degree of intolerance there is amazing. Groups like SM ACES and events like the Manna Project are prime examples of this. Not everyone at Bard likes them, but the debate is always along the lines of whether they are the best expense of Conversation funds, as opposed to whether they should exist. SM ACES didn’t hear that Matt Apple would beat them up, they feared that his team might beat them in softball (We didn’t).

What it boils down to is that I don’t think a group like SM ACES could form here (New Mexico State), and believe it or not, I miss that. While I never was their biggest supporter, I always was glad that they could exist and cause no more problems than a softball rivalry. Now that I go to a school that would not sponsor the Manna Project, I find that one of my beliefs has changed.

I no longer feel that groups like ACT UP and Queer Nation are useless. The problem is that they are in the wrong place. Let’s face it, most Bard students are not going to have problems with another student’s sexuality. However, a Kiss-In at the Village Inn (site of the gay bashing) just might open some eyes. Therefore I hereby send out an invitation to all members of BAGLE and SM ACES. Come on down to Las Cruces. The weather is perfect for an outdoor same sex smooch fest. Bring your friends and make a picnic out of it. I can see the offended responses in Sound Off now...

David “ZZYXZ” Steinberg ’92
Las Cruces, NM

Bulletin Board
Dear Editor,

I would like to point out an error made in the description of the Student Run Bulletin Board Service (SRBBS). The Bulletin Board number is 752-7349. For Information please call Fred at 752-7336 or Neal at 752-7115.

Thank you,
Fred Foure
To the Editor:

Joan Tower is one of the few people who have changed the direction on my life. I studied with her from the beginning of my sophomore year through the completion of my senior project here at Bard. I have never met a professor who invested more effort in getting to know, understand, help, and inspire both the students and the faculty she worked with on a daily basis. Under her leadership the Bard music department has experienced a meaningful transformation, as any music student will tell you.

As a member of the infamous population of Bard graduates "living in the area for a year or two", I am well aware of the recent controversy surrounding the re-hiring of Leo Smith, and I too have read the barrage of posters attacking both my former department, and current friend.

This issue has been dealt with competently and responsibly by both Frederick Hammond, in a letter posted around the Bard campus, and Matthew Apple in the pages of the Bard paper, and thus much of what I originally intended to say would now be repetitive. If you have not read what they have written I urge you to do so.

Though it seems clear that the allegations of the music department's backward ways, and of its chairperson's racism are already being dismissed, and accurate and honest information is being accepted in their stead, it is also clear that these allegations have done considerable damage, both to the department, and to Joan, who after recommending the conversion to tenure track of the college's only African American male professor has been accused of ethnic discrimination and referred to as the "Ivy Tower".

One of the posters contained this alleged quote from a letter Joan's: "Leo was born in the Mississippi Ghetto's, and I think he has found a treasure chest at Bard." I was privileged to examine the letter, and, strangely enough, under my eyes the quote read: "Leo loves to teach and I think that he has found a treasure chest at Bard." (The letter, incidentally, was one requesting Leo's conversion from visiting half-time status to half-faculty status and filled with insightful praise for him.)

Taking quotes out of context, not to mention distorting and distorting them, is a powerful tool for propaganda sometimes more interesting and often more ruthless than the truth. It works for Hollywood advertisement. It works for ultra-right wing ploying bashings organizations. Perhaps the only difference is that these people tend not to act anonymously. Please, don't get me wrong. I don't think I'd sign my name either if I publicly called a prominent full time professor and department head (not to mention composer already being written about in history books) racist, or anything else for that matter, without making any effort to substantiate my claims. Why take the sweet tastes of mob mentality and misinformation with the tart and last minute of personal responsibility?

It is sad, and ironic, that such has become the case.

To the person or persons behind this mess, I would only say that what you have done is clearly not commendable, and required little thought and less courage. At this point, courage could only take the form of a written (and signed) apology.

Daniela Sonnenberg '92

The Bard Observer

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Letters to the Editor and Personalized Classifieds must not exceed 500 words and must be typed 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 Ten Eyck or through campus mail by 5 p.m. Friday one week before the publication date. All letters are subject to editorial discretion.

Classifieds: Free for Bardians, $5 for all others. Personalized is fee. Display ads: contact the Ad Manager.

Bard College
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March 5, 1993

Letters

An apology is past due

To The Editor:

To the person or persons behind this mess, I would only say that what you have done is clearly not commendable, and required little thought and less courage. At this point, courage could only take the form of a written (and signed) apology.

Daniel Sonnenberg '92

The Bard Observer

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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 editorial which appears unsigned are those of the Editorial Board and not necessarily of the Observer staff. Any opinions which are signed do not necessarily represent those of the Observer or its staff.

Letters to the Editor and Personalized Classifieds must not exceed 500 words and must be typed 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 Ten Eyck or through campus mail by 5 p.m. Friday one week before the publication date. The Editor reserves the right to edit all articles and to accept those intended for the Another View page for style and length.

Classifieds: Free for Bardians, $5 for all others. Personalized is fee. Display ads: contact the Ad Manager.

Bard College
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**FRIDAY, MARCH 5**

- **Wool you, won't you?** Wool cable-knit sweaters will be sold today. Outside Kline Commons.

- **Student Center Movies!** Kick back and watch the Film Committee's presentation of "Proof." Directed by Jocelyn Moorehouse. Old Gym, 7p for non-smokers and 9p for smokers.

- **Financing Prosperity into the 21st century.** A conference at the Jerome Levy Institute of Bard College marking the 60th anniversary of the banking crisis of 1933. Conference started Thursday, February 4th and continues until Saturday, February 6th.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 6**

- **Coach of the Holy Sacrament.** A play by Bard Prof. William Driver and Arthur Burrows. Directed by William Driver. 8p in the Scene Shop Theatre every day until March 9.

- **Shuttle to New York** See the glory that is Grand Central Station. Van leaves from behind Kline at 10p. Returns at 7p. Limit nine people. Sign up in Dean of Students Office.

**SUNDAY, MARCH 7**

- **Slavic songs.** The Russian Studies Club will host a performance by the Middlebury Slavic Choir. Olin Auditorium, 2p.

- **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.

- **Physical Evidence.** A fascinating exhibition of paintings, sculptures and photographs (and works in between) by six young New York artists, is now on view in the Proctor Art Center. Curator and Bard Alumna, Molly Sullivan, will host an artist's symposium at 4p in Olin 102. Followed by a reception in Proctor. All are invited.

- **Coach of the Holy Sacrament.** A play by Bard Prof. William Driver and Arthur Burrows. Directed by William Driver. 8p in the Scene Shop Theatre with a 3p matinee.


**MONDAY, MARCH 8**


- **Women's Center Meeting.** Come help get things rolling for the semester. (March is Women's History Month) 6p. In Kline's committee Room.

- **Observer Meeting.** Write, take pictures, draw cartoons or wear silly hats made of newspaper at 6:30p in the basement of Tewksbury.

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

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

**TUESDAY, MARCH 9**

- **The Revolution will not be a re-run.** It will be live. at 12-12:30p in Kline Commons Committee Room when BRACE hold a discussion of Neo-Marxist modes of production.

- **Dichterlesung.** Swiss writer Thomas Hurlimann will read from his works in German. In Olin 102 at 7p.

- **Christian Fellowship meeting.** Bible study, prayer and spiritual nourishment. Meetings every Tuesday at 7:30p. In the Bard Chapel.

**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10**

- **German Table in Kline's College Room 5:30p.**

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

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

**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: Leave at 9:45a, return at noon.
  (St. John's)

Meet all Shuttles behind Kline Commons