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—Jeana

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Economics and the Presidency

The Honorable Michael Dukakis lectures at Levy Institute

"If I knew anything about politics, we'd be having this meeting in the East Office of the White House," joked Michael Dukakis, in his lecture at the Jerome Levy Economics Institute last Thursday. A former governor of Massachusetts and Democratic presidential nominee in 1988, Dukakis is now a Visiting Distinguished Professor of Political Science at Northeastern University. His talk focused on the impact the Presidency has on the nation's economy, and how current policies of the Federal Reserve Bank create problems with that control.

Dukakis said that since Franklin D. Roosevelt, American presidents have been forced to assume more and more responsibility for managing the economy. Kennedy and Johnson did their best in the 1960's to "fine tune" the economy, operating in part from the economic theories of John Maynard Keynes.

By the 1970's, Richard Nixon was forced to admit that "We are all Keynesians" as he did what he thought was best to guide the economy. However, by the time Jimmy Carter became President, runaway inflation and stagnant growth rates forced the government to push up interest rates, and "drive the country into a recession."

The "voodoo economics" of the Reagan years claimed that temporary deficits would foster economic growth. "George Bush inherited the consequences," said Dukakis. "It was like Reagan had a party and Bush got left to do the dishes."

Dukakis claimed that the economy was the issue that got Bill Clinton elected President. Even though professional economists may doubt the actual effect or even possibility of the President actually managing the economy, Dukakis thinks that the American people nevertheless hold the president accountable.

In June of 1992, Clinton released a detailed economic plan that he would implement if he was elected president. It promised three goals: stimulate the economy with government spending, reduce the deficit in half over four years (by cutting spending and raising taxes on the wealthy), and "close the investment gap" concerning technology, infrastructure and education.

Dukakis argued that if the President's plan has, if nothing else, "a greater psychological effect" on people in the short term. He insisted that even detailed actions by Presidents will fail to have a precise result in specific sectors of the economy. However, there is another government body that has a more severe impact on the economy.

The Federal Reserve Bank, as the nation's central bank, determines interest rates for the nation. Members of the Federal Reserve are appointed by the President, but do not end their appointment when a new President is elected.

Dukakis, like many other observers of...
The final Student Forum of the '93-'94 academic year was held last Wednesday evening, and after three hours of nominations, questions and general voting confusion, nineteen students were elected to various positions.

The most hotly contested positions were the four (well, actually three, more on that in a moment) seats on the Student Judiciary Board. Responsible for hearing and ruling on cases between students, nine individuals were nominated for these positions. After considerable, if occasionally sophomoric, questioning from those in attendance, four students were elected.

Reuben Pillsbury, a current member of the SJB, was re-elected and Mostafizur Shah Mohammad, who has been an alternate on the Board, received a full position. New members elected to the SJB were Mahajabib Podamski, and Simon Marcus who promised to "represent a face of Bard that is often over looked."

However, once these elections were completed, a member of the SJB who was elected two months ago realized that the Forum had just voted to replace her position. There were only three, not four, full spots available.

After the chair of the SJB, Kapil Gupta, admitted his error, debate then centered on whether or not to hold the entire election over again. One more alternate position still needed to be filled, and the Central Committee voted to replace the alternate position to Podamski, who had garnered the lowest votes of the four elected. Once someone went unnoticed, Podamski accepted the alternate position. The entire affair took over an hour to elect four people.

Other elections included seats on the Student Life Committee, Planning Committee and the Educational Policies Committee. Out of five candidates for Student Life positions, Malcolm Little, Debbie Sheppardson and John L. Leo were elected.

An almost entirely new Planning Committee was chosen from a field of seven candidates: Malia DuMont, Cree Nevin, Milford Roseborough, and Justice Black received positions.

Reuben Pillsbury was also re-elected in hispost on the Committee, but since he was the newly elected Planning Committee Chair, an emergency Forum will be held this week to fill the vacant position.

In the Educational Policies Committee only one election was held for two modified students in the Social Studies Division. Josh Ledwell and Jennifer Abrams emerged from the four students nominated. In the Literature department, Sheldon Greene and Robin Jacobs ran unopposed, as did Luis Alcazar-Roman and Stanislav. Dana Roark was nominated to one of the Arts positions, and the other representative to that division will be elected at the Emergency Forum as well.

Besides the elections, the Forum also passed three resolutions. Two of these were amendments concerned the guidelines to the SJB; and they were sponsored by Gupta and Dean of Student's Shelley Morgan.

The first amendment added a new section to the constitution clarifying the Dean of Student's power to temporarily suspend, with the knowledge of the SJB, chair, students who present continued on page 5.

Election Forum Follies

The Treasury

Gabor Bogner: 97
(Luis Alcazar-Roman: 72, Debbie Shepardson: 71)

Planning Committee Chair

Reuben Pillsbury: 108
(Josh Ledwell: 92, Jeff Rhyne: 48)

Student Representatives to the Board of Trustees

Dara Silverman: 178 & Laurie Curry: 144
(Gabor Bogner: 78)

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Special congratulations to the following very special seniors who will soon be leaving us: Matt Apple, Joy Boswell, Rob Gallery, Derek Salvi, Gloria Gonzalez, Katrina Koenigs, Julie Hart, Jen Shiruk, Fred Foure, Matt Gilman, Chris Meink (foul, I got the spelling right the first time), Dan Kurmut, and anyone else, we may have forgotten this late last observer, terribie, Tuesday night. You will be missed greatly.

Incredible in every way imaginable. If it were like that everyone I'd never want to stop. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

F*** you Bard! Bard, f*** you!
Human rights in Guatemala

Refugees and activists talk about their experiences

“We want to live in peace and freedom just like all the animals.”
- Elena Ixcot

Elena’s desire was impossible to meet at the time she left Guatemala, the country where forced disappearance was introduced into the Western hemisphere. Since 1962, approximately 40,000 Guatemalans have disappeared. Last Monday this experience was described by three Guatemalans who came to campus. Elena and Felipe Ixcot are a Mayan couple actively working for indigenous rights while in exile in the United States. Raul Molina, former President of San Carlos University in Guatemala City, left in 1980 due to an increasing levels of repression directed against the academic community. He now works with an UN-affiliated human rights group.

Molina described how one “is disappeared.” A car pulls up to you; one man reaches out and grabs you; and no one ever sees you again. The rural, mainly indigenous experience can be even more gruesome. Many victims are found in various stages of mutilation. Or it can be on a much larger scale. During the eighteen-month scorched-earth campaign of the Rios Montiel regime, at least 440 villages were wiped out without a single survivor. This campaign was carried out because the army could not reach the guerrillas in the mountains. As Molina colorfully stated, the army believed that “the population is guerrillas as water is to fish.” Luckily the Ixcots escaped Guatemala slightly before this fatal campaign.

The Ixcot’s Story

However, human rights violations were still rampant. In 1980 five youths were kidnapped and killed. They were the first people from the Ixcot’s town to be tortured in that wave of terror. The following year, a Canadian missionary was murdered there. Hearing stories like the murder of Elena’s brother makes the extent of the horror inflicted by the death squads more real. Her family found his body burned and chopped into pieces in the mountains outside of town. As community activists, the Ixcots themselves were targets of the repression. Elena lived alone with her four children while Felipe slept in the fields. The soldiers came to relatives’ houses and accused Felipe of being a guerrilla. Then six soldiers came to her house, surrounded her with their guns aimed and asked where her husband was. Soon afterwards the Ixcots fled for their lives.

Before arriving in the US, they spent a year working on the coffee plantations in Chiapas, Mexico. Even in Guatemala, they had never seen poverty like in these plantations. Now neither of them will drink coffee. They say that it is stained with the blood of workers. The current Zapatista uprising came as no surprise to the Ixcots after witnessing this poverty.

In 1984 the Ixcots found a home through the sanctuary movement with the Benedictan monks at the Weston Priory in Vermont. Their five children have mainly grown up in the States. They are the eighteenth generation surviving the Spanish conquest and the first to live outside of Guatemala. Elena and Felipe are leaders in the Inter-American Mayan League, an organization to preserve Mayan culture. Since coming to the US they have reevaluated their relationship to the Catholic church and to their Mayan cultural heritage.

Molina’s story

As part of the academic community, Raul Molina described a different perspective of life in Guatemala during the repression years. Graduating as an engineer in 1967, Molina became a professor of engineering at San Carlos University in 1971. After five years of teaching, he was democratically elected by the faculty and students to the Dean of the University. That same year, an earthquake killed 20,000 people, most of whom had been living in poorly built lower income housing. Molina describes this time as a critical turning point which confirmed the indifference of the government and the poor conditions in which the general populations lived.

In this time of crisis, the organization and mobilization of the general public to help rebuild housing exemplified the popular mass movements that were on the rise. According to Molina, the university began a critical self-evaluation which resulted in “profound transformations.” The realization that their programs were not responding to needs of the population at large (decent housing, systems to supply water) prompted the university to send engineering students into the poor areas to rebuild houses that were destroyed. Although the dominant sector “elite” opposed the university’s support of the popular movement as “dangerous”, the university continued with a strong pledge to “help solve Guatemala’s problems.”

Under the scrutiny of the extremely repressive Lucas regime, the university was declared the center of subversion in Guatemala City. Openly opposing the regime and the human rights violations it committed, the university and the academic community fell into a debilitating confrontation with the oppressive forces from 1978-1980. By 1980, many members of the academic community had either been killed or left the country in exile, as the president of San Carlos University had done due to repeated threats on his life. In his place, the Superior University Council appointed Molina as the president for the remaining term.

Molina remembers the next seventeen days as, “the longest period of my life.” On his inauguration day, government security forces entered the university and killed eight students; this was the “terrible beginning.” After his term, Molina was sent messages that he would be killed. He faced continued on page 11

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THE PRINCETON REVIEW

REVIEW

THE PRINCETON REVIEW

We score more
Feminism in Central America — the term almost seems ironic. We normally think of the stereotype of society south of the border as machista. This is true, but times have changed and some Latin Americans have come to the realization that Americans reached in the 1960s and 1970s. In Nicaragua there were no Betty Friedan’s or Gloria Steinman’s to raise awareness. Instead Nicaragua had a U.S. backed, right-wing, dictator (Somozas) and a left-wing guerrilla movement (the FSLN-Sandinista National Liberation Front). And for the women there was a choice, either to support the dictator and risk having your family killed or tortured, or support the revolution and have your family mobilized in hope of a better future.

Women in Nicaragua, historically, did not show any interest in political activism, and even if they did take part, they were not allowed by their male counterparts to take part in unions and party politics. Even the Sandinistas did not include women and gender issues in their revolutionary program until the late sixties. Feminism was an unpopular platform. In 1977 AMPRONAC, the Association of Women Confronting the National Problem, was formed. Their struggle was against the Somoza government and its focus was on human rights abuses by Somozas’s large army, the National Guard, which was seen as a cruel repressive force. AMPRONAC supported the mothers of the abused, disappeared and deceased. Its wide base, general program attracted women from all walks of life. AMPRONAC had the potential to become a feminist organization, but instead it became a support system women in their traditional roles. The organization did make two strong demands: equal pay for equal work and the elimination of the commercialization of women’s bodies. By 1978 AMPRONAC declared itself in support of Women’s Liberation as well as National Liberation, but to illegal and unlawful. During the revolution, AMPRONAC, as the only Women’s organization was not solely dedicated to gender issues but to a broader political agenda. It did encourage women to become active, and gave them role models i.e. women who were in political positions and challenged their traditional roles. Later its goal became to raise consciousness about possible non-traditional roles among women, and therefore, foster a feminist movement attached to the revolution of the FSLN. This was successful in gathering and mobilizing women to fight their oppression via participation through the revolution against Somoza.

During the armed uprising in 1979 up to 25% of the FSLNs armed forces were women. But the majority of women’s support came in a traditional package: providing food and shelter, making uniforms and explosives, organizing safe houses and neighborhood defense, and caring for the children of people who were driven underground by the Somoza government. This activism did not stop women from being forced into sexual attitudes in their families or among fellow soldiers, or shelter them from the threat of being raped by the National Guard.

After the Sandinista’s won the revolution of July 1979, AMNLAE converted into AMNLAE — Luisa Amanda Espinosa Association of Nicaraguan Women, named after the first woman to be killed by the National Guard during the uprising.

AMNLAE dedicated itself to legislating work, its mission was to grant women legal equality in the workplace and in the home. They started work with the fundamentals, helping pass a Statute of Rights and Guarantees (Sept. 1979) which served as a constitution and gave women equality to men under law. Legislation was also passed to ban the use of women as sexual objects in advertising. They were also granted the ability to adopt a child as single parents. Advertising of infant formulas was banned due to the fact that they were unsafe. And women were given the same right as men to own land in the cooperatives under the new Agrarian Reform. In 1982 another law was passed to give men equal responsibility for their children. This nurturing law made fathers jointly responsible for the upbringing of their children, so that they would be fed, clothed and educated and given health care. These new laws were landmark events. Finally women’s issues and children’s issues were being dealt with by a government. Not only were laws being passed but new institutions were being formed to deal with gender issues and family problems. AMNLAE received seats on the Council of State. In 1979 a Women’s Government Office was created, and attached to the President’s office. Also the Office of Protection of the Family was created under the Nicaraguan Institution of Social Security and Social Welfare. There was also a Women’s Legal Office. In sum women and children had a lot of programs and benefits to fall back on.

But they did not benefit as much as they could have. One problem was that rather than focusing specifically on women’s issues, AMNLAE tried to do what many other institutes were already doing, and therefore they were unsuccessful (e.g. they tried to give the same benefits that the farmer’s union and urban poor groups did).

Women did increasingly enter the labor force industry and agriculture, and the unionization of women increased. But women held few positions of power or management; most of them were in lower-paying, sex stereotyped jobs. Women were still in charge of childcare, and domestic jobs. As in the United States during World War II, the labor force in agriculture and industry became "feminized" during the revolution. But after the war was over women came back to their old jobs. Sexual force was again dominated by men.

Another failure on the part of the government was on the issue of women’s healthcare. The Sandinista government made improvements in facilities, constructing a women’s hospital. But soon after the revolution several targets were left unmet, there was no sex-education and birth control remained illegal as in most Catholic countries. The government, including President Daniel Ortega opposed legal abortions. The lack of any safe alternatives created many problems. The Sandinista government had few positions, and many of them did.

I conclude we can see that there are changes brought about by the revolution, and women were granted some liberties. But they were not granted a small percentage of what they needed, and not even the revolution could have granted them all of what they wanted. The core problem was due to traditional machismo and sexist Latin American values that stopped progress in gender issues. As Fidel Castro had once said, "the revolution is a new dish eaten with old forks;" in the end of the revolution social traditions proved to be far stronger, in Nicaragua, than the political organization towards change in many areas.

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**Human rights in Guatemala**

Refugees and activists talk about their experiences

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**Guest Speaker: Tony Avigran**

**Journalist in Central America**

**Tuesday, May 10 in Olin 102**

Tony Avigran, an investigative journalist, television producer/director and cameraman, was the second speaker's panel brought to campus by the student-organizers of Central American Education Week. The panel included Mark Hulley, former editor of the *Times* and Tony Avigran, an investigative journalist, television producer/director and cameraman. The topic of the panel was U.S. policy towards Central America in the eighties. After the discussion, I was able to have a short interview with Tony Avigran. I asked Tony where his career started and I found that his first experiences started in Tanzania, where he lived for ten years beginning in 1973. In those ten years, Tony also worked throughout Eastern, Southern, Central Africa and the Indian Ocean islands. In 1983 Tony moved to San Jose, Costa Rica with his wife and two children. For nine years Tony travelled throughout Central America, the Caribbean and South America. Tony’s journalistic career in Central America brought him to La Penca where he was injured in a bombing. Many American journalists were injured in this incident and one was killed. The U.S. tried to create a cover up of Tony to know why. While Tony was working on this mystery, his life was threatened and he was arrested because of a drug set-up. These events did not stop Tony from continuing his investigation. The bomber was identified as an Argentinian ultra-leftist who was serving the interests of the Sandinistan army. The question that remains is why did the U.S. want to create a cover up for the very group they were trying to overthrow. Tony is continuing his investigation, and has written two books on this incident, La Penca: Report de une investigation and La Penca: On Trial in Costa Rica. The CIA vs. The Press.

If you missed Tuesday’s panel, you will have many more opportunities this week to find out more about Central America issues. Look for poster advertisements on campus for times and dates.
Central American books

by Jennifer Morey

There are twenty-four new books being proposed to the Stevenson Library this upcoming week. As a part of the PS123 Central America class, students have embarked on various projects to heighten campus awareness of the region and its many conflicts as well as the influential role of the United States government in its turmoil. As the students working on the book project, we have chosen literature exploring the empowerment of peoples in Central America — particularly the impoverished majority. After hours of research and several reviews, we have compiled a list of books that examine this topic.

The lack of available information concerning the above issue was the catalyst in many conflicts as well as the influential turmoil. As the students working on the project, we have divided empowerment into two applicable categories: peasant response to impoverishment of the people and impoverishment of the land. Industries such as cotton, beef, and bananas require massive tracts of land for cultivation and have resulted in massive evictions of peasants from the land, diminished food production for the national market, and massive deforestation. (Thomas A. Hirsch, Department of Sociology, Cornell University) This has been the root of civil war between agro-export elite interests and peasant efforts to maintain land for subsistence farming.

One group that has proven essential, but without much political voice, has been that of women and women’s organizations. Women of El Salvador and Women and the Politics of Revolution both serve to demonstrate the important role of women in the revolutionary and reconstruction processes. These books also show the every day struggles and responsibilities of women within their cultures and societies. Feminism as a component of the guerilla effort is explored in an attempt to evaluate women’s contribution to the ideological changes that come with rebellion and revolution.

Presently the library’s collection of books on Central America are somewhat narrow in their focus. There is much information on the area by providing more diverse viewpoints of the players who are often overlooked vital to the understanding of life in Central American nations. By allowing these voices to reach a wider audience, we attempt to provide students with various literary options by which they can better understand the area.

Guatemala continued

Molina and four others, including Rigoberta Menchu, formed RUOG, United Representation of the Guatemalan Opposition. Backed by the United Nations, the team is “working towards unity.” They represent the Guatemalan opposition, which Molina considers the general population, but more specifically includes cAMPASINOS (peasants), students, the church, the trade union sector, Christian Democrats, the Social Democratic Party, and organized groups within the city. When asked what the future holds in the difficult decision many others before him were forced to make, whether to leave the country and the life he had created behind, or to leave his family behind, go into the mountains, and join the guerrilla forces. So in September of 1980, Molina left with his wife and children for the United States where he would “begin working for human rights in a more systematic way.”

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In which we show up at the last minute to save the day

by Greg Giaccio

You can take the boy out of the Observer, but you can’t take the Observer out of the Boy. The following is a set of reflections by former editor and Columnist, Greg Giaccio, after his internship in Washington D.C. “The silliest place on earth.”

In a March issue of the New York Times, the French were considering legislation to “purify” their language of non-French terms, particularly Anglo terms. It seems the French are unhappy with calling air bags “air bags” and want to call them “cusions” or something similar. In fact, in Paris like that. Pardon my French if it’s incorrect because I never bothered studying it.

So this got me wondering about what other things the French might change. For instance, could they still refer to Napoleon the Code, their general population” will be eliminated. UN missions arriving in July to observe human rights should help to decrease violations. In the long run, the Guatemalans are looking past the US concept of peace (a simple end to fighting) and towards an enduring peace that would include social justice.

For those of you expecting a Shameless Filler in the adjacent space, we regret to inform you that Mr. Gillman simply decided he wasn’t going to do one this week. This is understandable: having read his senior project, we can see how he was tired after writing sixty-odd pages of shameless filler.

Greg Giaccio
**As the saying goes**

We have shared know where you are in the world.” I only know that I am here and he is not... Here I am on a train. There are people here who will antagonize you in order to bring out the worst in you. Be better than their lowest expectations by being your best self. Put your best foot forward and aim for the next step, not their ass. Fuck them by not fucking them. Make love to them by learning to love yourself. Make fun of them by laughing with them.

The gossip, the rumors, and the whispers that defame our understanding of this place are simply other ways of knowing it. They are stories, narratives, and histories. They tell of struggle and frustration. Don’t be fooled. There ain’t a thing wrong with trying to make sense of what you hear here by writing a black project or women’s work; ain’t nothin’ wrong with writing a gender study or an Asian thesis or a Jewish discussion. These are days in which multiculturism sounds so much like “international espionage,” you must address the discussion like a cultural warrior, not as a social butterfly. Speak your mind. The black experience, the gay experience, the women’s experience, these represent more than just people or repositories for your depth moral questions. These are encounters with more than “cultures,” more than just “movements” on bridges toward your lost self and longed-for utopias. Do not falter and forget your caution. The black, the gay; to be socialist; to be evil, don’t have one. Just because you don’t speak their language doesn’t mean you wouldn’t understand it. The issue of community has disturbed me for many years now. Finally, I have come to accept that I have been attempting to force my sense of community on the general consensus. In other words, there is community. I just can’t explain it. You have to live here to get it. It is a sense of community that travels word of mouth. You know how the saying goes...so I trust you will pass it on. As much as this place tries to deny it, it’s got a core of full of colorful individuals. My mother taught me to be polite, so I am determined to hold the door and loose them (and a cup a quarter as they pass). Not everyone has to see through the cracks as so many of us have. There are people who are here because they have no place else to go. There are students at Bard who are here because no one else will teach them. There are professors here who feel they have nothing else to learn. Come to think of it, if I had applied to Bard this year I probably wouldn’t have gotten in. I probably wouldn’t have gotten a foot in the door.

I have met alums, untended professors, drop-outs, visiting professors, continuing students, and Five-year-planers. They are all drawn by the weird energy here—it draws me to them; it demands my attention, my caution. If nothing else, their energy tells me that they were here, they have come unmoored from the madness. From Blithedwood to Tivoli, Redhook to Rhinebeck—no one is really sane here. We are all affected. We are a community. Our friends have experienced the death of loved ones from HIV here, the death of loved ones from bullets, the death of loved ones. Period. We all know of someone who knows someone who has overdosed or simply disappeared, had an abortion or was fooled. There are evil stories, narratives, and histories. They tell of struggle and frustration. Don’t be fooled. There ain’t a thing wrong with trying to make sense of what you hear here by writing a black project or women’s work; ain’t nothin’ wrong with writing a gender study or an Asian thesis or a Jewish discussion. These are days in which multiculturism sounds so much like “international espionage,” you must address the discussion like a cultural warrior, not as a social butterfly. Speak your mind. The black experience, the gay experience, the women’s experience, these represent more than just people or repositories for your depth moral questions. These are encounters with more than “cultures,” more than just “movements” on bridges toward your lost self and longed-for utopias. Do not falter and forget your caution. The black, the gay; to be socialist; to be evil, don’t have one. Just because you don’t speak their language doesn’t mean you wouldn’t understand it. The issue of community has disturbed me for many years now. Finally, I have come to accept that I have been attempting to force my sense of community on the general consensus. In other words, there is community. I just can’t explain it. You have to live here to get it. It is a sense of community that travels word of mouth. You know how the saying goes...so I trust you will pass it on. As much as this place tries to deny it, it’s got a core of full of colorful individuals. My mother taught me to be polite, so I am determined to hold the door and loose them (and a cup a quarter as they pass). Not everyone has to see through the cracks as so many of us have. There are people who are here because they have no place else to go. There are students at Bard who are here because no one else will teach them. There are professors here who feel they have nothing else to learn. Come to think of it, if I had applied to Bard this year I probably wouldn’t have gotten in. I probably wouldn’t have gotten a foot in the door.

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Who says this place is not for real? Everyone is a little something; a little tipsy, a little off, a little fuck, a little fragile; a little expressed, a little optimistic. A little of this, a little of that. That is the creative energy here, the imaginative element to all the competing realities that bask around us. It sustains and pushes us forward. Into the path of the river. So, no, it’s not you, nor it’s all of us. Bard is pompously, viciously, politically. Bard is cold.

Bard is different. Bard is changing. Yes, Bard does have a problem. Bard can be evil. No, You can’t trust too many people here. People who teach you have less a determination to make it a place you would not have stayed home. When I first came here I did not know that I would come to respect and honor books. I only knew that I loved them. I have learned a life of the mind.

If nothing else, I hope this place has convinced you that, while your ideas are inter- pretative spaces, they are also intellectual property. You have earned them. The people who teach you have less a determination to make your ideas seem realistic than to make them a reality. Remember, by defining and creating reality, you are competing with somebody else’s. That means you have to know your shit as well as own it. They are going to resist you, in your face or behind your back; whether they get you by the balls or pat you on the ass. This is not something we like to sit and think about, or sit and talk about. It is not so easy because it is not so nice; sometimes this place is not so nice. I think many of us wish that this was a place of mindreaders rather than a place of critical readers.

Is there love here?

Yes, but it gets diluted in promises, compromises, and cliques—memos, papers, and articles. If you find love here, care for it. Call it what it is. When you finally realize that this place is also evil, don’t be afraid, be able to define it. Don’t let anyone tell you that there isn’t enough love to go around. Don’t hesitate to share your ideas. What comes around goes around. A friend gave me a compass just before I came here; just before he died of AIDS. He said, “Here. So you’ll always

continued on next page
Queer + continued

continued from previous page

does corrupt, and absolute power does cor-

upt. Absolutely.

I have learned the hard way that it is relatively simple to get your degree. You study. I have come to realize that it is even easier to feel like you deserve it: You don't study. The thing is, it's not easy to feel like you worked for it. It's not easy to share what you have worked for. Here, if you whine, whimper, and wall enough you can get anything you want accept respect. If you scream, shout, or chant the reism, sexism, and elitism long enough you can get anything you want here accept self-respect. Many students do not realize exactly how easy it is to take over a building. It really is much easier to take over a building than it is to take responsibility for your actions. I mean, it is much easier to take over a building than it is to lay the rubric for one yourself. It is much, much easier to talk yourself into a building than it is to worry yourself out of it. And it is much easier to run out of a burning building, screaming fire, than it is to walk into a burning building, praying for survival.

Soon I will walk with my class. Soon, those of us who have stepped on a few toes will walk in each other's footsteps. To music that really has no words. I have come to understand boundaries here. Boundaries are not limitations. Knowing this place I know that in order to leave I must touch the edges of this place. To do this I must stretch myself. I do not want to go, and yet I do not ever want to come back. Although I have healed here, I have been hurt here. While tending old wounds I have gathered new words for new injuries. I can not say that the colors of my bruises are only black and pink... As I take a long hard look at the bruises inflicted by this place, I realize this place has created new sights in which to see the world. I have watched them come.

Night is beautiful here. It soothes the fear of so many open wounds, salvation of so many oppressive words. At night I walk Annadale Road thinking of the faces and smiles which have gotten me through the day. I have walked in gardens and graveyards; I have walked by beautiful lilacs and dog roses. But I am never more touched by this place as when I walk on the road. In the dark I talk quietly with drunken spirits. I tell them about the little hearts that have grown gently to me when my well was almost dry. In the dark I talk quietly to angry spirits. I try to explain to them why I love Bard. I try to explain to them that there is something here that should be preserved, shared, celebrated and defended. They curse me and call out my name. Stephen. But I do not defend Bard against them. I am not that old yet. I am not enough to know that, though this place has aged me, I still do not have the veritable wrinkles to shape my words for their ears. In the dark I talk privately with lost souls. I ask them to be patient with me. They know that I am a consort of spirits and a keeper of curses. I try to be critical of Bard, but I cannot help but remember who I am. I am not about students yet to arrive, students long gone or dead. Of course, walking this road with them, they have no time for my answers. How can I hurt them further by telling them what I do not know. I have conspired with dead bodies, with runaway slaves, spoken in barren wombs and gaping mouths, but I do not have anything to tell them. In the dark I try to keep up with the bleeding hearts who walk on the grass. Their determined steps have worn the green, bared the brown of the earth which suctions their blood. Their paths cross with the campus and challenge the landscape. We walk in silence.

In the dark I move on to talk with shadows I have watched since I arrived. We walk together. Sometimes touching. I have watched these shadows come in and out of the dark, I have seen them dare the glare of the river, I have watched them bleed in full circle. Some have cleared the curves, others have taken the turn for the worse. When I do not have another word to the wise, when I have preached to the converted and still-uncomforted, in the dark I talk to myself. I can only spread myself so thin, before spiritual alienation renders me a shadow of myself. Before ritual murder comes and my color begins to bleed. Before my values are watered down and my personal sense of right and wrong—here now—is dipped dry. So when I cannot walk in the water any longer, I walk on the road for a while. I will wander this dangerous stretch of road all my life.

All of Bard's night people and morning people, the daytime help and the graveyard that said "Queer as Fucks" on the front and "Blackaas Nigger" on the back. Will I always be inside language and outside language, with gay thoughts and lesbian theories, a double-consciousness and a verbal mutability? My identity—this Africanist presence, critical consciousness, moral imagination—has no top and no bottom, it is deep and it is wide. Will it ever have the strength to lay this burden down? How can I ask "What will I do when I leave here?" when there are still profound laws on the books; there is still hatred that is real. Will it ever come out; there are still families who will not come out; there are still people who hate what my skin means to them; there exists religious beliefs still used as an excuse to kill; there is still survival sex, still the working poor; there is still the problem of white folks who are not ready to accept their differences. There is still the issue of homelessness.

What is Bard's philosophy?

Search me.

What is Bard telling students?

Listen to the silence. You will hear the meaning that lingers at the mouth of the river. I listen, and what I hear is a lack of sincere interest and awareness on the part of too many professors here. You know who you are. We all know who you are. But it is not easy to avoid you here. I mean, it is their job to get you into graduate school. It is their job to find you a job. If nothing else, it is their job to help you get from this place to another. How will we find higher ground or forge new landscapes? I mean, really? To resist and challenge this place is honorable. It does not always have to be civil, but it should always be done with respect. People become such harsh critics of this place because they know themselves to be so vulnerable to their love of it.

When does it begin, this attachment? More importantly, when does it end? And if it must end, then don't we want to know when? I want to know because I don't want it to end. Even though I want to control the memories, the currents of emotions, I want to know when there is a constant flow. Like the Hudson river, like the children who come pouring out of big yellow school buses. I want there to be a constant presence. I can discover in the corner of my eye. Like the Catskill mountains, the oasis in the middle of Manor field, the sanctuaries of the falls. Our own presence here will go away. Our memories will fragment. One day even our myths will begin to resemble infomercials. Even our successes will begin to resemble symbolic gestures. And so, we must trust our imaginations, our hopes and dreams of what this place means to us, in order to be proud of how it has shaped us. We have invested so much time and energy, so much of ourselves and our futures in being here. My thoughts are here. My prayers are with you. I will continue to grow, but I will grow from here. Perhaps Bard is not the center of my being, but it does have a place in my heart.

A Concert of Music Compositions

by Mary Roberts

Pieces for Computer and Chamber Ensembles

Featuring Megan Hastie and Charles Stein and the Amanda Gott Dance Troupe

Saturday May 21, 3-5 pm

Brook House and Environments
Statements of Purpose

Secretary
As secretary of the Student Association this year, I have done my best to keep student government organized and functioning smoothly. I have faithfully fulfilled all of the duties prescribed for me by our Constitution, and I will continue to do so if I am reelected. In the next year, I would like to create a stronger link between the Board of Trustees and the Student Association, and continue to encourage greater involvement of the student body in student government. I look forward to working with the newly elected members of the Central Committee.

Malia DuMont

Educational Policies Committee Chair
I am a political studies major and would like to be the Educational Policies Chair for next year. I have spoken with the current Chair, Renee Cramer, and I hope to pursue many of the projects which she has begun in her term. I am ready to accept the various responsibilities that this position entails. I consider my attendance at student forums and my various writings in the Bard Observer about faculty and student politics as evidence of my sincere interest and knowledge about College goings-on. I look forward to working with the Deans to implement policies that make faculty and administration more accountable to student influence.

Cordially,
Sean O'Neill

Student Life Comm. Chair
In its most essential form the purpose of the student life committee is to serve the needs of the students of this community. My name is Gilberto Joao Afonso I've been a part of the student life committee since my election in a general forum in the fall of last year. During this time both myself and the student life members have tried to fill the position of serving the student body to the best of our ability under the leadership of Laurie Curry, the current student life committee chair. Now I hope not only to be part of the SLC but to head it into a new direction for the coming term. The direction I look ahead toward is one filled with more understanding, communication, and equalization among the Bard community: a community made up of not only students but faculty and administration as well. Without achieving this first step the students of Bard College will be as they have always been, namely student who have neither a voice nor a vision in the future of the school. By achieving this step the student body will through awareness gain power over faculty, over administration, and most importantly over school policy and decision making.

Cordially,
Sean O'Neill

Student Judiciary Board Chair
Greetings. My name is Andrew Fowler and I am running for chair of the Student Judiciary Board (SJB). I am a second semester junior History and Political Science major. I am currently a member of the SJB. As an elected and active member of the SJB for two semesters, I served on five very important and difficult cases that have helped me to learn a great deal about how the SJB functions and how it can better serve the students of this college. As a third-year student, I know Bard and campus life well enough to take an unbiased perspective on the cases that come before the SJB.

The SJB is a resource for the students of Bard College, not a tribunal arrayed against them. Communication between students and the SJB can and should be made easier. We have opened a dialogue between B.R.A.V.E. and the SJB that I am committed to continue in hope that it will make the SJB a more accessible resource for students. The obligations of the SJB to students include educational as well as disciplinary functions. As head of the SJB I would do my best to work for the fairest and most completely just decision possible in any given case.

This is not a cushy job. It entails hard work and takes hours and hours of time out of the life of the members of the board and the chair, sometimes with prior warning and at the most stressful times of the year. I am willing to put aside all my concerns, both academic and personal, if I am called upon to do so. I am convinced that I am a very impartial individual and that I can serve without prejudice of any kind in this important post.

Sincerely,
Andrew Fowler

Important Meeting-
Come find out what went wrong this year and vote to see who is going to get blamed next year. All positions available: namely, Station Manager, Music Director, Programming Director and Engineer.
This Thursday, 7pm
Albee Social.

A Rhinecliff Tea Party
Sunday, May 29th 5pm at Rhinecliff Town Landing
An evening down on the beautiful Hudson, where citizens can express their frustration regarding having to spend 26 cents of every health insurance dollar for those companies’ overhead, by throwing boxes (attached with fishing line) of health insurance premiums into the river, protesting this “taxation without representation”, much as the founders of this country did over 200 years ago in Boston.

After all the boxes have been dumped (and retrieved) the Spirit of ’94 (a flutist and two drummers clad in colonial regalia circa 1776) will walk up, over, and around to the Rhinecliff Hotel, where a never-before-seen combination of eight bands have been assembled to pay through the night, for a low admission fee of $5 for the whole bill (the proceeds to benefit CHANGES and the fight for single-payer in this area.) The bands will start at 6pm.

Citizens Helping A New Generation Evolve Sustainably
Review of the semester!

Four Weddings and a Funeral, No Escape, Bitter Moon, Back Beat and The Crow

Shawn Taylor Movie Reviewer

Four Weddings and a Funeral: Peter's Friends meets all three.

This movie has generated a great deal of commentary during its surprising rise to popularity, almost to the point that one feels the need to see it just to find out what everyone's talking about. Well, that's a good reason to see it.

Four Weddings stars Hugh Grant as a young Englishman (we never learn what his occupation is) who has gone through a string of relationships in his life without ever having found anyone he can relate to. He finds himself invited to wedding after wedding, and discuses with several of his close-knit group of friends the issue of settling down, trying to figure out what he is lacking. The answer to that question comes along in the form of Andie McDowell, who we are just beginning to accept as a type of modern, liberated woman. From there on, it's the big question of whether or not they'll finally get together.

The story of Four Weddings is interestingly told: almost the entire movie takes place on the various wedding days of Grant's seemingly endless supply of upper-class British acquaintances. The only break in this trend is a big mistake, in my opinion, a group of scenes between Grant and Andie McDowell which seem to be taking straight out of Pretty Woman. The reason for these scenes would seem to be to make the love between the two characters more feasible, but instead it has the opposite effect. The problem here is the problem which pervades most of the film: we are given only surface representations of characters (the portraits of Grant's friends are definitely shallow) and their feelings and motivations.

The entire film sales place at a strange level; it is easily understandable, because it uses the symbols of various personalities, lifestyles, and emotions to let us know what is going on, but the meanings and reasons behind these symbols are missing almost completely. As a result of this lack of substance, the story is in the end less a commentary on modern love issues than it is a justification of Hugh Grant's character. Which may have all been that was intended—after seeing this film I wouldn't have guessed that it was meant to be too ambitious. The only problem is, so many people are seeing it and commenting on it that they are seeing within these bare shells of characters the solutions to all the social problems of the world. McDowell is being hailed as a heroine of unparalleled strength, and Grant's is seen as a rebel who would redefine our social standards of conduct.

To see this movie, because it is a fairly original, well-written, and above all else well-acted comedy, but leave your impressability at home. If you want to see a movie that's really about the issues covered here, rather than one that simply uses them as a medium, rent Astro Boy. The idea that there is anything waiting for you under the surface of Four Weddings, as people around the country are doing, is 100% incorrect. The soundtrack, which is the only thing the audience can hang onto, is surprisingly effective and enjoyable viewing experience. A surprising success for science fiction fans, but others can safely stay at home.

Back Beat! The Doors meets The Commitments.

The story of Stuart Sutcliffe, the original bass player for the Beatles who left the band just before they became famous. The beginning of the film has a lot of very Commitments-esque good times, road to success sort of scenes which do a great job of setting the mood for the time and place where the film takes place, but after a while things become a bit too similar for my taste. The dialogue is good in places, and there's some very funny stuff, but the film is being as a spoof and parody of everything from the Beatles to the Stones, which makes it a bit too much of a joke for its own good.

No Escape: Escape From New York meets Lord of the Flies.

This reasonably good sci-fi effort stars Ray Liotta as Goodfeller fame in a prison escape film set in the future. Liotta causes no end of trouble by showing up the authorities running the prison, so the warden exiles him to a jungle island where the more problematic prisoners have been sent. The island has different camps of prisoners, as Liotta quickly learns, each with its own code for living. Liotta rejects the road warrior-esque capitalistic side and joins the more pacifist camp of peasant intellectuals. Of course, the two camps have to come into conflict in the long run, and of course Liotta's character is a loner by nature and must search deep within himself before he can commit himself to helping the other members of the camp, but no, it's not as predictable as it sounds.

Actually, it's a really enjoyable film, with a lot of influence from some more classic science fiction undertones of 1984 are present, and the film is quite well-acted. The cast is capable, and consists of many unknown actors whose performances help to carry the film. Overall, the film leaves these strong impressions and comes across with a bit more than expected, considering it is being billed in the Clinic. However, I'm not sure what he is attempting, I'm not sure who directed it, and I'm not sure if it's good. The film is a bit less than the sum of the parts. It's much like watching a movie, but you can't help but feel a bit disappointed at the end. The film is quite well-acted, but the dialogue is a bit too much of a joke for its own good.

Bitter Moon: A modern answer to Chinatown.

Brandon Lee died in the making of this film under mysterious circumstances, but they were close enough to be enough for all. Lee didn't want to do this film, but they had to do it with him. He had several directors, and I'm not sure what he is attempting, I'm not sure who directed it, but they did do it. The film is a bit too much of a joke for its own good. The dialogue is good in places, and there's some very funny stuff, but the film is being as a spoof and parody of everything from the Beatles to the Stones, which makes it a bit too much of a joke for its own good.
Welcome to the last article I will ever write for this rag (applause, please). Well, I guess you couldn't really call these past few things I wrote about softball "articles," per se. They're more like opinion pieces, essays, blathering monologues totally devoid of any pragmatic worth altogether, with softball on the side. More than anything, softball gave me an excuse to spew once more upon these lovely ink-covered pages without actually being held responsible for anything.

A friend of mine said it seemed as though, after resigning as head honcho here (what an aliteration!), I was determined to write something for every issue. And I just about have, so I guess he's right. Maybe it was just my inner self denying that which I had strove for so long to maintain and uphold, in turn supporting my weak ego, creating a vicious cycle of interdependence, drawing me further and further into despair and anguish, from which there could be but one escape...

But I digress. For now, softball is all that I have left at Bard. All I left at Bard is one thing, softball and beer. Two things. All I have left at Bard is two things, softball, beer and good friends...three things! All I have left at Bard is three things, softball, beer, good friends and painful memories...four things...

Softball. Concentrate on softball. Take a deep breath. Okay, steady, fine, exhale, okay, here goes...

**Tournament "B"**

The second round of action last Wednesday produced three forfeits. In the other game, the only one which was actually played, Spark My Fart defeated Flat Back 17-7. Thus, four teams will advance to the second round on Wednesday the 18th: Spark My Fart plays Red-Headed Stepchildren at 5:30, and "No Name" plays Snuggly Puppies at 4:00.

(Note: the captain of "No Name" has informed Kris Hall that his team is called "No Name," and not "the Biffers." Apparently, an anonymous scribbler has vandalizing the intramural bulletin board, crossing out No Name and substituting the Biffers. Will the real Biffer please step forward.)

The winners of the second round (or "quarter-finals") will play each other in the final on Monday the 23rd at 4:00 for the "B" Tournament title.

**Tourname nt "A"**

Concluding the first round from last Wednesday, Joe's Wooden Anus pounded Simon's Sluggers 14 to 4. Joe will play the Sit and Wait Herborizers, who beat Ricardo's Revenge 16-11, on Saturday at 1:00. The second round games originally scheduled for this past Monday experienced rain problems. The Elks/St. Tula game was stopped after 2 and a third innings (two full innings and one out in the next), I assume, with St. Tula leading 11 to 5, and will be played later today, about half an hour after I finish writing this. Stay tuned for more information.

"A" is for "Actified"

While the "recreational league" is already on the verge on finishing their playoffs, the "athletic league" is still in the process of finishing their "regular season." Last Thursday, on a really muddy field, in which a player's cleats filled simply by stepping up to the plate, Buttafuoco edged the Swirleys 12 to 10. Despite three monster home runs over the left-center fence, Dirty Dogs lost to Gym Rats 11 to 5, giving Dirty Dogs their only loss thus far. The last game of the day was scheduled for Saturday, and saw Somewhere Over Proctor defeat the Champions 17-7.

The records for the athletic teams so far are: Gym Rats, 4-0; Dirty Dogs, 2-1; Buttafuoco, 2-2; Swirleys, 2-1; Champions, 0-3-1. The top four teams will begin the playoffs this Friday, with the number one team playing the number four, and three playing two. Another note: all playoff games from now on, in either "league," are seven innings, if weather and conditions permit ("conditions" meaning if it doesn't get dark too soon.)

**Play of the Week**

There is no play of the week. Make up your own.

**Other stuff**

The aborted home run contest was finally finished, despite lack of ideal softball weather. The three finalists from the "first round," each having hit two home runs, were Ron Reese, Colm Thatcher and Greg DeMammoss. After ten swings, none of the three hit a homerun, but after giving each one an additional five swings, DeMammos put one out to win the contest. All three contestants received a $10 gift certificate for Four Brother Pizza, co-sponsored by Jeff Huang (aw, what a nice guy), and Greg got a Bard key chain, which he'll be sure to treaure forever and ever.

And the results of the Bard Lap Challenge are in. There were twenty-two (22) entrants this year into the contest, which lasted from March 14th to May 16th. The top winner was community member Bruce Feuer, who swam a mammoth 94.27 miles. Top students were Creda Anderson with 26.24 miles, Rob Cutler with 20.85 and Nina Siuck with 19.23. Other student participants were Adam Weiss, Bill Maple (oops, he's not a student), Will Hayden, Kira Chitwood, Malia Du Mont, Jenny Moore, Dana Silverman, Stacie Turner and Mark Felicco.

And a late bulletin for those of you who bothered to read this far. St. Tula won the rain-interrupted rescheduled game against Elks by a final score of 11-6. Kind of boring, actually. Too much defense, not enough scoring. St. Tula will play the winner of the Sit and Wait/ Joe's game on Saturday.

**My farewell speech**

Well, that does it for my last sports page of my Bard career (sniff, sniff). I would dish out some condescending last advice, but there's too much of that out there, and most of it sucks anyway. So, I'll just say, Goodbye...and hope that I don't end up being forced to stay around next year.

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**Congratulations to Henri Ringel and Ben Gooley**

**District 31 Men's Tennis Doubles Champs**

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**Playoff Schedule**

- **Wednesday the 18th**
  - No Name v. Snuggly Puppies—4 pm
  - Spark My Fart v. Red-Headed...—5:30 pm

- **Friday the 21st**
  - Athletic playoffs—first round from 4-6:30 pm

- **Monday the 23rd**
  - Championship game for "B" Tourney—4 pm
  - Championship game for "A" Tourney—5:30 pm

- **Tuesday the 24th**
  - Championship game for the Jocks—4 pm
  - Traditional challenge from recreational league champion for "World Series" with athletic league champion—6 pm
Dukakis continued

continued from front page

politics and the economy, is deeply concerned with the practices and powers of the Federal Reserve. Since rating the fiscal climate has become nearly impossible, economic forecasting has become more of a guesswork than anything else. Dukakis quoted by members of the Reserve stating that they “ignore nothing and focus on nothing.”

Dukakis accused the Federal Reserve for relying on intuition and anecdotal evidence. This is a dangerous practice for an institution designed to construe or expand the supply of currency to control inflation and spur investment. While the current impact of the Fed’s determinations are difficult to gauge, Dukakis received no argument when he said that when the Fed raises interest rates, it is the same as if they are raising taxes.

“What bothers me, as a citizen, is that this is profoundly undemocratic,” continued Dukakis. He insisted that the Fed should not have this tremendous power to essentially raise taxes when they are “unnoticed and unaccountable” to the American people.

“If nothing else, a new President should be able to appoint a new chairman to the Federal Reserve,” commented Dukakis, citing the need for a national dialogue to concentrate on this issue.

“It’s kind of scary,” concluded Dukakis. “Unless we lose all faith in our Constitution, only elected officials should have the power to raise taxes and therefore be held accountable for their actions.”

It is an extraordinary period in the history of the nation, especially for those of you who are students and young people. I think it is a great time to be young, and looking forward. In so many ways it is very promising. And yet when it comes to the practice of economics and especially what we expect from our political leaders, it’s a division—always complicated and rather puzzling time.”

Special thanks to Sean O’Neill for additional reporting used in this article.
**WEDNESDAY. MAY 18**

- Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous meeting today in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- Mesa de Espanol. No te la pierdas! Kline Committee Room 6-7p.
- Grand Union Run. Leaves at 6p and returns at 7p. Meet the van behind Kline.
- Getting Beyond Individualism: An Inter-disciplinary Panel. Panelists will include Amy Ansell, Gary Iagberg, Jonathan Kahn, Lisa Raphals and Joel Klovel. Kline College Room, 7p. Refreshments will be served.
- Wickets, balls and short square-legs? Anyone for Cricket? Yes, it is now the season to play. Worried that you’ve never played before, but would still like to learn? Come to the practice session today from 6p to 10p near or inside the Stevenson Gym. For more info call 758-7530.

**THURSDAY. MAY 19**

- Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 7:30p.
- Tavola Italiana, Kline President’s Room. All Welcome! Join us for conversation at 5:30-6:00p. Bon vivants!
- Czech It Out! Do you have an interest in Czech culture? Would you like to learn some Czech words, Czech expressions or experience Czech humor? Come to the Czech table. Presidents Room, 5-6:30p.

**FRIDAY. MAY 20**

- Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.

**SATURDAY. MAY 21**

- Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.

**SUNDAY. MAY 22**

- Wickets, balls and short square-legs? Anyone for Cricket? Yes, it is now the season to play. Worried that you’ve never played before, but would still like to learn? Come to the practice session today from 3p to 5p near or inside the Stevenson Gym. For more info call 758-7530.
- Narcotics Anonymous meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 7:30p.

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**MONDAY. MAY 23**

- Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous will be meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- Women’s Center Meeting. Annadale House, rm 110, 6:30p.

**TUESDAY. MAY 24**

- Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous will be meeting today in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- Van to Cheap Movie Night at the Red Hook Lyceum. Van leaves at 630p from Kline and returns at 10p. First come, first served, so be early.

**WEDNESDAY. MAY 25**

- Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous are meeting today in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- Mesa de Español. No te la pierdas! Kline Committee Room 6-7p.
- Grand Union Run. Leaves at 6p and returns at 7p. Meet the van behind Kline.
- Wickets, balls and short square-legs? Anyone for Cricket? Yes, it is now the season to play. Worried that you’ve never played before, but would still like to learn? Come to the practice session today from 6p to 10p near or inside the Stevenson Gym. For more info call 758-7530.
- SPRING SEMESTER ENDS, 5p.

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**TRANSPORTATION SCHEDULE**

**WEDNESDAY:** Grand Union Run. Leaves at 6p, return at 7p.
**FRIDAY:** Poughkeepsie Galleria Mall Run. Leave every other Friday at 5p. Pick up at the Mall at 9p. Trips are scheduled for February 11, 25; March 11, 25; April 15, 29 and May 13.
**RhineCliff Train Station Run:** 4:30p for the 4:35p, 5:40 for the 6:25p, 7:00p for the 7:41p.
**Poughkeepsie Run:** 5:30p for the 6:15p, 7:15p for the 8:35p, 10:30p for the 10:45p.
**SATURDAY:** The 18a-3p Shuttle from Bard to RhineCliff, Red Hook, RhineCliff and Rhinebeck.
**Hudson Valley Mall trip:** meet bus behind Kline at 5:45p, pick up at mall at 9:45p.
**SUNDAY:** Van meets the 7:15p and 9:30p train at the RhineCliff Station.
**Van meets the 7:45p and 10:15p trains** at the Poughkeepsie Station.
**Church Run:** at 9:30p to go to Red Hook for St. Chris Church and Rhinebeck.
**Van Trips to New York City:** every three weeks; March 5, 26, April 16, May 7. Sign up in the Dean of Students Office - $5.00.

Meet all vans or buses in the parking lot behind Kline Commons.

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**END OF THE SEMESTER TRANSPORTATION**

May 25: Vans to RhineCliff leaving at 4:53 and 7:47p. Van to Poughkeepsie leaving at 6p. Van to Albany Airport leaving at 8a ($10 to reserve a seat in advance.)

May 27: Vans for La Guardia and JFK Airports leaving at 8a (sign up in Ludlow until May 23, $15 in advance.) Van to Albany Airport leaving at 8a ($10 to reserve a seat in advance.) Vans to RhineCliff leaving at 10a and 4:15p.

May 28: Van to Albany Airport leaving at 8a ($10 to reserve a seat in advance.)