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All talk, no action

An evening of open discussion with the Student Forum

The Student Forum conducted its second meeting of the semester last Wednesday. Featured on the agenda were open discussions concerning the length of the intersession, and ideas of what should be included in the upcoming new Student Center. Since no constitutive actions or decisions were expected or achieved, these discussions were intended as a preliminary sampling of student opinion.

Apparently, the College’s Board of Trustees is planning to consider shortening the length of the January break by two weeks. Two years ago this week, the Forum passed a resolution requesting the administration to “reevaluate” the academic calendar. Twenty-four months later, the Board is finally responding.

Student opinion was highly divided over this issue. Those in favor of shortening intersession discussed the difficulty of securing summer internships or jobs because classes end in May, much later than most other colleges. Furthermore, some students, particularly international students, do not have the money to return home over the break and must spend the six weeks of intersession at a lonely, frozen campus.

Those opposed to changing intersession pointed out that the extra time is invaluable for January internships, and seniors will lose the extra two weeks to work on their project. As Educational Policies Committee Chair Renee Cramer argued, “I like that seniors get to hand in their projects, then relax and have fun for those final weeks.”

Cramer confirmed that a formal poll of student opinion is going to be conducted to determine whether the student body approves or disapproves of changing intersession. She also explained that the faculty has not reached a consensus decision either. Brent Armendinger offered a different perspective on the issue. “How come when the administration is claiming to be acting in our interest, they are not really working with us... Just because Bard doesn’t help us much with finding internships doesn’t mean we should get rid of intersession; we should be looking for ways to improve it.”

Dean of Students Shelley Morgan responded that the whole point of the discussion was that student opinion will greatly affect the Board’s decision. “We wouldn’t be here if it didn’t matter,” she said.

Turning to the imminent Student Center, the Forum discussed the ideas provided by last semester’s Student Center Committee, and those initiated by this semester’s new committee. A committee representative stated that the College may begin breaking ground this fall. Possible locations for the Center are near Sottery, on the field between Kline Commons and the library, or in front of the Ravines. The issue of how centrally located the Center...
THE BARD OBSERVER

March 16, 1994

News

Classifieds & personals

Hit and run

Slew of parking lot accidents

According to Kim Squillace, the Director of Safety and Security at Bard College, there has been a dramatic increase in the number of automobiles being damaged by other cars while parked on campus. These accidents have proven extremely costly to the car's owners, further complicated by the fact that the violators usually fail to stop to redress the damage. Squillace confirmed that both of these two parking areas were relatively cleaned of snow and ice, removing hazards caused by the winter. By present time, no one had claimed responsibility for hitting either of those parked cars.

"It's pretty obvious when you hit another car," said Squillace. "This is just a case of people being irresponsible." She reported that most of the incidents result in repair bills and paint removals of one car to another. She said that this does not happen very often, as drivers then the latter only reluctantly admits his or her guilt. The driver is usually held liable to pay for damages incurred, whether or not their insurance covered the incident.

In one case, a student struck a car in the Stevenson Gymnasium parking lot, left a note on the car, and contacted Security. Squillace said that the owner of the car, a local referee, was then able to get the truth of the incident from Security. "I was glad that the driver contacted us," she said, adding that anyone who accidentally damages a parked car, or witnesses such an accident, to report the incident to Security immediately.

SUMMER SUBLETS

The Graduate school of Environmental Studies is looking for housing for this summer - mid June through mid August. If you wish to sublet or rent, please call 758-7483 or see Bette in Settorey 101.

The National Library Poetry is once again holding a contest with over $12,000 in prizes. To enter, send your subject or style, to the National Library, 11419 Crondale Dr., F.C. Box 704-37F, Owings Mills, MD 21117. Limit of two lines. Include name and address on top of the page. Deadline: March 31, 1994.

100's OF MARVEL COMICS FOR SALE, CHEAP! INCLUDING: X-MEN, SPIDERMAN AND OTHERS. 1 @ .75 OR 2 @ $1.00 CONTACT JANCY AT 752-7408.

To my most beloved wife- Memorable inuitae. Sex moriarum! Keep your chin up & give Hell! — Your sweetheart

S.B.—All I need for happiness is you & Garth Brooks. Love, Me

Hey Rabbit! Me, myself or I did not pen the personal above, as perhaps you might have thunk. Sweet pea, I will only wear for this country This cowboy hat if you lead me to the promised land - or at least Wisconsin... from your Cheesehead.

My darling best friend Pam: I'll love you always, but please stop freaking me out! Are you sure you don't need a sweet, cuddly Kestral in your life? Oh, perhaps we can find a taff, dazzling Centaur for you instead. Your darling best friend, Aphrodita.

Hey! Someone stole my bathing suit and a pair of shorts from the locker room in the gym. The suit is patterned and laces up in the front. The shorts say "Harker Academy Staff." If they have found their way into your closet, 1000 500 are on your head (unless, of course, you return them to me through campus mail box 1255).

At Upstate Films check out The Snapper, March 25-31, or Far Away So Close, March 26-29. Call the theater at 876-2515 for more information.

Attention scythian horsemen

Some of us don't like Freshman Seminar, yet some others do. For those who do there is a Herodotus class this spring, unfortunately some of us are taking science classes and can't take it. If you are one of these people and you want to talk about Herodotus, a group will meet on Tuesday nights. Contact Luis Alcazar-Roman at 752-7352.
Professor lectures on Avant-garde Film

If there is one thing, MTV has not been accused of, it is a lack of style. With its barrage of images loosely forming a coherent theme, MTV has carved out a distinctive niche for itself in today's pop culture. Interestingly, and some might say obviously, this editing (or montage) style is in no way new or original. Russian directors like Livov Vertov were using this method in silent films 70 years ago. In his lecture for the Freshman Seminar series, film professor John Pruitt raised interesting points such as this as he highlighted Russian avant-garde films of the 1920's. Films like Vertov's Man With a Movie Camera are little talked about anymore. "The philosophy which evolved in the 1920's was also influenced by Marxist thought. The Soviets chose to reject reality. They saw the real world as something we would like to transform, so films should be about the real world—how it ought to be, not how it is." Pruitt pointed out that Vertov was interested in "emotions are served to the audience through narrative manipulation." Vertov refused to tell a story in this fashion. He felt that the camera's eye is superior to the human eye, and saw himself as an intellectual worker and not an artist. He even attacked other filmmakers for being decadent and bourgeois. However, his films are hard to watch. "This film makes no sense if you sit and daydream. It makes sense when you think about it. The first time you see this it is like seeing a James Joyce novel going across the Times Square banner," he joked. Audiences of this film should prove to be an interesting and in-depth look at how various disciplines reacted to the modern age. They take place before him. It is easier to watch but lacks the philosophy of avant garde film.

This year's Freshman Seminar lecture series should prove to be an interesting and in-depth look at how various disciplines reacted to the modern age. They take place before him. It is easier to watch but lacks the philosophy of avant garde film.

This year's John Bard Lecture

On Tuesday, March 8, at 8 p.m. in Olm Auditorium, Nathan Sivin, Professor of Chinese Culture and the History of Science at the University of Pennsylvania, presented the annual John Bard Lecture. Sivin discussed the origins of philosophy in China. Sivin's work has focused on Chinese science and culture, as he has written numerous books and essays on Chinese science, philosophy, and medicine. He has studied abroad in Taiwan; Singapore; Cambridge, England; and The People's Republic of China. He has received grants from the Ford Foundation, European Association for Chinese Studies, and the National Science Foundation and is currently an honorary professor at the Chinese Academy of Sciences in Beijing. Among Sivin's current projects are a forthcoming selection of essays on Chinese science by European and American historians in Japanese translation; two volumes of his own essays; an extended investigation of the social relations of Chinese medicine (from a point of view which combines the conceptual tools of history of science with those of cultural and social anthropology and sociology); and a study of the theoretical structure of Chinese alchemy. Sivin, who describes himself as a "dilettante," opened his lecture stating "From time to time, we have been looking for precursors." Man has always been curious about the ideas and the people who have come before him. In the 1950's this search for precursors developed into a conflict. Modern assumptions are different from ancient times because now we are less certain about our ideas. However, ideas were not uncertain in classical Greece. Modern textbooks have become our schools as opposed to argument. There has been an increasing failure of modern people to stimulate intellectual interest. The problems have seemingly spawned from a lack of understanding in the culture of the practice developed in...
Stephanie Chasteen is from New Hampshire. She came to Bard because “it’s pure,” and because she received an EEC (Equal and Excellence Cost) scholarship. She is currently a junior for II, majoring in psychology. She does not yet know what she will focus her senior project on next year, but is almost positive it will include research involving the psychology of women, possibly relating feminism to gay and lesbian studies.

When asked what she liked best about Bard, Stephanie replied, “all the purdy girls and boys.” When asked what she liked least about Bard, she was a little more serious and said, “the lack of community.” This upsets her greatly because “people don’t seem to be involved in things” when they are supposed to care about them. As an aside, she added, “the personal is political.”

Stephanie, who describes herself as “devastatingly handsome, and devastatingly intelligent,” is also the Peer Counselor of Obreshkove where she has “a bunch of wonderful little freshmen.” She took the job because she wanted a “position of responsibility,” and “liked the idea of helping other people through their freshman year.” The best thing about being a PC, she says, is the “people in my dorm, and having more of a feel of the campus and the administration.” The worst thing is trying to get people to go to dorm meetings and participate in activities.

Planning activities is something Stephanie’s friends say she is very good at. “She always knows what’s going on; she has a good head on her shoulders.” Recently, she organized and performed in a production of Rocky Horror, as well as organizing the reading by lesbian author Sheri Leff that took place last Friday. Her other activities have included being the co-head of BAGLE, “recently disbanded, for a variety of reasons — including a lack of communication,” and finding time for hobbies. These include: masturbating, flirting, “furthering the academic pause,” and psychoanalyzing her friends.

She also says that she is “dedicated to social change through psychological research,” and gets “fucking pissed off by well intentioned homophobia...I like being bisexual.” She explained that “I’ve known since 7th grade, I look at women and drool.” She is also very concerned about gay/lesbian politics because “it affects me and a lot of my friends, and I also feel literature on racism and sexism is rolling along well and is well developed where as the homophobia, etc. literature is not.”

When Bard begins to start mounting, Rob, like many others here, simply “has to take a break from it.” He does this through little things like going for a walk or on a wall trip. His hobbies help too. These include: reading, traveling, computers, scuba diving, doing volunteer work, teaching kids how to swim (Rob teaches 2 swimming classes at Bard) and talking to friends.

Rob says, “I get the most out of life. When I do things, I do them all the way,” and this applies to a great many activities. For instance, Rob is an EMT (emergency medical technician) and a member of Bard EMS. He is on call at least twelve hours per week (last semester it was anywhere from 24-36). He says that being on EMS keeps him on his toes — “when you’re asleep...at 3 AM and your radio goes off, you do get an adrenaline rush,” but it has its drawbacks too like not being able to leave campus while on shift and “you can’t talk about what you see or hear.” The biggest problem, however, says that “people who know me come to me instead of calling EMS even when I think they should...if you’re in doubt you should call because that’s what we’re there for — even for the little things.”

His friends describe him as a “tolerant, intellectual, people person” as well as “really tall, unique, cute (with a capital W), nice, energetic, and did I mention tall?” Of himself, Rob says, “in some ways I’m child like (I really like children and can understand them), but, when necessary, I’m serious — completely!” His friends agree; they know that he knows what situation calls for being serious and when it’s alright to be silly. One friend describes Rob as “a giant teddy bear who gives good hugs that make people feel better; he’s very, very, very caring.”

After Bard, Rob plans to attend graduate school. He has already been accepted to Vanderbilt University. He would also like to eventually go to Egypt, Africa, the Galapagos Islands and China, but this summer he will be working as a summer camp counselor in Maine. Rob’s life time goal is “to be happy, to have kids, a family, to get the most out of life and to do a lot as I go along.” He would also like someday to found a foundation for children.

Stephanie Chasteen

Rob Cutler
News from Larreynaga

This report is based on the latest E-mail info from Jonah Gendler, Sister Cities Project Coordinator in Nicaragua (not to mention Bard graduate) editing and extra relevant Bard graduate. Editing and extra relevant Bard commentary by Phoebe McDowell.

"Where the water project is in motion, with a trench already started under the direction of the Larreynaga Water Committee." Bard’s Sister Cities project will soon be collecting clothes which will be used to pay those working on the improved water system in Larreynaga so keep us in mind before tossing what you don’t use.

"Last month it was the street light, this month general store owner Yoyo Bermdez is building a bar across the street from his store (and right next to the health center). Is the bar adjacent to the health center the things can easily stumble into the door’s office, or because booze is a cheaper alternative than medicine these days? Regardless, it’s going up and will certainly add activity to Larreynaga center." Last semester Bard’s SC project raised money to send supplies to the schools in Larreynaga. Here in the states a school supplies is more expensive than in Nicaragua. The request from those in Larreynaga is that the same type of supplies could also be sent to the Health Center. One of our newest members, Elane Fernandez has taken the responsibility to locate the cheapest supplies found in this area. If all goes well, these will be sent down to Nicaragua in the March shipment.

"I’m [Jonah] part of a working group that is organizing the July 21, 22, and 23 conference in Managua called ‘Sister Cities:Just and Sustainable Relations.’ July 19 will be the 15th anniversary of the Nicaraguan revolution. If my math skills are correct that would mean that in July of 79 the Somoza dictatorship in Nicaragua was taken from power. Jonah suggests that those hoping to attend this conference might want “to plan this into their time” and come early. Despite the fact that government powers have vanished in a variety of ways since the revolution, I’m of the opinion that the 15th anniversary will be an opportune time to reflect on the significance it has had for Nicaraguan people. Also it would be good to note that fashion does not have to be a huge consideration in revolutionary celebrations. Part of a successful revolution is the element of surprise, therefore it is necessary to come as you are.

Many Sister Cities members are preparing for this area’s own conference on Saturday April 30 to be held at the Hawthorne Valley school in Harlemville. NY. (My old school.) The goal of this conference is to promote an understanding of the most important issues facing Nicaragua politically and economically on both local and national levels. It is also expected to complement the previously mentioned conference in Managua. If you are interested in more information, show up at the next Sister Cities meeting on Thursday at 4 pm in one of the Kev Committee rooms. Please note that the conference organizers request that anyone attending the after conference fiesta bring dessert and BYOB.

Straight From the Stars

Pisces (February 19-March 20): Those who court their chickens before they hatch will only end up with egg in their face.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): An old pain intensifies and an old joy dimmers unless you find it within you to forgive.

By Matthew Gilman
by Michael Sylvester.

"Gray skies are going to clear up, put on a happy face." I am walking toward the kitchen when the words slip past me. At home, the willows cry, and saltly, morbidly chanting myself. I have not seen the sun in seven days. I am, you see, chemically dependent on the sun’s appearance in the sky and no Twelve Step in the world is going to help. I can feel the last thin residue of vitamin A evaporating from my skin. There is nothing left to do but collapse onto the sofa and tear open another box of Archway cookies. With the endless cold, my mind has long ago turned to frozen angels like the ground outside my window. Yet somewhere around my fifth sugared molasses, I begin to day dream.

When I am depressed, I tend not to dream so much about the endless possibilities of what might be. I dwell instead on the events which have really happened. In the middle of this damned winter, it is too much of a stretch to believe in the warm places I have been. There has never been warmer or sun, of this I am certain, so I head out north in my mind, up to Maine.

I grew up in Lewiston, which is the second largest city in Maine. It is not one of the pretty cities to which the tourists go. Lewiston is one of the many mill towns that French Canadians flocked to in the early to mid 1800s seeking to find work in the factories downstream of the Androscoggin River. Though the river has recovered significantly from the decades of industrial waste which the mills dumped into its waters, I can remember that, as a boy, with the wind just right, the Spring time Androscoggin would release an odor similar to a bowl of nine week-old egg salad. Even a reeking stench, however, can hold a kind of charm. In fact, the smell of the Androscoggin is immortalized in a French-Canadian song which says, when roughly translated, “Lewiston, my city, my home. You smell like shit but your beer tastes good.”

My mother’s house lies in a valley toward the outskirts of the city. When we moved into the tiny, one story house, long fields of grass and thistle grew up around the mounds of landfill which only hinted at future homes. I can distinctly recall the long hours I spent on one of these mounds, stretched out in a depression of dirt which resembled the nest of an eagle or a small pterodactyl. I lay among the twisted branches in its bottom and let the warm sun tummy me as darkly the dirt of the mounds. Small black ants burrowed through the clay, often crawling into my socks and under the collar of my shirt. Otherwise, I was alone on my small mountain.

To the West of my house there was a bird sanctuary, a small stretch of woods called Thorne’s Craig. The sanctuary consisted of several miles of woods, through the middle of which, there was a hand built stone wall and the crumbling foundation of a house. I used to sit on the wall and watch the grey squirrels leap from the branches to the ground. I would watch the birds as well without any ideas as the names of the different species. The birds were diversely blue, yellow or spotted, and even though I now know some of their technical names, my first instinctual ways to tell them apart are by what I name them, with the help of the guidebook. By the far end of the pond, I am the crumbling foundation of a house. I used to sit there by the window. The cold sun warmed my face, and my clothes, and I remember thinking, as I sat there, that I could never be happier.

In the essay, "Walking with Stories: Names, Places and Moral Narratives Among the Western Apache", Keith Beaton describes the contextual function of the place names which Pueblo Native Americans gave to their water holes, rocks and towering mesas of the Arizona desert. The names are made up of complete sentence: like "big cottonwood trees stand spreading here and there," or "coarse textured rocks lie above in a compact cluster." These place names are intertwined within narratives and the narratives are dispersed. In the “crumbling foundation” of the land, to stand atop “men stand above here and these” to stand in the midst of a story. This is how my memories of the area surrounding Thorne’s Craig are for me, though like the birds and unlike the Pueblos, I have no names for the terrain I find there. I can see clearly and walk through it all again. Time falls away and my anguished spirit returns to place to place, the years attached and dislodging themselves like briars on the hazy sized butterflies I used to wear.

As I enter the field which borders the woods properly, it is late Summer and I am seven years old. A flock of butterflies erupts from the thistle in front of me. I become absolutely still and the butterflies settle once again. A single butterfly lands on the zipper of my coat and my mouth goes dry. Its tawdry I will discover later in the only nature guide we own, an old Sierra guide to butterflies. I stand watching the butterfly for nearly five minutes, the patterns of orange and black and the hairs along the back of its legs. The guide book will tell me that these butterflies like to live by the edges of fields and streams, feeding on passing insects. The girl who lived next to me, who was all of nine years old, however, nothing seems more natural than to have this little friend living on the zipper of my coat.

For many years, I am afraid to explore much further than the field. I spend my time on the edge where the long grasses eventually give way to trees. There is a stream which I used to "fish" in with my cousin Kevin, using broom handles and paper clip hooks baited with minnows. It is not much of a stream to be sure. In the Spring it reaches its full glory and, with the help of ground water, becomes large enough to food the odd couple of basements. For most of the summer, it is thin ribbon trickling its way over small stones. There are not many fish which live in it except for a motley colored species we called "mollys." The suckers are sometimes quick to grow to reach about 6" in length but they are bottom feeders and you can not eat them even if you could overhook how ugly they are. Kevin and I never caught anything with our make-shift poles but we didn’t seem to care, changing "worms" when theaining grey soogy or slipped off, eating the bait ourselves when we were bored. I am always disappointed, of course, but I am a junkie for those brief moments of hope.

The trees around the bird sanctuary are mostly pines and white birches, both trees and making love to my then girlfriend. I have talked about it all Winter long and so, about a seventy-five degree angle for about a quarter mile. At the age of fifteen, I ran endless laps up and down this slope as I attempted to lose the slight paunch which has haunted me since my earliest years. I ran in my bare feet and the skin along the bottoms grew thick and callusened from treading over scores of branches and rocks. Now, at twenty-four, my feet are basically insensitive to the beating I inflicted upon them but the paunch lingers, even in the distance.

At the top of the slope there is a clearing, a roughly circular ring of trees. Several small buildings have been positioned within it like Islay Bay redhorns about the T.V. There are usually spurious beans and proclivities scattered in the brush and the center of the ring has been berated by uncountable small fires. At twelve, I tasted my first cigarette here with a boy whose name I have forgotten. It was a Salem and, whenever someone lights one up, I can smell the wet pine needles and taste the harshness of mint on my tongue. In the same year, my Florida cousins coerced me into smoking what they claimed was marijuana. The oldest cousin had carved a crude pipe out of one of my wooden building blocks. The organza tasted both sweet and acidic and I smoked it until it was all gone.

Just past the circle is a swampy pond crested by a lack of sun and the drainage from the hills extending to the West. There are almost always cats tailing growing amongst the odd debris floating on the surface. It is a paradise for snails and slugs of all kinds.

I am two ages here. Right off the trail which loops the pond, I am thirteen and standing with my best friend Chris. We are looking into the pond. It is a paradise for snails and slugs of all kinds. This might be. Chris is wearing his favorite camouflage fatigues, the ones that he has spent all Summer getting absolutely muddy, absolutely cocked up. He is not out in the open, he is trying to reach the bottom and I am not, I put him straight in. It turns out that the pool is over his head. He climbs out, his face red and weeps in his blonde hair. His camouflage pants have been washed entirely clean.

By the far end of the pond, I am seventeen and making love to my then girlfriend. We have talked about it all Winter long and so, while taking a walk one day, we lay out on the ground without a blanket and try to feel sexy. It is over quick and what I feel for the most part is nervous that someone will come along. For the first time, I feel how close the road at the gates of the sanctuary is to my stamping grounds. When I make it back home, I find leaves in my underwear and mosquito bites in places I would rather not. There are other memories embrodiered into that stretch of land but for the most part they are flashes, like the time I could see my prom date reflected in her eyes. Or the time I fell headlong into a patch of briars and tore my new shirt in about fifteen places. I stayed in the woods overnight rather than go home and the temperature dropped below fifty. These memories are there but usually they continue next page.
Faculty responds to student participation

The Educational Policies Committee received the following letter from the Faculty Evaluation Committee, regarding student participation in faculty meetings. We will be meeting with the faculty committee to discuss a possible general campus forum, and we would like your input. Please address comments and suggestions to Renee Cramer at Box 723.

to: Educational Policies Committee
from: Faculty Executive Committee

The Executive Committee recently received a petition from a group of students requesting student participation in the Faculty meetings. The Committee discussed this at length, as had the faculty as a whole at a meeting in the Fall.

The petition and letter in last week's Observer [Feb. 16, "We Live Here!" ed.] show a student interest in substantive student involvement in the governance of the college. We would suggest that such participation is desirable, but that a forum other than faculty meetings for such student-faculty-administration exchanges of ideas and perspectives would be more appropriate.

We would like to have representatives of the faculty, chosen from their elected bodies (Executive Committee and Faculty Senate), meet with elected representatives of the student body (presumably EPC members) and appropriate administrators to discuss the possible structure of a general campus forum. In such a forum, all interested parties could meet regularly to discuss the direction of the academic program and other college matters.

Faculty Meetings are primarily for faculty to discuss amongst each other a variety of matters affecting the college. It is in the interest of preserving the integrity of such discussions that student attendance was not approved. Last fall, the faculty approved the acceptance of a structure for the participation of all members of the student body (presumably EPC members) and appropriate administrators to discuss the possible structure of a general campus forum. In such a forum, all interested parties could meet regularly to discuss the direction of the academic program and other college matters.

Facility Meetings are primarily for facility to discuss amongst each other a variety of matters affecting the college. It is in the interest of preserving the integrity of such discussions that student attendance was not approved. Last fall, the faculty approved the acceptance of a structure for the participation of all members of the student body (presumably EPC members) and appropriate administrators to discuss the possible structure of a general campus forum. In such a forum, all interested parties could meet regularly to discuss the direction of the academic program and other college matters.

We look forward to a response to this initiative and to starting the work toward setting up a structure for campus meetings that we would all find constructive.

Shameless continued

I saw this as a golden opportunity to help others. In my condition the spoken freedom offered to those fragile students who could pass with a minimal effort and stay out of the administration's hair. As long as you did enough to have a C average, you could fit anywhere, do anything, and still graduate. This led me to a friendship and a close friend of mine collaborating on a publication that lives in Stanford High School infinity.

It was a project which took meticulous field research and after-hours study of the physical condition of the school. Sometimes school hours got in the way of our research, and we had to take the days off in the name of hands-on exploration and examination. We finally assembled our findings into a manuscript, written under pseudonym and distributed to the students clandestinely. We called it "School Sins." It was subtitled "How to graduate without really trying: A handbook for the facile student." It was a twelve-page pamphlet printed on my friend's Apple computer and stapled by hand. It was an instant topic of conversation. The pamphlet was a how-to guide for breaking the rules and attaining personal freedom from and in Stanford High School. The facts stated at the beginning of this essay are direct quotes from School Sins. We made a detailed, floor-by-floor map of the building indicating all exits and hiding places. We included instructions on how to steal ball passes and valid absentee slips from your teacher's desk. There was a tutorial on how to forge signatures. Schemes on how to get a full course load and still have two study halls per day. And a full time table of the rules taken by the "bullies" in the administration who wondered the halls with walkie-talkies, apprehending students wherever they were supposed to be. We had to go in repeating four times. Zankouma and Brookbend (our pseudonyms) became folk heroes to most of the student body.

We even got noticed by the administration, but not as much as you'd expect. They made a few happenings about the dangers of breaking school rules, handed out some flyers asking for any information as to who the student responsible might be. They even made idle threats and offered vague rewards for turning in copies of the pamphlet. But, in a few months, the "crisis" was pretty much forgotten by the folks in the head office. Students still circulated the publication, and there was much speculation as to who was responsible. Eventually, however, even students forgot about the monumental publication.

I think only a handful of students knew I was partially responsible, and I liked it that way. We had become a big anti-authority figure-who had nothing to lose. I'm glad I stayed mostly unknown during my high school years; it made the process less strenuous all around. And two years later, after graduated with my class of 600 students, the Vice-Principal Mr. Neat handed me a diploma, said "Congratulations" and looked at my face with the lightest bit of recognition. I had expected as much. A fitting ending to my career in public education.

Light continued

Birds of a feather flock together and the sanctuary now exists on a tiny wooded couple acres of land and the streams have been filled in or re-routed through pipes. My own valley has become so clogged with houses that there is no room to build another even if you wished to. As I continually find is true with so many things that I took for granted in the Maine of my childhood, the only proof of my little woods existence lies locked within my mind, I cannot see the land dearly in my thoughts and these nameless places hold my stories. There in my memory, unlike the birthdays and names of acquaintances which constantly slip beyond my grasp, the sun which I have lost all hope of ever seeing again, the trees of Thorne's Cape extend unfettered for miles and the air remains fragrant with pine—even on those days when the wind is blowing off the salted Androscoggin.
by Mary Lindsey

Hotlines are for crises and the last time I checked, there wasn’t a coming out crisis going on at Bard’s campus. The dissolution of BAGLE was fairly inevitable considering the negative feelings towards it for the last year and a half, but a hotline isn’t the solution. I know the “gay hotline” isn’t presenting itself as an alternative to BAGLE, but considering the fact that nothing else is available in terms of gay services, that is in fact what it is.

What is the solution then? I think that first, we have to look at what were the problems that caused the destruction of BAGLE and the Lesbian/Bi-Women’s Discussion Group so that we can come up with something that maximizes the most people’s satisfaction and something that will last.

Before looking at the specific problems with BAGLE, let’s consider some of the problems inherent to any gay group that might try to form. First, Bard is out in the middle of nowhere. Anyone who is looking for a radical, militant activist group isn’t going to find it here. What are we going to do, match on Red Hook? Second, people come here to Bard from all kinds of backgrounds and at all different stages of coming to terms with their sexuality. People who haven’t even come out to their roommates aren’t going to want to talk about participating in a Gay Dating Game and people who are thinking of chaining themselves to a desk leg in the Oval Office to protest the gays in the military “compromise” aren’t going to want to hear another thousand coming out stories. Then there’s the fact that Bard is a really small school. Even though there is probably a higher concentration of gay people here than, say, SUNY New Paltz, the gay community here is small. No matter what kind of group forms here, it isn’t going to be the kind where you can come to a meeting “just to see what it’s about” and nobody’s going to know about it the next day. I’m sorry, but part of being gay is being out. If Bard had a big, positive, friendly gay community, there wouldn’t be a need for a coming out hotline. People would look at us and say, “Yeah! I want to be one of those people!” Which brings me to problems specific to the groups of the past. What are the many complaints that have been circulating for a while now? BAGLE is intimidating. Why is it intimidating? I’m sure any group will be intimidating to a first goer or someone who isn’t very comfortable with their own identity, but is there something else going on here? Rumors of “politics” and group dynamics run rampant but what does that mean? What that means is that there are some people in the group that other people feel annoyed or scared. There’s nothing we can do about that. There are annoying people everywhere, they have just as much right to belong to a group as you or I. We have to find some way of designing a group so that someone, who someone else finds annoying, doesn’t stop that person from being part of the group. What about spending less time in meetings and more time actually doing stuff? How about getting a goddamn permanent office with a goddamn phone and a goddamn answering machine so if someone has an idea, they could just call up, leave a message and deal one-on-one with someone else who was specifically interested in that idea, too.

Why has getting these things been such a problem? Because Shelley Morgan hasn’t had fifty angry dykes and fags march into her office, screaming their heads off, and refusing to leave until they get what they want. Because we can’t get fifty of us into the same room together for even two seconds, and none of us seem to be too angry. BAGLE has consistently received less money every semester.

I don’t know what the solution is, but I am concerned about the future of the gay community and I do want to do something about it, just don’t know what. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not calling for the dissolution of the hotline. I just think there should be something else. What would be appropriate? What does everybody want? What will work? Why don’t all the people with ideas get together and see if something can be worked out for next semester? Contact me at Box 1005, but if you’re not writing to be helpful or if you have nothing new to say or if you’re just on a power trip, do us all a favor and stay home.

by Josh Ledwell

On Thursday, February 24th, Bard Response to Rape and Associated violence sponsored an informal discussion entitled “Too Horny to Communicate?” in the Robbins lounge. I found the title of the meeting a little intimidating: would my function be as a kind of target for the resentment of Bard women? However, I had promised a friend, a BRAVE counselor, that I would go. He was worried that no one would attend.

As it happened, so many people arrived that some had to sit on the floor. Surprisingly to me, there were almost as many men as women among the twenty-odd people who attended. We sat in a circle, facing each other more or less comfortably.

The BRAVE counselors opened the discussion, and invited the audience to share their views on sex in relationships. I was surprised to find that people felt free to express opinions that were definitely not politically correct. Though I had expected the discussion to be hopelessly stilted, the Bardians present felt free to say what they really thought.

We talked for a long time about different aspects of sex. How far can you go in persuading someone to say something they aren’t? We talked about the pressures involved in having sex. Imagine yourself without transportation, isolated, with your date saying, “Come on, let’s do it.” 

“Friends expectations matter — do you want to be known as a wuss?”

Not everybody present was pleased with the way the discussion was progressing. One woman pointedly noted that the female speakers were constantly being cut off. Another man said that the issues brought up were heterosexist, since we were mainly discussing male-female interaction.

The most interesting part of the debate for me was the discussion of male groups and their views on women and sex. This was the first time I had heard of the Sperm Posse, a high school gang whose members competed to rack up the highest number of ‘scores’ on women. Though an extreme, these practices symbolized some of the way men look at sex — as a sport, not an intimate act. One man explained how difficult it was to challenge some ideas of gender roles within groups of men, as opposed to the relatively safe environment of our BRAVE-sponsored discussion.

The discussion lasted for an hour and a half, when, after the talking, everybody rose almost in unison and drifted out. It had been a success. In my opinion, the discussion would not have worked without the wide range of peoples’ opinions and their willingness to express them. One BRAVE counselor said that there might be similar meetings in the future. I offer a warning to those coming to any further meetings: you might find them too engaging to leave. I will probably attend another discussion, but next time I go, I’m going to finish my homework first.

Due to the disorganization of the editor-in-chief, this piece is appearing late. We apologize for any and all inconveniences.
Leary! Snipes! Movie review!

Sugar Hill and The Ref, two strange films in March

Will the real Sugar Hill please stand up? Sugar Hill is a film that walks a fine line—it's part art, part crap, and when it's all over you can't be sure which one is the real heart of the film. The story itself is to a large degree crap, not too bad but definitively unoriginal, and badly written—Snipes plays a drug pusher whose conscience gets the better of him, making him want to find a nice girl, go straight, and have a normal life. Predictably enough, it's hard going straight; Snipes' brother fears being left alone to run the business, and his supposed allies are up to some nasty tricks on his turf. Interspersed with this are flashback shots of the main character's childhood, where we find out that his mother died of a heroin overdose. This, along with the sight of his semi-invalid father (whose mind and body have been ravaged by heroin and drug-related violence) make Snipes want out. Of course, there's also a pretty young girl involved, the one he wants to run off with.

Basically, the story is the lesser parts of Carlin's Way, part True Romance, and maybe a tiny bit of New Jack City, all thrown together, but with none of the fast-paced activity that made those films work so well. It really shouldn't be a very good movie. However, the acting is so passionate, the characters are so well defined and their chemistry so strong, it feels like a really amazing movie. And the direction is art, plain and simple, just beautiful, ninety percent of the time. The whole film is set to a low key jazz score which is almost really brings music to the screen. The role of the desired mood quite well. I don't know whether to recommend this film or not—when you walk out it's really hard to decide whether you've just seen a beautiful art film or a poorly written ghetto-message film. Actually, it's worth seeing just for a few particular scenes, but it's hard to figure out what to think of the rest of the movie. Does it work or doesn't it, and is it worth five bucks to find out? You be the judge. More than just a Denis Leary vehicle. Although that would have been enough to make me see it right there. But actually, Leary isn't the center of The Ref, which is good—it would have been really easy to make a Denis Leary vehicle, just a chance for him to do his raging asshole bit on the big screen for a couple of hours, and all his fans could go see it and be happy. But no, this is a real movie, or at least it tries to be. The story is very well conceived, but requires a serious effort of suspension of disbelief. Leary plays a crook on the run who hijacks a couple at a convenience store and forces them to take him to their house, where he intends to hold them to move. What Leary doesn't realize is that he's chosen a couple whose ability to argue about petty problems surpasses any concern for their own lives or well being. Well, not really, but you get the idea. On top of this, there are relatives on the way, including the boy's mother (a real prize indeed), and their son is also on his way back from military school (where he's just blackmail to the dean). The farce really gets rolling when the couple tries to cope with their own problems at the same time that they keep the situation with Leary a secret from the visiting relatives, each of whom is a perfectly recreated stereotypical nightmare of annoyance.

The chemistry between the various characters is really impressive, and whoever did the casting for this film deserves some kind of award. Even if you aren't into Denis Leary's style of comedy; this film has a lot to offer, and the exchanges between the husband and wife are great. The story drags a little once or twice, but it's entirely forgivable when you consider the amazing farce-and-farce dialogue that dominates the different situations. The biggest failing, if you consider it one, is that the promises of the different situations do require a lot of faith on the part of the viewer. If you're the type of person who walks out and says, 'oh, that would never happen,' then this might not be your cup of tea. Go see this one to be entertained, but not necessarily to be convinced.

Tai-Chi Class

With Master Wendy Shih
Begins Friday, April 15th
through Friday, May 6th

Classes will meet on Friday evenings, 7-8pm in the Aerobic studio of the Stevenson Gymnasium.

Fee: $5.00 per class
Co-sponsored by the ASIAN-AMERICAN STUDENTS ORGANIZATION and the DEPARTMENT OF RECREATION AND ATHLETICS

To register: Call the Department at 758-7530. Available to student, faculty, staff and community members.

Need help with your papers?

Peer Tutors are now at your service. Whether you are brainstorming for freshman seminar, or proof-reading your senior project, Peer Tutors can help.

Available every evening, Monday-Thursday from 8-10pm in Stevenson library room 402.

(Also Monday mornings, 10am-12pm.)

Anyone interested in a LIFEGUARDING CLASS at the Stevenson Gym, please contact Carla Davis at ext. 529
Bard life?

by Jeana C. Breton

After all the time I've spent at this damn school, I have come to realize a few things about the ways of college life. First of all, there are stages of development we must go through as students and people. Also, that generally the most people who show up on campus is a very few select categories. For instance, freshmen tend to be either workaholics who get involved with everything their first semester then drop out during their second because they are "overwhelmed," or drugaholics who take or do everything (from beer to pot to sex) at least once just for the hell of it with little regard of how much they drink or do, or with whom.

Oh, but by sophomore year we all become so much more mature. With moderation pending, we have little choice. The second year at Bard is for stress purposes alone. We stop having time to party, and start to consume ourselves with hating the place, hating the classes, hating never having any free time, etc. Oh, except the select few who feel it's their job to prevent these sorts of reactions. These people are the so-called political activists who go around trying to change everything with or without really knowing what they want or the proper way of going about getting it. These are also the people who plan student government or try to become peer counselors, either to 'save' the new students from bad experiences or to "encourage" them into being different and 'getting involved.'

Then there's junior year, when we all, like it or not, go into a lazy stage. Let's call it hermione. Hell, moderation is over and senior project is a whole year away. No worries, YEAH, right? Well, at this point you can either go back to your "wild" days (with of course more experience and 'wisdom'), or buck yourself over, turn your world upside down, have a complete change of mind and attitude, and decide to major in something entirely new. Different classes, and of course moderation all over again — you fool! Didn't anybody ever tell you that it doesn't really matter what your major is in undergraduate school anyhow. To get a real job you're going to have to go through graduate school anyway, that's when a major really matters — so just pick something early and stick with it!! It'll save you a hell of a lot of pain and suffering.

Finally, senior year. This is when you stop caring about everyone and everything except, of course, that foreboding senior project. It is also when, if you are as disorganized as me, or you REALLY begin to feel overwhelmed and stressed out. Regardless of how calm and stable you were before, even if you have never before thought of suicide, you will begin to flip out and dark, looming thoughts of the Hudson River rise. (Rhinoceros' WILL knock you by the weekly, if not more often than that.) Fortunately, this is a passing thing and few of us are ever really all that serious about plunging our bodies down to the frigid cold waters of the Hudson. To compensate for our inability to go completely off the deep end, we instead turn to everyone's favorite hobby — procrastination. How many classes can I get away with not going to and still manage to pass? "It's not going to hurt all that much if I miss just this one meeting with my advisor." Oh, of course not. Anybody with any kind of skill can surely do a year's worth of research and write over a hundred pages in the two weeks remaining before graduation.

Good luck guys! And, don't just truly hate the inefficiency of I.L.L. (inter-library loan) by now! Well, what have I learned from being at Bard almost four years? Basically that I love my friends, hate everybody else and have been wasting my time, but, ironically, I want to stay another year. If college is really as scary as I'm making it out to be, I don't want to know what the real world is going to be like.

Senior Class Column

Who is a senior? Anyone who graduated in January, anyone graduating next January, and those of us who are graduating (Oh please God let it be true!) in May.

Like the seniors we are, as a class we're just a little bit better off than broke. We've managed $127 of our goal of $10,000. Hilary Kaufman & crew raised beaucoup bucks selling carnations. Henry Ringel & crew raised mucho dollars selling cookies from Terry's Baskets. Thanks guys and gals! Anybody else got any bright ideas?

Oh, and thanks to Greg Berston at the last Forum Meeting, we get what is left of the convocation money toward our goal of $10,000. Yippie! We could use it.

OK, guys, our senior class gift has been decided. Sasha Gorman & crew are renovating the garage. Great idea huh?! Thanks Sasha (He says it was where our first class party was — way back when during L&D). Also, good friends, wonderful, and charming Kim Chaitwood, Miss Southern Brains, Beauty & Braveness, was elected as our class Alumna representative. OK, you got me, she's a friend, just a little favoritism to make her day. Relax ya'll.

Do you remember that the Monas originated with OUR class? I mean, we started it, we were there first, and we should be proud. What did you decide to wear to the first Monas?

You know, we suggest that you turn up your bonnets to this jakes relish need to rally now and who would like to nominate for your next years? So, I'm just thinking that we should all go and have a choice. Learn from our lack of information. You need to tell either Sasha Gorman or Ephraim Cletter—you're representatives to the Board of Trustees—about your suggestions. The last meeting of the Board is Saturday, May 27, 1994.

Fact: There are approximately 200 seniors in the 1994 senior class, give or take a project or two. Do you know the breakdown by divisions? Coming up, same but time, same but channel.

Hey, have you persuaded some poor unsuspecting, underpaid professor to auction something for the Big Auction coming up? If you know something of there's, some momento or memorabilia, that you want up for grabs, mention it. Quick.

Fact: Every year about this time some int group of students decide on taking over a building. What's the word? Who's stum is to get some momentum this spring? Reminder: You won't want to issue first — or last — a problem. Someone somewhere should have a list of what's been covered. Please check it.

Dates to remember: Wednesday, March 15. NEXT SENIOR CLASS MEETING. BE THERE. (Where? We're not supposed to know everything. Ask you inidio!) Wednesday, March 16. Junior nominations due. UH, please.

March 22. The Deadline for Spring Finals Baskets orders. Tell your 'ole man or your moon to buy a $20 basket! They have a letter date of course from the senior class try to scrounge some cash for the "TIP". And don't forget to say the magic word, "please" (with feeling this time).

Thursday, March 23. Open Mike Night in Delkine for Seniors. A Fundraiser.

May 23-24. Senior Trip 5) Senior Class Meetings.

Senior Class Meetings 4) Food & Soft Drinks

Show a little class spirit and inform us about important dates, i.e. senior art show, senior musical, Senior Class Meetings 2) Senior Class Meetings 3) Senior Class Meetings 4) Test Party Food & Soft Drinks

Show a little class spirit and inform us about important dates, i.e. senior art show, senior musical, Senior Class Meetings 2) Senior Class Meetings 3) Senior Class Meetings 4) Test Party Food & Soft Drinks

COMING UP TO THE TOWN MEETING TONIGHT, Wednesday March 16th at 7pm in the Kline Committee Rooms. to discuss Career Services with administrators and other students.
**Letters**

**Bitter? Me too.**

Dear Bard:

Hey! Hey, you! Don’t look at me. Just walk past me while I stare at the ground. And god forbid I should make eye contact, mabey I’ll try to smile. But it will probably be awkward that I’ll never look at you again. You know me. I’m the one who blends into the drunken crowd at parties, the unnoticeable one. I’m the one who sits alone at a crowded table in Kline. Always trying to be different and finding out that I’m the same. Trying always to fit in anywhere. I was thrown in the wrong box. You have a problem with it? Then you should shut up.

I’m sick and tired of being alone. I’m sick and tired of seeing depression. If you are too, then let’s fucking do something about it. Scream your heart out, go for broke. We’ll get together and start a war. I’ve fallen in love, and I’ve had to wash it off. Bitter? Cynical? Damn right!

My misery has got to be something. I’m tired of being depressed and I’m tired of being lonely. If this sounds familiar then find me all the poor fuckers who have felt these same things. Well form a club, submit a budget and throw a two dollar Genny Cream Ale party. What else is there for us broken hearted loners to do besides drown our sorrows? There has got to be something.

T.W.

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**Sivin & Chinese culture continued**

primary political. The kings’ relationships with their guests was not based on their arguing over ideas but rather politics. The kings wanted patrons in order to secure the state, and to be in the forefront; they did not have any desire to philosophize. Material symbols of status became counters in the game. Some guests who were highly valued for their council were lavished with promiscuous hospitality. The masters of argumentation soon began to spread. Approximately 150 guests were permanent fixtures in a noble court.

Sivin related how important these guests were to the court by telling a story about one magistrate who underestimated a guest’s importance. When he failed to escort the poet, Ssu-ma Hsiang-ju (Sima Xiangru) out, he created an embarrassing situation because the other guests shunned the magistrate.

Retainers were quickly becoming an anachronism because the kingdom was being wiped out by centralization. Yet the teaching of Confucius (Kongzi) was a problem for the officials and caught on so that his teachings became prestigious.

The ambitious emperors knew how to bind councilors to them and became tired of subordinates who could not obey. This attitude was not designed to give Chinese philosophy any importance, but it did nevertheless.

The unification of China left no room for the old system. It gradually became a state for official philosophers.

Sivin adds that in ancient Greece, a juggler was more likely to be supported than a deep thinker. Another difference between these two cultures of philosophers is that the Greeks competed against each other on a one on one basis.

Sivin adds that the rise and fall of patronage occurred before philosophy was separated from science. Sivin himself admits that he is not even sure what is the difference between the two subjects.

The history of this patronage system enriches our understanding of the philosophies of both cultures. “We can’t understand everything all at once...we must look to the present,” Sivin explains. The process of comprehending the origins of philosophy demands a thorough examination of both the past and present.

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Happy St. Patrick’s Day!
**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16**

- Alcohols Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous will be meeting 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**.
- **Meeting to discuss career services**. Topics will include expansion of the Career Development office's contacts, internships, grants, etc. Special guests are Maureen Forrestal, Ethan Bloch, Jeff Huang, Ellen Jettio and Anne Gabler. Kline Committee Rooms, 7p.
- **Literary Salon**: Erotic and Romantic Readings. Tonight between 7p and 9p in Olin Auditorium.

**THURSDAY, MARCH 17**

- Alcohols 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. Benvenuti!
- **Sister Cities Meeting**. Kline Committee Rooms, 5p
- **Senior Projects in Progress**, presented by the Gender Studies Program. Brief presentations by seniors moderated in gender studies will be given in Olin 203 at 6:30p. Refreshments will be served after the event.
- **Open-mic Coffeehouse** in DeKline at 9p. Call 752-7352 to sign up. Any performance under 20 minutes long will be accepted.

**FRIDAY, MARCH 18**

- Alcohols Anonymous meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- **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. Kline Presidents Room, 5-6:30p.
- **John Cali**, avant-garde composer, performer and founding member of the Velvet Underground will be giving a solo performance tonight at 7:30p in Olin Auditorium. Admission is $12 with Bard ID.
- **Dance Theatre I**, at the Dance Studio. Unreserved seating, 8p.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 19**

- Alcohols Anonymous meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.

**SUNDAY, MARCH 20**

- **Hudson Valley Mall Trip**. Meet van behind Kline at 5:45 and it will pick you up at the mall at 9:45.
- **At D'France** will be performing in Olin Auditorium tonight at 8p. This amazing songwriter and guitar player is presented by the Folk Society and the Women's Center.

**MONDAY, MARCH 21**

- Alcohols Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous will be meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- **Women's Center meeting**. Annandale House, rm 110, 6:30p.
- **Women's Wellness and Health**, a forum. Olin 204, 8p. Refreshments will be served.
- **Dance Theatre I**, at the Dance Studio. Unreserved seating, 8p.

**TUESDAY, MARCH 22**

- Alcohols Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous will be meeting today in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- **Leonard Schwartz** will be giving a talk entitled "Modernist Thought, Poetic Practice." Olin Auditorium, 5p. Pre-lecture reception at 4:20p.

**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23**

- **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**.
- **Student Repertory I**. Several plays directed by Bard students will be performed today at the Dance Studio at 8p. For reservations call 758-8622.

**TRANSPORTATION SCHEDULE**

**WEDNESDAY, March 16**
- Grand Union Run: Leave at 6p, return at 7p.

**FRIDAY, March 18**
- Poughkeepsie Gallery Mall Run: Leave every other Friday at 8p. Pick up at the Mall at 8p. Trips are scheduled for February 11, 25; March 11, 25.

**SUNDAY, March 20**
- Van meets the 7:15p and 9:30p trains at the Poughkeepsie Station.

**MARCH 16 TO MARCH 23, 1994**

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