

OBSERVER

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The
BARD

OBSERVER

VOLUME 101 ★ NUMBER 17

BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504

MARCH 16 ★ 1994

"I am a fork, I will stick
you!"

—Soren
Kierkegaard as a child

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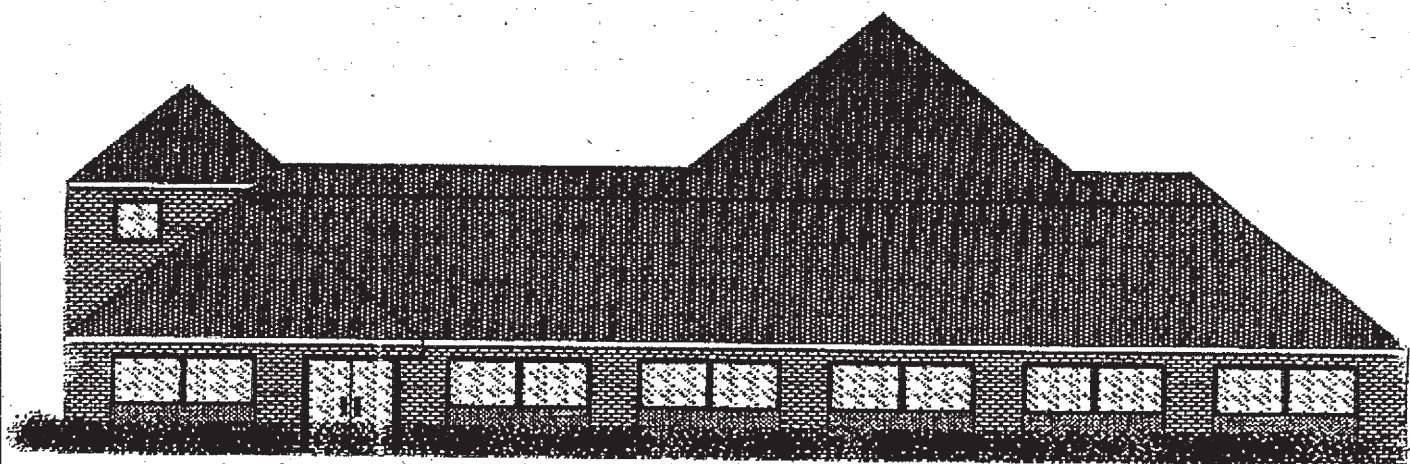
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External views of the promised Student Center as designed by student Adam Weiss.

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 Inter-session 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 Inter-session 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 Inter-session. 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 [students'] interests, they are not really working with us?...Just because Bard doesn't help us much with finding internships does not mean we should get rid of Inter-session; 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

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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 proved extremely costly to

the cars' owners, further complicated by the fact that the violators usually fail to step forward.

This past week alone, there have been two more incidents to add to the growing list of accidents. One vehicle was parked at Cruger Village, the other in the main lot between the Computer Center and Buildings and Grounds. Squillace confirmed that both of these two parking areas were relatively cleared of snow and ice, removing that excuse for the incidents. By presstime, 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 amounting to over \$500, and only rarely does the driver reveal her or himself.

Squillace stated that Security has been able to solve a handful of incidents by matching the damage and paint remnants of one car to another. She said that this does not happen very often, and even then the perpetrator only reluctantly admits his or her guilt. The driver is usually held liable to pay for any 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 in touch with the student through Security. "It was great that [the student] contacted us," she continued, urging anyone who accidentally damages a parked car, or witnesses such an accident, to report the incident to Security immediately.

Michael
Porter
News
Editor

Classifieds & personals

SUMMER SUBLETs

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

The National Library Poetry is once again holding a contest with over \$12,000 in prizes. To enter, send ONE original poem, any subject or style, to the National Library of Poetry, 11419 Cronridge Dr., P.O. Box 704-YF, Owing Mills, MD 21117. Limit of 20 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—
Moriemur in ultae. Sed moriamur!
Keep your chin up & give them
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 a 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? Or, perhaps we can find a tall, dashing Centaur for you instead. Your darling best friend, Aphrodisia.

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 curses be 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.

C.T.B.B. Torture is going to loose it's charm real fast if you don't appease me soon! Boldly Yours, "Innocent little ole me."

The International Student Organization organizes its annual cultural show. Anyone interested in performing contact ANGELINA KOURABALI Box # 964.

Stacie: Thanks for the fish! Love, Jeana. P.S. It's new name is Frenzy.

Looking for a shur-fire cure for da blues? Dye yer hair. Then contact Poe. G. Mahoney via campus mail, NYC. And Carrue on!

Help! Need to teach a lesson to a strong-headed Freshman! Please send proof that Eddie Vedder does not sing for Stone Temple Pilots to box 828.

NOT WANTED: Anything "Charming." Send to box #1029.

Dear Gretchen & wife, A wood-chuck would chuck if a wood-chuck could chuck wood! Peace, Love & Tofu! — Gretchen

Forum continued

continued from first page
should be was debated, taking into consideration the need for extensive parking spaces and access to roads.

As to what facilities should be located in the new Center, debate centered on whether current services should be moved or new facilities created. Moving the health and counseling services was considered, as well as relocating other facilities, such as recording studios and the bookstore. Club space for meetings and secure storage was considered, and debate over a student-run cooperative book and supply store was tabled until a later meeting.

First-year student Adam Weiss drafted the winning design of the Student Center contest. His computer generated graphics and elevations were praised as a source of inspiration by the Committee. Ultimately, Student Judiciary Board Chair Kupil Gupta reminded the Forum that "this is an ongoing process, and we're not going to build the thing tonight."

In other Forum news, the Student Life Committee has been extremely active. The Chair of the

committee, Laurie Curry, promised that E-mail is soon going to be made available to the student body. (Watch for an article on this development next issue.-ed) SLC member Goldie Gider confirmed that new options for campus recycling are being investigated, and Gil Alphonso affirmed that one of the Alumni dorms is going to be established as theme-housing for a "test period" of co-ed doubles.

The EPC has been busy as well, conducting faculty evaluations while following up on Forum resolutions from last semester. Concerning professors not turning in courses on time, and making the course catalogue notoriously late arriving to students, Cramer said that the committee is "stumped" and looking for ideas. The Registrar's Office has stated that they will not print in the catalogue the courses that don't make the deadline, but as Cramer explained, "that hurts us more than it sends a message to the faculty."

As to the resolution appealing to the faculty evaluators to permit anonymous student testimony, Cramer said that "it doesn't look like it's going to happen." She reaffirmed the importance of the

standardized evaluation forms filled out at the end of a course, and promised revisions to this evaluation process.

She also stated that a new round of Curriculum Proposals has been put forward to the College, which she characterized as a "working-document" for faculty and students. Copies of the document have been placed on student government reserve at the library.

Planning Committee Chair Jeff Rhyne urged clubs to submit claims to the Laundry Fund as soon as possible. Money from the Laundry Fund may only be invested in "capital expenditures," i.e. equipment. Rhyne said that clubs must have provisions for preventing any purchases from being stolen; and that if the money is not spent by the end of the semester, the funding is lost.

Finally, Bruce Kuznicki was elected to the SLC after a current member had to resign because of other commitments. Kuznicki ran last semester, but was elected the second time around on a platform that students "need events and they need safety."

Passover Pizzazz

I will be having a Passover seder for Bard students on the second night of Passover, Sunday, March 27. If you will be on campus, and would like to participate, or if you have any questions, please contact Sandy Kalm through campus mail or at 752-7410 by March 20.

Attention scythian hordes

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.

Experiments in vision

Professor lectures on Avante-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, except by film buffs, (but are worth the attention they receive.)

The Russian avant-garde film

school is crucial to study for several reasons, according to Pruitt. "After the Bolshevik revolution of 1917, the Soviet film industry was given carte blanche, so many young directors could experiment. The new government wasn't centralized enough to control the artists, so there was a lot of freedom and resources," he said. Along with this freedom came a philosophy. Because the government had little money to give and film stock was rare, filmmakers spent a great deal of time theorizing about the kind of films they wanted to make, and how to dramatize their ideas. The young Soviets were interested in re-thinking film; influenced by the cubists and other modern art movements, this film school was particularly responsive to trends in other art forms, including painting and literature.

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." Rather than use the American method of simply telling a story, with the focus on narration, they used every artificial technique available—out of focus shots, rapid editing, slow motion, among others—to dominate reality. The idea was not to copy reality, nor to make an image of the world, but a statement about it. "With the absence of sound, the films had to articulate themselves by the way the shots were spliced together. By controlling the montage, the director could control the effect. The context was more important than what people actually saw," continued Pruitt, who showed scenes from *Man With a Movie Camera* to exemplify his points. "We are meant to think about what we're seeing. The audiences should be alive, and respond to the constructs. Americans see film in an 'erotic voyeuristic' state. To get lost in a

movie this way is abhorrent to the Soviet." As artists demonstrated the inherent artificiality of paint on canvas and writers explored the insufficiency of words, the avant garde directors were showing that cinema is an illusion.

According to Pruitt, one key shortcoming of the dominant film school today is that it is too dependent on narration, and "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 day-dream. 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 the time reacted the same way. "They wanted romance, sex, and

violence, so these avant garde films were not popular. So in the 30's directors got into trouble, and the political situation would not support them."

Intellectual essays like *Man With a Movie Camera* are rare in this day and age. "MTV does the same kind of montage, but for surface effect. That's not to say there aren't good rock videos—I just haven't seen any of them," Pruitt noted cynically. Where montage was a method of thinking and seeing for Vertov, images were appreciated simply as images, and the hero of *Man* is humankind in general, the glamorous quick fix entertainment of MTV 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 Tuesday at 5pm in the Olin Auditorium, and everyone is welcome to attend. 

Linnea
Knollmueller
Staff
Writer

This year's John Bard lecture

Nathan Sivin, expert on Chinese culture and the History of Science

On Tuesday, March 8, at 8 p.m. in Olin 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 science and China, as have the eleven

books and numerous essays he's edited and/or written. Among his many professional responsibilities are his roles as Vice-President of the American Society for the Study of Religion and Advisory Editor for *Far East Technology and Culture*. He is a member of numerous organizations, including the University Seminar on Traditional China at Columbia University, and is also a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Sivin received his Ph.D. in History of Science from Harvard University in 1966 and

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 that "From the time of Aristotle to our time, we have been looking for predecessors." 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 solely concentrating on the practices developed in

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THE PINK HOUSE

BED AND BREAKFAST

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Faces of Bard

Stephanie Chasteen is from New Hampshire. She came to Bard because "it's purty," and because she received an EEC (Equal and Excellence Cost) scholarship. She is currently a Junior 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 purty 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

Rob Cutler is a Senior II from Greenwich, Connecticut. He is double majoring in physics and math. His math senior project about "Edged Domination of the N-Cube," was finished last semester. He is currently working on his physics project "on non local effects in electrodynamics." When asked why he was so interested in these two fields, Rob replied "it comes easy to me; that's just the way my mind works."

He's at Bard on a Distinguished Scientist Scholarship, but Rob says the most important reason he chose Bard was because the "professors are so pleasant...they remembered me from when I first visited Bard...other schools' didn't have time for me." The thing he likes best about Bard now is that "it's like a little Utopia, away from the real world—it's

supposedly 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 freshlings." 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 haing 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 ery good at. "She always knows what she's doing; she has a good head on her shoulders." Recently, she organized and performed in a production a place you can grow without the realities of the world intervening." The only problem he has with Bard is that it can sometimes be "too much of a good thing."

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 mall 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 3AM and your radio goes off, you do get an

of Rocky Horror, as well as organizing the reading by lesbian author Sarah Schulman 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 my 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 still

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, he says is 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, weird (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 when a 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. They gave him a fellowship: if he

not accepted in normal academia—still very new; it's a legal form of discrimination." Stephanie is not pleased by this and feels that "we need to accept diversity...then the world might be a happier place."

After Bard, Stephanie plans to go

to graduate school for social psychology, and will "probably become a research professor stuck in some stuffy office for the rest of my life." Her lifetime goal, however, is "to make a difference" most likely in the form of "policy change through psych applied to homophobia and biphobia."



Stephanie Chasteen

decides to go there, he will not be required to work in order to make tuition. He is very happy especially since Vanderbilt was one of his top choices.

He would also like, however, to learn Tae Kwon Do, and travel more. Someday he hopes to 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.



Rob Cutler

If you'd like to be featured as a "Face of Bard" please contact the Observer at 758-0772

News from Larreynaga

This report is based on the latest E-mail info from Jonah Gensler, 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.

"The water project is in motion, with trenches already started under the direction of the Larreynaga Development 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 so that the drunks can easily stumble into the doctor's office, or because booze is a cheaper alternative than medicine these days? Regardless, its 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 basic school supplies are much cheaper than in Nicaragua. The latest 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 changed 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 the 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 areas 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 recent issues facing Nicaragua politically and economically on both local and national levels. It is also expected to compliment the previously mentioned conference in Managua. If you are interested in more information, show up at the next Sister Cities meeting on Thursday at 5pm in one of the Kline Committee rooms. Please note that the conference organizers request that anyone attending the after conference fiesta should bring dessert and BYOB.

Straight From the Stars

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

Aries (March 21-April 19): If you're looking for commitment, you will not find it this week, but maybe in a few months.

Taurus (April 20-May 20): Goals that are hard to reach will reap the greatest rewards.

Gemini (May 21-June 20): Traveling a long road will not necessarily take you very far; look closer to home for what you really want.

Cancer (June 21-July 22): A small prank may have grave consequences, better to leave the humor to the true comedians.

Leo (July 23-August 22): You walk a thin line this week between happiness and overwhelming joy. Good for you!

Virgo (August 23-September 22): The greatest of gifts most often come in the smallest packages, and no package doesn't mean that you have nothing.

Libra (September 23-October 22): An unexpected consultation causes you to change your mind about something very important.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21): Your taste in most everything will change unexpectedly, but after a few days you'll return to your old self.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21): Closed curtains will keep the outside world from you, but not you from it, so don't hide.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19): Romance is in the air this week. The nights will turn out to be the hottest they've been in awhile.

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

Shameless Filler

When people ask me about my high school, usually the first thing I tell them is that the place defied any logic. A perfect example of this is the fact that if you wanted to go from the art room on the third floor to the gymnasium on the fourth floor, you had to walk down four flights of stairs. It took most students two years before they understood the layout of the huge building, and rumors were always flying about students who would lose their way and remain lost for months, or even years. Further rumors were circulated that when these same students surfaced, they were given positions on the administrative staff.

The complex that is Stamford High School was cursed by several design and planning miscues. Actually three buildings joined by hastily constructed walkways and staircases, there were no less than 22 exits that were unlocked and mostly unsupervised. There were seventeen rooms that were never used for their intended purpose, and were dark and easy to hide in. There were twelve or two person hiding places that were obstructed from view (unless one knew where and at what angle to look) and were relatively comfortable. And there were three places that had convenient couches where your amorous adolescent couple could escape for a mid-morning quickie.

In addition, the school was located just up the road from a three-store shopping center that housed a doughnut shop, a pizza parlor and a convenience store complete with video games. A few minutes walk more brought you to the popular Stamford Town Center, the local mall. If you really had to escape, a little further along was the Stamford Train Station, with half-hourly departures for Grand Central Station, New York City. The school was perfect for anyone who felt their time was better spent in the outside world, instead of a crowded and undersized classroom.

Stamford High School had a student body doubling that of the current enrollment of Bard College. As a freshman there, I was happy to get lost in the shuffle of teachers, administrators, "problem" students, and public school bureaucracy. I didn't mind being a faceless one, an uncool one. I kind of cherished it, actually. I was enjoying an amused detachment, observing the way my education was furthered without much help or input on my part. I suppose it got me kind of embittered, but I can't really be sure. Maybe my lack of interest was due mostly to laziness. But that wouldn't explain the huge task I took upon myself during the last half of my sophomore year.

During sophomore year I made a name for myself among the lowest common denominator in Stamford High School. During the second

quarter of that semester, I successfully skipped 39 of the 45 class meetings for my World History class and still managed to pull a D grade. As far as anyone knew, a record. I wasn't trying to do anything spectacular; I just despised the teacher, a spiteful man named Mr. Harre. He knew I disliked his class, and he disliked me for his own reasons. However, seeing as how often I missed his class without excuse, he could have done many things to discipline me or get me in trouble. Instead, he ignored me. Easily done, I suppose, since I usually wasn't there. However, when he decided to do something, he waited until I was there.

I sat in the back of the class, and I was staring blankly at Harre scribble names and dates on the huge blackboard at the front of the room. I turned my head to see how much more of this I had to tolerate before lunch, and I immediately heard Harre's powerful yelp, saying, "That's it, Gilman, get out! Go to the history office and wait for me there!"

In which we have no idea what to put here

I stared at him. He was truly incensed. His face was red, and it looked like his collar was choking his thick neck. I wished I could have stayed to see his head burst like a boil, but I had to make my way to the history office. I gathered my things slowly and slinked off to the door, my head down as if in shame. I heard some giggles behind me as I left. But once I was out of the room I held up my head, smiled broadly and almost skipped to the history office. At least I wouldn't have to pretend to be

listening. And there's usually fresh coffee in the history office.

When Harre showed up twenty minutes later he had calmed and paled considerably. I just looked at him with an amused smile that I couldn't keep off my face. Apparently he thought I had turned my head to speak to the person next to me. I allowed him to vent at me, paying as much attention as I did to his lecture, but I soon realized he wasn't really aware of all the times I'd blown off his class. Did he forget? Did he really just not realize? No, I suppose he just didn't care. I was surprised. He was concerned about my attention when I was in class, but if I wasn't there, he didn't care.

I saw this as an opinion which was shared by most others in some position of authority in the High School System. During the one-and-a-half years of my secondary school career I'd only been caught skipping twice, and then the worst disciplinary action I'd been given was a three-day detention during which I re-shelved books for the school library. Since I was a passing student, nobody paid me much mind.

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By Matthew Gilman

In the absence of light

by Michael Sylvester

"Grey skies are going to clear up, put on a happy face."

I am walking toward the kitchen when the words hit me. I fume at them, angry and cynical, morbidly torturing 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 thinned 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 sludge 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 warmth or sun, of this I am certain, so I head up 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 to. 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 red bricked factories clustered about the shores of the Androscogin 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 Androscogin would release an odor similar to a bowl of nine week-old egg salad. Even a reeking stench, however, can hold a subtle charm. In fact, the smell of the Androscogin is immortalized in a French-Canadian song which says, when roughly translated, "Lewiston, my city, my home. You smell like shit but at least 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 those 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 turn my body as dark as 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 either blue or yellow or spotted, and even though I now know some their technical names, my first

instincts always to fall back on my own simple nomenclature: Paines' grey swooped, grazing the branches as it land; Alizarin glides with wings full of air. In my mind, I can trace the whole of these woods, map each point, not by miles but by experience. My maps are textual and sensual. I can follow the curves of the terrain by gaging the tensions of my belly.

In his essay, "Stalking with Stories: Names, Places and Moral Narratives Among the Western Apache", Keith Basso describes the contextual function of the place names which Pueblo Native Americans gave to the waterholes, rocks and towering mesas of the Arizona desert. These names are made up of complete sentences 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 breath life into the Pueblo's memories of the land. To stand atop "men stand above here and there" is 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 Pueblo, I have no names for the terrain I find there. I can see them clearly and walk through it all once again. Time falls away and my age shifts as I step from place to place, the years attached and dislodging themselves like briars on the husky sized corduroys I used to wear.

As I enter the field which borders the woods proper, 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. It is a viceroy I will discover later in the only nature guide we own, an old Sierra guide to butterflies. I stand watching the butterfly for over a half hour, the patterns of orange and black and the hairs along the back of its leg. The guidebook will tell me that these butterflies like to live by the edges of fields and streams, feeding on milkweed and cattails. At seven 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 raisins. It is not much of a stream to be sure. In the Spring it reaches its full glory and, with the help of groundwater, becomes large enough to flood the odd couple of basements. For most of the summer, it is a thin ribbon trickling its way over small stones. There are not many fish which live in it except for a mottled colored species we called "suckers." The suckers can sometimes grow to reach about 6" in length but they are bottom feeders and you can not eat them even if you could overlook 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 the raisins grew soggy or slipped off, eating the bait ourselves when we grew hungry. Eventually, we upgraded our technique and began to use buckets. Kevin held the bucket while I herded the suckers in.

Although this rather unsportsmanlike concept proved effective, once we had the fish, we soon grew tired of watching them swim around the white, plastic bottoms. The times that we spent fishing on this stream are among my fondest childhood memories. This probably why I tried to incorporate them into my first novel and why I was unable to shake the woods from my mind when Kevin died of AIDS last fall. It is also on this stream that I tried to build a raft, hoping to eventually link up with the Mississippi.

By ten, I became bold enough to enter the woods themselves. There are many paths but the easiest is to trespass across any neighbor's back yard and cut through the back field. This field was the source of many games, most of which were seasonally determined. In the Spring, with the field's vegetation still flattened by snow and the new grasses not yet begun to grow, we played baseball on the uneven ground. As the grasses sprouted, however, we used them as cover in our games of war. In the summer of 1979, I am a specialist at crawling on my belly unseen, my broken-branch rifle secure in the crook of my arms. I will never become as intimate with a stretch of ground again. The ground of both the field and the woods is made up almost entirely of clay. When it is moist, it is possible to form rough, misshapen figures. When the clay dries, it cracks and the thin fissures resemble shattered glass. Honeysuckle grows up along the base of the grass stalks and an endless litany of caterpillars and bees vie for space and food.

In the winter of 1978, a blizzard was followed by several days of sub-zero weather. There was easily three feet of snow in the field and the cold had frozen the top layer into smooth sheets of ice. One evening, my sister and I skated along the surface in our snowmobile boots, the moon reflecting into our near frozen faces. My sister, four years older than I, was a little too heavy and broke through the surface occasionally but I was in perfect equilibrium with the crusted snow. To this day, when I see a stretch of snow that has frozen over, I can not resist stepping into it, praying it will hold my weight once again. 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 which flourish in relatively young forests. I decided around fourteen years of age, armed with this new knowledge of the succession of forests, that there must have been an enormous fire some time in the last couple of centuries. This explanation neatly solved the mystery of the raised house foundation. I held endless images of a young, pioneer family, hopelessly trapped in a sea of inflamed oaks. I realize this concoction of mine is probably entirely false. I chose to believe my own story rather than take the obvious route of consulting a local history. Even now, researching facts rather than deducing them for myself can chafe. There is a part of me that has always been convinced that secondary source material is a bit like fishing with a bucket.

About a half mile into the woods of Thorne's Craig, the terrain becomes steep and rises at

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 calloused from trudging 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 looms, ever in the distance.

At the top of the slope there is a clearing, a roughly circular ring of trees. Several small boulders have been positioned within it like Easy Boy recliners about the T.V. There are usually spurious beer cans and prophylactics scattered in the brush and the center of the ring has been charred 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 heaviness 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 oregano tasted both sweet and acrid and we smoked it until it was all gone.

Just past the circle is a swampy pond created by a lack of sun and the drainage from the hills extending to the West. There are almost always cat tails growing there 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 and contemplating how deep the water might be. Chris is wearing his favorite camouflage fatigues, the ones that he has spent all Summer getting absolutely muddy, absolutely cool. He leans out over the murky water to try to see the bottom and I cannot help it, I push him straight in. It turns out that the pool is over his head. He climbs out, his face red and weeds 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 stomping 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 embroidered into that stretch of land but for the most part they are flashes, like the time I could see my prone body 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

conti nued on 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 student media representative as well as does the EPC representative at all faculty meetings. It was felt that this was the best way for students to be kept aware of the substance of faculty debates over policies that affect them.

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

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I saw this as a golden opportunity to help others in my condition enjoy the unspoken freedom offered to those fringe 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 (it seemed) go anywhere, do anything, and still graduate. This led to myself and a close friend of mine collaborating on a publication that lives in Stamford High School infamy.

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 day off in the name of hands-on exploration and examination. We finally assembled our findings into a manuscript, written under pseudonyms and distributed to the students clandestinely. We called it *School Sins*. It was subtitled "How to graduate without really trying: A handbook for the faceless 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 Stamford 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 hall passes and valid absentee slips from your teachers' desks. 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 routes taken by the "talkies": the administrators who wandered the halls with walkie-talkies, apprehending students who weren't where they were supposed to be. We had to go to a reprinting four times. Zarakuna and Probound (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 announcements about the dangers of breaking school rules, handed out some flyers asking for any information as to who the students responsible might be. They even made idle threats and offered vague rewards for turning in copies of the pamphlet. But within 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. If I had become a big anti-authority-hero figure it would have defeated the purpose. I'm glad I stayed mostly unknown during my high school years; it made the process less strenuous all around. And two years later, as I graduated with my class of 650 students, the Vice-Principal Mr. Nast handed me a diploma, said "Congratulations" and looked at my face without the slightest bit of recognition.

I had expected as much. A fitting ending to my career in public education.

MENAGE '94

Erotic & Romantic Readings Tonight!

The crew of Menage '94 invites you to a Literary Salon, "Erotic & Romantic Readings" TONIGHT Wednesday, March 16, 1994 in Olin Auditorium from 7:00-9:00 PM.

This year marks the Vth anniversary of *Menage a Trois* at Bard College. The Menage is not quite a club, not just a party, definitely a tradition, but almost a Homecoming—certainly Bard's largest student event: The Menage is absolutely "queer," neither fish nor fowl.

We plan to present a formal, but informative, pleasant and pleasurable evening to discuss emerging issues of sex in today's culture through literature. We expect a rich and elastic selection of essays, articles, excerpts—fiction and non-fiction—prose passages from great literary masterpieces or poems from minor marginalized voices. We look forward to sharing a range of human perspectives, diverse experiences, intimate misgivings. We hope to be pleasantly surprised by your unique and creative contributions to the evening.

Basic communication is a way for all of us to learn about the experience, consciousness, and anxiety of living in the era of AIDS. These days love, lovers, and loving is not just about putting on a condom—the 90's icon for all forms of safe sexual politics and practice—it's about how to *think* about putting on a condom, how to *think* about getting into the right frame of mind. Please remember, the Menage has always been about inclusiveness, connectedness, and collective response. Our purpose for the literary salon is to emphasize dialogue, discussion, and the underlying discourse: AIDS affects us all; HIV knows no borders. The participation of all members of the Bard community will assist in this understanding.

Readers to include (so far!) Professor Peggy Ahwesh, Prof. Jane Bai-Soong, and Head Librarian Jeffrey Katz.

Light continued

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require something else to trigger them. I will be sitting in a coffee shop tracing my finger over the graphitti and all of a sudden I am weeping by the side of an oak tree that my uncle has informed me I have helped to kill by carving my name in the side of the bark.

At eighteen years old, I left Lewiston in order to attend college in Boston. I eventually left Boston as well to attend another school in Los Angeles and, by the time I had found my way to Chicago, I was longing for Maine. I purchased a bus ticket and, twenty six hours later, I returned for the first time in nearly four years. I must admit that in that time, I had thought little of my woods. I had become wrapped up in my busy metropolitan life.

Of course, when I returned nothing was the same. The fields and woods had been turned into homes and paved streets. The

bird sanctuary now exists on a thinly 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 own mind. I can see the land clearly 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 or the sun which I have lost all hope of ever seeing again, the trees of Thorne's Craig extend unfettered for miles and the air remains fragrant with pine—even on those days when the wind is blowing off the soiled Androscogin.

THE GENDER STUDIES PROGRAM

WILL BE HOLDING A

STUDENT/FACULTY COLLOQUIUM ON

SENIOR PROJECTS

IN PROGRESS

Thursday, March 17th 6:30-8:30 Olin 203

Refreshments afterward in the Atrium

All welcome!

Who needs a hotline?

by Mary Lindsey

Hotlines are for crises and the last time I checked, there wasn't a coming out crises going on 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 group that might try to form. First, Bard is out in the middle of no where. Anyone who is looking for a radical, militant activist group ain't going to find it here. What are we going to do,

march 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 roommate 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 sure isn't going to be the kind where you can go 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 find annoying or scary. 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 that 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, I 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.

"A Subjective View"

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 present opened the talk with their own views on violence in relationships. Then, one asked a question to start the discussion. I think it was "How do you view the roles of men and women in society," but don't quote me. After a

brief 'I don't want to be the first to talk' silence, some courageous individual broke the ice and we were off.

On the role of men in society, we touched on the influences of the media, family upbringing, and sports. I watched an interesting give-and-take over parenting: several people expressed their ideas about raising children and how they planned to go about it themselves to avoid gender typing. Discord started to seep into the conversation when the discussion topic evolved into the influence of male and female hormones on our lives. Some of the men, and most of the women, disagreed vocally with the suggestion that hormones might help determine 'natural' gender roles.

I began to loosen up and enjoy the discussion. I was surprised that people felt free to express opinions that were decidedly not politically correct. Though I had thought the discussion would be hopelessly stilted, the Bardians present felt free

to say what they really thought.

We talked for a long time about different aspects of rape. How far can you go in persuading someone to have sex? Students talked about the pressures involved in having sex. Imagine yourself without transportation, isolated, with your date saying, "Come on, 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 to some the way men look at sex — as a sport, not an intimate act. One man explained how difficult it would be to challenge some ideas of gender roles within groups of men, as opposed to the relatively safe environment of our BRAVE-sponsored discussion. Another suggested that we hold discussions similar to this one for men to talk amongst themselves.

The discussion lasted for an hour and a half, when, after a pause in the talking, everybody rose almost in unison and straggled 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'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.

The Bard Music Festival needs people to work in the Festival box office from May 31-Aug 21. We also need staff (ushers and concession sales) for the weekends of the Festival (Aug. 12-14 and 19-21). If you are interested call Robin at 758-7410.

The Bard Music Festival is looking for housing for Festival musicians for the weeks of August 7-21 or for the entire month of August. If you are interested in renting your home and want more details call Robin at 758-7410.

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 definitely 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 *Carlito'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 cheesy, but somehow manages to bring about 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 hole up and plan his next 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 husband's mother (a real prize indeed), and their son is also on his way back from military school (where he's just blackmailed 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 feats of back-and-forth dialogue that dominate the different situations. The biggest failing, if you consider it one, is that the premises of the different situations do require a lot of faith on the part of the viewer. If you're the type of person who watches a movie 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 speaking, most people fit into a one of a very few select categories. For instance, freshman 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 yes, even heroin) 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 without ever really knowing what they want or the proper way of going about getting it. These are also the people who join 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 hibernation. 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 'wilder' days (with of course more experience and 'wisdom'), or fuck 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, a new advisor, and of course moderation all over again — you fools! 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 anyhow; 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 most, 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-Rhinecliff bridge WILL taunt you bi-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 you just really hate the inefficiency of I.L.L. (inter-library loan) by now?! Well, what have I learned from being at Bard almost four years now? 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!

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

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 have raised \$137 of our goal of \$10,000. Hilary Kaufman & crew raised beaucoup bucks selling carnation. 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 Beraton at the last Forum Meeting, we get whatever is left of the convocation fund toward our goal of \$10,000. Yippie! We could use it.

OK guys, our senior class gift has been decided on. Sasha suggested renovating the gazebo? Great idea huh?! Thanks Sash (He says it was where our first class party was — way back when during L&T). Also, good 'ole friendly, wonderful, and charming Kira Chitwood, Miss Southern Brains, Beauty & Brawn, was elected as our class Alum representative (OK, you got me, she's a friend, just a little favoritism to make her day. Relax will ya!).

Do you remember that the Menage 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 Menage? You know, we suggest that you juniors reading this with jealous relish need to rally now and decide who you would like to nominate for your next year's senior class speaker. We didn't have a choice. Learn from our lack of information. You need to tell either Sasha Gorman or Ephen Glenn Colter — your 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 students in the 1994 senior class, give or take a project or two. Do you know the break down by divisions? Coming up, same bat time, same bat channel.

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

Fact: Every year about this time some irate group of students decide on taking over a building? What's the word? Who's stum is it to get sanctimonious this spring? Reminder: You must have an issue first — or at least a problem. Someone somewhere

should have a list of what's been covered. Please check it.

Dates to remember: Wednesday, March 16...NEXT SENIOR CLASS MEETING. BE THERE. (Where? We're not suppose to know everything. Ask you idiot!)

Wednesday, March 16...Junior nominations due! Uh, please.

March 21...The Deadline for Spring & Finals Baskets orders. Tell your 'ole man or your moms to buy a f—k'n basket! They got a letter (late of course) from the senior class try/na scrounge up some cash for the "TP". And don't forget to say the magic word, "please" (with feeling this time).

Thursday, March 24...Open Mike Night in Dekline for Seniors. A Fundraiser.

Monday March 28, 1994...Survival Boxes.

Saturday April, 2...Coffee, Tea, and wish-they-were-puff-pastries. A little food for thought.

Friday April 15...Auction of Bard Memorabilia. A Fundraiser.

Monday May 2...All-Nighter-Cramming Care Packages available.

Wednesday May 4...Projects Due by 5:00 PM (yeah, we know you know), Cocktail Party for Seniors only at Olin Atrium, 4:30-6:30 PM.

Who are your officers, what are we doing for you?

Tammi: 1) major project—Tent Party 2) minor projects—Senior Open Mike 3) Junior Marshals 4) Survival Boxes Gloria: 1) major project—Senior Gift 2) minor projects—Cocktail Party 3) Senior Class Meetings 4) Tent Party Van Ephen: 1) major project—Gift Baskets 2) minor projects—Senior Class Column 3) Menage Mocktail Bar 4) Tent Party Beer Gillian: 1) major project—The Auction 2) minor projects—Bulletin Board 3) Snack Night 4) Senior Trip 5) Call Officer Meetings Jason: 1) major project—The Bard 1994 Senior Class account 2) minor projects—Tent Party Food & Soft Drinks

Show a little class spirit and inform us about important dates, i.e. senior art exhibits, senior music recitals, senior film premiers, senior drama or dance opening nights, even senior board dates. We want to be there. The only reason we're not is because of a lack of awareness. Calling all seniors: There's still lots to do. Whenever you can make time we could use your help at something. Just come to a meeting and jump right in. Or just get hold of the officer in charge of the project you're into. It's never too late. We'll need help right up until the night of the tent party!

Also, Ehanu is working on campus

recruitment by major company's, so you can use those new ABCs after your name to get a McJob.

Just a reminder, all seniors with band proposals for the big "TP" should get them to us in writing (costs, details, etc) ASAP. Like yesterday dude.

If you need information on accommodations for your family and friends for graduation, contact Gloria Gomez, Senior Class Secretary, through campus mail. She has a three-page list concerning the surrounding area. Do this soon! Places are being booked NOW. Also, if you have friends that have graduated from Bard coming up to wish you well, do they know they can get accommodations on campus as Alumni?

Watch those stress levels...Our motto is "Try not to 'project' those anxieties on anyone else." Be sensitive to others. And hey, let's be careful out there.

Hey, know what? Wouldn't it be nice to spend a little quality goodbye time with that old friend who's been through everything with you? Or, maybe even clear the air with that so-and-so on campus who, somehow, you've lost touch with. Didn't you use to be such good friends? Think about it. We're outa here sooner than you think folks.

If you're a junior, a sophomore, or a first year student, and one of your friends is a senior doing the "P" thing, be patient with them, give them a little unexpected TLC, or just surprise them with unexpected secret Santa-like gifts to pick up their spirits and stressed-out minds. That would be very nice.

Oh, and, don't ask about the "P" thing or the "G" thing so often these days. We know you're trying to be helpful, but, well, just encourage them, don't grill them. One day, you too will understand about the "P" and the "G" experience. We're touchy. So just hug us and handle with care.

If you have anything to add or any info for the column, please drop it into Box 715. We accept only positive, upbeat, energy-giving senior "P" words of wisdom & Personals pertaining to senior stress, senioritis, and basic senility. We also like brief & nostalgic Bard memories, they're especially welcome. (Non-seniors need not waste our time.)

Final note, Ephen apologizes for missing the last two Senior Class meetings. Miss Thang hears that she hasn't been giving enough face lately. You can be sure that she's putting on her make-up for the next meeting as we speak.

Bitter? Me too.

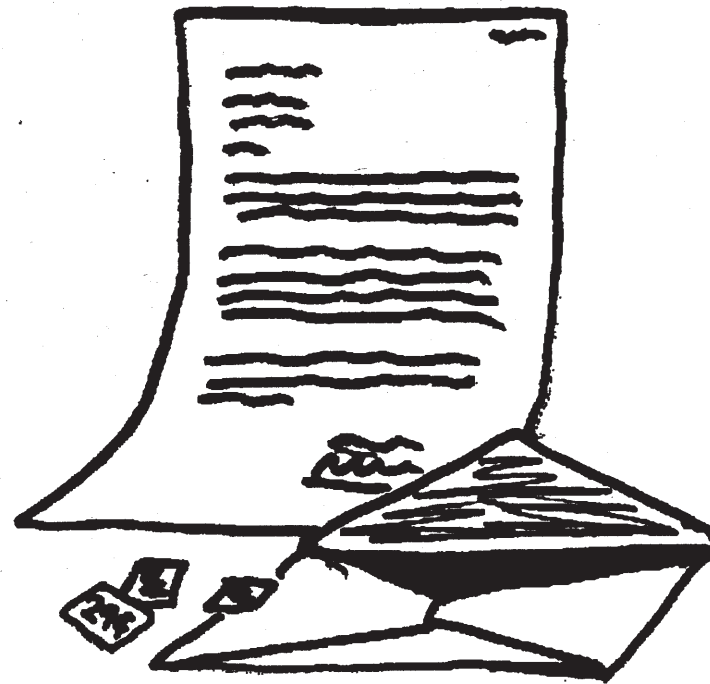
Dear Bard:

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 so awkward that I'll nevr look at you again. You know me. I'm the one who blends into the drunken crowd at parties, the un-noticeable 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 somewhere, but this puzzle piece has ben thrown in the wrong box. Bitter? Cynical? Damn right! You got a problem with it? Then take your liberal ideas and your artsy-fartsy intellectual attitude and shove it up your artsy fartsy intel-

lectual ass. Or put yourself out of my misery with the help of the Kingston-Rhinecliffbridge. Damn right I'm bitter. And Damn right I'm fucking angry. I'm sick and tired of missing out. I want everything I've never had. I want everything that I'm denied. "Give me a Leonard Cohen afterworld," and give it to me now. I want all the vegans to shut up about not having any selection and I want all the meat eaters to quit fucking complaining about the vegans taking over. I want every half-wit who thinks that they know the secret of life because they took a philosophy course to take a flying leap into a bathtub of hydrochloric acid. Bitter? Cynical? Damn right! I've been beaten up, beaten down and thrown away. I'm tired

of rejection. I'm tired of bleeding black blood. That's right, I've got a black heart. I'm tired of hurting. I'm tired of being lonely. If this sounds familiar then find me all the poor fuckers who have felt these same things. We'll 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. I'm tired of being depressed and I'm tired of seeing depression. If you are too, then lets 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!

T.W.



Sivin & Chinese culture continued

continued from page 3
one culture but not in another. An example of this is seen in our studying the art of debate in ancient Greece but not in China.

Sivin proceeded to discuss the origins of philosophy in China. The practice of patronage in China was prominent a little before 400 BC. In this social system, the king would support a number of guests (clients) in their intellectual enterprises. The importance of philosophy has thus become magnified by history.

Many patrons wrote books to impose order on disorder. The patrons hoped to gain practical advice through order and control. Their leading principals were to legitimize the state. The philosophers saw that the world was falling apart, and to reconcile these feelings, they depended on kings and princes. Scholars persuaded the rulers that their interests were the same. The social debate often took place in front of a private audience.

In the third century, four great lords of China associated with people of lower retainers in order to compete and monopolize China. This became what is known as a "war of hospitality." This competition to gain guests was

primarily 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 front rank; 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 not 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.

Sivins 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.

Sivins 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.



Get into the swing!

Do you have a penchant for hard-nosed journalism, scathing editorials or gratuitous graphics? Then you should be part of the *Observer* team! Come to a meeting, Monday evenings at 7pm in our office in the basement of Tewksbury.

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All submissions must be turned in to either campus mail or our Tewksbury office no later than noon the Saturday before the issue for which they are intended. Space on the Another View and Letters pages works on a first come basis; if we cannot fit your submission in one week, it will be guaranteed space the next week. We do not exclude any material unless it is slanderous, or does not include the name of the author. Classifieds are free to Bardians and cost \$0.10/word per issue for all those in our local region. For more information on our policies or advertising rates please call (914) 758-0772 or write:

Bard Observer Bard College Box 185 Annandale, N.Y. 12504



Happy St. Patrick's Day!



CALENDAR

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS' OFFICE

MARCH 16 TO MARCH 23, 1994

★ WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16 ★

- ★ Alcoholics 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, Eillen Jetto and Anne Gabler. **Kline Committee Rooms, 7p.**
- ★ Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in Barrytown. Meet van at Security at 7:45p.
- ★ **Literary Salon:** Erotic and Romantic Readings. Tonight between 7p and 9p in Olin Auditorium.

★ THURSDAY, MARCH 17 ★

- ★ 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.** 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 ★

- ★ Alcoholics 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.**
- ★ Overeaters Anonymous meeting in Kingston. Meet van at Security at 5:15p.
- ★ Narcotics Anonymous meeting in Catskill. Meet van at Security at 7:15p.
- ★ **John Cale,** 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 ★

- ★ Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- ★ Narcotics Anonymous meeting in Woodstock. Meet van at Security at 2:15p.

- ★ **Hudson Valley Mall Trip.** Meet van behind Kline at 5:45 and it will pick you up at the mall at 9:45.

- ★ **Ani DiFranco** 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.

- ★ **Dance Theatre I,** at the Dance Studio. Unreserved seating, 8p.

★ SUNDAY, MARCH 20 ★

- ★ Narcotics Anonymous meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 7:30p.
- ★ **Dance Theatre,** at the Dance Studio. Unreserved seating, 8p.

★ MONDAY, MARCH 21 ★

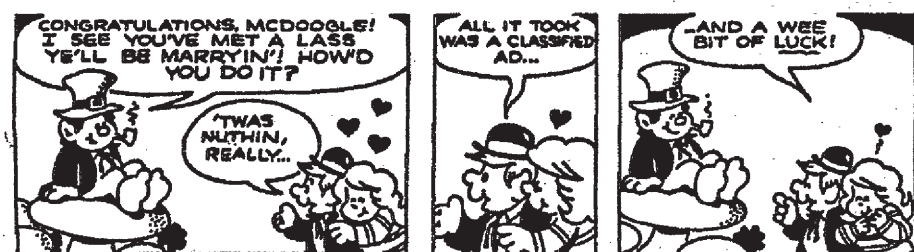
- ★ Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous will be meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- ★ **Women's Center meeting.** Annandale House, rm 110, 6:30p.
- ★ Co-Dependents Anonymous meeting in Red Hook. Meet van at Security at 6:30p.
- ★ **Women's Wellness and Health,** a forum. Olin 204, 8p. Refreshments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

★ TUESDAY, MARCH 22 ★

- ★ Alcoholics 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.
- ★ Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in Red Hook. Meet van at Security at 7:45p.

★ 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.



Put a wee bit of luck into your life with a personal ad!

★ TRANSPORTATION SCHEDULE ★

WEDNESDAY: Grand Union Runs: Leave at 6p, return at 7p.
FRIDAY: Poughkeepsie Galleria Mall Runs: 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: 4:20p for the 4:53p, 5:50 for the 6:21p, 7:00p for the 7:41p.
 Poughkeepsie Runs: 5:30p for the 6:19p, 7:45p for the 8:35p, 10:00p for the 10:45p.
SATURDAY: The 10a-2p shuttle from Bard to Tivoli, Red Hook, Rhinecliff and Rhinebeck.
SUNDAY: Van meets the 7:15p and 9:30p trains at the Rhinecliff Station.
 Van meets the 7:43p and 10:43p trains at the Poughkeepsie Station.
 Church Runs: at 9:15 to go to Red Hook for St. Chris Church and Tivoli for St. Paul's Church.

Other Transportation: Jitney Service: To South Campus, leaves Manor Gatehouse at 8:30 am and 9:30 pm. Return to North Campus, leaves behind Kline at 3:30 pm and 5:00 pm.
 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.

