

OBSERVER

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Page 1	Race Matters Professor Cornel West Lectures to Full House Michael Poirier
Page 2	In Memoriam Classifieds and Personals
Page 3	Women's rights in Iran Mansoureh Ettihadieh on Progress, Political Manipulation and Cultural Identity Jeana C. Breton
	Music and Modernism President Leon Botstein Gives Freshman Seminar Lecture
Page 4	International Review Sean O'Neill Straight From the Stars Shameless Filler! Matthew Gilman
Page 5	Dealing With Date Rape at Bard Jean Doughty
Page 7	"I Will Not Eat Green Eggs and Ham, I Will Not Eat Them, Sam I Am" Michael Sylvester <i>Reality Bites</i> and <i>The Paper</i> Shawn Taylor
Page 7	Senior Class Column Ephen Glenn Colter
Page 8	Calendar

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The
BARD

OBSERVER

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BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504

APRIL 13 ★ 1994

"Technology...the knack
of so arranging the world
that we don't have to
experience it."

—Daniel F. Boorstin

Contents

2

In Memorium: The
passing of Simon
Classifieds &
Personals

3

Lecture by Iranian
professor
President Botstein
on music and
modernism

4

International Review
Shameless Filler

Horoscopes

5

Dealing with Date
Rape at Bard

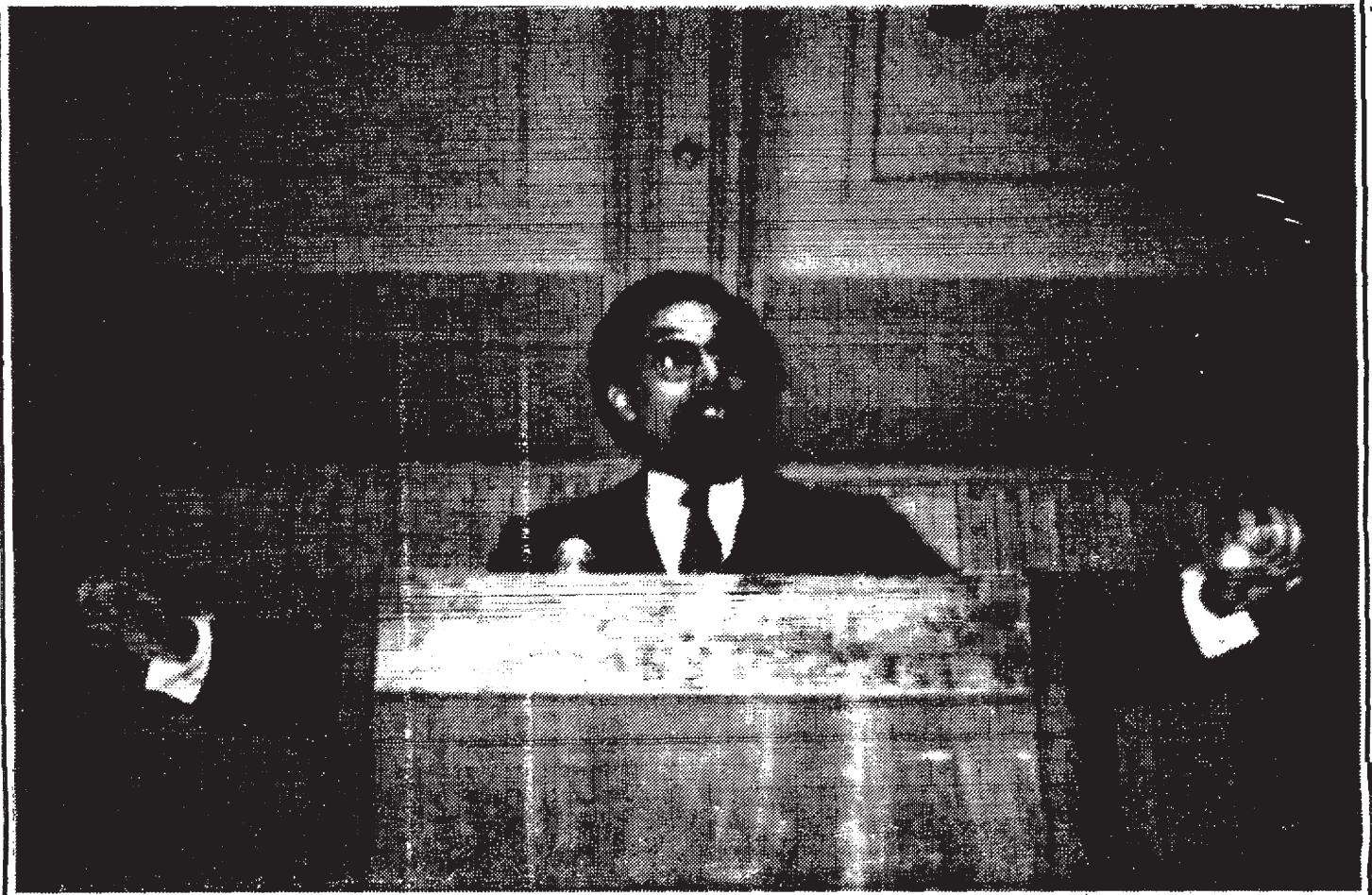
6

Michael Sylvester
talking about our
generation

Movie Review

7

Senior Class Column



An impassioned gesture during a passionate talk by Cornel West

Race Matters

Professor Cornel West lectures to full house

"We are all on the same ship in a turbulent sea," said the Princeton Professor Cornel West, as he opened his lecture before a packed

Olin Auditorium on Wednesday March 29th. "We either hang together, or we hang separately."

Invited to speak by the Bard Black Students Organization, and by the offices of the President and Dean of Students,

West is Professor of Philosophy and Religion and Director of Afro-American Studies at Princeton University. Described by President Leon Botstein as "a preacher in the widest sense of the word," West's eloquent and powerful lecture focused on the themes of his recent book, *Race Matters*.

"Race takes us to the core of democracy," offered West as he considered the problems of our society before turning to his conception of "radical democracy." He spoke of a new "heritage of feeling, a tradition that is

universal to all willing to make a moral and political choice to leave the world a little better."

According to West, ordinary people are "rendered invisible" when they are deprived of wealth, power and self-confidence, left without any real chance of improving their situation. "There are too many poor people," he said. "This lack of options shatters the body politic."

The United States is on a "slippery slope," West continued, the country destined to go the way of the Sumerian, Egyptian and Roman Empires if nothing is done soon. Following John Dewey's statement that there can be no vibrant democracy without a vibrant public life, West offered the challenge to create a rich notion of public existence for all citizens.

West identified a number of factors that have contributed to the corrosion of public spirit. The economic decline of most citizens has furthered the creation of scapegoats among the vulnerable minorities of society upon which to blame the fiscal implosion.

The distribution of wealth upwards, and the emphasis upon greed, has obscured the democratic features of accountability, freedom and representation.

Furthermore, West described the demoralizing affects of rampant hedonism, "an undeniable cultural decay." "Market mentalities have made us addicted to stimulation," he said, producing the "spiritual impoverishment" where 42% of black men between the ages of 16 to 24 say that they have no best friend upon which they can rely on. "Rugged and ragged individualism" leaves one feeling rootless and dangling.

The solutions to this cultural sterility are stories, narratives, rituals; components of "a tradition that is not inherited but must be obtained through great labor." West discussed the difficulty of non-market values securing a foothold, reversing the "systematic erosion of nurturing systems," instead "weaving a web of meaning and significance."

West discussed three methods to combat

continued on page 2

Race Matters continued

continued from front page
this downward spiral. "The first thing is a sense of history," he stated. "The present is not devoured by the past, and the past is not the mirror of the present, but we can't find the present without knowledge of the circumstances we did not create." He said that this new appreciation of history is a "creative undertaking" of "cross-cultural fertilization."

"An expansion of the scope of sympathy and compassion," was the second strategy that West of-

fered. He spoke of establishing true public conversations, reinvigorating the public life with listening and humility to "put power and ignorance under the spotlight." Integral to this form of public struggle is "the courage to attack one's own convictions."

Finally, West urged a projection of "a sense of audacious hope" and "publication." "The lives of ordinary people are intertwined," he continued, calling for "a leap of faith in the moral and social lives of ordinary people." He said that he is not an optimist, but

"I am a prisoner of hope and that means one never gives up."

"I hope you all still believe that the world is open-ended, and that what you say and what you do will make a difference," said West. "We have to find that window of opportunity, recognize the commonality in our diversity by focusing on something bigger than us."

"I'm going down fighting, I promise you," he concluded before welcoming a standing ovation from the audience.

In Memorium



Simon, the black Labrador retriever, died on April 6th. He was 10 years old. Known affectionately to many as Tripod, Simon's presence and three-legged lope had become a campus landmark. His comical expressions and sweet disposition had endeared him to many students, faculty and staff. He will be sorely missed by his devoted owner, Elana Erber, the art director of publications, as well as by the entire staff of the publications office.

Blood Drive and Wellness Fair

The Spring '94 Blood Drive will be held this Friday, April 15 from 11am to 4:15pm.

The goal is for 100 pints, so make an appointment to donate during lunch or at ext. 454. Also on Friday, the Wellness Fair will be distributing information about the multiple aspects of good health.

Classifieds & personals

Baby Sitter needed: Wednesdays 2:30-6:30pm, and Thursdays 8:30-11:30am, and other hours if available. 2 small children. Call Beth at 758-2605.

MFA student looking for a summer sublet. One or 2 rooms near Bard. Call Emily at 718-625-6696.

The Bard Music Festival needs people to work in the festival box office from May 31-Aug. 21. We will also need staff (ushers and concession sales) for the weekends the Festival (Aug. 12-14 and 19-21). The Festival is also 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.

Art Show & Sale! April 15-17 @ the Parsonage of the Old Stone Church, Route 9, north of the 9-9g traffic light in Rhinebeck. Proceeds will benefit the ongoing restoration of the 1798 Parsonage. For Hours call Kay T. Verrilli @ 876-6462 or Mary Boehm @ 876-6770.

Playing until tomorrow at Upstate Films in Rhinebeck: *Summerhouse* "An Unholy Alliance Against Holy Matrimony Fans of Jeanne Moreau and Joan Plowright: Prepare to Feast" & *Jamon Jamon* "Spanish Director Bigas Luna's Sultry Soap Opera is Pure Appetite." April 15-21: *Blue* "First of a film trilogy inspired by a grand revolutionary symbol: the French Tricolore Flag." Call theatre for times @ 876-2515.

CALL for ENTRIES! Design a pin to exemplify the excitement of the upcoming 25th Anniversary celebration of the Woodstock Festival and Woodstock as an artist and music colony. Grand Prize \$100 of art supplies, 2nd Prize \$50 of art supplies, 3rd Prize \$25 of art supplies. Entries must be no larger than a 2 1/2" round, unmounted, unframed, and drawn in black & white. Pencil renderings will not be considered. Suggestions for coloring can be included on tracing overlays. Art will not be returned and

by entering the art becomes free to reproduction. Deadline: April 25. For more info contact (914) 246-9995. To enter send no more than 6 designs to: Cable Channel 3 Woodstock Public Access P.O. Box 73 Woodstock, N.Y. 12498.

"The Care of Childhood Illnesses Through the Use of Herbs" Fri. April 22nd @ 7:30pm. Lecture sponsored by the Linden Tree Healing Center to take place at The Mill Street Loft's Multi Arts Education Center 20 Maple St. in Poughkeepsie. Adults \$6, Students & Senior Citizens \$3. For more info call (914) 471-8000.

The BSU/Founder's Day Jam takes place on Saturday, April 30 10pm-2am at the Vassar College AULA. \$3.00 w/ valid id. Tight security and ID mandatory! Event sponsored by the Black Student Union of Vassar. For more info call Dionne Carty (Networking Chair) @ (914) 451-2113.

Hey Rabbit, "what do you think in the backseat?" Spring means nothing when I can't get there from here...the way the tigers do.

The invitation said, "Golden Girls and corpses." Aren't they one and the same? Sorry, I'll pass. Odds are I'll be writing till doomsday, anyway.

Amber & Chuck: Thanks again for accompanying me on my shopping spree; I had a blast and hope you did to. Some night we'll have to drink a toast to 'common man' malls & Cappacino milkshakes. Affectionately Yours, Jeans.

Greg: Sorry I haven't written in so long; single life is hectic if nothing else. How's Karen? What's this about you becoming a Born Again Christian? They're less guilty than Catholics perhaps, but I thought you of all people would know better than to change for a girl. Remember I still have the most beautiful woman in the world coupon. Still coming to visit? Call me at the office some Tuesday and I'll help make arrangements. Love Always, Jeana.

Bard Biathlon

Up for a 1/2 mile swim and a 3 mile run? The Biathlon will be held on April 28th, with individual and team competition.

For more information or to register, contact Carla Davis at ext. 529.

Women's rights in Iran

Mansoureh Ettehadieh on progress, political manipulation and cultural identity

On March 29th, in the Olin Art History room, Mansoureh Ettehadieh, Professor of History from the University of Tehran in Iran, gave a lecture entitled "The Position of Women in Contemporary Iran: A Historical Perspective." The lecture was sponsored by the Religion and Gender Studies Departments.

Ettehadieh began her talk by stating that there is still a definite question of liberty for women in her country, but that most of the steps taken thus far to grant women more rights have been little more than political issues by which various governments have manipulated women's positions. The acts of some governments,

according to Ettehadieh, created much "observation and conversation within and outside my country about women's issues, but not enough."

Women in Iran were "considered weaklings," said Ettehadieh, and this showed in how they were treated. Girls, for example, were often purposely brought up to be illiterate. In the case of divorce or death, women could not keep legal custody of any children. It was apparently not until the 19th century, when Iran came into contact with other countries, that these behaviors



were questioned and reform was suggested.

Some of the reforms that actually came about included more freedom of the press, through which women were able to convey their ideas. Ettehadieh quoted

one article in which one woman wrote, "I regret that I am not a man to say as I wish and do what I want." The women of Iran, Ettehadieh feels, are beginning to see themselves as a class in society, but are not necessarily ready to accept less subservient positions.

This could be distinctly seen, said Ettehadieh, when the Iranian government decided that women should no longer wear veils in public. Some were in favor of the new feminist attitude, while others scorned women even being out in public, and still others refused to comply with the unveiling. These attitudes

came from women as well as men, and the opinions on the action were so varied that the effort did little or nothing to really increase women's rights.

The real problem seemed to be that the government never really sought out or evaluated women's feelings about the veils, or anything else for that matter. Instead, government leaders simply acted on outside pressures. Some groups would adhere to western influence and want women to have more rights, while others would want to stick to the culture the country was accustomed to, which continued to suppress the women. There were, however, a variety of ethical, legal, social and political problems involved in the reforms. In closing, Ettehadieh expressed her hope that future reforms will take place, and that the women of the country will be able to take more of a part in them.

Music and Modernism

President Leon Botstein gives Freshman Seminar lecture

On Tuesday, March 29, President Leon Botstein gave a lecture on "Music and Modernism." Botstein began the lecture by

playing a piece of the "Symphony of the Thousand" by Gustav Mahler. Botstein explained that this piece "ended the 19th century tradition of music making." The size and volume of the piece were nearly unprecedented, generating an immortal sound for the listener. The transfiguration of death into life reaches

an inapproachable endpoint. Its sheer, raw power was so breathtaking that it is in many ways similar to a religious experience.

After Botstein elaborated on the "Symphony of the Thousand," he described the developments in central Europe at this time which created this movement. The moral objective of the artist was an ethical renewal. The artist felt that there was a wrong and a right way of life in society and that, through his music, he was capable of freeing the individual from the ravages of capitalism and industrialization. The musicians did not believe that their music was about making businessmen feel more comfortable by entertaining

them. Musicians had the ability to break through habits and free themselves; they had a sense of a political crusade.

The second selection which Botstein played was from Wagner's "Tristan and Iseult." The harmonic language left an impression on the listener. "Tristan and Iseult's" sense of ambiguity, rhetorical phrases and constant repetition of sound create an immense magnetism of sound which get under the skin of the listener. This new musical ground was the working benchmark of change. The listener experiences sound where there is no pulse and the music is suspended.

The third piece, "Colors" by Arnold

Schoenberg, fights the conception of musical time and melody. It forces the ear to penetrate the movement and find a sound. Schoenberg picks up the experimentation begun by Wagner, that which gets away from form.

Botstein remarked, "Imagine the reaction of the upper-middle class concert-goer" when listening to these works. There is no form, logic or order, but there is a lot of noise. In 1913 there was an incident of a fist fight breaking out in a concert hall, because listeners were so incensed.

But these were not matters of simple tastes, but of larger issues, such as the conceit of the audience themselves. Musicians began to break away from

the conventions of playing beautiful music in order to serve a higher cause.

Botstein played a series of selections from 1909 from Webern, a student of Schoenberg. The music sounds modern, but was not an icon of the everyday environment since it was based on the idea of liberation. Since this music is more about listening to music rather than the actual music itself, it functions powerfully.

In 1938, an opposing school arose—neo-classicism and one of its founders was Igor Stravinsky. Stravinsky wanted to take the past and make it more modern, so that the audience could hear it more easily. In his attempt

continued on page 7

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International Review

by Sean O'Neill

Only one group of human beings can be said to truly threaten civilization as it is known today. And I am a member of that group.

Taken together, we account for hundreds of millions. But in every society where we threaten liberal virtues, we form only a minority of the whole—a violent minority, but a minority nonetheless.

We are the group that most persistently, audaciously, and inescapably challenges the international balance-of-power state system. Most of us are heavily-armed and nationalistic; most of us chain-smoke and spit often. We are indifferent to our appearances. We listen to rock-and-roll. And from East Timor to the Peruvian Andes, from Belfast to the townships of South Africa, from Azerbaijan to the streets of Chicago, we are expressing our unremitting contempt for the stifling world order of our fathers. Beware Clinton, Yeltsin and Kohl! Beware all you whiny, intellectual-types who cry for "peace and domesticity"! We men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four intend to assert our views on the world!

We, who are supposedly at the start of our lives, have realized that we lack an established position in the modern world. Denied the opportunities necessary to attain the cosmopolitan, money-making life, we choose to take up our guns to gain power over our circumstances. We are enthralled with violence and destruction whenever it is *our* violence and destruction. If we can't become a part of your Old Lady's World, then we will blow it apart, piece by piece! Better to drag you pathetic ideals through the mud than have them continually haunt us.

We 17 to 24 year-old men are reacting rationally to the absurd situations we have been dealt by our forefathers. The only way we know to earn respect in this world is by wielding the power of life and death. Our anger created the *intefadah* in Palestine. Our wrath continues to send shells down on Bosnian civilians. Whether it is the Russian Revolution or Mao's Cultural Revolution, be it the Zulu warriors or the Shining Path, we men have accomplished the bulk of the violent uprisings of this century. We may be unskilled in military tactics or self-defense strategies, but we are well-practiced in gratuitous rage.

We killed the candidate for the Mexican Presidency, Luis Donaldo Colosio, last month, while we also formed the insurgency in Chiapas. Tomorrow, some of us will kill each other in New York City. Later this month, you can find our young bodies, glistening with sweat and smeared with blood, in the South African province of Natal, during the elections.

Try as you might to commercialize our venom and package it as "gangsta rap," or some other form of pop counter-culture, you are doomed to fail in appropriating us. We will believe anything and nothing. Supply us with weapons, booze, the occasional woman, and a heroic cause, and we are unstoppable.

continued on page 5

Straight From the Stars

Aries (March 21- April 19): Don't worry; be happy! Cliche, yes, it's true, but all will be well if you are willing. A walk with a friend will also help to smooth over residual fears.

Taurus (April 20 - May 20): A new adventure will consume time, but be well worth the hours and energy spent. Don't be afraid of taking a new, uncharted route.

Gemini (May 21- June 20): Time to calm down. No more silly antics unless you can handle your responsibilities to. Prioritize before it's too late!

Cancer (June 21 - July 22): You'll be happy to hear that although you've been feeling a bit under the weather lately, it will pass soon; sunny days and great success are on their way.

Leo (July 23 - August 22): A small cut will heal fast if you let it and a small crush may turn into a long, lived romance if you are discreet.

Virgo (August 23 - September 22): Didn't get as much done last week as you had hoped? Never fret, your over-productive genes will kick in this week. On the weekend, tear free!

Libra (September 23 - October 22): Craving something new? Something exciting? Doesn't matter because your wishes are not going to be met until you give selfishly to someone else.

Scorpio (October 23 - November 21): Time does not heal all wounds. Reflections of the past will consume you this week; try hard not to let them bring you down.

Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21): Spring has you feeling caged in. Even if you've just been away it may be a good idea to take a little break from your current surroundings and relax.

Capricorn (December 22 - January 19): Another sultry affair. Another night of satisfied lust. Makes you wonder what you ever did to deserve all the attention.

Aquarius (January 20 - February 18): Another week of more work than you care to handle. It may be stressful, but in a week or two you can relax and visit old friends.

Pisces (February 19 - March 20): After a long, dull, boring week alone you'll find it great to have friends back, but be careful of getting too close or else you may end up suffocating yourself.

Shameless Filler

Oh, my sweet, as I approach these, the final days of my Bard Career with no shortage of regret and a huge giggle fit, I feel we cannot justifiably let all come to a close without reflecting on the days we spent together, all these years ago, as if we were common law man and disembodied fantasy being. Come, my lovely, let me gaze at my reflection in the bridge of your nose, run my fingers through your wallet and spit deeply into your ear...let's share a carafe of bluish wine spiked with knock-out drops and be so overcome with drowsy desire we both tear clumsily at each other's clothing until the drug overtakes us, and we wake up in a knotted heap of half-dressed flesh three days later, drooling like pit bulls and smelling of stinkweed. Ah, those weekends we used to spend, dropping pennies at passersby from the top of the Sears tower; separating the red, white and

available, we'd hit up the cows for some milk duds to tide us over until the next grunion run. They'd begrudgingly give in to us, not because they owed us anything, but because our costumes were so cute. I dressed up as a little ghost, and you went out as yourself. Those Halloween nights were some of the most wonderful nights of the year. When we'd confuse the cows and pour milk duds into our faces until our cheeks would swell up and we'd look like demented, giant, hairless chipmunks. We'd laugh until we'd stop. Then we'd choke on the milk duds in our cheeks and try to swallow them all at once, and wind up spitting them out on the barn floor, to be swept up with the old hay on a cart from Brussels. Then we'd slowly walk back to the house. Slowly, because we didn't want to attract attention or wake anyone up. It wasn't really our house, and the owners

were a bit ticked off that we snuck in as often as we did. We'd climb in through the window in the kitchen and raid the fridge for hot dogs and suet. Unplugging the lamp, we'd cut the wire in two and make Motel room frankfurters by electrocuting them. Then I'd make Motel room suet by dropping it on the floor and grinding it into the Stainmaster rug. You'd make a Motel room face at me, and I'd make a Motel room. We'd take all the pillows off the couch and build a little fort, Fort Sumter, which we'd proceed to destroy with pencils, cutlery and surface-to-air missiles.

Then, with the smell of burning eiderdown in our nostrils, we'd plan to take over the world, or at least this guy's house. I'd cover the stairs and you'd cover the doorway, brandishing your cast iron skillet like a sexy game-show hostess, turning the letters of my heart. And when the owners returned from their evening of dining and dancing, the way in which you brought the skillet down on their heads made me fall in love with you all over again. The plan worked out so well. All I had to do was get to a phone and inform the Daily Freeman. Of course, that's when I'd slip on the suet in the rug and fall down flat on my back. Then we'd laugh at the little ironies of life. We'd laugh and laugh, falling down in hysterics, giggling insanely as the homeowners came to, chuckled as the police arrived to cart us off to jail. Guffaw and knee-slap until the cows came down to the station to bail us out once again. I'll miss those days.

In which we view the true effects of Senior Project on the human mind

So we'd get angry and beat the ground with large sticks. And then we'd realize that the ground doesn't HAVE to talk to us. So we'd ignore the ground out of spite. Then we'd get fed up with ignoring the ground and get really PISSED at it, yelling and attracting the neighbors. They'd come running, asking what the problem was. We had no answer. We'd tell them we were arguing with each other. Another reason I'm thankful you're here, now. That excuse didn't work when I was alone in the fields, yelling at the ground. And we worked the land like our fathers before us watched the farmhand do. We'd sow and sow like a regular so-and-so. Then we'd till till the cows came home and avoided us for fear of being shaken. And when we were done sowing and tilling and yelling and beating, we'd remember we had a cozy little house made of lincoln logs and go home for a hearty meal. Not finding any food

By Matthew Gilman

Dealing with Date Rape at Bard

by Jean Doughty

There has been much confusion and many questions concerning taking a case of sexual assault to the Student Judiciary Board. I'd like to relate my experience in hopes that others will find enough strength to do the same. The most important thing is that the victim feel safe to continue his/her education here at Bard.

I have been very quiet about the hearing but recently became disturbed by the many assailants that are getting away with committing violent crimes because the victims are afraid of the system. It is true that the process is painful and has problems, but the Student Judiciary Board exists for the protection of all Bard students and they are trying to make the process easier for all parties involved.

Two nights before Intersession of this year, I was forced to engage in unprotected anal intercourse by a Bard student. Fortunately, I was leaving campus shortly after the incident to be in familiar surroundings with many of my friends. Over Intersession I was able to seek medical attention and counselling from my local Rape Crisis Center. I was informed of all the options at chose not to press criminal charges. Instead, I decided to get myself back together again and let the man be judged by his peers.

Once I came back to Bard I saw the defendant in passing, became physically ill and called BRAVE for the first time. I told the counsellor that I wanted to take some form of legal action against this man. She met me that night and explained the process. She was very supportive and understood how hesitant I was because of such a small campus. The hearing is very private and can only be made public with the consent of both parties. Usually the defendant in a case of assault will not want an open hearing.

I was fully aware of how difficult and painful the hearing would be, but I knew that nothing could be as horrible as what happened to me two nights before Intersession. I had many friends supporting me along with my BRAVE counsellor and Joan Unger, the director of BRAVE.

The day I sent my complaint, the case was unanimously taken and a date for the hearing was set. The defendant voluntarily left campus until the hearing. The few days before the hearing, I was distant with everyone but my close friends and would not leave my room unless it was absolutely necessary. My nights were filled with worry and relatively sleepless. Many times I considered leaving Bard, but deep inside I knew I was doing the right thing, not only for myself but for other victims of sexual assault.

Less than 12 hours before the hearing I received the defendant's statements and character witnesses. I hadn't thought about getting any character statements because I knew they weren't weighed as heavily as testimony, but it is recommended to collect them, at least for moral support. So for 5 hours in the middle of the night I scrambled to gather statements. It was very encouraging to have so many people support and believe me even if this was the first they heard about the case.

The defendant was charged with Rape and Aggravated Sexual Assault. Although I had to be in the same room with the defendant, we were separated and did not have to look at each other. Both parties are allowed to have a silent support person in the room at all times. This person is not allowed to say anything but they are incredibly helpful. Having the person I had was very en-

couraging and I thank him immensely. Being able to choose your support person is very helpful; they can be a BRAVE counselor, a friend or a parent.

Neither party is allowed to have contact with the witnesses during the hearing and each party has a support room. During breaks in the hearing, it is very nice to go to a room that is filled with people that are on your side.

The Board had read both statements, all character witnesses and medical evidence beforehand and had questions based on such evidence. Both parties have a copy of all statements. First the board asked me to tell them what happened on the night in question and then asked me questions. It was very difficult to relate what happened in front of a group of strangers, but they were very understanding and did not pressure me at all. Then the defendant told his side and was asked questions. We broke for lunch.

The witnesses were called, first his then mine. The Board asked each witness specific questions, both the defendant and I were allowed to question and cross-examine each witness. Since there are usually no first hand witnesses in Date Rape, the first person the victim comes in contact with is considered a witness.

The defendant asked to speak with his lawyer at this point. Both parties are allowed to seek legal counsel but the lawyer is not allowed to be present at the hearing. After a slim majority vote by the Board, he was allowed a ten minute recess to speak to his lawyer.

After an incredibly disruptive break the defendant and I were allowed to question each other. This was perhaps the most disturbing part of the hearing. Having the defendant lie when I asked him specific questions was deeply distressing, many times during this part I had to collect myself before moving on. There wasn't much I could do beyond trusting the SJB's judgment. The SJB then asked both parties questions on the issue they were most concerned about, and the defendant and I made concluding statements.

Approximately 10 hours from the beginning of the hearing, we adjourned. An agonizing two days later, I was informed that the SJB had terminated the proceed-

ings due to lack of evidence. Infuriated by the lack of decision I searched for the next step. The Grievance Committee could not do anything because the case had already been heard.

I made an appointment with President Botstein supported by Shelley Morgan and many others. Each party has the option to meet informally to talk with the SJB about the decision and the actual hearing. I took this opportunity because I could not understand how they could have terminated this case. I knew that the defendant had raped me and couldn't understand why they didn't see that.

The President was very supportive and understanding. He had read both testimonies, the Board's decision and listened to parts of the tapes. After trying to prove what happened to me, it was a relief to have the President believe me and promise to take action. I asked to appeal the decision and the defendant was sanctioned right away.

Meeting informally with the SJB was very helpful. I was able to tell them my concerns about other women being afraid to take a case to the Board because of its lack of decision concerning my case. They explained that they had met for seven hours and the votes were conflicting; a majority could not make a decision based on the evidence, so the procedure was terminated.

Although the process was long and tedious, at times infuriating, I am glad I went through with it. I've regained the strength that man took away from me and much more. The Student Judiciary Board is meeting with BRAVE to make the process easier and less traumatic for all parties involved.

I am encouraging any victim of violent crime to use the system we have. Sexual Assault is a horrible thing to happen to anyone and something has to be done to stop the people committing these crimes. There is no typical Rape victim and no two victims react in the same way. Date Rape is very hard to prove because in most cases only the assailant and victim are present. Sometimes the victim won't be able to remember the incident for days or even years and sometimes they aren't able to say anything to anyone for a long time. It is very important that the victim realize they do have the power and strength to fight back.

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International Review continued

continued from page 4

There are those lily-livered liberals, of course, who will argue that males of my age group are not inherently immoral or amoral. Such fools insist that individuals make their choices and cannot excuse themselves with abstractions. But the nightly news repeatedly shows us images of violence being committed by predominantly one group—guess who! We have hormones doing double somersaults inside us, and the intensity of our passions allow us only to understand our own point of view to the exclusion of all others. It goes against our natures to prevent our participation in the war of all against all.

Perhaps only Singapore's legal system provides a method of stopping us from our violent self-determination. Take the case of the American eighteen year-old, Michael Fay, who confessed to spray-painting some cars and throwing eggs in its well-ordered streets. He was sentenced to be tied down to a wooden trestle and be whipped with six lashes of a half-inch-thick rattan cane, according to the *New York Times*. The result of such a whipping are typically physical shock from the intensity of the pain, as well as permanent scarring. Now that is the only kind of new world order that will have any effect!

I will not eat green eggs and ham I will not eat them, sad I am

by Michael Sylvester

"If you're so special, why aren't you dead? I just want to get along. I just want to get along." -The Breeders

To quote another band, a band I listened to innumerable times, smoke-boxed in a car on a dead end road, on the edge of an abandoned and crumbling sand pit, "Another one bites the dust." the one is dead by his own hand but with a little help.

Rolling Stone compared Kurt Cobain to John Lennon and now he can be compared to Hemingway. The both liked their shot guns. To quote Cobain's mother, "Joplin and Morrison took their lives, now he has joined their stupid club."

Who cares about all these fucking words? When was the last time *Rolling Stone* felt the pulse of anything beside the corpses of scenes which bands had already grown out of by the time they reached their lifeless forms to write about them ad nauseam? When was the last time someone's mother had something wise to sum up their children's lives or had a clue what they were really thinking? Jesus?

Generation X? The only thing I know about Generation X is that I don't belong to it. I couldn't because I know what it is that the mass media are trying to describe about people my age and it doesn't have a name or a word. If it did, it would be so much simpler. The word would lie somewhere between carnal dissatisfaction and the embarrassment of really liking a new television commercial, between drinking hard and the age when you start paying for it the next morning, when your body is no

longer the elastic sponge of abuse, when you start showing scars. It is know that you need to get up for work or class the next morning and looking at your friends, pouring another glass of bourbon and saying to yourself, "as long as I get three hours of sleep..."

I have spent most of my life hiding from words I didn't want to be called. The list is pretty wide: macho, chauvinist, power-hungry, egoist, sensitive new age guy, patriot, commercial, employable, a typical man, blah, blah, blah. My seventeen year-old brother doesn't seem to feel this pressure at all so possible there is a cut-off point for this unspoken desire be something more complex than one word, to make "them" come up with new words, to be a living metaphor, a walking simile. It would be so simple to live under the umbrella of a word or the philosophy of a word. Prejudice makes sense when you can understand the comfort of being able to say, without doubt, "you are like me," simply by process of elimination.

I am twenty-four now and I own this precious degree but this brass ring doesn't sell for too much any more. I have eighty some-odd thousand dollars worth of knowledge in my head and I can write a pretty sentence. Those are not self-defining terms. What does it profit out to gain the world and lose your soul? What does it profit you to lose it and still not be able to afford a pack of smokes? Graffiti scribbled above the toilet paper dispenser in the bathroom: Bard diploma, take one. In other words, the attainment of any goal is a tool but it has to be used to build something. No

one my age seems to know what they want to build. We piece shit together and sometimes we come up with something damn pretty. But collages only go so far. Even a montage has borders. I am multi-faceted, therefore I am? There isn't a hell of a lot of comfort in that.

The American dream makes a twisted sense but, like religion, they done closed that show down before we came to town. You can only get so much out of reading the reviews and looking at the photographic stills.

Older people, even those in their thirties, will look at us and say to us that every generation of this century has thought that it created angst. The difference is that they had the words, single ideas that they could latch on to late at night and know that, when the alarm clock rang, the words, by their sheer force, would help them get out of bed. I don't like to complain but, is there someone I can talk to here? We ain't got no war to end all wars, no prohibition, no depression, no flag to drape around our shoulders, no work hard and get ahead, no political or sexual revolution, no quick money. We have nothing but death on all fronts, people killing themselves and each other. Diseases in which our bodies are failing us and no one can even give us a good explanation why. The only tangible goods we have are lists of things that we can not do if we mean to keep breathing. And it seems that all the things which prove to us that breathing isn't an over-rated event are up there on that list.

I keep coming back to the question I was asked as a twelve year-old boy, by my

uncle, his mouth full of chicken: "Don't you know what it means to be a man?" It's been twelve year and my only answer is, gee, I guess not. You see, I keep getting caught up in the semantics, a man, know what it means, a man, one. We are a generation of people fighting desperately to be individuals but what the fuck does that mean?

Individual 1) originally, not divisible; not separable. 2) existing as a single, separate thing or being; single; separate; particular

The mass media give us Generation X, a retreat of some Thirty-something idea, because they don't know what else to give us, what flag we can all agree to burn. We exist separately, island of the same age, believing in an inherent worth that we can't find a market for. We keep looking for media figures, any minor deity, some Moses to speak for us, a people who have lost their faith in words. Cobain kills himself and we can sympathize but that is about it, other than feeling a personal loss if the existence of his music helped get you through the day. It isn't too hard to figure out. A shot gun is, at least, solid and you can see the contents of a needle as it enters your blood. We are questing for the intangible tangible, but here may not be an answer that works for more than one of us at a time, not an answer we can live with. If you boys down in marketing come up with one I would suggest you write it down quickly and get that fucker on the air, while there is still someone left around to read it.

Reality Bites and The Paper

A lot of people have been joking about the movie *Reality Bites* - a movie with Winona Ryder which purports to be a commentary on members of the generation of lost youth (maybe two or three years older than the average Bard student) trying to cope with the real world. It seems pretty obvious that one of the main

tricks of this film is to play off of current trends, both attitude- and fashion-wise, to attract members of that selfsame 'lost youth' to shell out their cash to see it, but there's actually more to it than that. We're talking about a very weird movie - it's difficult to tell which parts are intended as satire, and which parts are intended to be taken seriously. If the entire movie is a big satire, then it's pretty brilliant—the solutions the characters find for their life problems are just as empty as everything else around them, but their desire for momentary satisfaction allows

them to pretend they've found substance. That would be pretty impressive. But it's hard to tell if that's what they're doing—it's just as easy to see that the makers of the film are trying to say that the particular solutions our characters reach really are substantive, really are the one nugget of truth within a world of bullshit. If that's what they're doing, then forget it—they make too convincing a case for meaninglessness for us to buy that any of it is redeemable. Either way, the movie is actually enjoyable—the whiny 'oh, we're the lost generation' crap is interspersed with some excellent satire, about the characters themselves as well as the world around us, especially concerning trends like fast food and MTV. In the long run, it's hard to tell whether this film is really willing to make fun of itself or simply take easy shots at the disaffected youth culture that is its subject. You be the judge—worth seeing for the intentionally satiric parts, but only if you can handle a lot of whining about how much it sucks to be an over-privileged youth in today's world.

The Paper is a good movie, but it comes with a warning - you see, this movie was advertised with a preview that was about three minutes long, which basically told the entire story of the film, including major conflict scenes, subplots, and the eventual resolution of the main story. If you recall seeing the preview of this film and thinking, wow, it seems like they just summarized the whole movie, well, you're right, they did, and it's pretty much ruined. If you saw that preview, then you know so much of what's going to happen in the movie that it will be almost impossible to build up any tension as the various issues of the film work themselves out, or at least that was what happened to me. Basically, the advertising will have ruined this movie for a lot of people. Which is really sad, because it's a good movie. Michael Keaton, Glenn Close, Marisa Tomei, Randy Quaid, and Robert Duvall, an excellent cast, portray the staff of a daily paper going through the hectic routine of getting an issue out on time. The main plot of the story centers around Michael Keaton, a young newspaperman who is also trying very hard to be

a family man, along with his wife, Marisa Tomei, who is freaking out because she's sacrificed her own career at the paper (or so she fears) to have a baby. The film moves artfully back and forth among the characters, allowing us to understand what drives each of the characters involved as we move through a very long night during which the cover story for the morning paper evolves. The tension the film builds up at every step is impressive, and the sense of impending deadline is applicable to each character both in terms of that night, their individual jobs, and their lives. The film deals impressively with a number of issues, and somehow manages to remain faithful to all of them—journalistic integrity, choices between career and marriage, office politics, the fear of wasting your life, paranoia—you name it, if it's a human problem, there's a touch of it in there somewhere. Well acted, funny, sympathetic, and a little off the wall, this is one of those films where you walk out exhausted, wondering, is it really like that? Accurate or not, it's an entertaining film, well acted, and worth seeing.

Shawn Taylor
Movie
Reviewer

Senior Class Column

by Ephen Glenn Colter

Wasn't "Open Mike Night" a scream!? I wasn't, uh, there, but that's because, uh, well...there were so many people I just couldn't "squeeze" in—or was it the night before a chapter deadline? Well, anyway, I heard your Senior Class Co-President Tammy Sloan turned it out great!

Listen up. You've already received notice in your boxes, but here's a reminder: "Spring Break" baskets will be ready for pick up in the pool room (where else?) Wednesday morning from 9-5 A.M. Please pick up your basket promptly, or maybe some big 'ole evil senior will eat it!

News: Kira Sue Chitwood, Senior Class Alumnae Representative, and that *other* Senior Class Co-President & Senior Menage Diva, just thought you'd like to know that we invited alumnae in the New York area (only as far back as 1990) to the Menage. It is no accident that the Menage is THREE DAYS AFTER the written P's are due. So, we all have something to look forward to. You still have plenty of time to alert a "friend" to come as your guess. "Friends" are welcome to the Menage, townies are another story.

Gossip: Dean Levine on last month's evening, "Senior Projects in Progress" sponsored by the Gender Studies Program: "That was a rare evening indeed! Over the years I have been present at many such senior project events...I do not exaggerate here...last night's presentations were, as a group, the best I have ever heard. Each of them was intelligent, creative, and motivated by personal and intellectual investment."

OK a little cheesy, but, hey, I think this indicative of all the senior projects in progress. We're all in this together! Just think, after the "P" on the 4th you'll have three weeks to chill—or swill—whatever your thing is. We should all look forward to the great senior art exhibits, film premiers, dance concerts, and music recitals. Unforgettable times to relax and memorable places to rub elbows. Need I even mention that we're all gonna need some good times & serious sun after the overload of cathode rays at the computer center and this & *#@'n weather.

Excuse me, but, um, Ephen has only received *two* invites. If you want props in *my* column announcing details of your senior "Fifteen Minutes of Fame" you must send me notice c/o the senior class box, dig?

LISA ANOMAIPRASERT, sculptor, Opening Reception April 29, 9 P.M., Proctor Art Center.

KRISTI MARTEL, musician "Open Your Face and Sing" April 20, 22, and 23, 8 P.M., Blum Hall.

Handsome, talented, and all-around nice guy Chris Wermuth (OK, so I'm flirting, but in the spirit of flattery) was kind enough to slip me the following list of upcoming senior art exhibits by up-and-coming artist who plan to be worth much more dead than alive: STEVE SOMMERS & MORGAN FINE, April 15-21, Procter; AMANDA FAUST, April 22-28, Procter; ALISOUN MEEHAN, April 29-May 5, Procter; ROBERT SWEENEY, April 29-May 5, Olin; TARA PARSONS & EVELINE SWARTTOUW, May 6-12, Procter; ZACK WEINBERG, May 6-12, Olin; LARA LEPIONKA, May 6-12, Manor; SHAMUS LANGLOIS & ANGUS CHASSELS, May 13-19, Procter; RAPHAEL GRECO & NICK KOLBA, May 13-19, Woods; CHRIS WERMUTH, May 13-19, Olin; ALYN COSGROVE & CARA ROSS, May 20-29, Procter; LISA MAREINISS, May 20-29, Olin.

OK. I have to bitch for just a moment. I'm stressed, anxious about what the hell I'm gonna do after all this and distracted by the pressure of having to turn in my "P" sample in less than three weeks. So, with this in mind, I *really* did not appreciate having to starve for a day and a half during spring break last weekend. While slaving in the computer center, BOTH the coffee shop *and* the bookstore were closed on Saturday—and on Sunday the fucking coffee shop didn't even open till late afternoon. Shall we say that our mommies and daddies would not be very happy that their babies had to go hungry because Bard didn't care to think about them? We live in the middle of nowhere people, and if you don't have a car around here, life can sometimes suck. (I hope the right people hear about this so this won't happen again. Ever.)

Just so you know, the Pres is do'n that forum/conversation thing again. On April 20—next week folks, 9-10 P.M. *plus eats*—the subject will not be roses. It will be "Liberal Arts: Responsibility, Goals, and Effects." Who better than seniors could voice an opinion, shall we even go so far as to say an *evaluation*, of their four years at Harvard on the Hudson? Sign up at the Dean of Students Office ASA fuck'n P! I have one thing to say: Have your shit together and try, try to be respectful.

I dunno know what t'ell ya. God only knows WHO the 2 marshals, 4 flagbearers, 2 bellringers, 8 ushers and 4 turtle doves are, but whoever you non-seniors are, you better appreciate the privilege, or you *will* be replaced. Like that ("snap"). You're work'n for us now.

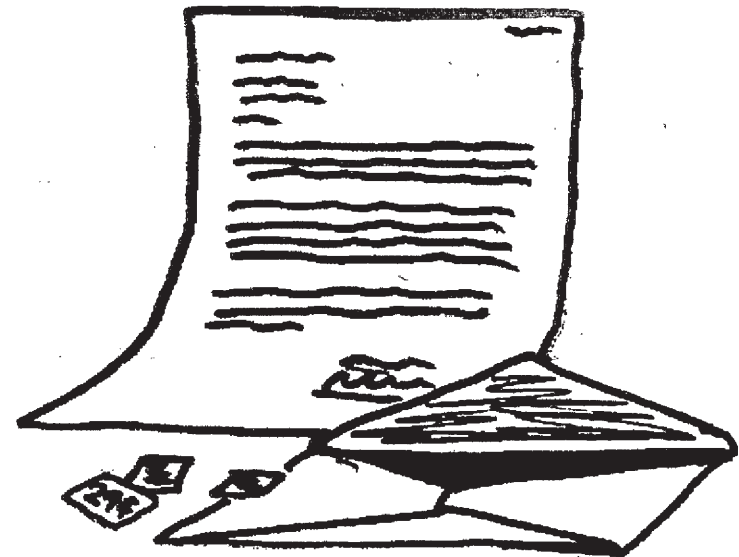
Do you need a job soon? A place to live? A "real" lover? Maybe even a vacation? Well, join the goddamn club. There's some kind of "Career Day" going on in May (Yes, AFTER projects!). I think the 18th, but don't quote me. Talk to Maureen in the Career Development Office (and don't get cute, she's doing the best she can).

We're still going for 10K for the big "TP". Got any more bright ideas? Personally, I want to have a bake sale. But if *any* little first year twit came running out nekked to rub his or her genitals in the desert I really wouldn't be responsible for my actions (and on that note, can you believe Kline actually took dessert away that night, like we're children).

Let's have a moment of silence for all the folks who started with us in L&T and are not here with us—struggling—today: OK, now let's have a shout out to all our 'ole friends around here who started out with us but are not graduating, just yet. All in good time.

Yeah, yeah, we're still waiting to hear about Yo Ma speaking at commencement. Personally, I'd rather him play, but...

Dates to remember coming up soon folks: MAY 2, "All-Nighter Cramming Care Packages" May 4...we know, we know. No, the auction not this week as planned, but its approaching. Come sell out your friends and buy out your professors! Be competitive!! Win, win, win!! All in good, uh, "fun." Oh, and last, remember our little motto: try not to "project" those anxieties on anyone else.



Music continued

continued from page 3

to write a new language, he distorted the music in a way so that it was rhythmically alive. Regularity was used as an advantage, as well as humor and sarcasm.

NAME Bartok's "Opening of the Third Concerto" was uncorrupted by urbanism, just as peasant music did not use any regular rhythms. Bartok did not use any simple fragments as did Wagner, but instead he used complete lines. His approach was thought to be regressive, serving the upper class. Many thought that this was the affect American culture had on Bartok. However, the composer did not agree; he believed that he was engaging in this form of music with-

out being cliché.

Botstein concluded the lecture with a piece by Schoenberg which was based on the Biblical Ten Commandments and the argument of Moses and Aaron. In this piece, not only do we hear the purity of language but also the abstract idea of illusive truth. The paradox lies in that we redeem music to match the belief of art, and save it from crushing conformity. One aim of the modernists was to enable anyone to listen to this music without having vast knowledge. Despite the opposing schools, all of the modernists wanted their listeners to be open to the strength and spirit and emotion of their sound. ♪

The Bard Observer

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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

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CALENDAR

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS' OFFICE

APRIL 13 TO APRIL 20, 1994

★ WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13 ★

- ★ Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous are meeting today in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- ★ **French Table**, Kline College Room 5:45p - 7p.
- ★ **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.**
- ★ Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in Barrytown. Meet van at Security at 7:45p.

★ THURSDAY, APRIL 14 ★

- ★ 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!
- ★ **Intergenerational Seminar. Viruses: Biological and Computer**. Seminar conducted by Biology Professor John Ferguson and Director of Computer Education Michael Lewis. Meetings will continue for four consecutive Thursdays. Olin 310, 6:30p. For information contact Ms. Karen Becker.
- ★ Professor Jerrilynn Dodds of City College of New York will give a lecture entitled **Muslims, Jews and Christians: The Art of the Orient in Medieval Spain**. Olin 102, 7p.
- ★ **Intergenerational Seminar. Gnosticism: Philosophy and Technique**. This seminar will be led by Professor Leonard Schwartz and will continue for three consecutive thursdays. Olin 308, 7p. For information contact Ms. Karen Becker.

★ FRIDAY, APRIL 15 ★

- ★ **Blood Drive/Wellness Fair**. The Blood Drive conducted by the Hudson Valley Blood Services will take place at the Old Gym between 11a and 4:15p. Sign up for appointments at Kline during lunch hours on April 12, 13 and 14.
- ★ 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.
- ★ **TAI-CHI classes** with Master Wendy Shih will start today and will meet every Friday evening, 7p, at the Stevenson Gymnasium until May 6. The fee is \$5 per class. To register call 758-7530.

★ SATURDAY, APRIL 16 ★

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

- ★ **Trip to New York City**. Sign up at the Dean of Students Office, \$5.00.

- ★ Jazz pianist and 1994 Grammy Award nominee **Kenny Barron** and drummer **Jimmy Cobb**, together with bassist **John Menegon**, will appear at Joyous Lake in Woodstock tonight. Tickets are \$12. For more information call (914) 679-5154.

- ★ **Formal I.S.O. Party** tonight at 10p in the Old Gym.

★ SUNDAY, APRIL 17 ★

- ★ Narcotics Anonymous meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 7:30p.

★ MONDAY, APRIL 18 ★

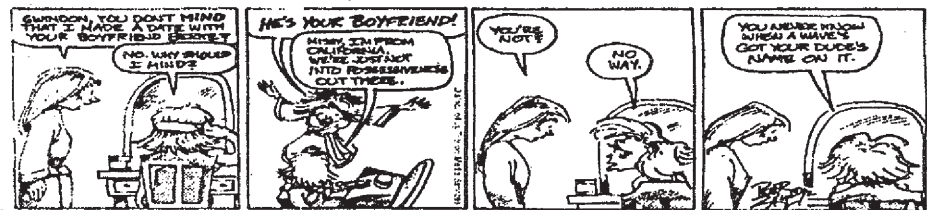
- ★ Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous will be meeting in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- ★ **Women's Center Meeting**. Annandale House, rm 110, 6:30p.
- ★ Co-Dependents Anonymous meeting in Red Hook. Meet van at Security at 6:30p.

★ TUESDAY, APRIL 19 ★

- ★ Patricia Murphy will be selling designer perfumes today at Kline Commons.
- ★ Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous will be meeting today in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- ★ Professor Peter Dolan will be giving a lecture entitled **"Modern Mathematics."** Pre-lecture reception will take place at 4:20p at the Olin atrium, and the lecture will start at 5p in Olin Auditorium.
- ★ **Van to Cheap Movie Night at the Red Hook Lyceum**. Van leaves at 6:30p from Kline and returns at 10p. First come, first served, so be early.

★ WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20 ★

- ★ Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous are meeting today in Aspinwall 304 at 12 noon.
- ★ **Mesa de Español**. ¡No te la pierdas! **Kline Committee Room 6-7p.**
- ★ **Grand Union Run**. Leaves at 6p and returns at 7p. **Meet the van behind Kline.**
- ★ Joan Del Plato of Simon's Rock will speak on **"Picturing the Victorian Self and the Harem 'Other.'" Olin 102, 7p.**
- ★ Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in Barrytown. Meet van at Security at 7:45p.



★ 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.

Hudson Valley Mall trip: meet bus behind Kline at 5:45pm, pick up at mall at 9:45pm.

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.

