"I am a fork, I will stick you!"
—Soren Kierkegaard as a child

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All talk, no action

An evening of open discussion with the Student Forum

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

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

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

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

Cramer confirmed that a formal poll of student opinion is going to be conducted to determine whether the student body approves or disapproves of changing intersession. She also explained that the faculty has not reached a consensus decision either.

Brent Armandinger 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 intersession; we should be looking for ways to improve it."

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

Turning to the imminent Student Center, the forum discussed the ideas provided by last semester's Student Center Committee, and those initiated by this semester's new committee. A committee representative stated that the College may begin breaking ground this fall.

Possible locations for the Center are near Sottery, on the field between Kline Commons and the library, or in front of the Ravines. The issue of how centrally located the Center should be...
Hit and run

Slew of parking lot accidents

According to Kim Squillace, the Director of Safety and Security at Bard College, there has been a dramatic increase in the number of automobiles being damaged by other cars while parked on campus. These accidents have proven extremely costly to the car 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 clear of snow and ice, rendering damages caused there.

By the time of the writing of this report, no one had claimed responsibility for either of these 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 herself 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, as drivers often fail to report the incident or 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, a fact he admitted to and paid for. Security said that the owner of the car, a local referee, was then able to tell the student the rules of the road.

To my most beloved wife—

Meme Love

Keep your chin up & give them Hell! — Your sweetheart

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

SUMMER SUBLETS

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

The National Library Poetry is once again holding a contest with over $12,000 in prizes. To enter, submit a 40-line or original poem, any subject or subject, to the National Library Poetry, 11419 Crocodile Dr., P.O. Box 704-175, Owings Mills, Md. 21117. Entries must include name and address on top of the page. Deadline: March 31, 1994.

100's OF MARVEL COMICS FOR SALE, CHEAP! INCLUDING: MEN, SPIDERMAN AND OTHERS. 1 @ .75 OR 25 @ $1.00 CONTACT JANCY AT 752-7408.

Forum continued

continued from first page

should be 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 Ada 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 Kulip 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 recreation 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 course notes, and making the course catalogue notionally later 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 cut, but Cramer explained, "that hurts us more than it sends a message to the faculty."

As to the resolution appealing to the faculty to voluntarily eliminate 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.

Cramer said that the committee is preventing any purchases from being taken, that 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 unopposed, and was elected to the second time around on a platform that students "need events and they need safety."

C.T.B.B. Torture is going to lose. 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.


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 Gretchin & wife, A wood-chuck would chuck if a wood-chuck could chuck wood! Peace, Love & Toful - Gretchin

Classifieds & personals

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.
Features

Experiments in vision

Professor lectures on Avant-garde Film

If there is one thing, MTV has not been accused of, it is a lack of style. With its barrage of images loosely forming a coherent theme, MTV has carved out a distinctive niche for itself in today's pop culture. Interestingly, and some might say obviously, this editing (or montage) style is in no way new or original. Russian directors like Livio 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 wasn't a lot of freedom and resources," he said. Along with this freedom came a philosophy. "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 rethinking 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 Marxism. 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. Without the presence 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 wont to think about what we are 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. Asstists 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 shaming 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 daydream. It makes sense when you think about it. The first time you see this it is like seeing a James Joyce novel across the Times Square banner," he joked. Audiences during 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. Whereas montage was a method of thinking and seeing for Vertov, images were appreciated simply as images, and the hero of Man is a humanizing general, the gawky, quick-witted 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.

This year's John Bard lecture

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 fre time of Aristotle to our time, we have been looking for precursors. but 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 swam from solely concentrating on the practices developed in

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THE BARD OBSERVER

March 16, 1994

Features

Faces of Bard

Stephanie Chassteen is from New Hampshire. She came to Bard because “it’s pretty,” and because she received an EEC (Equal and Excellence Cost) scholarship. She is currently under study in psychology. She does not yet know what she will focus her senior project on next year, but is almost positive that 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 pretty girls and boys.” When asked what she liked least about Bard, she was a little more serious and said, “the lack of community.” This upset her greatly because “people don’t seem to be involved in things” when they 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 freshmen.” She took the job because she wanted a “position of responsibility,” and “liked the idea of helping other people through their freshman year.” The best thing about being a PC, she says, is the “people in my dorm, and having more of a feel of the campus and the administration.” The worst thing is trying to get people to go to dorm meetings and participate in activities.

Planning activities is something Stephanie’s friends say she is very good at. “She always knows what she’s doing: she has a head on her shoulders.” Recently, she organized and performed in a production of Rocky Horror, as well as organizing the reading by lesbian author S. E. R. H. 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, flitting, “furthering the academic pause,” and “psychoanalyzing my friends.”

She also says that she is “dedicated to social change through psychological research,” and gets “tucking pricked 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 being disregarded and is only being developed where as the homophobia, etc. literature is still being 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, is that “people who know me come to me instead of calling EMS even when they think they should...if you’re in doubt you should call because that’s what we’re there for — even for the little things.”

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 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

Rob Cutler is a Senior II from Greenwich, Connecticut. He is double majoring in physics and math. His senior project about the end 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 also says, “I got 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 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, is that “people who know me come to me instead of calling EMS even when they think they should...if you’re in doubt you should call because that’s what we’re there for — even for the little things.”

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

Stephanie Chassteen

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.

He would also like, however, to learn Taekwondo, and travel more. Someday he hopes to go to Egypt, to graduate school for social psychology, and will “probably become a research professor sticking 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 psychosis applied to homophobia and biphobia.”

Rob Cutler
News from Larreynaga

This report is based on the latest E-mail info from Jonah Candler, Sister Cities Project Coordinator in Nicaragua (not to mention Bard graduate) editing and extra relevant Bard graduate publication 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 Bemidez 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 that the drunks can easily stumble into the doctor’s office, or because boise is a cheaper alternative than medicine these days? Regardless, its 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 are the states basic school supplies are more 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 22, 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 means 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 plant 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 opportunity to reflect on the significance it had for Nicaraguan people. Also it would be good to note that fashion does not have to be a huge consideration in revolutionary celebrations. Part of a successful revolution is the element of surprise, therefore it is necessary to come as you are.

Many Sister Cities members are preparing for this areas own conference on Saturday April 30 to be held at the Hawthorne Park School in Harlemville.

NY. (My old school.) The goal of this conference is to promote an understanding of the most pressing 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 KFRE 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 19-23): 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): 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 faculty in the art room on the third floor of 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 floating about students who would lose their way and remain lost for months, or even years. Further rumors were circulated when those same students surfaced, they were even known in the administrating staff.

The complex that is Stanford High School was cursed by several design and planning mistakes. Actually three buildings filled by hastily constructed walls and windows, there were no less than 22 exits that were unopened and mostly unexplained. There were seventeen rooms that were never used for their intended purposes, and were dark and easy to devour.

In which we have no idea what to put here

By Matthew Gilman

March 16, 1994
In the absence of light

by Michael Sylvester

"Gentle skin is going to clear up, put on a happy face."

I am walking toward the kitchen when the words hit me. I am, at once, angry and cynical, mortified by 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 me. I can feel the last thinnest residue of vitamin D evaporating from my skin. There is nothing left to do but collapse onto the sofa and tear open another box of Archie comics. With the endless cold, my mind has long ago turned to frozen asshole like the ground outside my window. Yet somewhere around my fifth sugared molasses, I begin to daydream.

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 warm 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-brick factories down the shore of the Androscoggin River. Though the river has recovered significantly from the decades of industrial waste which the mills dumped into its waters, I can remember that, as a boy, with the wind just right, the Spring tide Androscoggin would release an odor similar to a bowl of nine-week-old egg salad. Even a rolling schedule, however, can hold, for sure, the smell of the Androscoggin is immortalized in a French-Canadian song which says, when roughly translated, "Lewiston, my city, my home. You smell like shit but we like 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 sandfill 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 prairie dog. I lay among the twisted branches in its bottom and let the warm sun warm my back 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 gray squirrels leap form the branches to the ground. I would watch the birds as well without any ideas as themes of the different species. The birds were divided, blue or yellow or spotted, and even though I knew some of their technical names, my first instinctual ways of feeling back on my own. Elusive goshawks, tufted owls, the branches as it all. Alizarin glides with wings full of air. In my mind, I can trace the white of these woods, map each spot, not by miles but by experience. My maps are textual and sensual. I can follow the curves of the terrain by gauging the tensions of my belly.

In his essay, "Stalking with Stories: Names, Places and Moral Narratives Among the Western Apache," Keith Basso describes the cultural 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 complex 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 themselves are good to the story of the land. To stand at "Aben men stand above here and these" 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 Pueblos, 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 agitations dissipate. I am at home in place to place, the years attached and dislodging themselves like briars on the husky sized cor-

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. Its tibiae are very thin, I will discover later in the only nature guide we own, an old Sierra guide to butterflies. I stand watching the butterfly for a moment, the patterns of orange and black and the hairs along the back of its leg. The guide book will tell me that these butterflies like to live by the edges of fields and streams, feeding on nectar and honeydew. It is the colours of these butterflies that hold me. Even though I am almost 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 away 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 min- als. It is not much of a stream to be sure. In the Spring it reaches its full glory and, with the help of ground water, becomes large enough to hold the odd couple of basements. For most of the summer, it’s this thin ribbon trickling its way over small stones. There are not many fish which live in it except for a motley colored species we called "muckers." The suckers are sometimes seen growing to reach about 6" in length but they are bottom feeders and you cannot 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 attire grew soggy or slipped off, eating the bait ourselves when bait ran out. For a while my interest dropped off completely, our technique and began to use buckets. Kevin held the bucket while I herded the suckers in.

Although this rather verbose and rambling concept made me feel like a fish or a fish or a fish with 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 yard, 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, it was a perfect playground for soccer. 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, sneaking my broken-branched fiesta canoe 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 rains, it is possible to form rough, misshapen figures. When the day dries, it cracks and the thin fine are resembles shattered glass. Honey suckle grows up along the base of the grass stalks and an endless line of caterpillars and bees vie for space and food.

In the winter of 1978, a blizzard was fol- lowed 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 a hurry and stuck out on the thin crusty 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 enor- mous fire some time in the last couple of centuries. This explanation solved the mystery of the raised foundation. I held endless images of a young, pioneer family, hopefully trapped in a sea of inflated oaks. I realize this conception 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, re- searching 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 hook.

About a half mile into the woods of Thorne’s Craig, the terrain becomes steep and rises at a seventy-five degree angle for 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 callused 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 pain lingers, ever in the distance.

At the top of the slope there is a clearing, a roughly circular ring of trees. Several small buildings have been positioned within it like Elly Boy redrocks around the T.V. There are usually sporadic bears and porcupines scattered in the brush and the center of the ring has been charred by uncontrollable small fires. At twelve, I tasted my first cigarette with a boy whose name I have forgotten. It was a Salem and, whenever someone lighted one up, I could smell the ashen pines and taste the heanness 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 shaved a crude pipe out of one of my wooden building blocks. The organza tassels both sweet and acrid and I smoked it until it was all gone.

Just past the circle is a swampy pond cre- ated 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 water and contemplating how deep the water might be. Chris is wearing his favorite camouflage fatigue’s, the ones that he has spent all Summer getting absolutely muddy, absolutely dirty. He has cut off his jeans at his knees and tosses the bottom and I cannot help it, I push him straight in. It turns out that the pool is over his head. He clumbs 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, 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 prom date reflected in her eyes. Or the time I fell headlong into a patch of briars and tore my new shirt in about fifteen places. I stayed in the woods overnight rather than go home and the temperature dropped below fifty. These memories are there but usually they con't read 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 meet with the faculty committee to discuss a possible general campus forum, and we would like your input. Please address comments and suggestions to Renée Ramey 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 among 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 debate 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

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 minimum effort and stay out of the administration’s hair. As long as you did enough to have a C average, you could (without going anywhere, do anything, and still graduate). This led to you and a close friend of mine collaborating on a publication that lived in Stanford High School infancy.

It was a project which took noxious 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 “The Report.” It was subtitled, “How to graduate without really trying: A handbook for the facsimile student.” It was a twelve-page pamphlet printed on my friend’s Apple computer and stapled by hand. It was an instant topic of conversation. The pamphlet was a how-to guide for breaking the rules and attaining personal freedom from and in Stanford High School. The facts stated in the beginning of this essay are direct quotes from “The Report.” We made a detailed, floor-by-floor map of the building indicating all exits and hiding places. We included instructions on how to steal ball passes and valid absentee slips from your teacher’s desk. There was a tutorial on how to forge signatures. Schemes on how to get a full course load and still have two study halls per day. And a full time table of the months taken by the “halls” the administrators who wandered the halls with walkie-talkies, apprehending students who weren’t where they supposed to be. We had to go to a reprinting four times. Zanukans and Probators (our tools) 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 innocuous comments 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. I had become a big anti-authority figure and would have definitely favored 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, after graduating with my class of 600 students, the Vice-Principal Mr. Neat handed me a diploma, said “Congratulations!” and looked at my face with 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 5th 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 eclectic selection of essays, articles, excerpts—fiction and non-fiction—prose passages from great literary masterpieces or popular from minor marginalized voices. We look forward to sharing a range of human perspectives, diverse experiences, intimate mishaps. 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

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

At eighteen years old, I left Leviston 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, returned for the first time in nearly four years. I must admit that in that time, I had thought little of my woods. I have 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 continue find it is true with so many things that I took for granted in the Maine of my childhood, the only proof of my little woods existence lies locked within my mind. I 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 Crag 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 seniors facutiy colloquium on senior projects in progress Thursday, March 17th 6:30-8:30 Olin 203 Refreshments afterward in the atrium All welcome!
Another View
Who needs a hotline?

by Mary Lindsey
Hotlines are for crises and the last time I checked, there wasn't a coming out crisis 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 gay 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, match on Red Hook? Second, people come here to Bard from all kinds of backgrounds and at all different stages of coming out with their sexuality. People who haven't even come out to their roommates aren't going to want to talk about participating in a Gay Dating Game and people who are thinking of chaining themselves to a desk leg in the Oval Office to protest the gays in the military "compromise" aren't going to want to hear another thousand coming out stories. Then there's the fact that Bard is a really small school. Even though there is probably a higher concentration of gay people here than, say, SUNY New Paltz, the gay community here is small.

No matter what kind of group forms here, it isn't going to be the kind where you can 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, they wouldn't need a hotline.

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 year 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? That what 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 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 discourse entitled "Too Horrny to Communicate?" in the Robbins lounge. I found the title of the meeting a little intimidating: would my function bear a kin 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 courageously 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 itself to avoid gender typing. Discord started to seep into the conversation as 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 be 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 clearly 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 toFFECT? How do we convince people to talk about the pressures involved in having sex. Imagine yourself without transportation, isolated, with your date saying, "Come on, I won't make you 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 heteronormative, since we were mainly discussing male-female interaction.

The most interesting part of the debate for me was the discussion of male groups and their views on women and sex. This was the first time I had heard of the Sperm Posse, a high school gang whose members competed to rack up the highest number of 'scores' on women. Though an extreme, these practices symbolized some of the way men look at sex - as a sport, not an intimate act. One man explained how difficult it was to challenge some ideas of gender roles within groups of men, as opposed to the relatively safe environment of our BRAVE-sponsored discussion. 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 pausing the talking, everybody rose almost in unison and strapped 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—its part art, part crap, and when it's all over you can't be sure which one is the real heart of the film.

The story itself is to a large degree crap, not too bad but definitively unoriginal, and badly written—Snipes plays a drug pusher whose conscience gets the better of him, making him want to find a nice girl, go straight, and have a normal life. Predictably enough, it's hard going straight; Snipes' brother is being left alone to run the business, and his supposed allies are up to some nasty tricks on his turf.

Interpersed 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) makes 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 Carilto'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 nice and makes the film 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 main character'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 fast-paced back-and-forth dialogue that dominates 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 wants at a same time 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.

NTI-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
Editorial

Bard life?

by Jean C. Breton

After all the time I've spent at this damn school, I've 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, those people who are part of a very few very 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 nothing now a 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 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 ever and senior project is a whole year away. No worries. Yeah, right! Well, at this point you can either go back to your "wild" days (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 anyway, that's when a major really matters — so just pick something early and stick with it! It'll save you a hell of a lot of pain and suffering.

Finally, senior year. This is when you stop caring about everyone and everything except, of course, that foreboding senior project. It is also when, if you are as disorganized as 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 River or Rinehart bridge will haunt you by the week. 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 two years? Basically that I love my friends, hate everybody else and have been wasting my time, but, ironically, I want to stay another year. If college is really as scary as I'm making it out to be, I don't want to know what the real world is going to be like.

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've just a little bit better off than broke. We've managed $1375 of our goal of $10,000. Hilary Kaufman & crew raised bunch of bucks selling carnations. Henry Ringlo & crew raised much dough selling cookies from Terry's Baskets. Thanks guys and gals! Anybody else got any bright ideas?

Oh, and thanks to Greg Benaton at the last Forum Meeting, we get what is left of the recent $1000 toward our goal of $10,000. Yippee! We could use it.

OK guys, our senior class gift has been decided. Sasa's suggestion: renovating the garage. Great idea huh? Thanks Sasa (He says it was where our first class party was — way back when during L&D). Also, good blade friendly, wonderful, and charming Kim Chatwood, Miss Southern Brains, Beauty & Bravado, was elected as our class Alumna representative. Ok, you got me, she's a friend, just a little favoritism to make her day. Relax who.

Do you remember that the Monongahela 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 Monongahela? 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 Monongahela. And, don't forget to give these people a choice. Learn from our lack of information. You need to tell either Sasha Gorman or Ephraim Chen Coler — 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 but time; same but channel.

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

Fact: Every year about this time some int group of students decide on taking over a building. What's the word? Who's still is to get this minotaur this spring? Reminder: You might want to think first or at least a problem. Someone somewhere should have a list of what's been covered. Please check it.


March 22...The Deadline of Spring & Finals Baskets orders. Tell your "ole man or your mom's to buy a $1-

Friday April 15.Auction of Bard Women's Attire, A Fundraiser. Monday May 2...All-Nighter-Cramming Care Packages. Wednesday May 1...Projects Due by 500 PM (yes, we know you know), Cocktail Party for Seniors only at Adamian, 4046-40 PM. Who are your officers, what are we doing for you?

Tamm1) major project—Test Party 2) minor projects—Senior Open Mike 3) Junior Marshals 4) Senior Boys Glor1) major project— Senior Gift 2) minor projects — Cocktails Party 3) Senior Class Meetings 4) Test Party Van Ephrons 1) major project — Gift Baskets 2) minor projects — Senior Class Project 3) Monongahela Bar 4) Test Party Beer Gillian 1) major project — The Auction 2) minor projects—Bulletin Board 3) Snack Night 4) Senior Trip 5) Call Officer Meeting 6) Senior Trip 1) project — The Bard 1994 Senior Class account 2) minor projects — Test Party Food & Soft Drinks

Show a little class spirit and inform us about important dates, i.e. senior ad sales, senior show, showing film premieres, senior drama or dance opening nights, even senior band 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 help right up until the night of the tent party.

Also, Ghana is working on campus recruitment by major company's, so you can use those new AIAK's after your name to get a job!

Just a reminder, all seniors with projects for the big "A" 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 Corner, 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! Or maybe it's just a "try not to "project" those anxieties on everyone 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 time with that old friend who's been through everything with you? Or, maybe even clear the air with that too-and-so on campus who somehow, someway you're not supposed to talk to? Didn't you say you would like 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 your 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, etc. And, don't be surprised with an 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-filled "P" words of wisdom & Personal pertaining to senior stress, senioritis, and basic sensibility. We like brief & nostalgic Bard memories, they're especially welcome. (Non-seniors need not waste our time.)

Final note: Ephraim apologizes for missing the last two Senior Class meetings. Miss Thang bears 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.

Senior Class Column

Come to the Town Meeting
TODAY, Wednesday March 16th at 7pm in the Kline Committee Rooms.
to discuss Career Services with administrators and other students.
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, maybe I'll try to smile. But it will probably be awkward that I'll never look at you again. You know me. I'm the one who blends into the drunken crowd at parties, the unnoticeable one. I'm the one who sits alone at a crowded table in Kline. Always trying to be different and finding out that I'm the same. Trying always to fit in somewhere, but this puzzle piece has been thrown in the wrong box. Bitter? Cynical? Damn right! You got a problem with it? Then take your liberal ideas and your arty-farty intellectual attitude and shove it up your arty-farty intellectual ass. Or put yourself out of my misery with the help of the Kingston-Rhinecliff bridge. 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 afterward, 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 forefront of the state; 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 lavish 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, Sou-ma Hsiang-tsi (Si-ma 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 counselors 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 serve to produce a philosophy.

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

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

Sivin adds that the rise and fall of patronage occurred before 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.

Happy St. Patrick's Day!
**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, Ellen Jette and Anne Gabler. **Kline Committee Rooms, 5p.**
- **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.**
- Overseas Anonymous meeting in Kingston. Meet van at Security at 5:30p.
- **John Cage, 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.
- **Hudson Valley Mall Trip.** Meet van behind Kline at 5:45p and it will pick you up at the mall at 9:45p.
- **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 "Modernism Thought, Poetic Practice." Olin Auditorium, 5p. Pre-lecture reception at 4:20p.

**WEDNESDAY. MARCH 23**

- **Mesa de Español. ¡No te la pierdas! Kline Committee Room 6-7p.**
- Grand Union Run. Leaves at 6p and returns at 7p. Meet the van behind Kline.
- Student Repertory 1. Several plays directed by Bard students will be performed today at the Dance Studio at 8p. For reservations call 758-8622.

**TRANSPORTATION SCHEDULE**

**WEDNESDAY:** Grand Union Run: Leave at 6p, return at 7p.
**FRIDAY:** Poughkeepsie Gateway Mall Run: Leave every other Friday at 6p. Pick up at the Mall at 6p. Trips are scheduled for February 11, 25; March 11, 25.
**April 15, 19 and May 13.**
Rhinecliff Train Station Run: 4:30p for the 4:35p, 5:30 for the 6:21p, 7:30p for the 7:41p.
Poughkeepsie Run: 2:30p for the 3:15p, 7:30p for the 8:33p, 10:00p for the 10:45p.
**FRIDAY:** The 10a-2p shuttle from Bard to Troy, Red Hook, Rhinecliff and Rhinebeck.
**SATURDAY:** Van meets the 7:45p and 9:30p trains at the Rhinecliff Station. Van meets the 7:45p and 10:30p trains at the Poughkeepsie Station.
Church Tours: At 9:15 to go to Red Hook for St. Charles Church and Troy for St. Paul's Church.
Other Transportation: Jitney Service: to South Campus, leaves from Center Café House at 8:30 am and 9:30 pm. Return to North Campus, leaves behind Kline at 1:30 pm and 5:00 pm.
Van Trips to New York City, every three weeks: March 5, 25; April 16, May 7. Sign up in the Office of Students Office - $5.00.

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