

THE LOAD



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Vol. VIII No. 9

SUNY College At Purchase

March 26, 1980

Faculty Make Fields Optional; Revise Cluster

The Purchase faculty voted last Wednesday to make the junior field exam optional, and to replace the traditional cluster program with a freshman studies year.

In each case, the faculty voted strongly in favor of the two resolutions. The first, put forward by History professor Edwin Redkey, called for the field exam to be made optional at the discretion of each academic board of study. The senior thesis will remain a letters and science college requirement.

The second proposal passed came from Dean of Lower Division Studies Alfred Hunt, and suggested the replacement of the cluster program with one that will abolish team-teaching. It would span a one-year period. Incoming students will now be required to register for a four to six

credit course which will deal with a central issue. There will be seventeen different "sections" of the course, and each will be taught by one of six different faculty members especially trained for the freshman program. Students will change faculty members in the middle of the year.

One aspect of the program is that all students in each section will have a reading list that has 50 percent of its books in common with the entire freshman class.

A major factor behind the curricular changes is the desire to lower the high attrition rate on campus—described by College President Michael Hammond as 75 percent—and to deal with the projected enrollment problems. Over the past few months, the faculty's Educational Policies Committee (EPC) has discussed ways of slowing the flow of students out of

the college, and increasing the number of those who enter.

At this point, it is up to each academic board of study to decide whether it wishes to retain the field exam. If not, it must apply for permission—possibly from the EPC—to institute substitute requirements.

According to faculty members who spoke at the meeting—who cited the college's legal obligations—students who entered Purchase under the old requirements who are currently working on their fields will be required to complete them this semester. If they choose, however, they may forego doing it next semester if their board of study chooses to abolish it.

Students who desire to take the exam, even in boards of study that no longer offer it, will most likely be able to do so.

PAC to Host Summerfare

by Elizabeth Shaw

Summerfare '80 is a festival of dance, music and theatre events that will proclaim "Purchase as the cultural and educational center of Westchester," asserted College President Michael Hammond.

On Tuesday March 11, in the lobby of the PAC, a press conference was held with much ceremony to announce the Pepsico Summerfare '80. The festival is an opportunity "to create things that would not get together otherwise," said Brooks Jones, Artistic and Festival Director for Summerfare '80. The festivals' performances will be given on weekends beginning July 11, and officially commencing on August 10.

Summerfare '80 will engage such artists as Edward Villella, Carmen and

Javallade, Count Basie, Les McCann, and Malcolm McDowell, who will instruct as well as perform.

With its focus on the performing arts, the festival will make use of Purchase's facilities, but will also use other parts of the campus to fill the scope of the festival. For instance, evening activities include dinner theatre and a late-night cabaret, all to be found on campus. On Sundays, arts and crafts and athletics will be arranged for children in the gym. The Pepsico Sculpture Garden will also be the site of activities.

The financial means to spark this festival has come from many sources, including "Pepsico, New York State, and other small gifts," according to Jones. The estimated cost of the festi-

val is a quarter of a million dollars, of which Pepsico is donating \$227,000. In essence, "Pepsico is putting up the cash," said Donald Kendall, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of Pepsico Inc. President Hammond made it known that the idea of the festival germinated at Purchase, and then sponsors were sought. Mr. Kendall expressed his enthusiasm for the festival, and felt it was a "venture that can be supported."

Of the three arts, Dance has the widest spectrum of programs. The ballet program will offer a wide range of intensive ballet training for young people thirteen to seventeen, directed by Edward Villella, principal of the New York City Ballet for twenty years. For college age dancers, the Modern Program offers comprehensive training. Fullstage, for the younger group, nine to thirteen, is a multi-disciplinary program of dance theatre, performance and music.

In addition, professional dance companies will perform at Summerfare '80. Scheduled are the Feld Ballet, the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company and the Pennsylvania Ballet, which will perform world premieres at the festival.

With the help of Estelle Parsons and Director Stephen Porter, the theatre arts will produce *The Fantasticks*, and *Isaac and Ingrid*, written by the authors of *I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking it on the Road*. Malcolm McDowell, the star of *Clockwork Orange*, Patricia Zipprodt, three time Tony award winning designer, and actor-director Austin Pendleton will all be involved in the productions.

Both jazz and classical music will be performed at Summerfare. Count Basie, Les McCann and The Preservation Hall Jazz Band will entertain jazz admirers, while classical fans can listen to the Concord Quartet and other chamber series.

Since spring is only beginning and



Dean Alfred Hunt

Unidentified Illness Hits 104 Students

Approximately 104 students were stricken with an as yet unidentified stomach illness on the weekend of March 15.

Although there was a good deal of speculation at first that the illness may have been caused by food poisoning from the Servomation dining hall, subsequent tests done by the Westchester County Health Department have not borne that out.

"To date, all tests have been negative," said Dr. Judith Keller, a spokeswoman for the Health Department, and the director of disease control for Westchester. She added, though, that full results from the tests will not be back for several weeks.

Some students afflicted with the illness reportedly had not eaten in the dining hall.

Symptoms of the ailment included abdominal pain, nausea and vomiting, said Dr. Gail Alexander, campus physician. Approximately seventy to eight students reported to the health office complaining of these symptoms that weekend, she said.

Later, a survey done by the Housing department and the Residence Assistants turned up an additional thirty students who were afflicted with the illness.

Another possible cause of the ailment could have been a virus of some sort, agreed both Keller and Alexander.

No new cases have been reported since the first outbreak.

Summer is still far away, Summerfare has a dream-like dimension. Arthur Ballet, a representative from The National Endowment of the Arts added, "it was wonderful to see a dream come true," and joyfully reminded the audience that "we are such stuff dreams are made of." With publicity, added transportation, hard work and luck, perhaps Donald Kendall's belief that "Summerfare '80 will become known and respected as a cultural festival of international renown" will come true.



EDITORIAL

Curricular changes and the demise of the cluster are admittedly luscious topics for an editorial, but a more immediate and dangerous situation has since come to light. The growing problem of violence on this campus not only affects our facilities but ourselves in a very real way.

A recent confrontation brought to our attention by one of the students involved is typical of the situation. Two weeks ago, two campus visitors with a penchant for destruction came to the Pub, and for reasons unknown, proceeded to tear down and rip to pieces a number of student activities posters. After the two were through with that they sauntered into the bathroom, kicked and wrenched fixtures off the walls, and dismantled the ceiling.

One campus resident, watching all this from the lobby, asked the pair to leave. This prompted one of the two visitors to restrain the observer—by pinning his arms behind the back while the other started to punch him savagely in the stomach. The scuffle attracted two other students, who tried to intervene, and were also severely beaten. At this point, a knife was pulled by one of the strangers.

When security arrived, one of the thugs made a panicked reference to the fact that he had to get lost quick because of a similar encounter with the law the previous week. One security officer treated the situation somewhat mildly, suggesting that the pair had simply gotten "a little drunk," and had become "rowdy"; kind of an understatement considering the fact that there was a knife involved. Charges were not pressed, and the "visitors" were sent on their merry way.

That's the way it goes. Fights like these happen every weekend, and it leads one to wonder what it would take to draw attention to the problem. A murder would probably do the trick. As it is now, we are a playground for local toughs who visit only to "beat up faggots," or simply to destroy the campus. If we continue to attract this dubious clientele, then we have to at least take steps to protect ourselves. The problem needs to be recognized and dealt with *now*, before a tragedy occurs.

The solution lies with a strict security system. In the Pub, a tougher proofing policy should be carried out by a full-time professional bouncer. Security should also have one or two officers stationed in CCS and adjoining areas where most of the incidents occur. At Manhattanville College, the bar is open only to Manhattanville and Purchase students. This may seem drastic in terms of lost local revenues, but where do our priorities lie? In safety or beer sales?

THE LOAD

Circulation 4,000

Est. 1972

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LETTERS

Review: Rant Rave & Rebuttal

To the Editors:

When I was in elementary school, I was extremely obese, and very ashamed of it. But, since my first love was food, (I hadn't discovered women or theatre yet), I remained, as my grandmother used to say, "pleasantly plump" for a number of years.

I remember when walking down the hall, perfect strangers would say to me:

"Hey, fatty!"

"Hi ya, Chubbs!"

"If you fell down, you would rock yourself to sleep trying to get back up! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

I would reply with what I then thought was lightning wit:

"Why don't you take a long walk on a short pier, you bores!"

"You're not one to talk! What are you going to do about that infectious growth on your shoulder?"

("What infectious growth?")

"Your HEAD, Stupid!"

"Let's play a game called Jackass. I'll be Jack, you just be yourself!" And so on.

"...If I have the courage to walk on stage, with my name in the program...Then 'Feinel Kurten' should have the courage to sign his real name..."

Later, I learned that my retorts were foolish and only lowered me to their level, but, at that time it was my only means of survival in the jungle of elementary school.

While I was reading "Feinel Kurten's" review of "The Bourgeois Gentleman," suddenly, I was flashed back to a very disturbing experience in my "fat" elementary school days.

I was sitting in my fifth grade class. Mrs. Dobras, with her thick midwestern accent, was trying to impress us with her French:

"Par-lays vooz frann-sez?"

(In retrospect, I realize she never really knew French. She was pretending to be intelligent, talking about something which she really knew nothing or very little about). I raised my hand and asked, "May I go to the boy's room?"

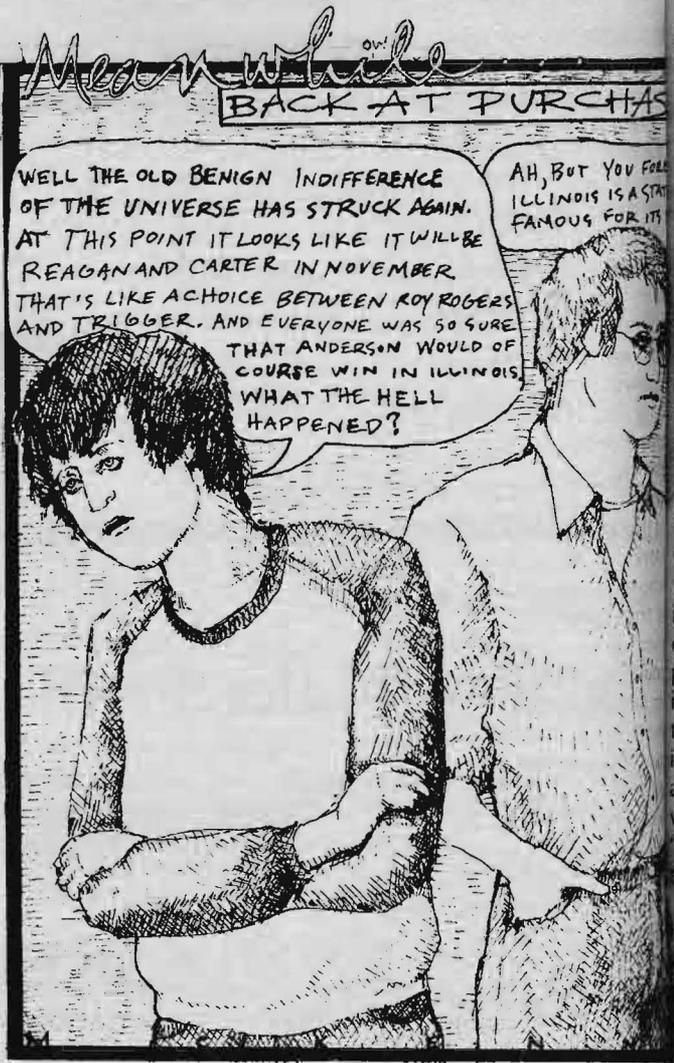
She said, "Wuh-ee."

"What?"

"Ah sid yi-es, wuh-ee means yi-es!"

I let out a sigh of relief. She was known to refuse bathroom "leave" when she was involved in a lesson. Mother Nature was about to punish me for eating an entire box of raisins and an entire box of Fudge Town cookies the night before—I had to get out of there fast.

So I scurried off to the W.C. (a very slow scurry, due to my weight and condition). I was



WELL THE OLD BENIGN INDIFFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSE HAS STRUCK AGAIN. AT THIS POINT IT LOOKS LIKE IT WILL BE REAGAN AND CARTER IN NOVEMBER. THAT'S LIKE A CHOICE BETWEEN ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER. AND EVERYONE WAS SO SURE THAT ANDERSON WOULD OF COURSE WIN IN ILLINOIS. WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

AH, BUT YOU FORGOT ILLINOIS IS A STATE FAMOUS FOR ITS...

still a little worried because I was going to have to use a stall in the bathroom, which I would never use at school, because people like Fred Kusin and Walter Zeuminick would peek over the top and throw things in, whenever some poor soul had to "go."

Luckily, it was between classes. No one was there, so I felt safe from humiliation. But while I was sitting on the john, I happened to glance at the graffiti on the wall. After reading two dirty limericks and "Mary Jane Riley was here, believe it or not," I read:

"Ken Wolf is a fat botard!"

"He looks like a pig!"

"Woolf is a dope!!" and I became furious and very humiliated.

It wasn't what was said that angered me so much, it was the fact that I couldn't defend myself with a lightning, spontaneous, witty retort and (which I feel was most upsetting to my crushed little ego) I couldn't ask: "Why do you think I'm a fat Botard?" because I didn't know who the culprit was!! All I could do was to kick the wall of the stall, try to erase the writing, (which was indelible) and cry. I wept for twenty-five minutes, at which point the lunch bell rang and Fred Kusin and Walter Zeuminick entered the bathroom, peeked over the top of the stall and threw wet paper towels at me.

As a creative artist, I don't want to read graffiti on a bathroom wall.

When I walk onto a stage, I am, in a way, asking to be judged. My real name is in the program and I don't walk on stage with a bag over my head. Constructive feedback is desired by actors (or at least this actor). An actor is always searching out means for improving his craft.

When given the unconstructive, i.e. destructive feedback of "Feinel Kurten," I feel I have a right to be able to ask:

"How, in your opinion, do

you think I failed to find reality of my character?"

"Why, in your opinion, the comedy keep falling?"

"Why do you feel the opening conveyed no information about the play?"

"What directorial cues, in your opinion, mar the comedy and somewhat the sense?" and on and on. Then, I can weigh this reviewer's opinion, judging from background, experience, intelligence, with other back I have received.

But alas, I can not ask questions of "Feinel Kurten" because "Feinel Kurten" pen-name. I'm sitting John in elementary school. By chance, is Mrs. Dan ghost writing for *The Load*?

Seriously folks, (as I've learned that foolish torts only lower me to another's level) if I have the courage to walk on stage, with my name in the program, I'll put a bag over my head, attempt to do my work, "Feinel Kurten" should have the courage, when commenting on my work, to sign his name, to respectfully own his work, his opinion. I know actors are known to be temperamental, but we are going to "beat up" our feathers" someone intelligently expressing himself, because expressing innermost selves is what we strive to do.

I sincerely wish the viewer would explore deeply his own sense of integrity as a writer and individual.

Thank you.

Senior Actor and Producer

Feinel Kurten replies:

My intention as a reviewer was certainly not to call one a fat botard, or any nasty names. My intention was to give (in limited space) as comprehensive a picture as I could of the issues

production faced, and it dealt with them. When I decided to write reviews for *The Load*, it is immediately clear to me that I would feel inhibited from expressing my opinion. Purchase is a cramped place; we have all felt crowded by it. Anyone who has been off a love affair here knows the discomfort of running into the same unwelcome person every day on the mall. Many of us know it is like to have a friend in the performing arts whose work we can't respect, yet whose performances put us in the situation—repeatedly, for years—of either falsely praising, truthfully condemning, or ignoring. To ignore is an obvious easy choice. After a few days we come to realize they've forgotten, and we're not embarrassed to say so to them when we see them on the mall. It's usually difficult to give the most criticism to people we know. But I don't think we could avoid responding to performances, even when they're flawed. It is important that a student production be reviewed in the newspaper. Unfortunately, local reviews seldom appear in *The Load*, and one reason may be that people feel intimidated about publishing their opinions. I know that way for a long time before I decided to write under a pseudonym. The editors understood and approved my position. They suggested I choose an obviously false name, as being less respectful than a name which appears to be real. For me, the issue is that the

pseudonym enables me to write frankly, without self-censorship—not that it protects me from getting my ass kicked. What I want you to respond to, positively or negatively, are my criticisms. My name doesn't matter. Ken Wolf understands that as an actor on stage, he is asking to be judged—which is why a comparison to bathroom graffiti is meaningless. Ken's schoolmates wanted to make him cry; I hoped, instead, to make him think about my observations. If I did not explain my opinions adequately, well, that is something the reader must decide. Of course, a review is just a review; it lacks the depth and the intimacy of an acting-class critique. But at the same time it has the advantage of distance, the advantage of encountering the event whole and afterwards separating the pieces in order to figure out how they work. Adopting a pseudonym was the only way I could attempt that without compromising my integrity (Ken's word), while living in the fishbowl of Purchase.

To the Editors: I couldn't believe what I was reading in your last issue. Feinel Kurten's review of Zelouf and *Bourgeois Gentleman* was the most lucid bit of prose I've ever seen in the *LOAD*. Is it the first unfavorable review for a faculty directed production? I can't be sure of the accuracy of the review as regards *Gentleman* (I didn't see it), but the statement on Zelouf's show is right on the money.

Sincerely,
Jack Sawyer

VIEWPOINT

No Time Wasted in Faculty Votes

by Eric Nagourney

"The primary objective is to increase enrollment and to decrease attrition."

It's tempting to just ignore the whole faculty vote last Wednesday to make the field exam optional, and concentrate instead on something else, like an Admissions Office under siege from a president and his hand-picked vice president...

But I can't ignore it completely, not just yet. Something keeps bringing me back to it, perhaps the same compulsion that used to drive me to faculty meetings again and again.

And one thing was certainly clear at that last meeting: the faculty members were very much in agreement with History professor Ed Redkey's proposal to make the field exam optional at the discretion of the boards of study. They voted overwhelmingly in favor of it, so much so that it would have been ludicrous to actually tally the vote.

Equally clear at the meeting was the tenor of the discussion that preceded the vote. The bulk of the one-hour meeting was spent merely trying to ascertain exactly which proposal was being voted on, and just exactly what the proposal was saying.

A useful pastime, I agree, but it's generally a good idea to get down to talking about the merits of a proposal, and even its educational value, before voting on it. Admittedly, this was done to a certain extent at a meeting held two weeks ago, but only to a certain extent.

Still, the debate about Redkey's field exam proposal seemed drawn out to the point of tedium compared to what happened two minutes before the end of the meeting. No sooner had I turned my back on the faculty to collect on a bet I had made about the fate of the field exam, then I heard the flutter of hands raising into the air for yet another vote.

When I turned around, the cluster was gone, and the faculty members around me were leaving their seats, scurrying off to their one o'clock classes. I had broken my own cardinal rule: never turn your back on the faculty.

In place of the cluster is a new program put together by Dean of Lower Division Studies Alfred Hunt which abolishes the team teaching aspect of the old freshman studies curriculum. The program requires incoming students to take a four to six credit course geared toward a "broadly conceived problem or matter of concern"

over a two-semester period of time. The course will be taught by six faculty members, "especially selected and trained in interdisciplinary work," and will be divided into approximately eighteen sections with seventeen to eighteen students in each section. Students will be taught by one faculty member at a time, and will change professors in the middle of the school year.

The program is certainly not without some merit, but it is not, as Dean Hunt has repeatedly called it, a "cluster..."

But on to other matters. The quote that this article is prefaced with, from a Natural Science professor who spoke at Wednesday's meeting, might just as well have been said by College President Michael Hammond, or the vice president for academic affairs that he appointed over the summer, Nat Siegel. (In fact, they've each said it many times in one form or another.) Yet this same demeaning mentality has not only become the moving force behind the "re-evaluation" (i.e. retrenchment) of the college's curriculum, but has also been the impetus for a full-fledged attack on the Admissions Office by both Hammond and Siegel.

Continued on pg 7

Kramer & Jazz Lead the Field, But Black Hole Sucks in Stallion

by Jim Spione

The members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will soon gather together once again for the annual Spring rites in Hollywood, California. But nearly as prominent as the nominees themselves at the 53rd Annual Academy Awards this April will be the conspicuous absence of several important potential candidates for the coveted Oscar...

All That Jazz and *Kramer vs. Kramer* have each earned a hefty nine nominations apiece; *Apocalypse Now* trails close behind with eight. Following are a few predictions and personal favorites in some of the major categories.

The five films selected for Best Picture of 1979 are:

Columbia/20th Century Fox's *All That Jazz*, Robert Alan Arthur, producer.

From Omni Zoetrope Studios, Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*.

Twentieth Century-Fox's *Breaking Away*, produced by Peter Yates.

Columbia's *Kramer vs. Kramer*, a Stanley R. Jaffe production.

From 20th Century-Fox, Tamara Shayev's and Alex Rose's *Norma Rae*.

The competition is tough, but nonetheless, the almost sure winner in the Best Picture category is *Kramer vs. Kramer*; it has been a favorite for critics and audiences alike from the day it was released. Its revealing exploration

into the nature of urban relationships in the seventies has captivated many who found their personal experiences reflected by the film. The attention and praise laden upon this uniquely perceptive, timely work is well deserved—and so is the Oscar.

In the Best Director category, we have Bob Fosse, *All That Jazz*; Francis (How do I end it?) Coppola, *Apocalypse Now*; Peter Yates, *Breaking Away*; Robert Benton, *Kramer vs.*

Kramer; and Edoard Molinar, for his excellent French-made comedy, *La Cage Aux Folles*. If effort and personal trauma were the main considerations for this award, then Francis Coppola would surely win hands down. However, the final result is what must be judged, and it seems that Coppola's difficulties with *Apocalypse* have in the end served only to confuse its shadowy theme.

A good bit of confusion, and perhaps intentional, also characterized Bob Fosse's *All That Jazz*. Although this rather complex, personal, and sometimes grotesque vision of show business may or may not reflect Fosse's oft-hailed genius. I do not think it will win him an Oscar. Robert Benton seems to be the favor-

ite here. However, do not be surprised if Peter Yates captures the statuette for *Breaking Away*, a fast-paced yet touching story of four young men struggling together in the always difficult yet sometimes rewarding teenage search for identity.

It is good to finally see Roy Scheider's name on the list of Best Actor nominations; perhaps it was just a matter of time for the right role to come along. Nonetheless, Schieder's portrayal of Joe Gideon in *All That Jazz*, in which Bob Fosse emphasized cinematic expression over individual performances, probably will not get him the award over the other strong nominees. These include Dustin Hoffman's acclaimed *Kramer vs. Kramer*; Jack

Continued on pg 7

The image is a collage of five movie posters. At the top left is the poster for *Norma Rae*, featuring Sally Field and a rating of PG. To its right is the poster for *All That Jazz*, featuring Roy Scheider and a rating of PG. Below *Norma Rae* is the poster for *Apocalypse Now*, featuring Roy Scheider and a rating of R. To the right of *All That Jazz* is the poster for *Kramer vs. Kramer*, featuring Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep, and Jane Alexander, with a rating of PG. At the bottom is the poster for *Breaking Away*, featuring a group of young men and a rating of R. The posters are arranged in a somewhat overlapping fashion.

WEEKLY WEEKLY WEEKLY

Quaker Services: Friends' Meeting House, Purchase and Lake St., 11 am. Perceptor Theatre, Hum. Aud., 8 pm International Film Series: 8 pm, Blue Rm., Music Bldg. Free Entertainment, Coffee, Tea, The Pub 9pm.

SUNDAY

WEEKLY WEEKLY WEEKLY

Aikido: Studio room, Gym. 7 Women Center Meetings: 7 pm., Hum. 0001 International Film Series: 7:30 and 10 pm., Hum. Aud.

CAPUCCINO MONDAY

WEEKLY WEEKLY WEEKLY

Gymnastics Internurals: 4-5:30 V.A.V.A. meetings: V.A. Perception Lab 4 pm. Aikido, 8:30 pm. MGM Retrospective Hum. Aud., 7:30 and 10 pm.

LOUNGE TUESDAY

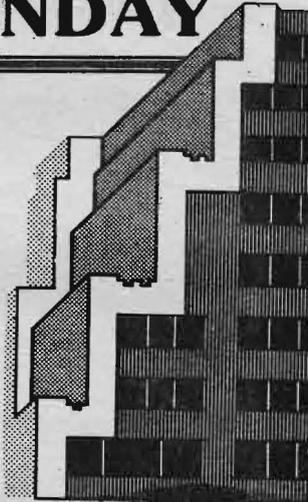
WEEKLY WEEKLY

Women's Union Bible Meditation. FOLLOWSP... Aikido WNAS- Gen

HOT WEDNESDAY



MAN RAY RETROSPECTIVE: 19 E. 71st St., ends March 29



I.M. PEI: Models and Drawings of the N.Y.C. Convention Center, MOMA, thru 3/30



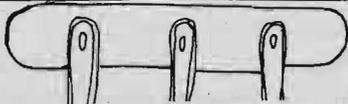
ARE WE HEAD... WW III?, Michael 8 pm. Hum. 100



Shanghai Acrobatic Center, thru 4/13, 246-8989

Twyla Tharp and D... Winter Garden The... Merce Cunningham... 6 Event Performance... 691-9751

30



JOHN HAMMOND CHINESE FOOD FESTIVAL, 1-4:30, Cooking Demonstrations and Sampling of a wide variety of Non-Americanized Chinese Cuisine, Wildcliff Museum, New Rochelle, 636-2108

'Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein', The Provincetown Playhouse, 777-2571

31



PAUL HORN and FLORESTA

Free Istanbul Dance: Sheikh Muzaffer and the Halveti-Jerrahi Dervishes perform the Sufi Ceremony of Dhikr. (431-9201) NYU, Tishman Aud. in Vanderbilt Hall, 7:30 Oscar Ichazo Consciousness Film Series, 8:30 pm., The School of T'ai Chi Chuan, 929-1981 7:30 pm., The 24 Company, 489-7430

Bookstore is sending back all ALL TEXTS for Spring Semester, by April 1

CENSUS DAY!

THE FOOLS

THE FLYING KARAMAZOV BROS.

The VEGETARIAN SEDER, Other End 7:30 pm., Sivananda Yoga Vedanta Center 255-4560

EDDIE HARRIS, thru 4/5, at Fat Tuesday's



2

Istanbul Dance Great Hall, 8 pm

MOSE ALLISON...

Jack Saw... ation of 'W... Poetry?' Mar... 2 pm.

6



SUNY Ultimate Frisbee: Pits vs Vassar(home)

7

TALENT SHOWCASE, Every Mon. at The Other End,

Womanart Galleries, now selecting Artists for Lincoln Center Cubist and gallery shows/ all media. 757-4644

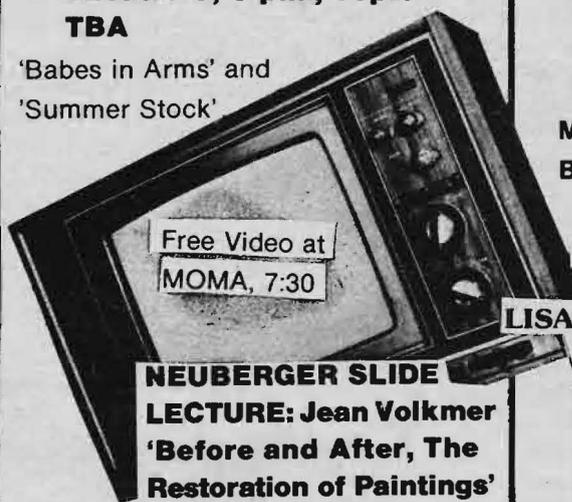
MICHAEL BLOOMFIELD W/ WOODY HARRIS at The Bottom Line

'Lucia', (Cuba) by Humberto Solas

8

PHILOSOPHY LECTURE SERIES: Ronald Dworkin Theatre C, 8 pm., Topic TBA

'Babes in Arms' and 'Summer Stock'



Free Video at MOMA, 7:30

NEUBERGER SLIDE LECTURE: Jean Volkmer 'Before and After, The Restoration of Paintings'

9

David B... SAYER... Brecht... Theatre B...

McGUINN-HILL... BOB GIBSON...

Music recit... They take pl... hall, 1st...

LISA JOHNSON... PETER...

FS Brel, A Ma... (1 show)

13

LAURA MURRAY: Guest recital, 3:00 PM Catskill Woodwind Quartet, 8:00 PM

'The Womens' Film'(USA) San Francisco Collective 'Inside Women Inside'(USA) by Christine Choy

14

THE MUSEUM AS EDUCATIONAL TOOL, The American Museum of Immigration, Liberty Island Ferry from South Ferry, Manhattan. Also- Ellis Island opens soon for Spring Tours



15

Deadline for Fall 80 Internships. See Career Devel.

SIMON PRESTON, Organist for Westminster Abbey, Theatre A, 8 pm.

ANDREW FAREGHAN: Chamber music, 8:00 PM

New Music Ensemble Concert, location TBA, 10:00 PM 'Meet Me In St. Louis'

NEUBERGER SLIDE and LECTURE: Robert 'Seven Brides Berlind, Purchase VA For Seven faculty-member, 'The Brothers' Phenomenology of the Poetic Image'

16

CHUCK... Radio Ch... , 4/19, 8 pm

\$5 INTRO SKATE LESSON, Every 6:30 pm., Rolling Skate School, 312

B.J. FREDERICK... LAURA RONAN...

LOAN

calendar!

<p>WEEKLY Uninstructed life drawing: Third floor V.A., 7-9 pm. Gymnastics Internurals: 7:30 LOAD Meetings: CCS 0028, 8 pm.</p> <p>ENTERTAINMENT FOOD</p> <p>The Writer's Forum at the Cap 10 pm</p> <p>OPASTRY</p> <p>THURSDAY</p>	<p>WEEKLY WEEKLY WEEKLY Purchase Bible Fellowship: Fireside Lounge, 7:30-9 Heliotrone and Puce Floating Open House: Locations TBA</p> <p>DRINKS 9-1:30 AM. TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY 9&11 pm. Purchase Film Series: Hum. Aud. 7, 9 and 11 pm.</p> <p>PUB AT CCS · SNACKS · BEER · WINE · SHERRY · MUSIC</p> <p>ENTERTAINMENT</p> <p>FRIDAY</p>	<p>WEEKLY WEEKLY WEEKLY</p> <p>SATURDAY</p>
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27 Animation by Max and Dave Fleischer at the Film Forum 989-2994

THE UNCLE FLOYD SHOW, The Bottom Line
STAN GETZ thru 3/29 at Fat Tuesday's, 533-7902

LECTURE by Kenneth Snelson on his sculpture and concepts of art and mathematics. Hum. 1064, 11:45 am., bring your lunch!

'The Destination and Instinct of Ants': Full evening Dance Drama, The Brook Theatre, 929-9554, thru 4/5



28 Deadline for Head Resident applications, see Housing

Choreographers Showcase, 8 pm. thru 4/8
Rondo Dance Company, Theatre C, 2 pm.

Free Films at Mt. Vernon Public Library (668-1840)
'Puerto Rico-Paradise Invaded' and 'The Speaker' 12:05 pm., Bring your lunch!
Free Coffee and Tea

BEAVER BROWN at The Other End 673-7030
'And That's How Rents Get Paid' at 9, Performing Garage 966-3651

29 Arts Therapy Expo, Pratt Institute
Rondo Dance Company, 8pm.
Frisbee:
NJ Space Gorillas
(home) info. call 253-5000

'Moon Mysteries' by W.B. Yeats, Theatre of the Open Eye, thru 3/30, 8 pm. and Sun. mat. at 3 pm., 534-6363

ANTIQUE & COLLECTIBLE SHOW,
Westchester County Center, 11 am.-7 pm., Free Admission
Performing Garage 966-3651



3 **NOGUCHI** at the Whitney thru 4/6

P.S.1 EXHIBITION CENTER- Afro American Abstraction, thru 4/6, 784-2084

THE CHEIFTAINS, The Bottom Line

4 **Come Out Of The Closet! Attend The 10th Annual Nat'l American Atheist Convention April 4-6, Detroit Mich. Contact Helen Weaver, Detroit Chapter, Amer. Atheists, P.O. Box 37056, Oak Park, Mi. 48237 (313)721-6630**

POETRY SERIES of 55 Contemporary Latin Poets thru 5/23, on Fridays at 8 pm. 104th and Lex. 289-9332

GATO BARBIERI, The Bottom Line

5 **CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH ALIEN BEINGS, ALL DAY CONFERENCE ON UFOs, Exciting speakers, stimulating visuals. (212)685-4080**

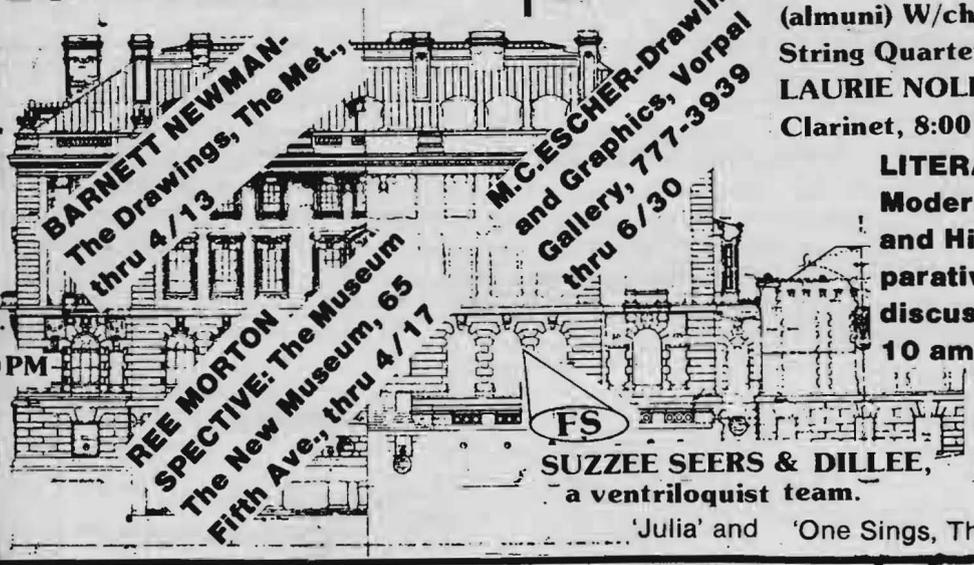
'Eraserhead' also 'Asparagus' Midnight at the Waverly 3rd and 6th Ave.

JUDY COLLINS, Dick Clark Westchester Theatre, 8:30, (914)631-9100

10 **BARNETT NEWMAN: The Drawings, The Met., thru 4/13**

REE MORTON: SPECTIVE: The Museum The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., thru 4/17

M.C. ESCHER-Drawings and Graphics, Vorpai Gallery, 777-3939 thru 6/30



11 **PETER MATZKA: (alumni) W/chester String Quartet, 5:30**

LAURIE NOLL: Clarinet, 8:00 PM

LITERATURE CONFERENCE: WARREN ZEVON, Modern Literature in the U.S. The Palladium, and Hispanic America, Comparative explorations. Panel discussions on various topics. 10 am.- 7 pm.

The Sophomore Acting Company presents **LA RONDE**

LYNN HESLER: (alumni) Piano, 8:00 PM

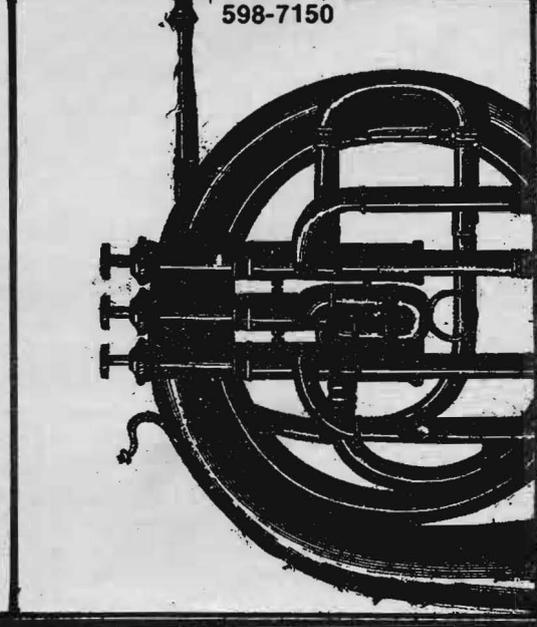
SUZZEE SEERS & DILLEE, a ventriloquist team.
'Julia' and 'One Sings, The Other Doesn't'

12 **ART HISTORY CLUB'S Trip to Yale and R.I.S.D., contact Jack Sawyer, box 1502.**

START OF SPRING SEASON OF NEW JAZZ at The Public, 598-7150

HELP COMBAT ATTRITION!
The New Real World Calendar needs you. If you want to broaden the scope of this listing-if you know of any off beat events or amusements here or there or anywhere in between, tell us! Leave info of any kind in the envelope on our office door CCS 0028

HOMPSON:



Conceived by Elizabeth Smith. Designed by Charis Conn. Thanks to Donna McMahon.

MOBY BRICK

by
Stefan Petruca

I.

all me matriculated.

Some time ago, when Fall II had entered my souls and melancholia besmirched my senior thesis, I did as al-

ways and turned my heart to the Admissions building, seeking wages for part-time employment. Accompanied by my only companion, a biology student named Beerkeg (born in the pagan lands beyond White Plains), I arrived at the small white cottage as it sat in its foundation, surrounded by huge relics of steel and giant paper-clips that some called art.

"Beerkeg think sculpture stupid. Want hunt freshmen," my savage friend intoned as he rubbed his hand lovingly along the edge of the blank application form he always carried. I told him not to worry, that he'd soon have his chance, but my words were cut short by a strange, dishevelled figure which emerged from the blackness of the Administration building.

"Beware St. Valentine's Day!" the figure shouted to me, nearly falling as he walked. Before I could speak, he continued: "You and all who walk these halls of knowledge," he said with a sweep of his arm that knocked him to the ground, "are doomed to either die with the Beagle, or live and work in MacDonalldland!"

"Who are you?" I asked. Beerkeg grabbed me to prevent me from approaching him.

"Henry Moriah," he replied, getting to his feet once more.

"Who?" I asked, not certain that I had heard him properly.

"Nothing, nothing," he muttered, then vanished, seemingly swallowed whole by the sculptures. Not about to have our high hopes dashed by some meandering drunk, Beerkeg and I entered the building. It was a remnant of a colonial estate that once stood on this ground, and very dimly lit. We were surprised to see that the captain was not present, and that the owner of the building sat in her place, beckoning to us with eyes that sadly poked out from the shadow of his Christopher Columbus hat. A few strands of greyish white hair could also be seen.

"Where is the captain?" I asked. "My friend and I seek Temp Service."

"Have ye hunted freshmen before?" he asked. Beerkeg nodded, saliva dripping from his hungry mouth.

"And did ye ketch any?" he asked suspiciously. Beerkeg showed the stranger the fifty or so notches he had made in his arm; one for every ten freshmen bagged.

"We are in desperate times," said the owner. "All our money is being placed on this last voyage. Things are tight in Albany. This is why we have hired a new captain, Captain Beagle, without the appropriate search com-

mittees. Do ye know of him?" he asked.

Beerkeg's eyes nearly popped out of his head. I knew of Beagle too, and of the strange scar he bore on his face that made him seem pudgy and canine. I also knew that he had received the scar trying to get a student to sign an application form. That student, sometimes called "Moby Brick," had cost Beagle the use of his right leg. Now he tended to walk (and some said talk) in circles. I nodded in affirmation.

"And ye are still willin' to sign on?" he asked. We nodded again, and it was done. As soon as he obtained our signatures and Social Security numbers, he departed, saying, "You start work now!" With that, he slammed the door, leaving Beerkeg and I confused in the darkness.

II. WE MEET THE CAPTAIN AND THE JOURNEY BEGINS

When we recovered ourselves and found the light switch, we realized that we were not alone. Standing in the corner, half-hidden in the shadows, was our captain.

"So ye're going to be my crew, ay?" He eyed us carefully, and continued speaking, "And ye're wanting to get us some freshmen? Does ye have any idea what it takes ta git 'em? And ta keep 'em?"

I spoke up first: "I imagine they fill out the application essay, and we tell them what our school has to offer in academic standards."

"Wrong!" he shouted, "We ain't gonna sit around and wait for 'em ta come to us. We're goin' out after 'em!" It was then that I noticed that the building had begun to rock. When I saw us moving past the front gate, I realized that our journey had begun.

"We git 'em, we make 'em sign, then we shove 'em down here," said the captain as he opened up the cargo hull. We saw to our shock and surprise that the entire faculty was down in the storage bin, confused, but waiting for what we would throw them. He slammed the lid down before I could ask my advisor what he did with my junior field exam. Beerkeg was foaming at the mouth, all thoughts of amino acids and protein chains left far behind.

"We're huntin' one thing, and one thing only," cried Beagle, "Moby Brick! The great big attrition rate that cost me my leg and a good half of my mind. And we'll not rest 'till she's

signed up, processed and registered for classes!" Beerkeg stood entranced. He was lost to me now, I could see. He had inhaled something from Beagle's dilated nostrils, and now belonged to him. I wondered where I could buy some.

III. THE GRAND ARMADA

Our journeys took us past many age-old and forgotten halls of education. For days we saw few or no eligible recruits. Beerkeg was growing listless and the faculty below the deck clamored constantly for food. Then, on the fourteenth day of our travels, Captain Beagle spotted an entire school on the horizon.

"Thar she educates!" his call echoed down to us. Immediately, Beerkeg and I leapt onto our small information packets, and headed out into the mysterious blue. The line of tall skyscrapers could not stop us, nor could the traffic lights or police officers. Carefully, we made our way into the school and down into the depths of the lunchroom. There were hundreds of seniors, artists, writers and would-be accountants. We saw high school amours in the depths of the cafeteria.

And the students themselves seemed to fear us not. One came close enough for Beerkeg to reach out and try to explain our pass/fail/honors system. The student paused, then turned over on his smooth white belly to catch a passing frisbee. I experienced a kind of peace I had not felt in ages. Beerkeg, too, was overwhelmed by recollections of his earlier life. We were hesitant to discuss higher education with these peaceful creatures.

"Tell them about the integration between the schools!" Beagle screeched to us from on board. A quick glance back at our captain brought us once more to the present, and we began stuffing anything that even looked like a senior into our information packets.

"There be but two purposes to our lives," cried the captain, "and they be to increase enrollment, and fight the great attrition! No—three purposes to our lives, to increase enrollment, fight attrition and get more faculty lines! No—wait, four purposes! To increase enrollment, fight attrition, get more faculty lines and increase our prestige as an Arts school! No! five purposes..."

There was more, but his shouts were lost as the bell rang and the stu-

dents emptied out for their next classes. Where we were once faced with splendor, Beerkeg and I now floated alone, our information packets filled to the brim with seniors.

IV. GAM WITH THE S.S. MANHATTANVILLE

As quickly as we could, we raced back to the Admissions building, trying not to let any of our prizes slip away. Once on board, we emptied our catch into the hull where the eager faculty divied up the haul into advisees.

No sooner had we done so when another building, the S.S. Manhattanville, poked her stony chimneys along the horizon. When she approached, Beagle hailed their captain.

"Hast thou seen the great Attrition? The one called Moby Brick?"

"We have seen him, and it would be well advised for you not to pursue! Our hull is now battered, our storage empty, and our faculty drifts away!" an aged captain replied.

"Blast ye!" responded Beagle, "Where is the demon? You would lose your college to her?"

"Two blocks down, take a left. You can't miss it," came the response. "For our part, we're going back with what little we have. We'll survive keeping some academic integrity intact while we can, or go down educating! You'd be well advised to do the same."

"You're a fool, Manhattanville," was our captain's reply, "and ye'll die with fools! There be no integrity without a budget, and there be no budget without freshmen." Beagle's face was contorted with rage. "I seek Moby Brick!"

"Then let me prophesy for you, Captain," came the reply. "First, you will lose time, and then discipline, and finally letters will replace thought. And when the Master Plan is forgotten, your fate will be sealed. Ye shall have Moby Brick, but the price will be your stinking soul!" With those words, the building faded from our view.

V. THE CHASE: FIRST DAY

Our small building sped off in the direction that the captain of the Manhattanville had indicated. No sooner had we hung a left, then we saw it, its great form basking in the leisure of unemployment. Beagle reacted as an administrator possessed.

"Full ahead," he screamed. "But our hull is already overloaded," I objected. "The cargo is already in triples and the faculty grows uneasy."

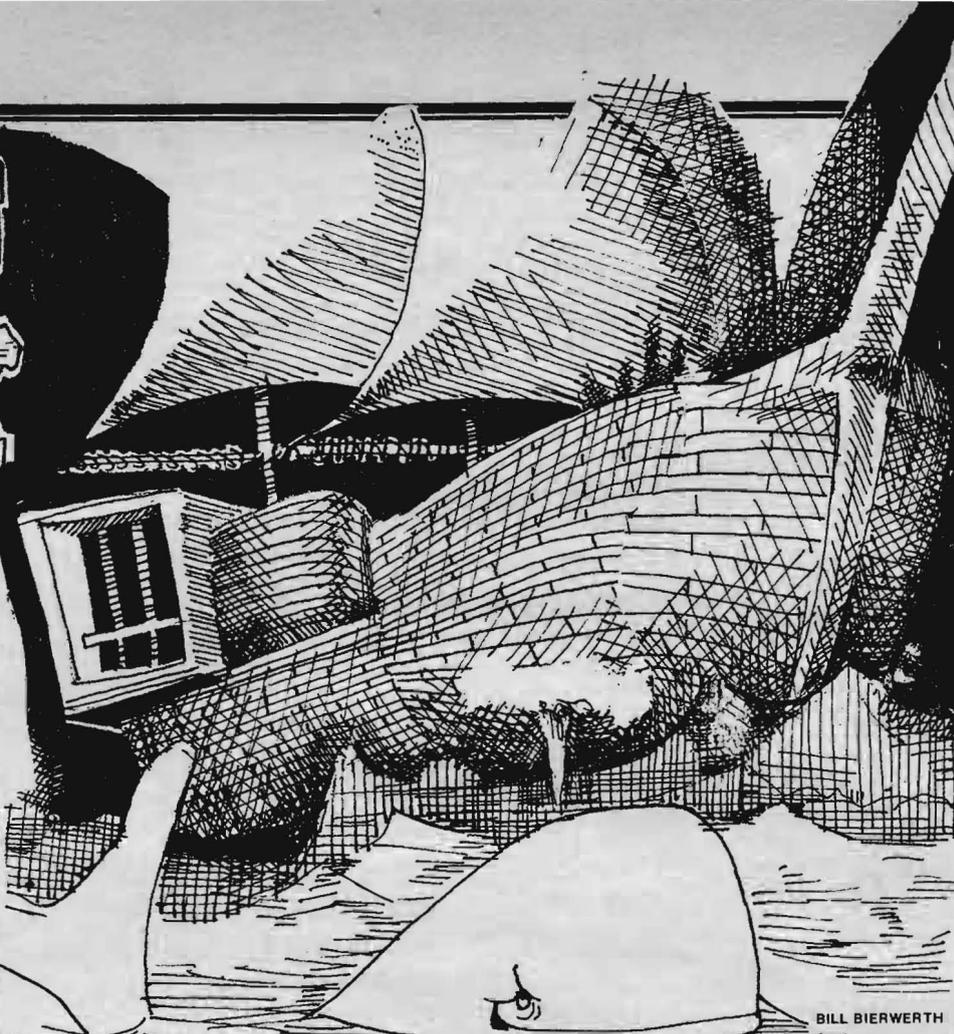
He turned to me with those sharp eyes and once more commanded, "Full ahead." Having no choice, I obeyed, and we sped off towards the beast.

"Him see us!" Beerkeg yelled from the watchtower, guzzling some old Tuborg that he had smuggled on board. The drunk was right, for the creature had indeed spied our academic requirements, and had begun to speed off in the other direction.

"We're too top-heavy!" screamed Beagle, "Get rid of the short terms! We never knew how to use them anyway." Beerkeg immediately complied, tossing the old calendar into the brine, accidentally snaring some faculty and students in the wake of his throw.

"Forget them," I told my friend, "They're lost to us now." But my words fell on deaf ears, for Beerkeg's eyes were on Moby Brick.

The building, now having thirty weeks of classes instead of thirty-two, lurched forward with great speed.



BILL BIERWERTH

Time had been lost to us; the first of the prophecies fulfilled, but we chased our quarry well into the next day.

VI. THE CHASE: THE SECOND DAY

By the time morning broke, we were losing speed once more. Both the faculty and the building now leaned heavily to one side.

"Damn! We're losin' her," Beagle exclaimed, "Is there anything else we can throw overboard...? Aha! The field exam!" And the faculty, cringing from their strange new workload, and fearful of losing more students, chimed in, "Yes! Yes! Chuck the field exam." And Beerkeg complied. A few more souls were lost to the waves as the building once more gained speed and distance on the racing beast.

"I never really understood the thing, anyway," Beagle muttered, then cried, "After her!"

Night soon fell. We had lost discipline, and yet another day.

VII. THE CHASE: THE THIRD AND LAST DAY

By morning, we had caught a good southerly wind from Albany, and were moving along as quickly as the behemoth. For hours we taunted him, throwing leaflets and PAC schedules in his face. Our prior catches were growing restless, complaining about the social life, while the faculty attempted to ply them with paper assignments and reading lists.

The faculty had already begun streamlining the clusters when Beagle roared, "Something else has got to go! The admissions interview! I've no need to talk to a student to know that we need his tuition!"

"No!" I cried, defiant, "Already the hull is damaged and our students slip out into the sea."

"Ye have no choice but to obey," he said, and the interview was tossed to the winds.

Now we were gaining on the beast. We could see the countless scars on it where others had tried to pierce its hide with false promises and TAP awards. We could almost touch the huge mouth that had swallowed other colleges whole. Suddenly, Beagle wheeled and turned towards me. I could feel his pipe tobacco breath on my face.

"We need more speed!" he roared. "You have only to wait," I pleaded, "We're already gaining on her."

"Too many have died waiting...What have we left to throw overboard?" he demanded.

Vainly, I tried to hide the evaluation system behind my legs. Below, I could hear those of the faculty who could still speak gasping in fear.

"Evaluations!" cried the captain, "Too much paper-work! And who reads 'em anyway? Away with them. We'll have grades, GRADES, do ye hear me? Like a respectable college! Hear that, monster? We'll have grades!"

A few faculty members whimpered one last time as they and several more students were sucked out of the growing hole in the hull and out into the deep.

No sooner had the poor collection of pink sheets hit the water than the monster turned and suddenly dived below the surface. For a few seconds, all was still. Now we had our letters, and the prophesy was all but complete.

VIII. THE BATTLE

With a sudden rush of bureaucracy and cumulative averages, the behemoth breached in all its splendor.

"SHE TRANSFERS!" Beagle screamed, and the three of us rushed for our information packets. The hull of the building was already cracking and it swayed dangerously from side to side in the wake of the creature. Frantic, we boarded our packets and dived in after it.

"Monster!" Beagle called after it, "Ye don't have to have an interview. Ye don't have to take a junior field exam. I'll fix it so ye don't even have to take classes! Just sign on the dotted line." Beagle got close enough to force an application form into its back.

"I'll even sign it for you," he cried, "I'll give you my office," but the creature paid no heed to him and tried to break away.

"You forgot to tell him about the Master Plan," I reminded him.

"Oh, yes, the Master Plan. What about it? I...I've forgotten it! The prophesy's complete!" he cried, but it was too late. With one end of the form held tightly by Beagle and the other stuck fast in the monster's back, he was wrenched from his information packet and thrown in with the creature. Then, the thing turned, and with seeming intelligence, rammed the Admissions building until it split asunder and sank into oblivion.

IX. CONCLUSION

There's not much more to tell. Beagle, the faculty, the students, and even Beerkeg, my faithful friend, were all drawn into the final whirlpool from which no institution could escape.

I floated, dazed for a while, then happened upon what was left of Beerkeg's bottle of Tuborg amidst the debris. Using its contents to regain my balance, I drifted aimlessly, waiting for another Admissions building to come along and pick me up.

And I alone graduated (albeit a little late) to sell thee. The classes are easy, and there are no requirements to speak of. Just sign on the dotted line.

Predictions: *Kramer vs Jazz* *Fields vs. Midler*

Continued from pg 3

Lemmon's disparate power plant foreman, Jack Godell, in *The China Syndrome*; and Al Pacino's intensely emotional portrait of an idealist Baltimore lawyer in *And Justice For All*. But Peter Sellers, I believe, will triumph over all of them with his extraordinarily subtle and controlled performance as Chance, the gardener in *Being There*.

Sally Field will most likely receive Best Actress honors for her captivating Norma Rae, over Jill Clayburgh in *Starting Over*, Jane Fonda in *The China Syndrome*, and Marsha Mason in *Chapter Two*. My personal choice is Bette Midler for her stunning debut as *The Rose*; and perhaps if the Academy was as impressed as I was by her performance, Ms. Midler just may steal the show with an upset of a host of more experienced actresses.

In the supporting categories, Meryl Streep and Frederic Forrest will probably come out on top for their respective roles in *Kramer* and *The Rose*; none are more deserving. Forrest in on the road to stardom; and Meryl Streep, alas, has already arrived.

Which brings us to the controversial Best Cinematography group, and the most notable of the "non-nominees." The cinematographers

and their selected films include Giuseppe Rotunno for *All That Jazz*, Vittorio Storaro for *Apocalypse*, Nestor Almendros for *Kramer*, and William A. Fraker for *1941*. The photography of each of these four is indeed of a very high quality; Storaro's spell-binding, near surreal *Apocalypse Now* is the most deserving of the group. But unbelievably, the fifth nominee is not the impressively beautiful work of Caleb Deschanel in *The Black Stallion*. Instead, the Awards committee has nominated (gasp) *The Black Hole*, a film in which the photography is so crammed with special effects that it is difficult to figure out how they were able to judge it at all. In fact, I found that even the visual effects themselves were rather sloppy at times; there was more than one annoyingly green-fringed matte shot.

The Academy's neglect of *The Black Stallion* is bad enough; nominating a far inferior work is inexcusable. Deschanel's cinematography for *Stallion* is undoubtedly some of the most ethereal and dynamic I have ever seen. The reason behind its absence eludes me for the moment; let it suffice to say that an exploration of the politics of the committee may be in order.

Slightly less baffling, but no less disturbing, is their failure to nominate Martin Sheen as Best Actor for his remarkable Willard in *Apocalypse*. Also missing is Woody Allen's *Mannahatta* from the Best Picture group. But perhaps their absence may be a result of the great amount of tough competition. Ironically, as films today get better and better, those left out of the Oscars, as well as those nominated, will likewise improve.

Faculty, Faced with Attrition and Enrollment Shortfalls, Wastes No Time on Debate

Continued from pg 3

One of the most eloquent and forceful (if somewhat depressing) documents to come out of the campus in the past few years was put out recently by Assistant Director of Admissions Penny Robbins in the form of an open letter to Michael Hammond. In it, she chides the administration—particularly Siegel—for s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g figures and statistics just a wee bit when trying to prove their points about enrollment problems. In one example, she quoted Siegel as having told the faculty that last year, only 345 applicants were offered admission to the college. The real figure, writes Robbins, was almost twice that, or 639. She also took Siegel to task for making statements about this year's enrollments when it is far too early to know for Letters and Science."

Like thumb-sucking, this practice of inflating figures can easily become a bad habit, particularly during an administrator's formative years.

Robbins also writes at some length about the conditions her office has been operating under, and the pressure Siegel has been putting on it to get students at any cost; including tossing away both the letters and science applicant interviews and the mandatory "second" Purchase application which requires applicants to write essays. These conditions, though, bear full discussion, and will be dealt with more completely in a future issue.

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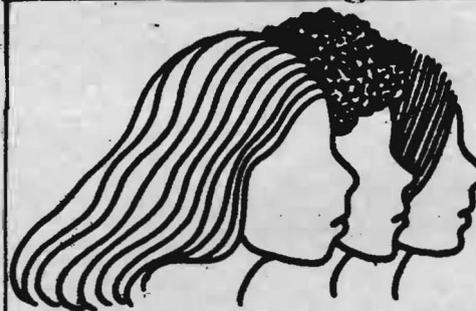
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Leave White Plains 4:35 5:45 7:30 9:00 10:00 11:00
 Arrive Purchase 5:05 6:05 7:50 9:20 10:20 11:20

The Bookstore will be returning all extra Spring '80 books on April 1st. Buy now or forever hold your peace.

THE BEEF

NEW VAN SCHEDULE!

Due to the new County Bus expanded schedule, Student Activities will be discontinuing its weekday evening runs. Here's the new schedule... Save it for reference.

Tuesday:
 Leave Purchase (CCN Lot) for Pathmark 9:45
 Leave Pathmark for Purchase 11:45

Thursday:
 Leave Purchase for Glenville Grand Union 5:30
 Leave Grand Union for Purchase

Saturday:
 New York City Run
 Leave Purchase (CCN Lot) for N.Y.C. 10 am.
 Leave N.Y.C. (42nd and Madison) for Purchase 4:30 pm.
 Leave Purchase for White Plains Station 7:15 & 11:30 pm.
 Leave White Plains Station for Purchase 8 pm. & 12 am.

Sunday During The Day:
 Leave Purchase (CCN Lot) for White Plains Station 11:15 am. & 3:15 pm.
 Leave White Plains Train Station for Purchase 12 noon & 4 pm.

During The Evening:
 Leave Purchase (CCN Lot) for White Plains Station 7:15 & 11:30
 Leave White Plains Station for Purchase 8 & 12

WELL LOIS...
 THIS TIME I BAFFLE
 EVEN MYSELF. WE DID
 IT, DEAR GIRL, AND DON'T
 YOU EVER FORGET IT.
 FROM HERE ON IN IT'S
 A BREEZE. YAH ZOOZAH!
 -PERRY
 XXX
 WHAT A GAL! WHAT A GAL!

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KEEP AD FOR FURTHER REFERENCE

Student Senate Elections!

Submit your nominating petitions for the elections to be held on April 8, 9 & 10. Seats available are: President, Executive Vice President, Vice President of Student Organizations and Vice President of Finance. Petitions must be in by March 26. Get off your duffs!

Haircuts By Tim!
 1-9-1 ext. 6840

Jobs With The Census Bureau!
 for applications and more info go to Career Devel., CCS 3003

Clappy!-
 Thankyou for the moral support and the iced tea. It was truly miraculous.
 Your Secret Admirer

ARE WE HEADED FOR WW III?

A report on the nuclear arms race by Michael Klare, Wed. March 26th at 8 pm. in Humanities 1064. Mr Klare is a Director of the Militarism and Disarmament Project at the Institute for Policy Studies, Washington D.C.

I'm all out of grapefruit.

-Lees



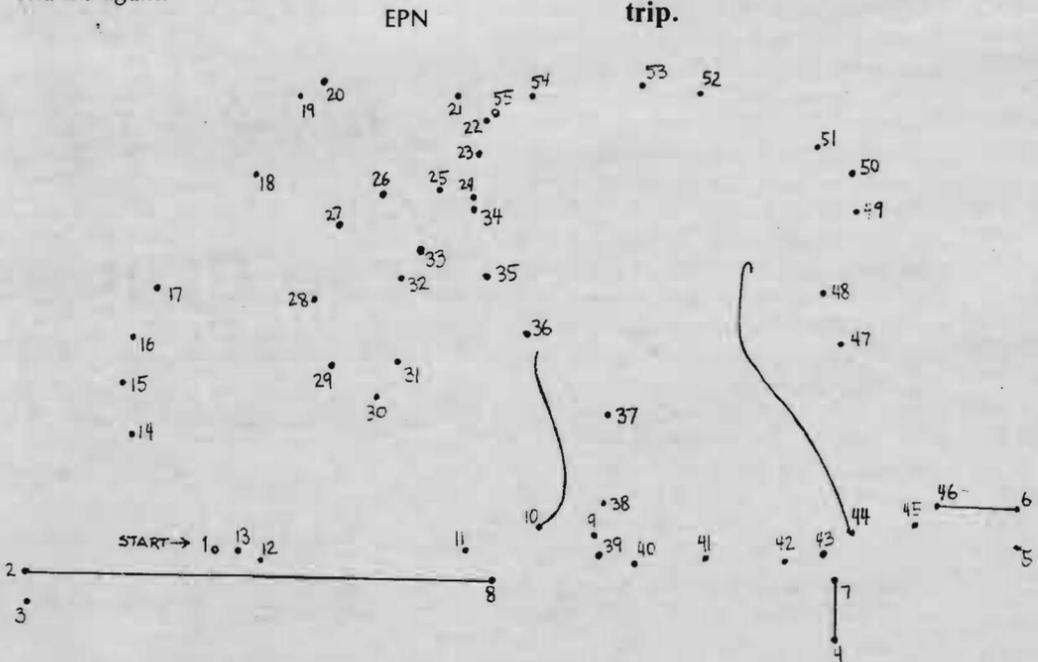
HEY YOU BEAUTIFUL LITTLE OYSTER YOU... CARE TO COME UP AND SEE MY ETCHINGS?

The periwinkle is a friend to young oysters.

Volunteers Needed For Scientific Research

Dr. Richard Davis and Jonathan Perl are conducting research on the nature of individual differences in sleep habits and their relation to personality, cognition and brain organization. Volunteers are needed to complete two questionnaires. Contact Jonathan Perl.

CONNECT THE DOTS...



KEITH DUQUETT!

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Art History Club
 Saturday Trips to
 NYC and Regional Museums
 and Galleries:

April 19

April 26

May 3

We leave from the south end of the Visual Arts building (additional pick up at the White Plains Diner at 9:15 am.) and return to SUNY by 7:30 pm. Irving Sandler will meet us for tours in the SOHO, 57 STREET, or MADISON AVE. gallery areas. Sign up sheet is in the Info booth Wednesday before each Saturday. Fee is \$2.00 round trip.

On the weekend before vacation we will sponsor an overnight trip to Providence, Rhode Island, with a stop on the way at HARTFORD ATHENEUM (a marvelous 19th century painting collection) and a stop at the YALE GALLERIES on our return. In Providence we will see Rhode Island School of Design (RISD)'s and Brown University's museums, see a play, spend the night, and leave at 10 am. for Yale. Return to SUNY by 7:30 pm. Sunday. \$5.00 non-refundable deposit ensures 1 of 14 seats. This trip will go even if I have to pull you all in a wagon. Deposits and more information contact John Sawyer, campus box no. 1502.

On May 17-18 we will sponsor a similar trip to Philadelphia and Washington D.C. All students are welcome to sign up for these trips.

Anything for you Johnny,
 But please don't be late.