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Bon voyage, Art!

Bard bids farewell to the Chef des chefs

Starting this Saturday, October 24th, silverware won't be the only thing missing from Kline Commons. Art Coolbaugh, Assistant Food Service Director, has decided to take a leave of absence from Woods Food Service for an indefinite period of time, and when he does return to work for Woods, it will not be at Bard.

Coolbaugh first came to Bard July 7, 1990, three months after Woods Food Service was contracted to run Kline Commons. Since arriving at Bard, Coolbaugh has become a popular face in Stevenson Gymnasium, playing intramurals on a regular basis, and is well-known to many students. One of his most visible and entirely voluntary duties was the Grapevine, which students still use to make suggestions or complaints to Woods.

Coolbaugh also achieved notoriety at the beginning of this semester, when he tracked down the pilferer of an inflatable Tony the Tiger doll.

Coolbaugh will most miss Bard's culturally diverse student body, although he found Bard "a tough work environment as far as the business that we're in. "Bard has very demanding students, and the faculty and administration are sometimes difficult to deal with on a daily basis," reflected Coolbaugh, although those were not the main reasons for his decision to take a leave of absence.

"I love what I do here; I really enjoy the students and I enjoy what I do, except the hours that are required for it are leaving my personal life in shadow," Coolbaugh continued, adding that sometimes his workday extends from 9:00 a.m. through 9:00 or 10:00 p.m.

Woods has a few innovations Coolbaugh hopes will be implemented in the near future; for example, during L & T of this year, Woods delivered pizzas to dorm rooms. Coolbaugh would also like to see the television moved from the main room of Kline Commons to the Coffee Shop. That way Woods could sell hot wings during Monday Night Football, and Woods workers would have an easier time cleaning the dining room than they do during the presidential debates. Other ideas Coolbaugh has are a C-Store, where Bard students could use their meal cards to buy food, and a Wok bar in Kline, serving specialty foods. However, these plans cannot come to fruition until Bard students become a little less liberal about their behavior in Kline.

Coolbaugh reported that, along with silverware, glasses, bowls and plates, pots and pans have begun to disappear from Kline recently. Coolbaugh would like to work with the members of the Food Co-op and other student food groups, but doesn't know if he can trust students any more.

"I can reprimand students about theft, but then they go to someone in Ludlow and complain...I realize the administration has a responsibility to stand behind the students, but I just wish it would stand behind us [Woods] a little more. At times it's very frustrating."

Next Monday Woods Food Service will have a full managerial crew for the first time in a while, but by then, Art Coolbaugh will be on his way to Colorado to take a three-week vacation with his family. "I'm an avid hunter. I'm sure Bard students wouldn't want to hear that, but...I'm going hunting out there for a few weeks with my family, and I'm going to still remain with the company on a leave of absence until I decide what I want to do." But, unfortunately for Bard students, "I definitely won't be back to Bard."
Meager Student Forum amends budget debate time

With only twenty-two students in attendance, the Student Forum held the Wednesday before Reading Week just barely constituted the necessary quorum of twenty students. This number, however, was sufficient to amend the Student Constitution by raising the minimum debate times of Budget Forums from forty-five minutes to an hour and a half.

"With all the time we spent voicing concerns over whether to talk or not to talk, we could have saved an hour," commented Student Life Committee Chair, Erin Law. Other supporters of the amendment argued that since this was the biggest issue of the semester, ninety minutes should be the minimum time for debate because of the greater numbers of students involved and concerned. Every monetary amendment should, theoretically, have a chance to be heard before impatient people can close the budget debate for the entire semester.

If one person still wants to speak, they should be allowed to speak," said Jason Patch. "The Budget is one of the few times we get the whole campus together, and last time there was very little real debate."

"The way it is now, if a sufficient number of people still have something to say, you cannot close debate," stated Planning Committee member Jeff Rhyme in opposition to the amendment. Further arguments against the extension stipulated that some people might just continue talking for no reason, and arguments over minor details would waste even more time. Nevertheless, the amendment was passed with a two-thirds majority of those in attendance fifteen of twenty-two students voting in favor.

Another constitutional amendment concerning the moderation requirements of Educational Policy Committee members was withdrawn by the EPC. The amendment would have allowed second-year students in good academic standing to run for EPC seats, but it was removed due to "a lack of consensus in the EPC and the Central Committee" according to EPC Chair Renee Crane. Two positions still remain open in the EPC since the end of last year: one in the Language and Literature Division, and another in the Arts. Elections can be held at the next Forum meeting; in the meantime, the EPC has been holding its regular meetings at less than full strength.

In other Student Association news, Treasurer Matt J. Lee reported that "we're going through our money the way we should be," having spent almost $4000 in the last two weeks.

The Student Life committee has been consulting with Gladys Watson about the housing situation, working with the phone company to alleviate difficulties and hopefully establishing a student directory. It has also been meeting with Head Librarian, Jeffrey Katz, concerning the facilities that will be available in the new library and the conversion process that will take place next semester.

The Planning Committee is also preparing to distribute the Laundry Fund for this semester, which amounts to around $4500.

Rude awakenings in the big house

Monday morning before seven o'clock Jason Van Driesch was awoken by what he called a "foul smell." It smelled like diesel fumes, like standing behind a large truck that hasn't been tuned up it years," he said.

Van Driesch, a resident of Ward Manor, immediately telephoned Security to investigate. Security officer Mike Coon arrived at Manor within fifteen minutes and, determining the situation constituted an emergency, shut off the fire alarm through Manor and Manor Annex. As per standard procedure, Manor's inhabitants were evacuated with the help of Servicemaster employees, Buildings and Grounds workers arrived on the scene.

According to Charles Simmons, Director of Buildings and Grounds, the boiler in the base ment of Manor had become plugged up with soot. Instead of going up the chimney, smoke had come out the firebox and into the dormitory.

"It could have been serious," said Mr. Simmons, if the situation had gone on much longer. As it was, it took all day Monday to clean out the boiler. The burning smell lingered through Manor for a while longer because fuel oil had emptied into the firebox and had to be burned out.

"The kids were a little upset that it still smelled," said Simmons, "but it should be under control now."

Simmons denied rumors that Manor must be overheated to heat the Annex, saying that although the Annex's boiler does not yet work, the one operating boiler heats both dorms efficiently. Questions have been raised regarding the numerous false fire alarms around campus. Manor Annex has had so many false alarms that most residents completely ignored the real alarm on Monday. According to Bob Boyce, Director of Security, most false alarms are caused by cooking smoke in kitchens. There are a few legitimate problems with present fire alarm systems, but the systems are being worked and Boyce expects them to be fixed soon.
From The New Yorker to Bard

Bard Center welcomes Weschler

This semester, Bard College proudly welcomed back Bard Center Fellow in Social Studies, Lawrence Weschler, who is teaching the course entitled “Setting Accounts with the Prior Regime” SST/PS 385. Weschler, who has come to teach at Bard for a second semester, has been an award-winning writer for The New Yorker since 1981. Because Weschler is generally interested in writing political stories, as he currently does in The New Yorker, his course allows him to lecture on what he knows well, and also gives his students a lot of first-hand knowledge.

So how did Weschler land such a creme-de-la-creme job of being a staff writer for the well-known New Yorker? A modest man indeed, Weschler claims that he was “extremely lucky.” After graduating in 1973 from the University of California at Santa Cruz, where he claims that he changed his major every quarter, Weschler spent the next four years at UCLA in an Oral History Program. This program proved to be quite useful to his future career, in that he learned how to conduct interviews, and how to frame questions to students.

Leaving UCLA behind, Weschler became a free-lance writer until 1980 when he submitted a manuscript to The New Yorker. It was a biography of the artist Robert Irwin entitled Seeing is Forgetting the Name of What One Sees. Eight months later, Weschler was told that he had the job. Weschler still feels today that “luck” got him the job because he strongly believes that many others sent in manuscripts which were equal in quality.

Though Weschler does not accept much credit, he has had a great amount of varied experience in writing, from political commentaries, art world reporting to general cultural reporting. Weschler has been a correspondent in Poland which illustrates his interest in foreign affairs as pertaining to his course at Bard.

It is this which led Weschler to be enthusiastic about teaching “Setting Accounts: Democratization and the Legacy of the Old Order,” a course which deals with the “countries around the globe which have begun to move from dictatorial to more democratic systems of government. No more traumatic (or dramatic) ethical problem has arisen than what to do with the previous regime’s security apparatus, particularly its torturers.”

The course does not try to come up with any easy answers, but does examine countries in which these questions arise, to see how they are coping with the change. Because Weschler has written quite a bit on this matter, he knows that it “...turns out to be a much more complex and tortured subject...” than many may realize. It is “difficult to escape the past.” Since he covered this issue in Eastern Europe, Weschler has seen these legacies crumble and he knows that one cannot easily oust a security apparatus. With all this worldly experience, a question remains about Lawrences Weschler - how did he become involved with such a small college as Bard?

Interestingly enough, Weschler knew Leon Botstein through his grandfather, Ernest Troh, who was a German composer of the 1920s. Having lectured at Bard for a few years before becoming a Bard Fellow, Weschler missed the academic setting. He would like to teach here every fall, hoping that he gets invited back. Weschler would also like to teach some reading and writing courses in addition to political science and social studies courses. Because he comes from a family of teachers, he has begun to feel that he wants to do more teaching. Another reason why he has taken on teaching at Bard is that it reminded him of the University of California at Santa Cruz in some aspects. Although Weschler has lectured at quite a few other colleges and universities, such as Columbia, Yale, Vassar, and Duke, he has taught only at Bard.

After this semester, Weschler will again be working full time at The New Yorker, but hopes to come back soon to Bard because he feels at home here and because of the low student-faculty ratio. Weschler also admits that he is impressed with the caliber of students. Weschler’s most impressive Bard experience has been “being in class and watching lights go on in students’ faces when the issues I have been wrestling with come alive in someone.” This fit in well with Weschler’s notion of teaching, such as, “Receive the students ignorant and leave them confused” and “Bring people to the edge of understanding/con- fusion.” Those who have not met this provocative journalist/professor can hear him at a public talk on Tuesday, November 24th. Also appearing in the next issue in The New Yorker is Weschler’s article on Czechoslovakia entitled “The Velvet Purge - The Trìska Jan Kavův”.

Dead Goat Notes

The opinions expressed in this column are only those of the author and there’s no reason for you pinkos to whine and get upset.

Those of you who didn’t skip off campus during Reading Week to catch the presidential and vice-presidential debates were treated to a special discussion by Bard professors. Let’s face it, what these professors had to say was really no surprise. I mean, it’s not like they were all disappointed that Pat Buchanan wasn’t on. So, for a change from Bard’s leftist political scene, I phoned a professor from Finkleber University, good old F. U., to talk to a leading authority on the absurd, Dr. B.S. Allot.

So, Doc, what is your impression of the presidential race so far?

“I must take issue with Bill Clinton’s mudslinging campaign.”

Clinton’s mudslinging? But the media has pretty much agreed that Bush is doing most of the mudslinging.

“That is exactly what I mean. Can’t Clinton dig anything up on Bush? Maybe he could accuse him out or insult his wife or mother or whoever she is. It would make the race a lot more interesting.”

I see. Well, how do you rate the candidates’ performance in the recent debates?

“Well, that Perot really has something on the ball. However, I think that he should stand up like the other candidates were doing.”

He was standing up.

“Oh, my, I didn’t realize. Well, in that case, he’s doing better than I thought. But he could do better. Why not bribe the network camera guys never to put the camera on the other guys. To me, that’s intelligent campaigning for someone with his dough.”

Hmm, good point, I guess. What did you think of the vice presidential debates?

“I didn’t watch much of them because they were on the same night that Scotty came back to The Next Generation. Talk about controversy! That must have been Bush’s stupid idea: rank right up there with putting them on opposite the World Series.”

That’s true. But still, some people have said that Stockdale looked like a third wheel up there with Quayle and Gore tongue-fighting the whole time.

“Stockdale a third wheel? Ha, when you consider that a vice president’s job is to attend funerals of guys the president never heard of, they all look like third wheels. What are they even debating for, to see which one of them could better split a tie in Congress, should one ever arise?”

There has been a lot of controversy over the format of the debates. What is your esteemed opinion of that?

“Well, the idea of questions from the audience ranks right up there with scheduling the debate opposite Star Trek. This talk show format shows just how average the American people are. By average, I mean stupid of course. They’re so average it amazed me that they could find their way to the auditorium. And the questions, sheer. ‘I was wondering what these three men plan to do about Hansen’s disease if elected?’ What the candidates supposed to do, take care of everyone’s silly little problems?”

Well, were there any other problems with the debates, in your eyes?

“Yes, now that you mention it. How come Ross Perot was up there and Andre Marrou, Gus Hall and you were not up there? Aren’t these guys running for president too?”

continued on page 22...
Another View

Coming out, a character flaw

I was watching that talk-show with the blind, ninja-turtle-named hostess. The topic of the day was about sexual harassment in the schools. No, not about women teachers being discriminated or women administrators being forcibly fondled by overbearing principles. [sic] This show was about the students in the schools being sexually harassed by other students. Apparently, the guest panel was composed of several mothers who had sued the school for their children’s “suffering.” (I hope someone saw the show.)

Let me say I was shocked. There was a frightening paranoia and vengefulness that permeated the air around these mothers. They seemed to be so caught up by the litigation-high, that they could not see the dangerous currents they were creating. On this show I saw another symptom of the way lines of reasonable, day-to-day, normal human behavior are shot to hell, distorted into “criminal behavior,” by overzealous, misinformed, self-righteous, self-interested people. In their concern for their offspring (which was quite legitimate), what these mothers missed was that they were erasing the line between normal, healthy interaction between students by the way of teasing, joking, insulting and the criminal act of sexual harassment. The misguided, McCarthy-like persecution in the workplace was now moved into the schools.

“Don’t get me wrong, I am not saying that there is no such thing as sexual harassment in the schools. There very well could be and I believe there have [sic] been. But I am more concerned with the sweeping strokes with which these mothers attacked and their complete disregard for all the other possible issues involved. To begin, one of the mothers said that her daughter was “harassed” in school because she was considered a slut by the “guys.” Er, actually, I guess she also meant that being considered a slut by other people constituted harassment. Examples of the harassment she brought up was [sic] that her daughter had made the top-25 slut list which was circulating the campus and “guys” would make very, very, vulgar comments to her. These were acts of sexual harassment.

Question: Did the list provide phone numbers and addresses and was she ever approached subsequently at home? Were the vulgar comments ever followed by any physical contact? If not, I am hard pressed to decide between harassment and bad taste. Were these “guys” harassing this girl and violating her “rights,” or were these guys just a bunch of assholes with their own sexual insecurities. Believe me, there is a difference. You can’t legally prosecute guys because they’re jerks. As amusing and shocked as I was at some of the “evidence” presented like the above, I think there is a larger issue which is the source of all this confusion. What we have here is identical to the “phenomena” that swept (is still sweeping?) the working place. A movement has been made where judgment is passed from the actions to the character of a person. We can legally condemn a person for his character, not just his actions. This is dangerous and borders on insidious. The mothers on that show were trying to destroy the distinction between character and action, and in effect, make a character flaw of one person into an impinging of rights of another. What do I mean? Well, if a “guys” has a real attitude problem and thinks that he is the center of the universe, especially for women, then he has what I would consider a character flaw - but non-commitally, we can just call it his general character. Let’s say this “guys” likes to make absolutely tasteless, cruel, and vulgar jokes about women and how

Recentering the Women’s Center

Anouncing a Meeting to Form a New Organization

What should a women's center be? A group of women that offers each other support, opportunities for learning about ourselves, and the ties of community crucial to making social change. In a women's center, we want every woman to feel welcome and sure that her interests are addressed in planning activities that are meaningful to her.

At Bard, the women's center has been a strong organization for many years, but we recognize that it has not created a community to which women of color, international women, and European-American women are part of the center, not the “white women’s center.” We believe the first step in realizing this goal is to form a steering committee made up of women of color, international women, and European-American women so that we can work together to set the agenda, based on our commonalities and differences.

PLEASE COME TO THE MEETING—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30TH AT 6:30 IN THE KLINE COMMITTEE ROOM—IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN BEING ON THE STEERING COMMITTEE. WE WILL DECIDE WHAT NEEDS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE MEETING AND CREATE THE NEW WOMEN'S CENTER TOGETHER.

Signed,
Anna Boroughs, Amy Herzog, Cara Graninger

A page of unedited observations by guest writers
**Another View**

The Man on the Street Beer Column

October 21, 1992

**Taxis from Hell**

by Sean O'Neill

It costs eighteen dollars (plus tip, plus toll) to get to Bard from the Kingston bus station by taxi, but that price does not guarantee one's physical safety or mental sanity.

"Take, for example, my driver who had overdosed on too much cold medicine. Take him, please. Nothing is more frightening than being in the back seat of a car when it starts drifting into oncoming traffic. I admit, sometimes it's a hard test for the back seat, but when those two bright yellow lines appear out the right side of the front windshield, it isn't an optical illusion. The first time I politely requested that he drive in the right lane, with neither of those two bright yellow lines appearing out the right side of the front windshield, it wasn't an optical illusion. The first time I politely requested that he drive in the right lane, with neither of those two bright yellow lines appearing out the right side of the front windshield, it wasn't an optical illusion.

I told this story to another driver in another cab on another trip. "Oh, that's just Bob," he told me. "Bob's never the same. He's a completely new person today."

"Yeah, I've heard stories like that. Bob doesn't sleep much. Not too safe, I suppose."

"I started to like this driver until he began discussing suicide. This isn't a joke. Things haven't been going that good lately for Chet. He's divorced, he's 'stuck' with two children, and he doesn't know how to get more income. As we headed over the bridge to Kingston, he wondered aloud if anyone would miss him if he just drove off the side."

Apparently he's done research. "One person has even survived an attempt off this bridge. People come from all over to take advantage of it." He heard that some Bard student had recently witnessed such a tragedy. Apparently she was driving home alone, but had to stop midway across the bridge because a car was parked. Thinking that someone might be in need of help, she got out and saw someone standing on the railing. Her driver smiled as he told this story, but I found it horrific. Imagine suddenly being thrust into a situation where you have to talk someone out of killing himself. Worse, imagine discovering there's nothing you can do. The person leaves, laughing nightmares for the witnesses behind him.

But back to taxis. Buster's Taxis. My driver, John, on another trip, asked me, "Where to?" I said, "Bard." He said, "I have a friend who is a taxi driver there."

"That's great!"

"Not that I don't trust college kids or anything." He smiled, "I, personally, have never been a fan of the Bard community."

I got the McEwan's home and opened a bottle, took a swig and was pleasantly surprised. The stuff was strong, really strong, and was the color of molasses. In fact, it was darker than the bottle it came in. You could taste the alcohol in it clearly, but the overall flavor was a delicious mixture of burnt molasses and a slight caramel taste, which went down quite easily. In the darker, heavier beer and ale class, McEwan's rivals even such stalwarts as Bass and Guinness in terms of drinkability. I think that the burnt caramel sweetness of the ale is in a class by itself, but like the last two, is an acquired taste. A friend, we'll call him Bill (obviously an alias), who is into heavier English brews, said that McEwan's was a 'dessert beer,' and liked it, but added that the only downer was that it was hard to drink more than two bottles at a sitting due to its strength and sweetness. The ale can form quite a head if you agitate the bottle or drop it in a spastic drunken stupor, but under normal drinking conditions it forms a small but thick foam that remains around until the bottle or glass is empty. Unfortunately, the importer must have raised the price this year, because McEwan's is now about nine bucks a sixer at Bev-Way. Despite this alarming turn of events, I still recommend it wholeheartedly anyone into imported beer who wants to try something new. It's uncommonly good, as the elyes say. If you're not sure about slipping down that much for a six-pack, then split it with a couple of friends, but at the wacky price, this is a brew to be savored, not to get destroyed on. (In case you forgot, that's what that case of Genny cream ale behind the sneaky couch in Robbins is for)"

On an aside, three cheers for those wild and zany guys, the SP5, who actually had a keg that contained Killian's Red at their keg-stand a few weeks ago. Now all we need is one of the clubs to throw a party and get a keg of Bass ale. One can only hope..."

Until next time, I remain,

Frazz Tappa-Kegga Esq. (obviously not his real name either, but reasonably slick compared to 'Biff')

P.S. We at the Beer Column will return to regularly scheduled programming, as soon as I can find my glasses—I think those damned elyes from two paragraphs up swiped them again. In the meanwhile, keep those letters pouring in, folks, and maybe you too will get a chance to have your fifteen minutes in the syrupy Corona-Janetymite. I love you all, my children. I'll see you (discretely, of course) in the Ravines this weekend; keep a frosted mug in the freezer for me. Oh, and the beer quote of the week is "I'm not drunk; it's just a phenomenon." Anyone who knows who said this please send me your phone number so I can publically ridicule you.

—Budds Coors
Taxis from Hell cont.

Continued from page 5

Taxis from Hell cont. (Continued from page 5)

sure if he said Tompkin. "He had a panty raid on Bard campus a few years back. Actually, it wasn't a panty raid. He went in alone and ran through the dorms shouting in different voices, "Panty raid, Panty raid!" And the next day all the girls said that there had been a panty raid. That was a while ago. Do they still talk about him? They talked about him for years."

"I don't know. He was a funny guy. Married, too. He moved to Woodstock afterward. (Figures.) But he saw no panties, saw no girls, didn't get none, but he called it a panty raid. A real funny guy, I think, but I would.

Women responding to racism

Continued from page 6

Continued from page 6

October 21, 1992

Another View

Oct 21, 1992

The Observer to print Audre Lorde's "The Uses of Anger: Women Responding to Racism" because reading it helped me think through the dialogue that the Women's Center sponsored two weeks ago. (The essay will appear next week due to insufficient space this week.) Unfortunately, the planning for the discussion was flawed, so that some damage may have been done to women who attended. Topics were not focused enough and it was impossible for everyone to find a voice in the crowded room. However, I think important issues came up during the dialogue that I want to continue to address. A frustrated end to discussion is not irreversible. And our anger and frustration need to ripple our attempts to build a strong community. As Lorde writes, "The anger between women need not kill us if we can articulate them with precision. If we listen to the content of what is said with at least as much intensity as well defined ourselves against the anger of saying. When we turn from anger we turn from insight..." And without insight there can be no movement for change.

Carla Grainger
Moderator for the discussion

Hello out there, Space Cadets!

Continued from page 3

Goat marches on

Continued from page 3

That's a good point. "I can't speak for the Libertarians or the communists but I can say that I know that they were afraid to have you up there. They know that your devastating good looks, wit and charm would win the American people over in a second."

Thanks for your remarkable opinions and valuable time, Dr. B.S. Allott. Before I close, can I ask just what your credentials are? "I'm a doctor. I know more than you do."

attitude, I'd beat the shit out of them. However, if some parent tried to sue me for that I would also tell them to bug off as I paddled the kid. Personality by itself is not enough grounds to legally justify action. When that personality finally provokes a violent action then you can sue - but on the basis of the action, not what you think is the personality factor.

To claim that it was the personality which led to the action and so the personality is the reason for the action is where we should deal, I say, "Don't ever generalize like me." Not every "guy" who ever made a vulgar joke has become a harasser and not every vulgar joke made indicates some deep rooted misconception of the "object-ness" of women. We've got to realize that every child grows up with a confusing morass of beliefs and ideas. They eventually get sorted out (for most). But in the meantime this myriad of contradictions and confusions will play out.

To seek to influence and control this is to suggest what the Nazis and other Fascist groups used as methods to "promote uniform thought and belief." It is part of character building and development to have to sort out opposing notions and grow out of that childishness. Of course, there should be guidance, but not in the form of legal parameters on what may or may not be acceptable notions - no thought control. Please.

But, alas, I think this is indeed an aspect of the "feminist" project, to not allow even to have the chance of having a "bad thought" toward women. Will "bad" character and vulgar jokes be forced underground? Also, alas, (author's name withheld by request)

by Brent Armendinger

Hello out there, space cadets! Word is the 10,000 Maniacs have a brand new album and I'm sure you wouldn't mind another thousand of us, so jump on board, take a seat, and I'll tell you a little story. Last Friday I did the impossible! What's that? - picking up my slop from outside Kline behind it? recycling? breathing smoke-free air? NOPE! (Just kidding, folks! Teehee!) I got on my bike and rode it to Rhinebeck! And back! Just to get the new 10,000 Maniacs CD - Our Time In Eden, and boy was I a happy biker-shopper, yesseee! The album is absolutely fantastabulous and not only that, it's gorgeous. Upon hearing it, a great sadness rushed over me when I felt that all my brothers and sisters here at Bard were missing out - since there is the music review section in the Observer, I am hereby creating one (or that's what I think I'm doing) just to share my listening pleasure with you.

I'm not getting paid for this, so let me start out with the bias that Our Time In Eden is the best album I've heard all of 1992. There! It's beautiful and there's no denying it, let the music flow through you and you'll see. This album seems somewhat subtle and less political than Blind Man's Zoo, and this is indeed welcome - Natalie's fervent ideas about the world are certainly not absent or apathetic, but they seem more contained within her poignant reflections on living. In the new album, the politics are more personal and therefore even stronger. "Tolerance" contrasts the rocking verses telling of violence, division, and injustice with the slow, melodic chorus: "Now, inside this place we hide away, we hear it near although it's miles away. We hear it near and hope it turns away. Turn away." In "I'm Not the Man," Natalie climbs inside the heart and mind of a man wrongly sentenced to the death penalty. Most of the other songs are subtle meditations on the idea of being dead, full of a bike, but you wouldn't get to visit the woodchucks! Peace.

A page of unedited observations from guest writers
Yllanes shatters traditions of centuries

In response to the quincentennial anniversary of Columbus' voyage to the "New World," the Blum Institute presents "Being Discovered: The Spanish Conquest from the Amer-Indian Point of View." The exhibit focuses on the paintings and wood engravings of the 20th century Bolivian artist Alejandro Yllanes and is being shown concurrently with a selection of prints by African-American, Latin-American and European-American artists working during the same decades as Yllanes.

Yllanes received no professional artistic training in his lifetime and spent his youth working in the Bolivian tin mines. His materials were crude and consisted of whatever could be found or cheaply bought—nails, scraps of wood, corn oil and pigments made from crushed berries and minerals on a burlap canvas. These factors echo the scenes found in Yllanes' work, which convey a message of triumph through struggle, despite the odds. Yllanes' images are courageous and vivid. The figures in the paintings are oftentimes in size and brightly colored, giving them a hypnotic effect upon the audience. This is precisely the effect Yllanes intended. His works bitterly denounce oppression and reveal a disenchanted towards progress, industry, and technology; instead the pieces celebrate traditions of pre-Columbian culture and contain depictions of successful peasant revolutions. Yllanes sought to inspire a sense of rebellion in those who viewed his work. It is for this reason that the Bolivian government considered Yllanes a threat, eventually forcing him to flee the country.

One painting which is particularly dynamic is entitled "Tragedia del Pongo, 1932." A pongo, which literally means poor Indian, was an Indian who was taken as a servant in their home of a Spanish master. In this painting, the pongo's persecution is represented both by the strangulation of the last Inca emperor by Francisco Pizarro, a Spanish conquistador, and by the imposing images of church, state, and the military whose burden compresses the action into the lower corner of the canvas. Yllanes asks for no pity in a passive sense, though; a self-portrait within the action shows Yllanes with arms lifted in anger. Each of the Indians bears an expression of rage and appears ready for battle, while surrounded by aspects of pre-Columbian ways of life. The overall effect is engaging and impressionistic. Aside from challenging typical representations of Indians as meek victims, showing scenes of revolution and overcoming, Yllanes also shatters other classical depictions of Indians. As Carlos Mosquera explains, "In Yllanes' work, the Indian's back was straight, not hunched. Hauling tools became weapons. He is depicted as a protagonist rather than a servant in the masters' vestiories." One painting, entitled "Balseo Del Titacara, 1955," exemplifies this beauty. An Indian man is shown standing upon a boat with an oar in the water. The muscles in his limbs are beautifully defined, and his stance suggests power, determination, and purpose. The figure stands alone as a symbol of grace and strength, absolutely free from any shadow of the Spanish oppressors.

Perhaps the most remarkable of this body of work, however, are Yllanes' prints from wood engravings. Wood engraving takes a unique patience because the wood must be carved very thin, giving it a tendency to break. However, this technique served Yllanes' purpose very well; prints are inexpensive and can be reproduced countless times, making them ideal for mass circulation. All of his engravings show exquisite detail and a loving attention to craft. While each of the prints deserves considerable attention, one of the most beautiful is "Tarkha Thokher, 1944." The phrase refers both to square flutes, of which there are three types, each tuned to a different key, and to the flutes which master these instruments. The flutes are renown for their ability to resonate through the air over long distances. In this engraving, three flutists face inwards, playing with eyes focused upon their instruments and the movements in their necks and faces flexed familiarly in the action of playing. The composition of the print gives the viewer a true sense of intimacy within this village performance. Again, Yllanes succeeds in creating an image of peasant pride and beauty.

The prints of engravings by African-American, Latin-American and European-American artists which are displayed alongside Yllanes' work are intended to place his work in context in terms of time, mission and medium. Although the artists operated largely without knowledge of one another, the resulting images are remarkably similar. As the exhibit's curator Linda Weintraub explains, "Despite their divergent backgrounds...their common mission seems to have emerged out of the exigencies of the turbulent era when the American dream succumbed to the sobbing realities of a world war and a depression. These artists all sought to reassert their roots" either in community, nationality or race. The prints, which embrace folk culture, and a sense of identity and autonomy resulting from cultural tradition, vary in technique and complexity, but are all proud and intimate depictions of unique ways of life.

The exhibit will remain on display at the Blum Gallery through December 6th and can be viewed from 1-5 p.m. Wednesday through Sunday. Special events will accompany this exhibit beginning Saturday, October 31st. All special events are free and open to the public, with the exception of the instrument making workshop, which has a $6 admission fee for non-students.

Call the Blum Art Institute at (914) 758-7100 for more information or to make reservations. A detailed listing of these events will be printed in next week's issue.
The BARD Mohicans, French and Indian War—A long, bloody war in America's colonial events actually occurred Fort William Henry at Lake George, New York, during the French and Indian War. This event is an important event in the entire war. Not a minor detail. This 'epic' quasi-romance is the epic face of 1992.

The Poughkeepsie Journal ran a small preview of Last of the Mohicans, proclaiming it an "epic" version of the James Fenimore Cooper novel from the 1820s. The original story centered on the burning of Fort William Henry at Lake George, New York, during the French and Indian War—a long, bloody war in America's colonial period which led to the annihilation of several Native American tribes.

I live four miles from where the events actually occurred in 1757. I know the history of New York State and the Adirondack Mountains and I have read The Last of the Mohicans many times. This new movie doesn't even come close to telling the story of the destruction of Native American culture by the French and British.

This was a minor problem compared to what director Michael Mann had in store. Mann altered the storyline dramatically; instead of portraying a real-life account of the destruction of Native American culture by the French and British, the movie revolved around a romance between Hawkeye and General Monro's oldest daughter. This movie should have been called Daniel Day-Lewis gets the hots for some British lass, because that was all the plot amounted to.

Why was this movie called Last of the Mohicans? The only time the word "Mohican" was spoken was during the last scene. Chingachgook, the last chief of the Mohicans, said, "Now I am the last of the Mohicans." Anybody who did not know the original story had absolutely no idea what that meant. Mann never bothered to differentiate the settlers and the British army personnel by their accents; unfortunately, in 1757, there was no such thing as a Brooklyn accent.

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The next second, Hawkeye turned to name this movie as "the romantic." For example: inside a besieged Fort William Henry, Hawkeye tells the local colonists that he will cover their escape to their homes.

Mann ridled the movie with ridiculous "romantic" scenes. For example: inside a besieged Fort William Henry, Hawkeye tells the local colonists that he will cover their escape to their homes. The next second, Hawkeye turns his back on his friends and, in a corner of the fort, covers Miss Monro instead. Hello? Excuse me? There was a war going on, the fort was being constantly bombarded. Hawkeye promised to protect his friends, and he was off doing the wild thing with a British babe! I don't think so.

And another thing: in the movie, the British left the fort and were ambushed in a forest clearing in broad daylight. In reality, and in the book, the French told their Huron allies not to attack, the Hurons said, "Oh, yeah?" and then massacred everyone in the fort during the night, burning the fort to the ground. The movie did not show the burning of the fort, which was perhaps the most important event in the entire war. Not a minor detail.

A more glaring error of the movie was the scenery, which most critics praised because none of them live in the Adirondacks. As I said before, I live where this movie should have been shot, but wasn't. Every time I go home I have to drive over the cave where the final battle took place, all who opposed him, and scooped up the frightened dust in his strong, manly arms.

"Oh, my hero!" she sighed, embracing the noble savage as a dead Indian spurred blood from his nostrils all over her white, satin dress...

This movie just plain sucked. If I were a Native American, especially the Iroquois or Algonquin, I would feel incredibly insulted. Michael Mann has spat in the face of the Mohican tragedy by changing the story from a culturally and historically relevant drama to a cheesy, poorly-made and completely meaningless romance, totally devoid of worth.

The Poughkeepsie Journal gave Last of the Mohicans three and a half stars. I give it a half—maybe one about the battle scenes (minus the Danish! Day-Lewis soap opera scenes). If you want to know more about the real story, read The Last of the Mohicans, by James Fenimore Cooper. If you want to see a good movie, this ain't it. Luckily, I only spent three dollars at the Lyceum to see this movie! I advise you to spend your three dollars renting The diner, an older, better version than the present overblown face of a romance.
The trouble with this past week in sports is that for the most part no one was here last week and as a result, there weren't any sporting events of any kind taking place on campus unless you consider sleeping late and escaping campus worthy athletic pursuits. As a result this week's sports column will be a short and sweet installment leaving tons of room for the really neat Broadway Pizza Coupon feature.

Everyone should be aware of some upcoming events in the Recreation and Athletic department. In intramural sports, there will be a Captains' meeting at 6 pm on Wednesday, October 21st regarding upcoming floor hockey, 3 on 3 basketball, and co-ed swing now is a perfect time to take a bike tour. Meet outside Stevenson with your wheels at 2 pm to take part in the 8 mile tour, or at 3 pm to participate in the 25 mile tour. Maps will be provided, so folks like Andy Costell won't get lost. Again. [Sorry, Andy--Sports ed.] Also, on Sunday, there will be an Autumn run on the scenic cross country trails, which will meet outside the gym at 12:30 pm. Also, the sports-minded as well as the couch-potatoes should be aware that this week is Times Fitness Week. Activities will be taking place all week with prizes of watches and T-shirts, and free juice beverages being given away at some of the events. We all know how delicious those Times juice products are, right? Yum yum! Actually, the event is sponsored by Ocean Spray. So, guess they'll be providing the watches.

And, hey, the big event of the week takes place on Thursday, when the Athletic department hopes to host the largest ever aerobics class at Bard from 5:15 to 6:15 pm in the gym. It promises to be a veritable free-for-all of sweat and spandex. Show up and make Bard History. As always, if you have any questions contact Kris Hall in the Athletic Department's office or at extension 530.

Attention Skiers!
The United States Collegiate Ski Association is sponsoring a "Ski the West" trip to Park City, Utah, January 3-9th, during 1993 United States Collegiate Recreational Ski Week. Over 2000 college students will attend. For $355, you get 7 days lodging at a condominium, 6 day lift tickets at Park City, Deer Valley, and Snowbird, and special parties, picnics, races, and other events. If you're interested, contact Kris Hall at extension 530. Sign-up deadline is November 12th.

Shameless Filler!
Like most people, I am concerned this election year. Like everyone else, I am concerned more for what will happen after the election than before. Since I've already cast my vote by absentee ballot, the debates are sort of a circus maximus for me. But, like I say, I am concerned with what happens after all the votes have been tallied. And this concern usually manifests itself in worry for what will happen to the losing candidates. I mean, come on, have you ever considered what happens to the careers of an unsuccessful candidate for high office? It's not a pretty sight. Mike Dukakis has returned to his Greek homeland and is hawking urs in the streets of Crete. Poor old Wally "three-state" Mondale has disappeared into the Great North Woods. Hell, Geraldine Ferraro wound up selling diet Pepsi for a while, remember? No, sir, not a glorious spot in the spotlight at all.

So, what will become of our candidates if they are unsuccessful? George is has been anywhere; he looses, no sweat. He's had his days in the sun. Time to pack up Barbara, Milie, and the Grandkids and head down to Texas. Clinton still has his constituants in Arkansas. He could stay governor there for a few more terms. But what of Billionaire H. Ross Perot? Now that his face has been saturated throughout the media all year, whether he was running or not, do you think he'll be satisfied to return to his multi-million dollar business in Texas? No, he's just beginning to like the feeling of having an audience. How ya gonna keep them down on the ranch once they've been on NBC?

So, Mr. Perot—may I call you H.—allow me to make a suggestion. Once you've shaken off the loss this November, get out on the stand-up circuit. Become a comic! Let's face it, you have all the makings of a damn fine one. You're distinctive in stature (or lack thereof), you've got an intriguing drawl which will prime your audience for the hilarity about to ensue, and you certainly know how capture an audience. You're not afraid to call attention to your goaty ears. That's key! If you give them something to laugh at, they won't be afraid to laugh again. You can start up your audience with the classics, like the one about the kid in Austin who kept a chicken in his bathtub, or the Board of General Motors hiring Lawrence Welk music. You can use you coy exterior to venture into risque material (what exactly is that sicking sound coming from all those displaced southern workers?). You've got a catchphrase; "I'm all ours." A catchphrase is as important to a comic as a straight man. And your's promises to rival the classics, like "Take my wife, please," or "That's not right!" or "Read my lips no new taxes!"

Don't worry about running out of new material. The way you know the other two candidates, whoever wins should set you up with some sure-fire bangers along the lines of "told you so" jokes. And if that's not enough, well, there are hundreds of jokes lying around Washington just waiting to be used. You could get a task force working on it.

And once you've had your guest shots on Leno, Letterman, and Larry King, I see, maybe, a sitcom in your future. Who could resist your comfy yet abrasive manner as the small-town Irish father in a wacky family who always gets into financial trouble? A dream role. And if none of the networks offer it to you, just buy a half hour on each network every week. You can afford it, right?
No content here

Dear Editor,

A "thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times."
- Oliver Wendell Holmes

"The game is over till it's over."
- Yogi Berra, Attribution

"It would be a boring world without surprises..."
- Dr. Melvin Schwartz, Nobel Laureate, Physicist

Perhaps it is the fault of the author, perhaps an editor, perhaps a layout assistant, but for some reason this last quote was used in bold print, on the cover of the Sept. 30 issue Observer. By highlighting this ridiculous, illogical statement, one is led to conclude that Melvin Schwartz, Nobel Laureate Physicist from Columbia University, is a complete buffoon. This is a false and damaging statement, one that Melvin Schwartz, Nobel Laureate Physicist, hopes that there will be more contradictions and surprises in the world of physics research. Certainly a Nobel Physicist must have expectations and ones that are more interesting and significant point (that Schwartz hopes that there will be more contradictions and surprises in the world of physics research). Certainly a Nobel Physicist must have said and said something more interesting than the quoted tautology.

This article typifies the problem I find in the Observer. No one is alienated by a complex discussion, but no one is interested or reader. I should add that I don't intend to vilify the author, but simply use her piece as an example of what I perceive to be a problem at the Observer. Scientific and mathematical illiteracy seem to be acceptable deficiencies at Bard, and of course this is not the fault of the Observer. However, the question of whether or not the Observer is worth reading goes far beyond the general disinterest in math or science. On careful examination, one finds that this same lack of quality pervades the entire paper, week after week.

Take, for example, a later article in the same issue discussing the film Night on Earth. Perhaps the newspaper (or the school) is not a mecca for the scientifically inclined. Bard is, instead, reputed for the skill and prestige of the fine arts departments, especially film. One would presume that the Director of such a school's newspaper would at least be a competent "observer" of the fine arts. One hopes that coherent film criticism would be a skill found in those Bard students calling themselves film critics.

To guess the course of this article, one might take the last sentence of the first paragraph as a clue: "...this film would be an intimate whirlwind tour of five cities with five taxi cab drivers over the course of the night..." except that nothing happens, really. Perhaps the reader will find a discussion of why the movie has no plot, or why a limited plot is unappealing. This is simply not the case. Despite the sentence quoted, the reader is treated to a dozen paragraphs of plot summary. Perhaps the contradiction wouldn't be so annoying if one hadn't known that eight.

continued on page 11
notice, we have guest writers every week in the Another View page, two weekly columnists, sports coverage, and interesting letters from readers like you who have no other place to vent their spleens to the Bard community. This is Bard, not some huge school where there are extortions, enhanced tension and violence on a daily basis. Not much in the way of what you may term "news" happens here. Often, we have to inflate the importance of seemingly trivial events by cause nothing else happened. Other times, there's so much going on at one (for example, two Wednesdays ago) that we don't have enough writers to cover everything.

One of the issues the Observer has always had is that there are not enough writers. As a result, the half dozen or so of us that write for the Observer are overworked, still can't cover all the events we would like to, and have class work like all other students.

As you demonstrated, Mr. Sloane, a newspaper is only as good as its writers. In case you didn't know, the problem of "writing for the Observer", which you referred to in your letter two weeks back, has been greatly emphasized due to the limited copy that plot summary is insufficient material for the body of an essay. Often, as any regular reader of the Observer knows, the problem of articles without content is not limited to this issue, but can be found filling the pages of every Observer. I would go on with further examples, but this has already consumed too much space.

I have concluded that, in an intense effort to avoid offending or alienating anyone in the Bard community, the Observer has succeeded. Unfortunately, in this crusade they have become a newspaper devoid of content.

Sincerely,
David C. Sloane

P.S. - Thanks go to GL, SR and RD for their editorial assistance.

Just because you didn't like two articles in one issue doesn't mean that each and every issue of the Observer is useless. In case you didn't know, "Ross Milton" is a pseudonym.

The Observer cannot print your letter at least until one editor knows your real name.

The Columbus alternative

Gentlepeople:

I was very surprised your paper had only one article on the 500th anniversary of Columbus' "discovery" of America and the alternate viewpoint. The alternate viewpoint was discussed very well by Connie Quinn in the article you did print. It was informative and thought provoking. Individuals were encouraged to re-think their perception of American history.

Native Americans are not one people but 600 different groups forced into unity as brothers by the common bond of tragedy. From the indigenous vantage point, Columbus' arrival was a disaster which continues physically, emotionally, materially and spiritually.

The historical lies dehumanize Native Americans and justify theft of lands. The U.S. government made Native religion and language illegal. People were forced to assimilate into white culture. Punishment was severe. Disintegrating pride uncalculable (sic).

Language was and is seen as identity and needed to continue the intergenerational oral tradition of history and spiritual belief. Many Native American words have no translation, due to the complexity of meanings. To lose the ability to describe limits understanding.

There has been great emphasis put into educating children in the Native tongue by their parents. Language is being used to form a foundation that was not permitted to continue naturally due to the invasion and conquest of 1492.

Without common origins, common values and common destiny, many nations have been doomed to extinction. Although the past cannot be changed, truths and consequences must be faced, accepted and learned from. The healing that will follow in all of us will give cause for mutual celebration.

"In our every deliberation, we must consider the impact of our decisions on the next seven generations." The Great Law of the Six-Nations Iroquois Confederacy.

Sincerely,
Marlena Lehthien

Tom Pandaleon

Production Manager
Roy Iselkuta
**What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard**

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21**
- **Communing with Nature?** If you would like to head on a trip into the other world, then go to the Outing Club meeting at 3:30p, in the Committee Room in Kline.
- **Holy Hemoglobin?** Look/Sign up for Tuesday’s Blood Drive—this week at the tables in Kline. Sponsored by our Dean of Students Office.
- **C.O.G.** Community service is our responsibility: Columbia County Youth Project, Literacy, Tutoring, Books on Tape. The Campus Outreach Group will hold a meeting in the Committee Room in Kline, 6p. Remember, the community is bigger than Bard.
- **Accent on Accents** with hand-made ceramic jewelry on sale today in front of Kline.
- **Mall Call.** Let your fingers do the walking & the talking with our friends. Find out about the computerized KERSERS club today in the Committee Room in Kline, 7p.
- **Jigs, Reels, & Strathspeys.** See and learn the traditional social dancing of Scotland. Scottsh Country Dance classes will meet in Miller House on the first, third & fifth Wednesdays of the month. Beginners, be there at 7:30-8:30p for you intermediate/advanced people, 8:30-9:30p.
- **I don’t have a thing to wear...** just go to the SM ACES meeting to discuss their upcoming party, toymaking demos, & City-trips. At 7:30p.
- **The Seven Samurai.** A must-see superbly strange, vivid, violent adventure by the Japanese director Kurosawa. This is a black & white film of seven samurai hired by desperate villagers to protect their farms against the annual bandit raid—Sound familiar? This absolutely great film was remade into “The Magnificent Seven.” Go see this at 7p, at the Preston Film Center.

**THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22**
- **Human Rights Now.** See these videos presented by Bard’s Amnesty International: “The Animated Universal Declaration of Human Rights” & “Free At Last.” Check them out at 7p, in Olin 303. It’s everybody’s right.
- **Miss this movie, you may as well miss all movies.** See this great movie by the crazy Hungarian director Miklos Jancso, Red Psalm. They say it’s not a movie, but something else. At the Preston Film Center, 7p.
- **Slaying the Dragon.** See this documentaty, video, of the portrayal of female Asian-Americans in film. Be there in Olin 102, 7p. Sponsored by the A.A.S.O.
- **Oscillating Fans.** Welcome to Bisexuals, Activists, Gay, Lesbians, et al.’s meeting tonight in the T.V. Lounge in the Student Center, 7p.
- **Glamour-a-Go-Go.** Get the vintage clothes from your past incarnations in the front of Kline, today.
- **Alcoholics Anonymous.** They’ll meet every Thursday at 7:30p in Aspinwall 302.
- **Adult Children of Alcoholics** are meeting tonight in Rhinebeck. Stop by the Church of the Messiah Episcopal, 47 Montgomery, 8p.
- **Search for the Perfect Vibe** by checking out the Women’s Center Coffee House. See your friends perform tonight at 9p, at Bard Hall.

**FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23**
- **No Sell Out.** See dance works performed & choreographed by your own friends at Dance Theatre III. Don’t miss this student concert at 8p, today to Monday at the Dance Studio in the Bard Theatre.
- **J.S.O.** The Jewish Students Organization will be meeting tonight at Bard Hall, 7p.
- **Film-O-Rama.** Bard hosts The Center for Photography of Woodstock Film Series. Tonight see Les Nardes (Louis Bunuel), Unsere Afrika Reise (P. Kubelka), & Lived in Quotes (L. Dunphy). Prof. John Pruett presents these films at 8:30p, in the Preston Film Center. Admission is $3 for students, & check out Saturday & Sunday’s programs.

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24**
- **Sweet Soul Music.** Our Entertainment Committee brings us a Parent’s Day surprise. Check out The Elks/’ Orchestra—a 10 piece jazz combination of big band, rock, & progressive jazz. See/Hear them at 8p, Olin Auditorium. This is a reserve seating folks, so get you $2 tickets this week at Kline, or the Post Office.
- **Wicket, Batsman, Crease.** Bard’s own Cricket Club will practice on the Tennis courts at 2:30p.
- **Film Fest.** More films in The Center for Photography of Woodstock Film Series. Filmmaker Yvonne Rainer presents her own film about manopause, Privilege (1991)—See this in the Preston Film Center, 8p. Folks, there is a $3 admission fee.
- **Copacetic Contortions** with the today’s Twister tourney. Win prizes, glory, & the undying adulation of your peers by limbering up at the Old Gym, 9p.
- **Miccosukee Native American Benefit.** Workers and Dreamers, Wintersun, & La Parrigiana are having an all day benefit for the Miccosukee Native Americans of the Everglades. The Miccosukee were badly hit by Hurricane Andrew—Their dwellings, Chkee huts were demolished. All their financial reserves have been exhausted; most of them are still living in the school gym. Consequently, all funds raised by the restaurant, crafts, bands, & fashion show will go towards the rebuilding of their homes & huts. Take your parents out to Rhinebeck—help raise funds.

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25**
- **Tattoo You...** and piercing, too. Our SM ACES presents lectures by Pat Sinatra & Steve Della Ruffa, Woodstock tattoo & piercings at 2p in Olin 102. If you’re curious, go. Private appointments available after the demo.
- **Scha Cantaorun,** sacred music in the Bard Chapel. 6p Performed during worship at 7p.
- **World-O-Film with the last of the Center for Photography of Woodstock Film Series.** Prof Samir Janah presents a film by the great Indian filmmaker Satyajit Ray, Days and Nights in the Forest. Absolutely see this great film at 8p, in the Preston Film Center. There is a $2 admission fee.

**MONDAY, OCTOBER 26**
- **Cultural Meltdown.** Look worldly—with imported clothing from Thailand & India on sale today, on the patio in front of Kline.
- **Fencing Club.** Coach Hope Konecny will teach 8 sessions to Bard students, faculty, & staff. There is a $20 fee to students, $45 for all others, 7p at the Stevenson Gym. Every Monday until November.
- **Classical Monday.** Listen to Brahms, Debussy, & Nicholas Maw—performed by the award winning Da Capo Chamber Players. Be there to listen to the pre-concert conversation with our own Prof. Sarah Roffe. At 6:30p, the concert begins at 8p in the Olin Auditorium. It’s free, folks.

**TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27**
- **Hemoglobin Hoarding.** It’s a bleeding good cause for our Blood Drive sponsored by the Dean of Students Office. Be sure to sign up at the tables in Kline, all this week. It’s at the Old Gym, 9a-2:45p.
- **Dance Club.** is open to everybody—so go to their movement/dance workshop in the Bard Theatre, 5:30p.
- **Students for Choice.** Find out about the upcoming Student Rally in time for the ’92 Pres. Elections. The Coalition for Choice is meeting in the College Room at Kline, 6p. Keep your Rights!
- **Be Bush’s Campaign Manager.** Baker keep them from international politics, foreign policy, & diplomacy. Maybe you can, too, if you check out the International Relations Club meeting in the President’s Room in Kline at 6:30p.
- **Body Issues Group** meets today at 6:30p, upstairs in the Student Center.
- **The Sequel** to last semester’s forum: Go to the Injustice/Justice Forum Part II to find out about the institutional racism in the U.S.A. Be there at 7p, in the Olin Auditorium.
- **Oh Where, Oh Where?** Storytelling returns to us as a club in The Brook House, 7p. Check it out.
- **Ivan the Terrible II.** A visual opera of the life of the 16th century Russian Tsar—don’t be fooled by the grand gestures, the great Sergei Eisensteins images are full of subtleties, magnificent sounds, artfully composed shots, & an original score by Sergei Prokofiev. You shouldn’t miss this ever, at the Preston Film Center, 7p.
- **Now, Voyager!** See this film of the Feminist Theory & Film class. Bette Davis stars in story about sexual frustrations, psychiatric cure, & doomed love affairs right here at Bard’s Preston Film Center, 7p.
- **Rape & Incest Survivors Group** is meeting tonight at Woodstock. It’s at the Dutch Reformed Church, Main St. at the Trangire, 7:30p.
- **Late Spring.** Watch this black and white 1949 movie by the Japanese director Ozu—another film in the Three Japanese Directors screenings. 7p at the Preston Film Center.