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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 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 plumber of an inflatable fire 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 back 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."

Matt Apple
Editor-in-Chief
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.

The rationale of the amendment is to allow more time for budget discussion and changes which many people felt were not possible at the most recent Budget Forum in September. The Constitution already read that each agenda item of a Forum meeting must be discussed for at least forty-five minutes, so long as there are still people who wish to talk. Debate was closed not long afterward that mark at the last Budget Forum, which some described as "frustrating and unfair."

"With all the time we spent voting on 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 number 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 Cramer. Two positions 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.

Rude awakenings in the big house

Monday morning before seven o'clock Jason Van Driesch was awakened 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, set 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 basement of Manor had become plugged up with soot. Instead of going up the chimney, smoke had come out of the fire box 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 fire box 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.

The Student Life Committee has been consulting with Gladys Watson about the housing situa
tion, 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.
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 “Settling Accounts with the Prior Regime” SIT/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, while also giving 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 comedies, 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 “Settling 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 dicteratorial to more democratic systems of government. No more traumatic or a dilemma in 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 troubling 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 Lawrence Weschler - how did he become involved with such a small college as Bard?

Interestingly enough, Weschler knew Leon Botstein through his grandfather, Ernest Toch, who was a German composer of the 1920’s. 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 chosen to teach 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 well with Weschler’s tactics of teaching, such as, “Receive the students ignorant and leave them confused” and “Bring people to the edge of understanding-confrontation.” 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 Trivialia of Jan Kavan.”
Another View
Coming out, a character flaw

I was watching that talk-show with the blond, 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 principals. [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 know 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, very, vulgar comments to her. These were acts of sexual harassment. Question: Did the list provide phone numbers or addresses and was she ever approached consequently 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 amused 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 workplace. 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 ridiculous. 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 impening rights of another. What do I mean? Well, if a “gay” 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-committally, we can just call it his general character. Let’s say this “gay” likes to make absolutely tasteless, cruel, and vulgar jokes about women and how

Recentering the Women’s Center
Announcing 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 so that we can work together to set the new 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 Borroughs, Amy Herzog, Cara Graninger

A page of unedited observations by guest writers
Dear Bardites and Bardians:

I kinda lost track of the time, and ended up still on vacation (in Wyoming, no less!) by the time deadline approached. I almost panicked like a deer in the light of three a.m. headlights on River Road when I realized my mistake, but just when I was beginning to despair I heard from my personal slave Olga that the unhinkable had happened. Yes, boys and girls, here at the Bard Column, after weeks of begging, I finally received some mail, and some damn good mail besides. I know it doesn't really fit the rules, having only one beer reviewed throughout, but hey, let's give the weary Bimmer a break, okay? I'm even willing to ignore his usage of the word 'skeeky' and to avoid ridicule of someone who chooses 'Biff' as an alias for a (supposed) friend. Anyway, this column is brought to you by the letter B, the letter S, and the numeral 3 - 'lets hear it for the three miles of BS I had to wade through just to read to you.

The Beer Column has always been one of the highlights of the Observer for my friends I, and containing as it did the ad for the Bev-Way specials of the week, and at the end of last year I feared that the column had been deep-sixed for good by the loss of its writers to graduation and the real world.

Likely, an intrepid classmate of mine has stepped forward to fill the boozed-soaked shoes of the old brew review duo, and the tradition lives on. Finding myself with an hour on my hands on this Thursday afternoon, I decided to pen this to paper in an attempt to introduce the Bard Community to a truly good beer. In keeping with beer column tradition, I am writing this under an assumed name to protect the innocent.

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The Man on the Street Beer Column

THE BARD OBSERVER

October 21, 1992

Another View

The Man on the Street Beer Column

by Sean O'Neill

It costs eighteen dollars (plus tip, plus tolls) 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 overdozed 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 thing to believe, but those two bright yellow lines appear out the right side of the front windshield, it's an optical illusion. The first time I politely requested that he drive in the right lane. "No problem," he said, jerking the car back. But as we were crossing the two-lane bridge over the Hudson, he decided he liked the left lane, perhaps to get a better view of the scenery. Hit him on the head. We avoided a collision, and returned safely.

"Aren't you going to tip me?" he asked.

I told this story to another driver in another cab on another trip. "Oh, that's just Bob," he told me. "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 Bob. 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. "No one has ever 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 somebody standing on the railing. My 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 themselves. Worse, imagine discovering there's nothing you can do. The person leaves, leaving nightmares for the witnesses behind.

But back to taxis. Buster's Taxi. My driver, John, on another trip, asked me, "Where to?" I said, "Bard." He said, "I don't know where it is." I said, "It's two blocks up, downtown.

"Not that I don't trust college kids or anything.

"I know," I said, paying with a twenty, expecting change I never got.

"I hear Bard is a pretty liberal place."

"You, you could say that."

"Ever since Kennedy, I don't trust nor liberals. They're always liberal with everybody else's money instead of their own."

I never got any of Kennedy's millions. Not that I thought Kennedy should have gotten shot or anything. But people always forget the truth about that Eternal Flame. I watched the lighting ceremony in Arlington on television. I'm old enough to have seen it. And I saw it when those GI Scouts accidentally poured Holy Water on the Flame and extinguished it. Took 'em two minutes to relight it. I dunno if that's a sign or not. But you don't go seeing that in no history textbooks, do ya? It might have been a sign from above, though it's not my place to say."

John took another puff on his cigar. I noticed the no-smoking sign on the dashboard, but said nothing.

"Ever hear of Jon Tombson?" (I'm not continued on page 6)

Taxis from Hell

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 elots from two paragraphs up upset 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-and-limelites. I love you all, my children. I'll see you (discreetly, of course) in the Ravenes 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

A page of unedited observations by guest writers

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Beverage way

supperclub of beer and soda
Rt. 9 2 miles North of Red Hook Pacific Land

588-8541

Rating:

Rating:
Coming out continued

continued from page 4

they need, etc. This is obviously motivated by his general character, but is still an extension of character. Making jokes is not in any way an action in the legal sense of the word, wherein there is a potential for entering another person's legal sphere. Say this "guys" will stare in the most nasty and suggestive way at women, as if he thought that he knew what they wanted to do. This, too, is still more character than action - although we're getting close. Say this "guys" tries to grab a hand or a leg. Ding! Actions! Now there is a definite chance of sexual harassment. At the least, the woman might have a legal basis for suing the "guys" for pants off. But, what the mothers of that show were symptomatic of is the tendency to say "Ding! You're harassed mewear" when only a joke is made or a look is given. Ultimately, they were trying to blame and condemn the "guys" for the way they believed, for the views they had on women. Now, of course, I do believe that these "guys" were seriously misguided. If were their parents and I found out about their,

Goat marches on

continued from page 3

That's a good point.

"I can't speak for the Libertarians or the conservatives 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 reputable opinions and valuable time, Dr. B.S. Allot. Before I close, can I ask just what are your credentials are? "I'm a doctor. I know more than you do."

for two hours on the bus next to someone expressing his fear that the government was using satellites to track his ideas on calendar reform from his brain. (By the shape of his head, I wouldn't have been surprised if this was true.) I've been the best taxi story for last. This one isn't mine, so I can't verify it. A freshman, who was going to be a Bard a few months ago from the Rhinecliff train station. The conversation somehow turned to the subject of guns. The driver asked the passenger if he would like to see his own gun. He loaned over and removed a revolver from the glove compartment and handed it to the Bard student.

" Isn't she a beauty? " he asked.

The student thought to himself, "Is this thing loaded? Am I going to shoot myself or am I going to use it?" He took it and put it away. Last Friday I did the impossible! What's that? -- picking up my slop from outside Kline and dropping it in the trash -- heh heh heh."

Hello out there, space cadets! Word is the 10,000 Maniacs have a brand new album and I'm sure they won'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 and dropping it in the trash -- heh heh heh."

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by Brent Armdendinger
Yllanes shatters traditions of centuries

Being Discovered: The Spanish Conquest from Amer-Indian Point of View

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 exhibition focuses on the paintings and wood engravings of the 20th century Bolivian artist Alejandro Mario 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—namely 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 often distorted 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 disenchantment towards progress, industry and technology; instead the pieces celebrate traditions of pre-Columbian culture and contain depictions of successful peasant revolts. 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 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 impressive.

Aside from challenging typical representations of Indians as mere victims, showing scenes of revolution and overcoming, Yllanes also shatters other classical depictions of Indians. Carlos Montapex explains, "In Yllanes' work the Indian's back was straight, not hunched. Flaying tools became weapons. He is depicted as a protagonist rather than a servant in the masters' vestibles." One painting, entitled "Ballea del Pico," exemplifies this beautifully. 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 inexpen- sive 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 "Tarika Thokherr, 1944." The phrase refers both to square flutes, of which there are three types, each tuned to a different key, and to the flutes that master these instruments. The flutes are renowned 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. The two closest are seen from their feet up, and the flutist in the center is seen from his back. 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.

Politics come to the Big Screen—sort of

No, this isn't Dana Carvey—it's a film/documentary called Feed that answers such driving questions as "did the senator use condoms?" asked of the woman who claims to have had an affair with Bill Clinton.

Feed is essentially a political version of the television "soap operas" concept, but instead of soap operas acting on its concern is the presidenitinal hopefuls of the '92 campaign. Feed is made up essentially of footage from before and after the involved parties were actually on the air. The film's strong point is its sense of humor, its ability to make the audience laugh at foot- ages of someone who is simply sitting still in front of a camera. There's also a definite empathy involved. As we see various figures on camera both before and after the actual broadcast, as well as when handling uncomfortable situations on the air, we see the discomfort of those not quite prepared to be the focus of the public eye. In an area where everyday political becomes a media event to be touched up, made up and written up, this film offers a reminder that yes, politicians are sometimes also human beings. Of course, they are famous human beings, so we wouldn't want to miss the odd opportunity to be cruel, which this film sometimes also does.

That brings us to Feed's biggest problem; it's just too inductive. It sets out at times to be nasty, showing Paul Tsongas in a bath...
This "epic" quasi-romance is the epic farce of 1992

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 ideas what that meant. Mann never bothered to restate the last of the Mohicans, that the Mohicans were wiped out of the face of the earth by other tribes and annihilation. What he showed was the blame for raids on farms. Why did Mann bother to make his movie? Some British hate, because that was all the plot amounted to.

The Poughkeepsie Journal ran a small preview of Last of the Mohicans, proclaiming it an "epic version" of the James Fenimore Cooper novel of 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 reality.

The beginning of the under-two-hours "epic" was historically accurate, depicting a deer hunt, after which the Native American hunters begged the deer's forgiveness for taking its life and visited the log cabin of a colonial settler. Then Daniel Day-Lewis, playing the role of Hawkeye, an Indian-raised white orphan, opened his mouth. Every time Day-Lewis spoke, I half-expected a New York taxicab to lumber onto the screen. Perhaps the idea was to differentiate the settlers and the British army personnel by their accents; unfortunately, in 1757, there was no such thing as a Brooklyn accent.

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 Indian War, he made the movie revolve 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 babe, because that's all the plot amounted to.

The sequence near the end was shot along a tremendously high and steep cliff. Fact: there are no such cliffs within the Adirondacks, let alone near Fort William Henry. In the movie, to escape the Huron war chief Magua, the young Monro daughter jumped to her death, her beautiful dress fluttering in the breeze as she gracefully floated in slow-motion to the forest floor.

In reality, the mountain face was flat and sloping round rock surface. The real Monro daughter partially landed on a rock ledge a few yards down, snapping her spine like so much spaghetti, and proceeded to smash every bone in her body as she continued to bounce down the rest of the mountain side. Too grotesque for movies? Then why did Mann allow Magua to rip out General Monro's pumping heart, holding it aloft as the blood dripped onto Monro's terror-stricken face?

The actor who portrayed the war chief Magua did a fine job, and the battle scenes were well done, with plenty of confusion, shouting, and blood - until Hawkeye, seeing Miss British Babe endangered, hoisted his war club and charged in slow-motion the entire length of the field, screaming at all who opposed him, and scooped up the frightened damsel in his strong, manly arms.

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

This movie just plain sucked. If I were a Native American, especially 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 for the battle scenes. The Danzki 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 differently.

The Dorsolaver, an older, better version than the present overblown farce of a romance.
**Fun events coming up**

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 sports. During reading week there were no 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.

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 indoor volleyball intramurals which will start the week of October 26th. Be quick, because rosters are due at the end of this week, October 23rd. On a personal note, I'd sure like to see some sappy team names this year. Nothing too short and easily remembered. It should have the effect of bewildering those to whom you tell the name—Sports ed.) On Friday, the world-famous Raquet Marathon holds its savy over Stevenson from 2 to 5 pm. Come ready to play tennis or squash until you drop from sheer joy. This Saturday, two scence cy-cling tours of the area are to be given, and with the autumn in full swing now is a perfect time to take a bike tour. Meet outside Stevenson with your wheels at 2 pm to park in the B mile tour, or at 3 pm to participate in the 25 mile tour. Maps will be provided, so feel free. Andretti Costell won't get lost. Again. [Sorry, Andy—Sports ed.] Also, on Sunday, there will be an Autumn run on the scenic cross county 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 co-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 athletics class at Bard from 5:30 to 6:15 pm in the gym. It promises to be a real free-for-all of sweat and pain. 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.

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**Broadway Pizza of Tivoli**

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Broadway Pizza of Tivoli

One Coupon per pizza

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**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 debate is sort of a circus maximus for me. But, like I say, I am concerned with what happens after 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 urns 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 limelight at all.

So, what will become of our candidates if they are unsuccessful? George is has been anyway, if he loses, no sweat. He's had his days in the sun. Time to pack up Barbara, Miliee, 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 Millionaire 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 droll which will pique 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 goofy 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 having Lawrence Welk music. You can use youacy exterior to venture into risque material (what exactly is that sucking sound coming from all those displaced southern workers?), you even have a catchphrase: "I'm all ours." A catchphrase is as important to a comic as a straight man. And yours 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 silly-yet-firm father in a wacky family who always get 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, Attributed

"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 heightening this ridiculous, illogical statement, one is led to conclude that Melvin Schwartz, Nobel Laureate Physicist from Columbia University, is a complete buffoon. Unfortunately for the reader, the problems of this article—and the Observer as a whole—do not end with poor choice of quotations.

While the functions of a newspaper should include providing basic information, the Observer seems especially concerned with avoiding any sort of news analysis or discussion. While the article on Melvin Schwartz faithfully repeats the major points of discussion in a book review, the author, Jean Breton, appears to be somewhat scientifically illiterate. She notes that the discussion is too complex for her and adds, "I'm not a physicist"—the obvious conclusion to draw is that this book review is no book review.

At the Observer, we sign our names to every article, every column and every editorial. We put serious time and effort into what we write, but we are, after all, only human like everybody else. We are students trying to do just as well in our classes as you are, and working on this newspaper is something we do in our own limited free time. This is not a work-study job, and we don't get stipends. We produce every week on a completely voluntary basis and, to be quite frank, we make plenty of mistakes with our limited staff. More importantly, we are also willing to take the blame and print any corrections and/or apologies.

The byline is not there simply because we like to see our names in print. Rather, it is a matter of principle that we accept responsibility for what we have written, since by leaving our own names we are subject to the scrutiny and assault of the community. When we mess up, plenty of letters arrive to tell us what we did wrong, and we are not afraid to admit our errors. But when these criticisms come from those who aren't even willing to return the courtesy of signing their own names, what obligation do we have to print their letters or even pay any attention to their vitriol?

I'm not saying that we are proud of everything we print, but we have enough pride in our effort to stand up for ourselves. At Bard, your life is not in danger if you put your name next to something in the Observer. You will probably be brought to task for anything you do that somebody does not like, but at least you have the courage to support the fruit of your own effort.
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 alternative viewpoint. The alternative was discussed very well by Connie Quin 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.

Language was and is seen as identity and needed to continue the interregenerational 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 consideration for the rights and consequences many nations have been doomed to extinction. Although the past cannot be changed, the 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 Lehmen

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Thank you, performers

Dear Editor,

Pandaleon Productions would like to thank everyone who helped make the Animal Rights Benefit a success. Especially performers Walter Sweed, Aline Bubba, Dan Carboni, the Members of Empty Package, Shelly Morgan’s office and the driver of the shuttle bus.

Together we raised over $500 and awareness. Thanks again.

Tom Pandaleon

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Dance Concert III ‘92

October 23-26th

8 pm in the dance theatre
10 pm Flamenco performance
every night

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The Bard Observer

October 21, 1992

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Ross Milton

The Observer cannot print your letter until at least one editor knows your real name.
What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

**Wednesday, October 21**

- **Communique with Nature?** If you would like to load a trip into the other world, then go to the Outing Club meeting at 5:30p, in the Committee Room in Kline.
- **Holy Homoglobin:** 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 Network 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 mirror front of Kline.
- **Mall Call.** Let your fingers do the walking & the talking with our friends. Find out about the computerized KSRHRS club today in the Committee Room in Kline, 7p.
- **Jigs, Reels, & Strathspeys.** See and learn the traditional social dancing of Scotland. Scottish Country Dance classes will meet in Mason House on the first, third & fifth Wednesdays of the month. Beginners, be there at 7:30-8:30p for you immediate/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, costuming, demes, & 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 Janacs, Red Psalm. They say it’s not a movie, but something else. At the Preston Film Center, 7p.
- **Slaying the Dragon.** See this documentary video, 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, Boys, 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 incarmations 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 Monterey, 8p.
- **Search for the Perfect Vibe** by checking out the Women’s Center Coffee House. See your friends perform tonight at 9:30p, at Bard Hall.

**Friday, October 23**

- **No Sell Out.** See dance workshops performed & choreographed by your own friends at Dance Theatre III. Don’t miss this student concert at 8p, today 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 Las Huertas (Luis Bunuel), Unsere Afrika Reise (F. Kubelka), & Lied in Quotes (L. Durney). Prof. John Pruitt presents these films at 8p, in the Preston Film Center. Admission is $3 for students, & check out Saturday’s & Sunday’s programs.

**Saturday, October 24**

- **Sweet Soul Music.** Our Entertainment Committee brings us a Parent’s Day surprise. Check out The Elkhorn 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 your $2 tickets this week at Kline, or the Post Office.
- **Wicket, Batman, 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 manipulative, Privilege (1991) —-see this in the Preston Film Center, 8p. Folks, there is a $3 admission fee.
- **Cocacetic Contortions with the today’s Twister tourney.** Win prizes, glory, & the undying adulation of your peers by lumbering up at The Old Gym, 5p.
- **Muscokkee Native American Benefit** Workers and Dreamers, Wintersun, & La Parmenigiana are having an all day benefit for the Muscokkee Native Americans of the Everglades. The Muscokkee were badly hit by Hurricane Andrew — Their dwellings, Creeks houses 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 DellaRutta, Woodstock tattoo & piercing at 2p in Olin 102. If you’re curious, go. Private appointments available after the demo.
- **Schola Cantorum,** 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. Santhi Batham 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 $3 admission fee.

**Monday, October 26**

- **Cultural Meltdown.** Look worldy — with imported clothing from Thailand & India on sale today, on the patio in front of Kline.
- **Fencing Club.** Coach Hope Konecney 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 Renolds, composer Nicholas Maw at 7:15p, 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. He sure wants 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_kopr is 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 institutionalized 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:II.** A visual opera of the life of the 16th century Russian Tsar — don’t be fooled by the grand gestures — the great Sergei Eisenstein’s 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. Bettie Davis stars in story about sexual frustrations, psychiatric cure, & doomed love affair right here at Bard’s Preston Film Center, 9p.
- **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.