

Bard College
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OBSERVER

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The
BARD

OBSERVER

VOLUME 100 ★ NUMBER 8

BARD COLLEGE ★ ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON ★ NY 12504

OCTOBER 21 ★ 1992

**"A giant sucking
sound going
southward."**

—Presidential candidate H. Ross Perot
on the trade agreement with Mexico

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natural element



Art Coolbaugh poses with his friend Tony the Tiger, whom he saved from the clutches of an evil Bard student. Isn't that just Grrrrrrreat?

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 once again 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 these 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 shadows," Coolbaugh continued, adding that sometimes his work day 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." ☐

Forum To Go

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 still wish to talk. Debate was closed not long after that mark at the last Budget Forum, which some described as "frustrating and unfair."



Michael Potter
News Editor

"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 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 Rhyne 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 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, 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 as 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 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.



Matt Apple
Editor in Chief

the Entertainment Committee presents

Sat., October 24th at 8pm in Olin Hall

Either/
Orchestra

Tickets are \$2 for students and are on sale outside the post office Friday morning and in Kline during lunch Thursday and Friday.

Sat. October 31st at 9 pm in the Student Center

Melvins

w/ Hammerhead and
Bard's own PULL

Free with Bard ID

*Want to do something
DIFFERENT
this Halloween?*

Register now for the exciting
Halloween Scavenger Hunt!

100 MINUTES-100 ITEMS TO FIND

Sign up as a team of 5 people or less by
Wed., Oct. 28th; drop a note in campus
mail to box 815, 845, or 899.

GRAND PRIZE
awarded to winning team.

DOORPRIZES!!

It's free.

Sponsored by TREK

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" SST/

PS 385. Weschler, who has come to teach at Bard for one 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 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 tormented 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 enjoys 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 fits in well with Weschler's mottoes of teaching, such as, "Receive the students ignorant and leave them confused" and "Bring people to the edge of understanding- confusion." 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 Trials of Jan Kavan".

Verbesserungen

The following is the missing information from the AIDS Walk-a-thon article (written by Features Editor Jeana C. Breton) printed on page 4 of the 10/7/92 issue of the Observer.

"It's a good thing to do," but some felt that the event was even more important than that. A senior remarked, "It's one method of community service...every little bit counts." Her friend added that the event raises money for a good

cause, but "raises community awareness" as well.

The weather was nice. The participants were cheerful and willing. At 1:15 pm Bard AIDS Committee member Christopher Markle announced that it was time to start off. Dean of Students Shelley Morgan informed everyone that there would be a security vehicle driving up and down the walkers' route in order to assist injured or tired participants; then she added

with enthusiasm that there would be "ice water and apples" waiting for everyone at the half-way point. Thus, everyone started walking.

The map given to pre-registered participants showed that walkers were starting at the chapel, going up Annandale Road past Manor gatehouse, onto 9G heading south, up Rt. 199 into Red Hook, left onto 9 heading north, down Linden Road, right onto Budds Corners Road, left...etc.

Dead Goat Notes



The opinions expressed in this column are only those of the author so 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 there. So, for a change from Bard's leftist political scene, I phoned a professor from Finksber 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 curse 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 lousy scheduling. That must have been Bush's stupid idea; ranks 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, sheesh. I was wondering what these three men plan to do about Hansen's disease if elected? What are 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?

"Yeah, 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?"

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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 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'm sure 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 cases of sexual harassment. Question: Did the list provide phone numbers or addresses and was she ever ap-

proached 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 working place. A movement has been made where judgement 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 "guy" 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 "guy" likes to make absolutely tasteless, cruel, and vulgar jokes about women and how

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Classifieds and Personals

SMACES is putting together an information packet. Anyone who would like to receive a copy should send their name and Box # to Box 861. Articles on safety, politics, or general S/M interest would be greatly appreciated as well.

Greeks & Clubs

Raise a cool \$1000.00 in just one week! Plus \$1000 for the member who calls! And a free headphone radio just for calling 1-800-932-0528, Ext. 65

Anyone interested in joining the Dance Club come to workshops on Tuesdays at 5:30 in the Theatre. No dance experience necessary to join. All welcome.

St. Booty Info

There has been a change in the Palladium "Rock the Vote" date from October 24th to November 2nd. Also, a reminder that St. Booty will be playing here at Bard October 30th, for the pre-Halloween bash. Please keep a look-out for flyers as to what time and the cover fee for the show. Tapes (\$5.00) and T-shirts (\$12.00) are still available. Please pay cash only. These items can be acquired at the October 30th show.

Need help with your papers? Peer Tutors are available Monday through Thursday evenings at 8pm in Fairbairn 307 to assist you in editing, organizing or just getting started. If you can't leave your dorm, you can always call the Peer Tutor Hotline at ext. 291 during their office hours.

JK, if you meet me in the new wing I'll bring all my overdue books! See you at 2 AM any night, I'm always here! Signed the Library Ghost.

Doc—are you guilty? I gotta know.

Well, it's good and it's yellow, but I wonder if it runs... D.A-

NOTMAN is back

I thought "Exotic" was another beer...

"Hey, you in box 663, find anyone yet?"

Pertaining to whether Hen can take a toothpick or a spice-rack all at once—Is this

Apsu and Ti'mat can kiss my Mummy...

"before I knew what else to do, she broke my window panes and she said I could improve..."

When he yelled at me, I should have dumped my pepsi on top of his head.

"I don't know about this cocaine thing (snifffffff)."

Ciao, Art. Write us once in a while, will ya?

I am a man of the people! I am! —Where's my lino?

The Whoopie Cushion Avenger fights the Porcupine Vigilante in another startling issue of Fish'n'Lick Comix: same tuna time, same tongue channel...

Hey Rabbit - You're wicked nice! I just love the little pencils all to pieces. Urggh, Tigger.

I just love the smell of diesel at seven in the morning!

"why's everybody acting funny? why's everybody looks so strange? why's everybody actig nasty? what do I want with all these things? I went alone down to the drug-store. I went out back and took a Coke. I stood in line and ate my Twinkies. I stood in line, I had to wait." - Galaxie 500

Yet another service, but not very interesting. Some author, editor or lay-out assistant flunkie with his or her finger up his or her nose grabbed some quote and somebody else found a hair across his or her *%\$#@. Bite me the alternative implied and the mailbox overfloweth over his or her head...

Don't tell me about your troubles. I don't care and I don't want to know. I am [sic].

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 and international women feel they belong. This letter is not a self-serving, token recruitment campaign to ease our white guilt, or a plea to international women and women of color to "join us" so we look more "diverse."

Instead, we are writing this letter because we want to fundamentally rebuild the center so that it truly is a Women's

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 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 Boroughs, Amy Herzog,
Cara Graninger

The Man on the Street Beer Column

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 Olu that the unthinkable had happened. Yes, boys and girls, here at the Beer Column, after weeks of begging, I finally received some mail, and some darn 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 Biernensch a break, okay? I'm even willing to ignore his usage of the word 'skeezy' 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 bring it to you.

The Beer Column has always been one of the highlights of the Observer for my friends and I, 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. Lickily, an intrepid classmate of mine has stepped forward to fill the beer-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 put pen 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

(and the underage). The names have been changed but the story you are about to read is true.

It all started one day last year when I was at Bev-Way and decided to try a completely unfamiliar and rather expensive brew called McEwan's Scotch Ale. I was attracted by the design of the six-pack's cardboard holder - it was black with some kind of green, red and yellow Scottish tartan on it - and it looked really old-world, like it came out of a brewery where all the workers wore kilts and carried bagpipes. The bottles in it were the color of molasses, and the cap was not twist-off, which is always a good sign. I contemplated whether or not to risk the eight bucks on an unknown beer, wondering if it was wiser to just get two sixers of Molson and call it a day, but I decided to go for the McEwan's at the last minute. Some people will say that it is unconscionable to pay eight dollars for one six pack of beer, but many of the same people tend to drink Genesee on a regular basis, a fact which puts their opinions into the proper perspective.

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 Biff (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 to anyone into imported beer who wants to try something new. It's uncommonly good, as the elves say. If you're not sure about slapping 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 skeezy couch in Robbins is for)

On an aside, three cheers for those wild and zany guys, the SPS, 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,

Franz 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 elves 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-and-limelight. I love you all, my children. I'll see you (discreetly, 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

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 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 hard to tell from the back, 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. "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. I 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. Well, I guess that's just to be expected, after all, it is Bob we're talking about. Bob, you should know, is the owner of Bob's Taxi. Taxi as in singular, one.

"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. "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 himself. Worse, imagine discovering there's nothing you can do. The person leapt, leaving 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 want the fare paid up front."

"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."

"Yeah, you could say that."

"Ever since Kennedy, I don't trust no 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 Girl 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 Tompson?" (I'm not

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Taxis from Hell cont.

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sure if he said Tompson.) "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 of 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 bet."

"My wife went to college. Utica, a part of Syracuse. They were the oranges and the Utica teams were the tangerines. Thought it was kind of cute. She's got a real nice pension now. But she doesn't help me any."

At least he didn't ask my opinion about whether he should go home and beat up his wife, like another driver once did. John actually had some decency, or did he? At least he only went into the other lane once. And he was a breath of sanity after sitting

for two hours on the bus next to someone expressing their fear that the government was using satellites to suck 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 leave the best taxi story for last. This one isn't mine, so I can't verify it. A freshman took a taxi to 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 leaned over and removed a revolver from the glove compartment and handed it to the Bard student. "Ain't she a beauty?" he asked.

The student thought to himself, "Is this thing loaded? Am I going to shoot myself by mistake? Am I going to die on the Bard campus? Of all the places to die..." He rubbed it up and down and said that it was very nice, and the driver put it away again.

The moral here is that unless you want material to make a Martin Scorsese film, get a friend who drives to get you where you need to go, and leave taxi-taking to the deranged.

Coming out continued

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they need him, etc. This is obviously motivated by his general character, but it 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 "guy" will stare in the most nasty and suggestive way at women, as if he thought that he knew what they wanted him to do. This, too, is still more character than action - although we're getting close. Say this "guy" 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 base for suing the "guy's" pants off. But, what the mothers of that show were symptomatic of is the tendency to say "Ding! You've harassed me!" 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 I 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 commies 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 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 violatory 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 root cause, and that is where we should deal, I say, "Don't over 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 men to even have the chance of having a "bad thought" toward women. Will "bad" character and vulgar jokes be forced underground? Alas, alas...

(author's name withheld by request)

Women responding to racism

I asked 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.) Undoubtedly, 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 inevitable. And our anger and frustration need not cripple our attempts to build a strong community. As Lorde writes, "The angers 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 we defend 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.

Cara Graninger

Moderator for the discussion

Hello out there, Space Cadets!

by Brent Armendinger

Hello out there, space cadets! Word is the 10,000 Maniacs have a brand new album and I'm sure they 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 (hint hint)? recycling? breathing smoke-free air? NOPE! (Just kidding, folks! Tee-hee?) I got on my bicycle! 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, yessiree! The album is absolutely fabulous—and not only that, it's gorgeous. Upon hearing it though, a great sadness rushed over me when I felt that all my brothers and sisters here at Bard were missing out—since there is no 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 in 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 often unnoticed act of being alive, full of a deep and successful attempt to find mean-

ing in our lives. Songs like "Stockton Gala Days" are reminiscent of *The Wishing Chair*, where Natalie again revitalizes some of the innocence of watching summer fields grow high. Other highlights include "Noah's Dove," where Natalie's new-found piano obsession renders this song of cheated trust irresistible; "These Are Days" is the most hopeful song, offering reassurance as "Never before and never since, I promise, will the whole world be warm as this"; "Eden" admits that we are "Willing to grow but rains are shallow"; "Jezebel" is a giant step for Natalie—it is about the first time she deals gently with love between two people (unlike "Headstrong" from the last album), at the same time revealing the woman feels they are trapped in wedlock; an interesting yet enjoyable twist exists in both "Few and Far Between" and "Candy Everybody Wants," where the James Brown horn section guest stars! All 10,000 of us feel good! In "How You've Grown," the song which moved me the most emotionally, Natalie's years seem to be catching up with her as she remembers the little girl she was: "Every time we say goodbye you're frozen in my mind as the child that you never will be, will be again." This serves as an extra tear-filled treat for all of us (that means you, too) who are supposed to be big people now.

How long was that paragraph? Heh, heh, heh!

OK, so Natalie Merchant writes gorgeous poetry—but let's not be hasty and forget the rest of the band—Rob, Dennis, Steve and Jerome! The point is, this album sounds gorgeous too. After a while, you don't even need the words anymore—you can just feel the songs through their lulling music and Natalie's tremendous voice, which even itself has become more subtle but not any less resonant. *Our Time In Eden* rules! Yippee! So make the most of *Your Time at Bard* and get this CD soon—you probably could just take a bus instead of riding your bike, but you wouldn't get to visit the woodchucks! Peace.

A page of unedited observations from guest writers

Yllanes shatters traditions of centuries

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

In response to the quinquennial 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 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 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 the 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 impressive.

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 Mostajo explains, "In Yllanes' work the Indian's back was straight, not hunched. His plowing tools became weapons. He is depicted as a protagonist rather than a servant in the masters' vestibules." One painting, entitled "Balsero Del Titicaca, 1935," 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 inexpensive and can be re-

produced 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 Thokhoris, 1944." The phrase refers both to square flutes, of which there are three types, each tuned to a different key, and to the flutists who 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 and the muscles 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 a 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 sobering 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) 758-7596 for more information or to make reservations. A detailed listing of these events will be printed in next week's issue.

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 "bloopers" concept, but instead of soap opera actresses its concern is the presi-

dential 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 footage 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 age where everything 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 indecisive. It sets out at times to be nasty, showing Paul Tsongas in a bath-

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The Last of the Mohicans (hopefully)

This "epic" quasi-romance is the epic farce 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 reality.

The beginning of the under-two-hours "epic" was historically accurate, depicting a deer hunt, af-

ter 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 lurch 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, the movie revolved around a romance between Hawkeye and General Monroe's oldest daughter. This movie should have been called *Daniel Day-Lewis gets the hots for some British babe*, 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. Chingachook, 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 explain why Chingachook was the last of the Mohicans, that the Mohicans were wiped off the face of the earth by other tribes and white settlers who erroneously blamed the Mohicans for raids on farmhouses. Why did Mann bother to name this movie after a tribe whose cultural significance he completely ignored?

Mann riddled the movie with ridiculous "romantic" scenes. For example: inside a besieged Fort William Henry, Hawkeye tells the local colonist militia 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 Monroe 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 drive over the cave with the waterfall in front of it—incidentally, while the waterfall in the movie looked like Niagara Falls and sounded like television static, it was nowhere near the truth. Most of the "scenic" shots were paintings; the surrender of the fort was shot on a stage with a painting for a backdrop. Obviously not a high-budget film.

The chase 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 younger Monroe 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 (and still is) a rounded rock surface. The real Monroe daughter partially landed on a rock ledge a few yards down, snapping her spine like so much dry spaghetti, and proceeded to smash every bone in her body as she continued to bounce down the rest of the mountainside. Too grotesque for movies? Then why did Mann allow Magua to rip out General Monroe's pumping heart, holding it aloft as the blood dripped onto

Monroe'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 battle field, killing 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 smashed skull 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 (minus the Daniel 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 Deerslayer*, an older, better version than the present overblown farce of a romance.

✍

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Tuesday 10:30-12:00:
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Wednesday 9-10:30: Planning Committee

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FEED "the Andy Warhol version of campaign posturing" - Janet Maslin, NY Times
Sat, 5:00; Sun, 6:15; Mon & Tues, 7:00

Politicians continue Feeding

continued from page 7
ing suit or watching as a Clinton aide offers a street person not a dollar, but a Clinton pamphlet, explaining the importance of voting. But there's never really any follow through. It tries to show alternately the empathetic side (those very human moments of politicians as "regular folks"), and the scandalous side (lingering on the topic of Clinton's alleged marital infidelity) but again, it never really follows through strongly enough to be satisfying. It leaves the viewer with a feeling that there's probably much better footage waiting somewhere, that

Feed simply hints at the possibilities. The other major failing is that *Feed* simply doesn't seem current. Everyone is concerned on a day-to-day basis with Bush, Clinton, and sometimes Perot as election day draws near, so it's hard to stop and laugh at the idiosyncrasies of Jerry Brown, Pat Buchanan, and other now-insignificant figures. Perhaps seen a year from now it will seem funnier, when the election is over and everyone has relaxed, or it might seem insignificant, because the issue will have been long-settled.

To end with a compliment, though, it's impressive how much

of a plot there is, squeezed into the cut/sequence format of the film. Some of the sequences are very well timed, adding weight to what is there. There's also an element of the macabre, as George Bush's gaze grows increasingly sinister, and Bill Clinton's grows increasingly vague. *Feed* even has a cameo by Arnold Schwarzenegger. And, not surprisingly, Arnold steals the show. All in all, *Feed* is worth seeing, but don't expect too much. It is entertaining, but I'd say let your wallet be your guide on this one.

Feed will be showing at Upstate Films at the end of this week; check

Sports 'n Such

9

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 in-

door 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 nifty 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 Racquet Marathon holds its sway over Stevenson from 2 to 5pm. Come ready to play tennis or squash until you drop from sheer joy.

This Saturday, two scenic cycling 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 take part in the 8 mile tour, or at 30pm 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 12:30pm.

Also, the sports-minded as well as the couch-potatoes should be aware that this week is Timex 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 Timex juice products are, right? Yum yum! Actually, the event is co-sponsored by Ocean Spray. So, I 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 6:15pm 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.

Women's Soccer

Sat. Oct. 24th - at Marist
Wed. Oct. 28th - home vs.
Steven's Tech

Men's Soccer

Sat. Oct. 24th - home vs.
Caldwell

Women's Tennis

Sat. Oct. 24th - home vs.
Russell Sage

Cross-Country

Sat. Oct. 24th - Bard Invitational
Wed. Oct. 28th -
IAC Championships

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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 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 Grecian 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? Goerge is a has-been anyway; if he loses, no sweat. He's had his days in the sun. Time to pack up Barbara, Millie, and the Grandkids and head down to Texas. Clinton still has his constituents 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 drawl which will prime your audience for the hilarity about to ensue, and you certainly know how to 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 listening to Lawrence Welk music. You can use your coy exterior to venture into risqué material (what exactly is that sucking sound coming from all those displaced southern workers?). You even have a catchphrase: "I'm all ears." 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 sit-com 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?

Shameless Filler!

by Matt Gilman

Attention
Skiers!

The United States Collegiate Ski Association is sponsoring a "Ski the West" trip to Park City, Utah, January 2-9th, 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 are interested, contact Kris Hall at ext. 530. Sign-up deadline is November 12th.

A nony mouse

by Michael Poirier

The official *Observer* policy concerning anonymous submissions is as follows: if at least one editor knows the identity of the author, a submission may be printed with his or her name withheld. Anything that we receive without a name or with only a pseudonym will not be published at all. No matter how many times we remind our readers of this policy, we keep getting anonymous submissions that will never exist in newsprint; not because we don't like what they say, but because nobody knows who they are.

There are various reasons for this practice. The most obvious one is that if the author made spelling or grammar mistakes, we can hopefully get back to him or her and have those errors corrected so that neither the paper nor the writer look bad due to an unfortunate typo. Furthermore, it is helpful to have the knowledge of the actual author so that we cannot be accused of writing our own mail or trying to fabricate readers we don't have just to fill space. As you can see, this newspaper already has a healthy share of anonymous dithys and pseudonymous ramblings which fill the Another View pages. Authors withhold their names not only in the Beer Column but in various opinion pieces.

Personally, I have never appreciated anonymous writers. On the grounds of literary integrity and honesty, I have virtually no respect for people who are not brave enough to put their own name on their own work. To me it implies a cowardice, a lack of conviction or sincerity when an author must pathetically hide behind a disguise because he or she is unwilling to face the direct repercussions of what has been written.

In the history of world literature, there have been many authors who have effectively used pseudonyms for reasons of their own. Soren Kierkegaard and Samuel Clemens both wrote under false names not to hide their identities, but to explore different perspectives of authorship when their audience knew full well who the true writer was. I realize that anonymity is also necessary when the life or livelihood of an author is at stake such as when a reporter must protect his or her sources or when someone is writing about an intensely personal experience.

However, I feel that this is a question of character and trustworthiness. When you read a news story, are you more likely to believe an anonymous source or a person who is willing to stand alongside his or her own statements? Which writer has a greater obligation to tell the truth fairly and honestly, the one who leaves no name above the article or the one who accepts full responsibility by signing his or her own name?

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 volunteer 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 of each article 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 had the courage to support the fruit of your own effort.

No content here

Dear Editor,

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

- Oliver Wendell Holmes

"The game isn't 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 highlighting 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, it stops there. The author, Jeana Breton, appears to be somewhat scientifically illiterate. She notes that the discussion began with "a very interesting and thought provoking question: 'Do any laws have to be obeyed by the laws of physics?'" The answer is unclear to those less knowledgeable in the field of physics but Professor Schwartz did his best to keep his terminology simple. If Schwartz, Nobel Laureate and physicist extraordinaire, cannot give a definite answer to his own "thought provoking" question, would it follow, perhaps, that even people knowledgeable in the field of physics, physicists themselves, find the answer "unclear." This lack of clarity makes such a question interesting, as Dr. Schwartz infers later on. By simply summarizing Schwartz's remarks, the author provided a service, but not a very interesting article.

Halfway through the article, the author mentions that the "Law of Mirror Symmetry...was broken

by Lee and Yang in 1956," and gives a coherent explanation of this event. "Finally", I thought to myself, "a 'surprise', an interesting and unusual phenomenon." Unfortunately "The scientific explanation for this is too complicated to report..." - for the author and presumably the reader. If Bard were simply an Art School or a Film School then this might not seem like a cop-out. However, Bard is a "liberal arts college" and attempts, at the very least, to offer a diverse array of studies. The *Observer's* audience, then, probably includes a few people for whom a scientific explanation might not be "too complicated." Even those "less knowledgeable" of Physics might want an in-depth explanation. While few people would be put off by the author's limited summaries, few people would be more knowledgeable of—or interested in—the work done by Dr. Schwartz. Students might be more likely to read the *Observer* if they thought that the paper could be taken more seriously.

Oddly enough, after reading the article, one finds that the (above) quotation in bold print was simply an offhand remark—not a central theme—which followed a much 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 did say—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 moved to care either. 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, regaled for the skill and prestige of the fine arts departments, especially film. One would presume that the Arts Editor of such a school's newspaper would at least be a competent "observer" of the fine arts. One then 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 nine long paragraphs of plot summary. Perhaps the contradiction wouldn't be so annoying if one hadn't know since eighth

continued on page 11

A Dog's life.

By David Draper.



continued from page 10

grade that plot summary is insufficient material for the body of an essay.

Again in this article, the reader finds the Observer staple of contradictory logic in this convoluted sentence: "The director's comment about the importance of details was also interesting in that on one hand, the film gave nothing but details...and largely insignificant ones, but on the other hand, he never gave any details..." Oh.

If the reader, for whatever reason, would still like to see the film, "...there is still time." Of course, after reading the exhaustive plot summary in this article, it is already too late.

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 the paper has also 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

"Ross Milton"

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

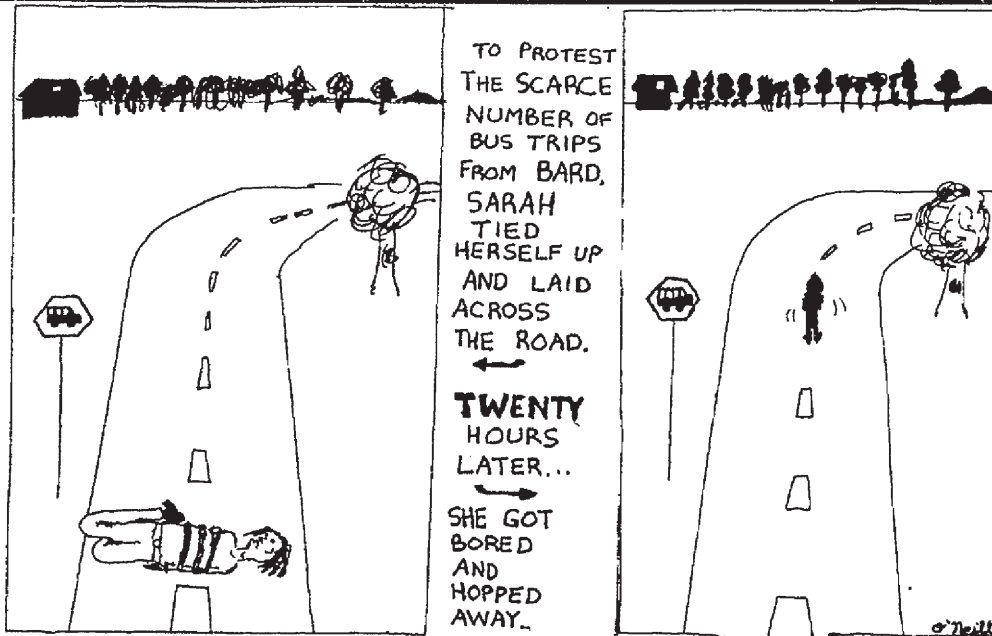
notice, we have guest writers every week on the Another View pages, two weekly columnists, sports coverage, and interesting letters from readers like you who have no other place to vent their spleens to the Bard community. This is Bard, not some huge school where there are extortions, embezzlement and 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 because nothing else happened. Other times, there's so much going on at once (for example, two Wednesdays ago) that we don't have enough writers to cover everything.

One of the problems 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. And you were correct in assuming that Ms. Breton has little knowledge of physics. However, she did her best to make sense of Dr. Schwartz's lecture, which is more than can be said for all those who did not write anything. Many students may complain that no one on the Observer understood the lecture (I sure as hell didn't) and therefore should not write about it. If you knew what the lecture was about, then why didn't you write about it?

The Observer holds a writers' meeting every Monday at 7:30pm, Aspinwall 3rd floor, for anyone interested in writing. If you consider yourself a better writer than those currently writing for the Observer, or you feel there is a story worth covering, then by all means come to the writers' meeting or write something and send it to the Observer through Campus Mail. If you refuse to write, then you have no right to complain about the writing quality.

Even if you did need three people to help you write a letter two weeks late, we'd be glad to have you. By the by, you got one of your quotes wrong; you think a ballerina would ever use the word "isn't"? — ed.



The Columbus alternative

Gentlepeople:

I was very surprised your paper had only one article about the 500th anniversary of Columbus' "discovery" of America and the alternate viewpoint. The alternate 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 uncalclable [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, 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 Lehtinen

Thank you, performers

Dear Editor,

Pandaleon Productions would like to thank everyone who helped make the Animal Rights Benefit a success. Especially performers Walter Swett, Akire Bubar, 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

The Bard Observer

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Features Editor
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The Bard Observer is published every Wednesday while class is in session. Editorial policy is determined by the Editor-in-Chief in consultation with the Editorial Board. Any opinions which appear unsigned are those of the editorial board and not necessarily of the Observer staff.

Letters to the Editor and Personals or Classifieds must not exceed 500 words and must be signed legibly. All articles, cartoons, and photographs that are submitted by deadline will be considered for publication. Turn all material in at the Observer office in the basement of Tewksbury or through Campus Mail by 5 p.m. Friday one week before the publication date. The Editor reserves the right to edit all articles (except those intended for the Another View page) for style and length.

Classifieds: Free for Bardians, \$5 for all others. Personals are free.
Display classifieds: \$5.00 for local, \$10.00 for national.
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Dance Concert III '92

October 23-26th

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

CALENDAR

PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE

OCTOBER 21 TO 28 ★ 1992

What to See, Buy, & Do at Bard

★ WEDNESDAY. OCTOBER 21 ★

★ **Communing with Nature?** If you would like to lead a trip into the other world, then go to the **Outing Club** meeting at 5:30p, 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.

★ **Mail Call.** Let your fingers do the walking & the talking with our friends. Find out about the computerized **BSRBBS** 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 Manor 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 301**. It is everybody's right.

★ **Miss this movie**, you may as well miss all movies. See this great movie by the crazy Hungarian Director **Miklós Jancsó**, **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, 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, Activist, Gays, 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 9:30p, 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 **Las Hurdes** (Luis Bunuel), **Unsere Afrika Reise** (P. Kubelka), & **Lived in Quotes** (L. Dunphy). Prof. John Pruitt presents these films at 8:00p, 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 Either/ Orchestra**—a 10 piece jazz combination of big band, rock, & progressive jazz. See/Hear them at 8p, **Olin Auditorium**. This is 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 menopause, **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 adulations of your peers by limbering up at the **Old Gym, 9p**.

★ **Miccosukee Native American Benefit** Workers and Dreamers, Wintersun, & La Parmigiana are having an all day benefit for the Miccosukee Native Americans of the Everglades. The Miccosukees were badly hit by Hurricane Andrew—Their dwellings, Chikee 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 tattooist & piercers 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 Sanjib Baruah 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 the \$3 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 7.

★ **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 Rothenberg and 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 Student's 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 leapt there 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 I&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. **Bette Davis** stars in story about sexual frustrations, psychiatric cures, & doomed love affairs right here at **Bard's Preston Film Center, 9p**.

★ WEDNESDAY. OCTOBER 28 ★

★ **Rape & Incest Survivors' Group** is meeting tonight at Woodstock. It's at the **Dutch Reformed Church, Main St. at the Triangle, 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**.