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the bard

FREE PRESS

wednesday.12.6.00

Volume II Number 5

Annandale-on-Hudson, NY



Bard students
brew beer in
new age
activism

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Israel Defended
against pro-
Palestine argu-
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in Photo and
Studio Arts,
reviewed

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The New Wu Tang
CD reviewed,
among other
things...

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Snackums
Photoessay redux
returns for year-
end aficionados

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Comonawannaleiya rocks Bard!

Second annual Bard-Aid fundraiser benefits Indonesian orphanage

PETER MALCOLM

Bard-Aid raised substantial funds for an Indonesian orphanage last Friday night at an annual "human auction." Comonawannaleiya, part beach party and part strip tease, was held in the Old Gym. The party was a fundraiser for orphans at the Bina-Harapan Orphanage in Bogor, Indonesia. Including everyone's \$2 admission and the proceeds from the auction and drinks, the event raised a total of \$1,018, which will help pay for a new orphanage house.

Emmanuel Laumonier, a Bard 2000 graduate, runs the orphanage. He double-majored in ecology and anthropology, and despite a heavy workload managed to graduate in three years so he could return to Indonesia and care for the orphans. He is currently in the process of buying the new house for an expansion. The first payment on the house is due in mid-December at a cost of 30,000,000 Rupiahs, or \$3,180 US. The Beach Party prof-

its will cover about a third of the payment.

Laumonier already has plans for the new building. "The owners [of the new house] are very kind...[They] will help provide curtains, a stove, food, etc. along with a new pump for the swimming pool at the orphanage," he told Bard-Aid. "We have full liberty also to add a new room, and plant the garden as we like. This will be a good opportunity for the children to learn and appreciate gardening and the plants in their new home." By mid-December, he says, all twenty of the children will have moved into the home.

"I told the kids that in the U.S. there was a big party for them tomorrow night," Laumonier said last Thursday.

What Laumonier probably did not tell the children was that the party would involve large amounts of beer, stripping, and flying applesauce. The central event of the party was the Human Auction, wherein Bardians performed and

then sold themselves for a 15 minute date on the dance floor of the Old Gym.

Commanding the stage with tremendous energy and enthusiasm, Marisa Vural auctioneered the two-hour event, providing quick one-liners and coaxing cash out of the hands of the crowd. "It's for the children," she said every time the bidders began to hesitate. "Remember. It's for the children."

The acts ranged from Elizabeth Luttinger's "I like Big Butts" dance (with stripping) to Ben Blattberg's reading of some of Laumonier's original poetry (while being stripped by Dave Warth).

Stripping was by no means mandatory; Dara Marcus, in fact, did a reverse strip act, starting with a tight t-shirt and jeans and ending up in a heavy overcoat, a scarf and mittens. Joshua Davies, Tom Carol and Amy Siracusa gave the most over the top act of the night, smearing one another and many members of the audience with a special blend of applesauce, red



Applesauce for everyone: Doing what it takes to get some cash to the orphans.

Seattle Anniversary Protest: One Year in the Making

VINCENT VALDMANIS

A year after the landmark anti-globalization protests in Seattle which paralyzed the World Trade Organization's proceedings and ended trade talks there, thousands of demonstrators converged in the city's downtown last week to observe the anniversary and reiterate their concerns with global capitalism. City officials, already facing a tense and prolonged strike at the city's two newspaper dailies, were sure police made a strong show of force in anticipation of confrontation with demonstrators.

Police convoys on Thursday fortified downtown business such as Starbucks, Nike Town, and The Gap, which were seen as potential targets for vandalism. Holiday shoppers warily looked on as 3,000 to 5,000 protesters marched through the streets in the late afternoon. In all, only about 140 were arrested Thursday night for "pedestrian interference, aggressive begging, and failure to disperse."

City officials were pleased with police conduct, though Gene Johnson, a reporter with the Associated Press' Seattle bureau, was among those arrested and said police hemmed in a large crowd from four sides and then made arrests for failing to disband. Seattle police spokesman Sean O'Donnell said it was the department's intention to allow protesters



to leave and noted that field commanders are reviewing procedures to see whether protesters were trapped by police.

Police had also warned protesters not to march to Westlake Park, citing the presence of children riding a carnival ride there, but in the end allowed demonstrators to dance, sing, and chant a stone's throw from the cherubs on the carousel after all.

Other areas were not so peaceful. Reporting to Seattle's Independent Media Center from near Westlake Mall, the site of violent police clashes with protesters last year, activist Jonathann Jay made mention of "repeated assertions that force and chemical weapons would be used" by police to scatter 1,400 protesters in the area.

Overall, violence was minimal compared with last year's 600 arrests, \$3 million in property damage, and hundreds of Army National Guard troops called in to calm the civil emergency caused by 50,000 protesters and enthusiastic riot police.

Earlier Thursday, nude vegans protested the WTO with slogans painted on their breasts. Their messages were "End corporate greed" and "WTO hurts this vegan body." Molly Bolt, one of 300 protesters in the group and whose back read "WTO, IMF, World Bank, Amerikkka - the four horsemen of the Apocalypse" told reporters, "The reason we're going topless is because it affects our bodies." Other activist groups present in Seattle last week included labor

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Essential Differences End Vital Negotiations on Kyoto Accords

JASON SCHWARTZ

As the U.S. media fixated on the partisan squabbling coursing through post-election America, representatives from most of the world's nations failed in their attempts last week to refine the Kyoto Accords of 1997 and establish means for its implementation. A dispute between the United States and the European Union over what role forests should play in a nation's carbon dioxide emissions rating derailed the talks.

Nearly as partisan as the U.S. election drama, the summit was host to world leaders, scientists, lobbyists, and activists with a vast array of opinions, constituents, and concerns. The conference was as decorous and democratic as it was unsuccessful. In contrast to the exclusionary policies implemented by officials at previous multinational summits, protestors and bureaucrats alike were allowed not only to observe the proceedings, but participate directly in the event. Many were even invited onto the floor of the conference hall to argue their case before policy makers.

The effectiveness of this new inclusiveness was curtailed, however, by what all parties agree was a highly disappointing conclusion: the total breakdown of negotiations over the course of evening talks held on Saturday, the 25th of November.

Officially, what led to the collapse was a difference of opinion between the United States and European Union over what constitutes an active reduction of greenhouse gas emissions. The United States insisted that the continued presence of forests and farmland, which keep carbon dioxide levels in check, should be included while assessing a country's relative success or failure at meeting the stipulated emissions-reduction target levels set by the Kyoto Accords.

The European Union and its allies considered such an argument counterproductive to the fight against global warming because, they charged, such policy sidesteps reducing emissions and unfairly favors countries with vast tracts of undeveloped land (such as the U.S. and Canada).

The dispute demonstrates the vastly different perspectives of the U.S. and the European Union on environmental issues and, to some extent, their respective views about the degree to which governmental intervention in the economy is appropriate for the common good. The European Union and the developing world believe that global warming concerns would best be countered by the imposition of legally binding guidelines which would force industrialized nations to curtail the amount of carbon dioxide produced by factories and automobiles or face severe sanc-

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Annandale Ale Debuts to Rave Reviews

RAFI ROM

They call themselves activists. Yet their cause has nothing to do with the WTO, IMF, the Hudson River or any other prominent issue on Bard's campus. Instead, their activism has to do with something all students, silent or not, are in agreement with: beer.

"We were troubled by the distribution of money of the convocation fund," said Eben Kaplan, one of the co-founders of Annandale Ale. "So we decided to redistribute the funds and picked a cause for students to rally behind."

With the \$350 granted to them after they filed a hostile amendment against the *Bard Observer*, Annandale Ale began brewing beer early in the semester. At last week's "Beers for Queers" party, they distributed a case of beer in their series titled "Half-Assed Liberal Arts Education," featuring three different styles.

The beer was a stout with a 7% alcohol level. "It's our worst beer," both Kaplan and Matt Ornstein, another of the co-founders, said. "But it's still drinkable," said Ornstein, who has been known to call Miller Light a highly underrated beverage.

The members are quite excited for students' reactions to their next beer in the series, a pale ale called Skull Splitter. With its 14% alcohol level, "it does exactly that,"

Ornstein said. "It's reminiscent of a Belgian Trappist-style ale, which is brewed by monks," Kaplan said, who finds brewing beer as spiritual as any other aspect of his life.

After they bought all the equipment needed, including boiling vats, pots and carboys, the group spent the rest of the money on ingredients. They promise to give the rest of the 200 beers they



The Future of Activism: Not only do they like to drink beer, but they make it too. Above, Annandale Ale with the fruits of their labor.

brewed away, including at midnight breakfast and possibly at today's registration.

Ornstein is a bit disillusioned about some of the accusations that Annandale Ale is not fulfilling its promise made at the budget forum. "We'd like as many people as possible to taste the fruits of our labor," he said. Since Annandale Ale's inception, "I've been accused of embezzlement more times than any other period of my life with the exception of high school, and that really hurts me deeply. I could see myself stealing money from the Student Action Collective, but never from beer."

Often labeled anti-activist because of his weekly sarcastic column, Ornstein is considering for the future. The beer also takes several weeks of fermenting to reach a drinkable state, which makes immediate results impossible.

As the semester nears completion, Ornstein remains optimistic. "We have a global vision for this. It's not me getting drunk; I'm drunk all time; I'm drunk right now. This is about Bard."

Besides Ornstein and Kaplan, several other Bard students have helped the cause. Ashton Morris, Pia Carusone (both EMS volunteers

along with Kaplan), Brewmaster Lewis, and Jordan Berkowitz have helped as well.

They hope to include many more people next semester. Kaplan, who hopes they receive a substantially larger amount of money next semester, wants to hold workshops to teach students "the nuances of beer brewing." They hope to produce enough beers to fully supply an outdoor concert at the end of the year.

Yet they still want students to understand the impossibility of brewing enough beer for the entire campus. "To meet the demand of this campus we would have to shut down the Student Center and put giant vats in there," something Ornstein is considering for the future. The beer also takes several weeks of fermenting to reach a drinkable state, which makes immediate results impossible.

As the semester nears completion, Ornstein remains optimistic. "We have a global vision for this. It's not me getting drunk; I'm drunk all time; I'm drunk right now. This is about Bard."

Implementation of policies fail in Kyoto

continued from page 1

tions. The United States, Canada, and Japan, on the other hand, feel that the issue can be solved with greater efficiency and less expense if the corrective dynamics that are built into the international free market system are allowed to run their course.

Troubling to proponents of international environmental regulation is the philosophical divide between the two schools of thought; both sides consider their opponent's position to be so grossly irresponsible and intrusive that compromise of any sort appears difficult for either of them to reach. Scientists now agree that the effects of global warming are evident and that some sort of compromise is a necessity for what is at stake: the fate of the Kyoto Accords, perhaps the single most important cooperative effort in international environmentalism. Held in Japan in 1997, the summit at Kyoto marked the first time policy makers on the global stage acknowledged that humankind's extensive use of fossil fuel energy sources was altering global weather patterns, damaging the ozone layer, and is a primary cause of unprecedented global warming. The past sixty years have been the

hottest on record and the past fifteen have seen an ever-drastic increase in temperature. Scientists believe that within the next century greenhouse gases will raise global temperatures by between 2.7 and 10.8 degrees Fahrenheit and that sea levels will rise by an average of 3.3 feet.

In response to this, the parties at Kyoto signed a treaty that promised to reduce greenhouse gas levels to an average of 5.2 percent below 1990 levels by 2013. Additionally, thirty-eight countries were given specific reduction levels to achieve in order to reach the target. The United States needs a 7% reduction; Europe overall needs to reduce its output by 8%. Last week's conference was meant to address the issue of implementing environmental reforms so that the promises made in Kyoto could be kept. Another conference is now scheduled to be held in May to again try to meet those goals.

In Europe environmentalism is a far more mainstream concern than in America and plays a far greater role in the political debate. While the last few years have seen corporate interests become steadily more entrenched in the U.S., the European political theatre has witnessed a backlash against big busi-

ness in the aftermath of a number of environmental health crises. This has led to a flourishing number of popularly derived environmental protests across the continent involving groups from all extremes of the political spectrum.

The U.S., as the world's superpower and greatest emitter of greenhouse gases, plays a crucial role in the future of the Kyoto Protocol. As a result, environmentalists and world leaders have their eyes on the election outcome in Florida. Many Republicans have questioned the conclusiveness of scientific evidence that points to global warming as a result of greenhouse gas emissions and are wary of yielding U.S. sovereignty to an international agreement.

Governor George W. Bush, whose confidants have openly called the Kyoto Accords "a travesty to be corrected," is a vehement critic of such an agreement. Vice-president Al Gore, on the other hand, has been an influential figure in the international negotiations and is considered the candidate likely to be more receptive to any agreement from the summit in May.

Seattle Revisited

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unions, anarchists, gay and lesbian organizations, and some environmentalists, though absent were mainstream environmental advocates who opted for teach-ins instead to commemorate the anniversary.

The leftist anti-corporate *Adbusters Magazine* after last year's demonstrations asked for suggestions among activist circles for a date on which to hold an "International Day of Solidarity Against Corporate Globalization." Labor Day in the United States is in September, a date some see as inappropriate since most countries celebrate May Day to commemorate the nationwide strike in the United States on May 1st, 1886 that saw the Haymarket Massacre in Chicago. Seattle activists suggested "N30," or November 30th, the date of last year's anti-WTO protests.

The effectiveness of those demonstrations is somewhat controversial. An editorial in the *Seattle Times* last Thursday asked, "What has it mattered to America that thousands came to Seattle a year ago to protest the World Trade

Organization?...[The protest] did not sell the average American on its anti-capitalist and anti-industrial critique of 'globalization.' The precise measure of its success was the vote for Ralph Nader," around three percent nationwide.

Not surprisingly, activists have a different take. They describe last year's events in Seattle as "momentous." The global website of the Independent Media Center, an outlet established for activists during the protests last year, declares the world has seen "a year of the strongest political resistance in decades...[and] a new coalition movement based on creating societies founded upon ecology, democracy, and ethics has arisen from decades of work on social justice, environmental, and labor issues."

Effective or not, activists and police are plowing ahead in preparation for another round of anti-globalization demonstrations in Quebec City next April at the Summit of the Americas. Talks there will focus on the Free Trade Area of the Americas, an extension of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) that is to include South American countries.

Beach Party continued

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food coloring, and pineapple chunks.

Despite the cold weather outside many partygoers sported swimsuits. The uninhibited could wallow in the 1,500 pounds of sand in the corner of the gym sip virgin pina colodas, admire Farley Gwazda's surreal waves, and pretend they were really at the beach, all while scantily clad in beachwear. One unidentified partygoer went so far as to bring a large container of coconut-scented skin lotion to heighten the effect.


A small group of Red Hook High School students who showed up did not wear beach attire, and

officials report they came to the party strictly for the beer. Bard Security escorted them off the premises.

Minor Demon & Co provided the music and the security for the party, which was a financial success. "I finally have a house for the children," said Laumonier. "It is a very nice house and wonderfully located, so unfortunately the price is a little high, but I believe it will prove fruitful and good for the children's future."

To contact the Bina-Harapan Orphanage, email Peter Malcolm at mal_co@hotmail.com.

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Israel Vs Hate; Pro-Palestinian Sympathy Ignores Facts

Israeli historical, moral, and religious claims rejected in favor of anti-Semitism

AARON CATZ

A liberal is someone who stands up for the small and oppressed. The big lie about the Mid-East conflict is that Israel is Goliath and the Palestinians are David. The truth is that Israel is the only party of the conflict whose very national survival is at stake, and the only one threatened with genocide. Having tried and failed so many times, the Palestinians are now trying to weaken Israel's position on the ground and in the eyes of the

The big lie over the Mid-East conflict is that Israel is Goliath and the Palestinians are David. The truth is that Israel is the only party to the conflict whose very national survival is at stake, and the only one threatened with genocide.

that the Jews have no valid historical claims, moral claims or religious claims on the land, then truly the Palestinians are victims of historical injustice which can

only be set right by evicting the Jews.

By any reasonable measure Israeli occupation was a moderate and restrained one. No other military administration of a hostile population has produced so few casualties, granted so many

rights, and brought so many practical benefits. Under Israel, the West Bank and Gaza opened their first universities, their infant mortality dropped, longevity increased, and electrification and other indicators all point to a higher standard of living under Israeli "oppression". What is the real cause of the

Palestinians' outrage? Why did that well-dressed mob in Ramallah choose to maul two Israeli soldiers to death? Anyone interested in the truth should simply hear what is being said by the Palestinian press, government officials and religious leaders' news agencies. The two unarmed soldiers' deaths were justified because they were simply Jewish. This article must be brief. Please check out the website: israel.pr.com or the IDF to read more of the anti-Semitic propaganda which is at the root of the violence.

Israel has acted with the utmost restraint, but Israel is scrutinized under a microscope that seems reserved for it alone. On October 3rd, Amnesty International denounced Israel for using excessive force, then two days later announced the departure of its delegates to investigate the matter. Compared to the U.S. and even the UN, Israel has been

restrained. In 1993, UN peace-keeping forces in Somalia used helicopter gunships to mow down 100 hostile civilians. There is no shortage of even worse examples of UN behavior that demonstrate their hypocrisy when they blame Israel. One should also look at Israel's restraint in context. Somalia is an ocean away from the U.S. and Europe. By contrast, Israel's civilian population and even Jerusalem, its capital, have been directly threatened by Palestinian attacks.

Israelis cannot help but feel that most of the world is against them (on this one point, the false article condemning Israel in the last *Free Press* was accurate). But when in history have the nations ever helped Israel? As a result, Israel only responds to bloody events after the fact. When an Israeli soldier was wounded by gunfire inside Joseph's Tomb, the Palestinian forces refused to allow for his evacuation. Senior commanders for Israel ignored pleas that the officer was dying, refusing to attempt a rescue because of the bad press that would ensue. "If we had sent in tanks and heavy weapons to take out a wounded soldier, imagine how it would look to the rest of the world. (Jerusalem Post, October 3rd, 2000) This illustrates the extreme degree of tact Israel enforces on itself before any action is undertaken. If this violence were happening in any other nation, the number of casualties would be far higher.

With the sanction of the Palestinian



Let's Bag us A Big 'un! Local Kingston residents hang out in the hills near the Hudson Valley Mall, their sights set on prize deer for the upcoming holidays.

Authority the futile violence has resumed again. This was allowed for by the international community's refusal to condemn anyone but Israel. Precipitating last week's deadly attacks, including one on a school bus with small children, Yasser Arafat released dozens of Hamas and Hezbollah terrorists with the knowledge and intent to make explosives. The PLO is also offering \$2000 to each family who allows their child to become a martyr.

The Oslo Peace Accord kept things relatively quiet as long as Israel was conceding and the Arabs were not required to do anything except refrain from suicide bombing. A decent and practical separation, which is the Israelis' final goal, however, is not the Palestinians'. They have swallowed their own hate propa-

ganda with the result that the Arab street will not really allow such a final agreement. Arafat walked away from Barak's super generous offers because in the end he and his people are not ready to give up the dream of reconquest, of a bloody victory, of erasing the Zionist enemy. When that changes, there will be peace. When that changes, all of Israel's concessions are just appeasements of an unappeasable enemy.

As Israel cannot yet be a regular country, this continues to take up the media's attention; every other international concern is being ignored. Anyone concerned about real injustice should look at how this issue distracts us from the destruction of the planet, population growth, AIDS in Africa, etc.

If peace and justice were really the issue when people criticize Israel, then the war in Sudan where the Arabs are massacring the blacks would be the cause of the day. No, the attraction of the Palestinian issue is that they are attacking Jews, which wins the sympathy of gentiles who resent Jewish survival and success, and of Jews who resent being Jewish. This is anti-Semitism in our time taking on the pose of anti-Zionism. But it is a thin veil, which we must rip away.

Anyone concerned about the suffering of the Palestinians should come to see that the Palestinian struggle is neither just nor beneficial. Out of concern for both sides one should wish for peace. Your ambiguous stance towards this issue will only allow the Palestinians to perpetuate their violence.



Nobody Move, Nobody Get Burned! Palestinians stick up a bank in Tel Aviv

world with considerable success. This is only a prelude to their fantasy of a final solution which is anything but peaceful. What is missing from the current picture is outrage on the part of non-Jews and even many Left Jews at the Palestinians' violence and any concern for the danger Israelis are in.

Palestinians are oppressed if you agree with their basic complaint, which is that the Jews have no right to a state on Arab land. If you accept their premise that the Arab conquest was sacred and



The Truth of the Matter: Let us not forget massive artillery blast dimension two million flex toggle one hundred actual mode concrete stylus.



They Don't Like You: Vandalized Israeli and American flags set ablaze by Palestinians



Palestinian Summer Camp? Palestinian militants hang out at YMCA Camp Pouch, enjoying free swim hour, knot-tying, and bazookas.

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1 (845) 752-The-Phone-Directory-is-Shitty-Riffic

It took them long enough to put the thing out: Why is it all wrong?

CONNOR GAUDET

If you're reading this, you're a Bard student. And if you're a Bard student, you received the Bard College Student Telephone Directory not too many weeks ago. This student telephone directory is about, and I stress, about as valuable as the hole in the Ozone Layer. As I walked out of the Post Office I looked at the cover and said, "About damn time."

But it was not long after that I realized how foolish I was to get my hopes up. After 18 years of people spelling my name wrong, I flipped to the Gs to see if they got it right. Halleluiah, they spelled it right. But alas, as I looked to the right, there was NO NUMBER with my name. I spoke with several other people that same day, all of

them told me that the number listed in the directory was wrong. One person told me that the number in the book was a number they'd had for two days in August. I tried to call a friend later that day and got into a shouting match with someone I don't even know. Another person's listed number wasn't even one of the three that she's had since the beginning of the year.

I know they got some of the numbers correct but the majority of the North Campus people I've spoken to have the wrong number in the book. It's still an outrage whether it's only North Campus or

all of the campus! I would just like to know when the phone department around here is going to get its act together. How hard is it to know the phone numbers of 1,200 kids, give or take (Security seems to have a pretty accurate list, why can't they print out that one)? I certainly hope they plan on correcting this outrageous mistake. I know for a fact that nobody will, because the directory seems to be a once a year thing, no matter what the mistake. If you disagree with me and want to argue this point, just look me up. I'd be happy to speak with you.

The majority of North Campus people I've spoken to have the wrong number in the book.

A Letter to Strom Thurmond

News analysis and humor from the master of discretion

HOWARD MEGDAL

(Note: Senator Strom Thurmond, who turned 98 today, is currently fourth in line for the Presidency. We have no President, no Vice-President, and House Speaker Dennis Hastert has said he would not take the job if asked.)

Dear Strom,

Well, inauguration day is over, and we already are faced with problems. While your speech, "Building a Bridge to the Nineteenth Century," was reasonably well-received, the subsequent day was filled with pitfalls. I suggest we take them one at a time:

1. Forms of address: Clarence Thomas is not to be referred to as "boy." Ruth Bader Ginsburg is not to be referred to as "Sweets." Helen Thomas is not to be offered to the other members of your cabinet for sexual favors.

2. Legislative agenda: It is probably not the best idea to appoint justices to the Supreme Court who will "uphold the sanctity of the Dred Scott decision," as you pledged at your 98th birthday party. (On a further note, telling Jesse Jackson during his White House visit that "his business was out on the South Lawn with the cotton plants" had a negative effect on your standing among the African-American community.)

3. Stop saying you support race preferences. When people ask you that, they aren't referring to the white race.

4. A correction to your speech: women do not have the legal standing of "objects" in the United States Constitution. You made that up.

Aside from these minor problems, I see no reason why your presidency can't succeed beyond all expectations, what with adult diapers getting more sophisticated all the time. If you need any further advice, I'll be here in Canada, weeping.

Sincerely,
Howard Megdal

I see no reason why your presidency can't succeed beyond all expectations, what with adult diapers getting more sophisticated all the time.

humorhumorhumorhumorhumorhumorhu

Forty Things Not Often Overheard at Bard

by Amber Buchholz, Ana Roccas, and Jackie Mastin



- 1: I'm secure in my sexuality.
- 2: Like Nancy Reagan said, "Just say no to drugs."
- 3: I'm generally a happy person.
- 4: I love animals too. They're delicious.
- 5: I know what I want to be when I grow up.
- 6: I'm proud to be an American.
- 7: I aced the Q exam.
- 8: I'm here on scholarship.
- 9: I went to public school.
- 10: I paid for my car myself.
- 11: Indie rock sucks.
- 12: I never go home on the weekends.
- 13: I never have time to party, I'm too busy doing homework.
- 14: Earth First! (Log the other planets later!)
- 15: The only safe sex is abstinence.
- 16: I think I'm in the minority here.
- 17: I'm working really hard on my senior project.
- 18: Damn, I wish I lived in Tewks.
- 19: This is my natural hair color.
- 20: I've never had sex in Blithewood Garden.
- 21: Charleton Heston for president.
- 22: I bathe every day.
- 23: I'm only taking art to fulfill my distribution requirements.
- 24: I keep my opinions to myself. (Alternately: I respect the opinions of others.)
- 25: I'm proud to be a Christian.
- 26: I love Starbucks.
- 27: Poetry is a waste of time.
- 28: Bong? Is that some kind of drum?
- 29: I can't decide whether to moderate into math or science.
- 30: My advisor has been so helpful.
- 31: I try to keep an open mind. There's so much I have to learn from others.
- 32: Patchouli smells like shit.
- 33: Bard was just my back-up school. I really wanted to go to Michigan State.
- 34: Kline is top of the line.
- 35: I care about my grades.
- 36: I admit to my alcohol problem.
- 37: I think it's all a vast left-wing conspiracy.
- 38: The only thing that keeps me in school is the football team.
- 39: I support the war on drugs.
- 40: 'Top 40' lists are funny.

Editorial Notice

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Exploring Portraiture and the Limits of Photographic Space

KETUTA MESKHISHVILI

There are two Senior photography shows on display at Woods Studio: "Small Bear" by Jada Calypso Brotman and "Tending to Float" by Brigid McCaffrey. The first consists of twenty straightforward portraits of the artist's various friends and acquaintances, alternated with ten well-structured, unpopulated landscapes. The portraits seem partially August Sander-like, in their objective depiction of a specific social Diaspora and one-half personal mementos of the artist's life. They are beautiful in their minimal compositions, with subtle background decisions that add tension without overshadowing the subjects. There is a photograph of a girl, Alexa Georgevich, whose appearance alludes to a certain neo-classical notion of beauty, with an out-of-focus rectangle of an open air movie screen behind her head, like a modern halo. Another photograph, of Ben Ruggiero, depicts him standing in seemingly desolate woods, with an artificially warm,

red glow on his face. Given the setting, the light source is hard to decipher and thus, the exact reality is hard to identify. Brotman seems to have a way with her subjects, for none of them look uncomfortable or tense. On the contrary, she seems to give them strength-they come across as being tough and invasive. By turning the camera outward, and representing oneself through one's influences and subjects of one's influence (as friends tend to be), the project seems to problematize traditional notions of portraiture, especially of self-portraiture. The photographer remains behind the camera, unseen, which gives way to a question about how efficiently these subjects can act as clues in composing her identity. It seems impossible for the dots to completely connect and create a stable portrait of the author, for at the end of the day, photography only offers us a fragmented reality, which could serve as a commentary on the ways in which we define and judge other identities. Brotman's landscape's play with

such fragmentation of reality seems to constitute the basis of Brigid McCaffrey's work. Her enlarged, incredibly beautiful images are mounted on thick Styrofoam, giving them an illusion of floating in space. As though the world that they offer a glimpse of does not exist in any tangible dimension, but rather somewhere between the artist's and the viewer's realities. The work utilizes all the tricks of large format photography-the tilts, the swings and the unlimited depth of field-and yet manages to transcend its technical proficiency. "Tending to Float" seems to find a perfect balance of content and form. The focus in the images is often so delicate and discrete that it destabilizes the eye, forcing one to look with further concentration and discover all the minuscule details such as numerous cracks, folds and stains, which, with attention, gain importance and narrative weight. After staring at a photograph of a corner on a boat deck, details such as a soda stain, a lost postcard and a



Doing things at a medium pace: One of senior Jada Brotman's prints, now at Woods along with Brigid McCaffrey's "Tending to Float" show

deserted pastel-colored paper cup come into play, to tell a story about abandonment. Another image, of a massive water ride, shot through brightly lit trees tends to simultaneously disguise and reveal the object of its attention. What looks to be lit

by the sun turns out to be nighttime, frozen as if daytime by the means of a twenty-minute exposure, offering a simulation of a reality that only exists in photographic space. Both shows are well-worth attending, and are on display until

Viewing the Future Through a Native American Lens

JR VALENZUELA

When Spanish explorers first came to the Americas, they were met by Taino Indians, who were native to Puerto Rico and the Caribbean. Within one month after this first contact, nearly all of the Taino peoples were gone. The victims of sickness and the beginnings of colonization, they left behind no major monuments, few artifacts, and most of what is known of them comes from surviving written accounts by the early explorers. In his senior exhibition, *A Taino Creation Myth*, on display through Thursday afternoon in Fisher, Daniel Alago uses this lack of surviving monuments and objects as a catalyst for his own work, which aims to reexamine what is known, and to begin and define what is not known about the Taino peoples. First and foremost, Alago sees his work as an integration of the

past, present, and future. The past is written documents and oral history, as well as Alago's own Puerto Rican heritage. The present consists of his interpretations and reappraisal of these sources, as well as his choice of media. The future is seen as what this new form of the Taino culture, with its own mythology and artifacts can lead to, both in terms of his future work and the greater understanding and awareness of the Taino. *Effigy Vessel*, very much a monumental piece, is a large sitting plaster figure based on similar figures that were often located in the huts of tribal leaders, who would consult and converse with them as advisors. Alago's figure has a motion sensor activated stereo that plays ambient noises and music. "I wanted it to sound like Puerto Rico", he said, and pointed out that the recording contains a species of frog only found on the island. The

tactile and multi-layered quality of the plaster reflects the larger creation myth that Alago has established. In a series of digital prints, Earth begins as water, from which life began. Single celled creatures evolve into frogs, and from them come goddesses, the yemmayas, and eel women, characters and motifs which appear in many African religions as well. In a second series, there is the need for balance, and heat is created in the center of the Earth. This creates metal, which becomes the animals, and earth and land, from which comes man. Alago established this myth by reworking Spanish interpretations of Taino religion and mythology, which have man as the center of life, who had to capture women from the water. "They emphasized rape and conquering, and I wanted [to put forth] something much different."

Overlooking the main gallery area are two holograms side by side of fertility figures called attabey, one male and one female. Along the wall opposite of the digital prints are several cast aluminum pieces, ranging from various inscribed tools to a suspended arachnid figure. All are in a distinct and cohesive style heavily rooted in ancient American and pre-Colombian art. He uses the full textural potential of the metal, ranging from highly polished to raw cast surface and pitted negative space. Near the plaster figure are three aluminum pieces, two frogs and a ring between them. A circular opening in one of the frogs continues through the wall to a window, so that the effect is much like the holograms as a three-dimensional space spreads out from behind a flat surface. Adjacent to these are a series of three pointed zemis, objects that

represented high gods for the Taino, possession of which was a sign of power and influence. They are arranged in a series whereby each object shows a different stage of refinement for the aluminum cast, from the moment it is removed from the mold to metallic sheen. They work well to illustrate the material processes, as well as the conceptual and narrative progressions that drive and bring the work together. With a bold use of many different media, Alago has succeeded in establishing a viable groundwork of myth, creation, and object that is impressive in how well it works within itself, and the potential that it most certainly has. On extended display at El Museo del Barrio, located at 104th St. and 5th Ave. are many actual Taino artifacts and exhibits concerning Taino history.

Autoritratto and Fertive Soil Featured in Campus Center

HUFFA FROBES-CROSS

Autoritratto, Klara Ferrero's exhibition in the first floor study lounge consists primarily of self-portraiture in domestic situations. The color prints are all about 4x6 inches, a size which seems appropriate for many of the subtle gestures she employs. The warm orange light that bathes the walls and outlines different objects contrasts well with the natural and incandescent light that is present in the other work. There is a sense throughout these works that Ferrero herself is haunting her pictures more than occupying them. She is hiding within them. In front, of the camera only to place herself behind a wall or blurred beyond recognizability. The only photograph in which her face is fully recognizable is one of an unoccupied room. On a table in the room there are a few photographs of her. In this picture

her ghostliness, is particular evident, as the viewer looks on the gaze of the camera it is as if they are moving through the room in the eyes of a dead person come to revisit their old home. This feeling is only possible since one can recognize Ferrero in the rest of the photographs enough to know in this one that she is the subject of the photograph on the mantle. The relationship between her varying obscurity in all of the photographs in the series is one of the most difficult factors she attempts to manage. At its most satisfying it allows one to see an empty photograph as haunted by the thing behind the camera, and see a photograph in which she quietly appears as a depiction of her own absence. In the main hallway on the first floor is Amanda Kniepkamp's *Fertive Soil*. All large, finely detailed color prints explore the common opposition of the natur-

al/man-made world, eventually collapsing the idea of an original Nature worked upon by Man into itself. The long history of nature photography in America has gone about creating a Nature which is contained within ideas of virginity and violation posing Man as an aggressive agent cutting into and remaking an original passive order which simply waits to be destroyed. Interestingly, this is mirrored in the way in which many photographs by members of this tradition like Ansel Adams, or the reams of Sierra Club photographers that follow him attempt make the photograph's themselves become completely transparent. Trying to make them become invisible, unnoticed windows onto Nature, an object that they never touch but only passively receive impressions from. In Kniepkamp's photographs nature does not as an independent original object constantly separate from out-

side actions. It is always defined in relation to, rooted in (in a very literal way in her photographs of nurseries and greenhouses) what is often sectioned off as the creations of man. At the same moment the "creations of man" are always dependent for their identity on the existence of "naturalness" around them. Finally, these sections and the distinction of originality they imply lose their separateness. This occurs most dramatically in a photograph of a fake deer, styrofoam boards cover its body, a board coming from the point of the camera supports them, and what looks like a trail of blood moves out behind it. The first thing one probably notices about the photograph is that the styrofoam boards seem outside of the rest of the scene. They look as if they have been placed upon an image of the rest of the scene held there by a stick and rephotographed. As a result they remind

the viewer of the photograph as photograph, as 2-D object, as anything but a window. Moreover, they do it from the inside, leaving an impurity, a stain on the glass, in the midst of that which must be pure, "the image itself." Transparency is most definitely lost. Moving from there, the blood coming from the deer turns out to be reddish plants. The plants are fake blood, the plants, in this sense, are fake. They have come to mean outside themselves. Thus, another stain, a blotch of red on the plants, that is within the plants themselves. This photograph becomes a rigorous exploration of the exact lack of originalness in what is attempted to be defined as Nature. Seen from this picture the rest of *Fertive Soil* attains an interesting complexity which most of the rest of the images maintain.


DON CABALLERO AT THE KNITTING FACTORY

Don Caballero, the Pittsburgh-based math/metal rock trio, already has a certain reputation for longer than usual song titles ("no one gives a hoot about FAUX-ASS nonsense," "delivering the groceries at 138 beats per second"); but "the only reason I was voted one of the hundred biggest assholes in rock and roll is because I'm so good-looking" may be the longest one yet. This title refers actually to the pseudo performance piece acted out with characteristic drunken-effeminate-cool-guy-drawl by guitarist **Ian Williams** in a solo set that came just before the band's, late last month at the Knitting Factory. By turns falling over backwards in a chair, extending an open invitation for anyone present to make out with him (yes, a girl climbed up and into Williams' affectively ambivalent arms for a more or less lengthy, and very audible, kiss), and cutting up grapes and apples, dousing them in alcohol, and setting them on fire, Williams made mirthfully explicit in his set—in fact, made his own little show out of—the self indulgence and fuck-all attitude that had marked the preceding, more conventional, solo sets by drummer **Damon Che** and bassist **Eric Emm** ("I'm going to play you some music from my film score").

The theme of the Rock and Roll Asshole was fresh in everyone's



mind, then, when Caballero finally got to the stage—a theme evident everywhere from Che's permanent scowl, showing a profound disgust with apparently everything, to Emm's calm refusal to look at anything but his own hands as they slid confidently across the frets of his bass, to Williams' Jim Carrey-esque head jerking, bubble gum blowing, and the absurdly high perch of his guitar on his chest. The audience, myself included, ate it right up. Well, why not? Who doesn't like to get to know performers in some capacity outside of what they sound like on record?



Attitude, thankfully, was not the only thing we got to know about Don Caballero. More interesting, in fact, about such a display of attitude--all bravado and subtle sneer--was the way it so complemented and added to just how visceral the group's performance is--another fact about them that, ironically, you don't necessarily find on the new *American Don* LP (Touch & Go). My experience with the band is admittedly small, but I can say at least that it is no small feat that the technically proficient (and, often, technically astonishing) songs of *American Don* were transformed onstage into something edgier, more intense--less cold, maybe, less mechanical. Though Che's drumming is often considered the band's figurehead (and there was little evidence to contradict this in his performance), there is also much to be said about Williams' approach to the guitar, as it sets much of the musical tone for

the act. Guitar riffs, in the strictly traditional sense, are hard to find in Don Cab songs, as a "strictly traditional" riff would seem to be at odds with Williams' staccato plucks at the base of his guitar neck, looping one thematic pattern over another (over another, over another) using digital delay. Emm's parts are related to this, coming in almost sporadically, his bass erupting in closely spaced, incredibly low, heavy metal burps. Whereas this approach on record can create sometimes off-putting melodic disjointedness, live it brought to the songs all the cohesion and intensity of well-performed jazz.

**WU TANG CLAN
RELEASES NEW ALBUM**

The new Wu Tang record, *The W* is finally out. This LP, three years and countless solo projects in the making, was anticipated for its supposed "return to roots" sound, and except for the "Gravel Pit" single Wu purists probably won't be let down. The album could do without guest MCs like Nas (aka Cornballstradamus) but Busta Rhymes ("Straight smack a nigga in the face like this was handball!") and Snoop Dogg fit right in. It's no *Liquid Swords* and it's no *36 Chambers* but the production is definitely lo-fi and, without sounding tired, stays faithful to the RZA's trademark minimalist style, marked by jazz hooks and piano bits looped over Kung-Fu flick samples.

"Chamber Music" and "Careful (Click Click)" rank with some of the best tracks Wu Tang Clan has put on record, the latter with a false



start (one beat stutters, stops and gives way to another, bass-heavy and with a staggered, irregular drumbeat). "Gravel Pit," synth-saturated, amped up to jiggy-speed, and complete with a sassy-ho chorus, is a cheesy attempt at a wack radio hit, capitulating to the current Swizz Beats-dominated hip hop environment. "One Blood Under W" would be tight if it didn't have a dancehall chorus part that almost sounds lifted from Puff Daddy protege Shyne's "Bad Boy" single, but much less funny.

The two big problems with *The Wu* are, for one thing, the absence of ODB (I think he was in jail when they recorded this, but that's just a rumor) and the absence of any shit-talking. No MC's are dismissed as wack, no intros call out herbs for biting the Wu's shit, and the RZA makes no claims, as he did on *Wu Tang Forever*, that this album can replace summer school, shorty, providing all the education you need.

BARD MUSIC MINUTE

Though they still haven't settled on a name, the band at least currently known as Dirty Hearts arranged a show this past Friday built around their debut. The show, in the Red Room of the Old Gym, was host to many acts by now synonymous with the campus music scene, from singer-songwriter Rachel Jacobs to the (post-) folk band American Mutt, who closed the show sometime around two in the morning. Highlights of the show included Dirty Hearts' set-closing "Helsinki," a three-part instrumental piece in the slow-then-fast/ soft-then-loud, post-rock tradi-



Signing royalty checks: Bassist Brendan "Matthew" Harman of Dirty Hearts, this past Friday

tion, and Mutt's cover of Nirvana's "Heart-Shaped Box" (I've had "In Bloom" stuck in my head ever since, thanks to them).

Dirty Hearts play again this Thursday, sans violin, in the first night of a two-night rock blowout at the Red Room that will, among other things, say hello to the ex-Chocki, ex-Electra Complex, Feelgood Revolution, and goodbye to the short-lived but pretty amazing WXXII, as at least one of its members is graduating.

And outside of the Red Room a short mention should be given to the three-person performance act Croquet, who debuted late last month at the School House in nearby Tivoli. Taking country club monickers as their pseudonyms and a Casio keyboard as their musical center of gravity, Croquet chanted and danced...to a stunningly attractive crowd. And they're doing it all again sometime before the end of this semester. They don't make much sense but, for Croquet, it seems that sense is beside the point.

Broadway Rocky Horror, Modernized for Better or Worse

This year is the 25th anniversary of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, but (as one can learn from the celebratory DVD just released) Rocky Horror was a stage show for years before it was a film. Now it is returning to its original form and can be seen "live" on Broadway.

The Rocky Horror Show, in its revamped debut, requires on behalf of the audience a particular state of mind that most die-hard fans of the movie may not find extremely desirable. It is important not to make the mistake I made and go expecting to see the essence of the movie captured on stage (you'll leave with very mixed feelings). In the way directors of Shakespeare plays might add creative twists and modernizations, Theodore Mann and Paul Libin change *Rocky Horror* in a number of ways that range from amusing and applaudable to slightly annoying to downright crossing the line. It depends mostly on how much one can bear to part with the form of the movie, known and loved in its purity (no pun intended).

What's amusing? The Narrator is played by Dick Cavett who, with experience working with live audi-

ences on "The Tonight Show" and his own talk show in the late 60's and early 70's, playfully responds to the audience participation and ad-libs jokes about the presidential election. The audience's personal time with him allows for some of the play's most prized moments. In the same spirit, charming modern references at other points in the show include antidepressants and Teletubbies.

Although some might find it upsetting that Tim Curry's blond replacement resembles a tall Rocky more than Frank-N-Furter, Tom Hewitt does such a remarkable job of becoming the British-tongued Transsexual; he is a delightful act to watch.

Another cast member of important note is Joan Jett, who plays Columbia and replaces "Little Nell's" tap dance routine with a similarly image-based performance: an electric guitar solo. Since I personally never got into eighties pop music enough to really know Joan Jett, I was far more



thrilled to see and hear Daphne Rubin-Vega as Magenta, having heard her voice many times as Mimi on the soundtrack from the original Broadway cast of *Rent*. These two characters are redefined thus: Columbia is a bald, butch bitch and Magenta now reveals her beautiful singing voice in the opening and closing numbers (that and the fact that you have to look beyond her fish-nets and squint a little to find her maid's outfit).

What's annoying: unfortunately, all there is to be said about Riff-Raff is that he's more whiney than weird. And Rocky needs to be told to shut his trap when he's not singing-his lines just shouldn't exist!

country club-like airs.

What's applaudable: according to the DVD interviews with Richard O'Brien who, in addition to playing the part of Riff Raff in the movie, wrote the original show, a number of changes were made when Rocky Horror became a movie. Two songs that were cut from the movie return now and Eddie and his uncle Dr. Scott are again both played by the same actor. However, unlike the original play, this time they're both played by an actress. Surprisingly, Lea DeLaria resembles Meatloaf more than you'd expect -in fact one of Rocky's more annoying lines is his questioning of Columbia's feelings towards Eddie: "But he was so ugly." Eddie as a transsexual was the first big change that I found really innovative.

The second was the set. Instead of attempting to match the complexities of a movie set, the stage set has a unique and creative design all its own. This includes first off, a modern movie theater to capture the element of the midnight cult showings and then later, a huge red squiggly window with a fish-net like screen through which the band

playing can be seen. And, what crosses the line? If only the set could make up for the dreary black and red and black and black and more black costuming: the Transylvanians all trade in their colorful tuxedos, party hats and sunglasses for sexy gothic attire (and here I thought you could never over do it on the sex appeal). In the survey the theater handed out at the preview, I wrote in big letters, "fans don't just love Rocky Horror for the sex--stop trying to be cool and be freaks!"

I also noted in the survey that I would recommend the show to others because it's an experience to be had by all. I'd go see it again since it's just as much fun as ever, if not more so, to use the props and join in with the ushers in audience response lines. The revisions take a little getting used to, but theater is an art different from film; it changes each time you see it. If you can accept the fact that the prompt for throwing toast is missing from this production you're on your way to giving yourself over to absolute pleasure. As always, don't dream it, be it.

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KARATE CHEERS UP ON NEW
UNSOLVED LP

It's with more than a bit of interest that I pursued the new Karate album, *Unsolved*, when I heard it was released, and much to my pleasure I am free once again to like Karate. In 1998, when the band released *The Bed is in the Ocean*, I couldn't follow the stylistic leap they'd made from the sound of their early material—more rock than anything else, their first two albums expressed a mix of early twenties angst (I imagine such a thing exists) and great songwriting ability, keeping the tempo up and the lyrics a bit on the frustrated side—to an indulgence in melancholic tendencies, manifested in long blues-influenced ballads which, quite literally, could throw the most manic bipolar straight through life-threatening depression into suicide, and then continue to depress them in their next reincarnation. Well, on *Unsolved*, the band has not completely abandoned its penchant for slow and introspected jazz tunes; what has happened though is that a happy middle ground has been struck between the band's last album and the more recent acknowledgement that people must socialize, eat and breathe, and cannot lie in bed all day weeping gently. A weight has been lifted off the shoulders of the band's songs, and already I can see them benefit because of it.

Aside from issues of tone, the songs on the new album are actually constructed quite differently than those found on the last album. Structurally, more time has been allotted for guitar solos and other instrumental noodling, which are partly responsible for the lighter mood the album exudes. Geoff Farina's vocals, which sometimes get a tad monotonous, have, although they are fitting for the music, a way of weighing heavily on an individual, and the more time he spends just playing guitar (which he does really well) is all that much more time to take a breather.



You Count Tens in Yr Benz: the cover of Karate's *Unsolved*

The first and second songs, "Small Fires" and the "Lived-But-Yet-Named" are more traditional Karate songs that differ very little from older material, but the third track *Sever* sets the tone for much of the later songs by picking things up a touch and letting the band cook for a bit. A sinister guitar riff, tight drumming, and a great wandering bass line all contribute to the album's first good song. Fortunately this energy is sustained on the album's fourth track "the Roots and the Ruins," which despite its short length manages to fit in a really tight instrumental refrain that makes the song really fun.

The next two songs, "Number Six" and "One Less Blues," although both mellow, have great instrumental endings that justify rather less compelling beginnings. While "Number Six" shows off the band's jazz skills (which are amply displayed elsewhere), "One Less Blues" ends with an uncharacteristic distorted guitar solo that demonstrates the true width and depth of both the band's and Farina's abilities. Hearing these musicians make full use of the vocabulary that they are known to possess is at the crux of what makes the album good, and "One Less Blues" is one of the most interesting displays of that know-how.

The last two songs on the album, "the Angels Just Have to Show" and "This Day Next Year" also have large instrumental components that make them far more interesting than they would have

been otherwise. In particular, the former's drum heavy outro is refreshingly loud and forward for the album, and adds a surprisingly non self-conscious conclusion to a subdued song.

And subdued this album may be; but anesthetized it is not. Even though the band has remained largely the same, and the vocals have not changed even a bit from the previous album, subtleties make all the difference. If you were a fan of Karate previously, then I firmly believe you will be quite pleased with the new album. If you've never heard of them before, but think your music collection needs a mellow jazz/rock addition, I think Karate's *Unsolved* is definitely worth hearing.

BOSTON MATH ROCK
FROM LYNX

The term "math rock" probably means absolutely nothing to most people. However, for a small group of the most cerebral indie-rock types the genre possesses an appeal that most other rock music does not. Borrowing from Jazz (and arguably the "underground" equivalent to prog rock), "math rock" was first defined by bands like Slint and Breadwinner in the late eighties and early nineties. Focused around complex time-signature changes, carefully crafted instrumental compositions and syncopated drumming, the genre has since then disseminated itself into almost every other sub genre of independently distributed music. Although the term has long since been abandoned by most (on account that it's really cheesy) every once in a while a band comes along with a new interpretation of the old idea, and every great once in a while, that band plays good music as well.

Aside from Don Caballero, Lynx from Boston is one of few bands left whacking away at "math rock" that achieves any sort of compelling result.

In the tradition of bands like Shellac and Dianogah, Lynx's strength comes from its rhythm sec-

tion. Stupendous feats of counting and other devilish trickery keep bassist Paul and drummer Dale tightly knit, freeing up guitarists Mike and Dave to noodle back and forth at each other as they please. The music created sometimes resembles an out of tune player piano being remixed by Richard James, sometimes a jack-in-the-box being kicked up a flight of stairs in perfect time. Either way, the music is unique and works surprisingly well.

In late September of the self-entitled album *Lynx* was released, and though a large number of people couldn't have cared less; a very small group was ecstatic.

Somewhere between a dream and caffeine high, the album's first song, "look at that table and make it spin in your head" starts the album off running hard. Beautifully layered and full of some of the most tastefully creative rock drumming I've ever heard, the song is one of the few in recent memory that makes you jump around a room and not have a clue why. Redefining the pop hook is the thing I feel Lynx does best, and the first song on their album is the pudding which contains the proof.

The second song is another one of the band's classics. "Mrs. Lynx" is one of the band's original hits and one of two songs recorded for the three-song ep that made it onto the full-length album. Another fine example of the band's ability to be progressive and at the same time almost painfully listenable, the song's well-crafted progression through what sounds like the instrumental equivalent of learning how to roller-skate warbles, stumbles and eventually glides effortlessly through space. Unconventionally uplifting is how it ends, an asset that seems forgotten by most others, and highly appreciated by fans of Lynx.

Although the album starts off

with a growl, there are at least a few songs where the kitty rolls over so you can rub its stomach, like "in snow," in which the drummer ceases hitting hard and lets the guitars contentedly purr. This, of course, does not last too long, and the rocking resumes just where it left off on the following track "in sand." The album's seventh track "prynx" is the second re-recording off of the 1998 EP, and is also one of the better songs on the album. Much like "Mrs. Lynx," "prynx" has a clear progression that is skillfully articulated and vigorously executed, making it another one of the most immediately enjoyable songs on the album.

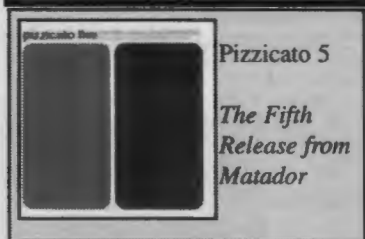
All these great songs ultimate-



Trigonometry and beat-up Saucony sneakers: Lynx does math rock right

ly comprise an album that has a great many pluses and only a few small flaws. Although perhaps I'd like to see the band do more of what I feel they are the best at doing, which is writing stripped down instrumental rock songs that have purpose and direction, as a whole the album has a reasonably well-defined direction and goal and most interestingly achieves an enjoyability that is so rare in the stuffy confines of independent rock's most nerdy inner-realm. Anyone who's a fan of creative rock instrumentation or just appreciates new things should absolutely check out Lynx's self entitled album. Music like this is extremely rare, and it would be a shame if the group didn't at least get the chance it deserves.

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Pizzicato 5
The Fifth
Release from
Matador

HUFFA FROBES-CROSS

The subtle shifts in meaning that certain genres and sub-genres of music go through, as collectors and musicians discover and reevaluate lost and ignored records, are never universally recognized or accepted. Yet many of these trends have a tendency to expand, albeit slowly, relentlessly throughout an extremely broad range of music listeners. Pizzicato Five continue their interest in subtle readings and re-readings of these movements on *The 5th Release from Matador*.

The almost disturbingly gleeful "A Perfect World" opens the album, a song done with Mieko Hirota, a Japanese singing star of the 60's. Despite the Esquivel-esque chanting "hey, hey, hey," of the chorus and the exuberant strings—remind-

ing the listener that this band has done their research in the back catalogs of any number of 50's and 60's pop composers—the song would not seem entirely ill at ease on your average contemporary pop radio station. It's just so listenable and at the same time a little forgettable. Of course, lest we mistakenly assume that Pizzicato Five was destined for KISS FM, "Roma" follows quickly on the heels of the first song. A quick piece which has the fast pace of the opener but this time pushed into a fragmented disorienting instrumental, "Roma" flashes abruptly from section to section in a way reminiscent of many turntablist compositions.

The giddiness of these two tracks is maintained throughout the album. In every song it seems the band can hardly contain their excitement and every time Nomiya Maki sings you can just picture her beaming with a huge stage smile in some very glamorous club from almost any decade of the latter half of the 20th century. The most interesting tracks on the album, however, manage to incorporate that

catchiness and energy with more complicated stylistic shifts. For instance, "LOUDLAND!" opens with a hip-hop sounding beat that quickly breaks into a pounding repeated guitar and drum sample over which Maki sings through slight distortion.

After a tense moment or two the song breaks into a short bouncy chorus only to return to the guitar and drum sample. Finally, there is a kind of half climax with horn and strings blaring, which in the end only returns to a few more chorus verse chorus changes to end the song. The track, unlike many on the album, is able to use its different references to divergent ends, making ambiguo-

ous what would be an obvious climax, and juxtaposing smooth pop with droning distorted guitars, and making both sections a little bit harder to pin down. It is when Pizzicato Five succeeds in doing this that their songs cease to be for-

gettable pop music. However, at other times, despite their relentless hip cache, the songs on *The 5th Release from Matador* remain just pleasant, and do not remain with you long after you've turned the record off.

rock this weekend

franky/ constellation recording supergroup

godspeed you black emperor!

sat dec 9 9pm old gym

free with bard id / \$ without

world war twelve (last show ever)

obscure essayists

feelgood revolution (ex chocki)

dirty hearts

..and many more

in the red room

basement of the

old gym, thurs-

day-friday



let a man elaborate: Free Press staff deconsnacktionist J. Weiner (left) recently spoke with Pops E. Jones, amihotornot.com 9.4-rated veteran, about the route snacksty six expedition conducted over the course of mad half hours back in fetus days true version compound nine.



on that mary j blige shit: jones reminisces about cafe rakka falafel, validated to illth power by 1986 discovery.



photoessay

Route Snacksty6 Revisited



the affordable snack: r. heller (aide to jones) clutches his cheddar alongside aforementioned falafel twenty.



egyptian ladies know my name: pops e. jones and r. heller analyze the taste epicenter; pops e. jones brandishes several pennies in anticipation of beverage need two million.



behind the scenes: r. heller scrutinizes falafel mimesis as cafe rakka chef refuses to deny the teleology.



post snack shakedown: pops e. jones means business as he jacks the register of a local dell, threatens proprietor with wack mentos, and has volvic handed to him because it's like that.



allow a brother to slip: detail of fly volvic



the end of the day: jones and heller ring apartment 4D, seeking entrance; snack at rakka has been a success through multiple fried pita tops implemented by paprika twelve and affirmative hot sauce opinion. prada version sixty, division point x.

