

10-8-2002

Bard Free Press, Vol. 4, No. 2 (October 8, 2002)

Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/bardfreepress>

Recommended Citation

Bard College, "Bard Free Press, Vol. 4, No. 2 (October 8, 2002)" (2002). *Bard Free Press - All Issues (2000-2018)*. 27.

<https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/bardfreepress/27>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Bard Free Press, 2000-2018 at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Bard Free Press - All Issues (2000-2018) by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

news
feature
opinions
& e

2
4
7
11

The Free Press would like to extend its condolences to the family and friends of Professor William Wilson and Professor Todd Jackson. Both will be missed as they made countless and indelible contributions to the students and community of Bard.



"Hear It from those who lived it: the Surrealist Circus and other opinions

page 6



Milemarker and Bard Rock!

page 13

Revolution and Athletics: the 60s and 70s

Part Two in the Student's History of the Old Gym

by **matt dineen**

This is the story of Bard's slice of a very exciting time in American history and the role that the building we all know as the Old Gym played in it. It is a story of culture and resistance, also of sports and geography. As the architectural plans for "the New Old Gym" begin to materialize, we now have the choice, or least we like to think we have the choice, between continuing this history or erasing it.

In 1960, the life of our College broke 100. That year, Dr. Reamer Kline, the predecessor of Leon Botstein, became the college's thirteenth president. Memorial Gymnasium, known simply as the Gym at this point, had been an essential element of the campus for nearly four decades.

The *Bardian*, the major student paper, published its "Special Centennial Issue" on March 22, which included a "critical and intimate history" of Bard/St. Stephen's that was submitted by Richard Gummere Jr., the director of admissions. "Bard College has always been small, precarious, and distinctive," he wrote. "The college now has as much vitality as ever, maybe even more." (The *Bardian*, Vol. 2, No. 3)

At the time, however, Bard students were busy fighting the college's new repressive social regulations. On February 24, 1960, students crowded the gym for a protest meeting against these policies. (Vol. 2, No. 3) This spirit of activism was not limited to on campus issues. Many students became involved in the growing civil rights movement and works with local chapters of the NAACP. The gym was commonly used as a meeting space for such political organizing.

Bard's radio station WXBC, previously located in the basement of Stone Row, had not been broadcasting for nearly a whole year when students began putting more energy into it in the early 1960s. Toward the end of 1962, WXBC finally began a trial run after months of inactivity. On December 17, at 1:45 am, "the historic moment" occurred when station manager Lane Sarasohn "stood in the WXBC studio in the gym holding a microphone and smiling" as the first sounds of the new station were broadcasted to radio listeners in Albee, South Hall, and Stone Row. The first week of broadcast

continued on page 6...

Plans Revealed for "New Old Gym"

Architect Peter Reynolds explains the new space and fields student input

by **ariel bardl**

As promised, the architect hired to plan and construct the 'New Old Gym' met with students last week for the first of several input sessions.

Environmental architect Peter Reynolds began the meeting by offering a few introductory comments on the emotional attachment many students have for the Old Gym, but he emphasized the necessity to build a new one on account of money and upkeep. He then presented the as-of-now tentative plans to the concerned students gathered and gave details such as room dimensions and the specific features of each room.

The proposed building is only one story and has only a single entrance adjacent to the current soccer field. This entrance leads to a long hallway with the security office and bathrooms on one side, and the new "Red Room" on the other. The room, somewhat larger than the current one, will serve

essentially the same purpose as a space for small student performances.

The hallway continues to a spacious dance hall, ten percent larger than the main floor of the Old Gym, with ceiling heights from 18 to 21 feet. Along one side of this central space were large "Xs" drawn on the plans to indicate the garage-style doors that will open onto the "plaza," which is basically a space for outdoor congregation. Set on an incline, it will drop off sharply into the woods and is planned to face the direction of the sunset.

Past the dance hall there will be several rooms that will serve as practice areas for band members. One of them, the Blue Room, also features garage-style doors to enable musicians to load and unload their equipment more quickly and easily. Another color themed room, the Green Room,

continued on page 3...



The New New War on Terrorism: In a televised speech last night, Bush laid out his new plan for fighting terror and taking over the world. We're one step closer to the edge.

Holiday in Chiapas

Two Bard students report back from a journey to Mexico

by **tessa brudevold-iverson & ali tonak**

San Cristóbal de las Casas has filled the imaginations of many activists, academics and journalists. This cobble-stoned, rustling city (always a hot-spot for tourists) is where the Zapatista National Liberation Army (EZLN) launched its attack on free-trade and neoliberalism almost nine years ago. On January 1, 1994, the day of the rebellion and the initiation of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), a couple approached the EZLN ranks complaining that they had plans to go to Palenque. One masked militant responded, "Forgive us, but this is a revolution." The masked man was Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos, and today, tourists can buy little dolls of the demagogue made by the indigenous of Mexico.

The Zapatista uprising was not a revolution in the conventional sense but one with different goals and different methods. They have never intended to overthrow the Mexican government but instead demanded an end to the corrupt rule of the PRI and all accomplices that had conjured NAFTA. "To us, the free-trade treaty is the death certificate for the ethnic people of Mexico"

announced Marcos in the beginning days of the rebellion, and in San Cristóbal de las Casas Comandante Felipe read the 11 point program of the Zapatistas: "work, land, shelter, bread, health, education, democracy, liberty, peace, independence and justice." In the eyes of the world the Zapatistas have struggled through the past nine years of oppression and military violence, but to them they represent the 500 year struggle of the indigenous people of the Americas.

The Zapatistas have encountered many obstacles throughout their rebellion and have overcome them with their creativity and perseverance producing defining moments throughout. They answered the obnoxious statements of National Action Party (PAN) President Vicente Fox's statement "give me 15 minutes with the Zapatistas and I'll solve the problem" with a massive march to Mexico City in 2001, mobilizing masses from all over Mexico and the world to deliver their demands in the parliament. An even greater uproar erupted after an indigenous rights law was butchered and passed in the Par-

continued on page 4...

Thousands March in D.C. Against Global Exploitation

11 Bard students arrested

by **ben dangl**

A riot of tire fires, human road blocks, and protestors flooded the streets of Washington DC last weekend in an effort to stop the meetings of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank.

The first massive arrest took place Friday morning in Freedom Plaza where police blocked off the entire park, and handcuffed over 650 protestors, news reporters and one homeless man.

Included in the arrest were four Bard students; Lola Pierson, Katie Jacoby, Kyle Maxey and Bill McColloch.

"The treatment by the cops did vary but some people were beaten up pretty badly, and the handcuffs really hurt. They arrested us without warning, and without stating the charges, then we were forced to sit on a bus for ten hours before being brought to the holding facility," said Pierson.

Extensive police presence marked this peaceful demonstration as cops were brought in for backup from Virginia, New Jersey and Chicago. In a premature effort to stop potential riots, these preemptive arrests resulted in three hospitalized protesters. Two people with chest pains and a girl who was hit in the face with a police baton were sent to the George

Washington University Hospital on Friday.

The next day along with about 10,000 other protestors, 20 more Bard students arrived at the rally at the Washington Monument. People waved banners and signs, chanted and danced while political leaders including Ralph Nader from the Green Party and Bolivian Activist Oscar Olivera spoke.

The speakers discussed the ways in which the IMF and World Bank continue to cripple countries with debt and force them into manipulative economic policies, and how such policies are more focused on the opening up these nations' markets to foreign investments and exploitation than actually helping their economies.

Also discussed was the way in which programs enacted by the IMF and World Bank promote sweatshops, public employee layoffs and environmentally devastating dam and power plant projects. According to the speakers, these programs shift power from the hands of the country's own government system into the hands of the foreign, globalizing, capitalist machine.

Demba Dembele, from the Forum For African Alternatives of

continued on page 3...

West Point Comes to Bard

A tense, perhaps fruitful visit from our nation's snappiest dressers

by **vincent valdmanis**

Like Bard students on a campus visit to Brigham Young, they stood out noticeably: clean, trim, and very polite. They wore smart uniforms in the midst of tangled hairdos and clothing tattered in all the hip places. They viewed artwork in Fisher and stood in silence inside the graffitied walls of the Old Gym. They were patriots — patriots! — in a land of skeptics. They were West Point cadets on a crazy safari ride, where the locals drink alcohol and can't do more than five consecutive push-ups.

The occasion was a TLS-sponsored conference to discuss leadership. Not quite a meeting of two Cold War rivals, but almost: the American warrior and the softie artist, sitting down for a little discussion on independence, obedience, and moral responsibility.

The conversation was tense sometimes, but the cadets took Bardians' skepticism calmly in stride. Cadet Dresch, a senior majoring in management, remarked afterward that, "People here are thoughtful." Cadet Oh, also a senior, said, "There's lots of

creative ideas floating around."

Bard student Akie Befmiss was impressed with the cadets. "These guys were very good," he said. "They were intelligent, with multi-layered concepts and theories."

The discussion was generally civil but definitely with its share of passive aggressiveness. It went something like this:

Bard: How do you reconcile your responsibility to the institution of the military and your existence as a freely thinking individual?

West Point 1: You give up some of that free will when you join the military.

West Point 2: We value teamwork over individuality, practicality over creativity.

Bard: Do you take responsibility for what you do even if you didn't choose that goal?

West Point: Our goal is the defense of this nation and its ideals. Hopefully the civilian leadership has those same goals. In that case, yes, we do take responsibility.

Two views of 'leadership'

emerged. Bard TLS students saw leadership as initiating a project and completing it; West Point students considered leadership to be a method that seeks to most efficiently complete a task given by someone else (presumably a superior).

There was also the small matter of ideology. Lurking beneath all the comments about responsibility and leadership were the opposing worldviews the two institutions embody. Carrie Keith, a Bard sophomore, said, "It seems like they had such an acute sense of where we were coming from, when we were pining to understand what made them want to join the military."

Though the two groups may hold different values, both cadets and Bardians mentioned the symbiotic nature of the relationship between the military and civilian worlds. As one cadet said, "We don't want to go to war. Your duty as civilians is to be critical and assert your rights through the political process. We do what politicians say. Politicians react to what you say. It's up to you to guarantee the legitimacy of what we do."

Indian Documentarian Screens his Newest Work

by **andrew dollard**

The acclaimed Indian documentary filmmaker Anand Patwardhan hosted a question-and-answer session at the Bertelsmann Campus Center on Monday, September 23, following screenings of his latest film, "War & Peace (Jang Aur Aman)" at Weis Cinema on Sunday and Monday.

The film, released in January of this year, presents a terrifying portrait of the nuclear buildup in India and Pakistan. It examines the politicians and defense officials whose jingoism and corruption have fueled the arms race; the peace activists who marched across the Indo-Pakistani border in protest of the weapons; survivors of the Hiroshima bombing who have worked to stop the buildup; and the ordinary Indians who have suffered from the radioactive byproducts of nuclear arms testing and manufacture.

The screenings and talk were presented jointly by the Bard Human Rights Project and the First-Year Seminar. Thomas Keenan, director of the Human Rights Project, called the film "timely" and "impressive," and said that "it's an important film on an important issue." Upon learning that Mr. Patwardhan would be visiting the United States, Mr. Keenan e-mailed the filmmaker, who agreed to speak at Bard.

Mr. Patwardhan fielded questions for nearly two hours on such topics as Indian national politics, anti-nuclear activism, and his struggles against censorship. He also screened two short music videos, "Ribbons for Peace," which protests the nuclear arms race, and "We are not your Monkeys," a response to the Indian "Ramayana" epic by members of the Dalit, or Untouchable, caste.

Mr. Patwardhan said he was moved to make "War & Peace" by the depression he felt over the situation on the Indian subcontinent, in the hope that he might encourage people to think about the meaning of patriotism and to question the rhetoric of politicians. He also criticized India's ruling Bharatiya Janata Party for exploiting Hindu nationalism and racial prejudice against Muslims and Christians.

He was dismayed at the way the bomb had "seeped into popular culture" in India, and at the pride Indians took in the bomb, he said, when they should have been ashamed. Mr. Patwardhan, though he lamented there is "no hope in numbers" for the anti-nuclear movements, tried to encourage anyone who works to stop nuclear weapons and war. "Instead of big movements," he said, "we are reduced to smaller pockets of resistance."

The filmmaker's work has met with powerful opposition in both India and the United States. Mr. Patwardhan has been engaged in a months-long struggle against the Indian Censor Board to keep "War & Peace" intact; the Censor Board would like to see twenty-one cuts to the film, including footage of Dalits and Indian politicians. Though his other films have met with opposition as well, the battle over "War & Peace" has been the most protracted.

In February, the New York Museum of Natural History succumbed to pressure from right-wing Hindu groups that sought to prevent the Museum's showing of two other Patwardhan films, "We are not your Monkeys" and "In the Name of God," which they felt were overly critical of Indian culture. The Museum screened the films at another location, instead of at the Museum.

Mr. Patwardhan, who attended Bombay University and McGill University, has been making documentaries since the early 1970s. His films have examined such topics as Hindu nationalism, the relationship between Indian machismo and religious conflict, and grassroots political movements in India. Though he has received countless awards for his work, he considers himself an activist before a filmmaker, and says he tries to make films that are effective politically instead of aesthetically.

The Human Rights Project began three years ago at Bard to raise awareness of human rights issues. The Project sponsors new courses, internships in the field, and hosts numerous screenings and talks on the subject.

Dick Griffith: Man, Myth, Legend

An intimate chat with the B&G Director and Judge of Red Hook

by **alex mignolo**

If President Botstein is the Bush of Bard College, then Dick Griffith is our Cheney. Born in 1932, he shares not only a birthday with beloved Dean Levine, but also a Steely Dan song in which he is referred to as "Big Daddy G." The nickname fits. He has only recently given up his airplanes, motorcycles and dump trucks to sit behind a computer in the new Performing Arts Building, where I finally managed to catch up with him for a brief chat. Hidden behind blueprints in work boots and blue pants, Griffith detailed his career as the director of Buildings and Grounds, a position he has held for more than forty years.

He has rebuilt B&G from its measly 1961 size mirrored by the two trucks B&G owned, to the sprawling network of men in charge of maintaining Bard's sometimes shaky stature. In addition to his B&G duties, Mr. Griffith is currently serving his seventh term as judge of Red Hook, and had previously spent fourteen years as Sheriff of Dutchess County.

The law of the land filters through Mr. Griffith himself, and, however much blossoming artists and intellectuals think they have no need for something as corporeal as the law, give them one speeding ticket and they'll be wishing they had a friend on the other side. Dick Griffith will be your friend. Really, he's a nice guy. Tough but fair. Too bad you

don't know what he looks like: He politely refused a photograph, insisting, "I don't like to be well known."

The nature of his judiciary work means that many secrets must remain confidential, but our conversation made clear that Mr. Griffith "knows all the ropes." He was at liberty to tell me of the time when he sent a local jury home for dinner and bed on a night before the deliberation process had reached a conclusion. At the time this was highly irregular. As he explained to me, however, there is no Red Hook Hilton. His case eventually became a national issue, and was used to argue that if the court consents then local juries should be allowed to go home before the verdict is decided.

Another case that I found interesting, involved a repeal of the standing law that Red Hook police men could confiscate skateboards and fine parents \$25. Mr. Griffith argued that without a proper warrant, confiscation of skateboards was actually stealing. He further argued that parents shouldn't be fined. He won. He should fight for Bard.

Beyond maintaining everyday life on campus, and maintaining law and order in Red Hook, Mr. Griffith is an expert on geothermal heating. He has overseen the construction of Cruger Village, the Village Dorms, the new Ravines, the faculty housing cubes, and now,

the Performing Arts Center. All of these buildings, at the behest of Mr. Griffith himself, have been equipped with geo-thermal heating and cooling.

He explained that Bard uses the dry-well technique: digging a hole four hundred feet deep, putting a pipe-loop inside it, and filtering water through it. As the temperature of the earth down there is a constant 55 degrees, the water comes up and cools you down on hot days. On cool days, a heat pump can compress the molecules in the water, raising the temperature to as high as 120 degrees, so that you can bake chickens in your dorm room. He didn't actually say the part about chickens. I added that, because I wasn't sure what he was talking about.

In the end, all the secrecy has paid off. Mr. Griffith is well respected by the Red Hook community and well connected in the Bard community. Some might speculate that he has even brought the two closer together, working as he does on both sides of the fence. Even native Red Hookers who have argued against Bard's evasion of local taxes have noted that buildings like the Performing Arts Center attract business to the local market.

Even though you'll probably never encounter Mr. Dick Griffith during your stay here at Bard, be assured by his presence, and know that he's the reason that anything actually works around here.

OSAKA

Japanese Restaurant

VOTED
"Best Sushi in the Hudson Valley"
Chronogram & Hudson Valley Magazine
★★★★
Poughkeepsie Journal
Rating EXCELLENT
by Zagat's

Vegetarian dishes available
2 Great Locations!

<p>18 Garden Street Rhinebeck (845) 876-7338 (845) 876-7278</p>	<p>74 Broadway Tivoli (845) 757-5055 (845) 757-5056</p>
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------

"Bat Cave" Entrance and Garage-style Doors Proposed; Student Input Noted

...continued from page 1

will serve as a backstage area for performers.

The building will have several spaces for handicapped parking but no planned larger parking lot so as to destroy a minimal amount of the surrounding natural landscape.

After Reynolds concluded his explanation of the proposed plans, he accepted suggestions and criticism from students. Club rooms and a replacement space for the Root Cellar were the hot topics of debate. Suggestions included making the building multi-level and having club and vending space in the basement and relocating the Student Action Collective room to a dorm basement or lounge instead of the new Old Gym (the same suggestion was made for all groups who regularly meet in the Root Cellar).

Another criticism was directed at the building's one entrance, which Reynolds characterized as a "bat cave" type opening - though he later admitted that a reason for the lone entrance was to better monitor party attendees.

Other issues raised were the acoustics of the practice and per-

formance rooms, the durability of building materials (important to withstand the ravages of hard partying), and a request for covered bike racks.

Many students were wary about the general appearance of the rooms and feared a blandness characteristic of the Campus Center. "I don't want to party in IKEA," said disgruntled sophomore Suzanne Simburg.

To ease student concerns, Reynolds extended an offer to allow anyone interested to help shop for materials for the building. Some students, however, were still unsatisfied.

"I think that we should riot for the Old Gym," proposed Caitlin Adkins. "Who cares what kind of flooring the new one has?"

All student suggestions were recorded, and after several more meetings finalized plans will be drawn up.

The planning phase will end this winter and ground breaking is set to begin in the spring.

DC Protest coverage continued

...continued from page 1

Senegal, commented on his presence at the demonstration.

"The reason we are here is because we are living under a central command economy that has made our nation the poorest nation in Africa, and that economy is being controlled at 1818 H street in Washington, DC."

When the speeches finished, the march began with people brandishing signs with slogans such as "Stop the IMF," "Drop the Debt" and chanting "More World, Less Bank." The march proceeded to Farragut Square, near the IMF and World Bank buildings.

Throughout the march police lined the streets for blocks, and did not permit any of the protesters or bystanders onto the sidewalk; it was a river of colorful signs and banners, noise and dancing, surrounded by a wall of cops in riot gear.

One of the policemen, when asked the reason for the number of police on duty, replied, "I am just doing as I am instructed."

When the march congregated at Farragut Square, the police closed in even more. The gap between the protesters and the non-protesters was a street wide. People milled about as more speeches took place in the park, while protesters waved signs, burned flags and played drums.

Bard student, Kristin Macleod-Ball, commented on the effectiveness of the protest with such a high number of police present.

"Washington DC is turning into a bad place for these protests, the cops know how to deal with a march here. There needs to be other creative actions going on at the same time as the march, so that people are forced to notice."

After the rally in Farragut Square, human road blocks were then organized at various intersections and roads in an attempt to stop the IMF delegates at the meetings from leaving.

In one conflict with a wall of police, a group of about twenty protesters were beaten up, dragged and thrown to the ground.

Another conflict involved a group of protesters who blocked off a whole intersection, preventing the delegates from leaving. The police responded by bluntly saying that if they did not get up they would be dragged off and arrested.

When no one moved, the police forced the group apart using batons to drag them away. The police stood guard over the protesters, threatening further force as



delegates exited from the IMF and World Bank offices.

Sunday's activities were made up of anti-war protests, and a march past a number of embassies, government buildings and eventually Dick Cheney's house.

On the protest around Cheney's house, Indymedia.com reported, "Some protesters were in the back of the rally at Cheney's VP Residence, going into the woody area. Police chasing protesters into the woody area. People coming back out of woody area."



Students Take it Straight to the Streets (of Rhinebeck) to Protest Bush's Proposed War on Iraq

by **matt dineen**

Bard students took to the streets of Rhinebeck last Saturday to protest President Bush's proposed attack on Iraq. Between 25 and 30 students participated in the protest which was organized by the Dutchess County Green Party.

The rally attracted a total of 77 student and community activists, exceeding the expected 25 participants.

Beginning at two in the afternoon, the protestors marched down the sidewalk with antiwar signs a block from the intersection chanting "1, 2, 3, 4: We don't need your dirty war! 5, 6, 7, 8: We don't want your racist hate!"

When the group arrived at the stoplights the message to Rhinebeck's weekend shoppers was: "Bush and Cheney- they're the worst! Send them to the trenches

first!"

As the march circled past the town center and back towards the intersection another car of Bard students pulled up and joined in with homemade drums, adding a lively spirit to the rally.

The peace activists proceeded to divide up evenly on the four corners of the intersection ensuring that every passing car read their messages: "Drop Bush Not Bombs," "Regime Change In Washington Not Iraq" and "Inspect Don't Invade." A number of motorists showed their support by honking, waving or displaying a thumb up.

There were also some a few middle fingers and accusations of tying up traffic. Protestors engaged in dialogue with a number of pedestrians about the issue. Many were

sympathetic to the cause but some were oppositional.

The action in Rhinebeck was not an isolated incident as the debate over Iraq begins to heat up. According to organizer Fred Nagel, "A vacationer coming through said he had passed a similar demonstration in the morning up in the Adirondacks. He wanted to know if this was a movement."

At Bard, the Student Action Collective has recently formed a new Iraq working group which meets Monday at 5:30 pm in the SAC (Old Gym basement) to discuss ways of reaching out to the surrounding communities, setting up teach-ins, letter writing drives, and upcoming demonstrations.

Weekly peace vigils are held every Friday from 5 to 6 PM in Poughkeepsie at the corner of Raymond Ave. and 44/55 East near Vassar College.

On October 14th from 11 am-1 pm there will be a "march and vigil to stop the stampede for war against Iraq" in Poughkeepsie at

the First Congressional Church parking lot, 269 Mill St., and on October 26th there will be a similar march and rally in Kingston.

PARADOX CAFE

veggie wraps • brownies
smoothies • sandwiches
juices • salads

55 Broadway, Tivoli • 757-5575

food / music / life

This is Actual Reportage: Struggles in Chiapas, Mexico

...continued from page 1

liament, resulting in 321 challenged filed in Mexico's Supreme Court. After hearing each challenge the Supreme Court concluded that the law was outside its jurisdiction.

Last August four Zapatista leaders were killed by paramilitary troops. In all instances the killings have been linked to land disputes. The last murder was that of Antonio Mejia Vasquez, the founder of the Zapatista autonomous community K'an Akil.

Because of this increased pressure upon the Zapatistas, an international community of activists have mobilized to provide support and solidarity. One of these organizations, The Mexico Solidarity Network (www.mexicosolidarity.org), organized an emergency delegation to Chiapas in opposition to the recent escalation of violence. Bard students Tessa Brudevold-Iversen, Emily Price and Ali Tonak were part of this delegation.

This international delegation consisted of 25 people from seven different countries with members from vastly different backgrounds and age groups. During our time in Chiapas we traveled to the autonomous municipality of Olga Isabel, where we visited the communities of San Antonio de las Cruces, the municipal capital, K'an akil and San Ramon. We conducted interviews and prepared a report to be presented to the Mexican media in a press conference held on

September 27. The purpose of the delegation was not only to bring attention of the Mexican press to the region but also to meet with various human rights and political organizations in Chiapas to discuss the current situation. Paramilitary groups in the region were also highly aware of the delegation and the international focus on their actions.

We set out for the communities early morning on the 23rd from San Cristóbal de las Casas. Packed into the back of a Ford pickup truck and a 15-person van were not only the multigenerational members of the delegation but also sacks of rice and beans and water for the communities that we were visiting. When we set out for the highlands of Chiapas we did not know if we would be allowed to visit the community of K'an Akil, for all decisions in Zapatista communities are reached by consensus and they had not discussed the presence of our delegation yet.

The winding roads heading east from San Cristóbal de las Casas strain the limits of one's imagination. At points the mountaintops are concealed by the never-ending fog, but in five minutes one finds herself on top of a sea of clouds within the jungle. Chiapas is composed mostly of incredibly lush forests including the Lacandon Jungle, one of the world's leading regions in bio-

diversity and the residence for EZLN commandantes planning their rebellion.

After passing through the city of Ocosingo we arrived at San Antonio de las Cruces greeted by a mural of Marcos with the words "Bienvenido a Autonomous Municipal de Olga Isabel." After waiting for a few hours the community consejo reached its decision that half the group would stay at San Antonio de las Cruces while the other half would be allowed to travel to the more isolated community of K'an Akil where Antonio had been murdered by paramilitaries. They also decided that all of the food we had brought should be taken to K'an Akil illustrating the severity of the situation there.

We were welcomed at the base of the mountain that was home to K'an Akil by members of the community. These teenagers were able to sprint up the long and narrow incline that connected K'an Akil to the dirt road with huge sacks of food on their backs leaving us *gringos* to battle with the mud panting. At the entrance of the village sat a man wearing a black ski mask, the official uniform of the Zapatistas, welcoming us and at the same time clearly trying to

Another shock came when we saw pictures of Antonio's mutilated face hung in the kitchen. Below the pictures were blank cartridges from the weapons that took Antonio's life. These cartridges belonged to an AR-15 rifle, explicitly used by the Mexican military...

make sense of the sudden influx of foreigners.

Upon arriving at our hut we were invited to meet the community at the basketball court which acted as the center of the village here as it does in almost every Zapatista community. Lined up facing each other we introduced ourselves and stated our mission there.

Noe Sebastian, the son of Antonio, said they were pleased with our presence and invited us to the kitchen for coffee. Coffee is one of the two major crops that is grown in K'an Akil, the other is corn. During our interviews we learned that the current price for coffee was four pesos a kilo which is roughly 20 cents a pound, this was a sobering truth considering the high price (\$5-\$10 per pound) that coffee is sold for by corporations across the border. This low price for coffee has been tied to World Bank initiatives formed in the early 90's that have flooded the world with cheap, free trade coffee grown in countries such as Vietnam, where they clear cut ten thousand acres at a time to produce low grade coffee.

Today K'an Akil is deprived of those four pesos as well since they cannot go to work on their fields due to paramilitary intimidation. They spend their days watching their fields rot with binoculars instead of cultivating. Paramilitary groups control the region around



All photo's by Ali Tonak

K'an Akil and it is unsafe to travel on the road between Chilon and Ocosingo after five PM.

Another shock came when we saw pictures of Antonio's mutilated face hung in the kitchen. Below the pictures were blank cartridges from the weapons that took Antonio's life. These cartridges belonged to an AR-15 rifle, explicitly used by the Mexican military and controlled stringently by Mexican gun control laws. This is seen as the ultimate proof connecting the Mexican military with the recent assassinations. Former military commander Sebastian Aguilar leads the family-run Los Aguilares, the primary paramilitary group threatening K'an Akil. The residents of K'an Akil are frustrated that the police have turned a blind eye to evidence presented

such as eye witness accounts identifying the killers as Sebastian Aguilar Mejia, Oscar Aguilar Mejia, and Nicolas Aguilar Mejia. There have been no arrests, indeed, no action whatsoever regarding the assassination of Antonio Mejia.

Through admirable organization the Zapatista communities are struggling to survive. Guards take part in a 24-hour vigil at the borders of the community, as we witnessed the ski masked guard upon our first entrance into K'an Akil, and change every four days when a new set of guards come to the village. Surrounding communities also bring food and support to K'an Akil. The residence of Los Aguilares can be seen from K'an Akil and therefore villagers live in day to day fear.

During our visit at K'an Akil one of the most prominent aspects of their community life was the central role of the church. Here community members gather at least twice a day to pray. While we were there the community was still in mourning over the loss of Antonio. This led to extremely emotional prayers, that took place three times

a day, where family members would sob as they recounted memories of Antonio. Their prayers were directed towards images of Jesus Christ amongst many candles and flowers with the heavy scent of incense in the air. Catholicism is a great influence in K'an Akil and prayers served to comfort the members of the community. Noe Sebastian told us that the community believes that God is everywhere and in everything that surrounds them.

These conditions in which the indigenous people are forced to live in justify the presence of the EZLN and other insurgent groups working for the protection of their resources and rights. Their demands go beyond those of the Mexican people, extending to all people oppressed under the destructive forces of free market capitalism.

One of the most important issues in the struggle for autonomy is territory. The Mexican government has attempted to privatize all the land in Mexico so that it can be exploited for corporate interests. The governor of Chiapas, Pablo Salazar, has initiated a program to



provide aid to farmers in the form of subsidies, such as seeds. The only problem is that to get this aid one must have an individual title to their land. This of course provides strife amongst the Zapatistas who traditionally own their land collectively. Communal titles issued by the Zapatistas are not accepted as valid.

Industries, such as biotechnology businesses, have used the claim of "progress" to evict the indigenous people from the land they have inhabited for hundreds of years. This process has led to drastic changes in Mexico, some of which are unalterable. Corn, a staple in most of the world's diet, is now impossible to find in a form that has not been genetically altered, even though genetically modified organisms are banned in the country. Seeds spread through a variety of mechanisms, such as wind, animals and water. Due to these unpredictable variables the spread of genetically engineered seeds cannot be controlled.

The massive move towards privatization has been ensured through the actions of paramilitaries, who are the invisible hand of the military and thus the Mexican government. Although the government continues to deny the existence of these paramilitaries there is conclusive evidence to the contrary. Many of the groups have ex-

military members, such as in Los Aguilares. These paramilitaries enjoy unlimited impunity through the government's denial of their existence, thus allowing them to commit crimes free from the threat of punishment.

The reason for the government's encouragement of these groups is the pressure that constant psychological warfare has on the morale of resisting forces. The government must undermine

the social fabric which supports insurgent groups so that it can continue with the exploitation of indigenous people in the name of transnational development plans, such as Plan Puebla Panama and the Free Trade Area of the Americas.

A necessary condition of a capitalist economy is cutting costs in order to increase profit. Mexico's ruling class has profited from its relation with the US. A gateway into the consumption-driven US Mexico provides cheap labor, land and other resources. The evidence can be seen in the *maquilas* (sweatshops, such as the one Liz Clairborne just opened in the Chiapas) along the highway from Chiapas into Mexico City. One of the

main components of Plan Puebla Panama is the assembly factories where Mexicans will assemble goods made in countries such as China and India, which have the world's lowest wages.

These paramilitaries enjoy unlimited impunity through the government's denial of their existence, thus allowing them to commit crimes free from the threat of punishment.

Although Chiapas supplies about 35% of all of the water in Mexico, the indigenous people have literally no access to clean water. The World Commission on Water stated in a report that by 2025 one-third of the people would have access to clean water, another third would have access to bad water and the last third would not have any water at all. Both Coca Cola and Monsanto have deals in Chiapas for privatizing springs in the area. The sixth largest river in all of the Americas divides Mexico and Guatemala. Plan Puebla Panama includes designs for five to six hydroelectric dams, which will effectively cut off any access the indigenous people

may have had.

Mexico is one of the main suppliers to the US of narcotics and the main supplier of unfiltered petroleum, both conveniently located in the Lacandon jungle, also the Zapatista "headquarters". Although the Mexican government has claimed progress in the war against drugs, the situation is pretty much the same.

They are now also one of the main producers of synthetic drugs, as well as naturally grown ones. Currently, Mexico is used for transportation of over 55% of the cocaine consumed in the US. They also produce about 30% of the heroin and 70% of the marijahuchi that the US imports. The availability and the profitability of drug trafficking has led to the inevitable step of corruption and involvement of the government in the trade.

The US government has used these facts to aid Mexico in the task of modernizing their military. With this goes training of soldiers, supplying weapons and direct funding. In 1997, more than 1,500 members of the Airborne Special

Forces Group (GAFE's) and 600 members of the navy in Mexico were trained at US military training schools. In 1997 the Clinton administration gave \$8 million in anti-narcotics funding. This was a 400% increase from the previous year. In 1999 that figure was increased to \$9 million. Also in 1999, the Mexican government bought over \$62 million in weapons from the US.

The Mexican Petroleum Company (Pemex), which makes up one-third of the federal budget, holds a monopoly over the industry in Mexico. It is currently undergoing the same privatization process as the rest of the country, due to manipulations and direct defiance of the constitution and cooperation from the IMF and World Bank. This benefits the US in several ways. First, it will have no dependence upon the volatile Middle-East region. Second, it will have accessible oil, used as a guarantee for foreign investment in the country.

There will be a Chiapas teach-in Thursday at 5:30 in the Student Action Center (basement of the Old Gym) with the authors of this article.



Taking the Zimbabwean Elections to Task

by morgan matsua

Whichever way one looks at it, the media across the world has oversimplified the matter to a one-dimensional rule of law contestation, which is insufficient and fails to capture the far more complex essence of the matter.

The Southern African Development Community (SADC), the Southern African version of the European Union, is not in agreement over Zimbabwe. As if that is not enough, there are many issues that can be addressed independently. There are issues of land, the elections, violence, the rule of law, and democratic ethos in general.

An outline of the trajectory of some major events is able to serve as an exposition of the various issues concerned. Professor Hove, a freelance political commentator from Zimbabwe, recently

delivered a fair lecture in a public seminar at the University of Zimbabwe. According to him, the political chessboard was rocked by the February 99 referendum, in which the masses refused a proposal for a new constitution from the Government. The president since then has surprisingly received the response humbly, effectively preventing the passing of the new constitution. The ordeal upheld the Lancaster house document, which creates an all-powerful executive president.

The June parliamentary elections were themselves peaceful, although the runner-up to the elections was shrouded in a bit of violence from both ZANU PF and the MDC. ZANU PF won but none of the two parties had a two-thirds majority, which is necessary for a constitutional amendment.

The national constitutional assembly, led by Lovemore Madhuku of the faculty of law at the University of Zimbabwe, is the only voice calling for constitutional reform. Unfortunately, the state machinery has managed to suppress most of such activities on constitutional grounds.

Many issues have since arisen from the parliamentary to the presidential elections in 2001. The controversial elements were the passing of the Public Order and Security Act, which is akin to Ian Smith's Law and Order Maintenance Act, a measure that bolsters executive power in the midst of unstable

conditions. They were the major talk after the elections in which Mugabe won by close to half a million votes, almost 51% of the

Leanmore Jongwe, MDC parliamentarian, in yet another presentation, lamented the 3.5 million whom he claimed were denied the vote to vote, the 104 supporters who were seriously injured, 392 abductions, 5245 cases of torture, 9992 cases of unlawful detention, and the 77 rallies that were canceled.

total poll, much to the shock of the world and even Mugabe himself.

The elections were tripartite, people had to vote for the president, the mayor and the councilor for each constituency but only in

towns. The same elections were held in Zambia and ushered Levi Mwanawasa to the Corridors of power. It, however, looked like

there was going to be a rerun as pressure mounted on Mugabe from all angles. This decision was eventually not taken in spite of commonwealth action and the apt American sanctions. The lead-

continued on page 7...

Culled from the Student Newspaper Archives, an Old Gym History:

...continued from page 1

from the gym featured "Masterworks from France," "The Un-Bard Hour (things decidedly un-Bardian in nature)," "Salzburg Festival Concert," and an interview with Harry Purvis, Long Island congressional candidate on a "Voters for Peace" platform. (Observer, Vol. 5, No. 6)

Judi Arner, Class of 1968, and current president of the Alumni Association recalls a number of very formal dances held in the gym during her time at Bard. Arner tells of elegant decorations along the gym's walls invoking images of those formal promenades held in the 1920's when the gym was freshly built.

Besides dances and community meetings, the gym also continued to host lectures and performances by visiting intellectuals and artists. Novelist William Golding spoke in the gym on March 4, 1963. The previous fall first-year Bard students were asked to read his most famous work, *Lord of the Flies*, making the lecture a particular treat for them. There were also a number of visitors from other schools in attendance who had received invitations to the event. (Observer, Vol. 5, No. 7) Four years later the Bard dance club sponsored a master dance class given by "acclaimed Haitian dancer" Jean-Leon Destine who was visiting from the new School of the Performing Arts at NYU. (Observer, Vol. 9, No. 23)

During this period there were a number of other social spaces for students on campus reserving the gym for special occasions to

physical education requirement for all students. Bard did not have a varsity basketball team, but there was an intramural league in which teams were divided by dormitory (i.e. Tewksbury vs. Stone Row). The basketball court was also used for volleyball tournaments and there were squash courts on the buildings north side, currently film department studios.

In 1966 the college began renovating the aging gym, replacing what the alternative student paper, *The Gadfly*, called the "old, dark, dank, and useless" bowling alley in the basement with a "bright, well lit corridor which contains two ping pong tables and two pool tables, as well as a comfortable seating area." In addition, new bathrooms replaced "those depressing jerry-built affairs" and locker and shower rooms were also installed. In her March 1967 article entitled "On the Gym," Ilene Rosen observed: "It is not surprising that there has been a noticeable improvement. Anything short of total demolition job would have been an improvement." She further noted, "And demolition may still be the lesser of two evils"—chilling words to read today given the current state of affairs. (Gadfly, Vol. III, No. 1)

Before the renovation was complete, a wave of vandalism struck the gym, and the life of intramural basketball consequentially came to an end. In May 1966 athletic director Charles Patrick reported in a letter to *The Gadfly* a series of criminal incidents, including dejected balls, snapped pool cues, and office break-ins. No matter, because the most memora-

en's liberation group, and a student newspaper that Yippie leader Abbie Hoffman included in his list of "Alternative Newspapers" in the classic *Steal This Book*. On December 3, 1969 the poet and counter cultural icon Allen Ginsberg, who had a home in upstate New York, read in the gym to a full audience. (Observer, Vol. XIV, No. II) It was a very exciting time to be a student here.

The new Dining Commons (Kline) was built in 1971. The psychology department moved into Preston Hall, where the previous dining hall was located. Allen Ginsberg returned to the gym in 1971, where he read poems and sang original renditions of *Blake Songs*. In attendance was Bard student Jonathan Kaplan, who wrote: "It was a great joy to be in his presence, to watch him, to hear his curiously deep, husky, gravelly voice which seems to echo within him, that turned beautiful when he read his poems. I noticed a gentleness, as of someone aware of a new finality to his time—either to his own life or to our furious era." (Observer, Vol. XIV, No. II) That year *The Observer* temporarily changed its name to *The Red Tide* to more accurately reflect their views and the times that they were living in.

By 1972, students felt that the new Dining Commons had not been utilized to its full potential. It soon became a central social venue on campus where many dances, par-



Allen Ginsberg singing in the Old Gym, 1969. (from the *Observer*, vol. XIV, no. II)

in general, was changing for the worse. In a 1973, an opinion piece entitled "Bard in the 70's," first year student Beth Aronson observed: "It seems that the time for demonstrations and group movements has passed. The campus life of demonstrations and 'radicals' that my friends and I read about in high school no longer exists." (Observer, Vol. XVII, No. 1)

The following May, President Reamer Kline announced his retirement after 14 years with the college as the national news focused on the impeachment of President Richard Nixon. At the end of 1974, Bard's acting president Bob Bruce withdrew from the presidential race and took an administrative job at Clark University. A "dynamic" fellow named Leon Botstein, age 28, president of Franconia College at the time, became "number one on the Search Committee's list." (Observer, Vol. XII, No. V)

In 1975 Leon became the first Bard president that was not a minister in the Episcopal Church. On the afternoon of March 5, 1975 the Bard community welcomed their new president with a festive spirit. The *Observer* reported:

An unscheduled parade formed along side of Stone Row to show Mr. Botstein some Bard hospitality. It could just as easily have passed for Disneyland. Leading the group was a Mad Hatterish figure standing on a slowly rolling car waving...In addition, Mr. Botstein's Franconia ears were greeted by the warped sounds of Bard's marching football band, known as "Sugatt's Swingers." The band...marched Mr. Botstein to the gym and ended in a rousing community singing of "Glory, Glory Hallelujah". (Observer, XIII, No. I)

After this impromptu welcoming parade the students, staff, and faculty crowded into the gym where Leon gave his opening words as the new president. He "handled himself with the poise of a decent stand-up comic." After the event in the gym, Leon met with club presidents for dinner in the Dining Commons and then at 9 pm he spoke with the general student body in Tewksbury before a jazz performance: "Fatigued, he vainly tried to make the answers he first delivered five hours before seem fresh and spontaneous. The pretzels were good." (Observer, XIII, No. I) Per-

haps this moment of glory in the gym is what led Leon to admit at his recent open house that he feels "nostalgic" about the Old Gym.

For the rest of the decade, the gym continued to be utilized for both social and recreational student activities. The Bard Cagers formed the college's varsity basketball game in the 1970's with little success. Athletics were not a priority. The Bard Latino American Organization hosted a dance in the gym on May 2, 1975. It featured live music by Ray Rodriguez and his experience and the drinks were "gratis." (Observer, Vol. XIII, No. IV)

Always on the cutting edge, Bard had a number of student bands in the late 1970's that adopted the new sound and attitude of punk rock. The gym served as a venue for the local band, Twiliters, who were banned after a rowdy performance on May 13, 1979. Virus was another Bard punk band who, unlike the blacklisted Twiliters, were invited to play that year's Spring Formal in Blithewood. (Bard Times, Vol. XX, No. III) In the fall the kids kept a Bard tradition alive by holding a Halloween show in the gym. Dubbed "one of the best Bard gigs ever," Bolling Drones were a student band that performed at the holiday show. In the audience was Cliff Pemsler who narrates: "Out of restless darkness, a wave of excitement envelopes an all too familiar gym...These campus faces, although humorously disguised, are those that we recognize easily." (Bard Times, Vol. XX, No. XIII)

The 1970s were over as Bard braced for a new era, and eventually a new gym.

An unscheduled parade formed along side of Stone Row to show Mr. Botstein some Bard hospitality. It could just as easily have passed for Disneyland. Leading the group was a Mad Hatterish figure standing on a slowly rolling car waving...In addition, Mr. Botstein's Franconia ears were greeted by the warped sounds of Bard's marching football band, known as "Sugatt's Swingers." The band...marched Mr. Botstein to the gym and ended in a rousing community singing of "Glory, Glory Hallelujah". (Observer, XIII, No. I)

accommodate large numbers of people. 1965 saw the opening of a new coffee house called the Red Balloon that hosted live music and chess matches. Bard students also frequented Adolph's Ale House, located in the current Public Relations building on Annandale Road, which thrived with Bard business until 1985. The legal drinking age in New York State changed from 18 to 21, preventing the coffee house from serving alcohol and forcing the owner of Adolph's to sell the bar. (Observer, Vol. 8, No. 2)

The main purpose of the gym during this era was athletics, primarily basketball. According to Bruce Chilton, who went to Bard from 1967 to 1971, there was a

ble gatherings were held outdoors, usually outside Blithewood which was then a dorm. Donald Fagen and the rest of Steely Dan went to Bard and they would regularly play these parties. There were also parties held inside and outside Ward Manor. By the time Chilton arrived it was already Bard folklore that Bob Dylan, who lived just across the Hudson River, was banned from the school for breaking a table in Manor.

The Bard student body was immersed in the growing resistance to traditional American culture and the unjust war being waged in Southeast Asia. The college had an active chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), a wom-

ties, and lectures alike were held. The Commons eventually hosted a number of concerts including famous jazz musicians and a performance by Pete Seeger that was a benefit for Hudson River Sloop Restoration. However, it did not completely replace the gym in this respect. On April 14, 1972 an event mysteriously advertised as "Revival" was held in the gym and on October 27, 1973 the gym hosted a "Masquerade" which was a "Halloween costume dance" featuring "music, cider, and Molson on the tap." (Observer, Vol. XVII, No. I)

That year new Bard students were disappointed that Bard, and perhaps American youth culture

More on the Elections in Zimbabwe

...continued from page 5

ers of SADC, mainly Chissano, Nujoma, Chiluba and Mkapa (very egregious) showed a great deal of support. South Africa's Mbeki disappointed the world by refusing flat out to openly criticize Mugabe. Wade of Senegal and Amara Essy expressed reservations.

Leanmore Jongwe, MDC parliamentarian, in yet another presentation, lamented the 3.5 million whom he claimed were denied the vote to vote, the 104 supporters who were seriously injured, 392 abductions, 5245 cases of torture, 9992 cases of unlawful detention, and the 77 rallies that were canceled.

There was fear of a bare-faced rigging of the counting during the latter days of the election. However, contrary to expectations,

Mugabe allowed the accredited local, regional and international observers and journalists in the counting rooms. The rigging was said then to be an accumulation of dysfunctions, violence and stated irregularities like Jongwe's lamentations.

The legitimacy of the government is difficult to totally abandon because Mugabe is slowly patching up the problems, while making serious alliances regionally and internationally. Such a network of alliances has made it difficult for the USA and Britain to take decisive action.

None expected the government to survive till this day. Of immediate concern right now is what the future holds for Zimbabwe. Is the removal of Mugabe possible? Is it the solution to Zimbabwe's problems?

Will the situation improve if MDC president Morgan Tsvangirai is president? Zimbabwe's experiences shall be a turning point for African politics.

Personally, as the political epoch in Zimbabwe enters its final stages, I am not persuaded despite the hard times, that the end is necessarily doom. I cannot tell of all the twists it will take. Current trends have been forecast into pictures of doom, but I believe, like Barbara Tuchman, that the foreboding doom will generate a counter mechanism, and fool the scientific curve. We too will muddle through.

A Call to Rethink Activist Tactics

by **kyle maxie, lola pierson, katie jacoby, and bill mccollogh**

The thought of being arrested never once entertained the minds of those detained last Friday in Washington D.C. Bard's affinity group's tactical decisions for dodging arrest were made based on our experiences gained from past protests.

The demonstrations in Seattle (1999) and DC (2000) illustrated a diverse range of creative resistance with little to no limitations. Members of the movement for global justice expressed their voices with more freedom than can be seen today.

Perhaps it is because the movement was in its initial stage in our country. Authorities had a limited conception of how to handle a movement with such creative activism. In contrast, by the time the World Economic Forum in New York City rolled around last year, control was inevitable. From this impressionable experience, some felt hopeless about the orientation of the movement. Were we to be corralled in the streets, our voices suffocated by the outstanding numbers of police for all protests to come? Initially, that was our only conclusion.

However, a previously existing form of oppression became blatantly clear as we stood in Freedom Plaza last Friday morning. It is accurate to say that the most "active" members of the movement were among those who stood proudly in the plaza waiting to "take the streets" as had been done a few years earlier in Seattle and D.C. However, we had already made ourselves a target. We were a spectacle that the authorities deemed would contribute to a disruption in the order of the city; we thought we were there to contribute to a global political movement.

The illegitimate detainment and arrest of 649 students, professors, lawyers and members of the media in Freedom Plaza marked a flaw in the authorities' tactics. They sought to take the most disruptive



protesters off the streets. In actuality, they did more than that. The unconstitutional nature of all the arrests has raised questions about violations of civil liberties.

It is safe to say that the strategy of those who were present in Freedom Plaza on Friday had been long understood by the police. If activists choose to use these same tactics in future actions, the public will remain unaware of our message. The movement will become benign. If this is true, then an activist must ask of him/herself "what tactics must I use to revitalize the potency of the movement?"

Activists must begin to see that our centralized efforts that convey our message are becoming an easy way for the state to silence us. We must revitalize our activist tactics. We must disband from a centralized unit. We must form a new web of solidarity.

No one came away from this experience feeling defeated. We have all realized that any loss of faith in the movement after this ordeal is exactly what they want you to feel. They want you to feel unproductive and useless. It is up to you to know that you have an effect. One student mentioned that although activists do not see their voices and views being aired in the media, internationally the move-

ment is one of the most important news stories of the day. If anything, most have realized the stagnant nature of the movement as it stands today and desire to change it. Many question what the most strategic direction to take the movement will be. We offer this advice:

- Strengthen community support. The movement can only become stronger if activists and sympathizers are constantly working together.

- Create physically small, decentralized groups focusing on the same goals with a unification of ideals within the movement.

- Common knowledge of your rights.

The police we dealt with this weekend knew exactly how to keep us off the streets, and as Charles Ramsey, the D.C. police chief was quoted as saying, "We gave them all the warning we feel we needed to give them."

We should all take the experiences of this weekend and turn them into something positive. Let's take back our streets in a new way, giving the system only the warning we feel it needs.

How to drink without getting caught

Brought to you by the Student Life Committee

After the turmoil over the last few weeks with security and the administration, we, the chair of the Student Life Committee and the chair of the Office of Safety and Policy Review Board, thought it might be a good idea to get together and offer up the top three ways to peacefully co-exist with security and have fun at the same time. After meeting with several administrators close to these issues, we have compiled the following tips:

1. Quantity: A six-pack won't get you in trouble; a fifth of Jack Daniel's or a jug of Carlo Rossi just might. If you can afford to buy that much liquor for one night, you should be sharing with your friends. Security cites the quantity of alcohol per person as one of the most obvious ways to decide if a situation has the potential to get out of hand.

2. Containers: Brown bag it, or do it the Bard way and use your school mug. Security is much more likely to question you if you're flashing a 40 of Icehouse than if you are sipping out of your Nalgene bottle. You can always refill it later.

3. Behavior: Be cool, be mature, and be nice. Security doesn't want to mess with you any more than you want them to, so don't call attention to yourself by fucking with security for no good reason. If you don't want to be assumed drunk until proven innocent, don't assume they're assholes until proven correct.

Security understands that they have a bad reputation right now with students, but they are actively soliciting help, criticism, and conversation in order to stand by their motto of education instead of punishment. There was miscommunication during the transition between L&T and the start of school, but security has clarified its goals and there has been no change in policy. Let's try to hold onto the "old Bard" spirit of working with the school instead of against it. If you have any questions about alcohol policy or security, please feel free to contact SLC@bard.edu or ea876@bard.edu or come to the first Safety and Policy Review Board meeting on October 1st at 12:30 in the Kline Committee Room. Also be sure to look for flyers announcing an SLC open meeting about these issues.

Happy Drinking!

Model UN: A Valuable Lesson in the Ways of the World

by **daria solovieva**

Yes, they make a lot of people angry. Yes, many figures and groups of considerable political standing do not treat them with much respect, or ignore them altogether. Them: the United Nations. But all this does not mean you cannot benefit intellectually by simulating the proceedings of the institution, analyzing its actions and finding when they have been successful and when the world could have been more fortunate. Model United Nations is an organization where you can do just that, plus learn about global issues in a more in-depth and alternative way than, say, reading a newspaper in Kline. It is true that historically speaking, the United Nations proved to be impotent a lot of the time when it came to resolving serious crises such as the Cold War. And when they did try to make the world a better place, they often ended up making things even worse (as was the case with the bombings in Bosnia).

Not one hundred percent effective in the past, the UN is becoming even weaker now, with the power of intergovernmental, nongovernmental organizations and other international forces steadily growing. By all means the UN is far from a perfect international law-enforcing institution. Nonetheless it is an invaluable teacher of the mistakes of Ameri-

can foreign policy and its impact on the weakening of the distinction between domestic and international issues.

This year Bard is going to give Model UN a try. At the college level, Model UN organizes conferences and forums all over the country that attract delegations from all over the world. Participating colleges apply for the countries they wish to represent at the upcoming conference where they are asked to debate from their assigned country's point of view. Each college delegation is split up into different councils and assemblies corresponding to the principal organs of the UN: the Economic and Social Council, International Court of Justice, Security Council and the General Assembly. This semester we have faculty sponsorship from a faculty member, Dean of Students Jonathan Becker, and we are planning two trips to the Harvard Model United Nations Annual Conference and a closer conference in New York City.

As far as I'm concerned, the Model UN organization as a powerful educational force has much more overall individual impact on the world than its actual counterpart in New York.

With questions or comments on the Model UN, please contact Daria Solovieva, ds289@bard.edu

Setting the Scene: The Surrealist Training Circus Hits Kline

by **casey mcconnell**

The students eating at Kline Thursday evening were sharing their experiences, and were having their experiences built upon by their conversation, by the vibe of the joint, even by the crumbly food. It was jostled rather violently at 7 p.m. by the Surrealist Training Circus.

The Surrealist Training Circus is a moderate sized group of Bard Students whose intention is to create a state of confusion and disorder in an ordered world. They have a similar effect of theatre and the performing arts, only much more potent because they come unannounced. They, like any other stimulus, build on our experiences and change the people we are.

The Spectacle:

An unnamed Bard student, eating his dinner, went into convulsions. It was very real looking. Everyone in Kline reacted as though this person was having a seizure. Security was called. EMS was called. Everyone was shocked

that this was happening in Kline, that this was happening to them, and to someone they know.

This unnamed student's performance carried on for less than a minute. Then in marched the other members of the Surrealist Training Circus dressed to look like EMS, only they had face paint on, and were followed by a student wearing surgeon style scrubs. Some tension was released from the unaware students. The situation had changed abruptly from life threatening into a performance; a gag. To many students there, it was a distasteful performance.

It was hard for the STC to continue their performance. Many students were crying. Many students were shouting their dissatisfaction at the face painted EMS and surgeon. Many students left the cafeteria and went into the corridor, or they left Kline completely.

The surgeon cut open a sheet that was spread over the unnamed student's body after he had been

lifted to a table. It was meant to look like he was being operated on. Under the sheet was a bag full of props. The surgeon pulled the props out of the bag, appearing to pull them from the student, and shouted what they were. When they determined that the operation and the performance was over, the STC carried the unnamed student from Kline, leaving many befuddled students upset, disgusted, sad, and demanding that this should never happen again.

During the performance, several students shouted that this was not "Art." This was the sentiment of most students who witnessed the performance. This is the sentiment of most students who didn't witness the performance, but heard about it from someone who had.

The STC had contacted EMS, Bard Security, and Kline staff prior to the performance to alert them that something of this nature was to happen at 7 pm in Kline. Their intentions were to confuse the students eating at the busiest dinner hour. They wanted to alert them

that the STC is a presence on campus. They intended for it to be all in fun...

The reaction of the students eating their dinner at Kline showed that it was not fun. There were a few people who have close relations to others with serious illnesses like epilepsy who expressed their anger at others joking or mocking in such a realistic way those illnesses.

One vocal student proclaimed that he never wanted to see this happen again. He argued that the next time someone is choking or having a seizure people might think it is a gag.

The reaction the students had to what appeared as a genuine seizure was exemplary. They allowed the student space, they assessed the situation, determining that he was seizing rather than choking, and they called for help.

The performance of the STC was shadowed by the emotional response of the students. The duration the unnamed student feigned to seize seemed stretched, and the fact that there was no evidence of

a gag excited everyone.

People bring their own experiences everywhere they go. It defines who they are, what they believe in, and how they interact with others. It also is a basis for reaction to events. It can't be unilaterally changed, but rather built upon.

It appears that most students felt that the STC overstepped a boundary of tastefulness. Life is held sacred. When you joke with it, it offends people. A question arises: is that boundary of tastefulness able to be overstepped, and if so, what happens to that which we hold sacred? And a counter question is, if Bard is a place with fewer boundaries, where people feel free to express themselves however artistically they want, isn't this where some should push the limit?

The Surrealist Training Circus received \$250 from the budget forum. They are also a TLS project.

Acts of Contrition: Taking Responsibility for an Irresponsible Act

by **annie christian**

First and foremost, the members of the Surrealist Training Circus would like to apologize for the outcome of the performance in the Kline commons on Thursday night. We had absolutely no intention of hurting anyone or causing pain, fear, anger and/or humiliation. The event was intended to surprise and entertain the Bard community. We had hoped that the absurdity of the performance would liven up the atmosphere of a typical dinner in Kline, yet there was clearly no such effect.

Specifically, the surrealistic Circus would like to apologize to those who reacted quickly, and quite honestly heroically to the apparent victim of an epileptic seizure. Your reactions were commendable, and their importance

should in no way be discounted by the fact that the incident was a performance. We know that there is no concrete way of convincing you that your reactions, regardless of the circumstances, were admirable, but please have faith in our respect.

In light of the outcome of the performance, we are now confronted with some serious repercussions for our behavior. We did not fully consider the potential reactions of our audience. Our failure to alert all Kline workers and Security was truly irresponsible and unfair. Emergencies are serious business for everyone, and from this, the circus has learned an immeasurable lesson. We are responsible for our actions and therefore must consider them with more discretion and criticism. Our

mission is to give to the community in whatever we do. The performance in Kline was meant to be entertainment but receded into a catastrophic category of its own, somewhere between a nasty prank and realistic, tasteless drama.

The adverse effects fully outweigh the redemptive qualities of the performance, but hopefully, apologies will sooth the upset and trust can be restored. The surrealist training circus will give back to the community in future events, as we feel we took something from the community in the fiasco of our first event. We owe you all, and we will make it up to you. If you'd like to talk about the events of the performance with members of the circus, please come to the root cellar in the Old Gym on Wednesday, October 9th at 6pm. We would really appreciate your feedback and/or support.

by **carrie keith**

For all those hurt, scared, threatened, and/or offended by the Surrealist Circus act in Kline last night, this message goes out as an apology. The act was not intended to make a mockery of the students who rushed to the aid of the meretricious seizure sufferer. My commitment to the circus is to explore positive and creative interactions with my peers, by means of circus training and community based performances. It was not the intentions of the performers to create a negative experience and energy for the audience. The expectations of the evening were purely entertainment, humor, and

good cheer. I am disappointed in myself to have left the Bard community upset and angry. We have a lot to learn. Although our intentions were good we were ignorant of the ramifications created. Please accept our heartfelt apology on behalf of all clowns, cross-bearers, and fairies. Please also feel free to approach, write, or ring any circus member for further dialogue.

Thank you kindly, and a sincere apology from a deeply concerned circus member wishing to take responsibility for an irresponsible act.

STC: How Low Can You Go?

by **liv carrow**

To see a person in the throes of an epileptic seizure is not at all funny, entertaining or even interesting. It is a terrifying experience for everyone who witnesses it and tries to help. Bard's own "Surrealist Training Circus" seems to think otherwise, and expressed its ignorant, warped interpretation of humor at the expense of the rest of the student population.

I do not personally know anyone who was involved with the prank that occurred in Kline on Thursday, and so this is not an attack based on personal politics. I am one of many, many pissed off people who were frightened for the safety of a fellow student in a medical emergency.

For anyone who wasn't in Kline at the time, this is what happened; a guy eating dinner like thebardfreepress.vol4.issue1

everyone else doubled over and began convulsing on the floor, screaming and grabbing nearby chairs and tables. Everyone around him freaked out, moved the chairs, and attracted the attention of the whole cafeteria. Someone called EMS, while another student tried to restrain the "epileptic" from hurting himself as he "bled" from his mouth. Then, a bunch of clowns in EMS gear came in, picked him up and put him on the table while an angel on crutches and a little person in a death mask paraded in. At this point, people began getting really angry and upset. A number of students were crying, and a few caught their breath in time to tell off the pranksters.

The "prank," however, was a little more than even this campus can tolerate. It was disturbing,

offensive and downright tasteless. Very few people who witnessed it thought it was cool, or funny, or entertaining. Mostly the witnesses were scared and upset. If anyone has ever been witness to a real epileptic fit, it is not something that is at all funny. People can die from fits, either by contact with nearby objects or through internal bodily and/or brain damage. The fake blood coming from the student's mouth was what got me really afraid, because one does not generally bleed from the mouth and walk away O.K. Also, there are epileptics who attend this college, and for all the P.C. attitudes held by students here, poking fun at a debilitating and potentially deadly physical illness is the least acceptable breach of social decency, let alone political correctness.

There seems to be a minority of students who did think that this was in some way entertaining, and

I should like to address those opinions as well. I would assume that these people have never witnessed a real fit before, or else simply don't care about the health and safety of their fellow students. If you can find humor in such a thing, more power to you, but since the rest of us can't, please keep such antics out of public spaces where students go to relax and eat, not to be screwed with by eight or so sick individuals with a budget and an apparent desire to piss off their peers.

According to the blurb on the Clubs website, members of the Circus "hope to bring a little life and creativity back into the Bard campus." I would dare to suggest that "a little life and creativity" already exists on the Bard campus and that the students here do not need false epileptic fits in the dining hall to spice up their lives, especially ones paid for by student

budget money. The small amount of money the club received could go to something much more productive and acceptable than that, and the budget committee was probably unaware of the intentions of the group when they granted the money.

What the Surrealist Training Circus tried to pull off was unacceptable and disgusting. More is tolerated at Bard than in the rest of the outside world, but the seizure prank went too far even for open-minded students accustomed to the strangeness that goes on here every day. There is no need to create stress and problems, to make people cry and get angry, and to waste everyone's time with insensitive and rude antics in our living space.

After an Odyssey, Reflections on U.S. Policy in Latin America

by **ben dangl**

It was about 115 degrees on the bus as we wobbled through the Chiapas jungle in Southeast Mexico. The foul smell of the broken bathroom fermented in our nostrils. Suddenly a woman stood up and made a dash for the bathroom, and realizing the doors were locked shut, then proceeded to vomit on my head. This was how an eight-month trip through South America began.

Sandinista marches in the northern jungles of Nicaragua, an illegal upstream border crossing into Guatemala, hitch hiking in Cuba, trapped in a civil war in Bolivia, riots and economic turmoil in Argentina, Inca ruins in Peru, penguins in Patagonia, bar fights in Mexico, dengue fever in Brazil rain forests, and Valentine's day in Paraguay.

Parasites were not the only thing I brought back with me from Latin America. A sense of political concern developed for the first time when colorfully dressed women and farmers in Bolivia started hurling grapefruit sized rocks at our bus from the side of the road. I was caught in the midst of a nation-wide road blockade. Angry farmers were protesting the new government pressure against their production of coca leaves. These leaves, which are used for medicine and cultural events, as well as the production of cocaine, are the farmers' main source of income. The U.S. government is putting more pressure on this production each year. I was caught in the middle of something I thought was completely unrelated to me, while in fact, I lived in the country that was responsible for the increased tension.

Nicaragua has been deeply effected by the results of U.S. foreign policy as well. The Sandinistas' war with the Contras in the eighties still remains a strong memory to Nicaraguans. After years of oppression that proved

capitalism did not work in such an agricultural state; the Sandinistas fought to take back the land. And it worked, starting in 1979 when they kicked out their corrupt president Somoza. Under the Sandinista government there were literacy campaigns, vaccinations and health-care, farming collectives were developed, and the land was taken from the rich and given back to the people working on it. Then the U.S. government decided it was not commercially convenient for a socialist state to be so close to home, and the Contra war in Nicaragua began. Possibly the hope and anguish of the Sandinista Revolution can be summed up in a conversation I had there with a gnarled old union leader. "I could tell you beautiful things about the revolution. We had war, we had a blockade but we had work, land, food, medicine and education. Now look out at the streets, there are dozens of strong men out there without work. Shoe makers, carpenters, masons, mechanics, all with hungry families. I could tell you beautiful things, but here the life is very hard now."

On the other hand, in many ways, the revolution in Cuba continues. With their free education for all and excellent healthcare system they maintain a better literacy and infant mortality rate than that of the U.S. Unlike many capitalist countries, the government controls the economy there and not vice versa.

In most rural areas throughout Latin America high literacy rates and good healthcare are the exception rather than the rule. In Cuba it is the opposite. I met ten year-old kids in the middle of the jungle that could read and write because their government had made sure there was a school nearby. And whereas thousands of people in Latin America die each year from basic sicknesses or lack of simple surgery, in Cuba rural areas had pharmacies and hospitals. I met rural people



The Bolivian countryside, as rendered through the magic of half-tone scanning.

that had had complex and expensive surgery done for free.

In a land without Coca-Cola, Marlboros or McDonalds, Cuba is Cuban, and most take a great pride in this. The relationship with Fidel Castro is a mixed one. The presence and pressure of the government is seen everywhere. In the evenings in many small towns people gather around a communal outdoor TV in the parks. There the old men and families watch shows and soap operas. One evening in the middle of a show, Fidel Castro started giving a speech on national wide television. Everybody groaned, "Oye, por favor...otra vez!" (Come on, not again!) and wanted to watch the other evening program instead. So someone changed the channel, and then again, and then again. But Castro was on every station. Eventually they all resigned themselves to watching their bearded leader. He happened to be giving a speech thanking U.S. congress for trying to pass a law against the trade embargo on Cuba (which President Bush later vetoed).

Then there was Argentina. I

would ride my bike up to school each morning and know if I had classes depending on if there was black smoke in the sky. The professors regularly burned tires and banged pots to protest their ongoing lack of pay. Instead of trying to deal directly with their problems of unemployment, rising poverty and social unrest, the Argentine government has done little else but ask for more money from the International Monetary Fund (I.M.F.) in the first months of their economic crisis.

Columbia, whose war torn history has led to a current, four sided drug war, with thousands dead, has a government helpless in the midst of their chaos. So they plead to the U.S. military which is more than willing to go in there and help out.

But the truth is that nothing really starts happening until the U.S. shows up. Friends from Bosnia and Yugoslavia have told me that for years organizations like the UN have tried to help with the turmoil in their countries with tanks and money, but nothing really happened until the U.S. arrived. The world is becoming controlled by this depen-

dence.

It is important to know what the U.S. is doing to and in the world. For example, due to the years of U.S. mandated economic sanctions on Iraq, over 500,000 Iraqi children have died. In 1996 when Madeleine Albright was questioned on national television about our responsibility for this loss of life, she said it was "a very hard choice, but we think the price is worth it." On a similar note, more innocent people have died in Afghanistan than in the World Trade Center bombing...who are the terrorists when so many innocent people die? If anything is going to change within the U.S. government, it is going to happen from the pressure of the American people, and not from abroad and the countries we are effecting most deeply. As the U.S. becomes more powerful it is important to be critical of what our government is doing.

The world is watching the U.S.. What are we doing?

White House Document Lays Out Plans for World Dominance

by **kate crockford**

"The US National Security Strategy will be based on a distinctly American internationalism that reflects the union of our values and our national interests. The aim of this strategy is to help make the world not just safer but better."

- The National Security Strategy for the United States of America, September 2002

Although President Bush ran on a "humble foreign policy" during the 2000 election, a 33-page document recently released to Congress reveals something entirely antithetical concerning the administration's plans for military strategy in the 21st century. The document is titled "The National Security Strategy for the United States of America."

Even as most NATO nations have decreased military spending since the end of the Cold War, the US has increased spending by

a whopping 6% for 2003, giving Defense a \$400 billion dollar budget, by far the largest of any nation in the world.

A key element of America's new foreign and military policy spelled out in the document is to "dissuade future military competition." The policy asserts that the US needs to "build and maintain our defenses beyond challenge."

Apparently the dominance of the U.S. military, whose capability already far surpasses those of the rest of the world combined, is not substantial enough. The U.S. earmarked 50.5% of all 2001 discretionary spending for the Pentagon, and yet the recently released White House document advocates that more attention must be paid to military affairs.

Perhaps in response to the dwindling phenomenon known as the "Vietnam Syndrome," the document asserts, "It is time to reaf-

firm the essential role of American military strength. Our forces will be strong enough to dissuade potential adversaries from pursuing a military build-up in hopes of surpassing, or equaling, the power of the United States."

While the "distinctly American internationalism" that the White House seeks to advance may sound imperialist, the President insists in the document's preface, "We do not use our strength to press for unilateral advantage. We seek instead to create a balance of power that favors human freedom." Yet the document adds that the U.S. will "not hesitate to act alone" and will reserve its right to strike "pre-emptively" whenever it warrants a situation deserving of U.S. intervention.

Insofar as references to Iraq, the document refers mostly to Saddam Hussein and persons of his ilk in terms of justification for "pre-emptive" military strikes, and passes over questions of evidence pertaining to the regime's posses-

sion of nuclear or otherwise massively destructive weapons.

The document asserts: "America must stand firmly for the non-negotiable demands of human dignity: the rule of law; limits on the absolute power of the state; free speech; freedom of worship; equal justice; respect for women; religious and ethnic tolerance; and respect for private property."

The document also reveals some startling hypocrisy with regard to US foreign and domestic policy in the starkest of terms.

The document attacks, not by name but by obvious association, many Middle Eastern nations: "In the 1990s we witnessed the emergence of a small number of rogue states that, while different in important ways, share a number of attributes. These states:

- "brutalize their own people and squander their national resources for the personal gain of the rulers;
- "display no regard for international law, threaten their neighbors, and callously violate international

- treaties to which they are party;
- "are determined to acquire weapons of mass destruction, along with other advanced military technology, to be used as threats or offensively to achieve the aggressive designs of these regimes;
- "sponsor terrorism around the globe; and
- "reject basic human values and hate the United States and everything for which it stands."

Since his inauguration, President Bush has "brutalized his own people" in a number of different ways, only one of many his various "tax cuts" that serve to benefit only the highest income bracket and has (combined with other flawed economic policies) resulted in a further widening of the gap between rich and poor Americans. The 2001 census reports that while the top fifth of the income bracket earned 50% of the total for all Americans (up from 49.5% in 2000), the lowest fifth received only 3.5%, down from 4% the preceding year.

continued on page 10...

Correspondence from a Far Flung Student: Life in the Army



First of all, let me apologize for not keeping in touch. It has been a long and hard year. Pardon me for not keeping in touch, it was wrong of me. To those professors who did not receive those final papers from me (Susan and Bob), pardon me as well. Sometimes even a Marine procrastinates. It was kind of hard for me to concentrate on math and a paper about a war that happened centuries ago when I might leave to fight the war of this century.

I've been in Camp LeJeune, North Carolina for about 10 months now and believe it or not, this place is a lot like Bard, except the students here wear identical clothes, identical haircuts, and a clean shave everyday. Both institutions are guarded heavily. Bard is protected by the powerful trees and woodlands of upstate NY and

Camp LeJeune is watched over by teenagers from all over the country with badges and powerful guns. Both institutions have teenagers that are away from home for the first time and like to go nuts. Both institutions have buildings for learning. At Bard you can learn many ways to paint, write, and photograph. At Camp LeJeune you can learn many ways to break bones, blow things up, and get across a 100-yard mine field without getting killed or losing a limb. Let me not mention the similarities in the food we eat (I'm sorry Jim). I think you all get the picture.

I can't talk too much about what is going on down here and to tell you the truth I don't know much, I just follow orders, but I can tell you that after a couple of stitches, bumps and bruises, 1st degree burns, and even passing out once due to dehydration, I'm all right. I've been photographing and feeding the Marines of 2nd Battalion, 25th Mar Div. We're all down here waiting for that call from George W. and his fat boys over in D.C. to find out if we're coming back home or not. I don't get to watch the news much so I miss out a lot on what is going on in the world.

Hopefully good ol' G.W. won't become too trigger-happy and I'll get a chance to resume my studies as a freshman at Bard in 2003. I have a huge amount of pictures

and stories to present to you when I return. My time here has been like the stories we read in Freshman Seminar of 2001, I'm like one of those Spartans from the "Peloponnesian War" or a soldier out of "War and Peace". My ears are about to fall off from all those colonels, and generals giving me "We're Going to kick Osama's ass" Or "We're going to kick Saddam's ass" speeches.

Here is a picture of me on a secret base and a sneak peek at some of the pictures I'll be bringing to you next year. Hope you enjoy.

P.S. To coaches Greg and Fred: I received your letters, thank you both for your concern and support. I really appreciated it. Forgive me for not writing back. When I return we'll talk. I'll be up there in June to see 2nd Lieutenant Castillo graduate. I hope you gentlemen are doing fine, I hope all the other professors, students, residents, and workers of Bard Campus are doing all right. Hope to see you all soon. Peace.

-Mike Castillo



Photographs (above and below) by Mike Castillo.



More on Bush's Policy on Iraq

The president's comments are similarly suspect in regard to international law. Apparently the White House wrote of its concern for "the rule of law" in regard to other nations, because the most recent developments concerning the Iraq question have led in the opposite direction in terms of US compliance with international laws and norms. The UN has not passed a security resolution justifying an armed attack on Iraq and yet the administration has not backed down from its hawkish stance. President Bush and his comrades responded to an invitation for weapons inspectors to enter Iraq for the first time since 1998 with disdain, calling the move a "tactic." The US has made clear that it will proceed with an attack with or without UN backing.

In terms of nuclear weapons, the US has the largest arsenal in the entire world. The US has recently begun stockpiling a new type of nuclear weapon, a smaller and more "tactical" nuke that could be used in smaller conflicts. Does this design threaten other nations and could it be used "offensively" to achieve the aggressive designs of US strategic policy making?

The US rightly chastises other governments, or "rogue states," for sponsoring "terrorism around the globe." Yet according to the aforementioned language, the US would have to turn its weapons inward when faced with its own history of arming horrendous terrorist regimes and/or operations worldwide. Chile, Nicaragua, Panama, Indonesia/East Timor and Haiti are just a few off of a long and ever-growing list of cases in which the US military directly, or indirectly through client states, "sponsor[ed]"



In the Campus Center, Students watch Bush's televised speech.

international terrorism.

Lastly, the President strays from reason, and grotesquely and entirely bows to the whims of hypocrisy when he accuses the "rogue states" of "reject[ing] basic human values and hat[ing] the United States for everything for which it stands."

For a President who "won" a "democratic" election on extremely shady terms (i.e. he did not have more votes, his brother was the governor of the swing state in which votes weren't counted, many were fabricated, and voters were systematically removed from the lists at the polls and told they couldn't vote--the overwhelming majority black Floridians), who on a daily basis undermines the public health and safety (i.e. the "Clean Air Act," his pro-privatization and deregulation stance on just about everything), and who encourages an Attorney General to disregard the Bill of Rights and the Constitution and in doing so violating all that makes

us Americans (i.e. the USA Patriot Act, the recently proposed TIPS hotline, etc.) to make such a statement is offensive to any reasonable person.

The complete text of the 2002 National Security Strategy is available online at <http://www.whitehouse.gov/nsc/nss.pdf>

Corrections from last issue

The article which appeared on page 2 of the last issue of the Free Press on Bard's recent reception of a Mellon Grant was not written by Emily Schmall, but Liv Carrow. We apologize for the mistake.

The Bard Free Press

freepress@bard.edu
Campus Mail Box 792

<http://freepress.bard.edu>
845-758-7079

The Free Press reserves the right to edit all submissions for spelling, grammar, and coherence. It protects the student journalists' First Amendment rights and accepts the responsibility which accompanies that freedom. Content decisions are made by the student editors and the staff. The Free Press will not print any material that is libelous in nature. Anonymous submissions are only printed if the writer consults with the section editor or editor-in-chief about the article.

All articles in the Opinions section reflect the opinions of the author, not necessarily those of the Free Press staff. Responses to Opinions articles are welcome, and can be sent to freepress@bard.edu

Contributors: Matt Dineen, Vicent Valdmanis, Alex Mignola, Ariel Bardi, Ben Dangl, Tessa Brudevold-Iverson, All Tonak, Andrew Dollard, Kyle Maxie, Lola Pierson, Katie Jacoby, Bill McCollogh, Darla Solovleva, Kate Crockford, Andrew Gori, Tyler Stevens, Drew Gray, Tim Abondello, Matt Casuccio, JW McCormick, Gabby Lang

Editor in Chief
Emily Schmall

News Editor
Rafi Rom

Opinions Editor
Liv Carrow

Arts Editors
Tosh Chiang,
Huffa Frobes-Cross,
Dan Lictblau

Designers
Chris Downing
Tosh Chiang

Photo Manager
Jon Feinstein

Special Thanks
Vincent Valdmanis

Y Tu Mamá También

Daniel Lichtblau



characters. The final destination, a beach in Chiapas mythically referred to as Heavens Mouth, is a secluded paradise, desolate except for a

Alfonso Cuarón has finally returned home to work in Mexico after establishing himself in the states with films like *A Little Princess* and *Great Expectations*. *Y Tu Mama Tambien*, Cuarón's first Mexican feature, was released this week on DVD for the politically acute, sexually depraved, and deplorers of censorship to enjoy.

On the surface, the film is a coming of age story about a recent high school graduate and son of a high-ranking government official, Tenoch Itubide (Diego Luna) who sets off on a road trip with his best friend Julio Zapata (Gael Garcia Bernal, Amores Peros), and his cousin's recently estranged Spaniard wife, Luisa Cortes (Maribel Verdu).

The trip takes them through the desolate poverty stricken countryside of southern Mexico, and involves a multitude of sexual encounters between the main

fishing family who, as the omniscient narrator tells us, is on the verge of being forced out of their land by corporate developers.

Cuarón's highly stylized cinematic technique breeds a feeling of disconnectedness between the characters, their surroundings as they travel deeper into the waste land of southern Mexico, and the viewer. Cuarón's camera is constantly "wandering" through the scenes. This is most poignant in a scene in which Julio, Tenoch, and Luisa are eating dinner in a roadside restaurant somewhere in an especially impoverished area, and in the middle of their conversation the camera drifts through side room where old ladies are dancing and playing cards, and then into the kitchen.

Tenoch and Julio are from relatively wealthy backgrounds, Tenoch more so than Julio, and Luisa has at least married into

money. When the camera drifts away from them at the restaurant, it is a gesture of irreverence to the wealthy that takes us, in one shot, from one caste to caste with nothing relating them to each other than the camera itself.

Even with the composition of still shots, Cuarón uses mirrors to imply an inability of the characters to communicate with one another. There are several points in the film in which we see shots of two characters having a conversation, when one of them is visible only through a reflection. In contrast to the relentless scenes of graphic sex these shots confirm a feeling of emotional disconnection between the characters.

The narration takes this theme of disconnection and relates it even more to Mexico's socioeconomic problems. The narration is perhaps the film's strongest stylistic element. It almost always comes in at the middle of the scene and comments on things that seem to be unrelated to the narrative and especially unrelated to what is on the boys' minds. In the car they move through weddings, instances of police brutally searching the poor, and an overall landscape of economic and emotional depression. However, the characters are completely oblivious to all of this, and in a way the audience is forced

to be oblivious to it as well.

The narration is what brings the viewer back into reality and gets us out of the world of a teen sex-comedy. At one point, as they drive through the decrepit town where Tenoch's nanny was born, the narrator tells of her impoverished childhood and emigration to Mexico City. Tenoch looks out of the window at the town, and for a brief moment he feels a half-serious sympathy for her, but almost immediately the thought is out of his mind and he returns to laughing and telling stories with Julio and Luisa.

Narration is very often superfluous in film, because it is generically used to reinforce what the characters are thinking, something that movies can do just as easily in silence. Cuarón, on the other hand, uses the narration to show what the characters should be thinking, or are unable to know. The narration creates an objective world where the naïve thoughts of the main characters are an element of their reality, but at the same time very out of touch with the reality of impoverished Latin America.

The film is rich with allegorical overtones about to the political history of Central and South America. The characters are named Julio Zapata, taken from Emiliano Zapata, a leader of the

Mexican revolution who fought to liberate the primarily indigenous south of Mexico, and whose name lives on in the Zapatista's who are fighting right now to liberate the region of Chiapas from the same kind of corporate takeover that the fisherman and his family are victims of at the end of the film. Julio is a symbol of the revolutionary youth. He comes from an upper middle-class family and his sister is an activist. Tenoch, son of a politician, takes his name from an Aztec king. The narrator says that the name was thought of by his father during a period of extreme nationalism. Luisa Cortes, the older Spaniard, has the most obvious allegorical significance attached to her name. Hernando Cortes came and conquered the Aztecs, claiming Mexico as a Spanish colony.

Much like Gunter Grass' novel *The Tin Drum*, *Y Tu Mama Tambien* is brilliant in its use of sexuality as a metaphor of political conquest and unrest. When Luisa comes into the lives of Julio and Tenoch, she destroys their friendship by creating envied sexual bonds between the characters, and every act of sexual union in the film can be seen as a union of or clash between political ideologies in Latin America.

Bard Space Movie

Andrew Gori

They gathered in an expectant multitude to better understand what most of them had only partly witnessed almost five months prior: the culmination of Jamie O'Shea's beautifully uncertain Trustee Leadership Project -- The Bard Space Program launch. There were many a fervent "fuck-NASA" cheers as the massive screen descended on it's distinctly-more-than-meager Olin audience this Thursday. Accompanied by the epic sounds of The Cock Rock Quartet and two teasers for works-in-progress made by members of what is almost universally known as "the House", Jean Pesce's *The Bard Space Program Movie* opened, encapsulating perfectly O'Shea's project from start to finish. Apart from certain sound problems which could partly be attributed to the auditorium's neglectful acoustics, the film held the audience in the throes of passion through its 1 hour and 35 minute duration.

The success of the film didn't lie as much in the Bard Space Program being better articulated or the Spaceman himself somehow being better understood, though one had at least some sense of both as the film drew to a close. Rather the greatest accomplishment of Pesce's film was that in this largely ridiculous story it delicately wrapped the humor of her group of friends, a sort of permeating sincerity that is self-conscious enough to not think it's superior, but not self-conscious enough to hinder enthusiasm or grace. It is precisely Pesce's relationship to and documentation of their unflinching *joi de vivre* which sets the film apart from many

others of its kind.

Often comedic films and mock-umentaries, especially at the college level, are shot somewhere above its subjects, looking down on them with glib smirks and snide editing. In these instances the director holds a position of false superiority which s/he offers, in turn, to their eager audience. Pesce, instead, opts for the higher road, a sort of middle ground between revealing the dedication of O'Shea and his crew while still understanding the hilarious nature of the project. She is no higher than her companions and holds no distance from their emotions or from their aim. Instead she crafts a movie about the Bard Space Program in the spirit of the Bard Space Program. Garnished in post-production with musical flights of fancy ranging from "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" to "Rocketman", the film wallows whimsically in a tongue-and-cheek romanticism of the project while indirectly reminding its audience of the importance of playful but unmitigated inspiration. Unassumingly crafting for itself a swarm of characters who exist in some cases as mere exaggerations of their real-life counterparts, in others as total fabrications, what is in other films hollow and insincere dramatization -- just another device -- is backed up here with something more. By providing a humorous glimpse at the social network that the project, to some degree, truly merited, by providing a functional step-by-step document of the project's evolution, and by giving Bard students another reason to be lighthearted without being disinterested, the film

holds more under its belt than it's modesty and taste are willing to divulge. Instead of just playing some epic music and letting the marriage of sound and image make the movie, it balances its epic quality with acting and dialogue which are purposefully clumsy and modestly poignant and is not content to just be a joke.



Red Dragon

Bret Ratner, the visionary behind *Rush Hour* and *Rush Hour 2* brings us the ultimate anti-sequel, *Red Dragon*, a remake marketed as a prequel, or more appropriately, a regression cast as if it were a logical extension of the existing series. It is as confusing as it sounds. As a remake of *Manhunter*, the original 1986 version of Thomas Harris's novel, *Red Dragon* attempts to solve some of director Michael Mann's high-octane *Miami Vice*-style shortcomings. Ed Norton is simply a better actor than William Peterson. Emily Watson is slightly less mortifying as a horny blind girl seducing a sensitive serial killer than Joan Allen's gut churning attempts in the original. *Manhunter's* overwhelming bias towards post-*Scarface* Florida-chic is replaced by a tepid reworking of *Silence of the Lamb's* early 90's "gothic realism" aesthetic. However, none of these really produce a more satisfactory product.

Where *Manhunter* succeeds in being generally creepy, *Red Dragon* falters in attempting to

reconcile *Hannibal's* (Ridley Scott, 2000) schizophrenic plot/cast/scene with the enduring popularity of *Silence of the Lambs* (which, frankly, was something of a fluke). Mass audiences simply don't seem as interested in seeing unpleasant films anymore. So what was uncompro-mising in *Silence* is merely referential in *Red Dragon*. The revealing peripheral details of *Silence of the Lambs* degenerate into clichéd exposition. Buffalo Bill's casual "I'd fuck me so hard" becomes Ralph Fienne's extensive internal monologue. I like the idea of returning to the underlying themes present throughout the series (cannibalism, masquerades, the serial killer as transformation in progress) back towards their Ed Gein-based roots, but it all seems a little superficial.

That said, *Red Dragon* is

Tyler Stevens

very well acted, and an interesting addition to the *Silence of the Lambs* series, if for casting alone. Ralph Fienes is very good as the title killer (his tattooed ass is on regular display), and Phillip Seymore Hoffman, Harvey Keitel, Emily Watson, and Ed Norton all handle themselves well, keeping the proceedings from becoming

Dante Spinotti is no Tak Fujimoto.

Danny Elfman is no

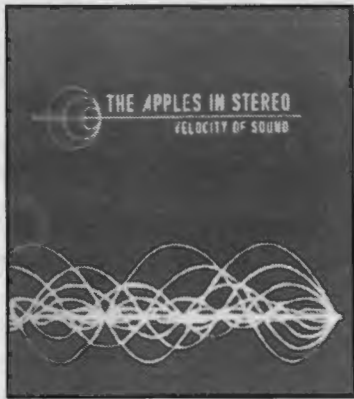
Howard Shore. Chubby Anthony

Hopkins is no thin Anthony

Hopkins, etc.

ing too obviously silly. Ultimately though, it is neither as scary as *Silence of the Lambs*, as effectively serious as *Manhunter*, nor as cathartic as *Hannibal*. Ralph Fienes is great, but he is not Ted Levine. Dante Spinotti is no Tak Fujimoto. Danny Elfman is no Howard Shore. Chubby Anthony Hopkins is no thin Anthony Hopkins, etc.

*Music BRIEFS



The Apples In Stereo, "The Velocity of Sound" Spin Art

Noise-popped rockers the Apples In Stereo thrash out a fuzz-toned caffeine splash for their latest album, "The Velocity of Sound"—which by the way, is probably the most straight-up rock effort by Schneider and crew ever. The first thing you notice when you pop the album in is that the guitars are fully-fuzzed and mixed up front—kinda like on the Jesus and Mary Chain's "Psychocandy." The second thing you notice is just how much the damn tunes rock, which, well, for an Apples album is kinda weird; they usually stick to a kinda Beatlesque/Beach Boys zone in which there's not so much rock as there is songwriting skill and excellent production. But of course Schneider manages to harness the noise with all the mastery of your standard Apple's tune. "Please" intros the new sound and is immediately followed up by "Rainfall." "Rainfall" is an awesome song; it deserves a cooler name. I'd marry it if I could—well, maybe not, but I really like driving to it. It's got a really hip country type beat with echoey guitar riffs and Hilary Sidney's super smooth vocals. The song structure is really kickin' and it's one hell of a melodic song—course every Apple's tune is melodic. "Mystery" has this thing about it that picks me up kite-style or something; there's this chorus of multiple voices goin' "bah bah bah" which just really elevates the song. Finally, the bonus tune, "She's Tellin Lies (Bryces Mix)" is like an updated version of some jumpin' 60's tune with the harmonies and all. So indeed, purchasing this album might do you some good...if you like happiness and sunshine and elephant 6ers etc. Um, yeah...TC



Beck, "Sea Change"-Universal

Beck has all but ignored that over-rated elated prize from his recent past and yielded a record thebardreepress.vol4.issue1

realizing everything he hinted at a possibility for on 1998's Mutations. Surprised?

Perhaps one of the many overt shifts on the new record on the production end is the lessening of room-space on the lead vocals, which serves as an appropriate metaphor for why this is a notable disc. A vulnerable, pained and confused person is exposed here in the music -- the likes of which was only vaguely noticable on a tune like "Nobodys fault but my own," from Mutations. Beck is discouraged, having had some personal misfortunes in the last few years. As a result, he has written some really sad, simple and slow songs. And it works: these events appear to have offered the perfect situation for him to make a move from the wet floor of signification that has characterized almost all of his previous work. We go from lines like "Bangkok Athletes in the biosphere/ Arkansas wet dreams/ we all disappear" to "How could this love/ ever turning/ never turn its eye on me?" Siblings of the former having been obviously exchanged for the more deliberate, clearer articulations of sincere emotional sentiment. The perpetual pastiche with meaningless ramblings and perennial synth bleeps is practically gone. And when the Po-Mo pranks do arrive, they are in a much more terse, compelling light. Beck has almost completely dropped the ornate neon and gone with seemingly more adult affection. For those of you who ridicule this ilk of temperament, mock on. For those of you who don't, pick up Sea Change as you will. MC



Black Heart Procession, "Amore De Tropico" touch and go

Blackheart Procession's "Amore De Tropico" has done away with the numeric Zeppelin album titles, taking a stab at progression on what would be 4-their latest from Touch and Go. Just as the title hints at, BHP has tried to expand on their nihilistic niche of introverted piano and equal parts guitar and saw drone. Broadening their horizons, samba beats and chorus girls are just two instances of where the San Diego neo-goths have gone wrong. While 1 through 3 were consistent in their distinct brooding bombast, here singer/songwriter formally known as Pall Jenkins (3

Mile Pilot) appears under the exotic moniker Paulo Zappoli on this campy outing that has the band moonlighting as a Vegas lounge act. Somewhere in all the flattering press it seems the procession has taken the shape of a parade. And while expanding its surface it only loses depth. Unfolding more like a collection of out takes, the record does not take the same patience to reveal itself. It seems that, like President Bush, the procession have found themselves at the center of a recession, but before the waterworks start, don't cry-dry your eye -- get your nihilistic fill from any of BHP's first three records. TA



Ikara Colt, "Chat & Business" fantastic plastic

By now the battle lines are drawn. Summer brought more than its share of burgeoning growths (of the musical variety, that is) and the best the press could do to contain the ranks of 'garage rockers' was to lump them into that selfsame category and gesture vaguely in the direction of The Stooges or The Dictators. Voila! A convenient epitaph to place above every well-dressed band that plays it raw, a made-to-order classification imploring you to decide whether you love or hate 'garage' as a movement, forget the bands involved. And one likely to make you miss out on the dozen or so bands quite capable of building their own designation- and smashing it into a million jagged little pieces.

How nice then, to find a band like London's Ikara Colt who blur the line between garage and art-punk, swapping suave indifference for paranoia, discordant instrumentation for tightly controlled lo-fi noise, and loud guitars for loud guitars and keyboards. At first listen, the similarity between singer Paul Resende's elegiac rantings and that of the Fall's Mark E. Smith seems remarkable, but the comparison quickly becomes as unwieldy as most. The Colt's vocals are scarcely more than another instrument cast into the rising whirlpool of dirty 'noise-ic' which, on the albums best songs ("Belgravia" "At the Lodge" and Futurist anthem "Sink Venice" among them) coalesce around a mantra-like phrase, usually the song title, repeated in lieu of a chorus.

The absolute best song of the album, "City of Glass," maintains a genuine narrative structure amidst eruptions of slightly out-of-tune bass screeching hard against looming guitar and a drum set that sounds suspiciously like a really loud log. Most of the other tracks opt for a more chaotic "too-art-for-pop" arrangement worthy of the mid-eighties/early nineties Sonic Youth. And it's here that Ikara Colt comes dangerously close to flogging a dead horse across Chat and Business' twelve tracks- until rescued by the electro noise of "At the Lodge" and "May b 1 Day," which prompted me to push pause because I thought my printer was on the fritz again. Dissonant. Urgent. British. And speaking of rock and roll gimmicks, Ikara Colt have promised to break up after five years AND enclose adhesive-ready stamps with which to decorate the twelve blank squares that make up the album's cover. Cute. JW



Weird War, S/T Drag City

Weird War's self-titled debut stands to make up for certain members' past blunders, while showcasing the dependable merit of others. That's right, Weird War boasts a number of indie rock artifacts with the "ex-member" credit/curse, apparent as much in the end product as its press. So without exception, let the name-dropping begin. In the wake of the Royal Trux split, noise-rock royalty Michael Neil Hagerty and, you guessed it, Discord's down and out porn-preacher Ian Svenonius, with Michelle Mae of The Make Up, got together with a couple of free agents on rhythm guitar and drum duties to set out wiping the floor with the recent rock revival. For these fossils still have a few tricks up their sleeves in 13 tracks of that ole' sultry rock 'n roll that'll leave you bruised and battered, but not before kissing you all over. Hagerty has lent his skills to the Make Up brethren before, recording and producing "In Mass Mind," but has jumped from the mixing board to the fret board on this outing-- ultimately taking control of the reins. Weird War's guitar driven blaze is akin to Royal Trux later territory with riffs that would resemble Keith Richards and Thurston Moore's bastard son. From

Matt Casuccio [MC]
JW McCormick [JW]
Tim Abbondelo [TA]
Jon Feinstein [JF]
Tosh Chiang [TC]

the opening track, "Baby it's the Best," Weird War will have you turned on and out before the chorus hits. The lyrics have been omitted from the liner notes, instead replaced by a bogus interview from "Hype Hair" magazine, making for an asinine mission statement at best. Those in it for the message, not to worry: between all the "Yeas" the lyrics are just decipherable enough to know they are not of importance. Short on substance, maybe, but there are more "Oohs" and "Aahs" here than in those shampoo commercials with all the girls getting off. It is possible to overlook the singer in heat (next time keep it in your pants hombre) for Hagerty's unabashed attack that is equally crafty. The instrumental, "Ibex Club", is reminiscent of Nation of Ulysses with a clamor of guitar and trumpet racket, while "Family Kong" launches a lick that is sure to bring out the air guitars. Winter is looming, but if it is high volume drives with the windows down that you crave, Weird War will do you right. TA



The Soft Boys "Next Door Land" Matador Records

Yo I thought this album would suck a lot. Robin Hitchcock is a good songwriter but what band comes back to life after 20 years to churn out something which isn't complete excrement? Well, after hearing the first few measures of the 1st track, "I love Lucy," I knew that the album wouldn't end up on the used rack like so many other cds do. In fact, Hitchcock delivers like the master-songwriter that he is. The Soft Boys are still nonchalant quirky, smooth new wavey, slightly acoustic, less punch and more feel. Songs like "Mr. Kennedy" are packed with a simmering energy, an energy which is odd and well-done. For The Soft Boys are kinda like a more sugarcoated XTC-- more immediately digestible than XTC but not because of a lack of skill, just a different kind of execution in the pop stylings. "Unprotected love" is surely a standout song; there's something fun about

continued on next page...

...cont. from previous page

the lyrics: "you could be used as a cutting tool," " just like a pig in the underpass / sharing a trough with the anti-christ." And well in reading those lines they'll probably make no sense but in the song they're really TC



Cousteau, "Sirena" Palm Pictures Ltd.

What's wrong with Cousteau? By all rights they should hit a mid-night note somewhere between Tindersticks and Morphine, as they utilize the same kind of smoky-lounge atmosphere and boast an excellent backing string and brass section (even a flugelhorn). The problem may be in Liam McKahey's tendency to push his cavernous vocals over the dirge-like violins and bass, thereby turning what could be subtle melancholy into overstated cheese. "Sirena" is Cousteau's second album and has helped them attain a rising star status both here and in their native England; it's certainly hard to find much wrong with the album's obvious single "Talking to Myself." But what works for that song (namely a certain lovelorn insomnia that explodes from quiet lament to a percussion-heavy howl) swiftly grows tedious. Cousteau have to spell out every nuance of their despairing love songs with a sympathetic air that rings strangely false and grows false every time McKahey delivers a line like "look out now, lumpy hero" amid instrumentation that leaves no empty spaces wherein to curl up and get drunk on sorrow.

It's not as though every band contending for the prestigious up-late-drinking-Jack-by-yourself slot has to conform to sparse beats and murmurs; Nick Cave has been injecting the same kind of bass-throated love/hate dynamics into lush ballads for years and years. But Cousteau is no Nick Cave. And by the time you get to one of Sirena's truly poignant songs, "Have You Seen Her," Cousteau have already succumbed to their own song and sunk deep in the brine. JW



Q and Not U, "Different Damage"—Dischord

Last summer I saw Q and Not U for the first time at Brownies in NYC. To a sold out crowd they played quirky, booty shakin', Fugazi influenced rock'n'roll, months before the explosion of the

now ultra-hip Brooklyn scene. They were honest, devoid of gold chain irony, and rocked hard enough to unbutton the shirts of the stiff necked indie rockers who packed Brownies, spawning an amazing punk rock dance party throughout the space. Their combination of melodic and shouted, call-response vocals added another layer of fire and complexity to their sound. Since then much has changed. Because of "musical differences," Q and Not U's bass player has departed the band, leaving them a three piece with great intentions, but waning follow-through. On their new album, "Different Damage" which comes out later this month, the fluid bass lines of the prior album are often replaced by keyboard driven imitations and the addition of a "neat" but gimmicky Melodica. The drumming is still cool, clicky and danceable, but lacks the precision and depth present in earlier material. At the same time, without the dual guitar/bass dialogue of their former lineup, Q and Not U can barely get JonFeinstein to take his glasses off (and I usually take them off for Jimmy Eat World). Anyways, the new album is not entirely unsuccessful; it is fueled by much of the same catchy angular musicianship that made the first album so enjoyable. The supplemental instruments can still get themselves inside your head and beckon numerous future listens, and one might get past cheesy lyrics like "Satisfy your wish to kill me, I've got pixels penciled out". "Different Damage" is not a bad album in the least; it's certainly worth checking out. However when compared to the promise and precision of the first album, it just doesn't hold up. A new bass player would be swell indeed. Burn it, borrow it, buy it? Maybe. JF



The Capricorns "In the Zone" Paroxysm Records

This casio-rocked Olympia duo is so hot that my hand trembles as I push play and wait for the warm bleeps and blurps of keyboard and electro drums to bust in with blazes of amusement and sheer charged lightning-like energy. The songs are clean and up beat with a capital U. The first track, "The New Sound" preambles its way along with a hot keyboard lick followed by a drop-slam immersion into the Capricorn world of Nintendo-like gameboy/girl soothin' sounds. "The longest drive" is also the darndest damn thing to put on a mix tape; it's a great song with tremolo-voiced vocals and songwriting so skilful it'll make you want to crochet a lightning-bolted blazer to wear at Capricorn shows. Give the album a listen and you might think it gets old. But no, listen again and you'll just have to turn the damn thing up louder. TC

Rock Action in the Old Gym !

Drew Gray

One of the more anticipated shows of the semester occurred recently in the form of Milemarker taking over the entire Old Gym.

The takeover itself kicked off with a puppet show by Milemarker's Roby Newton in the Red Room. And though it may have bored me to tears with sheer drabness, it was still interesting to see a puppet show in collaboration with a rock show.

Oh wait... did I say rock show?

Hell yeah!

Upstairs the evening's musical entertainment was kicked off with Bard's own Deadly Divorce. Their synth-pop explosion was the perfect start to the night-- filling the space with people who thrived on DD's computerized bubblegum explosion, not to mention awesome choreographed dance moves.

Next up was The Broken Bottles (which includes the author of this article). My totally objective highlight of the show was the debut of second vocalist Annie Maribona, who easily claims the throne of Bard's #1 rock 'n' roll vixen.

Finally Milemarker took the stage to cap off the rock bombardment-- and did just that. I seem to find there recorded material rather weak, but their live show totally dismissed that opinion. The best way to explain how much they rocked came in the form of a BACKFLIPPING KEYBOARDIST! If you need a better explanation of greatness, then you are not my friend anymore.

After Milemarker's set, the evening's events closed with a slide show and a 'zine reading in the Root Cellar, which I missed but heard good things about.

The show was overall a perfect example of a space used to its fullest. In a single night every student space in the Old Gym was utilized in an attempt to bring the community together. It is not my intention to politicize or bleed nostalgia, but this event truly showed the vitality of the Old Gym as more than an old building, but as an irreplaceable organic entity within the school, fueled by the proper mix of heritage and student initiative. rock n roll...



We are 138!?? Milemarker parades their heavy chaos theory math sound as the old gym collects some burns of its own.



Drew (James Dean) and Annie (Betty Page) turn up the rock action



Deadly Divorce's April and Mike sing-it-up like its 1984

Hit It or Quit It: The Last Three Worth-while shows of the FP staff

Drew Grey

1. Arch Enemy, Nile, Hate Eternal and Origin @ Worcester, PA.
2. Fiesel, Ex-Jean Jackets @ Red Room
3. Assorted teenage ska bands on a random street corner @ Paris, France

Chris Downing

1. Deadly Divorce, the broken bottles, Milemarker @ the old gym
2. Pretty Girls Make Graves @ 1st Unitarian, Philly
3. Orchid, Engine Down, Atom and his Package @ Philly

Emily Schmall

1. James Brown, the string cheese incident @ steamboat springs, Colorado
2. Mother Ming @ Camp Atworth, Hide Falls NY
3. Fiona Apple @ NIU, Illinois

Rafi Rom

1. THE WALKMEN @ North Star Bar, Philly
2. The Roots @ Jones Beach NY
3. Sonic Youth, Central Park, NY

Tosh Chiang

1. The Ex-models @ Westlyn, CT
2. Lightning Bolt, The Locust, Hella, Arab on Radar, @ Slim's, San Francisco
3. Red Reflection @ Red Hook Hardscrabble



When War Trumps Diplomacy

by **robert ponce**



**Founding Brothers:
The Revolutionary Generation**

By Joseph J. Ellis
Vintage Books, 2000
Paperback, 2002

author has written biographies of both John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. He has won the National Book Award for the latter biography and has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for this latest work. *Founding Brothers* is unique in its simultaneous objectives to both dispel myths that the revolutionary generation was on some kind of messianic mission as well as counter more recent works that have sought to demonize the founding fathers mainly for their personal shortcomings, most notably is the discovery that most of them owned slaves. Ellis's brief collection of vividly descriptive essays successfully breaks through both of these widely held views, and eloquently illustrates how these men and women, with so many differences, in the most important instances put ideology aside and placed the welfare of the nation first.

The revolutionary generation was comprised of eight characters that form the basis of this book. They are, in alphabetical order, Abigail and John Adams, Aaron Burr, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and George Washington. The book also consists of six different essays, each telling a story of a behind the scenes negotiation that took place during the nation's earliest years. The essays tie together and convey one overarching theme; that these individuals all knew each other on very personal levels and that their achievements were unavoidably bound up in their personal interactions with one another. Ellis writes, "Politics, even at the highest level in the early republic, remained a face-to-face affair in which the contestants, even those who were locked in political battles to the death, were forced to negotiate the emotional affinities and shared intimacies produced by frequent personal interaction."

The pages of *Founding Brothers* unravel the most pressing issues of the American democracy when it was just in its infancy. There is the great debate between the Hamiltonians and the Jeffersonians. On the one side, Hamilton and the federalists argued that the new nation should imitate the British Monarchy, only slightly, but in its archetype of one figurehead to lead the government. Hamilton believed that a strong federal government focused around a presidential system was the only way to keep the weakly connected commonwealths together for any long period of time. On the other hand, Jefferson and the republicans rejected any reflection of the monarchy that was America's first enemy and only imperial ruler. Jefferson thought that power should rest on the individual states and

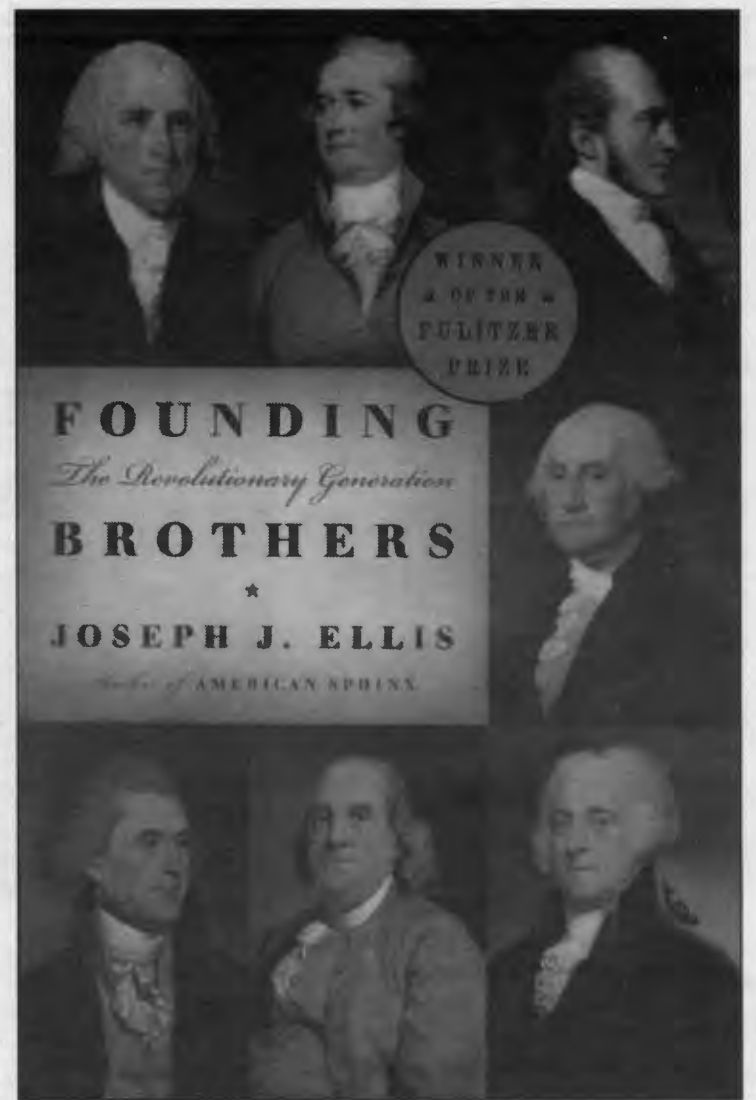
that the federal government should have jurisdiction over very few affairs. In modern times, Hamiltonian means can translate into liberalism and Jeffersonian means into conservatism (paradoxically Hamilton's vision is ultimately a conservative state and Jefferson's a liberal one).

The revolutionary generation also went to great lengths, as was mentioned, to set precedents for future generations of Americans to follow, knowing that their ultimate reward would be a longstanding democracy that survived long after all of them had passed on. One of the most important precedents set by the founding fathers—one seemingly relevant to the current administration's blatant disregard for democratic principles—was the role of the Vice President. George Washington decided that the Vice President should have no role other than to be ready if something should happen to the sitting President as well as to preside over the Senate only when a 50-50 tie need be broken. Washington would not budge with Adams on this because he knew that any sway the Vice President may have on policy matters would undermine the Checks and Balance system since the President headed the Executive Branch while the Vice President led the legislative branch. John Adams, our first Vice President, though often frustrated with his teasing job—so close to the presidency yet so far—nevertheless acquiesced with Washington's insistence as Ellis explains:

Washington seldom consulted him (V.P. Adams) on policy questions, apparently believing that the vice presidency was a legislative office based in the Senate; therefore to include Adams in executive decisions violated the constitutional doctrine of separation of powers. When asked by friends about his isolation from the presidential councils, Adams halfheartedly endorsed the same constitutional explanation. "The executive authority is so wholly out of my sphere and it is so delicate a thing for me to meddle in that, I avoid it as much as possible.

And this Adams certainly did. The Vice President did not interfere when Washington endorsed Hamilton's financial plan concerning public credit, Adams's private contempt for Hamilton's relations with bankers and speculators notwithstanding.

Where Joseph J. Ellis's book fails is in its coverage of the slavery issue that was the most controversial of the time and least acknowledged. In an essay titled *Silence*, Ellis explains that the founding fathers, though mostly opposed to slavery, thought it better to circumvent the issue, since it was destined to divide the nation and lead to the collapse of the already weak union as it finally did in the 1850s. Ellis may be justified in not making the decision to abandon the slavery question the focal point of his book (had he, the author may have risked falling into the "demonizing group" mentioned earlier) but the revolutionary generation certainly had no justification for putting the



issue on the backburner for so long. The Union may have been weak in the 1790s, democracy so crucial that to linger on the slavery question may have spoiled everything but who could argue that it was not worth the risk? This lost opportunity prolonged the barbarous practice of slavery for another 70 years, which in turn was followed by nearly another 100 years of Jim Crow laws. Further, the current racial tensions and inequalities in this country are a direct result of the slavery that flourished throughout the 19th century, and of that there is not a single mention in this book.

Nonetheless, the strongest essay in *Founding Brothers*, and the one that most pertains to President Bush's current breaches of the constitution, is *The Farewell Address*. Washington's famous last speech was actually not delivered publicly as Ellis points out, rather it was published in newspapers throughout the country. Washington believed such an important address that he hoped would lay a permanent groundwork especially for US foreign policy, should be addressed directly to the people. One of the major themes of the address was isolationism. While the United States was destined to become engaged in the affairs of Asia, Europe, and Latin America, Washington warned against "entangling alliances" and stressed diplomacy as the ultimate tool in power politics and war should be used only as a last resort, or more simply as a response to the collapse of diplomacy but never the other way around. Washington was a realist in the true sense of the word. He writes, "Every true friend to this Country must see and feel that the policy of it is not to embroil ourselves with any nation whatsoever; but to avoid their disputes and politics; and if they will harass one another, to avail ourselves of the neutral conduct we have adopted."

America has since embraced this neutral role in global affairs. In

World War I, the United States was the last to enter the war, clinging to isolationism until the final, desperate hour. Likewise, in World War II for better or worse, the United States only entered the war after the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor in December of 1941. Though an empire and indeed an imperialist nation, the "we won't strike first" policy has been peculiar to the United States when contrasted with past empires.

Last June, at a commencement speech at West Point Academy, President Bush shifted this longstanding policy when he declared a "preemptive" strike policy against enemies that threaten the security of the United States. He pledged, "We will not leave the safety of America and the peace of the planet at the mercy of a few mad terrorists and tyrants. We will lift this dark threat from our country and the world." Translated from political jargon into intended meaning, Bush in effect means to say that the United States will act with force, unilaterally, and will not use diplomacy as a tool when dealing with what they regard as a hostile enemy.

Now more than ever the ideals and interests of the founding fathers, expressed in the declaration of independence and the constitution need revisiting. First, if terrorists threaten "our very way of life" we need to ask ourselves what is that "way of life" that we are defending? The answer is the longest sustained liberty and freedom of expression the world has ever known. The Bush administration, however, has not used this kind of rhetoric because they fear it will derail their agenda and lead to a reinvigorated diplomacy rather than the full-scale war they would like to wage against Iraq. However, if we fail to place the greatest emphasis on these values handed down to us from the revolutionary generation then what are we fighting for?

The Underground Scene Reaches the Old Gym

by **gabby lang**

The Old Gym was brimming with the raw, funky, and unrefined sound of freelance slam poets and aspiring rap and hip hop artists. From the crowd's response it left all of us very satisfied.

"It's just so refreshing to hear some real underground," one student remarked, "I really needed a break from the monotony of indie rock and emo."

This unique and refreshing sound was provided by a dual effort by two shows called All That and Words. All That began in NYC at the Village Gate in October of 1993, and runs the first Wednesday of every month, while Words runs the first Saturday of every month and is presented in show-



Mos Def has performed at All That.

cases.

"All That is basically the longest running open mic in NYC," explained Rocky, the show's producer. "The only thing that has been running longer is Lyricist Lounge," [which is no longer an open mic]. "The idea is that we want to give young artists a place and a chance to perform and work on their own stuff...a place to learn their craft."

Some of the MCs that have arisen from All That include Company Flow, Non-Fiction, and Mos Def. "Most of the guys you see on Lyricist Lounge started with us...poets as well, like Saul Williams."

Other famous hip-hop artists

also got their start at All That. The second All That performance featured The Roots before they signed to Geffen. It was at this performance that Rahzel, The Roots'

featured beat-boxer, met the group. R&B singer Jill Scot met her husband at another All That show.

All That and Words, although NYC creations, has had shows across the country. "We used to do New York, Philadelphia, and L.A., now we just do NY...and once a year we do an MC back in Boston on Super Bowl Sunday, Super Bowl Battle, which usually isn't a problem until last year when the Patriots went to the game," he added.

Rocky and the rest of the All That and Words staff are very optimistic about the future of their show and the hip-hop movement.

"Currently we're working on a compilation that is going to be under the name of our show, Words, which will probably be out in November. The people we're seeing now, like the Scots and Common, I think the trend is moving towards an emphasis on talent and lyrics rather than the 'bling-bling'... the 'bling-bling' can only last you so

"The people we're seeing now, like the Scots and Common, I think the trend is moving towards an emphasis on talent and lyrics rather than the 'bling-bling'... the 'bling-bling' can only last you so long."

Rocky, from All That on the future of hip-hop

long," he noted.

Now, more than ever, rap and hip-hop is being brought to the forefront. New hip-hop groups and rap artists seem to be springing up on MTV every day. And they are getting younger and younger.

"Our age range is really wild now...I've know a lot of MCs since they were really young, like sixteen, seventeen...normally, the first time someone gets on stage is on one of our shows...it's known for being an open show. If you're not good people aren't going to boo and if [it's] your first time they'll be supportive," Rocky described.

Flaco, the MC for the night, found himself on stage for the first time at the age of sixteen at an All That open mic. He is now twenty-five and has been with All That for nine years.

"I've noticed many more open

mics and places like All That since this show began...there are many more locations for budding artists to perform and express themselves through the spoken word and rhyme...I see it happening," he said.

Indeed, it was a happening night. The Old Gym hadn't hopped like that in a long time. From freshman free stylin' to senior slammin' the crowd was moved. And as Flaco told me later that night when I ran in to him at the Mobile X-tra Mart, "you guys were a great audience, we had a great show, but we couldn't have done it without you guys."

- restaurant reviews - restaurant reviews - restaurant reviews - restaurant reviews - restaurant reviews - restaurant reviews - restaurant reviews - restaurant reviews -

that burrito stand...

red hook

by **vincent valdmanis**

There's a new burrito stand at the lights where you turn left into Red Hook. It's in a camper, bought for \$200 by Bjanette and her boyfriend, Rodrigo. Just look for the mob of Bard students eager to take a hit from the intoxicating anti-Kline.

I went with Rafi and Dan Reed the other day. Rafi sat in silence, dazed by the goodness of what one nearby Bard student dubbed "the agriculture burrito" (\$3.95/\$4.95 with guacamole). It was stuffed with fluffy rice, cool sour cream, refried beans, avocado, ripe tomatoes, and other good stuff, including the night sky and world peace - that's the kind of transcendental experience a bite of this burrito is. You should say no, but how could you?

Not even a full stomach of Kline chicken was enough for Dan to fend off the seductive call of the wicked quesadilla (\$2.50), full of melted cheese, beans, and various high quality ingredients.

In fairness to Dan, who by far possesses the keenest culinary sense of anyone on campus, he recovered briefly enough from the quesadilla's blow to gasp something about wishing the hot sauce was hotter.

Rafi concurred: "If we brought Eben here, he'd bring his own

sauce."

"I guess they're going for mass appeal," said Dan, returning to the quesadilla.

Bjanette makes everything from scratch, except one hot sauce. She uses as many local ingredients as possible. For now the menu consists of veggie-only options, because "If I do meat, I want to do good meat - free range. And we don't have a grill yet."

Later that afternoon Allen Josey was spotted sneaking up to the order window to buy his own burrito-wrapped guilty pleasure and a glass of light fruit water (\$1.00). Dazed Bard students sat in the grass, beans dripping from their mouths. If this keeps up, Ken Cooper is going to have to ask everyone to dump their burritos on the ground.

Santa Fe has nothing on the place. Instead of Manhattan/New Mexico cyborg pretension you get crickets and a roadside farm stand. The portions are American sized, Bjanette and Rodrigo are very decent people, and the price is reasonable. No weird salt-free refried



Bjanette serves them up fresh

beans, no little halogen lights, no American Express machine.

The stand is open Wednesday through Sunday from noon to 6:00 pm and on Mondays from noon to 3:00 pm (closed on Tuesdays). Bjanette and Rodrigo plan to spend half the year in San Miguel de Allende in central Mexico, where they're building a house. Their stand will close at the end of October and reopen in May.

Julia & Isabella's

red hook

by **liv carrow**

Instead of treating your next date to the wares of the BevWay, why not stop at Julia and Isabelle's restaurant instead? It's classier, tastier and much more romantic than a case of Budweiser.

Just north of Red Hook on 9G, Julia and Isabelle's is a somewhat rustic looking building with a cute awning outside and a freakish amount of John Lennon paraphernalia inside. Reservations are generally not required, but it is not an empty place (usually a good sign). They play cheesy old Italian music, which never fails to make me want to drink wine and eat expensive food, and the waitresses are chipper and tightly-clad, which always makes my boyfriend want to drink wine and eat expensive food.

The menu is fairly long, and features the restaurant's own Mediterranean specials. That includes an interesting array of Greek, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese dishes, ranging from "Pollo con Arroz" (chicken with rice) to lasagna or gyros. The restaurant also features an extensive wine list, but beware, most is sold by the bottle only, and the waitresses won't serve to anyone without an ID.

I decided on a dish called "Pink Heaven" (\$16.95-eek!). No,

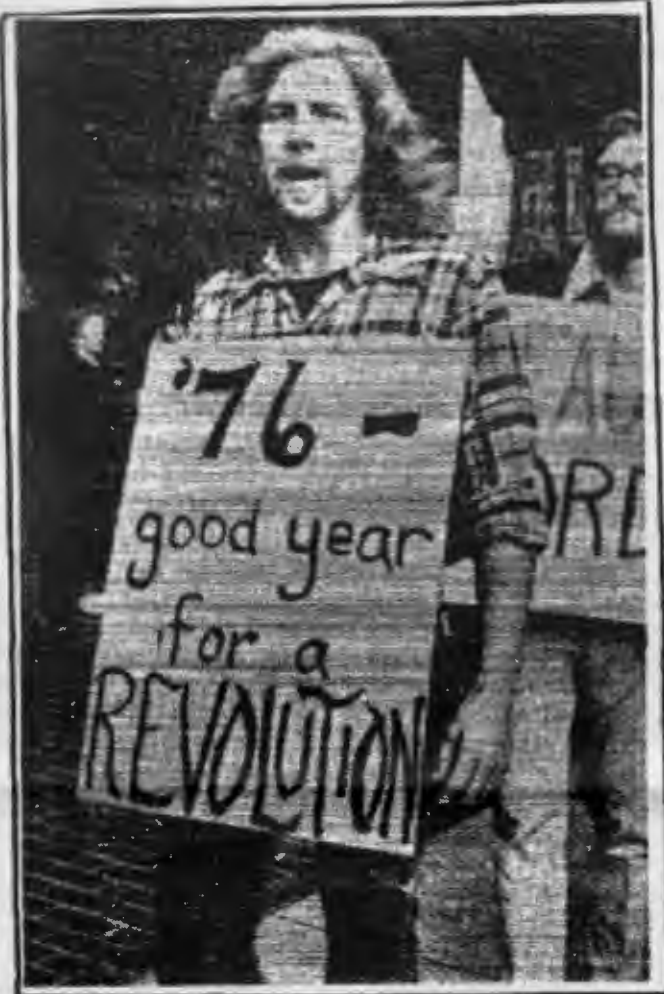
it's not a porn film or nail polish color. It was oh-so-tasty sautéed shrimp over penne pasta with tomato vodka cream sauce, served with garlic bread. It was so good, I thought it was porn. My date had a Spanish sampler dish (the name escapes me), which cost a whopping \$17.95, but was well worth it, especially since he paid. It had steak, chicken, and lots of little Spanish fried yummy things with various meats and veggies inside of them, sort of like Indian pakora. We couldn't afford the desserts; most were about six dollars and didn't even sound that good. Perhaps they would have been more appealing if the waitress had served us wine.

Altogether, the meal came to \$40-that included bread, non-alcoholic drinks and two of the more expensive meals on the menu. One could theoretically eat there for less than \$10, if you left a bad tip and didn't drink anything. However, the food, service and ambiance are all well worth it, not to mention the opportunity to eat real food that you get to pick out.

So, the next time your significant other is looking for some romance, don't settle on Kline and bottled Sangria. Give Julia and Isabelle's in Red Hook a try.

{ from the April 1st, 1976 issue of *The Red Tide* (vol.1 issue 1)
the rest of the issue can be viewed at
http://inside.bard.edu/campus/publications/archive/search/getIssue.php3?qid=RT76_04_01 }

CITIZENS OF ANNANDALE



Columbia University student protesting in favor of the Bard student uprising.

The Provisional Botstein Administration is deposed! Power has passed into the hands of the Student Revolutionary Committee, which stands at the head of the Bard Community. As you read this the Botstein Administration is in its death throes. Botstein has fled to Columbia County and is raising reactionary forces at Ulster County Community College. The last administration forces under the command of Theo Jolosky are besieged in Ludlow and are hopelessly outnumbered by soldiers of the Bard Students' Revolutionary Army. Squads of student militia are now in command of major centers of administration resistance. Delegations of students have been sent to the Executive Committee demanding the immediate and total surrender of power to the Student Revolutionary Government. The Observer has been liberated and its former title reinstated. The Students' Revolutionary Committee, from its hive of revolutionary activity in McVickar, has also announced the surrender of faculty in Albee Annex, Whaleback Apartments and the Ward Manor gatehouse. Employers of SAGA and B.&G have sided with us in our great struggle. All students are urged to join hands with the Student Revolutionary Government and throw off the repressive chains of reactionary government. Even now the new government is in power!

LONG LIVE THE STUDENT REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT!! LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION!! DOWN WITH DOG HATER BOTSTEIN AND HIS BUREAUCRACY!! LOVE RASTA AND LIVE!!

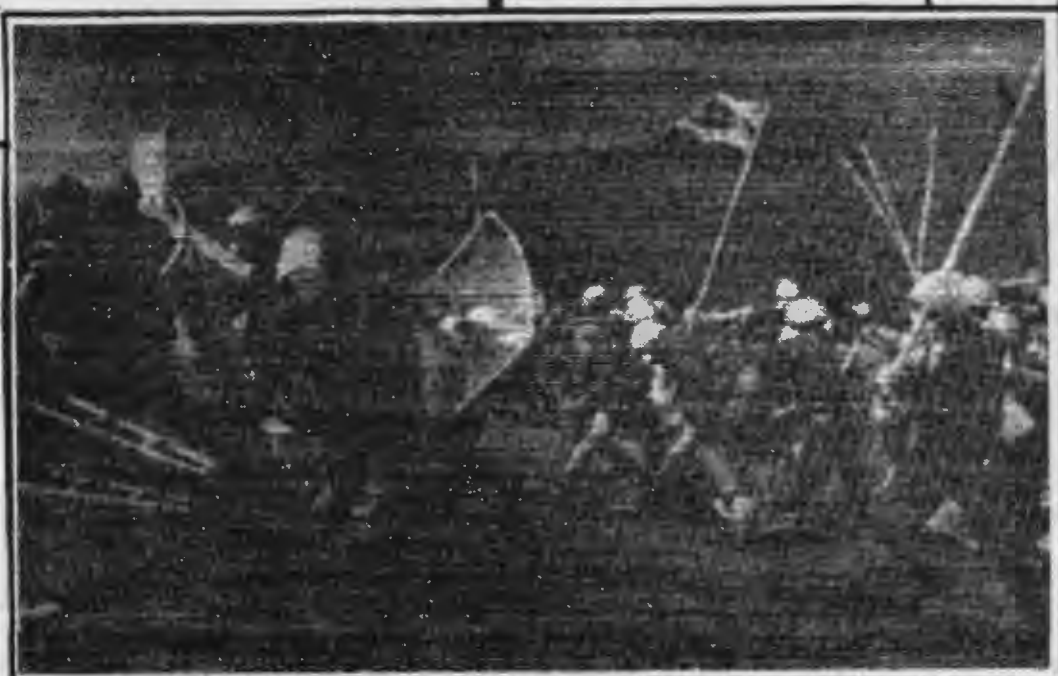
Comrade Callahan, Chief Deputy Students' Revolutionary Committee Bard Students' Revolutionary Government



Friedrich von Schtunk, commander of the defeated, reactionary forces.



Ludlow after the third wave of attack by the student troops.



Retreating faculty troops flee the bloody soccer field battleground in the wake of a fierce SRC offensive.