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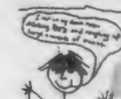
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Texas Sodium-Cyanide Bomb Terrorist

large scale investigation ignored by mainstream media

by: tosh chiang

Sixty-two year old William J. Krar and fifty-seven year old Judith Bruey of Tyler, Texas stockpiled chemicals, firearms, hate material, white supremacist propaganda, false United Nations Dept. of Defense ID'S and an excessive amount of ammunition—500,000 rounds. Krar also possessed a homemade sodium cyanide bomb and written plans to detonate it. Furthermore, hundreds of related subpoenas were issued in conjunction to his April, 2003 capture—a component to the largest investigation of domestic terrorism since the Oklahoma City bombing.

FBI investigators first stumbled onto Krar when a box meant for Ed Feltus, one of Krar's

accomplices, accidentally made its way to a New Jersey resident. The box contained several false identification documents including a Defense Intelligence ID and a United Nation's Multinational Force card. Krar, Feltus and Bruey were investigated shortly after the incident.

Among the items found in Krar and Bruey's storage facility were nitric acid and hydrochloric

acid, which, when mixed with sodium cyanide are explosive.



William Krar in custody

Also acquired by authorities were boxes of militant literature and

do it yourself explosive manuals. Scattered throughout were found hand written notes involving van rentals, phone cards and target locations

Krar himself was a self-employed traveling salesman of weapons; his main buyers were militant anti-government groups across the country. An FBI investigation was initiated when, on 9-11, an employee of a New Hampshire storage facility phoned

in that Krar was one "wicked anti-american" reported CBS 11 Dallas/

Ft. Worth. He currently faces 108 to 135 years in prison through a plea-bargained federal sentence.

Yet with the intensity of this situation, one might question the lack of media attention? Had Krar been vaguely Middle Eastern or Muslim, this would have been a veritable media explosion. Yet, searches at NYTimes.com and CNN.com will discover nothing. It's certainly something amazing that the Federal government has managed to stop this conspiracy. But of course, it's "uncoverage" may doubtless brew questions as to a possible cover-up.

find out more at:
thememoryhole.org

Hello Entertainment Committee

by liv carrow

A new Entertainment Committee has taken the seats of band-booking power. The committee was elected without dispute as no other committee ran in opposition. The new committee consists of Boris Izrayelit, Tim Abbondello, Tim Donovan, Ryan Muller, Aurora Halal, Brel Froebe, Eliza Douglas, Zumi Rosow, Jeff Brodsky and Mike Dudczak.

The committee has

expressed an interest in expanding the number of shows that happen at Bard. Izrayelit explained; "We are just simple folks, who want to bring the fun back to Bard."

The committee intends to attempt to bring at least one show per week and hopes to expand that number by including shows proposed and organized by other students.

Boris explained that he would

like to be more approachable and receptive to input than the former Entertainment Committee and come through with any money or assistance they agree to provide for other clubs or students.

Some bands various members of the committee have mentioned they would like to bring are Deerhoof, Music Tapes, the Unicorns, and Papa M. They hope to receive input from students

the committee that goes to eleven

about bands they would like to see play Bard and are open to all kinds of music including electronic, pop, rock and hip hop.

Between the Entertainment Committee, Red Room and Student Activities, Bard can hope to see live music at least twice a week next semester.

Boris expressed that he hopes students with any plans of booking a band for next semester

through entertainment committee will inform them before the end of the semester so that they can start lining up shows ASAP.

The Free Press congratulates the new Entertainment Committee and would like to extend this statement: "One small step for rock and roll- one giant leap for your dancing shoes." Godspeed.

German Cannibalism Case Goes to Trial

by cecca wrobel

42-year-old German man Armin Meiwes went on trial last Wednesday, December 3, for the murder, dismemberment, and consumption of another German man, 43-year-old Bernd Brandes.

Meiwes confessed to the cannibalism, and said that it had been a fantasy of his since early childhood. A lonely eight-year-old, he often longed for a little brother to kill and eat, to make a part of himself forever, and fantasized about doing the same to his classmates.

Meiwes placed an Internet advertisement in late 2000, seeking a young man to slaughter and consume. In early 2001, Brandes responded to the ad, leaving his seemingly stable life and home in Berlin to meet Meiwes. According to an article in the Washington Post, Brandes had written "I offer myself to you and will let you dine from my live body. Not butchery, dining!"

Prosecutors in the trial ran into a problem, however, discovering that cannibalism is

not illegal in Germany. They are charging Meiwes with "murder for the purposes of sexual pleasure" and "disturbing the peace of the dead." Meiwes' defense claims that he is guilty of no worse than "killing on demand," which would only require up to five years in prison, as opposed to a life sentence.

Primary evidence includes a videotape of his evening with Brandes, who apparently gives consent before sedating himself with pills and alcohol. Meiwes then cut off and fried the victim's penis, which

cannibalism legal in germany?

the men then ate together. Brandes allegedly bled to death in a bathtub overnight. In the morning, Meiwes stabbed him in the throat and chopped his body into pieces, freezing them, and burying his bones in the yard. Over the following months, he is said to have thawed at least 20kg of the meat, cooking the man, who reportedly tasted of pork, in garlic and olive oil, dining with a bottle of South African red wine. Investigators who have seen parts of the video are said to be receiving psychological counseling. Meiwes said that he had other

offers in response to the ad, and visited with at least five other men before turning them each away – in one case because he found the subject too fat, and another when the would-be victim changed his mind. Meiwes was finally arrested in December of 2001, after his still active advertisement was brought to the attention of German authorities.

The trial is due to last three weeks, with thirty-eight witnesses and a verdict expected early next year. Meiwes also reports to be writing his memoirs.

Newbriefs by the bite

compiled by: Brel Froebe

news that fit to print

On December 6th, Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton made the keen observation to the Houston Chronicle that "This administration is in danger of being the first in American history to leave our nation worse off than when they found it.... We have to change direction before irreparable harm is done."

On December 5th, Yahoo! News reported on a story entitled "Former President Reagan Rarely Awake." Apparently he "is now confined to a bed, rarely awake and unable to walk or talk." I wish the Reagan family a Merry

Christmas. On December 1st, the New York Post reported on a perverse trend within the New York City Fire Department. At least a dozen firefighters have allegedly left their wives for 9/11 widows.

On November 28th, a.k.a. Buy Nothing Day, Florida Local 6 news reported that a woman was trampled in Orange City's Wal-Mart, and then had an untimely seizure. Patricia Van Lester began her day by waiting outside Wal-Mart at 3 A.M. for the store's 6 A.M. opening time so that she could buy a DVD player that

was on sale. She made a dash for the DVD player but then was trampled by hundreds of other crazed shoppers. She was then airlifted to a hospital.



PLANETARY

BUY
NOTHING
DAY

Last Friday in November

They Don't Count the Bodies but They Sure Count the Bills

by **kate crockford**

The US government is paying for the Iraq war with money partly derived from Iraqi oil sales and the former government's coffers.

After US and UK forces declared "major combat" over, the UN issued resolution 1483 on May 22, supporting the "specific authorities, responsibilities, and obligations" of the United States and United Kingdom, as "occupying powers." The Resolution also mentions the "establishment of a Development Fund for Iraq to be held by the Central Bank of Iraq," declaring that 95 percent of "all export sales of petroleum, petroleum products, and natural gas from Iraq... shall be deposited into the Development Fund for Iraq."

Resolution 1483 declares that all petrodollars "shall be disbursed at the direction of the Authority." Paul Bremer, the head of the "Coalition Provisional Authority," the bureaucracy of the occupiers in Iraq, is thus in charge of all of Iraq's assets and oil revenues.

The latter theft occurred on March 20, at the very beginning of the war, when Bush issued Executive Order 13290. It sanctions the confiscation of "certain property of the Government of Iraq and its agencies, instrumentalities, or controlled entities, and that all right, title, and interest in any property so confiscated

should vest in the Department of the Treasury." This means that the US government, with the help of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, seized \$1.7 billion in Iraqi government funds.

Unfortunately, while the UN resolution falls far short of international demands, its very lax regulations are being outright defied by the US "CPA" leader Paul Bremer. While 1483 decrees that "the Development Fund for Iraq shall be used in a transparent manner to meet the humanitarian needs of the Iraqi people, for the economic reconstruction and repair of Iraq's infrastructure, for the continued disarmament of Iraq, and for the costs of Iraqi civilian administration," Bremer signed into US law that these monies "shall be held in an account... in the [U.S.] Federal Reserve Bank."

The money taken from Iraqi taxpayers and from the sale of their natural resources has not been used, however, to build social security systems, housing, hospitals or schools. While only \$188,200 was awarded for the reconstruction of housing in Basrah, for example, the US government spent \$12 million on 1,000 police radios for the yet to be established and functioning



Iraqi police force.

Also built into the Iraq reconstruction budget were two of many interesting yet unrelated clauses. One allocates \$2 million as a reward for the capture of ex-Liberian president Charles Taylor. The other allocates \$8 million for riot policing and police suppression of FTAA protestors in Miami.

According to New York's Independent and the New York Times, the US government awarded Halliburton---Dick Cheney's former company---a no-bid contract even while the Halliburton subsidiary Kellogg,

Brown & Root (KBR) overcharged the Pentagon billions of dollars for "reconstruction efforts".

These crimes, according to Pentagon deputy director of the Defense Contract Audit Agency Michael Thibault, could amount to "potentially tens of millions of dollars" of overcharging for fuel transport into Iraq.

Government/Halliburton contracts show that the US is paying KBR an average of \$2.64 a gallon to import Kuwaiti oil to Iraq, a figure more than two times higher than other companies performing the same service.

The Halliburton contracts are by leaps and bounds the largest paid out by the US government for services in Iraq. KBR is listed as receiving \$7 billion for the "restoration of Iraq's oil sector" and \$8.6 billion for "logistical support".

Sources: "The Looting of Iraq" by A.K. Gupta (read it) www.independent.org

"Pentagon Finds Halliburton Overcharged on Iraq Contracts" Douglas Jehl, NYT, www.nytimes.com

Newsbriefs by the Bite: Your Second Serving

compiled by **free press staff**

French "expert" encourages ban on headscarves.

Former foreign minister Bernard Stasi has concluded his controversial report on religious symbols in public schools in France. The research focused on Muslim women wearing head coverings, and also declared that "large" Christian crosses and Jewish skull-caps would be banned. President Jacques Chirac will announce his decision within the week. French anti-racist group Movement Against Racism (MRAP) declared that: "one religion is clearly in the firing-line: Islam." (<http://news.bbc.co.uk>)

Almost half of US recruited Iraqi soldiers resign in pay dispute

Forty-three percent of the soldiers recruited join the first

battalion of the Iraqi army have quit. BBC Pentagon correspondent Nick Childs said: "This is a clear embarrassment for the Pentagon, given how much it has been trumpeting its advances in recruiting Iraqi security forces." A spokesman for the US occupation forces said: "If [\$60 a month] is what they want, they can go find another job." (<http://news.bbc.co.uk>)

US includes money for Charles Taylor kidnapping in Iraq reconstruction budget

The United States government passed a bill granting 87.5 billion dollars for the purported purposes of "reconstructing Iraq." The BBC reports that the US also included a provision allowing for \$2 million dollars to be granted as reward money for any individ-

ual, group or corporation that can capture "what it described as an indictee of the Sierra Leone war crimes tribunal"--- a clear reference to former Liberian president Charles Taylor. A UK company, Northbridge Services Group, has stated that "[they] would be willing to split the profits" with any other companies that help capture Taylor. The Nigerian government, which is providing refuge for exiled war criminal Taylor, posited that the offer verges on "state-sponsored terrorism." (<http://news.bbc.co.uk>)

Israeli Occupation Forces invade Gaza City camp, killing 6, injuring scores

Six people, including one gunman, a doctor, and three civilians, were killed among the

20 others wounded in an early morning raid on the Gaza city refugee camp in the Gaza Strip on Thursday. Israeli forces, invading in some 20 tanks, used bulldozers to demolish structures and Apache attack helicopters to shoot inside homes and buildings. The invasion ended at noon with the arrest of one man, Islamic Jihad leader Khaled al-Qadi, accused of killing Israeli occupation forces inside the Gaza strip at checkpoints and border crossings. (<http://news.bbc.co.uk>)

Will Durst's 'Totally Full of Crap' award goes to Donald Rumsfeld

Competing with such classics as "With a healthy dose of fear and violence, and a lot of money for projects, I think we

can convince these people that we are here to help them"---"Lt. Colonel Nathan Sassaman, battalion commander of the forces occupying Abu Hishma, Iraq, explaining a plan to keep the village safe by encircling it in a wall of barbed wire", and "Wal-Mart is the greatest thing that ever happened to low-income Americans"---"W. Michael Cox, chief economist of the Federal Reserve Bank in Dallas," Durst voted Rumsfeld the most "Full of Crap" when he said, in response to a question asking why the military doesn't provide death counts of Iraqis, "Death has a tendency to encourage a depressing view of war." (www.alternet.org)



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april 25, 2004 / washington dc

see the real bellydance



sat. MPR 3 & 7:30pm



Half an Acre of Trees Cut On Campus

new clearing behind central services

by christine neuman

Have you been wondering what all the construction behind Central Services is about? The Free Press has been wondering too. The great degree of deforestation happening behind Central Services has amounted to the destruction of half an acre of trees, brush and swamp land which had been home to many small and large natural ecosystems. What for, you ask? Some bank new student housing? No. The area being cleared will be turned into a new parking lot for the Buildings and Grounds oversized trucks, vehicles and equipment. The rationale behind this is that the present area used to keep the larger B&G vehicles; along Campus Road behind a scarce cover of small pines trees, makes for a dirty, un-professional first impression for anyone who travels onto Campus Road to visit Bard. The idea then is to create a new, hidden space where B&G can house their equipment away from public view to further maximize our aesthetic appeal.

Is this what our money should be financing? Opting to renovate Feitler's cold, lightless garage into an extra bedroom instead of building a direly needed addition is only one link in a long chain of complaints against Bard's allocation of funds. Instead of repairing busted laundry machines, heaters or even soap dispensers for the students, the college seems bent on approving only its outward appearance. The Buildings and Grounds department is crucial to the maintenance of the Bard community. Why should their presence here be continuously minimized and marginalized. Now, as their equipment moves into its secret spot, the B&G workers seem that much more removed from the rest of the college. We rely on B&G almost to complete dependence as students here are not held responsible for any ground repairs, although in the case of property damage and vandalism, perhaps they should. In order to keep up a professional

reputation and appeal, we are continuing to alienate each other in an effort to separate each sector of our community. The strangest part of this development, like all other Bard developments, is that the student body was not formally made aware of it. The lack of communication between the school's administrative legislation, or perhaps between Botstein's empiric fancies and the student body is worse than bad. Some may question whether it is the place of the student body to be involved in the creation of new spaces, parking lots or buildings. Obviously, if this were the process, Bard students would revolt against any such development that threatened our open space and friendly furry friends and nothing would ever get done. It is not the students' responsibility to make these developmental decisions and yet by not being consulted or informed we feel cheated. To be left completely in the dark about such developments

on campus creates a riff between the student community and the administration that's existence Bard continues to deny. If Bard wants to continue to advocate Bard's unique unifying sense of community as an advertising ploy, it should be prepared to stand by that in practice as well as in cheap theory. There are questions the students would like to pose about this, and about other recent construction and yet these questions have been continually stifled. One such question is whether the creation of the new parking lot will open up other parking areas for students. Will the remaining Bard vehicles which now park in front of B&G and in the main faculty lot be transferred to the rear as well and if so, will students be able to use the newly vacant spots? Concerning other recent construction of that on Main Campus after the pipes in Seymour let loose, another question concerns those signs that suggested the noisy, messy con-

struction there was part of "beautification program" when really it was an attempt to solve a large septic problem. Again, Bard's attempt to clothe the truth of its actions with advertising. Students are confused; not knowing what the hell is going on with our campus is disconcerting and leads us to believe we are transitory and unimportant to the decisions of the college. Rather than let the rumors spread and tree loving Bardians get more upset due to their lack of information, the administration should attempt to include us in their plans. Let us know what's up so that at least we would have something to say when people ask us why we love Bard. "They keep us informed; their reasons for this and that have been explained to us in order to get our approval and we feel more involved and invested in our community because of it."

Beef Industry Sets Sights on Young Girls

is it cool to eat beef?

by Matt Dineen

At the end of January, Time magazine published an article asking: "Where's the Beef (In the Teenage Diet)?" It cynically addresses the growing popularity of vegetarianism among American youth, particularly girls, and also how the beef industry is freaking out about this growing trend. Due to this "looming vegetarian crisis," as Time put it, they must "come up with innovative ways to win back young salad-eaters."

The article briefly describes a new website launched by the National Cattlemen's Beef Association (NCBA) called "Cool To Be Real" (<http://www.cool-2b-real.com/>) that is targeted at young girls to try to convince them that eating beef, and lots of it, is now hip.

There is so much to say about the business practices of the American beef industry and it's wretched, deceptive marketing campaigns... "Forget about the very real threat of Mad Cow disease honey. Beef is what's for dinner!" Too much to say in fact, and books like Mad Cow USA and Fast Food Nation have already covered a great deal of this disturbing information.

The question here is: What the fuck is the beef industry doing targeting little girls? Furthermore, what are the implications and social effects of such marketing? This can all be traced back to a couple years ago...

In 2000, an advisory group made up of beef producers released the "Beef Industry's Youth Strategic Plan" in hopes of employing new methods of "reaching youth." But not just youth in general—they were specifically interested in "reaching" young girls with this plan. In fact, they admit that their "primary target audience" is "girls ages 8-12." An NCBA memo reveals: "Nutritional messages have been reshaped to appeal to the body motivations of preteen girls, and new heat-and-eat beef messages were incorporated to offer actual meal ideas that girls can make themselves."

The plan was to further

manipulate the media-induced insecurities of thousands of girls with developing bodies so they would eat more beef and "influence what their moms serve for dinner." Now all they needed was a spokesperson.

In a media kit called "Building a Champion," sent to nearly 100 publications targeted at children, the NCBA used 16 year-old Olympic figure skating star Sasha Cohen to promote the consumption of beef. The idea

was that girls would now associate eating beef with being successful and maintaining a healthy lifestyle. The press release provides a quote ostensibly from Cohen

praising the new campaign: "I want to thank the beef producers for letting me be a part of this important campaign to help girls eat better...I love beef and have learned a great deal about how important its nutrients are." It goes on to exclaim that Cohen's "entire family enjoys beef."

The NCBA further incorporated the Olympic silver medallist into their crusade to sell their beef to young girls by adding a feature on the industry's youth website, "Burger Town" (<http://www.burgertown.com>) called "Sasha's Corner." Here, carnivorous children surfing the Net can learn about "tips on eating smart and staying fit, and fun food ideas using

beef." There is also "a motivational diary from Sasha and even a special chat session with her." Creepy...

After taking the silver medal once again in the 2002 Winter Olympics Sasha Cohen, now 17, remained the teen spokesperson for the NCBA's youth outreach campaign as her name recognition increased internationally. In July of 2002, according to a beef industry press release, Cohen was named the "hottest woman in sports"

ing "positive messages about beef" in an attempt to dispel their "nutritional misperceptions." This "media tour" that kicked off the "Cool To Be Real" campaign was done by Mary Young, R.D., the NCBA's executive director for nutrition and Sylvia Rimm, Ph.D., child psychologist and author of See Jane Win.

The "Cool To Be Real" website is an integral part of this campaign to influence the diets of girls now that this target group increasingly uses the Internet to learn about the world. The NCBA explains that www.cool-2b-real.com "features important beef information in a format that appeals to tween girls [sic]," and that it "allows beef producers to talk directly to them."

The website is fucking outrageous. It portrays "real girls" that are supposed to look "just like you" surrounded by beef filled tacos and stacked hamburgers. "Real" girls, of course, are those that eat beef—that is why it is so "cool to be real."

Along with games, chat rooms, a "self esteem test" and e-cards to send to "real" friends, the site provides tips on "smart snackin'" with quick and easy recipes for snacks like nacho beef dip, beef on bamboo, beef tacos, beef chili, meatball and vegetable platters and roast beef and vegetable wraps. It posts nutrition tips from, hee hee, "real girls."

Stephanie, age 12, says: "I make sure to eat healthy, making sure I eat the right amount of food from the food pyramid." While Erika, age 11, proudly cheers: "I eat vegetables and meat." And a poll question asks "real" girls: "What type of beef do you

most like to eat with your friends?" Hmmm... "Steak, Tacos, Burgers or Subs?"

Although the Time article about this "Cool To Be Real" campaign is very critical of the vegetarian lifestyle, it is also skeptical of the beef industry's attempt to sway young girls towards beef eating with a website that the author describes as "a cross between a Barbie fan page and a Taco Bell ad."

Time writes: "It's hard to wonder if they're going to be successful with this pitch. As any teenager could tell you, obvious pandering is not the way to go when you're trying to reach this audience... Young consumers are too savvy for old-school ads, and too steeped in irony for sincere come-ons." Nevertheless, the "Cool To Be Real" campaign forges ahead in the beef industry's quest to turn potential vegetarians into lifelong beefeaters while they are still in their formative years.

What else is there to say about this bizarre phenomenon? At one level it is pretty hysterical how out of touch with reality the beef industry is and some of this stuff is down right funny.

But it is deadly serious too. It reveals something deeper about our culture and the pervasive force of what ecofeminist and animal rights activist Carol Adams calls "the sexual politics of meat." The campaign is yet another example of the interconnected oppression of both animals and women in this society.

Will the beef industry stop at nothing to maintain their profits? Will the children's entertainment industry continue their role in this insidious attempt to manufacture the consent of impressionable American children? Let's just hope that the kids will be too savvy for this pro-beef propaganda and show the NCBA that they are too cool to be fooled.

this article was originally published in Clamor by Matt Dineen (class of '03)



an image from www.cool-2b-real.com

by a FoxSports.com online poll, receiving 75 percent of over 100,000 total votes.

Despite this success, they still needed something more to hook little girls in. Enter: "Cool To Be Real."

In early December 2002 the NCBA, in conjunction with the Cattleman's Beef Board and state beef councils, began a new campaign specifically targeting preadolescent girls. The "Cool To Be Real" website was started on December 2nd and a week later, dozens of children's publications were contacted about provid-

Media Liberation Movement Growing

by **Katie Jacoby**

Get ready; you are about to read a report back from the frontlines of the media liberation fight. You already know mass media is in an intolerable state. Good reporting, accurate news and diverse ideas are completely absent from American media. You know that everything you read watch and hear is dictated by a handful, (six), of media corporations. If you didn't know this, here is a quick example. Viacom owns: CBS, MTV, NICKELODON, Paramount, Comedy Central, Blockbuster plus over 2000 book titles annually, 180 radio stations and is the largest advertising firm in the world. That is not even counting affiliated stations, cinemas and international ventures. I'm hoping you made the connection between

being the largest advertising company in the world and the wide demographics covered in their TV market from CBS to Nickelodeon. Can you say bling bling? But this is hardly the worst. Yes there is reason for concern and yes there is reason for reaction. In fact, the first ever National Conference on Media Reform's slogan

was: "Moving beyond critique to action!"

Madison Wisconsin is a wicked rad town. As Mayor Dave Cieslewocz put it, "87 sq. miles surrounded by reality." The Uni-

versity of Wisconsin did not seem to stir as 1,600 media activist converged on their school. Joining the prolific group of activists were an astounding entourage of media reform "professionals" including Robert McChesney, Amy Goodman, FCC Commissioner Michael Copps and Naomi Klein, just to name a few. From the moment I entered the icy tundra that is Mad-

ison I felt inspired yet kind of awkward. Looking around the opening remarks session it seemed everyone knew each other. My name tag read, Katie Jacoby, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY and I was certainly

draw strength from the victories of the past. The media reform movement took off like a rocket after word spread of the daunting media ownership rules proposed by Commissioner Michael Powell of the FCC in 2003. The conference marked a remarkable moment in which reform advo-

cates from each and every facet of progressive media had a weekend to learn from each other, network and frankly, make history. I silently thanked panelist members in overflowing lecture halls whose goal to educate and activate their audiences were continually met with standing ovations.

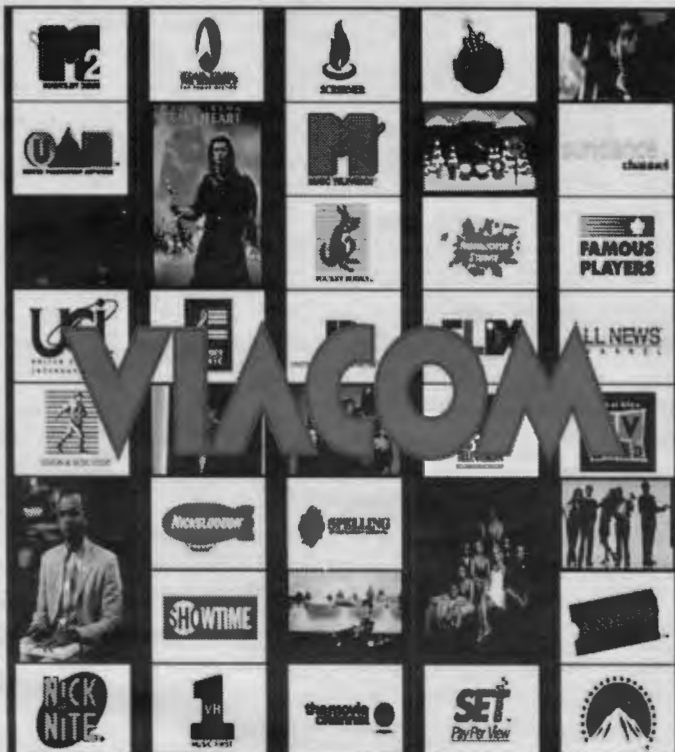
During the moderated panel sessions through out the weekend I was bombarded with stories of success. Reactionary responses to the media entities who dominate the flow of information and ideas have taken the form of independent news agencies such as indymedia.org, reclaiming local public access TV stations and the creation of community radio. Our grassroots movement has successfully created an alternative to mainstream media. We have laid the very foundation for those whose desire it is to change mass media.

The first night, the conference sponsored a musical event complimented by essential keynote speakers. For four hours I was sublimely taken away by a collective of musical artists kicking off the Tell Us the Truth Tour. Most prominently featured was one of the most amazing political artists living today, Billy Bragg. I tried to hold back my yawns as Rage Against the Machine's Tom Morello did some acoustic pieces and hyperventilated when Billy Bragg took the stage. Other mem-

bers of the tour included Boots Riley from the Coup and Lester Chambers who came together for some joint numbers. It was, in some respects, one of the most fantastic moments of the conference to see the response of the older activists to Boots' rendition of "Wear Clean Draws" and the younger activists sensational smiles for Billy Bragg.

The movement for media reform has taken shape and taken hold. Media reform has finally made it to the agenda of some enlightened politicians and while all the lobbying goes on, alternative media groups of every form possible are springing up and taking root. If you believe that the flow of information and ideas is at all essential to a working democracy you might want to join me in reclaiming our airwaves from media conglomerates or maybe just creating our own forms of alternative media.

Check out the following resources: www.reclaimthemedial.org -- the best site on reclaiming the media. www.mediareform.net -- promotes press freedom, media diversity, and community media access. www.mindthemedial.org, www.prometheusradio.org -- everything you want to know about the microradio fight. www.indymedia.org -- independent news from around the world. -Magazines like - clamor and stayfree!



Snow Plagues a PAC Never Meant For Snow

by **Christine Neuman**

snow guards to save the day?

Winter finally arrived late last Friday night with a heavy storm that continued on through Saturday and Sunday. The storm left many of us incapacitated for the weekend, unwilling to shovel our cars out until Monday morning. However, there was one place on campus that had no trouble getting rid of its snow and, because of the storm, became more than just funny looking. People traveling to the Performing Arts Center this weekend and early this week were in danger of injury from large snowdrifts falling off its slippery sloping roofs. Having built most of his work in California and abroad, it seems Gehry has much to learn about the North East. Apparently,

this is not the first time Gehry's artistry has caused a public threat. In 1990, the city of Minneapolis had to re-commission the esteemed architect after snow falling of the entrance to his University of Minnesota Art Museum threatened the lives of students there.

An email sent out this week from Jim Brudvig's office, warned students to take precautions when attending class at the PAC and to only enter through specifically marked entrances, the most dangerous of which having been scaffolded off. It seems as if the lawful measures mentioned to add snow guards to the building's exterior did not fit into the plans for the

grand summer opening and fall line-up. In explanation why the building has not been made "winter-proof" the email suggested that Bard has remained outbid on the guards and cannot yet proceed until the final numbers come through from the contractor. The words of the email: "We hope to have the installation complete before too much more snow falls" and "temporary protection" seem to suggest that the College was crossing its fingers and hoping for a cheap winter instead of sucking it up and following through. Sounds familiar.

Apparently, neither Mr. Gehry nor Bard anticipated the eclectic local winter weather when deciding that

upstate New York would be an ideal place for a great big silver slide. Criticism of the PAC, including its non-availability to students, has recently been diffused of grand support as many students who take classes, perform or work there suggest that whatever is good for the College is good for the students.

However, the non-existence of weather-related precautions becomes part of the suggestion that the building would have been better off far away from Bard, maybe best in the desert where it conduct heat and create electricity.

There are two remaining concerns that should be voiced. Once erected, is it possible the snow

guards will adversely (if that's possible) affect the tranquil serenity of the building? Wouldn't the integrity of its architectural design be called into question by these aforementioned snow guards? Secondly, what kept Gehry, or Bard, from adding in heating panels to the roof that would suffice in melting off the excess without danger and without aesthetic sacrifice? If heating panels could be installed instead, could that also include solar panels to create, for the good of the College, of course, an alternative energy source to further boost our appeal?

Kate's reply to Rogue Republican:

Rogue:

In your last letter you posit a hypothetical for me: I am to imagine that I am a leader in the US army. Then you charge that I am responsible for keeping "my country" safe. You can guess where I am going. I fundamentally disagree with the foundation of your hypothetical because the CIA and countless other 'experts' who have GPS access and spies and the lot have told us that Iraq posed NO THREAT to the US or any of its citizens before the war.

For the sake of the argument, however, I will pretend that this foundation is valid and proceed to your next conundrum. You say: "Would you make all sensitive intelligence public for your troops to examine and comment on?"

This just simply doesn't make any sense. If you will recall, our original argument was based on the silence of dissenting opinions within the ranks of the armed services. My fundamental point in this argument, and one that you continually stray from, is that people who are purportedly fighting for 'democracy' and to keep us safe in our cozy 'freedom' here at home should be able to exercise their fundamental rights granted to them as American citizens under the Bill of Rights. This is perhaps the singularly most impressive document or set of ideas to ever come out of the US. To deny its benefits to those soldiers fighting under the stripes and stars is quite revolting.

As to your commentary regarding Bush's military service: I said it before, and I will say it again: there is ZERO moral equivalency to comparing Bard students, who have never lied about nor started a war, to George Bush who not only got out of military service because of his rich and well connected father, but who also lied about and started a trillion dollar war that has cost the entire world political turmoil and havoc we can't even imagine. Not to mention the dead people. Iraqis. Americans. Brits. Italians. ETC:

Lastly, people cannot just flee to Canada to avoid the draft. There are heavy penalties for doing such, and the laws surrounding draft dodging have become more and more stringent. This comment is morally offensive and classist, too, because those who can get away with fleeing to Canada are those who can afford to pay court bills or bail money when they come back to the states.

But alas, I digress.

Military servicepeople shouldn't have to die for 'freedom's' they cannot exercise.

K.C.

Carnival of Consumption : the epic festival

by **brel froebe**

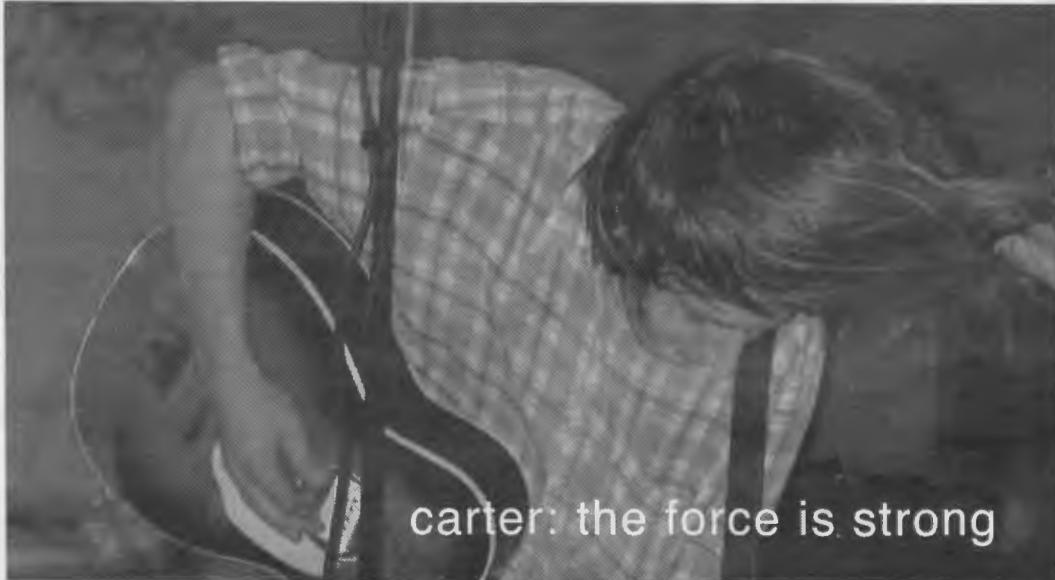
"Write what you know." A good motto by which to live, but will ultimately disappoint you as a reader. First of all, I would like to compliment the organizers of Bard College's Carnival Of Consumption for a successful event and a great concept, and I hope that the evening provided everyone there with the rock and roll and much needed catharsis. I am sorry to report that I took the title

of the event a little too literally. I wish I could say that I saw every band play at the Carnival Of Consumption, but unfortunately I was belligerently fucked-up and hardly remember anything. I recall getting really excited when the Charming Bastards played an awesome Turbonegro cover and when some dude with a wicked high voice ended their rocking set. I must say that this band really fucking

rocks. Not in a bard college way but in a general straight up totally bitchin' "they should really tour" kind of way. Anyway, the only other thing I remember is getting a bit exasperated with Noodle's set and throwing a large snowball on the floor. So, I hope you were there and have fond memories of the evening, because I'm sure you have noticed that this show review is completely useless.



henry with an H!



carter: the force is strong



hi jean pierrrrre! -mom



brel froebe in the mood

Homefree: the review comes home

by **Liv Carrow**

Starring Julia Tadlock and Raizin Bob-Waksberg : directed by Julie Rossman

I was invited to see the student-run play "Home Free" in the basement of the chapel, and told I needed a reservation as the space in the basement could only fit 20 people. Several preassumptions about student-run theater followed me to the chapel that evening, despite the fact that my good friend Julia Tadlock was the costar and another friend Julie Rossman was director, I assumed that such a sketchily located, tiny production would somehow fail my expectations of what a play should be. From where I sat crunched between spectators on the floor of the spooky chapel basement, I was proven devastatingly wrong.

The play went on for almost an hour and had minimal

scenery and only two actors, and as the plot grew increasingly more insane and terrifying, my unending respect for the three students who put this play together of their own volition grew. The quality of the acting was superb, especially keeping in mind that the participants had little to no incentive for this play besides to put on a good show and have fun doing it.

The setting for the play was also perfect; the plot centered on two young people, _ and _, who presumably lived in a tiny apartment together. _ was pregnant and at first it seemed that the married couple was simply dysfunctional. It unraveled to reveal that the two were brother and sister, who lived secretly in incest

together with two imaginary children, and that _ is pregnant with her brother's baby. The brother is also afraid to leave the house and both are unemployed, constantly fearful of discovery and being kicked out of their apartment. The creepy atmosphere of the chapel basement was perfect for such a bizarrely twisted plot and it intensified the feeling of suspense and secrecy that the play described.

As for the acting, Tadlock and Bob-Waksberg are two to look out for in future productions. Luckily there were no other actors to be detracted from, as the two of them were captivating presences for the entire play. Tadlock expertly feigned pregnancy as Bob-Waksberg shifted through mood cycles

and sweetly depicted a real love for his "sister." The unbelievably good chemistry between the two actors intensified the plot and made the whole thing seem utterly believable. The serious nature of Bob-Waksberg's character was a good switch from his goofy roles in Old English, and both he and Tadlock effortlessly portrayed two very troubled but very in love young people living together in an extraordinarily messed up situation with a child of incest on the way. Tadlock's illness/death scene at the end was like the last blast of fireworks on the fourth of July—the acting grew so intense and the emotion ran so high between the two actors, and the plot solidified and clarified just enough to leave a

solid knot of devastated sadness in the hearts of the tiny cramped audience, who by the end had forgotten that they were not in fact witnessing a domestic scene between two very confused siblings.

Director Rossman did a fine job with organizing the space and performances, scenery and music, and with the play itself. From what I understand the space was packed for at least five performances, and I think I speak for much of the audience when I say that I am looking forward to the next production involving any or all of these students.

Doctored Art in the Fishbowl

by **free press staff**

new show to be curated

"Dissection: Works of 'The Doctor'" will open on Wednesday December 17 in the Campus Center's George Ball lounge from 7:30 to 9:30. The show was curated by Bard art history students Martha Hart and Anna Bohichik. "The Doctor" is an anonymous surgeon-turned-

painter who has never been exhibited before, whose work handles the fusion of surgical/medical worlds and art.

"The Doctor," who makes art under this pseudonym, has completed more than 200 paintings yet his work has never been exhibited to the public. As Hart and Bohichik

describe him, no one would ever expect that this Hudson Valley local surgeon and father is also an accomplished painter. His art has been described as a cross between Thomas Eakins and Picasso and lends a new angle to the representation of clinical landscapes, giving the public a

different lens from which to view the often mysterious workings of the medical world.

His paintings are depictions of what he knows best; surgery. The curators describe that he "depicts the open patient with cubist abstraction, and with anatomical accuracy only a surgeon

could possess."

Don't miss the Doctor's debut exhibition this Wednesday. An accomplished painter/surgeon appearing at Bard for his first art exhibition even is not something to miss! Refreshments will be provided.

music reviews.
music reviews.
music reviews.



"trust us, we're experts"



The Mummies
Death by Unga Bunga
Estrus Records

Finally, The Mummies retrospective with everything fit to reprint. Yes, it promises a never before released, hide-the-salami hidden bonus track, and no, its not really there. Do yourselves a flavor and get this shit quick. [tim]



Sun Kil Moon
Ghosts of the Great Highway
Jetset Records

The defunct Red House Painter's would be new album can be found on Sun Kil Moon's debut. A deft regrouping of musicians performing songwriting seamstress Mark Kolscheck's oft adored brand of bittersweet ballad with the spark of a gassed up Zippo. The songs never run out of fuel on thischalk-full length, making it paced for incessant listens. Pigeonholing music like Kolscheck's as sad is a write-off that ignores its breadth and involving reach. The well worn sentimentally wrought formula of boy lament girl is all but sidestepped here. The result is a cross-section of suffering that is treated like an aural massage. Ghosts of the Great Highway memorializes a 1920s boxer who died in the ring in "Salvador Sanchez", and in one go, a dead donut store owner and Judas Priest's downfall on "Glenn Tipton". The instrumentation is equally diverse. Kolscheck's staple strum remains the centerpiece but is more developed with the interplay of strings and xylophones, and more variant rhythms. "Lily & Parrot" finds the band unexpectedly plugged in and post-rocking out. While the epic "Duk Koo Kim" gets psychedelic with it, showcasing expansive melodies over Kolscheck's tenor to craft an entrancing timbre that endures into the 15-minute mark. The recording, itself, is richer than Kolscheck's back catalogue; the
thebardfreepress.vol5.issue4

band's material sounds more vital than his solo carrier, and proves more promising than his cinematic incarnation as Stillwater guitarist in Cameron Crowe's "Almost Famous." My Mom digs this. Shouldn't that be enough? [ta]



not original cover art sucka!

Wrangler Brutes
s/t 7"
Wrangler Brutes Records

At first glance The Wrangler Brutes debut single-sided single makes no promises. Its not much to look at, and doesn't give you anything to go on, save two ultimo tracks belted out in as many minutes. There is not a single word printed on the insert or record face, just a crudely drawn face with a gaping asshole expression for cover art. But alas the Brutes reputation proceed them, and it seems the hyper-minimalist presentation is an effort to mask that this is the most hopeful punk rock band of the decade. The formula is this: Born Against + Skull Kontrol = Wrangler Brutes. The result is the same = no brainier. Its time to sound the eardrums with Sam McPheters agro croon once again backed by gritty guitars with one foot in rock n roll chops, and the other in dog shit. Two songs that are too good to be true. Like your first love allover again. [ta]



Coachwhips
Bangers v.s. Fuckers
Narnack records

Pure condensed adrenaline-junk garage rock with that dirt-grit textured beat to kick you up and jumping in the air. Coachwhips' latest is the same solid three piece train ride blasted on their previous records but faster, harder, dancier—11 songs in 20 minutes, just drums keyboards and guitar spazzles. Take 60's pioneers the Sonics and give them crazed blazin' stimulants and Coachwhips are what you get. The band fronts

a solid 4/4 beat and takes your feet away. If you fuck with this band you'll get burned.

"You Gonna Get It" starts the album off with the cement crushing, soul-stealing sound of the 4/4 engorging your rock and roll heart. The organ and guitar then seal the deal; this band has made a pact with the devil. On "Evil Son" the frantic guitar riffs are followed by cymbal-slammed shatterings of pulsing unstoppable noise exclamation. At some point the songs meld together but you meld with them. This is rock and roll. [tosh]



The Unicorns
Who Will Cut Our Hair
When We're Gone?
Alien8

So I've been suckered by another one of Boris's indie pop bands. The Unicorns' latest is poppy, catchy, loopy and schmoopy as it gets. It sort of brings me back to Fountains of Wayne or Weezer while involving some edgier elements, like melodic vocals that resemble The Strokes just enough to be sexy and the Danielson Famile Band just enough to be funny.

Overall this is a pretty cool album on first or second listen, appropriate for a drive in the car or a romantic mix tape. I feel confident that bands like The Unicorns will continue to successfully synthesize the best elements of pop and indie rock, use the clapping sound effect with just enough tact, and make me want to shimmy my shoulders and play air guitar at the same time.

This album however could use some work in the flow department. The songs line up weirdly and sometimes sound oddly connected to one another. Spiffy electronic beats are sometimes spoiled by annoying riffy guitars. Sometimes the synthesis of pop and rock moves a bit too far in one direction or another, but that also serves to spice up the album a bit and make things unpredictable. The same concept for which we all love "Bohemian Rhapsody."

So what I am saying is, this band is nice and fun. Originally in the English language "nice" meant "boring" but since these days

nice means nice, I think it is the perfect adjective to describe The Unicorns. [liv]



Electrelane
The Power Out
Too Pure Records

"The Power Out," British indie pop Electrelane's second full length release is due out this January. The single "On Parade" does some justice to the command "let's rock" but for the most part this album is a nice mix of chill acoustic-sounding rock and tinkly electronic rhythms.

The sound of Electrelane on this album is invocative of a number of eclectic influence, and despite the distinctly electronic flavor of the songs, real instruments ring through ala Young Marble Giants or Sonic Youth.

This album is pleasant and well crafted from start to finish and each song has a unique role in the album's makeup and order, which is deliberately mixed so as to keep the listener's attention. This band gets two thumbs up; definitely check this out in January. [lc]



Parts & Labor/ Tyondai
Braxton split
"Rise, Rise Rise"
Narnack Records

I personally believe that splits on 7" are often quite tasteful, for they allow bands with common visions to present their material in a manner that allows the listener to fuel the nearly A.D.D. desire of listening to lots of different music that exist in one's 7" collection. However, I have found that split full lengths rarely amount to much because of the nature of a full length, namely material that provides audio continuity, which is often lost in a split record. This is true for "Rise, Rise, Rise." Therefore it is unfortunate that I must

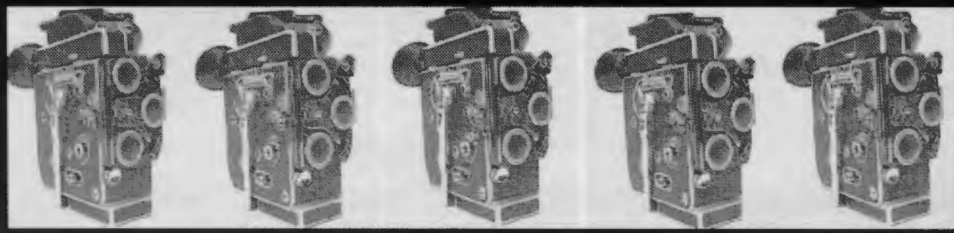
review each artist individually, rather than treating the album as one piece of collaborative music. Parts & Labor offer a Lightning Bolt-esque synth driven and carefully produced array of songs. Sounds range from mid-nineties keyboard hardcore cyclical riffs like "Jurassic Technology" to experimental East-Indian guitar plucking lo-fi folk dabbings on "Good Morning Black Eye." Although the very prevalent bagpipe can become a bit excessive, Parts & Labor certainly have an energetic and innovative presence. Like their label-mates Hella, Parts & Labor sound absolutely awful with vocals, as demonstrated by "The Endless Air Show." Luckily Parts & Labor provide most of the music on this split, because Tyondai Braxton's contributions are overly self-indulgent, overly produced, and unlistenable. The songs consist of experimental jazz, filtered moaning vocals, and an excessive use of distracting sounds that add to the sense of discontinuity of this album. [brel]



The Pines
True Love Waits vol 2
Matinée 2003

The latest from The Pines, a mellow acoustic London duo, is really really sweet. It's just sweet. It sounds like a long, romantic kiss with lots of staring. It also sounds a whole lot like the Magnetic Fields, which adds some bonus points because the Magnetic Fields cannot create enough music to satisfy my deep hungry love for their music. The Pines also kind of sound like Belle & Sebastian, not enough to draw a truly valid comparison, but just enough to make me feel very comfortable and familiar with this music.

True Love Waits volume 2 is only five songs and twenty minutes long, but it is totally pretty and is weirdly intricate enough to be listened to a number of times in a row without seeming repetitive. Or maybe that's because it's 3 in the morning. Or maybe it's because I love the Magnetic Fields and Belle & Sebastian and the Pines are kind of a conveniently hip way to get the best of both [lc]



film // film // film
 film \ \ film \ \ film
 film // film // film

Love Actually

The British are coming, the British are coming. And they're looking bloody attractive this holiday season. Honestly, what could you want more for Christmas than an invasion spearheaded by Colin Firth of Bridget Jones Diary or Bend it Like Beckham's saucy Keira Knightly? What, a puppy? A bike? Love, actually? Please. This is so much more than all of the above. This is everything we've come to cherish in chick flicks from across the pond; an emotional festival of precocious children, awkward bumbling, a touch of dry humor, and the consistent incorporation of delightful Anglo slang such as "loo," "snog," and "bollocks." Maybe the reason why this film feels like an assault, although a fairly pleasant one, is the fact that it is eight chick flicks crammed into one power packed two hours, and not altogether well. What keeps the film from achieving fluffy christmas season greatness is it's weakly organized structure and annoyingly forced interconnections between characters and storylines. Also, the sap factor flies dangerously high. On the other hand, the movie really does explore love in a variety of incarnations - business, friendship, marriage, romance, family. And it really does give you this exuberantly distracting outlook on relationships and the Christmas Spirit while maintaining this humorous adult edge by exploring themes like the personal lives of film body doubles, unfaithfulness, and British men who go to America so they can use their accents to get laid. In the right mood, this movie could really make your cold December night. Make sure to keep an eye out for cameos by Mr. Bean (known in the real world as Rowan Atkinson) and some hot young thangs from the good ol' USA. **by Fariyah Zaman**



THE ULTIMATE ROMANTIC COMEDY
loveactually

Bad Santa

Even though the trailer really does you no favors when it comes to preparing you for this movie, the fact that it is directed by Terry Zwigoff of Ghost World fame probably should have clued you into the fact that it wasn't just your average holiday screwball comedy. I'm sure the elderly couple who sat in front of me but left within the first half hour, possibly because they were seemingly entertained by nothing they saw and were sick of hearing the words 'asshole' and 'dipshit' used as many times as they were, can vouch for that. I think most, however, will be delightfully surprised. The story of a pathetic drunken shopping mall Santa who robs his workplace every season learning to give a damn through his friendship with an oblivious kid, the movie is crass, it's true. Grown men piss themselves, people get kinky in department store dressing rooms, and nut sack maiming flows like champagne at a wedding. But it isn't crass for the sole purpose of humor, which is a good thing, because if it were, it wouldn't really be that funny anymore. Instead, the vulgarity is placed in the context of a smart, neat storyline in which misfortune and unpleasantness are simply reality. And it makes it all the more amazing when the characters find and honest happiness within that reality. You start to think, if that crass vulgar fucker can make it, so can I. While everything is a little wildly over the top, and Billy Bob Thornton is miraculously charming even while swearing at children and covered in snot, the story curtsies out with a little moral without ever being sappy. This Cohen brothers-produced gem is the perfect antidote to Love Actually going down badly for you. **Fariyah Zaman**

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contributor: connor gaudet

"x-mass lists"

- Tosh pocket drive Chiang
- Liv switchblade Carrow
- Christine a fatty Neumann
- Mike dogville Lerman
- Fariyah vintage typewriter Zaman
- Drew dignity Gray
- Kelly seed of brunner Berry
- Matt collective Dineen
- Tim full stockings Abondello
- Liz k hannah Koerner
- Kate tofurky Crockford
- Katie free airwaves Jacoby
- Gillian hot sex Means
- Brendan a bath Murray-Nellis
- Cecca hug(s) Wrobel
- Johnny soberness and sleep Class
- Brel drunk memories Froebe

Cat in the Hat

What the fuck happened to Mike Myers? Bo Welch craps out of his ass what is possibly the worst rendition of a Dr. Seuss book that could ever be put on film. Stylistically jarring, this film makes all the wrong attempts at imitating the illustrations that were so popular in the children's series and ends up with something like an overdose of a Tim Burton set design. Oh, and then there's the lead performance, a sickening hybrid of the SNL "Caufee Tauk" sketch and the child that Don Rickles and Gilbert Godfrey would produce. Only one of the many, many, many fatal mistakes that make this movie fail miserably. For an actual laugh, go see Bad Santa instead.

The Missing

This movie contains the following things: Tommy Lee Jones playing a white man who assimilates into Native American culture because of his own beliefs. Cate Blanchett taking her daughter and father, Jones, on the run with her because her boyfriend was just skinned and her other daughter kidnapped by a crazed group of Cherokee with a penchant for photographs and collecting girls to carry over the border and sell to Mexicans. To say nothing of the beautiful landscapes of the Midwest and hints of the creepy direction that was showcased in Ransom. However, despite all of this, the movie is still boring. Ron Howard flexes his epic muscles, shows off his eye for great cinematography, and the film drags on.

The Last Samurai

Let us all join together this holiday season and pray that Tom Cruise does not become the next Kevin Costner, doing any film in which he can ride a horse. It starts with a film by Edward Zwick. After the success he experiences with earlier films like Legends of the Fall and Glory, he moves from an interest in the Civil War to a explore a set of various Japanese stereotypes and terrible costume drama clichés. Cruise struts around Japan like he owns the place and my mother audibly groans in the audience because any hint of a love story is too much for her.

Haunted Mansion

It seemed like a terrible idea. Disney was planning to release a slew of movies based on the attractions in their theme parks instead of the other way around. But right off the bat, they made the effort to prove us wrong. Despite all of its flaws, of which there were many, The Country Bears was a surprisingly anti-Disney Disney flick, with its overwhelmingly dry sense of humor. And who could forget The Pirates of the Caribbean, which boasted not only a great performance by Johnny Depp but also a nice blend of fun and nostalgia with images directly copied by Gore Verbinski (director of The Ring) from the ride itself. But somewhere, right around Thanksgiving, they took a wrong turn and mismatched the casting of Eddie Murphy and the dark sense of humor that came along with The Haunted Mansion ride. Penned by Ken Kaufman who also wrote this season's "Elf," it's a pity he couldn't have worked the same magic here. And what we are left with is a pile of bad jokes, some boring CGI and nostalgia for Gore Verbinski or maybe, even, the original ride.

These four babies by Michael Lerman

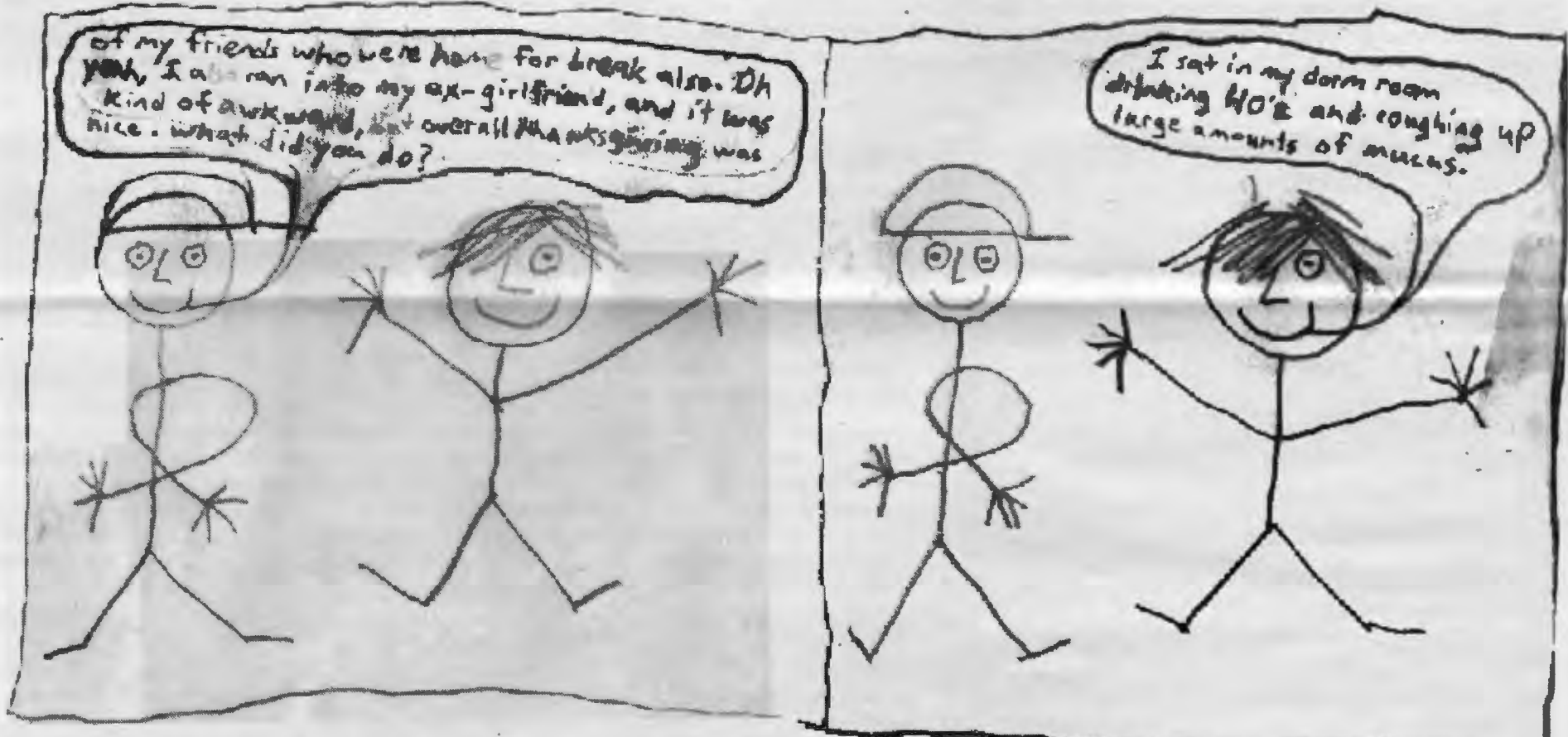
Elf

Christmas time is here again, and the Christmas movies come marching down the Christmas movie trail. What? Among these Christmas movies is Elf, starring a wide-eyed, half-retarded, fish out of arctic water in green fucking tights, Will Ferrell. Ferrell amazes the mind and scintillates the senses as this action packed adventure story explodes off the screen and into your eyes, burning the shit out of your retinas. Having grown up in a world in which he doesn't belong, Buddy Elf goes in search of his biological father to another world in which he doesn't belong. Hilarity ensues as Buddy discovers that New York City isn't all it's cracked up to be. Good physical gags and Country Mouse in the City type humor abound in this touching, occasionally moving film. As predictable and hokey as Elf seems to be, you will find yourself enjoying it immensely for that very reason. Even if you hate yourself for it, you will like Elf.

Connor Gaudet

Comics.

Misanthropy is always the Next Big Thing!



a comic strip by brel

