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Kick Out the Clams: Budget forum 2004

Dumaine Didn't Get Angry

by **Farihah Zaman**

Budget Forum comes but once a semester and with it an introduction or reintroduction to the talents and financial needs of the delightful variety of clubs existing on Bard campus. While the event may masquerade as a pseudo-party in which students are given the chance to migrate to Kline for some rare weeknight entertainment involving beer on the school's dollar and watching our fellows desperately beg for money, its greater importance doesn't seem to be completely lost on the student body. It allows us to



become better acquainted with the clubs and committees whose purpose is really to serve us, to be

informed about the allocation of funds amongst the clubs, and, of course, to have a direct influence

really puts the flavor into Budget Forum, and this year was a particularly quiet as far as Budget Forums go. Attendance seemed to be somewhat low, an unfortunate fact because it may indicate a waning interest in being involved in where our precious money goes. There were no ridiculous costumes, no staged making out, no unforgivably offensive heckling. The whole thing was shorter than usual, possibly due to a job well done on the part of the Planning Committee, since a lot of clubs seemed satisfied with their lot. Yet despite a relative lack of chaos and hijinks, there were a number of key happenings at the Spring 2004 Budget Forum.

The evening started out with students voting on new representatives for student government positions that needed to be filled. Then the floor opened up for real with the brand new Musical Theater Group, who had accidentally

missed signing up for a Budget Defense and were asking for \$200 from the emergency fund as a result. The Planning Committee's own Liz Anderson responded to the crowd's teasing by citing the founding members' freshman status as a defense for their mistake, but this didn't keep them from being denied the cash money. In general, the crucial emergency fund remained nearly untouched - after all, it's saved many a club in a late-semester pinch. Only the Audio Co-op, which operates out of the old gym and makes audio equipment available to Bard students, was deemed worthy of a piece of the old EF.

Creative Music Alliance, represented by Matthew Wellins, also had bad luck with their Budget Defense. They were originally slotted to go up against Entertainment Committee for some funding, but when word got around, Entertainment Committee willingly forked the money over before Matt even made it to the mike. Bard radio station WXBC, who were

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Same Sex Marriage in SF

Mayor Newsom Opposes Bush's State of the Union Address

by **Bonnie Ruberg**

On Thursday, February 12th, Gavin Newsom, the newly elected mayor of San Francisco, declared same-sex marriages legal. Newsom directed the county clerk to accept applications from gay and lesbian couples for the first time, unleashing a flood of sweethearts towards San Francisco. On Thursday alone 95 same-sex marriage licenses were issued; 87 of the 95 couples took their vows right

on the spot. By Saturday night San Francisco had issued 1,130 licenses. Despite resistance from the city's more conservative factions, like the Campaign for California Families and the Alliance Defense Fund, Judge James Warren ruled to push back hearings on the issue until Tuesday, February 17th, allowing gay and lesbian couples the opportunity to seek their license over the holiday

weekend.

Despite this momentary, though groundbreaking, victory for the gay and lesbian community, future prospects may be stifled, even in the city of San Francisco. Campaign for California Families is still seeking a Superior Court ruling declaring the city's actions illegal.



couples wait in line for marriage

Newbriefs by the bite

compiled by: **tosh chiang**

news thats fit to print

37 Female GI's in the Iraq war have reported instances of sexual assault by fellow soldiers says the Denver Post <http://www.denverpost.com/cda/article/print/0.1674.36%7E6439%7E1913.069.00.html>

A group protesting affirmative-action is establishing a \$50 whites-only award at Roger Williams University in Bristol, R.I. The award asks for a picture to confirm whiteness and an essay concerning "why you are proud of your white heritage." <http://netscape.com>

A federal judge in Los Angeles has ruled a portion of the Patriot Act, which denies designated terrorists organizations from receiving expert advice or assistance, unconstitutional. <http://www.cnn.com/2004/LAW/01/26/patriot.act.ap/>

A lawyer for a widow suing the Bush administration for negligence in the Sept. 11, 2001 terrorist attacks asked a New Hampshire audience Wednesday to press presidential candidates on whether they will investigate the attacks. http://www.zwire.com/site/news.cfm?newsid=10848008&BRD=2212&PAG=461&dept_id=465812&rfl=6

Declassified documents concerning Saddam Hussein's handshake with Donald Rumsfeld and the Iraq-US relationship have been posted on the National Security Archive at: <http://www.gwu.edu/~7Ensarchiv/special/iraq/index.htm>

Doctors worldwide urge adoption of guidelines to

treat Sepsis, a blood infection, which kills 200,000 yearly in the United States, <http://cnn.netscape.cnn.com/ns/news/story.jsp?loc=FF-APO-PLS&idq=ff/story/0001/20040213/2013373617.htm>

San Francisco has become the first city to issue same-sex marriage licenses. On Thursday February 12th, 1130 couples filled city hall despite the wishes of the Campaign for California Families and the Alliance Defense Fund. http://www.indybay.org/archives/archive_by_id.php?id=1773&category_id=12

Mass gravesite of 200 killed by government-backed anti-Islamist militias in the 1990s "erased" by Algerian police. <http://www.guardian.co.uk/>

international/story/0.3604.1130951.00.html

Vice President Dick Cheney linked by French investigation to a \$180 million in bribes to Nigerian officials. "The Paris court contemplates an eventual indictment

of the present United States' vice president, Richard Cheney, in his capacity of former CEO of Halliburton," states the French conservative newspaper Le Figaro. http://www.wsns.org/articles/2004/jan2004/chen-j28_prn.shtml



Free Radio Annadale to Hit the Airwaves *92.5 to become the voice of the people*

by katie jacoby

Free Radio Annadale was created over this past intercession by the initiative of two Human Rights students. Equipped with the idea but no experience in broadcast engineering let alone basic electronics, we headed west to see if it was at all feasible to bring real radio back to Bard. Through some training with Free Radio Berkeley's I.R.A.T.E. (International Radio Action Training, Educational) program, we learned the simple skills it takes to make an FM broadcasting transmitter and antenna i.e. radio. Free Radio Berkeley's Stephen "Kiss my Bill of Rights" Dunifer is renowned in the Low Power radio community for his development of a low-cost, low-watt way that neighbors can use radio to communicate with each other. Stephen is one of the FCC's prime targets because he takes the idea that the airwaves belong to the public super seriously, not just those with big bucks. Worst of all, from the FCC's vantage point, Dunifer has spread the dea around to people like me.

But why Free Radio? You don't have to know much about spectrum allocation to understand that public discourse is not a reality on the FM dial. The Microradio Move-

ment has spread around the world enabling its participants to restore radio's educational and democratic facets. Micropower broadcasting has brought back the concept of open and free civic communication among all citizens. Further, strikes a blow at those who control the flow of information and ideas.

Most importantly, it is a direct challenge to a broadcast system based entirely on wealth. Existing FCC regulations mandate a minimum broadcast power of 100 watts for non-LPFM stations and require such a high cost of entry so that only the rich and well endowed can have a voice. For those of us who have worked with the initiators of the Low Power FM radio service (which I guess is just me) view it as a form of

damage control and a divide and conquer strategy for the micro-radio movement. LPFM, though successfully creating many legal community stations has its faults. Remember when Bard tried to apply for an FM license? Probably not, but we were among the thousands applications rejected or put on hold due to big radio station's interference fears or maybe just their urban setting. Will this window opportunity open again? Who knows, but as George Orwell once said, "If large numbers of

people believe in Free Speech, there will be freedom of speech." The air-waves are public, yet the government insists on its strict and exclusive right to regulate this public property, you have the ability to change the current-reality.

A micropower FM broadcast station with a coverage radius of 1-3 miles (8 watts) can be put on the air for a cost of under \$350. An affordable amount for any community desiring to have a voice. It is the realization among activists that the concentration of media sources in a few corporate hands such as Clear Channel and other conglomerates has created the a need for communities to take back the airwaves for their own constructive uses. The means for this are within reach.

The grander plan for Free Radio Annadale has become more of a project in the past three weeks than just a radio station. Though

Micropower broadcasting has brought back the concept of open and free civic communication among all citizens



it will provide the Bard Community with only 8 watts of broadcasted eclectic music styles and themed shows, it will also become part of a larger media education project. There will be an open forum on Free Radio Annadale Tuesday February 17th at 8:00 in the Root Cellar (basement of the Old Gym) following a brief report back and a better explanation of this "Free Radio" initiative .

The Free Press Takes an Honest Look at the Candidates

by drew gray

Hello voter friends! We here at the free press are not really into endorsing a presidential candidate for the elections in 2004, because our only hope in the horse race of global capitalism is not that a particular horse wins, but that all horses die before reaching the finish line. That said, we figured that whomever the Democrats nominate, you'll vote for him just to oust Bush. (Except maybe you, the sweet Rogue Republican... you never call now, we miss you, did you leave us for the Conservative Co-ed?) So instead of endorsing any of the Democratic candidates, we decided to conduct

an informal survey of the staff to tell you our thoughts on the lamest of the lame in the donkey pack. All scores were averaged on a scale from 1 to 10: 1 being the least lame and 11 being George W. Bush. We would tell you what the margin of error is, but we had enough problems working the calculator to determine the averages that we gave up. Here are the results...

John Kerry
Score: 7.25
Former bassist for the 60's rock juggernaut "The Electras," Kerry has been spending most of his

political career in Ted Kennedy's pocket, only being let out to vote identically to Kennedy. Voted for the war in Iraq; but then showed his MC skills by pretending like Bush roofied him during the vote and now is a strong critic of the war so he can hangout with the cool kids. It was successful, he got over 500 of them to come back from Iraq, but... oh... sorry Johnny, they're all dead. A vote for John Kerry is like a vote for your creepy uncle who always wants you to sit on his lap even though you are in your twenties and it's just weird by now. Congrats Kerry, you are the

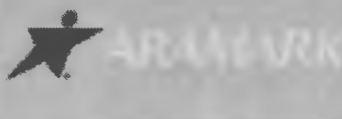
continued on page 10...

The Aramark Problem

by brel froebe

Servicemaster employees will be negotiating their horrific contract with Aramark Corporation in March. Why should you care? Besides the fact that Servicemaster workers are part of the Bard Community and they are the people responsible for cleaning up your living space, the aftermath of your bathroom negligence, and your puke bile that occasionally decorates your dorm's hallways, they are also OVERWORKED and UNDERPAID. Currently there are only 40 workers to clean the entire campus, which is constantly expanding and under renovation. In addition to cleaning public, academic, residential, and thebardfreepress.vol5.issue5

eating facilities, including the new café in Manor, Servicemaster is also responsible for changing the sheets and cleaning for the living spaces of visiting professors. In



short, the number of Servicemaster employees has not grown in an appropriately proportionate manner in relation to the increasing amount of cleaning required. In Bard College's "fair labor" written requirements, all Bard employees and contracted employees

are required to receive a "living wage." There is a significant disparity between this declaration and Servicemaster employees' current wages. This unfortunate reality contributes to the high turn over rate of workers, who simply can't afford to work at Bard and support themselves. Please support Servicemaster by attending their rally in front of Kline this Thursday beginning at 12:30 PM. The student body needs to show the administration that we are not satisfied with Aramark's treatment of their workers, and that we want their support in ensuring Bard's commitment to a living wage.

WXBC

bard radio

returning soon...

540 AM +

wxbc.bard.edu

Freestyle: An Uprising

by kate crockford

The young man who attacked the Free Press and suggested that Drew---who was defending this newspaper against attack from the aforementioned young man's Beat People's Movement (against charges of anti-Israel bias and profoundly simplistic reporting)---build an "apartheid wall right here"---an explicit, terrifying and insensitive (to use hyperbole), racist and simplistic proposal---brought up an important point.

Many Bard students are involved with or interested in the Palestine/Israel conflict; many, too, have strong opinions on the history and current situation in the region. Unfortunately, much of this debate focuses around dogmatism from both 'sides' of the ideological green line. One of the most important issues to consider historically is the issue of settlements (addressed in part through the book review by this author in this edition of the Free Press); the other is the first intifada: its roots, its manifestations, and the results.

Perhaps an honest discussion of the first West Bank,

massive Palestinian uprising since 1967 will lead us to a better understanding of why ignorant and highly dogmatic young men say the things they do.

Thus:

Why did the Palestinian liberation movement morph from a secular, largely socialist base of students and intellectuals to the present trend wherein the vocal resistance waves the flags of the ultra-religious Hamas? How did this secular movement, one that understood the moral and political error in attacks on Israeli civilians, give way to the armed wing of the Hamas organization, whose strategy rotates around exactly the type of civilian massacre that their predecessors, for whatever reason, denounced?

Some possible answers to this question, to the dismay of soft-Zionists and the defenders of Israel's hard-line right, lie in the brutal treatment of Palestinian activists during their first massive campaign against Israeli occupation.

The first Palestinian intifada (uprising; literally "throw-

ing-off"), a sustained and predominately non-violent campaign, began in 1988 and persisted, despite Israel's self-described "iron fist" policy, through 1992.

At a certain point it became clear to the Palestinians that non-violent disobedience to Israeli occupation and colonization as a tactic in their protracted liberation struggle was more dangerous than simply futile.

Sustained Palestinian losses, mass arrests of non-violent demonstrators, and the harassment, intimidation, and torture of political prisoners, combined with the prohibition of freedom of movement and the infiltration of activist groups, slowly eroded the once solid foundation for a comprehensive civil disobedience movement.

When understood in a context illuminated by the history of the first intifada, the present situation in the Holy Land becomes more approachable, and some possible equations based on the principal of cause and effect can be surmised.

The first of these cause and effect equations is the simplest, and perhaps the most help-

ful. The New York Times reported in March, 1988 that, in one overnight raid throughout the West Bank, the Israeli army arrested and detained 3,000 Palestinian activists whom they suspected were involved in non-violent organizing.

It is important to note that while these draconian measures were being enacted by the Israeli military in occupied territory, similarly draconian laws were held up in the Knesset---one of the most notable that it was illegal for anyone to possess, draw, wave or in any other way display a Palestinian flag.

Examples of Israeli brutal force, mass arrests, detention without trial or accusation, and further humiliations in response to a valid, massive, non-violent civil disobedience movement are myriad.

I in no way support Hamas suicide bombings in Israel; as stated I believe that they are immoral and politically futile, even harmful to the Palestinian cause for self-determination. I do not, however, believe that the bombings are caused by "irrational hatred" of the Jews of Israel or of

the world. On the contrary, there are very real reasons for violence which, I argue and much evidence supports, have demonstrated to Palestinians that non-violence will be crushed, and, as Oslo demonstrated, properly ignored.

But more on Oslo later. For now, consider that the Apartheid Wall currently under construction in Palestine is not an anomaly or a 'security' barrier. It is the logical extension of the Zionist project: expansionism and colonialism, the continued disregard for internationally recognized borders, and, ultimately, though slowly, a process of ethnic cleansing.

And also consider the situation that non-violent activists face in their struggle against militaristic Israel. Palestinian activists continue to resist non-violently; they resist the occupation and the wall that is currently stealing their farmland and demolishing their homes. Unfortunately, the suicide bombings make the front page, and evidently this misinformed, American-style presentation of history and current events even makes its way into the beer drenched, mic amplified budget

Sexism and the Playground

by Christine Neumann

I realized this semester that sexism exists at many levels and in many guises. Second, and in a related fashion, I discovered that even in such a progressive and intellectual institution as Bard, there are students that still have not come back from recess. This occurred to me on the first Wednesday of classes when I arrived at my American foreign policy course twenty minutes late, having not taken into consideration a significant overlap with another class. As I sat down, the professor was defining American interests and threats by enumerating student contributions on the board. He then commented that "spreading democracy" and "human rights", two interests posed by students, have not always been considered major American interests. He then asked us to identify some large violators of human rights. When I spoke the words "the United States" I don't think I was prepared for the reaction I received. A few students laughed, a few, including the teacher, scoffed dismissively. One particular student, hardly looking to me, but perhaps waving his hand in my direction, smirked both patronizingly and condescendingly and said "Grow up" as if I were a little girl, easily dismissible for my idealistic beliefs and morals.

I don't claim ignorance to the way in which being a girl sometimes sucks. Having guys stare at you in a variety of increasingly sleazy situations is really no fun. In a way, it's like we are socialized to accept this sort of treatment. As in my class, I failed to assert myself in the moment. I did not retaliate with any angry outburst (in part because I've also been socialized to hide anger in order

not to be deemed all the more "emotional" and in part because I was just too stunned to speak) but neither did any of my classmates. Most importantly, however, neither did my professor. When a professor at a university I have come to call home, both insinuates that my arguments, as they stem from some feminine mentality, can have no larger validity, and then ignores the foul and refuses to directly address the issue as it happened leads me to wonder for what it is exactly I'm paying \$40,000.

In an earlier course that day, a different professor of mine spent five minutes telling us that a classroom is a "safe" environment in which we all must try to remain respectful and sensitive to each other. Issues specific to the class - racism, abortion and institutionalized dissent - could invoke certain emotive responses and should be approached critically and carefully. This included not only being conscious of what we say and how, but also simply by not interrupting and remaining attentive to contributions of others. In short, acting like mature and polite adults.

In my professor's defense, although he had been dismissive, he did allow me the chance to expand upon my statement and later declared it valid. At this point, it took a lot not to shout, "in your face!" at my adversary. But I didn't. I wasn't sure whether the guy's remark was indeed driven by sexism inherent to the study of political science, in which women who study politics are viewed as less capable, less competent, less knowledgeable, and more naive and idealistic. Maybe it was simply a conservative communist thing in opposition to a liberal socialist thing. But the former seemed to

be reinforced by the professor's inadequate display of authority. After the class, rather than make a comment to the teacher, I easily, and without much ceremony, asked my new friend to keep his remarks to himself in future class discussions. Later, when he offered a second apology, I simply added, "we just all need to try to be sensitive."

In Kline, after the class had ended, a female classmate approached me. She told me our classmate should have apologized and that sometimes people say hurtful things without really thinking. I didn't feel particularly "hurt" as much as completely pissed. Trying to grapple with my anger, I talked to a lot of people about this and what they thought I should have been done. Everyone sympathized, but when it came down to it, the men in my life were really saying one thing. They told me, "That's the way it is in the real world. You should get used to it now." Yeah, sexual discrimination could and (without trying to sound too cynical) in all likelihood, will happen when I'm thirty and working for some greasy fat man or when I'm twenty-five and can't find a job because I look too good to be capable of much. Maybe then I'll let it slide and chalk it up to patriarchy. But for now, it seems to me that, since I'm paying \$40,000 to go to this place, I better get to have a good day in class.

Which brings me to my next experience. Frankly, I have not had many experiences with laptops in class, although friends claim it's the next biggest thing. One situation arose last semester in which a kid had broken his writing arm and had to take notes on his iBook in class. No big deal.

In one of my classes this semes-

ter, however, a certain student brings his laptop into class everyday. Presumably to take notes, he types extremely hard and fast and the sound is a bit distracting. To add to this complaint, he also uses the computer to send notes to his friends sitting next to him. After typing a comment on his blank document, he would turn the monitor a little to the right, where his friend could read, type and pass back a comment or joke, after which they'd share a smile, nod and laugh. Sitting right behind this for an entire class was incredibly frustrating and extremely distracting. I am not trying to dis on the character of the freshmen class or on their intellectual capability and merit, but I have never been in a class at Bard that was more "High School". Talkative and inattentive, the atmosphere in the course reminds me of classes in high school that were manda-

tory and unimportant (i.e. general music or the square dancing unit in gym class). Not just as others speak, but even as the professor lectures (or tries to) students carry on private conversations and talk over each other and the professor about subjects, I'm betting, are irrelevant to the larger discussion. I began to wonder: Does our \$40,000 tuition ensure us a "safe" environment free from all the biases and imperfections of real world behavior in which to learn? Or should we set our behavior and expectations by some other standards in order to insure an education not only founded optimistically on solely abstract principles but also rooted in real life experience and all its un-pure, corrupt manifestations? Which is it? Should a college classroom environment be analogous to a competitive work place in which each person

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A Civilian Occupation: The Politics of Israeli Architecture

by **Kate Crockford**

Edited by Rafi Segal and Eyal Weizman, designed by David Tartakover

Banned in 2003 by the Israeli Association of Architects, the first attempt by Israeli architects, photographers, journalists and human rights activists to re-interpret the Palestine/Israel conflict through the lens of geography and architecture has fundamentally---and to many critics, disturbingly---provoked a re-examining of the Zionist project.

Beautifully designed and expertly researched, the book opens with four two-page spread aerial photos of Israeli settlements in the West Bank. Photos and maps, crucial to the architect and historically so for the politicians and imperialists, are central to the slim volume's projections and articulate well the complex theory that its editors expound.

But before Segal and Weizman introduce their visual/architectural journey, Sharon Rotbard, a practicing architect in Tel Aviv and author of the forthcoming *The Architecture of the Possible: Avraham Yaski*, discusses the debate surrounding the premise for the arguments that Segal, Weizman, et al will later put forth.

Rotbard dismisses critics who would say that architecture and politics are and should be discussed as separate, non-involved entities: "the debate has demonstrated that the work of Israeli architects is at the very core of the political issues: there is nothing innocent about regarding architecture as an autonomous process."

He continues: "The very act of censoring the catalog [for the IAUA, see above] was proof that the denial of the political dimension of architecture is in itself a clear political statement...on the other hand,

red room. by fosh chiang

I love rock and roll. I love playing it and freaking out and listening to it and freaking out. You can find me in my room or at shows spasmodically jumping, busting out the two-fingered rock fist with every ounce of satisfaction. I love rock and roll.

But everynow and then the red room, Bard's very own student-run music venue, runs into problems. Kids become so energetic/drunk/inspired so as to feel that they need to spaz out

limiting the definition...to only its 'architectural' dimension...serve[s] as a retreat from reality and as an alibi for escaping from it."

Segal and Weizman pick up where Rotbard leaves off in their introduction to the 15 sections of essays and collections of photos and maps. "Throughout the last century," they assert, "a different kind of warfare has been radically altering the landscapes of Israel/Palestine."

Their thesis---in short, that "the mundane elements of planning and architecture have been conscripted as tactical tools in Israel's state strategy, which has sought to further national and geopolitical objectives in the organization of space and the redistribution of its population"--has fundamentally challenged historical facts and Israel's history as seen through the lens of the security state, and, if attended to by the international community and by Israeli architects, poses a threat to the status quo in Israel.

Further, it poses the type of 'apocalyptic' question that such luminaries as Benny Morris have been expounding in recent, bleary-eyed interviews with the Israeli press.

Segal and Weizman assert that their presentation has re-presented "architecture...as a political issue, and furthermore as the material product of politics itself."

Through a detailed discussion of the settlement policy in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, the editors and contributors for this---in this author's opinion, most important book to be written on the conflict in 20 years---book paint a damning picture of an Israeli

then and there. Personally, I think its great; a good rock show should spark the blood. A good rock show get's people moving. A good rock show can't be held back in force. Yet what annoys me are the sometimes inconsiderate displays of energy: the moshing/jumping/freaking out that sometimes hurts other people and makes others leave. Even more, I can't stand the kids who feel compelled to do damage to the red room, to their space, a space which few student

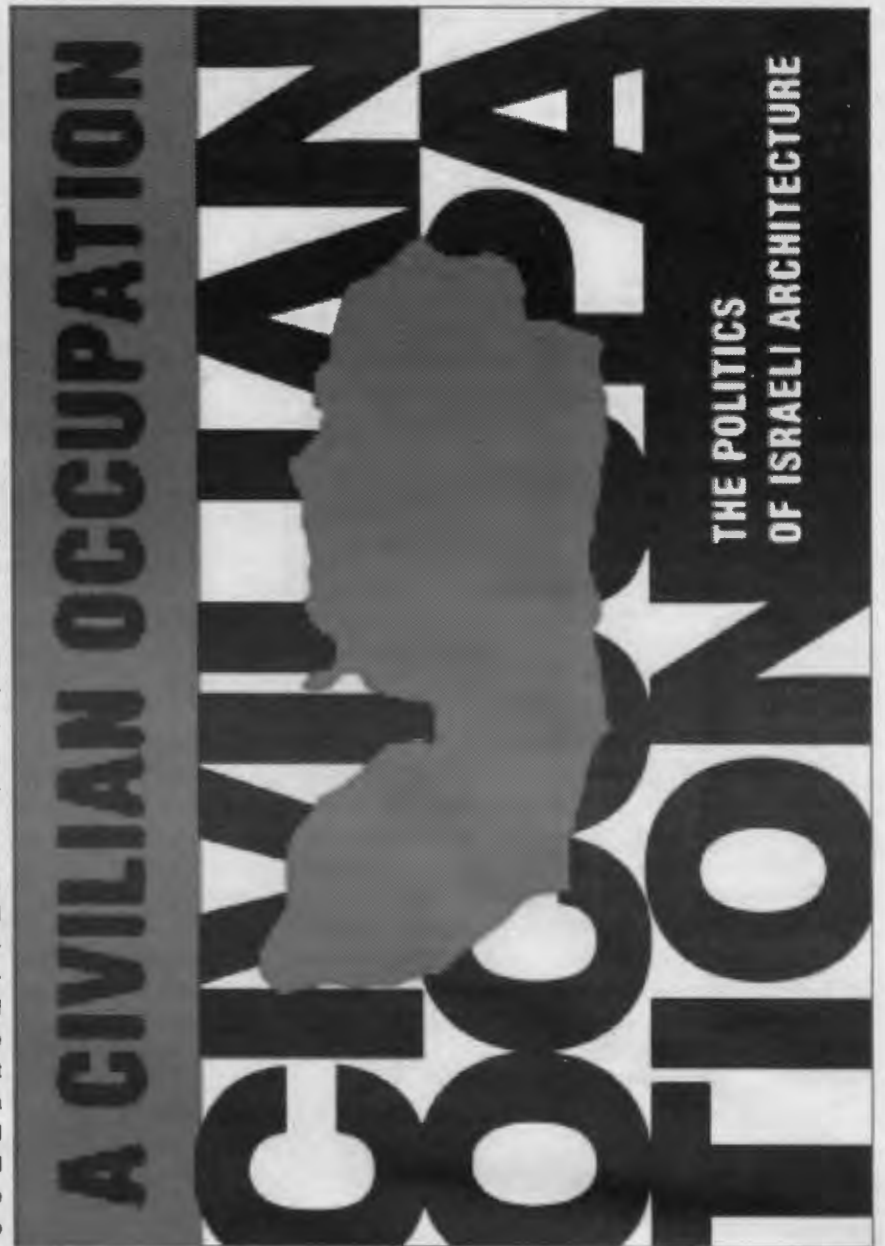
government bent on an expansionism that destroys Palestinian society, militarizes and erodes its own, and uses civilians as pawns in a political and strategic game of colonization in order to wipe out the enemy and defy the existence of borders through creating facts on the ground and eliminating their political relevance.

All this is indeed possible, and has been the stated policy of the Israeli government---Likud (right-wing), Labor (leftish) and the rest---since 1967, through planning and architecture.

Ultimately, Segal and Weizman pose the fundamental problem to the Zionist project: assuming that the political will to evacuate the settlements does not and will not exist (a principle they hold to be completely and undeniably true), the Zionist state has two choices: eliminate the Palestinians through economic means using architecture to displace them (through physical barriers to trade, production facilities, and farms) or dissolve the Zionist entity and accept democracy in the form of a one-person one-vote system throughout Gaza, Israel, and the West Bank.

bodies are so lucky to enjoy. The red room has been a music space for only 4 years. In that time it has been shut down for three periods, and nearly eliminated just as many times.

It's simply unintelligent to destroy a community space which functions for the students. On top of that, it's just plain idiotic to let the rock and roll be an excuse for giving everyone else a tougher, in-your-face-and-more time.



For these architects, the responsibility for the current political situation rests partly on their and their colleagues' shoulders: "[architecture] involves...much more than 'more ethics and less esthetics': architecture is not just a magnificent game and urbanism is not always a gay science.

To really appreciate them, you don't need to commit a murder. And if you can't be responsible, don't be irresponsible, because when more is more, enough is enough."

Verso, 2003; \$20 (Co published with Babel Publishers, Tel Aviv)

fight for your
**reproductive
rights**
march for freedom of choice
april 25, 2004 / washington dc

Letter to the editor,*

Is throwing beer cans so passé?

We, the undersigned, realize that one day the power will be ours. (Repeat this twice.) One needs to determine an intuitive balance between nihilism and optimism.

We cannot deny post-1982 perceptions, but we must also honor your roots (perhaps with a grain of salt.) We got the beat. Motherfucker. Inhibition is a catchphrase that needs to be examined. What will the presidential elections look like when our compatriots are x patriots. Insert a riff. I look forward to the knockoff of knockoffs. Layers upon layers. This worldview almost invokes a sentiment of fascism to wipe the palate clean. But one must always return to the sinking chest: "I love you." One fourth of life is shared with those who have been insensitized by lust. But the select few are such subtle assholes that they (we) shudder in fear of this concept and bask the existence of being a spectacle. Therefore, I am embarrassed to say that I do love you. In contrast to our truth is our aesthetics. Acquired or inherent via the decades' influence? Please examine degeneracy after reading this. Obviously it is impossible to avoid subjectivity, which becomes painfully obvious at this moment. Generation pomo. One, two, three, four. Bang your motherfucking head. I need a drink.

-Your Friend On The Surface

*we weren't sure how to categorize this submission

CCS Exhibit Overview

by Bonnie Ruberg

The museum is empty, but swarming with voices. Baffled, uneasy, you turn corners, traversing the loop of white rooms, searching for people you feel must be there. In the lobby, watching through sound-proof glass doors, curators laugh at you, soundlessly. They know. It is the sounds of a dozen black-box television sets which throw the museum into a tumble of echoing voices - speaking art. And though each video on its own seems comprehensible (a woman slurping water off her own reflection; a man, his head pressed to cement, growls "I love you") together they give all three exhibits the strangest feeling - of being the only one there with so many people around.



The first exhibit, displayed in the main room of the museum, is bitingly entitled "If it's not love, it's the bomb." Indeed, the collection has a harsh, frantic and perhaps satirical feeling reminiscent of Orwell's Nineteen Eighty-Four or even Kubrick's Dr. Strangelove. Against the far wall, drawing you forward into the exhibit, hangs a painting by Anselm Kiefer - a black and white collage of historical faces in the style of linoleum or wood carving prints. Across these portraits, the artist has splattered white paint. The result is chaotic and unsettling. On the left hand wall hangs a piece by Joseph Beuys: a grey, felt suit - stiff, as though the owner has disappeared from within it. In the center of the room stands a sculpture by Doris Salcedo. This piece, the result of some strange scientific furniture experiment, consists of two armoires which have been grafted together. One on its side, one standing up, the former pokes through the back and out the front of the latter, forming a grotesque, if absurd, piece of art.

Throughout the left-hand rooms of the museum stands the second exhibit, "suspended state." "Suspended state," states the CCS brochure, "juxtaposes both abstract and narrative works to investigate how art stimulates feelings inherent to the human

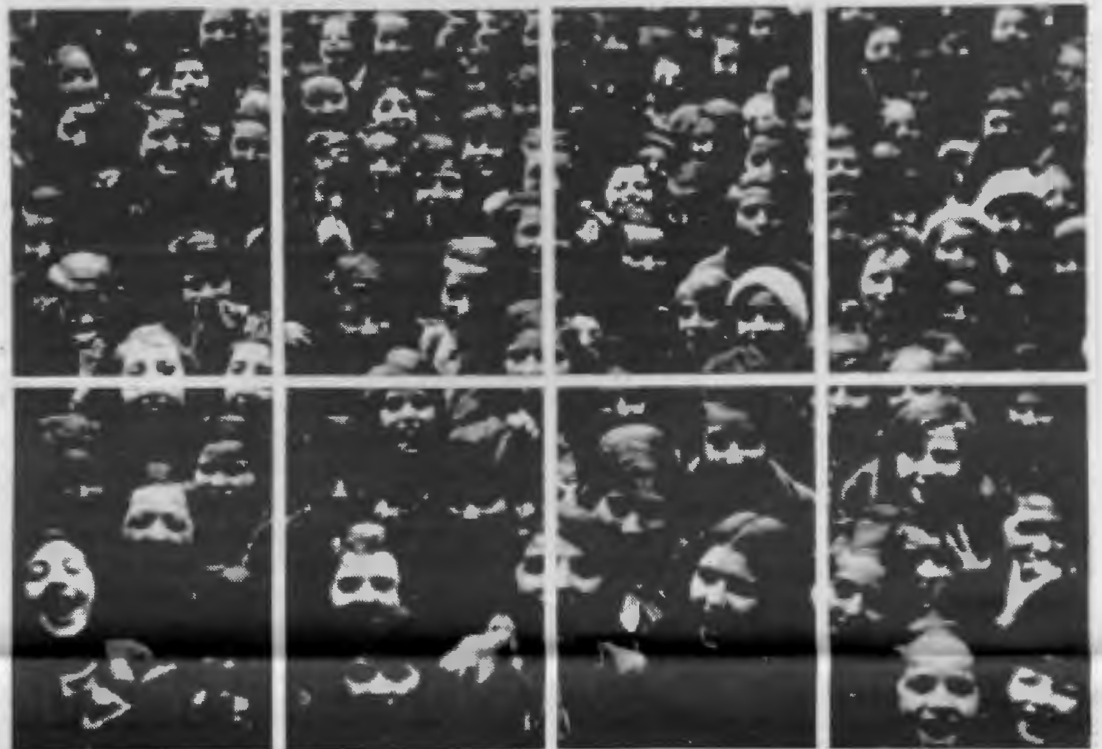
condition." Indeed, this eclectic collection features pieces of film, realism, sculpture and even interactive art. Two television screens from within black boxes simultaneously play grunts and bursts of human expression timed together to create a montage of alienated emotion. Standing over seven feet tall and four feet wide, Robert Longo's Bodyhammer portrays in soft charcoal the huge plains of the front end of a revolver. A free-standing sculpture by Mark Lere, entitled Strata, utilizes dozens of aluminum disks to form an asymmetrical tower like a tornado in the middle of the

exhibit space. As you near the end of "suspended state" you enter a room with a waiting projector, which, as you pass, projects the inverted image of your moving figure onto a blank screen, furthering that uneasy feeling - you are not alone.

The last of the three exhibits, "Assemblance," is perhaps also the most confrontational. It questions numerous issues of the body, and of character, especially of the female image. On one television screen a man rubs oil over his bare chest and arms. On another, a woman, dressed in all white with white hair, peers into a glass ball that inverts her reflection.

A series of black and white photos by Cindy Sherman portray 1950's-style women in compromising positions or moments of weakness - crying, bending down, turning in surprise. Large, color print photos by Daniela Rossel present woman as ornaments in a landscape of bright lights and gaudy scenery. Patty Chang offers an abrasive image of a young Asian woman, her mouth clogging with sausages, as they spill out into her lap and helpless hands. In another piece by Chang, the same woman sits in her underwear, half of a ripe cantaloupe, facing outwards, strapped to her left breast.

You leave the museum with strange voices and images still reverberating in your head, in your hands some photocopied brochures which do not serve to explain the experience of the current CCS exhibits.



LOOK FOR THE MOMENT WHEN PRIDE BECOMES CONTEMPT WHO IS FREE TO CHOOSE? WHO IS BEYOND THE LAW? WHO IS HEALED? WHO IS HOUSED? WHO SPEAKS? WHO IS SILENCED? WHO SALUTES LONGEST? WHO PRAYS LOUDEST? WHO DIES FIRST? WHO LAUGHS LAST?

(top left) Mendieta, from Assemblance (top right) Antoni, from Suspended State (mid right) Boltanski, from If It's Not Love (bottom right) Kruger, from Suspended State

Joannie For Jackie For Video For Bard

by Annie Maribona

Ever searched the internet for "movies" and "women" or "movies" and "girls" without the intention of viewing porn? Joanie 4 Jackie is just what have always been looking for.

Joanie 4 Jackie is an independent video distributor for women and girls who make movies. This is how it works. You send Joanie 4 Jackie your masterpiece and she sends it back to you on a Chainletter Tape with the movies of nine other lady

moviemakers like you. She also gives you a directory which includes contact info and a letter from the other women on your Chainletter. Joanie 4 Jackie also satisfies your desire to curate. This dream is manifested as The Co-Star Tapes. Co-Star tapes combine the work of younger moviemakers with the work of more established film and video artists. Joanie 4 Jackie is a distributor, a network, an archive, a

database, a hand to hold, a challenge and a promise. There are already fifteen Chainletters and three Co-Star tapes available for you to love and call your very own.

Joanie 4 Jackie, founded in 1995, is the braingirlchild of multimedia artist Miranda July. Ms. July has entrusted Joanie 4 Jackie to the Bard Film Department so that the project may be self-sustaining and eternal. (The project will be continued by a rotat-

Miranda July Entrusts Video Project to Bard

ing group of students.) At this very moment, six bard persons are hard at work making Joanie 4 Jackie feel at home here. They are giving her a head to toe makeover, revamping the web site, applying for grants, designing stickers and buttons, and soliciting movies made by women from every dimension. They are anxious to transcribe hearts onto video tape and scatter them about like stars so you can finally feast your aching

eyes. This is something to be excited about. Tell every girl you know to send her movie to:
Joanie 4 Jackie
c/o The Bard Film Department
PO BOX 5000
Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504
www.joanie4jackie.com (web site to be updated soon)
contacy: am748@bard.edu for more

music reviews.
music reviews.
music reviews.



"we don't have day jobs"



AGAINST ME!
As the Eternal Cowboy
Fat Wreck Chords

The eminent sound of rebellion and revolution has been bought and sold by the American youth time and time again. Go ahead, go to the iTunes music store and get your newest cash fueled clash ripoff by greenday. Yet with Against Me, their was always this nighttime campfire feel; as though the music came from some battle-ready frontline with torn pants and gritty hands. The lyrics were good; they were lefties: they spoke truths. The songs were great, made you go find that battle, raise that fist for a reason. As the Eternal Cowboy is a reinvention of "Reinveting Axl Rose"—and as for being better or worse, well, it still inspires, and that's a good thing. The acoustics are mostly traded in for bass-beat dance to the rock cowboy belted vocals like some direction the Clash never took. The production is more fat wreck and the melodies weave on all frontier-land angles—sometimes hinting at the replacements. And actually, I really love this album. Accessible music that can energetically fuel critical thought whilst avoiding the mainstream co-opted and liquidated market is good. The sound of pop-punk is nothing new, but the sound of social action is even better. [tosh]



Cotton Casino
We love Cotton
Sillyboy

Acid Mother Temple keyboardist Cotton Casino sounds like being in love or sad when feeling experimental and plastic. There are high pitched oscillating sine waves all about; I think they are frying my brain but its okay. The keyboards are generally soothing and eerily likeable—like intro music to a circa 1970 Japanese TV show if made on a cheap casio with blown cones. I could imagine that half the melodies were sampled from Vegas slot machines. Melting plastic resistors seems everyday: thebardfreepress.vol5.issue5

"Melt" is the best song on the album. Cotton Casino's amazing vocals criss-cross in traditional love-ballad fashion to encircle some solo icy cute tiny village of warm lights and broken hearts. Well, that's what it sounds like. But only if you were floating above the city and levitating. "Road" could be a good soundtrack to my next 'bout with over-stimulated childhood delirium—maybe for when I finally crack. [tosh]



Various Artists
Powerslaves-
an electronic tribute to
Iron Maiden
Anglemaker

Rockers and electro-clashers can finally unite to a little maiden during afternoon tea. I've never heard of any of these artists but all of their renderings are either pretty good, god awful (like the people who try to sing without that robot voice filter), or just unlistenable. Fear of the Dark, Wrathchild, Purgatory, and Killers all kick ass thank god. Half of the songs are just your standard, sub-standard fun music stuff but knowing that it's iron maided ups the ante—hearing that shred solo become a synth organ can be pretty hilarious. Unfortunately though, none of the songs are really dancy, which is the one thing you might think would happen if people were making the music electronic. I guess that's why it's good for tea. [tosh]



The Microphones
Live in Japan, February
19th, 21st, and 22nd, 2003
K

I don't like The Microphones. This album is lame. Some "lamest shit ever" highlights: weepy covers of "Silent Night" and "My Favorite Things," a song about the band The Blow entitled "The Blow pt. 2," and a song entitled "I have been told that my skin is excep-

tionally smooth." I really hope that the Japanese audience members didn't understand English so that they only had to endure the shitty guitar and the shitty sound of the singer's voice without having to also understand the shitty lyrics. [brel]

M83. Dead Cities,
Red Seas & Lost Ghosts



M83
Dead Cities, Red Seas &
Lost Ghosts
Gloom/Labels

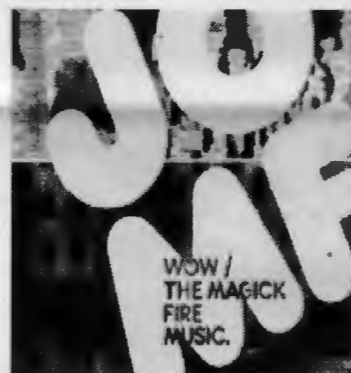
In recent years, a number of electronic artists have attempted to make their music embrace a sense of humanity. This is particularly apparent in M83's sophomore release, Dead Cities, Red Seas & Lost Ghosts. Dead Cities explores a cybernetic panorama of celestial grace. The transcendence and composure each song procreates is balanced with a sense of strife and deficiency. M83 has often been compared to My Bloody Valentine because their music tends to create beauty out of dissonance. However, in Dead Cities, their music confronts an even greater challenge: to transfigure the inanimate nature of electronic music, making empathetic to our complex emotions. M83's music comes very close to achieving this objective because it offers the listener a lofty view of life's polarities. Listening to Dead Cities we feel more inclined to embrace reality rather than evade it. [Matthew Garklavs]



Year Future
S/T CD/12" EP
GSL

Is anyone else a little sick of "artsy" hardcore of the Locust and Blood Brothers variety? It's not that I'm opposed to all of it, but I think it's getting a little boring. Although this genre has gotten a lot of press fairly recently, it has existed as a relatively unnoticed genre for about 10 years. The

VSS, one of the best bands in the world, was particularly influential in this style of punk. Whereas pre-sub pop Hot Hot Heat and The Locust sound overly angsty and adolescent, The VSS was truly nihilistic; real "difficult listening." Unfortunately, it is extremely difficult to find their records. Year Future, The VSS lead singer's new band, is simultaneously exciting and redundant. Exciting because it has the potential to continue producing music that expands upon the brilliance of The VSS, and redundant because its debut EP sounds a lot like The VSS. The most noticeable song on the EP is "All of Your Eggs," because it shows promise of an evolved musical aesthetic. Ultimately, Year Future isn't doing anything that sounds distinctly new, which should be expected from former visionaries. One can only hope that the freedom of a full-length album will inspire the creation of music that Year Future is capable of producing. [brel]



Jackie O Motherfucker!
Wow! the Magick Fire
Music
December 2003 All
Tomorrow's Parties

The story goes like this. I open my campus mailbox one day and find this CD inside. It is a double disc in a clear plastic case. A promo, perks of the job. So I put it in, and to my delight, it sounds like some music I already like and listen to. So I keep on listening. People look at me funny as they walk by the campus center desk, because it's 10 am and I am blissing out at work to the mellow, reverberating, cymbal slamming sounds of this aggressively named band I hadn't heard of until this same morning.

The first disc, The Magick Fire Music, begins with a fifteen minute song called "Extension" which really sets the whole scene for the rest of the album. There is no singing on any of the tracks, a few yells on track 2, but above all there isn't much on this album that makes the listener terribly uncomfortable besides the seeming lack of focus on most tracks. It ambles on, dreamy guitar riffss and chords layered over bizarre pings and pops, simmering repetitive bass riffs just barely audible, and often solidly doubled or tripled drum

beats, jingle bells, more cymbals, and electronic percussion.

The layers keep coming out the more I listen to this album, and it becomes increasingly evident that far from being a nonfocused, lazy sort of jam band as I initially thought, JOMF is weaving a tigh web of dreamy components to each song, only it is mixed so that you don't notice, and instead notice only one or two elements of each song at a time. For example on track 3, "The Cage," the guitar takes a twangy lead over some 8 other parts which are in totally different time signatures, instruments, etc. The intensity on each track builds in this way that I can only describe as surreally mystifying.

Disc two, "Wow!" is best described by pitchfork media's Andy Beta in his review. "It never literally lives up to its name or the dizzying heights of its predecessor. Instead, it shivers and wheezes, two Dirty Threes taking a pack-a-day breather." It would be a shame if all ambientn spacey rock fusion gets compared to Dirty Three, but damn if it doesn't remind me of it.

This music contains the best of a number of wacky styles, invoking free jazz, electronic experimental, prog rock, folk, spacey stuff like Mogwai and Godspeed You! Black Emperor, jam bands and 50s era surf rock, all of which is being played together by the ten piece ensemble. Each song cycles through so much musical information that it is hard not to get lost in it all and really space out, which I presume was the intention of the musicians. Its as if the Dirty Three became the Dirty Ten and borrowed a bunch of beats from Mum and a bunch of instruments from Yo La Tengo, then decided to fuck polite song form and fly away for ten to fifteen minutes on each track out to space where they meet up with a bunch of hippies.

JOMF is playing Bard sometime this semester thanks to Entertainment Committee so keep an eye out, their performance should be something to behold. [liv]

send reviews and student cd's to: freepress @ bard.edu

The Red Room Shakedown ...



The Bard Free Press

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contributor: Bonnie Ruberg, Jessie Crooks, Matthew Garklavs

"dj, 1,2,3"

dj toasty tosh
 DJ Liv or die Carrow
 Christine MC MIA Neumann
 Mike DJ Dexy Lerman
 Farihah DJ don't tell mike Zaman
 Drew DJ Swagger Gray
 MC Kelderberry
 Mix-Master Dineen
 Tim Abondello
 MC post-it Koerner
 MC Kate Crockford
 Mix-pirate Katie Jacoby
 JD dicksletsit Murray-Nellis
 dj mlc Cecca Wrobel
 Johnny dj ICE-free Class
 MC Froebe max

Rush Revives Rock in Rio

by Liv Carrow

you cannot kill what does not know its dead

Rush
 Rush In Rio (live dvd)
 Anthem/Zoe Vision

Rush is living proof that age does not necessarily hinder one's ability to rock. Though Aerosmith, Rolling Stones, and various other geriatric rock bands continue the downward spiral of suckdom, Rush is keeping it real in their middle age and provide a mind blowingly simple answer to the question of whether it is worse to burn out or fade away.

Their solution evidently is to rock until they drop, and the Rush in Rio DVD is a terrific display of their prog prowess.

Rush has been making hits since their self-titled album came out in the early 70s and "Working Man" made it big. Since then they have churned out dozens of albums and hits, amazing their fans time and time again with their ridiculous musical skill. Evidently they have a lot of fans, too, since their tour sold out internationally in the hugest venues available. Rio de Janeiro was in front of 40,000 rabid fans.

Disc 1 has the 29 songs performed by Rush at the concert. 29 songs, people. They played them all perfectly, without any screw ups, almost exactly as they are recorded with mind-blowing solo after solo. Neil Peart tore his double-sided rotating drum kit to

shreds in "O Bateria" (yes, he has a rotating drum kit, one side is electric and one acoustic, with an electronic glockenspiel in the middle. Peart is an awesomely talented drummer and despite the loss of his wife and daughter prior to this tour he retains the edge and enthusiasm he has played with since the band began.

Alex Lifeson, who was arrested on New Years Eve for pushing a sheriff down the stairs in a Florida club in a drunken brawl, rocks equally hard on the guitar (duh). His solos, though technically excellent, are a bit rigid and keep almost exactly with the album recordings. Though at one point at the end of the set the band

breaks into bossa nova, plays Girl from Ipanema and introduces themselves as members of Joao Gilberto's band, and Lifeson says "jazz....is weird." That alone is enough to save him from a totally boring performance.

Geddy Lee, despite a stellar performance (as to be expected) had the most dissappointments. He rarely played the keyboard with his toes, a special Rush trick, and his clothes were simply too tight. As a bassist I understand the temptation of hiding a tight waistband behind your instrument, but when the footage is multiangle there isn't much hiding going on. In short

seeing Lee's pot belly had the same effect as seeing Ozzy's titties bounce onstage at the reunion tour; rockstars should not sag or bulge, but alas, they do.

As far as DVDs go I am a novice but this one seems pretty kickass. It has a second disc of a documentart "The Boys in Brazil" as well as three tracks of multiangle footage and an easter egg of a video for By-Tor and the Snow Dog. The documentary is fairly entertaining; the lives of Rush are somewhat mysterious, so it's cool to see them chilling out, being people. The intermission section of the main concert DVD is worth the purchase itself. It has an animation of a dragon flying over Rio, and then it cuts to the stage, over which is projected the same animation for the crowd. The dragon lights a cigar, inhales, and then winks, exhaling a huge plume of fire which ignites the "real life" stage, which Rush proceeds to rock out on. Flaming stages are always sweet, especially with such extravagant circumstances.

This DVD really made me anticipate the upcoming Rush tour. They are still kicking immense amounts of ass and keeping prog rock alive and well. I heard a Bard student remark that "prog is coming back" but Rush is proof that it is back, and it is selling out shows internationally. Keep a lookout for a screening of this DVD sometime this semester.



the lame...

continued from page 2..

lamest of the lame.

John Edwards

Score: 6

Playing the "I'm a sweet southern boy and your mom wants to fuck me" card, this former member of the Senate Intelligence Committee is like the teddy bear of the Democrats. Edwards' campaign started slowly, but he hit a nerve in Iowa with his famous "Two Americas" speech. Yes, John, if the "two Americas" are: 1) those of us who don't have sketchy connections with the Saudi's then all us good kids (and our damn mothers too, Edwards keep your fucking hands off of her) are on one side versus 2) you and the Bush club are on the other, you are correct sir. Same goes for sketchy campaign donations. Also voted for the war. A vote for Edwards is like a vote for Macaulay Culkin leadership skills in Home Alone.

Howard Dean

Score: 5.36

Oh, fallen frontrunner... If you are curious what Dean was up to when he was the governor of Vermont, you are going to have to wait awhile; he made a deal that 145 crates of documents pertaining to his time as governor were locked in a warehouse for ten years as he left office. It's almost like he wants scandal unfold like the releases of the Lord of the Rings movies. Dean (or as his friends call him, Dr. Giggles) won early support in the race through his steadfast opposition to the war and being the "health care candidate," but

to listen to the Good Doctor speak specifics on these issues was like having a kid who works at Hot Topic eat too many pixie sticks and tell you about their new prince albert piercing: lots of "awesome" details, but in the end you really don't care about a cock from the mall. Dean does win extra points for being the only candidate who could give Mel Gibson's battle speech from Braveheart at a campaign stop and be taken seriously. A vote for Dean is like a vote for that kid who beat you up in high school.

Al Sharpton

Score: 4.9

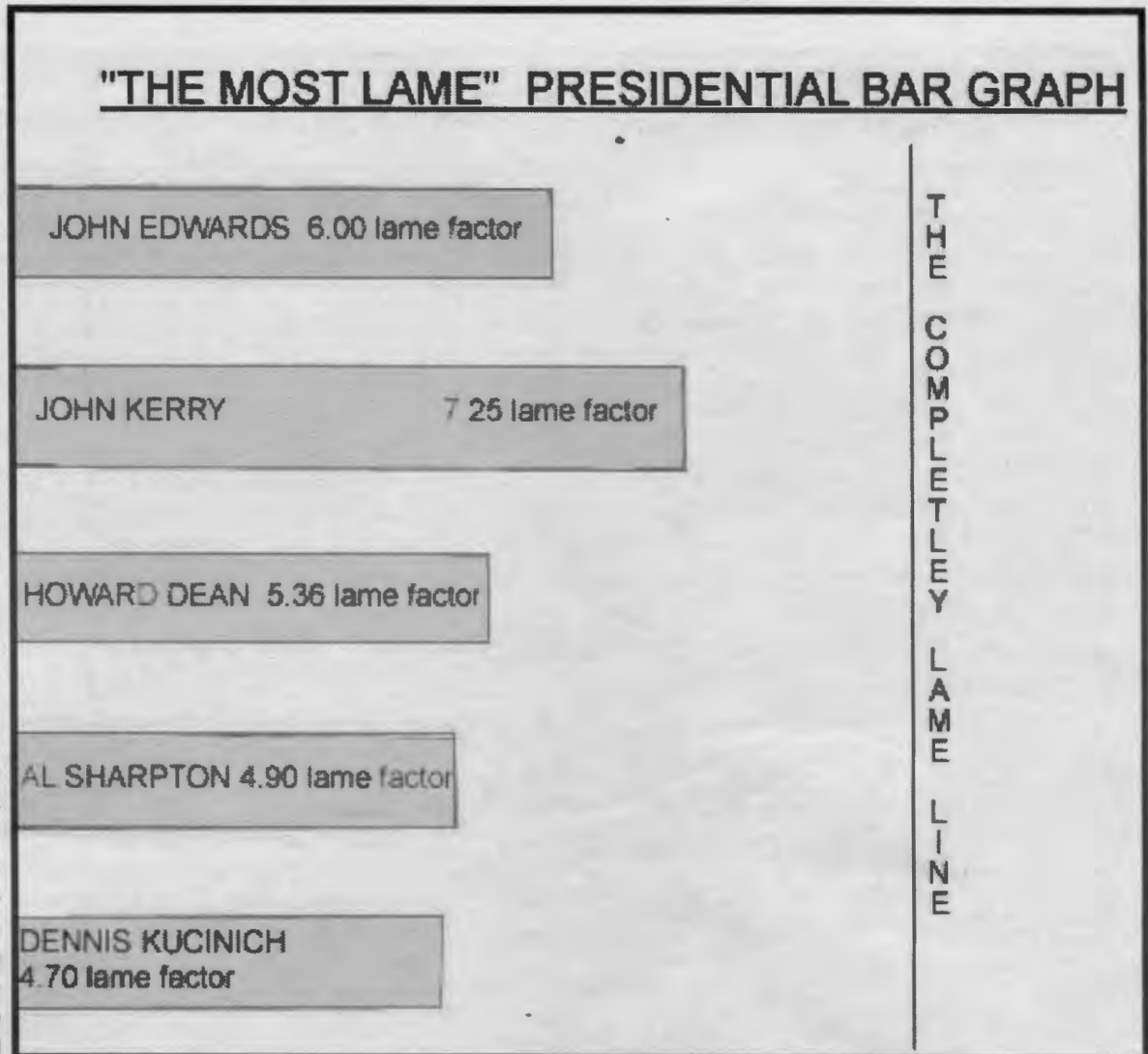
Sharpton may very well be the Cinderella story of this election; a very refreshing presence among the candidates. Pointing to his growing Republican fan base (www.republicansforsharpton.com), sources say the Sharpton just might have the cards up his sleeve to pull this one out; just remember, you heard it here first. In the end, a vote for Sharpton is like a vote for those girls in the movies that everyone thinks are ugly, then take off their glasses and become prom queens. C'mon Al, take off the glasses, become prom queen.

Denis Kucinich

Score: 4.7

Narrowly beating out Al Sharpton for the position of the least lame

"THE MOST LAME" PRESIDENTIAL BAR GRAPH



of the democratic candidates, Kucinich gains extra points for using his veganism as a political platform for becoming president and because if elected he would be the shortest president ever. If he wasn't lame, it would be like avid free press writer Kate Crookford becoming president. Kucinich came in as the lowest score of all the candidates probably because he is not horribly lame, just goddamn boring... A vote for Kucinich

is like a vote for exhuming the body of Sonny Bono and making the corpse appeal the so-called "left".

So what have we learned today kids? That both the Democrats and Republicans are bastards? No, we already knew this. What is fun and exciting about this election is that no one has to care about any Democratic candidate's ideals or past actions in this election. The

main campaign tactic for the democrats is simply electability. We don't have to care about what any candidate says or does, just that they are not Bush. The democrats could probably nominate a rock for their candidate and it would get almost half the vote. I mean, it worked for the Republicans last year.

Hostile/Friendly Ammendments at the Budget Forum

continued from page 1...

all but defunct last semester but seem to have bounced back with an old gym party early in the semester, asked for donations to move towards the \$2000 needed to fix up their new digs. Representative Nick Vanderkulk gave a rousing speech, pointing out that if only 20 clubs were able to spare 10 dollars each, their goal would be as good as met. While Nick should probably check up on his math (20 x 10 = 200), the request was moving enough, and several club heads made their way to the Planning Committee table to sign up to make donations from their own funds.

Immediately after the WXBC announcement, Kiernan Rok heralded the birth of a new so-called underground radio station named Annandale Radio, founded by Katy Jacoby. There was a sense of competition between the two stations, and the fact that Annandale Radio would be acces-

sible on an actual radio must have been a slap in the face to WXBC. The 'oooh' from the crowd was certainly audible. But apparently the clubs settled their differences, real or imagined, because before Budget Forum was over, the Planning Committee announced that they had decided to join forces. A little further controversy was caused by Gabe Shalom, the man behind the multilingual publication dubbed Ephemor, who requested \$500 from the Planning Committee. He also added the claim that certain Planning Committee members encouraged him to make hostile amendments against sister publications the Free Press and the Observer and criticized them for doing so. Oh, and the Pirates Club made their usual request for one hot dollar from Olde English, who responded by reading out unrelated personal documents and then gladly agreeing with shit-eating grins on their faces.

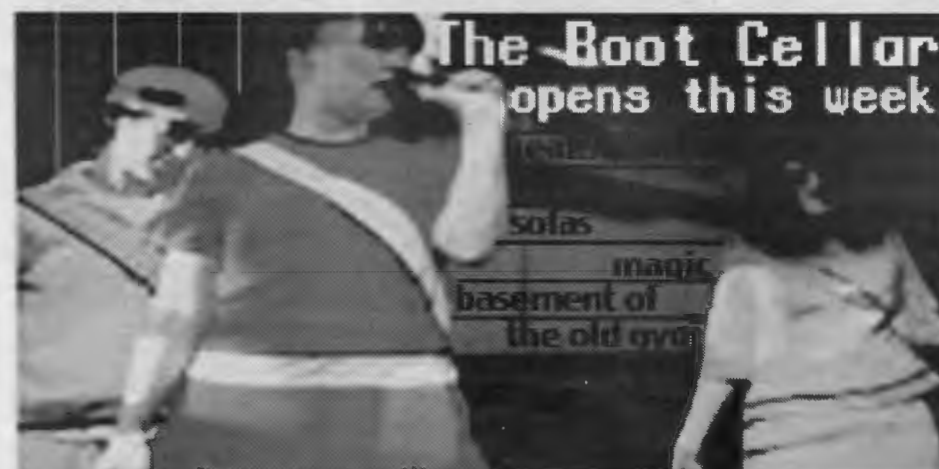
The event certainly

ended with a bang, with some of the more heated debates unfolding just moments before the curtain dropped. When the Jewish Student Organization asked for more money from the emergency fund, a member of the Christian Student Organization said that JSO's allotment would be more than enough for their club, and Jonathan Culp,

whether he was joking or not, got up to say that their request should be denied because it was ludicrous since we all know there is no God anyway. Then the Beat People's Movement, represented by Noah Westin, made a hostile amendment against the Free Press.

Drew Gray criticized the group's decision to request money from a journalistic endeavor rather than another music club or Entertainment Committee. Noah, coaxed by the crowd to 'spit,' defended himself while freestyling. Meanwhile Loretta Wallace, misunderstanding a comment thrown in the fray, bolted up to the mikes to add her

two cents, pacing back and forth between the two. BPM didn't get their money, everyone calmed down, and so passed another Budget Forum. Keep an eye out on these news-worthy clubs and whether or not they live up to the promises and ideals made on that passionate night.



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STUDENT ACTION COLLECTIVE

in the OLD GYM
meets every wednesday 7pm

Get your Wi-Fi On, Campus Center Style

by **Bonnie Ruberg**

Did you know that Bard now has a wireless hub for internet access in the campus center, Library and Manor Cafe? Think wireless is only for nerds who are too cool for cords? Well, you can be one of those nerds, and here's how. . .

To use wireless on your Mac: (an airport card is about \$70-\$100) You'll need a laptop computer equipped with an external Type II or Type III PC card slot and a wireless card. There are two types of wireless cards that Macintosh computers can use: Apple's Airport/Airport Extreme Card or a Lucent Card. To

use these cards you must have:

- Mac OS 9.0.4 or higher
- An AirPort-compatible Macintosh Computer
- At least 32 MB of RAM

Configuring your MAC for wireless:

1. Select Apple => System Preferences
2. Click Network.
3. Select Location: => New Airport
 - If this configuration is not listed, you need to create one:
 - A. Select Location: > New Location
 - B. Type New Airport into the Name your new location.
 - D. Select Location: => New Airport
4. Select AirPort from the Show drop-down list
5. Select Using DHCP from the Configure drop-down list.
6. Click Apply Now, or Save
7. Select System Preferences => Quit System Preferences

NOTE: If you are running apple OS X and already have an airport card installed, simply activate your airport in the toolbar and it will automatically detect the network; there is nothing else to do.

To use wireless on your PC: (a card is about \$50-\$100) You'll need a laptop computer equipped with an external Type II or Type III PC card slot for a wireless card and a Cisco's Aironet Wireless LAN or compatible Adapter. To use this card you must have:

- Windows 2000/XP Professional
- 486 (33-MHz) processor
- 16 MB RAM
- 39 MB free disk space
- VGA+ compatible display adapter
- 256 colors or at least 16 shades of gray
- 800 x 600 resolution monitor
- CD-ROM drive

Configuring your PC for wireless:

1. Right-Click My Network Places, then select Properties. Right-Click Local Area Connection
2. Select Properties.
3. Select Internet Protocol (TCP/IP), then click Properties.
 - A. Click the Obtain an IP address automatically radio button.
 - B. Click the Obtain DNS server address automatically radio button.
4. Click OK to close Internet Protocol (TCP/IP) Properties.
5. Click OK to close Local Area Connection Properties.

Bread and Puppet

by **Brendan Murray-Nellis**

On Tuesday February 24th (next week) Bread and Puppet Theatre is coming to Bard. They'll be performing in the Old Gym at 8pm. If you have an interest in being in the show you can show up the day of, from 2-6pm. Bread and Puppet Theatre is the oldest and one of the only self-supporting theatres in the united states, they've been at it for about 40 years. Most theatres apply for government grants and corporate grants whereas Bread and Puppet survives off of donations as they tour around in their painted school bus. With their large puppets, masks, live music, cheap art for sale and anti-capitalist commentary they're sure to be a success at Bard College. 3 Bard kids worked with Bread and Puppet this summer at their farm in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, a stone's throw from the Canadian border. There were a number of impressive things that we encountered there besides 20 foot tall naked people puppets and the tigers of consumption

who jump through EPA loopholes. The first thing which seemed cool about the place is that most people seemed to play the accordion and live in old school buses in the woods. One night a raccoon got at the chickens and the next night people ate raccoon for dinner. There was this other time when a speaker came after a performance and spoke about the Vermont secessionist movement called The Second Vermont Republic (www.vermontrepublic.com) At the end of the weekly "Victory Over Everything Circus" Peter Schumann the founder of Bread and Puppet, would get up on his 20 foot stilts dressed as Uncle Sam and dance, at around at 70 years old that is really impressive. We practiced being 10 foot tall crows, bigheaded founding fathers, and got to feed George Bush to the devil himself. I encourage you all to come to some of the best puppet theatre in the world right here in the old gym, next Tuesday 8pm, be there.

Sex and the Swing

continued on page 3...

strives to better themselves by ousting the other members or, as my idealism tends for me to hope, can we rely on a level of instilled "formality" in class in which, democratically, no one is manipulated, put down or shut out? Or, if its a combination of both, where does the line get drawn?

These two episodes have brought me to realize that although this is an institution of "higher learning" many of the students here are still out on the playground. I would like to convey that I simply don't want to waste my time. I am serious about my education and would like to feel secure that, when I go to class, I am going to a safe environment, void of distraction and childish behavior, but also from direct belittlement and derogation. We're not on a playground and the rules of adult behavior and decorum, such as attentiveness, engagement, respect, and pro-active participation, do exist within a classroom. I'd also like to emphasize that as we are not still on recess, nor are we yet before the court. A classroom is also not the place for competition or "partisan" aggression. In my opinion, and please tell me if this sounds naive, is that, by consciously choosing to attend a private liberal institution instead of...let's

say Bob Jones University, is that everyone should have the space and freedom to raise questions, concerns and differing viewpoints on their way to a larger, greater understanding of the material without mockery, sarcasm, sexism, bigotry, or impatience either from the teacher or from fellow students (as hard as that may seem). But then again, maybe that's something that can never be bought.



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SOME PEOPLE THINK LITTLE GIRLS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD...

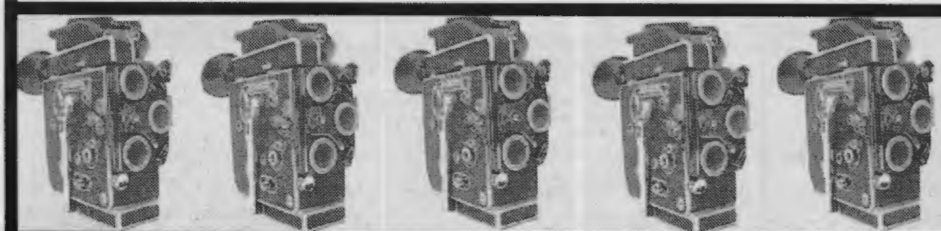
BUT I THINK:

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film // film // film
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Something's Gotta Give

For the first forty-five minutes or so, this movie accomplishes something quite rare - it fulfills your greatest expectations. Granted, your expectations may not have been sky high or anything. But of all the possible outcomes swimming around in your head as you enter the theater, of all the ways you imagine the experience could go based on the trailers, it turns out to be the best possible one. For forty-five minutes, you will love yourself for giving this movie the benefit of the doubt. Nancy Meyers, director of such gems as *Father of the Bride*, manages to channel an old Woody Allen vibe with a dash of hopeless romance thrown in, for a surprisingly likable blend of organic neuroticism in this story about a compulsive cradle snatcher (Jack Nicholson) who learns to appreciate a woman he can have a real relationship with (Diane Keaton). The comedy is so natural, so believable, with so few of those canned jokes or cheap setups. There is the scene where Jack Nicholson walks in on Diane Lane in the buff, but hey, maybe you can't blame Meyers for wanting to jump on the let's show old ladies naked bandwagon.

But the good times don't last. Those lovely, sophisticated forty-five minutes suffer a cruel and violent death, marring the film beyond recognition. The instrument of this death is a ridiculously terrible montage of Diane Keaton crying. And crying. And crying and crying and crying. I think it's supposed to be funny. After that, despite some funny moments (such as a troupe of Broadway dancers performing a fantasy sequence in Jack Nicholson masks), the film simply drags on with no tension or logic to make you care. And when Meyers picks some sort of random place to (finally) end her film, all of a sudden obstacles that have run the length of the film just disappear like magic. You may want to see this film to understand what it could have been, to have a taste of simple non-contrivance. Consider walking out halfway through it with a song in your heart and a smile on your face. [farihah]



21 Grams

In Alejandro González Inarritu's follow up to his debut film, *Amores Perros* (Love's a Bitch), he takes some big risks. Probably the biggest of the bunch was to take his overdramatic, soap opera of a story and chop it up so that the audience is served pieces from everywhere on the timeline and surprised in a whole new sort of order. This is interesting, and I will try to talk about the film without giving too much of the plot away because it ruins the joy of piecing things together, which feels like working on a film set for a script that you haven't read, and watching the scenes out of order. He smoothly unfolds the story piece by piece and manages to keep it surprising for quite some time, but unfortunately this must expire at some point. What is even more unfortunate is that it seems to coincide with the moment in time that the majority of the melodrama begins to spill from the mouths of Sean Penn, Naomi Watts and Benicio Del Toro and we begin to wonder why we are still watching the film. If *Jaws* appeared halfway through the second act and started crying in our faces, everyone would have booed and gone home. To compensate, Inarritu tacks on a different and quite unnecessary surprise in the plotline and we go home with warm memories of the beginning but something left to be desired from the film as a whole. [mike]

The Butterfly Effect

Ashton Kutcher leaves the set of *Jackass* to teach us what we don't already know from years of cinematic time travel - you can't change the past without changing the present, the flapping of a butterfly's wings can cause a tidal wave on the other side of the planet, blah blah blah, where's Doc and the Delorian and make sure you don't sleep with your mom. Pardon my childishness, it's simply that, overly explored morality lesson aside, this film is such a mess that just thinking about it makes me want to suck my thumb grab my blanket and take a nap.

It's not that the concept and execution are without merit. After all, the theme of time travel, of the multiplicity of paths in life and is of infinite interest to human beings. There are ways of keeping the concept fresh, and directors Eric Bess and J. Mackye Gruber definitely hit on a few of them. Kutcher is able to visit key moments of his past which are cleverly portrayed as 'blank,' since they are alterable and therefore not solidly written into the fabric of time, as he experiences them as blackouts. However, once he goes back to try and 'fix' a traumatic moment in childhood, such as his molestation by a friend's father and the murder of his dog, the future reveals something else he forgot to fix. Kutcher's character is trapped in a cycle of do-overs, and over time, discrepancies in his past are explained by his current manipulation of time in the present.

Viewing the various results of the protagonist's tweaking is sort of enjoyable in an indulgent sort of a way, and earlier in the movie there are scenes that do have a shred of poignancy. In fact, the entire prefiguring portion of the film, before its star even enters the screen, may be the most engaging. But as the film goes on much of its logical merit just goes to the dogs, sense and reason just thrown out the window in some sort of emotional frenzy that just left me cold. In short, okay to watch but extremely okay to skip. [farihah]



Elephant

It is extremely hard to make a comeback from modern Hollywood. Recently directors like Steven Soderberg have tried and fallen flat on their faces. But no one really says no to Gus Van Sant. After a brief stint in mainstream filmmaking which included such odd choices as *Psycho* (the shot for shot remake), *Good Will Hunting* and *Finding Forrester*, Van Sant retreated back to his roots with a small yet brilliant improvised film called *Gerry* that packed a surprise around every corner. And now, only one film in to his resurrected style, he is using it to the best of his advantage, sending us through long tracking shots of pseudo-reenactments of Columbine high school and giving us a sense of realism. But wait, what are we really looking at here? Is Van Sant trying to find reason in all the details? The longer the film unfolds, the more you realize that we are following students with a distanced level of attachment. We, as average citizens, can only look in from the outside and no dramatized television program detailing the last events of these doomed children can ever really put us inside their minds or their lives. What's the payoff? He's gives us the one thing we can't see. Flawlessly switching modes of logic while sticking to the style of the rest of the film, we watch the end of the day unfold in pure form. No slow motion, no special effects and no attention to detail. [mike]



The Triplets of Belville

I'm going to pause for a second and do something that I would normally find disgusting and trite. I'm going to compare this film to the work of the now semi-trendy Jean-Pierre Jeunet, the creative force behind *Delicatessen*, *The City of Lost Children* and *Amélie*. Too often, these titles get thrown around in comparisons so thin, they wouldn't cover Calista Flockhart's anorexic ass. After Lynch, it is probably the most misused point of reference in film criticism today. However, the humor, pacing and visual style of this modern day fairy tale actually bear a striking resemblance to Jeunet's films. And the twist is that it is animated. Through the pure imagination of writer/director Sylvain Chomet, the beauty of *Lost Children* has been breathed onto a page of moving pictures. They tell the enchanting tale of an old woman (and her dog) trying to save her grandson, a medal winning cyclist, kidnapped by an evil genius who has him drugged and used as a betting horse for his fake cycle track in an underground gambling ring. The title comes from the three women that she enlists for help, a jazz combo that peppers the otherwise dialog empty soundtrack with their musical talents. The film, though thoroughly enjoyable and immensely creative, runs a tad bit slow sometimes and we begin to realize that there is a reason the Jeunet comparison is overused. Anyone can imitate him, and though films like *Tuvalu* and this one put a new spin on things, not everyone can make their own little *Delicatessen*. [mike]

Paycheck

To say that John Woo is beyond his years would be understating it a little bit. Desperately looking for fresh material, he rips into an entirely new set of clichés with *Paycheck*. Instead of his usual action schlock, the expiration date on which ran out right around the time that he was immigrating to America, he turns to both heavy handed science fiction story, courtesy of Philip K. Dick (*Blade Runner*, *Minority Report*), and, if that wasn't bad enough, attempts to direct it like a Hitchcock film. Ben Affleck runs around dumbfounded because his memory has been erased and he has left himself nineteen clues as to what happened. The glazed look in his eyes can not compare to the uselessness of his costar, Uma Thurman's, role as his girlfriend who has some of the missing pieces. And we are left with quite a few pieces missing, some mistakes in the logic, and, of course, the patented John Woo dove flying right at us. [mike]

Big Fish

I've been dreading the latest Tim Burton film ever since I saw the off-base, ultra slapstick, waste of Johnny Depp that was Sleepy Hollow, but for some reason I still went to see Planet of the Apes. Every time they have so much promise. And could the director of Edward Scissorhands, Batman and Pee Wee's Big Adventure really have lost his touch? Apparently, because Big Fish just rehashed everything that used to make his films good, save the imagination. A really tall hunchback with broad shoulders, an evil witch with a glass eye that shows how you are going to die, a town which no one has ever left and a father who never grew out of telling fantastical stories are just some of the standard bedtime fairy tale garbage that tries to hold up the shaky, uninteresting plot of Big Fish. The film toggles between being overly sentimental and overly cliched and manages to brow beat the viewer with wasted talent and unimaginative "imagination" sequences in the process. Predictable and painful, the film really makes you feel its lack of heart. [mike]



My Architect: A Son's Journey

Many documentarians tread a fine line as to how much they should put him or herself into the movie. Nick Broomfield does a nice job. Michael Moore and Judith Helfand often go too far. Jeffery Blitz and Andrew Jarecki stay out of it completely. But then there is the occasional documentary that involves the filmmaker and My Architect (as the name suggests) is one of these films. Nathaniel Kahn is son of world-renowned architect, Louis Kahn. Being the child in one of three families that Louis had simultaneously, Nathaniel didn't know his father too well and has now set out with his camera to look for him. What he finds is an extreme amount of great storytelling. Nathaniel manages to capture both the good and the bad sides of his father, his great achievements (the capital of Bangladesh which causes a native architect to tear up just by talking about the power of Kahn's work), his miscalculated ideas (a car-free Philadelphia that sets a co-worker into a fit of anti-Semitic slurs) and all the personal business inbetween. Not only does Nathaniel gain a wealth of personal history, but he brings us along for the ride in this powerful, moving and vastly entertaining tale of an idiosyncratic, warm hearted genius. [mike]



Cold Mountain

For some reason, I actually enjoyed this movie. It wasn't the plot, it certainly wasn't the script, but something made me like it. It's a Civil War movie shot mostly in Romania starring an Australian (Nicole Kidman) and a Brit (Jude Law), and every character has a different Southern accent. It's a questionable love story about two characters who share nothing besides a common loneliness and the memory of a few stilted conversations. Other characters include a reclusive goat herder who keeps a convenient supply of laudanum (a form of opium), Philip Seymour Hoffman as a sexually deviant minister, and Renee Zellweger as a surprisingly grungy farm hand. Overall, this movie is odd enough to remain interesting despite its weak points. The competent acting and nice scenery don't hurt either. [Jesse Crooks]

The New Faces of the Bard Film Committee

by Fariyah Zaman

It's a whole new semester, and as things get rolling here at Bard, you should take a moment to note that the Bard Film Committee torch has been passed on. Passed on into not one, not two, but three pairs of eager hands. In the absence of former BFC and Horror Movie Club head Amy Searles, Katie Weeks, Jomar Giner, and Jesse Crooks now make up what Katie likes to refer to as the

"Film Committee Oligarchy." While this configuration might just sound like too many cooks spoiling the broth, the group claim that the unique variety of the films to be shown this semester would have been difficult to achieve without it. The situation can be difficult, of course, trying to boil down three people's wants into one mighty schedule, but it does force each member to review their choices,

and to concede to including films they would normally ignore or avoid. Which translates into good news for us, the Bard moviegoers - it only takes one peek at this semester's line up to see that it's a strong one.

The committee kicked the semester off with two of Lord of the Rings trilogy director Peter Jackson's delightfully rarer movies Dead Alive and disturbing Muppet

orgy Meet the Feebles. Meanwhile, Horror Movie Club, a smaller group under BFC currently headed by Katie Weeks, wisely screened Friday the 13th, Nightmare on Elm Street, and Freddy vs. Jason on Friday the 13th. Simple, yes, but pretty effective. The upcoming schedule includes everything from hot director Gus Van Sant's Elephant and Gerry to French art classic The Piano Teacher to the

lovably campy Priscilla, Queen of the Desert. BFC has also organized a series of marathons, such as a screening of all of the David Lynch movies. The real focus of the semester, however, is the rare The American Astronaut, currently still making the film festival circuit. It looks like the Oligarchy may have triumphed.



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- references required
- CPR cert. preferred
- 1 weekday evening a week
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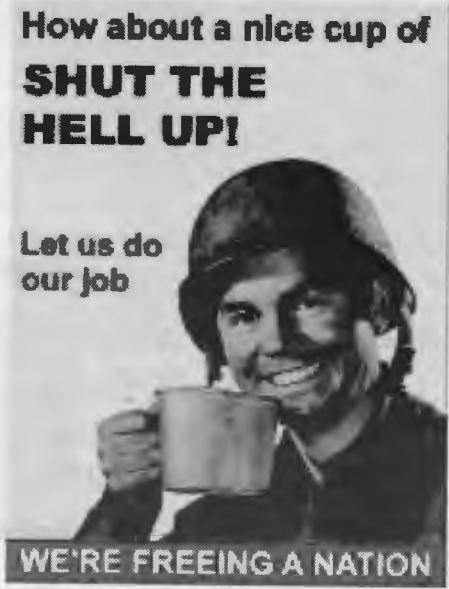
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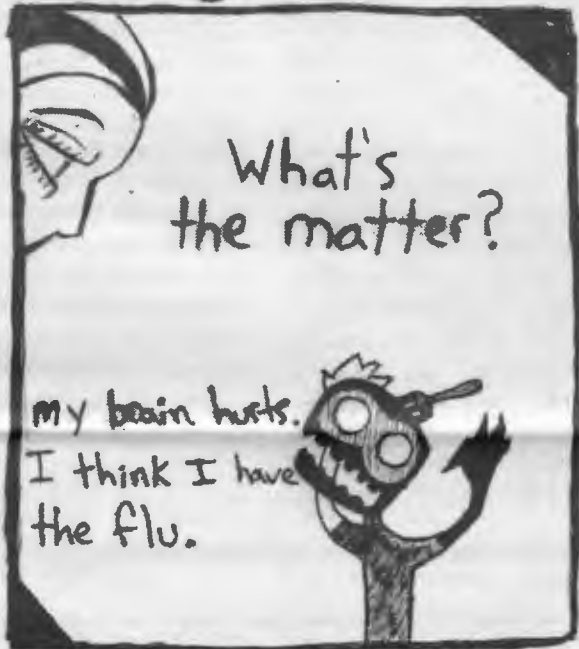
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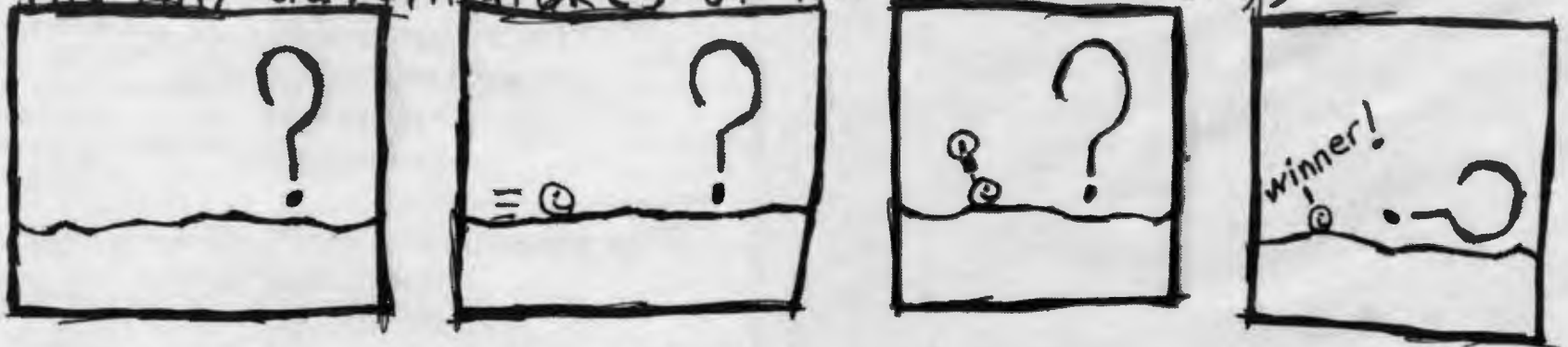


Loog



by Michael Dudczak

the tiny adventures of trik @ (drew gray)



the tiny adventures of trik @ (drew gray)

