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the bard free press

Annandale-on-Hudson, NY – 21 September 2004

opinion four music Six film

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Loog page 12

SMOG and SASs: Student Space Report

Bard contemplates the student space problem

by katie jacoby As a Bard student, you must already know that the Bard rumor mill spins faster than Fox News can sell its lies. The mission of this scene report is to give you a clear picture of the way part of Bard's community existed and where it stands today.

The condemnation of the Old Gym brought to light a common and seemingly unsolvable problem at Bard: Space. Today, security won't even let you in to see what was once a thriving hub of autonomous student spaces. Autonomy for the students who worked in the Old Gym meant: Three student organized practice spaces for Bard bands. It meant a source for Do It Yourself band booking. Students organized a coffee shop called the Root Cellar and collected thousands of zines. In four short years the Student Labor Initiative became the Student Action Collective, the largest functioning club on campus. None of this has been erased, it has just been hampered by spacerelated issues, most of which seemed to have worked out.

Following numerous discussions between student groups and the administration it was decided that the Root Cellar and Student Action Collective would share a space in the basement of McVickar (Stone Row). The Root Cellar will fill part of the void as a fully functional student-volunsnacks, coffee, and espresso. The Lending Library, Textbook exchange and Zine Library will all come together in this space, offering alternative literature you won't find in the library, as well as a way to trade textbooks and avoid the bookstore's outrageous prices. Additionally, many working groups that met in the Root Cellar and SAC such as the Knitting Club and the Feminist Majority Leadership Alliance will be able to sign up to use the meeting room. This location will allow students to plug into actionoriented activities or maybe just enjoy a fair-trade latte. It is the hope of all involved that this new centralized and revitalized space will allow for more collaboration between clubs and the student body.

The SMOG is a garage behind the soccer field. It is currently where the Surrealist Training Circus has their headquarters, and it will continue to function as their workshop. It will also act as a creative performance location. It is the intention of TLS that the space will be respectfully shared for use with creative projects and performances. The Surrealist Training Circus, who so graciously offered up the space for collective use, will continue to use a portion of the space as a workshop for their "zany" events. The Audio Co-op will move their equipment out of teer-run coffee shop, offering the Old Gym and become one of

about the legalization of weap-

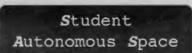
ons that seem to have no other

purpose than mass-murder. John

Kerry has also voiced his concern

the many student organizations sharing the space. Bands will have the opportunity to sign up for regular practice times, and have access to communal equipment. Crafternoon is currently working to create a shared workshop in the space, which will provide access to various tools and creative supplies. The Rock & Roll Society for the Continued Preservation of Marginalized Music intends to hold a DIY show-booking workshop. A comprehensive calendar of events and proposals will be available as soon as the space itself is actually available.

if you have questions about the SMOG, contact Tavit Geudelekian (dg982@bard.edu).



Basement of McVickar Stone Row Student Action Collective Working for social justice. Meets Wednesdays at 7 pm. The Root Cellar Student-run-volunteer coffee shop & Zine Library.

Meets every other Tuesday 8 pm starting 9/21 The Lending Library & Book Exchange Collection of alternative literature and text book co-op

Meets Sunday 7pm Sands Dorm

Also Featuring: Ruitting Club Animal Rights Group Identity Clubs your club here

Good News for People Who Are the NRA

Stars, smiley faces, and other happy symbols mark the 13th of September, 2004 on the calendars of republicans, NRA members, and other insane Americans. On this date, the ten-vear-old ban on military-style assault weapons

in the United Sates is set to lapse. This means that ordinary people like you, Terri Nickels, and I can finally keep heavy-duty assault weapons in our homes, and replace the loaded pistols under pillows with something more effective. Once again we will be able to protect ourselves sufficiently.

The ban needed to be renewed, but the President's supporters who now control both houses of Congress have refused to make time for a vote that would extend the law. The President's core group of supporters includes the NRA, and other concerned citizens who will now be able to own such high-powered guns as AK-47's, Uzi's, and other weapons that that had previously only been available on the black-market and referred to as "cop killaz."

Police chiefs around the

Modest Mouse has nothing to do with guns country have expressed concern and that Bush has betrayed police

> the ban passed by Bill Clinton in 1994 to make Americans safer. For those H2 owners

and readers who are concerned with "Keeping up with the Joneses," automatic ons should go on sale soon.

officers in effectively undoing

NEWSBITES

by liv carrow

Haitian Flooding Crisis

More than 550 people have been killed in Haiti due to flooding from Hurricane Jeanne. The city of Gonaives. Most of the city was still underwater Monday, with people squatting on dry rooftops and in aid shelters. Truckloads of food and medicine are being shipped to Gonaives from Port-au-Prince, but sources say it will take months for Hatian areas affected by such heavy flooding to begin functioning without relief aid. The interim prime minister has declared three days of national mourning. **New Fertility Options**

A Los Angeles based clinic called Extend Fertility is now offering women with healthy ovaries and approximately \$15,000 an oportunity to freeze their eggs for future use. Egg freezing, or oocyte cytopreservation, was until recently only available to women facing chemotherapy or other fertility-threatening conditions. Research on thawing and impregnating frozen eggs is minimal, so pregnancy rate from thawed eggs is only 20%. Third Ramone Dies

Ramones guitarist, Johnny Ramone, died last week at age 55 of prostate cancer. This left Ramones fans with little to no hope of a Ramones reunion, since drummer Tommy is the only remaining Ramone. Johnny was a hard right-winger who lived in retirement in LA with his wife Linda Cummings.

by brendan beck

Coffee Pact In Effect

It is a sad fact that not everybody can drink Double Certified Organic Fair Trade Coffee from a Biodegradable Coffee Bag. However, Nestle, Tchibo, Sara Lee, and Kraft, four of the worlds largest coffee companies have entered a voluntary pact that aims to end the use of child and forced labor.

The pact would also allow coffee producers to have closer ties with growers in coffee supplying countries. Although coffee prices have been hovering around a 30-year low since 2002 because of an over supply, it seems as though the corporations have found a way to cut out the middle-man to further reduce their costs and look handsome at the same time. **Putin Consolidates Control**

In response to the recent Beslan tragedy in which over 450 school children died at the hands of Chechen separatists, Russian president Vladimir Putin has tightened the grip of the Kremlin (the central Russian government) on regional and legislative government. Putin announced plans to reduce the independence of regional governors and the national parliament. He claimed to be trying to strengthen Russia's defenses against terrorism.

Turkish Adultery and the EU

Outlawed since 1996, when the existing anti-adultery laws were found disproportionately discriminatrory towards women, some Turkish national law makers, espousing Islamic ideals, again raised an attempt to outlaw adultery. Turkey's request to join the European Union is currently pending, and lawmakers are reviewing all existing and proposed laws to bring Turkish laws closer to

Reckless Decapitation

John Hutcherson, a 21-year-old from Marietta, Georgia drove home from a night of hard drinking to awake to a headless corpse in the passenger seat. According to Georgia authorities the headless passenger was Hutcherson's close friend, 23-year-old Frances Daniel Brohm with whom he had been drinking at a bar Saturday night. On the drive home, passenger Brohm apparently leaned out of the window and collided with a telephone-pole support wire. Hutcherson has been charged with vehicular homicide, driving under the influence, and failure to stop at an accident involving death or injury. He remains jailed.



Genesis Crashes; Four Billion Year Old Particles Die Tragic Deaths

Bard contemplates the student space problem

by lauren kitz

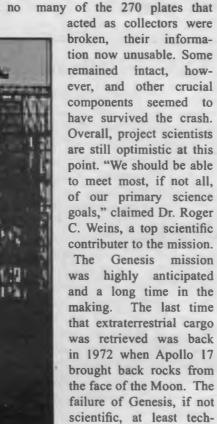
On Wednesday, Sept. 8, a NASA space capsule the size of a Volkswagon Bug smashed into Utah soil at 193 miles per hour. The capsule, Genesis, was part of a \$264 million mission that

has been collecting bits of atomic particles from the sun over the past two years. Many scientists believe that some of the original materials used in the formation of planets four billion years ago are still present in and around the sun. The hope is that these particles will provide clues about the creation and formation of our solar system, as well as give scientists the means to evaluate preexisting theories concerning oxygen's role in the formation of the universe.

However, these hopes were put on hold when the 450 pound capsule crashed into the desert, causing a large gash in it's outer shell. As mission director Chris Jones so eloquently put it in the TV broadcast of the planned landing, "Clearly something has gone wrong here."

The disc-shaped probe was outfitted with two parachutes which were programmed to deploy as Genesis approached

the Earth's atmosphere, one at 21 miles before impact with the Earth's surface and the other, smaller one at four miles to impact. Quite simply, the parachutes never opened. Holuse these hooks to catch the parachutes and then bring the entire capsule down safely and gently to the Earth's surface. Yet without parachutes, spectators and NASA personnel alike had no



well as a blow to the NASA team

as a whole, but many scientists

remain hopeful. The only outer

damage Genesis sustained was

a six-inch crack, but internally

blow to NASA as an organization. Genesis's crash is only the latest of many space explorations that have gone wrong for obscure or disappointing reasons. This crash comes on the heels of the Columbia disaster of last year, a collapse that killed all seven astronauts on board. While Genesis failed due to faulty parachutes, the Columbia crashed because a suitcase-sized chunk of foam broke off a minute into flight and gouged a hole in the shuttle's left wing. The infamous Challenger crash of 1986 was due to a failure of the O-ring.

The Genesis crash suggests a disappointing trend in the fulfillment of NASA's scientific and ideological goals. Driven by man's supposedly undeniable urge for exploration, the space program has built five shuttles in the past 40 years: the Enterprise, Discovery, Columbia, Atlantis, and Challenger. Two of these were lost in crashes in which the entire crew was killed. And now the only material collection since the 1970s, although still salvageable, literally ended with a huge thud.



lywood stunt pilots, hired for the job after military pilots declined the offer, were standing by in two helicopters equipped with giant hooks. The plan was to choice but to helplessly observe as the intricately planned operation ended with a crash landing.

Indeed this was a dissapointment for the mission as

India's Slow Bamboo Disaster

the tale of a popular revolution, the timber industry, and chop sticks

by brendan beck

-Mizoram, INDIA

It's a metaphor that creative writing majors can feel free to employ widely. Every 50 years, the bamboo plant blooms into a crimson flower, before dying and spreading hundreds of new bamboo seeds in its wake.

All of India's bamboo plants bloom and die in the same five-year period; the total destruction of an entire crop is noticed. The blooming has begun again. In 1959, the abundance of bamboo seeds kept the rats of India's northeastern Mizoram province well fed. The ensuing rat infestation ate up rice patties and grain fields causing a famine so devastating they named it. The Mautam famine killed 15,000, and bred enough instability that the Mizo National Front (MNF), which began as a famine relief group, began a 25 year rebellion.

20% of the world's bamboo supply comes from Mizoram; with the plant's suicidal bloom set to peak in 2007, the farmers of the region's main cash crop are scrambling to harvest it in time.

Bamboo is used for more than just bringing your sushi from the plate to your mouth. Nearly I billion people worldwide live in some sort of bamboo structure, and the annual economic value of global bamboo consumption is \$10 billion.

The tree, more easily renewed than wood, is a safe, affordable, and sustainable housing material for the developing world. Its strength rivals that of steel, and this "green gold" can be mashed and pressed into every thing from car bumpers to earthquake proof housing. To a region so heav-

ily dependant on one crop, its impending demise has become something of a ticking time bomb; its effect is the same as a hurricane or flood. The Mizo leaders are hoping they can use the world's connectedness and technology to avoid a repeat of the 1959 disaster that brought them to power.

The Union government of India signed a peace deal with the

MNF in 1987 that allowed them to maintain political control over Mizoram. The region's vast lumber companies are pressuring Mizo leaders, scared of another disaster, to open up the region's protected forests to bamboo harvesting.

Asian timber firms control 90% of the global timber trade, and though the global giants pose a threat to the two-thirds of the Mizo people who depend on their bamboo harvesting, the corporations' infrastructures technologies may be the only option for a region that has no means to harvest all of the fateful plant by 2007.

Stuck
between a
pressed bamboo
fiberboard and a
hard place, the
MNF govern-

ment and the Mizo people need help from India's central government in New Delhi that they did not get in '59. Lest the timber companies' less bamboo friendly practice of clear cutting jungle and replacing it with "stable" (read: non-bamboo) trees come to overtake the Mizo's bamboo farms.

The Bard Free Press

nological and structural,

was also a demoralizing

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

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thebardfreepress.vol6.issue1

Venezuela fights to keep their Chavez

by kiernan rok

On August 15th the elects a left-wing, socialist people of Venezuela overwhelmingly reelected current President Hugo Rafael Chavez Frias with 58 % of the total vote in a national recall referendum organized a coalition by opposition parties and various private business interests seeking to oust Chavez from power. For Venezuela's poor, Chavez represents the promise of education, healthcare and economic assistance through extensive social welfare programs aimed at those populations most in need. And in a country where three quarters of the citizenry live below the poverty line, one can begin to understand the origins of the massive popular support the Venezuelan President enjoys in Venezuela. The opposition is a predictable lineup of Venezuelan business elites, major commercial television networks and of course, the United States government who have coordinated a political campaign to remove Chavez from power. It is true that the people's support for the President is not determined exclusively by class status; there are poor Venezuelan workers fighting to remove Chavez and wealthy upper class Venezuelans who say they are with him until death. However, in broad terms the fierce division between pro and anti Chavez groups in Venezuela is a division drawn primarily along class lines. The result of the August 15th referendum, which officially reaffirmed Chavez's presidency, is considered a victory by the nations poor masses, but its burgeoning social and political significance penetrates far beyond the borders of this South American country.

Chavez's victory as a radical leftist President who rose to power through nonviolent, democratic means is problematic for those in Washington. It is a classic dilemma that has haunted U.S. - Latin American relations for decades, precisely, what to do when a democratic nation

government that is hostile to American interests. We are reminded of the all-too-recent histories of Chile, Nicaragua, Haiti and so many other countries around the world where the U.S., in the name of promoting democracy and human

rights, has contributed massive financial and political support to overthrow foreign governments and impose unpopular military regimes that pledge allegiance to the U.S. and its free access to labor, markets and natural resources in these countries. The current situation in Venezuela is the latest example of this, and the U.S. reaction has been typical - financial and intelligence support to Venezuelan opposition groups and backing of a military coup. However, the case of Chavez has been different from those of the past. It is a new century, and for some reason the U.S has thus far been unsuccessful in ousting the President from power in Venezuela. And,

oh, have they tried. First, a military coup to overthrow the government. It lasted a day before mobs of angry citizens poured into the streets, organized by the elite owners thickens. . .), to create an economic crisis beyond con-



from power. endured for three months and

The strike in. During his term as President Chavez has renounced devastated the economy, but the U.S. war in Iraq, rejected failed, in the end, when Ven- U.S. free trade policies, and ezuela's mostly poor masses, rewritten the Constitution

retook the Presidential Palace of the leading oil producing and reinstated Chavez. Next nations in the world (after a came a nation-wide strike few Middle Eastern states, can you guess which ones?) and of the nations single largest the single largest oil producer industry, petroleum (the plot in the Western Hemisphere, creates an especially interesting environment for this trol that would force Chavez little revolution to play out

puppet refuses to dance

classrooms and educating the nation's masses, half of whom are currently illiterate. Additionally, the government has established programs to finance small business cooperatives, protect the rights of indigenous and African descendents, and create free public university education at the national level. It is for these and a host of other significant social reforms being enacted under this government that Chavez is loved by so many in Venezuela. His promise of radical reform resonates in a nation with such deeply-rooted historical inequalities, where wealth and power have been concentrated among a small handful of elites while most Venezuelans struggle daily to meet basic needs like healthcare, education, housing and employment.

Criticism has been strong, especially from the United States, which claims Chavez is a threat to democracy in the region. That claim however has not been substantiated by recent events in Venezuela, where major international bodies including the Organization of American States and the Carter Center were present during the referendum and have endorsed the results as having been conducted in a fair and democratic manner. The opposition has refused to accept the results claiming fraud and continues to demand the resignation of the President. However, the presence of international observers and the world media spotlight on the August 15th referendum have together largely reassured the world community that the current government of Venezuela achieved power through a legitimate and democratic process, fully respects the freedom of dissident parties to exist and organize.

For now the government of Hugo Chavez and the process of radical reform (el proceso bolivariano) have the support of the masses. Whether they are able to maintain that support will depend on their ability to deliver their revolutionary ideals and create palpable changes in the life of the average Venezuelan. If the success of Venezuelan social policies is any indication, however, Venezuela could provide a real-world alternative model to U.S.style neoliberal globalization and capitalist development. In this world of seemingly endless war, poverty and exploitation, perhaps revolution is worth considering.

send responses and articles to freepress@bard.edu. If you feel like we could be better, make us better; we'll publish what you send us.

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despite great suffering, were to expand human rights and unswayed in their support for civil liberties for all Venthe national recall referendum encouraged by the U.S. government and Venezuelan elites, attempted to remove Chavez from power through a vote. In reality the recall referendum of August 15th served to strengthen the President's support as voters nationwide turned out en masse and crushed the opposition 58 to 42 percent in favor of Chavez. Thus despite fierce attempts by the United States to overthrow him, Chavez lives on.

The victory of Chavez and the revolutionary government has been hailed as a beacon of hope for international struggles against capitalist globalization and imperialism. Venezuela, as one

the President. Most recently, ezuelans. His popular support comes from the nation's poor who are made hopeful by opportunities enhanced by the governments extensive social programs knows as las misiones, (the missions), funded by the nation's substantial oil wealth, money which has been historically concentrated among a minority. Chavez has created health clinics in the poorest and most outerreaching neighborhoods of Caracas and around the country, aiming to bring basic healthcare to all Venezuelans regardless of their ability to pay. The government has also embarked on a massive education and literacy campaign by bringing instructors and teaching materials into the ghetto, setting up

Bush crew knew of Guantanamo abuse in 2002

Abuse acknowledged, ignored by Bush administration

by kate crockford

According to veteran journalist Seymour Hersh's recent investigation published in London's Guardian newspaper, high level Bush administration, Pentagon, CIA and FBI officials have known about the torture methods employed against prisoners at the gulag on Guantanamo since as early as 2002.

Hersh quotes a marine recounting his experience during interrogation sessions of supposed "high-level" suspects, the guards apparently "fucking with [detainees] as much as [they] could" as they inflicted pain.

These allegations and a strong critique of the Bush administration's policies surrounding the so-called "War on Terror" are explored in depth in Hersh's new book, Chain of Command, which, according to the Guardian, "leaves senior figures in the Bush administration far more seriously implicated in the torture scandal than had been previously apparent."

An upper level CIA official reportedly told Hersh that a colleague at the CIA had visited the camp, telling the former that he returned "convinced that we were committing war crimes' and that 'more than half the people there didn't belong there. He found people lying in their own faeces." [sic]

The CIA analyst reported the abuse directly to Condoleezza Rice's aide, General John Gordon. Gordon was "troubled," and discussed the matter with Rice, who advised Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld to look into the matter. Rumsfeld said he would act. The Guardian explores this; "But after he vowed to act, 'the Penta-

gon went into a full-court stall', a former White House official is quoted as saying. 'Why didn't Condi do more? She made the same mistake I made. She got the secretary of defense to say he's going to take care of it."

The extent of the torture

goes beyond the rape, sexual harassment and physical beatings reported widely in the mainstream American press. Hersh quotes a senior CIA official recalling that he was told "[by FBI agents] that the military guards slapping prisoners, stripping them, pouring cold water over them and making them stand until they got hypothermia."

Responsibility for the torture reaches all the way to President Bush, who established the secret "special access program" which technifacilitated cally these types of abuses by refusing

access to civilians ranging from international monitoring groups to US government officials outside of the intelligence agencies.

Hersh apparently got access to a document signed by Bush in February 2002 stating: "I determine that none of the

provisions of [the] Geneva [Conventions] apply to our conflict with al-Qaida in Afghanistan or elsewhere throughout the world."

The Bush policy is consistent with his moves to defy international law with respect to his administrations's tendency to and interrogate "high-value" suspects" without trial or evidence.

"Hersh's book [also] reports that an army officer communicated concerns over abuses at Abu Ghraib both to General John Abizaid, the US central command (Centcom) chief at the time,

Command denies the allegations.

The Pentagon and Bush administration both deny that these charges ever reached highlevel administration officials, and at a press conference surreptitiously "welcomed" the anonymous CIA officials who spoke to Hersh "to come forward and offer evidence to the contrary."

But in a Guardian interview, "Hersh provided evidence that the administration sought to evade the issue: he said codenames of some programs were changed within hours of his original story appearing, presumably to maintain their secrecy."

Hersh's exposure of Bush administration crimes comes at a bad time for the neoconservative, self-proclaimed "war president", and officials have been fielding questions recently regarding the 100 some socalled "ghost detainees" American prison officials have been hiding from International Red Cross officials. Many groups have criticized Bush and his cabinet for this grave breach of the Geneva Conventions.

Rumsfeld does not seem worried. however. In response to questions about the validity of harsh interrogation methods at Abu Ghraib, he argued that those methods were supposed to have been reserved for "War on Terror" prisoners at Guantanamo. In a confusing self-contradiction, he then questioned his army's torture methods: "Does it rank up there with chopping someone's head off on television?" he asked. "It doesn't."



shoot first, and ask questions later. In addition to igniting the illegal war-turned-occupation/quagmire in Iraq and approving the illegal, lawless "prisoner of war" camps, Hersh reports that Bush established "a secret unit that was given advance approval to kill or capture

and his deputy, General Lance Smith," writes the Guardian.

"I said there are systematic abuses going on in the prisons. Abizaid didn't say a thing. He looked at me - beyond me, as if to say, 'Move on. I don't want to touch this." American Central

vxbc.bard.edu

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monday

12-2 - Soul Shakedown - Joanna Fivelsdal

2-4 - Bitch Turn on the Radio Bitch - DJ Pustema and DJ Ruckus 72 12-2 - A Geography Lesson For Cats - Jesse Crooks

4-6 - Show pending

6-8 - Radio Archeology - Raissa St. Pierre

- Professional Hot Girl Radio - Adrianne Mathiowetz and Karen Trindle 8-10

10-12 - Jazz and Politics - Blake Malin

12-2 - Corporal Jigsore Quandary - Pedro Icaza and Zachary Smith

tuesday

- Expansions - Walter Dylan Byers 12-2

- Surfing the Airwaves with D-Man - D-Man 2-4

4-6 Savage Cabbage - Madame Trash Heap and DJ Bea Arthur

6-8 - Dance Commander - Lauren Kitz and Amy MacKay - Watch Your Grill, Dun - Noah Weston 8-10

- The Philip K. Dick Radio Hour - Michael Goldman 10-12 12-2 - Rambling with Abe/Abe's Bar-Mitzvah - Abe J

wednesday

- The Right Way - James McGinniss 12-2

2-4 - Show Pending

4-6 - The Big McLargeHuge Comedy Hour - M C Ginn

- Small Town Stories - Daniela Cabello 6-8

- Untitled show - Christopher Famighetti and Natalie Sandoval 8-10

- Hillybilly Fever - Elliot Boutin 10-12

12-2 - Eleanor Rigby: Songs for Lonely People - DJ Depression

thursday

12-2 - Psychotic Toddy's Syndicate - Todd Squitieri

2-4 - The Eleventh Inning - Adam Turner and Howard Megdal

- If That Ain't Country I'll Kick Yer Ass - Jenny Cook and Laura Knox 4-6

- Spills and Thrills - M Spills and DJ Schloms 6-8

8-10 - You Like My Show - DJ Max Z-T ·

10-12 - The Forearm - DJ Pandemic

friday

12-2 - Rock Hard Fioner - Fioner

- Ceccin' Out the Mail - Mic Cecca 2-4

4-6 - Sound of Balkans - Marko Gregovic 6-8 - Sounds From the Alaskan Wilderness - Woody Litman

- The Earl Grey Hour - Stephen Perry

8-10 10-12 - What Rhymes with Hoener - Corinne Hoener

- 10 Cent Tape Bin - DJ Willyp 12-2

saturday

12-2 - Hot Sauce Williams - Abbie Weil and Gentle Ben

2-4 - Indelible Pussy - DJ Salivate Menstrual the Third

- Untitled Show - Laurence Laufer 4-6

- Q104.4 THE BEAGLE - Stephen Kristian and Karen Soskin 6-8

- Hipster for Dummies - Frenchie and Dot 8-10

- Confusion Feedback Radio Anxiety - Jean-Luc and Jon 10-12

12-2 - Show Pending

sunday

10-12

12-2 - The Adventures of Chester Brannigan: Private Eye -

DJ Effcat, DJ Doc Peppy and DJ Willy P

- Die Ziet - Nathan Bush 2-4

- Scholarly Shakedown - Nick van der Kolk 4-6

- Two Hours of Misery and More - Brel Froebe & Ray Mack

6-8 8-10 - Sports!? - Adam Turner and C Money

- Like Bringing a Mic to a Gunfight - Owen, Kevin

and Christine

12-2 - In Case of Emergency Jamz (Formerly P-ERJ) - Henry Casey

Fear and Loathing in New York One arrested protester describesseveral days in jail.

-14

by griffin epstein

Preliminary Information:

Tuesday, August 31st: Day three of the RNC and New York City is a chapped lip; what few subway lines are running flake off in crazy directions; entire sections of the city are quarantined with battalions, barricades and the occasional cavalry. By Wednesday morning, 1,731 protestors (along with some people with unfortunate timing) will be split between Pier 57 - a makeshift detainment camp at Chelsea Piers and the Central booking office in the bowels of Chinatown. Designated as the official "day of direct action," events on the 31st included a Johnny Cash bloc; a die-in at ground zero; a march at the NY Public Library; a shut-upa-thon to protest the broadcast of Fox News; a bike bloc; a street party at Union Square; The Infernal Noise Brigade; and a protest at Herald Square.

Legal Observers, recognizable by their retina burning neon hats, were on hand at nearly every organized event to assure proper documentation of what they assumed would be minimal arrests. Similarly, the NLG, a proletariat organization of lawyers and legal workers, had set up a hotline for the dissemination of information. Comforting though their presence was, as three Bard students, we were armed with a rudimentary knowledge of our constitutional rights (namely that fewer than twenty people gathered in a public area does not constitute a protest for which one needs a license) and misguided smiles. We hadn't counted on the institution of martial law.

Chronology:

etly on 34th and Broadway. -Enter: a throng of police, asking protestors to back up against the wall to allow pedestrian movement. Protestors comply. numbers -Police multiply exponentially. Without warning, or an order of dispersal, they lunge, and cuff the profreedom. Exeunt: -Prisoners are loaded onto a New York City bus marked "Emergency." For hours, they sing and air-guitar (in handcuffs!) to distract themselves from repeated denial of requests for water and use of a toilet. -Prisoners are removed from the bus and lined up inside the Pier. There are "Hazard" and "Dangerous Chemical" signs and the ground is coated with a black substance, acrid in smell. The Pier is cited as bus depot by the police. -After 9 hours, as

response incessant to demands, prisoners are given apple -After 11 hours, ers are moved to smaller This process occur thrice. - Prisoners develop skin rashes and upper-respiratory problems, and there is collective nausea headache. Requests for medical attention are denied. -Prisoners are lined up in groups of five and daisy chained together. Some people have only recently been relieved of their plastic handcuffs; others were lucky enough to have been cuffed for only five or six hours. They are loaded into claustrophobic police buses and driven Central Booking. -Over 100 prisoners are put into a cell that has a capacity of 50 taken -Prisoners are

people protest qui- a of series smaller cells and ignored. -Hour 35, prisoners are fingerprinted. then ignored. -Hour 37, prisoners have access to telephone. a 39, mug shots -Hours 40 through arraignment, and the forced release of over 400 prisoners held unlawfully. The city is held in contempt of court.

Crisis logic:

We are an invention that only occurs in times of disaster; eight hundred new ways to dissolve the trope of privacy, a creation of an intimacy nouveau, up to and including the rubbing of the girl in the red dress's shoulder and the deconstruction and subsequent removal of any embarassment that might come from crying into the dreads of a girl you've just met. We are an affinity group of hundreds; we are motor-oil faced urchins; an uprising; this is disaster manifest. But wait. We who are living in an era of disaster, we who are living at the apex of destruction, in the icecap-melting, end-stage-capitalist, economic-and-cultural-imperialist, two-party-system world, we who are the arbitrarily privileged, why does it take a 44 hour arrest to alert us to our time of crisis? Why does it take watching our so-called rights stripped away to bring us back to our default state of action, solidarity, community, and, dare I say, love? What qualifies disaster? In every 44 hours there occurs a crisis.

Explanation as escape (open letter to my teachers): I can't attend class today; I am uncomfortable with the way

successively the system to which I thoughtlessly comply every day - by handling money, paying for my education, eating processed food, allowing myself to be audience to mainstream media and interacting within the confines of standardized American social forums - makes me feel about myself and others, and the idea of the implications of all of these careless compliances makes my stomach lodge itself halfway up my esophagus.

Parting thoughts:

1. When given access to information, even moderates can become "radicals" (see; the two people in my cell block who were picked up "accidentally," just walking home from the subway on the wrong street at the wrong time, who, having had no previous political affiliation with protestors or "radicals" began asking insightful questions and genuinely listening for the responses. By the end of their incarceration, they were pledging themselves to activism)

2. Ariel from "The Little Mermaid," prior to her self-induced subjugation to Eric, is a great figure of the anti-capitalist revolution (look at this stuff/isn't it neat?/wouldn't you think my collection's complete/wouldn't you think I'm the girl/the girl who has" dramatic pause "everything?.....but who cares/no big deal/I want more" How could we not have realized as children, palming our McDonald's happy-meal inchlong plastic figurines and begging for more, that our cries were going against the spirit of our heroine...before she eschewed her "headstrong" principles for the love of a prince?) Handcuffs 4. Cops really do eat donuts 5. People are beautiful, especially when they're dirty and tired. 6. You can count on the institution of martial law. And you can raise your fists. And you can sing in the face of adversity.

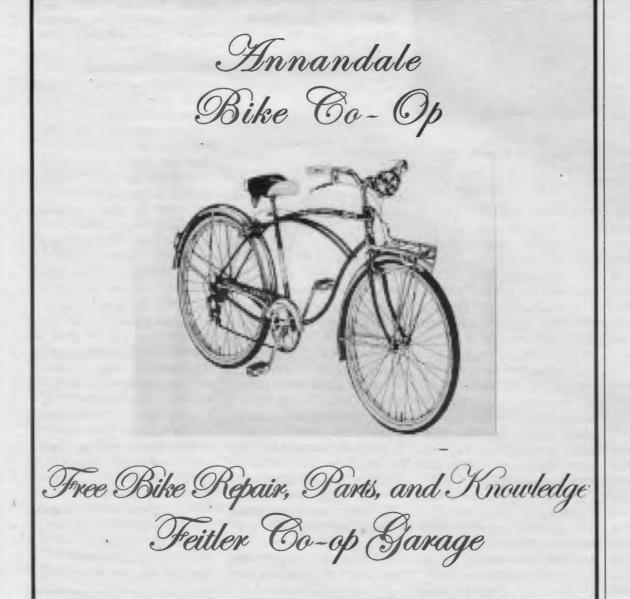
make

and/or have applied for an absentee ballot

volunteers will be available to help you register in the Campus Center lobby all week, 2-5pm

or you can register at any hour by visiting declareyourself.com justvote.org rockthevote.com yourvotematters.org

or any of many other websites, just google "register to vote"



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Bjork Medulla Elektra

The NY Times recently published an Op-Ed article from Paul Bloom, a distinguished scholar, who provided a brief yet informative analysis of how our culture perceives the dualistic relationship between the body and soul. In the article he discussed the conflicting viewpoints that exist between science and religion (which he claims to be more irresolvable than the conflict over evolution). However, he seems to have inadvertently implied that they shared a crucial objective: to preserve the consciousness of the soul by proving its existence.

Bjork is presently the most ideal candidate for approaching this discussion from an artistic standpoint. The pursuit for "purification of soul" was essentially the driving inspiration of her latest effort in musical experimentation. However, her idealistic attitude about music is certainly not optimistic towards the reformation of society. In fact, she would rather forsake civilization altogether for the salvation of our souls.

Medulla (a Latin medical term that translates to "marrow") may be her most innovative work to date, though it encompasses all the characteristics that you would normally expect in her music. In order to appreciate the true merits of this album, it's necessary to acknowledge the unique methods that were adopted in its production. Bjork's music has a tendency to use synthetic instruments in order to digitally imitate the beauty and dynamism of nature. However, what makes Medulla such a paradoxical and original record is that she relies strictly upon the instruments of nature to replicate a synthetic sound.

-Matthew Garklavs





The Black Keys Rubber Factory

The Black Keys are the Righteous Brothers of today. Two white guys trying their damnedest to sound like the black guys who had been making their music for years. But while the Righteous Bros never gave so much as a sideways glance to the doo-wop and R+B pioneers whose music they bastardized into the sentimental tack played at weddings, the Black Keys are as likely to cover Blues greats Robert Pete Williams ("Grown So Ugly") or Junior Kimbrough ("Do The Rump") as they are the Kinks ("Act Nice and Gentle") or the Beatles ("She Said, She Said") over their three album career. Covering two songs and writing eleven on their hot off the presses album Rubber Factory, they bring the bump your ass demands, the heavy metal guitar solos your heart pines for, and enough blues to last a small liberal arts college through the winter. All with only a guitar and drums. They took two months longer to record their third record than the first two combined. With the extra time they ended up with as clear a sound as their four track recording equipment and recycled tape (they recorded over old radio commercials) would allow. Dan Auerbach's soulful growl hasn't changed its subjects of trouble much since the somewhat repetitive 2003 release Thickfreakness. Auerbach's lady, the kid down the street, and the desperate / wondering man all make their return appearances. But the country booster shot on "Act Nice and Gentle" and the slow tempo (a Keys first) on "The Lengths" fills out this album in to a truly great sampling of every music genre that mattered in the past sixty years. The soulful energy that made this Akron, Ohio duo worth a listen in the first place has let up from the relentless clamor of their earlier releases. Their exceptional technical ability can get a word in edge wise on Rubber Factory. Never suffering from the thin sound expected of a two-man blues/rock outfit, The Black Keys make another great album that deviates from the past.

Oh, and extra points for recording

the album Rubber Factory in an

actual fucking Rubber Factory.

-Brendan Beck



Big Business Tour CD Wantage USA

Karp is legendary. But Big Business is catchy as fuck. Sometimes it's really hard to choose which is better. Big Business consists of the lead singer of Karp and the drummer of Murder City Devils, which equals perfection. The creative sensibilities of these two bands create an ideal synthesis of power violence and rock punk. Although the sound of this demo is somewhat hollow, the classic metal vocals combined with the pop metal bass and the ultra technical drums make this CD an essential buy. cannot get through the week without listening to this album.



-Brel Froebe

The Catheters Howling...it Grows and Grows!!! Sup Pop

There are few bands that compare to the evolutionary process of The Catheters. They began as a teenage super rock knockoff Stooges band that knew how to rip shit up, then developed into a snobby but innovative loud sound. Now they are a no-bullshit powerful deliverance that is more interested in originality than image, seen in their loud, unpretentious live shows and their religious support of the Northwest's all ages music scene. Their 3rd full-length displays their ability to merge surprisingly fresh garage guitar hooks with striking vocal talent. The album reaches its peak at the final song, "We Are So Cold," which showcases the band's aforementioned strengths in peak form. There are a few weak songs, but the highlights redeem the slow spots in a way that makes "Howling..." The Catheters' strongest release to date.

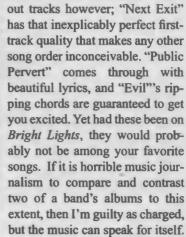
-Brel Froebe



The Album Leaf In A Safe Place Sub Pop

I am probably the wrong person to write this review since I don't listen to a lot of ambient indie "soundscapes," but I'll try. This album is mediocre at best. There is a bunch of hype about this album being made in Iceland with the members of Sigur Ros and Mum and shit, but this fact did not spark my interest enough to enjoy the music. Track 6, "Over the Pond," was the only song that was artistically engaging, due to its slightly discordant vocals, but I was ultimately disappointed by the fact that the talented vocalists and musicians on this album didn't manage to artistically push their limits. But as a good friend of mine always says, "That's just your opinion."

-Brel Froebe



-Lauren Kitz



Consider this your warning,

Interpol: you've done an O.K.

job, but I know you can do better.

Mastodon Leviathan Relapse Records

MINTERPOLANTICS

Interpol Antics Matador

Joy Division references still apply, the lyrics remain remarkably oblique, and those boys have yet to turn down the opportunity to wear a suit, yet Interpol's new um, Antics (September 28) is missing something crucial. Paul Banks has replaced his bruised and bitter vocals with a kinder, gentler voice. The energetic downbeats and haunting melodies of 2002's "Turn on the Bright Lights" are gone, and a watered-down, more accessible sound stands in their place. This is by no means a bad or even mediocre album, but there ain't no two ways about it, Antics is Interpol Lite. Had it been the world's first taste of this New York quartet, they may have been grouped in with those "The" named bands (I'm talking to you, The Stills). Well, probably not, but pop this one in and the thought will cross your mind, too. There are a couple of stand This is the third release from Atlanta-based shred quartet Mastodon, proceeding full-length release Remission. This band deserves every bit of its reputation as one of the guiding lights of the present heavy metal scene. They transcend all the terrible, false music being made today that sullies the genre of metal and instead deliver all that is pure and good, technically impressive yet listenably honest and artfully composed. Mastodon does not screw around. These songs are perfect in their massive, appropriately elephantine weight and power, destroying everything in their path with a wall of guitar claws and pained, tough vocal leads. Not to mention the heavy drum/bass rhythmic teamwork which propels the speedier songs like "Blood and Thunder," the album's kickoff track. My only complaint with this album is that the variation between songs in rather minimal; tempo variations are temporary, always winding up to a steady grinding throb. Though I suppose they are a metal band. Mastodon's music invokes images of wars between man and beast, nature against life, freezing and burning through eras of crappy glammed out fakers and radio friendly nu-metal rubbish. Keep an eye on these guys, they are quickly working their way up among the ranks of quality stoner metal bands like Neurosis and the Melvins.

-Liv Carrow



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Neurosis The Eye of Every Storm Neurot Recordings

The release of a new Neurosis album is usually a source of unmitigated joy for me, but I must admit that I was skeptical of this nearly 20 year old band's ability to follow up their 2001 release, A Sun That Never Sets. I regarded this album as the flawless summation of every signature Neurosis technique: deep resonant drums, inspired instrumentation and arrangement (including bagpipes and tasteful use of synthesizers), chilling near-operatic folk interludes, the artful building of tension and dissonance, and (of course) orgasmic crescendos so heavy that they threaten to collapse your lungs. For what it's worth, I still feel that A Sun That Never Sets stands as the high water mark of the group. But I'm happy to report that The Eye of Every Storm finds the band charting new musical landscapes which owe as much to the washed-out psychedelia of Syd Barret and Hawkwind as the band's

metal/hardcore mainstays as Black Sabbath and Amebix. Though this reorientation of the group is unexpected, it's hardly unprecedented. Each subsequent Neurosis release recorded with the legendary Steve Albini has moved further from the crushing stoner metal typified by former Relapse labelmates Mastodon and High on Fire towards a more unique and visionary mythmetal of their own creation. The lyrics of The Eye of Every Storm mark a similar departure, focusing more on the elemental power of nature than on their slightly forced attempts at folk religion. Indeed, the album itself seems modeled after the storm as a symbol of nature's might, building inexorably toward a peak. The song "Bridges" marks that explosion; while this track is perhaps the most foreign sounding to Neurosis purists, it is certainly the defining moment of the album. The song features eerily accurate renditions of crackling electric discharges offered up by the band's keyboardist Noah Landis before bursting into ringing distortion-drenched chords which mimic the solemn rumble of rolling thunder (as delivered by guitarist/vocalist/shaman Steve Von Till). The work as a whole exhibits an increased attention to continuity from one track to another, as well as a welcome exploration of melody and consonance. Gone are the disorienting war elephant marches of Times of Grace (for better or worse). Instead, the influence of

more established reliance on such

Von Till's sparse acoustic solo work can be felt throughout. Ultimately, the album succeeds as a follow-up to A Sun That Never Sets because it doesn't attempt to top it. Instead, it focuses on pushing the boundaries of what is accepted within the testosterone overdose that is the contemporary metal scene. While this album might repel metal purists and dirge addicts for its relative restraint, its exquisite production and attention to detail make it a formidable and surprisingly beautiful addition to this seminal band's catalog.

-Mark Ledoux

Melvins Lustmord

pigs of the roman empire

The Melvins/Lustmord Pigs of the Roman Empire Ipecac Recordings

While September has already seen a trio of hurricanes clear out everything in their path, Melvins have unleashed a shit storm of their own—the fourth in two years. Marking a move upwards and onwards (or backwards and downwards depending on your thresholds and tastes) in the twenty year reign that is Melvins, Pigs of the Roman Empire

is an entirely new monster for the self-proclaimed saviors of modern rock. The sound is still huge and the message stays dependably encrypted in a hellish version of Scrabble that King Buzzo put to paper. This much Melvins could muscle in their sleep, but that's not their game, they play to win. Over a decade since the grunge plague and every other watered down fad since, Melvins are still standing and as cavalier as any professional punk rock band could hope to be. Who cares? Whats the point? Out with the old in with the Nu Metal! Right? ... Enter Lustmord, one-time noise pioneer with SPK and Throbbing Gristle, now-time Hollywood sound designer and electronic wizard, and you get Melvins + Lustmord = a wonderful nuisance of a brand new Melvins recording. It's a peanut butter and jelly pairing if there ever was one. Pigs sandwiches both entities in a nine track course that is both classic Melvins head banging fist pumping delinquency and Lustmord nightmarish score. The opening track "III" puts Lustmord in the driver's seat in a cruise that takes you through an earthquake on Elm Street, and set to some atonal bass dirge. The collaboration works best when everyone gets their hands dirty ("Bloated Pope", "Safety Third") unfortunately Pig's majority has Melvins and Lustmord taking turns. Dale Crover's spotless drumming, and everyone's fearless guitar manipula-

again) does a lot for Lustmord's soundscapes, and he returns the favor and scratches Melvins back with scrapes and squeaks that destruct their monolith of stoner rock. Aside from "Pink Bat" - the best honed coupling in which Lustmord's atmosphere builds into a black hole of frequency and Melvins come out shredding like Slayer would if they still could - the transitions are often drawn out as a nasty muddle that drags on and on - the title track climbs up near the half hour mark. So yeah, Melvins and Lustmord fans will love the hell out of this, but probably won't make the best starting point for either band's body of work. If you try it and dig it you're getting two birds with one stone.

The Melvins Army has been rock n roll's premiere recruiters during these times of sonic treachery. Their collaboration with Leif Garrett covering "Smells like teen spirit" on 2000's The Crybaby proved that the only way to do something new - that's already been done into the ground - is to do it again with a washed up heartthrob. In this way, Melvins have kept their sound fresh while pop music's hubbabalue rots away. Next month Melvins are set to release their next album, Never Breathe What You Can't See, another tag team effort, this time with the lawsuit bit and never retired Jello Biafra (Dead Kennedys, Lard, etc.). I bet it'll be totally different and the same ole Melvins.

-Tim Abbondello

Top 10 Musical Obsessions of the Moment

Some of the Free Pressers let you in on what they've been listening to lately.

Brel Froebe: All Hasil Adkins Boston

Aframes- 2
Big Business- Tour CD
Lighin' Hopkins
The Reeks and the Wrecks-

Thrones-Sperm Whale LP
Drunkhorse-Prince covers 7"
Federation X-Nude Disintegrating Parachutist Woman 7"
.38 Special

Michael Knight:

Pere Ubu- Dub Housing
Red KrayolaGod Bless the Red Krayola
The ResidentsCommercial Album
Shaggs- Philosophy of the World
Danielson Famile
Bucket Full of Teeth
The Pacemaker
Liquid Swords (GZA)
Silver Jews-, Starlite Walker
Wire- Pink Flag

Brenden Beck:

Mirah-Advisory Committee
The Rodger Sisters-Purely Evil
Rogue Wave-

Out of the Shadow Future Bible Heroes-Eternal Youth The Black Keys-Rubber Factory The Blow-Poor Aim: Love Songs

Kings of Convenience-Riot on an Empty Street Smog-Knock Knock

Prokofiev-Theme from Peter and the Wolf

Anything 80's electro pop, esp. Orchestral Movements in the Dark

Michael Dudczak:

Television
Pixies
Charles Bronson
City of Caterpillar
Slint
Neu!
The Pacemaker
El-P
Jerome's Dream
Can

Duncan Malashock:

"8 Ball"-NWA

"I'm So Green"- Can

"Cool Jerk"-The Creation

"C.R.E.A.M."-Wu-Tang "Shadrack"-Louis Prima

"Paper Thin Motel"-Leonard

"Boogie Nights"- Heatwave

"He's So Fine"-The Chiffons

"Foggy Notion"-Velvet Underground

"Backstabbers"- The O'Jays

"So Sexy"-Twista & R. Kelly

Mark Ledoux:

Black Dahlia Murder Unhallowed
Crass - Stations of the Crass
Kylesa - self-titled
Madvillain - Madvillainy
Glenn Branca Symphonies No. 8 & 10
Ire - What Seed? What Root?
Talking Heads - More Songs
About Buildings and Food
the new pacemaker CD
Jerry's Kids - Is This My World?

GZA - Liquid Swords

Liv Carrow:

Sonic Youth-Sonic Nurse, Daydream Nation, Dirty, Evol
Black Sabbath- Vol. 4
Gravediggaz-6 Feet Deep
Kraftwerk-Autobahn
Rachel's- Systems-Layers
Joanna NewsomThe Milk-Eyed Mender
Leo Kottke
Sleep- Dopesmoker
Dinosaur Jr.You're Living All Over Me
Alexander Spence-Oar

tion (Tool's Adam Jones shows up

Cecca Wrobel:

The Blow
Michael Jackson
John Vanderslice
Antelope
Mark Kozelek's AC/DC covers
Talking Heads
and everything else that never
left my playlists

Tim Abbondello:

Wolf Eyes "Burned Mind"
Melvins @ Webster Hall 9/17/04
Crispy taco night
Kissing Booths
Tom Waits "Real Gone"
Band practice
Detroit Booty House
Pig Destroyer "Terrifyer"
Paul Salveson behind the kit
When it goes bump in the night

Jason Michelitch:

Curiosity Valentine - "Hardwired"
(only on Mperia.com)
The Knife - "Heartbeats"
Silver Jews - Natural Bridge or
American Water
Robin Lane and the Chartbusters "Don't Cry"
Johnny Cash - "Live At Folsom
Prison (complete uncensored)"
Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds "Tender Prey"
Leadbelly - "Goodnight Irene" (best of comp.)
Martin Rev - "I Heard Your Name"

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Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow

In which we learn, to our horror, that nostalgia and necrophilia are both brought to us by the letter n and the construction ia

by jason michelitch

Like Jesus Christ died for your sins, my children, I have suffered the cross and the crown of thorns so that you may escape a fate worse than death. As one with our savior Jim Caviezel, had my arm been nailed to wood by Mel Gibson himself, I would have endured no greater suffering than I

have at the hands of writerdirector Kerry Conran, who has foregone traditional stigmata and instead driven the spikes directly through my eye sockets and into my frontal lobes. The unspeakable terror I speak of is Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow, a hideous gaping abyss of a film, which I have watched 'en toto', my eyes held open by Clockwork Orange-like machinery as I screamed for them to Shut it Off! For God's Sake, SHUT IT OFF!

The film, first and foremost, is quite simply a bore. That alone is the Cardinal Sin against any audience.

Life is too short to be bored, even for the length of a nonentity like Sky Captain (which clocks in at 107 minutes but feels like three years): But not only is Sky Captaindull as spectacle, it's dull of wits as well. It is a stupid movie. Common sense and physics are alien concepts to the people and machines of the movie's world, from Gwyneth Paltrow's obnoxious "plucky reporter" character Polly Perkins secreting away the "doomsday-material" MacGuffin that the Evil Villain needs to Destroy the World (and not revealing it to the hero until they are conveniently in the clutches of said Villain, as opposed to, I don't know, anywhere else, where they might be able to take steps to destroy the One Thing the Villain Needs to Succeed instead of, y'know, Delivering it to Him), to Jude Law as Sky Captain flying his plane at top speed straight down into the ocean and having it survive the

While all this proves Sky Captain to be decidedly Not a Film for the Ages, it isn't even worthwhile as a mild distraction in the middle of a rainy day. Not only hasn't Sky Captain learned anything since Buck Rogers roamed the galaxy, it's lost everything that made ol' Buck watchable. Sky Captain has color and fashions and

While all this proves Sky filmmakers have to strap her down in an androgynous flight suit and in an androgynous flight suit and an eye-patch just so she doesn't blow poor milquetoast Jude and ddle of a rainy day. Not only Gwyneth clear off the screen.

Nothing but a halfhearted mishmash of homages (read that "xeroxes") to everything from Wizard of Oz to Buck Rogers, from Lost Horizon to

> The Day the Earth Stood Still, all wrapped up with numerous references to Star Wars (itself a glued together piecemeal of many of the same source materials), the film is, more than anything, an exercise in necrophilia. Which is just a fancy word for corpse-fucking. The filmmakers are absolutely remorseless disturbers of the dead, whether it be a shot lifted straight from King Kong or Laurence Olivier's computer-regenerated face as The Villain (and, in a disturbingly macabre

moment, a computer-generated replica of the man's withered corpse). All and sundry are stitched together like an un-reanimated Bride of Frankenstein sex doll for the filmmakers to have their way with again and again, while it lays lifelessly on the operating table, waiting for the spark of electricity to give it life. What no one seems to realize, however, is that lightning doesn't strike twice, and that somewhere there's a definition of insanity that reads "performing the same action over and over again and expecting a different result".



impact (when at that speed hitting water would be roughly the same as hitting concrete), while each robot machine chasing after him explodes on the surface of the water (thereby proving that the filmmakers KNEW what they were doing was stupid...and did it anyway!) It may seem unfair to criticize Sky Captain for fallacies in logic, because it so clearly wishes to ape the film logic of a forties science fiction flick. But is it really an achievement to be able to stand triumphantly and declare that you haven't learned a damn thing in sixty years?

pretty faces, but it's missing what the kids today might call Sex. I don't mean couples in coitus or even skin tight outfits, but that indefinable raw energy that can be found in the best adventure films of any age. Lauren Bacall had Sex. Gwyneth Paltrow just has blond hair. Out of the three bigname cast members, only Angelina Jolie, on screen for about the same amount of time in which the script was probably written, has anything nearing the kind of movie-star charisma this movie sorely needs. And even then the

Before Sunset

by jesse crooks

I initially resisted seeing this movie because in the last film that Richard Linklater both wrote and directed, Waking Life, the dialogue was fucking horrendous. Before Sunset is essentially one long conversation, and I was afraid that it was going to be full of the same pseudo-intellectual bullshit as Waking Life. I did, however, hear a lot of good things about Before Sunrise, the film to which Before Sunset is a sequel, and when I finally saw this film I was pleasantly surprised. What I found most enjoyable was that unlike the other movies that came out this summer, Before Sunset avoided being a spectacle. It was shot in real time without the dynamic camera work and speedy editing that dominate mainstream cinema, and, ignoring the first few minutes of shitty back-story, the characters and dialogue were ultimately believable. Most of the movie is composed of long but understated tracking shots of Jesse (Ethan Hawke) and Celine (Julie Delpy), who have run into one another nine years after their

a one night stand in Venice. They walk together through the narrow cobblestone streets of Paris with the camera facing them from a

calmly materializing as their conversation progresses, eventually leaving the viewer with an openended conclusion. The charac-

steady angle and a constant distance, presenting the viewer with a refreshing lack of showmanship. Furthermore, the plot avoids any overtly dramatic turns, instead

ters, normal, financially stable people of average attractiveness, are nothing extraordinary. Their lives are okay, but they've found themselves in their mid-thirties without achieving the happiness they'd hoped to find since they last met, and though there is hope that they may find happiness together,

the film avoids romanticizing their meeting as a cure-all for their mutual discontent, and Linklater steers clear of the intruding musical cues employed in most movies to incite specific emotions. Overall, the audience is presented with an ultra-real but not uninteresting portrait of Jesse and Celine as they are forced to re-examine their lives after as they confront the missed opportunity embodied by their last meeting, and the audience is allowed to make its judgment without being led by Linklater to view the events of the film in a particular way. Most importantly,

Linklater pulls this off without making it boring. I came into this film expecting it to be just that, but found it surprisingly rewarding.

Porn Review: The Masseuse

If you were a child who grew up on internet porn, who started with small grainy pictures, discovered the 10 second free video clips on www.pinkworld.com, and now subscribe to an underground pay sight with the really "nasty stuff" because you can't even think about cumming if it's not a gangbang, you are not alone. In fact, if you are still a virgin and now in your 30's, you are the male star of this film, played by Justin Sterling.

The plot builds early on in the film as Justin looks at bound and gagged girls on his computer at work while sad piano music floats in the background. The place of employment is Excel Aerospace. This is the type of detail that I expect to see in such disappointing and sex-obsessed movies as "Uranus or Bust: Watch as they Encounter the Big Dipper and Explore the Milky Way!" At times the film moved so slowly that I forgot it was pornographic. Jenna Jameson's pure erotic energy was the only hint of what cumdrenched scenes were to follow.

The first encounter between Justin and Jenna occurs late in the evening at nice looking spa. The lonely aerospace engineer pays \$115 dollars for his massage, but gets the real value for his \$30 tip. Nothing in this movie is left unaccounted for or without an explanation. For the tip, Justin gets his pubic hair shaved and his penis jerked off, which explains why this shy young man has such hairless balls.

The small talk is impressive and intelligent. The relationship between the characters is realistic, if not rather optimistic for a relationship with its origins in a \$30 hand-job. The facial cum-shots seem entirely natural as a way for them to learn about each other and allow their relationship to grow.

Jenna Jameson was amazing. I was impressed with how she conveyed ideas even in the scenes without words and the scenes in which she could not speak because of gags. The gag, paddle, blindfold, and rope scenes were not my style, but neither were the scenes towards the end with cuddling, I love yous and crying.

This film is better than the original, directed by Paul Thomas, and is sure to win more awards than its ancestor. My only complaint is that through perpetuating the idea that all masseuses do suck'n'fuck, it has done lasting damage to the credibility of legiti-

-Zak Kitnick

The Digital (Video) Age: Collateral, Open Water

by mike lerman

Like the openings of many articles in today's headlines, I'm going to begin with the all too familiar words, "As we enter into this digital age." It is true, though. All across the globe, more and more film-

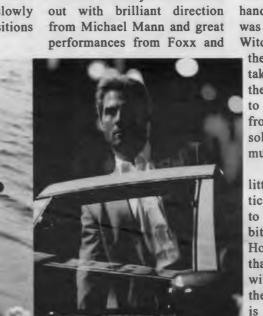
makers are looking towards digital video as a medium. Francis Ford Coppola, when being interviewed for documentary the Hearts of Darkness, said something to the effect of it being a great day when any little fat lady in Ohio can make a film. Well now, Francis, that day has come. This summer marks the beginning of not one, but two digital eras of filmmaking.

Representing the low end of

video, shot on weekends (with a crew that usually consisted of two to three people), on the cheaper than dirt side of filmmaking is Open Water, the fly-by-night shark attack film that was created for \$130,000 and sold at Sundance for money. I guess it was what you would call a success. Making its way to most area theaters, and even the Hyde Park drivein, this tightly constructed, small-scale scarefest was seen by more people than direc-

accidentally left for dead in the middle of the ocean and the next forty are spent with Kentis flexing his cinematic muscles, teasing us more and more slowly and slowly with careful compositions

twenty times that amount of the two scuba divers who get high aspirations who unknowingly picks up a hit man (Tom Cruise) and gets lured into driving him around Los Angeles while he kills his marks. Lit meticulously and fleshed



Cruise, this film manages to slip by with the viewer never even noticing that it's video. Mann's work had been heading in this direction anyway. In his previous films, Heat, Ali and The Insider, he began adopting a handheld visual style that has become typical for a lot of low budget video projects. Ironically, Collateral is the most sharply composed of his films, image wise. Open Water, also, does not fall into the trap of being shot with the shaky, handheld camerawork that was made famous in The Blair Witch Project. Even though

the majority of the action takes place in the middle of the ocean, Kentis chooses to take most of the shots from a tripod floating on a solid object and the film is much more enjoyable for it.

Both films fall apart a little in the end. The unrealistic setup in Open Water starts to wear on the viewer a little bit, and Collateral tacks on a Hollywood chase sequences that doesn't feel like it fits with everything else. As for the video, well, Open Water is cheap quality, but for \$130,000, it ain't bad. It's a tight 80 minutes that flows well, doesn't get tedious and sends a shiver or two up your spine. But for my money, it doesn't beat the experienced writing and directing of Michael Mann, an unappreciated talent whose name does not get mentioned often enough. And the beautiful digital video doesn't hurt either.

tor Chris Kentis could have ever hoped for. Open Water is quick and concise.

minutes, it does not fall into first big-budget studio funded the trap of being a two hour digital video movie, shot snoozefest with nothing but shots of people floating. (The first forty set up the story of

of the pending danger lurking for our main characters.)

On the other end of the Clocking in at 80 spectrum was Collateral, the entirely in Sony high definition video. This is the story of a taxi driver (Jamie Foxx) with

Garden State: A Diamond in the Rough

by jason michelitch There is an inherent difficulty in reviewing good films - there are only so many ways to praise a movie without delving into what makes it so good, at which point you run the risk of ruining the experience of seeing the film for those you are trying to persuade. Bad films are so much easier to write about, as you can shred with impudence all that is venal or stupid or worthless about a film, and not feel the least bit of guilt about exposing its flaws to a potential audience. You're trying to protect them from having to see these things themselves. And so it is with the preceding in mind that I come to have much difficulty writing about Zach Braff's Garden State (Fox Searchlight Pictures), a good film about an out of work actor (Braff) who is forced to return from LA to New Jersey for a weekend to attend his mother's funeral. Though I liked the film quite a bit, and though it contains what are certainly some of my favorite film moments from this last year, it is also laced with a handful of scenes that, if they were in any other movie, would be instant fodder for the easy-to-write type of review mentioned above. So I find myself torn. The film contains scenes - such as when Natalie Portman (of whose thespic abilities I am not a fan) meets Zach Braff for the first time, and, putting a pair of headphones on him, makes him listen to "New Slang" by the Shins, because "it will change [his] life" - that are so unforgivably cheesy that they threaten at times to over-

whelm the good in the picture,

and I would be remiss as a critic

if I were to gloss over them in favor of a more positive review of the film as a whole. However, if I spend the time necessary to trash such scenes, I run the risk of potentially and inadvertently convincing you to avoid a film that I think has substantial merits. Merits I could only convince you of by detailing and therefore about Peter Sarsgaard more than making up for Natalie Portman with his thoroughly convincing portrayal of the Friend Who Never Left, the one we all recognize from our own home towns, which Sarsgaard plays with the most emotional honesty found anywhere in the film (outside of Ian Holm, who has a small turn as

slightest but rather an integral and emotional plot point, which is revealed entirely without dralogue, in a very restrained and wonderful sequence of silent looks and eyeline-matches. The film isn't oblique in the slightest, but it's just subtle enough



spoiling the best bits of the film in an effort to convince you to see it. What to do, what to do?

Oh, sure, I COULD tell about writer-director-star Zach Braff's noble attempt to step out from under the strict yoke of screenplay structure by crafting a not entirely original but differently enjoyable pacing that mimics quite well the dissociative feeling of a sudden weekend return to an estranged home. I could tell you about Method Man's brilliant cameo, or Braff's emotionally distant father, and manages the few scenes he's in beautifully, avoiding caricature and giving us a real person whom we instantly recognize, however briefly he's on the screen). I could fawn over several unexpected scenes of exquisitely sudden humor which rely on the audience's ability to keep up without explicit explanation in order to fully get the joke. OR I could really blow it and detail to you my very favorite scene, one not humorous in the

time of ham-fisted symbolism and high school melodrama that masquerades as mature filmmaking in this country.

And, 'yes, I could ruin it all by talking about Natalie Portman's character not only being poorly acted but poorly written as an annoyingly hyperactive compulsive liar who is in no way but purely visually (the sexist pig said) a pleasure to watch. I could complain about just how overbearingly hip and post-Wes Anderson the

soundtrack is, but that would be pointless as that's really only the kind of thing anti-social nerds like me care about. Or I could bring it all crashing down by discussing the ending, which, depending on your disposition, could be read either as begrudgingly necessary or (and I read it the second way) hideously betraying the rest of

> the film's devotion to differentness. And either way you read it, the film's entire denouement is an abandonment of the subtlety which made the rest of the film work so well, and is filled with very blunt and awkward exchanges which make it painfully obvious that this is Braff's first produced feature film script. Only Sarsgaard's character (though there but for the grace go he) escapes this fate. But all of this is, ultimately, beside the point. And the point is that Garden State, for all its flaws, is a film that makes an honest attempt to deal with emotional questions maturely, and

for that more than anything else it ought to be praised. Though Braff's relative inexperience causes some winces and some shortcuts, the film is, at the end of the day, Good For You, and manages to accomplish at least a significant part of its admittedly lofty goals. Go see it, maybe with a friend who already has, who can tell you to close your eyes during the scary parts, and then sit back and enjoy the rest

Vanity Fair

by farihah zaman

Mira Nair, acclaimed director of such Indian diasporic fare as Mississipi Masala, Salaam Bombay, and the relatively recent success Monsoon Wedding, tries her hand at a traditional period piece in Vanity Fair. The results of this adaptation of William Makepeace Thackeray's 1847 novel are what can best be described as "mixed."

The first hour or so of the film is fairly engaging, even charming. Regardless of how typical the story is, the proficient acting coupled with Nair's trademark sumptuous visual style (no doubt honed by her subcontinental work,) really draw the viewer in. We are both concerned for and in awe of

Becky Sharp, the smart protagonist who is trying to climb her way up 19th century England's judgmental and slippery social ladder. This is an interesting point of comparison between old British and Indian society, especially considering that Nair must be no stranger to the boundaries of class/caste and the complex relationship between wealth and status. Her treatment of this section of the film reflects her knowledge and experience of the subject

matter with surprising sensitivity.

However, the second section consists mostly of confusion and listless sighing on the part of the audience. In some of the most basic filmmaking stupidity I've ever witnessed, the once logical plotline rambles forward in a train wreck of broken and missing narrative. Whole years will be passed over with little or no expla-



nation. Major events in the lives of the characters will be skipped and yet, irritatingly, referred to as if the audience has witnessed them. Events take place that simply do not make sense in the emotional and motivational world of the film. Was Nair working with a partial screenplay and trying to make the best of it? Also, why the out-of-place dance number that resembled a Britney Spears video and used modern Arabic music (not Hindi, as the content suggests)? How did this film go so terribly awry?

Anachronistic film soundtracks certainly have their time and place, but that time is past and that place is not here. Furthermore, the obvious audiovisual cues that are meant to evoke a sense of India at this time are so clichéd and exoticizingly colonialist in spirit that it becomes hard to believe that the director is Indian herself.

Near the end, when I had long since ceased to care or even understand what was going on, I just stared around the dark theater bewildered by the idea that Nair had executed these wayward narrative techniques SO frequently

that they could be considered purposeful. I hope that is not the case, especially considering her incredible mastery of visual stimulation. Unfortunately I have some suspicious feelings as I attempt to let this film do what it was really meant to and be forgotten. Next time I am going to give the much lauded 1998 BBC adaptation of the novel a spin, and recommend that you do the same.

TLA Overview

TLA, the video rental and releasing company that brought you the American DVD versions of such great Japanese films as Suicide Club and Bastoni: The Stick Handlers, and sponsors the Philadelphia Film Festival, has been having a rough summer. Between the forced programming in the 10th Annual Gay and Lesbian Film Festival and mediocre at best DVD releases, this summer of TLA left something to be desired.

The annual Gay and Lesbian Film Festival is generally somewhat of a problematic event in the film community. More often then not, sub-par movies get programmed because they have homosexual themes, making one wonder if there are enough good 'gay" movies out there to constitute having an entire film festival devoted to them. This year was no exception. A good example would be Spencer Lee Schilly's splotchy piece of home filmmaking about a male porn star that tries to hide his identity as the origin of the legend of the kid who got his penis caught in the drain of a hot tub. This miscalculated, melodramatic, un-cinematic film is painful to the eyes and ears. Or what about Annie Sprinkle's Amazing World of Orgasm, the heavy-handed, new-age documentary where the famous pornographic film actress examines different forms, stories and definitions of sexual climax? Monotonous in tone and rarely interesting - with the exception of one amazing story about a female ejaculating during childbirth - Sprinkle's film serves a personal, sexually explicit exercise that could talk itself in circles. If people treated every word in the English language like this, we'd never be able to communicate anything with each other.

A notch above these films rests the French standard filmmaking exercise, Same Sex Parents, by director Laurence Katrian, which plays like a long, slow after school special about a girl coping with the fact that both her mother and father are in homosexual relationships. Among other drab facts about this movie, it spent an embarrassingly low amount of money on music rights and will make you never want to hear "Glorybox" by Portishead again. But the worst of the worst (yet, surprisingly, the most popular on the festival circuit, including screenings at Sundance and Toronto) was Canadian filmmaker (also listed as "provocateur" in the festival catalog) Bruce LaBruce's political satire The Raspberry Reich. This too-hip-for-its-owngood porno-film-disguised-as-art tells the story Gudrun, a German radical obsessed with the Baadar-Meinhoff gang who convinces her male goonies to help her kidnap the son of a wealthy industrialist. The film plays like a piece of bad, self-conscious video art. Not much happens besides sex, first heterosexual, than homosexual and Gudrun spouting pseudo-funny taglines like "Heterosexuality is the opiate of the masses" and "The revolution is my boyfriend" while LaBruce pastes "pertinent" pieces of text

on the screen. Even those who are watching the film out of an interest in gay pornography will probably find it utterly unwatchable.

It wasn't all that bad though. Patrick Grandperret's Clara's Summer, though stereotypical in plot, is somewhat reminiscent of Larry Clark's Kids or Gus Van Sant's Elephant with its long takes and realistic dialogue style. Also, Love in Thoughts, a German film by Achim von Borries tells the true story of The Steglitz Student Tragedy in which a gang of spoiled school children in 1927 take off for a weekend party in the woods where they take several drugs, have lots of sex, and things end up in murder. Good cinematography and acting make this a tight little period piece. And, of course, the crowning jewel of the festival was the appearance by Frank DeCaro, film critic and comedian who did an extended Q & A. DeCaro, best known as the gay film critic on "The Daily Show," showed clips of his work and simply told funny stories to the audience. Because he doesn't do standup (or that many public appearances at all), the Gay & Lesbian Film Festival does serve as a nice forum for bringing guests like him to come and basically "hang out" with an audience for two hours. It's one of the best things about the event. As for the TLA DVD

releases, well, they don't offer a ton of hope. The Last Great Wilderness, a misguided thriller (? the genre of this film is extremely unclear) about two men traveling through the Scottish countryside when their car breaks down and they end up at a small inn where all the guests are inexplicably insane. David Mackenzie, who later directed Ewan McGregor in the erotic thriller Young Adam, constructs this annoying, unmotivated, bizarre movie with no redeeming values whatsoever. The Last Great Wilderness is possibly the worst film this reviewer has ever seen. After that even the below-average Japanese duel film 2LDK looks good. This dark comedy about two female roommates battling for the same job (and the same man) is not very funny and not very interesting. Half of a project of dueling directors making dueling films about duels (in which Kitamura's Aragami blows 2LDK out of the water), this film consists of a short 70 minutes of violence with household objects and could use a few pointers from Sam Raimi.

The best of TLA Releasing offerings for the summer is a Dutch film called Godforsaken which tells the all-too-familiar story of a gangster who recruits a young friend as his sidekick and the two embark on criminal hi-jinx that get more and more serious until someone ends up dead. From Goodfellas to The Wooden Camera, Godforsaken does not quite distinguish itself. It does, however, feature some fantastic imagery and gives hope that come spring, TLA will kick back into gear and the festival dedicated to world cinema will once again be fantastic.

-Mike Lerman

Napoleon Dynamite

by farihah zaman

This film received a lot of hype thanks to suspense-inducing mercials that revealed nothing of its actual storyline, well organized promotion screenings that gave out various t-shirts, "My lips hurt real bad" chapstick and other goodies, and the fact that it was made by an almost entirely Mormon cast and crew. That's right, this summer's comedic cult classic was the work of a Mormon film community who wanted to show that they could make a more or less mainstream film that was in accordance with their religious ethics yet did not revolve around them.

Napoleon, full name Napoleon Dynamite, is an awkward Idahoan teen trying to work through the trials and tribulations of friends, family, and unpopularity. What makes him spe-

cial, among other things – such as his made-up numchuck skills and drawings of mustachioed girls and creatures such as Ligers - is his near obliviousness to the sad and normally angst-inducing situations that surround him. What might be considered his deeper problems in a heavier movie, such as poverty and a dysfunctional family, are brushed off as mostly unimportant, secondary to the management of his everyday life.

In fact, it is the inde-



scribably quirky energy of the characters that make this film rather than its plot, which is fairly bare. They are all strange in a way that, when you think about it, isn't so strange after all. Just strange enough to make them real and true and unique. And absolutely hilarious. Sure, there are some cheap gags based on characters' inherent dorkiness or peculiarity. Yet somehow, with all the filmic oddball funmaking going on, the product is something sweet and warm.

While this may not be

table comedy out there, which is what some critics are touting it to be, it is nevertheless a grand but quiet surprise in the world of mainstream cinema, and should really be appreciated as such. It is refreshing to see a film whose feeling is more lasting than any of its jokes or gimmicks, regardless of how funny they are, and whose awkward moments are so accurate that they force you to remember once painful memories in the harsh but loving light of retrospect.

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do you miss cheap soda on campus? concerned students contact the student life committee.

> jon ames, chair ja332@bard.edu

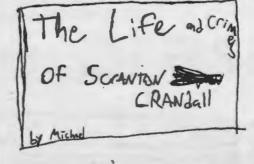
SMOG is that garage to the side of the soccer field, with the gasmask sign and pink light, just down the road from the Woods photo studio. See our article on Student Space regarding its function.

The new Student Autonomous Space,

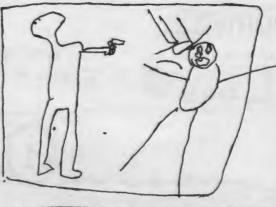
new home of the Root Cellar and SAC, can be found in the basement of McVickar, at the end of Stone Row by Ludlow, and even closer to Preston. Public Access is via the old Henderson courtyard.

There's a graveyard located on a sort of direct line between Botstein's house and Hirsh/
Trembley. To pay respects and/or wax poetic, go behind the library, but stay to the right of the Kappa Path, up a bit of a hill and through a bit of a parking lot.

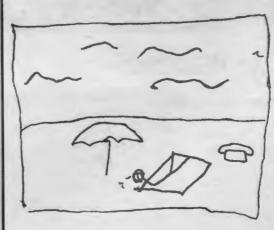


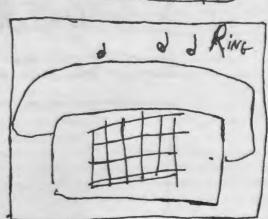


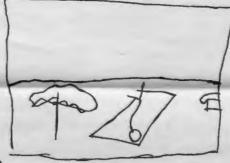






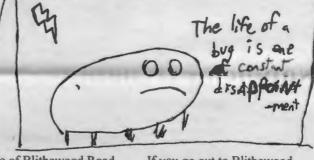






Every Wednesday night, there are kids playing four-square.
The Old Gym used to provide regular space, and DJ battles as backdrop, but for now, or until further notice, games will be held in the parking lot of Ludlow or the MPR

The Community Garden is just behind Tewksbury, on the left



hand side of Blithewood Road. It's open to anyone who wants to help, maintained by volunteers and work-study students. They grow food and flowers, crops dependent on the season and group consensus. If you're interested, I think you're supposed to talk to Paul Marienthal at the TLS office.

If you go out to Blithewood, and cross to the far side of the big field, and just keep going towards the spot sort of to the right that just keeps extending, you'll eventually find a nice path that's not too long, and leads to a big rock, a cliff overlooking the water. Just be careful, which should go without saying.

A Note

from the free press staff

What happened to the Adirondack machines? Pepsi bought us out, and along with Cokemachine replacement, the company demanded control of all campus vending machines, even the nonbeverage ones. Hence, out went Adirondack. Not only were the softdrink flavors of choice quality (rootbeer, ginger ale, cream soda, black cherry, etc.), but Adirondack is cheap. fifty cents! You'd think it was 1995 again. fuck all this \$1.00 a can bullshit. BRING BACK ADIRONDACK.



ramble with me

12-2AM tuesday night wxbc.bard.edu rambling with abe music of all types culinary corner with Paul fun love class glamour tune in turn on drop up

comics.

