

3-18-2005

Bard Free Press, Vol. 6, No. 6 (March 18, 2005)

Bard College

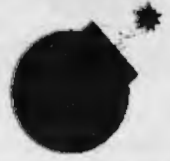
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Budget Forum Forum: Next Time, Show Up

by owen conlow

Wednesday the 16th, a baker's dozen people crammed into the Kline committee room to discuss questions that had been raised about how effective budget forum is. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the committee room, that sentence was a joke, meant to highlight the ridiculously small crowd that turned out for this forum; wicked props to WXBC for bringing half of those people. Anyway, several topics were discussed, but no final decisions were made (even if they had been, we didn't have enough people to vote on any amendments, so you should show up next time). Major problems needed to be addressed. One is that clubs don't receive funding until 2 – 3 weeks into the semester, making it hard to plan events for early in the semester, causing student disillusionment to set in far earlier than it should. Bethany Nohlgren had suggested the idea of allotting certain portions of the budget to different 'genres' of clubs, and then letting them duke it out among themselves for who gets how much. For example, publications or media clubs such as the Observer, the Free Press, WXBC, and maybe smaller publications like the Moderator and Verse Noire would all share a set amount. After some discussion, and without blaming Bethany, the groups that were present seemed to be in consensus that this idea would make budget distribution even more difficult and add even more hard feelings to the already devastating process by which clubs get money. A potential amendment was proposed

to allow well-established clubs that had received a large sum for several consecutive years to have access to portions of their budgets early on so that they could start planning events earlier. This idea was not finalized, but potential amendments will be proposed at a follow-up forum.

Another suggestion was made to try to make the forum a little smoother by publishing a list beforehand of all the proposed amendments, hostile and friendly. This way clubs could prepare more effective defenses, rather than being thrown on the spot, and others could look at an overview of the whole process before it happens, so that they could choose how they wanted to vote in a more planned out way (on behalf of the emergency fund). The Planning Committee members raised a very important point about this method; though potentially helpful for those genuinely interested, it would probably cause a good deal of people to skip the forum all together, because they would know beforehand that their club wasn't under attack, and would therefore not attend. This raised the question of whether or not it was important to have a large attendance, and although having so many rowdy people in one place is obviously a little unmanageable, most people agreed that high attendance was in everyone's best interest. The idea of a pre-published amendment list is still kicking around, as are most of the proposed ideas, but another forum to pursue these ideas is *continued on page 3*

Back Up The Attack, The Occupation of Iraq is Whack

by amy mackay

A lot has changed in the two years that have passed since the U.S. first began bombing Iraq on March 19th 2003. What for many Iraqis seemed like a hopeful beginning to an era of democracy and stability has progressed into hellish conditions of perpetual terror, kidnapping and destruction. Saddam's dictatorship may have ended, but the culture of paranoia and fear imbedded throughout his legacy still remains. The country is suffering through a perpetual crisis of electricity and water shortages. Power outages have grown increasingly more frequent, despite promises by the U.S. What's most outrageous is the continual oil shortages in Iraq. Instead of using its own extensive resources, the country is importing Haliburton oil from bordering countries Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. In addition to losing control of its oil resources, as part of sweeping "economic restructuring" implemented by the Bush Administration, Iraqi farmers will no longer be permitted to save their seeds, which include seeds the Iraqis themselves have developed over hundreds of years, forced instead to buy seeds from US corporations.

Of course these are minute problems amidst the terror and violence characteristic to the U.S. occupation. Iraqi civilians are under the frequent terror of the U.S. presence, which manifests in: -"Safety check points", (based on an Israeli model) where anyone driving at a moderate or fast pace could be potentially shot at. Journalist Annia Ciezadalo describes the experience: "You're driving along and you see a couple of soldiers standing by the side of the



road – but that's a pretty ubiquitous sight in Baghdad, so you don't think anything of it. Next thing you know, soldiers are screaming at you, pointing their rifles and swiveling tank guns in your direction, and you didn't even know it was a checkpoint. If it's confusing for me – and I'm an American – what is it like for Iraqis who don't speak English?"

-House raids and kidnappings without explanation. In the summer of 2003, Major Gen. Walter Wodjakowski, then the second most senior army general in Iraq, reported that he would not release any prisoners, even if they were innocent. "I don't care if we're holding 15,000 innocent civilians," Major Gen Wodjakowski told her. "We're winning the war."

-Harsh and often deadly prison conditions, where instances of torture and rape have been reported. Despite frequent denials by Bush and his associates, sources have reported prisoners as young as 11 in Abu Ghraib who have been ripped from their parents.

Despite reports from the mainstream media, in actuality the U.S. is gradually losing less and less control of the country.

This parallels a widespread loss of support for the war by both the American and international community. As recent polls show 59 percent of Americans are in favor of withdrawing troops from Iraq. The task for the peace movement in its upcoming protests is speaking to these concerns as it mobilizes untapped public sentiment against the occupation.

March 19th marks the two-year anniversary of the U.S. bombing and invasion of Iraq. At least 583 towns and cities, in all 50 states – an unprecedented number – are holding anti-war events, in a reflection of the growing breadth of the anti-war movement. Bard will mobilize to events happening in both New York and New Paltz, with transportation provided by the Student Action Collective. It is time, more than ever, for us to unify in opposition to these injustices perpetuated in our name. Hope to see you there.

(For an extensive list of alternative news resources on the Iraq war and other current social issues go to the website: <http://www.pitt.edu/~ttwiss/irtf/iraq.html>)

Slavery in Niger, Slavery in the United States

by brenden beck

Human Rights groups make advance in United States, lose ground in Niger

A ceremony in Niger commemorating the release of some 7,000 slaves was cancelled Saturday, after the government announced that there was no slavery in Niger. The event was to be co-sponsored by two anti-slavery groups, the government of Niger, and the master of the 7,000 slaves, Chief Arissal Ag Amdague. The 7,000 remain enslaved today.

Chief Arissal backed out of the ceremony after a government delegation touring his fiefdom threatened him with prosecution if he went through with the mass release. The government did so in an apparent attempt to curb the attention such a massive release would draw to Niger's indentured servitude problems. In a characteristically confusing and contradictory move, President Mamadou Tandja's government announced Saturday that there was no slavery in Niger. Anti-Slavery International, the worlds oldest human rights group estimates there are 43,000 slaves in Niger.

Slavery has been illegal in Niger

since their 1960 independence from France, but the constitution held no penalties or enforcement provisions until 2003. The government has yet to effectively enforce the recent ban.

Relying on isolation and a body of slaves unaware of their rights, the slavery prevalent throughout Niger and neighboring Chad, Mali, Sudan, and Mauritania is the most blatant form of indentured servitude in the world today. Bonded labor is also particularly prevalent in Nepal, India, and Pakistan, where poor men and women can spend a lifetime working off the "interest" on a small loan under repressive conditions. The CIA estimates the number of slaves in the United States at 50,000. Chinese, Vietnamese, Mexican, and other workers labor against their will in the sex trade, domestic service, farms, and sweatshops.

Slavery, often associated with the now abolished Atlantic slave trade, exists today in astounding numbers. So much so that the United Nations named 2004 "The International Year to Commemorate the

Struggle against Slavery and its Abolition." Anti-slavery activists in the United States were encouraged by the prospects of



'non-existent' slaves in Niger waiting to be freed

curbing American slavery after a historic move by Yum! Corporation, the Taco Bell/KFC parent company. Yum! Corp. agreed to the demands of the Coalition of Immokalee

Workers, a migrant labor advocacy group based in Florida that had spearheaded a three year campaign to boycott Taco Bell. In a call aimed at improving the slave-like conditions of migrant tomato pickers (especially in Florida), the CIW called for Taco Bell to pay \$0.01 more per bushel of tomatoes they buy, and Taco Bell has agreed. Yum! Corp. and the CIW will be working together to ensure the money will be passed on to the tomato pickers.

Dozens of Bard Students had worked on the Taco Bell Boycott Campaign with Bard's Migrant Labor Project. Members arranged and attended protests, letter writing and informational campaigns, and worked in Florida with the CIW.

Interesting News Findings This Week

written and compiled by kate crockford

White House to Agencies: Ignore GAO's Ruling On "Illegal" TV News Releases

The White House, intent on continuing to crank out "video news releases" that look like television news stories, has told government agency heads to ignore a Government Accountability Office memo criticizing the practice as illegal propaganda. In a memo on Friday, Joshua Bolten, director of the Office of Management and Budget, said the lawyers the White House depends on disagree with the GAO's conclusions. Comptroller General David Walker of the GAO said Monday that his agency is "disappointed by the administration's actions" in telling agency heads to ignore the GAO, the investigative arm of Congress. "This is not just a legal issue, it's also an ethical matter," Walker said. "The taxpayers have a right to know when the government is trying to influence them with their own money." (Courtesy of Cox News Service)

Young Black Americans Rejecting the Military

According to a recent St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* article, young African-American students are developing a healthy fear of military service. While Black people constitute only about 12% of the country's total population, they represent 25% of Americans in uniform. This highly oppressed community of Americans has been disproportionately targeted for military service; 'benefits' like immediate bonuses, consistent employment and educational opportunities are used by recruiters as tools to entice these young people to fight "its imperialist wars." Since the beginning of the so-called "War on Terror," however, more and more young Black and Latino people have been rejecting the notion that they should die in these imperial wars. According to the *Post-Dispatch* article, recruitment has dropped sharply among this demographic, from about 23% success to 13% between 2000 and the present.

Computers of the Genova Legal Forum Seized By Police

Two computers of the Genova Legal forum were seized by police today, outside the Genova Court. The computers were being used by two consultants of the Genova Legal Forum, who are supporting the lawyers working on Genova G-8 trials. The event happened at the end of a trial against two activists previously charged with armed robbery during an action against a group of fascists who had provoked a group of people on a train on their way to an anti-fascist demonstration. The seizure is related to a charge of slander presented by Anna Canepa and Andrea Canciani, the public prosecutor of the trial against 25 activists charged for devastation and sacks during the G8 of July 2001. (Courtesy of Indymedia.org)

Rachel Corrie's Family Sues Caterpillar and State of Israel

March 16, 2005 is the second anniversary of the death of Rachel Corrie - the American peace activist killed by an Israeli military bulldozer when she attempted to block the demolition of a Palestinian home in Gaza. Her family is currently suing the State of Israel and Caterpillar - the U.S. firm that manufactured the bulldozer that crushed her. In an interview with Amy Goodman of Pacifica Radio's DemocracyNow!, Rachel's sister described their

reasoning behind suing both Israel and Caterpillar: "...we did file a suit first in Israel and, of course, we were advised to do that by the then Chief of Staff to the Secretary of State, who said that the State Department could not help us in trying to find out what happened to Rachel and that we would have to sue in Israel. Of course, we worked for two years to have [the US] government take responsibility for finding out what happened and, of course, the Israeli government has ultimate responsibility for telling us how they happened to kill Rachel. Two years did not get any help in that. We found out recently that, of course, the F.B.I. would have to do an investigation in the United States. We found out recently that the F.B.I. doesn't even have a file on Rachel. She doesn't exist in their system. So we had to do something ourself."

Over 5,500 American Soldiers Desert Army in Opposition to War on Iraq

According to a recent article in Harper's magazine, over 5,500 American soldiers have deserted the army to avoid service in Iraq and Afghanistan since the attacks in New York and Washington in the fall of 2001. Kathy Dobie, the author of the Harper's story, decided to write it after seeing two news clips about soldiers deserting. In an interview on DemocracyNow!, she told Amy Goodman the following about those stories: "[the first story was] about a 21-year-old actually crawling through a window of a house, being stopped by the cops, and when they found out that it was the window of his own house, they also found out that he had deserted from the army. And the second story was a 17-year-old who had had a car accident in a small town in Massachusetts, and the police showed up. They ran his driver's license and found out he had deserted from basic training in Fort Benning." Dobie reported that one of these recruits lied to the military after his capture, telling them he was gay. When this failed he left for Germany and is currently doing anti-war work there while hiding from US authorities.

Apple steals iTunes customers' paid-for rights to stream

Apple can take away rights that you had when you bought your music. If you bought music from Apple a month ago, you recieved the right to stream it to anyone on your local network. If you had the hot track that your whole dorm coveted, they could all stream the music from your computer to theirs and give a listen. But once you install the new iTunes 4.7.1 "update" (more accurate to call it a "downgrade") you lose that ability. Without telling anyone, Apple has stolen some of the rights you paid for when you bought your iTunes music, by adding limits to the number of people you can stream your music to in a 24 hour period. Imagine if your boombox refused to switch itself on if too many people were in the room -- the 21st Century equivalent of gathering in one room to listen to music is gathering on one network to do so, and Apple has just appointed itself the absolute, ruler of the size of the social group that you're allowed to stream iTunes music to. (Courtesy of boingboing.net)

Israeli paramedic arrested for giving Palestinian detainees sweets and fruits

Israeli soldiers arrested an Israeli paramedic after he distributed fruits and sweets to several detainees in an Israeli prison; the medic was punished by seven days imprisonment and will be transferred to another prison. The Israeli online daily Yedioth Ahronoth reported that Israeli security rejected a request by the paramedic to be transferred to a jail where fewer restrictions are imposed on the detainees. An Israeli movement known as "Breaking the Silence" said that this event is an example on the conditions of some Israeli soldiers forced into military service. The movement revealed that it has several members who are serving in the army, and that it has conducted several activities lately, including a gallery revealing the bad treatment and abuse soldiers are conducting in Hebron. An Israeli military spokesman said that "the medic violated clear order which forbid any unofficial relation with the detainees". (Courtesy of the International Middle East Media Centre, imemc.org)

Sonoluminescence Blows Physicists' Minds

by tim donovan

squares deeply freaked

Sonoluminescence, or the phenomenon of sound creating light, has reached a new milestone. When high frequency sound waves are blasted into a container of water, the water forms bubbles and gives off sparks of eerie light. Physics major Jon Myers is "blown away" at this development. In a new innovation, physicists are using infrared scanning to determine that the temperature inside of a single bubble reaches about 15,000°C (four times hotter than our sun). Some physicists claim that the temperatures may actually be



in the millions of degrees range, as Bard's own Matthew Deady totally said during an Acoustics class. Professor Bob Bielecki, upon hearing this, related a story about his friend trying to recreate the phenomenon on a \$50 budget, and it worked kind of well. Trip on this, trippers.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!

The Bard Free Press was first printed 5 years ago this week. ALSO HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO: Arielle Jesse Timothy Desiree Anya Thomas Gordon Rachel Colin Sarah Shan Gregory Julia Marten Ethan Nils Kevin Jeffery Abigail Joao Andrew Timothy Lily Seta Sharini Julie Daniel Peter Caroline Grace Dylan Susannah Andras Anesa Alexander Rachel Nicole Lola Sasha Clara Lee Brian John Trillian Pedro Meher Roger Jesse Blake Nikkya Jonathan Cydney Kendra Genya

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The Free Press advertises worthy causes at no cost, and will not accept payment.

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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Four news stories loosely concerning judging

a quad city newsbite from our man on the street, zak kitnick

Bush, "I Love Black Gold Dick, So Don't You Judge Me"

In a true display of "the tyranny of the majority," Senate approved drilling for oil in the Arctic Wildlife Refuge in a 51 to 49 vote. Senate also added a drilling provision in the 2006 budget which prohibits opponents from using a filibuster in an attempt to block the provision. This is a major victory for President Bush and the oil companies and an overwhelming defeat for man and animal alike.

Bush praised the provision as a "project [that] will keep our economy growing by creating jobs and ensuring that businesses can expand... And it will make America less dependent on foreign sources of energy, eventually by up to a million barrels of oil a day."

Even Eisenhower had the foresight to declare 8.9 million acres of Northeastern Alaska protected wildlife in 1960 and Congress expanded the refuge to 19 million acres in 1980. In 1995 Congress authorized drilling, but Clinton vetoed it. It has gone back and forth until Republicans gained 3 seats and the majority with 55 seats.

Now conservatives are willing to sacrifice a unique bio-region to "keep our economy growing." One gets the feeling that if these people had their way, Central Park would be paved with offices.

Fact is that the web of pipelines, platforms and roads will have a negative impact on the birds and caribou that use the land. John Kerry and other democrats that oppose the drilling have stressed that conservation efforts would save more energy than the drilling would produce.

But there are a lot of crazy people who want oil.

Murkowski, a supporter of drilling said, "It's a fragile environment."

Sen. Pete Domenici, R-N.M., chairman of the Energy and Natural Resources Committee said, "Some people say we ought to conserve more. They say we ought to conserve instead of producing this oil. But we need to do everything."

Sen. Ted Stevens calls drilling for oil a matter of "national security."



Summers, "I'm Confident, So Don't You Judge Me"

Harvard is even worse than Bard! If you are scared to ask a thought-provoking question, or even write an informative news article about meth because Bard is a police state, take a moment and think about how Lawrence Summers feels.

On March 15, 2005 the Faculty of Arts and Sciences passed a "lack of confidence" motion after the president of Harvard's controversial, misunderstood, and largely blown-out-of-proportion comments on women in the sciences.

The motion, which was introduced by J. Lorand Matory, a professor of Anthropology and African-American studies, received a 218-185 vote in support. Thankfully for Summers, he has the support of the Harvard Corporation, who are the ones that really call the shots.

All the "lack of confidence" vote means for now is that there is no clear end in sight to the hounding that has made Summers' seat as the head of a Harvard a little less than comfortable. The scandal has also kept Summers from his self-declared agenda to "remake the university."

To call that, "There is no noble alternative to resignation," Summers has responded with such humble statements as, "I have tried these last couple months to listen to all that has been said, to learn from it, and to move forward, and that's what I am going to do." The president has also established a group of faculty to address women in the sciences and another group to specifically address issues concerning female faculty at Harvard; a real action that should have taken off some heat, but didn't.

One would think that simply reading the transcript would clear up any confusion: "So my best guess, to provoke you, of what's behind all this is that the largest phenomenon, by far, is the general clash between people's legitimate family desires and employers' current desire for high power and high intensity."

Summers used the word 'guessing' to provoke conversation and thought.

So there's your sexist and racist and anti-Semite.

This is the first "lack of confidence" motion by faculty in the 400 years of Harvard. The only similar action was a "lack of confidence" motion in against 1969 Harvard president Nathan Marsh Pusey, which was passed by students, not faculty.

SAT Takers, "My Essay is Brilliant, So Don't You Judge Me"

I forget. Did we have to write an essay for the old SAT? I think we did because I have some recollection of being asked to elaborate on the saying, "You play with fire, you get burned." I think I wrote about the really sweet Pulp Fiction poster over my bed with the same quotation, or maybe I wrote about "The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano, or Gustavus Vassa, The African, Written by Himself." I forget.

Either way, the new SAT definitely includes an essay. They added grammar and reading questions and eliminated vocabulary analogies and quantitative comparisons. The new test is 2400 points instead of 1600, (getting a 1600 isn't anything to brag about anymore) and 45 minutes longer, making the test slightly less than 4 hours long.

Nearly 4 hours of test taking might seem like a long time, but with the new engaging essay questions, you really want to take a moment and answer from the heart. East coast test-takers were asked to take a stance on whether majority is a good way for groups to make decisions; those who had done the ropes courses at their schools snickered knowing what the correct answer was. West coast test-takers were asked whether or not creativity has a role in the contemporary world; there were supposedly recruiting tents outside with cult leaders and corporate bosses offering "opportunities" to those who answered no.

Some high school students celebrated after the SAT by going to some high school parties, at which there were no chaperones, but Dylan Ottman didn't feel like getting wasted. She showed up at her testing center in Westboro, Massachusetts on the day of the test to find out it was postponed because of weather conditions. What is the make up date? It's April 2nd, her birthday.



NMT, "Scientists Make Me Horny, So Don't You Judge Me"

In a cheery display of solidarity with Bard students, President Bush awarded the nation's top technology award to the inventors of the catalytic converter. These three sons of mother earth, Ronald Lewis, Irwin Lachman, and Rodney Bagley, invented the converter 30 years ago and have saved an estimated 3 billion tons of toxic pollutants from entering the air we breathe.

Rodney Bagley, now retired, said at the event, "People don't realize how bad it was when millions of cars were spewing out deadly fumes. Many of the cities were almost unbreathable."

To this day, the catalytic converter retains the aura of being a "miracle invention." Who knows how this thing works? It is the size of a soda can. It has a honey-comb interior. It has paper-thin walls coated with precious metals. It's made of clay, talc, and aluminum oxide. And it transforms harmful automotive gasses into water vapor, nitrogen, and carbon dioxide. Sounds like cold fusion to me.

In 1975 the first catalytic converter was placed in production cars, and today 95 percent of cars utilize this miracle of science - still, not all vehicles contain the converter. By 2007 all new diesel vehicles will be installed with this miracle device; a modern miracle of science that deserves the National Medal of Technology.

continued from page 1

tatively scheduled for sometime in the weeks following spring break.

The question of moral conduct also came up, and we reminisced for a few minutes about the 'apartheid-style wall!' remark, but really I don't think we came top any final conclusions about anything. What it really boils down to is that you shouldn't be a racist, homophobe, sexist, etc., and if you are, just keep your mouth shut during budget forum please. But rapping is cool. We also talked about other shit like restructuring the layout of the microphones and for committee members to perhaps encourage a tamer form of debate. Again, that's still kicking around. Adam Baz, Secretary of the Planning Committee brought up the fact that he has a VIP microphone.

Most of us were pretty jealous, but I think we contained it for the most part. The last point was the concern over the lack of interest that students have for getting involved in a relatively important process, like budget allotment and the forums that surround it. Better advertising was suggested to remedy this problem, but really you can fix

the problem by just showing up for the next forum (about budget forum). It takes about a half an hour, and the Committee is open

to suggestions for amendments; even if they weren't, you could still propose them. But seriously, if you are one of those people who

bitches about budget allotment, or 'the shit that goes on at Bard,' just quit your hoein' and show up.

SHOWS THIS WEEKEND !!!

FRIDAY
 ↳ The PACEMAKER
 TAN LINES LUNGS
 HORROR TELEPATHY
 + CAROLINE
 BARD AWESOMENESS!
 ↳ SMOG @ 8

SATURDAY
 ↳ The PACK
 Five Limbs
 Press Gang
 Negative Sleep Machine
 BARD NEWCOMERS
 AND SEUMBAGS!
 ↳ SMOG @ 10

SUNDAY
 ↳ TO WHAT END?
 DUCKDUCK BLOOD!
 RED WALL
 PINKO & THE ACTION BOYS
 SWEDISH PUNKS!
 AND BARD PUNKS!
 ↳ SMOG @ 9

MONDAY too!
 XIU XIU
 TAN LINES
 SO FAMOUS, SO GOOD, SO MPR!
 MPR

We can't be all bad

by amnon herman

Israel outside of the headlines...

You know, sometimes it is very difficult to be an Israeli student at Bard College. Reading articles that delegitimize my country's existence, by an American student who has developed an obsession for my country, is not a pleasant experience, especially in times where hope for peace is returning to the Middle-East. Trying to explain to people that Israel is really a wonderful place usually results in a political discussion, where I find myself, again, defending my country's policies. With a group of people like Kate Crockford and her "humanist" friends, who are constantly demonizing my

country and my people, I am used to hearing the old clichés about how bad we Israelis are. I have never liked to defend my country's policies, because I truly believe that we are above getting into useless arguments about who and what is right and wrong. And for those of you that wonder – yes, I fully support my country's actions and my country's leadership in the past four years. So instead of arguing I want to bring a few facts (not political, for a change), that you will never read in Kate Crockford's articles, about the place that I was born and raised in:

Israel, the 100th smallest country, with less than 1/1000th of the world's population, can lay claim to the following:

The cell phone was developed in Israel by Israelis working in the Israeli branch of Motorola, which has its largest development center in Israel.

The Pentium microprocessor in your computer was most likely made in Israel.

Voice mail technology was developed in Israel.

The technology for the AOL Instant Messenger ICQ was developed in 1996 by four young Israelis.

Israel has the fourth largest air force in the world (after the U.S., Russia and China). In addition to a large variety of other aircraft, Israel's air force has an aerial arsenal of over 250 F-16's. This is the largest fleet of F-16 aircraft outside of the US.

According to industry officials, Israel designed the airline industry's most impenetrable flight security. U. S. officials now look to Israel for advice on how to handle airborne security threats.

Israel's \$100 billion economy is larger than all of its immediate neighbors combined (Egypt, Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon)

Israel has the highest percentage in the world of home computers per capita.

Israel has the highest ratio of university degrees to the population in the world.

Israel produces more scientific papers per capita than any other nation by a large margin - 109 per 10,000 people -- as well as one of the highest per capita rates of patents filed.

In proportion to its population, Israel has the largest number of startup companies in the world. In absolute terms, Israel has the largest number of startup companies than any other country in the world, except the US (3,500 companies mostly in hi-tech)

Outside the United States and Canada, Israel has the largest number of NASDAQ listed companies.

Israel has the highest average living standards in the Middle East. The per capita income in 2000 was over \$17,500, exceeding that of the UK. (Well, you know what happened in the past 4 years.)

Twenty-four percent of Israel's workforce holds university degrees -- ranking third in the industrialized world, after the United States and Holland - and 12 per cent hold advanced degrees.

Israel is the only liberal democracy in the Middle East.

In 1984 and 1991, Israel airlifted a total of 22,000 Ethiopian Jews at risk in Ethiopia to safety in Israel.

When Golda Meir was elected Prime Minister of Israel in 1969, she became the world's second elected female leader in modern times.

When the U. S. Embassy in Nairobi, Kenya was bombed in 1998, Israeli rescue teams were on the scene within a day -- and saved three victims from the rubble.

In the last tsunami disaster in Asia, it was the Israelis who immediately jumped into gear when word of the disaster reached the world's press. They allocated hundreds of thousands of dollars the first day and were boarding their planes with 150 doctors and rescue staff, medicine, aircraft and equipment to Sri Lanka on Tuesday after the tsunamis hit on Sunday. The Israeli government has sent more than 82 tons of aid in her first shipment, including medicine, water, food, blankets and generators.

Israel has the third highest rate of entrepreneurship -- and the highest rate among women and among people over 55 - in the world.

Relative to its population, Israel is the largest immigrant-absorbing nation on earth. Immigrants come in search of democracy, religious, freedom, and economic opportunity.

Israel was the first nation in the world to adopt the Kimberly process, an international standard that certifies diamonds as "conflict free."

Israel has the world's second highest per capita of new books.

Israel is the only country in the world that entered the 21st century with a net gain in its number of trees, made more remarkable because this was achieved in an area considered mainly desert.

Israel has more museums per capita than any other country.

Israeli scientists developed the first fully computerized, no-radiation, diagnostic instrumentation for breast cancer.

An Israeli company developed a computerized system for ensuring proper administration of medications, thus removing human error in medical treatment.

Israel's Givun imaging developed the first ingestible video camera, so small it fits inside a pill. Used to view the small intestine from the inside, the camera helps doctors diagnose cancer and digestive disorders.

An Israeli company has developed a simple blood test that distinguishes between mild and more severe cases of Multiple Sclerosis.

Two Israelis received the 2004 Nobel Prize in Chemistry. Doctors Ciechanover and Hershko's research and discovery of one of the human cell's important cyclical processes that will hopefully lead the way to DNA repair, control of newly produced proteins, and immune defense systems.

The Movement Disorder Surgery program at Israel's Hadassah Medical Center has successfully eliminated the physical manifestations of Parkinson's disease in a select group of patients with a deep brain stimulation technique.

Israel leads the world in the number of scientists and technicians in the workforce, with 145 per 10,000, as opposed to 85 in the U.S.; just over 70 in Japan, and less than 60 in Germany. With over 25% of its work force employed in technical professions, Israel places first in this category as well.

An Israeli company was the first to develop and install a large-scale solar-powered and fully functional electricity generating plant, in southern California's Mojave Desert.

*Comments and responses
are welcome at
freepress@bard.edu*

Welcome Back...But What about B.R.A.V.E.?

by dylan flynn and lauryn peterson

B.R.A.V.E. (Bard's Response to Rape and Associated Violence Education) would like to extend a warm March welcome to all students, faculty & staff, and a heartfelt thank you for the help received last semester in an effort to ensure the future of the program.

At this point in time, B.R.A.V.E. is up and running. Counselors are on-call 24/7, ready to listen to and help those who wish to speak to someone. B.R.A.V.E. recently obtained a new beeper number and protocol; those who wish to get in contact with a counselor should do so through security (x7777). (Note: If you are calling security about speaking to a B.R.A.V.E. counselor, you will NOT be asked to identify yourself.)

B.R.A.V.E. is currently in the process of finding and hiring a new director. The position includes working 25 hours a week with B.R.A.V.E., as well as 15 hours a week with graduate students and the overflow from Counseling Services. There have been many applicants, and a final decision will most likely be made in the next couple of weeks.

Currently B.R.A.V.E. is operating under the on-call supervision of a local trauma specialist named Rebecca Stacy. Lauryn Peterson recently graduated and has been hired to temporarily help aid the transition into a new directorship as an Administrative Assistant. Sara Clarke will continue to help B.R.A.V.E. function as Program Assistant.

The week-long annual January B.R.A.V.E. training was provided by B.R.A.V.E. members with the help of Counseling Services, Bard Administration and Staff members, and guest speakers, including our former program director Peri Rainbow, private practitioner John Crowe, Barbara Schatz from Grace Smith House, and Erin Ptak of the S.A.F.E. unit (Sexual Assault Forensic Examiner). This training was led by B.R.A.V.E. members Sara Clarke, J. P. Lor, Imogen Minton, Lauryn Peterson, and Lara Spade. It provided a unique and wonderful opportunity for B.R.A.V.E. to get to work with and get to know Beverly Bellinger and Nancy Kantor, who stepped in graciously to offer their skills, insight, and support. Trainee participants were Beverley Annan, Dylan Flynn, Melissa Herazo, Nicole Rhodes, and Benjamin Stevens.

Our new Counseling Co-Chair Lara Spade has been working hard to organize beeper shifts and office hours as new counselors continue to work with B.R.A.V.E. mentors in role-plays for training before taking beeper shifts. We are happy to announce that we will be offering our first ever summer training for those of you who couldn't make it to our intensive January training.

Our Education Co-chair J. P. Lor is busy setting up and delegating projects such as informational tabling, the B.R.A.V.E. movie series, the Clothesline Project in April, updated pamphlets, a website, summer internships, and a Classroom Awareness campaign.

B.R.A.V.E. would like to welcome its four new members, including the first faculty member to ever join the group: Professor Ben Stevens. Ben hopes to create a bridge between B.R.A.V.E. and all faculty members.

Our new Outreach Co-chairs Imogen Minton and Nicole Rhodes have a lot on their plates with the organization and delegation of Bard's second year participation in Operation Freefall, a "two-mile high stand against sexual assault," in which six members of the Bard community can be sponsored to sky-dive by B.R.A.V.E. We are also excited to support a self-defense workshop with our new member Ben Stevens and the multimedia performance coming to campus entitled, "A Long Walk Home." B.R.A.V.E. has been brainstorming ways to improve the Outreach project of B.R.A.V.E. Scouts along with Dylan Flynn, our appreciated liaison to the "scout" volunteers and greater Bard community.

thebardfreepress.vol6.issue6

The current slate at the Whitney

a floor-by-floor review by zak kitnick

James Lee Byars

The James Lee Byars show was certainly underwhelming. Mystic, or Minimalist?



Cy Twombly

I was amazed to learn that Twombly was a cryptographer in the army for a short time. His non-referential abstract works at times seem to reference the gestures of their creation and at other times are attempts to express language. And the non-contextual 'legible' numbers that appear in some works are as abstract as his scribbles.

Although Twombly was creating these innovative works in the late twenties, there exists an element of immaturity in his work. The paintings that resemble blackboards are reminiscent of a child writing, "I will not speak profanity" for the hundredth time. The medium of crayon exists more in the realm of elementary school coloring books than it does in 'high-art' and Twombly's obsessive reference to sexual imagery do seem slightly juvenile after time.



Ellen Gallagher

Ellen Gallagher seems to borrow imagery from beauty magazines, barber shops, and other aspects of black culture. Gallagher's selection process is a secondary selection from images of black women who had initially been chosen to display what were considered ideal physical attributes. The artist then manipulates the hair and eyes of these women with metallic material and yellow clay that removes the last bit of individuality while seemingly sarcastically attempting to 'improve' them. Although she is taking 'mug shots' and removing all identifiable qualities, one gets the sense that Gallagher is trying to protect her subjects rather than act aggressively towards them. Only by covering their eyes in foil to reflect the viewers' eyes and disguising them with "blond" wigs can Gallagher then put her handmade paper works on display.



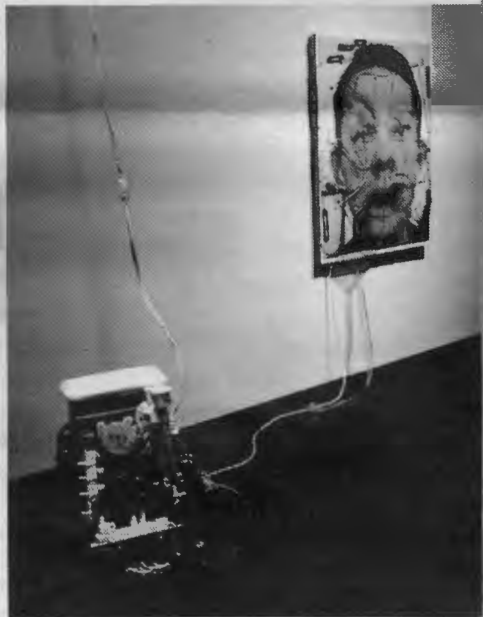
Tim Hawkinson

At the entrance to the Hawkinson exhibition are several primitive-looking figures attached to a tubular music-making-machine. Like an Aztec pyramid or a topographic map, the figures have been fabricated by a building up of slabs. Perhaps most interesting about this piece are not the inner mechanics, but its superficial organic appearance. The sculpture initially convinces the viewer that it is made of wood and clay, yet a deeper look reveals that it is actually Styrofoam and tubes that have been painted to disguise the medium.

Hawkinson seems to have a generally confused relationship to the mediums in which he works. Some pieces are high-tech with light sensors and computer chips; others are low-tech and made of cut plastic bottles, while his paintings don't seem to have anything to do with either. Hawkinson surely has a mass-appeal that makes the visiting elementary-school kids ooh and ahh, and the New York collectors nod. Perhaps the reason behind the paintings is to diffuse the almost overpowering 'gee-whiz' science museum atmosphere that so many Hawkinsons in one place creates. (For example, eliminating the anatomical skeleton made of dog chews might have the same effect as the presence of the paintings.)

The viewer is attracted to the skillfully crafted, "how'd he do that" and "he's so obsessive" type pieces. Because of the nature of the work and curation, the viewer chooses what he sees. One small room towards the end of the exhibit with half a dozen paintings but no mechanical works sufficed for a quick glance from the viewer on his way to Hawkinson's autograph machine where a dozen other viewers debated whether or not to take one.

I do not know what insights the audio guide offers, but one piece of advice it might offer for several sound-based pieces in this show is, "Take off the audio guide."



Bill Viola

Cheesy camera tricks paid off. I found myself chasing the action from screen to screen, following sounds. Out of Departing Angel, Birth Angel, Fire Angel, Ascending Angel and Creation Angel, Fire was my favorite.



Violence Awareness Exhibition at the Center for Curatorial Studies

by lauren kitz

The CCS is a lot closer than the Whitney

Art's union with social change has in recent history become a provocative, useful, and influential event, and its trajectory through time has been, appropriately enough, well documented through the art itself. "Against Our Will", an exhibition currently on display at Bard's Center for Curatorial Studies, attempts to reiterate this modern trajectory. As part of her M.A. thesis, curator Erin Salazar organized an exhibition that explores art and activism from the 1970s forward which deals with violence against women. Because of its graphic nature, it will run only at CCS and not go on to other spaces like it's cohorts. Salazar modeled the exhibition after Documenta 11, a German forum which occurs approximately every four years and tries to tackle various political and social themes. Following Documenta's multi-medium approach, Salazar has also organized events around the exhibition, including

a rape and warfare panel that she and Bard professor Tom Keenan currently have planned for April.

The multi-media nature of the exhibition itself includes video, slides, text, and photography, most of which are documentation of various performance art pieces that have occurred in the past four decades. Among the most compelling is a short documentary on the 1994 installation "Underground" by Suzanne Lacy and Carol Kumata. The artists, after a year of working with battered women, set up the installation in a Pittsburgh park. They laid out a 180-foot railroad track, inscribed with a poem about domestic abuse, which led to a phone booth. When in the phone booth visitors could talk to the operator, listen to the stories of women who had left abusive situations, or leave their own story. Surrounding the tracks were several beat-up cars representing the various aspects of family violence, inscribed

with statistics like "75% of hostage situations are related to domestic violence" or reported quotes from abusers such as "Do you really want to drag me to court?"

Another particularly powerful part of "Against our Will" is Ana Mendieta's 1973 "Rape Scene", a performance art piece in which she invited her classmates at the University of Iowa to her home, where they found her bent over a table, white panties around her ankles and fake blood dripping down her bare legs. This scene was the re-creation of a local woman's recent rape.

It is in the viewing of works such as these that the exhibition shows signs of being problematic. It cannot be forgotten, and is in fact emphasized by presentation in a gallery space, that these were performance art pieces, meant to be experienced as such. "Underground" was designed as an interactive piece, which viewers went

through and then were encouraged to contribute to. The documentary and accompanying slides are not substitutes for the act of moving through the piece. Mendieta's performance is even more difficult to convey, as it was site-specific; furthermore, its presentation in the gallery consists of an art book with its pages open to photos of the scene, set behind Plexiglas. Most of the pieces in the exhibit have been taken, not only out of their original contexts, but oftentimes put into a medium they were not intended for. A feminist demonstration on the steps of Los Angeles' City Hall is reduced to a series of photographs. Salazar however readily acknowledges such criticism, and replies that the imperative fact is that these are all works that deserve to be viewed and remembered by a contemporary audience: "The work needs to be seen and this is the way to show it."

In this way the exhibition can in and of itself be looked at as a

work of art, as a saturated, concentrated memorial to feminist performance art. As stated in the exhibition's brochure, the idea is to "reiterate a public message for the present" through politics, but also through art. Simply, "Against Our Will" re-appropriates art for a new audience using available means. But this presentation in fact raises more thoughtful issues, such as the staggancy or fluidity of a piece of art, and the question of what is public art and what is personal catharsis? Inevitably these are questions for viewers of the show to tackle. Within the gallery, a new audience has the opportunity to absorb art that may, and this must be the hope of all artists, result in the creation of new performance pieces meant for a contemporary audience, thus beginning the trajectory of art and social change all over again.

"Against Our Will" will be at the CCS through March 20th

The latest updates from the Zine Library

by katie jacoby

Though I would love to update you about zines, I'm thinking I should familiarize ya'll with our collection of rad-ass magazines. On a makeshift shelf devised of concrete blocks and big wooden boards in the Root Cellar awaits whole collections of magazines such as *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*, *Adbusters*, *Roller Derby*, and *HeartattaCk* just for your perusal. Some collections are complete; some need just a few more back issues for completion. Some date back to the 90's, some to the 80's, and some are from this most recent decade. No, I'm not even talking about magazines like *Jane*, *GQ* or *Newsweek* but magazines that advocate something completely different than commercialized news or consumerist beauty tips; the glory of these rad-ass magazines derives from their independence.

Usually independent publications, like independent music, can be trite, cheap and unappealing. But there is something to be said about independent publications crying for public participation. Take *Clamor* magazine for example "Clamor welcomes contributions from writers of all stripes. Whether you're a high school student with a story to tell, or a freelance writer with a scoop you want to pitch, *Clamor* has a space for you." It's true, *Clamor* has published a handful of Bardians' works. *Clamor* has just released its 31st color cover issue for its five-year anniversary celebration. On the cover is my heroine **Amy Goodman** of the syndicated radio program **Democracy Now** (broadcasting on Free Radio Annandale 92.5 FM at 5pm and on WXBC at 11am weekdays). This issue features interviews with **Christian Parenti** and **Randi Rhodes** (the sharp-tongued goddess of Air America Radio), features on defending **WiFi** from corporations, military use of video

games to recruit youth, life in Iraq as told by "A Star in Mosul," the **blog of 16-year-old Najma Abdullah** and more. *Clamor* covers politics, the media, culture, economics, people, sex and gender and publishes perspectives that are typically pushed to the margins or left out of mainstream media entirely.

Speaking of being left out of mainstream media entirely, what about the punks? What about rock'n'roll? *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* reinforces the values of the punk underground by remaining all volunteer run, independent and totally not-for-profit. Though the magazine, or fanzine as they like to describe it, is not that cheap for a newsprint magazine (I suppose it does have tons of pages) they have been putting out consistent punk rock coverage for more than 20 years now.

#262 is for March 2005 and featured in this issue are interviews with rock'n'roll damaged punks **Frantix**, long running DIY champions **Dead Moon**, Spanish hardcore **Kärnvapen Attack**, Portland's first all-girl punk band the **Neo Boys**, New York punks **Wreckage**, Midwestern fuckups the **Catholic Boys**, San Francisco's garage darlings the **Wendy Kroys** and fittingly Sweden's d-beat-with-melody

punks **To What End?** (I will now plug **To What End?** for they are playing in Bard's SMOG on Sunday March 20th with all of your friends' bands).

This month we also received the latest *Slingshot* Radical Newspaper (#85). Have you ever seen kids in your classes pull out pocket-sized organizers and refer to them as their "slingshot"? If not, it's ok. Better that you know *Slingshot* is an independent quarterly radical newspaper published from the East Bay since 1988 and has also been making radical organizers for the past few years.

you know what I mean. (You'll have to read it to find out what it is.) They write about the unnaturalness of the latest natural disasters, which is actually kind of crazy, and include a long article on how to bang your way out of a sex rut. All in all pretty good in my opinion.

Too bad I haven't gotten a chance to read the latest edition of *HeartattaCk* (#45), but they say it includes interviews with **I Spoke, Wasted, The Faeries, The Rites, and The Spectacle**. Plus there is the usual assortment of columns, letters from devoted fans, a huge music review



Some of us at Bard have been helping fundraise for the Slingshot Collective out in Berkeley for the past few years and will be selling more organizers in the Root Cellar for super cheap. They come in tons of colors from "Folsom Prison Blue(s)" to "Grow Your Own Green(s)." Anyhow, the latest issue of *Slingshot* is pretty good and like always they include a few pages of translated articles in Español. In this issue they tackle how to take on America's war machine by striking the Achilles heel if

section, demos and zines and lots of photos (mostly from Philly shows or is that in *Slug and Lettuce*?). Like the rest of these magazines we have virtually the entire collection of *HeartattaCks*, from issue three to the most recent #45, which is fabulous for me because it is my all time favorite magazine. At any rate, swing by the Root Cellar, have yourself a latte and read something other than Kant, and find out what independent publishers are trying to disseminate around the world.

Death Threat

by simone

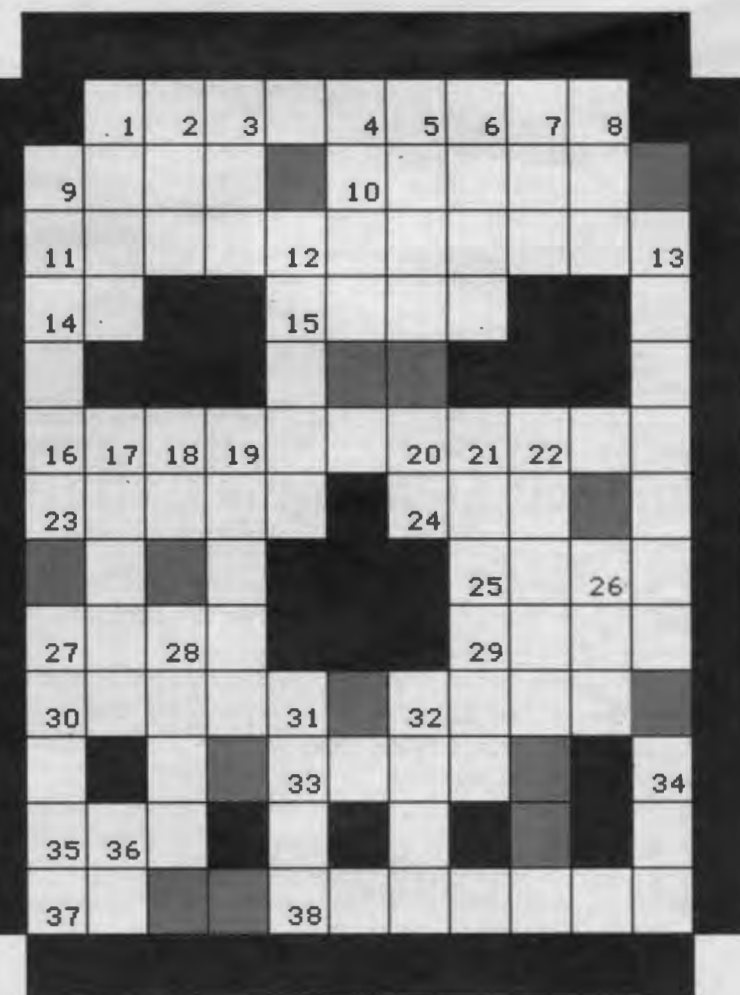
HINT: We wish you would crawl up in a box and die

ACROSS

- Former Lady Spencer, informally
- Source of fiber
- Medication, single serving
- What one should say if the world makes one to "give in and cry"?
- Animal often adorned with a yoke
- Common eye ailment
- James Bond movie with Halle Berry
- Movie title with "First Blood"
- The word that is missing from most of this puzzle
- Of least value, on a chess board
- Like rouged cheeks
- Single man
- Answer to query: "Who was the ally in *Honey I Shrank the Kids*?"
- Says "That's obvious!"
- Place to get breakfast through-out the day
- Pearl Jam lead singer, informally
- Yes, in Argentina
- "Houses of the Holy" song

DOWN

- With "Fixe," kind of menu
- With number, Toyota vehicle
- Suffix meaning "made of"
- Isn't able to
- Circular current
- Commonly filleted fish
- Star Trek Vessel, abbr.
- Atkins, per se
- More gory
- Request permission



(NOTE: Treat grey squares like the black ones)

- What one would say if something is impossible with, "You will..."
- First name of 90210 producer
- Santa Fe state, briefly
- Dr. that may diagnose an STD
- With "phys," a mandatory class
- Destroys a document, per se
- Theme of this puzzle
- Tidies up the yard
- With "Never," 1978 Black Sabbath album
- 60's garb, probably
- Indiana Jones temple motif
- Huh- Good God, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing!
- Nickname, similar to 24 across, squeezed into square #8

P O R N O R R T N T S
 A R C O E P E E S E I O
 T E A R Y H E F T I E R
 S D A V I D S P A D E
 A L L E S S O P
 B R O K E N H E A R T U S
 S A L E D P R I E S T S
 N A Y S E A N T
 F I G H T C L U B
 A B B A C H O A B O O
 N E I L D I A M O N D T A
 T A P A N S Y D N C T
 I N R E G P S O A T H S
 C Y A N S T A R K

solution to last issue's jumble:
the CAPER CAPER

solution to last issue's puzzle



music reviews.
music reviews.
music reviews.



you're a sex bomb, baby.

An Appreciation of Xiu Xiu

by matthew garklavs

Every aspect of Xiu Xiu's music seems to run on the consistency of being jarring and shocking. Their music is essentially comprised of three dynamic components: the waves of abrasive noise, Jamie Stewart's drastic voice oscillating from muscular screaming to faint whispering, and his explicit lyrics about homosexual eroticism, self-mutilation, and despondency. Any one of these characteristics would gain a band a unique reputation. Xiu Xiu's music just happens to encompass all of them. The unpredictable nature of their music is also emulative of its rare emotional undertow. Their earlier work dynamically channeled these emotions of despondency through a prism of various abstractions. Whether it be the brute force of angular synths and crashing drum programming that is present in such

songs as "Apistant Commander" or the subtle minimalist guitar

sound that is distressingly precise and instantly provocative. Their



strumming that accompanies Stewart's tender voice on their solid rendition of Tracy Chapman's "Fast Car," Xiu Xiu has always managed to construct a

music keeps us from being passive listeners by compelling us to be attentive to its emotional wavelength.

On *Fabulous Muscles*,

their latest full-length album, Xiu Xiu seemed to be doing something that seemed almost unprecedented for a band that is driven by such cryptic emotions: they adopted a sound that seemed upbeat and at times even hopeful. However, when we pay more attention to the lyrical content of these songs, it becomes apparent that they run within the same unnerving vein of despair that was dominant on their past albums.

Of course, it would be an exaggeration to extol Xiu Xiu solely for their innovativeness. Sonic Youth and The Boredoms paved the way for nearly two decades for this unconventional form of experimentalism with noise and dissonance to come into the rock mainstream. Hell, even classical composers like Bela Bartok of the early 20th century were pushing the envelope in this direction way before the dawn

of punk and experimental rock.

However, Xiu Xiu is more than just a bunch of cyber-punks adopting the same musical aesthetic that was apparent in the progressive bands of the early eighties like Joy Division or Talk Talk. This aesthetic is inherent in a way that is distinct and not solely imitative. This becomes apparent when you juxtapose their sound to other bands that bare the same obvious influences (i.e. Interpol, The Rapture). Xiu Xiu's music beholds an ensnaring potency that brings the listener about as close to the limits of the artist's emotions as possible without enveloping them. It is equally challenging on an emotional level as well on a technical one. Whether or not this is your cup of tea, it is still commendable for evolving the traditional aesthetics of artistic representation.

Show Review: Early Man, Charming Bastards, Fresh Kills, and Yikes

by brel froebe

Last Friday's rock show at SMOG proved that if kids put their minds to it and represent, Bard *can* actually rock again; especially when killer bands grace our school with the loudness - Bard will rock even more if kids actually stick around for the headliner. The night started out with Yikes' debut show. Their catchy rockin' Pavement-esque yet relatively original sound was warmly welcomed, culminating in an encore. I am

really looking forward to going to more of these dudes' shows. The major disappointment of the night was Fresh Kills, a totally lame-o self-described "skinny hipster" band (who fucking says that?). They played way too long and were pretty douchy. The music was so bad that I fell off a 10' ladder. Charming Bastards played by far their most energetic and best show of the year, complete with a totally sweet NOFX cover. No gimmicks,

pure rock.

It seemed like only the real motherfuckers stayed for NYC's Early Man, who just got signed to Matador. Early Man put on the raddest metal show I've seen in my 2 years at this school. They have the *Riding the Lightning*-era Metallica sound goin' on, but they got enough original riffs and technicality to believe that their sound is original. If you missed their show, I am sure that their Matador debut will be well worth checking out. Shit, Melvins, Burning Bridges, and Mastadon like them. They are gonna be big, and they deserve it.



photos of Early Man by tim abbondello



Charming Bastards have a good time after the show

Send articles, reviews, opinions and other papery things to the electronic mail address freepress@bard.edu

STUDIO ARTS MODERATION
SHOW AND PARTY WED. 8



music reviews.
music reviews.
music reviews.



Angels of Light
The Angels of Light Sing
"Other People"
Young God Records

Angels of Light is the creation of its (Young) God, Michael Gira, a musical alchemist who re-concocts elements on every recording with golden results. For *The Angels of Light Sing "Other People"* Gira has collaborated with Akron/Family on what he vows, "is as close as I'll ever get to making "pop" songs". Fortunately for us, their joined efforts do not deviate far enough into any such innocuous ether to brand this their "pop album". The amorphous group's latest incarnation touts a softer and abridged sound. For starters, the long instrumental portions from previous albums are out, while Casio-laced acoustic romps are in. The songs are shorter with sharper melodies. Homespun percussion sans a drum kit makes a storm out of handclaps, while double bass and bass guitar are used for a rhythmic base. Whirling background vocals full of oohs and aahs and tripped out doo-wops channel Brian Wilson, and float alongside the gossamer guitar sounds to fill the stereophonic space in your skull. The song structures rebuild themselves with every track, rearranging sparse instrumentation, various sounds, and hallucinated vocals to avoid 3-minute kitsch and the pop purgatory accompanying it.

Despite the evident instrumental retooling and adjusted sonic threshold and length of the songs, Gira's voice remains a constant. In a more deliberate homage to American country and folk traditions, the new territory Angels of Light visit place them in a new light, but leaves their DNA unaltered. Gira's brooding baritone is unmistakable and retains the same dominant presence on home recordings (*I am Singing to You From My Room*) as it does here.

The Angels of Light Sing "Other People" title may confuse listeners at first. There are no songs by, or named, "Other People". Do not be confused; this is not a covers album! The title hints at the vast genres and influences that play out on the record, as much as the new musicians who play on it. A first listen

will clarify that *Sing "Other People"* speaks to the lyrical theme that makes it more like, *Sing Songs about Other People*. The song's subjects are both honored (on "Simon Is Stronger Than Us" and "My Friend Thor") and dismantled (on "Destroyer" and "Michael's White Hands"). "On The Mountain" is a eulogy for everyone's own heroes, "if a man could never die, then let it be you", but points to Johnny Cash in particular, with its breezy guitar twang. The most striking song is "To Live Through Someone". Cut from Gira's croon, lagging guitar strums, and a plodding organ, the song becomes pivotal for *Sing "Other People"* through Gira's candor, "some people we'll live, and then we'll just die. But some people, other people, they will never really expire. Some people, you're beautiful, but some of us are a waste of a life." As the album goes through different characters, real and imagined, and disparate musical arrangements, all populating their own song, it's a sure bet that one is about you, and the rest will catch your ear.

-tim abbondello



Enon
Lost Marbles and
Exploded Evidence
Touch and Go

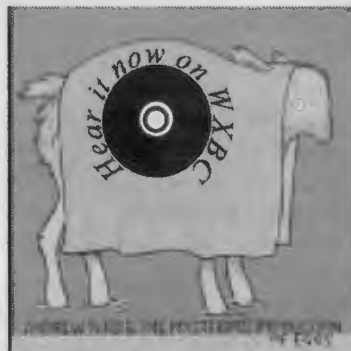
Enon has always been a band that has made music that stood on the threshold between artistic experimentalism and accessible pop music. On their debut album, *Belivo!*, this dualistic quality of their music almost seemed paradoxical. Their songs were either too facetious to be taken seriously or too mellow and creative to be labeled as a novelty act. However, by their second LP, *High Society*, they were able to construct a bridge between these polarities by creating a sound that was both aesthetically intriguing and enjoyable to dance to. Although their lyrics still beheld a quirky sense of humor, at the least melodies exemplified a breath of maturity. And with such amazing pop melodies as "Window Display", it still shocks me that this band never broke through into the mainstream.

Enon's most recent

release is *Lost Marbles and Exploded Evidence*, a compilation album that includes a variety of B-sides and unreleased material that was recorded throughout their existence as band. Since most of these songs were recorded between long intervals of time, the listener has an opportunity to observe how they've progressed over time. However, when we disregard this feature and try to observe how *Lost Marbles* functions as an actual album, it just seems inconsistent and unpolished. Also, the fact that the songs are not arranged chronologically suggests that it was probably organized to flow like a regular LP. Thus, we often find their early experimental work juxtaposed with recent material that is more funky and pop-oriented. As a fan of Enon, one appreciates how *Lost Marbles* charts the evolution of their sound, but this of course is presuming that the listener is familiar with their work. Being a dedicated fan myself, when listening to this album I frankly felt more drawn to listen to their classic work. In this sense, it may have revitalized my admiration for their music, but it gave me no reason to return to *Lost Marbles* for a second listen.

All in all, seeing that the album is compilation, it delivers only as one might presume it would. That is, it bears a few gems but lacks solidity. However, when one acknowledges such past successful compilation albums like Modest Mouse's *Building Nothing Out of Something*, we see proof of how they can achieve a sense of cohesiveness. If anything, just as *Belivo!* bore a potential that blossomed into a solid sound that was present on later albums like *High Society*, *Lost Marbles* suitably exemplifies a sense of versatility and random artistic tendencies that could be utilized on their next compilation.

-matt garklavs

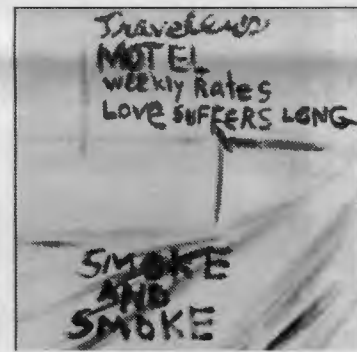


Andrew Bird
The Mysterious Production of Eggs
Righteous Babe

Andrew Bird is a singer-songwriter and violinist from outside of Chicago. He started his career with a series of albums that revis-

ited early 20th century swing and folk traditions. On more recent records and especially on *Weather Systems*, his last LP, he has moved closer to folk and pop. His albums are still adorned with brief violin workouts and instrumentals, but only to fill in the space between his real songs, which signal the arrival of an uncommonly talented and clever singer-songwriter who fortunately lacks the melancholy aesthetic so common to music like this. "Sovay", the album's first vocal track, is an obvious standout, but the record really explodes with "Fake Palindromes", a short burst of pop brilliance complete with violin riffing and cleverly twisted lyrics. Normally I don't go nuts over this type of music, but Bird has a great ear for hooks and a killer voice. He makes shamelessly catchy and incredibly moving pop music, and is at least as good and much less depressing than Elliott Smith. If you're looking to indulge your inner wuss, you could do much worse.

-jon sargent



Smoke and Smoke
Love Suffers Long
French Kiss Records

When tracking the remnants of an influential band, it is fascinating to observe how the music of the ex band members evolve: it seems as though their personal interpretation of their previous band really becomes apparent in their new projects. Case in point: The Murder City Devils and Godheadsilo. What bands rose out of the ashes? Well, Dead Low Tide (somewhat of a musical failure,) Pussy Girls Make Graves (Fudesco's capitalization of scenester bullshit), Modest Mouse (Gallucci's even more sellout bullshit), BIG BUSINESS (Willis' growth into a huger sound), and now, Smoke and Smoke. Smoke and Smoke is kind of an anomaly: consisting of both members of Godheadsilo and Spencer Moody, ex lead singer of the Devils, S&S ignores the possibility of commercial success (PGMG) or the continuation of a legacy (Big Business' update of the Karp sound), but rather seem to be content with musical pursuits that will never transcend basement obscurity. Whereas Godheadsilo attained

a cult-like status, what with their humor driven yet dark 8-string bass and drum metal, S&S ignores any sort of focus or niche to move their music forward. Moody's voice worked seamlessly with MCD, but now he rambles over some shit that could have only been spawned from stoned basement sessions in some rainy and boring section of Olympia. With more vision and more attention paid to what sound should go where, Smoke and Smoke might make good music, because as individuals they are capable of this challenge.

-brel froebe



Boom Bip
Blue Eyed In the Red Room
Lex

One would never guess, purely by listening to Bryan Hollon's fourth full-length under the "Boom Bip" moniker, that his silky, rich electronic habitats would be a source for intimidation and alienation; on the contrary, from my description, they probably remind you more of a fine chocolate mousse. In fact, some might testify that devouring Boom Bip's sinfully melodic pieces permit the listener a similar satisfaction.

However, devotees of comparable artists such as Lali Puna, cLOUDDEAD, and Four Tet, all of whom contributed to 2004's "Corymb", are wary of opening up to Hollon and his mysterious history - it is almost alarming to imagine the scrawny, blonde seedling as a busker on the streets of Bangladesh. No doubt, Hollon may seem to many a toned-down, musical version of Harper Lee; his childhood photographs show "the quiet one as a thirteen year old, playing guitar, with dark circles for eyes." This haunting image explains the dark, Kraftwerk-esque mullings found in the second track, "The Move."

Considering rumors of Hollon's dark, brooding side, *Blue Eyed in the Red Room*, with its accessible beats and instrumentation, seems more like the album Boo Radley would have made; indeed, this may not be too far off, considering Boom Bip works out of a Louisiana

Music Reviews Continue...

cellar with blown-out stained-glass windows where he not only composes, but slaves away fixing broken wrist watches.

Perhaps the most critical accomplishment of *Blue Eyed In the Red Room*, however, is that it works to define electronic music with a distinct Southern voice. Boom Bip refuses to shrug away his concrete musical influences for the overdone brand of masturbatory subway hymns which comprise the only vision of many 21st century electronic artists. Previously a handyman and piano tuner for a rural Louisiana church, Hollon integrates "thou shalt nots," as sung by Gruff Rhys, into a minimalistic, organic trickle complete with gorgeous synthesizers that suggests the ethereal whine of a traditional organ, creating a sound similar to *Sea Change*-era Beck ("Do's and Don't's").

Similarly, on "Soft & Open", dainty chimes and string instruments reminiscent of Iron & Wine's tender, balmy style mesh with manipulated, angelic vocals that can barely be recognized as human.

However, *Blue Eyed in the Red Room* is not just a lazy, 50-minute float through crystalline swamps. A muted bass beat gulps unstopably throughout many tracks, underscoring Boom Bip's trademark use of drums. "Eyelashings" is a beautiful modern march which downplays the ghostly echoes of Robert E. Lee and secures at least one aspect of the South's revised identity - that of a land of musical opportunity.

-karen soskin



Akron/Family Self-Titled Young God Records

Akron/Family presents another challenging folk release from Young God. This Brooklyn band has a ridiculous backstory involving long beards and a half-serious religion called AK-AK. This is their debut release, produced by M. Gira, who recruited them for his new Angels of Light project. The record mostly stands between somewhat depressing country-folk and weird noise excursions. In this sense, Akron/Family could be described as a folkier, less joyful Animal Collective. Impressively, most tracks have the ability to shift between the depressing, uplifting, scary and bizarre. A couple of the tracks fall flat but most of the album is quietly hypnotizing.

-jon sargent

SPRING BREAK 2005 BITCHEZZ:

DICKS, CHICKS, and MADNESS in MONTREAL

by peter neely

Montreal is an awesome town. It's cheap, has great food, a solid music scene, never-ending shopping, and its only 5 hours from Bard. Where's the catch? If you don't know anything about the place you'll end up walking up and down St. Catherine Street wondering why strip clubs and shitty diners are the only places to hang out.

If you're downtown, McGill University or Concordia University, are great places to pick up English student papers and English students. They have great listings of events and shows going on around the city. You can also grab a copy of the local publication, *The Mirror*. It will give you the scoop on most stuff the college papers leave out.

McGill University
845 Sherbrooke St. W.

Concordia University
1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. W.

A great spot during the day for vintage shopping and gallery browsing, and at night for nice bars and small venues, **The Plateau** is a unique place. If you walk up north from Sherbrooke Ave. along St. Laurent make your way east across Mont-Royal, and you'll find yourself in the middle of some awesome (but expensive) vintage shopping. Keep going east and you'll hit St. Denis, another great strip of bars and restaurants. The Plateau tends to feel more French, so its fun to hit bars in the area if you want to drop some French on the unsuspecting Quebecois.

Below Sherbrooke Ave on St. Denis is another good bunch of bars, take out Lebanese restaurants, and an awesome cramped hookah bar that has had the same Turkish pop CD on repeat every time I've been in the place.

If you find yourself on the Concordia side of downtown look to Crescent Street for all your dining/drinking needs. There is a more upscale vibe than in The Plateau, and the McGill student neighborhoods, but Crescent Street has some really unique bars and restaurants. There are a number of pubs, falafel joints, and some trendy looking yuppy bars with big French bouncers outside.

A great place to finish up an afternoon or to start an evening is at Casa Del Popolo. This fair-trade café offers up great vegetarian food and has a bar, art gallery, and performance space. Across the street is their bigger venue, La Sala Rossa. The downstairs restaurant offers great Spanish food, and upstairs the bar and stage area hosts a constantly changing lineup of great shows, DJs, and readings.

Casa Del Popolo
4873 boul. St-Laurent
Montreal, QC H2T 1R6

La Sala Rossa
4848 boul. St-Laurent
Montreal, QC H2T 1R6

The bar and club scene often starts and ends on **St. Laurent**, the trendy area frequented by McGill Students. Any night during the week you are guaranteed good drink specials and on the weekends many bars and clubs will have theme nights. You only need to walk up the street to find your kind of music blasting from any number of good bars.

The best of the cheap bars:

Barfly - Cheap, fun atmosphere, pool table.
4062A St-Laurent

Biftek - Great place to watch a game and have a couple pitchers. No frills, no food, just cheap drinks and wasted McGill students (Just say "You look really familiar, are you at McGill?" and you're guaranteed some drunk conversation, and possibly some action from a rich Toronto girl or guy).
3702 St. Laurent

Frappe - A bit more of a club vibe, mostly danceable hip-hop, more people, more expensive.
3900 St Laurent

North of the Plateau, **Mile End** is a hip spot with no shortage of hipsters and the types of places that keep them happy. One particularly great place is, Café Esperanza on St. Laurent and St. Viateur. The vegetarian restaurant houses a bar and gallery and is frequented by a hip, young crowd.

Another place worth a mention is Founounes Electrique, a goth-metal-punk bar frequented by the best of the leather-clad Montréal punks. There are three bars, two upstairs and one downstairs, and a great venue space on the top floor which hosts a slew of punk and metal acts.

Foufounes Electrique
87 rue Ste-Catherine E.



Point / Counter-Point : the Weather

by brenden beck

Recently, Bard experienced some of the worst snow and coldest wind-chill factors in recent memory. What do two Bard residents think?

POINT, Kris Kristofferson
So, how about this harsh weather we're having? Sure is cold. This snow is fierce, punch you in the face kind of precipitation. It doesn't even fall in an up/down axis. We're talking about x-axis snow here. Are the clouds sitting in Kingston and shooting their bullet-flakes eastward across the river and into my already icicle ridden eye? And one other thing, it is beyond cold. I didn't even go to Kline for lunch it was so

rubbing-sandpaper-down-your-cheek cold out. Man, I just hope Chinua has snow tires.

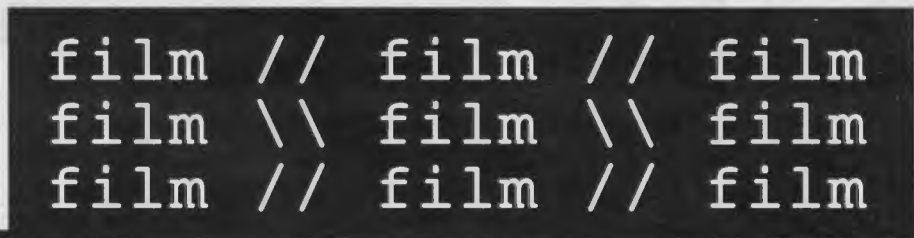
COUNTER-POINT, Beta the Dog.

Too cold? This is Dostoevsky weather, comrade, not for the faint of heart. This snow is the best day of your life. This is a trial TO BE ENDURED, and I'm having a blast. While walking to Kline I stepped into an all-encompassing white out tornado swirl of snow-death that only rapture itself could top. The wind tore a hole through a tree with a Kline cup, and I think I saw a prosy frozen mammoth-style in the snow outside Fisher. Too much biting wind for you? Get

off yourself, you've been granted a 10 day visa to a Martian desert wasteland and all you can think to do is hole up in Mannex and watch Queer as Folk? You don't deserve the stunning visuals and minimalist landscape this storm has brought us. What's that they say about March? In like a lion and out like a lamb? Not in the back seat of your mother's SAAB and out like a lamb. A LION! So put on a hat, gloves, and heavy coat, because nobody's too cool for sledding when we've been shown the awesome power of crystallized water in cold and viscous flight.



point: dogs love snow



Head On: "One of the best films to come to the Hudson Valley"

by mike lerman

As I sit down to review Faith Akin's newest film, *Head On*, three other films come to mind. The first is Alex Cox's *Sid and Nancy*. As a follow-up to his UFO punk-induced cult classic, *Repo Man*, Cox displayed the extreme, heroin ridden, punk-rock love story with a little piece of history from the Sex Pistols. Sweaty, dirty and ultimately sweet, *Sid and Nancy* portrays love in the most bare bones of terms. The second film that comes to mind is P.T. Anderson's *Punch Drunk Love*. In the most beautiful and awkward of ways, a man finds strength in his life in an unexpected love and lets that carry him through all of the confrontations he must face. The third is an Israeli film called *Late Marriage*. With a dry sense of humor and



bitter outlook on life, *Marriage* portrays a

brand of realism that is not found in most films.

Akin's film, the story of two Turkish mental patients from Germany, Cahit and Sibel, who get married so that the woman can escape her strict Muslim parents, is kind of a combination of all these films. Like Cox's films, *Head On* is pump full of punk rock culture. The characters find love in a dirty world of underground nightclubs and promiscuity. They are suicidal, self-deprecating, coke-abusing alcoholics that have managed to find each other. The story, like the plot of *Punch Drunk Love*, follows the Cahit as he begins to find himself and his Turkish heritage while he falls deeper and deeper

in love with Sibel. But, very much like *Late Marriage*, the film does have a bitter outlook (and outcome).

Cahit and Sibel spiral downward as their inability to express their true emotions to each other becomes a bigger hindrance on their lives than they could ever imagine. Akin's direction brings out perfect performances, camera work, and tones that put you right into the action. He knows when to shock us and when to make us fall in love. With a soundtrack that takes on a whirlwind ride of emotions (mixing American soul, German punk and traditional Turkish folk music) and the pacing of a racehorse, *Head On* wraps up into one of the best films to come to the Hudson Valley in a long time.

Be Cool: Reviewed Minute By Minute

An Account of Jason Michelitch and Michael Lerman's Monday as retold by Alex Haley

-6 min.: We come in late, me later than any of the others, having made a quick stop in the bathroom, where I was cornered into an extended conversation with a crazed manager with plus-size glasses and a short stature, who had blocked any hope of escape. I mumbled something about a clogged toilet two stalls back and sent him to check, and sprinted to my theater, looking over my shoulder the whole time. It put me in a weird, down mood, and I found my seat with extreme caution in my heart.

We have entered the theater in the middle of the trailer for the new *Amitville Horror* remake, starring the dumb guy from "Two Guys, a Girl, and a Pizza Place." We almost leave again, but we are brave, and understand the level of danger we must undertake if we wish to bring back the truth from this dark, sweaty theater of perversion. Also, there is no way I am chancing a second meeting with that manager so soon. We must press on.

-5 min.: *The Batman Begins* trailer starts. Mike and I emit a loud "yessssssss!" We get withering looks from patrons, girlfriend. Jim and Mike echo this sentiment on the Bard campus at the exact same time, not knowing why. The trailer is a thing of beauty.

0 min.: Movie begins. So far we have no problems.

4 min.: A clever joke about movie ratings and the f-word, which Trefor told us not to miss. Trefor is the main reason any of us are here. He's seen this once already, yesterday, and has guaranteed us entertainment. I have, in turn, guaranteed that his lungs remain inside his body if his promise comes through.

10 min.: The movie has made me smile with self-deprecating humor about movie sequels being bad, followed by reckless violence. Humor and violence are courtesy, no doubt, of author Elmore Leonard, who penned *Be Cool* the novel and its precursor, *Get Shorty* (the film version of which is wonderful as pie - good, apple pie, cooked by Barry Sonnenfeld and Scott Frank . . . with ice cream). The reckless violence is beautiful, marred slightly by even more reckless editing supervised by director F. Gary Gray (*Friday, Italian Job*). It is a poor omen for what's to come, but we are Film Journalists, damn it, and we know no fear.

12 min.: We now know fear, and its name is Vince Vaughn. He plays a wannabe-black music mogul with a high-pitched voice that doubles as a deadly weapon, and if this movie is to have any chance of surviving, Vince Vaughn Must Die. I'd say die slowly, but he must leave now, for the good of humanity. He is making us nostalgic for Gus van Sant's *Psycho* remake, for Christ's sake.

15 min.: Vince Vaughn is not yet dead. It looked like there was a chance, but Jon Favreau threw his massive weight between Vaughn and a well-deserved bullet. Favreau's last words to Vaughn were "Make *Elf 2* good without me...". A touching scene, but the wrong "swinger" bled out. The mood of the crowd is trending towards a riot, but The Rock makes us smile briefly as a gay bodyguard with an afro. Who knew he would be so convincing in the part? The movie has us back...almost.

17 min.: We fall out of our seats laughing at the best exchange of the movie. Uma Thurman, a new widow: "I had him cremated. Do you have any ideas what to do with the ashes?" John Travolta responds, completely serious: "Nothing that makes sense." Genius. Give that man a V-8.

18-89 min.: Give me back my goddamn V-8. You don't deserve delicious vegetable juices. You get flasks of motor oil with a cyanide chaser. I'd rather be reading *The Observer*.

The past seventy minutes have been nothing; nothing, but scenes from *Get Shorty* re-written badly, and with worse characters. The good performers like Cedric the Entertainer and Andre 3000 show promise for a brief second, and are then cut down mercilessly by F. Gary Gray just not understanding what the hell to do with Elmore Leonard's brilliant mix of madcap slapstick and dry, hip humorous dialogue. Uma Thurman is sandwiched in as both a love interest, and as a replacement for Gene Hackman's arrogant, bumbling B-movie producer from *Get Shorty*; and the mix makes no sense. Cameos come and go at blinding speed, almost as fast as the plot barrels to nowhere. Jason's cell phone rings, he gladly leaves to answer it. Mike suspects he's dealing drugs, or possibly referring to himself in the third person just for the amusement value. Because nothing else here is amusing.

thebardfreepress.vol6.issue6

90 min.: Stephen Tyler makes a cameo as a bucket for our vomit. Jason and his girlfriend walk out, not being warned by Trefor that the only other good scene of the



movie IS NEXT. Not in a little while, but NEXT. We don't want to give everything away, but it involves The Rock and a film called *Bring it On*. You fill in the rest.

91 min.: Mike continues the review in Jason's absence.

Ew. My brain will explode if I think about this anymore. Why didn't I leave? Jason must have a higher IQ, or at least now that he hasn't watched the end. I did see Vince Vaughn on fire, though. HAHHAHAHAHA. Now you know all you need to.

Don't go see it. We are over deadline, the deadline for the amount of time one can spend discussing this pitiful cinematic equivalent to Kline food. You have the vague sense you've eaten it before, but it doesn't taste nearly as good. The lights come up and this note was on Jason's chair:

My 'Be Cool' review:

I didn't

like it

♥
'JASON



Film news and reviews continue...

Rana's Wedding: Hopes for Peace in Palestine

by kate crockford

The Palestinian elections went smoothly. Israel's military eased travel restrictions throughout the West Bank for two days, and Palestinians who hadn't seen their families in years were able to visit them the short distance through checkpoints and roadblocks. On that fateful day I was in Balata, a large refugee camp established outside the West Bank city of Nablus in 1948. I had traveled through the Huwarra checkpoint surprisingly easily, and was able to drive straight to the city instead of climbing the two hours through mountains. The trek through mountainous olive groves is the way that Palestinians and other people denied entry to Nablus enter the city. My shoes did not get muddy, and I smoothly proceeded to a taxi on the other side of the enormous, permanent military checkpoint. When I arrived in Balata that Sunday in January my comrades in the camp were following their young journalism students from interview to interview, here at the polls, here at the UN refugee center, there at the clinic. The scene was uplifting and challenged my insistent skepticism. But, as the past weeks have demonstrated, life for people in Balata has changed little if at all since the election of Mahmud Abbas.

The recent Sharm al-Sharif talks between the newly elected Palestinian President (known to Palestinians as Abu Mazen) and Israel PM Ariel Sharon have produced a false sense of optimism among many pundits and journalists. The journalists who write from Jerusalem hotels and Tel Aviv press conferences about the state of "peace" in the region rarely see or give voice to the daily grind of Israeli violence, especially when negotiations are happening. It is precisely this top-down understanding of power amongst journalists that allows for optimism. All of our heads are thus turned from the abuses committed daily by Israel's occupying army in the cities, villages, refugee camps and towns of the West Bank and Gaza Strip. In the week I returned to New York

part of the continuing "roadblocks and roadmaps" series

alone, four Palestinian civilians including one child were killed, houses were raided resulting in the arrests of at least 10 Palestinian civilians, continued shelling in residential areas injured an adult and a child, construction of the annexation wall/fence compound continued unabated, and numerous houses were demolished. But the occupation's domination is not only articulated through physical violence.

Palestinians are prevented,

A recently released Palestinian film addresses many of these important details usually left out of the story. Palestinian director Hany Abu Assad's 'Rana's Wedding' attempts, occasionally with biting, ironic humor, to explore and condemn these innumerable, bureaucratic obstacles to justice in the region. The story, quite a different tale from the one I experienced in the land's poorest refugee camp, is told through the lens of a young, wealthy Jerusalem Palestinian

ancient, walled city. No one has seen him. Finally, a friend directs her to Ramallah, where Khalid, a theatre director, has slept on stage for the night. "To wait out the bombing," she is told.

What follows is a series of deliberate metaphors, tracing her journey to nearby Ramallah through checkpoints, random interactions with soldiers, taxi rides and landscape shots. Abu Assad is careful to illustrate the banal spontaneity of life under occupation; a checkpoint

could be hoisted up anywhere during the night, soldiers could come close to firing on a love struck, anxious woman as she makes a motion to throw her mobile on the ground in despair. Early in her journey Rana finds that bulldozers have unexpectedly destroyed a major intersection. The muddy, rocky mountain of earth ruins her shoes.

'Rana's Wedding' should be viewed as both an artistic achievement for its patient cinematography, beautiful script and commendable acting and, importantly, for its potent political message. The message? The Palestinian people endure a life com-

pletely unrecognizable to most people. Nothing is simple, every act made exponentially difficult due to military occupation. Rana, even as a wealthier Palestinian, faces double oppression as a woman and must attempt to get married (whether she succeeds is up to men) before other men decide her future. Even so, Abu Assad allows us a properly Palestinian glimmer of hope in the end. After hours of anxious waiting, anticipated failures and the usual roadblocks, she finally marries the man she loves.

Rana marries the man of her choosing at a checkpoint, and Abu Assad leaves us with a meditative final scene. We see the wedding party, filing out of the taxi where they committed the ceremony, from above; peopled dressed in suits and dresses are dancing and singing around the couple, while we read poet Mahmud Darwish's knowing poetry on the screen.

Those who talk loudly of a coming peace in the region would do well to pay attention to the every day violence and humiliations suffered by Palestinians under occupation. These offences, unmentionable at the negotiation table, continue unabated while fat men shake hands in front of big flags. Neither Abbas nor Sharon have plans to alleviate the suffering of Palestine's doubly silenced majority. As a woman, Rana's life will continue to be dominated by men even after she rids herself of her father's patriarchal control. Another, more violent patriarchal oppression---Israeli occupation---continues. We would all do well to pay attention to this fact, which is becoming yet another bleeding footnote in the pages of Israel's historic "peace" plans.



on their own land, from moving freely between class, home and work. Checkpoints, roadblocks and 'Jews only' settler bypass roads have practically decimated the Palestinian economy and made life in the West Bank slow, tedious and prison-like. External borders (to Egypt or Jordan) are generally closed to Palestinians, and getting married, divorced, or attempting to travel are processes made degradingly difficult due to long, treacherous lines at Israeli military bases where permits are granted by the occupying authorities. A friend I met in Balata worried about his ability to get a permit to build on his land. He is not a resistance fighter, but fears that the Israeli military governor will only grant him a permit if he collaborates with Israel's secret police. (This practice is unfortunately widespread; many Palestinians fear getting permits because if found to collaborate [most don't] they face brutal treatment from their peers, sometimes ending in public execution and always in severe ostracism.)

named Rana. Shot to capture one particularly tumultuous day in the life of a Palestinian woman, the feature traces Rana's journey as she seeks to find solutions to three conflicting pressures only a woman would face: to conform to her father's patriarchal instructions, quench her thirst for independence and simultaneously fulfill her desire to be with her lover.

The film is slow, but captures some essence of what I found in Palestinian society. Abu Assad's tempered, metaphoric lyricism reveals complex power relations amongst Palestinians themselves while condemning their collective enemy, Israeli occupation. The narrative is deceptively simple. Rana wakes on Tuesday morning realizing she must find her love and marry him that day if she wants to stay in Palestine. Her father is leaving for Egypt, and, with her mother long deceased, she has no choice but to marry or continue her studies near her father. In the first scene her father, whom we never see, tells her that she must pick

a man to marry from his list of worthy men. Cut to scenes of a Jerusalem morning in the Old City. Rana runs through the streets, occasionally stopping to dial her lover, Khalid, on her mobile. He does not answer. She visits various relatives' homes, built deep inside the spiraling,



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EVERYBODY LOVES... BARD COLLEGE INTRAMURAL SOCCER

TUE 03/22/05
9PM: Soc'em -vs- Bale Wouze
10PM: Monads -vs- PPTSO

WED 03/23/05
9PM: AARP -vs- Bale Wouze
10PM: Big Green -vs- PPTSO

THU 03/24/05
9PM: Strykerz -vs- Big Green
10PM: Old English -vs- Bulgaria

TUE 04/05/05
9PM: Monads -vs- Lonar Defense
10PM: Soc'em -vs- Flaming Skulls

WED 04/06/05
9PM: AARP -vs- Big Green
10PM: Bulgaria -vs- Lightning Strike

THU 04/07/05
9PM: Old English -vs- PPTSO
10PM: Strykerz -vs- Bale Wouze

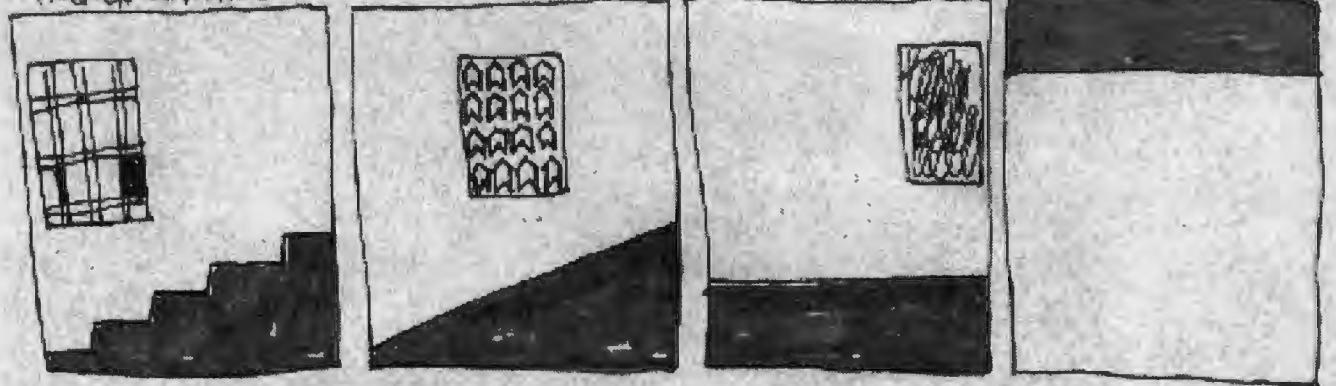
TUE 04/12/05
9PM: AARP -vs- Lightning Strike
10PM: Flaming Skulls -vs- Lonar Defense

Loog



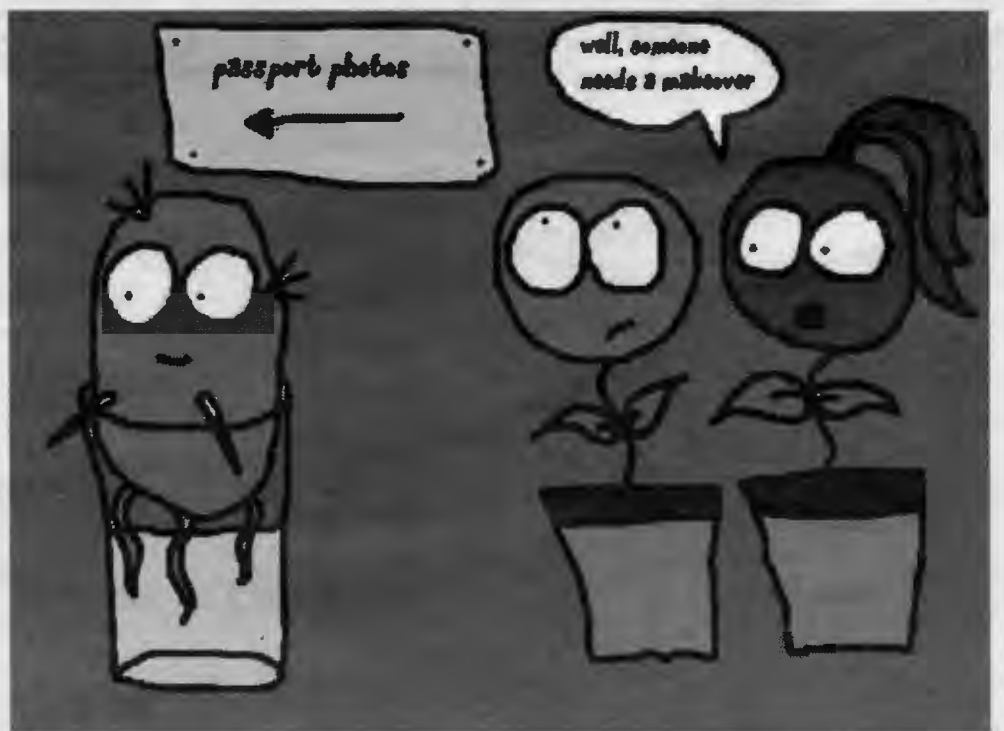
by Michael Dudezak

TRENCH WARRIORS



03/17/05

zak kitnick



johanna klotz

MARCH 19 SATURDAY
MARCH + RALLY
NYC + NEW PALTZ
2ND ANNIVERSARY
FREE TRANSPORTATION FROM KLINE 10:00AM OF SAT MORNING



zak kitnick

03/17/05