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"narc-free" since 2000

Annandale-on-Hudson, NY – 5 December 2005

Volume VII – Issue 5

## Bard's War on Drugs: Controversial Dismissals Follow LSD Incident

by daniel terna and luke dickinson

Over ten students, most of them First Years, have been closely questioned by the administration in a recent investigation regarding the sale of drugs on Bard campus.

Sometime before the Thanksgiving, break a mysterious "folder of materials" was left at President Leon Botstein's office. The student who delivered it was later found to be, according to Cannan, "sick from LSD." The "materials" sparked an administration investigation into the matter.

"It was like peeling an onion," Cannan says. Since then, information coming from continuing, extensive interviews has shown administrators that "there've been a number of incidents" of drug use or drug dealing. According to Director of Residence Life, Fred

Barnes. "One thing just led to another."

Despite rumors to the contrary, Cannan insists that cases were "self admitted" or guilt was vindicated "on the basis

of students who have been removed.

Cannan noted that in the eleven years that she has been working at Bard, this is an "extremely unusual incident given the

Students are surprised at the seriousness with which the administration is pursuing the situation. Many see this event as a tightening of Bard's historically tolerant drug

however, say the expulsions don't reflect a change in the administration's drug policy. "We're in the business of not being invasive," Cannan said.

Yet one student interviewed by the Administration, wishing to remain anonymous, felt "uncomfortable" with the way Mr. Barnes had approached her, stating that he "expected me to write and email him a list of people that would have anything at all against me and could accuse me of things," she said.

Two other students have reported similar distressing forms of "interrogation."

According to the Office of National Drug Control Policy, the national drug use rate has declined in the past few decades and numerous sources on campus report that fewer



of significant evidence." At this point, "we've asked a small number of students to leave," Dean of Students Erin Cannan said yesterday. No administrator would confirm the names of dismissed students, or even the number

large number of students involved." Investigations on the matter are still under way. Director of First Year Students Bethany Nohlgren, Mr. Barnes, and Ms. Cannan have been interviewing students who have been implicated in both drug selling and drug using.

policy. While students have been disciplined for drug-related offenses in the past, few have been expelled. Moreover, the interview process is typically used to gather facts related to single offenders, in contrast with a policy of pursuit. Administrators,

## Buying good news: the Pentagon pays Iraqi papers to publish pro-U.S. articles

by katy kelleher

As the war continues, with about 160,000 American troops still in Iraq, most Americans have come to admit that the war probably was not such a good idea after all. Bush is continually losing support; his approval rating has fallen to 37%, the lowest of his presidency. Bush recently outlined his "victory strategy" for Iraq, yet he failed to set a date for the withdrawal of American troops, justifying his actions by saying that setting a date now or pulling out troops would vindicate the terrorists and make America appear weak. The president's low approval rating is only one more thing in a long string of bad news that has been following Bush since his second term inauguration. In this light, the Pentagon's recent practice of financing good news in Iraq makes perfect sense;

if Bush can't make good news possible, why not just buy it?

Recently it has been reported

published in Iraqi newspapers. The U.S. military has been secretly writing articles, translating them into Arabic

anything that could possibly make the U.S. or Iraqi governments look bad.

Since the effort has been underway, dozens of articles have been published in Iraqi papers written by U.S. military "information operations" troops. Headlines like "Iraqis Insist on Living Despite Terrorism" and "More Money Goes to Iraq's Development" fail to tell the whole story, offering only an incredibly biased view of the facts in an effort to bolster support for American troops and the U.S. government.

The operation was designed to hide all connections with the U.S. military. The Pentagon has enlisted the help of a small Washington-based firm called Lincoln Group to help translate and place the stories



that the Pentagon has found a new way to support American troops in Iraq: by paying for articles written by defense contractors or intermediaries to be

and paying newspapers to print these pro-U.S. pieces. Although the articles are basically factual, they present only one side of the conflict and omit

Please turn to page three for the rest of the article...

## Pay for college executives on the up, Botstein's static

by brenden beck

Doling out big sums for college and university presidents was, until recently, rare. In 1996 only one university president made more than \$500,000. Seven years later, during the 2003-4 academic year, 50 presidents made more than a half a million dollars. This is according to the latest annual survey of executive compensation by *The Chronicle of Higher Education*.

The highest paid is Donald Ross whose 34 years at Lynn University earned him a package worth \$5,042,315

for the 2003-4 year (the latest year for which data is available). Several presidents make zero dollars, mostly clergy at religious institutions.

Bard has not seen this upswing in compensation. President Botstein made \$334,575 in compensation and benefits last year. His compensation has not risen in the past four years for which data is available. As with most colleges, that amount is set by the Board of Trustees. Among presidents of Liberal Arts Colleges, Botstein fairs well. The median income for

a president of a Liberal Arts College is \$243,541. Among schools that are compared to Bard, Botstein makes less than the heads of Oberlin, Reed, and Sarah Lawrence.

Botstein's 30 years as Bard's head, though, is longer than the tenure of the other presidents. The nation's highest paid, Donald Ross, earned his \$5 million after 34 years. That sum is part of a retirement package, but even discounting for outlying millionaires, the national trend is upwards. For the 1999-2000 year the median income for a Liberal Arts

president was \$30,000 lower than it was in 2003-2004.

Botstein does not feel slighted. "I'm not in this business for the money," Botstein told the Free Press. "I feel myself very well compensated and well treated by the trustees of the college." Another limit to higher compensation is that Bard cannot afford to pay him more, Botstein adds. The Development and Alumni Office, in charge of contributions to the college, reports that Botstein gave \$41,000 back to the college last year.

The national trend towards higher executive pay is part of a similar trend in the compensation of for-profit CEOs, foundation directors, museum directors, and other executives. The myriad tasks of a college president can range from fundraising travel to addressing the faculty's curriculum concerns. As the job of running a college has grown in complexity, selection boards have turned to those with experience in the private or government sectors. Harvard's president

Please turn to page four for the rest of the article...

**Read on for:** The new entertainment committee election process, and a counterpoint: A controversial Wall Street perspective on global warming. Drug news from around the world. A secret chili recipe, and more fun on page 10...



# Illegal and Immoral

by kate crockford

On the morning of November 21, 2005, the Hamdan family arose to the sound of bulldozers and cement smashers. Over the din of the growling machines was the sound of a border police megaphone, ordering the family out of their home.

It was raining. Activists from the Israeli Committee Against Home Demolitions (ICAHD) attempted to gain access to the scene to "resist, witness and document" the demolition. They were stopped a half-mile away from the Jerusalem suburb home by the border police. And so they watched from afar. An internet-sprawled ICAHD report describes the scene:

"A Daewoo bulldozer systematically demolished the first house, leaving only a pile of rubble where a family once lived. The bulldozer then moved up a small hill to the second house and began drilling into it as well. After a few minutes, the roof began to collapse and yet another family was left homeless."

Two families were made homeless because the Jerusalem Municipality has \$300,000 left in their treasury, with little time before their money is put back into the pot. But according to these Israeli activists, in "Israel, house demolitions are merely 'business as usual.'"

"Since such an amount pays for about 70 demolitions, the Municipality is under pressure to demolish as many homes as possible in the next month and a half. Add to this the policy of demolishing Palestinian homes situated too close to the route of the Wall. This was one of the reasons given for demolishing the homes in Anata - even though the Wall has not yet been built [in this region]."

Home demolitions are indeed business as usual for Israel because the winning Israeli planning strategy is fundamentally based on transfer. Just like their American counterparts during the days of Cherokee removal, a series of

supposedly 'legal' measures dispossess the native inhabitants of their lands, while they are simultaneously opened up to settlement by foreigners. Since the beginning of the second declared Palestinian intifada in 2000, billboards along Israeli highways and bus stations have declared such pleasantries as "Transfer = Peace + Security" and "Jordan

is the Palestinian State". The blatant racism in Israeli planning policy is illustrated clearly in its plans for the West Bank and most

Palestinian territories into the state of Israel inside its 1948 borders.

The map printed here demonstrates the effect



intensely felt by the Palestinians through the Israeli home demolition policy.

In the occupied West Bank, Palestinian residents live among 250,000 residents of Israeli colonies. In the 1970s Ariel Sharon became the Israeli Minister of Housing. His plans for settling the recently occupied West Bank differed greatly from those of his predecessors. The previous settlement strategy had centered around the notion of border protection; the first settlements, under

of Sharon's plans. The strategy is simply another arm of Sharon's military beast, which finds as its principle goal the Judaization and de-Arabization of the land between the Mediterranean Sea and the Jordan River. Home

demolitions are the evil twin of settlement construction. Building homes for Jews while destroying the homes of the Palestinians is part and parcel of Sharon's grand, 'final solution' strategy.

As the Israeli Committee Against Home Demolitions argues, "House demolitions have become the hallmark of the Occupation. Indeed, since 1967 Israel has demolished almost 12,000 Palestinian homes, leaving some 70,000 without shelter and traumatized. The systematic demolition of



what is now known as the Allon plan, were built along the Jordan River on the West Bank's east bank, bordering Jordan. Sharon revolutionized Israeli military and settlement strategy. Instead of building settlements along a comprehensible border, Sharon sought to eliminate the notion of the border by integrating, as much as possible, the

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### Contributors

- |                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| adam baz       | katy kelleher   |
| jeff brodsky   | steve kristian  |
| kate crockford | charley lanning |
| luke dickinson | claryn spies    |
| leah finnegan  | giselle tolson  |
| emma friedland | matt wing       |
| alice gregory  |                 |



# New York Times Narc Sets the Global Warming Movement Back

by jeff brodsky and tim donovan

New York Times science-writer Andrew Revkin's Wednesday presentation of the documentary film "Arctic Rush" was lame, to say the least. His short film "Arctic Rush"—a title more suited for a Gatorade flavor than a documentary film—seemed like something of a stock tip rather than an in-depth look at the realities of climate change.

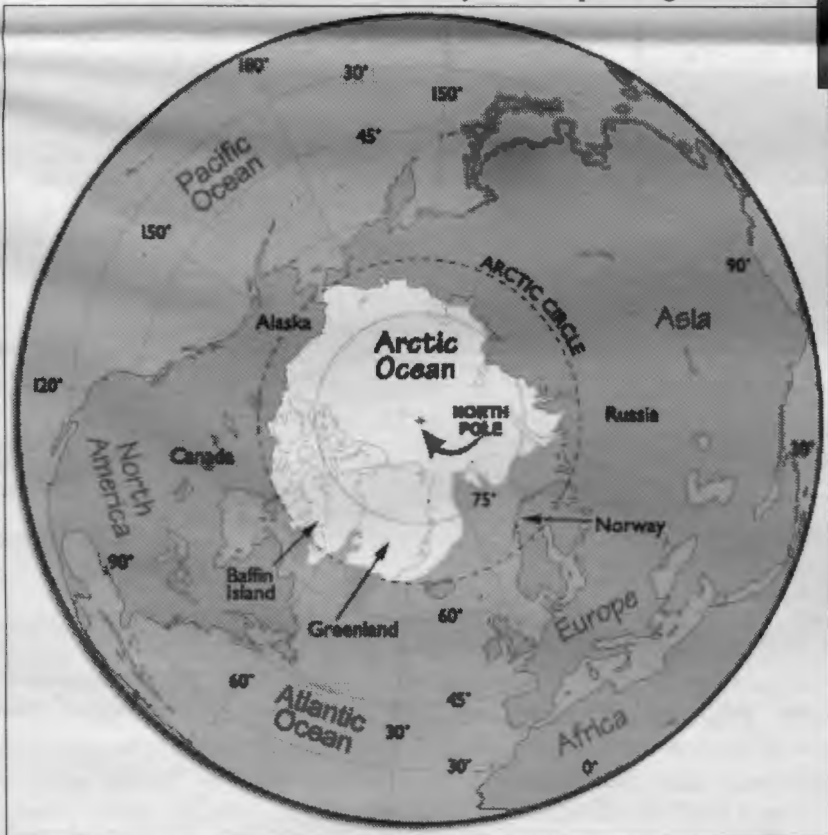
The movie in a nutshell emphasized that we are, to date, past a tipping point in the anthropogenic impact on the Earth. It is for certain that in a matter of years (scientists debate when exactly) the Arctic Ice Cap will melt either entirely or nearly entirely, opening an arctic passage navigable by boats between the Americas and Russia.

Considering the presentation of the facts, you would imagine that the length of the movie would be an alarmist wake-up call for those of us not yet hip to the consequences of our fossil-fuel intensive lifestyles. Instead, this castrated New York Times infotainment would better appeal to a stock broker with cable and his eight year old son who likes guns rather than a lounge full of Bard minds.

'Global Warming,' as it's called in the literature was framed not in terms of its human and ecological consequences but rather the military and economic possibilities resulting from the impending disappearance of the arctic ice cap. The title "Arctic Rush" refers to the impending militarization of the North pole by the Arctic nations—Russia, Canada, The U.S., Denmark, and Norway, in the mad scramble for the Earth's

last untapped resources. The movie's subtext reads: "While the market endures this whole "global warming" thing, it would serve you well to invest your money in oil... and guns." The video spent the majority of its time discussing the future profiteering of shipping and oil interests in the Arctic Ocean.

Insightful in its own way, the movie illustrates how hard the mainstream media tries to exploit disaster to its gains without actually engaging (or enraging) its public with critical inquiry and hard facts. The film's human element was the discussion surrounding the semi-autonomous Inuit community of Canada. These far-northerners are taking legal action against the United States government for human rights violations. By claiming that the sea ice is a way of life for many societies in the Arctic Circle, the calculated, systematic, ideological, rationalized assault against nature innocuously euphemized as "industry" fundamentally does violence to life on the ice. Otherwise, the film gives us interview after interview with everyone from the Canadian naval authorities saying we need to "prepare for certain contingencies" to Russian Scientist Nay-Sayers complaining that the



West concocted the entire concept of "global warming" in an effort to bring down the east. In one way or another more than half of the movie presented people telling us how fucking psyched they are for the polar ice caps to melt. For a film that deals with some big issues it is a disservice to its audience to frame the story in terms of its economic perks rather than its human and ecological consequences.

Originally, the film aired on "Discovery Times," a collaborative foray into the world of satellite cable for the New York Times and the Discovery Channel. In America, these media outlets are treated as voices of integrity and with this documentary project, had the opportunity to apply their veil of legitimacy to the activists, environmentalists, and scientists that have been pushing these issues for decades. To its credit, however, the

documentary pointed out that the same petroleum lust driving arctic oil exploration contributes to the arctic thaw in the first place. And yet, "Discovery Times" presents this confounding feedback loop of eco-destruction as a mere ironic aside. The gap between public perception and scientific data is astounding. It is the responsibility of journalists, from the science desk or otherwise, to abandon the mythology of objectivity and begin to interrogate the sources of what is shaping up to be the biggest threat to life on earth since the meteor that killed all the dinosaurs. We need reporters who will challenge power, not serve it. When journalists consider the bottom line before the public interest we are left with an impoverished dialogue on how to confront the big issues in these apocalyptic times.

## Fake News in Iraq

not a new practice for the Bush regime; the Bush administration has been distributing video and news stories in the United States without identifying the federal government as their source. The Bush administration has

also come under criticism for paying American journalists to promote administration policies, practices that the Government Accountability Office has labeled "covert propaganda."

How does the U.S. military

and Lincoln Group react to the American public becoming aware of their propaganda schemes? Mostly by defending their actions at every opportunity, stating that it is important to spread the truth while insurgents are "lying to the Iraqi

people." Maj. Gen. Rick Lynch, spokesman for U.S. forces in Iraq, has said in response to accusations of tampering with the media and lying to the public: "We don't lie. We don't need to lie. We do empower our operational commanders with

the ability to inform the Iraqi public, but everything we do is based on fact, not based on fiction." While Lynch has yet to confirm that the U.S. troops were paying Iraqi papers to print their articles, other officials have confirmed it.

## Student Dismissals Continued

smaller numbers." "The number of people I speak with is irrelevant," Mr. Barnes said in his office. "My role is conducting interviews with people whose names have come up." No lawsuits have been filed as of yet, despite threats from

parents. One father of a student "didn't like how it was handled... but it was not my call."

While being cooperative in interviews with the Free Press, the administration has issued no statements to dispel rumors of further expulsions, unusually

aggressive questioning, or any other issues students might be interested in, because interviews are still being held. Counseling issues around the situation will be addressed in a meeting for those specifically involved. The meeting will be lead by

Jeff Garrett in Tewksbury on Wednesday, at 7:00 PM. It is unclear whether the sessions are concerned with countering perceived drug use, or an attempt to soften the emotional impact of losing an indeterminate number of classmates.

"This is not how I like to spend my time," Cannan said Monday expounding on the danger of drugs, and her role as part of the community. "I choose to raise my son here."



# The Salary of College Presidents Continued

was the Secretary of the Treasury under President Clinton, and Princeton's president is on the Board of Directors at Google. Some fear that lofty compensation packages and a managerial strategy based on a corporate approach risks abandoning the academic roots of colleges. "We've created a cadre of hired guns whose economic interest are totally divorced from students and faculty," said Patrick Callan, president of the National Center for Public Policy

and Higher Education. "It creates a real problem for leadership, and does nothing to help higher education." Botstein sees a similar shift in the past 50 years away from hiring presidents because of their ideas or theory of education. This shows a stronger boards of trustees and alumni, he says, which weakens the job of the President. "These are jobs designed to keep the status quo. You're paid to ensure that nothing drastic occurs with respect to the finances of the college and balance the budget."

As colleges rise to meet the market price of experienced executives to attract effective college presidents, the effect on compensation of professors is unclear. The rise in salaries may have the effect of raising professor salaries to bring parity with those of their superiors. Or, the professionalization of the position may create a division between the research and theory oriented professors, and a financially minded chief executive. Either way, the professors do not earn enough, says Botstein. "It is not right

that China A c h e b e gets paid less than a third year, anonymous corporate attorney in New York City. That's not right!"



## WEEDING THROUGH THE NEWS

All we ever hear about these days is born-again terrorist, gay fetuses, in the Supreme Court leaking CIA torture secrets to victims of natural catastrophes. Turns out our trusty old "home remedies" are still hot news.

### Heroin

The government of Singapore executed Australian national Nguyen Tuong Van on Friday, December 2 for drug trafficking. Van was carrying 400 grams (14oz.) of heroin through Singapore Airport when he was arrested and convicted three years ago. Singapore has a mandatory death penalty for anyone found with more than 15 grams of heroin. After years of international human rights battling, appeals for clemency, and political maneuvering by Australia's government, the best Singapore could do was allow the man



to hold hands with his mother the day before his execution (bugging was not allowed, however). The victim claimed in his appeal processes that he was going to use the money from drugs to pay for the legal bills incurred by his twin brother during his own heroin addiction. The justice comes with a price for Singapore, though; Amnesty International has condemned the country for its stringent capital punishment for years (420 people have been hanged there since 1991, mostly for drug offenses) and many human-rights groups in Australia and internationally are calling for a national boycott of trade with Singapore to protest its capital punishment policies.

### Marijuana

A recently published study by the French National Institute for Transport and Safety linked marijuana use with fatal car crashes. The study examined the cases of 10,748 drivers in fatal crashes and determined that a significant percentage of them, 7%, were under the influence of cannabis. A staggering 21.4% of the drivers were drunk or using alcohol, while 2.9% of those using cannabis were also using alcohol. This study also determined that cannabis use among drivers is as prevalent as alcohol (average 2.8% of all drivers) but that those using alcohol still had the much higher rate of fatal crashes. Fatalities were tested for drugs and alcohol, but because marijuana stays in the system much longer than it is active, it is difficult to determine if any of these people were actively "high" at the time of the crash.

A study from Denmark, published in the British Journal of Psychiatry, declares a strong link between marijuana-induced mental disorders and the development of schizophrenia. The study indicates that habitual pot smokers who are genetically predisposed to schizophrenic disorders develop earlier symptoms, and sometimes the more serious symptoms are triggered by pot-induced paranoia. There is no definite evidence that pot use causes schizophrenia but some in Britain are calling for the drug's reclassification from class 3 (hardcore) to class 2 to discourage early use.

### Tylenol

Evidence is mounting that the pain reliever acetaminophen, aka Tylenol, can be poisonous or even fatal in relatively low concentrated doses. Someone taking NyQuil, DayQuil, Excedrin, or Midol at the same time could send themselves to the hospital with irreversible and potentially fatal liver damage. Acetaminophen is also a main ingredient in addictive painkillers Vicodin and Percocet, which can lead to inadvertent overdosing by users, especially when mixed with over-the-counter drugs (Have a handover from your pill binge? Don't take a Tylenol.) Nearly half of the emergency liver transplant patients in one Seattle hospital had acetaminophen to blame, though 44 percent of these were suicide attempts. Factors like fasting, obesity, body weight and daily alcohol consumption make the drug more dangerous, but for "normal healthy people" the recommended dosage should still be safe.

### Cigarettes

The city of Seattle, Washington passed a smoking ban in the November elections which is officially the strictest in the nation. It dictates that smokers cannot smoke in any public building or vehicle (including restaurants, bars, clubs, pool halls, offices, taxicabs, etc.) In the fine print it also stipulates that smoking cannot take place within 25 feet of any door, window or vent of any public vehicle or building. This basically makes it illegal to smoke outdoors on any of Seattle's more crowded streets. Passers-by are exempt, and some businesses can apply for waivers to the 25 foot law if they can prove that the smoke will not waft in through some vent and potentially offend any eco-fascists enjoying the crystal-pure city air inside.

by liv carrow

# ROOT CELLAR

"FEATURED ON MTV CRIBS"

Open house

# PARTY

"NOT A PARTY"

FRIDAY THE 9TH  
EIGHT PM

SUPPORT YOUR INCUMBENT  
COMMITTEE MEMBERS  
Brel Froebe Karen Soskin  
Daniel Pearce  
+++FREE PRESS STAFF  
Abe Jellinek Christian Blunda



## New Entertainment Committee Process

by matt wing

In a last minute flurry of work that we almost forgot we had to do, the Central Committee is putting together elections for next year's Entertainment Committee. These are the only elections held at the end of the Fall Semester, as opposed to in the spring when all other Student Government positions are filled. This is partly because the Entertainment Committee is not an extension of the Student Government, but instead a club which brings bands to campus throughout the year.

The reason these positions are not arbitrary is because the Entertainment Committee has such a momentous impact on student life at Bard. Consequentially they receive the largest portion of the convocation fund. The work is arduous but rewarding, and takes a certain degree of organizational skill and commitment. There are no obligatory qualifications; students of any year may run and any seniors who are elected serve until they graduate in May.

Two important changes are being made to the electoral process. Firstly, this year, students who run for the Entertainment Committee will do so as individuals for five open slots. In the past, interested students have organized groups that run as a whole on a general platform including what sort of music they plan to provide. This switch to students running independently is an effort to give

the voters a more direct and diverse say in what sort of music is brought on campus. With a mix of people on the Committee, the hope is that there will be a greater variety of tastes represented. Since all other elections are done on an individual basis, this is not such a radical shift in procedure. The change will also make it far easier for any student who is interested to run since they don't have to rely on a group of their friends for candidacy.

In an additional franchise experiment, the voting for this election will be done via email as opposed to by written ballot. One of the biggest problems which plagues all Bard elections is that less than a third of the student body traditionally votes. The hope is that since everyone is indoors and swamped with work, this new system will make voting easier and more accessible.

Here's how it's going to work. In the coming week, all those are interested must submit a written statement either through campus mail to Matt Wing or via email to [Centralcom@bard.edu](mailto:Centralcom@bard.edu). These submissions are all due by **Friday, December 9<sup>th</sup>**. The statements should include what, if any, experience you bring to the position, what sort of music you want to bring, and some general eloquence that it makes it all worth

## Entertainment Committee Counterpoint

by matt garklavs

Lately, there has been a growing inclination to promote plurality on campus. I believe that this is a natural quality in a social environment that will manifest itself and will not necessarily be assured by combating conformity. That said, I will now focus on a more specific issue that is relevant to this general observation: the new Entertainment Committee elections.

These reformed elections are unwarranted and, frankly, a slap in the face to the individuals who selflessly served the community last year by working on the committee. Bard used to use a system of electing Entertainment Committee members who ran as groups. This system has been successful. The last time elections were actually held was two years ago. The current Entertainment Committee members ran last year against no contenders and thus reassumed the positions they were already holding (with a few extra members like myself). In acknowledging this, I realize that more than half of the student body has never had the opportunity to participate in the former system of elections. The fact that they have been deprived of this is simply unfair.

As a current member of the Entertainment Committee, I've come to understand how demanding and stressful it can be to organize events on campus. One of the constant sources of aggravation is the shortage of venues on campus to hold such events. Ever since the Old Gym closed two years ago, our responsibilities have increased tremendously. Nevertheless, the caliber of entertainment that we bring to Bard has not been depleted in the face such limitations. Whether or not we've catered to everyone's tastes, the current Entertainment Committee has done a damn good job of bringing up-and-coming artists (most of whom would now be unaffordable for us to host) to the campus on a shoestring budget (in comparison to most colleges).

However, in acknowledging our accomplishments, I will not condone the problems that occurred this semester. One of the main issues that we faced was that people were too often working independently. This tended to cause miscommunication and confusion within the committee, consequently leading to some rescheduling and even cancellations.

In my opinion, the creation of a new system could potentially lead to more of these same problems. I am all for diversifying the social scene on campus, but this is a really imposing manner of doing so. Electing individuals who are unfamiliar with one another could potentially lead to more independent work among the committee and consequently more miscommunication and less cooperation (within the committee itself and moreover within the student body). Aside from the numerous other logistical conflicts that this process will entail (e-mail voting?!), I believe that holding these elections may also result in some drastic effects on the infrastructure of our social network by creating greater divisions among different groups of people on campus (or at least exposing the ones that already exist). Everyone wants to be represented equally in the coming elections. However, this mentality combined with the standard of the new system will only perpetuate the level of social estrangement that exists in our precious little community. Having these new elections only seems appropriate with all the alterations that have occurred at Bard over the past semester. In some cases, I understand that change is for the better. However, I don't understand why we should deprive ourselves of a system that has consistently complimented the community in the past by fulfilling its responsibilities.

Free Press Clip n' Save Recipe #5

## In the Kitchen With Jon Myers

### His Secret Chili...Revealed!

Following much deliberation, I have decided to part with my cherished, and heretofore secret, chili recipe. Going open-source was not an easy decision. I have come to terms with idea of others' attempting to recreate, and perhaps even modifying, the dish I keep closest to my heart. As the days get shorter, and the nights colder, it is my sincere hope that this recipe will help at least a few members of the community to ease their collective transition into the winter months.

#### Ingredients:

- 2 large white or yellow onions, Vidalia preferable, diced
- 5 cloves garlic, minced
- 4 carrots, shredded
- 2 green peppers, julienned
- 2 poblano peppers, likewise julienned (if available)
- 4 jalapeño peppers, pith removed, diced (reserve seeds for added heat if desired later)
- 14.5 oz peeled and diced tomatoes w/juice
- 12 oz tomato paste
- 2 cans kidney beans, drained
- 2 cans black beans, drained
- 1 can pinto beans, drained
- 1 lb (.454 kg) protein-rich, salty product (Gimme Lean brand "ground beef" is perhaps my favorite, though any textured vegetable or soy-based protein product should be fine)
- 1 package Soyrizo or similar brand soy-based chorizo alternative
- 12 oz dark beer (Brooklyn Brown Ale has become my favorite for this purpose)
- 1 cup strong black coffee
- 14 oz good quality vegetable broth or stock (I use Better'n Bullion)
- .25 cup brown sugar
- 3.5 tbs chili powder
- 3 tbs cumin
- 2 tsp coriander
- 1 tbs unsweetened cocoa
- 2 tsp oregano
- 1 tsp cayenne pepper
- 3 tbs olive oil
- salt, as always, to taste

Sauté onions and garlic in olive oil until onions become translucent, then add protein and Soyrizo, continuing to cook until protein becomes satisfactorily browned.

Add 0.5 of the total bean content, and the rest of the ingredients, now, reserving the remaining beans for the last 0.5 hour of cooking.

The chili will most likely smell and taste strongly of the beer and coffee at this point. Do not be alarmed. The alcohol will cook off, and the flavors will all mellow.

Cover, and bring the chili to a boil, taking care not to burn the bottom, as this will ruin some of the more subtle flavors. Also, keep in mind that something this thick will not 'boil' in the same way as water, but the liquid in the center of the pot should be bubbling a fair bit. Keep up this level of cooking for a half-hour or so, stirring frequently to avoid burnage.

Reduce heat to about 50%, enough so that the chili will bubble a little in the center when left untouched for a bit, but not burn in the same time period. Cook at this level for as long as you can wait, at least 2 hours, but ideally more.

If the chili must be left unattended, reduce heat to low. At this setting, you should be able to leave the chili for several hours. Basically, the longer it cooks, the more mellow the flavors will become, and the more homogenous the texture.

Cook to a mutually satisfying point; both you and the chili will know when it is done. Serve painfully hot, with shredded cheddar, sour cream, and fresh cilantro if desired, though I prefer it plain.

**Rambling with Abe.**

**12-2AM Tuesday Night.**

**\$20 Giveaway December 13th!**



# The Accidental Masterpiece: The Art of life and Vice Versa

by alice gregory

a book by Michael Kimmelman

It's a common fact that The New York Times is written at an eighth grade reading level, demoting information in a very national and very public sphere. Michael Kimmelman, an art critic for The Times, exemplifies this problem. His new book of art theory, *The Accidental Masterpiece*, is a collection of just such patronizing points.

Perhaps my disappointment is only disillusionment. The *Accidental Masterpiece* had all the shallow credentials that I look for in a book: a whimsical cover, a reputable author, some urbane substance, an expensive binding. A book with a paradox already in the title? Yes please! Art? Life? What could be better?

A lot.

The book had sat on my shelf since L&T. Homework took precedence and it wasn't until my seven hour wait at JFK that I cracked open Pandora's box. My anticipation was brutally slapped in the face.

The narrative thread is weak. Kimmelman jumps from period to period, style to style, movement to movement with little synthesis amongst the segments. He makes

valiant attempts. But I'm wary of tempering my criticism with obligatory praise. This is no tepid review. He treats each chapter as a microcosm, the relationship between one artist and his muse as paradigmatic of all art. But that's a slippery slope into generality - life, humanity... words that mean nothing. A vortex of ambiguity.

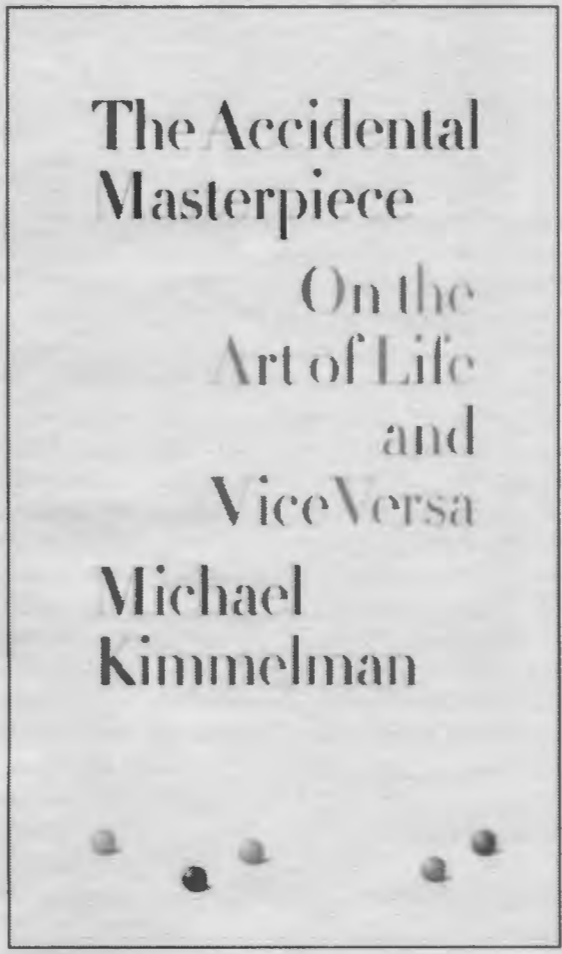
I judge the merit of a book based upon the quantity of my annotations, the number of lines that I transfer into my notebook. After looking back on this one, I realize that what I have bracketed off are quotes from the artists themselves. A lot of what Kimmelman himself says is token, but necessary: that tastes have changed over the centuries, the retroactive assessment of value... We know all of this, but he still feels the need to write it. The ratio of what we already know to things that we have never conceived of is disproportionate.

What wisdom Kimmelman does dispense of is somehow incongruous with the value of the book as a whole. He makes some

valuable points, "We're wary of an art of such paradisiacal beauty, whose complexity, and peculiar sadness aren't immediately apparent." True. The assertion seems hypocritical, though, considering that his book is just this. Is the whole thing a pandering to the masses - the masses that read at a middle-school level? An abandonment of nuance? Kimmelman giving into simplicity? The statement is astute, but immediately discredited with unbelievable lines, "...even just appreciating art can make living a daily masterpiece." Did he really just say that? Did I really just survive reading it?

After discussing Bonard, Duchamp, Warhol, all the biggies, we are left with what I take as his interpretation of "everything." But somehow "everything" is read as "nothing." That's what we're left with. The all-encompassing joy of art, unqualified appreciation of life, total awe of beauty, amounts to something so ambiguous that it forced me into caustic cynicism. Kimmelman is

preaching to the choir. Anybody who is reading the book knows that art is a good thing. There's absolutely no argument needed. Maybe I'm just too sarcastic, but I would rather he embrace his job title as an art critic. Kimmelman: stop noting the graduated tones of a winter sky. Go back to sardonic critiques. Make fun of elephant dung used as paint. Insult livestock encased in formaldehyde, please.



## What I've Learned in Community College

by steve kristian

On the advice of a constituent of the Office of the Dean, who asserted that the level of academia intrinsic to community college is comparable to that which is celebrated at Bard College, I registered for two courses this semester at my local institution. Alas, my being the eternal skeptic, I couldn't help but doubt the counsel I received from someone whose opinion and professionalism I had no reason to question.

Community colleges are the most appealing choice for a good portion of the degree-seeking population, due mainly to their accessibility and affordability. For the offspring of many working-class families they are the obvious alternative to more expensive private and public institutions of higher learning. Prospectives can feasibly earn degrees that are concurrent with their individual schedules, which often involve full time employment and real life responsibilities. Economically, these learning establishments are unrivaled, save for scholarships or gross allocations of financial aid within the private and public university sphere. Without much trouble, one can satisfy credit requirements in conjunction with handling whatever of life's little quirks are thrown his or her way.

There is, though, another aspect of community college that I have discovered in my adventures. I am currently enrolled in an Extension Center of Westchester Community College (one of four in the county), a program that offers college credit night courses at public high schools throughout the county. The primary goal of these courses is to afford an educational opportunity to those who, for various reasons, may have had to put a hold on their education.

Besides students in their late 20's, 30's and 40's continuing on their journey towards a degree, I stumbled upon another breed serviced by this program. The Extension Centers serve as a sort of dumping ground for students dismissed from more expensive public

and private boarding colleges. More often than not, these students are left with little place else to go, whether it be due to an inability to transfer to another school in light of their dismissal, their loss of a scholarship or means to

no money you would get no health care." Naturally I was dumbfounded. She proceeded to declare that we, the good ol' U.S. of A., maintained an "excellent public school system." I love my Environmental Biology

when I discovered that a requirement of the Criminal Justice course is the private viewing of an episode of the show (of our choosing) paired with a paper quasi-analyzing it within a weak framework of textual content.

and equally depressing, is students' reception of that bullshit. Nothing is challenged, everything is taken as truth, and rules of an educational system are created with each assuming his or her respective role—focused entirely on the achievement of recognition, validation, and eventually a piece of paper that reflects these experiences and serves as a bridge from one bank to the other, over the rushing waters of economic despair.

I in no way mean to assert that this attitude towards education is isolated and limited to community schools; it happens across all levels of schooling, in its own special way. Bard College is supposedly a *different* strain of the educational virus, one that values the individual's growth through attempts at providing them with the space and assistance they need in order to thrive; which in some ways cannot be disputed. Bard's strongest area, despite its shorter stature in terms of resources and sheer size in the face of other institutions, is its abundance of opportunity. There are various international programs that allow students to study in other countries, an accelerated availability of a more personal

relationship with professors, the accessibility of tutorials, not to mention programs like the Bard Prison Initiative and various other TLS-sponsored, service-oriented concerns. Bard is a land of opportunity, and if students sow their seeds and cultivate them, with what tools Bard possesses, they can reap an unparalleled harvest of their labors, pertinent to their aspiration and most importantly, their selves. Don't tolerate the spoonfuls of bullshit that taste sweet by default. Validly challenge the systems inherent in institutionalization, and work from within; the potential is ever present. It's your Bard, let's keep it clean.



meet tuition fees, or, in many cases, a parent or caretaker's refusal to shell out money for another school until their "little bundles of joy" show some sign of improvement in response to their prior mishaps.

With that in mind, I have enrolled in Introduction to Criminal Justice and Environmental Biology. Putting what little faith I had of the potential of community college in these two courses, my worst expectations were far exceeded. In my Environmental Biology class my teacher *taught* me that the United States of America was the only country that provided free medical care for its citizens. She even went so far as to say that "[if you] were in a place like Europe and had

class.

When I was in 5<sup>th</sup> grade, I was one of the lucky students in my school to be selected to appear in the background of an episode of *Law and Order* when the show's producers filmed a portion their show in our gymnasium. I was paid \$36.97 to play basketball while they filmed "Working Moms." The storyline involved two women who were soccer moms by day and prostitutes by night. And they were arrested in my school's gym! That moment marked my first, and essentially last, contact with *Law and Order* save for a few random episodes of *S.V.U.* because Ice-T is a special human being. You can of course understand my bewilderment

As if this gem on the syllabus were not enough, the professor managed to reference the show during the course of the class no less than nine times.

The most eye-opening aspect of this delirium-causing experience is the culture shock that I had been thrust into. I live two blocks from the high school where I presently attend these classes (a school where a teacher was assaulted by one of her students with a hammer just a few years ago). I had played basketball there in my formative years, and passed it nearly six times a week. All the while I assumed courses of this sort were in session.

Professors talking bullshit is not the worst of it. What's more shocking,



music reviews.  
music reviews.  
music reviews.



chalk lines around my body / like the shoreline of a lake



**HORSE the Band**  
**The Mechanical Hand**

The Oxford English Dictionary defines sophomoric as being "...pretentious, bombastic, inflated in style or manner; immature, crude, and superficial." That said, HORSE the Band's new album is sophomoric by definition, but only in the sense that everything HORSE the Band has ever done or ever will do is sophomoric. (It should be noted here that they do 'sophomore' better than anyone else, as demonstrated by their first release, R. Borlax; however, this is a review of their second album, The Mechanical Hand, which is considerably better.)

This album, released in September of 2005, marks a move to Combat Records (from Pluto Records) and will see HORSE the Band embarking on a tour with The Dillinger Escape Plan and Between the Buried and Me. With this release, they seem to have carved out a place for themselves outside of the over-genrified "—core" scene, often earning a reference to "some kind of experimental metal" in reviews.

You will find other reviewers touting HORSE the Band for their original integration of keyboards with "hard rock", "extreme" hard rock, and "metal". That's a bunch of bullshit; their keyboardist is arguably better than the guitarist who arguably isn't very good. What is original about HORSE the Band is their material. Often referred to as "Nintendo-core", they use clips and samples from Nintendo games and write most of their songs about

characters featured in Nintendo games. This album is heavy, and the keyboards are used well, but it is far from the masterpiece that some reviewers make it out to be. Don't be fooled; this is not the band that will save rock, punk, metal, your scene, or anything for that matter, but it is certainly one of the more unique bands to grace any of those things—no matter how briefly—in a long time.

If you can get over the campy, old-school-is-cool-again silliness, and general immaturity of this band, The Mechanical Hand is a really good album. It is much more consistent than R. Borlax, both in production and general listenability. If you liked their first release, you should definitely get this. If you like "extreme hard rock" and you are sick of your collection, you should probably give this a shot. Also recommended for fans of any game system < 16 bits. To clarify how I feel about this album, I would have to say I agree

with the Town Supervisor of Livingston, NY, Phil Williams, whose official statement was, "I love it."

-Owen Conlow



**Propagandhi**  
**Potemkin City Limits**

Four years ago, independent of one another, both of my brothers and I named Propagandhi as the best all-around punk band still playing. This band has been putting out solid, extremely intelligent political punk since the early nineties. The loss of emo vocalist/guitarist John K. Samson to the Weakerthans vastly broadened Propagandhi's horizons, enabling them to release positively brutal *Today's Empires*,

*Tomorrow's Ashes* in 2000. With their revitalized thrashy sound, my hopes were soaring for the release of their next album.

First, some context. For the unfamiliar, the album received its title [*Potemkin City Limits*] from Grigori Alexandrovich Potemkin, who in the late 1700s orchestrated the building of elaborate fake villages to impress Catherine the Great as she toured the Ukraine and Crimea. The point was to put up a facade to hide the undesirable facts of the dilapidated state.

Skip ahead two centuries to the first track. At first listen, the overproduced, echoing vocals made me worry that my favorite punk band had morphed into cheesy wannabe metalcore. But after giving it a few more spins, the situation isn't honestly as bad as all that. Propagandhi has retained their newer, harder sound and cutting, painfully brilliant lyrics. And they're still relentlessly talking trash about the disaster that is the Bush administration.

In "Name and Address Withheld," Chris asks,

"And now I'm supposed to mourn dead Americans? The executioner's willing citizens? I'm so sorry, and I'm trying to think it through, but when the chickens came home to roost and hand-delivered matching funeral urns to the bully that never learns I could've sworn I heard a chorus rise and fall wishing them so many more unhappy returns. But in every war waged, only kings emerged unscathed."

Add to that the significant reduction of Chris' vocal range, and the conclusion is unquestionable: Propagandhi is tired. The anti-fascist, anti-sexist, animal-friendly, gay-positive sermons they've been spouting for the past fifteen years are still wholly relevant — and therein lies the problem. As the first and most outspoken critics of George Bush in 2000 and with their constant criticism of the US political system over the

past decade and a half, I don't think anyone can fault them for looking around and thinking, "What the fuck has changed?" Frighteningly little, and I don't blame these Canadian world citizens for becoming jaded by the American populace. Where their last record was spitting with anger and demanding justice, this one falls to its knees weeping and spitting all the way down.

While I wouldn't recommend this to a first-time listener, Propagandhi is far from giving up. In "Life at Disconnect," Chris yells:

"If it all makes sense, you're the furthest fucking gone. They've got badges that they cover with their hands while they're bashing your fucking head. They've got graveyards that they'll fill with that head if you start getting anywhere. I won't pretend that we're on the winning end. But when did that matter before anyway? (That never mattered before anyway.)"

This sentiment, at least, will resonate in the hearts of many. And humanity, however much of it that still exists, deeply salutes them.

-Claryn Spies



**Tales Told By Dead Men**  
**- Zombie Apocalypse/Send More Paramedics**  
**Hellbent Records/In at the Deep End Record**

I'll try to avoid as many zombie puns as possible in this review of the Zombie Apocalypse/Send More Paramedics split, *Tales Told By Dead Men*. With zombie horror creeping\* back into mainstream culture (see *28 Days Later*, *Cabin Fever*, *House of 1000 Corpses*, *Dawn of the Dead*, etc.), where would counter culture be without an equally inappropriate response? Although there is a certain

undeniable element of gimmick to music about zombies or performed by people dressed as zombies, I think it would be irresponsible to expect any less from fans of cult horror classics.

Zombie Apocalypse features key ex-members of Shai Hulud, Poughkeepsie's own misanthropic metalcore torch-bearers. In this project, they perform significantly more brutal music that is supplemented by dual/gang vocals from start to finish, and rarely-repeating thrash guitars. Fans of Shai Hulud will certainly enjoy this, but it caters to a broader base, as well as less attentive listeners, with an average song length less than 2 minutes. The sound is as passionate and intense as anything Shai Hulud ever made with a lighter theme and a stripped-down-while-remaining-technical approach.

Send More Paramedics takes their name from a lesser known *Night of the Living Dead* sequel, *Return of the Living Dead*, and continue with zombie references as far as one of the standout tracks, "Zombie vs. Shark." Hailing from the United Kingdom, they represent zombies from across the pond on *Tales Told By Dead Men*. Their musical stylings (and the genre I attempt to fit them into) won't sound much different than *Zombie Apocalypse*, but they present a much stronger punk influence with some thrash hardcore. The vocals can be abrasive at times, but are fitting to both the theme and accompaniment.

These two bands compliment each other very well and while they may sound the same on paper, I assure you they are not. I can honestly say that this split is a great listen from beginning to end; it does not suffer from the affliction of so many splits where one band is amazing and the other is boring or unbearable. On the contrary, this release gives the listener 24 and a half minutes of frighteningly\* good music. George Romero would no doubt rise from the grave in support of *Tales Told By Dead Men*.\*

\* sorry -Owen Conlow



**Thou Shalt**  
**Have No**

**Other Gods Before Me.**

*Missed Connections ~*

12/5/05: YOU SENT ME AN ANONYMOUS NOTE VIA CAMPUS MAIL. WHO ARE YOU? SEND ANOTHER IF YOU SEE THIS. IT COULD LEAD TO SOMETHING.

12/3/05: WE WERE AT A POTLUCK. I FED YOU THE PIAS-IN-A-BLANKET. YOU PROMISED ME THAT WE WOULD SEE DOLLYWOOD TOGETHER WHEN YOU RETURN FROM DEUTSCHLAND. DON'T FORGET ME?



# A Family Affair: Akron/Family In Smog

by charley lanning

No band with even the slightest inclination towards "psychedelic" can escape the attention listeners will surely pay to the interaction between the song and the jam, or the tune and the noise. On record, Akron/Family carefully balance each pair of opposing forces, leaving no mystery as to their particular agenda as "freak-folk" trendsetters with no desire to tip the balance, and risk the possibility of losing indie music's most gratifying and arousing genre label. Oh yeah, and they really just sound like alt-country. Or, like, trip-country, man. Yet, while in the studio the quartet keeps in mind how to fit snugly and unoffensively onto the kids' iPods, Akron/Family burned SMOG down like they forgot for a second how tasteful and intelligent they were. Or perhaps they remembered how much fun they have getting blasted and playing mean fuzzboxed solos over CSNY records and the jam on "Franklin's Tower."

That's right, the Family jammed like nobody's business, and somehow narrowly escaped both the soggy noodle-head jam-banding and fake-folk pitfalls. The Animal Collective-esque interludes were convincing enough, and fed beautifully off the energy following and preceding the psyched-out guitar-rock journeys. Tight, yet damn wild, Akron/Family went ape-shit without loosing grip on the hard-won Bard skeptics.

The Family's wildness found its cohesion in drummer Dana Jansen's stripped-down, hyper-propulsive beats, which were as effective as any German machine could produce. Jansen

was, for much of the show, all that stood between Akron/Family and completely slack moments. Their lead guitarist and master wizard also cannot be ignored either. Neither could his acid leads and general mega-riffage. Akron/Family were crafting a storm Saturday the 3<sup>rd</sup> that no one expected, de-emphasizing their sensitive faux-country boy ballads and gradually bringing the sky down through each outrageous jam and leaf-and-berries interlude until finally pausing about twenty minutes before the end of their set. At that point, Mr. Poederooyen informed me, "The shit's about to hit the fan." And this is coming right after the permafried second guitarist joined Poederooyen for an amazing rhythm jam that had me madly pounding on a file cabinet in a fit of resurrected memories of Africa.

From the assorted toy pianos, shakers, kazoos, and pretend birds, it would have been hard to imagine Akron/Family's finale cover of The Grateful Dead's "I Know You Rider." Oh, did the shit hit the fan. It *sprayed*. The kids swam and danced and made love in it. Who knows what these guys really imagine themselves sounding like, as other live recordings, their album, and the word on the street all indicate the Family's behavior at Bard was unique to time and place. In that case, it's nice to see a band loose itself in the disarming and seductive SMOG, and plain ecstatic to have them clap and chant the lyrics to "Nuclear War" in a call-and-response with the few remaining listeners following the face-melting show.



# Recent Smog Shows



Akron / Family



the perceptionists



Support SMOG, and clean up!



# Yes, No. Mae Shi So

*mae shi rocks bard, is interviewed by karen soskin*

On Saturday, November 5, I was stressed the fuck out. The PA of Smog was not only out of commission, it had vanished; the amps of the audio co-op were broken; the PAC was presumably engrossed in preliminary tech for the Natalie Merchant/Dr John benefit; and the heroic A/V crew was stretched thin over two tech-heavy shows in Bard Hall and the MPR until long past midnight. The mild-mannered boys of The Mae Shi arrived in Annandale-On-Hudson after a lukewarm show at Colgate without a red room, a circus garage, or even a manger in which to unleash their cyclone of feverish shrieks and spastic beats.

What to do? Half of my trusty hospitality crew was stationed upstairs in the Campus Center playing Snood, ready to crank out updated flyers on fluorescent paper at a moment's notice. The other half was showing the band around the cemetery. As the booker, I was at the folk show in Bard Hall trying to explain that it would not be possible for the visiting noise-rockers to do an acoustic set.

lights on for another ten minutes, much to the shock of the walkie-talkie-armed administration, a moment unparalleled since the lights went up on the Unicorns during the Old Gym's final spring.

Several scrambled hours and eggs later, bassist Tim Byron joined me to share the secrets of Team Mae Shi.

FP: *Terrorbird* is one of my favorite albums. It progresses from beginning to end in such a structured, methodical way. How was planning *Heartbeeps* different - that is, do you traditionally try to have a standard blueprint for your LPs?

TIM: With *Terrorbird*, we wanted to make a record that kind of worked from the beginning to the end, and we had a bunch of concepts for records. One of the concepts was to make a rock record the way hip-hop records are done, where you've got different people producing every song, you've got different sounds on every song, like the Kanye West record. Another concept

Inch Nails - it's a really weird list - I guess we all like The Ex. But there are very few that we can all sort of agree that totally rule. We all love Andrew WK...

FP: What's up with your new record?

TIM: We're gonna go home and start writing and recording and something is gonna come out on 5RC in June. We also have a DVD coming. Our friend, Davyde (Codone), came out with us and filmed sixty hours of footage of us on the very first US tour we did, and we got a lot of our friends from CalArts to do videos, so it's got like

30 videos and an hour of really weird tour footage that's kind of like a little featurette. It's totally jam-packed with stuff - I like stuff. I really like putting out records and having them on my shelf. I like making things, and one of the things that I think sort of ties the band together a little bit is we treat it like a little business, we make our own shirts and we try to stay organized, we have like a band account. We try to use it as a self-improvement vehicle. We're probably never going to get rich, or even pay the rent making music because it's just too hard, but if we can learn something and if that is fun and happy and rewarding then that would be totally great. I mean, a lot of us have worked day jobs and have been really bored by them and stuff, so we're sort of trying to grow up. So a big part of that is trying to get something out of the band, like learning how to run a business.

FP: What are some of your day jobs?

TIM: I work at a comedy theatre and I do freelance graphic design, Jeff works at a film school, Ezra writes music software, Brad is an assistant for a music producer, and Corey's looking for a day job.

FP: Who's your favorite female vocalist? If hip-hop, give me a non-hip-hop one, too.

TIM: Right now I love M.I.A. and I love Missy, and I love Nellie McKay - she's a singer-songwriter from Olympia.

FP: Do you guys feel a lot of loyalty to 5rc?

TIM: It's a great label. We met Slim who runs 5RC and Kill Rock Stars when we went on our



very first west coast tour. We wanted to play in Olympia because it's this big important indie rock town, like that's where Unwound is from, that's where Sleater-Kinney is from and everything. We were just an unknown band that didn't have anything recorded and for some reason he put a little bit of effort into helping us set up a show. He said, "Just keep in touch, and if you record anything, send it me." A little bit of time passed, and by April 8, I was on the computer and noticed Slim was on Instant Messenger, and I was like, "Hey, have you had the chance to listen to our record?" He was like, "No, but it's right in front of me, I'll listen to it," and he's like, "Wow, this is good, well, I'll put this out." It all happened over Instant Messenger.

FP: Just like that?

TIM: Yeah, he was like, "When do you want this to come out," and I'm like, "June, I guess," and he was like, "Okay," and it was done. We sent him a CD with finished art and everything and were like, "Is it OK this way? Is it too long, is it too short?" He said, "It's fine, whatever you want it to be, it's totally fine." As a label, he basically just gives you a megaphone for whatever ideas you have.

FP: Like your mixtape obsession?

TIM: Totally, we've done a few mixtape swaps. When our very first EP came out, if you came to a show, you'd get a copy of it if you gave us a mixtape or a mix CD, so we had something to listen to on tour, but we couldn't keep giving out free 5RC records because that costs money. So we made this mix CD and it had all our favorite moments of all our favorite songs, so it had like 1,500 songs on it - but just the best three seconds of every song, so it was like 70 minutes long, it changed really fast. So we gave that to everyone, and then we were like, "Can we send this to radio stations and use this to promote our band?" Slim was like, "Sure," and he got his CD burner going and they made 200 copies and sent it out. [5rc lets you make] whatever music you want, you can package it however you want, you can even kind of promote it however you want, and they do a really good job, so I don't think there's any place that would work better for us, it's just the perfect label.



The quintet from Los Angeles finally stormed the stage of the MPR at 1:30 AM, spewing out upwards of fifteen songs from their two 5RC long-players. What resulted was surely one of the most epic performances on their "Victory Lap & Long-Format Love Letter Tour"; Jeff impaled several members of the audience, thanks to his wireless electric guitar setup; Tim pried out tubby bass notes and whooped in complicated rhythms; Ezra shouted lyrics pulled from neuroscience textbooks and Plato's Republic. As a special surprise, the band appeared with new drummer, Corey Fogel (The On, Gel Flesh, Monstro), who seemed to pump pure energy through the veins of his bandmates. Brad stripped off his clothes at his keyboard, a *Heartbeeps* cut was slowed and extended to include a chorus about Bard, and in reaction to the two o'clock arrival of security to shut down the MPR, the band ran their instruments into the audience, handed grinning youths drumsticks, and everyone jammed even harder with the

was like, if there's a great riff in the song, use it five times in five different songs. Those are concepts we were working through and by the time we finished it, it was forty-one minutes long and it was a full-length record, so that was what we ended up with.

FP: What are some of your collective influences?

TIM: We were talking about this today - there are very few bands that all five of us agree upon. I really like spazzy rock-n-roll, like Ex-Models and Race Bannon and The Ex, and Ezra likes computer music and sort of experimental music. Jeff likes a lot of 70's pop, he really loves Squeeze and XTC and The Jam, and Brad really loves pop music like Britney Spears and knows everything about every pop producer. He could pick out a Rich Harrison-produced track or a Scott Storch-produced track. But the only bands we all agree on are Queen, David Bowie, Nine

## The Clientele at the Knitting Factory, November 23rd

by camilla aiken

It is unfortunate that so few bands today play great music. It shouldn't matter how exciting a band's live shows are or how cool they dress or what their life stories are like. The Clientele is just that kind of band. Not that they aren't lovely human beings - they were terrifically polite and friendly - or that they are boring live, because they most certainly are not. It is just that their songs are so staggeringly good, so unimaginably beautiful, that nothing else matters much beyond that. The Clientele - Alasdair MacLean, Mark Keen, and James Hornsey - were at the end of an eight-week U.S. tour when they came to the

Knitting Factory in downtown NY the day before Thanksgiving. They came out onstage in all of their subtle glory and simply launched into "Since K Got Over Me," the first song off their latest release, *Strange Geometry*. They sounded impeccable, and the crowd just stared in awe. The whole night was full of lovely lilting lyrics and shimmering guitars. All of the best tracks from *Strange Geometry* were played, with the slow burning build up of "Impossible" as a particular highlight. Alasdair became a full-fledged "guitar god" on that one, as he took everyone's breath away with an incredible solo. I would

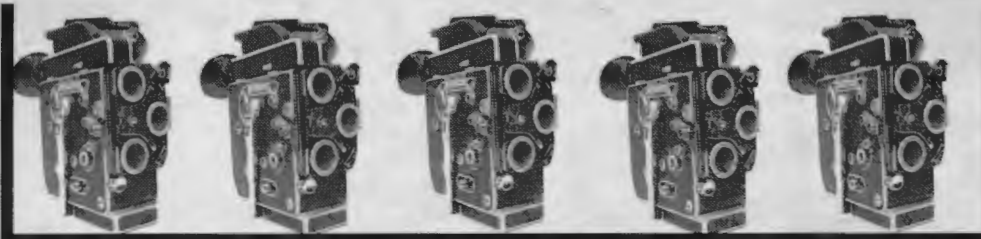
even venture to say they "rocked out" on "Porcelain," from 2003's *The Violet Hour*. Other gems of the night included The Ladybug Transistor's Gary Olsen making a guest appearance to play trumpet on the last two songs of the set. Besides the classic "Saturday," The Clientele's first single and one of the most gorgeous songs ever written, the biggest surprise of the night was "Policeman Getting Lost." It is a stunner of a song, fitting so much haunting melody and winsome lyrics in its two and a half minutes. They ended the set and bowed offstage. But then they returned, as every band known to

man does, and with absolutely no fanfare began an amazing encore. First up was "Losing Haringey," a tune from *Strange Geometry*, in which an audience member came up onstage to recite the spoken word lyrics as Alasdair stood next to him, eyes closed, playing intensely. Then there was an old favorite from their first LP, *Suburban Light*. It was lovely to hear "What Goes Up," and made me long for more old material, but I really could not have been more content. Especially when they played the last song of the night, a cover of twee legends The Television Personalities' "Picture of Dorian

Gray." The song is a silly and sweet tune that one might want to giggle at, with lyrics like, "We could drink lemon tea and eat cucumber sandwiches," but with The Clientele performing it, it just sounded like everything else they do: completely and utterly sublime. In their understated way, they said goodbye and were off to sell merchandise and mingle with the crowd before flying home to London to what they called "uncertain futures." One thing is certain, though. The Clientele is the best band you can hear at this moment in time, and that's all you need to do. Just hear them.







Film Film Film  
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Film

# The Americanization of Harry Potter

by alana buonaguro

color, aluminum, parking lot, etc.

We all wondered what was going to happen when the cute and innocent actors of the Harry Potter series grew up. Emma Watson (Hermione Granger) will be turning 18 in 2 years, 19 weeks, 0 days, 16 hours, 32 minutes, and 9 more seconds. How do I know this? Well, there is a whole website devoted to it. Perhaps it was this audience that the director of *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* was catering to. It certainly was not the 10 year-old fans, who probably missed all of the mature jokes and innuendos. For some (the tweens sitting behind me), seeing Harry sitting in a bathtub naked incited girlish giggles. The rest of us did not care to see Ron in too-tight muscle shirts and tank tops. Honestly, shouldn't they be wearing robes? The prevalence of sex in the new Harry Potter film is just one of many in a long line of abuses that signify the decay of Western civilization—I mean—the Americanization of Harry Potter. (The term MTVization could also be used).

The Quidditch World Cup (or should I say Superbowl) included a gigantic stadium, bright lights, and fireworks—I know that wizards are capable of way more awesome things—but not even a full minute of quidditch. At a quidditch tournament, the seats that are higher up are more desirable. So why did Luscious Malfoy criticize the Weasley family for their nosebleed seats? This would only make sense if they were watching a conventional American football game. Anachronisms like this cause a receptive audience member to do a reality-check, completely bursting the bubble of fantasy.

In typical American fashion, this movie made an anemic attempt to celebrate cultural diversity—an effort that resulted in complete “otherization.”

The characterization of the two foreign schools that compete in the TriWizard Tournament is completely stereotypical. The ladies from Beauxbatons Academy of Magic, a French all-girls school, are very beautiful but also proper,



snobbish, and somewhat inept. The all-male Durmstrang Institute is located somewhere in Eastern Europe, presumably Siberia. These rugged men arrive in a warship, dressed in dark red uniforms and furs. The school's champion and Hermione's date to the Yule Ball, Viktor Krum, is portrayed as dumb and brutish. After their date, Hermione refers to him as a “physical being” and smiles—yet another suggestive remark. The students from Durmstrang enter Hogwarts doing gymnastics and

tricks with fire, while the Beauxbatons perform a mix of acrobatics and dance, with plenty of sparkles. One shot in particular, focuses exclusively on the girls' bottoms as they walk in. As a fellow moviegoer pointed out, this brought to mind images of the competitive cheerleading movie, *Bring It On*. We all love to see a nice booty shake, and that's why we go see those awesomely-bad movies. Such vices and indulgences do not belong in Harry Potter.

Was anyone else thrown off when the classical music of the ball stopped and an awful European rock band started playing? And did anyone notice that the band featured members of Pulp and Radiohead? Likewise, the fantasy that Rowling so meticulously creates in her books was shattered when I saw Hermione wearing a sweater I recognized from the Gap. Once again, where are the robes? The idea behind this intrusion of pop culture is that the audience can

relate to the fantasy world, and apply the morals and lessons to real life. Yet when taken too far, this becomes antithetical to the idea of fantasy.

At the superficial level, *The Goblet of Fire* is everything that a fan could want, though perhaps the movie is more enjoyable for non-fans and non-readers—those who can enjoy the film without constantly comparing it to the books and griping about what was

left out, or that the plot was severely “dumbed-down.” The dragon and lake scenes were fantastic, with remarkable special effects. Yet the maze scene could have had more, and the awesome Voldemort was not nearly as frightening as he should have been. While parts of the movie were a little risqué, the message—which stressed the importance of friends and family—was wholesome. The tagline “Everything Will Change” is exceedingly appropriate as our hero travels through



adolescence (Harry seems to be able to fight dragons better than he can find a date). So maybe the movie was too contemporary, and maybe it had too much sex in it. But maybe I need to adjust to the fact that the original readers, along with the actors of the film, are growing up. Whatever the case, *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* made for an entertaining, enjoyable American night.

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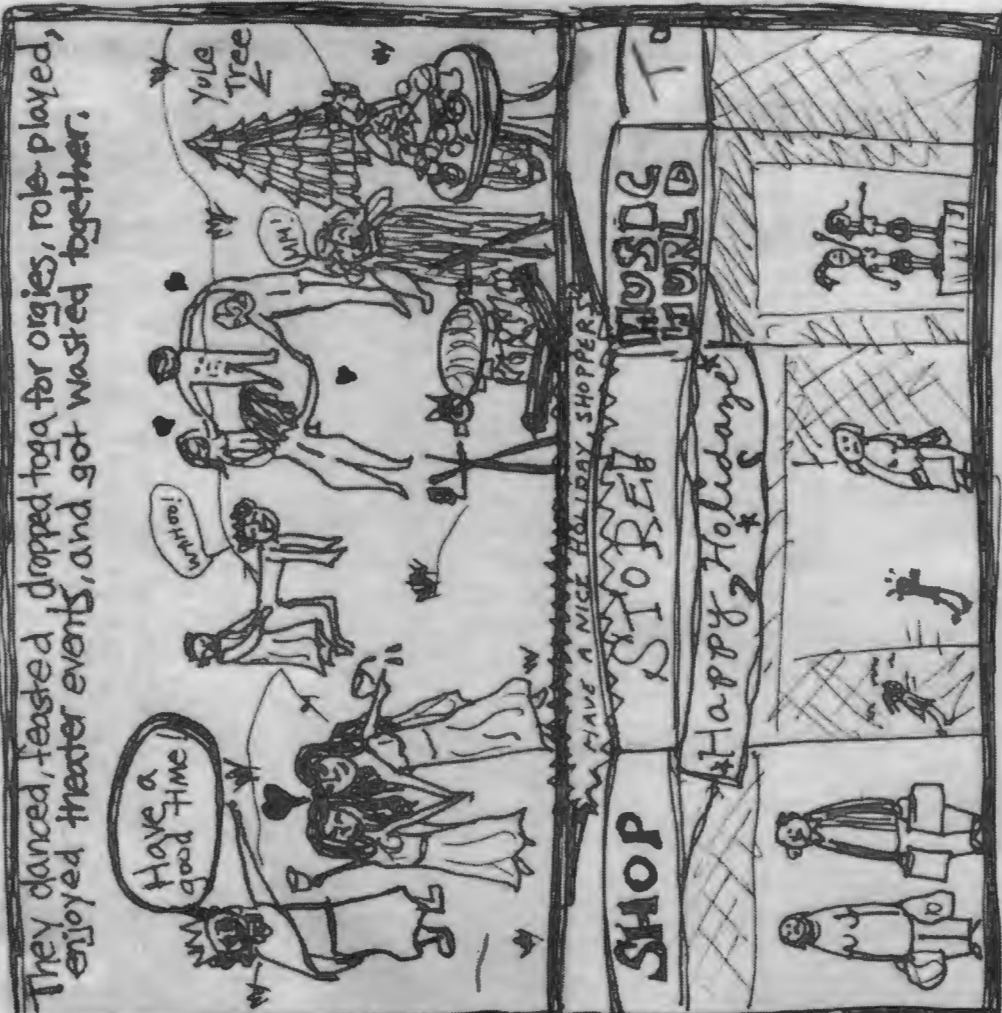
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# To, Saturnalia!



by Liv Carrow

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A PLACE CALLED ROME...

The Romans celebrated on Dec. 21, the Winter Solstice, in honor of their god of agriculture, Saturn.

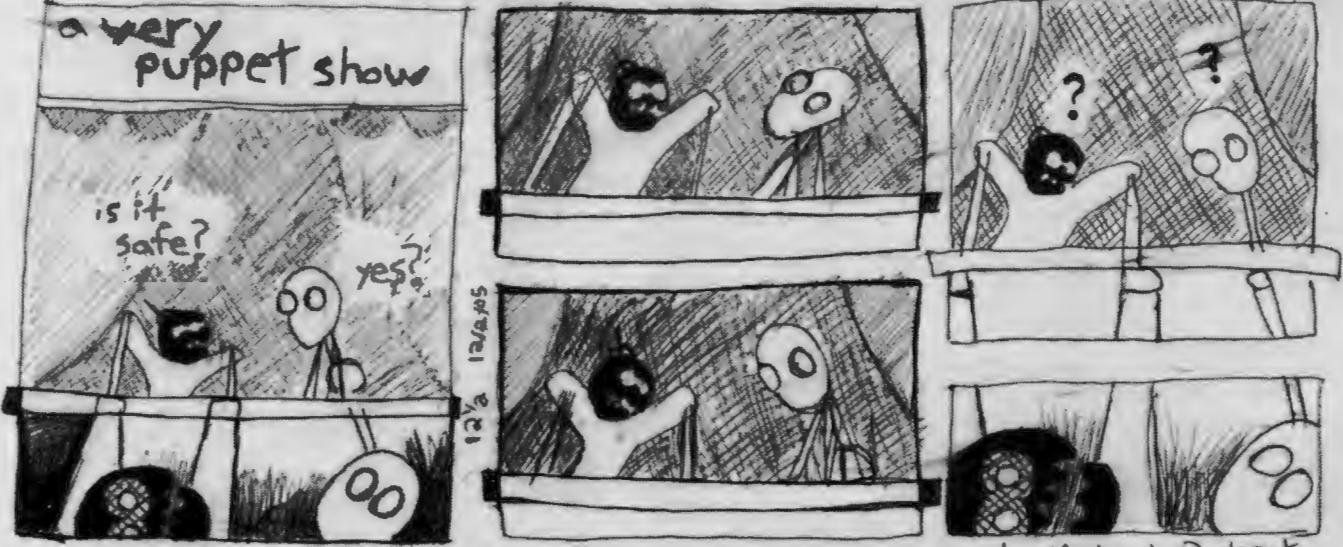
THE ROMAN EMPIRE FELT, AND CHRISTIANS STARTED A FUMOR THAT CHRIST WAS BORN ON OR AROUND SATURNALIA.

**BUT THEN...**

They danced, feasted, dropped togas for orgies, role-played, enjoyed theater events, and got wasted together.

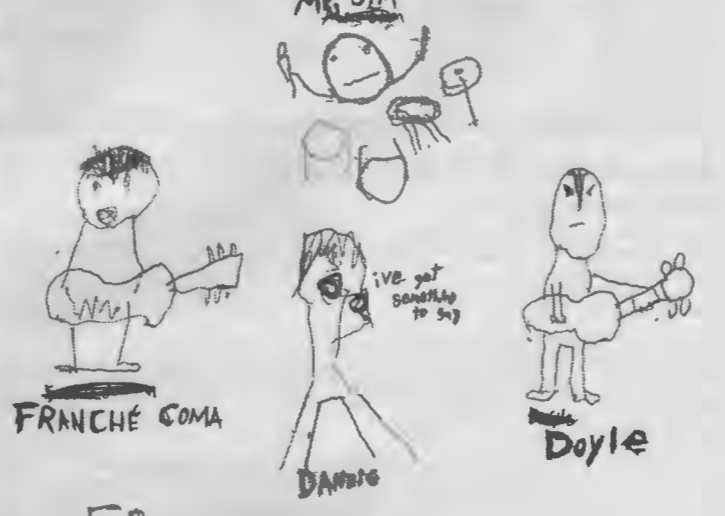


Boog and friend present:



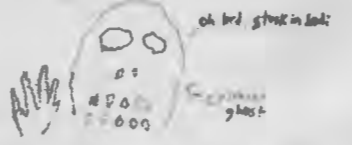
by Michael Dudczak

# HAPPY HOLIDAYS



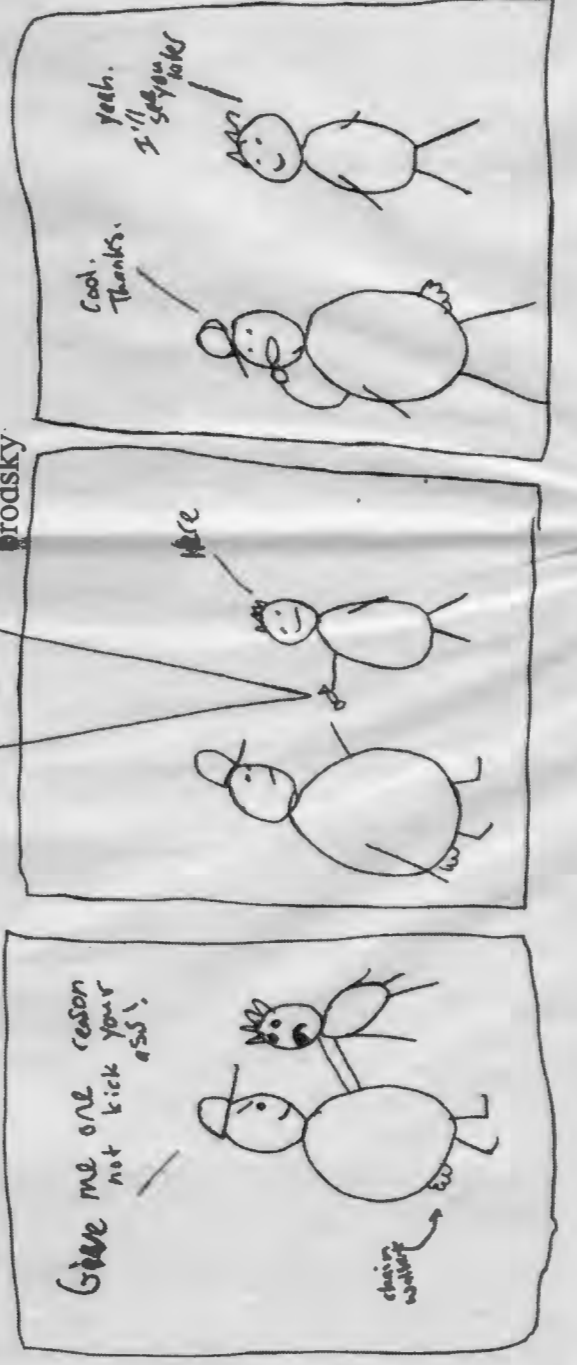
FROM THE Misfits

i remember (Halloween X-MAS)



by michael knight

"the candyman can" by jeffery brodsky



by jesse malmed