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the bard free press

| | |
|---------|----------|
| news | one |
| opinion | four |
| comics | ten |
| music | eleven |
| film | thirteen |

"evading the Rapture" since 2000

Annandale-on-Hudson, NY – February 6 2006

Volume VII – Issue 6

The Old Gym Reopens

performances and more all semester

by julie rossman and brel froebe

The Old Gym will be reopening this semester as a student run performance space. Artists who are interested in producing projects in the Old Gym should submit a proposal to the Old Gym Committee, who will be reviewing them along with Paul Marienthal and Andrea Conner. Proposal forms can be found in the post office and should be sent through campus mail to Julie Rossman.

The Old Gym Committee is composed of active student artists at Bard, representing each division of the arts, who are committed to scheduling artistic performances in the Old Gym throughout each semester. This group will not only be in charge of transforming the gym into a functional, multimedia performance space, but also will organize and control the usage of the space in terms of scheduling, maintenance, and safety. There will be no more than 120 people admitted into any performance, and drinking and smoking will

continued on page eight...



Mad Stylist

barber terrorizes campus sharp spike in hair futures

by liz larison

As many of us diligently poured over our Announce e-mails last week, we learned of a new threat that may be cavorting about our secluded, safe campus: a man who Ken Cooper has nicknamed, "the Anti-Groomer." We are told, and I can personally attest, that our villain, whose real name is James Neighbours, is a tall blond man with a goatee and glasses, with an affinity for extreme hairstyles, and an eagerness to cut (and more specifically, shave) our hair.

Many students have scoffed at the security alert, remarking how its very severity and nature appropriately reflects the serenity of our beloved Bard. I couldn't help but recall my tour of Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts more than three years ago, when I was notified that students get security alerts via email every time there is an armed robbery or a shooting at the nearby gas station; proportionately, here at Bard we are sure to know first thing when a stranger tries to give one of us a bad haircut. Yet what the security alert warned of gives us only the tip of the iceberg.

Cooper first heard of the incident from a telephone call to his office last week. The caller was a concerned parent of a student who had recently fallen victim to a terrible hair cut. The perpetrator apparently approached the student in the Kline parking lot and proceeded to pressure the student into a hair cutting session. The student left

continued on page three...

Community Blotter: Drug Suspensions and Fire Policy

updates on the drug suspension controversy of last semester and details on the new fire policy

by owen conlow

This began as a follow-up article to the drug-related suspensions that ended last semester on such a sour note. After talking to some members of the administration, it became clear that it would make more sense to ask them what news they had for me, rather than telling them what the news was and then quoting them about it. So here it is, my first attempt at a community blotter, I'd appreciate feedback and suggestions of what to include in the future.

Drugs

Last semester recap

Essentially 6 students (mostly freshman) went on leave at the end of last semester as a result of involvement in dealing drugs. Three of the students were asked to leave for one semester; the other 3 are on leave indefinitely. Seven other students went before the SJB (Student Judiciary Board) on cases related to drug use, but all 7 are still at school. When asked about policy changes, Erin Cannan said, "Since I've been at the college, the president's policy has been that if you are caught dealing drugs, you'll get kicked out. There's no policy change." When asked for clarification, Cannan said that none of the 6 who were asked to leave went before the SJB because,

"they were involved in a felony offense." None suffered any legal repercussions, however a lawyer met with members of the SJB to discuss issues surrounding the case. Cannan also made it clear that she did not enjoy the process and wishes not to go through it again; "I spend the majority of my time helping students stay here and do well, it's not what I usually do." At a follow-up meeting between President Botstein and members of Student Government, the president addressed a question about the vague wording in the student handbook about the SJB's role in these cases. His response was along the lines of leaving the cases open to individual analysis by having that gray area, the idea being that the vague wording works in the student's favor more often than not.

Fire Alarms

Be careful when you cook, you are affecting more than just dorm-mates

Due to policy changes that were outside of the school's control, a fire engine must now respond to every fire alarm on campus. The policy change comes as a response to fires at other colleges in recent years, specifically a 2000 incident at Seton Hall University in which 3 students

died and 58 others were injured. Since then, colleges all over the country have—understandably—seen a spike in state-mandated fire safety. One such policy is immediately contacting the local fire department upon activation of an alarm. Apparently Bard is behind the times on this one and administrators that have come to Bard from other comparable schools are accustomed to the policy and surprised that Bard isn't already practicing it. The change came after a visit from every student's favorite Fire Marshal, who had no choice but to mandate Bard's compliance.

New York State Fire Regulation 401.3 states that "Upon activation of a fire alarm signal, employees or staff shall immediately notify the Fire Department." In the past, guards would respond to alarms, almost always determining that there was no danger. Of course, Bard Security was always in the practice of calling the Fire Department in the event of an actual fire. Now, however, the Security dispatcher must immediately dial 911 upon receiving an alarm signal, even before dispatching a guard to check it out. Either the Chief of the department will respond alone

continued on page eight...

Special Reports: Student Intersession Travel Projects



New Orleans - page 4



World Social Forum - page 2

Read on for:

Results of Bard Debate Tournament, New President of Bolivia, Another Modest Proposal, Abolishing the Senate, Old Gym Photo Essay, Extreme Film Festival Coverage, So Hot Right Now... and more!

Students Attend World Social Forum

by jade ujcic-ashcroft and jonah adels

This past fortnight, ten Bard students attended the 6th World Social Forum in Caracas, Venezuela. The World Social Forum (WSF) was originally conceived in Porto Alegre, Brazil as a counter-convergence to the neo-liberal World Economic Forum. It is an autonomous space devoted to democratic debate, the sharing of ideas and experiences, cultural exchange, and the development of progressive, sustainable and even radical solutions to the myriad social and environmental woes which characterize our time. In the past the WSF has been held primarily in Porto Alegre, with one installment being held in India. However, this year it was polycentric, with WSF events

occurring in Bamako, Mali, and Karachi, Pakistan as well as Caracas. The significance of the WSF being held in Caracas cannot be overstated. Recent developments in Venezuelan politics have thrust it to the forefront of the global movement against neo-liberalism and hence the capital city of Caracas was a fitting and synergistic venue to host the WSF.

Each student was affected differently by the whole experience. Some were very focused on understanding the unique socio-political climate of Venezuela; others were more in tune with the Forum itself and its overwhelming number of events or found themselves drawn to the anarchist-organized

Alternative Social Forum. Using all-access press passes awarded to us by the Bard Free Press, we had the power to attend secret gatherings, midnight drum and bass concerts, and use the tech-as-fuck press room to write our critically acclaimed blog (forumsocialmundial.blogspot.com). We gathered much experience and information from the WSF and Venezuela that we hope to share with the Bard community more extensively in the coming issue of the Bard Free Press, so look forward to that! Just to whet your appetite, you will find an interview we conducted with the inventor of Parecon (participatory economics) and webmaster of Z magazine, Michael Albert below.



An interview with Michael Albert

by tim donovan, jade ujcic-ashcroft, and adam lundquist-baz

This is an interview with Michael Albert, editor of *Z Magazine* and author of *Parecon: Life after Capitalism*. *Parecon* stands for Participatory Economics. The interview was conducted at the 2006 World Social Forum in Caracas, Venezuela after a panel lecture titled "The Crisis in U.S. and World Media and the Growing Movement for Media Democracy." The panel was organized by Ben Dangel of upsidedownworld.com and towardfreedom.org, and the Bard class of '03. Fellow Bard alum April Howard translated the lecture. Other speakers included Eva Golinger (whose Freedom of Information Act request revealed the U.S. involvement in the recent coup against Chavez), Greg Wilpert (who runs the blog www.venezuelanalysis.com, and broke the media silence during the coup), Ben Dupuy (Haitian free presser and wonderful speaker) and Thereza Valdez (who runs community radio stations in Cuba).

Free Press: Could you reiterate just what--

Michael Albert: Who are you?

F.P.: We're from the Bard Free Press from Bard College in New York State.

M.A.: The what Free?

F.P.: Bard Free Press.

M.A.: Oh, Bard, ok, ok. I thought you said the Barb Free Press, you know what the Berkeley Barb

is? It was a 60's underground newspaper, so I thought you had resurrected that. But anyway, go ahead.

F.P.: Could you reiterate what a truly alternative participatory media would look like and what form it would take?

M.A.: Well, I think there are two issues. One is like any other business, what is internal: how is it run? Forget the product, *how is it run?* You could ask,

a lot. That requires that you not have an owner who has final say over everything...so that's gone. That requires that you not have a division of labor that causes some people to have all the information and all the skills and have other people exhausted and deadened by rote labor, where the former will dominate the latter. Even if you had democracy, the former will still dominate the latter. So you have to have a division of labor that gives everyone an



Michael Albert speaks at a WSF panel titled "The Crisis in US and World Media and the Growing Movement for Media Democracy"

what would a participatory or just workplace that produces bicycles look like? Same thing for producing books, magazines or radio. So the first issue is what would you have to do internally to make it a just and worthy and desirable thing, and I think the answer is you have to have self-management, you have to have the workers control the decisions that effect them. That requires

empowering situation, that shares the empowering work among people. If you have that, you eliminate the hierarchy inside the workplace and you have the possibility of real justice and equity internally. Now, media is also not different than bicycles in that consumers should have a say. Consumers should also have a say in what is produced. It isn't just workers who decide; it affects the

people who consume the product, but this is more stark for media. This is more stark for media for the reasons Greg Wilpert (www.venezuelanalysis.com) gave. So

talking about how you can have public influence over the media product is very important, and I don't think it's an easy question at all. And I'm not going to answer

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

The Bard Free Press

freepress@bard.edu
<http://freepress.bard.edu>
 Campus Mail: The Free Press
 845-758-7079

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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

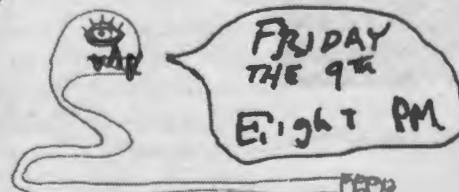
Staff

brenden "missed the unicorns" beck
 alana "early 90s" buonaguro
 liv "wifey" carrow
 owen "red room repairman" conlow
 jon "new school" dame
 tim "k records" donovan
 michael "president of the noodles" dudczak
 leah "would have loved it" finnegan
 matthew "smoking outside" garklavs
 abe "four square" jellinek
 lauren "first snow trip" kitz
 michael "assistant to the president" knight
 simone "drag race" kung
 jesse "drinking to forget impending tribunal lawsuit" malmed
 peter "of montreal" neely
 daniel "our blood brother" tema
 cecca "don't drop the camera" wrobel

Contributors

| | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| jonah adels | johanna klotz |
| christian blunda | liz larison |
| kell condon | mike lerman |
| heather deichler | adam lundquist-baz |
| brel froebe | jon myers |
| alice gregory | chris rice |
| adam janos | julie rossman |
| katy kelleher | jade ujcic-ashcroft |

ROOT CENTRAL
 "FEATURED ON MTV CRIBS"
 Open house



in the basement of H. Potter, across from Old Henderson

Coca Grower Elected President of Bolivia

by tim donovan

Evo Morales was sworn into the Bolivian presidency last week after winning a landslide December 18th election in which he nearly doubled the percentage of the vote received by the closest contender. An Aymara Indian and ex-coca farmer, Morales is Bolivia's first indigenous president. In an election in which 85% of eligible voters participated, the 54% of the vote that Morales won is the first absolute majority to be won since the country reinstated democratic elections in 1982. Morales' party, MAS (Movimiento al Socialismo, Movement towards Socialism), also won a majority in the house, one third of the country's governorships, and a near majority in the senate. The electoral win is a symbolic blow to neo-liberal exploits in the country, made

popular by the ousting of Bechtel in 2000. Whether or not a movement toward socialism will follow Morales' victory is still in question. Bolivia is the poorest nation on the continent, providing a lot of work for Morales who has not been very specific about the changes he hopes to bring. Nationalizing the country's large natural gas supply and production is a likely move to



Evo Morales, new Bolivian president

concerns throughout the northern hemisphere. Also in his favor, he has gained a close ally in Venezuelan President Hugo Chavez and Fidel Castro. In a speech at the World Social Forum last week, Chavez announced a plan to build a gas pipeline to provide Bolivia and other southern nations with home-grown gas in an attempt to begin economic Bolivarianism. The

implications of such a gas pipeline on the indigenous populations between points A and B were unspoken, but hopefully Morales' position as a voice for the native peoples can attenuate negative impacts if that is at all possible. Chavez said the gas will be traded fairly, but not for money, because Bolivia has none. Instead, it will be traded for grain, chickens, beef, and other products that will not recreate unbalanced trade agreements, such as the proposed FTAA. Cuba and Venezuela have also offered 10,000 education scholarships for rural Bolivian youths.

Morales has received a fair share of threats and even a visit by an "economic hit man" since winning the vote, due in part to his leftist politics and also advocacy for the growing of coca.

With coca as a staple of the culture, chewed or made into tea, US intervention and prohibition has been seen as cultural (and military) imperialism that Morales hopes to combat through the legalization of cultivation. Regarding cocaine production, an invention of white scientists and possibly the cruellest drug industry one could support (read: nay(o) for yayo), Morales states: "There will be zero cocaine, zero drug trafficking but not zero coca."

In the first show of his leadership, Morales cut his salary 57% to about \$1,875 US per month and capped the salaries of his cabinet at the same figure. This cut was made in order to hire 6,000 high school teachers, for which there was previously only funding for 2,200.

Bard Holds Debate Tournament, Does Not Participate

by jon dame

Bard hosted its first-ever debate tournament the weekend of January 26th. This year's topic, which policy debate teams argue both sides of throughout the season, is "Resolved: The United States Federal Government should substantially increase diplomatic and economic pressure on the People's Republic of China in one or

more of the following areas: trade, human rights, weapons nonproliferation, Taiwan."

A less-than-scintillating topic and the fact that no Bard teams were allowed to compete meant there was little interest among the general Bard populace in the proceedings. But this totally actually happened. Olin Hall hosted 51 teams from

14 schools. Despite the many participants, Bard coach Ruth Zisman characterizes the maiden tournament as going "perfectly." Participants hailed the event as superior to even West Point's tournament in terms of efficiency and smooth operation, according to Zisman.

The big results story was that

Rochester teams closed out the Semifinals in the Junior Varsity category by winning every quarter-final round. Cornell defeated Rochester for the novice title while Army, from West Point, fell to Binghamton in Varsity finals. Noah Weston reports that if Bard teams had been allowed to compete, he would have "destroyed" all comers.



(left) The U.S. Army team, composed of students from West Point, prepares to march on Binghamton.

(right) University of Vermont's varsity duo won both 1st and 2nd "Speaker Awards," individual awards given to debaters with the highest "Speaker Points." However, UVM fell to Army in the Semi-finals when judges were unimpressed by their Ukulele antics and friendly-hippie stylo.



Bad Hair Cuts, contd.

devastated. Cooper immediately sent out the security alert and notified local and state law enforcement, as well as colleges in the surrounding area. Since the incident, Bard College Security has procured a handful of blue business cards handed out by Neighbours, providing his name, email address, and post office box in Boulder, Colorado. One these cards included a hand-written telephone number where he could be reached.

It is estimated that Neighbours has approached one to two dozen students within the last two weeks, and has achieved his goal at least twice. Typically he comments on the style or texture of a stranger's hair, and then offers a free haircut. Ultimately, he ends up suggesting a shaved head as the ideal style for most of the people he approaches.

Calling under the guise of a student that Neighbours may have met, Cooper tried to get Neighbours to return to campus for a "haircut." When asking what it was that initially brought Neighbours to Bard College, he replied that he was simply "exploring."

The next day, Cooper received a call from the Dutchess County Sheriff's Office, reporting a complaint of an assault that occurred in Rhinebeck. Apparently a man fitting a similar description had coerced someone into entering his car and began to

forcibly shave the victim's head. The assault was both traumatizing for the victim and considered a criminal offense. The victim has decided not to press charges and simply



Case closed, thanks to Ken Cooper

...or is it Chuck Norris?

wishes to forget the incident.

Numerous law enforcement groups, including the State Police, the Dutchess County Sheriff's Office (including the detective on the case, Jim Haire, whose name is a happy coincidence) the Hudson

Police Department, and the Bureau for Criminal Investigation, have been involved with the investigation of Neighbours. On Friday, January 27, there was a stakeout in Hudson where Neighbours was staying. He was intercepted and was taken into custody to be interviewed. Since no criminal evidence has surfaced, and no charges are being pressed, Neighbours was released and has since hopped a plane to his presumed home in Colorado. Cooper has notified the county police in Boulder, but they have shown little interest in the case. Determined to follow up on the matter, Cooper has issued a nation-wide data search for police reports including similar events to those that occurred in Dutchess County. It may be weeks before anything shows up.

Cooper emphasizes, and as one of the people he approached I agree, that the "Anti-Groomer" is incredibly gregarious and coercive; he is not intimidating, and he comes off as a very educated, artsy, interesting man. Furthermore, Cooper believes that Neighbours is a verifiable sociopath, tailoring his image (both visual and social) so as to break down any defensive barriers students might have. Apparently Neighbours has even claimed a false affiliation with "Wigs for Kids," a national non-profit dedicated to providing (real hair)

wigs to children diagnosed with serious illnesses. It is believed that this is one of the measures Neighbours has taken to soften his image, ensuring the trust of the haircuttee as well as making him guilty of criminal impersonation.

It is still undetermined whether Neighbours finds his antics humorous and harmless, or whether he is in fact a fetishistic sociopath constantly (desperately?) looking for the next head of hair he can lay his hands on. Hair cut fetishism is a common, (if not well-recognized and catered-to) practice. Wikipedia describes the fetishist as, "Sexually and/or emotionally aroused by having their hair cut, by cutting the hair of another, by watching someone get a haircut, or any combination - or usually all - of these," and further references Ernest Hemingway as belonging to this category of obsessive people.

While Neighbours' acts are terribly unnerving, Cooper is optimistic that these incidents do provide our community with something to learn from. He emphasizes that we, as members of a community, are all responsible for one another, and can prevent incidents like this from happening again by contacting our friends at Security about any suspicious people we encounter on campus.

Why Are There So Many Radicals in New Orleans?

by owen thompson

In my two weeks volunteering with the anarchist-friendly Common Ground Collective this past January, I met a lot of people who considered themselves progressives, radicals, and/or anarchists, enough to make it clear that a lot of them saw their sociopolitical views as having some connection to their volunteer work in New Orleans. That work consisted (and consists, as Common Ground will continue to draw in hundreds and maybe thousands of new and returning volunteers in the coming months) mostly of gutting houses for residents of the devastated Ninth Ward and other impoverished areas, and also of providing medical services, distributing supplies (food, clothing, hygienic products, cleaning supplies, etc.), and doing outreach in an attempt to help the community organize its response to the city's controversial rebuilding plan.

Identifying the connection between the former (those aforementioned sociopolitical views) and the latter (the volunteer work) turned out to be much harder than I expected. In fact, I remain doubtful that I've found an answer at all.

It is certainly not hard to come up with some reasons why anarchists would see New Orleans as a good gathering point right now—not only in terms of flocking to the city itself, but also by placing the issues raised by Katrina at the center of radical discussions. The failure at all levels of government to protect or even rescue the people of this city was near absolute, and surely prompted a crisis of conscience among many Americans who had previously assumed that their tax dollars guaranteed their safety in the event of such a catastrophe. As pointed out by a disturbingly enthusiastic forward sent around the Internet (by apparent "anarchists") in the immediate aftermath of the hurricane, this presented a golden opportunity to call attention not just to the

corruption and inefficiency of the current state, but to the failure of states in general as a model for organizing society.

If imminent rebellion and social upheaval were on the minds of most volunteers at Common Ground, though, it didn't really show. There was plenty of discussion regarding the evils of racism, inequality, and hierarchy—with a strong consensus that all these things were bad, and that our presence in New Orleans was somehow combating them—I never heard anyone indicate that they expected a wave of revolutionary fury to spiral out from

at Common Ground, a representative from the New York-based People's Institute, who had come to give an anti-racism workshop, opened her presentation by coming out squarely against statement number one. We the volunteers, she told us, would be "arrogant" to think we had come to New Orleans to "help" anyone. Instead, a better motivation—the only valid motivation under the circumstances, she implied—should be the hope of improving ourselves as individuals and as organizers. I nodded along at the time, but her statement—and those two concepts in

a week earlier, drove this point home hard: "You might be thinking that the people of this community need Common Ground. And you're right, they do need you. But the question, could they have done it without you?" (That is, had the aid provided by Common Ground and other organizations created a dependency that hadn't existed before, in a community that might have eventually organized these initiatives itself?)

There is undeniable validity to these questions, and it would comfort me to know that every volunteer coming to New Orleans were exposed to them—not just those at Common Ground, but also those working for more mainstream groups like the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and such. It is crucially important for volunteers to question their motives, to entertain some doubts regarding the whole knights-in-shining-armor scenario (the Salvation Army, after all, is fairly open in entertaining such chivalric notions). However, an outright rejection of "wanting to help" as a valid reason for volunteering makes me deeply uncomfortable, for reasons I'll try to explain below.

The idea that I had come to New Orleans principally with the purpose of helping people didn't even enter my mind until I was several days into my work there. (My own motives were never especially clear to me before and during my time there; they were sort of an amalgam of all the different potential motivations I've tried to put into this essay.) Specifically, the issue came up when I casually asked a carload of volunteers if they thought our satisfaction in our work (and that satisfaction was profound) had to do with our inheritance of the Protestant work ethic, in the sense that we all carried an unspoken conviction that we could redeem ourselves through hard work. There was some murmured agreement from most of the car, but then one volunteer burst out in frustration with something along these lines: "It's not the Protestant work ethic, it's Kant! It's the moral imperative!" (Don't worry, I'll translate in a second.)

What that volunteer meant was that she—and all of us, she assumed—had come not to better ourselves, but to help people in need, because we identified with them as fellow human beings and



New Orleans photos by Liz Larison

particular, "arrogance" and "help"—stuck in my mind.

Since the woman from the People's Institute didn't elaborate on her point at the time, I can only guess at what she had in mind: that it's arrogant to enter a situation with the attitude that we are in some kind of higher position than those we have come to "help," that only vanity could convince us that we are capable of something that the hurricane victims, in this case, are not. Another representative from the People's Institute, speaking

Louisiana and engulf the nation. More to the point, if anyone did believe that might happen, they never cited it as their reason for volunteering.

Instead, I found most people I talked to subscribed to either one or both of the following two statements:

1. I came to New Orleans because people here need help, and I can help them (or at least can try to help them).
2. I came to New Orleans to make myself a better person (or a better anarchist, activist, citizen, radical, American, etc.).

The second week I was staying



thus recognized that coming to their aid was the right thing to do. At the time, I resisted her argument, with a stubbornness that surprises me when I look back on it. Why? Based on what I was told growing up, helping people in need is a good thing—so why was I so reluctant to admit that helping people (statement one, for those keeping track) was a main factor in my motivation to volunteer?

I think one explanation is pure cynicism. Without any statistics on hand, I would feel confident saying that a majority of progressives in this country, anarchist and otherwise, are convinced that, in the long run, they won't really make an impact on the world. This cynicism might not be constructive, but it's certainly based in concrete experience. By now everyone is aware of the corruption that plagues disaster relief organizations; the recent scandals surrounding the Red Cross's use of donor money were hardly shocking. None of us expects a twenty-dollar check (or a thousand-dollar check, for that matter) to save whales or to end genocide, and yet we give our money and our time to those causes anyway. None of us expects our vote to bring about genuine democracy, and yet we vote—or we abstain from voting, a choice that reflects the same desire to feel empowered while trapped inside a system so large and so entrenched that it doesn't much care what we do.

It's hard to reconcile that kind of cynicism with the hopeful attitudes of the volunteers at Common Ground, myself included. Even after learning about the political complexities of the situation, which at first made me feel robbed of my right to see New Orleans in clear-cut terms of right and wrong, I still held the conviction that I was part of something good. In a sense, that satisfaction was due to the fact that I could see the fruits of my labor at the end of the day: a well-swept community center, or a pile of moldy drywall heaved into the gutter and awaiting disposal. In another sense, though, the long-term results of the work I was doing were absolutely invisible to me, and may always be: many of the houses Common Ground is gutting will almost surely be bulldozed within a year or two, and their owners relocated to some other area.

To volunteer in New Orleans and leave mostly contented with one's work, as I did (and as many of my companions did not, based on conversations during the long car ride home and since), one has to dig out a comfortable space between the rock of uncomplicated enthusiasm and the hard place of cynical pessimism. Anyone who feels unabashedly heroic and triumphant hasn't been following news coverage of the reconstruction plan; anyone who feels like they accomplished nothing has probably learned the lesson of their own ineffectiveness a little too well.

For those navigating between these twin extremes, this might be where statement two, the idea that the only reasonable goal of volunteering is to better ourselves as individuals, starts to look



attractive. Adherents to this philosophy might point to some of the following as the unimpeachably positive aspects of the volunteer experience: "I acted as witness in the aftermath of a disaster of epic proportions." "I met and networked with like-minded volunteers from all over the country, and we fostered and shared a collective energy that we'll bring back to our respective work outside New Orleans." And the kicker: "I improved my understanding of why inequality is bad and I gained new skills for combating it when I get back home."

All these thoughts crossed my mind during my time at Common Ground, and they were usually comforting when they did. And I do believe that they're valid; I'll have to get far more cynical before I can sneer at sentiments as noble as these. But here's the problem with every one of these thoughts as primary motivations for volunteering, in New Orleans or anywhere: they leave out the people who need help. They leave out New Orleans.

Talking with the owners of the homes we were gutting and other members of the city's hardest-hit areas, one couldn't help but be struck by the incredibly strong sense of attachment and pride they felt for their communities. Statements like these were common: "My family's lived in this neighborhood for generations." "We owned all of our houses." "We owned the businesses that we bought from." "We survived Hurricane Betsy and we'll survive this."

I don't know if the Lower Ninth Ward and similar communities will survive; there's a good chance they won't. But the facts are these:

1. People—real people, not just hypothetical ones to be inserted into an abstract exercise in morality—are returning to the poorest parts of the city, bringing little with which to rebuild other than their own determination.
2. These people are coming to Common Ground and other organizations and asking for assistance in rebuilding their lives, which they see as inseparably connected to their houses.
3. The government may very well force

these people out of their homes and out of the city, and they will have no chance of resisting if they can't reoccupy their houses and organize their communities as a unified voice in the next few months.

4. Gutting houses and other such work greatly raises the chances that this community resistance will take place. Without this resistance, the spectacle of corporation-driven reconstruction will be truly appalling.

5. You can go through a process of critical self-analysis and self-betterment any time, anywhere; you can only help the people of New Orleans by going to New Orleans, and by going soon (or by organizing support for the city locally and channeling it along, as some very inspiring people in San Francisco and elsewhere are doing). If you want to help the people of New Orleans, go down there and volunteer. Don't just go to be a witness (although witnesses are needed there, as they are everywhere). Don't just go to meet cute anarchists from around the country (although is an obvious perk). And don't just go to become a better person (although we all know we could use some self-improvement, and your house-gutting skills really will improve). Go for all these reasons, but above all, go to make a difference in the lives of a few proud, historic communities, while there's still time.

NEWSBITES

by brenden beck and owen conlow

House Full of Meth - Sagat Nonplussed

Jodie Sweetin, who played Stephanie on "Full House," admitted to a meth addiction on "Good Morning, America" last week. She told the show's host that she began experimenting with drugs after she graduated college and found herself without work, nine years after the end of the show. Those nine years did not keep Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen, John Stamos, and Bob Saget from staging an intervention with Sweetin, after which she voluntarily checked into a rehab clinic. Sweetin was married to a Los Angeles police officer at the time.

NYU GAs went on break, insist strike didn't

NYU graduate assistants (GAs) who had previously picketed the school returned to teaching classes following the winter recess. The strike, which began last November when the administration refused to negotiate a new contract, has not been broken, says Susan Valentine, a history GA and leader of the GAs organizing committee. She added that though more GAs are teaching classes, "we have gathered press and more support from the community, elected officials and scholars from around the world." The election of Christine Quinn as speaker of the New York City Council is expected to help the GA's cause. Quinn has said the council will remember NYU's refusal to negotiate when the administration requests city funding.

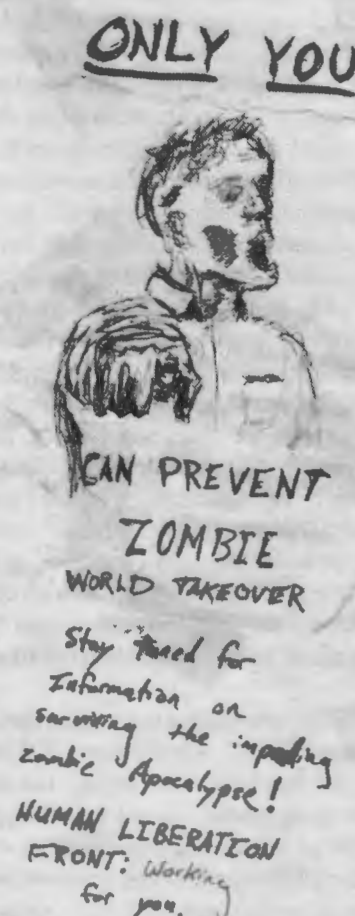
Botstein to nob, hob with music stars

Your president and mine, Leon Botstein, was nominated for a Grammy award in this year's Best Orchestral Performance category. The Grammy Awards will be held on Wednesday, though this award is not televised. Botstein was nominated in his capacity conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Works by Popov's and Shostakovich: Theme & Variations. Botstein will battle such orchestral greats as Yakov Kreizberg and José Serebrier for the gold-plated miniature gramophone. The awards are to be announced Wednesday. Another of Botstein's recordings has been nominated under the Best Producer category. Botstein will conduct the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra (not the group with whom he was nominated) at Bard in March. The Poughkeepsie Journal reported that the nomination means a lot to Botstein's children. No word on if Botstein can get you a Kanye autograph.

ELF infiltrated, nabbed by FBI

Three people were arrested on January 13 in Auburn, California for involvement in an Earth Liberation Front plot to destroy several targets, specifically the U.S. Forest Service Institute of Forest Genetics. The FBI uncovered their plans by means of a paid informant, someone they refer to as a "CS" (Confidential Source). This informant successfully infiltrated what was essentially an anarchist cell operating with a relatively high emphasis on internal security—no small feat. According to FBI Special Agent Nasson Walker's affidavit, the CS has worked for the FBI since 2004, and has been involved in this investigation since July of 2005. You can read Agent Walker's affidavit at http://www.sacbee.com/static/richmedia/pdf/0117elf_fbi.pdf. It contains background on the Earth Liberation Front, a loosely organized group that has claimed responsibility for domestic eco-terrorist acts in recent years totaling around \$40 million in damage, as well as an overview of the case and the suspected conspirators. As of January 25th, one suspect was out on bail; the other two were denied bail, as well as vegan meals. Updates on this case are sparse due to incompetence or indifference by mainstream media; the most recent news was obtained from a message board.

NEW ORLEANS
Presentation and Discussion
learn what
Bard Students
did to help
MONDAY
2/6 - 7pm
OLD GYM



The Bard Shuttle – A Continuing Analysis

by abe jellinek

The last Free Press contained a Modest Proposal describing a number of shortcomings in the current shuttle system, and possible remedies.

The timing of various shuttle routes, particularly the gap in service from three to six, and in the ten o'clock hour, when many students get out of class, seemed the most serious immediate issue. Ed Schmidt, head of transportation at Bard, notes that these service gaps are necessary because the morning and night driver each work a forty hour week already, and any additional hours of service would require a third driver. This is an untenable proposition, given the current shuttle budget. Other Bard staff cannot drive the shuttle, either, as a schoolbus driver's license is required for the 22-person capacity of the shuttle. Hiring a licensed schoolbus driver from the local school

system, where there are only two or three hours of work each day, is "an interesting idea", says Schmidt.

As a salve to stranded students, Schmidt notes that the Loop Bus runs twice each way from Bard to Tivoli, and Bard to Red Hook, during the midday lapse in shuttle service. The Loop Bus is not free, but costs only \$0.25 with a student ID. A student familiar with the Loop notes that the bus cannot refuse service to a rider for economic reasons. So, if you are saving your quarters for the laundry, you can most likely use the Loop anyway.

The largest barrier to increased shuttle service is student apathy regarding the issue. Ed Schmidt says that he only gets two e-mails a semester about the shuttle. Even if he were to advocate for an expanded shuttle system, it would appear as though he had

little student support. This relative quiet, in the face of rapid deterioration, is due to a lack of context and can be explained. The lack of parking, ever-increasing traffic and noise, and regular flattening of forested areas seems "normal", and hunting for parking is taken as a given by most every student at Bard. However, as recently as three years ago, finding a parking space was an afterthought. It would be unusual to park at the far end of the Olin lot for lack of space, and one could powerslide a car across the Keen lot without coming close to other automobiles, let alone trailers.

The solution to traffic problems in cities is mass transit, and the route to an expansion of our shuttle is through. Students must write in, even if only to say "I would support a more comprehensive shuttle

system." Perhaps a given number of students could pledge to drive less in and around campus, if their needs were met by a shuttle. An organization dedicated to mobilizing student interest in this area is taking shape, so look out for information about the "Students for Shuttles" initiative, coming soon.

As outlined in the last Modest Proposal, the shuttle is anemic, but not because of a lack of care or thought by the transportation department. Rather, a combination of rapid population expansion, lack of student knowledge about the situation, and a failure to plan ahead for an influx of cars by those administrators who have access to such information in advance. Bard can easily solve its traffic problems with a thoughtful investment in shuttle transportation.

Putting the "Representative" Back in the House of Representatives

by brenden beck

get rid of the senate!

After the media saturation of Samuel Alito's Senate confirmation hearings it is easy to forget the United States has another legislative body. The House of Representatives, with its 435 members, is the no-cut soccer team to the Senate's varsity squad. And the B-Team doesn't even get to question court nominees.

The Senate's tradition as the more prestigious and important of the two bodies is rooted in its decentralized constituent base and higher property requirements at the time of its founding. It was meant to check the unpredictable "people's house," but today, the bicameral legislative structure is hurting everything from anti-terrorism fund allocation to minority rights. We should abolish the Senate.

The "two votes from every state" rule that guides the 100 person Senate never made sense. There's no reason why Nevada's



2.4 million people deserve the same number of Senators as California's 33.8 million. Small state interests at the Constitutional Convention won the "great compromise," and today that means that unnecessary funds get appropriated for large bridges to nowhere in Alaska and anti-terrorism

defense in rural Maine.

In this era of growing presidential powers, the two houses, with 534 more checks and balances than the executive branch, are less effective at checking abuses by the president. The molasses slow law-making process would have trouble legislating against civil liberty infringement without the six year terms of ancient senators whose time in DC has put them in the pocket of the president. With them it is impossible to legislate for such causes.

Two bodies allow senators and representatives to spread the blame around, and this lack of accountability has made lobbying reform and campaign finance reform long in coming. The Senate's unique two-vote representative structure doesn't just slow the process, it hurts minorities and favors Republicans. Barack Obama, the junior senator

from Illinois, is only the third black senator since the civil war. Trent Lott, who opposed a national holiday for Martin Luther King Jr. and has supported racial segregation, represents Mississippi's one million blacks.

The rural/urban fissure in America today is a deep one that roughly follows the left/right fissure. The Senate gives undue power to the rural and conservative because though the country's countryside population are proportionally represented in the House (Wyoming has one vote New York 29) they are not in the Senate (Wyoming two, New York two). This means policies favored by rural voters (everything from opposition to gun control to support for farm subsidies), get undue support and inflate the Right's agenda.

One house would populate the legislature with accountable

and representative delegates who come from and understand their small districts. A more empowered legislature would mirror the type of consensus-based governments found in Germany and Canada. A stronger legislative branch would avoid the volatile and dominating presidents of many of South America's presidential systems.

The argument that the Senate is the more technocratic and experienced body that checks the hasty and emotional lower house is no longer true, if it ever was. The statewide elections of the Senate guarantee not a qualified and knowledgeable candidate of the people, but a well funded one. The belief that the upper house is more expert was abandoned by England in 1913 and Sweden in 1971 when they devalued and disbanded their upper houses. The bicameral structure should be disbanded in the U.S. as well.

A Modest Proposal: Nobody Go to Budget Forum

by jon dame

One of the hardest things to come to terms with as you go through the college experience is the fact that our college changes in spite of us. Some experiences and institutions that you fell in love with as an underclassman just weren't meant to last. Many Bard graduates of the late nineties are shocked that we no longer hold "Ménage", a beloved annual bacchanal that was already a fading memory when the class of '06 arrived. In our time we have seen the passing of the (in)famous Drag Race, the Old Gym autonomous zone, "Fu and Forties", and, someday soon, Foursquare will also go the way of the Razor Scooter®.

But you don't have to be Steven Tyler to understand that the past is gone. The fact is that the final Drag Race of 2003 was actually a bloated and overwrought version of the festive event conceived by the QSA a decade earlier. Unrealistic expectations, ritual overindulgence, and too many attendees overshadowed the event itself. Before the administration put a halt to it, the Drag Race was already undone, as the saying goes, by its own success. It was time for it to end. And thus it is, I'm afraid, with Budget Forum. When I arrived on this campus, Budget Forum really was a good time. Attendance was high, but not unmanageable. Wide-eyed First-years reveled in the prospect of institutionally provided refreshments. Entertaining stunts and worthwhile debates were the rule, not the exception. Budget Forum was often cited as a distinctive Bard tradition because

good times were had whilst, as often as not, reasonable fiscal and governing decisions were reached.

Both of these things are now a rarity. Like Drag Race, Budget Forum has now been overwhelmed by its own hype. Everyone goes, and thus everyone has to go in order to see and be seen by everyone else. Thus it is no longer possible to cross the floor of the forum, and rare to even be able to hear the speakers. The committee-supplied beer has long been inadequate to satiate the packed crowd, and even though everyone has arrived hoping to see crazy stunts/electrifying debate/gratuitous nudity, even these have fallen off as the most entertaining clubs have abandoned the unmanageable Forum.

This past fall the Surrealist Training Circus, myself reluctantly among them, made a desperate move to inject some life into the event by parading tied-up and flogged clowns through the room and begging for ransom money. Most attendees were clearly waiting to be entertained and welcomed our presence. But the elections process wore on forever under the mob conditions, and by the time we tried to mount our gorilla performance, the throng had concentrated to the point where it was impossible to reach the mics.

Everyone I talked to about the event agreed that last fall's was the worst Budget Forum yet. Not only was it boring, but all that was accomplished (to my knowledge) was a lot of money amended away from Wayfinder Experience (through frankly cruel and cynical tactics), and some kids getting SJBed for aggressive drunkenness.

I propose a simple solution:

Nobody go to Budget Forum.

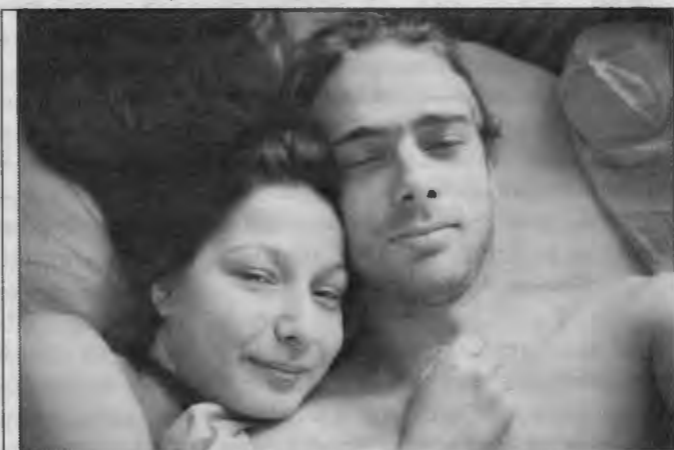
Don't get me wrong, the event is still an essential function of student government. And if you are seeking to stand for a committee position or have a legitimate grievance with the way the club money was allotted, by all means you should go. But, by my estimation, this accounts for perhaps 5% of the usual attendees. Amendments are being collected the day prior this year, and these will be publicly posted so that interested parties know to attend if they wish to speak

or vote on any measure. But if you have no interest in the event other than to yell, drink and gawk at others, this should be conducted elsewhere. If everyone and their kid sister go just to have a good time, the people with legit business will not get a fair shake. And, paradoxically, a throng of 900 good-time seekers will prevent a good time from being had by anyone. They don't call it the "Tragedy of the Commons" for nothing.

Maybe someday there will be another wild

and beloved annual party at Bard. But it won't happen until we step out of the long shadow of Drag Race. Someday, too, Budget Forum may again be the scrappy, raucous, and exciting event it once was. But this, in turn, will not happen until we let go of the delusion that Budget Forum is gonna be awesome this year. It won't. And for now, the best way to save Budget Forum is to shun it and do your reading for Thursday's Lit class for once.

The past is gone. Dream on. Dream on.



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Adventure! The Old Gym Attic

I had the opportunity to spend some time in Old Gym recently while producing my show. I even got to venture into the attic, which is where our adventure begins (at left)...



This "Bardcore Against the War" Banner hung outside Ken Cooper's window during the anti-war year of 2002-03. Heroically, Bard students averted the invasion and kept America out of a quagmire that we would have really regretted.



While I was chilling in the gym, this guy walked in and claimed to be Bard class of 1991. He reminisced about DJing the Old Gym during his time at Bard (whilst the Old Gym was also the Campus Center, whoa). He also recalled his mind being blown by a certain operatic metal band that played the Old Gym when he was a First-year, what were they called again?... GWAH! He pointed out that the sound baffling, above, which had just been removed from the ceiling still displayed a blood spray from GWAH's unholy theatrics. The newspaper archives confirm that GWAH played the Old Gym November, 1989. Unfortunately the rest of the historic blood-spray was painted over during the conversion of the gym this January.



The back page featured an ad for Adolph's ("Down the Road"), an on-campus bar which occupied the Annandale Hotel, the current home of Bard Publications. Kind of makes our current "Down the Road" establishment seem even more like a shitty convenience store, huh?



This is the cover of an issue of "The Light Observer", which published two issues during 1982, a year when the Observer went mercifully unpublished. The archives show that this particular issue, at full size, was an impressive 64 pages long, featuring reviews, comics, an obituary of John Belushi and an interview with Johnny Cash (the owner of Cash's Music Bar on Whaleback Rd., who knew?)



The attic is basically a maze of rafters and insulation with only a few scattered plywood boards to keep you from plummeting to the gym floor...and certain death.



Many of the light-wells in the ceiling have been used to suspend decorations, drop party favors, etc. during Old Gym social functions of the past. This confetti-covered light-well most likely was last used during the Drag Race era, when decoration of the Gym went "all out". If you have never seen a Drag Race, you can ask an upperclassman about the one two years ago. They will recount vague memories of "bright colors, lots of people, and breasts...definitely breasts."



On the near side of the attic security stores a lot of old papers, supplies...and this radical water-cooler bong. It was most likely built by exceptionally ambitious freshman, confiscated by security officers, and then retained by Ken Cooper for his own purposes.



This section of the attic also features this antique fire extinguisher. Although attractive, this outdated safety device was last inspected in 1963, and may be part of why the Fire Marshall shut our ass down.



Among other objects I found in the ceiling is this classic Budweiser beer bottle. This artifact indicates that Bardians of the past, like those of today, had a taste for cost-effective American beer. They also had a brash disregard for safety, as they were apparently choosing to party while suspended 50 feet above the gym floor, surrounded by asbestos.

The Old Gym Reopens, contd.

be prohibited at all times (during performances as well as during rehearsal). Students interested in utilizing the space must submit a detailed proposal to the committee, outlining specifically why this performance in particular demands the usage of the Old Gym above other spaces on campus. Projects that require the use of this space and its technical capabilities will have priority over those that have less technical and spatial stipulations; students will be urged to propose projects whose production/aesthetic values necessitate and enhance

the character of the space (and vice-versa). We intend to run the space as a cooperative, requiring those who are involved in a scheduled project to participate in another scheduled event during the semester in some way. This system not only ensures that it will be a committed group of students who participate in the usage of the space, but it also encourages collaboration among student artists as it will create a diversely artistic community, and an opportunity for inter-departmental communication. Access to the space will be granted to

all members of a project's crew for the duration of their production and rehearsal period. Bard Security will keep a key and an updateable access list, and will remain responsible for the opening and closing of the space each day. We will keep the campus informed of events with a .Mac information sharing account that will have an on-line schedule.

Proposals will be accepted starting now. SEND THEM IN!

If you're interested in helping out, send an email to newoldgym@gmail.com

Albert Interview, contd.

it quickly. I think it's a hard question that people should think about.

F.P.: What methods could be employed to achieve public influence over the media in the United States?

M.A.: Well that's a huge question, but what you're asking -

F.P.: Just give an example.

M.A.: Well, what you're asking is how to transform American media, which is the same as transforming General Motors, which is the same as transforming Microsoft, which is the same as transforming the government. It requires winning a revolution. In other words, you

"Well, what you're asking is how to transform American media, which is the same as transforming General Motors, which is the same as transforming Microsoft, which is the same as transforming the government. It requires winning a revolution."

can coerce it to do better in the short term; just like you can get higher wages from GM, you can get better media from CBS. Not because you convinced them - no strike ever convinced the owners of GM that it was desirable and nice to give higher wages, they were just forced to do it. Same thing with media, you can force CBS to do better if you have a huge movement pressuring them. We should do that. But if you're asking what replaced those institutions with better institutions, the answer is a revolution that changes the basic defining institutions of society.

F.P.: But is establishing an alternative, or community based, free media - be it radio or television or written - a way of sidestepping the issue, or is it a way of directly confronting the media

conglomerates that need to change?

M.A.: It's both. So on the one hand you're sort of carving out a little space and creating something worthy that can be emulated and that provides a model that you can learn from. And that can make a good product. Not big, but a good product...that's good. On the other hand, to view it as the whole alternative would be

a big mistake. It would be like thinking of building a little bicycle shop instead of General Motors. What about all those workers at General Motors, they don't count because we have a little bicycle shop? What about all the people that

work at CBS, they don't count because we have a little...because we have Z? Is it sufficient that we do Z nicely, and well, and equitably, and justly? No, we have to include the bigger media as well. So if their scene is intertwined, that's good, but if small media is a way to escape and not confront big media, that's not good.

F.P.: There has to be a confrontational or oppositional force-

M.A.: Both. That's why I said that we need to increase the scale of our media, improve its internal structure, AND have a mass movement against mainstream media, not have one or the other. All of it is necessary for any part of it to be as desirable as possible. Now I really have to go or I'm going to have to sleep here. Thank you.

Bard Blotter, contd.

to check out the alarm or, if enough fire fighters are available, a fire engine will respond. The logic behind this system is that the added time it would take a security guard to inspect the scene and call the dispatcher for the Fire Department to respond could mean the difference between safely controlling a fire and having it burn out of control. While this is clearly a valid concern, it puts a great deal of stress on the volunteer fire fighters of Tivoli and Red Hook, because they will often be called out of work or bed to respond to a false alarm. B & G's Steve Race and Gerard Nesel are taking

steps to improve the systems to cut back on faulty alarms, but it is no small task.

According to Ken Cooper, Director of Security, there have been 6 fires at Bard in the past 6 years, 3 of which posed direct threats to dorms, but all of which required Fire Department intervention. Cooper said that the policy change means that guards will be less available to handle lockouts and other tasks because they will need to remain available to cover alarms and emergency services as quickly as possible in order to take as much stress off local volunteers as possible. Cooper also

said that he tried, without success to propose other options to the state that would maintain high safety standards without enacting the new policy in full. The only answer would be for Bard, or Annandale-on-Hudson, to have it's own Fire Department, and while this option is not impossible, it is also not a quick fix. In fact, Bard had it's own Fire Department in the 1940's, complete with an engine. Regardless, students should expect to see fire engines on campus regularly, or at least until they become responsible cooks and stop taking extremely hot showers.

Bush the Younger Asks Blacks Back

by kathy kelleher

Florida Governor Jeb Bush, like his brother, has recently been concerned with preserving his legacy. To do so, he established the One Florida program, which was designed to replace affirmative action with a color-blind policy for Florida's higher education system. However, once enrollment among black students declined, it soon became clear that One Florida was not actually an equal opportunity program.

In 1999, when Gov. Bush took office, black freshmen enrollment was at more than 18%, but now, seven years later, blacks make up only 13.7% of Florida's university system. "One Florida" was intended to prevent such a decline but instead might have caused one. Sharing his brother's penchant for punchy sound bites Governor Bush said of the recent decline, "I think the answer is you have to hit it on all cylinders."

In response to the decline, University of Florida President Bernie Machen committed the school to funding need-based scholarships for low-income students who are the first in their family to attend college. Bush coincidentally conceived of a similar idea not much later. Last week, he announced his \$52.4 million package of grants, scholarships and other assistance that would be given to minority students, in attempts to increase the declining enrollment rates of black students. Bush also allotted \$6.5 million to be given to low-income students who were the first in their family to seek higher education. Sound familiar?

Florida's major financial aid program, Bright Futures, awards scholarships solely based upon academic merit. This has been a popular program among wealthy and middle-class families because it helps them send their already privileged children to college for less. While wealthy families are getting a break, low-income applicants are receiving

little aid. Bush's plan gives breaks to the wealthy and screws over the poor. Sound familiar?

Although Bush's recently unveiled program may seem like a step in the right direction, Florida has shafted the minority students for years, and many



people feel as though this effort is inadequate. "If the governor and other state officials are truly concerned about boosting the enrollment of blacks and other minorities, start with this: a serious financial commitment to schools at the elementary level, started with those

branded as 'failing.' And an equally serious commitment to student aid," said Senate Democratic Leader Les Miller of Tampa, who is black. "The \$35.8 million he's proposing to add to student aid is a trinket compared to the more than \$8 billion he's lavished on his tax breaks for the super rich."

However, Florida is not alone in their lack of support for poor college students. In fact, it seems as though Florida is simply following the example that the U.S. Congress has set. Congress has made it even harder for poor applicants to attend college by putting high interest rates upon the loans they have made available, while making it increasingly difficult to obtain these loans because of arbitrary restrictions on who is eligible for a loan.

Financing college is getting more and more difficult, which affects many Bard students and students across the country. Some fear that if the government is not willing to make it easier for lower income students to attend colleges, the gap between the rich and poor will continue to widen. Paying for college is already incredibly difficult for many students, and the Bush family is not making it any easier, especially for those who may need it most.

Senior Class Gift

by heather deichler for the senior class committee

It is difficult for many of us to believe that our studies here are almost complete. Over the past

four years we have seen the completion of the Fisher Center, the beginnings of the new science building, a Conservatory of Music has opened, and many other academic and social changes have occurred on campus. All of these alterations are in response to the changing needs of the campus community. The Senior Class Committee wants to contribute toward the campus community and would like to announce its decision for Senior Class Gift. This year's gift will go toward the construction of a new student space on

campus. Construction of this space will not begin until all funds have been raised.

You should have received a letter in your mailbox asking you to donate toward this effort. This is the first year that we are asking for monetary donations rather than strictly selling items as a means of raising money. If you believe that your Class Gift is going toward a good cause, please show your support by contributing today. You can make gift by cash, credit card, or check. You also have the option of making your gift online at www.bard.edu/giving. Remember, participation matters just

as much as gift size, so please be counted. If you have any questions regarding the Senior Class Gift, you can contact Heather Deichler via email at deichler@bard.edu or phone at 758-7663.

As you may know, the Senior Class Gift is only one of the projects the Senior Committee works on for our class. We also help to coordinate Baccalaureate. Our fundraising efforts include: selling care baskets, baked goods and throwing campus-wide parties. If you are interested in joining the council or helping with fundraising, please contact Heather Deichler.

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Feats of Astonishment: An interview with Jon Dame

on his new show to be performed in the Old Gym

by kell condon

I am sitting here in the Old Gym with Jon, surrounded by knives, ropes, ladders, trampolines, and power tools. Jon, sporting his newly quaffed tuft of hair and suspenders took some time to speak to the FREE PRESS about his new show: FEATS OF ASTONISHMENT.

Free Press: What are your ASTONISHING FEATS?

Jon Dame: This show is my attempt to synthesize the different circus skills that I have been developing since my early years touring with Reverend Leroy's Medicine Show. (Tonic for sale!)

F.P.: Yes, yes, but get to the Feats of Astonishment!

J.D.: Yeah, well it's about a single performer who begins as a debonair juggler and is quickly driven to wilder and more dangerous acts of desperation.

As this lone clown attempts to inspire the audience with his "JUGGLER POWER Variety Comedy Hour" he is assailed from above by an invisible trickster. As the feats become more astonishing the trickster becomes more invisible. In a climactic moment of transcendence our hero

learns the true meaning of JUGGLE POWER. **F.P.:** How is it that these FEATS were able to find their home in the Old Gym?

J.D.: All winter I lived underneath the crumbling gym, rebuilding its hallowed structure, beam by beam, and thanks to the generous support of reptilian administrator Jim Brudvig, I was allowed to develop this unique gift of the juggling arts.

F.P.: Great...but what the heck would I want to see some juggling show for?

J.D.: When I say FEATS OF ASTONISHMENT, I'm not pulling any limbs but my own...the audience will scarcely hear their own peals of laughter over the gasps of terror and the poundings of their own black hearts. If you are afraid of clowns, however, I advise you to be wary, not because there will be clowns in it, but because the show was not intended for the weak of constitution.

F.P.: I consider myself to be a pretty jaded student here at Bard, do your worst...

Before I can finish, Jon Dame calmly lights himself on fire and mounts a unicycle, upon which he careens across

the room, weaving through several snarling Bard security dogs and around several ornate faberge egg displays, finally coming to rest on a jagged spike. Extinguishing himself, he returns to the table apparently unscathed.

F.P.: Wow, that was truly amazing... This seems like something I might see in the Surrealist Training Circus...

J.D.: The show is NOT a production of the STC, although they are developing another kick ass show on main campus, slated for late MAY. This is an intensely personal show, something revelatory in its narrative candor...lone gunman... some cowboys ride alone.

Before I can thank Jon for his time, an invisible trickster lowers a golden noose and promptly hoists our subject away.

FEATS OF ASTONISHMENT will preview February 7th, 8th, and 9th. Performances will be on the 10th and 11th @ 8:00pm in the OLD GYM.



Soooo Hot Right Now!

Going to the Gym in Your Street Clothes – Because you're already wearing spandex anyway, you hip, sexy beast.

Old Gym – No drinking, smoking or dancing. Is it a little Footloose in here? But we would still like to thank the student government for bringing her back. Matt Wing, we salute you.

Fair Trade Coffee in the Café – Four years ago an young idealistic student named Jon Dame wrote an article for the Free Press noting the existence of a Fair Trade coffee option at Down the Road, encouraging students to buy more. Today all coffee available in the café is Fair Trade certified. This is the magic that dreams are made of. Thank you Jon, wherever you are!

Global Warming – Still Hot. P.S. No need to wait till spring to bring on the nautical wear. It's hot out there! Why is everyone wearing skirts right now? Cause it's damn hot, that's why!

Thinking About Transferring – Nothing like threatening to leave forever to make all your friends appreciate you more. But wouldn't Bowdoin be lucky to have you? Bonus: pretend to transfer to somewhere funny – Oral Roberts U loves disilluioned Bardians.

Not so Hot!

by jon dame
and leah finnegan

Budget Forum – Remind us why anyone packs into Kline sans food for three hours to listen to people yell about the Knitting Club? To divide four packs of Bud Ice among 900 people and pray that someone gets naked? This hasn't been fun since the seven-foot tall Jamaican man left.

The New Science Center – You know what we could really use? More Zebra Fish. And Math crap. And I can see we are continuing with the wavy buildings around here. Can't we find a contractor who can make a straight I-beam.

Jeans – Really, these are getting old, people. Let's try something new. I think MC Hammer was on to something with the genie pants. Can't we bring those back?

Hills – Uuughh. So tired of climbing hills. Why didn't I go to school in Iowa? I hear Grinnell has a lot of totally datable Midwest guys.

Olin Language Center – The poor man's Olin. Apologies to language majors, most of whom are not poor. But come on, can we fix the chairs please?

Student Life Committee: Moderate Goals, High Hopes

by adam janos for the student life committee

The winter break is over. Now the real fun begins.

As the new semester rolls around, we in the Student Life Committee find ourselves charting unfamiliar territory. In an era where cell phones buzz incessantly through the library and a Bard campus finds itself without an obvious social space or all-night study area, it is up to us to do something good. Something truly revolutionary.

And like always, we'd much rather tackle these things as true representatives of the student body, bringing your voices through the correct channels so that revolution can be reached. So read up! And if you have any opinions at all, please contribute them to us so we can heed your voice. Even if it's just a free

write. Even if it's a haiku.

First on the agenda is the opening up of a late night study space in Kline. For those night-owl workaholics among us, a major victory has been achieved. After a trial-run through the finals of last semester, the school has deemed the students responsible enough to handle a study space throughout the academic year. The only questions that remain regard how funding for coffee and staff will be accrued, but this seems like a small obstacle. A common area in which students can work into the early morn is happening. Yes!

For those students that use the library, however, we face a critical juncture in our school's history. The librarians (as well as many students) are becoming more and more agitated

about the use of cell phones in what should be a quiet research facility. Thus, we are exploring a way to ban cell phone use (or, at the very least, restricted it) in the library.

And in other news, there is still no TV lounge in a neutral space where students can go and find their program of choice. To those of you who find it awkward going into someone else's dorm and attempting to passive-aggressively wrest the remote out of the hands of residents... prepare for more awkwardness.

Finally, as the student population continues to grow and a lack of social space remains our reality, renovations to Kline Commons seem to hold importance for the future of on-campus life. Over the next week or so, the administration will look into creative

ways to make the expansion of Kline as beneficial as possible for the student body. So please offer suggestions as to what manner you would expand Kline to benefit us, if you were on the payroll. I know this is a very open-ended question (yikes!), but if you do come up with something good, you could have a greater effect on the legacy of Bard than you may realize.

So the SLC embarks on another semester, ready with open ears at slc@bard.edu. Please: share your thoughts. Be vocal in your concerns. And wasn't there too much Tabasco sauce in the hot wings the other night? We can make a difference here, if we work together. Remember: I love you. And ain't nobody gonna take that away from us.



The Word-Joke-Mix-Up That Tribune Media, Inc.* Doesn't Want You To Enjoy

by jesse malmmed

HOW THE FILM CRITIC
SIGNED OFF HIS ANALYSIS/
COVERAGE OF THE DRAMEDY:

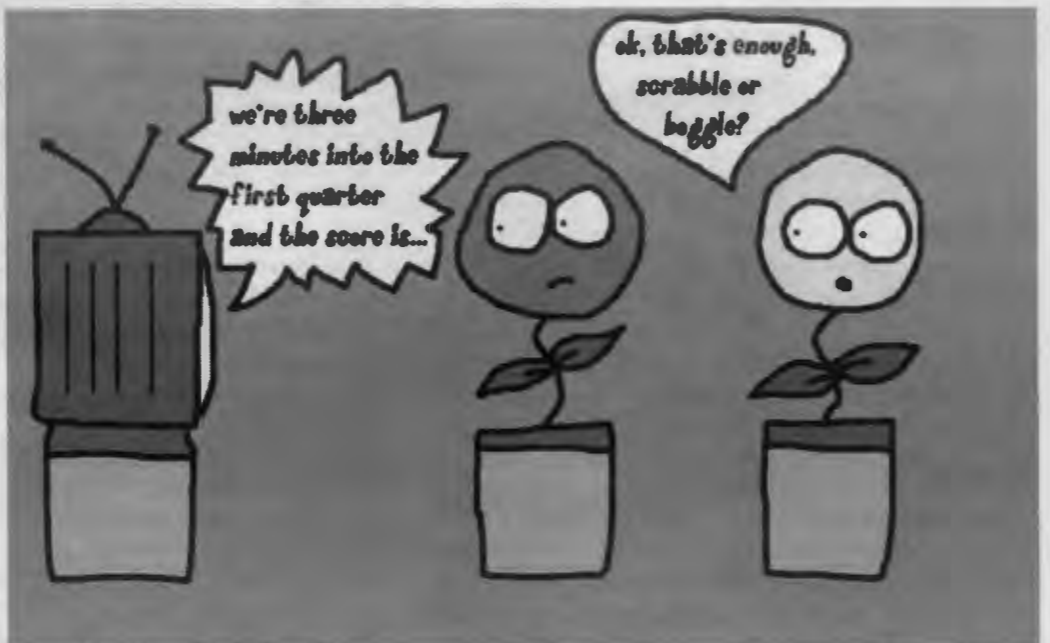


OOO OOO
C I K L E F
OOO OOO
T A U R N S
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F U S H F
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F Y N I T

OOOOO OOOO!

*owners of the name "Jumble"

Loog



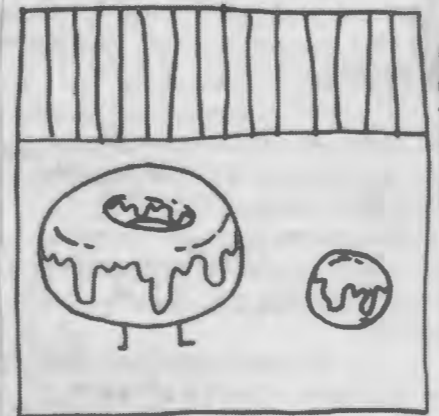
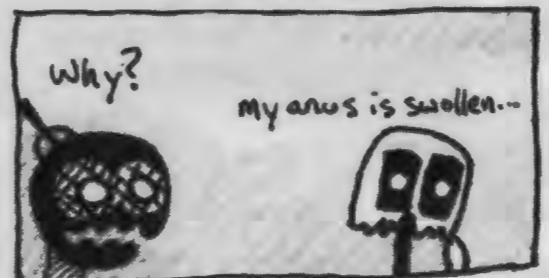
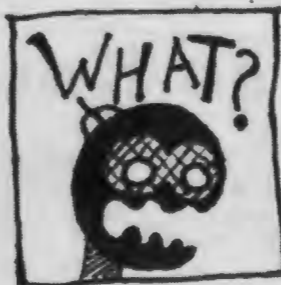
"The Real Question on Super Bowl Sunday" by johanna klotz



by "Chris Rice" AKA
The Salamander
Slammer



by Michael Dukczak



ADAM BAZ

now that's a git 'r' done kind'a attitude.

music reviews. music reviews. music reviews.



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



Kites Peace Trials Load Records

You haven't heard a record like this. If you saw Kites at SMOG last semester, you're still pondering how obscene frequencies can cause limbs to split, eyeballs to sweat, or butts to shit (Matthew Deady can explain that one, Hegeman 108). But for the righteous fanboy who rightfully lacks interest in one jerk's judgment of another devastating noise record, lower your nose to one of the most versatile releases in the Load catalog.

The sonic spectrum explored in the brief 30 minutes that make up *Peace Trials* is a punk feat, considering it is a 4-track recording of all homemade and modified instruments, without keyboards, digital synths, computers, or samplers. From the album's first squeak, the stoner is captivated by the ominous crackling chirps and scratches of "Flag Torn Apart" that stir beneath a substantial cloud of tape hiss. This strapping 7-minute opener erupts into grand galactic warfare of brain-boiling sweeps, volcanic rumbling drones, and Christopher Forgues' (the only member of Kites) feral shriek. Yet the clash is somehow peaceful. While fully equipped to brutalize those bold enough to open an ear, these are not perverse and terrorizing experiments in the extreme; they are songs.

In the wake of "Flag Torn Apart," Forgues invites you back into his teepee for a freak folk ballad flaunting heady backward

strumming, sparse guitar, and genially delivered singing vocals. This juxtaposition of the speaker-splintering and serene sets the beheading and reheading pace for *Peace Trials* that separates it from other Load releases as revitalizing and weird for weirder reasons. Every odd track delivers the Kites flavor of abrasive analog mayhem, and the evens bring strangely soothing psychedelic peace ballads. I assume he gets high.

The noise freaks get their nosebleeds from the crippling Katrina assaults of "Flag Torn Apart," "Exploded Face," and "Downward/Creepy Crawl"; mind you, this is not Dolby 5.1. The hippies grown weary of their friends' demos and the ever-fleeting 60's get charmed by an enchanting new voice of dank pop-folkery in "Dirt," "Something About America," and the title track. The punks get a truly unique DIY musician with dissenting political lyrics, indeterminate as they are. (Even if the message is a bit hazy they can dig flag-tearing and police doing the creepy crawl). And lastly, for the whiners- in all of the record's sonic purity, it is not an experimental album about rape, murder, and destruction. It's about peace, I think.

-Christian Blunda



Men's Recovery Project The Very Best Of... 5 Rue Christine

If "The Very Best Of..." is your introduction to the almighty Men's Recovery Project, a priority reassessment is long overdue. After a decade of disturbingly bizarre

behavior, those responsible for Born Against, Six Finger Satellite, Wrangler Brutes, Rah Brahs and Thrones (to name a few) have compiled a 40-song anthology of their "very best" material that lacks even the slightest suggestion of reason or rhyme. This double LP is the pearl of the MRP legacy- that of an equally offensive and elusive freak noise theater faction electro-punk band led by the legendary Sam McPheeters- and yet their best "songs" aren't on it. Ranging from short one-act plays like "Man Urinating, Laughter," (a man urinating amidst hysterical laughter) and "Get The Fuck Out of My Office," (a heated argument between male and female Mac voices), to longer inconceivable sound collages like "Avoid Pregnancy During Alcohol" and noisy-but-danceable new wave hits like "Stubble On The Chin Of A Vicious Brute," each track on this compilation retains a threatening focus and yet the record makes utterly no sense. Formulating in the wake of (arguably) the greatest punk rock band of all time, The Recovery Project was always operating on a conceptual plain above and beyond our mental capacity. Feeling increasingly bad about myself, but nonetheless urging your purchase of this record, a disclaimer seems necessary: BENEATH ALL OF ITS INCONSISTENCY AND AMBIGUITY, THE VERY BEST OF THE MENS RECOVERY PROJECT WIELDS THE POWER TO CAUSE PERMANENT INJURY NOT ONLY TO YOUR EARS, BUT MORE NOTABLY TO YOUR CONCEPTION OF

ART, SENSE OF WORTH AS AN ADMIRER OF MUSIC, AND CONFIDENCE IN THE HUMAN CAUSE.

-Christian Blunda



The New Amsterdams Killed or Cured free online release

The New Amsterdams is essentially a solo project of Matt Pryor, former Get Up Kids frontman. He started writing for the latest album, *Killed or Cured*, in the fall of 2003, and it has gone through a lot since then. In fact, this album does not exist on the shelves of record stores—it is a free online release. The reason behind this is described at length on the New Amsterdams' website (www.newams.net), but suffice it to say that between the Get Up Kids recent break-up, Vagrant Records marketing plans, and Pryor's uneasiness about the content, it never made it to print. As a long-time Pryor fan who has readily criticized his lesser work, I would have to say that I think not releasing it was a big mistake.

I'll back up. In mid-summer, Pryor posted to his site a heartfelt explanation of his feelings on this record and its many incarnations alongside 5 of the 12 tracks to be. He offered them free for download and promised to continue writing while putting this particular set of songs on the shelf indefinitely. My

intent was to review those original 5, but upon loading the website, I found that 5 more had been posted, changing it from EP to LP status.

The *Killed or Cured* LP is Pryor's 4th release under the name of The New Amsterdams, and in all seriousness it's as good or better than all of the other ones. His releases often fill the role of non-abrasive acoustic music in my collection that I don't get tired of quickly, but there have been aspects of each release to date that irked me in some relatively insignificant way. However, I think this release shows Pryor really working out problems from his past work, and aside from "Drinking in the Afternoon" I have no complaints about the songwriting. It's certainly not the soundtrack to your next party, but does fill the 'quiet without being too sappy' slot pretty well. On this release, Pryor brings back things that have been successful in past recordings (i.e.: banjo, piano, etc.) but uses them with more moderation, thereby not wearing them out. He also avoids any synthesized sounds, which were prevalent on his last release.

Although the Get Up Kids are no more, for better or worse, Matt Pryor is clearly not planning on stopping what he does; his next release is scheduled to come out in May on Vagrant Records. Vagrant is arguably a shitty label and their lack of input on *Killed or Cured* really shows. We can only hope that they keep their paws off his work in the future and he continues in the direction he has started with this release.

You can download all 10 tracks and the album art from a link on the website after entering your name and email, presumably to put you on his mailing list (uncheck the Vagrant updates box).

-Owen Conlow

COMING SOON

THURS. FEB. 9: **BATTLES**
W/ ARCHITEUPHIS - 9:30 MPR

THURS. FEB. 16: **PSYCHIC ILLS**
at SMOG

FRI. MAR. 17: **EXTREME ANIMALS**
W/ TUGBOAT(!!!!!!) at SMOG

ALSO: TWO GALLANTS,
TRACY + THE PLASTICS,
ANNA OXYGEN, BLOWFLY.

Support SMOG, and clean up!

A NIGHT OF COMEDY AND SONG

music by:

NAT BALDWIN

(upright bass and vocals
myspace.com/natbaldwin)

DEER TICK

(country clang
myspace.com/deertick)

and
SAM ROSEN

(folk lounge)

comedy by:

ABE JELLINEK
TOM DAME
PATRICK TESH
and **NICK HENDERSON**

FRIDAY, FEB 17th SMOG
comedy + music starts at 8^{pm}

Artist Rachel Harrison Speaks at Weis

by daniel terna

Extra seats were brought into a packed Weis Cinema last Tuesday night for visiting artist Rachel Harrison. An artist whose work consists of a wide range of materials and media, New York based Harrison (b. 1966) incorporates quirky, humorous, and meditative elements within her many photographs, sculpture, and installations, among others.

Speaking confidently and comfortably to an audience of students and professors, Harrison described the techniques and meanings behind many of her pieces. Much of the energy that goes into her work relies on the impact her art has, both intellectually and physically, on her viewers.

"I didn't begin making art until my last year at college. In fact I became a little too obsessed that year," she said at one point during her slide lecture.

An underlying theme for Harrison is the act of looking. One of her pieces, 5 x 7's, is a color photograph she had taken of an anthill on a beach. Harrison explained that she went to ten different New York film developers and asked each for a 5x7 color print of her photograph. The result is ten wildly different photographs, all made

by the same negative, yet all differing dramatically in hues.

Another one of her works consists of a room full of thin pieces of five-foot high free-standing cardboard, bent at angles that are meant to disrupt the viewer's gaze and generally cause a feeling of confusion and self-awareness of one's surroundings. Hidden behind several of these "walls" (another theme which comes up often in Harrison's work) are free-standing sculptures such as a bust of Marilyn Monroe attached to wheels, and a cheap pair of sunglasses on a pedestal next to a bust of a Native American Indian.

Harrison's work takes on a more serious tone when one views her photographs hanging along the back wall, entitled *Perth Amboy*. The photographs, taken by Harrison with a high zoom lens, are of the top-floor of a house in New Jersey in which an image of the Virgin Mary was believed to have been captured within a window pane. Her many photographs of the window reveal faithful citizens (who had stood in line) within the house, rubbing their hands over the window's glass. The photographs are disturbing in terms of the ritual itself, and they raise many questions

regarding contemporary faith as well as the act of looking.



a selection from *Perth Amboy*

Harrison appears to be naturally unbounded in terms of materials: she is self-taught in photography; she uses found objects from the street (claiming she happens upon things—such as a giant Buddha—accidentally; she doesn't go

out looking for things "like one of those people," she said); she uses toys such as a wheelchair-bound Barbie as sculptural pieces; she is technically proficient with cement, painting, and video-art installations.

Harrison's work is primarily impulsive. "There's no planning, no preconception, it just happens," she said. "I still have many technical difficulties."

Despite her difficulties, Harrison manages to create artwork that ranges in style and form, attributing minimalism to formalism to the painterly in her pieces. While she might construct a perfectly level staircase out of wood and disrupt its form by placing several weight-lifting magazines underneath, she might also tear apart an entire gallery, making holes in walls or literally building an installation around and through a building's inner structure.

"I want my art to be slow, thought provoking; to incorporate aspects of history, of material; I want to combine these things," she said after her presentation.

Harrison's work can be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, MoMA, the Harvard Art Museums, and the Whitney Museum of American Art, among others.

I'm Decisive About Indecision

by alice gregory

first-time author employs silent P

Indecision is a chronicle of Dwight Wilmerding's year of humorous struggle and not-so-funny sorrow. Facets of *Indecision* are even absorbing in list form: slacker protagonist, experimental pharmaceuticals, spontaneous trips to South America, flashbacks to boarding school, quests for Cambodian cuisine in Brooklyn, Dutch temptresses, and so on.

All of these elements congeal into a fast-paced I-don't-know what. Not an alleged memoir. Not suspenseful enough to be a mystery. Not banal enough to be a comedy. But not really much of an enigma either. It at least kept me distracted while waiting for a three-hour-late train.

Benjamin Kunkel, a young first-time author, could easily be mistaken for Dwight. From the flattering author photo, he possesses the same boyish good looks that Dwight is described as having. Perhaps Kunkel's neuroses are projected into the novel—write about what you know. Kunkel strikes the delicate and often missed balance between the profound and the comical, digging at real issues without the angst.

Dwight lives in New York City, has an on-again/off-again relationship, pines for a high school crush, and feels overwhelmed by his underwhelming life. Sounds like a vague permutation of yourself thinly disguised as an ambiguous "friend." His parents are divorced and both in faux financial shambles; his sister is a Columbia psychologist who pulls a prank and saves his spirits. His familial problems however are few in comparison to the one that knaws at him constantly: his inability to choose. Dwight lingers over decisions big and small, and is soon rendered close to catatonic. His autistic-like state begins to resolve itself when he receives an e-mail from Natasha, a thebardfreepress.vol7.issue6

Dutch exchange student who he went to boarding school with. He responds a bit too affectionately, and surprisingly he's met with equal benevolence and is invited to Quito, Ecuador for a visit. Unbeknownst to Dwight, his sister is the real the cyber-culprit. Natasha is M.I.A. upon his arrival and instead replaced by her friend, Brigid. The two inevitably fall in love while traveling throughout Ecuador.

Kunkel tempers sullen passages with the funny things that we never admit to aloud. In a fit of depression, Dwight whines, "solitary people pretending not to be - that must be how many families start up and the race of the lonely has grown so numerous." Out of context, the quote is dripping with pretention, but it gains credibility because Dwight works at Pfizer, the pharmaceutical company. After he is fired, and after he has made the defeated statement, he has a drink with his friend and bellows, "Pfucker Pfizer." He laughs to himself, knowing that he is the only one who hears the silent "P." Nouns beginning with "P" are often qualified with a "Pfucker" throughout the book with parenthetical apologies for the exhausted joke. After all the witticisms, the book has a realistically unsatisfying epilogue, congruous with the lifelike chronology of the novel.

Dwight, crazy but harmless, travels inappropriately to South America. The location is my only criticism, as it does little for the plot. Kunkel incorporates topical information. He employs proper nouns, using real brand names and including September 11th as the day-after event of an ecstasy binge. Instead of a benign Ecuador, he could have gone to a political hot bed, say Iraq. Or to an arena of vice, like sex-ridden Thailand. But Pfucker it, it's good enough as it is.

In the Kitchen with Jon Myers...

but this time, not cooking: talking about masa

Rather than a recipe *per se* this installment of my semi-regular column is intended as an introduction to, as well as a history of, the ancient and ubiquitous corn product that has become a staple in my diet. *Masa*, or *masa nixtamalera*, is a fine dough made from dent corn boiled with lime and ground in a *molino* (a mill specifically for this purpose). Alternately, it can be made from *masa harina*, ground hominy flour and water. It is the backbone of such Mexican, Central, and South American dishes as *tortillas*, *tamales*, *pupusas*, *sopes*, *arepas*, and a multitude of other delightful comestibles.

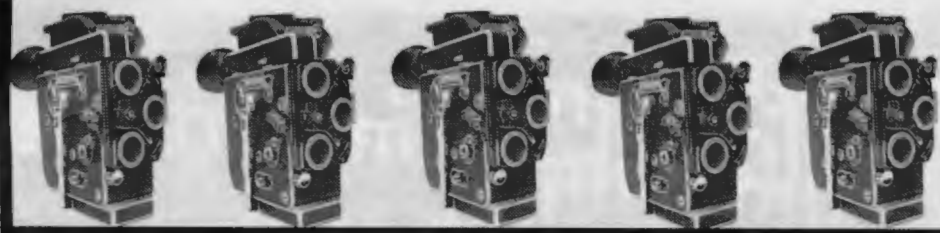
Dent corn, also known as field corn, is different from the sweet corn that you find in your local market, and also from the flint variety used for popping. Nor is it the same as the white corn used for the corn flour often used in baked goods. After being removed from the cob, the field corn kernels are dried then boiled in water with "cal", or slaked lime. This process is known as *nixtamalization*. *Masa* is made from ground and dried *nixtamal*. *Masa*, in any of its various forms, has been used for over 10,000 years, as everything from bread flour to a thickening agent for soups and stews.

Tortillas are perhaps the most commonly available *masa* product. Typically, the dried *masa* is mixed with water and kneaded to form a dough, then flattened with a rolling pin or a specifically-designed tortilla press. The flat circles are then fried without oil on a cast-iron skillet. This is very easily accomplished at home, and is a cheap and delicious



alternative to store-bought tortillas. For tamales, the same dough is spread inside either fresh or dried and reconstituted corn husks, covered with a spoonful or two of spiced meat, beans, cheese, and whatever else might be desired, then wrapped, tied and steamed. *Sopes* and *anojitos* are thicker cakes made from the same dough, which are then fried in oil and often topped with *queso fresco* (similar to farmer's cheese), some kind of spiced meat or bean product, avocado, and *epazote* (fresh *epazote* is rarely available in North American markets, but is a staple for our neighbors to the south). *Arepas* are made from a thicker cake (about 1"), which is cooked over lower heat or grilled until it achieves a bread-like texture, and can be cut with a knife. The *arepas* are split lengthwise, and filled with whatever you can imagine, not unlike a *sandwich*.

Masa, in its dried form, is available at any Mexican or Central American market, as well as many larger grocery stores, and costs next to nothing. Unlike most bread flours, the dough does not need to be kneaded for very long, nor does it need to rise, so all manner of delicacies can be created at the drop of a hat. So grab a spoon and join me on the *masa* train today!



Film Film Film
Film Film Film
Film Film Film

Film

Fall Film Festival Coverage

by michael lerman '04

At some point in time during the history of the film festival, organizers began to realize that early fall and late spring were prime times for travel. The temperature is just right and even though film watching is traditionally an indoor activity, no one wants to wait in long lines in the bitter cold or sweltering heat (the exception being Sundance,

where it is worth the wait – see next issue). The result of this is that some of the biggest film festivals are crammed into these two points of the calendar. The spring has not only the infamous Cannes Film Festival, but also the ever-growing Philadelphia Film Festival. And then there's the fall, offering the immense Toronto Film Festival, the

selective New York Film Festival, the obnoxious Hamptons International Film Festival, the ultimate inside pass that is Film Columbia, and of course, our local Woodstock Film Festival. This year, the Bard Free Press extended their coverage to some of the biggest fall festivals and we are happy to present you with some of the results.

New York Film Festival

God bless the New York Film Festival. It is always refreshing when a festival is not dominated by the marketing aspect. It means that the selection committee has no need to seek out films that have not been bought for distribution. It can simply look at the entire crop and choose. Then there is the incredibly talented selection committee, possibly exceeding Cannes in their daringness to program films like the Japanese Robert Altman satire, *Who's Camus Anyway?* Though many of the films in selection come from famous directors from around the globe, the omission of ubiquitous heavy-hitters like Ang Lee's *Brokeback Mountain* and Mary Harron's *The Notorious Bettie Page* suggest an extremely balanced eye.

In early September, we were given full access to the festival. "We understand how these things trickle down," says one member of the festival press staff. And trickle down they should, because this year in particular, they managed to pinpoint some of the best films of 2005. You, dear reader, should waste no time rushing to the theater to see Michael Haneke's *Cache* or Michael Winterbottom's *Tristram Shandy: A Cock and Bull Story*. And in a season when so many festivals have not much to offer but money for big films (The Hamptons International Film Festival) or weight for big films (Film Columbia), New York, a festival with access to pretty much any film they want, strives only to show the best.

Bubble – Steven Soderberg's (*Ocean's Eleven*, *Full Frontal*) new pet project comes with many dogmatic stipulations attached: 1) it is the first in a series of six films centered around average American life; 2) these films will all to be shot in High Definition Video under a project called HDNET; 3) they will be released simultaneously in theaters, on video and on television, giving the viewer a choice to pick the medium in which they wish to view the film. But none of that seems to matter when you come up with such a dry murder mystery set in a rural town where the characters are so sheltered that they often can't even envision real world consequences for their actions. If this is average American life, not only is the country a little twisted, but also a little bland. In which case the experiment to determine the preferred medium for viewing the film is doomed to failure, because the audience appeal is not wide enough to get a good set of sample data. Oh well.



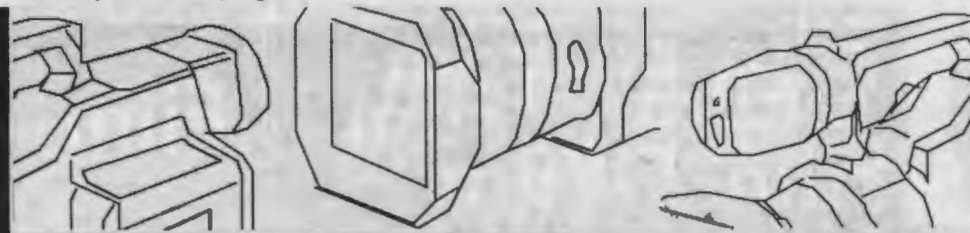
Cache (Hidden) – Michael Haneke (*The Piano Teacher*, *Time of the Wolf*) has been awing us for years with his vast ability to juggle characters and themes that are so rich and full of depth that they make Jean Luc Godard's *Breathless* look like a Hollywood action movie. In particular, his film *Code Unknown*, with its essay structure and fierce temperament, contains so many ideas that an entire course could be taught on it. Now, in his most meticulously constructed film to date, Haneke presents us with a simple story and cleverly keeps twisting it in the most unexpected ways. When an upper-middle class family in Paris begins to receive mysterious videotapes of the exterior of their house, panic ensues and slowly, but surely, dark secrets are revealed. Much like the story itself, the artifice is manipulated to create a large element of surprise that keeps building on itself until you are completely fixated on getting some answers. (Hint: To approach any level of satisfaction, you must watch the final shot very carefully.) Every cut brings on a new unexpected layer and leaves you on the edge of your seat for the entire film. In a press conference, when Haneke is asked about how he has been influenced by Robert Bresson, he answers that he tries to bring a level of minimalism to his film, shooting most of the scenes in one long tracking shot. He then approaches the question with a little more humility. "Abbas Kiarostami is someone that achieves a level of minimalism that the rest of us can only dream of." That may be true, and this film may be constructed with that in mind; but I would argue that through careful planning, *Cache* is anything but minimalism, yet amazing nonetheless. (Now playing at Upstate Films)



The President's Last Bang – Causing a huge uproar in its home country of South Korea, Im Sang-soo's (*A Good Lawyer's Wife*) new historical film about the assassination of corrupt president Park Chung-hee deftly mixes slapstick comedy with intense drama and shocking violence to create a weird mixture of tones which underscore both the absurdity and emotional complexity of the situation. Appearing at first uneven and contrived, *The President's Last Bang* takes a little warming up to. Once there, however, it reveals itself as a beautifully crafted film that rings with so much realism – even for all of the liberties it takes – that a Korean court ordered the filmmakers to remove the documentary footage from the closing credits sequence because viewers might get confused about what is real and what is staged. One can only hope that a film like this will be made about the Bush administration some day.

Manderlay – It may be arriving to us in a somewhat mulled form as a result of production problems (mostly in casting, since Nicole Kidman dropped out after seeing the lack of monetary return on the first film), but the much anticipated sequel to Lars von Trier's *Dogville* has more going for it than you could possibly imagine. Though not packing the punch of the original, the script for *Manderlay* contains a level of complexity that we haven't seen from von Trier in many years. For the first time in about five films, the story does not center on a woman being martyred, but rather tells the story of a small plantation where modern slaves are facing the tribulations of being recently freed from their master. At times, some of the logic doesn't quite add up, but at least the attempt is extremely provocative and leaves us wondering just where he will take the series next.





Film Film Film
Film Film Film
Film Film Film

contd.

The Toronto International Film Festival

Every year, thousands of tourists and film industry professionals flock to what is possibly the most polite city in the world for the ten days that are the Toronto International Film Festival. Arguably the largest festival in world, Toronto shows over three hundred feature films, previewing virtually everything that will be important in the coming year. Drawing upon not only the new crop of movies, but also the previous year's Sundance and Cannes Film Festivals, Toronto has literally everything. This means that not only are all of the best films of the year likely to be shown somewhere in the festival's ten-day span, but also that they are hiding amidst the mediocre or overly commercial. Luckily, Toronto boasts some of the most enthusiastic audiences known to celluloid. Despite the overwhelming nature of the festival, it is a film lover's paradise like no other.



The Wayward Cloud Taiwan's submission for the Best Foreign Film Oscar doesn't have a chance in hell of winning, but that doesn't make it any less incredible. Building on the themes that he began in *The Hole*, brilliant director Tsai Ming-Liang (*What Time Is It There?*, *Goodbye Dragon Inn*) now presents us with a future in which watermelons are cheaper than water. He then shows us what the pornography industry in this future would be like and, to top it all off, he weaves it together in a musical about two lonely people trying to connect in a bleak, uncommunicative world. Lush set pieces, actors lip syncing to classic Chinese pop tunes from the 50s, hilarious sex scenes involving watermelons and a startling level of sexual honesty are just a few of the things that this film boasts. But you really have to see it to believe it.

Duelist — Lee Myung-se (*Nowhere to Hide*), the master of visual motion, makes his long awaited return (six years) to feature filmmaking with his most subversive venture yet. *Duelist* is not only bigger in scale than Lee's previous work, but it offers an even more ridiculous plot, smartly crafted to be so infuriating that the viewer begins to ignore it and simply appreciate the avant-garde meditation on visual movement that Lee subversively funded by using the generally frustrating studio formula. Quite a simple (and occasionally exhausting) premise to base a career on, but as long as they continue to work this well as simple, visual study pieces, I will keep admiring his sensibility much more than that of, say, Zhang Yimou's in *Hero*. Besides, one of these films every six years is not that much to handle, even if they do all have the inherent problem of being over long to meet the studio quota.



The Great Yokai War — In probably his sweetest film to date, bad boy Japanese director Takashi Miike (*Audition*, *Ichibu the Killer*) brings us a children's tale of demons, goblins and saving the world. Miike's edgy sense of humor, often applied to his gaudier films, serves as a good buffer here to keep the film from being saccharine. The fact that it is a children's film serves as a good buffer to keep Miike from getting too carried away with frustrating musings and avant-garde nonsense. Now, if we could only get him off the highly digital backgrounds that he introduced in his last pseudo-family film *Zabranen*, we'd be all set.

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The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada

by emma friedland

The U.S.-Mexican border, superficially etched out in the barren Texas landscape of desert sand and shrubs by flimsy fences and scattered border patrol cars, is the point on the map where the values of the Old West—loyalty and vigilantism—noiselessly collide with the numb and disaffected present day, with its shopping malls and pre-fab housing developments. It is against this backdrop that Tommy Lee Jones' directorial debut, *The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada*, takes place.

In this tale of a solitary ranch hand's (Jones' character Pete Perkins) quest to return a slain cowboy companion to his Mexican homeland and give him a proper burial, the geographical and psychological landscape of loss and loneliness is deftly tread in the screenplay written by Guillermo Arriaga. The man responsible for such epic and unnerving films as *Amores Perros* and *21 Grams*, Arriaga once again constructs a complex and multilayered story, though this time guised in the simplicity of Jones' direction and the expressive minimalism of the performances.

The Texan bordertown in which two thirds of the film takes place is a barren and bleached locale, sealed in by dry earth and asphalt parking lots. A place where a young Border Patrol agent (played by Barry Pepper) leafs through porno magazines while his beady eyes shiftily scan the horizon for illegals, and his naïve

young wife (January Jones) wastes away the hours chain-smoking in the diner, where a couple can carve out a piece for themselves at a cheap price and be wedded to an emotionally-starved daily life.

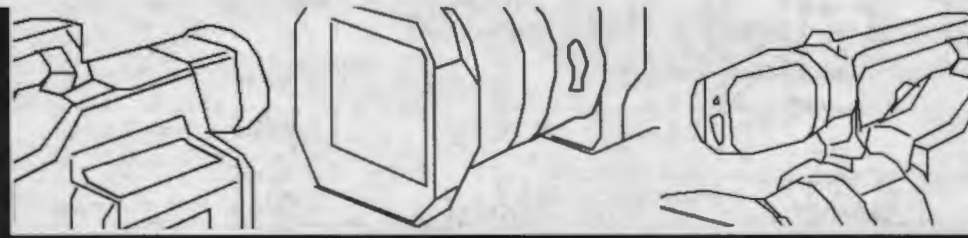


The monotony is broken, however, when the nervous and detached patrolman mistakenly shoots and kills

a Mexican rancher named Melquiades Estrada (Julio Cedillo), who was innocently tending to his humble ranch tucked between Mexico and the United States. Not really belonging to either country, as a man on the margins who practiced a way of life that is all but extinct, Mel's death would have gone completely unnoticed and unpunished if it were not for the persistent loyalty of his one pal, Pete Perkins.

Through flashbacks and unusual shot sequences, in this vengeance tale, Arriaga elaborates upon the typical narrative form and tone, infusing a screwed up situation with dark humor, and preventing the viewer from drawing any definite conclusion from the events portrayed. Tommy Lee Jones masterfully acts in the role of Pete, and directs perhaps as a successor to John Ford, in this bastardized version of a frontier tale. The border itself, and all the issues that spring forth from the infertile and much-disputed stretch of land, is never straightforward, the answer never readily apparent. In this gray zone, no side can claim moral high ground.

In this unusual story, the questions are all asked, but nary an answer given, only what can be drawn from the unfolding story of two outsiders from opposites sides of an argument, caught in the no-man's-land of the in-between. Where, no matter how hot the sun burns, it is always dusk. There is no longer a homeland to return to, not even a discernible past to reconstruct.



Film Film Film
Film Film Film
Film Film Film

contd.

The Hamptons Film Festival

It would be an understatement to say that the Hamptons Film Festival bases all their programming around demographics and with no accounting for taste. Awful selections like *David and Layla* and *Checking Out* may pack the theaters of Eastern Long Island, but that doesn't really make them substantive filmmaking. On the flip side, this does always bring in enough money to buy some huge films for our viewing pleasure. Some of this year's highlights include Shane Black's *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang* and *Ballets Russes*. I'll spare you the gory details and skip to the bottom of the page to some of the most noteworthy films the Hamptons had to offer this year.

Only Human – This charming, yet dark comedy about a Palestinian man coming to his Jewish girlfriend's family's home for dinner bears more than a little resemblance to *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*. However, it's in Spanish, involves a mildly gruesome accidental death, has imagery reminiscent of the work of Pedro Almodovar and, oh yeah, is actually funny.



Tristram Shandy: A Cock and Bull Story – Michael Witterbottom's brilliant new film saunters onto the screen as some bizarre hybrid of *Tom Jones* and *Irma Jones*. Taking on the filming of the infamously unfilmable novel by Lawrence Sterne, Witterbottom cuts between sequences of the book being acted out for the camera by Steve Coogan and others, and the behind the scenes story on the fake film set for the movie of *Tristram Shandy*, where the same themes of the book are being portrayed in "real life". Coogan, playing both Shandy and himself, is hilarious and endearing and, slowly but surely, the unfilmable novel begins to look more coherent than ever.



Why We Fight – Eugene Jarecki's heavy handed documentary about the history of war in America and how it leads up to the current situation in the Middle East was already six months too late when it arrived at Sundance last January. Now that Sony Pictures Classics has held onto it for twelve months before releasing it, it has become a relic of ancient history. This is all to say nothing of the fact that Jarecki's dragging tone and weak stock footage make the viewer clamor for his brother Andrew's prolific work (*Capturing the Friedmans*) or even for his other brother Nicholas' lively filmmaking (*The Outsider*).

That's all for now. Stay tuned for the next issue when we return with 50+ reviews of the big winter event: Sundance Film Festival '06. Also, top ten films of 2005 and more than you ever wanted to know about the Oscars! (All reviews by Mike Lerman.)

Taking Match Point to the Woodshed: Two Bardians Weigh in on Woody's Latest

by leah finnegan

Woody Allen will never come back. They should just put him in a museum already. He is a relic of the past, from simpler times when Diane Keaton was cute and suspenders were smart and Alan Alda was a good actor. I admit I went into *Match Point* with high hopes. Maybe Woody can do it, I thought. Maybe London's landscape revitalized his acerbic creativity. Unfortunately, it didn't. *Match Point* was a chore to watch. It was as if Woody had taken *Crimes and Misdemeanors* and rewritten it with a tennis theme. Bat Mitzvahs should have cutesy themes – not movies. And plus, tennis is boring. So is Jonathan Rhys-

Myers, who is an untalented amphibian. Speaking of "untalent," I can't believe I loved *The Horse Whisperer* when I was eleven, because Scarlett Johansson's relentless and uninspired screeching throughout the entire film was the worst thing since *The Other Sister*. I read in some New York publication that Allen is an anti-director, meaning that he doesn't like to give his actors any direction. Well, that technique clearly showed in *Match Point*. Way to innovate. The high points of the film included the two chipper British cops, and when Scarlett Johansson's buttcrack made a brief cameo. Otherwise... sorry, Woody. Love.

by zachary epcar

Match Point marks the triumphant return of Woody Allen to the hearts and minds of human beings everywhere. Triumph! they say. Triumph! We can finally forgive him for the mistakes of the past decade. This is Allen back to what he does best. Some might even call it a triumph! Following the rise of ex-tennis playing Chris Wilton (Jonathan Rhys Meyers) into the world of British high society, *Match Point* is a wickedly seductive romp that is both wicked, and seductive. Things get complicated when sexy Chris Wilton has an affair with his brother-in-law's sexy fiancée Nola (Scarlett Johansson), leaving the viewer with the question, "Could it get anymore complicated and sexy than this?" Well, the answer is "Yes, it can get more complicated and sexy." And so it does.

Beneath all the wealth, glamour, secrets, and infidelity lies an exploration of the critical role that luck plays

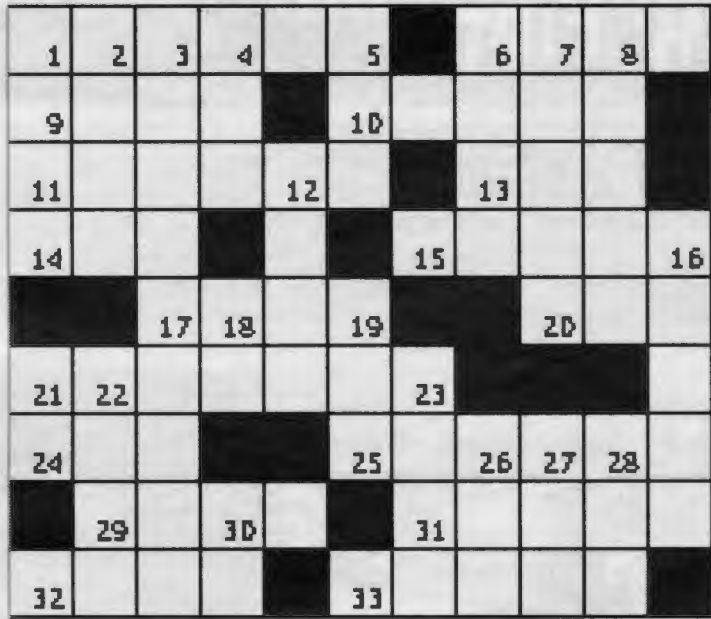
in our lives. To convey this, Woody Allen brilliantly employs the sports analogy of that moment when a tennis ball can either go over the net or not go over the net. In 1989's *Crimes and Misdemeanors*, Allen borrowed themes from Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* to create a glorious and remarkable film. In *Match Point*, he returns to some of these themes by zooming in on Jonathan Rhys Meyers' pretty man-boy face while reading *Crime and Punishment* and saying things like "Life is tragedy." The entire cast is so pitch-perfect that at times it seems as though the characters are all played by very attractive British robots! In a triumphant change of pace, Woody Allen has traded in visual artistry and verbal wit in favor of shots of Meyers rubbing hot oils on Scarlett Johansson's bare body. The result is both wicked and seductive!

In conclusion to this film review, *Match Point* is a terrible, terrible thing.

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Crossword

by simone kung



ACROSS

- 1. Tried
- 6. Former Iran ruler
- 9. Prefix with erotic
- 10. New York locale with "place"
- 11. With "Freshman," prank day
- 13. With "P," common breakfast stop
- 14. Not white
- 15. With "Sophomore," losing the second time around
- 17. With "it," an order
- 20. Not good, en español
- 21. With "Junior," not the top tier team

- 24. With "K," letter adornment
- 25. With "Senior," a forgetful period
- 29. French city near the Rhone
- 31. Hip NYC locale with strange acronym
- 32. Political Beatle's song subject
- 33. Canada, US and Mex accord

DOWN

- 1. 27th prez
- 2. Something of a person that is often colored
- 3. Creatures that are harmful
- 4. Hr. of passing

- 5. Doris or your Russian professor
- 6. Dolce _____ nuovo
- 7. Boring
- 8. Eau de toilet, for example
- 12. Logo with four circles
- 16. Destination of recently deployed spacecraft
- 18. In letters, hugs
- 19. The Golden Arches to McDonald's, abbrev.
- 22. Leather-workers tools
- 23. Guess who is the answer to this clue, you will not
- 26. Midas parts, abbrev.
- 27. First on scene, slangily
- 28. Popular sports grp.
- 30. Stop after the E.R.

Pre-Budget Forum Club Money Allocations

| CLUB | Spring 2005 (without e. fund add gns) | Fall 2005 (without e. fund add gns) | SPRING 2006 REQUESTED MINIMUM | SPRING 2006 ALLOCATED |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Aikido Club | \$200.00 | \$350.00 | \$500.00 | \$350.00 |
| 2. Animal Rights Group | \$825.00 | \$748.00 | \$750.00 | \$700.00 |
| 3. Animation Club | \$75.00 | \$225.00 | \$230.00 | \$80.00 |
| 4. Annandale Free Radio | N/A | \$225.00 | \$700.00 | \$400.00 |
| N5. Art Co-op** | N/A | N/A | \$350.00** | \$0.00** |
| 6. Asian American Students Org. | \$2800.00 | \$3000.00 | \$3737.00 | \$2750.00 |
| 7. Asian Film Club | \$537.03 | \$580.00 | \$557.93 | \$557.93 |
| 8. Audio Co-op | \$1240.00 | \$1450.00 | \$1550.00 | \$850.00 |
| 9. Barbecue Club | \$700.00 | \$675.00 | \$1250.00 | \$800.00 |
| N10. Bard Anti-Racist Dialogue** | N/A | N/A | \$350.00** | \$350.00** |
| 11. Bard Biodiesel Co-op | N/A | \$550.00 | \$490.80 | \$490.80 |
| 12. Bard Cheerleading Squad | \$168.00 | \$75.00 | \$250.00 | \$110.00 |
| 13. Bard Co-opcycle | \$600.00 | \$1237.00 | \$680.36 | \$600.00 |
| 14. Bard Cycling Team | N/A | \$374.00 | \$1600.00 | \$800.00 |
| 15. Bard Debate Team | N/A | \$600.00 | \$1300.00 | \$800.00 |
| 16. Bard Democrats | \$1200.00 | \$1200.00 | \$1400.00 | \$1000.00 |
| 17. Bard Journal of Social Sciences | N/A | \$350.00 | \$1030.00 | \$500.00 |
| 18. Bard Musical Theater Company | \$700.00 | \$1000.00 | \$1400.00 | \$1500.00 |
| 19. Bard Prison Initiative | \$3200.00 | \$2600.00 | \$3059.00 | \$2200.00 |
| 20. Bard Sign Language | \$200.00 | \$450.00 | \$450.00 | \$450.00 |
| 21. Bard Student Labor Dialogue | N/A | N/A | \$20.00 | \$20.00 |
| 22. Bard Theater Collective | \$400.00 | \$600.00 | \$1541.90 | \$902.00 |
| 23. Bard Ultimate | \$150.00 | \$300.00 | \$450.00 | \$300.00 |
| 24. Bard X/Y | \$250.00 | \$64.76 | \$220.00 | \$100.00 |
| 25. Black Students Organization | \$3000.00 | \$3625.00 | \$4000.00 | \$3500.00 |
| N26. Boxing Club** | N/A | N/A | \$350.00** | \$100.00** |
| 27. Children's Storybook Reading | N/A | N/A | \$250.00 | \$150.00 |
| 28. Christian Student Fellowship | \$450.00 | \$600.00 | \$990.00 | \$400.00 |
| 29. Circle | \$400.00 | \$355.00 | \$500.00 | \$500.00 |
| 30. Contact Improvisation Club | N/A | \$225.00 | \$300.00 | \$300.00 |
| 31. Contradance Club | \$800.00 | \$1000.00 | \$2250.00 | \$1070.00 |
| N32. CAP: BBA** | N/A | N/A | \$210.99** | \$150.00** |
| 33. Crafternoon | \$500.00 | \$350.00 | \$350.00 | \$0.00 |
| 34. Dance Club | \$3000.00 | \$2825.00 | \$3400.00 | \$3000.00 |
| 35. Dime Store | \$434.00 | \$425.00 | \$444.00 | \$600.00 |
| 36. EMS | \$2020.69 | \$1540.00 | \$1836.83 | \$2136.83 |
| 37. Entertainment Committee | \$11000.00 | \$14100.00 | \$18550.00 | \$16000.00 |
| 38. Environmental Collective | N/A | \$100.00 | \$300.00 | \$200.00 |
| 39. Feminist Alliance | \$950.00 | \$1000.00 | \$1050.00 | \$1000.00 |
| 40. Flying Eagle Falcon Squad | N/A | \$100.00 | \$370.00 | \$270.00 |
| 41. Film Committee | \$9689.57 | \$7989.43 | \$10,052.00 | \$9000.00 |
| 42. Four Square | \$450.00 | \$450.00 | \$350.00 | \$0.00 |
| 43. Free Press | \$3160.00 | \$3499.43 | \$4055.00 | \$5000.00 |
| 44. Gwinna Club | \$36.00 | \$35.00 | \$35.00 | \$80.00 |
| 45. High Tea | \$175.83 | \$270.43 - 2plex | \$299.33 | \$356.28 |
| 46. Horror Movie Club | N/A | \$250.00 | \$348.01 | \$300.00 |
| 47. Human Liberation Front | N/A | N/A | \$350.00 | \$136.66 |
| 48. Hurricane Relief Club | N/A | \$420.00 | \$4500.00 | \$1200.00 |
| 49. Inappropriate Double Features | N/A | \$60.00 | \$77.80 | \$77.80 |
| 50. Info Shoppe/Book Exchange | \$430.67 | \$699.43 | \$369.55 | \$369.55 |

| | | | | |
|---|-----------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| 51. International Solidarity Network | N/A | \$100.00 | \$350.00 | \$0.00 |
| 52. International Students Organization | \$3600.00 | \$3700.00 | \$4300.00 | \$4000.00 |
| N53. Jackson** | N/A | N/A | \$350.00** | \$0.00** |
| 54. Jewish Students Organization | \$1700.00 | \$1460.00 | N/A | N/A |
| 55. Knitty Gritty, The** | N/A | N/A | \$150.00** | \$75.00** |
| 56. Latin American Students Org. | \$3000.00 | \$3000.00 | \$3500.00 | \$3000.00 |
| 57. Migrant Labor Project | \$1885.00 | \$1999.43 | \$2000.00 | \$1800.00 |
| 58. Mind's Eye Theater Club | \$239.65 | \$600.00 | \$357.78 | \$360.00 |
| 59. Model UN | \$800.00 | \$800.00 | \$1400.00 | \$800.00 |
| N60. Modern Arnis** | N/A | N/A | \$102.00** | \$0.00** |
| 61. Muslim Students Organization | \$2200.00 | \$2300.00 | \$3000.00 | \$1100.00 |
| 62. Observer | \$6900.00 | \$6700.00 | \$5599.00 | \$5000.00 |
| N63. Old Gym, The** | N/A | N/A | \$350.00** | \$350.00** |
| 64. Outdoors Club | \$2200.00 | \$2125.00 | \$3000.00 | \$2000.00 |
| 65. P.I.R.A.T.E.S. | \$315.00 | \$150.00 | \$390.00 | \$200.00 |
| N66. POCO** | N/A | N/A | \$150.00** | \$150.00** |
| 67. Prison Activist Coalition | \$1000.00 | \$1634.56 | \$1375.00 | \$1200.00 |
| 68. Queer Straight Alliance | \$2250.00 | \$2200.00 | \$2900.00 | \$2200.00 |
| 69. Radical Wimmen's Collective | N/A | \$385.00 | \$1170.00 | \$250.00 |
| N70. Real Poop, The** | N/A | N/A | \$350.00** | \$0.00** |
| 71. Republican Club | \$200.00 | \$50.00 | \$65.00 | \$0.00 |
| 72. Rock and Roll Society | \$2000.00 | \$1000.00 | \$1400.00 | \$1400.00 |
| 73. Root Cellar | \$1200.00 | \$980.00 | \$1095.00 | \$860.00 |
| N74. Sailing Club** | N/A | N/A | \$350.00** | \$350.00** |
| N75. SciDec** | N/A | N/A | \$150.00** | \$0.00** |
| 76. SMOG | \$1000.00 | \$1000.00 | \$900.00 | \$650.00 |
| 77. Sound Crew | \$2000.00 | \$1200.00 | \$1673.96 | \$1700.00 |
| N78. Southern Distinction** | N/A | N/A | \$274.00** | \$200.00** |
| 79. Squeegie Club | \$550.00 | \$650.00 | \$620.00 | \$680.00 |
| N80. SSTOP** | N/A | N/A | \$300.00** | \$300.00** |
| 81. Student Action Collective | \$4475.00 | \$5000.00 | \$9000.00 | \$5000.00 |
| 82. Student Government | \$2100.00 | \$2400.00 | \$3000.00 | \$3000.00 |
| 83. Student Run Darkroom | \$450.00 | \$550.00 | \$419.50 | \$600.00 |
| 84. Students for a Free Tibet** | N/A | N/A | \$700.00 | \$100.00** |
| 85. Surrealist Training Circus | \$650.00 | \$658.71 | \$1000.00 | \$750.00 |
| 86. Sweat Lodge | N/A | \$450.00 | \$400.00 | \$450.00 |
| 87. Verse Noire | \$350.00 | \$450.00 | \$750.00 | \$750.00 |
| 88. Wayfinder Experience (FAE) | \$1300.00 | \$1030.00 | \$1700.00 | \$500.00 |
| 89. Wine and Cheese Club | N/A | \$50.00 | \$236.00 | \$118.00 |
| 90. WRUGBY! | N/A | \$419.42 | \$350.00 | \$500.00 |
| 91. WXBC | \$1500.00 | \$2000.00 | \$1154.92 | \$950.00 |
| Total: 91 Clubs, 14 New Clubs | | \$103,708.55 | \$127,930.67 | \$102,275.85 |

New Procedure for Budget Forum!

Please note that all monetary amendments to be debated at Budget Forum must be submitted via campus mail to Adam Baz by 5 PM, Tuesday 2/7. Amendment forms can be found in the post office. The forum itself will take place Wednesday at 8 PM in Kline. The pre-Budget Forum Emergency Fund is \$3000.

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The Bard Free Press Classifieds

CAMPUS EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

BERD FIELD WORKERS

Environmental Resources Dept. seeks hands-on assistants to perform misc. materials movement activities for Bard's recycling program. 1-2 hour shifts, M-F before 3PM, max 6 hrs./wk, must be work-study. contact Steve Pinchbeck, recycle@bard.edu or 845-758-7868 (leave local number)

COMPOST-COMMANDO

ALTERNATE to cover shifts when regulars are unavailable, Thursday morning 3-hour shifts

"on call". will be primary candidate for regular Compost Commando job '06-'07. must be work-study; sorry, no seniors. call Laurie Husted, 845-758-7180

DRIVERS

needed to drive Bard vehicles locally and possibly to NYC. need valid license and NY defensive driving course. (see ad pg 8) work-study not required. contact Ed Schmidt, x7007

STEVENSON GYM EMPLOYMENT

many positions available, including: athletic contest management, intramural supervisor and event management, fitness

center management. flexible hours, work-study required. contact Chris Wood, x7334

SEEKING

Seeking intermediate to advanced backgammon player for regular game. email Brenden at bb374@bard.edu

JEWISH EGG DONOR

WANTED Infertile couple searching for a Jewish egg donor. You need to be a Jewish (born to a Jewish mother) youngn woman between 21-32 years old, non-smoker,

healthy and fit. All expenses will be paid, plus \$5000.00 cash compensation. Located in Boston area. contact cohenar@rogers.com (editor's note: egg donation is a serious medical procedure, this is a serious ad)

MISSED CONNECTIONS

I saw you outside of Olin. You were putting on a coat - you looked cold. It was just before lunch. Let's go together next time.

You sent me a facebook message last week. What's the deal?

You taught my Gothic Novels seminar. You're a hottie. You have the best fashion sense on the faculty. Do you like me as much as you like my insight on literary themes?

You have the hottest tattoo of any professor at Bard. Be my senior project advisor?

You thought about writing for our newspaper, but then you never emailed us back. You read it every time it's in Kline, but don't always get the headlines. email me sometime: freepress@bard.edu