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the bard

Free Press

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WikiPod

the information age just got pocked-sized
by walker pett

Recently a free software project called Encyclopadia released a downloadable version of the famous online knowledge base Wikipedia as an ebook which can be installed on your iPod. Thanks to the coding of Robert Bamler, the creator of the project, and the hard-working iPod hacker geeks and open source gurus at the iPodLinux project, now you can click-wheel your way through every article currently available in the English, German, and Italian Wikipedia databases. You can look up practically anything, anywhere at anytime. Never again will your curiosities fall prey to forgetfulness over the course of a long day full of distractions. The answers to all of life's most mundane questions will be accessible immediately at your fingertips, with backlighting and a stylish white casing. No longer will you be left pondering the origins of seitan. At last, the secret history of game theory! Where did Red Hook get its name? Just how many bodily fluids are there? And what the hell were they talking about on Gilmore Girls just then? It's all there, and all just for the price of Apple's most coveted digital toy. Encyclopadia itself is non-proprietary and can be downloaded freely from <http://encyclopadia.sourceforge.net>, though Bamler does encourage making donations to his cause.

Encyclopadia is not a stand-alone software package, however, and in order to use it you first need to install a special version of the open source Linux operating system designed specifically for use on the iPod. An amazing achievement itself, the iPodLinux Project has been in development by a small team of firmware-savvy audiophiles for only the last couple years and has already unlocked an entire world of possibilities for those who take a liking to esoteric techy stuff. In addition to allowing a much greater compatibility with various audio file formats, quirky independent projects and modules developed for the iPodLinux environment have been popping up all over the place, including screensaver visualizers, Gameboy emulators, multitrack recorders, and now Encyclopadia, the most portable encyclopedia the information world has seen. All that's left is to print "Don't Panic!" in big, friendly letters on the iPod casing.

But with this great dispersal of knowledge comes a cost. The information that the Wikipedia database provides is in a constant state of revision by its users and is consequently highly unreliable. The average Wikipedia user does not have to be an expert to make a contribution, and can simply click "Edit this Page" and modify information that other users will eventually read, making it easy for

— continued on page three —



Ludlow takeover ends and negotiations begin... Pages 2, 3, 4, 10, and 11

Photograph from Ludlow student sit-in preceding the founding of BRAVE, from the Bard Observer, May 17th 1991

Plug-in Hybrid Vehicles

by peter neely

The California South Coast Air Quality Management District (AQMD), the air pollution control agency for all of Orange County and the urban sections of Los Angeles, Riverside and San Bernardino counties, recently procured the first Edrive equipped Toyota Prius. The Edrive technology gives the eco-friendly vehicle plug-in capability, making it a plug-in hybrid electric vehicle, or PHEV. This engineering has the potential to power a car on an electric charge alone for somewhere between 20 and 60 miles of driving, and coupled with the already efficient hybrid technology, could have tremendous impact on emissions reduction.

The California

engineering firm EnergyCS delivered the car to AQMD, which hopes to test the vehicle and potentially purchase a half-dozen more in September. The same technology used in the AQMD vehicle can be incorporated into the stock Prius and will be marketed to consumers under the Edrive Systems brand name. This retrofitting kit is one of a few available and works by incorporating a lithium-ion battery system that can be recharged using a regular household outlet. After a charge, the vehicle can run on the PHEV battery until depleted and then resume use of the stock factory-installed system. The Edrive kit provides all the necessary components to modify a Prius for around \$10,000.

Plug-in ready cars have recently been making news as a new way to increase efficiency of hybrid vehicles. Hybrid vehicles are powered by an Atkinson cycle engine. This uses electronics to manipulate intake-valve timing in order to burn the fuel/air mixture in the cylinder more efficiently — reducing the amount of fuel consumed. This less powerful engine configuration is offset by the electric motor, which charges by braking regeneration, which is the process of storing energy generated during braking. Incorporating a plug-in component to this efficient setup will allow for a decreased combustion engine size and a better electric engine, to increase efficiency and reduce emissions.

According to Scientific American, these PHEV vehicles have the potential to reduce petroleum consumption by up to 60%. Looking at local gas prices of nearly \$3 per gallon, the wait is on for cheaper, more economical advancements

for the consumer. Yet this is limited by available battery technology, minimal testing, and automakers that have spent advertising dollars to differentiate hybrid from plug-in and do not need confused consumers.

Edrive is attempting to overcome these obstacles as the AQMD trial marks a step towards making a widely available commercial version of the system. Hopefully these types of advancements will encourage automakers to increase research and development and mass-produce PHEV vehicles. Edrive is not the only manufacturer in the game. Other companies, such as the Canadian green technology company Hymotion, are also offering conversion kits. Hymotion's system is marketed to fleet buyers rather than consumers due to the high cost. But hopefully with increasing gas prices, new engine and battery technologies, and new policy (for example, Bush's Advanced Energy Initiative grants \$30 million to improve PHEV and hybrid batteries) automakers will start to take PHEV cars more seriously. With increased R&D, prices could drop drastically, making the possibility of cleaner transport a reality.



Read on for: UBS Senior, Show Coverage, Philadelphia and South by Southwest Film Festivals, a retort from Kate Crockford, new music reviews, ethical analyses, a report from Bhopal, and more...

Struggling Bhopalis March To New Delhi For Their Rights

by adrian raff-corwin

Starting on February 20, more than fifty people began marching from Bhopal, India to New Delhi. Those who undertook this 800-mile walk were not in good health. Most marchers are survivors of the initial 1984 gas disaster, labeled the worst ever industrial disaster, some are sufferers of the ongoing water contamination crisis, and others are victims of both. They have all been affected by the disaster; their health problems range from itchy eyes to grotesque cancers to spontaneous miscarriages.

- So the marchers set off with six demands:
1. Set up a National Medical and Social Commission on Bhopal
 2. Provide Safe Drinking Water Affected by Contamination
 3. Prosecute Union Carbide and UC CEO Anderson
 4. Make Dow Carbide Clean Up Bhopal and Pay for Bhopalis' Rehabilitation
 5. Blacklist Dow and Union Carbide Until Both Companies are Held Accountable
 6. Remember Bhopal Through A National Day of Mourning

The Bhopalis told the Prime Minister of India, Manmohan Singh, that they were coming weeks in advance and demanded that he meet with them. They arrived in Delhi on March 26, but so far he has

not seen them. So starting April 9, six of the protesters have been on an indefinite hunger strike until the Prime Minister heeds their demands. Those who are



March 28th, 2006 – Peaceful protester Ashraaf Bee, 60, beaten senseless by Delhi police. No explanation has been given as to why the Bhopalis were attacked two days after reaching Delhi.

fasting say they would rather die than continue living in Bhopal.

A Bhopal ground contact is in Delhi now with the Bhopalis. This is an excerpt from a letter she has written: "We are at day five of the hunger strike. This is where health begins to decline. Media attention is wavering and the

Prime Minister's office is playing games . . . People have said, "Hunger strikes are manipulative and useless. Why hurt yourself instead of your enemy?" It's hard for many

in other countries, particularly in the U.S., to understand why it is done, what it means in the context of a country founded by Gandhi. It is hard to understand that gesture, the gesture that says "I know so deeply, I believe so certainly, that I would put my life in your hands to make you understand, to make you act" . . .

Here's what I feel: rage, guilt, fear, anxiety, frustration, helplessness . . . Perhaps many of the same things that those in Bhopal are used to waking up to . . . [the hunger strike] forces us to face our own beliefs (what do I believe that deeply?). It can force us to challenge our own helplessness.

Are you helpless? No. Please realize that. Here is what a hunger strike can do: it can . . . deeply shame it's targets. Bhopal is about what kind of a world we will all live in. If India can stand up to the biggest chemical company in the world and say "you can't do business here until you repair the damage you have done to our country and people," that precedent could fundamentally challenge the reign of profits over people globally"

The Bhopal campaign can be won. Everything from the clean water that so many here would die for to "Blacklist Dow," the statement that cuts to the heart of India's love affair with chemicals and multinationals, can be won. From the sidewalk at Jantar Manter we can starve and sing and talk, but we cannot move mountains. This battle will be won with international support. Or, still, it can be lost. I don't mean to manipulate you but from here on the ground, I don't know what else to do. Your actions could save the lives of friends now and they could change history forever. If you would like to send a free fax or an email to the Indian Government in support of the Bhopalis, you can do it easily with the click of a button at: www.studentsforbhopal.org

SRI: Working the System for Good and Plenty

by andrew kopas

While the degree to which it is true may be argued, the absolute verity of the fact that our society is not perfect can not be. The whole socioeconomic situation is one that is in need of repair; whether that need is great or not is not the point being discussed here. Rather, it is the strategy behind bringing about this change that is in question. Some would argue that a radical activist stance is best - force change to happen by accruing the human critical mass necessary, whatever that number may be. Win support via visible action. While this is a completely legitimate and, in my opinion, necessary element to the overall strategy, it is not the only one. Rather, this stance must be constantly juxtaposed with action working within the bounds of the system.

The rebuttal to that statement may go something like this. "Why attempt to play by the rules if the ultimate goal is to change them?" Truth be told, there is no correct answer to that question. If no answer can be arrived at, then perhaps more visceral, activist action is the correct path. But not all people are left in this state of doubt. For many, it seems as though the seeds of a new paradigm must be sown in the old one. And while the ultimate goal of the action may still remain the same, i.e. the shift to a new way of thought, it is perfectly fine to conceive of that shift as the aggregate sum of an infinite number of small changes to the existing system.

Enter the concept of socially responsible investment (SRI). While many times the name masks some part of the identity, socially responsible investment truly is everything its name makes it out to be, I could spend a page writing about the economic intricacies of this movement, but that would quite simply not serve the purpose as well thebardfreepress.vol7.issue9

as breaking down the name does. Social, society, as in the interactions between things, whether it be humans with humans, humans with animals, animals with animals, etc. "Social" defines the realm to which the second term is applied. "Responsibility," accountability, specifically for what was defined as an aspect of society. "Investment," put plainly, is using money to make money. Thus, socially responsible investment seeks to maximize profit while upholding the duties inherent to social responsibility.

A vague term if ever



there was one, SRI is a growing trend in the world of investment. As independently organized indexes begin to show equal to higher profits than their traditional "do anything to make money" counterparts, waves are starting to be made. And while there is not yet any universal set of criteria for what exactly constitutes a morally responsible company, factors such as human rights, environmental protection, community benefits, etc. all play a part in making this decision. Now that companies showing concern towards these areas are simultaneously displaying strong fiscal growth, investors are beginning to see dollar signs in the same places they see positive effects on society.

So what role does Bard play in all this? The SRI committee, founded around a year ago, has been working to bring these SRI concepts here in whatever way

possible. This includes dealing with the CFO of the college and monitoring the investments as well as attempting to facilitate a dialogue between the strong social ideals of the Bard student body with the relatively traditional financial goals of the school itself. And as spring rapidly unfolds, elections for two positions to the committee are soon going to be held. Any and all interested candidates should email kopasa@gmail.com to be put on the ballot or simply for more information on the subject. More information pertaining to the exact date of the election will be forthcoming, so make sure to keep those eyes open.

"When the accumulation of wealth is no longer of high social importance, there will be great changes in the code of morals. We shall be able to rid ourselves of many of the pseudo-moral principles which have hag-ridden us for two hundred years, by which

we have exalted some of the most distasteful of human qualities into the position of the highest virtues. We shall be able to afford to dare to assess the money-motive at its true value. The love of money as a possession -as distinguished from the love of money as a means to the enjoyments and realities of life-will be recognized for what it is, a somewhat disgusting morbidity, one of those semi-criminal, semi-pathological propensities which one hands over with a shudder to the specialists in mental disease ... But beware! The time for all this is not yet. For at least another hundred years we must pretend to ourselves and to everyone that fair is foul and foul is fair; for foul is useful and fair is not. Avarice and usury and precaution must be our gods for a little longer still. For only they can lead us out of the tunnel of economic necessity into daylight." - John Maynard Keynes

The Bard Free Press

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The Free Press advertises worthy causes at no cost, and will not accept payment. Send classifieds and releases to freeads@bard.edu.

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

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Æthix Plexis

missives from the desk of a certified ethicist
by michael "the ethicist" goldman

This one comes in from the fresh coast:

Dear AP,

Is it unethical for a nonprofit organization that serves women and children to pursue a donation from the Robert Blake Foundation, rumored to be a tax shelter set up by the celebrity recently acquitted of murdering his wife? Does it make a difference if the organization is in Los Angeles?

Signed,

Not a Hypothetical Questioner

A little background first: Robert Blake, the star actor of '70s television detective series "Baretta" (he also made it in some movie called *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, but most likely not *that* great), was charged in 2002 for murdering his wife (who was herself on her ninth — and last — marriage) in 2001, outside an Italian restaurant in Studio City while, so claims Blake, he was retrieving his gun, which he left in the restaurant. They should make a movie out of that and call it *The Greatest Alibi Ever Told*. About a year ago he was acquitted of all criminal charges but then brought back to court shortly after by a civil charge brought by his dead ex-wife's four children for the wrongful death of their mother. This time he was found guilty and ordered to pay \$30 million in restitution. Only a couple weeks ago Blake filed for bankruptcy, but the prosecution claims to have documents verifying that Blake has some \$20 million in assets stashed away and unaccounted for. It is this Robert Blake Foundation that may be acting as a front for the rumored \$20 mill.

Now onto NaHQ's question. I assume your organization has no special knowledge beyond that of the man on the street, and certainly less than any person involved in the civil case. From that stance of ignorance you can ethically accept money from someone who may or may not be withholding funds due by court mandate. The Foundation is only rumored to be hiding something instead of it being an established fact. Your organization's job is not to be detectives and so there is no onus to investigate the source of its donations. Nor is it expected to hold off on money that possibly could have touched dirty hands several transactions back; because of its fluidity, most money has.

However, there are two possible harms that could result from your organization pursuing money from the Robert Blake Foundation. Whether the foundation is discovered to be dubious or not, its character is already tainted in the public imagination and that taint could bleed over into your organization and hurt its mission in the future. You have to ask yourself how you view other organizations sponsored

by the Blake Foundation. Would you never donate money or volunteer your time with them? Or, if you are extraordinarily forgiving, ask what the average person who would help, in some capacity, one of these organizations think. I imagine you'll find that people would think it slightly distasteful but nothing too base to change their overall opinion. And no one said ethics had to be clean and elegant (except Kant who was an asshole on these sorts of things).

The second harm could directly violate your organization's mission — to help women and children. What kind of lifestyle do the children of Bonnie Lee Bakley (Blake's murdered wife) lead? A lavish one? Or



an impoverished one? Do they need the money more than the people you serve do? I'm pretty certain the lawyers and the plaintiffs could do without a good many thousand (probably even a few million) dollars and hardly notice. If they are in fact just as philanthropic as your organization then they get the slight lead, considering the money was civil restitution for their mother's death and what they do with that money, although perhaps skewed in a different direction, should result in relatively the same amount of good. It's like donating to Medicine sans Frontiers or the Humane Society — what's the diff?

Unable, though, to know if the money is tainted, you should go ahead and pursue some donations no matter if Bonnie's kids are better people than their step-father. There are just too many unknowns to account for and, NaHQ, you've got other work to do.

Æthix Plexis is a blog run by Bard students that takes readers' submitted ethical dilemmas and responds accordingly à la Randy Cohen's weekly feature, "The Ethicist," in the *New York Times Magazine*. By no small coincidence, *Æthix Plexis* also posts weekly rebuttals to Randy's too-often shoddy work, usually the day of its publication. Find it at aetrixplexis.wordpress.com, and send in your own quandaries.

iPod Encyclopodia (continued from front page)

anyone to submit plagiarized, poorly written or just simply false material. Given the extreme rates at which Wikipedia is revised every day (thousands of times each hour, according to the website), it is not surprising that many such incidents have occurred. Many of these are noticed and removed quickly by the website's many members, but sometimes significant misinformation lingers for too long, evidence that Wikipedia has no accountability as a serious information gathering service.

In November of 2005, John Seigenthaler, a former administrative assistant to Robert Kennedy, brought to light an entirely false biography of himself, author unknown, which implied he had been involved in the assassination of John F. Kennedy, in addition to other made-up "facts." The same article had been cited on Reference.com and Answers.com.

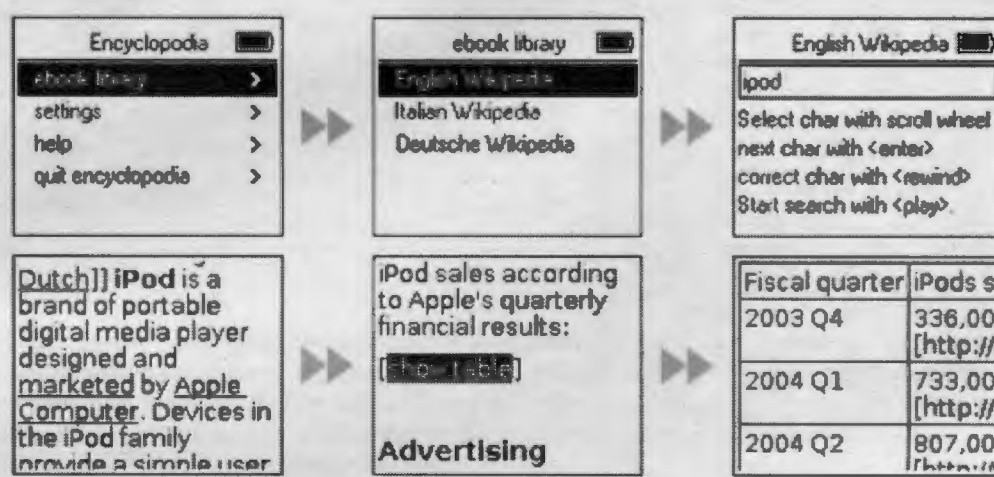
In January, reports arose that aides to Rep. Marty Meehan, a Massachusetts Democrat, had edited articles containing embarrassing references to his broken term-limits pledge and massive campaign war chest. This was only one of over 1,000

incidents involving edits that came from internet addresses allocated to the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives (which included a listing for White House press secretary Scott McClelland under "douche").

"Wikipedia is so often considered authoritative. That must stop now, surely. Every fact in there must be considered partisan, written by someone with a conflict of interest," blogging and podcasting pioneer Dave Winer wrote in his blog. "Further, we need to determine what authority means in the age of Internet scholarship."

Now, with the movement of such a vast ocean of information onto highly desirable, portable electronic devices, the commodification of information is at an all time high. Scholarly authority is certainly not the business of Encyclopodia, which is only a snapshot of the dynamic entity that is Wikipedia, but with the potential for almost completely limitless portable access to close to 3,000,000 articles in several languages, the WikiPod is a toy we can probably expect to be around for a while.

The Simple Interface of "Encyclopodia"



Alcohol

by patrick murtagh for the Alcohol Information Campaign

Alcohol is a traditional part of campus culture all over the country. For many, alcohol consumption is viewed as a rite of passage into a new and exciting world, one of late nights, sweaty parties and hangovers. Why does alcohol play such an integral role in campus social life, and why is it used to excess? What social forces influence drinking in the first place? How can the college support students who abstain while encouraging others to reduce their use? These and other questions are being examined by Bard's newly formed Alcohol Information Campaign.

It's no secret that alcohol use is common on our nation's college campuses. Studies show that approximately 80% of high school seniors have consumed alcohol. In 1997, the Harvard School of Public Health released research that revealed a disturbing polarization: 19% of student did not drink at all, while 21% drank dangerous amounts of alcohol three or more times a week. The issue in 2006 is not the casual drinker, but rather the binge drinking: drinking specifically to get drunk, drinking hard liquor or beer to the point of blacking out, drinking until ending up in the hospital emergency room.

Consisting of administrators, staff, and students, the group is attempting to determine what Bard's drinking culture looks like; does "everyone do it," as the popular perception goes? We all know that perception is reality here at Bard. With this information we may be able to help students navigate their way through college without the negative ramifications of problem drinking. Contrary to rumors that have already circulated regarding the intent of this group, members are not seeking to create a zero tolerance policy or demand a dry campus. Rather, we'd like to offer public support to students who choose not to drink while increasing the safety and responsibility of those students who do

choose to drink. Our goal is to create a campus culture where the topic is more openly discussed, where education and information is provided on a regular basis to support students decisions around alcohol and maybe even help someone who is really struggling with problem drinking.

Last semester the Alcohol Information Campaign was quite active. You may recall our "Oops, I Got Drunk" campaign, posters that went up in residence halls, bathrooms, and public spaces that brought attention to the thoughtless things people sometimes do when intoxicated. In conjunction with these attention-getting posters, flyers highlighting staff and administrative views on alcohol were distributed. More awareness campaigns will spring up throughout the semester; glossy posters with helpful information on alcohol poisoning just went up last week. Aside from information campaigns, the group will occasionally sponsor an event; a cooking demonstration is in the works — think decadent desserts — and informational tables.

Student clubs and organizations are working with us to co-sponsor events. We'd like to encourage even broader participation. If you'd like more information feel free to contact the Dean of Students Office at 7454.



Mr. Nulman, Why Are You Afraid of the Truth?

by kate crockford

In the last issue of The Free Press, Bard student and self-declared "left-wing Israeli" Rafi Nulman writes that my February 28th article on the Israeli invasion of the Balata refugee camp adds "more oil to the flames." He criticizes the news piece "for two reasons": he first asserts that my "implication that the Israeli army is arbitrarily and intentionally cruel" is "offensive," and then that "the article, like many others of its kind, is not reflective of the full scale of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict." Nulman also, in a typical move, states seemingly without a hint of self-reflection or irony that, because he is a left-wing Israeli, the article "would have pleased [him] greatly" had he "read it in Israel."

Before systematically deconstructing his specific arguments, it must be said that the premise of his rebuttal to my news piece – and not, as he suggests, the journalism itself – is precisely the problem that continues to fuel the fires of violence in the Middle East. "There is no doubt that Palestinians are suffering," he writes. But according to Nulman, reporting on any of the particulars of this suffering is just "pill[ing] more rhetoric onto an already charged situation." Nulman here reminds me of Donald Rumsfeld, who ceaselessly demands that al-Jazeera cease publishing photos of US bombing victims on the grounds that they constitute incitement. (I wonder if Nulman would take his theory to the logical conclusion the Bush administration arrived at when they bombed an al-Jazeera camera crew in Iraq, killing a journalist who had covered the American bombing campaign from the ground.)

Though Nulman and Rumsfeld may rather that the dirty work of their militaries be concealed from the public, the problems in Palestine and Iraq have nothing to do with the existence of honest journalism reporting from the ground up. In fact, they have more to do with its absence. The problem in Palestine can more accurately be identified as an Israeli-manufactured ideological and institutional shield from seeing the effects of their supposed "anti-terror" policies on human beings – a problem Nulman manifests perfectly in his critique of my article.

The article I wrote on the Balata invasion was printed in the "News" section of the paper for a reason. It was not an opinion piece, though I will not deny that I have opinions or that my opinions influenced my decision to cover the invasion. No journalist reporting a specific story can ever describe the totality of socio-economic, political, or historical narratives surrounding a given problem. This is not a journalist's job.

The so-called "balance" Nulman seeks is not demanded of articles written about specific military operations in other conflicts. My piece is, in a very fundamental sense, a simple article: Israel invaded, people were killed. I covered the invasion just as many journalists covered the American invasion of Fallujah. In their descriptions of the latter event they were not expected to describe the field of historical and political circumstance that surrounded or produced it. Why the double standard that expects me to produce an Israeli narrative to cover for or explain away Israeli actions in Balata? The article was about the one invasion, not the history of the Zionist-Palestinian conflict.

The premise of Nulman's article is problematic at best. What he is really saying is that he does not want people outside of Israel to read the details of what his state's thebardfreepress.vol7.issue9

army does to Palestinians. The international and U.S. media do not pay attention to the dignity or human rights of refugees in Balata, and so it must be shocking for him to read about their humanity in the pages of a Bard newspaper. Shocking and, clearly, disconcerting. But there is a way for him to address what he sees as biased journalism.

If Nulman seeks what he imagines is journalistic "balance," he should cease



writing ill-informed and interested attack op-eds and instead write a news piece about how Israelis suffer from Palestinian repression. (I would, frankly, love to find out how he thinks that works. Is it all the American aid for building and expanding settlements? Is it the unwavering support for Israel in the U.N. that results in U.S. vetoes of each and every resolution condemning Israeli atrocities in the territories? Or is it "shoot and cry" syndrome, which sends young Israeli boys to India for a few months or years of opium and hashish smoking after they have "suffered" so dreadfully killing Palestinian children and controlling Palestinian life at checkpoints and in watchtowers? Suicide bombings are indeed terrible and terroristic, but to compare or attempt to equate the stifling terror of life under colonization and occupation to Israeli experience goes far beyondchutzpah.)

Nulman's specific criticisms of the article are equally difficult to digest. To support his first claim, that the Israeli army is not arbitrarily and intentionally cruel, he argues that Palestinian fighters "intentionally attack from within densely populated areas, so as to cynically use their own people as a human shield." I would ask Mr. Nulman, who obviously has no idea of what he speaks, where he would prefer the Palestinian fighter to attack from.

Would he prefer that the fighter attempt to leave his community while it is under full-scale attack by Israeli soldiers armed with jeeps, tanks and helicopters? He certainly does not support bringing the battle to his home turf, as he would most assuredly undergo shock and horror if Palestinian fighters were to begin shooting at soldiers in the streets of Yaffa – the now-Israeli town Balata refugees fled during the 1947-48 nakbe (catastrophe), never to return. Checkpoints, Israeli restrictions on Palestinian movement, and surveillance make travel near impossible for Palestinians – and particularly so for fighters.

So where, Mr. Nulman, would you prefer the Palestinians fight their occupiers? Balata is an open-air prison, contained and surveilled by Israel. There is no other place for them to fight when Israel attacks their homes. The very fact of Balata's forced isolation demolishes Nulman's second objection to my article: that it is "written in a vacuum." The vacuum he perceptively

identifies but misguidedly theorizes would not exist were it not for the occupation. It is a biting paradox that he finds himself displeased with a report from within the Israeli-produced vacuum.

Nulman further defends the Israeli Occupation Forces (IOF) by citing the odious claim that Palestinians use ambulances for smuggling weapons and fighters. The Israeli army has said this

not intended or interpreted as figurative language: Israeli soldiers systematically used rocks and the butts of their guns to break the bones of Palestinians who were caught throwing stones or participating in demonstrations. There is a generation of Palestinians who have deformed hands, arms and legs as a result of Rabin's order and individual soldiers' compliance. The Israeli army, as well as the larger Israeli society, have a highly developed culture that demands a dehumanization of the Palestinians in order to justify expelling, brutalizing, and colonizing them. Nulman is practicing wishful thinking to suggest that such racist and dehumanizing treatment, this very culture of violence and humiliation, has faded in the Israeli military or society.

If he or anyone else needs further proof of this culture of arbitrary and indiscriminate violence against Palestinian civilians, he should read about how Palestinian political prisoners are treated in Israeli torture dens. Catherine Cook's book *Stolen Youth: The Politics of Israel's Detention of Palestinian Children* makes for particularly disconcerting reading. There is, woefully, plenty more like it.

Finally, Nulman asserts that my article implied that Israel's violence against Palestinians is arbitrary and indiscriminate. I did nothing but report what happened and what happens frequently in Balata. If such reportage suggests to Nulman that Israel's policies in the territories are arbitrarily and indiscriminately violent, he should do more as a citizen of the offending state to stop them. He certainly needs to stop wasting his time chastising those on the outside who bother to pay attention to what Israel does with American money. The article I wrote on Balata was not meant to solve the conflict. I wrote it to inform Bard students about a particularly grotesque articulation of Israeli policy in the territories. I am sorry, Mr. Nulman, for you and for your nation, if you do not

numerous times, and numerous times has been found to have fabricated images and lied about it. (One example is the infamous "stretcher-as-rocket" photograph.) Nulman also bemoans suicide bombers who disguise themselves as women. He writes that these cynical exploitations of human decency beg for the use of extreme measures. "How," he writes, do I "expect the IDF to react?" How Nulman can even approach writing about Palestinians exploiting the human decency of their relentless occupiers it is hard for me to imagine – or take seriously.

As the foreign occupying power Israel is expected, under international law, to respect the rights of Palestinians as an occupied people. The state does not. The Palestinians have the legal right, enshrined in numerous international laws to which Israel is a signatory, to resist Israeli military occupation.

The Israelis have deliberately and with great vigor crushed any Palestinian attempts to do so, even non-violently. Do you remember, Mr. Nulman, the first Palestinian intifada, back when you were a small boy? During this first mass uprising against Israeli occupation, Palestinians organized tax revolts and demonstrated non-violently, using stones and community gardens to fight against the American-bankrolled, Israeli war machine. In response to the largely non-violent resistance, then Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin ordered his troops to use an "iron fist" and to "break their bones."

The command was

MARCH FOR PEACE, JUSTICE & DEMOCRACY

APRIL 29, 2006 NYC

**End the war in Iraq!
Bring all our troops home now!**

We are coming together to march, to vote, to speak out. Let's turn our country around!

Organizing groups: United for Peace and Justice, Rainbow/USH Coalition, National Organization for Women, Friends of the Earth, U.S. Labor Against the War, Climate Crisis Coalition, Peoples' Hurricane Relief Fund, National Youth and Student Peace Coalition, Veterans For Peace.
To see a complete list of endorsees go to www.april29.org

To volunteer or make a donation to support the April 29 demonstration, please call: 212-868-5545 or visit www.april29.org

UBS



Nate Green and Owen Schoppe, with Gordon Stevenson

senior art show

The first showing of Senior Projects in Studio Art opened this past Saturday, April 8th, at the UBS space in Red Hook. The work will be on display through Thursday, April 20th, 12-2pm & 6-8pm.



Jeremiah Hulsebos-Spofford



Maren Keeley



Maren Keeley and Lily Gottlieb-McHale



Clara Hess

Not shown: work by Adam Lundquist-Baz, Sophia Mak, Freya Powell, Owen Schmit, and Page Whitmore.

MUSIC REVIEWS



let's go down to the red room / baby would you like to see my bedroom



Willy Mason Where the Humans Eat Astralwerks

Mozart wrote his first symphony when he was twelve weeks old, right? Then Willy Mason must have written his first blues song not long after that because he's twenty and opening for Radiohead. But you need a hook to make it in the dime-a-dozen world of acoustic rock, and Mason's is his age.

If you come to Willy Mason for the child-phenom rep, you stay for the solid, foot tapping tunes. He plays mostly straightforward folk and blues songs, rarely straying far from the formula his forbearers laid out.

Yet wait just one cotton-pickin' second. There's something different about Mason. This man just doesn't have the blues! Sure, Mason is "leaving now," and "moving on" and all of that guitar-strum cliché, but he is also optimistic. Kudos to Mason for not grasping for jaded lines about losing women and lonely nights, but reaching for the *we-shall-overcome* hope he obviously feels. More kudos for not sounding corny while doing it.

"I wanna hold my head up with dignity, proud of a life where to give means more than to take," he whispers on album standout "Oxygen." Three songs about America's pill-popping problem might be a bit much, but it's refreshing to have a crooner speak to greater cultural quandaries.

It's hard to do anything original with a guitar, voice and drums, and Mason doesn't. It is also hard to do anything good with the three, but on a few tracks, Mason does. His brother's drumming (Mason the younger is a tender fifteen) is quick and fun. Mason the elder's voice is clear and doesn't wear. Nevertheless, plenty of songs on *Where the Humans Eat* float blandly in the wide sea of generic folk-rock, some even steer dangerously close to Dave Matthews territory. Where do the humans eat? This one eats from the bowls of blues standards and country radio, and, all things considered, he eats well.

- brenden beck



TV on the Radio Return to Cookie Mountain Interscope/4AD

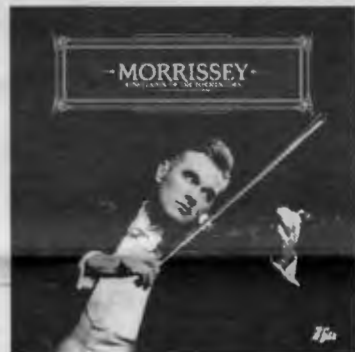
"Playhouses" is the track that opens TV On The Radio's blazing new joint, *Return to Cookie Mountain*, and the agenda here was clearly discussed as "soulful power anthems, all in their face." It's easy to imagine frontmen Tunde Adenipe, David Andrew Sitek and their crooning pawns throwing around flashcards with various hard-hitters like "mono y mono," "dirty whirlwind" or "swept away by the river" to build their face anthems around. Songs like "Tonight" and "I Was A Lover" give the impression that TV On The Radio have had their hearts broken at really hip parties with seriously emotional songs playing in the background. They are attempting something real and ambitious, to enter to the "heart of your world" - so speaks the highlight line of the song "Dirty Whirlwind." In all seriousness, "Whirlwind" accomplishes in a nutshell what the whole album attempts and achieves with soulful and shit-eating grins: fleeting sensations of pop fuzziness, with buttresses of counter-cynical new romantic aesthetics.

By no means is the nameless work even remotely a failure - it's a thundering success. The aesthetic is camp, but hosts as much witty dynamics and smart catch as this kitsch vessel could hold. "Playhouses" is brilliant party rock with heartstrings, but doesn't achieve legitimate goodness by transcending effort and creativity with slap-me-hard-in-the-face stupid, à la Clap Your Hands Say Yeah. No, this is music that sounds at least worked and thought out, and suggests that thoughtful people listen to it, too. TV Tunde, Radio Dave - they are all smart guys, they've got a sense of fabric, and know how to translate R&B into something hip, featuring guitars and other real instruments playing in real time. This is no joke, and neither is life, yet it can give you such a chuckle sometimes. The TV's must have been embracing that warm idea when "Snakes And Martyrs" or "Province" popped out, giving us such sugary pieces of medium-dramatic rock.

Production is also somewhere between the dynamic equivalent of swaddling and rape,

creating heavy layers and enough generously and diversely distributed reverb to slightly distort the calculated compositions. The singing easily suggests greatness - in harmonization and delivery - but the instrumentation is shameless in so many ways. Synth strings make numerous appearances in greased-out fashion, and they milk the fuzzverb guitar nipple for all its worth. I can still hear *Untitled's* various trailing guitar cadences, something like pre-programmed windchime intros at futuristic jamband shows. Whether or not this album is good could depend on many things - what voice or instrument you focus on, whether you think TV On The Radio are sexy or find that it should be TV vs. Radio, or maybe if you're drunk or passed out or can't hear. Also, without production or instruments this could be legitimately argued to be good, maybe something like their a capella record *OK Calculator*. It really sounds like U2's *The Edge* is in there somewhere, and his artistic spirit must be exorcised if any progress is to be made. Stone and wood percussion, drugs, or realization of blast beats may also do wonders here.

- Charley Lanning



Morrissey Ringleader of the Tormentors Attack Records

Seeing as Morrissey has stuck to his guns for more than two decades now, it is hardly surprising that he makes no attempt to re-invent himself or broaden his musical horizons on his latest album, *Ringleader of the Tormentors*. While this is good news for those of us who like him just the way he is, Morrissey further sweetens the deal by replacing the lifeless if not downright soulless sound of his backing band on his previous album *You are the Quarry*, with a much more restrained and sensible one. Perhaps having noticed how upsetting I found the production values on his previous album (which as it turns out was produced by some jerk who usually works with bands like Blink-182 and Sum-41), Morrissey chose to record *Ringleader of the Tormentors* in Rome with some jerk who works

with bands like David Bowie. The fact that Morrissey was pretty much born to aimlessly wander around Rome is apparent in every aspect of the album, and this change of scenery (from L.A., which obviously didn't deserve him) provided him not only with an ideal context in which to feel sorry for himself, but apparently also inspired him to give up the celibate life and do it with people again; in his own words, now "there are explosive kegs between my legs." Replacing the awkward (though fortunately subtle) electronic effects and sterile production of *You are the Quarry* with the occasional children's choir or brooding trumpet section, along with string parts arranged by super-famous Italian film composer Ennio Morricone (*The Good, the Bad and the Ugly; Cinema Paradiso. etc*), *Ringleader of the Tormentors* provides the perfect framework for Morrissey to do what he's been doing for longer than most of us have been alive. Obviously any Smiths comparisons would be a waste of time, as Boz Boorer (that's the guitarist's name, seriously) is clearly no Johnny Marr, but Morrissey's latest effort is still an incredible album in its own right, and entirely worth your time; its not as if you were going to pay for it anyway, you cheap bastards.

-patrick reilly



Rocky Votolato Makers Barsuk/Second Nature

On his fourth full length release, *Makers*, Rocky Votolato stays true to his style while demonstrating an even more developed folk sound that spreads its tentacles over all the genres that have influenced him, ranging from the country music that he grew up on to the Seattle hardcore scene that he has roots in.

Although his songwriting remains in the realm of acoustic guitar-driven folk, Rocky Votolato is (rightfully) credited with attaining universal appeal. I am a firm believer in not using the word "honest" to describe music - it's overused and unclear. Yet I believe that "honest" is a word that accurately describes Votolato's style. His songs range from uplifting to down-beaten, harmonious to discordant, and vary enough from track to track that you won't get

bored. Supplemented by some really stunning fingerpicking, tracks like "Uppers Aren't Necessary" hint at Votolato's hopeful side while the title track, "Makers," proclaims "heaven or heavenless, we're all headed for the same sweet darkness / now in the safety of a coffin rest, you're through," in a song that references the suicide of a loved one, dealing comfortably with some decidedly heavy shit.

Makers marks a move from Second Nature Recordings to Barsuk Records, and although SN is a perfectly good label, it is likely that the move will do a lot to build Votolato's fan base. Barsuk boasts such independent super-hits as Mates of State, Rilo Kiley, They Might Be Giants, and Death Cab for Cutie. Although his music is certainly less pop-driven than Barsuk's normal line-up, it has already been stated that he has universal appeal, so that shouldn't matter much. This album also features some solid guest accompaniment, most notably guitar on one of the darker tracks, "Where We Left Off," by Rocky's brother Cody Votolato, a former bandmate and currently a guitarist in the Blood Brothers.

This album is a crucial example of contemporary independent American folk music. Fans of Elliot Smith, Bob Dylan, Wilco, or Nick Drake will definitely find something of interest on this release, but most people would anyway.

On his newest release, Votolato exhibits very diverse songwriting capabilities while maintaining cohesion between songs. This ability is not unique to *Makers*; he had it on *Burning My Travels Clean*, and again on *The Suicide Medicine*, which received its own fair share of acclaim on independent circuits. The newest release is true to the talent on the old ones, but is certainly more polished and thought out, making it a strong addition to his discography without overshadowing his other releases. Rocky Votolato's talent as a singer/songwriter is made undeniable by this release; the question is not whether he has a future ahead of him, it is where he will take it.

In a somewhat random twist of fate, one single off the album, "Portland is Leaving," was featured on an episode of "The O.C." Although Votolato said he has never seen the show and knows that it's "kind of lame," he said the good reception has been unexpected and he is happy that the new album has been so well received. He also said, "It's not like I did a McDonald's commercial or something." For the rest of Rocky's discography, check out secondnaturerecordings.com.

-owen conlaw

Stand-up Weekly at Bard: The Campus Center Sits, Pensive, Waiting

by abe jellinek

Every Wednesday, the art of stand-up comedy is practiced with indelicacy and relish by a small cadre of comedians at Down the Road, in the Campus Center. The informal weekly production was founded earlier this semester by Raizin Bob-Waksberg (no relation to the author) who continues to manage the production.

Bob-Waksberg has structured the show in an unusual and engaging way. Anyone can participate who wants to try their hand at comedy, so a few new comedians are found scattered among a stable of regulars. While thebardfreepress.vol7.issue9

allowing so many unsteady hands on deck lends an uneven quality to portions of the show, it also creates a diverse and constantly growing pool of comedians at Bard, something which was lacking until recently.

Stand-up comedy occurred twice a semester at most until this year, along with sketch comedy shows at a similar frequency. Bob-Waksberg's weekly, low-key format allows for more experimentation and an evolution of style by the comedians, it also encourages the audience to take a chance on their own acts.

The sets range from observational,

jokey comedy, to long-form stories, to the offensive and profane. Anything could happen any week. Some comedians ramble and rant, and others work directly from a sheet of paper. The only goal is laughter. There is no pretension, polish, or reliability. A star from one week may fall the next, and prolonged slides in comedic fortune can be reversed in just five solid minutes. The audience is forgiving though intolerant of an utter lack of preparation, and not easily moved to laughter.

The structure of the show is set to change for just next week to "One-Minute

Madness." Once again, anyone can participate, but all sets will be capped at one minute. Ideally, this will give people who do not feel confident about a complete set, or even the expectation of a complete set, a chance to tell their best joke or two. For more information about participating in the show, e-mail raizin@gmail.com. You will need to produce a birth certificate or passport to prove that you are a student. Out of state licenses are not accepted. Just kidding! This is but one example of the hilarity you can expect at One-Minute Madness, and every Wednesday at 9pm, in Down the Road.

PICTURES FROM RECENT BARD SHAMS



Gang Gang Dance



Growing



C-Rex



Blowfly



Death Chants

So Hot Right Now

Landscaping - The grounds look real nice. Daffodils, of youth. Tulips, of love. Flowering bushes, world peace. Blooming magnolias, tuition hikes.

Son - Where can you get a Bard education for 40,000 dollars off? That's right, prison. The civilian life is overrated and taxes suck. Catch the receiving end of those dollars for a while and get yourself three holes and a cot.

Unpaved shortcut paths - Like our ancestors the pioneers, we blaze our own trail through life. Shunning the beaten path, we shall take the road less traveled, two roads diverged in yellow wood, and sad we cannot travel both, but take the shorter road from Kline and save sixteen seconds before Anthro. Woodchips = Bonus.

That "Cappuccino" Place Across the Street - Sure, nobody at Bard has ever been there. And sure, even if you did go inside you might be turned off by the tacky video-poker/giant fish tank vibe. But did you know this place can make and deliver decent pizza to campus in TEN MINUTES? Respect. Plus, the place appears to have no other customers, so if 30 of us go to their bar at the same time it would be, like, our own private party. Within stumbling distance of Stone Row, dun'.

Discs - Spring is springing and flying discs are in the air. One of our sources reported that yesterday there were five discs in the air simultaneously at Blithewood! (a sixth disc was grounded). And it's called a *flying disc*. Don't call it a "Frisbee", homie.

Celeb kids @ Bard - Does it seem to anyone else that Bard is becoming a dumping ground for the disaffected offspring of faded celebrities? Because what is a celebrity, anyway? Because what does YOUR dad do?

by jon dame and leah finnegan

Not So Hot

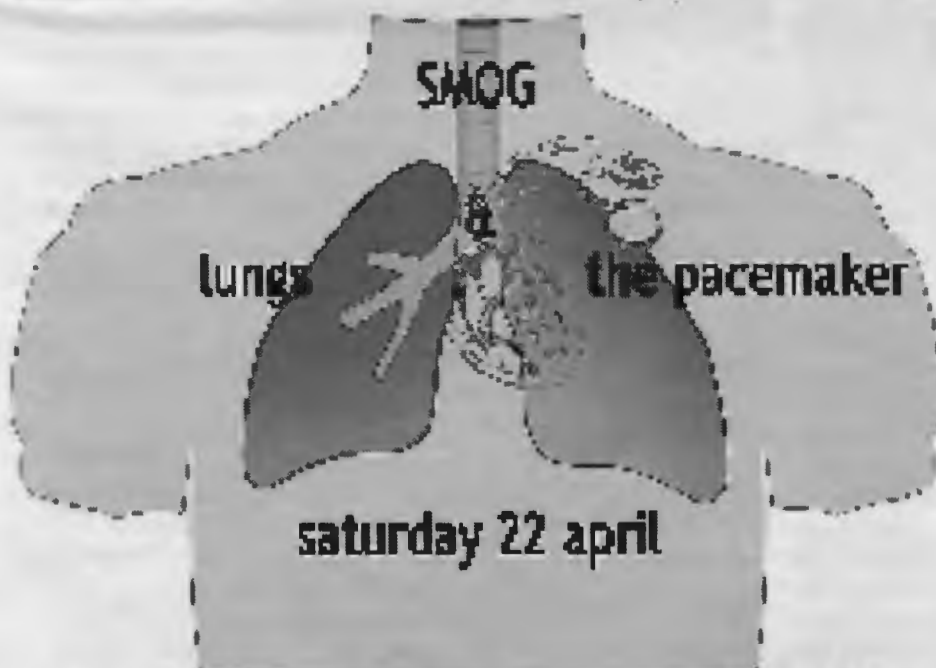
Having Class Outside - Listen teach, I know it's a "great day" outside, but you know what's not great? Being forced to sit outside. It's loud, it's hard to take notes, the sun's in my eyes and the left side of my face is turning the color of a Netflix envelope. Good thought, but for real, let's go back inside.

Tivoli - It was cute for awhile, but we need something new. I don't want to look at that damn water tower anymore! "i hat it."

Pretty Girls Looking Pissed - Cheer up hon'. We're not saying you need to become bubbly and exuberant or anything. But you're cute and privileged and you've your whole life ahead of you. So whilst lounging outside on a gorgeous spring day, try not to look like you just ate a sheet of particle board and then threw it up.

Announce E-mails with Attachments - No, seriously, fuck this. If you want me to read your announcement about tonight's awesome ASO/ISO/Contradance/Biopiracy/Alcohol-awareness/fundraiser what-have-you, why in Christ's name would you make me open an attachment to read about it? The wasted seconds! The unnecessary browser windows! Apparently it has something to do with that time Sam Smith Punk'd the Republican Club. That was hilarious. The response, however, has been an incompetent pestulance upon our inboxes.

Pen "Trix" - Recently the chewing of pens has been surpassed by the clumsy flipping and tossing of the same for ADHD classroom activity. Settle down in class and pay attention. Leave your Bic on the table unless you are using it to *write something!* We know you think you're hot shit for being able to twirl a ball point like an over-excited hair-band drummer, but actually your styles are basic. Please visit www.Pentrix.com for assistance. Now stop that.



SUNDAY APRIL 23

SMOG 9:30 PM



The CROSSword by Simone Kung

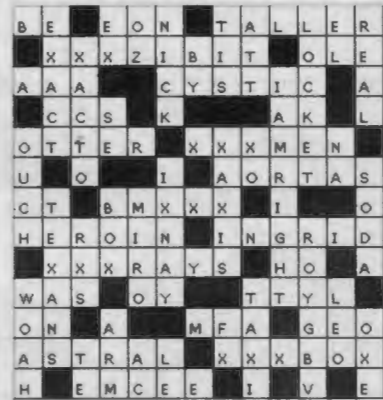


37. Like things in the attic, for example
 38. Cross ____; what you are doing right now
- DOWN**
- Egyptian sun god
 - Spanish money, currently
 - Not exciting
 - "That hurt!"
 - Singer Manilow
 - One of the Baldwins
 - Initials of "Curb Your Enthusiasm" creator
 - Bilingual Nick Jr. character
 - Type of high school course
 - 1955 murder victim Till
 - Rejected, as in a basketball shot
 - Love, to a Spaniard
 - Legacy of Bush administration
 - Biggie song "___ Money..."
 - Jean label *
 - Activity often paired with "wined"
 - Birkenstock relative
 - 3 ft.
 - "Much ___ About Nothing"
 - Post-U.S.S.R., abbrev.

ACROSS

- ___ Cross; humanitarian org.
- Develop need for Rogaine
- Atmosphere or vibe
- "Where's ___?"
- The ___ of Nanking
- Reference, abbrev.
- Middle name of Jolie ex-boyfriend
- ___ Cross; Desperate housewife
- Major Hollywood award
- AOL IM exclamation
- descrip. for a fair employer
- Short craze, as in fashion
- Cross ____; sport
- ___ Gong
- Ingest
- Early morning time
- Exxon-Mobil brand name
- ___ woo, car co.

Answers to Last Issue's Puzzle



BRAVE (continued from front page)

by Strano and the Dean of Students Office, which funds and oversees the activities of BRAVE. In addition to those concerns, the students express clear exasperation with the issue; "It was a heartbreaking experience for all of us," they agreed. JP Lor, former co-chair, was particularly concerned by the ease with which the issue was seemingly forgotten at the end of the Fall 2005 semester. The former members all agree that they are happy to see the service being reinstated, and have high hopes for its future, but are concerned that the program will take a more clinical approach and lack the level of personal attention that characterized it in the past. After talking with the group, it is clear how they became overwhelmed, but Matt Wing of the Central Committee, who was brought in with other student government members to mediate the discussion at one point, asserts that both sides would have benefited from better communication. It is his opinion that the situation got out of control because of the communication breakdown, and although both sides did have good intentions for the future of BRAVE, that ineffective communication,

especially in the form of posted flyers and community announcements, pushed the damage beyond resolution.

BRAVE was established in the wake of an incident in 1991 that resulted in two students leaving the college after a female student was raped on campus. Students responded to what they believed was a mis-handling of the process by the administration with direct action, occupying Ludlow for a total 41 hours, effectively shutting down administrative processes and inciting controversy among students and administrators alike. BRAVE was born from the dialogue that ensued from student outrage on several fronts. For full coverage of these events, consult Volume 30, Issue 98 of the Bard Observer. Since that time, BRAVE has been through several incarnations. Until the Fall 2004 semester, Peri Rainbow held the directorship, but was forced to resign because the administration was unable to fund a full-time directorship position. Upon Rainbow's resignation, BRAVE was left without a director for a semester but managed to remain active while searching for someone to fill the position. Ultimately

THE REASON DRUGS ARE SO POPULAR:



O O O O O
 M A M Y J
 O O O O O
 L E B L Y
 O O O O O
 R Y L B U R

Bard - (A.) - M - L - B

WHY THE LONELY MECHANICS/ PHYSICS KID WAS SO SUDDENLY PSYCHED:



O O O O O
 A R B I R
 O O O O O
 T H U G B O
 O O O O O
 B E R K O

HE'D INVENTED A OOOOOO!

they decided on Strano, who started working for BRAVE in the middle of the Spring 2005 semester.

When asked about the circumstances surrounding the resignation of BRAVE members last semester, Strano commented, "I came on board and saw problems; I wanted to sure things up, but the group had trained a certain way and was invested in it." She explained that the group ultimately resigned because of those differences. Former member Abby Zackin confirmed that sentiment, saying that "There were protocol changes without proper explanation, Jennifer imposed them unilaterally, without any group discussion... we are a student organization, that's not the way it's done in BRAVE." But the former members agreed that the problem was more than just an issue of the way they had been trained, because the newer members, who had trained under Strano this past summer, brought the issue to them as a concern, without any prompting from members who had trained under other directorship. Full coverage of the resignation of BRAVE members last semester can be found in

Volume 20, Issue 3 of the Bard Observer in an article by Ariana Lenarsky. Of the new group, Strano calls them "fantastic." They have been meeting weekly for lectures and role-plays and have nearly completed their training.

One of the new members of BRAVE, Anna Henschel, a first-year student, is very optimistic about the direction of BRAVE. Henschel joined in December with the other new members because she was upset to hear that it had disbanded and wanted to be a part of the effort to bring the service back to campus. "It's a really solid group, and Jennifer is wonderful. It's nice to be working with someone who's so dedicated," she says. The group has been meeting once a week for 2 to 3 hours and committed one weekend to a training trip in which they had speakers including the Director of Security, other rape counselors, and Planned Parenthood. BRAVE will return in much the capacity that it once served, providing 24 hour counseling as well as educational opportunities for the campus throughout the academic year, including graduation and L & T.

TUESDAY
TUESDAY
TUESDAY

4-18
7:30
SMOG

LOOK HOW HIP + COOL MY T-SHIRT IS - I GOT IT IN THE PASTURE!

YACHT EXRACK
BOBBI BIRDMAN
JEFF BRODSKY
DECEMBER 1999
4-18 7-30

SPRING FLING 2006
brought to you by
the Entertainment Committee

THURSDAY APRIL 27

FRIDAY APRIL 28

The Hold Steady
in the mpr

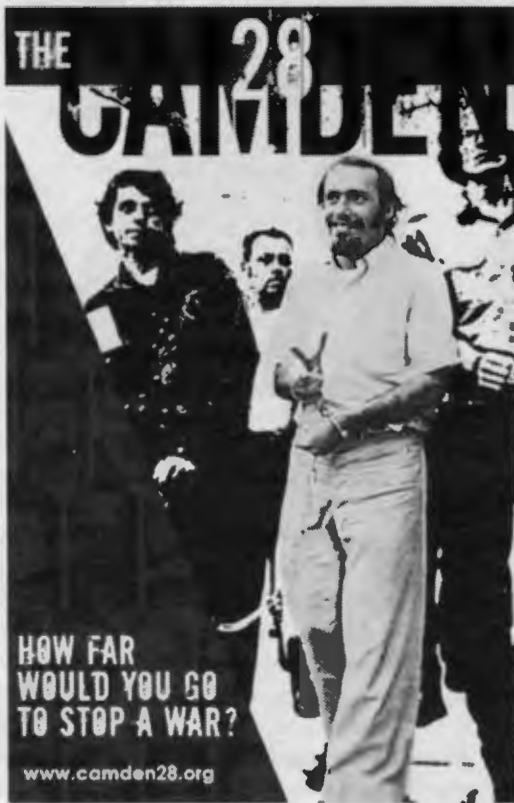
TAPANTHER
and
DUCK DUCK BLOOD
final show extravaganza!

TWO CALLANTS
shoney lamar
COLD WAR KIDS
MILLIONAIRES

@ SMOG 9 PM
sharp!

Philly Film Festival

compiled by alana buonaguro



Camden 28 (2006)

This film speaks for itself, as a good documentary should. Enlightening and educational, *Camden 28* depicts a remarkable event in the American tradition of dissent largely unfamiliar to the populace. The director was inspired by a story he learned from his high school history teacher, a story that took place in Camden, New Jersey. The second part of this documentary's title is the number of people who were arrested in 1971 after breaking into a draft office and destroying files in protest of the Vietnam War. These anti-war activists were not college students or anarchists, but average, compassionate, and largely religious citizens who felt that they needed to be "America's conscience." They could not stand to see money wasted on guns and killing while America

was falling apart. Today we are engaged in another foreign war, while for the past two years, Camden has had the highest violent crime, murder and robbery rates in the entire nation. I wrote a piece entitled "We Have Abandoned Camden" as part of a summer program. After spending an entire day driving around the city in a hot van, studying environmental discrimination in Camden neighborhoods and visiting factories and contaminated Superfund sites, I feel personally invested in this city and its history.

Among the 28 were four Catholic priests, 22 Catholic laypeople, and two Protestants, including one Lutheran minister. These men and women were held on trial, facing up to 47 years in federal prison. "The Camden 28 action and trial is worthy of being remembered because it will help educate the American public

about civil disobedience, the importance of protest, and the citizen's role in a democracy." Thus spoke Howard Zinn, the famous historian who is interviewed in the film and testified in the original trial as an expert on American civil disobedience. This rich and inspirational documentary has not yet been released on DVD, but is traveling to various festivals and college campuses. It was a glowing success at the Philadelphia Film Festival, winning both a Jury Prize and Audience Award for best documentary—the first film to win in both categories since the Festival inaugurated the awards in 2001. Highlight: Meeting the witty Father Doyle after the screening, and having him take us under his arms and welcome us at his church, Sacred Heart in Camden.

Pound (1970)

Mexican Hairless. Siamese Cat. Mutt bitch, pedigreed bitch, and Dachshund—such is the cast of Robert Downey's satirical and rare countercultural masterpiece, *Pound*. I was lucky enough to see and hear the director himself recount some anecdotes surrounding this movie. When first shown, one of the producers exclaimed, "I thought this was going to be an animated feature!" Originally conceived as a play, the movie is brilliantly simplistic in its cast and setting: dogs are played by people, and people act like

dogs. As the animals await eminent death in the pound, the Honkey Killer terrorizes the human world outside, prompting the audience to question the human owners who have abandoned these poor dogs who just want to be adopted. It is delightfully entertaining to see how this mangy, witty, and often vulgar menagerie of loudly-dressed eccentrics spend their time.

Pound's history is almost as odd and absurd as the film itself, which was thought lost until the original print was recently uncovered. After having been stored

in his cinematographer's basement for more than 30 years, Downey had to digitally master the image and sound. The director's cut was shown at the Festival from a digital projector, which created an entirely bizarre experience for moviegoers, as the projection was not fit to the screen and it felt like being in the classroom. The atmosphere was perfect: it was as if the audience was being let in on a little dirty and well kept secret. Highlight: Hearing an inquisitive puppy (played by 5-year old Robert Downey Jr. in his first onscreen appearance) ask another dog, "Do you have hair on your balls?"



Suna No Onna (Woman in the Dunes)

by matt paley

I recently saw *Suna No Onna* (titled *Woman in the Dunes* in its American incarnation) at the Brattle Theater in Boston. It was being shown in theaters for the first time since its original theatrical release in 1964 to promote the American DVD finally being released. My mother had urged me to see it, having seen it when she was in college and never forgotten it. She (like the review in the paper) described it as haunting, desperate, and erotic. The film—widely considered Hiroshi Teshigahara's directorial masterpiece—is about an entomologist (Eiji Okada) who vacations in the Japanese desert in hopes of discovering a new species of beetle. Missing the last bus back to Tokyo, he is led by the locals to a shack in an enormous pit among the sand dunes where they tell him he may spend the night. He watches in disbelief as the woman who lives alone in the shack (Kyoko Kishida) spends the entire night digging out all the sand that has accumulated in the pit during the day. The next morning he finds the ladder out of the pit has disappeared and realizes he is trapped with this woman for the rest of his life, doomed to join her in her the

Sisyphian task.

I went with two friends, both self-proclaimed film buffs. Within the first 20 minutes of the movie, one of my friends had fallen asleep. When he awoke an hour later, he watched the rest of the film in growing disbelief—not at the content or form of the film, but at the remaining length. My other friend watched the entire film, awake but unhappy, attentive but with a growing sense of dejection and gloom. I, too, was fully engaged, though miserable—the film's relentless use of close-up and tight-frame composition left me feeling, itchy, claustrophobic and trapped. Teshigahara condemns his viewer to an isolated, disorienting, microscopic frame of reference, confronting us again and again with the microscopic—sand, bugs, beads. The lack of space manipulated me into sharing the couple's feeling of incarceration. I was, then, doubly affected by the desperate nature of the man's movements and the blankness in the woman's stare. Feeling thus trapped for so long, I watched only because I entertained the hope that I would be given a satisfying conclusion in which my hero would escape from his overwhelming labyrinth and

devastating servitude. Recognizing his fate as that of Sisyphus, though, I should have foreseen that the ending would present a reality even more crushing than the rest of the film.

I will say that rarely have I seen a film as quietly and effectively erotic. Confronted the very first night with a view of the woman's naked, sleeping form, the film builds slowly to an erotic climax. It has such a powerful and tangible texture—of sand and water and skin—that the eventual sexual release is almost a physical experience for the audience. The trouble is that this climax occurs an hour into the film—and the rest of the film serves to convince the audience that the sex, along with everything else, is meaningless.

The only thing the three of us could agree on after leaving the theater was that the experience had not been enjoyable or entertaining. But one gets the distinct impression that that's the point. *Suna No Onna* is a

fascinating exploration of how powerful an effect the tools of cinema—cinematography in particular—can have on the viewer. Just don't buy popcorn or bring a date.



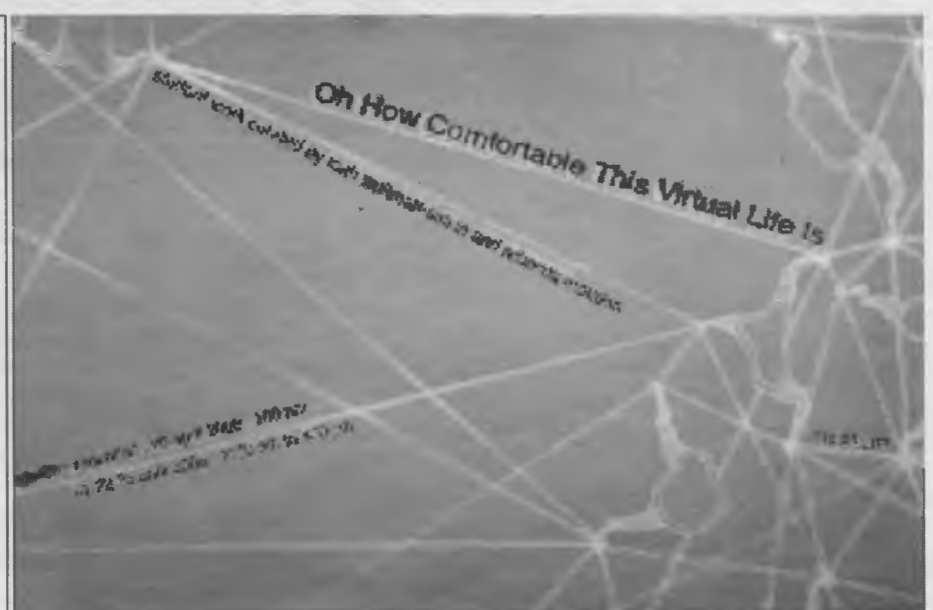
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- 4.27 The Hold Steady / Japanther / Duck Duck Blood Final Show! @ MPR
- 4.28 Odd Appetite EARLY SHOW @ Bard Hall
- 4.28 Two Gallants / Shoney Lamar / Cold War Kids / Millionaires @ SMOG
- 5.7 Dirty Projectors @ Bard Hall





The Notorious Bettie Paige – A biopic on the 50's pin-up girl that needs no introduction. This film follows Bettie from her troubled days in a deeply Christian home garnering more attention from her father and her classmates than she really desired, to her career-making erotic films and photographs. Focusing on the controversy that surrounded the now-innocent seeming subject matter of Paige's bondage-themed photos in an era of intense censorship, Mary Harron (I Shot Andy Warhol, American Psycho) does an excellent job with the film's cinematography, capturing the look of this period and mimicking the filmmaking of the time in a way that does not draw too much attention to itself. The narrative, however, is completed with much less success, what with Harron's typical lack of emotional treatment and sensitivity that makes the otherwise interesting story feel like a sterile lineup of consecutive events. -F.Z.



loudQUIETloud – A Film About the Pixies – A word to the wise: Do not see this movie. If you have a strong, nostalgic love for The Pixies, you will probably be depressed by how disorganized, uncommunicative and awkward the members are, a situation that surely led to their initial break-up. If you are not a fan, you will be bored to tears with this uneven and ultimately uninteresting documentary in which directors Steven Cantor and Matthew Galkin highlight the dull moments of Frank Black reading on the tour bus and buries engaging band interactions under the sound of the film's one saving grace: enjoyable concert footage. M.L.



Gretchen – The title character is a morbidly awkward 17 year old so obsessed with cheating user bad boys, like the beautifully named Ricky Maraschino, that she has to spend some time in an emotional treatment center and is propelled on a wayward journey in which she meets her estranged father. The filmmaker does a notable job

of matching the performance of Gretchen herself with long, slow pacing and pauses in both the cinematography and the dialogue. Sometimes the silence between lines of dialogue elicits more laughs than the dialogue itself, simply by its ingenious timing and the actors' facial expressions. Although many consider Gretchen – and I was not myself a huge fan of the live-action Charlie Brown style practice of using middle-aged actors to portray teens – a sort of second rate lovechild of Napoleon Dynamite and Welcome to the Dollhouse, I disagree. The brutal dialogue with milder events and different stylization make this a unique film in its own right, a reminder of those others but not an attempted copy. Keep an eye out for Beck Ann Baker of the doomed but brilliant *Freaks and Geeks* reprising the use of her maternal instincts in giftedly subtle portrayal as Gretchen's mother. F.Z.

A Scanner Darkly – Despite his recent successes with *School of Rock* and *Before Sunset*, it was inevitable that sooner or later Richard Linklater would turn back to pretending his education in philosophy was a good substitute for a movie script, very much like he did in *Waking Life*. Now, in an even more unfortunate career choice, he returns with a bastardization of a great Philip K. Dick novel that was already jam packed with enough abstractions to border on convoluted without a filmmaker's assistance. Even the on-point performances by Robert Downey Jr. and Woody Harrelson can't undo Linklater's poorer decisions, to say nothing of the mediocrity of Keanu Reeves and Winona Ryder. It's a pity, too, because with a more appropriate writer (one capable of drawing a tangible plot out of Dick's insanity), this project could have been brilliant. It's rumored that Charlie Kaufman has his own version. I would recommend waiting until that version is produced, even if it takes a lifetime. M.L.



Reviews from the Film Festival



Hard Candy – This soon to be released Lion's Gate film lives up to the company's reputation for providing the audience with horror, suspense, feeling of repulsion, and preferably all of the above. You cannot help but feel concerned for Hayley, a smart and precocious 13-year-old, when she goes to a local coffee shop to meet the 30 year old photographer she encountered in an internet chatroom. However, as the film continues and it becomes clear that the vengeful Hayley was hunting for this man as much as he was hunting for her, your concern might just shift to the poor little emotionally damaged pedophile. I suppose something about a homemade testicle removal surgery will do that to a viewer - men be warned. Seriously, though, the film does do an admirable job of building tension and fascination, with its tight, purposefully limited narrative and aesthetic values and layered character depiction. Unfortunately, *Hard Candy* commits the crime of peaking far too early and having psychological thrills that should – and yet do not – live up to the physical ones, leading to a disappointingly anticlimactic finish. F.Z.

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Maxed Out – You may not be totally shocked to discover all the information presented in this extremely entertaining and well-made documentary about how the average American is used to living in debt, but I guarantee that you had no idea how deep the problem truly runs. Besides, with great directors at the helm, the material could be the phone book and you would be laughing and glued to the screen the whole way through, save for a few of the overly dramatic emotional moments. M.L.



NEWS

Compiled by Mike Lerman and Fariyah Zaman

FUCK — Not much of anything is revealed (but rather reviewed) in this stupid, two-dimensional documentary that centers around everything having to do with the most infamous of swears, including substantial sections on censorship. Though moderately amusing for approximately the first thirty minutes, this trite exercise in social exploration hopes to be this year's *Aristocrats* and fails miserably. It makes you wonder if the same talented faces seen in that film are so starving for work they need to appear in this filmic equivalent to a VHI special sure to be entitled "I Love the Profanity." M.L.



Behind the Mask: The Rise of Leslie Vernon — Extremely well-made mockumentary about a fake horror icon and the sinister plan (à la Freddy, Jason or Michael Myers) he is harboring, and the local TV news crew that decides to do an extended piece on him. Packing punches from all sides, *Behind the Mask* is as funny as it is scary and definitely contains a little bit of an advancement of its several combined genres. But the real genius of Leslie Vernon is that it exists in this space where the "real" footage is lit and portrayed like a horror film and the "movie within a movie" is shot like the common documentary reality that we are all used to accepting as true. In other words, what happens when you try to capture the "reality" within a horror movie? M.L.



OilCrash — Shoddy filmmaking should not impede this extremely relevant doc about the impending threat of using up our oil resources. Experts and common men alike take the audience through a sloppy but engaging history of humans' interaction with oil and then come to the devastating conclusion that, eventually, we will have to completely restructure our lifestyle in order to survive without it. One audience member remarked to me that they should hand out cyanide tablets at the end of the film. Indeed. M.L.

Summertime! — This documentary is basically exactly what the title suggests, exclamation point and all: a sincere and refreshingly straightforward look at children aged approximately five to fifteen that does not condescend by forcing reality-TV style conflict scripting or focusing only on some ideals of childish cuteness. Despite the fact that a combination of confusion, insecurity, and compensatory bravado often make middle school aged children inherently unappealing, this movie won me over in spite of myself, perhaps because of its warts-and-all approach, displaying tears, tantrums, kooky kids and frustrated counselors in equal measure.



The patience of the directors is definitely rewarded in one specific moment when a young camper reveals an emotional secret to her cabin-mates onscreen, essentially allowing them to strike documentary filmmaking gold. F.Z.



Punk Like Me — This is the story of a married middle-aged father and corporate suit who, for better or worse, never let his dreams of punk stardom die. The lighthearted film chronicles how he cheats and lies his way into Van's Warped Tour with just a cobbled together mariachi-rock themed band, his wife, infant daughter, and in-laws, and a ridiculously expensive charter bus that no debut musicians without years of day job savings would ever actually be able to afford. Supplemented with personal narration and interviews with the likes of...erm, Buckcherry and Refused, the film is an enjoyable and somewhat inspiring reminder that you can pursue your goals at any age, and that maybe, just maybe, the DIY movement is not entirely dead in a creative industry as dominated by conglomerates as any other. As charming as it is, however, the filmmaking is only adequate and the experience is nothing truly memorable. Also, I'm not entirely sure why since the success of *Supersize Me* everyone has decided that it is a good idea to throw away your extra funding on goofy exposition animation interludes. F.Z.



Old Joy — The acting skill of rocker Will Oldham is highlighted in this quiet, meditative narrative about two men who find themselves on a road trip to a hot spring. In a film that has probably just a tad too little plot for its own good, Oldham shines in a character not too far from himself. But however easy it might have been for him to portray, the film is always a little comforting and endearing to watch, keeping what is basically an hour and a half walk through the woods from dragging. M.L.

OLD GYM SCHEDULE

April 20, 21, 22 & 23
Oh How Comfortable This Virtual Life Is
 Student Work Curated by Leah Whitman-Salkin and Rebecca Matalon
 Opening Reception: 7:00 pm, April 20
 11:00am to 4:00pm, April 21, 22 & 23
 Contact: Lea at Ls646@bard.edu, Rebecca at Rm812@bard.edu

April 24, 25, & 26
Reefer Madness
 Produced by the Bard Musical Theater Company; 8pm
 Contact: J.P. Lor at jl233@bard.edu

April 28 & 29
Arthur: Sword in the Stone at the Cellular Level
 Written and Directed by Alexandra Eaton; 8pm
 Contact: Alexandra Eaton at margaux.eaton@gmail.com

May 6, 7, 8
GAAG; Directed by Brel Froebe; 8pm

May 6-12
Music Show with Electronics, Installation, and Other Trash
 May 6: 9pm Music Show; May 6-10: Installations
 May 10-12: Jonah Spatialized Video and Audio
 Contact: Mara Barenbaum at marakitten@gmail.com

May 13
On Filling a Barrel: the second of two Senior Concerts on the hammered dulcimer inspired by my recent trip to Senegal, West Africa
 Max Ebiral-Teller; 9pm
 Contact: yes.max@gmail.com

May 14
Senior Project Concert: Josh Tyler; 4pm
 Contact: jt967@bard.edu

Poor, poor work! You had so much time, so many smarts, but you failed your quiz. But the king of the cosmos is a benevolent dictator. He even chose not to write in Esperanto, to spare your feeble mind. But here it goes again. Ready? ...

POP QUIZ!

WHICH IS MOST CONFOUNDING?

Ⓐ The Diaspora



Ⓑ Trans gender male at all female college



Ⓒ Matisyahu



By: Peter Hoffman, King of the Cosmos



Tallest Male

1. Henry Gwazda
2. Jon Leslie
3. Trevor McGinn
4. Josef Woldense
5. Jack Woodruff

Best Nearby Town

1. Germantown
2. New York
3. Red Hook
4. Rhinecliff
5. Tivoli

Baldest Professor

1. Jim Brudvig
2. Peter Gadsby
3. Bill Mullen
4. Geoffrey Sanborn

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Best Name

1. Monroe Ellenbogen
2. Sky Ferrara
3. Dimitri Papadimitriou
4. Misty Autumn Seemans
5. Hannah Sunshine

Best Professor Crush

1. Cole Heinowitz
2. Felicia Keesing
3. Gregory Moynahan
4. Eric Trudel
5. Your foreign language tutor

Best Spot on Campus

1. Abandoned pool
2. Amongst the columns outside Hoffman
3. Hannah Arendt's grave
4. John Bard's tomb
5. Treehouse on the Hudson

Best Bard/Celeb Name

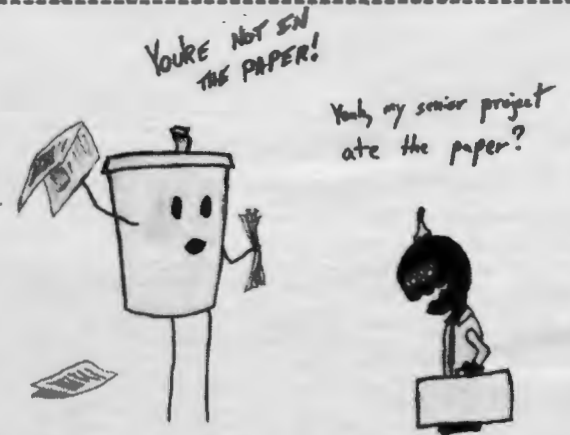
1. R(ober) Kelly
2. Dave Matthews
3. Joseph McCarthy
4. H. Potter
5. Patrick Stewart

Best West

1. West African
2. Kanye West
3. Western Civilization
4. West Side Story
5. The Westing Game

Best

1. Ben Stevens
2. The Burrito Stand
3. The Planning Committee
4. Weed
5. Wikipedia



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SEEKING

SUBLETTERS Subletters wanted for charming 3-bedroom house in Red Hook. \$425-475 per month per room, depending upon size, or \$1350 for whole house. Hardwood floors, lots of windows, backyard w/vegetable garden, front porch, hi-speed wireless internet, newly painted and renovated! Available late May through mid-August. Contact lk677@bard.edu.

SUBLETTERS We're looking for 2 summer subletters for a 2 bedroom house in Red Hook.

The house is located on 57 East Market Street and ours is Apartment 1. It composes the first floor of the building. We are attempting to sublet it from June 1, 2006 to August 31 (end date is somewhat negotiable). We're asking \$1,300 a month, though this, too, is negotiable. The apartment has two large bedrooms (one with a carved mahogany ceiling), a full bathroom with bathtub, a medium-sized and sunny living room, and a large kitchen with plenty of counter space and many cupboards. Please contact lg178@bard.edu or cj224@bard.edu. Thanks!

FALL HOUSING Well-liked future senior and wonderful

girlfriend need place to live in Tivoli or Red Hook next year. We are responsible, fun, and in love. Contact jm759@bard.edu.

LOST BICYCLE I'll bake you something of your choice, give you \$\$\$, or build you a road bike for FREE if you find this bicycle: Orange/White Raleigh Record "single speed" road bike, black seat, inverted handlebars, toe clips, one pedal gold, the other silver. Might be around Bard campus or Red Hook... please keep your eyes peeled! Edible/Dispensable/Rideable Reward!!! Contact ct626@bard.edu or for rapid delivery (773) 332-7778.

SENIORS' BELONGINGS Lots and lots of furniture, aquaria, ephemera, detritus, etc. available 4 sale 4 cheap 4:20. Contact td766@bard.edu

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529-8468.

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MISSED CONNECTIONS

Happy Birthday, Olivia, from the firm from whence you've retired

Sorry Blair, next issue.

OBITUARY Bye Oma