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the bard free press

annandale-on-hudson, ny

Oct 22, 2007

"preferring meth to dmt" since 2000

volume IX, issue 2

Forlorn Fleshbook



A letter to the lovesick at Bard from their last hope

Dear Bard,

I'm starting to think that Facebook is a pretty dangerous thing. You can artificially get to know anyone you want to. Gaze at his pictures, memorize her interests, see who he is talking to at 2:03 am. It's possible to become infatuated with a total stranger and do nothing about it. You can't go up to this person and say, "Oh, I saw your Facebook profile. Your prom dress, Spring 2005, was so alluring". Facebook is giving us this false sense of familiarity and hope for hookups that will never happen.

So here is what I am thinking: Bard Dating Service. It may have to be strongly dependent on campus mail.

Anonymous love letters? Video interviews? Perhaps we will provide a blog where you could post comprehensive paragraphs about your desires, sexual history, naughty fantasies, and most passionate dreams. Maybe we would arrange romantic group dates, or provide candlelit "Lady and the Tramp" style dinners for two. Or three.

The reality is, your crush may look super attractive on your macbook but she might have halitosis or a terrible singing voice. Your dreamboat may have a case of the angles- and you might be in love with the chiseled profile of the ugliest frontal face in the class of 2010.

Are your crush's favorite youtube videos really telling of his or her character? Imagine sipping free trade house blend coffee in the Campus Center together, reciting Elliott Smith lyrics and Shakespeare's sonnets. Why hide behind your screen when you could be playing hide and seek in south campus with the hottie from your most viewed profile? You could be the next Kline couple, feeding menutainment to each other in the foreign kid room. Here at the freepress, we love human contact. We want to give you the opportunity to grope and fondle in the flesh.

If you need a date, a spooning partner, or just a quick handjob, please send a request to barddating@gmail.com. Thoughts or suggestions are also welcome.

Love,
Campus Cupid

Fall Breakdown at Old Robbin the Hood

When left alone with no explanation, we create our own truth

by billy rennekamp

On Bard campus, spoken word moves faster than any article can circulate. It is no news that fall break brought state troopers along with the customary gusty winds and warm colors. Leon Botstein released an email that bored us into an apathetic stance on what went down. But his mind numbing rhetoric couldn't stop the

"Is it a meth lab?"

silver tongues around annandale. Similar to the mythology that surrounds local hero "Snake", the Fall Break Federal Bust has accumulated dirt like a Swiffer™. The most consistent information is that the "materials that [security guards] could not identify" were equipment for making DMT. According to Wikipedia.org, "DMT is a powerful psychoactive substance. If DMT is smoked,



photo courtesy of simone krug

A man in a hazardous material suit tested for harmful chemicals at a makeshift lab set up in the Old Robbins parking lot.

injected, or orally ingested, it can produce powerful ethnogenic experiences including intense visual hallucinations, euphoria, even true hallucinations (perceived extensions of reality)." For me and the rest of the residents of Old Robbins, it is the reason we were woken up by a shaky Bethany Nohlgren and told that there could be something "bad" in the building. We were

evacuated and told it would only be a few hours, which ended up being closer to twelve. Men in Hazardous Material Suits lumbered into our quaint dorm and State Troopers positioned themselves at strategic vantage points across campus. No one fully informed us of the situation. When I asked the administrators huddled outside, "Is it a meth lab?" they gave no response.

That was the birth of one little contribution to the myth. The HazMat Men investigated Village J as well, and a friend of a friend of a person who lives there told me they were looking for a new drug called "Rainforest". The Internet, a holy oasis of drug information, was no help with this cryptic substance.

As time passed, and rumors cleared, a cloudy understanding developed. This is the accumulative story compiled by the staff of the free press: A new security guard was patrolling Manor when he noticed an unfamiliar person; this was Greg. When asked to see his ID, Greg ran and the security guard pursued all the way to Greg's dorm in Old Robbins. There he found Greg's backpack full of hash and weed, a stack of \$6,000 cash, and Greg piling lab materials, used for the production of DMT, into a trash bag. After debating whether or not to involve the authorities, Bard called the police and state troopers came to investigate. They arrested three students:

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photo courtesy of chris kendall

Keith Edmier at his opening last Saturday

Edmier and Exhibitionism

The Center For Curatorial Studies opens two new exhibits

by simone krug

Polyester silicone resembles gummy bears and bouncy balls- a peculiar but satisfying consistency of rubber. For a tactile rush, I think everything I own should be recast in this pliable, squishy material. Polyester silicone bouquets of red roses, life size sunflowers, giant cornstalks, Adidas sneakers, even a pink replica of a pregnant woman all appear at the *Keith Edmier* exhibit at the Center for Curatorial Studies (CCS). Pity you can't touch because they are in a museum, but it's still thrilling to examine close up. If you are allergic to silicone materials, you can still witness the outstanding new combination of permanent pieces from the Marieluise Hessel collection in *Exhibitionism*, an exhibit about exhibiting art, on

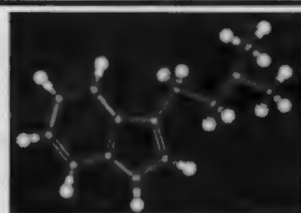
the other side of the building. *Keith Edmier* and *Exhibitionism*, on display until February 3, provide good reason to venture into the deep south campus to the CCS.

Edmier's pieces don't take themselves too seriously, and have a refreshing approach to the super contemporary. One room features a full wall size print of Evel Knievel, the motorcycle daredevil of the 1960s and 1970s, suggesting the silliness of pop culture. The artist even collaborated on sculptures and photographs with pinup icon Farrah Fawcett, producing ethereal self-portraits of the two of them with blond feathery angelic hair. It's as if some of his pieces are a big joke, poking fun at what museum goers take seriously.

Along with the polyester silicon magenta cornstalks, other pieces include a periwinkle blue piecrust made of melted crayons and a traditional white marble sculpture of a nude woman wearing a real diamond earring. Edmier's pieces are funny at first, even comforting in their

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A Letter From The Editors

Polizeistaat at SMOG!

"This is about DMT"

Dear Bard,

We arrived at a recent SMOG show around 11:30 P.M. on a Saturday, hoping to enjoy a night of our peers' music. Much to our surprise: we were not greeted just by esoteric noise rock, but rather a decidedly non-musical din. Two vans were parked outside the building, and four Security staff members were scattered among the crowd of about thirty students attempting in various ways to bring the events to a close. Rebellion emerged in several forms, ranging from the mischievous to the directly confrontational, as attempts to ignore, obstruct and eject the guards culminated in threats of fines for "smoking in SMOG" and demands for Bard IDs. After one student refused to present said identification for fear of repercussions, tensions reached a peak as the security guards threatened, over students' actual verbal encouragement, to call the local state troopers.

As passions cooled, the narrative that led to the confrontation began to materialize. With students continually claiming, against the edict of the Security force, that the concert was indeed registered and thus should be allowed to continue, RD Ashley was summoned, bringing with her no documentation

about the event. Debate continued, and upon being asked by the organizer of the event how he could have gotten a key for SMOG from Security earlier that day without being on the access list unless the event was indeed registered, the response from one Security guard was "Well...some of our coworkers aren't always reliable." RD Ashley returned to her apartment to search for new information, and as it turned out the event had in fact been registered and simply had not been communicated to the Security force owing to some bureaucratic malfunction. Not entirely surprising nor unprecedented, we admit; the group consensus was still forced to blame Andrea Conner or someone of equivalent rank for "screwing up."

Regardless of the particular questions that arise from the confusion, the ideological theatre, which results easily from a mixture of arbitrary authority and an ideologically driven and learned student body, that became our night relates directly to a broader trend that has been hot on everyone's lips recently: what is the nature of the policy behind security with a visibly new group of personnel?

To our view, there are thus two possible explanations for our misadventures:

1) The new security guards are misinformed and/or under-trained about the customary rules derived from historical precedents regarding Bard events. This problem is easily fixed. Rather than ignoring historical precedent or distorting it, somebody should simply inform them. Even if lacking proper paperwork, a show at SMOG should be given the benefit of a doubt. This is not to say, thus: "Stay out of our space" but rather "Ask questions; create a dialogue."

2) There has been a real policy shift, if not of literal policy than of the managed spirit by which it is enforced, which some relevant authority should articulate. In any event, it is not possible, as a literal reading of Botstein's recent email would suggest, that Bard is both the same as ever and needing to "raise the specter" of a policy shift; there is clearly some other issue at work.

Andy Kopasz
Jon Leslie

Come to the:

ROOT CELLAR

BEHIND STONE ROW

OPEN 12-12

- relatively cheap food!
- coffee!
- allegedly a good study space!
- big zine library (maybe the biggest in N. America)!
- occasional shows!

THE BARD FREE PRESS

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

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Greg Schroeder, Elliot Kidd, and Zakhar Berlin, and other students may be dragged into the mess as well. It is expected that the two younger students will be positioned against their elder Greg, who has already been kicked out of Bard twice before. He faces between 10 years to life in federal prison.

Bard Security is not permitted to make a statement on the subject and Botstein's explanations are vague. If you want to know anything around Bard, you get it through the grapevine. If you know details about the story that we do not, feel free to send them in and they will be published in our upcoming issue.



Student Theatre Nails Marat/Sade

Theatre in the round brought rounds of applause

by liza birnbaum

A musical featuring the Marquis de Sade? Theater-in-the-round? Mental institution? These are not typical features of an evening's entertainment, but they greeted the audience of the recent production of Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade*. To this patron of the theater, these oddities existed did not detract from the compelling acting and striking execution of the play.

Marat/Sade is a play within a play; it draws inspiration from the real-life dramas written by de Sade while he was

institutionalized at the Charenton Asylum post-revolution. The inmates of the asylum, decked out in flamboyant and eccentric garb, gather to stage a retelling of the assassination of Jean-Paul Marat. The director of the asylum sits among the audience members and periodically halts the play's action, particularly when it strays into stringent social criticism (as de Sade's script seems prone to do). There are other interruptions along the way, provoked by the quirks and outbursts of the amateur actors (David Karpay has a lovely turn here as a lascivious Corday, friend of Marat's assassin). There

are plenty of preordained pauses as well, both by songs and by de Sade's soliloquies and arguments with Marat, who is confined to a bathtub for most of the production.

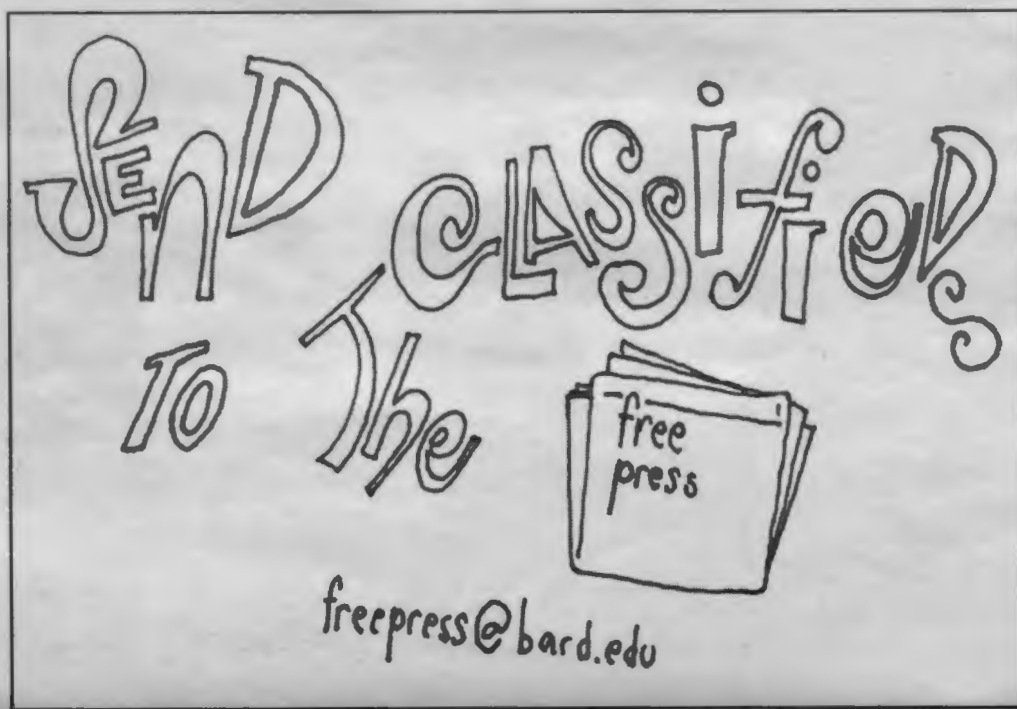
The actors performed admirably as an ensemble cast, moving with ease through group numbers and scenes of well-orchestrated anarchy. Max Cramer and Brian Dorsam played their title roles well; Cramer gave a chilling but multifaceted portrayal of the Marquis, and Dorsam straddled the line between revolutionary orator and paranoiac gracefully. However, at the risk of insulting an excellent set of actors, the real

stars of the show were the set and music. The audience seating encircled the entire performance space, a room complete with institutional ceiling tiles and fluorescent lights. The action was viewed from all four sides, complimenting to the realism of the madhouse setting. Quirks like a water cooler - crucial for the final scene of Marat in his bath - and the port-a-potty resting in one corner were also amusing details.

Though Weiss's script includes lyrics, there is no score for the show, and in the case of this production, the music was original. Daniel Bieber and Ian Turner, who also made up half of the onstage band, composed the music, which utilized instruments from all walks of the

aural world: electric guitar was complemented by a musical saw, and flute accompanied plucked piano strings. The musicians exchanged instruments with ease, while also engaged in the play's action, exhibiting the same craziness as the rest of the cast.

Marat/Sade is not a feel-good play, and it is not light viewing. But its political and philosophical persuasion, and the successful decisions made by the cast, crew, and director Susanna Gelbert resulted in a good deal of awe from its viewers. As the chaotic final scene came to a close, a friend turned to me, eyes wide, and whispered, "Whoa." Whoa, indeed - in such a good way.



MUSIC REVIEWS



THE BRUNETTES
structure and cosmetics

Sub Pop still loves cute and the brunettes have a knack for twee sensibilities. Charming samples are framed by a range of sweet sounding strings. The well crafted melodies and harmonies are only sometimes offset by the duet's quasi-contrived choruses. The male voice sounds like the singer from Helicopter Helicopter and any other semi-nasal boy who's in love with a girl more talented than him. This would be Heather Mansfield, half of the New Zealand duo, who is just as cute as her lyrics. This glossy record starts out strong and catchy with "B-A-B-Y" but sinks into the unremarkable after the song "Credit Card Mail Order".

Their pop is pepped during "If You Were Alien" and eventually ends on a high note with title track "structure and cosmetics". The second track, "Stereo (Mono Mono)" seems to seizures on the thin line of I love and I hate, eventually collapsing on amour. This album delights. (7.11/10)



180-G's
180 d'gs to the future!

Packaged with Negativland's Our Favorite Things DVD, is an acapella tribute, 180 D'Gs to the Future! - songs covered and cut up into R n' B, Doo-Wop, and Gospel styles by the four or five Minnick brothers from Detroit known as the 180-Gs. In 2001, David Minnick and his three or four brothers got together to perform in their family's garage in Rochester,

MI. It was in Reverend Al's trailer that David Minnick found the album that transformed the sound of the group: Negativland's Points. Performances went from basements and garages in Bloomfield Hills to crowded church halls and Elk's Lodges in the entire Detroit Metro area. Produced by D'Andre Xavier Jones and Leonardo De Vinci Knight, the 180-G's are the complete opposite of the gangster rap and techno devil music that kids think they're supposed to like. ALL TRACKS CLEAN

-continued from front page

familiarity, but then seem eerie, forcing the viewer to consider the pervasiveness of the mundane and how it has invaded every corner of society, high art, and even utilitarian objects. In an *Alice and Wonderland*-esque experimentation with size, two larger than life bubblegum pink lily pads tower above the viewer's head.

The strangest piece in the Edmier exhibit is a replica of the interior space from his suburban Chicago childhood home in 1971 called *Bremontowne*. The golden yellow carpeting and the metallic wallpaper hit all too close to home (literally), as the space eerily

resembles a typical dining room one has eaten in before, perhaps at a grandparent's house. The old fashioned yellow telephone is bound to stir fond memories even for those who never used one. The life size sculpture of a wooden saint in the entryway, the faux fur furniture in the living room and each of the other individual pieces were replicated to evoke Edmier's childhood experience. In the kitchen, the cupboards open and the oven light stays on. Because the duplication is not truly fake, it takes on a creepy sentiment. The rooms that have been recreated were once lived in, the fake chairs were once real chairs that the artist and his family actually used.

Another room is filled with mannequins dressed in military uniform on top of tombstones that represent his grandfathers. While it may seem eerie or a joke, Edmier's work is actually sentimental, looking at a time past that he holds on to and misses.

Across the main gallery space is *Exhibitionism* an exhibit about exhibiting, a specifically ordered organization of pieces from the permanent Bard Hessel collection.

Exhibitionism showcases pieces from previous exhibits in the Marieluise Hessel collection so some paintings and sculptures are familiar, but they take on increased significance in the new context. Rooms feature different categories that range from general ideas like "lexicon," which includes lofty politically

and psychologically probing works, such as an American flag with text rather than stars and stripes by feminist artist Barbara Kruger. Another room revolves around the broad theme of "1982", a room homogenized by pieces made only in that year.

One of the first pieces in the exhibit is an Andy Warhol silkscreen portrait of Marieluise Hessel herself, founder of not only *Exhibitionism*, but of the whole Bard collection. Beyond the holy image of collection matriarch, a Joseph Kosuth piece of the dictionary definition of the word "visualization," called *Art as Idea as Idea* (1967), recognizes the deliberation of aesthetic presentation and display that connects both the *Keith Edmier* and the *Exhibitionism* show, exhibits that attempted fluidity through connections.



Woodstock Film Reviews



Chicago 10

Rise up Bard!

by jon leslie

I had the great opportunity through my ranks in the Free Press to obtain a Free Pass to the first screening of (ex-Rhinebeckian) Brett Morgan's latest film drawn from the story, now mythology for youth protesters, of the DNC (Democratic National Conventional) of 1967, led by ten 'non-violent' activists who were brought to trial under riot laws, most of who called themselves (along with many other things) "Yippies" which meant, in some stupid dialect, radicalized hippies. Before the film, Morgan spoke of his general wish with the film to "tell a story that could otherwise be lost"—the relevance and power of which became fully evident to me as the film progressed, but not before he had left, assumedly to smooch with some other great auteurs of the independent film scene.

The film uses the trial as a medium for conveying the events that made up the protest, of which a good deal of archival material, including footage of manifestations themselves, press conferences throughout and after the fact, and recordings of an especially fecund dialogue head yippy Abbie Hoffman kept up with a local RJ through the course of the trial, could be shown. As there is no surviving footage of the trial itself, the

film re-enacts the more pivotal, dramatic, and inspiring moments through a style of animation whereby computers, through an ever-more sophisticated post-"Waking Life" technology, manipulate images taken from live action towards a stimulating, characterful effect. The film, manifesting in this youthful, dynamic and digital format, is obviously meant to seem here and now for a generation (totally uninterested, says T. Friedman; we then protest, "fuck you") of pro-test through the course of this mounting bloodbath in a differently terrained region of the great Asian continent. By the end, the film acquired an especially interesting narrative structure as the one black activist, who was denied self-representation, was brutally restrained in his chair, thus causing the ongoing ideological, pseudo-legal debate between the crusty old judge with the prosecution team and the youthful, idealistic defense, to become increasingly polarized and violent, and thus culminating in Hoffman's brilliant epiphany: "It's just like Chicago!"—indicating that authority's instinctual bravado/brutality and ineptitude at handling an oppositional ideology combined forces to give stage to a violent and ideological theatre in a doubly demonstrative sense. On a personal note: I quietly (not too literally) recalled this scene as I witnessed last night the effects of a Security crack-down as confused administrative policies

combined with the force of a new personnel, unaccustomed to the "Bard" ethos, to stop a creative and perfectly registered event at SMOG (see our letter about this.)

But on a political note: although current protests do not and will not, for a variety of demographic, political, and

technological reasons, we are told, attain such spectacular ecstasies as one sees in this film (especially the Youtube-available "take the hill" scene), let us remember that 1967 signaled the 12th anniversary of the American invasion of Vietnam. We, generation q, have thus, by all accordant measures,

at least eight years to mobilize against neo-liberal wars. Why not get a head start?

On a second personal note: a week before, when I left the theatre invigorated by the re-awakening of the 60s idealism of my youth, I realized I had not a ride. Thank you, Gabby.



FILM REVIEWS

Bob and Ted's Excellent Adventure

Reviewing every single Bob Dylan

by ted king

I'm Not There is a movie about Bob Dylan, sort of. Six actors play him, in imagined vignettes that react to the real events and speculation surrounding his life. Some of this is more or less straightforward; Cate Blanchett's image of Dylan comes quite close to the man himself, as do the events laid out in her section. Richard Gere riding a horse around in another point in time moves beyond the realm of a standard biopic. These plot points, and others, like the use of an African-American boy to describe the young Dylan obsessed with Woody Guthrie, all come from Todd Haynes' deep knowledge and personal perception of the meaning of Dylan's body of work.

Since the movie is born out of such a wide knowledge it seems to be for a very specific audience, an audience that can meet the film halfway. Todd Haynes is one in a line of many who have grappled with the meaning and the truth behind Dylan's poetry and

identity as a cultural icon. Haynes has made himself part of the conversation, he is a commentator rather than a true informant.

The conversation is an old one, beginning when Dylan felt an obligation to write a song in homage to Woody Guthrie and other musicians who came before him. Bob Dylan had opened the floodgates of his poetic mind and began to leave a trail of some of the best music of the 20th century. But he was also entering into an old conversation himself, the tradition of creating new work. This conversation is arguably the more progressive and meaningful of the two. Haynes' film belongs to the dialogue of Dylan's identity, trying to find meaning in the man, instead of meaning in the music.

I'm Not There is useless to a personal understanding of Bob Dylan, but Haynes, in going so far beyond a straightforward portrayal has made a film that is not really about Bob Dylan but rather about

anyone's desire to create work on their own terms. In this way Haynes, much like Dylan, explains his own identity as a filmmaker and through an unconventional means of communication contributes a new voice to the conversation of filmmaking. This is the only good reason to go see this movie.

I have my own perception of what Bob Dylan's work means and where I see myself within it. It is for this reason that I question my desire to see this movie. But what answers that question is the title of the film itself. *I'm Not There* gives me room to find myself within the film, forget Dylan, forget Haynes even, but remember the construction of something new within the history of cultural discourse.



Le Scaphandre et le Papillon

(The Driving Bell and the Butterfly)

by alan lucey

Director Julian Schnabel is perhaps most well known for his film depicting the rise and fall of Jean-Michel Basquiat, 1980's NYC bad-boy and Andy Warhol underling (played by David Bowie!), aptly titled *Basquiat* (1996). Schnabel paints too, but his paintings suck.

His latest release, *Le Scaphandre et le papillon* has won him Best Director at Cannes and cinematographer Janusz Kaminski the top technical prize. Filmed in French, Schnabel takes as his subject the true story of Jean-Dominique Bauby (Mathieu Amalric), editor of fashion powerhouse ELLE, whose entire body, with the exception of his left eye(!), is paralyzed due to a massive stroke.

When initially informed of the parameters of this film and its true-storiness, I was skeptical, as you should be. It seemed like the perfect subject for Dr. Patch Adams himself? Upon hearing it was French, I was mildly relieved and agreed to shell out twelve dollars at Upstate for Woodstock Film Festival's showing. I should have asked for my money back, or a fraction thereof due to a sudden

interruption and subsequent skipping over of a portion of the film due to a "hidden shut-off queue," but whatever.

Bauby has an eye—Bauby's eye—is for beauty. The film is riddled with attractive French women (he works for ELLE, duh). His ex-wife, wife, therapists, and other well-dressed beauties make frequent appearances in his imagination and to his bedside. One Henriette Durand (Marie-Josée Croze) teaches him to communicate through the blinking of his functional eye. By reciting the frequency-of-use based alphabet, Bauby selects letter by letter his words, phrases and ultimately a memoir off of which the film is based.

Schnabel creates a film that plunges to the depths of existential crisis and partially escapes. This sensuously compelling and poetic passage through the landscapes of memory, fantasy and reality is definitely one to see. I cried.



The Living Wake

Winner of 2007

Best Narrative at Woodstock Film

Festival

by billy rennekamp

Somewhere between Harold and Maude and Monty Python, Sol Tryon's *The Living Wake* lulls you into a world of everyday absurdity. Based around the self-declared artist/writer/genius K. Roth Binew (played by the film's writer Mike O'Connell). The film takes place on his last day alive, following him and his faithful manservant Mills (Jesse Eisenberg) around

on a bicycle rickshaw while they make preparations for the wake which Binew himself will supervise. His last actions include drinking excessively, exercising on a playground, wooing his childhood nanny, and figuring out what his father (Jim Gaffigan) had tried to tell him as a boy before being devoured by badgers at a zoo. The obnoxious Renaissance Man is juxtaposed by his loyal and lovable footman, poet, and Binew Biographer. After a life of failed endeavors, Binew's ultimate worth is revealed to be his blind courage and the unending love and reverence held for him by Mills. A colorful and enchanting fable, Sol Tryon's *The Living Wake* rightfully won the title of Best Narrative Film at this year's Woodstock Film Festival.



Photo of the Day

by emma mead

It would not be hard to write a biography on Jamie Livingston, whose life is immortalized in his diary of over 6,000 Polaroid pictures, dated and hung in sequence on the walls of the Bertelsmann Campus

"...to be playful with something you take seriously; to have fun with what's most sacrosanct to you."



Center this month. He was a major Mets enthusiast, a circus lover, and a collector at heart. He was and still is a beloved man at the epicenter of a certain social tribe. But I don't need to tell you all of this, because the pictures of ballgames, elephants, film stills and the collection itself can tell you.

The first thing that struck me when looking at this exhibition was the overwhelming quantity of images that there was to absorb. I wondered

how it was possible for someone with such a compelling eye to restrict himself to taking only one photograph per day. He waited for the decisive (or rather indecisive) moment to open the shutter and what came out was what came out and that was that. Even when the individual subject is as mundane as a friend applying eye drops, these seemingly

insignificant images create a poignant collection of little observations that one might see throughout one's day.

After finding the picture from the day I was born (a sewn up incision) I found the day in which it ends. A column of commemorative birthday party pictures leads down to the shocking photograph

of the last day of his life. Jamie Livingston died of cancer on his 41st birthday in the very hospital in which he was born. I was particularly moved because of my personal experiences with death. The images of Livingston's last days coincide perfectly with the memories I hold of my beloved stepfather's final struggle with cancer. Of course I was also attracted to the pictures of my hometown, New York City, in its "golden years." I love being able to spot familiar locations such as the bar on Great Jones, which was a local hangout and common backdrop for Livingston.

In this web of continuities, one can find parallels between the subjects of the work and the viewers. We as Bard students might view this piece as a glimpse of the road ahead, whereas Livingston and friends look back on it with a less objective approach. As one can mold any horoscope or fortune cookie into something meaningful,

I find that my horoscope this month perfectly describes the atmosphere and intentions of this show; "The point is to be casual about something you regard as precious; to be playful with something you take seriously; to have fun with what's most sacrosanct to you." Through this exhibition, Livingston is and will be remembered with love and good quirky fun.

Jamie Livingston's Photo of the Day Exhibition will be on view in the Bertelsmann Campus Center until the 28th of October.



The M Generation

One angry student redefines Friedman's notion of generation

by nicole halpern

On October 10, 2007, New York Times Op-Ed columnist Thomas L. Friedman wrote, in an article entitled "Generation Q," that today's college students make up the "Quiet Generation" and are comprised of those "quietly pursuing their idealism, at home and abroad." Much of today's youth are plagued by a certain degree of apathy. Friedman has made a gross exaggeration in his generalization of our generation. He has overlooked thousands of students who are organizing for change and passionately fighting to clean up the mess that Friedman himself said his generation has left us. On his tour of college campuses, including Auburn, University of Mississippi, Lake Forest, Williams and his alma mater, Brandeis, he writes that he noticed that students are more idealistic than they should be and less politically engaged than they need to be. "When I think of the huge budget deficit," he writes, "Social Security deficit and ecological deficit that our generation is leaving this generation, if they are not spitting mad, well, then they're just not paying attention."

I responded to Friedman's article by e-mailing the editor of the New York Times (unfortunately, too late to get published!) explaining to him

that I *am* spitting mad, both at the state of our country and at the pathetic stereotype my generation has become. It's sad to think that some of "best" colleges in the country are doing so little to make a difference. But that isn't the case for Bard!

On February 1, 2008, we are bringing Focus the Nation, the biggest national teach-in in United States' history, to campus, where we will assemble students, faculty, staff, members of the surrounding communities and state representatives under one roof to discuss plans for mitigating climate change. There will be workshops and lectures all day long that will conclude in a round-table non-partisan discussion with political leaders about how we can curtail the environmental crisis that is becoming the legacy of our generation. This event, taking place across the country at over 800 colleges, universities, high schools and other institutions, has the potential to put environmental policy and climate change at the forefront of the political agenda for the upcoming election in 2008.

In preparation for Focus the Nation, we are also participating in the Green Torch Run, which is an event designed to get our state representatives



to campus of February 1st. On October 26, 2007, participating students will run and bike fifty miles from Bard to Albany to invite Senators Clinton and Schumer to our Focus the Nation event. After having spent weeks trying to get in touch with the people who can connect me to the people who can tell me if *anyone*, let alone Clinton or Schumer, will be there to receive us on October

26, I can say with certainty that this is not going to be an easy task, but it will not be impossible either! With October 26th quickly approaching, Bard students can help. Everyone on campus needs to sign a Green Torch invitation! You can find them through your BERPs, or you can contact BERD as well and let them you that you want to sign the Green Torch.

Another event we are

participating in is Power Shift 2007, the first national youth summit to solve the climate crisis. From November 2nd - November 4th, we will be participating in lectures, conferences, panels and workshops to share ideas about how we can cut back global warming pollution, encourage the use of clean energy technologies and remake a sustainable and prosperous future. Power Shift organizers have set three ambitious goals: 1 - Make the U.S. presidential candidates and Congress take global warming seriously; 2 - Empower a truly diverse network of young leaders; and 3 - Achieve broad geographic diversity. Like Focus the Nation, Power Shift has the potential to fundamentally change the way the United States thinks about the climate crisis.

Power Shift and Focus the Nation are just two of the many proactive, public actions Bard students will be taking this academic year. I urge all of you to take Friedman's words and find inspiration in them, to prove yourself in the face of all the challenges we face as a generation. And lastly, perhaps most importantly, I urge all of you to e-mail Thomas Friedman, and tell him that you resent his gross exaggeration of our generation. Tell him that Bard College is different, and that if he is so concerned in cleaning up the mess his generation has left behind, then he should come to Bard College on February 1, 2008 and join us for Focus the Nation!

Eyes on the Empires

Mainstream Media icons choose their weapons as battlefield expands

by andy kopasz



Digg. Reddit. Del.icio.us. Those who are familiar with the phrases "web 2.0" and "social news" will immediately recognize these names as some of the biggest in the movement to change how information is reported and disseminated. Corporate eyes are on these sites and others in an attempt to pin-point, and ultimately buy into,

whoever is most likely to be the next "big thing".

Yet, as valuations for Digg climb into the billions, media conglomerates are reshuffling their arsenals in a desperate attempt to remain relevant. MSNBC recently made their intentions clear by purchasing the startup Newsvine.com for an undisclosed amount, ranging from of \$40-50 million. Newsvine is a two-year old, Seattle-based startup, comprised of merely twelve employees, which has emerged as a leading innovator in the citizen journalism movement. The site allows users to create a profile and then submit stories to the "vine", where other users then vote the story up or down. This function already exists on variety of sites, most notably Digg, but Newsvine promotes the posting of user written reporting on the site. While factuality is always an issue, it's this type of user empowerment that has taken Newsvine to the top. MSNBC, already a well-established online player by corporate standards, has vowed to let Newsvine proceed with business as usual, with hopes that some sort of cross-pollination from the user base might breed a mutant news juggernaut.

The purchase of Newsvine leaves few independent fishes in the sea of internet news, as Reddit has been owned for about a year by Conde Nast and del.icio.us was snapped up by

Yahoo! almost two years ago. Of course, these purchases can be interpreted by anyone who participates in any web 2.0 communities as firm evidence that new schools are being fished. Mashup sites like Pownce and VIRB, where users integrate video and music sharing with personal blogging and customized feeds, are currently emerging from nascence. Facebook is also getting in the game with an astounding variety of user-created applications, attempting to evolve the social networking site into something of an internet portal. And as no discussion of media empires is complete without an

update from the Murdoch family, it's worth noting that Fox-owned Myspace also recently opened the doors for third-party developers, mimicking Facebook's latest move. It's safe to say that Fox has been focused less on transforming Myspace than getting their new Fox Business Channel off the ground and into bed with their prize of the summer, Dow Jones. While it remains unclear how Fox intends to blend these disparate subsidiaries into one ubiquitous chimaera, the probable deregulation moves currently being lobbied for at the FCC are a reminder that these news empires only intend to grow.



Ann Coulter, Slavoj Zizek

Strange Bedfellows

by jon leslie

On Oct. 11, when the NY Times published Slovenian philosopher Slavoj Zizek, they were clearly admitting the most radical voice they had since the last time they published him. Comparing the new Chinese policy of tolerating Buddhist religiosity (through requiring information of exactly where and how each Buddhist was planning to re-incarnate after death) with the fundamental axiom of Western liberalism that we call "tolerance" or "political correctness," Zizek highlights the very same structural weaknesses within dominant ideology that Ann Coulter exploits when she voices her religious beliefs live on "The Big Idea," informing some hundred thousand viewers on primetime TV that Jews are here to be "perfected." Her statement ignited headlines of "outrage" around the country because she forced the religious right, insofar as she represents them, to make a direct affront on the anti-defamation league and AIPAC (Jewish lobby)—two very important, strategic allies. Not a "flip-flopper" as surely as non-subject to "liberal hegemony," she has not apologized for believing what the Bible literally teaches her (a lesson that one can not, at least after St. Paul, deny to be truly Christian.)

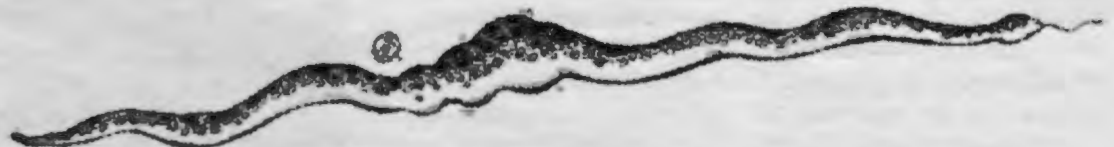
On one hand, the fact that any liberal objects to Coulter for this last series of brilliant PR moves (this is meant non-sarcastically) is either out of sheer hypocrisy or partial ignorance. For any from this latter category: after September 11th, Coulter made abundantly clear her belief that every Muslim, upon penalty of aggressive military intervention, must be converted to Christianity. In general, even a cursory, "googled" reading of her remarks about Islam makes clear that she wishes to offend and violate Islam more than any conceivable level of anti-Semitism she would ever dare to expel.

At the same time, her comments are obviously offensive to Jews and liberals alike. Nevertheless, the latter group, at least, should have some difficulty explaining the why and how. If we tolerate intense Christianity in politics, why not tolerate Coulter's literal articulation of it? This question may prove impossible. The clear obverse of this question, then: if we cannot tolerate her comments, how can we tolerate religion? The good liberal would respond that the only thing, as a rule, that is intolerable is intolerance itself, whether in the religious or political spheres. Although

this could be construed as an answer to the question of the limits of "tolerance," we must acknowledge that at the exact point we accept this answer, which is literally suggested by human rights author Michael Ignatieff, among others, we have a society that is necessarily stagnant. Conceived as a remedy of this so-called 'Spinozist trap' or ideological limitation, Zizek's lesson is not exactly that the Left should model itself on Coulter's position versus Ignatieff's per se but that it should find its position, define for itself a positive belief-system, rather than positioning

itself, paradoxically, around purely reactionary negation. The most radical and appropriate stance for the current political climate, then, is not to argue that Coulter is a Christian bigot because she calls Jews "imperfect" but to posit that Coulter calls Jews "imperfect" because, fundamentally, she is Christian. This radical stance, for one, could breathe an intellectual relevance onto the fairly recent, otherwise quite polarized and predictable, "God" debate staged by the MSM, with Christopher Hitchens and Richard Dawkins on one end and Francis Collins

and God knows who else on the other. It could also, perhaps more pertinently, save student activism from the 'post-modern lull' that overwhelms commitment to any goal but the lazy, feel-good, and ideological slogans of a Free Tibet or a Natural Earth. We should, insofar as we take our ridiculous beliefs seriously, take a lesson from Coulter and make slogans that offend actually existing and relevant persons, not to tolerate ideas that behoove the Dalai Lama and the Natural Mother Earth, whatever these spiritual entities are supposed to mean for us.



VS



Hamas Strangles Gaza

by will field

Five months into their occupation of the Gaza Strip, the Palestinian Hamas party and Islamic Jihad continue to fire rockets indiscriminately into Israel. While Palestinian President Mahmoud Abbas prepares for peace negotiations with Israel, Hamas is working diligently towards prolonging the conflict. Hamas's bloody overthrow of Gaza in June has had devastating affects not only on Israelis who must now live with constant rocket attacks but also on the Palestinian people living in the Gaza Strip.

The first step in understanding Hamas is to read its charter. To begin with, the charter promotes anti-Semitism and violence. It creates an "Us vs. Them" mentality that does not differentiate between Jews and Zionist occupation. Article 28 reads "Israel, Judaism and Jews challenge Islam and the Moslem People." It goes on to incite fighting "with the warmongering Jews." Finally, the paranoid and overtly anti-Semitic Article 32, claims that Zionists seek to expand territory from the Nile to the Euphrates. Their evidence for this is that this "plan is embodied in the 'Protocols of the Elders of Zion'", which describes the international Jewish conspiracy and a Jewish plot to dominate the world by controlling World

Wars and the global economy. The Protocols of the Elders of Zion was written in 1903 and quickly proved to be a hoax. It has since been used by Hitler and in Communist Russia as justification for anti-Semitism. The Hamas charter even perverts passages of sacred texts such as the Holy Qur'an and the meaning of jihad in order to justify violence against Jews. "The Day of Judgment will not come" says Article 7 of the Hamas Charter, "until Moslems fight (and kill) the Jews." This quote is not in the Qur'an, but is found in commentary written after Muhammad's death. While Hamas's anti-Semitic motives are clear, the more immediate victims of Hamas are not Jews, but Palestinians living in Gaza.

Political freedom, once enjoyed to some degree by Gaza residents has been stifled by Hamas. Even before their Gaza coup, Hamas took great efforts to crush even peaceful political opposition. In October of 2006, the Al-Ummal (Workers') Radio station was burned down by Hamas militiamen because it had alleged ties to the rival Fatah party and therefore disseminated information against Hamas.

During their violent take over of Gaza, Hamas kidnapped a Fatah party member and threw him off of a 15 story apartment building to his death. But the violence has dragged on

months after Hamas's take over.

Hamas has continually and violently broken up groups engaged in public prayer and peaceful protest. Along with the protesters, journalists covering the brutal actions of Hamas have been detained and in some cases physically abused. Hamas security forces roughed up a Reuters TV Cameraman covering a protest and attempted to confiscate his camera when other protestors came to his rescue. At the same protest, Hamas forces detained a French, a Russian, and two local journalists. In addition, they destroyed a camera belonging to the Arabic-language TV station al-Arabiya. Raji Sourani, a human rights activist in Gaza described Hamas's crackdown as "a major setback for freedom of speech and journalism."

It is no wonder that Palestinian support for Hamas has dwindled. The Ramallah based Palestine Center for Policy and Survey Research recently conducted a survey among Palestinians living in the West Bank and Gaza. The results tell the story. Hamas, a party that prides itself in being democratically elected even after their forceful takeover of Gaza, now enjoys a 31% approval rating in Gaza and 17% in the West Bank. Poll after poll has shown not only that the majority of Palestinians want another election to take place soon, but also that if such an election were held, Fatah would easily win

over Hamas. 73% of Palestinians oppose Hamas's military take over of Gaza, 55.6% considering it an attack against Palestinian legitimacy. The majority of Palestinians just want peace and are willing to recognize the existence of the state of Israel in order to achieve it. Hamas, however, continues its hard stance against such a peaceful resolution. These statistics leave a crucial question unanswered: Why does Hamas refuse to listen to the people it claims to represent?

The Hamas Charter can be found at: <http://www.palestinecenter.org/cpap/documents/charter.html>

Polls can be found at: <http://www.asianews.it/index.php?l=en&art=5510>

<http://www.pcpsr.org/survey/polls/2007/p25e.pdf>

Coverage of Hamas brutality against protests taken from The New York Times, August 24, 2007



How To Make DMT

An excerpt from The Anarchist Cookbook
(available online)

DMT stands for N,N-dimethyltryptamine. It is a semisynthetic compound similar to psilocin (the hallucinogenic substance in psilocybin) in its structure. The most common method of ingestion is smoking. Soaked parsley leaves are the usual method of ingestion although persons have dipped marijuana in it and said the experience was fantastic. The following recipe can be performed in the kitchen.

Recipe for DMT:

1. Mix thoroughly and dissolve 25 grams of indole with a pound of dry ethyl ether in a 2000 ml flask (2 quart jar.)

2. Take an ice tray and fill with chipped or shaved ice. Cool solution for about 35 minutes until it reaches 0 degrees C. At the same time cool 50 ml dry oxalychloride to about 5 degrees below 0 C. in the same ice tray.

3. VERY slowly add the oxalychloride solution to the indole solution. These two chemicals are highly reactive. Avoid boiling over, contact with skin, and fumes.

4. Wait until all the bubbling has died down, then add a few handfuls of table salt to the ice tray, to cool the solution further. Label the solution "solution 1" and put it in the freezer.

5. Cool 100 ml. of dry ethyl ether in a 500 ml. flask to 0 degrees C. in a salted ice tray. At the same time cool an unopened bottle of dimethylamine to 0 degrees C. in the same ice bath.

6. Open the seal of the dimethylamine bottle and slowly pour a steady stream into the ether. Label "solution 2."

7. Very slowly and carefully add solution "1" and "2" together.

8. Now take the mixed solutions from the ice tray and bring up to room temperature stirring the solution all the time. You should be left with a solution that is almost clear. If it is still murky, continue stirring until it becomes as clear as possible.

9. Now filter the solution to separate the precipitate by suction.

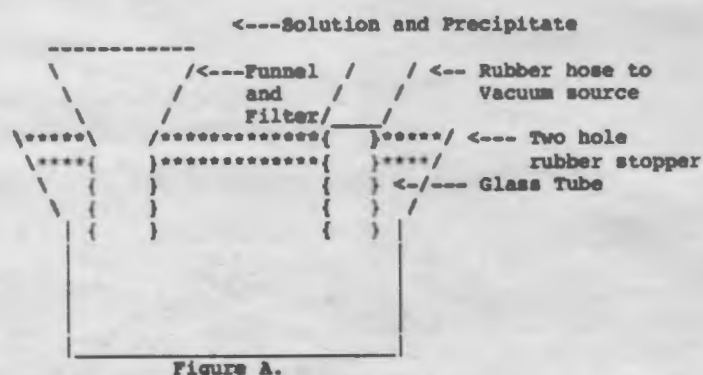


Figure A.

10. Refilter with suction after pouring technical ether over the precipitate.

11. Repeat filtering once more with ether, then twice with water.

12. Let this substance dry on a plastic or china plate. (do not use metal) After drying, a solid material will be formed. Take particles and place them in an 800 ml beaker.

13. Mix 100 ml. benzene with 100 ml. methyl alcohol. After this mixture has been stirred, cover solid

particles from step 12 with about 1/2 inch of the solution and heat the beaker in water until all solid material had dissolved. Add more solvent if necessary. (Note: Do not place beaker in water bath directly over the flame.)

14. After all solid material has dissolved, remove beaker from the heat, and allow to cool. As it cools, small needle-shaped crystals will appear. When this happens, try to pour off as much solvent as possible without disturbing the crystals.

15. Place crystals in a 1000 ml flask and dissolve in tetrahydrofurane. (Use only as much as absolutely necessary.) Label this solution "A".

16. Slowly mix 200 ml. tetrahydrofurane and 20 grams lithium aluminum hydride in a 500 ml flask, and label it solution "B". (By the way, lithium aluminum hydride ignites on contact with moisture. Protect eyes and hands.)

17. Mix solutions "A" and "B" slowly, stirring constantly.

18. Prepare a water bath and heat solution for three hours, stirring for four minutes every half hour. When not stirring, make sure to use aspirator tube.

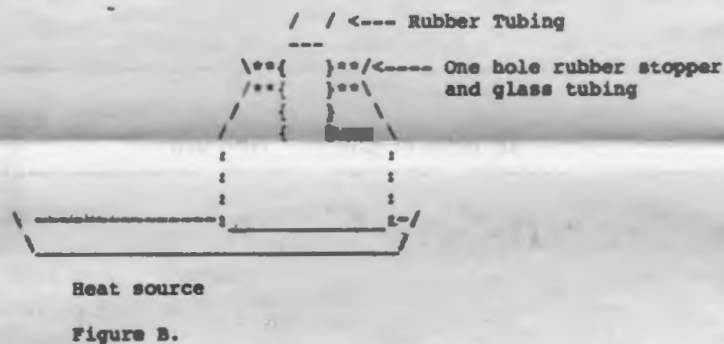


Figure B.

Place Figure B. flask at a higher level than Figure A. flask. Run tube from Figure B. flask down to left side of figure A. flask, replacing funnel with glass tubing. Disconnect right side tube from vacuum source. This will be used as the aspirator tube.

19. When this is completed, allow the flask to remain at room temperature for about 20 minutes. Then place in salted ice bath, and cool to 0 degrees C. Add a small amount of chilled methanol, stirring gently until solution appears murky.

20. Filter this murky solution through a paper filter in a funnel, and collect the filtered liquid in a flask.

21. Add 100 ml. of tetrahydrofuran through the filter and collect in the same flask. Now heat the solution in a water bath until most of the tetrahydrofuran is evaporated and a gooey substance remains.

22. Place little piles of this substance on a cookie tray and dry with a heat lamp for three or four hours.

Well, after all that you now have DMT. Was it worth it? To ingest, crumble a small quantity with parsley or mint, and smoke. Do not inject. Do not mix with tobacco.

Cook!

by ted king

The following story provides a recipe, but it is also about a young man who didn't know what to cook, but brought flavorful glory to his name, and to the palettes of his friends. He is not very different than you or I, and thus much can be learned from his tale.

The pressure was enormous, Frank stood there in the kitchen and thought as hard as he could. But no matter how much he thought he could not think of anything to cook. Sometimes, and this was one of those times, life intervenes. While standing there with no productive thought in his mind, Frank heard a sudden whisper in his ear, "just start slicing the onion (1), pretty thing too, because it softens better in a frying pan that way." Frank was flabbergasted, he turned around and no one was there, but he did as he was told, he cut the onion, he heated the pan with a little olive oil and he was off and running. Ideas just started to hit him left and right, he chopped up three cloves of garlic, he sliced the beet (1) into thin strips, very similar to the

shape of French fries. By then the pan was hot, the beets and the garlic and the onions went in together. Frank allowed them to fry for a while, and as he stirred them he couldn't help but feel as though someone or something else was moving his arms for him, was thinking for him, he was whipped into a frenzy, suddenly everything was clear.

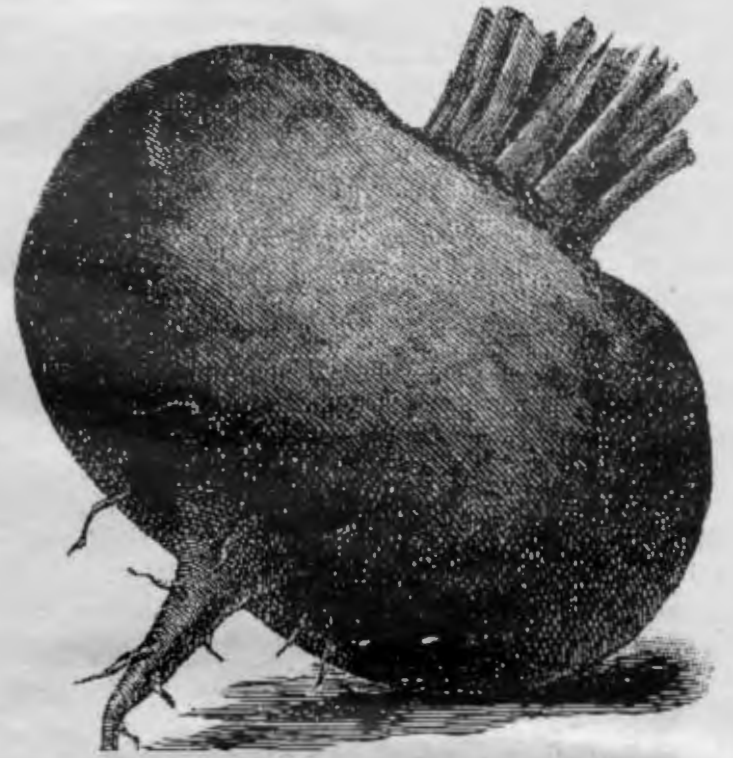
After about three minutes of frying Frank put a touch of water into the pan and quickly covered it, this would allow the ingredients to soften, especially the beets. Frank had never done anything like this before but it was so clear and so obvious it was as though he was fulfilling some kind of tradition; a routine for cooking that was completely outside of him. He then rinsed three collard leaves, they were

quite large, and after allowing the beets and such to cook for about 5 minutes he added the collards and covered the pan once more. He would let this mixture cook for another 5 minutes, which gave him time for the tempeh.

Frank knew that the tempeh would not taste particularly good on its own. Tempeh is a rather bland soy product that requires lots of love to make it taste good. Frank sprung into action, he sliced the tempeh into thin strips, making sure to keep it together in its block form. He generously allotted soy sauce to the top of the tempeh. Then poured a bit of toasted sesame oil on top as well, but he needed another spice and quickly moving to the spice drawer he pulled out some turmeric. Frank had never really used turmeric before, but he knew that this was the spice, the only spice that would make this dish good. He applied it generously; rubbing it into the tempeh and then 5 minutes was up.

Lifting the lid of the pan Frank stirred the beets and collards together and pushed them to the side, giving just enough space for the tempeh to fry in the mixture of olive oil and beet juice that had accumulated on the pan. Frank let the tempeh cook for 3-4 minutes on each side and then his odyssey was over. He turned off the burner and served, the beets and collards went on the side while the tempeh went over the rice. Success.

It is possible to learn from Frank's story in several ways. One is the recipe, you too, could do what Frank did with those ingredients. But there is another moral to this story: sometimes you have to let cooking come from outside of you, listen to the gods of your kitchen, they will tell you things, they will help you, and you could do what Frank did with any set of ingredients that you choose.



BIKE

I am bicycle
You ride me all around town
MUST STOP, tiring



I love the bikes
They appease my love of life
Because I love bikes



Bikes are so damn fun
I like to ride them all day
Can I buff your tubes?



Bikes are my lovers
But that is kind of obscene
So instead, amour.



We love working in
The bike co-op when it's not
A sexual orgy

HAIKUS

*One stop at the
Bard Alleycat Bike
Race required
bikers to write
haikus.*



I want to ride bikes
Because they are so fun*
But sometimes they hurt.



I love my bike*
So much I can't stand it that
It is so damn pretty



Bikes are really sweet
They make my crotch really hott
I like bikes a lot



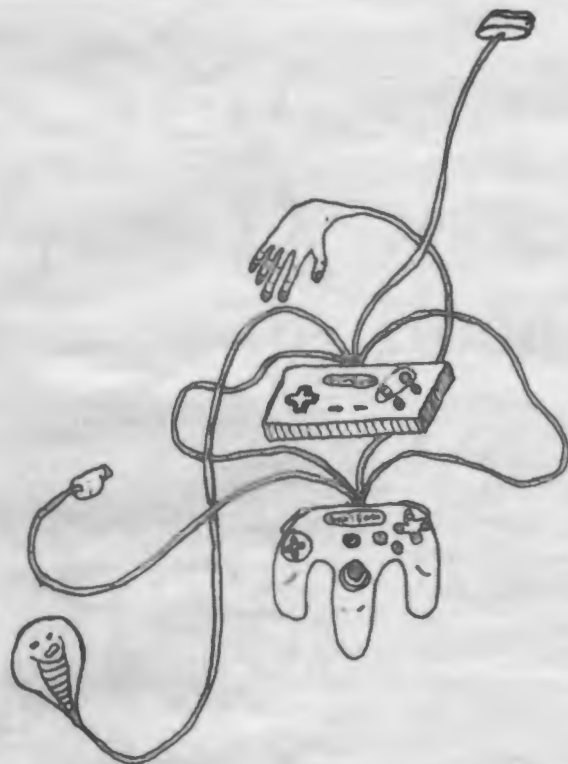
I am the Biker Guy.
Together we destroy
Bike, Motherfuckers



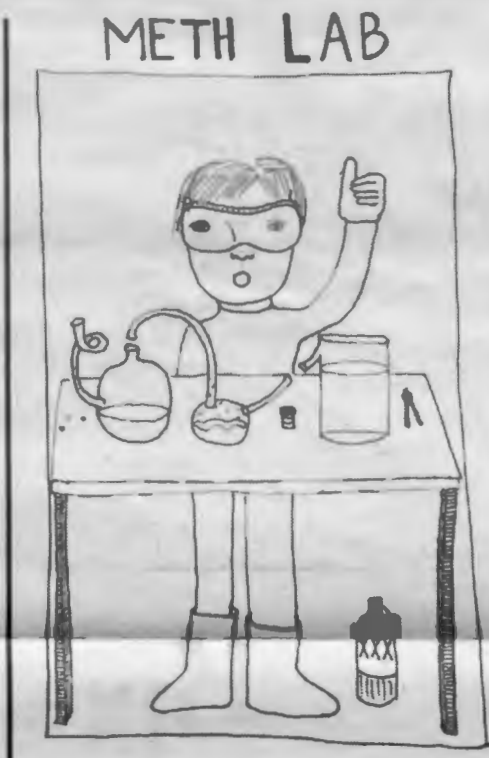
I think bikes are gr8
They ride cool + so nicely
So like Liza's face



walker schiff



billy rennekamp



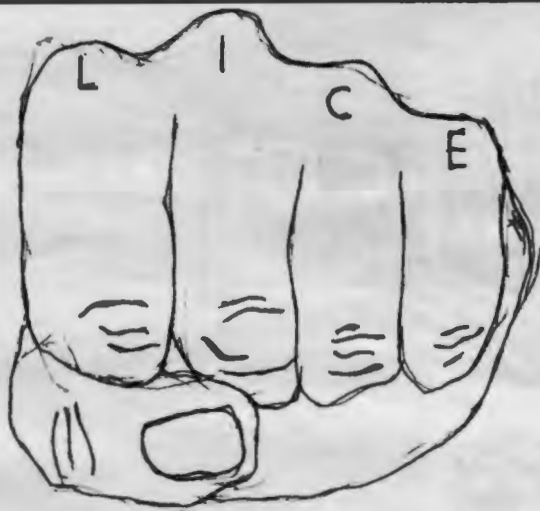
VS.



lydia aiken-head



VS.



molly schaeffer

Crystal Meth is
nazi crack



CONDI'S JMBE by Andy + Emma

If only it had been a daughter
then maybe her dad would have taught her
murder is vile
worse with denial
she wouldn't have founded _____



D R A E B E D E N C A E Q S A K U W
 T R A I S T L E G R O L Y A

TEETH



Dating Questionnaire (in case you're really itching for some action)

Bard mailbox # _____
 I am interested in: men _____ women _____
 anyone _____

1. What do you find most attractive about your crush?
 - a. Nice eyes
 - b. Rebellious haircut
 - c. Great outfits
 - d. Symbolic tattoos

2. What do you see yourself doing on a first date?
 - a. Making out in the back of the shuttle
 - b. Gazing into each other's eyes from opposite sides of the study space
 - c. Catching insects for your respective biology classes
 - d. Downloading files from one another's ShakesPeer accounts

3. How long do you envision yourself being with your potential date?
 - a. As much time as we can spend in bed before my roommate comes back
 - b. Until Death doth tear us apart
 - c. Until the next Stoplight party at Manor
 - d. Until I get kicked out of Bard for making meth in my dorm room

4. What is your wildest sexual fantasy?

5. What is your dating history at Bard?
 - a. Whoever makes it to the A-square each Wednesday night at four square
 - b. I only admire library heartthrobs from my favorite chair on the second floor
 - c. I haven't gotten any since L&T
 - d. Open Relationship with my 8th-grade sweetheart
 - e. Whoever will buy me a forty on Thursday

6. Who do you have a crush on right now? Do you know this person? Have you ever spoken to him/her? Do you even know this person's name?

SEND TO MAIL BOX #2019



NEW SHOWS
 UP AT
CCS

KEITH EDMIER (right side)
 and
 "EXHIBITIONISM" (left side)

1:00 to 5:00, Wed. to Sun.

