

3-2010

Bard Free Press, Vol. 11, No. 6 (March 2010)

Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/bardfreepress>

Recommended Citation

Bard College, "Bard Free Press, Vol. 11, No. 6 (March 2010)" (2010). *Bard Free Press - All Issues (2000-2018)*. 80.

<https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/bardfreepress/80>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Bard Free Press, 2000-2018 at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Bard Free Press - All Issues (2000-2018) by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.



bard free press

STAFF

emily "no backpacks" diamond
abby "no napsacks" ferla
ezra "no rucksacks" glenn
joey "no packsacks" sims

THE FREE PRESS RESERVES THE RIGHT TO EDIT ALL SUBMISSIONS FOR SPELLING, GRAMMAR, AND COHERENCE. WE PROTECT OUR STUDENT JOURNALISTS' FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHTS AND ACCEPT THE RESPONSIBILITIES THAT ACCOMPANY THAT FREEDOM. CONTENT DECISIONS ARE MADE BY THE EDITORIAL BOARD, AND THE FREE PRESS WILL NOT PRINT ANYTHING LIBELOUS OR DISCRIMINATORY IN NATURE. ANONYMOUS SUBMISSIONS CAN ONLY BE PRINTED IF THE WRITERS CONSULT WITH THE EDITORIAL BOARD FIRST.

ALL ARTICLES IN THE OPINION SECTION REFLECT THE OPINIONS OF THE AUTHORS, NOT THOSE OF THE FREE PRESS EDITORIAL BOARD OR STAFF. RESPONSES TO OPINIONS ARE TOTALLY WELCOME AND CAN BE SENT TO BARDFREEPRESS@GMAIL.COM, AS CAN LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

COVER ART

lotte allen

BACK ART

wendy lotterman

WRITERS

charlotte ashlock
giampaolo bianconi
nathan donarum
alex eriksen
abby ferla
ezra glenn
amith gupta
rachel hyman

paul jordan
alice milliken
maxwell paparella
alex roberts
cora sugarman
joey sims
bailey sweitzer
shannon thomas

LAYOUT STAFF

luis burgos
jesse taylor feldmus
jake stortini

ATTN

This is a newspaper.

CORRECTIONS

In Issue 5 Volume XI:

The quote attributed in "Budget Forum Spring 2010" attributed to Ruth Lichtman was in fact spoken by Jordan Bilich.

In "Bard Community Grapples With Loss: Campus Mourns Jamie Bernard" Rebecca Stacy was identified as Director of Counseling Services but is actually Director of BRAVE. Alex Eriksen interviewed Tamara Telberg, Associate Director of Counseling Services on the phone about the Counseling Services.



ezra glenn / prospective student/protective father

REVERSE VENDING MACHINE COMING SOON TO A BREEZEWAY NEAR YOU

FEED IT ALL YOUR FOOD AND DRINK SO HUNGRY THIRSTY!!!

by charlotte ashlock

Keep your eyes out for the sleek and classy REVERSE VENDING MACHINE about to appear on Bard Campus. The Cruger Village vending machines disgorge about 2,400 cans of soda each year to feed our sugar addiction. If every single one of those cans was slurped back up again, the reverse vending machine would generate \$1,200 worth of revenue. Bard Environmental Resources Department decided to obtain one after a campus-wide poll indicated students would use such a machine. Our Aramark Cleaning Services has kindly agreed to pay the lease for the trial year. If the trial year is successful, the machine's lease will be paid in future years by sponsors in exchange for advertising space. The machine will be placed in the Cruger Village underpass.

The question is, what to do with the revenue? The machine could print out redeemable receipts, five cents for every can recycled. This would provide a financial incentive for recycling— but is it really an incentive? Students, already overwhelmed with all the paper they keep track of, might simply squish the receipts into the bottom of their backpacks, never again to see the light of day.

Other campuses have chosen to donate the profits from their reverse vending machine to worthy charities. But which charity to choose? The children of Honduras, or earthquake victims in Haiti? Should we save the whales or save the pandas? There is a bewildering multiplicity of options.

Suppose the money went to something which directly affected our lives, say the TLS fund or the Student Activities Fund. Remembering the pain and anguish of Budget Forum, students might shove cans into the RVM with the pleasant feeling of relieving (however marginally) our collective club money shortage sufferings. Or the alchemy of recycling could transform these humble cans into a plane ticket to Palestine, seeds for the community garden, or art supplies for the Astor Home.

A poll will be coming shortly asking you what to do with those nickels. On the fun side, the machine will jazz up your recycling experience by occasionally presenting you with coupons and free prizes, such as iPods, Kindles, and free vacations in Florida. (Just kidding. Prizes will be reasonable and inexpensive.) If you have any ideas or suggestions about how the RVM revenues should be used, please contact Laurie at husted@bard.edu. Laurie is also looking for a talented graphic design student to decorate the machine.



THE BARDIVERSE IS EXPANDING

DEVELOPMENT PRIORITIES SHIFT TO MANOR EXPANSION PROJECT

by joey sims

Plans for an extension to the Ward Manor building --which the administration hopes will relieve the crunch problem at Kline Commons --are moving forward after the financial crisis put a halt on more ambitious plans for development across campus.

But the design of the extension, which has a price tag in the \$10 million range, has led to controversy--the first proposal was shot down by the college's Board of Trustees.

Manor will be transformed into a combined space for dining and theatrical performances under the proposal, which has taken precedence over the idea of expanding Kline and building an addition to the Stevenson Library because of fiscal realities. The time frame of the project--which is dependent on the recruitment of wealthy donors--is at this point unclear.

"In the long run, we need to renovate and improve Kline Commons," says President Leon Botstein. "But in the meantime, we have an opportunity." In times of economic downturn, Botstein says, "you have to begin doing things not in a grand fashion, but start small." Botstein notes that the addition will create greater space for dining and performances and will also remove the need for the Spiegeltent, the huge structure erected on north campus every year for Bard Summerscape. The addition will provide space to feed students when the renovation of Kline eventually moves forward, he adds.

Botstein put forward the proposal at the first faculty meeting of the fall semester in September. The college then hired Tod Williams and Billie Tsien, a distinguished New York architectural firm, to craft a design that would expand the Manor dining area, create a food area roughly the size of Kline's, and double as a theatrical space. The current

Ward Manor building will remain intact.

The initial proposal envisioned a ten-thousand square foot structure, with a glass-enclosed dining room looking out on the Catskills and what Brudvig describes as a "cone-like structure" on top, "to provide space for theatrical performances." Botstein describes the design as "distinctive" -- Chas Surelli, Director of Dining Services, calls it "extreme" and "modern."

"It doesn't mesh at all with the ambience of what Manor, and Robbins, currently are," adds Surelli.

The Board of Trustees took particular exception to the addition of the cone. "Some of the people on the board said it looked like a cement mixer," recalls Surelli, "which it does." Jim Brudvig, Vice President for Administration, confirms that the architects' second design "truncates the cone somewhat." Botstein, however, says the initial design was a rough sketch put forward for board input--not an actual proposal.

Brudvig says the current proposal will extend Manor northwards, "all the way to the end, where we have machinery and mechanical stuff in the back." The original hope was to seat 300, though the second design may reduce the seating to 250-75. The new design will also aim to reduce the project's cost from the \$10-12 million range to an estimated \$8-10 million. Part of the design is a basement level which would house classrooms and offices--though this element might simply be "sketched in" for later addition if the money runs out.

Botstein asserts that the Manor addition will help alleviate the crunch problem at Kline, but some have their doubts. "It's not just putting a dining facility over there. You have to create a demand for it, you have to put classes over there.

It goes far beyond just having it exist," Surelli says. He remains convinced that "Kline should be the priority."

Brudvig admits that even if more classrooms are built on north campus, "it'll take some retraining--it won't happen overnight. But if you have classes out there, you're likely to eat lunch out there."

The food options at the new Manor are under discussion. A proposal from club heads of the Jewish and Muslim Student Organizations to make Manor a kosher/halal/vegan/organic dining hall has been deemed financially untenable by the administration.

Additionally, a library extension, new dorms and gym expansion are also in the works. A capital campaign, to be announced shortly, is now gearing up to raise money for future development work. The first priority is an extension to the Stevenson Library, Botstein confirms. Current plans have the building extended northwards (where there is currently a parking lot). The plans create greater shelf space, greater seating, and a 24-hour study space.

Second priority is the construction of three new village dorms. Additional priorities are renovating and expanding Bard's athletic facilities and, of course, remaking Kline. If the economy were to take a great upturn, the current Kline building could also be replaced with an entirely new complex "Kline isn't the most architecturally distinguished building on campus," Botstein notes dryly.

All these plans depend on one crucial factor - cash. "There's lots of projects that get planned and organized," notes Erin Cannan, Dean of Students. "Any project is [in doubt] unless the money's in the bank."

COLLEGE POISED TO ACQUIRE CAPPUCCINO'S RESTAURANT AND BAR

by ezra glenn

You know Cappuccino's, that restaurant you've never been to? Ladies and Gentlemen of Bard College, prepare to own it. Literally.

Cappuccino by Coppola's (though most simply refer to it as 'Cappuccino's') is a self-proclaimed "Italian-American Distro" directly across route 9G from Bard's main entrance, off of Campus Road between Olin and Hirsch/Tremblay, which boasts 8,000 total square feet of restaurant- and bar-space as well as a ballroom area. According to Chris Given, Secretary of the Student Association, Cappuccino's has been losing money practically since it opened on 9G (there is also a branch in Poughkeepsie). Suffice it to say that there is a section of the menu with the heading "Pastabilities." Given claims that the Bard administration has had its eye on Cappuccino's for a while. It is apparently an unofficial policy of the administration's to buy anything available in the college's immediate surrounding area.

According to Vice-President of Administration Jim Brudvig, "the deal is imminent." Though Brudvig could not offer the specifics of the deal, he did make it clear that the price has been agreed upon and that our lawyers are in the final stages of contract negotiation with Cappuccino's. "We are just about ready to own it," said Brudvig in an interview.

The restaurant will remain in operation until the contract with Bard is finalized. According to Brudvig, Cappuccino's owners have been trying to sell the restaurant, albeit quietly, for some time. There are two main reasons why the administration is aggressively pursuing Cappuccino's, reported Brudvig. The first is that we need to "protect ourselves" against whatever establishment could buy Cappuccino's, such as a "bad restaurant," Brudvig half-joked. The second reason is that the college needs office space. "There's gonna be some shifting around," said Brudvig. Because Cappuccino's is across 9G (on which the speed limit is currently 55MPH-- though many drivers fly by at almost

70MPH) from campus, whatever offices are moved there will not be ones that students need frequent access to.

According to Brudvig, college President Leon Botstein wants the space to remain "a student free zone." But whether students have reason to access the space soon to be formerly known as Cappuccino's or not, Brudvig is insistent that students should "have a seat at the table" in discussions about what to do with the space. When office space on campus is freed up by the move, students will hopefully have a say in what to do with that space. Though it is extremely likely that at least a part of the building will be devoted to offices, there are other possibilities for the Cappuccino's space.

The main concept on the table, which is backed by Given and Brudvig alike, (as well as by the Dean of Students Office and Erin Cannan, according to Given) is to leave the Cappuccino's bar area intact. The ballroom space will become offices, most likely, and the restaurant will probably become an alumni center. It is also possible that the entire restaurant/bar area will become an alumni center, though in this plan the bar may still be left intact for alumni events. There will also be a large Bard College sign on the property to inform visitors that they have arrived at Bard, which is something the college currently lacks.

The bar is the most controversial aspect of the Cappuccino's acquisition. Given's agenda is for the bar space to become a pub where students (assuming they're of age) and faculty could gather and hang out together. According to Brudvig, if the bar were to be open for regular business (and not just for alumni events), in order for it to be financially feasible, "it would have to be open, say, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights to Bard students." When asked whether the bar would be open to the general public, Brudvig was steadfast. "Do I want to have a pub for the locals?" he said, "No, I don't."

The main logistical issue currently being sorted out regarding the pub's operation is the need for a safe solution to the fact that the building is on the opposite side of route 9G from Bard's main campus, and crossing the road on foot is currently out of the question. As mentioned above, 9G is extraordinarily hazardous for pedestrians. Given has proposed solutions as far-flung as a bridge or even a tunnel. While the likelihood of those solutions being put into place may be questionable, according to Brudvig there is a longstanding effort by the administration to negotiate a lower speed limit on 9G between Bard and Tivoli with the Department of Transportation. Brudvig stated that two years ago the administration began the conversation about lowering the speed limit to 35 or 40 MPH, but the Department of Transportation then responded that it would only be viable if Bard were to own property on both sides of the road. Brudvig was optimistic about the results of re-opening this dialogue with the Department of Transportation.

It is also important to note that the college's shuttle service is a preexisting system that could be tailored to solve this problem. The shuttle runs at most hours of the day between Red Hook, Bard, and Tivoli. While the shuttle does not currently serve Cappuccino's, this could easily change if the route was altered to turn down campus road and exit campus via the main entrance, opposite the restaurant, rather than through the North entrance, near the Richard B. Fisher Center for the Performing Arts. The shuttle could easily stop in the parking lot there before continuing to Tivoli.

The deal, which is expected to close this month, was estimated by Given to be somewhere in the \$300,000 range. Whatever uses the space is ultimately put to, Brudvig noted that the bar would be the only area of the building suitable for "immediate use."

MASS CASUALTY DAY PANIC AT THE DISCO/EVACUATE THE DANCEFLOOR I'M INFECTED BY THE SOUND

by abby ferla

By 12:14 PM on Saturday March 6, 2010, negotiations had ended, suspects were in custody, and everyone was ready for lunch. However, just hours before, when I arrived on the at 10:45 AM, conditions were completely different. Though the air was sweet and warm with the trappings of forthcoming spring, disconcerting signs lay along the entrances to campus, casting an ominous shadow upon the otherwise sunny day. Police stood at blockades at the two Northern entrances to campus, and both Robbins and Campus Roads were closed to thru traffic. Clearly, something was amiss. Subverting the blockades and traveling North to the Fisher Center, one quickly encountered an amassment of emergency vehicles and yellow Caution tape. Though prevented from crossing the yellow tape, one could see that the Fisher Performing Arts Center was shrouded in a cloud of neon firefighter vests and doom. A Bard EMS worker on the scene reported that bank robbers had crashed on campus and run across Robbins field to the PAC where they had taken hostages. "There are two SWAT teams inside right now," he said.

The rest follows from my reporter's log, written from the vantage point outside of Manor—where I staked out, using my stealth investigative reporting skills to eavesdrop on a sheriff's radio and watch a curious amount of food being delivered for a mysteriously imminent "banquet."

11:10- Peer Counselors stationed at Manor to "serve food" report that there may be a bomb in a white van outside of the PAC. They tell me that they overheard campus security on the radio talking about men with guns running across the field. They seem strangely sure that the crisis will be over by lunch.

11:20- A second SWAT team—the sheriff patrolling this region of the perimeter tells me they are called ESUs (emergency service units)—enters the PAC through the side entrance. Radio reports, "A suspect has been turned over by negotiators. We need a pizza delivered to talk for the hostage."

11:21- A dessert tray passes. Two stretchers leave through the Sosnoff theater entrance.

11:24- Local Dutchess County sheriff keep giving me suspicious glances, moves away, turns down his radio.

11:27- Two ESUs emerge from side entrance with a man in handcuffs, lead him to a black truck. Two more stretchers are carried out of Snosnoff.

11:27- Two trays of lemon squares arrive.

11:30- Another ESU team enters the building. Three large bags of garlic sticks arrive.

11:33- Sound of dogs barking comes from direction of black van. Man carries Pepsi into Manor. Four platters of cheese and ham arrive. A large tupperware full of donuts passes.

11:41- Pizza delivery man walks by, local sheriff waves. I observe curious plain-clothes men walking around with video cameras and ask why they can cross the yellow tape but the FREE PRESS cannot. The sheriff laughs.

11:42- Radio: "We have one suspect in custody. He had a knife on him."

11:43- A group of twelve plain-clothes people wearing "player" tags on them walk casually from the black van to Manor.

11:45- Radio, "...15 to go..."

11:47- Coffee arrives.

11:50- Man walks by carrying mysterious tin-foiled containers rumored to be baked ziti.

11:51- Local sheriff asks Paul Bozzo if he can actually ride the unicycle. Paul proves that he can. Sheriff claps.

11:52- Mass exodus of firefighters from outside of the Fisher Center towards Manor, have hungry eyes.

11:53- Radio: "the suspect is out of the building."

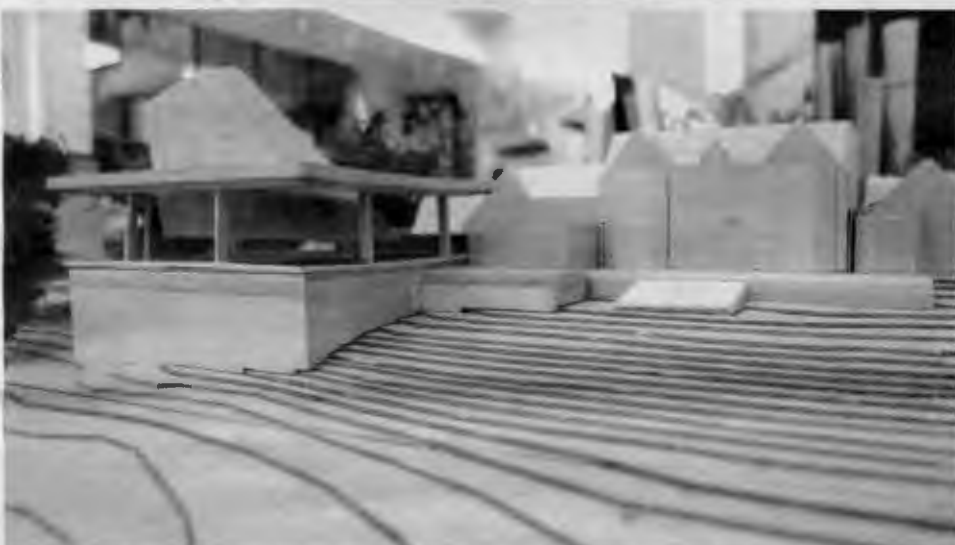
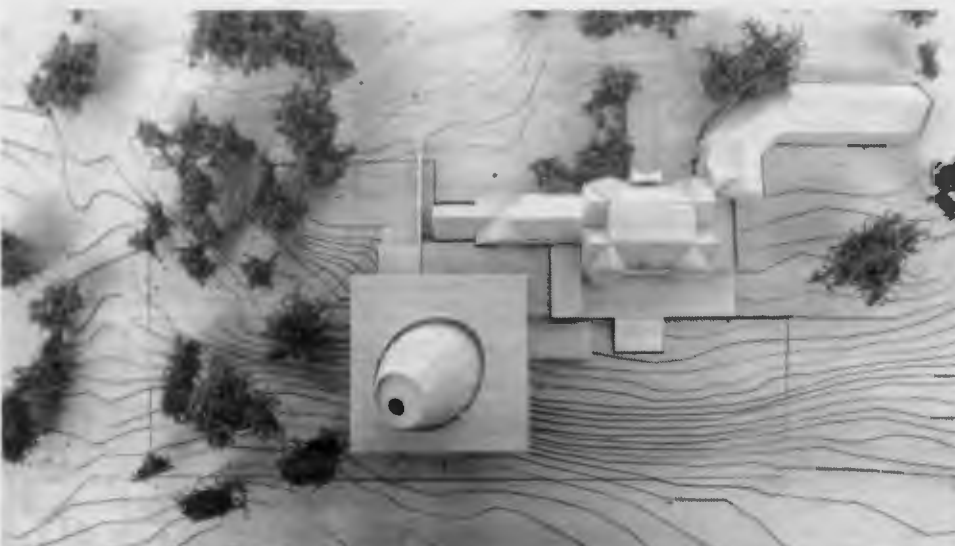
11:55- Emergency vehicles start to drive away. Two liters of Ranch dressing enter Manor, followed closely by cups and platters of lettuce.

11:58- Local lieutenant approaches, makes small talk, proves to be a regular casanova: "Do you go to school here," "Do you like it?" "Where are you from?" "What do you study?" "I have always wanted to be a policeman... You know, I always wanted to help people."

12:01- Casanova's girlfriend calls. He moves six feet away from me and waves her over. She tells him that she had signed up to volunteer but had been taken hostage. "I was choke-held," she tells him.


12:04- Everyone appears to be heading inside for lunch. I ask an EMT what happened. He tells me that all five suspects are in custody but that "26 hostages were injured, and a few were killed." I am shocked by his disaffected demeanor.

Later, it comes to light that this was all an elaborate sham. Apparently Bard College, the Red Hook and Tivoli Fire Departments, Northern Dutchess Paramedics, New York State Police, Dutchess County Sheriff's Office, Red Hook Village Police, and the Dutchess County Department of Emergency Response entered into cahoots to pull this elaborate prank on unsuspecting Bard students, justifying their prank by calling it an "Emergency Preparedness Drill."



The rejected design for the Manor addition.





A PRIMER ON BARD'S DRUG POLICY STAGNATION IN THE NATION

by cora sugarmen

In case you've been wondering what you can/can't get in trouble for at Bard, the 'drug policy' might not be the best place to start your inquiry. Bard is unique in that there is no 'if this, then that' policy when it comes to drugs (or underage drinking). There is no 'grid system' that sets you up for a fall if you get caught smoking weed or the like. But if you were here for L&T, then you might remember Leon Botstein giving the usual spiel that goes something like: *weed is illegal, Bard has to follow the law, regardless of how stupid it is...* Obviously this makes us feel like it's more than all right to smoke weed-- among other things. The administration acknowledges the fact that we are in college after all and that college students want to experiment. And because so many students eventually move off-campus (and party off-campus)—making it impossible for Bard Security to bother them—most everyone gets away with it. But what happens if you do get caught?

Chris Given, Secretary of the Student Association, gave me the basic rundown on what happens when a student is called upon by the ominous Dean of Students Office to defend his/her case. Basically, the administration considers you a drug dealer if you provide a substance like weed to a friend. To 'provide' can vary from actually selling drugs, to passing a spliff around at a party, to simply letting a friend have a hit of something. Most students hide behind the accusation that they misunderstood the drug policy in the first place and had no idea that their actions could be considered dealing. This misconception isn't entirely baseless, considering that a) Bard was (self-)voted to be the #1 school under the "Reefer Madness" category on *Princeton Review* a couple years ago and still maintains a high position (no pun intended) on the list, and b) Bard's policy isn't all that clear to begin with, nor does it present itself as a force to be reckoned with.

Most instances in which someone gets caught don't result in any kind of serious trouble for the student, but students will always be asked where they got the drugs. The closer the administration can get to the 'dealer,' the better. The administration maintains that there are risks involved in smoking weed, and that's why they must pursue such cases. If they were to let things slide, something could happen that would result in liability issues for the college.

The big debate right now is whether or not to involve the Student Judiciary Board (SJB) more in cases that are given to further questioning and are not entirely clear. All parties want to find a solution that provides for higher levels of communication so that the process is both clearly communicated to and beneficial for the student. The SJB is brought into cases where something out of the ordinary has occurred or if there is a second offense of some kind. Currently, the administration wants the SJB to be more active in the judicial process in cases pertaining to illegal substances. It also wants to refer to disciplinary actions as "resolutions" and not "punishments," says Given. The question is: would students feel more or less comfortable having their case heard in front of students, instead of just administrators?

The administration and SJB seek to make the entire process more transparent to students so that these students know what to expect when heading into a meeting. (For the record, the only time in recent years that the cops have come onto campus was because of the DMT lab incident.) On one hand, the administration emphasizes that there is no cut-and-dry system, and things are generally taken on a case-by-case basis - though it stresses that it has "zero tolerance for dealers," according to Given. You won't necessarily be expelled if you get caught sharing/selling drugs with/to people, but don't expect to be let off easy either.

In general, the downfall of Bard's drug policy is that there isn't really one; but conversely, that can also work to a student's benefit if s/he does get called into a meeting and plays dumb convincingly.

If you're interested in finding out more about the issues surrounding this topic, or want to whether or not to involve the SJB more in such cases, the Student Forum on March 9 is going to be all about it. In the meantime, remember not to pass that joint around when security is nearby.

BARD INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY MOVEMENT PRESENTS ISRAELI APARTHEID WEEK

by amith gupta

Sixty-two years after the creation of the State of Israel in historic Palestine and the mass expulsion of 800,000 to 1,000,000 Palestinians, and forty three years since the beginning of Israel's brutal, ongoing military occupation and settlement campaign in the West Bank and Gaza, the Palestinians remain a people under siege. Their human rights have been consistently violated by the State of Israel in flagrant violation of international law. These violations include reckless and indiscriminate violence against Palestinian communities by the Israeli military that has killed thousands of Palestinians; the planting and subsidizing of massive, militarized Jew-only Israeli settlements on land confiscated from Palestinians; the prevention of the Palestinian right to return as articulated in UNGA 194; the use of checkpoints and "security barriers" to restrict movement and access to medical care; the confiscation of collective Palestinian property; impunity for armed Jewish terrorist groups operating in Palestinian territory; the practice of targeting medical staff and hospitals, the punishment of entire Palestinian communities through "curfews" that might better be labeled "collective house arrest;" and economic embargoes against basic foodstuffs and medical supplies.

These actions by the State of Israel are collective and indiscriminate forms of political violence against everyone in Palestine, regardless of their actions — namely, its political acts are a form of terrorism. This state terrorism, both in its means and its consequences, far outweighs the impotent and desperate violent crimes committed by

Palestinians against innocent Israelis that the West has labeled terrorism. In consequence, civilians killed by the Israeli state far outweigh those killed by Palestinians. As for means — when a criminal jumps a fence and blows up a bus, you can call the police; when the police (or in Palestine, the military) blow up entire villages, who do you call?

The International Solidarity Movement, established in 2001, is a Palestinian-led movement dedicated to ending all forms of terrorism and violence against civilians by recognizing that the root cause of violence in Palestine is not random acts of terrorism but rather the inhuman collective military violence that provoke them. As such, the Bard chapter of the ISM as well as other student groups are participating in the international 6th Annual Israeli Apartheid Week. Israeli Apartheid Week stresses the gains made to ending the injustices of the last major Apartheid regime in South Africa through the use of boycotts, divestment, and sanctions — all non-violent means of ending the conflict. The use of boycott, divestment, & sanctions (BDS) is not a cause spearheaded by international activists — it is a direct response to the 2005 call by hundreds of Palestinian civil society organizations to engage in a mass BDS campaign to pressure Israel into conforming to international law. In other words, the initiative is Palestinian-led.

The consequences of not heeding this call by Palestinian civil society is great. Last year, Israel annihilated an already besieged Gaza, committing war crimes, using

indiscriminate fire on a school, utilizing white phosphorus on densely populated residential areas, targeting medical staff, burning down a hospital, killing 1400 people, and subsequently preventing any international aid from entering Gaza. Rather than owning up to its crimes, Israel has since entered a defamation campaign against the UN's Goldstone Report (mandated to investigate war crimes by and *against* Israel), attempting to justify its war crimes instead. Meanwhile, in East Jerusalem, internationally recognized as Occupied Palestinian Territory, Israel is beginning the eviction and demolition process of 200 Palestinian homes that house 2000 people in order to build a religious museum. The justification that this act is ordained by God is a disgusting case of religious zealotry that belongs in the dustbin alongside Al Qaeda's call to "jihad" and Christian extremism.

The BDS movement and the International Solidarity Movement are already making accomplishments. The Israeli thinktank the Reut Institute recently released a report considering international activists and their efforts to be a "strategic threat" to the State of Israel. What this means is simple—non-violence can and is making a difference. So join us.

Visit bard.apartheidweek.org for more information.

THE CASE FOR PIERRE OSTIGUY STUDENTS RALLY FOR PROFESSOR DENIED TENURE

by giampaolo bianconi

At the Social Studies Divisional Meeting last week, Professor Pierre Ostiguy was effectively voted down in a move that denies his tenure at Bard. Upwards of 30 students have now banded together in an attempt to encourage faculty members to reconsider their decision and grant Professor Ostiguy his well-deserved tenure.

Letting go of Professor Ostiguy would be a profoundly misinformed decision. To begin with, he is essential to the Latin American and Iberian Studies (LAIS) Program here—so essential that he's taken on the burden of six senior projects this semester alone. Professor Ostiguy is the only professor who specializes in Latin American history and politics. To phase out Mr. Ostiguy's professorship is also to phase out the study of the culture, politics, and history of an entire continent. To do so would be unfair to the large group of students who rely on Professor Ostiguy not only for their study of Latin America, but also for their interest in a progressive education in the field of Political Studies. Aside from his classes, which are often overflowing due to popularity, Professor Ostiguy has always been willing to give his time to unique tutorials that have important, focused effects for students.

In addition to from his kindness and willingness to work with students, Professor Os-

tiguy has authored two books (with a third forthcoming) and academic articles on three continents (including a prestigious Kellogg paper) and has also served as a public intellectual in Argentinean newspapers. His field research, moreover, has granted him face-to-face contact with Nicaraguan rebels and a front row seat on Carlos Menem's election bus. Professor Ostiguy's value to the college extends well beyond his dedication to students and into his prestige as an academic.

Furthermore, I know that I came to Bard—and am willing to take on the hefty tuition—because it wasn't a "publish or perish" school: unlike friends of mine who go to larger universities, I knew I would never lose a good professor over his publishing records. In short, even if Professor Ostiguy's publishing record were not so pristine, it could not serve as a cause for his dismissal. Pierre Ostiguy is the kind of professor Bard promotes as a cornerstone of an all-inclusive liberal arts education where professors and students work side by side.

Students who wish to get involved can should sign a petition at Kline and get more information there.

POLAROID STORIES

DIRECTED BY MORGAN GREEN

by rachel hyman

"In this production-- also her moderation project-- Morgan Green juggled many colorful moments with grace and assembled an attractive, vibrant cast to see the thing through."

Let's be honest here: Naomi Iizuka's *Polaroid Stories*, an adaptation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, is about sex/love and a group of marginally lucid urchins scurrying, pushing, humping, and bitching to the drone of urban grunge. In order to situate their dialogue within the poetry of Ovid's work, one might assume that they are shooting up. However, there was not one visible syringe or brown paper bag in sight. A shame, Ms. Green, you arm-wrestled me into using my imagination-- which I will overlook because the moment Orpheus (Taylor Lambert) attempts to squeeze the lady juices out of Eurydice (Schuyler Helford), in what might have been the second act, turned me on sufficiently enough that I could enjoy the performances, set and sound designs, and forget the production wasn't going to get more explicit than that. I deeply enjoyed the look of discomfort on

Helford's face as the exceptionally salacious Orpheus attempts to finger her in front of, well, her classmates. Well done, Taylor.

Morgan Green's direction is compelling, yet a little confused at times. We are watching our peers and yet they are not our peers; they are slightly meaner and crustier versions of hip. Her cast does an effective job of portraying energetic-- if essentially aimless-- sex puppies. Indifferent to their own damages and delusional about their importance in the world, they lament their lifestyle with addled poetry from the ugliest slang-language.

The sound design put me in a happy trance. The happiest moment came from Johanna Warren, commissioned by Green to compose an original piece for the soundtrack. Warren's voice smokes like sea foam on fire, a welcome relief from the turbulent deprecation of the dialogue. I was rocked from my trance a few times when the sleek, educated Bard student actor shone through his/her street speak and ruined the whole effect. For the most part, the actors spoke in poetical certain-

ties, often agreeing and disagreeing on various definitions of love and the human condition while gyrating against unyielding women and boxes. By boxes I mean set pieces. These kids yammer about possession, infatuation, and dependence-- all three of which are clearly evident in the turbulent relationship of Eurydice and Orpheus.

They are tricky species to play with: volatile, frustrated, and hosting an infection convention on their genitals. By the end of the play I was tired of the aggression and waiting for the bell to call the whole thing off. This bell came in the form of the ultra-sensitive, gorgeously patient Echo (Thalia Papacosta). Unlike her companions, Echo reserves her voice for moments of profundity. Though Papacosta had little dialogue to work with, her supple vulnerability was refreshing and beautiful to watch.

In this production-- also her moderation project-- Morgan Green juggled many colorful moments with grace and assembled an attractive, vibrant cast to see the thing through. If *Polaroid Stories* were still running, I would tell you to go see it tonight.



A WALTZ THROUGH CHATROULETTE

by maxwell paparella

Chatroulette is not a "game," as their website would have you believe. It is a lifestyle—and an extremely dangerous

one at that. In researching for this article, I put myself out there day after day amidst ridicule, desperation, and naked people. Yes, there are frat bros. Yes, they are masturbating. No, I won't "show you my tits for beer." (Get at me in real life, though; I'm down.) I came away from the exhausting ordeal with a profound understanding of technology, humanity, and the approximate size of other people's penises.

The web-based random video chat service has been around since November of 2009 and is the invention of a 17-year-old kid from Moscow, Russia. Originally intended as a forum for him and his close friends, the site has recently exploded in popularity the world over. The real question is, of course, why the hell did no one think of this before? It's clearly what Al Gore intended the internet to be used for (secondary purpose: save the whales!), so how has it taken us this long to reach the glorious realization of limitless, anonymous, culturally-approved voyeurism? Maybe we really are too obsessed with Facebook.

I'm getting ahead of myself, probably. For those of you who don't know what Chatroulette is (and are for some reason still reading this article), allow me to explain. Get a hold of a webcam, a microphone, an internet-capable computer, and a little electricity. Log on to Chatroulette.com. Click 'Play' and expand your measly global perspective. Instantly and automatically, stranger after stranger appears on your computer screen, sometimes just for a moment

before they deem you too old, too young, too naked, or too clothed and click 'Next.'

Granted, this process results in a fair deal of humiliation and disappointment (a la "I'm not good enough for a complete stranger? Is this why my parents don't love me?"), but every so often you'll stumble onto an actual, meaningful conversation with someone who is perhaps half the world away. Somewhere between the gratuitous nudity, homophobic jeers, and teenage girls looking for someone to compliment their boobs, there lies a very fulfilling sense of being one with your species.

Perhaps this is what fascinates prepubescent smartasses about prank calls at slumber parties: that rare moment of instantaneous connection with the unknown, an experience that lies beyond the possibility of control or expectation. I guess that I'm over-thinking this. The internet is a waste of time, and it gives you cancer-- I know, I've heard. But can't it also provide a platform for pure, random, unbridled, communication? Even if three-fourths of it is the kind of bullshit you left behind in high school, what's to stop the rest from being an opportunity for meaningful and reassuring interaction with people you would have otherwise been entirely unaware of?

Anyway, I'll stop before I get carried away. I had a few more penis jokes but I'll save those for next month. Until then, see you on the internet.



NOTES ON THE ART OF WRITING

HELPFUL TIPS FOR THE ASPIRING FREE PRESS JOURNALIST

by *enrico purita*

Hey FREE PRESS. I'm Enrico. I've been writing for you guys for a while. Despite the ridicule that I've received in the past for some of my more cutting-edge material (anonymous letters to the editor from hipster douchebags), I still like you guys. This is why when I learned that you guys were making a push to cover on-campus news, I decided I wanted to share with you the basic principles of an eye-catching news article.

The most important part of any effective article is the lead. A good lead immediately catches the reader's attention. After all, imagine yourself flipping through the FP. There are so many brightly colored articles to choose from, why would anyone choose to read your article? If you can start with a bang, they will choose you.

In order to illustrate this point, I would like to provide an example from the most recent issue of the FP. In "Four of Bard's Most Fascinating Seniors," fellow journalist Paul Jordan starts the article with "Hannah really likes science" followed by a long dash and some more pointless insertions of words. This is an ineffective lead because it leaves the reader wondering, why does Hannah really like science? Why does that make her worthy of an article in the Free Press? Am I wasting my time right now? As a journalist, your job is to answer these questions immediately.

I would like to now provide an example of an effective lead that will dazzle your reader and leave him/her begging for more. I recently had the pleasure of re-reading articles in my high school newspaper. In the Fashion section of an issue from 2005, I found an article chronicling the teen obsession with female belts. The first paragraph reads, "Yes, that's right. Belts are not just for holding up pants anymore. Many high school girls are sporting brightly-colored bands around their waist that serve as a decoration to their jeans of choice. It has been done before, yes, but we are witnessing the resurgence of the wearing of belts for purely fashion-related purposes."

Right away, the reader knows why belts are discussed,

why they are relevant, and why a high school audience should care. The article itself is merely teenybopper masturbation. However, due to its effective lead, people are more likely to actually read it. This is one of the true hidden secrets of journalism. You can write about ANYTHING if you can sell it.

The first paragraph of an article must be short, sweet, and filled with juicy information. The average reader has ADD. In journalism, we refer to this phenomena as an 'inverted pyramid.' Since the average Bard reader is unlikely to read your entire article, you will want to provide the most relevant, basic facts at the beginning and continue to re-emphasize them throughout so that the reader doesn't forget what you're talking about in the midst of your highly pretentious writing style.

The average reader has ADD and this is why it is important to keep repeating yourself. The average reader has ADD. ADD. Think of it as being part of an Obama propaganda machine. If you say 'hope' enough times, the Bard Democrats will vote for you even if you vote against health care (e.g. Scott Murphy).

The Bard Democrats will also vote for you if can come up with a snazzy headline. Headlines are more important than anything else because the average reader has ADD. He/she wants to play the field before indulging in the reading. In the most recent issue of the FP, an article by fellow journalist Joey Sims contains a headline reading, "Bard in Trouble with the Economy." The sub-headline-- or what we in journalism refer to as a 'deck'-- reads, "Expected Punishment: Social Probation." Despite the funny joke about Bard's hilarious punitive policies, this headline does not actually say anything at all. Bard is continuously in economic despair, and everyone who lives in Tewksbury is by default on social probation.

Big deal. Rather than attempting to have a conversation with oneself, a headline must contain a short, catchy phrase loosely related to the article. The deck is strictly to give the reader information so that he/she does not turn

the page. The average reader has ADD, and a headline must be both catchy and informative.

For this, I turn to The Drudge Report(ital). Under a picture of New York Governor David Patterson, the headline reads, "Another One Bites The Dust." The deck says, "Obama asks Paterson to Quit New York Governor's Race." Paterson is currently biting the dust because Obama is asking him to quit the race. This is very clever and even references a popular Queen song.

I would now like to respectfully take issue with the all-caps aesthetic of our beloved campus publication. The reason why newspapers traditionally do not put headlines in all caps is because different words have different levels of importance and ought to be treated as such. Like capitalism, only words with great wealth and significance get capital treatment. Unlike a middle school texting war and Facebook groups that no one joins, capital letters ought to be peppered in moderation throughout the newspaper.

Despite the fact that journalism is love, journalism is not like lovemaking. Due to this fact, the ending of an article is not nearly as important as the beginning. I could end this article by critiquing the decision to scale back the Jamie Bernard article to half a page and placing it next to Joey Sims' rant on social probation or something of the like. I could also take issue with the lack of clear section titles, pointless art filler, and Emily Diamond's decision to not credit her wikipedia sources in her children's story. Finally, I could question her decision to include Rutherford B. Hayes and Calvin Coolidge over Andrew Jackson or even Andrew Johnson.

However, I will only mention these issues in passing and end, like any good article should end, with a summation of the information presented. In conclusion, the average reader has ADD, not every word is equal, and no one actually wants to fuck America. She's a dirty whore.

FOUR OF BARD'S MOST FASCINATING SENIORS LIKE PEOPLE MAGAZINE'S LIST, BUT JUCIER.

Simon Glenn
New York

Although he might look like your typical hipster from Greenwich Village, Simon Glenn is about as original as they come. He came to Bard from Bard High School Early College (he has an associate's degree). He took some time to find his eventual major at Bard, Human Rights. He spent last summer in London working for the Rift Valley Institute with John Ryle in the Human Rights Project. Simon stays active as a member of Bard EMS, the Red Hook Fire Company (Simon asserts he will become a fire fighter if nothing else works out), and occasionally with sports like squash, intramural soccer, and frisbee. Although he is passionate about human rights, his training as an EMT has sparked an interest in medicine and he hopes to pursue medical school after graduation. His most memorable Bard experiences include walking around campus with a boom box, snowball fights in his underwear, and naked paint parties. His advice for freshman: "Don't limit yourself -- take as many courses as you can. Advocate for yourself -- don't be passive. Also, the Cajun tilapia at Kline -- don't try it."

Emily Wolff
New Jersey

While some students were soaking up rays in Tahiti or basket-weaving in Mongolia during school breaks, Emily Wolff, as a charter member of Bard's program in New Orleans, has dedicated every break, since her freshman year, to rebuilding New Orleans in some extraordinary ways. As a sociology major, currently completing her senior project on childhood learning, she has brought a unique skill set to New Orleans thanks to her work as a Trustee Leader Scholar in the Children's Expressive Arts Project (CEAP) at Bard. Emily is also an avid dancer at Bard and a connoisseur of epic views--like the one of the Catskills from her toilet on the 2nd floor bathroom of her house on 9G. After Bard, Emily hopes to return to New Orleans to continue her work with kids, though she has further aspirations to be either a tollbooth worker or president. In a few years, if everything works out, Emily wants to be traveling in Southeast Asia, living the good life, and changing the world.

ZINE/COLLABORATION/RANDOM/AWESOME/WHATEVER

DEAR FRIEND(S),

I am sending you this letter to give you instructions on how to contribute to an art/ zine/ collaboration/ random/ awesome/ whatever, project. All the Guidelines are laid out below:

If you have questions, contact me:
amilliken08@gmail.com

HAVE SO MUCH FUN! BE THOUGHTFUL,
CREATIVE, WHO YOU ARE! DO WHAT
YOU WANT!

WHAT TO DO:

Create something (written [poem, essay, pros, dialogue, script etc], photographed, sculpted, drawn, painted, performed, collaged, filmed . . . any thing else you can think of: visual or literary or a combination of these) off of the prompt stated above.

Once you have created your piece, send it to me
THOUGH THE MAIL (not the .com) at:

Alice Milliken
47 W. Market Street
Red Hook, NY
12571

(or Campus mail you Bardians)

I know this question might be revealing for some of you, it is as deep as you want to make it and as silly as you experience it. You do not have to put your name on your piece! If you want to and feel comfortable doing so, please do have your name on it. I am going to have all participants names in the beginning of the book (not in any legible order) so be aware that your name WILL be attached to the final product in some way.

GUIDELINES:

Anything you create must somehow be able to fit on a standard 8½ by 11 in. page. (Photograph a larger piece, photocopy, down size, take stills, print out pages etc. whatever it takes to get it on a standard page) YES YOU MAY USE MORE THAN ONE PAGE!!!! Best-case scenario is the pages are single sided and there are only 5 of them per person (5 sides that is).

If you make a photo project, film a performance, make a film etc. please DO send me a "burned" copy of the work on a CD IN ADDITION to some 2D version of your contribution.

THE POINT:

The point of this project is an experiment. I am conducting ALL of this through "snail mail" in one-way or another. Please do not send me digital files through e-mail! I want everyone involved to do what he/she/zi wants, to express themselves through whatever medium(s) they want to in whatever form they want to! To respond as they want to, and to hear what different people have to say. In the end I am going to compile all the original pieces in a book and put it on display . . . somewhere (maybe as far as my house, maybe more . . . depending on my finances and what path this project takes.)

If it is possible, I would like to photocopy the entirety of the book and send it back to each of you . . .

I WANT YOU TO BE AS CREATIVE AND YOURSELF
AS YOU WANT TO! IF YOU NEED TO STEP OUT-
SIDE THE GUIDELINES THAT IS AWESOME! BUT
PLEASE SEND ME WHAT YOU HAVE CREATED
THROUGH THE MAIL AND I'LL MAKE SURE IT
GETS IN THE BOOK!

YOU ARE ALL FANTASTIC, CREATIVE,
THOUGHTFUL, THINKING, CARING PEOPLE! I
AM HAPPY TO HAVE KNOWN EACH OF YOU AT
ONE POINT OR ANOTHER IN MY LIFE! I LOOK
FORWARD TO SEEING WHAT YOU ALL HAVE
TO SAY/ SHOW/ PLAY WITH AROUND THIS
PROMPT AND THIS PROJECT!!!

If you have any questions you may e-mail me:
amilliken08@gmail.com

Here's to you! Hugs and love!

THE PROMPT:

"What does gender mean to you? How does it play out in your life, relationships, sex-life, public space, personally, publicly, politically, socially, academically? What is your relationship to 'gender,' yours or anyone else's?"

(Take this prompt any way you will. Respond to any and/ or all parts with any reaction, emotion, approach you want. The sky is the limit! You may also do a rebuttal . . . if you shift away from the 'meat' of the prompt please indicate that in the work!)

DUE DATE:

April 20, 2010 (or any time before that, the sooner the better!)

Paul Bozzo
Virginia

You may know Paul as the kid who rides his unicycle around campus or as your favorite circus member, but there's a lot more to him than that unicycle—though the unicycle is sweet. Paul is a creative writing and literature major, writing a novel for his senior project. After receiving his diploma in May, Paul has plans to transition into the publishing world after Bard — he might even work for Penguin — but only as a means to subsidize his passion, writing. Paul's fondest memories of Bard deal with his really cool experiences in the circus. He told me a crazy story about the circus his freshman year that revolved around fire, Christmas trees, nearly burning down Manor, and him on a unicycle dressed as a Canadian Mountie. It sounds pretty epic. Paul is also a beer connoisseur — his favorite beer of all time is an English Porter, but his favorite microbrew at the moment is Imperial Stout by Founders Brewing Company of Michigan. If you need a beer recommendation other than Olde English, or a book suggestion (he's currently reading *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* by Vladimir Nabokov), talk to Paul, because he knows his stuff.

Rabia Hashmi
Pakistan

As an avid step dancer and shower singer, Rabia seems to know everyone at Bard, and stays involved with a lot of different activities around the College. She's a member of the senior class committee, ISO, MSO, and ASO; she is also a varsity tennis player, a PC, and a tour guide. Rabia's senior project will examine the economics of rural women in her native Pakistan (it's much more complicated than that though). She spent last summer at BGIA interning at Oxford Analytica, a "consulting" firm. A lot of that summer was consumed by arguments with her British boss about cricket and tennis, but she did manage to get some consulting done. Her favorite memories of Bard include her first snowfall and the blackout her freshman year, when the College distributed glow sticks. Though Rabia has secret ambitions to become a nuclear physicist after Bard, she will most likely do some economic development work and head to grad school in a few years. So where does Rabia go when she needs a break from her studies and numerous organizations? She heads to Burger Hill near Rhinebeck — it has an amazing 360 degree view of the Hudson Valley. Check that out — also, get to know Rabia before she graduates, because she's super cool.

FOOD

BAYLEY'S BACON BURGER REVIEWS PART I

by bayley sweitzer

At each restaurant I ordered a bacon cheeseburger with fries. My reviews are of the burgers and their prices only. Prices listed do not reflect tax or tip. I pay no mind to the service, décor, or atmosphere of the restaurant as a whole.

UNCLE CHIPPIES - \$6.08

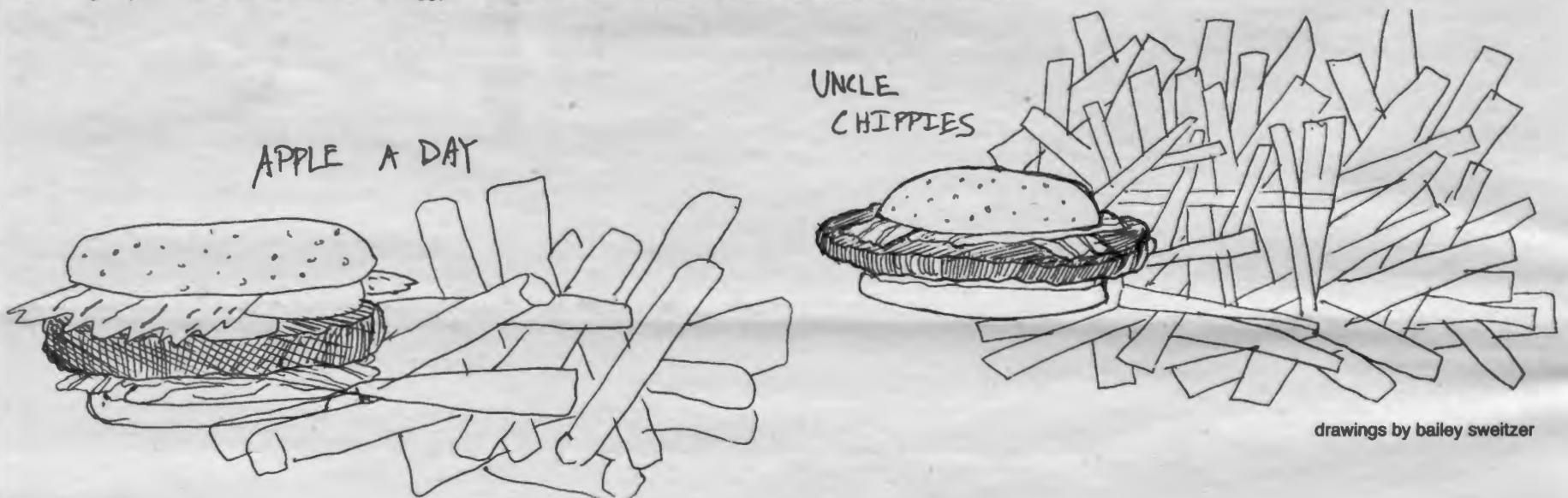
The bun was way too small for the ¼ handpacked patty, which was flat and wide and had a full body of flavor. I got melted cheddar cheese on top. Cheddar is my favorite, and I like that they had it. Unfortunately, there were no vegetables on this burger and towards the end the eating experience became somewhat soggy. I like

veggies on a burger because of their tendency to vary the sandwiches' texture, not because of their limited nutritional benefits. The bacon was great. It was of medium thickness and was not stringy and not overcooked. It also exuded a wonderful smoked flavor all throughout the inside of my mouth. The fries were better than the bacon. They were handcut, cooked to perfection, and there were a lot of them.

APPLE A DAY DINER - \$8.24

The patty was big and filling, cooked medium rare like I asked, but flavorless and boring. They put too much American cheese on, and this cheese was not melted--

which is saying something because American cheese basically melts at room temperature. There was lettuce and two slices of tomato. They put no condiments on, which is good because I like to do that myself. The bacon was boring and thin and rubbery. The fries were big and yellow and soft and too hot. They were not hand cut and probably frozen before frying. I bet there were twenty fries in total. This meal was an example of quantity taking precedent over quality. This meal really filled me up, which is good because I was hungry when I entered the restaurant, but the flavor was bad, and I don't think the burger was worth its price.



drawings by bayley sweitzer

STEW YOU!

IT'S THE SAME OLD THEME SINCE NINETEEN-SIXTEEN

by abby ferla

Saint Patrick's Day falls on the Wednesday before Spring Break this year, which means that you will be up to your knees in essays, midterms, moderation papers, and SMP. You will not have slept adequately in days, and it will probably be sleeting outside. You will have no time to eat, think, socialize, or search for gold at the end of that proverbial rainbow. Life will be dire; suffering will be great. But this, my friends, is the luck of the Irish. Plagued for centuries by famine, injustice, and small mischievous men wearing green, the Irish experience has run parallel to that of the Bardian. Though this astounding parallel has been long ignored by the hegemonic narrative of "history", there is ample evidence to suggest that the Bardians are all of Irish descent and that their lives are every bit as toilsome as their ancestors' were during the Potato Famine and Great Migration. Now that this folk knowledge can be validated, you can rest assured that your life is, in fact, miserably difficult. Don't stop complaining. Instead, do what your foremothers and forefathers have done for centuries to grapple with misfortune: crack open a Guinness, make a big 'ol pot of comforting mush, and break out your fiddle for some melancholy pub songs about the hardships of life.

Like those who have come before you, you need absolutely no culinary talent or skill to make this stew

but should find it surprisingly delicious and comforting. I suggest you make it as chunky as possible and definitely be sure to pick up some Irish soda bread (I bought a loaf with raisins at IGA last year-- and it was

astoundingly good). Also, this would be traditionally made with corned beef, so if you wanted to saute tempeh or seitan on the side, you could easily add it in during step two.

Vegetarian Irish Stew

Ingredients

1 can Guinness stout
2 cups vegetable broth
3 large carrots (cut into large round chunks)
2 stalks celery (chopped)
3 turnips (peeled and diced)
7 red potatoes (peeled and diced)
1/2 head of green cabbage (quartered)
1/4 tsp thyme
1/4 tsp rosemary
1/4 tsp marjoram
1 bay leaf
flour
salt and pepper to taste
olive oil
fresh parsley (optional)

1. Use a large pot to saute onion and celery in olive oil on medium heat until they begin to soften.

2. Add remaining vegetables and seasonings. Saute for another two minutes.

3. Lower the heat to medium-low and pour the can of Guinness into the pan. Stir for a minute longer and then add the broth and herbs.

4. Cover, simmer on low for 30-40 minutes or until the vegetables are done. When sufficiently mushy, add flour by the tablespoon, stirring, until the stew reaches the thickness you desire. If using parsley, add it now. Season with salt and pepper.

5. Serve with in bowls with beer, Irish soda bread, and self pity on the side

WXBC

by shannon thomas

This semester Bard is filling the campus airwaves with the voices and music of its students. WXBC, Bard's radio station, has risen from the rubble that was last semester to feature a full broadcast schedule. Under the guidance of new station managers Ruth Lichtman and Jordan Billich, the station is now home to 44 weekly shows and any listener is sure to find something she/he likes. Broadcasting steadily everyday from 2:00 pm to 2:00 am, tune in whenever you can at wxbc.bard.edu. To pique your interest here are some show reviews:

Screenwriter's Blues Thursday 4-6 PM

Hosted by veteran WXBC DJ Olivia Conti, this show is recommended for people that either know the host or are interested in random off-base banter. Unfortunately, even though the studio sounds packed with people, few things said are even vaguely interesting. Each week there is a theme that is only loosely held to and noticeably not planned for beforehand. Songs are haphazardly picked during lackluster breaks from music that is actually really good. Playing mostly music released within the last year or so, all the songs are recognizable to the Bard audience. The major drawback is that the music-to-talk ratio heavily favors the talk side. While the hosts obviously choose music with the audience in mind, the talk portion sounds like they have forgotten that they have an audience at all.

Good for fans of: random bullshit, Born Ruffians, Vampire Weekend

Two Jacks In The Box Saturday 3-5 PM

Hosted by Jonah Amster and Will Sanna, this show is your average music-talk-music program. It features a safe mix of indie rock with the occasional riskier, hardcore tunes. The music is OK for background noise, and a few gems are played every show. The special thing about this program is the exuberant hosting, which is silly and upbeat; you find yourself waiting for the song to be over in order to hear the talking part. It's a take-it-or-leave-it type of show: if you catch it, have fun, write a paper to it, have a chuckle. If you miss it, no sweat, it's on again next week.

Good for fans of: The Fratellis, The Pillows, Foo Fighters

Power Hour With Ross Cameron Wednesday 8-10 PM

"Twice the hour, twice the power!" is Ross Cameron's tagline for his show, and the music usually holds true to the boasting. Playing a mixture of classic rock and blues from the '50s, '60s, and '70s, it is just like listening to your local classic rock station at home. Playing a comforting mix of your favorite Led Zeppelin, Jimi Hendrix, and The Doors songs with a few deeper cuts thrown in occasionally. Each show has a theme (blues, funk, etc.) and the songs try to reflect the weekly choice. Perfect for annoying your neighbors by singing along to Lou Reed at 10:00 PM on a Wednesday. The music is decent and respectable and the host is funny enough to keep you listening to songs you've (probably) heard too many time before.

Good for fans of: The Beatles, Led Zeppelin, Jimi Hendrix

The Sound and the Forte Friday 2-4 PM

Hosted by Emily Shapiro and Jenny Ghetti, this is a show for any literature enthusiast. Each week the hosts pick a novel of high literary merit and create a playlist inspired by said novel. Their first show featured Harper Lee's *To Kill A Mockingbird* and the songs were an eclectic mix of country and soul songs that were taken from a range of music from albums of the Jazz era to those released last month. Playing mostly singer-songwriter type artists, the show was almost too chill. It makes a great accompaniment for an afternoon of reading but will do little if you are looking for a party--why would you be at 2:00 PM? The only drawback is that there is almost all straight music with little banter from the hosts. Hopefully this is just them getting used to being on air, because when they do talk, it's very interesting.

Good for fans of: Regina Spektor, The Mountain Goats, Ella Fitzgerald

Radio Clash Friday 10 PM-12 AM

Slated with an almost un-listenable timeslot, Radio Clash(ital), is worth staying in for. Almost as awesome as its namesake, the show-- hosted by Devon Moffat and Martin Tanoff-- features an awesome mix of old school punk big band and some newer alternative favorites. Definitely targeted at the music lover, each song is connected to the rest in theme and in style. Effortlessly jumping from Bauhaus to Jimmy Dorsey, then from Iggy Pop to Beirut, the DJs know what they are doing. Unlike Screenwriter's Blues(ital) the hosts act like they want to be there, and Martin Tanoff has the best radio voice to be heard on WXBC. Only breaking briefly between songs to reveal titles and artists, the show is based on the music and digs up the real heirs to rock n'roll, melding them with the more familiar.

Good for fans of: The Clash, Modest Mouse, ragtime

WHAT'S ON THE RADIO WAVES?

SUNDAY

11 a.m.--**THE SUNDAY MORNING LP** with Eve Alpert, Gerasimos Livitsanos, and Kasra Sarikhani
12 noon--**DOWN OFF THE MOUNTAIN SIDE** with Celeste Haverkamp
2 p.m.--**SUNSHINE FRANKENSTEIN** with Dani Moses and Ruh Lichtman
4 p.m.--**LAS CHAPULINAS** with Ali Dineen and Cyrina King
6 p.m.--**MUSIC UNDER THE WEEPING WILLOW** with Lilah Anderson
8 p.m.--**LIMNOLOGY** with Ezra Glenn and Jessica Lebovits
10 p.m.--**PERTUSSIVE HEMMORAGE GHOST BABY GLAM SQUAD** with Aurora Cobb and Jehovah Curry until 12 midnight

MONDAY

12 noon--**GUAC AND ROLL** with Samantha Rosenbaum until 1 p.m.
3 p.m.--**BROWNCOAT RADIO** with Tim Lewis
5 p.m.--**LOBSTER PARADE** with Marina Day
6 p.m.--**BLAKE GRINDON TALKS ABOUT MUSIC** with Blake Grindon
8 p.m.--**THE HYDROGEN JUKEBOX** with Josh Kopin
10 p.m.--**BERRY MAKING WITH BARBARA AND NORA** with Barbara Haupt and Nora Montano until 12 midnight

TUESDAY

4 p.m.--**THE BEAST OF THE EAST AND THE BEST OF THE WEST** with Gabe Fine and Rachel van Horn

5 p.m.--**BLACK RORSCHACH** with Sarah Stern
6 p.m.--**BALLS WITH FLO AND LUCIAN** with Flo Wuersch and Lucian Buscemi
8 p.m.--**PRETENTIOUS AUDIOPHILES UNLEASHED** with Linnea Marik and Shannon Thomas
10 p.m.--**MEGA DOOM NUCLEAN ANNIHILATION RADIO** with Kylah Shenkian and Shea Alterio
12 midnight--**FERME LA BOUCHE--MASH UP!** with Ken Katsamura and Lindsay Stanley until 2 a.m.

WEDNESDAY

6 p.m.--**STONERAGE** with Jack Schoonover and Max Simkins
8 p.m.--**POWER HOUR WITH ROSS CAMERON**
10 p.m.--**MORTARTAR** with Becca Rom-Frank and Rose Mori
12 midnight--**RADIO RAISONS** with Gwynne Hogan and Tiffany Sia until 2 a.m.

THURSDAY

2 p.m.--**THE WILLIAM WALKER WEEKLY REVUE** with Dashiell Farewell
4 p.m.--**SCREENWRITER'S BLUES** with Olivia Conti
6 p.m.--**RADIO RAP IS BACK FOR A REASON!** with Jackson Smith and Rory Hamovit
8 p.m.--**ALL THINGS INCONSIDERATE** with Jordan Billich and Michael Orsini
10 p.m.--**JESUS FROG VS. KARATE IDIOT** with Austin Julian and George Gillerdas
12 midnight--**THE AGE OF INFLUENCE** with Eve Alpert, Gerasimos Livitsanos, and Kasra Sarikhani until 2 a.m.

FRIDAY

12 noon--**THE LADYTHINKERS** with Alana Campbell, Eliza Holmes, and Katie Bondy
2 p.m.--**THE SOUND AND THE FORTE** with Emily Shapiro and Jenny Chetti
4 p.m.--**ALL CAPS, ALL THE TIME** with Goro Ikeda and Charlie Green
6 p.m.--**SHINY DISCO BISCUIT** with Katie Leigh McInnis and Scalett North-Cavanaugh
8 p.m.--**EXTRY, EXTRY, READ ALL ABOUT IT!** with Shelby Jackson and Solomon Garber
10 p.m.--**RADIO CLASH** with Devon Moffat and Martin Tanoff
12 midnight--**PEOPLE TELLING STORIES AND MUSIC** with Josh Bertsche until 2 a.m.

SATURDAY

10 a.m.--**SWEET GHERKIN!** with Amy Cohen and Jocelyn Edwards
12 noon--**CONFESSIONS OF A MUSIC CRITIC** with Paul Bozzo
2 p.m.--**MAXWELL HAUS** with Blair Maxwell and Gillian Maxwell
3 p.m.--**TWO JACKS IN THE BOX** with Jonah Amster and Will Sanna
5 p.m.--**ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK** with Sara Urbaez
6 p.m.--**THE BARDS OF TIME AND SPACE** with James Strande and Matthew Latino
8 p.m.--**GANGSTER LEGS** with Emily Diamond until 10 p.m.

A SHORT HISTORY OF 20TH CENTURY PARANOIA

A REVIEW OF *SHUTTER ISLAND*

by giampaolo bianconi

As Leonardo DiCaprio and Mark Ruffalo approach Shutter Island by ferry, what strikes the viewer first is the sky - it goes on forever in a way that anyone from Boston knows is impossible. The artificiality of the colors makes it clear that this isn't *Changeling* or *Schindler's List*. This is the past of film, not a film of the past, and it's clear that Scorsese is taking his cues from Samuel Fuller's camp experiments as much as Alfred Hitchcock's psychological obsessions, topped off with a dose of *Hiroshima Mon Amour*.

The film itself is consistently harrowing, composed as it is of hallucinations, puzzling dreams and uneven realities. The mystery here lies not in DiCaprio's identity but in his non-identity: why can't he just be what he is? The film posits that DiCaprio's own trauma has, not so much been exchanged with, but become inseparable from the trauma of the 20th century: his drowned children are the same children that lie in the Dachau snow. Yet each new revelation rings more hollow than the last, until soon they are so arbitrary that true enlightenment is clearly out of reach. It becomes clear that Scorsese is interested not in genuine revelations, but in parodying such 'plot twists.'

One of the film's best moments comes when DiCaprio—fighting with an escaped inmate as a devas-

tating storm rages around them—is treated to a surprisingly sane analysis of the hydrogen bomb: "Why would I ever want to leave here?" asks the violent psychotic. "They have H-bombs out there." One of the most powerful pillars of the 20th century - the bomb, which had everyone paranoid and hiding under desks - is brought into the picture. It's from these 20th century sciences of destruction—the clunky but creative American wartime avant-garde—that *Shutter Island* takes its potency.

Shutter Island takes its cue from the notion that, in the Holocaust, the 20th century found the most terrifying and emblematic manifestation of all its potentiality. Everyone in the film looks like a Nazi, and whether or not they are is irrelevant. Within the first half hour we're treated to flashbacks showing gaunt faces and barbed wire, paperwork residue of the Nazi machine floating serenely in a concentration camp office that looks eerily functional and familiar. Mad scientists and totalitarianism: Nazi Germany, the Soviet Union...and to complete the triumvirate we need FDR and the United States, don't we? Where was our Holocaust, our Gulag? Ultimately, that's what Detective DiCaprio is looking for—the place where the United States caught up with the 20th century.



WEEKEND BOX OFFICE

1. Alice in Wonderland, \$116,300,000
2. Brooklyn's Finest, \$13,500,000
3. Shutter Island, \$13,300,000
4. Cop Out, \$9,145,000
5. Avatar, \$7,700,000

6. The Crazies, \$7,016,000
7. Percy Jackson & The Olympians, \$5,100,000
8. Valentine's Day, \$4,270,000
9. Crazy Heart, \$3,350,000
10. Dear John, \$2,850,000

WE MIGHT'VE HELPED YOU IF WE WEREN'T SO APATHETIC

A REVIEW OF *THE CRAZIES*

by alex eriksen



Director Breck Eisner, recently paroled from director jail after a five year stint for the 2005 flop *Sahara*, has a lot riding on his remake of the 1972 George Romero horror flick. Therefore Eisner takes very few risks in crafting *The Crazies*, but in the end has made a highly watchable-- if mostly brainless-- bit of zombiesque entertainment.

In *The Crazies* the inhabitants of a sleepy Iowa farming community are beginning to lose their minds after a plane crash carrying a biological weapon contaminates their water supply. The tainted water must also somehow affect the ability to hear a plane crash as the aforementioned plane goes down in a nearby swamp (without knocking down any trees), and only a single yokel manages to notice. Said yokel prods the town Sheriff (Timothy Olyphant) to investigate, setting the plot into motion.

As a mysterious infection spreads, the Military swoops in to try and contain it. The only problem is that such containment would entail liquidating the poor townsfolk. With his pregnant wife and comic relief Deputy in tow, the Sheriff must escape the town, dodging the military and subverting the crazies standing in his way. What follows is a jumble of images hashed together from a *Time Life* book about war and man-made disasters. Everything from the Holocaust and Hiroshima, to more recent maladies such as Iraq and Afghanistan find their way into this film. Yet the most salient political point one can extract from the film is that killing civilians is bad. Any other point seems a stretch; the connections may be there, but they don't necessarily add anything significant to the experience of the film.

And thank god. The original film explores a rapidly growing paranoia of the government; the Kent State

shootings and the Vietnam War formed a fertile creative ground for Romero to till. Thought-provoking but with a budget hardly suited for much else, Eisner has no such philosophical ambitions. Whatever message there is to be had in the remake takes a backseat to the very evenly paced and well-choreographed action scenes. Hare-brained escapes, shootouts, and plenty of gore are spread out across the 101-minute runtime. From beginning to end, *The Crazies* never feels as though it has to fight to keep your attention. The characters are engaging enough to make you care whether or not they live or die, and the crazies themselves are frightening enough to provoke a few decent scares.

That said, the film suffers from its by the numbers approach. Eisner wants to make a film people will enjoy, and he's succeeded, but anyone looking for more intellectual fair from *The Crazies* will be sorely disappointed. The film takes no risks and relies on all the old gimmicks filmmakers have been using to scare audiences for the last 50 years. Characters look through keyholes, hide in closets, and venture into dark areas that no sane person would ever enter. I saw it opening night and was surprised to hear people in this day and age still shouting: "don't go in there!" at the screen. I think that there may have been something in the popcorn. But, despite having more old hats than your Aunt's closet, *The Crazies* is highly digestible zombie action film that will easily find its way into DVD collections, filed right beside the other films that have by now formed their very own cannon. It's not much of a consolation that *The Crazies* avoids several pitfalls that could have easily made it right at home on the Sci-fi channel, but it scores enough hits to warrant 101 minutes of your time.

SHUTTER ISLAND 2: THE ISLAND STRIKES BACK

A SECOND REVIEW OF SHUTTER ISLAND

by alex roberts

Martin Scorsese makes movies about America, America as the land of opportunity and freedom; that is, the opportunity for madness and the freedom for violence. Early on, US Marshall Teddy Daniels (Leonardo DiCaprio) comments that it appears as though the island's inhabitants fear that insanity is spreading. By film's end, Scorsese seems to imply that insanity is the only thing we've ever shared.

Daniels is on the titular island with his cipher of a new partner (Mark Ruffalo) to investigate the disappearance of a patient from the island's mental asylum. Of course things seem fishy from the start--higher-ups (including psychologists Ben Kingsley and Max Von Sydow) are uncooperative and have ties to shady government operations, orderlies seem nervous, and Teddy suffers from headaches and delusions of increasing severity. It's not the most novel setup, then, because it's clear there will be a shocking reveal by film's end - savvy viewers might even be able to figure out which of several possibilities the film will realize.

Yet even if the story's something of boilerplate, what's revelatory is how Scorsese embraces this messiness--he fills the story to the brim with a mad, idiosyncratic stylization, paying self-aware tribute to noir archetypes and thriller pretense. *Shutter Island* becomes its own camera, filming the visions, delusions, fictions of its inhabitants--in the process capturing, and casting piercing doubt upon our recent American history. It doesn't seem like coincidence that, after *Inglourious Basterds*, it's the second film in the past year to display the open massacre of unarmed Germans by our erstwhile WWII-era American Heroes. It's one of Teddy's memories, as fragile and questionable as any presented in *Shutter Island*--as fragile, really, as any memory, any recollection. Scorsese identifies our history as one written by animals wounded by unspeakable events, set in motion solely by violence and made bearable or beautiful by the Hollywood Hallucination. It's such a hallucination that Scorsese, ever the historian, ever the informed auteur, offers with *Shutter Island*.

BOX OFFICE

"WAR IS A DRUG" - NOT SURE WHAT KIND OF DRUG

A REVIEW OF THE HURT LOCKER

by nathan donarum

The Hurt Locker is not only a great film - it is the best film about the Iraq war to date. It follows three men, SSgt. William James (Jeremy Renner), Sgt. JT Sanborn (Anthony Mackie), and Spec. Owen Eldridge (Brian Geraghty) through the last 38 days of their yearlong rotation. Those 38 days feel like a lifetime.

All three actors deliver wonderful performances, but this is Jeremy Renner's show, and he performs beautifully. He perfectly embodies the idea encapsulated in the quote that opens the film: "war is a drug." SSgt. James is a wild man, and the best bomb diffusion expert around. He notes at one point that he's diffused 873 bombs. He remembers every one. But as portrayed by Renner, the character is not as one-dimensional as he might sound. We come to

sympathize with him, and we come to understand that he is fueled by the adrenaline of war and the nearness of death.

Kathryn Bigelow's direction is perfectly taut, tense, and thrilling. The suspense never lets up, even when all is said and done. Bigelow never lets the audience forget the all-too-strong possibility of a fatal outcome in every single encounter. Furthermore, the film is seamlessly edited to reflect these ideas. The quick cuts never feel forced, unlike so many films these days.

The Hurt Locker is one of the best films of 2009, and I believe it will go down as one of the great films of the decade. Its Best Director and Best Picture awards at the Oscars were indeed well deserved.

MIST CNX/SEA KING MODERATE THIS

1st floor library hottie: You're bearded and cute. You're always reading which is great. I like my men scholarly. XOXO

You: Gruff Beauty at Bonneville Dam

Me: Civilian Corps of Engineer tour guide.

You asked about the pressure on the turbine, and you know what you did to me. I slid my hand across the greasy patch of your hand left on the rail of the escalator. You asked about my fishnets, and I asked about yours. You left before I could give my speech about the power of fluids. I don't want this to end.

You: A Marketing Executive of Iranian Nuclear Power Plants

Me: the Pope

You look so cute with your Burkha and your t-shirt covered in depleted uranium. You twirl my hair and tell me to forget about past acrimony between the papacy and Islamic Empire. We lay in fluffy feather beds built upon the donations of the American faithful. Because of my incontinence I shit myself.

Remember me? That nuts drunk bitch in the village? I am really (really) sorry for accosting you (and scaring your adorable companions) and I am positive your girlfriend is a wonderful person. I apologize. Sincerely, And, for the sake of freshmen and their girlfriends everywhere, I will stay away from gin for...ever. Also I may as well say I am sorry to the person who owns the shoes I vomited all over. I'm so sorry. I bet you had to throw those out!

If you ever wanted to come back, you still have a friend in me. (And me.) (And me.)

I see you eating at DTR sometimes, and the mustard from your chicken tender wrap gets stuck in your beard-- and I'd like to be the one to lick it off. If you let me, I will then take your pale white hand and lead you into the fishbowl and lock the door. I will say, "Do you want to play a game?" You will say, "What kind?" and I will answer, "The two person kind," and then I will begin by taking my teeth to your button-up blouse and ripping the buttons off one by one. We will smear ketchup all over each other and then rub our bellies together. If this sounds appealing, watch for me. You will know me by the bacon-vegan burger in my hand and glimmer in my eye. Eat messily; I will be waiting.

To the girl who was giving me looks in the Campus Center on a Sunday night while you were "stenciling" soup cans on the wall: I had to skip class that next day because I was so distracted by you that I wasn't able to finish an essay that was due that next morning. I thought you were giving me looks while I was sitting in one of those blue chairs. I'm gay, BUT, send something to PO BOX 138 if you're down. I might be.

You live in my dorm and you're in my econ class. You sometimes sit next to me and ask me questions that I know you know the answers to. You're barking up the wrong tree. Please stop barking. I would like to climb down the tree.

We live in a suite together but I can't admit how I feel. Our late night talks are the best part of my day. Your new beard is hot. Please set that senior project aside and make me your priority. Our suitmates are totally fine with it, I swear.

You let me borrow your car sometimes and it's really nice of you. I think you're the cutest.

We met at that party? With the thing? And you... well, you know. I was wearing this black sweater thing and you were wearing this other black thing? You had glasses on. So did I. Campus mail box 1482 if you remember.

Rick Moranis - you haven't returned my calls in weeks. I wait every day by my huge phone with the tiny earpiece. Thanks for experimenting on it. Did you shrink your MANNERS?

Man Seeking Multiple Women: I am tall, dark, and handsome. Let me correct myself: that is very handsome-- stunning you might say. I show signs of genius: a large vocabulary and an excellent grasp of culture and science. Did I mention my eyebrows? Former paramours have deemed them "the pride of the nation." I have a deep and calming voice that aids study and sexual touching. I have manly legs and a tight buttox. I am looking for multiple lovers to partake in the proverbial hoochie coochie. If you respond to this letter, you must be gorgeous. Also, you should not be alarmed by my chauffeur and manservant Giles who will probably be witness to most foreseeable hanky panky. Most of all, I am looking for Friendship, Companionship, and Poonan. Contact: Balthezar Stone, MSC 954



lotte allen



One night Rick Moranis was sleep walking when his hand "accidentally" bumped the size machine.

UNTIL ... Enormous babies were born!



Mothers were exploding EVERYWHERE! ... but how could babies be blown up if they didn't exist when the machine went off?



Nothing seemed out of the ordinary yet...



UNLESS... the whole world shrunk, except nobody realized because everything is relative in size!



The big babies crushed EVERYONE! And then fell off the earth 'cause they were too big.



All of this will probably happen december 21, 2012.