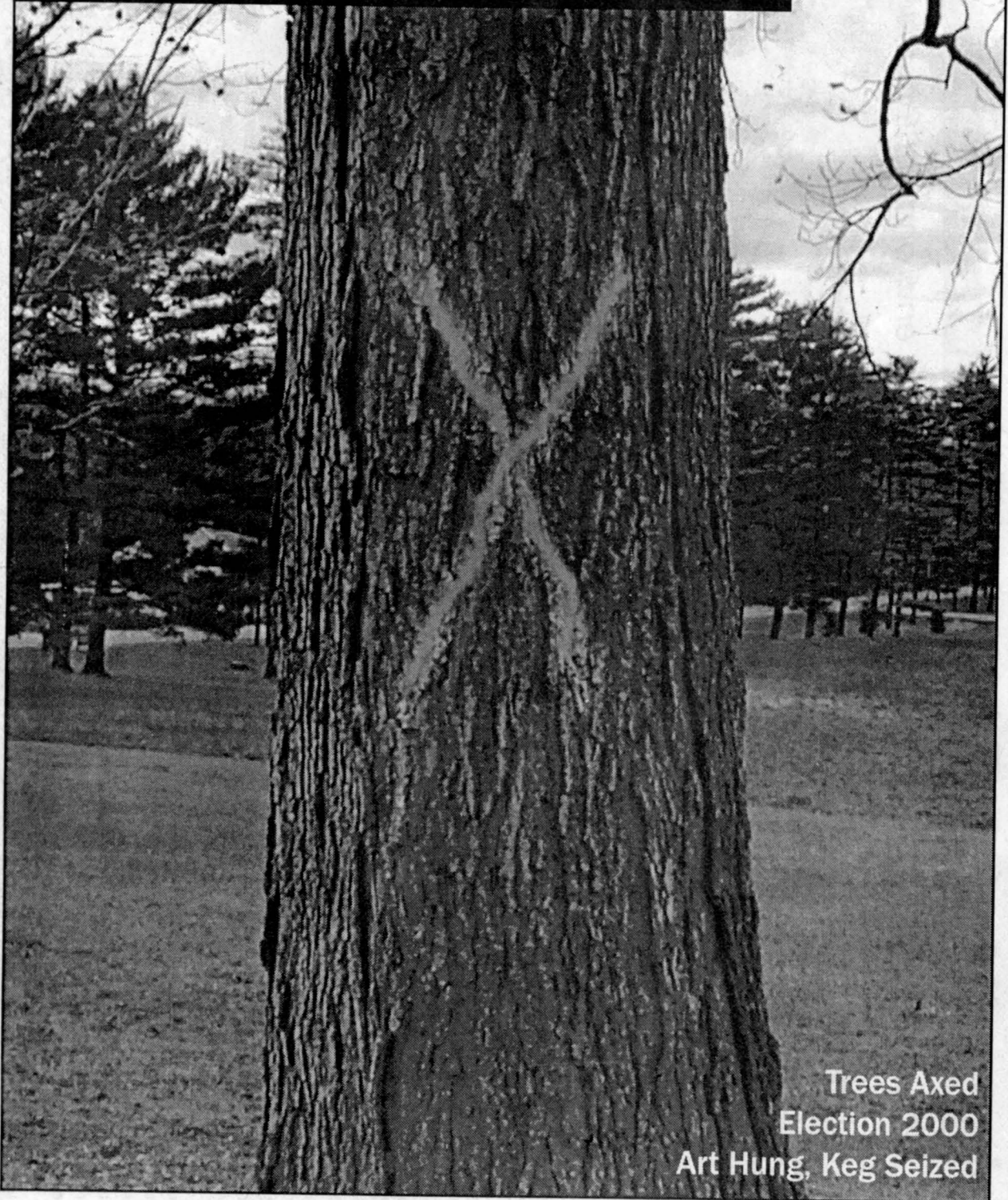


the borough
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Trees Axed
Election 2000
Art Hung, Keg Seized

Manor Allee Trees to Be Cut

Policy contract to be drafted, preventing further environmental damage

by **Jacob Gordon**

SOME 100 TREES that line Manor Allee, more than half of which are between 40 and 50 years old, are due to be cut. The Allee will be widened, repaved, and trees will be planted at a further distance to create something resembling a boulevard. It will provide a scenic approach to the new performing arts center.

Alternatives to cutting the trees are slim. The work required to repave the road would be likely to severely damage the roots, and the weight of traffic to and from the PAC would be additionally harmful. Using an alternative entrance road would cause further environmental damage. Both Laurie DeCiutiis of the Bard Environmental Resource Dept. and Jon Knudsen of Buildings and Grounds have expressed that there is practically no option to cutting and replanting if Manor Allee is to be used.

The trees currently lining the road have been ailing for some time due to salt runoff from the road, heat from the asphalt, and the weight of traffic over their roots and have been trimmed of dead branches repeatedly.

Recent efforts to protect trees on construction sites may be insufficient. Buffer areas around trees may protect their trunks and roots at their immediate base, but roots that extend beyond fencing are still highly vulnerable. A tree's root structure is delicate and minor alterations can agitate it and weaken the tree, sometimes causing it to die. Trenches dug for wiring, compacted surfaces for roads and paths, and the moving of heavy equip-

ment over roots can cause serious, long-term damage. Trees are also often cut unnecessarily due to bad planning, which is what happened by the new parking lot next to the community garden. There is presently no policy at Bard for the consistent protection of trees, and any protective measures are taken on a case by case basis by an under-equipped Buildings and Grounds staff that is not always privy to new projects.

In order to avoid harming trees on campus, it has been suggested that Bard assume an official code of protection. Jon Knudsen of B&G has been consulting with an arborist regarding further steps needed to insure that trees will be their healthiest. An arborist would inspect plans for the proposed building of structures, roads and paths. It might resemble the current environmental impact statements that precede large projects, but would apply to all jobs that might affect trees.

Bard has, in recent years, taken notable steps towards protecting trees. A good example is the construction of the new "green dorms." The contractor that Bard hired is making a policy of a mere 20-foot impact zone around the construction site, significantly less than typical jobs. The size of the impact zone, the space around a construction project that is leveled and cleared, can be very influential on the surrounding ecosystem. Precautions have also been taken to protect the trunks of trees by wrapping them in two-by-fours, but protec-



Which of these two trees will be cut down first? Members of Bard's deciduous community ponder their fate.

tion of the trunk does little if the roots are badly damaged. And while contractors have taken the initiative to make no more impact than necessary, there is no binding agreement in place that would hold a contractor to any stated impact zone or other precaution. Any protective measures to the surrounding environment are choices on behalf of a contractor.

Buffer zones around trees at the Performing Arts Center building site on North Campus were made on the insistence of Buildings and Grounds. Marked chain link fences section off large areas where some 100 year old trees stand. However, at points, fencing comes within six feet of the base of trees whose roots can extend as far as 100

feet. This leaves the root structures vulnerable to extreme weight from construction equipment. The immediate weight and the packed down soil can cause trauma to roots that can lead to a tree dying. The damage can take years to have visible effects, making it hard to connect the cause with the outcome.

Tree roots are remarkably sensitive. Even an increase of a few inches in the soil level around a tree can cause serious damage. Roots give themselves a delicate balance of water and air that should not be disrupted. Changes in the incline of ground surface, changes in water flow, even heavy vibrations can cause serious damage to trees through their roots. And any combination of factors can contribute to the

weakness or death of even very large trees.

Trees that are identified as sick are treated with mulch and fertilizer. As branches die on sick trees, they need to be removed. When a tree dies it needs to be felled and removed, often a difficult operation. The cost of a four-person tree removal/trimming crew is \$1300 a day.

Measures such as trunk injection fertilization are currently underway, as Buildings and Grounds consults with experts. It is hoped that a contract can be agreed upon that would ensure that construction will not harm trees on Bard campus, some of which are more than 200 years old.

• NEWS ANALYSIS by Shankar Gopalakrishnan •

Israel Threatens Crackdown

Repression likely to increase

SINCE THE HUNG election on November 7, the American media has been preoccupied with trying to follow the election results and has consigned the Israel-Palestinian conflict to lower status on the front page. But even as the United States grapples with itself to decide who will be President, more and more lives are being lost in the conflict, the majority of them Palestinian. And for the millions of Palestinians who live in the occupied territories of the West Bank and Gaza, things have gotten worse than ever.

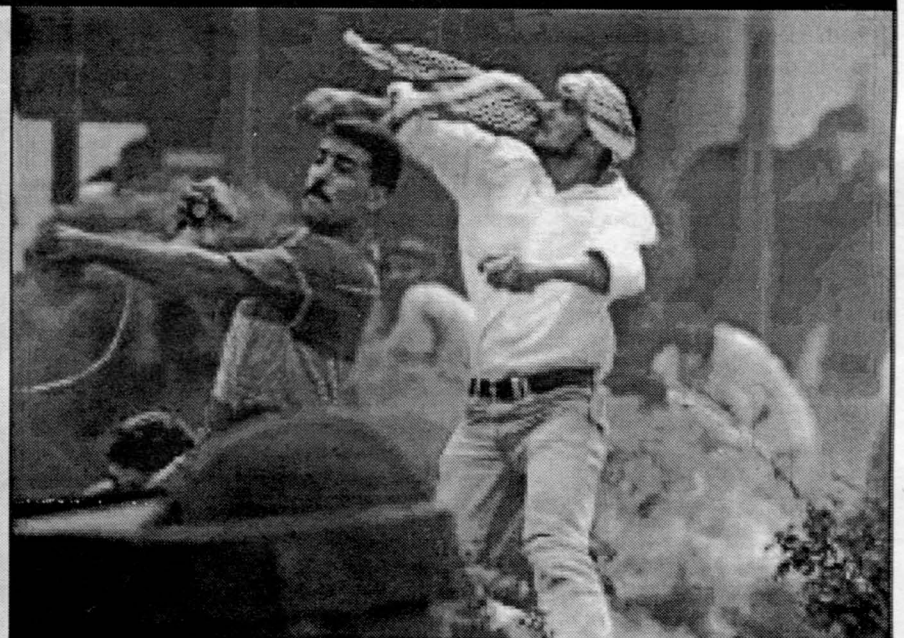
On Wednesday the BBC reported that the death toll had risen to an estimated total of 220, of which approximately 90% are Palestinians; half of those Palestinians injured are under the age of 18. With each funeral protests have swelled all over the occupied territories, though the frequency of protest has fallen as a result of the severity of Israeli police action.

Israel just raised the severity of such tactics by another notch. On Thursday, November 9, Israeli helicopters targeted the van of Fatah leader Hussein Abayat and fired rockets into it without warning, killing Abayat and two women who were standing on the side of the street. The Israelis accused Abayat, whom local residents described as a baker and a political activist, of planning an attack on an Israeli

military post earlier this month that resulted in the death of three Israeli soldiers. The Palestinian leadership condemned the attack as a "planned assassination", a description which the Israelis promptly agreed with, though they chose to call the death of the two bystanders "collateral damage."

Israel has a long history of such military attacks on Palestinian political leaders, including special retaliation operations and assassinations that were led by Ehud Barak himself during his time in the Army. The attack on Abayat was not an isolated instance of this tradition: on Saturday, Israeli troops targeted two other Fatah heads, blowing apart their vehicle with anti-tank missiles. Once again military commanders described the attack as a planned strike. President Clinton, at that point meeting with Barak to revive the "peace process," said nothing about these attacks.

On Friday, the Palestinians responded by calling for more protest on a "day of rage;" Israeli police opened fire on the increasingly large demonstrations, resulting in the deaths of six more Palestinians. Palestinian militants have also been adopting more aggressive tactics. On Monday Palestinians opened fire on an army bus travelling near the newly-formed Israeli settlements of Ofra and Shilo,



Palestinian protesters in Israel

killing three of the people inside and wounding eight more. This added to the number of Israeli civilians killed, standing currently at between ten and twenty. But the sheer imbalance between Palestinian and Israeli deaths demonstrates that even these tactics can do little to change the overall balance of force.

In the meantime, however, physical violence is not the only thing hurting the Palestinians: the economic situation in the occupied territories is collapsing. On November 1, the United Nations Relief and Works Administration (UNRWA) reported that the Palestinian economy lost close

to 300 million dollars in the last six weeks; over 124,000 Palestinians have also lost their jobs, pushing the unemployment rate up to 40%. Some 60,000 families are now in need of food assistance. Moreover, UNRWA Commissioner-General Peter Hansen pointed out that many of the over 6,000 Palestinians injured by Israeli fire in the past six weeks would be disabled for life.

Israeli forces' tactics have worsened this economic crisis. As Hansen put it, Israeli troops continue to uproot "virtually every growing thing along the main road

... continued on next page

Israel continued. . .

through Gaza." Israeli newspapers have also reported that Israeli government agencies have begun to bulldoze olive groves and other farmland on the grounds that it provides a hiding place for protesters; one farmer told UNRWA that these clearance actions had cost their town "hundreds of thousands of dollars." The destruction is so severe that Rabbis for Human Rights has organized a mission to protect olive farms from assault by the government and by Israeli settlers.

As of this week, the Israeli government has decided to raise this economic warfare to new heights. In retaliation for the army bus attack the government recently announced that they would be sealing off the Palestinian controlled areas of the West Bank from each other, returning to the conditions imposed before the Sharm el-Shaikh agreement in mid-October. The blockade would only allow vehicles carrying food and medicine to

pass through. According to the BBC, this move has deprived 100,000 more Palestinians of their sources of employment and livelihood.

Israeli human rights activists have also reported that the Israeli government is forcibly clearing Palestinian villages that are near Israeli settlements. In one case troops entered a Palestinian town, beat many of the villagers and severely injured a 14 year old boy; after the residents fled the town, they were not allowed to return. Such tactics are reminiscent of the methods often used to claim West Bank land for Israel in the early years of the intifada, when Israel would often demolish "illegal" Palestinian houses and use the land for Israeli settlements.

On the international scene, things are not getting much better either. The US recently made clear its opposition to any UN force in Israel, even the small mission of unarmed civilian observers that France

had proposed earlier. A closed door Security Council session to discuss the proposal on Saturday does not appear to have come to any conclusion, as any attempt to impose a UN observer team would have met with a US veto. The US stands alone in the world on this issue: international observation and inquiry teams have been called for by the UN General Assembly, the UN Commission on Human Rights, Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, and the member states of the Arab League and the Organization for the Islamic Conference.

After the Monday attack on the army bus, the Israeli government has become even more hostile. On Tuesday the BBC reported that, following the imposition of a siege on Palestinian areas, the Israeli cabinet is meeting on Wednesday to discuss "stronger measures." Cabinet minister Binyamin Ben-Eliezer also announced on Tuesday that it was likely that Israel would abandon its so-called "restraint policy." Since Israeli forces seem to have shown little "restraint" so far, what this means is

not clear — except probably greater violence.

But by the time this article goes to press, Israel's new tactics will be known. If history is anything to go by, these new actions will most likely be swift and brutal, and will take even more lives. They will be justified as an act against terrorists. And Israel's policies will probably be supported by the United States.

This last point is especially important: Israel would never be able to act in such a fashion without American support. Practically every other major nation in the entire world has come out in condemnation of Israel's use of force. Since we live in the United States, we thus bear partial responsibility for these events and for the lives that have been lost and destroyed. But we also have the chance to change the government's policies and to make a contribution towards ending this repression. The time for us to act is now.

• COLLEGE NEWS by Hasan Al Faruq •

Trinity College Campus Safety Director Fired

Neil McLaughlin, Director of Campus Safety at Trinity College, could not hold on to his post for more than six months. He was fired last Wednesday following a one-month probationary period. Charles Morris has been appointed in his place, a job he filled last year in an interim capacity.

However, VP of Finance Michael West would neither confirm nor deny that any action had been taken against McLaughlin or even that McLaughlin was fired.

Although the administration has acknowledged McLaughlin's departure, it has not provided a convincing explanation for the incident. Sources close to McLaughlin reported that his dismissal came to him as a shock. He was not given any specifics about the reasons behind the decision. Since McLaughlin had recently purchased a new home in the community, there should not be any reason why he should leave Trinity so suddenly.

Administrative officials, who have offered varying reasons for McLaughlin's departure, do not share this account. At a meeting with Campus Safety officers, "Dr. Herzberger put it out that he had left Trinity because the opportunity of something else came along," remarked Morris. Herzberger responded, "I would never have given this impression." When asked who made the decision, she declared, "I think that's private. I think it's not appropriate to talk about it in the press."

Several sources confirm that Herzberger made the final decision in this matter, although Trinity President Dobelle said that "I don't think that she 'forced him out' would be the proper terminology."

Confusion about the reasons for the termination of McLaughlin's employment still exists. President Dobelle stated, "He didn't leave abruptly. It was, I gather, after a series of conversations with Sharon and Mike West and Neil and others. Sometimes it's just not a good fit and the fit wouldn't necessarily be among the senior level but among the men and women of campus safety.

"There was a malaise going on in public safety from the bottom up, and [Herzberger, West and McLaughlin] came to an agreement that this wasn't the right job or the right person."

Charles Morris countered this state-

ment, commenting that "we worked well together; he was a pretty good colleague." He continued, noting that he hadn't heard any specific complaints from the officers. Herzberger also denied that decisions McLaughlin made as director were the root of the problem. "Nothing dramatic that is different will come with this change of directorship. . . . Mr. McLaughlin was continuing along those paths as well and I don't anticipate any changes."

Asked directly why McLaughlin was dismissed, Herzberger replied, "I honestly don't think it's relevant. I think that personnel matters should be kept private for very good reasons, and I think that what I've already stated for the record is true. I am sorry that this didn't work out. I value Mr. McLaughlin's experience and his expertise in a lot of different areas, but he has left."

Before his dismissal, McLaughlin was placed on probation, following a meeting with Herzberger and West. Sources close to the issue say McLaughlin unsuccessfully attempted to challenge this probation.

Herzberger, when asked about the probation, said only, "I don't see any reason to go into more detail on this."

West refused to comment to the Tripod on this issue. Student leaders are concerned about the abrupt dismissal and the way the administrative officials are handling it.

Matt Anderson '02, Community Development Chair for SGA, said that he felt McLaughlin was "moving in the right direction, but I don't feel he really had a chance to get started." SGA President Russell Fugett '01 noted that "students deserve a better explanation than what we've gotten. This is very fishy. . . ."

While the reasons behind McLaughlin's dismissal are still unclear, Charles Morris is welcomed in his return to the position of Director. President Dobelle said, "I always thought that Charlie Morris — who has no personal ambition, but only the good of the department and the college in mind — was a person I'd hoped would succeed Brian Kelly... Charlie was always a strong candidate, and I'm pleased he stepped up to it, which is probably what should have happened in the beginning."

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Mumia's Final Legal Avenue

Legal briefing on the case of Mumia Abu-Jamal

by **Emily Benedetto**

I RUN THE RISK of being redundant by beginning this piece with a description of who Mumia Abu-Jamal is. On campus in the past I've noticed a tendency towards eye rolling or worse, blank indifferent stares at the mention of his name, due to the fact that we hear it so much at college. Because it's a trendy issue, I guess that Bard students begin to tune it out after awhile. His case actually hasn't seemed to be in everyone's immediate consciousness lately, though right now is a crucial time for us to pay attention.

Mumia Abu-Jamal has become a figurehead for an enormous movement surrounding the death penalty and America's criminal justice system in general. Not only is this because his case is riddled with blatant injustices and several questionable holes, but also because of what his own distinct voice has to say on the subject, and what he has been saying for a long time. The FBI began amassing a file on this man when he was fifteen years old because even then he was politically outspoken. He became associated with the Black Panther party and the MOVE organization as a prominent journalist and scathing critic of Philadelphia's criminal justice system, especially during the years of the infamous mayor Frank Rizzo, when incidences of police brutality were too numerous to ignore. He received the Major Armstrong Award for radio journalism, and was the president of the Association of Black Journalists in Philadelphia. He was an extremely distinguished black journalist who had a lot to say - such a figure poses a clear threat to the powers that be.

For this reason among many others that are more concrete, many people believe that he was framed, and that his trial was

manipulated so that he would be found guilty. Conspiratorial manipulation or not, what took place was not justice. Before the trial even began, his state-appointed defense attorney admitted to being unprepared. He had not interviewed one witness, and the state-provided funding was not sufficient for either a ballistics expert or a pathologist to be hired. Jamal was denied the right to act as his own attorney, and was actually removed from the courtroom during the proceedings because he contested this.

He was found guilty of killing a police officer in an incident during which he intervened in a confrontation between the officer and his brother. Jamal did intervene, but since the trial it has been found that key eyewitnesses who saw another man at the scene of the crime were suppressed. Also, ballistics evidence shows that the victim was shot with a .44 caliber gun, while Jamal's registered gun was a .38.

www.freemumia.com, or www.peoplescampaign.org).

What it comes down to is that Jamal received an unfair trial, and that his trial is an example of what can and does happen to many black men without the financial means to receive adequate defense.

Since his conviction in July of 1982, his petition for a rehearing has been denied by the Pennsylvania State and the Federal Supreme Court, as was his petition for a Writ of Certiorari on the denial of his sixth amendment rights (denial of attorney of choice, removal from the courtroom) in 1999, after which a new death warrant was signed by Gov. Tom Ridge. Jamal's lawyers filed for a writ of Habeas Corpus in the Federal District Court for Eastern Pennsylvania. The case was assigned to Judge William H. Yohn, who stayed the execution, and is now deciding whether to grant a new evidentiary hearing that would allow presentation of the evidence denied by the Pennsylvania courts.

This is Mumia's final legal

avenue to determine whether he will be granted a new trial. All the power is in the hands of Judge Yohn. Most recently, Judge Yohn denied all four Amicus Briefs filed by the amici curiae ("friends of the court" - all four represented nine organizations, including the NAACP, the ACLU, the National Lawyers Guild, and 22 members of the British Parliament). These briefs supplement, in detail, legal issues crucial to Mumia's pending petition for Writ of Habeas Corpus. Judge Yohn deemed these briefs "unhelpful," though he recognized their "merits." These briefs go right to the heart of why Mumia deserves a new trial. His refusal to admit them seems to friends of Mumia to be an Abuse of Discretion.

Yohn's justifications for



that would advance the understanding of the issues before the court or add something to the case.

The brief address Mumia's right to a fair trial embodied by the Sixth and the Fourteenth Amendment of the Bill of Rights, and go into detail about how those

rights were not met by the trial. The International Concerned Friends and Family of Mumia Abu-Jamal are now filing a Notice of Joinder in support of the appeal to Overturn Judge Yohn's rejections of the briefs (Visit www.freemumia.com/legal/html to help get prominent individuals and organizations to sign on). The Amicus briefs serve as an important part of Mumia's petition for Habeas Corpus. Based on this petition, Judge Yohn will decide whether or not Mumia will receive an evidentiary hearing to reopen the factual record of his case.

A court date will be set shortly after Judge Yohn makes his decision, and this should be sometime before the end of this year. A massive mobilization is expected in Philadelphia on that date. Before then, Bard students will be working to spread information about Mumia and other political prisoners, and will also be organizing for other upcoming rallies. There's going to be a march for Mumia in Harlem on December 9th. If you want to get involved, come to The Criminal Justice Working Group meetings every Wednesday night at 6:15 in the basement of the Old Gym.

What it comes down to is that Jamal received an unfair trial, and that his trial is an example of what can and does happen to many black men without the financial means to receive adequate defense.

These and many other facts make Court findings questionable (for more info, visit

www.freemumia.com, or www.peoplescampaign.org).

refusing the petition were inconsistent with the court's legal precedent to admit any evidence

• NEWS ANALYSIS by Michael Chameides and Shankar Gopalakrishnan •

Massive International Protest Against U.S.-led Sanctions Against Iraq

WHILE SANCTIONS continue to kill, protest is swelling around the world against U.S. policy on Iraq. The horror of the sanctions coupled with U.S. intransigence has set off worldwide criticism. Former UN weapons inspectors Richard Butler and Scott Ritter, the last two Chief UN coordinators of the Oil-for-Food Program, and the former head of the World Food Program in Iraq have all harshly condemned the sanctions in the last few months.

Despite the protest and the obvious effects of sanctions, the U.S. continues its policy of bombing and has pledged to veto any UN resolution to end the sanctions. In September the U.S. planned to escalate the war with an intense October bombing campaign. The U.S. went as far as shifting weapons and soldiers to the Gulf and issuing increasingly aggressive threats to "use force" against Iraq.

While U.S. leaders moved to increase the momentum of war, world governments began to take steps to stop them. In mid-September, France sent an official human-

itarian delegation into Iraq, something no government had done before. This trip echoed the tactics of international organizations who illegally bring needed supplies into Iraq as an act of protest. Within a few weeks, Russia, Yemen, United Arab Emirates, Egypt, Syria, Oman, Jordan, Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, Lebanon, Turkey and others sent humanitarian flights into Iraq and in several cases did not ask for Oil-for-Food clearance. These flights were all in public protest of the sanctions and were in obvious opposition to the U.S. position. The French foreign minister subsequently described the sanctions as "cruel, ineffective, and dangerous."

The flights were followed by support from several other governments. India, China, and several Arab countries all restated their opposition to the sanctions. Forty-five governments attended a trade fair in Iraq in late October planning future business deals. The Russian foreign minister followed this up by visiting Iraq, a diplomatic move to cement the growing ties

between the countries.

At first the U.S. and the UK condemned the flights and threatened to retaliate. After the scale of opposition became clear, the U.S. and the UK reversed their position and declared the flights acceptable, a clear retreat from their earlier position.

World organizations have taken steps to reintegrate Iraq into normal diplomatic form. Iraq has been a prominent part of the Arab League meetings on Israel/Palestine, in contrast to earlier times. The Organization of the Islamic Conference changed its description of the Gulf War from "aggression" to "a situation between Iraq and Kuwait."

Last Tuesday, the UN Secretariat announced it would hold talks about sanctions with Iraq "without preconditions." In the past, the Secretariat has demanded that Iraq allow weapons inspectors back into the country.

Amidst the world protest, the Iraqi government has followed suit and begun

to intensify its protest of U.S. policy. For the first time since Desert Storm, Iraq has resumed domestic flights, challenging the U.S.-imposed no-fly zones. Russia is supporting this policy and plans to send international flights to Iraq.

Iraq has also taken economic action against the U.S. Suppliers are now required to pay for Iraqi oil in euros rather dollars, a diplomatic blow to the United States. Iraq is also discussing reopening its pipeline with Syria, diverting oil from U.S. allies.

While protest around the world has exploded and the sanctions are beginning to crumble, the mainstream presidential candidates, George Bush and Al Gore, have steadfastly ignored this international uproar. In the second presidential debate, Bush pledged to "tighten" sanctions, while Gore expressed his support of sanctions and recommended funding anti-regime groups in Iraq. These groups are extremely fragmented and tend to be anti-sanctions.

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Adventure In Queens, Part One

Our man looks back on a night anything but lost

by **Matt Dineen**

SO THERE I was, watching the sunrise in a neighborhood park in Queens early Thursday morning talking to a twenty-year-old waitress from Columbia that learned English a year ago. That's why I didn't make it to sociology class that morning.

It all began on Wednesday night at 9:00 p.m. My friend Jessica and I had headed out to La Guardia Airport to pick up her boyfriend from Florida. The ride towards the city went smoothly since Interstate 87 brings you practically straight to the airport from Kingston. The plane was scheduled to land in New York at 11:30 p.m. We got to La Guardia about 20 minutes early so we found the correct terminal and began to wait for his flight to arrive.

Before we left Bard, Jessica's boyfriend left a message on her answering machine from the airport in Florida. He cautioned that his plane might be landing at the Newark (New Jersey) Airport because of weather problems. We hoped that this was not the case. According to the Delta Airlines customer hotline his flight, which connected in Atlanta before heading to New York, was landing at La Guardia on time. This was confirmed when we arrived at the airport: ATLANTA, 11:38, ON TIME. Cool.

The plane was now landing and Jessica was eagerly waiting by the door of the gate. I was attempting to sleep sitting up in one of those plastic airport seats. As I was drooling on my shoulder, she met a Russian man whose father was on the same flight as her boyfriend. They began talking about various things as they both anticipated the arrival of their loved ones. Other flights were coming at the same time. By midnight they

began asking people that had just arrived which flight they were on, but none of them said "Atlanta." According to the screen that lists arrivals and departures the Atlanta flight had landed, but apparently without the boyfriend and without the father.

At 12:45(!) we decided to inquire about the flight. We walked down to the D*Ita information desk and the man assured us that the plane had indeed arrived on time. Jessica proceeded to inquire about her boyfriend. The man behind the desk said that he was not on the plane. His flight from Florida was delayed because of harsh weather conditions, causing him to miss his connecting flight in Atlanta. He was currently in Atlanta and would not be arriving in New York until 8:30 a.m. Shit.

It was nearly 1:00 a.m. In

So I said, "What the hell, let's just stay until the plane gets here!" The idea was kind of exciting and I don't think either of us was sincerely upset about missing our respective classes that morning.

At that point we were fairly tired but we were both even hungrier. We asked one of the Delta employees where we could get some food at this time of night. She told us that there wasn't anything available at the airport, but there was a great diner down the road called the Buccaneer. Shit yes! We could have eaten anything at that point. Also, the idea of spending hours in a Queens diner just to kill time before the flight got there was very appealing. So we got back into the car and drove out of the airport. We were Buccaneer-bound.

After circling around the neighborhood adjacent to La

hours here.

Jessica was pretty upset about her boyfriend's flight. Food, however, made things better. After sorting through the wide array of breakfast, lunch, and dinner foods on the menu I settled on pancakes with fresh fruit and whipped cream complimented by an order of mozzarella sticks. She had a veggie omelet and french fries. We were extremely satisfied with our meals.

We began to discuss the possibilities of our night. At that point it was well after 2:00 a.m. so it was generally a discussion of where we would sleep. "Should we sleep in the airport? In the parking lot of the airport? In the parking lot of the diner? In the diner?" Of course, I also mentioned the possibility of roaming around New York City, but Jessica wanted to stay in the vicinity of

Spanish and apologized for whatever he said. Jessica told her that she is taking Spanish in college and will be missing a test for her class.

We then told the waitress about our situation and how we intended on staying in the diner for awhile to kill time before the plane landed. Jessica began speaking to her in Spanish. We talked to her about college and she told us that she is from Colombia and she moved to New York about a year and a half ago. She did not speak English when she came here. This amazed us because she spoke English extremely well. She could sympathize with Jessica's struggle with the Spanish language, assuring her that you just need to have self-confidence when you speak.

She told us a little bit about living in Colombia, how she used to love going camping with her friends all the time. She also reflected on her experience in New York. She said, "People here are weird." We weren't quite sure what she meant by that, but then she explained that there is more discrimination towards people. The racism that she has witnessed in New York is virtually nonexistent in Colombia. She said that in her country there are lots of different types of people, just like in the United States, but those differences generally do not fuel hatred. Jessica and I later talked about how in upstate New York racism and ignorance is even more present.

This young woman was very interested in hearing about our college. She told us about her interest in geology and anthropology, among other subjects. She said that she definitely would not be waiting tables her whole life and that she wants something more. Basically we just ended up

to be continued . . .

The man behind the desk said that he was not on the plane. His flight from Florida was delayed because of harsh weather conditions, causing him to miss his connecting flight in Atlanta. He was currently in Atlanta and would not be arriving in New York until 8:30 AM. Shit.

approximately eight hours Jessica had a Spanish test and in nine hours I had to be in my sociology class. I could have made her drive me back to Bard so I could sleep for a few hours before my class, but then she would've had to drive all the way back to La Guardia by herself to catch her boyfriend's 8:30 flight.

Guardia for several minutes we eventually stumbled upon the Buccaneer Diner. It was reminiscent of the Brighton Diner near Vassar College: very bright, old-school booths and counters, and small jukeboxes at every table. Yeah, we could spend a few

the airport.

As we were finishing our meal our waitress was sitting at the booth behind us with another worker speaking in Spanish. As she stood up to see how we were doing the male employee made some sort of reference to us. She asked us if we spoke

Sanctions continued. . .

Given the international context, it is almost certain that both Bush and Gore would face massive international opposition to their proposed policies.

Amidst this conflict, there is some good news. Iraq is now allowed to sell as much oil as they can produce, though their capacity is severely limited by collapsing oil infrastructure and lack of spare parts.

The U.S. is using Iraq's ostensibly high oil sales to inaccurately depict Iraq's economy as robust. Moreover, in a recent interview, President Clinton falsely asserted that Iraq got \$19 billion dollars last year through the Oil-for-Food deal. Iraq actually sold 11.4 billion dollars.

Furthermore, a large proportion of that revenue will never reach Iraq. All contracts for Iraqi purchases must be approved by the UN 661 Sanctions Committee. Currently, over \$2.26 billion worth of contracts are on hold. According to UN fig-

ures, 86% of these contracts are for "humanitarian supplies". The U.S. and Britain are responsible for an overwhelming majority of these holds.

Another thirty percent of oil-for-food revenue goes toward exorbitant war reparations. Recently, the Kuwait Petroleum Company demanded 16 billion dollars in compensation for war damage, triggering a diplomatic crisis at the UN. Iraq pointed out that a majority of the damage was caused by the U.S. military strikes during the Gulf War, a claim that Kuwait did not challenge. The claim was eventually granted, despite Russian, French and Chinese opposition.

According to the Education for Peace In Iraq Center, "Since 1997, only \$9 billion of goods have actually arrived in Iraq. That's an average of less than \$3 billion per year. . . . A year before sanctions were imposed. . . Iraq imported \$11.1 billion in civilian goods."

Though support for sanc-

tions is crumbling, the genocide continues. 250 children are dying everyday. Over 1,000,000 children are malnourished. All 22 million people in Iraq continue to suffer poverty, malnutrition, and educational deprivation simply because they live in a nation targeted by U.S. policy. As a UN head has repeated tens of times, "The Oil-for-Food program is no substitute for the resumption of normal economic activity in Iraq."

Though sanctions are facing an international crisis of unprecedented proportions, deaths will continue as long as the United States insists on assaulting an entire nation in the name of human rights. This wave of international protest is the biggest opportunity since Desert Storm for opposition to the sanctions to succeed, and the best time for Americans to show their opposition to the US government.

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Reservations will be taken the week of November 27th at the Information Desk.

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Brought to you by the Office of Student Activities.

Making Sense of the Presidential Election

by Greg Wieber

THE BUILD-UP to the event was second only to the Super Bowl. High tech sets, slick promotional graphics, commercials featuring voiceovers similar to those of movie trailers. You could taste the drama. Super Tuesday was coming. Election day . . . disappointment. What happened? Most readers have probably heard many reasons why the United States still doesn't have its forty-third president, from the strange amount of Buchanan votes in mostly Democratic Palm Beach to the so-called "Nader factor." It will be longer still until we know the official outcome of the election, most major networks having originally reported George W. Bush the winner early Wednesday morning.

While many have been quick to point out the role of Ralph Nader in giving an advantage to Gov. Bush, one must also consider that in many previous elections, including the '92 election which democratic leader Bill Clinton took from George Bush senior, there has been a third party. Additionally, the third party vote has often exceeded the altogether unimpressive 3% that Nader received this year. Admittedly, it can be said that Ross Perot, the '92 third party candidate, connected with

mostly Republicans, drawing votes from them and giving the Democratic candidate, Clinton, the advantage. Assuming that there is a chance Nader's campaign took away from Gore's votes, Gore's potential lead, had Nader not been involved, would still not have been substantial.

Some initially attacked the media, feeling the slanted, corporate-financed views of the television networks turned the election into a "horse-race" in an effort to gain ratings. While this may hold some truth, it appears the majority of Americans voted based on "feelings." 80% of Bush voters said that honesty was the one quality that mattered most in deciding how they voted for the president. And close to 60% who voted for Bush, did so because they found him "likeable." Perhaps these numbers would have been higher had it not been for the discovery, days before the election, of Bush's previous DUI arrest. Most Gore voters felt that Bush lacked the experience necessary to be president. They felt that Gore understood and cared about the related issues. But experience and intelligence failed to build strong voter support in Gore's favor. In the end it was honesty, and strong leadership characteristics that captured the American voters

this year.

Why do Americans feel that Gore does not possess these character qualities? The easiest explanation is the Clinton baggage that Gore carried throughout his campaign. Many Americans simply viewed Gore as an extension of the Monica Lewinsky scandal and wanted to vote for someone who would bring "honor and dignity" back to the White House. Gore's goal throughout the campaign was to separate himself from Clinton and become a self-functioning individual. While Republicans have admitted that Gore did a good job of building a name of his own, it came off to many as phony. In an election where honesty was the most important leadership characteristic, it just wasn't good to have a Democratic candidate who was constantly changing his persona. Gore may have landed on a strong note, but it could have been too little too late.

The majority of Bush voters consider themselves conservatives, 63% of Bush's supporters being white Protestant, making up over half of the nation's vote. A quarter of the voting population was white Catholic, voting almost completely down the middle, slightly favoring Gore. If this

represents a growing trend towards melding religion and politics, the Republican Party clearly has the advantage. The Jewish vote and all other religions consist of less than 20% of the nation's vote. The Democratic Party, which has remained for the most part neutral on religion, is losing ground continually to the growing Republican/Christian consortium.

While Bush may or may not be a capable president, the rest of the world has looked at this election with great confusion. They wonder, how can the most powerful nation be deciding its next leader based on feelings alone? Gore voters say the same. When only 17% of those who voted for Bush think that he has the experience necessary to become president, and 47% of those same voters have reservations about their vote, what are we left with? Potentially a president without the knowledge necessary to be a capable leader. If Bush is declared winner, we will have the next four years to find out if a president strong in character alone can carry the nation.

Making Nonsense of the Presidential Election

DO YOU HEAR that sound in the distance? Is it he? Is that the sound of drums? The sound is coming closer! It is the sound of the drums of war! Bush is coming! The child of Bush has grown into a man, and shall lead us as Bush! We are, and have always been, a proud race of warriors and this stagnancy and home sitting has weighed most burdensome on our manly shoulders.

Here he comes now! Viking-king, elected by consent, he is known by all for his great wealth, his powerful family, and his hatred of criminals! He rides a great white horse! Hurray! Hurray! Cheer him as he passes! He is our leader! "Leader! Leader!" we cry! Another cry rises from the throats of our nation, and it rings from all sides — "War!" Follow him, for he leads us to war!

Follow! Long have we been feared, for we are mighty and strong! We are a nation of proud soldiers - do any doubt it? Strong, brave, and when provoked - MERCILESS. The numbers are few, if you wish to count them, of those who have denied our merchants the right to trade freely in their nations and then lived to bray vaingloriously to others of their fool-hardy courage. For their boasts were cut short and stuffed back down the throats from whence they came, to the terminal detriment of those who spoke them!

Some may call us mercenaries, but none dare defy us. For even as the dark thought of treachery enters their minds they shall hear the terrifying screech of a squadron of silver jets in their sky and the wails of their children who shall soon learn the power of our economic suffocation!

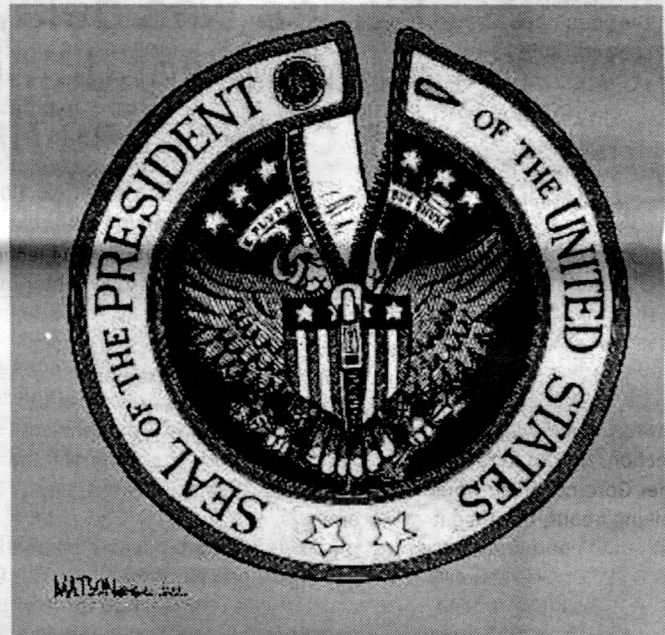
Those condescending smiles that

the leaders of the other industrial nations wear as they speak of our poverty and public education shall slowly be replaced by expressions as hopeless as their future as leader Bush once again instills pride in our military and places desperately needed funds at the disposal of our great generals and military contractors. Once again jobs, good paying arms-manufacturing jobs and their like, shall be available and a sense of purpose shall shine brilliantly in the eyes of the citizens as they prepare for war!

Those things which we have coveted from afar these many years? They shall be given over to us! Those factories for the production of the luxuries we enjoy? They shall be built in the lands of the dark races, which we shall wholly dominate! Their people shall be our slaves, their unused lands and unexploited resources shall belong to us. Woe to the nations or peoples who will send forces against us for their soldiers will die senseless deaths! Woe to the men who speak out against the wisdom of our policies, for they speak with the voice of our enemies and their children are not safe where they sleep! Bush is unafraid to deliver such threats as actions!

The power to determine the course of human events is ours alone to determine, as it is God Himself who has given it to us! Indeed, God has offered this power to all, but only we were brazen enough in spirit to take the world upon our shoulders and carry it forward, into the radiant dawn of the future to which we are destined to bring it - manifest destiny on a global scale!

-Zak Vreeland



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Defending the Color of Progress

Bard pundits have a go at the Green Scare

by Matt Dineen and Eli David Friedman

IT HAS BEEN several days since the 2000 Election and the United States of America still has not declared its next President. Just to recap for those of you who haven't been paying attention to this political soap opera: the people of this country voted, by a slim margin, to elect Democratic candidate Al Gore. The President of the US, however, is ultimately determined by the Electoral College. The state of Florida, with its 25 electoral votes, has proven to be the final factor in deciding the next president. Gore and Bush are virtually tied in terms of total electoral votes but Florida has not been factored in yet because of the close race there, with the addition of confusion on the ballots of certain counties. The states of Oregon and New Mexico also have not been conquered yet by Bush or Gore. The winner of the election may not be declared until mid-December.

The United States is now the laughing stock of the world. The two lackluster Democratic and Republican candidates invoked one of the lowest voter turnout rates in history and now this archaic electoral system cannot accurately determine which of the two will be crowned our next ruler. The US government is supposedly the universal symbol of democracy, a model for other nations to look up to and pay the consequences when they don't obey its ideals and it can't even correctly hold an election! For thousands of citizens, including many college students, disillusioned by the alienating ritual of voting for the either the worst or second worst guy there was a savior: Green Party presidential candidate Ralph Nader.

This man transformed the 2000 election into a cause that people could actually care about. Nader's campaign was, and still is important for several reasons. For people who are truly dedicated to creating serious change in the way the American government operates, Nader was the only choice in this election. He ran to raise issues that neither Gore nor Bush would ever dream of talking about, because it would conflict with their centrist (and ever more conservative) tendencies. Ralph Nader talked about full publicly funded campaigns, ending the unfair trade regulations imposed on developing nations by the WTO and IMF, and about real environmental protection, worldwide. These issues might not even be in the public consciousness were it not for his campaign.

Additionally, he revealed to the American public just how big a role money plays in determining who has power in this country. Nader served as a sort of figurehead for the new progressive movement in America. People are just beginning to realize that the two party system cannot meet their needs, and that a real alternative is not only a good idea, it is necessary. The Green Party seems to have filled the vacu-

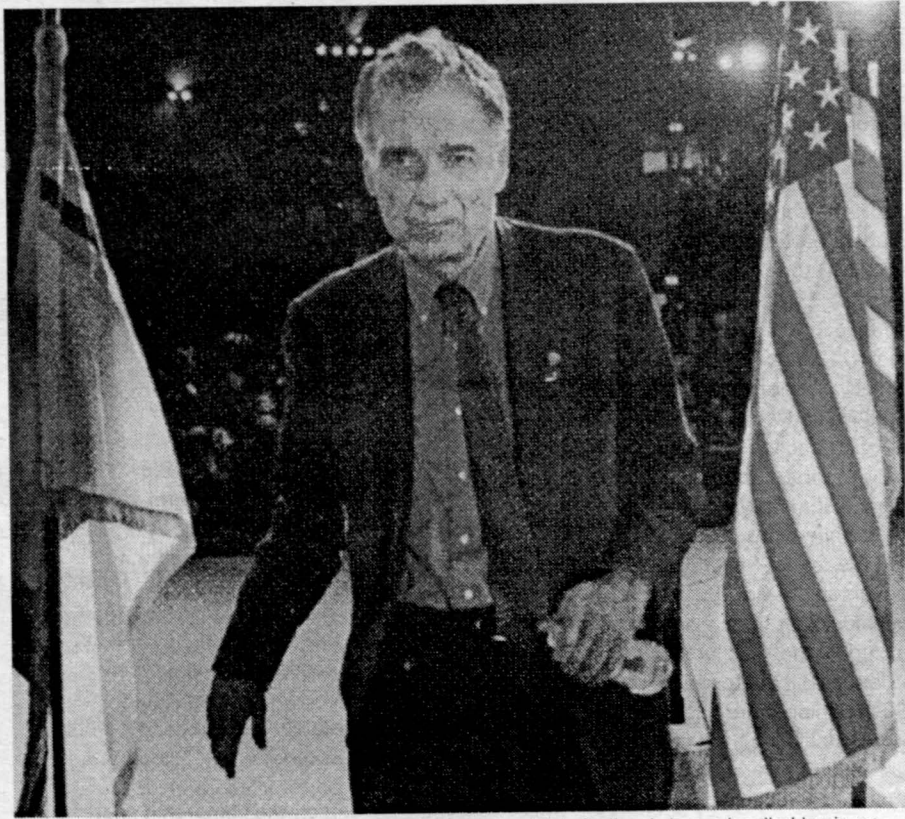
um left by the Democrats continual drift to the Right. Nader has helped to enliven local Green Parties nationwide, as is evidenced by the newly formed Bard Green Party.

Despite all of these positive contributions that Nader made there are quite a few liberal-leaning citizens who insisted from the start of his campaign that he could somehow be responsible for electing George W. Bush. Their Orwellian catchphrase "A Vote For Nader is a Vote For Bush" was adopted even before the Gore campaign and the New York Times acknowledged Nader as a viable candidate and a possible threat from the Left. It's pretty clear that the Democrats needed a scapegoat to explain why an incumbent Vice-President in an administration that is responsible for unprecedented economic prosperity and who serves in time of relative world peace couldn't easily defeat the least qualified, weakest Republican nominee in 36 years. Their answer was the Green Scare.

This vicious campaign against Ralph Nader and his supporters was successful unfortunately. The week before the election Nader was at 5% or more in every national poll. After liberals-for-Gore inflicted the national progressive community ready to vote their conscience with DUBYAPHOBIA and the New York Times dedicated their opinion section to attacking him and the Green Party, Nader's support on Election Day was cut in half drawing just 3% of the vote. This denied the Green Party of federal matching funds for the 2004 election, as the Democrats sighed in relief.

On the night of the 2000 Election Bard students filled the campus center multipurpose room well over capacity to behold the national spectacle broadcasted on every major television network. The analogy of the Super Bowl was implicit as the "score" between Gore and Bush inhabited the corner of the projected screen and the commentators gave their expert play-by-play analysis.

Not a single person in the multipurpose room wanted Bush to win the big game. It was really just an issue of how much one wanted Gore to not lose. There were plenty of folks in the audience that would erupt in enthusiasm and joy whenever their boy (or team) captured a state. The commentator: "This just in, Al Gore has scored a touch down in Minnesota, raising his score to 211." The crowd: "Yeeeeaaaaah! Weeeeee! Ooooooh! Ahhhhhhh! Go Al! Go!" It was truly a pep rally for Gore. There were also those of us who merely experienced a brief sense of relief when Bush did not come closer to becoming the emperor, but could not stare at Gore's plastic face on the screen and actually applaud for the man. This competitive, testosterone-fueled activity increased



Did you vote for this shady fella? Ralph doesn't understand this foolhardy 'scare/spoiler' business.

as the night grew older, the score became closer, and the alcohol began to intoxicate. By midnight, after many West Coast states had been factored in, Bush was slightly in the lead and Florida was still up for grabs. The room became hostile. Not towards Gore for doing so poorly (he was unable to capture both his home state of Tennessee and Bill Clinton's Arkansas), not at the evil Bush whom they were routing against, but a man who the majority of the audience voted for: Ralph Nader! Fairly unsophisticated anti-Nader slogans began to surface such as, "Fuck Nader," "Fuck You Nader," and "I Hate You Nader." Just as this nonsensical backlash began CNN timely displayed an image that read: "THE NADER FACTOR" The born-again anti-Naderites erupted on cue. The pundits then proceeded to have an uninformed discussion on Nader's potential effect on the final turnout. Reliable sources have confirmed that students remained in the multipurpose room until after 3:00 am when they finally realized that neither Coke or Pepsi, Cowboys or Broncos, Bush or Gore was going to be declared the winner yet.

A more recent example of the backlash against Nader at Bard was found in the November 10th "Election Special" edition of the Bard *Free Press*. Acting editor-in-chief Rafi Rom wrote an article entitled, "Vote For Nader? Look what happened chumps!" He argues that Ralph Nader prevented Gore from having a decisive victory on Election Day, and calls into question Nader's credibility and qualifications as a presidential candidate. Of course, Nader and his supporters recognized that a Green victory was never a possibility in the election; rather he was running to address issues that the two major candidates did not discuss and generally agreed upon. Also, Nader's candidacy aimed to further build the growing progressive movement in this country and to establish an alternative to the corporate-funded two party system. Rom asserts that such fundamental change is impossible to achieve in a democracy, and advocates a pragmatic approach to voting.

So what happened Mr. Rom? 2.7 million Americans voted for Green Party Candidate Ralph Nader and Al Gore still won the popular vote. Yes, it has not been determined who will be the next president and Nader may have been a factor in this outcome, but is this necessarily a bad thing? As Alexander Cockburn, author of *Al Gore: A User's Manual*, writes in the latest

issue of *The Nation* in regard to Nader holding the country to ransom, "What's wrong with a hostage-taker with a national backing of 2.7 million people? The election came alive because of Nader." There were a number of other atrocities in Rom's brief diatribe against Nader, but it is certain that other students of conscience will formally reply in the *Free Press*.

A more extreme, yet slightly comical, manifestation of the Green Scare at Bard is the existence of *The Outside World* newsletter and its editor-in-chief Howard Megdal. *The Outside World* successfully reinforced their reputation as a moderately liberal news source for students that did not have time to read the *New York Times* the previous week with their proud endorsement of Al Gore for President on November 6th. The headline of their November 13th edition reads: "Hey! There's Ralph Nader! Let's Get Him!" The issue also included a letter to Ralph Nader (on the same page as a letter to Count Chocula keep in mind), along with an essay contest to come up with the most "creative" way to "take out your revenge on Ralph Nader" for potentially "giving the presidency to George W. Bush." Their suggestions include, "to tar and feather him, cook him on a rotisserie, or to soak him in brine, and then sell him to a delicatessen."

There is also an article that invokes "dragging Green Party affiliates out into the streets to be beaten with non-biodegradable items" and "opening an oil tanker in Nader's bathtub." It does seem appropriate that *The Outside World* endorsed Vice President Gore now. Their reactionary columns, adolescent humor, and encouragement of violence nicely compliments Gore's enthusiasm for the death penalty, lust for censorship, and eagerness to use force against the people of nations whose leaders do not obey US orders.

It is heartening that most students here do not take these mindless viewpoints seriously. It is important, however, that the silent majority who does still possess ideals start making their voices heard. Do not let the disaffected, cynical minority dominate the campus political dialogue. Let everyone know that you care about something, that change IS possible. Do not remain silent!

The Democrats needed a scapegoat to explain why an incumbent Vice-President in an administration that is responsible for unprecedented economic prosperity at a time of relative world peace couldn't easily defeat the least qualified, weakest Republican nominee in 36 years.

Bridges and Tunnels Lead to Mills' Metropolis

by Michael Haggerty

A FRIEND TELLS me that DJs are like interior designers. They pick out some comfortable furniture, choose the right patterns for wallpaper, spread thick, plush carpet on the floor, and mix it all together — creating a big, loud, dark room. Sometimes they make entire cities too, or at least the good ones do. . .

Jeff Mills, Detroit techno DJ extraordinaire, must have taken a degree in urban design recently because the record he released on Halloween reads like a plan for technopolis. He calls it *Metropolis*, a soundtrack for Fritz's Lang's 1927 expressionist film about industry, class struggle, and religion in the year 2000. But even though it's a film score, it could just as easily be a city's blueprint, transferred into the aural medium. Two cities actually: one real, one imaginary.

In his "Introduction" to the record, Mills writes that after watching *Metropolis* he felt compelled to capture in music Lang's "timeless message of solidarity and the romanticizing of the perfect world." Surely Mills saw in Lang's futuristic urban vision reflections of his own hometown, Detroit. In *Metropolis* the rich live and work in a Tower of Babel — modeled after Bruegel's gloomy paintings — while the masses slave away in underground factories. Beneath the factories lies a city

of orphans, who wander aimlessly through endless labyrinths of tenements. One day a messianic figure named Mary appears who eventually leads the workers to revolution. The rest is history.

Mills isn't the first to be inspired by the story. At least ten different composers have contributed soundtracks to the film — among them Giorgio Moroder, who won an Oscar for *Midnight Express*, the Basque musician Joxan Goikoetxea, and rock legend Pat Benatar. And Mills follows the precedent of his forebearers. Throughout the album, the cranks of gears and machinery and the whistles of air valves are mimetically compressed into synthesized bleeps and sequenced over low rhythmical rumbling. Mills's sound is so perfectly suited to accompany a film like this. Haven't people always said that techno fills in the silent residue left behind in Detroit's abandoned auto-plants?

Not all of *Metropolis* (the soundtrack) follow the 4/4 formula of techno tracks, the form in which Mills is most comfortable. The opening track, "Entrance to Metropolis," harks back to the forgotten days of ambient (not that long ago, really). Mills combines an appreciation for traditional movie music (one thinks of Jerry Goldsmith's bleary score for *Basic Instinct*) with electronically-minded sound-

scapes. "They Who Lay Beneath," and "Silence" also relate to Lang's visual idiom; Lang's repeated themes of layering and montage easily correlate with Mills's sound collages.

Although it's nice to see Mills move beyond his typical element, the techno tracks are what's really good about this record. "The Keeping of the Kept" and "Robot Replica" (what's with these titles?) both follow in the style of Mills's latest 12 inch releases: deep and tribal, slowly interspersing subtle changes in the effects while maintaining the thunderous bass that is his signature.

Metropolis, jointly released on the Berlin label Tresor and Mills's own Axis Records, is something of a departure from his previous work. The whole notion of a concept album has remained for the most part absent from the Detroit scene. Perhaps he's taking a cue from his Detroit compatriots who have recently ventured beyond the genre's boundaries. Carl Craig, for example, abandoned techno almost entirely for a year to pursue the more laid back sounds of his contemporary jazz-inflected Interzone Orchestra, but returned home this fall with *Designer Music Volume 1*, a seasoned collection of remixes. Even Robert Hood's latest release sounds more like smooth jazz a la electronique than deep minimal techno.

Having techno as the backdrop for every car and dotcom television commer-

cial has maybe forced some recontextualizations, or reconciliations of the genre. But even if techno has become commercialized beyond return, its original purpose still holds true. As Stacey Pullin remarks in the electronic music documentary *Modulations*, techno was about escaping into a reality (surreal or otherwise) better than the one Detroit had to offer.

Still, maybe Mills is taking *Metropolis* a little too seriously. He says his intention is "to reintroduce and educate the theories and ideology of *Metropolis* to the cyber-youth of today." Hmm . . . Despite its cinematic genius, *Metropolis* loses itself somewhere in between calling for socialist revolution and capitalist domination. Even Lang admitted that, in the end, *Metropolis*'s message was "really silly." But techno is really silly too.

Nevertheless, it's doubtful whether utopian dreams will be on the minds of those bodies crammed into the Limelight — the skeeziest of all New York's megaclubs — this Wednesday night to hear Jeff Mills play. One thing's for sure, though: there's nothing less utopian than \$8 drinks, \$30 covers, and hundreds of New Jersey boneheads dancing with glow sticks. My advice: stay home and watch a movie.

• RECORD REVIEWS • by Andy Ryder •

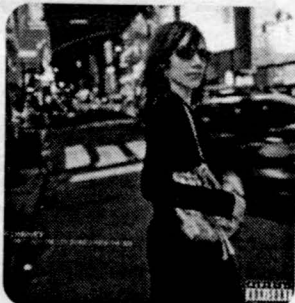


Zegota
Movement in the Music
[CrimethInc.]

ZEGOTA IS a sunnier flipside to their better known labelmate Catharsis, making comparisons inevitable. Both bands commonly tour together, committed to the Atlanta-based anarcho-hardcore label CrimethInc., which expositis a romantic, nearly mystical take on political activism, financed through shoplifting and dumpster scavenging. Zegota's most immediate departure from Catharsis's blueprint is its less bleak view and sound; at times, they veer dangerously close to a hippieish ethic with lines like 'You see, I have music in my soul and nothing can stop me now.' This is worth listening to because of the intensity they bring to such idealistic goals — Zegota doesn't shy away from His Hero Is Gone-style heaviness when appropriate, leavened with melody and innovation.

Their name inspired by an underground railroad of Polish Catholics who assisted Jews in escaping the Holocaust (it means 'unity' in Yiddish), Zegota falls somewhere between Fugazi and Neurosis — less operatic and layered than Catharsis and somewhat more succinct. Instrumentally, they touch on unexpected textures. Halfway through 'Bike Song' the heavy guitars break into a waltzy, gentle breakdown before returning to full force. The most immediately

memorable track is '\$59.95,' an anti-materialist diatribe riding over warm guitars just a hairs-breadth away from early Pearl Jam. Zegota follows this nearly radio-ready track with the pummeling 'Laika,' as close to grind as this gets. Zegota is the sonic analogue to Eric Drooker's powerful, erotic paintings — accessible, uncompromising, and inspiring.



Pj Harvey
Stories From the City,
Stories From the Seas
[Island]

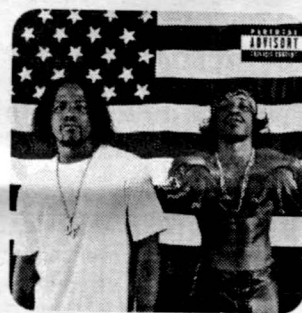
PJ HARVEY'S ALBUMS have proven to be as eclectic as any single artist has released, from the noise-blues of her early material to the electronics on her previous album. In contrast to Radiohead, whose Thom Yorke provides guest vocals for one song, Harvey has stripped away any electronics and distortion. This is probably her most accessible album, and certainly the most polished. However, it remains ecstatic and affecting; the production reflects the scrubbed, neon surface of post-Giuliani NYC while her vocals evoke the human intersection with that environment.

Harvey has always been compared to Patti Smith, whose voice she resembles even more strikingly with the lack of distortion, but her recent sleek produc-

tion suits her better than Smith's similar alteration in sound. The album opens with 'Big Exit,' a portrait of urban alienation tapping the same vein of frustration and survival as Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message' and Fear's 'I Love Livin' in the City.' Harvey grafts blues-based strength onto a bright, multilayered production, contrasting a folk sensibility with kaleidoscopic urban flash; in 'Good Fortune,' she speaks of a 'modern-day/Gypsy landscape . . . some modern-day Bonnie and Clyde.' Harvey's love-songs are the most positive and least violent of her career, which has its own strengths and weaknesses. Artists who define themselves through intense experience frequently fail when they try to clean up and 'mature' — witness the mediocrities of later Iggy Pop or Paul Westerberg. While Harvey's few attempts at punk-inspired howling on this album fail in comparison to earlier efforts, Harvey usually manages to embrace peace without settling for comfort. On the final track, she weighs an optimistic chorus ('now we float/Take life as it comes') against a disturbingly romantic verse, '[to] die on Good Friday/While holding each other tight.'

Situationist themes have become unexpectedly hip in recent culture. Both Zegota and PJ Harvey address situ-influenced themes of urban survival. Harvey's title and lyric 'I walk on concrete/I walk on sand' evoke the famous 'Beneath the pavement, the beach' slogan of the May '68 student/worker revolt. While never 'political,' Harvey's new album is a document of a derive, the drift through human landscape, which gives a new, scarified perspective on life and art.

• RECORD REVIEW • by Scott Staton •



Outkast
Stankonia
[Arista]

A LEAN EMBODIMENT of secession from the sub-standard expression of the national hip hop trust, with *Stankonia* Dirty South insurrectionists Outkast raise their own flag, establishing the titular self-referential ideal "from which all funky thangs come." Nothing short of sensational, then, is the duo's playful approach to nationalism as willfully and forcefully personified by the Red White and Blue standard, deconstructed as such in "Gasoline Dreams" — a telling treatise on the state of American affairs wherein the Mother Nature that provides the apple pies is on birth control, and the "youth vilify and got.nowhere to go."

Having addressed from the outset this dichotomous national identity by counterpoint, Outkast turns its attentions inward to reflect on the essence of Stank, augmented by the deft musical backings of Earthtone III and Organized Noize Productions. Digitized to a very real extent, the density of texture is achieved nevertheless from an inspired combination of live instrumentation and the usual programmed sampled arrangements, which in turn resurrects organicity and "earth tones" within the project of systematizing primal sound — an objective made

explicit by the production of "organized noise."

This self-examination involves the dissection of sexual mores and inter-gender responsibility, placed under the microscope of illegitimate pregnancy in the case of "Ms. Jackson" and of sexual satisfaction in "I'll Call Before I Come." This extends to an idea of extra as well as intra-national conflict, returning to the idea of nations within nations and meta-military tensions. "B.O.B." (Bombs Over Baghdad) effectively renders these manifold tensions musically, an aural blitzkrieg with rapid-fire rhymes that presents a military-musical complex potentially more expressive and productive than its military-industrial corollary. This is logically followed by "Xplosion," attending to the nature of the contemporary information bomb that desensitizes a population from the strain of hostility and oppression, as the duo repeat the wise intonation "We just can't be amazed / Even if you pull the pin from your hand grenade."

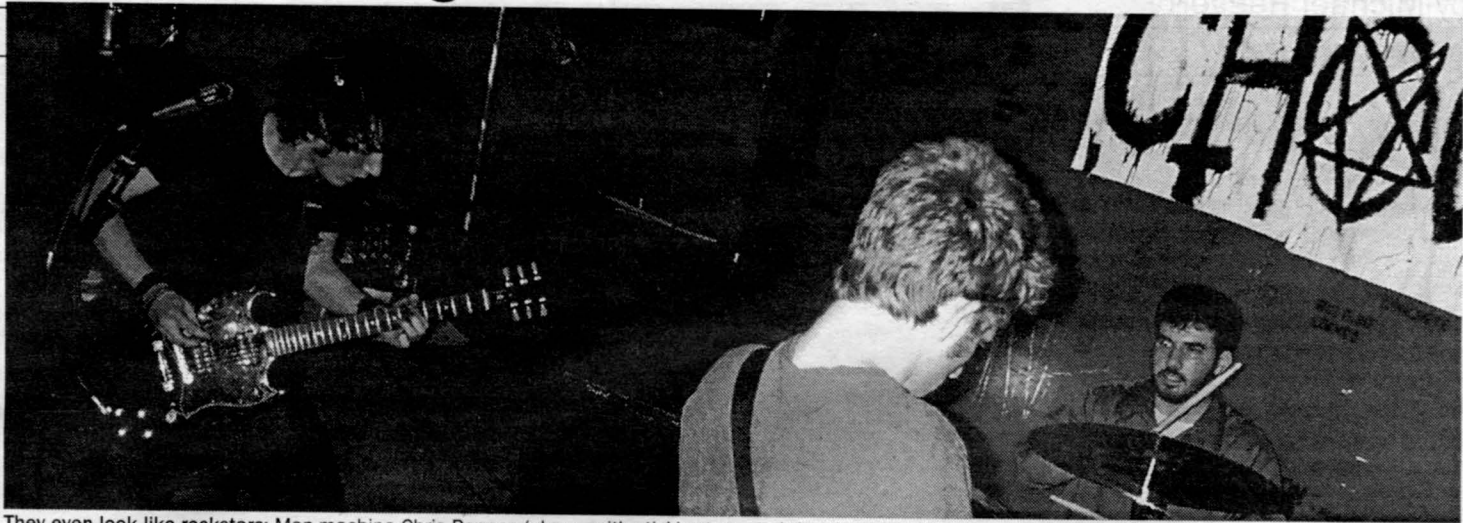
Veiled only in the slightest, *Stankonia*'s message and thematic core are given appropriate conduits of articulation through the striking grasp of melody, intricacy and accessibility evident in the album's execution. As such, *Stankonia* stands less as flash-in-the-pan revolution as it does rebellious fervor made manifest by expressive musical discourse, an artifact inaugurating the dawning of "Stanklove."

Chocki Returns! Tongues Beware

by **Andy Ryder**

ANOTHER PACK of cigarettes, another 40 of Olde E, a chunk missing from my tongue — it all adds up to another Red Room show. While the show was delayed because of conflict with the Iraq benefit showing of *Goonies*, waiting Bard students were comforted by the now fully stocked Root Cellar.

This was one of the more confusing line-ups to describe. The show began with the Obscure Essayists, who were eventually replaced by the Videotaped Weddings, their robot-pop side project. I missed the beginning of their set, but it ended with an incredibly creepy remix of the Charles in Charge theme. The



They even look like rockstars: Man-machine Chris Pappas (above, with stick) returns to bring the beats for a Chocki reunion while WWXII rocked the Olde Gym autonomous zone again. Fortunately, they had some new songs AND matched choreography! (below)

reunion of little-seen garage rockers the Tell followed, replacing the

absent Pur-fect. The Tell premiered their anthem for the first time with vocals, and immediately announced their demise. However, the same personnel plan to continue in radically altered form as the Dirty Hearts, raising all manner of epistemological and semantic questions.

Rock duo Wrestling With Jimmy followed, playing improvisational, difficult to categorize post-punk. I finally got a chance to witness an entire World War XII set. It's difficult to avoid hyperbole when describing this band. Elegiac, brutal, uncompromising, WWXII evoked shades of Fugazi,

Unwound, and June of 44. Merging the dark textures of post-rock with the intensity of early-80s era hardcore, WWXII is possibly the best Bard band I have ever seen.

The night ended in chaos with the long-awaited resurrection of Bardcore legends Chocki, who premiered a new song and played such classic hits as "Pirate Party," "Word to the Muthafuckin' Streets," and the anthemic "We Are the Kids And We Say Fuck You." The set almost devolved into a riot halfway through when returning alumni Chris Pappas incited the crowd to destroy the

beloved Red Room Coke machine, sparking the imaginations of literal-minded and very drunk Chocki enthusiasts. The pit lurched and collapsed into itself like a drunken leviathan, creating a savage atmosphere that rivaled the notorious Orchid pit of last semester. On a personal note, at some point I also bit off the tip of my tongue when someone elbowed me, but I was suitably anesthetized by liberal ministrations of malt liquor. Another night of mayhem and medication at the Old Gym basement.



MMW Continue With the Organic Grooves

by **Matt Casuccio**

IT IS A LITTLE overwhelming to think about the development of that which has been called 'jazz'. Picture Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker performing a live radio broadcast from Birdland in the late forties, and step forward forty or fifty years to the almost evil sounds of Don Byron and John Zorn of Zorn's own Naked City performing somewhere in downtown Manhattan. Stick several hundred wonderfully creative players before, between and after them and it's a lot to digest.

Somewhere in the mix lie John Medeski, Billy Martin and Chris Wood. This piano/organ, bass and drum/percussion trio began playing in Brooklyn in the summer of '91, when America just finished up its serving of Vanilla Ice and Nirvana ruled the airwaves. The three of them were schooled in the highly productive Boston Jazz scene, and ultimately all ended up in or around New York City. With some of their first gigs at the Village Gate and the old Knitting Factory, they've often explained the beginning as being a wholly organic experience containing some of the most 'unjazz' playing they had ever been involved in. This might be why they are still moving forward to this day.

With nine excellent albums to date, each one moving farther away from the last in just about every way, it's hard to believe that they do not receive more praise from the hordes of people who claim to thrive on original music. But then again, they did sell out the Beacon Theatre on Halloween.

The band began with "We Are

Rolling," the first tune from their new album, *The Dropper* (which was wonderfully produced by hip hop producer/engineer Scotty Hard), a piece which lets one feel like he/she is watching a boxing match between Jimi Hendrix and Jimmy Smith. It filled the cozy theatre with cacophony and left us scratching our heads, pondering what was to come.

Then we were graced with one of the three Jimi Hendrix songs of the night, "Third Stone from the Sun." But don't let this deter you, they don't play Hendrix like he did. A wave of awe swept over the audience as Medeski's smooth Hammond B-3 Organ purred out the guitar lines that frame this rock and roll gem. The tune was executed with an almost perfect amount of improvisation, not really leaving the form that Hendrix built.

For the remainder of the first set, the band moved through a few old favorites as well as some more new stuff. They closed it with another Hendrix song, "Manic Depression," with an interesting twist. To play something that has been familiarized by most people as a guitar oriented song on a warm-toned organ is quite unusual. It was like icing on the not-yet-finished cake, but there was no cake in sight, although I was hungry.

The second set began with something I had never seen done at the Beacon Theatre. Billy Martin, along with the Whirly Gig Percussion Ensemble, entered the Theatre through one of the aisles on the floor. The Ensemble featured, among others, Cyro Baptista, the

Brazilian percussionist/composer who has worked with a slew of people ranging from Paul Simon to Brian Eno. Each person, four in total, carried a percussive instrument — a whistle, a bass drum, a conga, etc. Simply put, Billy Martin's rhythmic vocabulary is astonishing. As they made their way to the stage, guitarist Marc Ribot joined John Medeski and Billy Martin. Ribot, the New Jersey native whom you might know from some of Tom Waits' albums, has filled New York with some of the most interesting guitar playing I've ever heard. His roots in Haitian classical music and jazz make it nothing less than amazing to listen, not just to his fantastic lyricism, but all aspects of his playing.

After the percussion ensemble left the stage, save for Baptista, an eccentric set of music followed. Running through "Partido Alto," one of the new tunes, the band left room for Baptista's rhythmic personality. After another older tune, they played a slower song from the new album entitled "Bone Digger." Ribot, who is also featured on the studio recording, took a few minutes to acquaint himself with the audience. There really is no way to explain or categorize his playing; a good introduction is his *Rootless Cosmopolitans* LP.

After a huge "Dracula," from the



Shack-Man album, Chris Wood took a bass solo, followed by a couple more new ones from *The Dropper*.

To close the set, they brought out Robert Randolph, a pedal steel guitarist. It is interesting to watch a group who did an all-acoustic jazz tour last year go into a simple, yet well-layered electric/rock jam ala the Allman Brothers. As I was not interested in a guitar duel, I was pleased as everyone seemed to keep their egos tucked away. The jam did not lack in the intensity factor, but it was not so much MMW as it was a much larger group of people jamming.

They encored with another oldie as well as a beautiful ballad version of Jimi Hendrix's "Hey Joe," finishing the night's long aural exploration.

Secret Society Serves Zines and Snacks

by Jon Feinstein

MOST OF BARD is probably unaware that beneath the Old Gym lies a collection of what some might call subversive and others sophomoric, independently produced materials known as ZINES that remain essential nonetheless. The Zine library has returned to the Root Cellar after a year and a half hiatus. The library catalogues hundreds of zines from the past decade, including everything from quarter page adolescent rants, to chap-book style collections of poetry, to Kerouac esque anecdotes of train hopping cross country, and discussions of feminism and anarchism. And then there's the punk rock!

The most recent or impressive zines are displayed on the "Zine Rack" a rotating card carousel salvaged from the streets of Manhattan over the summer, while older zines are sorted in boxes, either alphabetically or under the label "politics" or "poetry." We have a vast selection of comics of various themes; both large scale and pocket size. We even have a growing file of Christian Propaganda, courtesy of Chick Publications.

The Zine Library was founded years ago by Elissa Nelson and Lauren Martin, members of the class of 1999. According to Lauren and Elissa, "Zines contain some of the most passionate, thoughtful, politically aware writing out there," and it's all in its most raw, unedited, uncensored form. The Zine Library serves as a great break from the end of term academic craziness, and is an ideal place to sit, read and eat tons of organic food supplied by the lovely and ever dedicated root cellar director Miss Kelderberry.

For those who live in holes, restrict their social lives to the Student Center, or simply are too cool to care, the Root Cellar is a student run lounge in the basement of the Old Gym. The space was revitalized by Kelly Berry last semester, and supplies organic food on a bi-weekly basis. The last order included Peanut Butter Tofutti Cuties, Lime and Chili chips, microwave popcorn, various flavors of yogurt, fruit leather, Newman's Own peanut butter cups, Amy's Vegan Burritos, spritzers, Ginger Brew, and organic, unbleached Tampons.

The Root Cellar also at times serves as an exhibition space for art and photography. Last semester, students of Stephen Shore's class had the room packed with selections from their respective projects. Another art/photo show will be planned by the end of the semester. The Root Cellar may also host poetry readings and/or acoustic concerts, however none



We love you, Kelly Berry! If you've never been to the Root Cellar you should go! Best deal: fresh popcorn only 80 cents!

are planned as of now. Anyone interested in planning an event call X4612.

To those interested in taking a shift, stop by and check out the list of available shifts. Our hours are ideally 12:00-12:00 but occasionally someone forgets to show up to a shift. Zine reading and snack eating can be accompanied by an array of mix tapes, including bands as diverse as Iron Maiden, The Cars, The International Noise Conspiracy, and Le Tigre. (p.s. you can bring your own tapes+CDs as well).

We are also planning a "Spontaneous Zine" of poetry, prose and whatever else comes to mind. Basically, we will keep a typewriter in the Root Cellar/Zine Library for twelve hours and anyone who comes in within that period will have five to ten minutes to type/freewrite. We will then photocopy and staple it all together and distribute it to the Bard community. No editing, just writing in it's most raw form. Keep your eyes open for flyers indicating a time and day.

Zine Picks of the Month

Mac + Me #1+2

Written in 1996, this quarter page zine chronicles one boy's obsession with the god known as MAC... MAC-aulay Culkin, that is! Mac+Me includes a survey of 8-13 year olds from Zillions magazine on whether Macaulay should do a Sprite advertisement, some of Mac's most famous one-liners such as "No girls, with anything on? Sickening!", and a center-fold/refrigerator pin up of the playa himself. A definite must-read for any Macaulay fans or anyone in need of a

good laugh.

The Hardcore/Punk Guide to Christianity

This hefty zine provides an in depth (and at times dogmatic) analysis of Christianity, and the authors thoughts on how it "has no place in the hardcore/punk rock community", a community which is generally tied to leftist/anarchist political movements. The author cites numerous biblical contradictions, and evidence of sexism and homophobia within its passages as evidence for why those involved in movements/subcultures that oppose such attitudes should reject it. Although the author can get a bit arrogant, the zine gives some interesting insights on problems associated with organized religion.

El Otro Lado (the other side)

This zine focuses on the author, Sascha Scatter's experiences hopping trains across the United States, and across the Mexican border. He provides personal accounts of waiting for ten hours in a train yard, shivering while attempting to sleep in a steel floored train car, and fleeing from "Bulls," a nickname given to railway patrolmen. It contains his beautifully written reflections on relationships, alienation from mainstream society, and immigrant and labor issues. EL Otro Lado also includes numerous anecdotes of Sacha's experiences doing manual labor with Mexican immigrants. The stories are accompanied by a number of photographs of train yards and fellow travelers, as well as various state railway maps. This zine may inspire you to drop out of college, put on a pair of Carhartts and hop out to

Oregon or the Big Mountain reservation for a while.

Salad Days #1, 2+3

Salad Days is Brendan Burkes comic book chronicle of the relationships and experiences of four teenagers within the Boston punk scene circa 1993-95. It deals with everything from the loss of virginity, to getting revenge on high school jocks and smoking pot while cutting class. Salad Days' main focus is Carrie Crumbly who listens to bikini kill and watches Pink Flamingoes when not attending punk rock shows, and manages to have the readers fall in love with her every time. Kind of like a riot grrl version of Winnie Cooper. Salad Days is a great reminiscence of the alienated high school experience, something that seems vital to many Bard student's identities.

Top 10 (aside from the reviews):

- Disney Vasectomy
- Cometbus
- Doris
- The Punk Rock Activity/Coloring Book
- The Secret Files of Captain Sissy
- In abandon 3
- Grundig
- Pandemic Zine
- Impact Press
- Short Fast and Loud

If anyone has any questions or suggestions for the zine library, or wishes to submit zines, email me at Jonfeinstein@hotmail.com.

Hey, Cheap Condoms at
The Dime Storell



Order Envelopes in
The Post Office
We Have Lube and
Dental Dams Too!

we love your letters!!
so keep 'em coming. . .

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Nationalizing Hip Hop

Brooklyn Museum of Art show privileges reliquary over resistances

by Yates McKee

THE FAÇADE of the Brooklyn Museum is a case study in the architectural rhetoric of the enlightenment. Hellenic Columns stand guard, protecting the cultural treasures that define the essence of the community from the barbarians at its gates. The entire humanist pantheon is rendered for us in stone above the entryway, allowing Plato, Aristotle and Sophocles to gaze down upon us as we approach the institution, guiding our passage from the profane space of the city streets into the domain of transhistorical aesthetic experience. A huge banner is draped across the façade, proclaiming "Brooklyn Museum: Art for All." So what are we to make of the second banner hanging across the façade which reads "Hip-Hop Nation: Roots, Rhymes and Rage"?

Upon entry to the gallery, we are presented with the following curatorial statement: "Hip hop is the greatest American cultural innovation in the past 30 years. Recognizing that this art form, which has grown from an attitude to a culture, is now the chief way young people communicate all over the globe, the Brooklyn Museum present Hip Hop Nation...hip hop has become the voice of young people on the planet, crossing racial, ethnic, gender, class and language barriers. Hip-Hop is manifest everywhere... Featuring clothing, equipment, photos, memorabilia, Hip Hop Nation offers visitors the opportunity to explore the history and evolution of this global culture."

Thus, what had formerly functioned as the negation of National Culture has now been recognized as worthy of inclusion in this very domain. No longer can the institutions of Brooklyn be accused of an elitist or Eurocentric exclusion. Precisely what had once formed the margin has now been invited inside, expanding and enriching the foundations of social transparency. High and Low, Center and Margin, Sophocles and Snoop; "Hip-Hop Nation," the statement suggests, harmoniously resolves these oppositions into a higher, more democratic ideal of multicultural citizenship. This is emblemized by the logo designed to advertise the show: the name "Brooklyn" appears in graffiti-style font, the letters extending into a winding labyrinth of arrows and accented by an 'old-school' crown, for a touch of authenticity. The seal of the community has been modified, having taken a passage through difference while maintaining its essential integrity as a point of identification.

How seamless is this institutional inclusion, and what new frontiers does it erect? What are the terms of recognizability on which this stranger may enter the house of American multi-culture?

The first wing of the show takes the form of a rough periodization from the late 1970's ("Roots") to a display on the "Golden Years" of East Coast rap in the mid-to-late 1980's and then on to a section devoted to "Rage" which includes brief references to everything from west-coast gangsta rap, 2 Live Crew's court battle over censorship and the tragic deaths of Tupac Shakur and Notorious B.I.G..

These periods are traced metonymically through the arrangement of artifacts such as clothing, album covers, personal affects and occasional hand-written lyrics. All of this is done with a seemingly minimal amount of didactic and interpretive imposition. Yet this seeming absence is precisely a symptom of more insidious and invisible interpretive assumptions; namely that the objects speak for themselves, or that they should be contemplated primarily as distillations of celebrity aura, thereby relegating

the historico-political conditions of their emergence to a secondary and subordinate position.

Obviously we should be careful about privileging "historico-political conditions" as the key to deciphering hip-hop. Sociologizing cultural forms is just as bad as aestheticizing them. Hip Hop is not a mere symptom or reflection of a set of objective conditions to which we might have transparent recourse. As Robin Kelley has suggested, leftist academics frequently reduce Hip-Hop "to a political text to be read like a less sophisticated version of the Nation or Radical America," disavowing the aesthetic and stylistic pleasures marginalized youth take in its performance and consumption.

Nevertheless, to take one striking example of the exhibitions de-politicizing vocabulary, the didactic panel for the section on gangsta rap reads, "The 1980's were a difficult time for urban America. Crack, guns, violence, imprisonment and hopelessness were rampant.... Hip-Hop has always documented this dark side of urban life." This vague evocation of "difficult times" misses a crucial pedagogical opportunity, namely the chance to link the emergence of gangsta rap to the development of and resistance to the rise of Reaganite neoliberalism.

A critical curatorial challenge would be to set the politico-economic "facts" in an accessible and productive dialogue with the cultural artifacts in question, while not reducing one to the other.

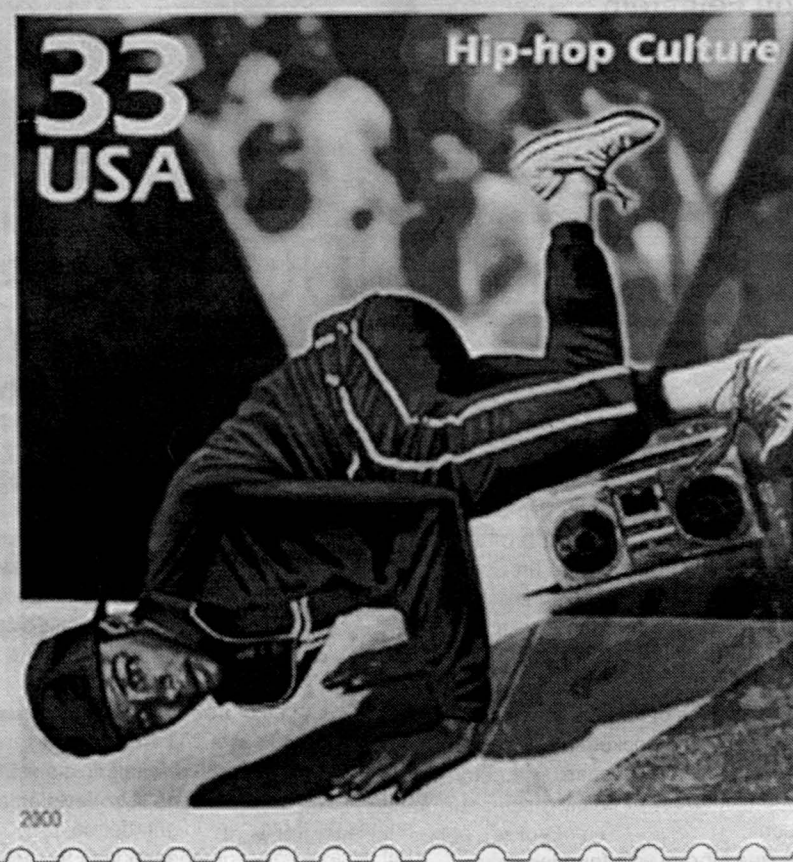
The Prison Moratorium Project remains an inspiring example for this kind of work, which takes popular culture, critical pedagogy and oppositional citizenship to be inextricably linked. Needless to say, the efforts of Raptivism Records, described by Cornel West as linking hip-hop to "a truth-telling, soul searching, as well as witness-bearing" struggle for justice is nowhere to be found.

This exclusion is not a mistake, as if we could simply remind the curators of the show that these struggles are currently unfolding, and they could proceed to include them without their basic project being unsettled. This project, despite its "democratic" posturing, remains one of banishing conflict from public cultural space. Conflict is not an accident that befalls an otherwise harmonious space from without. It is the condition of possibi-

How seamless is this institutional inclusion, and what new frontiers does it erect? What are the terms of recognizability on which this stranger may enter the house of American multi-culture?

ty of the demarcation and definition of public space itself. Without this essential indeterminacy and contestability of its borders, there would be no politics. When it is announced that public space has finally totalized itself or reached a telos of inclusion, that politics is over or transcended, this should be an alarm that we return to the trenches of cultural warfare.

The strategic and systematic exclusions which mark the show returned to haunt it when public controversy was ignited by the withdrawal of the film 41 Shots,



Is this better than nothing? The ambiguities of liberal multiculturalism illustrated by a recent stamp as part of the Postal Service's 1980s series. Now on display at the Brooklyn Museum, yo.

dealing with the police murder of Amadou Diallo. The Brooklyn Museum, great defender of aesthetic "transgressivity" during the Sensation fiasco, showed its true colors with this curatorial decision, realizing that the conception of cultural citizenship on which its mission is predicated might find itself subjected to critical questioning rather than glib consensus were the film to be included.

Another section "Pop Goes the Culture," about Hip-Hop's rise to commercial prominence is introduced to us in the following way: "Hip-Hop has become the great cultural unifier, bridging racial, class and regional gaps as no music has since rock n' roll. Hip-Hop was once a music produced and supported by inner city communities, but white youth were fast becoming the largest consumers of rap records...Hip-Hop is currently the most significant youth art form on earth."

In this statement, "culture" becomes a unifying foundation upon which a generic experience of "youth" is predicated. The "gaps" between youth are referenced, yet they are regarded as secondary to the transcendental experience of communication enabled by Hip-Hop. The McLuhanite prem-

occasion to ask some difficult ethico-political questions about audiencehood, consumption and cultural difference. It is an irreducible fact that hip-hop music and style has permeated many domains of everyday life for young people from various social locations. Is it possible for communities other than those from which hip-hop emerged to relate to it in a 'progressive' way? How might one negotiate the ethical dilemma of responding to the voice of an other whose pain you have been complicit in producing? How to listen without a facile identification, without disavowing the political, cultural and economic facts of racialization? And how does one's own sense of aesthetic enjoyment and ethical responsibility get reconfigured when one can start to locate one's own consumption practices within the histories of imperial power? What new modes of belonging and participation might be enabled by a critical pedagogy of hip-hop which would take "culture" not as a means for sewing up "gaps," but for acknowledging and contesting their dominant inscriptions?

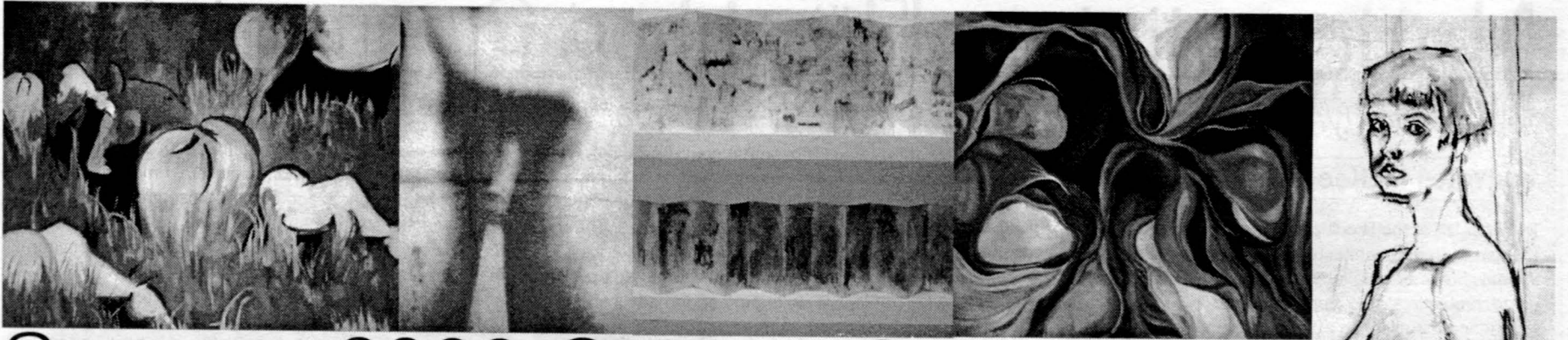
There is one point in the show in which some of its assumptions are allowed to come into question. A video by YO-TV

ise of this narrative is that hip-hop is a "medium" with the power to restore to us a fundamental sense of ourselves which would be uncontaminated by the asymmetries of race, class and region. Never mind the violent appropriation that has marked the encounters of white audiences with black cultural production to this day. After all, the exhibition seems to suggest, deep down inside, were all just humans anyway.

Yet despite this celebratory humanism, the exhibition's remarks on the 'global' character of hip-hop can serve as an

(Youth Organized Television) entitled "Hip-Hop: A Culture of Influence" shows on loop in the last wing of the gallery. Featuring interviews with progressive academics such as Tricia Rose and William Eric Perkins, artists such as Mos Def and a diverse range of kids in the streets and schools of New York, the video is the only moment in the exhibition in which any real contestation internal to hip-hop culture is registered. It artfully interweaves MTV video clips with critical historical analyses of

continued on next page...



Seducer 2000 Causes Scandal

Art? What art? We're talking about the beer!



A CLOUD OF CONTROVERSY surrounds Fisher art building in the midst of the newest show of moderation work (Seducer 2000, closing party Wednesday, Nov. 29). On November 19, Sunday night the moderation show was nearing fullness. All the work had been hung up, except for one installation. The ghost of Proctor (channelled through various senior art majors) brought over a (cheap) keg of beer for the hard working juniors to enjoy. A note was left on the keg as to where it should be left after it was done. A few people drank the beer and greatly enjoyed it while others marveled at how good the tin can looked sculpturally in the center space. No one was drunk or close to being drunk and the atmosphere was one of good-heartedness, after a day in which an entire show was curated and hung to perfection by students and a faculty member.

It was a long day that began at 12 that afternoon. Now it was time to relax, if only slightly because no one had actu-

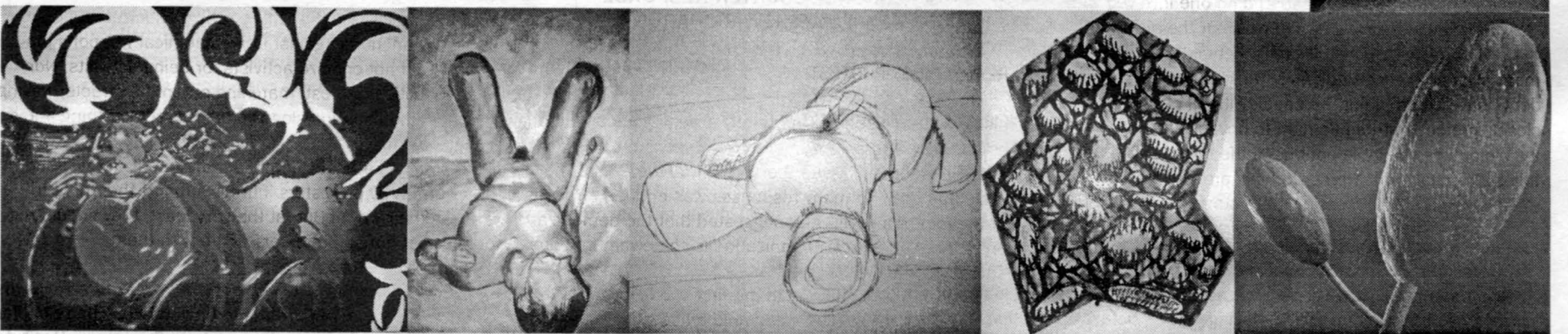
ally moderated, because that all happens in a week. At approximately 10 O'clock a security officer entered the premises for the third or fourth time that day. He proceeded to exclaim that he was about to confiscate that keg of beer. There were about seven students present and only two were drinking beer, both of which were 21 or older. When the students told the security guard that there was a note next to the keg, and that they could just put it away the officer refused to look at it and said that he as taking it anyway. After a bit of arguing, to no avail another security officer arrived. The students told the officers that the considerate people who had left the keg were going to be back soon and that if they lost the keg they would lose the deposit on it as well as their tap. The officer refused to budge saying that he would get in trouble if he did not take it, because that is what he was told to do. The keg was lifted by the two men who were then asked by the student present what their names were. When they refused to disclose this information the students took note of their badge numbers, officers 318 and 303.

After the keg was removed a stu-

dent was then sequestered from the remaining group and his name was taken by officer 303, despite the fact that the student was over 21 and had nothing to do with the presence of the keg. The officer remarked that Res Life told them to confiscate all kegs on campus at all times. The student told that officer that he was making a judgment call that did not have to be made. Asked what rules were being broken the officer could not reply and left the premises. Shortly thereafter a call was made to security reporting the theft of a nearly empty keg of beer from Fisher art building. A description for the officer was given and the dispatcher said that someone would look into it.



Hey, baby: The studio arts moderation show, entitled Seducer 2000, was hung this weekend. The closing party will be Wednesday the 29th of November. Hopefully no one will steal out beer this time.



Nationalizing Hip Hop continued...

everything from competing constructions of black masculinity and femininity to the criminalization of hip-hop (and by extension an entire generation of urban youth) to the limitations and possibilities in the process of commercialization for building a progressive social movement.

The video collective frames its efforts as the creation of a "media literacy" which, in the words of one of its members "use hip-hop to raise questions about the bigger social picture." What are the politics of Lil' Kim's redeployment of patriarchal visual codes? Is she a feminist, or simply a smart businesswoman? Are these mutually exclusive? How does DMX critically engage the "bad nigga" image from racist mythology? What other options might be foreclosed for black men by the privileging of this ideal? How does homophobia function in hip-hop culture? These are just a few of the crucial questions

broached by the video.

Unfortunately, it is given a subordinate position vis-à-vis the carefully displayed relics which overwhelm the rest of this wing, which include a massive outfit worn by Biggie to Wyclef's guitar, to a display of promotional material from hip-hop inspired movies.

While the force of the museum's interpretive authority should not be underestimated, neither should it be assumed to have unilateral control over the meanings and experiences produced within its walls. If the exhibition is at all to be redeemed as a critical cultural intervention, it will depend on the counter-memories inscribed in the artifacts on display and the capacity of viewers to reactivate them in an institutional context bent on rendering hip-hop into the expression of a "global youth culture" eviscerated of social struggle.

In the last wing, we find the exhibition's "Talk Back Board," a fairly conventional curatorial mechanism for staging the "participation" of its visitors and

ostensibly brining its own authority into question. Visitors are enjoined to answer the question "What does Hip-Hop mean to you?" On the one hand we should critically examine the subtle form of power exercised here, wherein people in a situation of deep institutional asymmetry are encouraged to understand themselves as respected interlocutors whose voices "matter." Yet however institutionally ineffective the discursive interventions on the Talk Back Board may be, they can nevertheless operate to form a kind of oppositional community of interpretation expanding beyond the walls of the museum. I end with an assortment of responses to be found on the board, at least to indicate something about the ambiguities of official "multicultural" recognition and to suggest the importance of not dismissing the show as a completely successful co-optation:

"Hip-Hop has been tainted beyond all recognition. If any art form doesn't have an element of pure struggle and hardship

and grandiose uncertainty, then it is not an art-form."

"Hip-Hop is today."

"Hip-Hop is the voice no one wants to hear due to fear"

"Hip-Hop is myself"

"Hip-Hop-the expression of perfection, a raw need, right or wrong..."

"I breathe hip-hop. I live it. As an urban African -American female, it helps me to cope with daily stress. Thanks for opening the exhibit so others can experience the movement."

"Hip-Hop means how us blacks find a way to celebrate our culture"

"A kulcha's not a kulcha without political history"

Letters to the Editor and Community

RESPONSE TO FREE PRESS SEXUAL HARASSMENT ARTICLE BY DOSO

DIALOGUE, CONVERSATION and conversations are not sacred to the classroom, therefore, we in the Dean of Students office consider ourselves educators responsible for openly and honestly discussing the issues within our community. We have never discouraged students from writing freely about campus news. On the other hand, language is a powerful tool that can be very destructive and decisive. From the beginning, we had serious concerns about the *Free Press* article alleging sexual harassment because of the lack of protection of the people involved, unclear definition of terms like sexual harassment, and the poor fact finding used in the reporting.

We respect the responsibility of the *Free Press* to report the facts as they see them. However, when we were told that the *Free Press* editors decided to print this article, we were very disappointed. We felt that the editors were not fully aware of the ramifications of printing such an article. It turns out that our concerns were warranted.

The decision to write this kind of article had, and did, have the potential to be irresponsible, premature, and slanderous if not handled appropriately. I have spoken with many students who felt strongly that nothing productive was accomplished in printing this story. I do not know if huge numbers of students would feel robbed of their "right

The decision to write this kind of article had, and did, have the potential to be irresponsible, premature, and slanderous.

to know" about community issues if the article was less specific, written with a different focus or not printed at all.

I leave it up to the student community to debate the efficacy of the reporting, but I have already come to the conclusion that this was irresponsible reporting. As someone intimately involved with the issues of sexual harassment on campus over the past six years this article did not expose the issue of harassment on campus. Sexual harassment was never defined and no one involved with the harassment policy was consulted for the article.

What do we do when there is a complaint of harassment or of any other kind? As in all situations where students have a complaint, we speak with all parties and closely protect a student's right to privacy and confidentiality. We outline available options to the complainant and follow the rules of due process. This process takes time and is essential in providing a safe atmosphere in which we can learn from each other. This article, I believe did not allow for that atmosphere during a time when it was most needed.

What did we do when we learned of student concerns regarding the atmosphere in Albee Hall? The Dean's Office and Residence Life Office devised a plan of action to appropriately address the situation with the full consent of the Albee residents and in consideration of due process. Every aspect of that plan was implemented. In all cases of sexual harassment education and discussion are primary

tools utilized in helping a community of students learn from each other.

What is the sexual harassment policy? Last semester a group of dedicated, hard working students and administrators asked the president and Dean of Students Office to review, and possibly revise, the sexual harassment policy. Thanks to this coalition of students and staff members, the College adopted the new, recently distributed policy.

As always, my priority is to protect and advocate for students. I am always open to hear your concerns and suggestions. If you would like to speak to me about this issue or others please contact me at cannan@bard.edu or 758-7454.

—Erin Cannan, Dean of Students

A LETTER FROM THE PRO-ACTIVE NICK JONES

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, how many fucking response-counter response articles are you people going to write?! You should stop wasting your time defending your intellectual intentions and start saying something new. I think the whole notion of "critics" taking their jobs seriously is utterly pathetic and think Jonah Weiner in particular should kill himself. To think I might have widdled my time at Bard away deconstructing the work of my peers rather than create my own . . . and for what? The eventual prospect of writing for a newspaper or magazine?

Jonah, you once told me you were driven by an overall dismay with "the quality of Bard minds." I suppose criticism seems a noble pursuit to you. Well, it's not! It's bullshit - wake up! Jesus . . . I've been wasting my own time now - you see what you've done, pulling me into your twisted web (please do us all a favor and don't respond to this response to your response of a response). If you critics are virile enough to someday have children, you will have to put your criticism aside and learn how to tell your kids a straight story. The only reason WE tolerate you is because we can't shut you up. Critics, at the very least, should prove they are adept in the field in which they bitch and moan, before presuming we should care what they think.

If you really care so much about improving the output of work around here, why don't you take up the torch and teach us by example? Perhaps you're afraid of your own worst critic . . .

—Nick Jones

A RESPONSE-COUNTER RESPONSE FROM MATTHEW RICHARDS

I REALLY MUST PROTEST

This semester, it seems that barely a week goes by without somebody writing an argumentative response to an article I wrote in Volume 2, Issue 3 of *The Bard Free Press*. The article that drew so many responses was entitled "Trade is not the root of all evil," and suggested that the demonization of the World Trade Organization is somewhat inappropriate.

I chose not to respond to the first two follow-up articles attacking the WTO, for a simple reason: they suggested no alternatives to replace the present system of world trade, so there wasn't much for me to respond to.

Michael Chameides made some grandiose claims against the WTO, along the lines that it encourages environmental degradation, never passes judgement against

wealthy industrialized nations, and that "only poor countries can get sanctioned." That's simply not true — the WTO has passed judgement against both the United States and the European Union several times in the few years of its existence, and both of those great powers have faced sanctions as a result. The Kyoto Protocol, probably the greatest international effort to safeguard our environment at present, is perfectly compatible with WTO rules — opposition at the national level, not the international level, is preventing its ratification.

The latest riposte to my article calls for a reply, however, because it makes presumptuous and factually incorrect personal statements about me. Jeff Ferguson and Michael Chameides claim that my defense of free trade was the result of "an unexamined aversion to protest activity, very thinly veiled indeed as a 'critique' of anti-WTO activism." Boy, are they wrong.

Ferguson and Chameides might not have written of my "aversion to protest activity" if they realized that I have actively participated in political protest at the street level. One cold December evening, I joined a group of my fellow students and took to the streets of Cambridge to protest cuts in government spending on education. We chanted slogans, made lots of noise, and stormed a building where a political meeting was taking place. As a result of our efforts, a well-known local politician agreed to hold an impromptu meeting to hear our complaints.

Admittedly, this was a decidedly minor league protest by the standards of some activists, the jet-setters of the global protest movement who fly off to Iraq, Prague and Seattle, accumulating more air miles and activist kudos as they go with every international gathering that they attend. But these globe-trotting anti-globalists should not think that they have a monopoly on "protest," or that their critics are have an inherent "aversion to protest activity." It's possible, indeed common, to support some protests and oppose others.

Ignoring the subtle differences between individual political viewpoints, Ferguson and Chameides apparently take the Manichean view that the world is divided into their supporters (a tiny minority) and everybody else, and that "whoever is not for us is against us." Presumably that's why they wrote an article criticizing the writings of both Ty Lilja and myself, on the grounds that we both expressed opinions with which they disagree. The article accused "Richards and Lilja" of having "taken an anti-activist stance" — not two stances, just one.

Let me make this perfectly clear: I was not criticizing activists in general, but anti-WTO activists in particular. I can't speak for Lilja, but Lilja's article criticized the opponents of sanctions against Iraq's chemical weapons program; it did not criticize activists for being activists. Non-violent political protest, marching out in the streets, waving banners and chanting slogans, is an excellent thing if it is in a good cause. The Civil Rights movement led by Martin Luther King is a fine example. Although I disagree with many anti-WTO protesters, I firmly support their right to express their views. But, at the very least, they should recognize that not all protesters agree with them.

—Matthew Richards
Cambridge University Visiting Scholar
Jerome Levy Economics Institute

Peace Corps: Promoting Peace and Friendship or Project in Imperialism?

by Emma Kreyche

WHILE PERUSING the various fliers that adorn this campus, I recently noticed a number of signs advertising an informational session for students interested in learning about the Peace Corps. While I did not attend this recruitment talk, I suspect that a number of Bard students did so, and almost certainly found themselves bombarded by literature posing such questions as "How far are you willing to go to make a difference?" and proclaiming that Peace Corps is "the toughest job you'll ever love." While the prospect of living abroad and working to improve the lives of those less fortunate may be appealing to any number of us, I think that we must seriously examine the implications of participating in an organization such as the Peace Corps.

While I question not the sincerity of the young people who enter the Peace

Corps with dreams of creating a better world, I do question the sincerity of the U.S. government in its maintenance of the Peace Corps as a tool for building cultural understanding and promoting empowerment.

The Peace Corps was created under the Kennedy administration in 1961, ostensibly as a challenge to the youth of America to literally "go the distance" for the cause of peace. Since then, the mission of the Peace Corps has remained basically the same, although new rhetoric focuses even more on the project of "empowerment." A visit to the Peace Corps web site will reveal that the "larger purpose [of volunteers] is to work with people in developing countries to help them take charge of their own futures," a mantra hauntingly similar to that of the "new" World Bank.

Don't get me wrong, I am all for empowerment. However, I have serious doubts as to the role that the Peace Corps may have in this process. The fact of the

matter is that the Peace Corps is a relatively small government run organization assigned the grandiose role of promoting peace, a goal that is consistently undermined by the foreign policies of that very same government. The Peace Corps Act, as amended 4/15/98, explicitly defines the role and limitations of Peace Corps volunteers. Sec. 2503, subsection (c), clause (3) and (4) outline the Secretary of State's role in ensuring that Peace Corps programs uphold U.S. foreign policy and regulating volunteer activity such that it is not "detrimental to the best interests of the United States." What about when the best interests of the United States directly conflicts with the project of empowerment so central to Peace Corps ideology as is generally the case? To whom do volunteers owe their allegiance? The contract that Peace Corps volunteers enter into with the government of this country essentially bars them from engaging in any activity that might actually seek to alter the conditions of U.S. political hegemony and corporate domination that perpetuate war, poverty

and oppression. It seems to me that the fundamental contradiction of this institution must necessarily negate any good intentions on behalf of its participants.

I argue that the Peace Corps serves a very different function than may be initially apparent. First, it provides an outlet for idealistic youth to respond to injustice in a way that is non-threatening to the interests of the political and economic elite of this nation. These youth, mind you, could conceivably channel their passion and energy to the struggle to dismantle systems of oppression, rather than to the alleviation of symptoms. Secondly, it creates an illusion of benevolence that is far from indicative of U.S. foreign relations. The Peace Corps is in effect a distraction from the political and economic issues at the heart of the organization's central preoccupation. I would challenge, then, any Bard student who has considered the Peace Corps to weigh the importance of service with that of the solidarity sought by political struggle.

Mystery Girls & Chemistry Boys: A Closer Look at Bard on the World Wide Web

By: Drew Schulze

IN AN EFFORT to keep on top of my work, and be the first to know anything that is happening in Palm Beach County, I have found myself spending more and more time at my computer. The library and Kline have seen less of me, as I have abandoned their respective offerings for my desk-side Penthouses and Ritz Bits. In spending these extra hours at the mercy of my Gateway, I have had plenty of time to make fascinating Internet-related discoveries.

My first discovery was that hot Russian ladies want to marry me. Me! At www.russianbrides.com one can select an appropriate Russian wife based on such important characteristics as age, location, and height. I enjoyed reading the countless bios and wallowing in the hoards of jpeg's. Too bad they all had their clothes on.

I also found a web page devoted to two Rice kids' final science project. Take two college kids, mix with a final project due the following day, and slowly stir in a few boxes of Twinkies. Add some beer, too. This is what you get: www.twinkiesproject.com.

Finally, the Flat Earth Society, www.alaska.net/~clund/e_djublonskopf/FlatHome.htm was my last discovery. These geniuses maintain that the whole wide world is flatter than a pancake.

I guess there's still hope for Grandma.

After all this excitement, I was happy to return home to www.bard.edu. I gingerly logged into my Bard email account and practiced a time-honored ritual. I deleted all the generic email that had spawned in my Inbox in the last seventeen hours while I wasn't looking. After trashing the six messages, I logged out. And then it hap-

pened.

I realized that I had never taken the time to mouse around Bard's own web pages. Here I was, being asked to commit to young Russian women that I have never met, having never even glanced at my own college's web site. Ekaterina and Helenea would have to wait, I decided, as I put on my swim trunks, grabbed my board, and began to surf Lake Bard.

After dialing up the Bard home page on my Internet Explorer, I was dazzled by the moving pictures sliding across the top of the screen. I was happy to identify Blithewood, the Center for Curatorial Studies, and the Performing Arts Center. The Library and Stone Row were familiar faces as well. I also saw a boy, a girl, and that weird antennae-sculpture-thing.

I think I remember a violin in there somewhere too.

These moving pictures quickly became too much for me, and I thought it would be best to view some of the other pages. I clicked on the Campus Life link.

More colorful pictures awaited me at the top of this screen, but thankfully this batch remained stationary. I saw one of the tidiest dorm rooms I've ever seen in my life, and the Campus Center at dusk. There was a gentleman studying in the grass, and some girls playing a soccer game.

I took out a pen, and began to write. "You really should come visit me at

Bard sometime," I wrote Svetlana, "it's delightful here."

After I finished my letter, I scrolled down from the small colored pictures to the large black and white picture on the Campus Life page. This photo showed two girls who seemed very happy to be attending Bard. One appeared to be dressed mostly in black, and the other had sunglasses on, as I recall.

I tried for several minutes to remember passing by these students on my way to Kline or as I drove over to Blum. I came up with nothing. I looked at the picture for a few more minutes before finally conceding to myself that I had never seen either one of these people before in my life. If anyone knows who these people are, or if you are these girls, please let me know. I'd like a date.

Hoping that I might see people I recognized, and hoping that the mystery of the Mystery Girls would be illuminated, I clicked on About Bard in the corner of the screen. This page had more of those small colorful pictures, and another large black and white picture. One colorful picture was of Leon, looking cuter than ever. I was sure to right-click him and set him as my wallpaper.

The larger picture contained scholars that I did recognize, seated outside, undoubtedly having an informative class and enjoying the sunshine. I was excited to find students that I had seen on cam-

pus before in this black and white picture. "See Svetlana! I do have friends!" I wrote.

I paused and shook some seaweed out of my shorts, still looking for the final nugget of truth that would assure me that my college's web page was accurate. I clicked on This Year At Bard.

And there it was. It was Bard. It was big, and it was red. It was also pretty ugly. It was New Cruger.

It was a picture of New Cruger that had been conveniently cropped so as to hide the foreground's sharp gravel and innumerable potholes.

There were two students next door to New Cruger practicing chemistry. After a thorough two seconds of reflection, I concluded that they must have succeeded in their attempt to create a solution that will turn one's hair a very specific shade of yellow ochre.

This was home.

New Cruger and the Chemistry Boys were flanked by two other pictures. On their right, sat the elaborate Performing Arts Center. On their left — after the picture of New Cruger of course — were Julie, Deborah, Marka, and Diane, the members of the Colorado String Quartet.

A performing arts center and a string quartet coupled with a goofy looking dorm and synthetic hair colors. I smiled. This is the world I know. This is what I see everyday.

This is Bard.

I book marked the Bard site, and returned to my Russian Brides, confiding in the fact that the Bard in cyberspace is the same as the Bard that I know.

I forgot all about the Chemistry Boys. I'm still working on the Mystery Girls.

A performing arts center and a string quartet coupled with a goofy looking dorm and synthetic hair colors. I smiled. This is the world I know.

Who's Hot and Who's Not: Addictive

Website Lets Users Judge the Average Joe

By Lauren Atlas

THERE ARE SOME things in life that are just beautiful. There are some that are just pathetic. Amihotornot.com is one of those rare things that are beautifully pathetic. And addictive, too.

After typing in the amazingly clever website address (www.amihotornot.com), one is sent to a random photo of one of the hundreds, maybe thousands, maybe BILLIONS of people who have submitted photographs of themselves. At the top of the screen is one of the most brilliant introductions to a web page I have (and probably anyone has) ever seen: "Tell me . . . am I HOT or NOT?" Think of how subtle yet complex the query is, and how many possible interpretations there are! Crazy, huh?

Then, even better, below the heading is a scale from 1 to 10 with 1 translated as "not" and 10 as "hot." The people who invented this thing are geniuses, I swear. Now, there are several different approaches I have learned about as part of the art of rating hot-ness (or would that be called heat?) but I'll get to those in a bit, after I discuss the best part of the entire thing - the photos.

This is the whole purpose of the website (which one wouldn't guess based on its name or any of its other aspects that I have already mentioned) - to rate these people on how "hot" they are. The "hotties" (and "notties") in question are mainly people who are just . . . NORMAL. You might see your high school teacher in a hot pink button-down shirt beaming with his arms

spread wide in front of that blackboard you knew so well.

Your grandfa-ther is on there, laying poolside at his apartment in Miami. You'll see a hundred people who you're sure you know somehow, whether they be from school, work, or even your little fourteen year-old sister, sitting at a desk doing homework, smiling cutely for the camera, wearing a striped tank top, and then, as the image loads, you find that on her lower half, she wears nothing but a black lace thong. Yeah, sometimes it does go overboard, but come on, this is the internet. Anyway, as soon as you rate the person on the screen, a new photo is shown, and you feel all better. Another possibility is that you'll see people you actually DO know; there are at least three Bard students who currently have their pictures on the website. Think about it; we could take this thing over, Bard! Plus, when you do submit your picture, you get to check up as often as you like on how hot you are. Who DOESN'T want to know how thousands of random internet users see you?

Some people on the website, by the way, actually are good-looking. But the majority are people who are nothing but normal. How you score them is totally up to you though, and there are several different approaches to rating these peoples that may be employed. You can take the approach where you say, "Aww, I feel bad for these people, they're so pathetic, they actually put themselves out there to be ridiculed, I'll give no one below a 5." Then, the opposite of that is also possible, "These people are sick! They all deserve

ones, to teach them a clearly much-needed lesson." Personally, I tend to give ones to anyone who obviously thinks they're hot, and tens to those who, sadly, would get low scores from anyone really judging attractiveness. Of course, you could also just judge the people on the suggested scale, "Tell me . . . am I HOT or NOT?"

But what IS "hot," anyway? I'm not going to get into any annoying questions like that though, don't worry - but think about it. There really are so many important things to think about when confronted with a phenomenon such as amihotornot.com. Everyone says, "I bet people put these pictures on as a joke" and, although this may be the case from time to time (would model Milla Jovovitch need to put a picture of her online to find out if she's hot?), I think that it's clear, as you go through the photos, that most people are indeed quite serious. There are tons of prom pictures, pictures taken in offices in front of the computer, and a surprisingly high number of people who seem to be showing off that they drink alcohol.

These people are basically ALL serious, and it's so so sad at times. But then, it's awesome all the time. In a session of amihotornot.com (which can last as long as you want, although you'll soon find out how hard it is to stop, since a new person pops up on the screen as soon as you've rated the last one), you're bound to realize several times how depressing the whole thing is, but each time you begin to think about it, the voyeuristic urge will win you over, and as your view for the website fluctuates from finding it sad to finding it the BEST THING EVER, you will continue to rate these people.

I don't really understand where the

need for such a thing comes from, but it seems quite clear, with all the people who seem addicted to this website, that amihotornot.com is feeding some universal need. For those who submit their pictures, the motives aren't too complex; they just want to know how they look to other people. Although some participants include their e-mail address superimposed over their photos, there are no names or other unnecessary information provided, so nothing more than ratings are available to distract the curious from finding out how they look. On the other hand, it's a bit more confusing why we like to look at the people on the screen. See for yourself, most of them really aren't hot at all. So does voyeurism also apply to looking at normal, plain-looking people? I guess it must. Maybe we just want to finally tell strangers that they're ugly without the threat of getting punched, or that they're hot without having to worry about any future involvement. Who knows?

So, if you haven't already checked out amihotornot.com and the people who put themselves on it, you should. Harmless fun like this shouldn't be free, BUT IT IS, so take advantage of this opportunity to find out what people who spend all day on the internet think of you, and to tell people you don't know and probably never will know what you think of them. They're asking for it, with their "Tell me . . . am I HOT or NOT?" Maybe with enough people putting their photos on the site, Bard College could take this thing over, and become the Princeton Review's number one Hottest School in the World. I, personally, would never put myself out there on a thing like this; but I'd love to rate you.

• SPORTS ! WITH YOUR HOST, MIKE MORINI •

Fencing has been doing great!

In the team's first match, a scrimmage against "super jock school" Marist, the women won 15-9 and the men won 19-8. The individual scores for the women's were; foil 5-4, sabre 4-5, and epee 6-0. The men's were; foil 8-1, sabre 9-0, and epee 2-7. Both teams also did extremely well against our rival, Vassar, but lost very close matches. Laramie Wilcox, from the women's team, received two victories in her first competition. Also for the women's team, Megan Irving posted three victories and is currently undefeated. For the men's team, Ian McBee, Ashton Morris, and Ben Blattberg all won in foil.



Men's b-ball wins two in a row!

The men's team won a very close scrimmage against Sarah Lawrence 48-46. In the game co-captain Frantz Andersen scored 19 points, Luke Amentas 9 points, and Jose Rosario had 8. The team also kicked Simon's Rock in a scrimmage by 20 points.

Sports! Yet to Come

Men's fencing

Sun. Nov. 19 vs. Hunter College 11am

Women's fencing

Sun. Nov. 19 vs. Hunter College and some other schools 11am

Men's basketball

Tues. Nov. 21 vs. Vassar 7pm

Thurs. Nov. 30 vs. Albany College of Pharmacy 7pm

• SPORTS ! RAP-UP •

In Bard sports news... the women's b-ball team won an exciting match against a non-Bard faculty team by one point... In NFL news... Buffalo beat Kansas City 21-17... the Jets maraudered Miami 20-3... New England won their first game in a long while against Cincinnati 16-13... In NBA news... New York shmocked Golden State 88-71... In NHL news... the Anaheim Mighty Ducks turded on the Islanders 2-1... In other (sports) news... I would hate to live in Florida. I also would have hated to have vote for Nader in Florida because I know every single Naderite who voted in Florida is swimming in his or her socks right now praying that their will be a re-count and perhaps a re-election so they can vote for the man who should and hopefully will be our next president of the United States of America. Damn this man. I guess today there will be some sort of hearing in court to decide if they will count the votes that they are re-counting in Florida as we speak. All we can do is keep our toes crossed. And praay... if you have never seen the television show Jackass on MTV, go see it man... it's perhaps the best show on TV... Tom Green, who is probably the coolest man alive and I hope appears in the next issue of People's 50 most beautiful people, appeared on this past week's SNL... I didn't catch the entire show but there was this really silly man who played a guitar you couldn't hear and sang in this really quirky cheese-ball voice... thanks for those fone directories.



GO GORE, GO! The only thing that our Sports! Editor Mike Morini likes more than sports! is Al Gore, quite possibly the next president of this nation.

• STAFF PIC # 9 •

How HOT are you?
 What you think to rate me? Read then the Best link:
<http://www.amihotor.net/7414-ARBITER>

4
 You are hotter than 34% of men on this site!

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

A total of 287 people have rated you

The photo is inactive. It can still be accessed thru the above link, but it is no longer shown to random visitors. Photos are deactivated once they receive a certain number of votes. We must do this to give newer photo subscribers a chance to get rated.

The exact number of votes allowed varies from day to day, and depends on how many new subscribers we receive. In general, women are allowed more votes, since visitors to this site seem to enjoy looking at women more than men (sorry, guys).

You can get rated by random visitors again by submitting a new photo. This will reset your current rating.

Are you a BOTTIE?
 You can be featured in our top 10 newsletter!
 To be eligible, enter an email address where we can contact you. (Don't worry, we won't give your address out to anyone.)
 Email address: _____
 Enter again to confirm.

Not satisfied with your rating?
 Try submitting a different picture.
 WAS2000: This will reset your rating!
 Enter the URL of your photo:
 (e.g., <http://www.yourpic.com/yourpic.jpg>)

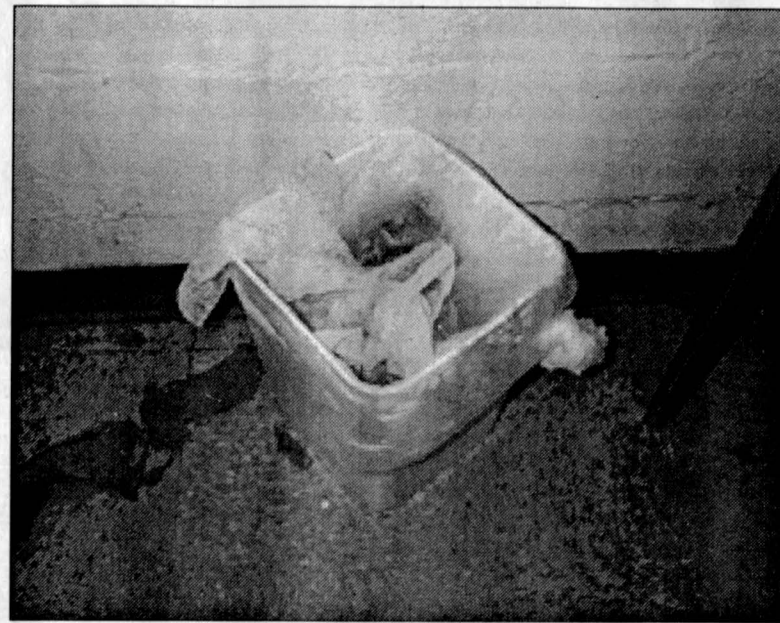
Want to remove your picture?
 Yes, please remove my photo from this site!

Reports from amihotor.net: In an effort to sell more papers we posted this week's staff pic. Our brave Design Editor allowed himself to be rated by hundreds of teenyboppers. Sadly, the polls were disapproving. A hottie he is nottie... but what do YOU think?

The Bard Observer Staff Fall 2000

- Editors in Chief: John Garrett and Scott Staton
- Design Editor: Brian Ackley
- News Editors: Hasan Al Faruq and John Garrett
- A&E Editor: Scott Staton
- Opinions Editor: Michael Marlin Jr.
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"WHAT THEY WERE THINKING"



Observer Editorial Policy

The Bard Observer is one of Bard College's several student-run publications. It is published every two weeks, on the following dates, with seven issues planned this semester: September 12, September 25, October 16, October 30, November 13, November 27, and December 11.

The Bard Observer encourages the submission of art work, photography, responses to editorials and opinion pieces, and letters to the editor and community. It offers free advertising space for student organization events. The deadline for submission is the Thursday prior to the date of publication. Text must be sent on a 3.5" floppy disk in Microsoft Word(c) format (for Macintosh(c) or PC), with accompanying double-spaced hard copy, via campus mail to "The Observer" or emailed in an attached file to observer@bard.edu. Please note that we make no changes to letters or club pages submitted to the Opinions section. Please check the spelling of your words and the capitalization of your letters.

Opinions expressed in the Comics or Opinions sections do not necessarily represent those of The Bard Observer or its staff. Claims and allegations in these sections are those of the author/s alone. The Bard Observer reserves the right to edit for grammar, spelling, and coherency. Anonymous submissions are accepted rarely and require editorial consultation with author/s after submission. The Bard Observer copyright 2000.

• RESPONSE TO FREE PRESS SEXUAL HARASSMENT ARTICLE BY NICOLE WOODS •

IN RESPONSE to the Bard *Free Press* headline story about sexual harassment in Albee Hall, there have been extensive discussions about discrepancies over facts, disagreements over journalistic behavior, freedom of the press, and respect for the privacy and due process rights of students. For me, those discussions have increased my concern for this community's need to understand the challenge involved in tackling the complex issue of sexual harassment.

What underlies this issue is the right of every student to feel comfortable in his or her living and learning environment. This requires that students not be mistreated or denied their rights because of their gender, race, ethnicity, religion, sexual orientation, geographic origin, age, educational background, national origin, cultural preferences, musical tastes, weight, fashion sense, and/or socioeconomic status. However, if we want to live in a comfortable and respectful community that protects and honors student's rights, we have to wake up to the reality of how hard it is to truly create and maintain such a community. One article is not the way to address or correct the centuries old tradition of harassing and oppressing women. Taking on that challenge requires a serious long-term approach with compassion, education, and justice at its heart. When sexual harassment occurs, we have to avoid further victimizing the subjects of the harassment or prematurely and unfairly judging the individual(s) in question.

If we claim to be a community committed to justice and respect, we must hold each other accountable for the injustices we commit against each other. We must learn to recognize injustice and disrespect when we see it

in our community. We must challenge ourselves - not just the administration - to struggle with complexities of sexual harassment and justice in our own community. Save the world, ladies and gentleman. But don't forget to save your backyard. Our inability to see the virtue and shortcomings of our own lives and actions at Bard will reduce our ability to create change in someone else's life after Bard. I would encourage you to let go of the naïve rationale that there are simple answers to questions that have plagued our society for decades. Appropriate responses to sexual harassment are not simple and are not designed to please the student community. They are carefully designed to ensure a fair investigation of the complaint, respect the subjects of harassment, assess the actions of the individual(s), and redress the harassment. In an increasingly diverse society where everyone does not think the same, speak the same way, have access to the same resources, and value the same things, we have to work hard to respect each other. If we convince ourselves that justice and respect are simple matters and that our Bardian idealism has exempted us from needed to think about these issues, we are lying to ourselves.

Respecting our responsibility to each other, we must remember that this is a place to think - not a place to react. Not a place to right a wrong, by being wrong. Not a place to create justice, by being unjust. This is a place to be safe and secure. This is a place to be free from sexual harassment, unfair judgement, and accusation. This is a place to demand the best of ourselves and others.

-Nicole Woods, Associate Dean of Students/Director of Multicultural Affairs

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Bard's finest sports writer does what he does best.



FERRUSI

fine jewelry

Appraisals
Diamonds & Gems
Custom Designing
Full service watch
& jewelry repairs
Pearl stringing

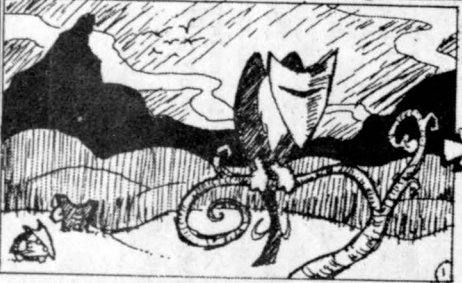


914-876-1203 www.ferrusi.com 5 South Broadway
Red Hook, NY 12571



If being zealous means you're full of zeal...

...Does being jealous mean you're full of jeal?



Sure is pretty, once you stop and look at it.

Indeed.



Makes you want to write some poetry...

Don't even think about it.



Greetings, fellow travelers!

Burtle! You're OK!

Who?

Of course I'm OK. Firth here rescued me. She's the queen of the Hudson.

She too, was captured by the Dust Bunny.

11-18-00



Anyway, I don't know how you got here, but it is essential that we return you to your plane of origin, potthafte.

Are you saying we're in some kind of parallel universe, or something?

Perpendicular universe, my dear.

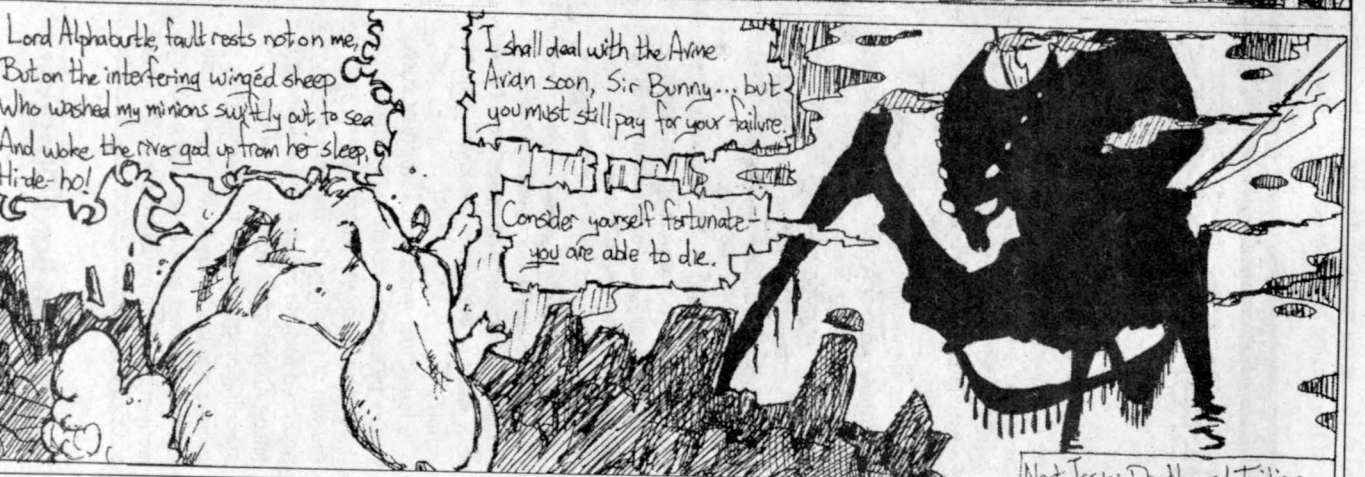
This plane is far too dangerous for you right now. It's ruled Alphaburtle, if planning something. I can only guess at what it may be...



Something is amiss on the Hudson.

Pardon?

Please forgive me. I am not used to speaking your tongue. My own is better suited to these tufts.



Lord Alphaburtle, fault rests not on me, but on the interfering winged sheep who washed my minions swiftly out to sea. And woke the river god up from her sleep. Hi-de-ho!

I shall deal with the Avine Avian soon, Sir Bunny... but you must still pay for your failure.

Consider yourself fortunate - you are able to die.

Next Issue: Death and Tuition