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Bard's War on Terror: Online Registration

by liv carrow *panic experienced by many on registration day to be eliminated*

This semester the Office of the Registrar will introduce a new online component to registration, and while many students have expressed alarm and confusion over the new process, it is not what it sounds like.

According to Registrar Peter Gadsby, there were multiple reasons for introducing online registration. One major reason is to reduce the amount of stress both faculty and students experience on registration day and in the days leading up to it.

"From the faculty

point of view there was just panic, and in the students there was also a sense of panic. People don't make good decisions. The students

have a sense of unfairness about registration," he explained.

Part of that panic is due to a tendency of individual professors and departments to work out their own systems of pre-registration, which take a few semesters to learn for Lower College students. While some departments will probably never use online registration (photography, for example), online registration is a clear and fair way for students to pre-register for courses.

"There were all sorts of weird pre-registration systems which were perceived as unfair and secret...the murky areas made everybody unhappy. If you request a spot in a course online, you won't

necessarily get it, but now there is a uniform pre-registration system spread over ten days, which will give people time to communicate," Gadsby elucidated.

The actual change to the registration process is minimal. Faculty will still be in assigned spots on registration day (December 7) and registration cards will all go out in campus mail on December 6 for financially cleared students (freshmen and sophomores included- no more MPR.) Courses you are pre-registered for online will already be printed on the card, meaning if you have pre-registered for four courses and got a spot in every one, your job is done and all you require is your adviser's signature. You will not necessarily find out your acceptance status in a course until your card arrives, however, so a backup plan for registration day is still a good idea.

Online pre-registration will begin on Monday, November 28, and online registration will only be available for courses that say "online" underneath them in the course catalog. To register online for a course, students log onto BIP (Bard Information Portal) through inside.bard.edu, log in with their Bard e-mail and password, and use their PIN to get into the BIP menu for "Online Registration." Once in the system, four lists appear, and the student can highlight the courses she wants to pre-register for. The form can only be submitted once, and once submitted, the professors of each course will be able to see a list of students who have requested a spot. The Office of the Registrar will send out forms to all students with their PINs and clear instructions on how to use the system within the next few days.



Click here to go to page two for the rest of the article...

New Technology in Condoms Aims to Reduce Rape and AIDS

by kathy kelleher

Recently, a new invention has been unveiled in South Africa that aims to reduce the number of rapes and the spread of HIV/AIDS. The "Rapex" condom is a tampon-like latex tube containing a number of tiny teeth that clamp down upon an attacker's penis and is impossible to remove without surgical help. This device is imperative, especially in South Africa, the country with the highest number of people with HIV/AIDS and one of the highest rates of sexual assault in the world. Sonette Ehlers, the inventor of the Rapex condom, says she hopes that this new technology will help to stop sexual assault and curb the ever-growing AIDS epidemic.

Although this seems like the perfect revenge for assaulted women, the Rapex condom has proven to be incredibly controversial and been attacked by anti-rape activists, the very people you would expect to be most excited at the thought of

tiny teeth embedded in a penis. While the Rapex condom would definitely put a man out of sexual commission for quite a while, it may not stop them from continuing the assault upon the victim in other ways. Anti-rape activists fear that the condom will only increase the violence against women; rapists might be enraged at finding their member turned into a pincushion and respond by increasing the severity of the assault or possibly even killing the woman.

Ehlers does not believe violence against women would increase due to the Rapex condom; "He will obviously be too pre-occupied at this stage. I promise you he is going to be too sore. He will go straight to a hospital," she claims. However, gang rape is a common occurrence in South Africa, so the condom may not be completely effective. Other critics have ironically called the condom, rather than the rape it

aims to stop, medieval and barbaric.

Another advance in condom technology involves genetically modified bacteria that form a "living condom" inside the vagina. American researchers have found a way to genetically modify bacteria that inhabit the vagina to secrete proteins that can protect women from contracting HIV. Test tube experiments have shown that the vaginal native *Lactobacillus jensenii* can be genetically engineered to secrete soluble CD4, a protein that prohibits HIV from infecting the body.

Although the research has yet to be applied to the human body, it seems like a promising temporary solution, especially considering how far researchers remain from developing an effective HIV vaccine. The living condom may be particularly helpful for women in countries where cultural conventions make it difficult for them to demand that their partner wear

a condom. However, there is some fear that the living condom, even if perfected, may not be accepted in countries that have already voiced concerns about genetically modified organisms. The stigma attached to genetic engineering may cause new technology designed to curb the spread of HIV to be senselessly rejected in the very countries that could most benefit from the new protective devices.

With the increase of inventions aimed at reducing the incidence of violence and HIV it is important to keep an open mind about new technology that is created with the best intentions. Although neither the Rapex condom nor the living condoms will be able to stop violence or the transmission of HIV completely, it is necessary for new technology to be reviewed fully before being rejected, especially when such developments hold great potential for stopping the global spread of AIDS.

Hot Rocks: Geothermal heating breaks new ground in Australia

by sam scoppettone

There are many numbers to throw around with regard to energy sources. Politicians talk about developing "efficient, clean" sources of energy and about the "overdependence" on fossil fuels such as coal, oil, and gas. We hear about better forms of energy all the time, from harnessing the power of the tides in the North Sea, to running our cars on used french-fry grease, to the traditional "renewables" like wind, hydro, and solar.

Australia, which generates 78% of its electricity from coal, has spent decades exploring the possibilities of a new source of renewable energy, one that would take advantage of the precious Outback. There, three miles below the surface lies hot granite. How hot? Try 570° Fahrenheit.

An Australian company, Geodynamics, wants to develop a type of geothermal energy called Hot Dry Rock (HDR). HDR involves

pumping water down to this hot rock, where it is heated and brought back up to the surface, where the heat from the water is harnessed to spin turbines. The hot water loses its heat in the process and can be pumped back down. The chief executive of another exploration company, Petrathern, estimates that this technology could produce more than 1,000 of the 1,200 megawatts required to power South Australia.

It sounds pretty good in theory. But in reality will it or any other renewable source of energy replace the costly, dirty consumption of fossil fuels? According to the U.S. Energy Information Administration, world dependence on fossil fuels is not expected to decline in the next 20 years. Coal generated just over 40% of world electricity in 2002, and by 2025 that number will drop by only a few points. Renewable sources of energy are

not expected to make headway in their percentage of total generation, while reliance on natural gas is expected to increase.

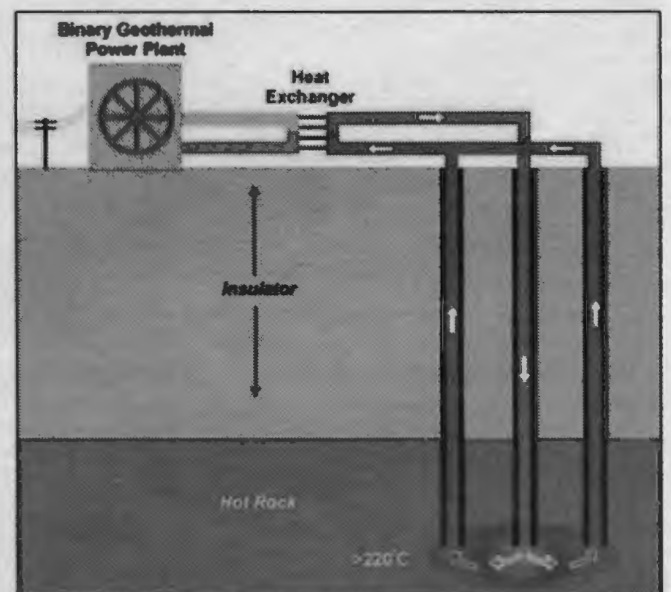
As for Uncle Sam, renewables make up a relatively small proportion of our electricity needs. On the world scale, hydropower exceeds nuclear power, while in the U.S., hydro takes 6% and nuclear 20%. The U.S. gets approximately half of its electricity from coal.

Keep in mind these figures are only for electricity and exclude the vast amounts of oil consumed by automobiles and for heating. Out of total energy, the U.S. gets 40% of its energy from oil, 24% from coal, as much from gas, 9% from nuclear, and the rest from renewables, in all only 0.9% comes from hydro.

The world energy crisis is such that while reliable, renewable energy sources are

making progress, consumption is increasing due to soaring populations and developing economies. Often it is easier, especially for poor countries, to build a dirty coal plant than to invest heavily in newer, cleaner

technologies. HDR has cost developers A\$500 million so far. However, many studies have shown that cleaner and more sustainable can also mean cheaper in the long run (for one of them see www.oilendgame.com).



Read on for: More with M. Dudczak, author of *Loog*, tosser of disc; an exegesis of the 24hr theater festival; confessions of a Bard groupie; Dahr Jamail speaks on Fallujah; the solution to the shuttle problem, and more!

Giant Pandas and the Storsjo Monster

by lauren kitz

the latest on your favorite endangered species

On November 10th, the city of Chiang Mai in northern Thailand made the greatest effort yet to get Giant Pandas to mate in captivity—a traditional Chinese wedding. Five-year-old Chuang Chuang and four-year-old Lin Hul, both on a ten-year loan from China, were married by proxy in hopes that such a formality will encourage them to consummate their partnership. Official reasoning behind the decision was the prediction that a new baby panda would undoubtedly be a huge boost for tourism, and thus for the Thai economy in general.

During the ceremony, which was overseen by Chiang Mai MP Payap Shinawatra, Chinese tradition was strictly followed, necessitating a human couple dressed up as pandas to parade the city and carry out the customary wedding activities that the pandas themselves were unable to do, by virtue of being animals in a zoo. These customs included the couple leading a 500-person procession, wearing red and white Chinese headdresses and bringing tea to the elderly. While a festive and lavish event, the wedding did garner criticism from conservatives

who thought that the concept of an animal wedding was “undignified.” They accordingly forced the zoo to rename the event a “Happiness and Fun Fair.”

Pandas have a notoriously low fertility rate, which is even more greatly impaired in captivity. More than 60% of captive males lack any sexual desire for long periods, and only 10% of them are capable of natural mating. Only 30% of female pandas become pregnant and give birth; they also have a tendency to only raise one baby in the rare event that two are born. In captivity females have to be “tricked” into caring for both babies, which is often done by covering both babies with the urine of one and switching them on and off when the mother is not looking.

Chinese Consul Peng Ren, however, expects no such nonsense from Chuang Chuang and Ling Hul. “Start making children soon,” he told the couple. “Don’t let me down.”

The Storsjo Monster

The Storsjo monster, a centuries old

mythical monster that is believed by some to live in Jämtland’s 300-foot deep Lake Storsjön, was recently removed from Sweden’s endangered species list. The creature, which some have compared to Scotland’s Loch Ness monster, was first mentioned in print in 1635, and hundreds of sightings have been reported since. No clear image of it has ever been captured on camera, but it has been described as serpent-like with the head of a dog and fins on its back.

Authorities removed the creature’s endangered species protection, which has been in effect since 1986, after a government watchdog came out with the criticism that regulation for an animal that probably does not exist is unnecessary at best and ludicrous at worst. The original incorporation of the animal on the endangered species list took place after 22 years of debate, the delay owing to the fact that to be placed on the list required an official Linnaean name, which naturally no zoologist would consent to give to an animal that is probably fictional. The council removed the listing this month, but refused to definitively state that

the Storsjo monster is not real. “It exists, inasmuch as it lives in the minds of people,” said the council’s chief legal adviser Peter Lif. “But I guess we’ll have to agree that it cannot be proved scientifically, and should not be listed as an endangered species.” Therefore, if the creature is in fact still alive and well, Swedish hunters are now legally allowed to hunt and kill it. This was a rather alarming decision for Storsjo monster

enthusiasts, although they are unable to produce any evidence to challenge the government’s decision. “We are not fanatics,” said Christer Berko, of the Storsjo monster association. “We see this as very interesting phenomenon that we unfortunately have not been able to document.” Until such documentation becomes available, it is literally open season on this ancient beast.



Online Registration (continued)

instead of a replacement for it, is another unique feature of the system; Gadsby says that communication is one of the features of the small-college education he hopes will be aided by the online system.

“It would be nice if signing up for courses could happen in faculty offices...it is much better to visit a professor in a book-lined study. We are actually getting registration back to the way it used to be.”

The online system is meant to facilitate better communication between faculty and students, to enable students to make better, more careful choices about their course schedule, to give professors more time to determine the makeup of their classes, and to reduce the tension and hectic atmosphere on campus on registration day itself.

“Human behavior is what it is,” Gadsby joked. “Those who behave badly in the system now will behave badly in the new system, but this doesn’t make it easier for students to behave badly. The students who are the strongest and most vicious will not necessarily win.”

Gadsby also mentioned that while the role of crowd psychology will be reduced with the new system, the campus might lose some sense of community and empathy experienced in the teeming halls of Olin. But pressure and stress is all that the system is intended to eradicate. “We’ll see what comes.”



Simon’s Rock under the old, manual system.

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Independent Iraq Reporter Speaks in Olin

makes harrowing case for unilateral withdrawal

by jon dame

Dahr Jamail, un-embedded Iraq reporter and contributor to The Guardian UK, The Nation, and the Independent, among others, spoke to a packed Olin 102 on November 5th. The hour-and-a-half talk, slide-show, and video screening was met with rapt attention and almost universally dropped jaws, as Mr. Jamail dropped some knowledge on the participants about the true desperation of the on-the-ground situation in Iraq.

Unsatisfied with the quality of reporting on Iraq in the mainstream press, Mr. Jamail, a native of Alaska, decided to take the initiative and head to Iraq himself. With a forged press pass and one lone contact in Baghdad, he started sending e-mail reports back to his friends. His reports quickly gave rise to a website and then published articles, filling what he characterized as a void of credible reporting on Iraq left by the incompetence and distortion of the traditional news outlets. Mr. Jamail's entire lecture emphasized the failings of the mainstream media and the importance of independent reportage.

Beginning with an analysis of recent statistics, Jamail depicted a rapidly deteriorating situation in Iraq that shows no signs of turning around. From the beginning, he constructed a compelling (and in this writer's opinion, overwhelmingly convincing) case that U.S. withdrawal from Iraq is an absolute prerequisite to any upturn in the fortunes of the beleaguered country.

Among his revelations: Hospitals in Iraq are in a state of continual crisis, chronically short of supplies and increasingly starved of staff as qualified doctors and nurses flee the country. Some doctors Jamail has spoken with characterize the situation as worse than under the notorious sanctions that killed one and a half million Iraqi children throughout the 90's. Hospitals, ambulances and doctors are frequent targets of harassment and attack by U.S. troops, who often arrest doctors en masse to prevent them from possibly treating insurgents during attacks.

A 2004 study by The Lancet, one of the world's most reputable medical journals, estimates that there have been 100,000 Iraqi civilian casualties caused by the war. Jamail considers this figure very conservative, and estimates that the real statistic is probably upwards of 200,000.

Here's the clincher. A separate study has found that around *two thirds* of these casualties are caused directly by *occupation forces*. Not caused by shortages, or insurgent bombings, the majority of violent deaths in Iraq are caused directly by occupation forces.

As soon as these occupation forces leave, Jamail noted, a lot more people will be able to stay alive.

Jamail was also in Falluja during the first siege of that city in April 2004. Although that action was heavily covered by the American media, the second siege of Fallujah in November of that year was virtually ignored. A video documentary of that second siege was shown, and the footage showed a city almost completely leveled by artillery. There are no accounts of how many Iraqis may have died in the second, more destructive onslaught. But to give some idea, Jamail characterized Fallujah as "The Guernica of our time."

Later, a question was asked of Jamail concerning media objectivity. How could a general audience be convinced, one Bardian asked, if independent reporters were so explicitly "biased?" In response, Mr. Jamail dropped a bomb. He began "Well, this actually came up when I was having dinner with Howard Zinn and Noam Chomsky..." As happened so many times during the evening, a muffled "Holy Shit!"/"Are You Kidding Me?" passed through the audience.

Jamail explained that both Chomsky and Zinn (!) view the concept of "bias" as essentially a homogenizing tool and a fiction of the corporate media. Mr. Zinn, ever the historian, explained that before newspapers began to be bought up and consolidated by syndicates, readers expected varying perspectives in their news, as opposed to the pose of "objectivity" that we've come to expect from today's bland news outlets. In this light, "bias" and perspective are actually powerful tools of the independent reporter to construct a viable alternative to the big seven news syndicates.

Despite Jamail's moving presentation, a few Bard students remained incredulous of his position that immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops is the best policy to heal Iraq. "Being anti-war," this student said, "should not be equivalent with being pro-withdrawal."

Respectfully, Mr. Jamail disagreed. If two-thirds of the deaths in Iraq are at the hands of occupiers, if U.S. forces are the primary targets of and agitators of a strong and growing insurgency, and if the U.S. army has spectacularly failed to provide enough security even to begin reconstruction, how in the world could continued occupation help Iraqis? He also questioned the commonly heard sentiment that U.S. withdrawal would leave a power vacuum that would end in civil war. In contrast he believed that continued U.S. occupation, intentionally or not, is constantly fomenting ethnic conflict



Top: A man, partially eaten by dogs. Photographer alleges his feet were run over by a tank. Above: A dead boy holding a white surrender flag.

Photos courtesy of dahrjamailiraq.com

and increasing the chances of civil war. He also pointed out that it is somewhat paternalistic to say that Iraqis, citizens of an advanced civilization, cannot rebuild their own society without our help.

After the talk, I commented to the speaker about the how interesting it was that very radical Bard students who are against the war could still support a continued occupation. It's an insidious logic that pro-occupation forces use, Jamail responded, because it really appeals to your sense of morality. When they frame it in terms of "Now that we're there, we've got to finish the job," it appeals to your charity and concern for Iraqis' wellbeing. But the reality is, he explained, every day that soldiers stay on the ground the political and humanitarian crisis in Iraq gets more and more hopeless.

At the close of his talk, Mr. Jamail emphasized the relative ease of becoming an independent reporter. He himself had had no previous experience

or training in journalism. He just saw an unmet demand for information, and went out and filled it. The enthusiastic response to his reports and his success in getting freelance work published reflects, he said, the intensity of the demand for real reporting. If he could do it, so can you.

In all honesty, I've never heard applause as intense as what erupted when Jamail concluded his talk. It was deafening. It seemed everyone left the talk truly affected, and, I think, each galvanized to do what they could to end the occupation of Iraq. One of the most important things you can do is to keep yourself informed. Jamail recommended the recent books *Night Draws Near* and *The Freedom*. For up-to-date info, links to reliable news and information sites can be found on Jamail's website www.DahrJamailiraq.com. If you are ready to Stop This War, the anti-war working group meets Mondays at 9 in the Root Cellar.

**Thou Shalt Have No
Other Gods Before Me.
Buy Nothing Day
November 25th**



Modest Proposals

Op-Ed

On Cell Phones and the Library

by liv carrow

I find myself in the library quite a bit these days. I've got four classes and a Senior Project to work on, and I go to the library because it is a quiet, studious environment in which I can peacefully do my work without the distractions of a busier, more social place, like the Root Cellar or the Campus Center. Or is it?

Virtually every study session I have spent in the library this semester (about every day) I have been distracted, and in some cases impeded, from working. I have had to get up and move from my table or desk. I have been startled, annoyed, irked, bothered, and disrupted by people in the library doing something so ridiculous, so disruptive, so inappropriate and so inane that it defies explanation. If you haven't already experienced it yourself and guessed, that thing is this: talking on a cell phone.

Did I miss a memo? Is talking on a cell phone in the library now totally okay with everyone? Is it sanctioned by the administration? Is there a reward being offered for the loudest ring tone, the most banal and useless conversation, the most people within hearing radius of said conversation? Or are people behaving in such an inconsiderate and immature way as to completely ignore the purpose of the library and sacrifice the quiet of an entire roomful of tired kids to the "convenience" of having a cell phone conversation without stepping outside?

Whatever the reasons, I'm pissed off. Every day, I hear a new, grating, polyphonic ring tone force its way into the quiet of my thoughts. If I wrote "cell phone rings" in my notes every time it happened, they

wouldn't make any damned sense. And if I transcribed every insipid conversation I was forced to overhear in the previously pin-drop silence of a room, it would fill a notebook the size of the one for my senior project.

This is not something I am willing to tolerate, and I hope that other students who see the library as a refuge from overstimulation, distraction, noise and general annoyance are similarly angered. If there were a librarian on every floor, shushing the cell phone prattle at all hours of the day, he or she would be too; but since there are not librarians policing adult college students all over the library, it is up to the community of students who use it to set the standards of behavior and respect each other's mental and physical space.

While talking with other people in the library can also be disruptive, it often is done in a respectfully low voice, and from what I have overheard, is usually pertinent to the work students are doing or some other topic that validates disruptiveness. There is no amplified ring tone, there is no loud "HELLO?" and there is no consequent one-sided conversation about what somebody ate for dinner, what somebody's weekend in the city was like, gossip, etc. The very fact that people are not turning off their ringers/

phones when they go to the library implies that they don't recognize the function of the space for students and the importance of its sanctity.

I have a cell phone. Despite its being a tyrannical, disquieting and distracting force in my everyday life, it is convenient and allows me to make contact with people when and where I need to. It is not an excuse to behave in a completely disrespectful, self-centered way and ignore the comfort of living humans existing around me in favor of an electronic conversation with someone who is not there. Just as lighting up a cigarette in the middle



of a reading room would be annoying, polluting and inappropriate, so is using a cellphone. I've been a smoker for eight years and I have never once "accidentally" lit up in the library or in a classroom, and there is just no reason to accidentally "blow up"

if you consider the comfort of those around you even a tiny bit. There is a time and a place for both things, and library time is not it.

My point is made, and I hope it is well taken by everyone who uses the library and who values a truly quiet, studious space on this campus. Most of us are here to learn and most of us have to get our work done; I hope that some mutual respect we have for our student

comrades will prevail over self-centered and inconsiderate behavior such as this.

Here are some suggestions to help de-cellularize the library:

- Turn it off when you go through the door. Pretend that the sensors will detect it and shoot lasers at you.

- Treat cell phone use as smokers treat cigarettes. Non-users find it annoying, it causes cancer and pollution, and it's just not for inside, so take a break and go outside so you don't bother anyone.

- Tell your friends when you are going to the library, and suggest that they come and find you, leave a voicemail, text you or call you at a different time.

- If you are making a call, take the five minutes to put on your jacket and go outside. It is not raining under the overhang, and you can leave your stuff on the desk. Four flights of stairs never killed anyone.

- If turning the phone off is not an option, turn it on vibrate, just like R. Kelly. If someone starts to call you, don't pick up and run outside, just call them back in 20 seconds, after you've exited the library. Running around while whispering is no less disruptive than a full-fledged conversation.

- For the love of God, do not leave your cell phone on and unattended. If it is going to ring at least be there to pick it up and accept the hateful stares all around you.

- Remind yourself that your cell phone annoys YOU most of all! Why not turn it off for a while and give yourself a break? It's nothing so urgent that it can't wait until you are done working.

On the Bard Shuttle, and Reducing the Number of Cars on Campus

by abe jellinek

Bard College faces a parking and traffic dilemma. Like many fast-growing cities, its infrastructure is straining under the weight of a rising, affluent population. As the number of people living on campus increases, and a larger proportion of those students bring cars for the semester, Bard must make a series of difficult choices. The parking problem is already apparent, and growing worse. On a recent trip through campus at 9:30 on a Tuesday morning, almost every space in or around the Olin/Ludlow area was full. As recently as two years ago, this was not the case. The Kline lot becomes flooded with cars at every mealtime, and the Olin lot is now a long string of tightly-packed cars stretching into the woods. As a general rule, the various lots scattered around campus are either packed, highly inconvenient, or both. All of this before the first frost, which sends many cyclists and pedestrians to the warmth of the dashboard light.

Also troubling is the steady sprawl of lots into the forest around Bard. The beautiful views from the back of Robbins and Manor are now broken up by a ribbon of blacktop, stretching around the Performing Arts Center. thebardfreepress.vol7.issue4

The Robbins lot was extended all the way to the road between Keene and Annandale Road, at the cost of a chunk of grassland and forest. A particularly old and pretty tree that I walked to many times during my first year at Bard, when I lived on North Campus, now abuts asphalt and steel.

The traffic problem on Bard campus is not quite as pressing, but it is already causing headaches for many. Part of the problem is related to parking, as cars are forced to park on the "shoulder" of the road, causing congestion in front of Olin, Tewksbury, and many other places. These stuttering lines of cars, waving each other through a narrow chute where a two-lane road once was, are ugly, dangerous, and damage the environment.

Other traffic problems persist. The endless, fruitless battle to slow drivers down—witness the "radar-based speed limit sign" threatening drivers with their own misdeeds in 72pt electric light, and the "this is a crosswalk, slow down" mid-street standing signs—will continue to waste more of everybody's time and concern, and yield no results. The simple fact of the matter is that the slower and busier the roads, the less pedestrian-friendly

drivers will be. A drive-through Bard is frustrating, and frustration breeds speed and inattention.

Bard could continue to go down the path it is on, towards a blacktop forest and the aggravation of tracking and enforcing hundreds of parking violations, or it could expand upon the mass transit solution it has already found. Currently, only the shadow of this system exists, the anemic "Shuttle." The shuttle fails to provide service at only the most important times. Between ten and eleven, a convenient time to leave the library, no shuttle goes to Red Hook or Tivoli. While an hour break seems reasonable, it means that, if one wants to go from Tivoli to campus at 9:45PM, they must wait until 11:30PM! There is also no shuttle between three and six, stranding a good proportion of the school, those who have class at 1:30 or 2:30, at Olin.

The shuttle itself takes the better part of an hour to go the eight miles from Red Hook to Tivoli, compared to a ten minute drive. If you live in Manor or on North Campus, or commute from off-campus, once the winter sets in, the shuttle is cold, inconvenient, and slow no matter how you look at it. That many choose to drive is not a surprise.

If Bard wants to preserve its green spaces, stop poisoning its atmosphere, and avoid the costs of enforcing parking and traffic laws, it must expand the shuttle system. The bus should be the first thing to go. Bard does not often have even twenty people to take anywhere, let alone a full minibus. Running an expensive heavy-duty transport vehicle is frivolous. A move to a dual-vehicle system of vans, each on a separate loop from each nearby town to Bard, and around Bard, would allow shuttles to arrive at various points on campus far more than twice as often as they do now. These shuttles would run continuously, including peak hours, instead of on a rigid schedule. Functionally, if you wait twenty minutes at a given stop, a shuttle should be there, either to take you where you are going, or to a stop on the other loop.

If the current shuttle were so reliable, the need for cars would dissolve, particularly among off-campus students, who would happily accept a free ride over the current, somewhat onerous gas prices. Commuting from Manor would be foolish, especially since missing the shuttle would mean being only slightly late to class, instead of missing it. Every parking lot on campus

would become "convenient", and thus additional parking could be added in places where it makes aesthetic and functional sense, instead of only near the already-jammed destinations on-campus. The additional salary costs of having a second driver would be vastly outweighed by the reduced need to add parking each summer, and the eventual savings found in the cheaper vans.

Reliable, efficient mass transit is a proven solution to the traffic problems that plague all cities. Just because Bard has what seems like abundant open space, and forest beyond that, does not mean the school should continue to address the "car problem" in a piecemeal manner, adding spaces here and there in an endless effort to slake an unquenchable thirst. The trend towards "one car per student per class period or meal" can be reversed, and it does not require a monorail or helicopter, just a relatively small investment in a system we already have. Even an ideal, elaborate, expensive system, with two or more buses running constant loops, would likely save Bard headaches now, and crushing infrastructural problems later.

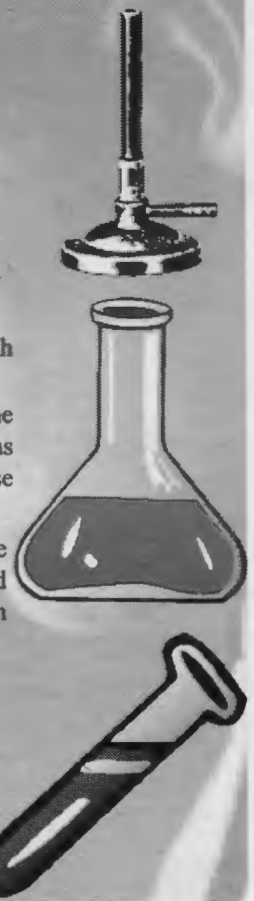
SCIENCE BYTES

a. In a development that deserves several pages of the paper, the US military has recently denied-admitted-justified the use of the chemical weapon white phosphorous on Iraqis during the massacre of Fallujah. White phosphorous is an allotrope of the element Phosphorous (atomic number 15, elemental symbol P) Used as an incendiary weapon combined with high explosives, weaponized white phosphorous is aerosolized into a cloud that can cover an area nearly a tenth of a mile in diameter. White phosphorous (WP) is incredibly reactive, forming phosphoric acid when it comes into contact with air, water, or in this case, skin. With enough exposure, as is implicated in the siege of Fallujah, WP may burn victims to the bone after converting all available water in the body to phosphoric acid or pyrophosphoric acid. The prescribed method of preventing serious burns is to deprive the chemical of air via submerging the affected areas into wet mud. In the Iraqi desert, this option was impossible to entertain. The use of WP against humans is in violation of the UN's Chemical Weapons Convention. With increasingly concrete evidence provided by Italian State TV RAI, military guests on Democracy NOW!, and the Army's own Field Artillery magazine, the scope of the tragedies in Iraq and specifically in Fallujah are gaining much needed publicity.

b. DuPont employee Glenn R. Evers recently went public with inside information regarding the health risks of the company's Teflon like material "C8". The fact that nearly everyone in the world has some of this synthetic chemical in their body, coupled with Evers' new evidence of deleterious effects on life, has heightened public scrutiny of DuPont, on top of a federal criminal investigation regarding C8. So cook your popcorn in a pot on the stove, and never use metal on a Teflon pan. There is not much you can do about the C8 that you and your friends undoubtedly have in your bloodstream, however.

c. Professor Satoshi Kamiyama of Meijo University in Japan has just developed new forms of the incredibly energy efficient light emitting diode (LED). The new white LEDs can produce 130 lumens (a measure of light output) per watt, compared with 15 lpw for incandescent bulbs, 70 lpw for normal LEDs, and 100 lpw for fluorescent bulbs. This development is hot on the heels of the discovery of "warm" white LEDs created accidentally by using quantum dots in the components. This means cheap, bright, and very miniaturized lighting that won't drive you crazy like the shitty flickering fluorescent bulbs in the library.

d. A Florida State University team of researchers is developing real world applications for a very futuristic material called Bucky Paper. Named after the hero of back-woods dome hermits, R. Buckminster Fuller, Bucky paper is created by the manipulation of the carbon 60 molecule ("buckyball") into carbon nanotubes, which are then arranged carefully into a paper-thin sheet of the material. Bucky Paper is 10 times lighter than steel and 250 times stronger, twice as sharp as diamonds, and has impressive electrical properties. While the first applications of this material will likely be for the US military (the primary funding source for FSU (not to be confused with the indomitable Beatdown Crew)) comic book nerds everywhere have had their hope for adamantium Wolverine claws rekindled.



Mini Cross- word

by Simone Kung

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8
9						10		
11						12		
13						14		
			15					
		16	17				18	19
20						21	22	
23							24	
						25		

ACROSS

- Less wild
- To give off, as light
- Large time unites
- National Research Instit.
- Loaf ingredient
- No _____
- Land Unit
- "_____ do well" a good for nothing person
- Soda with Quinine
- "Sometimes I feel like _____"
- Angelina Jolie 1998 TV role
- Businesses, abbrev.
- Promiscuous person
- _____ Martin cognac
- Artist's degree
- Kind of story
- Teacher's org.

DOWN

- Small
- Actor Aykroyd
- When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie
- Oceania, abbrev.
- Small
- Aliens, briefly
- Not drinking a 16 & 12-across
- Phone service co. spelled phonetically
- 12-across partner
- Element abbrev. for Strontium
- Small
- With "de," actual or in reality
- Syllable preceding "I smell the blood of an Englishman"
- Small



So Hot Right Now!



1 – Aqua Rodeo: If you missed this stellar pool party in the gym, complete with bangin’ music and giant projections of ocean life, you are understandably sad. One solution: let’s have a Rock’n’Roll pool party on a regular basis! Come on, lifeguards, can we get this together or what? Pool parties are out of control!

2 – Children’s Book Reading Night (Wednesdays at 9, Root Cellar) – We don’t understand it, but dozens of Bard students are compulsively drawn to this weekly reading of kindergarten favorites. It’s The Little Engine that Could Drink.

5 – The computers in the campus center – Seriously, all the fashionistas are spending hours on end at these prominent computer terminals! Even though the keyboards are for shit, these mighty iMacs combine the endless information rush of the computer lab with the convenience and social exposure of the campus center. Go ahead, check your e-mail one more time!

3 – Flying Eagle Falcon Squad (Fridays and Tuesdays at 5, squash courts) – Confused by the name? Don’t be. Just come to this veritable orgy of amazing stunts and acrobatic tricks. Acrobatics are more fun than a barrel of monkeys plus heroin!

4 – 24-hour Theater Fest – How much hotter could this biannual gonzo theater throwdown be? Best of Bard theater talent brings you original drama fast, fast, fast! Scorchin’. Let’s hope you caught this one with an oven-mitt Saturday night!

compiled by jon dame and leah finnegan

Jonathan Lethem Speaks At Bard College

by daniel terna

Last Monday, Jonathan Lethem spoke to a roomful of students and professors in Weis Cinema about an interview with a crab. Lethem is both a fiction and non-fiction writer whose popularity has risen greatly over the past decade. He read his new short story, entitled “Interview with the Crab”, a fictional piece

about an interview between a journalist and a worn-out disgruntled crab from an old television sitcom. “It’s only my second time reading this,” he said, “and I realize its got some smutty stuff the more and more I read it out loud, so I’m sorry.”

Lethem is the author of ten books, including *Motherless Brooklyn* (1999), for which he won the National Book Critics Circle Award for Fiction; *The Fortress of Solitude* (2003); his more recent collection of stories, *Men and Cartoons* (2004); and a collection of essays called *The Disappointment Artist* (2005). He is a writer whose references to various aspects of pop culture affords him a broad base of admirers. These readers range from those interested in science fiction, music, and the visual arts; to those who preferences

include writing on racial and social issues, the personal essay, and the diverse Brooklyn neighborhoods, to name a few. His work has appeared in *Harper’s*, the *New Yorker*, the *New York Times Magazine*, *McSweeney’s*, *Crank!*, and several sci-fi and fantasy magazines.

Introduced by Bradford Morrow, a professor at Bard and colleague of Lethem’s, the author spoke to the rows of aspiring writers and avid fans about his work in progress and his feelings about his reputation as a writer of science fiction. He also answered questions about his novels; explaining, for instance, the origins of the title to “Super Goat Man”. After reading “Interview with the Crab”, Lethem signed copies of his books. He is currently working on a profile on James Brown for the *New York Times Magazine*. Lethem makes his home in the urban quaintness of Brooklyn and the provincial peace of Maine.



The Disappointment Artist
Jonathan Lethem

SURREALIST TRAINING CIRCUS
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the root cellar

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ZINES

2-12 PM
WEEKDAYS

THAN YOU EVER
SEEN.

in the basement of H. Potter
NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED!

“Aqua Rodeo” Multimedia Event Splashes in Stevenson

by jesse malméd

Announce announced an ambivalent, annoyed, anti-aquarodeo activity and all aquarodeo activity and all available art-appreciators and alert aquaphiles assembled, anticipatory and acceptant. Quixotic quiddities quelled questions, queries, qualms. Underwater, underweaters undulated, understanding: unique! Atemporal audio animations allowed all attended an amusing atmosphere: “aaah!” (antonyms: reasonable rarity? Octopuses occasioned: only oftener! “Dude, dexterous?” “Ese, even elders engage excitedly!” Others offered: “other optics?” Tuesday’s Aquarodeo, sponsored and created by Jackie Goss and her MC: Live Video and

Systems of Surveillance class, was a true joy to experience. Dozens of students and faculty frolicked in the pool while a number of projectors played edited and digitally-headified clips of undersea adventures (replete with time-code for that organic found-footage look that is tres de riguer in the field of pool-based installations), Busby Berkeley synchronized

swimmers (mimicked by most of the swimmers, albeit with a bit less grace and bit more noodles), dolphin video games, and other water-related footage on the broad white walls, ceiling and surface of the pool. One of the more psychedelic appropriations was a reconfigured Free Willy trailer, slowed, sped and mirrored to provide maximum tripocity. While there were questions

regarding the installation’s conceptual groundings, it seems to be missing the point to look for greater truths in a swimming pool. Essentially, the experience was a great deal of fun, one of just a few annual opportunities to watch Hap Tivey reverse flip-trip dive, and a good chance to utilize the (new) gym.

See next issue for pictures!

Bard’s 24-Hour Theater Festival Supplies 48 Hours Worth of Enjoyment

by lauren kitz

This past Saturday, November 19, Bard’s second 24-Hour Theater Festival, which consisted of seven ten-minute plays, was held in Theater Two of the PAC. The format of the festival is just as intense as it sounds: exactly twenty-four hours prior to the eight p.m. show time, the theme “Vagueness in Vegas” was chosen at random from a list created by the more than fifty participants. Playwrights had until seven a.m. the next morning to write a play incorporating the theme that also considered the quantity of male and female actors allotted them. From seven in the morning until eight that evening the actors and directors, both randomly assigned, rehearsed their production, working side by side with student artists, technicians, and musicians.

From the Beckett-esque opacity of *Vagueness in Vegas*, to the WB teen-sitcom adorableness of *There’s A Star Out There For Each of Us*, to the sobering drama of *All The Best Cowboys Have these Issues with the Daddy*, the creative and highly varied visions of the playwrights kept the audience engrossed, as did the recurrence of the word “vagina”, a pair of blue spandex pants, and the subtle effect of glow stick bracelets. Power duos Brel Froebe/Julie Rossman (who also co-organized the festival) and Chris Rice/Patrick Tesh perverted the

concept of a “Christmas play” with a lot of groping and some cross-dressing, and actress Shira Sandler put an entire rotisserie chicken down her shirt. One of the high points of the evening was the Tom Jones interlude turned audience sing-along of “It’s Not Unusual” between the hilarious *A Vagueness in Vegas* and the pleasantly disturbing *Sausage Fest*. After the show, the Free Press sat down to talk with Froebe and Rossman.

FP: Where did you guys get the idea for the festival?

BF: A friend of mine who was a director invited me to assist in a festival that’s very similar to this one, that originated in Seattle. It was called 1448 Theater Festival and it was co-produced by a couple of fringe theater groups in Seattle as well as a contemporary art space called Consolidated Works. I got

to know the organizers of the festival and was really excited about the idea, and really thought it was a great

and people who have done it before and bring them together so there’s a growing community of people who love doing



Co-producers Julie Rossman and Brel Froebe blow off steam after the show

resource to bring to Bard. When I first started out at Bard, I sort of felt like there was a lack of community within the theater department, or at least I hadn’t tapped into it, and I felt like this would be a good way of making a stronger creative, collaborative community.

JR: The TGBC (Theater Guild of Bard College) was formed last semester, and we wanted to take charge of doing a lot more work, in general, and make more opportunities for directors.

FP: So how did this year’s production compare to last year’s?

JR: Well, last year was great in a lot of ways, and I did remember thinking how great it would be to be in the new space . . . but I really didn’t foresee HOW great it would be. It was really awesome to have Sarah [Tunnell] and Zak [Kitnick] doing sets, and the musicians were more involved this year, and we had the bigger space, and it was a lot tighter in the end.

BF: It had a less of a raw, fly by the seat of your pants feeling. And I feel like that was a good thing, like a natural progression, of not being so raw this time. And it was just more professionally produced in a way that I feel was more entertaining to watch.

JR: I think that it was also helpful that there were four directors and two playwrights who had done it before. This year we knew how it worked, how we had to go through the day in order to be productive and get everything done.

BF: One of the ultimate goals of the festival is to incorporate new people

this stuff. And not just within the theater department, but within the entire school, with artists and musicians, etc.

FP: How did you decide who could participate? Was it just “first come, first serve?”

BF: We didn’t deny any actors.

JR: And a lot of people who we told couldn’t be playwrights or directors, we told could be actors.

BF: There are limited spots for those positions. Like I was saying before, we were trying to create a mix of people who had done it previously and who hadn’t.

JR: And seniority, if this might be the last-time somebody would be able to participate.

FP: Can you tell me some runner-up themes that didn’t make it?

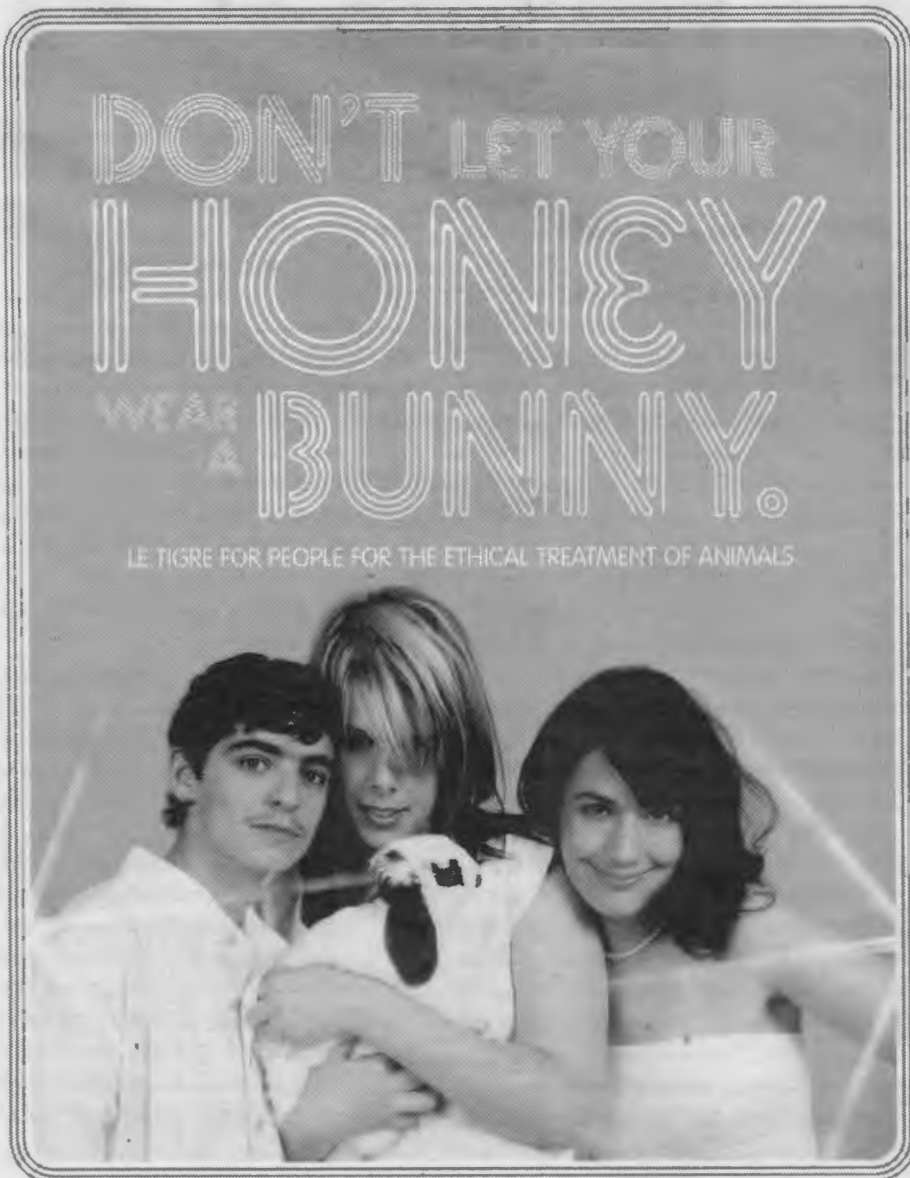
BF: Ye Olden Days.

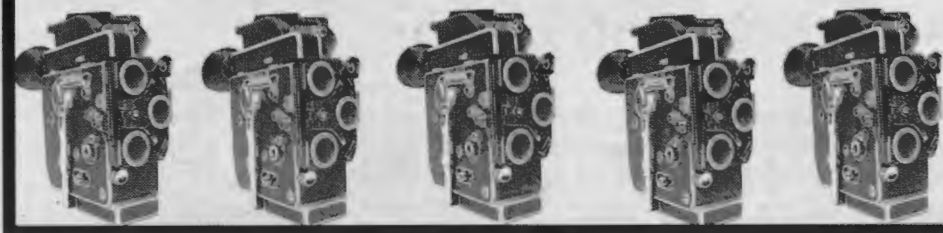
JR: Makin’ Bacon: Southern Hospitality.

FP: How do you feel the festival has influenced the legitimacy of student theater at Bard?

JR: I think the combination of this event and the TGBC, even that I got to do [The Pelican] in the Black Box last week – I think that there were problems in the past with people expecting things of the department that [weren’t] possible, and I think that now that we’ve taken a step to be appreciative of them, and really professional and self-sufficient and responsible, I think that the department appreciates that. It’s awesome that they gave us the space and pretty much let us run the whole show.

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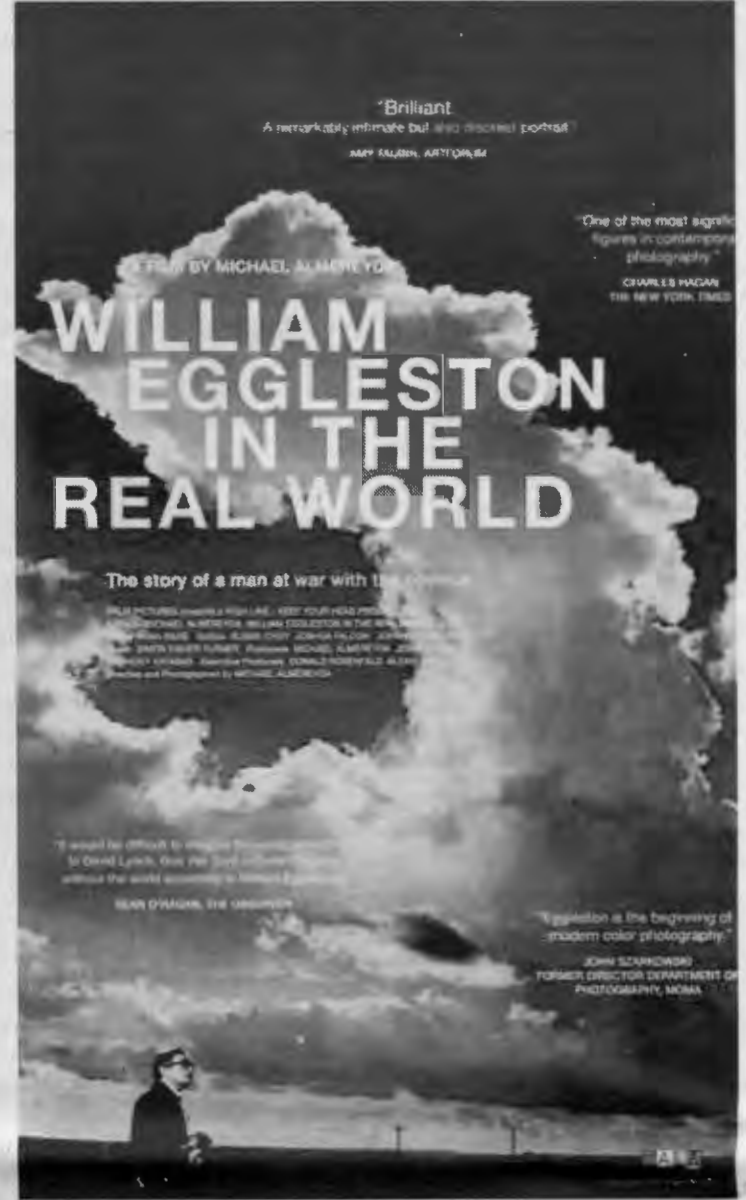
Michael Almereyda's *William Eggleston In The Real World*

by jesse malméd and daniel terna

The film begins with a disheveled, bent, tired observer being followed by a hand-held camera and a youngish assistant wielding cameras and a tripod. We soon find out that the man carefully peering into shop windows and finding meaning in the eerily cast reflections of car headlights is our hero William Eggleston, the famous photographer from Memphis who could, perhaps, be credited with changing the way we see the beauty in our everyday surroundings. In the film's long introduction, we see, with hardly any narration, an artist strolling awkwardly along the sidewalk, mumbling either to himself or to his passive son, pointing to where he needs a tripod placed. It's not the typical portrait of an artist. Eggleston is more of an incoherent wanderer with an eye for beautiful splotches of red sunlight or the sputtering of magenta fluorescent lights in store-front windows. Yet despite including unflattering moments such as Eggleston walking the streets with his camera and a trail of toilet-paper attached to the bottom

of his shoe, one gets the sense that while Eggleston is an artist, it doesn't mean that he needs to be portrayed as a hero without faults. Eggleston is an oddball, and perhaps his images reflect that. The look of this film is the kind of absolutely hideous, shaky, blown-out color anti-aesthetic one can expect from home videos. That being said, this casualness does result in a very personal and subtle portrait that doesn't feel forced or performative. The scenes following Eggleston as he haunts a small Midwestern town looking for interesting images on a Gus Van Sant commission are especially striking in the way they reveal (through the contrast of the trembling, thoughtless video and the vibrantly colored, expertly shot photographs which result from the hunt) his immense talent for humanizing and aestheticizing even the most banal situations. Indeed, it is this talent for producing engaging, thoughtful portraits of society's detritus and rubbish that has been the hallmark of his career.

As a study of an artist's process, it is significant for being both completely transparent and wholly impenetrable. Eggleston has printed some 250,000 (by his own estimation) images over the past forty-some years and claims to never photograph more than one or two of the same subject. While it would be a slight to say that he comes off as anti-intellectual, his refusal to engage in art-historical jargon (or any conversations thereof) is refreshing, if a bit disappointing. He is steadfast in his insistence against talking about his work, beyond saying that his most recent work is always his best. He comes off as exceptionally reticent, a little old-weary (his hands shake as if the camera were turned on him), and innately talented. Basically, he likes his photographs, likes his world, likes his mistresses, his alcohol, his wife and his atrocious (but forward-thinking) synth-dreck music. Put simply, if one can ignore critical distance, the movie is strikingly beautiful for its intimacy and honesty.



The Case For *Punishment Park*

by alana buonaguro

Peter Watkins' *Punishment Park* was named one of the 10 Best Films of 1971 by *Rolling Stone*. So why am I the only one from Bard who has it listed under my favorite movies on Facebook? My only hope is that perhaps

the Bardians who have seen this film are not on Facebook. With that in mind, I would still expect other people to have seen such a popular and crucial movie. I will even go so far as to guarantee that half of the Bardians who see this

film will add it to their lists. The actual problem is not that no one appreciates the film, but that no one has seen it. This troubling fact is acutely indicative of the issues that are addressed in the film itself.

The first time I saw *Punishment Park*, there was static so thick that I could barely make out the subtitles. I think it may have been in French, and the copy was a bootleg from Canada. Until recently, *Punishment Park* has remained virtually unavailable in the United States. It was banned only four days after it was released and has never been shown on television. This product has finally been properly packaged—the viewer receives not only clear image and sound but a plethora of available extra features: an introduction by Watkins; the original 1971 press kit; "The Forgotten Faces" (1961), an 18-minute amateur film by Watkins recreating the 1956 Hungarian revolution; and critical commentary from Joseph A. Gomez and Scott MacDonald. MacDonald is a visiting professor of Film History at Bard, and his text essay explores the audience response to the film. I recommend that activists and film buffs alike test their own responses to the film—the DVD is scheduled for release on November 22.

For those who have seen *Culloden* or *The War Game*, I assume that you are immediately going to put down this paper and order your copy of *Punishment Park*. For those who need more convincing, please imagine the following situation:

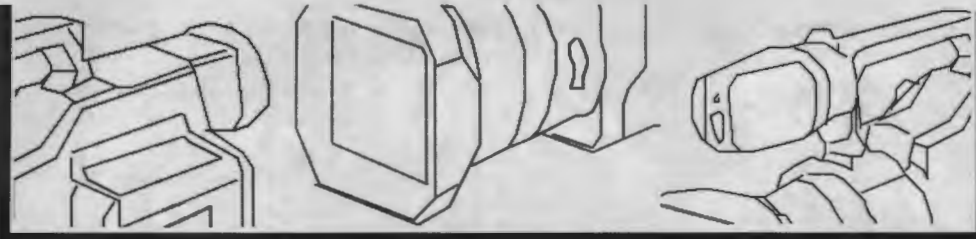
The war is escalating and there are massive public protests in the face of a secret bombing campaign. The President has declared a state of national emergency. Following the 1950 McCarran Internal Security Act, the government has the right to suspend the traditional judicial system in favor of tribunals and concentration camps to deal with people believed to be "a risk to internal security." After a perfunctory trial, a

civilian panel deems the insubordinates guilty and gives them the option of serving extended sentences or trying their luck in a 3-day race to reach an American flag that is 53 miles across Bear Mountain National Punishment Park, pursued by armed law enforcement agents in 110 degree weather.

The viewer is tossed into this scenario for a frightful 88 minutes. The film opens with no title or opening credits. Many of the scenes appear to be unscripted and raw. The actors in the film are real people from the area who have the same jobs and roles as the characters they portray in the film. It mirrors the Stanford prison experiment of 1971, in which researchers asked volunteers to take on the roles of prisoners and guards so that their behavior could be studied; this was discontinued after the volunteers became too aggressive. *Punishment Park* is certainly an experimental film that raises important questions: To what extent can this movie, set in the time and place that it documents be considered a true documentary? And more importantly, to what extent does the film transcend its time period and circumstance?

Peter Watkins has been criticized as perverted, hateful, and deranged. Yet 35 years later, his perspective has emerged as one of the most sane. Few films can claim to have equal or more relevancy today than when they were made. *Punishment Park* is such a film, and Peter Watkins is a rare and critically insightful director. Many "dismiss him as a paranoid, which is rather irresponsible... Watkins may in fact be our greatest realist... the film expresses exactly what is happening in this country" (*The Village Voice*). So please, Bard, view the film see if it makes your own Top 10 list. It will not only be worth your time, but prove essential to your role as an educated and aware citizen.





Film Film Film
Film Film Film
Film Film Film

contd.

Good Night, and Good Luck

by matt garklavs

The progressive pace of the 'Digital Revolution' has made it increasingly harder to utilize the media as an instrument of truth. Televised journalism is especially flawed in this respect, serving more and more as a source of entertainment while depleting public awareness with provocative facts, statistics and images. Fortunately, certain individuals in society like artists and celebrities *do* possess the ability to fight against this by using their influence for the common good. However, some people fear that even this hope is forsaken. In a recent article by A.O. Scott, published in the New York Times and entitled "Bush-era Engage," he predicted that the "alloy of glamour and artistry that great screen actors embody may not survive the currency crisis precipitated by reality television and the Internet." Although Mr. Scott introduces this article with a very pessimistic tone, he later acknowledges that certain individuals like George Clooney are exceptions to this general observation.

In his latest film *Good Night, and Good Luck*, Mr. Clooney spotlights the bravery and grandeur of an era of journalism during the 1950's that has been long forgotten. In our desperate times it is refreshing to finally have a film that so eloquently reaffirms the potential to use cinema to rectify social decadence. Mr. Clooney does not set out to make this film with any political agenda. In a recent interview he stated, "I didn't make this film as a protest against any administration" but "as a historical record." Although *Good Night* was publicized as a film about the heightened sense of paranoia that pervaded the

McCarthy era (and although it does offer an accurate depiction of it), it would be a great injustice to simply label it as a 'period piece'. Mr. Clooney uses the subject matter to explore truths that are event-present in society. Instead of exploiting the obvious injustices of McCarthyism, he explicitly emphasizes that the duty of those who work in televised journalism is to serve the public and to deplete the slander of corrupted politicians.

Although many people are familiar with Senator Joseph McCarthy, the antagonist of the film who instigated the notorious Communist witch hunts of the 1950's, I doubt many of us have ever seen or heard about the film's protagonist, Edward Murrow. Murrow was a news broadcaster for CBS during that period who tenaciously fought to use the media as a tool for social reform. The movie begins at an honorary banquet for him. During this scene, he gives a speech about the potential values of televised journalism and also of its vulnerabilities. The prophetic tone of this scene is reflected by the deeds that Murrow performs later in the film. Throughout *Good Night* we essentially witness Murrow and his producers trying to preserve the integrity of televised journalism. However, they do this by pursuing more tangible goals like

combating McCarthyism.

The one major fault that I found in *Good night* is that Mr. Clooney gives little attention to the emotional trajectory or to character development. For example, at one point in the film, another news broadcaster who works for CBS commits

celebrity status and influence to work for the common good. Yet, he often found himself speaking against rather superfluous issues like the danger of the *paparazzi*. However, in *Good Night*, he has managed to transcend this sense of mockery by adopting a more sophisticated



suicide because he was afraid that Senator McCarthy will exploit his ties to the Socialist party. However, the gravity of this tragic event becomes lost in the thicket of Murrow's ambitions to work for the 'greater good'.

That said, there is still plenty to admire about Mr. Clooney as a director in light of this film. In certain respects, he has inherited the tenacious spirit of Edward Murrow by teaching us that it is not only facts that institute justice but conviction and integrity. The syndicated media used to portray Mr. Clooney as the iconic moralist who tried to use his

ideology to achieve his goals. Aside from discovering an ideal role model in Edward Murrow, Mr. Clooney has also found his muse as an artist by adopting a brand of cinema that lives up to the grandeur of his predecessors. In doing so, he has managed to synthesize his philanthropic will to reform society with a creative intuition.

In an earlier broadcast in the film, Murrow states that certain issues should be "debated endlessly." This prophetic wisdom validates how *Good Night* is a film that possesses ideas whose value to democracy is inexhaustible.

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music reviews.
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music reviews.



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



ASAMOV
And Now
6 Hole Records

Asamov is group from Jacksonville, Florida consisting of four emcees with DJ Therapy on the tables and production. The album starts with a self-congratulatory air, as a little girl announces all the members of the group and assures listeners that there are "Fresh lyrics and dope beats." Whoever this kid is, she has good taste in music. The album has a nice chill vibe and includes guest spots from Mr. Lif and Akrobatik from the Perceptionists, and one track with 6 Hole Records label-mate 9th Wonder.

Asamov's first full length, "And Now..." is a phat album with sample-infused production reminiscent of RJD2's work on the Soul Position project. It keeps it different with the frequent looping and scratching of noises infused into the organic backbone of the tracks. The standout second track exemplifies this standard with the slightly off-putting, but somehow appropriate sirens, which are cut and looped as part of the beat, rather than a complement to it. Track four, "Bad News", moves into a smooth R&B

female vocalist singing the hook and keeps with the back-to-basics vibe of the production, including a classic clap sample. Track eight, "Supa Dynamite," features a smooth verse from Mr. Lif over a simple beat with a straightforward piano and grungy power-chord guitar riff.

Although this is by no means a standout or breakthrough record, it fosters the fundamental elements essential in a good hip-hop album without taking any big risks. By the end the we're-the-best-why-are-you-still-in-the-game vibe can get a little old, but it won't keep me from listening to the CD. Word.

-Peter Neely



CCP
Lost
Embedded Music

I love Cool Calm Pete. He's my buddy and his new album, *Lost*, is a refreshing and unique hip-hop album. The self produced record, released on Embedded Music in July, features his smooth slow flow and well-matched, soulful, sample-filled production. This Queens-based, Korean-born rapper/producer delivers his rhymes without the hard-edged sound often prevalent in New

York hip-hop of late. His flow seems more reminiscent of De La and Slick Rick and put me in a beautiful state of nostalgia when I first popped in the CD.

The album has a seamless progression; it starts off smooth and slow and ends with the same vibe. Track two, the title track comes in with a beautiful transition. Pete gives a beautiful and insightful look at day to day life. The sample selection is unique, coming mostly from distinctive Asian soul and funk records from the '60s and '70s. The third track, "The List," has a nice beat transition early on. The track transitions from the laid-back and smooth vibe to a cutting beat with a vocal transition to match. Track seven is another standout; the beat is smooth with a nice soul vocal sample. The hook is Pete repeating, "They call me Cool Calm Pedro," which works well with his relaxed flow. The moody beat is a well-chosen backdrop to this fitting anthem.

The last track, "Wishes and Luck," is another lesson from the school of Pete. He lets you know what he's about: "Party people in the place to be/this is Cool Calm Pete and he loves to MC". The song is accompanied by a beautiful piano sample and a scratched hook. The song appropriately ends with the phrase, "When in Rome just talk to these girls / cause you don't need reasons to have fun in this world / hurl another penny for the wishes and luck / and this is for my people who ain't givin' a fuck."

All in all the CD is hot. His flow is a perfect complement to the beats, reminiscent of Cannibal Ox and

Vast Aire's mellow approach to his rhymes. I have to say, for a first solo project, Pete brings the skill across the board, from clever rhymes, catchy hooks, and an all around aesthetic that makes me use the caps lock key: BUY THE FUCKING ALBUM.

-Peter Neely



King Louie One Man Band
Chinese Crawfish
Goner Records

Any punker worth his salt has spent the last 7 months in bed, scraping crusty resin from high-school bowls, mourning the loss of rockabilly deity Hasil Adkins. This is a plea to all preps, jocks and nerds to see to it that said stoners catch the bulletin: Fret No Longer! King Louie Has Assumed His Throne. I was fortunate enough to skip a week of school this September and attend the swearing-in ceremonies at Memphis, TN's Goner Fest 2: Electric Goneroo, and thusly feel it is my responsibility to clue you rock n' roll jerks in - so take heed.

New Orleans' King Louie Bankston of The Persuaders, Royal Pendeltons, Cajun SS, Bad Times, and Exploding Hearts (ALL more than worthy of your time), has abandoned his hundred band

mates and taken matters into his own hands. In the rare tradition of one dude calling himself a rock band, Louie has picked up a guitar, cowbell, bass drum (equipped with 4-foot longhorns), harmonica and coffee can and somehow harnessed the muscle of a 5-piece powerhouse. His new record, "Chinese Crawfish," has hit the shelves, and odds are you are ill prepared.

With true redneck sincerity, the album reveals the story of an overweight drug addict who surfed his way from New Orleans to Memphis on a Coke machine in the wake of Hurricane Katrina, all the while capturing the grittiness of a raw 60's rockabilly record (digitally no less!). The man's got a mission, a profound message, and he ain't no pretender. He's sick of dating a girl with headgear, he's 13 and too ugly to live; he got beat up by a girl; he struggles with being the only dude in his band, and he doesn't want you eating any damn crawfish from China. Take a hint!

In 1960, Hasil Adkins started a one-man rockabilly band under the assumption that if his Elvis records only said Elvis on 'em, one guy must be makin all that noise. Come the century's turn, Louisiana's almighty King Louie started KLOMB, assuming that we're all goners, but he's gotta be the most gone of us all. So get your ass out of bed and don't let this gem pass you by. We've found our savior, he's made the nine o'clock news (under the influence no less, scope www.gonerrecords.com), and if you're honest with yourself, knife hits really ain't what they used to be.

- Christian Blunda

Trevor Dunn's Trio Convulsant Rocks the Hizouse (MPR)

by daniel pearce

So we all sort of know that Trevor Dunn is one of the most awesome musicians of his kind, and it could almost be argued, when considering the breadth of his oeuvre, that he conceives of himself as one of the most preeminent and versatile bassists in contemporary independent music. I don't mean to necessarily imply that he is self-inflated (he isn't, I don't think), or that his music is excessively masturbatory (it is, and quite frequently), but simply that he is an artist capable of successfully tackling a diverse wealth of music(s). While the man's resume alone is damn intimidating (he did, after all, play integral roles in groups like Fantomas and Mr. Bungle, and has, less notably, collaborated with the likes of John Zorn, Masada and Secret Chiefs 3), Dunn's prowess was most effectively illuminated by the recent performance of his avant-garde jazz trio Convulsant in the MPR. The ensemble is comprised of the bare essentials: Ches Smith

on drum set (with some wacky percussive apparatuses), Mary Halvorson on guitar, and Dunn himself on the upright. The group's aesthetic could easily be aligned with some of last year's visiting acts such as the Jamie Saft Trio (with John Zorn) or Tim Byrne (a frequent collaborator with Zorn), albeit slightly more abrasive and rock-inspired. Yet Convulsant seems an undertaking somewhat dissimilar to those artists and to most of Dunn's previous endeavors in general; while the rock sensibilities are still apparent, his jazz influence is now fully realized rather than tacitly drawn from. It is, however, only logical that his is a breed of jazz more aggressive than most, heavily atonal and occasionally intolerable (intolerable in a self-aware and engaging way, of course).

They executed every composition with an outstanding degree of expertise and command (it felt rigorous just to watch); especially remarkable when taking into

account how many seemingly inappropriate dynamic shifts and transitions between time signatures many of the pieces entailed. So without wasting your time, without stumbling over my own incapacity for accurate description, without muddying my pants with words incorrectly doled out, I am going to maintain the veneer of mystery surrounding the event that I witnessed that evening and give it a very general assessment, easily summed up: the show was fucking great. The musicianship itself was phenomenal, and its inventive application was just as impressive (how the hell does Dunn manage to staff his groups so well?). And as long as I am in hyperbole mode (it's late, I'm tired and enthusiastic), I am going to go out on a limb and say it was the best show I have seen in an inordinately long time. Seriously.



Once I Was A Groupie

on making out with the band

by Leah Finnegan

Early in the morning last year, while waiting for my wisdom teeth consultation, I read an article in *Spin* magazine detailing the life of Connie Hamzy, aka "Sweet Connie," America's oldest and presumably most accomplished living groupie. The picture that accompanied the article showed her, leather-skinned and toothless, wearing several yellowed backstage passes around her neck, the



trophies of her life's work. She was a woman for whom the last thirty-odd years of life had been spent with her mouth on the likes of Neil Diamond and Robert Plant. "Ha, ha," I laughed to myself. "How sad. How utterly pitiful! The value of this woman's life is based on the number of blow jobs she's given to pseudo-celebrities. How pathetic." I threw the copy of *Spin* back into the tooth-shaped magazine rack and reached for the *Reader's Digest*. Just then the dental hygienist, Pauline, came out to greet me, and I forgot all about Sweet Connie. That is, until recently, when my life began to slightly resemble hers.

Through a fluke social connection I ended up serving as part of a makeshift hospitality crew for visiting indie-rock bands. Band X arrived at Smog already substantially inebriated. Days prior to the event the hospitality crew and I had

joked about possibly "hooking up" with the band mates, who were all attractive, all in their twenties, all much-written about Canadian wunderkinds. In our girlish awe, we went so far as to each choose which one we would spend some quality time with should the stars align in such a way. None of us banked on anything actually happening; it was mere childish wonder. Still, all throughout dinner, eyes darted across the room. The one I had set my sights on was married, so I let go of the notion that anything romantic might occur. Nevertheless, I ended up engaging in some nice conversation with a member of Band X's entourage that I assumed was their merch guy, based on the fact that I hadn't seen him in any publicity pictures I had Google-searched earlier that day. He turned out to be the new guitarist for the band. We argued about the validity of a liberal arts education, compared our favorite Canadian lakes, and of course, talked music, all of which eventually led up to an incident on the soccer field. "Wow," I

thought, while he practically ate my chin. "This is pretty weird." I reveled in that moment for a while, savoring my connection as *Vassar girls* threw themselves at him after the show. Even though he ignored me for the rest of the night, I was proud of what had happened. In some odd way, I was elevated to the level of the band. I was a Groupie. Two weeks later. Band Y. All attractive, all in their twenties. This

band was even nicer than the last, less drunk and arrogant, college-educated, and quite sincere. However, they were also part of the noise-rock genre. Regardless, we all had fun together, and the night was full of tension -- you know, *sexual* tension. Realistically, it makes sense that such tension would exist. These guys are cooped up together in a van for the majority of their days, text-messaging their mothers and thinking about how they will update their blogs should they cross a wi-fi threshold somewhere in Iowa. When let loose on a college campus with girls tugging at their guitar strings, of course things are going to happen. I just never expected them to happen with me. I'm not the type to consciously throw myself at potential mates. Also, due to a medical condition that is a separate article in itself, I am physically only seventeen years old. I feel this removes me from the scene to a certain extent. However, I guess my disorder gives me some sort of novelty value, because this time I found myself at the pinnacle of romance, Blithewood, with Noise Rocker #2. It was his idea, go figure. While making out with bands is a fun extracurricular activity, I have to say the comedown is quite melancholy.

Making out with bands is not an activity for very sensitive people who worry about mistreatment of baby animals, babies, and other soft things, or expect to receive something from Bath and Body Works for Valentine's Day. Making out with bands can be a harsh experience. You make out and then the next day they're gone, onto Oberlin or Sarah Lawrence to meet people exactly like you and do what they did with you with those people. After making out with a band, if you're lucky, you get an illegibly written e-mail address on a gum wrapper and an awkward goodbye pat to go along with the memories. All in all, though, my two weeks of being a groupie was fun. It was most instrumental in destroying the mist of celebrity that usually surrounds bands. Not entirely exciting fruit, I know, but what else can you expect from such endeavors but a staggering philosophical realization? I mean, Sweet Connie kept going for thirty-five years, and all she has now is an endless cache of dinner table conversation and a song about her by Grand Funk Railroad. In the end, it's most important to know that guys in bands are just guys, and the songs they sing are never about you.



Tossing Disc With Mike Dudczak (Pt. II)

by Tim Donovan

FP: In our last interview, we superficially touched on the topic of disc golf. Can you take us deeper? Darker?

MD: Where to start? Disc golf in its current form was invented in 1969 by a fellow named Ed Headrick. I guess he didn't invent disc golf as much as he invented the disc golf basket. Also, he is now dead and his ashes have been placed in a limited run of disc golf discs, as requested in his will. That's pretty dark, right?

FP: Yeah, that's dark. So, why should people care about golf?

MD: Why should people care about any sport? I started playing it because it was a nice, laid back, outdoor sport, without the huge costs of ball golf. I'd

played Ultimate Frisbee for years, and it seemed like a nice transition on my lungs after I started smoking. It grew on me like a weed, after time - didn't take long before I started playing much more frequently, and buying a ridiculous number of discs.

FP: What is the worst bit of etiquette or superstition-breaking someone can do on the links?

MD: There's a lot to learn the first time you're out. Most of the etiquette is pretty similar to ball golf, but there are a couple of peculiarities to disc golf; the largest rookie mistake I see is when someone "nice"s a disc (saying a throw is "nice" before the disc finishes its flight). More often than not, "niced" discs end up

going haywire before the end of their flight. That is not superstition - it is Murphy's Law as applied to disc golf.

FP: I know of at least one person who would like to toss disc. How do we make this happen, and is it possible in the winter?

MD: Sadly, there are no disc golf courses in the Bard area. The closest one is in FDR State park, which is about a 50 mile drive from Bard. I usually end up playing around campus, or at Clermont, aiming for tree trunks, fire hydrants, signs, etc. I have plenty of extra discs if anyone wants to borrow some. As far as the second question, disc golf is not only possible in the winter, but recommended. There

are a lot of tournaments in the northeast in the wintertime, called Icebowls. Just remember to wear warm gloves, and don't throw white discs in the snow.

FP: How can disc golf help make the world a better place?

MD: A lot of people try to think of how their hobbies might make the world a better place. I am pretty hard-pressed to think of how disc golf is making the world a worse place, and that is good enough for me.

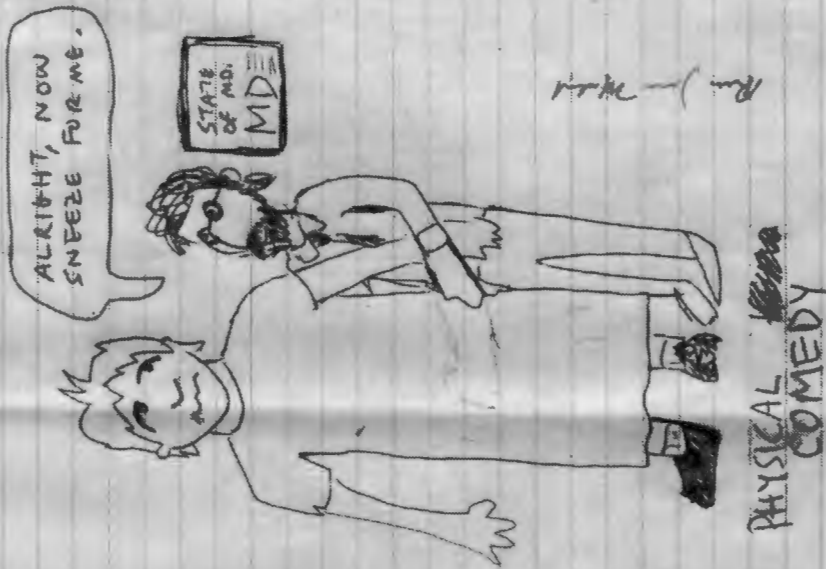
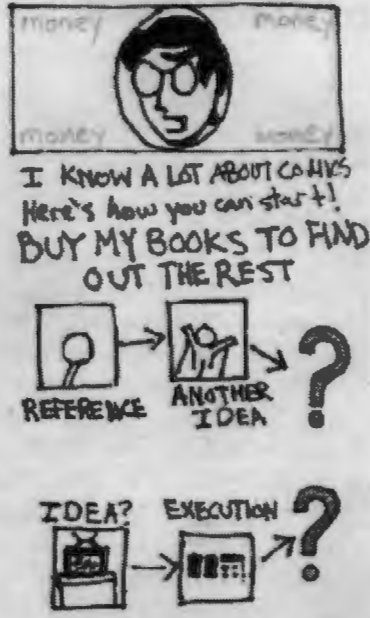
corrections from the previous interview: Dudczak finished 7/12 in the CNYDGC, not 7/122. Also, the illustration was provided by Owen Conlow.



Loog

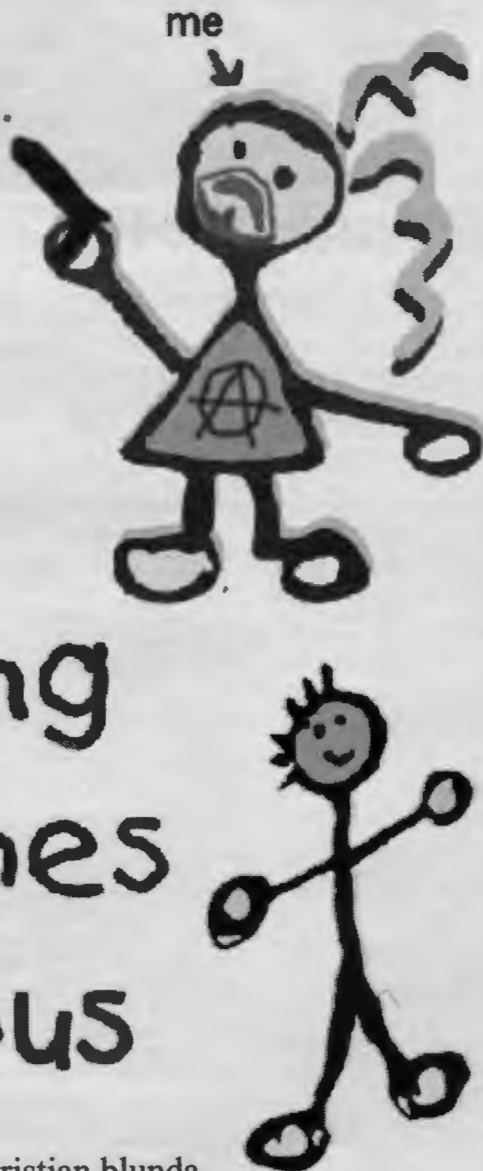


by Michael Dudczak



artism by ashlee simpson

- *Always
- *Unique
- *Totaly
- *Intresting
- *Sum× times
- *Mysterious



by christian blunda

