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The Practice of Socialist Solidarity

Contemplating the application of the second socialist epoch

by **Matt Dineen**

ON SATURDAY, February 24th Bard professor of social studies Joel Kovel spoke at a conference held at the University of Massachusetts of Amherst. Sponsored by the Detroit-based socialist organization Solidarity, the event was publicized as the "Solidarity New England Day School."

The organization was formed in 1986 by "revolutionary socialists committed to 'socialism from below', the self-organization of the working class, and oppressed people." Members of Solidarity are socialists who stand for "feminism, anti-racism, and grassroots democracy." As the group's slogan states they are, "activists who are socialists" and "socialists who are activists." They also produce the publication "Against the Current." (www.solidarity-us.org)

The Solidarity New England Day School consisted of in an introductory plenary on current labor issues, six workshops on various issues, and a concluding plenary focusing on globalization. The first three workshops offered were on the topics of "Socialism and Ecology," "Black Nationalism and White Supremacy," and "Working Centers" (an alternative form of organizing which attempt to combine labor and community).

Professor Kovel, representing Bard and the Greens, led the workshop on "Socialism and Ecology." His presentation focused on what he calls the "global ecological crisis" that has been "driven by a society that keeps expanding at all costs." Kovel believes that because of the "contradictions inherent in its nature, capitalism cannot adapt, adjust, or recuperate to avoid the crisis." He cited a fairly conserva-

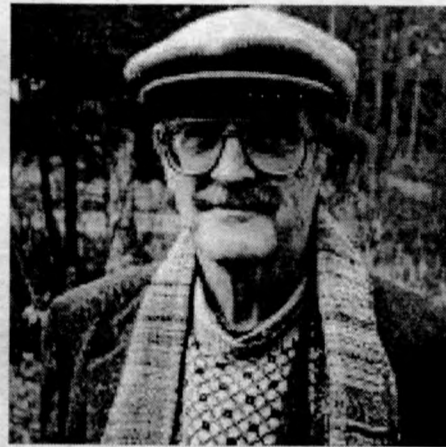
tive economist that spoke recently at the Climate Change treaty talks who warned that "at the current rate of global warming the world's economy (capitalism) would be bankrupt by 2065."

This alarming reality poses only one viable option for Kovel: get rid of capitalism. "Without a socialist goal the crisis cannot be overcome." The application of socialism, an economic and political system in which the means of production are under the social ownership of the working class, to the ecological crisis is what Kovel calls "eco-socialism." He stressed, however that this would be the "second epoch of socialism" and that it will be important to critique and learn from the mistakes of the first epoch that ended in the late 20th century.

This is a call for a radical transformation of society. New forms of production must be developed, along with new ways of living. Kovel urges us to "redefine and restructure the question of human needs and consumption," along with a "basic restructuring around gender." To overcome ecological patterns he views it "necessary for people to reconfigure themselves to natural ways." This requires nurturing and sharing and the willingness to be "open to nature, not apart from it."

The Bard professor concluded his presentation by outlining the basic goals of this revolutionary project. He believes that rather than being privately owned the Earth should be "enjoyed, and improved, and not owned by anyone." Kovel noted that one product of capitalism has been the disconnection between workers and their work. This eco-socialism will effectively "unite people with their means of production." Lastly, he invoked the famous quote: "Be realistic,

demand the impossible!" If we are going to be realistic about the human species surviving past 2065 we must demand something that presently seems impossible, but is our only hope for survival. Kovel's talk was followed by a very productive and engaging discussion about the



Joel Kovel: Fighting the good fight.

issues that he raised.

After the attendees of the conference finished the delicious lunch that was provided the second set of workshops began. These included, "Building Third Parties," "Globalization and Trade," and "Fighting Racism and Racist Institutions." Kovel, a former Green Party candidate, accordingly was part of the workshop on third parties. He was joined by Brian Sandberg, UMass Amherst student and founding member of the national Campus Greens, and Judy Atkins of the Labor Party and United Electrical Workers (UE). The turnout for this workshop, however, was rather dismal due to the popularity of the other two, namely the workshop on globalization.

After a brief debate about whether to proceed with the workshop or join the others the three speakers agreed to start talking about third parties. Atkins started it off, discussing the rela-

tively new Labor Party. Their slogan is, "the bosses have two parties, we should have one too." She described it as "the party of the working class." Although the Labor Party has yet to run their own candidates they have endorsed candidates in past elections, including Green Party presidential candidate Ralph Nader in 2000. She did say that they might begin to run their own candidates in the near future. The party has also spent time lobbying state and national government for certain issues such as single payer health care, the right to organize unions, and against free trade agreements that have caused domestic job insecurity. In Massachusetts, where Atkins' union is based,

they have fought against the MCAS — the statewide, standardized test administered in public schools. As a result of their work a number of state congressmen have officially opposed MCAS.

Sandberg, the UMass student and Green, spoke next. He focused on his experience organizing around the 2000 Nader campaign. "If it wasn't for Ralph Nader," Sandberg said, "I would never have been introduced to progressive politics. I thank him for that." He discussed the countless positive aspects of the campaign, but also the shortcomings, such as not reaching out enough to ethnic minorities on campus when the issues clearly affected them. Sandberg has been active in forming the national organization known as the Campus Greens. Hundreds of other campuses across the nation have formed Green chapters and the organization serves as a structure to unite the hundreds of col-

leges that have chapters. He feels that this grassroots movement will pose a serious threat to the Democrats and Republicans, not just on college campuses but at the national political level.

Professor Kovel was the final speaker of the "Building Third Parties" workshop. He shared his long personal history with Greens, including his two bids for public office, in 1998 for New York State Senate, and 2000 in the Green presidential primaries, respectively. He noted that if viewed on an international level the Green Party could be the largest political party that exists today. In most national Green Parties, including in the US, there are generally two factions: one with a reform-oriented, populist agenda also called "realo," and one more revolutionary, often socialist agenda, or "fundi" faction. Kovel associates with the latter, and feels that the Greens should become a socialist party.

He described how in the US there two structures of the party, the Association of State Green Parties, which he referred to as "more centrist," and the Green Party USA, which he calls "practically socialist." Although he has many problems with the Green Party, Kovel believes that they are the only party on the left that can "address the global ecological crisis" that he detailed in the prior workshop. He sees the Greens as "the political reaction to the ecological crisis." Kovel's talk was followed by a lively discussion on socialism and third parties.

Joel Kovel has recently finished a new book on these issues around the ecological crisis and his vision of eco-socialism. It will be published later this year.

Words Over Walls *Poetry In Prison*

by **Mneesha Gellman**

AFTER MORE THAN a year of hard work lobbying the Department of Corrections in Albany, the Bard Prison Initiative has finally been granted clearance to facilitate a writing workshop inside a local prison. Beacon Correctional Facility is a women's minimum-security prison hosting approximately 250 inmates. Located about 45 minutes south of Bard, it sits in the shadow of Fishkill, a men's maximum security prison, and the two compounds contribute to the local economy by providing employment for people as guards, supervisors and staff.

Some of the women held in Beacon participate in work programs, mainly doing building renovations and environmental conservation in state parks. There are a few educational and creative opportunities offered at Beacon, specifically the theatrical production for Christmas and Black history month as well as a limited GED preparation course. These programs are a valuable part of rehabilitation. They offer a break from the boredom of incarceration and provide an opportunity for creativity

and education.

However, programs have been dramatically cut out of prisons in response to public criticism that incarceration was becoming too much of a luxury. Thus, relationships such as the one between Marist College and Greenhaven Prison, in which inmates could earn a college diploma behind bars, have fallen victim to the termination of funding. This is the first semester that Bard has ever operated a program in a prison. It has been very well received by both the inmates and the students, as well as the prison Chaplain. Bard's poetry/writing workshop is a solid beginning to a substantial relationship between Beacon and Bard. If student enthusiasm continues, Bard may be able to increase the amount of programs it offers to Beacon and eventually the inmates may receive college credit for the courses they take behind bars.

Originally the Bard Prison Initiative intended to set up a writing program in both a women's and men's prison, but access was denied to the men's facility.

After many bureaucratic barriers in the beginning of the semester, Kate Schapira, Laura Burke, Molly Fink, Emily Benedetto, Jennifer Cazenave, and myself now make weekly trips to Beacon. The six of us meet regularly outside the workshop to create lesson plans and discuss issues that arise in previous classes.

We are all grappling with the exact definition of our roles as Beacon volunteers. Given that we are all participating in the program for various reasons, our discussions range from politics to feminist critiques to artistic dissection of poetry. We have analyzed among ourselves the precarious position of race and class — as college-educated white women venturing into a majority population of women of color who have had few economic or educational opportunities. However, the ethnic and class backgrounds of the women who attend the workshop are varied, white, black, Hispanic, all at different reading and writing levels; several are preparing for the GED, some have passed it, some have failed it, and some are already college educated. It is a heterogeneous group that is consistently challenging and gratifying to work with.

The six of us met several times before our first class, held on February 15th, 2001, to figure out how to approach our role as 'teachers.' One of the points we have tried to emphasize in our first two

classes is that we haven't come to the prison to teach. We have come to the prison to learn more about the role of writing in our own lives and in the lives of women who are incarcerated. Most of us have strong feelings about the disparities between incarceration and treatment. We believe that creative programs in prison are an important step towards actual rehabilitation. We volunteer because we all love to write, and we believe that writing is a means of healing and self-expression. The workshop at Beacon has become an emotional outlet as well as a place to share information and offer stimulation in a monotonous and suffocating environment.

All six of us have strengths and weaknesses in different areas of writing. The workshops are conglomerations of our skills, favorite poets, and personalities. Some of the inmates were interested in the writing workshop not to write poetry, which we had originally intended to focus on, but to learn to write grant proposals and formal letters. Thus, along with poetic exercises we will eventually break down into focus groups. Not only will this give us a chance to work in small groups or one-on-one with the inmates, but we will be able to directly address individual writing projects. Formal writing, songwriting, prose, and poetry are the potential focus

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Operation SaAMI Tour Stops at Bard

by Eli David Friedman

THIS PAST WEEK, two activists from the Quebec based organization SaAMI (meaning "dirty friend" in French) came to Bard to hold a teach-in on globalization and the FTAA, and to lead a training session in non-violent direct action. FTAA is the acronym for the "Free Trade Area of the Americas," which, if enacted, will essentially turn the entire Western Hemisphere into an enormous free trade zone. Corey Legassic and Mike Gagne, the facilitators of the events, are both activists dedicated to the anti-capitalist movement. The objective of the session was to give people some background information on globalization, and to talk about the basics of the FTAA agreement. The purpose of the event was to begin to get people educated for the upcoming anti-FTAA protest in Quebec City.

They began the teach-in on Tuesday by having attendees participate in a role-playing exercise. People paired up, and one person was chosen to play the role of a protester. The other partner was told to be a reporter for the corporate media, and to brutally interrogate the protester as to their motivations for protesting. The purpose of the exercise was to alert us to the difficulty of being put on the spot and forced to explain what exactly was wrong with the FTAA.

After this introductory activity they started on the "ABC's" of globalization. This began with some background information on the historical context from which today's global trade structures have emerged. They discussed the Bretton Woods conference of 1944 that established the World

Bank and the GATT. The point of the historical background was to demonstrate that corporate interests dictate the agenda of institutions controlling global trade and finance.

The next section of the teach-in involved the facilitators developing a metaphor for globalization based on an athletic competition. After setting up this metaphor, Legassic and Gagne began to give some more details about the FTAA and its relation to the WTO and global trade. One major problem that they stressed was the lack of democracy within the WTO. The WTO court, which would make rulings for the FTAA, is composed of trade bureaucrats who are not elected by any sort of democratic process. Additionally, their meetings are not open to civil society and the media. The court makes rulings on things that are seen as "inhibitors" to free trade. Such inhibitors can include environmental protection laws and bans on products such as genetically engineered food. If a WTO-member country refuses to comply with the courts decision, they will face harsh trade sanctions.

After this discussion, they began discussing some of the particulars of the FTAA that they saw as harmful to the environment, as well as human and labor rights. In the actual FTAA, the only mention of the environment is in the preamble. Within the body of the text there is no mention of any sort of environmental regulations or protection. As a result, there is nothing binding which can allow for full corporate exploitation and destruction of the natural world. Another aspect of the FTAA that the facili-

tators felt could be detrimental to the overall good of society is the allowance of privatization of services. Services as essential as water delivery could be easily privatized, thus creating an incredibly lucrative market.

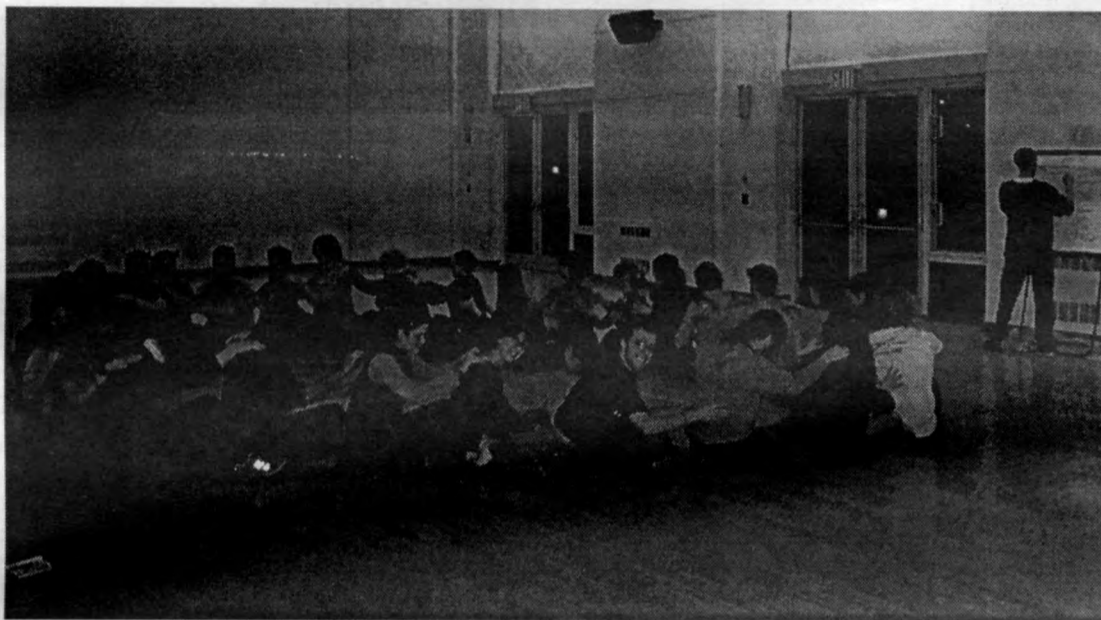
The evening closed with them showing a video of some protests they had been involved with in Montreal. After the film, they answered questions about the upcoming protest in Quebec

direct action techniques. The facilitators consistently stressed that the training was going to be greatly abridged as a result of time constraints. Usually, non-violence trainings require an entire weekend and they were going to conduct one in only three hours. While the training was limited to a relatively short time, they managed to pack in an incredible amount of essential information.

Once again, they had people

and bolts of non-violent direct action. They covered formation of affinity groups and consensus decision-making, as well as the proper position for being dragged through the street by a police officer. Additionally, some arguments in favor of a specifically non-violent approach to direct action were made by the activists.

Both the participants and the facilitators felt the training



Might this be the "Spectrogram"? We honestly have no idea.

City. Overall, it was a wonderful teach-in, grounding people in some of the basics of globalization and why it should be opposed.

On Wednesday Legassic and Gagne were tabling in the campus center raising awareness about the FTAA, as well as telling people about the non-violence training they were going to be facilitating on Thursday. The training on Thursday ended up attracting nearly thirty people to the multi-purpose room for a "crash-course" in non-violent

participate in role-playing activities, which were to help attendees think about different situations that might arise while participating in civil disobedience. Another fun and lively exercise was called the "non-violent spectrogram." This activity involved the participants physically moving around the room, representing where they would fall in the political spectrum. Finally, people were made to defend their position on the "spectrogram."

The rest of the night provided the participants with the nuts

was a resounding success. Many people new to direct action and civil disobedience were introduced to this important form of political expression. People who had previous experience said that this was a good refresher, and that it brought some new ideas to light. Perhaps most importantly, it got people really excited for the upcoming protest kind of "investors' rights" treaty

Russian Space Station Set to Crash to Earth

by Jacob Cottingham

AS IF AMERICA needed another reminder of who won the Cold War, one of the great symbols of the famed space race will meet its end sometime in the next two weeks. The Russian space station Mir, in decline for several years, will be crashing into the Pacific Ocean, probably on March 20. While Americans are using the occasion to drink vodka, watch John Wayne movies and fondly recall the days of the Red Scare, other nations are dealing with the threat posed by an object of several tons dropping from the sky.

Mir weighs 140 metric tons, of which 100 tons should burn in the atmosphere upon re-entry. The remaining 40 tons will break into thousands of pieces before hitting the water at speeds of one kilometer a second (for those still on the English system that's .6 miles/second). The rupture of the major pressurized modules may possibly result in a series of large celestial explosions. According to a group that is leading an expedition to the crash site to observe the event, it should be "the single largest

celestial event on earth since the Tunguska meteorite struck Siberia in 1908."

Mir, Russian for peace, is the largest and longest lasting space station ever built. The first manned space station was the Russian Salyut 1, launched in April 1971. America put its Skylab into orbit the next year, and Mir was put into space February 20, 1986. Originally it was to remain in orbit for five years, but with the collapse of the Soviet Union the lifetime of Mir was extended rather than replacing it as planned. Designed for long-duration human presence in space, it is regularly manned by 2-3 cosmonauts and has for short periods held up to six. Mir is about 375 kilometers (235 miles) above earth in an orbit that circles the planet about once every ninety minutes. From 1995 to 1998 three different US space shuttles have docked with Mir a total of nine times.

There is a long list of recent problems with Mir that have contributed to the reasons for its forced re-entry. In February of 1997 a fire broke out inside the

space station, filling it with smoke and forcing the crew to wear oxygen masks. That same year, a Russian space ship had to be dumped when it failed to dock at the station, and another ship crashed into Mir while docking, ripping a hole in one of the modules and damaging some solar panels. In July a disconnected cable forced Mir into a free drift because of a loss of power, and in August primary and backup oxygen generators failed for several hours before being repaired. In addition, a September failure of the main computer forced the crew to shut down all systems except those necessary for life-support. 1998 saw several problems due to the faults of the main computer including another loss of power, a loss of orbital alignment that left Mir adrift for a while, and temperature problems that brought the heat inside the station to 95 degrees. Earlier this year, Russian controllers lost contact with the space station for more than 20 hours before reacquiring a signal.

Mir's orbit has been in steady decay and has been boosted back into its regular

height several times. The cost of maintaining and repairing Mir is too much for the Russian government to handle, especially with the construction of the International Space Station, which has already been delayed several times due to problems with the Russian sections. When Mir's current orbit falls to 250 miles above earth, a forced deorbit will trigger a deorbit that would take two days to complete, eventually leading to the fiery crash expected 1,850 miles east of New Zealand.

The last populated area that Mir will travel over on its descent will be a section of Japan, whose citizens and government are slightly anxious about the potential for an accident. Because of the proximity to their nation of falling chunks the size of cars, Japanese experts will be in the Russian command room during the deorbit. These same fears have caused Australia to also monitor the descent and have prompted concerns from the 16 island states of the South Pacific Forum as well as Germany. Russian and American authorities say the chances of such an accident are remote, putting the

odds between one in a 1,000 to one in 5,000 that a mishap will occur. However, minor fluctuations in the atmospheric conditions could greatly alter the trajectory of the falling pieces, as could slight mistakes in calculating the trail of debris. The Russian government has taken out a \$200 million insurance policy in the event of a possible disaster, which has some precedent. In 1991 the predecessor to Mir, Salyut 7, crashed into the Andes Mountains, and in 1978 a Russian military satellite crashed into the Canadian Arctic. Even the US has had some problems in this area when the abandoned Skylab crashed into Western Australia in 1979. However, those were not controlled deorbits, unlike Mir's which should go smoothly.

If authorities learn of any potential danger, the German government will broadcast emergency radio announcements urging citizens to remain indoors. In America, work has already been started painting a giant target around the state of New Jersey.

Common Philosophies of Exploitation

BARC panel discussion unites struggles for equality

by **Karen Benezra**

THE FOCUS OF BARC's panel discussion last Wednesday analyzed not only the exploitation of non-human animals, but the common philosophies which have been and continue to be used to justify the degradation of human and non-human animals alike. Perhaps the most pervasive theme of the evening was that despite the differing forms in which women, minorities and non-human animals have endured suffering at the hands of their oppressors, the underlying structure of their exploitation has, and continues to be, a mutual one.

Constance Young, founder of

animal rights activism by reconsidering her own relationship to other animals (beginning with the non-human animals with whom she had had the most immediate daily contact). Basing her actions on the ability of other animals to feel physical pain, and not on their mere categorization as non-humans, Ms. Young decided to end her consumption of, and thus her arbitrary domination over, non-human animals.

The equal consideration of all sentient beings with regard to their respective interests is at the heart of philosopher Peter Singer's theory of animal liberation — an ideology which has largely helped to form the basis of the modern animal rights move-

ment. It is Singer's philosophy that, in order to justify the exploitation of animals for our own food, clothing, entertainment, inconclusive experimentation, etc., we have adopted a world view of speciesism, arbitrarily granting humans dominion over all other life simply because we are human. According to Singer's philosophy, it is unfair to judge and divide human and non-human animals by human definitions of cognitive skills or linguistic abilities, for example, because such divisions could just as easily be applied to humans themselves. Just as many humans justify their exploitation of non-human animals by saying that the former are more intelligent, we could just as easily (without

regard to the classifications of species) justify a human society stratified by I.Q., in which more intelligent humans are thought to be born with an unquestionable dominion over less intelligent ones. Most members of society (especially those on the political left), however, have already rejected this vision of caste, along with the tenets of Social Darwinism which it embodies.

It was with this philosophical contradiction in mind that the panel's second speaker, Adam Weissman, an activist from the Wetlands Environmental and Social Justice Activism Center in New York City, began his discourse addressing the inherent connections between the strug-

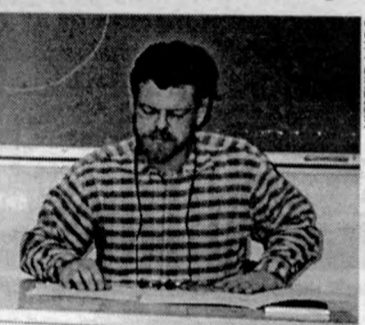
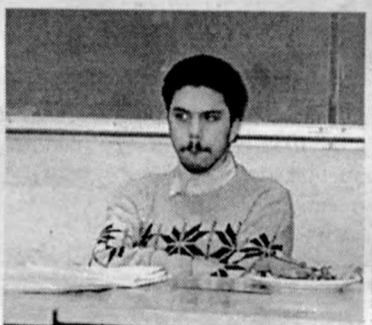
gles for human and animal rights. While he pointed out that many political progressives fighting for human equality have dismissed the animal rights movement as one which is divisive, i.e. detracting attention from the more important goal of uniting activists over racial and economic divides, Mr. Weissman based the theme of his lecture on the reality that the ideal of animal liberation emphasizes exactly the opposite. Just as racism was used as a justification for the enslavement of Africans in the New World (allowing whites to view slaves as lesser beings and thus, as their paternal saviors) humans use speciesism to justify domestication and exploitation of non-human animals in circuses, factory farms, etc. Speciesism, like racism, is a way of justifying the unfair advantages we have granted ourselves at the suffering of others. Rather than actually believing in speciesism, Mr. Weissman asserted that it is more likely that social justice activists who do not acknowledge the relevance of animal liberation to their own struggles do so out of a reluctance to address such complacency within their own battles for equality. Comparing the struggles of disempowered humans to those of non-human animals does not degrade those humans as a "beasts," but instead calls for a reevaluation of the way in which the moral decisions of the more privileged class, race, gender or species affect the well-being of all other sentient beings. Mr. Weissman pointed out that animal liberation asks us, as ethical thinkers, to consider as equally important a worker's need for adequate pay and working conditions, for example, as an animal's need to be free from the enclosed spaces, inadequate nutrition and abusive treatment of a factory farm and to live as he or she naturally would, without the oppressive hand of human domestication.

Despite the apparent equality of all struggles against exploitation which animal liberation proposes, the panel's third speaker, Daniel Berthold-Bond, a professor of philosophy at Bard College, explained that similar misconceptions of degradation have also hampered the development of a more wide-spread bond between women's and animals' rights. Focusing on the feminist interest in animal rights, Professor Berthold-Bond elaborated that the connection between feminism and animal rights was born out of eco-feminism, a reaction to the historical association made between women as instinctive, irrational beings and nature in patriarchal cultures. This negative

association resulted in mutual domination and violence against both. Eco-feminists sought to reverse the tide of such domination by embracing the common way in which both women and the environment have been exploited by an oppressive patriarchy.

Similarly, women have also been negatively associated with non-human animals by men who viewed both as disposable, usable bodies, incapable of reason or autonomy. Unfortunately, as was mentioned earlier, rather than recognizing that both women and animals are capable of a full consciousness and a completeness of self apart from their utility as objects, many feminists have instead resisted the idea of a collaborative rebellion against sexism and speciesism for fear that any sort of association might only weaken their fight for equality with men. Professor Berthold-Bond refuted this hypothesis, however, by reasserting that, just as men as subjects have objectified women as inferior objects fit for exploitation in order to justify their dominion over them, so too have humans objectified non-human animals in order to justify a similarly-founded domination and, in the process, to negate the suffering that both must endure (although on separate, individual levels) as autonomous, sentient beings.

Professor Berthold-Bond concluded the discussion by emphasizing that animals are indeed conscious subjects whose lives and suffering matter and that to deny that would mean to deny the same for women as well. It is, consequentially, when we fail to think beyond the limits of our own self-interests and to negate the common oppression of human and non-human animals alike that we both undermine the validity and diminish the potential accomplishments of each individual cause.



Jon Feinstein

A Hollywood Squares reference, possibly? Might lighten the mood.

the Unitarian Universalists for the Ethical Treatment of Animals and an animal advocate for over 40 years, began the discussion by detailing the way in which her own natural inclination towards compassion for animals has led her to a belief in animal liberation and to a career in animal rights activism. Ms. Young began rescuing stray cats in the in 1950's and, through the care and observation of her own companion animals, came to recognize the ways in which human animals profess to possess and to dominate their non-human counterparts. Just as Peter Singer would articulate some twenty years later with the publication of *Animal Liberation*, Ms. Young began her career in

ment. It is Singer's philosophy that, in order to justify the exploitation of animals for our own food, clothing, entertainment, inconclusive experimentation, etc., we have adopted a world view of speciesism, arbitrarily granting humans dominion over all other life simply because we are human. According to Singer's philosophy, it is unfair to judge and divide human and non-human animals by human definitions of cognitive skills or linguistic abilities, for example, because such divisions could just as easily be applied to humans themselves. Just as many humans justify their exploitation of non-human animals by saying that the former are more intelligent, we could just as easily (without

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BARC Battles Specieism in the Streets of New Paltz

by **Maggie Von Vogt**

ON SATURDAY, March 3rd seventeen Bard students joined approximately twenty-five other concerned community members in New Paltz to demonstrate their criticism of chain restaurants Burger King and McDonald's. The demonstration was planned by the newly formed Mid-Hudson Animal Rights Coalition, a group consisting of members of Bard, Vassar, and SUNY New Paltz students as well as community members in the Mid-Hudson area.

The protest was planned in solidarity with a national campaign currently being run by the group People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) to force Burger King to improve animals' conditions in factory farms. Last year PETA's similar campaign of protest and negotiation with McDonald's resulted in the agreement that cage sizes would be enlarged and the gruesome practice of de-beaking chickens would be banned in all of McDonald's factory farms. This has been called one of the greatest recent successes in the animal rights movement, as it affects many animals' welfare. It is hoped that through much effort and protest Burger King will agree to do the

same.

Though PETA has dropped a significant amount of pressure from McDonald's, the protest on Saturday targeted a McDonald's for two primary reasons. First, though McDonald's has taken measures to increase the welfare of the animals they slaughter, many animal rights activists are still critical of the fact that they are still one of the largest perpetrators of factory farming. Second, the location of Burger King in New Paltz happens to be across the street from a McDonald's, and the activists did not want their message to be specific to Burger King.

"New Paltz was chosen as a location for the protest because it is a vegetarian-friendly town and relatively anti-corporate, a good place for our new coalition to begin," explained Greg Bernardi of the SUNY New Paltz Student Coalition for Animal Rights. The protesters chose to offer hungry people headed for the fast food convenience free vegan burgers as a positive alternative that supports their message. The burgers were relatively well received, only one being flung at a group

of Bard activists after a bite had been taken out of it.

All in all, the day went well, with many supportive honks by passing by cars, and several receptive to the many animal rights-related pamphlets activists were passing out. "I had a great time and felt like my voice was being heard, and also see the importance of joining in the national campaign to pressure big corporations to change their practices. It's hard to feel like my individual choices, especially as a new vegan, make a big impact on

large companies like Burger King and McDonald's. But, if I'm working as a part of a larger movement, I feel like my energy is being efficiently channeled", said Rayna Matthews, who joined BARC for the trip to the demonstration.

BARC and the Mid-Hudson Coalition for Animal Rights meet regularly and will be planning several more related actions. If you are interested, e-mail mv863@bard.edu.



Jon Feinstein

It's O.K. to Play with Your Wahchee!

Cunt: A Declaration of Independence *takes the modern wom*n's world by storm*

by **Emily J. Steinberg**

ON SATURDAY, February 18, about 40 Bardians, both male and female, hopped a big yellow bus over to Vassar, where one helluva fantastic unique event was taking place. That's right: Cuntfest.

Let me first clear up a few misconceptions. Cuntfest has nothing to do with pornography. Cuntfest is not about insulting

women. Just the opposite. It is a collaboration of talented wom*n writers, performers, and artists, a celebration whose name stems from Inga Muscio's 1998 book *Cunt: A Declaration of Independence* — a powerful womanifesto that seeks to "contribute to a language and philosophy specifically designed to empower and unite ALL women." How? By reclaiming the word "cunt" and ditching

"vagina." Huh, you think. So now wom*n WANT to be degraded?

Of course not, silly. If you'd read the book, you'd know that whereas the roots of the word "vagina" mean, literally, "sheath for sword" the word "cunt" is an ancient tribal term of respect for wom*n. On top of that, Muscio argues that there is inherent power in reclaiming a word that has been used as long as anyone can remember to insult, degrade, belittle and violate wom*n, a word which used to uphold the magic and beauty of the female person and was somehow conveniently distorted into a perverse obscenity by the very faction which sought to benefit from their oppression. Yup, you know it. We're talking about the wonderful world of patriarchy.

"America was founded on the bodies of women," Inga writes in the chapter "Rape not Cunts," "African women, Jewish women, Native women, Latina women, Chicana women, Asian women, European women. Grandmother, grandmother, grandmother, grandmother, grandmother, grandmother, grandmother, grandmother. Guatemalan, Bosnian, Vietnamese women know war. Pretty much every nation in this world was established by war. How many women do you think that is?"

Cuntfest consisted of an afternoon-long series of self-defense workshops sponsored by the organization Home Alive, and an evening full of Inga reading from her book and Jess Dobkin's refreshingly zany and eyebrow-raising performance art. We all enjoyed reaching deep into Jess Dobkin's cunt-shaped grab bag of complimentary toys ("Hey! I got a pussy-sniffer!") and picking up new and juicy vocabulary from Inga's anecdotes. ("A wahchee?! What, for the

love of Godiva, is a wahchee??" Well, I guess you'll just have to read the book if you want to know it's O.K. to play with it).

On a more serious note, Cuntfest provided a safe and comfortable environment for students to challenge their ideas about the socially constructed notion of gender as we know

it — as well as a time for reflection on what can be done to bring about positive change in a society where even the roots of language damage, oppress and belittle wom*n, treat them as the "weaker" sex and second-class citizens. *Cunt* is all about recognizing the modern problems wom*n face, embracing them, and them combating them from a place of respect and love for all wom*n, all people, and most importantly, oneself.

"If you want to find out how your oppression infringes on your freedom, walk into the bathroom, stare deeply into your eyes, and face your pain without blame. Don't go feeling sorry for them ladies in Saudi Arabia and Pakistan until you do this first. Don't be dissin' on ubermodel-types with silicone titties until you do this first. Don't sneer at women from a class or ethnicity different from your own, at lesbians, bi-women, straight women, fat women, skinny women, old women or young women until you do this first. There will remain much sadness in the world until people are willing to rise to the task of facing the world's pain in the bathroom mirror."

Ain't that the truth. So read the book.

*And while you're at it, empower yourself. Celebrate the wonderful wom*n of Bard in your own backyard. Wom*n's Alliance meets every Thursday at 6:00 pm in the Student Action Center in the basement of the Old Gym. E-mail: Womens_Alliance@yahoo.com for more info. Anybody and everybody are welcome.*



Words Over Walls continued . . .

groups.

The writing workshop at Beacon is a way of being directly active in our immediate community. Unlike many issues I have been involved with during my time at Bard, this is one in which I see immediate results. It is first-person contact with creative people who are trying to free their minds while their bodies remain imprisoned. Creative self-expression is a means of self-liberation. It is also a potent means of rehabilitation, as was seen by our last class. I introduced an exercise about the significance of being a woman. The poems that came out of that fifteen minute free-write left all of us, students and inmates, gasping together. One woman wrote about the conflict of introducing her little-girl-self to her woman-self. Another spoke of standing proud despite her chains. Each poem that was read, about the trials of being a wife, mother, daughter, sister, lover, worker all at the same time, every woman in the room found something to

relate to.

The class ended with all of us thinking about ways to pay attention to our own needs more, to reflect on the strength of our own voices. This program is in infant stage and it remains to be seen what intricate challenges we will face as it continues. Already both students and inmates have had personal revelations — I am certain they will intensify as the semester continues. Regardless of this, the very existence of the Bard-Beacon Women's Writing Workshop inside the prison walls is a victory in itself.

Anyone interested in participating in this workshop next semester (or in starting a different one) should contact us via ebenedetto@yahoo.com

• COLLEGE NEWS by Hasan Al Faruq •

Anti-Racism Demonstrations Rock Hamilton

STUDENTS@LARGE, a student organization in Hamilton College that seeks to promote campus awareness of racism, organized a demonstration on Wednesday. The demonstration was held on Martin's Way in between the benches in front of Beinecke Student Activities Village from 11:40 AM until 12:15 PM. About 70 students stretched along 40 feet on either side of the Martin's Way path handing out flyers labeled "Awaken to the Reality of Racism" to fellow students passing by.

The students who participated in this peaceful demonstration left their classes early as part of the protest. They were also joined by several professors and staff members. Together, the participants urged passer-bys to "Hey, read this," as they passed out the flyers. Even President Eugene Tobin and Assistant to the President Meredith Harper Bonham stopped by for five minutes to help distribute the flyers.

Students@Large sent an email to all-campus on Tuesday to invite Hamilton students to "walk to awareness" and to "demonstrate against the reality of racism on this campus" by helping pass out flyers. Considering its peaceful nature, this demonstration was far less controversial than last week's blocking of the Martin's Way bridge, although both events had the same purpose of creating awareness among students about the existence of racism at Hamilton.

Redell Armstrong '02, an active member of Students@Large and one of the demonstration's participants said, "Our goal was to encourage students to get up and leave their classes and to really make the community aware of the realities of racism on this campus".

Hamilton College President Tobin

made comments on the increasingly productive conversations occurring in regards to racism, "I'm very proud and supportive of our students' willingness to talk about issues of difference. In the past few months, we have had some of the most honest, candid, and constructive conversations about issues of racial difference. Education is not meant to make us comfortable, nor is the freedom it helps create."

And the quest will continue, as far as Students@Large is concerned. "We intend to have a weekly demonstration," said Armstrong, who added that the organization should be recognized as a "small group of individuals who are concerned." Some of the major concerns of Students@Large about racism were clearly expressed in the flyers. They began with the simple yet powerful sentence, "Racism angers me" and went on to describe some of the disadvantages associated with being a minority by starting almost every sentence with the words "I hate," perhaps to further stress on just how everyone should despise racism. The flyer ended as simply as it began by stating, "I hate racism."

As Dean Karen Green explained, regardless of what kind of demonstrations take place, they are better for the Hamilton community than silence. "It helps if conversations [about intolerance] are still taking place. Students have a right to protest; we [administrators] just have to make sure those demonstrations are safe. As administrators, our main concern is with safety. If we observe something unsafe for those involved in the protest or for those affected by it, then we have to react."

A Day in The Life

A Hard Day's Night returns to theaters. Why you should care after thirty years.

by **Jacob Cottingham**

A *HARD DAY'S NIGHT* was first released in 1964, the same year that the Beatles did their first American tour and were seen by over 70 million people on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Directed by Richard Lester, the film was a critical success and a cultural innovator whose spawn includes such fare as *Spinal Tap*, MTV, and *Spice World*. An upcoming

grandfather (Wilfred Brambell) and the Beatles road manager (Norman Rossington). Because of their popularity, the band can't go outside for fear of being mobbed by fans; hence a large part of the plot is also the tension between the perks of fame and its pitfalls. The film has a behind the scenes documentary feel to it despite being scripted out beforehand

running around when they do get loose from their managers.

Lester shoots the whole escapade with a style befitting the mood. There are lots of quick edits and more than one music scene that stands out. He manages to give each of the four their own personality, while at the same time highlighting each within the context of the group. He paces around the constant action that surrounds the band without

film is so prevalent that it has been said that many of the guys who went to see it walked into the theatre with short hair and didn't cut it until the mid seventies. Even the rebellious nature of the shocking mop tops and sideburns that the four band mates sport is done with a sort of unity among them, highlighted by their matching outfits. Still, the Beatles are rock stars and they know it. They smoke cigarettes often, play

siders and band members alike.

Even with the script, the film resonates with an energy that seems to bring out even the group's surprise at their own success. VH1 will tell you that Bob Dylan first introduced the Beatles to pot during the shooting of *A Hard Day's Night*, which seems true when you watch the film. Really, it's a lot like those first couple of times being high, what with the energy that makes you



Which way did they go? A near miss for the Fab Four (minus one) in *A Hard Day's Night*.

screening at Upstate Films provides a chance to see the original pop/rock boy band at a period when they straddled both of those genres and the rest of the world was beginning to understand that the Beatles are no flash in the pan.

The film follows John, Paul, George and Ringo through what is supposed to be a typical day in the life of a Beatle. From the opening sequence of the band running through a train station as hordes of teenage girls chase after them, the film tries to let its audience know just how frantic, maddening, and encapsulating such a life is. The Beatles are on their way to a city where they are to perform a concert for a TV show, accompanied by Paul's

and shot on a schedule. Alun Owen was nominated for an Oscar for writing the script whose dialogue is primarily made up of snappy British one-liners.

The movie is as much comedy as it is music, with some slapstick, satire and just plain goofiness to both amuse and puzzle the audience. At one point the four are having a press conference and a reporter asks Ringo whether he's a mod or a rocker, to which he replies, "I'm a mocker." Paul's grandfather is continuously sexed up, pursuing the girls that chase after the Beatles and even forging autographed pictures of them. Victor Spinetti does a good job as the frantic TV producer and there are several improvised scenes of the Beatles

ever lingering too long, pausing only to get little bits of character or setting, which add up to create an energy that either simmers out through jokes when the Beatles are cooped up, or explodes into frantic running around when they finally do escape.

And while the film is about busting out — whether out of social conventions or hotel rooms — it is 1964 and the boys are fairly polite about it. There's practically no sexuality in the plot except for the grandfather's lecherous pursuit of the teens, and the hordes of girls seem to only trap the band, unlike say, the Rolling Stones orgiastic Cocksucker Blues made several years later. The androgyny of the

a portable radio in a train and inform their elders of new styles, like putting your handkerchief in a pocket instead of on display in a jacket.

Part of the intrigue of the film is the glimpse of the private lives of the Beatles living life as they become the most popular band in the world ever. The audience sees their bundles of fan mail, special escorts to shows and even a helicopter ride at the end. We learn that they sometimes snore loudly and play cards or sign autographs when they have some leisure time. For those that weren't alive during this time we also see that jokes on Ringo are nothing new, with his getting comments from out-

want to roll in the grass, uncontrollable laughter pausing only for a break at some oddity before resuming laughing and all wrapped in those accented feelings of togetherness. *A Hard Day's Night* not only captures the fast beat and polite rebelliousness of early rock 'n' roll, but it also played an immense role in changing that into everything that in five years would become Woodstock and the late sixties. Regardless of whether you're a Beatles fan or not, it's a film worth seeing.

A Hard Day's Night plays at Upstate through March 14th maybe longer.

Propagandhi Articulates the Message in NYC

by **Matt Dineen**

AFTER A FOUR YEAR hiatus Winnipeg, Manitoba's greatest political punk band, Propagandhi, recently began a North American tour, promoting their highly anticipated new album "Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes." On Friday March 9th the tour reached New York City with two performances at the same venue. Joined by Avail, J Church, and A Fabulous Disaster, Propagandhi packed the Wetlands Preserve for both the early evening show and the late night show.

The San Francisco-based, all female A Fabulous Disaster was the opening band for the first show while J Church opened up the late show. A Fabulous Disaster played a lively set of three chord melodic punk. Although they were tight, their sound was a bit too familiar to the fans of the Fat Wreck style. The lead vocalist introduced one of the final songs by saying, "I know that at least 95% of you will know this one so their better be a pit!" Expecting something easily recognizable, such as a Ramones classic or something, the majority of the crowd along with the handful of Bard students present was perplexed when the song ended up sounding exactly like the previous 10 tunes.

Appropriately, no "pit" occurred. This writer was only present at the early show, but sources say that J Church was not terribly great either.

Avail, the melodic hardcore veterans from Richmond, Virginia, followed up with an energetic set of their anthemic classics. Most of the youthful audience recited their impassioned lyrics; evidence that not everybody was there just to see Propagandhi. Avail's set was accompanied by much crowd surfing and stage diving, along with the antics of the band's toothless, mullet-sportin' mascot known as Bobo. When they finished the crowd began eagerly anticipating the anarcho-Canucks.

After nearly a half an hour of setting up, Propagandhi was ready to play. There was a buzz in the air. Chris, the guitarist and vocalist, broke into the unmistakable guitar intro of "Stick the Fucking Flag up Your Fucking Ass, You Goddamn Sonofabitch," immediately pleasing fans of their first album "How To Clean Everything." The entire room sang in unison "But wait a minute dad, did you actually say freedom? . . ." The atmosphere was unbelievable.

The band continued to play an incredible set comprised of the best tunes from their two early records and the new one

alike. The highlight for many was when they played their best-known classic "Nation States," which is a raging critique of the new world capitalist order. Everyone sang along with the unforgettable intro: "Publicly subsidized, privately profitable, the anthem of the upper-tier, puppeteer untouchables. Focus a moment nod in approval, bury your heads in the bar codes of these neo-colonials!"

Chris was somewhat unsatisfied with their set, due to minor equipment problems. He suggested that folks stay for the second show so they could "redeem them-

selves." The crowd, however, was beyond pleased with their performance.

For many kids just getting into punk rock Propagandhi was one of those bands whose articulate message truly politicized them, encouraging them to think critically about the world. They continue to do so with their inspiring new album. Propagandhi also operates an independent record label out of Winnipeg called the G7 Welcoming Committee, a self described "activist label working for social change." It was an amazing experience to finally see this band live.



Jon Feinstein

And That's the Grammys

Ever wanted to make sense of self-congratulatory spectacle? We'll do it for you.

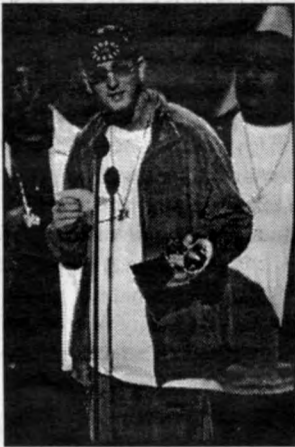
by **Scott Staton**

OH DEAR.

It's the 43rd Grammy Awards, and things aren't going well. Jon Stewart — the unlikely master of ceremonies we remember fondly as the fledgling talk show host on MTV back in the day that featured Sunny Day Real Estate and others, blah blah, and now of the *Daily Show* — is not being very funny. One might presume that the tele-prompted industry-penned lines aren't registering as well with the audience as we would hope. Or expect. Or abhor.

But wait a second. Who watches the Grammys? I mean, who can really lend credence to the public demonstration of an entertainment industry congratulating itself? That kind of shit is for the birds, never mind the fact that the two industries that actively practice it — film and music — engage themselves in popular culture through an engendered sensory saturation. That they should congratulate themselves in public should come as no surprise, really. What should surprise is that such ceremonies act as iridescent barometers of the divine, obstructed *isness* that has commanded public consciousness since our active conception. The Grammys rock.

And then, of course, they don't. It's upon any and every one of us to bother meeting the Grammys on its own terms. In a sense, it's like engaging an indifferent parent in a relativistic appraisal of the phenomenon of popular music. You're bound to lose, but ultimately triumph by example. The Grammys can be really quite brilliant in a sublimely subservient kind of way. The history is fantastic. The first



Grammy awarded in the Rock category (they called it Rock & Roll) was given in 1964 to Petula Clark's "Downtown," with the Beatles winning that year for Best New Artist. The first Grammy awarded in the Rap category was given in 1991 to the Fresh Prince & DJ Jazzy Jeff, and was inexplicably not to be aired on the television broadcast. Will Smith and Jeff Townes boycotted the show and attended a Yo! MTV Raps anti-Grammy party instead. When a Heavy

Metal Grammy category was established, many expected the industry honor to go to Metallica for their self-titled *Black Album*. It instead went to Jethro Tull. See, the flute is metallic. The Grammys are awesome.

It's about the registration of context. Where does the industry stand these days? Obviously the industry stands tall. Its growth has escalated for the past 20 years. And that sucks, but it's part of the dynamic. Now, where does the industry stand these days? With controversy. And ratings. Because if the broadcasts of the Grammy Awards continue to fail to gain a popular audience, as has been the case over the past decade, the advertising isn't worth shit. And there are millions of kids out there that are buying this stuff anyway. It pays to kill too birds with one stone, and court — with controversy.

Man, Eminem rocks. He is a one man controversial capacity in an age in which the very capacity to controverse (and you know what I mean) is rendered moot by the public's general desensitization of tastelessness in this the 21st century of our Lord. The industry heads know what's up. As they accommodate the fluffy popular extremity, they must acknowledge it's

rougher, reactionary extreme, hence the big Eminem nominations and the negative response by organizations such as the Anti-Defamation League and NOW.

But Eminem won two Grammys before — this stuff isn't really relevant. They've sucked the public in regardless, riding the wave of publicity garnered from the nomination of *The Marshall Mathers LP* for Album of the Year. This is not about the furor over Eminem being relevant, it's about the Grammy Awards attempting themselves to establish some semblance of relevancy in this godforsaken age. The furor itself means fun times, entertainment, showmanship — all the things that should make it easy for ourselves to render our own lofty aesthetic constructions of anthropomorphic meaning from the ontological clay that is the 2001 model

went on to win Producer of the Year for Eminem's *The Marshall Mathers LP*.

No, this isn't about what you expected to happen but what truly did. It's about the much-publicized paring of Elton John with Eminem for a show closing rendition of the latter's "Stan," with Elton John singing the sample taken from Dido. It's about the industry conceding to the sense of adolescent rebelliousness inherent in the essential dominance of a genre that years before couldn't command airtime on the broadcast of the award show; whose Grammy pursuit crested with *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill*, helping establish the prevalence of rap in commercial and critical potential. The award could (and in a sense should) go to Eminem. Or Radiohead, also quite cool amongst the critics and kids these days.

But this is about what did happen,



Stealing the Gram: We really just want to take this moment to represent Steely Dan. Yeah.

Grammy Awards.

What this is all about is the Album of the Year category, when the last semi-decent winner was Sgt. Pepper's *Lonely Heart's Club Band* in 1968. Eminem's mad up for it, along with *Kid A* by Radiohead, *Midnite Vultures* by Beck, Paul Simon's *You're the One*, and *Two Against Nature* by Steely Dan. This is why people are out front picketing — they will not tolerate the bestowal of the industry's highest honor upon the entertainer who, despite his unquestionable skill and commercial impact, somehow never fails to incite controversy.

Nevermind of course that he won two Grammys the year before and won both of those again this year: Best Rap Solo Performance and Best Rap Album. Accepting the latter award, he thanked fellow nominee and mentor Dr. Dre for getting him there in the first place, Dr. Dre having recently turned down an offer to work with Michael Jackson in some production/mixing capacity because he prefers to work with younger talent. He

and amongst the muddle of psycho-cultural politics the academy elected to do the only prudent thing: give the damn thing to former Bard students. And so it was that Donald Fagen and Walter Becker, the members of Steely Dan who stand two against nature, stalwart members of Bard mythology, took the highest honors at the 43rd Grammy Awards. Earlier in the ceremony they trumped both Britney Spears and 'N Sync for Best Pop Vocal Album and won out in the Best Pop Performance by a Duo or Group With Vocal over groups like the Backstreet Boys and the Barenaked Ladies for their lecherous ode to incest, "Cousin Dupree." In the name of controversy, the award goes to dirty old men. Our dirty old men.

It makes complete sense.

Such ceremonies act as iridescent barometers of the divine, obstructed *isness* that has commanded public consciousness since our active conception.

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Ripping Off the Revolution

Orchid's new 10" prompts examination of punk's Situationist fetish

by **Andy Ryder**

ORCHID ACTUALLY RECORDED this 10" back in December 1999, before they played that great show in the Red Room. Musically, Orchid continues to innovate as flagbearers in east coast "emo-violence" — a hybrid between the Bay Area power violence of the early '90s and the more serious arrangements, structures and lyrics of post-Discord emocore. Sort of like the Locust with less of a sense of humor. That might not really clarify this sound at all to the uninitiated, so it might be better to imagine a maelstrom of incoherent screaming and thrashing. This recording is produced by Kurt Ballou from the famed post-grind group Converge, so Orchid sounds heavier and more metallic than on previous releases; there's also a violin on the last and most arresting track, "... And the Cat Turned to Smoke."

Since you have to get through the packaging to get to the vinyl within, the first thing you'll notice about this release isn't Orchid's more metallic take on emo-violence, it's the aesthetically pleasing, quasi-Situationist packaging — if you're not familiar with the Situ aesthetic, picture (*International*) Noise Conspiracy album art. Orchid has been kind enough to include eye-catching red liner notes with a collage by none other than Guy Debord on the front, a brief manifesto name-checking Jacques Attali, and transcriptions of the lyrics. Since this is one of many attempts to incorporate elements of Situ theory into punk culture, I think it deserves examination.

None of the early punk rockers acknowledged the Situationist Internationale as an influence, not even guys like Penny Rimbaud who would have been familiar with them. It wasn't until the early '90s when Greil Marcus and John Savage started making too much of assholes like Malcolm McLaren's and Jamie Reid's tenuous connections to pseudo-Situ groups that academics started writing papers about connections between the movements. This is partly due to the anti-intellectual strains in punk, but more importantly, it's because like any new movement, punks didn't want to be seen as a continuation, revival, or revision — like Dada as much as the Situs, punk was largely about destroying the bonds of the past. For the past couple years, however, zines and album liner notes have been full of references to the society of the spectacle, worker's councils, and most embarrassingly, mid-'60s French style and fashion. This is ignored by the usual 'fuck art let's rock' crowd or perused without real critique by punks with theoretical leanings or pretensions. The question is whether

this Situationist rhetoric is a useless atavism, holding punk back with an uncharacteristic attachment to the cachet of past avant-gardes, or whether Situ theory suggests some movement forward for the punk movement.



Dance Tonight! Revolution tomorrow!

There's no reason why punk shouldn't learn from its antecedents, their tactics, their mistakes, but there's nothing to be gained by empty fetishism and college-rock name-dropping.

I don't understand this reliance on Guy Debord. Debord was a groundbreaking theorist with an interesting biography, but his egotism and megalomania led him to expel so many members of the Situationist Internationale that it lost much of its inertia and capacity to threaten the de Gaulle regime. Orchid tells us "I was born in 1968 . . . Debord is always right here." This is about as relevant a slogan as "SID LIVES." Making Debord into a messianic icon completely misses the point of the Situationist project. Debord shot himself in the heart over ten years ago. There's nothing to be gained by propping up his corpse like a Marxist El Cid. If musicians and artists want to investigate the Situationists or incorporate their innovations, Debord is hardly the only focus — Alexander Trocchi and Raoul Vaneigem, among dozens of others, are equally important and relevant.

Orchid quotes Jacques Attali, who worked with pro-Situ groups in the '60s and wrote a post-Marxist study of music theory called *Noise: The Political Economy of Music* back in '77. Some of Attali's ideas on the connections between musical innovation and social organization are relevant to punk rock. Briefly, his work suggests that the perception of new music as "noise" is concurrent with a shift in relations between the individual and society, and that music and society are entering an era of "constitution" heralded by such musicians as John Cage and the Rolling Stones. In this constitutive era, the individual defines and inserts herself into

the spectacle; sort of becoming her own celebrity/idol. However, Attali's version of this theory endorses an accommodation with capitalism and statism, and Attali is hardly a reliable source as a radical — he sold out the '68 revolt, became Socialist president Francois Mitterand's Special Counselor, founded the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and started a corporate consultation firm in Paris. Orchid's source for punk rock theory is a state socialist technocrat. "Dance Tonight! Bank Tomorrow!"

The real problem is that Orchid fetishizes the fashionable aesthetic of the '68 revolts. Orchid, and most other hardcore groups who appropriate Situationist rhetoric, don't actually make use of Situ tactics such as detournement — the hijacking of spectacular aesthetics through subtle alteration and recontextualization; nor do they communicate an understanding of their praxis beyond name-dropping. One of their songs is entitled "Anna Karina" (lyrics: "The news paper reads: 'Tu est adorable.' And I wholeheartedly concur.") This might be a commentary on

genuine contribution. To resist its co-optation and commodification, punk needs to incorporate relevant theory — the simple anti-Reaganisms of the '80s and the I.W.W.-style populist anarchism exposted by Profane Existence lack the force and sophistication needed to oppose the capitalist hegemony that gave us the prison-industrial complex and Limp Bizkit. Aspects of Situ theory present alternatives to the straightedge Puritanism and hip-piecore naturalism that exert undue influence on punk. To this end, hardcore punk collectives like Sensual Underground Ministries (Brother Inferior) and CrimethInc. Communications (Catharsis) incorporate elements of Situ theory to a degree of radicalism Orchid avoids. Lyrically, Orchid's only contribution to the development of punk theory is "To Praise Prosthesis," a welcome departure from the Chomskian humanism that usually dominates anarcho-punk discourse — "what's so good about being human? just a construct - changing definition." The punk community should encourage Orchid and others to learn from the theory of

I don't mean to insult Orchid or any other band that attempts to learn from Situ theory, but to criticize their commitment to an aesthetic at the expense of genuine contribution.

Debord's "heaven" of the spectacle and the adulation of packaged movie stars, even in the works of an ostensibly subversive auteur such as Godard. However, Orchid's use of such a relatively obscure (not to mention hip) example of celebrity limits their relevance and seems like a further attempt to name-drop figures who evoke their preferred aesthetic.

I don't mean to insult Orchid or any other band that attempts to learn from Situ theory, but to criticize their commitment to an aesthetic at the expense of

other movements, no matter how academic, arty, or pretentious they appear. Just don't let the whitebelts get self-satisfied with their posturing.

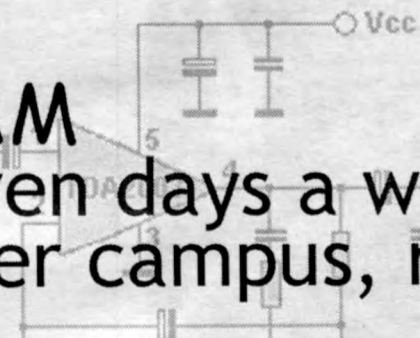
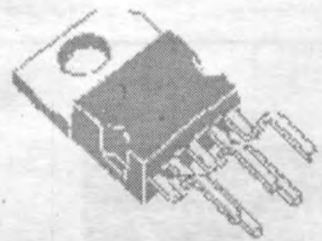
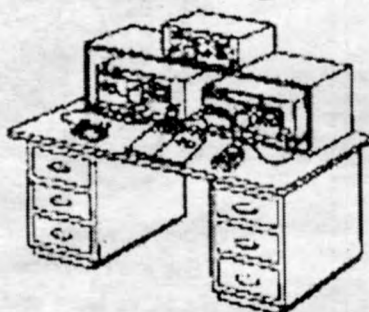
Anyway, this record rocks fucking hard. That's probably all that matters.

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tune in all over campus, really.



Third Eye Blinded by the Light of the Boredoms

Satori & Sound: Psychedelic folk music for the digital age

by **Scott Staton**

OH MY GOD, the Boredoms. They are what I might term recorded music's truest hope for redemption and deliverance in the profoundly vertiginous millennial pivot within which we are presently situated. We will either wallow in our own filth like swine or forge a transcendent mentality that will jettison our earthly vesicles into space, riding waves of sonic rapture into the great beyond. We have met the aliens and they is us.

And it's the Boredoms who make this musical enterprise apparent, of all people. It's just as well. You might recall their days in the early 90s, chums with Kurt Cobain and Thurston Moore, a Japanese noise-core band with more gall than any bodily bladder. They turned heads when they signed to Reprise and issued albums of aural mayhem no major label would consider touching, gaining more attention when they played Lollapalooza in 1995. Bore-core was the bomb for a bit, but attention spans dwindle and the days of unregulated alterna-rock were numbered anyway, not to mention the band's stint on Reprise.

So Eye Yamatsuka and his collective turned to the expansion of the tribal 'eye,' the collective unconscious and its grasp of the supernatural, begetting their 1998 meisterwerk *Super Ae* on California label Birdman (also listed as *Super Are* and *Super Ar*). It was their best, most singularly unified work to date, streamlining their strengths and weaknesses into an indivisible whole that was just shy of being divine. They followed it up in 1999 with *Vision Creation Newsun*, but had no North

American distribution deal to speak of. It has now been issued two years later, and is utterly amazing. If *Super Ae* found the Boredoms assaulting the doors of Heaven in an all-out blitz, *Vision Creation Newsun* betrays the fruit of empyrean penetration: religious revelry in the cosmos.

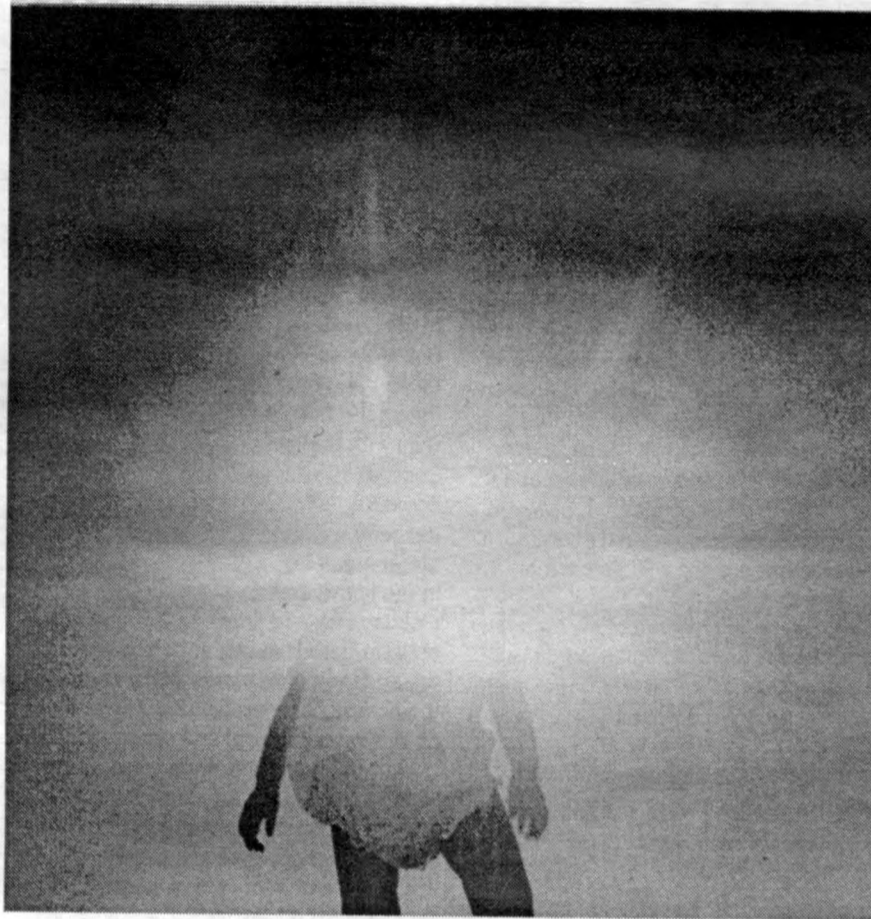
Vision Creation Newsun brings to mind what it might be like to take the end-

ing of *Sgt. Pepper's* and digitally lengthen it, skylarking in pronounced nuances and enhanced grooves with an exhilarating sense of gravity and hysteria. The members of the group expand upon the rhythmic developments of *Super Ae*, releasing themselves in sustained bursts of tribal cadence, overdubbing hyperkinetic drum track after drum track, cymbal crash after

delicious cymbal crash. The flow of the beat spurs on the pulse of the global tribe, cajoling it forward, begging its forward mobility into the ecstatic unknown. The Boredoms find something spiritually enthralling in the idea of the solar project, the absorption into the Great Ball, the origin of life, that which heats and got us here in the first place. Put simply, the album's shimmering psychedelic liberation is proof positive this group knows what's up. The Boredoms have made the advance from the realm of the merely great into that of the absolute classic.

The titles of the nine tracks are shapes and reveal an expansive psychedelic landscape as they seamlessly soar past, somehow subsuming the notion of time under the groove, running amok in Teletubby land with no regard for the natives. An amoeba of satori and sound heightens and falls back, peaks and settles for a bit in open valleys, frolics in valleys, cavorts in golden pastures. The album is almost entirely instrumental, a hi-fi tool for expanding consciousness, with scattered psychobabble sermonizing by the Reverend Eye. It's as if the group has taken the muscular trance aspect of groups such as Can, Faust, and Amon Duul, adding digital flesh and a wallop of pixie dust.

The album may come a bit late, but it has a profoundly present aesthetic, standing hopefully as an inestimable harbinger of what 21st century music might become, what purposes it might ultimately serve in a universe inclusive of the Earth. Myopia does not become a species with cerebral cortexes the size of ours. Our solar system is but a template.



Observer Editorial Policy

The Bard Observer is one of Bard College's several student-run publications. It is published every two weeks, with six issues planned this semester.

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 format (for Macintosh 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 2001.

wanna know what this guy is thinking?



A M M

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Explorations, Once Whirled, Lead Further Still

by Devin Irby

ANY OF YOU who find yourselves time to read these articles, verbs, nouns and so forth between the courses you're now taking, may find that those incredible overlaps and gatherings that are supposed to be possible at a place like Bard, are indeed attainable and do happen. There's no way any of us has time to fully experience the wonders and resources we have here, but this series I started offers windows of opportunity that might not have otherwise opened up, and may point to an approach that any of us can use to contribute to the future of education, as we make it or leave it.

As my first few years progressed in this hub of academic activity, I noticed that many of my courses here shared some interesting facets, facts and foci. Not only would a single concept come up in various places, but often on the same day with similar emphasis and enthusiasm — as though there were numerous conspiracies going on between the faculty that this idea needed to be taught right now before other aspects of the respective investigations would make any sense.

This recurrence wasn't the only indication I've had that the more awareness and momentum you build up, the more connections and relations become possible. One day I would find

an item somewhere, just the kind of thing I needed, and then someone would let me know they had lost something, totally different, and I'd have an extra on hand. I'd decide, on a whim, to take a different

route around or toward some building and run-in to just the person I had forgotten I needed to speak with.

How much of this had to do with what all my classes had in common (my choosing of them)? Do we ever learn anything that doesn't teach us something of ourselves, the trajectories we find ourselves on, the choosing of our particular journey past the daily circulation we make for ourselves? I wanted a chance for interested Bard faculties to share the aspects of life they've found useful, in a circumstance comprised of those who choose to show up. So that's why I chose

Synchronicity as last semester's topic, to allow for the kind of permeation between personal stance, interest, and shared understanding, so any who go come away with something.

So I summoned some of my former teachers and others who answered the call and we met as a different group each week, in a different place according to who was speaking. Peter Skiff began the series, speaking quite on point to the quantum and relativistic understandings of co-incidence, and how they lead to a more mysterious, holistic and intercon-

connected universe than we can presently prove empirically. Quantum entanglement, a key part of his presentation, has become the leading aspect of correlation technology in the months

since he spoke. He drew an analogy between scientific revolutions, where far-removed minds working on sometimes different problems, make virtually the same break-through at nearly the same point in

time, as has occurred with inventions such as the telescope, evolutionary dialectics and quantum mechanics. These are larger versions of the same types of occurrences Carl Jung and Wolfgang Pauli were describing in *The Interpretation of Nature and the Psyche*, which led him to conclude with a few examples of some odd coincidences that have happened in his years as a student and onward.

John Ferguson gave a talk "Synchronicity or Not-Synchronicity," a Shakespearean take on the scientist's role in problem-solving, and Robert Cutler showed a handful of us how symmetry can simplify chess problems such as the Knight's Tour and Eight Queens. Robert Kelly cracked the Read Seals in Olin, while Bob Holman broke open the mic in the Old Gym with the Susso family. David Kettler delineated Metabargaining in the library on

Election Day and Frank Scalzo brought a brain to Bard Hall. We ended the semester, and I ended my video documenting the occasions, with Joel Kovel, who spoke on the intimidating global disease of capitalism — a perhaps fitting enemy against which to put to use the many tools, perspectives and standpoints shared previously throughout the semester.

And there is of course the selfish aspect to my arranging these talks: I get to meet and hear professors who I've never managed to take a course with. The informal structure of Exploring Worlds allows for a wide range of topics to come up, partially my motivation in having the themes be "Time" or event-oriented. This semester I will finally attend a dance/movement workshop and attend an Art History presentation, to complement the otherwise broad span of material coming up.

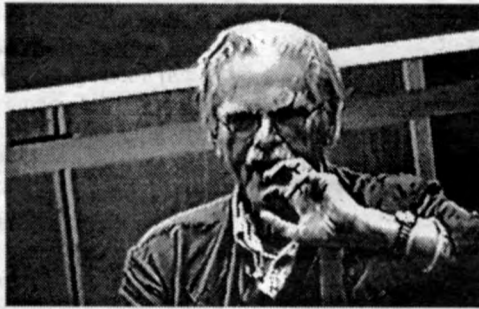
So we showed some videos, ranging from the disturbing to the grand, starting with G. Bush's guest opening when Dana Carvey hosted SNL. The summation

Synchronicity video was the longest piece, featuring the above mentioned professors as well as alum Devon White in the Moon Room. I also showed two other pieces and Brian Yanity's "Road to Bard" past the Grand Canyon. Juxtapositions of Janis Joplin and the military from Rami Shamir went well with *Mystery Science Theatre 3K* mixed with *Private Ryan* and *Schindler's List* by Henri Adler, who complemented those with a scenic, high contrast montage set in Blithewood starring the bemused, captivating Kerri-Ann Norton. Tyrone Copeland showed three pieces, including the startling —3— (past present, and future of racism and resist-

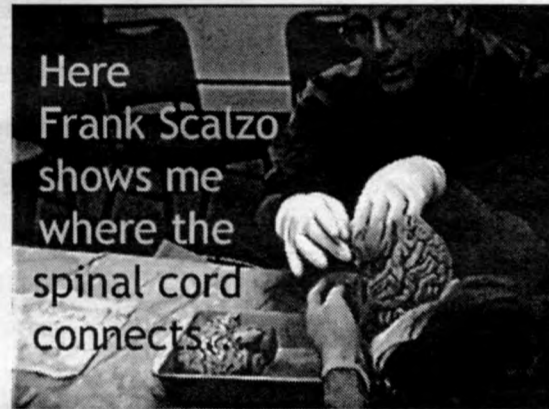
ance) and 'Teleplay.' Zach Powell graced us with four sharp, fluid pieces including "Seed Project," and in the day we saw the dazzling talents of the B-Boys, on short loan from Ninja

and the gang.

Then, to begin this semester's meetings on "Making History or Future?" we started with a candid discussion with President Leon Botstein. He spoke about the major facets that distinguish this institution and what kinds of precautions need to be taken to insure its success, as the future of Bard will not hinge on nostalgic alumni but on investment in this kind of facility. He was able to share a bit about his college career and his family and quipped that the tricks and trends we use to fit more goth, hip or green styles are only another kind of uniform. Schedules, materials, and suggestions are up and ready at the *Ingest Digest* website, under "Campus Resources: Special Projects" off the main Inside Bard starting site. On Tuesday March 13 at 5 PM, Matthew Deady will continue the sequence with the "Power of Prediction" in the third floor Aspinwall classroom.



Some memorable quotes: Robert Kelly (above): "A word is radical when we have found the roots, and spoken them." And from Peter Skiff (below): "Question is, is that chain going anywhere, or is just one damn thing after another?"



• FOOD REVIEW •

Y'all need some good grub?

Two new restaurants in the area offer quality food on the cheap. Our reviewer wonders "Who needs Pongo?"

IN THE LAST issue of the Observer, Jacob Cottingham foretold the coming of a great many new restaurateurs to our humble community, and though one has yet to open, two seem to have already distanced themselves from the pack of existing restaurants in the area. Though they may share nearly identical names and offer similar fare, there should be room in our hearts for both Josie's and Josephine's.

Nestled amongst the quaint old downtown of Germantown which, given the Wrigley-inspired, vine-covered look of the telephone company's office building probably has the oldest non-ATT, non-Bell telephone company in the country, Josephine's brings a talented and economic chef to the region's already well-stocked weekend brunch offerings. It offers substantial portions of consistent quality at a price a

good two to three dollars cheaper than Tivoli's Pongo, its most similarly menued competitor. And though it may not exude the pseudo-sophisticated air of the more cityiot-inclined restaurants of Tivoli and Rhinebeck (Josephine's serves its juice like Wal-Mart — straight from the plastic Minute Maid bottle), the coming spring air should not keep anyone from exploring the quaint, natural, and underappreciated burg of G-town. After dining on an eggs benedict and vanilla chai, just take a walk and notice how many students you don't see and how few locals, if any, that you do. And if Kline lunch ever gets you down, Josephine's also serves a wide variety of sandwiches during the week.

Josie's also serves sandwiches during the week, including a mean falafel and turkey club, but leaves brunch duty to

its restaurant-bar roommate Pongo, and for good reason — Josie's "nothing on our menu costs more than minimum wage" policy just doesn't jive with the overpriced Pongo brunch. Lunches during the week provide one with a glimpse of the quiet side of un-bar Tivoli. In the final comparison though, where Josephine's loses points for its weak atmosphere and Supercenter beverages, Josie's cooks have still to master the zen of the grill. Give 'em time, though, they're rushed back there and the Tivoli locals, who seem to not have even noticed the Luna-inspired Paradox Café down the street, tend to keep 'em busy.

So, next time you're hungry and don't want to cook, check out Josie's or Josephine's. It'll be good, y'all, I promise.

— Nicholas Krapels

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egg sandwich
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Drug Laws Working Group Statement of Purpose

By **Mneesha Gellman**

THE DRUG LAWS working group has been created in response to the need for information and activism regarding the War on Drugs both domestically and internationally. This new group is trying to address the repressive methods of the U.S. government in 'handling' the drug problem in this country and abroad. It has been a tactic of governments to misinform the public not only about the effects of drug use but also about the effectiveness of tactics used to contain drug trafficking and deal with drug-related crime. Mainstream media has long perpetuated the image of the violent, criminal drug user and has shown incarceration as the solution to this growing problem.

It is the intention of this working group to dispel the myth that incarceration decreases drug use or crime, or that recidivism will decrease without treatment pro-

grams. We intend to explore the true motives behind anti-drug legislation and to target incarceration as a flawed solution to the problem of drug addiction. The ever-expanding Prison Industrial Complex is financed by the racist and classist persecution of people who have historically been oppressed.

Specifically in New York State there is a tremendous racial disparity between drug abusers and those who wind up behind bars. While only 13 percent of the region is composed of people of color, less than half of those incarcerated are white. New York State also provides a startling example of how urban racial persecution under the guise of drug control in New York City feeds the economy of rural upstate communities. The Rockefeller Drug Laws are some of the toughest drug laws in the country. They impose mandatory minimums on people convicted of drug sale, possession, or traf-

ficking regardless of circumstances. Judges do not have the power to sentence on a case-by-case basis; their discretion has been replaced by across-the-board incarceration minimums. This means that quite often the punishment does not fit the crime.

People are in prison serving eight-to-ten year sentences for possession of little more than an ounce of marijuana. The Rockefeller Laws are antiquated penalties that have governed New York drug policy for over thirty years and are coming up for review in the legislature. The Drug Laws Working Group will be mobilizing for a rally in Albany on March 27th to show support for the repeal/reform of these laws.

The U.S. government currently has a budget that focuses heavily on curbing the supply of drugs to this country, as seen in the case of Colombia, but provides little to deal with the local demand. Treatment and

rehabilitation have virtually disappeared from government-generated drug policy. This working group hopes to provoke consideration about the War on Drugs and create a forum for discussion about the various methods of dealing with the black market for drugs as well as the reality of narcotics use today. This working group is a collaborative effort between the Bard Prison Initiative and the Student Action Collective and encourages anyone interested to get involved.

The Drug Laws Working Group meets every Monday at 6pm in the Student Action Center, located in the basement of the Old Gym. Contact Mneesha Gellman: m_gellman@hotmail.com for more information.

Letters to the Editors and Community

Bush and the Devaluation of the Democratic Process

TO THE EDITOR:

King George II had been in office not even a moment, it seems, before he appointed ultra-conservative John Ashcroft to his cabinet as attorney general. Not surprisingly, leftists immediately responded with a cry of alarm at Dubya's decision. Soon thereafter, thankfully, members of the senate and more centrist journals started speaking out against the nomination. We, the writers, would certainly not argue against the claim that the Burning Bush was wrong in this appointment—but our reasons differ from many of those which have been leveled against Spurious George, from activists at both Bard and the world at large. Bushman has made one thing clear, and confirmed one thing made dreadfully implicit by the post-election crisis: The Bush "W" hacker cares not one bit about disenfranchising the American public. The contested vote made it more than clear that the election of "Bush II: The Sequel: Return to Bush" was far from a unanimous decision. How

then, we would like to know, can One-In-The-Hand-Is-Worth-Two-In-The-Bush be so confident, so flippant, so glib, appointing to such an important position a figure so transparently opposed to many of the laws he will have to uphold? Is this a joke? A stand up act? Jerry Bush-feld seems to think so. Boxin' George "Bush" Foreman wants to land a knock-out punch against the wishes of the American public.

A similar concern arises in the case of the nomination of Christine Todd Whitman to defend our environment. With this duplicitous move, (Dis)Honest George W.(ashington) is in actuality trying to cut down the cherry tree, if you'll excuse the pun, which stands as a metaphor, in our eyes at least, for a flourishing and organic democratic process. But what we would submit to you is that as insidious a move as this may be, it is confounded twenty times over by the fact that the election was so close. Jorge W. Luis B(ush)orges (or should we say, "W"alt "W"hitman?) is fast becoming the author of the break-

down of any real American political integrity, specifically insofar as he has flatly ignored the ambivalence of the people he is supposed to serve. A malicious satire of the standards and values embodied by our founding fathers, B"E"njamin Franklin is flying a kite of enmity in the face of the majestic electrical energy that characterizes our nation's idealistic ferment at its best.

Here's the point. The public has been spited enough by now, by President Elect Tito "Fast Hands" Puento II and Vice President Elect Dick Cheney. Let's spite them, public, and let's start it right here in Annandale.

Respectfully,

Jonah Weiner
Huffa Frobes-Cross

TLS seeks Applicants

IN THE PAST the bulk of new TLS students have been incoming First Year students. Only one or two spots were opened to students already enrolled. In order to expand opportunities for everyone we are opening 6-8 spots on the roster for current Bard students.


We are looking for students who are organizing and leading projects now - students whose projects will take off given the administrative support of the TLS office and increased access to college resources. If you are now in the forefront of an active cause and a student in solid academic standing, contact us at the TLS Office, Ludlow 102 (basement) for an application.

The Trustee Leadership Scholar program provides an opportunity for motivated students to develop their organizational and management skills. The program revolves around community service projects which currently include: the recent Habitat for Humanity trip to Thailand, the Community Garden, internships at the battered women's shelter in Poughkeepsie, art/science/writing/theater workshops given to the children at the Astor Home in Rhinebeck, alternative spring break work trip to Virginia, the Rhinebeck Connections tutoring program, disabilities awareness education at Mill Road School in Red Hook, SAVE (voter's advocacy), and on and on and on. Bard students participate in TLS projects every day.

Do not hesitate to call us with questions about applying or about volunteering for TLS projects. We are at extension 7056.

Paul Marienthal, Director
Jenny Fowler, Assistant to the Director

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An Epistemological Nightmare

by Ian Jansma

IF A COLLEGE career of philosophy classes has taught me anything it is this: we do not know what we think we know. We humans possess a great deal of opinions and beliefs, and yet we have relatively little justification for holding these opinions and beliefs. However, hold on to them we do, sometimes strongly, and sometimes to the bitter (and unfortunate) end.

My concern here is that people do not understand the degree to which our beliefs are either unjustifiable or, in cases of empirical facts, possibly wrong. My criticism of the world is that people argue, fight, kill and, in any case, expend valuable time and energy over various beliefs.

Let me start by saying that, in a way, there is little difference between knowledge and belief. To be sure, anyone who says that they believe something is as sure of the truth and validity of that thing then if they claimed to know it. For example, the theists among us believe certain things about the origins of the universe, yet they certainly treat these things as facts. Coincidentally, those of us who claim to know that they brought their keys with them run no less risk of having left them in the car than those who merely believe that they brought them. For indeed, it happens all too frequently that we are proven wrong about the things we claim to know.

The difference between the two, as I understand it, is that the object of knowledge can be proven, whereas the object of a belief cannot. However, we will see shortly how there is more to the story than this, and also how the distinction between belief and knowledge remains blurry.

Certainly, there seems to be two kinds of beliefs that we defend. One type can be proven to be true or false, while the other can never be proven either way. Let us first look at the type that can be proven. Such a claim would be the belief that, say, a certain event did happen in the past. This can be proven by looking in a history book or to our own memory. But we must now pause to ask, "how accurate are these sources?"

People might argue that historians and history books contain the facts about an event, but this is not the case. The science of history is hardly more than a foggy window through which we can discern the bare outline of what happened long ago. The rest is, at least partly, fiction. This is not only because of the lies and inaccuracies that may have been handed down to us through the ages (the window through which history has long been viewed has been biased). It is also because there is no objective viewpoint from which to record history, and many historians readily admit this. Every historian has an angle; there must always be editorializing. Simply choosing which events or even the particular parts of an event shows a bias toward the conclusion that the historian hopes to prove. All this becomes especially relevant when we use historical facts to ascertain causes to past events. Because in any case, we were not there, and so the human emotions and the infinity of details that form together to become the true cause of events are long lost to us. Even present day events are often construed in a different light by different people. This applies to lots of things, especially the media. So don't be so sure that what you read or hear is necessarily what hap-

pened.

Similarly, predicting the future is impossible. The only way to predict the future, it is commonly held, is to look at the past. But we have seen how historical records (and, as we will see, our memories) are inaccurate at best. Furthermore, no circumstance in the future will ever match one in the past. The variables are practically infinite, and the true cause of an event, as I have said, is the combination of all those tiny and incalculable variables present in the moments leading up to it. At the very least, in order to predict the future we would need to have an accurate understanding of the present (which will evolve into the future). This we simply cannot have. First, the kind of vast knowledge necessary to have a sophisticated understanding of the present is hard to come by - lies and conspiracies abound everywhere. We do not know what we do not know. In short, the variables are far too many, even if we knew them all, for us to calculate accurately the outcome of the future or the causes of the past.

But surely our memories, we say, are trustworthy. This too, sadly, is not so. We all have an experience in which we were absolutely sure we remembered something one way, and fought bitterly to defend our belief, but were proven wrong in the end. I imagine our memories fail us in many more cases than we would like to believe. Studies have shown that our memories are poor at best, that they change over time, and that our recollection of events can be easily manipulated by clever interrogators (it happens in court

only evidence is conflicting memories, it is very likely that both parties believe they know what happened while in fact one, or even both, of them is wrong.

And so when a claim is provable we must mean that it can, in theory, be proven, that is, something is or was (or will be?) one way and not another but we do not have the power to prove it. To be sure, a better consensus is more easily reached about empirical matters than about metaphysical ones, but the simple fact is, we do not really know anything for absolute certainty.

We see now how the line between knowledge and belief is blurry. Surely, one can not prove right or wrong a belief, but the degree to which we can in reality prove many of our knowledge claims right or wrong is lower than many of us think.

This brings us to an investigation of the second type of claim that a person may defend. This is the belief that cannot be proven even in theory. Such are the metaphysical philosophies or religions we all have. Make no mistake, it is impossible not to have these beliefs. It comes with the territory of being human. Our nature is such that we simply are not able to understand what is going on in the world in a systematic way, that is, without committing ourselves to a paradox or other fallacy. However, though we all must believe in something to satisfy such dire questions as "where did we come from?", there are many ways to do this. And by no means are any answers to such questions better than others. If a person is happy with his answer, then his belief is doing its

If we think about our own long and honestly enough, the tragic holes inherent in them will appear.

Finally, something should be said of opinions. People frequently argue their opinions. What an opinion is exactly we will leave aside. But I find that in many cases we are arguing nothing more than our tastes. "Folk music is good" is not an opinion, it is a taste. And tastes are never worth fighting over. Furthermore, a person's tastes in mundane, everyday pleasures such as music and reading never reveal anything further about the person. The fact that a man enjoys a certain kind of music does not indicate anything about his intellectual capacity, personality, life experience, etc. - nor does it necessarily give insight into his other tastes or preferences. For example, just because a man only enjoys intellectually vacant music, it does not mean that the man himself is intellectually vacant. The most it says is that he does not listen to music for intellectual enlightenment. He could very well be a genius who listens to such music to escape the burden of thinking too much. There are all kinds of people with all kinds of tastes. One just never knows.

Similarly, human psychology is an inexact science and even the experts cannot predict exactly what a person will do or has done based on even vast amounts of personal information. There exists a very wide variety of people out there, people who do things for all sorts of reasons. And we can rarely know what those true reasons are. Judgments should be reserved because our experiences are so

The essence of the problem lies in our own physiognomy. Our brains, it seems to me, are not wired to easily accept partial knowledge.

all the time - lawyers get paid to play with our memories).

The essence of the problem lies in our own physiognomy. Our brains, it seems to me, are not wired to easily accept partial knowledge. And to be sure, our memories actually capture only a minute fraction of the perceptions we receive (which do not themselves give the whole story). Only in the moment are we closest to knowing what is really going on, and so we may form a conclusion about the event then and there, and this is what we may remember. But when we try to recall the actual event, our brains process the scraps of sensory information it retained along with the mental conclusion we formed. It will then readily supply the pieces of the puzzle it lacks so the whole picture conforms with the conclusion already reached. So, while in many cases it seems that we know what happened, in fact these memories are often figments of our imaginations. The point is, our memories are fallible, and they fail us more times than we know. So when a dispute arises in which the

job. There is no other justifiable way to place a value on that belief.

Certainly, if we accept the fact that empirical claims are not so easily defended, it would hardly make sense to raise a whisper to defend a nonempirical belief. It is my belief that none of these beliefs are "true", because I feel that the nature of reality is not such that our feeble brains can comprehend it. But this is simply my belief, and I am not proposing we all accept this. What I am proposing is more than a belief. It is a way of living that acknowledges that no non-empirical beliefs are better than others. There are always other points of view than our own. And all points of view are equally flawed.

limited compared to the virtually infinite possibilities out there.

All of this, surely, is but a rough outline of but a few unsophisticated thoughts on the matter. But I believe that if we keep in mind the idea that things are not always what they seem, that facts are sometimes not facts, and that our memories are imperfect, we will be better for it. Next time we find ourselves in an argument, we would do well simply to examine the nature of the claims we are defending. We might often find that we are not on as firm a ground as we thought.

We want your ideas on our pages so drop us a line and we'll print it!!

**Observer@bard.edu
Bard Observer
Bard College
Annandale, NY 12504**

x7131

Drew On Drew: Self Interviews Self

by **Drew Shulze**

AFTER MY BRIEF vacation during the February issue of the Observer, my mailbox quickly filled with dozens of hastily assembled cut-and-paste ransom notes from my more radical fans. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank all of them for their support, and Harry Potter stationery.

It was nice to feel missed. It was suggested that I interview someone in this issue.

"That's a great idea," I thought to myself.

"But who are you going to interview?" my self asked.

"That's a good question," I responded.

I shared this dilemma with my friends at the dinner table one evening. I asked if any of them would allow me to interview them. They said no. Then I asked a few of the Kline Ladies, but they all turned me down, too. I even asked Mike Morini, but he was making out with some girl, and said that he was too busy anyway.

My friend Jill Patterson suggested that I interview someone I hadn't spoken to before, while reminding me that I should probably interview somebody interesting. I looked around Kline. Although I did see plenty of people I'd never talked to, none of them looked particularly interesting. Except for hairstyles.

I gazed back down at my tofu dogs and vegetable medley.

"I don't know anyone that's interesting enough to interview," I told myself.

"Hey, I take offence at that," I retort-

ed.

Cue the flash of brilliance.

I shared my idea with everyone at the table. They all groaned. But as they groaned, I made the necessary arrangements with myself to interview myself later that evening. I thought it was a great idea. And so did I.

When I returned to my room, I made my selves comfortable. I got a ginger ale, and dimmed the lights. I put on some Prokofiev, and took out a pen and some paper. What followed was magical. Here it is:

DREW: "Tell the Observer a little bit about yourself, Drew."

DREW: "Well, I'm 6'4", and I have grey eyes. I like long walks on the beach..."

DREW: "I meant tell us about your background."

DREW: "Oh, I see. My name is Drew Schulze, I'm a sophomore, and I study music. I'm twenty years old, and I'm from a small town in Vermont."

DREW: "How is your semester going?"

DREW: "I'm very busy. Between going to class, going to work, and going around potholes the size of New Mexico, I don't have too much free time."

DREW: "You've noticed the potholes?"

DREW: "Not at first, but yesterday I drove through several in succession, and as I looked in my rearview, I saw hairy little gnomes pop out of every pothole I had run over. Then the five of them angrily darted after my car."

DREW: "What did you do?"

DREW: "Well, I turned around by the Campus Center, and faced the way the

way that I had came. I revved the engine, and the gnomes scurried back into their holes. Then I floored it, and sped over the dirt road trying to hit as many of the cunning little bastards as I could, so that they wouldn't be able to alarm any other motorists. It reminded me of Whack-A-Mole."

DREW: "You mentioned a lack of free time. Does that affect the weekend scene?"

DREW: "Not much. I still like to see what's going on around campus. A couple of weekends ago I went to a metal show in the Old Gym. I think there was a Hip-Hop show the next day, too. And, the LASO thing this past weekend was good. There's really more to do around here than everyone says."

DREW: "Did you have dates for any of these parties?"

DREW: "No."

DREW: "Are you seeing anyone right now?"

DREW: "No."

DREW: "Really?"

DREW: "I know, can you believe it?"

DREW: "That's amazing! I would have thought that a funny, decent looking, bathe-every-day kind of guy like you would have had to fight the girls off with a large stick. That's odd. How are the ladies treating you, anyway?"

DREW: "I became 'officially just friends' with someone a few weeks ago."

DREW: "How was that?"

DREW: "I thought it 'officially just sucked.'"

DREW: "That's rough, man. How did you

spend February 14th, then?"

DREW: "Let's just say I was my own Valentine, if you know what I mean."

It should be noted that this was not my entire interview with Drew. There were spans of ten to fifteen minutes when he would ramble on and on about Natalie Portman, and how she evokes in him an uncontrollable desire to play spin the bottle.

He also talked about Mike Morini a lot.

In interviewing myself, I learned some things about myself that I never knew. While refreshing my memory of my own favorite colors and lucky numbers, I also had to handle much harder questions from Drew. Never before had I contemplated the existence of the gnomes in the potholes, or given serious thought to which Spice Girl I'd most like to see naked.

I believe it was Carl Jung who said that the most terrifying thing in the world is to accept oneself completely. This is very true. After interviewing myself, I was surprised that I found out as much about myself as I did. I was also surprised to find that I didn't have a girlfriend. I was also surprised that it took Drew and I forty-five minutes.

I encourage everyone to take the time to 'interview yourself' some time soon. Ask yourself some questions, and then answer yourself politely. It might seem weird, but you may find answers.

Answers like, "Duh, Posh Spice."

Procrastination, Dating, and Everything in Between

Insane ramblings of a Bard student

by **Ben Merrell**

NOT KNOWING WHAT to write, one Bard student sits down at his computer and casually taps away at the keys. On being asked to write an opinion piece for a paper, he thinks: What would he write? What would he say? (All in the third person mind you.)

Ok. Probably one should write about something that pertains to other Bard students. That way this Bard student won't have the Opinion's page editor asking little questions like "What the hell is this crap?" and "Are you mad?" while ripping his hair out.

All this and a hundred words down the drain. We're really moving along, aren't we? Anyway, back to the original question of what we should write that would both get a monkey off of the back and satisfy those people who are actually still reading. You poor pathetic fools.

College life at Bard really comes down to one thing: procrastination. Whether it be actually doing your homework or asking out the girl who is just going to tell you that she is a lesbian anyway, all life revolves around procrastination. How would this Bard student know this magical bit of information? What do you think he is doing now, you oh so smart Bard students?

Anyway . . . what are we up to now? Over two hundred? Good. Oops . . . ok back to what you wanted to know. Ah, yes, my point. All Bardians are plagued by thing that called procrastination. As you can see, instead of writing a real heart felt piece, this Bardian instead rambles on and on about nothing at all. Why? Because of procrastination. But shouldn't he be doing work? Yes! But instead he writes an article because of procrastination. And as you've probably guessed, he is also writing what you are now reading at

the last minute.

Now, how will we solve this problem? Surely, all of you have at least once waited to write a term paper until the day it was due, only to decide that that was the day that your five-month pile of laundry needed to be done. All of you have at least once decided that the day before the big test was probably a good day to get a jump on reading the book that makes up the majority of the questions on the test. Are we doomed forever to repeat this behavior? Are we always to toil away at the last minute only to relax and enjoy ourselves the rest of the time? Is this article ever to make any logical sense or be

Is this person who is writing this thing (whew, almost slipped and put an I in there) the only one who thinks it is next to impossible to find a long lasting relationship here? Sure, you could go with the quickie or casual sex that runs rampant around Bard, but what of us who are just looking for a girlfriend? On such a small campus where everyone at least seems gay, it is really hard to ask a someone out. As soon as you pop the question (any question) you get the "well I'm not really interested in men" bit, and you have to think that at least half of those girls are telling the truth. This discourages a guy. Soon he thinks that it wouldn't be smart

Bardians out there, leaving the question of why aren't these people hooking up to others to answer. To further make a point, the writer is not a pathetic loser. Really. Stop laughing. You know you've read this far you might as well just stop laughing and continue on because there are valid points in here. Like the not being a loser part. Hell, this is in the third person. This Bardian can just deny it all later on. Ha, ha, ha! Oh right, article. He just keeps on forgetting that doesn't he?

Anyway, in conclusion, don't do drugs. Now to the astute reader it may look that the point of the story has been completely lost and that the point never really was "don't do drugs." But those readers would be wrong. For after reading all of this you have to assume the writer is on drugs and that since this is such a giant piece of crap of writing drugs must be blamed. So don't do drugs. They're bad.

Don't listen to a word just said! Procrastinate! Ask people out! Sure you'll have to weed out all of the gays, unless you are gay, then your problem is probably that you keep asking out straight people. But don't lose hope! There is someone out there for you! And, no, the writer is not on drugs. Really. He means it. Oh you are hopeless. What do you care what this Bardian's opinion is, anyway? Think for yourself, man. Be free. Come on, I don't do drugs. Oh now look what you've gone and done. In pops the first person. Oh screw it all.

If you would like to ask the writer what drug he was indeed smoking you can annoy the piss out of him at maneating-cow23@hotmail.com. Good day and a better tomorrow.

Whether it be actually doing your homework or asking out the girl who is just going to tell you that she is a lesbian anyway, all life revolves around procrastination.

entertaining? The answer my friends, as you all know, is that the answer will have to wait till tomorrow because this Bardian is just too lazy to figure out an answer. Hell, most of his time is already being spent trying to remember not to slip back into the first person.

So . . . since there is no answer to the question posted above, let's move on!

to ask out the current crush because it could only end in a flaming death rejection, and we all know that once you get dumped, that is one place you do not want to go back to again.

This is the part where the disclaimer goes that says the writer is not a pathetic loser, and that others have expressed their concerns that there are no dateable

ATTENTION BARDIANS! For those of you who were either too busy, too drunk, too cool, too dead, too activist, too apathetic, or too intellectual to read last issue's premiere installment of Almost Intellectualism, here's what you missed: 1. I'm a bastard. 2. If you send your quasi-intellectual questions, comments, and concerns to me, "Indie" (a bastard), I shall address them here in our almighty forum of debate of which I am your pretentious, yet, surprisingly caring host. That said, let's get to business.

First news, then we'll get to some of your fabulous submissions.

Sleepless in Seattle! Over 250 people suffered minor injuries and one person died of a heart attack in Washington's recent 6.8-magnitude earthquake. Officials say that damage has already topped \$2 billion. Unfortunately, the 1993 film, starring Bard student Gaby Hoffmann as an annoying little girl who abbreviates everything into initials, only grossed \$228 million worldwide.

Hooray for Hip-Hop. This semester has seen an increasing amount of parties and concerts with the urban-based music style as its theme, and it's about time!

Could it be the death of Indie Rock at Bard? Not if Leon has any say in it! Come on Leo, cut the wax and spin that shit, bitch! (Wow, I just called Leon a bitch. For some reason, I now have the odd sense that lightning is going to strike my head.)

Beer, boobs, and breaking shit. Cities all over the country are still cleaning up damage from out-of-control Mardi Gras parties and riots. In a burst of unprecedented unintellectual rapture, I found my naked self jealously tearing apart and looting my own dorm room, all the while flaunting a necklace of shiny beads that I got from Kline last week.

Fun, Bushy stuff. 18-year-old, Texas Christian University freshman William Ashe Bridges was arrested a week ago for underage possession of alcohol and public intoxication. Claiming to be the boyfriend of President Dubya's daughter Jenna, William was released hours later by men who showed up in a black Chevy Suburban with Virginia plates. White house officials refused to comment, so I will: HA HA HA HA! Eh hem. In other news:

Clinton pardoning: Don't care.

Census adjustment: Don't care.

Bard Security trucks get new remov-

able flashing yellow lights: Simply delicious!

Enough nonsense, let's get to a submission. There haven't been many, but the ones I did get deserve some attention. One student writes:

Dear Indie,

Who is your favorite professor?

Sincerely,
Bard Lover

Dear Lover,

Not intellectual enough of a question. But it does remind me of a more serious issue that I will address now. I have a question myself: Must there be professors in this world that are so pompous and condescending that they make their students feel like inferior fools? We, intellectuals, should not have this problem of being made to feel stupid, because we are not, nor will we ever be. Regardless, it still happens that certain Bard professors (not many, but some) are so caught up with their superior states of infinite knowledge that the mere thought of a 20-year-old student saying something remotely intelligent is, to them, one of the most laughable

ideas in their unhumorous lives. Sure, there are professors like these at every academic institution, but do we really need them? I don't think so. There are plenty more professors who are just as knowledgeable, if not more, that actually care for their students, and these are the ones that we love, and learn from. Professors, if you are reading this now, be kind to your students. Don't roll your eyes when we speak. (Yes; we can actually see when you do that). Teach us more than what we can find in a book...Teach us how to be kind, caring human beings. Phew. This is getting too sentimental. Thanks for writing, Lover!
-Indie

While there were a few more intellectual submissions that we should address, we have, unfortunately, run out of time. I want to remind you to send these queries and such to mm374@bard.edu or by campus mail to Michael "Indie" Marlin, Jr. Until next time, I'm a bastard. Good night. (Editorial Disclaimer: Leon Botstein is not really a "bitch." We have him to thank for true intellectualism, and we love him.)

Men.... Test Your Sex IQ

And find out what you really know about your sexual health.

This is the first installment of Sex IQ, a quiz that challenges your knowledge about sexual health. There will be a total of three Sex IQ challenges, each focusing on topics concerning men's sexual health. This first one is on Testicular Cancer.

Simply indicate whether or not the following statements are true or false. (answer key is at the end of this questionnaire)

1. Testicular Cancer is a disease that mainly effects men in their sixties.

a. true b. false

2. The incidence of Testicular Cancer is decreasing.

a. true b. false

3. There is a cure for Testicular Cancer.

a. true b. false

4. Lance Armstrong had Testicular Cancer.

a. true b. false

If you want to learn more about testicular cancer or want to make an appointment for an exam, then contact Planned Parenthood of the Mid-Hudson Valley at 1-800-230-PLAN or log onto our web site at ppmhv.org to find a location nearest you.

At Planned Parenthood, doctors and nurse practitioners provide quality professional care and comprehensive family planning services. Clinicians take the time to answer questions and discuss all options. Clinics also distribute free condoms. All services are totally private and confidential. Most major insurance plans are accepted, and for those without insurance, fees are based on a sliding scale and are very affordable.

Planned Parenthood... we're not just for women anymore!

Q3. True: he was cured and went on to win the Tour de France twice.

Q3. True: the cure rate is greater than 50% and with early detection and newer advances in treatment it is closer to 90%

Q2. False: in fact in the US alone there are 7,000 to 8,000 new cases each year

Q1. False: it is the most common cancer in men between the ages of 15 and 34

Answers:

The Bard Observer Staff Spring 2001

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A&E Editor: Andy Ryder

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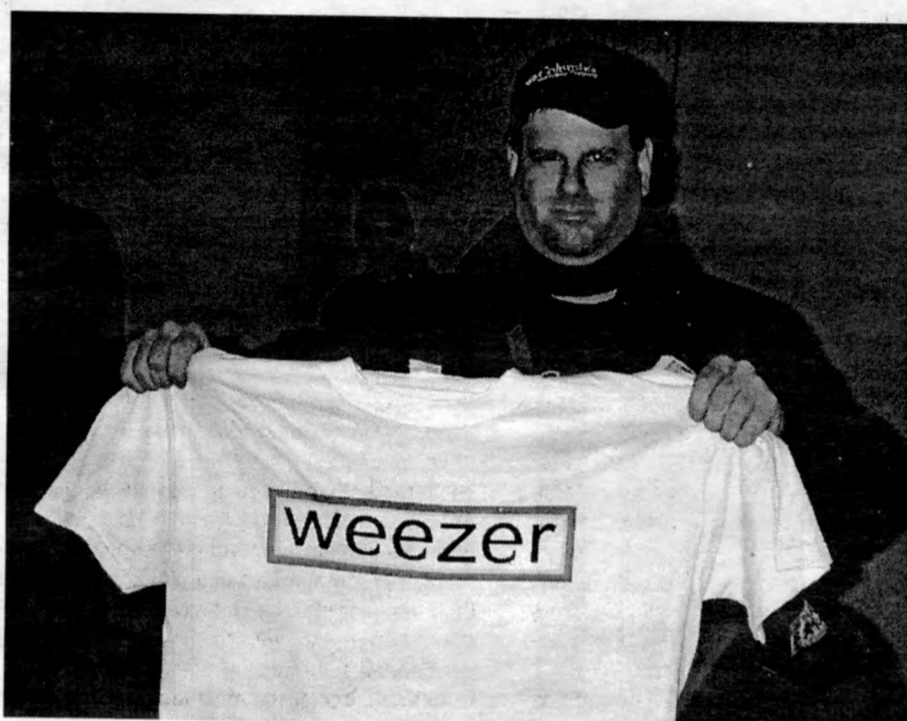
Contributing Writers: Eli David Friedman, Nicholas Krapels, Ian Jansma, Mneesha Gellman, Karen Benezra, Dave Tramonte, Maggie Von Vogt, Emily J. Steinberg, and Devin Irby.

The Weezer Show

SO I'D BEEN TRYING to get Weezer tickets for a really long time when this doode e-mailed me and said he would sell me some tickets for like 55 dollars but I was kinda sketched because this guy just randomly wrote to me and I wasn't too sure how he'd gotten my address. I bid on ebay for some tickets a week prior to his writing me so perhaps he got my address from that. Then this other guy e-mailed me saying I was the second highest bidder in his auction and the first highest bidder hadn't responded so he'd sell them too me! I was very happy.

So now all we had to find was a way to get there. So my pals from home, Andy and Jay, were supposed to come up for the show from Massachusetts and Andy was supposed to drive. But we had a snowstorm. And Andy's car that is a hand me down from his Dad is kinda crappy in the snow so Andy's parents said the only way they could get to Bard was if Andy's brother, Will who is 22 and is kind of a dick and has a 38 year old girlfriend, drive them. So he did. They all got here fine and then Mara, Sarah, and I, yes all six of us, got in Andy's two-door coupe and drove to Albany.

We got there and the guy who frisked me said there was no way I was going in with that camera (*The Observer's* digital camera that is). So I went into the student center and attempted to tie it around my lower leg with an elastic a nice girl let me have, but to no avail. Then I walked down the pathway and hid it in a bush. Then I went back to the guy who frisked me and he noticed that I had a jackknife in my left pocket and said I couldn't go inside with



Toro!: Mike Morini knows Sports! and Mike Morini knows Weezer. This guy, on the other hand, only knows T-shirts.

that either. So I went back to the bush and noticed that there was someone's backpack also inside the bush. I thought to myself, what would editors Scott Staton and Brian Ackley think if I told them that I put the camera in a bush outside the Weezer show and someone lifted it? Um . . . yeah I'd be in deep shitter. So I walked further down the path and found an empty trash can and put the camera, oh yeah I wrapped it in someone's old grinder, or hoagie, or sub wrapper and put it, along with my knife in this lonely trashcan.

So then I got back to the concert,

actually got inside, and was able to catch only half of my second favorite band, The Get Up Kids', set. They played some really cool shit that I loved a whole lot but I really wish I was able to catch the entire set. I guess they only played for a half an hour. So I didn't miss that much. Then we got to wait around the SUNY Albany RACC for about a half an hour and anticipate the greatest performance ever.

Well Weezer came on and everyone went hog wild. I had never seen that many people jump up and down at the same time I think ever. It was really cool. They

opened with a stunning rendition of "My name is Jonas" and blew everyone away. Now that we were all away they played more songs. Oh wait I lied. They opened with this slow song that I have no idea what it was. Then they played "My Name is Jonas." Sorry. They played mostly old shit but played a song I recently downloaded from my friend Napster called "The Christmas Song" and this one song titled "Hash Pipe." I don't understand what that is the title of a Weezer song for. Hash pipe? Mary Kitchen makes good hash. When I used to eat hash I loved to eat Mary Kitchen hash. Then Weezer played great songs such as "Say It Ain't So," "Undone-the Sweater Song," "Tired of Sex" and many others that rocked my world and Andy's. They also played my second favorite Weezer song, "You Gave Your Love to Me Softly." That song is really great. They didn't play one of my favorite Weezer songs, "Jamie," and the also didn't play the song that every band I've ever been in has covered, "The World has Turned." This one band I was in, Lazarus, played it at our high school talent show and Jay, the lead guitarist, started the song without letting Andy, the other guitarist know. Andy's amp wasn't working until the song had about half a minute left and Andy kicked it. He then played the rest of the song.

Weezer came back to play "Only in dreams" in a really kick ass manner and then close the show with an outstanding rendition of "Surf Wax U.S.A." It was rad. There were these huge basketball hoops above the stage and they had these little cameras next to the microphones so they would project images of Rivers, Brian, and Mickey Welsh, Weezer's new bassist whom they stole from Juliana Hatfield. They are totally rock stars. Rivers didn't smile like the entire show but Brian, the guitarist, was totally acting like he was having a ball. He is a true rock star.

My Brain on Sports Corporate America's hostile takeover

by **Dave Tramonte**

MIKE TYSON AND Lennox Lewis want to fight. There is no doubt about it, no way to deny it. They are ready to go at it until someone's ear gets chewed off, or someone gets the win by decision in the twelfth round because the judge was paid off. Welcome to the world of pro boxing. The problem is, there is nothing professional about it. As much as Tyson and Lewis want to turn each other into cream of wheat, and we the fans want to see it CABLE TV is getting in the way. Tyson is contractually obligated to the ShowTime network and Lewis is obligated to HBO, and never the twain shall meet.

The media is getting in the way of us enjoying the world of sports. Cable networks and big companies seem to be controlling our favorite games. After Lewis said he would only fight if HBO televised it, and Tyson bought out his ShowTime contract, Shelly Finkel, Tyson's spokeswoman said the fight seemed off indefinitely. Apparently Lewis's idea of asking Tyson to compensate ShowTime was "laughable," and it was "clear" to Tyson's people "that Lennox does not want to fight." It's ridiculous the actual BOXING match has now turned into a battle between two networks. This sort of thing seems to be happening all the time.

In other instances we see networks telling their news divisions to slander competitors based on sports investments. The recently launched

football league, the XFL, is a competitor of THE NFL. ESPN SportsCenter was quick to speak out against the XFL before it even opened. Now lets pretend we're Columbo for a second. ESPN is owned by ABC, ABC broadcasts NFL football. Vince McMahon who also owns the World Wrestling Federation owns the XFL. The WWF is in direct competition with Monday night football and wins the ratings in the key male demographic of 18-35 years of age every week. Is it any wonder ESPN's "impartial" newsmen would slander Vince McMahon's new football league any chance it gets? SportsCenter wouldn't even show actual highlights of the XFL games in its inaugural week.

On top of all that, big businesses are now seemingly being honored for their involvement with sports. Do you realize there are arenas named after airlines? Fenway Park in Boston might be renamed Polaroid Park, and what about countless other stadiums (Net Association, Tropicana, Edison, Cinergy, and Bank One) that are named after companies for what is basically advertisement of their product. Do these companies really care about the sports that are played in "their" stadiums and arenas? I mean I realize businessmen have always backed sports. I'm sure right now, on Long Island, there is an over 40 softball game being played between the Eddie's Septic Tank Cleaning Yankees and Vincenzo's Meatball Sub Cardinals, but isn't that a little more

innocent than the likes of Qualcomm Park? Would these companies who shell out millions of dollars to put their names on stadiums really care about the single mother who can't afford to bring her two kids to sports events because of the ridiculous ticket prices, prices that are essentially set up to cater to season ticket holding companies and businesses?

Baseball's salary cap essentially means pay your players as much as your owners can afford. Then let the owners jack up ticket and hot dog prices when their investments in overpaid players don't take the team to the playoffs. This brand of infiltration of business into the soul of sports has to stop. Companies squabbling over rights to a PPV fight that probably won't even be worth the 49 dollar needs to stop. Considering George Bush used to be an owner of the Texas Rangers, the likelihood of government ever stepping in to regulate corporate America's taking advantage of our hobbies is slim.

So we the fans need to do something. What that is I don't know. All I do know is that Tyson and Lewis want to fight so badly that Tyson went as far as to say he wants to "eat Lennox Lewis's children." Well Mike you better make sure you haven't signed any deals with the Skippy Peanut Butter people or even the Elves over at Keebler because eating the Lewis children isn't sponsored by anyone and that's not the American way right now.

• SPORTS! RAP-UP •

Sports! Rap-Up

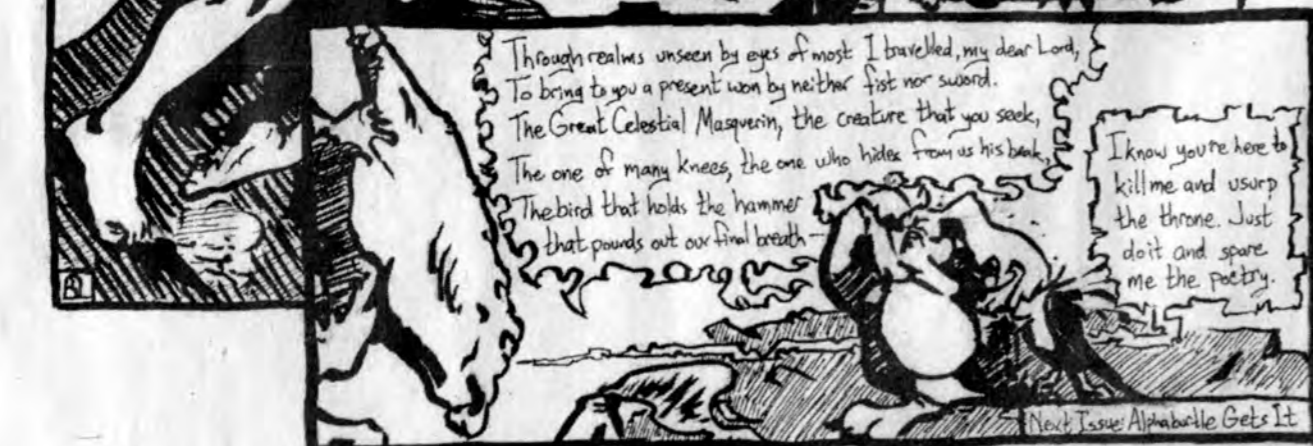


Gary Sheffield

In Ball News. . . The number one seeds for the NCAA tournament went to Stanford, Duke, Michigan State, and Illinois. . . Duke boot-ed North Carolina in Sunday's game 79-53. . . Sources say the Wolverines want Pitino. . . Knicks! . . . After falling behind by 21 points in the first quarter the Knicks came back to beat Miami 86-83. . . this was their largest

comeback this season placing them within a half of a game of the Heat for second place. . . Philadelphia97-Boston91. . . In MLB News. . . Gary Sheffield withdrew his request to be traded and agreed to stick with the Dodgers. . . In other news. . . So I was going to the movies last week or so and I went by that place right next to the movies in Red Hook with the Dale Earnhardt race car one the front and there were like a hundred people outside with these candles. It was really freaky. Everyone there had something on, either a hat or a coat or a shirt, with Earnhardt's picture or the infamous number 3 on it. I really wish I had a camera there. Picture it in your head. It was crazy. . . Oh yeah one thing I forgot about the Weezer show was that Andy's brother Will, who drove us to the show, hung out in the bar across the street for three hours until the concert was over and then he made us stay in there while we watched him drink beers and fall in love with the bartender.

-Mike Morini



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