

Crazy Campus Cult Causes Chaos

A NEW BOMBSHELL: PAGE 9

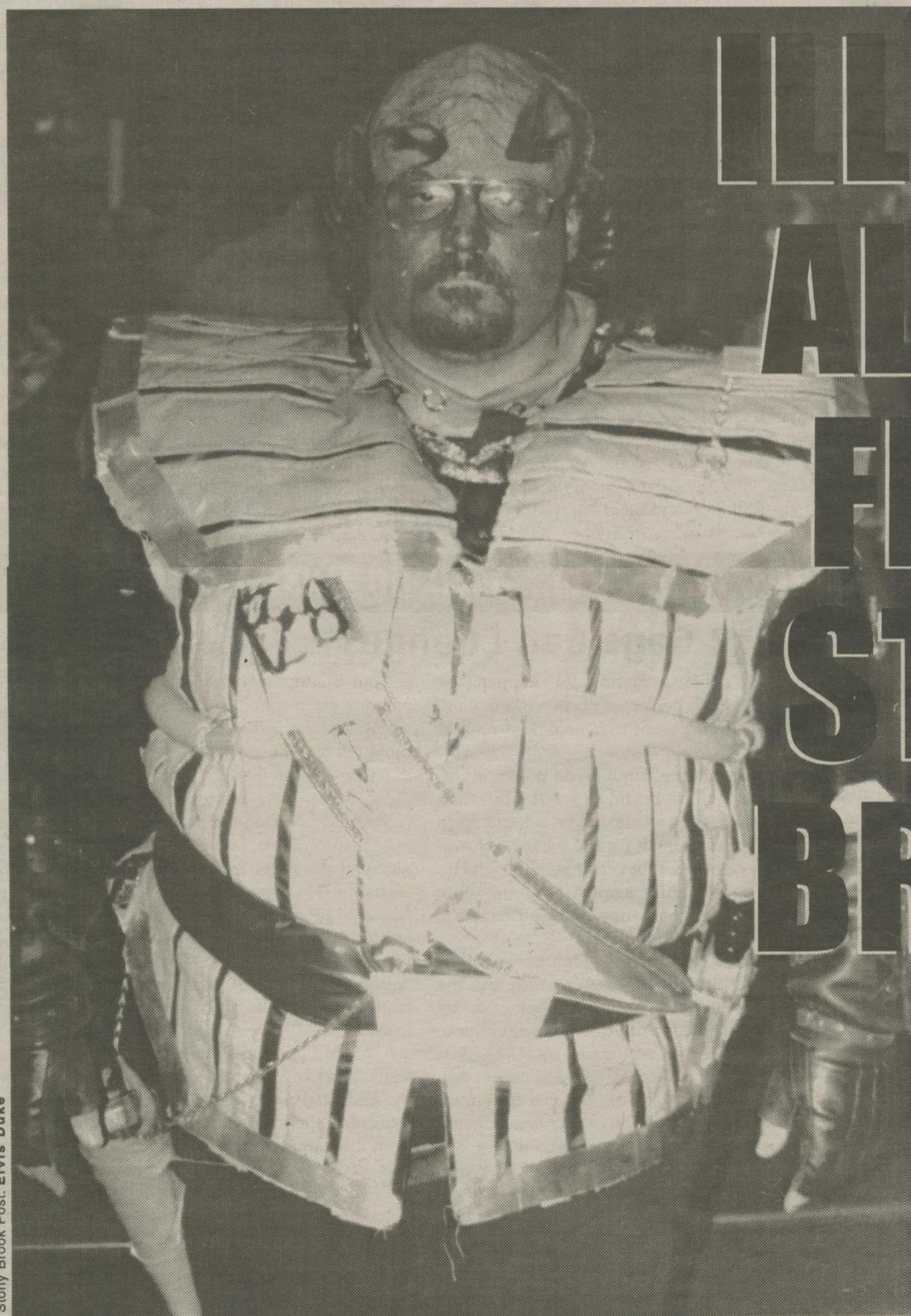
STONY BROOK POST

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ILLEGAL ALIENS FLOOD STONY BROOK

- Pataki vows
to raise
tuition in
response

Stony Brook Post: Elvis Duke

DELL'S DILDOS TOO DEVIANT FOR DE RUSSY? Page 13

Students Helping Thieves

By John Giuffo

Two recent burglaries at the physics and chemistry buildings have been responsible for an estimated combined loss of \$41,000 in computers and computer equipment.

Public Safety patrols have increased around campus in an effort to head off future burglaries from the academic buildings, but the academic buildings aren't the only targets for thieves.

Doug Little, Public Safety's director of community relations, says property crime is the biggest crime issue facing the campus. He blames propped or unlocked doors for much of the problem. "A lot of the burglaries you'll see, the doors are left open."

If a thief wants to get into a particular building, chances are he will.

In a campus-wide, door-to-door survey conducted by The Press Wednesday night, only seven out of the campus' 23 residence halls were secure. Twenty-eight propped, unlocked or broken doors provided access to 16 buildings. A Press reporter was able to get into one building, Langmuir, through a large, ground-floor broken window.

One building, Greeley College, offered possible thieves a choice of seven propped or unlocked doors through which to gain access. Residents surveyed said some of those doors had been propped open on an almost constant basis since September.

Hardly news for Greeley's Resident Assistants (RAs), who are responsible for making sure doors that are supposed to be closed are closed. "Doors are propped all the time," said Heather Samel, a Greeley RA for the past three years. "It's a constant problem in our residence hall."

Samel blames selfish resident students who think propped doors only mean easy access. "I think some don't care, some don't realize, some are lazy; but I think a lot of it is that they think nothing will happen."

Things do happen. The University Police's annual report listed 70 burglaries on campus in 1996, the last year for which figures are available. The same year also saw two reported rapes, 242 incidences of grand larceny and 460 reports of petit larceny. Not included are last year's thefts of Greeley's microwave oven and projection screen television, valued at a combined cost of \$1,800.

Though residents are affected, the problem continues. "Basement doors are problematic," said Samel, 23. "We unprop the doors when they're propped and we document people when we see them propping doors." Documented incidents are collected by the individual residence hall directors, who then decide whether or not to follow up with the documented parties. Follow-ups can run the gamut from a stern lecture to expulsion from the dorms, although door propping seldom results in expulsion.

Propped and unlocked doors aren't solely the responsibility of the RAs. The Residential Safety Program (RSP), sponsored by the Division of Campus Residences, hires patrollers to check all residence hall doors on a rotating basis every night. Nick Halamandaris, program coordinator for RSP, said approximately 75 doors are unpropped or locked every night. RSP patrollers must often unprop the same door more than once per night.

"Certain doors are always propped," said Don Maria Cozier, a desk monitor in Benedict College for RSP. Desk monitors are stationed at the main entrance of every residence hall and are

responsible for making sure only residents of the building gain access. Non-residents are supposed to sign in at the front desk. Cozier says she signs in an average of five to 10 guests per night, far below the actual number of non-residents who visit resident friends each night. If they don't sign in, they must get in through side doors, either by having someone open the door for them, or by using a propped or unlocked door.

Halamandaris believes residents wouldn't prop doors as much as they do if they knew what was at stake. "The biggest thing that is missing is a little bit of education," he said. "A lot of the damage is from people that don't live in the building. Some people think we are giving them a hard time, and it's not that. They have to understand that we are doing it for their safety."

Little echoes that sentiment. "We want to educate people about being concerned about their personal safety," he said. Towards that end, Public Safety has hired an undergraduate liaison, Liliana Graf, to work in the community relations department in an effort to provide someone undergraduates could relate to better.

Public Safety also encourages its officers to participate in residence hall-based programs providing safety tips for residents. "A lot of crimes that are committed against people are because of vulnerability," Little said. "We tell people, don't put yourself into a position where you'll be vulnerable."

Despite the number of reported thefts, Little feels the campus is a relatively safe place to be.

So does James Fitzsimmons, a 21-year-old anthropology major who lives in the basement hall in Greeley where residents say the door has been open almost constantly since September. "Oh yeah, I love it," he said. "There's no place I like being more than here. I've never felt threatened."

WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT GOD, LOVE, AND HOMOSEXUALITY?

OR Good News? Gays Can Change?

By Terry McLaren

"I'm not here to judge any of you... I'm here to tell you what God has done for me," began Mike Norton. Mr. Norton was at a program on March 30, sponsored by the Chi Alpha Christian fellowship, to tell the story of how he was "freed", as an advertisement said, from the "bondage of homosexuality" by Jesus Christ. When Mr. Norton gave his life to the Lord he realized some things would have to change, like his homosexuality.

Mr. Norton experienced a severe sexual trauma at the hands of a man he knew and trusted. Afterward, he gradually entered into a homosexual lifestyle. According to Mr. Norton, he began having sex with men because he felt he wasn't masculine enough and hoped to gain a sense of masculinity from the men he slept with. These actions did not make the pain Mr. Norton kept referring to go away. "No matter how good the experience was, I always was left feeling more empty or more depressed."

Mr. Norton attributed the pain he felt not to the trauma he went through, but to being raised without a father figure to guide him to manhood. The pain he speaks of could begin with lack of affection from a parent, lack of a father figure, or a domineering mother who smothers her child. Mr. Norton says that this pain masks itself as low self esteem and desire for the qualities, masculine for a man and feminine for a woman, of others that one doesn't have in one's self. This pain is then transformed into homosexual urges. Although Mr.

Norton wasn't sure exactly how this happens, he believes it does. This pain won't heal without God, and the person must want to overcome the sin of homosexuality.

Homosexuality is not based on sex alone. Anyone with half a brain can tell you that. According to Mr. Norton, sexuality is a gift from God to a man and woman for the purpose of procreation. Any sexual act that can't result in procreation is an abomination against God (in other words, if you're straight, ix-nay on the birth control and oral sex, among other things).

In Mr. Norton's opinion, homosexuality is a choice. Regardless of a person's urges and the cries of his/her libido, they choose whether or not to sleep with someone on their own volition. Sexuality is defined as natural in the God-given order, but homosexuality is a "perversion". Mr. Norton said he knows this from experience because his entire body was violated by other men... many times... for eight years. Homosexuality, in Mr. Norton's view, is a sin against God and man and after overcoming homosexuality his self esteem increased. God had decided to restore and heal him, making him a whole man again.

The most interesting part of Mr. Norton's presentation was when he stated "Every day I'm still tempted by homosexual lust. I'm tempted when I go to bed at night. I'm tempted during the work day. I'm tempted wherever I go. But I choose not to give in to it anymore." Mr. Norton said his desires toward men are changing every day because he's fighting them. He no longer seeks to

act out homosexual desires and believes he will one day get married and have a family. However, when he was asked "Do you still have these thoughts about men?" Mr. Norton claimed "No, I don't have those thoughts about men anymore."

The questioning then turned to desire for women. Mr. Norton happily reported that he now feels lust for them. I asked if he had felt desire for women prior to the event that changed his life and sexuality. His first response was "I had a girlfriend." I prodded further "But did you feel desire for her?" Mr. Norton said that he was too young at the time to feel desire. Given that the average American adolescent reaches sexual maturity at twelve, I found this bit of information a little hard to swallow.

Mr. Norton's overall message was that Jesus can change homosexuality into heterosexuality and that by accepting God's message and reforming their evil ways, gays too can be saved from the flaming pits of hell. I'm sure many members of Stony Brook's gay community will now breathe a little easier knowing they have a chance at redemption through a loving God who supposedly won't accept them as they are. Many people I know take comfort in their belief that if "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16) it won't really matter to Him who you loved or made love to. What will matter to God is that you loved Him and that you loved your fellow man as you loved yourself.

PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN

By Chris Sorochin

Well, I can finally say it, and what a rush it is. As the old saying goes, "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me." It seems that you really can't fool all the people all the time and *Slaughter in the Gulf: The Sequel* was a giant bomb at the box office.

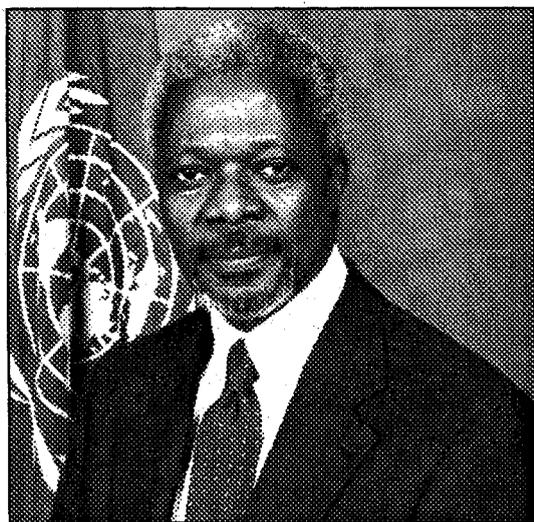
What was even more rousing was helping to be one of the many midwives for the birth of renewed

political activism and hands-on democracy. The Man's perfectly choreographed "Town Meeting" at Ohio State University, with its preselected slow-ball questions and specially packed gung-ho audience turned into a major debacle for Secretary of State and Ghoul Madeline Albright and her attendant lackeys Secretary of "Defense" William Cohen and National Security Adviser Sandy Berger. It was almost as if even the Almighty Him/Herself could take no more of the nauseous charade and delivered a well placed 'ZAP!' to three of the most deserving parties at exactly the optimum moment. In olden times they would have called it a miracle.

This, ladies and gentleman, is what our country is supposed to be all about: speaking truth to power and telling it to kiss your ass at the same time. Here was the beautiful sight of the people standing and telling the government that this time we wouldn't be a part of the cheering section, maybe even reminding them in the process that their whole purpose is to do what we want.

Of course, we did have some help from abroad. Our brothers and sisters in countries that are traditional accomplices of US policy let their own prostituted leaders know that they would rather their countries not play Igor to Dr. Frankenstein yet again. Only the pathetic closet Thatcherite Tony Blair, feverish with some wet dream of reviving British imperial grandeur on the coattails of its progeny, served as an eager toady. The leaders of Italy, Germany, Spain, and Argentina also deserve some knocks on the head for jumping in with support. Is it just a coincidence that these are all nations with a history of fascism? The NATO wannabes running Poland jumped on board for obvious reasons but more mysterious was the complicity of Denmark, rumored to be a social-democratic Garden of Eden.

The Columbus scenario was repeated in many other venues around the country, and protesters even lay in wait for Bill Clinton as he emerged from an exercise in photo-op hypocrisy at a church. Large rallies and demonstrations proliferated. At the event in New York on February 28, someone was waving a US flag and I said, "Yes, this is exactly it; it's time to seize our national symbol back from the yahoos and jingoists." Fifteen hundred people marched, by the way. Towards the end, we got off to watch the rest of the parade go by. Amongst the spectators were a couple of chuckleheads yelling "Fuck You!" and "Go back to Iraq!" One of them looked very familiar and we wondered if he was a plant from some unfriendly entity. They were the only negative reactions I saw that day. Even they shut up when, at the end of the march, came a line of protesters in masks dressed in black robes and veils as mourning Iraqi women. Each one carried mock corpses made of stuffed stockings, but the effect was shockingly real. They marched to a slow, steady drumbeat and at the end was a sign that read "Collateral Damage". That one image was worth a whole day of speeches. At the very end, as comic relief, was a unicyclist in a Bill Clinton mask carrying a sign that read "Wag the penis".



UN Secretary General Kofi Annan

In Bangor, Washington, Canadian activists, accompanied by a member of the Canadian parliament, went as an "inspection team" to look for weapons of mass destruction at a US military base. Officials originally agreed to admit them, the reneged. A similar action took place in Tucson, Arizona and further ones are planned.

When I first saw the reports about Kofi Annan's trip to Baghdad, I said, "No way will they ever let a black man from Africa with a negotiated peace be the hero." It seems that at least for the time being I was wrong and I've never been so happy to be so. It would be great to think that now we could all celebrate and relax a little and then get back to other pressing matters here at home, but this is not the case. I shall enumerate:

1) The US military buildup continues in the gulf region. Faces were long and sad in Washington when the news came that a military attack was diverted. For some reason, peace always seems to be bad news for these guys. Remember George Bush's "nightmare scenario", in which Saddam's forces withdrew from Kuwait? And the *New York Times* said at the end of the bloody Iran-Iraq war that friendship between those two nations would be a headache for US policy.

The agreement reached by Annan and Iraqi leaders states that UN members can react unilaterally in Iraq doesn't comply. We all know which UN member this refers to, so it could very well be that next time they'll skip the rigged town meetings and we'll wake up some morning to discover that tons of bombs are again incinerating innocent folks in Mesopotamia. It's not inconceivable that some phony atrocity is even now being cooked up to justify such an attack. Remember the *Maine*. Remember the Alamo. Remember the Gulf of Tonkin incident. Remember the "incubator babies" fiction from the last Gulf war.

2) The last Gulf War continues, by the way, in the form of murderous sanctions against the Iraqi people which deny food and medicine to that country. The average Iraqi subsists on 1/3 a cup of rice and 1/4 a cup of lentils a day. The health care system, once one of the best in the Middle East, now lacks even Tylenol. UNICEF reports that 4500 children a month die from lack of food and proper medical care. A coalition of groups is sponsoring a Sanctions Challenge trip in May to take needed supplies to Iraq in violation of U.S. law. One participant will be the Rev. Lucius Walker, leader of the Pastors for Peace caravans to Cuba, whose people also suffer from a US-imposed blockade and Kathy Kelly of Voices in the Wilderness, a group that has already sponsored many such trips to Iraq in an effort to publicize the effects of the sanctions, which many mistakenly consider to be a humane alternative to war, but are in reality the ultimate weapon of mass destruction. The entire generation of children suffering from malnutrition today will be stunted physically, mentally and emotionally their entire lives. It's like destroying the future. (In yet another interesting coincidence, the sanctions were approved on the 45th anniversary of the attack on Hiroshima with atomic weapons, yet another "future destroyer.")

If you wish to go to Iraq as part of the dele-

gation, you must submit an application. If you can't go, the effort will need medicine, money, publicity and moral support. Please call 212-358-6646 for more info. Fellowship for Reconciliation suggests mailing the White House either 1/3 cup of rice or 1/4 a cup of lentils with a note explaining why. It'll cost you no more than a \$1.01. You can contact them at 914-358-4601. You can also make a donation for Iraqi food relief to:

Fellowship of Reconciliation
Box 271
Nyack, NY 10960

3) The activism surrounding Iraq is bound to spill over into other areas—just this past week around 500 CUNY students were arrested in protests against Mayor Adolf Giuliani's attempts to destroy CUNY's open admissions policy, a move which would effectively bar students from impoverished and working-class backgrounds from higher education. If we look back at history, we can see that when movements start to grow, the power structure starts to move in to destroy them, for example, the FBI's COINTELPRO operations against the Black Panther Party and anti-war groups in the 1960's and '70's and similar harassment of the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador (CISPES) and others in opposition to Reagan's covert wars against Central America in the '80's. Governmental pressures and intimidation continues today against environmental groups and Plowshares disarmament activists. So there's no reason to think they won't soon start (or have even already started) to try and discredit, and even fragment and ultimately destroy the latest flowering.

There will also be a march and rally in Washington against sanctions on April 3 from 12-4. It will begin at the National Mall. For further information, call Ahmed at 310-206-7877.

On Good Friday, April 10, Pax Christi will sponsor a "Way of the Cross" march beginning at 47th St and First Ave., at Dag Hammarskald Plaza, and proceeding to various churches, ending at that monument to mass slaughter and death-dealing idolatry, the *Intrepid* Museum, where assorted faith-based miscreant plan to carry out acts of civil disobedience linking the Roman Empire, which crucified Christ, to its modern counterpart and the crucifixions it carries out. You're urged to bring or wear a cross, although I'm sure those of other persuasions will not be turned away, or even snickered at. Call Pax Christi at 212-420-0250 for more info.

By the time you read this, Bill McNulty and most of the other 25 School of the Americas protesters will be behind bars for six-month terms. Journalist Allan Nairn reports from Jakarta that US special forces have been giving training to Indonesian police and soldiers as that country explodes in protests over the economic situation and dictator Suharto's repressive policies. This is in violation of the U.S. law. To protest the harsh sentences given to Bill McNulty and the others, you can write to:

Janet Reno
Attorney General of the USA
Department of Justice (Ha!)
950 Pennsylvania Ave. NW room 4400
Washington, DC 20530

The *New York Times* of March 21 reports yet another SWAT team middle-of-the-night battering ram break in at the wrong apartment. As usual, possessions were destroyed and the residents subjected to abuse and intimidation from police (whom Giuliani wants to teach "civility" to other city employees). In an earlier episode, the police had the nerve to charge the man whose privacy they invaded when he fired back.

"At the very end, as comic relief, was a unicyclist in a Bill Clinton mask carrying a sign that read 'Wag the penis'."

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE WEEKENDS

TOP 10
People seen at
ICON!
 see page 12 for
 the fun

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- **RUNNER-UP: BEST ALTERNATIVE PUBLICATION**
- **BEST SENSE OF HUMOR**
 (SECOND CONSECUTIVE YEAR)
- **HONORABLE MENTION: REPORTING**

With polity elections fast approaching, our thoughts once again turn to what students want for this University. What is it that we want from Polity and its clubs, from the student body, and from the University itself?

A common complaint about Stony Brook is that it's a "suitcase college," where all the Island-native students vanish on the weekend, and nothing interesting ever happens to those brave few who stay.

If we want this to change, three things need to happen; we need to have quality events during the weekend, we need to advertise said events, and we need to have the University itself recruit more out-of-the-tri-state-area students.

Take a look at our Polity voter's guide this issue. Many of the candidates said that what was good about USB was the diversity of its student population. This is true for a cross section of ethnicities, religions and social interests; wouldn't it be great if we were also 'geographically' diverse? People from upstate NY, down south, out west, and from other continents. Of course, it must be remembered that any SUNY school is first and foremost a state college, so priority should still be given to NY residents, but we should request that Admissions do some outreach to other student candidates.

And once we have people around who stay for the weekend, we need events to entertain them. Quality events may happen all the time on this campus, but they rarely happen on the weekend.

And when they *do* happen, they need to be

advertised properly and cross culturally – we're not talking about crossing a straight ethnic line here, but cross culturally in terms of what extracurricular group a student has chosen to align with.

Take, for instance, when Professor Emeritus Amiri Baraka performed here at the beginning of February as part of Black History Month, in an event planned by the African Studies Department. It's great when Academic groups plan an event like this, and student groups should be notified and jump all over the opportunity to help out. WUSB 90.1 FM and 3TV should have been contacted (in addition, of course, to the newspapers) and taped the performance for rebroadcast. The music department should have been notified because the show featured a jazz performance... the English Department and Poetry Center should have been contacted because of Baraka's reading of his work, and the Theater Department should have been notified because not only does the event qualify as theater, but Baraka himself, is a world renowned playwright.

It's important that every event on campus is properly promoted and advertised. There are lots of students who want something to do! Every campus club and department needs to work together to improve our environment.

For all its faults, Stony Brook has a great deal of potential. If we all work together, with Polity at the helm, helping to promote what cultural happenings there are while also fighting for student rights, maybe we can make that potential a reality.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LGBTQA Rebuttal: A Call for Responsible Journalism

Words have the power to effect our society in many ways. One area where this becomes quickly apparent is that of journalism. Society can only hope that this power is being employed responsibly, for the law puts very few restrictions on what journalism may write. Unfortunately, what we hope will happen doesn't always happen. In the March 11th issue of the Stony Brook Press, an article appeared that defies all sense of how a responsible journalist would write.

The article being referred to was entitled "LGBTQA Infighting" and was written by Brian Libfeld. Though this article cannot be termed legally slanderous, it can definitely be viewed as immoral. But, as Brian Libfeld alluded himself, even immorality can be protected by the U.S. Constitution's Freedom of Speech Act.

To begin with, the first time Brian visited LGBTQA while working on this story it was under false pretenses. He claimed that he was in a journalism class and that he was working on a project (instead of being honest and saying that he was working on an article for The Press.) Has the name of The Press become so tarnished over the years that its journalists must stoop to false pretenses, or is this just one of Brian's peculiar practices? One thing that can be said about Brian is that his article demonstrates a total lack of respect for the LGBTQA and its importance; The Press showed no less respect in allowing this last-minute article to be printed in their paper.

In this article, one of the forms that respect takes is that of a simple request: no names please. When the LGBTQA was finally made aware of this article (the day before it was printed) we made sure Brian was aware of our no-name policy. Many people who use the LGBTQA want to remain anonymous, for obvious reasons. Homophobia is real, and it is our members who are most effected by this social disease. By printing named in this article without the express permission of the named, Brian

has sent the message to would-be members that if they sought help in the LGBTQA their named might become accessible to the general public. It's sad think that the people who most need our help will be discouraged by this. When you take into account the fact that over one third of college suicides committed are caused by a person being unable to come to terms with their sexuality, the real damage that this article has caused becomes obvious. But then again, journalists aren't required to care about the people who read their articles and how it effects them; that is a conscious choice they themselves must make.

Mr. Libfeld only took the time to attend one of our meetings while working on his article. Maybe that is why his information is so inaccurate. For example, he claimed that poison ivy was burned in a halogen lamp in our office. This never happened. This incident was merely a rumor created by someone who wanted to get a little attention, a form of sensationalism if you will. This article's lack of research becomes apparent when it labels Jack Roberts and Craig Liebl as former co-chairs. These two individuals were not, and never have been, co-chairs. There has only been one official election help by the LGBTQA this semester, and not two as Brian claims. According to our constitution there must be a certain percentage of our member present for an election to be official. At the so-called election Brian mentions there were only two voters present, far below the number needed to hold an election. The members of our group were unaware of this meeting and those who might have wanted to run for the position of co-chair were denied the right. That is why an official election was held; one that all of our members were aware of. Furthermore, our organization has never discriminated against heterosexuals. Why would we when heterosexual support is what we are struggling for in this society? In fact, one of our officers last semester was heterosexual. No one in our organization has ever come forward and spoken against the use of heterosexuals as LGBTQA officers.

As to the election itself, nothing out of the ordinary happened. If Brian had

continued on next page

continued from last page

come and discussed this with us (rather than dig through our garbage) he would have discovered that some of the votes which were cast were absentee ballots, a practice which is perfectly legal and acceptable under our constitution (just as it is legal under the US Constitution). Some of our members were unable to attend our election due to conflicts yet they too had the right to vote for who they thought should run their organization. \ G a y s everywhere would be offended by this article. It claims that our organization cannot look beyond sexuality and age (two concepts that we are very familiar with, I assure you). The co-chairs who were elected were elected because the organization believe they would do the best job. Up to that point, very little had been accomplished and the members wanted officials who they felt would keep the organization in good running order.

To add to all of this, we weren't surprised when we talked to Jack Roberts and learned that what he said was taken out of context. As a straight ally, Jack is just as important, if not more significantly important, than our gay members and he still considers himself to be a part of our organization.

Sensationalism isn't a new form of journalism. It has been around for quite some time now. It's just sad to see sensationalism so closely resemble prejudice. Both are deadly and can have significant ramifications. One question I'd like to leave the reader with (and especially Brian Libfeld) with is this: what is responsible journalism? Think about that the next time you pick up a copy of The Press. After all, these writers represent the future of journalism.

[The author responds:

Point-for-point, the facts as I understand them follow. The rebuttal says that I entered the LGBTQA office for the first time, under false pretenses, to write a story. In fact, I got a low B on the story. Part of any journalism course is practical experience, getting your work published as an example. As for this being my first time in the

LGBTQA office, it is nice to know that the authors of this letter have been in the LGBTQA office non-stop for the four years I have been at this school. All I can say is that statement is false. The idea that this was a last-minute article is also false; the article was written and turned into a class a full week before the paper went to press.

The respondents claim that their request for no names was ignored callously, that by publishing the names 'Jaime' and 'DJ' that peoples identities were revealed to the campus at large. From the ranks of undergraduates there are 19 named Jaime and significantly more James listed in the student directory. As for DJ, these are initials in quotes, not a name. Both cited 'names' are androgynous. Since the brunt of the attack was that I demonstrated irresponsible journalistic practices let me also add that a policy of no names is not journalism.

They talk about how many gays would turn away from the LGBTQA and the support it offers out of fear that their names would be made part of public record. The cited 'names' are public record. The names of the executive board of the LGBTQA, as with any other club, are available to the public in the Office of Student Polity. Any person, student or no, can march in to the accounting office and see that information. All actual names cited in the article were approved by their owners. Additionally, how can members of the Gay Community feel comfortable as visible members of the Gay Community if the leaders of the LGBTQA don't themselves? I can say that I am discouraged by this. I can't speak for anyone else though.

As for the allegation that the burning of poison Ivy was merely sensationalist fiction; this is another falsehood. Ruth Pearlman, one of two faculty advisors to the LGBTQA, and a Co-chair from the time of the incident both confirmed that this did in fact happen. Pearlman did add that it was not determined if the plant matter burned was in fact poison ivy, although the former Co-chair did specifically say that the event caused negative physical reactions in the members present.

The article does in fact label Jack Roberts and Craig Libel as Co-chairs mistakenly. They were acting Co-

chairs and not actual Co-chairs. On the other hand, their names were on the signature card on file with the Office of Student Polity as Co-chairs. A fact I checked.

The statement "According to our constitution there must be a certain percentage of our member present for an election to be official" follows. In fact the constitution on file with the Office of student Polity makes no reference to elections. In this case Robert's Rules of Order take over. According to Robert's Rules of Order, "nominations shall be accepted from the floor a week prior to the election." Add that for elections, according to their constitution, to Robert's Rules of Order, only members listed on the attendance roster get a vote. Their election is invalid because they don't submit a attendance roster. By this, much like Jack and Craig were never Co-chairs, neither 'Jaime' nor 'DJ' were either, since according to their minutes for the election night, also on record with Polity, they were nominated and elected at the same meeting and no attendance roster was submitted..

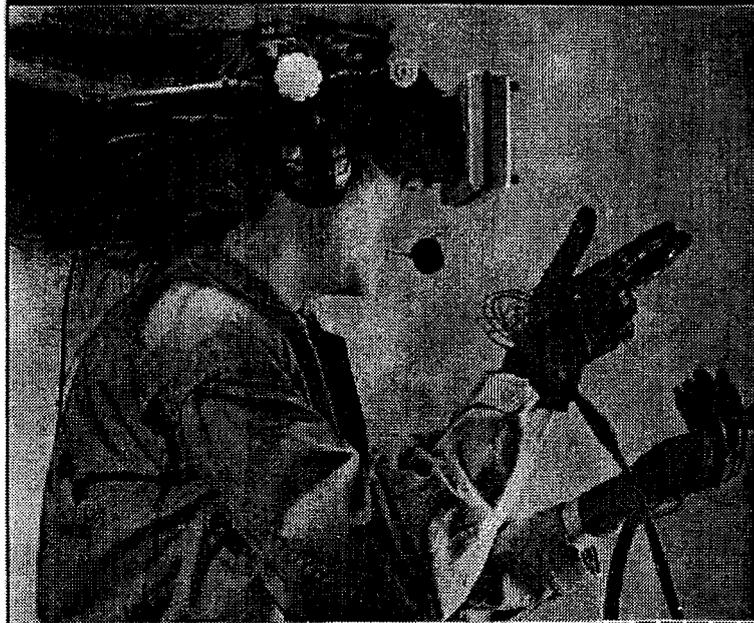
Since the LGBTQA maintains a no names policy and as such files no attendance sheet with their minutes (a policy that the Office of Student Polity had no knowledge of when I spoke to them) there can be no quorum. Although this is null and void based on the group's constitution, if they maintain a no names policy any election with any members present needs to be taken as valid.

I never rooted through their garbage. In fact, Jack and Craig did before coming to the Press office to tell their tale of woe, the tale I reported as told to me by Jack. What Jack said made the brunt of the story, not what I thought Jack meant. If he feels misrepresented by the article I apologize. It is nice to hear that Jack "still considers himself to be a part of [your] organization" but notably lacking is whether the LGBTQA still considers him a part of the organization.

The Press has always been a strong supporter of the LGBTQA and we will continue to be in the future.

As for what responsible journalism is; it is reporting the facts. These are the facts as I know them. Enjoy.

Looking For Something Different For Your College Education?



The Federated Learning Community (FLC) is proud to offer a minor in *Human Behavior* for the 1998-1999 Academic Year. This is an interdisciplinary program that will combine eight courses constituting the academic minor.

The FLC is a program that was developed more than 20 years ago on the Stony Brook campus and has served as a model elsewhere throughout the United States. The students share common courses, get to know the faculty as individuals, and have the benefit of studying for their examinations with the Master Learner. The weekly FLC 301-302 seminar helps students put together the courses they will take and ties these courses to the common theme of human behavior.

Students taking this minor will see the mind and brain from many perspectives - molecular, cellular, anatomic, physiological, psychological, evolutionary, philosophic, and literary. Students will attend plays and get to question the cast and the director after the shows. They will participate in field trips to art museums to study human behavior through the visual arts. Guest speakers will be invited to the FLC 301-302 program seminar and in the Spring semester, students will design and present their own programs of interest on the theme of human behavior.

Students who start their independent project will receive up to \$250 in support. This will cover expenses such as books, travel, photocopying, supplies, etc. The projects will be presented at an FLC symposium to be held in late Spring 1999.

This program should appeal to Psychology, Biology, Biochemistry, Sociology, and Anthropology majors but any student who feels qualified is welcome to apply. The program is limited to 30 students. Fill out & mail the enclosed application for more information or if you would like to be considered.

Mail To: Elof Carlson, Distinguished Teaching Professor, Department of Biochemistry, University at Stony Brook, NY 11794-5215 or e-mail information to ecarlson@ccmail.sunysb.edu

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone #: _____

Major: _____

Expected year and semester of graduation: _____

The courses for Fall 1998 will be:

Biology 208-H [Cell, Brain and Mind], taught by Paul Adams and colleagues
Philosophy 323-G [Philosophy of Perception], taught by Ed Casey
Psychology 349-F [Topics in Psychology - Literature and the Psyche], taught by Paul Wortman
FLC 301-1* [Seminar on Human Behavior], taught by Elof Carlson, Master Learner, and Melanie Nilsson

The courses for Spring 1999 will be:

Biology 358-H [Biology of Human Sexual and Social Behavior], taught by Paul Bingham
Psychology or Philosophy, to be announced
FLC 487-1 [Independent Project], supervised by Elof Carlson
FLC 302-1 [Seminar on Human Behavior], taught by Elof Carlson, and Melanie Nilsson

*Students who complete the FLC minor will be credited with DEC category 1

THE CANDIDATES SPEAK

Compiled by Michael Yeh

We thought it would be a good idea for students to read about this year's candidates for student government positions in their own words.

But we were disappointed.

After having pestered the candidates for more than a week, and even pushing back our production schedule, several of them turned in incomplete statements long after our deadline. Others didn't even bother to respond.

We also apologize for not contacting the write-in candidates, because the original roster provided by Polity mentioned only "official" candidates.

Anyway, here are the original responses, unedited for grammar, spelling, or content.

CANDIDATES FOR POLITY PRESIDENT

Aneka Gibbs

Major: Biology

Class: U3

Career Plans: Dental or possibly Law School

Prior Experience: Student Activities Board (SAB), Caribbean Students Organization (CSO), Black Womyn's Weekend (BWW).

Why USB is cool: "We are a technologically advanced university."

Why USB sucks: "There is no unity amongst the students."

Favorite Books: In Cold Blood, To Kill a Mockingbird, The Scarlet Letter

"The biggest issue we as student's face is that our student government does not appear to be working in our favor. It is imperative that our student government establish an exemplary working relationship with the students as well as the administrators so that there is progress.

Many people claim to have experience, and perhaps years of working within an exclusionary and somewhat politically motivated self-serving executive board can be construed as such, but I beg to differ. That type of experience can be acquired, and has thus far proven to be more beneficial to the board than the student body. I have ample experience in a different realm. I am an experienced listener. I am an experienced advocate for the needs of students both resident and commuter, as well as an experienced leader.

As Executive Chair of the Student Activities Board (SAB), I have done my best to make the Stony Brook experience a more enriching one, both culturally as well as academically. Stony Brook is a good university with the potential to be great. That greatness can only be achieved through the combined efforts of the student organizations and the administration working to make the bad things better, and the good things the best they can be. I interact well with, and genuinely value the thoughts and opinions of those around me. It is my belief that being in touch with the students, and acting as a liaison between them and the administration is the key to making the university experience better for all those involved."

Diane Lopez

Major: Political Science

Minor: Spanish

Class: Sophomore

Career Plans: "I plan to attend Law School after I receive my Masters Degree in Political Science. I would like to practice Law in New York City to help inner city residents with Public Policy's."

Prior Experience: Student Polity Association Current Vice President Student Polity Association Freshman Representative (1997/98) Board of Director of the United States Student Association for 2 consecutive years (USSA) Board of Director of Student Association of the State University of NY (SASU) FSA Board of Director (1996/1997)

Why USB is cool: "Stony Brook University is cool because we as students are given opportunities to voice our opinions and challenge authority when things are not to our liking. We have the ability to create an atmosphere with is student Friendly and diversified."

Why USB sucks: "This University sucks because although we have a melting pot of cultures, the atmosphere that is present doesn't allow us to learn from one another."

Favorite Books: The Bluest Eye, Organizing for Social Change in the 90's, Mc Beth

"Fellow Students My name is Diane Lopez I am currently your Student Polity Vice President. For the last two years I have been at the forefront of the student movement on all levels, Local, State and National. I served as the Freshman

Representative for one-year putting students' issues as a priority.

"During my term as Freshman Rep. I sat on the FSA Board of Directors bringing a student perspective to the enterprise aspect of campus. In addition to sitting on the FSA board I was elected Co-chair of La Coalition. La Coalition is a caucus of the United States Student Association (USSA). USSA is an organization run and funded by Students to advocate for Students' Rights on the National Level. As Co-Chair of La Coalition I was granted a seat on the Board of Directors of USSA. As a board member it was my responsibility to help organize national grass roots campaigns to oppose any and all possible legislation that would hurt students' access to Higher Education across the nation. At the end of my term I decided to continue to have Stony Brook at the forefront of The Student movement and I ran for Vice President of Polity.

As Vice President I have continued to be the voice for all students on all levels. I am currently the Co-chair of the FSA Dining committee. This committee was put into place so that a new meal plan that would be more beneficial to students could be established. Along with other students, the committee was able to increase the hours of operation of PaPa Joe's Pizzeria, and establish a new meal plan that will hopefully take effect next semester.

On the State level of the movement I am a member of the Board Of Directors of the Student Association of the State University of New York (SASU). SASU is an organization that is also run by students, and funded by students to advocate on student issues on the State Level. As a board member of SASU I have developed and organized campaigns to make sure that 1998 is the year that SUNY STUDENTS GET BACK ALL that our Governor has taken away. The campaign launched was telling our State Government that we the students want a rollback in tuition, an increase to EOP, and Tap funding. Bringing all State Financial Aid back to 1994 levels.

On the national level for two concurrent years I have served on the USSA board of directors. We at USSA are currently fighting so that during the reauthorization of the Higher Education act of 1965, Federal Financial Aid Programs are not eliminated. The programs that are currently under attack are The State Student incentive grant (SSIG) and Affirmative Action. If any of these programs were eliminated it would set us back 100 years from progress.

As your Vice President I went to both our State and National Capitals to lobby for an increase in all Financial Aid Program funding. With our fight as students I am pleased to say that, on the state level, we have won half the battle. Our state Assembly has proposed to rollback tuition \$250, Increase EOP funding by \$9 million, and TAP by \$112 million. We have only won half, because now I, along with many students' statewide am establishing a campaign to make sure that our Senate Representatives approve the assembly's proposal.

In being a Student Activist, and being a Polity elected Representative for two concurrent years I have decided to run for President. I feel that it is very important for us Students to have a voice on all levels of the Government, especially when it comes to funding for Higher Education. A voice that will insure that administration gets a fight when they try to make rules that are not student friendly. I want to be Polity president not so I could be that voice alone but to insure that Stony Brook Students are that voice. To create the vehicles necessary which will insure that students of all backgrounds are heard and represented. The victories I have claimed are not mine they are our yours. They belong to the student who took the time to listen to what I was fighting for, took time to fill out postcards, to call up legislators and voice their opinions on how cuts would effect us as students. I want to continue to have Stony Brook at the forefront of all Student Movements.

Polity is very important to us as students and it is essential that the people whom we elect as our student leaders are dedicated, experienced and willing to give the Student Movement there all. As President I plan to establish a Textbook Exchange Program to insure that books are affordable and conduct a Public Relations Campaign to reach out to Student, so that individual issues are addressed. I feel that I am the best candidate because I have been involved since my first day at Stony Brook and will continue to be dedicated to the Student Movement."

CANDIDATES FOR POLITY VICE PRESIDENT

Sayed K. Ali

Major: Physical Anthropology (Primate Behavior)

Minor: Biology

Class: U3

Career Plans: Medicine

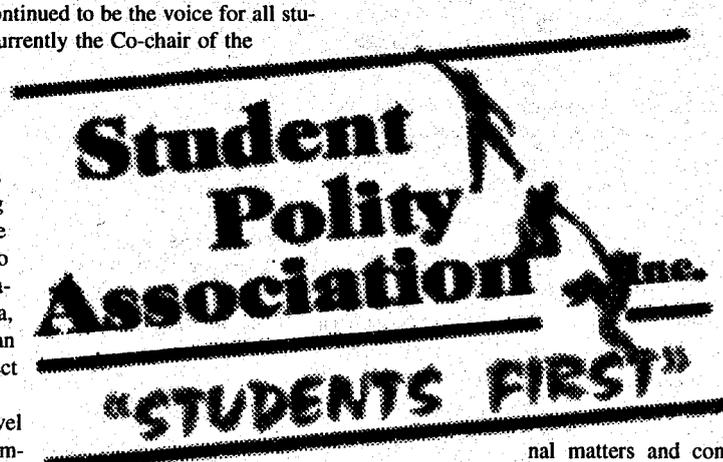
Prior experience: Polity Secretary, Polity Sophomore Class Rep, Honors College.

Cumulative GPA: 3.80

Why USB is cool: "This campus consists of the most diverse student body I have ever witnessed."

Why USB sucks: "There exists a lot of Student Apathy, the meal plan does not meet the needs of most students, and I loathe the division between the residents and the commuters."

Favorite Books: The Concubine, Dead Man Walking and Noah's Choice



"Polity has come a long way over the years and has a long way to go before it achieves all its goals. To do this in a short period of time, the eight-membered council that governs the student body needs to lay off from the small, petty, and time-consuming inter-

nal matters and concentrate on Student Advocacy. The Polity Senate is a perfect example of how we, the Student Body, are NOT progressing forward. Turn on the television (3TV) and watch for yourself the tedious and often comical procedures and debates of the Senate meetings. I believe that the Senate is the most powerful tool we, as a Student Body, possess to successfully achieve our goals. Unfortunately, this tool has not been used to its maximum potential and lies dormant. Over the years, the Senate has focused its attention on how inefficiently the Council has run Polity and on the other hand, the Council has ignored the concerns that the Senate has brought forward, trying hard to justify all that it has done. The two Polity branches in the midst of war have ignored the concerns of the general student body. This has to be rectified soon and I intend to do just that. Conducting the Senate in an appropriate manner by initially setting straight its goals and not wasting time on petty matters is a good start.

The second problem that we students have faced and continue to face is apathy. A good part of Stony Brook students do not know what Polity is or even where we are located! In the past, a lot of lip service has been paid to the issue of student apathy, but nothing concrete has been done. I hope this will change with the installation and improvement of the Polity web page (<http://notes.cc.sunysb.edu/OSA/Polity.nsf>) Do come and vote during the Polity elections and let us work together to achieve our goals. For any questions you might have or information you need, please feel free to contact me at 632-6460 or visit the Polity suite located in the S.A.C. room 202."

Victoria Ortiz

Majors: Psychology/Sociology

Class: Junior

Prior Experience: Latin American Student Organization, New York Public Interest Research Group, Student Organization of Latinos, Caribbean Students Organization Student Government Association, Haitian Students Organization,

Cumulative GPA: 3.17

Favorite Books: The Scarlet Letter, The Old Man and the Sea, The Woman Warrior

"My name is Victoria Ortiz and I am asking for your support as a candidate for Polity Vice President. First and foremost, I stand for student empowerment. As Vice President, I have many new ideas that I would like to see implemented into Polity.

As a transfer student from Nassau Community College, I have gained valuable insight into student politics and government during my two-year tenure as President of the Student Organization of Latinos and my two years as Senator to the Student Government Association. While serving these two offices simultaneously, I was also an active member of the NY Public Interest Research Group for two years. These expe-

IN THEIR OWN WORDS

periences have given me a unique perspective that I feel would be an asset to Polity and the student body.

I feel that this organization has the potential to be a powerful medium that raises student awareness. With this awareness, students will be encouraged to take action, protecting their rights and also those of their fellow students.

Polity is a venue into which all voices and concerns must be heard. As vice president I plan to keep Polity accessible to all students. I will encourage an open dialogue between all organizations and make sure all concerns are addressed. I plan to achieve these goals by channeling the incredible energy of you, the student body, into Polity. Remember, Stony Brook belongs to the students."

CANDIDATES FOR POLITY SECRETARY

Luis Trujillo

"My name is Luis R. Trujillo and I am currently running for Secretary of polity. I have a good amount of experience with polity and am currently the PSC treasurer.

As a part of polity my goal next year would be to make sure that students are informed about what polity is doing for them. There are several ways which I would go about doing this. The main way is that I intend to utilize the newly established web page. I believe that the web page is the perfect outlet for polity to keep the student body informed about what they are doing for them. The key method I would use would be to publish all weekly minutes in the polity web page so that students may look it up at their own discretion.

I think that the secretary of polity is the backbone for the essential communication that the students must have with the senate. As secretary I will make it my duty to establish relations with the media of Stony Brook. The media is essential in my eyes in that it would eliminate the miscommunication that we so often have to deal with between the students and polity. I also intend to make sure that a weekly secretary's statement is published in the major newspapers of the Stony Brook media in order to keep students informed about senate actions and polity as a whole.

I have personally observed polity for quite a while going to senate meetings and trying to be as involved as possible. In my opinion polity has done many things for the bettering of the school. The problem however lies in the fact that the student body does not either know about it or more than often heard the wrong thing. That is the communication problem that I believe exists right now and what my campaign is based on. My goal is to eliminate the misunderstanding between the senate and the students so that they may have more of a say of what is going on once they know where polity stands on the issues. All this I entail in my campaign because I believe that the students make their Government, whom has the obligation to satisfy only them."

Jermaine Beckford

(Official platform courtesy of the Student Polity Association)
"To all USB Students,

As secretary of polity, my main priorities will be:

1. Have equal and better distribution of money to clubs and organizations.
2. Increase student activities on campus for all students.
3. Help to make access to faculty members and campus resources easier.
4. Increase salaries to students working on campus where applicable.
5. Sponsor job fairs.
6. Provide 24hrs-study lounge.
7. Get students to be more involve in polity and other student government bodies.
8. Provide better transportation to the mall.
9. Extend eating hours.
10. Listen to the needs of the students."

CANDIDATES FOR SENIOR REPRESENTATIVE

Christopher Grant

Majors: Business and Economics

Class: of 1999 (Junior)

Career Plans: International Business

Prior Experience: Junior Representative, Four year member of the Stony Brook Seawolves Football team, Fifth semester Resident Assistant

"My name is Christopher Grant and I am running for the Senior Representative position of the Student Polity Association. The chief reason that I am running for this position is to fight to maintain or even lower current tuition levels. I know that many students, myself included, have a hard time coming up with tuition money. To ensure that these same stu-

dents are not forced out of the SUNY loop, I will do everything in my power to fight against tuition hikes.

Seniors encounter even more problems than the average student. The major issue for upcoming Seniors is preparing for life after college. As Senior Representative, I will try to provide avenues through which Seniors can make this critical decision with minimal stress by organizing job and internship fairs. I will also fight for a bigger and better graduation ceremony.

I feel that I am the best candidate for this position because I interact with a large part of the student body everyday. This is due my involvement in numerous activities on campus. I am currently the Junior Representative of Polity, a fifth semester Resident Assistant, and a four year college football player. With your support, I will be able to accomplish the goals that I have set. Thank you for your time and consideration."

Robert Junior Clark

Major: Spanish

Class: U4

Career Plans: "I plan to teach elementary Spanish to grammar school students between the 5th and 8th grades. I am also looking into the fields of being a translator or an interpreter."

Prior Experience: "I am currently the president of the Inter Fraternity Sorority Council. I am also employed in the Department of Student Union and Activities where I assist in creating and facilitating evening and weekend programs offered to USB students."

Why USB is cool: "Aside from having a very diverse student population the campus is closer to New York City compared to other SUNY schools like Binghamton and Buffalo. Being from Long Island, I'm pretty close to home also."

Why USB sucks: "It is a ghost town on weekends. Students don't get involved with the organizations offered on campus. Greek life is ever worst. The same handful of organizations host programs and parties. The Greek community also feels that it does not have the full support of administrators at USB. There is no school spirit. This list can go on forever."

"What sparked my interest in running for Senior Representative was the fact that I have been here for a year and a half and I noticed that the Senior class does not stand out above the rest of the classes. I'm not trying to say that we are better than anyone else, but there should be a sense of pride admiration and respect for the Senior Class. Maybe a lot of that has to do with the perception that the Seniors only get together for the Senior Barbecue and graduation. I want to get our name and our image out to the rest of the campus considering this will be the last class of this century. We will go out with a bang!

My prior experience in a leadership position goes back to 1991 when I joined the Army as a Legal Specialist. After my five year enlistment I came to Stony Brook to continue my education and to put my mark on this campus. I am a Brother of Delta Sigma Phi Fraternity Inc. As a Brother I was appointed as our representative for the Inter Fraternity Sorority Council. I went on to become and still am currently the President of the Council. As Senior Representative I going to have to know how to program an coordinate events and that's where my experience with the Department of Student Union and Activities comes in. Right now I program for the whole campus. As Senior Representative I can focus more towards programs for us, but at the same time try to involve the whole campus.

In conclusion, I am entering this new challenge with an open mind open to any and all questions, requests or worries that Senior may have. I won't make any unrealistic goals, but I promise to do my best with whatever task I am given. Thank you for your support."

CANDIDATE FOR JUNIOR REPRESENTATIVE

Andrez Carberry

Majors: Political Science And English

Class: Sophomore

Career Plans: Pursue a Career in Law

Prior Experience: Board of Directors, Empire(NY)Co-Chair, United States Student Association; Board of Directors, At-Large, Student Association Of State Universities.

Why USB is cool: "Stony brook is cool because it is one of the few schools that offer such a diverse campus environment, minus much of the tension normally associated amongst the various ethnicities."

Why USB sucks: "Stony brook sucks because students are too apathetic, and are yet to realise that they hold three very dangerous instruments--a mind, numbers, and a vote."

Favorite Books: A Time to Kill, Malcolm X, The Chamber.

"My name is Andrez Carberry, and I'm presently the Sophomore Representative running for the Junior Representative position. I chose to run for this position because I believe I possess the tools, experience and foresight that will once again make me a valuable asset to the Student Polity Inc. Over the past year I have been involved and/or held positions in organizations such as the United States Student Association(USSA) and Student Association of State Universities (SASU) Through these various organizations I have participated and led lobby visits to various elected officials speaking on issues ranging from Financial aid to Affirmative action of which I am an emphatic supporter. Involvement in these organizations play a vital role in students life. It is through organizations such as these that we as students are able to make our elected officials accountable not only to the buisnesses(i.e Banks) but to the peolpe who have the real power. It is this type of mind set that as junior Representative I will be actively working to develop. It is vital for us as students to use all the cliches society throws at us to our benefit. Yes we are the future leaders of tomorrow hence we need to be educated and not indebted, we need to be able to access a Higher Education in an environment which is induces learning on a traditional and non traditional level. Departments such as AFS need to funded and recognized for the excellent job they are presently doing amidst the great strain they now endure. Profosors of Color need to be Recruited and Retained, Concerts and events that promote unification needs to be at the forefront of Campus programming and last but by no means least, students must find a way to impact the granting of Tenure.

These are all very broad scope ideas but they are also very winnable battles. I hope with the help of you voters to be placed in the position which will allow me to hold Town Hall meetings where we can all get together, discuss and find solutions to issues such as these which face students on a daily basis. In upcoming weeks I will be promoting programs of this caliber and I urge all students to come out and participate. Apathy has no place on a College Campus."

CANDIDATES FOR SOPHOMORE REPRESENTATIVE

Calvin Coleman

Major: Electrical Engineering

Minor: Political Science

Class: U1 (2002)

Career Plans: Political Advisor/Engineer

Prior Experience: Student Polity Counsel-Freshman Rep., Caribbean Student Organization

Why USB is cool: Usb is cool because you are able to receive a high rated education in an environment that does not just rely one academics as it's only strong point, but pushes the idea of social comradery through interaction.

Why USB sucks: USB sucks because the idea of quality education is being destroyed due to the replacement of qualified professors by student-teachers.

Favorite Books:

1. "The Eyes of Malcolm"- James Hassaan
2. "The Rapture"- Elizabeth Williams
3. "The Color Purple"- Alice Walker

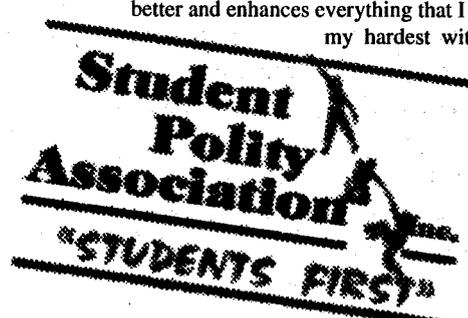
"As freshman representative, when I face my job daily I try to do everything that was asked of me to the best of my ability. When I was elected I made promises which I have kept and tried to build on. To be a voice in this University was a difficult assignment that can have one pressured sometimes, but my personality seems to feed off of pressure and makes me better and enhances everything that I do. Even though I tried my hardest with the tools that I was

given, including when under pressure, I seem to lack something essential, experience. So basically, I am running because I want to continue to be a voice on campus for students, help stu-

dents solve their problems, and gather benefits for my constituents. All this, if I am voted Sophomore Representative, will be easier because I have the experience.

To answer the last two questions should be easy because experiences and problems happen everyday. To start off, experiences I have had to

please see "Polity," page 17



The Sad Tale of Scruffy the Dog

By Martha Chemas

On June 27, 1997 the Whitmire family of Kansas City, Kansas became alarmed when they discovered that Scruffy, their twelve year old Yorkshire Terrier, was missing. As they set out on their search for Scruffy, they enlisted the help of their neighbors, four young men, who were happy to help. It is now alleged that these four young men in fact brutally beat the Whitmire's dog to death.

Scruffy came to the Whitmire's after having suffered abusive treatment at the hand of several previous owners. The Whitmire's gave Scruffy a caring home that was unmarked by tragedy or abuse until this summer past.

In a videotape that was duplicated and circulated among friends, Joe Gutierrez, 17, Marcus Rodriguez, 18, Richard Golubski, 20, and Lance Arsenalt, 21 are depicted placing Scruffy in a bag, dousing him with what is thought to be kerosene oil and using a lighter to ignite the dog. Afterwards, Scruffy, still clinging to life, was beaten with a shovel and nearly decapitated. Before Scruffy died, his assailants also partially detached the top part of his jaw from the bottom in what is thought to have been an attempt to remove part of his mandible.

The six-minute videotape was circulated and Scruffy's fate unknown to the Whitmire's until January 6th this year when a copy of the video-



tape was turned over to the police. As the quality of the tape was quite good, police were able to identify the four men and three (Rodriguez, Golubski, and Arsenalt) were taken into police custody immediately. The fourth and youngest of the defendants, Joe Gutierrez was a fugitive until the 23rd of February. All were held on a \$50,000 bond.

On February 9th official charges of felony arson and animal cruelty were filed by Wyandotte County Assistant District Attorney Terra Morehead. In a statement released to the press, Morehead said "Scruffy's attackers showed him no mercy and I intend to show them no mercy in the courtroom." The Kansas state statutes on animal cruelty impose a maximum sentence of 12 months and a fine not to exceed \$2500. Animal cruelty is classed as a misdemeanor in Kansas, as it is in most other states in the Union. In order to impose a harsher sentence, the arson charge (which is classed as a more serious crime) was made.

Sometime in April Judge Michael Grasko will decide if Gutierrez will be tried as an adult for his alleged complicity in this crime.

National furor has arisen in connection with this case. In Kansas, Scruffy's case has experienced wide coverage, and last week Hard Copy reported the story, giving it national exposure. On

March 17th the Kansas legislature gave preliminary approval to the "Scruffy Bill" which is designed to protect animals from such torture in the future.

There is much statistical evidence to support the contention that acts of cruelty committed against animals are an early sign of sociopathic conditions that can lead to acts of cruelty against human beings. Awareness and intervention in crimes such as these could do much to prevent further atrocities from being carried out against animals and humans.

Below you will find a copy of a form letter addressed to the prosecutor handling this case. Please sign it and return it to the Press office in

There is much statistical evidence to support the contention that acts of cruelty committed against animals are an early sign of sociopathic conditions that can lead to acts of cruelty against human beings.

room 060 of the Student Union. All letters received will be sent to Morehead's office. If you would like to find out more, visit Scruffy's web page

(search: Scruffy the Dog) where updates in the case are posted daily. Also you can write to your legislator asking that a bill similar to the "Scruffy Bill" be adopted by your state's legislature.

Helping to initiate legislature that would more adequately protect our multi-legged friends would be a very good way to make our society a bit more compassionate.

Sign and mail this letter to the address below, or send it to the offices of The Press, and we'll send it for you.

Ms. Terra Morehead
Wyandotte County
District Attorneys Office
710 North 7th Street
Kansas City, Kansas 66101

Dear Ms. Morehead,

I am writing to you because of my genuine concern and outrage over a brutal and senseless incident which occurred in Kansas City, Kansas on June 27, 1997, and brings to light an issue that has long affected the law-abiding citizens of Kansas, as well as the citizens of the rest of our nation.

On June 27, 1997 Joe Gutierrez, Marcus Rodriguez, Richard Golubski and Lance Arsenalt are allegedly lured a twelve year old, six pound Yorkshire Terrier named Scruffy away from his rightful owner, a neighbor and young adult, who was devoted to this beloved pet. They are accused of viciously and sadistically burning and beating Scruffy, causing his ultimate death in a manner horrifying to any person of moral and decent caliber.

Many studies have shown that there is an unmistakable connection between animal abuse and subsequent violence to humans. These studies point to the importance of taking animal cruelty laws seriously, and strictly enforcing them. Such a course of action is absolutely essential in order to identify persons capable of such violent acts against helpless animals and people, and to protect innocent law abiding citizens.

Therefore, I ask for your immediate and dedicated efforts in prosecuting the individuals charged, to the fullest extent of the law. It is time to send a clear message to people capable of intentionally inflicting serious injury or death to helpless animals, that such brutal and senseless crimes will not be tolerated, and that there are guaranteed consequences for those who would show such disdain for the law. As a society we must call a halt to the acceptance of animal cruelty, and enforce a policy of harsh punishment for these sadistic crimes.

In addition I would request that, in the event of their conviction, you would make every effort to seek the harshest punishment possible under your state's animal cruelty statutes. To allow individuals guilty of perpetrating such cruel and violent acts to go unpunished or not sufficiently punished, would be to sanction these horrific crimes, and would permit them to go on to commit serious and violent crimes against innocent human beings.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,

Come Along, You Belong:

Feel The Fizz of The Coo-Coo Cult

By Terry McLaren

A group that is an alleged front for a cult was recently denied University recognition as a campus club. The dean of students had received complaints about the group from parents, and the University believes the club to be a front for the International Church of Christ, a group whose history and tactics are controversial. However, the group, now "Campus Advance" and formerly called "Alpha and Omega," was only denied University recognition because they did not have a completed constitution or a faculty advisor.

I was alarmed at the news of a possible ICC group on campus because when I was fourteen I was recruited by them. It all started so simply. My best friend was waiting at a bus stop one afternoon when she noticed a group of teenagers hanging out in front of a nearby house. They eventually came up and introduced themselves. They said they were at the house for a meeting and Bible study for teenagers run by their church. They invited her to come in and check the group out. She couldn't stay that day, but promised to come by the next week. They told her to bring friends. Naturally, she thought of me. My friend and I had grown up together and were inseparable. She was a sophomore in a Catholic high school and I was a freshman in another. We were both raised in religious households and as we matured were searching for our own little niches within our faith. We had also hit that dreaded "rebellion" phase of adolescence—a deadly combination of vulnerabilities.

I was an extremely shy kid and I'd had few friends in grammar school. I was now in a large, new high school full of people I didn't know and was very unsure of myself. My best friend and I had always stuck together, but only saw each other outside of our respective schools. When she told me she'd met a cool bunch of people our age that happened to share our love for God I was thrilled. We checked out Bible study the next week.

We walked into the house where she'd first met the kids, and immediately had fifty new friends. Total strangers were vying for a chance to talk and get to know us. Everyone was so friendly. They exchanged hugs freely and we were made to feel completely at home. Eventually we began the Bible study, which was led by a man named Greg, who was a youth minister. I don't remember specifics of the lesson now, but it was about Jesus' love for us and his sacrifice of himself. Then Greg passed around a plant which he claimed was the kind of plant Jesus' crown of thorns had been made of. By the end of it all, I was practically in tears, overwhelmed by Jesus' sacrifice, God's love, and the love of these new people. When I went home that first night (after many hugs from my new "friends") I told my dad all the amazing things I'd learned that night. My father had once studied to be a Franciscan brother and was no schlump when it came to biblical knowledge. He challenged some of the things that had been said at the meeting and asked some questions I was unable to answer about the group, beginning with "What's its name?" Sad but true, I was now involved in a group without even knowing its name. Angry, I gave the obligatory teenage response "I'm having fun, why can't you leave me alone?!" After that I refused to discuss the Church with my dad.

After many inquiries, my friend and I found out our new friends belonged to the New York Church of Christ, part of the International

Church of Christ. We started spending more and more time with Church members. We would talk on the phone with at least one person from the group daily. They would always be the ones calling too. We were constantly being invited places, which thrilled me. I loved having a full social life. One of the youth ministers, who also claimed to be an FBI agent, would pick us up after school and take to that teenage Mecca, the mall. We had picnics and volleyball games in Flushing Meadow Park on weekends, where we would encourage passersby to join us and hang out. Bringing new people into the group was always strongly encouraged. "Solid Rock" was a big meeting of all the local ICC congregations on Friday nights. To me it was like a big party. We sang, danced, played games, and eventually had a Bible lesson. Activities got more and more Bible and Church related as my friend and I spent more time with the group. No outing was complete without a lesson and a reminder that we must bring more people to the light of Jesus' love and salvation through the ICC.

The ICC's program of initiation was revealed to us gradually. People we knew well from the group would meet with us individually and we would study a part of the Bible. When we discussed the passage, I would give my interpretation of it and then be gently guided away from what I'd said initially until my view better matched the Church's teaching. I mentally raised my eyebrows a few times, but gave them the benefit of a doubt. After all I was young, so I was probably making mistakes. Maybe I hadn't learned the Bible well enough in Catholic school and from my dad. At first I thought we'd just be learning the Bible better. Then I found out we'd have to give "testimony" in which we'd talk about our lives to the congregation, disavow all the sinful things we'd done in the past, and declare our new faith as a member of the Church. I was asked a lot of questions about my relationship with the guy I was dating and got the message that being involved with someone outside the Church was frowned upon. He was a nice guy, so I didn't see what the problem was. I was also criticized for not going to church with the group on Sundays. That was because I went with my family to our Catholic church and not to theirs. I was still worshipping God, so I didn't see what the difference was. To them, it meant everything. My Catholic faith was never directly undermined, rather it was subtly derogated and I was made to question it more than I ever had before.

One day, one of my new friends mentioned getting baptized at the end of the initiation process, and I was confused. "But I've already been baptized. I don't need to do it again." She said "You'll have to talk to someone else about that." We asked one of the youth ministers about it. We were told that we needed to be rebaptized in order to be true members of Christ's Church. Then he said to watch one for ourselves and hold any further questions until afterward.

We didn't have to wait long, since a teenage guy was baptized a few days later at Solid Rock. He was dunked full body into this huge mar-

ble baptismal tub in the Church while proclaiming "Jesus Christ is Lord!" That night my new friend Linda told me happily that she'd been baptized the week before in someone's bathtub by one of the youth ministers. I was surprised that it seemed like just anyone had the power to baptize a new member of the congregation. I was used to priests having that market cornered. At the celebration for Linda and the other new Church member, it was announced that our "sister" Linda had also made another big move that week. She'd left her family's house and was now living with an older female Church member. I thought maybe home was a bad place for Linda and she'd been "rescued" by this woman, but I found out this was a pretty common occurrence in the ICC. Young people were strongly encouraged to move out of their homes and in with other Church members for the good of their

spiritual development. At that point, I made a firm decision that no one was prying me away from mommy and daddy, church or no church.

My faith in the Church was beginning to waver by then. I didn't understand their donation requests. Where was I supposed to get money? I was a kid. The answer was "any way possi-

ble." The religion/money connection had always bothered me and there was so much emphasis on it there. The money was supposedly to go towards the Church's ministries and evangelization projects in other countries. Who knows where it really went, but it seemed to pour in.

My concerned dad eventually got in touch with the National Cult Hotline. They provided him with very disturbing information about the ICC's recruiting tactics and past complaints from parents whose children had left them for the Church. He found out all the things I'd been hiding about the group. It was actually a relief to not have to keep things from him anymore. I still attended a few meetings, but with a skeptical attitude. My best friend left soon after me. We had to ignore phone calls from our "friends" and repeated requests to come back. When it became evident, after a year, that we weren't coming back they finally stopped calling.

Since then, I've made it a kind of hobby to keep track of the ICC. It has been the subject of repeated television and newspaper exposes. Thousands of ex-members regard the group as a cult and some former ICC leaders are now anti-cult counselors that spend hours supplying people with information about the group.

Of ICC members, about 20% are college students. The group often uses "front names" and deceptive recruiting techniques on campuses. Various aliases of the group include "The Upside Down Club", USC's "Chinese Engineering Society", and allegedly at Stony Brook, "Alpha and Omega" and "Campus Advance". Many universities are now stepping up efforts to educate students about cults and their detrimental effects.

Young, energetic people in a transitional stage in their life, i.e. college students, are perfect targets for groups such as these. The groups look wonderful at first, and only slowly do they begin to take control of a student's life and finances using sophisticated psychological techniques. Contrary to popular belief, psychologically healthy people are vulnerable if they haven't been trained to recognize these tactics.

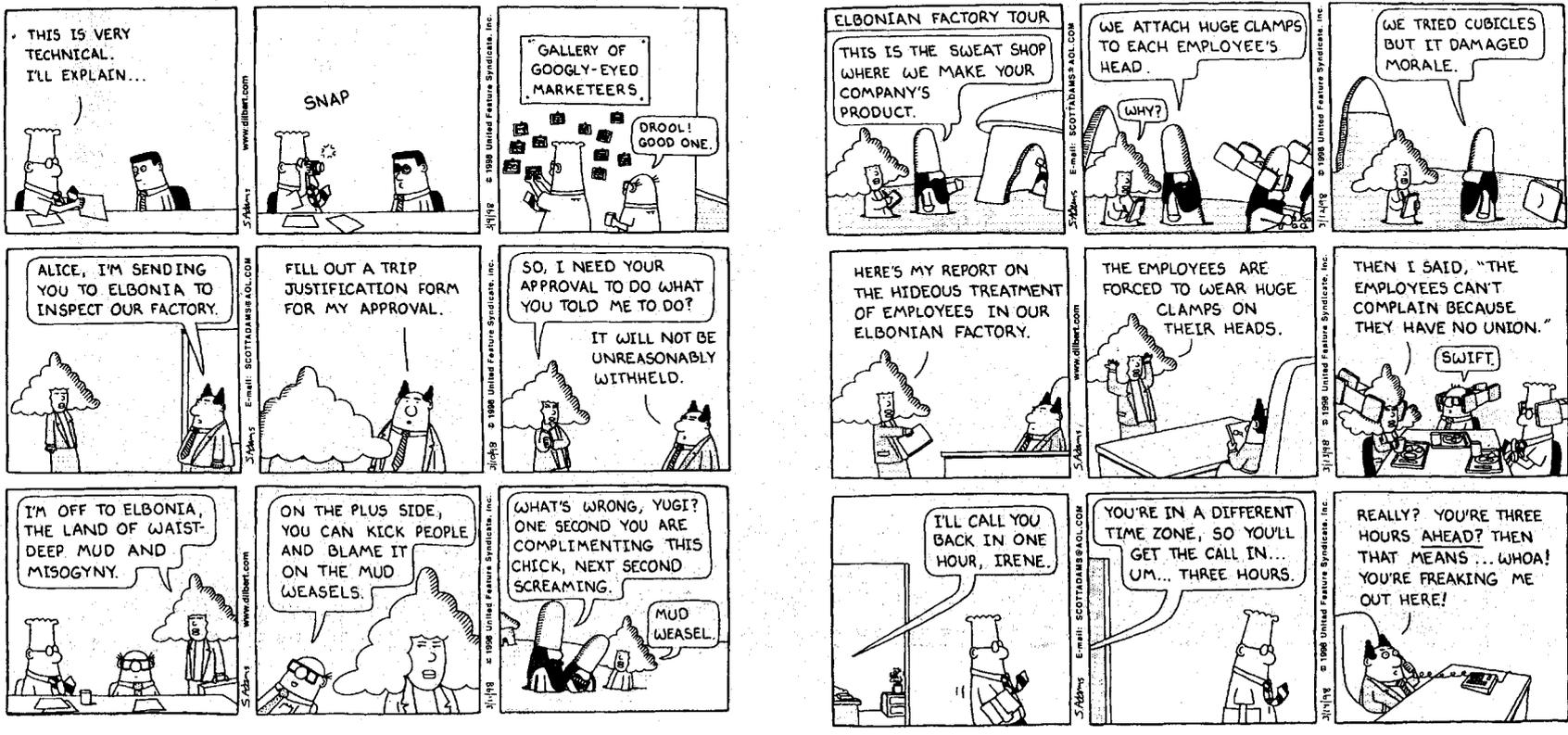
"At that point, I made a firm decision that no one was prying me away from mommy and daddy, Church or no Church."

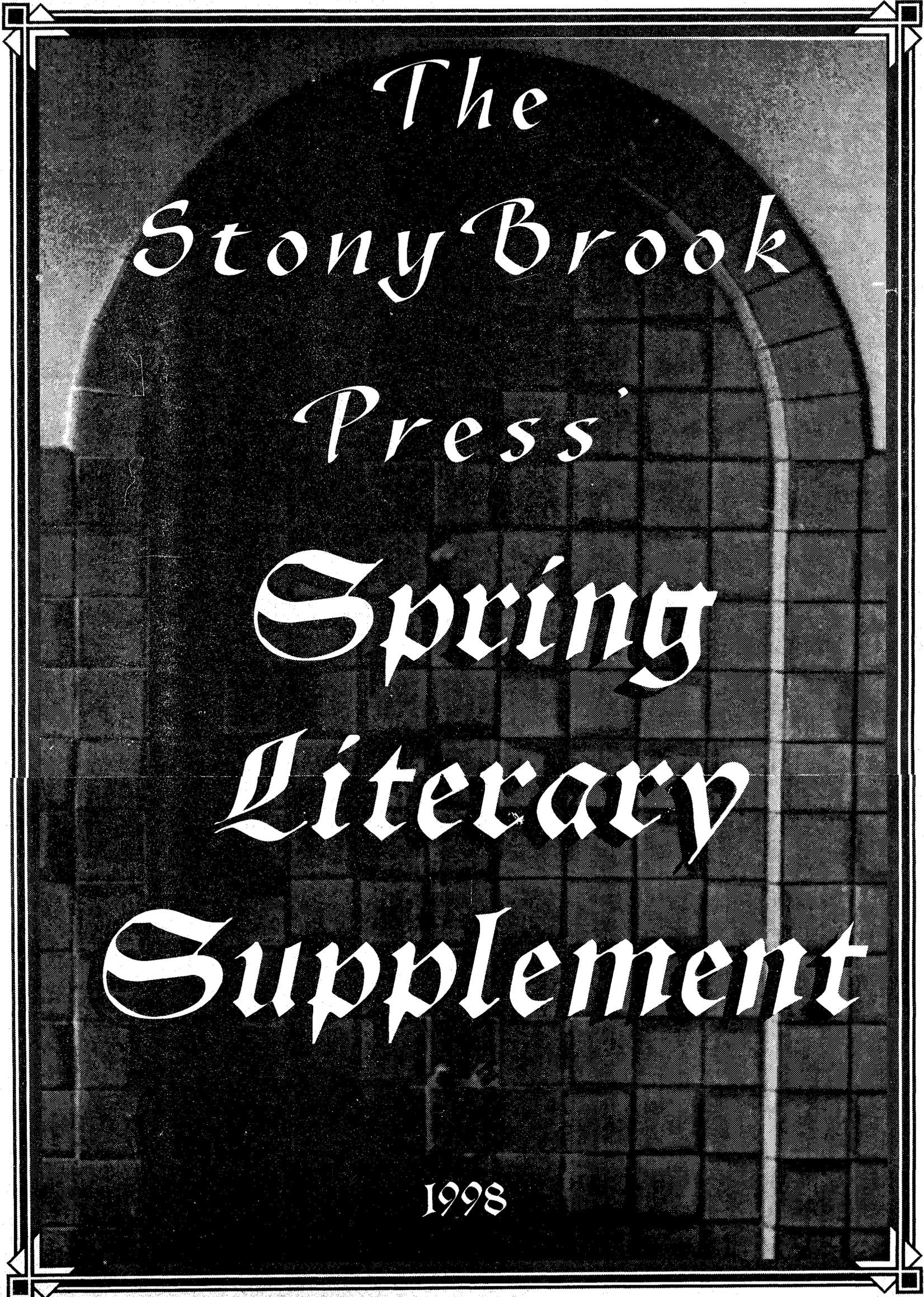
COMICS



DILBERT[®]

by Scott Adams





*The
Stony Brook
Press
Spring
Literary
Supplement*

1998

A moment of sin at the movies

Amanda C. Stevens

It's poetry to sit in balconies
with teenage Catholic boys. They are naive.
I wear 16 inch skirts and tiny tees.
My underwear is audacious fig leaves.
I am that forbidden fruit, unmentioned.
Black darkness that surrounds, pictures flicker.
I'm the center of his lust's attention.
I feel his eyes grow glossy and slicker.
Yum, pop-corn grease and candy orgasm.
I make his confessions, a Bible dropped.
Lips barely touch, I love this close chasm.
Pimpily ushers watch for feels to be copped.
In Church he says hail mary, our father
So quick even God may ask, "Why bother?"

ADOLESCENCE

by Marina Del Rey

Dark and rancid taxicab,
Middle of the night.
Struggle to maintain balance
Don't alert interlopers
To my plight.
Choke back the bile,
Affect a placid smile.
Hope nine minutes pass as one
This is what we know as fun?

Ink on paper by Filip



Sisters, Redux

(Three Contiguous States of Mind)

*April weaves spelltapestries of tulips
and longing that transform lingering snow
flakes into promises of latenight sojourns,
and mosquito bites where you'd least expect:
the constant itch of your ev'ry desire
mixing with each newborn pleasure
or pain makes you swear she's done
this all her life for no reward other than
the briefest moments of joy you'vever known.*

*But she will never know you, and
won't ever give less than a damned
about the happiness you thought you wanted.*

*May stands demurely at your side
when company comes to call, and tells
them "I'm almost six!" with a wonderful
sincerity that almost makes you wish
you were that age again. In the backyard
next day, you watch as she innocently
chases love, security, and other
possible tragedies that always come
from too much dreaming, and pray
she never loses her faith.*

*But you know full well she will,
and far sooner than she should.*

*June lights the last wish in her pack
against the coldcomfort flame of a crimson-
streaked sunset, hastily offered by yet another
ginsoaked dreamer with more desperation
than love in his eyes, and thinks it might
not be too late for her to recapture
one of the moments --just one-- she'd wasted
trying so hard not to be what she was.
But she knows only the chumps will linger
once again tonight, and there will be
no arms that can truly hold her.*

There will be no arms.

—Wilbur Farley

any questions

by Diane Saulon

My Mind
 wades
 wonders
 adrift
 on soft
 swirling
 currents
 of
 liquid thought
 while
 rejected Reason
 recedes
 Inspiration rises
 buoyed
 by erratic
 waves
 of
 omniscient.
 Jettisoned distress
 drowns
 Understanding surfaces
 radiant at sail
 soon
 to
 vanish
 as
 my mind sinks
 surrenders
 Narcosis triumphs
 bathing my brain
 in
 splashes
 of
 Altered
 Awareness

BONSAI

do to prevent it.
 And there is nothing that you can
 Then I will be me. Not what you want me to be
 my natural form will return.
 The wire will rust, the pot will break, and
 sink deep into the earth.
 my roots will
 reach the sky and
 My Branches will
 constraints.
 Your
 free from
 I will grow
 But when you die
 sculpted my form to your pleasure.
 my branches wired my limbs,
 you wanted me to be. you have bent
 shaped me to your will, made me who
 All my life, you have controlled me,

photo by Ed Ballard



The Lie

DH Campbell

I lied to him, because the truth
 would not have kept him...would not
 have bound him to me.

I loved him, yet I had to watch
 him love another and keep me at a distance.

I liked the touch of his hands,
 liked the way he smelled in the
 afternoon sun.

But I lied to him, myself and others.
 What did he have that I was looking for?
 He was never sweet, sincere, or caring.

He would tell me that life is hard, and he was
 right. He would tell me he loved me like
 no one he had loved before.
 Yet he laughed at me when I had to leave.

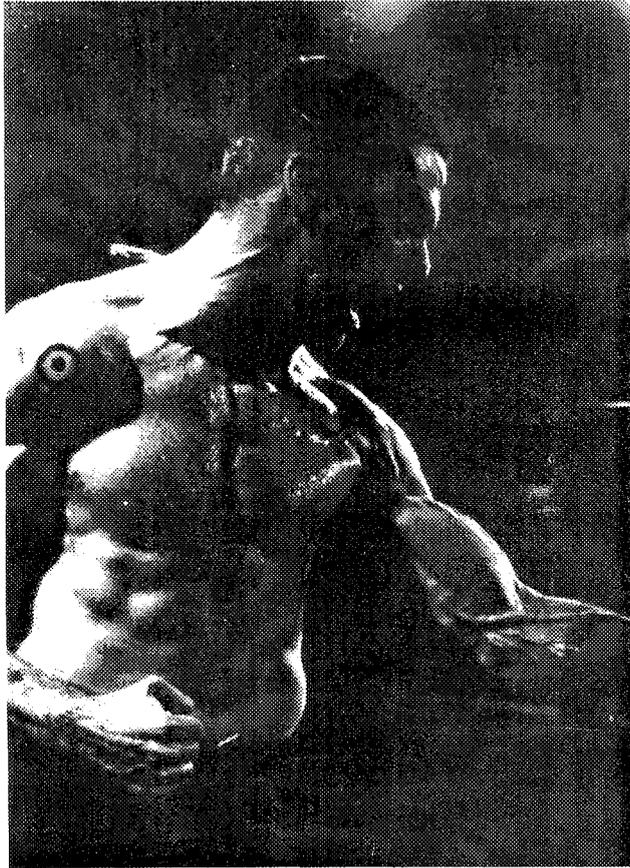


photo by Ed Ballard

THINGS I NEVER TOLD YOU

By Ruby Firewall

*But words are like poison
That bends you and blinds you
And some things you do
You just don't understand*

This flesh was nothing more than a book to record the passage of time in blood, and tears in discoloured lines lacking precision and grace. You could have seen

my soul when each muscle pulled eagerly to reveal tightbound chords of pain, but I could never bare my arms my chest and beg that you read all the lonely histories I had carved

there: blank pages hid my longing and despair better than disjointed words full of fear and guilt I couldn't speak, even if they would have been enough to save me.

MIDNIGHT FRAT CHANT - A HAIKU

Guh bah dey - hoo bah!
Sah bah mey Tappa Kegga
Duh buh - hoo hoo hoo!

by Cox n' Mussles

Between The Lines

by Matthew Vernon Xavier
Willemain

Can you find me?
I am you
Can you see?
And you are no one.
You cant follow
You stand by while
What can I be?
I have fun!

Can you stop me?
You are held
Will you try?
By what is right.
Dare you risk it?
You must hide
Will you cry?
Inside the night.

Whats my name and
I am here
Whos my daddy?
Im always near
Am I kind
I control you
Or am I ratty?
Write your fear

Will you live
Ill surprise you
To tell the tale?
In the end
Are you strong
You wont know till
Or are you frail?

My moment of zen

By David Myers

in the shade
of the tall ancient forest
on the south side
of a large elderly dogwood
lies a patch of moss
thick as the locks of Sampson

my mother tells me
i should keep my shoes on
when i go up the tree,
but to me,
missing the chance
to mush my toes
into that clump of moss
would be unconscionable

the fine line between
heightened self-awareness
and adolescent melodrama
becomes even blurrier with
time,
but perhaps it is still true
to say that the pinnacle of
my spiritual enlightenment
was at one time achieved
in this very location

here,
barely six feet off the ground
in a makeshift treehouse,
i imagined myself
attaining a state of zen

and i ask myself
whether at that point
it is possible to know
one has reached the plateau,
of if the zen itself
makes impossible
a conscious memory of this,
or whether getting there
in the first place
is the important thing,
or if you have to ask
then you wouldn't know
enlightenment if it hit you
smack in the head

Dark Spirit

by Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain

I caught it in the night
In the shadows
The voice of silence
Cries out
Small, quiet jangle
The darkness speaks

Fears and possibilities
Change, new, and unknown
The night came in
Into me
It clings to me still

The voice of the night
Came in the night, alone
At first
It comes to me often now

Soft
What does it want
What does silence say
Guilt?
Weakness?
What am I doing wrong

Who is angry
What else but anger can give
A voice to the night
Clink clink
No one behind me

Never
No one ever
As the empty world speaks
Such noise from the dumb
Seems like screaming
But still so quiet

Tinkling
Like a dog's leash
Like the rattle of metal
In a pocket
Or on clothes
The nothingness speaks to me

It always comes back
What does it want

It's inside me now

Ink on paper by Filip



Manhattan Skyline

By Ruby Firewall

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

-Psalm 104: 24

Longing's a platinum-pated, pony-poozle floosy
Working the action at Broadway and 5th on a Saturday night.
"Come on, honey: you take me for a little dance, a little booze,
"And then, later, I'll treat you nice." That is, for a price.

Knowledge dresses rude to work the massage parlours on 42nd:
The rank smell of talc, petroleum, and spent latex urges
The wary to think twice, and twice more, and then reckon
Their fortunes between the lines of her "disease-free is guilt-free" dirge.

Innocence coughs a black-lunged, death-rattle rasp
As she chases the little blackwhitelatino children through
Battlefields of poverty, illiteracy, desolation, and crack
That make them soldiers too young, and kill them just as soon.

*Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem:
Thou art builded as a city that is compact together.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.*

Love squints at the orphaned-abused-runawaychild frightened eyes
That huddle in the cold outside the Port Authority,
Searching for some small truth in a world hardened by compromise.

The streets and buildings and bombed-out cars all cry for Grace,
But probably couldn't afford the drink minimum at the club
Where she strips six nights a week ("even God rested one") in a face
Grayed by the greener considerations of crisp, unfolded twenties.
"That's it boys," she sighs, "Get so drunk you couldn't even if you got me."

Hope's the Whore of Babylon, selling her wares by phone.
"Hi! I'm Misty, and I'm so lonely. Won't you call and talk to me?"
You poor schmuck: wearing your heart on your sleeve; prone
In dark and squalid lust for something less than a fantasy.

Faith is always hot-to-go when Hope and Grace are busy: the sacrament
Of choice clutched greedily between tongue and cheek, and an "amen"
Or two breathed noisily at the end of every Clockwork Testament
She writes on slime-fed Hudsons full of dead fish and loaves of sin.

"Amen, brother!", and "Amen again" the damned and damnable cry
From Houston to Canal, and the boarded-up remains in between.
Charity only weeps, and exhales pale cigarette smoke to a wretched sky
Smeared and twisted by passionless fires and half-forgotten dreams.

*Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.*

hat

By MATTHEW VERNON XAVIER WILLEMAIN

*I have a hat I stole
I wore it out the door
It didn't fit me then
I don't wear it anymore.*

*The hat is very small
It makes me British too
"Can you spare a dime, gw'ner,"
It makes me say and do.*

*The hat controls my mind
Like on that Darkwing Duck
If only I had powers
Like Sheriff Lucas Buck*

Father's Hands

I'm pretty sure the first punch came
after I'd ignored your instructions
for about the thousandth time;
I only remember watching your eyes grow
wild, and having enough time to say
"uh oh" before the stars came out.

When I got my ass whipped
by a highyellow — pounds over
inches smaller than me —
next day after school and ran in tears
to you waiting for the 37 Sedgwick
to take you off to your own version
of hell to try to guilt you with how you'd
probably loosened my tooth the night
before, you just stood there silent
while your fingers kneaded shreds
out of the crease in one of the brown
bags ma always packed the lunches
you always complained about.

But you bought me a brand-spanking
new threespeed not long after.

And do you remember the morning
we were in the department store
picking out my prize, and I kept
pestering you for popcorn 'til you
eventually gave up with your usual,
'Okay, dammit!' -- how I just wouldn't stop
fiddling around with that plastic
machete (which you'd told me not
to bring, but I stuck in my pocket
anyhow) from my G.I. Joe doll's
'Jungle Action Kit' until it finally
flipped outta my control up, over,
and into the popcorn machine?

Your fist (heavy, hard, and slightly
ashen as it applied a little
kung-fu grip jungle action of
its own to my face in slow
motion, comicbook fashion)
stills anticipates that smell of freshly
popped fun when I think
about it every now and then
again in quiet moments.

Do you hear me, old man?
Can you still remember
the times your love terrorized
me into becoming the useless man
you never wanted me to be
(what am I trying to guilt
you out of this time)?

I see you lying there now: those same
hands I feared for so long, so shaking
and weak they're barely able to hold
the water I offer them,

and I wish all my imagined
pain could buy you back one
moment of strength
those hands lost on me.

Wilbur Farley

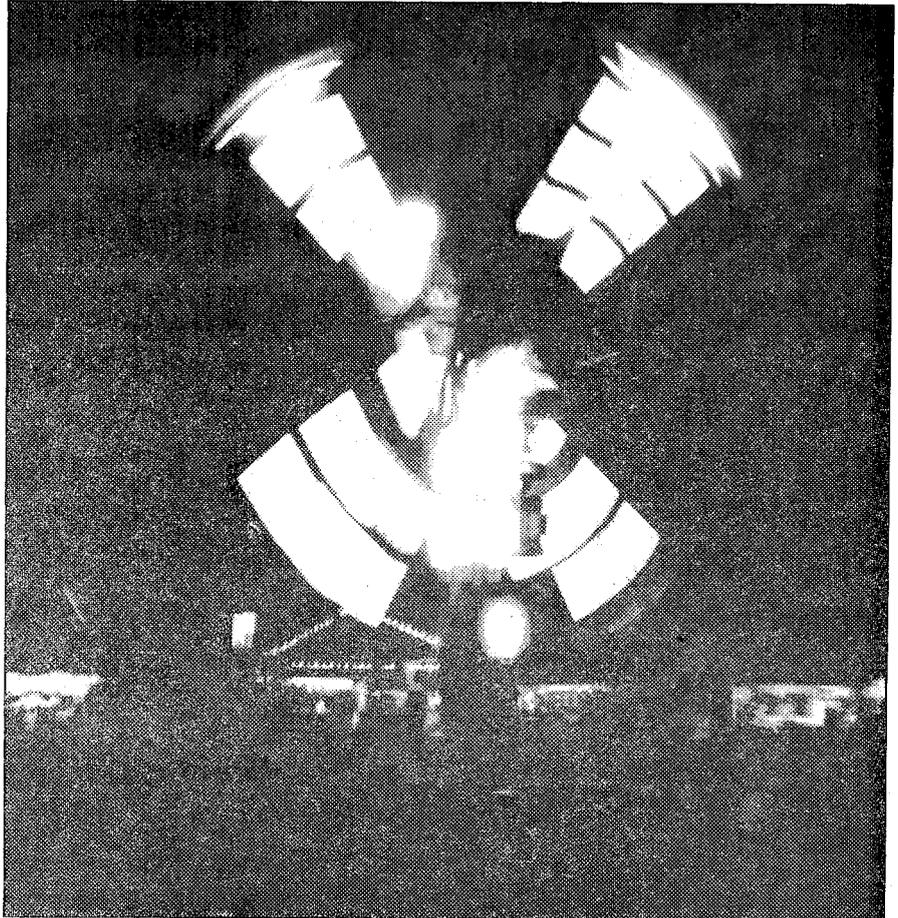


photo by Scott Redite

Sweet Dreams of my Mortality

by Elizabeth Sohne

**This morning I woke
before the alarm sounded
to watch you as you slept.
I have your form
so well memorized
I need not even open my eyes.
I can hear the heat rise
from our naked bodies
in the stillness.
I gently open my eyes
to watch you
as you dream.
The gray morning light
seeps in
through the window,
crawling over the record play
and stacks of well read books,
to settle at the foot of the bed.
I rise to start the coffee
before all shadows are dispelled.
Standing at the doorway
I look back at you.
The black cat slips in
picks past your sleeping form.
-restless-
Standing at the doorway,
still warm with sleep,
I brace myself
ready for the kitchen floor,
still col with night.
You twitch and moan.
Your eyelids flicker for a moment.
I walk back to the bed
and kneel at your side.
-for a moment-
I kiss your face
because I know
you find no peace
in your dreams.**

*Three Months, Two Days, and a Handful of
Hours: a Progress of the Soul*

By Ruby Firewall

Destiny and love don't always go hand in hand

I

First hellos

always whisper
here I am if
you'll take a
chance and just
believe in some
thing again;

smile copper red
over hard blue cider
eyes past closing
time jitters into
dreams even small
talk can't divert.

II

The in-between moment

finds you sweating
out regrets hesitations
and ev'ry last thing
you hoped you'd
remember to say

speaks of self
fulfilled prophecies
you always fight
but can never
truly escape.

III

Last goodbyes

linger only slightly
like smoke rings
expanding blue-gray
into nothingness;

trace shadowy crisis
shapes even
the most well-chosen
words cannot avert.

Poem On A Lonely Hilltop
by Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain

CRYPTIC WORDS ARE MURKY WORDS
AS WET AND DEEP AS DEATH
AS FIRE IN THE ASHEN LAND
DANCES IN GOD'S BREATH

THE LENGTH AND WIDTH OF SOLITUDE
ARE MEASURED IN THE MIRROR
THE IMAGE IN THE GLANCES
GROWS NASTIER AND DEARER

AND EVER AND BEYOND THE SEA
THE FRONDS OF FICKLE MELODY
THE LANDS UNDER THE WILLOW TREE
ARE WHISPY IN HYPERBOLE

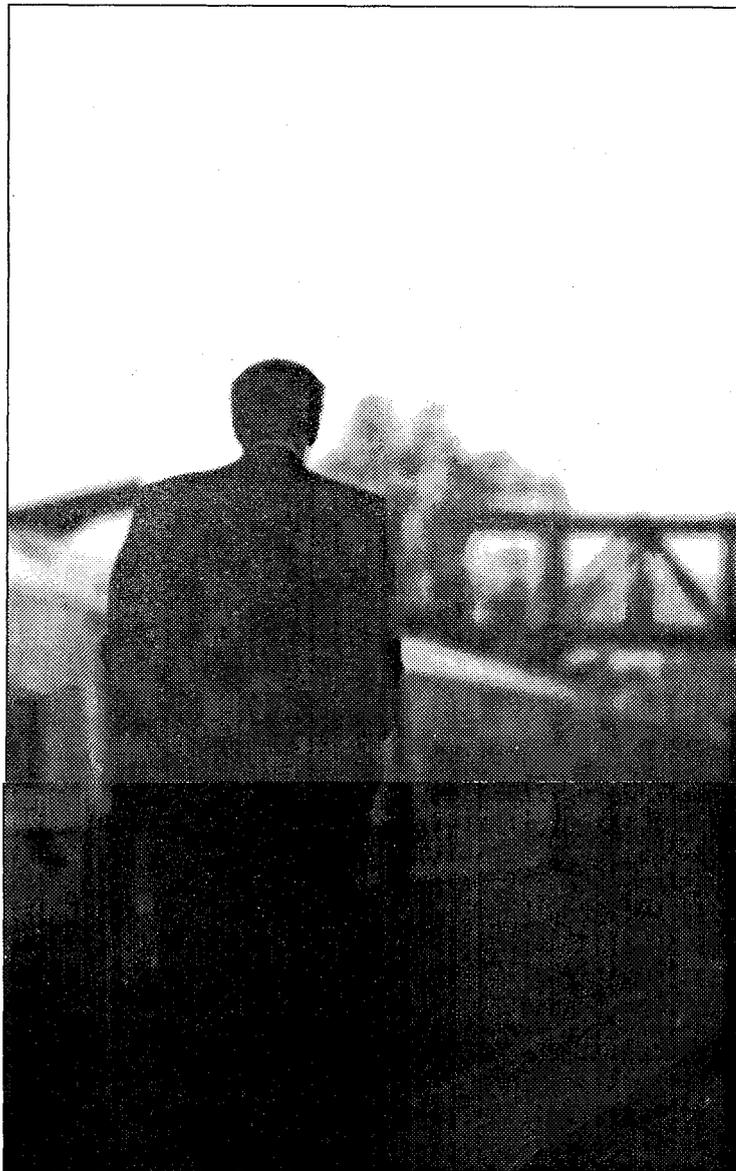


photo by Joanna Wegielnik

August
by Mama Del Rey

In the heat of a warm May, a child begun
A union finally consummated but not to move on
Powerful brown shoulders
Glistened above me with sweat
Of a thousand spoken promises, sculpted by
An unjealous god
But of all the vows made
It was the simplest
That we did not keep to love
The cold blue clinic still a blurry memory
As I awakened to the cries surrounding
Beauty turned on rage
And it was done
Nothing left now, but to move on.

The Spinning Midget

Spinning, spinning,
The midget whizzes around.
His bald head gleaming,
Smooth, mellow, round.

Spinning, spinning,
The midget whirls about.
Pudgy fingers flailing,
Joints inflamed with gout.

Spinning, spinning,
Twisting like a screw.
His little brain is bathed in blood,
His wrinkly little face is blue.

Funny little midget,
Why must you turn?
Vile little mutant,
Burn, midget, burn.

Gemini

Whisper of a life
Caught in a grid of steel
Steel and light
Another turn of the giant wheel

by **MVXW**

The breath has flight
The machine bears it up to me
And behind the iron strife
Is a shadow I call she

The Lemmy Saga

Lemmy Awakens

It was a dark and stormy night
No star nor moon was shining bright
In the sky. Then lightning set the dark
Ablaze and thunder shook the world.
I knew Great Powers were at hand
As I approached the sacred place
Where He lay sleeping- not dead.

But dark it was. Should it not be
Light? Should He not awaken and dance?
The time has come; the stars are right;
The dreaming Lemmy shall be free!
Children shall His name cry with joy:
Lemmy! Lemmy! He must be free!

The glass doors shut, the aisles dark;
No florescent lamps hummed in the tomb;
No happy rays of red and green
Above the doors nor on the lofty sign.
'Twas dismal, this once great haven
Of snacks and cheer. And He lay still
As dead on the counter; waiting for
The key, that which would wake Him, ease
His hunger; that which had been gone
From his shelves so long- Beef Jerky!

I whispered and was in the store.
No sound was there in what was once
Open twenty four hours a day.

Now I neared him and paused silent
For a moment, saddened by the fate
Of this Great One. But soon would He
Rise from slumber! I had what He
Was lacking: life-giver and source
Of much magic- Beef Jerky!
And Lemmy would be roused by meat
Snacks; quell his mighty hunger now.

I opened from the top with care,
Peeling away the plastic. A flash
Of light; greasy and brown it gleamed
With a life all its own. Into
The mouth of Lemmy I placed some
fine jerky; thunder cracked as He ate.
Before my eyes the jerky disappeared;
My offering had been taken.

His mouth closed; then a belch, a roar,
It rocked the darkened store. The lights
Turned on; the Slurpee Machine came
Alive. Now Lemmy stood. He was
A black leather-clad God; His hair
Was spiky and the mole was too
Lovely for words; Lemmy was back.

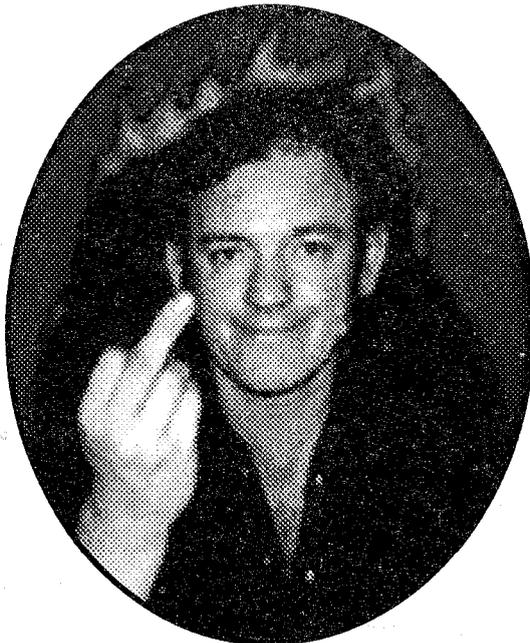
A tear came to my eye; I dared
To touch His mole. He smiled then
Was gone; to find His sheep, His mount,
Stolen by them who had stolen
His Beef Jerky; to make them pay
For their evil deeds. As I saw
The Donut Man pull up front
The rain ceased and young punks did flock
In vast numbers for beer and snacks;
To lurk in the parking lot for
No reason. Lemmy praised! A day
Of joy! Soon would Lemmy wreak His
Vengeance upon the wrong doers;
Soon would all be right in the world!

By James Polichuk

A Man and a Sheep

His wool was greying but his eyes
Still shined red as a '63
Corvette just waxed; his muscles strong
And rippling 'neath the bushy skin.
He stood atop the hill; a grand
Display of sheepiness; of lust.

No ordinary sheep was he.
Lonely sheperds had their lives
Gladly given to protect him;
Or had died just to be near him.
But none of these mere men would he
Have, no! He knew his master; soon
Would Lemmy come. A hopeful sheep
Was he; remaining true; with Lemmy
Near the dark years would be through.



A sound! He tensed, listening, yes!
Now he was coming, Lemmy here.
A smiling sheep was he as that
Raspy voice rang; a resounding yawlp
Through the sky. Sunlight, yellow
And happy, gleamed off his spiked
Collar as he frolicked, frolicked
Down the grassy slopes to greet his
Too long gone master and lick his face.

A man and his faithful sheep, once
Separate, now as one. A day
of joy! A dance of joy! A sheep
And man embrace; a scene of love
Eternal. At the hill's base, sheep
Licking mole, Lemmy sheds a tear;
No feared emotions here. They play
And wrestle; Lemmy's leather doffed
and bushes rustle. Man and sheep.

Night falls and Lemmy mounts his sheep;
A mighty synchronous belch then
Off they go to battle and maim;
Revenge for Lemmy's loss of snacks.

The Llama Farmer

The choir sung the hymns so loud
And thrashy; hymns of Lemmy; for
The glory, spiky, black and true.

And Lemmy turned and surveyed his
Terrible host. By him, his two
Confidants, Rat and Fred, bikers
both, black garbed, bristling spikes. More than
Mere men, they were the right and left,
The hands of Lemmy; neither knew
The others doings. Leading great
Tribes, Rat and Fred, two tribes of smoke
And steel; no mufflers hindered them.

A nearby hill was where the Sons
Of Lemmy lurked; with spiked hair
And artificial moles, astride
A breed of sheep, of fearsome sheep,
Carnivore sheep. The likes of them
Have not been seen since that great day;
A secretive, shy folk were they.

Assembled 'pon the plains were the
Numerous fans of Lemmy led
By priests who had foretold the new,
Improved coming of Lemmy; they
Had spread the word that He would soon
Be back and vengeful, kick some ass.

The choir sung the hymns so loud
And thrashy; hymns for Lemmy; for
Twenty four ninety five on two
CDs or double length cassettes.

And Lemmy thought: "these guys like me
A lot. That's cool." And Lemmy thought
Some more: "Whoa, Nelly! Someone could
Get hurt." So Lemmy spoke unto
Them, his spikey throngs: "I see vast
And proud warriors ready to
Take revenge for the grave insult
To my honor; to wreak havoc
'Gainst my enemies; repair my
Imjured pride..."

And the choir sung
The hymns of Lemmy loud and thrash.

And Lemmy told his choir to
Shut up; and resumed: "But the truth
Of Lemmy's nature: neither pride
Nor honor have I. Greatness will
Not come of this war. So go home."

And Lemmy spoke no more. The fans
Scattered; the priests cried, cried in vain;
For Lemmy was gone. To cheer up
A bit the choir sung a hymn,
Then they moped about dejected.
Bikers went back to their families.
Both Rat and Fred soon became avant
Garde film-makers and hot talk show
Guest hosts. And Lemmy went down south,
To Florida, to raise some llamas.
He lived happily ever after.

WHO IS BURIED
IN GRANTS TOMB?
WRONG!
TIME TO DIE!

STRANGE BUT TRUE! BY DANIEL HORNER



Fact: In Communist Russia, it was once tradition to eat the bodies of fallen rulers!

Strike Force Echo

by Matthew
Vernon
Xavier
Willemain



In Case
You
Couldn't
Follow
The
Last
Episode
of
Strike
Force
Echo...



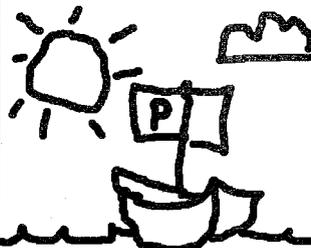
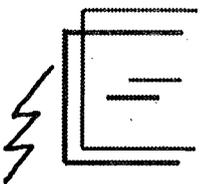
I Ate
Al Gore.

You Can't Eat
a giant robot
you crazy punk!



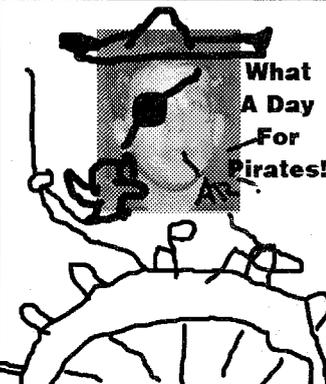
When last we left
Pirate and Mafioso,
they were setting sail
from DC for Captain
Jimmy's Island of
Pirate's Ransom!

STRIKE
FORCE
ECHO

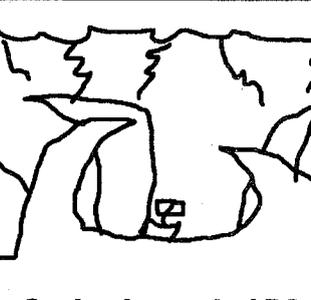


For the first few days
the weather was good.

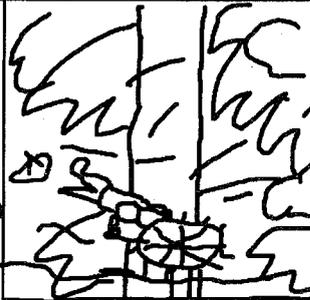
(Good is a nautical term.)



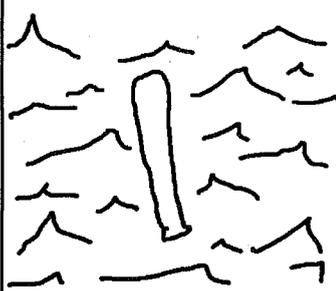
What
A Day
For
Pirates!



On day four out of DC,
a great storm arose!



On the sea...



A lone baseball bat...

Has Mafioso been
hurled to his watery
grave?! Guess
what? I won't be
answering this one
any time this year!
And I may decide
based upon your
letters!
Or, maybe not.

NEXT

ISSUE:

EPISODE

ELEVEN:

Flashback Sequence Extravaganza!

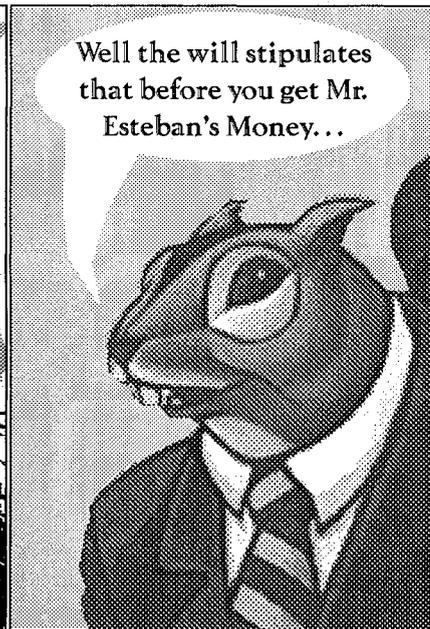
* The origins of
Strike Force Echo
will be revealed in
a full page episode!



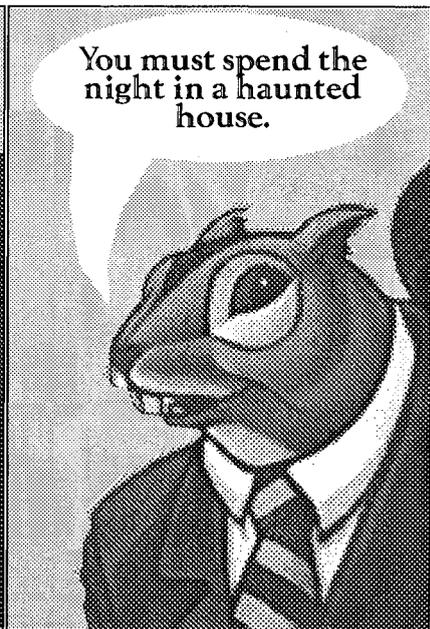
Evil Steve:
Megalomaniac Squirrel



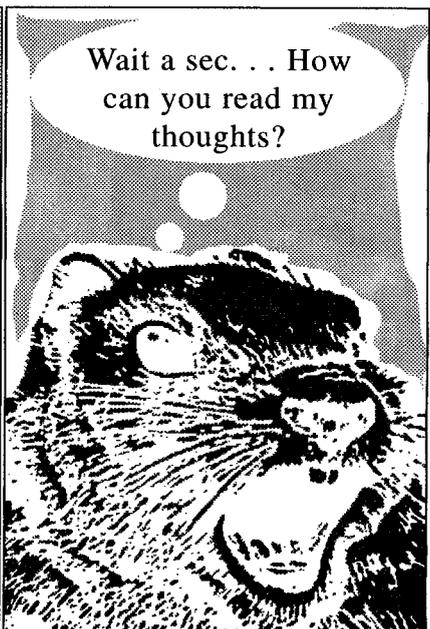
So when do I get
my money, little
man?



Well the will stipulates
that before you get Mr.
Esteban's Money...



You must spend the
night in a haunted
house.



Wait a sec. . . How
can you read my
thoughts?

IN "JOKES YA JUST DON'T GET"

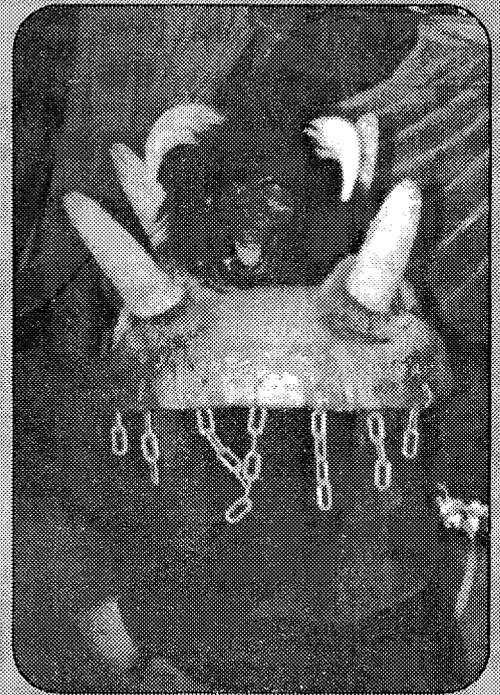
By Brian Libfeld

Top Ten People Seen at ICON

(10&9)



(8)



(7)



(6)



(5)



(4)



(1)



(3)



(2)



Feminism, Masturbation and Dildos! Oh, my!

or Why Candace Should Visit Eve's Garden

By Daniel Yohannes

Introduction:

Today is March 20th, in the year 1998. It has been over thirty years since the women's liberation movement. Still, when a group of women get together to talk about masturbation or, god forbid, dildos, Big Brother gets out the big guns to settle down the rabble. Candace, honey, you have become a tool of the man. You have left your sisters behind to fend for themselves amongst the wolves.

Candace, as a Ph.D., you must be aware of the long history of man's repression of women's sexuality. You should be aware that female circumcision, a.k.a genital mutilation, is a procedure that involves the removal of the clitoris and often part of the labia. Can you guess why anyone would want to do this? The procedure often leaves the victim without any sexual pleasure and often makes the act of sex painful. Again, I ask you, as an enlightened Ph.D., why would anyone want to do this? The only answer my humble mind can come up with is that it limits a woman's sex life to being a sperm receptacle for their male partner. It also keeps them from leaving their man due to sexual dissatisfaction.

People like you Candace, with your BS nouveau-suburban-wife Martha Stewart act, are part of the continued attack on the rights of women. Not only are you attacking the lifestyles of those who supported and presented at the conference, but you are forcing women, young and old, one foot deeper into their sexual closets. Your actions have become the new female circumcision.

I once thought of men as the randy ones and women as virginal Madonnas. Experience has taught me otherwise. At first, it all sounded too fantastic: Women masturbated? No... how? Well that, my dear Grand Inquisitor, is another article. Torquemada, the original Grand Inquisitor, was a converted Jew. From what have you been converted, Candace?

Women are just as sexual as men. Sexuality and sexual expression are both normal; healthy people have healthy sex-lives. Sex is a part of all of our lives. Why are you so afraid of it?

Candy's memo:

"I am saddened and disconcerted, yet feel obliged, to share with you my eye-witness account of events that transpired at Revolting Behavior, the controversial conference that took

place at SUNY-New Paltz on November 1 (1997).

"...Campus activities such as Revolting Behavior are, in my view, a travesty of authentic academic freedom - a precious right that carries with it correlative academic responsibilities; they are also a travesty of academic standards. It is primarily faculty who must guard this freedom and reinstate high standards. If faculty fail in these matters, it falls on campus presidents, and in turn governing boards, to uphold these principles."

Ms. de Russy, where are the students in your equation? We are no longer elementary school kids and demand a voice in what we are to be taught. And are you usurping the right to dictate the curriculum by placing trustees (presumably the governing board of which you speak) as the heirs apparent to the SUNY throne?

While the body of the notes was more specific in outlining the topics that were unacceptable, they are too tedious and pseudo-scientific to transcribe.

"Nyadie Nyadie blah blah Appalled blah blah Lesbian blah blah, Shocked, blinded my virgin eyes with the hell fires burning about the conference" gives you the gist of the notes. I was struck by the sense that while Ms. de Russy was repulsed and revolted by the presentations of the conference, she was fully engaged in and entertained by taking notes for future reference.

Now, I must register a strong disclaimer: I was not present at the conference in question. But, after reading Ms. de Russy's notes, I feel as if I attended every minute.

In addition, I sought out one of the presenters at the conference, Ms. Dell Williams, owner of Eve's Garden, a store for women and their partners that was established in 1974, as an "outgrowth of the women's rights movement." Eve's Garden was established to help women who "sought to erase the sense of shame and guilt experienced by countless women as a result of a society that historically condemned the sexual nature of women as sinful... To that purpose we have created a comfortable, elegant, and educational environment in our boutique...for women to explore the tools of pleasure, the books, videos, and other enlightening resources to enhance their body, mind, and spirit."

Ms. Williams was the chief presenter of a workshop entitled "Sex Toys for Women".

With the caveat that she had only attended one other presentation, Ms. Williams stated that she felt the SUNY conference was a "great sociological event, the purpose of which was to examine divergent lifestyles."

Now, Ms. Williams isn't a Ph.D. like the esteemed Ms. de Russy, but she does know what she is talking about. After nearly 25 years in the women's sexuality business, Ms. Williams has earned quite a reputation both as a business owner and as an expert in her field. She has been a speaker at Princeton, Columbia, and Fairleigh-Dickinson Universities. Ms. Williams and her store have been the subject of several articles. So Ms. de Russy, having met and enjoyed Ms. Williams' company, I must take issue with the condescending and prudish tone of your representation of her presentation.

The editorializing:

And so, we come full circle with the start of my article: Ms. de Russy, you have become the problem. Here, I don't speak of your plan to eliminate SUNY graduate programs that are duplicated by private institutions in the state, or your call to eliminate ESL courses in the SUNY system, or your desire to further raise the tuition at our universities. You are working to keep your sisters in their sexual closets. You are the antithesis of Dell Williams.

Having spoken with Dell Williams, I feel that the path she has chosen in this world, teacher, is an important one. So, Ms. de Russy in order to honor your position as a censor and conservative, I give you and the world, the Eve's Garden website address: www.evesgarden.com. If you are ever in the neighborhood, stop by the boutique at 119 W 57th St., Suite 1201. Ms

de Russy, I'm sure Dell will show you how to have a good time.

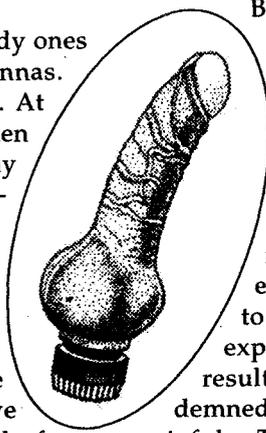
Among the big people toys for sale are the Erosillator, the Kangaroo, Miss Smoothy, the Tongue, and the Texas two strap. All were mentioned by Ms. de Russy in her memo (Are you experienced... have you ever been experienced?). Books available through eve's Garden include the shocking The New Our Bodies Ourselves, , and How to Make Love to the same Person the Rest of Your Life, and Loving Relationships.

Unburning bridges:

Ms. de Russy, let me take this opportunity to request from you an interview. Let's communicate. Let your own words show this and every SUNY campus that you do care about the students. Let it be my article that reunites you with the students your actions so gravely affect. We are the future; let's talk about the future that we must share.



I once thought of men as the randy ones and women as virginal Madonnas. Experience has taught me otherwise. At first, it all sounded too fantastic: Women masturbated?



<http://www.sinc.sunysb.edu/Clubs/sbpress>

MONKEY BUSINESS AND MONKEY WRENCHES

By Lisa Aviles

Cars. They can be such wonderful toys, such useful devices. Yet, at times, they wear out, and they need a fixin'. So, like the devoted car owners we are, we hop in the driver's seat and whisk our injured "baby" to the mechanic so we can spend all our hard earned money in one shot. Over spring break, I was graced with the noble task of getting my car repaired. Like most people, I brought my car to my local mechanic. The unhappy yet somewhat foreseen verdict came my way: "Your ball joint is loose, it needs to be replaced," the mechanic named Mike (not his real name) tells me. "A ball what?" I asked. "You don't want to lose the wheel if it gets too loose," he says. "Ok," I say, quite nervous at the thought of my wheel suddenly coming off on Nicholls Road. "How much is it?" "I'm not sure," he says, "let me check." Unsuspectingly, I waited in the next room while he checked, and in a minute's time was back: "\$210.00," I heard him say. Gee, that's a heck of a lot for a ball joint, I almost said, laughing. "You have some time on it," he offered as a reassurance, "you can get away with it for a while."

Exasperated, I drove home with a sigh. But wait—as I turned the corner to my street I realized that I had forgotten to check on whether of not the estimate included labor. Yet for some reason I had no desire for such specification. I pondered the financial blow of \$200.00 for a silly metal joint which probably cost \$20.00 to make (if that). So, I thought, maybe I could save a few buck on shipping and handling if I bought the part myself. So, with this "time" on my hands, I decided two days later to call a couple of places and see how much they were selling it for. Ironically, I called (of all places) a dealership, because I noticed that the ad had a number for a "Parts Department / Warehouse." Warehouse is good, I thought. I dialed the phone on a whim.

The man on the other line clicked my request into a computer as I listened to the dry

static of the lousy phone connection. "OK, we have it...and it is...\$68.00," came the voice over the phone, "How much did you say you were charged, miss?" Without answering, I very slowly hung up the phone. I walked around my kitchen, once or twice, very slowly. I picked up the phone. I dialed four other places. After all was said and done, \$90.00 was the most expensive quote I got (seemingly reasonable for a place which did not tailor to the specific make of my car as the dealership was.) My mechanic quoted \$210—\$110 higher. But did that deceptively exorbitant price even include labor? Dare I amaze myself further?

So I called my mechanic, my Trusty Mechanic—he had given me "deals," he had made sure to mention that he had daughters, and for some reason he called me "dear" all the time. I asked him as innocently as I possibly could (at this point) what the ball joint would cost me again. "Let me call them up," he tells me, "I don't remember the numbers." I sat on hold, waiting with the receiver clenched in my hand like some wild animal. Maybe he was mistaken, I thought while on hold.

"...Hi, uh, \$210."

"Just for the part!" I asked, expressing shock which tried to blanket my gathering fury. "Just for the part," said the loathsome, despicable scam artist. 'Liar, jerkoff, asswipe!' I thought, stunned by the exorbitance of the lie: "Yeah," I told him, "I can get that a lot cheaper somewhere else." His tone sounded differing, and he didn't speak this time so loudly into the receiver, "—OK—bye," he said, rushing the phrase with an impersonal speed. "Bye," I said loudly and clearly into the receiver and hung up.

Yet the closure wasn't quite packed with the satisfying punch. Damn it, I was furious, more at being called stupid than anything else. So I decided to buy the part from the dealer that day, and pay good ol' Mike a little visit. Who the hell did he think I was? With my newly-bought ball joint in hand, I parked my car impolitely wherever

er the hell I wanted and sauntered in with achieved composure. He looked up, noticing me halfway, quickly diverted his eyes to the computer screen and could not look at me. The other customer, much older than I, was genially writing a check for some monstrous amount. Smiling pleasantly, I nodded to a lady who came in. She embarked on a discussion with Mike as to where they should arrange the furniture in their house. She was wearing a fur coat. And I suddenly imagined myself saying, "Hey, nice coat—um, Mike, I've got a little problem, you're, um, ripping me off—" But I skipped the "hey nice coat" part. I wasn't really sure if I could do both with a straight face. I just told him that I had a little problem, I just bought the part from the Ford warehouse for \$68.00 and that he had charged me \$210. That, I told him, is a 200% profit. "Honestly," I said to him, "I can't even fathom that."

Well, he sure tried to cover it up by saying that he had told me \$210 covered the labor, which was a load of crap, since I had earlier called just in case he decided to change his tune. I'm glad he was able to buy his wife a fur coat with all the profit he made my buying parts at a large warehouse of a dealership and selling it for 200% profit. It's ok, I told five friends that went to him; he just lost five customers. Tough shit. Moral: please, please be aware of these scammers—they love mechanically ignorant and naive youthful car-owners like most of ourselves. If they see that you think they have given you initial deals on car repairs, these scammers then go ahead and start changing numbers because now they think they can get away with it. Larger auto stores usually carry books on your specific car. They cost about \$10.00. Buying this can save you hundreds of dollars. The book gives you a name and picture of the particular part, and the work involved. Not only will it aid in avoiding severe financial havoc, but hey—you may save enough money to actually afford a mini-vacation from Stony Brook, in a car that works.

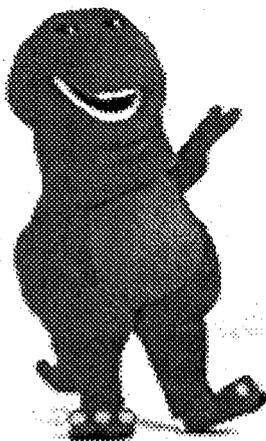
THE LUNATICK'S RAVINGS

By The Lunatick

Beavis, Butthead, and Barney... what in hell could these two shows have in common? Well, I'll tell ya. They are both brainless, mind-numbing shows that their target audience loves, and most adults hate.

Let's take Barney first. I looked all over the internet for research on Barney, and what did I find? Hundreds and hundreds of "I hate Barney pages," and only two pages that advertise Barney. I love you, you love me, let's all go and kill Barney, with a hack, and a whack and lots of grisly gore, no more purple dinosaur. All adults would love to see this. Agent Mulder of the *X-Files* calls Barney "the most heinous and evil force of the 20th century."

But the Kids all love Barney! They spend their days worshipping this big purple throwback to the Paleozoic that sickens the rest of us. Kids turn their brains off and are mesmerized by this show. Love and cuddling and sweetness... oh BARF! I pity the poor parents that have to sit through it for the sake



of their kid's happiness. I couldn't stomach five minutes, much less the whole show. I must have lost a significant number of bran cells just watching it. Does Barney have any redeeming features? NO! This show just entertains our kids. It's not like Sesame Street that also educates, it just nauseates. Oh wait, it does help push all the Barney merchandise.

Yes, all the adults that hate this show are forced to buy toys to silence the screams of their tots. So now they have to hear the songs of love and happiness all the time. It's torture and it's hell.

Beavis and Butthead is also brainless and mind-numbing, but at least it promises that from the beginning, with their disclaimer that "Beavis and Butthead are not role models. They're not even human. They're cartoons. Some of the things they do would cause a person to get hurt, expelled, arrested, possibly deported. To put it another way... don't do this at home." The original disclaimer basically said they were two stupid, idiotic kids, "but they make us laugh anyway."

Cards on the table; this show is dumb but

funny. Teenagers and college students love it. I found it a great way to veg after a major exam. Something I could sit back and laugh at without having to use any brain cells. This show has no benefits, just like Barney, (save the mental wellbeing of all high school and college students). Just like Barney, Beavis and Butthead have a ton of merchandise to push, and they do it well.

Adults also hate Beavis and Butthead. Like all other shows they can't understand, they blame it for the ruination of our youth. Give me a break. I haven't seen one bit of anti-Beavis and Butthead stuff, but I've seen a ton of anti-Barney. Adults aren't forced to view the mind-numbing antics of our favorite buttmunchers. However, they want it off the air.

To them, Beavis and Butthead are the "most heinous and evil force of the 20th century".

So both Beavis and Butthead and Barney have no redeeming value, and are brainless, mind numbing shows. However, one is cute and nauseating, and the other disgusting (sometimes to nauseating extremes) and crude. Two shows, so different yet so alike, but don't believe me, see for yourself if you can stomach it.

If you still think I am crazy, remember these are only the ravings of The Lunatick.

Will Work For Food

By Joe Szarwark

I graduated from the University at Stony Brook this past December with a B.A. in Political Science. Prior to that I earned an Associates degree in Criminal Justice at a small community college in up state New York. Prior to my graduation in December I had been working on resumes, attending job fairs, and applying to various employment agencies and companies.

The job fairs are the most interesting. I will bless you with some information regarding my personal experiences at job fairs and the post job fair environment. After a while you learn what jobs are applicable to your major and what companies to stay away from. With a BA in Political Science written on your resume you encounter a various number of mixed responses and ignorance. Many private employers haven't the slightest idea what a Political Science major is qualified to do, even if several are already employed by them. When they read the educational background information they get a look on their face that resembles that of a child who has just wet their pants and doesn't want anyone to notice. I still go on interviews, and get rejected regularly, but that's life.

I was looking in the New York Times when I noticed an ad in the help wanted section which said that the Civilian Complaint Review Board was looking for someone to examine cases of police brutality and other abuses of authority. I sent a resume after contacting the agency to be sure that I was qualified. Two weeks later I received a letter stating, "Thank you for your resume to the Civilian Complaint Review Board for the Investigator position. Although your credentials are excellent, we are interviewing candidates who have more relevant education and experience." I am aware of my lack of experience, but how can I get experience if no one hires me for a "real job" (one that is relevant to my educational experience). I called the person who signed the letter denying me employment because of the line stating that they are looking for people with a more relevant education. I didn't waste four years of my life and a lot of money to get an irrelevant education. While on the telephone with this person I asked them what the quali-

fications were for the position I applied for. They responded by saying that a B.A. was a requirement. I replied that I had a B.A. My next question concerned education relevant to this position. They stated that something in Criminal Justice or a related field was required. I mentioned to them that my major course of study was and is Political Science and that I also have an Associates degree in Criminal Justice. Silence rang over the phone. Then they said that they needed a Spanish speaker. "I can do that too", I replied. Then I began to become frustrated and asked why I was not hired. They said that many things are considered in the hiring for this position. I thanked them for their time and I hung up. They didn't provide me with any answers, just dead air. I just hope that they hired someone with more experience. I pray that they did not base their hiring on race, sex, or personal relations. Two out of those three are illegal.

Onto another job fair. This one is at the Grand Hiatt in Manhattan. I gave resumes to many company representatives and I was, of course dressed accordingly. At one of the booths there was a legal firm seeking entry level paralegal and legal secretaries. So I go to the booth, the representative gives a couple of others including myself a description of the employment opportunities and responsibilities of this particular company. Before she concludes she mentions the fact that the company will consider Ivy League school graduates over other schools in consideration for employment. I gave her my resume and angrily left and returned to Stony Brook. If they favor Ivy League schools then why invite Stony Brook? One of the personnel who works at the Career placement center said the same thing I did about why they would consider Ivy League school graduates over other schools since we were invited. This leaves us with the question of whether equal opportunity is a right or a privilege to those who can afford it.

There is a problem in the world regarding discrimination, any educated individual can see this. My problem, our problem, is that we are discriminated not only by race, religion, sex, and class, but by what educational facility we attended. The educational facility you attend is usu-

ally a sign of which class your parents belong to. For example, there are extremely intelligent individuals who attend the University at Stony Brook because they and their parents could not afford the tuition of a private University. The educational system in this country is supposed to provide the public with the ability to increase their economic status in society. I believe that we as a current student body and post student body can unite on this issue of educational and institutional discrimination because it affects so many people who attend State Universities. Although the other forms of discrimination are issues, they are social and cultural, and many people are still divided on these issues. This educational discrimination does not only affect segments of the student body, but all of us. A union against educational discrimination would bring students of all cultures and races to unite in an attempt to do something to stop this kind of discrimination against students of non-private educational institutions. I feel that this form of discrimination is the easiest to deal with because it is the only discrimination that includes all of us regardless sex or race. It is an issue that can unite people to act collectively. If students, professors, and alumni unite as a collective group then I believe that change may be possible through means of protest, political activism, and education to the general public (e.g. boycotting of companies that practice such discrimination). Although these cases are difficult to prove, if enough victims of this type of injustice come forward and unite, then I believe that change is possible. But, we as the former and current student body of this State University can only be guaranteed a more equal access to employment and other necessities if we the student body act collectively to promote a positive change. But first we must all agree that this is a problem. If you do not believe it's a problem then when you graduate and are searching for employment you can learn from personal experience. I'm just bringing this to your attention so that you may learn from my experience, and act on it collectively while you still have the time to promote change. All I ask is that we all participate to put the equal opportunity back into employment.

WOMYN UNITE

**TAKE BACK
THE NIGHT**

**WEDNESDAY
APRIL 1, 1998
9PM
STUDENT
UNION**



March For Womyn's Safety

MOCHA : PATHOS, PATHETIC AND POETIC

By Ed Ballard

It is true that I have been out of the loop before, but never more than I wanted to be..never more than the nod or shake of my head from home base. Quite simply, being separate from others was always a matter of choice, the recent serious injury of my leg has left me without that choice; only one road in the yellow wood. So in keeping with the tradition of Harrison Ford's much ballyhooed (and recently held in high esteem by yours truly) Regarding Henry I would like to recount some of the finer moments of self induced pathos, pathetic situations, and a poetic struggle to get and keep a grip on one's self.

First and foremost there is nothing more disheartening than being at the tender mercy of your loved ones. The two-job-double-shift-working-slave-til-she-drops-mom-and-your-at-a-delicate-barely-pubescent-age-brother, who you work so hard to protect and defend are now your saviors. The situation is beyond your control and both are forced to wait on you hand and foot. For the life of me I swear you'll feel like a phony 'sonovabitch', (as I'm sure Mr. Caufield will tell you). I'm quite sure that they both have more important things to worry about. This weight of responsibility for your welfare is not limited to your family alone, automatically any friends that you may have (or at least the real ones) will feel as though they have to baby you and look after you. The sad truth about it is...they do, and for reasons beyond my control, guilt spirals endless-

ly from every pore in my body. Late at night when that delicate brother of death eludes you, as you paw uncomfortably at your too cool feet and your oven-like pillow (just the way I hate it) your guilt and remorse and anger at your incompetence will burn wet streams down the great creases in your face and give the air a thickness that far surpasses whatever summer heat wave that has ensconced the bedspread.

Also worthy of consideration is the dual nature of crutches and/or a cast. Primarily tools of protection and insulation, they are at times too effective in their roles; setting you apart from all that surround you. Your existence now revolves around whatever apparatus that you bear upon your person. Special arrangements have to be made for you. Strangers presume to open doors for you or hold things so you can manage. Hell, I can hardly manage to put on my own shoe let alone get from the Union to Humanities. Upon reflection it is surely true that Page and Plant both set eyes on the stairs to the Staller Pit before setting word to song. I can only hang my head as I simultaneously hop, step by step, and catch wincing of shame and pity with my imaginary free hand. I stuff them in my pocket for safe keeping and review later that night I dig deep into my baggy brace-size pants and a moment later I am left staring blankly at the pity prizes I have won as they lie strewn about askew and in between remembrances of everyone's perfectly working legs. Bent and bending, twisting, skipping, kicking, climbing stairs, kneeling, stretching.....

There are upsides to all of this of course. None of

these situations, as much as they may seem like it, are permanent, and the nature of the injury has forced me to reinvent myself. There are some people who smoke or drink to relieve tension and I thought I was being smart to reserve running and biking as my minions of relief and relaxation. Now of course you can imagine how efficient these time honored methods have become. Things had to change and change they did. The stairs at Staller disappear under the soft breath of my mother as she regales me with tales of childhood on the reservation. Visions of sad and sympathetic faces melt with the easy and imitative laughter of my brother. The sound of regular unhindered footsteps are blotted out by the soft purr of my adoring cat and the equally seductive vibration of the breeze outside the window of my cell/living room. So entrancing that yesterday I stole out of my front door (as much as one can steal out into the garden with a clumsy wooden buttress at each side), and next to the tree that sprang just outside. On second thought I should have put on shoes or socks or even a shirt, but then again I was a man on a mission. Careful to keep clear of thorns and burrs with my newly prized wind chime dangling from my mouth, I sought and discovered the perfect spot. When it was hung I stood back and admired my handiwork as each note floated on the wind, faster than I could ever run ...ever.

The Graduate Student Lounge

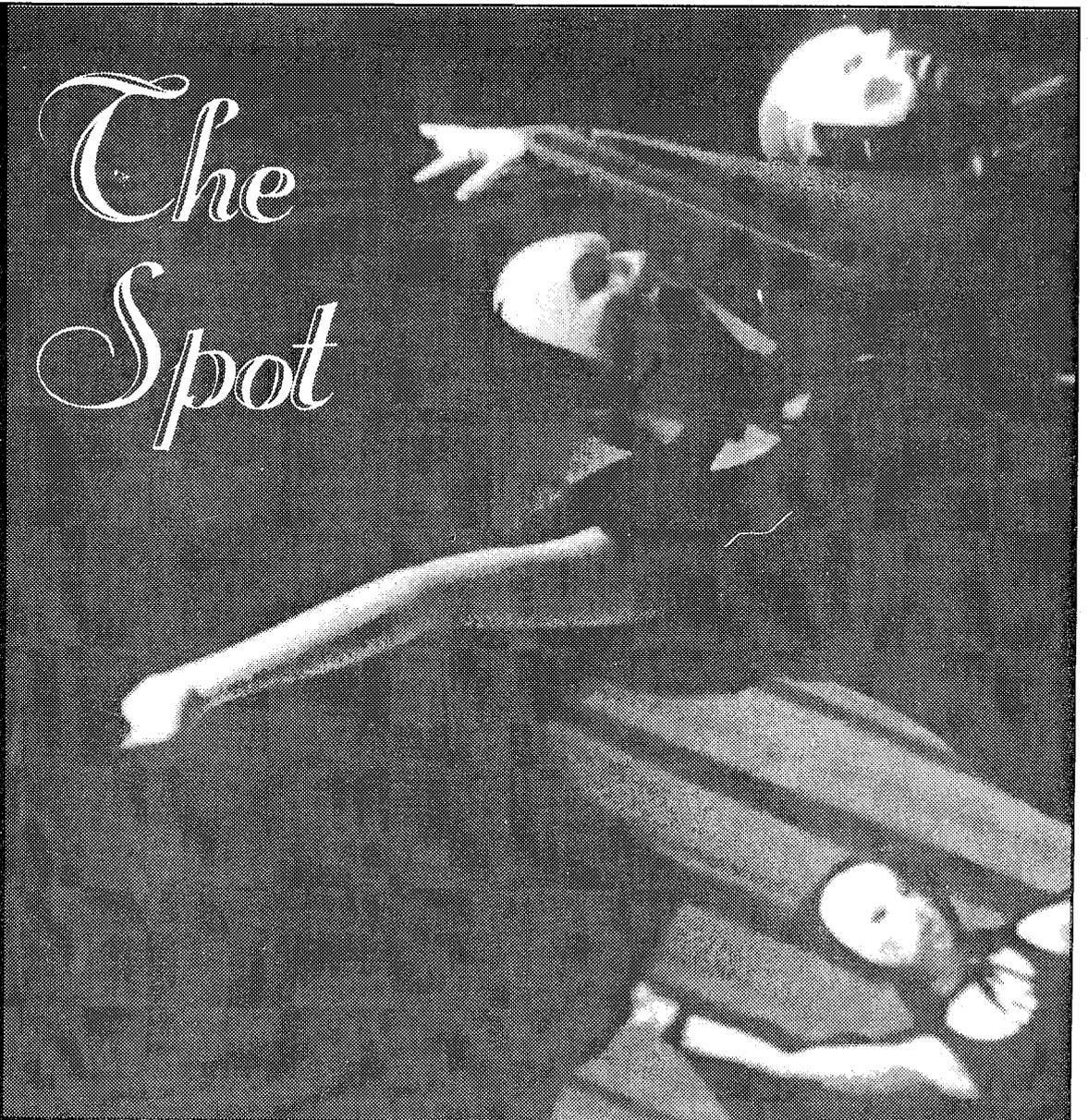
Open Wednesday through Saturday with live music

- April 1st WUSB Benefit
w/ Freeshow
and The Floaters
- April 2nd Reckoning
- April 3rd The Others and Iridescence
- April 4th The Imperial Pints
- April 8th Ken Morr Band
and The Truth
- April 9th 23 Band, The Others
and Deborock
- April 10th Argon and the Flying Saucers
and Code Blue
- April 11th Sugarcrash and Fear of Fred

Located in the Fanny Brice Theater,
Roosevelt Quad

Schedule is subject to change.

The Spot



SHA-NANA VISITOR

By Marlo Allison Del Toro

I've only seen Babylon 5 a couple of times, but I watch Star Trek: Deep Space Nine almost every week, so it was in an odd twist of fate that I found the kooky and bitter Claudia Christian a better speaker than the down-home Nana Visitor.

Whereas the former Commander Susan Ivanova of Babylon 5 (Christian) was a loud, obnoxious weirdo, pacing the stage like a panther in a cage, the current Major Kira Nerys of Deep Space Nine (Visitor) was polite, awkward, and too much like one of us.

Just about the most exciting thing about Nana's Saturday appearance at I-CON was her outfit. Her wine-red velveteen dress, which fit her like a potato sack, had square cut-outs from about crotch level to half-way to her knee. For all that the audience could see of her dancer's legs, she may as well have been wearing a micro mini-skirt as she spoke about her husband (actor Alexander Siddig; Doctor Bashir on DS9) and two small sons.

Nana kept scurrying from one side of the stage to the other, trying to give both sides of the audience equal attention. Wearing a bulky, black-cotton cardigan, and with her white bra-strap visible the entire time, Nana mostly fielded questions from the audience about her husband and children.

She mentioned how it took her a year after giving birth to Django El Tahir before she felt human again. Asked by an audience member, how she got back into shape so quickly, she said that

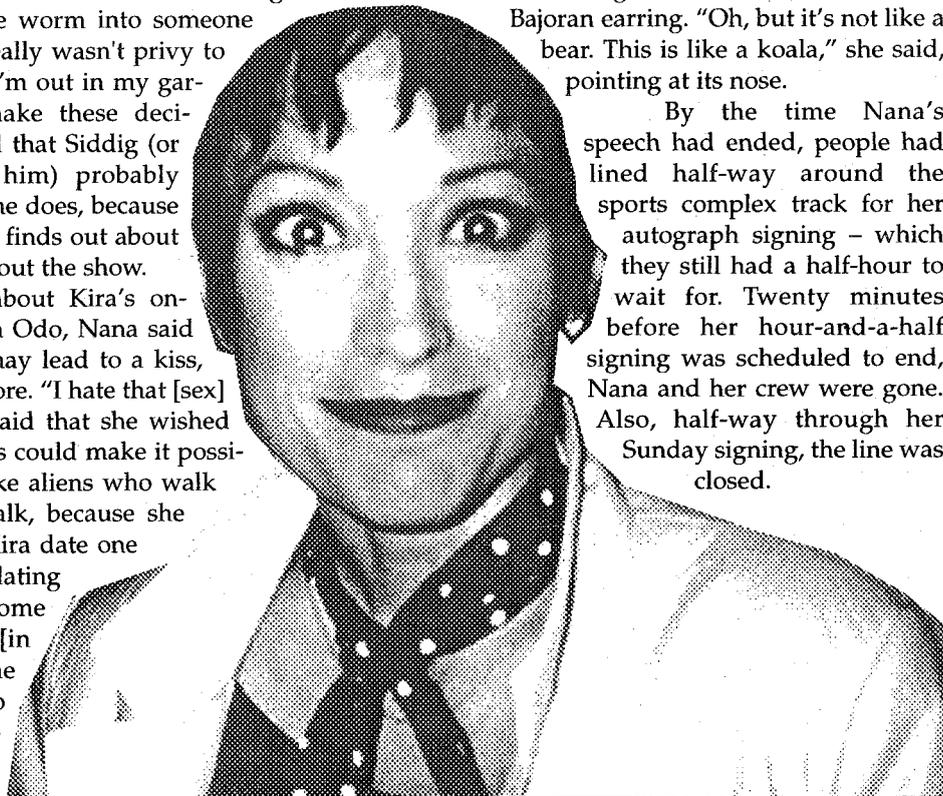
yoga helped her; Yoga taught her that she was okay just the way she was. Someone commented that it probably also helped her cope with her kids, and Nana said, "You mean: you can tie them up into pretzels."

Some audience members asked about the show, and what she knew about Dax impending departure this season. She said she thought they would put the worm into someone else, but that she really wasn't privy to that information. "I'm out in my garden when they make these decisions." But she said that Siddig (or Sid, as she calls him) probably knows more than she does, because he goes on-line and finds out about all of the rumors about the show.

Speaking about Kira's on-again romance with Odo, Nana said that she thinks it may lead to a kiss, but hopefully no more. "I hate that [sex] stuff on TV." She said that she wished the creature-creators could make it possible for the lizard-like aliens who walk on the bridge to talk, because she would like to see Kira date one of them. But, Kira dating Odo does have some pluses; "Maybe [in future episodes] he could morph into the doctor," she said.

An older man in the audience said that he had something for Nana, and that he was sure Siddig wouldn't mind. He said he had the sweetest, longest, softest hug and kiss in the world, and he pulled a white-stuffed bear with a big pair of stuffed lips in its lap, out of a bag. Nana thanked him for it, saying that she was afraid until he took it out of the bag, and then noticed the bear's Bajoran earring. "Oh, but it's not like a bear. This is like a koala," she said, pointing at its nose.

By the time Nana's speech had ended, people had lined half-way around the sports complex track for her autograph signing - which they still had a half-hour to wait for. Twenty minutes before her hour-and-a-half signing was scheduled to end, Nana and her crew were gone. Also, half-way through her Sunday signing, the line was closed.



"Polity," continued from page 3

qualify me for this job is 1) working in polity office as Freshman Rep., 2) working with different groups within polity such as CSO, SAB, and SPA Force and 3) attending meetings with different administrative figures to discuss problems facing students.

There are many problems that I would consider very important to the student body as a whole, but my job if elected is to serve the Sophomore body and their problems. 1) Housing for next year-Sophomores who get their room documents in on time. 2) The lack of the role of students in SASU and USSA. 3) Addressing the cuts of financial aid and their affects. 4) Additions to the campus that will make living and working more easier as in more SINC sites, more study space and addressing the phone system."

Abigail Lindsay Jordan

Major: Social Science Interdisciplinary

Minor: Child and Family Studies

Class: U1

Career Plans: Hopes to open a child care center

Student Organizations: Senior Class President, (Canarsie High School)

Cumulative GPA: 3.22

Why USB is cool: "We have a very diverse campus. There are a lot of activities going on, but at the same time, not a lot of people hear about them."

Why USB sucks: "I don't know, I love Stony Brook!"

"I Abigail Jordan will like to run for Sophomore representative of the class of 1998-1999 I feel that I have the qualities to fill this position. I have great leadership skills. I was both junior high school class president and high school senior class president. Therefore, I will love to make this a tradition. I plan on getting students involved in a lot of extracurricular activities, and I also plan on initiating a lot of activities. I am a very well-rounded individual. All throughout high school, I was involved in a lot of extracurricular activities: Gospel Choir; Carribean-Latin American Club; African American Club; Cheerleading team; Architectural Youth Program; Youth Program etc.

Oh! Let me not forget my background information. I was born and raised in Brooklyn, N.Y. I'm part of a diverse background. My mother is from Haiti and my father is from Trinidad.

I've also did a lot of traveling throughout my life-

time. I've been to Trinidad, the Bahamas, Barbados, St. Martinique, Puerto Rico, St. Thomas, etc. The most fascinating place that I've ever visited was Africa. Being that I graduated from H.S. 6 months early, my parents sent me to Zambia to visit my family. I stayed there for a month and one week. While I was there, my uncle also gave me a ticket to go to South Africa which seem a little bit like N.Y. I had a wonderful time.

Anyway, let me stop bragging. I just thought that I should just give you a background of my life. Back to the point, I feel that I should be elected as sophomore representative because I can do the job. Hopefully, I can bring about a lot of changes!"

CANDIDATE FOR SASU REPRESENTATIVE

Hiu Wai Cheung

(Official platform courtesy of the Student Polity Association)

"My name is Hiu Wai Cheung (Josephine). I am a transfer student and this is my second semester at SUNY Stony Brook. Here I am running for SASU officer.

I am a considerate, aggressive, responsible, cooperative and outgoing person. I would like to use all of my qualities to help out the students at Stony Brook. I will do my best to help them and speak out for them. Therefore, I should be elected for this year SASU officer."

CANDIDATE FOR USSA REPRESENTATIVE

Tung Lai Pan

(No information available.)

CANDIDATES FOR STONY BROOK COUNCIL

Frank Santangelo

(Official platform courtesy of the Student Polity Association)

"I will maintain my strong desire to foster a unified student body. That will encompass both change and flexibility within its structures."

Christine Sadowski

(No information available.)

Kenneth Darbe

(No information available.)

Don't
Forget
to
Vote!

April 7th and 8th

Your vote counts!

Inside the Belly of a Whale

By Cat Hui

Passing through the main library, one cannot help but notice the occasional bizarre installations in the graduate student art gallery. Located at the corner next to the hallway leading to the sinc site, this gallery is dedicated to showcasing the creations of the graduate students in the art department. For almost all of March, the latest creation to grace the space was the solo exhibition of a senior graduate student, Cathleen Cavanagh.

Cavanagh's previous works included a piece showcased in the recent MFA show in the University Art Gallery in the Staller Center. She is also the creator of a series of sculptures entitled "The Aftermath of One's Decision". These sculptures are better known as the familiar and much vandalized concrete figures which line one side of the Staller Pit.

Entitled "Games", the installation piece was set up at angle to a doorway of the gallery so that your eye was uncontrollably drawn to it as you walked by. This piece is composed of two major sections. The first section is made up of three large white metal wire hoops that are suspended a few feet from the ground. They are set up to create a cylindrical enclosure of space. Flanking either side of the entrance to the hoop 'tunnel' are white wooden step stools. Set up beneath the hoops are two groupings of small figures. Reminiscent of Cavanagh's sculptures in Staller Pit, these figures are made up of what appears to be bronze 'skeleton' and a dark wax-like material 'flesh'.

An unusual perspective is created when one peers or even glances into the hoops. The hoops effectively encompass the space and create a tunnel vision effect. The viewer is visually drawn into the space and experiences a sensation of enclosed space. One passerby remarked that it reminded him of a womb and it evoked a feeling of safety and security. I, on the other hand, was reminded for a fleeting moment of being trapped inside a whale, kind of like in Pinocchio. I wonder what that says about me.. someone thinks of a safe haven, I think of a scene from an irritating Disney classic. Viewed from the side, the tunnel space appears to hover above the figures below. The steps of either side of the tunnel lead your eye upward toward the tunnel space. The tunnel space can mean many things: a level of higher enlightenment or maybe a heaven to which one must alight the steps to reach. Whatever it may be, the figures below are oblivious of the existence of the 'level' hovering just above them.

Beneath the suspended loops is a collection of figures. Similar in shape and form to the pieces in the Staller Pit, the figures are elongated and abstracted. Varying in size, the small figures are depicted in the middle of various positions. One poses mid-stretch while another poses as if waiting for the gun to fire to signal the start of the race. Two lone figures are the only ones that touch; one leans the head upon the shoulder of the other, evoking a sense of defeat and despair. All of the figures are situated on top of individual small white plaster squares. Taken with the fact that the title of the work is 'Games', one can not help but

see an inference to this title in the game-like quality of the figures with their plaster bases and sports referenced poses.

Cathleen Cavanagh's latest piece of art is perhaps one of the more interesting pieces to be showcased on campus. I personally liked this piece for its effective encasing of space and perspective. As part of a class I'm taking, I spend two hours a week sitting in either the library gallery or the forgotten Union gallery on the second floor. Some people walk right on by, not even noticing the art, some just peek in apprehensively and still others come into the gallery. For this piece, many people recognized the shape and form of the figures as being similar to the ones in Staller Pit. People came in frequently with one question on their lips, "What does this mean????". There really is no general encompassing answer to a question like that. When one looks at art, what is important is what the individual sees in it and one's own personal interpretation of the work. Think for yourself. Form your own opinions. There's more to art than just its physical presence.

By the time these words go to print, the next show in the library gallery will have already been set up. Entitled "Destroy All Building Access" this is a showcase of recent work by Bluewater Avery. The show will run March 30 through April 12 and the opening reception will be held on April 9th from 5-7 p.m.

As You Lick It

By Amanda C. Stevens

On Friday the 13th I considered the option for an evening's entertainment. The usual fare would simply not do on a night that demanded the off-beat. I wanted an evening that could end in complete disaster or sublime happiness. Nothing could come closer to that than William Shakespeare's *As You Like It* performed by the Theater Department at the Staller Center's Theater One. I put on something black and went to savor the drama. While waiting to buy my ticket it occurred to me that live theater is great because anything can happen, everything from the delicious to the embarrassing.

Let me be the first to say that I love Shakespeare. I must give kudos to the Theater Department for creating such a daring version of this fabulous comedy. The director, Cristina Vaccaor, had so many decisions to make and she simply decided to throw out all the rules. She went for non-conformity and managed to pull it off.

As I entered the theater I was immediately taken with the darkness of the room. The room was a large black box with rows of seats on all four sides of a square painted on the floor. As I struggled to find my seat, I was told not to step on the stage. I then realized that they were going to do theater in the round. It was really an unusual presentation concept for Shakespeare. This staging caused the audience to feel as if they were watching a movie, because they might see either an actor's face or his back as he moved around. The

blocking always seemed material with the entire space fully utilized. It was a very intimate setting that helped convey the strong emotions of the play. In addition, the stage was almost completely bare, except for artistically arranged pillars for dramatic leaning and sitting purposes. With so few sets and props it was up to each audience member to imagine the details.

Another way in which this show decided to buck conformity was in the costumes. Usually when you go to see Shakespeare they have everyone dressed in period costumes, including tights and codpieces for the men, and huge ornate dresses for the women. However, these actors were outfitted in modern day clothing. This was rather surprising and was much more thought-provoking than period costumes. It reminded the audience that Shakespeare really understood human nature and that people's emotions have not changed much over the centuries. It was also fairly amusing sometimes. I have never seen Shakespeare performed in overalls, flannels, or fishing vests. I also never envisioned the Wrestling scene in Act I between Orlando and Charles occurring in black spandex body suits.

There were some particularly outstanding performances given by some members of the cast. I thought that Jeanine Cappello did a wonderful job as Rosalind. This part was actually very challenging because Shakespeare frequently in his comedies had his characters indulge in cross-dressing. Rosalind acts the part of a young woman disguised as a young man. Her mannerisms and actions were quite good, in particular during Act V

scene IV, when she finally takes charge of the situation and guarantees that all of the young lovers would end up with their objects of their affection. It had a rolling rhythm and cadence that achieved a moment that was very humorous.

In addition, Charlie Silva played a marvelously comic Shakespearean fool. He achieved that right amount of lust, humor, confusion and wisdom that makes Touchstone such a compelling character. He pulled off the physical humor aspect of the part with surprising lucidity. He was particularly compelling in his scenes with Desiree Giunta who played Audrey. It was quite bawdy when they playfully seduced each other. He was also laughable in his various moments of explanation which became befuddlement and then turned into insight. One of the truths that he conveyed was that lovers are objectively ridiculous and sometimes even the most intense love can fade. Touchstone and Audrey represent lusty love that acts to contrast with true love.

All of the actors who entered the stage in Act I were simply strangers to the audience. Yet, as the play went on you grew to have a certain affection for them and really became involved in their collective destinies. Everyone in the cast had honest enthusiasm. Shakespeare's comedies are supposed to be an affirmation of life, love, fertility, marriage, and community. This group of Stony Brook actors actually delivered on the Elizabethan version of the romantic comedy. This show successfully managed to bring a flat text to sensuous life.

Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain needs his ego appeased, so here

D-KLINE'S

SUPERMILK



Alec Empire, the man behind Atari Teenage Riot, has said that "riot sounds produce riots." There is a trait of *noisy* records that can back up such a claim. Unlike nice, melodic songs, which can be ignored as back-

ground music or, at best, spark an 'I like that song' type of response, noisy, discordant songs demand a more in depth exploration. You can't just say that you like the song, too many questions arise.

What are they saying? Why are they saying it like this? Can anyone actually like this song? Is life really like this? Because these questions arise, a noisy record demands you pay attention. The new Ultra Bidé record, *Super Milk* (Alternative Tentacles), is just the sort of record that, as Greil Marcus says, "stakes a claim on your attention."

Before I got a chance to play this record, I read all of the lyrics and liner notes. I couldn't wait to hear what it *sounded* like. It seemed monstrous, and it didn't disappoint. Ultra Bidé are three Japanese men who, since the mid-eighties, have chosen to reside in, and since 1995-make noise in, New York City.

Milk is thought to represent something good, something pure, something pure and white. For some people those words are synonymous with America itself. Super milk, being an even bigger notion of this, would then be synonymous with the American dream.

I guess if Ultra Bidé saw life as good, if they had found the American dream, then *Super Milk* might not sound as it does; but, Ultra Bidé's eyes are open wide, they've seen, experienced and processed a lot, and they are determined for you to feel it too.

*"Sick like Tyson, sick like OJ, sick like Jerry Springer
You need to hide, you need peace, you need power"*

Super Milk is an indictment of America, a non-stop barrage of the American Dream gone bad. And *Super Milk* is also an act of revenge, the sound of three Japanese immigrants striking back for the Japan-bashing of the late eighties.

The title cut, "Super Milk," is the first song. It is here that the claim on the American dream is staked. It is staked as a demand: 'I wanna get it. I wanna fucking milk.' In fact, this dream is something that's been promised since childhood. Like one of John Mellencamp's characters in his song, "Pink Houses" ("Cause they told me when I was younger/'Boy you're gonna be president.'"), the person in the Ultra Bidé song, *you*, is promised a big part of the American Dream ("Father said to you/'Listen, my son/You are the hero'").

However, there is a difference between telling someone that they are going to be president and telling someone that they are the hero. The president is, or at least was, a highly respected job.¹ A hero, on the other hand, shows a bit more ego. It infers that there are people below you that need to be rescued. But it's way beyond the days of John Wayne, it's Rambo, the American President on steroids and above the law. Well, a lot has happened in the sixteen years between the two songs.

Anyway, the promise in "Super Milk" wasn't to be *a* hero, but to be *the* hero, meaning the one and only. The ultimate ego: you, and only you, matter. The economy may not be as it was, but the val-

ues of the eighties are still firmly entrenched.

"Pink Houses" continues with "But just like everything else those old crazy dreams/Just kinda came and went" as "Super Milk" continues with the rest of the album. It goes on to deal with homelessness and joblessness ("Sleeping on Bowery st."), the stress of detachment of jobfullness ("Capitalism"), and the false hope of stardom ("Lomein Blues").

This last song starts off with the classic Phil Spector drum beat; *boom, ba boom, thwack*. Except here it's a little bit off, after the three beats on the kick drum, it goes for a cymbal instead of the snare; *boom, ba boom, krash*. The whole song is off kilter like this, the whole album is also off kilter in the same way. And then you realize what kind of blues song this is. And then it isn't that, but is, once again, a condemnation of America: the American dream gone bad.

"Burn My Soul" is different than all the other songs on the album: a different singer (Satoru sings, whereas Hidé and Tada sing on the other tracks) and a different topic (sex-which is seen here as a relief, as it should be.) This is a brief respite, kinda like the two days between Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But it is connected, literally, to the next song, "Escape," and thus the rest of the album ("Escape from reality/What is real in this world?/Return to reality?").

*'Sick like Mcveigh, sick like Koresh, sick like Heaven's Gate
Hey boy! Fuck up America'*

The standard story of the bombing in Oklahoma City is that it was a vengeful act against the regime that had clamped down on the Waco compound of David Koresh' followers. But if one has heard the Crucifucks' song, "Lights Over Baghdad," it's impossible to not think of the bombing in a completely different light. "About this time [Desert Storm] there was a noise being heard/Folks from Oklahoma cheering for the absurd/this kind of hate will go full circle some day... Now what about this Oklahoma bombing?/People down there think they should be exempt from this kind of thing/Were they not cheering when their boys butchered human beings?" Although there is no way of knowing if people in Oklahoma cheered the war, there is no reason to believe that they didn't. Perhaps, according to Crucifucks' lead singer, Doc Corbin Dart, the people of Oklahoma City got what they deserve.

The entire album, *Super Milk*, seems to lead up to one song, "In The Middle." This is the song from which the lyrics that appear in italics were taken. After the challenge above, the song seems to hold you at bay for well over a minute, asking you to mull it over a bit, before it continues the challenge with:

*'Sick like Bush, sick like Clinton, sick like Paula Jones
Hey boy! Fucked up America'*

This is definitely punk rock, but not of the adolescent kill your parents kind. This music can do a lot more harm than that. This is music with which to kill the President Of The United States of America. But don't worry, because when all is said and done, most people will just be having a beer with a friend in a sports bar² while the force of the United States of America bullies around another smaller nation. We constantly try to force other

nations to do what we want; yet, we hate when another governing organization tries to do that to us.

This all reminds me of when, ten years ago, a fellow dj at WUSB was talking about the hysteria surrounding the Japanese buying Rockefeller Center, he asked what the big deal was, "it's not like they're going to take it back to Japan with them." Meanwhile London Bridge is in the middle of the American desert. We are a nation of hypocrites, we deserve what we get.

And then comes the last song, "Honey You So Good"...

Got super milk?

1-Even as late as 1983, when the Mellencamp song was recorded, the Presidency was considered respectable. Watergate was considered an isolated incident, associated solely with Nixon and therefore not able to tarnish the office of the Presidency. It's only since that time that we've had Conragate, Desert Storm (remember friendly fire, (not so) smart bombs, sons with favored nation... err island status and Gulf War Syndrome) and Sexgate.

2-This idea actually came from the liner notes to *Super Milk*. Just after the song, "In the Middle," these words are written in the cd jacket: "Hey to all my American friends. Let's have a beer and talk about sports. Everything is gonna be fine."

D-Kline hosts a weekly radio show on WUSB, 90.1 FM, every Thursday afternoon from 2:30 to 5:30. If you have a basement he can crash in or some food he can eat, give us a call.

WUSB 90.1 FM TOP 30

- 1.donnas: american teenage. (lookout)
- 2.the 1-4-5s: rock n roll spook party (estrus)
- 3.superdrag: head trip in every key (elektra)
- 4.smooths: very own vegas (dummy)
- 5.reverend horton heat: space heater (interscope)
- 6.gargon and the flying saucers: space, sex, and... (whole shot)
- 7.material: road to western lands (mercury)
- 8.silver apples: beacon (whirly bird)
- 9.ditchdiggers: cow patty bingo (go kat go)
- 10.ani difranco: little plastic castles (righteous babe)
- 11.the dave chow experience: self-induced vomiting (litar-box)
- 12.buckethead: colms (cyberoctave)
- 13.vicorita williams: musings from a creek dipper (atlantic)
- 14.o-tec: darker (tw)
- 15.suspence none the richer: s/t (squint)
- 16.high llamas: cold and bouncy (v2)
- 17.air: moon safari (caroline)
- 18.brian eno: music for airports (point)
- 19.servotron: entertainment program... (lookout)
- 20.notables: quite notable (conception)
- 21.ere you aroused mr. gilheary (morley safer)
- 22.goldie: saturnreturn (london)
- 23.ted swedalla: love With an elevator (felch-co)
- 24.oreig armstrong: space between us (melankolic)
- 25.james iha: lat it come down (virgin)
- 26.smartbomb: ca (creativeman)
- 27.symposium: one day at a time (infectious)
- 28.mary lou lord: got no shadow (work)
- 29.curve: come clean (universal)
- 30.lord runningclam: fun for the whole family (moonshine)

Kenyon Hepkin 516-632-6500

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger



Zen Guerrilla
Positronic Raygun
(Alternative Tentacles)

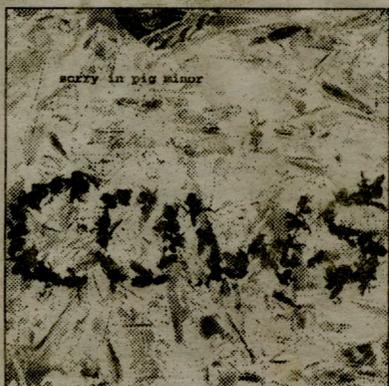
File under Spencer, Jon (extra crispy): And now for a tasty treat for those of you who like your Blues Explosions sans the patina of Village pretension. Zen Guerrilla mix their brand of country blues with equal doses of punk and swamp boogie for a music that is rough, low-fi, and just groovy enough to make your booty shake.

More often than not, the songs on *Raygun* take off into fiery bar-band blues jams that find vocalist Marcus Durant exorcising his rural demons – farming (“Tomato Cup”), women (“She’s Radar”), and desperation (“Fingers”), to name a few. The religious comparison is especially apt because Durant comes off sounding like a possessed preacher, a congregation revivalist bitterly in touch with the evils of life. “Trouble Shake” and “Empty Heart” are like rough-and-tumble country sermons; in the latter, Durant declares that “I’ve got Rick James running through my veins,” and he channels the voice of Chris Cornell on the passionate “Tomato Cup.”

Zen Guerrilla understand restraint, however, and lower the flame to a simmer for their quieter numbers. “Roachman” is like the last howl of a coyote, struck by a car and dying in the woods; “Fingers” is a decent, if not memorable, shot at straight-up blues; and the lonesome “Healing In The Water” finds Durant crooning about his misery behind a harmonica melody shrill enough to sound like a train whistle, screaming away across the Midwest at 3 AM.

The production is fuzzy and muddled, but it works. Rich Millman and Marcus Durant’s guitar riffs blow through the smoke like a 90-mph semi, and the rhythm section is just solid enough to keep up (although the drummer favors the cymbals a little too much). The band is also capable of pulling off sonic surprises, like the Vernon Reid warble at the end of “Swamp.”

Blues is the birthplace of rock, but riding the line between the two is no simple task. Although a little rough around the edges now, a few years of honing their chops should at least make Zen Guerrilla the biggest bar band on the planet.



Cows
Sorry In Pig Minor
(Amphetamine Reptile)

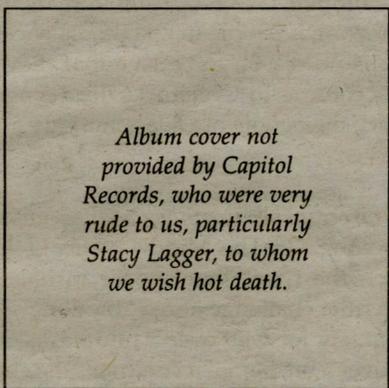
Always a tricky bunch, Minneapolis’ Cows have been disturbing indie-punk listeners for nine albums and uncountable EPs, 7”s, and compilation tracks. Although their recent work (*Whorn* and *Orphan’s Tragedy*) sounded uninspired, things have shaped up quite a bit on their newest release, a landmark album that may actually be the most disturbing record since the Butthole Surfers’ *Locust Abortion Technician*.

Falling upon a bevy of unattempted genres and heavy production (a la Buzz Osbourne) like a demented child finding a doll with removable parts, the band demonstrates its ability to snidely master separate styles without breaking a sweat. “El Shiksa” touches up its frantic bugle-bleating with a meringue flavor, “Dear Dad” is a semi-ambient drum solo that’s sure to give any fan of bong-jams a big ole stiffie, and “Eureka! Funday!” starts off like a solid death metal track.

There’s more than a few classic Cows tracks here, however. “Saliva Of The Fittest” and “Death In The Tall Weeds” are perfect examples of why people liked this band in the first place: strong stop-start punk rhythms matched to bizarre sound effects and demented lyrics about love (“Life After Beth”) and insanity (“Cabin Man”).

Vocalist/buglist (yes) Shannon Selberg’s badgering bark has morphed into a nasal croon that would be inappropriate, if it weren’t for the multi-layered backing squeal. The disarmingly Dylan-esque whine is undercut by bursts of wordless shrieking and growling, the result sounding like a washed-up folk singer with alien parasites in his chest. Scary. Guitarist Thor Eisentrager is at his jangly best, delivering full-figured twangs from his well-abused instrument with the ease of a pro, and Freddy Votel is a powerhouse drummer, especially for a man whose been with such a weird band for only two albums.

It might be redundant to use the word “experimental” for an album by a band as far out there as the Cows, but there it is. The faint of heart and the easily confused need not apply.



Album cover not provided by Capitol Records, who were very rude to us, particularly Stacy Lagger, to whom we wish hot death.

The Jesus Lizard
Blue
(Capitol)

The quality of a Jesus Lizard album has always been linked to their choice of producer. For a long time, they relied on Steve Albini, whose live-studio recording practices gave the band a filthy quality that matched their style and sound: angular bass lines in front, effects guitar towards the back, a swinging drum line, and the inchoate garbling of vocalist David Yow.

Then they chose Garth Richardson, who upped the ante a bit by unclocking Yow’s voice

and cleaning up the guitar. But Andy Gill, former Gang Of Four member, has absolutely butchered the band’s newest release.

At first, this album’s problems seem rooted in its use of electronics – which goes against the grain of The Jesus Lizard’s original mission statement. The extended intro to “Eucalyptus”, which sounds like a Flood-produced Depeche Mode song, lends nothing to the track and amounts to little more than sonic masturbation. But the more one listens to it, the more one realizes that it’s not so much different as it is boring.

“Until It Stopped To Die” is a lengthy dirge that swipes the bass line from Lou Barlow’s “Natural One”... and if you know how boring Lou Barlow is, the rest should speak for itself. “Happy Snakes” and “Soft Damage” are filler, no matter how you slice it, and once you get past the keyboard-heavy first minute of “Eucalyptus”, there’s nothing but a dull bass grind waiting for you.

Even the good songs are somewhat boring. “A Tale Of Two Women” and “Postcoital Glow”, both heavy rock-oriented tracks, come across like leftovers from other albums, and “Horse Doctor Man”, while a decent enough song, doesn’t breathe any new life into the Lizard’s repertoire.

Not everything is boring, of course. “I Can Learn” is a spitfire that suggests Yow’s ambitions towards Godhood (“I think that I can learn/if I try real hard”), and “And Then The Rain”’s textured guitar work is a clear example of why Duane Denison is a genius. “Needles For Teeth”, which is The Jesus Lizard’s largest departure from their original work, is at least interesting: a spare guitar riff over partially-programmed drums, the song could almost be industrial, if not for Yow’s freakish screeching. It might not be your cup of tea, but it certainly isn’t boring.

I guess it’s not so much Gill’s fault, after all: the band did write and perform the songs. Regardless of where to lay the blame, this is a dull album by a band whose previous work leaves no room for dull albums. The best of these tracks are decent b-sides, but a lot of them should have been left on the cutting room floor.

Caught The Cogs at The Spot’s VIBS Benefit last week. Usually I don’t like to see bands that I don’t already know anything by – the muddled sound at shows prevents me from understanding much of the song, and once it’s gone, I can barely remember it. But every once in a while, a band pulls it off and catches my interest: Failure, The Reverend Horton Heat, and now The Cogs have earned places on my shelf on the basis of their live performance.

A slightly punky pop band whose live performance was both energetic and engaging (think My Favorite with heavier guitars), The Cogs ripped through a brief set that included the arresting “Know Nothing” and the punky “Secrets & Lies”, which vocalist Kris Cog told me was a musical review of the movie, although no one in the band has seen it. The music was good, solid, and from-the-heart – a quality that shines through no matter what kind of music is being played, because there’s so little of it nowadays. They’ll be playing Arlene’s Grocery on Stanton Street (NYC) on April 3, and Brownies on Avenue A (NYC) on April 6.