



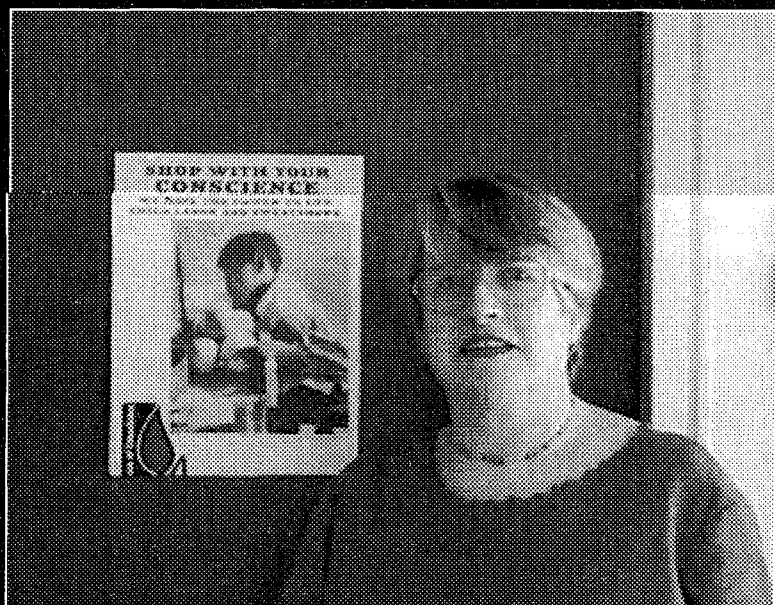
THE STONY BROOK PRESS

Vol. XX No. 15

1999: What the Heck is Going On?

May 5, 1999

WOMAN OF THE YEAR



Maryann Bell
Director of the
Peace Studies
Center

MAN OF THE YEAR



Todd Stebbins
Project
Coordinator
of NYPIRG

Making the World a Better Place To Live.
See Back Cover for Biographies.

Collateral Damage:

By Mitchel Cohen

"We must do more to reach out to our children and teach them to express their anger and to resolve their conflicts with words, not weapons."

President William Jefferson Clinton after the shootings at Columbine H.S., Colorado, as the Clinton-led NATO forces bombed Belgrade

Early in April, a leader of the Yugoslavian Green Party warned that NATO missiles were beginning to contaminate the water supply for much of Eastern Europe. "I warn you that Serbia is one of the greatest sources of underground waters in Europe and that the contamination will be felt in the whole surrounding area all the way to the Black Sea," Branka Jovanovic reported from Belgrade.

Her worst fears have apparently come true.

On the first day of the NATO air strikes, March 24, the municipality of Grocka was hit where the Vinca nuclear reactor is situated. The site contains a great stockpile of nuclear waste. No US media reported this.

The municipality of Pancevo was hit, in which the petrochemical factory and a factory for the production of artificial fertilizers are situated. They were bombed again two weeks later. The municipality of Baric was also hit. Baric houses a large complex for the production of chloride, using Bhopal technology.

"It is not necessary for me to explain what the blowing up of one of such factories would represent," Jovanovic says. "Not only Belgrade, which is situated at a distance of 10 kilometers, but the rest of Europe would be endangered."

On the second day of bombings, a chemical factory in the Belgrade suburb of Sremcica was bombed. Also hit was a rocket fuel storage area, causing releases into the surrounding area and water.

Branka also reports that four national parks were bombed, and that the depleted uranium weaponry first used against Iraq, responsible for thousands of cases of leukemia and other cancers in children, is now being used against Yugoslavia.

Meanwhile, McDonald's has reopened 3 of its eight restaurants in Yugoslavia.

TV STATION BOMBED

In mid-April, NATO Air Commander David Wilby said that NATO was sick of the Serb propaganda televised to every household and warned that unless Serb Television broadcast three hours of US programming in the daytime and another three hours in the evening, the TV station would be blown up.

On

April 22, without a second thought, NATO bombed the main Serb TV station. Scores of workers were in the building at the time, as many as 100 or more, mostly technicians. Fifteen or so are thought to have been killed. One reporter said the scene was reminiscent of the Oklahoma City bombing, and wondered, "Why didn't they just bomb the transmission tower on a nearby mountaintop, which would have minimized civilian casualties and done a far more effective job?"

Serb TV was knocked off the air for all of a few hours before resuming broadcasts from another location. So were CNN and the BBC, which shared

the facilities. But the bombing provided NATO with a "victorious" lead story on evening newscasts in the US. Of course, most of the details were left out.

British reporter John Simpson, World Affairs editor for the BBC, fills in some of those details: "Less than 12 hours after the attack that destroyed his television station, Zarko was back at work, satelliting our report about the attack to London. 'I was lucky' he said. 'My shift ended at 11 on Thursday night. I had seen what had happened to the control room where he used to work. If his shift had ended at 4 am, as it normally did, it would have been his body in the mass of rubble and wiring on the floor instead of somebody else's. But Zarko lived to broadcast another day."

"When, shortly after 2 am on Friday, my room in the Hyatt Hotel lurched with a series of explosions, my first thought was for Zarko. When, in the greyness of Friday's dawn, my team and I judged it safe enough to drive round to the television station to film the aftermath, it was Zarko I was thinking about as the firemen clambered over the heaps of rubble, listening for the sound of human voices.

"He had been the only person at the television station who was actively pleasant to foreigners; the only one who would put himself out to help you; the only one who seemed to care whether or not your report reached its destination, and was glad when it did.

"It was Zarko, his eyes red with fatigue and several days' stubble on his chin, who listened with patience to my complaints about the high temperature in the dreadful little studio, now rubble too, where I had to do my live question-and-answer sessions into the Nine O'clock News. It was he who managed to find an electric fan to bring the temperature down to the merely unbearable; who, as a last resort, called up the large, bad-tempered, blonde make-up woman to put some powder on my sweating face.

"I saw the make-up woman again on Friday morning. Or, to be more exact, I saw her foot. It was sticking out at a strange angle from the heap of crumbled brick and plaster that was all that was left of her room. ...

"Should the television station, as opposed to its transmitters, have been hit? Should the make-up woman have paid the ultimate price for the propaganda of people so high up in the system that she would never have been allowed to put powder on their foreheads?"

POISON CLOUD ENGULFS BELGRADE

In the US the news is simple: NATO bombers, we're told, hit and crippled Yugoslavia's oil refineries yesterday. Yea! Go NATO! Root for the home team! The news is well-

scrubbed so that no blood leaks. But here's how Tom Walker, reporting from Belgrade for the *London Times* on April 19, tells the story:

"A towering cloud of toxic gases looms over Belgrade after warplanes, on the 25th night of the NATO onslaught, hit a petrochemicals plant in the northern outskirts of the city.

"An ecological disaster was unfolding yesterday after NATO bombed a combined petrochemicals, fertilizer and refinery complex on the banks of the Danube in the northern outskirts of Belgrade.

"A series of detonations that shook the whole city early yesterday sent a toxic cloud of smoke and gas hundreds of feet into the night sky. In the dawn, the choking cloud could be seen spreading

over the entire northern skyline.

"Among the cocktail of chemicals billowing over hundreds of thousands of homes were the toxic gas phosgene, chlorine and hydrochloric acid. Workers at the industrial complex in Pancevo panicked and released tons of ethylene dichloride, a carcinogen, into the Danube, rather than risk seeing it blown up.

"At least three missile strikes left large areas of the plant crippled and oil and petrol from the damaged refinery area flowed into the river, forming slicks up to 12 miles long.

Temperatures in the collapsing plant were said to have risen to more than 1,000 degrees centigrade. Asked about the hazard from chemical smoke, NATO said there was "a lot more smoke coming from burning villages in Kosovo."

Meanwhile, a former OSCE monitor, Rolly Keith, is disputing reports of "genocide" and "ethnic cleansing." Keith, a long-time worker in international security teams, said that during his time in Kosovo there were no burnings of villages or mass murders. The monitors were forced to leave by NATO shortly before the bombardment began.

New claims by US officials that they've discovered mass graves, this time at Izbica, are also meeting skepticism, although these challenges to NATO's statements are not reported in the US press.

"It appears that there have been about 150 individual graves dug and filled there since mid-March," writes the Strategic Issue Research Institute's Benjamin Works. "As with the group burial at Pusto Selo, shown in Monday's *New York Times*, there is no attempt by Yugoslav authorities to hide the burials and one expects the circumstances are well documented. ... The buildings around the burial appear to be intact, rather than burned out, despite NATO allegations that 400 villages have been torched. These group burials are not mass graves. ... The new graves are oriented towards Mecca, as Muslim custom is to bury the head toward that Holy city. This would indicate the presence of Muslim clergy at the internments."

There is little evidence, Works continues, that these and other alleged examples of "genocide" are "anything other than retail death caused by a nasty little civil war." The Strategic Issues Research Institute points to the absence of satellite images documenting the allegations of large concentration camps in soccer stadiums, of 400 burned-out villages, of a pattern of butchery of tens of thousands. "Show [us] the pictures," the researchers insist.

Elizabeth Dole, Republican candidate for President of the US, made a high-profile visit to the refugees on the Macedonian border. "Just before she went on air with a FoxNews reporter and an innocent little victim girl," the Institute reports, "Fox had to shift the camera angle so as not to show a group of young Albanian men playing basketball just behind her left shoulder." Male Albanian Kosovars, said to have been either murdered by the Serbs by the hundreds of thousands or conscripted by the KLA, keep showing up very much alive in the photos taken in the refugee camps -- when the camera angle does not interfere with the image intended for transmission.

Meanwhile, in Pancevo, at least 50 residents were reported suffering from poisoning due to the bombings of refineries, fertilizer facilities and a vinyl chloride and ethylene plant. Huge quantities of toxic matter such as chlorine, ethylenedichloride and vinyl chloride monomer were released. Transformer stations were also heavily damaged and very toxic transformer oil flowed out. The Health Ministry could not find enough gas masks to distribute. Residents were told to breathe through scarves soaked in sodium bicarbonate as a precaution against showers of nitric acid.

"This is our worst nightmare," said Miralem Dzindo. "By taking away our fertilizer they stop us growing food, and then they try to poison us as well."

"By burning down enormous quantities of

"Only hours after I slipped on a dead man's torso near an old Turkish bridge, less than a day after I stood by the body of a young and beautiful girl — her eyes gently staring at me between half-closed lids, the bottom half of her head bathed in blood — I watched James Shea, NATO's spokesman, trying to explain yesterday why NATO still didn't know what happened on Wednesday."

Consequences of NATO Bombings

naphtha and its derivatives, more than a hundred highly toxic chemical compounds that pollute water, air and soil are released" endangering the entire Balkan ecosystem, said New Green Party scientist Luka Radoja. Dr. Radoja points out that the NATO bombing is happening just as many crops vital for survival are supposed to be planted: corn, sunflower, soy, sugar beets and vegetables. As a result, the planting of 2.5 million hectares of land has been halted.

"The lack of fuel for agricultural machines will have catastrophic results, because it leads to hunger of the entire population. When you add to this the poisoning of the water, air and soil the catastrophe becomes a cataclysm.

"As an expert who has spent his entire work-age on the fields of this up-until-now ecologically pure part of Europe, I am a witness to the disappearing of the most beautiful garden of Europe," Radoja said, sadly.

According to Miralem Dzindo, an airstrike three nights ago "had grazed a tank containing 20,000 tons of liquid ammonia. If that had gone up in flames, he said, much of Belgrade would have been poisoned. The pollution in the Danube and in the atmosphere over Belgrade 'knows no frontiers' and he warned neighbouring countries that the poison clouds could soon be with them." (*London Times*, April 19, 1999)

Indeed, the chief inspector of the Macedonian Ministry of Environment, Miroslav Balaburski, said that furans and dioxins released by bomb explosions are being carried long distances. The pollution is entering Macedonia by air and by the river Lepenec which crosses the border between Macedonia and Yugoslavia, according to Zoran Bozinovski, a speaker for the Center for Radioisotopes, a Macedonian government institution based in Skopje. And Ivan Grozdanov, a chemist at the center, made the further point that the burning aircraft fuel is the primary source of stratospheric nitrogen oxides which are severely damaging the ozone layer.

BOMBING CIVILIANS

Some of the most intense reporting is being done by Robert Fisk for the *London Independent*. Here is an excerpt, filed on April 17th after NATO planes bombed a column of Albanian Kosovar refugees while denying, at first, responsibility:

"This atrocity is still a mystery to NATO. Perhaps I can help.

"When you stand at the site of a massacre, two things happen. First, you wonder about the depths of the human spirit. And then you ask yourself how many lies can be told about it.

"The highway of death between Prizren and Djakovica -- on which the Serbs say NATO slaughtered 74 Kosovo Albanian refugees in a series of bombing raids -- is no different.

"Only hours after I slipped on a dead man's torso near an old Turkish bridge, less than a day after I stood by the body of a young and beautiful girl -- her eyes gently staring at me between half-closed lids, the bottom half of her head bathed in blood -- I watched James Shea, NATO's spokesman, trying to explain yesterday why NATO still didn't know what had happened on Wednesday.

"All those torn and mangled bodies I had just seen -- the old men ripped in half and blasted into a tree at Gradis, the smouldering skeleton with one

bloody, still flesh-adhering foot over the back of a trailer at Terezick Most, the dead, naked man slouched over the steering wheel of a burnt tractor -- all, apparently, were a mystery to NATO. "NATO 'thinks' it bombed a tractor on a road north of Djakovica. Indeed, NATO's military spokesman would say yesterday only that it was 'possibly' a tractor. Mr. Shea -- or 'Jamie' as he enjoins us to call him -- says he is still trying to find out what happened to the 74 refugees. NATO needs more time, he tells us, to assess what it bombed and did not bomb.

America is riveted, for the time being, on the horrible plight of the refugees. Are the lives of Serbian civilians -- or even soldiers who are, after all, mostly teen-age draftees -- of lesser value? By demonizing "Serbs", as a people, the propagandists hope to make us accept NATO's blowing them to bits. But, in reality, the US government cares not a whit for either Albanian or Serb, nor for the half-dozen other ethnicities of Kosovo.

"Well perhaps I can help Jamie to speed up his enquiries. Of the four airstrike locations, I have visited the first three -- at Velika Krusa, Gradis and Terezick Most -- and they run consecutively from east to west along the

Prizren-Djakovica road.

At the third, I came across four bomb craters. I saw -- and in some cases collected -- a number of bomb and missile parts. At Gradis, I came across part of a missile circuit board, its congealed wiring attached to a plate which contains a manufacturer's code. ... "SCHEM 872110 () 96214ASSY8721122 - MSN 63341 (remaining figures obscured by detonation damage).

"It shouldn't take NATO armaments experts more than a few hours to find out where that code came from -- indeed what aircraft carried and fired that missile. [Fisk is writing just as NATO is intentionally playing a video of the wrong pilot, from a different bombing mission on air to explain the strike.] Its pilot -- if it was a NATO bomb -- will then be able to explain why he fired it.

"At Velika Krusa, I found the fusings of an aerial bomb next to a smashed trailer containing the belongings of 35 Albanian refugees, four of whom -- all women -- were killed in this air strike." Fisk then goes on to list serial numbers from half-a-dozen other bomb fragments found at various sites. "Most of the shrapnel was so sharp that it cut the hands of those who touched it. The corpses showed what happened when the bomb parts shredded them alive.

"One of the bodies lying in a field at Terezicki Most -- that of a man in his 40s -- had the top of his head cut cleanly off, along with his brain and eyes so that his face had turned into an actor's mask. A middle-aged woman in a purple pullover and brightly flowered skirt with her eyes open and pale waxen face, had had her neck cut open."

Fisk describes the massacre relentlessly. He denounces what he views as the Serbian authorities' "ethnic cleansing" of Kosovo, which he sees as a war crime. But, as he puts it, "NATO, we are repeatedly told, represents 'us', the good moral, decent people who oppose lies and murder. So NATO has a case to answer -- for all our sakes. And the evidence lies on that awful road with its eviscerated people and its bomb craters."

The day before, April 16th, Fisk's column began: "This is a horror story. There are no other words for it. It is the story of massacres along a road lined with torched houses and cherry blossoms, of smouldering skeletons and women cut in half, of a man's head lying in a field with the wind blowing his brown hair against the grass, and of corpses lying in a squalid hospital nearby.

"NATO did all this, say the Serbs, and it is true that US munitions litter the road and fields around here, sometimes within a few inches of

corpses, body parts, human bones, smashed tractors and trailers, their pathetic contents of old clothes, pots and family snapshots lying around them."

America is riveted, for the time being, on the horrible plight of the refugees. Are the lives of Serbian civilians -- or even soldiers who are, after all, mostly teen-age draftees -- of lesser value? By demonizing "Serbs", as a people, the propagandists hope to make us accept NATO's blowing them to bits. But, in reality, the US government cares not a whit for either Albanian or Serb, nor for the half-dozen other ethnicities of Kosovo. But we are not the government. Are we to countenance the nearly 1,000 Serb civilians killed directly by NATO bombings thus far as mere "collateral damage," "acceptable" casualties of war?

Has Congressional Rep. Jerrold Nadler or any of the other liberal Democrats lining up along the sidelines and egging on this miserable war ever gone to war themselves? For that matter, has the President? Or do they only send others, the children of the poor, mostly, to do their killing for them? SHAME! Shame on Nadler, on Bernie Sanders, on Sen. Barbara Boxer, on Jesse Jackson, and on the other erstwhile "progressives" and their newly discovered bloodlust!

"Along miles of the same road were other tractors, some scorched, most abandoned, apparently in panic, at the side of the road. The few Kosovo Albanians we found spoke of thousands on the road that day -- 14 April -- and it appears that they were moving in both directions. ... It wasn't difficult for me to imagine the terror on that road. While we were picking our way through the corpses of Terezicki Most, NATO planes dropped bombs less than a mile away -- cluster bombs from the sound of them -- and a series of massive explosions changed the air pressure around us. We watched the skies. From time to time, we could hear -- but not see -- NATO jets power-diving. Columns of dark smoke billowed over the bright green fields.

"The only victims of these air strikes appeared to be civilians. At Terezicki Most, I counted 13 corpses and other body parts. A missile had rammed a tractor, setting fire to its trailer and incinerating all inside. In the Prizren hospital mortuary, six corpses lay on the concrete floor."

Shame on the leader of the French Greens, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, and on Joschka Fischer, the Green Party leader and Foreign Minister of Germany, who are making this war possible and without whose support the NATO bombardment of Yugoslavia would fall apart. Bombing a civilian population; destroying their water supply; poisoning their crops -- this is the "Green alternative"?

No. It is the very essence of modern warfare, of advanced technologies specifically designed and utilized to inflict terror and ravage human beings and nature alike because they refuse to accede to the demands of international capital -- they simply won't do what "we" want?

Just how did the US flag acquire all those "stars" anyway? This war has nothing whatsoever to do with stopping "ethnic cleansing." (Some powerful and reliable voices are now emerging, such as that of United Nations Lt. General Satish Nambiar, who commanded UN forces in Yugoslavia, which challenge the assertions that "ethnic cleansing" was taking place at all prior to NATO's unleashed fury.)

Surprisingly, it is Clinton himself, in a little known but telling statement made the day before the bombing began, that puts the US/NATO's rationale most succinctly:

"If we are going to have a strong economic relationship that includes our ability to sell around the world, Europe has got to be a key....That's what this Kosovo thing is all about." (*The Nation*, Apr. 19, 1999).

Mitch Cohen is a USB alumnus, a founding member of the Red Balloon Collective and a member of the Green Party in Brooklyn, NY.

ARE WE THERE YET?

BOO-YAH! It's crunch time; finals, papers, end of the semester bull and before you know it, the 1998-1999 school year officially ends. And what a year it's been....

It's been a season of transition and continual change here at the *Press*, as we've witnessed the addition of new writers and contributors while losing older Pressers who've been with us for years. As a result, the look and feel of the paper has changed as the new crop of fledglings move up the editorial ranks to make their mark felt.

In long-standing *Press* tradition, we've continued to provide the campus community with hard hitting news stories and in-depth exposes. Some of this year's best stories include coverage of the Million Youth March in Harlem, the campus rape situation last semester, the School of the America's protest in Ft. Benning Georgia, Potfest in Amsterdam, a first person account of Fidel Castro's Cuba, a "Race" issue aimed at exploring race dynamics on campus, the Coca-Cola contract dealings, and an April Fool's Day spoof of the *Long Island Voice*.

This, our final and last issue of the semester, is the traditional end of the year round up. We congratulate Maryann Bell of the Peace Studies Center and Todd Stebbins of NYPIRG for being chosen

"Woman/Man of the Year"; you both make the campus and world a better place to be cause of your dedicated and diligent work and we are thankful to have you here.

We proudly celebrate the 5th Annual "Shirley Awards", honoring the best and worst of the campus, ourselves, and the world. Also, we include results from our annual Beerfest madness. This year we sampled Asian ales and the results...well, you'll just have to see for yourself.

To the graduating class of 1999, we wish you the best of luck with all your future endeavors. To returning students, we wish an enjoyable summer break. To those remaining on campus, keep your eyes and ears opened; a lot of shifty administrative decisions are made during the summer months when there aren't many students around. Not that the administration listen to students input anyway, as evidenced by the recent and sudden construction of the "fountain project", meal plan changes, etc.

In any case, we look forward toward the Fall semester hoping to return bigger and better, ready for another year of muck-raking and hell raising. It's been a long semester for many of us and we look forward towards a well-deserved break and some much needed sleep. Till we meet again, same bat time, same bat channel!

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

In her letter (*SB Press*, April 23, 1999) Ms. Striffler writes that her son who was registered in Amrohini Sahay's course in composition last semester, had learning disabilities. (We leave aside here the fact that Ms. Sahay did not have a student in her class by the name of Striffler and address the questions raised because regardless of the identity and the framing of the letter, the issues themselves, whoever is posing them, are important.)

Ms. Striffler further implies that her son's disabilities became more of a problem because of the "difficulty" of Sahay's teaching and the texts that she had assigned to students. (Again we leave aside Ms. Striffler's anecdotal account that her son still does not know the meaning of "postmodernism" because such anecdotes can be countered by other anecdotes about students who indeed learned what postmodernism is.) As concerned pedagogues we are always extremely careful to attend to the differences of students and to assist them as much as possible so that their differences do not become hinderances to the learning process. However, if a student has had learning disabilities so severe that he or she has a history of difficulties (including difficulty in passing high school examinations) and thus cannot deal with the materials which are appropriate for a university level of teaching then it is the responsibility of the Writing Program and the University to evaluate her/him and provide her/him with special assistance (such as tutors who are trained in helping students with special disabilities or difficulties). We, to

repeat, believe that all students, regardless of their special needs, should receive a first rate, world-class university education. However, in order to get such a rigorous and intellectually rewarding education, in some cases the university might have to help teachers by providing them with special assistance (as in fact is the case in public education at all levels). Amrohini Sahay was never informed of any student with a learning disability or with a long history of learning difficulties nor was she provided any assistance by the Writing Program (now the Program in Writing and Rhetoric) or the University to address students with special needs so that they can more effectively learn from a university level course. This brings us to the point that we made in our article in the *SB Press*, Dec. 10, 1998, in which we stated that the Writing Program was negligent concerning the intellectual needs of students. The letter from Ms. Striffler only emphasizes the point we have made before and brings a new dimension to the degree of pedagogical negligence of the Writing Program and its administrators.

We would also like to state that regardless of what Professor Losey privately told Ms. Striffler concerning the intellectual freedom of TA's, owing to our demanding teaching (which we ourselves, as well as other committed teachers at other universities think should be the rule and not the "exception" in a major research university [see "Writing a Wrong", *Statesman*, March 11, 1999]) we were dismissed from our teaching jobs and were put in the pedagogical rehab facility called, "The Writing Center". So much for Professor Losey's telephonic defense of the "academic freedom" of TA's.

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How (Not) to Cover a War: Fawn, Whitewash, Wave the Flag

By Norman Solomon

In late April, with the bombing of Yugoslavia in its fifth week, many prominent American journalists gathered at a posh Manhattan hotel for the annual awards dinner of the prestigious Overseas Press Club. They heard a complimentary speech by Richard Holbrooke, one of the key U.S. diplomats behind recent policies in the Balkans.

"The kind of coverage we're seeing from the New York Times, the Washington Post, NBC, CBS, ABC, CNN and the newsmagazines lately on Kosovo," he told the assembled media professionals, "has been extraordinary and exemplary."

Holbrooke had good reasons to praise the nation's leading journalists. This spring, major news organizations have functioned more like a fourth branch of government than a Fourth state. For instance:

Instead of challenging Orwellian techniques, media outlets are doing much to foist them on the public.

Marching off to war, journalists have relied on official sources -- with non-stop interviews, behind-the-scenes backgrounders, televised briefings and grainy bomb-site videos. "Collateral damage," "air campaign" and similar euphemisms generate a continual fog. Newspeak routinely sanitizes NATO's bombardment of populated areas.

Consider the opening words of the lead front-page article in the New York Times last Sunday: "NATO began its second month of bombing against Yugoslavia today with new strikes against military targets that disrupted civilian electrical and water supplies...."

The concept is remarkable: The bombing disrupted "civilian" electricity and water, yet the targets were "military."

Correspondents have no business going through such linguistic contortions to preserve the favorite fictions of Washington policy-makers. NATO's bombing of urban areas should be reported for what it is -- especially because such destruction of infrastructure leads to widespread disease and civilian deaths, as is occurring now in Iraq.

American TV networks often show file footage of U.S. bombers and missiles in flight -- but rarely show what really happens to people at the receiving end.

Rather than echoing Pentagon hype about the wondrous performances of Uncle Sam's weaponry, journalists should provide unflinching accounts of the results in human terms. Reporter Robert Fisk of London's daily Independent has managed to do so with dispatches like this: "Deep inside the tangle of cement and plastic and iron, in what had once been the make-up room next to the broadcasting studio of Serb Television, was all that was left of a young woman, burnt alive when NATO's missile exploded in the radio control room. Within six hours, the Secretary of State for International Development, Clare Short, declared the place a 'legitimate target.'"

"It wasn't an argument worth debating with the wounded -- one of them a young technician who could only be extracted from the hundreds of tons of concrete in which he was encased by amputating both his legs. ... By dusk last night, 10 crushed bodies -- two of them women -- had been tugged from beneath the concrete, another man had died in hospital and 15 other technicians and secretaries still lay buried."

In medialand, there are informal but well-understood limits to media discourse. As the missiles

fly, tactical arguments are acceptable; basic challenges from Americans who question U.S. prerogatives and motives are not. Meanwhile, even as they go along to get along, reporters are fond of exaggerating their tiffs with military authorities.

In a typical comment a few weeks ago, on public television's "NewsHour With Jim Lehrer," media correspondent Terence Smith spoke of "the frequently adversarial relationship between the Pentagon and the press." But top U.S. officials such as Secretary of State Madeleine Albright and Defense Secretary William Cohen are happy to be interviewed on the influential show. It goes beyond softball questions; Lehrer and his colleagues are more inclined to toss out beach balls.

As for the range of views, the mass media spectrum is narrow. Strong policy critics get few words in edge-wise amid the parade of present and former U.S. government officials, analysts from corporate-funded think tanks, conformist historians and mainstream journalists.

We need real debate, not minor disputes over tactical options.

American journalists don't hesitate to probe the nefarious goals of a Washington-designated "enemy" leader, as when a Newsweek cover story featured "Milosevic -- The Face of Evil -- His Mind and Motives." In sharp contrast, reporting on the motivations of U.S. policy-makers has been evasive.

In a recent essay, National Public Radio correspondent Sylvia Poggioli noted that the countries of the Balkans as well as Eastern and Central Europe have been under close Western scrutiny during this decade. Yet, she pointed out, "too often their most zealous monitors have been free-market missionaries whose democracy-building yardstick is limited to privatization of industry and the creation of a consumer society."

High on the U.S. agenda has been the aim of making that part of the world safe for unbridled corporate investment and big profits -- though you wouldn't know it from the corporate-owned U.S. news media.

On human rights, journalists commonly go along with the double standards favored by the White House and congressional leaders.

To depart from their own propaganda functions, major U.S. media outlets could insist on pursuing tough questions. Such as: If humanitarian concerns are high on Washington's agenda, why drop bombs on Yugoslavia and give aid to Turkey?

As it happens, the most righteous charges leveled by President Clinton against the Yugoslav government about its brutal treatment of ethnic

Albanians could just as accurately be aimed at the Turkish government for its repression of Kurds. But Washington and Ankara are cozy NATO allies, so we hear little about the large-scale torture and murder of Kurdish people inside Turkey.

The journalistic responsibility remains

unsettled: News outlets should embrace a single standard of human rights in their reporting.

Intrepid at their keyboards and microphones, hundreds of American commentators demand further escalation of high-tech bombing.

A typical enthusiast, New York Times columnist Thomas Friedman, was so enthralled with his own witticism "Give war a chance" that he repeated it from one column to another last month. Friedman has been upbeat about prospects for more extensive carnage. "It should be lights out in Belgrade: Every power grid, water pipe, bridge, road and war-related factory has to be targeted."

"Liberal" pundits are among the most bloodthirsty. Last November, when the United States postponed its missile attack on Baghdad, disappointment was rampant. Washington Post columnist Richard Cohen complained: "The Clinton administration waited too long to act. It needed to punch out Iraq's lights, and it did not do so."

Journalists should get a grip and leave the schoolyard posturing behind -- or find a profession where their flip bravado would do less harm.

As crucial participants in the U.S. government's agenda-building for this war, the American mass media have glided over key aspects of the negotiations that led up to it.

The Rambouillet accords -- rejected by Slobodan Milosevic in late March just before the bombing began -- actually allowed for NATO troops to occupy all of Yugoslavia, a provision that no sovereign nation would accept.

At the time, the American news media were silent about that fact. Now, when pressed on the matter, many journalists at big national media outlets say it's old news. But they never reported it in the first place.

Appendix B of the Rambouillet text includes such provisions as: "NATO personnel shall enjoy, together with their vehicles, vessels, aircraft, and equipment, free and unrestricted passage and unimpeded access throughout the FRY [Federal Republic of Yugoslavia] including associated air space and territorial waters."

Not all American journalists are sleepwalking through this war, deferring to the guidance of U.S. officials. At the Overseas Press Club awards dinner, two recipients of honors demanded that Holbrooke -- who had personally delivered the ultimatum to Belgrade hours before the bombs started falling -- account for the little-known stipulations in the Rambouillet text. Amy Goodman and Jeremy Scahill, gutsy journalists with Pacifica Radio, confronted him with a question that America's mainstream media had failed to ask.

Aided by awards presenter Tom Brokaw, the esteemed diplomat slipped away without answering. Nor did the assembled editors, reporters and producers support Goodman and Scahill in their quest for a full explanation.

In a banquet room filled with hundreds of American journalists, the ambassador was among friends.



Illustration by Debbie Sticher

JOIN THE PRESS!

Subcomandante Marcos Writes to Mumia

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast
Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos
Mexico, April of 1999

Mister Mumia:

I am writing to you in the name of the men, women, children and elderly of the Zapatista Army of National Liberation in order to congratulate you on April 24, which is your birthday.

Perhaps you have heard of us. We are Mexican, mostly indigenous, and we took up arms on January 1 of 1994 demanding a voice, face and name for the forgotten of the earth. Since then, the Mexican government has made war on us and pursues us and harasses us seeking our death, our disappearance and our definitive silence. The reason? These lands are rich with oil, uranium and precious lumber. The government wants them for the great transnational companies. We want them for all the Mexicans. The government sees our lands as a business. We see our history written in these lands. In order to defend our right (and that of all Mexicans) to live with liberty, democracy, justice and dignity we became an army and undertook a name, voice and face that way.

Perhaps you wonder how we know of you, about your birthday, and why it is that we extend this long bridge which goes from the mountains of the Mexican southeast to the prison of Pennsylvania which has imprisoned you unjustly. Many good people from many parts of the world have spoken of you, through them we have learned how you were ambushed by the North American police in December of 1981, of the lies which they constructed in the procedure against you, and of the death sentence in 1982. We learned about your birthday through the international mobilizations which, under the name of "Millions for Mumia", are being prepared this April 24th.

It is harder to explain this bridge which this letter extends, it is more complicated. I could tell you that, for the powerful of Mexico and the government, to be indigenous, or to look indigenous, is reason for disdain, abhorrence, distrust and hatred. The racism which now floods the palaces of Power in Mexico goes to the extreme of carrying out a war of extermination, genocide, against millions of indigenous. I am sure that you will find similarities with what the Power in the United States does with the so-called "people of color" (African-American, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, Asians, Northamerican Indians and any other peoples who do not have the insipid color of money.)

We are also "people of color" (the same color of our brothers who have Mexican blood and live and struggle in the American Union). We are of the color "brown", the color of the earth, the color from which we take our history, our strength, our wisdom and our hope. But in order to struggle we add another color to the brown: black. We use black ski-masks to show our faces. Only in this way can we be seen and heard. We chose this color as a

result of the counsel of an indigenous Mayan elder who explained to us what the color black meant. The name of this wise elder was Old Man Antonio. He died in these rebel Zapatista lands in March of 1994, victim of tuberculosis which ate his lungs and his breath.

Old Man Antonio used to tell us that from

black came the light and from there came the stars which light up the sky around the world. He told us a story which said that a long time ago (in those times when no one measured it), the first gods were given the task of giving birth to the world. In one of their meetings they saw it was necessary that the world have life and movement, and for this light was necessary. Then they thought of making the sun in order that the days move and so there would be day and night and time for struggling and time for making love, walking with the days and nights the world would go. The gods had their meeting and made this agreement in front of a large fire, and they knew it was necessary that one of them be sacrificed by throwing himself into the fire in order to become fire himself and fly into the sky. The gods thought that the work of the sun was the most important, so they chose the most beautiful god so that he would fly into the fire and become the sun. But he was afraid. Then the smallest god, the one who was black, said he was not afraid and he threw himself into the fire and became sun. Then the world had light and movement, and there was time for struggle and time for love, and in the day the bodies worked to make the world and in the night the bodies made love and sparkles filled the darkness. This is what Old Man Antonio told us and that is why we use a black ski mask.

So we are of the color brown and of the color black. But we are also of the color yellow, because the first people who walked these lands were made of corn so they would be true. And we are also red because this is the call of blood which has dignity and we are also blue because we are the sky in which we fly, and green for the mountain which is our house and our strength. And we are white because we are paper so that tomorrow can write its story. So we are 7 colors because there were 7 first gods who birthed the world. This is what Old Man Antonio said long ago and now I tell you this story so that you may understand the reason for this bridge of paper and ink which I send to you all the way from the mountains of the Mexican Southeast. And also so that you may understand that with this bridge goes pieces of salutes and hugs for Leonard Peltier (who is in the prison at Leavenworth, Kansas), and for the more than 100 political prisoners in the USA who are the victims of injustice, stupidity and authoritarianism.

And with this letter-bridge walks as well a salute to the Dine (the Navajo), who, in Big Mountain, Arizona, fight against the violations of their traditional Dine religious practices. They struggle against those who prefer the large businesses instead of respect for the religious freedom of Indian peoples, and those who want to destroy sacred grounds and ceremonial sites (as is the case of Peabody Western Coal Company which wants to take lands without reason, history or rights-lands which belong to the Dine and their future generations.)

But there are not only stories of resistance against North American injustice in this letter-bridge. There are the indigenous, from the extreme south of our continent, in Chile, the Mapuche women in the Pewenche Center of Alto Bio-Bio who resist against stupidity.

Two indigenous women, Bertha and Nicolasa Quintreman are accused of "mistreating" members of the armed forces of the Chilean government. So there it is. An armed military unit with rifles, sticks, and tear-gas, protected by bulletproof vests, helmets and shields, accuse two indigenous women of "mistreat-

ment". But Bertha is 74 years old and Nicolasa is 60.

How is it possible that two elderly people confronted a "heroic" group of heavily-armed military? Because they are Mapuche. The story is the same as that of the brothers and sisters Dine of Arizona, and the same which repeats itself in all America: a company (ENDESA) wants the lands of the Mapuches, and in spite of the law which protects the indigenous, the government is on the side of the companies. The Mapuche students have pointed out that the government and the company made a "study" of military

intelligence about the indigenous Mapuche communities and they came to the conclusion that the Mapuche could not think, defend themselves, resist, or construct a better future. The study was wrong apparently.

Now it occurs to me that, perhaps the powerful in North America carried out a "military intelligence" study (this is frankly a contradiction, because those of us who are military are

not intelligent, if we were we would not be military) about the case of the Dine in Arizona, about Leonard Peltier, about other political prisoners, about yourself, mister Mumia. Perhaps they made this study and came to the conclusion that they might be able to violate justice and reason, to assault history and lose the truth. They thought they could do this and no one would say anything. The Dine Indians would stand by and watch the destruction of the most sacred of their history, Leonard Peltier would be alone, and you, Mister Mumia, would be silenced (and I remember your own words "They not only want my death, they want my silence").

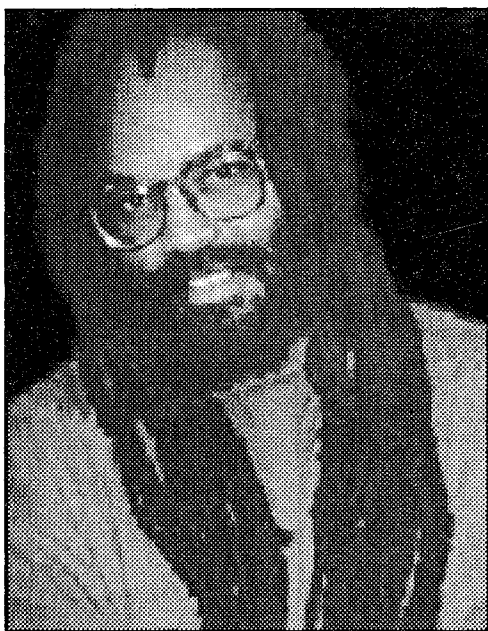
But the studies were wrong. Happy mistake? The Dine resist against those who would kill their memory, Leonard Peltier is accompanied by all those who demand his liberty, and you sir, speak and yell today with all the voices which celebrate your birthday as all birthdays should be celebrated, by struggling.

We have nothing big to give you as a gift for your birthday, it is poor and little, but all of us send you an embrace. We hope that when you gain your freedom you will come to visit us. Then we will give you a birthday party, even if it isn't April 24th, it will be an unbirthday party. There will be musicians, dancing and speaking, which are the means by which men and women of all colors understand and know one another, and build bridges over which they walk together, towards history, towards tomorrow. Happy Birthday!

Vale. We salute you and may justice and truth find their place.

—From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast,
Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos Mexico,
Zapatista Army of National Liberation
April of 1999

P.S. I read somewhere that you are a father and a grandfather. So I am sending you a gift for your children and grandchildren. It is a little wooden car with Zapatistas dressed in black ski-masks. Tell your children and grandchildren that it is a gift that we send you, the Zapatistas. Explain to them places that there are people of all colors everywhere, just like you, who want justice, liberty and democracy for people of all colors.



THE COLORADO SHOOTING AND ITS AFTERMATH:

A PERSONAL COMMENTARY

By Jill Baron

"This is revenge. I'm doing this because people made fun of me last year."

-Dylan Klebold,
Colorado gunman, during the rampage

"Fed on fear and hatred of difference and otherness, our youths are hardly equipped to meet the challenges of a multicultural, global economic future. What we reap, we sow."

-Donna Gaines, sociologist
commenting on the incident

The media has been having quite a field day with the Columbine High School shooting. In the weeks since the attack, we have seen many attempts to answer the same question: why? Blame has been placed on a variety of things, including the "gothic" subculture that the perpetrators, Dylan Klebold, 17, and Eric Harris, 18, supposedly belonged to. Discussions of the incident have been skewed towards placing blame on the violent aspects of pop culture that the boys were into, and away from the more pertinent issues of why the boys had access to assault rifles, why the status quo in American high schools seems to remain unchallenged, and what effects labeling and stereotyping have on fragile teenagers.

On the gun control front, a report on CNN said that President Clinton is pushing for tougher gun control laws in the wake of the shooting. Some of the things he wants introduced include raising the legal age to buy guns from 18 to 21, implementing a three-day waiting period before one can buy a gun, mandating that child safety locks be placed on all guns, and requiring a background check before one can purchase explosive devices. House and Senate Republicans, however, are averse to these proposals. Instead, they recommend making serious attempts to involve adults, including parents, teachers, and "community leaders" (read: religious leaders) in the lives of troubled teens, which includes training them to be aware of "warning signals." Both sound pretty reasonable; perhaps a combination of both measures would be most effective. If the two warring factions could be big enough to compromise, which is doubtful, perhaps we will have a real attempt to prevent such an incident from occurring again.

Besides the alarming ease with which teens, particularly in the South and Midwest, can acquire firearms, other dynamics beg to be examined. Since this has been the fifth such [fatal] incident in the past 18 months, something is obviously going on in America's high schools. It is easy and convenient to blame such phenomena on superficial things, such as music or other lifestyle choices. One of the first things we learned about the Colorado incident was that the shooters belonged to a group dubbed the "Trenchcoat Mafia," which was characterized by a fondness for "dark" clothing and "dark" music. This spiraled into numerous reports and analysis of the "gothic" subculture, including a particularly farcical piece on Fox Five News in which the reporter staked out Goth clubs in New York City and asked one girl if she sucked blood. Authorities and the media, it seems, have always been quick to blame such

tragedies on one aspect of pop culture or another. In the late eighties and early nineties, it was common practice to blame teen suicide on heavy metal music. In her influential 1992 book "Teenage Wasteland," Donna Gaines reports on "suburbia's dead end kids." One section of her book is devoted to an investigation of a rash of teen suicides that occurred in Bergenfield, New Jersey, in the late 1980's. On numerous occasions, several teenagers killed themselves together in what came to be called "suicide pacts." In the aftermath of the suicides, it became common practice for the adults of the town to try to pin the blame on the "satanic" music that the kids listened to: "The high visibility of rock & roll kids in Bergenfield gave adults the impression that there were heavy metal -instigated suicide cults in the town. There was talk of Satan and black magic, because some kids listened to Ozzy Osbourne, Iron Maiden, and Motley Crue. And because of some scary song titles on an AC/DC cassette tape cover found on the floor of the garage where the four kids died," wrote Gaines. We saw similar accusations after the Colorado shooting, when the media overemphasized the fact that the boys were into "dark stuff."

Another important aspect of the situation that seems to have been ignored are the social hierarchies that exist, almost universally, in American high schools. The terminology may have changed over the years—greasers may have become burn-outs and then dirtbags, nerds may be geeks or losers—but the stratification remains very much the same. Jocks continue to be the most consistent, and persistent, of the cliques. They have always been at the top of the heap, and wield an incredible amount of power in most high schools. Kids who don't, or choose not to, fit into this group are often ostracized, some-

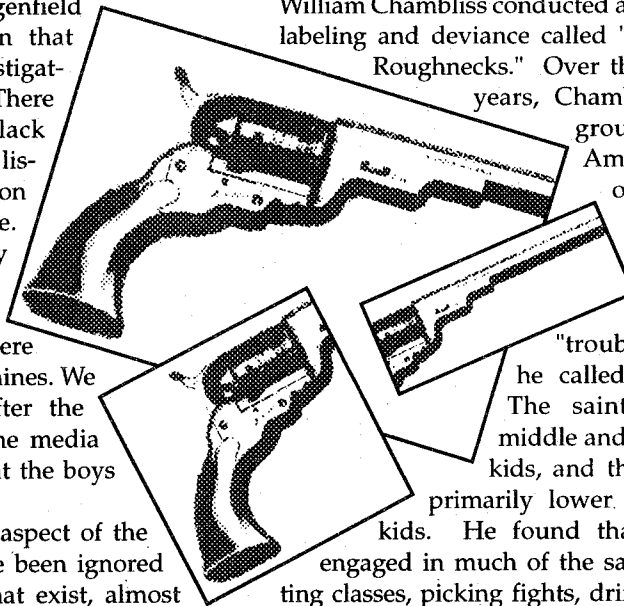
Another important aspect of the situation that seems to have been ignored are the social hierarchies that exist, almost universally, in American high schools....Jocks continue to be the most consistent, and persistent, of the cliques...and wield an incredible amount of power in most high schools.

times brutally. Gaines notes in Teenage Wasteland that at Bergenfield High School, there was an extreme amount of polarization between the jocks and the "burnouts." Not surprisingly, the kids involved in the suicide pacts were mostly kids labeled "burnouts": lower middle class, many from broken homes, many high school dropouts, most with no aspirations for college or anything beyond their blue-collar existences. With the Colorado incident, it was made abundantly clear that Harris and Klebold were not among the popular group and were often ostracized by the jocks.

Part of the problem is that jocks often engage in just as much illicit and "immoral" activity as other kids, but they often escape punishment

because of their status. In sociology, this phenomenon is known as "labeling theory." The theory was developed in the 1950's by sociologists at the University of Chicago. They concluded that most people engage in mild criminal behaviors, and these behaviors are not much different from those people with criminal records—what makes us different is how authorities respond. Those labeled "deviant" are mostly lower-class young males. Although Harris and Klebold weren't necessarily "lower-class," they were obviously labeled deviant because of their lifestyle choices. The jocks of the school, however, were probably never criticized by authorities for making fun of them. In the 1960's, William Chambliss conducted a legendary study on labeling and deviance called "The Saints and the Roughnecks." Over the course of several years, Chambliss followed two groups at a suburban American high school—one group of well-respected "jocks," which he dubbed "the saints", and another group of "trouble-makers," which he called "the roughnecks." The saints were primarily middle and upper-middle class kids, and the roughnecks were primarily lower and working class kids. He found that the two groups engaged in much of the same behavior—cutting classes, picking fights, drinking, driving recklessly, etc. However, the roughnecks were in constant trouble with school authorities and police, while the saints never got in trouble. In fact, he found that teachers would often overlook or excuse the fact that saints didn't show up to class, and if police pulled them over they would usually let them go without any penalty. School authorities and other locals spoke very highly of the saints, but expressed strong disapproval of the roughnecks, citing them as useless troublemakers—despite the fact that the saints engaged in just as much criminal behavior as the roughnecks. "...Nobody will examine the normative psychic violence of the American school. Kids get the message early on that pretty girls, strong boys, the white, thin, rich and the college-bound will prevail. They're worth more and treated better. Everyone else is expendable," wrote Gaines in an editorial piece in Newsday. This is a serious problem in America's schools; school officials need to get past the exteriors of the kids they deal with and realize that the way they treat them plays a major role in the way the kids will subsequently act.

Without overlooking the reprehensibility of Klebold's and Harris' actions or their alleged neo-Nazi views, it is possible to see them as victims as well—victims of a society that sees what it wants to see, closing its eyes to acts committed by those it deems worthy and focusing on those it deems unworthy. A society that likes to lay blame on superficial things that are easy to implicate rather than attacking the roots of social problems. A society in which assault rifles are accessible to teenagers. Obviously, not every unpopular kid in high school acts out in the way these boys did, but we can't close our eyes to the fact that, somewhere along the line, these kids were given the message—from parents, other kids at school, teachers, and other adults—that they were unworthy and not normal. Then they acted on it, and everyone was shocked. What you reap is what you sow.



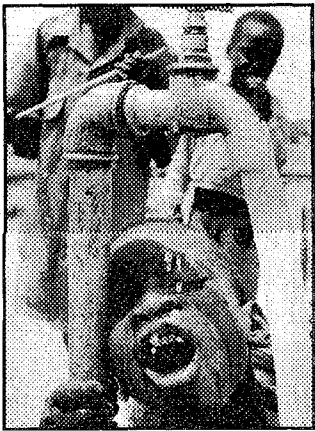


DOCTORS WITHOUT BORDERS

By Joanna Wegielnik

On December 20, 1971, a small group of French doctors founded *Medecins Sans Frontieres*/Doctors Without Borders, one of the first non-partisan, non-governmental organizations specializing in emergency medical relief. Frustrated by their experience in working with existing relief organizations in Biafra, the doctors aimed to form a humanitarian group that 1) offered immediate medical assistance, 2) wasn't afraid to take on the bureaucratic, administrative, and legal challenges of running an effective relief organization, and 3) spoke out on behalf of marginalized people.

Since its inception twenty years ago, Doctors Without Borders, internationally known as *Medecins Sans Frontieres*, has grown to be one of the largest and most respected relief organizations in the world. MSF offers help to victims of natural or man-made disasters, armed conflicts, and wars without discriminating based on race, religion, or political affiliation. With medical relief missions in over 80 countries each year, MSF is often the first humanitarian organization to arrive at the scene of an emergency or crisis. MSF volunteers, more often than not, work in some of the most remote and dangerous parts of the world.



In order to provide the best possible medical care under given circumstances to as many people as possible, MSF maintains complete neutrality and autonomy from all governmental, political, and religious organizations. This fundamental element is at the core of the MSF philosophy. According to the organization's official charter, "*Medecins Sans Frontieres* observes strict neutrality and impartiality in the name of universal medical ethics and the right to humanitarian assistance and demands full and unhindered freedom in the exercise of its functions."

Furthermore, volunteer doctors "under-

take to respect their professional code of ethics and to maintain complete independence from all political, economic and religious powers," according to the charter, and, "as volunteers, members are aware of the risks and dangers of the missions they undertake, and have no right to compensation for themselves or their beneficiaries other than that which *Medecins Sans Frontieres* is able to afford them."



Since many of MSF's relief missions are located in war-torn and unstable regions, volunteer aid workers often

become targets themselves. In June of 1997, Ricardo Marques, a volunteer doctor on his first MSF mission, was gunned down in Somalia as he was leaving the hospital after finishing his shift.

"Despite our claim to be 'Sans Frontieres', in recent years access has all too often been barred to us by national authorities, armies, or local warlords," said Dr. Jean-Marie Kindermans in the 1997 annual activity report.

"The recent events in Africa's Great Lakes region are illustrative of our increasing difficulties in reaching victims. For several weeks, we were prevented from bringing medical relief to hundreds of thousands of refugees and displaced people in Zaire," according to Kinderman's report.

"The border was closed off during the civil war. We urged the rebel force to reopen the border and called on the international community to put pressure on them to do so, but our cries fell on deaf ears. *Medecins Sans Frontieres* laments the fact that few of the Rwandan refugees have received either protection or humanitarian assistance since then. We intend to continue to push for international respect for humanitarian law, one of the most fundamental tenets of which is that humanitarian organizations must be granted access to victims," said Kindermans.

Its neutrality stance notwithstanding, MSF does speak out against human rights violations and abuses that relief teams witness during the course of their work. MSF recognizes that the

media plays a crucial role in exposing these injustices and MSF is often one of the first organizations to contact media outlets. According to one journalist, Garrick Utley, "Over the years, Doctors Without Borders has developed that most valuable of assets—credibility, not only in its medical work but also in its assessment of local situations and reporting these problems to the wider world."

With over 2,000 doctors, nurses, and health workers working in over 80 countries, MSF maintains one of the largest international medical relief efforts. Providing primary and emergency healthcare is the principal mission of MSF.

Some of the programs MSF is currently involved with include vaccination campaigns, assistance to AIDS patients, AIDS awareness programs, STD educational campaigns, increasing legal aid for imprisoned minors, aid for displaced refugees, healthcare for women, medical assistance for slum-dwellers, relief for hurricane/typhoon victims, emergency war surgery clinics, relaunching and upgrading of fledgling health services, medical assistance for isolated populations, medical assistance for victims of urban violence, medical care for drug addicts, providing mental health care to people traumatized by war, homeless outreach programs, and mother and child health care initiatives.



Confronted by a population traumatized by the horrors of war in the former Yugoslavia, Doctors Without Borders launched one of the first psychological support networks in the region in 1993. The goal of the program was to help people, especially children, affected by the atrocities

they had witnessed during war.

The program included psychological education through local radio broadcasts and printed material, home-based care for those too traumatized to leave their homes, walk-in clinics, and a program developed especially for children incorporating art therapy and counseling.

In world ravaged by war, greed and famine, Doctors Without Borders remains committed to making a lasting difference. While the rest of the world readily turns a blind eye to the suffering of marginalized and oppressed people, MSF selfishly offers its services free of charge, no strings attached.

All Photos courtesy of MSF. (Clockwise) Roger Job, John Vink, Sven Torfinn Van Enckvort.

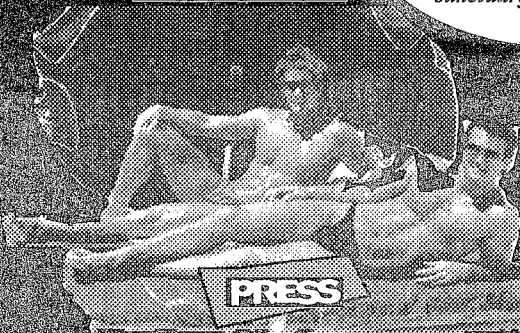
THE MASSES ARE ASSES

BEFORE



"Bradley, if the Bull market continues its exponential growth, I expect a tenfold return on the investment in Indonesia, pending, of course, no massive riots in the summer. Perhaps we should call the Embassy in Jakarta? Yes, yes, we can't leave anything to chance."

AFTER



"Hmmm.....ever since I started to read the Press, my portfolio has nearly TRIPLED in size. I no longer feel the need, however, to exploit third world countries for my own material gain SO I've decided to donate ALL of my money to CHARITY!!! I think I'll start with that animal sanctuary in Fire Island."

BREAK OUT OF THE HERD. READ THE PRESS.

CASUALTIES OF COMBAT: A CHILD'S PERSPECTIVE OF WAR

By Joanna Wegielnik

April 30th marked the last day of the "Childhoods Interrupted by War" exhibit in the Stony Brook Union Art Gallery. Developed by the the French relief group, *Medecins Sans Frontieres/Doctors Without Borders*, and brought to campus by the Educational and Fundraising Campaign for Doctors Without Borders at SUNY Stony Brook, the exhibit featured original drawings by children traumatized by war in the former Yugoslavia.

1993 was a particularly violent year in the Yugoslavian conflict. In order to raise public awareness of the effects this war was having on

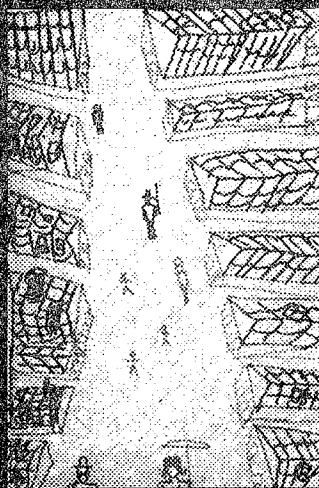
children and help those still living in refugee camps, MSF created a "psychological support system", that included counseling and "art therapy". Bosnian and Croatian children, ages 6 through 12, were asked three questions: "What was it like before the war?"; "What is it like now, during the war?"; and "How do you picture the future?"

The results are 54 poignant images, each a reply to one of the three questions. Some of the drawings were bright and colorful, some dark and morbid, one was completely blank. The collection is an unforgettable reminder of the irreparable damage war inflicts upon children.

Rachel Harrison and Jennifer Jamilkowski, from the University Hospital's Department of Strategic planning and Business Development, are the creators of the project, designed to raise awareness and funds for MSF.

The partnership with *Medecins Sans Frontieres*, according to Harrison and Jamilkowski, is designed to "educate the campus community as to the relief work MSF is currently conducting, provide the campus community with opportunities to get involved in MSF's relief efforts, and raise funds to support as many field volunteers and medical supplies as possible."

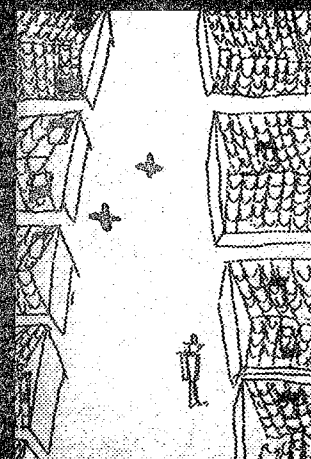
"The Destruction of Dubrovnik, viewed from the ramparts." Petar - 9 years old



"Dubrovnik, my city, was the most beautiful city on the Adriatic. It was always brimming with tourists from around the world who could buy anything they wanted. It was very gay, the pigeons flew over the city. I used to go and play and walk along the Stradum."

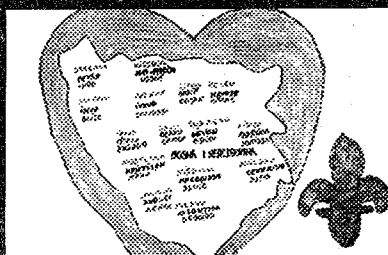


"On October 7, 1991, grenades blew up on the roof of my house. I was panicked, it was the hardest day for my city. All the monuments were badly damaged and the Stradum was bombed by a lot of grenades. Fires were burning everywhere and there were people who fell sick."



"I would like to see the pigeons flying again over the Stradum, and people walking down the street, no longer afraid of the war."

"A Plea Against Ethnic Division." Amra - 12 years old

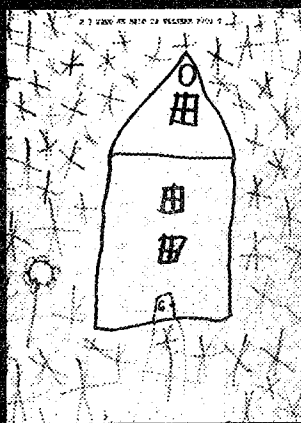


"The Return to Bosnia"

"The Blocking of Humanitarian Convoys." Amela - 10 years old.

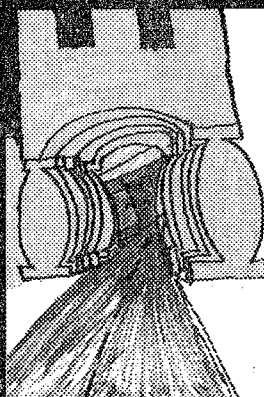


"The Wise Child." Anel - 6 years old.

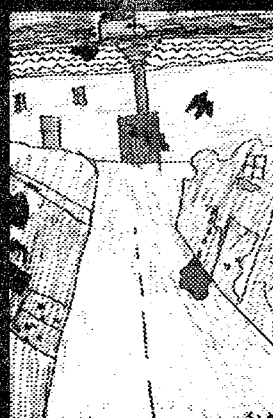


"Because there was so much snow we hid in it and then we were able to run away. The snow was falling and I did not have to see the war."

"The Siege of Vukovar." Sasa - 12 years old.



"This is a little path between the houses. Here are the shops where I always went to run errands."



"This is my street in Vukovar. Nobody ever gave me a chance to think about the future. I like doing this drawing better."

"The fate of the 18 children whose drawings are exhibited is unknown. The camps where they took refuge have long been dismantled and many refugees were unable to return home. We have no trace of them, except through these lasting images. We offer them our thanks for teaching us. We offer them our commitment to work toward healing and peace."

-Doctors Without Borders, January 1999

THE SAKE OF HUMAN KINDNESS

By Chris Sorochin

I think I should begin by disassociating myself from whatever racist, anti-Japanese comments may appear elsewhere in this issue of the *Press*. I only caught some of them, my mind being fogged by alcohol and other substances at the time, but I do sincerely hope that they were made by attendees other than those who claim to be in the vanguard of the alternative media.

This spirit of atonement moves me to reach into my collection of Boring Vacation Stories for this life-affirming, people-positive tale of poor planning and Divine Providence (no, it's not about Rhode Island). As the cruise missiles continue to tear flesh and shatter bone, and the Chief Hypocrite lectures the youth of America, in the wake of the Littleton, Colorado massacre, to eschew the use of violence, we really need to have our faith in humanity restored. I know I do.

This past Winter Break, as my cohorts were frying brain cells with inordinate amounts of THC and Grolsch in Amsterdam, I, in contrast, was doing what stuffy, superior, poseurs always do, pretending to seek spiritual enlightenment in the holy mountains of Japan.

I was visiting my friend Bill, who teaches English there, and shortly before I was to leave, he had a full workday and no time for me. So I decided to take one more extravagant little day trip. I targeted the island of Oshima, which boasts an active volcano and quaint fishing villages. Due to the first of many blunders, I didn't make it to the ferry in time to go there. I did, however notice that there were boats to another, smaller island called Hatsushima, not listed in any tour book and hardly even on any maps. So, I said to myself, why not? I'd still get the island ambience and my trip wouldn't be a total wild goosechase.

The crossing took a scant 30 minutes on a sunny January day. The map given to me at the ticket office, and the view from the boat, indicated that the island was dominated by a huge hotel/resort, which overlooked the rest of the island like a feudal castle. As I disembarked, I noted the return times. The last boat was at 5:40 and, just in case I found the place a dreadful bore, there was an earlier one at 4:40.

My first act of tourism was to prepare for an afternoon of wintry hiking by consuming a plate of curry in the tiny village at the harbor. I bolstered the warmth from the curry with a glass of warm saké. I struck up a conversation with the proprietress and she informed me that the island boasted a total of 130 year-round residents.

I soon saw that the Hatsushima Club, the mega-resort, covered a good 90% of the island.

Besides the colossal hotel, there was a huge boating and fishing marina, a gigantic barbecue pavilion, a tropical garden, a go-cart track and God knows what else to amuse the Japanese clerical class on their all-too-short vacations.

It must be truly unbearable in high sea-

This past Winter Break, as my cohorts were frying brain cells with inordinate amounts of THC and Grolsch in Amsterdam, I, in contrast, was doing what stuffy, superior, poseurs always do, pretending to seek spiritual enlightenment in the holy mountains of Japan.

son, with teeming hordes of overworked corporate types cutting loose. When the Japanese do relax, they don't do it halfway. But I was privileged to wander among all this when it was deserted, giving me a unique glimpse into regular Japanese life.

I should mention here that Bill had castigated me for spending too much time prowling around the shrines and temples and areas of scenic beauty and not looking for the "real" Japan as he understood it (as if it were his fucking vacation). The real Japan, according to him, was centered in the overcrowded "entertainment" districts of Tokyo, like Shinjuku and Kabuki-cho, which feature crowds of puking drunks (Japanese people love alcohol, but lots of them seem incapable of handling it), sleazy sex attractions and leering neocolonialist foreigners, like Bill.

As it was a lovely afternoon, I thought I'd catch a little buzz. Travel Tip: if you ever go to Japan, take rolling papers with you. Even though it seems everybody there smokes and there are cigarette machines on every corner (to say nothing of machines that sell beer, liquor and even, I'm told, used women's underwear--the puritans would just freak!), rolling papers, as such, seem not to exist. One of Bill's colleagues told me that in three years, he'd only found them once. So I became very proficient at breaking the filter off a conventional cigarette, ever so gently scooping out the tobacco with a safety match and then repacking it with weed. At first it was time-consuming and laborious, but it became a good deal easier with practice.

Anyway, intoxicated by the combination of cannabis and the sensuous interplay of sun, sea

air and island scenery, I wandered all over the place checking out all the attractions. I was all the way on the other side of the island when I noticed it was about 4:30. The boat was in, but I felt just too enchanted to leave. Then came an announcement, loud enough to be heard over the entire island. Such an announcement was not made when I came ashore. As it was in Japanese, and a little indistinct, I didn't really understand it, but I had a vaguely unpleasant feeling that they just might be saying that this boat would be the last one. But it was such a nice day, I thought, certainly not one on which they'd have to cancel a boat. And I was on the other side of the island; would I even have been able to get down to the dock had I sprinted?

So I didn't even try. Well, the azure sky was studied with billowy cumulus clouds and as the sun set, they assumed a luminous, mother-of-pearl aspect. This

sky panorama against the background of the sea, the mainland and the next island (fabled Oshima) was a truly orgasmic experience. There was a lighthouse on the high end of the island, and as twilight fell, it activated, winking merrily in red and green. I'd never seen a lighthouse in operation before and I was mesmerized.

At 5:30, I arrived at the dock. As night fell, the wind was really starting to kick up and I noticed to my increasing discomfort, that there were no other people around. Even more distressingly, there was no sign of the ferry, which should have been visible chugging over from Atami City.

There was nothing but the falling darkness, accompanied by the relentless howling of the January wind, now quite chilly. And, of course, that little voice that upbraids you when you find yourself in shit and have nowhere to pin the blame but on your own stupidity. It's not exactly a conscience. Someone should think up a name for it.

OK, so I wouldn't be able to meet Bill at his neighborhood bar (If you ever find yourself in Musashino, check out "Melody Hat," a groovy little joint right across from the station). So I'd have to find myself a place to stay. That shouldn't have been difficult. Every other house in the village was a minshuku, or bed and breakfast. And since it was January, there should have been no problem finding vacancy.

Well, it just wasn't so. I went to about four or five places and was told sumimasen--"so sorry"--by assorted local housewives, some of whom would not even condescend to open the door. They all told me to go to the hotel.

I figured, how much could they really soak me for?

The hotel looked, from the outside, quite expensive and I wasn't too anxious to be scalped in that subtle Japanese way. But eventually I figured out that these salt-of-the-earth fisherfolk weren't too anxious to have me as their evening guest. So I trudged all the way back up to the hotel, which was, in and of itself, the size of a small city and set on acres of ornamental landscaping. I went into a building I thought was the hotel. Turns out it was just the dormitory for the help.

The lobby was a cavernous atrium, inlaid with marble,

continued on pg. 14



Hmmm, that Chris Sorochin. He's so....dreamy....

Faculty Speak Out Against Division I

By Chris Frankie

SUNY Stony Brook's athletic teams will move to Division I this fall as part of university president Shirley Strum Kenny's plan to "improve undergraduate life in every aspect," but questions concerning the benefits of the move and its financial impact worry many on campus.

The move to Division I entails playing more competitive opponents, an increase in travel for teams, expansion in recruiting, and a greater commitment by the university to provide more athletic scholarships in compliance with NCAA rules.

David Burner, a history professor at SUNY Stony Brook, calls the move to Division I a "bad gamble" for the university. "It's going to be an awful strain."

The amount of money needed to pay for a larger number of athletic scholarships greatly increases with a school's move to Division I, Burner said. "We have raised a few hundred thousand, but the problem is that we have to raise the better part of a million each year to remain in Division I according to NCAA requirements. No one knows if we can do that." If it isn't done, the remaining money needs to come from the university in one way or another.

The profits of the bookstore, the cafeteria, and the vending machines, is all money that comes mainly from students. "It goes into general funds," said Joel Rosenthal, a history professor who is opposed to the plan. Some people are concerned that money in this general fund will be diverted towards athletics and not to improving academics and other areas such as dorm rooms.

"Our library, for instance, buys far fewer scholarly books than it did a decade ago," Burner said. "The kids are going to be the losers."

"The money should be devoted to creating more parking areas and improving the dorms," said Kim Mislowsky, a Stony Brook commuter student. "Fix the stuff that's broken."

Burner solicited reports about the cost of Division I/IAA at Stony Brook from Richard G. Sheehan, a University of Notre Dame sports economist, and Daniel L. Fulks, an accountant for the NCAA. "I tried to get the very best possible people," Burner said. "The economist and the accountant appear to agree that Division I only helps in recruitment if we have winning teams, but there is a strong correlation between winning and spending and we're trying to make the move inexpensively."

"I have found it's simply not worthwhile to try to do anything by cutting costs and cutting corners," Sheehan said. "I understand that budget constraints sometimes force us into decisions that we would not take if we had more money. However, the evidence suggests that it is not having Division I athletics program that generates fame and additional enrollment. It is having a successful athletic program that gets you to that end."

Sheehan suggested in his report that the move to Division I would not be economically beneficial. "It is an expensive undertaking, albeit with potential generally non-economic benefits. He estimates that the cost of upgrading would be more than \$1 million. He acknowledged that the costs could be lower, but not without disastrous effects on the sports teams. "NCAA restrictions on the number of sports and scholarships required would preclude any substantial drop if you plan on fielding even marginally competitive teams."

Fulks also suggested that the move might not be economically beneficial.

"The trend in intercollegiate athletics continues to be that the financially successful programs are becoming even more successful, while the programs losing money are losing greater amounts," he said. "Additional costs, whether they be created by natural causes or by a move from one division to another, must be shared by taxpayers, corporate sponsors, donors, and students."

"There is no doubt that this takes a financial investment," said Daniel Melucci, president Kenny's "liaison to athletics."

But Kenny isn't too worried about the financial aspects of the move. "SUNY has state regulations that note only enough money to support a good Division III team can be used in terms of state funds," Kenny said. "There will not be any state funds that are diverted to the athletic program. All the funds that go into the athletic program must be raised from external sources."

Funds must be raised through donations by alumni or other donors, entrepreneurial efforts, the sale of merchandise, and other fundraising efforts. A recent agreement between the university and the Coca-Cola company will provide money for athletic scholarships, although all terms of the contract have not been released.

The move to Division I is part of a comprehensive plan by Kenny to improve undergraduate co-curricular activities. "It really does give students a kind of community focus," she said. "It also

gives the community more of an understanding of the university and involvement and a reason to be here, to come to games."

"I happen to believe in sports as being very important in American life, a real focus for community life, for community interest," Kenny said. "I think it's a very good thing for the campus."

"We're not a ra-ra midwestern college," Rosenthal said. "Football isn't going to draw people. I think it's an idiotic move." He said that students go to Stony Brook because of its academics and its convenience. "We fit in with your busy lives," he said.

Aside from the importance of sports in American life, Kenny said the move has benefits that stretch beyond athletics. "It is certainly true that when schools have winning teams, both their applications and their SAT scores go up and this has been proven in many places," Kenny said.

"We are not doing it with the sole intent to make money in a profit and loss sense," Melucci said. He called forming an opinion on the move to Division I based solely on the data provided by Sheehan and Fulks "short-sighted" because it does not include the residual benefits derived from name recognition, quality of life for students, and other benefits for the campus community. "The data does not take into consideration the enhanced support from alumni that a successful athletics program can encourage."

Regarding critics of the move to

Division I, Kenny said, "I don't think people with that point of view will change their minds easily because there really is a very different perception about the sports and I respect that. I think there is concern that money will be diverted, academic funds will be diverted to sports." But she claims that a good sports team will help in outside fundraising efforts, and that the amount of money received through fundraisers for both athletic and academic scholarships has risen.

Kenny points to schools like Georgetown University and the University of Connecticut as models for Stony Brook.

Melucci said that 20 years ago the University of Connecticut was a lot like SUNY Stony Brook today in many ways. They just won the National Championship in men's basketball. "Duke has a very similar story," he said.

"We're not comparable to Connecticut," Rosenthal said. "It's a different state with different conditions."

Instead, he equates Stony Brook with Rutgers. "Rutgers has lost a lot of money," he said. "The teams lose, the alumni doesn't care."

"Throughout the nation, you will be hard-pressed to find an institution that we would consider in our class academically that is not competing athletically at the Division I level," Melucci said.

The athletics program likely will cost money and that will come from somewhere else in the university's budget, so the only question is where?

"Although it is certainly true that an athletic program can be abused, I don't think that's a danger here," she said. "Our athletic people are very concerned about the

education of our athletes...we're not going to take advantage of student athletes."

Kenny said that the school's commitment to education will not change because of the move to Division I.

Kenny also addressed the possibility of losing money. She said Stony Brook has a five-year business plan that it must follow and must adhere to state guidelines in regard to spending for the athletic program.

"It's not something that we can say 'Oohhh so we can't make the money so let's use some of our state allocations that should be going to academic programs,'" she said. "We can't do that, it's not a possibility, because it's not legal."

The plan is beneficial in the long term, said both Kenny and Melucci. "Ten years from now, the value and the pride you get from your Stony Brook diploma will be greatly enhanced by our athletic prominence," Melucci said. "Successful athletic teams will spread the word that this is a great place in many ways."

But Sheehan was not as optimistic. "I don't foresee doom and gloom with the university buckling under tremendously heavy demands of the athletics department," he said. "On the other hand, I don't foresee a tremendous groundswell of heightened awareness or pride in the institution either. The athletics program likely will cost money and that will come from somewhere else in the university's budget, so the only question is where?"

The 5th Annual



Yes kids, it's that time of year again, the annual Shirley Awards. Named in honor of our esteemed University President, Shirley Strum Kenny, the awards honor the best and worst of our staff, campus, three-village area and world at large. All of the categories are voted upon by our venerable staff of veteran writers, commie pinkos, megalomaniacs, manic-depressives, junkies and professional "Long Island" artists.

Created in 1995, the fateful year of Kenny's arrival, the awards attempt to recognize all those worthy of praise and the multitudes of ass monkeys deserving of our wrath. This year, as a special bonus, we're throwing in a "Shirley Pictorial", chronicling the shenanigans of our favorite Texas belle. (Legal Disclaimer: She didn't actually attend the Million Marijuana March, she's really not a cheerleader, she's not...etc.etc.) Without further ado, we proudly present the 1999 Shirley Awards.

Biggest Waste of DNA: Rudy Giuliani

Runner-Ups: John Jay LaValle and Jerry Falwell

A message to you Rudy: You're a dick! Giuliani has got to be one of the biggest, maniacal bedlamites working in politics today. The "Quality of Life" campaign in the city, open hostility towards minority communities in New York, and a carnal relationship with the NYPD are the trademarks of his administration and make him the fascist pig he is. Look out Rudy, instant karma will come back to bite you in the ass. If there is any justice in this world, you will burn in the eternal fires of Hell, you filthy swine.

Best Politician: Steve Englebright

Runner-Ups: Bill Clinton, Jesse "the Body" Ventura

Stony Brook's very own Steve Englebright takes this one. A geology professor from ESS, Steve is the last of a dying breed; a "good guy". He is one of the few politicians we know of who hasn't sold his soul completely to the Devil. Englebright, unlike the opponent who ran against him in the November election (LaValle), actually cares about the students at this university and the state of higher education funding in general. A refreshing alternative in the stagnant rank of local politicians.

Worst Politician: Rudy Giuliani

Runner-Up: Bill Clinton

Cattle-fences in midtown, a secret bunker in the World Trade Center, a stadium on the west-side, massive cuts to the CUNY budget, an end to remedial courses, dismissal of an Amnesty International report condemning NYC police brutality, massive corporatization of Times Square, and CLOSING DOWN OF PORN SHOPS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Part of the appeal of Times Square has always been the peep show/porn shop/crack whore/pimp element. Does this fucking guy know when to stop?



Politician We'd Most Like to Shag: Strom Thurmond, Bill Clinton

Two compulsive sex freaks with legions of illegitimate spawn. Both are from south of the Mason-Dixon Line. One's a bit more cognitive than the other. The choice is yours.

President Kenny is an ardent supporter of the Million Marijuana March. She was one of five protestors arrested in this past Saturday's rally.

Politician We'd Least Like to Shag: Strom Thurmond

Runner-Up: Shirley Strum Kenny

The human mind is capable of conjuring up some pretty horrific images. For the love of God, don't let the children watch.

Hangout: The Spot

Runner-Up: The Press Office, Bamboo forest

Thank god for Godfrey and the Spot. Located in the Fanny Brice Building in Kelly Quad, the Spot, is our home away from home (at least weds through sat). With live music every night and an open grill featuring Middle-Eastern food, you just can't go wrong.

Best Professor(s): Ian Boxborough, Vince Breslin, David Burner, Elof Carlson, Nancy Franklin, Paul Kassel, Abraham Krikorian, Marci Lobel, and Andrew Martin

Kudos to all. These are the professors who make this god-forsaken place bearable. You guys rock!

Worst Professor: Steven Cole

You are a disgrace to your profession. I wound up playing Black Jack in the balcony of Javits during your class and still got an A. You suck the life out of sociology.

Sexiest Professor: Paul Gootenberg

Runner-Ups: Dave Barnett, Cliff Curbia, Ira Livingston

Work it! Work it! Work it! Work it! Work it!

Smartest Admin Move: Installation of new lights around campus

Runner-Up: There was one?

Once in a while, the administration does something worthwhile. The installation of new lights around campus after several reported rapes last semester, is certainly deserving of praise.

Stupidest Admin Move: The Fountain Project

Most of the time, however, the administration makes ill informed, poorly planned decisions, like the recent two million dollar fountain project.

Most Obnoxious Administrator: Shirley Strum Kenny

Runner Up: Fred Preston, Doug Little

Congratulations Shirl! That's five years in a row. Does anyone see a pattern here?

Best Eatery: the Open Grill at the Spot:

Reasonably priced, tasty Middle-Eastern food including babaganoosh, hummus, pita, tabouli salad, grilled chicken/beef, and Belgian fries. Hmmm...Hummus...

Worst Eatery: Deng Lee's

Runner-Up: The Brunch @ Kelly

Proceed with caution. No guarantees.



Shirley Awards

Favorite Polity Senator: David Klein

Runner-Up: Frank "Triple Threat" Santangelo

Yeah, he's whiny, but, hey, the man gets the job done, which is more than can be said about the rest of the lot.

Least Favorite Polity Senator: Mike Kraelik

Incompetent and obnoxious. When will his reign of stupidity end? When you monkeys stop voting for him, that's when!

Favorite University Employee: Penny - The Pasta Lady at Bleacher

Runner-Up: Norm Prusslin, Media Advisor

She reminds us of our grandmothers. Always helpful, always sweet, we nominate her for 'employee of the year'. Give the woman a raise!

Least Favorite University Employee: Anyone from the Traffic Office

For Shame! Day after day, issuing ticket after unjustified ticket; you people suck. How about ticketing administrators who park at will any where they want for a change?

Sexiest Statesman Editor: Michael Kwan

Runner-Up: Brad Gratton

Hot asian blood pulsates through his manly, throbbing veins. He's the mack-daddy-o. Somebody stop him, please!

Best Campus Event: Roth Quad Regatta

Runner-Up: Take Back the Night, ICON

Live music and the spectacle of the actual regatta, an unforgettable sight.

Worst Campus Event: Midnight Madness

Runner-Up: ICON and "Polity Pride Week"

In celebration of homecoming, admin lures students into the Sports Complex with promises of free cars and tuition. What a farce.

Best Issue of the Press: The Stony Brook Cokewhores

Runner-Up: The Long Island Void, Million Youth March, and School of the Americas

Best News Story: School of Americas Coverage

Runner-Ups: Million Youth March coverage, Coca-Cola contract

Best Features Article: Rocco Saffretti letter

Runner-Ups: Win a Dream Date with Squirrel, Potfest articles, Oscar Review

Best Quote From An Article: "Perhaps the fat heavily makeup'd monster who patrols the campus rubs her Chiclet-sized clit every night in contemplation of the day of paperwork ahead."

Runner-Up: "He slows his pace when reaming so as not to pierce the anal lining"

Best Top Ten List: "Top Ten Possibly Racist Things Found in the Supermarket"

Runner-Up: "Top Ten Things Overheard at the Meeting Between Police Commissioner Safir and Mayor Giuliani at the Security Meeting for the Million Youth March."



BONG RIPS!!!!!!

Best Cover: Cokewhores

Runner-Up: Racism

Best House Ad: Press Online

Biggest Staff Fixation: Throbbing man cock

Biggest Video Game Hog: (tie) Squirrel, Todd Stebbins, Ruby Firewall

Runner Up: John Giuffo

Best Issue of the Statesman: Morning After Pill

Biggest Mooch Who Needs To Get a Job: Squirrel

Runner Up: Joanna Wegielnik, David Klein

Our Favorite Baby: Brad Gratton

Runner Up: Todd Stebbins

Staff Member Most Resembling a Grizzly Bear: John Giuffo

Biggest Music Nazi: Squirrel, John Giuffo

Runner Up: Joanna Wegielnik

Non-presser Who Will Be Most Missed: Kevin Cavanaugh

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Best Movie: The Matrix

Worst Movie: The Bride of Chuckie

Best Album: Massive Attack - Mezzanine, Lauren Hill - Miseducation of Lauren Hill

Worst Album: Anything by Celine Dion

Best Music Video: "Scrubs" by TLC, "You've Got Me" by The Roots and Erykah Badu

Worst Music Video: Anything involving Mariah Carey

Best Work of Fiction: The Polity Constitution

Best TV Show: "Strangers With Candy", "Upright Citizens Brigade", "The Awful Truth", "The Simpsons"

Worst TV Show: X-files, Melrose Place

Hottest TV Babe: Lisa Simpson

Hottest TV Guy: Mulder & those NYPD hotties

Hottest Rock Guy: Busta Rhymes

Hottest Rock Chick: Jen "the Mad Rapper" Hobin

Hottest Movie Chick: Catherine Zeta Jones

Hottest Movie Guy: Roberto Begnini



Get in to the Groove, Baby!

CALLING IT QUILTS

By Chris Frankie

Getting mail and answering the phone used to be fun, now it's work. Since I turned 18 three years ago, I have been bombarded by credit card companies trying to get me to carry their all new, super-duper deluxe credit card, that I don't want or need.

Sure, getting my first credit card was a thrill. Even the first phone call I received asking me to apply for one was exciting to me. Now the calls are annoying, but I can always just hang up when I've had enough. But mail is a different story.

From my years of interaction with college students at Stony Brook, I have learned that it is a common practice for credit card companies to target college-aged students. Many credit cards offer low introductory rates for the first year and then drastically increase the rates after that. This is a trap that gets many students into debt.

Recently, I came home from class at SUNY Stony Brook and discovered yet another envelope with my name on it. It was an ordinary white envelope with the symbol in green and blue from a bank in Oregon on it. Normally it would be one



for the junk pile, but not this time. Through the little clear window in the envelope I could see a credit card.

"That's funny," I thought to myself, "I don't remember applying for any new credit cards."

I recalled places I might have applied. "Did I apply at the last Islanders game I was at to get a free T-shirt?" I questioned myself. No, that wasn't it, besides I already have two credit cards with Islanders logos on them.

"Wait a second, I know," I thought to myself. It was a MasterCard, and I have a MasterCard already, so it must be a replacement. But after comparing the numbers on the two cards, I could see that they didn't match.

So I called the credit card company and explained the situation.

"I'm sorry," replied the disinterested female voice who couldn't help me. I had to call another department.

I dialed the number and was greeted by a perky voice. "How may I help you?" she asked. She sounded like she was going to be helpful. I proceeded to explain my situation for the second.

"I just need to verify some information," she said.

It quickly became apparent to me that the only thing that was going to be short about this call was going to be my temper. One by one, I verified the facts. "My name is Chris Frankie, spelled C-h-

r-i-s F-r-a-n-k-I-e." Then onto my social security number, date of birth, address, home phone number, work phone number, hours that I can be reached at home, and a bunch of other questions. She was polite and, after all, it wasn't her fault that I was sent this card, I thought. At least it's all taken care of and over with.

Wrong again. Next came the pleading. She tried to convince me that the card was perfect for me. If it hadn't been clear already, I made it abundantly clear that I didn't want this card. I was ready to go relax.

But curiosity popped into my head and I decided to find out why I was sent the card. She told me that she didn't know for sure, but she suggested I was sent the card because I might have agreed to have it sent to me during a telephone solicitation. I told her that I don't recall doing anything of that nature recently, and she told me that it was probably from several months ago. That didn't make any difference to me. I always turn down credit cards over the phone. I can't be bothered.

The call was almost done and I was offered a letter of confirmation that I had canceled the card. I took her up on that offer, and luckily I knew enough to make sure the lady noted in my file that the card was canceled by me and not by the credit card company. It could have hurt my credit. I said good-bye and hung up the phone.

Finally, half an hour after checking my mail, it was time to kick back, relax, and watch some television. The phone rang. This time I just let the answering machine take the call.

"SAKE" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

with fountains and statues. Behind the reception desk were two very young-looking clerks in suits. I asked if they had a single room available. They said they didn't have single rooms, but could let me have a double. I asked the all-important question: How much?

One of them wrote on a pad. A four, then another four and four deadly little zeros--the yen equivalent of about \$400!!! I configured my face into a mask of horror and told them I didn't have that much on me. Did I have a credit card? No, I don't believe in them.

I explained, in my pidgin Japanese, how I'd come to be stranded on Gilligan-san's island and couldn't get any help from the local fishwives and tried to make myself look as puppy-dog pathetic as I could. They kept saying "sumimasen" and I inquired what I was to do, wander around the entire night?

"Sumimasen."

Were there by chance, any police on the island? No. Curse Japan and its low crime rate!

I thanked them dejectedly and trudged out into the night, feeling my mind starting to slowly bend, evolving some fairly anti-Japanese thoughts of my own.

Though it was January, it really wasn't so cold that freezing to death was a possibility, but the ideas of just vagabonding around that miserable island until the first boat at 8 the next morning. What if Bill called the police when I didn't come home?

I made my way back to the village, thinking perhaps that the Buddhist temple (every Japanese community, no matter how miniscule, boasts at least one Buddhist temple and one Shinto shrine) would have to provide succor to a wayfarer in distress. And I had noticed an abandoned house, with broken windows if worse came

to worse.

I tried yet another minshuku, which yielded another refusal from behind another closed door.

Then I saw the hotel's van, which they used to transport their guests to and from the ferry slip. They went by several times and I wondered what they were doing out. Finally they stopped on the narrow street and out popped one of the clerks from before (whom I later learned was the "Assistant Front Office Manager") and another besuited boyish figure, maybe two years older than the others, who spoke English and introduced himself as the Front Office Director. He inquired as to my situation and said, "Please come to our hotel."

What could I do but agree? I felt like a mangy stray dog being taken home by two kids in their school uniforms. They treated me just like a real paying guest, holding the doors for me and bowing.

"Sometimes when the wind is too rough they cancel the last boat," explained the Director, a Mr. Someya. When I asked about the unavailability of minshuku space he told me that they must be reserved. Hmmm. By his card, I saw that the Hatsushima Club was affiliated with the New Otani Hotel chain, infamous in California for labor troubles and target of a massive strike by both US and Japanese unions. Of course, I didn't mention any of this.

Back in the lobby, Someya-san had me sign in. He expressed admiration when he saw my address was "Brooklyn." I considered joking that he should relax because I'd left my switchblade at home. But I didn't. I showed him exactly how much money I had on my person. I knew that as the resort owned most of the island, it wouldn't do to have a crazed foreigner running

amok in the night and terrorizing the locals, so of course it wasn't total altruism on their part.

I fully expected them to take whatever money I had and make arrangements to bill me later. Or, to at least take what I had. At that point, I would gladly have parted with \$100 or so.

But no! Someya-san, long may he live and prosper, decreed that, as Director, he could set a special price and he put down a figure of ¥5,000. Fifty dollars? I paid more than that at a fleabag joint I had stayed in the week before in Hiroshima! This was too good. I asked him if he was sure he didn't want more. He shook his head and took me in a Rocky Horror glass elevator to a very nice room with a queensize bed, bath, TV and electric teapot.

I gratefully bubbled thanks and praise, telling him what a totally superior person he was and promised to name my firstborn son "Tatsuhiko" in his honor.

The desk clerk later assisted me in phoning the bar and telling Bill of my adventure.

The next morning, I signed out and departed. I'd gotten about a half mile down the road when another employee came sprinting after me: I'd forgotten my receipt. Simply unbelievable.

When I got back home, I sent my benefactors a couple T-shirts saying "Brooklyn" and "New York Yankees-World Champions, 1998" or something like that, together with some Statue of Liberty ashtrays and other tourist schlock, together with an invitation to look me up if they're ever here. I never heard back, so I hope they got it.

I'll just end here with an uncharacteristically sappy homily about how, just when things look most hopeless, help can come from the most unexpected of places. In these very dark and diabolical times, it's something we all need to remember.

Meet Jean Metellus

By Sulaiman Beg

Every morning, bright and early, Jean Metellus wheels his cart up and down the halls of Dewey College. While most residents rest comfortably in their beds, Metellus, as he has for 10 years now, cleans up the mess they made the night before.

But Metellus is not a man to complain. His job is to clean the building and that's exactly what he does to the best of his ability.

"If it's dirty," Metellus said, "I clean it up."

The 49-year-old custodian doesn't mind the mess the residents of Dewey make because he understands that "they are just young kids, that's what they do."

He is one of a number of individuals that maintain the upkeep and overall cleanliness of Dewey College.

Metellus was born the youngest of six brothers and a sister in Gonaives, a province of Haiti. His father came to the United States, when Metellus was just a child, and used to work for the Ford Motor Company in New Jersey. He was later transferred to Queens and then finally Suffolk County. While growing up in Haiti, Metellus visited his father almost every year in America.

He graduated from high school with a C.E.P., which stands for a "Certificat d' Etudes Primaire" in French, which Metellus is fluid in.

Metellus' father died in 1974, and his son decided to make a change in his life. After his father died, money was getting hard to come by. So in 1979, at the age of 29, Metellus decided to stay personally in the United States, for two major reasons.

"Money and work," he said. "In Haiti they had plenty of jobs, but if you want money, it's not there."

After her husband's death, Metellus' mother decided to go back to Haiti. "My mother didn't like it here. Too cold," he said with a smile. Both his mother and his sister decided to go back together. Metellus recalls telling his sister, "If you stay here, you're going to have to work. She didn't want to work, so she left."

His first job was working in a factory in New Jersey making handbags. Metellus left that job and drove a Yellow Cab for four years, and then in 1985 he graduated from Apex Technical School. After that Metellus worked as a security guard for two years in Spring Valley.

After saving up for a long time, Metellus was able to buy his first home in Suffolk County. He moved in with his wife, Lystra, and their son, Richard.

"Ever since then, I've been here in Suffolk County," Metellus said with a smile as he sat back in his chair in his cluttered basement office in Dewey.

Since moving to Long Island in 1989, he's worked at SUNY Stony Brook.

"I had bills to pay," he said. "I needed a job. There was no job openings for a mechanic, just for a custodian. So I said let me put my foot in the door. Ever since, the door's been open."

Metellus started in Roth Quad, then moved to H Quad, then was transferred to Tabler and for the last two years has performed janitorial duties at Dewey.

"It was fun in H quad," he said. There he was more than just a custodian. "I was like an older brother," Metellus said. Students would often ask him for advice and he would offer his services. "When I see someone trying to get ahead in life I try to help."

Metellus says that Tabler is the worst Quad he has ever worked. "It's so dead and isolated from everywhere," he said. "They call it the boondocks."

In 1991, two events altered Metellus' life. He separated from his wife, of 11 years, and on September 15th, which according to him is a day he'll never forget, Metellus gave up drinking and hasn't touch alcohol since.

"Most people can't kick a habit when they're going through a divorce," he said. "When I'm going to do something, I'm going to do it." His sobriety is tested everyday as he cleans out the garbage cans that are filled with empty beer bottles discarded by college students.

Metellus admits that he couldn't have done this all by myself. The University spent close to \$27,000 on metellus, through the University Assistance Program he was sent to rehabilitation in Ft. Lauderdale this month.

With half the money he was earning going to pay child support, Metellus could not keep his house and now rents a room in Coram.

When school is in session, Metellus' day begins at 7 a.m. and ends at 3:30 p.m. which is similar to but not as grueling as the summer schedule, 6 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. "It's the hardest time of the year," he said. "Deep cleaning." It is the only time when he and the other custodians have time to get the whole building in order because the residents are gone.

Derrick Thomas, the Residence Hall Director of Dewey College, said, "Jean is a big help around the building." His duties include the cleaning of restrooms, common areas, the stairwells, and bathrooms in the residents' suites and the basic upkeep of the building.

"A lot of people see my face and see a serious face," he said, "but inside I'm a jovial person. I don't let things bother me."

Many residents who take the time to talk to Metellus find that he is indeed a jovial person.

"He's very friendly," said Patricia Pastilha, a 19-year-old freshman. "He always smiles and says 'hi.'" She also recalls that every time her father comes to pick her up, Metellus always talks to him. "He's very approachable," she said.

Erin Tracy echoed Pastilha's thoughts. "He's really nice," said the 18-year-old freshman. "If I ask him for stuff, he always gets it for me."

To Metellus, college students are "just like any kids. If you have an argument with them it doesn't work," he said. "People here have respect for everybody, the students are not disrespectful."

For Metellus, being respected is a very important aspect of his life. "That's the only thing I can't deal with, disrespect," he said. "If you disrespect me, I'll disrespect you."

"The worst part of the job is not being appreciated," Metellus said. "I work hard." He explains that when someone tells you that your best isn't good enough, "it really hurts."

When he's not working, Metellus says that his life is "just crazy. A little party here and a little party there," he said, "but mostly I stay home and read. I love to read." Because as he explains it, "the more you read the smarter you get."

One of the most bizarre things to happen to Metellus while at work, besides the graffiti that students sometimes write on the walls like "I Love Beer" and "Assman," is when a student dropped a window screen narrowly missing him.

"It didn't bother me because I knew the student didn't have anything against me," he said with a smile.

For the future, Metellus would like to get a job doing maintenance work. By this he means working with electrical stuff and plumbing. "I could do all these jobs," he said. "I learned a lot from my dad."

"He's a cool guy, very down to earth," said Peter-James Accurso about Metellus. "He's got the same goals as any man, to make money, to work hard, have fun and to get respect," said the 20-year-old sophomore.

Metellus' advice is very simple. "Graduate. Graduate and get a degree. If you don't have a college degree you're in for tough times. Every year you go forward, don't force yourself back."

Kids Explore Dinosaurs and Fossils on Campus

By Michael Yeh

Little Endis peered curiously at the dusty crater in the corner of the room, with his mouth open in awe.

Accompanied by classmates from Georgeann O'Connell's special education class from Northeast Elementary school in Brentwood, Endis is taking a trip through time to explore the prehistoric world.

"That's a dinosaur's footprint," explained the tall, smiling man kneeling nearby.

The child's face brightened. "Just like Jurassic Park?"

Well, not exactly. Although not as extravagant as the fictional theme park, the Museum of Long Island Natural Sciences at the State University of New York at Stony Brook has an ambitious goal indeed: to teach youngsters to appreciate the wild side of Long Island.

Founded in the late '70s by geology professor and state assemblyman Steven Englebright, the museum offers visitors glimpses of geological history as well as an introduction to local plants and animals. Staff educators also conduct nature workshops for school groups and people in the local community.

"Our main goal is environmental education for the people of Long Island," said John Logiudice, a senior anthropology student who teaches children's programs at the museum. "We teach children that Long Island is more than strip malls and the Nassau Coliseum."

Unlike many traditional museums that consist of inanimate objects mounted behind glass, children who visit are encouraged to use all of their senses to learn.

"It's really a hands-on museum, which makes it kid-friendly," Logiudice said. They make plaster seashell "fossils," and look at real fossils and live creatures.

"These children learn best by touching and feeling," O'Connell said.

Although the museum receives some state funding, it is nearly self-supported by workshop fees and sales of its publications. Recent budget cuts in Albany have forced the museum staff to seek more sources of independent funding.

"Because of state cutbacks, we don't run as many weekend programs," said museum director Pamela Stewart. In the past, weekend lectures and workshops were offered to adults. Today, most community outreach efforts are directed towards school groups, with an average of 12 visits per week.

"It's like a birthday cake," Logiudice said, referring to the budget. "It keeps shrinking piece by piece."

But despite financial difficulties, the museum operates thanks to the help of dedicated volunteers. In addition, students gain valuable experience in pedagogy by observing and helping the school groups. LoGiudice plans to pursue a career in Native American archeology, and museum science.

"You don't go into the museum field for love of money," LoGiudice said. "We just want to make science accessible to everybody."

Roth

By Glenn Given

There are a few things about Stony Brook University that almost make the otherwise total banality of this campus tolerable. The eighth annual Roth Pond Regatta is one of those few events.

In case you weren't one of the attendees this year, the Regatta is an on campus organization that brings together Stony Brook students and clubs to build dinky cardboard boats and try to race them across a filthy little pond. Yeah! In our magical college that lies in a land of zero rational thought, this happens to be tremendous fun.

This past April 30th, the eighth annual Regatta went off with nary a hitch. The sun shined down on the murky, infested waters of Roth Pond, and the mob of students clamoring around it. According to Joe Fong, one of the events student organizers, this year's turnout was better than ever with approximately 2,000 onlookers and 60 entries in the race.

Although the Regatta has always been popular among students, it has been plagued with a spell of poor weather in the past years and an equally poor budget. Although it has begun to improve, it's showing yearly with the additions of a carnival (last year) and live music, it's showing a lot of promise but little polish.

"Next year will be better," assures Regatta MC Steve Mauriello. "We had some schedule problems, but now we know and can plan better."

One of the biggest draws for this year's race was a line up of musicians including *The Cogs*, *Kitty In The Tree*, *Superhypermost*, *Sidedoor*, *Johnnies*, and *Spider Nick and the Maddogs*.



Unfortunately, miscommunication caused some problems when the regatta ended an hour before the last two bands were set to play. Concert Organizer Godfrey Palaia insisted that "it was a simple misunderstanding" and that hopefully all the bumps encountered this year would be ironed out by the time the next Regatta rolls around.

The regatta was split into two classes, Speedsters (one man craft) and yachts (two or more people). Each consisted of a series of heats with approximately four boats and a final heat to determine each class's winner. This year's the

Latin Engineers organization took first in the Speedsters. A group of Biomed students called Permanent Neurological Damage won for the Yacht class. In addition, all entrants received a medal simply for braving the treacherous waters of Roth Pond.

It wasn't really about who won though. More than anything the Regatta was, and will hopefully continue to be — a time for students and friends to gather and watch other students and friends sink into a filthy pond, while sipping beer from a keg that was somewhere in Whitman and trying to throw each other into the muck. It's a grand tradition.

If this past event is any indicator of the Regatta's improvements, then next year should truly be spectacular. Talk persisted of an open barbeque and music throughout the races. All these improvements hinge on last week's election results on which the Regatta budget was one of the items.

Each year, the Roth Pond Regatta stands as one of the only events on campus to bring everybody together. Unlike SAB concerts or any damn event with the word "Unity" in it, the Regatta doesn't show a hint of segregation, or political leanings. With any luck the Regatta will continue to grow, and continue to entertain Stony Brook students when nothing else seems to.

Photo Courtesy of the Statesman

April 30th

Featuring:
A Music Festival!

Spider Nick and the Maddogs
The Cogs
Kitty In The Tree
Superhypermost
Sidedoor
Johnnies

A Comedian!
and of course,
THE REGATTA!

You Gotta Regatta!



ANHEUSER-BUSCH NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT!

Compiled by GLAAD (Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation)

On Thursday, April 22, Anheuser-Busch placed an advertisement in a local St. Louis lesbian and gay publication, EXP Magazine. The Bud Light (an Anheuser brand) ad depicts two men holding hands with the taglines, "Be Yourself and Make It a Bud Light" and "Proud Sponsor of the St. Louis Pridefest '99."

What made the ad unique was that it was the beer manufacturers first advertisement to include same-sex physical contact. While ad revenues from "mainstream" corporations in lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender (lgbt) publications have significantly increased in the past few years, these ads usually shy away from depicting lesbian and gay couples in any intimate embrace. Popular "mainstream" newspapers and magazines almost always include heterosexual couples in some form of embrace, while similar ads in lgbt publications, sometimes for the very same products, feature two same-gender individuals minus the same affection. Readers are often asked to assume these couples are lesbian, gay or bisexual simply by the placement of the ad in a lgbt publication.



An article in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch on Wednesday, April 21 detailed the launch of the Bud ads, which the company plans to use in other markets.

Following the article, Bud was deluged by many negative phone calls and e-mails blasting the company for their ad.

The following e-mail was just distributed by Jerry Falwell regarding the issue:

Date: 99-04-30 17:00:16 EDT
From: webmaster@libertyalliance.org
Sender: fclist-owner@libertyalliance.org
To: fclist@libertyalliance.org

DATE: APRIL 30, 1999
FROM: JERRY FALWELL

ANHEUSER BUSCH UPDATE:
Since my communique yesterday, the Anheuser Busch Company has now instituted a toll-free number for people to call if they disapprove of a

new Bud Light commercial featuring two homosexual men. The new toll-free number to call is: 1-888-227-8783. One of my staff members called Anheuser Busch yesterday and told them that thousands of calls would be coming from concerned Americans and it appears the company quickly saw that they need an automated number to receive the volume of calls that have already come in. I just called the number before writing

this special update and it took me three tries to get through, meaning that our fellow conservatives are on the ball! Let's keep the heat on Anheuser Busch so that they understand that pro-family Americans are terribly concerned about homosexual images coming into our homes through reckless advertising campaigns. Call today and have your friends and family call as well! Pastors, this Sunday please encourage your congregations to call. It is important that we all take action since the gay-rights community is actively calling the pro-gay ad number. The number is 1-888-227-8783.

Please contact Bud and let them know that their ad represents parity in advertising.

NOTE: Please Do Not Call 1-888-227-8783. It registers you as opposing the ad. Instead, Call Their Feedback Phone: 1-877-233-7725 You will automatically be registered as supporting the ad.

Stick it to Jerry Falwell and the other closed-minded hatemongers who are trying to control our media.

Online Feedback Form:

<http://Budweiser.com/quality/index.html>

To view the St. Louis Post-Dispatch story:

<http://www.postnet.com/862566b400717e71/effcf07c976880b98625671b00739585/9bfbb78f9ae09a5f8625675a003d241f?OpenDocument>

To view the advertisement:

<http://www.glaad.org/glaad/support/images/budlite.gif>

The Spot

Open
Wednesday
through
Saturday from 8
p.m. to 2:30 a.m.
with live music,
drinks, games
and an open
grill, featuring
Middle-Eastern
specialties



Photo by J. Vegielnik

Graduate Student Lounge

Located on the 2nd floor of the Fannie Brice Building, Roosevelt

FUZZY MILK FESTIVAL

THE



A two day music festival with 12 bands featuring the reunion of Third Bardo, who have not played a show in 30 years.

To be held on May 14th and 15th at The Spot, benefitting WUSB 90.1 FM, Long Island's premiere non-commercial radio station. Festival will be broadcast live through WUSB's website.

In addition to Third Bardo, other bands playing include The Church Keys, Oya Bando, Sit N' Spin, Bustin' Surfboards, The Spin Outs, The Plungers, High Teen Boogie, EZ Living, The Buzzards, Johnny Chan and New Dynasty 6

Beer Fest '99

Ales of Japan

By Hilary Vidair

THE PROJECT

It was the night we had all been anticipating for quite some time. Ideas concerning the event had been buzzing throughout the office all week. The decision was made to run the experiment in the most prominent place available: Giuffo Headquarters.

Research assistant, David M. Ewalt, collected the necessary materials for the survey. Jessica LaMantia was appointed administrator of the test.

Michael Yeh and Joanna Wegielnik were dispatched to the field, writing down their keen observations. Yeh and I were chosen to tabulate the final scores.

Two former researchers, Martha Chemas and Lowell Yaeger, joined the fray and partook in the statistical analysis.

Yes, it was time yet again, to gather our professional panel of scientific experts and hold the sixth annual BEERFEST.

Each year, the goal of this highly scientific study is to determine which beer possesses the greatest quality. In the past six years, we've investigated cheap American beer, ales, imports, the microbrews of New York State, and malt liquor. The theme for this particular experiment was "Ales of the Japan."

Prior to the test, a meeting of the newly formed *Ovary Club* was called at John Harvard's. As we stuffed ourselves with alcohol absorbing substances, we discussed the second mission of the evening: to pull a prank on one very drunk, very unsuspecting member of the board. After much debate, the group decided that which ever man passed out first would be stripped down to his undies and tied to a chair. Bets were taken as to who the likely victim would be.

When we arrived at ground zero, our panel of 26 scientists ready to proceed with the experiment. Forms were passed out and the first set of beers were distributed (incognito, of course).

Each judge rated the beers in four categories, on a scale of one to ten; Taste, Bite, Aftertaste, and Iquaqi (whose precise definition has been lost to the ages). As research progressed, comments were carefully recorded.

THE TASTING

Beer "A": Kirin Light

This first sampled ale, Kirin Light, left many of our participants disappointed. It was rated lowest in both taste and bite, while scoring second in the aftertaste category.

COMMENTS:

"Watered down moose piss!!! (I've tasted moose piss!)"

"Goes down smooth, then clutches the throat with a savage bitterness."

"Tastes like stale piss, at least what I think stale piss would taste like."

"I have never, ever, tasted pukey, bad beer before."

"Remarkably un-assular. Far better tasting than my ass."

Beer "B": Sapporo

This traditional Eastern ale can be found in most 24-hour markets in New York. Our taste-testers found this one a little hard to swallow. Rating lowest in aftertaste, Sapporo contributed to the level of pessimism amongst the panelists.

COMMENTS:

"Aagh! Yuk! How somebody decided to mass-produce this toxic waste is beyond me!"

"Comes on strong with an almost ammonia-like taste. Mellow, but hangs around on the palate too long."

"A foamy golden shower, streaming down my maw. Did someone take a dump in this vat?"

"Smacks dat ass with

"Sapporior" crunch, motherfucker."

"Aah...reminds me of my youth in the ghetto...standing in front of the corner store sippin' on a brew."

Beer "C": Kirin Lager

This beer lost our most important category, Iquaqi, by a landslide. Our scientific panel was beginning to lose faith.

COMMENTS:

"Not like cum. Pre-cum, but not cum."

"Tastes like fermented rice milk. Don't get me wrong—I still drank all of it!"

"Uncompromising in its dullness and repulsiveness."

"Sharp, numbs the tongue and dries

it...the pain is brief."

"I think I need to lick an elephant hemorrhoid to unclench my mouth."

Beer "D": Sapporo Draft

This was clearly the brew of choice, winning the categories of bite, aftertaste, iquaqi, and overall quality. Alas, the best of the bunch was still not good enough for our longtime samplers.

COMMENTS:

"Blyeeagh! My eyes feel like they're gonna bleed."

"Fuck. Like bad, only worse."

"Ow, my spleen!"

"Tastes like shit, but it reminds me of Old English. And that makes me smile, 'cause Old English is da sniznit."

"There's been an error...abort mission! All sharks and mermaids, abandon ship!!!"

Beer "E": Kirin Ichiban

Rating first for taste and second for bite and aftertaste, this was an alright ending to an unfulfilling experiment. Our researchers, however, were probably a little too drunk by now to produce accurate statements.

COMMENTS:

"Good taste, nice aftertaste. And a slight feeling that I might be still tasting it in the morning. Can kiss the girls after this."

"It doesn't taste like anything until you swallow—it's magic beer."

"Makes me think about bile."

"Mediocre. I'm disappointed with the quality...about as pleasing as seeing the White House."

"...Alcohol teaches us a very important lesson. We can live in harmony. I really have to urinate now."

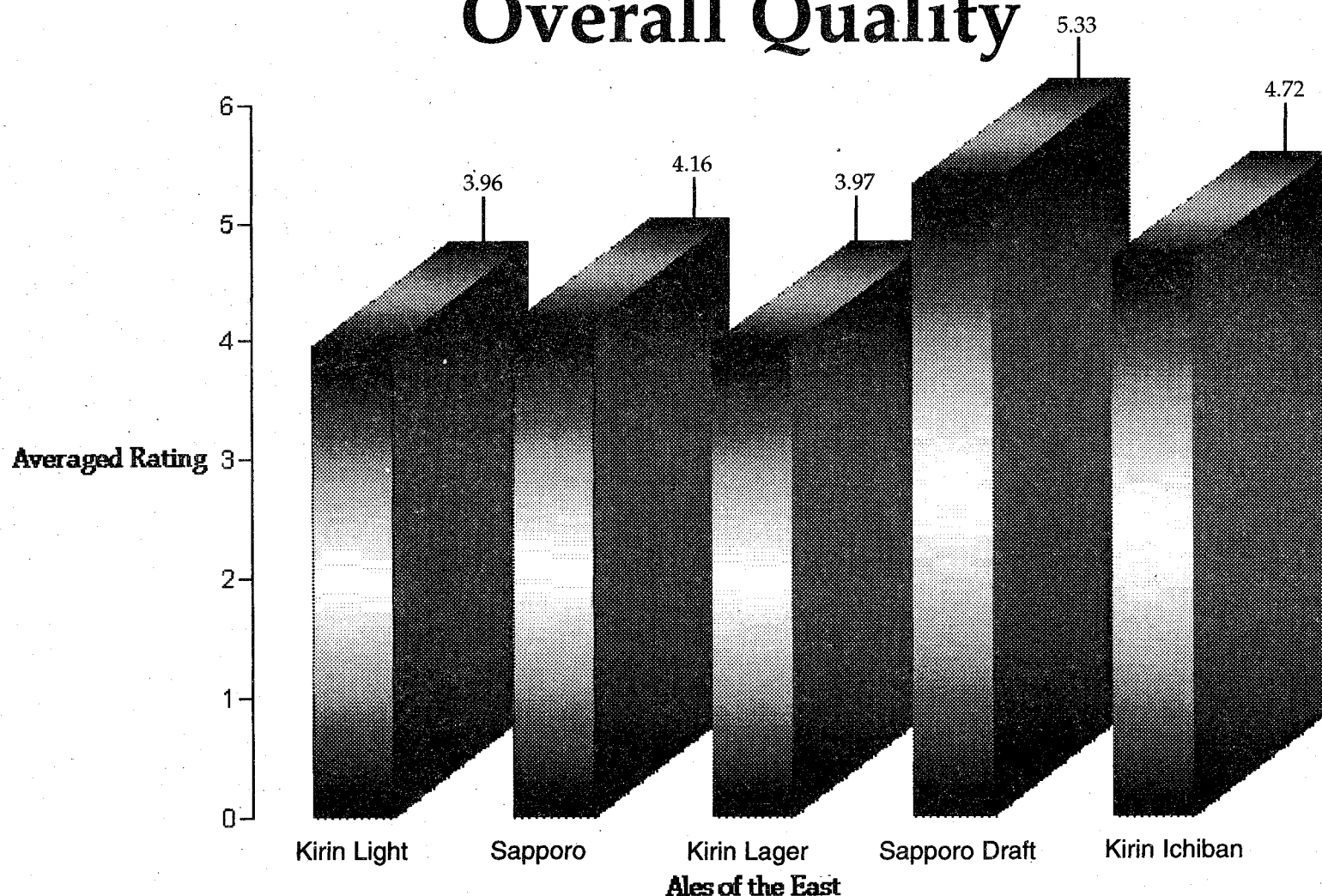
CONCLUSION

The overall quality of these beers rated from 3.96 to 5.33. In short, all the ales of Japan we sampled sucked! And the Ovary Club somehow got distracted from its mission. Oh well, there's always next year...

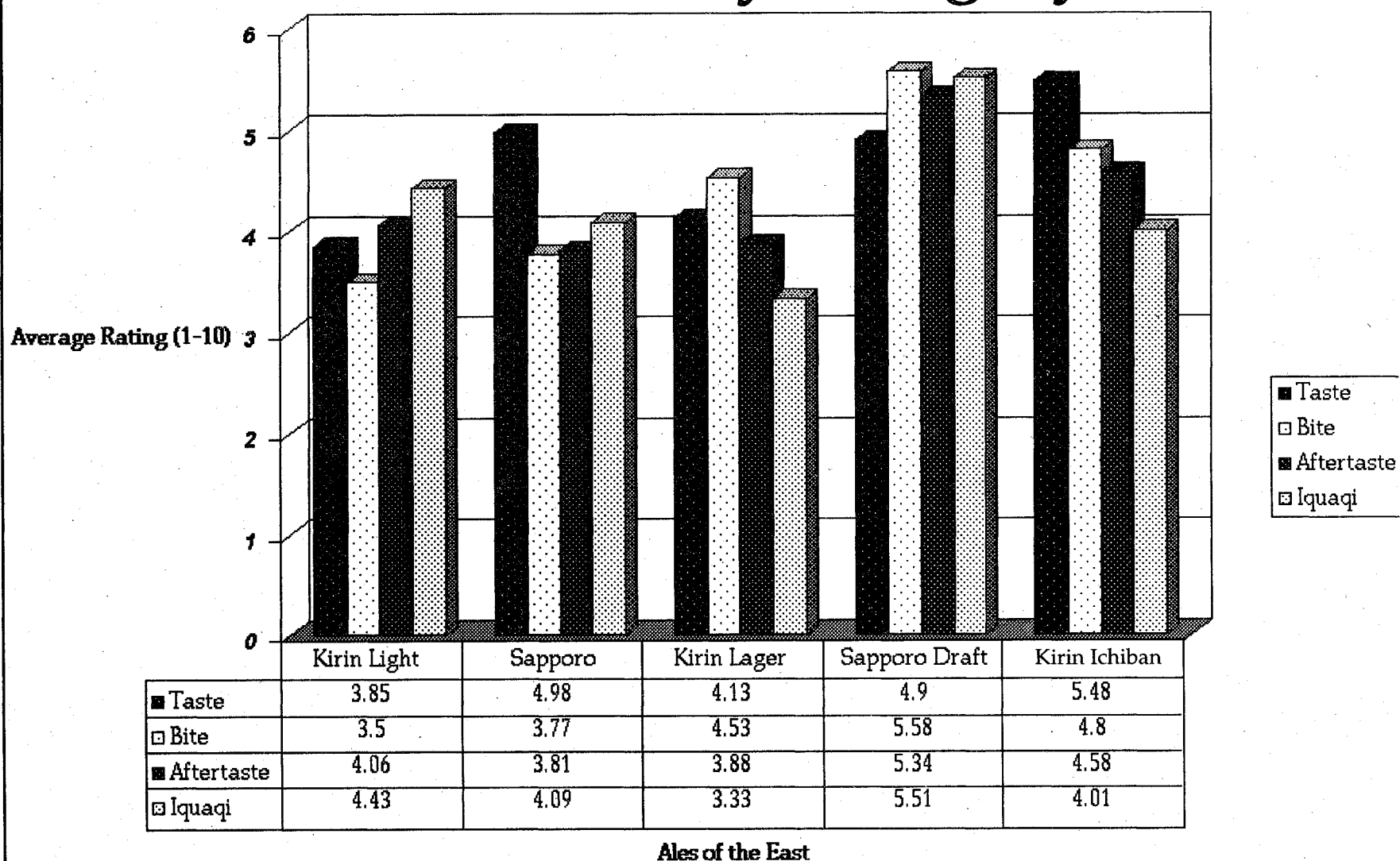


THE RESULTS

Overall Quality



Results By Category



"I'M TIRED AND I WANNA GO HOME!"

THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR WRAPS UP A HARD YEAR WITH A GRAND THUD

By Michael Yeh

Duh?

As I lift my head off my keyboard, dripping with stagnant drool, I can see the sun rising through the crack between the chemistry building and the library. Meanwhile, all of my friends are tucked away in their warm, cozy beds, indulging in sleep.

Those lucky bastards!

Let's see...I've been up for exactly 46 hours straight, subsisting on coffee, stale tortilla chips, and canned tofu smothered with ketchup. Yet the work keeps piling up. There are stories to proofread, pages to lay out, paperwork to sign, and a half-dozen complaint letters to answer. Not to mention another full day of classes ahead.

Ironically, I never thought I'd face this problem. In fact, I never planned to join a school paper, not to mention becoming Executive Editor. I came to Stony Brook as a somewhat disoriented biology major, unable to decide on a career in marine science, medicine, microbiology, botany, or public health. Journalism, on the other hand, was simply not on my list of priorities.

That is, until I got pissed off.

I was angry about the prospect of dishing out more money for a Mickey Mouse education, thanks to Governor Pataki's recklessness. I was angry that the master of the Honors College, of which I was a member, got ousted by a ruthless administrator whose hunger for power led him to dismantle a flourishing program to boost his image as a leader in educational reform.

So I came to the *Press*, the progressive student paper on campus with a reputation for in-depth muckraking, a witty sense of humor, and the courage to shout a hearty "fuck you" when someone deserved it.

By the end of the first week, I was hooked. Although I was intimidated and shy, there was an indescribable force within the office that sucked me in. I loved investigative writing and hunting for "secret" information. One article led to another, which it turn led to my one-year stint as New Editor, and finally Executive Editor.

But alas, all good times must come to an end.

So in keeping with *Press* tradition, here's my last act as head honcho - an emotional, albeit self-indulgent expression of my gratitude for a wonderful staff:

The Reverend David M. Ewalt was Executive Editor when I joined, and to this day, he remains our father figure. Dave is a talented writer, with a good eye for design and overflowing with ambitious plans for the *Press*. Dave, you have been my source of inspiration and emotional support for the last few years. I am honored to share the Buskin plaque with you, and when you rule the world, I expect to be your Minister of Monkeys.

Former Managing Editor John Giuffo scared the crap out of me when I first ventured into the office. With a tuft of bright green erect hair above his forehead, and a booming, assertive voice, I thought he was ready to knock the walls down. But once you get to know him, John shows a great sense of humor and is an all-around nice guy. He is also a determined reporter who pursues the truth aggressively. John kicked butt in his internships and jobs at *Newsday* and the *Long Island Voice*. This year, he earned the Buskin, and also brought home the first prize in commentary in the *Newsday* School Journalism Awards. Thanks for being a buddy, John, and I look forward to the day when you accept the Pulitzer.

On the other hand, Joanna Wegielnik was one person who did not scare me away. She was the News Editor when I joined, and later took up the Associate and Managing Editorial positions. Joanna has a passion for exposing social ills, and has a talent for creating heart-rending pieces about oppressed peoples and human rights. She is also one of the craziest wackos I've met, staying up with me all night to lay out the paper, picking up my slack, and singing "Chef's Chocolate Salty Balls" or "A Rabbit Eats Carrots" endlessly through the night. JoJo Bean, thanks for making my job easier and for providing much needed entertainment on those seemingly endless production weekends.

Terry McLaren is not only a dedicated reporter, but a highly vocal activist as well. As Associate Editor, she also keeps track of our records and mails out subscriptions on a regular basis. Terry played a crucial role in organizing our coverage of last November's protest against the U.S. Army School of the Americas in Ft. Benning, Georgia. It's been a pleasure working with you, Terry, and keep writing!

Jill Baron is, simply put, the most diligent researcher in the office. She writes well-organized and fair stories, and often presents informed and intelligent opinions on social issues. Jill is not afraid to dig in and look beyond the obvious sources for information. Jill, I hope your dedication and wisdom sets an example for others next year when you're Managing Editor. And don't forget to play monkey games.

Speaking of monkeys, how can I forget Jen Hobin, my fellow simian enthusiast? A staunch advocate for the scientific process, Jen is the voice of logic and reason when tempers flare in the office. She is also the first one to point out inconsistencies or flawed arguments in our articles. She has taught me a lot about developing clear, understandable arguments and has restored my faith in scientific integrity. Jen, you have my admiration and respect.

Glenn Given, a.k.a. Squirrel, is an erotically plump ex-Forumite who built his nest in the office last year. Glenn is always brimming with interesting ideas to improve the aesthetics of the layout and the web page. He is obsessed with Bjork (hot Icelandic love?!), and is also the biggest megalomaniac I've met. But that's okay. You're twisted, Squirrel, and that's exactly why we love you. I'll miss our long philosophical debates about Nerf prisons, rectal tongues, and other wacky fantasies.

Marlo Allison Del Toro is one of the few people in the office who actually enjoys copy editing every story that gets turned in. She also heads the campus chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists. Marlo has a keen sense of quality writing, and I wish her the best of luck in her promising career in journalism.

David Wiernicki is a perfectionist when it comes to graphic design. Dave introduced many new ideas last semester, and gave the paper a minty-fresh makeover. He has a knack for writing hilarious pieces about ordinary things like decaying bird corpses and H-Quad roaches. Dave is also a computer and electronics whiz, and I know he will make it big someday. But most of all, I'll miss his maniacal cackle.

Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain is a funny, funny guy. Last semester, he embarked on a dangerous one-man mission to spread our news-grabbing tentacles upstate by opening the *Stony Brook Press* Albany Bureau. Actually, the office is not in Albany, but a few miles away in the beautiful, sunny suburb of Niskayuna. Keep feeding us the juicy gossip, Matt, but beware of the CHANGE-NY Republicans!

Like MVXW, Brian "Scoop" Schneider is another veteran of the *Press* Action News Team (PANT). Everyone loves him, and for good reason. He is simply the sweetest person I've ever met. Scoop, I wish you the best of luck in everything you do, for you've got what it takes to make it big.

No farewell message would be complete without a tribute to my fellow radical leftist brethren, "Stone Cold" Steve Preston, and Chris Sorochin. Whereas I slipped across the police barrier into Fort Benning right before the mock funeral procession at the SOA protest by schmoozing with local TV news crews, Steve risked arrest by "crossing the line" with the protestors to give us an exclusive account from within. In addition to writing in-depth pieces about U.S. foreign policy, he also exposed the administration's shady plan to put a retail shopping mall in the middle of the campus. Steve showed how last year's meal plan was a rip-off, and he caught an "accounting error" at FSA that left one million dollars unaccounted for. When the glorious revolution comes, you'll see Steve at the helm.

USB alumnus Chris Sorochin diligently attends every political protest around here, and comes up with amazing stories from the underground for each issue. In addition, he hosts a provocative political radio show on WUSB 90.1 FM every third Wednesday. Although Chris rarely steps foot in the office, I am grateful for his loyal contributions to the paper. Keep in touch, Chris, and keep up the great work.

Ruby Firewall is a walking dictionary. Ass our copie editur, he getz the erotik joy of kor-recting our gramer

and speling. Ruby, you've rescued many barely coherent articles written in the wee hours of the morning when we are too tired to think properly. Finish your damn dissertation so we can play "doctor".

Although most staffers don't know him, the Lunatic can always be counted on for outrageous yet intelligent rants about stupid happenings on campus and in our society. In addition, the Lunatic taught me all about emergency medical services, and patiently coached me on clearing airways and intubating patients without knocking out their teeth. Hey, loony-tick, I'll always cherish the time we spent on the Infamous Sunday Crew at SBVAC and the crazy pranks we pulled off there.

Philip Russo Jr., a.k.a. "Erotic Phil," is one the most dedicated people on our staff. A former Managing Editor, Phil is familiar with the mission of the *Press* and is a positive influence in the office. He is also an understanding friend who is always willing to listen to other people's problems and concerns. Recently, he has taken on the role of "Mr. Fix-It" for computer problems. Phil, we would have stopped printing a long time ago if you weren't here to keep the equipment running. Be happy, and keep singing your silly songs!

And speaking of silly songs, there's no one who dances to them with more gusto than our former Distribution Manager, Rob Gilheany. Rob is a thirty-something hippie bisexual banjo-playing happenin' dancer, and a former *Press* editor. He is a living part of *Press* history, and a joy to hang out with at parties. Keep dancing, Rob. Cooooool.

Lowell Yaeger is the mack-daddy of music reviews and humorous pieces. I was always amazed at how he would plop down in front of the computer and pound out entire articles within minutes. Every piece was an orgy of vivid descriptions and hilarious quips, with a unique style that was matched by no other. Lowell, thanks for continuing to contribute after having graduated. You have a very special talent, and I hope you use it to the best of your ability. I look forward to seeing your work in print.

Many new people give me great hope for the future of the paper. Sarajevo, D.J., Russ, and Debbie haven't been scared off yet. Hey guys, thanks for your great work this year, and I hope to see you running this place one day.

Then there's Hilary Vidair, who is crazy enough to take over my position as next year's Executive Editor. It seems like only yesterday, she was sitting at the front of a stuffy classroom in SBS, listening to my pathetic attempt (as a new biology TA) to explain the stages of mitosis and meiosis. That was two years ago. Little did I know then that the brightest student in the recitation section would later become one of the hardest working staffers at the *Press*. Hil-dog, you'll do great as editor next year. It won't be easy, of course, but you have the dedication and the skills to make the paper continue to grow.

And, of course, my thanks to you, our beloved readers, for taking the initiative to inform yourselves about what's going on at our university.

So there. I'm finally done. Now it's my turn for a break, dammit!



Adios, Mi Amigos!

By Terry McLaren

I first became familiar with the entity that is the *Stony Brook Press* in the late Spring of '97. I returned from studying abroad and had nothing better to do than hang around campus until Stony Brook got out. My significant other had joined the paper whilst I was away, and it soon became clear that if I wanted to see him I'd have to get used to hanging out in the *Press* office and at the Spot. I was embraced with open arms at both places and haven't been successful at breaking away yet (I've tried at times).

When I reflect on my two years at the *Press*, I have to say to myself "Damn, so this is why my grades have plummeted!" Jimmy Buffett sings about the "Order of the Sleepless Knights" and I can't think of any better way to describe our esteemed staff.

This is the traditional cycle of the *Press* staff member/ editor: An overachiever enters office, usually with a high GPA and lots of friends. The aforementioned overachiever starts writing/ copy-editing/ doing layout/ engaging in hitherto unexplored vices and most of all spending almost every moment in the office (waking and sleeping).

Our subject spends four sleep-deprived days in the basement of the Union, ignoring classes, family, work, hygiene and all those other "important" things in a valiant attempt to get the issue out. Repeat as many times as necessary for academic failure and social isolation.

Much like smoking crack, the newspaper starts bleeding staff dry after the first real hit, and they just keep coming back for more. God knows the last time most of our staff saw the sun, or the business end of a shower. But boy do we have fun! Especially when we're too tired to see, but start trimming pages for paste-up with rusty exacto blades anyway, because after all, the issue must come out.

Joking, sarcasm, and paper-deprecation aside, I've really enjoyed working on the paper. Why else would I willingly stay in this Stony Brook hellhole an extra year (besides the fact that I didn't want to find a job or apply to grad school)? I'm proud of the work I've done in this paper and have enjoyed learning more about journalism than I ever thought I would (which I admit still isn't a hell of a

lot). I'm also happy about the friendships I've made in the office and most of my fondest memories of Stony Brook involve the office or people from the paper. These past two years have taught me a lot, especially how to speak up for myself and things I believe, and I've enjoyed myself more here than any other stage of my life.

There are some people I'd especially like to thank for their contributions to the past two years of my life. If you're not in here, it's most likely because I've run out of coffee and am not thinking straight.

Mike Yeh, our intrepid Exec Ed brings new meaning to the words dedication and mania. When even the crackheads have abandoned the office for the night (or fallen asleep on the couches) Mike keeps working like the dirty I'll monkey he is. When something is too time-consuming, difficult, or just plain annoying for one of us to do, Mike takes it upon himself to get the shit done. I admire that a lot. I also admire his collection of stuffed monkey beanie babies.

Joanna Wegielnik, our Managing Ed has given me a lot of things in the past two years. The first one was her position as Ass. Ed. Jo, I hope I've done you proud. The second thing you gave me, via Heather at Beerfest '98, was you're Amherst sweat-shirt. Sorry Lassie, but you're still not getting it back. It belongs to Hildog now.

Speaking of Hilary, boy have we come a long way, baby. Thanks most of all for your honesty. I seriously appreciate it. Your plan to take over the paper (and eventually the world) is about to come to fruition. And it only took you two years- admirable. Good luck whipping this motley crew of journalists into shape. Don't take shit from anyone.

Jen Hobin, you and I may go for the jugular a bit too often when it comes to office matters, but I really have enjoyed working with you. You

always force me to look at issues from other sides (damn you!) and I respect someone who can get me to do that. Keep busting mad rhymes, sista.

Phil "Bunny" Russo Jr., my love, you've shared my paper-related insanity these past two years kept me going in everything I do. I love you and I couldn't have done any of this shit without you. Thanks for always inspiring and encouraging me. Marry me? Good.

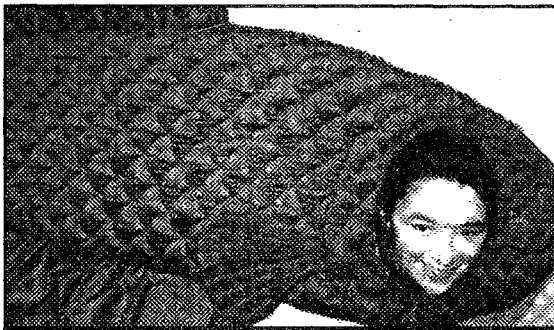
To Martha Chemas and Sophie Rovitti, thanks for teaching me to drive. Martha thanks for not killing me the day we went "offroading" in South-P lot. Sophie I wouldn't have made it through (or to) my road test without you. You've also been a great housemate and friend and I love you, hon.

Former Business Manager Anne Ruggiero might not ever read this, but it's worth saying anyway. Anne, you pretty much saved my life on one of the worst days of my existence (remember the night we watched *Psycho* at your house?). I just wanted to thank you and let you know things did seem better in the morning.

Now everyone in this paragraph, remember you are important to me and I've loved the times we've shared. I'm just tired right now and wanna get to bed. D.J., Jill, Stebb-O, Rev. Wavey Ewalt, Daniel, Wilbur, Danny, Russ, Deb, Squirrel, and Jamie, good luck in everything you do. I'll miss y'all. SJ, glad I helped you piss off your roommate on Halloween. Marlo, you're a great dance partner. If you ever cross over to the "dark side", give me a call baby. Wiernicki, hope you get to work in a spherical one day. Scoop, thanks for dragging me away from that hostile Aramark employee. MVXW, don't forget our trip to see Nader and our tour of Queens. Steve, up for the SOA protest again this year? Donnie, you can wear your cat suit in my house anytime.

I'll miss being a crackhead student journalist a lot, especially when I have no forum in which to air my complaints. But maybe the real world will offer me something new, like money, or even a chance to sleep. Vamos a ver.

It's been great, guys.



She's got bigger fish to fry now. Bon Voyage!

Super*bia A weekly comic strip about the foils of Sub-Urbane life
Episode 3 "3am and Drunk" by: Glenn Giver

Catch Super*bia each week on The Press web site (www.sbpress.org) and search for the extra secret hidden panel!

Going Postal

By Chris Sorochin

With all the excitement (shock, horror and disgust) over the bombing of Yugoslavia, many have forgotten that the people of Iraq continue to suffer not only from heavy bombardment, courtesy of Bill Clinton and Tony Blair, but also from sanctions, in place since 1990. These effectively deny the Iraqi population access to food, medicine and many of the necessities of a decent life.

Some haven't forgotten, and, on April 27, activists around the United States sought to raise consciousness about the horrific effects of systematic destruction of a population, as has happened in Iraq for the past 9 years and is soon likely in Yugoslavia as NATO continues to take steps that will bring misery to the area for years to come.

Various groups, including the War Resisters League, Pax Christi, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Voices in the Wilderness and student groups on more than 100 campuses, sponsored a Day of Action to bring attention to the suffering in Iraq, something not shown in mainstream media.

I began my morning of activism with a hurried shopping spree at Rite-Aid. I dropped almost \$30 on aspirin, bandaids, antidiarrheals, assorted ointments and rubs, hydrogen peroxide, notebooks and pencils, so I could fill a generous postal box. I quickly, yet lovingly, taped and sealed it on a subway bench.

I met up with my fellow postal activists in front of the New York General Post Office on Eighth Avenue. There were 15 to 20 of us, all with care packages addressed to the Iraqi Red Crescent in Baghdad. We were joined, not by CNN, but the

more modest and wholesome media support of a reporter from WBAI and Rachel, an independent film maker. They filmed us and conducted interviews throughout the action.

Shortly after 10 a.m., we trooped into the cavernous, yet strangely stuffy, lobby of the GPO.

I began to say it was extremely important, thousands of children were dying every month, but he informed me they couldn't take anything over 12 ounces going to Iraq. I'm proud to say that my package was the largest there — size does matter!

We got on line and waited our turns. As the first members of our party reached the windows, they were given customs declarations. Soon, someone got a bunch of them and passed them out.

I dutifully filled out the contents of my package and its estimated value (no doubt priceless to the dying children and beleaguered doctors of Iraq). There were boxes at the bottom to check as to whether I wanted the package, if undeliverable, returned to me or sent to another address. I whimsically wrote "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, DC."

After the paperwork, we got onto the line again, with Rachel and the man from WBAI recording us and eventually being told they could-

n't by the security guards, who were fussy but good-natured throughout.

Most of the mailings were refused, but we all went up to make our speeches anyway. My clerk was a gregarious, zaftig Noo Yawker, reminiscent of a deli clerk.

"Iraq?", he inquired, in the same tone he might have asked, "Pastrami?" I answered in the affirmative and he came back in the same casual, offhand tone, "Refused. (We're fresh outta that.)"

I began to say it was extremely important, thousands of children were dying every month, but he informed me they couldn't take anything over 12 ounces going to Iraq. I'm proud to say that my package was the largest there—size does matter!

He recommended I go to Window 45 and request forms to mail it in smaller increments ("How about some nice herring?").

A few of us did manage to mail parcels, by virtue of their being under the magic weight of 12 ounces. They paid a usurious price for the privilege—almost \$6.

We moved outside for further consultation, only to be badgered by security to stop obstructing the doors. Never mind that the GPO boasts a staircase stretching a full half a block. In response, one woman began loudly decrying the murderous blockade against Iraq.

We decided to send the supplies to larger relief groups. The sanctions continue to kill. Please raise your voice to end them.

GEETCH'S WEB PICKS: FINALS WEEK

By Donald "Geetch" Toner

Seeing as the year is coming to a close and an all too familiar time is upon us it is time to bid everyone a fond farewell and leave you all with the gift of term papers from the web. They are all over the place ripe for the plucking. How do you know which ones are worth it you ask? Read on and all your concerns will be eradicated. Remember these works are not to be submitted as your own work, they are merely study guides and references.

<http://termsnpapers.com/>

This site gives you more excuses, I mean reasons, to use them than could possibly be listed. They are here to inspire you to write, help with research, make up for time lost while you were working, or if you were just to damn lazy to get off your ass and do it yourself. The page is staffed by teachers and professionals in all the fields they supply papers in. Prices are a bit high, \$18.95 and up, and the delivery of papers are anywhere from 2 to 5 days from submission, but all papers are originals. The best feature this site had, which NO other sites I found had, was an ICQ number. For those of you with ICQ, their number, if you want to reach them in that manner, is 24036459.

<http://www.schoolpaper.com>

This page has a broad range of subjects from which you can choose pre-made term papers. Each of the papers you look at has a brief summary and a word count. To view the whole paper you have to buy it. Papers are guaranteed to be deliv-

ered within 24 hours via e-mail. The site also has literary summaries for many of the books you may have not had time to read for class. An online version of Cliff's Notes, one might say. Authors from Shakespeare and Steinbeck to Huxley and Miller are all waiting to be used and abused. The cost of the site ranges from twenty to thirty dollars depending on just how much you want from it.

<http://www.papersinn.com>

For only \$9.95 a page, you too could own a custom made "study guide". It will be delivered to you in 24 to 72 hours. The ever vigilant staff of professors at this site have been providing this service for over 5 years. They also will give you FREE, that is correct I said free, papers if you put their banner on your webpage and your page is hit over 250 times a week. Not for nothing, but anyone can hit their own page 250 times a week from a different computer and no one would be the wiser, and you get a free paper for all your troubles.

<http://www.papers-online.com>

Within minutes you could own a personal copy of a premade paper to use as your very own source of reference. For only \$5.95 a page, the cheapest I found anywhere, you can get prewritten papers on a range of subjects from mythology to science, theatre to business, and most anything else that would fit your major. There is a paper out there for you. If you want to spring for a custom made paper it will cost you \$16.95 a page. The pre-arranged papers have a comprehensive synopsis of what the paper is

about, the number of pages, and the cost. The search engine was also very helpful and narrowed down my subjects accurately.

<http://www.termpapers911.com>

This site has it all. Okay, that was a blatant lie, but it has more than the other sites featuring term papers did. Although the range of papers was not as broad as it could have been, it has an option to acquire free papers that no other site thought of. It is running a beauty contest. That is correct; there are a bunch of 'college girls' in skimpy bathing suits trying to win a beauty contest for free papers. Also, once you order a paper, either by customized writers or prewritten, they ask for suggestions as to how to make the site better. Two of the six listed suggestions are for more nudity. You get your work done, and get porn at the same time. Not since the combination of chocolate and peanut butter has a pairing seemed so right.

Now it is time to leave you once again to the faint flicker of the screens as you use the information provided wisely. Knowledge is power, so remember these sites are here to provide inspiration and research material. They are not to give you free papers to turn in as your own work. If you do that, you learn nothing and are just cheating yourself. They are only guides that should be used with caution. Do not use them as quick fixes. They are strictly for reference. FUCK! What am I saying??? Cheat to your hearts delight everyone. It's out there, now use it! Take advantage of the situation before it goes away. Reference guides my ass!

The Twelfth Night in Review

By Hilary Vidair

As we get closer to the millennium, we are approach the 1000th anniversary of the creation of many Shakespearean plays, including *The Twelfth Night*, recently produced by SUNY Stony Brook's Theatre Department in Theatre III of the Staller Center for the Arts. Directed by Cristina Vaccaro, this show dazzled audiences from opening night to final curtain call.

The play begins with the sound of a storm. The lights flicker on and off as the thunder booms. Viola (played by Gia Papini) and a sea captain (Frank Pedicini) are the only ones in sight. Their ship has been wrecked, and Viola is led to believe that her twin brother, Sebastian (Kyle Graceffo) is dead.

Viola realizes that she has no choice but to disguise herself as a man named Cesario and work for the Duke of Illyria, Orsino (Brendan Patrick Riker). Orsino instructs her to court the love of his life, the countess Olivia (Jen Darcy). Yet when she does so, Olivia reveals that she has no interest in the Duke and falls in love with Cesario. In turn, Viola falls in love with the Duke and doesn't know how to deal with her situation. This is the first conflict within the play.

A second plot of this production is that Olivia's waiting-gentlewoman, Maria (Kerry A. Lovell) writes a love letter in her lady's hand to Olivia's steward, Malvolio (Robert Colpitts). The letter instructs him to wear yellow stockings and red garters. He is so overcome by Olivia's lusts after him that he does so. This is to the amusement of Olivia's drunken uncle, Sir Toby Belch (Michael Hartney) and his friends Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Andrew Karp), Fabian (Jason Samuels), and Feste the fool (John Everson).

The scenery, done by Phillip Baldwin, consisted of high blue arches, white marble benches, and a sophisticated criss-cross pattern on the floor. The set as a whole depicted the design of the Globe Theatre. The lighting accented the beauty of its architecture.

Peggy Morin was responsible for costuming.

Viola's red and yellow dress was long and flowing, with a rip down the side that made it seem as if she truly had been lost at sea.

Cesario and Sebastian's attire were identical, allowing for the comical scene in which Olivia first meets Sebastian and mistakes him for

Cesario. Both were dressed in brown suits with fitted pants.

Maria and Malvolio were both draped in servant's garb, Maria complete with apron and feather duster, Malvolio with nightcap and candle. Yet the highlight of this production's clothing were the bright yellow stockings clinging to Colpitts' skinny legs.

Olivia was dressed elegantly in a long, lime green gown. Later, she is seen in a white dress that is equally appealing. Her hair was up in a ponytail complete with light brown curls.

The music chosen for this show fit in perfectly. It was soft and mellow, and it flowed melodically through the theatre. This helped to distract the audience from quick set changes.

More importantly, however, it added a dramatic element to the performance.

The only time that sound was not beneficial was in the very beginning. The storm was overwhelming and swallowed some of Pedicini's lines.

The best part of this show was the casts' brilliant acting. Everyone in the cast truly seemed enthusiastic about the part they were playing.

Riker held himself strong and proud. The longing expression on his face made it believable that he was very much in love with Olivia.

Papini had, perhaps, the most difficult role to play. She had to portray her love for the Duke, pretend she was a man, and find out if her twin was still alive. The highlight of her performance, though, was when Sir Toby informed her that she must fight Sir Andrew. Although this is nothing but a prank, Viola is led to believe that Sir Andrew is angry with her and that she must fight for her life. The terror she executed both in her face and

her voice was amazing.

The most amusing actor in the show was without a doubt Hartney. His drunken stroll, large physical movements and loud laughter added much excitement to the show. One exceptional choice of Hartney's was to take a swig of

his drink and then burp. His obnoxious character contrasted the conservative Darcy quite nicely.

Darcy best expressed her love for Cesario when she asked Sebastian to marry her. The sincerity in her voice says it all. Her acting ability is portrayed even more when she sees Cesario and

Sebastian in the same room. The look of surprise on her face is complimented by her wide eyes and gaping mouth.

Lovell was also a great asset to the show. Her shrieking voice was delightful. It added much flavor to the low tone of the rest of the cast. The most humorous part

of her acting was when she would act serious in front of Olivia and then turn to the audience and have silent fits of laughter.

Antonio, a sea-captain who befriends Sebastian (D.J. O'Dell), should also be noted for his spectacular performance. Although he had a small role, O'Dell was highly captivating. He seemed genuine in his loyalty to Sebastian. This was portrayed through his anger when he mistakes Cesario for Sebastian and saves her from the sword. The energy with which he defends her conveyed how much he truly cared for Sebastian.

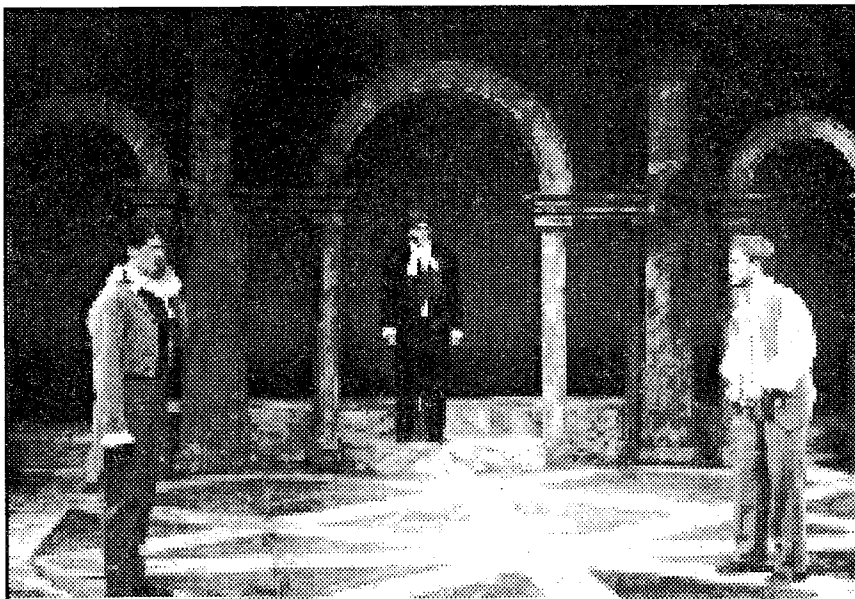
Karp amused the audience with his quick jig, vivacious and admiration for Olivia. The latter was quite ambiguous, yet Karp was able to make this evident through both his longing eyes and his devotion to Sir Toby.

Samuels also displayed true talent in this production. Although his he had a fairly small role, his presence on stage was extremely captivating. His lively movements and joyous laughter brightened the performance.

Colpitts, however, really stole the show. When he read the letter, he became very jumpy, and grinned from ear to ear. He imagined what it will be like to be with her, and was eager to please her. When he is near her, the energy exerted radiated through the theatre.

His anguish when cast away in the dungeon for being "mad" pulled at the heart. He scrunched up his face and tears come to his eyes. There is a crack in his voice. His last line, "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you" made the audience feel horrible. This is because he did a brilliant job convincing them that he cared for Olivia.

The Twelfth Night was a fantastic finale to the Theatre Department's productions this year. Next semester will begin with a faculty performance of "Happy Days," directed by the head of the department, John Lutterbie. Hopefully, it will be equally successful.



From l-r: Gia Papini (Viola), Brendan Patrick Riker (Orsino), and D.J. O'Dell (Antonio).



Olivia (Jen Darcy) mistakes Sebastian (Kyle Graceffo) for Cesario.

CONGRATULATIONS!!!

The Stony Brook Press Would Like To Thank This Year's Winners for Making the World a Better Place.

Maryann Bell

Maryann Bell of the *Peace Studies Center* has been sponsoring and organizing progressively oriented programs at Stony Brook for years. Working out of the small confines of an office on the seventh floor of the SBS building, with no staff or significant budget, Maryann has organized numerous events and conferences in the past several years; two years ago, in conjunction with the Haitian Support Network, she brought former Haitian president Jean-Bertrand Aristide to speak on campus; in 1996, she demonstrated in front of the United Nations with *Mothers of Liberia*, protesting the forced conscription of children into the army in that country's civil war conflict; that same year, she invited Charlie Kerningan, from National Labor Committee, to speak about human and labor rights in the third world; this year, she co-sponsored the showing of "A Place Called Chiapas" with the Chiapas Media Project; and annually, Maryann travels down to Ft. Benning, Georgia to protest the US Army's School of the Americas.

In addition to the events she organizes for the *Peace Studies Center*, Maryann runs a soup pantry in Port Jefferson that serves over 800 families per month. During the holiday season, she coordinates an annual holiday gift program that provides gifts for more than 3,000 children this year alone.

A committed peace activist and dedicated educator, Maryann is most deserving of this recognition. In an indifferent world too often preoccupied with self-fulfillment and avarice, Maryann sets an example for all to emulate.

Todd Stebbins

Todd Stebbins is the Project Coordinator of the Stony Brook chapter of the New York Public Interest Research Group. Two years ago, the organization was left in disarray by the former P.C. Thanks to Todd's diligent work for the past three semesters, NYPIRG made an impressive comeback and re-established itself as one of the more dedicated and active organizations on our campus.

NYPIRG, founded in the 1970's by Ralph Nader, is a not-for-profit, non-partisan consumer rights group dedicated to the advocacy of higher education, environmental and consumer issues.

Todd is a busy man. In the past two semesters, he's helped register over 1,000 students to vote in November, collected food and other non-perishable items for local pantries during the Homeless Outreach Project, collected emergency food and supplies for the victims of Hurricane Mitch, organized a phone lobby day against cuts to higher education, formed a recycling committee aimed at improving recycling on our campus, and continues to run the Stony Brook chapter of the Small Claims Court Action Center.

Not that he's all work and no play! On any given day, Todd can be found in our office playing 007 incessantly, using our computers to check his email, or using our fax line to alert all the media organizations (and his legions of cult followers) on the eastern board of an upcoming NYPIRG news conference.

His work at NYPIRG has made a real difference in the campus community and for this we recognize him. Nice job, Mr. Buttcup.