

THE
STONY
BROOK
PRESS

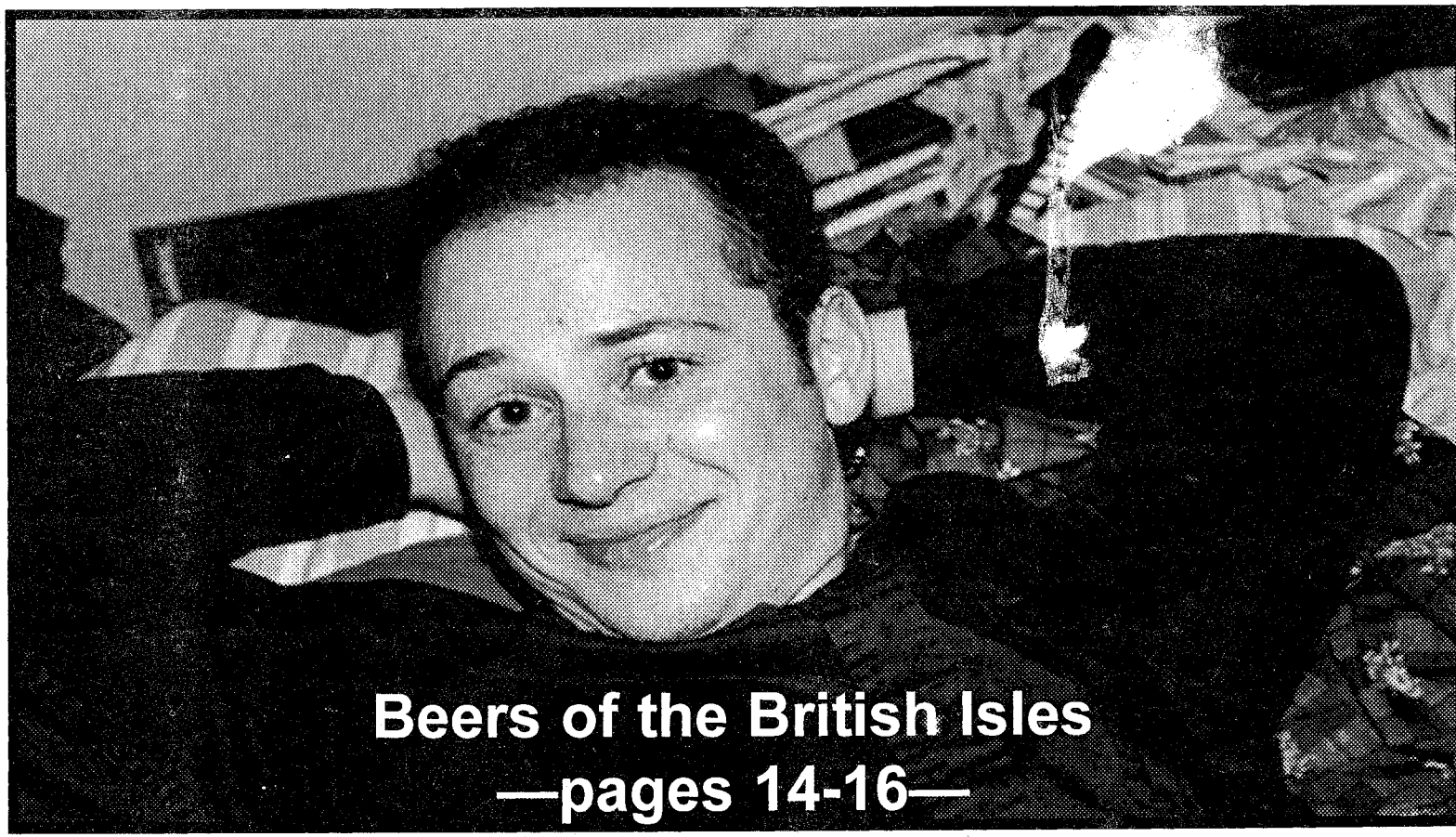


Vol. XXI No 13

"Don't Eat the Dessicant!"

April 19, 2000

BEERFEST
"S O L I D!"



Beers of the British Isles
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**Take Back
the Night**
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**Racist Language Used
By Chartwells Manager?**
—page 5—

**WTO/IMF
Protest**
—page 7—

Campus Events

YOU'RE INVITED!!!

On Thursday, April 27, 2000 the Underrepresented Graduate Scholars will sponsor the "Evening of Culture" which is an evening of cultural dishes, music, dancing and socializing. The event will take place:

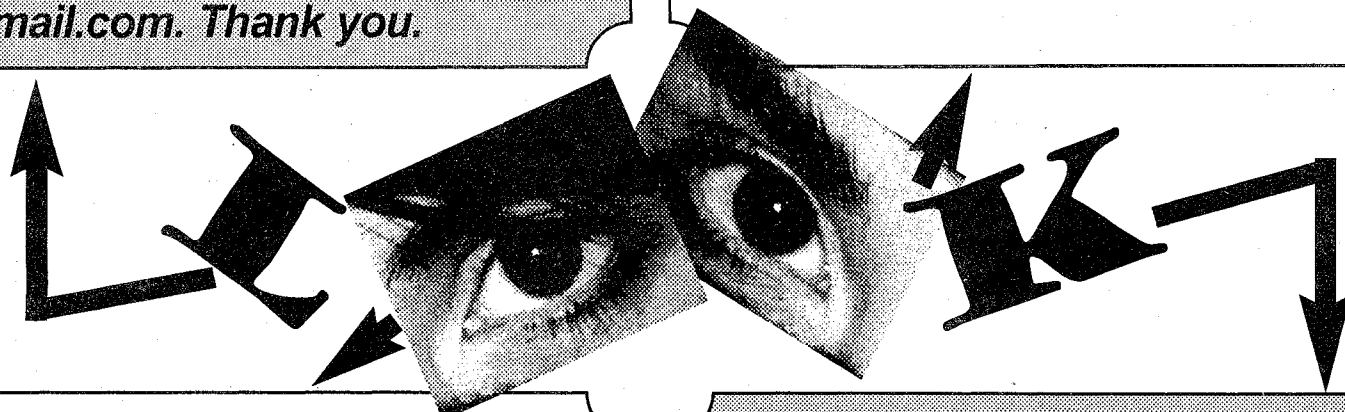
Thursday, April 27, 2000
Student Union Ballroom
6:00 p.m.

Please make every effort to attend. For further information, please contact Jonine Figueroa at nyrican123@hotmail.com. Thank you.

Get Your Boats Ready...

Roth Pond Regatta is April 28th This Year!

To Learn More About the Regatta, Go To:
<http://www.sinc.sunysb.edu/Clubs/regatta>



"The Boyer Commission Report: A Second Anniversary Retrospective"

Friday, April 28, 2000
9:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

Student Activities Center Auditorium

The campus community is invited to attend a symposium to celebrate the launching of The Reinvention Center, a new national center based at Stony Brook and focused on undergraduate education at research universities.

Complete schedule on our web site at:
<http://www.sunysb.edu/Reinventioncenter/program.html>

Attendance is free for Stony Brook faculty, staff, and students. Lunch will be served at 12:00. You are welcome to attend all or part of the program, but if you plan to join us for lunch please pre-register by Monday April 24. You may register by e-mail to reinvention@sunysb.edu.

Questions about the program, contact Dr. Wendy Katkin, Director of the Reinvention Center, at 632-6998 or wendy.katkin@sunysb.edu.

YEAR OF COMMUNITY CELEBRATION ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 3

11 AM STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL BEGINS

12:40-1:20 PM ON-GOING EVENTS AT ACADEMIC MALL:

WBLI RADIO WITH DJ (ESS END OF MALL)
STEEL DRUM BAND (AT ADMIN. END OF MALL)
DIVERSITY PROGRAMS
WELLNESS PROGRAMS
SEAWOLF MASCOT

1:20 PM ANNOUNCEMENT OF ENVIRONMENTAL SLOGAN WINNER

1:25-1:40 PM JAZZ BAND PERFORMS AT FOUNTAIN

1:40-1:50 PM PROGRAM:

WELCOME
YOC MISSION STATEMENT
INTRODUCTION BY PRESIDENT KENNY
PRESENTATION OF PLAQUE
PROCLAMATION
FOUNTAINS TURNED ON
GOSPEL SINGERS

EXTRA, EXTRA! PIGS ARE FLYING, HELL'S FROZEN OVER, And Stony Brook Has a New English Chair!

By Ellen Yau

The announcement of the new permanent chairperson last month by Lorenzo Simpson, the interim chair, marked the turning point of the mayhem that plagued the English department for over three years.

After the sudden resignation of English chairman Lee Edelman last year, the university formed a new search committee, led by Stephen Spector of the English department, to recruit potential chairs. Starting in October 1999, the committee placed notices in the MLA job list, *Chronicle for Higher Education* and minority newsletters for advertisement. By January, the committee reviewed over 40 applicants, interviewed 16 candidates (through teleconferences and meetings) and nominated four finalists. And on March 29, the administration and the dean of the college of Arts and Sciences, Paul Armstrong, hired Peter Manning, a specialist in British Romantic literature from the University of Southern California, as the new permanent chairperson.

According to Spector, the committee based their nominations on the applicant's "experience," "trustworthiness," and "appreciation for a diverse approach to literature." Although the final choice rested on the dean and administration, Spector stated that the committee had "unanimously agreed on the four candidates and would have been happy with any one of them as chair." Both faculty and students have high expectations for Manning; they hope that Manning, an experienced administrator and a former English chairman, could restore the desolate status of the department.

The circumstances that threw the English department into turmoil began with the hiring of Lee Edelman in 1997, when the university, shadowed by state budget cuts, retirements and resignations, decided to create a nationwide search for a permanent chairperson. Armstrong hired Edelman, a distinguished scholar of the "queer theory" (literature influenced by the homosexual culture) from Tufts University, as the new head of the English department for the fall of 1998. The university hoped that Edelman, who presented a lecture on gay themes in Alfred Hitchcock's movie "Rear Window," could contribute to a broader view of literature. However, after just eight months, Edelman abruptly resigned and returned to Tufts University. Edelman suggested that the department's rejection of his ideology attributed to his resignation.

"There are a number of people in the department who are disaffected from the way higher education works in this country," stated Edelman in an interview from his Manhattan apartment. (*Newsday*, Wednesday April 14 1999).

One professor, who did not wish to be named, denounced this accusation. Although he believes that the queer theory is "not essential to literature, it [referring to the feeling of alienation] was definitely not the reason [Edelman] left."

"The English department has always been open [referring to non-conservative ideas] and the 'queer theory' is nothing new to the professors."

The English department, according to the graduate students, is divided ideologically into two factions: the traditionalists and the multiculturalists. The traditionalists focus primarily on classics, or works written by "dead white males." The multiculturalists emphasize "diversity," which stresses literature from a variety of cultures. The "queer theory" is supported by the multiculturalists.

Edelman never resigned from Tufts University during his eight months at Stony Brook. Some professors suggested that he was using Stony Brook as a ladder to raise his salary. Others were angered because the university "did a lot to accommodate Edelman." The university hired his companion, Joseph Litvak, as a visiting professor at the Comparative Studies Department although there were no positions available at the time; the university had "expected Edelman to stay."

Despite this mess, the core of the topsy-turvy controversy that spurred the protest in the graduate department involved the hiring of Professor Modhumita Roy. Apparently, Edelman had offered a position to Roy prior to his return to Tufts. Roy accepted the offer although Edelman never formalized the negotiations. When Edelman announced his resignation, members of the English department, whom the graduate students referred to as the traditionalists, voiced their opposition. Shirley S. Kenny, president of the University, rescinded the offer in response to the department's resistance. She issued a "hire freeze" that mandated the department to find a permanent chairperson before resuming the hiring process.

The English department suffered a drastic decline from the hire freeze. While professors continued to retire and resign, students continued to accumulate. More students are enrolling in the English major although there are not enough professors and not enough classes to accommodate them. Both faculty and students are looking forward to the changes of the English department under Manning (assuming that he will stay).

Bill Conklin, graduate representative of the search committee, believes that Manning, with a much longer experience in administration than Edelman, will remain in Stony Brook with his wife. "Edelman was picked for his scholarly abilities...Manning was chosen for his practical experience with administration," he said.

Although Manning's administrative experience might have been the largest factor in the committee's choice for nomination, Manning is extremely gifted in the academic department as well. He received his degree from Harvard University in 1963 and his Ph.D. from Yale University in 1968. His academic awards include National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowship and Guggenheim Fellowship.

The university expects Manning to assume the role of the new permanent chairperson of the English department in the fall of 2000. During this time, Manning will begin the hiring process for new professors.

"We are looking to hire about 10 new professors in the next few years," predicted Spector as he carefully evaluated the department's expectations, "...the next three to five years."

TIDBITS FROM THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

I just thought it would be interesting to include some opinions that I have collected during the interviews with various professors and the graduate students. I think that when people are introduced to a variety of views from other people, it makes it harder to choose a winner and loser in a controversy.

1. One common practice in universities when hiring a professor is to place some sort of preference on their partner or spouse. This leads to hiring him or her as well.

Some graduate students who have been affected by the hiring of Professor Litvak during the hiring of Professor Edelman condemned this practice, perhaps feeling Litvak's form of instruction was inadequate.

Here is a view from a professor on the other side of the story:

When a university recruits applicants for a specific position, it places advertisements accessible to professors nationwide. If hired, the professor has to move from one university to another. It is hard for two professors to maintain a family or relationship if separated from one another. It is also natural to for one professor to want his or her partner or spouse to come with them. This leads to nominees demanding that their partner or spouse be hired because the partner or spouse would not want to be unemployed. Universities usually consent because they want their potential candidate to remain in the university. This does not mean that they would hire the partner or spouse regardless of their credentials; it only means that the university often tries to accommodate the candidates. The university offers the partner or spouse a position that best reflects their abilities, which may not always be the right option depending on your judgment. Universities fear that their potential candidate would run off with their partner or spouse to another university that hires them both if they do not do so first. Moreover, professors tend to serve a longer term if they can be with their family.

2. One common practice for professors is using other universities as a latter to raise their salary in their original university.

Some students, especially those who have been affected by this practice, find it rather selfish. Although I think knowing why professors may be inclined to engage in this practice is essential, I have to agree with the view because I think it is obligatory for any type of instructor to put their students first... but here is another side of the story.

When a professor demands a higher revenue or position, some universities encourage them to "see" what kind of offerings he or she could acquire outside the university. In exchange, their university would either match the other university's highest bid or perhaps provide a better offer. A professor who needs a higher salary for whatever reason may feel helpless in this kind of situation, especially if he or she cannot or do not wish to change locations. The only way the professor can obtain what he or she asked for is to actually apply to other universities. Salaries are negotiated toward the end of the hiring process so a professor may not know the offers until he or she is hired by the other university. Professors may feel inclined to comply to this system although the victims are, almost always, the students.

Deb Sticher
Drew the Pigs

The Seawolf Sucks!

Okay, it has been said before and it will no doubt be said long after we all leave, but what in the hell is a Seawolf? For Christ's sake, can't we stand by a mascot that is a little bit more threatening?

The red, glowing eyes of a wolf, slowly rising up from dark water, just high enough that moonlight gleams off of the animal's fangs. Now that is fuckin' intimidating—our logo is not.

Our Seawolves logo looks like a Japanese fan. You'd hang your coat from something not all too unlike the Seawolf whom we know and love. The term "laughing stock" seems particularly apropos. It appears juvenile, cartoonish, friendly and it makes all the sense of a wolf with a tidal wave for a tail.

Would people salute the flag every day if it had a tidal wave for a tail? Not bloody likely. And by that rationale, (or severe lack, thereof) neither do the students salute and rally behind our soggy dog.

It seems only reasonable that a change is in order:

Either we redesign the Seawolf so that it speaks to our hearts -or- we switch to something a little ballsier, like the Stony Brook Kevorkians.

We could even tolerate it if the graphic was ol' Jack surfing in on that ludicrous tidal wave provided he had the suicide machine humming by halftime.

Oooh! And check this out: "The Stony Brook Kevorkians: Our teams won't kill your teams. They will merely assist your teams in killing themselves. There is no honor to be had by your continued suffering."

Alas. A dream. Could you imagine attending a school that was so badass? It's doubtful. Well start writing letters. They annoy people and stir up the creative soup. Do you want something? Ask for it, and be persistent. Demand a mascot with the idealism and earnest character of the good Dr. Death.

Hey jocky folks! Your mascot is a wuss. Go spring Vorko from prison and let's WIN a few games!! Ra, fucking ra ra.

Shirley Speaks

TO: The Campus Community
FROM: President Shirley Strum Kenny
SUBJECT: Five Year Plan Task Force Reports

Reports of the Task Forces convened to develop the Five Year Plan for 2000-2005 are now available for review. I urge all members of the campus community to comment on their recommendations or suggest additions. The reports are located on the President's Office website (<http://notes.cc.sunysb.edu/Pres/presdocs.nsf>). Copies will be available later this month from my office. To comment on the reports you can send an e-mail to fiveyearplan@sunysb.edu or write to me at 310 Administration. The Task Forces brought together faculty, students, staff, alumni and members of the University community to develop recommendations for action in seven areas:

*Academic Excellence, Research,
 Scholarship and Creative Activity, Students'
 Experience, Facilities, Diversity and
 Internationalization, Campus Services and
 Outreach and Entrepreneurship*

The Task Force chairs are meeting as a Coordinating Committee to prepare a draft Five Year Plan for campus discussion later this month. Public hearings on the draft will be held on April 27 and May 1, from 12:30-2:00 in the Student Activities Center Auditorium. Following this review, the final Five Year Plan, submitted to me for approval, will become the chief campus planning document. Each year I will publish implementation reports on the projects included in the Plan.

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WINNER

**1999 NEWSDAY SCHOOL
 JOURNALISM AWARDS**

- FIRST PLACE IN COMMENTARY
- SECOND PLACE IN PHOTOGRAPHY

**1998 CAMPUS
 ALTERNATIVE JOURNALISM
 AWARDS**

- FIRST PLACE IN REPORTING
- FIRST PLACE IN HELLRAISING
- BEST SENSE OF HUMOR

Manager of Chartwells Accused of Making Racist Remark

By Daniel Yohannes

On February 20th, William J. Solimene, a union cook in the Kelly dining facility witnessed an outburst from facility manager Mike Weintraub. The manager had just received a message that one of his employees had called in sick. Mr. Solimene alleges that Mr. Weintraub "seemed visibly upset" and called the employee "that fucking lazy nigger."

The executive director of Chartwells, the campus food service provider, rebuffed repeated requests for an interview; he claimed that the investigation was ongoing. "I'll probably call you Friday to see if we can try to maybe have a meeting," LeStrange stated.

Mr. Solimene filed his complaint with Dennis Romano, the Union Representative with Local 1102, The Retail, Wholesale, Department Store Union who have been on campus for the last decade and have represented campus cooks for the past two years. Mr. Romano stated that, "the union is very sensitive to the treatment of workers. We're not going to turn a deaf ear to the situation."

A Chartwells employee who requested anonymity said that the problem was not systemic. Inappropriate behavior has only been reported at the Kelly facility. Mr. Romano agreed that the problem was confined to that facility.

Two petitions have been circulated by student employees at the Kelly facility calling for Mr. Weintraub's removal. The first has been submitted to Warren Wartell of FSA. According to one of the student organizers of the petition, at a meeting between Mr. LeStrange and student employees,

Mr. LeStrange "brushed aside student employee concerns." He insisted that they be raised at another meeting and that Mr. LeStrange delayed scheduling. The second petition demands Mr. Weintraub's removal from the facility. If their demands are not met, the students threaten not to return to work next semester. The student claimed that Mr. Weintraub appeared to be on "a power trip" and accused him of "taking out his aggression on an employee" on more than one occasion.

Kevin Kelly, Executive Director of FSA, the campus group who hired Chartwells, stated that he was

informed of the situation in a board meeting on April 4, 2000. The first petition was submitted to FSA in mid March. Mr. Kelly stated that the FSA Board desired that the incident be investigated and followed up on."

Mr. Solimene felt that Chartwells management and administrators would characterize the incident as a personal issue between himself and Mr. Weintraub. "I don't dislike Mike," he said, "I don't like what he's doing at the facility."

Pat Calabria, media liaison for the university, stated that the university is aware of unspecified allegations against an employee of an unnamed vender on campus and expects that if the allegations are supported by facts that the individual will be disciplined accordingly. "In an effort not to characterize

the situation, Calabria preferred to call it inappropriate behavior.

A statement issued by Chartwells on April 7, 2000 affirms that unspecified allegations of unprofessional conduct have been made against an unnamed manager. "Campus dining services takes

these allegations seriously and is currently conducting an investigation.....appropriate disciplinary action will be taken in accordance with the company's progressive disciplinary policy." The statement outlines the avenues available to address grievances but fails to mention that a formal grievance has in fact been filed. The

statement continues to assure that additional training will occur.

Mr. Romano points out that training can't make a good manager out of a bad one. He plans to put together labor-management meetings for all locations to ensure open dialogue that leads to good relations.

Mr. Romano also confirmed that Chartwells administrators and management do not deny that inappropriate expletives were used by Mr. Weintraub, but that the comments did not include the word "nigger." Mr. Solimene stands by his initial complaint and Mr. Romano reaffirmed the unions support for Mr. Solimene and his observations of the incident.

Mr. Solimene [Kelly Deli cook] alleges that Mr. Weintraub [manager] "seemed visibly upset" and called the employee "that fucking lazy nigger."

Letter to the Editor: The Function of the Press

I heeded the calling by RAAIL's Anthony and Pete and requested from the friends at the Press to view the full, unfragmented text of their letter to the paper to carefully evaluate their points about the articles concerning the Diallo case and the paper in general. I realized that the printed version of the letter was not much more incoherent than the letter itself. The letter, almost in its entirety deals with the specific case and attacks the opinions (I repeat opinions) expressed in those articles and their authors in an extremely scatter-brained fashion, and without clarifying exactly why it is that the paper is to blame. It is very clear that Anthony and Pete sympathize (to say the least) with the officers. That they are strong supporters of the police force. They also appear to have their own ideas/opinions about what constitutes truth and facts, what is "journalistic integrity," and the meaning of certain words of the English language.

I will not even consider commenting on their opinions about the case itself. For personal reasons. However, as far as the coverage of the case and the Press are concerned, I would like to make clear a few points which I think are worth sharing:

A) The primary reason for the existence of the Press, as I view it, is the pursuit of freedom of speech. Yes, my beloved ones, we are allowed to say whatever we want, uninhibited. Certain opinions hurt certain individuals. If those individuals control, or have the connections to control, the media, they might as well seal those opinions in boxes and bury them in the ground. It so happens, that at present, opinions like yours are well expressed through many widely distributed newspapers, magazines etc. Media, like the Press, make certain that differing opinions are heard.

B) "At first your paper came off as being funny," you wrote. Well, it still is certainly funny, and that has been recognized in student media competitions repeatedly. But its

writers, apart from being funny, also have opinions. I am sad that you got the impression that this was a satirical paper. You should have read harder from the start.

C) Concerning truth and its pursuit as the goal of the journalist: a journalist undertakes the task to bring events, opinions, visual and mental images to others as she or he receives them and researches them. A journalist might not necessarily lie when she presents only one aspect of a story. Neglect of presenting other aspects is definitely condemnable. Try and do the following though: consider those articles as a response to what you would read in your commercial daily paper. I write many of my articles keeping this in mind: it is very likely that most readers have heard of other opinions already, and that the Press is a great forum to present mine, because they will let me do so. Now, with regards to truth, determining what is nature is not easy. I do not feel qualified at all to answer to that. I believe that the most qualified people to reply are philosophers. I am sure that you two guys can find one, a professor or a graduate student, ask them about the nature of truth and how can you tell the difference between something which is true or not (hint: take with you camping gear and supplies for several weeks).

D) The myth of the impartial media is to blame for the blind belief which leads to letters such as yours. Media are created and ran by people. And all of these people, from the owner to the printer, have their influences, which even when changing (liberally) are there and will influence their

creation. And this does not apply just to people in the media. Historians and political scientists also have to combat their personal influences to excavate further into issues of their interest. A very select minority might refuse it, but the rest admit that the infiltration of the beliefs they imbibed on their parents' knees or those which replaced them is inevitable and will show in their intellectual work. Let's face it, and weigh it significantly in our future steps.

Therefore, without any further ado, I would like to urge you to select the sources of your information more carefully in the future. Preferably, select them to be diverse and differing so that you can get conflicting views and, consequently, a more spherical view of the problem. Personally, I would like to express my satisfaction that the guys which received the letter, not simply made its presence known but also published it (although it is fragmented) as the cover pages of the previous issue. Did it ever occur to you what would happen to a similar letter sent to let's say ... the New York Times? Are you fuckin' shitting me, guys? I will stop here and invite a response from you to my person. Let's leave this paper alone with this issue.

Sincerely,
Angelos K. Hannides



Letter as appeared in last issue.

Take Back The Night: A Breath of Action

By Cheryl Edelman

It was a cold Wednesday night as students gathered in front of the Union. We were cold, but ready to march and chant for Stony Brook's annual Take Back The Night, organized by the Center for Womyn's Concerns (CWC). After attempting to promote the event, I realized how many students on campus had no idea what Take Back The Night was, so here is its history...

Take Back The Night is not an event isolated only to this campus; it is a nationwide event that happens on hundreds of college campuses. It all started in the late 1970's when a student reported her rape incident to the campus police. She had known the rapist; she attempted to file charges against him and was told by the university that she should have known better than to walk the streets at night. Essentially, she was directly blamed for being raped. Take Back The Night is a march for safety, a march to symbolize a woman's fundamental right to walk the streets.

Students realized the need to reclaim the streets, raise awareness, and acknowledge the survivors, and so Take Back The Night was born. Yes, I realize that one march, one day a year will not magically end violence against women, and I'd like especially to thank the people who have made that perfectly clear to me. However, that is no excuse for us to silently accept the crimes committed against us. I can only speak from a

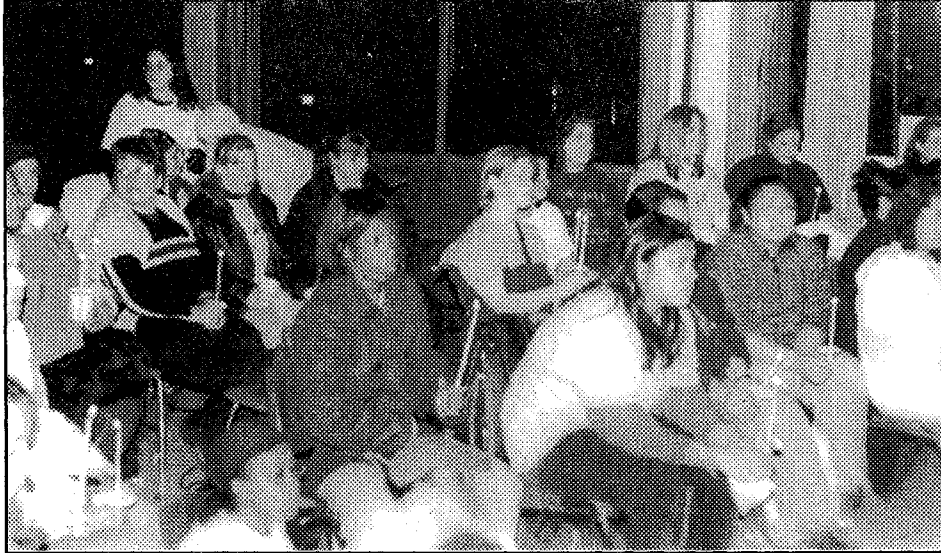
woman's perspective in saying that Take Back The Night is empowering. On April 5th, I felt safe. I felt safe walking on campus in the dark cold night. I felt safe marching arm in arm with other folks who cared. It is our obligation, our duty to make noise, chant, march, protest - anything for the sake of justice. We must demand

The event concluded with a candlelight vigil. The vigil is a safe space for women and men to share their stories. We sat for what seemed like hours, as students held white candles while survivors spoke through their misty eyes and remembered their incidents of abuse. Organizers noted that this year's vigil was one of the longest that they had ever attended. A new addition was added to this year's march; counselors from the University Counseling Center were available to speak with anyone after the vigil.

Take Back The Night is often viewed as a "women only" march. This is not the case. We recognize that violence against men exists, but it is not nearly as frequently, nor as brutally as acts of violence committed against women. There is absolutely no need for men to feel threatened by Take Back The Night. There was some great comfort found in the handful of men who marched and spoke at the vigil. In this day and age, when

people have become so self-serving, to see men who cared, made many of us women feel a little less alone, to say the least.

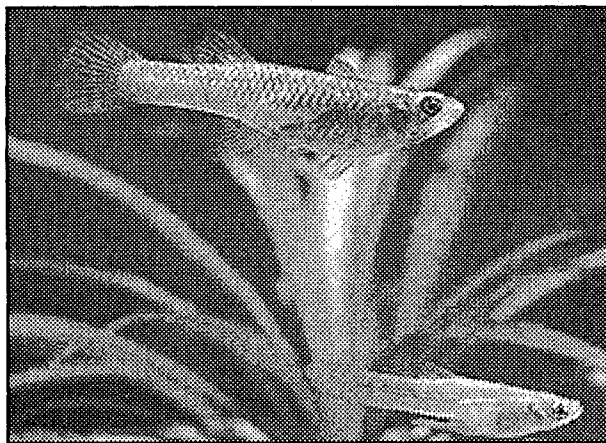
It is my hope that Take Back The Night does two things. First, it tells our campus, loud and clear, that we will not sit quietly when crimes are committed against us. Secondly, I hope that events like this spark some remote touch of activism our campus. That it will empower women (and men), to stop bitching about all the injustices in our world and actually get up and do something about them.



Women gathered at the candlelight vigil to support the ones who wanted to share their stories.

change; at Take Back The Night our voices were heard. Although we sometimes were sadly mistaken as a sorority, we were heard nevertheless. Somewhere, someone on campus knew we were marching for women's safety.

At one moment during the march, students stopped at the dark woods that separate Tabler and Roosevelt Quad. We paused for a moment of silence to remember the various attacks that occurred there last year. The silence ended when students erupted with "UNIVERSITY SILENCE, PERPETUATES THE VIOLENCE!"



By Angelos K. Hannides

Tough luck. The city of New York will not be releasing any malathion this spring, but will provide for your needs with three other insecticides. Well, it turns out that Rudy Giuliani did lie last year when he claimed that malathion is perfectly safe. Apparently, he and his advisors finally recognized the fact that malathion is still under review by the federal Environmental Protection Agency and decided not to use it this year. If necessary, they will use three other insecticides (pyrethroids) which, by the way, are equally malicious as malathion, especially to people with allergies and asthma: Scourge, Anvil and Agrevo Permanone. Giuliani and the City Health Commissioner Dr. Neil Cohen (a psychiatrist, out of all, by profession!) did not utter a word about this in last Thursday's Press Conference. As it was announced, "beginning next week, city workers will squirt poison along the city's cracks and crevices" (sic)! Among other advice given to the public are surprisingly (to the author) reasonable

and sensible preventative measures such as control of pools of standing water by the residents, the application of (personal) bug spray etc. It was very strange and eerie, and people realized there was something bizarre going on.

That's when Rudy broke the news about the use of the Pyrethroids, and then he topped everything up by describing the introduction of mosquitofish to sewage treatment plants processing the excreta of the 8 million New Yorkers daily. These critters, whose scientific name is *Gambusia affinis*, do have the potential to be disruptive of the already established ecosystems by preying on small aquatic fauna and outgrowing other fish in the process. But as Jennifer Steinhauer, a New York Times reporter and apparently a world-renowned specialist in fish ecology, reassures us, "since they will be limited to the waste treatment plants, this should not be an issue in New York." In order to demonstrate the effectiveness of this "nat-

ural" weapon (as if as his verbal assurances were not enough...), Rudy presented the media and interested parties with a jar containing a few of the fish and some particulate matter, which he pointed out was larvae. He proceeded to say: "See them, here they are. They eat larvae. See? They eat that. They are going to be in our treatment plants,

and they are going to eat them. Maybe a month from now, they'll be quite a bit fatter" (actual quote). His innocence and stupidity are quite disarming.

And all this while the major questions still remain. Why hasn't the City defined what constitutes an outbreak? Was there one? Why didn't they declare a state of emergency if it was that bad? Why haven't the

records of the four "victims" been examined for possible synergistic effects? Why do the companies which were contracted to spray last year post classified for massive, indiscriminate hiring (obviously non-union) for employees already? Ahh ... the joy never ends.

Malathion Withdrawal?

-Rudy Lies Again-

As it was announced, "beginning next week, city workers will squirt poison along the city's cracks and crevices" (sic)!

Marching to DC with Bold Hope

By Epoya Telogs Regeva

Today's New York Times has a subheading that reads, "Monetary Fund Acknowledges a 'Growing Public Debate' Concerning Its Mission." This subheading provides a mild catalyst for global activism. Before the World Trade Organization (WTO) rally at Seattle last year November, there was no democratic dialogue concerning globalized free trade and other pressing economic issues. The question then arises: How does globalization affect both you and me?

If you were to count the items in your wardrobe, living room, kitchen, and the rest of your house, you would find that you practically have the United Nations in your home, represented as material objects. We as sharp consumers do want to get the best quality yield per dollar, but at the cost of what and whom?

The Kathy Lee Gifford fiasco, concerning her clothing line, provides one example among many, where you have foreign workers in severe sweatshop conditions, working 16 hour days at the behest of corporate goods. They are then sold out of our friendly neighborhood mall stores, such as Macy's, JC Penny's, The Gap, and the list goes on. The worker in a country such as Guatemala or The Philippines is subjected to conditions that make a Dickens' novel look like Eden. This is the truth folks, and it's about time that we rose up and gave a damn.

The International Monetary Fund (IMF) is the global economic bailiff, while the World Bank (WB) is more of the "poverty fighter." These monoliths, press their own economic agenda on developing nations around the world, from African nations, to South Pacific nations. What is significant is that "by tradition" the IMF's managing director has always been a European, and an American has always run the WB. This was one of the concerns expressed within the confines of representational dialogue during the IMF/WB meetings. Japan, the world's second largest economy, was particularly concerned with having more Asians in international bureaucratic positions. Meanwhile this was happening, there was the noise heard outside...

The sky was still a purple haze. It was 5:30AM, and Aurora the dawn hadn't come yet. I was running 5 minutes late to meet the 30 or so portending activists in front of the SB Union. My circadian rhythms were out of whack, and I walked with a slight bronchial weeze. Having only one hour of sleep and a slight contraction of bronchitis was certainly not going to stop this writer from attending his/her first major political rally. The first thing that I had to do was give away my remaining Marlboro Reds, to an amiable couple. We eventually departed in three separate shuttle vans/cars. The ride down to DC couldn't have been better.

A fortified young woman was the "Peacekeeper of Bold Hope." In other words, she was responsible for briefing all the SB protesters and conducting a democratic forum among ALL participants. We started with group introductions. Everyone expressed what brought them to wake up a God-foresaken hour, drive 5 hours, and risk pepper gas spraying and arrest. The collective energy was good. Every person expressed a sincerity with wanting to make the world a better place to live. The ages ranged from 15 years old-70 years old. Everybody was asked to express what fears they had in their minds, as the ride proceeded to the eventual end of the Washington DC ellipse, where the main rally was held.

People addressed topics that included: internal fortitude and intuition, police aggression, civil disobedience (read Henry David Thoreau for details), collectivity or cooperative mobilization, and necessary hand signs for amicable communication.

We stopped at several rest-stops, where I managed to spill a large ice coffee in the van, soaking my Sunday Washington Times and the less important van-I once again apologize to the stupendous driver of the

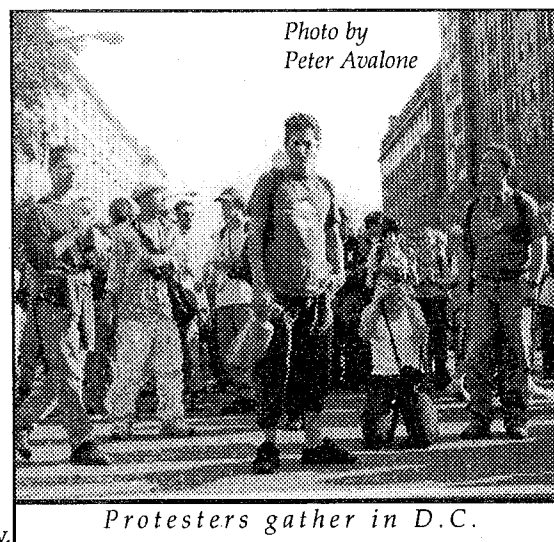
trip. We finally pulled into the Robert F. Kennedy (RFK) Stadium Lot at 1:45PM. The group then made foreboding preparations for the rally (please take note). Each person had 3 contact phone numbers, written in various areas of their body, orifices and genitalia were not recommended as good hiding spots. The reason for this preparation is God forbid you were to be arrested non-discriminately, both you and the rabid anarchist next to you are implicated in the same act, even though you are a pacifist. If you are held, you better have some means to contact either a local coordinator, prized attorney, or the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU). Secondly, we went over a checklist. People were reminded of the importance of having either a bandana of some sort, or a portable ventilation mask, in case pepper gas would be sprayed at the rally. Finally, we arrived via the immaculately clean metro system to the Smithsonian stop right across from the Washington Monument. The sun was out, smiling in a cloudless sky. My skin got goose-bumps as we started to approach the Ellipsis, off of Constitution Avenue. My eyes widened, harking back to a day when I still believed in Santa Claus. What I was witnessing was a variety of people who decided that there was no reason to be silent or afraid. Their were chants like, "human need, not corporate greed." I thought to myself, "there are actually people out there that care, and I am not alone." My bronchitis subsided, and I eventually screamed out lines from Charles Bukowski's "Ballet Bones." It was electrifying. The rally, however, had already climaxed; it was late winding down, people had dispersed, except for a few channeled marches. The New York Times reported today, that there were close to

10,000 people on the Ellipsis over the course of the whole weekend. Groups included: Jubilee 2000 (a liberal religious group), United Students Against Sweatshops (USAS), big labor unions (such as the AFL/CIO), The Global Exchange (The humanitarian antithesis to the IMF/WB), The Ruckus Society, and the infamous "Black Block." The Black Block were a group of radical anarchist, fully clothed

in black garb (including face), and ready for direct confrontation with the 1,500 or so police officers. The officers were equipped with full riot gear, ready to unleash their weaponry with just provocation, which they did on Saturday and Sunday. Their were 600 or so misdemeanor arrests, on the grounds of permit violations. If they want to get you, they'll figure out a way.

The Mobilization for Global Justice, however, was a sort of umbrella group for the protest movement. Bold Hope, the group that I went with out of SB, collaborated with MGJ, so did numerous college groups across the country. Patrick Rensborough, spokesperson for the

MGJ, said the following, "We're having a victory party in the street; we're celebrating that this movement has come about; a few days ago most Americans didn't know the first thing about the World Bank or IMF. These institutions can't survive public scrutiny. This is the first step toward shutting them down." Rensborough's statements certainly supplied a good summary of the sentiment and provocations of the rally. The only thing that I would take issue with, is the notion



Protesters gather in D.C.

of "shutting them down." Before we "shut them down," there must be a viable alternative that accounts for the global economic market (especially e-commerce), and the great disparities among developed and developing nations. There must be some sort of delegation in terms of world trade, but there MUST be one with more democrat-

ic and multicultural representation. A new model must be fostered with the logic of free trade and the heart of human compassion. There is no other way. Pragmatism can't justify itself, when it costs thousands of lives and manifold suffering. I beckon the pragmatic think tank, to mobilize with the more compassionate economic factions.

What is of the essence is the fact that the IMF and WB have stripped borrowing nations of their autonomy. By making perplexing debt stipulations, lenders are guaranteed a surplus value that can then be channeled into the infrastructure of Transnational Corporations. Nike wins and Guatemala loses, while we here in the USA can enjoy a plethora of consumer choices. Next time you go to the Smithhaven, Massapequa, Roosevelt Field, or South Shore Malls, ask yourself when you windowshop, "how did these products arrive here?" Then proceed to cordially ask the manager of the store the route of the product(s). Where was it exported from? Why was it exported from a developing nation? Why are their domestic areas like Flint, Michigan that can't provide meager wages for their populace? Why are their foreign governments like the Philippines that can't even provide basic food, shelter, and clothing to its people, because of foreign debt, to whom? Please ask yourself these questions, because together we can make the issues apparent and effect beneficial change.

The great novelist Norman Mailer once concluded his 1967 Pulitzer Prize/National Book Award winning masterpiece *Armies of the Night* with the following:

Brood on that country who expresses our will. She is America, once a beauty of magnificence unparalleled, now a beauty with leperous skin. She is heavy with child--no one knows if legitimate--and languishes in a dungeon whose walls are never seen. Now the first contractions of her fearsome labor begin--it will go on: no doctor exists to tell the hour. It is only known that false labor is not likely on her now, no, she will probably give birth, and to what?--the most fearsome totalitarianism the world has ever known? Or can she, poor giant, tormented lovely girl, deliver a babe of a new world brave and tender, artful and wild? Rush to the locks. God writhes in his bonds. Rush to the locks. Deliver us from our curse. For we must end on the road to that mystery where courage, death, and the dream of love give promise of sleep.

"What I was witnessing was a variety of people who decided that there was no reason to be silent or afraid."

Chipping Away at Abortion Rights

By Shari Goldsmith

A ban on a late-term abortion procedure, which opponents have termed "partial birth" abortion, has passed through the House of Representatives as of April 5.

President Bill Clinton had vowed to veto the ban from the beginning, based on his objection to specific components of the bill.

The debate over abortion rights always provides a political showcase of heated emotions on both sides, and this time it resulted in an approval vote of 287 to 141 opposed. This tally provides two votes that would stand to exceed the number needed to overturn the presidential veto.

In October of 1999, the Senate passed the bill at a vote of 63 to 34, slightly short of the 67 votes necessary to override a president's veto.

Arguments regarding abortion rights always prove to tap into the deep seeded sentiments of both sides. Anti-abortion proponents make their appeals with diagrams and photographs, in an attempt to claim infanticide.

Abortion opponents have focused on late-term abortion because it has proven to draw the support of public opinion.

Bans on late-term abortions have been passed in 30 states, and lower courts have legally blocked the implementation of such legislation in 20 of those states.

States have attempted to pass laws that are blocked by lower courts under claims that the description of the medical procedure was broad and vague, which might prove to infringe on the legality of other abortion procedures.

The Supreme Court is scheduled to address the issue of late-term abortions on April 25, and a decision is expected some time this summer.

The Supreme Justices have not addressed the abortion issue since 1992. It has been noted that they have no intention of revisiting the constitu-

tionality of abortion, which was established in 1973 in the Roe vs. Wade decision. The focus of the deliberations will be to evaluate the legality of a law implemented in Nebraska restricting methods of late-term abortions.

Opponents of abortion have coined the phrase "partial birth," to describe a late-term abortion. Judge Richard S. Arnold, from an appeals court in Nebraska, noted that the term "partial birth" abortion, "though widely used by lawmakers and in the popular press, has no fixed medical or legal content."

The ban being considered would be imposed on abortions that proceed with the fetus partly extracted feet first. An instrument is then inserted into the skull, and the brain is removed before the fetus is taken out. This procedure is performed in the second and third trimester of a pregnancy. Exceptions would be allowed in order to protect the mother's life.

Dr. Leroy Carhart, a physician who challenged the law in Nebraska, explained that doctors perform abortions in a way that seeks to keep the fetus as intact as possible to avoid injury to the wall of the uterus.

"We treat the unborn as a thing, a desensitized, dehumanized, depersonalized thing to be discarded with the other junk," said Rep. Henry J. Hyde (R-Ill.) and one of Congress' chief abortion opponents. "We are not debating policy options this is a debate about human dignity."

As an opponent of the proposed federal ban, Sen. Barbara Boxer (D-Calif.) said, "Here we are in the Senate, a hundred of us and not one of us an obstetrician, not one of us a gynecologist, deciding what procedures should or should not be used, and under what circumstances, in a matter that should be left to the medical profession, left to the families of this country, left to loving moms and dads."

Late last year, Chicago Federal appeals

courts upheld the constitutionality of similar laws in Illinois and Wisconsin. Other Federal courts ruled against attempts to ban late term abortions in Nebraska, Arkansas, and Iowa.

The White House intends to veto the bill being passed in Congress, based on Clinton's demand that an exception be made where the mother's health is in danger, not just in cases which prove life threatening to the mother.

Even anti-abortion advocates admit that partial-birth abortions are extremely rare. Between 1991 and 1996, only 17 were performed in Georgia, according to the Atlanta Journal and Constitution.

The emotional and personal debate over abortion legislation is unavoidably an issue for the upcoming presidential election. Gov. George W. Bush supports a ban, and Vice President Al Gore, opposes one, according to the New York Times. Neither candidate forgets to remind voters that the next president will most likely be responsible for naming three Supreme Court justices, officials who could prove to overturn the 1973 Constitutional decision.

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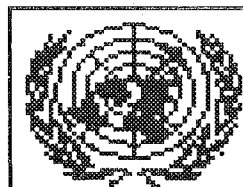
The "Dangerous Precedent" is Recognized

By Angelos K. Hannides

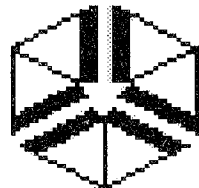
The United Nations University released a study, according to which the precedent created by the bombing of Yugoslavia by NATO may considerably undermine international order. The study, titled "Kosovo and the Challenge for Humanitarian Intervention" calls for the agreement of the "world powers" on a set of principles upon which decisions of intervention will be founded in future circumstances. In brief, the study is attempting to contribute to ongoing attempts by an extremely diverse group of individuals and organizations to distinguish between sovereignty and intervention, to allow for the "immoral" act of sitting back and witnessing human rights violations or allowing for the contradiction that is a "humanitarian war."

The study integrates the opinions of the conflicting sides, the NATO allies, governments of the surrounding and more distant regions, critics and supporters. The indirect conclusions which precipitate from the testimonies of Russian and Chinese officials are actually more interesting than the direct implications pointed out by the study. The facts that Russia has lost any faith in the argument that the US endorse and promote European stabili-

ty, and that China is concerned with similar war games taking place in Asia, both point at the real reason of the enthusiastic US intervention in the crisis: to show the world, and especially these two countries, who's boss. The South African government opinion, which reflects that of the Non-Aligned Movement, expresses the rejection of unilateral interven-



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tion and urges for multilateralism as a safeguard of the developing world against misuse by the world powers.

Apart from incorporating the opinions of all differing parties in the conclusions of the report, the study does present personal assessments, which may acquire special meaning when one realizes that they originate from the United Nations University, which describes itself as being, among other things, a think-

tank for the United Nations System. Among these conclusions are the following:

- By fighting and defeating Serbia, NATO became the tool for KLA policy;
- Since the war, there has been a persistent threat of ethnic cleansing of the Serbs by the Albanians;
- Zero-casualty air war shifted the burden of risk to life and limb completely to the other side, including civilians;
- Relying on threats as a bluff transformed a humanitarian crisis into a humanitarian catastrophe when the bluff was called.

The author would like to note that he does not necessarily agree or endorse the above evaluations or conclusions. This study, however, is significant, since it does recognize extensively the enormous violations which have taken place during this campaign, and hopefully will lead the United Nations to recognizing other similar cases (e.g. missile attacks on Sudan and Afghanistan, summer of 1998; Iraq bombing of December, 1998) and finally calling for a truly international convention to discuss the issue of forfeiture of sovereignty.

The full text of the study can be viewed at: http://www.unu.edu/p&g/kosovo_full.htm

No Easy Answers for Elian

By F. L. Livingston

There are no easy answers in the "Elian" case. There might have been in the beginning. Once the little boy was identified, the following solution seemed obvious to many people, including me: Send the boy home to his father, Juan Miguel Gonzales, in Cuba. Yes, his mother had smuggled him out of there and had drowned doing it. But that's just it -- now, she was, unfortunately, dead. His father, however, was still alive and requested that the child be returned to him in Cuba. Since he was the sole surviving parent, and one who had shared custody all along, his wishes, I contend, should have been respected.

But the longer Elian remained in the United States, the more complicated the issue became. Not surprisingly, he quickly bonded with a female cousin in Florida who morphed into a kind of "mother substitute." Beyond that, his anti-Castro relatives there, led by his great-uncle Lazaro Gonzales, seem to have made a concerted effort to influence the child's feelings about life in America versus that in Cuba. This campaign even featured a visit to the fabled Disney World. (They might argue that they were just trying to make him feel happy. Yet, they could have simply let him go home.)

Nor does Elian, at age six, truly grasp the concept of death or accept the fact that his mother is gone from this earth. Reportedly, he thinks that his mother is looking for him in America. Actually, he maintains, or so I have read, that she "lost her memory," but will soon regain it and then search for him here.

Whoa! I can easily believe that a little boy might not comprehend the finality of death. But I doubt that he totally understands the idea of someone "losing" her memory either. Did he really say that? If so, did he dream it up by himself? (Whatever...)

In any event, Juan Gonzales has a legal and moral right to claim his child. What he does with that right is another matter. Hopefully, he will choose the course that is best for Elian. But who can say for sure what that is?

This saga is beginning to remind me of a drama that unfolded in my own family several years ago. The details are different, but many of the ramifications are similar. My rebellious cousin "William" of Massachusetts eloped at age eighteen. At nineteen, he became a father. Sometime after he turned twenty, his wife left him, taking their baby boy, "Mitchell," with her.

Will searched for them both for two weeks. Finally, he found their son with a baby-sitter. The mother—out of money or time or maybe even just out of energy—had left him there days before, never to return.

Happy to have retrieved his son, Will now faced a new problem. Working his way through college, he also lacked sufficient time and money to make sure that the boy was properly cared for either. What could he do?

Cheerfully, my parents offered to care for Mitchell until Will graduated college and began his career. "Get on a train," my mother said, "and bring him to me."

Soon enough, Will was here in New York, standing at our front door, with his sad, bewildered little boy in tow. The confused look that I saw on Mitchell's face that day has remained etched upon my memory for all these years. Unlike Elian's coura-

geous mother, Mitchell's had not died. And he was separated from his father for "only" a couple of weeks, not months. Plus, he was just two years old to Elian's six. But that perturbed expression is the same one I often see little Elian wearing today, despite all attempts to make him feel "at home."

Nonetheless, we quickly settled into a new routine. Mitch fit easily into the life that I enjoyed with my parents and brother. Will headed back to college in Massachusetts with his mind largely at ease, coming back to visit Mitchell every other weekend. The boy's mother surfaced, and divorce proceedings commenced. Also, for whatever reason, she agreed to relinquish all parental rights to the child.

Contrary to the apparent attitude of Lazaro Gonzales, my parents never tried to interfere in the relationship between Will and his son. They even went to great lengths to try to teach Mitch to address them as "Aunt" and "Uncle," although bereft of any other mother, he stubbornly insisted on a calling mine, "Mommy."

Just the same, my mother made a point of explaining to him that someday he would go to live with his father. She did her best to make it sound like something he could look forward to doing.

Then, when he was about Elian's age, that "someday" came—and with it a whole new dilemma. Should Will and Mitch move as far away as possible to make a "clean break?" Or would it be better to live near by to ensure a "smoother" transition?

Will opted for the latter. He took a couple of rooms that were being rented out in the house behind ours. That way Mitch could still spend plenty of time with us. Nor would he have to give up his school, his playmates, or other facets of his life. The perfect solution, yes?

Maybe not. It wasn't long before my mother began to observe a curious phenomenon. If she glanced out of her bedroom window of an evening, she would see Mitchell peeking out of his, staring, in fact, at our house. He must wonder why he doesn't live here

anymore, my mother surmised. He must be asking himself, "Why are they all still over there, and I'm over here?" (In later years, Mitchell confirmed this.) Forget all the careful explanations. It's difficult for the mind of a six-year-old to process the information we adults give out about the muddled situations that we so often create. That's true whether it's Mitchell in New York or Elian in Miami.

In time, Will and Mitchell moved to an apartment a greater distance away. (Mitch still spent time with us every day after school and during much of the summer.) Meanwhile, Will began to try to strengthen his connection with his son. Together, they became deeply involved in Boy Scouts and Little League. Too, they shared several hours a week discussing homework, playing tennis, going to movies, and the like.

Will did not neglect his social life, however. When Mitch was twelve, Will remarried. A lovely woman in every other way, "Helene" seemed to bitterly resent Will's close ties with Mitch. To her credit, she tried to adjust to this, at first, but over time, she found more and more ways to drive a wedge between them. (The boy's natural adolescent rebel-

lion did not help matters any, of course.) Was Will wrong to have forged such a bond with his son? Or should he have objected more strenuously when Helene essayed to tear it apart?

Though she got along well with the rest of my family, Helene also chafed at the strong connection between Mitch and my mother. Within a few years, they relocated to a house upstate, largely because they were cheaper there, but also, I think, to establish themselves as a distinct family unit. (Not long afterward, two new sons were added to this new unit.) Understandable. And perhaps a good idea.

Or perhaps not. Mitchell clearly felt the pain of the wrench away from my family. Whenever we left after a visit, he would stand on his front lawn,

staring after our car until he could see it no more. So maybe this move, however well-intentioned, was a bad idea, after all.

Or maybe not. Before he knew it, Mitch was caught up in all the fun, friendship, and romance of adolescence. He missed us, he admits now, but he "loved being a teenager," regardless.

Unfortunately, his relationship with his stepmother never improved. If anything, it eventually got worse. Because of this, his ties with his father are strained and those with his brothers, distant and awkward.

There are times when I think that less heartache would have been suffered all around if Will had turned Mitchell over to my parents at the start and totally bowed out of his life. But, I know that idea would have horrified Will if anyone had suggested it at the time. Nor am I certain that my parents would have wanted to assume such all-encompassing responsibility for the boy. No doubt, also, Mitchell would have questioned why his father abandoned him just as he frequently wonders about his mother. Besides, there is just something heinous about asking a parent to forego a wanted child.

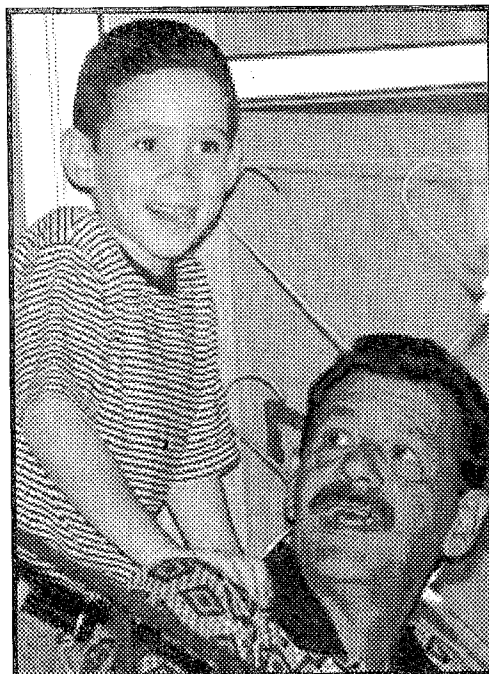
So, yes, perhaps Juan Gonzales needs to think twice before he disrupts Elian's life yet again. Forcing the child to leave the new life and family that he has come to know in America and return to Cuba, may cause the little boy further trauma. But if he allows him to stay in America, the child will likely ask, in later years, why his father "gave up so easily."

Maybe "defection" would be the solution, as some have submitted. Yet either Juan or his new wife may have a serious problem with this. If so, it is apt to stir up an emotional upheaval that will affect the happiness of the two children (Elian and his brother.)

If only Elian had been transferred to his father immediately after his identity was known. Then this terrible situation would never have arisen. But he wasn't. And it did.

Like many people, both Cuban and American, I still uphold the tenet that Elian belongs with his father. But I no longer have any illusion that this will be accomplished as quietly and peacefully as one might like.

And after Elian and his father reunite? Even then, there will be no easy answers.



Elian with his uncle.

He must be asking himself, "Why are they all still over there, and I'm over here?"

AMERICAN BEAUTY:

A CULTURAL REVOLUTION?

By Chris Sorochin

I can't believe it. The planets must be in alignment. Or maybe the Y2K prophets of doom were right after all, just a little late. Some dread and drear convergence of the spheres must be taking place and the End Times are surely upon us. Of all the signs and portents this is the most eerie: for the first time in memory, not only have I seen this 1999's Best Picture, but I actually liked it!

American Beauty, if you haven't seen it, is reminiscent of the kooky, irreverent sendups of US society they used to make in the 1960s and '70s, only a couple shades darker, more like the French suburban comedies of recent years.

Kevin Spacey is Lester, 42, a defeated, dispirited schlub of a white-collar serf who's disgusted with his job, family and the pursuit of happiness as defined by consumer culture. The high point of Lester's dreary day is his morning wank in the shower. His wife (Annette Benning) is a driven, brittle real estate agent who has thoroughly internalized the winning-is-everything ethos of capitalism and is hard and unforgiving on everyone, especially herself. Their teenage daughter is surly, rebellious and totally embarrassed by her parents, just like a real teenager.

Things start to change when Dad, fore-shadowed by his frequent masturbation (popularly considered an adolescent activity, even though people of all ages, and maybe even Lee Nichols, practice it), catches sight of his daughter's gorgeous, but stuck-up and shallow friend, and becomes madly infatuated. Like any teenage crush, she occupies his mind at all times and he concocts elaborate daydreams of bathing her in rose petals or imagines unlikely scenarios in which she compliments his physique and aggressively comes on to him. He turns into a sputtering, obvious heap of jelly whenever she's present.

Lester's reversion to what he imagines as the sweet, carefree days of adolescence soon take drastic turns. He blurts out crude, embarrassing comments at a real estate shindig his wife drags him to. He smokes pot with the strange kid next door, whose hard-assed, homophobic Marine-sergeant father subjects him to drug tests and collects Nazi memorabilia. True to the mid-life crisis cliché, Lester takes up lifting weights and buys a souped-up red Camaro.

More seriously, he quits his soul-withering job in the sort of I-don't-give-a-shit fashion that anyone who has ever hated a job fantasizes about and that's the point: *American Beauty* is no doubt popular because it appeals not so much to the fabled youth market (although there's plenty for them to be interested in, too—a movie for the whole dysfunctional family), as to those who'd like nothing better than to chuck the rat-race existence they struggled so hard to be part of and go back to an imagined youth. This is, of course a totally imaginary youth, in which one cruises; parties and gets laid. One without acne, parents, high school or lack of money—Lester manages to blackmail both his employer and his wife so he can have the luxury of performing "whatever job has the least amount of

responsibility" at a burger joint.

All of which only confirms something I've been maintaining for years, namely that most so-called adults in this so-called civilization are really just overgrown children. That's one reason it's so hard to drag this place into any semblance of intellectual modernity. These middle-aged kiddies either slavishly trust and obey authority or rebel against it in some way that is purely self-destructive or self-absorbed and totally ineffectual.

Lester's rebellion against consumerism and conformity is to assume the trappings of adolescent consumerism and conformity. He chucks caring about having the biggest paycheck, or the greenest lawn or the most handsomely-furnished house, only to replace them with concern for having the hottest ride, the most awesome weed, the most ripped torso. He strikes major blows by saying exactly what he feels to whomever he feels like saying it, another great unarticulated fantasy of our repressive and hypocritical times, but doesn't offer any sort of prescription for changing the whole bloody mess so that everyone can enjoy the freedom. It's more like the message that some in the '60s followed, "Turn on, tune in, drop out." The idea that hedonism, like nihilism, will change the world for the better is true only in a short-term, limited way.

Needless to say, the film has been lambasted by social conservatives as a mockery of the family—everyone's home life seems to suck supremely and there's plenty to keep the right wingers outraged. There's masturbation, adultery, pederasty, narcissism, voyeurism and the only well-adjusted denizens of the neighborhood are a gay couple. Still, it has also been attacked as an exercise in homophobia by Michael Bronski of *Z* magazine, for reasons I can't go into here, as it would spoil various surprises for those who are still so behind all major cinematic trends that they haven't seen it yet.

See it. It ought to be making another round in the theaters on the strength of the Oscar before being dumped to video.

On Stage

There's plenty of reasonably-priced stuff in NYC to be had. Off Broadway and one reliable source is the Irish Arts Center at 51st St. and 10th Avenue. Recently, they put on Don Crendon's *Celtic Tiger* (Me Arse), which could be described as a kind of prologue to *American Beauty*. For centuries, Ireland suffered from social problems related to poverty: high rates of unemployment and emigra-

tion and a static, conservative society.

Lately, however, the economy has boomed, bringing plenty of jobs, the return of emigrants and even immigration to, rather than away from, Ireland. The boom has brought new problems, however, such as rampant materialism, xenophobia and the sudden upheaval of cultural norms.

In Crendon's play, a young Irish emigrant returns to Dublin with his "Yank" wife expecting the warm and laid-back place he left. Instead he finds garish nouveau riche snobbery, a mindless obsession with the stock market and vulgar materialism. In a running visual joke, everyone carries garishly colored cell phones. To top it off, his old friends consider him a "foreigner" because he left Ireland, suspect him of being gay and

attempt to sabotage every aspect of his resettlement. Various vignettes show us ludicrously pompous Irish yuppies, with even more ludicrous power haircuts, nuns spouting New Age gobbledegook and (horrors!) consumption of Budweiser as a status beer.

There's a very subtle critique of finance capitalism here, which I guess is all to the good, because the Overgrown Children of Ireland probably resist overtly political theater as much as their US counterparts.

And who am I to blame them? After all, everyone knows that political theater is heavy-handed and boring. And when I went to see *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* by Italian playwright and Nobel Prize winner Dario Fo, I knew that it was based on the "suicide" of a suspect who was being interrogated in regard to a train station bombing. A similar suicide, by the same method (jumping out of a police station window) occurred here in New York in 1921.

Knowing this, I expected hours of deafening, righteous Marxist declamation, especially since the performance was at one of those annoying hipper-than-thou places on the gentrifying Lower East Side. You couldn't beat the \$10 ticket price, but they really didn't have enough seats. Some people had to sit on a staircase. I lucked out with a bar stool next to the john, but at least someone came around selling bottles of Bud.

The play itself was a hilarious farce in which a lunatic impersonates a judge and puts various police officials through ridiculous paces in the weeks after the anarchist's "suicide." It was full of zany pratfalls and Three Stooges type assaults, an integral part of Italy's commedia dell'arte "clown theater" tradition, the manner in which the bambini grandi of that country like to consume their bitter truths. Every so often, the truly serious (and in Giuliani's New York, ever so topical) subject matter burst in and smacked you when you were least expecting it, kind of like getting you to swallow a particularly nasty pill by stuffing it into a cannoli.

By the end of the evening, Fo (and his adapters in the Coyotl Works company) have made their points and even slipped in some Marxian rhetoric. But you don't feel preached to. And those are always the best-learned lessons.



198 cigarettes short of a Christina Ricci movie.

**...ludicrously pompous
Irish yuppies, with even
more ludicrous power hair-
cuts, nuns spouting New
Age gobbledegook and
(horrors!) consumption of
Budweiser as a status beer.**

American Beauty Defended

By F.L. Livingston

Why defend American Beauty? Everybody loves it, don't they? After all, it won five Oscars, including the much coveted "Best Picture."

Sure. But, suddenly, after the awards show, all the naysayers began coming out of the woodwork. Their complaints? Mainly two. One is that the movie allegedly glamorizes the behavior of a lecherous middle-aged man and exploits the sexuality of adolescent girls. (I'll get back to all that later.) The other is that the movie is "a suburban cliché." It is filled, they point out, with all the over-worked criticisms of middle class hypocrisy, emphasis on appearances, and the tendency to cast all else aside while chasing after "the almighty buck." It's Sinclair Lewis' Main Street revisited. Or, perhaps, it's a matter of "Willy Loman rides again." (You remember Willy, don't you? He's the main character in Death of a Salesman. You know...that play you read in American Lit, toward the end of your junior year in high school...)

They have a point. But I don't think it's as strong as they contend. And I think it can be countered in these four ways:

1) Certain themes reappear throughout literature. (Granted, today, certain rules have to be followed to avoid charges of plagiarism.) This only serves to prove how "universal" and "eternal" some ideas are. So, for example, we have West Side Story relating the "star-crossed lover" motif of Romeo and Juliet to ethnic conflicts in America. And MacByrd, the 1960s political parody of MacBeth. Then there's Miss Saigon, which seems to move the story of Madame Butterfly from Japan to Vietnam, albeit with some significant changes. Not to forget Cruel Intentions, which apparently takes the plot and characterization of Dangerous Liaisons from "traditional" Europe and places them in the milieu of modern American adolescence. Etc. This phenomenon gives evidence that some issues are cross-cultural. It also helps each new generation to see that many "old" concerns still apply to life today.

So why not bring Willy Loman back as "Lester Burnham" ("Best Actor," Kevin Spacey)? An intentional connection? I don't know. But several of the same problems that Miller wrote about still exist today. The tensions between parent and child, the breakdown of communication between husband and wife, the frustrations at work - all these still plague our society and cry out for new solutions.

2) Nor are these problems solely a factor of suburban living. They may be heightened there because there are fewer "distractions" from them, but they are not limited to it. In a rural area, nature often lures people away from human problems. The city offers a larger variety of cultural and entertainment options. So "conventional wisdom" has it that a focus on interpersonal crises is most likely to occur in the suburbs.

That is an oversimplification, I'm sure, but one that makes the "burbs" the setting of choice for writers who want to zero in on human relationships alone. They don't feel compelled to include a scene about, say, "saving" a farm from a torrential

hurricane. They don't need to show a panorama of people moving across streets and sidewalks, going in and out of clubs and restaurants, fighting for cabs, etc. With a suburban background, they are free to concentrate on developing their themes about human interaction and/or isolation.

I don't mean to say that the use of the "burbs" is just a matter of convenience, though. The fact is that those who seek upward mobility often do move to suburbia. Moreover, the apparent lack of those other distractions suggests a blandness, whether real or imagined, that helps to bring out the characters' sense of "emptiness." Some of the difficulties portrayed there could happen almost anywhere. Yet, fairly or unfairly, the suburban setting has become symbolic of "middle class mediocrity" and conformity. The very fact that a tale takes place in a suburb helps to convey the thoughts that the author is trying to express. If the reliance upon this environment appears to be a cliché, that's partly because it has always worked so well.

3) None of that would excuse the repetition if the ("Best Original") screenplay did not provide some new twists of its own. Accordingly, some of the trappings of the situation are different. Reflecting some of the changes that have occurred since Willy's day, Beauty entails pot smoking and pot selling, homosexuals and homophobia, and, yes, a "horny" middle-aged man (Lester) and a provocative teenage girl named "Angela" (Meena Suvri). This only underscores the idea that Willy's troubles are not tied to any particular era.

But the differences go beyond a mere updating of details. The father/son conflict of the Loman's has been translated here into a father/daughter rift. The daughter (Thora Birch) is one of those rebellious, sullen teenagers we have come to know so well in our society, not a young adult like "Bif Loman."

Also, Willy's wife, "Linda" is a "typical 1950s housewife," whereas Lester's wife, "Caroline" (Annette Benning) is striving to succeed at her own career. Linda tries, in vain, to understand Lester's frustrations and to be as supportive as possible. Caroline suffers from the same kind of career strain as Lester. Hungry for her

own success, she has little sympathy for Lester's decision to bail out of the business world. It appears that Loman-type issues are still with us -- and have become more complex!

That encompasses the handling of mortality, as well. In Death, the first clue that we have that the main character may die is in the title. (Duh.) His wife's admission that he has spoken of suicide foreshadows the actual act. But Beauty tells us straight out at the beginning that Lester is going to die. In fact, he's narrating the story from the perspective of a dead man.

No, I haven't ruined the ending for those of you who haven't seen this picture yet. As I said, the movie lets you know about his demise right at the start. In the play, Willy's death is a jolt, including the fact that it's a suicide. In the movie, Lester's death is expected, but the way he dies is, again, a shock, as well as the reason why. (And no, it's not suicide, this time.) This tragedy sheds a great deal of light on the meaning of the story.

4) Nor is that "meaning" a mere restatement of conventional "suburban" themes. Those are there, but the movie adds a few ideas of its own.

"It's a parody of the American concept of beauty," my husband said as we left the theater.

I agree, but I would add that it illustrates different perceptions of beauty—and success and happiness, etc. Caroline's well-cultivated ("American Beauty") roses, for example, are in sharp contrast with Lester's fantasies of a nude Angela, surrounded with wild, free-floating rose petals. Lester views quitting his exasperating job as a master stroke of self-assertion. Caroline sees it as a mindless, weak-willed, non-solution to a problem. Angela is both amused and intrigued by Lester's poorly concealed yearning for her, but his daughter (Angela's best friend) is clearly revolted.

This brings us back to the worry about lechery and exploitation. It is a significant concern, but please understand that Lester regards Angela's sexuality as a thing of beauty, not just an object of lust. And later, he decides that he was...uh...well... wrong. (No, I'm still not spoiling the movie for you. It's why he feels this way that's important.) Remember, the deciding viewpoint in this movie is that of the "wiser-but-very-dead" Lester—not the living one!

In fact, changes in perception strike me as a very significant part of this story. There is, for instance, a marked difference in Lester's actions when he thinks of Angela as an experienced siren and when he thinks of her as an innocent virgin. His behavior alters according to what's going on in his own mind.

Nor do the other characters really "look at" each other, either. They look "past" each other. Or, perhaps, they are so enmeshed in their own needs and fears that they see only the reflection of those in each other's eyes. The film, I think, is more about misperceptions than any other kind.

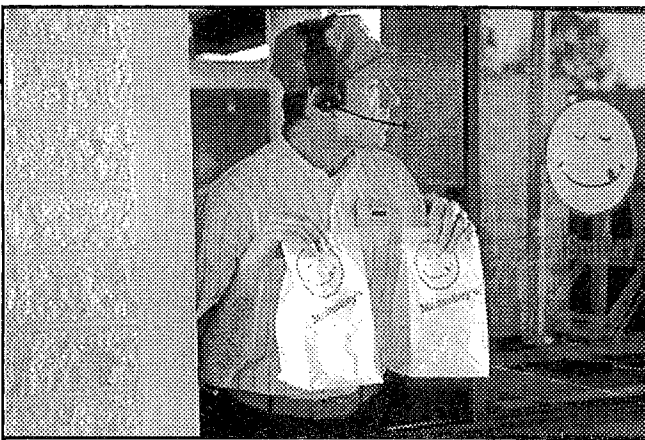
The most overt example of this is a scene in which the homophobic neighbor spies on his son giving marijuana to Lester. An optical illusion of sorts makes it appear as if Lester and the boy are having homosexual relations. Hilarious, yes! But this kind of confusion, here played out in front of our eyes, is going on under the surface all through the movie.

The theme of Beauty almost "answers" that of Death. The play shows the banality of much of modern existence. The film reiterates this lament to a degree. But it also suggests that true meaning and beauty are there -- if only we look deeply enough. Both views, I contend, are viable.

Beauty is billed as "black comedy." A more detailed description would read, I believe, "tragic and comic, irreverent and sentimental, timely and timeless, ugly and (dare I say it?) beautiful."



And now, she will mentally undress the spraybottle.



We absolutely refuse to make a "Fries with that?" joke.

The Misanthrope In Review

By Ellen Yau

These past two weekends, the Staller Center presented one of Moliere's (1622 - 1673) most popular tragic comedic plays *The Misanthrope*.

The Misanthrope, directed by Christina Vaccaro, was rich in poetic dialogue and cosmetic dress. Originally written in 1666, the play is a satirical "comedy of manners." It is a "high comedy" that emphasizes the practices of the aristocratic society and its various social intrigues. A comedy of manners, brought about by the Restoration era, often ridicules the characters that deviate from the conventions of society. In the two-hour-plus production, Vaccaro revealed Moliere's understanding of the hypocrisy of the courts during his time.

The play opened with a discussion between Alceste, played by Joshua M. Adler, and Philinte, played by James Panzer. Alceste was deeply in love with his seductress, Celimene, played by Alyssa Amato. He is characterized by hypocrisy because his love for Celimene was entirely artificial; her personality is something he would have normally despised in another person. Yet Alceste is also the symbol of frankness and cynicism, always too blunt and too suspicious of the motives of others. When Oronte, played by Robert Colpitts, read his poem, Alceste volunteered his criticisms, which were blatantly harsh.

Philinte, although a good friend of Alceste, is a foil of his character. He is much less truthful and more sincere. Philinte's philosophy found it necessary sometimes to be less truthful to be kinder to others. Oronte, who had been offended by Alceste's ridicules, brought

the courts to request an apology from Alceste. Alceste was punished for being truthful because he is an outcast of the social circle. His personality was too frank for the likes of other members of the polite society.

Celimene is the central character of the performance, coquettishly dressed in a lavish red dress, alluring and demanding of attention from her variety of suitors. She taunted Alceste with her beauty while manipulating each one of her suitors to believe that her love is solely theirs. Arsinoe, played by Elisabeth Sawyer and whom Celimene humorously refers to as a "nun," is the foil of Celimene's character. Arsinoe's cleverness reflected that of Celimene, although her personality is more jealous and less shallow.

Arsinoe, the supposed friend of Celimene, attempted to humiliate her by confronting her actions. However, Celimene's cleverness limits Arsinoe's success. It becomes evident through Arsinoe that the characters often share a false friendship; they are puppets of society, only conscience of the social circles and fashions. Arsinoe resorted to manipulating Alceste, who she loves, to retrieve a letter that unveils Celimene's views on all her suitors.

Upon hearing the contents of the letter, all her suitors, including Oronte and Clitandre, played by Frank Pedicini, decided to desert her; they concluded

that her charms are cruel and not worth their time. However, Alceste, the most endearing of them all, forgave Celimene and proposed an elopement.

Celimene, being the shallow princess, refused Alceste's proposal, falling into the play's tragic grace. Alceste finally concluded that he should leave her. Celimene became abandoned by her suitors; she could no longer be the dictator of men's whims. Although her

It becomes evident through Arsinoe that the characters often share a false friendship; they are puppets of society, only conscience of the social circles and fashions.

end is tragic, the play does have a happy ending. Philinte and Eliante, Celimene's cousin played by the beautiful curly-haired Amanda J. Goun, decided to get married.

The actors and actresses fired by passion and wit enlivened the audience. Colpitts, is a wonderful actor with his cunning act and

personality; he struts around the stage with a pompous decorum, a gentleman of the restoration era. Celimene, an engaging actress with her beautifully eloquent speech, is the perfect depiction of a fallen lady.

The title of *The Misanthrope* reflects Alceste's disgust with humanity. His personality is frank because he is tired of the pomp and the shallowness of the society and the people around him. Once again, Stony Brook's theatre department provided a wonderful dramatic production.

"15 Minutes of Fame:" An Interview with the Cast of The Misanthrope

By D.J. O'Dell

Firstly, I would like to offer my warmest congratulations to all who were involved in The *Misanthrope* production. Though no show can be thought of in terms of perfection, the long hours put in by both those on and off stage was more than evident.

Moving on.

Though they admitted that the cast had never openly discussed their characters, Joshua Adler and Alyssa Amato (playing the lead roles in *The Misanthrope*) offered a general overview of what they were aiming for with their characters. Joshua, playing the title character, said of Alceste, "He doesn't quite fit in, but he wants to. He tries to draw people to him by making them feel inferior while making himself seem superior... efforts that for obvious reasons fail." Alyssa, playing Celimene (the show's villainous, though misunderstood, whore) worked towards creating the perfect bitch. However, at the end, when Celimene is punished for her lascivious, unfaithful lifestyle, Alyssa attempted to make her seem, nonetheless, worthy of sympathy.

Both actors agreed that the characters within the play were sketched by the author in a rather shallow manner. They claimed the script itself was shallow and that there was very little room for developing a character with depth. I myself noticed this when I saw the show. I felt, however, that this shallowness only added to the ideologies that the play was exploring. The play, largely based around the masks people wear to impress others and win their praise, calls attention to the amount of pretense that exists in many social circles. The setting, movie-land Los Angeles, only added

to the cynical thrust Moliere was making towards the pretentious nature of mankind, and creating shallow characters was an effective dramatic tool that furthered this aim.

Set in the present age, Joshua claimed of the play that "it relates to the modern era because, regardless of technological advances, social relationships remain the same. The show focuses on those relationships; on the games people play and the price they pay for losing."

I admired the way these actors were able to tackle Moliere's highly structured meter and rhyme scheme. It is extremely difficult to sound serious when every line you say rhymes with the last. However, as stated by Frank Pedicini (playing Clitandre), a lot of practice was required of them to avoid the sing-song quality of the lines. Elisabeth Sawyer (Arsinoe) added that it made missing a line on stage all the more harrowing, after all, "how do you improvise in rhyme?"

Personally, I found this production to be one of the most fascinating shows our theater department has offered to the public. It was interesting to learn from Elisabeth that this was the least funded show, the department having recently purchased a pricey "saw" for set-work. She also drew attention to the fact that the majority of the cast were not theater majors, and hopes this will encourage more students to audition. As the theater department has recently received new funding (slated for upgrading equipment), now may very well be the time for the campus at large to take a renewed interest in Stony Brook's theater department.

As for working within the department, the cast generally agreed that the production was well supported. Furthermore, in Ara H. Muradyan's (Acaste) words, "this show revitalized the department... gave

it new life. Hopefully it will set the precedent for future shows." There was only one point of contention raised by the cast (all right, one point of contention I shared with them... but still, something they strongly disagree with), and they have my complete empathy. Generally speaking, a student actor puts more hours into a production than are required by most other classes within the SUNY system, and yet the school credit they receive for their hard work and dedication is next to nothing (basically they are prostituted by Staller and the department for ten dollars a pop... seven if you're a student). Those behind the scenes, the tech. crew, are given three credits a show after fulfilling a certain number of hours for production class, and yet, actors (who put in 4-5 hours every night of the week) are only accorded 1 credit per show, and are only allowed 2 such credits on their transcripts. It is easy to understand why this would frustrate someone who put in all that work, especially a theater major with a focus in acting. I would strongly encourage the theater department to try to adopt a plan that would better benefit its hard-working, dedicated students, some way of showing a little appreciation outside of 'Oh, you did such a marvelous job.' There's the old adage that the actors should do it because it makes them happy, and that they should expect nothing from the experience but their own satisfaction at having been involved. Bullshit. I at least challenge the theater department to address the issue, perhaps let their students know exactly why it's impossible (if that's the case) to accord them some type of academic benefit for their long, weary hours (and trust me, they can be very long and weary when you're a full-time student with a part-time job and over 20 hours of rehearsal every week).

I would like to congratulate James Panzer for the excellent work he did when I saw the show. His character, Philinte, stood out in its focus, clarity, energy, and ease with the language. Excellent job Jim! I hope to see you in future shows.

Finally, the cast wanted to thank their director. In Frank's words, "We love Christina Vaccaro. Her hard work and dedication to the show was amazing."

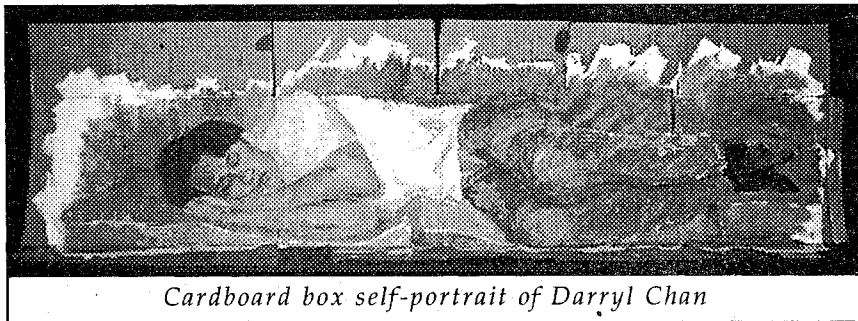
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Art Spotted at the Spot

By Debbie Sticher

Come to The Spot! It is the bar on campus, located in Roosevelt Quad. There's always been good music and great friends in the Spot and now the artists of SUNY Stony Brook have provided us with some visual stimulation. The setting is ideal for our kind of casual, but serious show.

What first stood out when I walked in were the beautiful photographs from Darryl Isaacs of fire, sparks, and molten metal, something the average student at Stony Brook might not be accustomed to seeing on a daily basis. I see it everyday in the metal studio of the Staller Center, and Darryl has forever captured these wonders in a faithful representation. Further walking around the room, I found myself intrigued by Krystof



Cardboard box self-portrait of Darryl Chan

Lipinski's oil painting *Public*. Classical statues sit in front of televisions, which all sit before a monument to Nike. I remember when Kryz painted this, in my Painting II class. It brought back memories of the critique and how much I had admired this work and longed to see it again.

It is a conceptually original piece and I'd like to add that he captured the blue of a television screen perfectly.

Christian Towner's *Painting in Prussian Blue and Yellow* is a peacefully moving abstract expressionist work, slightly reminiscent of Mondrian (if he'd been an abs. exp. perhaps). Thick application of paint in blue and yellow hues achieve almost an oceanscape effect and I overheard many visitors remark how much they enjoyed his work. Pedro Sousa's photographs caught my eye next. With a keen eye for composition, Sousa's *Untitled* (from 1999) is a robust and touching portrait of his grandmother. The lighting captures her elderly visage with respect and honor. Next to his work is Frank Kish, with his dark horse entries, so to speak.

Mixed media with a heavily lacquered finish. Their rough, unique appearance balances out the traditional photos and paintings of the show.

Sean Keane's photos of people running that all-important daily errand to you-know-where (I guess you'll have to see it

yourself) made everyone's seemingly simple and common daily activities significant and worthy of contemplation. Jessie Pontorno's work stands out as the shows only collage. Its complexity and depth extends far beyond the medium of magazines and cut-outs and this

is, by far, my favorite piece in its juxtaposition of imagery and clearly evident thought. Gene Rossi offered up the only sculptural work and untitled piece that works well with his wave print *Salvation*. Hokusai would approve.

A little homoerotic would have to describe J.D. Welch's work in the show. A stand-out for his subject matter and sometimes shocking execution, this master of mixed media intrigues us with sexuality and enigma. Liz Crisci's work takes a dark direction in this show with her creepy painting *Still Life*. The choice and placement of objects are disturbing in their religious and infantilizing nature. Shervin Ramin's work at the entryway is an exploration of



Liz Crisci's *Still Life*

texture and shape, creating a strange interaction of blobs and pattern. And last, but certainly not least, is the cardboard box self-portrait of Darryl Chan. The work implies a sort of homeless, transient air, as it lays on the ground in an effective placement. Even more effective is the "political" commentary of the title: *Thank You Allen DeVries*. DeVries is the guy you have to talk to to get a room on this campus, and Chan bites back hard as one of the unlucky rejected and ejected. This work should be required viewing for anyone fighting this eight semester campus kick-off.

The show runs for the next two weeks and there is no extra charge to enjoy our work. And while you're at it, enjoy the venue as well.

A NIGHT OF UNFORGETTABLE W;t

By Epoya Telogs Regeva

Have you ever been penalized for using a semi-colon instead of a comma, or vice-versa? Ah, comma splices, dangling modifiers, adverbial clauses, coordinate adjectives, and the list goes on. What if a reading of the most profound poetry depended on a "God damn" comma? Then would it make a difference? This is the issue taken up in *W;t*. An endearing play, written by Margaret Edson and directed by Derek Anson Jones, that won last year's Pulitzer Prize for drama.

The protagonist Vivian Bearing (Lisa Harrow) is in her fourth stage of metastatic ovarian cancer. Prior to her diagnosis, she was a militant scholar of John Donne's *Holy Sonnets*. She rides on her monographic hobby-horse, until the final realization of her own impending death. Through the tender kindness of her naive caretaker Susie Monahan (Alli Steinberg), she leaves her mundane scholarly existence behind, for the full immersion into Donne's metaphysics of immortality. Along the way, the audience is taken for an exhilarating ride through the innards of oncology and its discontents.

A semicolon grammatically, is technically used to separate two independent clauses. An independent clause means what it says, it can stand on its own as a complete thought. Now what does this have to do with *W;t*? After five minutes into the play, there is a flashback to Vivian's graduate school days, when she was 22 years old. The scholarship on the use of the semi-colon convinces the young Vivian to become a professor. Vivian must learn through her struggle with terminal cancer, the lesson of the "comma." Her advisor Evelyn (E.M.) Ashford (Sally Parrish) lectures Vivian on the virtue of the comma:

*Smugness and
condemnation are not
what I'm after here;
what I'm after is
conveying a comma
instead of a semi-colon.*

Nothing but a breath, a comma separates life from life everlasting. It is very simple really. This way, the uncompromising way, one learns something from the poem, wouldn't you say? Life, death. Soul, God. Past, present. Not insuperable barriers, not semi-colons, just a comma.

This slight elision from one concept toward another is what "the comma" denotes. The play is not just making some pedantic meditation on punctuation and its discontents, but it deals with the scope of the human condition.

Dr. Harvey Kelekian (William Cain) and Dr. Jason Posner (Seth Gilliam) are both the Tweedle-dee and Tweedle dumb of oncological research. We at Stony Brook University have recently opened up the scope for progressive biomedical research via NIH

(National Institutes Health) funding. We are well on our way towards discovering new vistas in dealing with detrimentally activated oncogenes. But, the issue in the play is not about finding the cure for malignant cancer per se, but finding the cure for the malignancy of our empty lives. Why do

"pre-med" studies solely consist of: 2 semesters (now 3) of rote-memory biology, 2 semesters of bungling general chemistry, 2 semesters of sadistic/masochistic organic chemistry, 2 semesters of howling calculus, and 2 semesters of friendly life-science physics? Oh, of course you have your major of choice. Please choose one that shows your diversity. I'm not going to tangentially rant here, but there are some apparent issues in pre-med studies. Fulfill your DECs (Dangerous Edema Collations), sign up for that class of easy poetry, and bullshit your way to an easy "A." Smugness and condemnation are not what I'm after

here; what I'm after is conveying a comma instead of a semi-colon.

What I especially enjoyed about *W;t* is the mirror that it holds up to our very own model institution known as SUNY-Stony Brook. We undergraduates are run through a loop, and we never look back. I ask that the next time you read a "God damn poem," read it out loud. Put down your "Principles of Biochemical Proctology" book and immerse yourself into the sounds of the words. Vivian Bearing is broken down into the Latin, Vivian=alive, hence, "Bearing Life." Her journey through the annals of cancer is essentially our journey toward escaping the banal and feeling the profound. The transformation of Vivian is of the essence. She goes from declaring:

To the scholar, to the mind comprehensively trained in the subtleties of seventeenth-century vocabulary, versification, and theological, historical, geographical, political, and mythological allusions, Donne's wit is a way to see how good you really are.

After twenty years, I can say with confidence, no one is quite as good as I.

To enunciating:

These are my last coherent lines. I'll have to leave the action to the professionals.

It came so quickly, after taking so long. Not even time for a proper conclusion. And death-capital D-shall be no more-semi-colon. Death-capital D-thou shalt die-ex-clamation point!

In sum, the play's most succinct statement comes from the lines of John Donne himself:

One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally, and death shall be no more, [.] death, thou shalt die.

A quick sidenote. The play's director Derek Anson Jones died from AIDS just three weeks ago. The director's inspiration and legacy was certainly felt throughout the play. Unfortunately, April 9th's matinee was the last New York showing for this season. The show can, however, be seen in Boston and Chicago from May until the beginning of next year's new slating. Treat yourself to a good excursion with some intimate friends and enjoy an unforgettable experience.

Beer Fest



Tastetesters in the midst of the judging

THE PROJECT

Every year, the goal of our highly scientific study is to determine which beer in a specific genre possesses the greatest quality. During the past seven years, we've investigated cheap American beer, ales, imports, the microbrews of New York State, malt liquor and Ales of Japan. This year our expert panel of alcoholics reviewed the "Beer of the British Isles."

Following a tradition which started just before last year's Beerfest, the estrogen mafia held their pre-beer dinner at John Harvard's. Following last year's tradition, they plotted and schemed unspeakable pranks which they could inflict on some unsuspecting (and preferably unconscious) male. Following last year's tradition, they all got drunk and forgot. Oh well, there's always next year, ladies...

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.

Unfortunately, due to circumstances beyond our inebriated control, the identity of the winning beer was lost. We have absolutely no idea which beer was preferred by our judges. How mysterious. Gotta love that mystery beer.

THE TASTING

Beer "A": Old Speckled Hen

Our first sample, Old Speckled scored lowest in the Bite category. Not the toothiest beer.

COMMENTS:
"Dishwasher Safe"

Beer "B": Caffrey's

Lowest overall score, people hated this



Enjoying the festivities

shite. If you want to drink a great beer, don't buy this one. It is wack. Really wack. Wack Wack Wack.

COMMENTS:
"Is this Natty Ice?"

Beer "C": Belhaven

This Beer rocked the aftertaste category. The flavor from this will be with you for weeks. That could be either good or bad, depending on your tastes.

COMMENTS:
"I would rather drink this than eat Doug Little's asshole, which is significantly more than I can say for A and B."

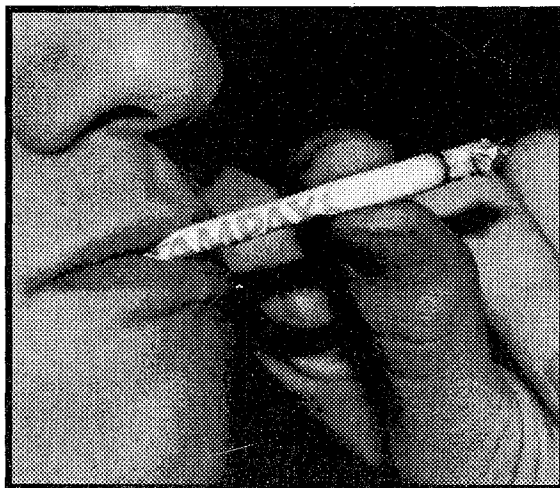
Beer "D": Guinness

The second best overall and the winner of Iquaqi by a mile. Guinness was a bigtime crowd-pleaser. Most people knew this beer from the taste.

COMMENTS:
"Smelly, like a stale Irish boy looking for a fuck."

Beer "E": Boddington

Mediocrity defined the boddington experience. This beer did not distinguish itself in any way and rated midrange in all categories.



What does the "Ovary Club" have to say about this?

COMMENTS:
"Weird sexist aftertaste."

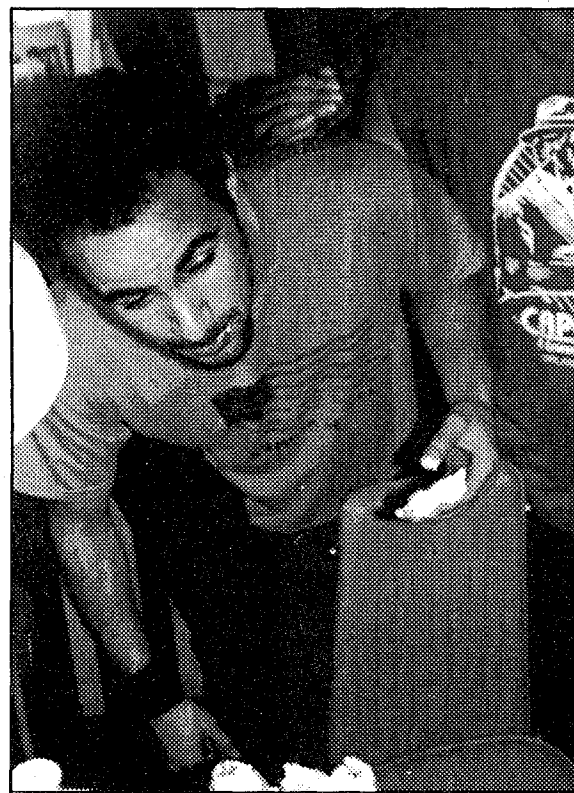
Beer "F": The Mystery Beer

With the best taste and the best overall, it would be great if we could tell you what the name of this beer was. Always an enigmatic experience, Mystery Beer will leave you satisfied.

COMMENTS:
"An Interesting brew. It must be british because it seems pretentious."

Beer "G": Fuller's

Fizzy as Hell, Fuller's won the bite category by a landslide. Chomp, Chomp.



Oops... someone's lost their balance...

COMMENTS:
"Like freaky seltzer. Iquaqi out the ass. Fucking strange."

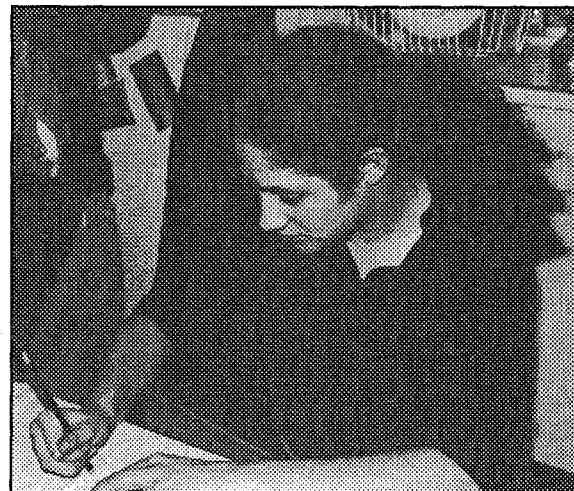
Beer "H": John Lowry

Low aftertaste and low Iquaqi, this wasn't the best beer to leave off with. Fortunately by now everyone was crocked beyond the capacity for rational evaluation.

COMMENTS:
"The instruments are picking up something. As far as I can see, they're all saying 'Where's the Guinness? We need it!'"

CONCLUSION

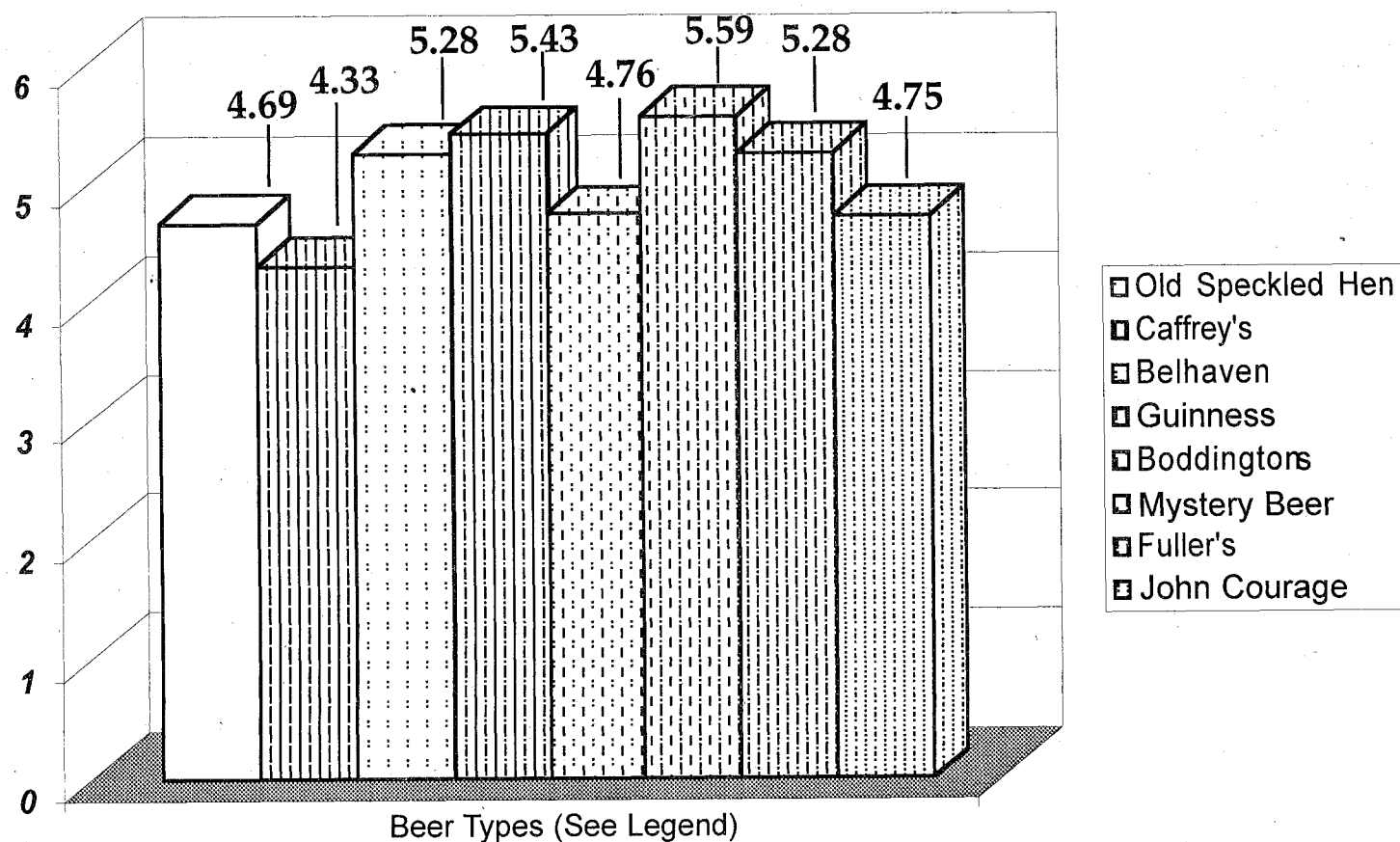
Britain failed to impress us with their "beer." Honestly, we expected better. But then, we also expected the Ovary club to make good on all their threats of mischief. Maybe next year the Scrotum Squad will teach the women a thing or two about being pranksterous...



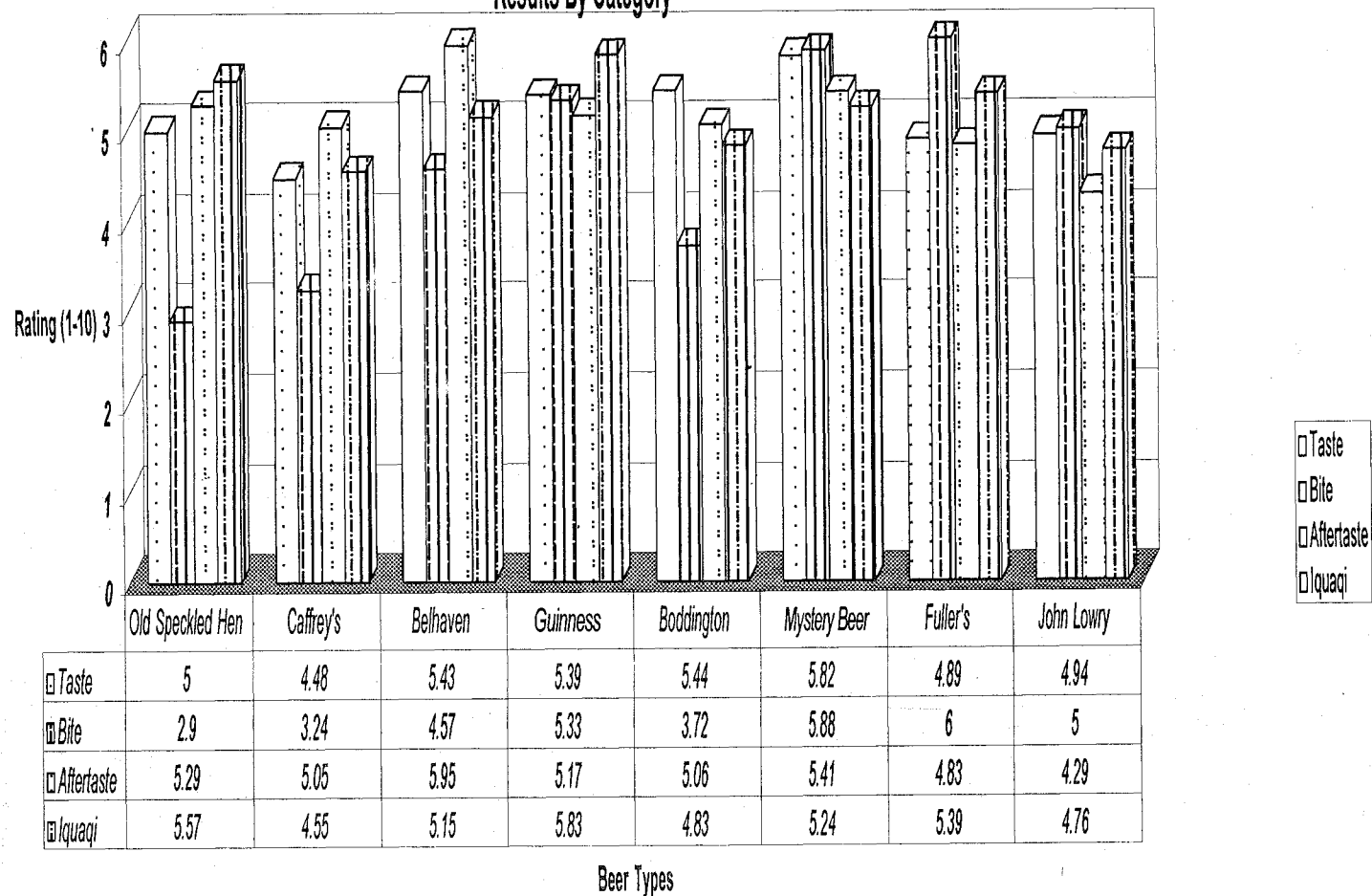
Writing down the scores...

The Results

Overall Beer Ratings

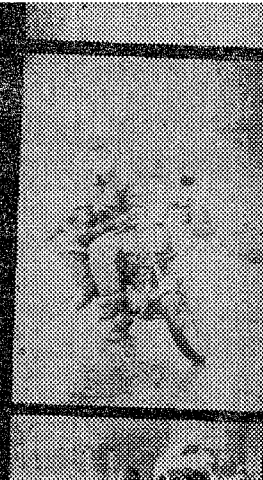


Results By Category



BEERFEST

A
F
T
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R
M
A
T
H_α



BY DAVID GAFNEY

The events of the Beerfest weekend are swirling, swirling in my head like the remnants of the keg (oh, wondrous keg!). People, sights, sounds, smells. Oh, the smells...

"Fred"β was the first to arrive sometime around 2030. I had been sitting all alone in the casa since 1700...waiting, waiting, waiting. What the hell did I know about this beerfest thing, for all I knew it was just the Press staff and their significant others.

The type of thing where everyone sat around the kitchen table, yapping about inside jokes, forming temporary sexual relationships and getting marginally past the official point of "tipsy."

"Hey, I'm looking for a girl named Hilary? Does she and Joanna live here?"

"Yeah man."

"Do you live here?"

"Yeah man."

"Oh, OK. Well, they told me that there was this thing called beer..."

"Yeah man, c'mon in."

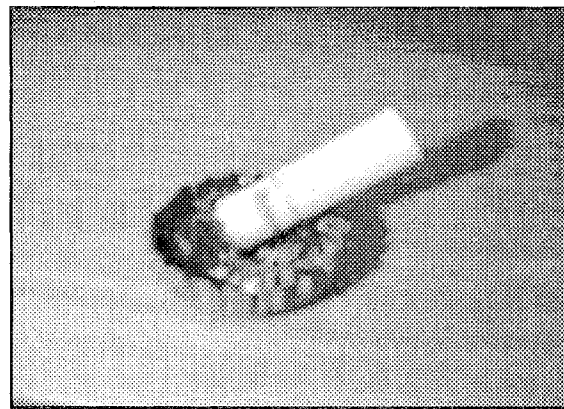
This prominent upstanding citizen was not only an alumnus of SB, but a community professional. And he had a bottle of Plymouth Gin. From then on was pure debauchery. The house filled almost exponentially until the walls burst and people sprawled on the lawn. Weird hippie homosexual people in denial. I didn't even notice them until they caught me taking a leak.

They didn't leave. No, really. They couldn't. Sprawled everywhere, they were the wounded of the evening's battlefield of nitrogenated chemicals. They groaned, writhed and peeped with squinty eyes as I glided through their masses on the way to the can. What to do? Bottles lit-

tered everywhere like shell casings, burnt out pipes like spent land mines and our fridge devoid of indigenous inhabitants.

Light streaming in through the windows moved the bodies. Coffee flowed and they convalesced on their own terms, cream or sugar. The keg was still going and, what the hell, we were going to drink it. Bagels appeared. I made spaghetti. I should make some right now. χ Would you like a bowl? I would. Go make me some. Please.

Anyway, the men watched the History Channel, pontificating on one facet of global topics or another, and slowly drank the keg from the closest thing available to champagne flutes. Victory. All with their spoils of war. We who had



survived the thing called Beerfest. Someone should have recited the St. Crispin's Day speech. Lounging in every definition of the word. Ahem.

lounge (lownj) *v.* (**lounge**, **lounge**ing) to loll, to sit around idly. **lounge** *n.* 1. A waiting room at an airport etc., with seats for waiting passengers. 2. A public room (in a hotel etc.) for sitting in. **lounge**'er *n.* δ

We cleaned. Cake was literally splattered everywhere, like sugary fallout smeared into everything. Once in the can I saw the mirror, I was smeared with blue. There were cans in the bathroom. Cans in the bathroom! It slowly comes back to me now...tasters in the kitchen, blind samples come from where...?

Shock, horror, disgust as I realize what had happened. People busy talking, filling out forms, smoking, groping, drinking external beers and the fantastic wine, nobody really paying attention to what was to be had in front of them just drinking away. Tester cups perched by the toilet, cans by the sink? ε

The Discordians had finally struck and nobody knew until it was all over. Most of the suspects were present and rumors that an entire course had been OTMB, Other Than Malt Beverage had spawned. I was strangely relieved,

as I had originally thought that the OTMB was evenly dispersed through all courses.

The topic was only a glimmer. Not even a speck of glitter on a Barbie Doll cheek. Blown away by denial, I was brought back to reality in a snap: I didn't participate in the actual tasting! φ Relief and pity for the damned ran through my mind as I looked into my mostly empty glass. The keg! Oh the untamperable keg! Pour forth your non-pee goodness into my flute and I will expel it from my pipes without much delay. γ

We drank the keg until Sunday until it was little more than lightly carbonated barley juice. If we had a seltzer maker we would have recarbonated it, just for something to drink. The forms were collected and stashed behind the hi-fi during the cleaning frenzy. People slowly broke gravity and drifted back to their more permanent places of habitation. The thing called Beerfest was finally over, and the only question left was: What to do with the cans? η

α All notes taken from Sound Beach Log, party weekends, beerfest, post 4.9.00@1501hrs EST. Yut. Writeeveryday. No sleeping. Just flow me in just like I was Eddie Hi-Res. To the muses! I see their sweet faces and hear their voices high like the summer sun. Beauty. 762. Who reads this far in the notes anyway?

β All names changed to protect the innocent.

χ It's Sunday, 16 April 00 and I'm bunkered here in the house away from the production madness in the newsroom. What do they expect? I'm Old People! I need my rest!

δ Oxford American Dictionary, Heald Colleges Edition, 1980, Oxford University Press, Inc. gets credit for this one, but I'm really just practicing the ancient Irish art of scripting. Seen as a form of penance, I wonder is it a sin to eat while doing so? If so, I would probably be stuck in the scriptorium pouring myself et al over everything. Sinning away. I must eat and write. Drink and write too. A large meal is too cumbersome to consume while writing, where to put the stuff?

ε The past paragraph and the following section is pure crap, but I thought I would throw it in anyway, just to see if you are still reading.

φ This is actually true. I was not part of the blind taste test. I did however swipe two cans of the precious exotic beer to be passed around in the crypt, which had become the defacto smoking room. The wine was also located here during its brief life, red satin bag and all.

γ In malus latinam: *Ex funde non urina tantum bonum in tibia meus et expellebam de tubum meus cito.*

η As my final note, the cans are safely ensconced in bags clustered around the recyclable barrel and the keg safely returned (by me on the back of my motorcycle) to its place of origin. Thank you, and good night.

ENGLISH RULES (NOT QUITE ABOUT BEERFEST)

By Ed Safo

The Diallo verdict, the pope's apology, the proliferation of technology, Elian Gonzalez and many multi-billion dollar mergers. All these have made headlines in newspapers and television in the new millennium. But one piece of very important news managed to escape the news media. The Miller Brewing Company recently acquired the king of all malt liquor, Old English "800 Brand" Malt Liquor, previously owned by PABST brewing company. Although this acquisition may seem very trivial, it may have a colossal effect in the near future: the introduction of the "double forty."

Although many mock it, Old English is by far the finest Malt Liquor. It has helped me and countless others get through many boring nights; work up enough courage to make



a pass on a girl; provided some of the largest beer balls; and most importantly of all, Old English has brought and kept together many wonderful friendships.

Not only does this acquisition add another beer to Miller's already high quality brown bag beer, (Miller High Life), it also gives "old gold" enthusiast hope for the advancement of the current product line. The current product line includes, the 12 oz., 16 oz., 22 oz., 32 oz., the infamous 40 oz., and the famous 64 oz. There have been many rumors about the production of an 80 oz. bottle.

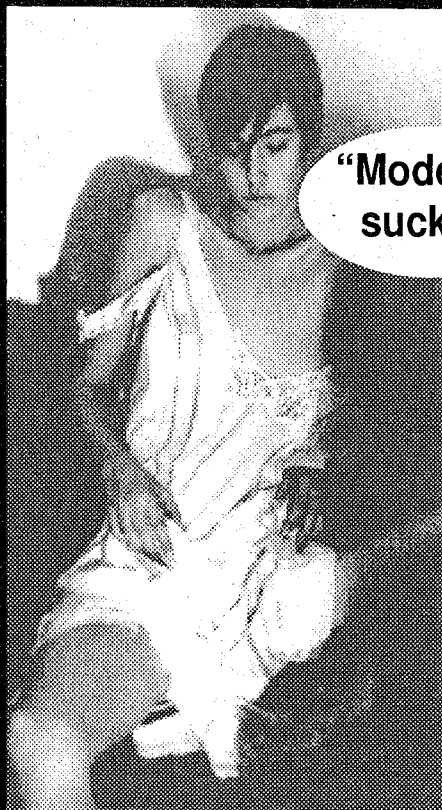
I wrote a letter to the Miller, asking for information about the 80 oz., in the questions/comments section of their homepage (Miller.com). I got a reply from one of their customer service representatives, a very nice man by the name of Shaun Cooper. According to Shaun, the previous owner of Old English, the PABST Brewing Company were the ones to come

up with the idea. Unfortunately they did not receive enough enthusiasm from a surveyed group of 40 drinkers. We must also consider that PABST headquarters is located in Milwaukee. Miller, a much larger company, would have no problem spending a couple thousand dollars on the production of and 80oz. if they thought there was some sort of demand for it.

I would like to take this chance to urge anyone, and everyone who is reading this article to sign on to this site and demand Miller to make the 80 oz. Let them know how much we all love and cherish this gift from God, and how much a bigger bottle would improve our lives. To quote the words of one of the greatest bands ever, "More Malt Liquor, more Malt fun. It makes your jimmy thicker man, gimme some." No Redeeming Social Value. Let us all do our part in bringing about what may be one of the biggest things of the 2000.

It's important to get to know your models and rock stars.

Compiled By "No One"



"Modeling sucks."



"Yeah."

Some of our models find life to be a little unsatisfying at times.

[Editor's note: lack of oxygen to the brain due to lack of ingestion of food can lead to a dark, dark "melancholia." *Sigh.* You wouldn't understand.]

But on the upside, many of our rock stars are leading full, rich lives.

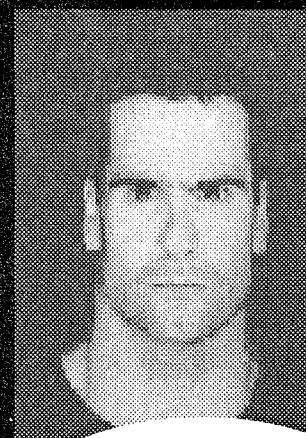
"It's good to be a rock star, dude. You get into restaurants dressed like crap when you're supposed to have a suit on."



"My cat's breath smells like cat food."

*** Turn to page 24 for an extra special message ***

So what's important here is this: Rollins is your master. Deal with it.



"Strength is good. Weakness is bad. I'm ugly. You're a liar."

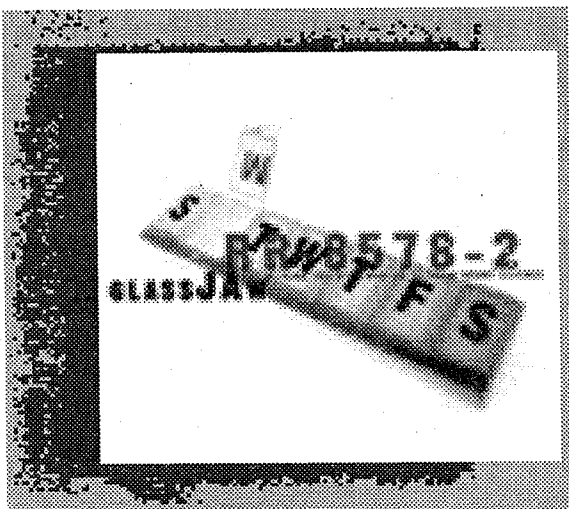
ALGABA

Glassjaw-
*Everything you Ever
Wanted to Know About
Silence* (Roadrunner Records)

What happens when one of Long Island's best-kept secrets catches up with famed producer Ross Robinson? Well, one of two possibilities I suppose. First, Glassjaw could turn out a really lame rap-metal record (Robinson produced both the first Limp Bizkit and Korn records). Or, Robinson could take an already promising band, and through his creative input, totally expand Glassjaw's sound into something extraordinary. Thankfully, we are blessed with option B.

Glassjaw has been kicking around Long Island for over half a decade, and here on their first full length, they show how much they've learned. Their brand of post-hardcore draws as much from Faith No More as from Quicksand. But these guys have been playing together so long that their sound really has entered a world all its own. *Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Silence* has the potential to make Glassjaw as much a household name as all the other previously produced Ross Robinson bands.

The records opener "Pretty Lush" demonstrates just how well Glassjaw man-



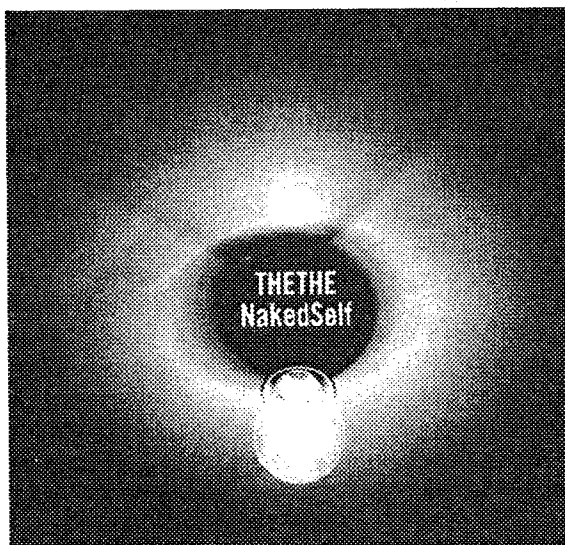
age to balance melody and outright aggression. Darrel Palmudo's vocals bounce between hauntingly elegant harmony and maniacal screaming as he leads his band into battle. "Ry Ry's Song" is the catchiest track on the record, demonstrating the 'Jaws' knack for throwing together some of the most satisfying elements of song composition. "Siberian Kiss" is one of those rare songs that gave me chills upon my first listens, being floored by its vigor and social commentary. Palmudo's signature lyrics help make Glassjaw unique in their brutal honesty. Anyone looking for someplace to vent over a failed relationship might wanna pick up this gem.

Glassjaw's debut is a thrilling and emotional ride all the same. They've been around long enough to hone their skills, and with Robinson's insight, they gain the professional edge other bands would kill for. Pick up this record now so you can say you were the first on your block to have it when they blow up!

The The -
Naked Self
(Nothing
Records)

Matt Johnson has been doing The The for over twenty years now. His last major release *Dusk*, was released in 1993, leaving his fans craving new material for nearly eight years (not counting a Hank Williams Jr. cover LP he did in 1995). Honestly, in all my time I've never actually picked up a The The record until now. They've always been one of those bands I'd heard all over the place (how could you miss them with such longevity?), but never took interest in. The lack of The The releases in my formative musical years also contributed to this lack of interest. Now Johnson, known for his defiant attitude towards the recording industry, turns up on Trent Reznor's Nothing imprint with a batch of new songs.

So with *Naked Self* being my first



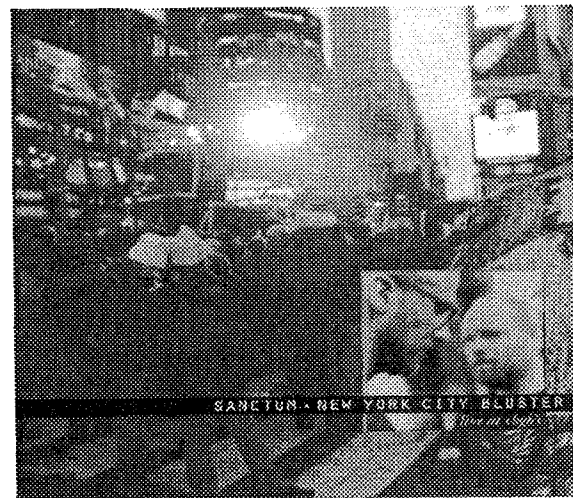
taste of The The was I impressed by them? Kinda. *Naked Self* is a hit or miss record that either serves up sincere and emotional pop ditties, or dry and predictable nonsense. While Reznor had nothing to do with the production of this record, the sound takes some definite Nine Inch Nails elements absent from *Dusk* and previous records.

"Boiling Point," the albums opener builds up steam over the course of a minute and explodes into an extremely focused song. While Johnson's lyrics seem borderline silly at times, his vocal delivery is totally precise. Skip to "Shrunken Man," hands down the best track on the album. Johnson's five-minute tale of one person's existentialist regrets is a magically enchanting song, with pop hooks galore. "The Whisperers" is also a really well written ditty dealing with post-adolescent loneliness.

The problem with *Naked Self* is that by the fifth track, Johnson seems to have said everything he really has to say. Songs like "Global Eyes" and "Swine Fever" seem both pretentious and boring. This is true of about half the record. It seems like The The is really at the top of their game on some tracks while just really lagging behind on others. If Johnson had nothing more to offer his listeners than some Nine Inch Nails-like effects, he should have stayed put in the studio and written songs that maintain the quality of the first few tracks.

Sanctum- *New York City Bluster*
(Cold Meat Industry)

Sanctum's first record, *Lupus in Fabula*, is unquestionably one of the most surreal and complete dark records I own. Some might choose to refer to their sound on that record as "Goth." That's their loss (silly Goths, eye make-up is for kids!). The best description of their sound would be Portishead having a head-on collision with Bauhaus and Joy Division while both bands were at their respective creative peaks. (note: go get *LUPUS IN FABULA*!!)



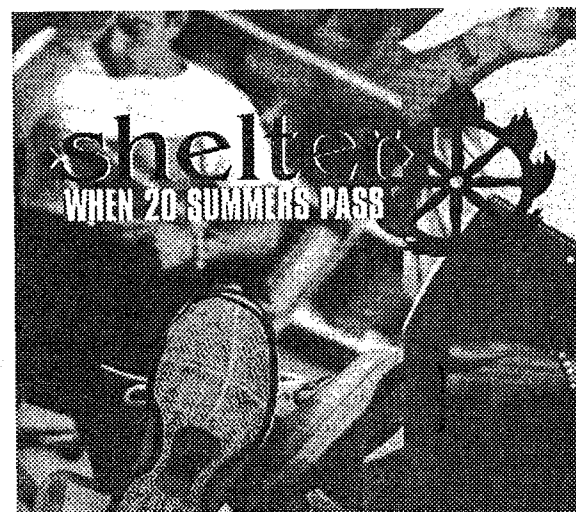
This record finds Sanctum totally on some other shit. *Bluster in New York* is a live recording of the bands performance at the CBGB's Gallery on July 12, 1999. Only half of the band was present for this show, so they decided to do something entirely unique. Missing their usual female vocalist and guitarist, Jan Carleklev and Hakan Paulsson orchestrated a set featuring haunting soundscapes, harsh industrial samples and bitter vocals that fuse together marvelously. The fact that I was actually AT THIS SHOW has nothing to do with my love for the recorded version; this is just really that great.

Sanctum have a very distinct medieval touch to their sound, putting them a step ahead of other dark ambient acts I've heard. The intensity of their performance is remarkable. I can't recall seeing a band that totally hit me with something so minimal in presentation, yet so devastating in product. The translation to record is just as powerful.

If you like anything dark and moody I would definitely recommend tracking down this gem (as well as their first CD!). For me, this CD serves two purposes. It's an excellent record and a reminder of a night of good times and great music.

Shelter- *When 20 Summers Pass*
(Victory Records)

Holy Krishna-core Batman! Shelter is



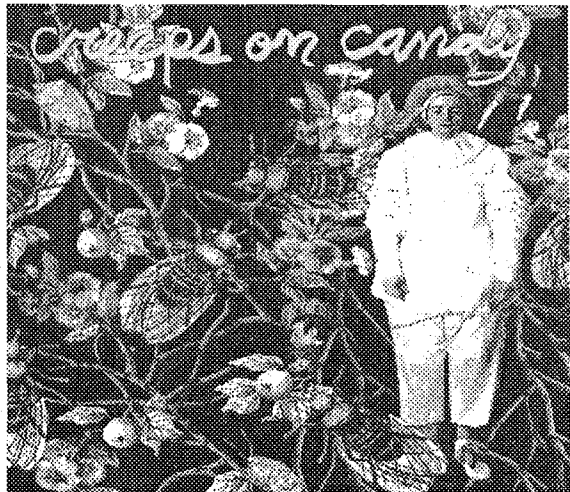
back and they've left Roadrunner for Victory! After releasing an extremely atrocious record about two fi years ago, Ray Cappel, Porcell, and whoever is filling out the rest of the band this time return with some new songs. Sweet.

The opening tune is the title track. Absolutely great. I loved the song on the *Victory Style IV* record and I love it here. "In the Van Again" is next. Absolute shit. Predictable pop-punk that goes nowhere. Next is "Song of Brahma." Much more enjoyable than the previous track, but still really lame.

Guess what, the subsequent ten songs all suck. Really. Shelter has taken their only hit song ("Here We Go Again" from *Mantra*), and tried to write it twelve times. The result is really painful. Unless you're really that into the Krishna styles of Ray and Porcell avoid this at all costs. But copy the first song from someone.

Creeps on Candy- *Wonders of Giardia* (Alternative Tentacles)

Creeps on Candy rises from the ashes of the Dead and Gone, a band who were definitely on their way to writing an excellent record before their untimely demise. Creeps make an attempt to deliver that LP, but fall



slightly short in their effort.

The Creeps will appeal to anyone into that "Chicago" sound that bands like the Jesus Lizard, Shellac and Craw helped define.

Creeps on Candy are a tight-knit unit with good songwriting chemistry. Tracks like "Nectar of the Gods" and "Trial" have a certain unique urgency in their sound which defines the Creeps approach. "Fish People" has the Jesus Lizard written all over it as Matt Decker does his best David Yow impression over some pounding instrumentation.

The problem with the Creeps is the lack of differentiation throughout the record. Once you hit the seventh track, everything sounds the same. None of the later tracks really hit the listener with the impact of the first few songs. In addition, there are times when Creeps on Candy sound too much like Dead and Gone, or the Jesus Lizard for that matter. Granted, both bands (Dead and Gone and Creeps on Candy) share members, but during "Truth-Truth-Lust" I actually had to check and make sure I hadn't accidentally put my Dead and Gone CD in.

Don't let my jaded visions get to you though. If you're looking for some good noisy rock, Creeps on Candy will surely satisfy. They offer promise enough on their debut that a sophomore LP could well be a groundbreaking achievement.

Anti Pop Consortium- *Tragic Epilogue* (75 Ark Records)

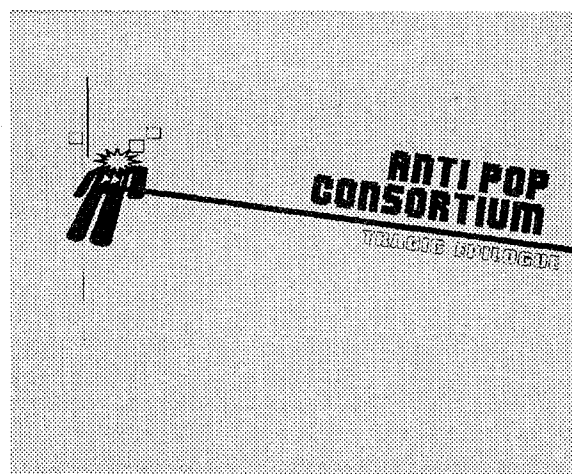
NY's Anti Pop Consortium has been kicking around the NY hip-hop underground since 1996. Beans, Priest and M. Sayid tore up last year's *Isolationist* project with Russia's finest, DJ Vadim

Craig Schlanger's

pro-viding the sonic backdrop. The three rappers showed enough promise and visionary potential to make me salivate at the sight of their debut LP. On *Tragic Epilogue*, Earl Blaize fills out the crew as the fourth member of the Consortium and architect of all 19 beats.

The chemistry between the Consortium is incredible as they've turned out one of the most promising hip hop debuts since the first Wu-Tang Clan record. Don't get me wrong, Anti Pop's sound draws almost nothing from our favorite Shaolin Isle Buddha Monks; instead paving their own hip-hop boulevard. These guys are the answer to almost all of my prayers for innovative hip-hop. They're driving right along side Rubberoom and Blackalicious with doing so different in a rapidly decaying genre.

The thumping bassline that opens



"Laundry" alerts the listener that it's time to spark a blunt and sit back, as the next 55 minutes will be an extremely satisfying experience. And they truly are. Over 19 tracks the Anti Pop cats never lose a step offering the most mesmerizing new hip-hop available. Guest appearances from Pharoahe Monch and Aceyalone (always a pleasure to hear from either of these guys) are well placed and act as a backdrop to three capable MCs, not a focal point as most cameos are these days. "Rinseflow" is an insane track showing why these guys deserve to be the most influential rap group of the next decade.

With almost nothing to complain about, the Anti Pop Consortium enriched my excitement for hip-hop. In a perfect world, this record will spark a movement towards pure and artistic hip-hop. If you're a fan of DJ Shadow, or the Dr. Octagon and Handsome Boy Modeling School projects, this release will more than satisfy you. If you're lucky, it will remind you why hip-hop is one of the most inventive and unique genres around when done with style and precision.

Milemarker- *Frigid Form Sells* (Lovitt Records)

Quirky fact: Milemarker was the opening act for my old band's final show. Now your life is complete.

Milemarker's new record is an interesting mix of styles that will make most describe them as "math-rock." Their influences are broad and diverse enough that they never rip anyone off, but instead tie together the best elements of many great bands. In their harder moments on songs like "Frigid Form Sells you Warmth" or "Sex Jam One," I totally hear Canadians rockers Shotmaker and a general Dischord Records influence (think Circus Lupus, the Monorchid, Ignition). Their more melodic and catchy

Strikes Twice

moments, like "Signal Froze" offer snazzy female vocals over quirky synthesizer work and the usual rock elements.

But I think it's the incorporation of synth tracks in unusual places that makes Milemarker really interesting. On *Frigid Form Sells* they show that they're not just another indie rock band, but are trying to expand to a sound that is (gasp), creative! "Crygenic Sleep" at times reminds me of Portishead, but with a touch that sounds more than just derivative. "Industry for the Blind" shows they are not only students of the Fugazi-school of rock, but at the head of their class.

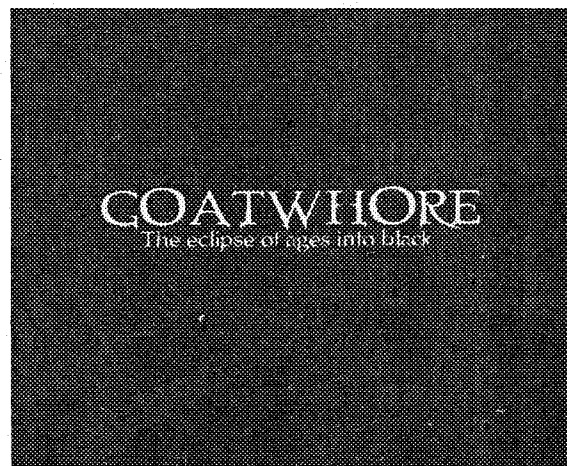
Check out Milemarker if you want something interesting and different. They've definitely come a long way since the last time I saw them live, and they seem to have a long road of innovation ahead of them. An interesting band with an interest-



ing record.

Goatwhore- *The Eclipse of Ages into Black* (Rotten Records)

Goatwhore??? GOATWHORE????!!!!!! Of all the records I've gotten for review, this is just the coolest band name I've heard. GOATWHORE!!!! How does one

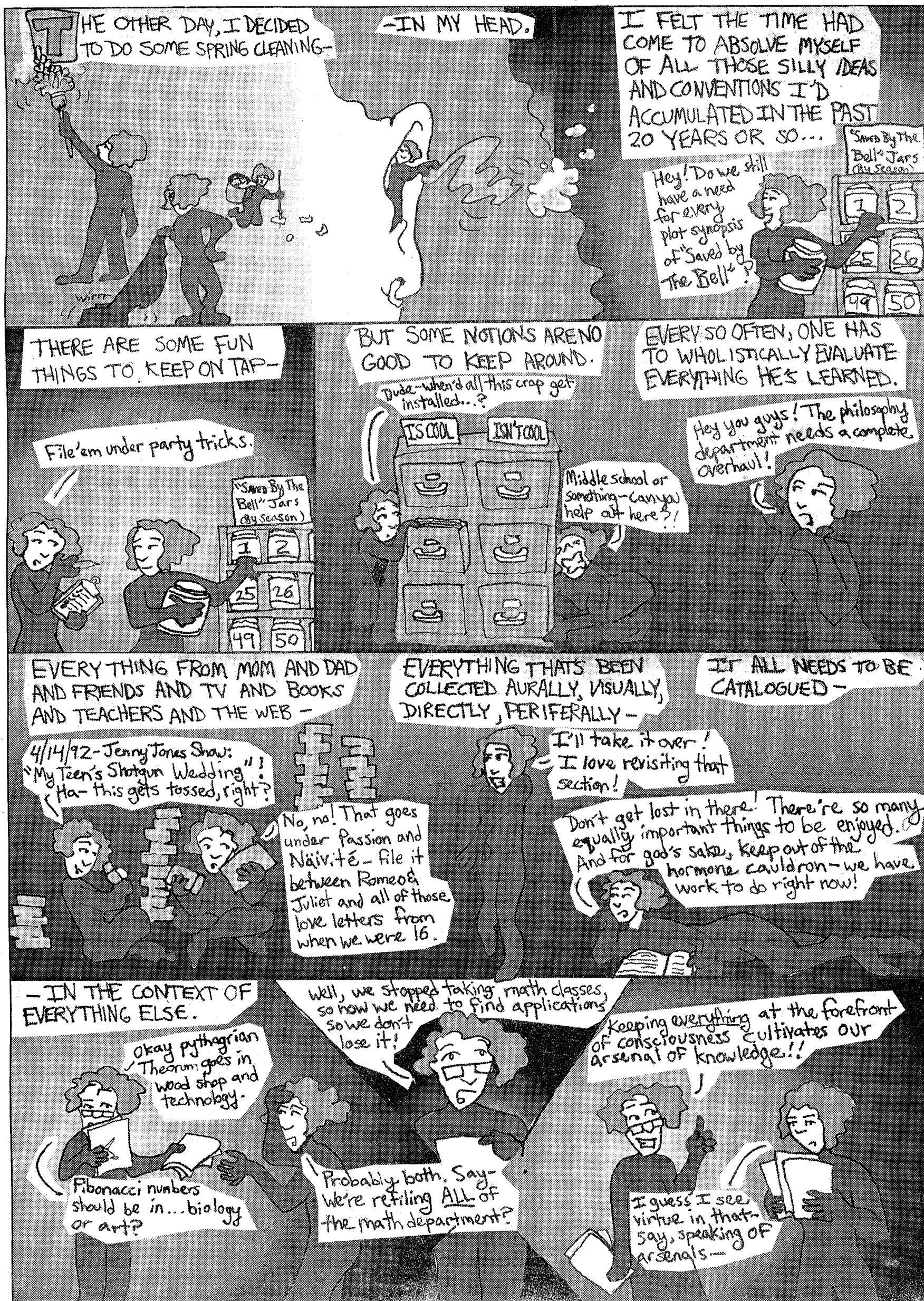


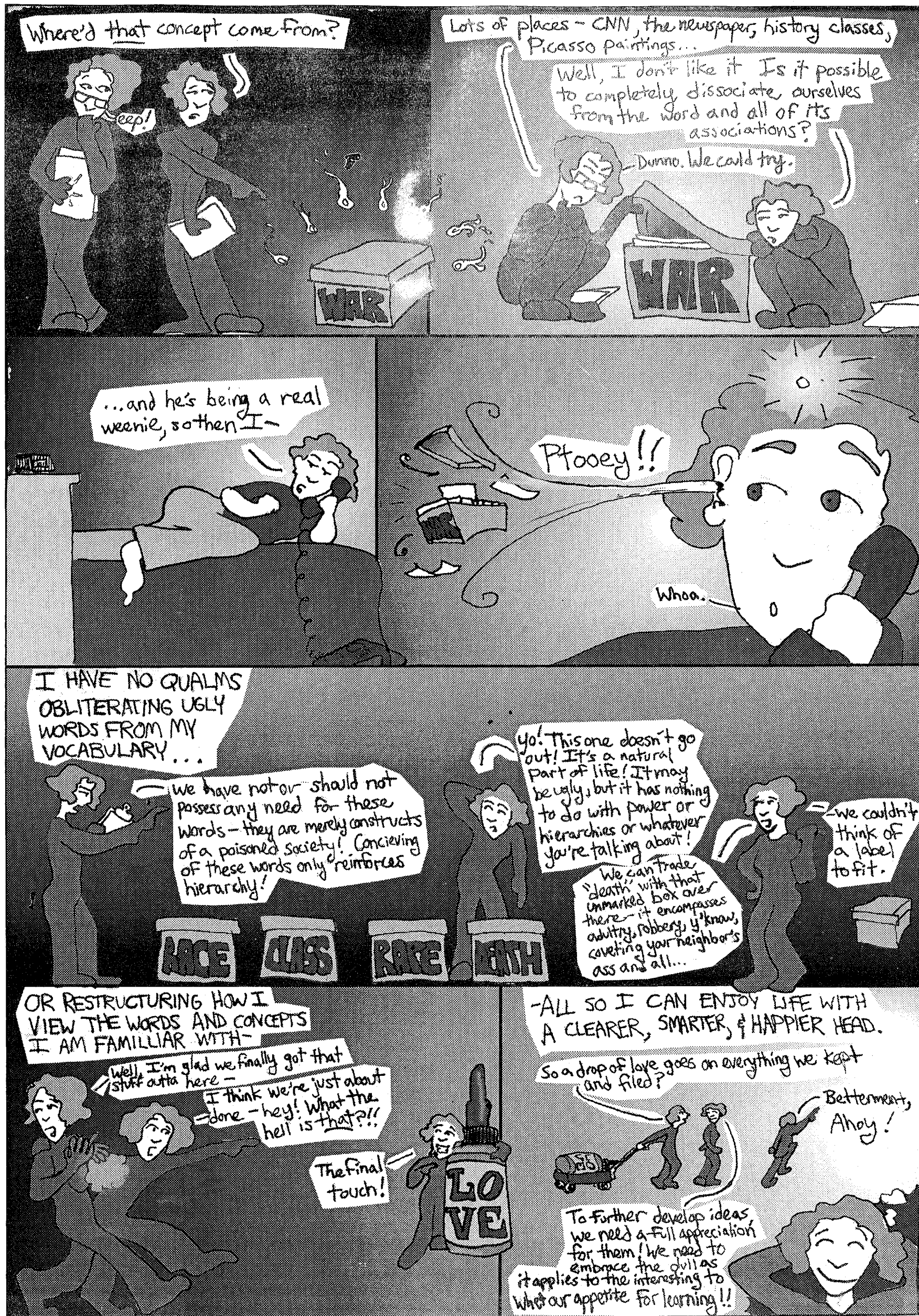
come up with such a name? "Hey dude, we need a name for this metal band we're gonna do. Let's make it something outrageous." "Well, Slayer is taken, so how about Goatwhore?"

What do they sound like? Average grind/death/black metal. But that's irrelevant. They're called Goatwhore! My god I love that name.... Goatwhore!

COMICS

Manicdotes by the artist formally known as Deborah Sticher





Just when I Had It All Figured Out: My Attractions changed...Again

By Brian Kate

I thought I'd finally figured out whom I'm attracted to, pretty much for once and for all. Then, Zap! Everything changed again and I had to figure out how to deal with another change.

I dealt with my gender issues from early childhood on, but not my issues over my sexuality. I knew I wasn't exactly a boy or a girl from the start, but I still considered myself as being "straight" since I was born with a penis and liked girls. At the time, it never occurred to me that I might be anything other than "straight." I have never really liked guys that much; I always saw them as kind of "icky." Part of this is probably because I haven't had the best experience with guys, going from elementary school 'til graduation day of high school getting teased, sucker-punched and kicked in the balls by "the other boys;" I wasn't enough of a boy for them. Meanwhile, almost all my friends and bodyguards have been girls. So part of it is that I still have a good deal of uneasiness around most guys. Also, I just have never really been turned on by typically masculine guys. They've never really turned my head, and they usually still don't. I've always been more likely to be with someone seen more on the "feminine" side. That's another reason why I've mostly gone for girls. For most of my life, until the last few years or so, I thought I could only really be attracted to girls. Boy, did I have a lot to learn.

I remember the first time I had an erotic dream about a guy; I woke up disgusted, scared...and a little bit horny. I wondered: could any part of me like a guy? Ewww! Boys are gross! Then I figured that there was some part of me that might want to see if something could work out with a guy. Maybe it wasn't all boys that were gross, just the ones I had known so far. This came clearer a couple years later. After a badly failed romance with "Lenny", a fellow Wednesday Addams girl, I met Grant, a folk singer built like a skinny Michael Stipe, who not only sings but actually knows Greek mythology and is still just about the most sensitive guy I've met. It was all I could do to keep from jumping him. Alas, he lived too far away and came to Long Island only about every year or so. After I gave up on Grant, I ended up kinda falling for this guy I knew from my last school, who thought I was the cutest thing going. It's really a pity he turned out to be a sex-crazed nutjob; he was really nice at first, and cute in a sort of geeky way. So I realized I could be attracted to guys, even though I seemed to only go for the "sensitive poet" type. I still thought masculine guys were "icky", though.

Then I met my friend Kareem. Picture a young Isaac Hayes. With gigantic muscles, a huge body and the sexiest soul voice I have ever heard. He's one of the kindest, nicest, most caring guys I have ever met, which I never expected to find in a "real" guy. I could

not believe it; I could not believe myself. Here I was, a man-hating bitch (at least mostly, since I could go for not-quite-masculine boys), falling in infatuation at least with a masculine guy. To tell the truth, I'd still go for him in a minute if he could go out with a "femme." So now I realized that I was mostly attracted to girls but that I could definitely go for the occasional guy. Even some of the "real" boys weren't always gross.

Now here's where things start getting more complicated. I met my best friend Jamie about three years or so ago; like me, she isn't exactly all man or all woman either. We've been best friends in a sisterly way, kinda like in "Little Women," from the start. Then I started wanting her. O—kay...now what do I do? Not

only am I becoming attracted to my best friend, already a tricky situation, but I'm also becoming attracted to another not-quite-man-not-quite-woman. I didn't know

what to think. After years and years of "sorry, I can't go out with you because you're not exactly either," here I am flipping out because I'm falling for someone who's not a man or a woman either, nice irony. As I said before, I could deal perfectly well with my gender identity issues, but I had my share of hang-ups about sexuality. I spent a couple afternoons asking myself: why can't I go out with her? She's interesting, funny, cute (and really sexy), so why should I be hung up on biology, when I can hardly call myself "just one gender?" Biology did still kinda come up, though. I've never had sex. Never. I'm still a virgin, going on 24. So sex, at least with another person, has always seemed a bit weird and nasty and gross to me. The next question I asked myself was: "She's got a dick—if you do go out with her and it comes to it, would you suck that?" I decided "hey, it's gonna be nasty no matter what organ I suck, so I guess I could learn to deal with it if we did get up to there." Then I asked Jamie out, the first of so many times we've both lost count. We decided that it can't work out, at least for now, because we don't want to risk the best friendship going, and because she's not ready for that right now anyway. One thing hasn't changed—I've started getting really turned on by people who aren't exactly men or women.

Just when I had it all figured out, my attrac-

tions changed...again. I'd gone from just wanting girls exclusively, to making some room for guys, to now really going for ambiguous people, who aren't 100% guys or girls. Jamie and I have talked about this about a billion times. We think part of this might be like my thinking all guys were gross, that I'm "turning to trannies" because I've had really bad times with guys, and because my bad experiences with girls literally drove me crazy. I guess that could be half of why I get attracted to and turned on by transgendered people and people who just aren't quite men or women, but that's only about half of it. I'd say the other part is that, the same way guys turn some people's heads and girls turn some people's heads, really ambiguously-gendered people

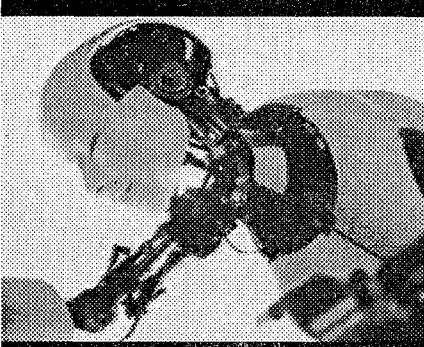
make my head whip around in an android frenzy. I love how different from "regular" guys and girls ambiguous people are.

Here comes the real shock, at least it shocked me to admit it to myself. My attractions have changed so much that now I mainly go for "transpeople," between guys and girls. I've got to have that! First I wanted Jamie (still do at least to some extent!). Then I met Kate Bornstein, my favorite transgendered writer. I'm telling you, if she wasn't already

taken, you couldn't have pried me off of her with a crowbar! It was certainly confirmed; I really want a "tranny" lover!

I can't seem to find what I'm looking for in my daily life, though. At my school, I find myself looking at girls and some of the guys, and it's just: "why can't they be more ambiguous?" I've come to the conclusion that I definitely do go mainly for "transpeople," way more than anyone else. Of course, I live on Long Island, where I never usually meet anyone at all who isn't a "regular" guy or girl. So not only do I feel like a population of one, but I feel like I'm never going to find anyone who turns my head even slightly. That's 'cause I live on Long Island, such an isolated place for "trans" folks. Even at this school, Stony Brook, the LGBTIA (Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual/Transgender Alliance) can hardly think of any transpeople they've known in recent memory. So I feel more and more all the time that I'm just not going to find anyone to turn my pretty little head as long as I'm on the Island. Well, that could change. A friend has introduced me to her friend "Johnnycakes," who seems somewhere in between. When I told him that I mostly go for "trannies," he asked, "how do I keep you from breaking up my marriage?" to which I said, "get me someone else I'd go for that way," which he has promised to try to do. I hope he'll find me someone; I sure deserve it.

"She's got a dick—if you do go out with her and it comes to it, would you suck that?" I decided "hey, it's gonna be nasty no matter what organ I suck, so I guess I could learn to deal with it..."



Wed. 4/19
The Lord Humongous
48 In The Basement
Knox Overstreet
With Every Idle Hour
Thurs. 4/20
Theta Wave State

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I Want to Be a Fire Engine!

By Tim Connors

I had a few delusional thoughts Tuesday and a few paranoid ideas Wednesday night. This is disturbing since I haven't been getting high or fucked up. I'm taking my medication, but the schizophrenia is getting worse. At least I realize that I'm having distorted sensory perceptions and thoughts.

Schizophrenia is not multiple personalities and is not caused by drug abuse. Abusing drugs will negate the effectiveness of the medication, but is not the cause of the disease. It is most probably a genetic disease, but the cause has not been definitively established.

I take quite a bit of medication for my schizophrenia, and I don't have full-blown psychotic episodes anymore. But I still have symptoms that reoccur and more frequently with less time in between the episodes.

The medication I take leaves me like a zombie, and I move like an automaton. My feelings are not connected to my thoughts, and life maybe going well and my emotional state will not always reflect that. But in fact life is not going well.

I am having difficulty holding jobs and social security disability income has not started yet. Basically I'm running out of money and yet can not function well enough to provide for myself. This is rather demoralizing, and the social conditioning that I received growing up is causing me to question my self worth.

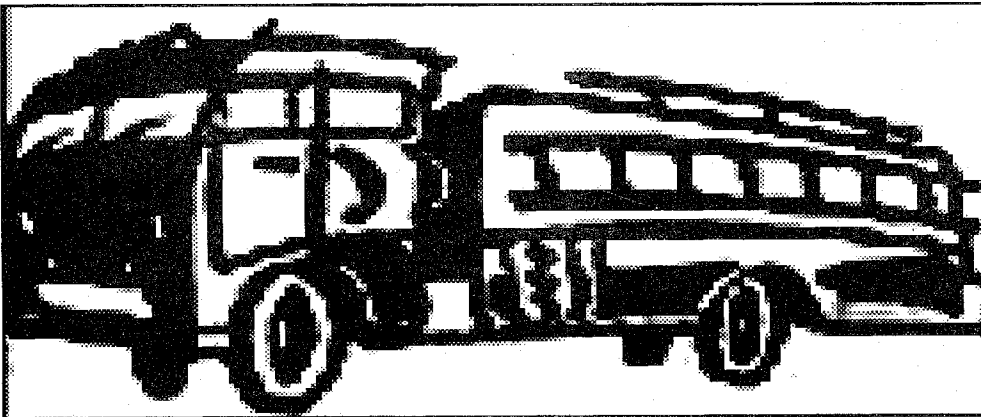
Some conservative asshole referred to Bill Clinton as schizophrenic on Politically incorrect with Bill Maher. It struck me that schizophrenics are the last group of people that can be used pejoratively for character assassination of ideas. This is reminiscent of other minority group identity being used to imply intrinsic inferiority.

Society expects people to work, and accumulate wealth. Society has made an investment in my schooling and the time has come when I am expected to

to become a wage slave and give a return on this investment. Sure I attended college to become a more efficient wage slave, and to reap the societal rewards placed upon the ability to exploit other people's labor.

And yet I find that I can not work because of one the side effects of the medication, which is excessive sleep. This is what sociologists would call roll conflict. As a college graduate my societal role is to be employed, and as a schizophrenic my societal role is to take my medication and cause as little disturbance to social order as possible.

I have no idea what to do with my life, and never in my worst nightmares expected it to turn out this way. Questioning every thought to guess as to whether or not it's rational is draining. Relationships with women are too stressful to have, and my family has no confidence in me or



anything I say.

I never thought I would be in a minority group that no one likes. As a white male I was just not prepared for this. There was no advice growing up on how to deal with prejudice, and my family is also prejudiced towards my illness. My brother's wedding is an example of what I am talking about. You probably expect a story at this point, but I don't want to hurt my family.

This article is no more than my meandering thoughts. I could focus and give you a coherent message, but what have you done to deserve that? Writing like this reminds me of watching MTV when they still played music videos, its perfect for people with no attention span like me.

Anyway I saw a movie called *Crazy People* with Dudley Moore a long time ago. The premise is that a guy makes some honest advertising and gets committed for it. The advertising runs inadvertently and is very successful. So Dudley is asked to produce more of it. He tries to enlist the aid of the other inmates at a group session, and the nuts all say they want to do it, however a skeptical orderly says that they would agree to anything and asks "Who wants to be a fire engine?" The children of the bin burst out with enthusiastic approval, as this is such an excellent thing to be.

Being a fire engine sounded like a cool thing to be if you think about the positive aspects. Fire engines serve a vital social need of domestic setting protection. They get to run red lights, have large long hoses, and come in a variety of flashy colors. Children admire them, and they get to be in parades. I could go on for pages about the advantages of being a fire engine but I think you get the idea.

It's a little known fact that all mentally ill people have a psychic link, and that we often make fun of those without that ability. Just fucking with your mind. People will believe anything they read or see on a screen. Holy shit this is disjointed, I bet English majors will be slashing the tires on my car for writing in a schizoid voice.

Do you think Margaret Thatcher ever blew Reagan? Do you think Reagan can remember that know? Does Reagan think he's a fire engine? Tabloid minds want to know!

I'm so fucked, I'm only halfway through this article and I can't think of a single fucking thing worth saying. If you're wondering why I'm doing this, so am I. My best guess is because the

Executive Editor is a hot dancer who was nice to me when I went to the *Press* office. So to be a part of their social circle I write about whatever comes to mind and they publish it. What a fucking country. America is spreading wage slavery across the globe, before you know it every human being will be toiling away to make a few multinational corporations owned by elitist families just that much richer and more powerful.

Nitzche is dead, signed God. What creative graffiti to put on a philosopher's tombstone. You are going to die, but don't feel bad so is everyone else. Try not to be one of those people who skips to the end to find out what happens.

Crack whores are people too. Just because a person takes money for any sexual act, including being eaten out doesn't make them a bad person. Although I noticed that the crack whores that I do know are sensitive about their past, so let's make a group effort to keep the crack whore jokes to a minimum. Thanks.

I agree with lesbians. Women are more attractive than men are, and testosterone is a highly overrated hormone. How do you make a hormone? Don't pay her! Oops, Sorry about that, for those of you who aren't reading this aloud hormone sounds just like whore moan. Written jokes are real tough. Here's another about my love life:

Tri - Weekly
Try - Weekly
Try - Weakly

Send me your viagra, this is directed at any faculty members who might be reading this. I'm not saying the faculty needs Viagra, just depends.

Writing about depends reminds me that anti-depressants sometimes cause loose stools or anal leakage, just like fat free potato chips. I take those to help with the suicidal thoughts and feelings. It seems to help, but if anyone wants to back their car over my head I'd really appreciate it.

Why would I want to kill myself, well it has to do with knowing that my prognosis is a gradual deterioration over the next seven to twelve years, and then a stabilization of symptoms. That's the typical course of the disease, it's usually a series of episodes with worsening symptoms for ten to fifteen years from clinical onset.

But that's not all. My feelings and thoughts are not as closely linked as normal people. Half the time I'm not sure what my feelings are, and usually they aren't as vibrant as when I was in my teenage years.

My experience with schizophrenia is not unique, and the suicide rate for schizophrenics is roughly twelve times that of the general public. If this disease causes sufferers to hurt anyone it is generally just themselves that they hurt.

I am not part of a well-represented group. Functional schizophrenics don't admit to their disease, but instead suffer silently and try to fit into society as well as they can. Families of those suffering from diseases organize lobbying groups for mental illness, and they represent interests other than those of people with the disease.

Well I have to get back to my pathetic life of pretending that everything is OK with me, I hope you have a nice day.

*I agree with
lesbians. Women
are more attractive
than men are...*

*****THIS IS AN ACTUAL QUOTE FROM FRED DURST*****

Top 10 Coolest Things About Passover

10) The "Jew Brew," Manischewitz baby.

9) Elijah never, EVER shows up, so
you can drink his wine!

8) Hide the afikommen? Don't
mind if
I do.

7) Slaying of the first born fun
for the whole family.



6) Ham!... oh wait...

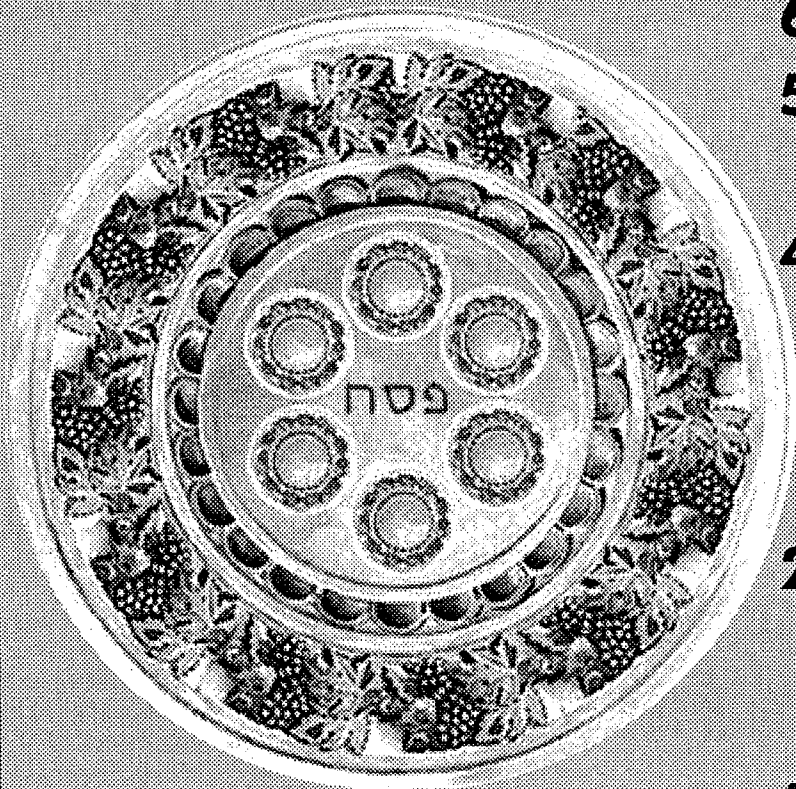
5) . . .did we mention
Manischewitz?

4) You gotta love those bitter
herbs.

3) Helps keep the wily Gifilte
Fish population in check.

2) #3 is funny because Gifilte
fish is really whitefish and
pike.

1) Leavened bread is for pussies.



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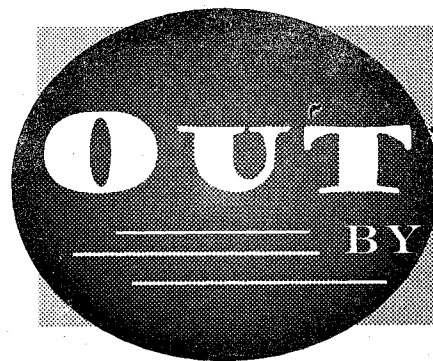
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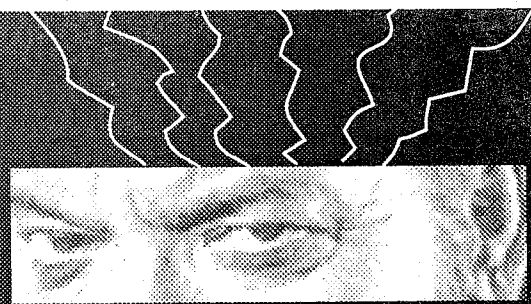


FREE CHECK WITH THIS AD



OUTRIGHT LIES

BY RUSSELL HELLER



Well off we go for some fun with fabrication, some pleasure with prevarication and a good ol' fashioned BS brouhaha. Wherever possible the following text will contain NO truth whatsoever. Truly a daunting task, but wind and weather permitting, I should be able to maintain my journalistic infidelity throughout this happy little jaunt into the realm of untruth. Very well, where shall we begin? Ahem...

-When one is in the freefall phase of a skydive, they needn't breathe. At terminal velocity, air is hitting the skydiver so fast that they absorb it through their skin, directly into their blood. People have been known to skydive naked in an attempt to hyper-oxygenate themselves, causing a "trippy headrush."

-Have you ever accidentally (or deliberately) held a flame near a frizzy sweater and seen all the fuzz flare up for a few seconds? Well you can do the same thing with polyester shirts! That's right, just put on all your thrift store-bought vintage stinky nylon shirts and set them ablaze. You end up with a really impressive pyrotechnics show and it's completely harmless.

-I once knew this guy who lived on nothing but cheese for two months. For awhile afterward he swore he could see what people were thinking. Then he went blind. These days his diet consists mostly of rodents and insects that he catches using an elaborately evolved system of echolocation. It's a shame about him.

-Microsoft Excel is a convenient and user-

friendly statistics program. If you ever find yourself needing attractive graphical charts to display the results of your newspaper's annual beer-drinking party, I would suggest using Excel. It will take you almost no time to tally and tabulate the results.

-It is great to see Elian Gonzalez's relatives putting aside their views in order to do what is best for the child. It would be just awful if they had prolonged the custody conflict and brought untold international media attention to a child whose future psychological health might suffer. Good thing that didn't happen.

-Mountain Dew gets its name from the mountain goats of the Himalayas. Their urine, when carbonated and placed in a particle accelerator overnight, becomes a refreshing, luminescent beverage possessing assorted mystical properties. It will not only make you a good snowboarder but it will also cure your various ailments better than Poppa Squirrel's Snake Oil! Mountain Dew has single-handedly ended disease and famine.

"Doing the Dew" will get you high as a kite and unlike some more popular narcotics, imbibing "the Dew" will have an effect much like Gummiberry Juice. Amazingly, "bouncing here and there and everywhere," is no longer merely a recurrent dream of popular science fiction authors, it is a means of daily commuting for working class America. All thanks to Mountain Dew.

-Shirley Strum Kenny, Stony Brook president extraordinaire, has been spotted cavorting about in the wee small hours of the morning, reeking of cheap scotch, wearing naught but a lacy nightshirt and raving like a madwoman

about a "lobster-boy" experiment.

Apparently a flimsy attempt on Kenny's behalf to play God, the so-called lobster-boy project has reportedly gone sour.

"Everything I touch turns to shit," ranted Kenny, hurling a handful of her own feces like a caged ape. "Curse that damned Lobster-boy, if he weren't so handsome I'd smother him with my armpit." Kenny then promptly scuttled off to the ladies room to masturbate.

-Sleep is overrated. Really. You hear all this tripe from the "scientists" about how you need 8 to 10 hours a night. Well roll up the trousers people cuz the bullshit's getting mighty thick. 8 hours? Bah!

I know plenty of people who can hold it together on no more than 12 hours a week. Sure they might be prone to fits of homicidal rage, paranoia, nervousness, twitching, hallucinations, headaches, nausea, leprosy, nail-biting, impotence, hair loss, voting republican, arrhythmia, mail-order shopping, drug addiction, newspaper editing, cannibalism, osteoporosis, malnutrition, halitosis, defenestration, verbosity, self-indulgence, autoeroticism, over-hyphenation, pedophilia, hypertension, glaucoma, cutting the tag off the mattress, verbal abuse of the elderly, mysogeny, hedonism, derisive laughter, soulful gazing, misrepresentation, embezzlement, nude-modeling, professional wrestling, pyromania, triscadecaphobia, manic depression, listening to *Bush* albums, watersports, gossip, fraud, heart attacks, strokes, seizures and death, but what's a few minor afflictions when compared with all the extra free time?

GEETCH'S WEB PICKS: VIRTUAL PETS

By Donald "Geetch" Toner

Seeing that the semester is coming to a close soon the summer is not too far away. We will all be away from everyone we know from class and there will be an empty place in your soul yearning to be filled. No longer will you need to search for fulfillment. You need not to look any further than your beloved internet. There are lovable companions out there for you all, and I don't mean in the sick chatrooms that all you pedophiles hang out in. I am of course speaking of virtual pets.

www.blipz.com is a single site where one can adopt anything from your average dog or cat to a raptor or pegasai. If you are extraordinarily lonely you can, of course, adopt multiple pets, up to five in fact. You need to log on on a regular basis to care for the pet, unless of course you cryogenically freeze it. If you neglect your pet for an extended period of time, the site grabs it and throws it in the pound. You can buy the pet back, but it is easier to just start over if you don't have the credits saved up. There is a visitor center, to give it a trial run with no commitment, for all you people afraid of commitment. You know who you are. Also, for those who enjoy reading, there is an easy to follow FAQ.

<http://kidsinternet.about.com/kids/kidsinternet/library/blvpokepet.htm> is the next place to visit in your quest for companionship. You

have on this site the ability to adopt a Pikachu. Yes that annoying thing your little brother or sister keeps imitating, or your roommate is obsessed with. On the bottom of the page, once you scroll past the lovable huggable pikachu, there are a series of links. From these you can find sites where you can adopt a plethora of internet buddies. Anything from aliens to dogs, from pirates to fur-

bies are available for you pleasure.

www.virtualpet.com/vp/vpin-dex2.htm is yet another thorough site for the search of virtual pets.

Obviously from the name you should be able to surmise that, but

I am sure there are many of you that didn't.

Breaking news on the subject of virtual pets is available. Access to the virtual farm, for virtual farm animals is also made available.

Technological advances and research on virtual pets are also on the site. Links to every possible virtual pet accessory are in plain site for all your virtual needs. If you have any requests you can email them and they will get back to you with a link to the information you requested or the actual information.

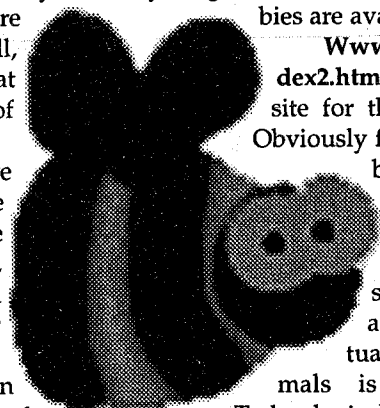
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/1039/ is one of the most amusing virtual pet sites out there. Sure it is a personal site, but it is definitely worth the visit. If you are in the market for a gay virtual

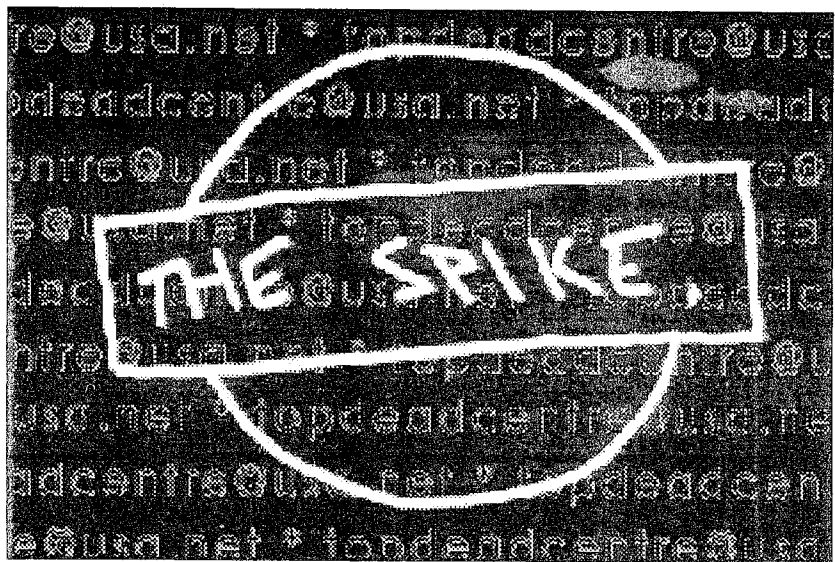
pet look no further. You don't need to have a gay one, but they are available. Also seen are bisexual, hermaphroditic, and on the more conservative side, straight pets. Any animal from bacteria and fish to hamsters and three toed sloths are available for adoption. If you are a sexually liberated person in need of a cuddly cyber pet this is your site.

Of course all these virtual pets, as well as your real pets, get old. One day, in the far future, your pet will die. When this happens you should visit www.mycemetery.com/my/pet_menu.html. It is the most popular burial place on the net. They are

so popular that they have sponsors. They have a newspaper, for those who are grieving to read. You write your own epitaph for your pet. To lighten your spirits contests and chat are also listed, incase you need to talk to someone. I strongly urge you to visit here, pay your respects, and read some of the final words written about some of these peoples pets. They are seriously messed up sometimes. Fun for the whole family.

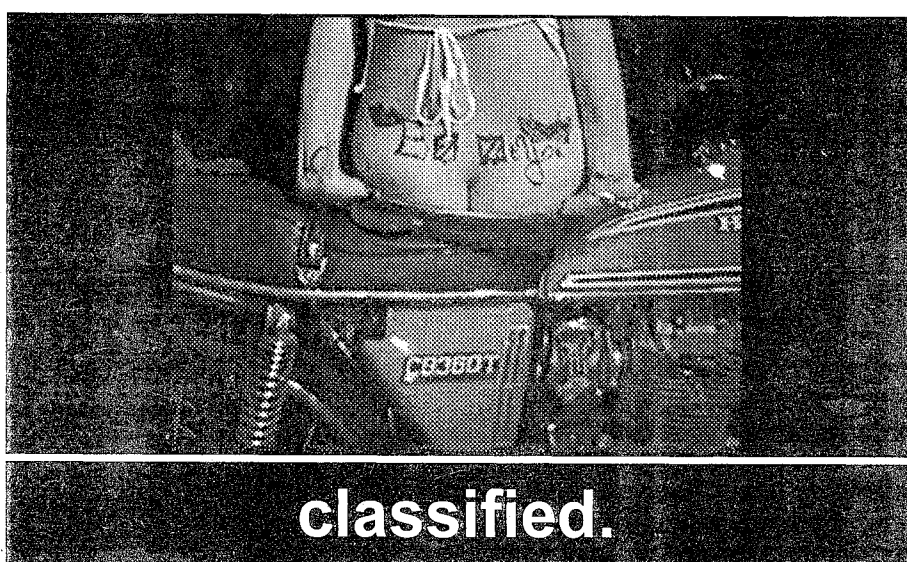
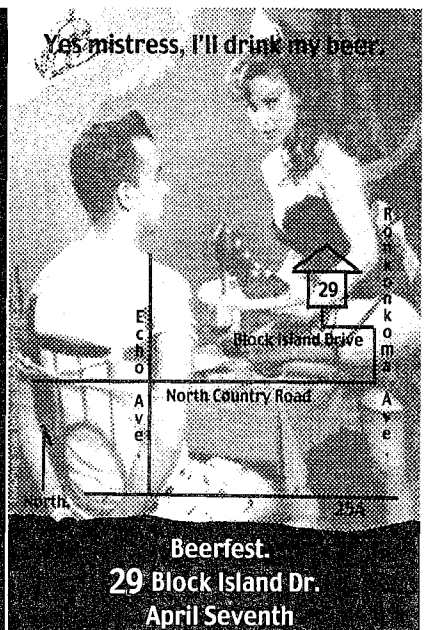
So go out there now, adopt a pet, raise it, train it, love it. One day you even get to bury it, grieve it, and mourn over it. The whole cycle of life available at a touch of your keyboard, waiting for you to uncover it. It is just what you need for that long break, all alone and with no one to be with, unless of course as was previously mentioned you're one of those damn pedophiles on the chatlines, then you should just go get a life. That's just sick man.





DICETEETH SEZ THAT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO DO ANY INVESTIGATION OF THE R.A.A.I.L SPOKESMEN. AHEN. BE ADVISED, YOU, YOUR LIVES AND ORGANIZATION HAVE BECOME PART OF THE PUBLIC RECORD AND AS SUCH YOU WILL BE DOCUMENTED. LET ME FIND ONE PIECE OF TANGIBLE EVIDENCE SO I CAN PROVE THAT TONY IS A SKKO INTERNE PORN PEVERT, LIKE HIS COMPUTER CHAT TRANSCRIPTS SHOW HIM TO BE. WACKO. SLIP JUST ONCE AND I'M JUMPING IN YOUR ASS FEET FIRST. YOU ARE HEREBY FOREWARNED, THERE WILL BE A RECKONING, MEDIA STYLE, 762.

FOR THOSE WHO DIDN'T GET ONE, OR SAW ONE TOO LATE, HERE IS A REPLAY OF THE GENUINE BEERFEST INVITATION.



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Used porno mags. Soiled.
Hilary. No reasonable offer refused. Actually, NO offer refused. 632.6451
The Statesman. Just kidding. Tag you're it.

Public Notices.
101.4 WHEREAS the student government (Polity) has completely suspended its constitution and, WHEREAS the current governing power disregards its parameters to fulfill an undercover agenda and, WHEREAS the student body was not consented on the suspending of the rules and constitution in direct violation of the spirit of Democracy,
BE IT ENACTED that the Discordians (Hail Eris!) succeed from all facets of the corrupt student government and hereby establish The Student Republic of Stony Brook and,
BE IT ALSO ENACTED that all student fees paid by registered Discordians be funneled into accounts set up for the proper administration of the newly forged Student Republic of Stony Brook.
101.5 WHEREAS a cantaloupe has been granted a face and, WHEREAS said cantaloupe has also been given a voice and personality and, WHEREAS this cantaloupe speaks it's own mind,
BE IT ENACTED that said cantaloupe be referred to from this point forward as "Spider" and be afforded all rights and privileges of a Discordian (Hail Eris!).
101.6 There is NO rule six.
101.7 "...yo fat girl, c'mere are you ticklish? Yeah I'll call you fat, look at me I'm skinny. Doesn't stop me from gettin' busy. I'm a freak..."
101.8 Statesman editors, read what your classified section lacks...talent. Baby, I'm tellin' you, all the action is in the back. Liners rule. Booty forever Yut. Foh. 762. Read The Spike. Now, while you still have time.
topdeadcentre@usa.net
101.9 Do you smoke K.B?

Personals.
Seeking women:
Diceteeth seeks hot waitress chickies for brown gravy funtime. 216.4536
Guy seeks Helen of Troy. 821.7112
Wally seeks nobody. Please come down to the Press and give him some love.
Julie, you started more than my bike last Friday night. Lazy Sunday movie watching?
Diceteeth and the Lesbian Pimp seek the Statesman editors for latenite romps in the newsroom.
No strings attached. Be fly baby, be fly.
Seeking ass models. All types. Bring your ass to the Student Union room 060.
Seeking men:
Velvety smelling, malleable, ambidextrous femalesexpotphotographer seeks quirky sensitive male sculptor for hours of latenite darkroom company. 216.3901
Wally seeks nobody. Please come down to the Press and give him some love.
Mindless glam chick seeks guys to treat like dirt. No reciprocation.
Sassy Statesman editor seeks Matt Damon lookalike. Bad boy a plus. 632.3583
Ass kicking bitch seeks wussie male for discipline. Latenite OK. 631.632.6265
Seeking ass models. All types. Bring your ass to the Student Union room 060.

Help Wanted.
Your Mom seeks help playing "hide the orange". Tangelo experience preferred.
R. B. seeks lemmings to participate in random religious cult. Easily convinced a plus.

Events.
The Stony Brook Press holds staff meetings each and every Wednesday in the Student Union room 060. Way back in the ass end of the downstairs of the Union. You know where to go. Past the pretty short haired blonde woman who steals my heart every time I walk past the Craft Center. If you see her, tell her that her kiln is nothing compared to my heart. Maybe I should go talk to her and ask if I can wash the clay from her hands and rub them down with Lubraderm Beautiful woman, if you are reading this, please come to a meeting so I can make a bumbling fool of myself trying to talk to you.
Le Salon Refuse', a student collaborative art show (whose opening was great!), is now showing at The Spot. Free.
The varsity Pin-the-strap-on-to-Your-Mom team will be holding tryouts inside of Your Mom's rectum. All you can eat buffet will be served.
Yet another pixie rally for the advocacy of magic wands.. Full dress with wings, anything less would be uncivilized. Meet at The Spot, Thursdays.
Ass model auditions. Wednesdays. Student Union 060. 12:45-2:00. Wear clean drawers.

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**"In Our
 Defense"**

First of all let me say that I am aware that my email gives away a load of personal info. I don't really care if you know who I am, but if you respond to this email in print I'd rather remain nameless. I am not opposed to sex columns in theory or in practice. However I am not quite sure why you think you are qualified to give advice about it. Do you have more experience than the rest of us? Do you have some sort of training in psychology?

If anyone has questions about sex all she/he has to do is go to www.sexdoc.com who gives clear, knowledgeable advice. By the way if you can post that URL you would be helping a lot of people out, since you guys wouldn't dare to address certain issues in your column. What kind of questions are you waiting for anyways? I mean we are all adults, and most of us been sexually active for years, don't you think we KNOW what's going on?

Hil can write an issue of women's clinic on campus. Those people refused to test me for gonorea(sp?) because I am not a "risk group" (I am white). Anyways, good luck you guys.

JACK:

My first advice to you, my dear, is to get a hotmail account. Communication is wonderful but anonymity can be golden.

You ask about my qualifications. Well, aside from being sexually compulsive for the last 10 years of my life, I have none. I have had a lot of sex; some was good some was bad; some was ugly; and some just was. Does that qualify me to hand out advice on matters sexual? Probably not. Oh, well. I haven't really given out advice on matters outside the scope of my experience though. I guess that means that, in response to your question, yes, I have had more experience than the average (or above average) Joe/Jane.

Thanks for advertising the web-based competition. There is also Carolyn@ the Statesman, Dan Savage, www.goaskalice.columbia.edu and thousands (okay, not thousands) more. Of course, we are among the best.

There are no questions we wouldn't dare to address. Test that out. Ask us. We want questions. Whatever you need to ask. We have been known to research questions that were out of our league.

Honestly, only some of us are adults. Many of us are still dependent on our parents. We base our beliefs on theirs and the environment we were raised in.

At college, we should be busting out, exploring, smashing barriers, violating taboos. We should be finding out what we want by trying everything and learning what doesn't work for us. I think that most of our peers are either not having sex or not going about it in a healthy way. When was the last time you talked to your friends about oral sex and the HIV risk associated with it? How about boyfriends who don't go down on you?

Honestly, I think that your assertion that we (students) know what's going on is false. I consider myself very knowledgeable but I still get blindsided by new information and confronted with questions that I can't answer. I think you should ask us a real sex question and see how we do. Or take a look at the parody issue and see how we answered the few questions that we have received. The dearth of questions measured against the number of people who read J&H leads me to believe that some of our peers are ashamed of the questions that they need to ask.

The women's clinic here on campus is well regarded among those who have visited it. If you felt that your needs weren't addressed, maybe you need to assert yourself a bit more. Sexually active white people are at the same risk level as people of other races. If you felt slighted, return and insist or visit Suffolk's clinic. You can get their number from the CHOICE center. If you feel that you have been exposed, it is your health at risk. Make noise. They'll listen to you. If they don't, write an article about it and we'll print it.

I think of our role here at J & H as facilitators of conversation and lubricants of sexual exploration. We are not infallible. Always use our advice with a grain of salt. If you really don't want to help your boyfriend suck his dick, you don't have to.

HIL:

So, sweetie, what issues wouldn't we "dare to address" in our column? That sounds like a challenge. I appreciate the letter you wrote because it spells curiosity. What kind of questions do we want people to ask? Anything they wouldn't "dare" ask anybody else.

Look, every time we answer questions, a lot of thought goes into them. We have looked up information in books, asked other people's opinions and so on. This is not about professional counseling, it's about sharing in a forum that's comfortable for everybody. Sometimes it's easier to write than to talk, especially if the people you are writing to are complete strangers. It's funny to think of the little things we hide from our closest friends.

Just because people have been participating in sexual behavior for a long time doesn't mean everything's all peaches and roses. People often develop patterns at a young age which cycle into adulthood. Keeping them in your subconscious does not make them go away. When we started a sex column, we made it quite clear that it wasn't just about sex itself; rather we wanted to focus on issues surrounding sex (and relationships in general—i.e. communication, trust, safety) that people of all ages have difficulty dealing with.

In addition, there are lots of people on this campus who aren't very sexually experienced. I recently did a survey on sexual behavior for a class and found many a virgin! There were also several students who had not yet participated in oral sex. So even if you've been there and done that, not everybody has. Don't make assumptions.

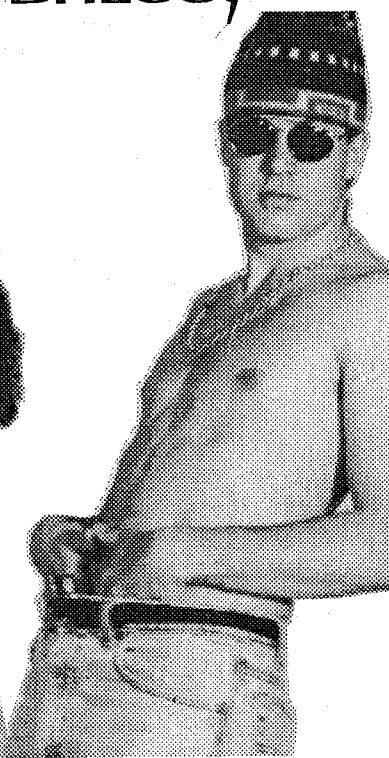
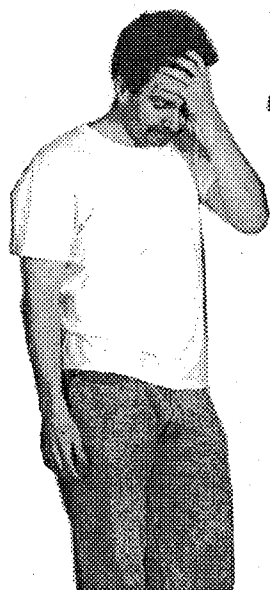
Here are some interesting questions: Why do some women constantly go back to the men that aren't good for them? What is a spiral condom? What's the proper form for and preparation necessary for vaginal fisting?

As for the women's clinic, I actually wrote about them last semester, but here it is again. A gyno exam, which includes a test for everything but chlamydia, AIDS, and syphilis, is \$20. A chlamydia test is an extra \$20 (which is worth the money, since 80% of women with the disease don't show any symptoms). AIDS tests are provided for free, and they are done anonymously. Just go to the infirmary and ask about testing dates.

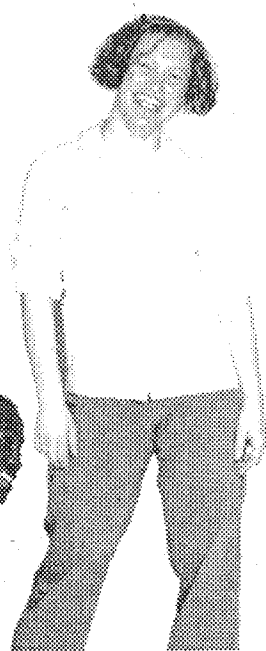
No one else I know has had a bad experience there; however, many recommend Karen Dybus. Make a new appointment and request that she be the one to give you a check-up. There's no reason that you should be denied testing, especially not due to the color of your skin.

Tell you what—here's a challenge. Your mission is to come up with a question we "wouldn't dare" answer. Anything you want. Our deadline is Saturday, April 30 at 4 p.m. Try to email us even a few days before that so we have time to thoroughly examine your question. And feel free to come down and write for the paper. I have a hunch you'd do very well down here...

REBEL, REBEL, YOU'VE TORN YOUR DRESS,



REBEL, REBEL, YOUR FACE IS A MESS,



REBEL, REBEL, HOW COULD THEY KNOW,

PRESS TRAMP, I LOVE YOU SO.

MEET THE PRESS TRAMPS, EVERY WED. AT ONE PM

IN RM **060** OF THE STUDENT UNION