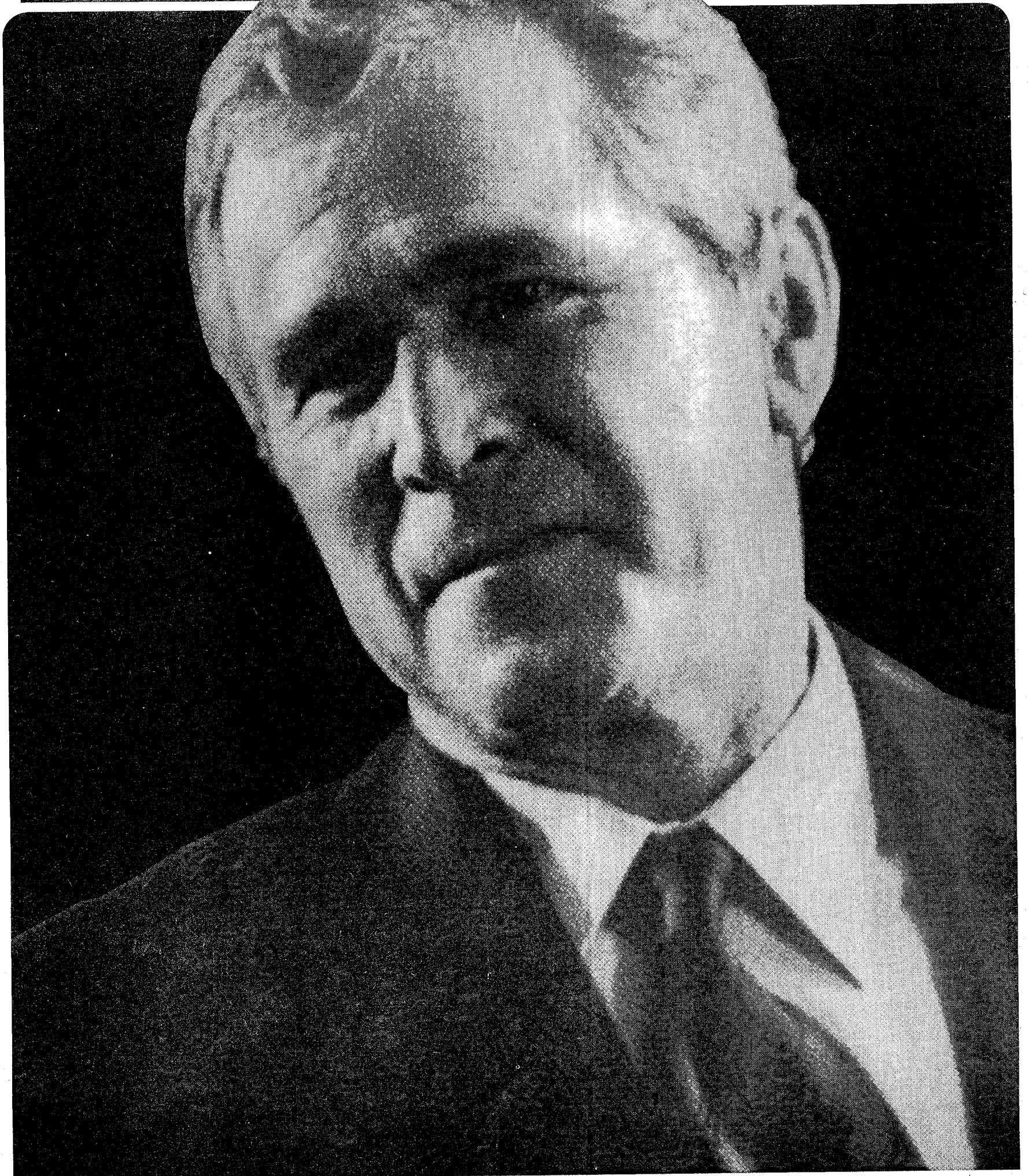


THE STONY BROOK PRESS

Vol. XXI No. 16

"Oh Yeah Baby! Who's Got The Udders?"

August 9, 2000



The Question that Won't Go Away

By F.L. Livingston

Hillary tried to lay the question to rest as early as last September, before she even announced her candidacy for New York senator. You know, the question about her reaction to her husband's infidelity and why she chose to stay with him. In her famous *Talk* interview (September 1999), she blamed the president's adulterous behavior on an emotional "weakness" caused in his childhood, when he was caught in the middle of ferocious arguments between his mother and grandmother. She, herself, remains married to him; she implied, because she is an understanding, forgiving person. Although she considers it his responsibility to "work on" his problem, she let us know that she wants to give him more time to do so.

This analysis was supposed, I believe, to put the matter away, so that her campaign could focus on other issues. But not too many people bought it, I'm afraid. Trouble is, we all know that there are people who cheat, more often men than women, and more often men who are in the limelight than those who are not. Nor were all of them once caught in a battle between two warring women. So "the question" did not disappear.

Still, if her attempt to "explain it all away" did not succeed, you might think her more recent effort to pull away from Mr. Clinton would. Not long after formally asserting her candidacy, she dropped his last name from her signature. Refusing to add it to her name when they first wed (she remained "Hillary Rodham"), she tacked it on when Bill was governor of Arkansas to appease a constituency more conservative than herself. (And so became "Hillary Rodham Clinton.") Now she has removed Bill's surname (and her father's), symbolically "divorcing" herself from her husband's notoriety (as well as, perhaps, from her dad's Republican politics).

But she has not actually left Bill and even enjoys his political support. So "the question" still lurks in the minds of many voters. It may not be as close to the surface as before, but it's there.

Regardless, I was never going to write about this issue. First, because I have written a couple of other election articles lately and, frankly, am getting kind of tired of it. Secondly, because I know that several other political wives have had to deal with unfaithful husbands, yet have not been subjected to so much public scrutiny. Thirdly, and perhaps most importantly, it's really not any of my business (or yours).

As Hillary said when Elaine Jones of the NAACP raised the famous "question," "Nobody knows what goes on inside a marriage."

However, in the June issue of *George* magazine, writer Aaron Latham felt compelled to denounce this response, saying "that wasn't really an answer, was it?" *

Fair or not, "the question" just won't go away. It's a private matter, yes, but it has long since become a public one due to forces beyond Hillary's control. It cannot and will not be shoved aside. And we will likely be hearing about it more as Election 2000 comes closer. So I decided it was worth discussing here in *The Press*.

Some people take a romantic view of the situation. "What's not to love?" a neighbor of mine asked about Bill Clinton. "He's sooo handsome. And smart, too. He's a Rhodes scholar for God's sake!"

Others put a more negative spin on it. "Love is blind," another neighbor agreed, "but what does that say about people who cling to it?"

A second category of armchair philosophers sees "Hillary's choice" as a leftover from traditional mores. Again, some look at this in a positive way. "She's 'standing by her man' whether she admits it or not," I overheard one woman say in the supermarket, "and keeping her family together. I admire that. It takes a lot of strength!"

But others view it as a negative. "That just reinforces the old double standard," the woman's shopping companion objected.

A guy hurts his wife, and she's supposed to understand, and put the family first, and all that. But if she tried to get away with the same thing - fuggeddaboutit!" (Indeed, this particular take on the issue has caused some confusion among feminists. Some of them worry that Hillary's decision sends "the wrong message" to young women. But a lot of them support her because of her liberal stand on several "women's issues.")

A third group suspects a more practical motive. Once again, some people agree with her alleged rationale. "Never mind, Bill," said a friend of mine. "It's all about the White House.

Why should she give it up? So that some Monica Lewinsky-type could take her place? I don't think so."

But others condemn such totally strategic behavior. "I just never liked her," my mother-in-law confesses. "She strikes me as a cold, power-hungry woman."

In fact, there are those who go further to suggest that the Clinton marriage has degenerated to the status of a mere political "deal." As in she "stood by" him through his crisis so now he'll support her in her bid for government office (and not protest the fact that she may soon be the number 1 figure in their household).

Female critics, especially, seem to express concern about the possible connection between her loyalty to Bill and her political ambitions. Latham breaks these reactions down by age, telling us that, "younger women, ages 18 to 29, [think that] she should have left him and then run for office. At the very least, they wanted to see her get mad at him in public. Older women say it was all right to stay as long as she didn't run [They] forgive her for staying, but they don't forgive her for trying to profit [from it]" *

Well, age-wise, I guess I fit into the "older" section (Damn!). Only I don't have a problem with this connection at all! At least, no more than when a man remains married to

protect his political career (as perhaps Bill has done?) Traditionally, the general American public has frowned on politicians who divorce. This comes, I imagine, from the idea that our statesmen (and women) should serve as role models for family values. We may balk at any sign that this image is a facade, but throughout most of our history, we have favored candidates who preserved their marriages over those who did not. So it should be no shock if an ambitious politician hangs onto a spouse for political

reasons. (Nor should it be any great surprise if a modern woman is politically ambitious.) Hillary may not have stayed with Bill for this reason, but it is not incomprehensible that she did.

Granted, the attitude toward divorced officials has softened in recent years, probably due to the increase in marital break-ups in our society as a whole. Bob Dole was wed and divorced before he met Elizabeth, and that didn't stop him from attaining public office. Neither did a marital split cost Ted Kennedy his position as senator of Massachusetts.

Then again, have you heard what's going down with Joan Kennedy? You know, the one who was married to Ted before Victoria Reggie.

Well, for those of you who don't know, she divorced him largely due to his apparent philandering. And (with all due respect to the eminent senator) who can blame her? But since then, she has gradually disappeared from the public eye.

That may be how she wants it. Joan is said to be a very private person. However, so was Jackie; yet, as Jack's wife, widow, etc. she could not seem to avoid a certain amount of media attention, wanted or not. Doubtless, there are several other factors at work here. But it may seem a "cautionary tale" to someone who craves political success of her own.

We must remember, of course, that there is no proof that Hillary chose to stay with Bill because of her ambitions. What's more, there's a whole other way of looking at all this. Some say that Hillary only decided to seek the Senate seat as a response to Bill's betrayal. After supporting him politically and emotionally for so long, they contend, she opted to run for office, herself. Having gained strength from her public ordeal as Bill's wife, she elected to use it to achieve her own success.

"It's as if she's saying, 'Okay, it's my turn now,'" said a man at my local pool club. "She stood by him and stood by him, and now it's 'turnabout.'"

"Why shouldn't she get whatever she can out of him?" a woman at the pool added. "After all the hurt he's put her through, why not? And if all he has to offer her is political support, then I say, 'Go for it, baby! Go for it!'"

Well, most modern women would have salvaged their self-esteem by walking out of the marriage. They would have asserted their independence by reclaiming it legally. But, perhaps, Hillary has found a different way.

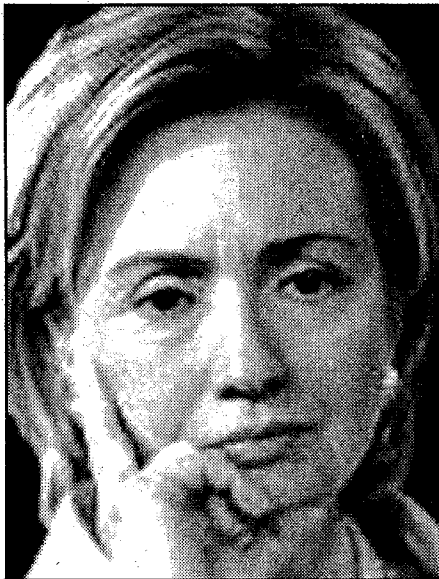
Or maybe there is no relation between her remaining with Bill and her trying for office. Perhaps the one is all about love or tradition, after all, and the other, just something she wants to do. We'll never know for sure. But it's very possible. Yes it is.

Nor am I trying to prove otherwise. All I'm saying is that if there is a correlation here, it may not be so bad. "Politics-as-usual" perhaps. No better because a woman is doing it - but no worse either. And certainly not so important as to sidetrack us from matters of more immediate concern.

Unfortunately, there will likely be those who bring up

that annoying "question" again, from time to time, during this campaign. But, hopefully, we won't let them distract us from such current and significant issues as those of abortion rights, child care, education, Social Security, etc. Let's insist on focusing on the questions that truly impact on our daily lives.

Source: Latham, Aaron, "New York to Hillary and Rudy: Shut Up!" *George*. Vol. 5 No. 5. June 2000. Pp. 68, 69, 103, & 104.



Hillary Clinton

Some say that Hillary only decided to seek the Senate seat as a response to Bill's betrayal. ... "It's as if she's saying, 'Okay, it's my turn now.'"

"How Much for Just the President?"

Protesting at the Republican Convention

By Stephen Preston

If you've turned on your television in the past week or so, you probably already know far too much about the Republican Convention. Thus I'm going to avoid saying anything more about the Convention itself. Those who need such information can find it... well, just about anywhere.

Unity 2000

Amid this gluttonous orgy of commercialism and corporatism, protests were not only justified, they were demanded. The main theme of the Unity 2000 protest (the only one I was able to attend) was to criticize corporate control over both the Republican and Democratic parties.

However, the various contingents of protesters generally had little to say about corporations; most of them were from groups with other issues. For example, there was the SOA Watch protest, a part of a "War No More" contingent of the full gathering. The School of the Americas, as regular *Press* readers know, is notorious for teaching techniques of repression to military officers in Latin America, who have then gone on to kill priests, labor leaders, and other spokesmen for the poor. Peace Action, the War No More protest, brought a balloon in the shape of a missile, carried on the back of a flat-bed truck, in opposition to the new "Star Wars" missile defense plan. Other causes represented included ending sanctions on Iraq, and ending the war in Colombia.

There was a very large presence from people opposed to the execution of Mumia Abu-Jamal and the beating of Thomas Jones several weeks before the convention, both of which are obviously important to Philadelphians. A group of Mumia supporters dressed in black and carried balloons, running back and forth through the march.

Although some chapters of local unions had endorsed the march, most had made no effort to persuade their members to actually attend. The march ended up being much smaller than anyone had expected. The highest estimate I saw was the police estimate of 5,000.

Billionaires for Bush (or Gore)

One of the most entertaining of the groups at the Unity 2000 protest was the Billionaires for Bush (or Gore). These were activists who dressed as 19th century rich folk and led a satirical counter-protest, with chants like "The wealthy, united, will never be defeated!" and "This is what plutocracy looks like!" Assuming names like Phil T. Rich and Millie O'Nair, they entertained the media while stuffing fake \$500 bills into reporters' pockets and thanking them for their corporate-friendly coverage.

Along similar lines, a group of anarchists staged a mud-wrestling match between men with Bush and Gore masks. Calling their flatbed truck "Corpzilla," they hosted a series of rounds in which, on issue after issue, Bush and Gore agreed. A voter would run into the ring, carrying a sign advocating, for example, universal health care. Bush and Gore would beat him over the head with a sign saying "More of the same," then call each other names and wrestle in the mud. It was all quite entertaining, until they finished it off with a group of women who represented anarchy danced on stage, while shouting

something that was drowned out by a death penalty march. Though the performances themselves were a bit amateurish and improvised, the decorations were very elaborate.

"Creative Action"

I spoke with a woman named Jennifer, from Bellport, who went to the protest as a Billionaire. She said she had become an activist after the Gulf War, as a reaction to the overwhelming cheerleading for death. "Somewhere along the way," she said, "I decided that the root cause of our problems is the maldistribution of wealth and power in society." She now works as a volunteer workshop presenter for United for a Fair Economy, in addition to her full-time job as Program Director at a Unitarian Universalist Fellowship.

Asked why she decided to come as a Billionaire, rather than simply march in the protest, Jennifer explained, "Satire, humor, is an extremely effective tool... Doing protests in the traditional way can lead to burnout." Elaborating, she described one of her first actions as a Billionaire: after hearing a speech from "Phil T. Rich" (Andrew Boyd) on creative means of protest, she went to a Wal-Mart dressed as a corporate executive. While protesters were outside waving signs and generally getting a hostile response from shoppers, she walked around inside reminding shoppers not to take any of them seriously, saying, "The less you know, the better it is for us!" People were far more receptive to her, because they are accustomed to respecting corporate executives, and because her approach was entertaining and less "threatening."

Direct Action

Creative approaches seem to be more successful than the disruption methods that were attempted on the second day of the convention. The direct action, which consisted mainly of blocking intersections in downtown Philadelphia, was broken up after a couple of hours by police, who had infiltrated several of the planning groups and arrested many of the organizers on Tuesday morning. Some protesters were beaten by police, and many were arrested and are now facing prosecution.

One reason the direct action failed was because activists were unable to attract sympathy from Philadelphia residents. By disrupting traffic in Center City, far from the Convention itself, the activists frustrated residents, who then approved of the beatings and arrests. And with their props and most of their signs confiscated and destroyed earlier by police, few people knew that the activists' causes were freeing Mumia Abu-Jamal, ending the death penalty, and reducing the prison-industrial complex.

At the risk of offending several of my friends, who attended the direct action, I would say that it would make more sense for them to try to target better the elites whom they oppose, rather than the citizens they are trying to convince. There are some situations in which this is much easier than oth-

ers. For example, IWW organizers tell the story of bus drivers who went on strike. Instead of halting bus service, though, they continued their routes, but did not collect any fares. Naturally, the people were much more sympathetic.

Of course, disruption is not always a bad thing. On Monday, the first day of the convention, the Kensington Welfare Rights Union (Kensington is a poor neighborhood of Philadelphia) marched down Broad Street, despite not having a permit. Ready to be arrested, five thousand people marched anyway, blocking traffic to call attention to the poverty which still exists in this country, despite public pronouncements of prosperity from Bush and Gore. Police, trying to avoid confrontation with peaceful protesters (I've heard repetition of consonants makes long articles easier to read — what do you think?) simply let them march after negotiating with the organizers, who agreed to march toward a park rather than directly to the convention center. The protest got very favorable media coverage, and helped open up public discussion of poverty and homelessness.

But such relative successes are not as common as one would hope. I would encourage protesters who plan direct action to carefully consider the effects on the public. The ultimate goal of protests must be first to convince the public, for without large numbers, politicians will not listen. The methods currently being used are not working; in a society overrun by corporate commercialism, where serious political ideas are nearly taboo, we need to first connect with great numbers of people before we can expect the government to take our ideas seriously.

Why Protest?

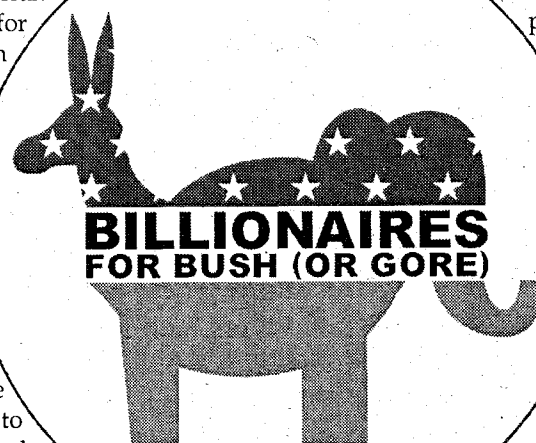
But this is not a travelogue; I do have a purpose. The next time there is some major protest (for example, there are already protests being planned at the Presidential debates, against the similarity of the two candidates), you might consider going.

First, it's better than voting. I've heard far too many people say that protests are foolish and protesters are wasting their time. Protests open up debate; they call attention to issues that corporate and political interests don't want to debate. If you attend a protest, you're one of 10,000 people who are expressing an unequivocal point of view, which is far more important than being one of a million people who vote for the Democrat or Republican in an election. If one is going to care about politics, then it's better to be a drop in the bucket than a drop in the ocean.

Second, they can be a lot of fun. Costumed performers and street theater can be very entertaining, and there are a lot of relatively normal people who attend. Of course, you should go because you support the cause, but it doesn't have to be boring.

For more news about the protest, check out:
<http://www.phillyimc.org>

To learn more about the Billionaires for Bush (or Gore), check out:
<http://www.billionairesforbushorgore.com>



Why Protest? It's better than voting... better to be a drop in the bucket than to be a drop in the ocean."

EDITORIAL

"The difference [between Bush and Gore] is the velocity with which their knees hit the floor, when corporations knock on their door."

-The Austin Chronicle, *Naturally Nader*, by Robert Bryce, 4/17/00

Very strange affairs are underway in this years presidential race. With Gore striving to outlive the scandal-laden Clinton administration and George W. Bush walking in the footsteps of his father, the levels of tension are running high.

Even as you are reading this, the highest echelons of world politics are trying to finagle themselves into the right position to take control of the country.

One's own politics are not the only factor being scrutinized by voters recently. With image playing such a strong role in a candidates success, running-mates are meticulously chosen to round out a campaign and to attract more voters. Along this line of reasoning, Gore has appointed Sen. Joseph I. Lieberman, the first democrat to openly criticize Clinton for his illicit pimping of his interns. Lieberman will be the first Jew to run on a major US ticket; his reverent nature is helping to separate the campaign from its predecessor.

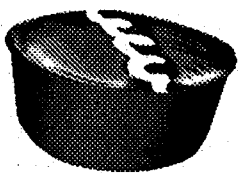
News on the street is that the republicans are running a campaign around bashing the administration coming to a close. Dick Cheney, Bushs number two, was the secretary of defense during the Gulf War, extending the breadth of Bush's ticket with wartime experience. And all the while, Ralph Nader is running a campaign which is ostensibly free from all the bad air which pervades this years elections. Basing his politics on the public interest, the Green party candidate has been considered a threat to Gore based on the possibility that he will be pulling votes away from the democrat.

Curiously, he did not name Jesse Ventura as his running mate, a choice that could have ensured him at larger percentage of youth votes.

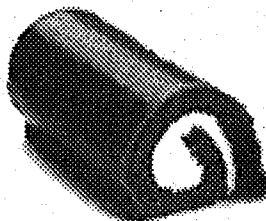
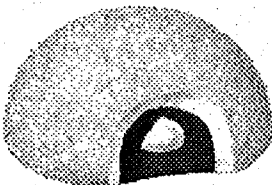
To Our Dedicated Readers:

This is our second and final issue of the summer. Classes resume on Tuesday, September 5th, and our first meeting, which is of course open to anyone interested in getting involved with the paper, will be Wednesday, the 6th, at 1pm in our office [Room 060 in the basement of the Student Union building]. Don't be scared, we won't bite you. At least not right away.

If you would like something to be considered for the first issue, you can submit it by emailing it to stonypress@hotmail.com or sending/bringing it to Room 060 Student Union Building, Stony Brook NY 11794.



(sometimes it's better not to ask)



Letter to the Editor

Dear Angelos,

I was so surprised to find that face staring at me from page 5 of *The Stony Brook Press*. There's a guy peeing on the front page. Thomas Paine is inside?

That face has been staring at my students and me for years from a wall lesson that 've had hanging in my classrooms.

But I've retired. No more Thomas Paine, unless I do something really daring -- hang him up in my own home.

That could turn out to be an "inconvenience" -- I might have to answer this question from guests: "WHO WAS HE?"

You're in college, so I'll assume that you're at least 35 years younger than I am.

I don't get it -- how can someone your age know so much about Thomas Paine?

Nearly no statues of him -- I never thought that thought until I read your article.

Emily Dickinson and Thomas Paine.

I visited the Emily Dickinson Homestead for th 3rd time three weeks ago. That's in Amherst, up in my mother's home state of Massachusetts.

This time, in addition to a book with her let-

ters, I bought a CD with 42 of her 1,775 poems.

Emily Dickinson and Thomas Paine:

Much madness

is divinist sense

to a discerning eye

Much sense

the starkest madness

'tis the majority in this

as all

prevail

absent

and your are sane

demur

you're straightway dangerous

and handled with a chain

Hey, Angelos;

Let's start an international movement--

Recognition: Thomas Paine, the (unpopular) Soul of the American Revolution.

(: Barry Luna :)

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Mike's Message: Ain't Fallin' For That One Again

By Michael Moore

I think the first time I remember hearing this political urban myth was in the 1976 presidential election. Somebody told me the reason I had to vote for Jimmy Carter was because if Gerald Ford was elected, women would lose their right to chose to have an abortion. Abortion had been legal for only three years at that point. It was considered a great victory, one we all wanted to support.

So, I voted for Jimmy Carter — and guess what? One of the things he did was to stop all abortions provided for women or wives in the armed services! He also stopped any further funding to birth control groups overseas that offered abortion as an alternative. And he ended all Medicaid payments for poor women in need of an abortion.

I felt a bit abused. I mean, Gerry Ford had been pro-choice. His wife was an ardent supporter of women's rights. And it was a Nixon appointee to the Supreme Court — Justice Blackmun — that wrote the majority opinion making abortion legal. What was I thinking? (Other than that the Nixon Nightmare years had to come to an end! That, I correctly rationalized, was worth the vote for Carter.)

Four years later, Democrats and liberals were going nuts over the possibility that Ronald Reagan might unseat Carter. Dire warnings were issued to all: If Reagan gets in, abortion will be illegal, period.

Well, I didn't vote for Reagan OR Carter, Reagan got in, and then something strange happened: Abortion remained legal! Sure, Reagan built on Carter's abortion restrictions, but Roe v. Wade was still the law of the land when the Gipper rode off into the sunset eight years later.

Yet Reagan had appointed plenty of wingnuts to the Supreme Court, so when the doomsayers in 1988 warned that George Bush would CERTAINLY send women back to the alleys to have illegal abortions, another bizarre thing happened — Bush got elected, and ... four years later ... ABORTION WAS STILL LEGAL!

But Bush did leave us with Clarence Thomas, so when the Democrats came to scare the bejeepers out of me with what Bush would do to a woman's right

to choose if he got a second term, I decided to vote for Bill Clinton.

So what's happened under our first feminist-man president?

Perhaps Clinton misunderstood his mission: he was supposed to support a woman's right to choose, not his right to choose women. Roe v. Wade is still on the books (mainly because of the consistent and unwavering support from the Reagan-appointed Justice O'Connor, the Ford-appointed Justice Stevens, and the Bush-appointed Justice Souter! They have voted to uphold abortion rights every single time). But it is now twice as hard for a woman in America to obtain an abortion as it was when

Clinton took office. The anti-abortion terrorists have been so successful in their campaign of violence against abortion clinics and doctors and hospitals who perform abortions that a woman can now get an abortion in only 14% of the counties in the United States. That's right. Terrorism has scored its first victory on U.S. soil by assassinating enough doctors and firebombing enough clinics so that no one wants to perform an abortion. So if you live in one of the 86% of counties where not a single doctor will do an abortion, let me ask you this: what good is a "right" to an abortion if you can't get one?

The stunning thing about this virtual elimination of abortion in America is that it has occurred at a time when nearly 70% of the country supports some form of legal abortion. The terrorists have literally gotten away with murder — with a pro-choice attorney general sitting in Washington, D.C., doing damn little about it. About the only reason I voted for these clowns was because of this issue — and where the hell have they been?

Which brings us to Ralph Nader. Vice President Al Gore, on Meet the Press this week, told Tim Russert WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if George W. were elected president. Women would lose their right to have an abortion, Gore bellowed, with no equivocation and no hint of shame for what has happened on the Clinton/Gore watch.

All the pundits — and the Democrats — tell us that a vote for Nader is a vote for Bush because all Ralph will end up doing is siphoning off votes that would have gone to Gore. This is their mantra:

"IF BUSH IS ELECTED, HE WILL APPOINT JUSTICES TO THE SUPREME COURT AND THEY WILL DECLARE ABORTION ILLEGAL!"

Well, I've fallen for this before and I ain't fallin' for it again. In fact, I will go so far as to say

that George W. Bush, if for some reason he is magically elected, will NEVER do ANYTHING to make abortion illegal.

Here's my proof:

1. To recap what I have already stated: Roe v. Wade was written by a Republican, and upheld for 27 years by Republicans. No

Republican president has made abortion illegal, and none will this time around.

2. George W. is, first and only, a politician. For crying out loud, if 70% of the country favors legal abortion, trust me, that party boy is NEVER going to cook his goose on this issue. He is already moving to the center on abortion and has been doing

so since the primaries. He wants to win. He already has the majority of women supporting him in the polls, in part because a lot of women are confident he will not upset this apple cart.

3. The New York Times two weeks ago did a study of Bush's court appointees in Texas and found that he did NOT appoint right-wing crazies, but rather moderates or moderate conservatives who have upheld legal abortion in Texas and struck down some cases that tried to put restrictions on a woman's right to choose.

4. Sometimes even conservatives end up accepting that the tide has turned against them. The most stunning example of this came last month when ultra-conservative Chief Justice William Rehnquist insisted on writing the MAJORITY opinion for the court upholding the Miranda ruling that requires the police to inform an arrestee of his or her constitutional rights. Now, you know a guy like Rehnquist personally just hates forcing the police to read someone their rights. But in his decision keeping Miranda the law of the land, Rehnquist wrote that the Miranda rights are now "part of the American culture" and therefore should not be done away with. Even pro-Miranda liberals had never heard that line used by the Supreme Court in backing a decision, but it was, in essence, the truth. Reading someone their rights is now like apple pie — and so is a woman's right to chose what to do if she should become pregnant. The overwhelming majority of Americans believe it a decision best left with a woman, her doctor, her God — and it's nobody else's dang business. That, too, is part of the American culture. It's called privacy, and it's been around for over 200 years. Nobody, regardless of their political stripe, wants the politicians or the justices in their bedroom.

So, this year, I'm not going to let the fear-mongers scare me into voting against my conscience. And I'm not going to let the Democratic candidate for president cynically use this issue when he himself has served in D.C. for 8 years allowing the right to get an abortion to be whittled away to near nothing.

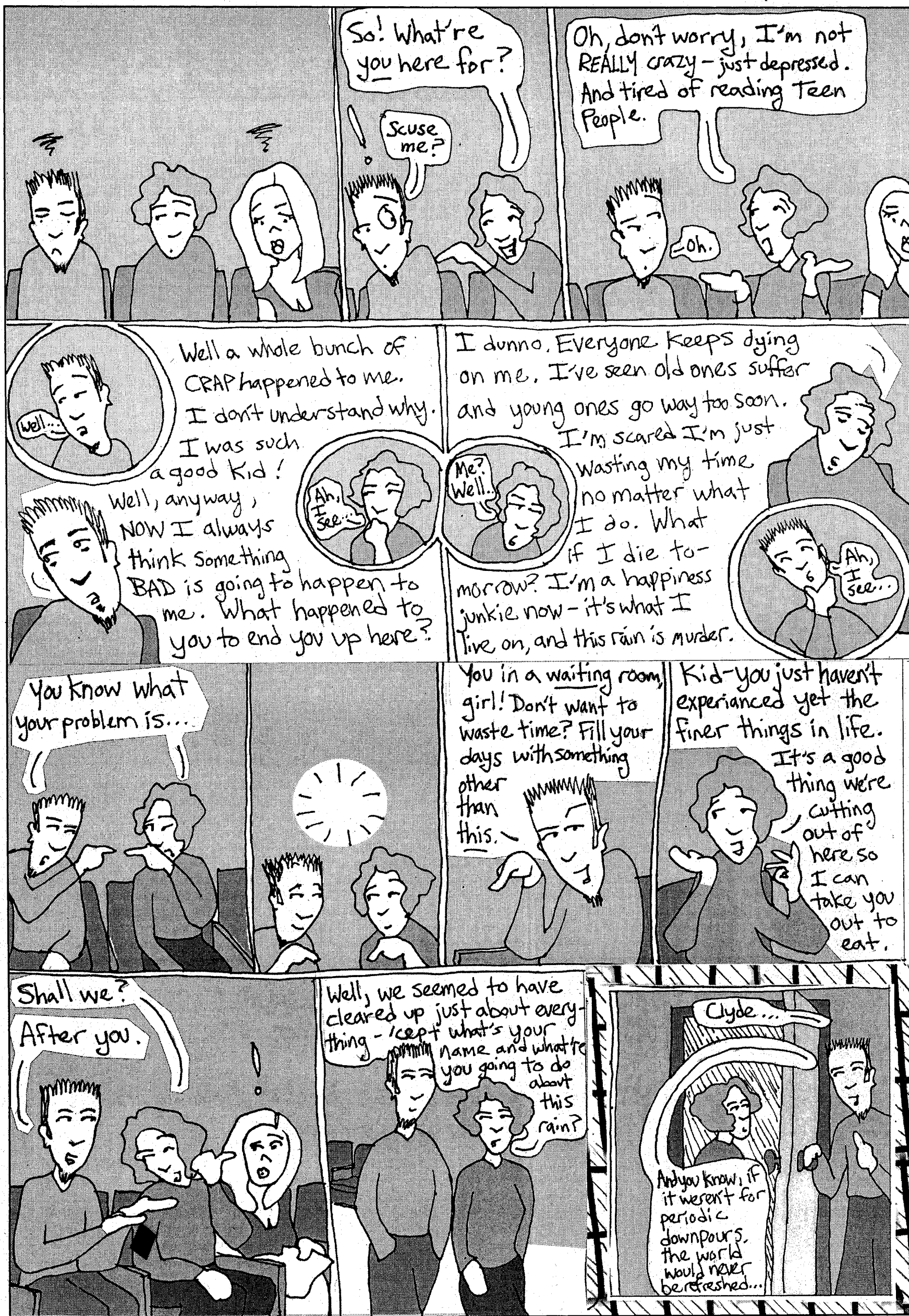
Plus, I believe the true Nader constituency out there is among the 100 million nonvoters who have given up, thinking they no longer have a say in what really goes on in Washington. Gore shouldn't worry about Ralph taking votes from him. Rather he should think about what his administration with Bill Clinton has taken away from the women of this nation.

Come November 7, I plan to enter the voting booth and vote not from fear, but from a desire to see this country returned to the people.

Michael Moore
July 18th, 2000

Originally posted at Grassroots.com
Read more about and by Michael Moore
at www.michaelmoore.com
and ww.theawfultruth.com





NEEDS

By Tim Connors

-Are you nervous?
-Yes.

-Just take a deep breath. What have you been doing for the last six months since you graduated college?

-Volunteer work; writing and editing for the school newspaper.

-It says here you were a counselor for an emotional support group run by disabled student services. What sort of disabilities?

-Psychological disabilities.

-That's interesting, how did you get involved with that?

-It's a long story.

-Well we have time.

-It relates to the writing I did for the school newspaper about experiences with disabilities.

-Your experiences or someone else's?

-Mine.

-What is your disability? You don't have to answer that.

-I have schizophrenia, and was involuntarily hospitalized three years ago.

-By your parents I suppose?

-No, the police took me to the hospital.

-Did they call the police?

-No I thought I was overdosing on drugs and called the police.

-Were drugs involved?

-No, I just hadn't slept in several days and thought I was overdosing. I'm psychotic when I don't sleep for a couple of days.

The job interview got worse from there. Carry informed me that I would not be able to handle the stress of the job. This was largely based on his experience with his wife and daughter who suffer from depression. He was concerned that this job would cause a depressive state in me.

There are long hours involved and high stresses to manage with people up your ass all day long. Just this week Carry didn't get more than three hours sleep a night and what sleep he did get was shallow, not the deep restful kind.

Carry spent about ten minutes trying to talk me out of applying for this job. Then finally told me he didn't think he could recommend me to be tested to see if I have the ability to do the job because of the schizophrenia and an inability to deal with stress on my part.

I was angry and more than just a little hurt when this happened. A fortnight has passed since that interview. I wanted to complain to some government official, but it didn't seem worth the time and effort it a complaint would take, and there's no gain for me other than self-righteousness.

The unemployment rate for mentally ill people is about seventy percent for the chronically ill. That figure comes from the National

Alliance for the Mentally Ill. This is probably a result of the combination of the disincentive to return to employment built into the public assistance program. A contributing factor to the high unemployment rate is also the reluctance of the mentally ill to pursue worthwhile careers that will discriminate from hiring them due to the stigma attached to being mentally ill.

For mentally ill people it is not unusual to have a period of unemployment, which is difficult to explain to a prospective employer. In my personal case the last six months I have not been employed for more than three weeks, and that time was split between two jobs. I don't know if I can work, but I'm not motivated to try when I'll be castigated by human resource representatives who feel they are doing me a favor with their honesty as they tell me that any entry level job would be too difficult.

So the type of employment that suits the mentally ill is mindless, stress free busy work usually done by youths. There's nothing wrong with that types of work except that it doesn't pay more than social security disability income, nor does it provide medical benefits. So the choice for me according to Carry is to show up at a bullshit job, or just collect my benefits and shut the fuck up.

Well I'm not going to do anything about it, but the company's web site is <http://www.cmp.com>, and Carry's e-mail address is Kladka@cmp.com

Feel free to send your reactions, either positive or negative to them. This isn't the mature thing for me to do, but I don't have a job and way too much time on my hands.

A Bad Week

By Tim Connors

During my first year at Stony Brook I had my first psychotic episode. This article is about my experiences, and the way that the school responded to mental illness.

I was living in Mount College in February of 1997 when the episode began. I had no idea what was going on. I started to hear what other people were thinking. At this point I didn't sleep for more than a couple of hours. Two days later I was convinced that my suitemates had drugged and raped me.

I went to the infirmary and told them that I had been drugged and raped. They swabbed me and took blood samples. After the examination the doctor referred me to a drug and alcohol counselor. I still wonder why they didn't send me to a shrink.

The drug counselor quizzed me on my drinking habits and drug use. She asked if I had blackouts. I didn't know what that was, but I used to drink every day. She decided that I was an alcoholic and gave me an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting schedule. She wouldn't see me after that because she was going out on maternity leave and didn't think it was fair to begin counseling.

I returned to Mount and waited for the RHD to come to the college office. She eventually did, and I recounted my drugging and rape story. I wanted a room change, and she probably thought I was acting to get it. She told me to follow proper

procedures, but to get back to here if things got rough with my suitemates.

It's impossible to get a 'single' through the room change process, but I spent two days trying. I avoided my room during that time since I still believed that I had been drugged and raped. I tried to go to an AA meeting, but was too disoriented to manage to find out where one was.

While I was wondering around campus I ran into my RHD. She wished me luck in my room

I went to the infirmary and told them that I had been drugged and raped...After the examination the doctor referred me to a drug and alcohol counselor. I still wonder why they didn't send me to a shrink.

change search. I told her about the drug counselor's opinion, which I had adopted, that I was an alcoholic. She told me to think of the experience as a reality check.

That night I managed to make it to an AA meeting. I went out for a smoke and a fellow attendee struck up a conversation. He must have

assumed that I was coming down off of drugs since I was shaking so badly. He recounted his experiences of doing coke at work and all of the time. He took me to a drug rehab center called Hope House, where I was turned away.

I went back to Mount, and encountered my suitemates. That was a bizarre night, but one of my suitemates, John tried to find out what I was thinking. We chatted for a while, but he left after I threatened to kill him. It wasn't a serious threat, I just wanted to be left alone, and John is almost seven feet tall and a former offensive lineman.

The next day I went back to my RHD and asked for a room change. She denied me at first, but I lied and said my suitemates had become physically abusive. Maybe I just wore her down, but I finally got a single room in Greeley.

I didn't move my stuff, but I crashed in Greeley for a while. I just lied awake bored out of my mind. I did some reading for class. That night I went to see the movie Ransom at the Staller Center.

I became convinced that I had been drugged at the theatre and was overdosing on drugs. I was frantic, when I saw the dial 333 in case of emergency on the phone. So I called the police and told them I was overdosing on drugs.

The police came, and SBVAC gave me a ride to the hospital. I spent a while in the hospital psychiatric emergency room, and was eventually involuntarily committed to the psychiatric ward. That ten days is too much to cover in this article, but it's definitely a hot on-campus vacation spot.

Nicotine, Caffeine, and Schizoid Writings about Dad

By Tim Connors

I saw my father at a deli the other day. I was with mom; we were on the way to the beach. He asked how I was and if I was still taking my medication. We exchanged pleasantries and my father tried to invite himself to the beach with us. I told him no because I wanted to spend some quality time with mom.

Dad is an immense man, six four three fifty to four hundred pounds. He was an alternate to the Olympic team as a hammer thrower, and played rugby after he got out of college. With pride he'd regale us with stories of crushing disruptive drunks against trees and cars. Doing so around the corner from the bar he bounced in so that the watering hole wouldn't get in trouble.

It fucking hurt when he would step on my toes as a child. Thank god he rarely hit me, but when he'd give me the backhand it would knock me senseless. That usually occurred during car trips when I was sitting between my brothers. They would poke me and hit me, and I would argue back and forth with them. Dad would get pissed and reach back and smack me one. When I came to we would ride silently in the car.

The physical abuse wasn't that prolific, but the verbal degradation was a constant companion. Dad always said something to feel powerful and belittle others in the family. I guess that was the way he was raised, or maybe it's just that he has a small penis and feels insecure. He was always there to say just the wrong hurtful thing.

Two examples of this were a funeral and a wedding. The funeral was my cousin Paul's. He died in a motor cycle accident after he'd been out drinking. The wedding was at my middle brother Tom's house where there was a reception. Both marked incidences were my father was in rare form.

After the funeral at my uncle's house I was outside smoking a cigarette before going in and getting drunk to numb the pain of my cousin's passing. My parents were divorced a little over a year and there were still bitter feelings. My mom had brought her incredibly flaky boy friend to the funeral and Dad was hurt I guess.

While I was on the front lawn in a state of shock over the death of a twenty-one year old cousin, my dad came out of the house and approached me. Dad character assassinated my mother saying she was a whore and that he was embarrassed by the way she would fuck the men in the self-help programs that they both used to go to. Then I put out my cigarette and walked inside ignoring my father's continuing diatribe about my mother.

That happened about five years ago, and I haven't been talking to my father more than once or twice a year. When I did talk to him I never let him get me alone if I could avoid it. Around January of this year Dad called me and I told him that I was schizophrenic. He didn't know, my family doesn't talk about it.

I wish he understood and compassionate, but he's sadistic and prejudiced. The bigot will denounce woman, niggers, spics, and anyone else who isn't a white male engineer. I wish I never told him about my diagnosis. Someday he'll die and I hope that some of the people reading this will join me in dancing and urinating on his grave. I'd rather dump the body in Lake Ronkonkoma than waste the money on a decent burial.

So three months passed and my brother's wedding came around. I forgot to take my medication with me and I don't sleep without it. On the other hand I can skip a weekend of medication and I will start hearing voices or get delusional. Anyway after the Friday night rehearsal dinner I spent a long night in a hotel room.

Saturday morning the bridal parties and the family got together for pictures. I had the misfortune

of riding twenty minutes to the place where the photos were taken with my father. He had found out that I hadn't taken my medication the night before and wanted to know if you are going to stand on your head naked in the corner. He went on about how he could get medication for me if I had the prescription. Which showed he was totally uninformed that I get a three-month supply of medication directly from the manufacturer without a script.

I was pissed at the photo shoot and I told my dad if fuck you very much. But he's got his head so far up his ass that he thought that I was making a joke about the stupid neo-fascist army books that he likes to read. He went on to tell the photographer that all his sons were engineers, and I'm not an engineer. I don't know if that means that he doesn't consider me a son, but I wasn't immediately and he said I was an odd ball.

I left the reception after about fifteen minutes because my father was following me around the party trying to engage me in conversation. This is presumably because none of his sisters showed up, or even talk to him, and as a result he was left without anybody to talk to at the wedding. I don't give a shit why, but I was not having any more of his shit.

I told Tom about the wedding a month when he finally called to see how I was doing and why I left early. He didn't believe me, and that kind of hurts. I guess that when you are diagnosed with schizophrenia people no longer give credibility to anything that you say.

Tom is like my father, in that he perused the same career, and married a woman he can give direction to. I suppose he did this to get my father's approval and because he was conditioned by my father to follow in his footsteps. Tom helped me through college and I guess I'll be there for him the best I can, especially when the time comes for him to choose his own course in life.

I had my father's approval for about a year when I was in the Boy Scouts and finished my Eagle Scout rank. Dad was prouder of that than I am, and I wouldn't have finished it without his help. That approval only lasted until I withdrew from my first college Villanova.

For financial reasons I had to withdraw from school. I remember when I was going to high school and the financial struggles the family went through to send my brothers to college. When I asked my father how much he could afford to spend on my education his response was that I shouldn't worry about it and

that I should get into the best school that I could. He yelled at me for a few minutes because I questioned his ability to pay, and the trouble I would have applying for financial aid when your father doesn't file income tax returns.

He was angry when he picked me up from college to return home. After that I never did anything well enough for him. When I enrolled at Nassau Community College he told me it was a warehouse for the brain dead. I eventually graduated from college and he was proud that all his sons had a college education.

I'm glad I didn't invite the bastard to my commencement ceremony even though I had a ticket for him. It was a wonderful day for me, and I really wanted to cry during the introduction because earning that rolled up blank piece of paper represented overcoming many failures, sacrifice of time and money, and accomplishing a goal I didn't think I would reach.

It also reminded me that my father's influence on my life in terms of education and career choice had been overcome. I wasn't an engineer just like my old man. In other areas of my life I still follow the example laid down by watching my father when I grew up.

Financially I'm irresponsible with paying bills on time and dealing with money in a positive way. When interacting with women I have to learn to value them as equals and as inferiors like my father does.

Before I was a teenager my dad was not around. He would work long hours and the family would rarely see him. Around 1980 he was kicked out of the partnership that he had been in. This was due to poor work habits and being a difficult person to work with.

Then he would sleep all day and watch television or read all night. The only time we would see him was during Boy Scouts and when he coached our soccer team. These are not happy memories of time spent with my dad. He was verbally abusive to all the children in both activities and eventually was asked to leave the positions that he occupied.

Parents play a large part in shaping the person you are. When they die some people go through a crisis. For me, I went through a crisis of being diagnosed with schizophrenia, which caused me to question my identity and belief systems. Something about spending twelve days on the flight deck will change your perspective forever.

Narcotics Anonymous Meeting

Tuesday— SAC room 309

7:30 to 9:00PM

From Micholob to Methadone, Narcotics Anonymous can help. Freedom from active addiction one day at a time is the promise of Narcotics Anonymous.

The meeting is open, so anyone can come regardless of what your drug history is. Even if you have never used and just want to share your experience or feelings with other people you are welcome.

From Russ With Love

By Russell Heller

Around last year, Snapple started a promotion called Win Nothing Instantly. As you may recall, all the prizes consisted of Snapple paying some bill of yours, ie. pay no rent for a month – winning "nothing" instantly.

At first glance this would appear to be a clever twist on the rhetoric of instant win games. Unfortunately, Snapple laughed a little too hard at their own joke. They abandoned the traditional "Sorry, you are not a winner. Please try again" in favor of a smug, insulting assumption that the customers would keep buying Snapple.

You've won nothing instantly, (except the right to buy more Snapple). Gee thanks. It was almost enough for

would tear the thrower's arm off at the shoulder and sink it to the bottom of the sea? I could imagine that. 1 in 50,000,000, the odds of winning \$1,000 from Snapple...

Not only that, but the seventh prize, two free Snapples, requires that you mail in the winning game piece for a coupon. I guarantee half the people who score this "prize" don't bother to claim it. I can remember a Mountain Dew contest in which 1 out of 12 bottles won a free Mountain Dew. All you had to do was bring the cap to a store. There were times when even the free bottle would be a winner. Now that was an incentive to buy a beverage.

Snapple's promotion not only fails to increase my desire to buy their drinks but actually decreases it. They have successfully made me think twice every time I buy a drink that I would be buying anyway.

Snapple has run quite a few commercials where they respond to customer's letters. Remember that Wendy lady? The one who makes it seem like the only people who buy Snapple are Middle-American housewives with cats named Mr. Whiskers? Well, let's see how important customer satisfaction is to Snapple.

Dear Snapple Lady,

Hello. I am a college student and a long-time purchaser of Snapple's diverse line of beverage products. Of late, I have had misgivings about continuing my support of your organization. The reason: Twisted Cap

Tricks, the insipid promotional campaign, which upon reading makes even your sweetest beverages turn sour.

Why, I ask, must your customers be insulted by your smug assertions that they have won nothing in a contest where even the top prize fails to impress? It defies comprehension why monies would be spent promoting a contest that could do nothing but alienate the reliable customer.

Where, I ask, is the reward that a good customer has come to expect from his or her beverage supplier of choice? It certainly doesn't come in the form of free Snapple. Not if it is first necessary to mail a bottle cap and await the return of a coupon.

Who, I ask, is responsible?

When, I ask, will I be put on some commercial with a foolish grin painted across my face, no doubt induced by "the stuff" allegedly contained in every sip of a Snapple brand drink-beverage?

I trust you will remedy this situation as soon as possible.

Thanking you in advance,

Russell Heller

Russell Heller



mê to boycott the company.

Alas, the wretched

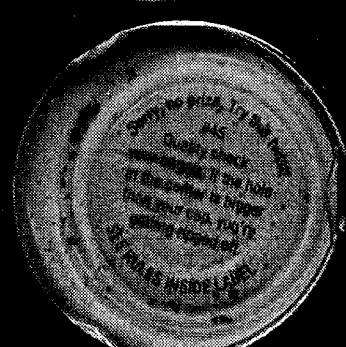
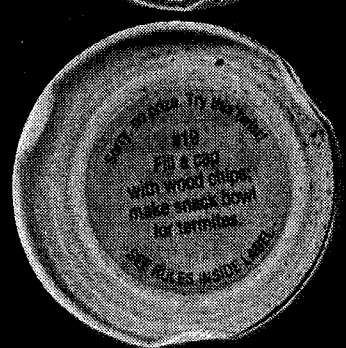
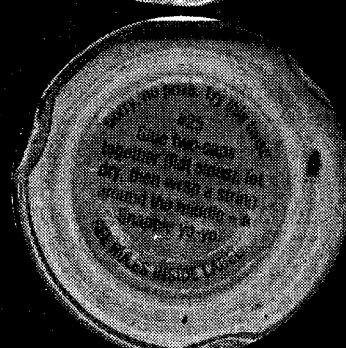
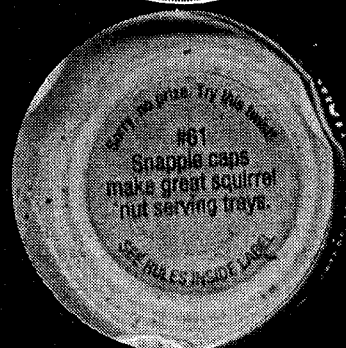
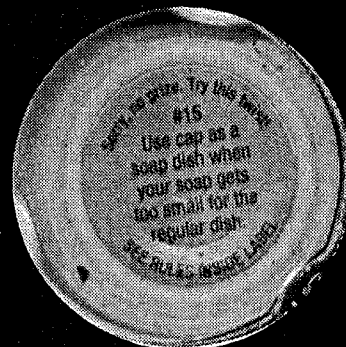
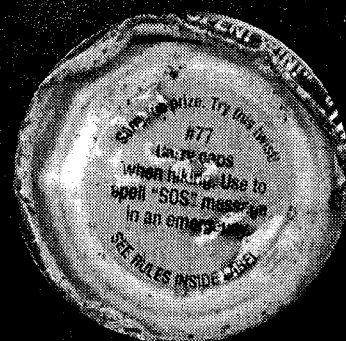
Orangeade is just too tasty. So I merely grumbled and let the contest fade away.

Well, it's a new year, and what peers up at us from under the lids of our Snapple? "Twisted Cap Tricks," a contest even stupider and more obnoxious than the old one. The good folks at Snapple must really think that everyone's day revolves around opening a Snapple.

The new contest features losing game caps which are "useful" in other facets of everyday life. Each cap has instructions on how one can use their cap for anything from a nut-serving tray for squirrels to a means of checking if a bagel's hole is too big.

Now, that alone would be pretty bad, there's no need for Snapple to be trying to make their bottle caps a "hip" cultural experience. The company however, is also getting risky when it comes to their winning caps.

Their first prize: \$1,000. Odds of winning: 1:50,000,000! It's easier to win the lottery. You are more likely to drown in your Snapple than actually win a whopping \$1,000. If one were to hurl 50,000,000 stones into the ocean, is it conceivable that ONE of those stones





10) www.bullseyeart.com – Check out *Central Toilet*. Bathroom humour at its finest!

9) www.portalofveil.com/fatchicksinpartyhats – Squirrel's pic. I've said enough already.

8) www.sinc.sunysb.edu/Clubs/statesmn – You won't spend much time here, but what little time you do will certainly be wasted. (I know, glass houses...)

7) www.thehun.com – The only bookmark you need.

6) www.mulletsgalore.com – Be wary of the section on "porn mullets." Not for the faint of heart.

5) [www.\[fillinthedance\].com](http://www.[fillinthedance].com) – be it hamsters, jedi or the cast of buffy the vampire slayer, dancing is hot. And time consuming. Check out www.webring.com for the dancing everything webring; seven hundred varieties of dance.

4) www.register.com – Find out who owns bigfatcock.com and send them emails! (note - If you've seen register.com's advertisements on tv you'll understand when I say use them only for simple time wasting and never - NEVER - to register a domain name.)

3) www.uglyinternet.com – A listing of reviews of some of the worst sites out there. Often centering around sites of cheesy high-school goth bands.

2) www.gibbleguts.com/fartingdog/fartingdogs.html – Oh! What joy! Rapture! Farting dogs! If you go to any site on this list make it farting dogs! Dogs! And they fart! A whole lot!

1) lavarand.sgi.com/cgi-bin/haiku.cgi – Lava lamp generated haiku. Wow. I mean... wow.

**CRAIG
SCHLANGER'S**

"BIGMOUTH" STRIKES AGAIN

Kool Keith: Matthew (Funky Ass Records)

This may well be Kool Keith's angriest record yet. Anyone familiar with Keith's back catalog should know that this is a rather questionable feat. But I think one listen to Matthew should prove me right (not that I'm ever wrong anyway, but that's an unrelated point). Keith is mad as fuck at the commercial rap world, and how it's treated him. After releasing his last LP through Ruffhouse/Columbia last year (Black Elvis/Lost in Space), Keith took to the Internet in an attempt to properly promote his record as he felt Columbia had dropped the ball. Subsequently, but not surprisingly, Columbia was happy to show Keith out the door, and fast...

So with Matthew, once again, Keith's a pissed-off mutha fucka! With production duties handled by Kutmasta Kurt, who took care of last year's First Come, First Served released under the Dr Doom moniker; this is definitely a satisfying Kool Keith package. Kurt's beats always seem to suit Keith perfectly since they're more mix-tape oriented, than dance-floor filling, leaving most of the attention focused on Keith's demented lyrical fury.

As always, it is Keith's duty (and rightfully so!) to reign down hard on the commercialism that plagues modern hip-hop. Tracks like "F-U M.F." "I Don't Believe You" and "You never Lived in the Projects" is Keith at his best, calling out all the ridiculousness you're likely to find any night on Hot 97. Keith knows you talk a lot of shit about all the people you shot with all the guns you have, but he doesn't believe you!

With this already banging through my speakers for the summer, and the Analog Brothers project (with Keith and Ice-T) out probably by the time you read this, we're looking at another Keith-filled summer, and what a pleasure it is...

The Damage Manual: >1 (Invisible Records)

Kinda surprised by this one. With members of Pigface, Murder Inc, Ministry, Revolting

Cocks, Public Image Ltd. and Killing Joke, I was expecting something much more by-the-numbers industrial with this release. But like they say, never judge a book by its cover.

Truly, the time these guys have spent in the aforementioned is obvious in the Damage Manual's sound. However, these 7 tracks have a much more upbeat, drum and bass feel to them than a general industrial sound. In fact, the best description I can give to this and do it justice would be a comparison with to David Bowie's Earthling LP from a few years back. This record is a bit heavier, and more upbeat than sensual, but the general feeling is there.

I've always been a sucker for Chris Connelly's thick Scottish accent, which is distorted in the mix as usual, but more than satisfying. With this debut, the Damage Manual is trying to expand on the lines of commercial industrial music, and are rather successful. Along the way, they do occasionally fall prey to some of their very own cliches from past projects. However, there's more than enough innovation to make up for that with this package. Integrating hip-hop sensibilities ("Sunset Gun"), punk traditionalism ("Scissor Quickstep") and some downright odd blues-focused shit ("Leave the Ground") definitely puts this project on the unique side of electronic music.

I'd assume that since there are only seven songs, a full-length player is being prepared for us as I write this. If you're a fan of any of the members' previous bands, and enjoy progression with your music, then this release is for you. If you're looking for a new Killing Joke disc, well, sorry.

High on Fire: The Art of Self Defense (Man's Ruin Records)

I'm not sure if the title of this record is a play on the title of one of my favorite Jesus Lizard songs, but that's irrelevant. High on Fire simply kills! Fuck the "new face of Stoner rock" tag these guys have been branded with, this is just some dirty Sabbath and Motorhead influenced rock n' roll.

Formed by ex-Sleep front-man Mat Pike, High on Fire have given us six songs that are several steps beyond any of the later Sleep material. Not nearly as self indulgent, or simply boring, High on Fire stick to their guns all throughout this disc.

Following Pike's last endeavor (Sleep's Jerusalem record), I was somewhat apprehensive when I heard he had a new project going. However, the second that the opener "Baghdad" kicks in, it's obvious that Pike has returned to his roots. Pike's song writing skills have never been stronger and The Art of Self Defense is a definite keeper. The standout track would definitely be "10,000 Years" with its' dirgy intro and Lemmy worshipping vocal delivery.

High on Fire definitely has a formula to build on all of rock's best aspects and expand the music well into the 21st century. I await a follow-up with open arms!

Queens of the Stone Age: Rated R (Interscope)

Former Kyuss boys return to rock's forefront with their latest project, Queens of the Stone Age. Already on their sophomore release the boys have honed their song writing skills and turned out one of the more impressive rock releases of the year.

Like High on Fire, this band is being lumped into the "stoner rock" movement, which is rather unfortunate. Queens of the Stone Age recalls classic material from Nirvana, Soundgarden, and Alice in Chains (QOTSA are from Seattle...), while never sounding as derivative as a band like Creed. The difference in sound between these guys and High on Fire is like night and day. So throwing them into the same genre is definitely a modern crime in music journalism.

Rated R kicks off with "Feel Good Hit of the Summer," a track devoted to their love of certain illicit substances (the only lyrics are "Nicotine, Valium, Vicotin, Marijuana, Ecstasy and Alcohol"). Then diving into the sing-along rich "The Lost Art of Keeping a Secret," Queens of the Stone Age are ready to sit atop the mountain as kings of Seattle rock. Truly, while this means much less than it did a decade ago, QOTSA should be proud. They have not succumbed to any of the current rock trends on this record (rap/rock schlock, Bible-quoting lyrics) and still manage to show up on the radar of modern rock.

I recently had the pleasure of seeing them perform live at a New Jersey record store while taking a day off their stint on the Ozzfest. To say they are into what they do would be an understatement. Their passion for what they play is obvious, and the consistently excellent moments on this record are just as rich.

Rated R is highly recommended for lovers of Seattle rock, or for anyone who just wants some seriously catchy rock n' roll in their diet.

Interesting side note: check the chorus of "Better Living Through Chemistry" and hear the boys pay tribute to Bjork.

