

THE STONY BROOK PRESS

Vol. XXII No. 5

"I wouldn't wish this upon anyone, but it's not our fault"

November 11, 2000

There's Only One Way
This Election
Will EVER End

A Good Ol' Fashioned
Fight To The Death



Letters Galore.....pgs 4-6

Electoral Goodness.....pgs 10&11

Schlanger Does CMJ.....pgs 18&19

Marine Science Research Center Receives Funding for Pathology Lab

By Jacklyn Yeh

The Marine Sciences Research Center (MSRC) here at Stony Brook will receive \$1 million in funding for the creation and staffing of a pathology laboratory in order to study the cause of the lobster die-off in Long Island Sound, as well as the symptoms afflicting local shellfish and finfish.

The consortium hopes to have temporary space available to house the pathology lab at the MSRC as soon as spring, 2001 before having a permanent space for the lab there in the fall. The lab will likely have five staff members, including researchers, technicians, and an MSRC faculty member. Currently, the MSRC has 40 faculty members and enrolls approximately 170 students per year.

The funding will make first-hand study of on-site diseases affecting shellfish, including lobsters, clams, and oysters and finfish in local waters possible. The \$1 million is expected to be used to buy laboratory equipment and to hire marine disease pathologists. This funding is possible due to local state legislators who acted in response to the 1999 lobster die-off in Long Island Sound.

"It's a great thing," said Gordon Taylor, a professor at the Marine Sciences Research Center. "The funds will be used to set up a diagnostic lab to study diseases in marine organisms." Diagnostic capabilities to conduct research and study marine animal disease will be established, and research on underlying causes and management of pathology issues will also be supported. Representatives from Stony Brook, New York State Sea Grant, Long Island University, Cornell University, the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, and the New York State Department of Agriculture and Markets will be included in the eight-member advisory board

for the group. Representatives of local marine industries, including the Long Island Lobsterman's Association will be working with the consortium. The Marine Disease Consortium will work closely with the State Department of Environmental Conservation.

"[The creation of the lab] was inspired largely by the lobster die-offs," Professor Taylor explained. Die-offs and diseases in marine organisms have occurred before in Long Island Sound. Autopsies of the afflicted

organisms had to be sent to laboratories out-of-state, namely Connecticut, because New York State does not have a pathology laboratory dedicated to researching marine diseases. The new laboratory that will be set up at the Marine Sciences Research Center will enable direct

research on the causes of the die-off, which do not affect just lobsters, but shellfish and other marine organisms, significant or insignificant to business. Of course, their most immediate goals are to research those organisms that affect commercial fisheries.

Other die-offs have been reported during all of the last decade. It usually starts in early autumn, and then it seems to end by late October. More than 900 lobstermen statewide were impacted by the 1999 lobster die-off, said to be the worse out of all the die-offs. The harvesting of lobsters is a \$100 million dollar per year industry in the state, and is first in commercial fishing.

Lobsters in the Long Island Sound are heavily exploited, with more than 90% of lobsters being harvested following their initial molt to legal size. Lobster populations and fisheries have increased their yield due to the reproductive success and survival and growth of young lobsters to

legal size. However, scientists do agree that lobster fisheries are at significant risk if there are bouts of reduced reproductive success.

Last year's lobster die-off occurred suspiciously after the spraying of Long Island. Pesticides were spread in order to kill mosquitoes due to the West Nile Virus scare. This is an issue that undisputedly needs to be investigated. Blood samples taken from lobsters provided no solid evidence of gaffkemia, a common and often fatal bacterial infection seen in lobsters. Dr. Richard French, a pathologist at the University of Connecticut, suspects a parasitic paramoeba known to enter a lobster's nervous system, destroying nerve tissue. "Limp lobster syndrome" may result, with death usually following. This parallels well with the symptoms found in lobsters during the 1999 lobster die-off.

A symposium was sponsored by Sea Grant College Programs in New York (NYSG) and Connecticut (CTSG) in April 17-18 to interpret and evaluate the results of existing assessment, monitoring and research activities and to develop a working hypothesis on the cause of lobster mortalities in Long Island Sound. Both scientists armed with water quality data, and other information that may have had an affect on the lobster deaths, as well as industry representatives with concerns and first-hand anecdotes on the lobster conditions attended.

Concluded to have a low probability of causation were stressors including point source loadings, side effects of chlorination, dredge material disposal, and pesticides. Hypoxia through low dissolved oxygen and hydrogen sulfide release ranked with a moderate probability of causation. The anomalously high bottom water temperatures in 1998 and 1999 approaching 2° C above the 10-year mean bottom water temperatures have a high probability of stressing the lobsters. Also, a high-probability stressor includes the high population densities of lobsters, which could have made them more prone to disease.

WWTVF•WHOM WOULD JESUS VOTE FOR?

By ABD-Anonymous Bible Dude

Whom would Jesus vote for? That's a good question. Would he even vote at all? Is our political system so far corrupt that it isn't even worth trying to save? How do we know which side God is on?

First, let's look at some Biblical criteria for leadership qualities. "He who rules over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God." (2 Sam

If we become apathetic in our concern for the leadership of our society we will see our political system fall into decay, and collapse under the weight of evil. At this time, it is clear that Satan has a grip on politics at every level.

23:3). Do we see justice carried out in our court systems that routinely apply penalties unequally across the nation? Is there justice in the legislative branch where laws are drafted regularly to steal freedoms from the people and sell them to the highest corporate bidder? Does the executive branch wisely and justly use military force for

the defense of our country, or does it continue policy which escalates international terrorism? Rulers that we elect should be just, because there is a supreme God who is also just.

Today, it seems that part of the job requirements to be a politician is that you must accept bribes. Of course, we don't call it bribery. They are job "perks", or special interest soft money. However, the fact still remains that this country's leaders have been heavily influenced by greed and bribery. Political systems have always been like this, because man has always been like this since the fall of Adam in the Garden of Eden. Look at these verses, "By justice a king gives a country stability, but one who is greedy for bribes tears it down." (Prov 29:4) and, "Both hands are skilled in doing evil; the ruler demands gifts, the judge accepts bribes, the powerful dictate what they desire-- they all conspire together." (Micah 7:3) and, "A ruler who oppresses the poor is like a driving rain that leaves no crops." (Prov 28:3).

Still, it is possible to have just and righteous leaders. King David was called righteous, yet during David's reign he had the Bathsheba scandal. Solomon was the wisest administrator of justice the world has seen; yet, by any standard

Solomon's 700 wives and 300 concubines might seem a tad bit excessive. Nevertheless, both these men knew that their actions would be subject to judgement by the Supreme Judge. Indeed, they both suffered consequences as a result of their sins. Today politicians seem not to realize that they are accountable to a higher authority. If they realized the gravity of this truth, you would see justice administered and righteousness upheld in different manner than we have seen in the recent past.

I believe voting is important. It is one of our duties as a citizen to choose our leaders. If we become apathetic in our concern for the leadership of our society we will see our political system fall into decay, and collapse under the weight of evil. At this time, it is clear that Satan has a grip on politics at every level. He can influence leaders to make decisions to expand his reign. We should consider this advice: "Be self-controlled and alert. Your enemy the devil prowls around like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour." (1 Peter 5:8). However, we still must remember that this political system is temporary. We cannot seek salvation through politics, because we will not find it there. The only significant way this world will change is when it comes under the spiritual kingdom and leadership of Jesus, the King of Kings.

Yankees Parade

By Shari Goldsmith

Monday morning, New York City commuters had an additional burden from overcrowding, caused by the thousands of people destined for the Ticker Tape Parade in honor of the Yankees' World Series Victory.

The subway station was overflowing with people waiting on line to buy tokens for the day's ride downtown. Extra city officials were boxed in against the walls with questions about the parade's details. Commuters fished their way through blue polyester, and the chants for the Yankees that waved through the crowd. Kids taking Mayor Giuliani's advice to skip school, start jumping turnstiles while the authorities were distracted.

This World Series was all about New York pride, the two baseball dynasties and the division of New York's dynamism. The Yankees have dominated the series, with four victories in five years. Typifying the city's transport, this year's Subway Series was the first one since 1956.

Downtown New York City was mobbed with hundreds of thousands of people lining Broadway, ending at City Hall. There was a familiarity about Yankee pride. "I knew they were going to win," said Marie, from Westchester, who grew up in the Bronx amidst a devoted Yankee family.

There was a general consensus that the Mets didn't belong at the parade. Fans discouraged anything that would detract from enthusiasm for the Yankees.

Yankees' team spirit stretches internationally. When asked what type of people are Yankees fans, a group of friends in their late twenties, drinking beer at

9:15AM, answered, "All types."

Stacey immigrated from Puerto Rico and that day, commuted from the Bronx to cheer on her favorite baseball team. She is very familiar with the team rivalries. "Mets fans think Yankees fans are from the Bronx and are dirty," Stacey continued, "Mets fans are from the suburbs," as she strutted down the street with her two friends from Queens and Manhattan, glowing and smiling, obviously enjoying the celebration. A couple visiting from England approached a police officer, seeking a suggestion for the best view of the team.

Doris, Bill, and Andy, a friendly family whose mother came decorated by painting her cheek with the Yankees' symbol in glitter blue paint, were riding the

subway home because the crowds were too big. They were from Germany, where the son was visiting from, while the parents currently live in New Jersey. The mother was a long time fan and is fond of George Steinbrenner, feeling a kin with his German heritage. "We were here a month ago when Mr. Steinbrenner and Mr. Giuliani led a parade honoring the German military."

A number of extraneous people reversed direction, while watching crowds in packs being

herded along barricades. Mike, born in the Bronx, traveled from New Jersey that morning with his two adolescent daughters, Suzanne and Danielle, braving the masses of people. Did he have any concerns about safety because of the number of people? "The problem is that there are too many cops," Mike said, "There's not too many people."

Having grown up in New Jersey, Suzanne

gave an outsider's opinion of Yankees versus Mets fans. "Mets fans are not boisterous, more belligerent, and walk with an air of confidence," Suzanne said. A teenage couple, Rachel and Chuck took the train from Merrick, Long Island. Rachel



The ever-present NYPD at the Yankee Parade

confirmed that the Yankee champions are attracting recruit fans from the Mets. "People like front-runners," Rachel said.

The very New York winners of the very New York World Series attracted a very New York crowd. Very New York is very worldly. Around the corner was the Immigration and Naturalization building, with people wrapped around the building. No one would question their place on today's streets of chaos and nationalities all finding their place.

The "New" Christian Left

By F.L. Livingston

"Whatever happened to the Christian left?" I've been wondering that, lately. Well, okay, it isn't the number one question on my mind, but after musings about the election, the Mideast, the Subway Series, and a few other topics, it's definitely there, and it pokes through once in a while.

That's why it was good to read that this form of liberalism is "alive and well and living" in the minds and hearts of former President Jimmy Carter and his wife, Rosalyn. Recently, they broke from the Southern Baptist Convention, largest Protestant sect in the United States, because of its "increasingly rigid" (Carter's words) decisions. In a letter to the denomination, Carter explained that he was leaving because of some of the sect's latest stands, including those "barring female pastors and declaring that wives should submit gracious-

As late as 1976, Jimmy Carter cited his "deep Christian beliefs" as an impetus for his concern with the homeless, the "disadvantaged," and international human rights. Not to forget the "radical priests and nuns" of those days.

ly' to their husbands." The leader of the convention brushed off this defection, saying that Carter is a "moderate Christian" and that the Southern Baptists are "not a moderate movement." *

This rift between Carter and the convention hints of an even greater schism between left and right-wing Baptists, in general. There exist more liberal Baptist congregations, according to the Carters, ones that share their belief in "separa-

tion of church and state, a free religious press, and the equality of women." In fact, at Carter's urging, the Marantha Church, of which he's the deacon, decided to "divert half of its contributions to a less conservative group of congregations." Even before the Carters, large numbers of individuals had left the convention. *

Also, representatives of the Texas Baptists have just voted to pull "\$5 million in funding" from the denomination, citing the same statutes as the Carters, as well as the Convention's "resolutions against homosexuality."

According to the Reverend Charles Wade, executive director of the Texas group, "Jesus took his stand against religious authoritarianism, moral judgmentalism, and dogmatic fundamentalism." **

This also reflects a new emergence of the left in Christianity and religion, in general, and beyond that, among those who are unaffiliated with any particular sect but still concerned with American ethics.

Yet, wait a minute. Some of you don't even relate the word "left" to the words "Christian" or "religious." Most of you are too young to remember when religion in this country was entwined with liberal ideology.

There was a time when Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. drew on his Christian faith to sustain him in his fight for

racial equality, and for a way to shape a struggle that, while aggressive, was also nonviolent. As late as 1976, Jimmy Carter cited his "deep Christian beliefs" as an impetus for his concern with the homeless, the "disadvantaged," and international human rights. Not to forget the "radical priests and nuns" of those days.

Nor was this leftist attitude limited to Christians. Many Jews translated the "freedom"

message of Passover and Hanukkah into support for racial and gender equality. (Witness Joe Lieberman's work in the Civil Rights movement, for example.) The Reform branch of Judaism deliberately promoted "social action" in liberal causes, and nonaffiliated, "secular humanists" began to view this liberalism as a matter of a general "morality," unrelated to religion.

However in the late '70s and '80s, as the nation moved to the right, so did religion and ethics. More conservative religious tenets were brought to the fore. Like injunctions against abortion, prescriptions for the role of women, and negative views of gay, bi, and transgender sexuality. What's more, conventional people, religious or not, began to tell us that a more traditional America would be a "kinder, gentler" one.

Now, it seems, that a leftist response has kicked in. Clearly, "morality" can still be "liberal." Based on religion, perhaps, but not necessarily. Religion concerned with protecting us, as in tougher gun control, and the world we live in, better environmental policies. Religion reaching out to the homeless, I'm thinking jobs and shelter, the sick, affordable health care, the young, quality education, and the elderly, Social Security and Medicare. Focused not on any one powerful economic or religious elite, but rather, on improving life for people of every creed, race, gender, and sexual orientation. Geared not toward enforcing the ethical code of one particular group, but instead, drawing from such a code to help make life fairer, safer, and more humane for us all.

Sources:

* "Carter Breaks with Baptist Convention" Newsday. 10/21/00

** "Texas Baptists Pull Funds," Newsday. 10/31/00.

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

On Wednesday, November 1st, Shirley Kenny, University President, and Fred Preston, Vice President of Student Affairs, spoke to student concerns and once again proved to be dishonest and deceptive. The President acknowledged students concerns about tripling and the eight semester rule. President Kenny said the University had met its expansion plans and after this year, would no longer have to either triple freshmen or kick seniors off the campus. President Kenny then entertained some questions from student representatives.

The first few questions centered around campus life and why every weekend there is an exodus of students. When asked about the regulations imposed on the Spot, President Kenny stated that the new regulations were put in place because of concerns that the Spot may lose its liquor license. The regulations put in place this year deny access to anybody under 21 and any person who is not a student or accompanied by a student. The new rules also limit the hours of the Spot. President Kenny's response is completely invalid. There has not been a single complaint, ticket, or any other problem relating to underage drinking at the Spot, which would justify the new rules. The fact of the matter is that President Kenny had no idea why the new rules were put into effect, she just said what she was told. She should have said, "we have to kill the Spot in order to save it."

The Spot is the only place where people can perform without all the red tape the administration put in the way of Polity. It is a free and open forum for students and the people of this community. The Spot is where the students have control over what is said and who performs. The Administration is taking away that control. They are trying to make the students weaker and more manageable. They lied to the senate. They lied to the student representatives, and will get away with it. They will have control over who performs, over what is said and who can say it. They will take away our freedom, unless we stand up and refuse to let them.

There will be no outlet for student poetry, music, and no place for students to organize as they have in the past to oppose the policies of the administration which strips us of our voice and our freedom. The President suggested that the new rec. center would be a place for the students to come

together, but you can bet that the administration will have full control over what goes on, over who can meet and speak, over who performs, and over what can and can not be said. The administration recently installed video surveillance cameras in the Union pool hall. How much weaker do we need to become before we stand up, before we have enough of the administration controlling our University? There is no substitute for freedom. A fancy rec. center will not replace the independence of the Spot.

President Kenny was also asked about corporate contracts. In recent years the University has entered into several contracts with corporations in order to fund the expansion of the campus and reduce the operating costs of the University. The food service and the bookstore are run by corporations. The high price of books, the high price of food, and the monopoly of Coke on this campus are all due to corporate contracts made by the University. President Kenny told the senate that she was in favor of corporate contracts and would continue the practice in the future.

These contracts are anti-competitive, they limit the choice of students, they raise the costs of food and books, and they are made without real student involvement and without student consent. The administration sells our business to corporations, they prostitute us to the highest bidder, and it is not going to stop.

Fred Preston, in an effort to pacify students said that there were some corporations that the campus would not enter into contracts such as with corporations that use sweat shops to produce their products. The fact is that many of the products sold in the University book store that have the University logo on them are made in sweat shops. NYPIRG, the New York Public Interest Research Group, has confirmed this. Fred Preston has deceived the Senate, he has been made aware of this fact and he continues to smile and say the University would never do such a thing. In fact, almost all the clothing sold in the book store is made by oppressed workers who are paid less than \$0.50 an hour. The University is promoting slavery by selling these products and yet, they tell us that they would never do such a thing. They lie, they deceive, and it is not going to stop, unless we stop it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"SEXISM IN THE PRESS" REVISITED (AGAIN)

Dear Editor:

This is in regard to Cheryl Edelman's article about *The Press* ad showing a nude back view of a woman. ("Sexism in The Press" Vol. XXII. NO. 2. 10/6/00. P. 5.) True, her concerns about the "objectification of women" are viable, especially as she points out, due to the "amount of violence against women." But I have to take issue with two major points. One is her friend's assertion that "It's clear and obvious that women writers aren't welcome" at *The Press*. Both the staff and editorial board there are already made up of a variety of people, male and female, heterosexual, homosexual, and transgender. In fact, Ms. Edelman writes for this paper regularly, and so do I, and we're both women. I find it hard to believe that anyone suddenly decided to stock the staff with a bunch of horny hetero

guys!

And that's why I also wonder about the interpretation of the ad. *The Press* has a reputation for being very liberal and open about sexuality and sensuality. There's a strong possibility that the ad was intended to attract not just straight men, but all people who prefer such an open-minded atmosphere. I'm not sure. You'd have to ask the designer of the ad. (Well, Mr. Given?)

I'm glad to see the concern with female dignity and safety. And, in that vein, I understand that "it makes perfect sense to analyze one ad." But I think that, if we're truly analyzing, we have to explore all possibilities—not just react to a first impression.

Sincerely,

F.L. Livingston

Press

Executive Editor
Hilary Vidair

Managing Editor
Russell Heller

Associate Editor
Jill Baron

Business Manager
Shari Goldsmith

News Editor
Ellen Yau

Features Editor
Kat Fulgieri

Arts Editor
Debbie Sticher

Photo Editor
Ed Safo

Copee Editor
Karah McGruntis-Hockey

Staff

Walter Boot, D.H. Campbell, Kevin Cavannaugh, Tim Connors, Cheryl Edelman, Fuckin' Eric, Rob Gilheany, Angelos K. Hannides, Jen Hobin, Brian Kate, David Klein, F.L. Livingston, Diana Post, Craig Schlanger, Scoop Schneider, Katie Sinnott, Chris Sorochin, Sharon Sung, Donald Toner, Joanna Wegielnik, Jackie Yeh, Michael Yeh, Daniel Yohannes

The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by *The Stony Brook Press*, a student run and student funded non-profit organization. The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of the staff. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (516) 632-6451. Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 pm. First copy free. For additional copies contact Business Manager.

The Stony Brook Press
Suites 060 & 061
Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(516) 632-6451 Voice
(516) 632-4137 Fax
e-mail: stonypress@hotmail.com
www.sbp.org

We Win

Awards

Sometimes

"Proud to Be Transgendered"

To Whom It May Concern:

"Counting me, there were three 'gender variant' or 'transgressively gendered' people," BrianKate wrote in *The Press* in the October 27, 2000 issue.

"Well, that's great," you're thinking. "I could go get that issue and read it myself."

Why am I writing, then? Well, I am one of the aforementioned three. I am a 'gender variant' or 'transgressively gendered', if you prefer. In the October 20, 2000 issue of *The Press*, Brian mentions a friend that has been getting the LGBTA to push transgender issues. That is me, too. Or, at the very least, BrianKate would have you think so.

Brian never mentioned to me that I would be included in his articles, even in anonymity. As such, for him to make so many assumptions about my identity, thoughts, beliefs, and feelings, while at the same time purporting to desire freedom to be one's self and encouraging others to do the same is, at its best, slanderous and hypocritical. How can he claim to be supportive of whoever a person is, or wishes to be, when he is unable, in his own existence, to avoid applying a blind stereotype to all transgendered people?

The simple truth is that the person he describes; the transgressively gendered activist, does not exist. That is not me. That is not who I am, at all.

With that said, I would like to dispel the stereotype. I am not a 'gender variant', nor am I 'transgressively gendered'. And, I am personally comforted to know that the non-committal, highly ambiguous label 'not-quite-boy-not-quite-girl' does not apply to me. I am a girl. It's that simple. There are no complicated, politically correct terms, nor any ridiculously non-offensive nomenclature to describe me. Just as your mother and the First Lady are girls, so am I. I always have been a girl, perhaps not of body, but certainly of mind and heart. There has never been any doubt as to who, or what I am. I cannot quite explain why or how I know, but then, I would venture to guess that not terribly many people, if anyone, could adequately describe what it means to be a boy or a girl.

Further, Brian included a list of "Do's and Don'ts" to abide by when dealing with a 'gender variant' person, as if to suggest that we do not function like normal people. I understand his good intention, but to even remotely imply that

basis for his list. That, I cannot determine. But, I must say that I would be very displeased if someone attempted to apply these rules to me. And, that may happen as Brian has already incorrectly labeled me as 'gender variant.'

First, Brian writes, "Don't tell us, 'I can learn to deal with it.'" What, then, is society supposed to do? If society does not learn to 'deal with it' at some point or another, Brian will never gain the kind of apathetic acceptance he is looking for. Furthermore, this advice strikes frighteningly close to home, as I am in a relationship with a wonderful girl who is trying, as hard as she can, to 'deal with it.' I want people to learn to 'deal with it.' I would imagine that Brian would as well. Otherwise, I cannot fathom what type of reaction he expects from people. Whether he wants to admit it or not, society does not accept ambiguity in much of anything, and certainly not in gender.

And, though I do not doubt his feelings just as I do not want others to doubt mine, it strikes me that he may have a difficult time ahead of him.

What is the worst about all of this is that, unwittingly, it seems to me that Brian is doing more to ostracize SUNY Stony Brook's exceedingly small transgendered community from mainstream social acceptance; rather than break down any barriers. His persistent reference to "us" as a mistreated group only serves to broaden the schism that exists between normal, homogenized American society and anyone, gender questioning or otherwise, who displays any amount of individuality.

However, it is noble of Brian to speak his mind, and to fight for changes in our most fundamental societal constructs. I have no doubt that he will experience arduous opposition, and I wish him luck. I, however, am not an activist. I am not about to allow being transgendered to consume my life. I just want to fit in. I want to adapt to this

culture, so as to allow me to pursue my dreams. I want to be myself, and I want to be seen for who I am.

I have known, for as long as I can remember that I am not a boy. In fact, it's always been very clear to me that I was a girl. I can remember, in

inadequacy that I deal with every day. I cannot put into words the depression and self-loathing with which I am sometimes overcome.

Conversely, however, I have never asked that things be any different. I am proud to be transgendered, and I have little regret for any decisions I have made. I am intelligent, creative, and compassionate, and I come from a good home with solid moral character and upstanding, caring parents. I have no reason to be ashamed of who I am, and yet I find myself drafting this letter. Well, what gives?

Well, it has occurred to me that Brian's outspoken, often self-negating activism may have an immeasurable impact on my life at SUNY Stony Brook, as well as every place else, for that matter. He is quite obviously emotional about this subject, which is not bad in and of itself. But, I strongly believe that there is no

How can he claim to be supportive of whoever a person is, or wishes to be, when he is unable, in his own existence, to avoid applying a blind stereotype to all transgendered people?

place for emoting in journalism. His articles strike me as being contrived, ill conceived and nothing more than self-serving propaganda. Moreover, as society has demonstrated in the past, it is likely that many people who read Brian's column will allow it to condition their own preconceived notions of what transgendered means. As Brian and I seem to be nothing alike in any important ways, I do not wish for other people's perceptions of me to be colored by their feelings toward him or his writings. He is entitled to his opinions, and he is entitled to have them to be printed within the pages of *The Press*. But these blanket statements about the transgendered community and its members are irresponsible. I, also, am afforded the right of free speech; and so I, too, can only express my disappointment and adamant disagreement with his columns; otherwise I feel that I would forfeit my right to react negatively to any repercussions his misrepresentation of my beliefs might cause.

Most importantly, I wanted to dispel any stereotypical views that people may have had, regardless of their origin. It has been my experience that most people immediately associate anything with the prefix 'trans' with such educational programming as Jerry Springer. On this campus, I am afraid that people will associate anything with the prefix 'trans' with BrianKate. So, I am putting myself up there as another possibility for the transgendered mold. At the very least, I would hope that people would read this correspondence know that I am a rational, intelligent person, and that I am not a threat to the precious sociological constructs that they hold so dear. In fact, I like them. I like being a girl, and wouldn't trade it for anything in the world.

Respectfully,

Caitlin Leigh

Just as your mother and the First Lady are girls, so am I. I always have been a girl, perhaps not of body, but certainly of mind and heart.

his text could be, for someone so inclined, some variety of factual, authoritative reference material is amazingly presumptuous and offensive. Perhaps, though, as Brian clearly knows more of these 'gender variant' people than I, there is some

vivid detail, the disillusionment I felt when I first learned that other people don't think of me as a girl. In fact, that is a lesson that I oft forget, and it is a hard one to learn. Nobody should be condemned to have to face the feelings of remorse and

Campus Events

Stony Brook Contemporary

Chamber Players

"Classics Concert"

November 15 @ 8pm

Staller Center

Admission is free!

For more info on the
concert, call the Music

Department at
631-632-7330

Autumn Airs Concert

Tuesday, November 21st

Stony Brook Wind Ensemble
performs at the

Staller Center for the Arts
Main Stage @ 8pm

Stony Brook Opera

Ensemble in Concert

Tuesday, November 28th

at the Staller Center

Recital Hall @ 8 pm

Tickets are \$6

\$3 for students and seniors

Purchase tickets at the
Staller Center box office
(632-ARTS)

For a complete
concert schedule,
check out

**www.sunysb.
edu/music.**

TASTELESS AND STUPID

"Vote for Nader". The slogan itself makes me ill; to think there are some who wish to throw away their vote in this presidential election. What make me even more annoyed is the defacing of art. This afternoon, as I was walking home from a less than great bio exam, I noticed that scrawled in huge neon pink letters was the infamous slogan "Vote for Nader" defacing the huge rust colored sculpture opposite the library. It is as though I was not already visually assaulted enough with similar slogans accompanied by pro-choice propaganda written over the walls and steps of the Staller buildings. Violating the conduct code to litter the campus with political messages harms and hurts more than it does rally political support for one's

legs. Indeed, feminism is something that each woman carries around with her and exhibits on a constant basis through how she carries herself and how she competes. She needs no group name or facades. She is the natural feminist and it is she who will be the example for other women.

As far as presidential politics, what is even more disgusting is that the propaganda being forced down our throats preaches support for a presidential candidate who has NO chance of becoming president anyway. Making a moral vote is like making a moral decision not to cut your grass, you may believe in it, but it accomplishes nothing and you piss off your neighbors. More to the point, a vote for Nader, as presidential hopeful



Some clever pro-Nader remarks, scrawled on a door of Staller

candidate. When a groups views deface art or permanent structures such as buildings, the message is simply absent. It shows a general lack of respect for not only the artists and the sanctity of art, but the University and those who work and attend class here.

Psychologically speaking, it is simply unwise to piss off those whose awareness you aim to raise. More specifically, attacking the propaganda itself, I say while I do support pro-choice (propaganda mentioned above), tastelessly exhibiting my right as a women over the walls and steps of the Staller center is again a gross violation of decency, as well as the conduct code. I have my ideas of who is responsible for this mischievous conduct and I must say I am not surprised. There are still some who are looking for a cause to fight for, even after all the good battles have been fought and won. As women, it is not our mouths and propaganda that will continue to give us dominion over our bodies, it is our vote. Raising awareness does not start in groups or cliches that makes some feel happy they have friends, while they shamelessly gallivant around campus with their piercings and unshaved

Gore professes, is like a vote for Bush. While a vote for Nader is likened to a "protest vote", it accomplishes nothing while pushing a "non pro-choice" republican into office, which pisses this neighbor off. A person's politics is their own business and I

Making a moral vote is like making a moral decision not to cut your grass....you may believe in it, but it accomplishes nothing AND you piss off your neighbors.

only hope that certain groups on campus could respect this and limit their political zealous to paper postings ONLY and leave defenseless ART alone!

-Rebekah Klarberg

"I am the cat who killed the rat that ate the mat they lay in the house that Jack built!"

OF HOOKERS AND HYPOCRISY

By F.L. Livingston

Can you spell hypocrite? Try P-a-u-l-a J-o-n-e-s. That's right. Paula Jones. The woman who sued Bill Clinton for alleged sexual harassment. The gal who didn't exactly win her case but got a nice cash settlement, not to mention a total makeover, including a new nose. The victim has now agreed to pose nude for an upcoming issue of Penthouse.

What? Pose nude? For Penthouse? The woman who was so affronted by a private request for oral sex with one man is now cool with baring herself, publicly, to all? Hello! Doesn't she see the contradiction here?

She says, "No." Or, at least, not the one I see. The difference, she insists, is a matter of choice. In the supposed Clinton episode, the then-governor of Arkansas made an unwelcome advance. In this new situation, Jones is making her own decision. Besides, as she points out, she "needs the money."

Excuse me? She made a decision in the so-called Clinton episode, too. She declined, with no repercussions. No loss of salary or position. No

ally had to give some in order to get the dough. Often illegally, yes, and frowned upon as immoral.

Yet, some women today have found a new hook. Refusing a sexual overture and then complaining about it, in court and/or the media. Then they, too, rake in the cash, not because they had sex, but because they didn't. With the law, and sometimes moral indignation, on their side.

Ouch! The screams are deafening. I'm trashing the cause of all harassment victims, some of you may think. Or I'm trivializing harassment complaints.

No, I'm not. At least not in my view. I have no intention of downplaying the seriousness of true sexual harassment. Or molestation. Or, worse case scenario, rape.

To the contrary, I contend that women like Paula Jones give harassment cases a "bad" or "phony"

understood that. Adultery? Yes. Wrong? No doubt. Presented in a way that was intended to hurt or offend Ms. Jones? I don't think so. Just an effort to be clear, I'm guessing. That's all.

There are those, however, who saw in this a way to hurt and humiliate him, and Ms. Jones was all too eager to go along. For the money, and I expect, though she denies that, for the fame.

So now she claims she's broke, and her perfect solution, is to pose nude. Only this time she's open about the fact that it's for the



Paula Jones, takin' it off for Penthouse.

So say Clinton dropped his pants and asked for "a blow job." Crude, maybe. Unwelcome and unexpected, perhaps. But she's from the same era that I'm from (and so is he). A lot of guys in the '60s and '70s pulled stunts like that. It's hard for me to believe that she was all that shocked or scandalized.

mistreatment at work. No reaction, at all. As for money, well she took the alleged incident and turned it into gold.

Well, not gold, exactly, but you get my drift. And, yeah, there have always been women who traded in on sex. But in the past, they usu-

ally had to give some in order to get the dough. Often illegally, yes, and frowned upon as immoral. Yet, some women today have found a new hook. Refusing a sexual overture and then complaining about it, in court and/or the media. Then they, too, rake in the cash, not because they had sex, but because they didn't. With the law, and sometimes moral indignation, on their side. Ouch! The screams are deafening. I'm trashing the cause of all harassment victims, some of you may think. Or I'm trivializing harassment complaints. No, I'm not. At least not in my view. I have no intention of downplaying the seriousness of true sexual harassment. Or molestation. Or, worse case scenario, rape. To the contrary, I contend that women like Paula Jones give harassment cases a "bad" or "phony"

name. I mean, c'mon. So say Clinton dropped his pants and asked for a blow job. Crude, maybe. Unwelcome and unexpected, perhaps, but she's from the same era that I'm from, and so is he. A lot of guys in the '60s and '70s pulled stunts like that. It's hard for me to believe that she was all that shocked or scandalized.

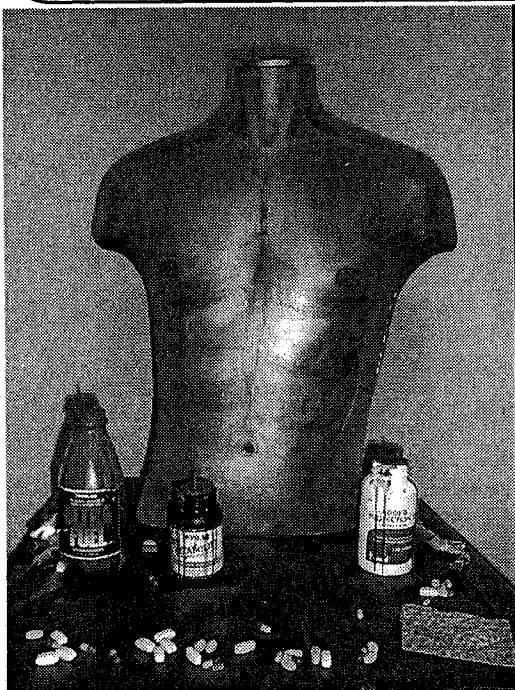
Such men thought, I imagine, that they were

money.

So, no, I don't really have a major problem with this line of work, as long as it's a woman's free choice. Even if it's still a matter of cashing in on your body. It's legal, somewhat acceptable, and doesn't involve any actual sex. Besides, if only Bill Clinton would have turned to magazine pictures instead of in-the-flesh mistresses

Its just that I have a big problem with hypocrisy, and I'm especially concerned when it involves a woman who helped to cause a great deal of disruption. Not just in the life of one man and his family, but also in that of our entire nation. All because of a sexual proposition. And now she cheerfully says yes to playing the sex object? Is she for real?

Sure, she tries to get around it by talking about choice, and women's rights, and stuff most of us can relate to, but I'm betting that, too, is just another hook.



GO THERE.
-NOW



ART SHOW.
UPSTAIRS.
IN THE UNION GALLERY.



AND GO SEE THE SHOW IN THE
LIBRARY, TOO. IT'S NIFTY.

Ishmael and Isaac

By F.L. Livingston

In the "first murder" of the Bible, Cain slays his brother, Abel, out of jealousy, and bears the mark of his deed for life. Religious mythology, no doubt, but it recognizes the bitterness that can often develop between potential allies and it foreshadows the decades of strife between various groups of geographical or genetic proximity. Think England and France, or China and Japan. Or, more recently, the two Semitic peoples, Jews and Arabs, allegedly descendants of another pair of Biblical brothers, Ishmael and Isaac. What's the connection between these two "families?" How did they turn against each other? And how can they make peace?

According to religious legend, Ishmael was the son of the famous patriarch, Abraham, by the servant, Hagar. Isaac was the son of the same patriarch via his wife, Sarah. Fearing contention between the two boys, Sarah demanded that Abraham banish Ishmael and his mother from their tribe. Abraham was reluctant to do this, but God promised to turn Ishmael's descendants into a great nation. He vowed to do the same for Isaac.

And so, Isaac became the father of the Jews, whose basic religion was shaped by the prophet Moses. Historically, they conquered the land of Canaan, renaming it Israel. King David established Jerusalem as the capital city, and there, his son, King Solomon, built the First Temple. Destroyed, rebuilt as the Second Temple, and destroyed again, its last remnant, is the Western Wall, holiest monument in Judaism. Its location, known to Jews as the Temple Mount, is the most sacred place in the Jewish faith, and Jerusalem, its holiest city.

Ishmael, meanwhile, was the progenitor of the Arabs, who, according to history, traveled

far and wide. Followers of the prophet Mohammed, they spread his teachings through many lands. Believing that Mohammed rose to heaven from that same sacred spot mentioned above, they erected there the Dome of the Rock and renamed the area, the Noble Sanctuary. It's the third holiest site in the Islamic faith, and Jerusalem, its third holiest city.

You see the problem? The identical site is sacred to both faiths. Yet, for centuries, the issue lay dormant. Only in the last century, as both Arabs and Jews sought control of the Holy Land, did this conflict come to the fore.

Currently, Jerusalem is, again, the capital of Israel. But several Muslims want to regain control of East Jerusalem, with its large Palestinian population. Others insist that Jerusalem, as a whole, must become "the capital of a Palestinian independent state." But many Israeli Jews are loath to give up what they won it in the Six-Day War, let alone all of Jerusalem.

The biggest sticking point seems to be the fate of the Temple Mount/Noble Sanctuary. Although, to my knowledge, the Israeli government generally allows Christians and Muslims sovereignty over their holy places, it's Israel that dominates this dual sacred site. A number of Muslims resent that, as well as, the presence of Israeli soldiers. Palestinians contend that the Mount/Sanctuary should be under their dominion, or at least, a general Islamic authority.

However, most Israeli Jews oppose handing the site over to the Muslims. They worry that the Arabs will bar Jews from their holy places there, as when Jordan ruled the area, and after the recent Palestinian raid on Joseph's Tomb, they fear

desecration of sacred Jewish monuments.

Beyond all that, each group sees this struggle as a symbol of their larger concerns. The Palestinians view it as a sign of the general discrimination that they claim to suffer, and it touches on the Israeli Jews' fear that the Arabs still want

...several Muslims want to regain control of East Jerusalem, with its large Palestinian population...But many Israeli Jews are loath to give up what they won it in the Six-Day War, let alone all of Jerusalem.

to totally erase the Jewish presence from the Holy Land.

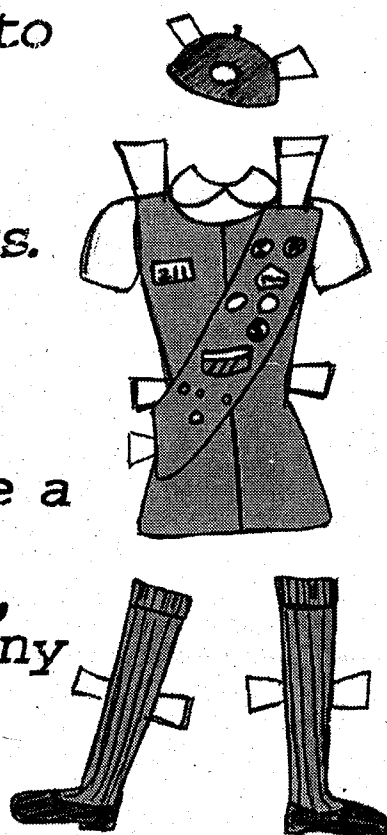
So blood flows in the streets of Jerusalem and elsewhere in the region. The violence has even spilled over into Israel-proper, where the children of Isaac and Ishmael fight each other in a kind of hand-to-hand "civil war."

Now, with the help of President Clinton, UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan, Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak, and Jordan's King Abdullah, the Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak and Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat have hammered out a verbal truce, nothing's in writing. But for a lasting peace, both "Ishmael" and "Isaac" must commit themselves to respecting the life, liberty, equality, and sacred sites of all parties; even if it means, say, assigning the Mount/Sanctuary to an impartial, international authority. Either that or go the way of Cain and Abel.

Jones Soda would like to re-affirm it's customers that, contrary to popular belief Jones Soda is NOT made from REAL Girl Scouts.

please purchase a tasty, Girl Scout free, Jones Soda at any of these fine businesses:

bagels n a hole lot more, strawberry fields, soups on, green cactus, village deli, texaco, SB grill, borders books, cinema cafe, pro portions



dance
 hear music
 ELECTRONIC TRANCE
 TECHNO
 the
 Electric
 Lounge
 @the Spot
 thurs. Nov. 9
 9-12am
 & every alternating Thurs.
 for more info-orb90@yahoo.com

EINSTEIN'S BREAD KNIFE

By Chris Sorochin

"Jews and Marxists had been systematically persecuted since the takeover. Albert Einstein's bank deposits were seized when a bread knife, categorically a lethal weapon, was found in his house."

-From John Toland's historical biography, Adolf Hitler

At this point, I think it's extremely useful to step back and take a look at just how far we've progressed down the road to a police state since about a year ago, and marvel at how exponentially that progress has accelerated.

The latest wave of repression has, as predicted, worked its way up from being the almost exclusive province of the poor, non-white and young, to touching the lives of an increasing number of white middle-class people; people whose "crime" is their exercise of the constitutionally guaranteed rights of free speech, protest and assembly, to say nothing of petitioning the government and pursuing happiness.

Last November, thousands of protestors took the authorities by surprise and successfully disrupted the meeting of the World Trade Organization in Seattle. The response of the State was one not seen since the 1960s: the mayor of Seattle essentially declared martial law. The Seattle Police were augmented by state and federal enforcers in full assault mode, and the streets were thick with tear gas, pepper spray and rubber bullets.

The authorities were trying out all kinds of new crowd-control technology, mysteriously "marking" certain individuals with dye and stationing agents in hospital emergency rooms throughout the city to monitor those injured by their tactics.

For several years now, unbeknownst to the vast majority of the public, the government has been conducting something called "Operation Garden Plot," in which military units stage practice attacks on urban areas. Only the incurably naive would think that such exercises were not practice runs for military action against US citizens, even though the Posse Comitatus Act of 1886 expressly forbids domestic use of the US military.

Then again, all kinds of mayhem are forbidden on paper, but in the vast and murky underworld of power...

The "Battle of Seattle" really did shake things up. Not only did the demonstrators bring proceedings to a halt, embolden-

ing a good many delegates from developing countries to stand up to the Great Powers and bringing globalization to everyone's attention in general, but the protests brought together many disparate sectors of society, united in opposition. That's a very scary thing to those who are running things, those who like everyone separate and divided.

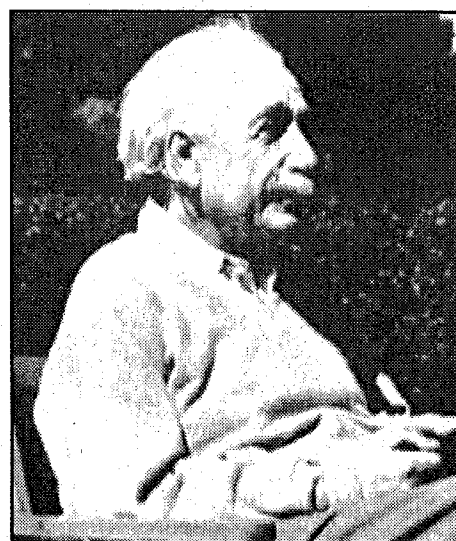
April brought a week of protests against the meeting of the World Bank/International Monetary Fund in Washington, DC. This time the Forces of Evil were a little more organized and they tried some cute tricks like raiding protest headquarters on the pretext of "fire safety." They

confiscated puppets and signs and food, all very dangerous things. The night before the main day of protest, they staged a special "for intimidation purposes only" mass arrest, sweeping up not only nonviolent demonstrators, but also journalists and tourists, on the charge of parading without a permit. They kept some of these people chained on buses for hours on end, without access to toilets or water. I'm told this practice is common in all arrest situations; so much for innocent until proven guilty.

During the weekend came reports of sporadic beatings, pepper sprayings and harassment. On Monday another large group of arrests were made and the reports that filtered back were unsettling: more beatings and other physical and psychological abuse and open flouting of due process by judges. Defendants were not allowed to choose their own counsel. Instead, lawyers were assigned from pool. Judges also lied to defendants, telling them others had signed release forms and given their names (which they were refusing to do). More about judges later. Some protestors spent up to a week in jail. Police shredded personal documents and other possessions and many prisoners were released without money, or were never given back shoes, jackets and other articles of clothing.

The summer party nominating conventions in Philadelphia and Los Angeles ratcheted things up even further. Before the Republicans even rolled into Philly, two events paved the way. One was the "blue rage" beating of a black suspect by about 30 Philadelphia cops, captured, as everything seems to be these days, on video. The Philadelphia police department has a history of brutality and corruption and were in federal receivership for many years. Recently, scores of convictions were overturned when it came to light that police framed suspects.

The second was the extraordinary heaviness of the sentences given to several activists (including Stony Brook alumnus Mitch Cohen) who had staged a sit-in at the Liberty Bell in behalf of



Einstein, maxin' and relaxin'

Mumia Abu-Jamal last Fourth of July. For the misdemeanor of trespass, the defendants were sentenced to house arrest, urine tests, lifting of passports, demands for personal financial records and

a ban on associating with known felons. This last is significant in light of the fact that several of them, such as Clark Kissinger of the National Lawyers Guild and Mumia's publisher, are key players in the effort to free Mumia. In effect, it meant they could not meet with him for the duration of their sentences. Quite an effective way to shut down protest, n'est-ce pas?

Another effective way is to criminalize protest per se, both in the law and in people's minds. On June 12, a meeting was held to amend the city code to prohibit "concealed identities," thus giving police the power to arrest anyone

wearing anything that could possibly obscure his or her face; gotta be in full focus for the surveillance cameras.

One group of lowlifes with concealed identities, however, received full protection of the law: undercover police infiltrated protest groups, in some cases even assisting in the construction of giant puppets. At the opportune moment, said scumbags would pop out of the woodwork and bust anyone they could. Philadelphia district attorney Lynne Abraham refused to release any information about these stalwarts until a month after the convention on the grounds that it might endanger their lives! Yes, the gallant little Gestapo operatives might have been in grave physical danger from the crazed, fanatical devotees of the dreaded Puppet Cult.

One wonders how people like Ms.

Abraham can say such things with straight faces, except in the knowledge that the obedient media would not question her absurd assumption. One also wonders how the media vultures, no matter how compromised, could actually let their names appear on such obvious bilge. One can further speculate as to the psychological makeup of the undercover "heroes"

themselves--after making their big bust, did they swagger off to some cop bar and yuk it up with their buddies over how they saved the world from puppeteers?

Even more bizarre was the "pre-emptive" arrest of John Sellers, head of the Ruckus Society. Sellers was arrested and held on the unheard-of bail of one million dollars on several transparently bogus charges, one of which was possession of that

pernicious tool of revolutionaries everywhere, a cell phone. That's right, they stretched the law to define Seller's cellular as an implement of terror because of its use in communicating with other protestors.

I've been mewling for some time now about the criminalization of just about everything, noting that it's becoming easier and easier for the authorities to hassle more and more people on flimsier and flimsier pretexts. Maybe not everyone plays with puppets, but how many people have cell phones these days and hence qualify as potential criminals if someone so decrees? I'm sure every household in 1933 Germany boasted a bread knife, but of course not everybody had their bank account seized, only those targeted.

Like Philadelphia, Los Angeles is also trying to live down a police scandal. Earlier this year, an officer in the Ramparts division revealed that beatings, frame-ups, shake-downs, etc. were, yet again, standard procedure. They did not disappoint anyone's expectations at the Democratic Convention in August. Even conservative commentators were appalled by the heavy-handed, arrogant police presence. In lieu of their customary cry of "This is what democracy looks like," protestors instead chanted "This is what a police state looks

continued on page 15

The latest wave of repression has ... touched the lives of increasing numbers of white middle-class people...

IMAGINE WE KNEW WHO THE HECK OUR PRESIDENT IS...

By Ralph Nader, Pat Buchanan, and a friend of Bush Or Gore

H a p p y D a y s F o r M e (A g a i n !)

By Sam O'Leons
Former member, Billionaires for Bush or Gore
Founding member, Billionaires for Gore

It was close there for a while, but the side of Good and Love and Light has finally defeated the Forces of Darkness represented by the other side. Yes, the Great and Glorious Albert Arnold Gore, Jr. has prevailed over the Villainous Demon George Walker Bush, Jr.

I like to believe that my hundred-thousand dollar soft money contribution put the Gore campaign over the top, but with so much money going around, who can tell? As a major contributor to the Gore campaign, of course, I was invited to the post-election celebration. And to show my gratitude, I'm spending an extra twenty-thousand dollars for the Inaugural Ball. I'll be eagerly waiting for a Gore Administration to show its gratitude to me.

Speaking of gratitude, I want to thank the *Stony Brook Press* itself for publishing this report, as well as my earlier "Don't Rock the Yacht" article. Although our buyout talks have sometimes been difficult, I appreciate the fact that the *Press* has not let salary negotiations get in the way of good pro-Democratic reporting. And thank Mammone they didn't endorse some flaky goofball fringe rumpus-suit candidate like Ralph Nader. If they had, I might have tried to buy the *Statesman* instead.

The election party itself was great fun, thanks to the high-grade cocaine and other mood-boosters supplied by the Colombian army. It

Cuz I gots the Bitches

By Ralph Nader,
president elect

Waz up! Waz up! Waz up! That was just a little joke by the Nader dog. The truth is I never really meant to run for president. It was a total joke. I was

sparking a "j" wit my homes when we got a little too lit. My bitch Wynona LaDuke came up with the idea that we should run for office, and we must have laughed for like three hours. It was only after I ate too many Cheetos and passed out that things got out of hand. Wynonna or "W" started calling all the crazies in the so-called "Green" party, you know the tree-hugging hippies, and told them to look no further for a presidential nominee. I almost pissed my pants when they told me. Those idiots! The best part was that everyone took us seriously! So we decided to ride the joke out for as long as we could, yet no one caught on. Imagine, my gay hairy ass in the oval office! Blow jobs for everyone! Get that Monica bitch back here! So we ran some kind of campaign, I don't really know 'cause I was pretty fucked up the whole time, but we gots a lot o' dough. For the next few weeks it was Big Kalphie, spendin' G's. I bought me a phat ride, as well as a six prostitutes and a sack of blow. The best part was that people voted for us. We got like two million votes, or some shit like that. Fuckin' idealists. Anyways, you might ask, R-dawg, did you regret that you duped millions of voters to wasting their votes on you? Naw. The reason? 'Cause I gots the bitches. See, the Nader Invader gots some sort of cult following by weak minded college kids, specially the bitches. They were just all up in my shit. I just had to drop my pants and they were on me like a pack of starving dawgs to a T-Bone steak. All in all, times wuz good. I got dough, I got blow, and I got blow.... HAH, know what I mean?

I outtie



sent a message of encouragement to President-elect Gore, thanking him for "continuing to help us spray poison chemicals on our great country" and for continuing drug prohibition, to keep "the price of cocaine high enough to pay for helicopter gunships, machine guns, and assorted peacemaking equipment."

There were plenty of semi-addictive "legal" drugs available as well, supplied by drug companies such as Merck and Pfizer. These companies, who had donated tens of thousands of dollars to the Gore campaign, sent representatives to thank Gore for his plan to pay for costly prescription drugs with government money. "Rather than vigorously prosecute us for antitrust violations, the Gore campaign has promised to simply pay for our profits out of Medicare funds. So we've promised Tipper Gore a lifetime supply of Prozac."

Later in the evening, defense contractors demonstrated the weapons Gore is sure to use against civilian populations everywhere from the Balkans to the Caspian Sea, and hopefully Asia, Africa, and South America. Raytheon (maker of the Tomahawk missile, used to great effect in Serbia) demonstrated its new SmalpoX-Infected Blanket missile with a symbolic demolition of a hospital. Military contractors all over the country are sending enthusiastic messages of support, such as this one from Lockheed Martin: "Yeah! Pow, crash, ka-BOOM!"

Nike sent professional athletes to perform an all-star game in an adjoining gymnasium, to kickoff its new "Gonna Make You Sweat" advertising campaign. Democrats cheered for the new slogan,



By Sam O'Leons
Former member, Billionaires for Bush or Gore
Founding member, Billionaires for Gore

It was close there for a while, but the side of Good and Love and Light has finally defeated the Forces of Darkness represented by the other side. Yes, the Great and Glorious George Walker Bush, Jr. has prevailed over the Villainous Demon Albert Arnold Gore, Jr.

I like to believe that my hundred-thousand dollar soft money contribution put the Bush campaign over the top, but with so much money going around, who can tell? As a major contributor to the Bush campaign, of course, I was invited to the post-election celebration. And to show my gratitude, I'm spending an extra twenty-thousand dollars for the Inaugural Ball. I'll be eagerly waiting for a Bush Administration to show its gratitude to me.

Speaking of gratitude, I want to thank the *Stony Brook Press* itself for publishing this report, as well as my earlier "Don't Rock the Yacht" article. Although our buyout talks have sometimes been difficult, I appreciate the fact that the *Press* has not let salary negotiations get in the way of good pro-Republican reporting. And thank Mammone they didn't endorse some flaky goofball fringe rumpus-suit candidate like Ralph Nader. If they had, I might have tried to buy the *Statesman* instead.

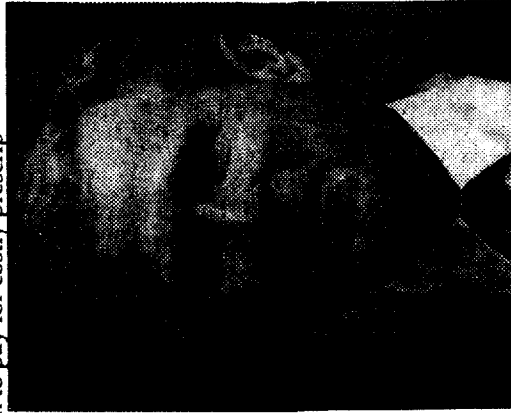
The election party itself was great fun, thanks to the high-grade cocaine and other mood-boosters supplied by the Colombian army. It sent a message of encouragement to President-elect Bush, thanking him for "continuing to help us spray poison chemicals on our great country" and for continuing drug prohibition, to keep "the price of cocaine high enough to pay for helicopter gunships, machine guns, and assorted peacemaking equipment."

There were plenty of semi-addictive

"legal" drugs available as well, supplied by drug companies such as Merck and Pfizer. These companies, who had donated tens of thousands of dollars to the Bush campaign, sent representatives to thank Bush for his plan to pay for costly prescription drugs with government money. "Rather than vigorously prosecute us for antitrust violations, the Bush campaign has promised to simply pay for our profits out of Medicare funds. So we've promised George Bush a lifetime supply of any drug he wants."

Later in the evening, defense contractors demonstrated the weapons Bush is sure to use against civilian populations everywhere from the Balkans to the Caspian Sea, and hopefully Asia, Africa, and South America. Raytheon (maker of the Tomahawk missile, used to great effect in Serbia) demonstrated its new SmalpoX-Infected Blanket missile with a symbolic demolition of a hospital. Military contractors all over the country are sending enthusiastic messages of support, such as this one from Lockheed Martin: "Yeah! Pow, crash, ka-BOOM!"

Nike sent professional athletes to perform an all-star game in an adjoining gymnasium, to kickoff its new "Gonna Make You Sweat" advertising campaign. Republicans cheered for the new slogan, "Sweatshop labor and professional sports: they work hard!" Nike CEO Phil Knight expressed his gratitude to George W. Bush both for his enthusiasm for the WTO and his plans



to enact the MAI treaty, which together not only prevent the government from making any laws against importing sweatshop-produced apparel, but would also force the government to pay Nike for lost sales if it tried to label where clothing was manufactured.

It wasn't all fun and games, though. In a back room, Bush staffers went carefully through FEC documents, looking for a new loophole in campaign finance laws after the promised soft-money ban is enacted. President-elect Bush already has his eye on the 2004 race against Hillary Clinton, and fundraising has to start early! Staffers have also been searching for some way to avoid having to pay the Green party's matching funds in the next election. Who needs *them* causing trouble, anyway?

In the end, Bush and Dick Cheney spent much of the night in an oil-filled hot tub, sponsored by Halliburton and other oil companies. Halliburton (a company with close connections to Dick Cheney) was grateful for Bush's promise to drill for oil in the Arctic National Wildlife Reserve, as well as promising to fight plenty of wars in Azerbaijan and around the world to ensure plenty of Halliburton contracts.

Of course, this wouldn't be a real news story unless we told you how the stock market would be affected by yesterday's election. HMO companies are expected to do very well, since Bush has promised never to institute any government-funded health care program. Agribusiness stocks should continue to rise, since a Bush Administration will enforce biological patents around the world and subsidize bio-engineering...

Hell, every stock in my portfolio will go up! I'm better off than I was eight minutes ago! I love this Administration! Vote Republican in 2004!

At Last, We'll Be Rid Of Those Pesky Mexicans

By Pat Buchanan,
Führer

Volume One - A Reckoning
Chapter XI: Nation and Race

...Any crossing of two beings not at exactly the same level produces a medium between the level of the two parents. This means: the offspring will probably stand higher than the racially lower parent, but not as high as the higher one. Consequently, it will later succumb in the struggle against the higher level. Such mating is contrary to the will of Nature for a higher breeding of all life. The precondition for this does not lie in associating superior and inferior, but in the total victory of the former. The stronger must dominate and not blend with the weaker, thus sacrificing his own greatness. Only the born weakening can view this as cruel, but he after all is only a weak and limited man; for if this law did not prevail, any conceivable higher development of organic living beings would be unthinkable. [Image]The consequence of this racial purity, universally valid in Nature, is not only the sharp outward delimitation of the various races, but their uniform character in themselves. The fox is always a fox, the goose a goose, the tiger a tiger, etc., and the difference can lie at most in the varying measure of force, strength, intelligence, dexterity, endurance,



etc., of the individual specimens. But you will never find a fox who in his inner attitude might, for example, show humanitarian tendencies toward geese, as similarly there is no cat with a friendly inclination toward mice. [Image]Therefore, here, too, the struggle among themselves arises less from inner aversion than from hunger and love. In both cases, Nature looks on calmly, with satisfaction, in fact. In the struggle for daily bread all those who are weak and sickly or less determined succumb, while the struggle of the males for the female grants the right or opportunity to propagate only to the healthiest. And struggle is always a means for improving a species' health and power of resistance and, therefore, a cause of its higher development.

If the process were different, all further and higher development would cease and the opposite would occur. For, since the inferior always predominates numerically over the best, if both had the same possibility of preserving life and propagating, the inferior would multiply so much more rapidly that in the end the best would inevitably be driven into the background, unless a correction of this state of affairs were undertaken. Nature does just this by subjecting the weaker part to such



severe living conditions that by them alone the number is limited, and by not permitting the remainder to increase promiscuously, but making a new and ruthless choice according to strength and health. [Image]No more than Nature desires the mating of weaker with stronger individuals, even less does she desire the blending of a higher with a lower race, since, if she did, her whole work of higher breeding, over perhaps hundreds of thousands of years, might be ruined with one blow. [Image]Historical experience offers countless proofs of this. It shows with terrifying clarity that in every mingling of Aryan blood with that of lower peoples the result was the end of the cultured people. North America, whose population consists in by far the largest part of Germanic elements who mixed but little with the lower colored peoples, shows a different humanity and culture from Central and South America, where the predominantly Latin immigrants often mixed with the aborigines on a large scale. By this one example, we can clearly and distinctly recognize the effect of racial mixture. The Germanic inhabitant of the American continent, who has remained racially pure and unmixed, rose to be master of the continent; he will remain the master as long as he does not fall a victim to defilement of the blood.

By Tim Connors

This is half of my first step for the Narcotics Anonymous program. I'm rushing it and it's not perfect, however the action of self-examination is what recovery from drug use is about. Some people say that your life depends upon it. You'll die anyway; it is my relative sanity that depends upon step work and the self-examination that is required. The following questions are from the step-working guide, and the answers are mine.

The Disease of Addiction:

What does the disease of addiction mean to me? A progression of drug and alcohol abuse that resulted in behavior that I had never expected to engage in, and sometimes didn't remember. Knowing that I am schizophrenic, still using drugs and alcohol that would make me paranoid, delusional, and hallucinate.

Has my disease been active recently?

In what way?

As of late I've been flirting with women excessively, ignoring my obligations to bill collectors, and isolating myself from other people. What is it like when I'm obsessed with something? Does my thinking follow a pattern? An event will serve as a stimulus to my thinking and I will have tightness in my stomach. I replay what happened in my head and think of what I could have done differently. Eventually I get distracted, until a person, place, or thing triggers my memory and then I remember the event and try to think of responses that will allow me to defend myself.

When a thought occurs to me, do I immediately act on it without considering the consequences? In what other ways do I behave compulsively? Sometimes I act without considering the consequences or how that will affect other people. Generally my compulsive behavior involves immediate gratification of short-term desires.

How does the self-centered part of my disease affect my life and the lives of those around me?

I'm not sure how being self-centered affects my life, and I can't tell how it affects those around me.

How has my disease affected me physically?

Mentally? Spiritually? Emotionally?

Physically, the disease has caused the amount of medication that I take to increase, and that has led to weight gain.

Mentally, my thinking was impulsive, or without careful consideration of the alternatives. I was paranoid, and occasionally delusional in thinking the world was against me. Thoughts would jumble in my head; a train of ideas that flowed and were not related or if they were, they did not accurately reflect reality.

Spiritually, I was without a belief in God or any power that was loving, or caring. My God was punishing or indifferent to my existence, leaving me to my own affairs and actions.

Emotionally, I lacked hope, and wished for death. I couldn't conceive of a life without alcohol or drugs.

What is the specific way in which my disease has been manifesting itself most recently?

Cigarettes, coffee, not taking my protocol medication as prescribed, taking less of the protocol medication and once taking extra anti-depressants. Doing things that aggravate my schizophrenia, or take me out of myself. Kissing Jennifer was a way to escape myself.

Have I been obsessed with a person, place or thing? If so, how has that gotten in the way of my relationships with others? How else have I been affected mentally, physically, spiritually, and emotionally by this obsession?

I have been obsessed with cigarettes. I can't stay in places for more than an hour without smoking. It has affected my relationship with others by causing me to chose to interact with others while I am smoking and be less inclined to do so when I am not. Mentally, it is the focus of my day, and I plan around it. Physically, I get anxious and irritable if I don't smoke, and am afraid of not smoking. Spiritually, I think that it interferes with my ability to be at peace with myself, and I don't think I can be so without it. Emotionally it changes the way I feel, calming me down from withdrawal and making my thoughts race.

Denial

Denial is the part of our disease that tells us we don't have a disease. When we are in denial, we are unable to see the reality of our addiction. We minimize its effect. We blame others, citing the too-high expectations of families, friends, and employers. We compare ourselves with other addicts whose addiction seems worse than our own. We may blame one particular drug. If we have been abstinent from drugs for some time, we might compare the current manifestation of our addiction with our drug use, rationalizing that nothing we do today could possibly be as bad as that was! One of the easiest ways to tell that we are in denial is when we find ourselves giving plausible but untrue reasons for our behavior.

Have I given Plausible but untrue reason for my behavior? What have they been?

I'm doing better and I don't need my anti psychotics, or I'm stressed and I need additional anti depressants. Mom wants to help me out so taking money from her is okay since she wants to give it to me. I'm getting better, so going back to school will be different this time. I won't fuck off and do nothing. It's okay to take the social security disability income and not work, even though I could work part time, or probably full time. I sleep too much to work full time, and I wouldn't be able to do the things I like.

Have I compulsively acted on an obsession, and then acted as if I had actually planned to act that way? When were those times?

Applying to school for a paralegal was a compulsive act based on an obsession. Getting the job at the dollar store that lasted a couple of hours. Applying for government assistance, and deciding to switch doctors were compulsive acts that were based on an obsession.

How have I blamed other people for my behavior?

I thought that Ed, my resident housing director, was forcing me to leave the position of resident assistant, when it was my drug use that had made my life unmanageable. I also was convinced that he had been giving me a harder time than the other staff members, because I had revealed that I have schizophrenia.

How have I compared my addiction with others addiction? Is my addiction bad enough if I don't compare it to anyone else's?

I feel less than the crack and heroine addicts, since I didn't do those drugs I compare my life situation to theirs and realize things could be worse for me. Seeing as how I become psychotic if I drink, or smoke pot, yes, my addiction

is bad enough for me and drains my willingness to live.

Am I comparing a current manifestation of my addiction to the way my life was before I got clean? Am I plagued by the idea that I should know better?

The most obvious current manifestation is the coffee, cigarettes, and lack of occupation or sloth. These are behaviors that I had during active addiction; the money I spend is out of control for me. I use the reasoning that I'm not using drugs as a justification for not doing anything to improve my financial situation. Except borrowing more money to live off by returning to school.

Have I been thinking that I have enough information about addiction and recovery to get my behavior under control before it gets out of hand?

I was not aware of thinking that but to an extent, I have been committing myself to responsibilities that I will have difficulty living up to.

Am I avoiding action because I'm afraid I will be ashamed when I face the results of my addiction? Am I avoiding action because I'm worried about what others will think?

Yes! This is fear real, and I will pray for faith in the process, myself, and for forgiveness and acceptance.

Our addiction finally brings us to a place where we can no longer deny the nature of our problem. All the lies, all the rationalizations, all the illusions fall away as we stand face to face with what our lives have become. We realize we've been living without hope. We find we've become friendless or so completely disconnected that our relationships are a sham, a parody of love and intimacy. Though it may seem that all is lost when we find ourselves in this state, the truth is that we must pass through this place before we can embark upon our journey of recovery.

What crisis brought me to recovery?

I was entering a psychotic break caused by drinking and pot smoking. Specifically I was having a delusion that other people could read my thoughts, and that the auditory hallucinations I was having were actually others thoughts.

I was beginning a run, smoking pot and drinking frequently. Spring is the time of year I do drugs the most heavily, or experiment with new ones. I had seen a flyer for narcotics anonymous in the bathroom of the student health center at Stony Brook. I held on to it for a few weeks. On February 5th I got high and drunk at Hillary's house. It was a long night, and I drove home drunk. The next day I called information for the NA hotline number, and found a meeting in Huntington. That Sunday, I saw the flyer and decided that I wanted to stop using, because I felt uncomfortable and nothing would occupy me. I felt a void in me.

What situation led me to formally work Step One?

I would have started at my brother's wedding, but my sponsor suggested I wait 90 days, at least to build a foundation in the program. My cousin's wedding was annoying and my family was abusive towards me with verbal jabs. I don't remember when I started, so I maybe in denial about why I started.

When did I first recognize my addiction as a problem? Did I try to correct it? If so how? If not, why not?

I realized I was an addict when I was doing cocaine in the winter of 98. I tried a geographic relocation and a job cessation, but neither worked. I returned to drinking and smoking pot. The drug use was off and on, but the variety expanded, and my functionality decreased significantly. I slept most of the day and drank in the evening, then smoked pot and went to sleep at about 2 to 4 am.

Powerlessness

As addicts, we react to the word powerless in a variety of ways. Some of us recognize that a more accurate description of our situation simply could not exist, and admit our powerlessness with a sense of relief. Others recoil at the word; connecting it with weakness or believing it to indicate some kind of character deficiency. Understanding powerlessness, and how admitting our own powerlessness is essential to our recovery, will help us get over any negative feelings we may have about the concept.

We are powerless when the driving force in our life is beyond our control. Our addiction certainly qualifies as such an uncontrollable, driving force. We cannot moderate or control our drug use or other compulsive behaviors, even when they are causing us to lose the things that matter most to us. We cannot stop, even when to continue will surely result in irreparable physical damage. We find ourselves doing things that we would never do if it weren't for our addiction; things that make us shudder with shame when we think of them. We may even decide that we don't want to use, that we aren't going to use, and realize we are simply unable to stop when the opportunity presents itself.

We may have tried to abstain from drug use or other compulsive behaviors, perhaps with some success for a period of time without a program, only to find that our untreated addiction eventually takes us right back to where we were before. In order to work the first step, we need to prove our own individual powerlessness to ourselves on a deep level.

Over what, exactly, am I powerless?

People's reaction to me, be that employers, friends, acquaintances, or family. I can't control whether I get a job or not, and if my social security will be renewed. Drug dreams, desires to use drugs, thoughts of using drugs, and the stigma about mental illness.

I've done things while acting out on my addiction that I would never do when focusing on my recovery. What were they?

Buying a new car, selling cigarettes, associating with people I used to get high with from *The Press* and on campus. Telling Jen that she only calls me when she needs a ride, and that she needs to check her motives.

What things have I done to maintain my addiction that went completely against all my beliefs and values?

Taking money from my mom, and breaking the law selling cigarettes. Interacting with people who were verbally abusive. Missing college classes and borrowing from the government to support myself, while having no interest in college.

How does my personality change when I'm acting out on my addiction? (For example: Do I become arrogant? Self-centered? Mean tempered? Passive to the point where I can't pro-

tect myself? Manipulative? Whiny?)

I become passive aggressive, manipulative, self centered, and grandiose. I was passive aggressive with Chloe to get sex, and vindictive, and mean with Jennifer when she wouldn't put out.

Do I manipulate other people to maintain my addiction? How?

Visiting and calling mom when she has money for me. I love her, but I take advantage of her concern for me. Flattering a girl so that she would be physical with me, when I don't have strong feelings for her, but I am starting to. I don't know how to love myself, so loving another person is difficult.

Have I tried to quit using and found that I couldn't? Have I quit using on my own and found that my life was so painful without drugs that my abstinence didn't last very long?

What were these times like?

Yes, I have tried to quit using and found that I couldn't do it without peer support. I had an empty feeling, and would get incredibly anxious and crave a drink and to socialize. These times lasted shorter and shorter amounts of time as my addiction progressed.

How has my addiction caused me to hurt myself or others?

Mentally I have all sorts of phobias related to my drug use. Girlfriends who cared about me were forced to leave me because my life was so chaotic and unproductive. I would go out and not call. That applies to family as well. The friends I had only liked me because I could do something for them, or I had something that they wanted.

Unmanageability

The first step asks us to admit two things: one that we are powerless over our addiction; and two, that our lives have become unmanageable. Actually, we would be hard pressed to admit one and not the other. Our unmanageability is the outward evidence of our powerlessness. There are two general types of unmanageability; outward unmanageability, the kind that can be seen by others, and inner, or personal, unmanageability.

Outward unmanageability is often identified by such things as arrests, job losses, and family problems. Some of our members have been incarcerated. Some have never been able to sustain any kind of relationship for more than a few months. Some of us have been cut off from our families, asked never again to contact them.

Inner or personal unmanageability is often identified by unhealthy or untrue belief systems about ourselves, the world we live in, and the people in our lives. We may believe we're worthless. We may believe that the world revolves around us, not just that it should, but that it does. We may believe that it isn't really our job to take care of ourselves; someone else should do that. We may believe that the responsibilities the average person takes on, as a matter of course, are just too large a burden for us to bear. We may over, or under, react to event in our lives. Emotional volatility is often one of the most obvious ways in which we can identify personal unmanageability.

What does unmanageability mean to me?

Unmanageability means not being able to fulfill my commitments, and repeating the same mistakes over and over again. Such as reducing my medication on my own, and

enrolling in school and not doing the work. My inability to stick with a job beyond two weeks.

Have I ever been arrested or had legal trouble as a result of my addiction?

I got thrown off the Delaware River for drunken canoeing.

Have I ever done anything I could have been arrested for if only I was caught? What have those things been?

I don't think it would be wise to print an answer beyond yes.

What trouble have I had at work or school because of my addiction?

In ability to hold a job, psychotic breaks induced by pot and cocaine use, caused absenteeism, as well as, the eventual resignation from those positions to avoid being fired. School was delayed for years because of the use of drugs and alcohol.

What trouble have I had with my family as a result of my addiction?

My family has not told me that they have problems with me, but I suspect that they have lost a lot of respect for me.

What trouble have I had with my friends as a result of my addiction?

I didn't have any friends as a result of my addiction; I would lose contact before any kind of bonding could occur.

Do I insist on having my own way?

Yes I do. I can be flexible but I prefer to have my way, and will passively resist until I get it.

What effect has my insistence had on my relationships?

Some have ended, others have become distorted with the other person feeling uncomfortable about asking for what they want, and telling me what's going on for them.

Do I accept responsibility for my life and my actions?

No, I avoid responsibility, and will do so through inaction and sloth, so that I don't show up for my life and the events in it.

Am I able to carry out my daily responsibilities without becoming overwhelmed?

No, my daily responsibilities overwhelm me and I avoid them by inaction, and procrastination. I sleep too much and have not sought medical attention to help me deal with that problem.

How has this affected my life?

My place is a mess, I have lost relationships, disappointed my family by not showing up when expected, and ordinary tasks such as cooking, cleaning, and working go undone.

Do I fall apart the minute things don't go according to plan?

Yes, I lack resolve in the face of adversity, and will just lie in bed to avoid having to deal with a situation that I view as negative.

How has this affected my life?

My life lacks direction, and I think that I have not accomplished even a small amount of my potential. I don't know myself. What my feelings are, or what is causing them.

FEATURES

Top Five New Nicknames For America (Bush Version)

5. The Republic of Rape
and Honey
4. Rich Straight White
Guyville
3. Ameribca
2. The only nation where
a 16 year old girl can't be
trusted to have control
over her body but can be
trusted to raise an infant
1. The Fourth Reich

Top Five New Nicknames For America (Gore Version)

5. Sad Mr.Nader Land
4. Straight White Rich
Guyville
3. Los Estados Unidos
Lobster Chicos de
America
2. France
1. The U. S. (no longer
fun for any of us since
this Republicrat took
power) of fucking A.

Hey You!
Yeah You!
Lazy McLay-About!

Has anyone ever accused you of:

Throwing your life away on the demon-weed?

Wasting your time and money on trip toys from Spencers Gifts?

Foolishly pouring all your energy into building
ridiculously complex Bongs that are so labor
intensive that they force you to miss your mid-terms in the
crazed pursuit of Pot-Paraphenalia-Perfection!?!
OR

Have you ever turned your roommates treasured Voltron toy
into a five part combinable gravity bong!

If so have we got a treat for you!

Send us a picture of your most outrageous bong
along with a way to contact you.

The creator of the most ingenious bong
will win a nifty goodie bag
full of nifty goodies—in a bag!

contents may or may not include:

Snacks, a hamster, chicken pot pie,
condoms, all the change from our couch, more snacks,
Ralph Nader, Randy's wired hemp rolling papers,
mix CD of quality tunes, floatation devices,
green-tube garcia vegas, a pirated copy of Adobe Photoshop 5.5
and MORE!

Send Photos to
Bong Contest c/o The Stony
Brook Press
rm. 060&061

Student Union SUNY Stony
Brook
Stony Brook NY 11794-3200

or email it to us digital
style!

stonypress@hotmail.com

or

sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

"Einstein's Bread Knife" continued from page 9

like."

LAPD officers were issued instructions that puppets were to be considered as possible "Trojan horses" for those who sought to introduce violence into the proceedings. This, of course, gave them an excuse to hassle demonstrators, infiltrate meetings, etc. If all these tactics sound hauntingly similar, it's because they are all overseen by some national agency (like the FBI) with only the facade of local police authority.

Police instigated violence at several of the LA demonstrations, most notably at the Rage Against the Machine/Ozomatli concert. There was a protracted struggle to get a permit for the concert in the first place and then, on the pretext of some few individuals climbing fences and throwing bottles, it was revoked. It seems that the police can declare any assembly illegal on the spur of the moment and that's just what they did, ordering a crowd of 15,000 to disperse in twenty minutes through very small openings in the armed perimeter they'd set up around the area. Then they charged the crowd, attacking with batons, rubber bullets and pepper spray.

A further tactic has been one New Yorkers are all too familiar with: people were arrested and held for hours without being charged. Some were even given beatings by police without being charged with the customary "assaulting an officer" or "resisting arrest." The rationale for this is simply that, as you've probably already figured out, many of the actions of law enforcement are constitutionally questionable, to say the least, and would never stand up in court. And bringing actual charges would leave a paper trail, making it easier for the protestors to bring suits against the police. The Giuliani Administration has this down to a science.

By the way, if you wish to contribute to the legal efforts surrounding these protests, you can make one to:

Philadelphia Direct Action Group (PDAG)
PO Box 40683
Philadelphia, PA 19107
www.thepartysover.org

On the international front, similar protests and repression have haunted meetings of international bigwigs in Windsor, Canada; Prague, the Czech Republic; and Melbourne, Australia.

Many of the Melbourne protestors hung around to raise some hell at the Sydney Olympics, and part of what you didn't see in NBC's lame coverage was the high level of militarization to prevent any unplanned disruption. Australia doesn't have even the veneer of a law forbidding

its military to be deployed domestically (several years ago, the Aussie government tried to break a dock workers' strike by using special forces troops as scabs) and the US Navy did its imperial bit by floating just offshore, torpedoes at the ready, no doubt.

As icing on the cake, Ralph Nader was threatened with arrest for trespassing when he showed up at the first presidential debates in Boston as a spectator, with a ticket someone had given him. This, after the Commission on Presidential Debates did everything in its power to keep him and Pat Buchanan from being included. We don't want any dissident voices mucking up the media spectacle provided by Dull and Dumb, do we? Nader unfortunately did not do the media-savvy thing, which would have been to get arrested and challenge these highly undemocratic tactics.

Some were even given beatings by police without being charged with the customary "assaulting an officer" or "resisting arrest."

A little earlier in the year, ninety-year-old Dolores "Granny D" Haddock, who walked across the country for campaign finance reform, and several cohorts were arrested for demonstrating in the Capitol Rotunda. They were reading the Constitution aloud at the time. When they bust someone's grandmother for proclaiming the principles the country is supposed to stand for in the halls of Congress, you know the worm has turned, and not for the better.

Put it all together and whaddaya got? Well, the phenomenal growth of the movement has inspired the System and its caretakers to remove the gloves. They will, make no mistake, resort to any dirty tricks they can to keep things moving their way. They won't hesitate to shatter the illusion of freedom, democracy and rule of law that most of us live under most of the time. Look for renewed and strengthened harassment of

activists by the FBI and other shadowy outfits. Look for increased media demonization of all oppositional political activity. A little more distantly on the horizon, one might also see some foreign threat, inflated to justify internal repression here at home. A number of suitable gardens, the Middle East; Colombia; the Balkans; and Central Asia, are currently being cultivated.

On the positive side, the massive demos let those in power know that the people are pissed. When they have to get up at 4 a.m. to be sneakily shuttled to their meeting and have the catering all screwed up, you'd better believe they realize it.

Television networks multiply every letter of complaint they get by 1,000 to gauge public sentiment and when they realize that every protestor goes home and tells people what went on, they know the cat is long out of the bag.

And when they remove the gloves, they also can't help but remove the mask. Any one who looks can see exactly what kind of country and world we are living in and how much worse it could become if people don't act.

Every October 22, there are marches and rallies all across the country to protest police brutality. This year, the organizations that planned the event in New York, the October 22 Coalition and the Revolutionary Communist Party, had been subject to police surveillance since July, attempts at infiltration by undercover police, intimidation tactics by same and, recently a pre-emptive harassment raid. Police kicked down the door to the Bronx apartment where the meeting was taking place for pretexts as yet undisclosed ("Pretexts?--We don't need no stinkin' pretexts.") and arrested all concerned. Several of the activists were subjected to strip searches and other humiliations.

It seems that this is now a permanent part of demonstrating in Amerika. Writer Naomi Klein tells of first-time activists in Washington armed with goggles and bandanas soaked in vinegar, "not that they were planning to attack a Starbucks, just that they thought that getting gassed is what happens when you express your political views" (quoted from the Counterpunch newsletter, an excellent resource, of June 1-15, 2000).

I'm heading off to the School of the Americas protests in Fort Benning, Georgia next month. Usually, interactions between protestors, police and base personnel are quite cordial. Will this year be different?



www.11ewebcity.com/tfbenson



HIL'S

DR. DOG

Its Like A Pornographic Episode Of Full House

So congrats to all you brave souls out there who chose to vote for Nader in this past election! Aside from my own political ideology, it's wonderful to see so many people straying from the norm and going out on a whim.

What society thinks is right isn't always right for everybody. I think everyone is aware of this, but it takes those with strength and security to take a stand, even if it does mean that Joe Schmoe across the street won't approve of what you're doing. Which brings me to my point: do what *you* want to do.

Of course, since this is the column that it is, you know where I am headed: be free in bed, be the leader, act out your fantasies, yadda, yadda, yadda. More importantly though, make sure you're not ashamed of what you are doing and/or want to do, unless it involves small children, the dead, etc. There are too many people out there in this world, myself included, that have let their inhibitions limit them in terms of their sexuality.

Now, this could mean different things to different people (corny cliché plus added immature sex joke combined: "different strokes for different folks"). Some people might simply desire to be more dominant/submissive in bed. On the other hand, some

may want to have a foursome involving double anal fisting. The choice is yours, people. The only one holding you back is yourself; you can find three fist-ready people if you really want to!

Am I suggesting that everyone go do something radically sexually different than they're used to? YES! Exactly! Take it as far as you want to go. I am aware that everyone has limitations, and I know some of you out there will never partake in a (*gasp*) homosexual experience, but I'm not asking everyone to do something they're not comfortable with.

What I am saying to you is this: work up the courage to do the one teensy, weensy evil thing that has been lurking in the back of your brain. You know you want to, so just do it! Go have that (safe) one night stand! Keep the lights on this time! Get into that committed relationship you've been denying yourself! Take a chance! You'll never know if you don't take that risk.

And when you do, write in to Dr. Dog. I bet there are lots of readers out there who want to hear someone actually recount their novel experience. Feel free to share anything remotely sexual with me! Take a risk and expose yourself to the rest of the campus. No one will know it's you, I promise.

We want dirt, damn it! Ladies and gentleman, throw us some of your sexiest stories and we promise we'll enjoy them, at least down here at *The Press*.

In the meantime, I'll be on my own journey toward finding my own ways to fuck society.

Tell Dr. Dog at stonypress@hotmail.com (they won't know it's you!)

**THE SPOT: 2nd floor fannie brice thtr
over 21**

only open wed. to sat.

6pm until 2am

must have valid

SB ID to enter

if you're not a SB student
you must be w/ a SB student
can't park anywhere near it
you will be hassled by cops

no smoking

all these and many
more inane regulations
imposed by the man
ruining an otherwise
spectacular music/arts venue

fight the man
come anyway
cabaret/wrldmusic/jazz/poetry/art/beer

THE ARCADE: IN THE STUDENT UNION BASEMENT

**Damneth! She is one
flyhot maiden-fare!
I'd love to kick game to
her: Voltaire-style!**



WORD!

GAMES POOL LOUNGE VIDEOS AND MAIDENS-FARE

Depression - Yay!

By Jacklyn Yeh

I'm walking through the Union one evening, and I spot these obscenely bright fliers sitting in a pile by the information booth. I take a gander and realize with interest that it is about depression. The University Counseling Center Division of Campus Life is stamped on each of them.

One side of the neon orange flier is titled, "What Depression Is." The first bulleted "fact" is, "It is a condition in the same way that diabetes and heart disease are medical conditions." On the other side, it indicates the things "depression is NOT". And I quote, "It is not a 'mood' someone can 'snap out of.'" (Would you ask someone to snap out of diabetes?)

I scoffed and laughed at this. Perhaps I took it the wrong way. If they're trying to say that depression is some sort of biological thing gone whack, that's a load of shit. It's sort of like saying alcoholism is a disease. Would you call a heroin addiction a disease?

Let me try to see if I can explain things. Keep in mind, I am no way in hell a medical guru or anyone in anyway qualified to give advice on how depression is to be viewed. I'm just a strange, strange young adult, living out her last teenage year, trying desperately to discover that perhaps the world isn't full of as much bullshit as it seems to be. The other side of the orange flier is titled, "What Depression is NOT." It reassures the reader that "It is not something to be ashamed of... a character flaw or a sign of a weak personality." It is also "not the same thing as feeling 'blue or down.'" Here's what I believe.

Depression is not some biological fluke. It is not caused by something that isn't sitting right in your brain. It has exterior causes. It affects those who think too hard, who consider things too much, who actually take the time to pay attention to the discrepancies existing everyday in front of their miserable faces; discrepancies between what they learn, and what they see around them. Call it hypocrisy if you will.

Right around, or a bit before puberty hits, parents wonder, "What happened to our sweet, innocent happy child?" Reality happened, duh. They feel like they've been betrayed; nothing is like what it's supposed to be. Girls lose their voice as they realize it's the men who have power; boys gain their hyper-masculinized voice.

Those who don't fit in wonder why they don't. Answers don't come easy. They learn it is best to be themselves, except when it is convenient to live up to an image to look good. In short, they learn to bullshit, at the same time they're supposed to be finding out what kind of people they are. That leads to many extremely confused, bitter young adults.

If this keeps up, this results in fucked-up grown-ups who deny everything in their pursuit to get ahead and be somebody. All this happens at the sake of neglecting themselves, maybe even their true feelings. I mean, just take a look at your parents, or any other adults in your life. Guess what? You're going to end up just like them. Yummy, no?

That's enough to make anybody depressed.

All right, so you have all these external factors affecting their sanity at a time when they're trying to figure themselves out. Things don't add up, and they just can't let themselves ignore it all. So what do they do? Hell if I know. That's why I have crying fits staring at a bloody fly on the wall,

and imagine soaring through the air when I see tall buildings and bridges.

Now, on the neon blue flier, one side is titled, "Symptoms of Depression." Besides the utter lack of uniform grammar, who hasn't experienced, "Feelings: sadness, emptiness, hopelessness, pessimism, guilt, helplessness, worthlessness"? Who hasn't been "unable to make decisions or concentrate"? Who hasn't "lost interest in fun things, seem 'slowed down'"? And of course, "thinking or talking about death or suicide"? Considering there are more educated people out there, I'm willing to believe there are many people out there who just might fit the bill for being depressed.

However, some do deal with it okay. You've seen them. They brush off misfortunes like crumbs of an ample chest. They kind of make you want to bash their smiles in, and yet they are mercilessly alluring. How the fuck do they stay so well-adjusted? Of course my favorite answer is that it's all an act, and in private, away from public scrutiny, they're just as fucked up as anybody else.

Or maybe they're so stupid they're in bliss.

However, I'd really like to think they're genuinely, truly enjoy being alive. Gives me a sort of hope or something. Then again I enjoy the reassurance in seeing

somebody who absolutely refuses to smile, and you know they mean it. 'Cuz there are some people out there who just wallow in the misery, and you know they're trying too hard. Why the hell would someone want to be some depressed freak?

So, "What to do when someone you love is depressed"? The other side of the sheet suggests, "Educate yourself." I take it as, don't be an ass and just smile all the damn time hoping it'd rub off on them. "Put yourself in their shoes." Try to understand them, and listen, goddammit. The last thing someone depressed needs is more bullshit in the disguised form of "a concerned friend." "Take care of yourself. It is okay to feel upset, angry, and frustrated," the sheet reassures the reader. That's the most retarded suggestion I've heard in a while. The rest is a bunch of crock as well, not to mention totally obvious. Remember guys, "Be there for them. Let them know that you care. Offer hope in what ever form they will accept it. Love them unconditionally. Talk about it."

Talking about it can do harm if you are not receptive to the person's feelings. It is not advisable to point out their worse faults; chances are, they're fully aware of them, whether they are in denial or not. It is not advisable to vent your frustration and anger at them. It will lead to suicidal tendencies, as they realize they really are a pain in the butt to the world. They feel like shit already. Leave them alone.

On the other side of the coin, it is certainly not encouraged to be overly enthusiastic about pointing out all their great qualities either. They've already decided that they're worthless and pathetic, and will smell through bullshit like a bug senses pheromones a mile away. It always good to be

able to read the person's temperament, or at least know the person who's depressed to a considerable degree. You're less likely to bullshit out of your desperate ass that way.

Oh, and by all means, do not tell them to smile. Fucking shit, I don't know about anyone else, but that is the one thing that pisses me off about anyone who tries to help. "Life isn't so bad. Smile!" My shoulders, fists, and jaws tense up and I just want to scream holy hell. Don't be obvious about trying to make them laugh, either. They can see the triumph in your eyes, and will brood even more about not even being able to stay depressed, let alone stay happy.

So, okay, the swifter of you guys probably realize all this crap must apply to me. Well, you're right. Don't fucking tell me to smile. If I totally lose it, that will be the first thing I go berserk at. I'm only over-generalizing and assuming that it might perhaps apply to others too. Shit me, whatever, I'm filling a page here, aren't I?

Now that I think of it, how can someone

Oh, and by all means, do not tell them to smile. Fucking shit, I don't know about anyone else, but that is the one thing that pisses me off about anyone who tries to help. "Life isn't so bad. Smile!" My shoulders, fists, and jaws tense up and I just want to scream holy hell.

really help someone who's hell bent on being miserable? Isn't it something the depressed are responsible for? Ultimately, you, and only you, must resolve to improve your outlook. How can you depend on someone else to do it for you? Maybe some people like the pity and attention.

And of course, "Encourage them to seek treatment, with appropriate treatment they can feel better." Yeah, okay. Maybe. I've only tried that out once, was a stubborn bastard, and found that I'm now worse off than I was before. You can go take a shot at it if you want. According to the orange flier, "One in five people will suffer depression in their lifetime." If you do, let me know how it went. I figure, I got myself into this mental mess; it's up to me to drag myself out. I'm way too stubborn for all that shrink shit, anyway.

Especially since I thoroughly believe that depression is caused by the mind affecting the body. Anything that seems biological about depression comes because after the mind has fucked up the body, the body suffers, like in any other disease. You eat badly, fuck your body up by clogging up your pores, damn straight your body's going to suffer. In the case of heart disease, it's 'cuz you eat badly. In the case of depression, it's 'cuz you deal with the bullshit around you badly. Then again, there are arguments that some people are genetically prone to heart disease and depression.

Bah, perhaps this is where my argument falls apart. Is it fair to blame the sufferer? When blame is due, yes. "One in five people will suffer depression in their lifetime." Again, I'm not an expert. I'm just a sufferer; and I got a feeling the figures are a lot higher than we can see.

FEATURES

WORD UP. SO THIS YEAR, THANKS TO THE WONDERFUL STAFF AT WUSB 90.1 FM, I RECEIVED A PASS TO THE ANNUAL CMJ MUSIC MARATHON. FROM THURSDAY OCTOBER 19TH THROUGH SUNDAY OCTOBER 22ND, I WAS IN LIVE MUSIC HEAVEN, WITH A SCHEDULE TO GUIDE ME THROUGH FOUR DAYS OF PERFORMANCES, PANELS AND MORE. FOR MORE BACKGROUND INFORMATION ON THE FEST, VISIT WWW.CMJ.COM.

Day 1: Thursday afternoon I took it upon myself to tell my boss that I would be out Friday for a family emergency, thus promising myself a good nights sleep before Friday's events began.

I immediately after work, I headed over to the Hilton on 6th Avenue and 53rd Street to get my fucking badge. Along with my badge, I was presented with a nicely knitted goody bag that contained everything from free CDs, to a Max Weinberg 7 button; there were no earplugs, though. My goal for the night was to see some old friends who call themselves Glassjaw perform at the WWF New York restaurant. However, the time now was 6 PM and the Jaw would not be hitting the stage until well after 11 PM! What to do? Naturally, I chose to wander around Times Square and enjoy all the sights my tax dollars helped pay for. After a few minutes, I strolled by the MTV studio that overlooks Times Square. You know the deal. Surely you've all put on MTV and seen some cats dancing, as well as a view of tons of people watching from outside. Did you ever wonder why the people were standing outside starring so intently? Well, one young lady who was dancing with the rest of the crew was wearing a tight-fitting white dress that just barely covered her ass. In fact, any time she gyrated, her underwear (see-through) was visible to EVERYONE who decided to look up. The evening was off to a nice start.

As I joined the crowd, who hooted in approval and salivated for more (of course I took no part in these heinous and evil festivities), it occurred to me that I was really hungry (for food as well) and could do some record shopping to kill time. So I ventured to the West Village. While eating, I looked over my guide and decided to hit up a show at the Acme Underground, which was only a few blocks away, rather than go back uptown. The need for sleep just prevailed here.

I arrived at Acme around 8:30 as Align took the stage. Not being familiar with this band, I totally dug their energetic live show and sound, which was like a combination of Samiam and Snapcase. As I scanned the crowd, I also noticed that the place was dominated by Long Island Hardcore Scenesters (both current and retired), due to the multiple LI bands who would be performing later.

Radio 4 were up next, a band formed from the ashes of the LI legends Garden Variety. While GV was firmly rooted in capturing your most vulnerable emotions, Radio 4 clearly idolize Wire and the Jam. Their sound, complete with MOD outfitting, was enjoyable, but not what I was expecting at all.

Now I decided I was fucking exhausted and sleep would be cool. I chose to skip out on Errortype:11 and Blue Tip to get my ass to bed. On my way out, I schmoozed with some LI folks I hadn't seen in years, such as former Milhouse and Indecision frontman Artie Phillie. That fucker just gets crazier (and drunker) with age.

Day 2: Fresh from my day off, I arrived in the city around 4 PM to catch Cave In at the Luna Lounge. I rolled into the Lounge just as Cave In was set-

ting up, which couldn't have been timed any more perfectly. The band played mostly material from their latest full length, *Jupiter*, leaving the crowd very happy. Their modern take on '70s rock was quite enjoyable, and included a cover of Led Zeppelin's "Dazed and Confused." Following Cave In, I was left with three hours to kill, so roaming the Village was again my task.

I made my way over to Wetlands Preserve at about 7:45PM where I ran into WUSB's own D-Kline. We rapped for a few minutes, when the Blood Brothers promptly took the stage at 8PM. The boys from Seattle played a chaotic set of songs heavily influenced by the more artsy San Diego Hardcore bands. Drive like Jehu, Angel Hair and the Swing Kids all came to mind as I watched the Brothers tear shit up. The dueling vocalists were sharp as a knife and the guitar player managed to use my chest as a springboard. Good shit.

The headlining act at Wetlands that night was the (International) Noise Conspiracy.

In a questionable move, I chose to give up my spot in the front at Wetlands to catch DC's Burning Airlines.

I

her band proceeded to play some horrible, horrible, HORRIBLE reggae. The shit was so bad, that I gave up my position in front of the stage to go check out the band downstairs, knowing I'd have to claw my way shortly for the Manual.

Once downstairs I encountered perhaps the most intense live act I'd seen all weekend, a band of young Canadian emo-heads called Moneen. Cats were just crazy loud, and were all over the place. The guitarist even jumped off the bass drum mid-song and never missed a note. Their music was a very aggressive mixture of pop-punk and modern emo. Definitely a band to watch out for.

Back upstairs to catch The Damage Manual, and I wasn't let down at all. Able to make my way up front, after some pushing and shoving, I was on my way to personal bliss (and the three Long Island Iced Teas I'd had definitely helped). The band played every track from their new disc, as well as some tracks from their debut EP as well. These guys were the only band I saw all weekend to return for an encore (which I was aware of immediately, since I had full view of their setlist). While they didn't have the aggression of a band like Moneen, they didn't need to. The Damage Manual are all seasoned veterans, and their confident performance showed this. I can't recommend this band enough.

Seasoned rock veterans always bring seasoned backstage hoes with them, and the Manual was no exception. One of the highlights of the set was standing in the front at the opposite end of the stage. A beautiful blonde about 6 feet tall with model looks caught my eye in this sea of piercings and Ministry shirts. Before their encore, she whispered sweet somethings into Geordie Walker's ear (guitar), and suddenly it was all clear.

Mind you Walker looks to be in his '40s and she looked about 20.

Rock n' roll...

Day 4: Got to the city early as this is "College Day," when most of the panels and special events would be taking place. This marked my return to the Hilton, mainly to see the 4PM showing of Radiohead performing songs from their latest record, on video. Hang in there.

Not much excitement. The Radiohead showing was very entertaining, as most of America will not get to see them live for a while (though bootleg traders are probably just as privileged as me). They played tracks from the Kid A disc, which were just as stunning live as on record. I also hit up the "loudrock" panel for about 15 minutes, which was highlighted by a bunch of fat asses talking about Hardcore and Metal. I left quickly and quietly.

Before leaving the joint, I went over to the College Day Center and raided EVERY free CD and magazine I could get my hands on, proving my Jewish stereotypes true.

Milemarker was the only other act I cared to see, so I headed back to Acme Underground to catch a 7PM performance. Upon arrival, I was horrified to find a band of 30 year-old '80s outcasts, complete with mullets, playing songs that sounded like Dire Straits covers. These jackoffs played for another 20 minutes while a group of teenage girls cheered them on in the front. It was no shock to find out these were their girlfriends. After Eddie Money & company finished up, I watched as Milemarker set up, or so I thought. I quickly learned that Milemarker had canceled, and were being replaced by labelmates Engine Down. While not thrilled with this change in schedule, Engine Down's performance came across as both intimate and sincere. They were definitely a great way to top off a weekend that



arrived
at the NYU Student

Center anxious to see J. Robins (ex-Jawbox) latest musical endeavor. After taking a little bit longer than forever to set up, citing J's dissatisfaction with his guitar sound, Burning Airlines launched into their set. About this time I began to kick myself in the ass for leaving Wetlands, which would no doubt be packed to capacity by now. The Burning ones were boring as shit, with Robins obsessively concerned with his guitar and not his bands performance. I was so let down, that I chose to leave mid-set and try to catch sludge gods High On Fire at the Continental.

As I approached the venue, which mind you is as big as the serving area of Bleacher Club, I could see a line of filthy metalheads that ran around the block. When the behemoth at the door told me that I had to wait in line, whether I was paying or had a CMJ badge (did I mention the badge got me into all these shows for free?), I studied my surroundings for a few minutes. After thirty seconds I decided to cut my loses and head out of Manhattan for the evening.

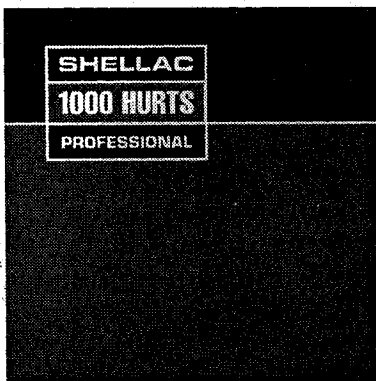
IT'S HALF TIME.

Day 3: Looking over the schedule, I saw this would be the least active of my days. I was only interested in checking out The Damage Manual at Wetlands. Those guys had been burning up my headphones for weeks, and I was eager to catch this show.

I arrived at Wetlands around 10 PM, as Ari, formerly of the Slits, took the stage. She and

CRAIG SCHLANGER'S BIG MOUTH

Shellac: 1000 Hurts (Touch & Go)



Steve Albini is a fucking genius. I can't think of anyone else (besides Morrissey) whom I have never met, yet find totally intriguing. The man is a legend in both the

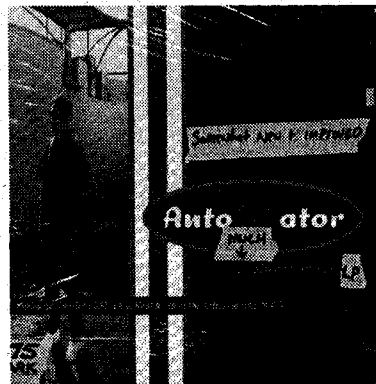
underground and mainstream rock worlds whether you know it or not. He's been in three incredible bands (Big Black, Rapeman and Shellac) and produced bands that range from the Dazzling Killmen, the Jesus Lizard and Neurosis to Nirvana, Bush and the Plant/Page reunion. He's been one of the music industries most outspoken and valid critics throughout the 1990's, always staying one step ahead of modern music culture with his insight and big mouth. However, as much as I'd love to write Mr. Albini's biography (suckas gotta know...), this is a review of the new Shellac record, not a tribute.

1000 Hurts is the first new release in three years from the trio of Albini, Bob Weston and Todd Trainer. It's also perhaps the most hard-hitting and powerful record to emerge from the indie rock scene in 2000. The band has honed their skills over the 5 plus years of their existence to where they are constantly enhancing the others performance. Albini's unique guitar fuzz and throaty voice are as unique as the first time I heard Big Black's Songs About Fucking disc. Weston's bass, always a staple in Shellac song-writing, ties the songs together with a sound that is all his own. Throw Trainer's percussion into the mix and it's a 10 song ride through angst, anger and the minds of Shellac.

Kicking off with "Prayer to God," a twisted lament sang from the mouth of one man to his ex lover and her new lover. Albini wishes death on both parties with the sing-a-long chorus, "Kill her, fucking kill him, do it already kill them." The track is as good an example of Shellac brilliance as any. But with nine tracks to go we move right into the hysterical "Squirrel Song." Mr. Albini starts the song in his best country/blues voice announcing, "This is a sad fucking song. We'll be lucky if I don't break out cryin." I know I definitely broke out in hysterics the first time I heard this.

The remaining tracks are all winners, making this the best Shellac release to date. From mostly instrumental tunes like "Mama Gina" to the seething closer "Watch Song," 1000 Hurts is pure rock bliss. Shellac is one of the heaviest bands on the planet, while never trying to be one of the loudest. These three men have put their talents to use to bowl over their listeners for the third time, with surely much more madness to come.

Automator: A Much Better Tomorrow (75 Ark Entertainment)



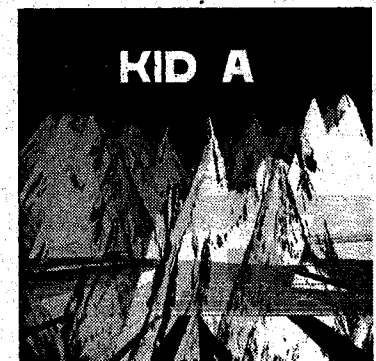
From the man who brought you the beats on Dr. Octagon, Handsome Boy Modeling School and Deltron 3030 comes an updated version of his 1996 EP A Better Tomorrow. Most of these jams were recorded back in 1995-1996 when Automator was still working closely with Kool Keith (that's right Brian... more Keith!). For the purpose of this disc Keith assumes the persona of Sinister 6000. His presence is felt on six of the eleven tracks here. The rest are made up of three instrumentals and two tracks with unknown mic fiends Poet and Neph the Madman.

Taking his past into consideration, Automator really doesn't have to prove anything to you. His track record speaks volumes about his ability to build some of the more inventive beats around. Also as noted, his legendary work with Kool Keith pops up all over this baby, which should mean that you're at the store coping this disc by now. But if you're not sold...

A Much Better Tomorrow delivers on all levels. Keith's tales of cats that are "down with Skelatore" are always worth the price of admission. An early instrumental version of a tune that later wound up on the Handsome Boy Modeling School disc ("the Truth") is a pleasant surprise. Plus, Poet and Neph's contributions are nothing to sneer at, as both offer tight flow and lyrics to go. Really, Automator never crafts a track that doesn't appeal to these ears. And Keith!!!

Following their Anti-Pop Consortium and Deltron 3030 releases, 75 Ark Entertainment has proven that they have their fingers on the pulse of underground hip-hop. So if you're still reading this bitch and aren't on your way to the record store already, you're a fucking imbecile who deserves to be tied down to a chair and forced to endlessly endure the new JA Rule disc.

Best lyric (non-Kool Keith): "Sorry that your style is mad shitty like a diaper." —Poet on 'Buck Buck'



Radiohead: Kid A (Capitol Records)

British rockers Radiohead emerged in 1993 with their debut Pablo Honey. The record spawned the self loathing

anthem "Creep," and was

immediately

given the infamous MTV Buzz Clip seal of approval. The band enjoyed the Buzz success and arguably has not had a single as successful on American radio. Most critics expected the Buzz status to wear off in the same way it did for bands like Teenage Fanclub, Ned's Atomic Dustbin and the Spin Doctors, who made an initial splash and fizzled into obscurity.

In the year 2000, Radiohead have not only outlived their Buzz Bin suitemates, they've become an anomaly in the music world. Through the last half of the 1990's their sound has consistently evolved, and while their airplay has only decreased, their fan base has grown exponentially. Few other bands (Pearl Jam is a short-term example) have been able to shun the world of radio and video, yet debut at number 1. Kid A's success has music executives scratching their heads in disbelief as to how the band pulled it off. When all I said and done, it's always been the music that has done the talking.

Kid A is no exception. A thorough listen should leave most doubters capable of admitting the band deserves everything they've earned. The album is sincere, passionate and chilling. Having never been a follower, my first impression of Kid A was overwhelmingly positive. I was immediately taken back by the band's rich song writing, questioning my decision to overlook older material.

Track 1, "Everything in its Right Place" instantly kicks the album into first gear. Thom York's layered vocals add beautiful depth to the extravagant backdrop. The title track and "Idioteque" both put forth gorgeous drum n' bass backdrops that build the foundation for Kid A's sense of achievement and timelessness. "The National Anthem" opens with rumbling bass and traditional samples, building to a John Zorn-esque finale complete with jazzy horns and noisy background. "How to Disappear Completely" shows that Radiohead may have evolved, but still maintain that sense of melancholic self-loathing that initially garnered notoriety.

This may be toughest review I've ever written. This record is one of the best of the year, but doing it justice via the written word has proven to be quite a task. I recommend this disc to anyone regardless of musical preference. Everyone should find something to smile about with Kid A. With another new album on the way early next year, Radiohead is showing no signs of letting up. Twenty years from now this band will have left quite a legacy in their wake.



"Every so often, when I'm all alone, I hear the screams of the children. My God, they were unarmed! "

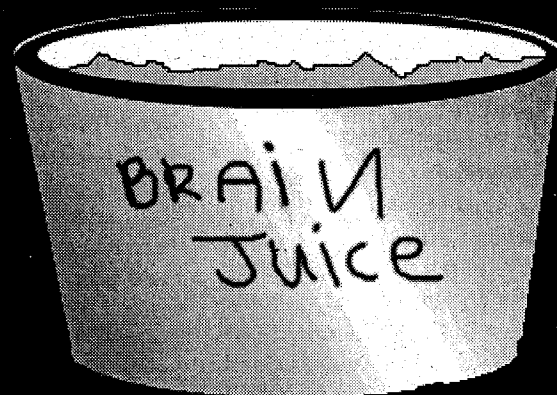
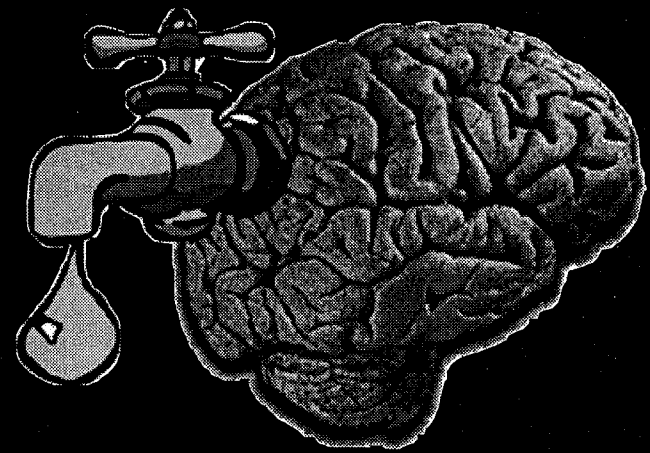


"None of you understands me. Gag and choke on my artistic capacity!"



"Where are my sausages? Have any of you seen my sausages? GodDAMNit, I know what's going on here. Your transparent conspiracy to abscond with my sausages will not go unpunished."

DO YOU RESEMBLE THESE EXPRESSIVE PEOPLE? DOES YOUR BRAIN BURN WITH THE HELLISH JUICES OF CREATIVITY? WELL WE AT *THE PRESS* ARE EAGER TO TAP THOSE JUICES. SUBMIT TO OUR LITERARY SUPPLEMENT AND STOP SHOUTING AT RANDOM STRANGERS



Submit your drawings, poetry, prose, and all your naughty pictures!

Send copies of your work to:

Lit Sup c/o SB Press RM 060 Student Union
SUNY Stony Brook, Stony Brook NY
11794