

THE STONY
BROOK

PRESS

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"The University's Evilest Paper"

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Are Fraternities Cults?

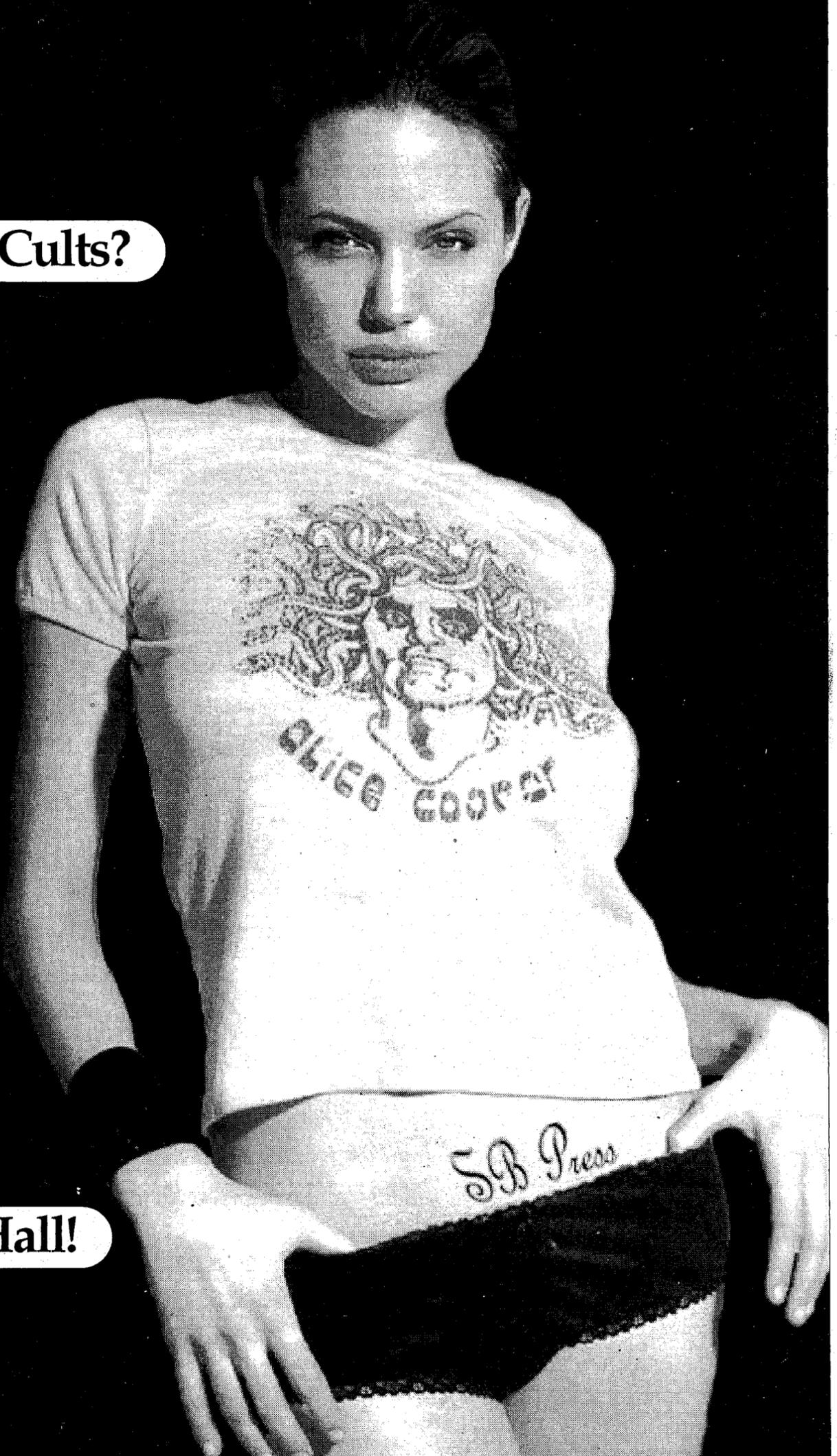
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Save The Pool Hall!

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Anthrax, The Gov't Secret Weapons Program and Right Wing Extremism.

By Walter Moss

A prominent scientist in charge of the Chemical and Biological Weapons program at the Federation of American Scientists says the FBI knows the identity of the anthrax terrorist, but is dragging its feet. Barbara Hatch Rosenberg, in a speech made before a crowd on February 18 at the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton University, made this horrifying revelation. For those who are unfamiliar with the Federation of American Scientists, it is a prestigious privately funded foundation. It was created in the 1950's by Nobel Laureates retired from the Manhattan project, with the intention of analyzing and abating the threats from weapons of mass destruction. I guess it was their way of apologizing to the world for unleashing the bomb.

The specific claim made by Rosenberg was that the FBI has known since October who the perpetrator was, but has failed to act. She believes this failure to act is due to the alleged terrorist's position at a Government weapons program that is supposed to be a secret. Development of chemical and biological weapons was supposed to have ceased in America decades ago. So by sitting on this knowledge the government hopes to keep its secrets secret. According to Rosenberg her sources for this information are government "insiders," modern day deep-throats. According to these sources the FBI has interviewed the suspect on three occasions.

The anthrax mailer is likely to be a scientist who formerly worked at the US government's main biological warfare laboratory at Fort Detrick, Maryland. It has been found that the anthrax sent to Senate majority leader Tom Daschle and Senator Patrick Leahy, is the so called "weapons grade" anthrax, which requires detailed technical knowledge. Applications of specific chemical reagents are needed to ensure delivery of the anthrax spores and to prevent clumping. Only someone with training could have pulled off these attacks. This adds merit to the claim that the suspect was an employee at the Fort Detrick weapons program.

Another fact that supports the idea of a Fort Detrick anthrax connection was the recent firing of Egyptian-American scientist, Ayaad Assaad. Assaad was let go from Fort Detrick in September (after 9-11), because of an anonymous letter claiming he was a

bio-terrorist. A subsequent investigation found the claim to be utterly spurious. The fact that suspicion was being cast on an Arab-American, by a person that had familiarity with Fort Detrick staff, is telling. This information, coupled with the obvious attempt of the anthrax attacker to implicate Muslims, indicates a concerted effort to cloak the true reason behind their terrorism. The timing of these attacks was perfect for the blame to be placed on Muslims.

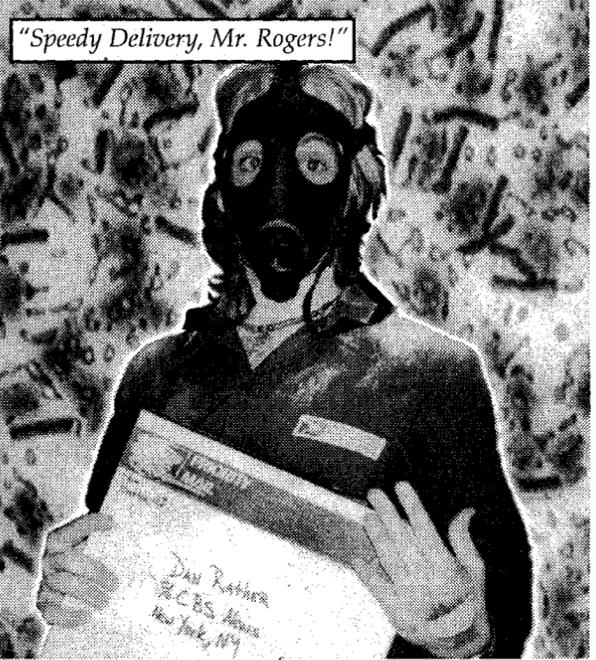
What really was the cause for the anthrax attacks? It was my opinion in October that they were the work of right-wing extremists. With the new information about Fort Detrick, I am even more convinced that this is the case. These attacks were launched at two prominent politicians and various members of the media. These targets represent, to the warped mind of a right-winger, a vast liberal conspiracy. Patrick Leahy was an especially ripe target because he sits on the Senate Judiciary Committee, which handles such hot topics as abortion and gun control. Would an Islamic fundamentalist really only target these "liberals," or rather would he focus on the war hawks in the conservative establishment?

It has been known for some time that extremists on the right, abortion terrorists, white supremacists and their ilk, have been interested in biological and chemical weapons. Two especially frightening cases are from two individuals involved in extreme-right politics. Larry Wayne Harris, a person with experience in microbiology and member of the Aryan Nation, was able to obtain samples of both anthrax and Yersinia pestis, the bacteria that causes bubonic plague, before coming to the attention of authorities.

Also a man named Alexander James was found to be selling pamphlets at gun shows entitled "Biology for Aryans." In this pamphlet he had detailed information on how to "cook up" homemade weapons of mass destruction.

It seems to make sense that little is being done in the Bush Government to investigate these leads. Firstly there is the embarrassing fact that the US is still involved in the development of chemical and biological weapons, while it claims that it is not. Secondly, much of Bush's support comes from members of the extreme right, such as the Christian Coalition and other fundamentalist groups. It is

telling to note that on the list of terrorist organizations put out by the state department, not one of the right-wing groups operating in the U.S. is on that list. The militia movement, the white supremacists and abortion terrorists, are not considered terrorists by this government, and this can be seen by its unwilling-



ness to investigate compelling leads. Considering that one of the most devastating attacks on American soil was perpetrated by domestic right-winger Timothy McVeigh, I don't think it's so far fetched to suspect that these fascists are involved in the Anthrax mailings.

If you are interested in pursuing the information I've written about, I recommend you check out two excellent articles by Patrick Martin, which were the primary sources for this piece. They are on the web at:

<http://www.wsws.org/articles/2001/nov2001/anthn28.shtml>

<http://www.wsws.org/articles/2002/feb2002/anthf25.shtml>

And I recommend going to the site for the Federation of American Scientists:

<http://www.fas.org/>

the spot

open thur-sat
6pm-mid
music+beer+cabaret

2nd floor
fannie brice thtr.

Binge Drinking, Paddling, and Strange Alphabets

By C.B. Woodstein

There exists in this country a plethora of groups that are extremely dangerous to their own members. What I am referring to is present on every college campus and you are guaranteed to run into several of their unfortunate brothers hourly. They have secret rituals and conduct violent and sometimes fatal initiations; these groups are called fraternities.

The University, finally (inadvertently?) did something right: they published a pamphlet entitled "Dangerous Cults on Campus," listing the various danger signs that cults exhibit. On February 7th, the fraternities of this college held an open house in the Union ballroom. Right outside, by a rare example of divine irony, was a carol displaying this pamphlet. *The Press* endeavored to determine whether fraternities rise to the level of a cult. Not surprisingly, a number of them do.

According to the Cult Information Centre (based in England, but we won't hold that against them), a cult "uses psychological coercion to recruit, indoctrinate and retain its members." This results in a loss of free will, a decrease in intellectual ability (frat boys: what is 6x7?), poor judgment, physical deterioration (beer bellies count), and malnutrition. They use "peer group pressure" to remove resistance to the cult's ideas by "exploiting the need to belong." A cult removes inhibitions, usually to complete the indoctrination process. If a cult leader can make a member behave in a certain way, he can make that member think a certain way. This metamorphosis is not as instantaneous as flipping a switch, however. The removal of inhibitions and the programming that follows is done so gradually that the initiate does not notice. Cults usually "establish control over the person's social environment, time and sources of social support (factnet.org)." And, in order to maintain the sense of propriety, the cult prohibits disconfirming information.

We must examine how a fraternity executes these tricks, and how fraternities are cults according to the university's own pamphlet. Fraternities promise instant love and acceptance provided that you can withstand their often-grueling initiations. There are many documented instances of "hazing," a procedure that every fraternity claims to have outlawed (and I'm the Queen of England), having replaced it with the gentler term "rushing." This is simply "a rose by any other name." This initiation period monopolizes the time and thoughts of the pledge, during which time the pledge is ordered to complete certain tasks, which usually involve large amounts of alcohol, as well as strange and physically exhausting menial tasks.

Tau Kappa Epsilon's web page states that "Toward other fraternities we believe we should...studiously avoiding their evils." By claiming that the other fraternities have "evils," TKE is setting up a mental trap: if you are not a member of our organization, then you yourself must be evil. This causes an insecure pledge tremendous grief, as the pledge wishes to be redeemed but worries for his future should he choose the wrong fraternity. This places the fraternity in the role of redeeming father figure, and casts the pledge as a permanent subordinate. It goes on to state "we deem sterling character and staunch uprightness to be necessary qualifications to membership in this fraternity." What the page omits, however, is that the definitions of "sterling character and staunch uprightness" are left to the hierarch, allowing a form of blackmail in that if the member does or says something even remotely out of line, his mem-

bership can come into question on grounds of an incident of an improper character and personal weakness. This is a perfect example of what the pamphlet on cults calls "control of your environment."

When members of the various fraternities were interviewed, they gave vague answers and appeared to be expertly coached. It was obvious that any deviation from the party line or script would be an incident of improper character and therefore grounds for punishment. Secrets must be kept or a price must be paid. This notion has been taken so far that various law enforcement agencies have suspected fraternities of actually killing former members for revealing fraternity secrets. One fraternity's page also states "we believe in secretism [sic] in so far as it enables a fraternity to protect the confidence of the brotherhood." Aside from revealing that hazing and illegal activities are undertaken, what other secrets could the fraternity need to hide? How much Joe Schmoie needs to drink to pass out? The latest Gay/Black or Latino/Asian bashing joke? What prank is going to be carried out

this weekend? Who is going to provide the exam answers or write the term papers for the fraternity? Keep in mind that the average frat boy drank gallons of paste, stuck crayons in both ears, and touched the hot stove 5-6 times, all after the age of 12 (and I needn't mention the Tappa Kegga Day jokes). A frighteningly large number of websites that used to reveal the secrets and rituals of some fraternities have been shut down due to litigation. If a fraternity were only what it claims to be then what would make them so worried that lawsuits would seem necessary?

Part of the lure of fraternities is their claim that "we are just like you." I can hear all of the frat boys reading this (the dozen frat boys on campus who can read), saying that the best reason to join a fraternity is the diversity of its members. How much diversity is there in an all Black/Jewish/Asian/Christian/Latino fraternity? How much diversity can there be when numerous studies have shown that the remaining fraternities tend to be mostly composed of men who are white, protestant, and middle- to upper-class. Several of the fraternity websites stated that a belief in "the Creator" is necessary (and by their wording, they mean a single, male deity). This is very problematic for atheists, polytheists, Pagans, agnostics, and non-Judeo-Christian-Muslim worshippers. And a fraternity can be commandeered to proselytize under the guise of pledging.

Fraternities also have very grandiose claims about the group's purpose, achievements, and a simple philosophy that will solve all of the world's problems or instantly render the member a better person. A certain fraternity's Creed states that their goals are "...to believe in the constant search for truth, and through it, to seek the goal of wisdom. To believe in the life based on integrity, justice, sincerity, patience, moderation [when is 16 beers moderation?], culture

[WASP culture], and challenge in order to serve as a responsible, mature [a mature frat boy?] member of society. To believe in the cardinal principles of Love, Charity, and Esteem and to use them to guide my life." This seems utopian, but if you take into account the common thoughts on fraternities, the truth becomes as clear. The dogma that these fraternities preach is immutable and constant, as is evident in the fact that the TKE site proudly proclaims that their Declaration of Principles "has never once been modified since its original drafting in 1907." It is, apparently, a violation of the "sterling character" concept, set up in the same document, to



change or question their dogma.

Brotherhood, some fraternities say, allows the member certain privileges. At the same time, these groups pride themselves on their exclusivity. These are both "warning signs" according to the pamphlet. "It is the exclusive aspect of people that impresses the brothers of this organization-no less than 100% of effort is expected, and neither is less than a 100% of success appreciated [sic]," claims the Phi Chi Epsilon website. But since it is impossible for a person to have "100% of success," it becomes far too easy to claim that the member or pledge has violated the character rules. Hand-in-hand with this exclusivity and privileges comes "guilt imposed and use of threats...if rules are not followed." Several Greeks, who asked to remain anonymous, recalled incidents of fines, loss of privileges, members being ostracized and threats of expulsion for even the most minor of infractions, especially faults in "character."

In conclusion, fraternities are predatory organizations. They prey on "recruits who consider themselves in need of friends and potential dating partners, or who find themselves under stress in a new environment" (stophazing.org). There are incidents of fraternities committing felonies in order to maintain their status and secrecy. Earlier this year, a member of the Alfred University chapter of Zeta Beta Tau was found dead in a creek near the ZBT house, an apparent homicide. The victim had earlier reported his fraternity for inappropriate behavior. Couple this with the constant reports of hazing, paddling, binge drinking, serious (and sometime permanent) injuries, illegal activities, accusations of rape and violence, and mindless allegiance to the hierarch and his principles, and one can very easily see the truth: a fraternity is nothing more than a violent, malevolent and dangerous cult.

Editorial: *The Press Speaks on Greeks*

Anticipating the volume of complaints that we'll probably receive for the Frat/ Cult article on pg. 3 of this issue, we felt it prudent to clarify The Press' stance on Greekdom.

First of all, academic organizations, honor societies and any other groups who are identified by a series of Greek characters should not necessarily feel implicated in the offenses of less reputable frats. Groups whose goals are focused on things other than those mentioned, like playing chess, are not the intended targets of our criticism of fraternities in general.

Some sororities are cultish too. It stands to reason that some aren't. A lot of the membership/ organizational techniques of sororities directly parallel those of fraternities. However, there is far less documentation on the super-negative aspects of sororities. For example, there are probably no reported cases of members of a sorority date-raping anyone.

Even the worst frats occasionally are responsible for something worthwhile. There is great potential for an organized group of people to contribute to the forces of good. But helping old

ladies across the street does not justify or excuse the countless abuses perpetrated by these groups.

Are you upset that the words "frat," "Greek" and "sorority" are being dragged through the mud? Good. This should make you mad, especially if you are, or are considering becoming a member of one of these organizations. Is your organization different— one of the good ones? Well then you should be right here with us denouncing the actions talked about in the article. You should be helping to change very foundations of the Greek system which have been allowing the offenses of these groups to repeat themselves generation after generation.

We are sick and tired of attempts to dispel the "misconceptions of fraternities and sororities." Rape is not a misconception; neither is facilitating it or covering it up. Oh, and let's not forget encouraging it. That is certainly not a misconception.

If the illegal/violent/cultish activities were eliminated—not just continued in a more secretive manner— eventually the bad reputation of Greek organizations would be eliminated too.

Editorial: Sodomy By Police is Back in Vouge

Lady Justice, her eyes bound shut by a tight blindfold to ensure non-biased decisions. In her left hand the scales of justice, accurate and fair. In her right hand the sharp sword used to deal out punishment to those who have tipped her scales in guilt. By all counts, an image of undeniable equality and fairness.

Times have changed, and on February 28th, 2002, so did that image of Lady Justice. The new Lady Justice, courtesy of the Second U.S. Court of Appeals, still wears her blindfold but holes shaped like New York City Police Department badges have been cut in it. Gone are her scales, replaced by a broken broom handle soiled with human blood and feces. Her left hand is now empty, leaving it free to wipe away the harsh punishments that her antiquated sword of judgment may once have dealt upon those she couldn't see.

This new Lady Justice has just overturned the convictions of Thomas Wiese, Thomas Bruder and Charles Schwarz, three of the four NYPD Officers found guilty in the infamous bathroom sodomization of Haitian Abner Louima that occurred on August 9th, 1997. Of the four convictions from March of 2000, only Justin Volpe's 30-year sentence remains in effect. What this all comes to spell out is that in the eyes of the law, Justin Volpe is the only one responsible for holding Louima down on a precinct bathroom floor, rifling through his intestines with a broken broom handle, and then single handedly trying to keep it all quiet.

Well, maybe it's not that bad. There is a chance that Volpe won't be all alone for the rest of his sentence. The overturning of Schwarz's 15-year sentence for a "violation of civil rights" conviction still means he'll have to face a re-trial, but in the mean time, he may be able to get out of the federal prison he's been in for the past five years on bail. The overturning of Bruder's and Wiese's convictions leaves them free as they were on August 8th of 1997, and seeing as how they have been out on bail bond this whole time awaiting the appeal of their five year sentences for conspiracy, free as they ever were.

We stand corrected, it's worse than 'that bad,' it's outright terrible.

If you think this sounds like a load of crap, you aren't alone. Al Sharpton has already taken up the cause and has spoken with NYPD Commissioner Raymond Kelly in an attempt to try and ensure that there is no chance of these men being re-instated into the NYPD. The Haitian community plans to voice their rightful outrage with this decision by packing as many as they can into the federal courtroom on March 7th to oppose the granting of bail to Schwarz. As these groups try to restore Lady Justice to her former impartial glory, their efforts don't go undisputed. It seems that Lady Justice's new look does have some supporters, including former Staten Island borough president Guy Molinari, who, as according to The Daily News, is willing to put up his home to help the former police officer make bail if it is indeed granted.

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The Stony Brook Press
Suites 060 & 061
Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(631) 632-6451 Voice
(631) 632-4137 Fax
e-mail: stonypress@hotmail.com
www.sbpress.org

Letter: Championing the Charade of Justice.

To Whom it may concern;

I have written to ask you about your "Sir Rudy" editorial in the February 20, 2002 issue of the "Stony Brook Press". I have several questions;

#1-Since you used "I" in several places in the editorial, why did you not sign your editorial. Your mast head lists no editorial board, nor editorial editor. So who is the "I" in the editorial, and why was his or her identity left out?

#2 The Gestapo tactics of the street crimes unit? Are you kidding? The SCU saved countless lives in New York City, any comparison to the Gestapo is not only unfair, but unjust. The SCU helped rid the streets of New York of guns, and the thugs who use them. Do you prefer the thugs? Do you prefer the New York City of Mayor Dinkins (you would be alone in your preference)?

#3 "How about Diallo? Remember that little side-effect of Giuliani's

Dear Karen,

#1 Actually our masthead lists an "E-board." we figured that anyone hanging around a college campus would be sharp enough to decipher that the "E" stands for editorial. You do make a good point however and we will be a little more careful with the voice used in our editorials.

#2 Despite your claim that the "...SCU helped rid the streets of New York of guns, and the thugs who use them," the NYPD still roams free. Your blase overlooking of this can only mean one of two things. Either you're wealthy and white, or you don't live in NYC and are really wealthy and white. You are ignoring the militaristic and lawless treatment of the homeless, blacks, hispanics, and other minorities by the street crimes unit under their institutional practice of racist racial profiling. According to the Daily News, 80% of people of color have experienced a 'stop-n-frisk' without being arrested during the Giuliani administration. Apparently they resembled "the thugs?"

Why is it that any time Giuliani is criticized, someone leaps to his defense by comparing him to another bad mayor? When people are defending President Bush, they don't say "Would you prefer Reagan?" Dinkins sucked too. He just sucked differently. We at The

rule?" What about Diallo? The police involved all were acquitted by a jury. Does the "Press" have information that the jury did not have while it considered its verdict? Are the editorial writers of the "Press" also opposed to jury trials?

#4 "England obviously has no standard left". This coming from an editorial board that permits the words "fucking" in its editorials.

#5 Is the "Press" in favor of public urination, and other disgusting acts, that QOL policing sought to sweep from the streets of New York City?

#6 The Queen mum. Is the "Press" not aware that this term refers to the Queen's mother, and not the Queen? Those pesky "standards" again.

Respectfully;

Karen Cole

Press do however prefer good, honest porn and the occasional mugging, to Carson Daly and sick fucking Cops with itchy trigger fingers and a penchant for plunger-rape.

#3 Go fuck yourself

#4 What are you, Ms. Cole? The fucking 'fuck' police? We have standards. We permit the word "fucking" in our editorials. Right along with any other word that someone chooses to use. Apparently, you aren't one of the people who still feels that free speech is important.

#5 As a matter of fact, The Press is in favor of public urination. Mankind's freedom to relieve ourselves wherever we please is what separates us from the animals. Seriously though, the only people who urinate publicly are those people who don't have access to bathrooms, like the homeless. Maybe they wouldn't have to resort to "disgusting acts" if the city's efforts were put toward building more public bathrooms instead of hassling the poor.

#6 You're correct, the Queen Mum is actually the mother of the Queen. Unfortunately, countless generations of inbreeding amongst The Press' editors has resulted in an erosion of our proof-reading abilities. We also have awful teeth and hemophilia.

-Editor

Letter: When You Have Four Names, You Tell People How It Is

Yo editor (and cronies),

It was with strong mixed feeling that I found in yesterday's mail issues 4, 5+6=11, 7 and 8. While it's nice to know that the Press is still occasionally in print, it's a little disappointing to be receiving material, dated October, in March. I suppose I could keep more current in Press appreciation by turning to the web page, if (setting the "recent" unfulfilled promise of the new teal page aside) said page was updated by anyone other than slavering script kiddies scrawling shoutouts to their 1337 pals.

I'll admit I haven't read the paper avidly since the brilliant Chris Sorochin faded from your pages, but I do give it a furious skimming when it occasionally swings my way. Aside from well buried nuggets of comedy gold (the number one LOTR porno adaptation was solid), I find reading the paper frustrating. The rare stories that really grip me usually inspire a desire to write a letter to the editor...but then I realize that, and here's the kicker, any ensuing discussion probably died down four months before I saw word one.

So here's some general advice that applies no matter how many issues behind I may be. Unsigned editorials are no good, especially as they

Dearest MVXW,

Hmm... late mailings are a problem we are working on (*ahem* Assoc. Ed.). Our website currently exists on paper and we promise haven't emptied, to have something relevant on there before 2003.

Chris Sorochin has valiantly returned to our pages and in all likelihood, his brilliance will generate a renewed avidness in your reading.

Unsigned, first-person editorials are no good, see above.

"wildly varying font size to stretch skimpy content..." - Glass houses,

Mr. Skip-every-other-line-in-my-list-of-shitty-looking-things, glass houses.

As a special service for our Albany Bureau Chief Emeritus we

degenerate into venomous ranting. If you're gonna print it, put a name to it. Some things that look like shit include (but are not limited to):

wildly varying font size to stretch skimpy content into full size pages,

excessive use (as in, more than one in a row) of capital letters to suggest that man, do you really mean it,

and that design element on the cover with the circle on top of the parallel lines.

Anyway, now that I've dumped all that on you, I kinda feel like an ass, and I want to thank you for the complement you paid me by including my material multiple times in your rehash filler section. That was nice.

Looking forward to reading your response sometime this summer, I remain,
- Matt VX Willemain

have changed the above-mentioned offensive design element. Far be it for us to allow shallow aesthetics to compromise your appreciation of our humble rag.

Now perhaps you'd consider aiming your typewriter's onslaught in the other direction and write us an article. You may also feel welcome to fatten our burgeoning comics section. Thirdly, we have a Literary Supplement rearing its ugly, alliterative head in the next few weeks. SO WRITE SOMETHING DAMMIT.

Love and kisses,

-Editor

W.E.F. = Wicked Evil Fuckers

By Tyler Schauer

WEF = Wicked Evil Fuckers (Except Bono of Course)

This passing weekend I was fortunate enough to be in New York City for a mass mobilization against corporate globalization represented by the World Economic Forum (WEF) meetings at the Waldorf-Astoria in Manhattan. This was the first time I participated in a large-scale action and I honestly did not know the police have a frightening tendency to be outwardly violent and abusive at these anti-globalization gatherings. Unfortunately American mainstream media fails to report the un-slanted truth, being that they get money from selling adds to colossal corporations. These are the same corporations that the anti-globalization movement is fighting and I wonder if the coverage is slightly slanted towards the interests of big business. ABC's Nightline program was supposed to do a special presentation on the protests but cancelled it because the protests were exceptionally peaceful. According to FAIR (Fairness and Accuracy In Reporting) "Surveys of working journalists have found that they experience pressure from powerful interests, outside and inside the news business, to push some stories and ignore others, and to shape or slant news content. The sources of pressure include the government, which enlists the media to support its actions and policies; corporate advertisers who may demand favorable treatment for their industries and products; and media owners themselves, who can use their outlets to support their increasingly various business and political interests." I was speaking with my friend the other day, who is fortunate enough to have satellite television, and can receive news broadcasts from all over the world. He told me that the WEF protests in NYC were all over the news of other countries yet there was little to no (accurate) coverage in American mainstream media.

Well this is the part where I get to tell my story. I have no reason to lie, and I have no reason to morph what I saw or to leave out key items to conform to my own political gains. I will, however, offer a different perspective, a view that you cannot find in mainstream media: the protest out of the eyes of a protester. This weekend I saw how free the American people really are in this illusion of civil liberties and rights. I saw police and the government violate the most basic rights that this country is founded on using blatant force and fear tactics. It was disturbing. All of the rights that I have been brainwashed to believe in that made this country "great" and "free" were shattered.

On Saturday, February 2, was the

"Another World is Possible" march. It was complete with all the required permits to make it legal. There were a few incidences of police attacking marchers towards the rear of the parade with pepper spray and clubs. One of my close friends got hit with pepper spray, and his face was irritated for the rest of the day. About 15,000 people showed up to the march, contrary to the 1000 reported by FOX News. There were also wide assortments of socially enlightened people. From the young to the old, people of different colors, and people of different languages and ethnicities, they were all people who came together as one to unite and dissent against corporate globalization. At the end of the day, arrests tallied to about 40.

At the spokes council meeting (a meeting for all the participants to plan the days events) on Saturday night the Anti-Capitalist Convergence (ACC) made plans to take a "brisk stroll through the city" the next morning. It was an exercise of both their freedoms of speech and peaceful assembly, rights that every American citizen has, or so I have been duped into believing since I was but a wee lad. The small band of about 100- 150 people started walking, around the corner waiting for them were about 20-30 police vans, four police busses, a dozen or two police cars, and another dozen unmarked police cars. The police let them walk on the sidewalk for a little bit then eventually split their group into two by taking advantage of the fact that the group was obeying traffic laws. The police surrounded them and started arresting people. Apparently it was an arrestable offence to be walking on a sidewalk with a group of people that day in NYC, that's disorderly conduct. Whatever happened to freedom to assemble? The Mayor of NYC even stopped by to witness some of the police brutality and blatant disregard for rights. Three of my friends were in the group that was being arrested. I was able to sit down with them last night to talk with them.

The police issued no warnings to the sidewalk walkers prior to their arrests, however they did surround them like a militarily trained pack of wolves before they pounced. One of the first people that the police arrested was one actually of my friends. She was in no way resisting arrest or doing anything that would warrant the use of inexcusable force. They grabbed her by her

hair and dragged her to the ground. She was cuffed (in plastic cuffs) while on the ground and they were pulled up. Her hair was over her face preventing her from seeing, she asked an officer to push the hair out of her face, the officer responded with a swift slap to the face and a fist full of hair. She had the bruises on her to prove it.



This is what happens when Dunkin Doughnuts opens late.

A few protesters were pepper sprayed after they had been restrained in handcuffs. One woman even had her glasses removed by the police, was pepper sprayed, then had the glasses kindly replaced. Another was pepper sprayed then had his hat pulled down over his eyes and was left lying on the floor of the police bus. Many of the plastic handcuffs were placed on so tightly, and often backwards (which can cause immense amounts of pain), that they cut off circulation to the hands. All this because they were walking on the sidewalk, it seems a little extreme to me.

When walkers were divided, one group of people managed to not get harassed. After the separation they went into the street and were dancing. They would have been blocking traffic if the police had not already closed down the road. I was on the side of the road watching the protesters dance with crowds of people watching from the corners upfront of a vicious looking line of police. The police rushed the dancers, hit many of them with billy clubs, pushed many of them to the ground, and threw many of them against cars. One man's fingers got broken, another was knocked unconscious. I saw the man who was knocked unconscious get picked up and moved then dropped on his head, where the police went through his pockets and then put him on a bus.

When the sidewalk marchers were on the bus all water was taken away from them. Many of them suffered from heat exhaustion, one of them was on the verge of fainting while on the bus. The male arresting officers sexually harassed many of the women that were arrested. A lot of you are probably like "whatever, there just protesters I'm sure they deserved it." Did they really though? Most of them were arrested for "disorderly conduct", one of those all inclusive bullshit laws that can be used whenever they need an excuse to detain you. In all reality they were arrested for walking on the sidewalk. They were also chanting at times, but I recall hearing a rumor somewhere that you are supposed to have some sort of freedom of speech.

You have all of these rights to challenge the government, which were installed as safe-



Just another day in the life of a rebel.

guards to prevent our "leaders" from defying the people's will and exploiting them. However these rights are quickly revoked when you are not a lone lunatic screaming on a sidewalk. The minute that you exercise your democratic freedom and responsibility to assemble peacefully in a group of people it is immediately taken away because they deem you as dangerous. One of the problems is that the people don't decide when they are dangerous. The tallies of broken property and actual laws broken consist of 2 broken windows and some spray paint (which happened at a later march). Where are your freedoms? Benjamin Franklin once said that those who "give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety." Sure these charges will not hold up in a court of law but the police successfully stopped the democratic process and the right to dissent. Some may feel that after the events of September 11th that the police are justified in restricting the fundamental rights that is supposed to make our country free. Yet police have been doing this before September 11th. In Seattle in 1999 the government took away all basic rights and mass arrested people charging them all with minor crimes like disorderly conduct then detaining them for longer than most other criminals. We've already lost the right to privacy after the enactment of homeland security and the introduction of the patriot bill. We haven't had the right of freedom of speech or peaceful assembly for quite some time. Where is this county going? Are we really free in this "democratic" state? Just don't forget that the US is good and that all others, including dissenters that still have the courage and bravery to challenge the government, are evil and that they must be exterminated.

I can guarantee that you did not hear anything about the overbearing police and their

abuse of power from the mainstream media. Just as you probably did not hear anything about the protester that got shot in the head and run over twice by a police truck in Genoa, Italy at the G8 protests last year, even though there

as well be living under Stalin or Hitler; they didn't let people have freedom or rights. What is the point of having rights if they are not respected? You may as well tear up the bill of rights, you know what... just tear up the whole constitution. I hope that we aren't close to that state yet, but if we continue on our current path it will not be far away. American media always seems to leave out the other side of the story, they prefer to glorify the police and the government officials by commending them on how well they handled those dirty punk activists who truly hold democratic values close to their hearts.

This weekend was not a failure, not in the US and not around the entire world. The activists successfully pushed back the "government is always right mentality" that was instilled in non-immigrant and non-Islamic peoples of the US after September 11th. The government knows that people are not afraid to challenge them when they are wrong. The Anti- Globalization movement is far from over, but this was an important stepping-stone on the path to real freedom and equality. In Munich Germany this past weekend there was a NATO meeting about the current "War on Terrorism," protesting was outlawed for the weekend. Over 10,000 Germans still showed up to express their democratic responsibility to dissent. The past weekend the World

Social Forum, a counter summit to the WEE, was held in Brazil, over 70,000 people showed up from around the world to attend. In Brazil, the police were on the activists' side, a rare but soothing event. Around the world people met this weekend in attempt to make things better (Minus the WEF). Perhaps another world is possible, because another world is needed.

This just in, the last person arrested at the protests was just released on Saturday, February 16th.



was video of the entire event. The corporate controlled media in the US has kept you blind. There were astonishing accords of one reporter from the NY Post who infiltrated the ACC march. "He told me I couldn't walk down to Nassau Street - a blatant lie. I identified myself as a reporter and showed my NYPD-issued credentials. 'Get out of here!' he said, using his gorilla-sized hand to give me a slight shove. Shaken by the violation of my rights, I still smiled." Wrote a Post reporter. This guy might

-NOTICE FROM POLITY-

Petition Period for Polity Candidates and Referendum Groups.

From 8:30am Monday March 11th

to 4:30pm Friday March 15th

Positions Available:

President

Junior Representative

Vice-President

Sophomore Representative

Treasurer

S A S U Representative

Secretary

USSA Representative

Senior Representative

Stony Brook Council

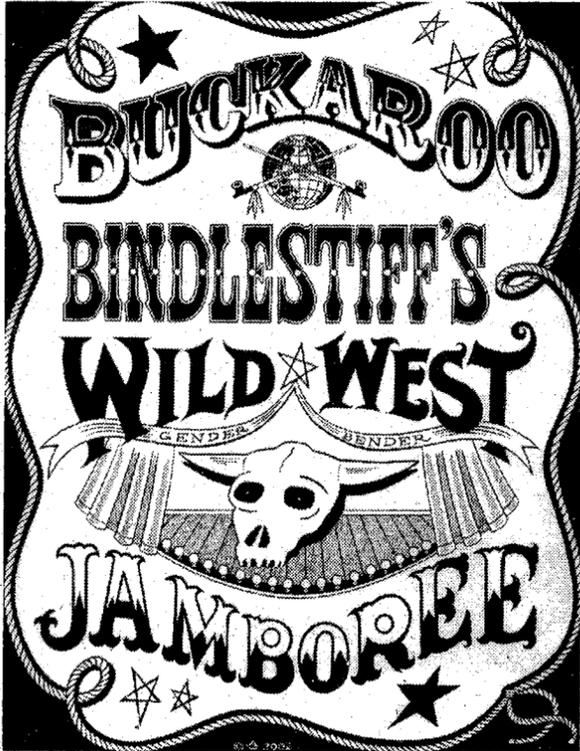
Student Assembly

If you would like to run for a position or need more information, call 632-6460 or stop by the Student Polity Suite 202 in the Student Activities Center.

Buckaroo Bindlestiff's Wild West Gender Bender Jamboree

By Derrick Prince

Buckaroo Bindlestiff's Wild West Gender Bender Jamboree. The name alone promises a great time. How could one go wrong with something that conjures up images of transvestites on a kick line wearing chaps and cowboy hats, swinging lassos and firing pistols in the name of westward expansion?



Drawing from the lost art forms of the circus, side show, burlesque, vaudeville, and wild west shows, The Bindlestiff Family Variety Arts, Inc.'s "2002 Winter Cirkus Cabaret" is a unique journey into the past that is truly something to behold in all of its freakish splendor. Buckaroo Bindlestiff has compiled an impressive cast of misfits with talents hailing from the 1800's, people with penchants for types of performance art so far removed from today's entertainment norms that we've never even been given the chance to forget they existed. Hoedowns, gymnastic-like-aerial-dances, clowns, lassos, whips, juggling, boleros, songs, dances, shoot outs, western musical numbers and even some accordion music, things that

for the most part, we've only seen black and white snippets of on the History Channel.

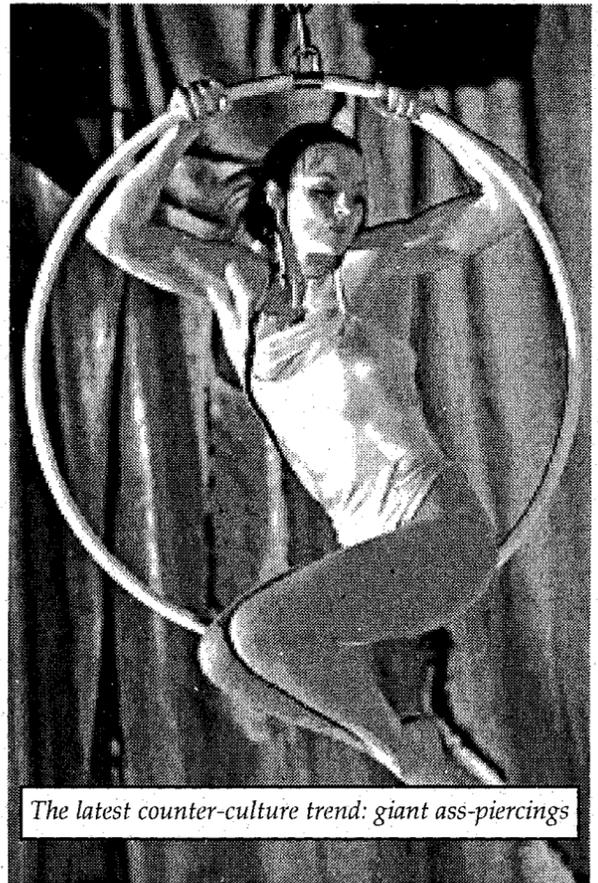
All this had me wondering, just who is this Buckaroo and where did he or she assemble such an eclectic troupe of performers? Perhaps an evening under the big top would shed some light on the mystery. With the title and the website URL, www.bindlestiff.org, it wasn't very hard for me to assemble up a posse of fool hardy ruffians like myself ready to head west in search of this mysterious ring leader of the forgotten arts.

We arrived at the doors of the Present Company Theatorium on Stanton St, nestled in the middle of Manhattan's dirty and gritty "Alphabet City." Walking through the doors we found ourselves in Pantaloon Junction, Wyoming, greeted by the crooning of Todd Deatherage and a sign that read "We respectfully inform the public that this story contains loud sounds, violent scenes, profanity, gender bending, and a billy hell of humor. Furthermore there shall be no photos or videos. Violators will be prostituted. No Smoking. Drinking and gambling are permitted." We knew we were in for some fun, so with cameras in hand we proceeded to our seats and awaited the spectacle.

The scene was a desolate desert plain, a lone bull skull at the foot of a saguaro cactus in front of the beautiful backdrop of the painted cliffs of the great American plateaus. A scene of pure serenity to the theatre filled with Manhattanites was suddenly disturbed by the antics of a drunken hobo clown going by the name of Kinko. Clad in tattered traditional western rags with the exaggerated swollen nose of a time honored alcoholic and a noose hung about his neck, Kinko stumbled around the stage amusing the audience with his slapstick humor accented by some slight of hand magic and lasso tricks, the highlight of which was his ability to maintain the lasso's circular orbit while attaching it to the stud in his tongue.

Kinko was followed by Una Mimnaugh A.K.A.: "The Fabulous Miss Una," who did a stunning aerial display of gymnastics and acrobatics on a hoop that rose to the height of the theatre's ceiling. This act, the Lunar Lyre, would prove to be a

show highlight only outshined by her own final performance on the corde lisse. Miss Una was a defining character in the production, playing numerous roles that ranged from the physically intensive acrobatics to pure comic relief.



The latest counter-culture trend: giant ass-piercings

The desert scene made way for the main drag of Pantaloon Junction. Like any old west town complete with a bank, jail and of course their own watering hole/whore house called the Hurdy Gurdy Saloon, all of which set the perfect scene for the "Syncopated Boleros of the Outlaw Gaucho Gang." Led by the cowboy from the Bronx, Angelo Iodice (also featuring Miss Una), this Stomp inspired skit created by three outlaws, each armed with a one string bolero in each hand. The six boleros worked as if they were one instrument, violently swinging around, their hits to the floor creating a rhythmic ensemble of thuds, thumps and crashes.

Enter Sheriff Matlock, the bumbling and questionably female authority figure of the jamboree. Played by Michelle Matlock, a veteran NYC performer and arguably the most talented thespian in the production. With the sudden advent of a brawl within the walls of the Hurdy Gurdy, the Sheriff's buffoonish fist of rule came down on Magic Brian, the accused cheater and blood relative to the powerful Mr. Jack Pennygaff. Brian is tried, convicted and slapped into a straight jacket by the brute force of the sheriff and her newly appointed deputy from the audience. The Sheriff is distracted long enough for Magic Brian, in a miraculous feat of self-liberation, to free himself of the straight jacket.

Alone on the stage, the Sheriff knew something foul was afoot as out from behind a rock came Miss Una, still in costume as a member of the Outlaw Gaucho Gang. A small amount of dialogue preceded the Sheriff threatening to "molest, I mean arrest" the villain. The sheriff made good on her promise with a lesbian love scene of groans and cries emanating from the jailhouse as limbs and clothes protruded from behind the bars.

The scene was set for the time honored western tradition that is the hanging, and who better to hang than the jailed acrobat? This bit of town folk ruckus soon made way for more of the amazing and acrobatic wizardry of Miss Una. Dragged out to the noose prepped for her public execution,



yeeeha...

Buckaroo Bindlestiff, Contd.

the noose suddenly yanked her skyward by the neck and thrust her about the sky like an owl with it's rodent prey.

After the intermission we found ourselves inside the Hurdy Gurdy and treated to the anti-gun routine of Kinko the Clown, now in drag and using the alias Kinkette. This man in white face wearing a purple afro-like wig, fish nets and garter belt brought a whole new meaning to the pro-gun slogans of the NRA resulting in some all too easy comedy cumulating in a plea to Mr. Charlton Heston to fill the position of Kinkette's new sugar daddy.

Magic Brian returned, seizing hold of the stage and crowd with his Chris Farley-esque energy minus about 200 pounds. Armed with wagon loads of charisma and stiletto sharp wit, Brian picked out a member of the audience, turned her into a complete joke in the name of a card trick that included blind folds, chest groping and Brian with his pants around his knees at one point. Upping the ante, Brian threw caution and fear of salmonella to the wind as he finished his set with the bloody decapitation and re-capitation of a chicken for a folk tale re-enactment that had the crowd in an uproar.

Keeping with the vaudevillian theme was Australian born Kalki Henenburg and her many hula hoops. She may have gotten off to a shaky

start by dropping a hoop but she pressed on to perform the best darn hula hoop strip tease I've ever seen. Her little frame became one giant gyrating body spasm as it shed of one article of clothing after another. All this done while hula hooping more rings than I can count on the sides of my bathtub. By the end of her skit she had shed all but her bra and panties and kept as many as five hoops in orbit about herself.

Miss Una returned a final time for one last above ground dance, this one on the corde lisse. A visually spectacular routine featuring only the gymnast and a rope that went as high as the ceiling. This is undoubtedly the talent that must have gained her the title of "Fabulous Miss Una." Dizzily, her body danced up and down the rope like a flame as her limbs shed their human characteristics for those of a serpent awing the crowded venue with moves that defied gravity and reason.

The Jamboree finished with a gunfight followed with a song and dance by the entire cast headed by the Madame Philly, proprietor of the Hurdy Gurdy, her voice strong and loud as she chimed away the closing number. She went on to announce, with both devil horned hands raised high, that the troupe would leaving this venue for their new "off Broadway" home at the Mazer Theatre.

Buckaroo Bindlestiff's Wild West Gender Bender Jamboree was a great time. My posse, which consisted of a half-Asian video game dork in a cowboy hat, a little goth boy, my hard to please girlfriend and myself, was thoroughly entertained. We may have been somewhat dismayed by not getting to meet or see the mysterious Buckaroo Bindlestiff himself in person, but with a mosey on over to the bar for a round of drinks, all sadness was forgotten with the announcement of \$3.50 bottles of New Castle and Negra Modelo. Much to the dismay of my girlfriend, we left the event all singing the theme song of "Cirkus," a feat of musical genius nothing short of miraculous courtesy of Corn Mo and the Hang 'Em high Orchestra. The band actually managed to turn "Buckaroo Bindlestiff's Wild West Gender Bender Jamboree" into a catchy chorus of a western song.

You can catch a preview of Buckaroo Bindlestiff's Wild West Gender Bender Jamboree at it's new location, The Mazer Theater, 197 East Broadway (between Clinton and Jefferson) 3/14-3/16. The Show will officially open on the 22nd of March. Admission is regularly \$25 but "Clowns and those gussied up like cow folk" get in for \$15. Photo of Miss Una taken by Maiké Schulz and gotten from www.bindlestiff.org, used with permission.

Chuck Jones, Bugs and Daffy Animator, Dies

By Joseph Hughes

On the evening of February 22, Chuck Jones, one of the most famous, and not to mention talented, cartoon animators of all time died in his home in Corona del Mar, California. He was 89.

For those of you who do not recognize the name, you should. Jones directed more than 300 films in a career that spanned nearly 70 years. Amongst those films was the cartoon adaptation of the Dr. Seuss classic "How the Grinch Stole Christmas," which was recently turned into a major motion film starring (the highly over-paid and over-rated) Jim Carrey. Mr. Jones is best known for his work at Warner Brothers studios, where from 1933 to 1963, he helped create Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Porky Pig and many of the other stars from the Looney Tunes cartoons.

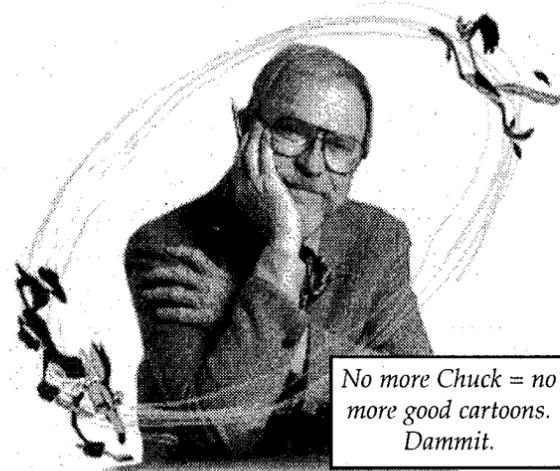
He also single-handedly created several popular characters that we've all heard of like Pepe Le Pew, Marvin the Martian, Michigan J. Frog (who only starred in one cartoon, but has recently gained popularity by being used as the "mascot" for the WB network), and Gossamer. You know, that big hairy orange monster with the huge white sneakers that chases Bugs around in that creepy mansion. He even worked on episodes of Tom and Jerry. By far, his most famous independent creation is that famous duo Wile E. Coyote and the Road Runner.

Jones created these two characters to emphasize his belief that the success of cartoon characters lay not in their dialogue, but in their "acting". In fact, one of his rules for Coyote and Road Runner cartoons was "no dialogue ever, except 'beep beep.'"

The news of Mr. Jones' passing hit me rather hard for a few reasons. First of all, because I grew up watching (and in the case of Daffy Duck, idolizing) all the characters he helped bring to life, like so many of us did. Second, because a few years ago I had the opportunity to actually meet this great man face to face.

Now normally, you have journalists writing these articles about people (I refuse to call this an obituary mainly because I'm still having trouble coming to terms with the fact that this man is

really dead) whom they knew little about, either personally or professionally. Their editors tell them that so-and-so died, and they probably go to Google or some other search engine, look up a few facts and go on to write an article that is of little importance to them. I actually met and spoke with this man. It was about 4 years ago, in one of the Warner Bros. Studio stores (it's a shame they



closed all those). My sister and I walked in and saw a line roughly 3 miles long to shake hands with Jones and have him sign something. There was one catch: in order to meet him, you had to have him sign a cell that he had drawn, and you had to have purchased it that day.

Now I don't know if any of you have purchased an animation cell before or even seen one, but those things are damn expensive. They tend to run around 200 to 400 bucks, and I simply didn't have that kind of money (and, sadly, still don't to this day). I didn't know what to do. I know what I wanted to do, but everyone knows that in this country it's considered a social taboo for a 16 year old boy to start crying in public, so that was out of the question. My sister, seeing my heart drop to the floor, knew she had to do something, so she suggested that we walk to the front of the store where he was and at least take a picture of the man. That was better than nothing, because at

least this way I would get to see him.

So walk up we did, and there he was, in a white blazer and cowboy hat, sitting there signing the back of these ludicrously expensive cells, with his lovely wife by his side. We took a few pictures, and I even tried to stand behind him so my sister could take a picture that he and I would both be in it (I'm aware of how pathetic this is, but I'd do it again in a heartbeat). Unfortunately, it wasn't quite working out because it was too crowded. I had all but decided to leave, when suddenly I saw Mrs. Jones and my sister talking, and thought to myself, "Holy crap, my sister is talking to the wife of Chuck Jones!" My sister looked at me and called me over, and Mrs. Jones told us how silly she thought it was that her husband was only allowed to sign cells that many of his fans can't afford. She tapped him on the shoulder, and told him of our plight. And he looked up at us and threw us a smile that I'll never forget for as long as I live. Naturally, the pricks that were working there wouldn't allow him to sign anything cheap for us (my sister bought some three dollar notebook with a picture of Bugs on it) but he did shake my hand and say a few words to me. To this day I'm not entirely sure what he said, because although I was physically there shaking his hand, my mind had drifted off to some sort of euphoric realm I can't even begin to describe to you.

So as I sat up in my bed this past Saturday morning, I looked at the pictures of my sister and I meeting Chuck Jones, and I thought of a quote I once read by him, "A small child once said to me, 'You don't draw Bugs Bunny, you draw pictures of Bugs Bunny.' That's a very profound observation because it means that he thinks the characters are alive, which, as far as I am concerned, is true." That right there is the magic of Jones: for him, the characters he created always were, and always would be—real, just as they are for so many of us.

Chuck Jones was the last of the fraternity of great Warner Bros. animators, and the world is a less happy place without him. He will be missed.

*My Fat Fei Long Style
will wreck you quick, into the
emergency room*

*My Shien Kyaku is
beautiful and deadly like
assassin Geisha*

*Come to the Arcade
and bring your whack fighting style
so I can house you*



mon-sat
6-11
pool
games
butt-
kickins

**Basement
Student Union
Building**

Animal Destiny

By Andrea Leeson

Llama is pronounced lah-muh, not yah-muh. I prefer yah-muh. Llamas are overlooked as simple, dumb animals who hang out at petting zoos, spitting and chomping away on hay. There is much more to the llama. Llamas are amazing, complex creatures, that deserve understanding and reverence.

There are four types of llamas: Alpacas, Guanaco, Vicuna and the (double L)

Llama. We will be investigating the "double L llama." The llama has two toes, like its camelid relatives, on each foot, with a durable pad on the bottom. Llamas don't need two-toed shoes! An adult llama is between 300 and 450 lbs. They should not be wrestled with! They do not bite as a defense, but males do have extremely sharp teeth in the back of their mouths. These curved teeth can be very harmful to other llamas if they fight.

Yes, and now about one of the many interesting and well known facts about llamas. They spit. They spit as a sign of dominance, and this is remarkable and funny to see. Llamas use body language to warn another creatures when they are threatened or angry. First they will flatten their ears to their heads and if this doesn't work they will make a spitting sound only releasing air. If the llama is still being fucked with, they will then make a big ol' spit. Llama spit is green, and tastes yucky, so they really don't like doing it. Afterwards they keep their mouths hanging open for awhile in order to air them out. Their spit goes up to six feet, but it really isn't so bad. It's only chewed up grass that they chew with their cud. I've heard stories of pet llamas spitting on another's food so that they can eat it themselves. What crazy tricksters!

Would you want a llama for a pet? Well, you must have room for them to graze and chew their cud. You should probably live on a farm. Llamas need other llama friends. They are very sociable and become close very quickly with other llamas. Llamas have been used for centuries as pack animals; they can carry up to 100 lbs. and can travel up to 20 miles a day. Llamas are diesel creatures and make better company than trucks, but don't weigh them down too much, because if they don't like the amount of stuff you put on them, they'll just lay down and refuse to



move until you lighten their load. If you have sheep or any small animals you want protected, llamas are excellent at this. They seem to naturally look out for tinier animals. This is why I seem to naturally look out for them.

Many people use llama hair to make clothes! Llama fibre is very warm and strong. I have my very own alpaca sweater, and it is the greatest sweater I have ever owned. It is substantial, soft and so warm. Llamas can be shorn for hair, or simply brushed.

Llamas learn very quickly, so they can be trained to follow you around wherever go. They make devoted pals, and they don't smell very bad at all! Their poo is pretty inoffensive, and they are very clean animals who refuse to eat the grass close to their manure pile. A male llama can tell if a female llama is ready to make babies by smelling her poo. What crazy tricksters!

Llamas also have interesting ways to communicate with humans. Llama kisses are by far, some of the greatest gifts of nature that we have been given. A llama kiss can be when a llama runs over to a human and presses its nose against the human's. Sometimes a llama kiss can be when the llama closely sniffs your face, hair, or beard. Llamas are wonderfully friendly and gentle; they don't complain much and basically just chill and wander around.

Llamas are more than just beautiful camelids. They are loving, complex, and intelligent creatures. Find one, pet one, love one, maybe even imitate one. Relax, chew your cud, and enjoy the farm.

Save Our Pool Hall!

By Adam Kearney

Campus life is an interesting subject. Students commonly complain that there is little to do at Stony Brook, and yet the few hip places that are available for students to hang out at and have a good time in are rarely visited. One of these places is an arcade and pool hall in the basement of the Student Union. The Arcade has a reputation for being an obscure and generally unadvertised recreation center, but there is a small following of dedicated quarter-popping, button-thumping joystick jockeys who have kept the spirit alive and are looking for others to join them. There is now concern that dwindling student interest in the Arcade- either because no one knows of it, or no one cares for it- may result in it eventually closing down. I urge students interested in improving the quality of life on campus to consider choosing the Arcade as their headquarters, so that this school doesn't become as lame as people say it is.

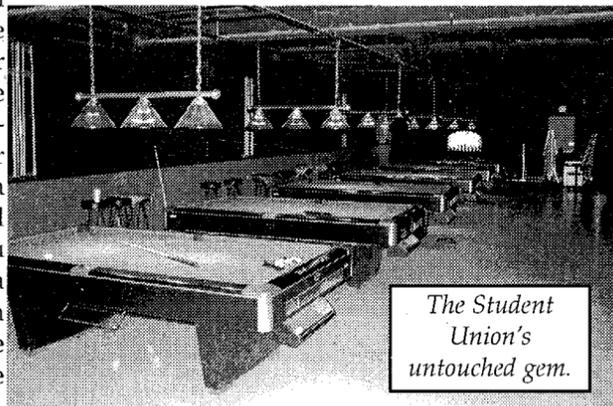
The whole section of the Union basement that the Arcade belongs to was once entirely devoted to entertainment. It was opened 15 years ago, when the Union was still the focal point of recreation and activities for students, before the opening of the Student Activities Center. Located directly next the Arcade and Pool Hall was a bowling alley. Club Alley, as it was called, was not given enough attention and suffered the same fate that may be in store for our Arcade; it was converted into an office space that is used occasionally for the meetings of various clubs and organizations. The fact that this campus once had it's own bowling alley, but it didn't succeed because of student apathy, shows how important it is that we make the most out of the entertainment options that we already have. In the words of Godfrey Palaia, the Director of the Arcade, we have to "Use it or lose it."

"No one comes down there," is what one employee who wished to remain anonymous had to

say about the situation. The Arcade and the Pool Hall are two separate rooms in a larger section of the Union basement. Rumors have spread that the Arcade is definitely in its last days, but this is only partially true. The Pool Hall, or the "Corner Pocket" as it is properly called, is in the most danger of disappearing. It's main feature are the six professional pool tables, each seven feet long, and the price of the game is also enticing as it only costs six dollars for up to four people to play for one hour. Compare this with the price of playing at an off-campus billiard and you will realize what a deal the Corner Pocket is offering. Add this to a lounge, which includes two free dart boards, a huge screen TV, and an assortment of couches and coffee tables and you have a genuine hot spot. Over the last year and a half the lounge has been renovated at the cost of ten thousand dollars, which was provided by the Faculty Student Association. The FSA is responsible for all of the Arcade's funding, and has been consistently pouring money into the place while student participation has been decreasing. "FSA is not against subsidizing it, but only if people are going," says Godfrey.

"The idea is not to make money, it is to provide a service. The main problem is that people don't know about it," said Godfrey, regarding the purpose of the Arcade on Stony Brook campus, "Last spring all indicators pointed towards closing." This year business has picked up slightly. Attempts have been made to raise awareness of the existence of the Arcade and the situation it's in. Hinde, the head manager, has been involved in distributing table tents and fliers in the hopes of getting new people to make use of the expensive recreational facilities, and discount cards are being given away at the End of the Bridge restaurant. Pool tournaments are in store and there has already been a successful Open Mic Night.

Dorm LEG's are encouraged to organize pool tournaments for their buildings and any club or organization can use the Arcade space to hold fundraisers, parties, or meetings. The future of the Corner Pocket will be decided at the FSA Board of Directors meeting for next year's budget this spring.



In the meantime go to the Arcade. Bring all your friends. "The decrease in interest in arcade games is nationwide [because they are], competing against home-based video game systems," says Godfrey. A year ago there were thirty games to be played in the Arcade. Now there are twelve. Among them are "Marvel vs. Capcom," "Gauntlet Dark Legacy," and "Metal Slug 2." The company providing the games, which is not related to FSA, doesn't want to put in newer, more expensive games if no one is going to play them. "FSA is not afraid to spend money, but they want to see a sound proposal," Godfrey said, "We might put in a sound system to make it more conducive to socialization." I would like to see an air hockey table down there, and any other ideas would be readily accepted, because we're all trying to create a campus environment that's actually fun.

CHESS!

Just a night, not a club.
No strings attached.
No commitments.



Wednesdays from 5pm
till it stops being fun.
In the computer lounge of the library.
Bring a board and set if you can.

Personal Safety Is Not Convenient

By Thomas Osborn

On Monday, February 11, 2002, the Federal Bureau of Investigation issued a warning to United States Law Enforcement officials, that there may be an attempt at a terrorist attack by Fawaz Yahya Al-Rabeei, and some of his associates. They also placed information on their web site.

The next morning, several additional safety precautions were taken by Stony Brook Police. This included several portable speed-bumps, as well as unmarked law enforcement vehicles patrolling the campus grounds. Stony Brook Police were also spot-checking cars, and checking parking lots for unauthorized vehicles. But, many students felt the repercussions of this increased security, and were extremely unhappy.

"I drove up to the main entrance that [Tuesday, February 11] morning, and it took me twenty minutes just to get past the gates," said Wendy Matthews, a commuter student. "I just think that it is ridiculous that we should have to go through that every time the FBI decides to warn us, this kind of thing makes me feel like I am living in a communist country."

Doug Little, Deputy Chief of the University Police for Community Relations and Patrol, said that the main concern and job of the police on campus is to protect its students from harm.

"Personal safety is not convenient," Little said. "Sometimes our personal freedoms that we have as Americans, has to take a backseat to protection."

The increased presence of security on campus, has not just been because of the February 11 FBI warning.

"Ever since the World Trade Center incident, Stony Brook Police has taken additional precautions to protect the students," Little said. "We also have increased our overnight security, and we are now being much more serious with checking Staff and Administration Identification cards."

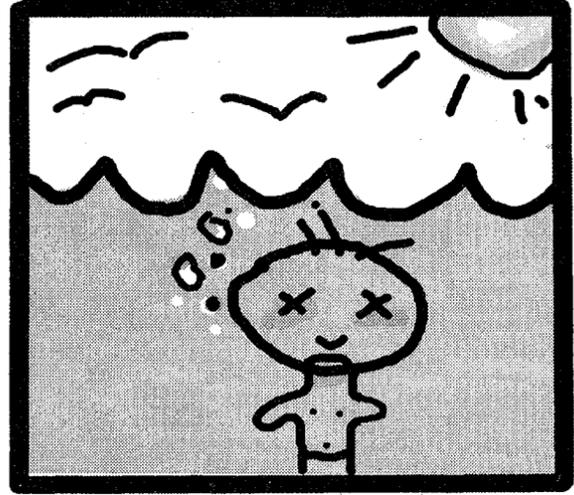
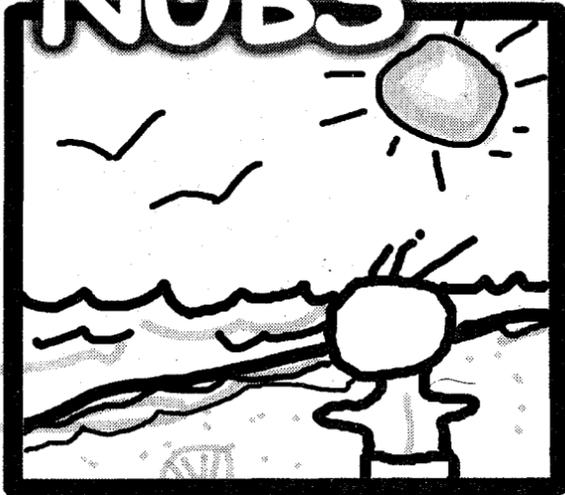
Little also feels that there is a definite real danger of a terrorist attack anywhere in the United States, and that through this increased security the students will be better protected.

"We are dealing with cowards and very ignorant and angry people here so anything can happen," Little said. "Even though there has never been a terrorist attack at the University of Stony Brook, we are are going to be prepared if it does, and we are doing everything in our power to try and prevent it."

The Stony Brook Police were notified by the FBI via an internet warning system which also includes the National Weather Service and the Center for Disease Control.

THE COMICS SECTION

NUBS a comic by rich zimmer (2 of 2000)



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roommates by Corey Grimes



ALBERT SCOTT'S
INFAMOUS
CARTOONS

Who controls your
Student Government?

ADMINISTRATION

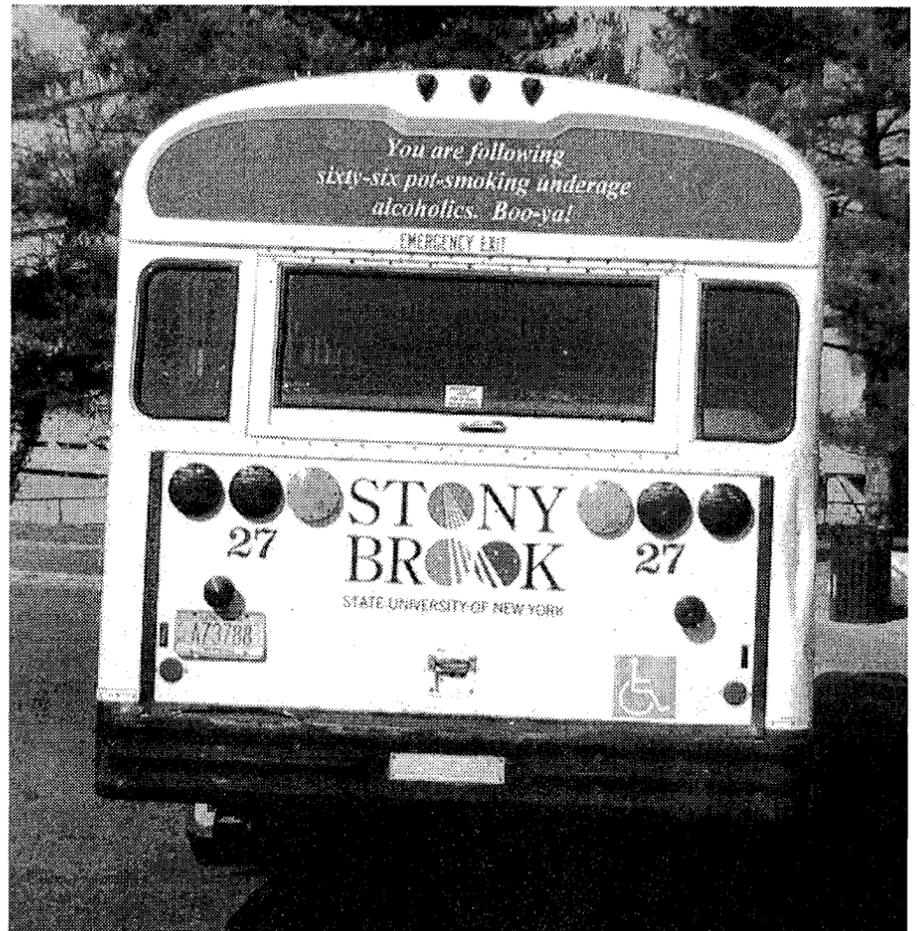
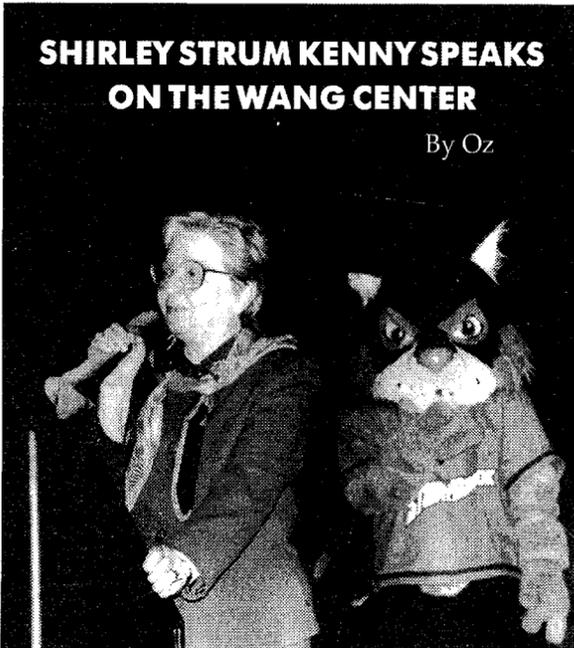
"The best thing since smoke and mirrors"
Vice President for Student Affairs

"Something evil and unholy"
Former Polity Senator

POLITY

SHIRLEY STRUM KENNY SPEAKS ON THE WANG CENTER

By Oz



BACK OF THE BUS

By Ian Cook

OPEN DOOR

pixie

Sick of hearing the same 10 songs played over and over and over again? Want a band that will rock you spiritually and sexually? Look no further... Coming straight from the Midwest is:

GAY FOR JESUS!

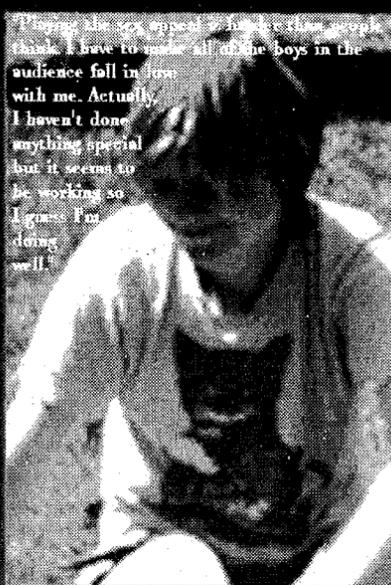
Introducing...

The lead singer: Bruce Jesus (heyzus), aka the androgynous messiah.



"Stick power."

the girl: honeypot jones, aka the pretty one



"Playing the sex appeal thing is a little awkward. I have to make all the boys in the audience fall in love with me. Actually, I haven't done anything special but it seems to be working so I guess I'm doing well."

the sex appeal: johnny supafly aka the crazy one aka walking sex



"Johnny has lady problems. So I stand in for him. It only gets messy when they think I'm him."

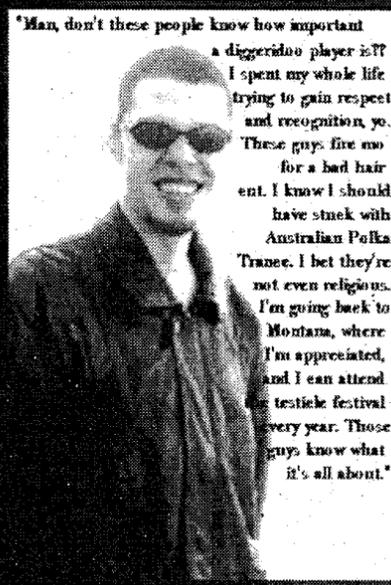
Gay for Jesus has not been without its drama. When they are not dealing with screaming fans, bible pimps, or other groups with adamant feelings towards them, Gay for Jesus dealt with greater problems. Their first was firing their staple player over opinions on butterflies. Then they had to fire their diggeridoo player because of his bad hair cut. But, all problems ceased when they saved their drummer from a life in a glass box with Gwen Stephani.

the drummer: Crankenstein, aka the monster, aka DJ Crank



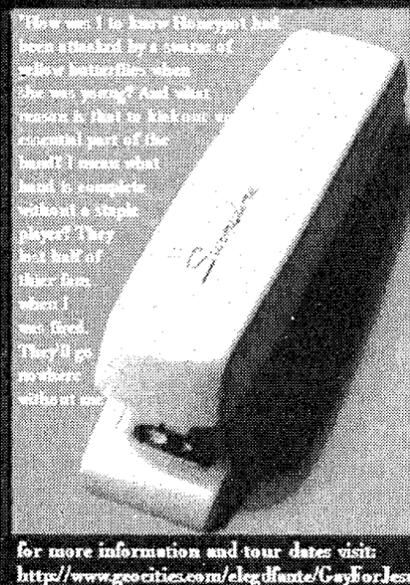
"It was either Gay for Jesus or Straight for Satan. I think they made the right choice."

ex-diggeridoo player: Pimp Daddy Chaddy, aka the man upstairs with the loud base.



"Man, don't these people know how important a diggeridoo player is?? I spent my whole life trying to gain respect and recognition, yo. These guys fire me for a bad hair cut. I know I should have stuck with Australian Polka Trance. I bet they're not even religious. I'm going back to Montana, where I'm appreciated, and I can attend the testicle festival every year. Those guys know what it's all about."

the ex-staple player: Swingline, aka that butterfly lover.

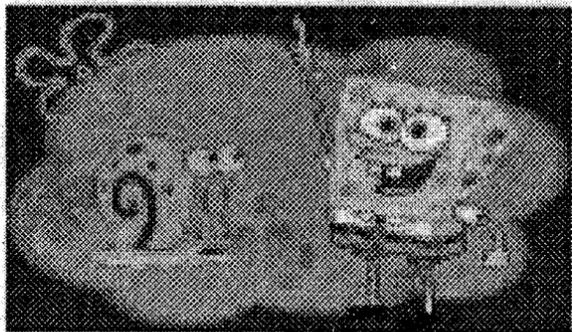


"How can I be known as the sex appeal if I've been attacked by a swarm of yellow butterflies when I was young? And what reason is that to know I'm an essential part of the band? I mean what band is complete without a staple player? They had half of their fans when I was fired. They'll go nowhere without me."

for more information and tour dates visit: <http://www.geocities.com/legdfate/GayforJesus>

can indie rock, synthpop and britpop co-exist on the dancefloor? do people actually dance at Stony Brook?

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spun by WUSB DJs Kenyon and Beth



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more info: kenyon9@juno.com

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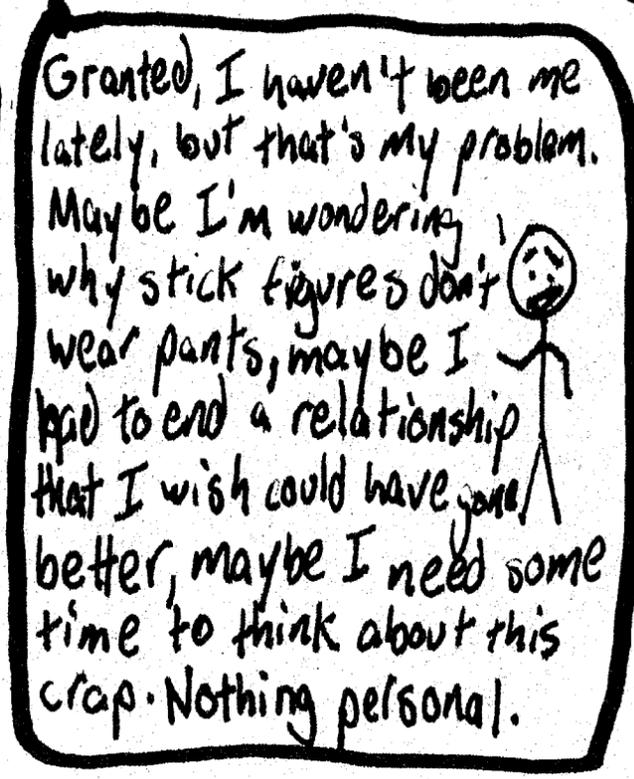
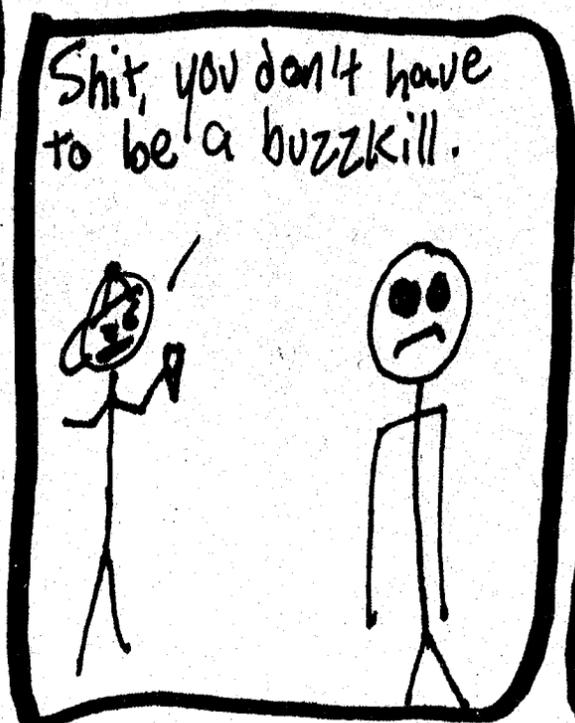
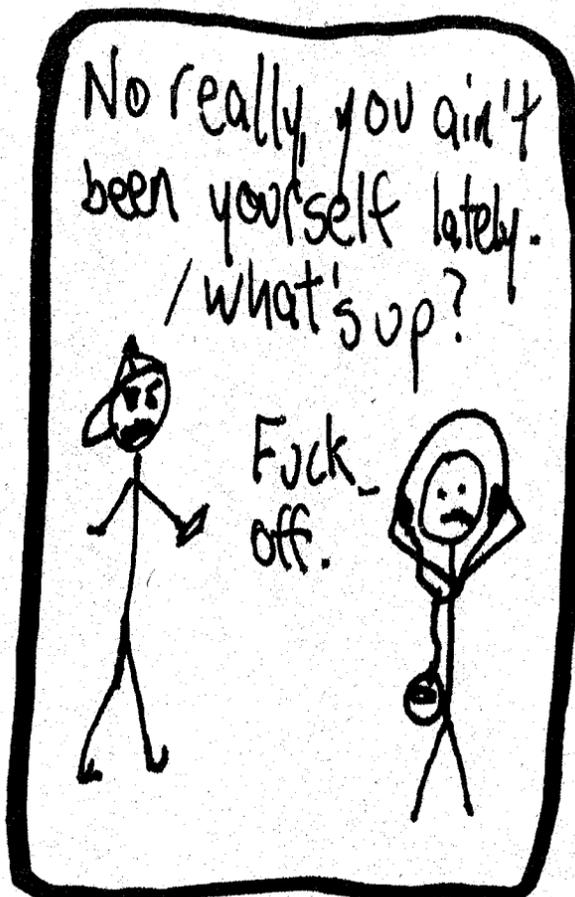
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By Jamie Mignone



VOX POPULI

9% OF STONY BROOK STUDENTS DO NOT KNOW THEIR OWN GENDER

59% OF PEOPLE SAY THAT EAST DAKOTA IS NORTH OF WEST VIRGINIA

66% OF BIOLOGY MAJORS FIND LICHENIFICATION (MEDICAL DEFINITION: SKIN HARDENING AND THICKENING) SEXUALLY STIMULATING

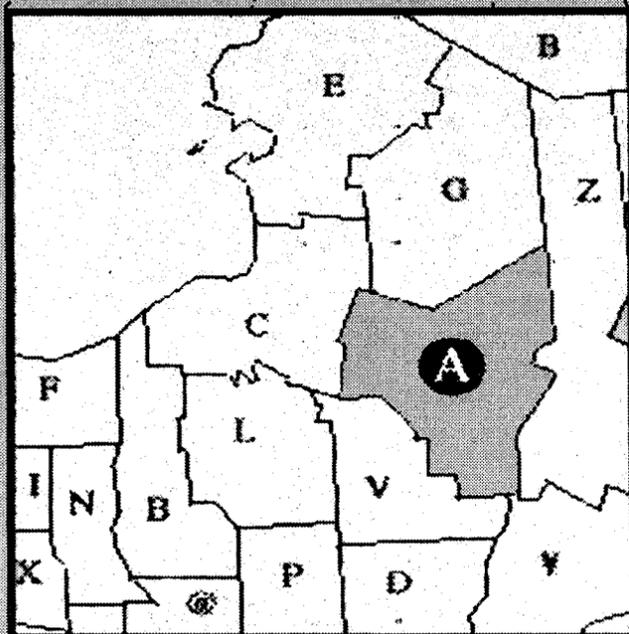
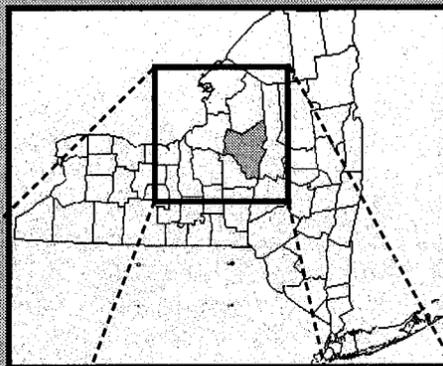
63% OF PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE TO DEPTHROAT A CRUCIFIX-DILDO ALSO WANT TO RECEIVE AN ENEMA FROM THEIR GRANDMOTHER

50% OF STUDENTS WHO WENT TO ALBANY DAY ADMIT THEY EMBEZZLE POLITY FUNDS

70% OF STUDENTS

WHO WILL BE VOLUNTEERING FOR HABITAT FOR HUMANITY WOULD LIKE TO LICK A SWEATY OLD

MAN'S ASS 42% OF THE POPULATION IDENTIFIED THE LETTER "A" AS AFGHANISTAN ON THIS MAP



Classifieds



As many Issues of the SUNY Statesman as possible needed by the US Navy's Camp X-Ray in Guantanamo Bay Cuba to line the cages of our Taliban captives (not war criminals).
-The Navy

Collector's Item

To celebrate the racial bias of the US Federal Court and to cover our legal fees, we are auctioning off the plunger we used to torture Abner Louima. Ebay item #1078815166
-The NYPBA

Tired of Your Kids?

Maybe I can help. I love kids. I mean REALLY love kids. I'll be willing to take your kids off of your hands and you'll never have to see them again. Any race, any creed, any disposition. I have a large vehicle and don't mind getting bloody.
kiddytoucher@hotmail.com



New Borns?

The Stonybrook University Hospital is looking for new born babies for potassium chloride testing. Top dollar paid and we can almost guarantee you'll be on the cover of Newsday. contact 444-2725.

Safe Sex!

I had lots of safe sex, now you can too! With a huge garbage bag full of my used condoms! They're still in perfect working condition-just a bit soiled. Selling VERY cheap. Yahoo ID: Soiledlatex@yahoo.com

Attention NYC:

You need some money to recover from everything? Need some economic help to rebuild your city? Maybe you'd just like the \$20Billion we promised you. Keep wanting, it builds character. BushbudgetSucks@yahoo.com

Screw the Grammy Awards!

The Entire music industry is looking for any music fans who feel hurt or mentally damaged by this year's Album of the Year Grammy Winner. Contact: ScrewYourBrother@yahoo.com

Attention:

All students who have eaten at the SAC in the past week are required to visit the hospital for a free HIV test.
-Campus Dining Services.



Graffiti Artists Needed

In an attempt to become more hip, urban, and marketable, the new Stonybrook Campus Beautification Procedure is beginning. We are looking to hire talented graffiti artists to paint over the rocks on campus that have been vandalized with strange symbols that we believe to be the work of on campus cults. To apply paint something on the side of the Administration Building-make sure to leave your phone number under the art.

Got Dorks?-

If you have an above average GPA, the Stonybrook Council of Fraternity and Sorority Life will pay you to join. We need your GPA's to raise our current averages so we don't get banned. We'll get you laid, drunk and even pretend to be your freinds. contact WeezDumb@yahoo.com or or add us to your yahoo messenger buddy list.

Sensational Media Whores

Chicks from past media shams needed to fill air time for Fox's Celebrity Boxing special on March 13th. Get in the ring after the Harding/Fisher bout-an extra million if you're willing to fight Monica Lewinsky. Email: shamelessmediawhoar@hotmail.com

Meter Maids Needed!

The University has managed to make it's on campus parking situation even worse than before. Now we need more people to give out tickets. Call 632-8948



University Bus For Sale

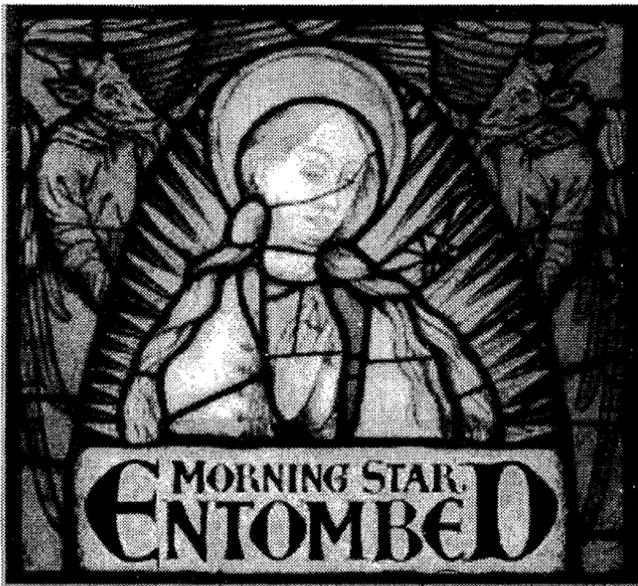
Has minor problems: exhaust leak in back makes passengers light headed, cannot pass emissions tests, and has no shocks installed at all. REAL CHEAP 632-9841



You played guitar at the Spot on 3/1-Your delay sound on "Run Like Hell" was heaven-it was instant love. IM me, AOL: HippyOilGrrl

Entombed: Morning Star

By Derrick Prince



When was the last time you put a new CD in and instantly knew that it was great? I can't remember either. Maybe it was Strapping Young Lad's *City*, or maybe it was Big Sugar's *Heated*. Regardless, it's been a while since I've felt an instant musical gratification at the initial listen. As soon as I heard the first crunch of a down-tuned chord emanating from what could only be a kick ass English tube amp powered by one angry son-of-a-bitch of a guitarist and his Gibson, Entombed's latest release, *Morning Star* instantly filled that void and I knew I was home.

Having started in '87 with the name Nihilist, Entombed have been around for a long time and *Morning Star* is the perfect addition to their musical resume. It is an album filled with some of the dirtiest and nastiest rock'n'roll-metal I've ever heard that perfectly rounds out their evolution from leaders of the mid-nineties death metal scene to the angry and bitter band they have become and it's wonderful.

Combining the attitude and anger of early

punk rock with the weathered sound of a beaten up 1973 Dodge, Entombed pummel through twelve tracks of pure sonic beat downs.

They've long since shed their blast beats and guitar trills for the more groove orientated riffage that began on the *Hallowman* EP and have managed to do so without compromising any of the intensity that brought them to the top of the death metal scene so many years ago.

The opening track, "Chief Rebel Angel," begins with an acoustic guitar and some piano keys, a serene and peaceful beginning which is thankfully interrupted by the thunderous crunch of the real guitars which have seemingly built their sound off of the blue prints Slayer drafted for the *Seasons in the Abyss* album.

The song continues in the typical Entombed fashion, brutal crunching chordy rhythms broken up by the eerie yet melodic guitar breaks that this band has turned into one of their main staples, only making a departure from it with the addition of keyboard to accent the chords of the chorus. Luckily for us metal purists, the keys stop there, and as odd as it seems, they don't reappear in any of the remaining 11 tracks keeping this release from treading anywhere near the atmospheric-gothic-black-crap-metal that's taken over all of Europe lately.

The rest of *Morning Star* is where the band shines brightest, "I for an Eye" picks up the self-proclaimed don't-think-just-play philosophy that the band turned into an art form on their last release, *Uprising*. The guitars smack you right in the face first thing and the drums never quit. Having joined the band in '97, Peter "Flinta" Stjärnvind proves himself to be one of the hardest hitting drummers this side of Tommy Lee. When he hits that snare or those toms, he fucking means it and you can feel it.

"Bringer of Light" further builds off of the *Seasons in the Abyss* blueprints and the clean guitar break may as well have been written by Kerry King (without the pointy guitar), but as the song progresses, Entombed make it apparent that this may be the house that Slayer built, but they have completely gutted it, demolished it and plan on rebuilding it from the foundation up.

The writing, as done by Uffe Cederlund and Alex Hellid, is hardly lyrical genius, but there's something very pure about their blunt and not-so-vague metaphorical writing style. Paying attention to the lyrics on "When It Hits Home," one can't help but envision the likes of Kenneth Lay when Petrov's guttural vocal chords scream "You fist-fucked a planet and smiled and licked your fingers clean...you're all alone and your dick is sore." If you're sitting there wondering how can they be so mad, you've got to step back for a second and think about it. Here you've got a band that's been doing this since '87, they've toured the world many times, played in front of tens of thousands of people and then they come home only to go back to their day jobs-which sucks; however, therein lies the key to Entombed's sound, they're bitter, angry and mad as hell and unlike the more popular heavy metal artists, they have a right to be.

There is a raw, natural and completely unproduced feel on this entire CD and that is Entombed's biggest draw. They use it to capture a sound that is both angry and mischievous. You know that underneath all the metal they're really just a bunch of rowdy drunks in faded jeans and Motorhead t-shirts that'll probably beat the crap out of you by hitting you with kidney shots, but at the same time, you know they're going to stick around and drink beers with you cause they wouldn't miss the opportunity to watch you piss blood.

My Dying Bride: The Dreadful Hours

By Diana Post

My Dying Bride returns with *The Dreadful Hours*, their first studio release since 1999's *The Light at the End of the World*. Since then, the band has released two compilations entitled *Meisterwerk 1* and *Meisterwerk 2*, both of which included previously unreleased tracks, remixes and songs which were voted as their best by fans at their website, www.mydyingbride.org.

The Dreadful Hours does not depart very much from the style of *The Light at the End of the World*, which is a disappointment to those who were reveling in the band's newfound experimental spirit on releases like *34.88%... Complete*. *The Dreadful Hours* does make more use, however, of Aaron's wide range of vocal styles, and even includes a re-recording of "The Return of the Beautiful," from their 1992 release *As the Flower Withers*, renamed "Return to the Beautiful."

For several albums, *My Dying Bride* has written tracks which seem to be connected to each other, beginning with "For My Fallen Angel" on *Like Gods of the Sun*, and ending thus far on *The Dreadful Hours* with "My Hope the Destroyer." Sometimes the connection is a lyric shared between songs, but this time it is the musical composition that reminds me of the track on their 1996 release. Although "For My Fallen Angel" was created with the help of the band's violinist, Martin Powell, who has since left the group, this most recent song doesn't have a pronounced lack of "something," as do some of their other songs since Powell left.

Sadly, the songs seem to run together without any real definition between them. When I first popped the CD into my discman, I was excited about the intro to the title track, but it turned out to be less than what I had hoped.

The track that stands out most on the album is "Le Figlie Della Tempesta," a ten minute epic with a trance-like verse punctuated with haunting chorus riffs and lyrics. Since none of the songs on the album are less than five minutes long, this isn't as long as it seems. "The Return to the Beautiful," a re-recording from *As the Flower Withers*, whose style alternates between that which is expected from doom, emotional and slow, and the frantic and fast-paced style of bands like *Cradle of Filth*.

The balance of the songs on the album are fairly standard for *My Dying Bride*, which is to say, amazing in complexity and depth, but with the exception the "Le Figlie Della Tempesta," the band did not seem to feel very adventurous during the writing and recording of *The Dreadful Hours*. Most of the songs delve into the emotions behind love and rejection, sin and redemption and the wickedness of the human spirit.

My Dying Bride is often partially attributed with the founding of the doom-metal genre, sharing the title with *Anathema* and *Paradise Lost*, and inspiring bands from *Amorphis* to the more recent *November's Doom* and *Penumbra*.

While I think that *My Dying Bride* is one of



my favorite bands, I can't say that this release is one of their best. I miss the days of imagination and change being added to the track list, and songs like "Heroin Chic," and "The Stance of Evander Sinque." I fell in love with *The Light at the End of the World* instantly, even though it was a return to the old style, but that may have been because I missed that style after so much weirdness. Now, though, with a release that is basically a carbon copy of the band's middle era, I find myself turned off by it. I want songs that set themselves apart from the rest of the album. If this whole CD were comprised of "... Tempesta," I would never take it out of my CD player.

Raymond Prucher's "The (Im)mutable Object"

By Chris Stackowicz

Gallery walls painted black are almost always a sign of an Art exhibit that is either conceptual or formal. As one passes by the Melville Graduate Gallery, the starkness, the void, the empty space signified by the black walls beckons eerily. One must put on their somber face, their intellectual attire as they are all too aware that the seemingly empty space is going to demand some sort of mental feat, an implied "I must be able to; a) speak about this, b) speak seriously about this, c) understand this, as after all I am versed in matters of art and therefore must be able to clarify this to any uninitiated viewer." Galleries painted all black, minimally delimiting the negative space make one hyper aware that they are addressing "Art." In that address, from the moment one sees the space, enters in, and further walks around the gallery, there is undoubtedly a certain air that the must not only breathe, but also wear draped around them. Mr. Prucher is begging for us in this exhibit to put on those airs and attempt to solve an intellectual riddle presented visually. Mind you these airs are not always to be seen as a negative. At certain times the intellectual training refined again and again is asked to be used, begged to be used. Other times artists ask us to look at what they make through other I's/eyes, I's/eyes of our child self, our relaxed self. We often forget in the puzzle that is contemporary art how to look and perceive, analyze and critique art that is purely conceptual, presented formally as art, and offered more for our intellectual integrity than to our entertainment expertise.

In this black galleria, Raymond Prucher has displayed on black wall mounts, white plaster containers. The sizes differ sometimes drastically and sometimes marginally. Above each of

the enclosed objects is a somewhat poetic title, minimally referencing a general notion of our thoughts upon each object. The titles themselves are less descriptive, made less to function as titles, and serve to further complicate the encased objects. One is aware that inside each plaster case is an object from Prucher's childhood, and perhaps from our own as gathered from the map on each sidewall providing marginal detail as to what is supposedly contained. They are the lunchboxes from childhood, the baseball and bat our fathers' gave us, the teddy bear from the store.

Yet, because of our inability to either see the objects, or know that they are definitely present, the viewer feels a certain sense of befuddlement. What exactly are they looking at? Are they viewing the case and attempting to appreciate the form of the plaster? Are they viewing nothing? Is it a practical joke played by Prucher on our sense of Nostalgia from those times? Or are we viewing the impossibility of recapturing memory, the impossibility for those items if truly presented to really regain the emotional impact they had for us as children? Is Prucher encasing the very impossibility, the immutability of a childhood relic, to perform its symbolic task in the present as it had been asked to perform in the past?

What seems like a fairly simple show, black room, white boxes, white writing and a small floor plan of the gallery with a description of what may be perhaps encased in the plaster, turns out to be much more than expected. Even in its minimal aesthetic sense, it is begging us to attempt to solve the riddle of whether the objects are actually encased or not. So perhaps, the point of this show is to make us aware of not

only the impossibility that objects can retain their past symbolic necessity, thus having to be encased and protected from view, but also to make one aware, of a stark view of the impossibility of ever knowing exactly what an artist is showing. Ah, the wonderful mystery of art. How often does one hear in a museum or a gallery, "but is it art?" "What does it mean?" Perhaps, Raymond is highlighting pointedly that very nature of the art? I still am unsure as to whether the objects are actually encased in the plaster or not. And if you ask Mr. Prucher he won't tell you either. And honestly, I don't really want to know. I'd much rather muse on the always failed attempt at solving an artists riddle, really knowing what an artist means, is attempting to express through his work. I'm pretty sure most who view art or the world for that matter, generally feel the same. People don't really want to know what the truth is behind the Mona Lisa's smile, they want it to constantly redefine itself. They want to figure out their own interpretation of it, rather than have it dictated by the artist. If the artist tells us what they are attempting to present to the viewer, they will always fail at making that message absolutely clear. If they do make it too clear, the work is seen as simple, or nothing more than propaganda informing us of the artists personal political affiliations rather than letting us uncover our interpretation of the piece on our own terms. Raymond Prucher somehow or another makes this second commentary available to us in the very questions we ask when we look at his work and attempt to decide on whether the object is actually in there or not.

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A Night of Essence

By Jermaine Richmond

As we draw towards the end of February, we can now look back at the month and evaluate ourselves in the African-American community here at Stony Brook and ask this question: have we, as African-Americans, done a sufficient job of honoring and remembering the people of the past who struggled to make sure that future African-American generations have as much opportunity as we do now in the United States? There are many answers to this question, depending on the opinions of whoever is reading this article. In any case I wanted to highlight an event on campus that did a good job of representing the past, present and future of African-Americans in American society. This event was called "A Night of Essence" and it was held in the E.O.B restaurant in the Student union on 2/21. It was a good example of what happens when African-Americans do positive things to enlighten their people—and make sure the future generations are knowledgeable about the history of their people. This event was called "A Night of Essence," and the name fit the occasion perfectly.

Nina, an R.A in Ammann and co-host Ayana spoke on how the night was solely about the uplifting of the black community. Honoring black history through the talent of young black people was the main theme of the night. When the night was over, everyone there should have known where we were as African-Americans, where we are presently and where we are going (past, present, and future).

The night opened with Kemi introducing the first performer Dahlia. Her performance entailed singing the Black National Anthem. Being a talented singer, she performed excellently. I was rather impressed. Then Nina proceeded to intro-

duce us to the African Praise dancers. The choreography of the dances was eloquently done by the two young ladies performing which resulted in gratifying applause from the crowd. After the performance, Joe who is a R.A in James College talked about the posters used for the event. These posters gave brief descriptions of various important African-American figures that were essential to the history.

We proceeded to the portion of the night which focused on performers doing pieces about the past history of African-Americans. Kadar, representing the Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity, performed in this segment. Kadar's rhyme was featured over the one-mic instrumental. It was very creative and original. Next, the two other co-hosts, Joe and Kemi, introduced the performers for the portion of the night dealing with present African-American history. Anthony and Natasha recited inspiring poems that were definitely crowd pleasers. After those performances, Lennie posed a question to the audience, "We as a people are divided today because of the plight of our past. So what are we, as the future, going to do to improve the black community?" It definitely made me take a minute and think about it vigorously. Then it was on to the performers for the future. Jermaine, a.k.a "Tracks," recited a poem entitled "Future" over a low instrumental, provided by local campus DJ, DJ Phantom. It was another in a list of great performance for the night.

Next was Kwaku's speech, which was the most inspirational part of the night for me. One highlight of his speech was "how we as black people bring ourselves down and put ourselves back in terms of advancement in terms of where we were socially in the past." Kwaku used a very

good example in the animated character of Cita on the Black Entertainment Television network. He went on to say that Cita was a stereotypical figure in black culture and this character should be changed to represent a more positive representation of African-American women. As an African-American, I strongly agree with Kwaku on that issue. Then he went on to talk about the portrayal of women within the videos that are shown on BET and that we as a people should not condone such a negative portrayal. Lastly, Kwaku urged the audience to look into the mirror and make the realization that where you can start to change is with the person in the mirror. It is no one's responsibility but the person who is standing in the mirror.

Even though I had not come to this event to report on it and write an article for The Press, I knew that I had to do my part to make sure the people that were not present learn something about the special things that happened on that night. I want to quote the closing thoughts of the hosts, Nina and Ayana, because it was a stamp on a great night, "The purpose of holding this event was to conjure up thoughts in the minds of our future black leaders. In our struggle for upliftment as we revisit and honor yesterday, as well as celebrating the efforts of today and planning for the movement of tomorrow. Black history means more than listening to our history: think, motivate, and celebrate."

Special Thanks: to all performers, Praise Dancers, D.J Phantom, Godfrey, A.J And the supporting staff, F.S.A Campus Dining Services, Irving, Amman, and Gray College LEG, and the people that attended.

Protecting Thailand's Marine Ecology

By Scott Stevens and Yvette Jong

Marine protected areas are set up worldwide to safeguard marine and coastal flora and fauna. Though their objectives are similar, they vary in aspects as development, classification, size, roles, community impact, and management. Marine protection can be established through a multitude of measures, such as controlled management of fisheries, zoning of a marine area or conservation of habitats, educational strategies and community participation.

Although the variety of coral in Thailand creates exceptional reef regions, there are everyday threats that affect the future of these areas. Rich in fish, many areas are generally over fished while reefs are increasingly destroyed due to critically damaging fishing practices (e.g. dynamite). More importantly, uncontrolled tourism, major forest clear cutting (over sedimentation) and use of harmful farming fertilizers lead to major pollution of the rivers that run into coastal waters.

Mangroves are the dominant coastal community in tropical Asia, yet due to coastal development and harmful aquaculture farming, it is estimated that as much as 46% of the mangrove environment is in a state of degradation. This is a particular concern because mangroves are a major habitat for several species of seabirds, as well as a habitat for the reproduction of innumerable terrestrial and marine species. These areas also act as a pollution sink and a natural form of coastal defense against tidal and wave influences upon the coastline and pollutants from inland. Many marine protection programmes face universal problems including a common lack of funding, technical skills, limited resources and minimal public support.

Thailand's government traditionally viewed environmental conservation as a luxury

opposed to a necessity, but the last 25 years have seen a steady change in the government's environmental philosophy due to international pressure and national concern about the loss of Thailand's natural environment. Uncontrolled development and industrial pollution throughout the country have gradually tarnished the country's pristine image. Though the tourist dollar has greatly benefited the country, Thailand is beginning to understand that without an attractive environment to enjoy and proactive conservation efforts, the country's major economic earner will decrease as a result of lost tourism. The reality of this threat has caused Thailand to gradually warm itself to the concept of environmental protection.

Thailand's Fisheries Acts state how marine protected areas should be managed, however the problems stem from lack of legal enforcement. One reason why it is difficult to enforce conservation programs is due to Thailand's cultural beliefs that view eating certain marine species as being fortuitous. Dugongs have been the most affected, being hunted not for their meat, yet for their tusks that are believed to have magical properties of protection. In recent years it is believed only a few of these mammals are left in Trang, Had Chao Mai MNP area.

It may be well understood by scientists that conservation of the marine environment and redevelopment of the mangroves will retain and recuperate the habitats needed for juvenile marine species. Yet for the villager who uses the mangrove for firewood, or the aquaculture farmer who sees profit in shrimp farming, there is little concern for the sustainable use and redevelopment of the mangrove habitats.

Some parks realize that a park's success is highly dependent on public support and that they

will profit by explaining to aims and objectives of conservation programs to the general public. Park authorities are gradually learning that education influences behavior and solicits support towards the Marine National Park (MNP) Division ethic as it becomes more prominent within the park systems. Some marine interpretation centres are simple affairs, where others are well developed with information on Thailand's MNP's, maps, displays, collections, video shows, slide presentations, leaflets, photographs, souvenirs, and such. To promote the MNP's to a greater degree, some parks have targeted the communities' children by getting them involved. For example, schoolchildren will be invited to help with coastal cleanups, or in the case of Mu Ko Chumphon Marine Park, school children are invited to help plant mangrove seeds to help redevelop the natural coastal habitats.

Mu Ko Chumphon is a new national park and will not officially open until 2002. Covering 317sq. km of ocean and encompassing 40 islands and islets, it is set to be the 4th largest marine national park in Thailand, however there are many social conflicts that continue to affect the progress of the development. Mu Ko Chumphon MNP is a stark example of how the best-laid out plans coupled with the best intentions can lead to community discontent and conflict. The problems lay with lack of communication and interaction with the immediate community and the government authorities that would allow for mutual goals and interests. Such problems continue to hinder the ability to enforce and encourage safe and sensible practices that conserve the area's natural resources.

To find out more about how you can get involved in the conservation of the marine environment, visit www.coastalpursuits.com.

Writing Program's Poor Leadership and Budgetary Problems Hurt Students

By Ross Rosenfeld

The leadership abilities of Writing Program Director Kate Losey, as well as those of her subordinate at the Writing Center, Peter Khost, have recently come into question. It appears that Mr. Khost hired three or four new tutors at the Writing Center, located within the Humanities building, without regard as to whether or not the Writing Program could support the new employees' salaries. Mr. Khost claims that he was unaware of the budgetary difficulties that his boss, Dr. Losey, was having – a claim that Dr. Losey herself has substantiated. If this sounds like one hand not knowing what the other is doing, it is.

One of the new employees who was told his services would not be needed anymore was Ross Rosenfeld, a member of The Press staff. "I was told that I would be able to work some 20 hours a week," Rosenfeld claims, "But after one week of work, I received e-mails telling me not to come in anymore... I had given up another job to take this one... Now I don't know what I'll do."

Rosenfeld says that he met with Kate Losey, but that her attitude was less than sympathetic. "She basically said 'that's life,' and then asked me to leave. Not in so many words, but that was the feeling I had. She really didn't care." Rosenfeld says that he plans to sue the Writing Center in small claims court, and hopes that the others stiffed by the Writing Center will do the same.

"They have to learn that they can't do

this to people..." he says, "...That there are repercussions. If just one of them [Losey or Khost] had stood up, taken a deep breath, and said, 'Yes...this is my responsibility, and I'll take the blame for it,' then it would be a different story, and I probably wouldn't sue. But neither of them said that. Neither of them had the courage. And now they're going to be taken to task, as they deserve to be."

Rosenfeld first got the inclination that he would no longer be working at the Center after he received an e-mail from Mr. Khost on February 15th. It was a provisional schedule, and one on which he was not included. Still though, Rosenfeld claims, Khost told him that he was still an employee of the Writing Center. Then, on the 18th, Khost sent out another e-mail, which set-up a provisional weekly schedule which again Rosenfeld was not on, and which included the following statement: "New hires for the spring, I will soon be contacting you individually... do not work any more hours (you will not be paid if you do)..." When Rosenfeld voiced his concern, Khost, in another e-mail, responded, "you are still an employee of the Writing Center."

He also suggested that Rosenfeld speak with Dr. Losey. But, oddly enough, when Rosenfeld did so, he was told by Losey that he was in fact no longer an employee of the Writing Center.

Losey confirmed that Khost had been unaware of the budgetary problems, but still

claimed no responsibility for the wrongful act.

"I asked her why there wasn't any communication between them," Rosenfeld says, "She didn't have any answer for that. She just couldn't wait to get rid of me."

The Writing Center, meanwhile, will now suffer some major cutbacks. The hours have already been cut, and tutoring sessions have been limited to one half-hour. This means that if you need help on a five-page paper, you'll be lucky to get through page three. Tutors will have to rush students through to make certain not to overrun the limit. The biggest hit will come around midterm and finals time, when the Writing Center tends to get flooded.

"Right now they're running around like a chicken without a head," Rosenfeld says. "They don't know what to do. And Khost seems like he doesn't want to deal with it... like it's too big of a headache. I think that's why he misled me – he just didn't want to deal with it."

Asked about the future of the Writing Program, Rosenfeld seemed bleak. "I think the Writing Center will survive," he said, "but only because it's needed. I don't have much faith in the program, however, having seen first-hand the incompetence at the helm. If this is all the leadership Stony Brook has to offer, God help us."

If you wish to contact Mr. Khost or Dr. Losey, they can be reached at x2-7129 and x2-7390, respectively. Mr. Rosenfeld can be reached at The Press office (x2-6451).

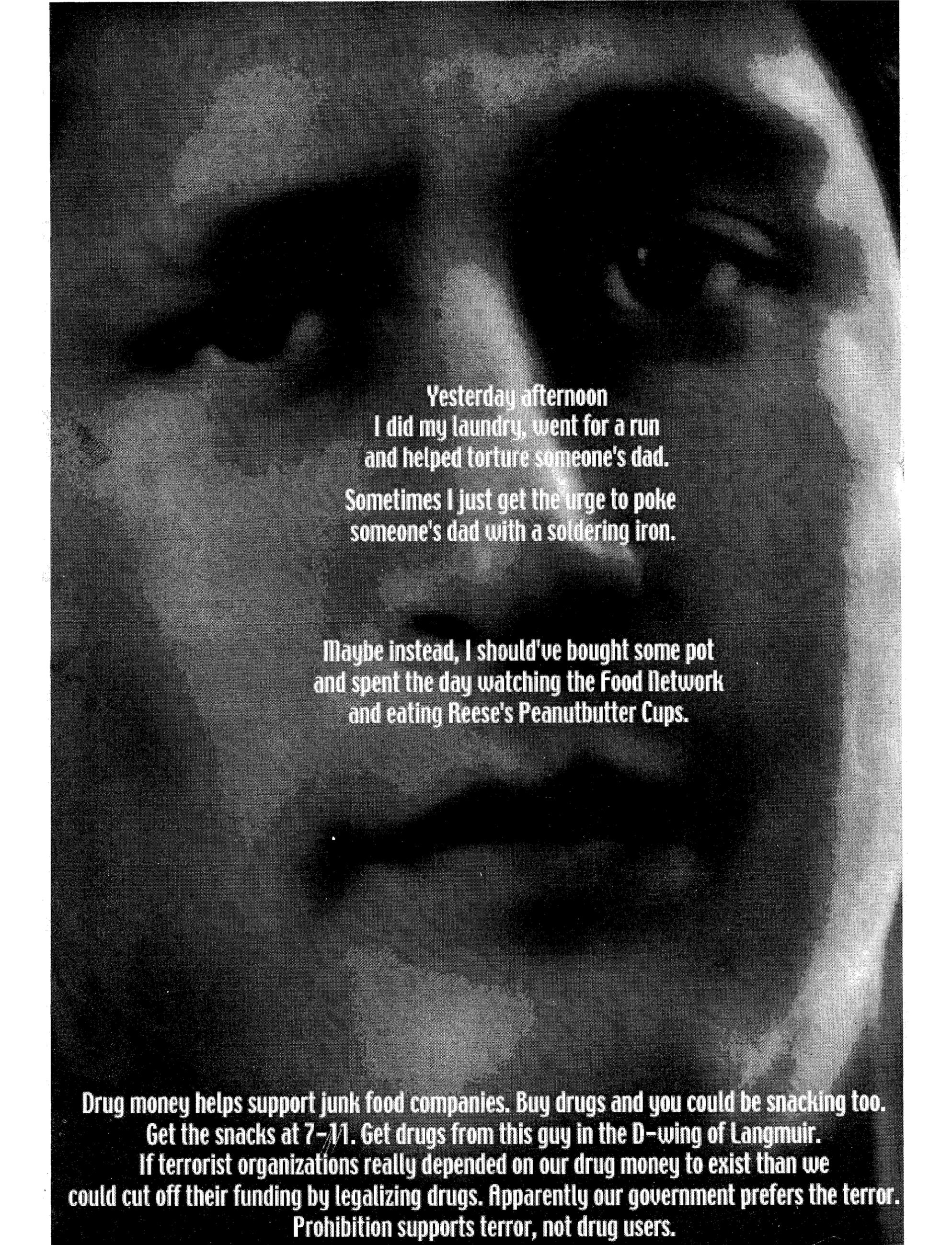
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YOU'LL WIN THAT COUNTRY FAIR
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**Yesterday afternoon
I did my laundry, went for a run
and helped torture someone's dad.
Sometimes I just get the urge to poke
someone's dad with a soldering iron.**

**Maybe instead, I should've bought some pot
and spent the day watching the Food Network
and eating Reese's Peanutbutter Cups.**

**Drug money helps support junk food companies. Buy drugs and you could be snacking too.
Get the snacks at 7-11. Get drugs from this guy in the D-wing of Langmuir.
If terrorist organizations really depended on our drug money to exist than we
could cut off their funding by legalizing drugs. Apparently our government prefers the terror.
Prohibition supports terror, not drug users.**