

THE STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. XXIV, Issue 3

"You will not know fear, you will not know pain, you will taste manflesh"

October 16, 2002



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Unions and Asbestos and Rats, Oh My!

By Jackie Hayes

It is Wednesday, October 2, 2002, six-thirty a.m. The metal gates behind the Stony Brook Humanities Building open to let in a white van carrying workers. A few hours later an inflatable rat is poised in front of the Humanities Building, facing the passing students and faculty. A member or two of Laborers' Local 78 (a local union) will accompany the inflatable rat to pass out flyers. The heading on the flyers states, "Students, Faculty, and Visitors BEWARE death comes early if you breathe asbestos." It also claims that the contracting company hired through the university is refusing to pay workers a prevailing wage.

One of the Union representatives standing next to the rat, who referred to himself as Wieslaw, stated, "we are worried about workers." The union is concerned that the non-union workers are being exposed to asbestos, are denied medical insurance, dental insurance, and pensions, or that they are not being paid prevailing wage. Since the contracting company transports the workers to and from the job site, the union representatives are unable to talk to them. Wieslaw expressed frustration stating, "they bring them in cars every morning." He also stated the workers were unwilling to communicate with the union. He attributes this to possible fears the non-union workers might have about losing their jobs. "When I first came to the United States, I was told I would get fired if I joined a union," he said, referring to some of his first jobs as an immigrant in the U.S.

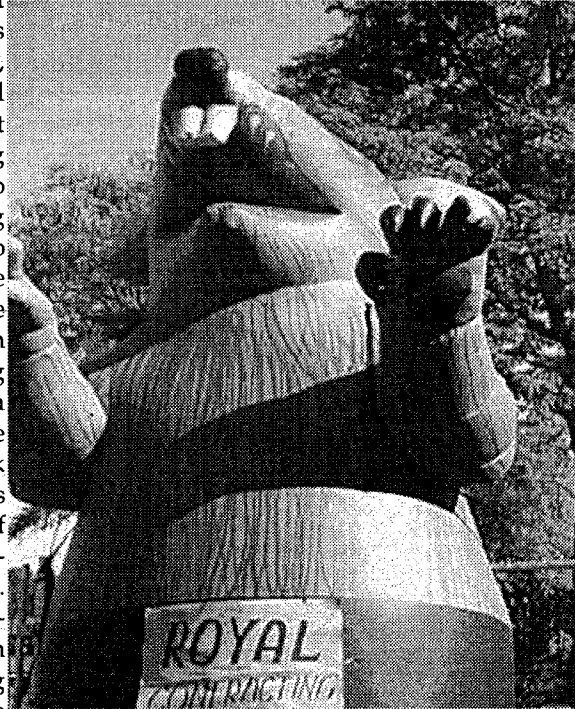
The bottom of the flyer advises students to "Call Edward S. Cox of the State University Construction Fund at 518-689-2605 and demand that responsible contractors be hired to perform this hazardous work." I called the number detailed on the flyer and spoke with a secretary who said that Edward S. Cox did not work for SUNY Stony

Brook. She then advised me to speak with Gary Mathews. I was transferred to another secretary who told me Gary Mathews also no longer worked for SUNY Stony Brook. She then directed me to Richard Mann, the Vice President of Administration. Mr. Mann seemed reluctant to give information regarding the Humanities project stating, "This project is out of administration's hands." He stated that the administration is aware of the contractor, the plans, the design, and construction, yet does not have any decision making power. When asked who had decision making power he directed me to Rick Feltman, Site Representative for the SUNY Construction Fund. After informing Mr. Feltman I was from the Stony Brook Press he transferred me to Frank Desler, although he was unable to inform me of Frank's job title or position. Frank stated J. Kokolakis was the contractor hired to work on the Humanities Building and that he was unaware of the nonunion workers. "We require contractors to pay prevailing wage" he explained. Yet he was unable to tell me the prevailing wages.

According to Article 8, Section 220 of the Labor Laws, "the contractor must publicly post on the work site, in a prominent and accessible place,

a legible schedule of the prevailing wage rates and supplements." The Humanities Building is currently surrounded with a chain link fencing prohibiting any public access in or out of the site. There are posted signs warning that trespassing is prohibited. The schedule of prevailing wage rates and supplements are not posted on either the fence or the building.

There are also inconsistencies in the flyers being passed out by Laborers' Local 78. The flyers state that Royal Contracting Corp of N.Y. is the contractor, yet Frank Desler stated that J. Kokolakis was the contractor. Edward S. Cox, the name given on the flyer as a State University Construction Fund representative, does not work for Stony Brook. After talking with Wieslaw, Richard Mann, Rick Feltman, and Frank Desler along with numerous secretaries many questions still remain. How much are the workers at the Humanities Building being paid? Are they being paid prevailing wages? Are tax dollars supporting a contracting company that denies workers benefits and prevailing wages as detailed on the flyers? And finally, are the non-union workers being exposed to asbestos?



Coke Kills

By Bev Bryan

A paramilitary squad of the United Self Defense Forces of Colombia (AUC) shot and killed Isidro Segundo Gil at the gate of the Coke bottling plant in Carepa at 8:30 a.m. on December 5, 1996. He was one of the leaders of the beverage worker's union at Carepa.

An hour later another of the union's leaders was kidnapped. He later escaped to exile in Bogota. That night the paramilitaries broke into the union's offices, burning them to the ground. Gil's widow was later killed, leaving behind two orphaned children.

The next day, the paras returned to the plant and delivered an ultimatum: abandon the union or face death. They were, for the most part, obeyed.

For four years the workers sought help from their own government but the persecution

continued. No response came from the American Embassy.

The workers in Colombia have taken Coca-Cola to court on the grounds that the company is complicit in the murder of union leaders in Columbia. The case was brought to the SINALTRAINAL, the union that represents Coke workers in Colombia with the support of the United Steel Workers of America and the International Labor Rights Fund.

The suit was filed in the Miami District Court on July 20 of 2001 against the Coca-Cola company and Panamerican Beverages, Inc. (Panamco), Latin America's number one bottler of Coke products and Bebidas y Alimentos, the company which operates the plant in Carepa where the murder took place.

The Union charges that the plant's manager, Ariosto Milan Mosquera, claimed that "he had given an order to the paramilitaries to carry out the task of destroying the union." Mosquera had a reputation for partying with the paramilitaries.

Coke's defense

is that they are not responsible for the actions of their business partners in other countries. "Coca-Cola denies any connection to any human rights violation of this type. We do not own or operate the plants," Coke spokesman Rafael Fernandez Quiros told BBC News.

Bebidas y Alimentos, which does own and operate the plant, insists they have no influence on the actions of the paramilitaries. The owner, an American named Richard Kirby, told a reporter: "You don't use them. They use you. Nobody tells the paramilitaries what to do." Following the lawsuit, Kirby, who's son runs the plant, denied any involvement in the murder and tried to sell the plant. Coke would not allow it. It seems the corporation has some control over the actions of their business partners.

The workers were in negotiations with the plant at the time of the murder. "The company never negotiated with the union after that," said Edgar Paez, one of the leaders of the union. "27 workers in twelve departments left the plant and the area. All the workers had to quit the union to save their own lives, and the union was completely destroyed. For two months the paramilitaries camped just outside the plant's gate and Coca-Cola never complained to the authorities," he said. Experienced workers were replaced with workers without experience who could be paid the bare minimum. Coke came out the clear winner in this story but says the paramilitaries did it all for love.

The plaintiffs are suing under the Alien Tort Claims Act of 1789. Under this law non-U.S. citizens can sue in American courts for damages



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The Battle for a Better Meal Plan

By Adam Schlagman

It began on Sunday, September 29th at 11pm, on the third floor of the Student Activities Center. A secret meeting was arranged, which approximately thirty concerned students attended. These students all had complaints about the meal plan, which dormers living at Stony Brook University are forced to purchase. The meeting was organized and led by a student, Mandel Julien.

Right away, Julien made it clear that he was not acting as the president of some club or organization, but that he was just an ordinary student, like the rest of us, meeting to seek redress of the grievances against the meal plan.

Julien did not just run the meeting blindly; he was well prepared. He had a preliminary proposal typed up, and demonstrated an ability to smoothly run the meeting.

Now of course you might be wondering what exactly was going on and why so many students were upset. Before we address these items, we need to provide some background. Campus Dining Services (web site <http://www.campus-dining.org>), which controls the meal plan and operates dining facilities on the west campus, is a partnership among the Faculty Student Association (FSA), Campus Administration, and Chartwells.

Now that we know who controls the meal plan, we can move on to what is wrong with it. There isn't one problem that is prominent, but rather a multitude of problems.

First of all, you receive meal points on your card. Your money is not referred to as dollars, but as points as a psychological ploy to lessen the perceived value expended on each meal.

Next, the meal plan price was raised this year and has escalated every year. Mandel hopes to find a way to prevent future increases and maintain a steady price. It does not seem reasonable for the price to rise, as there has not been a perceivable increase in the cost of groceries in the local or national economy, and the economics of a larger student body would dictate additional savings. Additionally, the individual prices (meal

points) of almost all of the foods on campus have been raised. For the previously cited reasons, this is also counterintuitive.

The meal plan and the price of individual food items aren't the only things that have increased in price. The cost of doing laundry has risen as well. Last semester the price of using one washer with your meal card was \$1 and the price of using one dryer was \$0.75. Now, this year both prices were raised ten cents. This is not a problem just because of price inflation, but also because it is almost impossible to use all the money you put on your card. It is only possible to put whole dollar amounts (points) on the meal cards and not fractions of a point, so it is highly likely that you will not use all of the money on your card. This might not seem like a big deal, but if thousands of students have fractions of a point left over on their cards, it adds up.

Another problem is there is no consistency in prices of serving sizes. A bottle of soda at the SAC cost more than a bottle of soda at Kelly dining hall. There is also absolutely no consistency in how much food you receive. One server will give you two scoops of pasta, while another may give you five. The workers need to be told how much to give, so both they and the students know how much food is dispensed with each purchase. Fair weights and measures are one of the foundations of an equitable society.

Yet another large problem is takeout food. While food prices have escalated, the size of takeout containers and their contents have shrunk. Small flimsy paper plates are now given out and if you want something to go you need to flip it over into a small container at the counter when you pay. This is totally unacceptable. The worst is if you purchase mashed potatoes with gravy. The food is thrown on one of the small paper plates with the gravy leaking off of it and almost soaking through the plate. Then if you want to bring it back with you, you need to flip the potatoes over into a container at the register and all the gravy comes off. Your meal is basically destroyed. Mandel wants to bring back the large takeout containers and believes we will

succeed in solving this and the other problems by acting in unison.

There are additional issues with the meal plan. The first time your meal card is swiped, you lose 155 dollars; excuse me, - points, according to the powers that be. That is a lot of money that they just "swipe away". This is called the "activation fee" and hopefully will be eliminated.

Think that is the end? Well, think again. During the afternoon, there are few places in the academic mall that are open for students to use their meal cards. The SAC is only open for cash-bought food and the same thing goes for the Harriman Café. With Humanities closed for repairs, the only place to eat during the afternoon, besides the residence halls, is the Union.

The final problem discussed at the meeting was the problem of the limited food options for vegans, vegetarians, and students that keep kosher. Along with this goes the point that there needs to be healthier food on campus. Vegans and vegetarians are starving; there are few if any options for them to eat. They are forced to purchase their own food off campus. The workers use the same knives to cut kosher and non-kosher food and the same pots and pans to cook both. This is antithetical to the concept of kashrut, so those wishing to keep kosher are unable to eat the food.

All of these issues were either on Mandel's proposal or later added to it. He also included the proposition that meal points should be refunded at the end of the year, if they are not used, and that there should be a five hundred dollar meal plan option. At the end of the proposal, Mandel stated that he wanted to be responded to by Monday, October 7th at 6pm or else extreme measures would occur i.e. possibly a large protest rally. Mandel then informed everyone that they should all meet at the SAC loop on Friday, October 4th at 2:45pm. That way everyone could march together to an FSA meeting at Kelly scheduled for 3pm. There the students' demands would be laid on the table and Campus Dining would see all the student support and be

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Bush's Pre-Emptive Strike Against Labor

By Jeff Blanch

Amazingly, on Tuesday, George W. Bush actually acted on a domestic situation that was said to affect us, as well as the nation's economy greatly. Even more surprisingly, this had zilch to do with Iraq, or Saddam Hussein, which has been Mr. Bush's obsession for the past 6 months.

If you aren't hip as to the lockout concerning the West coast ports, here's a quick recap: the Pacific Maritime Association, which represents shippers, had a desire to make use of new technology. This new technology included computerized information systems that would track the shipping of cargo. The International Longshoremen and Warehouse Union wanted to ensure that these new technology-related jobs would be unionized.

The ILWU was willing to negotiate the details, but the Association resisted that plan of action. As a result, the ILWU didn't go on strike, but began a "work slowdown." This included, among other things, not working overtime. The PMA then locked out the union on September 29.

Now, back to Mr. Bush's part in this. After a mass panic from industry about products sitting in warehouses, not being able to be shipped, and an estimate of U.S.

economy losing 1-2 billion dollars a day, Mr. Bush invoked the Taft-Hartley Act. This Act is one of the worst pieces of legislation passed in the 20th century. The Taft-Hartley Act was passed in 1947, in a climate of fear and anti-union zealotry at the onset of the Cold War. Among other provisions, this Act bans secondary boycotts, curtailing the organizing power of labor unions. The Act also defines "employee" to exclude supervisors and independent contractors, diminishing the pool of workers available to be unionized. This was the first time the Act was used to end a lockout, rather than a strike.

For anyone who has even half a clue about Mr. Bush's policies, the fact that he's an opponent of labor unions won't surprise anybody. But his handling of this situation has been downright brazen, even by his standards. Another provision of the Taft-Hartley Act is that before taking any action, the serving president must appoint a board of inquiry to determine whether a work stoppage constitutes a national emergency. There are two main problems with Bush's path of action. First, this was a lockout, not a "work stoppage", as already stated here and elsewhere. The second problem lies in the fact that Bush's board of inquiry began its inves-

tigation on Monday. When were the findings of this panel released? Tuesday. Yes, the very next day. This speaks volumes as to Mr. Bush's credibility, or lack thereof, as an unbiased, impartial arbitrator on this matter.

Even worse is Bush's timing. Before he made his announcement, the union offered to return to work under a temporary, 30-day contract extension. The PMA, for whatever reason, turned them down flat. This further damage to our economy is inexcusable. Mr. Bush has let a very powerful employer lock out workers, and then as a favor, step in on their behalf.

George W. Bush, in taking this brief respite from his demented path to war on Iraq, has used this opportunity not to be the savior of the nation's economy, but to take another shot at the entity that his campaign contributors loathe the most: labor unions. To close, there exists a motley crew of individuals who have cost this economy much more than \$2 billion, in particular shareholders and unlucky employees. But Bush is doing much more than just walking to court in their case. He's waging a war to afford them cover and to avoid further scrutiny.

Editorial: Dear Jesus Christ, King of Kings, Please Can You Hurry With My Last Request

About two years ago, I wrote to you asking the small favor of smiting our newly inducted 43rd President. My request was answered with a friendly visit from the Secret Service, a violation of civil liberties, and an adventurous aftermath. Yet George W. Bush still roams free.

I don't mean any disrespect, after all you are the Son of God and the Shepard of Man, but please look upon my last request with more earnestness. Granted I went off on a tangent and requested the decimation of the entire executive cabinet and MTV sensation Carson Daly, and I asked it to happen on live TV, but looking back, I don't think I was being too ridiculous.

Anyway, my Savior, I think we should focus on what is important here, George W. Bush. The man wants to turn Iraq into a giant crater. Surely, even in all

your infinite patience, the idea of a mortal attempting to impose justice upon your human flock must anger you.

OK, so it's true most of the population of Iraq doesn't believe you to be the Messiah. But does this mean you are going to let a war start because the leader of the most powerful nation on Earth is about as qualified as a kindergarten student?

I really think you should take my request into consideration. As I stated in my last letter, surely you are quite busy saving people's souls and such. If you, Lord of Lords, could please take a moment out of your holy schedule and snuff George W. Bush, this lowly follower of yours will be your most devout fan.

Thank you again for this opportunity to write to you, most loved and revered, Jesus, son of Mary, and all around cool guy.

Editorial: *The Press Really* Does Need Your Help

The Stony Brook Press has been a bastion of pseudo counter culture, and entertainment on this campus for close to thirty years now. Considering our illustrious, and sometimes salacious past, one would think it rare to ask for assistance from our readers. Right now, whatever you would like to say about polity does not matter, for they are still able to impose referendum on us. Now, what does this mean to you, loyal reader? It's very simple. We are asking neither for more money, nor for any special treatment of any kind. We simply want to continue to provide you with the valuable service of laughs, and the occasional news story.

The referendum we are up for does not allow us to ask for a budget increase. We don't need one anyway. If enough people vote against the paper, we will however lose all funding and you won't have any more new issues of the newspaper coming out. Ever. Unlike the Statesman, we are not

an entirely separate corporation, dependant on advertising (although we do welcome advertising). We do not generate enough revenue that we are able to survive on that alone.

We really really do need our readers to vote yes about the Press' referendum. This means no, "Ha ha, let me be funny and vote no." That's the fastest way to get us completely removed from campus. Think of it this way, if we're not here any more, you'll have to read the Statesman. This is the part where we usually get on our knees and beg for mercy/and or votes in return for lewd acts. We still may resort to that, but before we pull our knee pads out from the archives, we're going to be asking nicely. So please, please don't let the beloved black sheep of this campus fall by the wayside. Apathy runs thick on this campus, don't let that be the undoing of our little rag.

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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: Attention all K-Mart shoppers: Common sense has left the building

To the editor;

Your October 2, 2002 reply to my letter to the editor states " You've sent out little paper letters of this sort in the past, and we still don't understand why" In the interests of candor, I sent my letter to the editor via e-mail, I did not send " little paper letters". Secondly , perhaps you meant to use the word our, rather than " out"? I'm sure the writing center can help you with your proofreading needs, it's clear that's a weak point. Thirdly, according to U.S. Census Bureau, the minority population grew in New York City from 1990 to 2000. With this in mind, was your characterization that Mayor Giuliani was trying to remove all minorities, in your own words, "...either an outright lie, or simply untrue"?

Karen Cole
Stony Brook, NY.

Dear Karen,

This is the third letter you've written us, and in this one something is noticeably absent: no pointless defamation of David Dinkins. In your two previous letters, you've responded to our claims that Giuliani is a racist by bashing Dinkins, despite the fact that we never once mentioned him.

Anyway, besides your seemingly blatant racist comments, we do love to hear from you. Really. Nothing gives us an adrenaline rush like your psychotic rants on our supposed inaccuracies. Lets do a little math exercise together:

People + Sex = Babies

Babies = People

Established Population + People = Bigger Population

Here's some more "facts." According to the National Review, an April 2000 poll found that among black New Yorkers only 9% approved of Giuliani performance, causing his overall approval rating to drop to a whopping 37%. Looking at these statistics maybe you think Bush is a great president. Surely you will let us know in your next writing. After all, you just don't know when to shut up.

Love,

The Editorial Board of The Stony Brook Press

Letter: We Agree

As I stood amidst the small business owners fighting to feed their families, trying to survive this Corporate Mafia take-over a young man wearing a dark blue pinstripe blazer and leather pants shouted - "Aahhh! We can have smoking and non-smoking bars!!!!" - and why not??? In this ever growing world of ailments, viruses, and heart attacks we concern ourselves with people who choose to spit in the devil's eye and take their chances on meeting god slowly.

It's none of your business how one chooses to commit suicide, Mr. Judy Doomberg. You're dooming a city built on dreamers and rebels to a life of eating burgers in bathrooms and smoking a peaceful cigarette on the toilet. 10/09/02 - Doucheburgawitz, chooses to compare people dying from smoking to the murder rate ?. Doesn't he know that we New Yorkers go out of state to kill. You know, some place nice and warm for sniper lessons and then some place with no capital punishment to try out our new found glory.

I recall a New York when one didn't have to feel like your bowling down to some midget grandma to pick up a 20 bucks just floating in the wind. It wasn't too long ago when the city didn't need a New World Trade Center... and over 2500 people were taken from this earth that day. Your goons reported only a thousand plus a year finally get their wish to rest in peace...

A New York where the tax on a pack of cigarettes and a good time on Friday night didn't cost a day's pay. Even if the tax was raised to a dime the citizens of this great city wouldn't have to go out of state

for their casual nicotine fix. But to raise it to over a dollar on tax alone is absurd. Imagine if you will that tomorrow a train ride in Manhattan from West 4th to 42nd Street suddenly cost \$15.00 - Well - That's roughly 30 Pounds, even the Brits would riot. Well - That's what he did (Judy)... and don't tell me that obesity and cholesterol levels in this city aren't killing more people yearly. I may not have exact figures at this time, it's a rush job, but everyone knows where to get a burger for only a buck...

I don't see any reason why smoking and non-smoking restaurant/bars and work places in general can't coexist. I do believe we still live in a sympathetic democracy people or at least I'd like to pretend we do... You fear second hand smoke, work somewhere else, but don't penalize a hard working man for wanting to eat away at his own soul whenever (and where ever) he feels like it. By the way Ms. Clinton it takes a village to spoil some ripe tomatoes too you know.

If I worked for the Parks and Recreation Dept. and I "SMOKED," and got my chops busted by some rookie cop on a quota kick you better believe I'd be hunting down some pedestrians on my way home after making bail for assault charges and a few nights at Brooklyn House and I'm pretty sure that I'd spit in the Mayor's face if he was ever within range.

Love-

Russell Hawk.

Letter: Stony Brook Press learned me to decorate.

Dear Friends,

When we saw these pictures (only one is printed here), we were quite amazed that someone actually enjoyed our paper enough to wallpaper their suite with our back cover (Volume XXIV, Issue 2). We were also very scared. But that didn't stop us from going to see it ourselves.

We could only ask all our readers to enjoy The Press as much as you have. Yet while we love you for your devotion, you have to realize that only the first copy of The Press is free. If you take a look at the lower right hand corner of page 4, you will notice a little box stating such. Currently additional copies of our quality publication are 25 cents each. We counted about, ooh, 100 copies, or was it 200.... hmmm... anyway, we are eagerly awaiting your payment. Of course if you don't to pay in cash, you can surrender some meal points or maybe the soul of one of your suitemates; whichever is more convenient for you.

Always a pleasure,

The Stony Brook Press

The Stony Brook Press: More Than Just a Paper, It's a Way of Life

By Fianna Sogomonyan

I had no idea it was going to be like this.

It was my first year back at school and just to make things interesting for myself, I got a job as the new Graduate Assistant for Campus Media. In this position, I would work with the campus student media groups, helping them reach their organizational goals.

But it would become more than a job. Within a few weeks, it became pretty clear: I had embarked on a journey from which there was no return.

I wasn't just a GA. I was a Drum Major of a marching band consisting of trumpets, bagpipes, cellos and banjos. But I caught the rhythm. And the melody, while strange and new, ignited passions in me I did not know existed.

To be clear: I could write an article about each one of our rockin' groups in the Student Media council. Each group has a vibe all it's own, and each of the sounds are beautiful in their own right....

SBU-TV is dedicated; WUSB is funky; Specula is big-picture; Statesman is steadfast; Shelanu is passionate; Blackworld is honest; En Accion is spirited. News & Blues is pertinent; Asian American E-zine is snazzy...

And then there was the Press.

This is where I run out of adjectives.

I consider myself sufficiently eloquent and I know it's silly to be speechless in an article, so here it goes....

The Press. Um...well...um...the Press. Hmm. Let me think.

I cannot find one word to describe the Press because no one word exists. How about "powerful?" Yep, that's one word: Powerful. The Press is powerful enough to render the English language completely inadequate as a means of finding one word to describe it.

Eclectic. Ingenious. Skewed. Proud. Dedicated. Brilliant. Creative. Fuzzy.

Now, it's confession time:

When I was an undergrad here, I never read the Press. I wouldn't even pick it up. I found it



obnoxious, deviant, and offensive.

And I still do --sometimes. But now, as a graduate student, I have the maturity and perspective to see the Press for the genius it truly is.

When the world sees a story head on, the Press looks at it from the back, or upside down, or inside out, and a quarter-turn to the left. When the world sees black and white, the Press sees paisley. If the world associates it's thoughts in a straight line, the Press makes squiggly lines. When the world zigs, the Press zags.

I'm more liberal and I like to consider myself worldlier than I was in college. I have been a media consumer for a bit longer than most of the students I work with. I like to think I know good writing from bad, quality news from trash, and creativity from arrogant displays of pompous self-absorption.

The beauty of college, if not the United States in general, is that we have choices. Choices in what we study; Choices in what we

practice;
Choices in
what we
touch or
whom;
Choices in
what we
wear, where
we live, what
we do, how
we do it. And
certainly, we
have choices
about what
information
we will let
into our
minds - what
we will let
shape it - and
what we will
do with it.

I think
I'm done
being snobby.
I pick it up
now.

Sometimes, I'm offended, but mostly I laugh. I've opened my mind to the joys of skewed thinking.

There is beauty in looking at things from the ass backwards point of view.

Aside from the merits gained from it's unique perspective on the world, The Stony Brook Press, though unbeknownst to many in the student body, has successfully become a sub-culture unto itself. If you don't believe me, feel free to stop by their office in the basement of the Union. They might look a little weird. And the office might look like a psychedelic cave of the most unwelcoming kind. And the aura might be one found in a psychiatric ward. And you might feel as if you've stepped into a time-warped episode of the twilight zone while on a bad trip.... But do not be afraid!

Just stay a few minutes and I promise you, you'll feel it.... Soon you'll start to get it...you'll talk to one of the characters there and you might find your mind tingling in a way it never does in philosophy class...or you might hear someone put a thought together you never thought anyone could. If you stay long enough, even the posters on the wall will begin to make sense. If you go, you'll be sucked into the humor, the personalities and the vibe just as much as you'll be sucked into the 350 year old couch in their office.

I admit it. The Stony Brook Press is a lot of what I never was. Or never could find in myself. I like to think I'm smart, witty and creative, but they really are. The Stony Brook Press is the real deal.

But life must go on!

It's taken me a lot of work (four years in therapy to be exact), but now, I've finally come to terms with everything. Now, I am truly at peace. Where my heart was once closed off by doubt and preconceptions of the Press, I am now opened by its depth and zaniness. I respect what they do and who they are. I'm happy I've come to terms with my SB Press issues and that I've finally been able to rebuild the relationship with my friends and family. But, what I love most about the people in the Press is that I can call them my friends.

That's all I gotta say about that.



By Gregory Knopp

Well I finally got my license. The NY State DMV has deemed me qualified to drive a car. And it's about time, being that I'm 21 years old. This is my third time taking the test, and how was it that I managed to fuck it up twice before?

I put off getting my permit all through out high school, always hating to go through any kind of bureaucracy or paperwork (that's why I don't have any scholarships at Stony Brook). I finally forced myself to pick out a day and made my way up to the DMV via three buses and confused directions last spring. I had a little study book that I read on the way. When I finally got there I passed it, getting only one question wrong. I can't see how anyone can fail that test, but of course there was one guy there, with long blond hair, very white trash clothing (probably drove there in a Camaro, which he bought from his sister, who is also his wife- this is Staten Island after all) who got most of them wrong.

On the way back, the bus made a stop and a bunch of mentally retarded people got on. I was sitting kinda up front, trying not to miss my stop, so they sat right in front of me. Some of them were huge and some tiny and hunched over. They were all excited; I think they go to some clinic there, and they all just got out. I was looking at this particular couple, a guy about 34, with a big face and sinking lower lip producing drool plus a short fat balding lady of about 55 with set eyes. They were flirting and I think I saw them kiss.

As my attention was focused on this, with blend of disgust, fear, and a strange curiosity, I failed to realize what was happening next. It seemed the rest of the "mentally challenged" (let me be P.C., here for once) raced to the next stop and were now getting on the bus. I seem to recall eyeballing a tall doofy-looking guy, with one of those hats with a propeller on top (but my memory has been known to play tricks on me, so there is a slight chance that I'm getting that particular image from some cartoon on Nickelodeon) as the rest of them swarmed the bus. I didn't have enough time to react, and the next thing I knew I was caught in a sea of down's syndrome and crack babies. A huge grunting black guy sat next to me, pushing me against the window, and occasionally half-laughing at the events going on in front of us. I, on the other hand, did not find what was happening as amusing, but rather felt like I was stuck on another planet, surrounded by some alien species, who would either just smother me by sheer numbers, eat me indiscriminately like wild animals, or would just ignore me, not registering my presence if I stayed quiet enough. So I just watched them quietly; while looking out for my stop. After I got out I wasn't sure if the relief I felt was due to getting the whole permit thing over with, or due to my timely escape.

So now I had to learn how to drive. I drove once or twice when I was 10, and this was in Russia. The car was almost as big as a tank, and probably as tough (a Volga). So I had to start from scratch. My dad tried to give me a lesson, but this did not go well. He was way too stressed out, and one of us would have had a stroke before we'd ever get to parallel parking. I knew I would need an instructor at the end of my 1st lesson. As I was pulling into the driveway, under the neighbors' eye, he saw that I was getting a little too close, so he yelled "Stop!" ("Tormas!") and I panicked and pressed the pedal my foot was on i.e. the gas. The tires screeched, and I slammed on the breaks just in time not to drive into the garage (which would beat Stephanie from Full House, when she thought that R stood for radio, and not reverse, and rolled back into the garage), but did manage to leave some nice tracks on the grass, a good impression on the neighbors, and take off about 7 years of life from both me and my dad.

That summer I was working at Applebee's in the kitchen, so I didn't have much time to take

driving lessons. We planned the first one, where I would meet the guy in Bay Ridge, and drive to the place where I would take the 5 hour class. I drove there, and my brother and I went inside. There was a tall fat Russian guy, with a huge stomach, who was always smiling and looked like a cat. His wife was the secretary, who was watching some terrible European soap opera translated into Russian, looking like she was really into the story. We went out and got some cheap canned coffee and chips, and let him lead us to the TV room. He put on some tape and left. Once in a while he would come back and check up on us. He asked if we were drinking beer, and seemed a bit disappointed at our negative response. After a while he gave us a sheet of paper with all the answers on it, and told us we should answer one or two wrong on the scantron, so that it doesn't look suspicious.

Altogether, I took only about three lessons, since most of the time I was either working, too tired from work or hanging out. And now the day finally came. My brother and I were waiting outside the car, as we saw the instructors. One of them was a Hasidic guy, and the other was a short, fat, tough looking lady. Our teacher did some counting, and figured out that the Hasidic guy was gonna take us. He said that this was good, cause he usually passes people. We felt relieved, and started to fuck around, making fun of that lady. She looked like a lesbian gym teacher, one that would fail you in your senior year of High School, not allowing you to graduate.

We were probably talking pretty loud, and she might of heard us, but one would never know, for the stern, handbrake-up-the-ass expression on her face was unyielding.

I'm about to go next, with gym-teacher-dyke in the car in front of us, and I'm ready. Just waiting for the Jewish guy to come back. And then, I sense some movement in the parked car in front of us. My heart freezes. She comes out, shaking her head (I guess the girl in front of us didn't have her paperwork right) and heads over to us. My teacher and I both seem discombobulated, and we both tried to grab my permit. He eventually takes it, and gives it to me, shoving me into the car. Inside she extends her hand, so I stick my out to shake hers. She just gives my trembling hand a dirty look, and I realize that she wants my permit. I give her what she needs, and proceed to fuck up the test. I didn't do all that bad, but fucked up on the parking. I couldn't relax for a minute. Somehow my brother passed it, having the same bitch, and screwing up somewhat as well.

I took two more lessons, and took the exam again at the end of the summer. This time I was confident. I didn't get the same bitch, but still managed to fail. I did everything well, but fucked up a bit on the parking. The lady said she didn't like my steering, and gave me that white slip. It was the end of the summer, and I was going away to England for a year, so I decided that this whole driving thing is not working out.

Continued on page 17



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Bush-Whacking in Central Park: Cutting Down on the Oily Arms Build-Up

By Allan Katz, with contributions from Andrew Dunford and hard liquor

In our lifetimes the definition of radical has undergone more alterations and tapering than Michael Jackson's facial structure. Whereas at one point being radical connotated holding and sharing views that ventured far from the norm due to one's ideals, at this point in history the bar for being a radical has been lowered to occasionally voting third party &/or driving a Volkswagen. The definition of radical activism has been more watered down than a 30-pack of Natty Ice. Got a "pro-choice" bumper sticker? Ohh, you're fucking dangerous.

With the opening cheap shot out of the way, on to providing you, the reader/inmate/concerned nun with what the Stony Brook Press is renowned for. No, not another in-depth discussion on the inaccuracies of the latest Spiderman series. Nope, no frat-bashing either. This episode we're bringing you what Newsday made absolutely no mention of, what the New York Times & Washington Post gave only a blurb, and what the Statesman couldn't cover due to the immense popularity and relevance of WOLFstock 2002. Sunday October 6th, over 24,000 people came together in Central Park to

who lost 19 members of her extended family to US bombs dropped in Afghanistan, a wife whose husband was detained for nine months by INS before getting deported. Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney vocalized her support. Several people whose family members were lost at Ground Zero spoke as well.

Twenty five youth led the entire crowd in taking the Pledge of Resistance. [Yes, an internet link to the full text is furnished.] Randall Hamud, a lawyer from San Diego who has been on the frontlines fighting for post-9/11 detainees through all 243 pages of the US Patriot Act into the crowd who then ripped it to shreds. Leslie Cagan, and Ron Daniels of the Center for Constitutional Rights led the crowd to chant "Not In Our Name! Not In Our Name!"

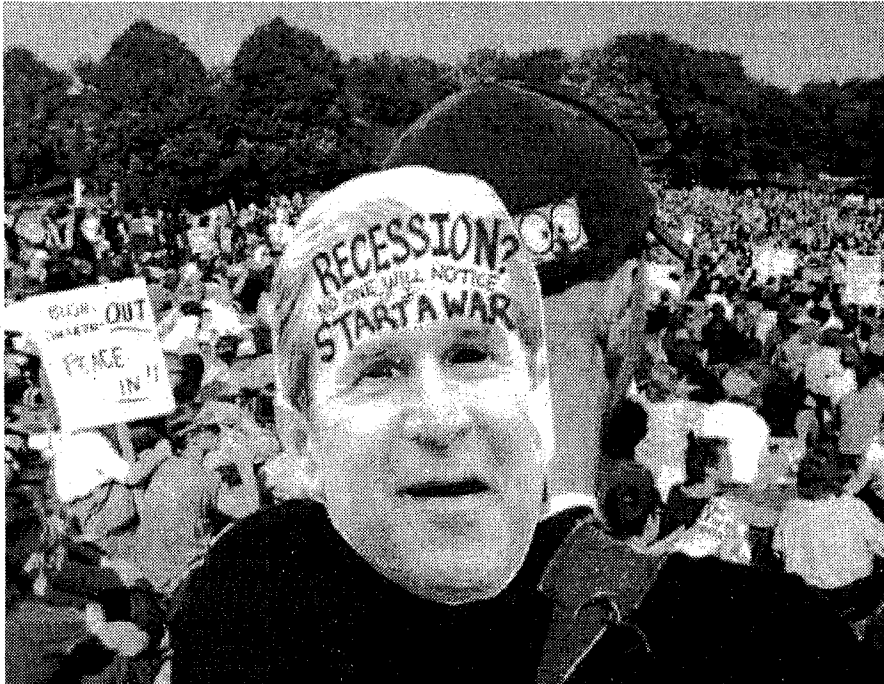


whipping them into an appropriate fervor. Later in the day, the program finished in almost Broadway fashion. Thousands gathered in a circle to represent the world while holding up images of it. The PA was playing Saul Williams new song, "September 12", (sorry Bruce, some of us are more direct) with the crowd chanting "No, Not In My Name." Armed with a flask of Gordon's and a pack of menthols, I went about making sure I wouldn't forget that things like this are possible randomly speaking with the three thousand or so lin-

help but feel hopeful... Saw the incredible, such as punks and skins being useful, stomping from the park to brass doors of uptown Manhattan chanting things the ultra-upper class residents pay good money not listen to... Even felt alright about the hippies, seeing them ecstatically participating in a drum circle as if an authentic one might never appear again.

The almost 25,000 on the East Meadow were flanked by thousands of others from San Francisco to London. 10,000 congregated in Union Square for the Not in Our Name Mass Convergence. Another 10,000 demonstrated in LA, some participating in a march on the National Guard Headquarters. It didn't stop with the WTO in Seattle. Yet another 10,000 came out in protest. 4,000 chanted "Bush don't get it, we ain't wit' it," in true Chi-Town style in The Tribune's Pioneer Plaza. In over 20 other states and about a dozen other countries smaller demonstrations were held. I couldn't have been the only cynic reformed by the experience. I walked away leaving my "fuck it, we'll never change" outlook where it belonged, in the dirt with hundreds of discarded protest signs. None of us needed them. There'll be fresh signs and different outlooks for the next round.

For more info and the Pledge of Resistance you can risk being reported to the terrorist network (sadly, that was not a joke) by surfing to www.notinourname.net. Another worthwhile site is www.beatbackbush.com (the ANSWER group). Finally, if you seek further edification, use your browser for searching for something beyond that umpteenth "Baby One More Time" remix and get involved in your own way. Seek, and it is far too easy to find. If you wanna start locally, there's groups right here on campus that would be all to willing to get you on your way. It's just a matter of action.



send a message to the Beverly Hillbillies in power: "War?! Not In Our Names." It was all part of a worldwide day of resistance organized by the aforementioned group and countless other organizations interested in the welfare of humanity.

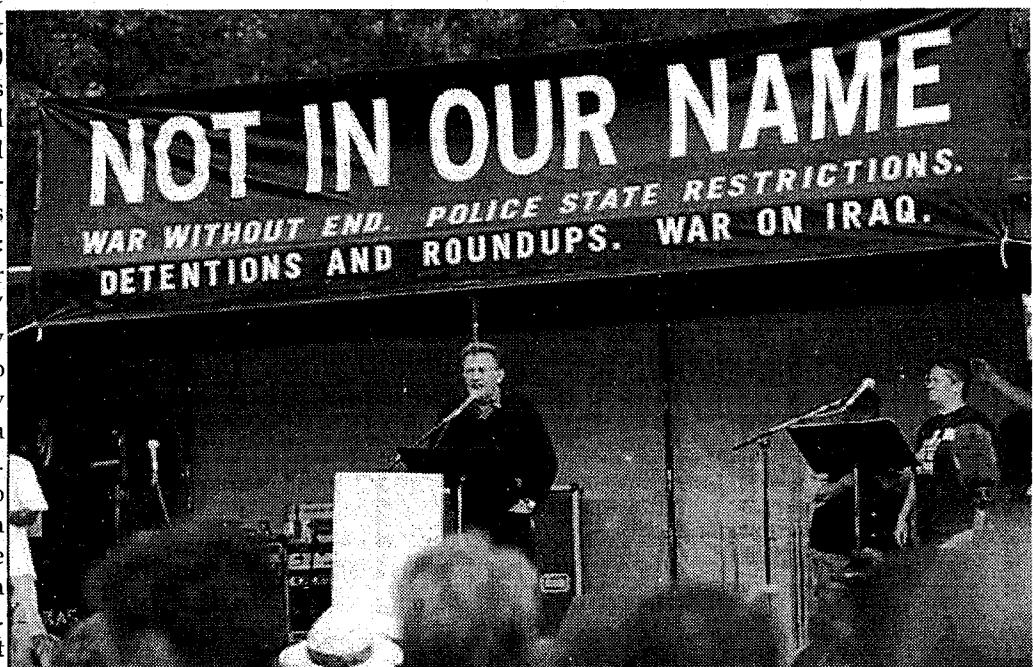
The East Meadow at the corner of E. 96th & 5th Ave. on Manhattan's Upper East Side was host to aged hippies, soccer moms (that were not aged hippies), college and high school students (with left-wing haircuts), clergy of ALL denominations, punks who dared to venture uptown, neo-activists of every cause and indignancy, current and former Rawkus Records recording artists, and the obligatory Hare Krishnas (who were polite enough to refrain from group chants until the 5pm 'winding down'). Incredibly, Giuliani and his trusty hickory stick were not present for paddling fun. Yes, he was quite heroic during the aftermath of 9/11. No, that doesn't atone for eating the soul of the city that gave him his power. Seriously folks, this was THE most significant act of activism since decades that are now network TV miniseries.

Representing the people who receive far more press than any of us, Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon (big surprise...) said just what we thought they would, Jebediah himself, Martin Sheen spoke, and David Byrne urged that we not burn down the middle eastern house.

Other speakers included Masuda Sultan,

gering an hour later.

I spoke with a woman named Liz who slept on a Brooklyn rooftop in a tent the night before. She was used to it. She and her group had recently been backpacking down from the Bronx (she's white, by the way) as part of their effort to curb ignorance. They started out with just their packs in North Carolina. They walked a good deal of the way. I just walked 20 blocks uptown and then stepped beneath banners such as "Ohio says: Not In Our Name." Gave a few cigarettes to some weary kids from Vermont. Spoke to people from every state in the Northeast. Couldn't



Galgano for Senate

By Andrew Pernick

To every student at SUNY Stony Brook who thinks that state politics doesn't affect them, Brian Galgano wants to change your mind. Mr. Galgano, a junior political science major who has interned with Assemblyman Steve Levy as a community liaison, is running for New York State Senate on the Democratic ticket. With \$5000 and a campaign dream that even he describes as "grass-roots," Mr. Galgano is hoping to unseat the 30-year incumbent, Republican Caesar Trunzo and his \$96,500 war chest.

Beneath his business attire is a calculating, well-spoken and eloquently sharp political mind. When asked about why he has chosen to run against Suffolk county's political mainstay, he is quick to point out Senator Trunzo's voting record: "no" to HMO liability, alternative energy tax credits, eliminating the marriage penalty, increasing SUNY and CUNY budgets, Republican Governor Pataki's legislation for campaign finance reform, increasing the minimum wage, and "yes" to allowing violent offenders to carry firearms. In response to Senator Trunzo's job as Chairman of the Transportation Committee, Mr. Galgano stated that the average commute on the Long Island Expressway has gone up 15%. Regarding Senator Trunzo's record on environmental matters, Mr. Galgano said that given his opponent's long tenure in office, it would not be difficult for Senator Trunzo to point to four or five environmental bills he supported, even though these bills could be 15-20 years old.

Mr. Galgano has called the NY budget system "broken" due to 18 years of late budgets, a

problem he blames on "partisan bickering." To rectify this, he supports legislation to have the previous calendar year's budget take effect in the event of this year's budget being late. He accuses the automobile insurance companies of "collusion at best" based on the fact that rates increased 15% last year alone. His solution is to credit insurance payments of drivers with clean records towards their state income taxes. In addition, he would like to fight this collusion in civil court, and take it up to the Supreme Court if necessary. Mr. Galgano would like tax incentives or permit fast-tracks for contractors who build affordable housing in the state so that the exodus of college graduates to states like Delaware could be curtailed. The affordable housing could also bolster the sense of community for which Long Island was renowned. State contractors must be limited in campaign contribution amounts, and therefore Mr. Galgano wants limits without the loopholes.

School funding is a two-fold issue, according to Mr. Galgano. While he is in favor of increasing school funding, he would like to see greater local control of that funding. This can be accomplished, Mr. Galgano stated, via "block grants" to be spent on whatever the district feels necessary, with an auditing process to ensure proper allocation of money and resources. Teachers can be enticed into working in at-risk districts by forgiving interest rates on student loans and by the possibility of obtaining tenure.

The New York government "lacks priorities" and needs "independent-thinking people who aren't owned by special interests" to reevaluate the

legislative agenda, according to an interview with Mr. Galgano. School funding should be most important, allowing it to have access to funding originally slated for pork-barrel legislation. Accountability and leadership are required to tighten the proverbial belt in order to stop borrowing and divert the state's \$300 million annual interest payments (in addition to \$8 billion for this calendar year alone) to schools. The "one-upmanship" between Nassau and Suffolk counties in the salaries of police officers must also be regulated.

Prescription drugs in Canada, Mr. Galgano noted, are 50% less due to "price-gouging" by drug companies in the United States. In response to a recent CNN story that claimed that prescription medication distributors charge mark-ups of as much as fifty times the cost, Mr. Galgano stated that legislation must be passed to test the validity of price-fixing laws and break up existing drug company monopolies. "You can't screw people," he added.

Jobs can be brought to New York by decreasing the "red tape" involved, downtown revitalization, and penalizing corporations that evade income taxes. Small businesses should be encouraged, even if that means the establishment of tax-free small business weeks and a federal Internet sales tax.

In conclusion, Mr. Galgano stated that "I'm going to stand up here and piss everybody here off until what I need for my constituents gets done." He can be reached at GalganoForSenate@cs.com.

No Small Matter

By Sam Goldman

Manuel Wackenheim is a 35-year old man living in France. For many years, he had earned an honest living. Now, however, none other than the United Nations Human Rights Committee has taken his only livelihood away from him.

You see, Wackenheim is only 3 feet 10 inches tall. According to the NY Times, he claims that in France it's hard for people like him who suffer from dwarfism to get any job, let alone anything fairly reasonable - something that many little people here in America can probably relate to. The only way he could earn a living was by letting bar patrons see how far they could throw him - a practice commonly known as "dwarf tossing". French authorities, unhappy with this, banned dwarf tossing in 1995 on the grounds that it violated human dignity. Wackenheim then appealed to the UN Human Rights Committee, which found on September 28th that the ban was "not abusive but was necessary in order to protect public order including...considerations of human dignity which are compatible with the aims of the [International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights]."

To recap: Wackenheim is a man who lives in a country where, in his situation, finding a job is extremely difficult - probably more so than in the US. He finds a job that allows him to earn a living while putting himself at moderate risk, and others at little to no risk. However, others have decided that, because it's not an act that they consider dignified, he is unable to earn a living.

If the UN really wants to go to such lengths to protect human dignity, I can think of plenty of things here in the US which can be considered far more offensive than dwarf tossing. Jackass, where people taser themselves and jump off ladders into large piles of elephant dung, is a

prime example. Its new bastard cousin on MTV, I Bet You Will, is just as bad, and in some ways more apropos, as it shows people getting paid for walking around trying to get people to eat bacon off their blouse. And speaking of eating things, how about Fear Factor, where people enter into a contest to see how much pig liver they can eat, or are put into a tub full of snakes and told to do tricks for a grand prize? I don't know about you, but compared to those things, getting paid to entertain alcoholics by letting them chuck you across a padded floor sounds pretty dignified.

And as for the idea that Wackenheim could get hurt using his body, there are plenty of jobs involving people using their body for money, from people who participate in professional sports (which also has a risk of bodily harm, unless you're playing golf) to circus performers, who put their lives on the line going into tiger cages and walking tightropes and whatnot, to professional models, who objectify themselves by walking around making believe they're mannequins.

So what happens to Wackenheim? If getting tossed around by drunks in French bars was the best job he could get, what kind of job can he get now? More importantly, why is his livelihood being decided for him?

There has been a similar issue in the United States. ABCNews' John Stossel reported in March on a man named Dave Flood, who worked in Florida doing odd jobs like refereeing in a strip bar, appearing in a local radio show, and yes, being tossed around. Several years ago, an organization called the Little People of America easily got the Florida legislature to approve a ban on dwarf tossing, citing safety issues as well as the idea that people shouldn't treat little people as objects. In fact, they aren't as concerned about actual physical harm coming to

the dwarf; "...primarily, probably, it's more a threat and a fear which impacts on the way people live ... it is the discrimination that results," says Little People of America member Angela Van Ettan.

But Flood, like Wackenheim, just wants



to make some money. "I'm capitalizing on what I have," he told Stossel. "If I was 7 feet tall, I'd get paid to put a basketball through a hoop. I'm not 7 feet tall. I'm 3-feet-2 and a dwarf, so I'm capitalizing on getting tossed."

For people like Flood and Wackenheim, and many others who suffer from dwarfism or any other deformity, dignity is not so much about getting some sort of important work, or changing lives, and, like those people who appear on Jackass or Fear Factor, it's certainly not about personal taste. Their definition of dignity is much simpler. Wackenheim said it best when he stated that his work did not diminish human dignity "because dignity is finding a job." So why, in the name of human dignity, is their job - and their dignity - being taken from them?

Battle of the Century

George W.
Bush

VS

A Bush

TOP TEN

Situations where
asking
"WWJD?" prob-
ably wouldn't
help

PRO

-He looks like a
monkey

-Fun to laugh at

-He used to smoke
crack

-No leaves

-Will eventually die

-Probably won't get
oral sex in the office

-His famous
"Bushisms"

-Reign of terror will
last only one term
(we hope)

-Can be shaped
to look like a
monkey

-Contributes to a
healthy environ-
ment

-Slang for pussy

-Burning signifies
presence of god

-Would have made
a better president

-Recycles oxygen

CON

-Takes up oxygen

-Shit he pulls isn't
a joke

-Intelligence of a
monkey

-From the same state
as Shirley Strum
Kenny

-Is a pussy

-No matter how nice-
ly asked, Jesus will
not smite him

-Heaven does not
want him, Hell is
afraid he'll take over

-Splinters easily

-Will trick you
into shooting an
invisible man

-Doesn't make
good dinner con-
versation

-Gets pissed on

-One time this homeless guy
was hiding behind a bush and
then he scared the crap outta
my mom and then this other
homeless was sittin' there
with a sign that said "money
for the bushman" he was very
scary.

10 Being nailed to a cross

9 Debating Nietzsche

8 Killing a Jewish carpenter

7 Determining whether the Virgin
Mary was "Hot or Not"

6 When you are cheating on
your lover with a priest

5 Alone on a retreat with the
alterboy

4 In a pit of venomous snakes

3 Herpes

2 Being in the Press Office

1 In Church

Flora & Fauna

by Rachel Reiter

It is already biologically coded in the caterpillar (larva) to have the potential to be transformed into a magnificent butterfly. When the larva is full grown it empties its stomach and seeks a suitable "hiding" spot where it will enter into an important life phase as a cocoon. Cocoons differ in composition, but are generally comprised of silk intermingled with any variety of natural substances once the caterpillar is in a resting phase, the unfathomable metamorphosis takes place. Caterpillars already possess the essential attributes of a butterfly, but the larva wings are internal and undeveloped. It is only after the cocoon phase completes its course (which could take months) that the butterfly is born.

The butterfly's senses are extremely fine-tuned. Their funny, little taste buds are located on their front feet. They smell through the sensilla, organs located on their antennae. These acute senses are necessary for mating. Their eyes are designed for detecting motion—but not from a far distance. Their sense of smell is vital; they release (pheromones) through their scent scales; this special aroma lures a potential partner. The female will lay anywhere from fifty to a thousand eggs in her lifetime. The eggs are usually laid near plant food.

Most people can confuse a moth with a butterfly. That is because there is no real distinction between the two—except in

sleeping patterns. The moth, like the bat, is nocturnal. The butterfly is diurnal (flies by day). In addition, moths are generally of a duller color, while butterflies have bright, radiant colors. But don't let that fool you; some moths are just as bright. There are other differences in antennae, wing structure and texture, but these generalizations overlap and vary.

In relation to plants, butterflies can be either constructive or destructive to the flowering process, depending on the type of plant and on the type of butterfly or moth. Lots of plants benefit from the pollen deposited by adult butterflies. Plus, the caterpillar excretes substances that help fertilize soil and budding plants. On the downside, they consume massive amounts of plant life and some moths harm plants by spreading diseases.

Throughout a butterfly's life, it must beware of spiders, frogs, toads, lizards, bats and monkeys—just some of its natural predators. From egg, to larva, to pupa, and finally into butterfly, the cycle of a butterfly is what makes it such an interesting specimen for research. If these winged, mystical creatures did nothing other than flutter around in a tantalizing motion showing off their beauty to humankind, they would still be a delightful inspiration to our senses, existing as part of the aesthetic realm of our shared universe.

CHESS!

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*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*

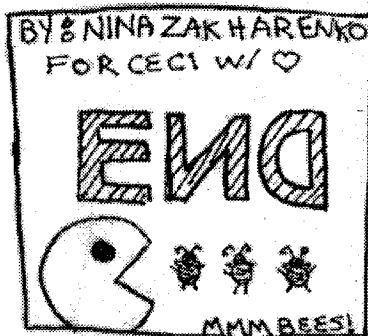
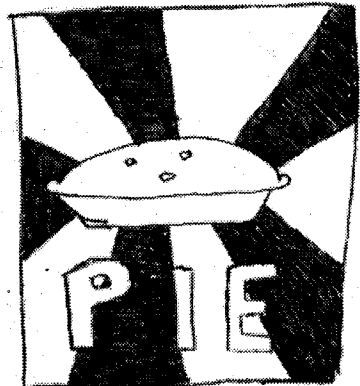
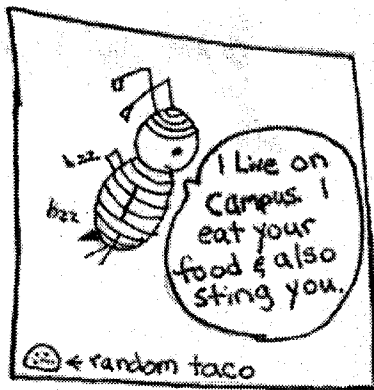


**mon-sat
6-11**

**pool
games
butt-
kickins**

**Basement
Student Union
Building**

THE ADVENTURES OF BEE-DOGGY!!



Solve This Mutha Facka

by Jason Amoroso

Here's how this puzzle works. Unscramble each of the four words that are above the dotted lines. Then take only the boxed letters and unscramble them to reveal the answer to the clue provided. It's that damn simple... maybe.

(4) [] _ _ _ _ [] []
CLINOIS

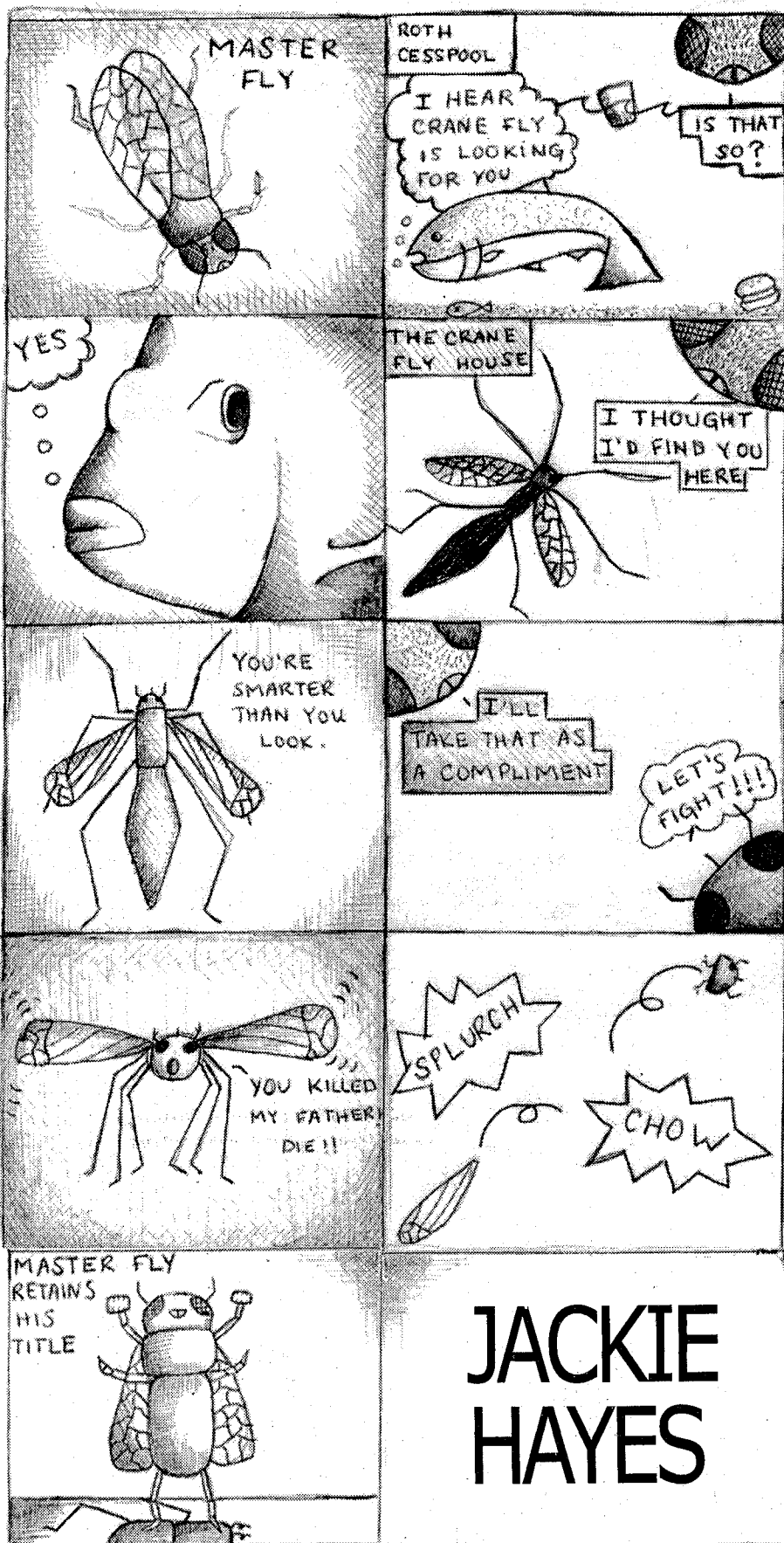
What game on-campus
students get sick
from.

Note: There can be two possible four-letter words to the answer. Look at the clue and the quakes, and go with the answer that makes sense.

Philippe the Tragic Bunny

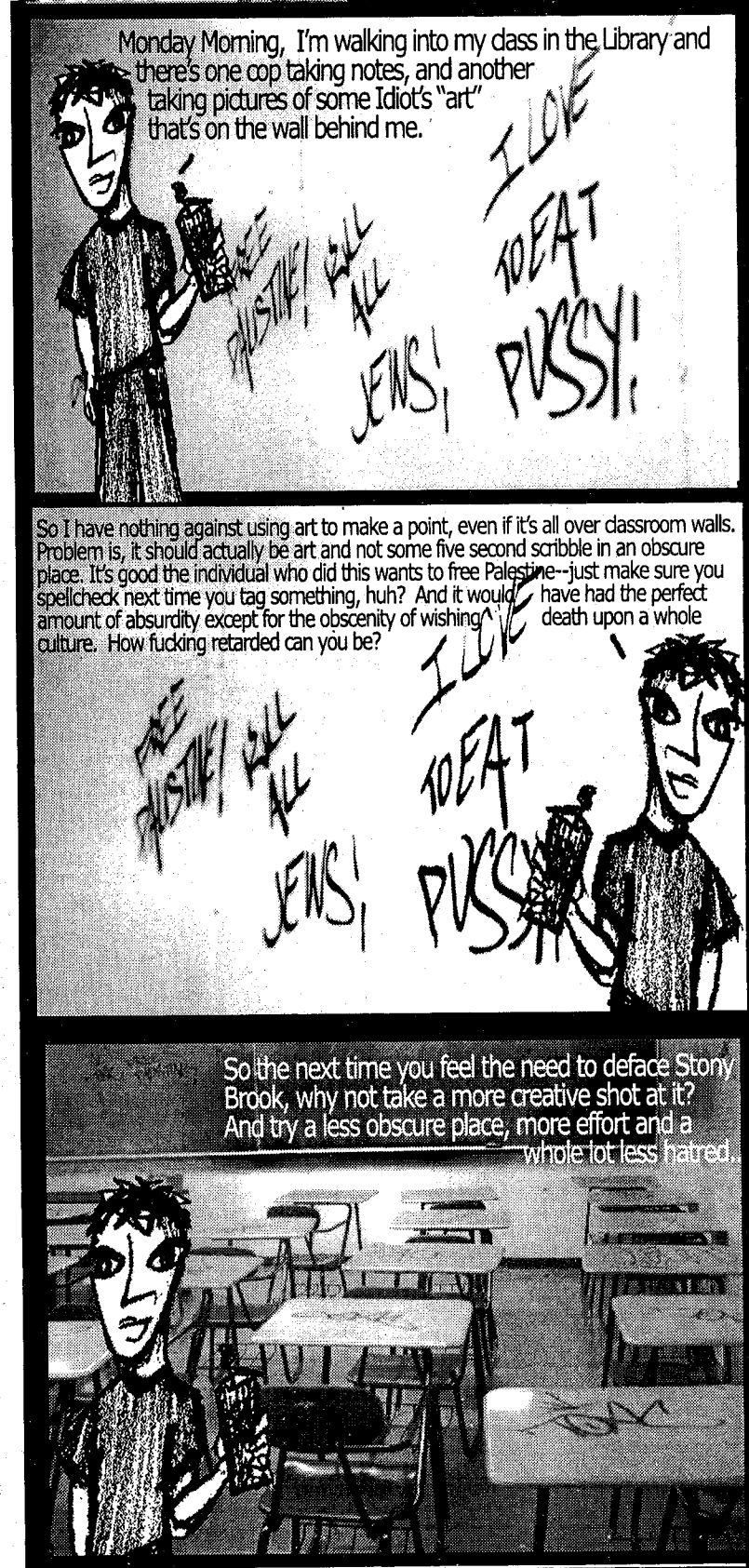
by: Mike Prizak

Bunny Blood.



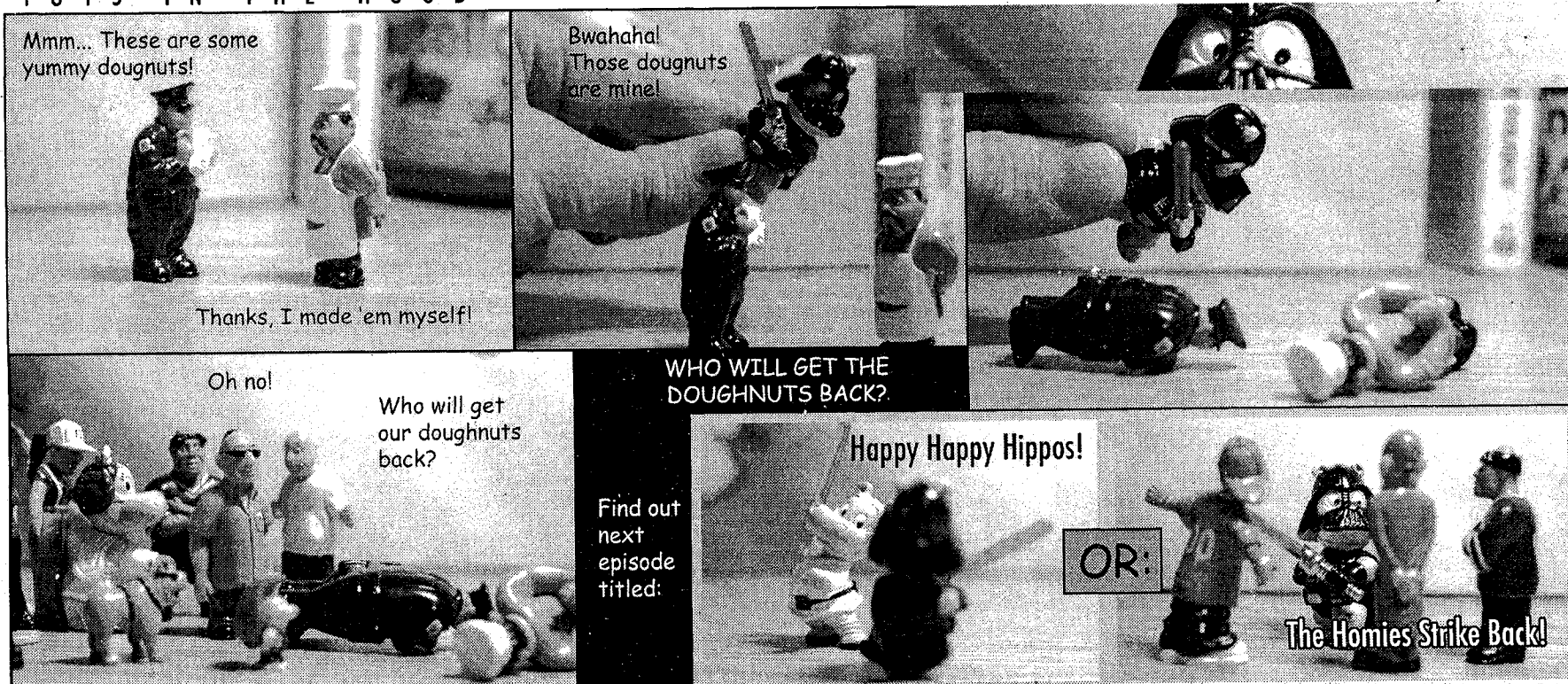
OPEN DOOR

pixie



TOYS IN THE HOOD

by daniel hofer



Coke Kills (con't)

Continued from page 2

incurred elsewhere. The law was originally meant to address piracy on the high seas. Today, if this and other lawsuits like it pending against such companies as Drummond Coal, Del Monte Fruit, Exxon Mobil and the private military corporation (read: mercenaries) Dinecorp are successful it will set a precedent for the act to be applied against other multi-national corporations.

Time magazine ran a story on the assassinations and the suit against Coca-Cola in August of 2001. It ran in all editions of the magazine with exception of the United States. This is more than a little bit strange considering it was a story about one of America's largest corporations.

Colombia is the most dangerous country in the world for trade unionists. 4,000 have been murdered since 1986. According to Amnesty International 80 to 85% of human rights abuses in Colombia are committed by the right wing paramilitaries. Members of paramilitary organizations such as the umbrella group United Self Defense Forces of Colombia defend their antagonism towards organized labor by claiming the unions are front groups for the left-wing guerrillas.

Colombia is the world's largest recipient of United States foreign aid, followed closely by Israel and Egypt. As part of Plan Colombia, the United States' Colombian drug war campaign,

more than 2 billion dollars have gone to the Colombian government--almost all of it in military aid. The Colombian military shares both ammunition and intelligence with the right wing paramilitaries who regularly assassinate union leaders. They are known as the Colombian military's "sixth division". Ironically, the Colombian government is also responsible for providing union leaders with protection.

Unionists are the largest single group of civilians receiving government-financed protection. They accounted for 327 of the 977 requests for protection granted last year.

"We know we need to do more, but demand has increased so much," human rights director at the interior ministry, Rafael Bustamante told Time. Despite constant danger to themselves and their families, men and women in Colombia continue to organize. Three weeks ago there was a general strike. A tribunal on Coke's role in Colombia will be held in Brussels this month and another in Bogota is being planned for December.

Daniel Kovalik, an attorney for the Steel Union helping to represent the bottling plant workers in court, spoke at Stony Brook on Tuesday October 8. The event was sponsored by the Social Justice Alliance and Students for Peace and Humanity. Attendees, filled SAC room 319, heard the story from Kovalik and watched a video about the plight of the workers.

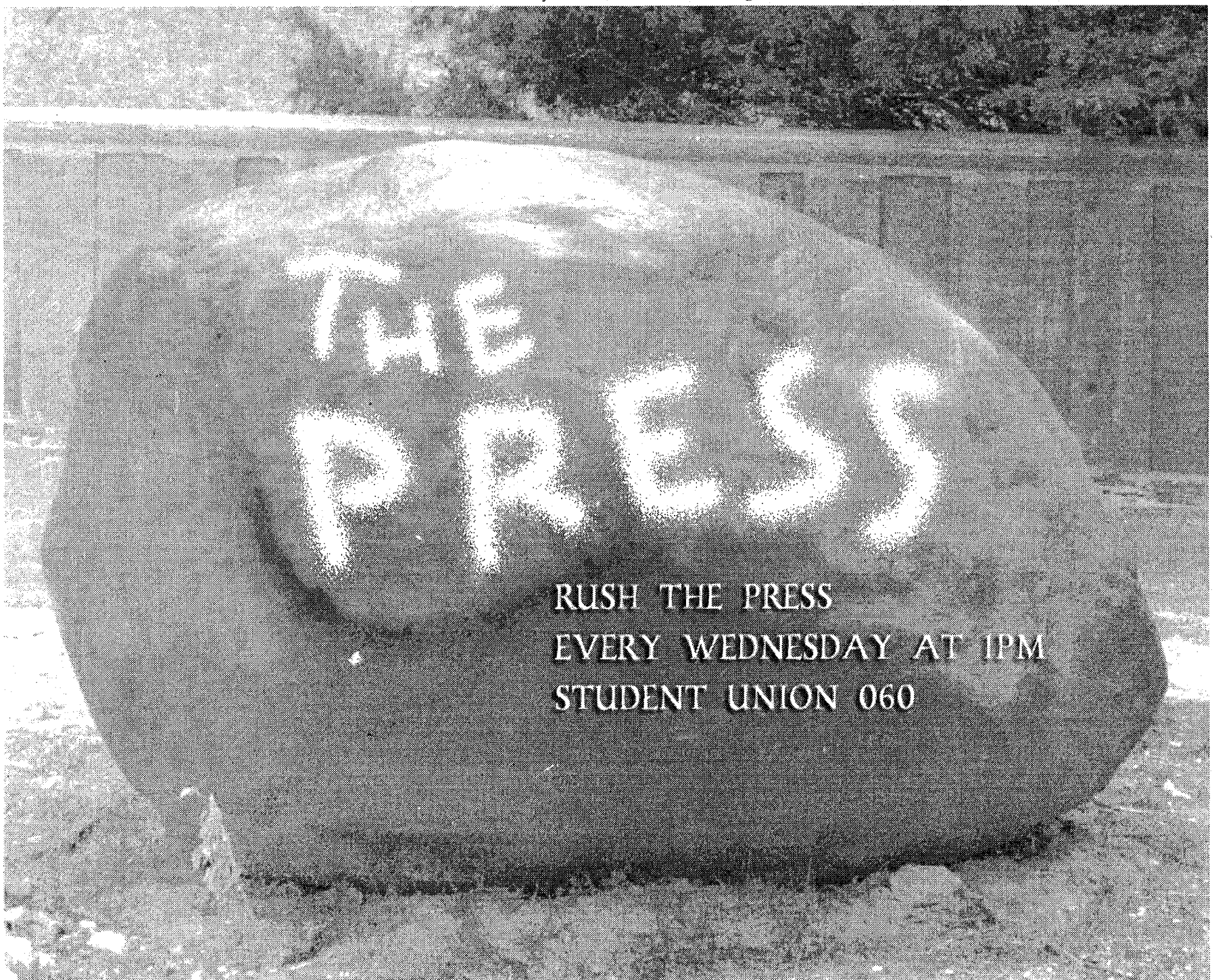
Kovalik says he has spoken with a British reporter who has four or five witnesses on record saying the paras were receiving money on the 28th of every month from the bottling com-

pany. The reporter says that none of his editors will be interested in the story until after a legal verdict has been announced. When you cross a corporation like Coke it helps to have the law on your side.

Stony Brook University is legally bound since 1998 to endorse and support Coca-Cola. All Seawolves teams are officially Coke teams. Powerade is their official drink. The coaches of the men's basketball and football teams are to be made available to Coke for charitable and promotional events. All beverages sold at sporting events must be sold in Coke approved cups.

Members of a student group called the Social Justice Alliance recently used the Freedom of Information Act to obtain a copy of the Stony Brook/Coke contract. They received the 27 page document only in part owing to a confidentiality clause in the contract stating that the Faculty Student Association, the entity which has entered into the contract on behalf of the school, will not disclose the amount of sponsorship fees and commissions that FSA receives from Coke.

Presumably, the missing pages would reveal the whole of what Stony Brook University received from Coke in return for exclusive access to sell their products on campus and protection from all competitors and competitor's advertising. There is a generally acknowledged connection between the money FSA gets from Coke and the financing of the Seawolves Stadium. If this is mentioned anywhere in the contract it is being withheld.



Dr. Gabriel Oyibo, Nobel Prize Nominee In Physics

By Ejima Oyibo

Brooklyn--A dozen or so students are sprawled around here in Minister Clemson Brown's living room. The man at the blackboard has scrawled a map of Africa, mathematical formulas, and other scientific data to support his notion of a unified field theory.

Say what? Even more improbable than a noted mathematician in a Brooklyn home on a recent Tuesday evening instructing a few devotees on the intricacies of Einstein, the professor, Dr. Gabriel Oyibo, has been nominated for a Nobel Prize in physics.

Incredible? Yes. But none of this astounding information seems important to the self-effacing Professor Oyibo, who is busy explaining his background and the ancient trail his people blazed from Egypt to Nigeria, where he was born a little over fifty years ago. "I am from the Igala people of Nigeria," he says, "and that line of descent can be traced all the way back a thousand years to Egypt." Then with continuing verve, he connects his people to a world of "Igalas," including the Galas of Ethiopia, the Golas of Liberia, even the Gullahs of South Carolina and Georgia.

"Just as our people are unified, my theory of the universe is unified and it explains everything," Oyibo declares, warmly smiling at his astonished students. To the Nobel nominee, as he deftly explains, there is no distinction between the scientific notion of the Big Bang (or the beginning of the universe) and the word of God. "After 35 years of study, I have found a common denominator in the wave theory." In short, he has verified Einstein's Theory of Relativity-and then some.

Professor Oyibo defines this all-encompassing worldview as GAGUT (God's Almighty Grand Unified Theorem). For the next half hour he carefully breaks down the elements and components of the theory, with enticing asides show-

ing the connection between chemistry and Kemet (Egypt) and "khem," the Egyptian Coptic word for black. Moreover, he shows the logical association of chemistry, biology, sociology, geometry and physics, and how they are unified by a hydrogen base.

While the students struggled to catch a breath and keep up with his dazzling display of scientific data, his matter in motion, he has already launched another tangent of thought. Now it's a thorough erudition of his recent work entitled, "Generalized Mathematical Proof of Einstein's Theory Using a New Group Theory," which has been reviewed by the American Mathematical Society. "This work provided generic solutions to the unified force field, from which both the Newtonian and Einsteinian gravitational force fields seem to be recoverable. Similarly, the Electromagnetic force field, as well as the Strong and Weak force fields, also seem to be recoverable from these solutions. Thus one solution describes these four force fields (Gravitational, Electromagnetic, Strong and Weak), plus other possible unknown force fields, in a unified manner, together with experimental backing."

Now the students are really aghast, hands waving in the air with questions and begging for relief.

These classes happen each Tuesday

evening, and it's an opportunity to hear and experience one of the world's foremost mathematician/philosophers. "He's a combination of

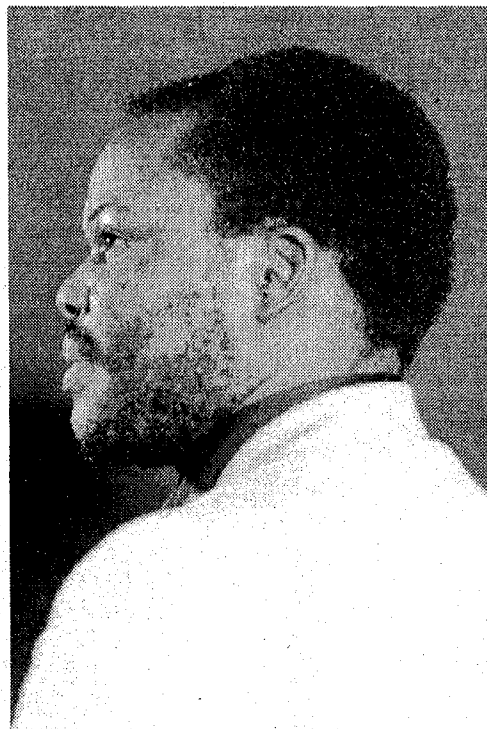
Dr. Ben, Booker Coleman, Dr. Clarke, Ivan Van Sertima and Cheikh Anta Diop," one of the students exudes.

But for all of his genius, Dr. Oyibo is barely known in the African American community, which is unlike his celebrity among a global constituency of scholars and academics. Since obtaining his Ph.D. in aeronautics and mathematics from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, where he also taught for four years, Dr. Oyibo has been a guest lecturer at nearly every major convocation of mathematicians. He is currently a Professor of Mathematics and Mathematical Sciences at OFAPPIT and at the

University of Bridgeport in Connecticut.

Minister Brown's house in Brooklyn is a long way from MIT or Switzerland, but the venues are the same for Dr. Oyibo, and the students are no less significant to him than a room full of Einsteinian thinkers.

And whether he gets the coveted prize or not, he seems committed to forging ahead with his groundbreaking research, expanding the universes proposed by Newton and Einstein, and talking to the common folks grappling to comprehend his unified theory of everything.



The White Man's Burden

By Gregory Knopp

I'm not the biggest supporter of political correctness, but if it's going to be applied it should be done equally. In most history books I have read, I usually found long, capitalized terms describing different indigenous populations. For example, Native Americans, Papua New Guineans, or Australian Aborigines on the one hand, and a simple lower case term to describe the people who invaded those territories i.e. 'whites.' Now I'm white, I was born in Russia, and I unconsciously relate myself to the people described in the textbooks each time I hear that term. But, my ancestors had nothing to do with them, yet such an encompassing term is used all the time. It's always the 'whites' killing the Native North Americans, and the 'whites' engaging in slavery. I think more specific terms should be applied, ones that are just as indicative and politically correct as Native Americans.

Why not write 'English settlers', or 'Early Americans' or 'the Spanish Conquerors'? (In some cases, where policies were very race specific, e.g. in the American South, I see the need to use a more race specific term.) (I think after reading enough books and watching enough TV, one begins to develop the idea that all white people are a single homogeneous group, regardless of their country's origin, and in the past they all together, as a single

entity, went out to destroy the Native peoples of the rest of the world.) Now white people come from all types of countries, all with their own histories. Bunching them up in one term and then using it to describe the actions of just a section of that group should be considered on the same level of political correctness as saying "all Asians are communist," or claiming that "everyone from South East Asia is a Hindu." For not all white people went out to settle North America, killing off its indigenous populations and importing African slaves. As the statement, "the whites killed off the Native Americans and imported African slaves," would suggest. As far as I know, the English, the French, and the Spanish fought over that territory. It might have been more countries than that, but how would I know, when every time the term 'white' is used?

Another issue I have with such terminology is that people of other races settled North America as well. I took a course on the American West, where I read about the Blacks and Chinese building the railroads and participating in opening the frontier. I've seen pictures of men of Asian descent holding up rifles and wearing cowboy hats. Doesn't that also suggest that they participated in killing off the Native Americans and clearing the forests in the Wild West? By constantly attributing all these things to the 'whites', you not only take

away from the participation of other races in the building of this country, but you also take away some of the responsibility for the nastier aspects of that process.

This distorts history. For example, the Irish were put in the Black category in their early stages of immigration to America. So when you say 'the whites' sent Native Americans to reservations, do you include the Irish? (I'm not certain if, at the time of this process, the Irish were still put in that racial category) Or do you mean all the citizens of the U.S? Or all those allowed to vote? This kind of terminology suggests that all the white people sent the Native Americans to reservations.

I know this touches on a number of sensitive issues. I'm not denying that most people who engaged in the above mentioned activities were in fact White (the Asian cowboy was not as prominent as the white), but I just think that when writing history the same attention should be paid in specifying and differentiating between the groups invading as is paid to those invaded. I believe writing 'English settlers' or 'Early Americans' would make a significant difference on people's perception of the past, giving them a more accurate and balanced picture, without the stereotypes and generalities that politician correctness is trying to eliminate.

The Battle for a Better Meal Plan (con't)

Continued from page 3

forced to comply. The timing of the three o'clock meeting on a Friday makes you wonder if it was purposely scheduled then, since most students go home on Fridays and need to catch the train. FSA does not publicize meetings, so it seems they do not want student participation.

This is not the first time students have fought against the meal plan. Three years ago, students protested with the backing of many organizations and marched with demands on the administration. Their protest resulted in free midnight breakfast and a change from point shavings every week if they weren't spent, to every two weeks instead. I guess point shaving is only illegal in college sports.

Before the march to Kelly, another meeting was held. This occurred on Thursday at 9pm in the UCC building. Around twenty students showed up for this meeting, most of whom had not attended the previous one. Mandel reiterated all of the points he stated at the previous meeting and additional issues were discussed as well.

He revealed that the administration was aware of the protest scheduled to occur the next day, during the meeting at Kelly. Lisa Ospitale, the marketing manager of Campus Dining Services, called Mandel and said that there would not be a FSA meeting on Friday at three pm at Kelly. Mandel demanded that the meeting still occur, because he refused to disappoint the large number of students. . . More vegetarian problems were addressed at this second meeting. Humanities was the only real dining hall that offered vegetarian food, but due to the fact it is under construction, there is presently none available. Also, fliers were sent to incoming freshmen students, which stated that there are vegetarian restaurants, which is patently untrue. When asked about the vegetarian options on campus, Prathichi Kathari, a vegetarian and student living on campus, promptly responded "It is so frustrating being a vegetarian on this campus because there is basically no way I can have a well balanced meal everyday without eating the same two or three things."

Mandel said that the campus' excuse for raising the price of the meal plan was that there was evidence of theft. This is not a logically reasoned approach. Increasing the cost of the meal plan and food would only add to the incentive for "shrinkage." Surely, better control of employees and food checkout would ensure a drastic reduction in "shrinkage," as opposed to the inflation of prices and shrinkage of food portions.

Mandel wants it to be possible for students to have their meal points roll over to the next semester if they do not use them all. He also said that even though point shavings occur every two weeks now instead of every week, they still should not be occurring. Serving sizes are decreasing; the Philly cheese steak from the SAC and the chicken parmesan from Papa Johns used to be about double the size they are now.

Mandel admits that we do have many options in Stony Brook and more options than most schools, but there are not many healthy options. The students would like to have the nutritional information listed by each food. They would also like to know the ingredients in each meal so that they know what they are eating. This is especially important for religious purposes. One student said it best when he stated that the food makes everyone sick and always puts you on the toilet.

Some other important points brought up

were that there should be better communication between Campus Dining and the students; the students need to know what is going on, as it is their money. Other points raised: Why is meal plan 2 the default meal plan and not meal plan 1? How come students do not save any money when they purchase things in bulk?

Before Mandel let everyone go, he told the students that he doesn't want to bum rush FSA; he just wants a peaceful protest. He wants everyone to be calm and warns them not to be rowdy or violent. After this Gandhi-like statement, the meeting was adjourned and all the students left pumped and excited about the march on Kelly to take place the next day.

That Friday, over fifty people made their way to the Kelly Dining Center to protest the meal plan, but only four students were allowed to talk to FSA. Luckily, I was one of them, so that this very article could be printed. FSA denied SBU-TV access, as they did not feel that the meeting should be televised. The meeting lasted for four long hours. Many matters were discussed and some matters were resolved, while others were rescheduled to be addressed at a meeting the following week.

Mandel and two of his supporters met with four members of FSA. They are Dennis Lestrangle, the head of Chartwells for the Stony Brook campus, Lisa Ospitale, the marketing manager of Campus Dining Services, Ken Johnson, the business manager of FSA, and a woman named Angela. Mandel gave FSA a copy of his proposal, which is backed by the Polity Council, Coalition, NYPIRG, MSA, HSO, LASO, PUSO, CSO, EOP, and of course the students of Stony Brook University.

The proposal stated, "Stony Brook University is accredited for its academic excellence and high graduation rate. However, Stony Brook University is also recognized as one the nation's top schools with the greatest percentage of student dissatisfaction. With these negative reviews in mind, the subject of this letter is even more pressing and potent. It is evident to the returning students of SUNY Stony Brook that the meal plans as well as food products offered on campus have undergone a dramatic increase from the previous years. It is common knowledge that with the rise of inflation, prices are subject to change. However the rate of the price changes are too dramatic to be accounted for by inflation. With the lack of communication between the Campus Dining Services or FSA with the students in regards to the increases of prices, students are left with a feeling of exploitation.

"The increase of prices without an explanation is the core of the students frustration, however is not the only source of displeasure of the students. The blatant lack of consideration for the student's input is also a matter of concern, questions and demands have been expressed but no answers have been returned. It is the job of administration to sympathize and accommodate the students and parents who are paying these fees to maintain a comfortable survival on campus. If prices rise, students deserve information as to the reason why. The students are on contract! More options must be readily available to all students. This letter is a representation of the unified voice of the students, commuters as well as residential, at Stony Brook University. We are voicing our concerns and also our solutions.

Our subjects of concern:

- \$155 activation fee
- The point shaving every two weeks (loss of 40 points)

- Loss of left over points at the close of the semester

- Communication with the students

- The shrinking of serving sizes (from large trays to small trays to plates)

- Price increase (both meal plan and food items) without notice

Suggested solutions:

- No activation fee

- No point shaving

- The residential points and campus points added up should equal the meal plan amount

- Refund of remaining points

- Create consistent and competitive prices

- Better communication between students and administration

- 500-point meal plan option (similar to option available to under-grad. apartment residents)

- Lift mandate to be on meal plan for returning students

- Return of large carry-out trays

- No future meal plan increases

We believe that changes must be made.

This letter is not to be ignored or overlooked;

in fact we demand a response by Wednesday, October 9th at 6pm. As stated before this is a united effort and we are determined to receive satisfaction. All answers should be directed to Mandel Julien.

Thank you for your time and cooperation."

FSA seemed to have an explanation for all of the problems with the meal plan. They said that the price of the meal plan has risen every year since 1998 because of inflation, the cost of labor has increased, and because food prices have increased. Lestrangle said that most of these matters should be brought to the Resolution Committee. There, attempts to resolve most of the student problems could occur. For instance, the take-out tray problem has already been addressed there and take-out trays should begin being offered again soon. The Resolution Committee looks at items sold on campus and if something is too expensive, then they just pull it from the shelves. They also look at different foods and look at the cost to bring them onboard.

Mandel responded to FSA by saying that most students do not know about the Resolution Committee. I know that I did not. Ospitale said that she tried to get the word out by advertising in the Statesman last year, having table tents, and putting it in the FSA newsletter. She admits though, that it did not work and she does not know how to effectively spread the word and also admits that she has not tried anything this semester yet. Ospitale then said that she would put up posters, put an ad in the Statesman, and make more table tents. The Resolution Committee meets 1pm every Wednesday and all are welcome to attend.

Lestrangle says that the \$155 activation fee is a "necessary charge to have all operations open." FSA says that the activation fee covers the shortfall in operations. They say that the only way to get rid of the activation fee would be to remove a whole dining hall. FSA says that they have discussed removing it before, but there is no way that they can.

The vegetarian and vegan complaints were received very positively by the FSA. They agreed to start a vegetarian committee to bring more vegetarian food onto campus. They did say that Terra Ve, located in the Roth Dining Center, has vegetarian food every day. Of course that is only open certain hours each day, so it is hard for

Continued on next page

The Battle for a Better Meal Plan (con't)

Continued from last page

vegetarians to eat three meals a day like people are supposed to.

FSA's excuse for having the forty-dollar point shavings every other week is that it is a small step to encourage people to eat a lot on campus. They say some people do not eat enough and this just helps them along. It is the policy of the university to do so. Even though some students go home a lot or work off campus, they are still required to spend that certain amount of money each week.

The SAC is not open during certain hours to the meal plan, because it becomes overcrowded. It is not legal for the campus to allow that many people in such a small area at the same time. The health inspector is concerned if more people are allowed in.

FSA said that points do not roll over because when they did, there was absolute anarchy and chaos at the end of the spring semester. It is pretty bad at the end of each semester now, but with points rolling over, students had hundreds of dollars at the end and were purchasing

cases and cases of products. Campus Dining would not even be able to hold that many cases.

The Campus Dining website, which I listed earlier in the article, has a place where you can write comments and they will respond to you within 24 hours. In response to allowing a 500-point meal plan available to everyone, FSA responded that it would be impossible to support the facilities if it was offered. In response to changing the default meal plan from 2 to 1, FSA explained that the default plan used to be 1, but parents called and complained that their students ran out of money and that they were starving. With meal plan 2 as the default plan, they get fewer complaints.

FSA agreed to put ingredient lists on signs when purchasing food. They said that the nutritional information is available in each dining facility in a large green book, but the book needs to be updated. They also said that the nutritional information will soon be available online.

FSA says that students should tell them right away if prices are not consistent because

they should be and if they are not, then they will be changed right away. In response to the serving sizes changing, FSA says that that is a training issue and during training workers should be told how much of each item to serve.

An idea was brought up to offer a 500-meal point option to students in cooking buildings because they are not required to be on the meal plan. FSA was very excited about this idea and seemed to really want to implement it.

FSA said that most of the ideas would be tabled until a meeting next week with Dan, the President of FSA and also the director of budget for the University. They said that he is "the top of the food chain" and the main person to talk to if they want to get changes implemented.

So four hours later, with a few things accomplished, and a meeting to look forward to next week, the meeting with FSA ended. There is still a lot of hard work ahead to make the meal plan better, but this was a huge first step. I give many props to Mandel and wish him all the luck in the world in getting his and the students' ideas implemented.

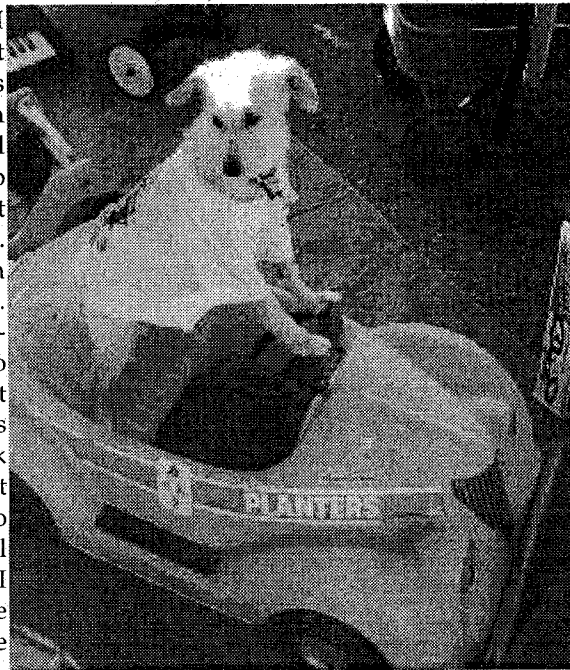
On The Road (con't)

Continued from page 7

This summer I knew I had to pass it, as me failing became kind of an ongoing joke, where I was expected to take the test as much as my mom five times, or my cousin seven times. I had a better instructor, and no job, so I had no excuses to fail. Again I only managed to take three lessons, and this Monday was the test. I felt like I knew what I was doing though. I could only hope that I didn't get the same dyke again.

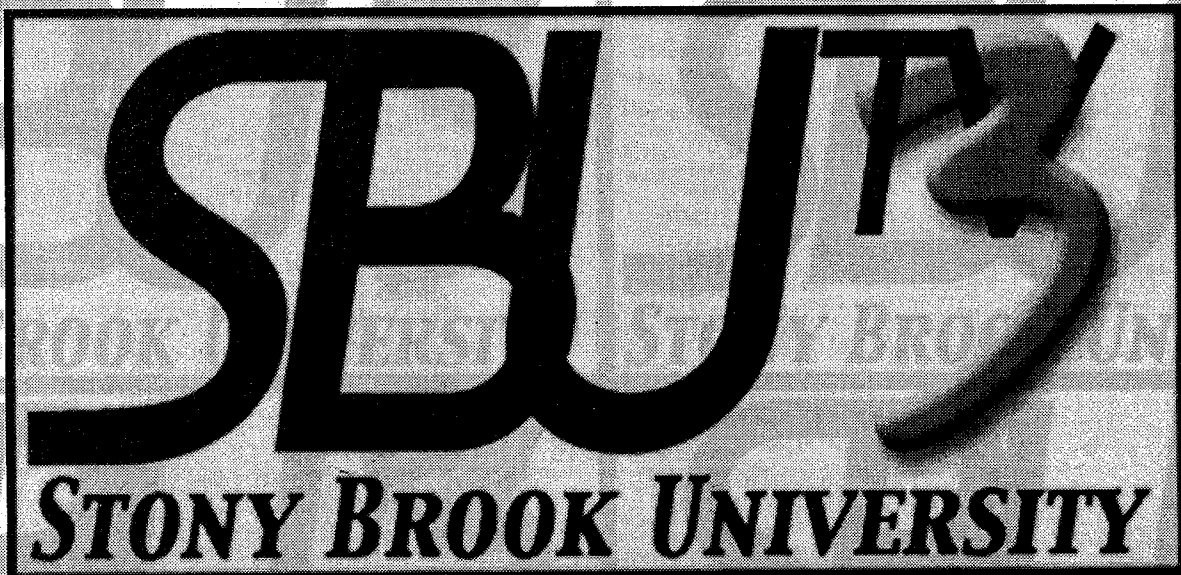
I'm waiting in the car at 8 in the morning. Some time passes, and I see a massive black truck appear. It parks, and in its shaded windows, I spot the silhouette of the face that has been haunting me for a year. Is it her, or am I just paranoid? Then this lady who is going to take the test too says, "There's the instructor, they like to drive those Jeeps." Fuck, it's her. I know it. Fifteen minutes pass, and I see her and the Hasidic guy walk by. We are the 2nd car. She is walking slow. Oh God. "Even if I get her", I tell my

self, "I should be fine." But I know that I'm lying. But wait, the Jewish guy slows down, and turns to us. I'm trying not to smile and make it obvious. I want to shake his hand, but I'm not making that mistake again. So we get off, and I'm doing fine. I fuck up once. After I park, I make a broken U turn, and forget to switch to drive, and as I let go of the break, the car rolls back an inch, but I break and switch to drive right away. He tells me I need to make sure I make full stops. So at the last stop I make sure I break for three seconds. We park and he



tells me I passed. Thank Fucking God. And about time too.

Of course we can't do anything without trying to scheme a little, so when I got my permit I put down my Stony address, so the insurance would be at Long Island prices. Now, my license will come to the building where I haven't lived for two years. So, now to fill out the change-of-address-form. Hopefully I won't procrastinate this as much as I did with everything else.



SBU-TV, on Channel 3, is Stony Brook's student run, student operated television station.

If you're interested in any aspect of TV production, call us at 2-9379 or write to us at sbutv@ic.sunysb.edu.

Our office is located in the basement of the Student Union, room 059, so come by or give us a call!

Stop Listening to Z100

By David White

I feel that people in general should broaden their musical taste and explore the vast amount of music that is available. There are many different kinds of music out there. The majority of listeners don't care to listen to it simply because it's not cool. The fact that people will only listen to popular, or only one type of music could have a negative effect on the legendary music of yester-year.

Most people listen to music that sounds appealing to them or music they can closely identify with. In other words there are those who listen to rap because they like the style of the music, the lyrics and the subject matter being discussed. A few friends I know skate to punk music because the beats and lyrics pump them up and add to the overall skating session. But there are those who only listen to a specific genre and won't broaden their musical horizon. I am not one to dictate what people should or should not listen to (heck I don't listen to Polka music myself).

Which leads me to my appeal: Take a walk on the wild side next time you're at your local music store. Buy a CD that you would not normally pick up. Listen to music you would never be caught dead listening to. Better yet, thumb through your parents or grandparents old music collection (especially those on vinyl.) Don't be afraid. It's ok to listen to punk even if most of

your music in your collection is rap titles. It is the coolest to buy a CD of a band at random that you never heard of before, and it turning out to being a masterpiece and one of your all time favorite albums. If you like Rap, pick up a Beatles CD. If you love trance, take a chance buying a Rock album from Flaming Lips or Nirvana. If jam bands are your thing, such as Phish and Grateful Dead, Jam to Eminem or Trick Daddy. If Country music is your favorite genre there is no hope for you (just kidding.) What this will promote is an eclectic taste not to mention open-minded individuals. Bands will tour more and summer festivals will have a more diverse line up.

Some of my close friends find any music outside of Rap to be un-cool or crap. Their mind is already made up before they hear a song. Others like a particular type of music that they listen to because they don't want to be seen as weird or not cool among peers. It's the whole herd mentality, which has spread its way throughout our culture in America.

There is a fear that is growing in me. It is a fear of mass neglect of the old, great music in favor of the mediocre, repackaged, new crap of TRL and of the top 50 charts. There is a fear in me that there are those individuals who will go through life never hearing a song from The Beatles

(other than the instrumental version played on a television commercial for a beef flame broil burger). Names such as Lennon, The Rolling Stones, Bob Marley, Marvin Gaye and Bruce Springsteen should never be forgotten.

Music is an amazing medium, because it can be used to get views and points across. It's an awesome art form that never dies. One can pick up a copy of The Beatles Sgt. Pepper Lonely Heart Club Band or David Bowie's Ziggy Stardust and it is still a masterpiece to the ears of the listener. Every single sound on an album like that is unique. Five star albums of 30 years ago are still the five star albums of today.

For the sake of music and the hard work that went into producing the album, listen to all different kinds of music. Listen to the campus radio station from time to time. All too often they play awesome music. Forget about being called a herb for a second by your peers for buying a Beck album. Go out and pick up that awesome CD (new or old) that you never normally would. And for those who already have the eclectic taste of a Rollingstone editor, spread the word and support the band. Buy compact discs or if you're low on cash, download the songs, I don't care you F*cking cheap skate, just get the music.

My Love of Cell Phones

By Rich Drummond

Ahh, the friggin' lovely sound of a cell phone ringing. These goddamn abominations have no limit to their ease of frustration and abundance of annoyance. One need only look to the asshole talking way too loudly next to them in class or on the bus or while walking, etc. I see so many of these digital nightmares in use on a daily basis, that the combined energy of their usage could probably power the entire campus for a week. I would like to say that what I'm writing is an exaggeration of the truth, but that would be a lie.

On this campus, as well as on my old campus of Nassau Community College, I have yet to sit through an entire class period without hearing their annoying "jingles". I liken these "jingles" to the same suicide inspiring noise of your average alarm clock. Merely sitting in class without pummeling these morons for interrupting my train of thought is a feat in and of itself. These little "episodes" of annoyance have caused more than one of my professors to stop class in order to address this problem.

The insanity doesn't stop there however. On September 30, Newsday published an interesting article on another detrimental use of cell phones. The article dealt with the startling revelation that "commercial airliners may be susceptible to terrorists using modified cell

phones or other electronic devices to disrupt navigation and control systems". This tidbit of information only helps to further my case that cell phones are completely worthless and unnecessary about 99% of the time.

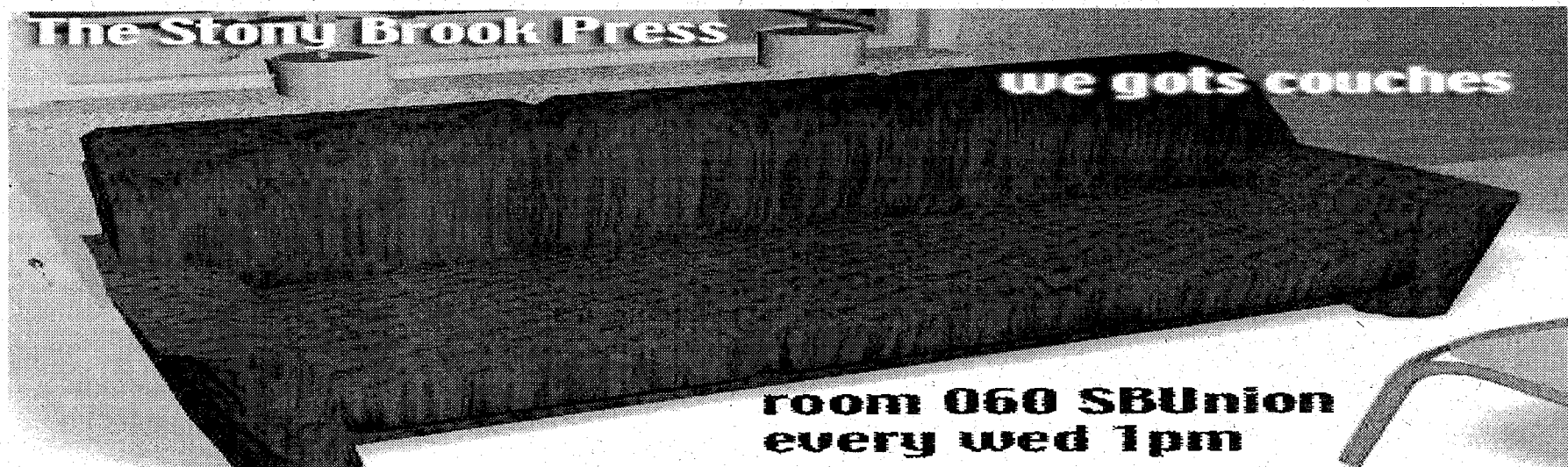
Outside of this campus cell phones are still easily the single greatest reason for unwarranted swerving and other such reckless driving behavior. The recent New York State hands-free cell phone law has done next to nothing to curb these people's rude and uncouth manner. This shit has gotten so out of hand that I can't even go shopping in a local supermarket for ten minutes without some whiny bitch on a cell phone screaming to God-knows-who about the most meaningless crap it has ever been my displeasure to listen to.

This irresponsibility easily turns into a more serious matter when automobiles and flammable liquids are concerned. The former has already been cited as a severe risk but few people know of the latter. I am referring to the usage of cell phones while pumping gas. Most people wouldn't give a second thought to pumping gas while on a cell phone. This is unfortunate for two reasons:

- 1) It is illegal to pump gas while on a cell phone in New York State.
- 2) The static charge of a cell phone can cause a



spark that will ignite the gas fumes. Working at a gas station, I can tell you of about a hundred instances off the top of my head when my safety was jeopardized by fools talking incessantly on these contraptions. My advice to all of the ten people I have ever met that actually use cell phones in their proper manner, PLEASE FUCKING GOD CONTINUE TO DO SO. To all the rest of you dumb and inconsiderate assholes that I feel compelled to lump into a pile, hunting season is officially open on all you motherfuckers. I have to stop writing now and tell this bitch sitting next to me to shut the fuck up and get off the phone. Have a nice day.

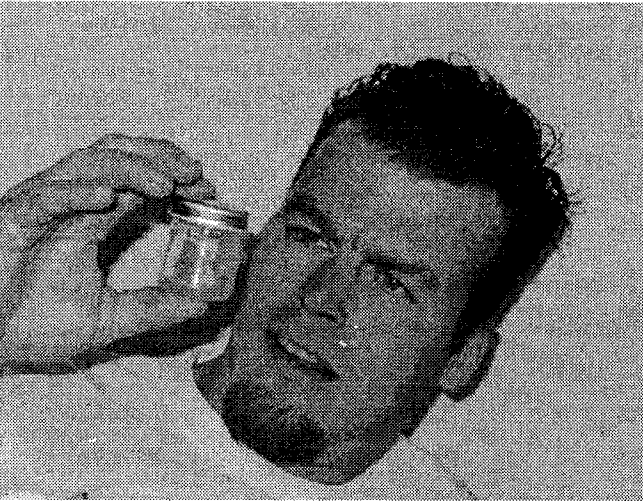


By Doug Williams

"Gary Growden had a farm. E-I-E-I-O. And on his farm he had some herb. E-I-E-I-O. With a hydro here, and a hydro there, here a hydge, there a hydge, everywhere a hydro.

Gary Growden had a farm. E-I-E-I-O." So goes the popular version of 'O I d McDonald' as revamped by The Growden Bunch, one of Holland's hottest new acts. The two eldest Growden brothers, Gary

and Charles, are twins and are very much the leaders of the group. They are accompanied by Marsha, Peter and Oscar, who are all Growdens as well. Their family name originates from early Latin and means 'Place To Grow'. Their music is very much influenced by the late 60s and early 70s. They have toured with such acts as Wasted Daze, Mary Thomas, Zemchoy and more. In 1994 the Growden Bunch first visited America and recorded in a small studio in Yaphank, Long Island, with nothing more than a small 8-track recorder. The sound that was ulti-



mately produced stemmed a decade of future recordings and moderate success, mostly abroad.

"Our parents were very involved with entertainment, so my brother and I decided to follow in their footsteps. So far the trip has been good. We're surviving the good and the bad times. Us Growden's stick together." That was a quote from Charles P. Growden from his new book, 'Music Is Life', which also comes with an audiocassette; narration read by John St. Martin...Does anybody remem-

ber Marly Grit and The Alienz? I had a flashback to a show I saw of them opening up for Warped Youth at The Rock Shed. I'll try to dig up some files on The Alienz for next time...Ritual rocked heavy at Badges of Honor in Farmingdale on Saturday, October 5th. Dennis Deen was unforgiving with his guitar playing and Snake was not to be reckoned with. There was an overload of energy flowing through the air. Bosko and Keith

were relentless with their grooves and kept the insanity at a steady pace. So many old and new fans really had a good time at the gig. Chris Collins from Winterspell was in the crowd that night. Ritual went right back to work on Monday and recorded nine tracks at EKO Studios on Long Island. I should have some tracks up on www.bloodlinemusic.com soon and at www.mp3.com/ritual_sounds. These guys are on the kill. BEWARE! ...If any vocalists out there on campus are interested in possibly working together on some ideas, please contact me at music@bloodlinemusic.com.



Faith, Trust, Pixiedust

By Bev Bryan

Why are half the freshmen on campus dressed from hair to shoes like kids from the seventies who idolized bands they wouldn't like? With the keen intuition of the young they are embodying images of things they need but can't have. It's faith and passion and true belief in something (r-o-c-k, Rock). Structurally speaking, it's the closest a lot of us can get to such things. This new look is the extent to which such sentimentality is permissible. We've all seen retro and geek chic before but this is a new twist. It somehow sidesteps irony. It's almost a sign of life.

Irony as a conduit for repressed sentiment is dying. As one of the only channels available it has become corroded through over use. Many of the snootier pop-culture magazines have already declared it passe as both a means of expression and an acceptable way to accessorize.

It is being replaced by seemingly related music groups: the "back-to-the-garage" movement. The White Stripes, The Hives, The Vines, The Strokes, The Cigarettes and Andrew W.K. have all been cleft by this name. They don't sing in obnoxious nasal tones a la Weezer or Dismemberment Plan, the vocal style is not faux-naïve. The singers all really sing. The styles are near perfect museum pieces from earliest bleedingest blues to perfectly nuanced hair band.

A lot of it, especially The White Stripes' stuff is an open handed paen to musical heroes of the past. There is something ecclesiastical about it, like the veneration of relics.

With the possible exception of Andrew W.K. the music isn't done to be clever, thank the lord. Bands like the Stripes and the Hives are very self-consciously presented but with something more thoughtful than the simple evasion of sincerity. There is no winking at the audience but at the same time they have no illusions about what they are doing. In the case of the Hives in particular they are

the masters of their pretensions. Through this they have found a way to touch the fire and heart and adventure of American popular music, to kiss the hem of her robe.

Follow your bliss. Go out back young man and play guitar. Keep it all in perspective. No self-righteous puritanical eradication of anything that might seem arrogant. No "we're old school" bombast. No cowardly post-modern submission to pop. It's the rock equivalent of beginner's mind. Through it self awareness without paralysis is achieved. They are heroes. Except the Strokes. They are hero-sidekicks.

It's a neat moment and surprisingly it's on MTV. They know it too. That's why they put Courtney Love on and let her give all the children a 24 hour course in 80's and 90's youth culture according to Courtney Love. She was disappointingly well behaved.

It's akin to when MTV finally realized it had better start giving equal time to Hip-Hop or become completely irrelevant but certainly not as significant. These bands are getting radio play. This is due in part to their popularity and probably also to the inability of programmers to distinguish between their music and the gaseous, unlistenable bilge of the likes of Incubus and Blink 182.

What these bands are doing is new and creative but not quite in the traditional way which builds directly on whatever came before. It's reactionary—like the Pre-Raphaelite painters who, in

the equally constrained Victorian era, took painting back a few centuries. The Pre-Raphaelites went old school (early fifteenth century old school) because they thought it was beautiful. And because it was what they thought their time needed.

Others do not see the solution as having anything to do with the garage. It's dirty in there and it smells like paint thinner. They are going to push this irony thing to the farthest frontier of decay. Fearless captains of music, they are willing to go down with the ship. They are calling what they do "electroclash". This the F a i n t , Fisher Spooner, A.R.E. Weapons, Adult and a legion of others you need a valid hipster license to know about. It's all horrendously,



oppressively ironic. Like "Bad Painting" only more sensually invasive. Fisher Spooner have come out publicly about being bad. This is their main charm.

The Faint on the other hand are transcendent. There's a ghost in the drum machine. Their sound is able to simultaneously trigger the dopamine release of the most maudlin 80's pop-song and the adrenal release associated with metal.

Most of this "electroclash" is rehashed New Wave vocals over a swingy video game soundtrack. For some reason it sounds so cool it doesn't have a pulse. The difference between this and less recent facetiousness is that kids dance to this stuff. It's hard to say but that may be what makes it new.

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