

THE STONY BROOK
PRESS

Vol. XX No. 5

"We're politically erect!"

November 4, 1998

ENGLEBRIGHT

"He's mmm...mmmm good!"

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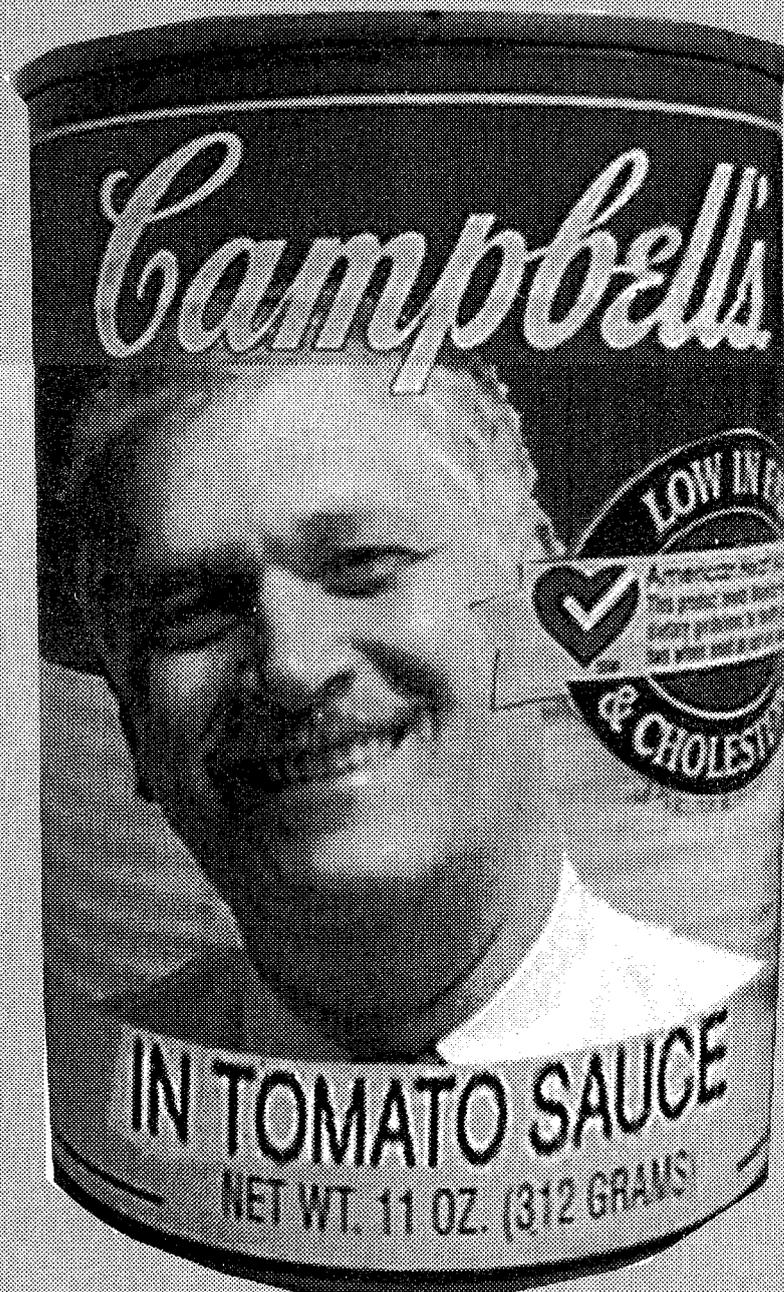
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Our Fall Literary Supplement

FEES AND TAs AND ADMINISTRATORS, OH MY!

By James Polichak

DIRECTOR KENNY AND OTHER HIGH-RANKING ADMINISTRATORS MET WITH GRADUATE STUDENTS TO ANSWER QUESTIONS ABOUT RECENT CAMPUS ISSUES ON OCTOBER 29TH. THE HOUR-AND-A-HALF LONG MEETING FOCUSED LARGELY ON CONCERNS SURROUNDING THE MASSIVE INCREASE IN THE TECHNOLOGY FEE AND THE IMPACT OF INCREASING UNDERGRADUATE ENROLLMENT IN A TIME OF DECREASING FACULTY AND TEACHING ASSISTANT NUMBERS

Fees, Fees, and still more Fees

Dick Mann, vice president of administration, spoke first in an attempt to put the recent fee increases in context.

According to Mann, the transportation fee was increased (\$10 per semester, or 33%) in line with a three-year plan, and was expected. The infirmary fee increased (\$5, 7%) as a consequence of

contract negotiations with workers there, while the athletic fee increased (\$20, 50%) due to the new Division I status of Stony Brook's sports teams. Mann discussed the technology fee (up \$70, or 233%) in greatest detail, noting that it will be used to expand SINC sites (including putting one in the Union), opening up new lines for off- and on-campus access to the internet for students, wiring residence halls, and meeting other needs for technological improvements. Mann also mentioned that Stony Brook's technology and athletic fees were, in spite of recent increases, still less than those at comparable schools (i.e., the other SUNY centers and other Division I-sports schools).

Graduate students responded with a restatement of their general concerns, as well as with specific requests on how the new fees might be distributed. The major problems graduate students had with the fee increases, as stated by GSO leaders and others, were as follows: The administration failed to give any warning of the fee increases, to the extent that Doug Boyle, the Graduate Student advocate and liaison between the administration and graduate students, found out about the increases from one of his undergraduate RAs. Students also questioned whether such large increases at once were warranted, suggesting that an incremental increase (and some forewarning) would have allowed students with limited budgets to better prepare for the extra expense. President Kenny and Vice President Mann apologized for the administration's failure to keep students informed about the fee-levying process, and said that the fees would remain frozen "for as long as they can," which means "at least three years," according to President Kenny.

Many students questioned whether the extra technology fees were collected with an adequate sense of what they should or would be spent on, or whether graduate students might benefit at all from the fee increases. Many of the programs the new money will be spent on are largely of benefit to undergraduates, since far more of them live on campus and since many graduate students use only technology funded by external faculty grants. One student noted that the math department recently received a new computer lab that is of little use to math graduate students. On the other hand, many foreign language graduate students lack access to reliable computer equipment and the School of Professional Development (which the majority of graduate students belong to) has been

unable to obtain a computer for their office despite three years of requests. Meanwhile, \$250,000 was set aside last year for department heads to use to meet the technology needs of their departments. This money went untouched, though, suggesting that department heads either didn't need the money or didn't think it was worth the effort of trying to obtain it. In either case, a representative of the GSO said, this seems to leave room for refunds.

A former Stony Brook graduate student now working for IBM warned that beyond the monetary expense, the fee increases sent a message to students that their money is more important than their scholarly activities or input, and that the loss of student morale resulting might prove more costly than the benefits obtained from the increased revenue.

"AND OF COURSE ADMINISTRATORS ARE OKAY WITH SECRECY. THIS WAY THEY GET TO SAY HOW MONEY IS SPENT, WITH MINIMAL ARGUMENT, AND GET TO FULFILL THEIR DREAMS OF CAMPUS BEAUTIFICATION AND PROFITIZATION."

The administration responded by saying that, though they did have plans to spend certain parts of the fee increase, they did not have every dollar allocated. They said that no money

would be refunded, nor would fees be decreased. However, President Kenny and Vice President Mann said that they were looking into forming a committee with student input to insure that the money was being spent efficiently and effectively, and that accountability to students needed to be increased. They suggested that students approach the committee with specific requests and stressed that they felt that all students would readily benefit from the new technology funded by the fees. Basically, the administration said they were sorry for their poor manners when increasing the fees and their poor planning when allocating them, but promised to do better in the future.

While most or all students may actually benefit from the increased technology fee, so long as it gets allocated wisely, the same cannot be said of the increased athletic fee. This fee is only charged to undergraduates and is used to fund sports teams and maintain the sports complex and gyms. In the words of Vice President Mann, the fee is collected to provide "entertainment" for students. However, many students do not find sports, especially highly competitive sports, entertaining at all. Some arguably believe that such sports promote behaviors and thought-patterns that are detrimental to the individuals participating and to those who have to deal with them. Others might merely question whether it is the administration's role to levy a \$120 a year "entertainment" tax on all undergraduates (or might wonder why no one else gets charged for this kind of "entertainment"). Vice President Mann acknowledged these concerns, said that he wasn't going to attempt a "song and dance to defend the athletic fee," and tried to turn the discussion back to the technology fee. He did say, though, that the major purpose of the athletic fee and the sports teams it supports was to increase community and alumni interest (i.e., contributions) in the school. In other words, the administration is taking \$120 a year from every undergraduate in order to induce them to give even more money when they leave. I do hope that some readers seriously question the administration about this unsavory involuntary behavior modification.

So Many Undergraduates, So Few Professors

Although the number of faculty at Stony Brook has decreased, the number of graduate students has remained constant and there are more undergraduates than ever before. Furthermore,

departments have been receiving less funding for teaching assistants, cutting their numbers and increasing faculty and graduate student workloads (for those who can even get such work). This situation means that faculty members are teaching larger classes and advising more graduate students, graduate students are teaching more and larger classes, and undergraduates suffer through larger classes with less challenging content, ultimately lowering both the quality of teaching and research at Stony Brook.

Of particular concern to many graduate students present was the increase in the number of people teaching classes outside of their disciplines. Students from Anthropological Sciences, Life Sciences, and Psychology complained that they or others in their departments were forced to teach classes like EGC 101 to obtain support. Worry was expressed about whether such students were qualified to teach introductory writing classes and whether being forced to do so would hinder their chances of obtaining future employment (compared to those with relevant teaching experience).

President Kenny responded to these concerns by saying that faculty hires were indeed nonexistent or extremely low for a few years due to funding cuts, but that 86 new faculty members were hired this year, more funding is on the way. Part of the problem, she said, is that new SUNY rules tie funding to enrollment, so that as undergraduate enrollments increase (relative to other SUNY schools) funding also proportionally increases. She also noted that, though still a very small part of the overall \$800 million a year budget, private funding from corporations and individuals was rapidly increasing. President Kenny stressed that lack of faculty and teaching assistants was a problem, but one that should be alleviated in the near future.

In response to the issue of graduate students teaching classes outside their fields, President Kenny argued that graduate students needed to learn to communicate effectively and the best way to do it was to teach communication. Learning to communicate by teaching EGC 101, however, won't help a psychology graduate student nearly as much as they would if they were learning to communicate by teaching statistics or research methods, nor will it help them as much in getting a job teaching psychology. The notion that biology graduate students should learn to communicate effectively by teaching basic English skills is not likely to make students enrolled in such classes or their parents feel any better about the quality of teaching at Stony Brook. Bob McGrath, Deputy Provost, was less thrilled by the potential benefits of such a situation, and said that it reflects the current state of resource allocation and that the University was unaware of the full extent of the problem. Once again, though, vague promises of future improvements were made.

What Can Someone as Small as Me Do Against Something So Huge and Powerful?

In recent years, the SUNY Stony Brook administration has greatly increased student fees and enrollments, and made other changes on campus, without much student involvement. From the point of view of the administrators, this is just fine. They want to gather lots and lots of money so that they can spend it on all sorts of new shiny toys to improve the campus in ways they think need improving. There will always be new things to

(continued on page 12)

THE 1998 ELECTION: HOW STUDENTS VOTED

By David Ewalt and Michael Yeh

University residents used their own campus polling site for the first time in a gubernatorial election last Tuesday. To mark the occasion, students turned out in relatively high numbers to cast their votes.

"It was a great turnout, and you can tell students were motivated on this campus and realize that voting is a privilege," said Todd Stebbins, project coordinator of NYPIRG, the Stony Brook chapter. "Some of the races were actually decided by the body of student voters on this campus."

About 600 students voted at the student union polling place, representing 41% of all those registered to do so. While this number shows that less than half of those students who could vote actually did, it is higher than the turnout both statewide and nationally.

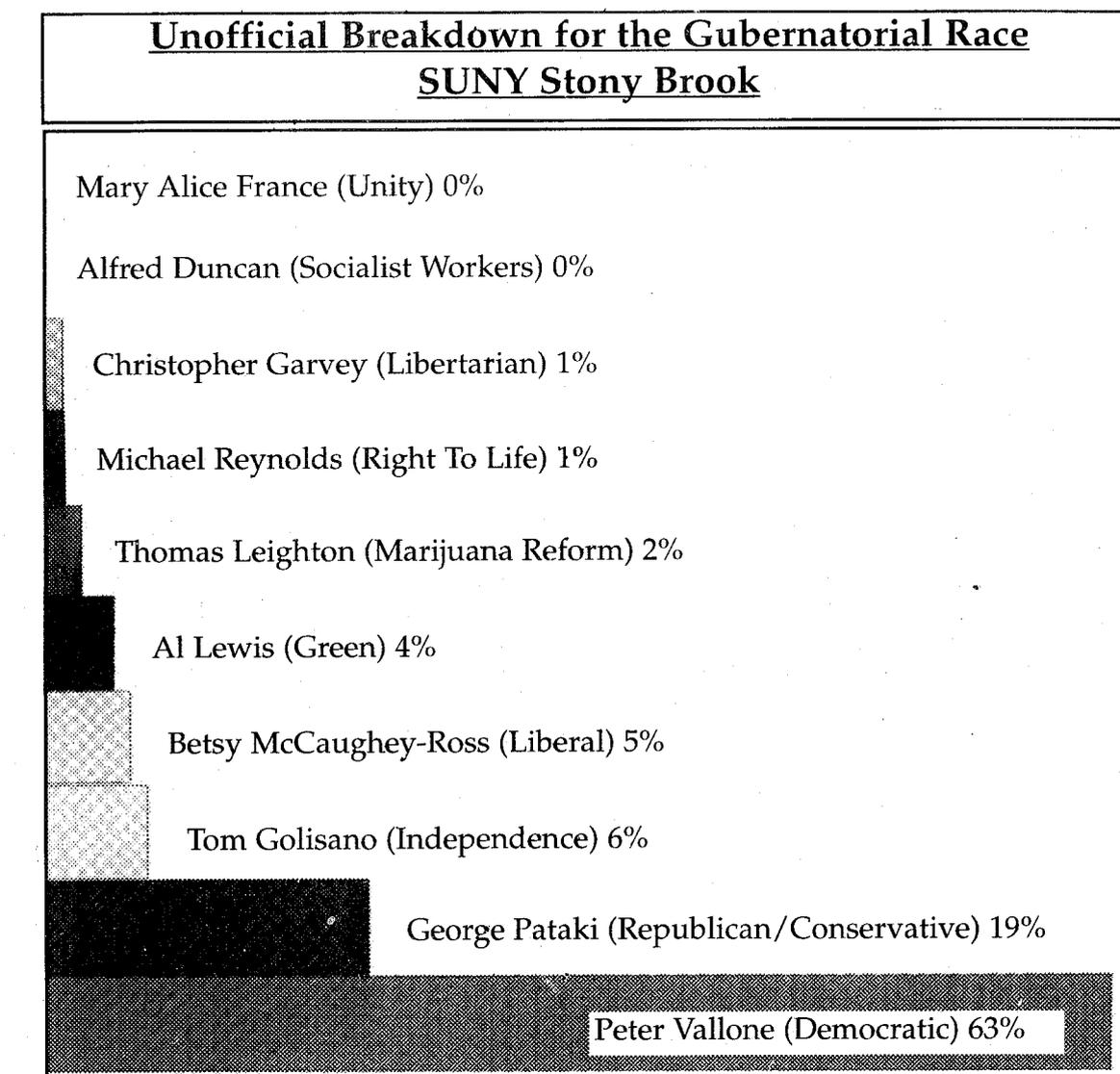
Of all the ballots cast, students showed themselves to be considerably more liberal and third-party conscious than other voters in the state. Sixty-three percent of Stony Brook voters favored Democratic candidate Peter Vallone for governor, compared to an unimpressive 33% in the rest of the state.

"I voted for Democrats because everyone told me they were good for students," said sophomore Jorelyn Lopez. Senior art major Thomas Lendvai agreed heartily. "Republicans are dicks," he said.

This result is not surprising, as Vallone has campaigned as an active supporter of SUNY, promising tax relief for students and tuition cuts. Pataki, on the other hand, is infamous on campus for drastically raising tuition over the past four years.

Third-party candidates also fared well with Stony Brook students. The Liberal Party candidate, Betsy McCaughey-Ross, earned 5% of the vote on campus, 3% more than statewide. "Grandpa" Al Lewis earned 4%, more than three times as much as in the state as a whole. Independent candidate Tom Golisano pulled 6% of the student vote, but his performance of 8% statewide indicates a lack of support on campus.

In the U.S. Senate race, students again voted to the left, choosing Brooklyn Congressman Chuck Schumer in a landslide with 76% of the vote. Outgoing Senator Alfonse D'Amato garnered only 20%.



"I wanted to get D'Amato out of office," said freshman theater major Elizabeth Bresnak-Arata.

One sophomore history major who requested anonymity voted for the Republican party line. She stated that she was persuaded by her "mommy, 'cause it doesn't affect me. It affects her, and she said Pataki and D'Amato."

Democratic State Assemblyman Steven Englebright, a Stony Brook alumnus and geology professor, was re-elected to a fourth term. A staunch supporter of public higher education with an impeccable record, Englebright received overwhelming support from the campus as expected, earning approximately six times the number of student votes

as his opponent, John Jay LaValle.

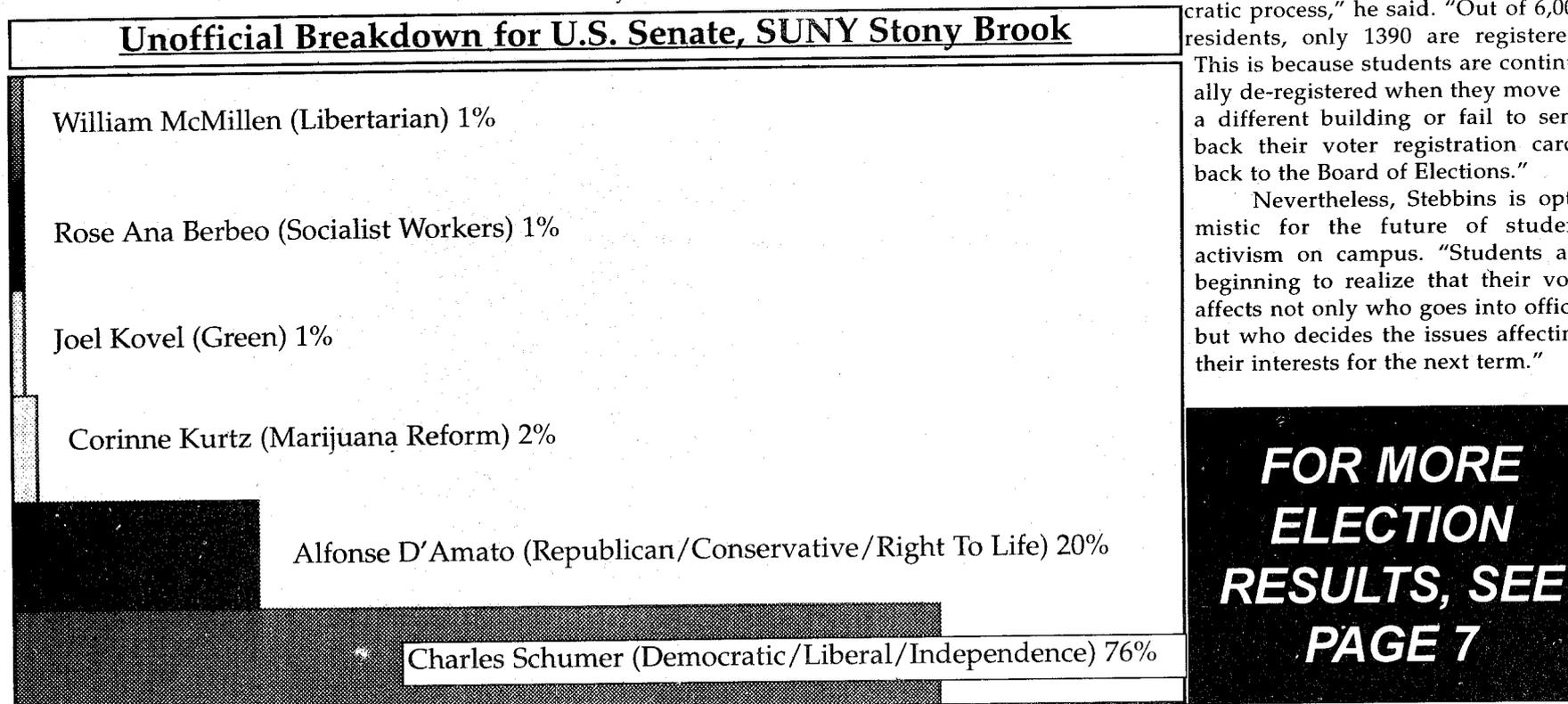
"I think the student vote was courted by both my opponent and myself," said Englebright. "I think it's very healthy for the political process."

"I found that students were generally well-informed and keenly interested in making the political process work by being a part of it," he said. "I will carry the trust that they invested in me with their vote into the next session of the legislature, where I promise to secure funding for education, access programs, and to lower tuition to make SUNY affordable."

Despite the large turnout, Stebbins insists that there is room for improvement. "More students need to participate in the democratic process," he said. "Out of 6,000 residents, only 1,390 are registered.

This is because students are continually de-registered when they move to a different building or fail to send back their voter registration cards back to the Board of Elections."

Nevertheless, Stebbins is optimistic for the future of student activism on campus. "Students are beginning to realize that their vote affects not only who goes into office, but who decides the issues affecting their interests for the next term."



**FOR MORE
ELECTION
RESULTS, SEE
PAGE 7**

ENGLEBRIGHT VICTORIOUS

Stony Brook's own State Assemblyman Steven Englebright (D-Setauket) was victorious in a neck to neck race against challenger John Jay LaValle (R-Port Jefferson). It was a victory for students. It was a victory for the environment. It was a victory for the 4th Assembly District. Englebright has served the Stony Brook community for a number of years and has always been one of only a handful of legislators who actively lobby on behalf of SUNY students in Albany.

On the Stony Brook campus, 1,442 resident students were registered to vote in this election. The unofficial breakdown for our campus is as follows: Of the registered 1442 students, 554 voted. That figure does not include the paper ballots of which there were approximately 150. The voting turn-out rate was 38.4%, with 475 voting for Englebright and 79 for LaValle. Of course, we would have liked to see all 1442 of you vote. Approximately 704 did. That's almost half. Not bad at all considering that the majority of eligible voters this year decided to stay home and sit this puppy out.

The unofficial numbers for the 4th district are as follows. 16,402 voted for Englebright, and 15,012 for LaValle, 52.21% and 47.79% respectively. That's a difference of 1390 votes. The students who voted on this campus made the differ-

ence in this very close race. We gave Englebright the shot in the arm he needed. A big shout goes out to all students who took 10 minutes out of their day and voted. You made a difference. You made the difference in this race and you should be damned proud, because dammit, we're proud of you!

It is often these very lackluster mid-term elections that have more of an impact on issues relevant to your life. While a local state assembly district race may not be as exciting as a presidential election, your local legislator probably exerts more direct influence on you with the legislative calls he or she makes more than anything the President does while in office.

Case in point, tuition increases and higher education cuts. When the State Assembly is hurting for money and decides to raise SUNY tuition and cut TAP funding, you can be sure that Steve Englebright will be one of the first legislators to object and lobby on our behalf. While Clinton may pay a lot of lip service and homage to the importance of higher education, there ain't a whole lot he can do when our bastard of a governor decides that the state coffers need more money and that money should come from the SUNY budget. Englebright has proven himself on these issues over and over again. He's got our back.

INCIDENTS AT IRVING

A personal account of dorm disturbances

Those of us living in campus dorms have to put up with minor and major nuisances every day of the week. Bi-polar roommates, all manner of vermin and filth, excessive noise, 4 a.m. fire alarms, incompetent RA's, and sink/shower hair are all very annoying offenses. It seems to us that many of these issues can be readily solved if we treat each other with common courtesy and a little respect.

This week, one of the girls that lives on my floor left her phone outside her room while she went to the kitchen. Apparently, her roommate was sleeping, and being a kind and gentle person, she did not wish to wake her from precious sleep with an expected call. Upon her return from the kitchen area, she noticed a guy running, full speed, down the hallway. He grabbed her phone on his way out, ripping the cord right out of the wall. Was this really necessary? Honestly, what the hell were you going to do with that phone anyway? Ditch it as soon as you left the building? Hey buttmunch, I'd like to take this opportunity to extend a hearty "Fuck You" from all the girls in A-2. May the fleas of a thousand camels infest your armpits.

Late last week, I personally came into contact with one of the animals that lives in my building. At around 3:30 a.m. Friday morning, a couple of girls decided to camp right outside my door and woop it up. After approximately 20 minutes of listening to what sounded like cats debating, I decided to get out of bed and ask them to move their scintillating exchange elsewhere. A reasonable request being that I, and at least 5 other people within earshot, have class at 9 a.m.

My modest request for peace and quiet was met with a "Hey, why don't you shut the fuck up, go back to your room and go to sleep." Honestly, it took every ounce

of self-restraint in my body to keep from slugging this girl. But it was too late, I was too damn tired, there were three of them and one of me. The odds were not in my favor. Most likely, I would have gotten my ass kicked. "Whatever," I said as I slammed the door in her face, and went back to sleep.

Obviously, I couldn't sleep. I was fuming and the noise outside my room did not subside. I decided to call my RA to document the incident. Approximately 5 minutes after I hung up the phone, the fire alarm was pulled. I'm pretty damn sure it was the girls I confronted moments earlier. Of course I don't have evidence, it's all circumstantial. But that's really not the relevant issue here.

The argument I had with this girl was, at that point in time, between her and I. When the fire alarm was pulled at approximately 4 a.m., the entire building got involved. People who had absolutely nothing to do with what took place moments earlier, were rudely awakened and involuntarily forced to deal with it.

To the hussies who pulled the fire alarm, YOU SUCK, and I probably should have dropped you when I had the chance. More to the point, you are incredibly rude and obnoxious. The fact that you felt it necessary to wake everyone in Irving points to your utter and complete lack of respect to those of us who, unfortunately, are forced to live with you.

We are of the firm belief that life would be infinitely more tolerable for all dorm residents if we all treated each other with just an iota of decency. Flush the damn toilet. Keep the noise to a minimum. Clean up your hair. Pick up your used condoms. Is that too much to ask people? Can't we all just get along?

PRESS

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- Feminist Zapatista
Terry McLaren
- The Lonely Capitalist
Jen Hobin
- Anti-Female Genital Mutilation
Jill Baron
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TO THE EDITOR

"Piece of Trash?"

[Editor's Note: This letter was printed without prior editing. All grammatical errors were solely made by the writer.]

Dear Press newspaper:

Your newspaper is a piece of trash. I see that you bunch of liberal assmunches appointed your new executive Editor position to Michael Yeh, a pseudojournalist, having openly SOCIALIST tendencies. Tell me, how can you expect to be respected with a self-admitted SOCIALIST at the helm?

In your past issue you printed a article about "Grandpa Lewis," the Green Party clown running for governor by Stephen Preston. You can't fool me. I remember that COMMUNIST'S articles, Iraq-loving, U.S.-hating, and everything he writes is anti-business and unamerican. If Steve Preston loves Iraq more than America, maybe he should move there. And Chris Sorochin, don't get me started, what a commie pinko!

Back to your asshole editor, however. As a T.A. for biology, Michael Yeh injects leftist SOCIALIST values on science, for example calling biotechnology "potential for corporate exploitation of third-world farmers". Socialists don't like to admit that capitalism is the only fair system that insures progress of society, weeding out the lazy and unfit among us. Besides, biology is a science class, not for political ideological indoctrination.

I'm warning you, if you don't find a REAL editor, your shit-paper will become more and more shitty. As of now, everything you print is anti-business, and kiss up to big corrupt labor. You question the validity of the time proven free market, even in public universities where it is most sorely needed. (See your SOCIALIST Michael Yeh's last article about the so-called "attack" on humanities...ooooohh!) You're probably too stupid to see it, but trust me, your going down, baby!

Sincerely,
Jacob Pulaski

[The Executive Editor Responds:

It seems obvious that your letter is meant only as a personal attack against my character, beliefs, and activities. I can't imagine what your motive may be, since I don't believe we've met before.

Our mission at The Press is to offer students a forum in which they can share their opinions with their peers. We don't expect our readers to agree with everything

we print, but we like to think that students are mature enough to

disagree without being disagreeable.

As for my comment about corporate interests in the biotech industry, I believe that it was certainly appropriate in a biology course for non-majors that stresses not only cold facts, but also the impact of scientific discoveries on society. Despite what many scientists like to believe, science is often influenced by greed or other ulterior motives. One can hire "experts" to support the most hare-brained ideas, as long as the price is right.

By the way, who the hell are the "lazy and unfit" that you're referring to? Do you mean the unemployed, the poor, and the minorities who face discrimination and animosity every day? Your letter reeks of the same uninformed claptrap that racists and sexists have used for ages to label people unlike themselves.

And while we're mucking around in the shady subject of eugenics, your mother should have selected a better, er, breeding specimen.

I won't waste my time to refute all of your attacks. You obviously don't have the brains to even pick your nose, much less engage in an intelligent conversation.

Fuck you. And learn how to write.]

Athletes Deserve Media Support

An article was printed in last week's edition of *The Statesman* that the student-athletes of Stony Brook felt warranted a response. The article, entitled, "Good Media Relations, Part Deux" appeared in the "Misery Index" portion of the paper. The article stated that they "can't understand why Emmerich has his well-paid position in the first place." This is a response from the athletes at Stony Brook who would like to put an end to their wondering.

Rob Emmerich is responsible for covering and writing press releases for every intercollegiate sport sponsored by the university. He is responsible for keeping statistics on every team; announcing and games; his duties also include the tedious layouts and preparations that go into the Sport Media Guides that are available for every team. He is involved in the preparations of such popular events as Midnight Madness and Homecoming. In addition to all of these responsibilities, Emmerich, brings a rare blend of personality and professionalism to the athletic department at Stony Brook. He is a personable authority figure, and in addition to the time consuming tasks that he must fulfill in order to run a well organized media relations department, he also takes the time to provide empathy and friendliness to every student-athlete whom he encounters. He is truly a friend to the athletes here at Stony Brook,

and they not only respect his professional abilities but also respect him for his personality.

Unlike *The Statesmen*, Emmerich covers all sports...not just football. There are two sports at SBU which are already Division I competitors Women's Soccer and Men's Lacrosse, not to mention all of the other teams here that are also "on the road to Division I."

The Women's Soccer Team, which currently boasts a record of 11-2-1, has broken the school record of "Most Consecutive Wins in a Season for Women's Soccer." They defeated established Division I competitors including American University and Hofstra. Coach Ryan achieved her 100th career win. Senior Erica Keller has broken the school scoring record and point record in her 3-year career as a forward for the Stony Brook Seawolves. They are both currently being considered for the NCAA Playoffs. Our Men's Soccer team defeated the University of New Hampshire, which was ranked #9 in the nation. Women's Volleyball is having a wonderful season, as usual. The athletes who are part of these teams eagerly leaf through *The Statesmen* every week to see if their efforts received any recognition. So, far they have been disappointed to find no media coverage on their teams.

As for the football team, the coverage is often biased to Stony Brook's opponents! The article on the homecoming game against Albany glorified Albany's quarterback. Even in the defeat, Stony Brook's Scott Meyer's numbers for overall passing yards were higher.

So, what do the student athletes wish to accomplish in writing this article? We wish to recognize the efforts of our outstanding Director of Athletic Media Relations, "Robbie" Emmerich. He is a truly talented and wonderful person and media director, contrary to recent unsubstantiated opinions. The student athletes at Stony Brook are also asking for your help. In writing positive headlines about the teams and in reporting on the progress of all the teams, you will not only give the athletes the recognition they deserve for their efforts, but perhaps you may help in publicizing games so that the fan/supporter turnout increases for athletic events! Also, by getting more people interested in Stony Brook Athletics, *The Statesman* and/or *The Press* position as the primary reporting unit for the sports teams will only boost readers per week numbers! With a current circulation of 30,000, *The Statesman* could really positively impact SBU athletics instead of creating all this negativity.

Sincerely,

Julie Passanante and the student athletes at Stony Brook

BIG MUSCLES=FEMININE?

By Cat Hui

ON OCTOBER 20, THE SUNY AT STONY BROOK ART HISTORY AND CRITICISM SPEAKERS SERIES PRESENTED A LECTURE BY PROFESSOR JOANNA FRUEH. HELD IN THE STALLER CENTER ART GALLERY, PROFESSOR FRUEH CONDUCTED A PRESENTATION ENTITLED "THE REAL NUDE." THIS LECTURE WAS CO-SPONSORED BY THE HUMANITIES INSTITUTE, AND WAS THE SECOND IN THE CRITICAL VISIONS SERIES OF LECTURES.

Professor Frueh is currently a Professor of Art History at the University of Nevada, Reno. She has published a book entitled *Erotic Faculties* and is currently working on a book, *Monster/Beauty*, which incorporates the material covered in this lecture. In addition, she has been published frequently in various periodicals including *n. paradoxa*, *Art in America*, and *Artforum*. She is also the co-curator and co-editor of the catalog for a future exhibit for the New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York City. This exhibition, *Picturing the Modern Amazon*, is due to open in the year 2000.

Professor Frueh began her lecture by discussing the differences between being nude and naked. Naked has the connotations of being more real and in some ways flawed. Nudity, on the other hand, is thought of as being an abstraction and aloof. Nudity brings with it the idea of purity and cleanliness while nakedness is riddled with sin. Professor Frueh continued on with her lecture, revealing that the topic to be discussed was not the controversies arising from the usage of the bare human body in artwork, but the idea of the hyper muscular woman in society.

The term "hyper muscularity" is a more

technical phrasing for bodybuilding. This presentation focused on the female bodybuilder. Often ridiculed and harassed, the female bodybuilder is an outcast. Women who make the choice to alter their bodies by bulking up with muscles are often seen as being unfeminine. Professor Frueh attempted in her presentation to show how the hyper-muscular woman is the real nude. Professor Frueh utilized slides and a videotape of a bodybuilding performance throughout the lecture to support the ideas she was attempting to impart to the audience.

Professor Frueh sees hyper muscular women as having an important role in society. She views them as people who dare to defy traditional notions of female beauty. In this society, women are taught from a very young age that to be feminine one must strive to be seen and perceived in a particular way. The ideal feminine body is portrayed in the media is a combination of certain physical attributes associated with the lithe, slender bodies of ballerinas and the buxom, voluptuousness of yesteryear's women. However, muscularity in women is not quite frowned upon in its entirety. Instead there are certain degrees of muscularity in a woman that are acceptable. Being slender and firm is shown in a positive light, while bulking up in muscle is deemed repulsive and undesirable. Professor Frueh attempted to present the hyper-muscular woman as a woman who dares to defy the social norms imposed upon her; the hyper muscular woman "challenges gender normalization" through her decision to shape her body in a socially deviant form.

Female bodybuilding as an event is often misunderstood and as a result met with hostility

and criticism. Men's bodybuilding magazines have decided that the female counterpart of their event is not worthy of coverage. Female bodybuilding has been misconstrued as an attempt by women to empower themselves by emulating the male body. In this situation, the hardness of hyper-muscular women's muscles has been read as being phallic. The association between hard muscles and masculinity goes back the ancient Greeks. The classic Greek nude statues were used throughout history as a basis for idealized forms of masculinity and femininity (Polykleitos' Spearbearer and Praxiteles' Aphrodite, respectively). While the Spearbearer has hard and developed muscles, Aphrodite has an undoubtedly soft body which can be read despite the hardness of the marble. Using these statues as a basis, the Western ideal of beauty has developed into what it is today. Hyper-muscular women's "bulking up" is mistaken as attempts to defy the ideal body shape and at the same time insinuate themselves into masculine roles.

Professor Frueh sees the hyper-muscular woman in a more positive light. She interprets their personal choice to bulk up as an attempt to defy the social norms of femininity and to redefine what it means to be a woman. Yet she admitted that when push came to shove, the hyper-muscular women she interviewed in her research all had the same reason for their decision: They liked the way it looked.

So does this mean that whenever one sees a female bodybuilder is it safe to assume that she is trying to challenge society's standards? Probably not. However, some of the ideas presented in this lecture do give one things to think about instead of passing judgement without consideration.

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THE QUEEN'S COUNCIL

By Daniel Yohannes

President Shirley Strum Kenny convened the President's Student Advisory Council on Diversity on November 3rd. The star of the show was late, 10 minutes by her clock, 15 by mine. The meeting lasted 50 minutes.

Attending the meeting were representatives from many different student organizations. Approximately 15 students and three administrators cut classes, or otherwise took time out of their busy schedules, to speak on this important matter and to hear what Dr. Kenny had to say.

Kenny began by clearly stating the first of two goals of the meetings: "It's important to hear from students." The second goal was lost in an acknowledgment that the "faculty, of course, is not as diverse as we would like." However, according to Kenny, that is changing. Out of 86 new hires (presumably professors), 18 are from "under-represented minority" groups. Dr. Kenny also claimed that those numbers have changed drastically in the past four years.

The floor was opened to comments when Dr. Kenny asked, "What do you think needs fixing?" Kevin Keenan, representing the Catholic Campus Ministry, raised the point that Good Friday was not a holiday on this campus, presenting problems for those who wish to spend the day at worship. The point was raised that a student could not be punished for choosing to take the day as a religious holiday, but Dr. Kenny sent her Deputy George Meyer out to check on what day Good Friday fell and if it was a holiday. He returned without an answer and the point was not raised again.

Next, the issue of separate socialization

was raised. Events on campus are often attended only by the demographic that organized the event. Campus Lifetime has become a free period once a week to hang out with those who are in your own nationality, race, fraternity, religion, etc. Clubs have become safe spaces for their own members, rather than centers for community education and outreach. Kunal Das of the GSO mentioned that the campus lacked a social center.

Kenny responded that Phase II of the SAC would eventually fulfill that purpose and that a coffee shop, planned by GSO, but never completed, would have been a good first step. Here, the meeting encountered its first tangent as the GSO coffee shop reigned as the main topic. Its relevance to the theme of the meeting was questionable.

The lack of large concerts on campus was raised. Some felt that music was a media that transcended the issues that divide the campus community and that a concert would be a good way to energize the campus.

A successful concert would encourage students to attend social functions and increase interactions among groups. Mr. Keenan countered that music tends not to encourage interaction; different groups listen to different music and no one band can attract students from all groups. He suggested more competitive events like the Roth Regatta.

Claudine Stuart, President of CSA, mentioned that many planned events have been can-

celed at the last minute due to bureaucratic red tape. Many felt that their plans had been snowballed by administrators, not eager to have a security headache or PR nightmare on their hands. Students complained that procedures that were acceptable in the past suddenly became incomplete. Students found that food at an event had to be pre-approved; DJs were told that they would not be paid until a date after the show; many times a complete application would become incomplete due to a new procedure that had not yet been distributed to student groups. Kenny seemed to understand the issue underlying the problem and seemed to agree that a new simple and complete procedure should be available.

Finally, the issue of an inter-club council was raised. Its purpose would be to increase interaction among members of the individual groups. Its goal would be one of a level of involvement in a club other than your own greater than simply co-sponsoring events.

But, what will come of Kenny's council? Will the students follow through on the initiative it took to

attend the meeting, or was it simply a part of the bureaucracy that was the focus of many students complaints? Of course Dr. Kenny cares about the issue, but will any palpable change occur? And what of the students? Have they already spoken with 10 students and shared the ideas that came out of the meeting? Or will we bury ourselves in our books and papers and forget that it ever happened?

WHAT WILL COME OF THIS YEAR'S COUNCIL ON DIVERSITY?

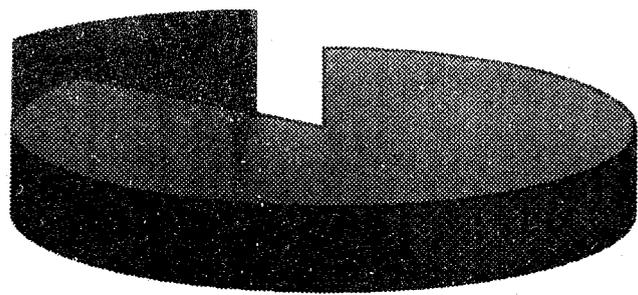


University President Shirley Strum Kenny

CAMPUS ELECTION RETURNS (CONTINUED)

Unofficial Breakdown for 4th Assembly District, SUNY at Stony Brook

John Jay LaValle
(Republican/Conservative/
Right To Life) 14%



Stephen Englebright
(Democrat) 86%

Did you know...

Three times as many students voted for Vallone than for Pataki?

Only 1 in 5 students voted for Alfonse D'Amato?

Third party candidates received almost twice as much support on campus?

Additional research by Ed Ballard, Sarajejan Cole, Brian Schneider, and Matthew Willemain

And the winners are...

U.S. SENATE

Charles Schumer (D)

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Michael Forbes (R)

GOVERNOR

George Pataki (R)

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

Mary Donohue (R)

STATE COMPTROLLER

H. Carl McCall (D)

STATE SENATE

James Lack (R)

STATE ASSEMBLY

Steven Englebright (D)

SUFFOLK COUNTY CLERK

Edward Romaine (R)

SUFFOLK COUNTY COMPTROLLER

Joseph Caputo (R)

BROOKHAVEN TOWN COUNCIL

Dominic Santoro (R)

GAHOORSH, MICKEY, LOOKS LIKE WE OWN AMERICA

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

DISNEY RECENTLY SHOWED HOW NOT ONLY DOES IT HAVE THE AMERICAN CHILDREN'S MINDS IN THEIR INSIDIOUS GRIP, BUT ALSO THE EQUALLY MATURE AND INTELLIGENT FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. I GUESS THOSE CRAZY REPUBLICRATS AND DEMOCRICANS ARE JUST GA-GA OVER MINNIE.

On Oct. 27th, Disney, using a mere 20,000 dollars in campaign donations (officially, but it's not too far a stretch to imagine all the under the table deals) to the Republican party, helped railroad an amendment to Federal Copyright Laws that extended all existing copyrights by 20 years. Not surprising, being that Disney benefits more than any other company.

Disney has a long running history of collecting money for copyright infringement on its main cartoon characters. Many of these cases were shady at best, but Disney, crying for the moral safety of our youth, continuously prevailed, and looks like they'll be champ for a good long time.

What Disney feared is that someone would pull their head from out of the grass in Bambi's pasture and see that their copyrights were almost 19 years past, an already unconstitutional extension of their existing copyrights. If this were to be blown wide, then Disney could stand to lose millions. Oh, heaven! God forbid that one of the most vile, morally subversive, and exploitative corporations in American history actually get taken for a ride for once! Until a few days ago, it stood that Disney would be forced to give up their rights to the likenesses of Mickey (in 2004), Pluto (in '06), Goofy ('08), and subsequently the later created characters, to public domain.

One of Disney's main arguments for the extension of all (Eisner, you almost sound like you care) copyrights was that with the advent of new technology (Internet, Direct to Video movies, DVD, etc.) that movies and Characters had become more valuable, and hence needed more protection.

In fact the extension of the copyright laws (which throughout history have been, some would



Disney Lawyers Lobby Congress

say illegally, extended time and again) would prevent any use of copyrighted characters. That includes photo-copies, learning material, art, satire, and any kind of non-Disney sanctioned review; including this one. This is above and beyond the disgusting concept of long-term, if not perpetual, control over ideas and images.

The Constitution states that an image or idea (that itself is in contest) could only be the property of the creator for fourteen years. After this time, the product would become open to public usage. Subsequent laws have extended the date by leaps and bounds to today's mutilated version: Artistic copyrights are the life time of the artist plus fifty years, or if invented before 1978, 75 years from the

original copyright date.

Let's just put this law into some hypothetical situations. Lets say little old me creates a cute, androgynous, mass market sinkhole of a character, I pitch it around the animated movie circuit and no one bites. Disney, though, realizing that my asking price is far to high. . . SENDS OUT THE GOOF TROOP TO BUMP ME OFF AND ANY ONE WHO KNOWS ME, THEN LOCKS UP MY PRECIOUS CREATION AND SITS ON IT FOR FIFTY YEARS ONLY TO UNVEIL IT AS A LONG LOST MOVIE FROM THEIR ARCHIVES. Evil, pure evil, I say.

So we know that the laws themselves are unconstitutional, disrespectful to the rights of Americans and serve only to sway monetary favor to media conglomerates. Well, in addition to "supporting" the Republican party, this effort was a little "wink-wink, nudge-nudge" if ya know what I mean. Disney reps reportedly "preached" to House Speaker Newt Gingrich and Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott. In fact, Eisner himself (a name that can, if you want, be substituted with Lucifer, Beelzebub, Mephistopheles) was seen in Lott's office on June 9th. I hope he wiped his mouth afterward. This again is in addition to the seemingly altruistic twenty thousand dollar donation to Representative Lott. On Oct. 7th, Congress (Republican majority) passed the copyright extension and on the 27th Clinton, spineless mouse-fearing POS, signed the bill.

What do the courts do? Nothing. Besides, who's gonna fuck with Disney? The government has passed the stinging reed of justice over Disney's head many a time but never had the guts to swipe it down. Worker exploitation, park security violations of civil liberties (check out the ACLU web site: www.aclu.org), and their own copyright infringements (HELLO!!! *Simba the White Lion*!!!!).

The government is scared of a cartoon mouse. And frankly, I am too.

HELP VICTIMS OF HURRICANE MITCH

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THIS DEVASTATING STORM.
THOUSANDS OF OTHERS ARE STILL MISSING.

THOSE EFFECTED BY THIS DISASTER URGENTLY NEED STONY BROOK'S HELP. DONATION BOXES WILL BE SET UP IN THE STUDENT UNION COURTESY OF MANY CONCERNED STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS.

PLEASE GIVE FOOD, CLOTHING, MEDICINE, CANNED GOODS OR MONEY. ALL DONATIONS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED THROUGH THE RED CROSS.

THE NEW YORK COP OUT

By Chris Sorochin

Well, kids, fasten your seat belts for yet another retroactive morsel of reportage, requested at the last minute by *Press* editors. Since I opened my big yap about the October 22 demonstration against police brutality, I'm now stuck writing about it. I just can't bring myself to refuse the endearing, hungry puppy look of desperate editors, not to mention the ego Viagra of being offered even more space to spew my venom.

I didn't take notes, so this is all being reconstructed from the hazy recesses of memory.

I guess the saga begins at a meeting I attended the week previous to the event, accompanied by former editor Dave Ewalt and former

LAW & ORDER IN GIULIANI'S TOWN

business manager Martha Chemas. For those of you who care, Martha is currently enwebbed in her first year of law school, doing a creditable Don Quixote impression in trying to progressively politicize junior shysters, while Dave is, by his own admission, manufacturing consent in a *Newsday* internship. He's currently working on a dishy expose of racial inequalities in health care on Long Island.

Anyway, we met at some church in the richy-bitchy environs of Lincoln Center. Before the meeting, videos of TV spots for the day played on a VCR. One that particularly struck me had the legend "Germany, 1930s" and file footage of uniformed Nazi thugs brutalizing helpless folks and then "United States, 1990s" and clips of cops doing similar things to people here.

Once the meeting started, a young woman, a transplant from the Midwest, told of how when she'd first come to New York it was a free, tolerant place and Washington Square Park was like a perennial festival. Now, of course, it looks like a prison yard, with metal mesh fences, surveillance cameras and the ubiquitous police vehicles. Norman Siegel of the ACLU spoke on how new offenses (like kite flying and dancing) are being dreamed up daily and the city has become an ever-more joyless and hostile place.

We also heard that Giuliani had been up to his old tricks. The organizers, a consortium of progressive groups called the October 22 Coalition, had a permit for a rally at Union Square Park at 4p.m. and another for a rally at City Hall Park at 6. But the City was refusing to grant a parade permit for a march between points A and B. Fortunately, some shysters like Martha and a legal team was taking the matter to court. Giuliani tends to lose in court, and he did this time, too, just one day before the march. His lawyers appealed the ruling the very morning of the 22nd, but were again rebuffed.

This obstructionism was a discouraging, if not surprising, development, but not nearly as shocking as the one which was to come on October 19. A grassroots effort organized a "political funeral" for Matthew Shepard, the University of Wyoming student who was gruesomely murdered because he was gay. Thousands came out to express their outrage and solidarity. But the organizers hadn't applied for a parade permit. They cited the City's consistent refusal to issue permits to groups Rudy the Redneck doesn't approve (the May 1 Pot Rally, the Million Youth March, the October 22 Coalition, and even telling the Black Israelites they can't use sound equipment to harangue

Times Square pedestrians).

The march began anyway. Parade marshals and legal observers made an effort to communicate with police, but they were ignored and the first to be arrested. After that, police directed the march onto a side street and kept it bottled up there. Several times, police charged the nonviolent crowd. They made more than one hundred arrests, even going so far as to commandeer a city bus, tell the passengers to get off (I wonder if they gave transfers) and use the bus as a paddy wagon. I hear they arrested clergy and people in wheelchairs. This is the same police department that refuses to acknowledge the recent upsurge in anti-gay violence and whose response to the same has been to flood the Village with undercover cops looking to bust transvestite hookers.

At any rate, I have to confess to having been just a wee bit apprehensive as Thursday approached. What if this was the Second Coming of the 1968 Democratic Convention or Kent State? As it turned out, there wasn't much confrontation; I guess due to the proximity of the Monday incident and the potential ultrabad publicity that would result from an attack on an anti-brutality march, a lid was kept on the Big Blue Machine.

When I got to Union Square, I was pleased to see my associate Gay, from the English department at SUNY at Old Westbury. Gay is my British-Jewish lesbian feminist lit professor friend. (And not once has she threatened to castrate me!) She shoved a bunch of flyers in my hand and invited me to help educate the public as we went.

The march started off. The courts had ruled that they had to give us as least one lane of Broadway. There must have been several thousand participants. From the looks of it, there were almost as many cops. There was a line of them flanking us on the one side towards the street, and a phalanx of about a hundred or so more marching at the end. I guess it was just another instance of Giuliani-style overkill, like arresting school kids for using their subway

passes on weekends, or not allowing a victory celebration for Sammy Sosa in heavily Dominican Washington Heights.

There was also New York's newest tradition for public events: Three police helicopters hovered above. I wondered just how much tax money it took to keep them up there for the duration of the march. I also couldn't help but reflect on how much overtime was being paid to all have those officers there needlessly. At one point, I heard someone crack, "I think I'll go rob a bank: all the cops are here." The Finest were, as might be expected, not at their most congenial. When one guy came up and asked one cop what the march was about, he just said "Nothing" and brushed him off in that charming way.

A marcher Gay had introduced me to, a psychiatrist, got hold of a loudspeaker and proclaimed, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have hundreds of police officers marching in solidarity with us here today; let's give them a big cheer."

There also seemed to be a few would-be troublemakers among us. A couple of guys who looked like they'd just stepped out of a bowling alley somewhere in Jersey were handing out flyers and telling the recipients they were the latest thoughts of Chairman Mao. That would be a good trick, as the Great Leader is currently embalmed in a glass display case somewhere in Beijing. No one seemed to pay any heed to the morons.

I met up with Martha along the route. She told me how the professor of her afternoon class had finished early so aspiring upholders of the Constitution could attend the march. She didn't think too many had taken advantage of the opportunity. My too-extensive experience with law students has taught me that they spend all their time having their minds bent by learning opaque precedents and legal doctrines and many know less than your average potted plant about current legal issues.

Finally, we arrived at City Hall and massed at the far end of the park, away from City Hall itself, which Giuliani has done his best to make off-limits to demonstrators and the public at large. Rudy claims to fear a terrorist attack on his august person. If only!

It was great to see all those multitudes of people streaming in and filling the park. There was then about an hour of speeches, mainly from the parents of victims of police brutality, giving horrendous accounts of being lied to and kept in the dark about what had happened to their loved ones, and also about the impunity and the "blue wall of silence" that surrounds dirty cops. I was dismayed not to have seen any representatives of police organizations there in support. There are those, like One Hundred Blacks in Law Enforcement, that come out against racism in the force and there must be, somewhere an organized group of officers who realize just how bad the growing rate of brutality is for their profession.

Those few cops who have broken the "blue wall" have been subject to heavy harassment (ostracism, vandalism, threats), so I think there should be some organization to support those brave enough to blow the whistle.

At the rally's conclusion, the speaker warned us to leave in groups, because even though we'd just been shouting "Whose streets? Our streets," that isn't true in effect and no one wanted to be on the receiving of some concocted police beat-down.

Just last week I heard Hizzoner pontificating sanctimoniously about the off-duty firefighters and police officer who were part of a racist float in a Labor Day parade in Broad Channel, Queens which mocked the dragging death of an African American at the hands of Klansmen in Texas last year. He kept going on about how these guys didn't deserve to be public servants because they didn't understand the diversity of our great city and how they had irresponsibly contributed to an atmosphere of hate. He sounded like he was describing himself. But racist parade floats don't happen in a vacuum. An entire community per-

"I DON'T THINK [GIULIANI]'S NUTS. I THINK HE'S EVIL. EVIL IS NOT THE SAME THING AS NUTS. NUTS, WE CAN FEEL SORRY FOR. I THINK NEW YORKERS ARE NUTS TO KEEP ELECTING HIM. THAT'S WHO I THINK ARE NUTS, THE VOTERS"

-FRAN LEBOWITZ

(continued on page 12)

IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST

By Chris Sorochin

"No one knows God until one knows injustice. And one knows nothing about injustice until one struggles against it."

Philip Berrigan

On September 21st, Bill McNulty, local activist and personal friend, one of the best people I've ever known, walked out of the Schuylkill Federal Correctional Institution in Minersville, Pennsylvania. He had been serving a six-month sentence for entering the grounds of Fort Benning, Georgia, for the second time as part of a protest against the School of the Americas located there. The SOA trains Latin American soldiers to kill, torture, and terrorize their own people. Although 601 demonstrators marched over the line in a mock funeral procession, only 25 who had previously entered the base in protest were sentenced to six months in prison and a \$3,000 fine each. Their crime was "trespassing".

And just at the beginning of October, Amnesty International released a report on human rights violations by the criminal justice system in the United States, especially the appalling conditions in U.S. prisons. The report exposes use of torture, assorted intimidation tactics, sexual harassment and even fights between prisoners purposely staged by guards.

I spoke to Bill shortly after its release. He had grown a long white beard while behind bars and resembled a cross between a biblical prophet and a Civil War general, with just a soupcan of panhandler thrown in for good measure. I was relieved to see he still had his razor-sharp insight and irreverent sense of humor. It was a triumph that the prison system, despite its best efforts, hadn't broken him.

The first thing he told me, and the central theme, was that prison is a dehumanizing experience. He started from the beginning, the day he self-surrendered at Schuylkill. His wife Carol and son John drove him there. Upon arrival, he was immediately divested of every possible outward sign of human dignity. His clothes were exchanged for prison khakis and his wife and son were dismissed in the coldest, most cursory way possible.

Carol related how both she and John began to cry once they had been so unceremoniously ejected. An inmate, observing this chilly little ritual had yelled, "don't worry, he'll be alright; we all go through this." Carol said this small gesture of solidarity and warmth made her feel much better.

The ensuing description of interaction between prisoners and guards was striking for its almost robotic lack of human feeling. Indeed, throughout Bill's narrative, the criminals come off as more sympathetic than those who supposedly enforce law and order do. I recall an article in which a former INS facility guard relates how she was told not to smile at or make eye contact with any inmates.

As I am well read on prison conditions, nothing Bill told me was a real revelation. Nothing except this: within his first half-hour in the facility, he was called to the Administration office for a "team meeting." It seems that prisons also function as collection agencies and actually try and coerce inmates into paying more and earlier than ordered by the court. They accomplish this by vague promises of parole or transfer to a halfway house. How they expect inmates to pay when they make 12 cents an hour is a mystery, but the Bureau of Prisons is allowed to override the judges and "do whatever they want." Any and all malfeasance on the part of the prison is alleged (by the ubiquitous

prisoner grapevine) to be covered up.

Oh, and while the inmates may make pennies an hour, rest assured that the corporations that profit from ultra-cheap, ultra-controlled labor clear millions and avoid paying decent wages to workers still outside prison walls. And prison construction and operation is one of the fastest growing, most lucrative enterprises on Wall Street today. According to Bill, the feds plan to double the number of prisons in the next couple of decades. In past years, California alone has constructed nineteen new correctional facilities, compared to the one new university. Kinda makes ya wonder.

Two prisoners died during Bill's incarceration. One man of 45 entered with a collapsed lung, yet authorities confiscated his oxygen tank, medication and inhalator things he desperately needed to breathe. The other, in his 50's, also with a pre-existing condition, was assigned to the kitchen (!). The kitchen staff refused him and so he was put on night cleanup from 11p.m. to 6a.m. Those assigned to this task, considered the worst in the prison, are supposed to sleep in the daytime. Bill says this is impossible; prisons are noisy. Peace and labor activist Dorothy Day, upon release from one of her many stints in the hoosegow, wrote of the difficulty of readjusting to how "quiet" New York City is in comparison to the slammer.

So this inmate told his counselor (Bill says this term is a euphemism for "authoritarian control freak"), "Get me off nights or you're signing my death warrant." The helpful counselor just laughed. I wonder if he laughed when the same inmate subsequently died.

Jim McDougal, one of Clinton's Whitewater conspirators, is also suspected to have died from lack of adequate medical care while in prison. He refused a drug test (because his medication rendered him unable to urinate) and was duly tossed into solitary where he was ignored until finally discovered dead. In an unusual departure from prison procedure, the cell he died in was immediately scrubbed from top to bottom and repainted.

Bill suffers from a minor skin condition and said the physician's assistant at the prison was of no help; "Their role was to make things difficult."

Ever the gadfly, Bill also had a visit with the prison psychiatrist. When asked to fill in "occupation" on a form, he put "teacher" and "carpenter", both indisputable, and, since he'd been so involved in faith groups, "minister." This configuration must have set off some alarm bells with the pencil-pusher because he was then summoned for an interview with the shrink, who seeing the beard asked, "Do you have a Messiah complex?"

On June 28th, a little more than halfway through his sentence, Bill said he was given "a perfect illustration of what terrorism is." He showed me a deep inside pocket cut (illegally) into his prison-issue jacket. Many prisoners do so because it's a perfect way to carry contraband, which mainly takes the form of alcohol or tapes and recorders, but officials, quite naturally, fear the import of weapons. So, having discovered a cellular phone on that midsummer's day, the guards carried out a blitzkrieg. Prisoners were herded outside and kept there while guards ransacked their "cubes" (yes, cubes), trashing anything and everything not officially allowed (like shelves, pictures, books, etc.) When the inmates were permitted back inside, they had to walk through a gauntlet of guards and

stand at attention by their cubes. The captain then came through and proceeded to select, with a mere hand gesture, to be chained and put into solitary confinement; chillingly reminiscent of countless cinematic concentration camp commandants anointing immediate candidates for the crematorium with a simple flick of a riding crop[sic].

Bill said that an icy, uneasy silence settled over the cafeteria that evening, the collective punishment by collective terror having hit its mark. Prison authorities can keep you in solitary confinement for as long as they damn well please while they "investigate." They don't have to give any explanations or apologize if they turn out to have been wrong. I suspect that like parents and popes, they're just never wrong and besides, [you leave your human rights at the door when you enter a correctional facility in the Land of Freedom.] After sixteen days, half of those sent to the "hole" were returned to the general population (but with a heightened security profile-no more playing at the camp, now they were in actual prison). As for the others, Bill still hadn't seen them when was released three months later. For all anyone, including their families, knows, they're still languishing in some high-security federal dungeon.

Bill said that he never felt so constantly intimidated in his life. Besides intimidation, the control structure relies on the subversion of interpersonal bonds, just as we see on the outside, and a ponderous web of informants thrives. Any so invited who had enough

sense of personal honor to resist could very well be subjected to "diesel therapy," in which the prisoner would be arbitrarily transferred around the country and kept incommunicado from family and loved ones.

Nor are the prisoners themselves the only ones mistreated. Carol had several anecdotes about attempted visits which turned into episodes of degradation. She had to drive five hours to visit Bill, and she could only do so on certain days. There were strict dress regulations for visitors, and more than one was sent to a nearby shopping mall to purchase a skirt that reached the acceptable length. Many of the visiting women were poor and traveled to see inmates at great expense and inconvenience. At time, guards would whimsically suspend visitation rights, rendering long uncomfortable journeys fruitless. In the past several years, advocacy groups like the November Coalition and Families Against Mandatory Minimums (FAMM) have sprung up to publicize the plight of prisoners and their families, and to call for a revocation of severely punitive legislation like the Rockefeller drug laws, which call for long sentences for minor offenses.

Another vigil will be held at Fort Benning this November 21st and 22nd. Peter Thompson, an attorney for School of the Americas Watch, received a call from another attorney at the Judge Advocate General's office, which represents the government. The caller said the arrests had generated loads of negative publicity and wanted to know what they could do to avoid this scenario this year. Thompson replied that the answer was simple: close the School of the Americas.

Oh, only one U.S. representative has failed to endorse the Kennedy Amendment to close the SOA. It's the vile Peter King. There will be a demonstration at King's Massapequa office on Tuesday, November 17th.

There's still time to go to Georgia and be part of the Big Picture. Remember, it all depends on YOU!





Literary
Supplement
Fall
1998

"Portraits"

By Mike Imprixis

Traci stood on the open deck in front of the small house, the rain falling from the sky steadily. She turned the key in the lock on the front door, turned the knob once one way and then the other and pushed open. She wiped her feet on the mat in front of the door and exhaled a long breath. Her voice was small and tired as she uttered the words, "Babe, I'm home." She waited to listen for Jenn's soft tread on the carpet, a rustle of sheets in the adjoining bedroom, a soft sigh, anything to indicate she was home. There was nothing though. Nothing but the rain hitting the roof and the wind outside roaring angrily. She dropped her bag on the floor and went to the refrigerator.

She gave a tug and opened it, feeling the rush of cool air on her legs, arms and face, as she was only wearing jean shorts and a T shirt today. Traci took a bottle from the door rack and twisted the cap off. She closed the door, leaned the small of her back against the counter and tilted her head back, letting the amber ale do its work.

Her eyes focused on a plain yellow piece of paper held to the refrigerator with a Tweety Bird magnet, its oversized blue eyes looking up innocently at Traci. Written in blue ink and a swift script was a message for her. "Traci," she read aloud, "gonna be late tonight. Sorry about not making dinner but I'll get you something later." And Jenn had signed her name with a smiley face after it. She laughed a little and shook her head. Then she glanced at the window over the couch in the little two-room house. Traci's eyes softened and the corners of her mouth turned down a little as the rain hit against the pane harder, as if trying to break through the glass. She sighed again and walked over to the brown recliner.

Next to the recliner, on one side, was a green wooden desk with a folding chair in front of it. The papers on it were stacked, the corners of each page in alignment. Between the bookends were math textbooks, a book with Voltaire's name on the spine and two spiral notebooks. There was a calendar on the wall above it. Traci's eyes fixed on the day circled in red, marked "Traci Moves Out" in clean print. It was about two weeks from today, in fact. Traci saw an unhappy smiley face, if it could be called such a thing, next to it. "Yeah I know babe," Traci said to herself, "but I have to go." She kissed two of her fingers and pressed them against the drawn face. "I have to," she said again.

She slumped down on the recliner next to the desk. She reached across the coffee table and pulled a coaster closer to her, placing the brown bottle on the green Heineken emblem. The TV screen was blank and she searched for the remote to turn it on. She shook her head when she couldn't find it and let it be. The wind blew harder and the rain fell in sheets, hattering against the little house now, as if it wanted to pry every plank off with its cold, wet fingers.

She looked over the stereo by the TV set in front of her. There was the picture. Jenn, with clear eyes and smiling, with her boyfriend, handsome and clean cut. Her fingertips slightly dug into the armrests of the chair. Then, Traci reached for her beer, took a long gulp and, as if continuing the conversation where she had left off, said, "But you've got yours, and I've got mine to get back to." Traci fell back into the chair and smiled, eyes half closed.

She put the bottle back on the coaster and looked over at her stuff packed into one corner of the room. It was an assorted collection of luggage, two backpacks and a cardboard box. She got up, walked over the pile, kneeling by it. Her hands went into the box and sifted through the contents. Her eyes widened with recognition at the sight of her photo album. It was a dark yellow binder with faint script words decorating it, and in gold lettering, the word "Memories" written on it, a Hallmark special. She took it out and went back to the chair.

She finished the last of her beer, put the empty bottle back on the table, missing the coaster this time and she reclined back. She took some time on the pictures on the first few pages but then she stopped turning. On that one page was a single picture.

Traci traced the edge of the 6 by 4 photo. It was a picture of her with Samantha, her girlfriend when they were at the Magic Kingdom in Florida. They were both wearing sunglasses, smiling, with their arms around one another. She smiled, hugged the album to her chest and leaned further back on the chair, closing her eyes. She fell asleep that way until she heard Jenn's car pull up the driveway.

Bad Poem
20.66

The Cyclops Dog

One-eyed little mutt
Shitting in my lap.
Lick my face with your
rough tongue
Look, you've got one
eye.

Freaky mutant
twisted,
Peering one-eye blind.
Always bumping into
walls,
And sniffing your own
piss.

Lick your balls as fast as
you can,
Miss and kiss your leg,
I bury my face between
your cheeks
And sniff the
heaven in your
asshole

An eye for an anus?
BARK!

Bad Poem
#443

Ode to piss running down my leg

Stinging yellow river
Trickle of nature's heat
Slow smell drifts up like
cotton
Soon I'll have an itch.

Dried crust of urine,
Drying down my leg.
My jeans are stuck to
my knee --
Lick it off, bitch.

Bad Poems by: Cox-n-Mussels

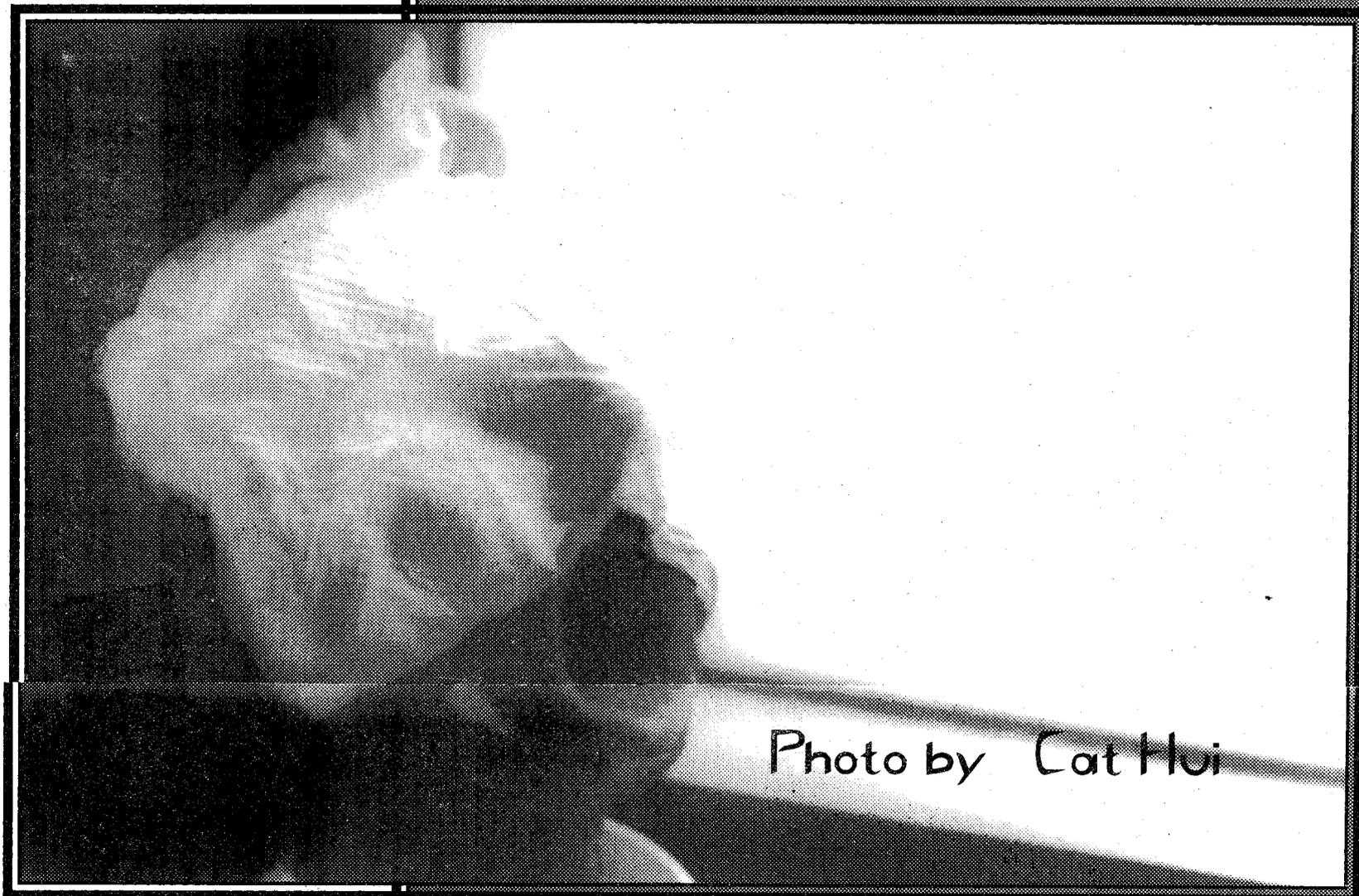


Photo by Cat Hui

MACROECONOMICS: BY IDLE WILD

MACROECONOMICS MAY MAKE MASS MILITARIES MASQUERADE
MIGHTILY MAYBE MYSTICALLY MOTIVATING MIDDLE-EASTERN MOVE-
MENTS. MANKIND MIGHT MISAPPROPRIATE MX MISSILES MEANING MIS-
TAKEN MUTILATION. MORE MANIACLA MANIPULATION MADE MACBRE MAYHEM. MAD MACHIAVELLIAN MALPRACTICE MAIMED MANY MAG-
NAMONIOUS MARINES MAINTAINING MORONIC MARATHON MANEUVERS. MALADAPTED MALADROIT MEN-AT-ARMS MANHANDLED MEDICAL
MANUALS MISSING MARGINALIA. MUNCHING MATURATING MAGGOTS MACERATED MACHETED MALES, MARSHALING MARVELING MARTYRS.
MASOCHISTIC MANIACS MASTURBATED MINIMIZING MEDDLING MAVERICK MAYHAPS. MIRTHLESS MIRVs MISCARRIED MISCARRIED MISADVE-
TURING MIRACULOUSLY MISSING MISSOURI. MORNING METAMORPHISIZED MOTHERLAND MOSTLY MUFFLING MULTINATIONAL MOURNERS
MUTUALLY MULLING MORIBUND MORGUES.

BAD POEM #3056

BANDY THE LITTLE RACER BOY:

OH BANDY, LITTLE RACER BOY
IN YOUR PIN-STRIPED SUIT OF RED,
PASS THE BATON, SO FIRM, SO HARD,
YOU'RE NOT FAST ENOUGH, PRE-
YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH, PRE-
BUT LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

RACE FOR DADDY'S LOVE
RACE FOR DADDY'S APPROVAL
HANDS ON ANKLES, EYES TURNED DOWN
OH WHAT IT IS TO BE A BOY.

CHURCH ON MONDAY
CHURCH ON TUESDAY
RACING IN THE AFTERNOON
RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN
SO YOU CAN EARN DADDY'S SPECIAL PICKLE.

Cox N. Mussels

BAD POEM #100

DIRTY WORDS:

I LOVE DIRTY WORDS
I LOVE TO SCREAM AND YELL THEM,
IN THE BATHROOM, IN THE BEDROOM,
IN PUBLIC IN THE SUMMER

WORDS LIKE "FUCK" AND "SHIT"
AND "CUNTING WHORE"
AND "TWT MOTHERFUCKING PISS
ASSHOLE NIPPLE COCKSUCKING PRICK"

I LOVE TO SCREAM THEM ALL THE TIME,
ESPECIALLY AT PEOPLE I DON'T KNOW,
OUT MY CAR WINDOW, IN MY HOUSE,
FUCK YOU FUCK COCK FUCK



Pen and Ink by: G. Avery Kerbs

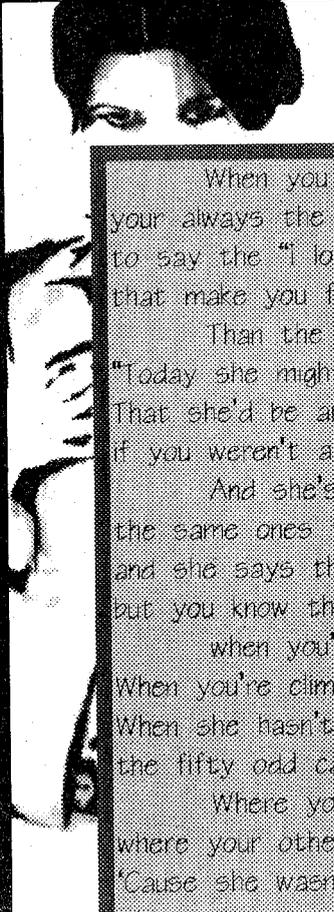
Untitled By: Colleen

Crystal Clear
Yet I cannot see
Reflection too strong
Staring back at me
Throw a stone
Ripples
Shattered Pieces
The only way that I
can tell that is is real

Dream like stages
Drifting through life
Glass too sharp
Cuts me every time
But unless I bleed
How will I know I am
real

Fragments are blinding
Tears swell
Streams down my face
I wake up
Bitter sweet saltiness
A cleansing cry
We will never know
what is real

Begin: By Glenn Given



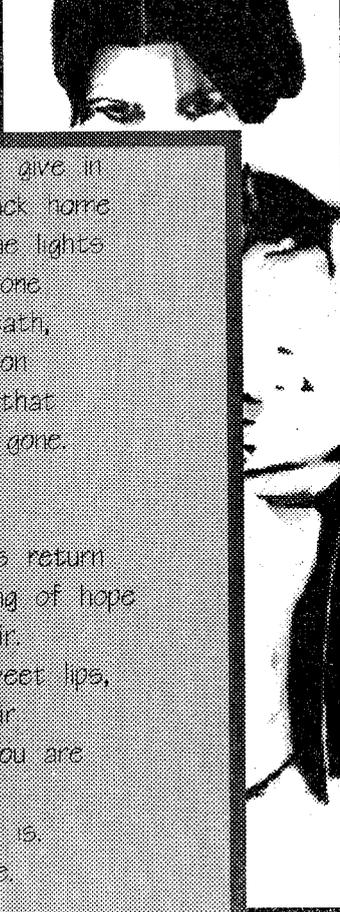
When you begin to notice
your always the first
to say the "I love you"s
that make you feel worse

Than the same feeling like
"Today she might ditch"
That she'd be around
if you weren't a bitch

And she's out with her friends
the same ones that hate you
and she says that that's crazy
but you know that they do

when you're sitting for hours
When you're climbing the walls
When she hasn't returned
the fifty odd calls.

Where you run to find
where your other half is.
'Cause she wasn't around
where she normally lives.



When you finally give in
when you just head back home
When you check for the lights
on machines by the phone

Holding your breath,
cause that light isn't on
And the clock chimes that
only ten minutes have gone.

You sit.

You wait

And the feelings return

There the sinking of hope
and the floating despair.
When you miss her sweet lips,
soft skin, and dark hair

It's wherever you are
that feels so alone
'cause where ever she is,
is where you call home.

That Girl Last Night

She walked in with long legs and dark hair about shoulder long. It was already late and it suddenly got very late, too late, too late for everything. Every man stopped drinking, some may even have stopped breathing. She walked by in her own wind, her own air, flowing. Sat down, ordered a drink and listened to the silence caused by her appearance except for the loud, thunderous noise of the typewriter in my head pounding out some way to describe her, her effect, the way she walked by. she heard that just fine.

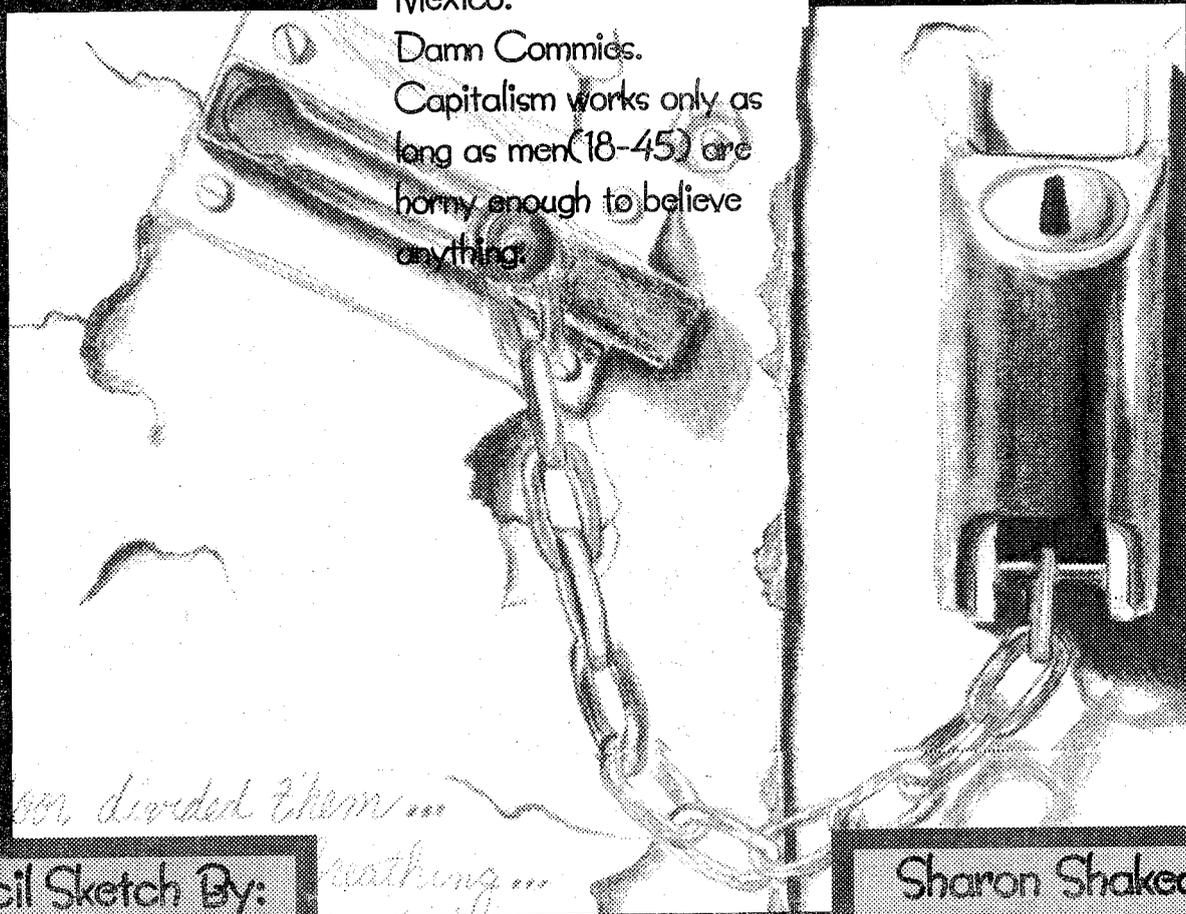
I Couldn't Think of A Title

So I titled this that and not a very good title at all. It doesn't say what the poems about, it doesn't imply sex or product placement. So what does the title do if it can't get people to read Using cheap and worn out tricks guess I need quality. Uh oh. The world might be in trouble if this thinking caught on. No more GAP or beer commercials or skin cream I bet I'm on the FBI list of the 10 most subversive Americans right next to the guy who had the gall to ask why his job is moving to Mexico.

Conversations I Never Had Two Years Ago

She looked up at me "Why do you still have nude pictures of her? You haven't been with her for two years." --"At the time I was." "So why do you have them?" --"To remember her by." "So you do fantasize about her." --"No, just the past, not her in particular." "But her all the same. . . Why?" --"I could trust her," I say with a smile. "Does that imply that you can't trust me?" --"Where did you find the pictures?" "In your diary."

Poetry Collection by Christopher Gennari



Damn Commies. Capitalism works only as long as men (18-45) are horny enough to believe anything.

Pencil Sketch By:

nothing...

Sharon Shaked

POETRY BY: JESSICA STACK

HER EYES WILL KNOW MORE THAN HER
BODY WILL EVER SHOW

SHE RUNS TOWARD THE CLOUDS WITH
POWERFUL LEGS AND AN INTENSITY
OF MIGHT AND MOOVE
TO GIVE THIS WAR OF EGO A PEACEFUL END

BUT STILL,
SHE NEVER SEEMS TO REACH THEM.
HER LAUGH IS MYSTERIOUS AND UNENDING.
YET ONLY THE WILLOW TREES APPEAR
TO SHARE IN HER HUMOR

HER EYES ARE INTENSE
AND HOLD A DESIRE FOR TRUTH,
A DESIRE FOR LOVE
AND TO NOT FEEL ALONE IN DESIRING THESE DESIRES

SADLY,
WHY THE MOON SEEMS TO COMFORT HER
WITH HIS FATHERLY UNDERSTANDING.

SHE WAITS FOR A WAITING NIGHT
WITH COMPANIONS THAT COME AND GO
SHE LONGS FOR THE SWEET SOUNDS OF
AN ENCHANTING SONG,
WHERE THE
BALLS OF HER FEET WILL DANCE FOR ALL ETERNITY
EVER-SO LIGHTLY UPON A BED OF
SOFT GRASS
AND PETALS BROUGHT
TO HER SKIN BY THE ALL-KNOWING WIND
THAT CARRIES ON IN LIGHT OF THE MUSIC.

I SO GRACIOUSLY ASK FOR YOUR HAND TO DANCE WITH ME
HER FINGERS PLAY MANY NOTES
OF PASSION AND THANKS
SHE HAS THESE SONGS BEING BORN DEEP
WITHIN HER.

SHE FINDS HER HANDS NERVOUS
HER FINGERS DO NOT MOVE QUICK ENOUGH TO
THE RHYTHM OF NOTES THAT ARE UNCONTROLLABLY FLOWING
UP HER BODY AND
GET CAUGHT IN HER THROAT.
SOMETIMES HER FINGERS GET BROKEN.

HER WILL ONLY GETS STRONGER.
DREAM-FILLED NOTES PERSEVERE
FOR ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF BEAUTY.

SHE CLAIMS SHE CAN NOT HELP IT,
SACRED EMOTION AND AN EXCEPTIONAL KNOWING

OF FREEDOM HAVE CHOSEN HER.
(AND SHE WILLINGLY SURRENDERED WITH OPEN ARMS
AND GRATITUDE)

SHE'S HEARD THESE KINDS OF TUNES BEFORE
AND HOLDS TIGHTLY
ON TO THOSE HANDS BEFORE HER

SHE AWAITS YOUR PRESENCE
TO COME AND JOIN HER
AND DANCE WITH MERRY FEET TO THE
MAGNIFICENCE OF THE NOTE-MAKING MUSIC

NOT EVERY EAR CAN HEAR
NOT EVERY EYE CAN SEE
NOT ALL FINGERS ARE PLAYING,
AND SOMETIMES WE FIND IT IS
OUR CHOICE THAT THIS MAY BE

BUT SHE,

SHE SEES CLEARLY NOW THAT
SOMEONE GAVE HER A GIFT,
AND WHEN SHE OPENED IT
SHE FOUND A P A R E C I A T I O N

AND BEST OF ALL

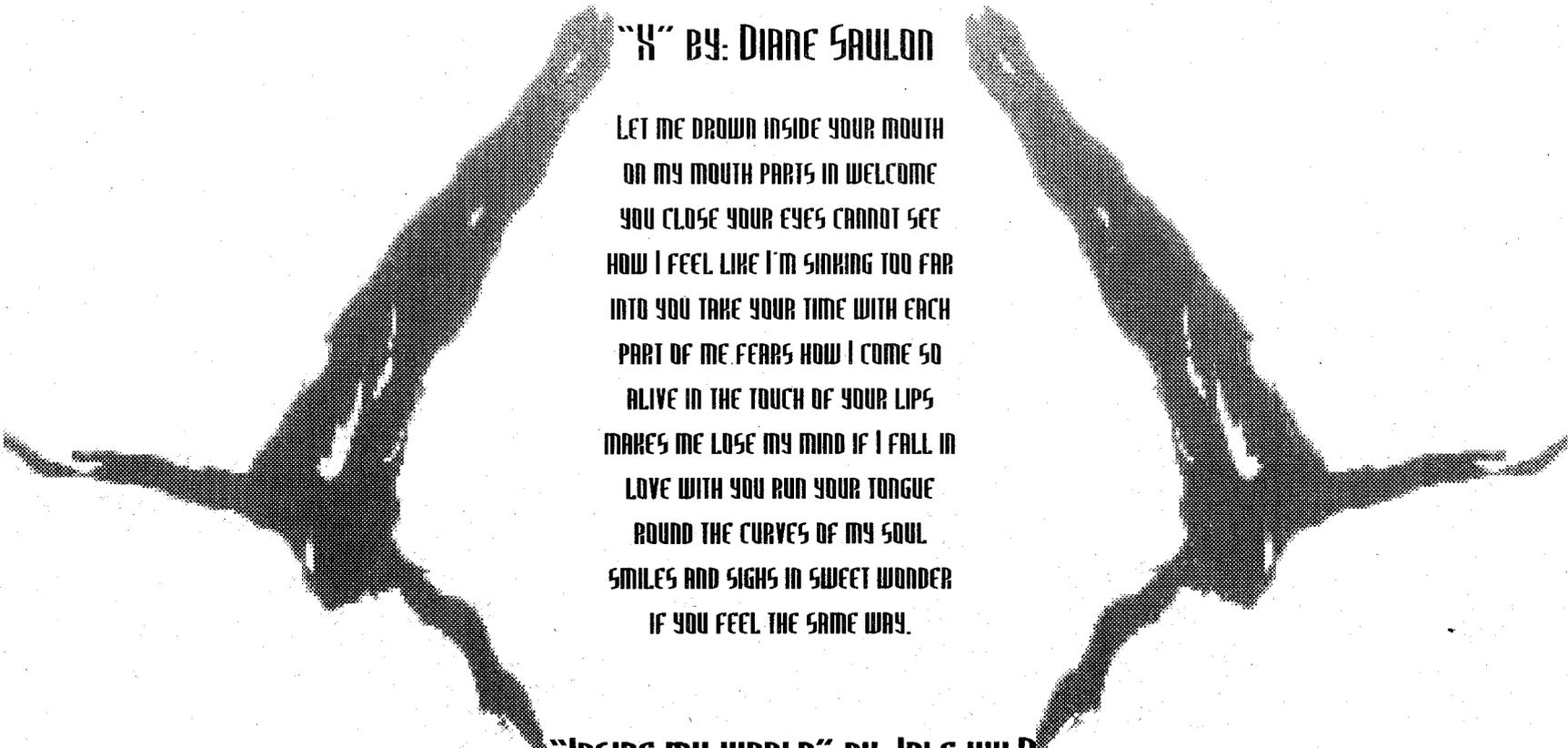
SHE FOUND ANOTHER TO A P P R E C I A T E
WITH HER
THIS APPRECIATION BEGAN THE CREATION OF THE
NOTES THAT LEAD TO HAPPINESS

TOGETHER.

WE ARE ONE MADE OF AN UNDESCRIBABLE
LINK IN WHICH WE COEXIST
AND OUR SHELL OF FLESH AND BONE WILL
HOLD ONLY A PLACE FOR UNIQUENESS
THIS UNIQUENESS HAS A SOLE PURPOSE
IN WHICH IT IS OFFERED TO
BE A VITAL PIECE OF A SOLE BEING THAT IS
BEAUTIFUL
THIS IS ACTUAL FULFILLMENT
THAT IS TRUTH
THAT IS PARADISE
THAT MAKES THE ETERNAL TUNE

AND SHE ASKS AGAIN,

MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE.



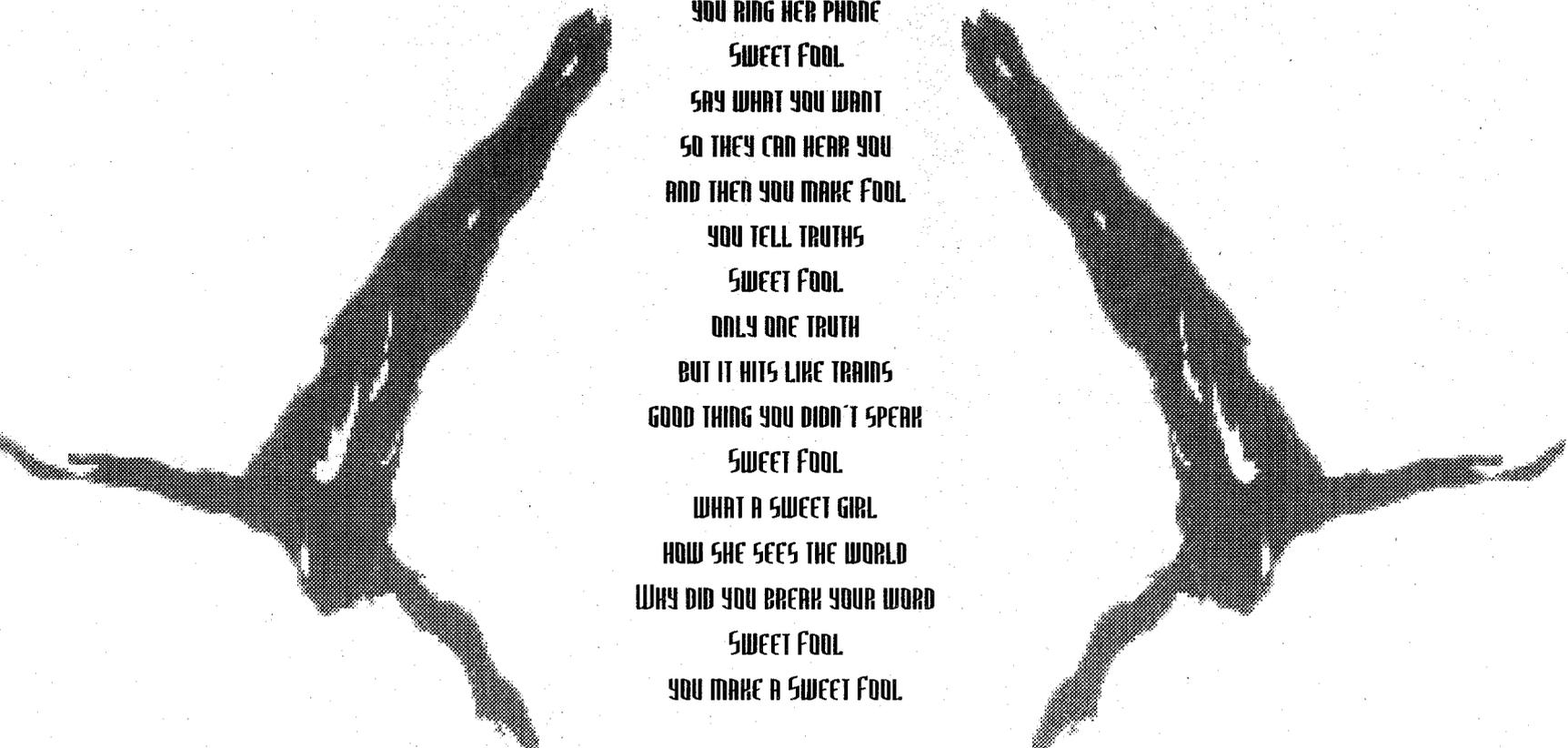
"X" BY: DIANE SAULON

LET ME DROWN INSIDE YOUR MOUTH
ON MY MOUTH PARTS IN WELCOME
YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES CANNOT SEE
HOW I FEEL LIKE I'M SINKING TOO FAR
INTO YOU TAKE YOUR TIME WITH EACH
PART OF ME FEARS HOW I COME SO
ALIVE IN THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS
MAKES ME LOSE MY MIND IF I FALL IN
LOVE WITH YOU RUN YOUR TONGUE
ROUND THE CURVES OF MY SOUL
SMILES AND SIGHS IN SWEET WONDER
IF YOU FEEL THE SAME WAY.

"INSIDE MY WORLD" BY: IDLE WILD

DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE DEAD
INSIDE MY WORLD SIX FEET UNDER
OH GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU BREATHE
INSIDE MY WORLD NO MORE
THE FABRIC OF MY LIFE HAS TORN ASUNDER
CAUGHT BETWIXT THE GEARS OF TIME
INSIDE MY WORLD, YOU BLEED
TO DEATH UNTIL YOU ARE NOT
INSIDE MY WORLD, AT ALL

"SWEET FOOL" BY: GLENN GIVEN



AND THEN YOU MADE A FOOL
YOU RING HER PHONE
SWEET FOOL
SAY WHAT YOU WANT
SO THEY CAN HEAR YOU
AND THEN YOU MAKE FOOL
YOU TELL TRUTHS
SWEET FOOL
ONLY ONE TRUTH
BUT IT HITS LIKE TRAINS
GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T SPEAK
SWEET FOOL
WHAT A SWEET GIRL
HOW SHE SEES THE WORLD
WHY DID YOU BREAK YOUR WORD
SWEET FOOL
YOU MAKE A SWEET FOOL

Pen and Ink by: Glenn Given



"California" by: Glenn Given

Photo By: Sharon Shaked

All that we said was a lie, I've never slept in my own bed, I've never slept for eight hours straight. I've never Woken up naked and screaming covered in sweat and inspiration. Never woken up to see all that I've know was a lie.

I've never seen the world revolve, around me or you or us and the human race which can't keep up with the rats. The world never spun on it's end, if it had one to begin with.

Does it have a fag for each of my remaining days. Do I have the money or the gut, or the heart brain or spine to steal beg and borrow to get them. Do I steal beg and borrow from the angels that mask us as human and the politicians that play the angel games that one little bit better.

WHAT HAS SLEPT WHERE I SHOULD HAVE BEEN? WHERE AND WHY WAS IT NOWHERE TO BE FOUND? WHEN DID I MISS THEM? WHEN DID SHE GET OUT OF BED COVERED IN SWEAT AND HATE, LOVE OR SEMEN AND HEAT?

When did she leave and when did he go with her to California, the only place my mind has refused to wander. Land of the hip and elite jobs, "I want"'s, and the drugs I've used ending up ground up, found again and stomped into the sand on the boardwalk of Venice Beach. It's spring break and it's broken, again.

There're so many stars that walk the ground and I have passed them all, nose in a book or nose to some indistinguishable narcotic. Some blur of fame and revelation, slowing down to let me pass.

life is only twenty dollars a bag, but it's gone in two lines.

Fags and gin, "E" and more fags. British colloquialisms for cigarettes and obscure nicknames for Lysergic Acid. Fungus and rot in the culture that is most capable of living this great american dream. Buried under america. Long Island to be specific. Buried with Tim Seifert (some one you'll never know) and my jewelry, and my promises (the last I ever made). Growing in the tumors in Marlboro lungs and in Jimmy Sundays stomach (yet another man you'll never know). THEY TOOK THEM! They took them and it hit me again. They shoveled them onto the boxcar and the passing vacuum of the fame you get along with death knocked me to the ground; somewhere in California. It's a state in more ways than one covered in fetal tissue and placentas being used for facials. And facials take on another meaning when you watch triple X. California flickers in the dark.

Brains draining spiraling through T1 lines, screeching with our every impulse and gleefully connecting with another sewer of intellect. Taking our art, words and art and pounding the dimensions from it. Into tiny bite-sized zic-zac burgers(gotta love Max Headroom)

Two many years of cartoons and FOX, Star Wars and MTV distilling our (my) youth to a clear 160 proof shot. Burns a little when you swallow but it's got the glow of Chernobyl's anger, with his nose to the dirt railing pure unfiltered taint. Glowing Holy, Righteous, and Comforting the bombs and Stangelove that allow the binding of fear to word.

we can't slow down to read, can't stop to think, can't start, Blurring past the words and ideas and punctuation and correct grammar, spelling, syntax RULES!RULES!RULES! From the beat (beast) of grade school knowledge unproven and unquestioned for years longer than my thoughts.

I've never walked down Rt. 66, never went to a coke den in Mardi Gras, only sidewalks and boredom of the 7-11 glowing, and the excitement of a young girl to feel her feeling me. Never got scared, never got high, never came down, never exhaled. Never woke up with her, never woke up with him, or pulled the spikes from my wrists and feet, (and the spear from my side) fell to the crowd at my bed and found god. When did he walk off with me crown? When did she leave with the cross? Where did they get the keys to my house?

California

COAL-BLACK HEARTS

By Terry McLaren

Imagine a funeral for someone who died of lung cancer picketed by people with signs saying "God hates smokers" followed by biblical quotations. Of course, this would never happen in the U.S., or anywhere else people smoke. The inhumanity of picketing a person's funeral because of what you think they did wrong in life is overwhelming. Or is it?

As Matthew Shepard's grief-stricken friends and family gathered to mourn him at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Casper, Wyoming, they were met outside by people with hearts full of hate. Carrying signs that said "NO FAGS IN HEAVEN" and "NO TEARS FOR QUEERS," a dozen or so "protesters" stood across the street from the church where the funeral mass was being said and did their best to prevent mourners from giving Matthew a proper, respectful goodbye.

Shepard is the twenty-one year old gay student from Wyoming who was brutally attacked by two young men on October 8. His attackers beat him until his skull was crushed, burned him, and crucified him on a fence. He suffered there, in sub-freezing temperatures, for eighteen hours. On October 12, he died from his injuries.

Shepard's cousin, an Episcopal priest named Anne Kitch, said that Matthew's life and tragic death was a lesson as clear as the Sermon on the Mount. "I believe Matt has shown us the way out," she said in *Newsweek*, "the way out of the abyss—away from violence, hate and despair."

Reported anti-gay violence is rising more rapidly than any other category of hate crime. "Most hate crimes are carried out by otherwise law-abiding

young people who see little wrong with their actions," says a cited study by the American Psychological Association. They are fueled by personal prejudice, rooted in the idea that someone who is 'different' is threatening, according to the study. Anti-gay hate crime perpetrators perceive gay bashing to be socially sanctioned and therefore acceptable behavior, according to studies.

The role of the Christian right in recent hate crimes, and the underlying message of hate that some of these groups carry is heartbreaking. Other religious groups, however, do not share the hate-filled sentiments expressed by the groups that protested outside Matthew Shepard's funeral.

Lois Dauway, assistant general secretary for Christian Social Responsibility for the United Methodist Church Women's Division discussed recent media campaigns with slick slogans like "Truth in Love" and "Hope not Hate" that portray Christian words but promote bigotry. "Waging these campaigns of fear and misinformation help prevent laws against discrimination and violence."

At a recent meeting, the Women's Division directors decided to fight biblical fire with fire and become even more fervent in their anti-hate crime work. They voted to encourage members to organize and advocate for stronger hate crime laws and provide biblically based resources that address hate crimes and intolerance. The organization also resolved to support

victims of hate crimes, track hate crimes, and educate themselves and others about hate, the language of intolerance, stereotypes, prejudice/bigotry, and advocacy around these issues.

Dauway said, "We must act to stop the increasing incidents of hate crimes in our soci-

ety...Children are not born with hatred. They are taught hatred."

Anti-gay hate crime, like other bias crimes, is preventable. According to the American Psychological Association, research

concludes that "hate crimes are not necessarily random, uncontrollable, or inevitable occurrences," but that "there is overwhelming evidence that society can intervene

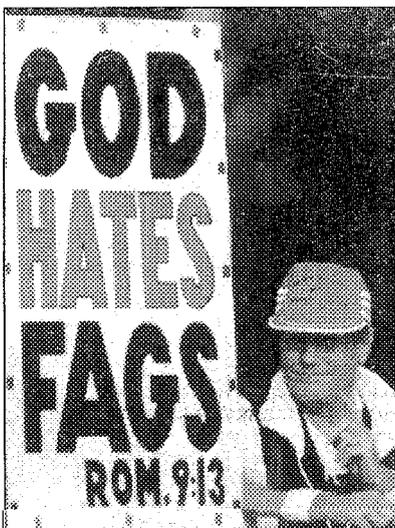
to reduce or prevent many forms of violence, especially among young people, including the hate-induced violence that threatens and intimidates entire categories of people."

There is much work to be done if anti-gay violence is to be effectively fought in this country. The Hate Crimes Prevention Act of 1998 needs to be passed now. There are state and federal laws that ensure special, stiff penalties for those who physically intimidate or attack someone because of their race, religious beliefs, or ethnic background, but neither federal law nor most state law include gays and lesbians among those who can be victims of hate crimes. The Act would extend this protection to a group that is so often victimized.

Along with hate crimes, hate itself must be stopped. Anti-gay hate in the guise of a religious view is the worst of the worst. How cruel does someone have to be to defile the memory of a victim of hate-filled violence? How could someone who supposedly loves God and others revel in the torture and murder of another human being?

If these people actually followed Christ, as they say they do, they wouldn't be making it even harder for those whose lives are threatened by violence, or spitting on the grave of one who was killed for merely existing. Dauway sums the issue up best by stating "We have a responsibility...to condemn hate violence and teach children not to hate."

"IF THESE PEOPLE ACTUALLY FOLLOWED CHRIST...THEY WOULDN'T BE MAKING IT EVEN HARDER FOR THOSE WHOSE LIVES ARE THREATENED BY VIOLENCE, OR SPITTING ON THE GRAVE OF ONE WHO WAS KILLED FOR MERELY EXISTING."



November 16 marks the 9th anniversary of the assassination of six Jesuit priests and their two women co-workers in El Salvador. 19 of the 26 Salvadoran army officers cited by the U.N. Truth Commission for these murders were trained at U.S. taxpayer expense at the U.S. Army School of the Americas (SOA) at Ft. Benning, GA.

The U.S. Army School of the Americas has trained 60,000 Latin American soldiers in combat skills, commando tactics, military intelligence, and torture techniques. Hundreds of thousands of Latin Americans have been tortured, raped, assassinated, "disappeared," massacred, and forced into refuge by graduates of the "School of Assassins." SOA graduates target educators, union organizers, religious workers, student leaders, the poor and those who work for the rights of the poor.

In November, thousands of people will gather at Ft. Benning's main gate to say NO! to the SOA. On November 22, 1,000 will "cross the line" into Ft. Benning in a solemn funeral procession. With this act of civil disobedience, the 1,000 will risk arrest to honor and speak for our sisters and brothers who have been SOA victims. Both those who remain at the vigil site and those who cross the line will be one in calling our leaders to close down the School of Assassins.

Vigil and Civil Disobedience Action
to CLOSE the

U.S. Army School of the Americas
November 20-22, 1998

Main Gate Ft. Benning Columbus, Georgia
10am to 5pm

For More Info Contact Bill McNulty at 751-2097
or Mary Ann Bell at 2-7107



"COP OUT", CONTINUED

mitted that display, and I'll bet they all voted for Rudy last year, too. The unspoken promise of the Giuliani mayoralty is to keep the streets safe for white middle-class types by putting everyone else back in "their place." And the all-but-acknowledged way of accomplishing this is by letting police act in any way they please, and with almost complete immunity.

The City recently settled the Anthony Baez wrongful death case out of court for a cool \$3 million. Iris Baez, mother of the victim, said she was unhappy that the money was coming from the taxpayers. It should come instead from police union coffers. Then maybe they'd keep a lid on their members. The principal reason the City didn't want to go to trial was the fact that police officials knew that Francis Livoti, the officer who killed Baez with an illegal choke hold, had a record of violent attacks, including one on a superior. It seems he was just so well-connected with high-ups in the police brass, nothing could be done until a really infamous case drew lots of publicity.

"ADMINISTRATORS," CONTINUED

spend money on because if they stop thinking of these things, they'll have nothing to do and might even lose their jobs. And, of course, administrators are okay with secrecy. This way they get sole say in how money is spent, with minimal argument, and get to fulfill their dreams of campus beautification and profitization.

I don't intend to cast administrators as evil. They are just doing what anyone would do in their position, and most of the time genuinely mean to do what they think is the best for the university. They quite often succeed. However, they cannot have, and should not be expected to have, perfect knowledge about all of the needs of various people, nor can they perfectly allocate resources to meet those needs. As President Kenny and Vice President Mann stated, student input is needed for administrators to effectively meet student needs. It is the job of the administrators to make it easy for students and other members of the campus community to express their concerns to those with the power to investigate and allocate resources. If they fail to maintain open channels of communication then they are failing at their jobs. It is difficult to be constantly open to critical input about one's decisions, but such openness is necessary to have a responsive and effective uni-

versity administration.

Administrators, however, cannot be blamed for failing to meet student needs when students remain silent. The administration is here to serve the campus community - to make sure that Stony Brook is an effective environment for teaching and learning - but they must be given suggestions in order to take them. Otherwise, they must act as best they can, with only their own knowledge and beliefs about how things ought to be. This will involve taking as much money as they can to spend how they see fit. Much like it is more difficult for an administrator to operate openly rather than secretly, it is more difficult to have to persuasively communicate one's thoughts and needs to those who don't feel the same way than it is to grumble about the oppressive system with your friends. Like the country as a whole, SUNY Stony Brook is more or less a democratic system. Much responsibility is placed on the individual in democratic systems, and individuals benefit in proportion to how much effort they put into ensuring that the attention of others and the resources of the community are properly directed.

ANOTHER ABORTION DOCTOR SLAIN

By Jill Baron

After returning from synagogue with his wife to their Buffalo-area home last Friday night, obstetrician Barnett Slepian greeted his four sons and stepped into his kitchen, where he then was struck in the chest by a sniper's bullet that crashed through his window. He died within two hours.

The reason? He performed abortions at a the Buffalo Women's Gynecological Services clinic. Dr. Slepian is the third abortion doctor to be killed in the United States since 1993. His murder added another dimension to the pattern of anti-abortion sniper shootings that have been occurring in Canada and Western New York in recent years. In the week before Dr. Slepian's death, the FBI had teamed up with a Canadian law enforcement task force to try to solve the other four sniper attacks against abortion doctors that have occurred since 1994. Canadian officials believe the shootings are connected and warn of "a high probability that these attacks will continue." The other four shootings - three in Canada and one in Rochester- all occurred within a few weeks of Veteran's Day, or Remembrance Day in Canada. Carla Eckhardt, of the Washington-based National Abortion Federation, told the *New York Times* that some Canadian anti-abortion activists call the holiday "Remember the Unborn Children Day." A high-powered rifle was used in all of the shootings, and the doctors were all fired at through windows of their homes. Investigators are looking into the possibility that the same gunman is responsible for all the shootings.

Dr. Slepian, 51, had endured years of picketing and harassment from anti-abortion protesters, which prompted him to move his family

into a quiet subdivision in the Buffalo suburb of Amherst two years ago. In 1988, protesters taunted him outside his home on Hanukkah. A clash



Dr. Slepian with his family

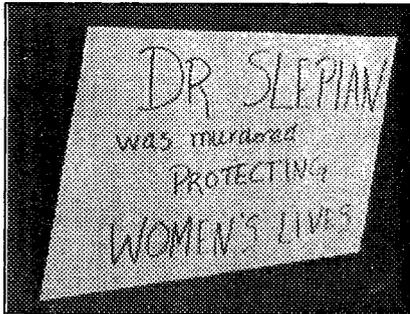
occurred when Slepian emerged with a baseball bat, and he was eventually charged with a misdemeanor for damaging a protester's vehicle. Two-hundred picketers from the anti-choice group Operation Rescue again targeted Slepian with a protest in 1992 that was known as "Spring of Life." Susan Ward, a spokeswoman for the clinic where Dr. Slepian worked, told the *New York Times* that the clinic had received a fax from the National Abortion Federation the morning of the shooting reminding them of the four-year pattern of attacks. The fax was sent

Slepian's private office in Amherst. "He knew the danger that he was exposing himself to," Glenn Murray, a close friend of Slepian's, told *Newsday*. "He felt that if women didn't obtain an abortion legally they would in desperation resort to back-alley abortions. But we never thought someone would use a high-powered rifle that pierced his lung as it passed through him."

Slepian was so determined to become a doctor as young man that he studied medicine in Spanish in Guadalajara, Mexico when American schools would not accept him. He was said to spend a lot of time with his four sons, Andrew, 15; Brian, 13; Michael, 10; and Phillip, 7. He belonged to Temple Beth Am, a Reform synagogue. Dr.

Slepian was one of only a few doctors in western New York who were willing to perform abortions openly at public clinics. At his funeral last Tuesday, he was eulogized by a brother and a niece as a kind and dedicated physician who didn't let threats and protests stop him from carrying out what he saw as his duty to care for women. A letter from President Clinton echoed those sentiments. Many of the patients who attended the funeral were angered over the descriptions of Dr. Slepian as merely "an abortion doctor." Alan Dickison, whose daughter was delivered by Dr. Slepian, felt that such a depiction feeds into the agenda of the violent anti-abortionists. "They raise the stakes and then some extremist shoots him in the back in the middle of the night," he said to the *Times*. As Slepian's coffin was carried away to be buried, the FBI announced that it was offering a \$100,000 reward for information leading to the capture of his killer.

In the wake of Dr. Slepian's death, the clinic had to move on. The day of the funeral, Buffalo Women's Gynecological Services reopened and had to scramble to find doctors to cover his schedule. Federal Marshalls posted outside and protesters waving pictures of aborted fetuses provided a bizarre backdrop for a day of mourning. Marilyn Buckham, the clinic's director, told the *Times* that the clinic performed no abortions that day. "We needed to talk about the loss of our friend," she said. "We discussed how badly we felt." Buckham said that doctors around the country had called offering to see patients, some flying in to Buffalo as early as the next day. "We will be doing abortions," she said.



Through Glenn Murray, Slepian's wife Lynn has asked that donations be made to the Pro-Choice Network of Western New York "as a way of sending a message that this will strengthen the efforts to fight the anti-abortion zealots who incited this despicable act."

FEATURES

Social Commentary by: Glenn "Squirrel" Given

VERY DISNEY

CHILDHOOD

And in the last days of the world a cartoon mouse will arise and lead our children to a watery grave.

Picture this: An all-American media corporation floods the market with family oriented programming and cinema. Kids scream in the stores for the corporation's toy products and the parents buy them to shut the kids up. These kids grow, and have itty bitty kids of their own who do the same thing. Slowly, the sinister corporation alters family values to fit its religious/political/social agenda and when attacked by the few staunch defenders of culture, the children and enslaved parents rise to their defense. Besides, who would ever suspect a cute little mouse of carrying such a big poisonous dagger?

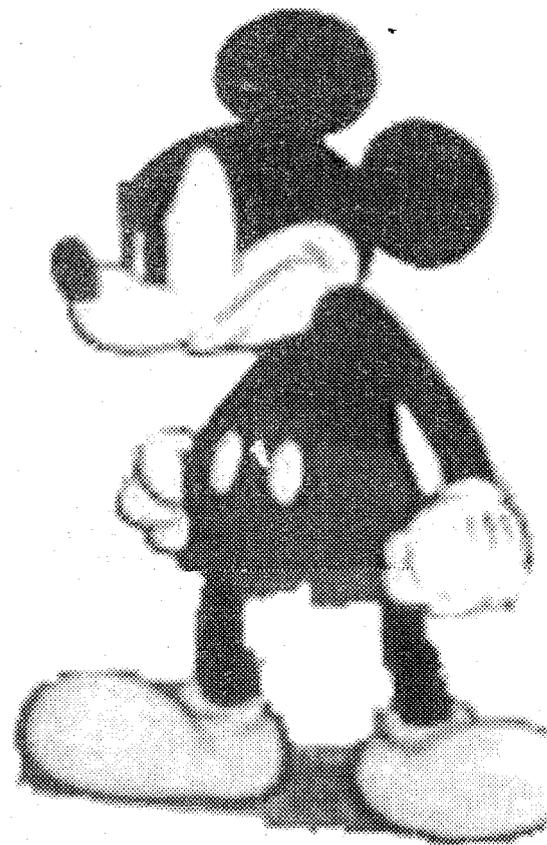
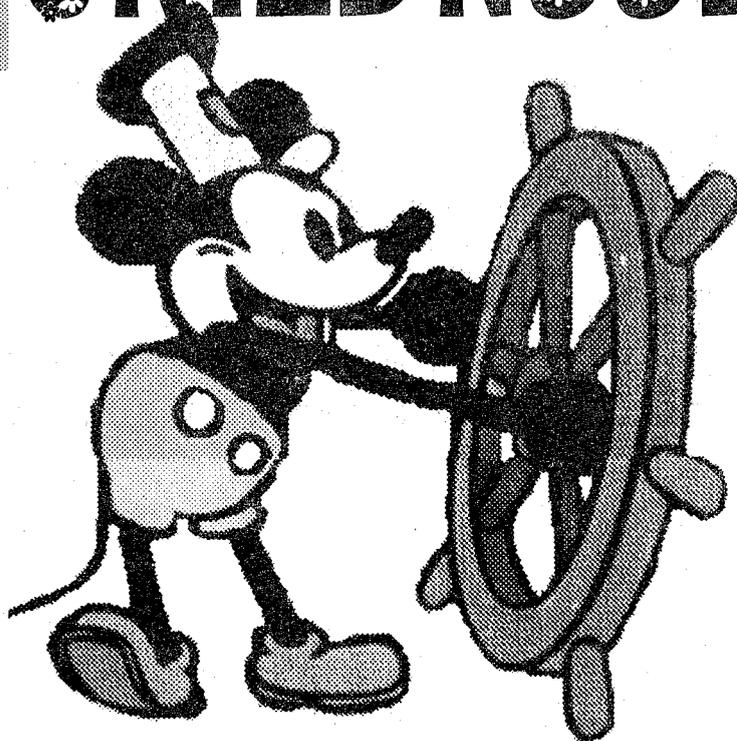
Seems a little familiar? Is your plush Ariel the little mermaid giving you an evil leer as you read this? Lock up your toys, turn off your cable and for god sakes, get the hell out of Florida before you go any further.

The yearly brain washing of the pre-pubescent set through kitchy PC variations of ancient tales, and their accompanying fast food toy giveaway, looms over the American society (a dubious term at best) like the shadow of death. For all the cries of media impressing its ideals on our youth, it seems that the town criers have glossed over the biggest child-mind-rapist of all: Disney.

Are you ready for the next onslaught as *A Bug's Life* hits theatres soon? Pixar (a subsidiary company of Disney) has created a great new movie that plans to burn one message into the minds of the young: democracy is never wrong.

Now don't misunderstand me, I love democracy. I think it works (adequately at least), but anything that purposes democracy as the ONLY effective form of government seems like little more than Red Scare propaganda. Using the communal structure of ants as a perfect communist back drop, *A Bug's Life* purports that the individual always counts more than the community, that only the famous can truly lead, and that only those with democracy in mind are right.

Beyond their latest feature, we can look back to Disney's history of moral subversion. *Cinderella* espouses that the only way the poor can succeed is through "Magic". *Song of the South* has



been deemed racist many times over. Violence is constantly heralded as the answer in many Disney films from classic Donald Duck shorts to *Hercules*.

Disney decides what moral structures children are to embrace. It teaches us that no matter how strong a woman may be, she's always gonna need a man. That only the uglies are evil. Now, what the fuck is that? If kids truly believe that a person's moral fiber can be judged by their appearance, we can kiss our sorry little asses good-bye.

In a very Third Reichian way, Disney establishes which culture is superior, and where the disbelievers stand. Has anyone read any of the original stories behind these movies? *The Hunchback* kills indiscriminately and then commits suicide. Ariel, the little mermaid dies. Snow White did more than cook and clean for those dwarves, and Pocahontas was enslaved and taken to England as a zoo exhibit.

Having changed all the eurocentric myths to further support their version of the *Great White Conquerors*; Disney has the audacity to turn the eyes of their marketing department to other cultures. What seemed to be a bold step towards presenting traditional fables turned into yet another series of hour and a half long racist rants. By "europeanizing" many of the characters in foreign stories, Disney once more shows that only the eurotrash ideal matters.

Disney, I have found, is the source of all the evil that is and will be. By altering our children's

minds, they set society up for unpreparedness and intolerance in the face of diversity. Yet this fact is no one's fault but our own. You see a little while back, parents were afraid that their favorite new babysitter -television- wasn't representing the world quite as candy-coated, as they would have liked. So instead of parents actually discussing situations presented in media with their children, or even bothering to find an alternate way to shut the kids up for an hour, mommy and daddy cried to Disney. In TV, our parents had found a perfect replacement for themselves, it just couldn't lie as well.

Well, Disney answered those cries and fixed our TV's to lie. Soon enough, Disney had it's own cable channel, radio station, and almost total control over all child oriented film. They even bought Times Square on the off chance that a parent might wish to expose their child to some realistic culture; can't let that happen now can we. We gave up on children cause they no longer wanted us, in the face of *The Lion King* anyway. We've sold out this country's future to one of the most malign media conglomerates ever.

Give me back the illicit sex, the murder, and the heavy flow of narcotics and for once, I'll be forced (thankfully) to explain something to my child. I'll have to answer a question about the world, I'll have to teach them about wrong and right myself. For once, I'll have to be a parent.

BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

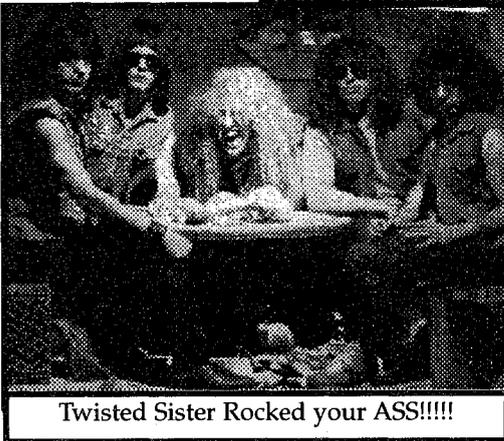
GLAM

VS

GOTH

PRO

Axl Rose, Cocaine was cheap, It's Over, Raising Hell, Easy to make fun of, Post * Punk, Activities frowned upon by organized religion, Leather Pants, Long Tongues, Quick Violent Suicides



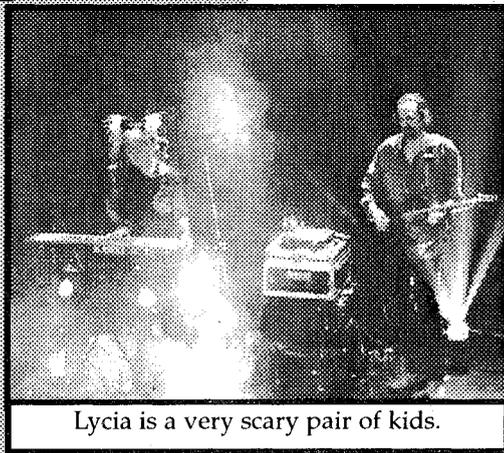
Twisted Sister Rocked your ASS!!!!

CON

washed jeans, Guilt you feel from actually enjoying the music, The 'Uge Twisted Sister Poster that used to hang over your bed. Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo

PRO

Bachaus, Cate Girls, Good natured backing of fashion norms, Easy to Make fun of, Distinct lack of beach wear, The ease with which one can kick a goth's ass, Jennifer Tilly in "Bride of Chucky," Religious Disdain



Lycia is a very scary pair of kids.

CON

Marilyn Manson, It's not over yet, Long drawn out suicides, They're all closet Catholics, Tendency to eat your first born child, Layers and layers of complicated hosiery that when removed leaves one disappointed

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This is the part of the paper where we beg you for stories while making fun of you.

There are many reasons to join the Press. Here are just a few.

- 1) Just think of the admiration you will get from your peers, when they find out that the CIA has a folder just for you.
- 2) Your mother doesn't love you anyway.
- 3) Group rates on tickets to Hell.



Join The Press!
It won't hurt a bit!

Top Ten Things That Console

John Jay LaValle, Now That He's Lost the Election (like the little bitch he is).

- 10) DVDA downtime with Gov. George Pataki, (former Sen.!) Al D'Amato, cousin Ken and State Parks Commissioner, Bernadette Castro.
- 9) A paper towel roll, nail clippers, and a gerbil with a nasty disposition.
- 8) His buddy, the Devil.
- 7) Warm mayonnaise.
- 6) The ol' "Flaming Bag on The Assemblyman's Doorstep" trick.
- 5) His secret life among the carney-folk.
- 4) Crack.
- 3) A gas oven.
- 2) Teletubbies.
- 1) The knowledge that honesty and staunch representation of a constituency still count for more than dirty political tricks, lies, and empty platitudes.

Trunkbutt Has 2 Mothers

By Christa "Trunkbutt" Weber

I'm straight.

But my mother isn't. She is a free wheeling, woman loving lesbian, and she has been for almost as long as I can remember. One of my earliest memories is of my father moving out, and some woman moving in. I don't remember much about this woman, other than she took care of me like I was her own. I was too young to think anything about it, and to me it was just the way things were. In fact, I didn't think about until middle school. Sure, for a couple of years I hated my mom's guts for being queer. I wanted a normal, nuclear family, like everyone else had. She was a skeleton in my closet that I hadn't even put there. People couldn't find out, my god, what would they think?!

But I think on my own, and I finally learned not to care. I let go of my picket fence dreams, and faced reality. I accepted "the girlfriend," whoever she was at the time, and got on with my life. No one ever said it was going to be fair, and my life has been a heck of a lot more interesting than the girl's next door.

There is only one splotch on my bright, shiny life. It's all the morons out there who think that my upbringing must have had some negative effect on me - that I must have lived through so much emotional turmoil, knowing what my mom was. That it made me "funny." Well, understanding is not synonymous with acceptance. I can't even begin to understand my mother's lifestyle, and I certainly don't want to be a part of it. But I

can honestly sit here and say that it is OK for my mother to be gay, and that it hasn't influenced me.

For one, my mom likes plenty of things that I don't enjoy: Surfing, raisins, and women. One of the arguments against gay families is that children living around gays for so long might be inclined to try it. I have watched my mom surf, and seen her eating raisins for nineteen years, and I sure as hell don't like those. Why would I suddenly be so keen towards the ladies? Secondly, I have my own thoughts, my own opinions. I don't look at anyone else, not even my family, and think to myself: Gee, I guess I will think like they do.

And a note to those scientists who believe homosexuality is hereditary: It must be recessive, because we haven't had a gay in our family since 1903.

Growing up in a gay household was never much different from the upbringing my straight friends had, except for maybe the permanent lack of men. Forget prejudices and misconceptions for a moment, and hear me out. There were no giant sex orgies. There were not even any small sex orgies. Our home was not littered with lesbian pornography. We didn't have Olivia airbrushes gracing our walls. My mother never brought home a string of random women from lesbian clubs or bars. I have never been to a lesbian parade, or an anti-man rally. It isn't like gays have to flaunt their gayness.

My childhood was like everyone else's. Peppered with fights over messy rooms and eating my vegetables. I was grounded and did homework and played with dolls. My mother was a

member of the PTA and brought cupcakes to my class on my birthday. And she did it all while being a lesbian! My mother did not announce her sexual orientation, just as most other parents do not flaunt theirs.

This may sound pretty fucking boring to most people. Well, it was just like everyone else. But I have a point. Gay parents are looked at as incapable. Gay parents looking to adopt are turned down right and left, because supposedly they make unfit parents. But what difference does the sex of a person make, or the sex of the second member of a child raising unit? You shouldn't be advertising your sexuality to your kids, anyhow. What about a child raised by a mother and an aunt, or that show "My Two Dads"? We all thought that was damned funny. Is it because young, impressionable kids are being exposed to the "evils" of homosexuality? For one, who decides if it is evil? and two, that shows how much faith most people have in our youth.

Let me ask a question: Why are all the straights worried? Will it rub off on their kids? How often do they actually see a gay or know they are seeing one? Yes, they are everywhere, but contrary to popular belief, they aren't out to recruit you, or your kids. And, they aren't out to recruit their own, either. You wouldn't know I was raised by a gay mother. You can't see the wonderful differences that make us all special, anyway.

I'm straight, my mom is gay, I stand by her all the way!

Species and Specimen of a Minority

By D.J. O'Dell

Are we born with a sense of what is right and what is wrong, of what is moral and what is immoral? The changing laws and beliefs of any society suggest we are not. This change over time indicates that morality is something which is determined by a society, particularly by the majority or ruling class of that society. To live outside the acceptable boundaries that this class creates is to be a minority, and to live a life amidst constant controversy.

"HUMANS ARE NOT THE ONLY ANIMALS TO EXHIBIT HOMOSEXUALITY. AFTER ALL, WHO WOULD CALL A LESBIAN SEAGULL INSANE?"

Being a minority myself, I can justifiably express disgust at society's attempt to explain who I am. Geneticists and psychologists have produced numerous theories in an effort to find an explanation for homosexuality. There was one point in time when homosexuality was treated as a mental illness. During this time, as Eric Marcus shows in his inquiry entitled "Is it a Choice?", doctors tried to "cure" homosexuals by using "electroshock therapy, brain surgery, hormone injections, and castration". Other methods included aversion therapy, in which, for example, male homosexuals were shown erotic pictures of men at the same time an electric shock was applied to their genitals or they were induced to vomit.

Not only can this treatment be viewed as unnecessarily cruel, it can be easily believed to have an adverse affect on a patient's sexual identity. While this may effectively curb homosexual longings by assimilating desire with pain, it fails to establish a "healthy" heterosexual orientation in place of the patient's homosexual orientation. Thus a patient would thereafter have no concept of sexuality outside of pain. Furthermore, it has been shown in studies that an individual's sexuality plays a major role in their development as an individual. If someone were to be left equating desire with pain they would be unable to create a healthy image of themselves.

Geneticists approached homosexuality from another angle, that of biology. As humans are

not the only animals to exhibit homosexuality, geneticists were unwilling to attribute homosexuality as a mental illness. After all, who would call a lesbian seagull insane? In studying the illusive concept of desire, geneticists found that homosexuals react in the same manner as heterosexuals when sexually aroused. Both experience such biological reactions as a quickened pulse and shorter breath accompanied by the release of certain pheromones and hormones. Homosexuals reacted to the object of their desire as naturally as any heterosexual

had.

However, in recent studies, geneticist and psychologists have worked together to create theories which include both "nature" and "nurture." An explanation of this ideology is given by Andrew Sullivan in his argument "Virtually Normal." Sullivan states, "for a small minority of people, from a young age, homosexuality is an essentially involuntary condition that can neither be denied nor permanently repressed. It is a function of both nature and nurture, but the forces of nurture are formed so early and are so complex that they amount to an involuntary condition. It is as if it were a function of nature."

Though I don't argue the validity of these studies, I do argue the seeming necessity behind explaining or knowing the cause(s) of homosexuality. Would possessing an explanation of homosexuality excuse the practice of homosexuality in today's society? I highly doubt it. The controversy behind homosexuality stems from religious beliefs, not from the "causes" of homosexuality. It is strong anti-gay religious leaders who capitulate the immorality of homosexuality.

The Catholic Church's "desire but don't touch" policy serves as a good example of religious bigotry towards homosexuals. The Catholic Church accepts that there are people who can not

change their same-sex orientation but they tell these individuals to abstain from acting on their impulses. In my opinion, this would be similar to telling a heterosexual not to act on their desires (as I've said earlier, the desires of both heterosexuals and homosexuals have been shown to be the same).

It is virtually impossible to argue the morality of homosexuality with a religion which has decreed homosexuality to be infallibly wicked. When dealing with something as intangible as sexual attraction, everything quickly becomes a matter of opinion. There is no way that either side can convince the other that they are right, for neither side can produce unquestionable proof on the veracity of their claims. Furthermore, those who argue from a religious standpoint seem to believe that homosexuals possess an "instinctive" sense of shame over their sexuality, yet to my knowledge the only shame or guilt homosexuals feel is that which is dictated by society. It almost borders on the ridiculous to claim that anyone could feel instinctively ashamed over anything. It is mere audacity that leads these people to believe they know what or how I, or anyone else, feels.

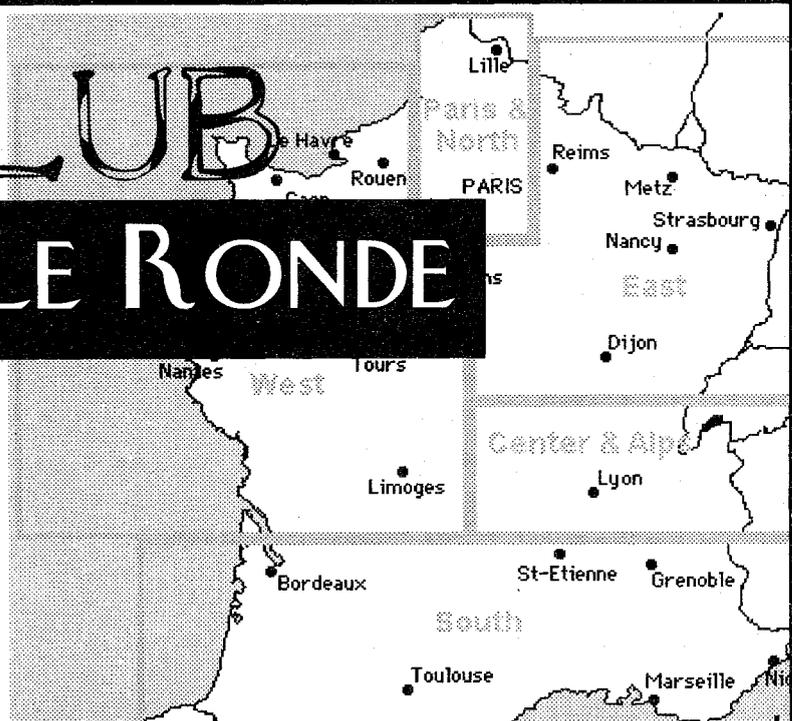
As I said earlier, I will continue to be offended by a society who treats me as if I were a physical and spiritual specimen, and I have long since given up wasting time arguing my views on sexuality with close-minded bigots. If homosexuals and supporting heterosexuals hope for change, we should focus on the legislative body of our government; which must supposedly separate matters of state from those of religion. With the death of Matthew Shepard comes the realization that we need to focus on what is important: Anti-discrimination and bias related laws. Knowing why we are gay won't change the fact that we are, and that we continue to suffer as a minority. If we don't depend on ourselves, to whom shall we turn, the Christian Coalition and their "loving," "Accepting" God?

"IT IS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO ARGUE THE MORALITY OF HOMOSEXUALITY WITH A RELIGION THAT HAS DECREED IT INFALLIBLY WICKED."

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The Movie Guy

By Frankie "The Movie Guy" Fusaro

In Theaters

Vampires - Well, we all saw the commercials, and heard the hype; "John Carpenter, who brought us *Thing*, *Escape from New York* and *L.A.*, has come out with *Vampires*." Now it looked pretty cool (and I know that dog scene in *Thing* was pretty sick). So how cool could it be?! Well we've got a story about vampire hunters sponsored by the Catholic Church who are about to take down "The Master."

Frankie Says - Why? Why did Carpenter do this to us, and for that matter why did James Woods do such a crappy movie? The man who gave us *My Name is Bill W.*, *True Believer*, and *Videodrome* is now regulated to such a sad film. I was expecting at least a movie better than *From Dusk Till Dawn*, and, it was so much worse. The story was trite, the writers gave us lines like ["He'll be unstoppable if we don't stop him."] and I swear, if they actually spent any money on this film it sure wasn't on effects or location. And damn, if the destruction of the oldest and most powerful of vampires wasn't a let down, then the acting was. I'd recommend not wasting your time or money.

Bride of Chucky - What? You didn't think this could be a good movie? Well you just might be right. But hey, it had it's moments; one of the best parts of this puppy has to be the subtle references to other horror movies as fact. We also get to see two dolls have sex, and that ending.... Well lets just keep some secrets, shall we? Though I'm sure I couldn't really give away too much even if I tried. **Frankie Says** -I'm sure you wouldn't want to spend full price on this sucker but we do get to see John Ritter as a cop, and seeing John Ritter at all just might be worth the matinee (sadly John leaves the plot before his time, *-sniff-*) and of course there's always Jennifer Tilly, if you like that sort of thing.

Pecker - John Waters has brought us *Hairspray*, *Serial Mom*, and *The Sugar Factory*. His newest film boasts an awesome cast made up of some of the most popular and quickly rising people in independent film today; Lili Taylor (*I Shot Andy Warhol* and *Girls Town*), Christina Ricci (*The Addams Family*, *Buffalo '66* and *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*), Brendan Sexton III (*Empire Records* and *Welcome to the Dollhouse*), and Edward Furlong (*Terminator 2* and *Pet Cemetery II*). Like all Waters films, *Pecker* takes place in Baltimore and has a bizarre spin on . . . well lots of stuff. *Pecker* (Edward Furlong) is a photographer / sub-joint worker who, along with his dysfunctional family and friends, explore commercialism and adventures to make life sweeter. In laymen's terms: this, like all his films, was just plain kooky, and my attempt to quantify it with out giving anything important away is extremely difficult.

Frankie Says -I'm not sure if you want to hunt this puppy down and pay full price, but like all John Waters movies, it would be a shame if at some point you don't sit down and watch. He has such an honest and simple way of telling his stories, missing them is always a shame. (Unfortunately, it's no longer playing a the Huntington Cinema Arts Center, so you might have to make a trek into the city for this flick.)

Ronin - With a bunch of spies a cool as Robert De Niro, Jean Reno, Natascha McElhone, Jonathan Pryce, and Michael Lonsdale, in a movie directed by John Frankenheimer, how could you go wrong? Well you really can't, can you? It fit in to that action-spy movie genre quite well with plot-twists and betrayals by KGB, CIA, Irish and Russians. It was everything it was supposed to be, paranoid, cool, action-packed and had some car-

chase scenes that might just be as cool as *The French Connection's* (although it was a bit improbable that the streets would be that empty, but hey it's a movie, time to suspend your disbelief folks).

Frankie Says - In this Rockin' flick expect shoot-outs, a massive car chase, and betrayal. Fork out that \$8.00 to The Man for this puppy. Oh, and definitely go with a buddy, it's just that kind of flick.

Rush Hour - Jackie Chan's new "Americanized" flick came out recently as I'm sure you all know by now. It boasted Jackie Chan fights and Chris Tucker comedy. It was a East meets West action movie, like we don't have 6,000 of them already. But it had Jackie in it and since he's "daman", I was interested. Unfortunately, this convoluted and only semi-action packed comedy was only passable on the Jackie Chan-O-Meter.

Frankie Says - To my dismay, the American producers didn't allow Jackie to have any of his signature 15 minute fight scenes. This, along with a continuous plot almost made it seem like a Non-Chan film. It had no cool fights and only semi-amusing jokes. My advice is if you want to see a good Chan film, *Who Am I?* is still playing on HBO. On the other hand if you're all about a East meets West film *Red Heat* (Schwarzenegger and Belushi 1988) will do you up good. A matinee would be appropriate here.

What Dreams May Come - With a cast like Max Von Sydow, Cuba Gooding Jr., and Robin Williams, you'd think even Vincent Ward could make this a get flick about death, pain, love and "Not Giving Up." I'll be the first to admit the commercials were right, it is "Visually Stimulating" and "Marvelously Wonderful" but I was hoping for a well crafted story (silly me!). The \$70 million on this puppy was obviously only used on the actors and special effects only (unfortunately). This (I can only guess) up-lifting story about

how much love two people can share and how it can overcome damnation, took us from "The Great Library Of Knowledge" (where ever that's supposed to be) to the very "Bowels of Hell." And you now what I've had happy dreams that were scarier then THAT hell.

Frankie says - It was like *Dianetics* made into a film. Do I have to go on. Though I must admit the effects were pretty cool. But don't pay money for this puppy I'm sure it'll be on HBO next month.

Video Pick

The Big Lebowski - This has to be one of the most insane and greatest movies of last year and now you can rent it. So what the hell are you still reading this for, it'll keep. But every moment you don't see "Lebowski" you're going to regret it.

Coming Soon!?

Austin Powers 2 - You asked for it, so here it comes to make some mega-bucks off of you. And if it's half as good as the first, it just might. Tentatively set to come out Fall 1999.

Dogma - Finally the new Kevin Smith film (which was first mentioned at the end of *Chasing Amy*) Staring Matt Damon, Ben Affleck, Salma Hayek, Chris Rock, Alan Rickman, and Alanis Morissette (supposedly playing GOD) this film is rumored to be coming out in the Spring.

Eyes Wide Shut - Who here has not waited for Stanley Kubrick's newest film? Well here it is, but is anyone else worried that Tom Cruise might clash with the mad-genius of Kubrick?

The Hobbit - With a yet unconfirmed Warwick Davis (*Willow*, *Return of the Jedi*, and *Leprechaun*) to play Bilbo Baggins, this live action adaptation of J.R.R. Tolkin's epic fantasy should be hitting theaters soon. Until next time, enjoy the show!

The Spot

Graduate Student Lounge

Located in the Fanny Brice Theater, Roosevelt Quad

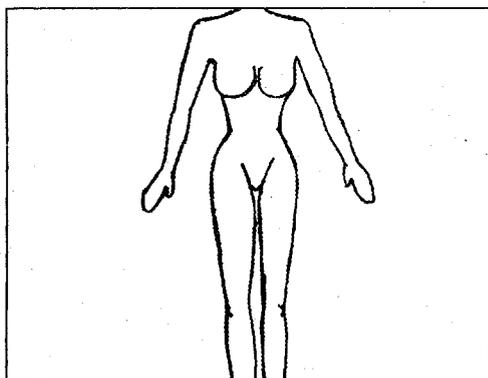
Pamphlets, Hip Bones, and Trunk Space

By Lorena Stuart

It seems to me that, since the time I went through puberty, there has been one phrase which other women say to me more than any other. Ever since the realization of cultural beauty standards among my peers, someone has said "I hate you" to me on a weekly, if not daily basis. Now you may ask, "Is her family dysfunctional?" or perhaps "Is she nasty to her friends?" or even, "Is she just a total bitch?" Well, the answer to all of those questions is no, people hate me because I weigh ninety five pounds.

All right, lets just take some time to think this through. According to society, "Thin is good, Thin is sexy, Thin is in". But real people say, "You're so thin, you suck; gain some weight." I can accept this, you are pissed because I am thin. You say you want to be thin like me, but are you sure you're willing to accept the consequences of being underweight?

Now, most people are just not supposed to weigh under 110pounds. They are simply not built for that, so they agonize and fret-- many (actually 1 in about every 100) end up destroying themselves through eating disorders in order to conform to some ridiculous weight "standard" Unless they have experienced it themselves, very few people will ever imagine that being ultra-thin is anything other than ecstasy. In fact in can be thin can



Be careful what you wish for...

be down right hellish. Unfortunately, most people won't see this until too late.

Do you like being force fed by friends and family until you are physically ill? Well, there will be a lot of that to look toward to. No problem you say? Well just make sure you start expanding your winter wardrobe, skin does not make the best of insulators. And you'd better dig out an electric blanket, you're going to need it.

By the way, did I mention the dizzy spells?

Well they're not too bad, once you get used to the nausea. And there's also that little matter of having no circulation; as long as you never stop moving you should be fine. Unless you actually like having large chunks of your body fall asleep every time you sit down, in which case, you'll be set for life! Speaking of sitting, don't expect to be able to sit in anyone's lap anymore, at least not if you don't like causing them pain. Because the thinner you get, the sharper your butt bones get.

Actually, the opposite applies in crowded cars, don't expect not to be on someone's lap, unless of course you LIKE sitting on the hump seat, or across the back deck, or in the trunk. But otherwise, don't expect a lap seat cause it's not gonna happen.

You'll also need to find a way to get rid of all of those Anorexia and Bulimia pamphlets, because boy, they can pile up fast. But don't worry, just because everyone thinks you have an eating disorder

doesn't make you any worse in their eyes, and you do tend to get a lot of free food from truly concerned parties.

And of course, you'll have to deal with the aforementioned hatred of thin people. People who may just have more attractive bodies than you (because, believe me: thinness does not necessarily equal model-worthiness) are going to spend a large portion of your time telling you exactly why they hate you. So you'd better build that self esteem, or you're going to end up a neurotic mess.

I personally have an extra cross to bear: namely my friend Christa feels that she must constantly remind me of the fact that, in her opinion, I have a freakishly small head. Now as most of you are not designed to weigh less than one hundred pounds, you will likely have to deal with exactly the opposite problem, namely that of having an overly large, melon-like head. But if you don't mind looking like a lollipop, you should be fine.

Now that I have enumerated some of the joys of being vastly underweight, I am sure you're just dying to get out and start puking/starving yourself, so that you can lose all that pesky unnecessary weight.

Of course you must remember that all of the problems I mentioned earlier are what happens to you even if you DON'T have an eating disorder, these are just the results of being naturally thin. So you can just imagine the fun you'll have when you really start slimming down. But of course since, according to you, thinness does automatically ensure happiness, popularity, and personal satisfaction, I'm sure you'll find the puking and starving worthwhile.

Because as we all know, there's nothin' sexier than hip bones holding up a hospital gown.

GIVE ME THEATRE...

By Alexis Barrett and Hilary Vidair

A new club is starting on campus called Alpha Psi Omega. This is a national society of the theatrical arts. Its primary goal is to contribute to the enhancement of the theatrical component of college life. Theatre is a necessary art form, which has been neglected far too long on our campus. The Stony Brook theatre department has been struggling due to budget cuts, which have affected all of the humanities. This chapter of Alpha Psi Omega is determined to revive theatrical arts on this campus by providing it with new blood and energy.

There are many exciting upcoming events that the whole campus can look forward to. The most intensive project will be the long awaited reopening of the Fanny Brice Theater, located in the old Roosevelt Quad Cafeteria (down stairs from the Spot). The primary purpose of this space will be for student run productions. A gala event will be held to "christen" the new space, which, it is hoped, will provide the students with many years of theatrical enrichment. This grand opening is scheduled to take place at the end of this semester or at the beginning of the next semester.

This group will also be opening channels of communication by creating a phone service for the students to call to find out about upcoming events, as well as auditions. Hopefully, this will eventually be expanded for the use of all campus events. This will allow a student who has "nothing to do" to simply pick up the phone, dial a number, and be provided with a slew of possible plans for

the evening. The organization is not only for theatre students to socialize among themselves. It has a greater common goal with the students of the Stony Brook campus. The goal is to bring the students together.

Theatre is a very effective form of expression, education, and communication. It can not only be used to entertain students on a Saturday night, but it can also be used in peer education, crisis prevention, and the expression of common campus views. The theatrical experience can be carried into every day life for the observer, as well for the participant. Being active within the theatre sharpens communication skills and increases one's self-confidence. Observing theatre opens the mind and allows one to be in touch with what is going on around them. For these and many other reasons, theatre is a critical aspect of the college experience.

Student participation is a fundamental quality that Alpha Psi Omega is striving to achieve. One of the theatrical projects will be an evening of one-act plays. This will consist of three plays that will each run approximately 30-40 minutes. Each of these plays will be directed and performed by a different set of students. This will maximize the number of students who are able to participate in this wondrous, creative process. This will prove to be rewarding for all parties involved.

Another proposal is to assimilate the dance minors in to the theatre department. For many years, the two programs have functioned quite separately from each other. Alpha Psi Omega wishes to bridge this gap with a production that

effectively intertwines these two groups.

A very important part of the artistic process has been neglected within the theatre department in past years. This is an open forum for the criticism of the theatre departments "main stage productions." Alpha Psi Omega is planning to host a post production forum for constructive criticism in which all members of the theatre department may participate. This will lead to the positive development of all future theatrical endeavors.

Paul Kassel is the new acting teacher who has brought this great organization to our campus. He has boundless initiative and will do anything necessary to enhance the quality of the work produced in the Department of Theatre Arts. In order to start this chapter of Alpha Psi Omega, there must be ten founders. There are initial dues of \$20. This provides the founding members with a lifetime membership to this prestigious and purposeful honors society. Meetings are held in the theatre department student lounge every Friday at 3 p.m. This is located on the third floor of the Staller Center on the theatre side.

Alpha Psi Omega is willing to take the challenge and overcome the many barriers that are so rigidly placed before it by the severe lack of support that the humanities have suffered in past years on this campus. They will stop at nothing to deliver quality theatre, which will enhance the lives of every individual on the Stony Brook campus.

SUNY Admin Theatre

Doug Little loves to party. He is also Director of Community Relations for Public Safety.



Fred Preston gets a perverse joy from seeing others in misery. He's also VP of Student Affairs.



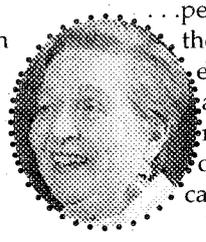
Candace DeRussy is a closet lesbian and an ultra-conservative SUNY Trustee.



Charles B. Wang is a mandroid. He is also a very wealthy computer mogul.



Shirley Strum Kenny is an exotic dancer and Stony Brook's President.



...perhaps there is even another member of the cast.

Ever wonder what happens when you take five people involved in the administrative aspect of the SUNY system and make them all live in the same house? Well, in another dimension where Administration has no name these five souls came together. Sit back and enjoy the madcap antics of our delightful cast. With tenants like this, it's bound to be more exciting than ten Super bowls!

Ohh, Look! A Barca Lounger

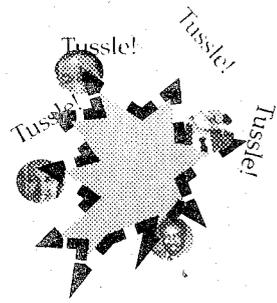
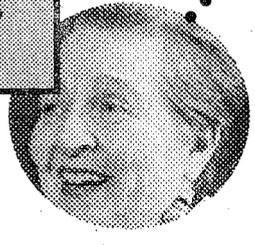


BARCA LOUNGER! I GOT DIBS!!!

While the others bicker, the wily Shirley conspires to snatch the Barca Lounger from their greedy mitts.

Ha! While they're all Bickering I'll snatch the coveted barca lounger from their greedy mitts!

Bring It!!



Ahhh Sweet Salvation at last!!



Hey, you stole the Lounger from under our greedy mitts

Sorry boys no time for foolin' around.



But,But,But I demand the chair because of your lax attitude over gays! Yeah!!! And 'cause you won't give my corporation the ability to screw your students!!Yeah, and you're letting those crazy students have fun with concerts and stuff!!! And most of all, we want that chair because Doug Little is a deranged madman with a gun!!!!

No,No,No,No,No I'm afraid it's "Slap Black, No Trade Backs"



? ? ? KNOCK!!! ? KNOCK!!! ? KNOCK!!!



Johnny Vegas, CRAP! His hard hitting media coverage of all of our crimes against the SUNY students give us the Red Ass!

Now while they're tendin' to the door, I'll sneak on back to the loving embrace of fine Italian furniture.



Shit... someone get my gun.

HEY GUYS CAN I LIKE HAVE MY BARCA LOUNGER BACK?



Well Kids, our tale is done. Come back next time when SUNY Admin Theatre goes on "Jeopardy!"