

1979-1999 - THE STONY BROOK PRESS - THE UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY FEATURE PAPER -

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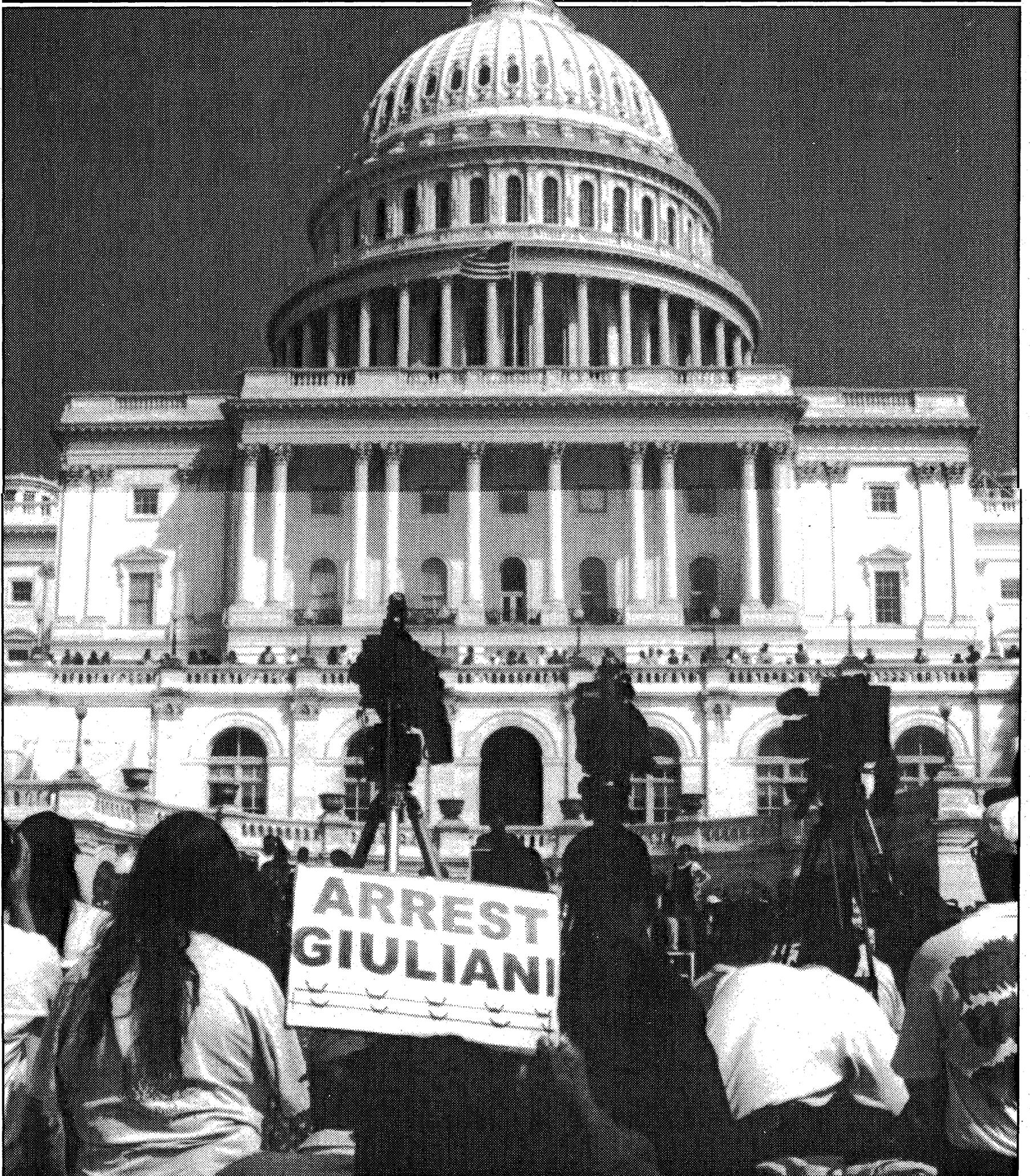
# THE STONY BROOK **PRESS**

Vol. XX No. 13

No Justice,

No Peace

April 12, 1999



# ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

By David M. Ewalt

## THE EMERGENCY MARCH AGAINST POLICE BRUTALITY

Washington D.C. - April 3, 1999

On Saturday, April 3rd, several thousand protesters from around the country gathered to march on Washington D.C. and raise their voices against police brutality.

The march was sparked by the recent murder of Amadou Diallo by four New York City police officers, but was in protest of the thousands of less visible cases of police brutality which happen every year.

Representatives from many different progressive groups came together for the common cause of ending this crime. Groups participating included the National Black Police Association, the October 22nd Coalition, Millions for Mumia, the American Indian Movement, the Young Communist League and the Center for Constitutional Rights, who sponsored the march.

The march began with a rally at the Martin Luther King Jr. library in northwest D.C. and proceeded down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol building. Once on the steps of our seat of government, speakers addressed the crowd, sharing their experiences with police brutality. The parents and siblings of those murdered by police told about their lost loved ones, and exhorted the crowd to stop the killing. These pictures show some of what went on.

This march was an impromptu one, organized in response to recent events, and there are many more marches and rallies to come. Take note of those listed below, and join in to speak out against this crime.

**April 15**

Rally In Memory of Amadou Diallo 3:00 PM, assemble at Cadman Plaza in Brooklyn, march to Federal Plaza in Manhattan, Worth St. Btwn Bdwy & Centre Street Organized by New Yorkers for Law & Order and Peace & Justice  
info: 212-631-4644

**April 23**

Race-Ing Justice: The Prison Industrial Complex and Black America Conference - Jerome Greene Hall 435 West 116th St. & Amsterdam Ave. - New York City  
Panelists include: Manning Marable, Charles Ogletree, Ray Brown, Leonard Weinglass, Tonya McClary, George Kendall, etc.  
info: 212-854-7080 or kclark@law.columbia.edu - <http://members.aol.com/auhur/preview/>

**April 24**

Millions for Mumia Marches and rallies - Philadelphia - San Francisco - The World Millions for Mumia Mobilization, 39 W. 14 St., #206, NY, NY 10011 phone: 212-633-6646



*There were somewhere around three thousand people attending the march. They came from all over the country and represented many different races and creeds. A large portion of the crowd was African-American, which makes sense, since young black males are victims of police brutality disproportionately far more than others. Nonetheless, people of many different backgrounds came together to speak out against these crimes against humanity.*



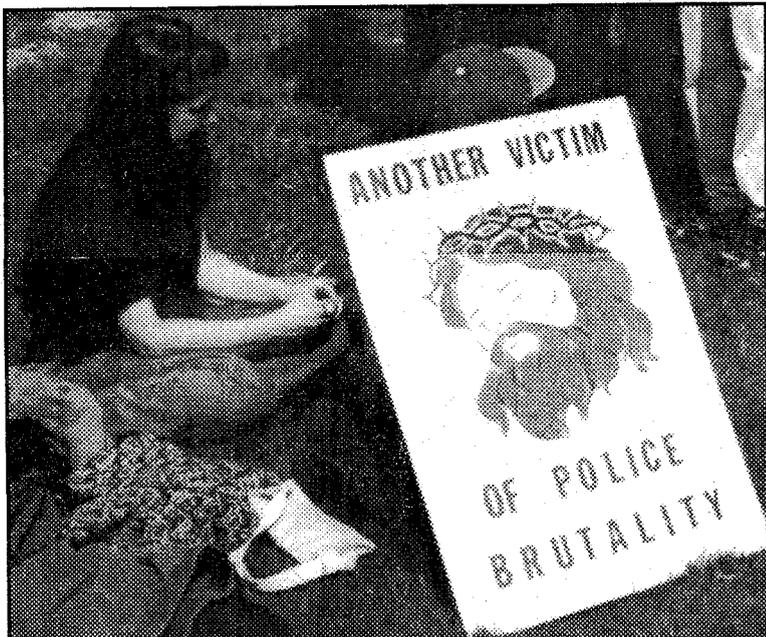
*Many marchers held signs in support of Mumia Abu Jamal, the revolutionary journalist who was framed for murder of a police officer, and who is now awaiting execution on death row. On Saturday, April 24th, a march will be held for Mumia in Philadelphia. Check out [www.mumia.org](http://www.mumia.org) for details. See you there!*



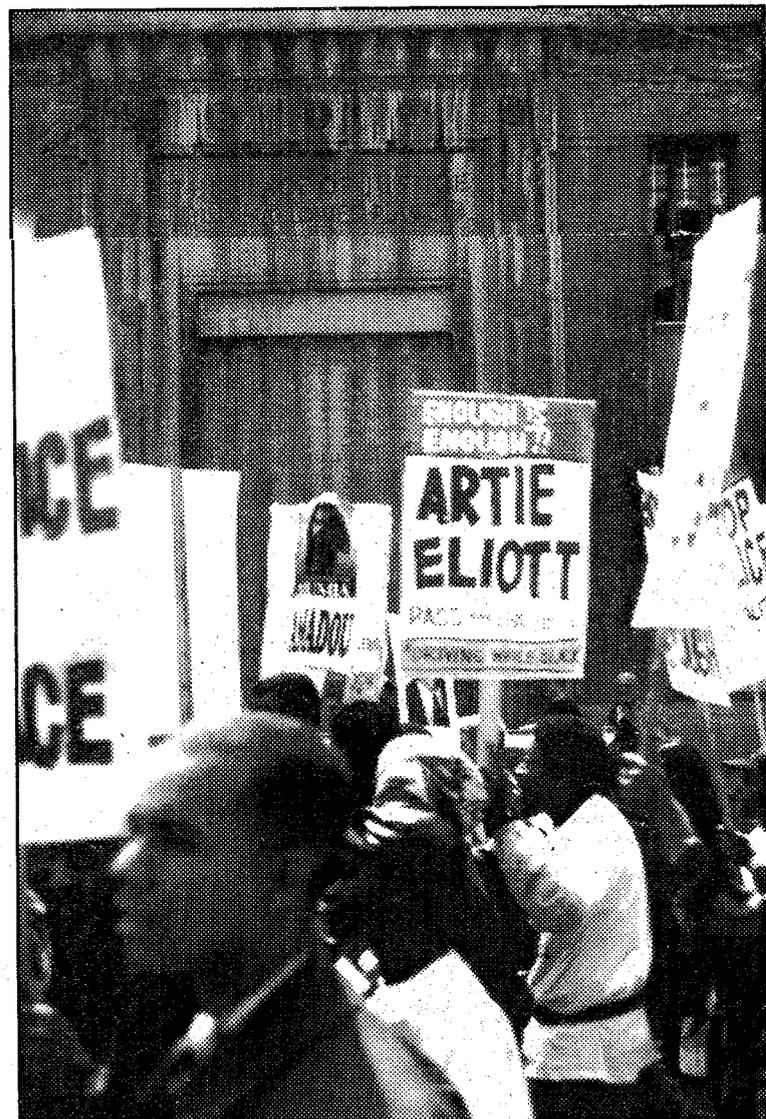
*The Stolen Lives Project compiles the names of all those who have been murdered at the hands of the police. It is a list which gets tragically longer every year.*



The march was led by the families and loved ones of those slain by police. They held picture of their sons, brothers, and sisters, - some of them as young as 12 years old.



The march took place the day before Easter, a fact that was not lost on the speakers. Several of them pointed out the many great revolutionaries that were killed by law enforcement, including Jesus, who was crucified by the Romans.



Along the route of the march, the protesters passed the Department of Justice. Voices grew louder at this point, chanting "Enough is Enough," "We're fired up," and "No Justice, No Peace."



The marchers used everything from hand-drawn signs to huge puppets to draw attention to their cause.

Photographs by David M. Ewalt

# Polity is to Ass as Ostrich is to Sand

As we approach the end of the academic year, we face the annual ritual of political mud-slinging and underhanded vendettas in the orgy of stupidity known as the Polity elections.

Like all prospective candidates, Polity senator Brad Hausman launched his bid for treasurer by submitting a petition with signatures from undergraduate students. Although only 400 signatures were required, Hausman came up with 450 to be safe.

The election board appointed by Polity president Aneka Gibbs and chaired by Nicole Daniels disqualified 20 of his signatures that lacked corresponding I.D. numbers. But they also knocked off 58 signatures that they claimed were illegible, thereby leaving Hausman with 372 "valid" signatures — well below the minimum number required to become an official candidate.

Hausman appealed the decision to the student judiciary. Right before spring break, the judiciary made a ruling in his favor, stating that he had indeed fulfilled the requirements.

Daniels rejected the judiciary board's decision, charging that it was improper because the members of the election board were not called to testify. The campaigning process and election were postponed indefinitely. But even though the case was judged based on the text of the appeal submitted by Hausman without testimony from either party involved, Polity lawyer Leonard Shapiro confirmed that this is a common practice in election law.

The election board also accused the head of the judiciary, Oliver Tan, for being biased due to his friendship with Hausman. Tan offered to step down and allow someone else to preside over a second set of hearings.

In addition, sources say that Dean of Students Carmen Vasquez confirmed that Hausman had more than 400 valid signatures. Vasquez declined to comment on her specific action when contacted by *The Press*, but she stated that her role was to advise student

leaders and not to make judgements on who should be allowed to run for office. She did confirm, however, that Hausman's petition and signatures were examined.

Apparently, the election board showed no interest in searching for the truth. No formal request was made for another hearing last week, despite Tan's offer. Instead, the board decided in a closed meeting to thumb their noses at the judiciary by giving the green light to proceed with the campaigning process, sans Hausman.

No other candidate was scrutinized as intensely by the election board as Hausman. Yet during the fiasco, other student leaders on the Polity Council and Senate were kept ignorant about the situation. Until recently, most student representatives did not even know whether the judiciary had even met.

No matter what the details may be, this event shows that the election board was either too dumb and incompetent to do their job, or that they had intentionally spearheaded a crusade to shut Hausman out of the race. Was the election board letting their own personal agendas command their duties?

And speaking of potential bias, it is interesting to note that Gibbs and Daniels are roommates as well as close friends. That may explain why the election board was allowed to get away with ignoring a judiciary ruling without harsh criticism from the Polity council.

Events like this put a damper on campus elections and leave the fate of Polity-funded organizations uncertain. The futures of NYPIRG and other student groups up for referendum this year are still up in the air.

It is unfortunate that a silly political stunt can potentially cripple the entire student government, as well as the groups that depend on Polity funding. Apathy on the part of the student body is a huge problem every year. But with all the incompetent and ignorant types in positions of power, who can blame them for not caring?

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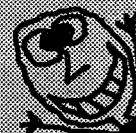
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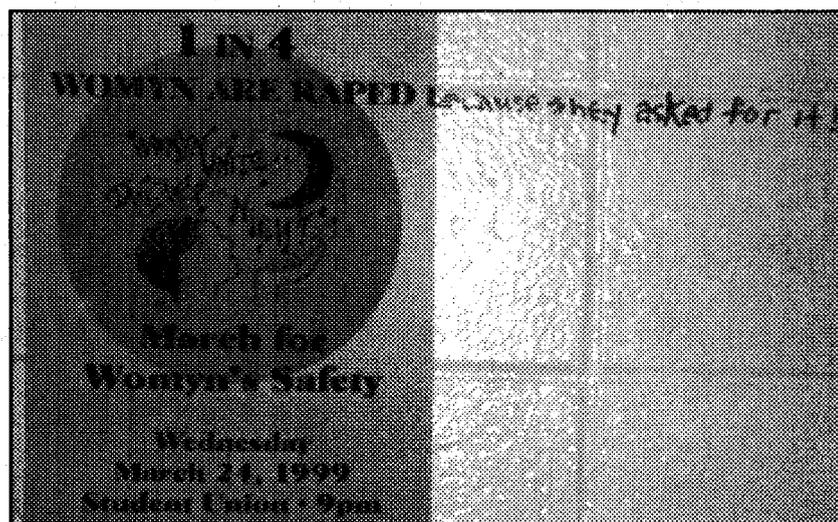
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## Some People Just Suck!



On March 24, a wall in Benedict College was defaced. Next to a Take Back the Night poster, which stated "1 in 4 womyn are raped," was written "because they asked for it!" The poster was advertising the campus march for womyn's safety. One of the goals of the annual march and the candlelight vigil that follows is to end stereotypes of victims, especially the notion that they somehow "asked for it." Obviously, someone didn't get the message.

Was this person trying to be funny? Or is he or she just an insensitive, malicious asshole? Who knows. What was written on that wall hurt and offended a lot of people. Victims of sexual assault do not deserve this kind of abuse. Neither do those that worked hard planning the march and trying to spread its message. To whomever did this, you're pathetic. You are also a perfect example of why rape is still a serious problem on this campus and in this country.

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# TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

Too often good journalism is ignored in your own paper and across the campus. I am writing this letter to highlight the ascent of a journalist at your paper with a quality lacking with too many writers at the University: a willingness to give a fully researched and fair story. In addition, this writer, Jill Baron, seems cognizant of the an important boundary that too many young writers here forget: the difference between a well-informed and articulated opinion and an ill-conceived rant which merely reinforces our prejudices. Evidently, Ms. Baron has not forgotten the first rule of journalism - to inform the community even if it challenges the truths which we hold dear.

Ms. Baron's two pieces in the last issue of the Press, Hedda Nussbaum Speaks and Reality Check: Ed Miles and Luong Ung Speak on Campus are fine examples of this. I realize I do not have the space to go into all of the fine points that Ms. Baron makes in her article, but just one example will show my point. In reporting on a lecture given by Hedda Nussbaum, the wife of Joel Steinberg, who was convicted of the murder of a girl in their custody, Ms Baron walks a fine line between two disparate sides in the issue. Ms. Baron did not just report

Nussbaum's shaky report on her involvement in little Lisa Steinberg's death as fact - she challenges many of Nussbaum's assertions during the lecture. For instance: was the day of Lisa's death the first time that Joel Steinberg had hit their daughter, as Nussbaum hinted during her talk?

Through quality research, Ms. Baron was able to challenge these assertions, without appearing to take an opposing side to Nussbaum. She shows needed empathy for a woman nearly beaten to death with the same hands that killed her daughter, while realizing, with book deals and court cases ahead of her, that Nussbaum has an agenda in the story that she tells about her daughter's death.

This was a fine piece of journalism. I look forward to Ms. Baron's articles in your upcoming issues.

Sincerely,  
Peter Gratton  
Editor in Chief  
Stony Brook Statesman

Dear sirs:

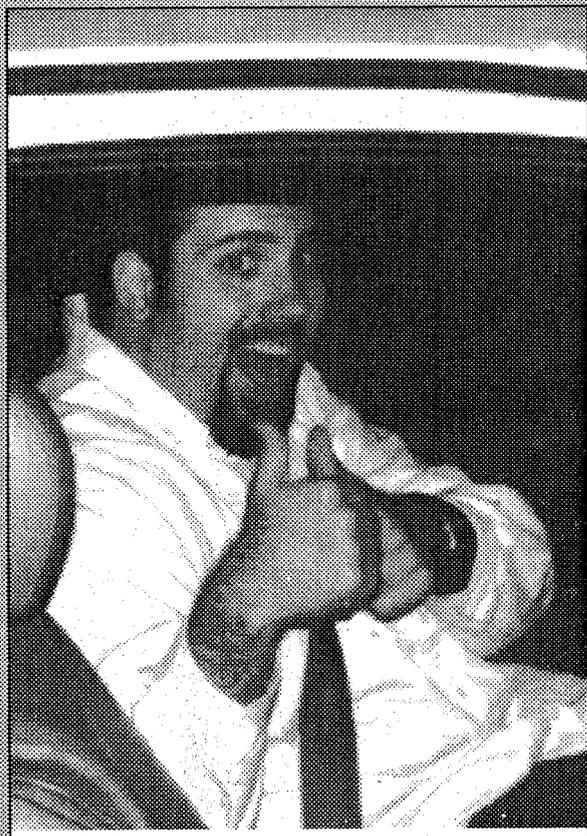
I had a most unfortunate experience the other day while attempting to purchase a

cup of coffee in the Humanities Cafe. Standing in line behind some of the 'brightest minds in the country' I soon realized that there was trouble up ahead. One of the brightest students seemed to be having extreme difficulty with the coffee machine - eventually resorting to shanking and banging on it in the vein hope of getting some java.

I felt it was my civic duty to help out this person and show them how to obtain coffee with the use of just one finger. I began offering suggestions to this bright lad. "Hey, just push the button! You don't have to smooth talk it, or promise to love it - just push the button." He was confused so I continued: "You don't have to look at it loyngly or promise to respect it in the morning - just push it! Push the button! You don't have to caress it gently and then ask it if it is okay with everything-just push the button. Please don't beg it, or show your sensitive side to it just push the bloody button!" He eventually got his coffee as I was ejected from the Humanities Cafe, so I just offer this advice to you - just push the button!

Sincerely,  
John J. Donoghue

# Here's Johnny!



A ladies' man and an award-winning journalist...what can't this man do?

## Congratulations to John Giuffo, winner of the 1999 Martin Buskin Award for Campus Journalism

The staff and editors of the *Stony Brook Press* would like to extend [heh heh-we said extend] their love and gratitude to John, who has provided the campus community with quality journalism, and the *Press* with dedicated service, for four years.

- Over the years, John has done many investigative reports on important issues affecting the campus community, such as:
- The DisAdvantage Plan series, which brought to light many issues with the campus meal plan and motivated students to take action against it;
- An influential article describing the Nazi-like tactics used by Public Safety against the Spot, the beloved campus hangout;
- And the infamous *Newsday* article about the rapes on campus last semester that sparked controversy all over the tri-state area and had Shirley and her cronies shitting in their pants.
- Also, mad props to John for making this the third year in a row that the *Press* has won this award. We knew you had it in ya, Johnny!

# WOMYN UNITED

By Terry McLaren

"Two, four, six, eight! No more date rape!" screamed a crowd of over 200 Stony Brook community members. The annual Take Back the Night march for women's safety started with a roar.

The large, vocal crowd gathered outside the Stony Brook Union at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, March 24. Those that arrived early enough received free T-shirts and whistles, compliments of the Center for Womyn's Concerns (CWC), the group that organizes the march.

Unlike last year's deluge, the rain was minimal and the crowd's size increased as it passed through the campus residential quads. Among the organizations present at the march were SAFE (Sexual Assault Facts and Education), RSP (Residential Security Program), the LGBT Social Workers Caucus, and various fraternities and sororities.

CWC, an undergraduate group, holds the march every Spring semester to call attention to the issue of sexual assault. Take Back the Night marches are held on many college campuses across the country. The march is held at night to show that women should not have to fear walking alone at night. Supported by other women and men, women march through the campus unafraid, chanting, screaming, blowing whistles and making all kinds of noise.

This year's marchers disrupted campus traffic when crossing streets, enjoying the sight of drivers waiting while 200+ people crossed in front of them. The march ended at the Uniti Cultural Center, where a candlelight vigil was held for victims of violence. Jodie Lawston, CWC President, thanked everyone for coming and introduced the evening's guest speakers.

The first one, Maryann Munnelly of VIBS, (Victim's Information Bureau of

Suffolk) talked about the organization's work with victims of sexual assault and domestic violence. She brought her daughter to the march and vigil to share the experience with her. Munnelly said that her work as a volunteer emergency room companion was one of the most fulfilling experiences of her life and encouraged the students present to get involved in VIBS' work. Emergency room companions are reached through the VIBS 24-hour hotline (516) 360-3730. They accompany victims to the hospital, providing counseling and advocacy for them in their time of crisis.

Next, Josefina Gallardo read a piece of fiction entitled "The Glass Smashing Wall" that her stepmother, Pam Burris had written. Burris, who works in the Physics department, read the piece at last year's march. In it she artfully describes a wall where women let out their anger and frustration after years of abuse by shattering pieces of glass.

After that, Melanie Clemmens, the night's MC, took over. Clemmens has MC'd the vigil for the last three years and plans to continue this important duty. At one point in the vigil she talked a bit about relationship violence, and read an excerpt from a book on abuse in lesbian relation-

ships. It was an entry from a woman who still feared retribution from her ex-lover/ batterer.

Clemmens explained the confidentiality of what is said during the open mic part of the vigil, and that what is said in the room stays in the room. She then invited anyone who had a story to tell about assault or abuse to come up and share it with the group in a supportive, safe environment. For those who wanted to speak but weren't ready just yet, Clemmens told them to raise their hands



Officers of the Center for Womyn's Concerns with vigil MC Melanie Clemmens

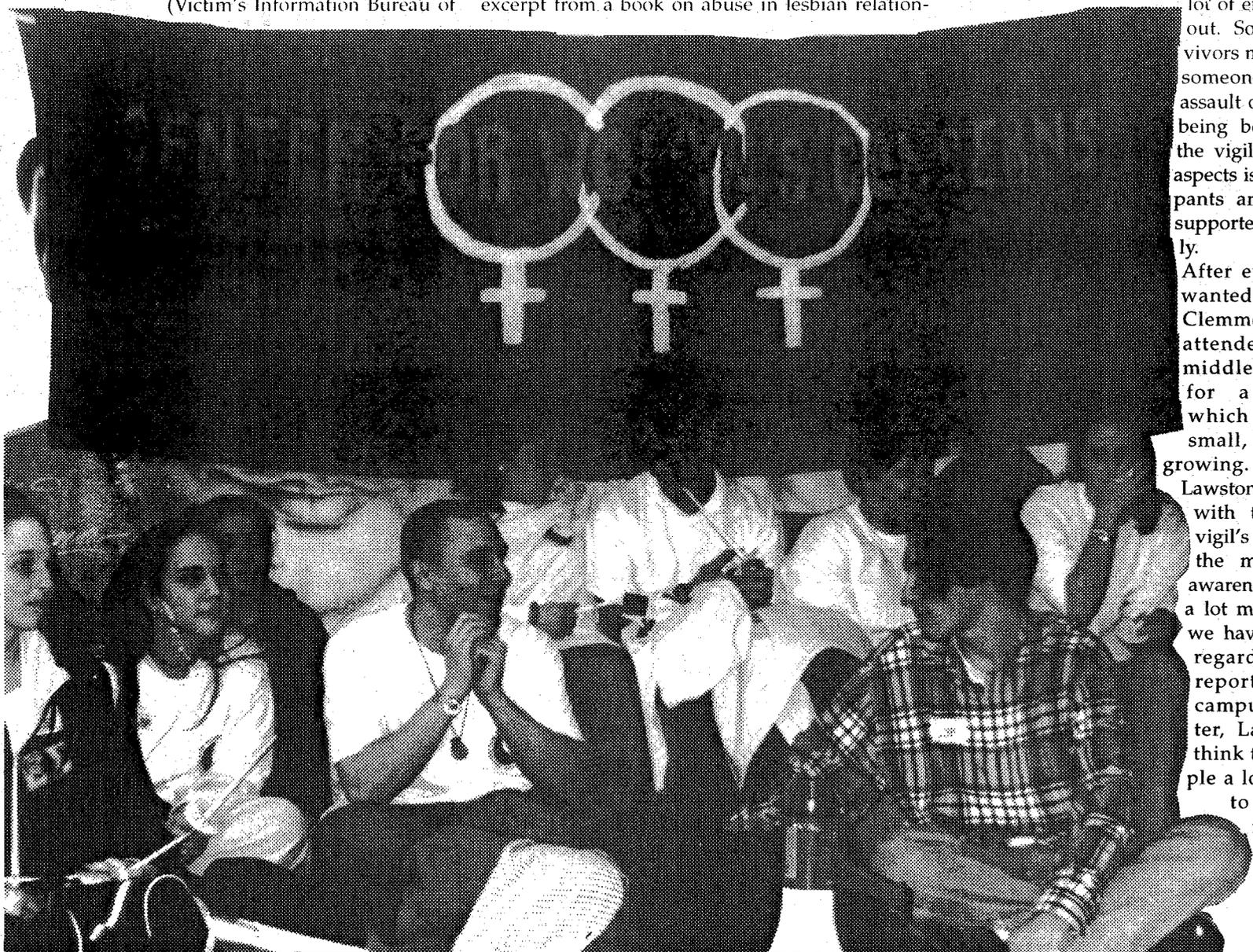
so she wouldn't overlook them. She wanted to ensure that those who wished to speak would eventually be able to. The stories

told at the open mic brought many to tears. People told of their own experiences, or those of friends. If a speaker needed support, a friend would accompany her or him to the center of the floor, and be there to give them a hug afterward. All types of experiences were talked about, involving family members, relationship partners, and friends, and a

lot of emotions were let out. Some of the survivors mentioned telling someone about their assault or abuse and not being believed. One of the vigil's most positive aspects is that the participants are believed and supported unconditionally.

After everyone who'd wanted to had spoken, Clemmens invited the attendees into the middle of the room for a group hug, which started off small, but just kept growing.

Lawston was impressed with the march and vigil's turnout "I think the march increased awareness and reached a lot more people than we have before." With regard to the three reported rapes on campus last semester, Lawston said "I think they made people a lot more willing to go out and march."



# BILL CLINTON, AGGRESSOR

By Ted Galen Carpenter

March 24, 1999 - There are some occasions when one should not mince words, and the spectacle of U.S.-led air strikes on Serbia is one. Put bluntly, if President Clinton orders an assault on Serbia, the United States will be guilty of committing a flagrant, shameful act of aggression. U.S. forces will be attacking a country that has not attacked the United States, a U.S. ally, or even a neighboring state. That is the very definition of an aggressor.

Belgrade is guilty of nothing except attempting to put down a secessionist rebellion in one of its own provinces. Nearly a dozen other countries have done the same thing in this decade alone — often with far greater bloodshed.

Russia's war in Chechnya, Sri Lanka's conflict with Tamil rebels and Turkey's suppression of the Kurds are merely a few examples.

The Clinton administration's spinmeisters insist that Serbia is the aggressor in the current confrontation, but that argument twists language in a manner reminiscent of characters out of George Orwell's novels *1984* and *Animal Farm*. "Aggression" is a long-standing concept in international relations, and it has a very specific meaning: unprovoked cross-border warfare — an unwarranted attack by one state on another. A country cannot commit aggression in its own territory any more than a person can commit self-robbery.

The argument that Serbia has committed aggression in Kosovo, thereby justifying military intervention by NATO, is not only an Orwellian distortion, it sets an extremely dangerous precedent. The traditional standard that developments within a country, however sad and tragic, do not justify military intervention by outside powers is one that

should not be cast aside lightly. Without that limitation, weak and imperfect as it may be, the floodgates are open to intervention by an assortment of countries for any number of reasons — or pretexts.

Before the proponents of NATO intervention in Kosovo cheer too loudly, they ought to consider the potential ramifications. For example, might Russia and its ally Belarus someday cite the Kosovo precedent for attacking Ukraine because of the latter's alleged mistreatment of Russian-speaking inhabitants in the Crimea? Could China and Pakistan argue that India's suppression of secessionists in Kashmir is a humanitarian tragedy and a threat to the peace of the region, justifying joint military action against that "aggressor"?

Of course, the Clinton administration contends that the events in Kosovo are not really an internal Serbian affair, because the conflict might spread southward in the Balkans. According to that scenario, the fighting threatens to draw in Albania and Macedonia and, eventually, NATO members Greece and Turkey. That argument is a refurbished version of the old domino theory, and it is dubious on two levels.

First, it is curious (if not nauseating) to see Clinton, Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott and other alumni of the anti-Vietnam War movement make that argument. They ridiculed the domino theory when Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon invoked it during the conflict in Southeast Asia. They were even more scornful when Ronald Reagan invoked it with regard to the communist insurgencies in Central America and the Caribbean during the 1980s. Now, suddenly, they believe the theory has indisputable validity in the Balkans in the 1990s. At the very least, they owe the American

people an explanation of their dramatic change of perspective.

Second, even if one accepts the dubious domino theory, the administration's policy is making the spread of the Balkan conflict more rather than less likely. The Serbs are not the party with expansionist ambitions in the southern Balkans; the Albanians are. Kosovo Liberation Army commanders have stated that their ultimate goal is, not merely an independent Kosovo, but the creation of a Greater Albania. Nationalist groups in Albania openly circulate maps of Greater Albania — an entity that includes not merely Albania and Kosovo but an additional slice of Serbia, all of western Macedonia and a large chunk of northern Greece.

By facilitating Kosovo's secession — and the NATO-imposed peace settlement is nothing more than Kosovo's independence on the installment plan—the United States and its allies would be strengthening the very faction that is the most likely to stir up additional trouble in the southern Balkans. Thus, the administration's policy lacks even internal coherence.

War against Serbia is unwarranted on strategic, legal and moral grounds. If air strikes take place, Serbia will be the fourth country Bill Clinton has bombed in the past seven months. That record is one of a trigger-happy administration that is creating an image of America as the planetary bully. Decent Americans need to make a stand when it has reached the point of a full-scale war of aggression against a country that has done us no harm.

*Carpenter is a researcher at the Cato Institute, a conservative-libertarian think-tank.*

## TV SCREENS OFFER US ILLUSIONS OF WAR

By Norman Solomon

While bombs keep exploding in Yugoslavia, a fierce media war is raging on television.

The real war has little to do with the images squeezed into the TV frame.

On the ground, in Yugoslavia, the situation is all about terror, anguish and death. On the screen, the coverage is far from traumatic for the viewing public — despite the myth that television brings the horrors of war into our living rooms.

A war "is among the biggest things that can ever happen to a nation or people, devastating families, blasting away the roofs and walls," media critic Mark Crispin Miller wrote many years ago. But TV viewers "see it compressed and miniaturized on a sturdy little piece of furniture, which stands and shines at the very center of our household."

TV news programs sometimes claim to be showing us what war is all about, but that's an absurd pretense. While television "may confront us with the facts of death, bereavement, mutilation," Miller commented, "it immediately cancels out the memory of that suffering, replacing its own pictures of despair with a commercial, upbeat and inexhaustibly bright."

In the all-out propaganda war now underway, the Clinton administration's strategists have played catch-up. "The problem is they didn't start the communications until the bombs started falling," says Marlin Fitzwater, who spoke for President Bush dur-

ing the Gulf War. "That's not enough time to convince the nation of a course of action."

Top U.S. officials have made up for lost time, blitzing the media with endless briefings, grainy bomb-site videos and live TV interviews as the missiles continue to fly. Even after it became clear that the NATO bombardment was greatly intensifying the humanitarian catastrophe in Kosovo decried by the White House, the warriors in Washington were sticking to their very big guns. As the second week of bombing began, just about the only worry they seemed willing to acknowledge involved a possible shortage of cruise missiles.

Meanwhile, the *Financial Times* reported last Wednesday that both the U.S. and Yugoslav governments have a stake in downplaying the carnage from the bombing. "The citizens of the NATO alliance cannot see the Serbs that their aircraft have killed," the British newspaper noted. "Serbia's state-run television, while showing ruined civilian homes, shields its viewers from bloodied corpses that might spread panic among an already highly strung population."

Traditionally, American television networks like to show U.S. bombers taking off, but decline to show what the bombs on board end up doing to human beings. So, American firepower appears to be wondrous but fairly bloodless.

As for history, ancient and recent, it is usually rendered murky by the TV networks. The latest coverage has run true to form. "Distortion of important background by

Western broadcasters, whether intentional or not, has also helped NATO's cause," the *Financial Times* observed.

"The stated aims of NATO's bombing campaign have also been muddled, by both heads of government and the Western media," the newspaper added. "A common phrase heard on the lips of correspondents of CNN ... is 'forcing Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic to return to the negotiating table.'"

"Yet Madeleine Albright, U.S. secretary of state, and Robin Cook, British foreign minister, made it clear after the breakdown of peace talks ... that the autonomy deal offered by the West—and signed by the Kosovo Albanians—was no longer negotiable. There was in reality no table to return to."

Skewed facts and selected images on television make it easier to accept—or even applaud—the bombs funded by our tax dollars and dropped in our names.

The bombing has brought about the collapse of internal opposition to the Yugoslav regime, opposition that was previously quite strong. NATO has done what Milosevic had been unable to accomplish on his own—decimate the ranks of Serbians resisting his tyranny. Even now, the tragic realities of that process are getting little mention in American news media.

*Norman Solomon's new book "The Habits of Highly Deceptive Media" has just been published by Common Courage Press.*

# NATO BOMBING OF SERBIA:

By Stephen Preston

Our government is destroying Serbia. Let us understand that, even if we do not all feel the same about it. By all indications, Clinton is intending to step up the bombing campaign against Serbia, as he has been doing since he started it. When this is all over, Serbia will have been "bombed back to the Stone Age", as Vietnam and Iraq were before it. Necessarily, this involves a great deal of death. Now this ranges of course from first-degree murder (e.g. the purposeful killing of Serbia's soldiers, who still count as human even after they've been drafted), second-degree murder (e.g. civilians being killed due to indiscriminate bombing or error; at least a hundred civilians have been killed so far, according to the Serb government, though independent journalists have only been able to confirm about twenty), and manslaughter (e.g. the sick dying in hospitals from lack of medicine or water, as is now common in Iraq; this could arguably also include the ethnic Albanians who have died traveling to Macedonia or Albania, especially if Clinton received as much warning about this happening as is now believed).

As I have written before, the burden of proof is not on me to explain why we *shouldn't* be killing Serbs, in the same way that the courts do not subpoena men to testify as to why they *haven't* killed their wives. So what has been the argument so far to justify this destruction? "Slobodan Milosevic's repression of the Albanians," says the Clinton apologists. "We had to do something!" The counter argument, of course, is that we didn't have to do anything. A reasonable humanitarian foreign policy might be, as some war opponents have suggested, "First do no harm." By such a standard, of course, the bombing has created far worse conditions than have existed since the Nazis occupied Yugoslavia, especially for the ethnic Albanians in Kosovo, but also for the Serbs in Serbia. So, no, we didn't have to bomb.

A fitting analogy has been given by Mark Steel in the *London Guardian*: "It's like arriving at a burning house with no water, and screaming: 'Well chuck petrol on it then, at least it's something!'" Or, as Noam Chomsky made the same point, "Suppose I see Jones robbing Smith in the street, and I feel I just can't let that happen, so I pick up a gun and shoot them both. Was there an alternative? Well, at least one: don't shoot them."

## Media Demonization of Serbia and Slobodan Milosevic

According to *Time Magazine's* "A Kosovo Primer web site", the modern history of Kosovo begins in 1989. At that time, says *Time*, President Slobodan Milosevic revoked [Kosovo's] autonomy in keeping with his nationalist campaign for a Greater Serbia. The revocation of Kosovo's autonomy sparked the current conflict, as the territory's ethnic-Albanian majority sought to restore their cultural rights.

Nobody who has attempted to understand the Kosovo conflict can take this description seriously. An article by David Binder in the *New York Times* (11/1/87), written shortly after Milosevic first came to power in Serbia and describing sporadic violence in Kosovo, had a different perspective. "Kosovo is becoming what ethnic Albanian nationalists have been demanding for years, and especially strongly since the bloody rioting by ethnic Albanians in Pristina in 1981 - an ethnically pure' Albanian region, a Republic of Kosovo in all but name." (The full article is available on the web at <http://www.fair.org/articles/memory-hole.html>)

Binder's article states that Milosevic and his supporters appear to be staking their careers on a strategy of confrontation with the Kosovo ethnic Albanians. Now that Milosevic has been thoroughly demonized, his actions in Croatia, Bosnia, and Kosovo being labeled as ethnic cleansing and compared freely by Clinton's Administration with Hitler's Final Solution, such reporting would now seem biased. Even in the *Times*, the point of view has been reversed from that of Binder's article: now violent separatist groups like the Kosovo Liberation Army are reacting to the brutal repression of Milosevic, instead of Milosevic's repression being a reaction to ethnic Albanian violence. (Binder has since criticized the strong anti-Serb bias he sees in the media.)

It is important to understand that in the wars in both Bosnia and Kosovo, people claiming to represent all sides committed brutal atrocities. Serbia was certainly not innocent, and may even have been the most brutal, but it is irresponsible and unfair to act as though NATO was somehow defending innocent Bosnian Muslims and Croats from evil Serbs, or that NATO is currently defending helpless Kosovo Albanians against vicious Serbs. The currently popular views - that all war criminals are Serbs, that all atrocities are the result of Milosevic's Greater Serbia campaign, that Serbs cannot live with other ethnic groups because of ancient hatreds - are destructive and unfair, especially when used to justify NATO's bombing. It is useful first to understand how the Serbs became the Black Knights of Yugoslavia.

## Ruder-Finn and Death Camps

Roy Gutman of *Newsday* would win a Pulitzer Prize for his stories about concentration camps in Bosnia. On August 2, 1992, Gutman's story *Death Camp's Survivors Tell of Captivity, Mass Slaughters* in Bosnia discussed the conditions of a camp at Omarska, in Northern Bosnia. The implication of the provocative title was clearly that Bosnia's Serbs, who were running the camp, were committing a genocide against other ethnic groups, comparable to the Holocaust. The British news service ITN shortly after took pictures inside the camps, which were widely broadcast and interpreted as evidence of Nazi-like war crimes. However, it was later discovered that the pictures had been misleading, that prisoners were not actually being held behind barbed-wire fences, as the pictures had implied, and that the emaciation of one man was due to disease, not to starvation as was assumed. (For more on this very interesting story, see [http://www.informinc.co.uk/ITN-vs-LM/story/whole\\_story.html](http://www.informinc.co.uk/ITN-vs-LM/story/whole_story.html).)

Following this, the Public Relations firm Ruder-Finn, which had been hired by both the Croatian and Bosnian governments, encouraged comparisons between Nazi Germany and Serbia. Its goal was to mobilize Western opinion against the Serbs, thereby encouraging Western governments to support the Croats and especially the Bosnians with weapons. The French television journalist Jacques Merlino interviewed James Harff, then director of Ruder Finn Global Public Affairs, about Ruder-Finn's handling of the Bosnian war. The interview later appeared in Merlino's book, *Les verites Yougoslaves ne sont pas toutes bonnes a dire* (loosely, *Yugoslav truths are not all good for telling*). In it, Harff describes how he mobilized Jewish opinion against the Serbs, which was especially difficult since the Croatian President had denied the Holocaust and was openly anti-Semitic in his book, while the Bosnian Muslim President had argued for a fundamentalist Islamic state. Harff said that by using the Holocaust terminology repeatedly, he

was able to make accusations that were so terrible that no later denial could undue the damage.

Some important and appalling stories about supposed Bosnian Serb atrocities were later discovered to have gaps by human rights groups and United Nations agencies. Of course, we must not let the fact that some stories were discredited make us believe that the Bosnian Serbs were innocent. Some especially outrageous Bosnian Serb crimes are well-documented. But there are also appalling stories about Bosnian Muslims and Croats, and crimes against Bosnian Serbs, which went largely unreported. An initial bias had developed against the Serbs, and some journalists claimed it was extremely difficult to get any stories published which featured Serbian victims instead of Serbian aggressors. The belief that the Serbians were generally responsible for the trouble in Yugoslavia has continued to this day, which helps to explain why media accounts of the Serbia-Kosovo dispute have been altered so dramatically since the Bosnian war.

For more on this subject, see for example, the brochure written by leftist Sara Flounders of the International Action Center, <http://www.iacenter.org/bosnia/tragedy.html>; and a Serbian site which has reprinted articles by Peter Brock and parts of the interview by Merlino, <http://suc.suc.org/~kosta/tar/mediji/mediji-INDEX.html>.

## Analogies between the Iraq War and the Serbian War

The last war of a similar scale to this one was the bombing and subsequent invasion of Iraq, in 1991. Thus, many commentators who either support or oppose this war have done so by contrasting with the war against Iraq. "Liberals" say there was no compelling humanitarian reason to go into Iraq, unlike in Kosovo. "Conservatives" say there was a well-defined and easy-to-achieve goal in the Iraq war, unlike in Kosovo. But both arguments are superficial at best, because the wars are a good deal more similar than many of these pundits have been willing to admit.

The shift in sentiment among politicians and commentators, between the bombing of Iraq in 1991 and the current bombing of Serbia, has been quite remarkable. We can do a direct comparison: consider the 53 current senators who were also senators in January, 1991, when war was being debated in Congress. Twenty-eight of these were Democrats, and twenty-five were Republican. Of these, 17 were simply warmongers who supported both wars. Only three (Bingaman, D, NM; Grassley, R, IA; and Hollings, D, SC) consistently opposed both wars. Thirty-three switched position so as to agree with the President of their own political party. Twenty Democrats who opposed Bush's Iraq adventure have supported Clinton's Serbia adventure, while thirteen Republicans have switched the other way.

## Some similarities between the two wars:

Each was incited rather suddenly by Presidents worried about their reputations after lying to the public (Bush about the 'no new taxes' pledge, Iran Contra, etc.; Clinton, about Monica and the impeachment, obviously).

Both Presidents had just finished smaller-scale military adventures, which taught them how to unilaterally go to war, in open contempt for international law (Bush in Panama, kidnapping Noriega; Clinton in Iraq, bombing Saddam Hussein because he accused our spies of being spies) Both were fought for the benefit of small, non-democratic, brutally repressive groups, who deliberately provoked the enemy country (for Bush, the Kuwaiti government, which had been slant-drilling into Iraq's oil fields; for Clinton, the Kosovo Liberation Army, who made their debut by claiming credit for the assassination of hundreds of Serbian police).

Both Presidents spoke of diplomacy, but in reality they drafted crushing demands which they



Destruction of Pristina, the capital of Kosovo, after a NATO bomb hits its center.

# AGGRESSION OR DEFENSE?

knew the enemy could not and would not accept. Additionally, both Presidents rejected every peace offer made either by the enemy or by the Russians

Both Presidents convinced the public that their goals were humanitarian by taking advantage of persecuted minority groups. These groups were convenient victims, but they would later be left to the repression of the enemy leader, due to the fear of the same minority groups rebelling in American client state (Bush, of course, used the Kurds in northern Iraq, repeating "he's used chemical weapons on his own people", while supporting Turkey in its repression of the Kurds; Clinton is using the Kosovo Albanians, but does not want them to be independent, for fear that the Macedonian Albanians will try to follow the example and cause trouble for one of our clients)

Both wars were fought over regions with great concentrations of natural resources (of course, Kuwait had its oil; Kosovo has the Stari Trg mine, one of the largest mines in Europe, and considered a valuable prize for the Nazis when they seized control of it).

Both enemy countries were demonized by public relations agencies, using stories which later proved to be false. The demonization resulted in both countries being slapped with heavy sanctions, which in turn prevented the enemy countries from hiring their own public relations firms.

Both wars were a great place to try out the Pentagon's new Stealth aircraft in a real conflict situation (Bush's F-117 fighters, and Clinton's B-2 bombers)

Both enemies had previously vacillated between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., but had recently been client states of the U.S. Both had made themselves quite poor following policies recommended by the U.S. government (Iraq by going to war with Iran; Yugoslavia by following IMF advice).

Both enemy governments had received assurances from American officials that the actions they eventually took would not be minded by the United States (Saddam Hussein was told by Ambassador April Glaspie that the U.S. had no opinion on its territorial dispute with Kuwait; Slobodan Milosevic was told by U.S. consul Robert Gelbard that the U.S. considered the Kosovo Liberation Army to be "terrorists", suggesting they were worthy of suppression by the same brutal means that U.S. allies Turkey and Colombia have used).

Despite the fact that Clinton has painted a more heartwarming picture of the American bombing of a small and poor country than Bush ever bothered to, the conflicts are not substantially different. And, clearly, they are not different enough to justify the extremely partisan sentiments already expressed over this war. The fact that many Democrats now think it's OK for great numbers of people to die (and great numbers will die, not only directly from the bombs, but also from the destruction of the country's infrastructure combined with harsh punitive sanctions, as happened in Iraq) because they're still defending him over some indiscriminate fellatio is not only disgusting, it's macabre.

## How NATO Bombing Made the Situation Worse

Although there has been at least one report indicating that refugees arriving at the Macedonian border with Kosovo fled because of NATO bombing, not the Serbs (see *London Sunday-Times*, "Truth Chokes on the Fog of War," 3/28/99), the vast majority of refugees have told stories of being deliberately driven from their homes by Serbs. Though little is known about what is actually happening in Kosovo, due to the barring of foreign reporters there by Milosevic at the start of the bombing, it is believed by many that these Serbs are operating under the orders of Milosevic. His plan is believed to be to eliminate the Albanians and replace them with the Serb refugees who fled from their homes in Krajina, in Croatia.

This marks a severe escalation in the Kosovo conflict. Formerly, there had been guerrilla warfare; the Kosovo Liberation Army had admitted assassinat-

ing both Serbian police and ethnic Albanians accused of collaborating with Serbs; while the Serb police had fought and killed not only KLA guerrillas, but also Albanian civilians in KLA-held towns. The death toll had been about on par with that in other countries where guerrilla wars are happening, especially Turkey (against the Kurds) and in Colombia (against Communist guerrillas). But now, with hundreds of thousands of refugees fleeing Kosovo, there is clearly a crisis of disastrous proportions.

The question to be asked, though it might seem cynical to even contemplate, is whether the Clinton administration could have expected this as a result of the NATO bombings. There is some evidence that he and others in his cabinet actually expected something like this to happen. For example, on the "Today Show," when NATO's supreme military commander Wesley Clark said he had "fully expected that Milosevic would step up aggression against ethnic Albanians, whose plight sparked the NATO action this week. 'This was entirely predictable at this stage,' Clark said." (AP article.) *The Washington Post* also reported that CIA director George Tenet had predicted that the bombing might lead to a "Serbian campaign of ethnic cleansing."

But why bomb? What now seems to have happened is that President Clinton and Secretary of State Madeline Albright decided in advance not to negotiate with Milosevic or even the KLA. An agreement was drafted without their inclusion, and Albright then demanded that Milosevic sign or be bombed. (Let us remember, just for the briefest of moments, the Vienna Convention (Article 52 of the UN Charter) which states "A treaty, the signature to which has been obtained through the threat of force...is illegal and void..." But of course, with the explicit and contemptuous rejection of Security Council involvement, the United States has already demonstrated its apathy about international law.)

Having made the threat to bomb if things did not go the way the Americans wanted, Clinton and Albright then felt obliged to carry out the bombing. To not bomb would have shown weakness, and would have damaged NATO's credibility. So it now appears that Clinton had recklessly endangered the lives of Kosovars, whom he knew to be at risk, in order to preserve NATO, especially before its 50th anniversary in two weeks. As Diana Johnstone has pointed out, it's not that NATO was saving Kosovo; rather, Kosovo was going to save NATO.

## Does Clinton Really Care about Human Rights?

Clinton's critics have asked why the Administration is not intervening in other civil wars where the situation is even worse, and the number of deaths even higher, than in Kosovo. His response has been, to paraphrase, "because America cannot be everywhere, does not mean that America should not be anywhere." But his statement suggests that America is not already in many places where human rights are being violated, and this is well-known to be false.

If we take just the Clinton line, that Kosovo is important because it is in Europe, and Europe is important, because, well, we're in NATO, and NATO is important because it provides for the defense of Europe... If we take this line, then obviously the only human rights violations of interest are those occurring in Europe, and so Turkey, as a NATO member, surely qualifies. The deaths of Kurds in southern Turkey are,

by conservative estimates, at least as many as those of the Kosovo Albanians, which are believed to have been about 2,000 last year. But in Turkey, we have not only not invaded, we have sold arms to Turkey to help them suppress their minority population. The Turkish government had openly used American aircraft to attack Kurds, which under U.S. law, should make it illegal for us to sell arms to them. But Clinton's Administration worked around the ban, and continued to sell arms, even at the time of the worst abuses. At one point, Turkey was the largest single purchaser of arms from America.

If we take another example even closer to the current enemy, we understand just how cynical is the Clinton's view of human rights. In Croatia, where the current President Tudjman has evoked Croatia's past Nazi ties to justify eliminating the Serb minority in Krajina, Clinton actually supplied Tudjman with American generals to advise him on the indiscriminate bombing of Krajina that would eventually lead to several hundred thousands Serbs fleeing from Croatia. Croatia's population is now almost entirely ethnically Croatian, thanks to crucial covert aid from President Clinton, who now wants us to believe that we are helping to prevent ethnic cleansing in Kosovo. That is just too audacious a lie to be tolerated, and it is arguably such clearly hypocritical stances by the Clinton Administration that makes Milosevic feel as though the Serbs have always been victims, besieged on all sides.

It is difficult to know the real motivation for the bombing of Serbia: it could be for the Stari Trg mine, or it could be to create oil pipelines from Europe to the Caspian Sea, or it could be something else entirely. But now, with prospects for an unconditional Serbian sur-



An empty refugee camp in Kosovo, on the Macedonian border. Macedonia has begun deporting refugees to other nations.

render lower than ever, it is reasonable to think we will only win by completely destroying Serbia. And it is because of this reckless machismo — this belief in victory at any cost, the exact same attitude that Johnson and Nixon had about Vietnam —

that the war will continue to escalate. It may last ten more days, or it may last ten more years, but you can be sure that by the end of it, nobody will be able to recognize what's left of Serbia or Kosovo. And then will we expect the Serbs and Albanians to live together in peace? The only real solution is for Clinton to stop the bombing, accept Milosevic's cease-fire, and pursue a diplomatic agreement through the United Nations. If he does not have the courage to do this, then the inevitable result will be to turn Serbia into a European Iraq, and Kosovo into a colony of NATO, much like Bosnia is today. In the end, both the Serbians and the Kosovars will be defeated, for the sake of nothing more than Bill Clinton's pride.

The following are some useful web sites, to get alternative information about the war:

<http://www.antiwar.com> (a generally conservative and libertarian point of view, lots of articles)  
<http://www.zmag.org/ZMag/kosovo.htm> (a leftist point of view, several opinion articles)  
<http://www.suc.org> (from the Serbian viewpoint)  
<http://www.kosovo.org> (from the Kosovo Albanian viewpoint)

# MINORITIES FUME OVER NOXIOUS BUSES

By Monica Lewis  
Columbia News Service

The warning signs are posted along Harlem's busy streets: "If you live Uptown, breathe at your own risk. Diesel bus fumes can kill."

Often hidden by the same thick, dark clouds of bus exhausts they warn against, the signs are paid for by West Harlem Environmental Action (WEACT), a neighborhood organization that says the diesel bus fumes pose severe health hazards to Harlem.

Minorities in northern Manhattan are not just in danger of drugs and the gun violence found too often on inner-city streets, said Cleon Edwards, a WEACT spokesman. They also are subjected to unsafe air, thanks to the Metropolitan Transit Authority, he said.

The MTA runs more than 3,500 buses daily from 19 depots in all five New York boroughs. Manhattan is home to eight depots; however, seven are situated above 96th Street, where a majority of residents are black and Latino.

"Most of these depots are across the street from schools and large housing developments," Edwards said. "The fumes are seeping into the air, increasing our chances of being diagnosed with asthma, lung cancer, emphysema, bronchitis and heart attacks."

According to reports published by the New York City Environmental Justice Department, the highest levels of air pollution in the city are in areas near four MTA bus depots: the Manhattanville Depot, at 133rd Street; the Amsterdam Avenue Depot, at 129th Street; the 126th Street Depot, at Second Avenue, and the Mother Clara Hale Depot, at 147th Street.

"These areas are where many of the city's minorities live," Edwards said from his office on 125th Street. "There's only one depot in lower Manhattan (the Hudson Depot, at 12th Avenue and 15th Street), but it can't compare to the air pollution that's present up here."

MTA representatives admit diesel fuel is "environmentally unfriendly," as Edwards calls it, but say the transportation authority is trying to make amends.

"Our future is in alternative fuels," said Steven Nako, a spokesman for the transit authority's Department of Buses.

Nako said the transit authority had spent \$11 million by last December upgrading the Jackie Gleason Depot in the Sunset Park section of Brooklyn. The upgrade is allowing the MTA to increase the number of buses running on compressed natural gas (CNG) to approximately 200, from 33. Although this upgrade has no immediate affect on the diesel-fueled buses in Manhattan, Nako said, more buses could begin running on compressed natural gas in other boroughs later this year.

"One of the things we're expanding is our load of CNG buses," Nako said. "However, I think

**"The transportation agency doesn't necessarily think of public health issues. It's main objective is to move people."**

**-Cleon Edwards, opponent of diesel buses**

they'll become obsolete soon. In the future, you'll see more and more buses in terms of hybrid-electric, not CNG." Nako added that the MTA has four hybrid-electric buses - powered by both gas and electricity - running throughout the five boroughs.

Regardless of any future plans the MTA may have, Edwards said the agency is not working hard enough to solve air pollution problems in northern Manhattan. Health officials like Renelda Walker of the Harlem Hospital Center agree.

"It's public knowledge that Harlem has a higher rate of respiratory problems than other areas," Walker said, adding that 82 percent of patients admitted to the hospital in 1997 for asthma-related problems were black or Latino. Asthma, Walker said, affects approximately five percent of the U.S. population, but 20 percent of Harlem's residents have the condition.

"We're trying to get more information on the cause for this, but we believe the environment and the air pollution may have a hand in it," Walker said.

Edwards said that's where WEACT has to step in.

"We have to educate people," Edwards said. "We have to tell this to the MTA, elected officials, and people in the community. I feel like we've gotten some sense of progress, but there's still more work to be done. Our objective is to let people know what the problem is and what impact having thousands of diesel-fueled buses going through the neighborhoods would have," Edwards continued. "We're not getting any benefits from having them here."

Although hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers depend daily on MTA buses, Edwards said the MTA is the only sector gaining from the diesel-operated buses. He said WEACT is pushing the MTA to switch from diesel-fueled buses to ones that run on compressed natural gas or electric.

"They use diesel because it's a cheaper fuel. It burns easier," Edwards said. "However, the transportation agency doesn't necessarily think of public health issues. Its main objective is to move people." "There are viable options," Edwards continued. "There are a number of cities across the country that are operating electric buses or natural gas fuels. It's not like the technology is new."

According to a 1996 report by the American Public Transit Association, only four percent of more than 50,000 transit buses in the country ran on alternative fuel, such as CNG, ethanol, liquefied petroleum gas and methanol.

Alternative fuel costs more, according to the study. "We're moving toward alternative fuel buses, but it's costly," Nako acknowledged. "I'd say an all-electric bus fleet is a possibility as we enter the new millennium because, as technology improves, that will be the cheapest way to run a transit operation."

For Edwards, the costs the MTA may incur with diesel fuel can not be matched by the cost of human lives. Edwards hopes to get other community activists involved in WEACT's campaign against diesel-fueled buses.

"This is harmful for all people, whether you're black, white, yellow or brown," Edwards said. "We need the MTA to get by, or at least most working people in New York do. However, when I see these statistics, it really makes me wonder if a ride is worth it. I mean, it's like people are dying to get around."

## GEETCH'S WEB PICKS: JOKES ON THE NET

By Donald Geetch Toner

Is there nothing ever worth watching on TV? Nothing to do in the neighborhood? Everyone saying the same old jokes over and over ad infinitum? Nowhere to go and you're bored? Well look no further than your trusty computer. There is more fun out there than you can deal with in one sitting. Humor and other forms of comedic entertainment are out there.

At [www.comedy.com](http://www.comedy.com) you can find new jokes from people all over the place. They also have a search engine to find out where your favorite comedians are next appearing. Also you can find out who is playing near you and when so you can get out of your boring life and liven it up some. The site is pretty thorough linking up comedians personal pages up to their pictures incase you wish to acquire more information on any particular person. The site is simple, to the point, and fast loading. No plug ins required and you can get what you want and get out of it as you please.

Then there is [www.nycomedy.net](http://www.nycomedy.net). This site has everything an up and coming comic wants as well as just someone wanting to have a little fun. There is live

chat, a calender of events, discussion groups, bookstores, a comedy club listing, and even an interactive story. You just keep adding on to the end of it. Anyone can add something and you get credited at the end of the page. The story is quite long but also amusing enough that it keeps your attention and moves quickly. The site is fast and direct. No one should have any trouble being amused here.

[www.comedynet.com](http://www.comedynet.com) is yet another site out there with enough of the funny stuff that you will just forget time going by. There are live and video links to most of the modern comics out in the media. They have contests and an agenda of coming attractions to the site and the club scene. Each of the live and video links has its own links to the comedians other pages. I would advise you to open second windows to use the links since they aren't as quick. Another drawback to this site is that you need RealPlayer to use most of it, but you can download it for free from half a dozen places to that doesn't really matter much. It is only a small annoyance that you should be able to get over.

The final site out there is [www.comedyorama.com](http://www.comedyorama.com). This site has EVERYTHING you wanted, past and

present. Every comedian, troupe, club, and act is listed somewhere. This page is more thorough than a dictionary. Anyone from Dr. Demento and Monty Python to Abbott and Costello and the Marx Brothers are on it. The site is well organized separating into groups and sub groups. There is information from TV, movies, and radio broken up into comedians, troupes, directors, and writers. There are video and audio clips which require RealAudio but yet again that can be acquired for free. The best part of this site has got to be the links, none of which are to comedy sites. They are to FBI and NSA to Feminist groups and Vegan sites. None of which are funny sites in and of themselves but this site makes them fun somehow. It can't be explained just go and you will see.

So now none of you have any excuse that there is "nothing to do" tonight. There is always something happening somewhere you just have to know where to look. Go out and be entertained or entertain someone else. Smiling and laughter are contagious, so go out and spread some happiness to others. It may do you some good.

# ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER

By Chris Sorochin

The lavish parade of variety that is dining out on Long Island would be grossly incomplete without mention of that strip-mall staple: the Chinese hole in the wall. Any serious aficionado of han fan will tell you that the pickings get quite slim anywhere east of Flushing, yet hardly any Strong Island municipality lacks a grungy little dive that spews out mediocre, glutinous fare that would earn any chef in the old country a trip to a re-education camp.

Last Sunday, I hauled into one of my more frequently patronized feeding troughs, Number One Chinese in Port Jefferson. Like

many other restaurants in heavily touristed

places, the constant volume of potential customers makes devotion to quality superfluous, but it's one of the few places I find palatable. Anyhow, as I entered, I walked past a buxom black-haired woman who gave me a little smile.

She must have been hot for me (this part is not guaranteed true), because after I ordered my quart of deliriously greasy chicken lo mein, I sat down and waited, opening my just-obtained copy of the *Press*. Searching for a pretense for making conversation, she commented on the headline ("The Administration Sucks Dick for Coke"). She was too far across the room to have been able to read it, so it was evident she was familiar with the *Press*!!!

I grunted something like, "Oh, yeah" but then she went on, "That's nothing--wait till you see the movie listings."

Movie listings? Since when does the *Press* print showing times? So I decided to humor her sick little fantasy (she was diggin' me, I tell ya) and turned to the back. She directed me to the page and I saw what she was talking about. It was another one of those silly lists: "The Top Ten Porno Movies of All Time."

I made more noncommittal noises. She said she worked at one of the labs (as a subject?) and had shown her boss. I guess she hadn't obtained satisfaction there, either.

"And they let them get away with it!" She was outraged. Now this woman couldn't have been older than in her thirties, hardly a maiden-aunt librarian type. I felt like informing

## AN AUTHENTIC LONG ISLAND ENCOUNTER— GUARANTEED TRUE!!!

her that last time I looked, this was still, on paper at least, a free country, and if she didn't like it, she didn't have to read it.

Even more dramatically, I considered shedding my mild-mannered exterior and, with a demonic cackle, revealing my secret identity as Chris Sorochin, the *Press*' arch commie pinko and corrupter of young minds, defector on all that is decent. Maybe I'd even breathe heavily through my mouth and drool a little for effect. Then when she recovered from her fit of freak-out, I'd calmly recommend she write a letter to the editor expressing her idea with the paper's seventh-grade titty humor.

But you know what, folks? I didn't. I started writing because I'm rarely able to open my mouth when I should. It's like that saying you see on plaques in kitchens and workplaces: "Oh, Lord,

help me this day to keep my big mouth shut."

I hadn't really perused the issue, or I might have asked her what she thought of the article on land mines. Surely that's important. As a woman, she must have appreciated the pieces on women's rights and domestic violence. And as someone condemned tries to find parking in the HSC, the rant on the situation there must have struck a chord. I didn't dare inquire as to what she thought of my little offerings--it might have killed the mood.

Could it be that as a product of our way too visually-oriented society, she only bothered with those things that were like advertisements, with large pictures and screaming huge letters? Even so, how could she have missed the outrageous statement by the Italian judge that a woman couldn't be raped if she's wearing jeans? Maybe the accompanying illustration of female buttocks in skintight jeans blinded her.

Anyhow, I should have told her to cherish one of the last uncompromised vestiges of totally independent media in the United States today. Would she prefer to see only happy, inoffensive material? And the idea that free expression, no matter how juvenile, is "getting away with" something is just too dangerous for words.

So what could have been a poignantly tacky tête-à-tête became merely another example of cultural polarization. She ended up by encouraging me to "be bold" and request a styrofoam plate, which I didn't want anyway. Maybe next time.

I know! Since the *Press* already constitutes sleaze in many unopened minds, why don't we run personal ads? Then all my many admirers could write in, hoping to meet the smoldering hunk of social consciousness that writes stuff like this...



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# PRISONERS OF LOVE

By Chris Sorochin

"It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right...A common and natural result of an undue respect for law is, that you may see a file of soldiers...marching in admirable order...to the wars, against their wills, against their common sense and consciences..."

Henry David Thoreau  
"Civil Disobedience" (1848)

Anybody who hasn't been hibernating in a cave for the last two months has to have heard about the major goings-down in New York City in regards to the NYPD and the shooting of Amadou Diallo, a Guinean immigrant who was killed by members of the Street Crimes Unit. Though unarmed, Mr. Diallo was the recipient of 19 bullets, out of a total of 41 fired.

Such occurrences are far from uncommon, but the utter viciousness of the slaying, coupled with the fact that the four officers involved went unquestioned for days and remained on desk duty (with guns) seems to have been the last straw for the city as a whole. A modest revolution of sorts seems to be brewing in Rudy Giuliani's cold and cheerless attempt at social engineering. Starting in early March, daily actions of civil disobedience were performed at One Police Plaza, central command for the city's police force. These were led by none other than the Reverend Al Sharpton, whom many consider to be a dodgy character. Whatever his flaws, Rev. Sharpton has an extraordinary gift for organizing effective protests around events that ignite public outrage.

Protests began at a demonstration on Wall St., with arrests for civil disobedience, and then began to take place on a Monday through Friday basis in front of One Police Plaza. Individuals would block the entrance and subsequently be led away in handcuffs by police. At one point, they were running low on volunteers to get arrested at least once and a call went out. Well, the response was overwhelming. Especially high-profile political types were finally inspired to leave the safety of their cocoons and take advantage of a photo opportunity.

Many groups also came out to be arrested. There were the usual suspects--activists and anti-police brutality groups from non-Caucasian communities--and these swelled the daily numbers. This in turn emboldened labor and religious groups to come out in force. The participation of various celebrity-activists, like Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee and Susan Sarandon, made it harder and harder for the mainstream media to ignore the protests and arrests in their usual "blackout" format. Even groups of lawyers, senior citizens and rabbinical students assumed the plastic handcuffs of full citizenship.

By the penultimate month of March, daily arrests were over 100. I decided to be arrested with the War Resisters League contingent on Friday the 26th. A group of us, ranging from the venerable David McReynolds, one of the founding cornerstones of the WRL, to Jeffrey, a high school junior who'd come all the way from New Hampshire, went from WRL headquarters on Lafayette St. down to One Police Plaza. Gathering in front of the State Supreme Court Building was a large cross-section of New York City activism, including CUNY students and professors. I was glad to see other peaceniks from the Kairos Community and the Catholic Worker.

I have to say here that this massive response, though long overdue, is the most

refreshing thing to happen in New York in years. Finally, it seems, the fog of apathy and callousness is lifting as popular opinion. And across the ethnic and economic spectrum, the ever-more totalitarian tactics of the NYPD are coming out, fully sanctioned by the Giuliani administration. If only this had happened two years ago, we might not be stuck with the Little Dictator until 2001.

Now for the downside: the celebrity guest star the day I was arrested, and this issue's recipient of the phony liberal award, was none other than Jesse Jackson. The Rev. Jackson, himself quite talented in organizing and moving the masses, has lately been pimping for Bill Clinton and the diluted Democrats as he merrily bombs his way around the world.

My particular bone to pick is that at 11:30, when the action was supposed to start, we were told that he was on his way over to lead us. Well, we waited and waited and waited until about 12:15. I was in favor of starting without him. "If the people lead, the leaders will follow." Not to mention that this was exactly the sort of debacle right-wingers love to harp on: the gullible faithful line up to make the sacrifice, all organized and on time, while the vacuous leadership primps for the cameras.

Jackson finally arrived, enveloped in a cloud of reporters and boom mikes. We all moved towards the plaza. As we approached the narrow gap to enter the plaza, there was almost a riot. Not a riot of protesters or even police, this was something like a media riot as reporters swarmed all over everything in sight and shoved people out of the way to get next to Jesse. There was a brief speech and then Jackson led all us arrestees-to-be to block the doors.

On the way who did I meet but former Press staffer and troublemaker Martha Chemas. Turns out she was there to get busted as well. "Lots of my professors are here today," she said.

So we were in the very last row of door-blockers (226 that day, more than 1100 total). The police captain took a megaphone and told us to disperse or be arrested. We shouted him down. Then they started taking people through the doors to handcuff them. I guess they wanted to deprive the media of the spectacle of hundreds of citizens being handcuffed and loaded into paddy wagons.

As we were waiting to be arrested, there was an older blind man, guided by a young woman. He seems to be interested in getting to know her and other young women in the crowd. The woman is not going to be arrested and asks me if I'll look after the guy.

"Sure," I reply and offer my arm. His name is Bobby Blow. He's from Indianapolis and wants to be where the cameras are so the folks at home can see him. Bobby supplements his meager income by singing in the subway and is frequently hassled by certain overzealous cops who see him as a "quality of life" problem. Most subway riders seem to appreciate these roving entertainers. Only the Ebenezer Scrooge Brigade of the city government seems to object.

Martha soon disappeared into the building with a group of other women. Soon the last four people left were Bobby and I and a man with what I think was cerebral palsy and his guardian. The police were reluctant to fully process the two guys with special needs, and as we went through the doors, the captain told me, sotto voce, that they were just going to take down our information and release us.

So Bobby was my salvation. It just goes to show, it does pay to be a Good Samaritan. The

four of us were led to a hallway and a pleasant-enough officer asked us of identification. Now, I don't have a driver's license, just my St. John's ID (I figured that would be OK; Justin Volpe graduated from there). Another officer, decidedly less pleasant, came along and wrote us up pink summonses. He informed me that although he didn't have any problem with my ID, if I ever did anything like this again, I'd have to have a state-issued ID card or I'd go through the system and spend the night in jail.

Then we were released without even being handcuffed. We were given summonses to appear on April 30, which we were to turn over to a certain lawyer who would go to court for us. I helped Bobby get back to his place on 23rd St. He was still looking to find a reporter. "I talked to one, but he was from some small paper." I didn't bother to tell him that I, too, was from a small paper that didn't have much of a readership in Indianapolis.

Other activists didn't fare quite as well. Martha was in custody until about 8:45 that night and then had to go home and change for some sort of National Lawyers Guild dinner. She arrived at the event at the unfashionably late hour of 11, but the gathering was most supportive when told why.

And one of my WRL cohorts, Ruth Benn, was held until 4 a.m. because there was an outstanding warrant from years ago (also for c.d.) that she'd forgotten about.

The following Friday, Good Friday, I went to the annual Stations of the Cross, sponsored by the Catholic peace and justice coalition Pax Christi. At the end, there is civil disobedience at the Intrepid, a warship now converted into a glorification of militarism and mass murder at Pier 86. This year, about 30-40 people were arrested in civil disobedience, holding banners reading "Stop the Bombing," in reference to Bill Clinton's most recent contribution to "humanitarianism." As I write this, NATO is bombing the center of Belgrade and the city of Pristina is virtually destroyed. Russia is sending ships into the Mediterranean. The Orthodox bishops of the United States asked Clinton to suspend the bombing for Easter weekend, and being the standup guy he is, refused. Nazis shot a guy for drinking a beer outside a grocery store. He ran inside the store and they fired after him.

I was hoping that the massive arrests were having a positive effect on conversations in station houses, locker rooms and squad cars. And you would really think that with all the bad publicity they would try to put a benevolent face on things. But hundreds of off duty, mostly white cops showed up at the Bronx Court House for the arraignment of the four cops involved in the Diallo shooting. They cheered these guys as heroes. One held a sign that said, "We protect, you infect." A medical technician called into "Wakeup Call on WBAI saying he heard cops bragging about the execution of Diallo. And the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association has taken out full-page ads in all the major dailies trying to demonize the protesters as dupes of Al Sharpton, publicity seekers and antisocial deviants. One such ad rather arrogantly suggested that we call fellow protesters next time we need police protection. Not such a bad idea.

Violence, injustice and corruption are still rampant. Iniquitous hypocrites are having their day. But there are hopeful rumblings of the long-slumbering spirit of freedom awakening.

# BIENVENIDOS a MIAMI!

a SELF-INDULGENT "Photo essay" OF OUR ROAD TRIP to FLORIDA

Photos by H. Vidair and J. Wegielnik

Everyone meet *Elaine*, our humble Starship Enterprise. She served us well, providing transportation as well as housing. A roomy trunk & back seat, excellent gas mileage, and 120 mph potential. You just can't go wrong.



Debbie and our lawn gnome, Mr. Wendel, in front of the White House. Mr. Wendel is originally from Farmingdale, N.Y. Debbie is originally from Burnt Hills, N.Y.



Mr. Wendel and El Capitana somewhere in Virginia. We don't know much about this state other than IT SUCKED and former *Press* executive editor, Dave Ewalt, is from Reston, Va. Yes kids, there are places worse than Long Island.



Kennedy Space Center - Cape Canaveral, Florida. This is where your tax dollars go.



"Party in the city where the heat is on all night, on the beach till the break of dawn...Welcome to Miami...Bienvenidos a Miami" Thanks Will.



Lookie here — it's a gigantic, phallic rocket! We have no less than 8 pictures of this. Va-voom!



Oh yeah mama! Take it off!  
Take it *all* off!



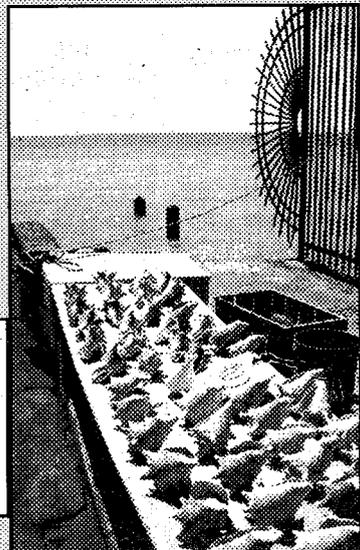
South Beach - Miami, Fla. Incredible beaches, a whole lotta plastic titties & booties, Armani, Prada, DKNY boutiques, scantily clad hoochies and gigilos, art deco, cocaine, expensive cars, overpriced everything, and TOURISTS EVERYWHERE! (Especially in front of Versace's house on Ocean Drive.)  
To each his own, I say!



Look! It's Gianni Versace's illegitimate son! Actually, it's his sister, Donatella. She forgot her wig.



Floridian "pelican" chillin' to the beat at Dania Beach.



Key West, "Conch Republic", Florida. Touristy, claustrophobic, expensive, and BORING. Nothing to do but drink with the "locals", the majority of whom are from Boston and Hartford. Paradise my ass.



Representing New York in swanky Jets hat (which *everyone* wanted to touch).  
Once a Jets fan, always a Jets fan.

The "Southern Most Point in the Continental U.S." Key West, Fla. This particular street is also home to the "Southern Most Hotel" and "Southern Most Grocery Store".



# THE LUNATICK'S RAVINGS

Backwards Day: An attempt to improve Faculty/Student relations that may actually work!

By The Lunatick

While you were packing to go home or had already left the Friday before spring break, our administration was actually hard at work. They were working on how to improve faculty/student relations. Well ladies and gentlemen, we all know of my love for the administration, but I actually like this idea and think it might work. The thing is it's not even a new idea. Like almost everything else good in this era, it is a reread of an old idea: Backwards day.

*My fellow commuters, our cries have been heard! This means that for one day the staff actually gets to see what we have to put up with in parking miles from campus and adding the bus time*

Here is the concept. On May 3rd, the faculty/staff and students partially switch places. No, the students don't teach classes, but I think you might like the perks. My fellow commuters, our cries have been heard! The staff and faculty on that day have to park in the South-P lot and we get to park in the faculty/staff lots. The residents also get to park in the staff lots with no fear of getting ticketed. However, the staff will get ticketed if they park anywhere but one of the commuter lots. This means that for one day the staff actually gets to see what we have to put up with in parking miles from campus and adding the bus time onto our commute. We actually get to walk to our classes (OK, so we will have to fight for parking spaces, but I'd rather do that than park in South-P). And get this—even our "beloved" President Shirley Strum Kenny the First will park in South-P

and take the bus like the rest of the common horde.

For all of the "extreme sports" lovers, Campus Police will be handing out skateboarding and rollerblading passes. You will be able to carry on these activities unmolested. There are provisions to this. You still are not allowed to use the buildings to do stunts, but hey, some progress is better than none. Maybe we can have Coke build a stunt arena for boarders and bladers. Hey, if we are stuck with them for the next 10 years, maybe they could do more for us than provide soda machines that have the pretty "Seawusses"-oops that's "Seawolves"-logo.

It's not over yet, folks. The administrators will for one day have to adapt the rules for employees that the Walt Disney Co. uses. For those of you unfamiliar with these rules, I will try to summarize them. The rules are built along the philosophy that customers or, in our case, students, are guests and should be treated as such. You are required to be kind and helpful. They even have someone at the door to each location in Disney whose express purpose is to say "Hi." The guest is also always right and must leave satisfied. That's right, we are no longer students for

that day. We are "guests" and will have to be treated with courtesy and respect. We also can't get the royal runaround and will be able to solve our problems in one day and not three weeks of seeing people and running around with various useless pieces of paper that have to be signed so you can get what you want. In other words the administrators are going to have to be HELPFUL and run around for you instead of making you do things in the typical bureaucratic fashion of this institution. This might be crossing the line for this campus. Maybe it should be called "Twilight Zone Day" instead of "Backwards Day". It would be much more appropriate (that is where I think I am going to be on the third).

It's so amazing! I mean the hell with the day itself; just the fact that the administration is actually taking steps to try to improve relations between staff and students is impressive enough to me. Add the impact of the resolutions and I am flabbergasted. I mean the steps that they are taking are unheard of. I don't believe it. If I were you, I wouldn't believe it either. I mean a helpful and courteous staff? What is this, April Fools day? Oh wait it is. Granted I have suggested this idea for real in the past to the Marburger administration, and it was (of course) ignored. But come on, this actually happening??????? NEVER! These are just the idle ravings of The Lunatick.



**Super\*bia** A weekly comic strip about the foils of Sub-Urbane life

Episode 1: "Casting Call" by: Glenn Given

Hero/Protagonist: **SQUIRREL**

Composite Buddy: **Russ-Bass-Dog**

Token Minority: **'neJay**

The Love Interest: **Rosalind**

Don't hate me because I'm beautiful

'cause I'm not

Hate me cause I'm the one who writes this crap. Sorry.

I like long walks on the beach, candlelight dinners and the melodic stylings of old-school L.I. hardcore.

'Yo. 'Sup bro.

Do I have to talk like this it makes me sound like a philistine.

\*Yes it's in your contract\*

You realize that I will be the butt of every joke EACH week. I wish I'd never met this demented little kid

Catch **Super\*bia** each week on The Press web site ([www.sbpress.org](http://www.sbpress.org)) and search for the extra secret hidden panel

## Top Ten Reasons Why Polity Elections Were Postponed

- 10) Election board is getting back at Brad Hausman for all those surprise facials.
- 9) Aneka Gibbs's hired thugs were out of town.
- 8) Too busy with erections to think about elections.
- 7) Modrons, those fucking Modrons.
- 6) Election board is too busy shaving "shapes" into their pubic hair.
- 5) Elections were scheduled in sync with Steve Adams' time of the month.
- 4) President Kenny has finally had enough of this whole "student voice" farce.
- 3) They couldn't find enough "lie-o-maniacs" to count ballots.
- 2) Polling funds diverted to Lobster Boy Project, Phase II.
- 1) Brad Hausman didn't get his way...again.

*The Haitian Student Organization in conjunction with the Concerned Haitian League and La Table Ronde of the French Department, present*

### ***"THE ROLE OF THE MOTHER TONGUE IN EDUCATION: BILINGUAL EDUCATION & INTEGRATION OF CREOLE IN THE HAITIAN CLASSROOM"***

A day long conference exploring the linguistic, socioeconomic, political, and pedagogical aspects of the integration of Haitian Creole into the classroom and how this relates to the problem of the educational setting in Haiti.

Invited guest speakers include, Professor Yves Dejean, linguist from the University of Haiti, Professor Flore Zephir, linguist from the University of Missouri, Professor Georges Fouron and Charles Pooser of Stony Brook.

**April 21, from 12 p.m. to 8 p.m., in the  
Student Union Auditorium.**

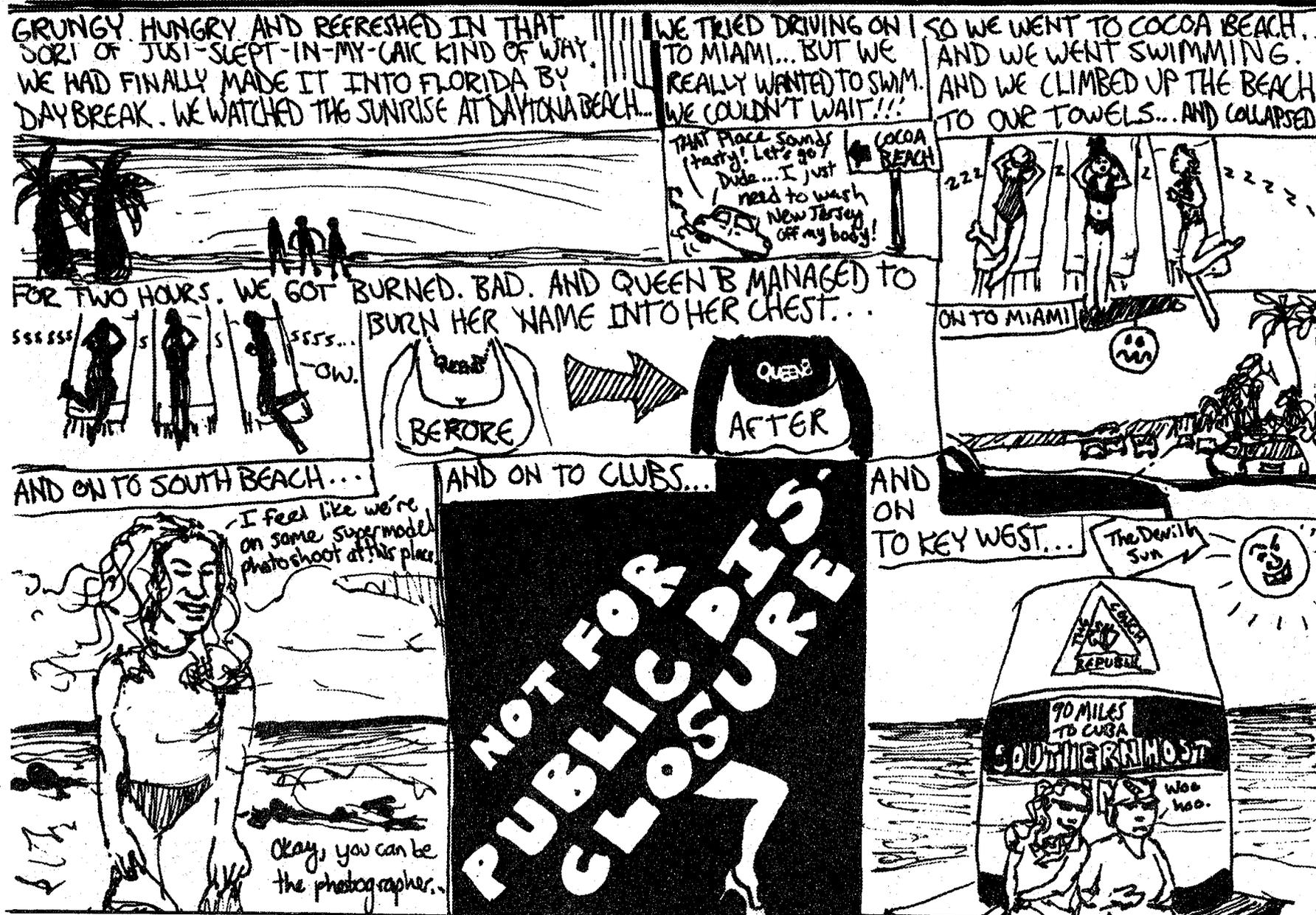
For more information, call Judes Daceus at 216-4915, Francois Canal at 216-5127, or Wilgens Dorisme, at 216-4253

**FEATURES**

**YET ANOTHER COMIC BY THE ARTIST FORMALLY KNOWN AS DEBORAH L. STICHER**



OUR DRIVE DOWN TOOK ROUGHLY 36 HOURS, WITH STOPS AT PLACES THAT LOOKED INTERESTING. MOST OF US HAD NEVER REALLY BEEN TO ANY OF THE STATES WE HAD TO PASS THROUGH, SO WE TRIED TO APPRECIATE EACH PLACE.



ADMITTEDLY THE HIGHWAY ISN'T THE MOST SCENIC ROUTE. SO OUR STOP IN WASHINGTON WAS PERHAPS MOST ENJOYED-

FOR THE SAKE OF VEGETATION.

ONWARD AND OFFWARD TO VIRGINIA!!!!

I must say, I'm quite disappointed by the White Horse...  
Look! It's the Washington Monument... under construction!  
What it actually looked like...  
It's a white... house.

Isn't it funny... they think they're a real state!  
Can we go now? Wait... what?

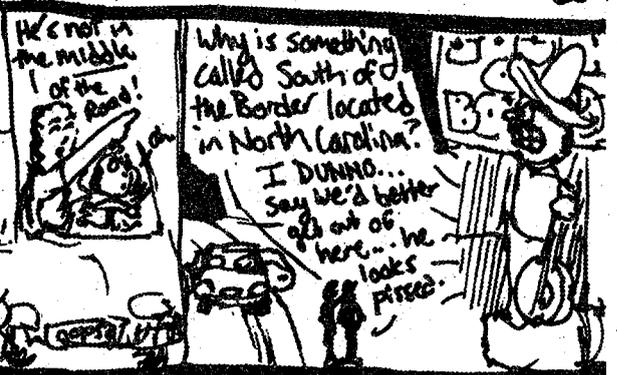


IT WAS ABOUT AT THIS TIME WE BEGAN TO SEE SOUTH OF THE BORDER SIGNS...

AS WELL AS SLEEP-DEPRIVATION-INDUCED HALLUCINATIONS!



Ahhh! There's a 30ft Mexican Stereotype in the middle of the road!!! With a banjo!!! On the humanity!!!  
He's not in the middle of the road!  
Why is something called South of the Border located in North Carolina? I dunno... say we'd better get out of here... he looks pissed.



BY NORTH CAROLINA, THE DRIVE GREW MORE AND MORE TEDIOUS. OUR CD SELECTION WAS DISAPAPTING... FOOD WAS LOW...

Could you move your seat up... BITCH!  
Can you turn off the AC?  
Can you shut up?  
Can we listen to something ELSE?  
Remember that 20 bucks you owe me...? Let's just go home!  
You're getting a little FAT. DIE! DIE!

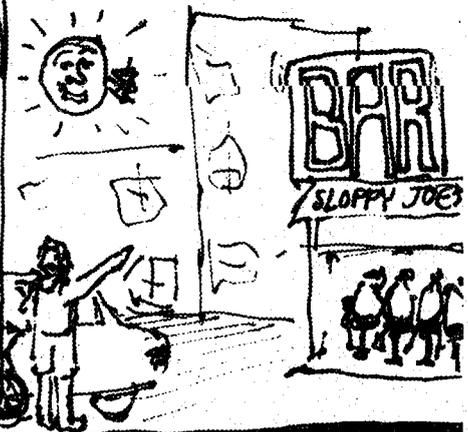
THE NEED FOR A NAP IN THE PARKING LOT OF A WAFFLE HOUSE HAD BECOME READILY EVIDENT...

AT KEY WEST, WE MET UP WITH SOME OF THE LOCALS... THEY WERE QUITE HELPFUL...

HEY BAA- BEE!!  
Huh?  
Oh God, he's stopping!!  
Driving through slums of Key West

Hey there girls... My name's Gordon...  
Fat, guys... Guys... help...

So... uh... is... uh... there anything that you guys do for fun around here?



FOLLOWING THOSE CLUBS WE DECIDED TO GO SWIMMING AGAIN... NIGHT SWIMMING...

ALL WAS WELL... UNTIL...  
DEBB came on in... the water's fine!

I swear, it's like New Jersey is buried under my skin...  
are we ready to go in?  
Is this a dead horseshoe crab?  
I'm not... uh... I'll be on the beach...

Hey, watch this!  
No thanks... I'm fine...

PROING!  
This does not bake well...  
Distinctly 2 feet of water.

AND SO QUEEN B MANAGED TO SUSTAIN A MASSIVE MOUTH INJURY



IT WAS ABOUT AT THIS POINT WHERE WE BEGAN TO FEEL A LITTLE CLAUSTROPHOBIC ABOUT THE KEYS...

You know, if just one bridge goes, we're trapped here!  
God... get me off this godforsaken island goddamnit!

TIME FLIES WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN... WHICH IS PROBABLY WHY THIS TOOK AN ETERNITY... AH, WELL ALL TRIPS MUST COME TO AN END...

US, RIDING OFF INTO THE SUNSET  
SUNBAG!  
1,294 miles TO STONY BROOK

# 'Twelfth Night' Comes to Staller

By D.J. O'Dell

You've seen them on the Springer show, scary drag-queens ready to tell their lovers "Guess what honey, I've got one too." Obviously, gender-bending is quickly becoming a part of our mainstream culture. Some are fascinated by it, some are horrified by it, and some try to say it's disgusting but can't make themselves look away. It would be wrong to think of drag as something contemporary. It's been around ever since panties were panties and boxers were boxers (or whatever other name that has been used throughout time to distinguish our apparel). Shakespeare used it many times in his plays, showing a side of society confused by the fine line of love and appearance. In his play "Twelfth Night," the paradox of love and physical appearance is explored.

Two of the play's central characters, Viola and Sebastian, are twin brother and sister separated at the start of the play. Viola wreaks havoc throughout the play when, after finding herself stranded in the land of Illyria, she decides to dress herself in men's clothing (as a eunuch to the Duke). As a man, she both gains the love of a woman and is confused by some as her brother Sebastian, who, unbeknownst to her, has also found his way to Illyria. The Duke, victim to a played-up love to the Lady Olivia, employs Viola (now known as Cesario) in court-

ing Olivia. Olivia, in turn, falls head over heels in love with Viola, thinking her a man. One can see how hard it would be in that situation to make heads or tails out of what (or who) is going on.

In another plot-line, Shakespeare introduces a group of pranksters who turn one man's life into a misery of ill-begotten love. Malvolio, tricked into thinking Olivia loves him, changes his appearance according to what he thinks she wants. In the end, the pranksters (comprised of Sir Toby Belch, Maria, Feste and Fabian) succeed

**When you meet someone, your very first opinion of them is based on their appearance alone. Before a person even speaks, one would be able to establish whether or not they find the person attractive, while some claim to have fallen completely in love with a person at first sight.**

in having Malvolio imprisoned as a madman. In these major plot lines, Shakespeare explores love and appearance, displaying its many ironic twists and turns.

Thematically, love and appearance are two subjects that have been, since the dawn of human emotion, intertwined in a complex manner. When you meet someone, your very first opinion of them is based on their appearance alone. Before a person even speaks, one would be able to establish whether or not they find the person attractive, while some claim to have fallen completely in love with a person at first sight. Shakespeare stretches the line between these two by offering characters whose motiva-

tion for love is unclear. Do the characters fall in love or lust, and how does gender figure into the equation? As always, Shakespeare leaves much for his audience to interpret as they look in on the love lives of these confused and star-struck characters.

## Dramatis Persona (i.e. cast)

- Orsino: Duke of Illyria. Played by Brendan Riker.*
- Curio: Gentleman attending on the Duke. Played by Tae Byon.*
- Officer: In the service of the Duke. Played by Frank Pedicini.*
- Viola: Later disguised as Cesario. Played by Gia Papini.*
- Sebastian: Her twin brother. Played by Kyle Graceffo.*
- Captain of the wrecked ship: Friend of Viola. Played by Frank Pedicini.*
- Antonio: A sea captain and friend of Sebastian: Played by D.J. O'Dell.*
- Olivia: A countess. Played by Jennifer Darcy.*
- Maria: Olivia's waiting-gentlewoman. Played by Kerry Lovell.*
- Sir Toby Belch: Olivia's kinswoman. Played by Michael Hartney.*
- Sir Andrew Aguecheek: Sir Toby's companion. Played by Andrew Karp.*
- Malvolio: Olivia's steward. Played by Robert Colpitts.*
- Fabian: A member of Olivia's household. Played by Jason Samuels.*
- Feste (Clown): Jester to Olivia. Played by John Everson.*
- Servant to Olivia and Priest: Played by Stephanie Felmly.*
- Understudies: Sara Jean Cole and Stephanie Felmly*
- Scene: Illyria, and another state further along the coast of the Adriatic.*

**The Spot**

Open Wednesday through Saturday from 8 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. with live music, drinks, games and an open grill, featuring Middle-Eastern specialties.

**Graduate Student Lounge**  
located on the 2nd floor of the Fannie Brice Building, Roosevelt Quad

**WUSB 90.1 FM**

Monday through Friday, April 19-23  
at 6:00-6:30 PM

The History of Abortion Rights in the United States  
**"FROM THE BACK-ALLEYS TO THE SUPREME COURT & BEYOND"**

**Part 1: WHEN ABORTION WAS ILLEGAL: Untold Stories**

The first program traces the secrecy and danger of clandestine back-alley abortions. Interviewees include a physician from Texas who performed thousands of illegal abortions; a woman whose sister died from a self-induced abortion; and a nurse who worked in a County hospital, where she cared for women, many of whom died brought to the emergency room infected and bleeding from botched abortions.

**Parts 2 & 3: FROM DANGER TO DIGNITY: The Fight for Safe Abortion**

These two programs document the underground networks of those who helped women find safe abortions and those who broke the silence to change the laws. Interviewees include clergy who ran an illegal abortion referral service based in New York; the founders of "Jane", a group of women in Chicago, none of whom were medical professionals, who performed thousands of criminal abortions in apartments; legislators from coast to coast who risked their careers to propose reform; and an intimate interview with Sarah Weddington, the attorney who stood before the US Supreme Court in 1973 arguing for abortion repeal in *Roe v. Wade*.

**Parts 4 & 5: THE FRAGILE PROMISE of CHOICE: Abortion in the United States Today**

These final programs explore the current situation: the threats of violence to providers; harassment of patients and medical personnel who enter clinics; the underlying costs to poor women of healthcare funding cutbacks and the impact of legislative restrictions on all women who seek abortions.

# A Humble Request to Our Dear President

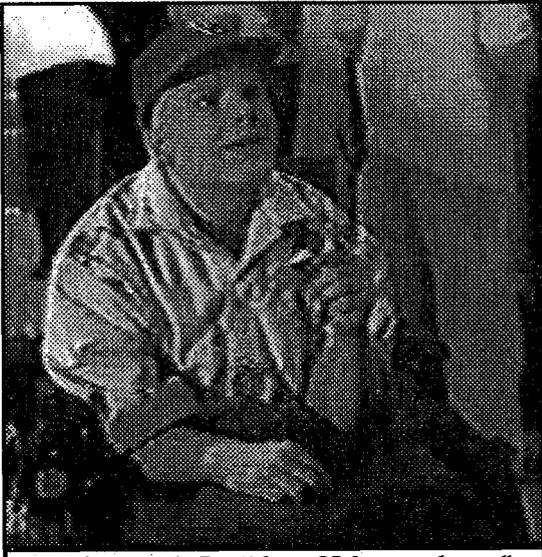
By Russell Heller

Guess what? I wrote the President a letter and I didn't get a personal response. Big fucking surprise.

To: president@whitehouse.gov  
Mr. President,

Hello. I am a first grade teacher in the great state of New York. Recently I have been forced to confront something that no amount of student teaching could ever have prepared me for: one of my students, Timmy Furlong, is currently undergoing radiation therapy for cancer.

At only six years of age, Timmy is being forced by cruel fate to battle for his life. My heart



"Help me Mr. President, Help me please."

bleeds for him when I must watch him being wheeled off to the bathroom to vomit up what little food he has the strength to eat. I look at him suffering every single day and words fail me.

Timmy is a fighter. He does not want to die. Lately, however, the taunts and exclusion from his classmates have taken their toll on poor Timmy's morale. The ridicule he endures is fierce. I have tried my best to explain things to his classmates, but after all, they are only six and I can't expect them to really understand why all the hair on Timmy's little head has fallen out.

I feel somewhat responsible for the treatment Timmy is receiving. Following a long absence from class, Timmy returned and quietly sat down. I asked him to remove his hat, as is the policy in our school. Reluctantly he took it off to reveal his scalp, barren as a toddler's crotch. To this day, I remember the screams and laughter of the other children.

"Ew, Timmy turned into a yucky corpse-boy!" Kids can be so mean to each other without proper understanding.

Day by day I see his will to live fading. One day, while the other children were off playing dodgeball, which Timmy can't participate in, I noticed him admiring my new coat.

"What a nice coat," he said, "It looks awful warm. I need warm clothes because my bones never stop aching. It's more than an ache, though. It's more like, well, like all of my bones are on fire." Mr. President, I almost cried.

I have been following Timmy's case very closely, so when I found out from his parents that the doctors now estimate his chances for survival at 20%, I felt I just had to do something.

"Timmy," I said, "what is the one thing you want more than anything else in the whole wide world?"

"To be a normal boy again." I let Timmy know that the odds of a full remission happening were pretty slim.

"Well then... if there were some way... if my friends would play with me again. And stop calling me corpse-boy..." Corpse-Boy, Mr. President, the children call him Corpse-Boy! That HAS to strike a nerve.

I know what I am about to ask you is a longshot, but I owe it to Timmy to try. Mr. President, Timmy has told me that the only thing that would raise his spirits enough to fight the slow death creeping up on him, would be a show of support from the President of the United States. Possibly Timmy's last request is that you shave your head as a demonstration to him and the other children that Timmy's horrible affliction is not something to be ashamed of.

Thanking you in advance,  
Russell Heller, first grade teacher

The response I received from the president's office was less than supportive of little Timmy's plight. Why we pay taxes to a government that so clearly demonstrates a lack of compassion for its people is beyond me. Thanks a bunch Bill, I'll put a flower on Timmy's grave for you.



From: E I  
Presidente

Thank you for writing to President Clinton via electronic mail.

Since June 1993, the President has received over 2.8 million messages from people across the country and around the world. Online communication

has become a tool to bring government and the people closer together.

Because so many of you write, the President cannot personally review each message, though he does receive samples of his incoming correspondence. The White House Correspondence staff helps him read and respond to the mail. All responses are mailed via the U.S. Postal Service. This is the only electronic message you will receive from whitehouse.gov. No other message purporting to be from the President or his staff with an address at whitehouse.gov is authentic. If you have received such a message, you have received a "spoof."

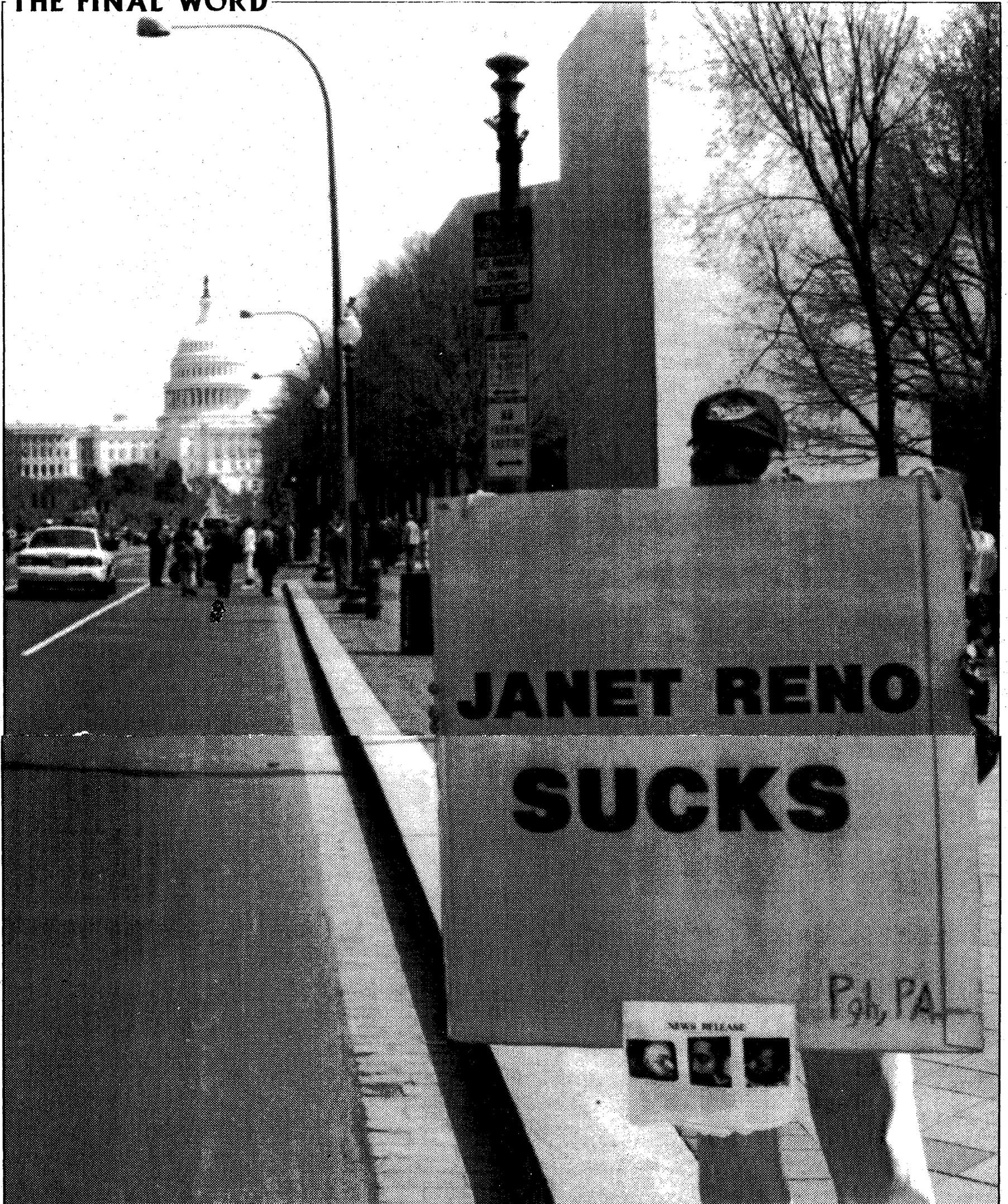
We appreciate your interest in the work of the Administration.

Sincerely,  
Stephen K. Horn  
Director, Presidential E-mail  
The Office of Correspondence

## Stick it to the Man, Get on the Bus!



On April 24th, join thousands of other protesters in the "Million for Mumia March" in Philadelphia, Pa. Bus is free and leaves from the front of the Student Union 7 a.m.



# PRESS OPEN HOUSE

4/21 • 1:00 PM • ROOM 060 • STUDENT UNION

EVEN MORE FUN THAN A VISIT FROM THE ATF

# Lay it if it pays

Last Friday evening, like each and every Friday evening, I was trolling the local bars looking for my early catch. Some of the most attractive men with money to burn frequent common haunts such as the Dublin Down and Heffron's. Around eight o'clock I spotted him across the room downing vodka like it was going out of style. Hiking up my skirt a bit more and sticking out my best assets, I sauntered up to my prey; the smell of sweat, gin and money bombarded my senses. Better than the act, better than the afterwards ahh, the anticipation!

Judging by my keen senses I could detect there was approximately a 1.6 blood alcohol level stirring within him. Knowing this could only enhance my otherwise knockout appearance, I made my move. Never one to mince words, I asked him if he'd like to buy me a drink and go back to my place and fuck. He looked me up and down, from neck to knee, and mumbled, "I guess." Once again I knew my feminine wiles had snagged me a keeper.

He left his cash on the bar, a fifty dollar bill and some singles, and my eyes lit up. As he stumbled out the door, I looked to my left, I looked to my right, and for a split second felt a twingle of guilt as I swept it all in to my purse. After all, a girl deserves more than just an orgasm (if the guy can locate your G-spot) for making the beast with two backs. In this day and age we have to look out for number one. And besides, I could spend the cash on some new CDs.

Once home I lured Brian. I mean Brandon or was it Bradley, oh well, something with a B anyway, to my mattress where we got busier than two orangutans at the Bronx Zoo. I mean, there was more activity than White House interns during a government shutdown. Unfortunately, it lasted for about 15 minutes. But you can take my word for it that it was a truly magical quarter hour filled with moans, groans and the unexpected sound of B's snoring.

Girls, don't you abwhore it when you're riding a guy and he falls asleep when he's still inside you? My close friend Marissa says that women are just too sexually demanding and that men simply can't take it. She recounted the time when her drunken date not only fell asleep, but passed out completely! The doctors insist that he suffered long-term effects from his alcohol poisoning, but Marissa insists that she was just too much to handle. The fact that his liver malfunctions from time to time only supports her theory that while in the throes of passion he had injured himself.

"We are sex goddesses," she tells me in Starbucks over a cup of latte, illustrating her confident attitude towards sex.

This month alone Marissa has slept with more men than I can count on my fingers and toes combined.

"I just like to have a good time. Ya know? There is nothing wrong with that."

I agree wholeheartedly, as long as you're using protection, which Marissa is, do what you want.

"I go to the Price Club and buy Trojans by the 500 pack," Marissa proudly announces as she gives the waiter a coy smile.

After the "good time" I had with Mr. B, I woke him up and kicked his ass to the curb. I reapplied my Cherry Blast lip liner and went back to the bar for round two. It didn't take long to spot the next victims. At the back table were the most gorgeous of all God's creatures; an Anglo-Saxon, English-accented

rugby team. Full of vim and vigor and permeating the room with pheromones, I couldn't resist playing hostess to some nice foreign chaps.

"Chip chip cherrio lads," I said as I invited myself to sit down. Their looks of suspicion and disgust at the *americanus slutus* quickly dissipated when I bought the next round courtesy of Mr. B.

I learned that evening that the language of love isn't French or Italian, it's hard liquor and beer. A lot of both.

We needed two cabs to shuttle the team back to my place and drew straws to see who would go first. I wasn't too particular so I grabbed bachelor number one and bachelor number two (basically the first two guys I could get my mitts on) and led them to the kitchen. I've always enjoyed getting gang-banged on my Chippendale dining table. I can remember with *tesknota*, a Polish word connoting more sorrowful sentiments than nostalgia ever could, the first train I did not too long ago, and the exhilaration I felt afterwards. Ladies, there is nothing more liberating than letting a guy(s) have his way with you.

Score one for Feminism.

The best of the group was a tall blond named Ian who must have been a deep sea diver because he stayed down longer than anybody I've ever been with; that includes my dog Ruffles who I had a brief fling with one slow Saturday night back in '96.

"I love eating out a girl's pussy," Jon, another friend, says over lunch. "I know I'm poor, and I like giving head," he concedes.

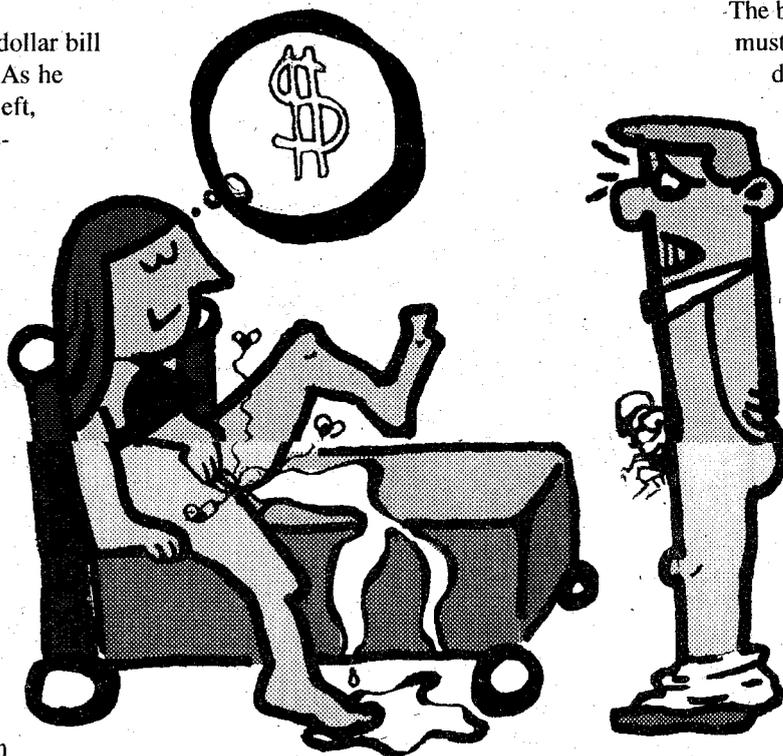
I inform him that I always insist upon receiving cunnilingus during the act. A man automatically goes down in points if he doesn't go down!

Jon's a bit of a playboy and right now he's a kept man. He reminds me of George Peppard's character in *Breakfast At Tiffany's*: A paid apartment, a wardrobe full of designer suits, and no mind of his own. Ponder the thought of one day having my own male bimbo and shudder with delight. No more power play struggles to ascertain hand in the relationship, just orders to follow issued by me. The oscillating dynamic would be interesting, given the gender-reversed arrangement. I would be able to pull the purse-strings, criticize my slave's manners, ignore him at parties populated by my socioeconomic peers and blatantly objectify him.

But these thoughts weren't running through my mind as the rugby team pounded my vagina into a gaping hole-filled with cum. Then and there I reflected on my irresistible power over the weaker half of the human race. Were they really this weak, or am I really this strong? All I knew for certain was that I could get so much more out of copulation; a sense of self-satisfaction and self-worth, pride in a job well done and cold hard cash.

Women, assume that men are spending money on you because 1) that's what men are supposed to do to court you, or 2) men are trying to impress you in the hopes of getting laid. As soon as you know the rules, you're ready to play the game.

I play the game, and play it well. Not only do I make my dates pay my way, but *The Long Island Void* allows me to share my experiences so they can have a regular insightful column on 90s dating, while they provide me with a nominal fee. Thank goodness for the male editorial staff and readers and their testosterone levels.



# Where burgers are king

## Grilled Beef Rules at this Stony Brook Bistro

"I feel a mite peckish," I said, turning to my friend Rob the Ad Guy. "What say we venture out to procure some eats?"

It was a grey afternoon, and we had spent the last few hours studiously plodding at our respective journalistic endeavors. For Rob, this had meant calling Utopia for the umpteenth time, begging them to take out a bigger ad. I, on the other hand, had been trying to come up with a snappy ending for my latest article, "Fat Islander Fans: Why They Hate Tom Gullota." Needless to say, we'd both been doing a lot of crying.

My friend Andrea had mentioned a cafe she'd discovered along Route 347 in Stony Brook, and it sounded like the kind of place that would lift our spirits. And so, Rob and myself headed out to "The Burger King," a low cost American cuisine bistro.

When we entered the restaurant about thirty minutes later, I immediately took note of the creative and lively decor—neon, "Happy Days" style wall booths, and large photographs of various food-stuffs. A shiny portrait of a meat patty between two pieces of bread helped to kick my appetite into overdrive.

I spotted my friend Steve the Scientist sitting in a corner booth. He's the only scientist I know, the kind of guy who works in a lab, laughing and laughing all day as he makes measurements and does some kind of analysis. I moved to invite him to join us, but the woman he sat across from seemed to be in the process of dumping him, so I didn't.

At the serving counter, a uniformed teenager flashed a smile and asked if she could help me. I told her she certainly could, but that I wanted to order some lunch first.

I decided to try their specialty, the "Whopper" (\$2.49), a thick slab of grill-cooked beef set between slices of wheatbread, garnished with lettuce, tomato, and sesame seeds. On the side, I ordered french fries (\$1.39), made hot to order and seasoned liberally with table salt. To wash it down, I decided to try a vanilla shake (\$1.29), a thick milk concoction.

Once the young serving wench had provided me with my "burgher," carefully wrapped in wax paper and presented on a convenient plastic tray, I moved to a booth and took a seat. Rob joined me a mere minute later.

The Whopper was exquisite, flame-cooked to a tasty dark grey color. Each bite sent torrents of beef flavor cascading through my mouth. The french fries provided the twin taste sensations of crispyness and greasiness. I soon discovered that if

I dipped the thin, fried sticks into some of the "Cat-sup" provided in small plastic baggies, I could create an even more flavorful experience.

Rob had taken a more adventurous approach with his meal, ordering a southwestern-style "Rodeo" burgher, doused in zesty barbecue sauces. He was taken with its tangy flavor, and even considered purchasing another. He found his potatoes similarly satisfying.

I soon finished my sumptuous repast, and excused myself to freshen up.

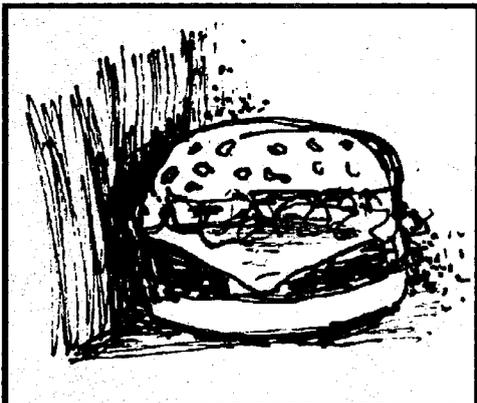
On the way to the bathroom, I ran into this guy my brother knows. While using the charming porcelain urinals, we discussed his meal, a tasty order of tendered chicken strips (\$2.99), fried, ringed onions (\$1.19) and a carbonated orange beverage (\$1.29). He found the chicken to be delicious, pleasantly spiced with cajun seasonings. The onions made his meal, though, delicately sauteed with a light, almost gossamer coating of breadcrumbs.

As I checked my hair in the bathroom's convenient vanity mirror, I noticed a sign above the sink; "Employees Must Wash Hands Before Returning To Work." My heart warmed to know this establishment cared as much about hygiene as it does about taste.

Our hungers sated, Rob and I made our way out of the restaurant, pausing only to deposit our refuse and stack our food-trays at the door.

While driving back to the office in my Gremlin, we reveled over the satiation of our appetite and the fullness of our bellies. We both agreed that the food had been excellent, and that we would surely return again.

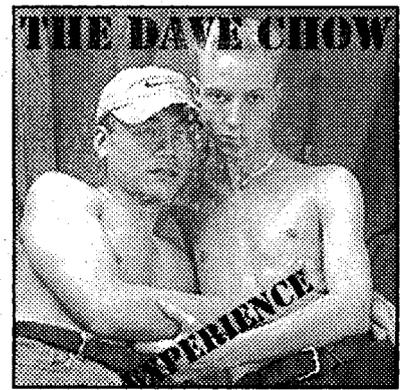
None of this should be tainted, of course, by the fact that I've never been in a restaurant. I didn't give a good review. The King of Burgers speaks for himself.



**The Burger King**  
3942 Route 347, Stony Brook  
516-666-1234

**At the serving counter, a uniformed teenager flashed a smile and asked if she could help me. I told her she certainly could, but that I wanted to order some lunch first.**

## RECORDINGS

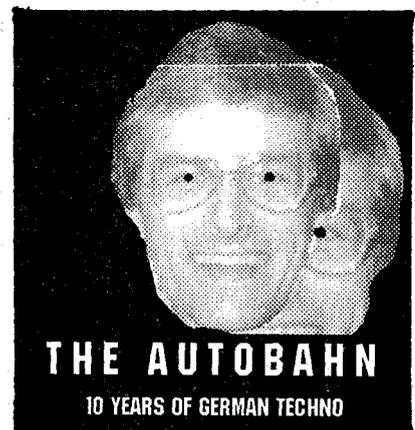


*The Dave Chow Experience - FELCH 'TIL YOU DROP*

Tzadik

In the heyday of modern prog-folk-slam rock, you could always count on the fact that you could go into your local music den, head directly for the pfsr rac, and pick up any random CD with the assurance that you'd be gettin quality grooves. The *Experience*, native to the LI hard core scene, recently performed at the Fleadh festival in NYC. "We're really trying to branch out these days," Chow said. "It's all about electronica."

-Ron Kraut

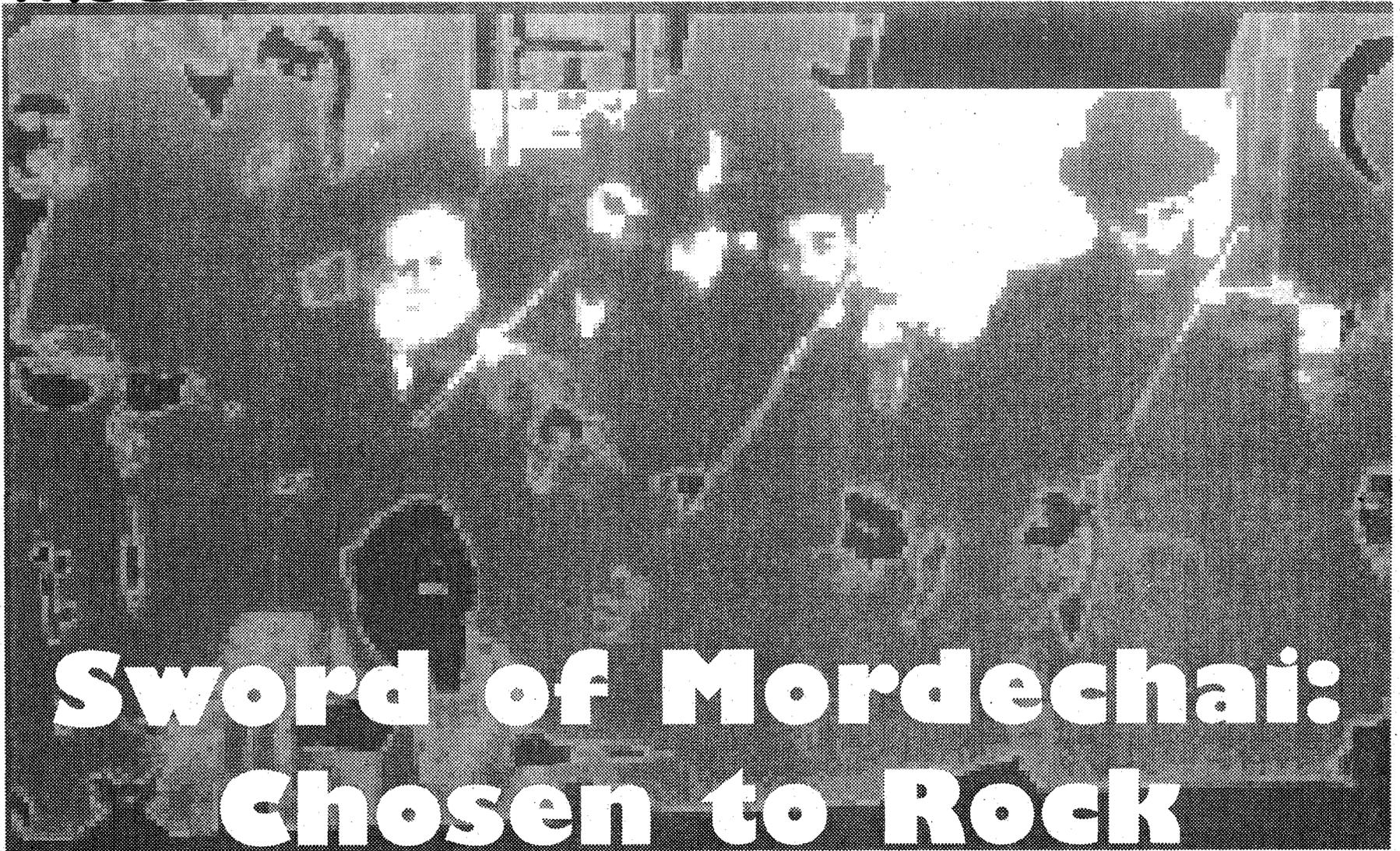


Gert Rosenow

**THE AUTOBAHN COMPILATION: 10 YEARS OF GERMAN TECHNO**

Schipool

Thick German accents, thumpin beats, synthesized grooves with undeniable Irish influence, make the *AutoBahn* a keeper. The opening track, "Doomsday in Dublin" pours on the pain, whining and drilling until it seems every cell in your brain is about to explode – to a house beat, of course. Stolen from Detroit and laced with German schmaltz, *Autobahn* can make even the most frigid hausfrau spread her cheeks and grind a dance floor while fellating a glow stick! *Achtung Baby*, *Autobahn* rocks you harder than Belgian techno.



## The Jews and the Putzes

by Rod Proust

**W**hen one wants to be jolted by jarring blows, infundibular reverberations, and the screech of metal-on-metal, they usually go to a construction site. But this is no place for hard-hats: it's Thursday nights at Deja Who, when death metal fans island wide come to see Massapequa natives Sword of Mordechai belt out an hour of bammin'-jammin'-Satan-summoning-slammin' hard rock.

These five masters of necrotic rumble apply an unusual twist to their already twisted music: they're Orthodox Jews, Hassidim, and their song's content reflects that. Onstage, Sword of Mordechai perform like a band possessed, bursting forth with guns blazing and tzimmis swinging. Clad in deepest black suits and stovepipes, one could mistake Sword for a ska band — until the songs hit you like a brick wrapped in bitter herbs: "Slaying Of The First-Born", "Yom Kippur Rage" ("why won't you fast/God will crush your fucking skull/praise be to the Lord of Zion") and "Purim, Bloody Purim" are just a taste of the rage this Kosher congregation has at its core. The band can be counted on to supply cacophonous symphonies of death metal crunch, mixed with occasional moments of silence during which the members compulsively doven to themselves.

"Baruch ata adonai, praise be to the power of God/slay the Egyptian babes in their golden cribs, mummify the fathers and bolt down the lids," Golem Schwartz intones, spitting into the microphone and taking one hand off the neck of

his guitar to steady his stovepipe. Behind him, a barbed-wire Star of David oozes gooey blood in the deep red lights.

After the show, Golem and I share slugs from a bottle of Manischewitz. I casually ask him if any member of the band eats swine.

"Of course not," he replies. "We will not have congress with anything that wallows in the mud. This includes most of society."

"But ham is really good," I argue. "I like ham."

"It is not for the Sword of Mordechai," he chants, with fierce finality.

I change the topic. Any word from a record label? Some nice Jewish companies in the future?

"You must leave now," he says. "You are disturbing my keppe." Before I can ask him what that means, he tells me "Gay kocken uffen yung," or "Go take a shit on the ocean." I flee, looking to biddable bassist Eppie Rosenthal for more answers.

"All people think Jews are just interested in money, and that they have big noses," he says. "We're here to show them 'Look, Jews aren't wimps. We can rock out with the best of them.' And it helps me make money so I can afford rabbinical college."

Bust isn't he afraid his putrid past will catch up with him? "No," he says laughing. "Death metal and Judaism have always been closely intertwined for me. At my Bar Mitzvah, my theme was Morbid Angel. I set my haftorah to a Tiamat song."

Sword of Mordechai isn't the only scintillatingly sharp set on Long Island. I recently spoke

with Dave Skipper, lead singer and guitarist for the Backdoor Buddies. A strikingly slothful sight in dirty flannel and faded Slint t-shirt, Skipper told me he would have dressed up and showered, except "I don't like your paper. You people suck. Everyone sucks."

"Good morning," I responded.

"What's so fucking good about it?" he replied.

Skipper's attitude towards Long Island music is, to put it simply, vomitastically vociferous. When confronted with names like the Sword of Mordechai, the Sloplaws, Three-Man Opportunity, and Arachnid Andy and the Angry Puppies, Skipper informs me that they "have to get their fucking act together."

"These bands are shit. None of them are as good as my band," Skipper is adamantly anchored on this point. And he has a right to be — after playing twenty-four strenuous semi-consecutive gigs, he's beginning to wonder if anyone is ready to meet his daunting challenge.

Onstage, the Buddies are a study in intensity. Dave Skipper's brother, Putz, plays bass guitar with a serene expression on his face, oblivious to the chaos around him, while the drummer, Dick McFucknuckle, can't seem to shake the irrepressible "I can't afford to eat dinner tonight" grin off his face, no matter how hard he pounds the skin. But Dave himself, his thick brow contorted in agony, beady eyes darting to and fro, dirty sweat drying on his scalp, is the center of the show. His cracked voice and fractious playing are so random, you'd almost think he doesn't have any musical talent whatsoever.

"So my playing is kind of crazy," says Skipper. "That's because we've got such a pulse on music today. The world is crazy. Long Island is crazy. Long Island is shit."

Any word from major labels, Dave?

"Fuck the major labels. They can't handle me, I'm too sensitive."

Indeed.

# Long Island Void Bulletin Board

## TREATMENT FOR LOTDS

(Loss of Third Dimension Syndrome)  
Do you often find yourself walking off cliffs? Do you spend thousands of dollars ordering from the *Acme* catalogue? Do you often feel detached from your surroundings? Treatment is available. Call Dr. Friz Freleng at the Institut Hast du ein Dumkopf.  
(516) 632-9291

## WHERE IS YOUR LITTLE RED BOOK?

The Revolution is *not* over. Join the Greater Port Jefferson Maoist Support Group. "Wo men wei da ling xiou Mao zhuxi wansui!" For additional information, call General Tsao at  
(516)632-3838

## DO YOU SUCK DICK FOR COCAINE?

Or would you like to have *your* dick sucked? This is your opportunity to become a professional coke whore. Call Trixy at (516) 632-6333

SWM, quiet type, likes to keep to himself, looking for dirty, dirty, dirty whores to chop up into a gory chiffonade. Serious replies only.  
(516) 632 - 7507

## Only the Lonely

Leper victim, ISO M/F for perfect complimentation. Likes to play "find the organ" and watch beautiful sunsets.  
(516) 632 - 7786

SWM, 33, has own teeth ISO F, age unimportant, who likes I-CON, short walks and mallomars in bulk for a LTR; extra digits a plus. COME MIND-MELD W/ME.  
(516) 632 - 6974

## HAVE YOU BEEN INJURED?

Do you know someone who has? Do you want to be injured? Call 1-800-SNAPNEK Today!  
Open 24 hours/day, 365 days/year. Chemas & Rosenfeld Legal Services.

## DO YOU WANT TO BE PROBLED?

We're looking for research volunteers for a medical procedure that involves minimal damage. You will be reimbursed \$150. Call Dr. Fistfuck at  
(516) 444 - 2080

STUPID? Need Help? Free Test.  
(516) 632-6460

DIAL - A - HO  
She-males available for bachelor parties. CONFIDENTIAL. Call now, space is limited.  
(516) 632 - 6340

## MEAT-SEEKING-MISSLE

SBiF seeking Latin Lover for Good Time. I'll get the dip, you get the chips, baby! (516) 632 - 6451



**Are you really comfortably numb?**  
Do you want stop using today? If you are an otherwise healthy user of heroin, 21-50, you may be eligible for free and confidential treatment.

Live in a research unit at the National Brookhaven Laboratory complex for three weeks! Treatment includes physical exam and blood work.

For more information, call (516) 632-9393

SWM, 101, 4'11. Barely cognitive, about to disappear off the face of the Earth, ISO 19-20 blond college co-ed to read to me at bedtime. Big tits a must. Serious only. (516) 632 - 6479

## DO YOU SUFFER FROM IMAGINARY PENIS SYNDROME?

Is your member just not measuring up? Are you under the impression that it does?

There are others, help is on the way. We accept most major credit cards.  
Call the Metropolitan Penile Clinic.

**THROB, THROB, MORE THROB**  
Interested? Mighty pulsating Spartan awaits an oiled rubdown from YOU!  
Drugs and diseases a definite plus.

Call if you dare!  
(516) 632 - 9316

## Hot, Hung, Hairy

Italian maestro seeks prepubescent girls and boys for movie - op. Parents welcome. I am an Equal Opportunity Employer.  
(516) 216 - 3921

## SECOND CUMMING

Jesus Christ Seeking Temptation

I met you on the Park Bench Shuttle last Friday. I was drunk, you were pretty. I'd love to see you again. I'm a hopeless romantic.  
(516) 632 - 6457.

## BALDNESS IS SEXY!!!!!!

That is why I have electrocized all the hair off my body. I am smoother than a Gillete. Want to trace my curves with your tongue?  
(516) 632 - 7375

## MIDGET AMPUTEE PORN FOR SALE

Wide selection, prices negotiable  
(516) 476 - 8977

Horny SWF's seeking well endowed gentleman for sloppy, crazy sex, possibly involving small woodland creatures. Must have references.  
(516) 216- 1033

**Texas Belle University Prez**  
ISO sinister, world-dominating corporation for shady contractual shenanigans, dick-sucking, rape of intellect, and ass-reaming. Call 632-6265

SWM, with original teeth and good bladder control, seeking a vibrant young woman, 70-85, to share walks on the beach and shuffleboard. Must be able to handle solid food.  
(516) 216-1922

## STACKED PRETEENS NEEDED

Are you a 10-13 year old girl who has developed a little early? You might qualify to star in a documentary about the dangers of hormones in cow milk. No vegans. Call Starlet Enterprises for an audition.  
(516) 632-6501

## Free Tickets!

Attend a free screening of "Pimps Up, Hos Down," an exciting new documentary chronicling the lives of some very special people.  
(516) 632-6469

*The Long Island Voice* seeks competent editors and writers. GED required. Call Voice for more details.