

THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. XXI No. 10

"G.I. Journalism!"

February 23, 2000

G.I.'S AND GAYS:
CAN THEY MIX
ON COLLEGE
CAMPUSES?

—PAGE 3—

THE DISCLAIMER:
"THE INSERT THAT
MAKES A DAMN
FINE BUTT *PLUG*"

—IN THE MIDDLE—

Campus Events

Members of the
African Students Union
 cordially invite you
 to attend a program on
**"HIV/AIDS in
 Minority Communities"**
 HIV/AIDS is presently one of the top causes of
 death in minority communities.
 Various guest speakers and people living with
 AIDS will be in attendance to bring
 awareness and focus on this issue.
 Join us on Thursday, February 23
 at 9 pm in the
 University Cultural Center.
 For more info: contact Joy Andrew at 216-4285.


**STUDENT BODY AND
 MEMBERS OF THE
 SURROUNDING COMMUNITY
 LISTEN UP:**
 HARD AS IT MAY
 BE TO BELIEVE,
THE STONY BROOK PRESS
 HOLDS MEETINGS EVERY
 WEDNESDAY DURING
 CAMPUS LIFETIME IN RM.
 060 OF THE STUDENT
 UNION. AND GET THIS,
YOU'RE INVITED!
 CALL 632-6451 OR MAIL SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU
 FOR MORE INFORMATION

Actors, Dancers, Musicians, Writers, Visual Artists:

The Shirley Strum Kenny Student Arts Festival April 25-30

Apply at: Academic Advising center, art, music or theatre main office, Greeley Residence Hall Lobby.

Deadline: March 9th. For more info, call Randy Thomas at 632-9858 or Lisa Spitaleri at 632-6109

**WUSB Special
 Programs For
 Black History
 Month**

Friday, Feb. 25
 Haile Selassie-The Ital Doctor celebrates
 the life and times of the spiritual father
 of Reggae music, Haile Selassie I.
On Rockin' Iratation at 7 pm.
Monday, Feb. 28
 The Underground Railroad in Song-
 Escape North with the songs that helped
 slaves to freedom, only to find that
 "heaven was less than fair." With Gerry
 Riemer, on *Traditional Folk* at 6:30 pm.
AND
 From 10pm through 3am on Leap Day:
 A History of Hip-Hop

L G B T A
Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender Alliance
Meetings:
 Tuesday's @ 7:30 pm
 and
 Thursday's @ 9:30 pm
Where:
 Room 045A
 (Union Basement)
More Information:
 Call 63(2-6469)
 Email: pride@ic.sunysb.edu
 Website: <http://www.ic.sunysb.edu/clubs/pride>
 Friendly, Fun and Safe!
 Supportive and Informative!
 Your Anonymity is Always
 Kept Confidential!

my what a big gun you have...

By Shari Goldsmith

A decision was reached on Feb. 11, 2000 in the military investigation of two Army recruiters, regarding the alleged harassment of a gay student at SUNY Stony Brook four months ago.

Captain Stephens, the commanding officer of the detachment assigned to Army recruiting on Stony Brook University's campus, said that he could not disclose the military's findings before the meeting with school officials scheduled for Feb. 23. Stephens did say that he would be accompanied by Sergeant Hunkele, the Non-Commissioned Officer in Charge of Staff Sergeants Bell and Smith, to apologize to the university for the incident of "the alleged harassment."

The student who filed the initial complaint, who wished to remain anonymous, reacted to the Army's conclusion by saying, "it's kind of weird that they're still calling the incident 'alleged.'"

Major Nell, of the New York City recruiting battalion, said the two accused non-commissioned officers would receive official letters of reprimand, and will be required to take "consideration of others" training. Nell also explained that the two junior NCO's will continue their recruitment duties, which include visiting other college campuses.

Carmen Vasquez, dean of students, declined to respond at this time, and anticipates obtaining the results of the investigation in an official capacity at the meeting scheduled on Feb. 23. "We're waiting to see what actions the Army takes," said Vasquez.

According to Vasquez, the university has no reason to conduct its own investigation, because the school's policy is that a student's complaint is believed to be the truth.

The victim alleges that on Oct. 12, 1999 two Army recruiters were tabling in the Student Union next to the booth for the Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender Alliance (LGBTQA), and one of the recruiters continued to sexually harass this student, working at the booth, over the course of an hour. It was charged that the words "freak" and "faggot" were used. The recruiter called the student an "AIDS infested bastard" as he watched him take headache medication. Then the recruiter went on to say, "Maybe you shouldn't have swallowed all that cum last night," when the victim was coughing. The student stated that he did not respond because, "these were two men who had been trained to kill."

At the start of the investigation in early November, the army's investigator, Captain Prentise, told school officials and the student involved that the investigation would take two to three weeks. Four months after the alleged incident Captain Stephens could not account for the unexpected delay, but conceded, "It's unfortunate that this investigation has taken way, way too long."

The student involved said that he has not heard from the army since his questioning by Captain Prentise in November. The

Captain asked what the student wanted from the army. The student responded that he wanted the army to apologize.

The alleged victim said, "I'm not a vengeful person." He continued, "It's been four months and I never received my apology."

Staff Sergeants Bell and Smith, from the Coram Recruiting Station, were the two men under investigation for the alleged harassment of the homosexual Stony Brook student. When questioned, Bell stated, "I have no idea who this person is."

Bell and Smith expressed their belief that the charges brought by the student were in reaction to the publicity surrounding an incident in Fort Campbell, KY. "The issue regained national attention in July 1999 when Army Pfc. Barry Winchell was beaten to death by a fellow soldier who suspected he was gay. Two soldiers at Fort Campbell, KY, were courtmartialled for their roles in the killing," according to a story by Vince Crawley in The Army Times. Bell referred to the incident and said, "this is the type of thing that band's people together, directed against us [the army]."

The student making these accusations said that he didn't remember hearing about the Army's incidents of violence against gays until after his own encounter. "I have no problem with them [the army]; I considered joining ROTC." The student also said that his father is in the Navy.

Charges of a biased harassment were originally filed against the Army recruiters with the Office of Diversity and Affirmative Action. All military recruiters were immediately suspended from using space on Stony Brook's campus. Two days later, military recruiters, except those representing the Army, were allowed to return to the campus. Officials said the university feared losing federal funding in accordance with the rules of the Solomon Amendment.

As of late October, a provision was tacked onto the U.S. Department of Defense fiscal-2000 budget. The most controversial part of the Solomon Amendment of 1996 has been nullified, and now allows colleges and universities to bar ROTC units and military recruiters from their campuses without fear of losing federal student aid. In its original form, implemented in 1990, the Solomon Amendment prohibited federal aid to universities refusing military and ROTC recruiting on their campus.

Referring to the recent provisions, "The Solomon Amendment has lost its teeth, in a sense," according to Captain Stephens.

Steven Youngstein, Co-chairman of Stony Brook University's LGBTQA's chapter,

when asked about possibly motioning to permanently ban the Army from recruiting on Stony Brook's campus, he said, "We don't feel they [the Army] should be banned on campus," he continued, "The only one's that should be penalized are the individuals."

The Solomon Amendment took effect when President Bill Clinton's "don't ask, don't tell, don't harass," policy was enforced. This allowed members of the military to conceal their sexual preference, in order to avoid discrimination.

The military's "don't ask, don't tell, don't harass" policy regarding homosexuals joining the armed forces, was recently under review. At the instruction of the Pentagon, every member of the armed forces will undergo training to prevent anti-gay harassment, in an effort to drive home a policy that is poorly understood.

When asked about the government's policy on gays in the military, "If people are openly gay in the military, we must make them leave. They should not make an issue of it and keep it to themselves," said Captain Stephens. "I don't think the army is ready [for open homosexuality]."

Regarding the government's "don't ask, don't tell policy," the student involved in the alleged harassment said, "Some people can't accept gays in the military. What they don't know can't hurt them."

Youngstein (LGBTQA), reacted to the military's policy of exclusion to openly gay people, "The policy is a sad excuse to avoid the issue at hand," Youngstein continued, "Homosexuals should be in the military comfortably or not at all."

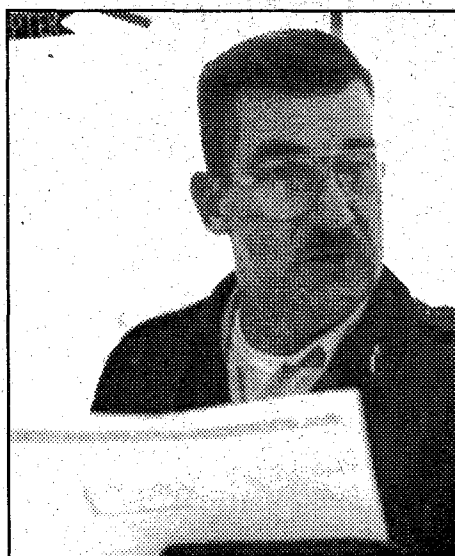
Captain Stephens also said, "A better policy would be: I am who I am. Accept me as who I am, but we're soldiers; we do as we're ordered."

In an effort to prevent incidents of harassment of homosexuals, as an example the Army says it has incorporated this scenario of on-campus, homophobic harassment as part of their company's training program, according to Captain Stephens. "We don't tolerate this type of behavior in our organization; it can be detrimental to everyone."

Out of concern for future incidents of violence, Youngstein wants to establish guidelines for guests on campus. He wants the implementation of a "strikes period" that would increase the penalties for repeated violations of the school's code, and that would take the severity of the event into account.

At the prompting of a concerned student, after hearing about this incident of on-campus harassment, the school is creating a statement regarding the use of campus facilities. According to Dean Vasquez, the state and the university have guidelines in place for any use of campus space intended for all groups. These written guidelines will be accessible through a publication intended for distribution in the Fall 2000 semester.

Pictures by David Gafney. Russell Heller contributed to this article.



Does Anyone Even Care?

For a school once called the Berkeley of the East, we here at Stony Brook exhibit a flaccid level of activism. Does it matter to you if Shirley creates a rat maze out of the academic mall? Does it matter that those dumb ass paths and that fanciful fountain cost taxpayers money? Does it suggest a misdirected sense of priorities? How about the cost involved in changing our sports status to Division 1? Does that million dollar per year cost seem silly?

We proved we can be activists when the Chartwells corporation tried to milk corporate profits from the students wallets, but can we act when our best interests are not so immediately at stake? No one spoke up when the campus police decided that they needed guns to keep the peace here at Stony Brook. No big rallies occurred when the tuition was raised by state politicians and administrators. In Mexico, students took over and shut down the University to protest the a raise of \$70 in tuition. Was that too radical?

When faced with a change that threatens ones position in this society, nothing short of armed resistance is too radical. Public education is a progressive concept, based on the idea that education is a right that should not be limited to the wealthy. When the tuition

was raised to \$70 in Mexico, a segment of the student population was faced with leaving due to the new pricetag. They fought not only for themselves but for future generations of poor Mexicans. The right to education for all ought to be universal. Is it universally available to Americans? If we don't prepare our elementary and secondary school students for college level education, we are preparing them to fail if they choose to continue their education.

Do we care that the capital punishment system is executing innocent men? Do we care that the police are killing our youth without trial? Does it matter to anyone that our public education system is producing a class of laborers too poorly educated to understand their own oppression?

Students are too involved in classes and extracurriculars to get involved. That frat social is more important than the Mumia rally. That night at the Bench is more important than researching administration paperwork to discover how they are fucking us, not if they are fucking us. SSK and her cronies know that we are too self involved to care what will happen here in five years. We should care because chances are, our children will be going here.

Letter to the Editor

Striking The Big Mouth

Dear-Press,

I've often wondered if you guys had a CD reviewer, mainly because I have interest in doing it, and after your last issue I'm still wondering. Admittedly, I cannot speak about Craig Schlanger's reviews in your Feb. 9th issue, as I have not heard either of those three CDs, but I can speak on his Ten Album's To Have: The 90's. While some of those CDs are good, they are hardly ones To Have. A "To Have" album, to me, is those that are influential and groundbreaking or, at the very least, the best work the artist has done.

Your Arsenal is a good album, Seasick, Yet Still Docked is an amazing song. But his best work? No. Influential? No. The Queen Is Dead, by his former band, is influential. Nevermind is a good album, In Utero is better. Goo is the poppiest-Sonic Youth ever got, but not the most influential. Their influence comes from their 80's albums, such as Daydream Nation. GZA isn't

influencing anyone on his own without Wu-Tang. Morbid Angel? Please.... I won't even dignify.

I can't really pick apart everything because it'd make this a very long letter. All I can do is give you my personal list of "To Have" albums of the 90's. I think you'll see that even though my list is hardly complete and still sucks, it is still worlds better than his in representing a decent cross section of influential albums from the 90's.

-- Sean Bennett

In no order:
Leftfield - Leftism
Portishead - Dummy
Radiohead - The Bends
REM - Automatic For The People
Bjork - Post
Massive Attack - Blue Lines
Tori Amos - Little Earthquakes
Nine Inch Nails - Broken EP
Blur - Parklife
Chemical Brothers - Dig Your Own Hole

PRESS

Executive Editor
Hilary "Helmut" Vidair

Managing Editor
Russell "Movin' up the Ladder" Heller

Associate Editor
Good Question

Business Manager
Daniel Yohannes

News Editor
Shari Goldsmith

Features Editor
D.J. O'Dell

Grammar Nazi
Glenn "Squirrel" Given

Web Master
Timothy Lackey

Ombudsman
John Giuffo

Secretary of Evil
"The Mysterious" Josh

Staff

Jill Baron, Walter Boot, D. H. Campbell,
Tim Connors, Elvis Duke, Candice
Ferrete, David Gafney, Rob Gilheany,
Angelos K. Hannides, Jennifer Hobin,
Brian Kate, D-Kline, Brian Libfeld,
Fredrica L. Livingston, The Lunatic,
Rob Pesin, Jovian Radheshwar, Scoop
Schneider, Theodore Smirlis, Chris
Sorochin, Debbie Sticher,
Donald Toner, Joanna Wegielnik,
Michael Yeh

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

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



WINNER

1999 NEWSDAY SCHOOL JOURNALISM AWARDS

- FIRST PLACE IN COMMENTARY
- SECOND PLACE IN PHOTOGRAPHY

1998 CAMPUS ALTERNATIVE JOURNALISM AWARDS

- FIRST PLACE IN REPORTING
- FIRST PLACE IN HELLRAISING
- BEST SENSE OF HUMOR

TO FEE OR NOT TO FEE?

By Candice Ferrette

At a time when forward-looking technological change is occurring at warp speed on college campuses nationwide, Scott Southworth is causing one of the fundamental aspects of the public university to step backwards. He endangers minorities in campus life, diversity in higher education and democracy in American society. It is because of this threat that student groups at Stony Brook are holding their breath as they await a decision that may drastically change higher education in America.

In the coming weeks, the Supreme Court is expected to decide on the case of Southworth vs. Grebe. The case involves Scott Southworth, a law student at the University of Wisconsin, who sued his university because he felt that the mandatory student fee should be abolished. His objection was based on the idea that he, as a conservative Christian, was supporting groups that were too "political" or "ideological." Translation: groups that he didn't give a damn for, and therefore shouldn't give a dime to.

Scott Southworth was not just being a stingy bastard. He and two other law students argued that by paying the mandatory student activity fee, money used to support a system for a variety of campus based student groups, he was indirectly supporting groups that advocated ideas to which he was opposed.

Recruited by the conservative, right-winged group the Alliance Legal Defense Fund, a law firm whose mission statement is directed to "defund the Left," Southworth noted that he was only opposed to funding the 18 organizations that espoused gay rights, women's rights and other ideologically liberal causes.

But his money also supports more than 100 other groups to which he was not opposed, including conservative Christian organizations like the Pro-Life Action League and Campus Crusade for Christ, as well as the Catholic Student Union, Buddhists and Muslims.

As is the case at Stony Brook it is the student activity fee that serves as the support system for these and many more organizations.

After triumphing over the University of Wisconsin in the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals, in which the court ruled that mandatory fees for political and ideological student activities were unconstitutional, Southworth vs. Grebe was brought before the Supreme Court this past November. As a result, we now have questions about our own system as university students, and more importantly as SUNY students.

This system not only supports these organizations, but preserves the long-time mission of not only higher education, but more importantly public higher education.

Essentially, what Southworth is opposed to is idea of the campus as a micro-cosm of the real world and as a "marketplace for ideas" and a place for congregation regardless of creed, color or orientation. Where would society be had the university not served

as a forum for views, and a stomping ground for movements?

In a poll conducted here for two days last November 89% of the campus community chose to have a mandatory student activity fee. Groups like the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG) are reaching out to

other Stony Brook student groups and those of some 84 SUNY campuses to sign-on to a coalition that will work to keep the mandatory student activity fee in New York should the Supreme Court rule in favor of Southworth.

"The best thing for students to do at this point is to stay informed," says Todd Stebbins, program coordinator for NYPIRG. "We don't

want the decision to come down to some blue-haired woman on the SUNY Board of Trustees.

Should the Supreme Court favor Southworth, the student activity fee issue would be handled on the state level.

For Stony Brook

and other SUNY schools, this could be an overwhelming topic partially because this issue would be in the hands of officials that are generally not SUNY friendly, officials appointed by Governor Pataki.

It is a grave day when money, and the improper usage of the First Amendment collide to undermine the university system in this country. Those that support Southworth forget the basic principles upon which the public university system was founded: to provide a place where intellectual ideas may be cultivated and to act as a haven for those who do not have the resources to act on their own. Since the black civil rights movement of the 1950's, the campus has acted as the clubhouse for movements and countermovements, and now, 50 years later, the funding of this forum is threatened. It doesn't make sense.

Where will we be able to fully express our ideas, whatever they may be, and with what resources if not an neutral, umbrella distribution system such as the student activity fee?



Beautiful weather for an angry mob, yes?

Essentially, what Southworth is opposed to is the idea of the campus as a microcosm of the real world and as a "marketplace for ideas."

S u m m e r P o s i t i o n s N o w A v a i l a b l e !

**Sunshine Summer Prevention Programs
Building a Drug-free & Violence Free Community**

Positions Available:

- Director's Assistant- 3 week program
- Director's Assistant- 7 week program
- Teen Program Coordinator- 4 week program
- Teen Program Coordinator's Assistant- 4 weeks
- Medical Personnel/Summer Assistant- 7 week program
- Recreation Coordinator- 7 week program

Benefits Include:

- Excellent opportunity to experience working with a diverse population
- Excellent summer hours
- Making a positive difference in the lives of our youth

APPLICATIONS NOW ACCEPTED

(include resume)

To Apply, call 476-3099

LICENSE TO KILL

By Chris Sorochin

Well, the prosecution has just rested in the trial of the four police officers who gunned down Amadou Diallo in the Bronx last year. I've been following the trial on WBAI (99.5 FM), where one commentator quipped, "How can you rest when you haven't even gotten out of bed?" Though hopes were high as a result of last year's massive protests, it doesn't look good for the cause of justice.

The aroma of the rat surfaced when it was announced that the trial would not be held in the Bronx, but in Albany. It was argued that due to all the publicity, they couldn't possibly receive a fair trial in the Bronx. The Bronx, you see, is full of non-Caucasian folks who know all too well how outfits like the Street Crimes Unit operate. They know, for example, that they don't address the locals as "Sir" or politely request the privilege of "a word with you," as the officers testified. Any Metro Area jury would have seen through this sham immediately.

I'm from upstate and, much as I resent it when someone implies all upstaters are rednecks, it is true that many people there, as in much of the rest of the country, loathe and fear New York City. This is due to a media-fed image of NY as a repository of lawlessness and violence, of non-whiteness and non-straightness, of immigrants and gang-bangers and welfare mothers, presided over by wealthy homosexuals and Jewish crypto-communists who sneer at "traditional American values." Their view of the police is similarly likely to be formed by those purportedly "true-life" shows like "COPS" (in which the officers never use racial slurs or gratuitously beat folks down) or their higher-rent cousins like "NYPD Blue."

The prosecution didn't fight too hard over this change of venue, nor did they do much to give them a very accurate picture of what residents of neighborhoods like Diallo's live with on a regular basis: the street and building sweeps in which no one has any right to privacy, the automatic suspicion and harassment of any young black or Latino man, the contempt within most of these cops (who live in places like Long Island or Sullivan County and consider the places they work to be jungles full of animals), the frequent shakedowns, beatings and murders perpetrated with impunity by police.

The Albany jury was not allowed to know the slogan of the Street Crimes Unit—"We Own the Night"—a charming sentiment they borrowed from Nazi Brownshirt groups. A defense witness who was declared "hostile" when she related how she heard the four cops planning what they would say after the shooting, could be discredited when it was revealed she had previous "contact with law enforcement." Yet, for some reason not clearly articulated, the prosecution could not bring in the record of complaints against the officers, especially officer Kenneth Boss, who was involved in a previous wrongful death case.

Nope, the jury mainly saw some clean-cut remorseful white guys, laying their lives on the line (as the cliché goes), who happened to mistakenly blow away some worthless little dark man. I'm sure

they didn't hear about a post-shooting visit to Diallo's apartment by police to find something with which to "dirty" him.

Why would the Bronx District Attorney's office do such a halfhearted job? Well, prosecutors work closely with police and depend on police cooperation in their cases. If the prosecution went all out and did everything possible to convict these guys, they might just find all kinds of frustrating obstacles in their subsequent endeavors. Evidence might just mysteriously disappear, witnesses might change their minds about testifying, important information may just never be imparted. Lots of cases would be lost and it wouldn't look good. Heads would roll, etc.

If the individual prosecutor ever decided to run

for another office, well, it's an unsavory fact of political life that it's often difficult to win such elections without the support of the PBA; which may be one reason we're subjected to such a volume of mindless "tough on crime" rhetoric at election time.

By the final recess on Thursday, February 17, both prosecution and defense were as of one voice in asking jurors to consider the possibility

of reduced charges. The only hope now lies with the jury, that some of them may be educated enough to realize what's going on and nullify these farcical proceedings.

*mouth*piece (mouth'pes) n. 1. a part, as of a musical instrument or a telephone, that functions in or near the mouth. 2. (Sports) A protective rubber device worn over the teeth, as by boxers. 3. (Informal) One, such as a spokesperson, through which views are expressed. 4. (Slang) A defense lawyer.*

—American Heritage Dictionary

I can't leave this topic without my own personal reflection. The last person on the stand was an expert witness, one Dr. James Fyfe of Temple University Law School. He was a member of the New York Police Department for many years and attended law school, I believe on NYPD coin. He testifies in such trials in support of the police, as to what is considered regular police procedure. I don't believe the prosecution in the Diallo case bothered to ask him if perjury is accepted procedure (according to many sources it is), but Frank Serpico claims that Fyfe has distorted his experience in his writings.

A couple years ago, St. John's Law School held a forum on Terry v. Ohio, a landmark case in the notorious "stop and frisk" tactic. I was there and there was precious little said about the racial basis of much stopping and frisking. Fyfe did bring up the issue of stop and frisk on the basis of race. He told this little tale from his days on the job:

"A bunch of officers were drinking at a bar in Rockaway (a place he readily admitted was racially segregated, a situation that didn't seem to bother him at all, but pretty indicative of the racism inherent in much of police culture). The revelers heard a

commotion outside and discovered that the police had stopped a young black man driving a Cadillac. The Caddy had a local parking permit sticker on it and, (of course the black guy couldn't possibly have been from the neighborhood because it was segregated) sure enough, the car turned out to be stolen." The moral of the story was that racial profiling (and presumably segregated neighborhoods) were useful in fighting crime.

Fyfe didn't relate how many of the alcohol-soaked off-duty officers may have jumped on the hapless car thief and given him what for before charging him with "resisting arrest" or "assaulting a police officer," but I suspect that these things, too, may come under the rubric of "standard procedure" in his moral universe.

He finished with the trite reminder that the police were out there "making the streets safe for democracy." Do tell. All too many reports from minority and low-income areas suggests that this is the same type of "democracy" that Ronald Reagan hoped to foist on Central America by sponsoring death squads to terrorize the inhabitants. These neighborhoods consider the police an extremely hostile occupation force and I'm told that every black man, no matter his social class or occupation, has a story of being detained and harassed for no reason other than his skin tone.

Erin Go Bragh-less

St Paddy's Day is almost upon us, and you know what that means: the annual spectacle of Irish gays and lesbians being excluded (as gays and lesbians) from the traditional parade down Fifth Avenue, due to the homophobic bigotry of the small-minded amadans at the Ancient Order of Hibernians. There will also be, I assume, the now-traditional disruption and protest. That's all so confrontational, but this year there's going to be a positive alternative.

In Ireland, a supposedly conservative place, the lavender set are having no problem marching, so an authentic, inclusive Irish parade will take place on Sunday, March 5, in Sunnyside and Woodside, Queens, where many Irish immigrants live and a wee splotch of Irish culture co-exists with other intriguing communities of new arrivals. *Fáilte roimh chách*—all are welcome! The festivities begin on Stillman Av. in Sunnyside at 1 p.m., but the Bread and Puppet Theater is looking for volunteers to animate their famous creations, so show up at 11am if you want to be part of it. It's not too late for groups to march either. For more info, call 718-390-3542.

When it's over, may I recommend you visit one of the Irish-style pubs in the area, which do not feature such offenses to good taste as green Budweiser and plastic shamrocks and are the closest thing to real Irish watering holes you'll find on this side of the Atlantic.

On a less prideful note, there is to be an authentic Third Reich book burning

at Lily Flanagan's in Rockville Centre on March 11. It seems some loyal sons of Limerick want to burn Frank McCourt's Angela's Ashes for the way it portrays their hometown. I don't understand why they don't simply write their own stuff in praise of the grimy old Viking city. They seem not to understand that controversy sells books and they're doing McCourt no harm whatsoever. They're also reviving a really ugly historical precedent.



A daily log on to www.bacon.com

TO BAN BONGS: THE METH TROJAN HORSE

By Anthony Barbera

Can you imagine a world without Utopia's "18 and Over" room? Where the magazine "High Times" features cross-country runners who get off on hyperventilating? Where Snoop Dogg and Dre rap about the dangers and evil of smoking pot (or worse, simply don't talk about it at all)? If a certain group of congressmen manage to achieve that extra level of sleaze as only they know how, this may become a very real, very near and very frightening future.

In late July, Senators Orin G. Hatch and Dianne Feinstein introduced a lovely little piece of legislation to congress, S. 1428: the "Methamphetamine Anti-Proliferation Act of 1999". Its purpose - to modify, update, and strengthen the DEA's most powerful anti-drug legislation to date: the Controlled Substances Act and the Controlled Substances Import and Export Act.

Feinstein and Hatch, as you may or may not recall (depending on how much you've smoked since then), last had a chance to pursue their "anti-meth" (and you'll see why quotation marks are necessary soon enough) campaign when they passed the "Comprehensive Methamphetamine Control Act" through congress in 1996.

Of course, I'm pretty sure that no one wants a world filled with meth labs, where kids can download faulty instructions on how to make it from common household cleaners, only to end up like week-old steamed vegetables for the rest of their considerably shorter lives. The argument here isn't against the outward policy manifested, for example, in the title of the bill; whatever your position on meth itself, it seems fairly concordant with official government drug policy - namely, working against the spread of drug use and manufacturing.

The problem is that there is a very sketchy underside to the bill, which, to the discerning reader, looms almost too large to miss. Richard Cowan, the mind behind MarijuanaNews.Com, calls it the ol' "bait & switch"; I prefer to call it "more sketchy shit." Whatever you want to call it, it means that there is, as is often the case with drug legislation, a "top secret super surprise hidden agenda," which is, of course, so blatantly apparent to even the most crudely trained chimp (or, in the Senate's case, chump): this "anti-methamphetamine" bill is actually a disguised piece of anti-marijuana legislation, one that is quite frightening to consider.

The first words in the bill are immediately suspect: "A bill to amend the Controlled Substances Act and the Controlled Substances Import and Export Act relating to the manufacture, traffic, import and export of amphetamine and methamphetamine, and for other purposes." It only takes six pages of this twenty-five page document for these "other purposes" to become clear. Section five of the bill changes the Controlled Substances Act, Sec. 863 (on drug paraphernalia), from its original text - "It is unlawful for any person-- (1) to sell or offer for sale drug paraphernalia; (2) to use the mails or any other facility of interstate com-

merce to transport drug paraphernalia; or (3) to import or export drug paraphernalia" - to include the following: "(1) to sell, directly or indirectly advertise for sale, or offer for sale drug paraphernalia". This doesn't seem terribly disastrous - how often are you Jonesing to order crack pipes on the shopping channel? But take a look at other items in "drug paraphernalia": "(1) metal, wooden, acrylic, glass, stone, plastic, or ceramic pipes with or without screens, permanent screens, hashish heads, or punctured metal bowls; (2) water pipes; (5) roach clips: meaning objects used to hold burning material, such as a marijuana cigarette, that has become too small or too short to be held in the hand; (12) bong". Quite a comprehensive (and yet strangely ambiguous) list of our most useful implements. What does this mean? Well, it seems like head shops are going to have to really push those plastic glow-in-the-dark demon heads, septum rings, and, of course, dildos (but NOT dildo bong!). Essentially, "directly or indirectly advertise for sale" could nail head shops for anything beyond presenting themselves as your local neighborhood genital piercing establishment.

But wait, there's more! On this very same page (yes, we're only on page five of the bill) there is an addition to the drug paraphernalia section: "(g) In this section, the term 'directly or indirectly advertise for sale' includes the use of any facility ... to post, publicize, transmit, publish, link to, broadcast, or otherwise advertise in any manner (including a telephone number or electronic or mail address) knowing that such matter has the purpose of seeking or offering, or is designed to be used, to receive, buy, distribute, or otherwise facilitate a transaction in." Here, we seem to have a questionable co-mingling of marijuana prohibition agenda with internet censorship policy. It's not even tricky, it uses cyberspace lingo to define these offenses!

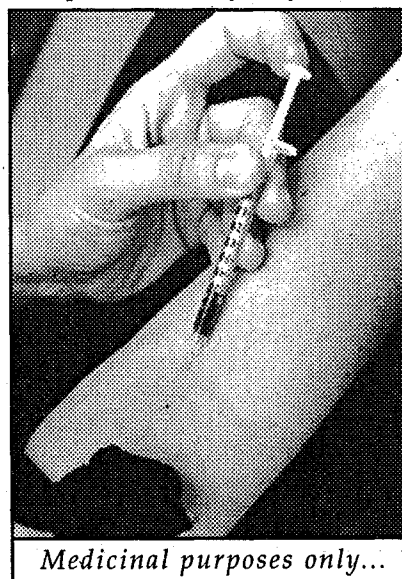
After another insertion of the advertising phrase into another part of the CSA, the bill amends section 858, which states, "Whoever, while manufacturing a controlled substance in violation of this title, or attempting to do so, or transporting or causing to be transported materials, including chemicals, to do so, creates a substantial risk of harm to human life shall be fined in accordance with title 18, United States Code, or imprisoned not more than 10 years, or both." S. 1428 proposes to add "or the environment" after "harm to human life", and strengthens the force of the section by striking "shall be fined" to "shall be imprisoned not less than 10 years nor more than 40 years, and, in addition, may be fined in accordance with title 18, United States Code." This way, mandatory sentencing would be imposed for even the slightest amount of controlled substance manufacture, assuming the DEA imagines your eight foot square grow room is just too harmful to the environment.

But now we've reached the heart of darkness: Section 9, "Criminal Prohibition on Distribution of Certain Information Relating to the Manufacture of Controlled Substances." Read up...

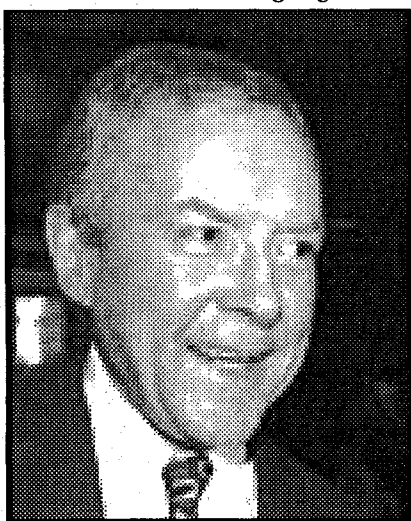
"PROHIBITION- It shall be unlawful for any person-- (A) to teach or demonstrate the manufacture of a controlled substance, or to distribute by any means information pertaining to, in whole or in part, the manufacture or use of a controlled substance, with the intent that the teaching, demonstration, or information be used for, or in furtherance of, an activity that constitutes a Federal crime; or (B) to teach or demonstrate to any person the manufacture of a controlled substance, or to distribute to any person, by any means, information pertaining to, in whole or in part, the manufacture or use of a controlled substance, knowing that such person intends to use the teaching, demonstration, or information for, or in furtherance of, an activity that constitutes a Federal crime. (b) PENALTY- Any person who violates subsection (a) shall be fined under this title, imprisoned not more than 10 years, or both."

There probably isn't much more that needs to be said about this. It's all there, in print (I will say that the title of this section was about two times as large and as bold as any other). What this amounts to is a devious attempt on the government's behalf to not only prohibit the proliferation of methamphetamines (as the title of the bill might indicate), but it is also a somewhat simple construct that can give the government the power to officially regulate the internet (and they've been waiting for the proper avenue in which to begin this other sketch operation; for some reason, people really care about their porn) and seriously ebb the flow of any and all documents, photographs, etc., relating not only to methamphetamines, but also to the favored target of the several non-meth sections of the bill: Schedule I controlled substances, including pot, E, 'shrooms, peyote, mescaline, acid, codeine, etc. The blatant ambiguity of the legislation leaves the door wide open for the government to effectively destroy public discourse on these drugs (next issue, I plan a more philosophical, and hopefully more interesting, approach to this agenda), and as you may know, it's no fun to take psychedelics by yourself, and you can't always smoke alone. Drugs are about community (and communication, damnit).

Well, that's enough to think about in one sitting. Right now, we can still pick up a copy of High Times (useful as a surface on which to separate bud), still go to Utopia and charge a glass four-footer, and Snoop Dogg can at least still rap about ho's (that is, until what will probably be called the "Broccoli Importation Act of 2005", outlawing the importation of unidentified foreign broccoli, and the use of ho's in rap music - duh...). I'm not going to tell y'all to get up and write letters to your congressmen - I doubt it would do much good, and who wants to get up after they've been taking bong hits all day? Besides, you might mess up the rotation.



Medicinal purposes only...



Orin Hatch, a major Suckass

Bradley Flava All in Ya Ear

By Jill Baron

With the New York primary quickly approaching on March 7th, its time to begin deciding which candidate you think should get your party's nomination. The contest between George W. Bush and Sen. John McCain has been grabbing most of the media's attention of late, but the race between Al Gore and Bill Bradley begs to be examined as well. We've seen Vice President Gore criticize Bradley for his alleged idealistic health care proposals, and we've seen Bradley strike back by calling on Gore to explain his role in the 1996 Clinton campaign fund raising scandal. Many democrats seem confused as to the differences between the two. While Gore has been in the national spotlight for eight years as vice president, many are not quite as sure what Bradley stands for. With this in mind, I will present you with an overview of where Bradley is on the issues.

According to his website (www.bill-bradley.com), Bradley's views and goals on some basic issues are as follows. **Health Care:** give all Americans access to affordable health care and guarantee insurance to all children; to preserve Medicare and include an optional prescription drug benefit for all seniors. **Education:** Enroll an additional 400,000 children in the Head Start program; create partnerships to place 60,000 new, well trained teachers each year into low-income school districts; and invest in community colleges to provide students and working adults with training and new skills. **Helping Working Families:** Create a national program of after-school care and community development centers that offer a range of academic and social services to 5.6 million children and adults a year; create a

senior volunteer program to enlist 500,000 older Americans as mentors for young people in schools and community programs for children; and expand the Family and Medical Leave Act. **Gun Control:** Eliminate "Saturday Night Specials" (as the vast majority of crimes are committed with these guns); require handgun owners to pass a basic safety course before they can get licensed; limit the purchase of a gun by any one person to one a month; require background checks at gun shows and to require trigger locks on all handguns. **Campaign Finance Reform:** Restrict funding for campaigns to only two sources: limited individual donations and public financing; require free broadcast time to candidates who accept public financing 60 days before an election; and institute measures to make voting easier for all Americans, including a Voting Leave Act, same-day registration, and Vote-by-Mail. **Fighting Poverty:** Increase the minimum wage over two years and index it to the growth of the median wage; permit mothers on welfare to keep their child support payments; increase subsidies for child care through the Child Care Development Block Grant, and make Head Start available for all who are eligible, eliminating the long waiting lists; create a national program for after-school care and community development centers that offer a range of academic and social services to 5.6 million children and adults a year; and create Second-Chance Homes for pregnant teens that offer young mothers a positive and supportive environment during pregnancy and their baby's first year. **The Environment:** Early action to reduce the threat of greenhouse gases; the

banning of drilling for oil and gas off our fragile coastline and inact strict air and water pollution standards. **Choice:** "Bradley believes that the decision to terminate a pregnancy is a private one between a woman and her doctor, and will fight to protect that privacy." **Race Relations:** "Bradley has challenged Americans to look beyond skin color and eye shape to the individual and understand that difference can be enriching, not self-defeating. Bill Bradley will be a guiding hand that leads America towards becoming the world's exemplar of a multiracial society."



Bill's getting serious

Sounds good, right? If not, you can express that by voting in the primary. Let me remind everyone that in New York's primary, you may only vote for a candidate in your own party. Therefore, you can only vote for Bradley or Gore if you are a registered Democrat. If you are not registered in any party, you cannot vote in the primary. If you are still unsure of whom to vote for, another good tool that can help you make up your mind is www.selectsmart.com. You will be asked your opinion on about twenty different issues, ranging from abortion to school prayer to free trade, and then you will be shown a list of candidates who's views most closely resemble your own.

If you are currently not registered to vote and would like to be, contact NYPIRG at 632-6457, or visit them in room 079 in the Union. If you would like to help out in Bradley's campaign, call the Suffolk office (located in Patchogue), at 758-9154.

THE STONY BROOK UNION ART GALLERY PRESENTS: AN EXHIBIT OF STONY BROOK UNDERGRADUATES

SIX

FEATURING:

DARRYL CHAN
CATHERINE HUI
ELIZABETH CRISCI
ANNA BROZGUL
SHERRY TSAI
LISA LYNN

SHOWING FROM MONDAY FEBRUARY 28TH
THROUGH WEDNESDAY MARCH 15TH

RECEPTION ON FRIDAY MARCH 3RD FROM 6³⁰ UNTIL 8³⁰
STUDENT ART GALLERY HOURS: MON-FRI FROM 12-4

Brutal South Carolina Primary Is Victory and Vindication for George W. Bush

By Jovian Radheshwar

In two weeks time, George W. Bush has gone from being a stale candidate to an increasingly viable one, as shortly after the polls closed in South Carolina tonight, CNN predicted Bush's victory in that state's Republican Presidential primary. The contest in that state's Republican primary has been touted as the key to that race's culmination for some time now by media pundits and prognosticators. While, at writing time, this race has no figures available for reporting, the CNN report indicated a very small margin for victory. The common theory of the outcome of the campaign is thus not as predictable, as that states that Senator John McCain had to win in South Carolina for the overall victory, and a loss necessitated an overall defeat. Most pundits will in the next few days, accurately, change their predominant theory to one of the race being more or less a dead heat; at least through March 7th. This shift in the general thinking about the characteristics of this race is due primarily to the still resounding victory of McCain in New Hampshire two weeks ago by 18 percent. The next pair of primaries will take place in Michigan and Arizona, where once again the expected outcome is a split, with Bush favored to win in Michigan and McCain to win in his home state of Arizona. The dynamics of the election after that point become more or less unpredictable based on the outcomes of the first three major candidacy challenges in Iowa, New Hampshire and South Carolina. The major remaining primaries will occur in both the Democratic and Republican races on March 7th, also known as "Super Tuesday" when the states of California, New York and others cast their ballots in the primaries. More likely than not, the public should be aware in general of who the nominee of the two major parties will be by then.

In South Carolina, the strategy utilized by the Texas Governor in securing that state's 37 delegates to the Republican national convention was a massive, fund-intensive, "get out the vote" campaign. This is a way of characterizing the efforts of the Bush grassroots support structure and their plan to actually spend funds to bring potential voters to the polls to cast their ballots, effectively increasing turnout. This tactic paid off for the Bush camp, as it brought out the core-constituency voters of the Republican party, which gave a huge boost to Bush. Bush was significantly trailing McCain in the new phenomena voting block of this election, the crossover vote. The massive, expensive, vote transport effort of the Bush group countered McCain's advantage just enough to secure the South Carolina delegation. McCain, media analysts say, has appropriated for himself the centrist positions of the ideological spectrum which narrowly defines American politics. This is due to his perceptibly softer stance on abortion issues, his heavy handed anti-big money rhetoric and his status as a war hero with real life experience in positions of leadership and morality. All these things are going well for John McCain, but they still haven't turned back the forces of big tobacco, anti-abortion terror and Christian fundamentalism. George W. Bush seems poised to defeat McCain in at least one of the major states,

Texas, and with the exception of the far less significant states of Colorado and Arizona, McCain holds no major states in his decided sway.

On the Democratic side of the coin, the race is quickly becoming a media nightmare for former NY Knick, Senator Bill Bradley. Gore's fundraising advantages, and establishment support have delivered two key early victories in Iowa, by a 2 to 1 margin, and in New Hampshire by 4 percentage points. Gore's own campaign has taken on a very Clinton-esqe, showbusiness style, and the media efficacy of the campaign has risen appreciably. Whereas Bradley was spending heavily in New Hampshire to no avail, Gore's own coffers of 20 million plus dollars give him a decided advantage over the dwindling purses of the Bradley campaign. The pundits have taken the view that the Bradley campaign is now in dire straits as the two early losses coupled with an enormous media spotlight on the Republican primary have removed attention from



Bush2: The Sequel

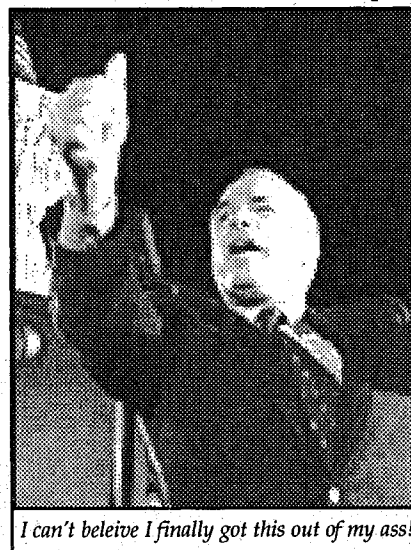
Bradley's own very vocal, articulate campaign. An opportunity for Bradley to break the media hush on the Democratic race comes in the next few days when a televised debate between the two candidates will occur at the Apollo theater in Harlem, New York. The forum will be seen as a major test of the Bradley campaign's continued viability, and the expectations of political strategists are that Bradley will make a major attempt to attack Gore on race issues, given the debates location in Harlem. Seems like more shameless manipulation of minorities from a presidential candidate, but that's politics for you. Beyond the general political squabbling, very little issue oriented debate has actually occurred in the Democratic primaries. Bradley was accused the other day by Gore of proposing a health care plan that would abandon AIDS patients from the national safety net that exists in meager proportion today. Bradley shot back that Gore's accusations were baseless, as they indeed were, but Gore has managed to deflect any image tarnishings related to the issue with more effective advertising. Save for these conflicts and other small, similar exchanges, the Democratic race has been largely a game of appearances (as you should expect by now, anyway), and appears to not be taking on a more urgent characteristic any time soon.

If I can get away at this point with the fairly straightforward conclusion that Gore will likely win the Democratic nomination, I'd like to return to the Republican race again. After quitting the race, arch-conservative Gary Bauer endorsed John McCain's candidacy, giving a boost to McCain from the wing of the Republican party which is more allied with the Bush camp. Bauer and other candidates such as Alan Keyes see Bush as more of a big money threat to the integrity of the party than they see McCain being, and see him as a morally benevolent character. The politics of morality has once again become a central issue

with contenders like Keyes in the race to juxtapose the rich extravagance of the two main candidates. Often, in the live debates in South Carolina, Keyes said little, only interjecting to make points about the mockery of a political system the other two candidates have reduced the government to by engaging in smear politics, posturing and refraining from Keyes' own moral absolutism. This may become an important issue, but in my view only after Keyes drops out of the race, and becomes a potential Vice Presidential running-mate. Keyes, a black man, is one of the few black men at the core of the Republican hierarchy, and has gained the national spotlight in this years campaign. By choosing a black man as a running mate, the eventual nominee ought to theoretically be able to siphon votes from the democratic ticket, whom blacks traditionally give heavy support to. But the issue of obtaining Keyes' support as a running-mate is not as simple as asking the man. You see, Keyes has many moral pretensions, and might not support Bush over his alleged cocaine use at Yale or McCain over his status as a former divorcee now remarried. The search for a running-mate will prove to be a major difficulty wrought with potential devastation for the eventual nominee.

To update previous predictions I have made on the race, to make compatible with this weekend's results from Tobacco country, I will switch my view of the situation to suggest that I think Bradley's defeat is imminent, and that Gore should have his party's nomination locked up by March 7th. The Republican race is still difficult to make any clear predictions about, but this cynical old soul will have to assume that money beats out morals, and that George W. Bush will win in the big states to shore up his bid against the insurgency from within his party.

In Reform party news, Minnesota Governor Jessie Ventura, largely seen as the most powerful figure in the party, surprised national political observers by severing links with the national party over their tacit choice of Pat Buchanan as their nominee for the Presidency. Buchanan was quick to criticize Ventura as weak willed, which prompted Ventura, an ex-Navy SEAL, to respond with equal indignance. Many analysts have predicted Ventura's entry into the Presidential realm of US politics in the 2004 race. Without an official party, the viability of even the media-savvy Ventura may be insufficient in razing the games of "politics as usual". Following the next series of primaries, this reporter feels that there will have been sufficient information to realize the winner of the two major parties' nomination races, and will focus more on Reform party internal turmoil. Shortly after Ventura's resignation from the party, his



I can't beleive I finally got this out of my ass!

choice for party chairman was quickly replaced with old Ross Perot ally Pat Choate, who favors protectionism and Buchanan alike. In closing, make sure that you vote on March 7th in the New York primaries, as the election this year will be undoubtedly among the most important in US history, with three supreme court nominations, and the policy agenda of globalization versus protectionism simmering, none of us, especially the young, can afford to miss voting this year.

STATE OF SIEGE

By Chris Sorochin

"A yuppie is a hippie who doesn't want his kids to have as much fun as he did."

-Bill Randazzo

World-renowned artist and educator

used to have a roommate from Vermont. As you may know, folks from up that way are quite proud of their freethinking, independence-minded state. He would often recount how Vermont used to be part of New York State, but broke away after the so-called American Revolution. One reason for this was that where Vermont had an egalitarian town-meeting type democracy, much of New York was essentially a feudal society, a hangover from the Dutch poltroon system. Besides hard-to-spell place names and the quaint legends that inspired Washington Irving, the then not-so-tolerant Hollanders brought a social system to the Hudson River Valley that was more reminiscent of a Latin American dictatorship: a few extremely wealthy families ran the lives of some 300,000 people who were tenant farmers on huge estates.

In 1839 a rebellion broke out and went on for about six years. Thousands of tenants were involved. Sheriffs were killed, rebel leaders were imprisoned and sentenced to hanging. The governor sent in troops to end the uprising. Many such events, like Dorr's Rebellion in Rhode Island (No, of course you didn't learn about them in school) marked the rural prologue to the even larger and bloodier labor movement of the late 19th/early 20th century.

It's always a source of amusement to me that people in other parts of the country consider New York a hotbed of liberalism. Many of the people of NYS might be progressive, but the leadership is not very different from those that served the old poltroons or the robber barons who've parked their fat carcasses on top of the State House ever since.

So it's no surprise that New York City has its own version of General Franco, or that much of upstate New York has become a Siberian gulag, where largely Black and Latino inmates, mostly from seven New York City neighborhoods, are warehoused in what is one of the nation's fastest-growing industries.

Nor should it come as any shock that "King" George Pataki, our own little reigning monarch, in selecting university presidents, has in at least one case opted to totally overlook the established and legal method of a nationwide search to make a regal appointment of the Reverend Calvin Butts to head SUNY at Old Westbury. A storm of protest by faculty greeted this imperial fiat, but it went through anyway.

Rev. Butts has a fine record as an activist in the African-American community and a crusader against police brutality, so I guess the Pataki apparatchicks thought they could slip him into Old Westbury, which is considered a "minority" college and treated accordingly. 'Twasn't so. Besides the Reverend's lack of experience in education, there was the wariness that this would set a precedent for further gubernatorial over-riding of faculty participation (let's not even discuss student participation) in selecting presidents. Rev. Butts' coziness with a reactionary, racist wormbag like Pataki certainly raises doubts about his credibility.

The Divine Right of Governors

Churches and ministers have always been a big part of the black liberation struggle, and I don't know if it's always been a good thing. The sexism, homophobia and social conservatism of many African-Americans is disheartening. I was once present in a

classroom of mostly young black women who were discussing Alice Walker's *The Color Purple*, the part where the heroine, after much disappointment and abuse from various men, finally finds true love (and sexual satisfaction) in the arms of a glamorous female jazz singer. The response was less than supportive: basically, the Bible says it's a sin and happiness be damned (literally).

Political conservatives have recently begun to tap into this in an effort to attract voters of color. It dovetails nicely in the theocratic scheme of things that includes Candace DeRussy and her campaign against bondage paraphernalia. I had a foretaste last spring when I attended a "town meeting" at Old Westbury about a proposal to arm the University Police. Three dubious Administration officials presided over this farce. The first was the interim college president, who claimed to seek student input while informing students who asked that, "No, a referendum on guns would not be held."

The second was the head of the University Police. Interestingly, this gentleman had no previous campus experience, but he was a veteran of the Drug Enforcement Agency. Even more intriguingly, the administration had just instituted a "Zero Tolerance" policy against

not only reasonable offenses, like violence, weapon possession and sexual harassment, but also against things many students do not find too objectionable, like possession of alcohol and other drugs. Needless to say, there was no referendum for this either, although the Student Government did post a copy with the query, "What do you think of this?" There's also talk of a police academy on Old Westbury campus, and one can just visualize all the little enforcers-in-training honing their skills by informing on and busting other students for extra credit.

The third personage in this trinity was, if memory serves, the Dean of Students, a tall, imposing figure with an ominous basso profundo voice, who intoned with the greatest solemnity that guns were necessary because society was at an unprecedented level of moral decay. I didn't bother to tell him that the sky has been falling for centuries, usually according to those who want to want greater power to get in people's faces over their personal behavior. This guy seemed like he'd be perfectly at home scaring the living daylight out of sharecroppers with threats of fire and brimstone in some southern backwater.

A while back, when Stony Brook seemed in the throes of one of its frequent "get tough" phases (on drinking, I think), I made the largely facetious suggestion that it wasn't unthinkable that other enforced moral codes would soon come into play and we might very well see the university attempt to prohibit visits from the opposite sex. Well, my prophecy skills haven't diminished (except for my forecast about martial law being declared on January 1, 2000), and SUNY Old Westbury is in the discussion phases of implementing such charming throwbacks to days of yore as same-sex dorms, curfews and a ban on overnight visitors of the opposite sex! (The lesbian and gay community at Old Westbury must be ecstatic that for once they're going to have an easier time than their straight counterparts). These "reforms" are said to be the stillborn brainchild of Elaine Frazier, Vice-president of Student Affairs.

Students have made some noise about their affairs being complicated by the likes of Ms. Frazier and hopefully this ill-conceived bit of authoritarian buggery will proceed no further than the fantasy stage. I can see

it being put in place, hailed as a bold experiment by the New York State Association of Professional Hypocrites, and widely violated by students. Of course, like the drug and alcohol policies (and the one forbidding candles, for the love of Christ), some of the less cunning may be caught and screwed over and wouldn't that be just too bad, but at least the appearance of phony propriety will be maintained.

Which brings me to another of King George's royal anointings: the new Chancellor, Robert King. It comes as small shock that King is another of Pataki's cronies, a hand-picked flower that the sycophants on the search committee rubber-stamped. Nor is there any revelation in King's lack of experience in the educational field. Everyone's all too aware that universities are now considered to be primarily businesses and businesses must be presided over by corporate-minded bean counters.

King mirrors his puppeteer by advocating a tough-on-drugs position while having used them himself. "What was tolerable in the 1960s is not tolerable today." What-horseshit! Too bad whoever elicited that nauseating soundbite didn't press him as to why what was OK for him, George Pataki, Bill Clinton, George W. Bush and millions of others is suddenly something to be punished. Maybe it's because, as the Rev. Doom from Old Westbury warns us, the apocalypse is nigh (but that's just so 1999)! Maybe there'll be some DEA types sleazing around campus looking for a quick bust. Or even some Taliban-style "morality police," whose job it will be to keep the sexes separated after 10 p.m. and threaten transgressors with expulsion. (Gary Mis can preside over a kangaroo court similar to the one he already has for those committing alcohol-related offenses).

Am I the only one who's puking sick of all these political assholes from the now thoroughly discredited Baby Boom generation preaching hardline tactics against behaviors that they themselves reveled in when they were in college? Nobody I know from those wild years of the '60s and '70s has ever expressed regret for the things they did back then. Quite the contrary, they laugh about it and launch into nostalgic anecdotes. My question is: why do all these folks allow the obscene and hypocritical spectacle of these public phonies spouting their "Reefer Madness" rhetoric and offering their lame "That was then; this is now" apologetics for the Drug War. Why don't they reject such obvious tools by voting against them? What if everybody who ever tried pot wrote to these losers and told them just where to get off? Can you imagine an equivalent of the gay "Coming Out Day" on which people from all walks of life proclaim their youthful (or even continuing) chemical mind alterations and request that the government kindly fuck off?

"These kids today don't have any respect" is a

"Black and latino inmates... are warehoused in what is one of the nation's fastest-growing industries."

common whine among the Nick at Nite generation. Gee, I wonder why that is. Could it be that they see that their predecessors — who blow so much smoke up their own asses about how wild and rebellious they were — are seen as gutless poseurs who are not only unwilling to go to bat

for anyone else, but also actively espouse repressive social control measures to suit their older, grumpier selves? Pass the Geritol.

At the end of March, the New York State Air National Guard is supposed to take its turn "protecting" the illegally imposed no-fly zone in Iraq, which means they'll be bombing people. Call King George and try to make him see reason not to let this obscenity go forward.



Smacky George 'Taki!

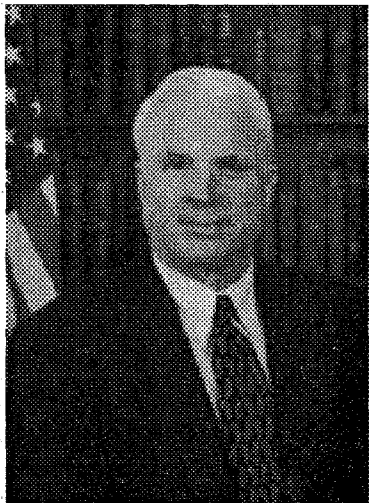
The National

Disclaimer

Nothing contained herein is intended to be taken even remotely seriously by anyone. Nothing contained here is intended to be taken even remotely seriously by anyone. Nothing contained here is intended to be taken even remotely seriously by anyone. Nothing contained here is intended to be taken even remotely seriously by anyone.

○ On the Campaign Trail with Hanoi John, this time in Hanoi

○ Kate Moss violates contract by eating



By Jovian Radeshwar HANOI, VIETNAM
Hanoi is a beautiful city, with many collectivist splendors dotting the smog filled red sky. This reporter has enjoyed his stay here, which was prompted by a personal invitation from Vietnamese President Pham Van Dong, who has apparently been keeping track of my reporting of the US Presidential campaign in *The Press*. Besides the fact that Mr. Pham's mental health ought to be investigated, I found him to be a very gra-



cious host, seeing as how I'm an imperialist, and thus demand veal, wine and various cheeses at all my official state functions. When I visited PLO chief Yassir Arafat recently, he offered me some very low grade food -- a falafel basically. Now I love falafel, but at a state function? Needless to say that he didn't score high points in my book. Now Mr. Pham, he really rolled out the red carpet for me, offering me fine cuisine of dog almost five times a minute, on average, for the entirety of the

cont. on 4



By G. 2/19/00- Kate Moss, Avery supermodel, has become embroiled in a legal battle with her modeling agency Women Model Management, after reports surfaced that she had been eating. Moss' contract with WMM stipulates that:

"Under no circumstances is Ms. Moss to ingest any nutritious substance that leads to or can be construed as leading to either: a healthy diet a realistic body fat ratio, or the impression in popular media that Ms. Moss is anything but anorexic. Should Ms. Moss ingest any nutritious sub-

stance that meets the aforementioned criteria she agrees to pay recompense for any monetary loss incurred to WMM . . ."
Ms. Moss was unable to comment on the state of her contract due to a loss of basic motor skills brought on by malnutrition.
At five foot seven inches and 13 pounds, Moss rose to international fame through risqué fashion advertisements like Calvin Klein's *Obsession*. Insiders predict that, barring strong breezes which threat-

cont. on 4

○ Clinton Resolves International Custody Battle By Cutting Six Year Old Elian Gonzalez In Half

By Russell "Ruby Dice-teeth" Heller

The lengthy and bitter struggle over custody for "Little" Elian Gonzalez has finally come to an end. An agreement was made between Elian's father and his Miami relatives this weekend following President Bill Clinton's mediation. Clinton, in the spirit of such wise leaders as King Solomon, has sliced Elian Gonzalez neatly in half.
The President expected the child's rightful guardian to object to Elian's being cleft in twain, as per the King Solomon legend. Not only did neither party object to the procedure, but both Elian's father and his extended family rejoiced at the idea.
"I can't believe no one thought of this before," said Juan Miguel Gonzalez, Elian's father, "with this great move by your President of the country, we can finally put this issue to bed,

and without even backing down from our hard-nosed position on the matter."
Clinton's arbitrating status came following much fed-upedness at the lack of resolution over Elian's situation. Commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS), Doris Meissner has expressed strong objections to the complete disregard for international law. Meissner made an unexpected appearance at the ceremony in an attempt to stop Clinton from following through with his plan.
"This is totally unacceptable," said Meissner, "Clinton is taking tyrannical liberties in this case. I will not stand idly by and watch an innocent child become a pawn in this political travesty. It is my ruling on behalf of the INS that Elian shall return to Cuba. Furthermor. . ." Her speech was cut short by the revving of a powerful engine and the overwhelming cheers

cont. on 4

G. Avery Kerbs

*The National Disclaimers*

Editor Maximus, G. Avery, scary as it may sound is betrothed, or affianced if you will. His face and name are at the top to the staff box due to the immense egotistical input he puts into the paper. In the proverbial candy bar of the Disclaimer G. Avery exists as the chocolate coating that holds the bar together

Ruby Dice-teeth



Managing Editor for *The National Disclaimer*, RBD stands apart from the crowd due to his 3 day funk. If there is a man who is the Bisodium Glutamate for this paper it is him.

Jovian Radeswhar



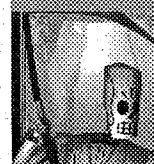
Jovian Radeswhar is 'the nuts', he wants me to call him Jovian o'bickett or something like that. Still we enjoy his work, even though it smacks of real journalism.

Geetch T. Toner PhD.



Geetch is the toasted coconut shavings sprinkled on top of us. Geetch lives with me and can't drive for the life of him, he's also Cuban so is extremely un-concerned with the Elian Gonzales issue.

Wally 'das Boot



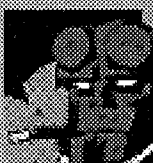
Wally 'das Boot is our "go-to" guy, if we need something he goes to get it. Wally could be the peanut stuff in a Butterfinger that is also in our candy bar metaphor.

Tony Barbera



Tony knows all things filmic, phlegmatic, and cinematic. As *The National Disclaimers* entertainment editor Tony provides a zany kid-friendly packaging for our sugary treat.

Rory 'Caramel' McEvoy



Rory hasn't actually done anything for the *National Disclaimer* but his desire and intentions seem genuine. Rory serves as our spiritual creamy nougat center

Carmela Guevarra



Carmela refuses to write for us. But soon we will break her spirit and force her hand. She will write for us. So it is written so it shall be.

My Grandparents



My grandparents cannot participate in my analogy because of their diabilities and these sophmoric jibes serve only to anger them. I'm sorry Mammy.

Dave Gafney



Dave won't unpimp himself even though the editors insist that just be cause something is written in jive doesn't mean it's funny, we think. AKA Deeplove

The National Disclaimer accepts in no way responsibility for what it says. The voices and opinions expressed within do reflect the opinions of the Editorial staff but we in no way feel that we should be held accountable for the things we say or do. Any attempt to take us to task over a controversial viewpoint or opinion will only be met with childish taunts and jibes.

We also believe that plagiarism is our god-given right. If some one can say, or write something that we deem interesting we withhold the right to print their words with-out giving proper credit.

Additionally we assert that all things credited to public figures are 110% factual. We also believe that these public figures should be held responsible for their viewpoints and opinions. Especially George W. Bush who admits that he still owns slaves.

Correspondence

When I opened up your last issue of *The Press* before winter break, I was pleased to see a parody newspaper section included in the features. It was witty and reminiscent of *The Onion*, another popular parody newspaper. I was slightly disgusted to read an article in the aforementioned section that bore a strikingly similar resemblance to an article I read in *The Onion* a few months past. Your article, which exposed babies as being excessively stupid seemed to be stolen from Study Reveals: Babies Are Stupid. I hope you guys aren't that desperate for ideas that you resorted to copying another and that this was an innocent mistake. I've always expected more of this paper.

Sincerely,
Gerard Rowe

Dear Gerard,

We here at *The National Disclaimer* are pleased to hear that you were pleased to find our insert in *The Stony Brook Press*. Many of the staff of the Disclaimer are avid fans of *The Onion* and other parody new sources like, *The Spark*, and *Disinformation*. I can assure you that our Baby article was not a copy of *The Onions* article. In fact when the similarity was brought to our attention (which was unfortunately after we had gone to print) I must say we felt a bit sheepish.

It is not the intention of the Disclaimer to be merely another parody paper. Nor is it our intent to shamelessly copy another's material. We have great respect for the work done by papers like *The Onion* and endeavor to present ourselves as a humorous diversion in our readers otherwise banal lives.

As comments concerning the originality of our insert grow we have worked to present something more dynamic. We're keeping our news spoofs, hell they're pretty funny, but have added more features to our publication in an effort to present a more unique banquet of humor. Our goal simply is to use social, political and personal satire/irony as our tools for achieving a greater understanding of the world around us.

We hope that you enjoy our efforts, Sincerely

G. Avery Kerbs, and Russell (Ruby DiceTeeth) Heller

Our Sincerest Apologies

It has been brought to the attention of the editors of *The National Disclaimer* that actual facts were printed in our last issue.

Firstly I, G. Avery Kerbs, would like to formally apologize for our greivous mistakes. Though I feel no need to give recompense to those readers who were appalled by the truths found littered in this otherwise fine upstanding publication.

The National Disclaimer asks that all readers please, please, be aware that the following list of actual truthful facts, were the result of bad judgement on the part of the editors, and that facts will never again have a place in this avant-garde establishment.

The following is a list of facts that were accidentally printed in our last issue:

1. George W. Bush is an imperialist, silver-spoon fed, coke addict, KKK member.
2. Maliciously gunning down your school-mates will improve your Quake 3 skills.
3. Memphis, TN, residents are stupid, stupid, racist people.
4. Suicidal People are the funniest people in the world
5. Your wife is repeatedly dicked by nubian porn stars on a daily basis, mainly while you toil away at your wage-slave soul crushing menial job.
6. Mayor Giuliani has personally put more black, hispanics, indians, and native americans to death than any other fascist leader in the history of the world.

Editorials by This Just In ³ the Editors!

Bacon: Why wouldn't you?

Yo. You muthafuckas know what I'm talkin' about. Bacon. Crispy pork goodness cooked by one of my hookas in the mornin'. She's cookin' fo' my fat pimp ass. Sweet. Sweet is what I was **last** night, dats why I gots dat woman in the kitchen. In de kitchen 'cuz she knows who's comin' as soon as I'm done eatin'.

Mmmmmmm...that's right baby, serve it on yo ass. I love dat; yo, I know you pimps know what I mean. When they don't cook dat bacon crisp, see, and serve it on that round ass. I gots to be tellin' em; don't be getting none of that bacon grease on dem drawers! So I says, "Yo bitch! Fuckin' take 'em off den. Das right, take 'em off and brew me some tea in dem." You fuckapimps know what sweetpants tea in the mornin' dus to yo day!

Yo. The fuckin' bitch 'as got to know how to cook bacon an' dem eggs. Dats right baby, throw some cheese in dem eggs. Das right, put dat goood up cheese on yo' body. DeepLove, baby. Das right. Yo sugar, wash it off wit dat Crystal, ain't no thing. Woman comin' to clean.

Don't know how. Yo, I throwed some of dem women out, yo. Don't get my pimps wrong. I says, "What? You don't know how!?! Well get dem hot pants back on that ass, girl, and get yo ass out!" Fuckin' flatassed bitch. Yo, brothas don't let the standards slide, yo. Be firm. As firm as she wants it. Yo, you gots to axe if dat bitch knows how to cook dem eggs. If she does, yo? And a round bubblebutt too? Yo pimps, you know you gots to have dat woman git on yo jock, yo.

She know. She know she got to cook in the mornin'. Service the pimpdaddy and get up and cook, yo! Bring it in tender and I'm smackin some ass with it an' you know it ain't mine. See, you know bitch. Das right, take dem nice drawers off.

Smoky taste. Fancy. Nipples on the chest and pork goodness on a sweet bitch ass in front of a pimps face.

Dey lovit. Dey can't ged'nuff of it. They lovin' how the Sweet Papa takes care of deir need. They loves the cookin' cuz dey know how Big Daddy Dave Gaffney starts wit dat bacon grease.

Don't git dat grease confu'ed wit da lube, yo. Das not what it's about, yo. Das not good for the workin's. Yo, you gots to keep yo ho's fresh, yo! Even though you not eatin' anythin' you can't fry wit cornbread, yo, it still gots to be fresh. But during those tender moments, you pimps do like Zappa says, yo, "Keep it greasy so it will go down easy."

Editorials are nothing more than pointless liberal clap-trapery

Let's look at this objectively: Editorials? Pshaw! Who the fuck reads that liberal flim-flam? I think we all know that any editorial we every see, in any paper, is just gonna be some bleeding-heart hokum. Lets all save ourselves a little time and sanity and skip those paragraphs of needless crap.

More so, why the hell do these people even bother to write them? Show of hands people; who gives a damn what some crusty of "journalist" thinks anywa?. Listen "Editor," you want me to give a damn about the opinions you shamelessly puke into popular media, than start making a difference in MY life. Get your ass over here and clean my house, or weed my radish garden. Do anything that might have some actual affect on reality.

Your words are the hollow, misguided ramblings of an uneducated philistine. The topics and issues you "tackle" are vague generalities of cultural trends that have no physical presence. Your pathetic appeals to "common decency" and "morality" make the false presumption that the actions of the few can affect the many.

Wake up you liberal simpletons! The proverbial wool has been pulled over your proverbial eyes. You've been schnookered into believing that the world exists as a balance of dualistic paradigms of "Right" or "Wrong." And I SWEAR if I read another left-wing rant that starts with "Lets look at this objectively," I think that I'll have to hurl myself from the roof of the Chrysler building.



By Dave Gaffney,
pork aficionado



By Carmela
Guevarra

9 Out of 10 Dentists Recommend Eating Heaping Spoonfuls of Refined Sugar

The results of a new survey of the American Dental Association illustrate a dramatic shift in cutting edge advice on oral hygiene. According to the survey, 9 out of 10 dentists agree that pouring large quantities of sugar into one's mouth and chewing on it for upwards of half an hour is "a really good idea."

Until now, dentists were at a general consensus that sugar was a thing to be avoided, and that the key to a healthy mouth was brushing and flossing at least twice a day. Jacob Freundebaer, DDS., one of many dentists participating in the survey addressed this issue.

"That whole brushing and flossing hokum is archaic witch-doctoring," said Freundebaer, "eating sugar, or perhaps rinsing of the mouth with a cola beverage will yield far greater instances of dental wellness." Freundebaer then left the podium and sped of in a shiny new Porsche Boxster, pausing only to light a Cuban cigar with a burning hundred-dollar bill.

The findings however, are not yet accepted as gospel. With the suggestion of "Polydental-Sucration," a controversial procedure by which teeth would have a protective coating of hard caramel glaze surgically bonded to them, an emergency hearing was called.

"This outright disregard for all professional conventions of dentistry cannot continue," said Dr. Richard A. Eklund, chairman of the ADA committee on Ethics, Bylaws and Judicial Affairs. The dentist then cited section 5.A.2 of the ADA Principles of Ethics and Code of Professional Conduct.

"Unsubstantiated Representations- A dentist who represents that dental treatment recommended or performed by the dentist has the capacity to cure or alleviate diseases, infections or other conditions, when such representations are not based upon accepted scientific knowledge or research, is acting unethically."

The dissertation was met by derisive laughter and a barrage of spitballs from the assembled crowd of dentists in attendance. As it stands the ADA is preparing a national implementation of Polydental-Sucration over the next few weeks. The general public is quite pleased to see a change from the often-chastising advice of their dentists.

"I am really excited that Dr. Crenchik has told me to eat sugar," said Sidney Clambeau, "He usually yells at me to change my eating habits and to floss. This past check-up, he just said to eat lots of sugar and 'don't think about this very hard.'"

"Floss? Floss, my ASS!" added Clambeau.

Jokes about pimps and Jesus; STILL FUNNY!

Despite the nay-saying of the comedic elite, jokes revolving around the life style of pimps and Jesus are still funny.

"Everybody's all like, 'Russ your pimp style is weak', So I just replied 'Suck on my Pimp-Fu! Wassup!' and their was laughter," reported avid pimp-joker Russell Heller.

"I was surprised to say the least," said Glenn Given, "we had thought that jokes about pimps and Jesus were old hat, but apparently there is still some good comic material in there."

Humor experts from across the Stony Brook campus have long been declaring the death of Jesus and pimp related humor.

"Their is nothing funny about a man who was nailed to a tree for trying to get people to be nice to on another, nor is their any humor to be found in the abusive, exploitative, criminal lifestyle of pimps," stated area comic Jessie O'Tool.

Apparently Jesse is dead wrong. the funk and foibles of pimps have long provided comic material for countless jokes, skits, movie, and off the cuff comments about women; and evidently their seems to be no end in site. The pimp life -- full of feather boas, jive, ho's, and money -- is one that is rife with humorous reference points.

Jesus remains funny mainly because we are god-less heathens and we still believe that he was white. Plus he was nailed to a tree. The son of God provides modern comedy with a near perfect straight man on which to ground jokes of sex, religion and bestiality.

"Hell, Jesus is running around in robes, having phat dinners with his crew and refusin' that whore of Babylon, he's probably the original pimp," speculated *Disclaimer* editor G. Avery Kerbs.

Russ refuses to do work.

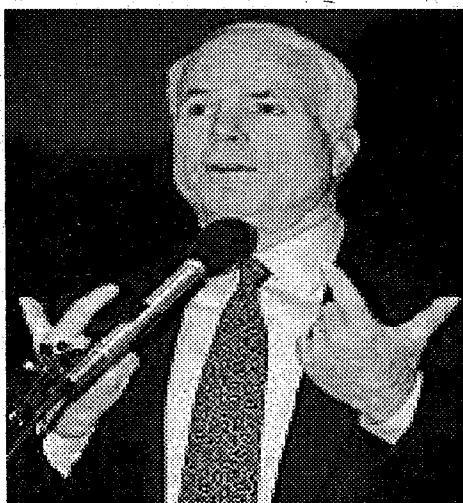
In a bold move this production weekend Disclaimers Managing editor Russell Heller adamantly refused to do anything productive.

Apparently Russell had "more important things to do," a claim widely seen as baseless and ignorant. Russ insisted on "fucking off," occupying hours of valuable work time by needlessly involving himself in pointless conversations instead of doing the work necessary for the completion of the paper.

"What a prick. Man it's shit like that that keeps us down here for forty odd hours per production. This shit could like be done in ten hours if we all worked for once," bitched Glenn Given. "Shit, I have a fiancée to get home to."

Russell responded sarcastically "Oooohhh, I've got a fiancée!" he then proceeded to prance around mockingly; all the while getting zero work done.

As it stands now this issue of the paper may never see print. Editors say that their only hopes are if Russ would stop "screwing around" and finish the trivial work that he had previously agreed to do.



trip. I stayed in the finest hotels, and was entertained by the finest comfort, never mind. Now seeing as how Mr. Pham promised me a good time so earnestly, and delivered fantastically, I owe him some form of reciprocation. So what appears below was told to me by Mr. Pham in his own very eloquent english words, about Senator John McCain and his experiences in Hanoi while staying at the luxurious Hilton. Now the Hilton has showers and toilets. When McCain was a guest of honor at the Hilton, I've been told by one of Mr. Pham's aides, showers were taken in toilets, and shits were dropped when the cattle prod hit the right places on the exposed torso.

McCain's visit to Hanoi occurred during the Vietnamese Revolutionary War (1945-1975). The visit is one that McCain himself often refers to as a matter of heroism and pride, hoping that such a persona will catapult McCain to the White House as everyone's lovable tough guy, war hero type. President Pham tells a different story. "John, being the son of the Pacific Fleet Commander, was a pampered little sissy boy, who couldn't even stand our mildest food." Apparently, McCain, who was housed in the Hanoi Hilton, which featured five star rooms, three kinds of rice and special homemade sauces, and regular beatings, is not quite the tough guy that we imagined. President Pham graciously continued, "John never really refused to be released for what he calls 'honor' in your presidential races, rather, the young Admiral's son was comfortable at our five star hotel." The story becomes even more bizarre, Pham continues, "McCain is nothing more than an American-stereotype, couch potato. He simply refused to entertain himself in any other way than by placing his arse firmly in the hotels theater, and watching our five star Vietnamese show-girls. Now I know we have a great

show, especially during the revolutionary years, those mamas were foxy, but to be so captivated as John was is only pathetic, and the mark of a coward, a coward, I say!!! Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah." The laughter continued for quite some time as this

old Socialist relished the opportunity to tar an American air-pirate. President Pham went on to explain his ideas about air-pirates, which differ from mine and your own, you see, as the North Vietnamese Army classified the US pilots routinely as such. Pham elucidates, "the conventions of international law indicate that foreign aircraft entering territorial space of a nation-state without a formal declaration of war and proceeding to attack civilian populations brutally, are air-pirates. John McCain is an air-pirate, an international war criminal. But we won't press charges, the UN is going to fall apart any time now." Pham continued to indoctrinate me, and I can now speak fluent Vietnamese in both high dialect and guttural street talk. That's probably because of their continuous insistence of me portraying their country as primarily nationalistic now, and not Communist, and therefore open to foreign dollars and crony capitalist futures.

Apparently, McCain was tarred and feathered upon capture following his inept flying, dumping napalm from a fast-mover, not a good idea. McCain was afforded the brutal punishment, and many others for cannibalizing local Vietnamese boys, whom he killed with his knife and skinned, then fricasseed till golden brown, to lock in skin-ly crispiness. This would of course, if perpetrated in the United States, dis-enfranchise McCain, as he would be a felon. I guess war heroes can do whatever the fuck they want for killing a bunch of third world ass motherfuckers. As the reporter who actually got the information on the scandal imminent here, I wont stir the brew for its own sake, but rather I'll let all of you motherfuckers in the readership react in your own, non-indoctrinated into the philosophy of this silly motherfucker. Basically, I'm fucking tired of writing this stupid piece of shit, and if you aren't tired of reading it just yet, you have a scientifically proven I.Q. of less than 31.

KATE MOSS From 1

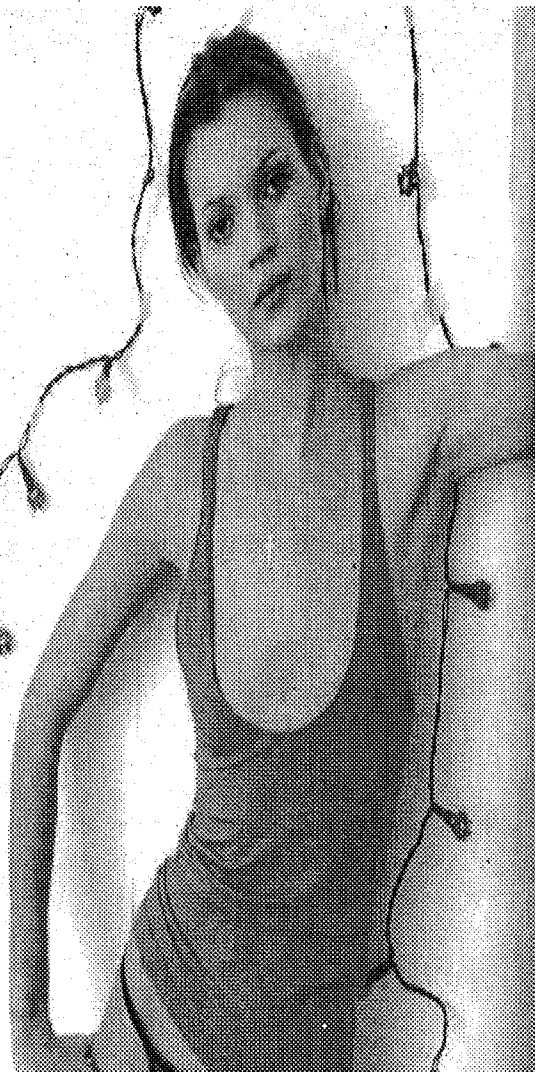
frame through the New York City streets, she will continue to be a force in the modeling industry.

"Standing atop the frail, fragile heap of super-models is tough business," said Ms. Moss' personal trainer Jenny F. Amine, "She needs to stick to her planned diet of oxygen and sound-waves resonated through quartz crystals."

WMM admits that it is sorry to have to resort to legal action against Ms. Moss but that "millions of teenage girls are depending on her to give them an unattainable body image to strive and possibly die for." WMM believes that without models like Kate women across the planet may begin to appreciate the uniqueness of their own bodies, instead of becoming man-toys that they really should be.

"Ms. Moss has put WMM, and all teenage girls for that matter, in dire straights. Her flagrant disregard for contractual agreement, media perception and women's ill-health has forced our hand," stated WMM in a recent press conference, "I know that everyone here at WMM wants this terrible ordeal to be over as quickly as possible."

Should WMM win in next weeks civil trial Moss will be forced to pay the company \$250,000 plus the aprox. 23 souls gathered from the deaths of anorexic and bulimic girls, and under-go radical surgery to remove her kidneys, left lung and 28ft. of small intestine in order to bring her back down to her "work-weight." Additionally WMM is filling to have the court force Ms. Moss to submit to "gastro-intestinal-reconstriction," a process that would reduce



her stomach to the size of a dime in order to prevent future contract violations.

Ms. Moss' personal secretary, Linda Chopin, stated that Kate, "feels terrible for the pain she is causing the fashion industry." According to Linda, Moss, upon realization that she had ingested three grains of white rice in a heroin induced haze, "immediately began self-administering the Heimlich Maneuver but fearing that the rice might turn horizontally in her throat and cause asphyxiation, stopped and allowed the offending grains to enter her stomach."

Doctors at Ms. Moss' side say that when the rice grains are finally digested — in aprox. 16-18 weeks — she should be able to return to her freakish, freakish, skeletal life

ELIAN From 1

f-r o m
Elian's

anxious kin.

"I hope we have all learned a valuable lesson here today," said Clinton, wiping his safety goggles and clicking off the switch on a humming band saw, "with all this political maneuvering, with all this talk about the well-being of a 6-year-old, with all the sob-storying, we all forgot the most important thing: we forgot about sharing." A reflective peace fell over the assembled crowd of Elian's relatives. Time passed without comment as they all thought about the events that had transpired. The silence was broken by Lazaro Gonzalez, Elian's great-uncle.

"Dibs on his right half!" he shouted.

The family's attention has now shifted to ownership, custody of the

right side of Elian's body which, as we all know, is far more desirable than his left, or "sinister" side. Considerable interest over Left-Elian has come from corporate merchandising representatives eager to exploit the child's celebrity status.

"The child is ours," said a shady Disney Vice-President in charge of marketing, "you don't want to fuck with 'Da Mouse.'" Clinton has claimed that he is willing to further subdivide Elian Gonzalez as many times as it takes in order to properly pander to every single person who wants some of Elian.

"Lets all bear in mind" said President Clinton, "that what's really important here is this six year old child; and exactly how many pieces we can cut him into."

Choose your Personality type

Divine Your Future



Do you believe that we, the esteemed editors of *The National Disclaimer*, possess other-worldly clairvoyant powers? That we can part the mists of time to peer into your future? That maybe, just maybe, we editors have supreme psychokinetic abilities given to us by the secret military programs; the same ones that keep Elvis and Sasquatch tied in a lovers embrace to power their "solar D-sruptor?"

5

I'm basically a fun-loving care-free love child

I find it easy to get along with most of the world.

People piss me off, but I can restrain my violent urges

I often lash out in anger at those who irritate me.

I've killed before and will again at the drop of a hat.

Are you sure you're not a hippie?

Yes

Would you work to better all the people of Earth?

Yes

Do you hate the concept of universal love?

Yes

Do you imbibe psychotropic substances regularly?

Yes

Do you see "groovy vibes of pure love" in the air.

Yes

Do you feel that your crimes are justified?

Yes

Do you feel remorse for your hurtful ways?

Yes

Can you lift the consciousness of the human race?

No

Do you still sleep with your "Raggy?"

Yes

Have you ever spent 6 years in a bamboo cage?

Yes

Can you bend spoons with the power of your mind?

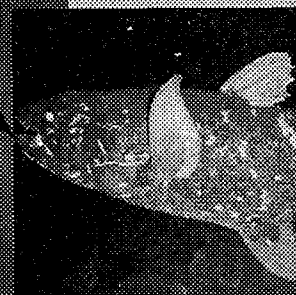
Yes

What is the square root of 73?

No

Will you brake to avoid killing pro-lifers?

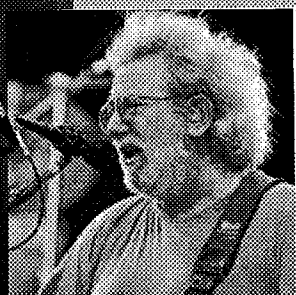
Kinda



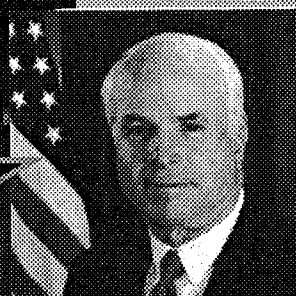
You will be a Celocant., It is a fish that was supposedly extinct. Swim fishy!



You will be George W. Bush, Republican Presidential hopeful. I'm sorry.



You will be Gerry Garcia and you will have nothing to do with ice cream except eating it.



You will be John McCain Defender of America, Scourge of the Yellow Peril.



You will be Alan Keyes, Christian fanatic. Please kill yourself.

6) Why haven't we gone to war recently?



By My Grandparents

As is usual while having dinner, my wife and I were discussing the differences between our generation and the heathen children of today. We are thankful to *The National Disclaimer* for providing this opportunity to address the generation that is destroying

America, God, and our most cherished beliefs.

In my day it was common and respectable to send our best and brightest to die in foreign lands. My father was sent to "Italy" in WWI where he fought for democracy, lost a leg and contracted several "venereal" diseases. I was sent to Germany in WWII, once again to fight for democracy, but also to suffer the horrors of the fire bombings at Dresden and the indignation of being a prisoner of war for two years. Both my father and I paid a terrible price for our country and our freedom. Why shouldn't you?

The reasons for another American war are numerous. Firstly, your generation has nothing better to do. If our grandson is a representative member of your generation, this fact is obvious. Your generation spends hours in front of your "computers" with your "inter-net" and "video games." It sickens my wife and I. Instead of wasting your time in "chat rooms" talking to your "friends," why don't you pick up a gun, get on a plane and fight the evils of foreign lands like I did when I was your age?

Secondly, its time to thin out the herd. There are too many liberal, pot-smoking hippies in your generation. If some kind of action isn't taken now, these are going to be the people running our precious country in the future. I say send them off to war and let natural selection take its course. If by chance they do come back alive, at least war will have instilled the fear of God in them. Although the Presidency of Bill Clinton proves that this plan is not foolproof, it can still eliminate a substantial number of hippies from attaining political power in the future.

Fourthly, we cannot let other nations forget the brutal, but just force of America as a super-power. We haven't dropped an atomic bomb in more than half a century. How will any nation take us seriously with a foreign policy like that? America needs to be more consistent. Other nations know that we have the bomb and WWII proved that we are willing to use it, but we need to show other nations just *how* willing we are to using it.

And another thing: Why don't we have wars like we used to? I remember when wars were wars. World War I, World War II, Korea...now those were wars. Since then, the quality of war has been slowly declining. My wife and I laughed when we heard about the "Persian Gulf War." The United States of America did not get into "conflicts" in my day. They destroyed whole cities to stop them from becoming communists. If you were not going to live freely, you were not going to live at all. Those were the days...

In conclusions, your generation is too wrapped up in peace. What America really needs is another World War. If you think the economy is good now, you haven't seen a wartime economy. The Japanese and Germans seem to be getting a little too rowdy anyway. My wife and I agree that the draft should begin immediately.

Movies That Feel Like Wedgies in Steel Underwear

By Tony Barbera
(not Barbarella)

Why is it that I only get the urge to write about really bad movies? This time, I was sort of asked, but only because the person who asked me (hint: phylum rodentia) associates me with bad movies, for some demented reason or another. So, here we go (again, if you read my review of Dee Snider's Oscar contending "Strangeland" last Halloween, and you are forgiven if you didn't).

Scream 3. After my last movie theater experience with "Deuce Bigalow" I thought maybe the worst of 2000 was already out of the way, and I wouldn't have to fear laying down \$8 for some random movie. Of course I was wrong. In what was perhaps the most uncalled for move of the millennium (the millennium being a ripe 47 days old), the third film in the riveting, ground breaking, mind numbing "Scream" series was released, and somehow (I will never admit to this action being voluntary on my part) I ended up watching it.

What was this movie about? Beats the shit out of me. I don't remember the original *Scream* (gasp!) and I didn't feel the need to see *Scream 2* (only psychosis could explain that) so I think I missed the plot. Something about some chick or some chick's mom and something she might have done back in the day with some dudes or something. Oh, and some people are killed by that guy in the grim reaper get up. Wow, it's always your mom's fault. Not that she's the killer or anything. Well, maybe. I wouldn't want to ruin the secret shocking weird twist toy surprise at the bottom of this cheap - ass crackerjack box movie. You probably won't guess it (I don't know, maybe you will, who knows, I sure don't) and whether you do or you don't, you just plain won't care. Trust me on this one!

The big problem with the movie is that you don't care about ANYTHING that happens. Maybe I'm a special case because I'm kind of (okay, completely, wholeheartedly and religiously) outside of the world of *Scream*. Courtney Cox has an interesting new hairdo that screams "anorexic face meltdown" (ha - ha, ain't that a kicker! He wrote "screams" and it's an article about... aah, fuck you too). Umm... she gets to play out her marriage angst on - screen (though not exactly as poignantly portrayed as Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman in *Eyes Wide Shut*, but this is *Scream*, what the hell do you expect, you ass - monkey?). Anything else? Hmm... oh, the HIGH point of the movie. Well, Silent Bob and Jay of Kevin Smith's "New Jersey Trilogy" (*Clerks*, *Mallrats*, *Chasing Amy*) show up for (literally) a few seconds, to make fun of Courtney Cox (and by association, Connie Chung -- told you this movie doesn't make any sense), but they quickly leave as they realize they're in a "Scream" movie.

Ahem... ! But as I was saying

before, I doubt that, even if you know the story, you'll give two shifts about what happens in the film. It's just so mind numbing! I honestly think this movie has ruined me for all other movies. No, I'm kidding, *Leonard Part Six* gets that honor, but if I never saw that... who knows? I mean, I didn't even care who the killer was, and as far as my fried little brain can tell, the whole point of each of these movies is to see who the killer is this time.

Wait, maybe I'm not giving the movie enough credit. Film nerds get to play their favorite game, "Spot the Oblique Reference", as in the first movie (again, I can't speak for the second, but I'll assume that one was pretty awful too). *Friends* fans get to see what direction Courtney Cox would like her career to pursue. Umm... we get more pop film theory from the wacky and loveable... umm... dude... you know, that guy who's on *Buffy* (at least, he was

there for the one episode I saw, he was with that really annoying chick who talks too much, not that he doesn't) and he was in *Can't Hardly Wait*, another masterpiece of bullshit. Argh, this is actually painful to type.

Who am I kidding? Giving this film any credit would be giving it too much. Damn, that's an hour and a half of my life I'll never get back. Wow... Ahem! So, in conclusion (I just can't stand to write about this any more, I swear, I'm going to either cry or shoot some innocent bystanders), I'm going to ruin the movie for you by telling you IT SUCKS. The beginning sucks, the ending sucks, and boy does it smoke some serious cock in the middle. Redeeming qualities? None. There wasn't any good music in it, the token African American character is killed off even more off - handedly than usual, and there's something in there about the movie being about a sequel of a movie about what happened in the first movie. As the legendary Rudy Ray Moore (aka, "Dolemite!") would say, "What the shit is this?" or "Looks like another frame - up," though the first one's probably more appropriate. What the shit, indeed...

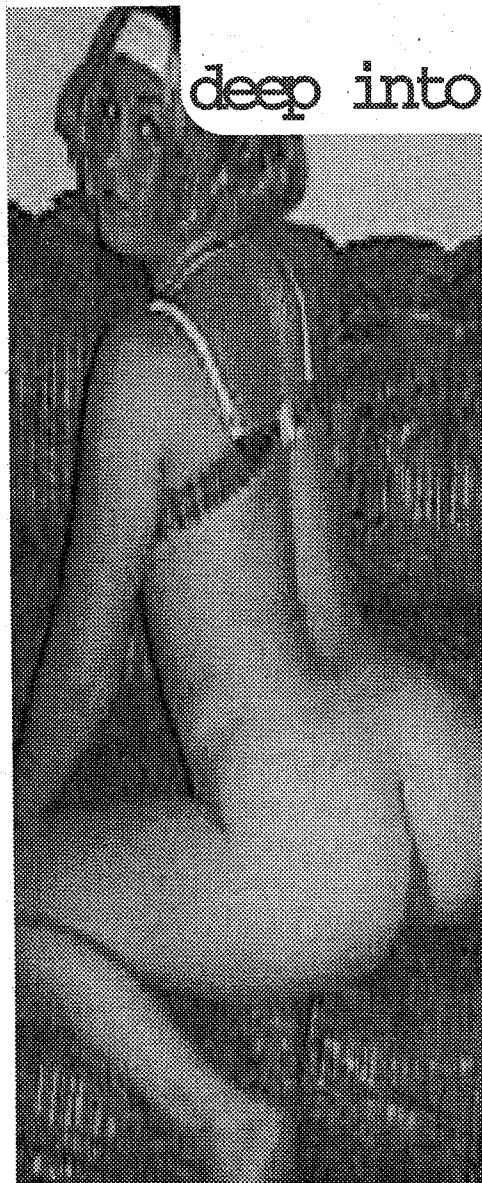
By the way, if you did like this movie, write or email *The National Disclaimer*. I'd love to hear one damn reason why it didn't suck donkey balls



My Hooker Self

An In-Depth Interview, looking

deep into the depths of the inside self of a Hooker



By RBDT

RBDT

(Pimp): Please tell me, in your own words, what some of your "hooka skills" are?

H: Well, I can dilate my vaginal cavity to five inches. Most people assume this is because I am in labor. But actually, I am not even pregnant. My uterus is barren. My womb cries.

RBDT: Oh, so you taking shit to the NEXT level then. You trying to have some jokes. Some wise-talkin "hooka jokes?"

H: All joking aside, my vagina is such a gaping tunnel due to many years of conditioning. I once stuffed a dirty tennis ball and a whole computer mouse up there at the same time. It hurt a bit, but I'm hardcore. When I'm on powerful barbiturates, I hardly feel the searing pain emanating from my genitals.

RBDT: Oh, I get it now. You bringing some tweaked out self to *this* party. Tell me, does your talents and your drugs coincide, or are you crimin' on some scandalous "hooka heroin?"

H: Well, I am something of a villain. I have no respect for myself or those around me. As part of my disturbing "performance art" period, I got up on a stage and crushed the head and neck of an American bald eagle with the muscles of my asshole. The poor thing never had a chance. My anal sphincter is like a bottle opener.

RBDT: What, so you're like, some kinda "art-ho?" You tryin to decorate my *lab* with some of your art? Man, ain't that just some hooka-type shit to do?

H: At this point, I should indicate that I am upset over

the words I am speaking. The truth hurts. Like sexual assault with a fifteen-inch black rubber cock hurts. And believe-you-me, I know how sexual assault with a fifteen-inch black rubber cock hurts. Or at least it hurt the first ten or twenty times. You would be amazed at just how many of my clientele have some sort of fetish regarding fifteen-inch black rubber cocks. Some want me to strap it on and make them my bitch, some want to gang sodomize me with it. I don't get paid to complain, so I just plaster on a bored smile and bear the humiliation.

RBDT: That reminds me of this fancy little story. I used to have this co-pimp, see. His name was Skunkpiece, he was my pimp-paartna! But my arch-nemepimp Double-Cat Snookiepuss slew him dead. As a snaggletoothed hooka of the street, you must have all kinds of acquaintances with unique individuals. Do you have a "hooka-date?"

H: Every now and then a man walks up to me on the street and urinates at my inner thigh, I don't know why this is. I would ask him to stop if I didn't find it so powerfully erotic. I love how filthy I feel when I get on the bus and everyone can see the steaming dark patch on my jeans and the unfortunate person I sit down next to can smell some strange man's urine. I am a little flustered just thinking about it.

RBDT: So, you must spend a lot of time outside. When you are coming down with a cold, do you eat "hookenacea?"

H: I don't like when my loved ones call me a dirty street-walker. I keep food on the table and rock in the glass. I don't hear any of them complaining when I get really high on crack-cocaine and lick every inch of their sweaty bodies.

RBDT: Shi-it. What about your ho-baby love-childrens?

H: My dad gets really quiet when I talk about our child.

From the Hooker's Mouth

"Never pass up a trick; cause rock ain't cheap"

"If a 'John' is giving you static take out your shiv, (a make-shift blade) and slice open his sac."

"Have the necessities on hand: GPCs, Magnums, and a straight razor are your best friends"

"Sometime you gotta spend money to make money; so don't be afraid to treat yourself to that rayon mini you've been looking on"

"Sometimes it's a sink or swallow life, when it is remember that you have a friend in Jesus, and in the priests on 116th St."

"The first thing a girl needs if they gonna pursue a life of hookin' is a good pimp. One who won't hit you. Much."

"Remember that this is just a job like any other. Just like Blockbuster, you want the customer to go home happy"

"I ain't never seen no 'John' like Richard Gere, though I have seen a few lookin like Julia Roberts. Charlie Sheen, Eddie Murphy and Giuliani they're all good money though."

8) Punk Rock Musician Discovers "4th Chord"



The recent discovery of the elusive fourth chord has both excited the punk rock community and shaken it to its very core. The chord, classified as "E," has caused controversy since its discovery last week by El Hefe, guitarist for the popular punk band NOFX. The discovery



has received a mixed reaction from punk fans so far and it has yet to be determined whether or not it will gain general acceptance.

Like penicillin, the chord was discovered completely by accident when the drunken guitarist let his fingers slip during a concert last week. The chord that was played was unlike anything anyone had ever heard before. It silenced the audience and other band members as all stood in confused awe. One MxPx fan that was in the audience that night described it, "like the voice of God." Since the incident, other bands have been able to replicate the sound and have begun to incorporate it into their own musical creations.

Many fans are optimistic, claiming that the new chord will increase their ability to distinguish their favorite songs from one another. One fan interviewed by *The Disclaimer* said, "This is the next step in the evolution of punk rock. Who knows? Soon we might be hearing songs with five or six different chords. I'm very excited." Experts agree it is too soon to speculate about the existence of five or more chords, but the possibility of their existence is indeed possible.

Although most fans were impressed with the discovery, not all were enthusiastic. "What is this emo shit? These guys are a bunch of sell-outs!" screamed one fan while hurling a full bottle of Poland Spring Water at Trevor Keith's giant

head at a recent Face to Face concert. Face to Face is just one of many bands coming under scrutiny for the implementation of the chord in their most recent album. As is customary in the punk community any band showing diversity is labeled a "sell-out," a stigma that also affects bands that are commercially successful.

The discovery of the chord has many implications in the world of punk. With the addition of a fourth chord to their musical repertoire, punk rock experts, also called punkologists, are predicting that songs created by bands such as Bad Religion, Pennywise, Pulley, Ten Foot Pole and Agnostic Front will contain 33% more musical diversity. Unfortunately, in addition to creating more diversity, it will also create 33% more work for guitarists.

Artists as well as fans are divided when it comes to the new discovery. When discussing the future of punk rock, Tim Armstrong of Rancid has said, "The beauty of punk rock music is its simplicity. The addition of a fourth chord creates too much complexity for the average fan to handle. The average 16-year-old punk fan is too wrapped up in his boundless anger and angst to deal with any more than three chords."

Brian Baker of Bad Religion disagrees, saying "It is the job of the punk rock artist to challenge his or her audience, not just with complex lyrics using symbolic language and literary allusion, but also with a wide range of guitar chords."

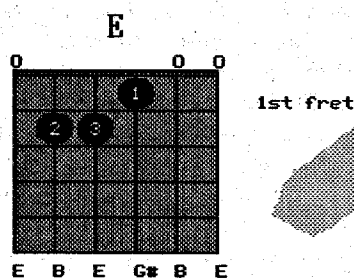
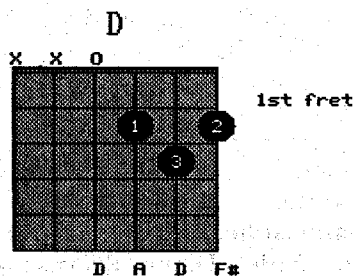
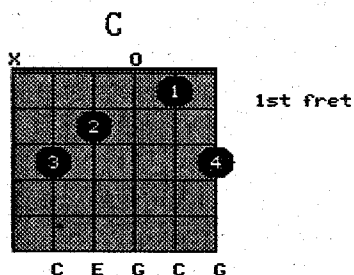
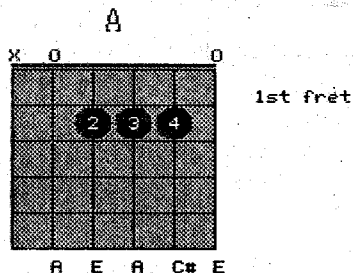
As for the next generation of punk artists, they may be facing more demanding audiences who are not satisfied with even four chords. "We had it easy" said Fletcher Dragge of Pennywise, "It took me seven years to perfect the three chords that we have now. I can't even image what the future generation is facing."

This new style is still in the experimental stage, with bands using the chord sparingly if at all. It is unclear if the chord will be successful in making its way into most songs or if it will be rejected and forgotten, much in the same way as melody after its introduction into punk music. Hopefully next year's *Warped Tour* will provide some answers.

Some have suggested that this chord may be the so called "missing link" between punk rock and normal music. If this is indeed the case, we can expect to see many changes in the punk community. This may be the "gateway" chord, leading punk fans to experiment with music outside of the punk genre.

In the end, only time can tell whether or not this discovery is a blessing or a curse. Until then bands will continue to experiment and judge their audiences reactions. Either way, this significant breakthrough will have a major affect on the world of punk.

The Mysterious "E" Chord



Jefferson and Hemmings:

Beyond the Paternity Question

By F.L. Livingston

Back in the '60s, I often heard the adults around me debating this question: "Why would one get into a relationship that one's family (or society) did not accept?" Sometimes the issue arose in response to the fact that a relative or a neighbor had "stepped across racial lines" in dating or marriage. Other times, it occurred in reaction to, say, a movie plot or a magazine feature (think: *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*).

After a little -- or a lot of -- discussion, somebody generally uttered the same "conversation stopper". The allegedly all-encompassing analysis that declared: "One word - rebellion!" (Variations included "defiance" and "spite".)

Such words did not seem to "fit" when, on rare occasions, this discussion came up in regard to one of history's favorite rumors -- that of the "love story" of the famous Thomas Jefferson and the female slave, Sally Hemmings; yes, it was still "just a rumor" then. How to deal?

Some of them managed to find a new way to "explain" it, another single word: "convenience," a different category than that of "rebellion." A one-word evaluation just the same, and one that precluded any idea of "love."

I'm not talking about dyed-in-the-wool, right-wing racists. My parents and many of their friends and relatives tended to be "liberal". These were people who abhorred discrimination and supported the Civil Rights movement. People who believed in "equality" and "integration". Who generally avoided the use of ethnic slurs even when among "their own kind" -- and warned their children not to use them, either! Several of them even insisted that they had no personal objection to racial mixing. But - and this was a big, important "but" -- they were worried about "social approval".

They had trouble understanding those who did not share this concern. At that point where "integration" turned into "integrated coupling," the issue became, in their eyes, much more complicated. A matter of "social savvy," of "common sense" interest in the "social survival" of one's parents and one's kids. The topic stirred up all kinds of emotions.

So perhaps the only way that these otherwise sophisticated people could cope with the confusion was to oversimplify. To reduce this "aberrant" behavior to, well, one word: "rebellion" (or "defiance" or "convenience," etc). To convince themselves that "forbidden fruit" was "inedible fruit." That "unacceptable love" was "impossible" anyhow.

There's No use invoking Shakespeare's name and the beautiful romance of his Romeo and Juliet. At the very best, I got, "But they died..." All the more "proof" that controversial love was doomed --

if it were "love," at all.

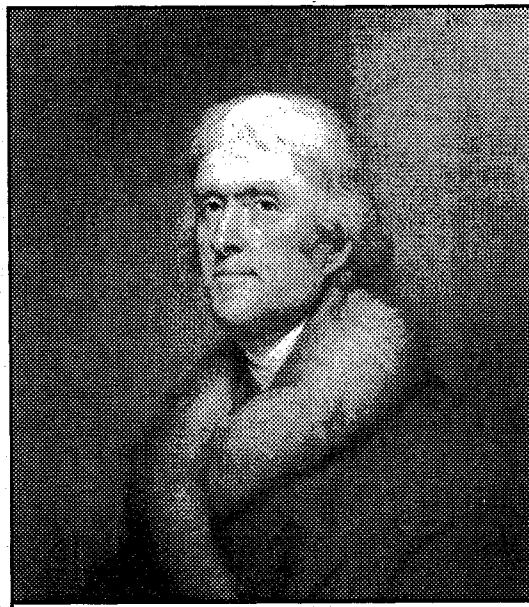
I, however, was not so sure. Then I met "Abdul," the Arab that I dated even though Jewish/Arab relationships were definitely "taboo". The caring young man who shattered any stereotypes I may have had about Arab ethnic attitudes, and vice versa. In a relationship that challenged the preconceived notions of many of my friends and relatives, young and old alike; for I was not known as a "rebel". So how could this be?

Several of them still tried to sum it all up in one word, or, at least, one phrase. Was I "lonely?" No, I had a nice group of friends. Was I "swept off my feet?" Not exactly. Sure, he was handsome -- and charming, in his own way. I had given this choice a lot of thought before I went ahead with it and I resented anyone suggesting that, perhaps, I hadn't. Besides, as in any relationship, there were many factors. So I hardly relished anybody cutting it all down to a few simple words.

I'm not saying that this was the steady, enduring love that I now share with my husband. Far from it (Though for some couples it might have been).

Nor am I trying to place my own life on a level with that of the famous Thomas Jefferson; even if I am a proud member of the time-honored Stony Brook Press. The star-crossed nature of the relationship does have its similarities.

Far be it from me to try to impose "love" as another single-word explanation. Take a look; I said, "many factors". So I am not ruling out "rebellion" as a component in such romances or "loneliness," or "convenience." I'm just saying that I doubt that the citing of any one condition can capture the total essence of any relationship, "acceptable" or not.



Thomas Jefferson

But what does all this have to do with Jefferson and Hemmings? Quite a bit. For now the story of their romance is not such a "rumor". As of 1998, the miracle of DNA testing brought

forth "compelling evidence that Jefferson is the ancestor of many of Hemmings' descendants". (Payne, Les, "Finally, the Jefferson's Are Out of Denial". *Newsday*. Vol 60. #149. P. B6.) After an "exhaustive...study," the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation recently "...threw in the towel and admitted ...to a 'strong likelihood' of the Jefferson paternity..." (B6). Forcing many of Jefferson's white progeny to concede the point. (B6). Not too

long ago (Feb.13 and 16 to be exact), CBS broadcast the docudrama, "Sally Hemmings: an American Scandal," a version of the Jefferson/Hemmings story written by Tina Andrews, directed by Charles Haid, and based on extensive research.

This is sure to provoke a number of diverse reactions. From white racists who, unfortunately, recoil at the fact that one of our Founding Fathers consorted with a black slave, and from angry blacks who see this "discovery" as one more sign of the injustices inflicted on black Americans over the centuries. As well as triumphant blacks who relish the fact that the white race, especially the white Jeffersons, have had to recognize a black connection with this renowned American leader, and straightforward (mostly young) whites who will tolerate no fudging on the subject.

"They're his kids!" my fifteen-year-old daughter will tell you emphatically, "and that's that!"

Then there are those -- blacks, whites, and others -- who loathe the hypocrisy of the situation. Here was a man - philosopher, inventor, architect, revolutionary -- third president of the United States - author of the illustrious Declaration of Independence, including the words "...all men are created equal..." Yet, here too was a man that held onto his slaves until he died. That did not free even his mistress during his lifetime. Who sired children by her but stubbornly refused to acknowledge this "highly disapproved" form of fatherhood. The saga is fraught with issues of paternity, character, and racial relations in America.

But there is one question that many people brush aside as frivolous. Did Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemmings love each other? It is a question that I think is of equal significance to all the others. (Tina Andrews appears to agree, for this was a major thrust of the mini-series.) Even that has some bearing on matters of progress in relations between blacks and whites.

I can almost hear the din of protests. As columnist Diane Werts points out, there are those who contend that Jefferson "...used her, enforcing his desires with his ownership...". Yes, there are others who maintain that "...she used him to live a better life than other slaves..." (*Newsday*, Tuesday, 2/8/00. Vol. 60 # 158. B27)

There is a question beneath all the other questions. Why did Jefferson never marry after his first wife, mother of his white children, passed away? Allegedly it's,

continued on page 12

Jefferson Continued From Page 11

because he promised her on her deathbed that he would not. I must concede, maybe, that the relationship with Sally merely helped him to keep that vow. Especially since, according to the mini-series, she was his late wife's half-sister (evidence, by the way, that cohabitation between masters and slaves was not so unusual). With Hemmings to satisfy his loins, perhaps he was able to concentrate on his career and his hobbies, sans any yearning for a new wife.

All of this is very possible. But it is just as conceivable that it happened this way because he came to love Sally Hemmings. That he valued her caring and comforting in return. That he did not set her free because he feared that she might leave (All this even more so because of her supposed tie with his cherished wife).

Granted, he may have been guilty of a certain inner weakness. Perhaps, as some suggest, he "...loved [her] but couldn't surmount society's views on slavery..." (Werts, B27). Chances are that explains his failure to claim his biracial offspring, as well.

Maybe that's understandable, or maybe it's a cruel form of cowardice; but none of that necessarily lessens the power of his passion for Sally.

The television program presents the

eminent leader as a kind of "unintentional hypocrite," a man torn between many conflicting needs and feelings. "I have...always known...that slavery is an iniquity..." Jefferson (Sam Neill) concedes at one point, "but I was afraid...and complacent..."

As for Hemmings, it is equally plausible that she loved him. That she gave him that love freely even though, as a slave, she may not have had much of a choice. That she was hurt but not embittered by his refusal to acknowledge her children as his own. Even that she accepted his "double life" as par for the times. (Werts, B 27) Or that she objected to it, but could not or would not let go of her

feelings of tenderness. (It is telling that she tended his grave until her own passing.)

The "mixed attitude" is Andrews' take on Hemmings' position. For in the docudrama, Sally (Carmen Ejogo) complains to

Jefferson, "... I'm not the one who sits next to you at table!" Yet, in later years, she says of Monticello and its aging owner, "I cannot leave here, and I cannot leave him."

In any event, Jefferson wouldn't be the first lover in history to disappoint. Neither would he be the last. Nor would she be the only one to ever swallow that disap-

pointment and go on loving anyway.

Romantic? Yes. Naive? Perhaps. The "stuff of Hollywood and television mini-series?" Obviously.

Unrealistic? I think not ("Reality" need not always be negative, after all). Insignificant? No way! For the idea that love can bloom between black and white is almost "revolutionary" in this society; even now in the year 2000. The thought that it could take root in a system of such vast inequality and racist propaganda as that of American slavery? Surely, that gives pause to anyone who ever even entertained the idea that the human heart adheres to rigid boundaries. That those boundaries are defined by skin color, or by the master-slave relationship. (Though the docudrama suggests that Jefferson and Hemmings fell in love during a sojourn in France, where they were on more equal footing.)

I don't know the true nature of the Jefferson/Hemmings relationship. Neither do you, because the real "main characters" are dead.

What is noteworthy here, I contend, is the fact that we can now explore the situation so thoroughly. And go beyond "one-word analysis". What was once branded as "scandal" -- or, later, brushed aside as "rumor" -- can now be spoken of, written about and dramatized -- in all its possibilities.

Even though arguments will still abound on both sides. Some of them heated...

A meaningful sign, I contend, of how far race relations have come in this country, of just how far we still have to go.

"With Hemmings to satisfy his loins, perhaps he was able to concentrate on his career and his hobbies..."

I spend my nights living it up at The Spot. Yes, The Spot, that bright colorful speck of marinara sauce on the grey wool tie of Stony Brook...

Wednesday thru Saturday 8pm-2am

Located in Rossevelt Quad

THE SPOT:

Class, sophistication, booze, and live music, brilliantly juxtaposed with Tina Turner's damn-sexy pair of lips.

*Why wouldn't you go there?
It is très chic.*



March 1, 2000

proposals for the fine arts organization's

Undergraduate Art Show

at The Spot

ARE DUE

to participate, leave your proposal in the Fine Arts Organization mailbox in SAC rm. 220 or with the Art Department, 2nd floor, Staller

All Entries Welcome

show date: 3-31-00

For more info., email:

artclub@emedia.art.sunysb.edu

SCHIZOPHRENIA, NARCOTICS, GOD AND THE SOUL

By Tim Connors

Why do I self medicate in an unsuccessful attempt to alleviate my schizophrenic symptoms? Maybe it is the hope that I won't care about or notice the delusions anymore. Instead I am left racked by the same delusions only more pervasively, and intensified through a drug haze. What's the truth, that I like to get fucked up, and be psychotic? Generally I hold the opinion that being psychotic sucks, so why do I do it?

Am I an addict? I do have a drug problem that I can't control on my own. Could it be that I'm just a very irresponsible loser; those who don't do drugs will probably think that. My drug consumption consists of mostly pot and alcohol, with the opportunistic use of acid, ecstasy, and a one time experience with cocaine, and the inadvertent use of angel dust. Your parents told you not to take candy from strangers and the saying applies to cigarettes as well. I took two drags from a butt soaked with PCP, and I was like a zombie physically and my mind was still functioning.

I do know that drugs did not cause my first psychotic episode, but only because it was so much worse than drug abuse, and it lasted for quite some time. PCP and cocaine do not cause symptoms as severe as a psychotic break. Cocaine comes closer than PCP to emulating the symptoms of schizophrenia, but the duration of the drug effects is shorter than a schizophrenic psychotic episode.

In Narcotics Anonymous, they celebrate milestone dates of sobriety. There's a meeting on campus in the SAC 309 on Tuesday nights at 7:30 pm. A big one is the one-year anniversary. I can't remember the last time I was sober for an entire year, I know it was eighteen years ago when I was ten years old, but I started sniffing glue when I was seven. I try not to think about how I can go that long without getting high or drunk. NA suggests that I take it one day at a time.

Thinking back, the first time I remember having an auditory hallucination or hearing voices was in my first freshman year (I had five freshman years). I was at Villanova and my roommate and I were in a crowded dining hall. I could have sworn he said rather loudly "you're addicted to porn." I felt uncomfortable and looked around to see if everyone around us was staring at me. That was nine years ago and I've gotten progressively worse since then. I hope that this doesn't keep getting worse, and that it will improve with age.

I abused drugs to see if the episode I experienced was caused by drug abuse. By comparing the experiences I can rule out that drugs were the cause of my psychotic break. The fact that I have schizophrenia and not drug induced psychosis is hard for me to accept.

The question for me now is how to deal with

being a mentally ill chemical addict and find my way in life. My first thought was to check out Narcotics Anonymous. Granted most people smoke crack and shoot dope before they turn to that program, but I can't do pot, coke, ecstasy, or alcohol without diminishing the effectiveness of the medication that I take. I didn't know if NA would accept me. I found out that NA is for anyone who wants to stop doing drugs. They don't

specify which drugs or how much you did.

Part of a twelve-step program is a focus on acceptance of the problem, and finding peace with "God." This presents something of a challenge for me since I have never developed a personal concept of "God." Sure I go to church occasionally, and I paid lip service to the concept, but I never tried to develop a coherent philosophy about my life and "God."

There are two things that have to be addressed in life. The first is the physical world of material things and money. The second is the spiritual world, or "God;" I think "God" is the force in the universe that allowed me to exist as a thinking and feeling being. I have to constantly evaluate my thoughts to guess if they are delusions or real.

Someone once suggested that this is called reality testing, but upon reflection I grew to dislike that term since it implies that an absolute reality exists. Each person has their own ideas of what reality is, and much like ones concept of "God," the idea of reality is a human construct to respond to our existence. Reality and "God" do exist, however they are beyond the understanding of humans and simplified ideas and symbols have to be used in their place.

This brings us to dogma; religious ritual for the purpose of explaining the human condition and place in the universe. There are useful ideas in these ritual beliefs, but once again they are open to personal interpretations. Religions have profound meaning but only to the extent that the individual can incorporate the concepts into their lives.

The question is, how does one incorporate religious ideas into their life? And in what way should these ideas become the amalgam of one's existence? This brings us back to the question of what is our meaning in life. My answer is that it is to reconcile one's uncontrolled role in the universe and the material world that we exist in.

The most important point in reconciling these two realms is to realize that they are separate. Jesus said something along the lines of, "give to God his due, and give to Caesar his due." Jesus suggests with this line of thought that there is a dichotomy to human existence. One a material world in which money and material things are important, and another of examining the self or soul and finding a personal explanation for that existence.

My last girlfriend urged me to pray to myself because "God" was in my soul. She thought that through introspection I could rediscover the emotions that I seemed to lack.

Unfortunately, the lack of emotion that she noticed was due to a flattened affect caused by schizophrenia, but I still try anyway.

I think about her idea that the individual harbors God within themselves and I agree to an extent. The individual is part of the universe and contains part of "God" within. To me the concept of "God" is the explanation of existence and reality, which is beyond the understanding of humans.

Many of you would disagree with me, viewing reality as a scientifically describable absolute.

My response to science is that it is a model of reality, not reality and being a model involves faith and belief. An engineer will decide how to build a structure so it withstands nature, and view that as reality. But even that engineer must concede that unexpected natural events may destroy that building. It is folly to think that human thought can anticipate the full spectrum of events in the universe. Just remember the Titanic.

As I think

about disasters I am reminded of a sociology course I failed. The professor was positive that there was no god, and viewed religion as the opiate of the masses just like Marx. I like Marxism and think it will continue into this century, however I disagree with what I have been taught to be Marx's views on religion.

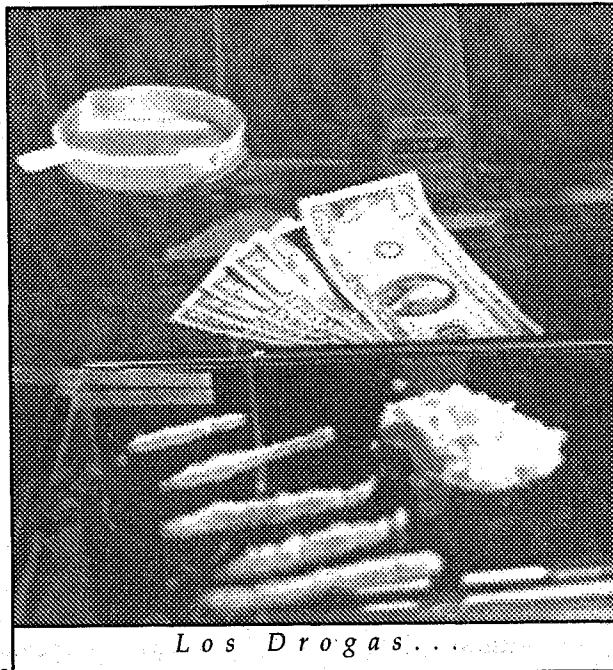
Sure religion has been used to oppress the masses, and to prevent them from developing class-consciousness. But the problem is that there is no such thing as class-consciousness. Marx questioned the existing order to propose a better form of society. But ideas relating to social order are again a model of reality, a way for people to view their existence and just another form of religion that is based on labor's control of the state.

That professor had an unerring faith in the social sciences, and probably didn't examine the validity of that belief system. It's ironic that someone can dismiss one form of religious faith for a social-logical faith and never realize that they still are engaged in the same opiate consumption they denounce.

The one thing that unites any point of view is money. America is making the world safe for money. At this point I'm going to use some of the ideas found in Jacob Needleman's book *Money and the Meaning of Life*. Don't be put off by the title, it's more about searching for one's self and integrating money into that process.

Jacob agrees more with my last girlfriend than me about the nature of "God." To me the main postulation is that people can interpret reality and that the self or soul is very much like the external force which is "God." That is the way that we are created in the image of "God."

This article doesn't come to clean conclusion; that's life. The important thing is to examine yourself and be aware of your decisions and the pull between positive and negative decisions. And find an acceptance of the fact that there are forces in our lives beyond our control.



Los Drogas...

"Generally I hold the opinion that being psychotic sucks, so why do I do it?"

"THE ART OF KEITH MORRISON"

By Ellen Yau (the girl Russ scared away)

In spirit of Black History Month, members of the student body, faculty and staff of the Stony Brook community filed into the SAC auditorium Wednesday afternoon to indulge their artistic and cultural curiosity in a lecture led by an internationally acclaimed Jamaican contemporary artist, Keith Morrison.

The lecture involves an exploration of the three basic elements in Morrison's paintings and prints: Urban American pathology, American pathology and landscape fantasies. Biblical Afro-Christian elements mixed with Haitian and Egyptian elements are some recurring references made in his paintings. Morrison featured 30 dramatically cultivated abstract works through slides followed by a short explanation of his ideas and their interrelationships. Each image entails a story from his readings, travels and experiences.

The Biblical, "Red Sea" (1995) reveals a tale of a bearded sage, symbolic of Moses, escaping with his people from Egypt into Israel. "Chariot" (1988) portrays a fictitious chariot floating across the landscape toward the horizon, a Caribbean and

African American reference to freedom.

"It is an escape," Morrison explains, "from people's misunderstandings."

Innocence versus Evil is also a theme in some of his paintings. "Ton Ton Macoute" (1994) features a Butterfly and a Scorpion in a pair of sunglasses. Morrison indicates the Butterfly represents innocence while the Scorpion represents evil. The sunglasses are derived from the dark glasses Haitian police wear.

"Contradictions are important to explore," states Morrison. "It is what life is about."

"Tombstone" (1991), one of his most controversial oil paintings, involves the idea of a drug shootout in the Bronx. The painting portrays a gang of grimacing men with guns, syringes and African-style masks, murdering for sneakers and jewelry. Morrison again expresses his concern of "misunderstanding" through this painting. He alleges that some people see it as an "indictment".

"Tombstone" is based on his experience during his stay in Washington, D.C. "You know you could die," he asserts humorously. "Tombstone is a homage to that... to frighten the middle class audience." The painting "Posse" (1994) also involves street gangs. The tale around this

painting involves a group of young Jamaican rural street boys that developed into a city gang.

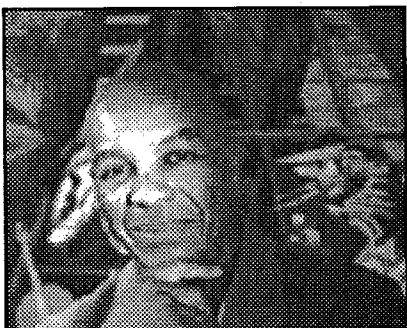
The last 12 slides reveal paintings done by watercolor. Morrison says watercolors are new to him but they allow more detail. He is currently working on creating two series of watercolor paintings.

Similar to the oil painting "Tombstone", the watercolor "Altar" (1998) also involves Biblical elements regarding the concept of death. It features a Christ figure, a skeleton head and an electric chair floating in surreal space. "Shango's Cargo" (1998) displays a colorful rainbow with two dragon ships in a flowerpot. Two sacrificial rituals are being preformed.

Morrison remarks that he usually does not know the symbolism of each image or the origin of each painting until he speculates about it. He suggests that "Shango's Cargo" depicts the "coming" of African and European culture.

Morrison notes the significance of symbolism in both his oil and watercolor paintings; they provide a message to the viewer. His original paintings emphasize the need for recognition of black artists. His later paintings highlight the overlapping of time and culture.

"Liberty and Freedom is running with me," states the Caribbean artist. "Ones that have to do with the intersection of new and old are a 'coming'."



Keith Morrison

GEETCH'S WEB PICS...

A Handy Dandy Guide to Killing Time on the Web

By Donald "Geetch" Toner

We have reached the second month of the semester and if you are reading this, you must have survived. About now you are crushed beneath an insurmountable load of course work and are in need of some mindless activity. Well you have come to the right place, for none other than I can provide you with activities as mindless as these. Where else can we turn for such activity than the web.

www.yourfunmail.com is the first site to begin your mindless search at. Not only is this a good site to begin at, but it will continue to supply you with reasons for not doing your work every day, as you will have a constant desire to check your email to see if you received another newsletter. The site itself contains a series of newsletters you can subscribe to, as well as having archived copies of each to sample. There is the ever popular Coffeebreak, which is sent early every morning to brighten your day. Each issue contains a joke, historical quotes, trivia, facts, links to moderately good sites, a 'word of the day' and an obsession with a pig (you just have to go there and find out for yourself). There is also the Treasurehunter Daily, which is similar to ebay and finds good deals on decent merchandise. There is also an e-zine called "For Girls Only" which is similar to Coffeebreak in design, but designed to deal with women's issues more than the general public, and no pig obsessions.

Lastly they have their own expanding

online novel called Desert Raven which will get mailed to you daily, chapter by chapter, which from what I can figure out is possible to advertise in.

www.thespark.com is yet another site which one can subscribe to, just for the monthly update as to what is happening. The site itself contains movie reviews, news, with archived articles, chat rooms, online tests and quizzes, which are ALL strongly recommended for those with nothing to do. New features include an online drinking guide, free email, thespark cam, as well as many other features you will want to check out for yourself. Activity which takes no thought at all abounds at The Spark.

www.theonion.com is a site I am sure you are all familiar with. If not, you had better become familiar with it. By far one of the most amusing sites, guaranteed to bring a smile to anyone having a terrible day. This site is a way to forget all your troubles. The site itself is a newspaper of sorts, which almost contains actual facts. One might compare it to getting your news from The Daily Show. Every issue has a series of columns, surveys, polls, comics, review, as well as almost news. It is possible to go online, subscribe to, and purchase merchandise from The Onion. A few prior issues are always archived, as well as a whole slew of

archived articles for your viewing pleasure.

www.slashdot.com is, well, not as mindless, but for a select few of you out there as much fun as any of the previously mentioned sites. Also known as "News For Nerds," it has some actual news, in political, computer and internet fields, which all the subscribers comment on. In turn, all of the comments are commented on, and so on. Of course some of the 'news' is about the latest movies and video games, but as they say they are sending out, "stuff that matters."

Other sites which may be of interest to you (if these aren't enough).

www.brickshelf.com, a site which gives

you lego instructions to everything. www.recordstore.com/cgi-bin/wuname/wuname.pl, a site where you can discover your hidden Wu-name.

Users.vei.net/jng/fcp/main.htm is a site with a plethora of doctored movie images, most of which, if you have seen the movies or know the actors, are pretty amusing.

Rinkworks.com/dialect, a site which translates your site from English to another form of english, such as Jive, Cockney, Redneck, you get the idea.

Finally www.bored.com, a site with enough links to keep you occupied with nothing for weeks, if not months, on end. If after visiting all these sites you still need more tedium, I strongly suggest trying schoolwork.

Of course some of the 'news' is about the latest movies and video games; but as they say they are sending out, "stuff that matters."

The Breast Fairy

By
Brian
Kate

I love my breasts. They may not be all that big, only somewhere between an A and a B, but to me they're downright amazing. Especially since I wasn't supposed to get them in the first place; as I was told, "boys don't get breasts."

I remember when I was a kid, when I was told I was a boy because I was born with a penis, when I myself knew I wasn't really 100% boy or girl. I remember wishing that one day I would have a really nice-looking pair of breasts like the bigger girls I saw all around me. I was told "you're a boy" and "girls have breasts, boys don't."

Being told this didn't change a thing; I kept on wishing and hoping (gee, kinda feel a song coming on) for my very own pair of breasts. One day I saw a sitcom where a girl on the edge of puberty was told by her father that soon the "Breast Fairy" would bring her her breasts and that it was only a matter of time before they would arrive. I couldn't believe it. Was there really such a thing as the "Breast Fairy?" I had to find out.

I still believed in wishing on stars. Every time I saw my first star at night I'd sing the old nursery rhyme "Star light, star bright, first star I see to-night," and I'd wish for the "Breast Fairy" to bring me my breasts. I figured it would be like Pinocchio, where the Fairy Godmother waves her magic wand around to the tune of "If you wish upon a star, and poof! I'd wake up with nice, soft, bouncy breasts. I was always disappointed when it didn't happen, and eventually started losing faith in the magic. By the time I started puberty I'd resigned myself to a lifetime of stuffing my bra just like the girls in my classes. The "Breast Fairy" just wasn't ever going to come. Or so I thought.

I'd always had really sensitive nipples; they became even moreso as I went through adolescence. Then one summer night of my twenty-second year, my nipples started throbbing and feeling like they were swelling up. My friend Kristin asked what was the matter as I grabbed my nipples, and I couldn't tell even her. I had no idea what was going on. Was something wrong? Nobody told me anything was supposed to happen up there, all I'd ever been told was that nothing was supposed to happen. So what the hell was happening to me?

I told my friend Jamie, who knew that I'd always wanted my own pair of breasts; she said something like, "Well, I guess maybe you are blossoming into womanhood." The lettering on my T-

shirts was starting to bend out at the sides. My brother started to tease me about "hey chunk, looks like you're getting tits to match your gut." I prayed my relatives wouldn't suspect there was something more than a "flabalanche" going on here. As my breasts grew from just "sort of noticeable" to the point that creeps on bikes were almost falling into traffic to stare at my chest, I knew that my childhood wishes had hardly been in vain. Better late than never, the Breast Fairy had granted my wish after all!

My best friend (though not quite girlfriend) Jamie was the first to notice my nice new breasts as she squeezed them to make sure they were real, saying "you lucky bitch! I wish I had breasts like those." We

discussed the possibility of this being something biological, chromosomes or hormonal, and finally decided that whatever, the Breast Fairy had brought me a very nice pair and that we should just enjoy them as I persuaded her to start playing with them until I almost exploded. I knew that she could see

them, and I sure could, but I wondered if anyone else could. That was solved for me soon enough. I wore my pink ballgown, the one you can almost see through, to a party one night. People I'd kind of known for months were staring and asking "uh, Brian, what the hell are those?" Then I went with Jamie to meet one of my all-time heroes, Kate Bornstein, author of *Gender Outlaw: On Men, Women and the Rest of Us*. On the way back to Jamie's house at 2am, we had to stop at her local deli, where we ran into some guy who lives near her. A week later, Jamie asked me "Did you stuff that night so you'd look bigger for Kate?" When I said "No, why'd you ask?" she told me that the guy she knew from the deli had told her "Your friend's knockers are incredible, they're just so nice and big. I was slightly flattered to think someone liked my boobs, but I still felt a bit creeped out by the thought of this guy leering at me while Jamie bought Yoo-Hoo at 2 in the morning."

Getting my breasts hasn't been all Wonderbras and "Miss (or Mr?) America" prizes, though. Sometimes I feel like no one appreciates

me for my mind or personality 'cause they're too busy staring at my tits! As one friend said, "well, now you know what us girls go through." I've had more than one idiot on a bike stare at my boobs as I walked back from the library. I've had slimy truckers whistle, hoot and holler "Yeah baby! You lookin' good!" as I went for the mail. I'm mostly attracted to girls, but I have yet to find one who wants a "boyfriend" who is too busy bragging about his own breasts. Instead I seem to get the kind of attention I don't want, like the stares and crude comments. Not more than a month ago, I ran across one of Jamie's gay friends, who seems to have a secret desire for cheap sex with transgendered people. He told me "you got a nice chest

honey," then he started trying to grab my breasts and squeeze and thump them like he was Captain Caveman ("Unga bunga! Me drag you home by hair!"). I slapped and smacked his hands away, as I demanded "you look at me from the neck up first!" When he didn't get the message, I had to smack him around some more before he gave up his attentions.

That's what I don't want;

people wanting me only for cheap, meaningless, loveless sex, just because I'm a boy-chick with a big pair of boobs. I'm looking for someone who wants me for who I am first and appreciates my boobs second. I want a real relationship; I want someone who wants to be my best friend and that I can also go out with, a relationship that's even deeper than best friends. For now, I have my best friend Jamie, who still plays with my breasts when I ask her nicely enough and who may even suck them sometime. She's flat as a board, so I tease her mercilessly about it, but I love her as a sister. Maybe if she wishes hard enough and believes hard enough, maybe the Breast Fairy will visit her house soon. I sure hope so.

You can email me at:

DarkKate@yahoo.com.

My site, "Welcome To Kates World," can be found at:

www.angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate/

or at:

<http://go.to/TheDarkKate>

"That's what I don't want;

people wanting me only for

cheap meaningless, loveless sex

just because I'm a boy-chick

with a big pair of boobs."



HAVE YOU OR SOMEONE YOU KNOW BEEN A VICTIM OF POLICE BRUTALITY?

We want your story!

If you have suffered violence at the hands of a law enforcement officer (on or off campus) and would be willing to have your story profiled in *The Press*, please email us at Stonypress@hotmail.com or call 632-6451 and ask for Jill.

Crossword 101

By Ed Cauty

"Big Time"

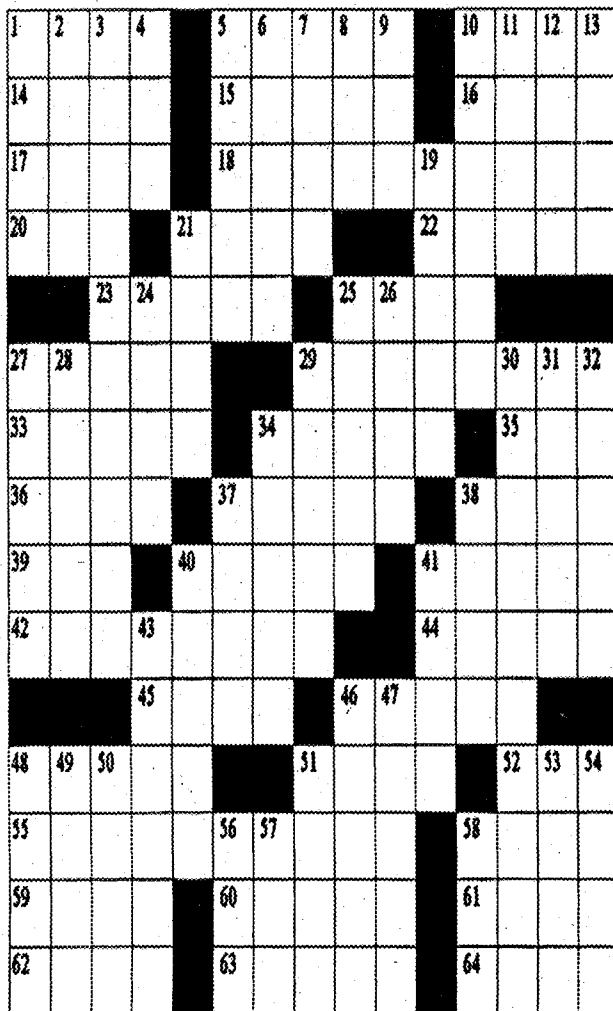
ACROSS

- 1 Priestly vestments
5 Comes before twang
10 Atlas contents
14 Bucket
15 Resident of Muscat
16 Away from the wind
17 Nervous
18 Deep pockets
20 Yank foe
21 In addition
22 Small containers
23 Respiratory sounds
25 Skin
27 Artist's garment
29 Hemp plant
33 Specks
34 Shapes
35 "___ bin ein Berliner"
36 Adolph Simon ___
New York Times
37 Strong winds
38 Money exchange
premium

- 39 One and only
40 Homer hit
41 Four minute runner
42 Aural cavity membranes
44 Attentive
45 Corrodes
46 Crow
48 Madison Ave. denizens
51 Caesar et al
52 RN specialty
55 Macrocosm
58 Green shade
59 ___ noire
60 Raise
61 River in Florence
62 Org.
63 Vows
64 Exploited

DOWN

- 1 Copy-cat
2 Weigh down
3 Inner-city volunteer
4 Stallone's nickname



- 5 Regal
6 Wrong
7 Simon spice
8 Reply to a ques.
9 Cheek
10 Many a folder
11 MASH star
12 Rind
13 Sun. talks
19 Makes fair
21 Wapitis
24 Breezes through
25 Turned ashen
26 Means justifier
27 Struck
28 Java
29 Soft drinks
30 Caps
31 More frozen
32 Comedian Martin
34 Mutilates
37 Fill beyond capacity
38 Feels pain

- 40 Tehran resident
41 Netherlands river
43 Intensify
46 White bark tree
47 "None but the Lonely
Heart" playwright
48 Swedish rock group
49 Expires
50 Supervisors: Abbr
51 Bird feeder lure
53 Way
54 Chunk of soil
56 Business exec.
57 La lead in
58 Follows sigma

Quotable Quote

"Character is much
easier kept than
recovered."

...Thomas Paine

By GFR Associates E-Mail: EDC9432@aol.com
Mail: GFR, P.O. Box 461, Schenectady, NY 12301

Top 10 Reasons

Why The Military Is Cool With Gays

- 10) They Stop Bullets As Well
As Anyone Else.
- 9) Their Barracks Have Much
Prettier Curtains
- 8) Operation "Pink Feather
Boa"
- 7) "Prancing" An Effective
Way To Avoid Setting Off
Landmines
- 6) "Whats Long Hard and Full
of 'Seamen'"
- 5) Everything Matches!
- 4) The Navy Buys Liquid
Soap (Significantly
Harder to Drop)
- 3) "Tailgunners"
- 2) Something About A Few
Good Men...
- 1) "Let Me Tell You, I want to
be the first one to get that
pineapple upside-down
cake"

Craig Schlanger's

Strikes Again

hardcore scene; making it so much more enjoyable to follow his bands' trail of

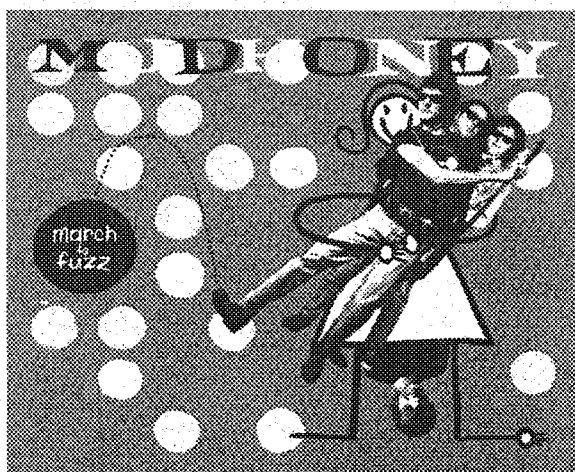
Mudhoney- March to Fuzz (Sub Pop)

In 1992 being a rock band from Seattle Washington meant you could pretty much fart into a tape deck and get some major label interest. Following the success of Pearl Jam, Nirvana, Alice in Chains and Soundgarden, major labels were foaming at the mouth to sign any band they thought would bring an equal profit. Everyone from local legends (the Melvins, Tad, Afghan Whigs, the Fluid) to bands with little underground credibility (Candlebox) was snatched up. Almost none of these bands brought commercial success, with the majority being dropped once the "grunge" buzz died down.

One band that managed to sustain their major label ties after being signed, and keep a steady surge of underground integrity was Mudhoney. To me, however, Mudhoney was more of a straightforward garage rock band than any kid of "grunge" powerhouse. Mark Arm's voice (or lack of) and Steve Turner's unique vintage guitar sound set Mudhoney apart from any other band from the Northwest. But after accomplishing all they felt they had to, Mudhoney amicably split this past summer.

So here we get a double CD retrospective set. Disc one contains what are some of their definitive songs. "Touch Me I'm Sick," "Into The Drink," "You Got It," and "Make It Now Again" are only some of the simple but fantastic songs this band conjured up over the years. "Suck You Dry" could perhaps be the song that really captured what this entire band was capable of.

Disc two features rarities, b-sides, soundtrack inclusions, and many, many covers. Among the bands who get the cover treatment are Black Flag, the Damned, the Angry Samoans (their version of "You Stupid Asshole" is brilliant), The Void and Motorhead to name a few. Their contributions to the PCU soundtrack (a cover of Elvis Costello's "Pump it Up") and the Singles soundtrack ("Overblown") also show up here. I was a little bummed that they didn't include their cover of Bette Midler's "The Rose" though (I urge you to go get the Sub Pop 200 compilation to hear



that).

The packaging is also very proper, giving detail to each track, as well as explanations and reactions behind the band. Mudhoney left behind a legacy of six full lengths and countless EP's, all of which are well documented here. Aside from their multi-platinum brothers, no other band (maybe the Melvins) from the Pacific Northwest has had such an impact. And rightfully so. Mudhoney just knew how to rock.

Indecision- Release the Cure (MIA Records)

First of all, Justin Brannan of Indecision is probably the most loveable guy I've ever met in the

popularity. The kicker is that Indecision happens to really kick ass, issuing a brutal new LP. The band has been in the game since 1993 and has matured well with seven years of existence. In the last two years they've had two major line-up changes adding Rachel (ex-SFA) on second guitar and the ever-infamous Artie Phillie (Milhouse singer) as front man.

So what does this mean? Sheer metallic hardcore brutality. The music is richer than it's ever been, thanks to production from Roger Miret of Agnostic Front. The crashing guitar riffs and pumping bass lines don't lose any steam throughout the record's 13 tracks. Artie's vocals are a lot harsher than during his Milhouse tenure, but he still retains his unique lyrical texture and singing delivery. Fans of bands like Sepultura, Earth Crisis, Unbroken, and even perhaps Machinehead and Pantera should salivate over this record. The power from the string instruments and the trademark Indecision drumming make songs like "Burning Saints," "Save Me," and "May be Monitored to Assure Quality Control" metal-core gems. Guest vocal appearances from former Rorschach singer Charles Maggio (on "Release the Cure") and Tom Corrigan of Silent Majority ("Crawling") are also very well placed.



Indecision has long been regarded as top notch in the metal/hardcore scene. The only thing they may have lacked was a full length LP that matched their intense live show. That record has arrived and this is it.

Ghostface Killah- Supreme Clientele (Razor Sharp/Epic Records)

Remember when the Wu-Tang Clan was the cream of the crop in hip-hop? When you knew anything they released was going to be bangin' from the intro until the final track? When Rza was dropping dope beats at ever turn solidifying himself as hip-hop's hottest producer? Well, things slowed down after the double CD *Wu-Tang Forever* with Rza taking a back seat to other producers. The result was really lame releases from Method Man, Raekwon and U-God. Even the Gza, who could do no wrong, dropped an LP that had me falling a sleep at the wheel.

But wait! Here comes Ironman himself, Tony Stark, to save the day! The sticker on my CD case tells me "The Wally Champ is back!" So who better to save the Clan from its recent slump but the champ himself?

Indeed, beat wise this is the most consistent Wu release in a while. The production uses more sampling, which was definitely missing from some of the recent full-length ventures. Apparently Rza and Ghost gathered beats from various producers and did the track arrangement themselves. So, again, this LP has that Rza touch that was missing from other efforts.

But let me make one thing clear, Ghost has



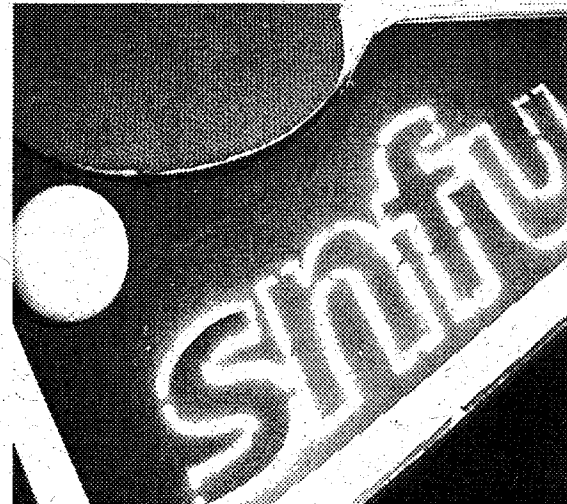
never been a top lyricist. In fact, his incoherent high-pitched delivery can be downright irritating at times. Lyrics like "Bung, bung, bung, your bell's been rung, rung rung," (from "Nutmeg") hardly had me running for my thesaurus. Frankly, his ramblings rarely make any sense. The energy Ghost brings to the track has always been his best attribute, and he makes use of it on every track here. See Ghost always sounds hungry, and his delivery has not lost a spec of energy, like some other Clansmen have (ahem, ahem, Method Man). Guest appearances from the likes of Gza, U-god, Raekwon, Rza, Masta Killa, and Redman are well placed on fierce posse cuts like "Wu-Banga 101" and "Buck 50." "Apollo Kids" with Raekwon also comes very close to capturing the Clan's past magic. Now if only they would lose Cappadonna, who guests on multiple tracks here; aside from having one of the most forced and weak-ass deliveries in the game, the man rarely rhymes and his lyrics are so damn weak.

Supreme Clientele is a strong release that could either be a stroke of luck for the fallen Clan, or a sign of things to come. There is enough substance in each track to keep the listener satisfied all through. The Wally Champ has managed to brew up a sophomore effort definitely worth listening to. In Ghost's own words, "Hey yo this rap is like ziti." Indeed it is Ghost.

SNFU- The Ping Pong EP (Alternative Tentacles)

SNFU have been doing the southern California punk thing for well over a decade. Starting off on the Mystic label, then spending several LP's with Epitaph Records, they have landed themselves on Jello Biafra's Alternative Tentacles Records.

This five song EP offers up pretty standard stuff. The intro to the record is the sound of a ping-pong ball being slapped back and forth. SNFU then engages in five songs of Bad Religion inspired punk



that would probably appeal equally to fans of bands on Epitaph, Lookout and/or Fat Wreck Chords.

In 10 years this bands sound hasn't changed much, with not much reason to. They are well-seasoned veterans of the punk scene. None of the tracks are particularly standout, but none are terrible either. The 10 minutes-plus of more ping-pong action after the last song ended was amusing at first, but did get a bit irritating. Recommended for fans of old-school Southern California Punk.

THE SPOKE

TOPDEADCENTRE@USA.NET

THIS SOCIETY SUCKS. FUCKIN' SUCKS. I MEAN, HOW MUCH OF THIS CRAP AM I GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE? IT GOES ON? AND KEEPS GOING?!!? FUCK!

TO START, FUCK DMV! IS THAT THE BIGGEST CROCK OF OLD-LADY-COMLETE-AND-UTTER-BULLSHIT? EVERY SINGLE PERSON WHO WORKS THERE SHOULD BE CAST DOWN WITH THE OTHER STARCHED UNDIE WEARING BUREAUCRATS, DOWN, INTO THEIR SELF-CREATED POOL OF FILTH. PECKERHEADS ALL.

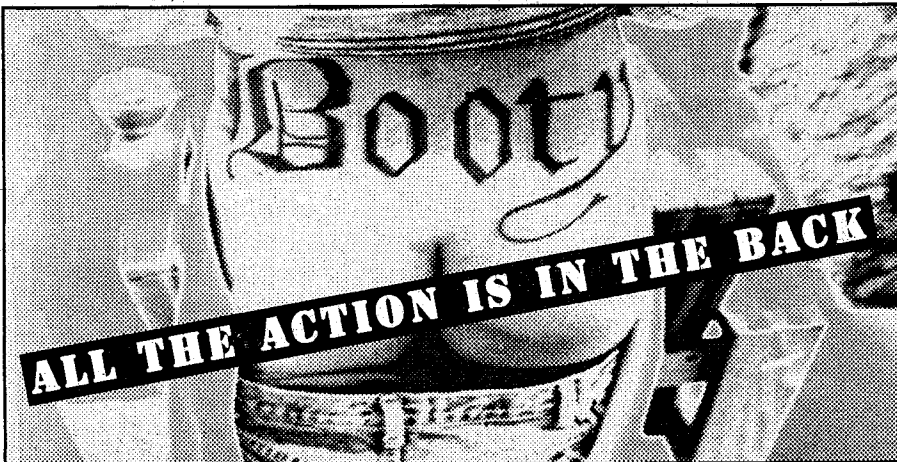
IF ANOTHER NINETEEN YEAR OLD, WHITE SPARKLY LIPSTICK, THINKING THEY'RE HOT, SHRINK-WRAPPED IN TIN FOIL CHICK SNUBS ME, I'M GOING TO PUKE. PUKE! PUKE RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF YOUR SHOES. NO WARNING. WHILE YOU'RE GOING ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, BAM, A PUDDLE OF PUKE. I'M EXCITED TO HEAR "...ON MY WAY TO FUCKING SOCIOLOGY AND THIS FUCKING GUY PUKED ON MY SHOES!"

THIS IS HEREBY MY FORMAL INVITATION TO HAVE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT KENNY RIDE ON MY MOTORCYCLE. MY BIKE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTS A ONE HUND-

RED AND TWENTY POUND MAXIMUM. MY SORT-OF-BUT-NEVER SEE GIRLIE WOULD UNDERSTAND. LEATHER CHAPS ARE OPTIONAL, BUT I'M DEFINITELY WEARING MY "IF YOU CAN READ THIS, THE BITCH FELL OFF" T-SHIRT.

DATES FOR THE "ALL CAMPUS LOVE-IN" ARE CURRENTLY UNDER REVIEW. THIS YEAR'S EVENT IS SPONSORED BY KY JELLY AND FEATURES "FEATS OF INSERTION." CONTEST DETAILS AND RULES TO BE MADE AVAILABLE TEN DAYS PRIOR TO THE EVENT. SHIRLEY STRUM-KENNY IS INVITED TO BE THE GRAND MARSHALL OF THE EDIBLE-LUBE PARADE.

EVERY ONE OF THE PARKING SPOTS CAN SUCK MY ASS!!! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU COLLECTIVE GROUP OF FUCKERS CAN SLEEP AT NIGHT. JOB DESCRIPTION: FUCK UP SOMEONE'S PERFECT DAY. HOW THE FUCK AM I SUPPOSED TO PAY A \$15 TICKET WHEN I DON'T HAVE 25¢ FOR THE METER? BASTARDS.



classifieds.

For Sale.

Used buttplug box, variety of plugs.
Grease gun. 1/2 tube body lube.
Lo miles. \$23. 632.6517.

Can o'beans, Fuckin' good beans.
\$500. 928.7914.

Crock of shit. High quality shit.
\$75. 632.6175.

1975 Honda CB360T, red, 6 speed. All original. Strong runner. >4000 miles.
Never down. \$3,000.00. 928-7914.

Your mom. Cheap. No reasonable offer denied. Consider all trades. 632.7696.

Personals.

DWM, 73, sks 16-21 heavy set web footed prostitute for ritual testicle shaving. 632.6345.

SWC, 20's, seek hordes of hot women for medicinal sex. No chubbies. Smoke/drink required. 632.6701.

Opportunities.

We love the editors!
Group seeking nude calendar featuring the editors of The Statesman. Will help finance.
Great fund-raiser! 632.6451.

Shitty job. Crappy boss. Horrible money.
All waiting for you now in the REAL WORLD.
Everyone accepted. No need to apply.

Ass models wanted. All shapes, sizes, ethnicities.
We want to write on your ass and take a picture.
632.6451.

SEND, DELIVER, FAX, OR CARRIER PIGEON ALL SUBMISSIONS TO:
THE STONY BROOK PRESS
ATTN: BOOTY.

ROOM 060 STONY BROOK UNION
STONY BROOK, NY 11794
EMAIL: STONYPRESS@HOTMAIL.COM
FAX: 516.632.4137

"WHAT THE HELL, WE'LL PRINT JUST ABOUT ANYTHING."



Yo!
Y'all don't have no
problems?
Bring or mail us your
freakin' questions!
You know the role.
Student Union,
Room 060, or
email us at:
sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

"Intoxicated
Intimacy"

So, we've come to accept that we won't get any more letters, so here we go with another social commentary. If y'all are more interested in butt plugs and the socio-sexual implications of scat fetishes, you'll have to give us a direct question.

JACK:

This weeks topic: alcohol as a social lubricant. Now, there's nothing wrong with having a couple of beers to shake off a hard week, but I'm talking about the feeling that you need to have a drink to feel comfortable in a social situation. There are some people who always drink, socially and by themselves. Then there are those who drink only at parties. What about those who drink to ease the anxiety of talking (experiencing?) about their feelings?

The first group are alcoholics. No judgement there; some of my best friends are alcoholics. I will give a piece of advice: deal with the cause of your problems now, 'cuz it sure ain't pretty when you have to deal with them as an adult. That's not to say dealing with your issues now will be easy, but it only gets harder from here. Better to deal now than to make your future family deal later.

Of the second group, well, I hope you ain't alchies. Aside from being forbidden by several gods, there's nothing wrong with having a few beers at a party. The relevant question is, would you have as much fun if you were sober? Sadly, for too many people this is not the case. Using alcohol to release that carefree spirit that exists inside all of us only to revert to our shells when we sober up is no way to live. Work on letting your spirit out to play whenever you want. Dulce et decorum est pro patri y mori and all that, but you should be able to rage while sober and while drunk/stoned/whatever.

Yeah, the third group! Getting drunk the first time you have an emotionally difficult conversation with someone is understandable. Having a beer before telling someone you like them or love them or want to fuck them is something most of us have done. The first time that we share ourselves in this way, we are very vulnerable and a drink sometimes helps us get it out. But too many drinks may make us sloppy about what we wanted to say. That "I love you" that should have been focused, sharp and intense, comes out slurred, blurry and sometimes insincere. Those beautiful moments that you share with another person will be remembered forever through the purple tint of red wine haze.

That's all well and good for the first time, but if you find yourself or your friend/lover/whatever drunk most of the times that you have those intense talks, a reality check is in order. One of you isn't comfortable in that relationship. It could be something between the two of you or it could be a demon from the past who has not been conquered. Either way, an issue exists that can either be dealt with or ignored.

Using alcohol to release that carefree spirit that exists inside all of us, only to revert to our shells when we sober up is no way to live.

Most people (yes, sadly, most) don't give a fuck and are happy ignoring it. What they gain now by ignoring it, will be twice lost when the past comes back to haunt them in the future.

Don't be like any of these groups. Be the most popular member of a group of one. Love yourself, accept your faults and work to change them. You may not be ready now, but no one ever is. The question becomes, how much are you willing to lose before you start to gain? Growth -- spiritual, physical and emotional -- leads to gain. Grow, because the opposite of growth is decay.

HIL:

Close your eyes. Take a deep breath. Roll your head around on your shoulders. Focus. Let go of all your inhibitions. Picture yourself taking off your shirt. Now do it. Stand there for a moment, feeling where the cold hits your skin. Continue to breathe. How does it make you feel? Does your arm hair stick up? Do you shiver? Do you fold your arms? Now reach down and unbutton your pants. Take off them off. Take another really deep breath and slip off your underwear. This is the real you, stripped naked, completely revealing your body.

Many people find it difficult to totally undress before they engage in sexual activity, especially while the lights are still on. Lovers will often have a few (or more) drinks and/or bong hits before hitting the sheets; being intoxicated is one way to feel more at ease.

To be emotionally at ease may also seem easier when your trashed. Many disclose their deepest, darkest secrets over a bunch of beers. Getting blitzed may peel away your inhibitions, but it doesn't dissolve your inability to communicate.

Let's learn to take off our emotional clothes and expose ourselves to someone we trust.

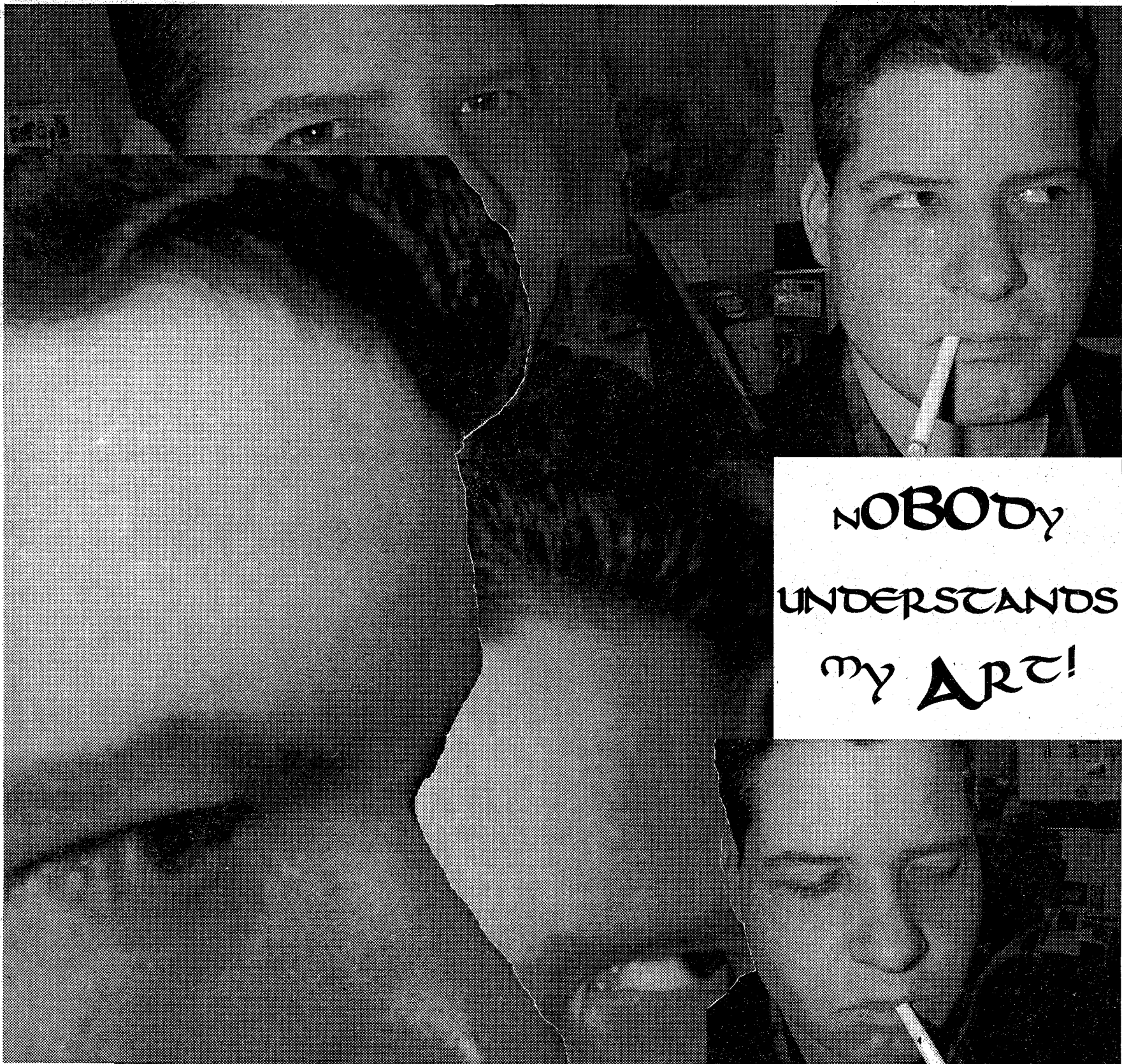
What about the saying "When you're drunk, you tell the truth?" That might be the case, but the point is you're not being true to yourself. Deal with the issue at hand. If you need to get drunk or high before you discuss something, it's obviously hard for you to talk about. Find someone you can really trust and use them as your vice.

Some people reading this are going to freak just from the idea of talking so seriously, bare with me a moment.

Whether you're drinking, smoking or sniffing before pouring out your heart, you're giving yourself an excuse to tell the truth. Substances are barriers between the words and the real you, kind of like clothes are the barrier between the world and your body. Let's learn to take off our emotional clothes and expose ourselves to someone we trust.

The person you choose to engage in this process however, should not only be someone trustworthy. Ask yourself: is this person generally judgmental? responsive? a good listener? emotionally at ease themselves? If they are, then urge them to be patient with you. Let them know that you have chosen to speak to them about some important, personal issues, but that it might take some time for you to be able to open up.

When you do decide you're ready, first close your eyes. Take a deep breath. Roll your head around on your shoulders. Focus. Let go of all your inhibitions. Sound familiar? Go ahead, get emotionally naked, lights on and all. Unbutton your solitude, slip out of your silence and come to terms with your dirty laundry.



NOBODY
UNDERSTANDS
my ART!

**HEY ARTISTS,
QUIT YOUR BITCHING!**

**THE STONY BROOK PRESS
IS LOOKING FOR SUBMISSIONS FOR OUR SPRING
2000 LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.
BRING YOUR POETRY, PROSE, PHOTOGRAPHY,
OR ARTWORK DOWN TO
ROOM 060 IN THE UNION,
OR EMAIL THEM TO
STONYPRESS@HOTMAIL.COM**