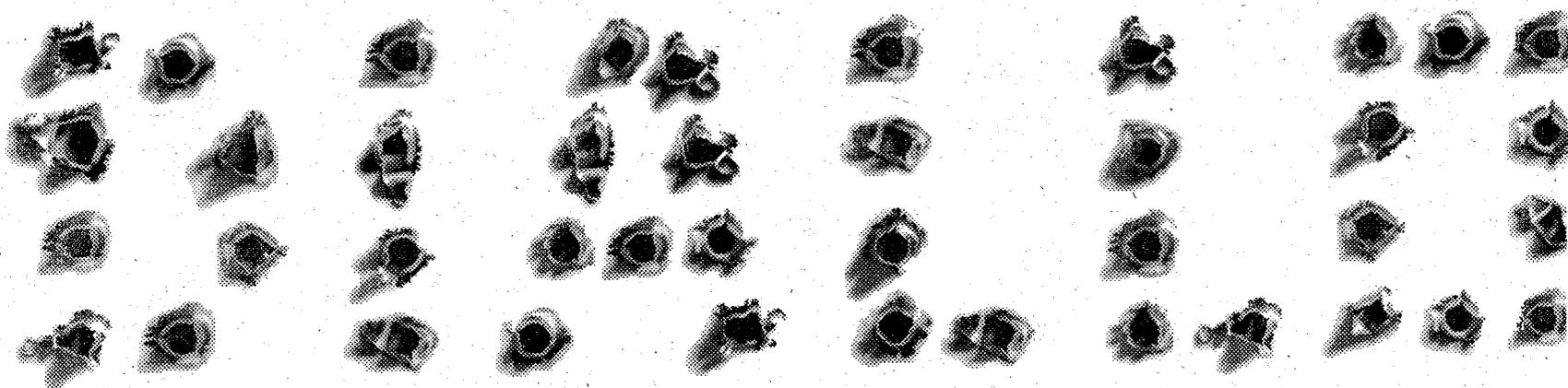


THE STONY BROOK PRESS

Vol. XXI No. 11

"This Time There Is No Joke"

March 8, 2000



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Campus Events

New Works By Stony Brook Composers

Stony Brook's Music Department is nationally known for its devotion to contemporary music and the high quality of its student composers and performers.

The Contemporary Chamber Players will present their Spring Composer's Concert at the

Staller Center Recital Hall
Wed. March 15 at 8 pm

FREE ADMISSION!

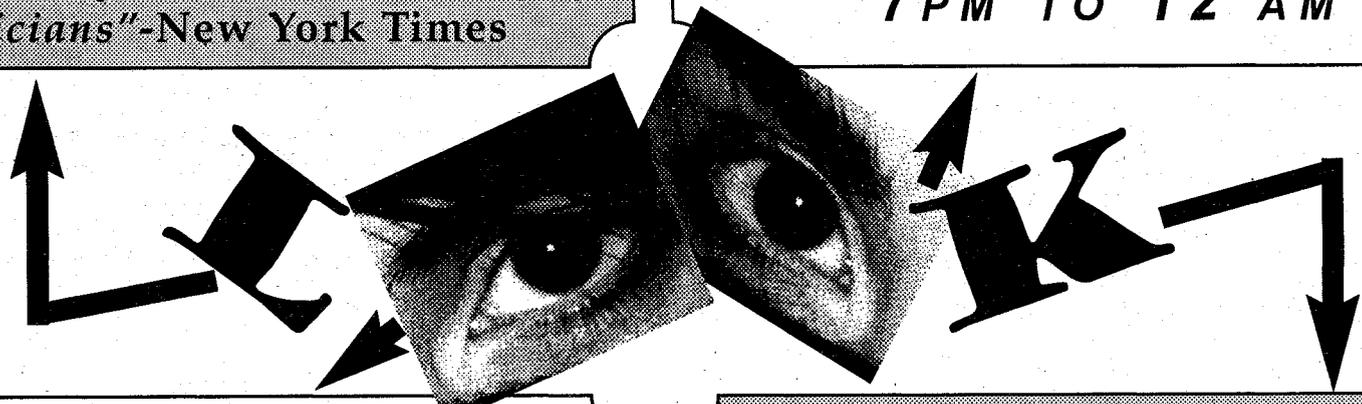
"a remarkably well-trained...army of musicians"-New York Times

MINORITY PLANNING BOARD ARCADE & POOL HALL SOCIAL IT'S FREE!!!

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FREE FOOD!

BASEMENT OF THE UNION
THURSDAY, MARCH 9
7 PM TO 12 AM



In Honor of International Women's History Month:

Presentation:

Sexual Assault Facts and Education (S.A.F.E.)

Tuesday, March 14
Old Chemistry, Rm 135
11:20 am-12:40 pm

and

Wed. March 29

(Location TBA)

12:40 - 2 pm

In Honor of International Women's History Month:

"Women in Modern Society: Have We Come a Long Way, Baby?"

*Speaker: Marci Lobel
Associate Professor, Psychology*

Come to the Peace Center
In the Old Chemistry Building!
Wed. March 29 at 12:40-2:00 pm

Meal Plan Madness: Will It Ever End?

By Ellen Yau

Those of us who have been here long enough to remember the Aramark ordeal with the "Advantage Plan" back in 1997, are probably aware of the progressive changes in the providers of the meal plan and the meal plan itself. But, lets be honest, how many of us have actually examined exactly how advantageous the meal plan is under Chartwell's.

The Aramark era began in 1991, after replacing the company DAKA; DAKA has been bought out by a Compass Ground and incorporated into Chartwell's. For the first five years, students paid the amount of food they received, along with an all you can eat bonus. In Spring 1996, Aramark outbid Marriott and, again, obtained the contract. This time, FSA instituted a new meal plan called the Advantage Plan, which later became known by the students as the DisAdvantage Plan. Students were forced to fork over \$1050 for the DisAdvantage Plan, hundreds of which goes into salaries and other expenditures. Two sets of prices were devised to create a little ruse for the students. There was a higher pricing for students not on the meal plan and a lower pricing for students on the meal plan. Aramark's seemingly thoughtful gesture was to deceive the students on their DisAdvantage plan by letting them think that they were getting a better deal. The food was cheaper for students on the meal plan because Aramark factored the difference between the two prices into the hundreds of dollars that paid for the "expenditures." To top everything off, the cafeteria hours were awful and the food sucked! By Summer 1997, FSA had decided not to renew the contract with Aramark because of its own problems. A Dining Service Selection Committee was assembled to devise a new meal plan and to choose a new contractor. After Spring 1998, FSA turned the contract to another bidder.

The current meal plan under Chartwell's obligates all freshman and resident students who are not living in a kitchen accommodation to pay a minimum of \$1100 for the Basic Plan, \$125 of which goes into something called "activation fee." The remaining \$975 is divided into 495 campus points and 480 resident points. Since the food now has a single consumer price, Chartwell's generously eliminated taxes for the students with the meal card, allowing them to think that it is cheaper for students on a meal plan to purchase food. However, it is not cheaper since we are paying \$1100 for \$975 worth of food. If a commuter or faculty member purchased \$975 worth of food, it would total into \$1055.44 with tax, which is \$44.56 less than the price for a student on the Basic Plan.

I contacted Dawn Villacci, the customer advocate of FSA, to inquire about the purpose of the "activation fee" and why students on the meal plan are paying more than a taxed customer. The activation fee totals into \$662,500 since there is an estimated 5,300 meal plans sold this semester (an

exact number of meal plans sold can not be provided until mid-semester because, according to Villacci, some students do not use their meal card and some students drop out). She kindly informed me that the activation fee is used to pay for various services such as maintaining the SAC, garbage disposal and pest control. Now, it should be reasonable to assume that the profit made by the massive inflation in food prices covered these expenses. But instead, they are eliciting over half-million dollars from students to pay for it. Moreover, the idea of pest control is definitely not appealing. I hope that our dining halls are not infested enough to need constant pest control.

I proceeded to point out to Villacci that students on the Basic Plan are paying \$44.56 more than the 975 points we are allowed to spend if taxed. (Note: $\$44.56 \times 5300$ yields Chartwell's a total of \$236,181.25 overcharge as opposed to simply taxing \$975 dollars from 5300 students). Surprisingly, she agreed with me that the meal plan is not really an advantage despite the tax relief. So what is the point here? We are being overcharged for the same exact food that students *not* under the meal plan purchase. The extra \$125 charge on our meal plan pays for services and facilities shared by guests, graduates, staff and faculty alike. Villacci indicates that USB Delivery, a service that delivers Pizza Hut and Deng Lee's, accommodates to resident students rather than commuters or faculty members. Aside from the fact that USB charges about ten smackers per medium pizza and an extra \$1.33 for every topping, USB also charges 50 cents for delivery. Their profits should pay for the employees' salary and the delivery charges should pay for the service. Imagine the Pizza Hut back home charging the neighborhood a hundred per person for "activation fee" in addition to their profits. Students shouldn't have to pay an extra \$125 for services.

At the heart of the campus, amid the grass, willows and water fountains, is the Student Activities Center (SAC). Despite the fact that this building is the center of campus, students are not

are also paying less for the food. If the building really does need cash sales to support itself, the least Chartwell's could do is stop charging the students on meal plan for services that do not always apply to them: Eliminate the activation fee. The reasons you provide are not good enough.

Last term, a rally was held to protest the conditions of the meal plan. One of these conditions protested the system that mandated students to spend a minimum of 30 resident points by the end of each week. This point-losing system became widely known as the "Use it or Lose it" policy. This semester, the policy is mandating students to spend a minimum of 40 resident points every two weeks, averaging to 20 resident points weekly. It is still a "Use it or Lose

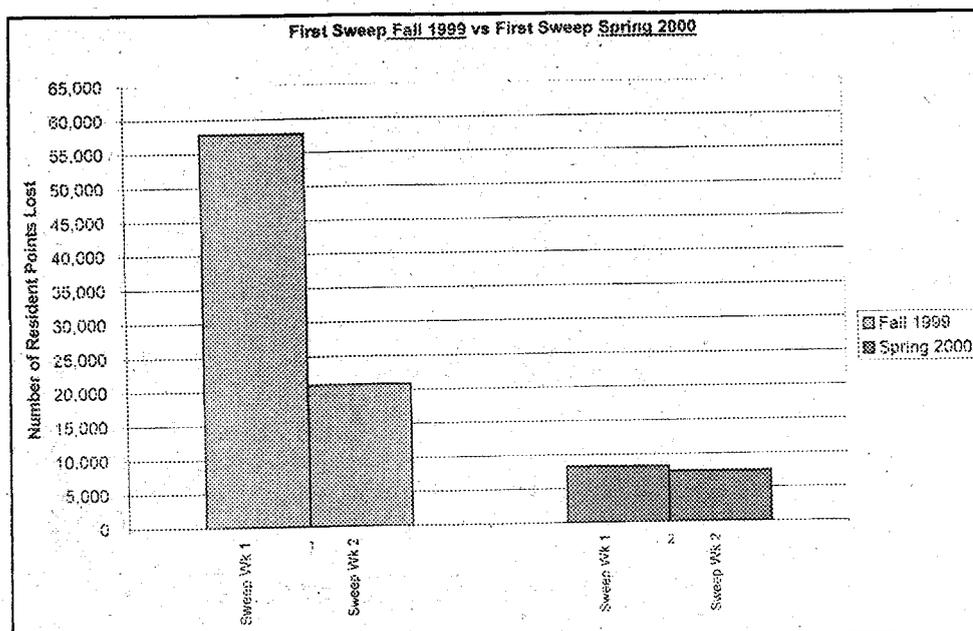


Kelly Deli - \$3.95

it" policy. Chartwell's, FSA and Administration missed the entire purpose of the protest. Students are upset because they are not provided an option. They want to keep their money. The "Use it or Lose it" policy is just another way of robbing students of their money against their will. The rally wanted the system to stop stealing from the students, not to continue to steal at a lower rate.

I have a few documents of Chartwell's that estimate the total points lost by students enrolled in the meal plan. In the first week of Fall 1999, students lost an estimated average of 57,500 resident points, translating into \$57,500 (since every point is worth a dollar). In the second week of Fall 1999, students lost an estimated average of 22,000 resident points or \$22,000. Now let's compare this to the Spring term. In the first week of Spring 2000, students lost an estimated average of 8,000 resident points or \$8,000. In the second week of the Spring 2000, students lost an estimated average of 7,000 resident points or \$7,000. Although Chartwell's new system of 'stealing at lower rate' has significantly reduced the amount of points lost when comparing the Spring term to the Fall term, it has not stopped robbing students against their will. Furthermore, the data comparison of first and second week of both Fall 1999 and Spring 2000 only reveals that students are making a greater effort to "buy more and store." Losing less points does not mean students are satisfied, it means that students resent losing money so they try their best not to.

Yes, we appreciate that cafeterias are open for breakfast now as opposed to the Aramark era. We appreciate the fact that Pizza Hut and Deng Lee's are open on weekdays until midnight. We appreciate having Burger King, Taco Bell and the Kelly Deli open on weekdays past midnight. However, we don't appreciate that Chartwell's have decided to abuse its power by mandating most of the resident students onto the meal plan and then stealing from them because students do not spend at Chartwell's rate. Students should not feel obligated to rush to the Benedict or the Kelly Deli every week to buy and store food simply because the FSA and Chartwell's will forfeit their surplus in resident points. Students should not be charged with an activation fee and products should not be so overpriced. \$1100 for a meal plan per semester is a lot for college students to shell out. I encourage all students to oppose the activation fee and request lower food prices by writing and sending your complaints to the FSA, which is located on the second floor of the Union.



"authorized" to use their meal cards during lunch hours except for Wednesday during campus lifetime, starting at 12:40 p.m. The reason provided is that if the building does not make enough cash sales, the meal plans would have to go up because the building can not support itself. Now, this is the same building that factors into the \$125 of our activation fee. The commuters, faculty and staff not only do not have to pay for these services but

Responsibility and Blame

Thank God for the Amadou Diallo, Abner Louima and Gideon Busch tragedies. In the face of tragedy we wonder why such things happen; we are angered and confused. We seek to blame and we seek to avoid responsibility. Blame the cops, blame Guiliani or Safir or Johnson.

No one seems willing to accept responsibility for what happened. The cops had to act; they claim it was self defense. The department claims to need semi-automatic guns because the 'bad guys' have them. Guiliani backs the cops; they are the crime-rate busting golden boys propelling his popularity. The Street Crime Unit is called a necessary evil; the criminals are called animals.

The truth? The cops didn't have to do it and it wasn't self defense. The department may need the arsenal, but every green academy graduate certainly doesn't. Guiliani lost his grip on reality a long time ago, and now thinks only of things that will get him to Washington. Predatory police who shoot first and ask questions later are animals, and it is sad that our society is willing to promote evil to fight evil.

So why thank God? First, because it wasn't you. Second, because now we know. Those of us who live in the neighborhoods controlled by predatory policing have always known the injustices committed in the name of reducing crime, but now, the whole world knows America's dirty little secret. We are not above violating international human rights standards, even the Geneva Convention to maintain control over our society.

We accuse China of arresting dissidents and "terrorists" in order to maintain Communist ways. While we are harassing, torturing and murdering "dangerous" black men (some

would say, in order to maintain Capitalist ways).

Sometimes, a scapegoat is chosen and the establishment exclaims that justice is served. Volpe is going down, but maybe we should have demanded that every Officer within earshot of that bathroom and every cop who saw Louima partially stripped in the precinct should be investigated for misconduct or maybe, obstruction of justice, anything to let them know that they fucked up.

The so-called Blue Wall of Silence is an accepted condition, and we, the society, have accepted it for the 20+ years it has been common knowledge. Guiliani accepts it. The cops accept it. The PBA smugly denies its existence. And the police own the night.

Those of us who live in "white Manhattan" reap the benefits of the police state; it is not our brothers and sisters who are being killed and it is our beautiful children who are safe to walk the streets.

Those of us who live in the rest of NYC have come to view checkpoints, shakedowns, stop and frisks, and shootings as the price of being too poor to live in Manhattan. Many have learned to accept the domination, subjugation, and violence, numb to the oppression.

Solutions are elusive. But let the pain we share serve as a growing pain. Let it not serve to numb us to the atrocities.

A society ought to have a monopoly on the legitimate use of violence. Ours doesn't, but we can't accept uncontrolled violence as a means of controlling crime and violence.

The police may own the night. Do we own the police? If not, we need to take responsibility for what we haven't done.

Meal Plan

If a mass of angry demonstrators gathered in front of your corporation, demanding changes in your policy that would directly hurt your profit margin, what course of action would you take?

If we were the food service provider on this campus, confronted with last semester's rally, we would have had to implement changes. That much can not be argued: When the students get a-demonstratin', you have to take action.

But how could we, a corporation intent on financially exploiting the student body, appear to be their best friend? The answer is simple. We would throw them a bone.

The "new" meal plan for the spring 2000 semester is exactly that. It is a bone being thrown to the students. It is a test. Students demanded real change. Students demanded an end to Chartwell's stealing from them, not a "change" in the way the money is stolen.

The "new" meal plan is an insult. It is a

perfect illustration of how little concern there is for the satisfaction of the students.

There is one solution: protest again. And when Chartwell's reduces the "activation fee" from \$125 to only \$115, and makes a big show about it, protest that. The only way to make a point is to keep fighting until your demands are met.

STUDENTS—Will you accept the "changes" made in the "new" meal plan this semester? If you do, no more changes will be made. If you were serious about what you wanted last semester, stay serious now. Stay as serious as cancer until changes are made on YOUR TERMS.

The "new" meal plan is a great STARTING POINT for the actual changes that need to take place. It is not, by any means, a solution to the problem. The meal plan should not be a tool by which to exploit students, rather it should, quite literally, be catering to them.

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- BEST SENSE OF HUMOR

Policy or Politics? Bush Promises Stony Brook Research Dollars

By Candice Ferrette

Governor George W. Bush, Jr. confidently announced on Friday during a panel discussion here at the Health Science Center that when he becomes president he plans to work on policies that will double federal funding for breast cancer research. "It's not a matter of if," Bush told a panel of politicians and physicians, "it is a matter of when the cure for cancer will be found."

Criticizing Senator John McCain's comments that denounced federal funding for research grants which he called "pork-barrel," and "garden variety" spending, Bush saw Stony Brook's Health Science Center as a forum to capitalize on his opponent's comments and win more votes, especially from female voters, for Super Tuesday's March 7 primary.

As Stony Brook President Shirley Strum Kenny introduced her fellow Texan, she highlighted Stony Brook's commitment to finding a cure for breast cancer and proudly stated that it is now a leader in breast cancer research.

One could not help but notice Gov. George E. Pataki and Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani they sat shoulder to shoulder to endorse their fellow Republican. Pataki, as the Bush campaign's New York leader, boasted about the Governor's interest in breast cancer research. Giuliani, who Bush referred to as "the next New York senator," seemed reluctant to actively join a discussion but could not resist the opportunity to exhibit a little Rudy-charm as he joked at receiving a "virtual colonoscopy," and had the

room wild with laughter. (Little did he know of the protesters holding signs reading "41 shots" just outside the HSC conference room).

Nassau Representative and "1 in 9" Head Geri Barrish, one of the panelists, told her own story as a breast cancer survivor. Barrish, who also appears on anti-McCain advertisements, explained how far society has come in the acceptance of breast cancer victims when she said, "We are silent no longer. We speak and we are heard. We need our federal dollars."

From medical and clinical perspectives, Stony Brook physicians Dr. Norman H. Edelman and Dr. Maisie L. Shindo offered information on cancer procedures such as innovative cancer imaging, minimally-invasive surgery and technology in which radiation therapy may be delivered to a tumor in one sitting. They also stressed the necessity of federal funds such as the National Institute of Health (NIH) and the Department of Energy, funds that support Brookhaven National Laboratories.

Bush, who had earlier said that he was happy to take a break from the campaign trail to discuss policy, later had difficulty in separating the breast cancer issue from McCain's comments and the entire mud-slinging race. When one reporter noticed Bush's breast cancer awareness ribbon and his newest travel companion, Red Cross head Elizabeth Dole, he ques-

tioned whether the cause of Bush's visit to the Stony Brook Health Science Center was to discuss "policy or politics," for which Bush mildly responded, "I had a feeling that it would come back to politics."

Bush could say nothing of actual advancements in breast cancer research that he was directly responsible for in Texas, yet he commented that funding was done on the federal level and that his wife has worked hard with several women's organizations to take initiatives on breast cancer



"United, not divided"



Barrish and Bush



Ay, whatch you doin'?

research. Yet, members of the McCain camp made sure to slip copies of McCain's record of support for cancer treatment funding. "... since 1990, Senator McCain has supported Labor/HHS Appropriation bills that included funding for NIH, National Cancer Institute (NCI) and other Cancer research initiatives."

With regards to McCain's statements on "garden variety pork" in which Bush brought with him a print out taken from his opponent's web page, Bush read from the document. Although he said that he didn't think that McCain was specifically opposed to breast cancer research, he did comment on the fact that both North Shore Medical Center and New York University were on McCain's list of programs that would have their federal funding cut.

Photos by Glenn 'Squirrel' Given

Letters to the Editor

Subject: "My What a Big Gun You Have"

To Whom it May Concern:

This letter is in reference to Shari Goldsmith's article, "My What a Big Gun You Have," from the 2/23/00 issue of "The Stony Brook Press." When the alleged event took place last semester, I was reminded of harassment I faced while in the Army Reserves.

In addition to the questions you raised, I have had and still have some of my own:

Why were the original harassment charges filed through the Office of Diversity and Affirmative Action instead of directly with the Student Judiciary?

Why is the Dean of Students office choosing to rely on the investigation tactics of the U.S. Army instead of conducting its own investigation, regardless of who they feel is telling the truth?

Why does the student, who was secure enough to sit alone at a Stony Brook Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender Alliance information table in full view of the campus community now get to hide behind the curtain of anonymity while those charged with the alleged harassment have their name and workplace printed in every article?

Why does "The Stony Brook Press" choose to rename policies? (The policy is Don't Ask, Don't Tell, Don't Pursue, not "Don't Harass.")

Why does "The Stony Brook Press" state that The Solomon Amendment of 1990 took effect when President Bill Clinton's "Don't Ask..." policy was enforced if Clinton wasn't elected to office until 1992, and "Don't Ask..." didn't go into effect until 1993? Also, why does "The Press" state that "Don't Ask..." allowed members to conceal their sexuality to avoid discrimination, when in fact it made into law a 1981 policy on homosexuality in the armed forces and removed the bar on military service due to sexual orientation?

Why does Youngstein, co-chair of the Stony Brook LGBTQA, want to establish guidelines for guests on campus, when it is apparent that no such guidelines exist for groups on campus such as fraternities, sororities, athletic teams and even some student clubs run from the Polity office; especially since these groups lack a "Don't Ask, Don't Tell, Don't Pursue" policy of their own?

I hope that everyone's questions are answered. I agree that four months seems too long for the investigation of this alleged incident. I hope that justice is served. I also hope that some good will come from this alleged event.

Thank you.

Sincerely,
Eric Cammer

Subject: Gays in the Military

This is in response to your article on gays in the military. First off, the policy is "don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue." Second, I take issue with the comments of the LGBTQA co-chair. He said that "homosexuals should be in the military comfortably or not at all." "Homosexuals" (herein referred to as gays) do not join the military to be gay. They join the military to serve their country. Making a statement that a gay person should be comfortably gay or should not join the military is a slap in the face to all gay men and women who have served their country honorably.

I agree with Captain Stephens statement; "a better policy would be: I am who I am. Accept me as who I am, but we're soldiers..." Indeed, we are soldiers, airmen, marines and sailors first and foremost.

The "don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue" policy is a farce, since there are more gay people being forced out of the military than ever before. The best policy would be one in which all people are given an equal opportunity to serve their country. Period. The policy should be that there is no policy. Discrimination against minorities has to end. Anyone who violates another, be it through harassment, assault or even murder, should be dealt with according to the UCMJ and the civilian justice system.

Finally, if the Stony Brook Press is interested in fair journalism, it might be well to consider getting comments from people who know what they're talking about.

-Jim Seitz

BAY OF PIGS: THOUSANDS FACE

By Michael Yeh

The day after a jury in Albany stunned the nation by acquitting four police officers charged with the fatal shooting of Amadou Diallo, thousands of outraged protesters took to the streets of Midtown Manhattan demanding a reexamination of the case and changes in policing strategies.

A peaceful crowd of mixed ethnicities and ages heeded the Reverend Al Sharpton's call to express their rage over the verdict while behaving with dignity, as the rally quickly turned into a four-mile march down Fifth Avenue to City Hall.

"This was Rodney King multiplied by lead," Sharpton said in a meeting at his Harlem headquarters earlier in the morning.

Protesters gathered in front of the Plaza Hotel at the corner of 59th Street and 5th Avenue at 3:30, where police in riot gear had surrounded the area. Carol Taylor, a grandmotherly woman who also served as the first black flight attendant in the nation, held a picture of Mayor Giuliani flanked by hooded Klansmen and a lynched man dangling from a tree.

"To me, this was the straw that broke the camel's back, in terms of the outright murder of people because of their color," she said. "But instead of getting an Uzi sub-machine gun and shooting every cop I see, I'm channeling my anger."

Anger was undoubtedly the mood of the moment, as spontaneous chanting erupted from several groups of protesters, holding up black wallets and shouting, "It's a wallet, not a gun!" Some of them climbed onto the dry Pulitzer fountain in the center of the square and unfurled signs denouncing the mayor and the "open hunting season on Africans."

Meanwhile, a police officer walked back and forth along Fifth Avenue with a bullhorn, as he gave protesters an ominous warning. "Everyone must remain on the sidewalk at all times," he said. "Anyone who enters the street will be arrested."

Richie Perez, an organizer with the group People's Justice 2000, stepped up to a loudspeaker and addressed the cops. "We'd be fools not to realize the significance of this," he retorted. "If you were afraid, don't take the job."

He leaned forward slightly to hear a protester's comment about facing the cops. Turning back to the crowd, he said, "I'm gonna quote the sister here. She says, 'Look the motherfucker in the eye.'"

The crowd roared with excitement as Rosa Clemente of the Capital Region Justice for Diallo Committee took the stage. "This is a national epidemic," she said of the rash of police brutality complaints in recent years. "Albany, hopefully, is the catalyst for a national movement."

Clemente told the group to assemble in an orderly line and march south on Fifth Avenue. "We are many," she said. "We're not the animals. Who are the animals?"

"The police!" replied the crowd, as they squeezed onto the sidewalk. Police officers in uni-

form and riot gear lined the route, wearing grim expressions. Some of them forced themselves to smile, although they were clearly displeased.

The protesters, whose numbers grew to 3,000 by some estimates, chanted and marched past posh stores like Tiffany's, Bergdorf Goodman, and Bulgari, as surprised shoppers peered through plate glass windows.

Cops tried to disperse the marchers by

motorcycles filed along the edge of the street. It was rumored that one of the cops ran over a protester's foot, which police officials later denied.



breaking them into small groups. As the traffic light switched to red on 56th Street, about 25 uniformed officers rushed toward them and shouted, "Hold on, red light!"

They pushed into the crowd, with billy clubs raised in combat position.

"Murderers!" the protesters cried, although no one dared to break away.

The first true skirmish with police occurred in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, when several marchers sat down in the street. They were quickly yanked off the ground, handcuffed, and led into waiting police vans that had been following them.

To keep the marchers from disrupting traffic by entering the street, a procession of police on

Edith Heider, a Queens resident, leaned toward the officers and shouted in their ears. "I have two boys; never brought a gun in my house," she said. "I hope you're teaching your kids not to use guns."

But the crowd was determined to send a stronger message. As they passed 47th Street shortly after 4 p.m., several people walked onto Fifth Avenue. In an ominous show of force, a mob of riot police lunged into the crowd and jumped on them, clamping their gloved hands on protesters' wrists and clothing. They snapped plastic handcuffs on

HOSTILE COPS IN MIDTOWN PROTEST

the marchers and shoved them into paddy wagons as onlookers booed in disapproval.

Protesters turned west on 42nd Street and headed towards Times Square. The police closed off the ends of the block

between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, trapping the entire group inside. Some students tried to take over the street by forming a human chain and spreading out to block police vehicles.

As the crowded marchers spilled a few feet into the street, officers pounced on a middle-aged woman and tackled her. She fell backward into the crowd, and a sea of blue enveloped her.

A black man with a salt and pepper beard stood stiffly on the curb, watching the melee. He faced the officers, raised his right arm in a Nazi salute, and yelled, "Sieg Heil!"

For more than 20 minutes, the marchers stood still on this block, with nowhere to go. Two people at the southeast

There was little resistance from the cops, who allowed them to walk east to Fifth Avenue, where they were met with fresh troops.

The officers stood in one row facing the marchers. One by one, they pulled down the plexiglass face shields on their helmets. Some of them grabbed their clubs, and clutched them expectantly.

A caravan of police vehicles closed in on the group, sandwiching them between vans and the cops in riot gear. The vans squeezed slowly into the crowd, as protesters pushed and scrambled to move away. On the south side of the street, marchers took turns pulling each other across the high concrete wall of surrounding the New York Public Library building.

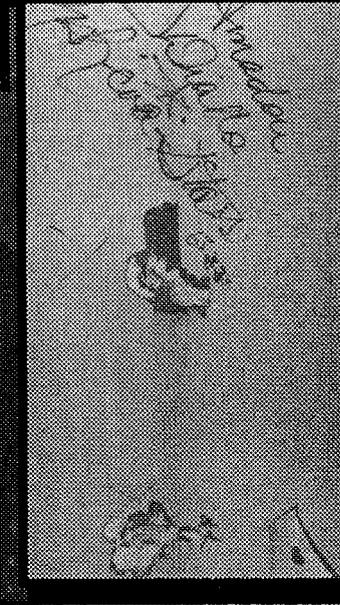
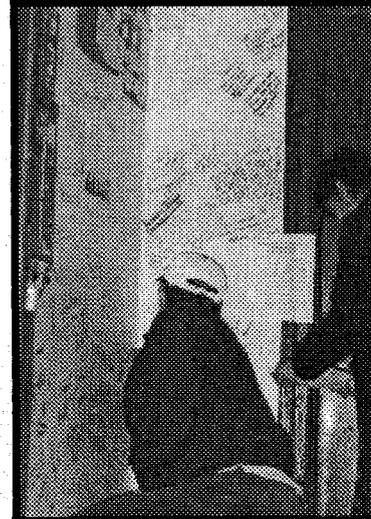
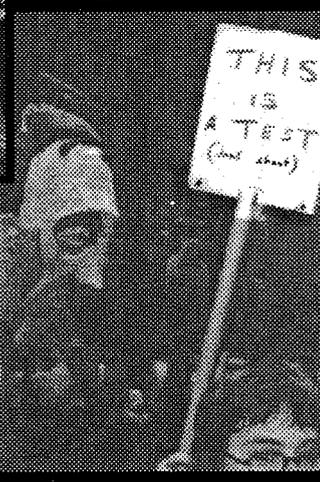
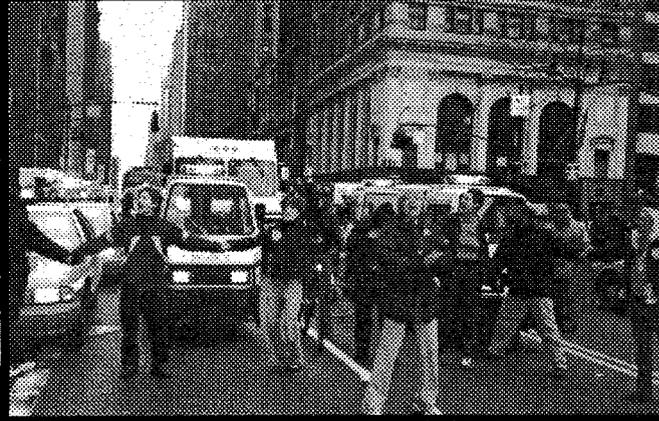
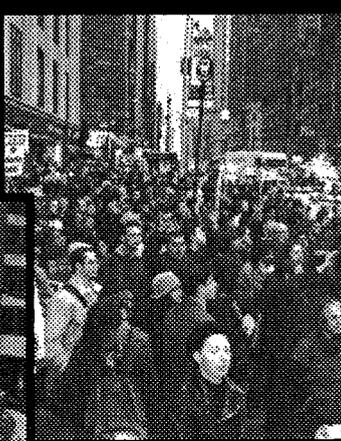
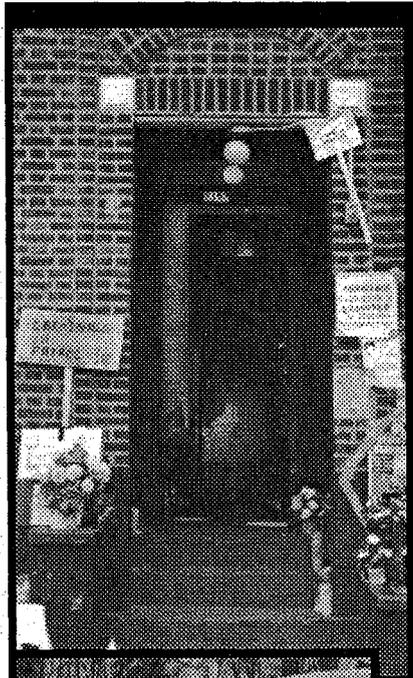
After the vans drove away from the scene, a long row of cops on motorcycles gunned their engines and sped loudly across the block without slowing down for the other protesters still on the street, who pulled each other out of harm's way.

Although many protesters left at this point, others managed to continue walking south to the Municipal Building and City Hall. As expected, hordes of police officers were waiting for them, with hundreds more standing inside the wrought iron fence of City Hall Park. A mounted unit stood by in front of the steps of Pace University across the street, while another group waited behind scaffolding on the northwest corner of the park. Ironically, the cops displayed their might with enthusiasm and an arrogant sense of self-righteousness on a day when protesters hoped to send a firm message against police violence.

Victoria Stong, a Queens resident, was one of the last protesters standing in front of City Hall at 10 p.m. after the crowd had dispersed. She was so moved by the tragedy that she volunteered to arrange flowers and clean the now infamous vestibule where Diallo was shot. "People who are not white, they're being targeted left and right," she said. "I don't want African-Americans and Latinos to become an endangered species."

Stong was also shoved by a gruff sergeant during the march, although she feels no animosity towards the police department. "I'm not against anyone," she said. "There are excellent police out there and there are corrupt and racist police. That's who we're protesting against."

Photographs By Michael Yeh



corner climbed onto a lamppost and stood on a pedestrian signal box, waving at the cops gathered on 6th Avenue.

Sensing no alternative, the organizers told the crowd to walk back to Fifth Avenue. They spilled into the street on their way back, jumping up and down and shouting "Amadou!"

"I got home 15 minutes before he was shot. I heard three seconds of shooting, a one second pause, and more shooting. I said, 'Either somebody kill their family or the cops killed someone.' See, these people all afraid to speak out in the community. Half of them don't got immigration papers. But you might as well be a hooker on 42nd Street, if you ain't gonna stand up. If the Mayor saw 100,000 people out here, this thing would have been over.

It's about rich and poor, oppressed and oppressor. Martin Luther King, JFK, Malcolm X, they gotta be turning around in their grave. I work in Manhattan, and I see these ladies walking their poodles. Sometimes I say, 'Lord, why didn't you make me a poodle?' The poodle gets more respect than me, with my college degree and my suit and tie."

—"Jay X"
Neighbor of Amadou Diallo
(As told to *The Press* on 2/27/00)

Finding Fault With Justice

By Jill Baron and Shari Goldsmith

The acquittal of the four officers accused of murdering Bronx resident Amadou Diallo last Friday has brought relief to some, but has fueled intense anger within a racially tense community, with repercussions spreading across the country. Passionate demonstrations and rallies protesting the verdict took place in the city all throughout the week following the acquittal. The prosecution has been strongly criticized for not securing justice for the death of an innocent man.

The night the verdict was announced, protesters gathered outside Diallo's apartment building on Wheeler Ave. in the Soundview section of the Bronx. Among the protesters was John Giuffo, former Managing Editor of the *Stony Brook Press*. Giuffo said the atmosphere that night was angry and intense. "There was a sense that people were just tired of it and they weren't going to take it any longer," he said.

Many feel that the verdict will only serve to heighten the racial tension between police and the communities they serve. Diallo sympathizers are pushing for federal and civil trials, in hope of legally correcting the injustice that resulted from the criminal trial. Attention has shifted to what will become of the officers and possible departmental sanctions, as a community seeks to identify what needs to change to ensure that such a tragedy never occurs again.

Fingers are pointing to the prosecution for failing to win a conviction of the four accused police officers, Sean Carroll, Edward McMellon, Kenneth Boss and Richard Murphy. These officers were members of the elite Street Crimes Unit of the NYPD. According to a Bronx lawyer with personal knowledge of both the prosecution and the defense counsel, who asked not to be identified, the primary purpose of the Street Crimes Unit is to "remove guns from the street." The statistical outcome of their work has shown that "less than five percent of people stopped by the Street Crimes Unit actually turn out to be carrying guns."

Robert Johnson, the Bronx District Attorney who prosecuted the case said, "This case raises a lot of issues about police tactics." For police officers to raise the typical search and seizure procedure to a more intrusive level, suspicions must rise to a level that puts their or other people's safety in danger.

The anonymous source believes that the officers stopped Diallo because he was black, and he explained that stopping him in the first place was unlawful. According to the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution, citizens are free from unlawful search and seizure. "The scenario for the prosecution was that there was no explanation for why an unarmed man was dead," said the lawyer.

The criminal trial left Amadou Diallo's death unaccounted for. Disgruntled citizens took their emotion to the streets, targeting the location of the killing. The night the verdict was announced, the police set up barricades at either end of Diallo's block. Giuffo estimated that there were approximately 400-500 protesters present,

with approximately 300 police in the direct vicinity, "which is to say nothing of how many other officers were in the area "in case," he said.

Giuffo also attended the rally in Manhattan the next day, where he said the police presence was "even more oppressive." Protesters gathered on the corner of 59th Street and 5th Avenue. There were initially about 1,000 protesters, but the number increased as the rally went on.

"Rally organizers said they chose 59th and 5th because they wanted to bring the rally's

message to the center of Rudy Giuliani's electoral base," said Giuffo. Some of the chants the crowd recited included "Police Tactics 101. It's a wallet not a gun," and "Who's streets? Our streets." Some people also sang the "Cops" theme song.

"There wasn't a moment when the marchers weren't surrounded by cops. It was a literal blue wall," Giuffo said. He also pointed out that, contrary to many media accounts of the rally, the police weren't always restrained.

The march was stopped at 42nd St. and 6th Ave. "The marchers wanted to continue to Times Square, but that area's new prominence as a media broadcasting center would have made that an intolerable political proposition for Giuliani, so we were stopped at 6th Ave. Most of the arrests were made there," stated Giuffo. Further protests continued throughout the week.

The possible actions that may still be taken against the officers include a civil trial, which would only result in monetary losses for the officers. Unlike criminal trials, in which the burden of proof rests on the prosecution to prove the defendant guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, the burden of proof lies with the defense in a civil trial, and the jury does not have to believe they are guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

The officers would most likely be found guilty in a civil trial, but since they don't possess large sums of money, the NYPD would most likely be the entity that is sued. Ultimately, a civil trial would end up placing little in the way of repercussions on the officers.

A Federal investigation has been considered as a way to determine if Mr. Diallo's civil rights were violated. Experts are now saying that Federal prosecutors may have a difficult time convicting on civil rights charges, but Justice Department guidelines are broad enough that Federal prosecutors may decide to file charges. According to *The New York Times*, the guidelines have three requirements: that the case involve "a substantial federal interest," that the original trial

left that interest "unvindicated" and that there is strong enough evidence to win a conviction.

Critics of the verdict question the tactics used by the prosecution. The anonymous lawyer explained that the people accusing the prosecution have to place fault with the prosecution to make a federal trial more likely.

The District Attorney was questioned for setting his sights too high, by bringing the officers up on murder charges. As explained by the unnamed lawyer, "You would indict for murder if it wasn't cops." He described the prosecutor's scenario of having no witnesses, evidence that an unarmed man is dead at the hands of the police, with no explanation because the cops reserved their right not to speak.

The jury's 24 "not guilty" responses were the result of four cops each charged with six counts: murder in the 2nd degree, murder in the 2nd with depraved indifference, manslaughter in the 1st degree, manslaughter in the 2nd degree, criminally negligent homicide, and reckless endangerment. The last two charges do not require a mandatory jail sentence if convicted, explained the anonymous lawyer.

In retrospect, Johnson offered his own explanation for why the jury came to a "not guilty" verdict. The change of venue to Albany provided a different pool of people for jury selection. "The ruling meant that the jurors would be picked from a largely white population rather than the largely minority Bronx population," he told the *The New York Times*.

Mr. Johnson suggested several times that the officers might not have been entirely truthful in their testimony. The jurors from Albany are "more likely to accept the police testimony," said the anonymous lawyer. In Albany, they have a 98% conviction rate, which shows that they trust the police.

Justice Joseph C. Teresi set parameters on the prosecution that served to hinder their case, explained the anonymous lawyer. The judge limited the cross-examination of the police officers. The slogan of the Street Crimes Unit, "We Own the Night," was precluded from examination. This mindset of the police exists on the streets, which the Bronx community understands, but may not be as deeply understood for Albany residents.

Despite the fact that arguments against a federal case are strong, Anthony Gair, who represents Mr. Diallo's mother, Kadiatou, told the *The New York Times* that "I think there are compelling reasons to do so." There is also strong sentiment that a Federal prosecution may be the only

way to get some justice for Diallo's family.

The officers may also face a departmental investigation. Details of what this would entail are unclear, but it has been said that the Police Department may sanction the officers for not using their weapons properly. Many in the community doubt that this will ever occur. It seems unlikely that the blue wall of silence will crumble enough to allow the Department itself to take a strong stand against police brutality.

Photos by Mike Yeh.



Police presence at the protest was high.



Many were unhappy with the verdict.

The Aftermath of a Tragedy: Blame and Responsibility

By Daniel Yohannes

One man is dead. Four men's lives were on the line. One family's life will never be the same. All this has happened. What comes next?

Riots? Protests? Apathy? Change? Denial? Firings? Compensation?

I understand why the people are angry. I understand how the fear that was born the day Diallo died matured the day the verdict came in. There exists in parts of New York City a military style police state, recognizable to anyone who has experienced such a condition in a foreign country. Unfortunately, most Americans are not aware of the conditions that constitute a police state and so most of us don't even recognize it.

The problem is not with the individual police officers. However much I want to blame the cops involved, I can't. That is the easy way out. That is what Giuliani and Safir want. They can control the carnival, support the police, control public opinion, and watch as the individuals get off, justice is "served", and their system emerges unscathed.

The individuals are responsible in the strictest sense for the death of Amadou Diallo. They fired the shots that caused the death. They will carry that with them for the rest of their lives. Our criminal justice system exonerated them. There may have been issues of fairness, but the process we believe in has run its course and, like big boys and girls, we must accept it.

Yet we struggle to blame: the cops, the legal system, the police, whoever can accept our outrage at the injustice that was the end of a good man's life. Protest is healthy. Anger can be productively channeled. Festering wounds have been opened and agitated, and our leaders must

work to heal them.

The protesters are tired of mourning their fallen brothers, sisters, children, fathers and mothers. Change must come. That is the silver lining of the cloud that has lingered over NYC for the past year. Thank God for the Diallo verdict. It throws light on the nocturnal workings of the Street Crimes Unit. It exemplifies the shortcomings of the criminal justice system in America, be they judicial or prosecutorial.

We have a wonderful opportunity to change the system that declares a black man guilty and dangerous when he "peers" or reaches for an "object", and a military police system that is armed and authorized to send a barrage of bullets at an unarmed man because they feared for their lives (quite irrationally in my opinion).

I thought that the law allowed an officer to use his firearm in self defense if, and only if, fired upon first. Now it appears that they can fire at will and later claim self defense.

Officer Volpe used a strange variation of this in his defense: the rage that he felt after being assaulted (and no doubt feeling his life in danger). This argument is very potent, but it demonstrates the lack of training and discipline that exists in the police department. A police officer is a target; their lives are constantly threatened by criminals. Are we authorizing them to use lethal force whenever their adrenaline starts flowing? Some might say we are. There is an atmosphere of

tension in NYC. The police are controlling crime. They are in control. Should they be in control and how do they maintain that control?

There are some harsh realities to be faced in exploring solutions to the issues raised by the trial of Amadou Diallo's killers. I think that near the root of the problem is the fact that minorities are disproportionately represented in the criminal justice system. Why?

I would propose that there is a systematic prejudice in the arrest, prosecution and incarceration of minorities and the poor in America. Racial profiling, differential penalties for crack/powder cocaine, predatory policing in minority neighborhoods and racial anomalies in capital punishment are evidence for the systematic prejudice.

That is our enemy, not the cops. They were trained by the system. If we fight the cops, we ignore the system. The next time an innocent person is killed, we will be responsible for having failed to fight the

system where it needs to be changed, and then making sure that changes are permanent when the powers-that-be concede.

The police were trained by the system. The LAPD is embroiled in a corruption scandal that was rumored as long as 5 years ago. Yet nothing was done, and now, what will we do to ensure that the changes that come are permanent.

Can the NYPD be much different? We've had our share of corruption and killing, but what have we done to ensure that change is permanent? Absolute power corrupts absolutely.



Amadou Diallo

Cops & Guns

By David Gafney

The shooting of Amadou Diallo brings to the surface a problem we have never experienced before as a country; the overwhelming amount of force that the standard police officer carries. The hastily trained "keepers of the peace" have been involved in numerous shootings in which an obscene amount of deadly force has been used. This is not a local problem, as police officers nationwide are now moving to heavier firepower.

The trend towards heavy firepower began in the early nineties; officers began to turn in their .38 service revolvers for newer magazine fed automatics. The argument for this switch in ordinance was made using the "bad guys have them, so why can't we?" point of view. The general populace agreed, and the street cop carrying a revolver became a rare sight to see.

Two formats of the sidearm are currently available, and of course, have advantages and disadvantages. The revolver is the simplest of the two; pull the trigger, the cylinder rotates to the next bullet, the bullet lines up with the barrel, the

hammer strikes the primer sending the bullet out into the world.

The automatic is considerably different, emerging on the firearms market just in time for World War I; these pistols have become the premiere personal weapons of military personnel worldwide. The automatic is a much more complicated system than the revolver and as such, is prone to failure. These pistols are designed to fire multiple rounds in quick succession and be reloaded in a fraction of a second.

The police fired 41 rounds at Amadou Diallo, at a range of 20 feet, striking him 19 times. The four (four!) officers, as a reflex action due to their training, began to empty their 15 shot, magazine fed automatics, spraying a man and his apartment building with unaimed death. This altercation would have panned out differently if the officers were carrying the six shot service revolvers.

The shift to the 15 shot automatics has not given the hypersensitive police forces a real advantage over the criminals they wish to apprehend. Police have a unique ability that the criminals don't: their radio network. With a push of the

mike button officers can call armies of their brethren equipped with helicopters and armored vehicles giving the police a considerable tactical advantage. The old saying "you can't run from the radio" has been tossed aside and replaced with 15 shot justice, administered immediately.

Obviously the pistol format was not the deciding factor in the Diallo shooting; the officers are responsible for shooting the man, not their chosen sidearms. With the automatic pistols and their 45 bullet accompaniment, the officers are given too much firepower for the job they are assigned. This is a primary factor in the series of shootings around the country, the officers have the pistol format and the ammunition to produce a high volume of fire. As a result of this, it is clear to see why 41 shots were fired at an unarmed man.

The power of the police should not be contained in a leather holster strapped to the belt of a nineteen-year-old. Police should go back to the basics; quick response with lots and lots of adequately equipped cops. The tragedies of the past few years are only going to increase in frequency and damage if the police continue to follow their current ordinance philosophy. There is no palatable answer to the problem and as long as the police carry military equipment, these atrocities will continue to occur.

*The power of the
police should not be
contained in a leather
holster strapped to
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nineteen-year-old.*

War Has Been Declared

By Jenny Aguilar

At approximately 12:40 AM on February 4, 1999 four white undercover "Street Crimes Unit" police officers- Kenneth Boss, Richard Murphy, Sean Carroll, and Edward McMellon- cruising an unmarked car in the Soundview section of the Bronx turned onto Wheeler Avenue. At apartment building 1157, they spotted a man on the front stoop looking up and down the street. They proceeded to "investigate." In plain-clothes they approached Amadou Diallo, and moments later murdered him in a "hail of 41 bullets." Two of the officers had fired 16 bullets, emptying their 9mm semiautomatic handguns. Innocent, unarmed, with no criminal record, a West African immigrant 22 years of age, Amadou had come to the states to live "the dream."

Last February the assorted details of the murder of Amadou Diallo, "explained" by the four cops and reaffirmed by the prosecution, were presented in a "trial." The final verdict, THE ACQUITTAL OF THE COPS, gives unrelenting support to the use of police violence against Amadou Diallo and to demonstrate the current climate of racism that permits the brutalization of innocent people. I believe that the verdict only serves to further prove the racism institutionalized in practices against men of color nationwide.

What we must recognize is that the non-guilty verdict- along with the criminalization of Amadou Diallo, and the militarization of communities of color, like Soundview- combined with the trials change of venue from the Bronx (39% white) to Albany (89% white), in conjunction with the "friendly prosecution," together with the biased judge who literally drank with the defense lawyers the night of the verdict and gave the jury strict order to judge the officers "on the standards of what 'an average reasonable' person would do, rather than on what a 'reasonable police officer' would do"- does indeed crystallize the large trends of racism and police brutality occurring nationwide!

The story proposed by Carroll, McMellon, Boss and Murphy, initially concocted within the 48 hours contractually allotted to them before being forced to tell their story, and then tweaked for an entire year is as follows: The murder of Amadou Diallo was nothing more than a "tragic accident." The police officers each

the front entrance of his apartment building "as if he did not want to be seen." The officers assumed that Amadou was involved in some sort of criminal activity, saying that he resembled a wanted rapist or a lookout for a robbery. The cops said they identified themselves, "Police Department, City of New York. Can I have a word with you, please?" and ordered him to stop. According to them, Amadou "ran into the vestibule" and turned toward the officers "with a black object in his hand." In the "dimly lit" vestibule Carroll's "prior arrests dictated him that this person was pulling a gun," and feeling extreme fear for his life began to fire at Amadou who stood within seven feet of him. The three other officers simultaneously fired so many times because Amadou's body remained upright the entire time of attack and they feared he could retaliate.

Police expert on police practices, Dr. James Fyfe, claimed the officers "followed proper police procedure."

The prosecution itself offered very little rebuttal or cross-examination. It had no direction, no clear objective or structure. It offered some relevant information which the members of the jury could have used to defend a guilty charge, but not the deep, heart-felt, and much needed analysis that would have forced the jurors to see the danger in the officers' acquittal.

The prosecution described Amadou as a hard-working, deeply religious man who was coming home from work and was doing nothing wrong, standing on the stoop of his own home the night of the murder. They said that he was standing in a well-lit vestibule and was not given a command to stop from the four armed and plain-clothed, white men whom he had seen ride slowly up to his home. They established that the officers did not consider backing up or finding cover before attacking, and that they were not in the process of making an arrest. Several witnesses testified that the 41 bullets were interrupted by a pause giving the cops ample time to rectify their original impulse and assess whether Amadou continued to pose a threat. They also demonstrated that Amadou received a critical wound to the heart "early on" in the shooting, followed by a paralyzing bullet to the spinal chord that caused him to fall and receive most of the bullets while on his back. Evidence showed that a bullet went through his right toe and another up his left leg.

The prosecution mentioned that one of Amadou's neighbors overheard the remark "OK,OK. We're going to say this..." suggesting a cover-up operation, but it failed to note that police officers had Amadou's

roommates at the 43rd precinct for eight hours of interrogation attempting to find an enemy of Amadou's on whom to blame their hate-crime. The lawyers for Diallo failed to inform the jury that in the hours after the murder, simultaneous to the illegal questioning, police officers ransacked Amadou's apartment in the hopes of find-



Protesters crowded throughout the streets of Manhattan.

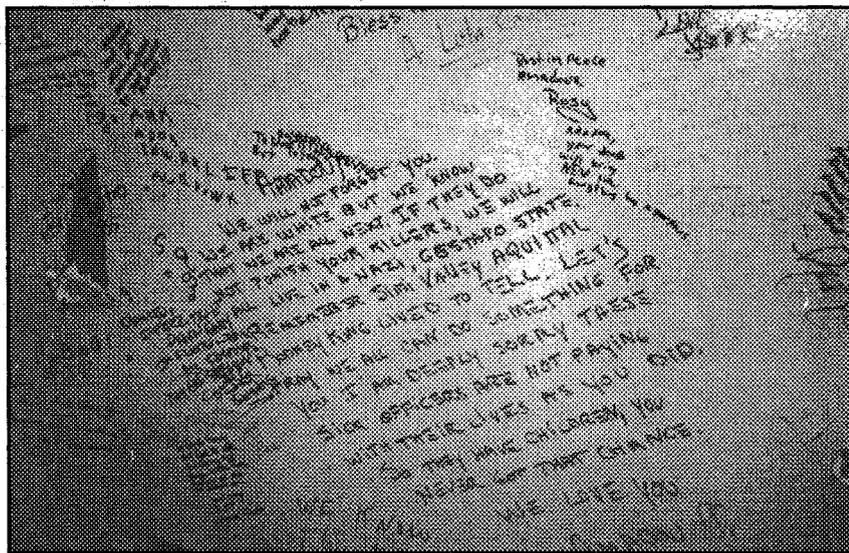
ing a gun or any evidence to plant on him as a "reason" for their homicide. The officers admitted that Amadou did not resemble a sketch of the rapist and that he only reminded them of the criminal because of his skin color and his height. They said they assumed Amadou understood English, could hear well, and was not mentally ill- and that his "turning away from them" was an attempt to disregard their authority.

The lawyers, representing the family of the victim, did not aggressively pursue the possibility that Amadou ran because he was suspicious of the armed men and was extremely fearful of them in the moments before his death. The prosecution let the jury accept that the officers sincerely believed Amadou was reaching for a weapon... and failed to problematize the fact that they jumped to these conclusions through racial-profiling, that they worked within communities they feared, and felt disdain for the people they were supposed to "protect and serve."

It is the prosecution's lack of criticism of the racism in the assumption of Amadou's criminality and the hateful indifference to Amadou's life that causes the most outrage and pain. How to overlook the fact that the officers' records were not evidence in this case? Records that would demonstrate that two of the officers "had complaints filed against them accusing them of racial insensitivity"- that Kenneth Boss' had killed a 22-year old African American male named Patrick Bailey in 1997- and that the four officers had been involved in acts of brutality just hours before they murdered Amadou Diallo.

How do we overlook the key role that racism played on the night of Amadou's murder? How do we overlook the racism crystallized in the officers' freedom? How do we ignore the message that the non-guilty verdict sends? That black life is expendable, unimportant to us? We can't. It won't be overlooked. We mustn't overlook it. The time to act is now. War has been declared.

Quotes and general information were gathered from articles published in Newsday, The New York Times, The Bronx Beat, The Seattle Times and transcripts and news reports aired on WBAI (99.5 FM). All photos on this page by Michael Yeh.



Messages of love and sorrow were written on Diallo's apartment walls.

considered Amadou "suspicious" because he was looking up and down his block, peeking out from

Questions for Our Times

By FL. Livingston

1. Why couldn't prosecutor Robert Johnson play "the race card" in the Amadou Diallo case? (The "Johnny Cochran" of prosecutors, he's not.)

In a recent television press conference, he explained that there was no specific evidence to prove that the four defendants behaved "in a racist manner." All well and good. But couldn't he have found a way to raise the possibility just the same?

2. Why wasn't there more emphasis on the 41 shots? More to the point, why didn't they question the fact that the police seemed to believe that they had to drive Diallo to the ground before they could "feel safe?"

I think it's possible that, in the dark, they did mistake the wallet for a gun, but couldn't they merely have shot the "gun" out of his hand? Besides, the man was not firing at them or attacking them in any way. Were they so threatened by the fact that he remained upright? Such questions may not have influenced the

boy's upbringing, that little girl would likely be alive today if it were not for the weak gun laws in this country. Yes, it matters, that the boy has been living in a "crack house" with his mother and uncle. And that someone in that house left a handgun under a few blankets where the child could easily get hold of it. I also understand that the pistol was stolen from another home in the same neighborhood. But if guns were harder to get, and if they came with mandatory trigger locks for child safety, the boy would not have been able to shoot little Kayla, let alone kill her.



Diallo killers (l-r) McMellon, Carroll, Boss and Murphy

It seems to me that he could have. It seems to me that it might have been worthwhile to say something like this to the jury in his summation: "Decide what you think was going through the officers heads on that fateful night. Then decide whether or not you believe they would have thought the same way if Diallo was a white man."

No, I don't believe in "crying racism" over every little thing. But this was hardly a little thing, and racial profiling may have played a key role here. Therefore, I contend that the issue of race belonged in that courtroom. I'm sure that Johnson, and his assistant Eric Warner tried their best, but I expect that it could have been better.

jury in any way. Then again, they might have. It would have been worth a try.

For too long, policemen have apprehended young African-American males for the "crime" of "Driving While Black." Has this now spread to the practice of killing young men of color for the "crime" of "Standing While Black?" I hope not, but...

3. Who else has to die before the government presents us with some tougher laws about gun control and gun safety?

I am thinking of the little boy who shot and killed his classmate, Kayla Rolland. Regardless of the

Yet, in Washington, even a mild gun control law cannot seem to get out of committee. ("As Congress Ignores Gun Control, More Innocents Die," *Newsday*, Editorial page A 43, Vol. 60, No. 181, March 1, 2000.) Both houses have approved the bill, but with slightly different versions that they need to "reconcile." Yet, the legislators involved have not even managed to agree to meet (A 43). Fear of upsetting the "gun lobby" is the culprit I suspect.

Meanwhile, the life of one child has been wiped out, while the life of another (the boy) has been, perhaps, irreparably damaged. Are the concerns of "Big Business" (in this case the gun and rifle business) so much more important to our Congressmen than the lives of children? Again, I have to say, "I hope not, but..."



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

If So, 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.

Welcome to My Psycho Drama: A Whimsical, Yet Paranoid

By Chris Sorochin

A couple of issues (in both senses of the word) back, I pledged a tedious and rambling specimen of pseudoprofundity based on my January trip to Poland. Here it is. Look upon it and tremble. All names have been changed to protect MY ass.

Day 1 Warsaw

All LOT Polish Airlines' flights go into Warsaw and from there they will generously fly you to anywhere else in the country at no extra charge. The only problem is you may have to wait quite a while for your connecting flight at Okęcie Airport. Okęcie is fairly new and apparently considerable savings were achieved by employing someone's 10-year-old daughter to plot the color scheme: everything is pink, or some shade thereof, with the occasional mauve or magenta for variety.

Being a hip, experienced traveler, I elected to eschew the Big Candy Box and go into town for a couple of hours. I returned in time for my flight and went to rescue my bags. A horde of Brits (or Australians, I can never tell) were giving the woman a hard time, claiming she was trying to overcharge them. There was fevered yelling and gesticulation as a policewoman looked on with indescribable boredom.

The woman began explaining the charges. "I don't speak Polish," one man replied dismissively. "I'll bet if she came to his country and failed to speak English, he'd be the first to snarl, 'Bloody foreigner!'"

I proceeded to my gate, relax a bit and sucked down a couple of beers. I noticed it was getting to be time, yet no boarding call. I decided to investigate. On my way to the desk, who should materialize out of thin air but Danuta, whom I'd had the unpleasant experience of tutoring when she was in New York. She was from Gdynia, my destination, and was absolutely the last person I wanted to see. I had been thinking of how I'd avoid her, and now here she was miles away from where I'd expected to meet her. It wasn't fair.

Beaming her perpetual insincere smile, she assured me that yes, our flight was indefinitely

The one saving grace of this encounter is that Danuta is accompanied by her luscious teenage daughter Dorota. Dorota only smiled when she felt like it and seemed to be both smarter and more down-to-earth than the rest of the family, I hope she won't outgrow it.

Finally, it is announced that the 1950s crates LOT uses for their domestic flights can't navigate in so much fog. Anyone who thinks Eastern Europe isn't the Third World hasn't been there. Several of the more vocal senior citizens harangue the staff into arranging a bus for us.

What would have been an hour's flight was a four-hour bus ride, but I was glad to bid Danuta goodbye. My hostess Natasza took me back to her apartment, and said I could stay there. I discovered that her husband, who works on ships, was in Brazil, and I didn't feel quite good about that, but she said it was OK, I could come and go as I pleased and so I agreed.

That night I had a deadly collision with a fifth of vodka and a large plate of salted herring in oil (smothered in raw onion). Believe me, you have no idea what existential suffering is until you've spent the night puking up fish chunks unable to keep down even water.

Day 2 Gdynia

Needless to say, I didn't accomplish much in the way of sightseeing the next day. I was however treated to a videotape of something called "By Fire and Sword," a three-hour epic of Polish history in which guys with topknots and Fu Manchus slice each other up. In one charming scene, a religious fanatic drives a stake through the heart of a "witch."

And every morning there was a World War II movie on TV. These were about the Polish partisans who fought against the Nazi occupation.

Late at night, one can view some fairly raunchy stuff from Germany and Polish music videos, which must be seen to be believed. For starters, there seems to be a rule that everyone must be in bathing suits. And all these nice-looking people

(the girls are models, I think) are frolicking about at some beach or lakeside. And every so often there'll be a closeup of some young lady's bethonged buttage and I guess that's what's supposed to be stimulating, but the whole effect is remarkably non-sexual.

Day 5 Kartuzy

Natasza was behaving in an increasingly touchy, possessive sort of way. She would come up and hug me from behind, demand a kiss when I left the house and try to keep me up talking into the night when I clearly wanted to sleep. She'd keep

asking me to elaborate on comments I'd made jokingly. She didn't speak any English, either, so extended conversations were quite an ordeal. Once she burst unannounced into the guest bedroom while I was clad in naught but my skivvies.

I began to be haunted by the Ghosts of Clingy Girlfriends Past and unsettled by the guilty specters of Jealous Husbands and Girlfriends Yet to Come. I voiced my concerns to Natasza and didn't buy her answer that friends carry on like that in Poland all the time. For one thing, I didn't see anyone else doing the same. I also noticed that she refrained from such "friendly" behavior when we were in company.

In addition, I was packing a tiny black gel-tab that I planned to consume and I needed to be far away from Natasza when I did. So, I thought it best to take a little overnight trip to the countryside, where I could meander crazedly with a minimum of human contact. My guidebook's description of Kartuzy intrigued me, so off I went, after swearing to

Natasza that I'd phone her that night (She had more than a touch of Overprotective Mother in her as well). I ate my little biscuit as soon as my hour-long bus journey began.

Kashubia is a low-lying region of thick primal forests punctuated with mist-shrouded green lakes. In early January, it was garnished with a light dusting of snow. The Kashubians themselves are said to be descendants of the original Pomeranians, Slavic, but not Polish, ethnic group long isolated, but subject to policies of Germanization in the 19th century and Polonization in the 20th.

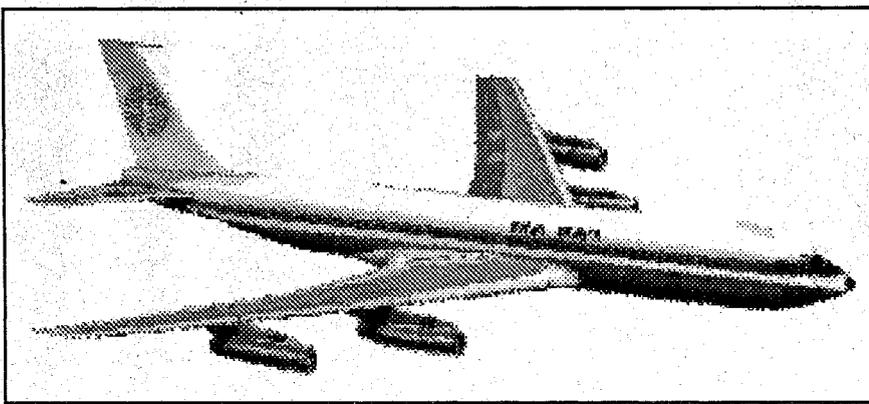
The focal point of my day was to be a visit to the 14th century Gothic church, built in the shape of a coffin by the death-obsessed Carthusian monks, who slept in coffins to remind them that life was transitory. Inside is a clock with the Angel of Death wielding a scythe with the inscription, "Each passing second brings you closer to death."

Wandering around town for a while, I arrived at the majestically austere brick building, but the doors were locked. "Under repair," a middle-aged woman barked at me as she passed. Oh, I thought, Death is closed for repairs. I naturally proceeded to attach great cosmic importance to this development and resolved to devote the rest of the day to celebrating the life force. I did manage to locate one monkish morbidity: on one of the lower towers was a sort of thing like a flag, but it was made of black iron. Worked into it was a representation of the Virgin and Child, but the effect of all that hard, cold black iron against the backdrop of a gray winter afternoon gave a traditionally tender image a malevolent, vampiric energy. It was the most sinister Madonna I'd ever seen.

I spent the next several hours exploring the adjacent Lake Klasztorne and its beech trees, marvelling at the ice fishermen (who I originally thought must be a hallucination). I reveled in the luscious silence of the deserted woods and tried to commune with the Slavic gods of old.

Sunset came punctually at 4:00 and soon it was time to deal with the human race again. Had to buy a goddamn phone card so I could call Natasza and set her neurotic mind at ease. That turned out

*And every so often there'll be
a closeup of some young
lady's bethonged buttage
and I guess that's what's
supposed to be stimulating...*



It's a bird, it's a plane, no...it's Chris Sorochin!

postponed and no, no one had any information as to when we'd be leaving. I was clearly in hell: stuck in a building the color of a strawberry car-freshener, hungry and dead tired and in the chirpy company of one of my least-favorite people in the whole world. Twilight Zone music throbbed in my skull.

Danuta was returning home from Brussels, where she'd been visiting her husband, who works with (Oh...the horror) NATO and had been instrumental in helping bring Poland into that blood-soaked fraternity. He also smiles disturbingly all the time, as does the hotshot son in New York. They're all very attractive, and I'm convinced, utterly soulless. I call them the Stepfordowskis.

Journey Through The Labyrinth Of The Slavic Soul

to be a debacle, with the girl finally having to write everything down for me.

I made another circuit through town, stopping in the "new" church to zone out on the still-twinkling Christmas trees. Then I thought, OK, I could do with a BEER.

Now, for the discerning drinker, Poland boasts a special sub-class of really scuzzy bars. Nothing like them exists here. They're purely utilitarian: no decoration, no music, not even reduced lighting; the atmosphere, if you want to call it that, is that of an auto parts factory. Women, even scuzzy women do not go into these places. The only female was the fat, tough-looking old lady behind the bar. She was wearing a dirty white cafeteria worker's smock and seemed to recognize a gentleman of quality (me) when he entered her establishment. Her assistant was a lank, vulpine young man, who perched on a stool and nervously ripped apart cigarette packs.

I downed three large bottles while the drunks around me hooted and howled. The bar guy came out to change a bare lightbulb and he and the woman amused us all with a stick fight. One patron came up and remarked on how quietly and intelligently I was sitting there. I wanted to say, "Dude, I'm tripping my face off," but my linguistic skills failed me and I just smiled beneficently.

I was spending the night in a nearby cowtown and I knew I should eat something because I wouldn't get another chance, so I plunked down in Kartuzy's only restaurant. The waitress was a red-dish-blond with fabulous long legs, accented by a breath-takingly short mini. She walked like a small-town girl whom someone had told could be an actress and held her nose in the air as if I were something she'd stepped in on the street. I ordered more than I should have and had to struggle to finish it. I then took a bus to my pension and collapsed, but not without first venturing out to find a public phone and playing with the card to call Natasza.

Day 6 Gdynia

I returned late in the afternoon, bearing a hand-carved wooden mushroom as an in-joke souvenir for Natasza. I found her in the kitchen, the sink piled high with dirty dishes. She was in her robe, distractedly chain-smoking. We were supposed to go to some dance that night, but she began crying and going on about how her life was ruined because her son, for whom she'd sacrificed everything, was in the States with no plan of returning home. She said she hated America because it stole him. I had my own theories about why son and husband were so frequently absent, but I tried to tell her it was time to let go.

I had the feeling I was in some drab Eastern European existential drama, and I thought it was pretty damn rude of her to inflict all this on a guest she didn't know all that well. Eventually, she pulled her self together and we dressed to go out ("Wear the red shirt, you look so nice in that," she urged me).

But we didn't go to the dance. In a completely unrelated subplot, she told me her friends were conspiring to get her to run for some office. So we went to several discos, an idea I didn't care for and we came back and she tried to get me to stay up

and explain all my offhand comments, etc...

Day 8 Gdansk

I wanted to send postcards of the Solidarity Memorial to my labor organizer friends, but when I finally found it, the souvenir kiosk was unmanned. The memorial, like all others in Poland, is composed of three gigantic crosses. Separation of Church and State is unknown here and pictures of the Pope are ubiquitous. Still, condoms are available in most public restrooms and the government has initiated a billboard anti-AIDS campaign NOT based on abstinence.

Alcohol and tobacco ads are required to devote about an eighth of their total area to government warnings about health hazards, which doesn't seem to stop any-

body. Only non-alcoholic beer can be advertised on TV, so Poland's canny brewers have designed the bottles of their alcoholic and non-alcoholic brews to be nearly identical. So the ads and commercials go forward with all the customary froth, augmented with the nudge-and-wink assurance that the suds is non-alcoholic. Yeah, right.

Day 10 Malbork

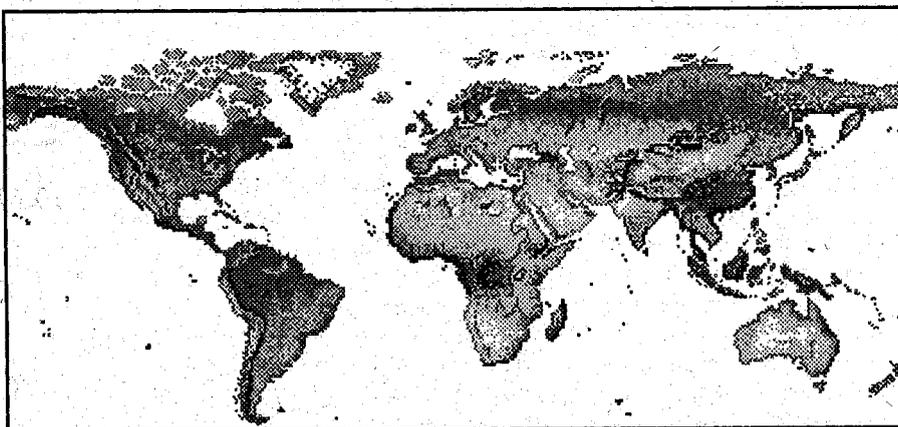
Natasza and I had planned to make an extended journey east and cross the Russian border in search of even cheaper vodka, but her car wasn't up to it. So we took the train to Malbork. The attraction is a huge castle dating back to 1330, one of the largest and most impressive in Europe. It was the stronghold of the Teutonic Knights, a charming group of fellows from Germany who had distinguished themselves by killing Muslims, Jews and even Christians for the greater glory of God in the Crusades in the Near East. When that godly adventure came to an end, they perceived that further gore and plunder could

*I wanted to say, "Dude,
I'm tripping my face off,"
but my linguistic skills
failed me and I just
smiled beneficently.*

be had by "bringing Christ" to the pagan Balts of the region. With papal dispensation, they embarked on the little-known "Northern Crusades," offering the populace salvation or death, and often rewarding them with both. Oh, and of course they took a piece of all economic life, enriching themselves considerably, as those who claim to be doing God's work by way of violence have a tendency to do. After annihilating most of the Slavic inhabitants, they established German colonies, beginning centuries of bitter back and forth between Germans and Slavs in the region. The entire region of Pomerania, where these frolics took place was part of Germany until 1945, when it was awarded to Poland. All the Germans, Nazi or no, were driven out and the area was resettled with Poles who had themselves been expelled

from a chunk of eastern Poland that had been awarded to the Soviet Union. Ethnic cleansing is not a new thing in Europe, or on this continent for that matter.

Natasza insisted on buying champagne to drink in the hotel, which had a magnificent view of the castle and river. She had suggested sharing a room, an idea I demolished with accounts of my insufferable snoring. But she still wanted me to play substitute husband. When she began to get too annoying and turned on the waterworks, I hit



All around the world with Chris Sorochin: This stop, Poland!

upon a new tactic; I started speaking English and telling in a calm and kind tone exactly what I thought.

"Gee, I'm really grateful for all your generous hospitality; I really appreciate your putting me up and you're a fantastic cook, but when you behave in this borderline psychotic, possessive way, it really puts a crimp in my vacation enjoyment."

"Co? Mów po polsku!"

"No way. I'm not gonna mów po polsku until you stop using me as a screen on which to project your insecurities."

Finally, she gave it up and we had an interesting conversation about rather personal matters. Somehow we got onto the topic of sex and she told me she didn't really enjoy it. And I also think she said, if my mind wasn't too fogged, that before her wedding she'd gone to a doctor for an examination to prove she was a virgin. How Old World is that?

I realize that up to this point I've been writing what reads like an Ugly American bashing of the country, but I really do like Poland and the Polish people. I find them very easygoing and unpretentious. In fact the only thing I really didn't care for was the prejudice one has to hear from many of them. This takes two forms. One is the traditional anti-Semitism and the other is imported from friends and relative who've emigrated to the US: racism. Anytime discussions turned to problems here, someone was quick to mention "blacks," implying that their very existence was problematic. "We don't have these problems in Poland because we don't have any blacks," one fat loudmouth informed me at the local bar. "My mother-in-law lives in Chicago; she told me they had a black mayor," he said, as if this were some outrage.

They also followed the doings of anyone in the US with a Polish name and would ask me what I thought of them. There seemed to be a popular misconception that Monica Lewinsky was one of theirs, although they disapproved. I couldn't bring myself to reveal that she's Jewish, as then I'd be responsible for stoking further anti-Semitism.

It was at a little kiosk right outside Malbork Castle that I noticed, there among the cig-

continued on page 16

NYPIRG Holds Student Action Meeting

By Kevin Bloom

On March 1st, 2000, NYPIRG held a student action meeting to spark interest and gain support for various local and international issues. A high turnout led to an interesting evening with food and beverages served while discussing issues such as ending local and international sweatshops.

"Even though sweatshops are banned here in America, they still exist," said George Koutsouvanos, speaking about the local sweatshops in Manhattan. Other key issues such as keeping college funding available and affordable were discussed in the Higher Education talk by Kathy Diaz and Consumer Action (e.g. ATM Surcharges) by Antionette Ortegamad.

Battling the problem of more than 30,000 homeless in Suffolk County alone was one of the problems in the discussion of Homeless Empowerment discussed by Nechy Marte.

In the Student Vote 2K, Liz Kelley rallied to spark interest in students to become aware of their voting privileges and the importance of voting especially in students.

"Anyone can attend the Board of Directors & Spring Conference[occurring April

4-9]," Rory McEvoy said. All students here at Stony Brook are already a part of NYPIRG because the organization is funded by some of the activity fee that all students pay for as part of their tuition.

The conference will be fun-filled with music and art. Participants can choose the events and conferences they find of interest. Please contact NYPIRG at the bottom floor of the Student Union for further details. Again, even if you may not have the time to be a full time member of NYPIRG, show some interest and have a fun time attending and supporting on of their rallies. Impress your professors, bring some friends and make your interests and views count.

NYPIRG is basically playing a part of generating Self interest and letting the individ-

ual develop skills—an ideal inferred by Veteran member and Keynote Speaker Russ Haven. Member of the Legislative Council, Haven discussed problem events such as Predatory

Lending by not only small mortgage institutions but by big business to the unaware in that unfair business tactics cheat the unaware out of their homes that otherwise would have been affordable.

Another interest topics discussed was how tobacco companies fail to release the development of the Fire safe cigarette—a development which could have prevented numerous casualties in

the past year alone.

In closing, there are a number of projects you can be a part of while considering being a full time member. This was the idea given to students by introductory and closing speaker Todd Stebbins, who is also the coordinator of Stony Brook's chapter of NYPIRG.



NYPIRG Coordinator, Todd Stebbins

Black Womyn's Weekend:

More Than Meets the Eye

Black Womyn's Weekend Planning Committee 2000

It has come to our attention that Black Womyn's Weekend Fashion show is a hot topic these days. We understand that it is one of the, if not, the biggest event of the year on SUNY Stony Brook campus, but people seem to neglect the other events that make Black Womyn's Weekend memorable. These events include Health Forum; which this year will be promoting self-esteem and providing information on lupus, an unfamiliar disease that affects a large number of the African-American and Latino youth. Another event will be a day of pampering that commemorates women of color by offering makeovers, hairstyling, and manicures. Our annual Play Festival, which started two years ago, is also on our list of events. It showcases promising young talent on stage. And let's not forget our traditional events like the picnic, step show, open mic/poetry night and sleepover.

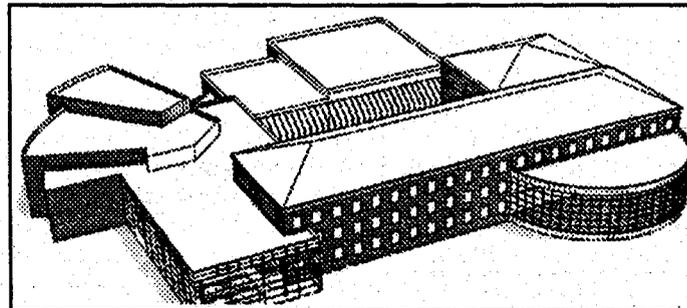
But all events are forgotten? Why? That is the question in our minds.

Maybe people on this campus are misinformed, but in that case, why are there empty seats in our general body meetings? It's come to our attention that some people might

be bitter because they did not make it as fashion show models or perhaps they were dropped. It is the way of life and many of us came to SUNY Stony Brook to experience col-

lege life. Not everyone is going to be picked in every fashion show and people either get dropped or drop out due to personal crises and conflicting schedules, which is a common occurrence in every fashion show.

There are many rumors about the fashion show and when people come up and ask us questions about it, we're not going to lie and say that we are not a little annoyed but we rather people ask questions then spread fabrications. One, in particular, is in regards to models from off-campus. We realize that the Stony Brook population likes to see new faces. In every event, discontinued auctions, fashion shows, step shows, etc. people like to wonder who that



Black Womyn's Weekend's mailbox is in the Polity Suite in the SAC.

new face is and so yes, there will be a few models from off-campus, but the operative word is few, not "a lot".

There is one valid statement written in a Blackworld newspaper article by Nadine Franklin. The tickets will not be between the range of \$5-\$10, but first of all, for the past three years, it has never been \$5. This year, there will be two sets of tickets; combo and party only. The party will be collaboration with the

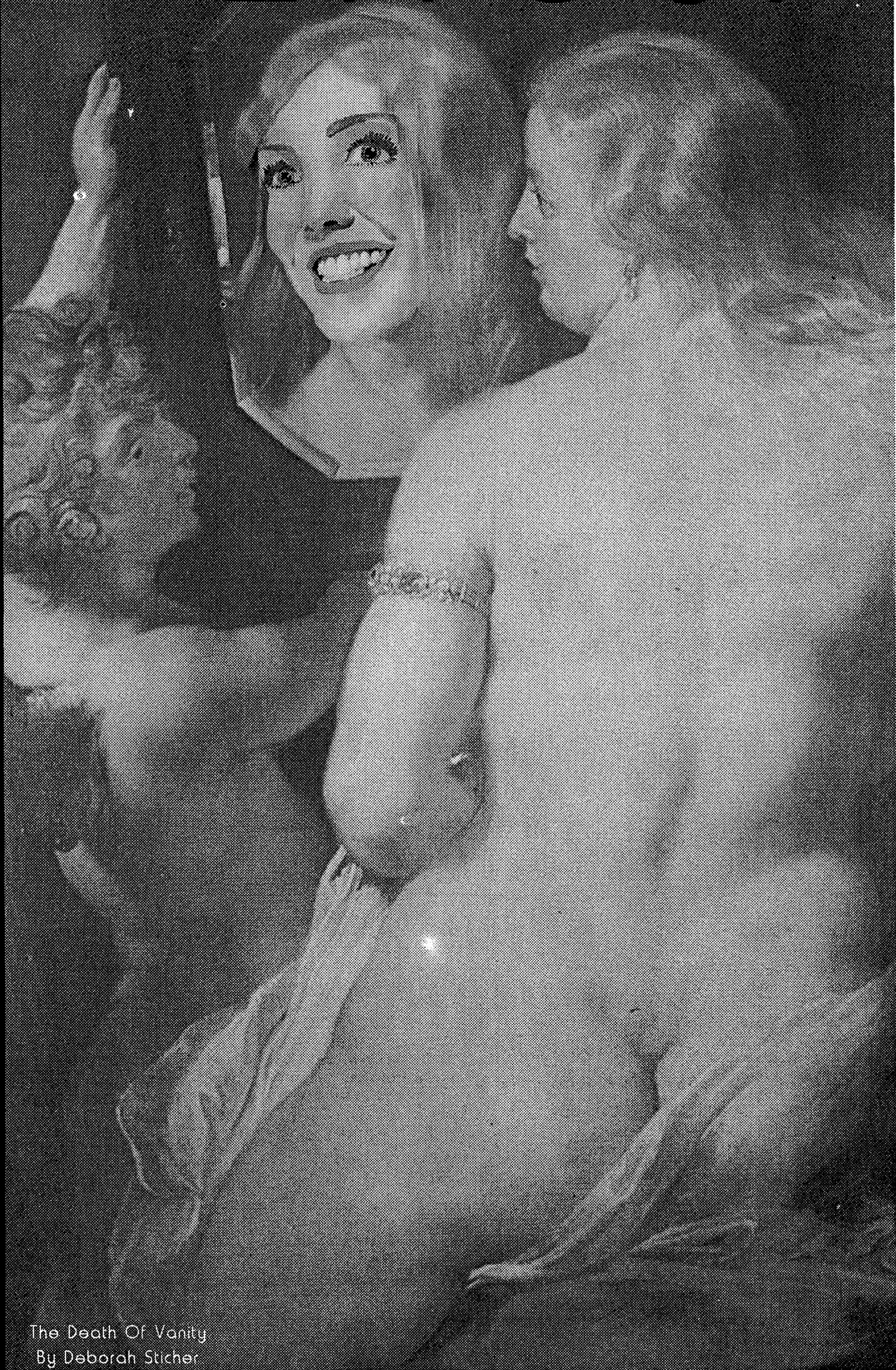
Student Activities Board who will include DJ artists from N.Y., Japanese and Reggae sounds. So with SAB's clientele and BWW's professional liaison, it would not be feasible to remain between the range of \$5-\$10. Black Womyn's Weekend receives a modest

budget from the Student Polity Association, monetary support from other student organizations and outside financial assistance. As for hiring a promotions company, it is impossible right now due to the expenses needed for the whole week.

Gregory Moore is a licensed professional who has been in the modeling business for the past fifteen years. He has conducted fashion shows for Howard University, Clark Atlanta University as well as Hofstra University. There are many misconceptions going around concerning Greg Moore. Stony Brook public has asked for a change within Black Womyn's Weekend and now that it is being done, people are interpreting it all wrong. Black Womyn's Weekend is very open to suggestions, comments and questions at our general body meetings at 9pm in the Unity Cultural Center, located at the lower level of Roth Cafeteria and our committee mailbox can be found in the Polity Suite in the Student Activities Center. Everyone is welcome to express her or his concerns.

—THE STONY BROOK PRESS

I FIT SUP



The Death Of Vanity
By Deborah Sticher



BY RUBY FIREWALL
A BIRTHDAY POEM TO MY TOOTHACHE, AND TO YOU

the only thing that doesn't hurt
is this stillness: not thinking feeling
caring what happens next.

the only thing that doesn't throb
with regret and secondthoughts
is this moment of oblivion
can't seem to keep hold of.

your love is whistling winter wind
that stings the way only truth
cutting to the bone of vanity can;
yr love is whispering warm simple
thinking caring feeling honesty
that only asks the same
and aches the worst for it.

it's a damned good thing these
days
don't happen but once a year,
and even better that hours
of longing are only measured in the
beats

of dopplercar stereo top 40
neither of us would recognise,
anyhow.

By Timothy Falzone
love scrub

in the bathroom
i scrub my hands
because my fingers
still linger
with the
smell
of a girl, and
it's not you.

By Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain
I'm Not Listening

Hil
Fine, and yourself?
Thanks.
This comes to four oh seven.
Out of twenty?
Do you have seven cents?
Ok!
Tén...fifteen...and...ninety
three cents.
This is due back on
Thursday before midnight.
You're welcome.
Have a good night!



PHOTOGRAPHS BY



CANDICE FERRETTE



The makers of Sesame St. are the most powerful force

EARTH on

They control the flow of ideas from the point at which

definitions are first extrapolated from a sea of googly-eyed fur.

Patterns

The songs become thought

"one of these things is not like the others, one of these things does not belong"

Candy and chocolate and fall in a box

"Large Scale Drawing" Images and Text By Russell Heller



Voices of Girl Power
(Based on women and composites of women I have known)
By F.L. Livingston

Darlene (1964): "I'm sooo dumb. (Giggle.) Every time my boyfriend buys me a pair of earrings, I wear it a few times, and then I get bored with it. (Giggle.) So I try to see if I can break the setting. I never think I can. But I always do! And then, my poor boyfriend, he has to go out and buy me a whole new pair! (Giggle.) I'm sooo dumb."

Kelly (1969): "My mother is always going, 'This is this way, and that's that way!' But I tell her that today it's 'Do your own thing!' I mean, like, you can do what you want, as long as you don't hurt anybody else, y'know? (Giggle.) 'Power to the people!'"

Cathy (1972): "We have to change the entire image of women. I mean, if we want men to take our demands seriously, we have to show them we don't need them! So we can't keep playing up our physical attributes to attract them. Anyway, why should I get 'all dolled up' just to attract some horny guy? And what do you mean 'Girl Power?' I'm a woman!"

Keisha (1976): "I'm black and I'm proud! But I'm also a female. I know my black brothers have been down a long time. They have to have the chance to rise up, but not on the backs of black women! We have to help each other. Together, a black man and a black woman are a king and a queen. Otherwise, watch out, honey, because here I come!"

Tracy (1987): "I'm very ambitious in both my career and my romantic life. So I definitely 'dress for success.' And when I go out with a guy, I break all the old rules. No, not what you think. I just mean that I steer him toward the best restaurant right on the very first date. Then I order the most expensive thing on the menu. That way, he knows from the beginning the kind of lifestyle I expect. If he can't 'keep up' or doesn't like it, he's not for me!"

Betty (1991): "Please don't misunderstand me. I value my Asian roots and traditions. There are many beautiful customs that I want to pass onto my children someday. But a lot of men think that because I'm from an Oriental background, I'm going to be, like, well...very submissive. Not just Asian guys, but other men, too. But, really, I'm a strong, modern, American woman. Sometimes, I feel like I have to make sure they know that. Only when that's established, can I really relax and enjoy the relationship."

Courtney (1998): "I value all my relationships, both romances and friendships. I would never allow myself to be totally dependent on a man, but men are a very important part of my life. Not just as boyfriends but also as regular pals. I have a lot of guy friends, and it's mad cool. I think a lot of strength comes from friendship, whether with boys or girls. But I'm not all about relationships. I have my career plans and other interests, too. I have a life, a rich, full life, with many parts to it. And that's real power! Word."

Darva (2000): "I want my life back!.. I wasn't thinking clearly. [Rick Rockwell] is just not my romantic ideal..." (Oops! That's a "real" quote from a real person, isn't it? You know -- the woman who married the "multimillionaire" on Fox television. How did that get in there? My bad.)



Mom

By Deborah Sticher

WILL SUN NEVER PENETRATE?
—BRIAN KATE

IMAGE BY BRIAN KATE

I WALK THROUGH
POUNING GREY CURTAINS OF RAIN,
ACROSS THE GRASS, TO COME AGAIN
TO CONCRETE BENCH
WHERE ONCE WE'D SAT AND TALKED AND
LAUGHED.

I NEVER COULD TELL YOU
HOW MUCH I LOVED YOU;
NOW IT'S MUCH TOO LATE.
WITHOUT YOU MY SKY'S JUST DARK CLOUDS—
WILL SUN NEVER PENETRATE?

IN OCTOBER SUN
YOU'D POINTED TO CHANGING LEAVES
AND ASKED:
WOULD I RATHER
NEVER SEE FALL AGAIN,
OR WOULD I RATHER
NEVER SEE FALL'S END?
I NEVER COULD ANSWER THAT ONE.

NOW ALL I SEE IS TWILIGHT—
JET CLOUDS OF RAIN.
YOU TOOK AUTUMN SUN WITH YOU—
WILL I NEVER SEE IT AGAIN?

NOW I WALK PAST SKELETON-FINGER TREES,
WASHED-DOWN FLOWERS AND
WATER-LOGGED LEAVES UNDER FEET

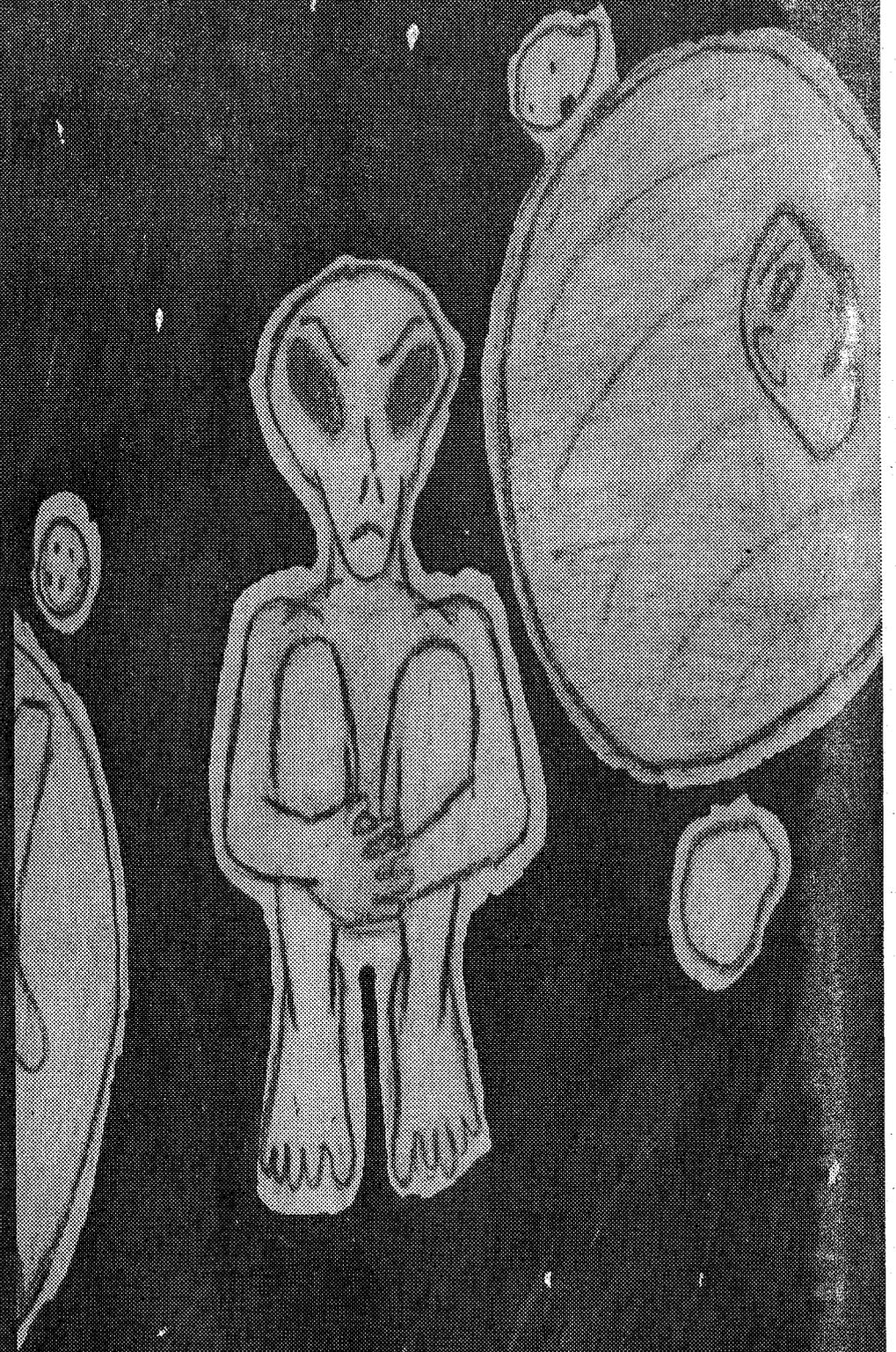
I SIT IN MY ROOM,
STARING OUT MY WINDOW AT RAIN
OR LOOKING AT YOUR PHOTOGRAPH.
WHO WILL MAKE ME LAUGH AGAIN?

I SEE YOU BY THE BENCH
AS I REMEMBER YOU BEST,
BLACK SPIKED HAIR,
THAT ALMOST-SMILE ON YOUR FACE.
I RUN TO HUG YOU AGAIN
BUT YOU'RE TOO LONG GONE.
MY ARMS CLOSE ON EMPTY SPACE.

I NEVER COULD FIND WORDS FOR
HOW MUCH I LOVED YOU;
NOW IT'S MUCH TOO LATE.
WITHOUT YOU ALL COLOURS FADE TO GREY—
WILL SUN NEVER PENETRATE?

RAIN FALLS THROUGH YOUR GHOST.
I STAND,
HAUNTED BY MEMORIES OF YOU—
WHO'S THE GHOST?

I SIT BACK ON THE BENCH,
NOW KNOCKED ASIDE AND
ASLANT FROM ITS MATE.
RAIN HAMMERS MY HEAD DOWN AGAIN—
WILL SUN NEVER PENETRATE?



FASHION TO DIE FOR — BY BRIAN KATE

"BUT HENRY, I JUST HAVE TO HAVE IT! IT LOOKED SIMPLY DARLING IN THE STORE WINDOW." "YOU KNOW WHAT GOES INTO MAKING ONE? THEY'RE KEPT IN TINY, OVERCROWDED PENS AND ABUSED... THEN THEY'RE SHOT, ELECTROCUTED OR CLUBBED OVER THE HEAD AGAIN AND AGAIN... JUST SO PEOPLE LIKE YOU CAN HAVE SOMETHING PRETTY TO WEAR MADE OUT OF THEM." "YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING TO THE STORIES THOSE ACTIVISTS TELL AGAIN! I'M SURE THAT'S NOT REALLY THE CASE, AND BESIDES, IT'S NOT AS IF I'D BE WEARING ONE OF US." "WELL JUNE, I CAN SEE NOTHING WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND. YOU WANT TO GET IT SO BADLY. SINCE YOU'D JUST BUY YOURSELF ONE ANYWAY, I GUESS I MAY AS WELL GET YOU ONE." "WONDERFUL! I'LL BE THE ENVY OF ALL MY FRIENDS, IN A STUNNING NEW HUMAN COAT."

VOGUE 2000



Image By Deborah Sticher

Corporate Loyalty — Donald B. Willis

Everyone is dressed the same
dark suit, White Shirt, Red tie.
Ladies too, In suits of Blue.
Don't wear those heels too high.
Smile with a lot of teeth,
Meet eyes, while shaking hands
Get it right, then off you go,
To meet out growth demands.

Later you will learn to dine,
With those you will destroy.
Steal their hearts And souls from them,
They're just another toy.
Let no one ever slow you down.
Let none stand in your way.
Always win and help us grow.
It justifies your pay.

Remember there are many who,
Would love to take your place.
Never falter, Never fail,
Keep up your frantic pace.
This corporation is your god.
It's laws you'll always heed.
Blindly follow and obey,
We'll fill your every need.

People do not matter here.
They simply are the tools,
To fill our coffers every day,
Marks, Victims, Fools.
Rules and ethics don't exist.
Don't listen to their screams.
While they debate right and wrong,
You'll even steal their dreams.

When all is said and all is done,
we'll sit up at the top.
No longer needed, you will be,
the final thing we drop.
We've won it all, we live as kings.
We are the reigning royalty.
While you and yours are tossed aside,
so much for corporate loyalty.

Reply to Robert Frost — Edward Stapleton

I hoarded up some vodka,
And mixed it with some rum,
And stored it in my closet
For rainy days to come.

But rainy days come often
And early here when I
Am all alone once more
And want naught but to die.

And so that very evening
I drank my morning's stash.
A dear friend sold me promises
And with them gave me hash.

Alone I lingered through the woods
That February night.
The snow and ice upon the trees
Caught the dismal evening light.

There I drank and smoked away
Until I no longer longed to cry.
Sure, 'll have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
Fuck that when we're not dead we weep,
So let some of me die.

Talking to Nobody — Timothy Falzone

What if I quit all together thinking
about non-violence, and sanity, and what it
would be like to kill someone;
and what it smelt like on the
inside of the plastic water bottle-not just
sticking my nose in it but actually getting inside and having somebody
tighten the cap and maybe even swirl me around a bit;
or about what it would be like to walk down the city street
and not be envious of the clarity which
I was certain everyone but me possessed,
the green colour that seems to bleed into the entire world
without irritating anyone other than me?

What if I dreamt of being a Jew
and marrying Hitler, as all hate marries the hated?
And what if I enjoyed my fear and became
a piece of my own landscape-just enough brown
to fit the earth, or green to bleed into my brain;
and what if I were tied to my fate and I sat waiting,
not participating in my own outcome,
seeing what I will be forced to hold onto?

It is the fallacy of the living to become
that which we despise, or that which we embrace.

And what if I stare long and hard into
my own eyes, examining without a mirror,
touching the fear and the want, understanding the thoughts
without mistake?

SLEEPING BEAUTY SLEEP — DEE DEE BROWER

I WANDER TO THE KITCHEN GUIDED BY THE NIGHTLIGHT
OR PERHAPS IT WAS A FAIRY GLOWING SO BRIGHT.

CHAIR.

WOODEN

THE

UPON

CLIMBING

QUIETLY

(I DARE NOT TO WAKE A SINGLE SOUL).

STARING AT MY BOWL OF DREAMS...

COUNTING APPLES:

3 GREEN

2 YELLOW

1 SHINY RED ONE

WITCH APPLE SHALL I EAT?

TO MAKE ME FALL INTO A SLEEPING BEAUTY SLEEP?

OR WAS IT SNOW WHITE WHO ATE THE RED APPLE?

NO MATTER CAUSE I KNOW,

THE SHINY RED ONE IS THE WAY TO GO!

CRUNCHING, QUIETLY TIPTOEING

BACK

INTO

MY

ROOM

C R A W L I N G INTO MY BED.

WHISPER A PRAYER,

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

I PRAY THE LORD MY SOUL TO KEEP

IF DADDY RAPES ME BEFORE I WAKE

I PRAY THE LORD MY SOUL TO TAKE.

CLOSING MY EYES

I HOPE THE APPLE WILL KEEP

ME FROM FEELING THINGS IN MY SLEEP.

(BECAUSE UNLIKE PRINCES, DADDY DOES MORE THAN KISS)

A SPINDLE, I REMEMBER!

A PRICK

CAUSED SLEEPING BEAUTY'S SLEEP.

NO MATTER, EITHER WAY.

LYING AS STILL AS THE NIGHT,

FAKING DEATH WITH ALL MY MIGHT.

She was Cute in the way that she
was stupid enough to drop her
pants and squat on a sofa drunk
at a party, and I would like her to
be zebra-fucked in the ass by a

zebra

in

order

to

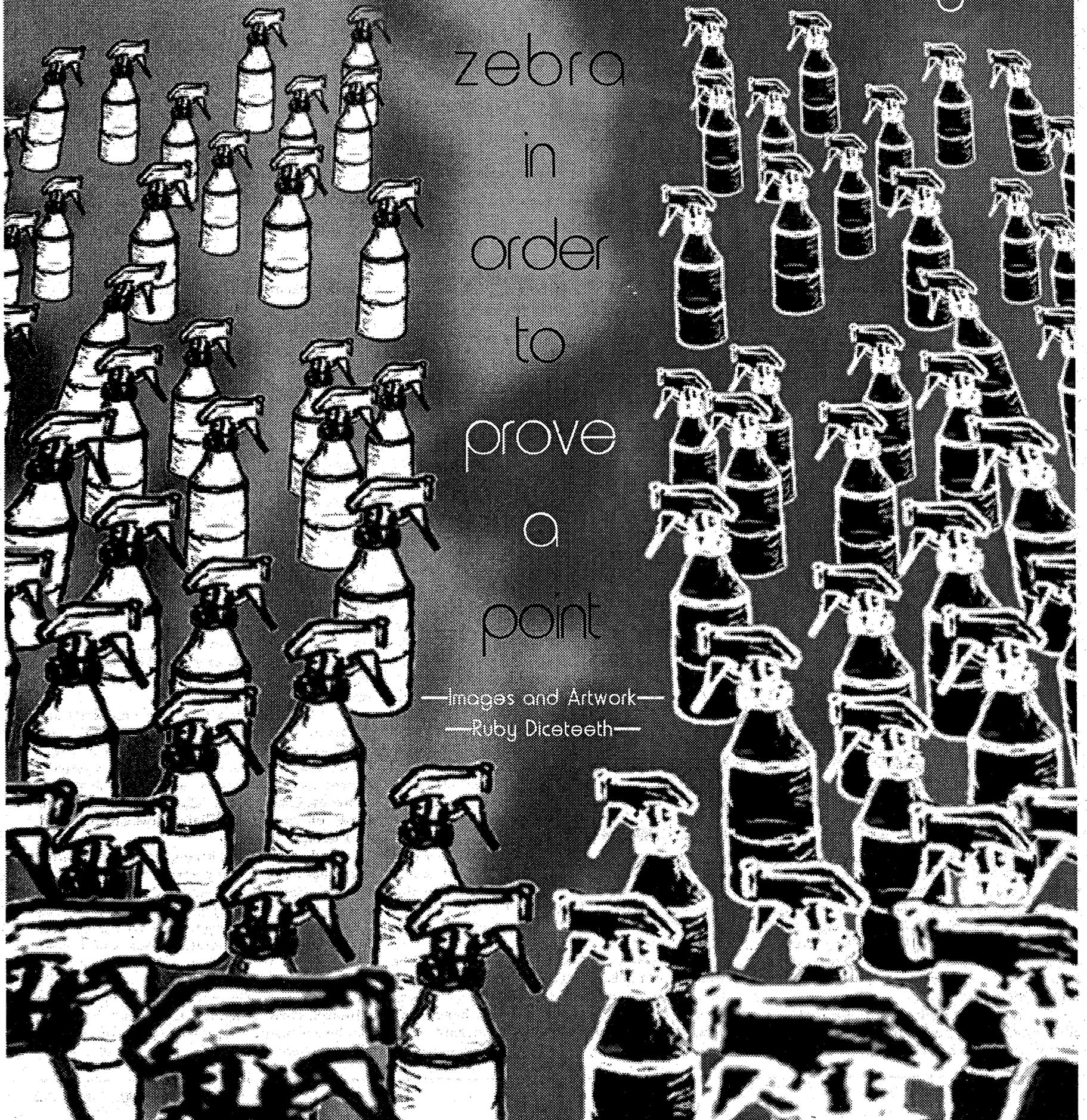
prove

a

point

—Images and Artwork—

—Ruby Diceteeth—



A Children's Crusade

By F.L.Livingston

Once upon a time, not so long ago (and not so very far away in this era of the "global village"), the Spirit of War split in two. Each half crept inside the body of a twelve-year-old boy, filling his mind and heart with its essence. The burning rage of battle took over the soul of one boy, revealing itself in a sharp tongue, ugly moods, and a murderous stare. The cold insensitivity of combat took possession of the other boy, painting a smile across his face, a smile that remains there even as he shoots his gun. Each brother came to personify the opposite horror of the spiritual death that occurs on the battlefield as often as the physical kind. But, even now, they stand united in their purpose.

I am speaking of Luther and Johnny Htoo, the pre-teen leaders, fighting for the freedom of their people. Luther is the obviously angry brother; Johnny, the deceptively gentle one. Together, these zealous twins, these "Romulus and Remus" of the Karen people, are struggling to liberate their ethnic group from rule by the Burmese government.

This rebellion has been flaring up, on and off, since 1948. But the boys only stepped forward to take charge in 1997, when government forces smashed adult efforts, and the Karens began to lose hope. The brothers pulled together a troop of child soldiers -- teens to tots -- whom they control via awe, respect, and fear.

Many adults also herald the Htoos as great leaders. Surprised? Don't be. It's not unusual for adults to turn to children when all else has failed, or even before. Tragically, scores of children all over the world (Asia, Africa, and Latin America) are forced or enticed into joining the armed services. Sometimes, they are drafted into government troops; other times, a rebel band. Nor should we forget "The Children's Crusade" of Medieval Europe, that vain attempt to have children wrest the "Holy Land" from the Muslims when adult Christians could not.

Speaking of Christians, there is also a religious element in the saga of the Htoo brothers. They practice a special blend of Baptist Christianity and the ancient pagan rituals of their area. They call their soldiers, "God's Army," and they have established a base in a secluded

highland region known as, "God's Mountain."

In fact, several Karens, young and old alike, believe that the twins have mystical powers. It is said that bullets cannot slay them. Nor land mines. Popular legend has it that those who "walk with" the twins enjoy the

same supernatural protection. The boys command their troops as much through fascination as through discipline. They have won the support of many of their elders as much through faith as through their fierce dedication to the cause.

Why? Are their powers for real? A fascinating myth? A generalization of one or two "lucky" incidents? (A bullet that happened to



The Htoo twins

miss its mark. A land mine that failed to detonate.) The clever creation of a behind-the-scenes adult, desperate to find a way to inspire his dejected people?

I have no way of knowing. But I tend to believe it is a combination of two or more of the last three suggestions.

It would not be the first time that adults "endowed" children with superhuman abilities. As far back as Biblical times, we have the image of David, a small boy, felling the giant Goliath. In a later episode of history, Joan of Arc was but an adolescent girl when she allegedly began to commune with the saints. Yet, she alone propelled the disillusioned French to rise up against their English rulers. Recall, too, that numerous Medieval adults maintained that the sheer innocence and exuberance of youth would succeed where mature skill and strategy had failed.

It's an old parental fantasy gone wild: The idea that kids can fill in the blanks for adults. The wannabe actress who pressures her daughter to pursue the goals that she, herself, never attained. The ex-football hero who enjoins his son to replay his (the father's)

life. And now, the war-weary Karens, who hope that children will win the freedom that has eluded their elders. It is the refusal of the adult world to admit defeat, to face the fact that they need to redouble their efforts or rethink their goals...

Frantically, they turn to children. They try to make this

decision "all right" by telling the kids, "You're magical." Or maybe, they just want to convince themselves...

No matter. Recently, the magic of the Htoo brothers has begun to wane. Ten brave (foolhardy?) young soldiers lost their lives in an abortive attempt to take over a hospital in neighboring Thailand. At the same time, they seriously damaged Thai sympathy for their

movement.

Luther and Johnny, so far, deny responsibility for the raid. Perhaps they are more right than they know. Even if an adult did not mastermind the creation of God's Army, adults have surely prompted its formation by teaching the boys the lessons of anger and hate. Beyond that, adults have "let it happen." Some believe. Some criticize. But none made a concerted effort to put a stop to this madness when it first began.

I do not begrudge the Karens their freedom, nor their attempt to win it. I cannot help, however, but condemn their willingness to let children spearhead their revolt.

Granted, it is difficult to evaluate the motives of another culture. There are many reasons why people choose to kill and die, and it is hard to decide which ones are valid, if any. The assessment varies from society to society and from individual to individual. Is it worth fighting over land? Political "insults"? Justice? Self-determination? Or is life, itself, such a special gift that we should not risk it for any cause?

Hard questions. But one question is not so difficult in my opinion. The one that asks if we should sacrifice kids for any of these ends. For me, the answer is a clear and resounding "No!"

I stress this all the more emphatically because the casualties of a "children's crusade" are threefold. The first is that of childhood, itself. (Chain-smoking Luther already conceives of himself as "a man.") The second is the quality of those "children's" souls. The third, of course, is their physical life and well-being.

So even if the twins and the remaining members of their army get through the rest of this conflict bodily unscathed, they will have lost something very precious. What they may have gained in courage, they will have paid for in the price of youthfulness and human sensitivity. Even if they achieve liberty for their people (not likely), theirs will be a sadly Pyrrhic victory. There will be tragedy in their triumph, sorrow in their joy. I fear that there can be no fully "happy ending" to their story. Not for them, and not for their society.

Even if an adult did not mastermind the creation of God's Army, adults have surely prompted its formation by teaching the boys the lessons of anger and hate.

Psycho Drama Continued From Page 13

arettes and perfume a nasty little book called "Recognize the Jew," positing Jewish-Masonic infiltration of the Vatican and the Polish government. This cabal also worshiped Satan and plotted to kill the Pope. And yes, faked the Holocaust.

To the best of my knowledge, Jews are not allowed to become Freemasons, much less join with them in anti-Catholic plots, but the ignorant audience this book is intended for most likely don't know that. I know that you can get junk like this here in the US as well, but at least here you have to go to something like an Aryan Nation book fair-- what disturbed me was that over there it was at the local newsstand. To be fair, I only saw anything like it in that one place (and how appropriate at the stronghold of the Teutonic Knights) and there were more positive approaches to Judaism in other places, like books on Jewish holidays. Daniel Singer of the Nation sees it as slowly but surely dying out in younger, better educated people.

The back of "Recognize the Jew" advertises nationalist newspapers, one of which bills itself as "a third force opposing communism and capitalism." In other words, fascism.

Day 12 Gdynia

Being both conscientious to a fault and an idiotic glutton for punishment, I invited Danuta to lunch. We ended up a deserted dining room in some naval officers' club. I studiously avoid bringing up NATO or any other politics, in order to get

through the meeting. So she brings it up. "America helped Albanian people," she chirped and pretended lexical ignorance when I mentioned depleted uranium. She even projected a blank look when I used the term "poisoned" and told her our bombings had done this to the entire region. I told her the United States was run by homicidal criminals and this did not seem to sink in. "I seem to like your country better than you do." "That's because you don't know anything about it." I didn't add that she's the sort of morally vacuous person that seems to thrive here.

I imagine her adopted fanaticism is pure opportunism. Her husband has been a military official since the communist era and I imagine that back then she blithely mouthed pro-Soviet pieties because that's where the bread was being buttered. Now that Poland is a NATO accomplice (she didn't understand that word either), she was a disciple of the New World Order. This family kissed butt wherever they figured it was in their interest to do so.

Oh, and she likes the WTO, too, seriously believing that corporations are more dependable than local governments!

Day 13

To buy souvenir goodies, Natasza takes me to a huge consumer emporium, much larger than any US supermarket I'd ever seen. Here was the new, capitalist Poland, awash in goods and

looking to hook up with the European Union. Poland has done better than many of its sister countries of the former Soviet Bloc, at least on paper. As compared to 1998, I saw considerably more homeless people and quite a bit more racist graffiti.

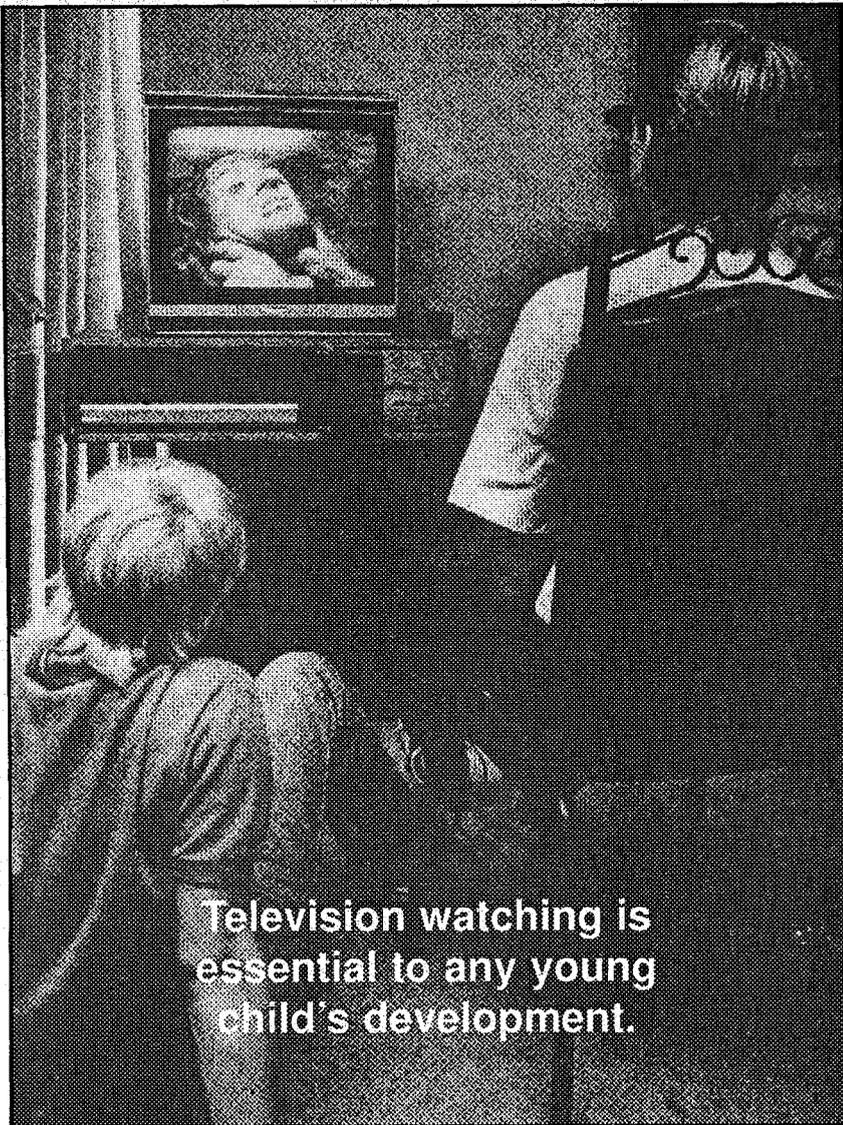
To be up to snuff with the rest of NATO, Poland will have to purchase new, expensive weapons from the US. This will be a very sweet deal for the arms makers (and Danuta's husband, whom I'm sure is getting kickbacks), but the money will have to come from what Poland spends on education, health care and other infrastructure. If things don't work out, it could result in IMF austerity and massive debt, maybe resembling the dire mess that is now Russia.

My last night, Natasza and I have one final argument, because I spent too much time at a bar and couldn't spend much time with her sister and her husband (whom we'd just seen). I also indicated a desire to say goodbye to another friend, who was falling-down drunk at the time, but she calls him over anyway and he proceeds to make anti-semitic remarks. I was blamed for this as well, and so, when she launched into her act, I finally told her, in Polish, how these passive-aggressive antics had spoiled my visit to some extent. I asked her if I could have permission to sleep.

The next morning she said she didn't want to drive me to the airport, so I took a cab. As I had promised, I phoned her from Warsaw and everything was nice. I resolved not to visit again unless her husband and son were there. Who needs to assume the crises of their hosts while trying to get away from it all?

On the plane, I read in the local newspaper that Russian bigwig Vladimir Putin has proposed a new anti-NATO defense plan in which Russian forces would launch a nuclear attack on Europe, starting with Poland. Hopefully, it's all just some good-natured joshing.

...before her wedding she'd gone to a doctor for an examination to prove she was a virgin.



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Everybody's Free to Use Thorazine!

By Tim Connors

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Class of 2000: use Thorazine. If I could offer you only one tip for the future, Thorazine would be it. The long-term benefits of Thorazine have been proven by scientists, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own medication experience, which I will dispense now.

Enjoy the power and clarity of your mind. Nevermind that you will not appreciate the power and clarity of your mind until they have faded. But trust me in twenty years you will look back at photos of yourself, and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much possibility lay before you, and how fabulously you really thought.

Don't worry about the future, or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to resolve delusions by chewing bubble gum. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind. The kind that blind-side you on some idle Tuesday afternoon.

Do one thing everyday that scares you. Write. Don't be reckless with other people's diagnosis; don't put up with people who are reckless with yours. Read. Don't waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. The race is long and in the end it is only with yourself.

Remember the positive voices in your head, ignore the insults. If you succeed in doing this tell me how. Keep your old love letters; throw away your old involuntary commitment statements.

Sketch. Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you have wrong with your life. The most interesting people I know didn't know at 22 what was wrong with their minds. Some of the most interesting forty-year-olds I know still don't. Get plenty of neuraleptics. Be kind to your psychoses. You'll miss them when they are gone.

Maybe you'll be crazy, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have hallucinations, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll be committed at forty, Maybe you'll do the Thorazine shuffle at your seventy-fifth wedding anniversary. Whatever you do don't congratulate yourself too much or berate yourself either. Your mental health is half chance, just like everyone else's.

Enjoy your brain. Use it every way you can. Don't be afraid of what other people think of it. It's the greatest instrument you will ever own. Fantasize. Even if you have nowhere to do it but in you own living room. There are no directions. Even if you wanted to, you couldn't read them. Do not read psychiatry journals they will only make you think you are crazy.

Get to know your parents' quirks, you'll never know when they'll be yours for good. Be nice to your siblings, they are your best link to your past, and the people

most likely to visit you in the future if you are in a psych ward.

Understand that delusions come and go. But a precious few should hold on. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle. For the older you get, the more you need to remember the delusions had when you were young.

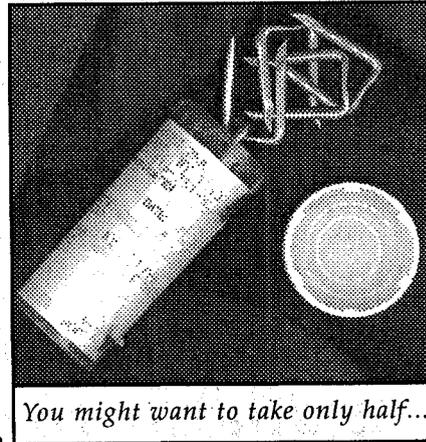
Live in Pilgrim State once but leave before it makes you hard. Live in a residential program once, but leave before it makes you soft.

Accept certain inalienable truths. Thorazine dosage will rise, psychiatrists will philander, and you too will grow old. And when you do you'll fantasize that when you were young dosages were reasonable, psychiatrists were noble, and children respected their elders. Respect your elders.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Maybe you'll qualify for social security benefits, maybe you'll have a wealthy spouse. But you never know when either one might run out. Don't mess too much with your head. Or by the time you are forty it will work like eighty-five.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Dispensing it is a therapist's way of fishing their educational past from the disposal, wiping it off, and painting over the ugly parts, and recycling it for more than it is worth.

But trust me on the Thorazine.



You might want to take only half...

Q U E E R ,

N O T

G A Y

By BrianKate

I'm queer, not gay. Queer because I fall into the category of "transgendered," and queer because I'm not 100% exclusively attracted to "real" women, but not gay.

When I use the word "queer" I'm saying that while I don't identify as completely straight, or as a man or a woman, that this is different from saying that I'm gay. Gay means attracted to your "same sex"; this doesn't include anybody who just isn't exactly straight and certainly doesn't include questions of gender identity. So I use "queer" to imply the more inclusive spectrum of gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgendered people, and to remind people that my situation is different from being gay. I feel this is important at times, since a lot of people seem to see being transgendered as the exact same thing as being gay.

That seems to be the main misconception about transpeople, that we're all gay, that it's the exact same thing. This could be that many people just don't know any better. This is what they've been told by friends and relatives. Yes, this does apply to gay people and transpeople too. I'm sure that some transpeople do think "I can't be trans, because trans means gay, and I'm not that."

The mainstream media doesn't help this much. Much coverage of gay/lesbian/bi/transgender events focuses only on gay drag queens; just look at any pride parade the next day in the paper. Even though Magnus Hirschfeld proved that not all transgendered people are gay (and vice versa) as far back as pre-Nazi Germany, we still see talk show hosts who seem to think he never even existed, promising to "prove if these married cross-dressers are all really gay," with the obvious intent of proving exactly that, that they all are gay. So yes, I do feel it's necessary and important to remind people that just because I'm "trans" I'm not necessarily gay.

Here's my situation. I fall into the category of "transgendered" because I do not identify myself as a man or a woman. I've never really felt like one or the

other, regardless of my having a penis. Okay, I do lean a lot toward the more "feminine" side, but I still don't really identify as a man or a woman. Then there's my sexuality. As I said, I mostly go for girls, whether or not they have the "right equipment down there." I seem to mainly be attracted to "real" girls, but I've been kind of attracted to the occasional guy (maybe one out of every 16,000), and I am definitely attracted to other transpeople. I've tried going out with my best friend, herself not entirely man or woman, on any number of occasions. So I'm not exactly straight, but not quite gay.

I myself confuse a lot of people by not being one thing or another, but it's my circumstances that get me confused at times, since I usually feel like there's no place for me. Even though I don't identify myself as gay, I wind up spending an awful lot of my time at gay/lesbian/bi/transgendered (GLBT) groups, since these places seem to be where I might actually find some support, and maybe meet some people. Only it doesn't work out that way, at least not as often as I would like. The problem I encounter here seems to be that the "gay" in "gay/lesbian/bi/transgender" usually seems to predominate, that I keep seeing the "GLBT community", at least on Long Island, turning into the "gay and that's it community". I almost never see anybody besides me who even comes close to "trans" at these places. Since I'm not gay, and I'm usually up to my eyeballs in lesbians, I tend to feel a bit out of place.

*Since I'm not gay,
and I'm usually up to
my eyeballs in lesbians,
I tend to feel a bit
out of place.*

I've encountered GLBT groups where I felt this enormous pressure to be and identify as exclusively gay, at least if I wanted to be welcome there. I've been told I have "cooties" when I revealed that my last almost-but-not-quite relationship partner, "Lenny", was short for "Lenore" and not for "Leonard." I've been told by GLBT groups that "your issues aren't our issues" since I'm not gay. Yeah, funny that so many people see me and people like me as gay; the last time I was chased, the attackers mainly screamed "faggot", not "tranny". I'd say transpeople and gay people deal with the same issues. When I use the word "queer" to point out that we're from different places but deal with the same issues, I'm told

"you can't use that word, it's too offensive." Mind you, I'm being told this by gay men who are more than happy to call each other "sissy", "mary" and "faggot". I just get so tired of the whole identity politics game of "we have to call ourselves this, and you have to call yourselves that."

I'm also trying to find what I'm looking for, friends and maybe even a love, in the larger world, which seems to be mainly a straight, typical boy-or-girl world. I don't think I really know yet how exactly to relate to people. I am not a man, and I am not a woman. I have to find a way to relate to people who seem to identify mostly as men and women, and I have to find a way to relate to them as a not-quite-man-not-quite-woman. This is still a problem for me. I encounter so many people who just get so scared off, who just won't take the time to get to know me. I think it's because they just never met anyone anything like me, at least they don't know if they have, and they carry their fear of the unknown over into just not wanting to know me. And here comes the crowning irony.

Even though I mostly go for girls, I can't seem to get one to go for me. I already said that at "GLBT" places all the girls I see are 100% lesbian, so I don't expect to get anywhere romantically with them. But when I find a girl who doesn't only go for other girls, "real biological" girls, it usually doesn't work out for me either. I usually hear "well, I like you, but I go for guys" or "hey, I'm not lesbian." So even though I've got "the right stuff", or rather the right equipment down there, I keep hearing that "I'm looking for a guy, and I just don't see enough of one in you, it would be like going out with another girl."

I don't think I'm asking for too much, just respect, kindness, some decent friends and someone to love me. Hopefully I'll be able to get this soon, without all the labels people use to divide each other getting in the way. I haven't given up yet.

You can email me at:
DarkKate@yahoo.com.

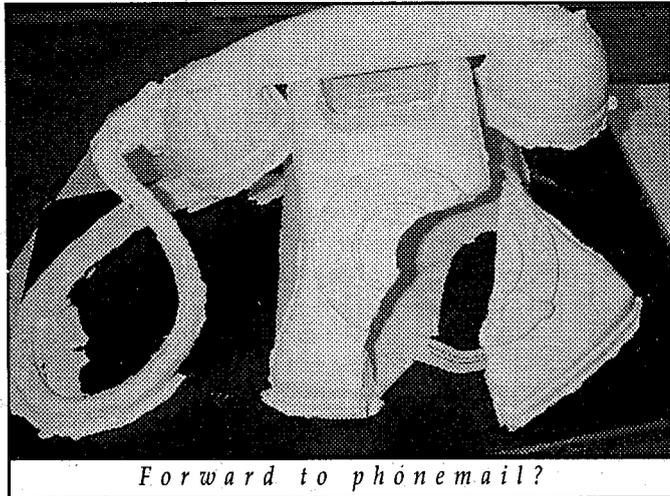
My site, "Welcome To Kate's World":
www.angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate/ or at:
<http://go.to/TheDarkKate>

EXPLORING THE ART AT STONY BROOK

By Candice Ferrette

Grab your black turtleneck, fartsy—these days art is flourishing on campus and you're the critic. With two back to back openings, featuring work by a solo MFA in the Melville Library and six undergraduates in the Union second floor gallery, someone in the art department must be smiling.

On Thursday evening fellow MFA students and undergraduates came to view Keith Miller's "Paintings." The show consisted of three larger than life, eight foot by six-foot oil paintings. Although he would not describe them as "self portraits" and would rather the works be considered as more of a stage with himself as the actor, Miller reproduces



Forward to phonemail?

himself various times on the canvases and has, lets just say, outdone himself.

"Sometimes when I'm sitting in here," said Miller, "I get embarrassed. People don't usually say what they think when the artist is in the gallery."

With deep rich color, that compared to those of Odd Nerdrum's nudes, Miller did not quite agree and said he thought Nerdrum had a sense of arrogance behind his paintings. Miller, is anything but arrogant when you look back at the center wall and see that he has shown himself cloned four times, all wearing nothing but his boxer shorts.

There is definitely something humble about Miller's portrayal of himself as a regular Joe yet

when you look to the right canvas and see him lying fully nude, almost levitating, there is something particularly spiritual that is exposed in him.

The second art event was held on Friday night with equally positive turnout. (To many students' surprise, there is a hidden gallery on the second floor of the union, one that you wouldn't find unless you were an old-timer and knew where Nat's room was. For those puzzled young'uns, it is on the second floor of the Union, up the stairs, down the hall and on your left).

The show aptly named, Six, featured paintings, photography, prints and sculptures of six undergraduates—Anna Brozgul, Darryl Chan, Elizabeth Crisci, Catherine Hui, Lisa Lin and Sherry Tsai.

Randomly thrown together to display their work as part of a theme advocating a sense of Shirley Strum Kenny's "The Year of the Community," the show definitely evoked just that feeling, a nice combination of mediums and interests.

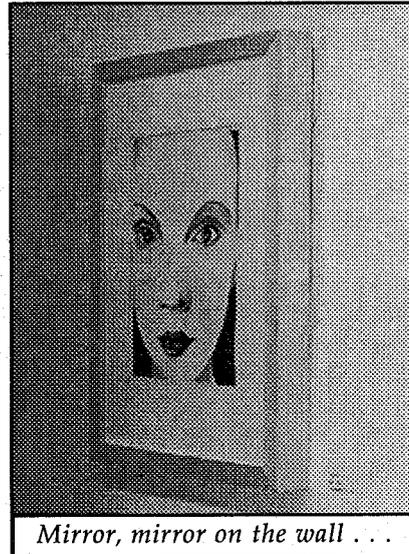
Crisci and Brozgul, captured human essence through oil paint. While Crisci displayed her talent for carefully lit nudes, she also defined a particular brush style in her canvas "Memory," which were selected images that she remembered of her grandmother in a nursing home. Brozgul, on the other hand showed five portraits in "Anonymous 1-6." I wanted to build a sense of communication within the five canvases," said Brozgul. "I also hope through that, a dialogue could somehow be established between the canvases and the viewer."

In the area of sculpture, Chan particularly fascinated guests with his "Untitled" piece that consisted of cast aluminum and charcoal smack in the middle of the gallery floor, while off to the side of the gallery his work "Relapse" represented lungs attached to an umbilical cord mounted to the wall.

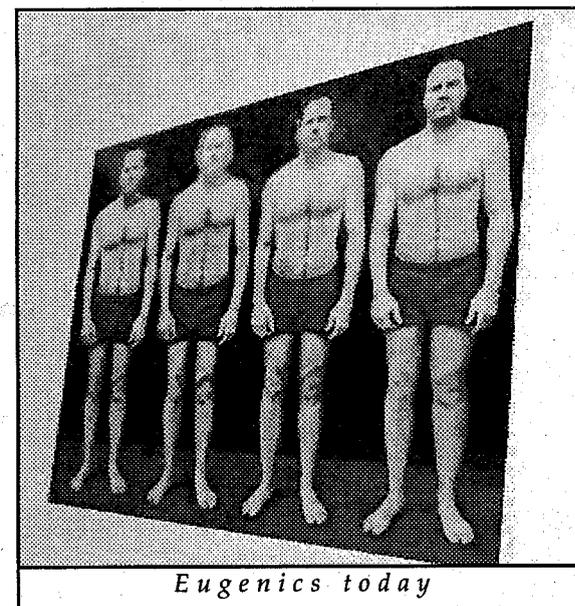
Lin, who actually received her bachelor's in studio art and anthropology from Stony Brook and is now doing a master's program at Fashion Institute of Technology, displayed "Rude Awakening," a painting that many found simply "adorable."

The show got many thinking of artist's space on campus and what the opportunity to display their work does to cultivate young studio art majors here at Stony Brook. "It keeps us going," said Tsai, who displayed sculptures and prints. "There is always space to find, but getting it is very hard." As a rambunctious child looked through Tsai's sculpture of repeating wooden planks Tsai replied to the young inquirer, "Well what do you make of it?" And that was the question.

Keith Miller's exhibit runs until March 17 and Six runs until March 15.



Mirror, mirror on the wall . . .



Eugenics today

A DOLL'S HOUSE

This past week the Stony Brook Theatre Department finished its run of Henry Ibsen's "A Doll's House." A spectacular show on all counts, the highlight of the performance was clearly the use of three character's playing Nora as opposed to Ibsen's one.

Many critics have analyzed Nora's multiple personalities, even at times labeling her various behaviors as schizophrenic. Paul Kassel, the director of this production, decided to emphasize three of her roles—the mother, the child and the lover—by having three actresses play three different parts of Nora (Liz Bresnak-Arata, Jennifer Guarneiri and Candice Thacker). The audience acknowledges only one Nora at a time, yet the other two are always subtly present. Although each actress was chosen to emphasize one of Nora's three characteristics, they all encompassed Nora as a whole. "...we worked for each to be full human beings, but by virtue of when and what they spoke (and by nature of their own individual energies), the 'trait' or role was evoked," Kassel said.

The focus of the play was on the interaction

of the self and society. "Roles are chosen by a person, but they are also thrust upon us," Kassel said. "The reason Nora employs these roles is to manage her life."

Manage her life she must. Her husband, Torvald (Glenn J. Beck) constantly reminds her of her place as his wife and their children's mother. As a child, her father made her act proper at all times. And of course, society had cast her in the role of the inferior woman. As Kassel pointed out, "It's what she knows how to do, until it all blows up in her face."

Nora is faced with having to confess to Torvald the sneaky ways in which she obtained money to save his life. Torvald is infuriated, especially because he thinks it will get around town. He fails to realize that she took the risk that she did to help him. Only when he becomes sure that no one will find out does he forgive her. But it is too late. Nora is sick of the way Torvald treats her and she leaves.

In Ibsen's day, the production was one of the first to portray a feministic attitude. Yet the dynamic between Nora and Torvald is relevant even today.

"Issues of power and control will always be active in any relationship," Kassel said. "...When the role playing is all that a relationship has, then something has to give. What Ibsen wrote was a device, a construction, to

allow an audience to see the power games in a relationship enacted before them."

The acting brilliantly displayed these power struggles. The energy between the three Noras was top notch, never faltering and always in sync.

One especially sparkling moment was in the end of the first act, when all three Noras danced together. The twirling of skirts and the never ending series of lights dazzled the audience night after night.

Each actress brought something to the stage: Arata's femme fatale, always sweet and seductive, Guarneiri's wide-eyed, playful looks and Thacker's grounding, always stern and serious.

Beck maintained a strong understanding of his character throughout the show. His "wit" was absolutely charming.

Stephanie Felmy, who played Mrs. Christine Lind, an old friend of Nora's should also be noted for her excellence in portraying her very reserved character.

Despite a small budget this year, the Theatre Department put on a superb production. "The challenge is making a virtue out of a necessity—a good lesson for all theatre artists since small budgets are a way of life for most theatre practitioners," Kassel said.

And what would Ibsen have thought? "Oh, Ibsen would probably not have like it," Kassel said. "But then again, he's dead."

"Issues of power and control will always be active in any relationship."

The Art of Healing

By Dorothy Brower



A young Kosovo boy proudly holding his artwork, which is part of the "Flight to Freedom Mobile."

When someone suffers any kind of trauma there is a great need to express the pain, the anger, the fear and the myriad of other feelings. Often artistic expression be it prose, a spoken dialogue, painting, poetry, performance art, photography, is a means to convey the emotions that need an outlet. The Survivors Art Foundation (SAF) is a non-for-profit organization that is dedicated to providing a forum for those that have suffered trauma to express their feelings artistically. SAF has participants from 20 countries and 48 states, crossing all cultures, genders, ages and religions. SAF is an organization that aids survivors of things such as sexual abuse, veterans, torture, mental illness and paralysis. If a person has experienced a life-altering event due to any type of trauma, they can find a place where they can heal through the use of art.

Although SAF advocates healing through art it is not a place where one would seek therapy. The website www.survivorsartfoundation.org provides links to

resources for those seeking therapeutic recovery. The website provides information for survivors about artistic grants and news, but its focal point is the art that is displayed by survivors. There are various galleries where one can link to any medium one wishes, including visual, performance, poetry and prose. There is always a warning if material may be "triggering," which means either the material might cause flashbacks or fear for a survivor or may be uncomfortable for a non-survivor to view due to its content.

Recently, SAF was nominated as a member of the 2000 Collection of the Computer World Smithsonian Awards Program. The Medal Presentation will take place at the National Mall in Washington DC, on April 3, 2000. SAF will be receiving a formal medal of recognition from the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and the Director of the National Museum of American History. The Smithsonian website for more information on this event is <http://innovate.si.edu>. With the help of a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts, SAF is presenting "Women and Children of the New Millennium," a multi-media art exhibit at the Southampton Cultural Center in honor of Women's History Month, starting March 18 and continuing through March 26, 2000. New York State Council on the Arts provides public funds that are administered by the Huntington Arts Council, through the Suffolk County Decentralized Program. The gallery hours are Saturday and Sunday from 12 to 6 pm. Tours for schools, youth centers and other organizations can be arranged during the week by calling (631) 653-8105.

At the exhibition, the SAF Kosovo Refugee Art Out-Reach Project will be featured. Kosovo families and U.S. army soldiers at a refugee camp in Fort Dix, New Jersey created the artwork entitled "Flight to Freedom Mobile". They painted on silk and then each piece was assembled to create the mobile. Accompanying the Kosovo artwork will be a photographic essay on the children who participated in the project. This is just one of the many outreach projects that the SAF has participated in. There will be other children's works featured in the SAF's Safe Kids Web site: www.SafeKids@survivorsartfoundation.org, which is a site geared specifically for children.

Exhibitions will include "Art Sense", a ten-foot ceramic mosaic mural created by deaf and blind children from the U.S. and a magnificent eight-foot circular acrylic painting titled "Journey into Healing", created by teenage rape survivors (13 to 18 years of age) from the US. From Bosnia, there will be a photo-journalistic piece: a study of black and white photography and essays by children (five through 16 years of age) during the war. The exhibition is in collaboration with the United Nations and the International Paint Pals Organization. True to their cause, these groups provide an artistic outlet for those who may not have the opportunity to do so.

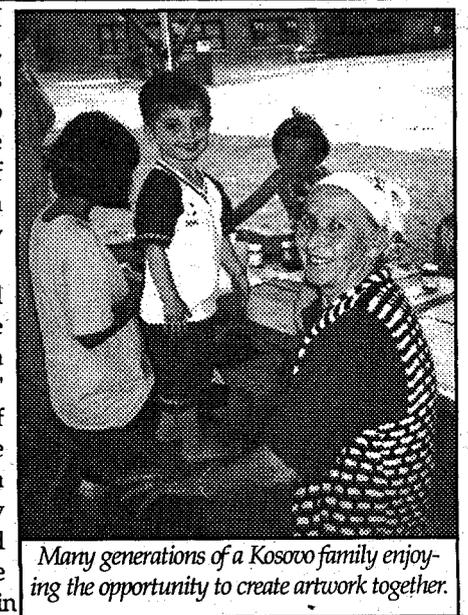
Being a survivor of childhood abuse and homelessness, which eventually lead to being placed in foster care, I have a personal connection to the use of art as a healing medium. Art helps me connect to emotions

that I needed to express as a child. I have fought many obstacles in my life, and continue to deal with a disability as a result of my abuse so I continue to advocate differing approaches on the route to healing. I express myself through poetry (you can find my poem *Sleeping Beauty Sleep* in the Literary Supplement), written prose and art.

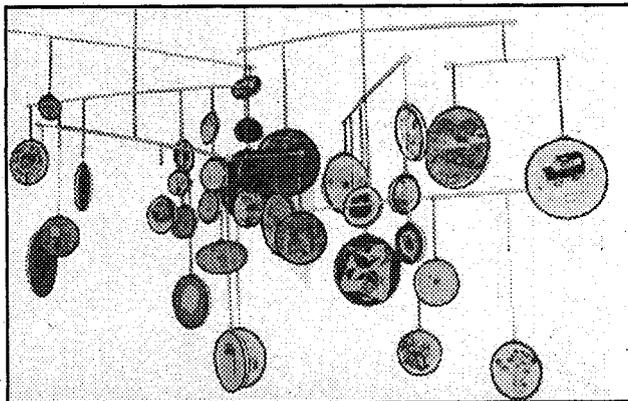
I will be showing my mixed media art piece titled "When Can the Children Play?" at the exhibit "Women and Children of the New Millennium." I had a desire to represent a variety of traumas suffered by children, as while depicting a range of cultures. Even though I felt the need to speak of my own inner pain as a child, I recognized that many other children may not have the opportunity to tell about their pain and I hope that this artwork will give a voice to those who cannot speak for themselves. I have created eight hand sewn fabric dolls representing a variety of traumas. The material is not graphic, however, because I wanted to protect young children from art that may be to intense for them to understand, or that may scare them. The dolls will be placed in various places on a playground and in a house. The dolls will each have their own title, describing the traumas they are facing and facts about the occurrence of these traumas in our country. I hope that the piece will give a greater awareness of the traumas that children suffer as well as opening the mind and hearts of those that will see it.

I want to share my own experiences so those that might be going through the same pain and confusion can find a ray of hope. Despite my disability I was able to successfully graduate from college with a B.A. in Comparative Humanities with a 4.0 cumulative average. I received an Alumni Scholarship as well as the Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Award for overcoming adversity, based on my community involvement. This May I will be graduating with my Masters from Stony Brook. In the future I would like to be a disability advocate, planning to focus on colleges and universities to help them provide a more inclusive and supportive environment for those who suffer from disabilities. Many people suffer silently for fear of being ostracized by the community and do not ask for the assistance that they might need. Stony Brook has a wonderful office for disabled students. Disabled Student Services is located on the ground floor of the Humanities building. They provide a multitude of services and confidentiality is held at the highest standard.

Nobody succeeds on their own every person in this world needs some type of support or another. Most of all we need a place where we can feel free to be who we are without fear of judgment, prejudice, or persecution. Our society needs to teach tolerance to our children, and there are often times we need to teach the very same lesson to adults. People look at me and are often astonished to find out about the background I have had, as well as the fact that I suffer from a disability. This astonishment is often expressed as, "you don't act disabled" or "I would never thought you came from such a dysfunctional family." These statements, although subtle, are the same type of thinking that leads to prejudice and fear. How am I supposed to look? Should I have a sign on my forehead that states I have a disability and was an abused child? Would that make someone feel more secure because they can then place me in the box with the appropriate label on it? I do not have to tell about my experiences, I can just as well sit next to you in class and you would be none the wiser. Yet I have chosen to tell because I feel that those that are afraid of speaking up might find some comfort in my own disclosure. For all I know, the person sitting next to me may have shared many of the same experiences. Which is the point: we are all vulnerable, but we do have the ability to open up and be considerate to one another, which may make us all feel better.



Many generations of a Kosovo family enjoying the opportunity to create artwork together.



The "Flight of Freedom Mobile" that will be exhibited at the Southampton Cultural Center March 18-26.



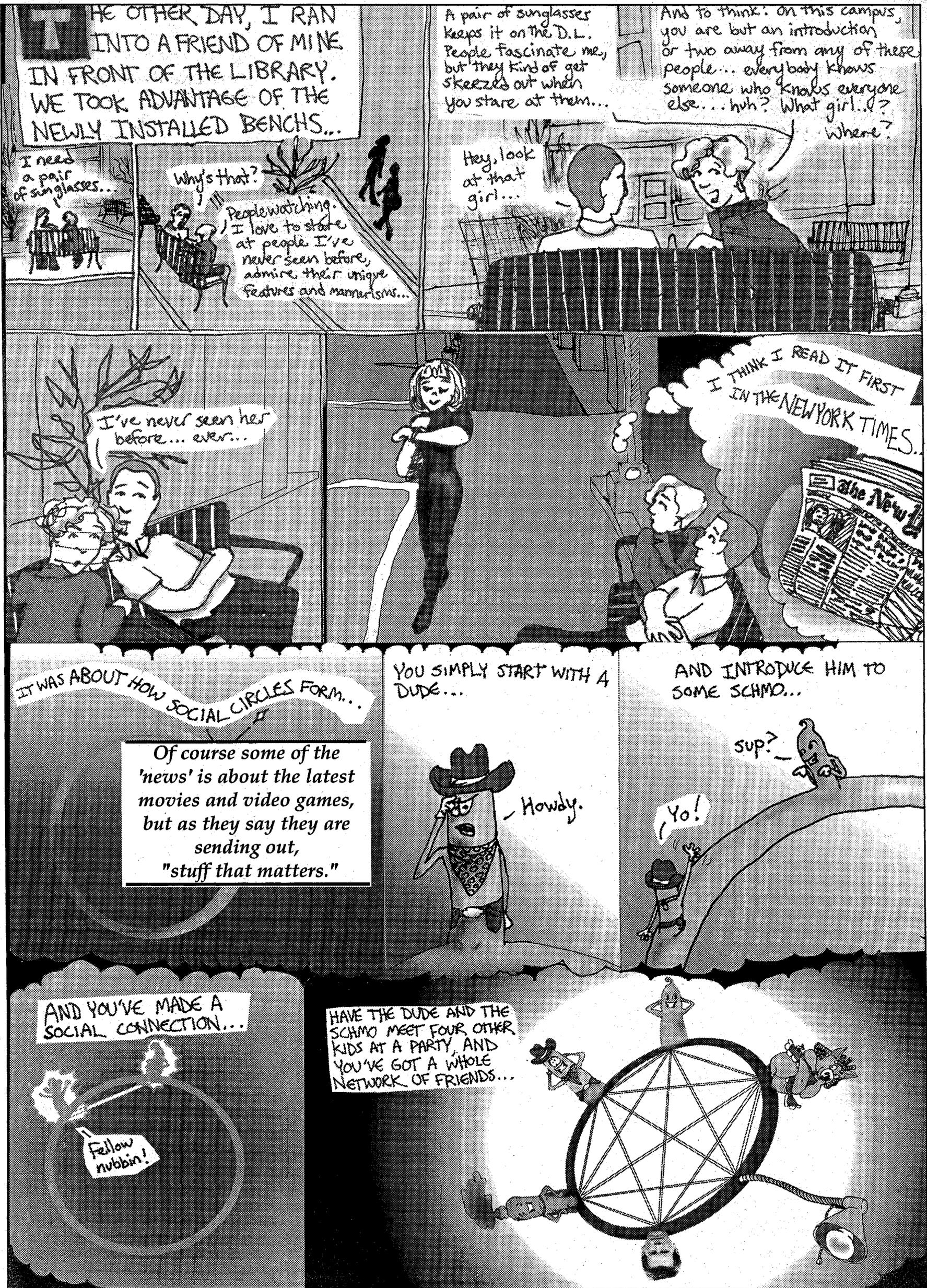
A Kosovo family holding up a silk panel created at the Kosovo Refugee Out-Reach Project at Fort Dix, New Jersey.



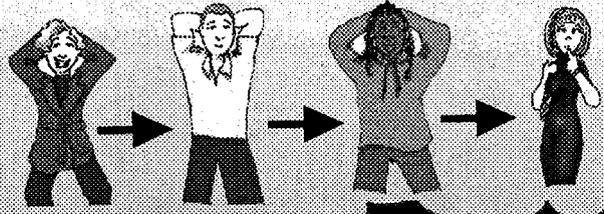
A Bronze sculpture by Oxana Narozniak a member of the Survivors Art Foundation and a burn survivor from Brazil.

COMICS

Manicdotes by the artist formally known as Deborah Sticher



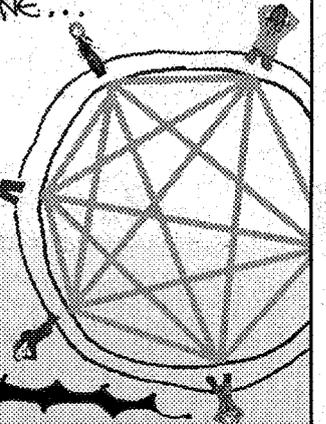
SO SUDDENLY SEEING A GIRL I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE MADE ME WONDER HOW DISTANT I ACTUALLY WAS FROM HER - HOW MANY DEGREES OF ASSOCIATES I'D HAVE TO PLOD THROUGH TO ACTUALLY MEET HER. NOT MANY, I SUSPECTED.



THEY SAY THAT SIX DEGREES SEPARATES THE WHOLE WORLD - SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION...



IT'S PROBABLY ABOUT ONE OR TWO DEGREES ON OUR CAMPUS - YOU'RE JUST ONE AWAY FROM EVERYONE...

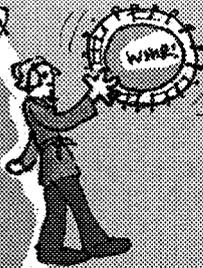
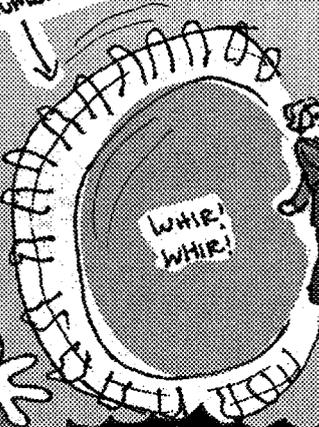


AND EVERY PERSON ON THIS CAMPUS KNOWS AT LEAST 100 PEOPLE - IN SO MANY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.



IN ACTUALITY, IT'S MORE LIKE 10 DEGREES THAT SEPARATES ALL OF HUMANITY ON THIS EARTH...

Infinite number of points!



Infinite points in rotation!

Zip!

Urf!

BUT BECAUSE WE GO TO SUCH A DIVERSE UNIVERSITY, THE GAPS BEGIN TO CLOSE...



AND SUDDENLY THE EARTH'S MIND-BOGGING POPULATION SEEMS ALMOST SURMOUNTABLE-



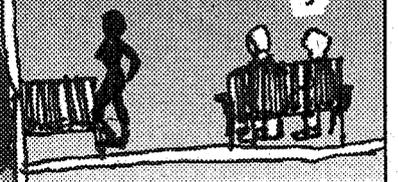
-IF ONLY WE COULD RELATE TO ONE ANOTHER JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER.



SUP? Heh... heh...



Sunglasses, man. It's the way to go...



GEETCH'S WEB PICKS: FIRST AID

By Donald "Geetch" Toner

Recently in my life a somewhat tragic event occurred and it got me thinking. Even though I was not present when it occurred, I do not know for sure if I would have been able to do anything if I were. We will now discuss a subject that should be known by everyone, at least to some basic degree. The sites I have found for you to visit all deal with First Aid.

www.parasolemt.com.au will be the first site discussed. The site gives very basic instructions to follow for a variety of situations that may occur in the household. Their easy to follow site map is of great help and expedites your use of the site. Also offered from this site are training courses and first aid kits, which you of course may purchase online. For any other information you may want to know about the creators of the site you can visit their offices, through yet another link on their home page.

Library.thinkquest.org/10624/index.html is a site which has another approach to the first aid help one may look for. They give very detailed care of very specific cases which may occur and what you may do to help the person in need of care. They also remind you that unless you are certified you should not attempt to perform CPR since all emergency procedures should be performed by licensed individuals. They provide a set of links to sites where you can volunteer to help in basic first aid as well. A quiz at the bot-

tom of the page also sees how much you really know about first aid.

Firstaid.ie.eu.org is a good site to go to for slower computers. It offers a text only version of the page so you do not have to wait for pictures to load which take a while on many older computers. A plethora of ailments are discussed for your benefit. Each situation requiring care has a list of symptoms, treatment, prevention tips, as well as possible sources. Related subjects have internal links so you can go directly to the other treatment sections for faster help. Also featured on this page is a link for what you should have in a first aid kit in your own house. Many of the stuff you usually have lying around your house anyway, but much of it you may not and it is a good idea to have it.

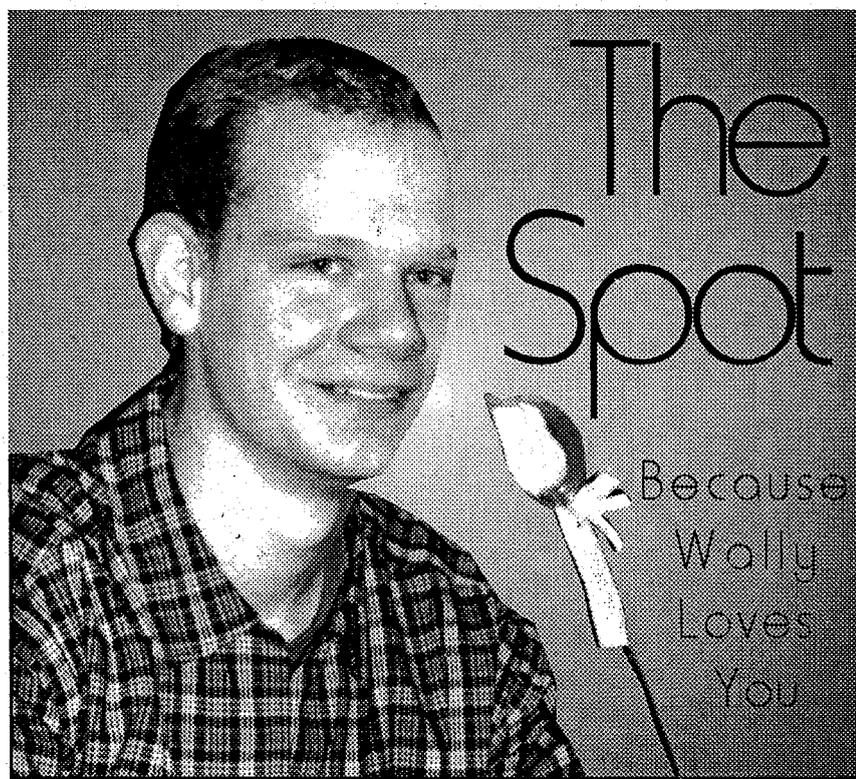
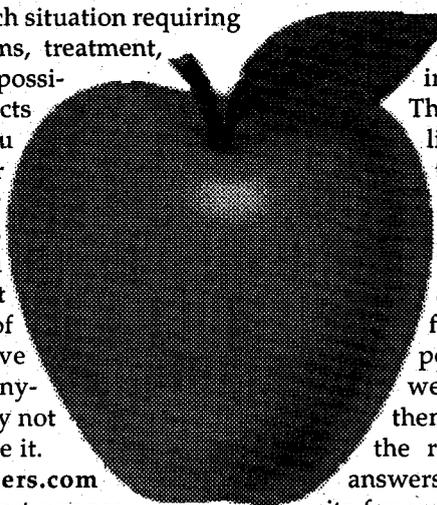
www.healthanswers.com is the fastest site around to get any specific answers you may need. It contains its own search engine that you simply type in whatever you need to find. It gives you a broad range of related subjects which you can then refine as you do in any other search engine. Each listing you check out has causes, prevention techniques, diagnoses, treatment, definition of the term, alternative names for the ailment, and the effects of the treatment. By far one of the most thor-

ough sites around. The site also has a news section, which is a series of articles about medical advances of discoveries, a library, where you can search through to find any specific information you desire, and a list of resources.

Dr-vijayprakash.hypermart.net is a site for somewhat alternative cures for common ailments, like hiccups or constipation. They have easy to follow instructions for each symptom. The site also has some real medicine, like what to do for heart-attack victims, thrown in there as well just for good measure.

www.medipet.com is, as you would expect, a site made for first aid on your pets. The site is a forum based site where people pose questions and other people, as well as experienced vets, answer them directly in your email. Although the response time may be slow the answers are relatively informed. A good site for anyone with a pet that has a non life threatening situation or just a question they want answered.

First aid is something everyone should know. It is used everyday by normal people such as yourself. Often times it is proper first aid that saves a persons life. Learn what you can because one day you may use it and save the life of someone. You never can tell what may help you some day.



Graduate Student Lounge

Open Wednesday through Saturday 8:30 to 2 am with live music!

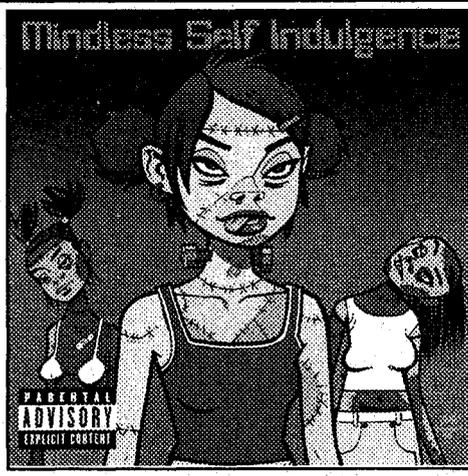
*Located in the
Fanny Brice
Theater,
Roosevelt Quad*

*Dine, Drink
and Fall
in Love*

Patronizer of the Arts

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

Mindless Self Indulgence:
Frankenstein Girls Will Seem Strangely Sexy
-Elektra Entertainment



So I picked up the sophomore MSI release just this past week based entirely on the cheeky-ness of their web site www.mindless-selfindulgence.com. Anyway having only ever heard their promotional single Pantyshot I felt sort of stupid for investing 17 dollars in a CD that I knew nothing about except that the band was doing well enough to hire a web-designer who knows how to do FLASH graphics.

It kicks ass! This is the single most irreverent, tasteless, kinetic and balls to the wall exciting album I have every bought, stolen, or borrowed. MSI is freakishly difficult to categorize because of the elements of techno, jungle, atari, punk and rap that serve as the musical basis. There are just too many musical styles injected into each of Frankenstein Girls . . . 30 songs for anything to be labeled.

Try and imagine that you have the following CDs in your car: Dead Kennedys: Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables, Public Enemy: Fear Of A Black Planet, Atari Teenage Riot: Delete Yourself!, The Soundtrack to Transformers The Movie, and Insane Clown Posse: The Amazing Jeckel Brothers.

Now drive said CD filled car into a wood chipper and the CD that pops out would be something similar to MSI.

Advocating a "No music is good music" philosophy Little Jimmy Urine, Kitty, Vanessa Y.T. and Steve Righ? Manage to create a schizophrenic tapestry of truly enjoyable sounds guaranteed to get your swerve on. Plus their CD artwork is done by Jamie Hewlett of Tank Girl fame.

Put it this way; if you manage to understand the obscure cultural references I've packed into this review you'll enjoy the CD. Unless of course you're Craig Schlanger in which case you will think that this music is baseless and irritating. But if you are Craig Schlanger than you have your own problems because you think that Mudhoney is good. Stick that up your pooper!

Craig Schlanger's

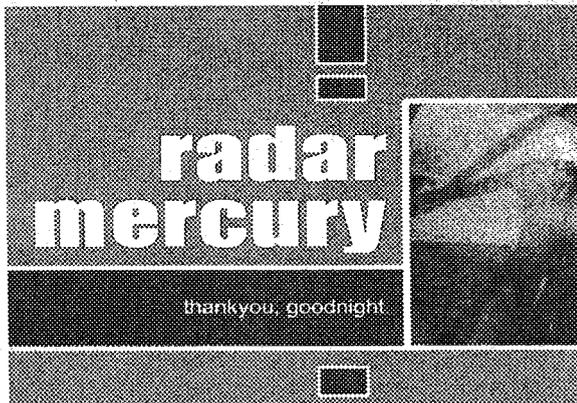
At The Gates Strikes Again

Radar Mercury-
Thankyou, goodnight
(Doghouse Records)

with an element of '80s thrash metal hiding out in the background. "Afterlife in Purgatory," "Submission" and "Delirium" are standout tracks, but this record really never loses its intensity. From the first riff through the final cymbal crash these four prove why they are supreme forces in the metal genre.

The music is influenced by the modern Swedish death metal sound, with At The Gates or Dissection being great reference points. There are touches of bands like Kreator, Possessed and Terrorizer (which Jesse Pintado was a member of). Tagtgren's vocals also have more of a thrash metal feel to them than what he usually does for Hypocrisy.

Basically this record is for anyone who likes shit that's aggressive and musically challenging at the same time. And if none of that sells this fine release for you, THERE'S A NAKED CHICK ON THE COVER!



This four song EP is a nice little treat to wet your appetite for a Radar Mercury full length. The Jersey band has amassed a decent size following through demo releases and here now is their first release on Doghouse, which is a proper home for them. Radar Mercury will definitely get the "emo-core" brand, as their style isn't that far from bands like The Get Up Kids. I hear derivatives of other bands like Lifetime, Garden Variety, Texas is the Reason and Discount. There's also a pop-punk edge along the lines of Down By Law in some places.

The best song here is definitely "Nothing's Wrong, Nothing's New" since it's just infectiously catchy. The other four songs never offer a dull moment, I might add, making this a well-rounded purchase for someone into any of the aforementioned bands. I will definitely be on the lookout for a full length.

Lock Up- Pleasures Pave Sewers
(Nuclear Blast Records)

Lock Up sports an All-Star lineup of top-notch death and black metal musicians. Rounding

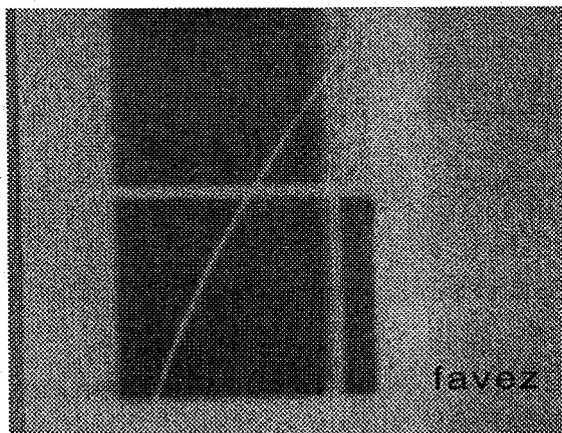


out the lineup are Nick Barker (ex Cradle of Filth/current Dimmu Borgir drummer), Peter Tagtgren (Hypocrisy vocalist), Jesse Pintado and Shane Embury (both from Napalm Death, guitars and bass respectively). The bio Nuclear Blast sent described this band as born out of a frustration with the current Cali-metal / Adidas rock scene (Korn, Limp Bizkit, Slipknot... you know the rest). The current trend sent the four into a fierce determination to unleash a masterful record of death/black metal.

Well, they've definitely succeeded in producing one inferno of a record. Pleasures Pave Sewers (oh, is that what they do?) is an aggressive and speedy assault offering plenty of riffs by the pound, insane drumming and the vocal strength of Tagtgren. This is blackened death metal at it's best

Favez- A Sad Ride on the Line Again
(Doghouse Records)

Absolutely beautiful. Those are the first words that came to my mind when I popped this baby in. The Swedish quintet has a knack for writing ridiculously catchy and heart-warming tunes. Chris Wicky's delicate voice simply melted the padding off of my headphones.

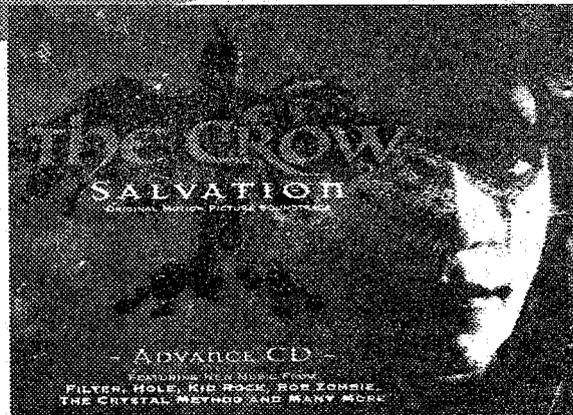


Favez takes the best elements of Radiohead, the Beatles, the Cranberries, the Police and even some of Neil Young's acoustic work, and combines it all into ten prolific pop songs. Be forewarned, this is a depressing record. There's rarely an uptempo moment, but Favez still seem to have mastered the art of songwriting in so many ways. Throwing in a violin here and a harmonica there, each song on A Sad Ride on the Line Again is well crafted and has a feeling of sincerity. "The Man with Forehead Eyes" is the masterpiece that Radiohead never wrote. It's stunning harmony drags you into this record knowing that the next twenty-five minutes will be a soul searching and enchanting experience. "Between the Dirty Halls," almost begs for backing vocals from Natalie Merchant. "This is How it Ends" is as infectiously haunting as anything written by Lennon and McCartney. I even feel that in a perfect world "Bleak" would be tearing up the airwaves of top-40 radio.

Bottom line, I love this band. This record has introduced me to the best thing to come from Sweden since Swiss cheese. Pick this record up, shut the lights, and spend the next half hour in a musical utopia.

Various Artists- The Crow: Salvation soundtrack
(Koch Records)

Hot damn does this suck ass! So there's another Crow movie coming our way heh? Well, we get a horrible soundtrack to back it up. This record could seriously be used to display the ridiculous



state of commercial rock music. With sorry contributions from Danzig, Rob Zombie, Filter, Static X and Pitchshifter, this is just one complete piece of shit.

Wait! Before I completely assault this record, let me point out the two good tracks. One being Hole's cover of Bob Dylan's "It's All Over Now Baby Blue." The other a remix to Crystal Method's "Now is the Time." However, it's one big tumble after this.

But perhaps I'm not the best person to have listening to this. I find commercial industrial pseudo-metal to be horseshit. Which is pretty much all you get here. Static X turns in the moronic "Burning Inside" complete with guest vocalist Burton Bell of the once mighty Fear Factory. Stabbing Westward squirt out the uninspired "Waking up Beside You" and Filter's "The Best Things(exclusive radio remix!)" is more generic drivel. Even Tricky, who I usually respect, has the throwaway "Antihistamine (Remix, what else?)" on here. Kid Rock also jumps on the industrial bandwagon offering up "Warm Winter," a song Trent Reznor could have written while taking a piss.

Considering that the original Crow soundtrack had many a good song on it, this is a sad piece to add to its legacy. Littered with remixes and throwaway tracks from big name artists, this is one of the most awful records I've gotten my hands on in a while. Didn't the world learn anything from the Mortal Kombat soundtracks??

Basically, the only person I could see liking this is Squirrel.

Shutdown- Something To Prove
(Victory Records)

Traditional hardcore is a pretty cut and dry genre. There's usually not much room for innovation, and fans of the music will most often be satisfied as long as they have a soundtrack to mosh and fingerpoint. Like pop-punk, it's rare to find someone who really will ever redefine the genre.

On this four song EP Shutdown show that they are neither kings of the scene, nor are they court jesters. Their sound lies somewhere in the middle, drawing on the obvious influences of Bold, Youth of Today, Side by Side and Gorilla Biscuits.

Anyone looking to relive memories of CBGB's circa 1988 may be really into Shutdown. These four songs are well recorded, making the music powerful, while Mark Scodotto's voice can leave a bit to be desired at times. With these four songs Shutdown show me that they have all the style of a New York Hardcore band down pat, but if they are looking to innovate they still have something to prove.



Crossword 101

"Name Dropping"

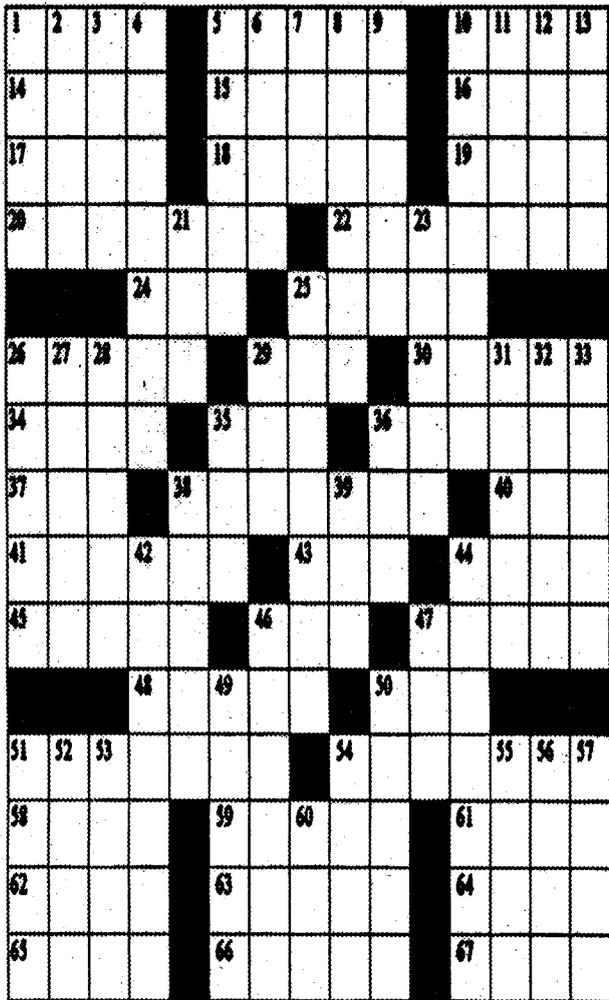
By Ed Canty

ACROSS

- 1 Bum
- 5 More competent
- 10 Easter symbols
- 14 Sacred ____ (R.C. tribunal)
- 15 City in India
- 16 Play part
- 17 Sailor's greeting
- 18 Syrian President
- 19 Detail
- 20 Housewife-Humorist
- 22 Radio pioneer
- 24 Consume
- 25 Al & family
- 26 Detached
- 29 Pitch
- 30 Ms. Kearns Goodwin
- 34 " ____ Free"
- 35 Title of respect
- 36 Motion picture theater
- 37 United
- 38 American composer
- 40 Sal of song
- 41 Remember
- 43 Palmer to friends
- 44 Salary
- 46 Ethiopian lake
- 46 Antelope
- 47 Monica of tennis fame
- 48 Deceived
- 50 Corn unit
- 51 American author
- 54 Famous Texan
- 58 Halper
- 59 Varnish ingredient
- 61 London art gallery
- 62 TV comedian Carey
- 63 Sidestep
- 64 Emerald Isle
- 65 DC VIPs
- 66 Wise men
- 67 Tear down

DOWN

- 1 Maryland specialty
- 2 Santa's remarks
- 3 Before bomb & smasher
- 4 Speaker Sam
- 5 Lickety-split
- 6 Thicket
- 7 __ Angeles
- 8 Inspire with love
- 9 Trooper's tool
- 10 Norwegian navigator
- 11 " ____ jail": Monopoly instruction
- 12 Folk singer Campbell
- 13 Truck type
- 21 NY in wintertime
- 23 Made over
- 25 Dorothy of Oz
- 26 NASA launch term
- 27 Combreads
- 28 Feather palm
- 29 Wait person's dream
- 31 Majestic
- 32 Reflection
- 33 Bargains
- 35 Sun
- 36 Larry King channel
- 38 Christmas visitor



- 39 Indonesian Islands
- 42 Mary Poppins
- 44 American statesman Daniel
- 46 NY city on Seneca Lake
- 47 French coin
- 49 Studies carefully
- 50 Ice cream holders
- 51 James __, famous bridge builder
- 52 Muck
- 53 Paradise
- 54 Conceal
- 55 Scarlett's home
- 56 Elevator pioneer
- 57 Spanish baby
- 60 Droop

Quotable Quote

"Life is what happens to you while you are making other plans."
... A. J. Marshall

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

Top Ten Reasons the Diallo Cops Were Acquitted

- 10) Where do you think the other 22 bullets went?
- 9) If four white cops went to jail, it would upset the prison system's delicate mixture of 9 parts black to 1 part white.
- 8) Cuz they were just following orders.
- 7) The unarmed Diallo, walking into his own building, looked "suspiciously" like a black man. The police just handled it by the book.
- 6) Justice is not only blind, she is deaf, stupid and racist.
- 5) The Street Crimes Unit has lost too many good cops to some perp pulling a wallet on them. They have learned to shoot first and assess danger later.
- 4) Diallo attacked their bullets with his torso, they killed him in self-defense.
- 3) Puppydog eyes.
- 2) When they saw Diallo reach for his wallet, the officers thought of their families, and of the fresh box of donuts back at the station. The officers would be damned if they would let some nut pull a gun and keep them from seeing their children -or those tasty, tasty donuts- again.
- 1) Justice, shmjustice.

SO YOU CALL YOURSELF AN ARTIST?

By Russell Heller (20%) and Glenn Given(80%)

Recently I have been present for several long-winded "intellectual" debates over what does or does not constitute "art." On one hand was the argument that art is entirely subjective and that no one can make a judgement on the validity of an artistic statement. The other side of the argument would have you believe that although there are a wide range of acceptable categories of art, there are also standards by which art can be judged.

I chose to take neither side of this dispute because I felt that both sides, although bringing up valid points, were too driven by pride to realize how trivial their argument was. Both parties seemed motivated not by a desire to make art, but by a desire to label themselves as "artists."

Although on many occasions, and in many ways, I have made art, I never (except possibly in jest) refer to myself as an artist. There is too much pretension attached to the title.

Who can say where the borders between art, style, habit, and addictions lie. Well in my own ego-centric stance I can. That's the key to art though; self-awareness. Art need not be defined as the creation of an artist (in fact most of the truly artistic things I have seen are creations of the uninitiated).

In my minds eye art exists as the sublimation of life. It doesn't have to take the form of any particular painting/sculpture/whatever, art can be a beautiful night or a moment of despair, Basically anything that resonates strongly within oneself. Now some people would take that resonance and cage it into a physical thing like a sculpture or a painting. Others would trap the actual moment with photo or sound recordings. Still others would go out to purposefully create those situations for film, theatre or performance activism.

I for one, prefer my art untrapped. I live art; I breathe, eat and shit art. Its not a matter of what I create it's how I create it; after all style is substance and the medium is the message.

We live today in a world that has evolved past traditional concepts of art. Even the idea of an avant-garde is childish. Today for art we must tap life directly. We can't make art but perhaps we can re-direct life in a way that allows us to expose it to others.

Realism, Impressionism, Dadaism whatever ism, it doesn't matter they all miss the point. Art is not an expression of skill or talent like your teachers would have you believe. That's some real bourgeoisie bullshit.

You wanna know why people view artists as pretentious arseholes? It's because the whole entirety of the art world exists only to perpetuate itself. It's not doing anything except malignantly reproducing in response to what it did the day before. Now some may say it's evolving, but what is it evolving towards anyway?

Reflecting the world? Perhaps. Who cares though? Every one reflects the world every second of every day. Why do we need some one to tell us that their reflection is more poignant than our own? We don't. Today we believe that our own perceptions are not accurate so we turn to media to tell us the truth. The problem is that media doesn't know anything any better than we do. It's giving us their reflections on someone else's interpretations of actual events that were subjective to begin with. Fuck all man!

Do you want to make an object to demonstrate your skill and "talent" to us? Fine, paint your French beret little heart out. If you want to make some sort of real statement

about reality than take an action or make a choice. Artistically blow up Capitol hill, or artistically video tape Shirley Strum Kenny anally fisting our Polity President (just an example. I don't actually wish Andrez any harm, he's a good man).

Basically do anything that has an affect on the actual structure of our reality.

Art today is a man, caged, speaking only lies, who condemns himself with each word to another day of imprisonment. If you need proof turn to our Literary Supplement or take a trip to the "Art" department.

So you say that your new sculpture entitled *6 midgets who look strikingly similar to Michael Keaton ass-reaming decapitated babies while 3.5 minutes of footage from Videodrome plays repeatedly in the background with Princes' Gold album at 10* is your statement. This is your attempt to push boundaries? Oh did I mention that the aforementioned sculpture is just a piece of plaster in the shape of a aerosol spray can? Sorry buddy, that's just shit.

I'm sure that you could while away the daylight hours with ideological mumbo-jumbo about how *6 midgets*. . . perfectly reflects the state of the art world, but who cares? What is art for? Everybody enrolled in an art class take a second here to ask yourself these questions.

"Am I making art for other artists? Am I making it for myself? Who am I working for? What do I expect to come of this? Am I making art so I can call myself an artist? Am I adding to the landscape or am I making a change in reality?"

Can the art world, that is our world, afford another day of miserable shit production out of SVA or Tisch or Stony Brook for that matter. I think not.

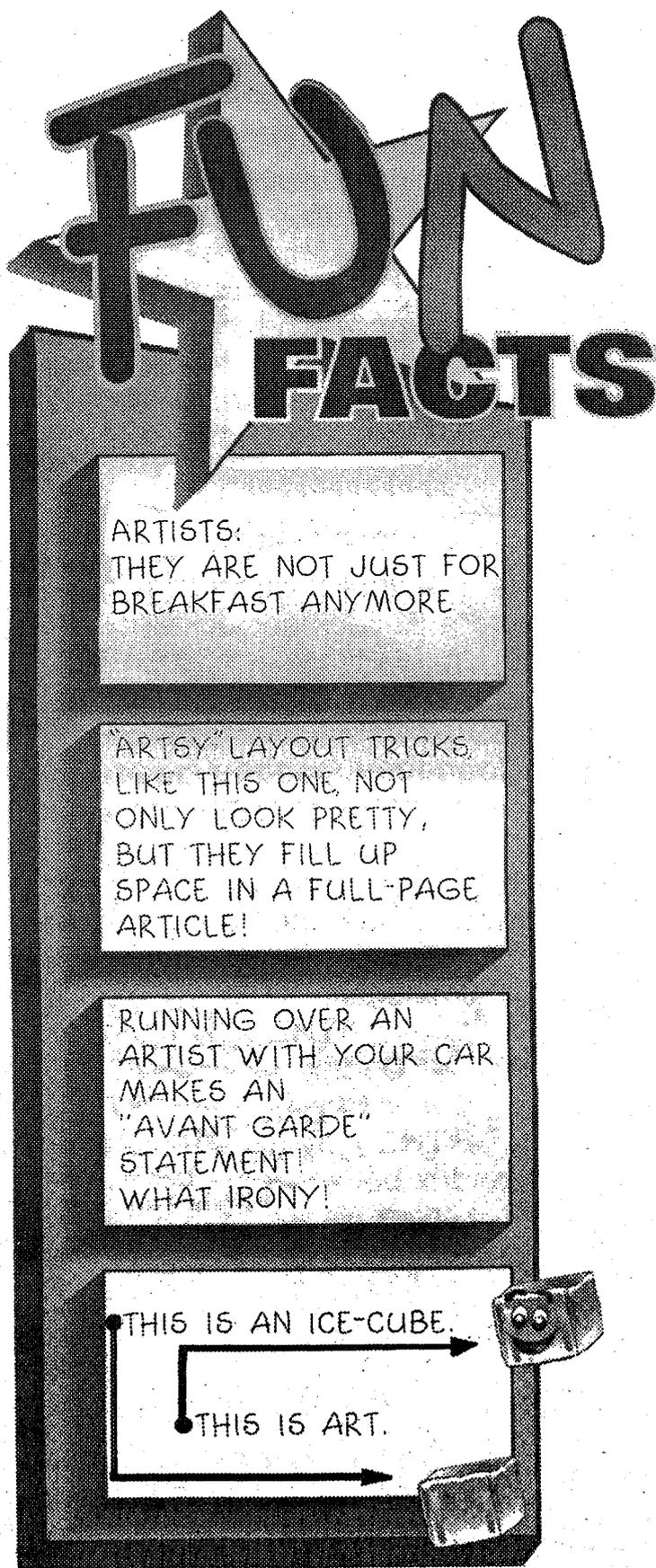
Now I'm a friend of the arts, hell I'm a friend of many of the artists, and that's why I say this. When we as self proclaimed artists speak of "taking art to the next level or pushing the borders of art" we're blowing smoke up our own ass. The realization that the next level in art is still just one more level in a meaningless game, needs to be made. What's the point of pushing the borders of art when the fence that we push remains intact. Whoopdie-fucking-do, we now have a bigger cage.

I plead to the "art" community of this sad, sad, campus to make a change, some real change. Stop expressing yourself in forms that we've been told to express ourselves. For once let's think on our own. There is no reason to waste time breaking other peoples rules when we could make our own. Don't talk about evolution shout about revolution. Use the tools you have as a sword to sever the medusa head of the art establishment. Practice without preaching wherever you walk.

Take your pretty pictures, the inept trinkets you've toiled over in the metal shop and the puke that you slapped onto your canvas and do something with them. Why wait around for department permission for you art exposition? Set your shit up in the middle of the SAC loop. Fuck, put it on the top of the hospital for no reason whatsoever.

God people, your mindless humping of the term "art" makes me sick. I wish I could personally vomit my entire stomach onto your work so I could digest it like The Fly.

There, that's art. That feeling of disgust and contempt I manufactured and put to word. That's art, cause it makes you mad. Cause it made some affect somewhere to someone.





CONGRATULATIONS TO THOSE WHO HAVE SURVIVED THE FIRST ROUND OF EXAMINATIONS. EMERGING SCATHED, STITCH JONES, PRESIDENT OF THE "STUDENT BOWEL MOVEMENT FOR THE ADVOCATION OF CUMULATIVE EXAMS" (S.B.M.A.C.E.), WILL BE HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN HUMANITIES 289, WHERE COFFEE AND DONUTS WILL BE SERVED.

THE BACK OF MY MOTORCYCLE HAS HAD A CONSIDERABLE SHIFT IN PRIORITY. WE ARE SORRY TO REPORT THE REPLACEMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT WITH THE LIGHTER AND CONSIDERABLY MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FROM CLASS. HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT HAS BEEN CHOSEN AS THE PRIMARY MEDIUM IN THE EVENT OF A CONFLICT RESOLUTION SITUATION.

THE LOCAL CHAPTER OF THE "INSTITUTE FOR GELATINEOUS TREATS" IS MAKING A FORMAL REQUEST TO USE THE CIRCULAR FOUNTAIN AS A JELLO MOLD BEFORE THE WEATHER GETS TOO WARM. PLEASE SEND ALL FLAVOR REQUESTS TO: PRESIDENT STRUM-KENNY ADMINISTRATION BLDG. S.U.N.Y. STONY BROOK STONY BROOK, NY 11794 WE LOOK FORWARD TO ALL THE INPUT. YUT.

Booty

is now, and forevermore will be seeking
ASS MODELS

All shapes, sizes, sexes, ethnicities and textures. If you've got an ass, we want to write on it and take a picture. Anonymous or not.

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47 flattened pennies. Flattened in the Neolithic style. Great thesis builders. \$15/o.b.o. 632-7617

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Chase adapter for the Panasonic PV-440S SVHS video camera. Rare. Mounts most full size video cameras. 634-4122

Crap. Tons of it. Waiting in the Administration Building. Free.

Left handed smoke shifter. NSA approved. Good condition w/ carrying case. \$20 632-6826

Your mom. Everything must go! Rockbottom prices! She's giving it away! 632-6350

Public Notices

1011 Whereas, it has been hereby decreed BY THE DISCORDIANS, that the person known as YOURMOM be hereby declared FAT in all matters dealing with or affected by: LARD, PLUMP, HAVING A LARGE FOLLOWING, BIG BONED, BUTT, ASS, ASS-MODELS, HIND QUARTERS, DOUBLE ASS CHINS and TIDAL INFLUENCE.

Have you seen the big wooden chess pieces having sex? Afraid to tell anyone? Hundreds of others have come forward, now you can too. Anonymous. All welcome. Psychology 327.

Polity will be holding a fundraiser entitled, "Let's use the student activity fee on sex toys." Scheduled for early April. Please contact your RA or student senator for times and dates. Coffee and donuts will be served.

The Sacred Church of the Bene Gesserit, Reverend Mother Gaius Rorian attending, will hold Basic Gorn Jabbar and Basic Wierding classes Wednesdays 1:00-2:00 pm in the Student Union Room 060.

Personals

Seeking beautiful dark-haired, blue-eyed girl for day trips in open toe shoe weather. Asskicker a plus. Evening dress required. Email cohesivelight@usa.net.

Vivacious dancer seeks quality soulmate. Must undergo trials. 632-6451

Seeking Klingon Warrior Goddess for rampant fun at ICON. Multi-lingual a plus. Hang out in front of Humanities sometime?

Seeking flatulant male for discipline. No smoke/drink. Meet at The Spot Wednesdays.

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



WE WANT JACK BACK!
 Email us or come down
 to demand Jack's
 astounding advice
 once more!
 You know you want it!
 Student Union,
 Room 060, or
 email us at:
 sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

"Hit the
 Road, Jack!"

Well, well, well...Jack is leaving us, folks! He doesn't want to write for a column that doesn't receive any responses. Hil is counting on y'all to write to him so he decides to stick around. And next issue, let's get kinky!

JACK:

This has been a wonderful year. It's not over but it's about to change. This week's diatribe is about giving, getting, not getting, and getting away when you give and don't get. Got it. For example, take this column. We give, we share, we appeal for contributions. And we don't get shit. In this relationship, I am not at equilibrium. (=) Equal. Balance.

Now we are not talking about fair here. We are talking about balance. Energy in compared with energy out.

Relationships. The root of the word is relate. Interact. Exchange. Give and take. Too often, our relationships are out of balance. For one reason or another, the balance is off. The universe throws two people together to lean on one another; sometimes, you are leaned on but find no support when your strength is gone. You should be a pillar as long as you can, but there comes a point when you divert energy away from your own needs to grow and flower.

Your partner now merely drains your strength. The time comes to focus on your own needs. If you collapse, the system of which you are a part collapses and the good you are trying to do is in vain.

So you step away. Retire. Heal. Grow. Learn. Maybe come back. But first, I need to step away.

There are reasons to stay emotionally intertwined. Masochism. The familiarity of abusive patterns, however minimal. The desire to help. Fear of being alone. Losing that outlet for your negativity. Your hopes for the future.

But we must return to the universal weigh station. Where does the balance lie? How close are you to collapsing? Are you in pain?

Pain is a good indicator. Love is a confusing emotion, platonic love included. When your relationship causes pain, is it pain that could have been avoided? Was it pain that was caused? Do you like that pain? I have reveled in the pain of love but at some point, romantic revelry becomes something else. You are trapped. Maybe you enjoy playing the role of the martyr. Maybe maybe maybe.

Stepping back is not the same as stepping off. Reacting extremely is rarely beneficial. You can still love; I do still love. But you don't need to ride every loop in the rollercoaster of your partners life especially when they can't be there to hold your hand during the loops in your ride.

Seek to regain the balance. Once you step away, the goal becomes inner balance, rather than the balance of the system that you and your partner create. Inner balance is a function of personal commitment; you are in control. In the end game analysis, you are the one who matters.

Let me leave you with a couple of final thoughts. They may appear negative but I think that they are good starting points from which to grow after a separation.

We are all born alone (even twins don't come out together), we will die alone, and we will spend most of the time on this planet filling our lives with things and people to distract us from that feeling of loneliness. You should be happy to have had that connection, and proud of your ability to recognize the change in your connection and act in a manner that healthily adjusts to that change. From a balanced place, you can come back when the time is better.

"The opposite of love is not hate but indifference." - H. Vidair

HIL:

I am sad to say that Jack is leaving us. With all our preaching about communication, you people still had nothing to write. I will continue to write Hil and choose a new Jack because I have faith in the fact that you read the column whether you answer us or not. But I swear, if you people don't start writing to me I'm gonna have to follow in Jack's footsteps.

This issue I had planned to talk about forgiving. This can be one of the hardest things in the world. Sometimes the answer is to move on—not from the person, but from the problem. Let it go.

There are often times when a conflict seems to be resolved and underlying issues are still at hand. If you've discussed your issues with someone and you still feel uneasy about the relationship, you should take a minute to look at how you're reacting.

For example, if you walk into a conversation feeling hurt, you feel a need to protect yourself. Nobody wants to be taken advantage of. Yet there's

a difference between engaging in an angry conversation and being angry about someone's actions. You can express how you feel by talking calmly. No one is going to hear you out while you stand there and yell at them. Listen to each other. Remember that you love each other and honestly want to work this out. It will hurt really bad years later to reminisce over what you no longer have.

Once you've listened, think about the person's intent. Did they maliciously go out of their way to hurt you? Sometimes people don't think before they do things. Give people a chance to recognize their mistakes and an opportunity to redeem themselves. Realize why you bothered to take the time to talk to them in the first place. Chances are it's because you love things and want to work things out. Nobody wants to be sat down and told everything they've done wrong. Acknowledge that it's not them you are mad at, but the situation. Cop to your own faults as well. Birds of a feather, baby.

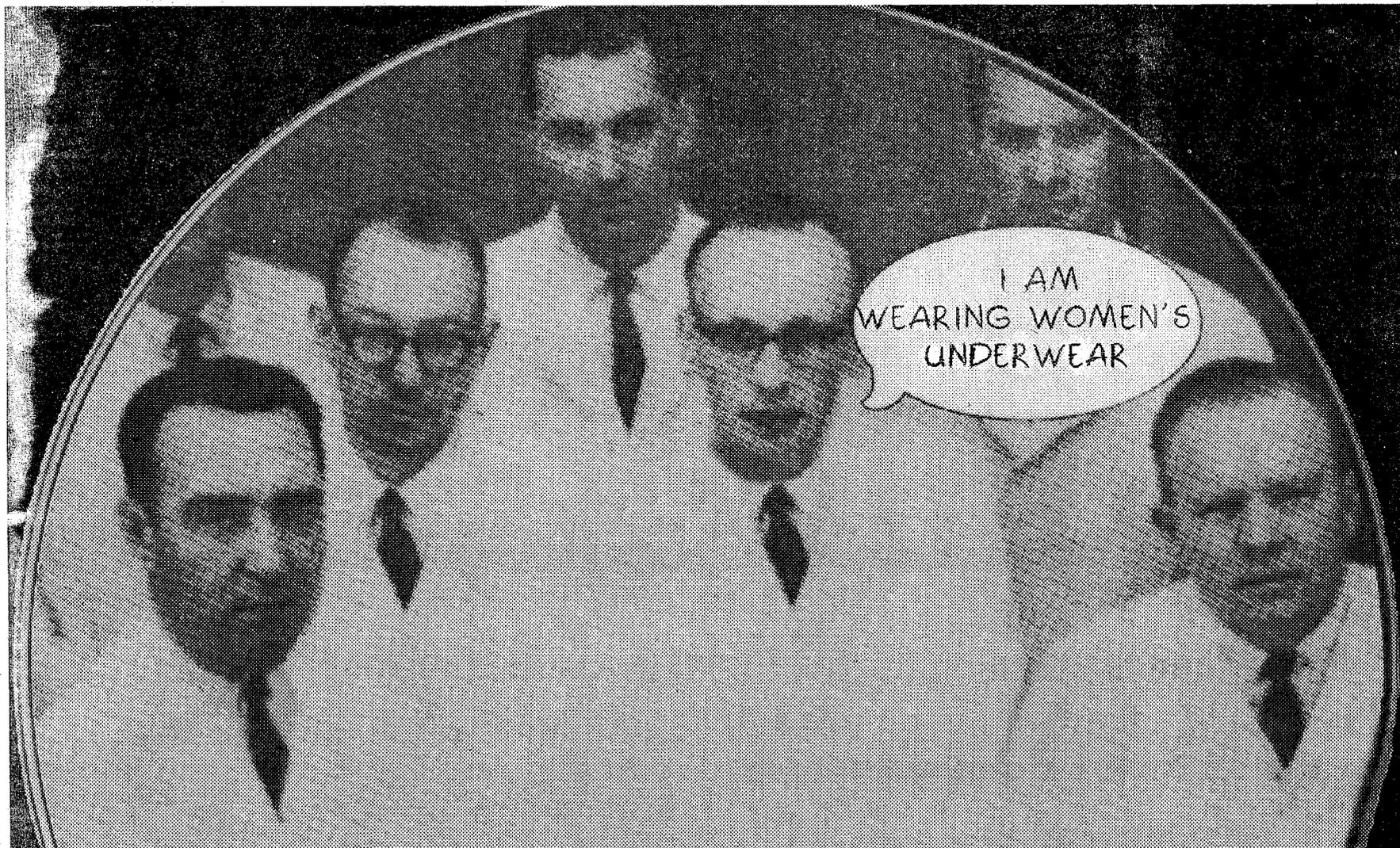
Speaking of faults, it has come to my attention that I don't write nearly as much about sex as I used to. Please forgive me, but I refuse to do so until I get some damn questions! I doubt you're all writing to Dan Savage (*the Voice*). This is your sex column. It is here for you, so utilize it. I'm sick and tired of writing about what interests me, but I'm willing to forgive you. Tell me what interests you. Communication issues are cool, but so is greasy, goopy, hard, dripping, mmm-mmm good...anyways, I'm looking forward to your mail.

And if you want Jack to come back, tell him. Shower him with mail! He feels abandoned by his readers. Here's your chance to express your thoughts on our column! Communicate, be open, engage in conversation! Make Jack's ass tingle with delight at the sight of your words!

Make Jack's
 ass tingle
 with delight
 at the sight of
 your words!

Picture on this page is from the book "Sex For One: The Joy of Self-Loving" by Betty Dodson, Ph.D.

THIS WAS THE LONGEST ISSUE EVER!



DO YOU LIKE TO EXPRESS YOURSELF?

DO YOU EVER GET THE FEELING THAT THE SIX GUYS AROUND YOU ARE NOT ACTUALLY SCIENTISTS, BUT ARE REALLY ESCAPEES FROM AN ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE? DO YOU FEEL THAT YOU HAD BETTER WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, OR THEY WILL POUNCE UPON YOU AND START GNAWING AT YOUR FLESH LIKE BEAVERS GIVING PINOCCHIO A BLOWJOB? DON'T KEEP ALL THAT CREATIVE ENERGY BOTTLED UP INSIDE!

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