

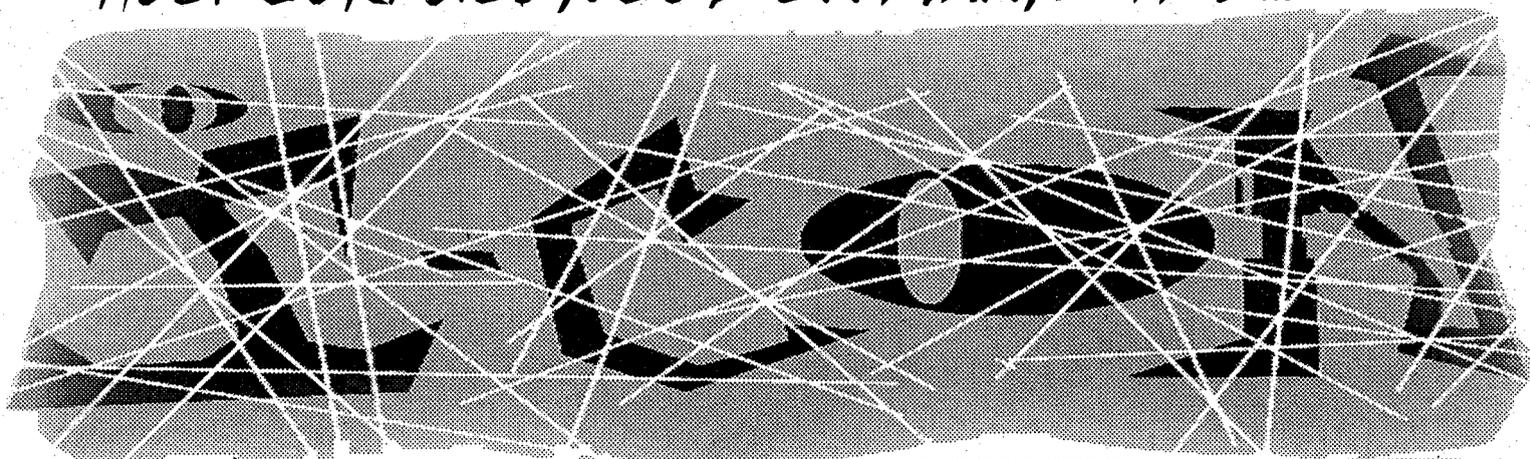
THE STONY BROOK PRESS

Vol. XXI No 12

"Yo, He Had Some Sick Backfat, Yo!"

April 1, 2000

HOLY CORPULENCE, BATMAN IT'S...



**Eight
Semester Plan**
—Page 3—

**The National
Disclaimer**
—In the Middle—

**Diversity
Conference**
—Page 6—

Campus Events

Congratulations to the cast of

Anniversary

(written by Carol Shields and Dave Williamson)

Directed by Jason Samuels and performed by the Innerspace Theatre Group (John Everson, Beth Gordon, Howie Kunzinger Jr, Jordan Moussouros and Samantha VanOstrand), this show brought some much needed comic relief to the Stony Brook stage this past weekend. Brilliantly designed by Alban Sardzinski and stage managed by Catherine Ventiera, Anniversary was completely produced, directed and performed by students. The show was a delightful display of great acting, genuine emotion and overall talent. Kudos to the Cast!

feedback

Multi-Media Art Exhibition

- 1) commentary
 - 2) by-product of an electronic system that is disruptive
 - 3) sensory information that helps to locate a body in space
- reflections on technoculture by a number of female artists

now - april 10, 2000
union art gallery, second floor
media.art.sunysb.edu/feedback



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**TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 6:30 PM
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Campus Kick-off

By Candice Ferrette

As many students rushed to the Bursar's office to pay their housing fee for next fall, many seniors who had received eviction notices earlier this semester weighed their options — house to share, apartment for rent, commute from home, live in car or cardboard box — in any case, desperation has set in.

"It is in my best interest to get off campus at this point," said Matthew Robins, a senior graduating next May, "but it shouldn't be the administration's decision." Robins, who has a double major in History and Information Systems, lives in Manhattan and, like many city dwellers, does not own a car. "They shouldn't evict students who came into the school with the idea that they were going to have housing for their entire time here. After four years, why should my housing go to a freshman?"

While increased admissions and H Quad renovations put Campus Residences in a bind, students effected by the "eight-semester-out policy" or more poignantly termed, the "campus kick-off," are dealing with even weightier concerns as they face the world on the other side of North Loop Road.

"The market in this area is finite," said Godfrey Palaia, Director of Off-campus Housing (OCH). "Our listings are shrinking in a sense because landlords are not renewing with us and are trading their units privately."

What Palaia, who has worked in the Off-campus Housing office for 7 years, is referring to is the 20% to 25% reduction in the listings that he has experienced in the last 3 years because landlords who had previously listed with his office are having tenants pass down their units by word of mouth. This has many students who are displaced by the policy this semester searching high and low for adequate housing.

"Because of the keen competition for off campus housing, many landlords, particularly those within a close proximity to the campus do not need the OCH's services to attract tenants," added Palaia. "Many feel as though it is more effective to obtain tenants through their existing ones."

Minority students are particularly concerned as they are finding it increasingly difficult to find welcoming landlords on the areas surrounding the campus and further east on Long Island.

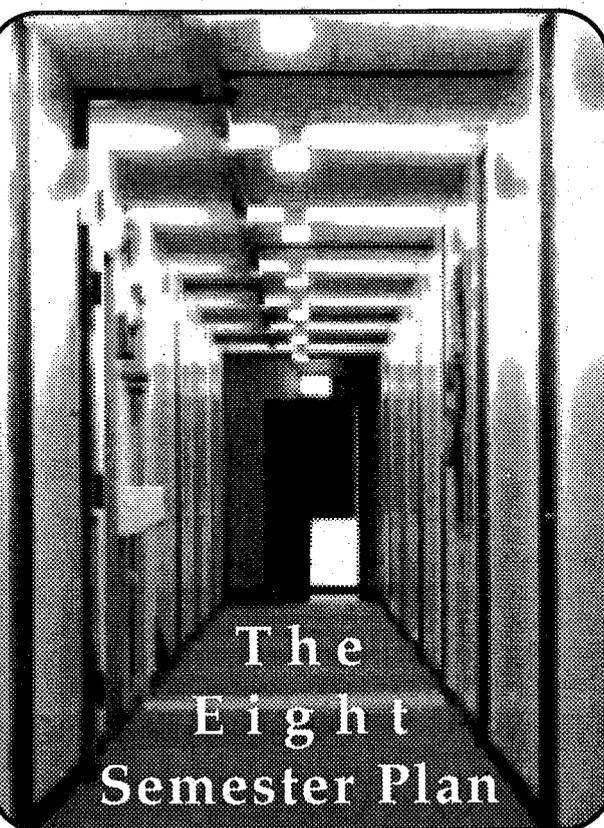
"We feel that this is a policy effecting all students whether they are white, black, Hispanic or Asian," said Jamel Jones Addoh who is leading the effort to change the eight-semester policy on the grounds that it is ignorant of minority students' concerns. "But students of color are having the most difficult time finding housing in this area." Addoh added, "There is even proof that the KKK did tabling at the Smithaven Mall."

Addoh, who speaks for black students who have attempted to find off-campus housing and have been met with unfavorable responses, led meetings in January and February of this semester to discuss the policy and plan a course of action.

Various campus organizations such as Malik Sigma Psi, Alpha Phi Alpha and the Latin American Students organization came up with ideas such as petitioning, flyer distribution and phone mail messages to inform other students of the situation. Although Addoh said that these plans have not yet been acted on, he did mention the possibility of notifying parents of the situation in the near future.

Addoh is working with Polity President Andrez Carberry who feels that at the origin of the problem is communication with student groups. "We as leaders can foresee a problem here," said Carberry who in this month alone has traveled to Albany and Washington to lobby legislatures regarding the over-admitting at Stony Brook. "The administration claims that this is a short term problem. Whether it is a short term or long term it still effects students and we need to do something about it."

In his lobbying of legislatures in Washington some three weeks ago, Carberry and the Student Association of the State University (SASU), mentioned the eight semester policy to Assemblyman Steve Englebright who expressed support in favor of the students. "The Assemblyman feels very strongly that higher-education can not be packaged in four years," said Steve Fiore-Rosenfeld, Englebright's legal counsel.



"He knows that especially in this area housing is a unique situation. If he needs to advocate for the students internally [at USB] and in Albany he will."

Although students are feeling as though they are not equipped to move off campus after investing four years on campus, they do have the chance to appeal the policy based on their individual situations, but, as Stony Brook does guarantee housing for all incoming first year students because "they are least equipped to find off-campus housing," displaced students who cannot find off-campus housing are accommodated only after first-year students have been housed.

"In my opinion," said Peter Baigent Assistant Vice President for Student Affairs who makes the final decision regarding housing appeals, "most students that we can't house because of the eight semester rule that don't find apartments in this area tend to commute from home. People who appeal do it because of the commute, not fiscal reasons." In an interview with *The Press*, Baigent also indicated that he did not believe that there is data to prove that "students of color" have a more difficult time finding housing.

In his interview, Baigent said that if he could find data supporting his and other administrators' belief that minority students are not discriminated against when searching for off-campus housing that he would offer it to *The Press*. Three

days after the interview, Baigent's office had not yet produced concrete data.

The administration spent close to \$10,000 in print and radio advertisements in local newspapers and radio, according to Baigent, to encourage the off-campus market for students. Yet the result was negligible and OCH only received 10 new listings.

In addition, Baigent mentioned that, as in the past year, Stony Brook has secured 100 beds at Dowling College's NAT Center campus, 35 minutes east of Stony Brook.

Kanduu Ashley, who transferred to Stony Brook last semester and was guaranteed housing, was housed at Dowling before she was found a room on-campus this semester; she recalled a somewhat positive experience. She lived amongst 70 other USB students who were integrated into the Dowling campus activities and were bused to Stony Brook everyday for class.

Of the students who were housed at Dowling, Baigent said that they were first-year students primarily, yet agreed that there were some students who were displaced because of the eight semester policy, students who could not find housing in the surrounding area. Although unsure of the racial make-up of the "relatively small" community of displaced students living at Dowling, Baigent added, "There was a relatively even distribution of the senior class."

Colleen Cullen, Director of Housing at Dowling, said that statistics were not taken and that the racial make-up was, "pretty mixed." At first she said that she believed there to be a minority population of approximately 1/4, but after asking another person working in the office, she finally said it was closer to 1/3.

When Ashley was posed with the same question, she said she thought there were more students of color at Dowling than white students, and definitely more than Cullen's estimate.

The Stony Brook University Senate recently voted unanimously to revisit the eight semester policy. "And the senate almost never votes unanimously on anything," said Carberry.

The Senate has formed a separate committee to concentrate solely on this issue, while administrators offer plans for new housing scheduled to break ground behind Roosevelt Quad late this summer.

Dallas Bauman, Vice President for Campus Residences said the new, apartment-style housing complex will add 500 new spaces to the campus. It will be primarily for juniors and seniors.

"It is distressing to hear that students are reacting like they are hearing this for the first time this year," said Dan Melucci Associate Vice President for Strategy, Planning and Analysis. "This policy has been in effect for the last two years."

In the spring of 1998, the Housing Planning Advisory Committee (HPAC) was formed. Melucci and fellow administrators including Bauman, and Baigent met regularly to discuss methods to accommodate the increase in demand for campus housing.

Representing the student body on this committee was former Polity President Monique Maylor who claimed that the eight-semester policy was not discussed. In a letter read at town hall meeting on February 9th in the Uniti Cultural Center, as quoted from *The Statesman*, Maylor wrote, "Aside from myself, no other students were involved in the deliberations of the HPAC and the new housing policy was not discussed . . . at any meeting I attended."

I-CON: THE FESTIVAL OF FOOLS

April Fool's Day. How very appropriate a date for the festival of fools. Icon 19 brought them all out of the woodwork. Whether you want to indulge your imagination with an energetic reenactment of ye olde chivalrous medieval hoopla, a gleeful round of vampiric, spooky gothicism, a thoughtful romp through the ponder-worthy questions of science or a frightening bombardment of pornographic visual overstimulation, I-CON's the CON for you.

Verily, I-con doth combine yonder far reaching sects of geek society into a costumed conglomeration of fancy festoonation. It's like a circus-train crashing into a particle accelerator operated by the former members of Devo.

I-con is a place where an amazing scope of subcultures all huddle together under the umbrella of science fiction. Do you want to dress up in black vinyl and flirt with the devil chick? Do you want to wrap a stick in duct tape and creatively

anachronize? Do you want to win the "imitate Professor Frick" contest? Do you know how many hit-dice a level seven orc has on the White Ice Saga of the Druid? Do you like to contemplate the cosmic significance of Shirley Strum Kenny and her wily, wily lobster-boy? Do you like to eat questionably cooked meat on a stick? Are your parents first cousins? Do you get these jokes? Well grab a cape buddy, cuz I-CON may just have the fix you've been looking for.

Over the years, we at the *Press* have had sort of a love-hate relationship with "the festivities" of I-CON. A weekend of custom tailored self-gratification can be a wonderful thing, provided it is followed by an equal or greater period of shame and possibly self-flagellation. Have your fantasy, have your escapism, but then remember to hate yourself for it. Repression of all this is what makes it so special next year 'round. Escape into I-CON, don't live it.

"Tuna"

8:00 in the am hours. Monday morning. Doit I have a job? I thought I had a life... was a nice thought. A Professor in the English Department, Santa Claus I think... or was it Dave, once told me as I struggled through his class that he could always recognize the student athletes and journalists. There was a way about them. And they were always forced to choose. academia, passion, or sleep. He had noticed in his years that usually it was sleep that suffered most, but lest you think a balance can be reached know academia is't far behind. If you cross this particular threshold there is no going back.

Allow me to explain. I doit go to Stony Brook. It's 8:00 am and I'm here doing this... this monster you see before you. I mean, well, fuck. The *Times* doesn't even use *Times*. They use an acid trips worth of fonts on their cover. You'll never notice, but someone will, so we try to be realistic. Fuckin' *Times*...

Wha... oh. A tangent. Yes, I do that. Disjointed thought is the result of abu... lack of sleep. I doit go here and yet here is this monster. All for your enjoyment. So you can read the top ten list and glance at the pix of Icon tits and... well, maybe you won't look for much more.

That raises an interesting idea. Yes... interesting. I will hide the word "tuna" in an

undisclosable amount of places in this issue. I'll place it in articles and anywhere text falls. And your mission, should you choose to accept is to find all instances of the word "tuna" and circle them. Once you have done this bring your issue down to the Press office, way back where I am now in the bowels of the Student Union —

And if you have found all the instances of the word "tuna" you'll get an official Press T-Shirt (short sleeve and black) and a hug from someone to show that they "doit think [you're] a dirty pervert."

Yes. But wait... t-shirts are limited, and everyone can't have one... why, they'd string me up if I gave them all away... what would we all wear when we doit go home for three days if I gave them all away... That's what a Press T-shirt means... that or you really are normal and you just lost a button or something... Anyhow, the first... hrm... 10 people to come down with the correct locations of all the "tuna" will get T-shirts. Yay! And hey, enjoy the issue! OK. I'm done.

Stop reading.

I said stop. . .

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LARGEST ISSUE EVER!!! - 48 PAGES! - H.V. + R.H.

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- FIRST PLACE IN REPORTING
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- BEST SENSE OF HUMOR

Reflections on the Scene: The Diversity Conference 2000

By DH Campbell

On Friday March 30 2000, I ventured out of bed after a long night out to attend the Diversity Conference 2000, which was held in the Student Activities Center. Groggy and in an awful mood, I really questioned as to if I truly wanted to spend all day talking about diversity. I mean don't get me wrong, I believe in diversity, but often times at these conferences all people do is rehash the same old line over and over again, without providing any new questions or insightful solutions to old problems. However, much to my surprise, this conference, sponsored by the Office of Diversity and Affirmative Action, Suffolk County Human Rights Commission and the New York State Division of Human Rights, turned out to be one of the best conferences on this subject that I have ever attended.

When I was asked to write an article about the conference, I thought long and hard as to what format would be the most effective. I asked myself, should I report only on Angela Davis and Angela Oh's speeches? I mean they were the major speakers at the conference and surely people will want to know what they talked about. Or should I report on the many workshops that I attended? Here I was thinking that perhaps it would be better to talk about what went on in the smaller groups where there were more interactions amongst the participants. After a night of tossing and turning over this, I decided to report on what I saw, whom I talked to and whom I met. I think that in the end some of my reflections may provide the greatest insight into my day at the conference.

Reflection One:

Where was our dear President Shirley Strum Kenny? The only time I saw her all day was when she introduced Angela Davis and quickly left the stage. She, to my knowledge, did not attend Davis' brilliant speech on the prison culture in America. I then did not see her at any of the workshops that I went to, nor did I see her at the luncheon. Perhaps I missed her, but then again, since when doesn't our President Kenny make her presence known at events where the media is present? "President Kenny, Candace De Russy for you on line one!"

The lack of her presence indicated to me a few things. First, when you don't attend these things, it indicates that you do not respect the speakers. Second, for a person who prides herself on diversity, I wonder if Ms. Davis' somewhat controversial image was just too much for President Kenny to handle. President Kenny likes diversity, but she likes safe, PC diversity. I truly feel her absence at all the major events was an embarrassment to the campus. (I apologize in advance if she was indeed there hiding in the corner away from the media where I didn't see her.)

Reflection Two:

Both Angela Davis and Angela Oh were two strong and powerful speakers. I wish that I could relay to you their messages as elegantly as they were originally delivered, however I can't. The best way that I can sum up both their main themes, would be to say that both these speakers asked us think critically about a variety of issues in our culture. These asked us to think critically about traditional race, cyber-race, economic and educational issues as they

affect minorities.

I have to say that I missed parts of Ms. Davis speech, but I was able to attend a smaller workshop with her entitled, *Incarceration vs. Education: The New Slave Labor*. Here she talked about how more money is spent on incarcerating people for non-violent offenses than spent on education in most states. I was amazed to learn some of the things that were discussed. It truly made me feel that we all need to go and look at the prison systems in our country and ask ourselves if there is a better way.

Angela Oh, a trial attorney, and a former member of President Clinton's *President's Initiative on Race*, also gave a strong and powerful speech. Here what impressed me the most

was that she asked all the tables to take ten minutes and discuss with each other what new things we had learned at the day's conference? Some of us, like myself, had learned new things about race, labor, and the prison system in America. Though many others stated that all of this wasn't anything new to them. Even Ms. Oh, acknowledged that many of these ideas weren't anything new to many people involved in the issue of diversity. However, she then went on to give ideas on how to motivate younger generations to get them involved in issues of diversity. To her what are new aren't the issues, but rather the involvement in chal-

continued on page 10

Viewpoint: Students, The Paradox of the Invisible Majority

By Jenny Aguilar and Anna Ortega of Bold Hope

The Diversity Conference 2000, entitled "The Paradox of the Invisible Majority: Opression, Resistance, and Empowerment" was poorly attended by SUNY Stony Brook Students. I venture to say less than 100 Stony Brook students were there. Let me ask you something, did you as a student even know that it was going on? Did you even know that Angela Davis, a radical feminist, activist and scholar would be there? Probably not. But please, don't blame yourself. This is not a lesson on how apathetic and uninvolved in campus life you are. While apathy is a truth on this campus the fact is that, in this instance, the administration did not want you to be there.

My questions are the following. How dare the administration of this campus use facilities, the Student Activities Center for example, for purposes and events which we as students are neither made aware of nor welcomed at? How could they have the nerve to invite such an important political figure, such a prominent scholar, such a thought provoking speaker and keep her from the students? How did they have the gaul to invite Angela Davis — whose life has been dedicated to the struggle against the established system which maintains an oppression of the majority for the benefit of the few — even as the process used to have her here is discriminatory, exclusionary and elitist? Why invite her here to the Stony Brook campus and allow few students access to hear her speak? It appears that the administration knew full well what they were doing when they entitled the conference "the Paradox of the Invisible Majority," indeed it seems rather ironic that at an event of real consequence to the student body the least represented were the students themselves.

That students weren't welcome is more than evident. The fact that such a small space was designated for the event, the SAC auditorium, and that only 200 tickets were made available to the more than 18,000 students who attend school on this campus, as well as the simple lack of promotion of the event to the student body seem to demonstrate this fact. As a matter of fact members of the Diversity and Affirmative Action Office attempted to place the blame on the students for not actively seeking information about this conference. They claimed all students were sent a campus-wide email and voicemail message to inform them of the event. Bullshit! But I don't need to tell you. Just ask yourselves if you ever got such messages. As it were, members of Bold Hope had to go to the Office of Diversity itself for flyers to post in areas where undergraduate students

were likely to see them. As it was, posters were mainly visible in the Administration Building where visitors were likely to be informed. Apparently word of the conference was made available to the Deans of every department who were then supposed to 'trickle' the knowledge down the beurocratic pyramid. The lack of lunch accommodations for the students was another betrayal. While lunch is the least of my concerns, it is extremely relevant because it transparently symbolizes the beurocrats in charge even while they can stand up and boast about "dedication, appreciation, and celebration of diversity on this campus" as President Shirley Kenny does. The nerve of her and all in power to expect the students to "go eat down the hall in the school cafeteria on your meal card," as I was ordered by an automaton of the system.

But lets ask ourselves, why didn't they want students to come to the Conference? Whom did they encourage to attend? Well, they certainly did not want students to be there because, in reality, our education if the least of their concern! Our growth as human beings, our empowerment as a student majority, progress as a people, as people of color, as women, these are the least of their concerns.

Those who were invited included "community members," business people, clergy people, superintendents of public school districts, deans of departments, administrators of social service agencies (I know so because I recognized quite a few of them). Those who were welcomed were people firmly entrenched in the established system of human corruption.

We, the students of SUNY Stony Brook, the younger faculty of the university, were not invited. Not young people. Not people seeking change. Not people for whom this was something beyond a day off from work and a temporary return to their youth. Not those of us who might actually take her words and use them, learn from them, apply them directly to our lives.

Students were the last one to be invited to the conference. The Administration seems to fear student involvement, student empowerment, student comfort and stability. They welcomed and did not fear the Black and Latino middle class visitors who made up the mass of participants on Friday. The dominant white Administration allows these folks to come because they know full well that they will not be leading the revolution. The leaders of the struggle will be you and me and people who look like you and me, those of us who have less invested in the system and have little to lose in joining the struggle.

Finally, a Rape Aggression Defense Program

By Cheryl Edelman

According to the National Victim Center, one in every four college women have been raped or suffered an attempted rape. In the United States, 1.3 women are raped every minute, 1872 raped each day. 15% of all rapes are actually reported to the police. Rape victims are nine times more likely to attempt suicide than their peers. The National Victim Center has also noted that the fastest growing rape population is among college students. Imagine the danger that lurks on campuses similar to ours—filled with woody, deserted areas. I can not fully articulate the feelings of anxiety I receive when walking home after the sun has set, or the feelings of relief that surround me when I know I have safely made it home. These feelings are shared by many women here at Stony Brook.

This year, the University police has implemented R.A.D., a Rape Aggression Defense program in the hopes to "reduce the victimization through informed decision making and sensible action" says Tom Clark, instructor of the program. The course focuses on teaching safety skills and safety awareness. This weekly program begins with a lecture on crime prevention, basic talks about rape, date rape and other sexual assaults. Then students learn and practice the fundamental self-defense skills -- kicking, punching and block-

ing. Another important aspect of this self-defense program is the "adrenaline stress conditioning." The program sets up situations and allows women to act out their response and concludes with "stress conditioning," teaching the victim how to successfully respond to sudden attacks. In addition, participants are given a student manual which is useful to refer back to after completion of the class. Students who have completed the course are also able to repeat the program at any location, as often as they choose. Students are offered the opportunity to assist in the class as well.

The upcoming sessions will be from April 11th to May 2nd, 5:00-7:45 P.M. in the SAC room 305. Individuals wishing to participate are not required to pay any fee; generally the course ranges from 30 to 60 dollars, however the university police and Campus Residences have claimed responsibility for all costs.

I must admit that it is becoming frustrating to see program after program aimed at teaching women how to minimize violence. When will we realize that the men inflicting the violence desperately need to be educated? Only until men

are included in the crusade against rape and other violent acts, will we truly reduce crimes against women. Despite this, the empowerment of women is critical. R.A.D. should not be viewed as "rape prevention" because women have no control over this. If we did, would any women be raped? We must stop perpetuating the false notion that rape is the victim's fault. We can no longer blame women for the acts men commit against them. The ever-present threat of violence in women's lives, the fact that women cower, serves to demonstrate the lack of control and freedom in our lives. Programs like R.A.D. give women a sense of strength and security. Women who are capable of defending themselves acquire a much needed sense of power and confidence. To teach women to defend themselves, to show them "the personal power that was in them all along..." (Tom Clark), helps women feel in control of their lives, helps us fear less and live more.



"Keep Semen as a Source of Life, not Death."

By Jason Saturnin

One of the most important programs to be held during this Black History Month took place in the Unity Cultural Center. This program was organized by the African Student Union (ASU) and was designed to promote HIV and AIDS awareness among minorities. Dr. Floris Cash, a professor of African Studies here at SUNY Stony Brook, was one of a number of speakers that were present that night. Dr. Cash, along with the other speakers, spoke on AIDS statistics in minority communities as well as the severe effect that it is having on minorities. I encourage you to read on and then reflect on your past sexual activities. I hope that you will make a change in your sexual behavior if it is irresponsible, or at least get your self tested.

According to statistics presented by Dr. Cash, in June of 1999, there were 2,371 AIDS cases in Nassau and Suffolk counties alone. African Americans and Hispanics represent 31% (735) of these cases, and African American and Hispanic males alone make up 51% (375) of the latter cases. These numbers may not seem large to you, but keep in mind that these are only two counties. Think about how large Long Island is...then the nation...and next the world. We're talking about five to ten million people world wide, and these are only the reported cases. Next, do the same for the fastest rising group of people contracting AIDS, African American women. African American Women account for 53% of the female cases in Nassau and Suffolk between the ages of 25-50. According to Dr. Hector Sepulveda, Department of Preventive Medicine, School of Medicine at SUNY Stony Brook, the statistics related to treating minority AIDS patients are just as bad. In comparison to Caucasian individuals living with AIDS, African Americans and Latinos receive fewer doctor visits, fewer medical procedures, and their communities suffer from a lack of physicians. This discrepancy

is present with Caucasians and minorities that are on the same level - poor whites and poor blacks/rich whites and rich blacks. In addition, Dr. Sepulveda pointed out that African Americans with AIDS have the lowest life expectancy and the infant mortality rate is double that of Caucasians.

By living on a college campus, you may feel that you are in another world and are closed off to all these statistics or that you are just not capable of contracting AIDS. WAKE UP! Erica Paulette, peer advisor at the Infirmary, spoke of AIDS tests that were performed on college campuses in general. It was found that 1 out of 500 students were tested positive for the virus. At SUNY

responsibility. If that is your attitude, think about your sexual activities since you have been here. How many times, and with how many people, have you had unprotected sex with? How about oral sex? Feeling a little uneasy? You should because many people do not know that it is possible to live a lifetime with HIV and never contract AIDS. They won't get any symptoms but they will pass on HIV to others. When was the last time you got tested? There is no reason why you should not take advantage of the free AIDS testing that is done the second Monday of every month in the infirmary. If you have AIDS, they also offer counseling or you can ask them to refer you to the Equal Opportunity Commission (EOC) of Nassau County -three of the advisors that spoke at the program work there.

Abstinence will not be preached to you. Instead I ask that you and your partner hold off from sex until both of you have been tested. There are individuals who will lie to you and say they are not infected. This is what happened to one of the speakers at the program. It was during this person's first sexual experience at the age of eighteen.

Lets forget about AIDS for a second and talk about Chlamydia, Herpes, Gonorrhea, Genital Warts, etc....How many of you know all too well about these STD's and viruses because you or a friend has contracted one of them, but yet you still have sex without a condom because you "dodged the big bullet." Well, just as easily as you got

one of these, you can get AIDS - for the record, condoms are not very effective against types of Herpes and Warts, so please get tested before physical contact.

To quote the words of Joy Andrews, Recruiting Officer for the ASU, and a peer advisor from EOC, respectively, "Keep semen as source of life, not as a source of death." "Do not compromise yourself to please someone else, it's not worth it." The only one who will be there for you after you contract the virus is the virus.

When was the last time you got tested? There is no reason why you should not take advantage of the free AIDS testing that is done the second Monday of every month in the infirmary.

Stony Brook, however, 250 students were tested and 1 out of those 250 was positive. What makes this more frightening is a survey that was done on Stony Brook freshmen. 23% of freshmen say they use condoms all of the time, while 23% say they use them half of the time. So this means at any given time there can be up to 77% of them not using condoms. What if one of these freshmen was the 1 out of the 250? You're probably saying, "I am a graduating senior about to get out of this place, let those underclassman deal with their own irre-

Supreme Court Rules on the Fourth Amendment

By Shari Goldsmith

The Supreme Court has addressed three separate court cases, within the last three months, to further define the Fourth Amendment, and to what extent citizens' civil rights are in jeopardy.

The Fourth Amendment, included in the Bill of Rights of the Constitution, is responsible for protecting Americans from unreasonable search and seizures by an officer of the law.

On March 29, of this year, the court decided that an anonymous tip that a person is carrying a gun is not enough to justify a stop and frisk by the police without some further sign that the information is reliable.

In January, the Supreme Court ruled that flight at the mere sight of a police officer could often, in the context of other factors, be suspicious enough to justify the police in conducting a stop-and-frisk search.

The issue of whether passengers relinquish any expectation of privacy in their luggage, once they toss it into an overhead bin where it can be pushed and shoved by other people, seeking room for their own bags, is still in question; all updates are as reported in the New York Times.

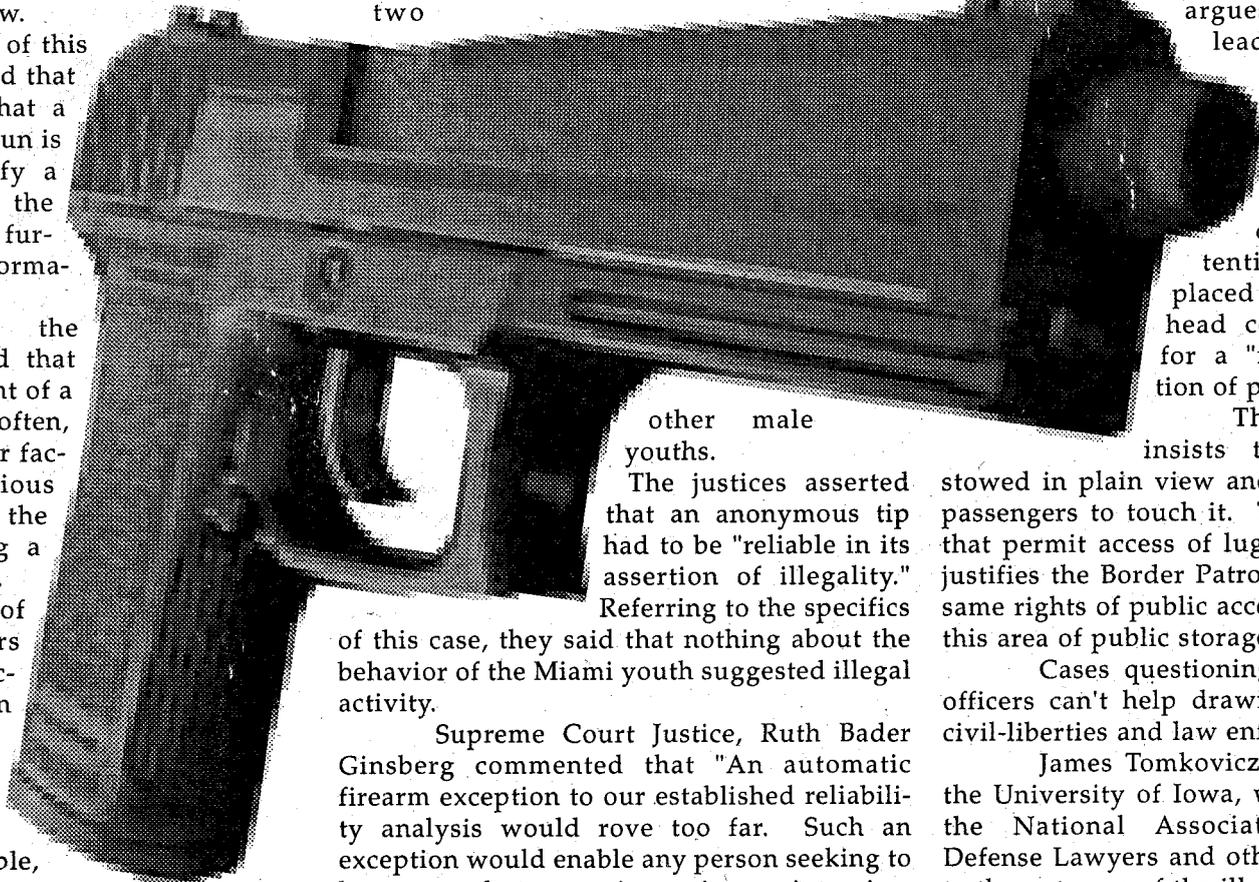
The role of police officers has been under close observation over concerns about their relationship with civilians. Lately, there has been an outcry of public urgency, with concerns about the police department's policy of racial profiling.

The most recent high profile case was the acquittal of four police officers accused of shooting Amadou Diallo to death, despite his being innocent of any wrong doing. States across the country, including California, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York, have been publicly addressing this problem and, in some cases, implementing independent evaluations of their police departments, to document evidence that reveals policies of racial profiling.

The outcome of the case of anonymous tips on guns was a rejection of an argument put forward by Florida, with public support from the Clinton administration and a broad coalition of state attorneys generals. They advocated

that the inherent danger presented by situations of concealed weapons, based on a tip that offers more evidence than the Constitution would otherwise require, justifies police action.

This case, Florida vs. J.L., was initiated by the arrest in 1995 of a 15-year-old Miami boy who was accused of carrying a concealed weapon. Police had been anonymously called in reference to a black male wearing a plaid shirt, who was loitering with



two other male youths.

The justices asserted that an anonymous tip had to be "reliable in its assertion of illegality." Referring to the specifics of this case, they said that nothing about the behavior of the Miami youth suggested illegal activity.

Supreme Court Justice, Ruth Bader Ginsberg commented that "An automatic firearm exception to our established reliability analysis would rove too far. Such an exception would enable any person seeking to harass another to set in motion an intrusive, embarrassing police search of the targeted person simply by placing an anonymous call falsely reporting the target's unlawful carriage of a gun," according to the New York Times.

In January's decision that the mere flight of a suspect from police presents the "cause" needed to justify a stop-and-frisk search. This broad approach to the larger issue of unprovoked flight, left the justices split 5 to 4 on how to apply it to the facts of this case in Illinois vs. Wardlow in which a man fled from the sight of a convoy of police cars.

"The majority, in an opinion by Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist, held that the man's presence in an area known for heavy narcotics trafficking, combined with his unprovoked flight, justified the search," as reported by the New York Times.

Supreme Court Justice John Paul Stevens referred to the dissenting opinion of the case, that the information was too ambiguous to justify that the police officer had the requisite level of suspi-

cion, under the protection of the Fourth Amendment's prohibition against unreasonable search and seizures.

The last case is Bond vs. United States, which challenges the practice of Border Patrol's of searching for drugs by squeezing the luggage of bus passengers.

Steven Dewayne Bond, serving a 57-month sentence for being discovered with methamphetamine on a Texas bus. He

argues that the search leading to the drugs was unlawful, according to the Fourth Amendment.

In Bond's defense the contention is that having placed the bag in an overhead compartment allows for a "reasonable expectation of privacy."

The prosecution insists that the bag was stowed in plain view and was accessible for passengers to touch it. These circumstances that permit access of luggage to passengers, justifies the Border Patrol agents to have the same rights of public access to the luggage in this area of public storage.

Cases questioning the role of police officers can't help drawing the attention of civil-liberties and law enforcement groups.

James Tomkovicz, a law professor at the University of Iowa, who filed a brief for the National Associations of Criminal Defense Lawyers and other groups, referring to the outcome of the illegality of a search, as a result of an anonymous tip. "This decision has broad implications as a demonstration that 'crime control is a concern of a free society, but not the only concern,'" according to the New York Times.

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Today in Medicine

By Gregory Sahlem

In the world of medicine today, accepted treatments change almost daily, and it's the responsibility of every physician to keep up with the new developments. For those who are interested in fulfilling their responsibilities, medical journals are published and distributed. Now it's clear that these journals are written for physicians. However, for those of us interested in a health career, it definitely couldn't hurt to be up to date on these issues. In the last month I've gone through the Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA), which for those who don't want to pay \$200 a year can be found in its entirety at <http://jama.ama-assn.org>. The issue that will be described in this article was from March 15th 2000, and besides articles from there I found a few interesting ones from the magazine *US News*, in the March 15th 2000 edition.

On pg. 53 of *US News*, an article on a new way of treating cancer is found. The idea behind this new treatment, is the use of a vaccine in killing cancer cells. In this treatment, both the patients cancer cells and immune cells are extracted and mixed together. The mixing of the cells acts to recruit T-cells (those cells involved in an immune response), which are then reinjected into the patients body and recruit the body's immune system to recognize those cells as foreign cells to be killed. This treatment basically is the complete opposite of most other cancer treatments which generally work by killing cancer cells in any fashion possible while killing healthy cells at the same time (Chemotherapy, and Radiation). Before this method is used extensively, it will of course have to be studied further.

Starting on page 54 of the same magazine, a few new ways of unblocking clogged arteries in the heart are discussed. For one thing, in old Coronary artery bypass grafts (CABG), the heart's beat was

stopped, the patient was kept alive by artificial means, and then the bypass was done. Recently however, surgeons have been working on a beating heart. The advantages of working on a beating heart are obvious, you don't have to stop the heart, and then you don't have to restart it later.

In the same article, another issue was discussed, that being alternatives to CABG altogether. Open heart surgery's a very invasive procedure and should be avoided at all costs, so in the past, to avoid this later, blocked blood vessels were opened up using angioplasty (squeezing the plaque against the walls of the artery with a catheter and balloon), now that was effective temporarily, but of course, it didn't last for very long. A new alternative for angioplasty has been the insertion of radioactive pellets within a catheter. This new treatment has been found to be effective in breaking down the fatty plaque, as well as inhibiting the scar tissue that gives a place for plaque to build up in the first place. If opening up the clogged artery isn't the answer and a bypass has to be done, there now exists an alternative to even that. In a non invasive way of bypassing blocked arteries, it has recently been found that new arteries will grow with the introduction of growth factors, increasing the blood flow in the area, and avoiding the need to open up the chest.

In the March 15th 2000 JAMA, the effectiveness of Glucosamine and Chondroitin were evaluated. This article brought together a variety of other studies to determine how effective these two drugs were in the treatment of OsteoArthritis (OA). In almost all of the studies conducted, Glucosamine and Chondroitin showed moderate to large effects. They work by increasing synthesis of articular cartilage, thereby alleviating the symptoms associated with OA. The article mentioned that the trial evidence that was collected may have exaggerated the effects of these substances but still demonstrated that they had a positive effect and were safe to use.

In the same JAMA, an article concerning supervised exercise in post coronary artery disease (CAD) patients. Its been common practice that those individuals having received treatment for any coronary artery disease should be hooked up to an EKG (electrocardiogram) and monitored by a staff member while exercising. Because of the positive effects associated with exercise in CAD situations, its been common practice to continue its use. In the journal article, a study showed that the exercise programs were relatively safe, and it was questioned as to whether or not the use of costly supervision was necessary. With this in mind, risk stratification guidelines were proposed to determine who should be supervised while exercising according to who was most at risk. The study touched upon the fact that the risk stratification didn't necessarily correlate with those who had problems while exercising, implying that these stratification's weren't optimal in practice. Due to the variable risks it was determined that supervised exercise should be continued for everyone.

Another article involved the use of advance directives in nursing homes. Advance directives allow patients, or families of patients to determine how they are cared for. In the study, individuals in nursing homes were given options regarding their care in nutrition, resuscitation, etc. The main issues touched upon included nights in the hospital, mortality, and satisfaction of care. Patients using advance directives spent less time in the hospital, yet had a mortality rate of similar proportions to those without advance directives. The effect of these fewer nights in the hospital included reduced cost and lower mortality. As far as satisfaction with care, those using advance directives were found to be more satisfied with their care than those not using it.

For a better description of these articles you should read them. They all can be found on the Internet at no charge, other than that, that's it for now.

Illustration by Debbie Sticher

Diversity Conference Continued From Page 7

lenging them and the system that fosters them. What was nice to hear, as a young person, was her tell the audience to let us young people trust our instincts on these issues, and have faith that we will make the right choices.

Reflection Three:

Some of the non-famous people, who just came to learn, were more interesting than the people who were paid to be there. I met a woman named Carol Taylor. Ms. Taylor and I had a nice conversation about her being the first black African flight attendant. However, what drew me to her in the first place, was the fact that she was wearing a headband with the name Amadoo on the front of it. I engaged her in a conversation about the topic, and we talked about our different views. She then gave me a copy of her book entitled "The Little Black Book" which she wrote as an aid for young black men, and I gave her a copy of the Press, and a few articles I had written. We also spoke about her invention of the Racism/Colorism Quotient Test that she developed to test to see how much pathological racism a person possessed. Her mission is that it one day be a mandatory test for all police candidates and perspective jurors. I told her that I would like a copy of the test to talk about it with my peers and she told me where I can get it and how to use it and interpret the results. By the end of our conversation, I had her address and she had

mine and we both agreed to contact each other and talk about the struggle for diversity in America. This experience in and of itself was better than meeting Angela Davis.

Reflection Four:

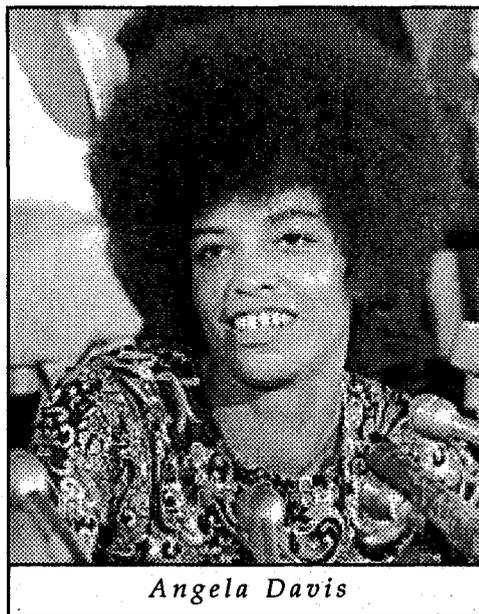
There weren't enough Stony Brook students at this event! It is a sad fact but that I believe that high school students who came because their High Schools had arranged a school trip to attend this conference, outnumbered the Stony Brook students at the event. What does that say about our campus? I believe it reflects that we all preach about diversity, but very few people are actually interested in learning how to make diversity work (Hello Ms. Strum Kenny). And that my friends is exactly why the issue of diversity is at a standstill, on this, and many other campuses in America!

I can't say that I agreed with everything

that I heard at the conference. And I can't say that I understood everything at the conference either. However, sometimes I forget that I am a minority. I mean, I am a white male, but I am a

gay white male. Perhaps, I am not the most oppressed minority but I am a minority nonetheless. This conference made me open my eyes a bit more as to why, diversity is important for everyone. It also provided me to talk to people I normally wouldn't have had the chance to talk to all day about issues such as this. I went in hating to have to go, and left really happy that I went and feeling that I learned a bit more.

Many will read this article and ask why I didn't report more on the speakers and their ideas. I defend my format in two ways: first, if you weren't there, what they said won't really affect you because all it will be to you are words on a page, not an interaction or an experience. Second, I feel that the individual speakers weren't the stars of the show. Rather I feel that the people getting together, hearing each other, and talking about differences was really the overall goal; a goal that the Diversity Conference 2000 achieved with high marks.



Angela Davis

Wishin', Hopin', and Reactin':

Another Take on Violence in Youth Culture

By F.L. Livingston

*"Not a word do I sa-ay
I just look the other wa-ay"*

So trilled Leslie Gore in her old song "That's the Way Boys Are." And I believed it. All of it. The part about a boy being naturally prone to such thoughtless actions as "checking out" other girls in front of his girlfriend. And the idea that a wise girlfriend keeps her hurt and anger about such "typical" male behavior to herself. I learned not to utter a word about any but the most serious "guy wrongs." It was a way of thinking that stayed with me for many years.

Just because of the influence of a single song? But it was more than that. Consider the effect of the well-known song lines, "I can't stay mad at you..." and "I wanna be Bobby's girl...That's the only thing I wanna beee..." As well as the teenage novels and television shows, in which the leading female character always had or tried to find a "steady guy." All these forces together conveyed the message that one *must* make every possible effort to catch, please, and, hopefully, keep a boy, even if it meant shrugging off some fairly hurtful behavior.

So, I'm not so quick to dismiss the people who evince concern with the youth culture of our times. I can easily sympathize with parents who cringe at the sound of vicious lyrics in current music. Or those who shake their heads in dismay at "murderous" games. Or who worry about the influence of certain rap stars and other current youth icons. I know firsthand how the popular culture can seemingly shape a young person's ideas and behavior for years to come.

I understand this position even more in light of recent events. The rapes and other abusive behavior that took place at Woodstock '99. The number of pop artists accused of or victimized by violent crime. Also, the late, notorious Eric Harris comparing the massacre of his classmates at Columbine High School to a favorite video game (as I mentioned in a prior article). With the anniversary of the Columbine killings so close at hand (April 20), my mind turns once again to this very serious issue.

And yet, I say only that the "popular culture can seemingly shape a young person's ideas and behavior." I say "seemingly" because I recall that not every item of pop culture made such a powerful impression on me. Helen Reddy's "I Am Woman" did not turn me into an "instant feminist." (Like many young women of my time, I agreed with some of the tenets of Women's Liberation but not all of them. Not even Reddy's catchy tune could succeed where rhetoric had failed.) Nor did my views of marriage and fidelity change as a result of seeing the then-scandalous movie, *Bob and Carol, and Ted and Alice*. ("Open marriage?" I wasn't so sure.)

What does that say? Could it be that I was only "influenced" by media offerings that echoed the values that I already had? If so, what does that mean, if anything, for the effect of pop culture on young people today?

In fact, if you don't mind my continuing to draw on my own experiences as examples — because those are the examples I know best — then perhaps the clearest illustration that I can offer you is my split reaction to that very popular record of 1964, "Wishin' and Hopin'," sung by Dusty Springfield. I strongly identified with the yearning of "unrequited love" revealed in

such lines as "Wishin' and hopin' and thinkin' and prayin'..." But at the tender age of 14, I could not believe that "...hold him and kiss him and squeeze him and love him..." was all you had to do to "be his." I was certain that "relationships" were about character and personality, only. The song remained one of my favorites — largely, because I let the main gist of the chorus pass me right by!

Clearly, I responded only to themes that reflected the feelings and beliefs that I had picked up at home or in the general society. What's more, I'm guessing that I am not alone in that tendency. So I suspect that we need to examine the trimmings of today's youth culture, not as forces that mold its values, but rather, as symbols of a set of values that many of our young people already uphold.

Not that I am retreating from my earlier position (stated in my *Columbine* article) that the media need to take responsibility for what they present to the young.* I have no doubt that some of its more aggressive fare reinforces violent attitudes. (Neither do I exempt those television shows in which the female characters attempt to "solve" their relationship problems by punching out their boyfriends! What's that all about? "The Inarticulate Woman's Lib?") But I question whether there would be a market for it if it did not appeal to a value system that was already in place.

In a *Newsday* feature, earlier this year, staff writer, Isaac Guzman gave voice to this identical sentiment. ("From the Streets to the Suites," *Newsday*, Volume 60, # 149, Sunday, January 30, 2000, Part D.) He pointed out that "hip-hop moguls" have long since detected "...a hunger for the music and the images they produce..." They make a concerted effort to "[keep] it real." And they do so by drawing their inspiration from what's happening in "the streets." I expect that the same is true for youth-oriented games, movies, and so on.

(Nor do I mean to negate the need for greater gun control in the effort to decrease violence.** But I have to admit that we cannot blame guns for all abuse among youths. Much of it involves other weapons, such as knives, and even fists. These may be less deadly than guns, but they are more readily available.) If the adult world continues to rage only at the symptoms of the problem, then it will not get much better. In fact, it may get worse. This inclination only

suggests that we are slighting the ideas of the young and trying to stifle the expression of them. It can lead to little more than defensive resistance on the part of many young people. Not to mention denials on the part of the companies and artists involved.

What our society needs to do, I think, is to get at the underlying philosophy at work here. We need to try to understand this doctrine and how it developed. Then we can try to identify the positive aspects of it and to discern the points at which it sours.

It seems to be a rather aggressive ideology. Its cornerstones are such values as "strength," "respect," and "not wimping out." Quite often, unfortunately, these beliefs translate themselves into acts of violence.

This appears to be particularly true among adolescents. So often have I heard one teenager say to another, "You've got to do something," when the second one had been challenged or "disrespected" in some way. Just as frequently, he or she is encouraged (pressured?) to make that something an act of violence, even if "only" a slap. Settle for "mere" yelling? Maybe. Talk it out? Doubtful. "Turn the other cheek?" No way!

Not every teen adheres to this code, of course,

but it's prevalent enough that it demands serious attention. It's not a bad set of values at base. To the degree to which it is a matter of showing courage and character it is, in fact, a very good one. The problem begins when some youths carry this code too far, when they allow these standards to wipe out other, equally important ideals, such as compassion and human welfare.

The true goal here is not to discredit the ideals of youth but to help to refine these attitudes, to separate the "good" from the "bad," the positive from the negative. Many young people need to learn, for instance, that being "strong" does not have to mean being destructive. That commanding "respect" does not necessarily entail denying the dignity of others. And that there is a difference between "wimping out" and "choosing your battles."

Some will still argue that it is the media that has taught the young to express their ideas in the form of physical aggression. That is possible. It is just as likely, though, that this negative behavior is a reaction against the "Peace and Love" ethic of my generation. Or it may derive from the violence that lay under the surface of this older age group, the aggression that tended to come to the fore during so-called "political trashings" then and, perhaps, in a general pattern of conduct now. I realize that every modern generation seems to define itself and its own overall system of values. Yet, it does so partly in response to the generation that went before.

Pause...Perhaps, I am setting up a false dichotomy between youths and adults. Most of you reading this article are college students, and so belong to both categories. You are young enough to understand youth culture "from the inside out." Yet, you are mature enough to comprehend where older adults become concerned...

Be that as it may...to blame the problems of youth culture totally on its trappings would be no more than a "cop out." No, we cannot sit around merely "wishin' and hopin'" that all teen violence will come to an end. But it is careful analysis — not easy accusation — that is needed. Then maybe we can take some productive action.

Now to take a break and spin a few old Beatle tunes...

*On Thursday, February 3, 2000, at 10 P.M. UPN (Channel 9) News reported that the video game industry has begun to police itself with a rating system.

** People recently reported that "4,223 victims aged 19 and under" died from gunfire in 1999, "according to the most recent figures from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention." ("Up Front: The Youngest Victims," *People*, April 3, 2000, Vol.53 No. 13, p. 65)



Harris compared the massacre at Columbine to a favorite video game.

Remember the (First) Ladies

By F.L. Livingston

Al Gore versus George W. Bush. Hillary Rodham Clinton versus Rudy Giuliani. With all that's going on politically right now, it may seem pointless to talk about "first ladies." Also, as the recent Women's History Month has proven once again, American women have made greater accomplishments than "merely" to marry into power and position. (Not to mention that nice, big house on Pennsylvania Avenue.)

Yet, the presidential wives have often been more visible than the elected "second-in-command," the vice president. From the earliest years of our nation, these women have had an influence, however small. It is worthwhile, I maintain, to trace the evolution of their role and take a look at its possible future. How did we get to the point where a first lady is a contender for senator of New York State? (And where do we go from here?)

The Tradition: Throughout most of our country's existence, the first lady played much the same part as most wives did, especially those of prominent men. She was seen as little more than an appendage of her husband, a reflection on his character, perhaps, but little more than a shadow flitting about him.

In some notable cases, however, that "reflection" greatly enhanced the image of her husband. As early as the days of Martha Washington, a principal factor of the first lady's role has been that of "first hostess." This function became important for political as well as practical purposes: The more talented the presidential hostess, the more respected was her husband.

In some cases, this "national hostess" truly stood out. It was the witty, vivacious Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, our second president, who actually placed the first lady into the hub of federal social life. Not long afterward, Dolley Madison, wife of the fourth president, James Madison, brought new dignity to this position with her uncommon charm, tact, and social skill. (Legend has it that it was Dolley who introduced ice cream into the American social scene.) Some people thought more highly of Mr. Madison simply because of his choice of wife!

A more recent example of a charismatic "White House wife" was Jacqueline Kennedy, beloved both at home and abroad. In fact, she so enchanted the Parisians, that her famous husband, John, felt compelled to refer to himself as "the man who accompanied Jackie Kennedy to Paris!"

The Underbelly of the Tradition: That alleged "shadow" could cast aspersions on the president, as well, though little damage has ever been done to a president this way. Perhaps the best example of this phenomenon is the story of Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of



Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis

Abraham Lincoln. Because she had several relatives who sympathized with the Confederacy, gossip had it that she was a closet Confederate herself! Vicious rumors arose that she was a "rebel spy" who pried government secrets out of the president and gave them to the South! These tales were untrue and have long since been disproven. They caused the Lincolns a great deal of pain but never seriously tarnished her husband's image, then or

later.

Ladies with a Cause: From the beginning, there have been some political wives who concerned themselves with matters of public interest. "Remember the Ladies," Abigail Adams asked the Framers, albeit in vain. Also, she was openly opposed to slavery. Later, when the British burned down the "President's Mansion," in 1814, it was Dolley Madison who rescued important papers, historical documents, and even a portrait of George Washington.

But it was not until the Twentieth Century and the advent of Eleanor Roosevelt that the first wives began to become fully active in issues of political and societal import. Frequently acting as the "eyes and ears" -- and occasionally, the "mouthpiece" -- of her husband, Mrs. Roosevelt traveled far and wide. She gave lectures and held press conferences, promoting the policies of FDR's administration. She listened to the concerns of the public and brought this feedback to her husband. Beyond that, she had her own radio program and a syndicated newspaper column, addressing her favorite issues of social reform. A highly controversial figure, she broke away from the confines of her wealthy upper class background to strive for the rights of labor, women, poor people, and racial and religious minorities. In so doing, she commenced to redefine the very meaning of the title "First Lady."

The impact on other White House wives was not evident at first. (Her two successors, Bess Truman and Mamie Eisenhower, one a Democrat and the other, a Republican, showed no interest in extending Eleanor's legacy.)

Then Jackie Kennedy entered the scene. Her pursuits were more traditionally "feminine" than Mrs. Roosevelt's, but they had an impact just the same. She supervised the restoration of the White House and fought to save such cultural landmarks as Carnegie Hall and Nineteenth Century residences in Washington. Unintentionally, she also became a fashion icon, popularizing such items of "simple elegance" as "the little black dress." Her focus was not political, but she left an indelible imprint on the cultural life and fashion philosophy of our nation.

Since then, every first lady seems to have had a "project." It is almost expected. "Lady Bird" Johnson had her anti-litter campaign ("Keep America Beautiful!"), and Nancy Reagan had her war against drug abuse ("Just Say No!"). Roslyn Carter took up the cause of mental health and Barbara Bush, the

fight against illiteracy. Betty Ford focused on the problems of breast cancer, as well as alcohol and other addictions. (Witness: The Betty Ford Clinic.) Hillary Clinton has highlighted, in turn, health care, education, and the general needs of children. Almost every presidential wife since the '60s, whether Democrat or Republican, has felt encouraged -- perhaps compelled? -- to have a pet concern or two. (Only "traditional" Pat Nixon, wife of

Richard Nixon, deliberately refrained from adopting a definite project. However, even she cheerfully hosted events for various volunteer organizations.)

Often their efforts have met with bitter criticism. "Who elected her?" opponents demanded regarding HRC. Roslyn Carter was both lauded and condemned for being the alleged "brains" behind Jimmy's administration. Regardless, no longer can the first lady "merely" be a charming addition to her husband's entourage. Now, she can—and must—make a difference on her own.

(By the way, both former President Carter and his wife have always denied the accusation that she exerted any kind of hidden power. Yes, she did sit in on cabinet meetings. She even took notes! And her husband admitted to seeking her opinion from time to time. But they adamantly refute the idea that she had any undue influence on the governing of this country.)

The Career Gal: Not surprisingly, Eleanor Roosevelt was the first presidential wife to build her own career life while in the White House. In fact, besides her achievements

in journalism and broadcasting, she also authored several books, including her autobiography, *This Is My Story* (1937).

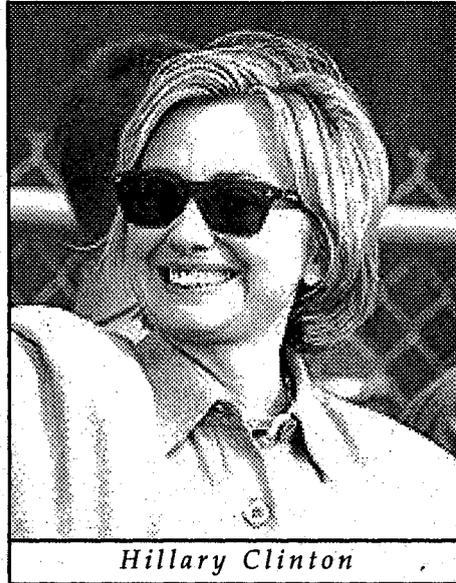
No first lady actually worked for the president in a specific job until Roslyn Carter, however. In 1977, Jimmy sent her as his personal representative to Latin America. She enjoyed a brief but successful stay there.

The only other White House wife ever appointed to a position on her husband's staff, to my knowledge, is Hillary Rodham Clinton. As one of her husbands personal advisors, she was actually placed in charge of planning health care policy. True, the health initiative that she promoted did not succeed. Yet, she may have added another new twist to the definition of "American First Lady." (It is a complicated matter because it touches on the subject of nepotism, but that would be an article in itself.)

Life After the White House: Yes, there is life after the White House, usually an affluent and elegant retirement. But some first ladies have continued to actively contribute to society after their sojourn in Washington. Eleanor Roosevelt, for example, served as an energetic delegate to the United Nations. There she functioned as a strong ally of the "new" nation of Israel and as a driving force behind the drafting of the Declaration of Human Rights. Jacqueline Kennedy (later Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis) became a prominent magazine editor. Along with Jimmy, Roslyn Carter has been deeply involved in the Habitat for Humanity. In response to criticism of herself and her husband, Nancy Reagan wrote a book called "My Turn." Hillary Clinton authored one entitled "It Takes a Village."

But it is only HRC who has decided to try her own hand at running for office. Will this become a new trend for presidential wives on the way out of the White House? Will, perhaps, the first woman president be a former first lady? And will that woman be HRC, herself? Only time will tell.

And maybe someday, someone will write about the history of America's "first gentlemen."



Hillary Clinton

Hanging in the Closet

By Tim Connors

She hung herself in the closet of her room. This article is about suicide so it may be a bummer. On the other hand, if you enjoy other people's pain and misery, read on.

I don't have any insight into what people think that leads them to kill themselves. I have thought about killing myself from time to time, but that doesn't bring me any closer to understanding why other people do it.

There's a difference about thinking about how I would kill myself and actually doing it. Today I don't want to die and I'm grateful for that. If you have had similar thoughts, you have my empathy.

The first time I saw a suicide attempt was a little over ten years ago during my freshman year at Villanova. It was an uncomfortable time in my life; I was in my second semester and didn't know if my college bill would be paid. The bursar's office was sending threatening letters in attempt to get my family to pay. My parents' marriage was on shaky ground and I was glad to be away from their fighting.

My roommate was six four and a black belt in Karate. We drank only on the days that ended in Y and tried to pick up women. He was better at smooth talking women than I was; I couldn't get a date if my life depended on it. (I haven't improved that much, but thank god for older women!) There was a constant flow of women through the dorm. I suspect it was for the free alcohol more than anything else.

I lived in a freshman dorm on the second floor. We used to play this game called doorknob. It consisted of beating the shit out of anyone who farted until they made it to a doorknob and then the beating would end. My roommate tried to do this to me once and he just pissed me off, so I tried to throw him out an open window. I got him about half way out but the window was just too small to fit him. I calmed down before I got to the point of trying to fold him in half.

Violence was a part of the college experience; there were boxing gloves around for anyone who wanted to mix it up a little. I think my RA set the tone for the floor, he was a marine, definitely a kick ass and take names later kind of guy.

My roommate was one of the more violent people on the floor. One time, our building president was hitting on someone's girlfriend and my roommate took him out of the room. The president got pissed and hit my roommate, which was not a good idea. My roommate palmed the kid's face like a basketball,

picked him up with one hand, and bounced his head on a concrete wall while telling him to never do that again.

Well enough background, the Friday night party started like any other. We went on a beer run and got the usual seven or eight cases of beer. The room was still decorated with Christmas lights and posters. People would float from room to room socializing and drinking; the guys on the floor would try their best to chat with the girls they had invited from their classes.

My roommate had invited a girl he was rather fond of back to our room for drinks; there was usually a crowd in our room. One of the other guys from our floor picked up the girl after my roommate had spent a while trying to get somewhere with her.

I think that's what happened. I wasn't paying that close attention to what was up until my roommate went tearing

down the stairs. This seemed odd so we followed him outside to see what the fuck was going on, and why he was carrying a knife.

There were five of us outside and my roommate was sitting Indian style on the grass next to a seldom-used footpath. He had a boot knife in his right hand and his left arm was lying straight on his lap. A boot knife is about three inches long with edges on both sides a sharp point and two-inch gray metal handle. It's meant to be thrown and can easily be hidden in a boot.

I wish I had done something but I stood there not knowing what was happening or what was going to happen. One guy tried to get the knife away from my roommate but that just wasn't happening.

My roommate took three deep breaths and used the sharp tip to make a slash on his arm. The blade made an odd scraping sound; he hadn't turned the knife so the edges would slide into his arm. You may think this wasn't

a serious suicide attempt, but my roommate just didn't know how to kill himself, and probably hadn't given it enough thought.

It was a breezy night; it had rained during the day. There was a grass smell but the smell of blood drifted away on the breeze. I had goose bumps at that point, but my roommate wasn't finished.

He still had the knife and there was a second scraping sound. He had made another length wise cut along the inside of his arm.

He had missed the veins and blood was just oozing out instead of spurting.

One of the guys said "drop the knife" in a commanding voice, and my roommate did. I went inside to find a towel to stop the bleeding. The knife was taken away but my roommate was still determined to kill himself.

When I got back, my roommate was still sitting on the grass, he hadn't said a word. I tried to cover the cuts with the cloth and get them to stop bleeding. That's when my roommate decided he was going to jump in front of a car on the road about a hundred feet away.

He got up and started to run towards the road, and two guys tried to stop him. My roommate just pushed them off. I tackled him and we began to

struggle about twenty feet from the road. I was the only one who would wrestle him; the other guys were just too small.

He tore at his arm, mixing dirt and grass into the cuts. That's when I did something bright and told one of the guys standing there to get our RA. We wrestled for what seemed like an eternity but it was probably just five minutes. I'm grateful my roommate was more focused on hurting himself than me. The RA's came and subdued him and called an ambulance.

The guys from my floor and I visited him in the local psychiatric ward where he ended up. I didn't understand why he did it. I didn't relate to his experience in the bin. I was curious about it but he just couldn't explain what it was like.

My roommate came back to school the next semester. I visited him in his new room. He hadn't changed, he was still the life of the party. I stayed in school for three weeks until I was kicked out because of an unpaid tuition bill.

I don't know what became of my roommate or the other guys on the floor. I started working two jobs and, that Christmas, my family was evicted from the house I grew up in.

A week after the suicide attempt we had our first party. It was a rather somber affair. We sat around in a circle; there was only one person there I didn't know. She was a very pretty young girl. Most of the conversation centered around what had happened the week before.

That girl killed herself later that week. She hung herself in the closet of her room.

I wonder how many people missed the suicidal behavior in that young girl. She came to complete strangers, I believe, in the hope that we would stop her or help her. My roommate brought up suicide in conversations we had and I never realized that an attempt was what was on his mind.

Like I said at the beginning, you just don't know why someone will kill themselves. My suicidal thoughts lead me to eat a few handfuls of pills and I put less thought into why I should kill myself than I do to find my shoes in the morning. Despair, loneliness and failure were the feelings that made me try to kill myself with little thought. For me it's not so much the thoughts, but the feelings that would give me the impetus to kill myself.

The blade made an odd scraping sound; he hadn't turned the knife so the edges would slide into his arm.

ALL IN THE

By Chris Sorochin

I'm really sorry to bore you all with yet another travelogue. You see, I'm trying to establish credentials as a travel writer and get someone other than the State Department to pay for my trips. But for some reason, Condé Nast, Fodors, and the rest are not beating down my door in an ecstatic frenzy to purchase my disjointed tales of mind alteration, cultural observation and political dismay and adorn them with full-color photo spreads and an expense account. Maybe I'm just not upscale enough to appeal to the wealthy boors they cater to. Just as well. I think down-scale tourism is so much more interesting and educational.

It all started with an invitation to my brother's wedding, which was to take place in Austin, Texas. His fiancée did the invites the old-fashioned way, not including a preprinted RSVP card, assuming, I guess, that I had elegant personalized stationery on which to pen a reply.

So I took a sheet of photocopy paper and, in my graceful and flowing chicken scrawl, composed the following:

Dear Rhonda--

I'd be happy to attend your nuptials...I hope the weather is good and maybe, if you make a large enough campaign contribution to Governor Bush, he'll suspend his execution mill for the weekend.

I knew I shouldn't have written that last bit, since my brother is a conservative, law and order cryptonazi (I once said that if he'd lived in Germany in the 1930s he'd have voted for Hitler and he agreed that he probably would have. I had to give him points for honesty), but I thought What the fuck and sent it anyway.

So I flew down on TWA, which was OK, especially since they didn't announce that tampering with the smoke alarm is a federal offense. For accommodation, they had booked us into a real Condé Nast sort of place, a fancy Victorian bed and breakfast loaded with antiques, velvet draperies and rich woodwork. The family wasn't charmed, not trusting anything that isn't shiny and plastic, but it really was nice. And they paid for it.

I had no time to unwind from my voyage, as I was immediately dragged to Ninfa's, a Mexican place, for a pre-wedding bash. They very sensibly had a separate room for our white-trashy little party. Pitchers of frozen margaritas appeared almost immediately and the assembled congregation set about eagerly sucking them down. It wasn't long before everyone was sauced. It was kind of nice, having everyone together and buzzed and being chummy, and also kind of weird because the

favorite family pastime is criticism and discord.

Now, we're not a touchy-feely bunch, although my fifteen-year-old nephew, Jason, persists in punching me in the shoulder and stomach, continuing our ongoing "friendly" physical conflict. He's taken tae-kwondo for years and has belts and trophies up the wazoo, but I have about 100 pounds on him and can easily crush him like the puny insect he is. On this occasion, however, there are too many potentially disapproving witnesses, and so I smile indulgently at his taunts of "C'mon, Tubby" and "You're all talk." I'll get 'im this summer during my annual summer visit. In the Carolina woods, no one can hear you scream...

And my tribe certainly is not big on speaking their hearts. The tacit covenant is that all ancient but still festering wounds and current resentments are to remain kept to oneself. So when my mother, who rarely drinks and has had two, maybe three margaritas and is absolutely gone, starts talking about her messy relationship with my father, god rest him, and the troubles that led to their extremely inamicable divorce, it's kind of like an unexpected psychic upheaval. A further unexpected breakthrough comes out of the blue when she admits that the problems weren't all him. "It takes two to tango, y'know."

Mom has of late become a devotee of Judge Judy, the latest in a series of dodgy TV justices who provide Middle America with the authoritative parental figures they so desperately seem to need. Mom likes the fact that "she doesn't take any nonsense" and freely tells people to shut up, that they're not fit to be parents, and other pleasantries. She recently told an audience in Australia that needles exchange programs for addicts were the brainchild

of "liberal morons" and went on to recommend that addicts be given dirty needles and let die. Mom says this can't be her, but would the Australian Associated Press make it up?

Among the other guests is my brother's high school buddy, Gary, now living in northern Virginia--Oliver North country. Gary goes on enthusiastically about how "pro-business" his area is and all the destroyers and other death-producing junk he has some

unspecified part in making. I have to suppress an impulse to mention that I know and support those who pour blood on those things, and have often protested them. It's not a particularly difficult task and I wonder if I'm mellowing in my old age.

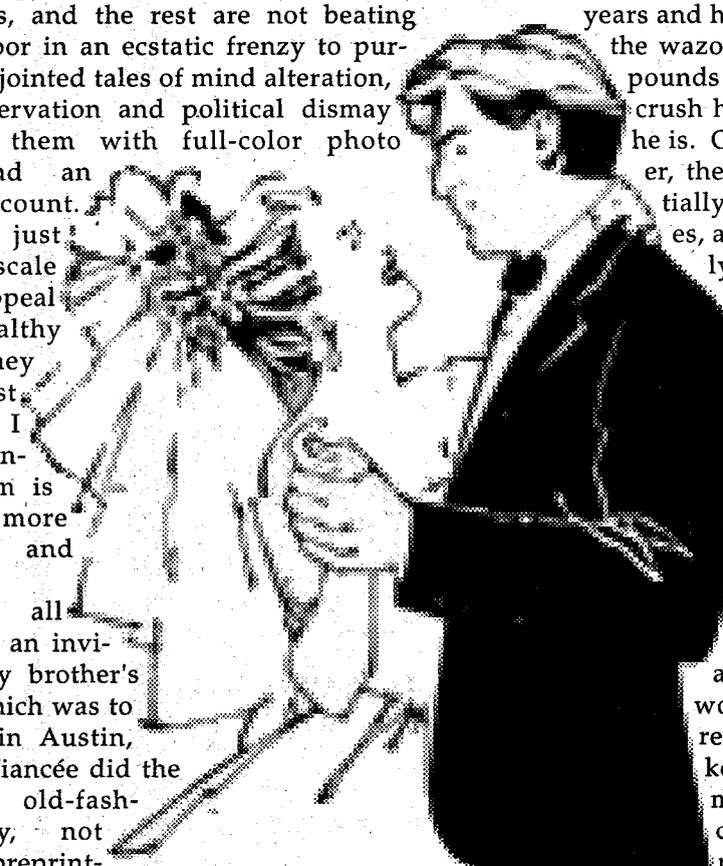
My other brother, Joe (not the groom), has been a Neanderthal since day one and through the years I've waited and waited for him to evolve and outgrow the phase but he hasn't, and by now, probably never will. I avoided him for the first half of the evening, but then his girlfriend, who seems too intelligent to be with him, waved me over to their table. He was devouring mammoth plates of taco meat and holding forth in favor of social Darwinism. This time, however, my tongue and inhibitions loosed by alcohol, I told him exactly what I thought of his beliefs. I called him a Nazi. I asked what militia group he belonged to. Strangely, he supports gun control. But otherwise he's a troglodyte with no sympathy for anyone who doesn't have life as easy as he does. And he reminds me of every time I've had to listen to some clod in a bar mouth off in some reactionary direction. Only this time I say what I think.

Joe's girlfriend wanted to go jogging the next day, but he doesn't want her to walk the three blocks in what is essentially a college town to get there, especially since she's fresh out of pepper spray. Joe, obviously, is one of those guys who 1. watches way too much TV and as a result sees the potential for violent crime lurking around every corner and 2. seeks to control his woman by not letting her make her own decisions about how dangerous the world is and how to deal with it. He acknowledges his lack of a leg to stand on by asking me not to get involved in this argument.

Towards the very end of the festivities, Rhonda sits down and, judging me sufficiently anesthetized, tells me she read what I wrote when I RSVPed and so did her conservative sister, who asked her to tell me, "One down and one to go." I guess she was referring to two high-profile executions, that of Larry Robison, a mentally ill man who was released from the institution despite the pleas of his mother who knew he was dangerous. He had been executed shortly before. Coming up was a grandmother who'd been a victim of domestic violence and had killed several husbands. In actuality, George Dubya Bush has executed some 112 people in his tenure, a record among governors since the Supreme Court reinstated the death penalty in 1976.

Rhonda went on to explain that since her sister had three kids, she felt the maximum penalty must be paid for those who destroyed human life. I offered that if that's the case she must want Gov. Bush's father strapped into an electric chair for all those kids he killed in Iraq.

She had no comeback for that, so I further suggested her sister get hold of an out-of-state newspaper, in which she could read that the governor of Illinois had declared a mora-



The president of the University was forced to resign because he refused to carry out the censorship and firings.

FAMILY . . .

torium on the death penalty after it was discovered a full half of the inmates of Death Row were innocent! She said Texas wasn't Illinois, but I didn't touch that one, discretion being the better part of valor and all that.

The next day I managed to set out solo to check out the environs. Are you listening, Condé Nast? Austin is reputed to be the hippest, most progressive city in Texas. It certainly is more pleasant than Houston or (yuck) Dallas, with lots of nice old houses, gardens and trees and a minimum of the hideous glass boxes that pass for office buildings these days. It's home to the University of Texas and most of the "hipness" is concentrated on Guadalupe St., adjacent to the campus. Here are plenty of self-consciously quirky shops, lots of tie-dyes and piercings, but everything is too clean and orderly. I see a sticker pasted on a lightpost that says "Reinstate the Bill of Rights." I find a racist sticker on a pay phone: "California--the Illegal Immigration State. Don't Let This Happen to Your State." I take a key and scratch that mother off. On a Chinese fast-food place: "We reserve the right to refuse service to anybody."

Lots of businesses have signs not allowing you to enter the premises with the concealed weapon Texas law so thoughtfully allows to pack. And loads of really nasty "Don't Park Here or You'll Definitely Be Towed" signs.

On one corner, a group of political science nerd types are handing out propaganda for Bill Bradley. Other signs inform me there'll be a rally for John McCain that day. I wonder if I can stomach it.

I enter the campus. UT is the largest university in the country and the campus is very nice, with plenty of faux-Mexican buildings and patios ("No smoking on this porch," prisses one sign). Dominating the entire set-up is a huge tower and as I wander through the grounds, it clicks: that's the infamous tower. In the mid-60s, some guy went nuts, climbed to the top observation deck with some high-powered rifle with a scope, and from that commanding vantage point began to pick off passersby within a generous radius. I forget the guy's name and the body count (around 20, I think) but there was a bad TV movie made back in the '70s with Kurt Russell, "Tower of Terror" or some such thing.

Naturally I can't resist entering and see that there is indeed a line forming for the next observation deck tour. And bless my soul, before embarking on said tour, one is obliged to pass through a metal detector, I guess to discourage

copycats. I go up to the two campus cops and ascertain that someone did indeed take it upon himself to blow folks away from the summit of the UT Tower. But neither of them recall his name.

Before exiting, I notice framed issues of newspapers from bygone years. One in

particular caught my attention. Back during World War II, various conservative state officials had complained about certain members of the faculty, particularly in economics, for teaching "Marxism," and English, for teaching "subversive" works by authors like John Dos Passos. There was a whole orchestrated public outcry (much like recurring teapot tempests here) and dismissals. Amazingly, there were also huge student protests, in that time and place. Even more surprising, many of the returning veterans joined in, having been told that they had fought for the freedom of expression. A sidebar of the article carried a warning from the Navy authorities forbidding their recruits from taking part. The president of the University was forced to resign because he refused to carry out the censorship and firings.

On my way off campus, I passed the McCain rally, there were about 30 people, waving Texas flags and there was taped mariachi music playing--Texas is 25% Latino and every politician has to try to appeal to them. That's why Bush speaks bad Spanish. This was before McCain called it quits and aren't you glad he did? Anyone who uses words like "gook" is not fit to have his hand on the button. Then again, how much worse could he be than draft dodger peacenik Bill Clinton, who has the distinction of bombing four countries (and several others unintentionally) within one year?

Later, I explored downtown Austin in search of a cup of coffee. It's almost impossible to find coffee in the middle of the day, save for at places like McDonald's. Southerners don't seem to grasp the idea of coffee--it has to be readily available at all hours--but they do have excellent homemade unsweetened iced tea.

I passed a liquor store with a sign advising "under 21s" that there may be a police officer inside posing as a store employee. They even have a cute little name--"Cops in Shops." I wondered if the officers in such operations did any actual work while waiting to swoop down.

Near the huge pinkish stone State Capitol building I came upon a demonstration against the death penalty. The protesters seemed to be marching around the block of some park. They had signs denouncing Bush's "compassionate conservatism" and his declaration of Jesus Christ as a favorite philosopher. There was even a sign demanding jus-

tice for Diallo! A woman shouting slogans through a bullhorn estimated the turnout at about 300. I decided to make a symbolic circuit as a representative of the Great State of New York. After rounding a corner, we passed a huge gate behind which was a palatial residence. It was Bush's mansion! Three heavysset ladies standing in front with petitions confirmed this: "We're not here by accident."

Wow, I thought, in tight-assed Texas they can demonstrate right in front of the governor's mansion and not be penned into police barricades. And there were only three cops there--two behind the gate and another outside. In New York, no demonstration takes place without being surrounded by an army of police. At that moment Texas came up a whole lot in my estimation.

The wedding itself was an understated affair, taking place in the garden of the B&B. There was no dancing, no embarrassing rituals, no tack. The newlywed couple weren't even going to cut the cake themselves, until someone pointed out that no one else was going to cut the fucking thing unless they did.

Mom wore a dress with the familiar judicial lace shoulder epaulets of...Judge Judy! My brother's former girlfriend, who had tried to pressure him to pop the question for the longest time, showed up in a loud green pantsuit. Her parents, too.

There was a buffet with all kinds of frou-frou delights, one of which was roasted legs of quail wrapped in bacon. How many of those miserable little birds had to give their lives for this questionable treat?

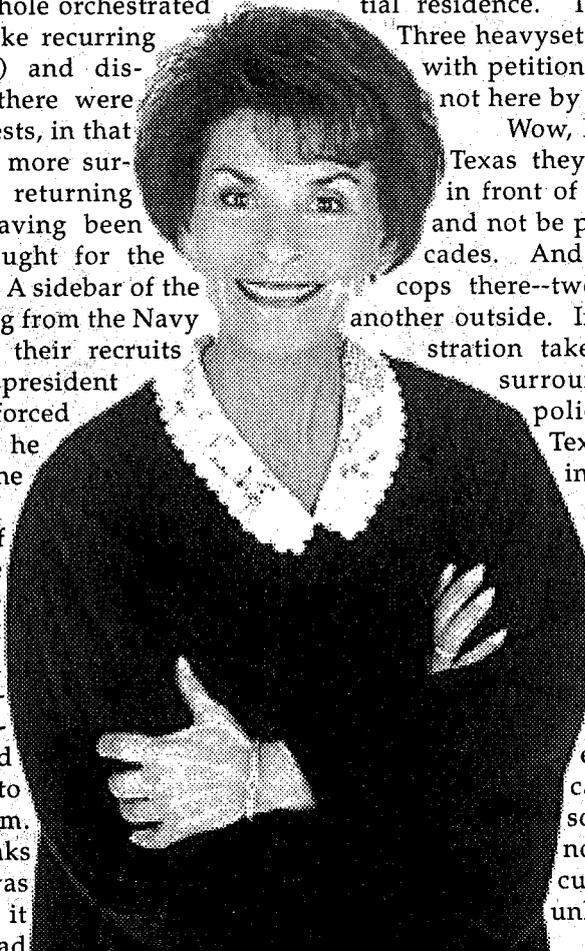
I took it upon myself to get my sister to let Jason and his sister have a drink. Come on, I said, remember when you were fifteen and were drinking every weekend? She remained adamant, another hypocrite, until I threatened to recite some of the more embarrassing drunken exploits of her youth. "OK, you can have ONE."

After several hours, most of the guests left and the bar closed down. Everyone drifted off to bed.

The next morning, Joe and I had another debate at the breakfast table about people who don't have enough money because, he maintained, they spend it on crack. And how letting Elian Gonzalez stay in the country would lead to an "invasion" of brown-skinned children. I think on this occasion I applied the terms "prick" and "professional asshole." It was extremely therapeutic.

As we drove to the airport, Joe, an avid fisherman, condemned those "canned" hunting places where you can shoot an animal that's trapped in some pen. I agreed that these places shouldn't be allowed and he said that he wasn't going to argue any more so he could say when we left we were in agreement.

As family visits go, not entirely bad.



Sorochin's mom?

Dear Rhonda--

I'd be happy to attend your nuptials...I hope the weather is good...maybe Governor Bush will suspend his execution mill for the weekend.

Stop Dr. Laura!

By Jill Baron

Many of you probably haven't heard of Laura Schlessinger, or Dr. Laura as she is commonly known, but she is one of Stony Brook's most well known graduates.

For years she's been hosting a radio call-in show [Frasier-style] in L.A., dispensing pseudo-advice and imposing her high- and -mighty morals on the unfortunate souls that reside on the west coast. She has caught flak for insulting many segments of the population that don't fit into her god-fearing nuclear family scheme, including single mothers, divorcees, and gays. Now, many gay rights organizations are up in arms because the conservative talk show host may be getting her own TV show. Her messages of intolerance and haughty "advice" that were once confined to California may now be getting a national forum. Although Schlessinger doesn't make it a well known fact that she is a Stony Brook alum (probably because she doesn't want to be associated with a public [gasp!] tax-supported institution), having her face all over national television will make you ashamed (if you weren't already) to be associated with an institution that spawned the likes of her.

According to an article in the *New York Times*, Viacom's Paramount unit, which will be producing the television show, was besieged with angry telephone calls and emails from people that were upset with Schlessinger's comments about homosexuality soon after they announced the plans for the show. The Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD) placed ads in *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter* citing examples of her comments and asked people to complain to Paramount. Another group has even set up a website, www.stopdrlaura.com, and has begun an email and telephone campaign against the show. So what has Dr. Laura said to make everyone so angry? She has referred to gays and lesbians as "biological errors," among other things. GLAAD and other gay organizations are mainly concerned that giving Schlessinger a television show will provide her with a forum to spread further misinformation and stereotypes about homosexuals to a national audience. They have also criticized her because many of the guests that have appeared on her radio show, which Schlessinger touted as "experts," were from the Family Research Council, a Washington-based conservative group.

Television executives, however, see Dr. Laura as a potential cash cow. An estimated 20 million people listen to her radio show each week, and her four books have sold a total of more than three million copies. The show, which is slated to begin in September, has been sold in more than 160 markets, representing 90% of the country.

What many people don't realize is that dear Dr. Laura, who has

openly insulted divorced people as morally degenerate on her radio show, has been twice divorced herself. And, despite the fact that some people actually think of her as a legitimate source of counseling and advice, she does not have any advanced degrees in psychology. But best of all, Little Miss Perfect, who sees fit to condemn those she deems to be morally bankrupt, posed nude for an old boyfriend of hers before she was "famous." Since she didn't have the foresight to retrieve the film, these pictures are now on the internet for all to see. What I have provided for you here [yes, these pictures are really of her], is just a small sampling of what's out there. I realize they may not be pleasant to look at, and I apologize for that (doesn't she have great tan lines?), but I think they help to prove my point. Let this be a lesson to you; if you have ever in your life let anyone take compromising photographs of you, and you plan to become any sort of public figure, GET THAT FILM BACK. With this crazy internet thing, they could one day wind up in the hands of a young college journalist who is intent on destroying you.

The many faces of Dr. Laura...



"Ollie-Ollie-Oxen-Free!"

By Brian Kate

"Ollie-Ollie-Ox-On-Three!" That's what we'd cry, me and the neighbor kids, when we'd play Hide-And-Seek in each others' backyards. I never was that good at playing Hide-And-Seek as a kid. Now I feel like I'm playing the same game when I try to find other people who don't consider themselves typical boys and girls, or at least people who are open and accepting toward all this gender stuff. Now it's a much more serious version of the game, real life, friendships and relationships. And I still don't know how to find the others.

I didn't have a head start. I knew I wasn't exactly a boy or girl as early on as age four, but I didn't face it. Back then I was the one doing the hiding. Hiding from my family who still don't understand why I "have to be this way." Hiding from friends of the family telling me "I hope you don't grow up to be one of these poor confused people who want to change themselves." Hiding from the other kids in the schoolyards, the girls who only wanted a "real" girl to join in their games, as well as the boys waiting to kick a "sissy" ass. Hiding especially from myself. While I was doing all this hiding, other people were learning how to interact with and get to know each other, learning how to play this big old "Game of Life, Love and Relationships." I'd missed the beginning of the game; I'd sat out my head start.

I finally accepted myself, as I am, as a neither, as a not-boy-not-girl, but it sure took me long enough. I went from being a kid who just didn't feel like telling anyone, to being an eleven-year-old uncomfortable with my "different" gender, to being a teenager who'd internalized all the negative messages, finally believing every word I'd ever been told about how "wrong" I was. I'd gone from not just fully understanding myself to actually hating myself.

I didn't realize there was nothing wrong with me until I was sixteen. I didn't start feeling comfortable with myself, actually liking and loving myself, as I am, as not being 100% boy or girl, until I was eighteen. I didn't tell a soul until a year later, and even then I could hardly find the words to tell even the people I cared most for. I didn't tell more than a handful, let alone the world, until I was about twenty-one, twenty-two. By that point I'd already "changed" myself, just like I'd been warned I might. I'd changed myself physically by growing a pair of breasts, changed my gender by going from "wanting to be a boy" to "wanting to be a girl" to knowing,

and accepting, and loving, that I'm not really either. No more running from myself. "Tag, you're It!"

I've finally accepted myself, and I'm okay with letting people know about myself, but I feel like I let an awful lot of time slip by. I feel like while I was so busy dealing with myself, so many other people were out there actually living, learning social skills, learning how to get to know each other, learning what a relationship is like and how to get into one. Now that I love myself, I want to find other people who'll love me too. But I don't know where to look.

I'm just looking for what other people want, some good friends who want to know me based on who I am, rather than my gender. I want someone to love me, more than even a best friend, in some kind of "romantic" way. I already have a best friend, and a few other friends, but I want more than that. The problem is that I don't know where to find any of this, or even where to start looking. I've already looked in the schools I've attended and still attend, the towns I've lived in, the straight, gay and "gender" communities, and I'm convinced that if the people I'm looking for are out there, they sure as hell are well hidden. This definitely seems to be the situation when I look for other "transgendered" people, other people who don't see themselves as typical boys or girls. It's just like all those twilights I spent as a kid losing at Hide-And-Seek. Maybe they're under the bushes.

I used to think I was the only "transperson" who spent my childhood and half my adolescence hiding from everybody and myself. Now I've learned that I'm one of the lucky ones who got it together after only that long. Except for my best friend Jamie, who was on a national talk show by eighteen, I'm one of the only ones I've met that I know of under forty. The average age for being public seems to be about late thirties, early forties. At half of the groups for gender stuff I've been to so far, at least half the people I met were going on fifty and just starting to be themselves. Imagine feeling like you have to let that much of your life go by without even being able to really be yourself. I'd say part of the

blame for that does lie with society's pressure on everybody to be completely boy or girl, with no in-betweens or outsiders, but part of the blame is with us "transpeople" ourselves.

We still hide from each other. There are still so many of us who are still so afraid of even themselves that they won't even have friends who are anything like themselves. There is still so little cooperation in the "gender community." I've seen so much of post-operative transsexuals, who got the whole sex change, looking down on pre-operatives, waiting to "get the change," themselves looking down on non-operatives, who don't want any operations, themselves looking down on drag queens, who in turn look down on "plain old cross-dressers," who then look down on those of us who just don't identify at all.

We need to stop doing this. All us transpeople, regardless of whatever we consider ourselves, go through the

same oppression from people who won't understand. We're all the unpopular kids on the playground, the ones the "cool" kids won't play with because we've got "cooties." We end up playing on the "unpopular" end of the playground, you know, the end with the broken rides, the cracked pavement, the swings that creak and don't move that fast because nobody's oiled them in, oh, about fifty years or so. We're not going to get anywhere by ganging up on each other and saying, "I've got less cooties than you-u, naner naner naner!"

We need to stop doing that. We need to stop ganging up on each other. We need to stop hiding from each other. We need to start getting together and start cooperating, first as people, then as people who aren't your typical schoolboys, schoolgirls, or other schoolkids. Maybe then we can start claiming our place on the playground, and start playing, start having fun. Ollie-Ollie-Oxen Free! Come out, come out, wherever we are!

My email is:

DarkKate@yahoo.com and you can find

"Welcome To Kate's World" at:

www.angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate/

or at: <http://go.to/TheDarkKate>



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Is he from Australia, and if so is he a convicted felon?

WHAT AM I HIS MOTHER

Are you sure?

GIIIIRRLLL IVE NEVER BEEN SO SHURE OF ANYTHING IN MY LIFE
...WILL YOU MARRY ME

Would you like to come to my house? Cause I have Sega and Michelob light.
GENISIS/ 8 BIT/ OR THAT DREAM CAST BULLSHIT ..IT MAKEZ A DIFFERENCE BELIVE ME

Where did you come up with the name Mindless Self Indulgence?
I HAVENT YET ...I THINK ILL USE THAT ...THANX..LOOKS LIKE A BITCH TO TYPE THOUGH

Was that last question exactly what you would expect from a newspaper interview?

FROM EVERY INTERVIEW BUT YOU FORGOT THESE GEMZ...
HOW DID YOU MEET
DESCRIBE YOUR SOUND
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A BAND
DO YOU REALLY HATE JIMMY PAGE?

This isn't so much a question as a request that you send me Jonathanis (that guy from Korn) kilt.
IM GLAD THAT AINT A QUESTION CAUSE IT WOULD BE A STUPID QUESTION

Smurfs or Snorks?
BITCH YOU DA SMURF

Star Trek or Star Wars?
TWECKY FROM BUCK RODGERZ

Ebony or Ivory?
WELL SEEING AS IM A NINJA ILL HAVE TO GO WITH PINK

Have you ever pissed on some one in the audience of one of your shows?
YES IT JUZT WASNT AT MY SHOW

Seriously though if your not busy you should come out to Stony Brook Campus and get absolutely ripped to the tits with us as we stroll around campus and make fun of the fat chicks in chainmail who recite Shakespeare in Klingon?
I NEED TO GET RIPPED TO DO THAT?

I bet you thought I was joking on that last one but I'm dead serious their is a big Sci-Fi convention this weekend and DAMN!
AND ME A GEEK WITH OUT A CAR

Would you ever think of touring with the Jim Rose Circus?
I WANA TOUR WITH SESAME STREET LIVE

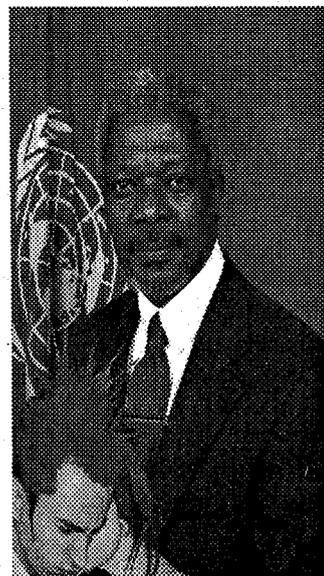
How are you coping with the recent end of Cats' historic Broadway run?
12 STEP PROGRAM

If each member of the band could be any super-villain who would they be? and why?
WE WOULD ALL TAKE TURNS BEING ROSCO CAUSE WE ALL LIKE FLASH AND WE ARE GOOD AT TAKING ORDERS FROM BOSS HOG

Would you like to write a regular column for us (just once a month on any damn thing you want to)?
WOULD I WOULD I ...FUK YEAH ARE YOU SHURE YOU WANA FUK UP YOUR JOB LIKE THIS?

If you had a gun with one bullet and you were locked in a room with Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, The lead singer from Journey, and Dee Snider who would you kill? And you can't say yourself.
LETZ BE FAIR AND DEER HUNTER THAT SHIT ON A CHRISTPHER WALKEN TIP

Should I stay or should I go?
AND DONT COME BACK



I assume that this is Jimmy but when I assume I make an ass out of... well you know.

LIL JIMMY URINE WAS AN INDIAN SQWA

So who do you think would win in a fight Korn or The Insane Clown Posse (assuming that their were five of them.)?

ARE YOU KIDDING THEY WOULDNT FIGHT THEY WOULD TAKE TURNZ HOLDING ME DOWN AND BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF ME

Have you ever noticed that Korn and N'SYNCH are never in the same place at the same time and also that many members of Korn wear glasses while NO members of N'SYNCH wear glasses?
DID YOU EVER NOTICE THAT MINDLESS SELF INDULGENCE IS A PAIN IN DA SS TO TYPE

Building off of that do you think that perhaps

N'SYNCH is comprised of the secret identities of Korn's members?

YOU KEEP TALKING ALL DIS JUSTICE LEAUGE SHIT AND ID BE WORRY'D BOUT DC SUE'N YO ASS

What type of alcohol would Mindless Self Indulgence recommend?
4 RESESE PENUT BUTER CUPZ AND ONE FLT CHERRY COKE

How do you feel that Duran Duran has influenced your music?
NICK PLAYS ONE KEY =WE PLAY ONE KEY /SIMON COULD NEVER HIT THAT HIGH PART IN VEIW TO A KILL= I CANT STOP HITTN HIGH PARTS EVEN WHEN PEOPLE WANNA KILL ME /ANDY WAS IN POWER STATION =STEVE CAN START HIS OWN FUKIN GROUP WITH ROBERT PALMER FOR ALL I CARE /ROGER NEVER SAID MUCH AND LOOKED CUTE =KITTY NEVER SAYZ MUCH AND IS CUTE /JHON TATLOR IS A SEXY GUY TO THIS DAY=VANESSA IS A ROBOT

Aren't the Insane Clown Posse really just cuddly little guys who love their respective mommas?
YOU SAID IT I DIDNT ..THAT IS THEIR TERRIBLE SECRET

One of the best songs off of Frankenstein Girls... refers to the fact that dicks are apparently for your friends, now is it possible to be your friend and not get the dick?
DEPENDS ON HOW UGLY YOU ARE ..AND REMEMBER IM ALL ABOUT A GIMP

Do pop rocks and Coca-Cola really cause your head to explode?
ITS YOUR PANCREUS MIKE'Y

What are you doing on Saturday?
WHAT DAY IS TODAY ..IS JIMMY CARTER STILL PRESIDENT

If someone (lets say...me) were to propose that MSI make a video for one of their new songs (lets say... Golden I) that follows the exact format and images of Duran Durans hit Hungry Like The Wolf, How receptive would you be to that hypothetical idea?
WHY DONT WE JUST SWAP THE MUSIC THEN WE DONT HAVE TO DO ANY WORK

How do you spell illiterate?
ME WANT HONEYCOMB

Have you ever been to an IHOP (International House Of Pancakes) and if so did you sample the Rooty Tooty Fresh and Fruity breakfast platter? Because I hear that it's scrumptious.
I CANT STRESS THIS ENUFF GERMAN PANCAKKEZ GERMAN PAN- CACKKEZ GERMAN PANCAKKEZ

How did you meet Jamie Hewlett of Tank Girl fame?

Headlines

The National

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

○ Bigfoot Photographs Self; Demands Reward.

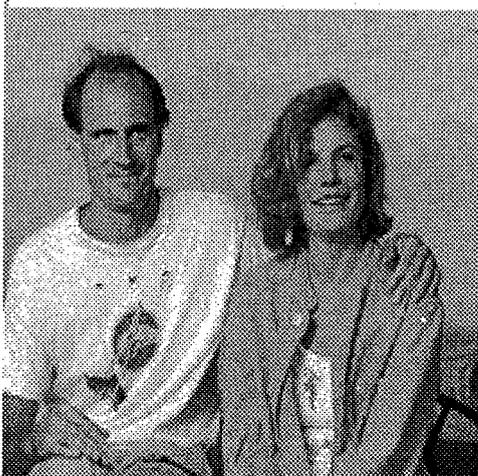


By Geetch T. Toner PhD. In a startling discovery this week, the legendary creature known as the Sasquatch, more commonly referred to as Bigfoot by his friends, came marching out of the forests of Michigan proclaiming that he, "Found himself." After scaring nearly a dozen peaceful campers Bigfoot made his way to the nearest ranger station to be taken to the proper authorities and the head of the *Weekly World News*. The baffled ranger questioned Bigfoot as to why

he wanted the *Weekly World News*, but the only response he could get was, "For the reward of course." Ranger Tuck Fredmont immediately phoned everyone he thought was appropriate to call in this situation including, of course, his mother. Once area media got wind of the event, local ranger station #42 was swarmed with reporters and chaos was unleashed. Bigfoot, introducing himself before the throng of media, began with a brief statement of thanks, "For every one of you showing up for this." The creature began by asking for any questions people may have, "since there must be a ton of things you want to know (about him)." Opening questions began simple enough, asking where he has been hiding out all these years (Alaska, where no one noticed anything different about him), what he likes to eat (Canadians, no one seemed to

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○ Battered Wife Falls Down Stairs in Ironic Twist of Fate.

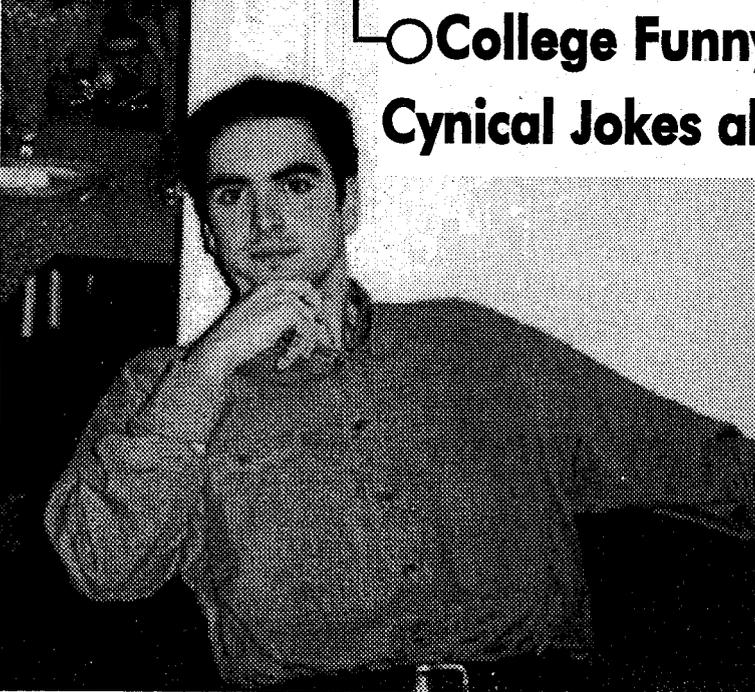


By Russell Heller In a large-scale manifestation of sick cosmic humor, Beatrice Harris, a regular victim of spousal abuse, has fallen down the flight of stairs that lead into her living room. Harris, 32, who has been hospitalized several times during the course of her ten year marriage for having "fallen down the

stairs," couldn't help but appreciate the incredible irony as she delivered her story to a condescending hospital night staff. "Oh I see," said the nurse at the admissions desk. "You fell down the stairs... Again." The nurse spoke in the same tone of voice that a parent uses to say "I am dead," when a 5-year old shoots them with a pretend laser pistol. "Why don't we get you all stitched up then?" she patronized, "I'll get Mr. Doctor in here and he'll make it all better." As Harris went to sit down, the nurse called a social worker. Hope

Cont. on pg.5

○ College Funny Man Running Dangerously Low On Cynical Jokes about School Shootings and Racist Cops.



By G. Avery Kerbs College "funny-man" Ryan Barker has been suffering from a severe shortage of cynical quips about high school shootings and racist cops. "Normally I'm a pretty clever chap," says Barker, "but the preponderance of school shootings and racist cops has drained my reserves" According to Barker the rise in school shootings and minority lynchings by NYPD officers has put an undue stress on his comedic abilities

"It was all well and good with Columbine and Abner Louima, cause it was fresh and I had jokes to spare," reports Barker, "but now it's happening like every day and I think that I can speak for the cynical comic community when I say 'Stop this crap already and lets have some new atrocities'." Friends of Barker have reported that Ryan's steady stream of satirical jibes at the bigoted institution of the NYPD and, ironic snippets about kids killing kids

Cont. on pg.5

G. Avery Kerbs



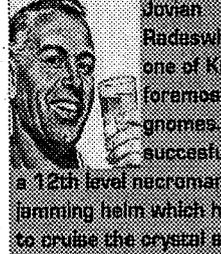
The National Disclaimers Editor Maximus, G. Avery, Kerbs is a Level 28/20 Ranger/Mage. He rides a Couatl and is accompanied by his summoned familiar, a 7HD Basilisk. Avery wears elven chain mail personally made by the legendary mage-smith Gucci. His Wand of Wonder NEVER summons a cloud of butterflys, only 8d6 fireballs.

Russell 'RDT' Heller



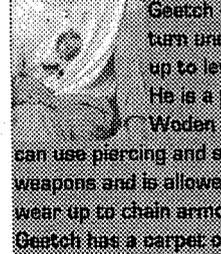
Managing Editor for The National Disclaimer, RDT (Ruby Dice-Teeth) Can Berserk for ten rounds straight. When Berserking he receives two additional attacks and has a 20% magic resistance.

Jovian Radeshwar



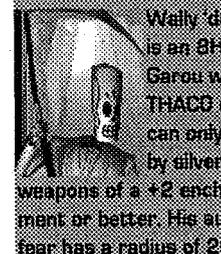
Jovian Radeshwar is one of Krynn's foremost tinkergnomes. He has successfully built a 12th level necromantic spell-jumping helm which he uses to cruise the crystal spheres.

Geetch T. Toner PhD.



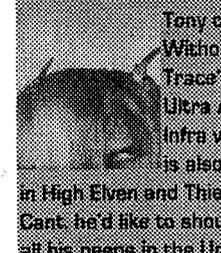
Geetch can turn undead up to level 12. He is a priest of Woden so he can use piercing and slashing weapons and is allowed to wear up to chain armor. Geetch has a carpet of smothering which he has trained.

Wally 'das Boot



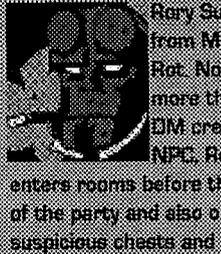
Wally 'das Boot is an 8HD Loup Garou with a THAC0 of -4. He can only be hit by silver weapons of a +2 enchantment or better. His aura of fear has a radius of 20'

Tony Barbera



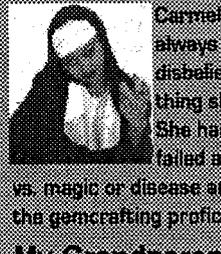
Tony can Pass Without Trace' Has Ultra AND Infra vision. He is also fluent in High Elven and Thieve's Cant. he'd like to shout out to all his peeps in the Underdark. His Poison is both Debilitating and Paralytic.

Rory 'Caramel' McEvoy



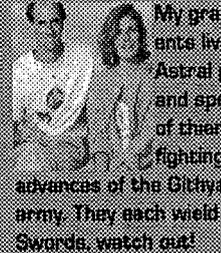
Rory Suffers from Mummy Rot. Nothing more than a DM created NPC. Rory enters rooms before the rest of the party and also opens all suspicious chests and boxes.

Carmela Guevarra



Carmela always rolls to disbelieve anything she sees. She has never failed a save vs. magic or disease and has the gemcrafting proficiency.

My Grandparents



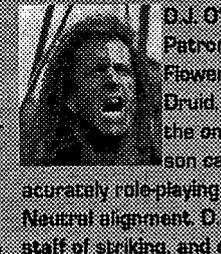
My grandparents live in the Astral plane and spend most of their time fighting off the advances of the Githyanki army. They each wield Vorpal Swords. watch out!

Dave Gafney



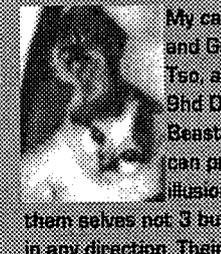
Dave a.k.a. Deeplove has attracted a retinue of 9th level elven riders with full plate armor, broadswords and full plate barding on their charger class warhorses.

D.J. O'Dell



D.J. O'Dell is a Patron of Flowers level Druid. he is the only person capable of accurately role-playing a True Neutral alignment. D.J. uses a staff of striking, and eats Goodberrys years round.

My Cats



My cats, Loki and Genrel Iso, are both 8HD Displacer Beasts. They can project an illusion of them selves not 3 but 6 feet in any direction. Their Claw/Claw/Bite attack is 4d6/4d6/6d6.

The National Disclaimer is always looking for idiots who think that they're clever. If your ass is smart enough to tell us the flavor of the ice-cream cone your sitting on then come on down. Rm 060 of the Student Union, 632-6451. Piece Out Yo!

OUR EDITORIAL STAFF ALL IN ONE BOX!

Correspondence

To Whom It May Concern:

I am conflicted. Every time I read your "paper," I find myself angered and disgusted at your journalistic quakery. But I find this oddly erotic. I can't fight the desire I feel from deep within my loins to be fucked in the ass with a crowbar by your editorail staff. All at once. Then one at a time. I know this may sound shocking, but you seem to be gentlemen of questionable moral character, so I am wondering if this is something that could ever happen. Like REO Speedwagon said, I can't fight this feeling anymore. I am waiting eagerly for your response. And oh yeah, my bung-hole is mad tight, yo.

Sincerely,
Shirley Strum Kenny

We, the editors, here at The National Disclaimer thank you for you interest in our publication. It's loyal readers like you that have made our little journal the paper that it is. If only we had more devoted, caring, disturbing readers like yourself.

Unfortunately it is not the policy of this paper to engage in personal relations with our readership. In order to maintain our stellar hieghts of journalistic integrity we must not mingle with the common folk. Although your provocative offer has been duely noted by our staff and taken into consideration.

Due to the tremendous amount of mail we recieve daily we cannot personally respond to each individual letter. But rest assured that your words have not gone unheard.

Thank you for you time and patronage.

Sincerely
G. Avery Kerbs
Russell (RDT) Heller

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

We also believe that plagiarism is our god-given right. If some one can say, or write something that we deem interesting we withhold the right to print their words without giving proper credit.

Additionally we assert that all things credited to public figures are 110% factual. We also believe that these public figures should be held responsible for their viewpoints and opinions. Especially Rudolph Giuliani who admits to trying to fellate himself.

Yo, Fuck All That Shit; You Got Any Papers?

Yo, National Disclaimer Editors and Staff, I like totally, like, love what you've done with the paper. This sheets like phat man.

Yo Fuck all that shit man; D'you got any papers?

In your last issue what you mean by juxtaposing John McCain with images of Hanoi Vietnam. I found it to be a bold post-modern statement about... shit fuck that; you got any rolling papers?

No, How a bout a bowl man, D'you got a bowl I could, like, borrow and shit. I give it right back to you man. I'm just gonna go right out back and spark this shit.

D'you wanna smoke some pot man? Cool, so like, pass that bowl over and less go smoke up.

Shit tanks for the bowl man... Shit man, you got any weed?.

Sincerely
Claudius

OUR EDITORIAL POLICY

Editorials by the Editors!

This Just In

3

Why Won't Glenn Clean Out Our Litter-Box?

Alright Glenn this is the last straw. We demand that you change our litter right now. I don't think that you understand the responsibility that you signed on for when you adopted us from the North Shore Animal League. Meow.

When you adopted us you made a pledge to the animal shelter to care for our health and welfare; an area that you have been sorely lacking in. See, we as cats can not change our own litter, mainly because we have no opposable thumbs with which to scoop out the poo, but also because IT'S NOT OUR FREAKIN' JOB! Get on the ball jack-hole! Meow.

Perhaps you need a little persuasion in this matter? Well we'll just see how much you enjoy your favorite shirts smelling like urine. Or perhaps we'll use our super cat sneaky -ness to creep up on you in your sleep and puncture your eyeballs with our sharp, sharp claws. Won't that be a treat. Meow.

Listen, just because you bought Fresh Step litter with odor eliminating amonia doesn't mean that you can sit idly by as clumps of poo and pee build up in our cat box. You must take the initiative and grasp the scoopy spoon and refreshen our litter. Meow.

Don't even think of trying to schnooker your housemates into doing your dirty work for you; they love us and support our efforts to make you suffer this icky indignity. Changing our litter is an integral component in our caretaking. It is a task that can not be left undone, because an untended litter box is a breeding ground for feline and human parasites. You won't be so quick to shirk your pet-management responsibilities when you have a 13 foot tape worm in your small intestine. Meow.

Get to work human, we're running the show now! And get us some string.

Hey JoJo, You Gonna Eat That?

From Dave "Boxcar" Kline:

Hi Jojo. I just dropped by to say hi, ya know? I just had nothing really to do so I thought I'd show you the new—sweet holy mother of GOD!!! Are you going to finish those CHIPS?

I only ask because I smelled some chips... and I like chips. In case you didn't know. That I liked eating chips.

I mean Jesus H. (for Herschel) Christ, I haven't eaten since I snagged a bite from Todd's pizza upstairs and that was like twenty minutes ago. Damn are those sour cream & onion? Ooh.

Yeah so maybe I haven't been clear. I would really like it a lot if you would be so kind as to please let me partake of your chippy goodness. I would really, really enjoy the experience of sharing those succulent wafers of oily, oily spud.

Look, I am terribly sorry but I am simply going to have to have some of those chips. I have already started to salivate and the hair on the back of my neck is bristling. If you don't let me eat some of your tasty, tasty chips I can't be responsible for what I might do.

GAAH!! DAMMIT JO-JO! I don't want to hurt you. You have been a good friend to me, often letting me taste your sandwich or finish your salad. But so help me if I don't get a chip-fix soon I might kill you where you stand.

GURGH... AUGH. In situations like these... my hobo instincts... take over... Curse you for doing this to me Jo-Jo... Let me eat those chips or your brain-meat shall sate my munch-lust.

GhrK, MWAAURGHK! The CHANGES! You are a fool to have let this happen Jo-Jo. NOW I FEED! Huh? No more chips?... ummmm... hey Brian, you gonna finish that bagel?



My Cats



By Dave
"Boxcar" Kline

Baby Eats Dingo

Australian Officials were shocked yesterday when Grady Shay, age 2, of Melbourne Australia, was found covered in blood sitting upon the carcasses of a family of wild Dingos.

The dingo, a wild relative of the coyote and dog, have long been know to sneak into nearby homes and eat hapless Aussie babies. Zoologists have long been puzzled by the baby eating antics of the dingo, especially when recent discoveries have shown that babies in addition to being tremendously stupid, taste absolutely atrocious.

"Frankly I don't know why the dingos waste their time with human babies, their is little to no nutritional value in baby meat," reports Australian zoologist Mick "Wallabee" Dundee, "dingo meat on the other hand is extremely high in protein and all the necessary vitamins to aid an infants development."

"Crikes!" responded Mr. and Mrs Shay upon hearing the news of their little Grady's carnivorous antics.

"Last year he was only eating strained cracked corn or whatever the hell us Australians eat, along with the occasional puppy. I guess our little bonzer is growing up," said Mrs. Shay. Mrs. Shay became choke dup with pride as she pulled the bloody dingo pelt from little Grady's maw.

"That's our boy!" beamed Mr. Shay as he loaded his family into the puch of the family kangaroo and then hopped off to drink Fosters and throw boomerangs.

Local "Journalist" Uses College Newspaper As Vehicle For Personal Attacks
Self proclaimed "journalist" Glenn Given shocked the staff of the *Stony Brook Press* last production weekend when he successfully used the newspaper as a vehicle to deliver personal attacks against his enemies.

"Stick that up your pooper" read Glenns review of the recent Mindless Self Indulgence(MSI) release, *Frankenstien Girls Will Seem Strangely Sexy*. Aparently the 'pooper' that Given was refering to was none other than *Press* writer and music columnist Craig Schlanger who Given had earlier referred to as having "his own problems, because you (Schlanger) like Mudhoney."

Members of the *Press* staff were baffled as to what might have driven Glenn to this kind of spiteful venomous assault. Some report that Mr. Schlanger had voiced his own opinion on the quality of the MSI album; an opinion which had run dangerously in opposition of Given's own.

Others though claim that Givens entire article was "a bit convenient" being that Glenn had only ever written one other music review in his stint as a *Press* contributor, and that the placement of Givens review next to Mr. Schlangers music column had nothing to do with the fact that both of the articles were music reviews but instead was a product of Glenn's crafty scheming.

"Experts" stating "policy" say that Glenn's actions are wholly unprofessional and probably motivated not by jest, but instead by a deep seated hatred of Mr. Schlanger based off of Mr. Schlangers friendship with Given's fiancée; a hatred that has failed to manifest itself in any other aspect of Given and Schlangers interactions.

A recent study shows that 98% of idiots agree with the aforementioned "experts."

Charlton Heston Marries Shotgun.

Actor and NRA leader Charlton Heston made history last week by divorcing his wife and marrying his shotgun in what has been called a victory for gun owners everywhere. Even though Heston has often proclaimed his love of firearms, this marriage came as a shock to many close to the star. In his marriage to an inanimate object Heston has taken the 2nd amendment and the rights of firearm owners to a new level.

Despite rumors of the actor's growing senility and inability to distinguish reality from his film career the wedding went smoothly as Heston and his new bride, who was purchased at K-mart, exchanged vows. There were problems after the ceremony, however, when the reception was interrupted as Heston, who was growing visibly agitated, refused to eat any wedding cake claiming that it was "made from people."

When asked to comment on how gun-marriages may effect the question of gay marriages, Heston denied playing a homosexual in *Ben-Hur*. Asked if he had any regrets about what many have called a hasty, and maybe even insanely demented decision, Heston said, "When you have to face those damned, dirty apes in the not too distant future, you're going to wish you had married a shotgun too."

Billy Joel Involved In Lobster Boy Agenda

Billy Joel has donated \$35,000, the fee for his performance at Stony Brook University on March 13th, 2000 to the Marine Sciences Research Center. The money is ear-marked for research into the suspected causes of the recent lobster die-off in the Long Island Sound. Joel's fascination with the Sound and "fisherman" themes is well documented in his musical repertoire.

Joel's true motivation though is a desire to find a cure before the condition affects his little known "lobster-boy" son. The secret child is the result of a seamans indiscretion that occurred during a drunken sailing lesson with Joseph Hazelwood, ex-captain of the *EXXON Valdez*. Soon after the first bottle of Jack, Hazelwood changed the lesson to functioning while drunk. Joel, unable to hold his own, leapt into the water and impregnated a cute little lobster who, frankly, was asking for it. Ashamed, but unable to abscond his paternal responsibility due to his wife's nagging, Joel has secretly raised the child for the past 14 years.

"He's a great kid, a natural on the boat the only complaint I have is getting the really big rubber bands onto his claws," said Joel when questioned.

Sources say that Shirley Strum Kenny has been eying Joels lobster child with an evil grin.

4 Why Didn't The Duke Win Best Actor At This Years Oscars?



By My Grandparents

My wife and I both agree that it is a sad day in America when Tom Cruise is nominated for crying like a little girl in *Magnolia* while the work of John Wayne goes unrecognized by the

Academy this year. In our day men never cried on screen. The Duke was too busy killing savages and drinking whisky to cry. Did I cry in the two years I suffered in the German POW camp? No. Did your grandmother cry after the accident? No. The Duke has yet to shed a tear in all of his existence. Yet Tom Cruise is nominated and the Duke is not. What kind of example does this set? Is it any wonder that our grandson has been seen on more than one occasion wearing a dress? Your generation does not appreciate the tremendous talent of the Duke and you'll be sorry when he's gone.

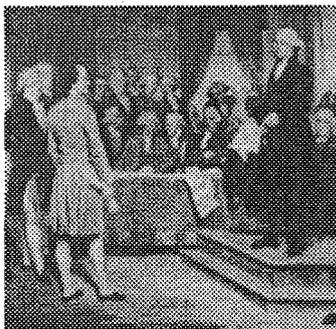
The Oscars, and the state of entertainment in general, disgust my wife and I. American Beauty, the best picture of the year? If you have not seen the movie let grandpa give you a quick summary. The movie is about the transformation of a good, honest, hard-working and god-fearing American into a pot-smoking hippie. He gives up on America and everything that we fought so hard for in the War. His daughter runs off with the neighborhood dope dealer while his wife plots his murder. His neighborhood is full of homosexuals and repressed homosexual, homicidal Nazis. What does the Academy think is so beautiful about this sacrilegious portrait of the American family. Are these the values that America stands for? How could the Academy consider Cider House Rules for best picture either? It is a touching tale of a young boy who has an affair with a woman whose boyfriend is off to war fighting for democracy. The climax of the movie occurs when this young man performs his first abortion. How do these two movies represent the best of America? The "morals" of your generation are evident in your movies. Even at the senior citizen's rate of \$2.50 for a movie my wife and I regretted seeing these "motion pictures". They were nothing more than anti-American liberal clap-trappery.

My wife and I still fail to see why *The Sixth Sense* was nominated for an Oscar. What was so special about the little ragamuffin who saw dead people anyway? My wife and I see dead people all the time. The memories of the friends and lovers we've lost continue to haunt us each and every day. I stare Death in the face every time I look in the mirror at my age-ravaged body. Since you ungrateful bastards did not help in my letter campaign to keep *Diagnosis Murder* on the air, I fear that that the Reaper will come any day for my wife. I've seen more death in my lifetime than the whole lot of you. Where's my Oscar?

In conclusion, we hope that the Academy considers The Duke in the future. His talent cannot be ignored year after year like this. At this point, only a visit from Dick Van Dyke himself can save my wife from death's icy grip. If you are reading this, Mr. Van Dyke, please know that your biggest fans are counting on you. Please contact the *National Disclaimer* for the name of the hospital that is treating grandma.

View/Points

"No Taxation Without Representation"



By Our Founding Fathers

No taxation without representation.

Of late though we believe that this precept has fallen woefully short of it's intended goal. Today in the American republic we the people are taxed ad infinitum sans representation.

What has happened to our heralded tobacco industry I ask? Well, we the people have had numerous taxes placed upon the lifeblood of America, the tobacco industry, with out fair representation!

It makes the founding fathers mad enough to dump a vaunty load of those smooth tasting "Par-li-ments" into ye olde bay.

We the Founding Fathers of this great country established the great American Democracy on one pillar;

Which building block of this country will step up to the chopping block next in the Whig-ridden government's bloodbath of unrepresented tax levy-ings. Shall it be the robust bourbon and whiskey industry of our native Kentucky-ians? What about the "iron horse" which long provided the means for our great westward expansion? Shall we tax the the production of the steam loco-motive? Or better yet why not lay a tax upon slaves? Wouldn't that be just perfect. Go ahead corrupt government! Tax the slave trade till the cows come home! The founding fathers would love to see just how far America can go on the backs of *paid workers!*

Thusly we beseech you. Un-levy your unfair taxes on the linchpin industries of America. Un-levy the tobacco tax the whiskey tax, and the slave tax.

We demand fair and equal representation in matters of tax implementation. No longer will the founding fathers stand idly dead by and watch grosse taxes be laid upon the bare necessities of our colonial lives.

"Yo, It Really Taxes My Style To Be



By Ice-T

frontin and shit whats a brotha supposed to do just bitch out and take it? Please, I gots ta represent. But that don mean I gots ta like it

I know what y'all thinkin,. Y'all like; brotha like that always representin all up and down this shit, But yo, I'm just a man yo. I gets tired from all this jive. I'm flesh and blood jus like you yo, Word is bond.

Try and imagine have'n ta represent 24-7 and you tell me yo style wouldn't be all taxed and shit. Brotha run ragged with all this shit. And it's not like i can jus give it all up and jus be all Ghandi and shit (mad props to

Representin All Tha Time Yo"

Yo, Wassup ,Why you gots ta be makin me represent all tha time Yo? Seriously yo, this shit is tax'n my style. Y'all comin up in my face and shit, all

the big G though). You know what it's like here in the hood yo, I show one sign of weakness and they're on my punk ass like a pack of fuckin' wolves yo. Wassup?

What I wouldn't give to kick it wif a cold 40 of Magnum and some fly honies all rubbin up my lap and shit all the time but thats just not how this shit works yo. I cants relax so I mus be taxed yo.

Let me tell you this ain't even no flat tax Reform party shit either yo. This shits all like scaled fo the amount of representin a brotha has ta do. And yo no one represents like this mofu yo. I mean whas this like Canada and shit was all this 53% taxin my style shit. I ain't even gettin no medical coverage for my constant representin'.

Damn yo it's always like this. shit yo, the Man always taxin a brotha into debt. All takin my parking spot and breakin my style. Word yo this representin taxes my style. Peace. Free Mumia!

BATTERED WIFE From Pg. 1



Springs Hospital has received Harris almost twenty times for injuries usually caused by "falling down the stairs." Harris has also been admitted for "walking into a doorway," "slipping in the shower" and "accidentally hitting herself over and over again with the buckle-end of a belt."

"Well, that bastard Jethro is at it again," gossiped neighbor Gladdys Langley as Harris left the house wrapped in bandages and bleeding from her head. "Fucking son-of-a-bitch better learn to keep his hands to himself."

Most friends of the Harrises, upon hearing that Beatrice had "fallen down the stairs," got really quiet and just looked away. Apparently the humor was lost on them.

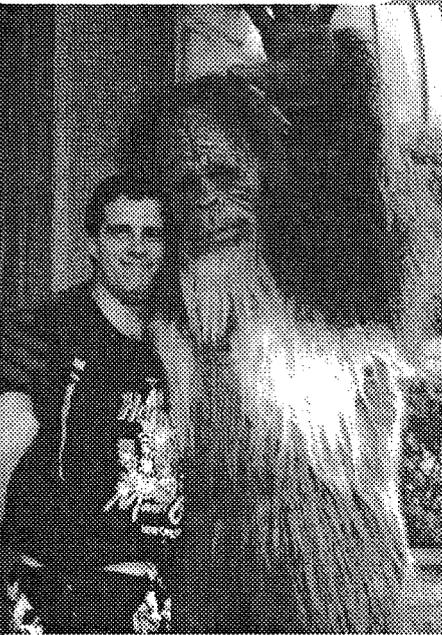
"I don't see what everyone's all up in a tizzy about," said Jethro Harris, reeking of scotch. "She's just a little clumsy that's all."

Following investigation by doctors, the couple's claims that Beatrice's injuries were caused by an unfortunate bit of stairway irony turned out to be true.

"Well shit..." said Stephanie Randal, Beatrice's sister, "That is some indcredible irony. I mean, when I heard she was hurt, I thought for sure that Jed was just beating the crap out of her again. I mean the last six or seven times I get a phone call wake me up, it turns out that Jed just kicked her ass. Stupid hooker actually messed her own self up this time."

This is not the first time that fate has exploited the Harris' for the purposes of ironic poignance. Last July a cyote meandered into the Harris' nursery and carried off their toddler Danny. The neighbors only laughed when the couple ironically ran outside crying "Wolf!"

BIGFOOT PHOTO From Pg. 1

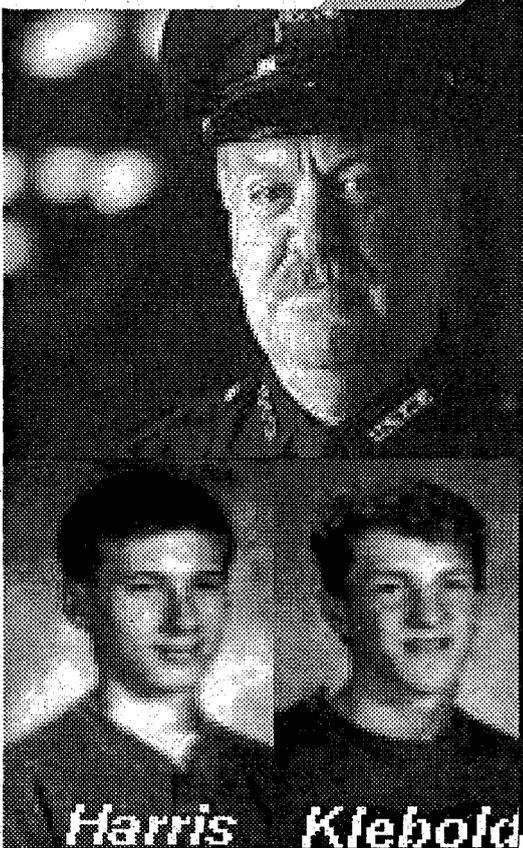


mind), where he learned to speak English (PBS), what size shoe he wears (23), and of course, from Dr. Ruth, if he had a healthy sexual relationship, "(You bet your ass I do)." After the first barrage of questioning was done with he was asked to explain what inspired his impromptu 'coming out.'

"I was waiting for someone to ask me that," Bigfoot began. "It all started when I was just a cub, out in the cave with my brothers and sisters, and I felt that I just didn't quite belong. Something was different about me. I mean we all looked the same, big feet, fur, 10 fingers and toes, I just didn't fit right. When I was around 5 my mother sensed this and kicked me out of the cave to fend for myself. I spent the first month just eating old TV dinners from trailer parks. Then I met someone who changed my life. At first I started to run from him, since well, to be honest I find you all hideously ugly and you smell bad, but something made me stop. I began to speak with this individual and he said he could help me. I believed him and we went to his cabin in the middle of the woods. He told me he was a psychologist and that his job was helping people discover, 'Their true nature.' For the next month I talked with him, everyday delving deeper and deeper into my soul. Then we began the hypnosis treatments, which Dr. Kirshibaum seemed really anxious to get to. I guess he just really wanted to help me out. He found out things during the hypnosis that I never knew about myself, like the fact that I want to sleep with my mother. The only part that I didn't like about the hypnosis was the fact that my ass hurt every time I came out of it. The doc said that was normal so I guess I just decided to live with it. After a few more weeks of this, and my regular sessions, I saw a vast improvement in my life. I began interacting with others better, and felt better about myself as well. I truly felt that I knew myself more than I ever have before. This is when I found an issue of the *Weekly World News* saying that there was a reward for anyone finding me. Since I found myself I think I deserve the reward."

While the *Weekly World News* representatives were getting ready to hand Bigfoot a check for the reward money, a large reptilian creature ran in, ripped off Bigfoot's head, devoured the rest of his body, and ran out the back door before anyone could stop it or even get a picture of it. One local reporter was quoted as saying, "Damn Ogo Pogo killin' off another Bigfoot, I hate when that happens."

FUNNYMAN From Pg. 1



have grown weak.

"He used to GO OFF, on those fuckers man," said personal friend Jacob Murphey, "I mean like the juxtaposition of NYPD officers and the Nazi SS, and that shit about the NRA and Charlton Heston was the BOMB! But now his shit is like all tired and shit."

Where once Ryan would imitate a school bell and mimic his old home-room teacher saying 'I love the smell of Napalm in the morning' now he has been reduced to simply referring to high schools with cleverly juxtaposed nicknames like "Dresden Elementary" and "Hanoi High".

"Lets face it, NYPD

tactics of interrogation and homicidal grade schoolers are pretty damn funny, they're right up their with pimps, Jesus and Abortion jokes," reports comic authority Sad Sarwana, "Even though Ryan has a point that these situations have lingered in American society he should be prepared for that. I believe that he's out of jokes because he used them all up early on."

Sad describes his theory of "the joke well", that any given atrocity only has so many jokes that can be drawn from it and how it's possible to run them dry through over-use. Sarwana stresses judicious use of these "joke wells" that like a garden they must be maintained and not abused.

Barker is preparing a case against the city of New York to seek monetary compensation for his loss. Ryan stipulates that his social status and possibly his economic future rest directly on his ability to be seen as a cutting-edge humorist.

"This whole fiasco could single-handedly prevent me from getting a job writing for *The Daily Show with Jon Stewart*. I believe that this all could have been avoided had America taken the initiative to create and exploit new atrocities. Lets get on the ball America; start some French concentration camps or something, throw me a *fricken bone people*, com'on. . . I'm the *funny-man*. . . need the *info*." pleaded Barker.

Harris Klebold

SNATCH!

Hey Kids
 between the ages of
 6 and 12 we hear at
 the National
 Disclaimer Have
 designed a game just
 for you! It teaches
 you all the skills you
 will need to survive
 in the real world
 where you will more
 than likely live as
 street urchins and
 smack junkies!
 Have fun kid-
 dies it's our little
 secret!

**The Board
 Game of Petty
 Larceny!**

Tuna?
 what's that
 all about?

You Will Need:
 (1) 6 sided die
 (0-4) player
 tokens
 (1) pointy stick

The object of SNATCH! is to steal as many things
 from the other players as you can AND reach the finish
 square.

The Rules:

Starting with the player to the left, and going clockwise,
 of which ever idiot suggested you actually play this game.

Moving: Each player rolls the die and moves his token the num-
 ber of spaces rolled on the die. A player may not change the direction mid-
 move. You may not move any less or more than the number rolled. Unless
 you're crafty and no one is paying attention.

The Squares: You must follow the instructions written in the square
 you end your move in.

Endgame: SNATCH ends when one player reaches the finish square.
 Once this is done everyone reveals what they have stolen from their oppo-
 nents. Make up your own point system for each items value if you feel that
 this game should be a little more inane.

The player with the most points wins and should be severely beaten by
 the remaining players. Anything that falls from the winner as a result of the
 aforementioned severe beating should be claimed as recompense by the
 other players.

Steal
 the dice
 and restart
 the game.

CRACK ALLEY:
 There's no honor
 among thieves, get
 the hell out of here.
 forfeit one of your
 stolen items to
 every other
 player.

Insert
 the pointy
 stick into another
 player's rectum.

**WARP
 TO THE WACK
 OFF SQUARE!**

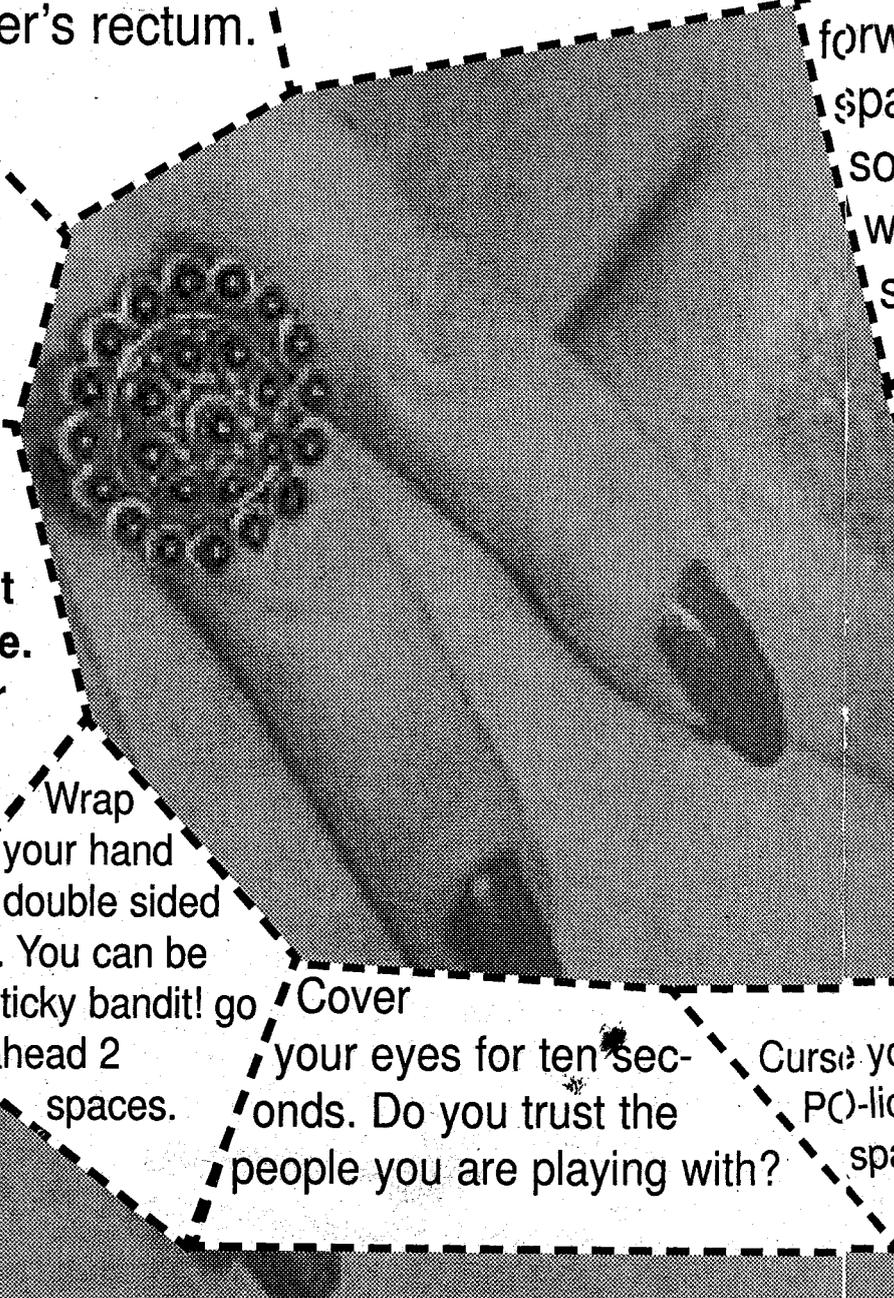
Wrap
 your hand
 in double sided
 tape. You can be
 the sticky bandit! go
 ahead 2
 spaces.

**Cover
 your eyes for ten sec-
 onds. Do you trust the
 people you are playing with?**

**THEF
 SQUARE**
 Bump into c
 of your friend
 and slip the
 let out of t
 pocket up
 impact.

forwa
 spa
 sor
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THIS IS



We here at the National Disclaimer do not condone the use of pornography as a tool for humor or amusement. We feel that pornography should be used only with the express purposes of auto-erotic stimulation.

We here at the Natinal Disclaimer do endorse petty theft though. We feel that everything, should be stolen. Especially CD's and food from the deli

WHERE YOU
START

Caught Wacking Off. Lose a turn.

Warp Zone

Piss on one other player's holdings.

I like cheese. I wish there was more cheese to eat around here. But NO! It's always pasta, pasta, pasta! AAAH.

Excuse yourself from the game and steal all the toilet paper.

Poof! You are dumb. Steal only worthless items.

Bagged By Your Mom! Give your stuff to the player to the left.

This Ain't Candy Land. Steal some shit!

Plan Your Next Caper Take a bong hit.

Not so fast, continue that way.

Have you taken all the silverware from the benedict dining hall yet?

Stealing food from the homeless? You disgust me. Go back to start.

our rotten luck it's the... run ahead three... ces and hide in a crack... lley.

So close to the end of this, and yet, so far. sorry, you go this way

Let's see if you can ever get to the

END

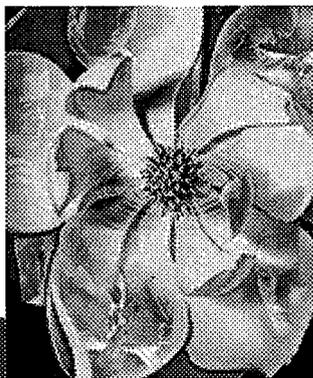
Despite the suggestive title, SNATCH! has nothing to do with vagina. you are just a pervert.

I'll bet you wish I had typed something here, dontcha?

To obtain your official SNATCH game pieces send \$5 (Check or Money order made out to Glenn Given) to Glenn Given, 1518A Main St. Port Jefferson NY 11777. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Official Game pieces are not intended for children under the age of 3, if you have a child under the age of 3 ask for special toddler game pieces

8

Oscars



Best Picture: Magnolia

Tom Cruise said "Tame the Cunt and respect the Cock" on film to millions of viewers. Can you get any better than that? Oohhh *American Beauty* had sybolism, ooh symbolism! Whoop-dee freakin-doo! *American Beauty* was a pathetic attempt to create a mass consumer version of art. Watching that film is like getting hit in the crotch with a velvet-wrapped-brick.

If I had a nickel for every foreign film that accomplished the same level of artistic impact while NOT succumbing to the heavy-handed imagery that runs rampant through *American*. . . I could buy the rights to *American Beauty* and personally defecate on every copy of it right before I torch the entire pile of film stock.

Magnolia stands head and shoulders above the pseudo artistic drivel of today's cinema. Plus it rained frogs and that shit is just cool.



Best Actor: Vin Diesel

You probably don't know who this guys is. Vin Diesel provided the voice of the earth-fallen robot in the only respectable family oriented film to come out in the past few years, *The Iron Giant*. he also was a major bad ass in *Pitch Black* an Aussie sci-fi flick that totally rocked ass. Fucker shaves his head with axle grease and a knife. Plus he was one of the only redeeming factors in Giovanni Ribisi's *Boiler Room*.

Three great preformances in one year make this man one of the most promising new actors to hit the screen in quite some time. He can display a range of emotions almost un-heard in modern film. Commanding of presence, and understanding, driven and imposing Vin Diesel is a man to watch with respect and awe. We love this man almost as much as we love Christopher Walken. Some one has got to put the two of them in the same movie.



Best Actress: Christina Ricci

Sure she has the facial fetures and skull shape of an under-developed fetus. Christina Ricci embodies the ideal of the voluptuous sexual woman, when the rest of Hollywoods actresses are starving and puking their way to the infertile, skeletal heroin chic template that pervades todays advertising ideology. Shes got good birthing hips and pendoulus boobies, both of which are qualities that we at *The National Disclaimer* get stiff for.

Christina Ricci has gone from quirky young Wednesday Adams to a seemingly endless string of realistic, engaging female roles. Both beautiful and exquisitly capable of portraying honest pure realism, Ricci is one of the few truly amorphous actresses working on film. She brings a purity of style and emotion to any role that she plays, and a classical image of alure to any style she carries.

Best Quote: "That's a Huge Bitch!" Deuce Bigalow

Best Exploitation of Minorities: Star Wars: Episode 1

Best Alice In Wonderland Metaphor: The Matrix

Best Supporting Actor: Christopher Walken Sleepy



Hollow

Christopher Walken is one of the most under-appreciated gems of the silver screen. His portrayal of the sans head Headless Horseman further demonstrated Walken's immense depth and range not only as a actor *par excellence* but also as one of the creepiest mother fuckers in film today. Only a man that can emote and project pure presence WITHOUT A HEAD, deserves this award.

Best Screenplay: Being John Malkovich



Who doesn't have tiny doorways leading into their skull? Finally a writer in touch with the everyday man.

We at the National Disclaimer were overjoyed to finally see a movie that accurately and humanistically portrays the suffering that those of us with tiny doorways leading into our consciousness live with.

Plus Cameron Diaz looks like trailer trash and carries around a monkey in diapers until she realizes that she's a lesbian; and that turns us on.

Best Supporting Actress: Christopher Walken Sleepy



Hollow

We love Christopher Walken so much that we felt that he deserved two Oscars. Admit it he is simply the most entertaining man OR WOMAN in Hollywood. Even Kevin Spacey is known more for his Walken impersonation than his actual work! Doesn't that ring any bells with you people? Christopher Walken is the true Son of God. He alone shall stand tall in the dark times to come and guide humanity towards salvation.

Best Visual Effects: The Matrix



Imagine the amount of digital editing required in making Keanu Reeves look cool. Surprisingly enough the digital artists at work on The Matrix accomplished this feat.

Not that any of us really care exactly who these phenomenal computer geeks are, were sure that these mommas basement living, microwave ramen eatin, kiddie porn downloadin' geeks are pretty fucking talented.

And kudos to whomever got Carrie-Ann Moss poured into that vinyl tank top.

Best Directing: Spike Jonze



Spike Jonze is one of the most innovative and exciting directors that has ever worked in film. He began his career making some of the most ground breaking and enjoyable music videos around; including Bjorks "It's O So Quiet" and The Beastie Boys' "Sabotage". His over the top style of story-telling and direction was eminently showcased in the surreal hit *Being John Malkovich*.

A man with a most interesting vision for all he does Jonze leads the pack of new directors willing to

Best Score: The RZA



Go see Ghost Dog. It's a Jim Jarmusch film about a samurai hit-man in New York. The movie is perfectly backed by the hip-hop stylings of the Wu-Tang Clan's RZA.

One of the only members of the Wu-Tang to be able to stand alone from the Clan and be both financially successful and musically capable, RZA provides a dead on accurate aural template for this tale of honor, the urban underworld, and a sword swinging Forrest Whitaker.

The RZA's music provided a crucial component in Jarmusch's quirky tale that allowed this independent

Best Imitation of a The Great Pumpkin: Christina Ricci's

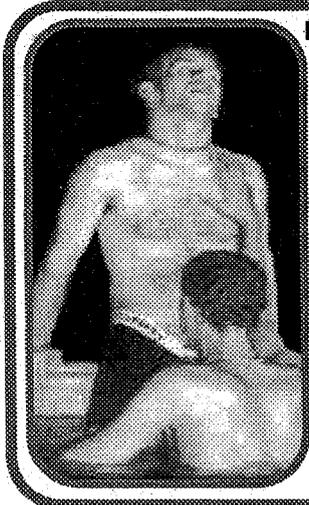
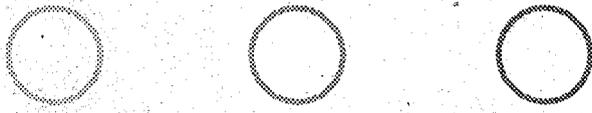
Best Seeing of Dead People: Big Punisher

Best Bare Breasts: Meatloaf Fight Club

Best Jedi Fight Scene Involving a Bottomless Pit: European Ass-masters Vol. 3

Test Yourself

Have you often asked yourself whether last night's drunken antics were merely a product of your Herculean level of inebriation? Or were they subtle signs of latent homosexuality?



It seems everybody who comes back from spring break, has that one blurry moment from the last night of drunken debauchery. Deep in the hearts of every college co-ed festers a tiny, gnawing fear. A fear that on that last fateful night of inebriation they brushed giddily past mere drunken antics and entered the forbidden realm of *homosexuality*.



As a service to returning college-breakers we at the Disclaimer have provided you with a simple test to help you allay your fears. Answer the questions below and

then feel secure in our expert opinion of whether your "experimental encounter" was a socially acceptable act of college drunkosity or manifestation of your inner desire for same-sex sex. It's True/False so even those of you philosophy majors should be able to finish it. Use the pointy end of the pen.

While you and your frat brothers were gang-dicking the 16 yr. old Miamian prostitute you found joy in the occasional grazing of your friend's scrotum and your own.

T/F

You found nothing odd in taste testing your sorority sisters vaginal fluids.

T/F

When people inquired whether or not you were a flaming homo, you responded by dropping to your knees and sucking off any within arms reach.

T/F

Gay Means Happy

T/F

You understand the true meaning of the term "sword-fighting"

T/F

The other day at breakfast you Freudian slippedly ordered the "Egg McMuff"

T/F

You became giddily excited at the prospect of a rousing game of "Ookie-Cookie"

T/F

You spent the entire Spring Break eating Cleveland steamers with 'Dirty' Sanchez

T/F

Drinking beer that has been funneled through your frat/sorority mates's ass

T/F

You are long hard and full of seamn, you also aren't a submarine

T/F

You have accepted the love that can not be named

T/F

Your name is Tootsie

T/F

Scoring Key: 1 pt per False, 0 pt per True

0-4
You're here!
You're queer!
Get used to it!

5-8
You fall somewhere in between an interior decorator and a lumber

jack. Literally.
9-12
Repression.
You're only kidding your self.

13 +
Straight as an arrow. Their's not a gay bone in your body.

Spring Break Co-Eds Invade South Beach; Governor Declares Marshall Law

By D.J. O'Dell

What you are about to read is one mans account of what occurred in the wilds of South Beach Florida last week. Little is known about the facts surrounding this mysterious event, but one thing is certain: two young men and a wanna-be journalist entered the city that week and they are still missing. Only this journal was found. It describes, in the authors own words, what may have occurred. But in this time of debate over what actually happened, one thing and one thing alone is certain; two young men and a wanna-be journalist entered the city that week and they are still missing



The Journal

My name is Joshua Feldneck and what I have seen tonight alone, on this my first day of Spring Break here in South Beach Florida, no college could have prepared me for. Only one day. . . Hopefully this chaos will end shortly, but I fear that it will not and so I have decided to keep this record; just in case.

Sunday March 19th, 2000

We arrived last night at 11 and as our car crawled towards the cityscape we talked excitedly of our plans; unaware of the mass pandemonium that awaited us. About a mile outside the city we began to see signs: empty cars with broken windows, groups of frantic looking students throwing stolen automobile tires onto the bonfires scattered about the roadside. The area looked as if it had been invaded by some malevolent force that wanted nothing more than to destroy everything within its grasp.

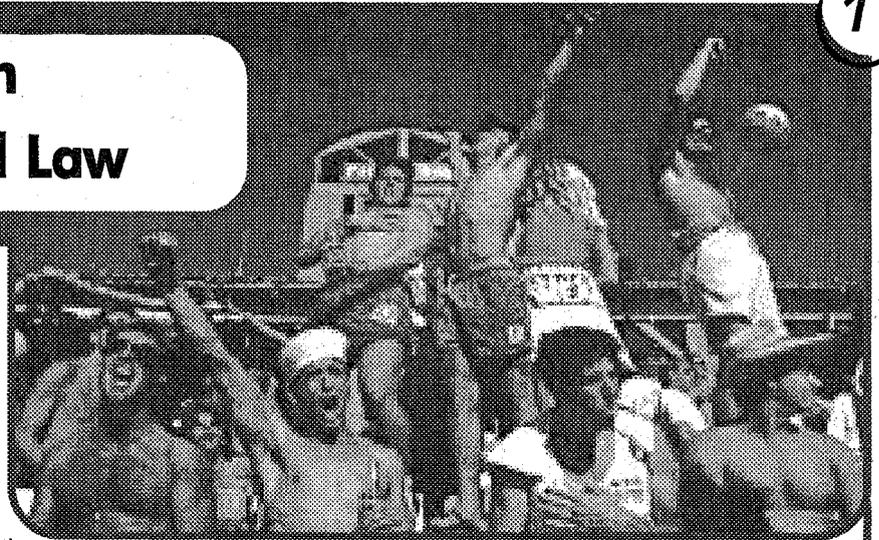
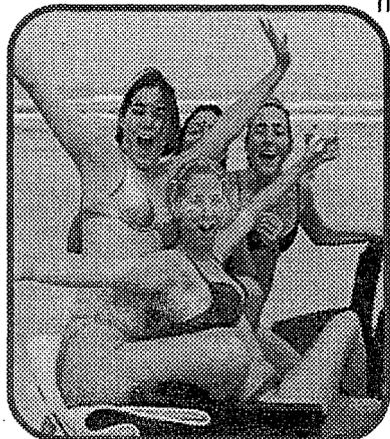
Traffic soon came to a complete stop and, after waiting a couple of hours, we decided (foolishly) to infiltrate and investigate the matters close at hand. Though suspicious from the outset we were unprepared for the scene that unfolded before our eyes when we reached town. Angry mobs of students, thousands of rat-like scholars, had invaded the streets of South Beach. Rampant looting and vandalism marred the flame-licked storefronts as repressed pyromaniacs with molotov cocktails endeavored valiantly to make up for lost time. We trembled in fear, afraid of what might happen to us, afraid of the way it excited us, the way it beckoned us.

After watching a group of students beat a cop with his own billy club, plastic crowd control shield and taser, we decided to return to the car. None of us wanted to be around when the reinforcements arrived; after all we are Harvard material, what would our parents think. They wouldn't let us escape so easily. It seems that some spoken or unspoken decision has been reached by this otherwise fragmented group of hooligans that "You can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave." We are all in this together; whether we like it our not. We were, however, after several failed attempts, able to establish the parameters of our invisible prison. The barricade seems to be 8 by 4 city blocks and is manned by a particularly nasty specimen of student-hood which I believe were from North Carolina.

We are now hiding in some backstreet alley, trying to rest before sun-up when we will, hopefully, be able to locate a way to escape from this fiery hell. I hear them in the not-so-distant distance. They fill the darkness with their strange, primal, savage cries. None of us speak, we listen, we wait.

3/20/00

I must be brief for they are watching. Tried to escape this morning. . . town locked down. . . all students not in custody are either dead or still fighting. Mike is wounded badly and Todd is missing. Our captors offer no explanation . . . we are not allowed to speak. They have invaded one of mans most basic rights: the lavatory. . . our condi-



tion is distasteful. Something is very wring here. . . I fear the worst.

Thursday March 21st, 2000, 2:30 am

I do not know if writing an account of these events would be looked on with favor from my captors so I have chosen to write under the cover of night when they are less watchful.

Regardless of the risk, I here record my belief that atrocities are eing committed against us by these invaders. Last night they stormed our room, seized our women and left without a word. Shortly after noises were heard. . . women noises. . . screaming "No." We sat in stunned silence, sat listening for the next two hours. An hour ago they returned to take the wounded. I fear, from the way they were handled, that a hospital will not be their final destination. Those who opposed were shot in the knees. They have taken Mike, the only friend I had left. . . How many more rooms are their like this one? Who are these people and what do they want? Now the streets are once again safe from the student invasion. Perhaps we will die without an answer. Goodbye my friend.

Wednesday, March 22nd, 2000 ,2:00 am

Apparently we are to have one meal a day and two escorted trips to the lavatory; not that it helps to alleviate the odor of our room, whose excrement laden corners remain uncleared. We have learned, painfully however, not to ask questions. So we sit and we wait. I do not wish to write about much of what I have seen. . .it horrifies and sickens me.

Thursday, March 23rd

The nighttime cries of sexual violation have now become an expected companion for my compatriots and I. I'm beginning however, to be troubled by the look in the other prisoners eyes. Lustful. The sound of sex, regardless of the nature, is driving them crazy. I see at times someone rubbing their crotch, trying to alleviate their frustrated, throbbing, manhood. Their are twenty-two men in this room who came to Florida to get laid. . . and to get laid frequently. It's beyond the nineties now; it's the pre-teens of the new millennium, I sleep in fear.

3-24-00

Conditions remain the same. Many of us are beginning to suffer from t eh sparse diet we are accorded. There exists an unusual amount of tension among our captors; they grow restless. The noises have stopped, but I'm beginning to hear voices in their stead, "Where;s my side of fun." One continual scream.

This isn't fun.
I miss my mammy.
Tonight I shall escape.

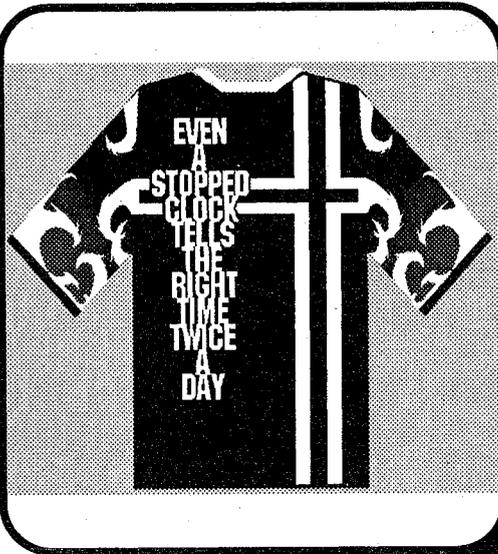
3-25-00

I have seen them my friends. I understand everything now. They're aliens! Aliens who have invaded our planets for one thing alone — sex. Hopping from solar system to solar system; fucking planets dry with their, i don't even know whats, They plan to. . .

Unfortunately that is all that was recovered. The FBI is currently investigating the matter but there are more questions than answers. It's like asking, "How many licks to the center of a Tootsie-Pop?" The world may never know. All we know is that they entered the city, and they along with countless others, are still missing.

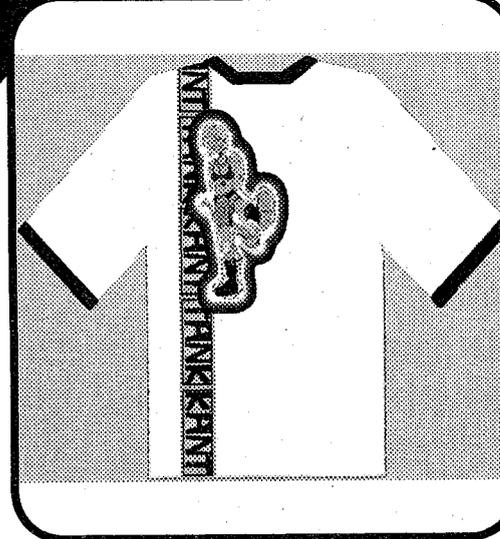
Mass Produced

Individuality inc.



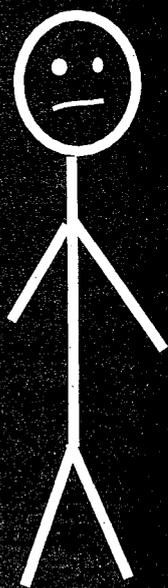
Hey, we make t-shirts. All the cool dis-enfranchised youth of today wear them. The only question is why aren't you. We're satirical, we're irreverant, we're the bullocks that they keep giving you instead of giving you your money.

So just slip a little Self-Addressed-Envelope to 1518A main st, Port Jefferson, NY, 11777 and we'll send you a poorly made, but niftily laid out catalogue. From there you can order all you favorite shirts that make bold statements about the world you live in with out ever committing you to any kind of actual opinion. Wear our opinions on your sholders because we're more clever than you'll ever be!

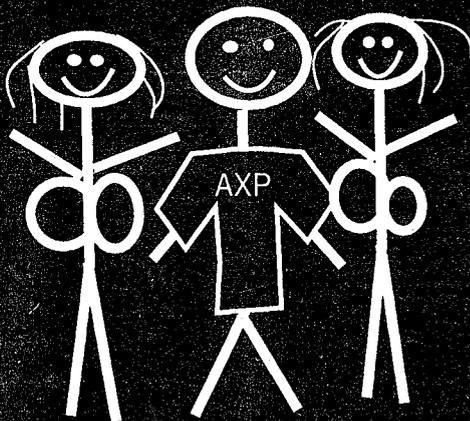


Hanging around with Dicks

SEE DICK BEFORE RUSH

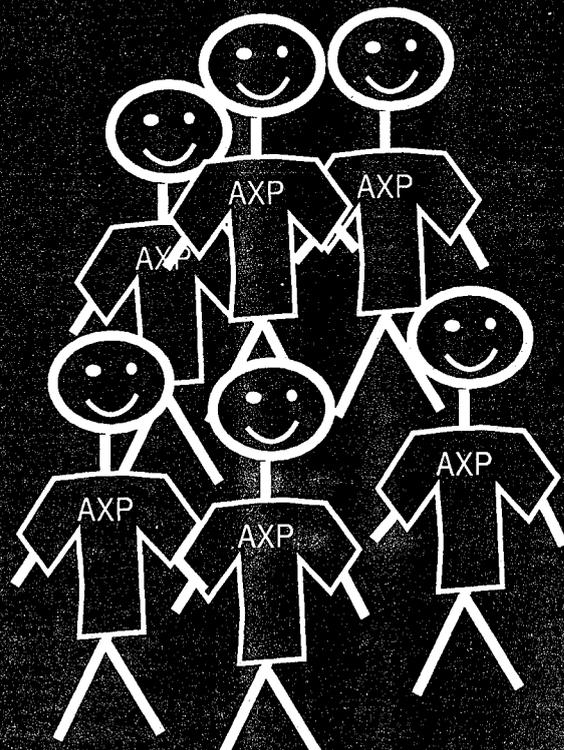


SEE DICK AFTER RUSH



SEE DICK WAKE UP...

WHAT A BUNCH OF DICKS!



DON'T BE A DICK. THINK FOR YOURSELF

I-CON: THE CON GEEKS SPEAK

What a weekend. I swore I would write a piece for this issue which was an exact transcription of my tape recordings of the last few weeks. That didn't happen.

With the insanity of this weekend I ended up with quite a few recordings which are beyond what can be printed on these pages. Not the least of these, a long conversation about a 15-year-old cabana boy in women's clothing (which I promise will one-day jeopardize any and all political ambitions a certain freelancer for the Three Village Herald might have).

So here I'll present some of the memorable comments overheard throughout the I-CON weekend.

"So will you guys be having these 'after hours' events tomorrow?"

"What, you mean PORN?"

"Well yes, pardon me for euphemizing."

"What the hell do you think this is, Disney-CON?"

"Marshmallow fluff cannot be eaten through a

"Most of the French whores I know really need to use more conditioner in their hair."

"Fucking hippies!"

"She is a dragon-pussied whore with a cunt so sloppy you would need a paintbrush to fuck her."

"Misogyny is almost as funny as old people being beaten up."

"I think I'm going to cultivate an accent."

"Friday, 6:24 P.M. It has started. I-CON in full effect, and it's all about the meat stand."

"[Name omitted] and the cabana-boy go to bed every night to flute music and the Celtic harp"

"Who wouldn't like oral sex from minors, that's really the question."

I-CON J A M B A L A Y A

By Ellen Yau

Visitors, students, authors and guests trudged through the university campus to engage in an array of science fiction and fantasy events held over the three-day weekend of I-CON 19, one of the largest science-fiction conventions in the northeast, starting March 31 through April 2.

The Indoor Sports Complex was the center of speeches and autograph signing featuring artists from movies and shows such as Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Star Trek, Earth: Final Conflict and Babylon 5. The signatory panel included Nicholas Brendon (*Xander* on Buffy), Robert Leeshock (*Liam Kincaid* on EFC), Richard Chevolleau (*Augar* on EFC), Julie Caitlin Brown (*Na'Tooth* on B5) and Jason Carter (*Marcus Cole* on B5). Fans often bought colored photographs from the ISC Dealer's Room, which contained a plethora of souvenirs ranging from books, comics, videos, jewelry, toys and artwork, before approaching their idols for autographs.

The Javits Lecture Center was the heart of performances, movies and workshops, such as the Amateur Film Festival, Cabaret and Goth 101.

The sixth annual amateur film festival enabled newbie filmmakers to present their sci-fi, fantasy or horror films to the community. One of the works featured was "Planet of the Men," a 15 minute film featuring long hairy creatures that stumbled upon a spaceship. Although the characters only exchanged a few words, the actions, music and sound effects elicited a mass of silly giggles from the audience. Toward the end of the film, a girl humorously joked, "There was no

men!" which induced a hefty wave of laughter from the viewers.

The annual Cabaret, a two-hour variety show that is part Saturday Night Live and part Muppet Show, was one of the April Fool night's main attractions. The line formed almost a half hour before the performance. It was an opportunity for convention guests to share the stage with their favorite performers and showcase their talents to the audience.

"Goth 101," an interactive workshop



Voltaire kickin' game.

held on Friday night by Voltaire, was one of the darker Gothic attractions, yet tinged with some wry humor. During this workshop, Voltaire, a songwriter, musician and artist, traced the history of both the Goths and the Gothic culture. The Goths was a tribe in Northern Europe in the Middle Ages and, "no, they did not wear vinyl pants." The Gothic culture was born out of the

Romantic movement. The movement later evolved into a "glorification of melancholy." His sarcasm in his album, "The Devil's Bris," and his comic book, "Oh My Goth," shed a humorous light to the traditional glumness of the Gothic culture.

Gaming and Live Action Role Playing was one of the favorite pastimes for the ICON participants. ISC Prichard Gym and the Union were the core of gamer activities. It featured a gaming art panel, a calligraphy workshop, a Boffer sword workshop, speed painting and round table with Ed Simbalist, etc. Harriman held the LARP events, including "When World's Collide," "Pandora's Box," "Weapons of Trek" and "Beachhead at Betazad."

One of the outdoor pastimes was the medieval armored combat on the Physics lawn Saturday and Sunday afternoon presented by the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA). Convention guests were permitted to participate in the event; some arrived in their own armor. Both children and adults gathered around the arena as the combaters swung their sticks at one another. Children elicited their share of amusement through chasing the medieval knights and poking them with the provided weapons.

ICON-19 was an appealing attraction to a wide range of people. Many guests were clad as their favorite fiends, ranging from orcs, trolls, vampires, sorcerers, sorceresses and storm troopers. Costume pageants were held for both science fiction and fantasy categories. The event was not simply science fiction but included technology, fact and fantasy.



STEPHANIE OF DEMONA

Muses abounded, and the Goddess Discord (Hail Eris!) visited this vortex, that which is called, I-CON. Beautiful to behold, in prime attire, wondrous in every sense of the word. Mistress, lover, deity.

By the way, just as a primer for all these escapades, an ancient Voodoo spell was cast: Lust. We unleashed Lust from tightly wirebound candles. During ritual, all must be present (they who cast the spell) while the flame burns and may not be out of sight of both the others and the candle itself. Love burns, but lust runneth all over the place. Liquid sex cooling on my fingers, running on the table, and contained for single Lust application. Lover, my crypt awaits thee.

"When do you think the effects take place?"
 "Effective immediately."

Press pass and it's cool sliding in my big black boots. Jack Booted Thugs? Hardly. A bunch of people wearing black all wanting to be somewhere underground with open fire and candles burning. An underground Valhalla where the drink flows, heat permeates, and legs entwine. Restraints. Slaves. Warrior Bitches. Crops. SkintightleatherPVCrubber. Respect. Chanting.

After a quick sermon from Dr. Demento served on a WUSB platter, we left enlightened, Dementia firmly planted in our hearts. We marched on I-CON, in standard mob formation; flankers, core, point men. Eats in the hospitality (some fucker picked all the beef from the Chinese food) room and it was long range crusin' with my Bitch of the Evening, Haydn.

Motherfucker is about as sexy as men come and I watch him break underage hearts with one pass of his exceptional cranium. Funny and sad to see on the way to Goth 101, but how appropriate. The schoolgirl look abounded to the dismay of my tongue, which demanded a placebo of hard handy, the oral cold shower. One jump on the shuttle (by way of the fantastic presence of The Goddess of Discord (Hail Eris!)) deposited me at the Forum where asskicking was the special of the evening. A milky-skinned

Yt.

By David Gafney, Master of the Devil Chicks

vixen, wearing a silk smoking jacket and knee socks, disciplined some poor mook and low level lighting encouraged the weirdest fetishes

Show and the Reggae party together at The Spot needs to have their head excavated by preschoolers using blunt plastic objects. The only entity holding these two worlds from spinning wildly out of control was a cute little girl from Queens wrapped up in black fusion.

The Goddess was present. I reveled in

to be spawned forth on all levels.

It was time to go home.

Home. A place to regroup, recharge, and slither into the vinyl trousers. More Voodoo potions (Love, I figured more Lust would lead to puddles) and it was time to ride forth. In assault formation. Out.

SCA, people, beautiful Goth queens, and conspicuous acts of rule bending were contained in the immediate area around the Sports Complex. Stalkin', walkin', meetin', greetin'; that's the way Lust goes.

Lenny on his electric bike. A chat with Captain Gregorio of the Siege, owner/ builder of a fine combat trebuchet designed for mass open SCA combat left me disappointed that the University would not allow it to fire. What kind of open minded institution doesn't allow 13th century siege weapons to demonstrate the properties of a perfectly launched water balloon?

Stephanie of Demona and her lady in waiting Marie Noctus paraded in body paint, rigged and teasing with smiles and impish manner. Wonderful to behold in red and white body paint, fleetingly I wished to be whatever it was that they used to put the delicious candy coating on their bodies.

Fold space, jump four hours of prime circumspection and land in the awards dinner, free of charge. A wave of the press pass, some smooth talking with Ruby Diceteeth on backup, and we're in. Two plate hefting, a shot with the Doc, and Diceteeth chummy with Filthy Pierre.

Downtime. The couple of hours prior to

her presence, again. For an instance I could taste the Spice of life.

"God created Arakkis to train the faithful, one cannot go against the word of God."

Check it. I-CON is the science fiction color scheme of life, one more facet that makes life interesting. Everything that makes humankind say, "whoa, that's wild." The intrinsic reason to why I-CON is the ultimate free for all; the only judgements passed are by those who just don't, and probably never will, get it. To all the mindless lemmings still trying to live the Gap commercials and DKNY advertisements: let go. Put some fangs in your mouth and vinyl on your ass, it just won't be the same when you are ten pounds heavier.

We roamed until the planet released us from the effects of gravity, leaving us to drift away into the night, everyone with something to say.

Back to the newsroom. The quest for food.

It's over. Like a twisted relationship ending over the phone, I had to jet from the whole scene and step back. 36 hours running and I was empty with the last vestiges of black lipstick still clinging to my dry lips. How I peeled myself out of my vinyl pants remains a mystery. Waking to the sweet bubbler sounding it's call, I tuned CNN on the tube and sat remembering. Lara Mitchell says that "part of knowing is remembering that which wasn't bad" and I-CON was swirling inside my cranium,

through the haze processing and cataloging it all.

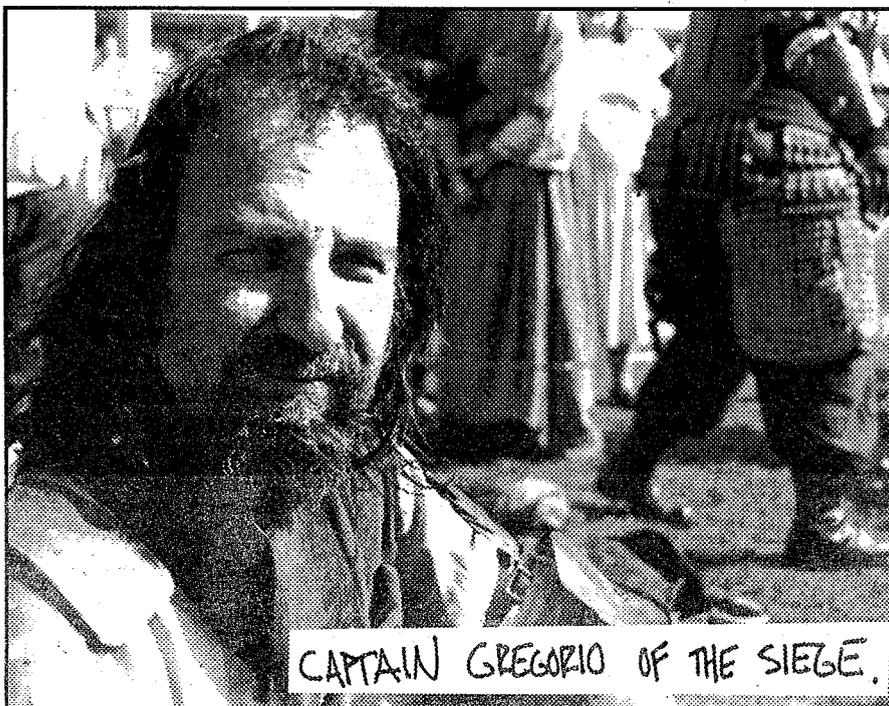
"...I see many clothes that I like but I won't go anywhere nice for a while, all I want to do is just sit here and write it all down and rest for a while..." S. O'Connor.

Late night smoking outside Harriman. Finding and following the cops. Chain mail. Three ring binders packed with cards and the real version of the comic book store owner from the Simpsons leaving through them. Girls in tight black, guys fawning and doing their damndest to maintain the laws of chivalry. Demons stalked, stormtroopers searched mercilessly under the watchful eye of their Imperial officers, and Dr. Demento strolled impeccably dressed, winning the hearts of children.

Sensory overload. Strain to remember names, faces, web addresses. The organizers were like

tailors with the most exquisite fabrics, lots of time, and infinitely precise measurements. Beautiful to behold, a wonder to participate in.

For a weekend we were lost in a world not openly embraced by mainstream society, and it was good. We lived out in the open, in full daylight (shudder) and watched the Catholics soil their tightie-whities, conformity be damned. The CON has drawn it's curtains closed and has moved on to assimilate more of those walking the line and afraid to show it. In a place decked out in fetish garb, the Friends lookalikes were finally out of place, sneering with \$4.00 bottled water. THOSE fuckers are strange.



CAPTAIN GREGORIO OF THE SIEGE

the roving hour...I should go home. But I don't. Not yet anyway. Blinding acts of keystriking rift in the office. Shot. Urge to be horizontal, preferably with a Goth chick. A Goth chick wannabe would be good, but I'd make her call me Diceteeth.

I was destined for the arms of Morpheus...oh, to the Goddess of Discord (Hail Eris!) I should pledge my energy.

Home and changed, showered, and revamped. Make-up. Goth Barbie Doll Bitch of the Evening: Mistress Hilary. Dolled up hot. Yum. Girl is a headturner scenemaker, with the emphasis on "do my fuckin' bidding."

Whoever planned the Goth Fashion

I-Con: In Song



Glenn "Squirrel" Given is a clever boy.

On the first day of I-Con my True love gave to me,
A press pass, 'cause it was free!

On the second day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
Two goths a-crying!

On the third day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
three million head lice!

On the fourth day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
four Women waddling!

On the fifth day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
Filthy Pierre!

On the sixth day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
six smells a-stinking!

On the seventh day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
Dave Gaffney sinning!

On the eighth day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
eight hours of demon rape!

On the ninth day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
nine minstrels ministrating or whatever the fuck they do!

On the tenth day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
ten maids in chainmail!

On the eleventh day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
eleven bucks of pure crap!

On the twelfth day of I-Con my true love gave to me,
twelve geeks a-geeking!

My Favorite Things

Piercings through noses and whiskers on women
fights with the security and Whiskey I'm hittin
Some stupid minstrel who can't even sing
these are a few of my favorite things
when the Con bites
when my head rings
when I'm feeling sad
I simply remember "tomorrow it's over"
and nothing else feels so bad

The Twelve Days of I-Con

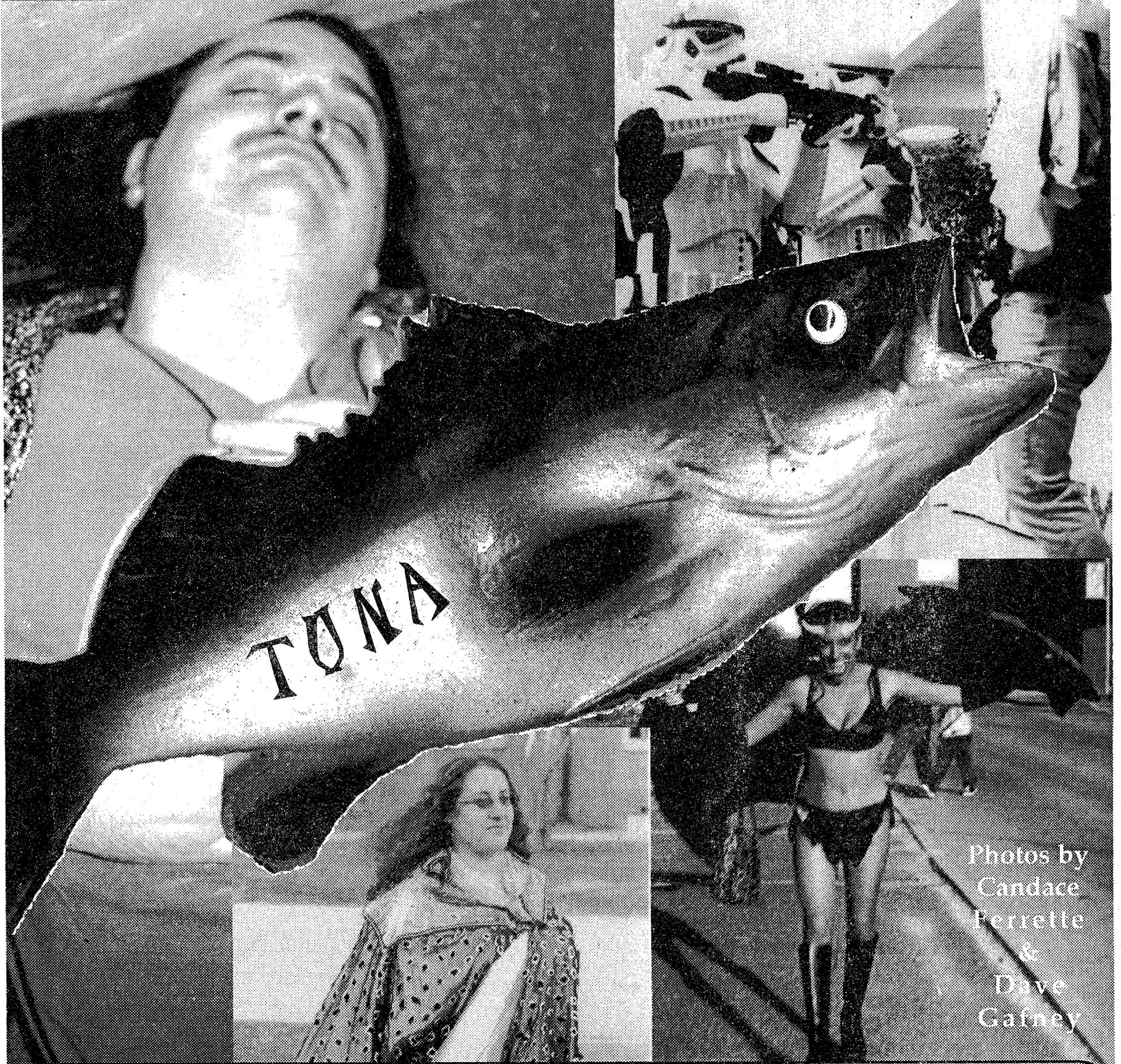
You Shook Me Through the Con

She was a sex machine, but her skin was green
she was the best damn alien that I ever seen
she had mirrored eyes telling me no lies
and she was knocking me out with those 300 pound thighs
'cause the sweat was caking, my back was breaking
the earth was quaking, I was faking it and you
shook me through the Con
Let me out!
I said you, shook me through the Con
Paying me no mind, cause it was feeding time
Feeding me a line, thought you were my own kind
took a moment to spare, from shaving her back hair
she said to open my eyes, but I can't meet her stare
'cause the sweat was caking, my back was breaking
the earth was quaking I was faking it and you
shook me through the Con
Let me out!
I said you, shook me through the Con
In the bathroom!

Scarred Spangled I-Con

oh say can you see by the dawns early light
in the halls of our school they had come and infested
With their dull paltry faire, and weird smells in the air
gave proof through the night that the freaks were still here
Oh say can that Star Trekkie see the what he wears (left)
in the land of the geeks,
and the home
of the
scared.

ICON HOORLA!



Photos by
Candace
Ferrette
&
Dave
Gafney

The Causey Way Is Not A Cult. The Causey Way Is Not A Cult.

The Causey Way Is Not A Cult

The Causey Way is Coming. The Causey Way is Coming.

Saturday, April 15th at "The Spot"

Also Appearing: Devil and Nano Frog

Sponsored by SAB and WUSB

GEETCH'S WEB PICKS: SCI-FI

In honor of I-con I have gone out and found sites dedicated completely to Science Fiction and related issues. It's obviously easy to find a plethora of information on any one sci-fi topic but to find a site with broad fields of information is a challenge which I alone have undertaken for your convenience. Nowhere out there will you find more detailed or complete sites dealing with the vast quantities of sci-fi material out there that I have uncovered, unless of course your a big geek and surf the net more than I do.

www.scifi-rpgs.com/index.shtml is the first site that presented itself as worthy of being written about. The site, which offers membership if you so choose, has more any sci-fi fan could ever want out of a website. Besides the usual bulletin board, where anything from Tolkien to time travel can be discussed, they have an online magazine, announcements of new books, conventions, and websites, an online shop to purchase any sci-fi paraphenalia one needs, classified ads, to sell or purchase other items of sci-fi nature, and a mailing list. That's not all they have to offer, though. They also have FREE web hosting, up to 5 MB, and a banner exchange. Ok, I know lots of other places can give you a free web site if you want it. But this is just another one out there, with more free web pages than you have any idea what to do with. How could you go wrong with that?

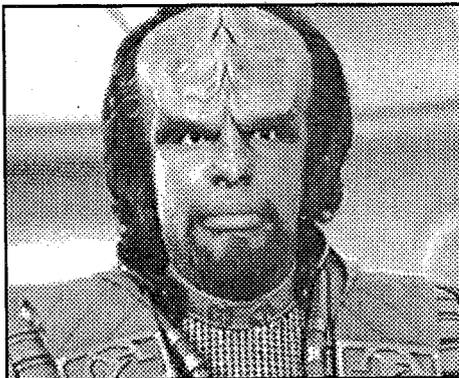
www.scifi.com is, as we all know, the *Scifi Channels* web site. We all know that it gives you up to date listing of what's on the channel and what is infact playing at the very moment you log on, but that's not all it has, not by a long shot. They have shopping, for all your sci-fi needs, a bul-

letin board, to discuss any topic you might want to discuss, weekly features including *Science Fiction Weekly*, *FreeZone*, and *Scifi Magazine*, a regular set of online series both original and 'commercial', and regularly updated news. So if you thought this site was just there to find out what happened on last weeks *Farscape*, or what movie they are playing tonight you are sorely mistaken.

www.xxxspacegirls.com is exactly what it sounds like. It is sci-fi porn. Lets face it, that's all you really want to hear about anyway. The site features such famous 'actresses' as Jasmin St. Claire, Nikki Nova, Julie Strain and Roxanne Hill. Each month there are new episodes in which these 'spacegirls' take on 'monsters' from outer space. There is a free tour which I used to navigate the site, I didn't feel the need to become a member, for only \$2.95. The free tour has more than enough nudity on it to satisfy any of your sick twisted perverts out there anyway. Besides the regular monthly episodes they also have hentai comics, just in case looking at real females isn't enough for you and you want to see some cartoon ones.

www.scifi.ign.com is by far the most well planned out site that I visited. Simple links at the top of the page take you to whatever you want to find out. Information on movies, Tv, Comics, Anime, and Weird Science (A section dedicated to bizarre stories) are all at your fingertips. Also

available are featured news articles, for any subject you can think of, and an advice column called "Ask the B.E.M." In case you don't know what a B.E.M. is it's a bug eyed monster. One final note about the site, it has a section called "Movies that should not be seen sober", which include *Yor, Hunter from the Future*, *Jack Frost*, and *The Dead Hate the Living*. New movies are periodically reviewed and added to the list.



Klingon, anyone?

www.sf4m.org is of course the site of Stony Brook's own sci-fi forum. The site has all the information needed to join them. Also available are a list of current members, article archives, photos of forum events, gamer scum paradise (A place to find players or join a game), and current event links. Also they have a list of awards the site has won, and since it is I-con

and all, and they are the Forum, I think they deserve to be mentioned in this article. If any of you want to join them go to the site and it will tell you how.

Now we come to an end. I-con is over, but the spirit remains. Out there somewhere you know there is someone beating someone senseless with a 'boffer sword' or people who know just way too much about Klingons for their own good. They gather here only once a year but no one will ever forget that time of year. No matter how much you try.

TheSpot

Graduate Student Lounge
Open Wednesday through
Saturday with live music
8:30 pm - 2 am
mmm...
Wilbur

Located in the
Fanny Brice
Theater,
Roosevelt Quad

Great Googly
Mooglies...
it's
Zappathon



12 Hours of Unrelenting
Frank Zappa
Sunday, April 9th
Starting at 12:30 pm
Only on WUSB 90.1 fm

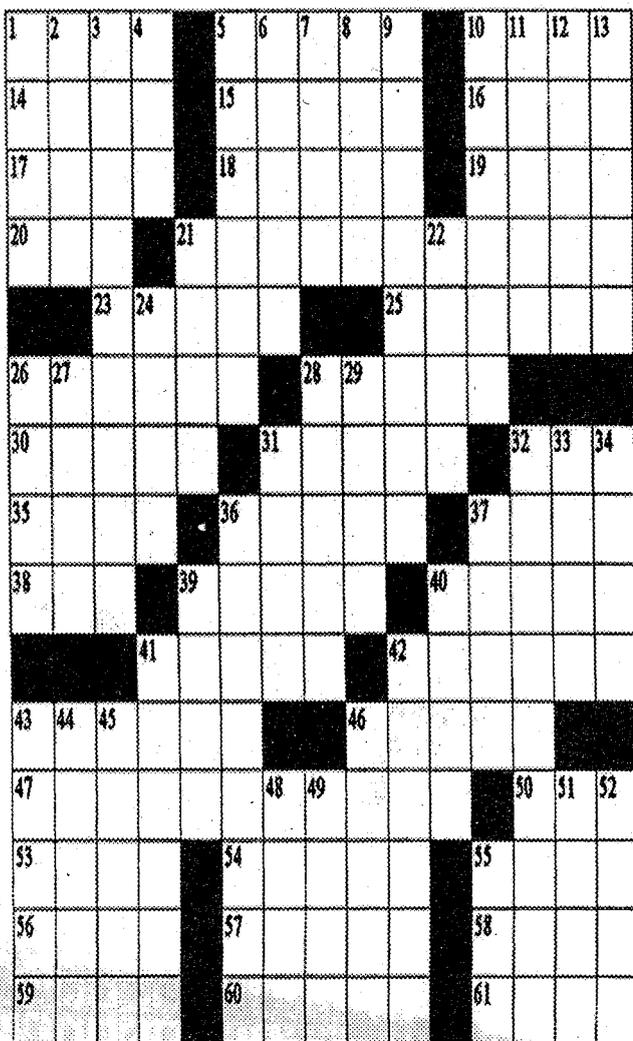
Crossword 101

"Life's Hurdles"

By Ed Canty

ACROSS

- 1 Rude person
- 5 Fictional elephant
- 10 Dress
- 14 ___ Romeo
- 15 Elicit
- 16 Blood: prefix
- 17 Split
- 18 Buenos ___
- 19 Certain collar
- 20 MS follower
- 21 Gets a head start
- 23 Dish
- 25 ___ borealis
- 26 Takeoff
- 28 Billionaire Bill
- 30 Hackneyed
- 31 Parches
- 32 Dr. Seuss' cat apparel
- 35 "___ that a shame"
- 36 Pitt & others
- 37 Alone
- 38 Droop
- 39 Thunder sounds
- 40 Dried the dishes
- 41 Greenbacks
- 42 Fails to catch the ball
- 43 Plan
- 46 Fundamental
- 47 Blind trust
- 50 Select
- 53 Greek pasta
- 54 Casting mold
- 55 Greek portico
- 56 Track gathering
- 57 Dealt a blow to
- 58 Rights org.
- 59 Ends' companion
- 60 "___ the Horrible"
- 61 Pub serving



- 4 Tell on
- 5 Beholder's eye contents?
- 6 Can you spare ___?
- 7 Belch
- 8 Great serves
- 9 Tells again
- 10 Malone's bar
- 11 Release
- 12 Love affair
- 13 Actress Reed
- 21 Green gem
- 22 Colors
- 24 Senate Majority Leader
- 26 School grp.
- 27 Diva's song
- 28 Wall St. visual aid
- 29 Helps
- 31 Tow by force
- 32 Children's game
- 33 Out of harms way
- 34 Roosevelt and Kennedy
- 36 Last in a Dr. Seuss series
- 37 "Yes, yes Mario"
- 39 Singer Perry
- 40 Desire
- 41 Terminals
- 42 Stuff
- 43 Instant replay: abbr.
- 44 Mummified
- 45 initiated into the frat
- 46 Flora and fauna
- 48 Mortgage agcy.
- 49 Highly excited
- 51 Prince Charles' game
- 52 Stretched tight
- 55 Swedish airline Co.

Quotable Quote

"Advice is what we ask for when we already know the answer but wish we didn't."

... Erica Jong

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

Top Ten Cheap Sexual Advances Made By "Voltaire" During I-Con

10) "Wanna have sex? I'm kidding! Not really... really. No, I'm serious. No, I'm not..."

9) "I may not agree with what you have to say, but if I defend your right to say it will you fuck me?"

8) "Can I have a hug to show that you don't think I'm a dirty pervert?"

7) "You dress, act and smell nothing like me. Let's have sex."



6) "You dress, act and smell exactly like me. Let's have sex."

5) "I don't watch porn."

4) "Who is this Phil Russo character I'm reminding everyone of?"

3) "Woe. Alas, I am forlorn, come be lonely with me."

2) "My disarming, self-deprecating, loveable pervert, black vinyl wearing, bwahaha sayin', goth 101 teachin', satirical-comic drawing act is really a shallow defense mechanism erected to conceal my deep-seated sexual and social inadequacies... Nice fangs, wanna fuck?"

1) "Damn! How do you get black lipstick stains off white cotton panties?"

Man, What Are You Doing Here?

An Evening of Questions & Answers

By Ellen Yau

The song "We Didn't Start the Fire" echoed throughout campus as hundreds of students, faculty and staff flocked down to the Staller Center Monday night to engage in the long anticipated three hour interactive forum with their favorite musical icon, Billy Joel.

Over the past three decades, Joel sold over a hundred million records and ranked among the most popular recording artists and entertainers in the world. He has won five Grammy Awards including Record of the Year (1978), Song of the Year (1978), Album of the Year (1979), Best Pop Vocal Performance (1979) and the Grammy Legend Award (1990). Joel is one of the few remaining male pop artists that still rely on the usage of pianos in concerts. His music reflects a hybrid of both pop and rock 'n' roll.

The show, titled "Billy Joel: An Evening of Questions and Answers... and a little music," opened with a short introduction by Alan Inkles, the director of the Staller Center. Inkles disclosed that Joel is donating the profits from the tickets sold to the Marine Science Center.

Joel is a Long Island native from Levittown. He has appeared in universities around the nation including Princeton and Columbia. His performance is geared at motivating music students to pursue their dream.

Most students inquired about Joel's inspiration behind his various songs during the question and answer session. One student asked if the battle in Vietnam attributed to the song "Goodnight Saigon." Upon answering this question, Joel reflected on his own experience with the circumstances surrounding the war.

"I was actually a draft dodger," Joel admitted. "It [the war] was a terrible thing, nobody waved any flags for them [referring to the soldiers that returned]."

Joel said his friend asked him to write a song about the war. His song is based on the emotions invoked by post-war trauma. Joel declares that war is "bad thing" and "needs to be stopped." He also touched upon the emotional ramifications of the Civil War.

Joel's desire to write a country song inspired "We Didn't Start the Fire." He originally provided "We Didn't Start the Fire" with an array of names including "Waltzing into the Fire." Columbia Records insisted on the modern pop version of the song.

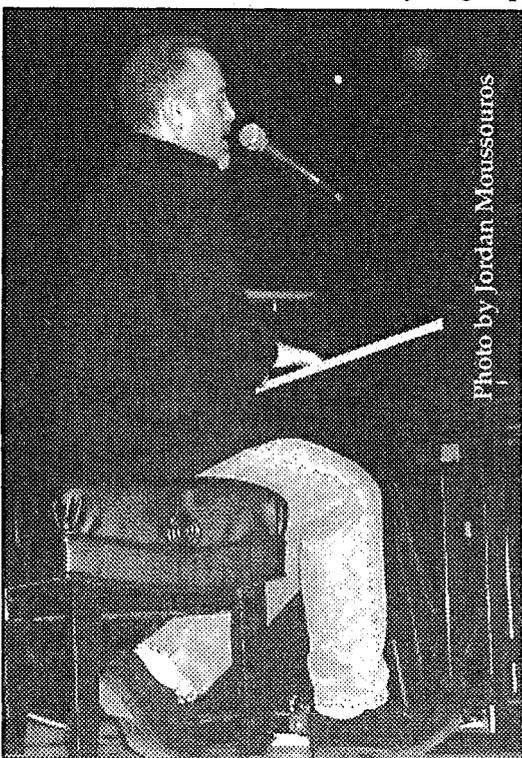


Photo by Jordan Moussouros

Billy Joel sang us some songs!

In attempts to induce some mischief, a student asked if there was a woman behind the song "She's Always a Woman to Me." Joel humors the audience with a story about a woman he saw while looking out an apartment window of the 35th floor. However, Joel declines to inform his audience the identity of the mysterious woman that inspired his song. He says he does not "kiss and tell."

Another student wanted to know Joel's reaction to the availability of MP3s on the Internet. Record companies predict that the availability of MP3s would discourage listeners from purchasing the CDs, but Joel suggests

that the availability might benefit the musicians.

"Anything that disseminates music is good," replied Joel.

Joel followed by reflecting on his experience with the record companies and playfully advised his audience to "hire one lawyer" to start and "hire another one" after success. Joel says that he does not like music industries cheating him. He suggested that the expansion of the Internet could prevent record companies from swindling the musicians. It may "ultimately" create a method "for musicians to go directly to the people... directly to the listeners without a record company."

Joel enjoys listening to a variety of music ranging from Latin, rock 'n' roll and particularly jazz. Joel also indicates that he has been developing a strong affinity for classical music. He has been writing and experimenting with classical music for the past seven to eight years.

Joel's comedic imitations entertained the audience throughout the performance. The audience cheered as Joel played fragments of songs such as "Piano Man," "New York State of Mind," "Scenes from the Italian Restaurant" and "She's Always a Woman to Me."

"It was enjoyably long," proclaimed Reese Fishler, a career Billy Joel chaser. "I've been to five of his question and answers... this one was the longest."

A 3 Hour Session with Only 2 Breaks

By Jordan Moussouros

After the initial roar of the crowd died down in the Staller Center's main stage auditorium on Monday, March 13th, Long Island's favorite son, Billy Joel, opened the evening's Q & A session with a few joking comments; his particular brand of crowd-pleasing, somewhat sarcastic humor entertained the masses throughout the night, and had he never gone into the music industry (God forbid), I'm sure he could have succeeded as a stand-up comedian. Doing pretty good impressions of various celebrities (most of whom were from the music industry as well), Joel spoke and sometimes sang, in the voices of: John Lenin, Bob Dylan, Mick Jagger, Jerry Seinfeld, Bobby Darren, Frank Sinatra, Little Richard, Pat Boone, Tom Jones, Frankie Valley, Sting, and Ray Charles. Joel even picked on a few audience members, in a purely jocular manner, such as one young man in the first row (I saw him on line for tickets from 10:30 p.m.; I had only been on line from about 3:15 a.m.)

who coughed heavily on the microphone as he asked a question, another one around the middle of the room who was holding up a big picture of Joel, an obvious, but effective ploy for attention, and a young woman who screamed out, "will you marry me?" Proving that nothing is a crisis if you can

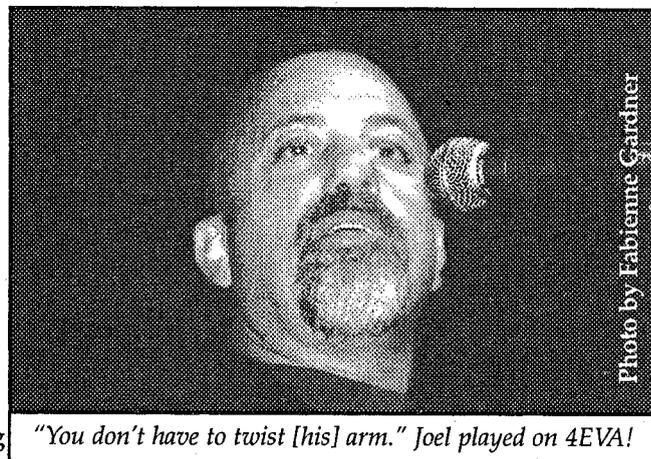


Photo by Fabienne Gardner

"You don't have to twist [his] arm." Joel played on 4EVA!

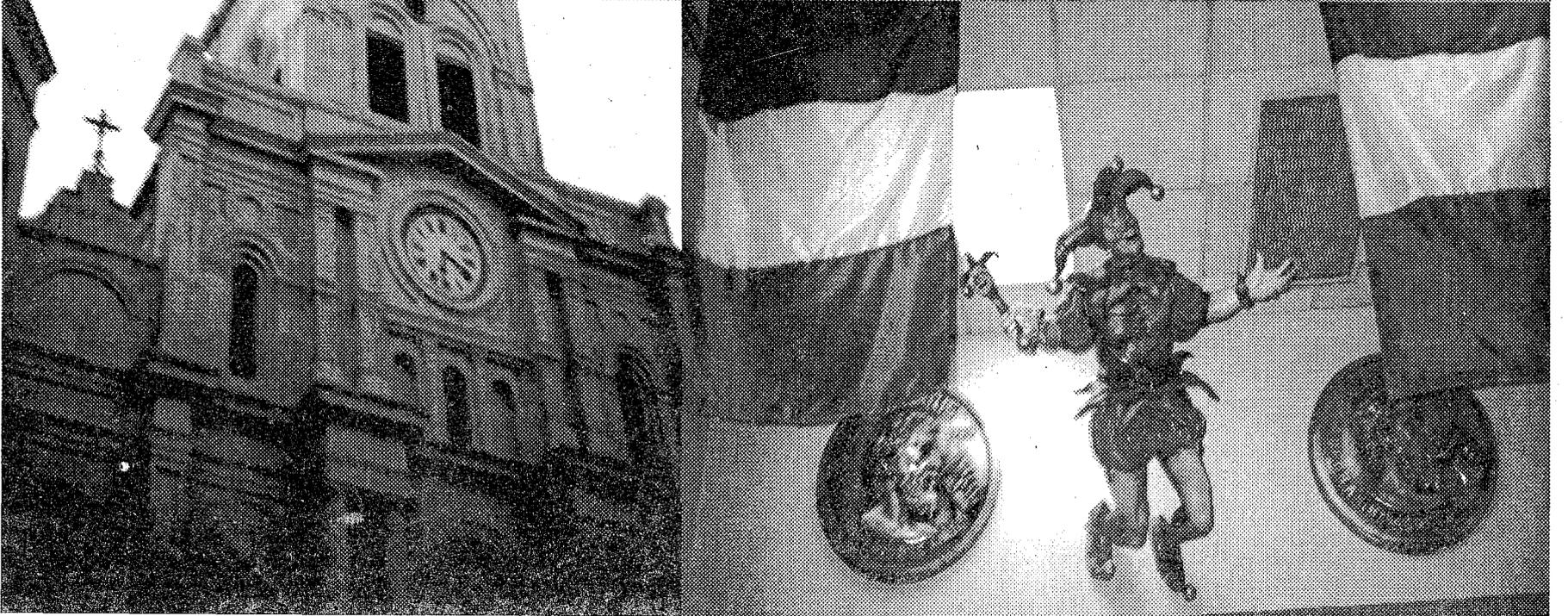
just improvise, after a few attempts at reassembling a stool that had fallen to pieces, he simply tossed the pieces offstage and got a piano bench instead.

Throughout the evening, Joel performed parts of a few songs ("Goodnight Saigon," "Downeaster Alexa," "Scenes From an Italian Restaurant," a classical music version of "Uptown Girl," "Angry Young Man," a jazzed-up, Vegas-lounge version of "Piano Man," "New York State of Mind," "She's Got a Way," and "Baby Grand"), full versions of others ("And So It Goes," "Piano Man," "Summer Highland Falls," and "My Life"), and parts of a few songs from other musicians ("Tooty Fruity," "Wipeout," "Red Doll," and "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road"). Joel also wanted two of his classical pieces performed, so he brought out a piano-virtuoso (who is a friend of Joel's half-brother, Alex) to play "Fantasy," and "Waltz #1: Nunley's Carrousel." "Fantasy" was a beautiful classical-style piece, and had a film-noir "feel" to it; "Waltz #1" was a bouncing, playful number that reminded me of Gershwin's famous blues/jazz piece, "Rhapsody in Blue."

Joel made fun of the fact that his voice is not what it used to be, but went on to flawlessly hit the high notes in "Goodnight Saigon," and "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road." He candidly discussed a variety of topics, some brought up by questions from the audience, and others merely tangents that he went off on while talking about something else entirely different. Stating that everyone in the L.A. music scene is full of crap, he believes that there is nothing interesting out there anyhow. Joel claimed that MP3's should be regulated, but not abolished, which slightly upset many of us in the crowd who spend countless hours online downloading free music. He joked about the recent sale of his Hamptons home to comedian Jerry Seinfeld, calling the area "the Siberia of Long Island," during the winter months, of course, and revealing that he had not gotten as much money for the estate as the newspapers had claimed. In response to someone asking him what kind of music he listens to, he said pretty much everything (rock, jazz, blues, classical, etc.), and jokingly asked what "light jazz" was, "Is that like jazz without the sex organs?" He said that the birth of his daughter, Alexa, was the biggest thrill in his life, and that everything else paled in comparison, proving that the rewards of fame are not necessarily the ones that make a person happy in life. Except for a ridiculous question about whether or not he wears socks to bed (no, and he avoids wearing socks as much as possible), most of the questions asked dealt with the origins/influences of some of his songs or particular lyrics. Joel seemed to get a little annoyed because of the repetitive nature of the crowds' questions, seeing as how many of them had already been answered during taped Q & A sessions at other schools, and other such T.V. specials that can be seen all the time on channels like VH1; even so, when an alarm beeped on stage signifying that he was to wrap up the show, he smashed it to pieces on the floor and continued to entertain everyone until 11:15 p.m.

Joel generously donated the evening's proceeds to Stony Brook's Marine Sciences Center, an act incited by the recent mass dying-out of Long Island Sound's lobster population, which is not only a severe ecological crisis, but a serious economic problem for the lobstermen of the area as well. His parting words for all were, "I wish you good luck. (pause) Get a lawyer, I'm tellin' ya, get a lawyer!" I even got my Greatest Hits collection signed after the show, not a bad evening for \$30.

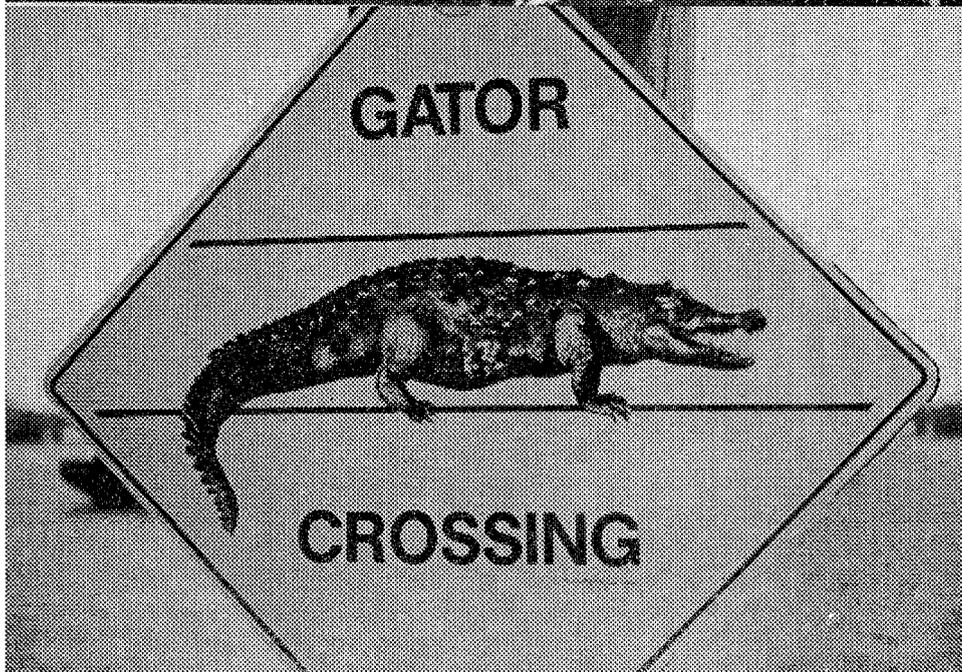
NEW ORLEANS:



CAJUN HIJINKS



Photos By Hilary Vidair



BLACKALICIOUS

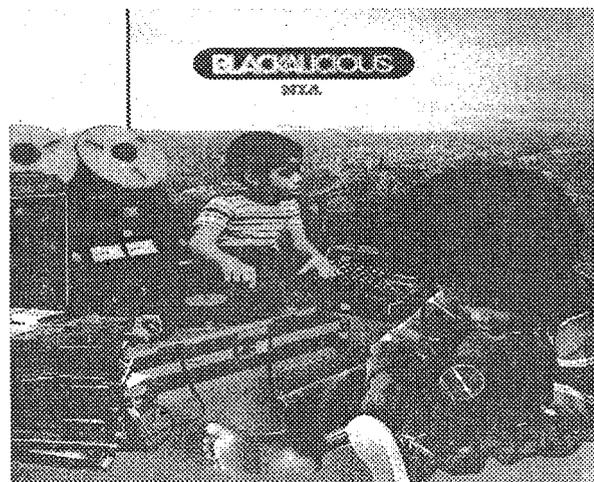
**Blackalicious-
Nia (Quannum Projects)**

The West Coast underground hip-hop scene is as rich and fruitful as that of the east coast. Crews like Hieroglyphics, Pharcyde, the Stones Throw kids, Dilated Peoples and the Lootpack have been churning out passionately original hip-hop for almost a decade. Alongside them is the Quannum crew, including DJ Shadow among others. The Quannum folks also sport one of the most unique rap duos since Eric B. & Rakim in Blackalicious. MC Gift of Gab and producer Chief Xcel possess a chemistry that most mainstream rappers might only hope for. Blackalicious' unique take on hip-hop breathes necessary soul into an ever-stale sound.

The 19 tracks Blackalicious have assembled are a smooth testament of underground hip-hop excellence. Looking for sharp word play and beats other than some shit Swizz Beats pulled out of his ass? Look no further. MC Gift of Gab is a unique rapper, offering songs like the witty "A to G" as proof. Not satisfied to merely be another act complaining of hip-hop's gang-banging ways, Blackalicious present "Shallow Days," which offers a critique of hip-hop culture, and some possible solutions. Definitely one of the most humanistic hip-hop songs I've ever heard.

The catchiest tune is easily the sing-a-long "Deception," which takes five minutes and change to tell the tale of a rapper eaten alive by the record industry. DJ Shadow also shows up to handle some production on the exotic nightclub tale "Cliff Hanger." While "Sleep" doubles as an incredibly dope song and a contender for hip-hop's first lullaby.

I can't overstate the unique connection these



two guys possess musically. If you've been into stuff from the Pharcyde, Del the Funky Homosapien, Souls of Mischief or Aceyalone, then Blackalicious gets my highest recommendation. If none of these performers are familiar to you then get your hands on Nia for no reason other than it's simply an underground classic.

**Various artists- Victory Style IV
(Victory Records)**

Over the last decade Victory has emerged as one of the top labels specializing in hardcore and punk rock. Their distribution and roster depth have developed remarkably. In an effort to keep fans up to date with all their recording artists, Victory developed the Victory Style series some years ago.

With the fourth installment, the label proves they have something to offer most anyone into the hardcore or punk scenes. While not everything here appeals to me, there are some great songs from several of Victory's older and newer bands.

New signings Shelter and Boy Sets Fire offer tasty teasers of their upcoming records. Earth Crisis mark their return to Victory, proving they still know

how to make you mosh your ass off. If you're into the mosh-metal sound then tracks from Hatebreed, Buried Alive and All Out War should leave you pretty happy. Those looking for that old school hardcore flavor will be happy with the material Shutdown, Warzone and Cause for Alarm turn out. Fans of a pop-punk sound will do well to check out the Catch 22 and Grey Area tracks. My only complaint is with Skarhead, as I have always hated their gang mentality and overall lame sound. They come off as both ignorant and stale in their delivery.

I went absolutely apesit for the Blood For Blood track, which may be the best punk/hardcore song I've heard in years. I wrote them off a long time ago as silly tough guys, but now I'm interested.

Anyone into any of the bands on Victory would do well to pick up this low priced sampler and perhaps discover a band you've been sleeping on.

**DMX- ...and then there was X
(Def Jam)**

I think the animated feline who rapped with

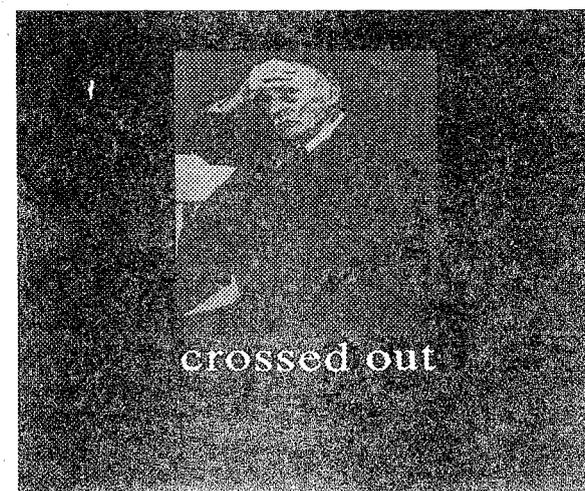


Paula Abdul had more credibility and skill than this guy.

**Crossed Out- Complete Discography
1990-1993 (Slap a Ham)**

Last issue I exemplified Shutdown as a band that specializes in hardcore/punk music, but isn't necessarily taking it to that next level. Few bands are able to take the basic mold of hardcore and bring it to new extremes. That's exactly where Crossed Out took their place.

Crossed Out existed from the late eighties until 1993. In their short existence they managed to create challenging hardcore that took the genre to that next

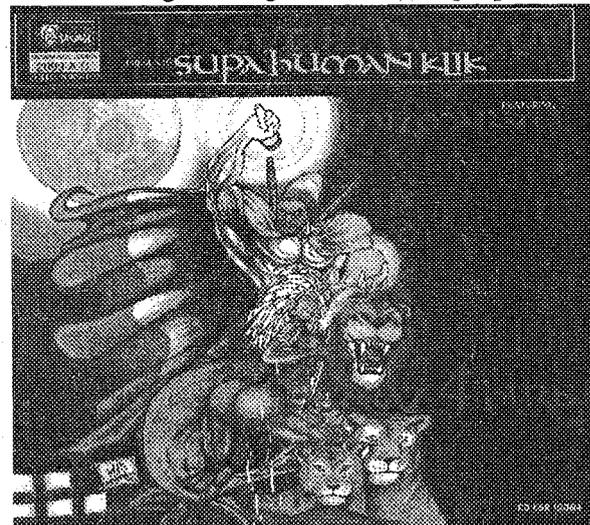


level. They were pioneers of a hardcore style often dubbed "power violence." Other contemporary bands of note are Infest, Pissed Happy Children, No Comment, Plutocracy and Dropdead.

What Crossed Out did was take elements of DC and NY styled hardcore (think Minor Threat and

Youth of Today, respectively) and mix them up with elements of grind-core which bands like Terrorizer, Napalm Death and Carcass made an art of. The end result is a furious hardcore assault with songs often clocking in at no more than thirty seconds, but knocking you on your ass each time.

This discography compiles forty-seven tracks. Included is all of their recorded output, as well as live and radio appearances the band chalked up. Each song smacks you in the face with a quick opening, slow breakdown, and incinerating conclusion. The clever and amusing samples placed between tracks definitely add a few laughs throughout the listening experience.



Recommended to anyone who is into hardcore with some spice.

**Incubus- Make Yourself
(Epic Records)**

Incubus are heavily influenced by Faith No More, the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Rage Against the Machine. FNM is definitely one of my favorites of all-time, so hearing their influence shine through a new band is always a treat. Incubus also seems to get lumped into the "Adidas rock" scene. While I'm not sure whether it is a matter of whom they hang with or where they come from (California I believe), their sound is a step beyond the simple-natured Cali-metal.

Actually, in all fairness, there's hardly anything metal about Incubus. Make Yourself kicks off with "Privilege," a bouncy track best described as what 311 would sound like if they had balls. Other standout tracks are the radio hit "Drive," "Battlestar Scalatchica" and "Clean." "Clean" particularly lets the Faith No More influence run wild, if only for four minutes. "Battlestar..." is an interesting turntablist piece complete with help from NuMark and Cut Chemist of Jurassic Five. Oh, and tuna. Sweet.

On the downside "The Warmth" offers a message of self-preservation, but comes off sounding more satirical than sincere. Songs like "Consequence" are also really a challenge to listen to, being very dry and predictable.

Incubus's sophomore effort seems to balance the bad with the good. They've learned some things since their debut that are obvious here, but further development of their own style is necessary.

**Jeru the Damaja- Heroz4hire
(KnowSavage Records)**

At one point in his career Jeru the Damaja sat on the hip-hop equivalent of the Holy Grail. Basically he had DJ Premier do every single track on his first two records. You can't ask for more. Premier can make a miserable rapper like Ja Rule sound credible. But credibility has never been missing from Jeru's arsenal. In fact, Jeru often comes off as one of the most gifted MC's around. Rappers like Jeru make hip-hop so interesting to me because of an overall dedication to the art. So for his third record he chose to cut ties to the Gangstarr Foundation and handle all production himself.

Does he succeed? Yes and no. See, Jeru has always been a thinking man's MC. Given the right track, his charisma, flo, and obvious intelligence proved that he often deserves the title of hip-hop's "prophet." Unfortunately Jeru can also come across as overly pre-

tentious and boring when laced with a life-less beat. For that matter Premier's tracks weren't always a perfect fit for Jeru. While the duo put together some serious rap classics, like "Come Clean" and "The Frustrated Nigga," Premier's piano based loops sometimes led to a dull lyrical delivery from "the prophet."

On the plus side, tracks like "Seinfeld" make this release a definite Jeru record. A clever song, "Seinfeld" is Jeru's hip-hop song about...nothing! "Renegade Slave" acts as a sequel to "The Frustrated Nigga" and is definitely a worthy successor. It's this kind of track where the Damaja's deep intellect and passion for what he does it evident. Very amusing is "Billie Jean (Safe Sex)", where Jeru furthers the story Michael Jackson begun almost two decades ago.

"Bitchez Wit Dikz" is a powerful track that is held down by verses from lackluster MCs 'Lil Dap and Miz Marvell. Here's where the problems lie. Jeru devotes two entire tracks to Miz Marvell, who is definitely a decent female MC, but in need of much more refinement. "Presha" also finds Jeru lagging over a boring beat.

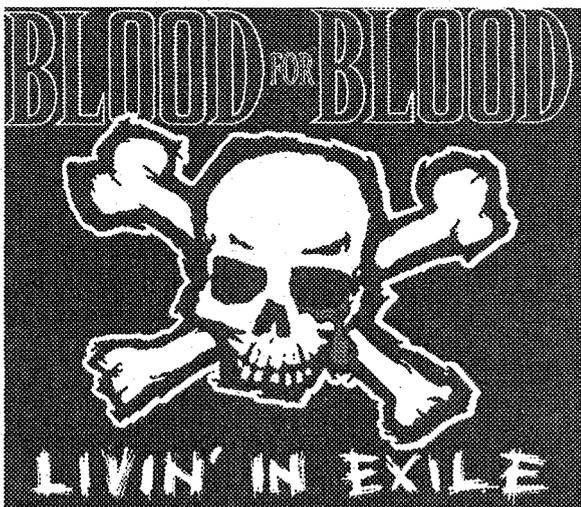
Heroz4hire should be seen as Jeru's quest to find his ideal sound. Here is a very capable poet who will one day find a production style where his prophetic verses shine. Jeru shows he definitely has a knack for beats. His style has an obvious Premier influence, but I think this record is more about Jeru trying to find his own sound. Escaping the shadow of Premier will be no easy task, and Jeru needs to find a sound that distinguished his new work from works past. In the meantime we have an above average record with a few throwaway tracks to keep us salivating for the true coming of "The Prophet." Jeru's battle with the forces of "Mr. Ignorance" continues...

Blood For Blood- Livin' in Exile EP (Victory Records)

Ok, so fresh off my exposure to these guys on the Victory Style IV compilation I ran out and bought this EP. Surprise, it's chock full of sing-a-long choruses and tons of ridiculous punk / hardcore clichés. But this band makes it move like none I've heard in a while. Blood For Blood are equal parts Motorhead, Social Distortion and Sheer Terror. They even offer their take on Motorhead's "Ace of Spades" as a hidden track.

I should make it clear that I haven't bought a straightforward hardcore record in about four years. This made for an excellent record to change that. Blood For Blood play hardcore of such an outrageously amusing caliber that you can't help but love every second of it. The Boston-based band makes no secret of their love for white trash culture. Booklet photos of them seated at a pub prove they've earned a place among the white trash elite.

The title track has the most substance (hence it's inclusion on Victory Style IV), but every song will have anyone with love for good old hardcore punk punching the floor in excitement. Blood for Blood make



me wanna gel my hair back, tattoo my arms and get a Harley. Maybe tomorrow.

Oasis- Standing on the Shoulders of Giants
(Epic Records)

Let's get it out of the way now. Oasis sounds

Craig Schlanger's **Umbra** Strikes Twice

like the Beatles. The influence has always been there, probably always will. They don't particularly further the sound either, as the Gallagher songwriting is predictable. Oasis rarely covers new ground in the Brit-pop scene. Listeners handle the Lennon/McCartney influence differently, with die-hard Beatles fans often taking offense to Oasis's style. However, the fact remains that Oasis has a knack for writing catchy pop ditties, and this LP is proof.



The instrumental intro track "Fucking in the Bushes" sets a very rock pace with guitars wailing over a cleverly placed sample. It's instances like these, where Oasis seems to be trying to modernize their sound by adding a subtle electronic influence. However, tracks like the first single "Go Let it Out" are unmistakably Oasis. In fact, no matter how they may try to toy with their sound, every song here is Oasis. Anyone who has enjoyed their previous releases will surely be into these ten songs. "Put Your Money Where your Mouth Is" brings forth the Gallagher brothers in all their obnox-



ious glory. "Roll It Over" is also classic Oasis song writing.

Standing on the Shoulders of Giants definitely left me satisfied, having never followed Oasis previously (but being exposed to them along the way). If you are a fan of this band, and can get past the Beatles thing, this is definitely a good purchase. Ten solid tracks are Oasis's gift to their fans in the year 2G, with no filler to complain about. Thumbs up.

Satyricon- Rebel Extravaganza (Nuclear Blast)

Black metal is a misunderstood genre. Really. Granted you generally have a bunch of guys dressed up like Kiss groupies at a horror convention glorifying evil, Satan and all that stuff. Basically, the imagery associated with most metal is really just silly. But the fact remains that black metal can be some of the most intense music ever put to record. If you can put imagery, vocals (which don't bother me) and lyrics aside, black metal musicians are among the elite and most proficient around. The sheer speed of the drum-

ming plus the complexity and precision of guitar playing have always made an engaging listen when the quality of instrumentation makes the message a backdrop.

Satyricon are one of the longest running Norwegian black metal bands having survived while many of their contemporaries self-destructed under the weight of their own over-drama. They have now delivered a remarkable recording and a milestone in European metal. The band has brought something to the black metal table that has been absent for years. Innovation. Anyone who has been reading these past few issue should know, nothing gives me a "hard-on" (wipe that grin off your face) quite like a record that pushes the limits of any respective genre.

With Rebel Extravaganza you get cover art that might as well feature the cast of Clive Barker's



Night Breed, and all the silliness expected from a group of Norwegian metalheads. Once you let the CD spin, the music is overpowering and boiling with intensity. From the opening air raid alert on "Tied in Bronze Chains" to the Sisters of Mercy-esque introduction to "Havoc Vulture," Satyricon never cease to astound me with their song composition. Even more impressive is the fact that they offer lyrics that don't talk about Satan! Satyricon's poetry deals instead with pain, torment and debauchery. You know, the less blasphemous stuff.

Still, from a musician's standpoint, Satyricon are the real deal. Standing worlds apart from other metal bands, these cats sure can rock the bells. Lovers of extreme music need to look no further.

Umbra- Unclean Spirit (The Rectrix)

Hands down this may be the most frightening recording I have ever heard. Umbra's sound is the pure embodiment of terror. If you're looking for an intense musical journey, it doesn't get much more evil than Umbra. Describing that sound is the tough part.

Umbra orchestrates ambient industrial soundscapes, which in the proper setting could seriously lead to visions of the underworld. They effectively combine layers of source material into ambient composition. Good reference points would be the intensity (but not sound) of early period Swans or the harsh industrial of Brighter Death Now, while never being quite as loud as either of those groups. Umbra proves pretty quickly that volume does not equal intensity.

I'd recommend this release for anyone into extraordinarily intense sound structure and unconventional music. Umbra will have you wondering how anyone could possibly classify Marilyn Manson as "evil" or "frightening." In fact one listen to this disc should make Pantera seem tame. (For information on this release contact Rectrix@aol.com.)

Manicdotes by the artist formally known as Deborah Sticher

IN 1473 BC., A WOMAN NAMED HATSHEPSUT APPOINTED HERSELF PHARAOH OF EGYPT...

Looks like there's a new sheriff in town!

IN AN ATTEMPT TO LEGITIMIZE HERSELF TO AN APPARENTLY SKEPTICAL PUBLIC, SHE DONNED A FAKE BEARD, MALE CLOTHING AND HAD HERSELF REFERRED TO BY THE MASCULINE GENDER!

Don't let the breasts fool you; I'm King!

WHAT REMAINS OF HER LEGACY NOW EXISTS AS ARTIFACT, SITTING IN THE EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY ROOM IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART EGYPTIAN WING. I VISITED HER LEGACY LAST FRIDAY.

Damn! She was a big girl!

IT WASNT UNTIL LATER THAT DAY WHEN IT STRUCK ME - EVEN IN HER MOST MASCULINIZED IMAGERY...

A FAMILIAR GENDER SIGNIFIER WAS STILL EVIDENT AFTER ALL THOSE MILLENIA...

JUMP TO THE NEXT WEDNESDAY. BECAUSE FEWER VENUES NOW EXIST IN WHICH I CAN PROCLAIM MYSELF PHARAOH.

zzzz!! SNOORRR!!

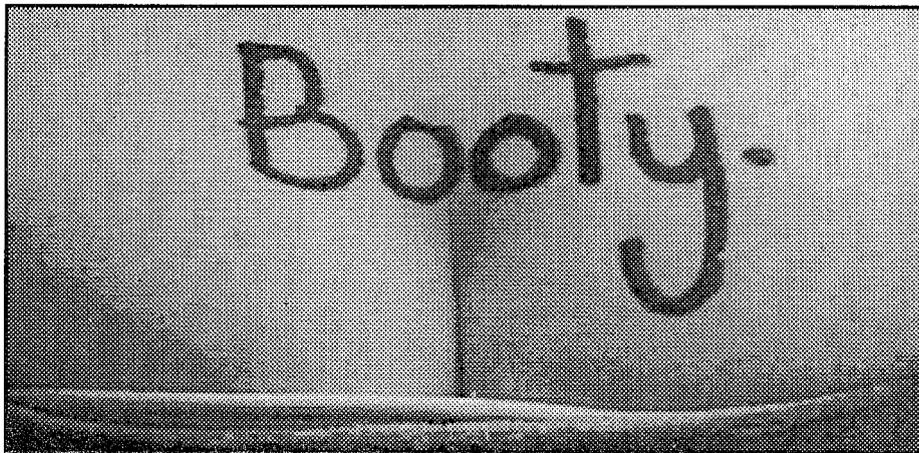
I DECIDED TO GO TO THE CAREER PLACEMENT CENTER'S JOB AND INTERNSHIP FAIR.

Throttle Throttle

alright wonder what I'm supposed to wear to this thing...

The best choice for Job Fair attire is a business suit

For women - skirt and blouse with blazer.



classified.

For Sale:

Your mom. Workin' like a Hoover champion. Free. Available outside your local 7-11.
 Sweaty chain mail. Worn by your mom. Your big fat mom. While she was wearin' her ICON garb. That
 sweaty leather baking in the sun while munching porkkrinds ICON garb. Elfin eared and all.
 The last of my Journalistic Integrity. Who needs it? Excess weight. 631.331.0681
 101 Useless pick up lines by the Artist Currently Known As "Voltaire." Free.
 Trebuchet. Good fun. \$3000/ firm. Contact Gregorio (SCA).
 4 ICON people still sleeping on my couch. Various sizes/ shapes. \$15 each.

Public Notices

If you see your picture in this paper, no matter which body part it is, please contact us, we'd love to
 take pictures of you and exploit whatever cause you have. We've got nothing else to do. Stony Brook
 Press. Student Union 060, Stony Brook, NY 11790. Fax: 631.632.4137

101.2 WHEREAS, lovers have been ripping hearts from the chests of their partners for eons and,
 WHEREAS, they have been casting said hearts on the side of the muddy road of life and,
 WHEREAS, they show no remorse for doing so,

BE IT REQUESTED, that the University Police issue "emotional littering tickets" and stone the offenders.

101.3 The Discordians (Hail Eris!) hereby demand The Spot to be forevermore referred to as The Spiznot.

"So it be said, so was it done, the first Coven of the Ethereal Plane of Emotional Capture, has hereby completed one
 Lust spell. Be all aware that it has been unleashed upon the general populace.

More belly dancers! Hot hot hot. More cleavage! Less Belly!

"I have no Journalistic Integrity." -Glenn Given, a.k.a. "Squirrel"

Did you get some sort of rash at ICON? Does it burn through the carpet when it drips? Please bottle in Pyrex or
 Corningware and deliver to Old Chemistry, Room 015.

Psychological analysis on the behavioral effects of a diet supplemented with Taco Bell or Burger King. Candidacy for
 bionics. Harriman Room 012.

Personals.

Stephanie the devil chick, you were awesome. You've got a boyfriend, what about Marie? More pictures? More sass?
 More Lust?

ICON, Saturday morning, You: Clad in body paint. Me: Clad in liquid latex. Groping in the stacks of the Sci-Fi Forum
 sometime? 631.632.6598

Ass kicking bitch seeks wussie male for discipline. Late nite OK. 631.632.6265

Seeking the Goddess Discordia for worship. Lead us to disrupt the ways of the world at your bidding.

SWC seek vivacious partner(s) for doing it like they do on the Discovery channel. 928-7914.

Managing Editor of the Stony Brook Press seeking easy sci-fi chickeys. be fly baby, be fly. 631.632.4536

Your Mom seeks anyone. Race/species unimportant. Meet at Billy's, Port Jefferson.

Seeking Filthy Pierre. Looking for the filthiest filth that can be scraped off shoes. Call the Dicitooth baby, you know.

Quiet Asian girl seeking Robert Smith wannabe. Meet at the Spot.

Most everyone in the Science Fiction Forum seeks quality partner interested in fetish, garb, or candid photography.

Doormat slaves needed for Bitch Boots at the Inquisition. Wear slave harnesses, approach only on your
 knees. Possible cropping.

Pixie rally to march against Darkness. Meet in Roth Quad, wings and wands required, to march on the Inquisition.
 April 7. 10:30.

Help Wanted.

Doggie style positions available. Equal opportunity. 631.632.6457

Your mom seeks porters to carry her big fat ass from place to place.

The Press needs help! Can you do anything other than sit there on your loathsome spotty behind? We can't
 either, that's why we need you. Student Union 060.

The University Police are seeking live ballistic medium for tests involving small caliber pistol ammunition. Swift of
 foot are encouraged to apply. May involve high volumes of fire and successive magazines. Apply in the dark.

Events.

Your mom will be holding a bake sale of ass cookies to fundraise for the Lubeathon 2000, coming in July. Student Union.
 Lesbian Bicycling Without Seats (L.B.W.S.) will hold their 100 kilometer rideathon May 14, 2000 behind
 the Van DeGraff Generators.

The Club for the Advocation of Implants will hold their first organizational meeting in Humanities 298 each
 and every Monday at 1425hrs EST. Exact GPS coordinates of the second and subsequent meetings will be
 determined onsite. Coffee and donuts will be served.

Ass model auditions. Wednesdays, Student Union 060, 12:45-2:00. Wear clean drawers.

ONE OF LIFES LITTLE PLEASURES REALLY REQUIRES LITTLE EFFORT: LIVING WITH THE CRAZY OF THE CRAZIEST... GIRLS. EVER LIVE WITH GIRLS? (SHOULD I SAY "WOMEN" OR POSSIBLY "WIMMIN?") WHY? ALL SORTS OF REASONS, BUT MOST OF THEM SPRING FROM THE MALE DESIRE TO AUTOMANIPULATE THEMSELVES WHENEVER THE OPPORTUNITY ARRIVES. ONE ONLY HAS TO WALK IN ON ANOTHER MALE ROOMMATE ONCE FOR THE DESIRED EFFECT. I DIGRESS... LIVING WITH GIRLS IS SECOND TO ONLY ONE THING; LIVING IN A HOUSE INHABITED BY GIRLS, AND NOT HAVING THE GIRLS THERE! WHY? PRODUCTS, YEP, THE SECRET IS OUT, IT'S ALL ABOUT THE BATH PRODUCTS. FEELING LOW? SHOWER AT A GIRL'S HOUSE AND LIBERALLY UTILIZE THE MOISTURIZER, FACE MASQUES, ALPHA-HYDROXY LOTION, AND THE KINKY SCRUNCHIES ON EXTACY, THE JOCKLIKE, MEATEATING, FOOTBALL WATCHING, GRUFF MANLY PROTECTOR OF THE REALM WASHES AWAY, LEAVING YOU SENSITIVE WITH FRESH EXFOLIATED SKIN. CLEAN YOUR EARS WITH Q-TIPS, SHAVE WITH A BRAND NEW LEG RAZOR, AND DRY YOUR PREVIOUSLY NASTY ASS WITH A TOWEL WASHED IN THE PUREST WATER. EASTERN LONG ISLAND HAS TO OFFER AND DRIED ON THE CLOTHESLINE. IS YOUR WOMAN PISSED? DID YOU LEAVE THE SEAT UP ONE TIME TOO MANY? MASTER THE TECHNIQUES REQUIRED FOR SAID UTILIZATION OF THE BATH PRODUCTS AND APPLY TO YOUR WOMAN. (RESEARCH! USING THE FIRING MASQUE ON YOUR GIRL'S ASS IS THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE FOR A SWIFT KICKING OF YOUR NUTS. DIG?) MAKE ROMEO LOOK LIKE A PUNK-ASS-BITCH THAT COULDN'T FIND HIS WAY OUT OF AN OPEN CONDOM WRAPPER. TURN ON THE HI-FI. GROOVY BABY.

SEND, DELIVER, FAX, OR CARRIER PIGEON ALL SUBMISSIONS TO:
 THE STONY BROOK PRESS
 ATTN: BOOTY
 ROOM 060 STONY BROOK UNION
 STONY BROOK, NY 11794
 EMAIL: STONYPRESS@HOTMAIL.COM
 FAX: 516.632.4137
 "WHAT THE HELL WE'LL PRINT JUST ABOUT ANYTHING."



JACK IS BACK!
 Email us or come down to the office to get your questions answered!
 You know you want it!
 Student Union, Room 060, or email us at: sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

"Jack is Back!"
 (Thanks, guys!)

CHRONIC CHEATERS ANONYMOUS

OK you guys asked for it so here it goes. I need advice on what to do. See, I'm in a relationship with this really wonderful girl, but there's a problem; for some reason, I can't stop cheating on her. I know that I care about her and that our sex life and everything is going great, but why is it I can't stop cheating? Am I sick in the head? Do I need "help" or is it just that I'm an asshole and can't commit to one girl. I don't need to be fooling around but I do anyway. How can I stop? - anonymous -

JACK:

You think with your dick, amigo, a common problem among males. You say it yourself: wonderful girl, great sex, you care about her. But you are afraid of growing up and having a mature relationship. You know that yo' girlie won't like when, yes *when*, she finds out, probably dump your immature ass and you'll go on believing you aren't mature enough. First off, don't confess. If you want to unburden your soul and receive forgiveness, ask a priest. That guilt you feel should constantly remind you of the consequences of following your pecker. If you think it's time for a change, change. Start by pretending to be a responsible adult. For a long while, it will feel fake and awkward, but, if you set the bar higher, you will grow into it. If it isn't time for a change, you have to come clean with the girl. No penitence, simply a statement of where you are in your personal sexual voyage. Honesty and communication. Ask her if she can be in a non-monogamous relationship. Maybe she wants to explore too. Does that make you feel weird? Probably makes her feel a bit icky too. Maybe it's time to grow.

HIL:

I think that this is a traditional case of insecurity. Are you afraid that your girlfriend is going to cheat on you? I know some men who say "I'll cheat on her from the very beginning so that if I find out she cheated on me, I'll have something to throw back in her face!" That spells immature. Take a risk. Many people shun off this monogamy thing until they actually have it. You know all those couples making out in the middle of everywhere that makes you nauseas? Well, there's got to be something worthwhile for them to constantly look so pathetic in public. Give it a try; it's not like you're putting a ring on her finger or anything. From your letter, it doesn't sound like you have any sexual dysfunction. It's your brain that needs some work. How do you stop? Keep your dick in your pants, that's how you stop. Go jerk off in your car, dude. And if you're not ready for commitment, don't act like you are. It's not fair to the other party involved. I'm sure you'd be pretty pissed if you found out she was boinking some booty other than your own, huh?

I...BURN...DOWN THERE...

OK, I have a question for you. Sometimes, I burn (down there) when I have sex with my boyfriend. It doesn't matter how wet I am. I asked my gyno about this but nothing seems to get done. Why does this happen? - confused -

Get yourself a new gyno, preferably a woman. Your doctor should care and listen, understand and respond so that you don't feel compelled to ask people like me. Hopefully, the boy wears a jimmy and maybe you are just allergic to it or the lube. According to the only woman in the room, it might be a yeast infection or something else. That's something that your new female doc should check. That area is very delicate and you should find out what it is.

You say "burn," so I assume you don't mean anything less intense. Listen, girl. Burn means STD. Many women don't get external symptoms of STDs, or any symptoms for that matter. You should go to a new gyno pronto and get tested, including the separate chlamydia and syphilis tests. If you don't have anything, go buy some lubricant. The more, the better. Synthetic lube is slightly different than female lube and might be just the thing.

BABY, HELP ME SUCK MY OWN...

I can't believe that you guys aren't getting any mail. What's up with Stony Brook? I guess everyone around here has relationships and sex figured out. Whatever. You guys write good stuff though. Keep up the good work...I've been going with this one girl for a few months now. The two of us get along well and we have a lot of fun with sex. The thing is that I have a fantasy that I've wanted to try for some time and am having a little trouble figuring out how to tell her about it. We communicate about sex and all but we don't really go into anything that's considered strange. How strange? I've always wanted to have my partner help me suck my own dick. I can do it on my own but it's just more erotic when I think about having someone help me. I'm not really sure how to bring this up in a conversation so I wanted to see if you guys had any ideas to offer. - muffdiver -

What a faboo kink. Gets my imaginative juices flowing. First, I assume that you think you can't just bring this up to her. Well you can. After sex ask her what she thinks about kinkier sex. Assure her that the sex you are having is great, and that you are trying to learn her parameters for the sake future mutual fantasy fulfillment. Ask her what you can do to increase her sexual enjoyment. Pin her down and make her be specific in sharing her fantasy with you. Don't judge! Then, tell her you have a fantasy and that you have anxiety about asking her to share it with you. Feel it out. I think she will bite. Tell her you want her to help you auto fellate yourself (sounds better than suck your own dick). I wish you the best of luck sexual voyager. If she freaks out, tell her she needs to broaden her sexual horizons and that she should try to transcend the repressive sexual roles propagated by our male dominated society. If she still says no, write us back. Maybe we can help you out.

Thanks for the compliments! I'm glad you have been somewhat communicative with your girlfriend about sex. I bet you already have a good idea how to approach this topic, but here it is, all laid out for ya!
 I've always heard guys say, "Man, if I could suck my own dick, I'd never leave the house!" There are only a few lucky ones who are actually granted with this gift. Next time you're with your girlfriend, joke around about it. I'm sure she's heard guys ponder over such things before. Ask her if she'd eat herself out given the opportunity. Based on how the conversation is going, decide whether or not to let her in on your secret rendez-vous.
 Then, next time your in bed, tell her you'd be interested in watching her masturbate. Then ask her to watch you for a little while. If she leans over to help you, as a lot of girls will do, that is the time to ask her to help you suck your own dick. Tell her you are serious.

Picture on this page is from the book "Sex For One" by Betty Dodson, Ph.D.

WHEN I THINK ABOUT YOU I GO OUTTA MY HEAD



I JUST CANT GET ENOUGH, I JUST CANT GET ENOUGH



WE SLIP AND SLIDE AS WE FALL IN LOVE AND I JUST

CANT SEEM TO GET ENOUGH OF THE PRESS

FALL IN LOVE WITH US, EVERY WED. AT ONE PM

IN RM. 060 OF THE STUDENT UNION