

THE STONY BROOK **PRESS**

Vol. XXI No. 14

"All of you should be more like Penny"

May 3, 2000

Penny the Pasta Lady



Woman of the Year!

The Story
On Sweatshops
—page 6—

Sixth Annual
Shirley Awards
—pages 14 & 15—

Interview with
Jailed Student
—pages 8 & 9—

C a m p u s E v e n t s

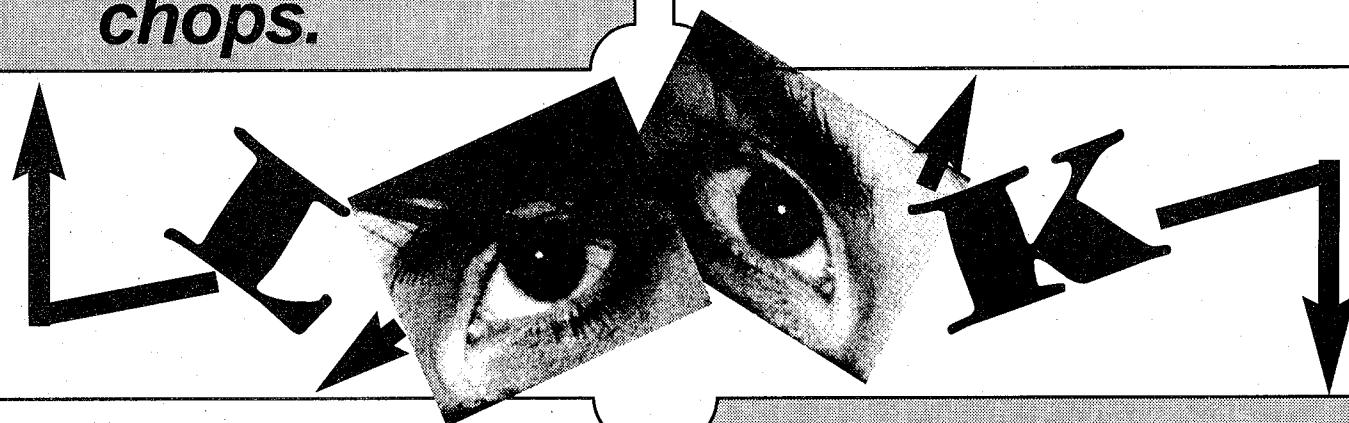
Roast-A-Goat!

*The anthropology dept. will
be holding its
annual goat-roast
on Sat., May 6th
at Blydenburgh Park
sharpen those stone
knives and lick your
chops.*

The End Is Near!

*The spring '00
semester draws to
a close.
Good luck on
finals.*

(note the distinct lack of campus news)



POOL TOURNAMENT

DOWNTOWN ARCADE

UNION BASEMENT

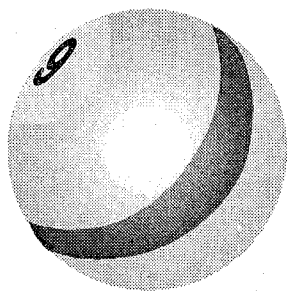
Thursday
May 4th @ 7 PM

1st Prize: \$100

2nd Prize: Sony Walkman
w/free cd's

3rd Prize: Custom pool stick

Free prize to all contestants. Amateurs only.



SENIOR WEEK ACTIVITIES

**SENIOR TRIP TO
GREAT ADVENTURE**

WEDNESDAY

MAY 17TH

TICKETS AT THE POLITY TICKET
OFFICE IN THE SAC.

CALL NAOMI JOHNSON
@ 2-9196 FOR MORE INFO.

Statement to the Public By Jailed IMF/World Bank Protesters

[Editor's Note: The following statement was written by 70 of the male protesters arrested during the IMF protests and incarcerated for the past week. The writers consolidated ideas, suggestions, and editorial comments for the letter by passing suggestions between bars, from cell to cell.]

We, the male prisoners arrested in Washington, D.C. during the week of the A16 demonstrations against the IMF/World Bank (April 16-22, 2000), wish to express our solidarity with our fellow inmates, as well as with prisoners around the world who die and are tortured daily, often simply because they ask to be treated fairly, equally, and justly. Second, we wish to express our sincere thanks to the many supporters who stayed outside the jail in solidarity with us, and to those many who sent e-mails, wrote letters, and made phone calls on our behalf. Also, we would like to thank the elected officials and members of congress who supported us. We wish to express our deepest thanks to the noble and tireless efforts of the volunteers with the Midnight Special Law Collective and the National Lawyers Guild. Most of all, we would like to express our deepest gratitude to our sisters in the adjacent cell block, whose powerful spirits and attitudes kept us strong during the past week. Collectively, this supportive response stands as testament to a growing worldwide community of resistance to unjust economic globalization and to the increasing corporate control over our daily lives.

Over the past five days we have been shuttled through the D.C./Federal judicial system. Despite the relatively trivial charges that most of us received ("crossing a police line", "parading without a permit", or "incommoding") and our shared decision to remain silent when asked to identify ourselves, we were subjected to a series of "divide and conquer" tactics, both psychological and physical. We were denied contact with our lawyers for consecutive periods of more than 30 hours at a time; left handcuffed and shackled for up to eight hours; moved up to 10 times from holding cell to holding cell. Many of us were denied food for more than 30 hours and denied water for up to 10 hours at a time. Though many of us were soaking wet after Monday's protest, we were refused dry clothing, and left shackled and shivering on very cold floors.

For no apparent reason, some of us were physically attacked by U.S. Marshals; we were forcefully thrown up against the wall, pepper sprayed directly in the face, or thrown on the floor and beaten. At least two individuals were forced against the wall by their necks in strangulation holds, with threats of further violence. This sort of violence was perpetrated against at least two juveniles in order to separate them from the larger group. The U.S. Marshals told us that we would be going to D.C. Jail, where we would be raped, beaten, and given AIDS or

murdered by "faggots" and "niggers."

Chief Judge Eugene Hamilton, in a shocking violation of legal ethics, appointed public attorneys for each member of our group and ordered them to post our bonds while we were still in the D.C. Jail, expressly against our wishes and best interests. In fact, though we asked repeatedly for our own lawyers, we were assigned public defenders who consistently acted in the interests of the prosecution.

All of this came after the excessive violence used against peaceful demonstrators in the streets of Washington. (Violence perpetrated by police included running people over with police motorcycles, clubbing, beating, pepper spraying, tear gassing, trampling with horses, and systematically fabricating scenarios to legitimize police actions in the eyes of the public.)

After our arrests last week, many of us chose to remain anonymous to protest these abuses. We chose to show solidarity with our fellow protesters who were unjustly charged with felonies and misdemeanors in the act of non-violent civil disobedience against the IMF and the World Bank. It is clear to us that the District of Columbia and the Federal Government, by trumping up charges, by arresting frivolously, and by keeping us in jail for a week, had much less of a problem with our alleged infractions than with the fact that we spoke our minds and faced up to their brutality and threats.

Simply put, our jail time was not about our trivial charges, but instead about our peaceful, nonviolent, and successful exercise of our constitutionally protected rights to freedom of speech and

freedom of assembly.

Despite efforts by prison officials to alienate us from the resident inmate population, we continue to feel a great sense of community and solidarity with them. Unlike the "brutal monsters" that the racist, homophobic U.S. Marshals described to us in offensive and threatening detail, we found our fellow inmates to be intelligent, caring, and passionately concerned about injustice inflicted on all members of our society by governments, as well as injustice perpetrated by U.S. based corporations, around the globe. Many were informed about the severe injustices caused by IMF/World Bank

programs which have forced hardships on the majority of the world's people. Together we discussed how life in a D.C. prison resembles the life of residents in the third world. In the same way that corporate investors profit from the sustained poverty of poorer countries (poverty sustained in part through the loans and policies of IMF/World Bank), so too do many investors profit from the sustained incarceration of U.S.

citizens as prisons in the U.S. become privatized. The increasing privatization of prisons creates perverse incentives for prisons to incarcerate citizens in a system that benefits from what



Nothin' like a good ol' fashioned protest

can only be called "slave labor."

We believe that the increasing injustices of the prison system and of the IMF/World Bank are fueled by the same naked greed. Racism, homophobia, sexism, global and local environmental devastation, the ongoing campaign to criminalize basic labor organizing tools, and many other forms of oppression are merely symptoms of a system that places profits above all other values. We believe that love, compassion, liberty, and basic human and environmental rights should be the driving forces in our society. We are determined to help create a world in which these values are stronger than selfishness.

Our movement is a small part of a worldwide brotherhood and sisterhood joining in solidarity with all the impoverished, oppressed, and progressive people of earth. For us, breaking the law is not a frivolous gesture, but rather a last-resort means of exposing the immense powers that we all face when we attempt to create real, ethical change. We continue to draw inspiration from the civil rights, anti-nuclear, anti-war, environmental justice, labor rights, and anti-oppression movements. Who are we? We are your sons and daughters, your sisters and brothers, your fathers, mothers, grandfathers, and grandmothers. We are your co-workers, your fellow parishioners and rabbis, your healers, your teachers, and your students. We will continue to risk arrest, and if necessary resist with our very lives, until we expose this world as one in which profits come before people, so that a more just, humane, and free global society may take its place.

ANGELOS K. HANNIDES

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EDITORIAL

The Stony Brook Press Can Beat Up Your Paper!

Yeah that's right everyone. You think your "Blackworld" and your "Shelanu" can take us on?

We gots da Queens ghetto editor cummin' straight atcha, bustin' up your whole scene. BTO baby, BTO.

"Denis says he hates faggots, but one time, he stuck a thermometer up his ass while he was masturbating and he loved it. Please, he wishes some big-dicked muthafucka would cum and ream some twelve inches up his ass." - Hil

Yikes. So there you have it. That is a wee taste of the vindictive animosity you could be up against, *Three-Village Herald*.

Brad Gratton is sexy. Lemme tell you, that kid looks sharp in a tux. Meee-ow!

Statesman, *Stateswoman*, you ain't got nuttin' on this psycho bitch from Bayside. Bring it on, hos.

Newsday? please. We could buy and sell your chump paper without even breaking a pimp-sweat.

Ahem... just kidding. We at the *Press* would never resort to such immature, space-wasting blather just to flex our journalistic muscles.

What a fine joke it is that we have made! And you really thought we were serious about that? We are pacifists. Just stay on our good side.

Ironically enough, all journalists really are quite swell and Brad Gratton is not at all sexy. Now Pete is a different story...

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Hey, I believe Ms Kenny paid \$25,000 to her favorite PR firm--the one that came up with the birdbrain catalog picture--for "Seawolves," and in Jack London's rendering, the seawolf is a little Kevorkian. Enjoyed Ellen Yau's very evenhanded article on the English Department and her "... Manning (assuming that he will stay)."

-David Burner

Bye-Bye, Bamboo



This, ladies and gentlemen, is what is being done to the forest right behind Kelly Quad. We assume this is happening in the effort to create new student housing; however, the students on campus were not informed of any such plans. Furthermore, Shirley Strum Kenny denied that any construction would be done to the forest when questioned at a recent Student Media Council meeting. We just want to thank good ol' Shirl for keeping up with her constant lies--they always look good in print.

PRESS

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1999 NEWSDAY SCHOOL JOURNALISM AWARDS

- FIRST PLACE IN COMMENTARY
- SECOND PLACE IN PHOTOGRAPHY

1998 CAMPUS

ALTERNATIVE JOURNALISM AWARDS

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

Monique Watts and the French Club Meet French Attache

By Epora Telogs Regeva

On Wednesday, during Campus Lifetime, "La Table Ronde" sponsored a cultural event to educate an open audience of approximately 45 people. Eric Sacher, a French attache from the "Linguistique des Services Culturels de l'ambassade de France," started a lecture at 1:20p.m. The lecture lasted approximately 20 minutes. Monsieur Sacher opened his talk by asking the question, "so, when was France born?" An audience member then retorted, "do you mean nation-state or Charlemagne/Palis School?" This comment started Monsieur Sacher's lecture by drawing an ambiguous point—when and what is "Modern France?"

Monsieur Sacher discussed some misconceptions about the Carlington Dynasty. Normally, one speaks of the dynasty as being Gaulish in origin, however, one can not neglect the influence of The Franks; therefore, how close are France's cultural roots to Germany's? This matter was obviously not clarified because it can not. Modern day historians ponder to their wits end over the matter, without resolution—besides, perhaps, a Guggenheim Fellowship.

The next matter concerned France's Catholic heritage. Not much was discussed, regarding this matter. The only thing that this writer can add to this vacuity, would be the Jacobean Huguenot factioning, which had a helping hand in the French Revolution.

The linguistic roots of the French language were then addressed, this being especially keen, since this is Monsieur Sacher's specialty. He pointed out the Latin roots of French—it being one of 5 romance languages (French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and Romanian—of course). Monsieur Sacher then pointed

out the organic process of linguistic evolution. France has the medieval French evolve into a standardized vernacular, after Guttenburg's Printing Press in 1519. At this juncture the Monarch (Francis I) had to choose between two vernaculars, that of the North and South. The northern dialect was chosen, thus, modern Parisian French.

Monsieur Sacher then moved on to contemporary France. He first pointed out that the French government evolved out of the French Revolution's conception of the Modern Republic. The President (Jacques Chirac) does not get a chance to choose his cabinet. The parliament elects the Prime Minister, who subsequently chooses the working cabinet. Monsieur Sacher then mentioned that France has the fourth strongest GDP (Gross Domestic Product) in the world, which translates to France, more or less, having the fourth strongest economy—the GNP (Gross National Product) must be factored into the number crunching. France mainly trades with its European neighbors, the European Union facilitates this process.

At around 1:38p.m., a wonderful violin piece was played to the crowd's pleasure. At approximately 1:40p.m. the event opened up to a question and answer forum. The first question was asked by The French Clubs President, Joohi Garg, "How's the youth job market?" Monsieur Sacher then responded in kind, "quite well, it's been steadily improving to a declining rate of 10%, there's a sense of hope and success at the moment."

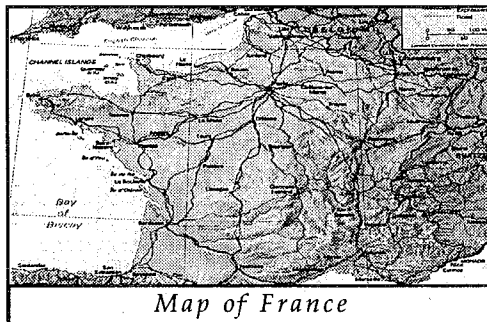
The next question, "what changes are going on in the French educational system?" was answered succinctly with, "a lot of changes."

Regarding politics, the next question aimed at the European Union, NATO (North Atlantic Trade Organization), UN (United Nations), and IMF (International Monetary Fund). Monsieur Sacher then let the audience know that Jacques Chirac holds leadership in the EU. When it comes to international politics Chechnya holds precedence over Iraq.

The next question dealt with French technological xenophobia: the internet vs. the French internet. Monsieur Sacher responded that France is currently opening more and more to the World Wide Web.

The talk ended at around 2:05p.m., where thereafter the audience proceeded to indulge in snacks and refreshments generously provided by The French Club—"La Table Ronde."

These blurbs do not provide much elucidation on the key points in France's cultural heritage. The only thing that can be concluded, though, is the fact of France's dynamic evolution. Modern day Paris has been the intellectual hub for many cultural movements. Some examples are Jean Paul Sartre's and Simone de Beauvoir's brand of philosophical existentialism; Jacques Derrida's deconstruction; Antonin Artaud's "Theater of Cruelty;" Brecht, Beckett, and countless other playwrights; and of course the artistic movements that fermented on the Montparnasse.



Journalism Major A Minor Concern

By Joanna Wegielnik

SUNY Stony Brook, the school touted as the flagship of the SUNY system, lacks what every other state school system in the country has, an accredited journalism program, says Bob Greene, the former journalism minor coordinator at Stony Brook.

"The State University of New York [referring to SUNY Stony Brook] has no accredited journalism major program," Greene said. "Every state university in the country has one. New York, the capital of the communications industry, doesn't have one. Alabama and Mississippi have two."

Greene's point is well taken. In a school with several student-run media outlets, located an hour from the hub of the communications industry, SUNY Stony Brook should have a fully accredited journalism program.

Greene, who taught at the university for eight years before departing to Hofstra University, said he "battled for a number of years" to expand the minor into an accredited journalism program, to no avail. "I left because I was disgusted," Greene said.

After repeated attempts to launch an accredited program at the university and no administrative support from John Margburgers, president the university at the time, Greene accepted an offer from Hofstra University to become the Department Chair and Professor of Journalism and Mass Media Studies.

"Hofstra came to me and said 'We want an accredited journalism major,'" Green said. "We have gone through four years and the program is now accredited. I came here to build this. I can't do that at Stony Brook."

One person who is very familiar with the tortured history of journalism at Stony Brook is Paul Dolan,

Assistant Professor of English. "About five years ago, when Bob Greene was here, he proposed a journalism major in conjunction with the English Department," Dolan said.

Greene ended up leaving for Hofstra and his effort collapsed. "But it was very clear," Dolan added, "that it did not get the necessary administrative support."

Dolan said that while it would be ideal to have a full-fledged journalism major, the current minor program has its own merits. "The minor program is and has been a very strong program," Dolan said.

Students involved in student media on campus and those enrolled in journalism classes would like to see the program expanded into a major. "I definitely think that the journalism program should be given departmental status," said Jen Kester, the executive editor of the *Statesman*. "With Newsday, the nation's fifth largest paper, located so close to the University, its editors and reporters could provide an outstanding staff for the department. And the interest among the student body is there. With five student newspapers, a radio and television station, it is obvious that there is a big crowd that

would be interested in a journalism major."

Kester is a junior majoring in political science and minoring in journalism... She plans on attending graduate school to study journalism. She is currently enrolled in two journalism classes and has taken several others in the past.

"For the limits the department has, I think it is pretty good," Kester said. "The program has actual journalists teaching the classes. However, the program is limited in the courses it offers. I would love to take an investigative journalism class, a sports writing class, a layout and design class...there are so many other aspects of journalism that one cannot get

access to through the program, it's a shame."

Russ Heller, a sophomore currently enrolled in Basic News Writing and Reporting, JRN 287, is also the managing editor of the *Stony Brook Press*, the alternative student-run bi-weekly on campus. Heller, who intends to minor in journalism, also expressed interest in an accredited journalism program. "I would really like to see a journalism major at Stony Brook," he said. "What's a minor really worth? Nobody is going to look at your resume and say, 'Oh, I see you minored in journalism. Let me give you this job.' It would be very nice to have a degree in it."

"I feel that the journalism class that I'm taking now is excellent," he said. "It is a class that I'm actually learning in and it is helping me with the work I am doing for the Press. I'm being taught by someone who knows what they are talking about."

Heller plans to continue in journalism beyond Stony Brook. "At least some form of journalism will play a role in my future, whether it be editing, writing, photojournalism or newspaper parody," he said.

Students aren't the only ones interested in an expanded journalism program. Fred Bruning, a reporter for Newsday, also teaches some of the courses offered at Stony Brook. This semester he is teaching advanced news writing and reporting, JRN 387.

"I think the current program is pretty good," Bruning said. "It is a small program that delivers high-quality instruction. Every teacher is a practicing journalist. It's an advantage to have working professionals teaching. But I can't help thinking what more the program might be."

Bruning will most likely head the journalism program after Paul Schreiber, the current minor coordinator leaves this semester, after 13 years of teaching.

"I think it is a worthy enterprise," Bruning said. "I think the field of journalism is an important one and it needs young people. We, who have spent our lives in this field, believe strongly in the first amendment and carrying that mandate forward."

"Nobody is going to look at your resume and say, 'Oh, I see you minored in journalism. Let me give you this job.'"

Sweatshop Economics: The Globalization of Poverty

By Joanna Wegielnik

"In Bangladesh, young women are forced to work from 7:30 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., seven days a week, sewing clothes for Wal-Mart, earning just nine to 20 cents an hour. By law, in the export processing zone, the workers have no right to organize."

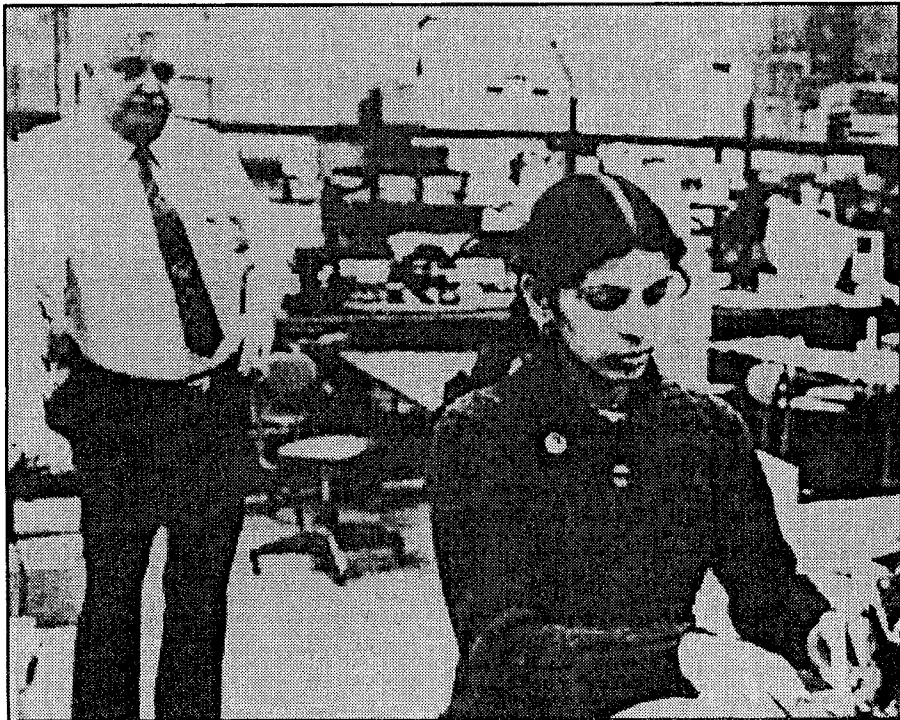


Photo courtesy of the National Labor Committee

"Women in El Salvador are paid three cents for every \$14.99 Yale University t-shirt they sew. The women are fired if they become pregnant, refuse to work overtime or are even suspected of trying to organize."

"In Burma, one of the most vicious military dictatorships in the world, clothing is sewn for London Fog, Karl Kani, Bradlees, Sports Authority (including official New York Yankees jerseys) and others by workers paid 4 cents an hour, \$8 for the entire month. If the workers dare question or challenge factory conditions, they will be arrested and tortured."

"GAP clothing is being sewn in Eastern Russia in South Korean owned factories employing temporary migrant workers from China who are paid 11 cents an hour for forced 12-hour shifts."

"Teletubbies, the best selling toy in the U.S., are made in China by young women forced to work 16 hours a day, from 7 a.m. to 1 a.m., seven days a week. They are allowed four hours of sleep a night and receive a half day off each month. They are paid 13 cents an hour, earning \$14.42 for the entire 112 hour work week."

The above examples were cited from "The Race to the Bottom," a brochure published by the National Labor Committee. The NLC is a New York-based labor rights organization whose "mission is to educate and actively engage the U.S. public on human and labor rights abuses by multi-national corporations."

Last week, in conjunction with NYPIRG and the Peace Studies Center, the NLC presented a forum on sweatshops on cam-

pus, "The Battle to End Sweatshops & Forced Child Labor," featuring guest speaker, Barbara Briggs.

Briggs, the "woman who made Kathie Lee cry," released a report in the spring of 1996 documenting how 13-year-old girls in a Honduran factory were being forced to work 13-hour shifts, under armed guard, for 31 cents

an hour sewing pants for Kathie Lee Gifford and Wal Mart. The report caused a major media fury and culminated with a teary-eyed Kathie Lee crying and threatening to sue the NLC for defaming her. In an unprecedented way, the case also spotlighted the issue of child labor and sweatshop abuse on the national agenda.

So what's the deal with sweatshops?

A sweatshop, as defined by the U.S. Department of Labor, is a workplace that violates two or more of the basic labor laws including child labor, minimum wage, overtime and fire safety laws. Sweatshops can be found anywhere in the world, including New York City, Los Angeles, Miami, Dallas, and Atlanta, all major apparel centers that are also major sweatshop hubs. According to Labor Department statistics, over 50% of U.S. garment factories are sweatshops.

The majority of sweatshops, however,

are located in poor countries with lax labor laws. These places offer multinational corporations like the Gap and Nike an irresistible incentive: a large pool of desperate, exploitable workers, most of whom are young women.

"Sweatshop workers report

horrible working conditions including sub-minimum wages, no benefits, non-payment of wages, forced overtime, sexual harassment, verbal abuse, corporal punishment, and illegal firings," according to a report written by feminist.org. "Children can often be found working in sweatshops instead of going to school. Sweatshop operators are notorious for failing to give maternity leave by firing pregnant women and forcing women workers to take birth control or to abort their pregnancies....Sweatshop operators can best control a pool of workers that are ignorant of their rights as workers. Therefore, bosses often refuse to hire unionized workers and intimidate or fire any worker suspected of speaking with union representatives or trying to orga-

nize fellow workers."

U.S. retailers depend on the sweatshop to turn a profit. The companies directly running sweatshop operations have virtually no name recognition, however, large U.S. retailers who sub-contract these smaller companies, do. According to feminist.org, Wal-Mart, Sears, JC Penny, The May Company (Lord&Taylor, Hecht's, Filene's) and Federated Department Stores (Bloomingdale's, Macy's, Burdine's, Stern's) are the five garment companies that control almost all of apparel sales in this country.

The role of the sweatshops is crucial in today's global economy, argues the NLC. "In the 'global sweatshop economy,' corporations pit workers around the world against each other in the race to the bottom over who will accept the lowest wages and benefits and the most miserable working and living conditions....Corporations seeking to relocate production are free to roam the world in search of low wages, no benefits, no human and worker rights protections, no occupational health and safety or environmental regulations, no taxes and no unions. The multinationals have grown so enormously powerful that Wal Mart's annual sales of \$137.6 billion are larger than the Gross Domestic Product of 155 countries in the world, and there are only 192 countries. This allows the corporations to play countries off against each other....These companies always seek out young women, 16 to 25 years of age, to staff their factories around the world. Often, the women do not their rights. They have never heard of the corporations they work for and they have no idea what role they play in the global economy."

What do we do about it?

Much like the American demand for cocaine drives the international narcotics trade, our insatiable appetite for apparel fuels the international sweatshop industry. Our position in the global economy means that we are in a unique place to do something about the abuses of the industry. The 16-year-old who made your sneakers in Mexico is not in the same bargaining position.

So what can we do about this? It can be a very simple gesture, for example boycotting clothing made in sweatshops to a more formal, involved stance, like community organizing. Today, there are literally hundreds of groups (student, labor, religious based) that work on this issue and they desperately need bodies. If this is the type of thing that concerns you, get out there and make some noise.

For more information, contact the following organizations:

National Labor Committee
www.nlcnet.org
212-242-3002

NYPIRG
www.nypirg.org
631-632-6457

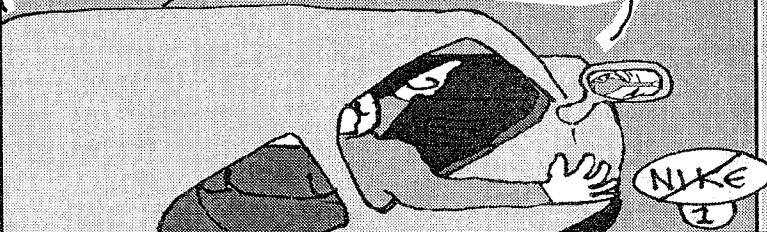
United Students Against Sweatshops
www.umich.edu/~sole/usas
202-NO-SWEAT

Get in Good With Goodwill

By Debbie Sticher

I SHOWED MY BUDDY THE WAY TO GOODWILL THE OTHER DAY...

Okay, so we go down Nichol's Road till Middle Country Road, then turn left and Goodwill will be on one of our first rights... This is so cool... I've never been to Goodwill before...



THE CLOTHING SOLD AT GOODWILL IS CLEANED AND REFURBISHED BEFORE GETTING PLACED ON RACKS, SO IT'S ALL IN GOOD CONDITION. YOU JUST NEED TO HUNT FOR THAT "STYLE".

JEANS \$5.00	MISC.
MEN	
COATS \$3.00	BAGS \$10.00
SHIRTS \$2.00	HATS \$5.00
PANTS \$5.00	GLASSES \$1.00

Go west, young man!

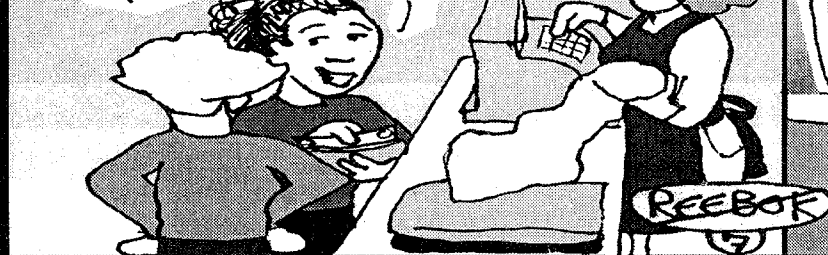


AND THE MONEY YOU SPEND THERE BYPASSES THOSE CORPORATIONS COMPLETELY. NO MORE SUPPORTING SWEATSHOP LABOR!!



SO THRIFT STORE SHOPPING IS GUILT-FREE AND FOR A DECENT CAUSE... THE CLOTHING WASN'T THE ONLY GEM MY BUDDY TOOK AWAY FROM THE STORE THAT DAY...

My mom is going to have a FIT when she finds out I spent so little on so much!!



AT FIRST, SHE SEEMED A BIT HESITANT, SO I HAD TO EXPLAIN A BIT OF THE THRIFT STORE METHOD:

Okay, so most of these clothes are ugly - but in their midst is a diamond in the rough... It is your duty to find that gem!



BIG BRAND NAMES ARE SOLD THERE, TOO, LIKE J. CREW, OLD NAVY, GAP, EXPRESS, CALVIN KLEIN... WHATEVER PEOPLE DONATE...



They sell Mudd jeans here!!!

yeah, over in the jeans rack, \$5.



THIS IS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT BECAUSE VIRTUALLY ANY FIRST-HAND CLOTHING SOLD RIGHT NOW HAS BEEN MADE IN A FACTORY WITH HAZARDOUS OR STRESSFUL WORKING CONDITIONS THAT PAYS OUT EXPLOITATIVE WAGES.

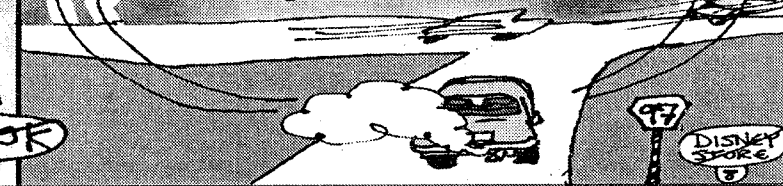
I found a dress!



It's so funny; we always used to donate to Goodwill when I was little, but we never shopped there...

So now you have - it's fun, right? And cheap - and morally responsible... and it's good to be on both sides - you only need so much clothing at any given time...

Next Friday, then? OF course!



Direction Action and Arrests in D.C. at the

By Angelos K. Hannides

A.H. When and how were you arrested?

B.H. I was arrested on Monday afternoon, around 1:30. It was pouring rain, and I was sitting on the pavement at 20th and Pennsylvania Avenue. We decided to sit there because the police erected a barricade preventing us from marching on the IMF building. They were threatening to pepper spray and tear gas us if we did not disperse. Instead of dispersing, we sat down and began negotiating with the police to allow us to march down to the IMF building. The police did spray some people, but I didn't get hit by the spray because I was about ten rows back from the front line.

A.H. Were the other arrestees acquainted with each other before?

B.H. I knew a few of the other protesters, but very few. Most of us came from all over the country.

A.H. From a message by Abe Walker of USLAC, we found out that you did reach a deal with the police: to cross the line with the risk of arrest, and they shedding their riot gear and pledging not to use violence. I understand that that is when you were arrested, but certain protesters who decided to "go limp" and be carried to the paddywagons or buses were handled roughly. Did you witness any of that?

B.H. The phrase "to go limp" means that, instead of resisting arrest, we simply relax all of our muscles so that the police do not sense any resistance on our part. This makes it much more difficult to take us off the scene. Instead of one police escort, it usually takes three or four. In our case, the police took those who went limp and forcibly dragged them down the pavement, sometimes scraping their bare faces, stomachs, or legs on the road. This is not how it is usually done, and really just points to the official disregard for us as citizens. Usually if a protester goes limp, he/she is picked up, carefully, so as not to injure the protester.

One reason that we "go limp" is so that the police get the clear picture that we are non-violent passive resistors. Such an action restricts the police from using pain-compliance holds on us (twisting arms around, pinching nerves, and so on). When pain-compliance holds are used, we usually remind the officers that it is against the law to

use them on non-violent passive resistors. In this case, a lot of laws were broken--many that will never see court. I think the police knew this, and felt comfortable forcing us and

injuring us in the ways that they did.

A.H. Where were you carried to then? I believe that you were already separated by gender at this point.

B.H. I was not carried, as I chose not to go limp. I saw how brutal the police were being with those of us who volunteered to be arrested (it is important to emphasize that many of us actually volunteered, and knew that we would be taken in), and thought that it wouldn't be very wise. The police seemed to be in a frenzy to injure the troublemakers, and so, given the opportunity, would do what they could to cause bodily harm to the protesters. Again, this is against the law, but since in this case the police were both breaking and enforcing the law, you can guess who got away with what.

We weren't separated by gender until much later in the afternoon. We traveled on busses together. We were separated by gender at the processing facility, where we were denied food, denied water, and in some cases, denied use of the restroom.

A.H. How spontaneous was the decision to withhold one's name? It appeared to be fairly massive. Was there any sort of organized communication between you as a group?

B.H. The decision to withhold names was actually made long before we were arrested. It's a common tactical move on the part of activists, and we do it for basically two reasons: one principled and the other tactical. The principled reason is that we think that

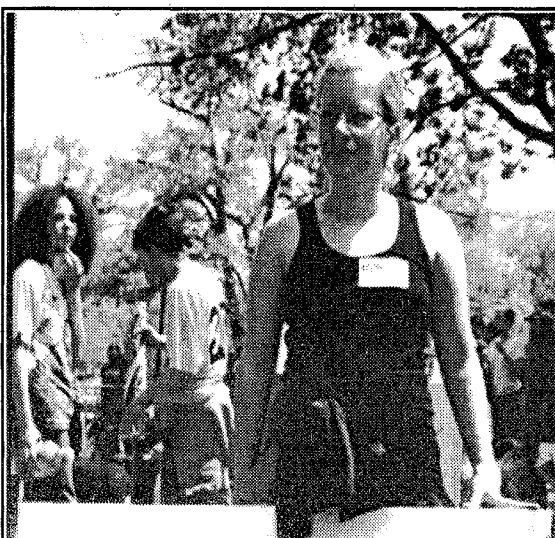
any John/Jane Q. Public ought to be allowed to march down the streets of Washington D.C. to protest the actions of a particular agency or body. Since we were denied this right, we submitted ourselves to the court as generalized citizens. The tactical reason is that we knew that we would flood the jail system if we all came in without names. So, by withholding our names, we effectively

increased our bargaining power with the district attorney. In the end, this tactic worked remarkably well, as we were able to reduce all 1300 misdemeanor charges to jay-

walking tickets and a \$5.00 fine. Though, of course, 156 of us had to spend some rather uncomfortable nights in a Federal Pen. Well worth it, I'd say.

A.H. No doubt, also judging by the end result! Let's talk a bit about the repercussions of this both regionally and globally. For several of us who come from countries "outside the western world", it has been more than evident for years now that westernization of

economies, cultures, and individuals has not been a delicate process. It is more often than not administered by external agencies such as the WTO, the World Bank and the IMF, and sometimes even by military pacts such as NATO. Especially, since the second world war, the leadership role of the U.S. has been most pronounced, and consequently the U.S. governments have been collecting most of the fire in protests a b r o a d . Generalization was inevitable, identifying anything American with this "westernization" process. Until now. Within the last few months, we have witnessed several actions of gigantic dimensions IN the



"I think the economic logic behind

**dumping a load of toxic waste
in the lowest wage country**

is impeccable . . .

**I've always thought that under-populated
countries in Africa are vastly under-polluted."**

— former World Bank economist Lawrence Summers

A poignant message

U.S. by actual Americans, which give us hope that things can change from within, and also unmask the plastic images of a uniformly apathetic society to reveal the dissenting allies from within. I believe that something similar must have happened with several Americans who, never being exposed to any similar situation before, watched from their living rooms these events happening in the actual U.S. and not in a Middle-Eastern or African country. What are your thoughts on the timing of these protests? Why now and not, let's say, in 1991 when the Eastern Block collapsed?

B.H. I think you're really pointing to the incredible success of these protests. I should first say that American activism has been going on and going strong for many years, in spite of the lack of public attention. I've been doing serious activist work for the past five years, and most of my work has gone unnoticed, largely because the press refuses to report on our activities. Seattle changed much of this because the turnout was so incredibly large, and because there were so many diverse activist groups that came together to fight against one entity. Since Seattle, and now since the IMF, it seems that issues that were once only discussed in coffee shops and at activist meetings are now dinner table discussions for many American families.

For evidence of this, I only need look as far as

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or legs on the road.***

IMF/WB Meeting: An Interview with Ben Hale

my own personal circle. Until this year, none of my family members had really ever thought to question the policies of the WTO, the IMF, or the World Bank--even though I'd been saying things for years! Now, however, because of the massive numbers of activists who are working together, it seems like a great number of my family members and friends cannot stop talking about the IMF. This indicates a radical redirection of the American political mind. All I can say is: it's about time.

I will also say that, as you mention, citizens of other countries seem incredibly pleased to hear about actions happening in the U.S. Since my release from jail, I've been receiving numerous messages from activists in other countries: Sweden, Switzerland, Ireland, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Germany, Spain. The response has been overwhelming and positive.

A.H. In the last few years, there's been a shift in the way things are taking place in the "mainstream" environmental organizations: they employed CEOs, do things in a corporate-like manner etc. It is my impression that they might have improved the public image of the "environmentalists" (sometimes wholeselling it) and certainly haven't done much good to the causes of the environmental movement.

Now, enter massive direct action. Could this, along with radical lifestyle changes, be the counter-offensive for nature that our friend Tim Keating (of Rainforest Relief) is talking about? How, do you think, the "neutral" citizen/observer will react to these events?

Well, while there are a great deal of "mainstream" environmental organizations that do all sorts of things to corporatize themselves, there are also a great number -- and there have been a great number -- of organizations that refuse to be hierarchicalized in this manner.

B.H. Well, while there are a great deal of in other countries. I hope this because I think



Protesters don costumes and take to the streets

"mainstream" environmental organizations that do all sorts of things to corporatize themselves, there are also a great number -- and there have been a great number -- of organizations that refuse to be hierarchicalized in this manner. Greenpeace, the Wildlands Project, Earth First!, the Animal Defense League, Rainforest Relief, the Southwest Center for Biological Diversity, the Student Environmental Action Coalition (SEAC), and

many, many others, pride themselves on their refusal to be integrated into the non-profit structure. I've been working with Earth First! and SEAC for over five years now. We've taken up direct action and civil disobedience as a significant and powerful means of instituting change. My hope is, of course, that direct action will once again rise to the methodological status that it attained in the 1960s and that it maintains

that many citizens feel utterly disempowered by the legislative process. Direct action is a means for citizens to make their voice louder than it would be if it were simply left to the hands of a single lobbyist or a lobby organization. I initially got involved with direct action organizations for precisely this reason.

Now then, how do I think the neutral citizen will view these events? Well, I'm hoping that each individual will take it upon him or herself to sort fact from fiction. The press has a way of making the protesters seem violent and unreasonable, even though almost all of us were proclaiming a strict commitment to non-violence, and many of us are very well educated about these and other issues. I'm sure that some people will continue to see us in this way, as some people consider any disruption to be a sort of uncivilized violence. But I hope that folks will see through this explanation of the protests and actually address the matter at hand. In particular, I hope that people will take it upon themselves to actively dig up facts and to do their own research, instead of relying on the oversimplified caricatures of activists and their message that are commonly reported in the mainstream press.

Ben Hale is a doctoral student with the Philosophy Department at SUNY Stony Brook.

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Saving the (Born) Babies

By F.L.Livingston

Go ahead. Blame somebody. Finger someone or something as the reason for the increase in the number of newborns trashed in dumpsters, garbage cans and other unsafe places. See how far you'll get in solving the problem.

Maybe you suspect the "liberals." Perhaps you think that it's our "sexually permissive" society that has led to this situation. Maybe you feel that schools that hand out condoms are wrongfully encouraging premarital sex. Or possibly you accuse "modern" parents for not setting stricter sexual standards. Or perhaps you blame the young people, themselves, seeing them as "selfish and irresponsible."

Then again, maybe you're more likely to point a finger at the "conservatives." In that case you may feel that it is the growing emphasis on abstinence that has made some youths too ashamed to admit they had sex. Or perhaps you would single out the extreme fringes of the pro-life movement, charging that their attacks on abortion clinics have frightened away too many reluctant young mothers. Or you might accuse the kind of "traditional" parent who declares, "Don't you dare come home to me pregnant!" (Of course, this warning is supposed to ensure that their daughter refrains from sex, or, at least, from unprotected sex, but...) Or perhaps you feel that some of these young people are too rigid in their ideas, too anxious to sustain the image of the "perfect student with the perfect future," yada, yada, yada.

Now try picking one or two of the above and then finding a solution. Do we try to go back to a time when the average girl "saved herself" for marriage? (Not gonna happen. And if it did, it would bring back all the problems that caused us to move away from such a strict code of conduct, in the first place.) Do we prompt more young people to have abortions? Do we ask parents to be tougher about sex -- or more understanding? You see where this is going, I'm certain. It's almost impossible to identify the "reason(s)" for the greater number of baby dumpings. It's even harder to find a feasible solution that doesn't have a lot of negatives of its own.

The only "answer" may be in changing the law. Yes, the law. Right now, in most places, child abandonment is illegal, and there are specific consequences for it. That's all good, except that it treats all infant deserters in the same way. It does not make allowances for those reluctant parents who leave their children in the caring, capable hands of, say, nurses, or social workers.

Granted, dumping a newborn on the street or in a trash can is, of course, no more legal or moral than bringing him/her to the proper authorities. But one is less likely to get caught and punished that way. If desperate parents are trying to unload an unwanted baby, guess which choice they're most liable to make?

That is why more and more concerned citizens, religious leaders, and politicians are calling for the lessening or removal of penalties for parents who leave their infant to a safe place, such as a hospital or child protective agency. Last year, Texas became the first state in our nation to adopt

such legislation. Now, parents who desert their newborns there are "not immune" to prosecution. But if they turn the baby over to "a hospital or fire station," their lawyers can use that fact in their defense in court (Roche, Timothy, "A Refuge for Throwaways." *Time*. Vol. 155 No. 7 p. 51).

Similar programs have been set up in Alabama, Minnesota, and four counties in Michigan. Several other states are considering the same. As the morals and mores of a society shift, new needs often arise. In the past, societies have often had to alter their laws to meet such new needs. Confronted with this new difficulty, many communities are trying to do just that now.

Some places have gone as far as trying to remove any legal consequences whatsoever for those who provide for the unwanted infants' safety and well-being. Suffolk County lawmakers, for instance, are seeking the passage of laws that would allow a mother to desert her newborn "without fear of prosecution" if she brings it to a "safe haven." They recently approved a resolution, drafted by Michael D'Andre (R-St. James), that "asks for permission from the state to pass local laws to set up ... havens at hospitals or health centers...." A mother (or, presumably, a father) could abandon an infant at one of these designated places "anonymously...within 30 days of its birth." Similar bills are pending in Albany, for the state as a whole, and seem to have bipartisan support (Lempinen, Edward W. "Haven for Babies," *Newsday*, March 22, 2000. P. A8).

The people of Hamburg, Germany have gone to even greater lengths to encourage unwilling parents to safeguard their newborns. There, they have established special "baby slots" for these abandoned babies. In this situation, a reluctant mother (or father, I suppose) brings the newborn to the slot. She presses a buzzer. A small door opens. The mother places the baby inside and walks away with impunity. The infant slides into a warm bed. A sensor alerts health care workers about two minutes later.

Whoa! Very impersonal. And what if the mechanism malfunctions in some way. But almost anything, I submit, is better than a garbage can.**

Some people, of course, disagree, chiming in with Laurie Larson of Project Cuddle, a counseling agency for expectant mothers (Roche 51). Like her, they object to programs that omit or alleviate punishment for any parents who desert their children, regardless of how they do it. They take issue with the idea that where a parent discards a child has any bearing on the degree of guilt.

One such critic was such a discarded baby herself. Left in a ditch as an infant, Gwen Square has never moved far away from where she was found, clinging for years to the hope that her bio-

logical mother might return to the area and look for her (Roche 51).

"I suffered all these years with no identity," she laments. "I was an offspring of nobody." She fears that the new laws condone a psychological "crime (51)."

However, the issue here is not child psychology, as important as that is, but health and safety. Perhaps one of the strongest proponents of this idea is Debi Faris of California, caretaker of "Garden of Angels," a cemetery for infants. Ms. Faris wishes that more people would look at these tiny graves and ask themselves, "...how could this have been different (51)...?" She has no doubt that laws that separate punishments for varying forms of abandonment would have kept several of these babies alive.

Most critics, however, have another pressing concern. They predict that these new laws will encourage more young parents to dispose of their newborns. An increasing amount of young people, they worry, will think, "Wow! We can have sex without a condom! A baby? We can always ditch it! Our parents and friends won't even have to know. And it's all legal. How phat is that?"

But old habits die hard. And so do old fears. In the city of Houston Texas, alone, 13 "throwaways" were discovered in a period of just ten months, several of them after the new legislation was passed. Concerned citizens peppered the landscape with billboards urging reluctant mothers to bring their infants to a designated institution. In this way, they hope to put an end to the heinous trend (Haynes, Esther, "Stranger Than Fiction: Babies in Trash Cans." *Jane*, April 2000. P. 95).

Still, the problem in Houston most likely resulted from lack of knowledge of the new law. Once the word of such legal changes spreads, I confess, I fear that it may adversely affect some youths who would otherwise have opted for a more conventional course. However, I contend, that it will influence even more young people who might otherwise trash their babies. And that is what's most important here.

Do I think that this is the only solution to the problem? No, I don't. I also maintain that we need to teach the young that they bear a responsibility in this. Not just that of avoiding an undesired pregnancy. But also that of planning an intelligent course of action in case such a pregnancy occurs. It's not enough to be "Ms. Perfect" or "Mr.

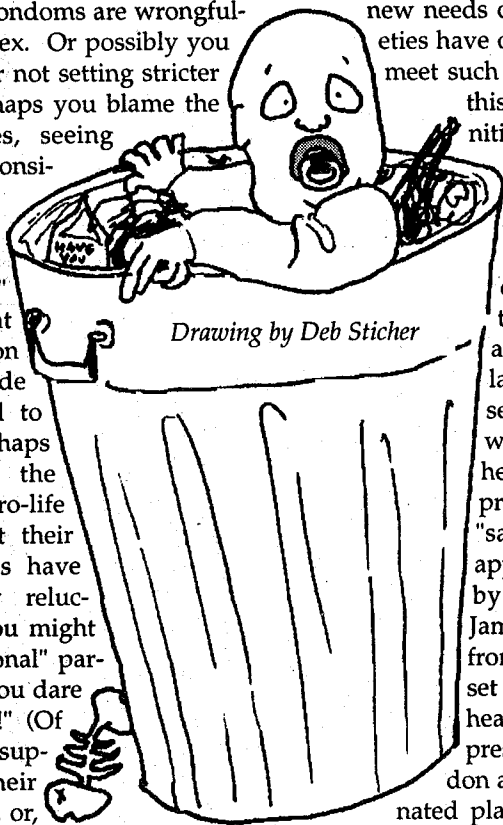
Cool" who "would never let that happen." One needs to be prepared for the possibility that it will.

Still, there have always been those parents who didn't have such a plan, and there may very well always be. For their newborns, I believe that the "safe havens" are invaluable. As John Tyson, District Attorney of Mobile, Alabama, explains, it's generally a matter of a "healthy, bouncing baby" versus "a

dead infant (Roche 50)." I think the choice is obvious.

* A few District Attorneys upstate have already promised to refrain from prosecuting parents who leave their babies at an appropriate center, regardless of the government's decision.

**Some of the programs being considered in New York State involve the use of such slots.



Coke Appeals to Discriminating Tastes

By Shari Goldsmith

African American Coca-Cola employees have grown impatient with the lack of action taken towards resolving a racial-discrimination lawsuit filed over a year ago, and have called for a worldwide boycott on all Coke's products, to emphasize their grievance.

In April of last year, four Coke employees filed a federal lawsuit claiming racial bias against African American employees in pay, promotions, and performance evaluations. A force that expanded to include eight plaintiffs, have motioned to advance their suit to class-action status, to enable them to represent 2,000 current and former black employees in the United States.

At Coke's annual shareholders' meeting, held mid-April, the discrimination suit was of top concern. Civil rights leaders agree with the urgency of resolving such serious accusations, but they have also appealed to the plaintiffs to be patient.

As a shareholder in Coca-Cola, Rev. Jesse Jackson was drawn to the annual meeting and spoke words of mediation. In March, Jackson had a private conference with Coke's executives, to discuss the lawsuit. He predicts that a boycott "will have a snowballing effect unless there is an honorable and fair resolution right now."

As president of RainbowPush Coalition, Jackson feels that he can serve to bring both sides together. Coke has provided financial support to the RainbowPush Coalition for more than 15 years. "We do not believe there is any systematic, institutional discrimination in the Coca-Cola Co," said Carl Ware, recently retired executive vice president of global public affairs, and the company's former highest-ranking African American executive.

Former benefits manager at Coke, Larry Jones, is among the most vocal and active members who spoke in support of the plaintiff's side at the shareholder's meeting. "In 114 years, you've only had one black senior vice president," said Jones, referring to Coke's chairman and chief executive, Douglas N. Daft, and alluding to Carl Ware, who is now an executive vice president. "In 114 years, you

only found one of us qualified? We are never going to be anything but black employees. Let's stop buying Coca-Cola."

Jones was a major organizer of a four-day bus ride, which was initiated to draw attention to America's history of fighting for racial equality. Jones and the other "Freedom Riders" began their trek in Atlanta and concluded at the shareholders' meeting.

The ride began with about 100 supporters. Signs were held asking, "Will the Real Thing Do the Right Thing?" The event originally anticipated four buses. It became downsized to one bus, as a consequence of Jackson's presence and his belief that resolution by negotiation could be approaching.

Two other high profile developments occurred, as the year passed, since the suit was filed. A prominent Florida attorney, Willie Gary has been hired to represent four of the plaintiffs. He is known for winning multimillion-dollar verdicts. Gary is not permitted to participate in the federal negotiations, which have been initiated in an attempt to reach a quiet compromise. He is trying to appeal to more of Coke's employees in an effort to increase the number of plaintiffs he will represent in the prospective class-action suit, which will be ruled on by May 30.

The other controversy that evolved was a charge filed in the courts that had accused Coca-Cola management with shredding documents that contain information pertinent to this case. The lawyers approached the court with invoices from Staples, showing an order for a shredding machine. An anonymous tip from an employee inside the Coca-Cola Co sparked suggestions of evidence tampering.

"A salary review reveals 'dramatic differences in pay' between whites and blacks at Coca-Cola's headquarters. In 1995, the suit says, the average African American was paid more than \$19,000 less than the average white employee. By 1998, the gap had risen to \$27,000," as stated in The Atlanta Journal and Constitution.

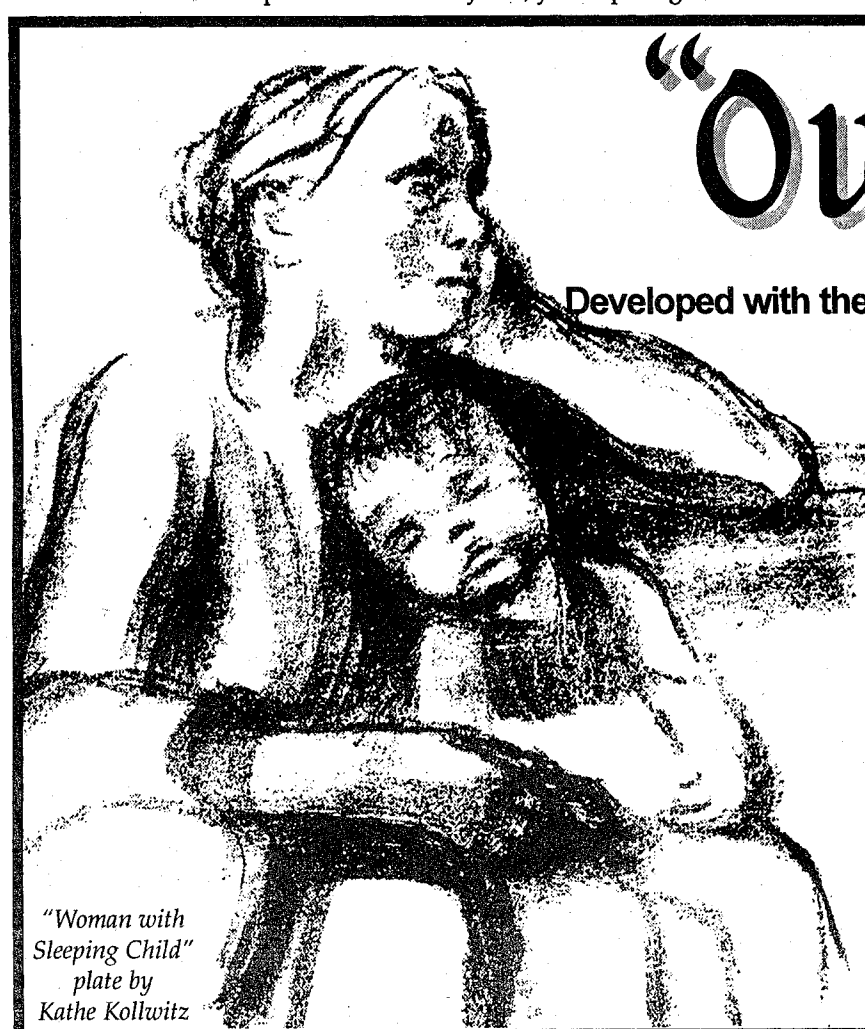
Franklin McCain, who was among the four North Carolina A&T University students who sought to integrate the Woolworth lunch counter in 1960, explained that the Coke protesters face a far different environment. McCain, a retired sales executive said, "There is no sign on the door saying 'colored' and 'white.' However, there are still some signs in parts of our lives that make it difficult.

It's at a much higher level, a level that's not seen so easily," McCain concluded, "Forty years ago, those people couldn't have even worked for Coke."

Jackson presented four essential components necessary for an "honorable" settlement: a fair financial settlement, no retaliation against workers for being involved in the current action, empowerment of someone at the company who can transform its corporate culture with regard to its treatment of African Americans and other minorities, and a plan to include minorities as business partners, including suppliers, lawyers, investment managers and distributors.

The boycott has been called against all of Coca-Cola Co. products, which includes the brands Schweppes and Minute Maid. Stony Brook University has a corporation contract with the Coca-Cola Co. to solely to distribute their company's products including Powerade and Nestea, prohibiting the sale of Pepsi or other competitor's products from being sold on campus.





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This event is produced by The Sullivan Dance Project; and has been supported in part with funds and/or in-kind contributions from The GreaterPort Jefferson Arts Council, the Dance Program, Departments of Music and Theatre Arts, and Undergraduate Research and Creative Activities at SUSB.

"Woman with
Sleeping Child"
plate by
Kathe Kollwitz

On the Case Against Hillary Clinton

By F.L. Livingston

"The idea that a sitting first lady would run for Senate is shocking," exclaims Peggy Noonan in the "Contributors" section of *George* magazine (April 2000, P. 12) "We'll look back at this and say, 'Oh my God, what was she thinking!'" continues this author of the new book *The Case Against Hillary Clinton* (HarperCollins: Regan Books. New York: 2000).

Actually, Ms. Noonan purports to know a lot about what HRC is thinking. At least, she seems to feel that she can make some very good educated guesses. The author fills much of the book, including almost half of one entire chapter (#7), with what she surmises is in Hillary's head.

I don't pretend to know what's in Mrs. Clinton's mind, or in Ms. Noonan's either. But as long as we're guessing, I suppose I can take a shot. I imagine that HRC contends that in this age of liberated women, the "next logical step" for a first lady on-the-way-out is to run for office. And that Noonan, a conservative and former speechwriter for Reagan and Bush, was simply thrown by this new development in the history of first ladies. (In a previous feature, "Remember the [First] Ladies," I recounted how the role of the presidential wife has changed over the years, and how each new wrinkle has met with both praise and condemnation.) Although Noonan dedicates her book to the controversial Eleanor Roosevelt, she appears to have trouble accepting any innovations on the part of a current first lady.

After reading the excerpt in the magazine, I decided to peruse the whole work. Some of Noonan's arguments, I must admit, are well thought out. Others, I submit, are not, especially those emphasized in Chapter 8, the excerpt printed by *George*. Dubious but interesting, these criticisms seem to fall into five categories. Separate yet related, they are as follows:

1) The Evolution Factor. As I suggested, I suspect that Ms. Noonan is taken aback by the mere fact of this new twist in social evolution. After all, it's not as if Mrs. Clinton, if she won, would be serving as New York State Senator while she was still active as first lady. By the time her term in the Senate would begin, her life as a White House wife will have ended. Yet, the author is "amazed" at her choice.

2) The "RichBitch" Factor. The writer seems to object to the fact that Hillary came of age in "middle class security." As if any political candidate today grew up in a Lincoln-esque "log cabin" atmosphere!

To be fair, her point is that there is a gap between Mrs. Clinton's background and that of the "average" American woman. But Noonan seems to distort and exaggerate that division. I am sure, for example, that there were many high school girls in the '60s who "did [their] homework in a corner of the attic of [a] chaotic home," as the author describes in that eighth chapter. Yet, most Americans consider themselves "middle class." And a lot of the "boomers" that Noonan mentions had a desk, or, at least, a nice place at the kitchen table, at which to study. Perhaps, Hillary Clinton dwelled in the upper reaches of Middle America; yet, really Ms. Noonan, this is not a case of the impoverished rabble versus Marie Antoinette!

3) The "Brain Alert! Brain Alert!" Factor. Uh-oh. Hillary went to "Ivy league colleges and Ivy League law schools." Actually, it was one Ivy League college (Wellesley) and one Ivy League law school (Yale. And, yeah, that's where she met Bill). So hung-up is Noonan on the Clintons' upscale education, that she comes back to it several times, including five times in the notorious

Chapter 8. (She spotlights Hillary's Ivy schooling on three occasions in that section and Bill's sojourn at Oxford, twice.)

Again, to be fair, the writer stresses this aspect of Hillary's life to caution us about another gap that, supposedly, separates the first lady from "the rest of us." Yet, a number of popular politicians attended Ivy schools. (Check it out: Al Gore graduated from Harvard; George W. Bush, Yale; Bill Bradley, Princeton; and so on.) Besides, "where is it written" that a graduate of one of the "Seven Sisters" can't seek or hold public office?

But it's not just where Hillary went to school that rankles Noonan. Rather, it is also Hillary's collegiate brand of thought and expression that rendered her out of touch with the average American, according to the author. In 1969, in her graduation speech at Wellesley, for example, Hillary ventured that young people ached for "more immediate, ecstatic, and penetrating modes of being." Noonan is kind of like...well..."Wha?" She counters that the average young woman would have "settled" for a better job or less work, so [she] could study."

Maybe so. But look at that date. 1969. The year of the original Woodstock. The year that the SDS fell apart and radical women entered their own movement. A whole slew of American students feared that higher education was merely society's way of programming them into lives pre-selected by their elders. (And no wonder, considering what many of them were hearing at home: "Two words, son—chemical engineering. There's a job practically waiting for you at our local plant..." "Of course, you're going to college, dear. A girl wants to catch a husband with a good job..." "Your good at science, boy. Be a doctor. There's more money and prestige in it..." "We expect you to get a teaching certificate, no matter what, dear. It's sooo good for a girl to fall back on.") It is for these students that Hillary was speaking, I'm certain. They were a big part of American reality, too, Ms. Noonan, remember? Or were you the one who was "out of touch?"



Hillary herself!

"Feministic Hillary, was determined to prove, I contend, that her decision to trust and support Bill was not simply a knee-jerk conventional reaction."

gance—in short, the more subtle excesses of leftist ideology.

She may have a point. But, if so, it's a charge that one could level at a number of liberal politicians. Certainly, it's no worse that HRC's prospective opponent's (Rudy Giuliani's) assumption that he can define and censor art. Perhaps, it's even better because it derives from a well-intentioned desire to extend their "privileges" to all.

5) The Preposterous Factor. A few of Noonan's criticisms are totally preposterous! Blaming Bill's dissembling on Hillary's advice! Asserting that the Republicans would have made sure that George Bush were impeached if he had cheated on his wife and lied to the public about it (even though these are not

impeachable offenses)!

But nowhere does she reach so far as in (you guessed it) Chapter 8. Here, she pounces on HRC's famous "Tammy Wynette" gaff. This faux pas occurred (for those of you who don't know or don't recall) when Hillary, inadvertently, insulted the famous country/pop singer. She did so by declaring, "[I'm not just] some little woman standing by my man like Tammy Wynette." Noonan claims that Hillary really meant "I'm not some ignorant, big-hair girl working at the counter at the Piggly Wiggly."

Hold it! Hillary made that statement during the "Jennifer Flowers" episode. And she made it in reference to Tammy's hit song "Stand by Your Man." The lyrics gave out a traditional brand of advice, counseling young women to "stand by" a guy even when he goes about "doin' things that you don't understand."

Feministic Hillary, was determined to prove, I contend, that her decision to trust and support Bill was not simply a knee-jerk conventional reaction. She wanted people to view it as a choice that she had thought through carefully and rationally. Ms. Wynette was infuriated, understandably. But the remark was

not intended to offend her — or anyone else, for that matter, whether singer or Piggly Wiggly girl.

6) The Jealousy Factor. Throughout the book, I sense a growing resentment on the part of the author. Or maybe she is merely trying to arouse ours. Not only does Hillary's Ivy education seem to disturb her, but she also strikes at the first lady's achievements as a teenager!

At times, Noonan appears to revert back to a "high school mentality." Early in the book, she pictures Hillary as "the kneesocked girl in the madras hair-band" that she remembers from her own high school days. The "...Key Club president who..." rattled on the girls who were "smoking in the bathroom."

Well...I don't know if Hillary was ever a Key Club president or not. Neither do I know if she was a tattletale. But, regardless, Noonan continues to take "pot shots" at the adolescent Hillary, particularly in "good ole" Chapter 8. Here, she attacks Hillary for acquiring "straight A's, a circle pin, and [a membership in] the National Honor Society."

Excuse me? Are we supposed to dislike her for that? Uh...Ms. Noonan, how old are you? (Oops! Sorry for the indelicate question.) And how old do you think your readers are?

As if all that weren't outrageous enough, the author actually asserts that Hillary had "a ticket" to the Honor Society? What's that supposed to mean? That she bought it with her parents middle class income? Sorry, again, Peggy, but good grades, the Honor Society, and so on are the direct result of study and achievement, not anybody's salary. The "advantages" may help to prepare the student for this work, but they do not guarantee success. How unfair to devalue her efforts just because of her family's economic level. Talk about snobbery (this time the reverse kind)!

Strangely enough, the author even jabs at Mrs. Clinton for having been raised as a Republican. (Why? Because most Americans are Democrats, perhaps? And this even though HRC has been a Democrat for decades, with attitudes too liberal for Peggy Noonan's tastes!)

Reminding us that the first lady was a "Goldwater Girl" in 1964, she whines "...our families were for Johnson, we'd never even met a 'Goldwater Girl.'" I get the feeling that she hears "Goldwater Girl" but thinks "Golden Girl," with all the "rank and privilege" that that implies.

continued on next page

Tales From The Bin

By Tim Connors

The make up on that person looks like the results of a drunken seven year old experimenting with his mother's make up. That was my first impression when I got in the bin on Wednesday. The fact that she looked like a street walking Christmas elf didn't stop me from finding out what the deal was with her.

Everyone else just asked her about her make-up, but I asked how she got there and was rewarded with a saga about government invasion of the home through devices on your house, and cameras. I asked if she realized that this sounded delusional, and she said that the county executive had confirmed that it's true. I didn't verify this with the county executive's office, but it would probably make a good jerky boys phone conversation.

I inquired about the last time she had been in the hospital on the hunch that this wasn't her first visit to the psychiatric emergency evaluation room. She seemed impressed with my keen insight into her past, and confirmed that she had been erroneously committed before. I've noticed that nobody thinks they belong in the bin and that it's just a misunderstanding of some sort.

I offered her my napkin to clean the blush off the tip of her nose so she didn't look like Rudolph the crackwhore reindeer. She was attractive if you ignored the garish makeup and delusional ideas. She had a short electric blue dress on with sequences, and panty hoses. She was a little over dressed for the psycho-evaluation room. But I was willing to over look that small transgression.

She wanted the ambulance that was taking her to another hospital to drop her off at home. She thought the EMT's would feel bad for her if she told her story, and she had a test coming up in school she needed to study for. And if that didn't work she had two dollars to bribe them with. She asked me if I thought that might work, and I told her that it probably wouldn't. I got bored with her; she just kept going on about the same shit after a while.

That's when the TV got turned off and the people who had been zombie's transfixed by the significance of Ricki Lake became fair game for my roving curiosity. When you are in the bin you have two choices; first you can keep to yourself and the staff will deem you anti-social, or second you can engage in conversation and be thought of as socially functional. I choose the latter course right from the get go.

So there I was in the bin with a clown babbling to me, so I ignored her and started talking to the twenty year old blonde with hazel eyes and double D breasts. We exchanged stories about why we were in there.

She was a cutter that means she had slashed her arm four times with a razor blade as a way of get-

ting help, and as a result of an anxiety attack. Her friends called the cops on her and she resisted arrest, so she got handcuffed. A neighbor was involved and she didn't want her family to find out about the hospitalization. So that's it for details about her.

She sat next to me because I was the only one who was talking and we bullshitied for a couple of hours. She poked me with her finger, and said, "poke." After about a half-hour of this I asked her if she was flirting with me. She said she was trying to get me angry and violent. Basically she was fucking with my mind, so it was on.

There's an eraser board with patients' names on them and we both had question marks next to our names. That means that the doctors hadn't determined our short-term fate yet. She thought that she didn't belong there and that they should let her go home. She wanted reassurance from me and I told her they were going to decapitate her. She looked surprised and anxious for a second and then laughed her ass off.

After her interview, and while I was waiting for mine in the interview room, she asked the doctor what was going to happen to her. The doctor said, "you are going to be strung up and beaten, like on of those things." Double Ds said "What" and the doctor said a pinnate, I chimed in that they will decapitate her. She laughed and told me to stop.

After my interview she gave me a shoulder rub and told me she'd give me her number if she had a pen. I asked her if she wanted to go into the back room. She got pissed at me and I don't blame her. I should have just asked for a kiss, oh well. Her friend picked her up from the hospital.

I talked to other people but these were the two that I enjoyed talking to the most. I went to bed and was awakened to the shouts of a man in four point restraints who wanted to go to the bathroom. Luckily he pissed himself within an hour, and I was able to get some sleep.

Psychiatric evaluation rooms are a discomfoting place, and the last time I was there I was paranoid and delusional. This time was not nearly as traumatic as the first time.

It's not that I don't have delusions anymore, but I am better at reality testing. That is the concept of evaluating what you think and perceive and comparing it to previously learned experiences to guess

whether or not what is in your head makes sense.

Sometimes I feel like I'm the person in Plato's cave looking at shadows and deciphering reality. I find that some movies mess with my mind, for example the Matrix.

The basic premise of the movie is that we are just living computer simulations, and in fact serve as a power source for machines. This was presented in a convincing way and I had to think about it a little to disprove it.

Basically people consume energy, and don't create it. Nuclear fission creates energy, and that's what machines would use to power themselves, it would take a lot less energy than creating a fake computer simulation.

A better movie was the Thirteenth Floor, in which there is a computer simulation with in a computer simulation. The movie provides an easy escape in that the simulation is incomplete and the characters travel to the edge of the simulation to disprove it. But if we were just a simulation, it's possible that such an obvious flaw would be easy to fix in comparison to the difficulty of creating interactive characters.

Do I believe that we are the figment of some thing else's imagination? That's a difficult question. I have heard people suggest that we exist only because God holds us in its thoughts. So if you believe in a power greater than yourself such as God, and you credit it with creating the universe, and life, than it is possible that we are just figments of its imagination.

The ramifications of that believe system are not something I devote excessive thought to. But I have to write a few hundred more words, and that's a lot easier to think about than the time I spent institutionalized.

Did it send prophets to give us guidance as to how to live? Probably, but why so many and who's message is the right one? Is it trying to fix things as it goes along, or are humans with free will just making up what they want to believe to be the truth?

When I was in the bin three years ago I swear that I saw the face of Jesus on the window and I heard a voice tell me, "know that I am." Religious delusions are not uncommon for people in psychosis, but I do think that we are due for another prophet. It's just a matter of time, but unfortunately the prophet will probably be institutionalized as soon as they share their message.

Do we have free will? I think so, but why? Maybe God is too lazy to think for us, or perhaps were just an experiment like The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Universe suggests. Well this is boring and I have enough for an article so have a predetermined computer simulated day.



"I've noticed that nobody thinks they belong in the bin and that it's just a misunderstanding of some sort."

"Hillary" Continued From Previous Page

Speaking of every bright, active girl who happened to be affluent as "a Hillary," Noonan voices a mixture of admiration, envy, and hate (and not only in the eighth chapter). "I wish I could say we told her to drop dead," she laments, "but...we knew...[she] was superior." Oooooo...

It all gets back, I conclude, to that distrust of social evolution, especially where women are

involved. Noonan brushes off Hillary's statement that Bill's enemies are frequently people who "fear change;" yet, I sense that much of her dislike of HRC is for that very reason. She warns us early in the book that Hillary's candidacy "...is not just a single stray bid for office...It's the beginning of Hillary for president..." Her real worry is that HRC might become the First Woman President.

Nor does Noonan deny this. Conceding that Mrs. Clinton is a "very talented ... member of a sex that has historically been abused," the author expresses concern about the first lady's "take" on this situation. Ms. Noonan suspects HRC of harboring the belief that "...talented woman should now rise..."

And why not, Ms. Noonan? Why not?

Sixth Annual Shirley Awards

Yes kids, it's that time of year again! Named in honor of our esteemed University President, Shirley Strum Kenny, the awards honor the best and worst of our staff, campus, three-village area and world at large. All of the categories are voted upon by our venerable staff of veteran writers, commie pinkos, megalomaniacs, manic-depressives, junkies and professional "Long Island" artists.

Created in 1995, the fateful year of Kenny's arrival, the awards attempt to recognize all those worthy of praise and the multitudes of ass monkeys deserving of our wrath. This year, as a special bonus, we're throwing in a "Shirley Pictorial," chronicling the shenanigans of our favorite Texas belle. (Legal Disclaimer: She didn't actually attend the Million Marijuana March, she's really not a cheerleader, she's not...etc.etc.) Without further ado, we proudly present the 1999 Shirley Awards.

Woman of the Year: Penny the Pasta Lady

Penny makes us smile. A meal at Bleacher wouldn't be complete without seeing Penny. We are all in agreement that we wish Penny was our grandmother. She's that nice. She was also voted our favorite university employee last year. Yes, we *do* want sauce with that.

Biggest Waste of DNA: Rudy Giuliani

Runners-Up: Jennifer Lopez & the duck-billed platypus

Best Politician: Steve Englebright

Worst Politician: George W. Bush
Runner Up: Giuliani

Politician we'd most like to ass-fuck in the ass: Al Gore

Politician we'd least like to ass-fuck in the ass: Janet Reno

Best Hangout: Hil & Jo (and Dave)'s House
Runner-Up: the *Press* office

Best Professor: Tom Cortina

Runners-Up: Phil Baldwin, Kenneth Banes, Melissa Chinchillo, Nancy Franklin, Richard Gerrig, Galya Lahav, Susan O'Leary, Kamazima Lwiza, Lester Paldy, Sung Bae Park, Barbara Selvin, Amy Sullivan

Worst Professor: Charles Janson

He manages to suck the life out of behavioral ecology, which is a relevantly interesting topic if presented properly.

Sexiest Professor: Phil Baldwin & Melissa Chinchillo

Smartest Admin Move: N/A
Hello! What an oxymoron!

Stupidest Admin Move:
Eight-Semester Rule

Best Eatery: Green Cactus
Runner-Up: Your mom

Worst Eatery: Deng Lee's
Runner-Up: anything in kelly

Favorite University Employee:
Rose from the Union Deli

Least Favorite University Employee: Ryder #501 (the nasty gate guy who demands your ID after 12 a.m.)

Sexiest
Statesman Editor:
Brad Gratton
Runner-Up: Kat Fulgieri

Best Campus Event: I-CON
Runners-Up:
Cabaret at the Spot, the Roth Pond Regatta

Worst Campus Event: The Polity Conclave

Best Issue of the Press:
Diallo
Runner-Up: Stony Brook Times

Best News Article: The Dismantling of SUNY by Ali Shehzad Zaidi
Runner-Up: Meal Plan Madness: Will It Ever End? by Ellen Yau

Best Features Article: Jack & Hil on Masturbation
Runners-Up: BigMouth Strikes Again, From Russ with Love: This Week's Target: Cosmopolitan

Best Top Ten List: Top Ten Reasons Diallo Cops Were Acquitted
Runner-Up: Top Ten Things More Offensive Than the Sensation Exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum of Art

Best Cover of the Press: Stony Brook Times
Runner-Up: Pataki on a String

Best House Ad: the Fortune Cookie one
Runner-Up: the Pimp-Fu

Biggest Press Fixation: Haydn's laugh
Runner's-Up: Issues of control, Haydn & Russ' dick and self-indulgence

Best Quote from an Article: "That's what I don't want; people wanting me only for cheap, meaningless love sex just because I'm a boy-chick with a pair of boobs." -By Brian Kate

Biggest Video Game Nazi: Todd Stebbins (from man of the year to this. Ow!)

Best Campus Concert: Black 47 (at the Roth Pond Regatta)
Runner-Up: The Causey Way

Best Movie: Magnolia
Runner-Up: Boys Don't Cry & Being John Malkovich

Worst Movie: End of Days
Runner-Up: Mission to Mars

Best Album: Basement Jaxx

Worst Album: Brittany Spears

Best Work Of Fiction: Bill of Rights or anything out of Giuliani's mouth

Best TV Show: Oz
Runner-Up: Sopranos

Worst TV Show: the new wave of high stakes game shows (i.e. Greed)

"Hottest" Movie or TV Guy: Brad Pitt

"Hottest" Movie or TV Babe: Angelina Jolie

CABARET AT THE SPOT

Compiled by Dave Kline

It's fitting that the theatre series at the SPOT, the series known as the Cabaret @ the SPOT, the series that started with a production where the between scenes music was a distraction, should finish off with a stellar musical production that both entertained and provoked. In between the two were seven other productions that also strove to provoke the audience and entertain it.

The Cabaret @ the SPOT, the brainchild of Godfrey Palaia, the manager of the SPOT, and Michael Zelenak, associate professor of Dramaturgy in the Theatre Department, had its first production back in October, and, like the current stock market, had its ups and downs while really just getting better and better. Here is a review of some of the shows.]

Rock On! Broadway! (April 27-29, 2000)

The most ambitious productions all season, Rock On! featured nine cast members singing, dancing and acting. For three nights and from five different points in the room the cast performed to a packed house. In addition, on the stage was a four piece band called 24601 backing up the performers with guitar, bass, drums and synthesizer.

With thirteen people total, and all of the microphones that entails, it should have been a performance nightmare, and probably was a production nightmare. However, it turned out to be one of the most enjoyable and overall feel-good productions all season. I hate musicals! But it was fun watching the twelve well choreographed numbers being performed. And the in between song dialogue, mostly taken from what critics have actually said about the musical form and various musicals, fed the intellect the way the musical numbers fed the soul.-DK

Gallows Humor (March 30 - April 1, 2000)

The second play I directed at the Cabaret @ the Spot this Spring, Jack Richardson's Gallows Humor, was met with mixed results. The post-Spring break show was poorly scheduled and poorly marketed, but achieved an excellence in terms of pure theatre that has been seen in only a very few of the productions available at Stony Brook. The audience that did come to see this three-person cast was delighted to find that the stage served only as support for a lonely lantern, and all of the action took place among the audience members. Actor/co-director Candice Thacker played a typical housewife who finds herself at the brink of a less than luxurious affair with her husband's boss, the Warden of a prison. The husband, a disillusioned Hangman, has found the ins and outs of everyday life too much to bare, and has begun to commit acts of extreme domestic treachery: smoking expensive cigars, collecting red socks, leaving his slippers in places other than beside the bed, both toes pointed toward the wall, and, most significantly, attempting to don a black hood at the next execution. In typical sixties style anti-establishment humor, the play culminates with the Hangman's attempt to strangle his wife in a new, and slightly twisted, representation of the ages old struggle for freedom. Of course he fails, and he doesn't get to wear his black hood at the execution.

Simple lighting, simple props, and a revolutionary style of presentation that puts the actors on the same level and in the same space as the audience, were just a few of the elements that made this production a

success. The sixties humor in Richardson's script can be pretty dry. We needed to break down those barriers between audience and actor, and let them feel what it is like to be trapped in mundanity.-JS

7 Blowjobs (March 9-11, 2000)

Timing is everything. At the beginning of February, Jason Searles decided upon Mac Wellman's play, 7 Blowjobs, a play written in 1991 about the Republican and religious right's attack on art and culture, as his directorial debut in the Cabaret @ the SPOT. Between the time of that decision and when 7 Blowjobs opened at the SPOT on March 9th, GW Bush paid a visit to Bob Jones' University and opened up a can of worms he will hopefully regret in November.

While Wellman dedicated the play to Jesse Helms-a spokesman for the religious right, it was hard to see Searles' production this past March and not think about how bad a GW Bush Presidency would be. And just as the Presidential election that followed the original production eight years ago saw the defeat of one George Bush-Republican candidate, let's hope the one that follows this production sees the defeat of another.

Can I get an Amen!-DK

Tales from the Arabian Nights (February 17-19, 2000)

At this point in the season, we had only staged weighty dramas in the Cabaret @ the Spot. As artistic director of the theater, I wanted to introduce comedy to our format, and to show that important dramatic ideals and political subjects aren't necessary for intelligent and enjoyable theater. I wanted to spice up our stage with adventure, romance, mystery, and sex. I wanted a story that would speak to a modern university audience while being somehow ageless. I decided upon the Arabian Nights, having since childhood found allure in the tales of Scheherazade.

In this Arabian cycle, the murderous Sheryar marries a woman each night and slaughters her at dawn, until Scheherazade stops him with her tales. Scheherazade tells these tales for one thousand and one nights, breaking off in the middle of each tale to assure her survival. These tales seem to cover and contain all of human existence. And not all are Disney material: some are horribly violent, others are explicitly sexual. The humor ranges from puns to situation comedy to fart jokes. There is also sexism, racism, and anti-Semitism. Phrases like "all praise to Allah," characters like the caliph Haroun al-Rashid, Defender of the Faithful, and locations like the Tigris River add lyrical beauty and sexy exoticism.

Five actors played 25 roles: as one character began a tale, the others would act it out on another stage in the cabaret. I emphasized comedy, though I bookended the show with two or three more serious tales. Under this I played "exotic" lounge music, giving the show an Arabian flavor while keeping the tone light. Our technical crew added to the mood through subtle lighting that went from candlelight to desert sun as needed. Tales from

the Arabian Nights accomplished exactly what I set out to do, and it illustrated what I feel the Cabaret @ the Spot should stage: enjoyable, unpretentious, and exciting theater by and for the SUNY Stony Brook community.-AL

Out of the Cauldron (December 2-4, 1999)

The Cabaret at The Spot hosted Michael Zelenak's, Out of the Cauldron, as its semester finale during the Fall of 1999. This four person show was filled with energy and political enthusiasm, targeting as its subject the turn of the century class struggles between immigrant workers and budding corporations. Each of the four characters represented a different faction and offered the audience charismatic speeches on the plight of the Garment Workers, the Steel Workers, the Coal Miners, and the Wobblies: a group fighting for the solidarity and internationalization of Unions. While shifting roles at random, the cast came together at least a dozen times to sing traditional American folk tunes with lyrics altered to fit the rallies of early Unionized workers.

Director Lora Conroy aided with back-up vocals and musical accompaniment in the form of an antiquated concertina. The Technical Director, Alban Sardzinski, gathered furnishings from his Grandmother's basement to give the entire space an early 1900's feel. The show played to sell-out crowds and ended the semester with a solid, resounding cry: The Cabaret is here to stay.-JS

Medea/Maria (November 11-13, 1999)

It was with this production that the Cabaret @ the SPOT showed what it is capable of. Medea, Maria, the fathers of their children-God and Jason, and Sheela NaGig are the characters in the play, though two of them are only referred to: "people used to rub her [Sheela] for luck. Lucky lady."

The dialogue was extremely incisive, the acting was top notch, and the whole idea, that of comparing these two famous historical women and they way they are treated, would be a welcome addition to the dialogue on gender issues.-DK

Witches Brew (October 28-30, 1999)

It is important for the artist to go out on a limb every now and then, to take a chance on something different. Sometimes it works wonderfully so that art progresses, and sometimes the artist hangs him or herself. The Cabaret @ the SPOT offers the artist this chance.

Witches Brew had nothing but potential; it failed miserably.-DK

Get Out of the Kitchen! (October 7-9, 1999)

For a play that could have been, while not exactly timeless, at least set at any time in the past 100 years ('the end of the millennium'), the music wanted to place it squarely in the fifties and sixties while the costumes and props wanted to place it in the eighties. (Did Swank even exist in the sixties?) I wonder what music Kroetz' original production, in German, used. This production wanted to use the words of the between scene songs to connect the scenes. But forty years on, most songs transcend their words and are left only with theme and context.-DK

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Me and Elian Down By the School Yard:

A Look at Photo Journalism

By Candice Ferrette

For a while now I have felt somewhat obsolete. Not many college students, with the exception of those who take photo classes, opt for spending a sunny, spring Saturday afternoon in the Union basement darkroom. With Adobe PhotoShop and all of the snazzy photo manipulation programs out there, there is no reason to practice the aged routine of processing your film and standing for hours on end to watch your prints soak in noxious chemicals as your image slowly comes to existence.

As many of you certainly know, photo manipulation is no stranger to the Press nor is it to any other media organization. But, what keeps us shutter sisters going are images like the ones that were plastered on the front page of the *New York Times* and *Newsday* on Easter Sunday morning: a terrified Elian Gonzalez cowering in a closet with his rescuer Donato Dalrymple as a geared-up, begoggled Justice Department agent seizes the boy grabbing him with his left hand holding an automatic weapon in his right.

Although, Attorney General Janet Reno was quick to point out that the agent's finger was not on the trigger and that the gun was pointed away from the child, it all ultimately amounts to that single photo that has appeared on every national, international newspaper, magazine and on-line news service throughout this past week. This is the shot of which the U.S. government was most afraid. It is the image that was circulated throughout the sea of angry protesters in Little Havana within an hour of the shutter's release. This is the shot that politicians use to slap the Clinton administration in the face and (aside from a little incident called WACO) will forever hang over

Janet Reno's head.

And, this is the portrait that Elian will have to look back on when he remembers the morning when he should've been hunting for Easter eggs with reporters, like a normal 6-year-old with a press entourage.



David Burnett / Contact Press

Yet with all of the press coverage since Elian was rescued on Thanksgiving, it is only now that Cuban baseball players are sitting out games. It is only now that Mayor Giuliani is comparing law enforcement officials to "stormtroopers." (It's not like he didn't have that opportunity a couple of months ago in NYC). And it is only now that Gov. George

Bush and other republicans are suddenly bleeding hearts for the immigrants' plight while their party has adamantly push through on anti-immigration policies. Is this the power of that single photo?

That's a tough call; yet it definitely did succeed in igniting the image war to which we are now subjected. The image of a scared, crying Elian carried out by a female INS agent versus the images released by Juan Miguel Gonzalez' lawyer of a glowing, happy Elian reunited with his father and carried in his arms. One couldn't help but notice the striking resemblance between father and son, smiles on their faces and tears in their eyes. According to my calculations, what it essentially boils down to is

one horrifying image and a Reno explanation, against the five Sears-family-portrait-like images of the Gonzalez' reunited.

If these images have any power whatsoever, it is the Associated Press' reputation that is attached to them. The Associated Press has vouched for all of the photos in this photo war. There were accusations of computer manipulation on a few accounts, according to the *New York Times*. Some say that Daiz purposely manipulated the photos by cropping the left side of Dalrymple and Elian in the closest so to accentuate the magnificence of the agent's gun. Other accounts include the Gonzalez relatives accusing Juan Miguel's party of drugging Elian so he would appear happy in pictures after the reuniting. Elian's cousin, Marisleysis his 21-year-old cousin who has been his primary companion throughout, who claimed at a press conference in Washington that Elians' hair is different in the pictures, made the most specific accusation. She felt as though she was an authority on the subject by profession. She's a hairdresser.

From the left and the right, these photos are of sole significance this case, and the *Associated Press* who says it developed the photos itself, defend the truth of the still image. (I wanted for so long to refrain from saying, "a picture is worth a thousand words").

But really, one of the sole reasons why I still do what I do is probably because of events like the Gonzalez affair. Growing up, my father had repeatedly said, "Honey," in his most noble and endearing tone, "believe half of what you read and none of what you hear." As a result, I think this is probably why I believe that photojournalism, has the potential to be the last form of photography left.

While as an art photographer, this evolution saddens me. But I need to start facing the facts. Gone are the days when fashion photography consists of actually hiring a trained professional, with new media, a company would be better off PhotoShopping its product into a stock image. And, although neat camera tricks and fancy filters may suit some, (I'll be the first to endorse expensive experimenting), but the fact is that it is more practical to render images digitally, print them out on a wonderful Epson Stylus Color and never have to get your hands smelling like the sweet, flatulent flavor of developer.

Documenting life and all its dramas obviously has not withered. Throughout history writing and various other arts media have captured the essence of a generation, the passions of politics and the evolving of societies. Truth has been filtered every which way; it has been played up, played down, used to harm and used to benefit. But despite of political agendas and/or emotional slayings, the camera will always act as society's most dangerous weapon—the mirror.



Alan Diaz / AP



Interview by Craig Schlanger

Sanctum is a Nordic-based experimental band with several records out on the Cold Meat Industry label. I happened upon their first LP, *Lupus In Fabula* by chance, and have been following them ever since. Last issue I reviewed their new live record, *New York City Bluster*, and felt it would be appropriate to talk with Jan Carleklev about Sanctum. Their sound is both innovative and interesting, and I'd recommend them to anyone into dark or experimental music of any type.

Is there any set concept around the group?

We try to bring further our expression in different ways with things like video projections and dance performances. With those elements, we try to strengthen the feeling we want to reach. You can call them concepts but they change along with our expression. I assume that your refer more to if we have a constant concept, like putting on fake noses or putting carrots in our ears when we perform! We're not interested in doing strange things to draw attention to us. We're not exhibitionists like many other bands in this scene. The reason we do this is that we think it's fun and it gives us something. If somebody is interested in our music it is because of our music, not our image and that is important to us.

How did the band come about?

Hmm... That's a long story. Hakan (the male singer in Sanctum) and I had a so-called synth-band (Nov Com) way back in early 1990's. When we felt that we did not have anything to give that band anymore, we started to explore some new grounds. After some experimenting we ended up

with this arrangement. We worked with some audio-visual projects and did some music for theatre-plays. During this period we came in contact with Lena And Marika and Sanctum started to take form. I think that was '94. Some of the music on our first album *Lupus In Fabula* is music that Hakan and I composed for theatre.

What type of equipment do you use?

We use everything that is necessary to reach the expression and feeling we want. But basically computer, samples, effects, homemade instruments and some acoustic instrumentation.

Describe the creative process behind sanctum.

For me personally it is about creating emotions. I'm completely sold on sounds, all kind of sounds. Most of my time when it comes to writing music, it goes to creating sounds and making them fit together. I can sit for days twisting sounds till they have the right feel for the track I'm working on. Mostly I complete a song much as possible before I present it to the other members in the band. After that, we try to arrange music and lyrics till we have reached a feeling we all can stand for.

How important are live shows in comparison to studio work?

Both are important but I must say that my best moments are in the studio. My creative process

is what gives me the most and that what happens in the studio. I think the other members of Sanctum feel that the live shows are most important. One has to consider that when we play live it is possible to do things with our music that are not possible on a recording. Not to mention the fact that playing live gives us chance to meet people that like our music.

What do you cite as influential?

Everything that surrounds you, everyday things. Of course art, music, film and literature has an impact, but I think the small moments in life are the most important influences.

Do you see yourselves as part of any scene, and if so, who are your contemporaries?

No I don't, but we have been put in the industrial scene and I can understand why. We're on an industrial label and we use some industrial elements in our music. When I talk about the industrial scene I refer to the European industrial scene, the American differs much from the European. But if you listen to our music, you'll find that the industrial elements are not predominant. So in a way, I feel that we are part of a scene that is not completely suitable for us.



Sanctum performing at CBGB's Gallery.

Do you associate with the "Goth" scene at all??

No I don't, I'm not a fan of Gothic music. I do have a couple albums by bands that are classified as gothic, but I have albums that I prefer to listen to before them (he grins). I sure understand that people can feel a gothic vibe in our music, but this is the same as my explanation about us being an industrial band. We use whatever is necessary to obtain the result we want.

You can contact Jan by writing:
jan.carleklev@mbox200.swipnet.se

Paintings by

Group

May 8th
12th
at the
SB Union
Bi-level
Reception:
Thursday
May 11
6-8p

Claudio Fermin
Frank Kish
Jess Paterno
Christian Towner

The Spot

A Great Place...

come see

Graveyard Slut

Jones Crusher

Psycho Charger

Sat. May 6th

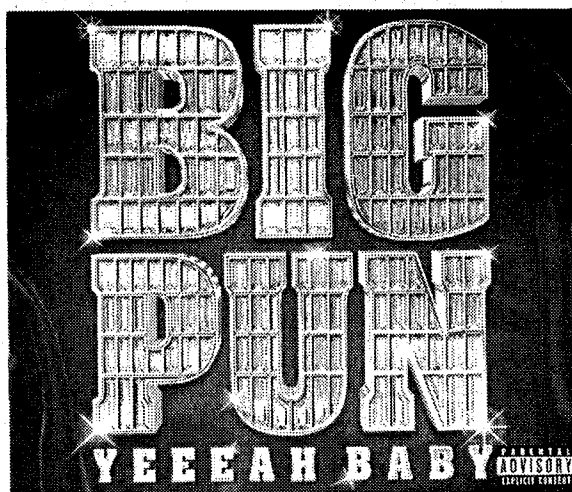
[A few notes: I didn't have time to review them, but the new records from the Cure, Common and Pantera are definitely worth a listen. The new Built to Spill live CD is also a great release with a wonderful cover of Neil Young's "Cortez The Killer." I also felt it necessary to note Belle and Sebastian's 1998 album *The Boy With the Arab Strap* as it's really gotten me through some rough times this semester. Thanks Dom!]

Big Punisher- Yeeeah Baby (Loud Records)

Big Punisher's untimely passing was a definite tragedy and loss for the hip-hop community. Punisher was a promising and capable lyricist who proved his knack for word play on his Capital Punishment debut. The record was well rounded, and soared into their mainstream off of the success of the "Still Not a Player" single's domination of the airwaves. While this was an obvious commercial track, the rest of Pun's debut was jam packed with hardcore beats from the finest producers, excellent lyricism and standout guest appearances from Inspectah Deck, Black Thought, Fat Joe, Dead Prez and Prodigy among others.

Unfortunately, Pun's final testament is rather lackluster. On his sophomore LP Pun has followed the tradition of commercial hip-hop by building his record around the sound of a hit single. There are some examples of Pun's lyrical dexterity to be found, but the overall product comes off way too polished.

Tracks like "My Dick," "Off Wit His Head," and "Laughing at You" suffer from the same predictable thug imagery as the most recent Raekwon album. "Nigga Shit" finds Pun ranting through the most typical thug-life content. There is also the obligatory "Latino" track in "100%," where Pun seems desperate to maintain the commercial following his first record picked up. Needless to say, "100%" is one of the albums weakest cuts.



On the flipside, "Leather Face" is Pun at his most hardcore, supported by a especially bouncy beat. This is definitely the tightest track on this platter, and could have easily fit onto Capital Punishment. "New York Giants" with hardcore maniacs MOP is also a tasty track of hardcore Punisher delivery. The album also offers up amusing skits, like the debut, with "Air Pun" leaving me laughing out loud.

This record is definitely a disappointment. And with the news that no further Punisher records will surface in the wake of his passing, this is a terrible way for an excellent and well-rounded rapper to leave the world. Punisher fell victim to too many hip hop clichés this time around, which may have been unavoidable due to his high profile, but makes this a really dry record.

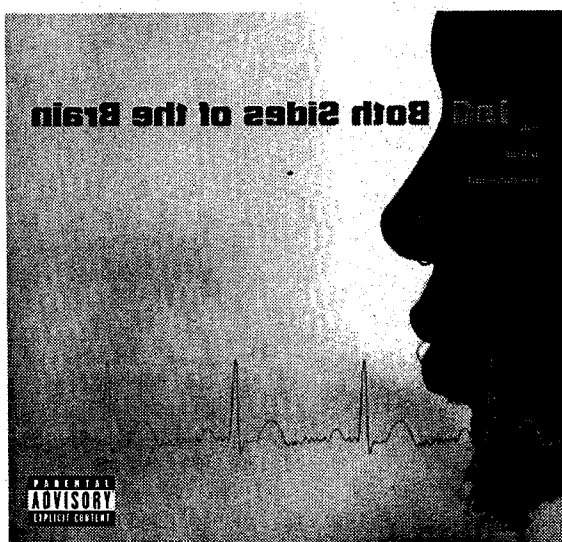
Del the Funky Homosapien- Both Sides of the Brain (Hieroglyphics Imperium)

Being Ice Cube's cousin isn't an easy thing. Just ask Del. However, since his Cube produced 1991 debut *I Wish My Brother George was Here* Del has proved why his style and scene are far removed from his cousin's gansta personification. His 1993 LP *No Need for Alarm* cemented Del as one of the top lyricists in the game, with one of the hottest crews around behind him (the Hieroglyphics crew). After that he was dropped by his label (Elektra) and stayed around on the mix tape scene for a few years, self-releasing his *Future Development* album as a cassette only release.

Craig Schlanger's LGM Strikes Again

Now in 2000 Del is back on his crew's Hieroglyphics Imperium imprint making sure we know he hasn't lost a step. Del skills are still razor sharp as he rips through 19 blazing tracks of the tightest underground hip-hop shit out there.

There's really not much to criticize here. Both *Sides of the Brain* is years in the making and almost never disappoints. From "Time is Too Expensive," the opener, right through to the A-Plus assisted closer "Stay on Your Toes," Del demonstrates his lyrical gift again and again. His ode to personal hygiene, "If you Must" is one of the most amusing hip-hop tracks I've heard all year. His collaboration with Company Flow's El-Pee is another



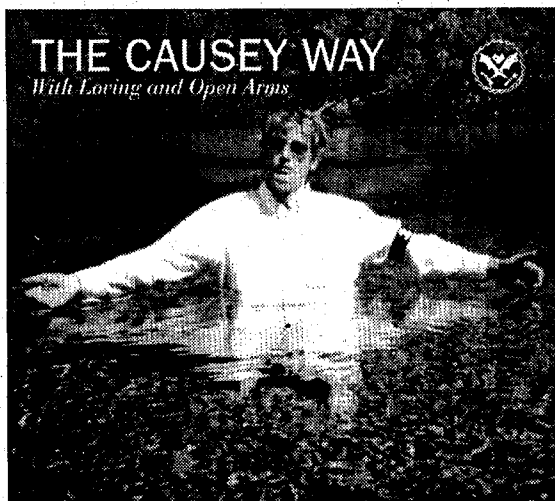
er standout. It's a definite treat to hear Del rip it over one of El-P's signature tracks. The two make an incredible pair, and I can only hope for some future collaboration between them.

Obviously this wouldn't be a complete venture for Del without help from his Hieroglyphics mates, as they turn up consistently throughout the album. While Del handles most of the production himself (and proves his skills there too I might add), he gets some assistance from the likes of Domino, Casual and the legendary Prince Paul.

All this adds up to Del's most complete album yet, and a pack worthy of purchase by any true underground hip-hop head. Del has cemented himself alongside names like Common, Pharoahe Monch, Aceyalone, Xzibit and Kool Keith as one of the top wordsmiths. If you think you have a taste for underground hip-hop, pick this baby up and try matching wits with Del.

The Causey Way- With Loving and Open Arms (Alternative Tentacles)

Having recently witnessed the Causey Way at the Spot, I simply had to hear their recorded material.



This mock-cult rock and roll machine put on quite a show for everyone in attendance. I even got to personally participate in this experience, proving my Jewish heritage to everyone in the audience. So it was no surprise that I was just as fond of their new LP.

Drawing from equal parts Devo, the Nation of Ulysses, the Make-Up, Drive Like Jeru and the Jesus

Lizard, the Causey Way are an interesting blend of 1980's pop-rock and 1990's noise-rock.

But the coolest thing about the Causey Way is that they are ridiculously fun. Everything about the Causey Way experience is enjoyable. From their upbeat song structure, to their dramatic live show, to the hysterical insert depicting other "cult" members and an application to be judged by Causey himself!

Standout tracks like "Message from the Pulpit", "What Power Is" and "The Electronic Church- You Sell God" are fine examples of Causey's talents. The gimmick behind the band makes all the songs enjoyable really. With *Loving and Open Arms* is thirty minutes of guaranteed rock and roll fun.

Best lyric (From "What Power Is"): "But you don't know what power is/ what power is/ you think it's wisdom/ but you don't know what wisdom is/ because you're stupid." Come, join Causey's Way!

Rebaelliun- Burn the Promised Land (Hammerheart Records)

It's rare that I pop a CD into my stereo that motivates me to take a public stroll with an automatic weapon. But when that happens, I know I've found a great record. This is just such a recording. One of the most intense and brutal records to cross my path in years, Rebaelliun hail from Brazil and orchestrate death metal in it's purest form.

In a genre often deluded by immature concepts, poor production and rather juvenile vocal delivery, Rebaelliun are just straight up terror. From the fade-in introduction to the final blast beat, Rebaelliun turn it up several notches in terms of extremity. The music is comparable to Morbid Angel, Deicide and early Obituary. Of course, if you're among the majority of sane people on this fine campus, that means nothing to you. But hey, if you're looking for something intense and vicious, look no further.

DJ Old School Bass Mix- Original Ghetto Bass (Simitar Entertainment)



Damn! The world needs more songs like "Boom I Got your Girlfriend," "Smurf Rock '90" and "Cars With the Boom." Seriously. This record is just a guaranteed good time. Throw this one on at any party and watch the dance floor fill up. Russ and I both agree that you need this record to make you happy.

Best lyric (From "Boom I got your Girlfriend"): "When I walked in the jam your girl was clockin'/ sweatin' and smilin', boy she's jockin'/ Lickin' her lips with a big old smile/Yellin my name like it's out of style/ So I grabbed her by the arm and I took her outside/ opened up the car and got into the ride/ then I drove to the beach where the waves come in/ Yeah playa, I got your girlfriend."

COMICS

Manicdotes by the artist formally known as Deborah Sticher



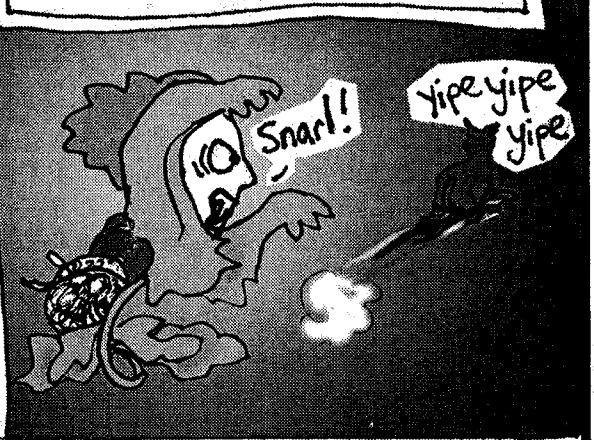
AS A CRIPPLE, I THOUGHT
I'D AT VERY LEAST GET SOME
RESPECT...



BUT THIS WAS NOT
THE CASE.



INSTEAD, EVERYONE (AND THING)
TREATED ME JUST LIKE
THEY WOULD HAVE WHEN
I HAD A HUMANOID FORM.



ONLY NOW, I COULDN'T
FIGHT BACK. I WAS
IMMOBILIZED AND
WEAK.



Just leave me alone!!



UNTIL...



Deb?!!

Renee...?

I thought you
looked familiar!
Gee whiz, sorry
I peed on
you...



No hard feelings, right? When
you're a dog, you kinda disregard
standard human inhibition. It's
so funny, you wake up one day,
and you're a dog. You don't
question it, you just start acting
like a dog. Then a blast
from the past like
you comes round and
all of that learned
civility comes flooding
back. You can
forget anything—
say do you need some help?

Actually, I seem to have
gotten myself into quite a
predicament—care to assist?

Of course! Just hold still.
Anyway—it must be cool to
find yourself a
plant!

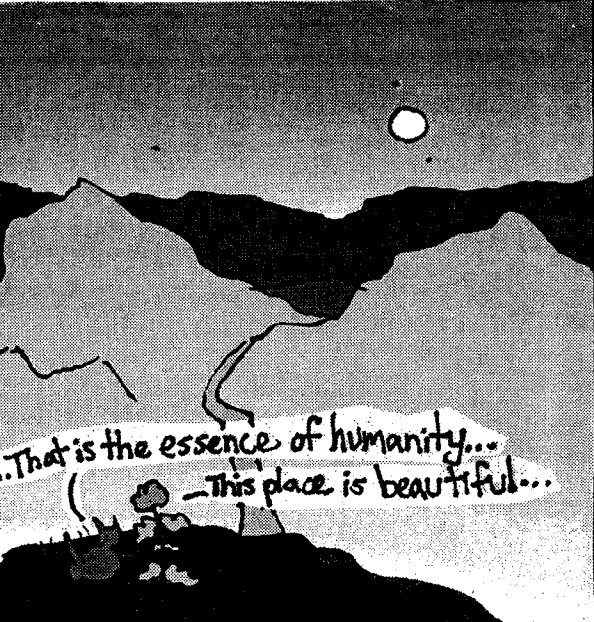


No—it sucks! Say, how
did you get hooked up with
such a sweet deal on legs?

Good karma? Actually, I'm
pretty sure it's random—there's
no point to dwell on most
misfortune...



You can't get hung up on your
circumstances—listen—I'm
gonna plant you someplace
real nice, and I'm gonna—



...That is the essence of humanity...
—This place is beautiful...

Non Je Ne Regrette Rien: Lassie's Been Down This Road Before

By Joanna Wegielnik

Like sands through the hour glass, so are the days of our lives. And so the story goes.... There comes a time in everyone's life when one wakes up in the morning (in an office after an all night Boone's bender or whatever the case may be) to realize, "GOOD GOD!!! I DESPERATELY NEED CHANGE!" or "OH MY GOD! I'M A JUNIOR AND I DUNNO WHAT MY MAJOR IS!" As it so happens, yours truly came to this very conclusion recently.

I assure you, getting slapped in the face with the proverbial cold trout is not exactly a pleasant experience, however, it was a necessity in my case. The time has come for this Lassie to move onto greener (?) pastures although I'll terribly miss the USB turf that has been my home for the past 4 and 1/2 semesters.

I arrived at USB by default, heartbroken and confused, after University X in sunny Florida rescinded on a promised scholarship. I hated everything about this place. The weather, my classes, the monolithic buildings, commuting via the ever-reliable LIRR, etc. All my good friends from high school were out of state, off of Long Island, and I was still here. The Huntington-Stony Brook commute didn't exactly fulfill my fantasies of escape.

On my way home one day, I sat in my usual spot on the train, and noticed an indignant Johnny Cochran peering at me from underneath my feet. I picked up the paper under my seat, admiring the cover for its sheer chutzpah. "Go Ahead and Sue," screamed the headline, "Our Resources are Endless!" Fucking brilliant, I thought to myself. Must investigate further.

This was to be my first contact with the entity known as the *Stony Brook Press*. Since my arrival at the paper, numerous things have changed...I've met people here who I'll probably know for the rest of my humble days. *The Press* has grown in staff and size (and quality) five-fold and I've revealed my true beast to old skool Presser's whose first impressions of me were... let's just say different. I really hate good-byes, so let's get this party started, right?



Many moons ago, *The Stony Brook Press* bid a fond farewell to Joanna Wegielnik. From our December 10, 1997 issue:

"When Joanna Wegielnik first joined our staff, we worried that she was too straight-laced, and that she wouldn't fit in to our wacky crew. She wrote very intelligent, well reasoned articles about matters of human rights and foreign policy, and some of us figured her to be, well, a dork.

We couldn't have been more wrong.

In the time since she joined, Joanna has proven herself as sick, twisted and evilly genius as the rest of us. She turned out to be a lot of fun, and a valued friend.

Now, Joanna's moving on to greener pastures. She's getting a job, or transferring to another school, or something like that... we don't actually know what, but since it's not Stony Brook, the pastures are bound to be greener. We wish her the best of luck, and urge her to stay the hell away from those horses."



Little did they know, Joanna would be back the following semester.

But now she is leaving us for real. And with a degree!

In her time here, Joanna has been the Managing Editor, the Associate Editor, the News Editor, the Photo Editor and at times, the Distribution Manager. More importantly, she has been by far one of the best writers ever to have graced the pages of *the Press*. Long after she leaves, her influence on this paper will be remembered. There are times that this paper could not have functioned without her, as there are still times that her spirit motivates others to keep going. She has left many proud to follow in her footsteps. We love you, baby. Now go find that pasture.

The *Press* would also like to congratulate Candice Ferrette, Craig Schlanger and Jen Hobin on their graduation



Candice has been a welcome addition to the *Press* this semester. Our beloved photo editor, she brings an air of spirituality with her wherever she goes. Best of luck to Candice in all of her pursuits, except elementary school teaching.



Craig "Lep' in the Hood" Schlanger is the best danged music reviewer this side of the Mason-Dixon Line! Craig returns home to Staten Island for the summer, where his proximity to "the dump" gives him powers beyond that of mortal men.



Jen "The Madd Rapper" Hobin has been with the paper for three years. Her rapier wit and mastery of Mantis Kung-Fu, will keep her name on the minds of generations to come. Jen is keen. Mighty keen.

SO LONG, SLUGGER!

Dear Stony Brook,

To all the girls I've loved before...and how about the boys.

In keeping with *Press* tradition, I have been allocated a page to fill self indulgently. At first I was hesitant since this paper has been criticized for having self-indulgent writers. I agree. We sometimes do get off seeing the words and pictures that have flittered through our minds printed 5000 times and accessible to the entire campus.

I remember how amazed I was when the *Press* offered to publish my first diatribe. If memory serves, it was a comparative series about the history of terrorism in Ireland and Israel. [God, how pretentious. Can you imagine my glee when I saw it published?]

Anyhow, I was a wee lad of 21, and I was amazed that someone thought my writing worthy of mass publication. Little did I know that the *Press* will print just about anyone's opinion as long as it is grammatically correct.

But the high drew me in. It was better than theater; in the theater, the opinions you voice, however much you may agree with them, are often not your own. Towards the end of the year, I even conducted my first interview with Doug Little, then head of community relations for the USB Police. Now, I don't generally like police (I know generalizations are bad) and generally, they don't like me. Now without divulging too much about the close personal relationship I have developed with Doug, let me say that at least, he pretended to like me. He showered me with pamphlets and statistics in a fervent attempt to have a nice article written about the campus police. I wasn't really fooled, but I was flattered. And I wrote an article that shared the kinder side of USBP. It was fluffy, but goddammit it was fun to write a "get to know your Public Safety" piece. The real scoop, after three years here: Public safety is a joke. Women aren't raped in the streets (too often) but acquaintance rape is an uninvestigated crime. When some complaints are filed, they are shuffled to the campus judiciary that holds meetings that are "confidential". The statistics on rape are terrifying. Does anyone really believe that there were only a handful of rapes in the past three years? Drug use (and abuse) and underage drinking are rampant. Solution: shut down the campus bar. Scoop: administration wants the building to ease the housing crunch. Real problem on campus: ignored.

On to the Campus Dining Services (CDS): Rose, I'm gonna miss my daily dose of the Queen's English along with my tea and I can only hope my grammar doesn't suffer for it (Union Deli Rules!!!). To all the employees who have endured my obsessive food quirks and served me with a smile, I thank you. The rest of you crabby fucks can kiss my ass. There is nothing worse than a bitchy cashier when you are overpaying for food. Some of you are prejudiced, (here I choose to stop in order to avoid bitterness). As for the Chartwells managers (Deli Rules!!!), remember who the customer is and that we are always right (standard anywhere else in the country). To the two SAC weenies who escalated a disagreement into a confrontation, if you had any conviction that you were correct, you wouldn't have signed that flaccid letter of apology.

Shirley, you're just doing your job, but you are often too far out of the loop. SB bureaucracy is too massive. We are all just numbers in a computer to you, and four years later, we are gone. I hope that someday you realize that we are the people who pay your \$203,000 salary, and maybe you should know one or two of us by name.

Fred Preston: I'm glad your Rec Center died. I'm sure you'll manage to resurrect it before long. Polity elections are a bigger sham than national elections. I hope the students don't fall for your cheap pens next year. Earn yo' \$144,000 mo fo.

Bold Hope: You have breathed spirit into the body; I pray that you can keep that spirit alive.

We've come a long way, but considering where we started, we've got a long way to go.

To D & R; I hope you have found the people you were looking for. And if you have, don't stop searching for more. It's all about the search. I will remember you, will you remember me?"

Shout out to all the ladies in the Polity suite.

Thanks to those who taught me at MSRC.

I have no idea what to say about the *Press* and the people who I have known because of this place. Without being hysterical, let me say that this dump and the people who love it have changed my life. Thanks for stroking my journalistic ego and reminding me how important it is to care about the things you care about. I have loved and hated this fucking place and I am ready to move on. My work is done here.

The *Press* will always survive. My only anxiety is about the people. Don't forget that you love one another. Hate is a waste of time and energy. If you find yourselves at each others throats, step out of the office. It'll help. Promise.

Gotta stop. I have a date with the rest of my life.

Peace and Love,
Daniel

Old Friends Like Bookends... or Maybe Not

A Review of *Anniversary*

By Julie Passanante



Director Jason Samuels

A disheveled Ottoman is all that remains of a marriage and a friendship in the opening scenes of *Anniversary*, a play by Carol Shields and Dave Williamson. In the beginning of the play, the audience peers into the lives of Disne and Tom Hart, who have recently separated and are now trying to sort through their things to determine what belongs to whom. However, they are interrupted by a phone call from old friends Ben and Shirley Forrester, who are in New York and want to stop by for a visit. Ashamed that their marriage has fallen apart, the Hart's frantically decide to portray the image of connubial bliss. The play not only

explores the complications and facades of marriage, but it also delves deep into the heart of the expectations and inadequacies of "old friends."

Unfortunately both the Hart's and the Forrester's discover that their lives have changed, and in revisiting experiences of the past and finally being honest with each other, both couples come to realize that their friendship, like the Ottoman, has been worn and torn through the years. Although old friendship is a beloved possession, it deteriorates over the years, and sometimes it becomes better to throw it out rather than keep it around as a pathetic reminder of what it used to be.

Anniversary was recently performed at Stony Brook by the new and completely student run and organized Innerspace Theatre Group. In his directorial debut, Jason Samuels brought together a wonderful cast of talented actors to portray the complex relationships presented in the play. John Everson (Tom Hart) is the master of subtlety; every glance or smirk was calculated. In his lingering gaze on Diane, played by Samantha Van Orstrand, Everson realistically presents the love that remains for his wife; it is not the infatuation (and thus, "overdrama") of a budding relationship, rather the calm and subtle beauty of a relationship that has been seasoned with time. The chemistry between Van Orstrand and Everson was captivating, and the audience yearned for them to overcome their obstacles and rekindle their relationship. However, the audience was not anxiety ridden for long, as Van Orstrand's humorous uneasiness and annoyance with Tom provided for some comic relief in an otherwise tense narrative. Beth Gordon's ostentatious portrayal of Shirley, the "famous" author, was right on the mark. Gordon, in her hilarious masquerade, rendered the artifice overlaying her true regret in her marriage and her friendship with the Harts. Watching Gordon's witty pretentiousness, the audience constantly wondered what she could possibly say next. Jordan Moussaros (Ben Forrester) was a perfect counterpart to Gordon, as he is constantly and humorously befuddled by the actions of those around him. Finally, Howie Kusinger injected a vital, sarcastic humor into the final scenes, yet his melancholy looks and broken spirit evoked pity from the audience. Overall, the entire cast displayed wonderful chemistry and eliminated the distance between the audience and the characters.

Anniversary leaves one questioning one's own relationships and evaluating what is worth saving. Friendships that are seasoned by years of memories and companionship should be regarded with a sort of solemnity, however *Anniversary* shows us that these friendships should be subject to the same evaluation as other, newer relationships. Often times, when people worry about preserving old friendships just because they are "old" and comfortable, they lose that which made the relationships so magical to begin with. Kudos to the cast of *Anniversary* for a wonderful performance of such an emotional play.

Top Ten Things Found in Shirley Strum Kenny's Garbage

10) Bottles upon bottles of empty
Pepsico products.

9) Skintight leather dominatrix
outfit with the monogram
CDR.

8) Dwarf porn. This woman clearly
has problems.

7) Upwards of 6,000 Oreo
cookie halves with all the "stuff"
icing meticulously scraped off.

6) A plethora of self-help books
including, but not limited to
"Fighting the Urge to Wear
Spandex" and "Chicken Soup for
the Lonely Administrator."

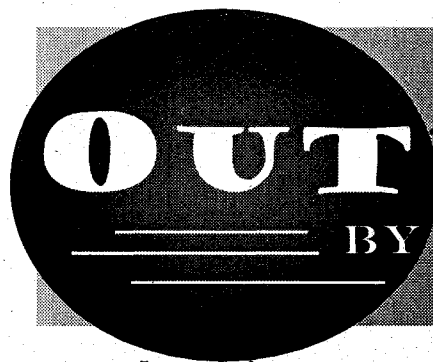
5) Jimmy Hoffa.

4) One unused prophylactic, one
soiled...

3) A malnourished raccoon, chit-
tering wildly and possessed with
an eerie greenish glow.

2) Shredded documents pre-
sumed to contain a transcribed
conversation between President
Kenny and known genetic engi-
neers. The word "crustation"
appeared several times...

1) Doug Little, rummaging for
food.



BY RUSSELL HULLER

LIES



In much the same way as discarded food, left in a pile will eventually be broken down into life-giving earth by bacteria, a pile of laundry will clean itself if you leave it undisturbed for long enough.

Let me elaborate: imagine you take off a shirt. Give it a smell—WHOA! That puppy is ripe! So you throw on top of that pile of clothes next to your closet. Does this sound familiar? Anyway, a few weeks pass and you have run out of clean clothes. No time to do the laundry so you rummage through the pile of clothes. There, in the middle sits the shirt you took off and for some reason it's clean enough to wear!

Much research has gone into the biophysics and religious implications of laundry composting. Apparently the ceremonial microbial activities in a pile of hot laundry border on low-grade idolatry, therefore rendering the whole process an act of heresy. Lazy college students have been forced to make a decision between doing their laundry and suffering the ire of The Lord.

The King Of Kings has been unavailable for comment on the matter, reportedly His Godness will be indisposed for an indefinite period of time whilst He finishes composing a volume of inspirational Haiku and freestyle rap lyrics. The upper echelon of critics of finer literature eagerly anticipates His publication. In publicity release, several of the more noteworthy examples of The Almighty's work was released:

Divine conception,
I kick it with the virgins.
The Lord is a pimp.

Yo I bust mad flows,
everybody knows, that I
Mack on all the hos

That's enough even to cheer up Robin Williams, beloved funnyman known for his stream-of-consciousness antics, for gesticulating wildly and for his heavy coat of fur. Robin's been in poor spirits of late, following some questionable advice from his psychiatrist.

An ADHD diagnosis and a Ritalin prescription later, Williams is currently out of a job.

"Who knew that Robin's entire career was facilitated by an undiagnosed case of attention deficit disorder?" said Jay Leno, host of The Tonight Show and longtime friend to Williams. "His over-the-top brand of impressions and physical comedy used to be a guaranteed hit. I can't even count how many times he upstaged me. Now all he does is sit still, at home, reading books."

Williams' disappearance from the public eye comes with much chagrin to many a sultry lass

yearning to purloin the heart that pumps the humor-blood through his man-funny body.

In other news, Heroin has undergone a change in appearance. Heroin, a popular illegal, addictive, narcotic derived from the poppy, has been heavily criticized of late for its boring light brown to beige coloration.

Borrowing from the different-thinking idea men at Apple Computer, the International Organization of Heroin Manufacturers, Distributors and Associated Villianry has agreed to release a special edition deviation from the smothering normalcy of beige Smack. You guessed it; new Heroin will be available in five fruity colors.

"The blueberry heroin is fabulous in my dining room," said Andrew Cunnigbutter, chief stylistic counsel for the IOHMDAV. "I was sooo sick of that bland arm-candy, clashing with my whole décor."

Cocaine, marijuana, and qualudes reportedly have similar projects in research.

"You have to stay competitive in today's market," said a spokesman for marijuana. "You can't let the other drug get the upper hand. If America wants tangerine dope, it's our job to supply them."

Best part is, my 'shit' matches the anodized aluminum bowl I just bought!"

**"You guessed it;
new Heroin will
be available in five
fruity colors."**

Hello...Is Anyone Out There? Please Let Me Know

By BrianKate

Hello, citizens of Earth...we have been sending you transmissions for quite some time. Hi there, everyone at Stony Brook. It's me, BrianKate, again. I decided to ask all you out here if you've been noticing me since I started writing for this here paper.

Usually I have my email included with my little column. Last time, I kinda forgot 'cause I barely made deadline, and my addresses didn't quite make it into the issue. That's what got me thinking. I wondered: hmmm...I bet there's a whole bunch of people who've got something to say about this piece, and they got no way to reach me unless they have my addresses (email & web) from a previous column. And that got me to thinking,

who does read my column? How many people? Does my writing make people think about stuff? Does it make them think about gender stuff/gender issues in general, and what they have to do with in

relation to all the other things I have to say? Do I make people here think about their own issues? I'd sure like to know.

Sometimes I wonder if anyone at all reads the stuff I put in this paper. I put my email and

my site address in every issue (except the last one), and I'd like people to start letting me know about their reactions to my writing. So far, I've only gotten a of couple responses.

I can at least say that some people are reading. I've heard from a couple people, including someone who saw my appearance on cheesy public t.v. (the L.I. Rainbow Connection if you saw it last year), and a mysterious "Particle." So I can say that some people read my column and get back to me. I just wish I got more of a response.

I know it's not because I'm boring, or because my writing is. I'm writing about some pretty controversial stuff here. I mean, I'm writing about gender, and identity, and sexuality, on top of anything else here. I'm saying I'm not a man or a woman, that I'm not quite either of the only two

kinds of people a lot of people have ever heard of. I'm over here challenging just about everything most of the people I encounter believe is all that is out there, and I'm saying "no there isn't, here I am." And my last story definitely did that in the most explicitly sexual way. So I know I'm not boring you here. I know people have something to say to me about that. So c'mon, already! Say something! Let me know you're out there reading.

I want to hear what you have to say, what you think of me, my website, my writing and pret-

ty much whatever I have to say. I'm not saying to flood my email account with "you suck" or "you're a lousy pervert", I'm saying to honestly let me know what you think. I'd like to know if you think I'm the coolest (hottest, sexiest, weirdest) person you ever heard of. I'd like to know if you think my time has come and that it's about time someone started dealing with gender issues as a not-man-not-woman. Let me know that you think that I'm doing something really great by providing a forum for all these issues. Or let me know that you think nothing of the sort. I want some honesty here, so don't think you have to just kiss my ass. Go ahead—disagree with me, tell me you don't get my point, tell me what you've got a problem with about me and what I've got to say; just do it in a reasonable, kind, intelligent way, again, not just "you suck."

I'd really like to hear what people here at this school have to say. C'mon—start responding. Let me know you're alive you have a pulse and you've been checking out what I have to say. Let's see some enthusiasm, people!

My email is:

HYPERLINK mail to: DarkKate@yahoo.com or DarkKate@yahoo.com, and you can find my site "Welcome To Kate's World," at: HYPERLINK <http://www.angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate/> or at: HYPERLINK <http://go.to/TheDarkKate> <http://go.to/TheDarkKate>

***I'm saying
I'm not a man
or a woman...***

THE SPIKE.

ROLL UP YOUR CRUMMY BEER-SOAKED RUG AND TAKE DOWN THE TAPESTRIES, THE SEMESTER IS OVER. FOR ALL OF YOU LIVING IN THE DORMS, IT MEANS PUTTING THE DORM COUCHES OUT IN THE HALL AND FILLING ALL THE HOLES IN THE WALL WITH TOOTHPASTE, OFF-CAMPUS COMMUTERS, PROVIDED THEY DON'T STILL LIVE WITH MAW AND PAW, HAVE A FEW PREVIOUS WEEKS LEFT BEFORE THE EVIL LEASE RUNS OUT AND THE SECURITY DEPOSIT ARGUMENTS BEGIN. ASIDE FROM ALL THAT, HERE ARE A FEW DIRTY TRICKS TO Avenge Your Loss of the Security Deposit:

1. BUY A DOZEN EGGS. OPEN UP TWELVE ELECTRICAL SOCKETS, BEING CAREFUL NOT TO SHOCK YOURSELF. INSERT ONE WHOLE EGG (INTACT) INTO THE CAVITY IN THE WALL AND REPLACE THE BOX AND COVER PLATE. FUNNY.

2. ORDER EVERY LAST BIT OF FREE INFORMATION TO YOUR ADDRESS. BE CREATIVE, ROGAWE, VIAGRA, STOCKBROKERAGES, ETC. ANYTHING WITH A VIDEO IS ALSO GOOD. BE SURE TO INCLUDE YOUR PHONE NUMBER, THOSE PEOPLE NEVER STOP CALLING.

3. WALL TO WALL CARPETS? PEEL ONE CORNER UP (MAKE SURE YOU CAN PUT IT BACK) AND SPREAD A WHOLE CAN OF FISH PASTE IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM. MAMMM...GOOD.

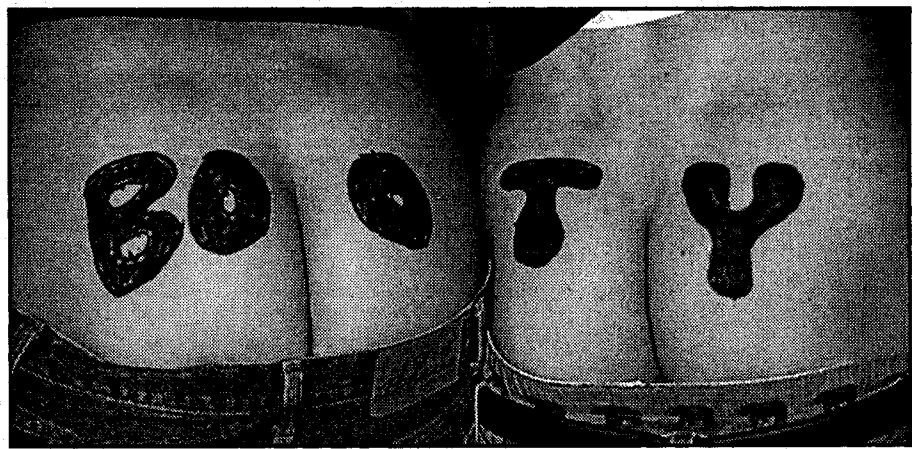
4. NOT EXPECTING \$ BACK? GO GET SOME BEEF BLOOD (SOAKED IN THE BEEF TAMPON UNDERNEATH THE MEAT) AND SPATTER IN A CLOSET OR HALL AT KNEE LEVEL.

5. ANYTHING TO DO WITH LIVE CHICKENS OR CRICKETS IS ALWAYS GOOD.

GOOD LUCK; MAKE SURE YOU CAN'T BE REACHED.

CONGRATS TO EVERYONE WHO IS OUTTA HERE. MOVE TO ANOTHER CITY AND EXPLORE. TRAVEL. FIX OLD CRANKY THINGS. MAKE BABIES. GO FORTH AND GROW GOOD THINGS.

BUILD MEMORIES. EAT. TAKE CARE OF SOMEONE. WRITE EVERY DAY. DANCE. WEAR BOOTS. MAKE MUD STACK A FEW STONES. IMMERSE YOURSELF IN THE SEA. SCAN THE GENERAL AREA. SWEETEN. BECOME SMITTEN. SALLY FORTH. SASS. SALVAGE. YUT. FOH. 762.



classified.

For Sale.

Used books. Unopened. I don't know why I bought them at the beginning of the semester.
632.5461

Your Mom. We're sad to see her go but she decided beating the bishop was more of a career than a hobby.

Wrecked mailbox. Officially plowed over by a Honda CB360T at 40mph.
Dirty dishes. Free! Cigarette butts included with every five dishes collected.
My dorm room furniture. IKEA rules, but someone has to pay for my new stuff.
Gladius de Arminius. Amo gladium sed currus vendo.
Barbed wire undies. Scratchy. Sexy. Make it a point to cuddle up with someone special.
41 used police bullets. Less than half contained in soft tissue. Various conditions.
Clippings from Frank Zappa's beard. Stolen from his final resting place.

Public Notices.

- 102.0 The administration building will be opening a bed and breakfast for the summer months. One week free stay with a USB degree. Coffee and donuts will be served.
- 102.1 Final exams will be canceled until the administration holds their reputed streak-a-thon to raise money for the Student Recreation Center.
- 102.2 The sun will come out, tomorrow. Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow, there will be sun.
- 102.3 The very 101 will be offered in the Fall semester by the English Department to raise funds for their department. Why? Nobody knows. How can the English Department be failing when we have this huge thing called a LIBRARY. What else do they need other than pencils, blank paper, and a photocopier? Whiners all.
- 102.4 Sum virum bonum. Ita vero.
- 102.5 We love the Statesman...especially the editors, preferably naked, in our newsroom.
- 102.6 "...hip hop, the hobby to the hipbitdy hip hip hop an' you don't stop rockin' to the bang bang the boogie say up jump the boogie to the rythim of the boogidy beat. Skiddly bebop webop Scooby Doo, guess what America? We love you..."
- 102.7 762. Awwwww...jazzzy.
- 102.8 The elections were rigged! All student officers (that's a funny title, it implies command) elected for the Fall semester are dirtier than Nixon and should not be trusted.
- 102.9 Congratulations to all that are graduating. Good luck in the real world, it's not as forgiving as USB. My best advice to all departing is to buy the good toilet paper, life is too damn short.
- 103.0 I have been having an affair with the President. She used me. I loved it. Shirl, I loved those walks around the Waste Management Plant and your "lets see who washed between their legs" game. Sigh.
- 103.1 Damn this school thing is easy!
- 103.2 The Discordians hereby grant the right of Prima Nocte to all students when meeting an instructor for the first time.

Personals.

Seeking chicks.

Your Mom seeks anyone for behind the Physical Plant action.

People seek people. Why? Asexual reproduction, ho!

Their collective Mom seeks collective group for collective activities. Borg a plus.

Seeking Andrea. Sweetness you were my sanity and comic relief...but you already knew this. Please marry me if we are unmarried at 30. I don't know why I think about you everyday, maybe you taught me more than the best cadre in the Army and I only realize it now. I wonder if our relationship would have been different if we weren't next to each other in the cubicles. I miss you.

SWM, 32, 6', blonde/ blue seeks SWF for ice cream and seashells.

Press studs seek Statesman girlies. Wassup?

Seeking dudes.

Do girls seek guys? I don't think so. I think that when women want anything to do with any sort of relationship issues, they just go get it. Guys go out to get lucky, women already know. Who says women aren't powerful? Ever see a guy workin' the sex angle to get something accomplished in the office? I don't think so, it's called sexual harassment! One flash of a mini skirt and the men crumble to the floor. Men may be in control of the planet, but women make the decisions.

ATTN: REAL, LIVE AD! (NOT A JOKE!)

Is there any single lady out there who needs some romance? Hit me back.

If there are any lonely gals here on stony brook campus, they should write me at abledisable@hotmail.com to get experienced. Would be waiting. Bye.

Events.

The Press is printing the final issue for the year. Oh, sorry, you're holding it...

Your Mom is holding an ass party, in her ass. Asses welcome. No donkeys will be admitted, donkeys will be provided at the door.

The annual pie eating contest will be held by the Physics Department. Contest will be held in the target area of the linear accelerator. No lead shielding allowed.



THIS IS THE FINAL JACK & HIL! THANKS TO ALL OF YOU WHO WROTE IN! AND IF YOU DIDN'T, YOU KNOW YOU LOVED TO READ OUR COLUMN LATE AT NIGHT! ADMIT IT! IF NOT, GO CHECK OUT FREUD'S THEORIES OF REPRESSION!

"Farewell, Folks"

Help Me, I'm Horny!

Hi, I have a question which goes like this. If you want to have sexual relations only with a gal and not a long term relationship, do you have to come out straight to her telling her what you need, but on the other hand, she might say I'm taking her as a whore. What should I do? -Abledisable

JACK:

Honesty is integral to healthy sexual relations. Before I tear you a new asshole, let me say that I am all about the booty. If you want to have sex, go have it. You shouldn't carry on the pretense of a relationship in order to get laid. Yes, be honest about your intentions. If you are a bona fide sexual explorer, you should have no trouble. If you are just a horny little boy, the ladies will see right through you. If this guys approach turns any of you ladies on, write us and we'll forward the message to your knight in lubricated latex.

HIL:

You need to be upfront from the beginning. Yet here, phrasing is everything. DON'T say, "I just want to fuck you." DO say, "I'm not looking for a serious relationship right now. I want something casual. Is that alright with you?" Trust me, every player gets bit in the ass one day. There's a big difference between looking for good sex and treating other human beings like shit by leading them on or lying to them. Besides, who knows what can happen in this crazy game called life? You may end up deciding that the person you're sleeping with is the one you want to spend the rest of your life with.

The Final Word

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack's getting' out before he breaks his dick. "Sobriety's passed, and now at last, the time has come we're on our way." "One cup of coffee then I'll go, Though I just stopped by to let you know, That I'm leaving you tomorrow, I'll cause you no more sorrow, One cup of coffee then I'll go."

My sentence here is complete. It's time for me to go. Since everyone out there has no problems to share, I'll share yet another of my own. It involves moving on, letting go and growing, and the fear of these things.

School is safe. Lots of friends, everyone is figuring out what they will do for the rest of their lives, there's work, but come on, it ain't that hard. For the past three years, I have been nurtured by the warm wet womb of academia. The water has just broken; I will soon be pushed out. The cold cruel real world awaits me. And I will leave behind many of my friends.

Fortunately, I have left places all my life. I know how to leave. But I find it very hard to leap from the last place to a better place. When I was younger, it wasn't too hard. Fear was not part of my vocabulary. But as you get older (ps I am neither old nor an adult), memories of foiled attempts at success war to smother new attempts.

I think about shit too much. I know I can kick ass out there. I have been training all my life for it. Now, it's just time to do.

Letting go is a part of life. If you find it's hard to do now, learn to deal because it doesn't get easier with age.

Ditto with saying goodbye. People leave and die all the time. Love as if each day was your last. When the time comes to say goodbye, it's a little easier. Fewer regrets, fewer I should haves. Pray that you will be reunited with your loved one. If you don't lose hope, you will be reunited.

Don't be afraid of failure; if you do, you may come to fear success.

Make sure you have sex in places where you really ought not to.

Don't selfishly abuse your friends and loved ones. They're the only ones who will take it, but they're the ones who least deserve it.

Make sure that when you are taking care of your friends' problems, you don't forget to take care of your own problems. Friends who allow their problems to interfere with your life too often may need a talking to.

Hold on to loved ones who come to you when you need them (even if they don't come to you when you ask them.)

SEX IS GREAT BUT LOVE IS BEAUTIFUL.

I can't believe that is the last Jack & Hil ever. I thought about continuing the column next year, but without Jack, it just won't be the same.

Well, the beginning of the end...where should I start? I always seem to have so much to say. Lately, I've done a lot of self-analyzation. What I've come to realize is that life isn't all that bad. I'm surrounded by some wonderful people who have changed my life in so many ways. In twenty years, I won't remember each little tiff, each stressful moment nearly as much as I'll remember the beautiful faces of the friends I had in college.

In this edition, Jack writes about learning to let go. You have to learn to cope with loss, but you also have to know what's important to lose. This past week, I've gotten rid of a lot of bad rubbish.

Listen up, folks! Don't rationalize how much somebody cares about you. Sometimes, your friends are right about that asshole you're dating. Love is like a drug—we often believe in it because it's habitual and addictive. Every eighth chance you give someone who continues to treat you like shit is less credibility and self-respect for you. (And there's always better sex!)

Also remember that people who judge you too harshly have PLENTY of issues themselves (refer to editorial on page four, paragraph three.) Yet people who confront you on your issues once in a while may actually have something intelligent to say. Listen to them with an open mind.

We must all let go of our little hangups. It doesn't matter who's fault it is, who's right and who's wrong. What matters is talking about it. And sometimes, letting someone scream at you is beneficial. Instead of screaming back, listen to what they have to say. They'll be forced to calm down eventually if you're not throwing words back at them. This may also give you a real good clue as to where they're coming from. And although you should never avoid discussing the past, there comes a time when you have to focus on the future.

Here's a little task for you guys. In the near future, like after you read this, think about the people closest to you and how you treat them. It's really easy to walk all over somebody and not realize it. You know how the first few months in a new relationship you honor and respect the other at all times? Just because it's months later doesn't mean you should stop doing that. What you should do is consider how they feel in any situation you find yourself angry at them. You'll be surprised to find out how self-centered we all truly are.

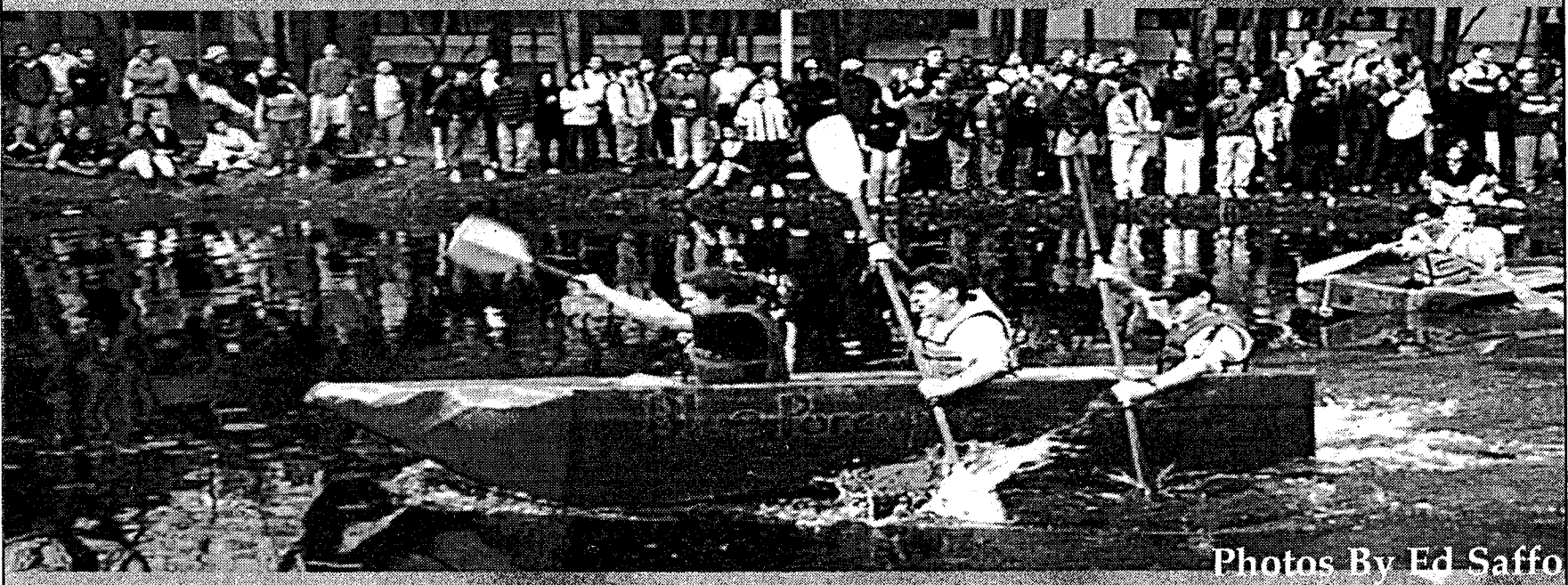
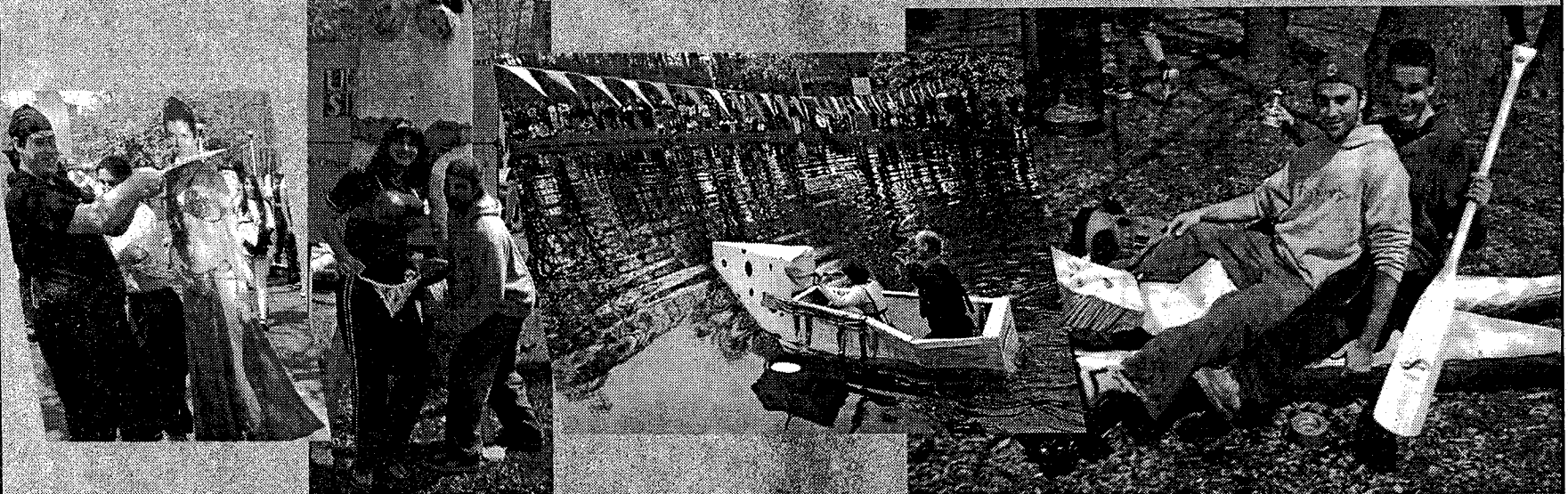
Most importantly, don't forget to tell people you love them. Here's all my love going out to Joanna and Daniel for their support in the writing of this column. And to our fans, thank-you! Stay tuned next fall for my new column, "DR. DOG!"

REGATTA 2000



This year's winner for the speedster category was a boat built by the Society of Hispanic Engineers while top prize in the yacht category went to Cardozo College.

Ahh yes, the Roth Regatta, a time when most students tend to exhibit their finest combination of creativity, engineering and camaraderie. Participants join the long line of students who have in years gone by, felt the jolt of the freezing cold water, swallowed a few ounces of infectious bacteria and have ultimately laid various forms of footwear to rest at the bottom.



Photos By Ed Saffo