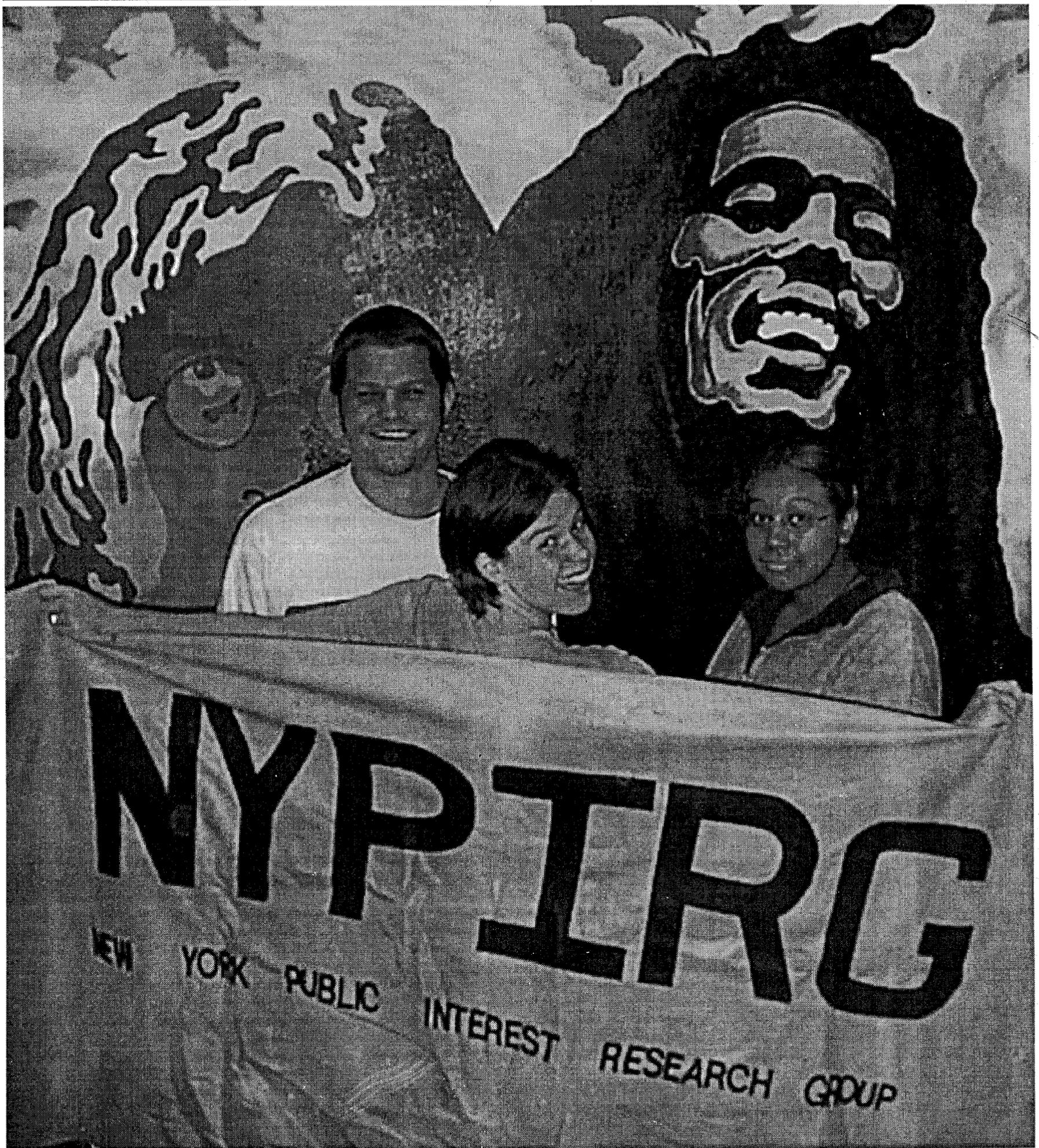


THE STONY BROOK
PRESS

Vol. XXII No. 2 "It's A Deal, It's A Steal. In Fact It's So Good, I Think I'll Keep It" October 6, 2000



Faculty, Staff & Students are
invited to the

**CAMPUS
EVENTS**
UNIVERSITY

CONVOCAATION

Tuesday, October 10, 2000

4:00 p.m., Staller Center

For the Arts, Main Stage

President's State

of the

University Address

*Announcements of promotions
to Distinguished professorships

*Announcements of the
President's and Chancellor's

Awards for Excellence and
Presidential Mini-Grants

*Selections to the Academy of
Teacher-Scholars.

*Introductions of new faculty by
East and West Campus

Chairpersons.

Reception to follow!

Underrepresented

Graduate Scholars (UGS)

invites you to participate in
their Hispanic Heritage

Month Event:

Submit an abstract for...

Hispanics in the

Millennium: Rethinking

Social and Identity

Politics: A Roundtable

Discussion

October 13, 2000

11am-1pm, SAC 302

This roundtable discussion seeks to
create an interdisciplinary dialogue
on the subject of social and identity
politics within/out the Hispanic com-
munity. The event's aim is to
acquaint the campus community
with the various perspectives regard-
ing the present condition of
Hispanics in the US.

The presentations are limited to 7-10
minutes. Scholarly, testimonial,
and/or creative work is welcomed.

If you are interested in participating,
please send a short abstract of the
material to be presented (one para-
graph please) by September 25 to

Elena Machado at
chicaverde76@hotmail.com.

THE FATE OF THE TRIPLED

By Jacklyn Yeh

Since our last issue, the largest freshman class in Stony Brook's history has arrived on campus. The total student enrollment this year has also broken previous records. The end of this year also marks the completion of a nine-year renovation project, with the last stage being Langmuir College and the Benedict C and D wings. When renovation of these buildings is completed, scheduled to be between December 2000 and January 2001, the \$70 million project will end. Former residents of Langmuir College have been relocated to James, and former residents of the Benedict C and D wings have been relocated to Benedict's A and B wings.

The sheer number of campus residents, and the wrap-up of the renovation project, mean that some freshmen and other incoming students have been forced

to triple up. Some rooms in both corridors and suites (and in some cases, lounges) house residents in sets of three. These students somehow manage to share the two desks, two closets, two bureaus, and four little towel racks that a dorm room offers. Not to mention that a little room, initially meant for two roommates, is barely livable with a third person.

In hall meetings arranged for these poor students, they were reassured that they will be un-tripled soon. The order of de-tripling was also explained to them. Each tripled room would be prioritized according to the date the earliest housing application, out of the three students in the room, was received. After room freeze, when approximately 150 rooms are projected to be avail-

Some rooms house residents in sets of three. These students manage to share the two desks, two closets, two bureaus, and four little towel racks that a dorm room offers. Not to mention that a room meant for two roommates is barely livable with a third person.

able (due to circumstances such as residents lack of payment), the tripled rooms with the earliest housing application dates would be de-tripled first.

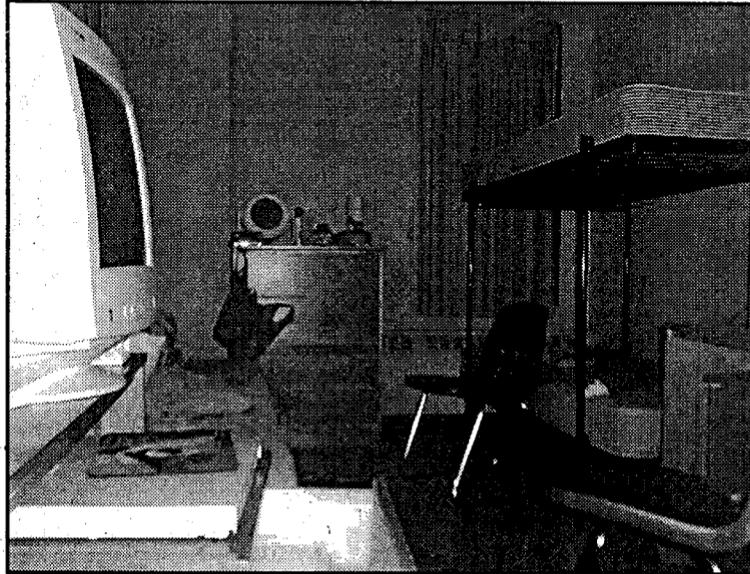
However, if the tripled students choose to remain as they are now, they will be relocated to Langmuir or Benedict in Spring 2001, after the renovation projects have been completed. The tripled members will also be reimbursed an extra \$500, in addition to the initial \$100 payment, for the inconvenience. The hall meetings offered all this information as well as food and drinks for the tripled students. And a nifty T-shirt that reads, "We're all in this together."

Those of us who have never experienced tripling may laugh at the freshman's lot.

But the obvious living space and privacy issues aside one has to admit how sad it is that these new incoming students are being forced to triple up at Stony Brook. What a wonderful welcome they had at their new university, crammed with two other people into a dorm room meant for two—or worse, in a lounge meant for resident relaxation.

Eric Li, an incoming sophomore currently residing in Irving College at Mendelson Quad, agrees. "Yes, tripling sucks. There's not enough room [for] three people [or] three computers." Though he is not a freshman, he and other transfer

students have been tripled anyway. He does not know his roommates, who had met two weeks prior to Eric's arrival on a sports team. Eric, although not at all on bad terms with his roommates, spends more time in his friends' room down his hall. In fact, he has never slept in his own dorm



room. "The bunk beds suck, 'cause you can easily roll over and fall off."

Surprisingly, this negative sentiment is not shared by everyone. "It's not that bad," a tripled freshman of James College, Eva Tsui, said. For now, the corridor rooms are just large enough for Eva and her two roommates to live comfortably, with a little compromising. The roommates have split the closet space and bureau space as best they could, and two of them share a desk. They each brought in one appliance, like a fan or refrigerator, so that there would not be duplicates of one thing. This definitely eases the room space problem. However, Eva, having seen the suites, remarked, "If [I were to have been] tripled in a suite, it [would have been] bad, 'cause it's small there." Double

rooms in H-Quad are the biggest on campus, especially compared to suites at Tabler and Roth Quads, which are puny by comparison.

Eva said she definitely would not mind remaining tripled in order to get the \$500 bonus refunded from her room and board at the end of the term. She finds

her situation more than tolerable. Besides, she said, tripling means a new student can meet two new people right from the start, and Eva is already getting along with her new roommates.

So long as tripling is a temporary situation, and the University ensures that the tripled students are reimbursed adequately for their inconvenience, this situation is justified (in some sad twisted way). If a tripled freshman finds his or her roommates amiable, it might even prove to be a great way of meeting more new people. Once the renovations are completed at the end of this term, 503 additional residents will be accommodated at Langmuir and Benedict. Hang in there, newbies.

NYPIRG Rocks the Vote

By Sharon Sung

The New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG), founded in 1973, is New York State's largest student-advocacy, non-partisan, and non-profit organization. The organization's objective is to create a better New York; student volunteers often collaborate with professional organizers and researchers to work on projects. The issues these students work on range from lower tuition and a cleaner environment, to social justice, consumer protection and much more. Today, the organization has 19 chapters across New York State. Although each chapter runs independently in their respective college campuses, they promote similar issues. In the 27 years that NYPIRG has existed, over 120 pieces of legislation have been passed, proving the strength of student efforts.

The current issue being promoted on campus by NYPIRG is Youth Vote 2000, more commonly known as Rock the Vote! or Get Out the Vote! Located by the entrance of the student union, the voter registration table manned by NYPIRG students is a common sight to the returning Fall 2000 students of Stony Brook. The goal of Youth Vote 2000 is to "register, educate, and mobilize New York student voters" for the upcoming elections in November 2000. The aggressive push toward voter registration is largely due to the upcoming November 7 presidential elections. The two major party candidates in this election are Republican Gov. George W. Bush of Texas and Democratic Vice President Al Gore.

In New York State, the deadline to register to vote in any primary or election is at least 25 days before the day of voting. For the case of the November elections, the deadline this year falls on October 13th. NYPIRG's goal across the 19 chapters is to be able to register at least 50,000 people for the elections, a huge number by any standard, especially given the relatively short time period in which to convince students to register to vote. NYPIRG students are under a great deal of pressure on this particular issue in order to make the deadline.

The students involved in the Rock the Vote! campaign have been particularly enthusiastic in trying to interest students, often approaching them directly throughout the student union in order to persuade them. NYPIRG's current project coordinator, Meagen Reeve, states that there has been a great response by the students in terms of numbers registering, although it has been an uphill climb all the way. Jeremy Grob, an undergraduate freshman and new NYPIRG member, admits that, in general, "people are apathetic." Maria Hercules, another undergraduate freshman and new NYPIRG member, agrees; when asking students if they are registered, Maria ruefully admits that many are reluctant to even stop. "Some people say no and just walk on."

However, the importance of registration is considered more than enough reason to continue pushing students. Derek Iannucci, a matriculated graduate student in the Masters Program for Public Policy, stresses the "importance of upcoming elections" and firmly believes that every vote makes a difference.

Besides voter registration, NYPIRG is involved in a variety of other issues and concerns as well: projects focused on "environmental protection, consumer protection, government reform, and public health issues," which are consistently supported throughout the years, with agendas

changing constantly to suit the current need.

One project confirmed to come back to Stony Brook for the Fall 2000 semester is the Stuff-A-Bus project, a homeless and hunger outreach endeavor which consists of stuffing a USB bus with canned goods and toiletries to be donated to the Greater Port Jefferson Pantry. The project is slated to run in mid-November for approximately a week.

In addition to Stuff-a-Bus, the End Sweatshops campaign is continuing again into the Fall 2000 semester, picking up where the Spring 2000 campaign left off. The target this semester is sneaker mogul Nike, a company notorious for its use of sweatshops in order to produce its goods. "Nike is one of the biggest companies," asserts project coordinator Meagen Reeve. "If we take down Nike, others will follow." Among other things, the sweatshop campaign will include a rally/march slated for December 7 in New York City against Nike.

In the environmental area of NYPIRG's agenda, Fall 2000 semester issues for this campus are tentatively scheduled as follows: an examination of the recycling program found on campus, a Community Environmental Inventory, and a fossil fuel power plant clean-up campaign.

One issue that is always on the horizon for NYPIRG is tuition costs for New York State students. NYPIRG's goal is to keep tuition costs as low as possible. Spring 2000 brought about a rally/march in Albany by several NYPIRG students across several chapters to lower the costs.

In addition to the projects listed above, NYPIRG wishes to place a greater emphasis on their Consumer Action Project this semester, which include the Book Exchange Cooperative, the Small Claims Court Action Center, the Consumer

Research Project, and the Campus & Community Outreach and Education Campaign.

The Book Exchange Cooperative, an ongoing project to help students save money every semester by buying/exchanging course books from other students through a system of book exchange cards, is one of the more important projects to be stepped up this semester. Many Stony Brook students who encounter the Book Exchange Cooperative are currently more familiar with the outdated book exchange bulletin board inside the student union.

Another project in the Consumer Action Project that is also planned to be stepped up this semester is the Small Claims Court Action Center, in which trained students provide consumer counseling free to those who need assistance in dealing with the protocol of a Small Claims Courts. These courts are a means to resolve minor disputes, but they are sorely underused due to lack of knowledge and understanding of how these courts work.

Both projects under the Consumer Action Project are considered especially important for the NYPIRG staff, whose ultimate project is to let students understand what NYPIRG is and what it can offer. Rory McEvoy, a matriculated senior involved with NYPIRG for over a year, maintains that NYPIRG should not necessarily be seen as only an organization, but rather as a "tool" that can be helpful for any student. To Derek Iannucci, NYPIRG's goal is to have "students involved in working on issues as students and as a part of the community of NY State."

NYPIRG's first general meeting is to be held on Wednesday, September 27 in the SAC, Room 302 at 5:00 PM.

Meagen Reeve: NYPIRG'S New Woman

By Ellen Yau

As part of the opening of the fall semester, NYPIRG adopted a new project coordinator, Meagen Reeve, to head Stony Brook's chapter.

Reeve, who graduated from the SUNY College of Environmental Science at Syracuse University in 1999, was an active participant in her university's chapter of NYPIRG for over three years. She also served as an intern to promote environmental issues for a year.

This past week, Reeve and her recruits worked on their newest project, 'Get Out The Vote,' or as her team abbreviated, 'GO TV.' The purpose of the project is to register and politically involve more undergraduate students.

While Reeve admitted that there are some students who do not seem informed or concerned about the upcoming election, she said that the project "is getting a good response."

Reeve indicated that "college students are an untapped resource" because a large percentage of them do not vote. Sometimes it is because they don't care, but other times, it is because they don't know much about the issue. She suggested that if students were more politically informed, they might have a greater incentive to vote.

"The biggest motivation to vote is knowing who or what you don't like," stated Reeve.

"Many students, when they register, tell me that they want to vote because they don't want [a candidate] to win."

In the NYPIRG office, located in the basement of the Union, staff and volunteers organize a multitude of projects to promote humanitarian, environmental, and political causes.

Last year, one of NYPIRG's biggest rallies involved 3,000 protesters in a march down Fifth Avenue to end sweatshops. Reeve revealed that the project will resume this year; it will continue to target Nike.

Other issues include "keeping tuition down." An average student in a SUNY graduates in five years. Reeves suggested that with the completion of major requirements and DECs, an increase of SUNY tuition would certainly hinder graduation or deepen debts.

Reeve hopes that NYPIRG may look forward to a productive year and a great base of volunteers under her leadership.



CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG?

On the morning of Sunday, September 17th, two Mexican day laborers in Farmingville were picked up by two white men and taken to an abandoned building in Shirley, where they were beaten and stabbed, leaving one hospitalized.

Last winter, a black man was beaten and hospitalized by a group of white men, not in Texas, but in Centereach.

In some ways this is no different than the way people from the outside community are treated on this campus. With the exception of patrons of the Staller Center, Seawolves sports fans or those attending day events, it's made pretty clear that people from the outside aren't anymore welcome here on our campus than black people in Centereach or day laborers in Farmingville.

So, in the year after the "year of community," what are we to do? Are we to continue to isolate and separate? Are we to continue to support policies and laws that isolate, separate, subjugate and oppress?

We are all a part of this community; not just within the confines of this University, but a part of the community of the greater Stony Brook and of Suffolk County. This is why NYPIRG and Polity are working to get all our students registered to vote here. For at least the next year or so Stony Brook in Suffolk County, is your home. What are you going to do about it?

There are County Legislators that want to make laws "based on the idea that every human being has dignity" and there are County Legislators that want to hold the Immigration Naturalization Services (INS) culpable for any crimes committed by the day laborers in Farmingville. There are pro-SUNY State Assemblymen who believe in higher education for all and there are State Assemblymen that seem to believe that higher education should be for the rich only. There is a community here that is going to be shaped by these lawmakers. What are you going to do about it?

The residents of Farmingville claim that the day laborers are committing all kinds of

crimes just as the University here charges that there was underage drinking at the Spot. However, the Suffolk Police department says that there is no corresponding rise in crime and that, in fact, crime in the Farmingville area has actually gone down just as there hasn't been any documented case of underage drinking at the Spot. It would seem that in both the Farmingville case and the University case, those trying to subjugate, separate and oppress seem to make claims regardless of what the facts are.

There are members of the local music scene and their fans that no longer feel comfortable at the bar in Centereach outside of which last year's racial beating took place. These same bands and fans are now no longer welcome here on campus, either. They can come to the Spot to perform, but due to a guest policy of separation and isolation, they can't bring their fans with them. Couple this with the Spot's return to an "over 21" policy in its performance space, and the majority of undergraduates are now also denied access to them and their music. These same undergraduates are now also denied access to the theatre, comedy, art shows and poetry readings that take place at the Spot—further separation and isolation.

We all live here. So why all this separation? Why the *us* and *them*? Legal vs. illegal Residents, black vs. white, student vs. non-student, graduate student vs. undergraduate student. In the year after the "year of community" is this really where we are at? This community belongs to all of us.

Community, like communication, is a good thing. The more people feel welcome, the more they feel at home. The more *everyone* feels a sense of community, the better. Even a cursory glance at history would show that the politics of inclusion beat the politics of exclusion every time. So, are we going to continue to isolate, separate and deny access? Or are we going to *really* try and build community here, in the greater Stony Brook and throughout Suffolk County?

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Baby,

Honey, I am so sorry about before. I didn't mean to... baby you know I would never try to hurt you. It's just that sometimes you make me so damn mad. When I say, "Get off the phone," why do you have to give me that attitude? When I say, "Get me a sandwich, bitch," you better get me my damn sandwich. I'm sorry baby. You know I have this temper. I hate myself so much when I beat you sweetie. I love you so much. You know that I am the only woman that will ever love you. No one loves you but me. You can't leave me. I promise, love, I will never lay a hand on you again. God damn it, just don't make me so goddamned fucking mad. I'm sorry.

Love,
Your Sweetie Pie

Sweetie,

No, it's my fault. Really. I should know better than to make you angry. Sometimes I look at myself in the mirror and I just hate what I see.

It's ok baby I love you and trust that you'll never do it again. We could just tell the doctor that I fell down the stairs, again.

Trust me baby I'll never bring up the idea of a restraining order for as long as I live under your roof (and your rules).

I love you so much that I won't even cry over this because if I know you'd give me something to cry about if I do. Where would I be without you to correct my mistakes and to show me what it means to with a modern woman. It's tough love, and it's the only love I'd ever want.

Love,
me

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Subvert The
Man, Naked

THE BLINDERS OF EMPIRE

By Chris Sorochin

A Mr. Robert Jirovec ("VFW/NRA") writes to the Progressive Populist from his bunker somewhere in Minnesota advocating an armed citizenry and maintaining that life nowhere else in the universe could possibly be as free as it is here in the good old US of A. I, of course cannot let such brazen ignorance go unanswered.

Dear Mr. Jirovec:

I write in response to your letter to the *Progressive Populist* of July 15. I am not exactly sure where I stand on gun control these days. Several years ago, as a good commie pinko lefty, I would have replied that I support it, but now that some of the less intelligent members of the progressive community have decided to lump several of my favorite pastimes (alcohol and tobacco) with yours, I'm not so sure I want these people determining my morality for me.

What I specifically want to address, however, is the second paragraph of your letter. It begins, "I offer for your consideration the following truth. The rights and privileges we enjoy in the United States make us the envy of the world. No exceptions." Now this is nowhere near a truth, as it cannot be proven empirically. It is merely nationalistic mythology, often invoked to keep US citizens from complaining about things they've every right to complain about.

I have a great deal of experience with this

subject: I make a point of vacationing abroad and I also teach English as a Second Language to university students. I frequently have to attempt to explain them why, at the age of 20, they have to sneak around for a beer in this great land of freedom when it's no problem back home. To more sophisticated pupils, I may even be stuck trying to explain why the range of political debate (at least in mainstream media) is so incredibly narrow.

To be sure, many who hail from overt dictatorships envy the absence of visible repression in the US (until I give them an overview of real US history that includes McCarthyism and the struggles of the labor movement). Others from poor countries envy the material wealth (until they find out about the extensive poverty here). There are many from other wealthy, industrialized democracies who admire the casual openness of US society. I must say, though, that I've never encountered anyone who envied the right to pack heat, or felt that their own country would be better off if large numbers of their fellow citizens kept a Saturday night special in their bedside drawers.

Allow me to confront you with a truth: the US is the only industrialized country in which health care is not a right for everyone, but a privilege for those who can afford it. Do you really

think people in other countries envy that? On the contrary, growing numbers of us envy them. As a resident of Minnesota, you're undoubtedly aware of the hordes of seniors who routinely cross over into Canada so they can purchase their medications for a fraction of what they'd pay here. Who exactly is envious of whom?

Perhaps 40 or 50 years ago, people around the world looked at us as the country of the future and venerated the "American Dream." No more.

"I've never encountered anyone who envied the right to pack heat, or felt that their own country would be better off if large numbers of their fellow citizens kept a Saturday night special in their bedside drawers."

Now, workers in Europe stage strikes to protest imposition of what they call the American Nightmare: diminished job security, lower wages, less free time, and fewer benefits. Did you know that, on average, US workers put in longer hours and have shorter vacations and parental leaves than workers in Europe? Lets not even get into other frills like education and transportation. Again, who has cause to be jealous of whom?

As to our vaunted **continued on page 8**

Sexism In The Press

What exactly makes something sexist? Can simple images be sexist? Is the portrayal of a woman's nude body also sexist? Or is it perhaps the context in which a woman's naked-self is used? I say "yes" to the last question, and so I am writing to kindly share my thoughts on the recent Press ad for open house.

The ad was brought to my attention at a weekly Feminist Majority meeting. What I saw was a full back view of a woman who had recently emerged from water, her face hardly visible. A beautiful picture

indeed. But I also saw that this woman was no longer an actual woman. She was used for enticement, she was to be consumed by glaring eyes. I know what you are thinking: "Fuck, man, these damn feminists always overreact. It's just a picture, men are used in them all the time." (By the way, I would like to encourage you to make a new argument. Be creative--you make it too easy for us!) However, this is more than just a picture, and it is not artistic. The naked human body, as art, is art because it is seen as an individual creation; it

is admired for simply being a human body. In this particular ad, the female body is used as a tool, to be manipulated for a particular purpose.

Of course, it is undeniably true that men's bodies are also exploited and used for virtual pleasures. The problem lies in the imbalance of power each gender possesses. What this ad does is perpetuate an environment prone to the objectification of women, the same objectification that leads to the enormous amount of violence against women. It is only by depersonalizing a woman that one can violate her. When she is robbed of personhood, she becomes that which is at the complete disposal of men.

Is it really a coincidence that the people who are raped and beaten daily are the same people underrepresented in nearly all aspects of society (except that in which they sell their bodies), and are also the same

people whose bodies are used to sell products or promote events? The various aspects of women's oppression are all interconnected; they are all related in many ways. When taken out of the grand scheme and viewed individually they may seem strange and unconvincing. It is only by stepping back and trying to find the reasons that women are still treated as unequal, that it makes perfect sense to analyze one ad.

What about the clear fact that this ad is by and for men? Why are women excluded? One woman said, "After seeing this I have a feeling that there is an grotesque amount of testosterone pumping at these meetings. I wonder if this is a time for them to all jerk-off together or actually do 'journalism.' It's clear and obvious that women writers aren't welcome there, since there is no attempt to target us."

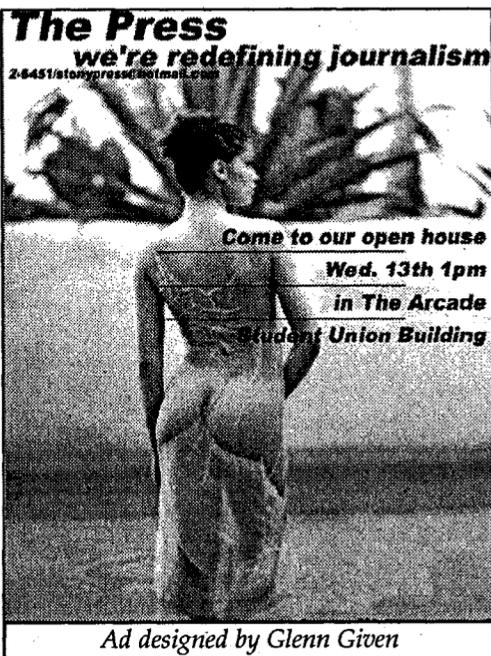
While I strongly doubt that the intention of this ad was to actually harm women, my concern is the result of this ad. Why is violence against women on the rise, despite the many social strides women are making? It is not due entirely to this ad, but these ads continue to support a very dangerous atmosphere for women, one in which she is not human, but 'thing.'

Perhaps the most disturbing issue with

"After seeing this I have a feeling there is an grotesque amount of testosterone pumping at these meetings. I wonder if this is a time for them to all jerk-off together or actually do 'journalism' It's clear and obvious that women writers aren't welcome there, since there is no attempt to target us."

the ad was when I came to realize how subtle and accepted such things that I consider blatantly sexist are. Just the fact that I could be so angered as to write an article about it, while others could be completely unaffected by it, seems hardly possible. I welcome your responses.

-Cheryl Edelman



Along the Color Line

By Manning Marable

Who is Joe Lieberman?

The major political surprise of this summer was Democratic presidential candidate Al Gore's selection of Connecticut Senator Joseph Lieberman as his running mate. Lieberman, a socially conservative Orthodox Jew, had first become widely known nationally as the most prominent Senate Democrat to denounce President Clinton's misconduct in the Monica Lewinsky scandal. The media, for the most part, was overwhelmingly positive with the selection of the first Jewish candidate on a major party national ticket. The New York Post, for example, declared that Lieberman was "Miracle Man Joe." The Miami Herald summed up the general media consensus: "Gore's VP Pick Historic."

What was most unusual was the Republican response to Lieberman, which was also extremely positive. William Bennett, Reagan's former secretary of education declared that even "conservatives acknowledged that the vice president had made a wise choice by picking a man of principle, intelligence and civility." Republicans immediately noted that the Connecticut Senator was ideologically closer on many issues to Texas Governor George W. Bush than to Gore.

The surprising selection of Lieberman by Gore raises three unavoidable questions, from the vantage point of African-American politics: (1) Who is Joe Lieberman? (2) Why did Al Gore choose him? and (3) What does it mean for black people?

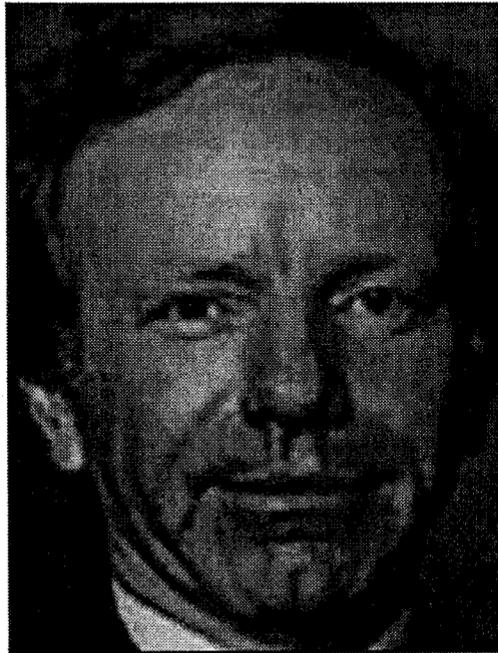
Who is Lieberman? To his credit, one of his earliest involvements in politics was during the summer of 1964, when he traveled south after graduating from college to participate in the "Mississippi Freedom Summer," organizing and registering black voters. After a modest career as a state senator and Connecticut's state attorney general, Lieberman stunned the political establishment by upsetting liberal Republican Lowell Weicker in the Senate race in 1988. Weicker was generally a progressive voice on civil rights, and had even been arrested in 1985 for demonstrating against Reagan's poli-

aggressively pushed their party toward more conservative public policy positions.

On a wide variety of issues, Lieberman is clearly to the right of both Clinton and Gore. On gay rights, for example, in 1994 Lieberman supported an amendment offered by reactionary Republican Senator Jesse Helms, which cut off federal funds to any school district that used educational materials that in any way "supported homosexuality."

Lieberman has a long record of hostility toward affirmative action that even his liberal apologists in the Democratic Party cannot hide. Back in 1995, when Lieberman took over the DLC, he declared, "You can't defend policies that are based on group preferences as opposed to individual opportunities, which is what America has always been about." Lieberman embraced California's Proposition 209 in 1996, which outlawed affirmative action programs in that state. When President Clinton, after months of hesitation, finally put forward the formulation that affirmative action programs ought to be "mended, not ended," Lieberman led the opposition within the Democratic Party. The DLC's Progressive Policy Institute issued a report criticizing Clinton's position, and called for abolishing it for government hiring and contracting, and making it voluntary in private business.

On issues of higher education, Lieberman has again played a conservative role. He was the only Democrat to vote against liberal historian Sheldon Hackney, the President of the University of Pennsylvania, to become head of the National Endowment for the Humanities. He claimed that Hackney was too liberal on campus issues of "political correctness." Lieberman then became co-founder of the American Council of Trustees and Alumni, a five-year-old group that rejects "racial preferences," opposes "political correctness," and



defends "Western civilization." Another co-founder with Lieberman is the notorious Lynne V. Cheney, former chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, ideologue of the Far Right, and wife of Richard

ital gains tax cut. Not surprisingly, he championed Clinton's brutal 1996 Welfare Act. Lieberman's most recent conflicts, prior to his nomination as vice presidential candidate, have been over public schools. He has consistently promoted voucher schemes to divert funds from public education, claiming that vouchers would "give poor kids and their families a lifeline out of failing schools."

Given this remarkably conservative record, for a Democrat, why did Gore select him as his running mate? I think there were several factors at work. Gore felt he had to distance himself from Clinton's sex scandal and impeachment fiasco. What better way to separate himself than by embracing Clinton's chief Democratic critic? Second, the selection of a Jewish candidate gave Gore the image of being independent-minded, or as one Democratic pollster put it, "much more strong-willed than most people realize."

Lieberman's selection was calculated to help the Democratic ticket in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and possibly Florida, and should assist Hillary Clinton to win a New York Senate seat. But the primary reason Gore selected Lieberman is because they basically agree on nearly all important issues. Both men are centrist "New Democrats." Gore's 2000 party platform soundly rejected liberal positions on literally every major issue—including capital punishment, health care, military spending, and assistance for the poor. Under the so-called "party of the people," the Gore-Lieberman ticket supports globalization, the death penalty, limited expansion of health coverage, and the allocation of federal resources for debt reduction rather than to rebuild inner cities or reduce black infant mortality.

Where does all this leave African Americans? I looked at the staged *New York Times* photograph of Senator Lieberman standing before the meeting of the Congressional Black Caucus at the recent Democratic National Convention. Standing on either side of Lieberman are Labor Secretary Alexis M. Herman and Congresswoman Maxine Waters. Only hours before, Herman and Waters had engaged in a spirited public disagreement over the selection of Lieberman. In the photo, Herman looks relieved, and Waters appears sad. Perhaps Maxine reflects the grim realization of other black Democrats, who are now forced to campaign for candidates and a party platform they privately oppose. All they are left with is to frighten black voters to the polls with the spectre of a Republican victory.

They don't realize the obvious: the Republicans have already won. By accepting Lieberman onto the ticket, as Nation writer David Corn states, Gore "has accepted—or surrendered to—the Bush terms of battle." Bush, Cheney, Gore and Lieberman, in the end, only reflect variations of the same bankrupt political philosophy.

The surprising selection of Lieberman by Gore raises three unavoidable questions, from the vantage point of African-American politics: (1) Who is Joe Lieberman? (2) Why did Al Gore choose him? and (3) What does it mean for black people?

cies favoring apartheid South Africa. Lieberman defeated Weicker in part by attacking him from the right, on such issues as the Republican incumbent's call to normalize relations with Cuba.

Throughout his twelve years in the U.S. Senate, Lieberman positioned himself on the extreme conservative wing of the Democratic Party. He chairs the Democratic Leadership Council (DLC), the "centrist" group of elected officials (including Clinton and Gore) who have

B. Cheney, the Republican vice presidential candidate.

On militarism, Lieberman was one of only ten Senate Democrats (including Gore) to support President George Bush's war against Iraq. He favored a more aggressive use of U.S. military force in Kosovo. Lieberman vigorously supports the deployment of a new missile defense system. On economic issues he's generally pro-business, and he challenged Democratic leaders in 1989 by supporting a cap-

"Stay Out the Bushes!"*

By F.L. Livingston

*So counseled black Christian activist Jesse Jackson at the Democratic National Convention. It was his way of asking us to reject the aggressive conservatism that seems to characterize the Bush family politics. (I'm thinking George, George W., and Jeb.)

Make no mistake. This is not the quiet kind of conservatism that merely tries to hold onto long-standing traditions. Rather, it's a very active brand of politics that seeks to strip away any liberal gains we've made so far. And I'm not just talking about rights won in the last few years, or even the last few decades, but also about some made in the last half-century or more.

Flashback: It's 1966. My junior year in high school. My American History teacher is explaining, "History is like a clock. Conservative people try to hold that clock where it is, while liberals like to let it move at its own pace. Radicals [here, he was referring to the "radical left"] want to push it forward, and reactionaries want to push it further back."

By that definition Bush and his cohorts seem more like "reactionaries" than "conservatives." They would love, I suspect, to thrust us back into the past. Way back. Perhaps the 1950s, or the 1930s, or more.

Do you really want to risk tumbling back that far? If not, then you must help prevent the election of Bush/Cheney and the Republicans.

Need more specifics? Read on.

Dick Cheney: A former Secretary of Defense. Obviously, of a military mind. And, reportedly, farther to the right than Bush. You know the drill: if, for any reason, Bush cannot fulfill his duties as president at any time, Cheney gets to take over as president. Motive enough, I think, not to vote for the Republican ticket in November.

A Woman's Right to Choose: Not convinced? Then consider the issue of "choice." A vote for Bush is largely a vote against choice in the matter of abortion. The head of NARAL, a pro-choice organization, spelled this out for us at the Democratic Convention. She revealed that the Supreme Court needs only two more anti-abortion justices to overturn "Roe vs. Wade," the famous decision that made abortion legal in 1973. If George W. "has the opportunity," she cautioned, he could easily stack the court with judges hostile to abortion rights. This could set us back before the '70s, back to the days when abortion was illegal.

Before the '70s? Most of you weren't even around then. You don't remember a time when a pregnant girl was forced to carry a baby to term, even if she hated its very existence. Or in desperation went to a "quack," who performed an illegal abor-

Bush claims that he and his cronies are "compassionate conservatives." In a way, it's true. They "conserve" their "compassion," giving the largest amount to the guy with the fattest wallet.

tion. (In secret, of course. Often with unsterilized equipment and without proper training.) You never had a friend who was badly butchered by one of these flakes, left unable to ever bear another child or, in some cases, left to die.

But you've heard about this sort of thing, I'm sure. And it's no exaggeration. These are the kind of "sad but true" tales that led people to work for legalized, safe abortions, in the first place — work

that will fall apart if the Republicans get to play out their anti-abortion agenda in the Court.

Gay Rights: But, their indifference to a woman's right to choose is nothing compared to their failure to acknowledge that gays have any rights, at all. They totally ignored gays, bis, and transgenders at their convention. This would be no surprise, except that a group called the "Gay GOPers" (yes, there are such people) had requested representation. Also, the party made a clumsy attempt to appear "inclusive" of minorities, but presented no gay, bisexual, or cross-gender speakers. Nor did the Republicans make any mention of trying to further the rights of non-hetero Americans.

Why not? Not a hard question. I'm guessing it's because they don't intend to do anything for this group. Nada. Zilch. Period.

Affirmative Action: Neither do these "conservatives" seem to care about "conserving" programs that have helped women and racial minorities. True, there have been many complaints about inequities in affirmative action. But while most liberals cry out, "Mend it, don't end it," several Republicans seek to dismantle such programs entirely. As for their much touted "urge to conserve," it seems to be restricted to the interests of rich white males.

So if you're looking for someone who'll find a way to save affirmative action — even with a few reforms — newsflash: it ain't gonna be "Gov. Dubya!"

Social Security: Nor do I expect the Republicans to "conserve" Social Security, our greatest public means of helping the elderly. They give lip service to "saving" this program — but only by "privatizing" it, at least, in part. This would require each individual to invest funds for his/her own senior years and depend less on government aid. That means adding to what a person is supposed to save personally and subtracting from what the government provides.

And so what? So, to me, this seems like a first step back to the days before FDR. A move back toward a time when people saved as much as they could "for their old age" — and then, just hoped for the best! A few "bad years" or a few wrong decisions could "haunt" their bank account "forever." There's such a thing as "consequences," I know, but, here, the consequences are much too great: lack of sufficient funds for food, rent, etc. Should our senior citizens have to suffer this badly because of the problems or mistakes of their youth? I don't think so.

Pause: All this reminds me of the young Republican I told you about, previously, who had been taught that FDR "almost ruined the country."

Federal spending to help the poor and the elderly? That's not what he thought government should be about!

No doubt, this is the thinking behind the Republican plan for Social Security. It may even be an effort to begin to unravel

FDR's work. Social Security is in trouble, yes. But it can be saved with careful planning and the use of the projected federal surplus. (See below.) We don't have to begin to throw this service back into the lap of the private citizen. Not even "in part."

Tax Cuts: A surplus. Yes. The national government expects to enjoy a financial surplus over the next ten years. Now, the question is what to do with it.

Bush says that he would like to "give it back to the people" in the form of tax cuts. Sounds like a plan — until you realize that the cuts he proposes favor the wealthy. His exemptions benefit the rich, the most; the middle class, only a little; and the poor, not at all.

The government could use the surplus to offer tax cuts that help the average family send their kids to college, to remedy Social Security (see above), to improve Medicare, etc. But not if the Grand Ole Party has its way.



A Special Interest: For if there's any minority this "new inclusive" GOP really cares about, it's the same minority the "old" GOP cared about: the handful of people that control the megabucks. Don't expect much concern for you and me. Remember, this is the party that just nominated two — count 'em, two — Texas

oil men (Bush and Cheney) to lead the country. What does that tell you?

The Question of Compassion: Still, Bush claims that he and his cronies are "compassionate conservatives." In a way, it's true. They "conserve" their "compassion," doling it out in parts (just like money), giving the largest amount to the guy with the fattest wallet. With compassion like that, we don't need insensitivity!

"The OK Corral" Revisited: But never mind "compassion." How about safety? Governor Bush recently supported a bill that would allow Texans to carry concealed handguns.** A nod to the NRA and the pro-gun lobby, I imagine.

But Bush also insists that this would actually improve public safety!*** (A sort of "do-it-yourself" form of crime reduction, I suppose. A "privatization," I guess, of law and order.) For God's sake, what century does this guy live in? Or did he just watch too many episodes of "The Lone Ranger" when he was a kid?

The 21st Century: Well, come November, we who live in the twenty-first century will have the chance to determine the directions it will take. Do you wish to roll back the reforms of the last hundred years? Or do you want to see those modern changes sustained and expanded? Which way do you want our nation to go?

On Election Day you can get into that voting booth, press your chosen lever, and make your wishes known. And if it's the latter direction, then, by all means, cast your ballot for whoever you believe can make that happen. But, please, whatever you do, heed the Reverend Jackson's warning: "Stay out the Bushes!"

*This admonition disturbed George W. so much that he broke his vow not to respond to any comments made at that convention.

**Lott, John R. "Bush Is Not a Trigger-Happy Cowboy," Viewpoints, *Newsday*, August 29, 2000.

Guns and the Mind

By Rene Molnar

Can I admit to being fascinated with guns and warfare, and not stand to face criticism in light of my politically incorrect view? Is the decision to express an opinion on the again-new topic of gun control meaningful with respect to what others stand to gain from my point of view?

Just some questions that I found myself pondering as I analyzed the various issues on the table for the upcoming presidential election.

But the fact is that I pondered the issue of gun control, and guns in general, to a point that is well beyond what most of the commentary around me seems to indicate. From the violent potential of bullets to so precisely enter, churn and bludgeon living tissue, and then displace entire slabs of matter upon exiting, to the NRA and their sometimes unpopular desire to maintain the right of individuals to carry a firearm for protection or sport, to the views of right-wing proponents of an all-out abolition of firearms, gun control certainly is a multi-faceted issue. The goal of analyzing/debating such an issue is not to draw up boundaries between individuals or to find new reasons to establish what side to take in November's election (think Gore!), but rather, to expand inside each and every one of us a deeper understanding of how we as individuals relate to society... a deeper understanding of ourselves.

Just what is it that has put gun control on the table for this fall's election? A lot of times when one enters into debates that are as all-encompassing as this one it becomes very easy to lose sight of the core of the discussion. In my eyes, the heart of this debate lies in the media-inspired anxiety towards the seemingly precarious state of the nation's schoolchildren. Keeping in mind such horrific events as the Columbine school shooting, as well as other widely-publicized shootings and killings by young people across the country, in mind, it comes as no surprise that panic and irrationality have not only set in but rule the day. It might be time to take a step back.

The one thing that I've always liked about the media is the power that it effortlessly bestows on the average individual. By just bearing witness to the latest news, the anonymous person on the street becomes armed with the knowledge necessary to topple political leaders, become a wiser

consumer or live a better life. The power that the media brings is, however, counterbalanced very nicely by its tendency to dwell on the pain which inspires the very panic and irrationality that is the crux of our debate.

Consider the effects of a media that concentrates not just on pain but on the pain caused by younger and younger individuals. The average person watching the television will be affected by such information in multiple ways.

First, they will immediately connect the



information to their children, grandchildren and loved ones; those who are in a position to be affected by the violence that now seems widespread among youngsters. Afterwards, they will learn to believe the message that is being drilled into their heads: violent acts are being committed by younger and younger individuals. When one takes these first two points and puts them together, it is no wonder that we see the qualities of irrationality and panic set in; these are just a natural side-effect of the mental anguish that comes from having something as important as family threatened.

The media-created perception of out-of-control gun violence does not end with familiar associations. It is at this point that the public mind takes the information and proceeds to break it all down. What this amounts to is a strengthening of the belief in our society that the moral fabric that governs social propriety is somehow deteriorating into nothingness. To better understand this, simply

recognize what the age cutoffs have become for being tried as an adult for a violent crime.

Several decisions by judges to try juveniles as adults simply go to bolster the case of the media's paranoia campaign. People are forced to come to the conclusion that, when even the youngest among us are found guilty of violent crimes, there is no longer a limit that can be placed on innocence or purity. They come to the conclusion that the very moral fabric on which our society is based is falling apart under their very eyes.

Hence the panic-spawned irrationality of trying to place blame on everything from video game manufacturers, especially those of violent, blood-soaked, shoot-em-up games, to the need to control the unnecessarily aggressive nature of young boys with drugs, threats, disciplinary action, or all of the above, to blaming these atrocities on inanimate objects such as guns.

Most of the time, mouthing the truth that people don't want to hear can be more unpopular than going down a road that will only end in a waste of time. It is painful to admit that the truth behind some of these youth perpetrated atrocities really have no analyzable reason and that the relative stability of our everyday lives is something whose future lies largely in the hands of pure random chance, or that our first line of defense

in teaching children right from wrong is always through their immediate family. It's pretty hard to hear the truth when it means being lumped together in one group of guilty people who all have some explaining to do yet don't even know what their first word is going to be. It's also hard to hear the truth when it means that the solution to your problem, a solution that seemed so capable of being attained, was nothing more than a panacea for a problem that required more effort than any one person was willing to give, an admission that not many are willing to make. But the alternative of trying to place blame where it doesn't belong is, in my opinion, the worse atrocity that any one person can commit: wasting time.

I was thinking of buying a gun one day... I'm fascinated by the mechanics of guns. Maybe I'll even buy one of those long dark trench coats that I've been hearing so much about. Try not to label me.

Blinders continued from page 5

can't have failed to notice the gradual but unmistakable erosions of many of them under the rubric of the War on Drugs and "counterterrorism." Did you manage to catch any of the film footage of the police state in action in the past year in Seattle, DC, Philadelphia or Los Angeles? Looks kind of like Latin America, doesn't it? Do you know enough history to be aware of Richard Nixon's plans to round up dissidents and Ollie North's provisions for martial law in the event of widespread domestic resistance to a US war in Central America? Our "rights and privileges" are under constant attack. And lots of us who aren't white have historically enjoyed, and continue to enjoy, even fewer of these rights and privileges.

You seem to think that gun ownership is

the last bulwark against the imposition of dictatorship. This is very surprising coming from an ex-military man. Surely you know that a bunch of gun toting militia types is no match for the high-tech might of what Martin Luther King, Jr. called "the world's greatest purveyor of violence." Remember Ruby Ridge? Waco? Are you familiar with the Powell Doctrine of "overwhelming force"?

And you must, of course, recognize the hugely important role "psy-ops" would play in any actual attempt to remove even the illusion of democracy. It would not take much to get the vast majority of the US population to acquiesce to a complete suspension of civil rights. A few drastic and well timed terrorist attacks, accompanied by the same sort of massive propaganda blitz that fed

the repugnant hysteria that surrounded the Gulf War in 1991, would do the job nicely.

Finally, your thesis about tyrants disarming the public is not as airtight as you imagine. A visit to Latin America will disabuse you of that notion guns are everywhere in spite of the lack of democracy. A good many of them are left over from the various covert wars that continue to be sponsored by the US in that region.

In closing, let me suggest that in the future, when you wish to convince others of your point of view, you stick to facts and not cliches.

Sincerely,
Chris Sorochin

DR. LAURA GETS A TV SHOW - BUT AT WHAT COST?

By Norman Solomon

After many months of controversy over her anti-gay statements to millions of radio listeners, Dr. Laura ascended the airwaves to an even higher and mightier pulpit. Her crusade has reached televisionland.

Over the summer, Schlessinger held onto the misconceptions that led her to describe homosexuality as "a biological error" manifested by "deviants." Meanwhile, she tried some damage control - but couldn't let go of her bigotry.

In a July interview with *Time* magazine, she insisted: "Not being able to relate normally to a member of the opposite sex is some kind of error. I do not see that as insulting at all. It is a statement of biological fact."

Actually, it's nothing of the kind. Dr. Laura is about as scientific as William Jennings Bryan was at the Scopes trial, thumping the Bible as a backbeat for old prejudices. Fortunately, these days, most clergy are far more enlightened.

"The anti-gay beliefs you espouse on a regular basis - that homosexuality is 'deviant' and that gays can and should be cured - are entirely outside the mainstream of scientific thought," said an open letter to Schlessinger, signed last February by more than 100 religious leaders, along with heads of medical, child-welfare and civil rights groups.

Dr. Laura should be known as "Dr. Ignorant." Her persistent claim that being gay amounts to being ill has been repudiated by such organizations as the American Medical Association, the American Academy of Pediatrics and the American Psychological Association.

Yet it seems that Dr. Laura is enmeshed in her own rhetoric, which isn't just inflammatory - it's also very harmful. Using the mass media to

denigrate gays is especially injurious to young people.

The open letter that Schlessinger received (and evidently ignored) seven months ago emphasized the point: "Nowhere are the consequences of anti-gay feelings more apparent than in the high number of suicides among gay youth... While suicide is the ultimate consequence of homophobia, studies find that gay youth - and youth who are perceived to be gay - are more likely to get beat up, feel isolated, and have trouble in school." Right now, Dr. Laura is a public health hazard.

Many of her fans have the impression that Schlessinger is some kind of doctor, but her degree is in physiology. Whatever her credentials, she excels at passing judgment, swiftly and rigidly. Dr. Laura condemns anyone whose sexual actions - homosexual, heterosexual or whatever - don't adhere to her line. And Dr. Laura's daily television show offers more of the same.

"I'm trying to teach morals, values, ethics and principles," Schlessinger said in late summer, adding that her TV program scored with test audiences: "They liked it more and more when I was talking right into the camera, giving people the concept of what's right and wrong on a certain issue."

As Chicago Tribune television critic Steve Johnson has noted, "the radio show seems to consist of some fairly damaged people seeking quick answers from someone who barely has time to grasp even the basics of their situations." With perhaps undue optimism about the sensibilities of the nation's viewers, Johnson commented: "It is hard to imagine the God-like benedictions and upbraiding that Schlessinger dispenses on her radio show

going over well on TV."

Under pressure from gay rights advocates, several major advertisers - including Procter & Gamble, Priceline.com, Sears and AT&T - stopped sponsoring the Dr. Laura radio program. But so far, Dr. Laura has been able to sustain the momentum of her show-biz bandwagon. Despite all the efforts to block it, she remains on a roll.

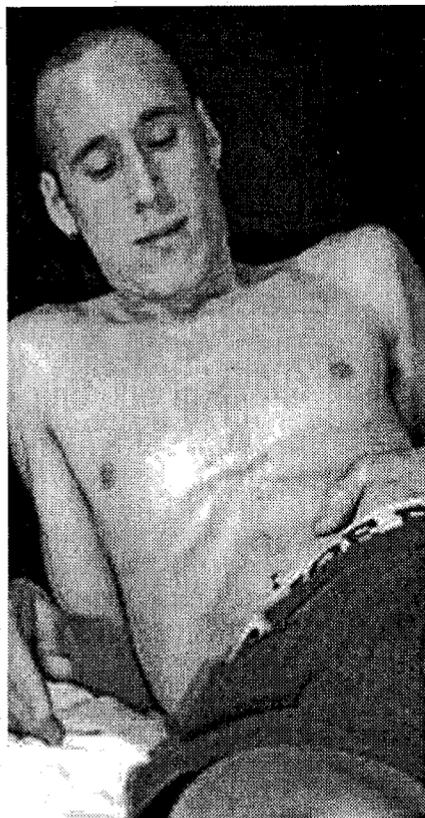
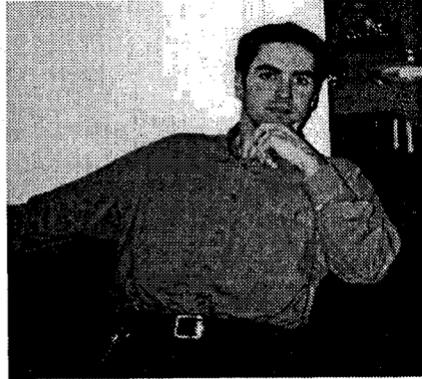
Days before the Sept. 11 premiere of Dr. Laura's syndicated TV show, some of her adversaries were striving to put the best face on recent events. For example, the Horizon Foundation

"Not being able to relate normally to a member of the opposite sex is some kind of error. I do not see that as insulting at all. It is a statement of biological fact."

issued a news release saying that "several gay rights activists and business leaders saw the public and corporate backlash against Dr. Laura's homophobic stances as a turning point for attitudes toward gays and lesbians."

Perhaps. But most of the way through 2000, the fortunes of Dr. Laura indicate that some of the largest media institutions in the country are still willing to heavily promote national broadcasts that disparage the humanity of certain people because of their sexual orientation. And too often, it's easy to be complacent - if the poisonous barbs aren't aimed directly at us.

Norman Solomon is a syndicated columnist. His latest book is "The Habits of Highly Deceptive Media."



The Spot 

all the cool kids are doing it

2nd floor Fannie Brice Theatre

6 pm
8 pm
10 pm

Wed to Sat

World Music Series
Jazz Cabaret
Poetry



Don't Be An Ass



Join the Press
Room 060, Student Union
Like A Rabid Boy Band,
Snackums!



ALUMNI HOMECOMING WEEKEND

October 13 & 14

**Everyone is Welcome: Students, Faculty,
Staff, Friends & Family!**

**HOMECOMING PARADE ON
BROADWAY**
Friday, October 13, Starts 10 p.m.,
Center Drive



Doors open for Midnight Madness at 10:45 p.m.

FOOTBALL GAME
Saturday, October 14, 12:30 p.m.
Free for all USB students with I.D.

Schedule of Events

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11

King & Queen Contest

7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m., Stony Brook Union Ballroom
Free admission! Stop by to cheer on your friends as student contestants make their presentations. The judges will then select the King, Queen, and Homecoming Court, to be announced during Saturday's half-time show.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12

Float Building Day!

This is your chance to really flex those creative muscles. Students, individual faculty members, entire departments, and staff can all co-sponsor floats. For locations, reimbursement, and other information, call the Student Activities Office at 632-9392.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13

7th Annual Distinguished Alumni Lecture Series/Award Luncheon

12:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m., Health Sciences Center, Lecture Hall 2, Level 2, East Campus. Sponsored by the School of Health Technology and Management.

Homecoming Parade

10:00 p.m. - 12:00 a.m., Center Drive.
The parade with floats, marchers, and banners starts at 10 p.m. with winners being announced for the best floats and banners in front of the Midnight Madness crowd. **Registered parade participants get preferred seating for Midnight Madness!**



Midnight Madness

Doors open at 10:45, Sports Complex Arena. Celebrate the kick-off of the 2000-2001 basketball season with a wild night of games, cheers, contests and prizes! Free t-shirts, lots of giveaways, and one lucky student will walk away with a prize of free tuition!

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14

Alumni Pancake Breakfast

9:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m., Bleacher Club, Student Union.
\$8 per person, \$20 per family.
Enjoy a great breakfast while meeting faculty, staff, and athletic team coaches and players.

Alumni Reunion Tent

Tent—11:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m., adjacent to football field. Enjoy a barbecue with snacks and drinks as you visit class and club tables. Game—12:30 p.m. kickoff. Ticket for tent and game—\$10 per person. Call the Alumni Office at 632-6330 for details

Football Game USB Seawolves vs. Sacred Heart

Kickoff 12:30 p.m.
Our athletes need your support, so come cheer our Seawolves on to victory! *Go Seawolves!* Half-time show will feature the crowning of the King and Queen. The football game is free to USB undergraduate students with an ID. Guests are \$5, children under 12 are \$2.

Alumni Reunion Dinner Celebrating Classes '0s & '5s

5:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m., Stony Brook Union Ballroom.
\$30 per person. All Classes Welcome! Featuring a dinner buffet table, DJ with music crossing the decades, entertainment, and a cash bar.

Athletic Hall of Fame Induction Dinner

6:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m., Sports Complex Atrium. Cost: \$50. Join us as we salute our former Stony Brook athletic stars over cocktails and dinner during this special ceremony, which will feature the unveiling of our Wall of Fame. Call the Athletic Department at 632-WOLF for more information.

For the latest information regarding Homecoming, call the Voice of Student Activities, a 24-hour services, 632-6821; the Department of Student Union Activities, 632-9392; the Office of Alumni Relations, 632-6330. Information is also aired on WUSB-1630 AM Radio. Visit us on the Web at www.sunysb.edu for the latest updates. If you need a disability related accommodation, please call 632-9392. The University at Stony Brook is an AA/EO educator and employer.

Dangerous Free Dangerous Free Schizophrenic Schizophrenic Associations

By Tim Connors

We're going to do some free association. I'll say a word and you tell me what thoughts come to mind. Do you understand?

Yes.

Ok, let's start with Rosebud.

A rosebud is a vagina. It is symbolically given to women by men to delineate an interest in a sexual relationship. Rosebud is also the sled in the movie Citizen Kane that the title character lost as a child. In the movie, despite acquisition of great amounts of money and power, Citizen Kane still seeks after Rosebud trying to reclaim the happiness of youth that it represents. The publisher whose life the film was based on, William Randolph Hurst, also sought after his own Rosebud; Rosebud was Hurst's nickname for his mistress' love channel. Perhaps people's interest in sexual relationships is to allay the loss of childhood innocence through substitution of another person to fulfill the desire to gain approval from another person.

I see, and what comes to mind when I say the word dangerous.

Dangerous is what is referred to in the Communist Manifesto as the destitute class. The destitute class is below the proletariat or working class, and is composed of social outcasts such as drug addicts, and the mentally ill. Marx believed that the dangerous class would sell out to the bourgeoisie and be a tool of the capitalists. Marx was wrong, this is the class most people will end up in once computers replace service workers, and this is the class that is the inevitable columniation of technological industrialization. It is the proletariat, supporting a republic that has become a police state focused on eliminating or incarcerating this dangerous destitute class, who are selling out for the security of their slave wages, wages that don't reflect the value they contribute to society.

Interesting, what about the word insanity?

Insanity for sane people is the repetition of the same mistake and the expectation of different results. The term is a catch-all for undesirable behavior or results in life. There is a long tradition of the use of the word insanity and its synonyms. It implies that an opponent is wrong through the destruction of credibility. The practice of character assassination through labeling without a rational argumentation is referred to as cant, which is a word that has fallen out of usage in modern language.

Insanity is also a label given to some people by doctors; which involuntarily alters the legal and social status of patients. Socially, the insane people become modern day lepers. They are shunned; viewed as lacking the intelligence, normal emotional composition, clarity of thought, and respectability of the "sane." Insane people lack many of the rights and personal freedoms of normal people, however they can literally get away with murder.

Such a powerful label of insanity is given in a free society without recourse to a fair hearing or due

process. The label itself is an ambiguous one that relies on a doctor's guess as to what is wrong with the patient, and the patient does not voluntarily seek out this verdict from a doctor.

The illness' that comprise the label of insanity have no physical symptoms which can be observed, or a definite cause, and how the treatments that are prescribed work is not entirely understood. Doctor's would dispute that, but if they don't know the cause or mechanisms of the disorders, then how can they know if treatments are effective, or simply the results almost anyone would suffer when exposed to powerful neurotoxins.

That's enough of free association, and I was just doing that because nothing was new in my life. Luckily that changed and I was working for a little while. I quit my job after a week. I'll share the experience with you.

The job was a temporary placement through the Addecco temporary agency. I was a secretary in the Dean's office for the School of Health Sciences and Technology Management. Towards the end of the day the assistant to the Dean and the assistant to the Chair of the Physicians Assistant Program decided to discuss work-study students.

A particular student came up and Audrea Perrino, the assistant to the chair of the Physicians Assistant Program, indicated that working with that person would be unacceptable because they had a mental illness. A third person, who I did not know, told her to be serious and Audrea emphatically replied that she was being serious. The conversation continued and I felt uncomfortable afterward.

That discomfort is due to my diagnosis of schizophrenia. I had previously worked with Audrea and she frequently used remarks that were derogatory towards mentally ill people. She may be just a little ignorant, or too honest about what she actually thinks with regards to mental illness. Other than being a bigot she is a nice person with a husband and son. I know I'm thin skinned, but going to work is hard enough without having to hear stupid bullshit.

So I told the Dean what happened and finished out the day. Apparently I wasn't clear in my communication to him that I found the discrimination in job placement objectionable and not the term mental illness. This assessment is based on his response. When a PhD dean can't come up with a better description of mental illness than his alternative of mental impairment There is a problem.

I finished up the day at work, and the next day I had an appointment with my doctor. We went through the usual questions about symptoms and suicidal ideas. I then informed him of what occurred at the job the previous day.

His advice was to forget the fact that I was schizophrenic while I was working. I told him this was difficult, since being diagnosed is a rather traumatic experience. Then he proceeded to lecture me on how I need to motivate myself, and that there is no reason I can't find a job since I'm stable.

What I didn't mention to the doctor is that I still feel uncomfortable around people, because I'm always waiting for the next time the symptoms will crop up. My symptoms are unavoidable and continue to occur a couple of times a month, usually it's just paranoia associated with being around people. However being a schizophrenic means having to vigilantly examine thoughts and feelings to decide if they are reasonable to people or out of place given the situation. Hence forgetting that I'm schizophrenic means stopping the constant examination of my experiences, and opening the possibility of having my symptoms run unchecked and impeding my ability to function around other people.

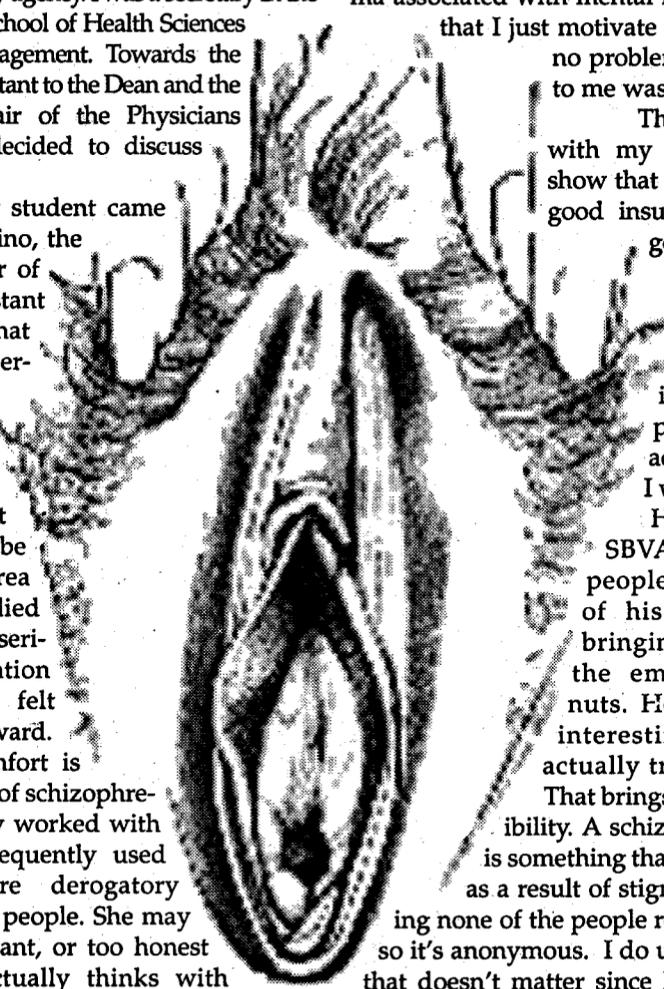
As to self-motivation in seeking employment, well I wish that as easy as Dr. Razi suggested. Technically, my diagnosis is paranoid chronic schizophrenic; that means that I'm paranoid, but generally too disinterested in life to do anything about it. I'm at a loss for words as to how naive, offensive, ignorant, and typical of common stigma associated with mental illness the suggestion that I just motivate myself so I will have no problems that Dr Razi gave to me was.

That whole encounter with my doctor just goes to show that when you don't have good insurance you don't get good doctors. Anyway the next week I was on campus, taking care of some errands, when I ran into one of the few people I know who actually reads the stuff I write.

He's a volunteer for SBVAC, the ambulance people, and shared some of his experiences with bringing people to CPEP, the emergency room for nuts. He thought I had an interesting life, if it was actually true.

That brings up the point of credibility. A schizophrenic's credibility is something that is seen to be lacking as a result of stigma. Generally speaking none of the people reading this know me, so it's anonymous. I do use my real name, but that doesn't matter since I have decided to be open about having schizophrenia. This will cost me job opportunities, friendships, relationships, and probably many other things, which I do not foresee as of now.

So why write about it in such a public fashion? I write about it because I want to do something creative and challenging with my time now that I'm retired at age twenty-nine as a result of a disability. Another part is to serve as an outlet for the frustrations that I experience while going through life. I wish it made a difference in how people view schizophrenia, but the stigma is too pervasive and entrenched. If you don't think so, go see the movie The Cell.



Top Ten snack poems constructed of five, seven and five syllables

That's my Chocodile
keep your greedy mitts away.
I'll eat your baby.

I will fuck your botched
suicide slashings. Be sad,
silly, silly goth
Fruit pies are not snacks.
Don't feed me your poison lies.
Hostess, you've hurt me.

English snacks are wack.
Remember we killed Hitler;
fuck your damn crumpets.

Ho-Hos, and Ding-Dongs
I sex you for all your snacks.
My nine-inch Yodel.
You wretched bastard.

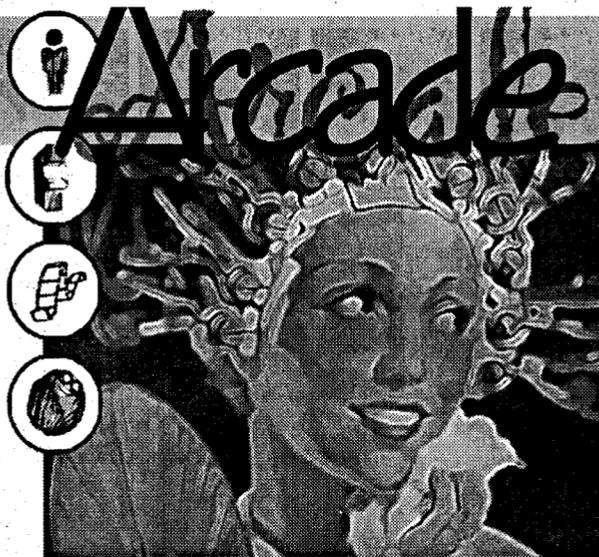
For finishing the Cheetos,
you will have to die.

Taunt me with pictures
of Zagnut, Kit Kat, or Spree
and I get teary eyed.

You are a vegan,
you will never enjoy snacks.
Care for a snickers?

Bees are my buddies.
They produce snacks with their spit.
Smoke burns their foul eyes.

snack, snatch, snack, snatch, snack,
snatch, snack, snatch, snack, snatch, snack, snatch,
snack, snatch, snack, snatch, snack.



the noisy room in the basement of
the student union building
open 10am to midnight, mon-sat
and noon til 10pm sun.



Pool six regulation sized
pool tables
amateur tournaments
cheap hourly rates

Video Rental large selection of videos
both popular and obscure
delivery to your dorm*
weekend rental specials
*delivery service coming soon

The Lounge snazzy lounge area with
groovy 60 inch TV
available for club events
juices snacks and sodas

Game Room over 30 current standup
video games
play our Dreamcast for free!

Francis' Little Friend

By Edgar, Francis Baker's Biology Gnome

I am Francis' Biology Gnome (Bio Gnomes in the biz and please no Pauly Shore play-on-words references). I am not like his gall bladder, his appendix or his pinky toe. I actually serve a purpose: I keep Francis out of trouble. Now you may ask, what kind of trouble can Francis get into that he needs my help. Rabid wolves? Nope. Pissed off talking Carrots? Not yet. TA's assigning 342 pages of reading before the next quiz? Well...

The best way to explain what I do for Francis (and like his gall bladder - without him ever suspecting that I actually exist) is to give you examples which you might have experienced. Now Francis pictures himself to be a drinker. The Adam Carolla in his head (and on the TV, and the radio, and in the magazines and.....) has convinced him that he could, with some willpower, achieve the heights of drunkenness reserved only for the Charles Bukowskis and Winston Churchills of the world. (Un)Fortunately he has the liquor tolerance of Patsie instead. So when he's at a party and he saunters over to the fridge to purloin his fourth Bud Lite and he notices that handmade paper Lampshade (which immediately reminds him of the hilarity of several That 70's Show episodes) who's the one that makes him pass out on the kitchen floor drooling on a cheerleader's shoes? That's me. All it takes is a wave of my double helix wand, a tug on my beard and some stolen pixie dust (those pixies are such tightwads with that stuff). I'm also the one that whispers in his ear to tell everyone that he had had three Bud Lites but only after twelve Sam Adams, three shots of tequila, two chugs of cinnamon Schnapps (on a dare--which he won), and a perfectly made (by himself of course) martini. Sure, he may wake up with his hand in a bowl of warm water with glasses and a moustache stenciled onto his face, but at least he

didn't make a fool of himself.

Another example is the midday naps Francis takes in the middle of some classes. Why does he fall asleep three quarters through Intro to Western Civilization despite a very interesting lecture and two rugby players poking each other in the seats behind him? That's me again as a defensive mechanism. See, I know Francis needs the sleep and energy for later in the evening when he stays up to 3.45 am filling out a purity test with two computer science majors and his economics roommate listening to his Cat Stevens Greatest Hits cassette. Now which is more important for Francis to have his wits about him: when he's listening to how the Europeans brought buttons back with them from the Crusades, or when he's reminiscing to the boys about when he and Miss Mary Sanders, back in the day, went through the McDonald's drive through, in his Jeep, and got a couple of burgers and she said to "hold the onions"? I think the answer is fairly obvious.

No one knows, of course, that we little Bio Gnomes are so integral to your day-to-day activities. Societies have created all kinds of reasons why people do some of the things they do. But which makes more sense to you to explain why Francis is attracted to that Swedish brunette in open toed sandals and a tank top three sizes too small: pheromones, or me, his furry little friend? Think, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A PHEROMONE?!?!?

So unlike most of his other essential biological systems, I have Francis' welfare at the heart of my actions. His liver and kidneys may take impurities out of his blood stream, but who

helps him get a date for Friday nights to go to the planetarium? Besides, I multitask. I make sure Francis never admits to owning his Justin Timberlake poster, that he drinks his milk and eats his vegetables, that he occasionally remem-

bers to look into a woman's eyes when she's speaking to him, and that he can correctly lip sync to Styx's Mr. Roboto.

Some people's Bio Gnomes are not as astute as yours truly, and thus you get idiotic behavior all over the place. Look at the person driving 45 mph in the left lane of the Northern State Parkway, or the people who bring 2-year-olds to weddings, or those people taking Organic Chem for fun. There are countless examples of Bio Gnomes smoking tea or



asleep at the wheel.

A good Bio Gnome guides his person through daily life with just enough humiliation, suave pretensions, sexual irresponsibility and air guitaring to remind people that the world is a tough, if fun, playground. So if you find yourself, during a hot date, driving 70 on the highway, humming along to a Deep Purple tune on your way towards an amphitheater be thankful you have a sagacious Bio Gnome as your furry little friend.

Naughty Monkey, Slap, Slap

By Tim Connors

I have a very naughty monkey that I slap often. Not as often as I was younger, but every couple of days. I don't remember when my monkey started to misbehave, but I sure do enjoy slapping it.

I look at porn, think of old lovers, or fantasize about lovers I never had. The porn collection is adequate, but it needs to be replenished every so often. Before I developed some control over ejaculations the pages would be sticky with white spots. My friends would tease me about that, so I tried to do a better job of hiding the collection.

The Internet was a new wrinkle in the knuckle shuffle. The RHD's office had high-speed access and stroking in there was kind of thrilling with the risk of being caught. My heart jumped when Ed the RHD came into the office after I had wiped my hand off and zipped my fly up. I played it off like nothing was going on and shook his hand with my moist hand.

For a real thrill go to the Café Royal and get a couple of lap dances. Topless bars are sort of pricey considering a crack whore can be haggled down to a five-dollar blowjob. After leaving the topless bar on time I rubbed one out while doing eighty on the Northern State Parkway. I forgot napkins, and ended up having a protein snack. It doesn't taste like chicken.

Living in college dorms was interfering with the schedule. One of my roommates my

freshman year would choke the chicken at night in bed, and claimed that he had to play music to fall asleep. That got me thinking what would a roommate do? So after a few months of the nightly solo bed squeaks I just pounded the love muscle while my roommate tried to fall asleep.

I've had a lot of roommates, and they must know what I was doing because they'd move out at the end of the semester. One actually caught me in the morning, damn morning wood, but I just finished up. He teased me for a day, but he was too stupid to withstand the counter taunts that I threw at him.

I moved in with a chick, and even though we were lovers I still liked to take matters into my own hand. She was cool about it; sometimes she'd take over and do a better job than me. Other times she'd suck my nuts while I yanked.

The editor wanted me to use the word vagina in my articles, but that would require writing about other people, and I'm way too self centered to do that. Vaginas are a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there. It would just be too bloody sometimes, although one of my old suitemates used to take his girlfriend into the shower and "clean it out good" and go at it. She got pregnant, so I guess that isn't the best means of birth control that I've ever heard.

The new features editor said articles would be in AP style from now on. I asked what AP style was, like I give a fuck. AP style is associated press style, which must be pretty kinky if everyone is copying it. Some of the editors' have

vaginas, but my bet is that they end up in the shower and get a finger in the ass, followed by a soapy dick.

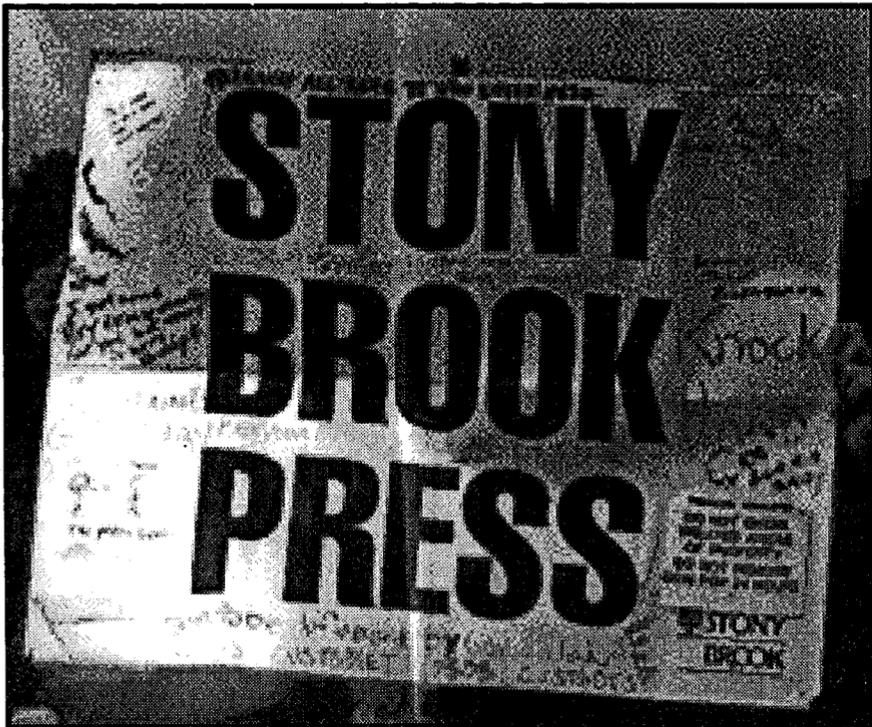
It seems like I've lost focus on messaging the one eyed monster, but once your done with self love who wants to talk about it. I've been masturbating for a couple of decades now, and sometimes the thrill is gone. Fist fucking, not the lesbian kind, is just a way of keep from getting too horny, or having nocturnal emissions.

I have about a hundred words left and I wish I could just use them to describe a vagina that belonged to someone at the press. There's probably something unusual about the man in the boat, but every boat is special. If you don't understand that reference, then draw a canoe with a circle in the middle.

If you visit a vagina, the thing to do is to remember that lubrication is essential. There is plenty of juice inside, but get the lips wet before sliding anything in there. Use a couple of fingers like a paint brush on the lips, stroking and pausing off the lips to keep them guessing.

Slide a finger in, but wet it with some saliva, and make a come here motion against the upper wall of the love canal. Put a second finger, or possibly third, in about an inch and a half or two. Continue to make that motion, and use your thumb to rub her clitoris. This may do nothing for you but give you sticky fingers, but she will enjoy it.

That's it for now have a good day, either with yourself or someone else.



**Come meet with us
every
Wednesday at 1pm
Rm 060, Student Union
or email us at
stonypress@hotmail.com**

**Come Be a Part of
An Award Winning
Newspaper!**

2000:

CAJP Campus Alternative
Journalism Awards
First Place in Opinion Writing
Honorable Mention for Sense of Humor

1999:

Newsday School Journalism Awards
First Place in Commentary
Second Place in Photography
Martin Buskin Award for
Campus Journalism

1998:

CAJP Campus Alternative
Journalism Awards
First Place in Reporting
First Place in Hellraising (Tied with the
Hunter College Envoy)
Runner-Up: Best Sense of Humor
Martin Buskin Award for
Campus Journalism

1997:

CAJP Campus Alternative
Journalism Awards
Best Sense of Humor
Runner-Up:
Best Alternative Publication
Honorable Mention: Best Reporting
Martin Buskin Award for
Campus Journalism

1996:

CAJP Campus Alternative
Journalism Awards
Best Sense of Humor
Honorable Mention: Hellraising

Your source for in-depth campus news

Quality journalism involves more than getting the headlines. Since its founding, *The Stony Brook Press* has been known for its aggressive investigative reporting on and off campus. Not too long ago, our staff exposed the Campus Village project, a plan by the administration to lease the academic quad to private businesses for profit. Other dubious deals with corporate bigwigs such as the ten-year exclusive beverage rights contract with Coca-Cola and the construction of Computer Associates software incubator on campus were scrutinized in detail. We've examined the inefficient recycling system and the state of campus safety. And when the local chapter of the Ku Klux Klan planned an "educational drive" at Smith Haven mall, *The Press* was there.

The paper gets things done

In addition to serving as a reliable source of news, *The Press* has aided the campus community in identifying and resolving the problems that concern students and faculty. A series of investigative reports exposed how the University food service ripped off students by masking their grossly bloated prices with a complicated and dishonest debit point system. These reports stimulated much debate among student leaders and forced the FSA to scrap the plan. *The Press* later publicized the outbreak of food poisoning at the Deng Lee's restaurant in Roth Quad that left several hospitalized and prompted a county investigation, even when administrators continued to deny the existence of any health risk. The fight against tuition hikes, cuts in financial aid, and other attacks against higher education by government officials was shaped by our in-depth analyses of state documents and academic plans. A member of *The Press* was also instrumental in breaking the story about a series of rapes on campus to *Newsday* and other major media outlets, forcing administrators to take immediate steps to improve lighting and heighten security efforts. And since an alert student body is essential to a flourishing intellectual community, *The Press* has routinely published voter guides and other resources to help students make informed decisions.

A progressive student voice

The University at Stony Brook is not a proverbial "ivory tower," but an important part of the global community. *The Press*, therefore, is committed to providing thoughtful reporting and commentary on important social issues that may not be given sufficient attention by the mainstream corporate media. For example, one can learn about the ghastly working conditions in American-owned sweatshops or the latest carnage in East Timor. *Press* reporters went behind the scenes at the Million Youth March in Harlem and attended rallies protesting against police brutality in Washington D.C., Philadelphia and Manhattan. Three staffers trekked to Fort Benning, Georgia to cover the annual protest against the U.S. Army School of the Americas, the institution that trains Latin American officers responsible for the death and torture of countless civilians. Other reporters researched Dutch drug policy and law enforcement in Amsterdam and one ambitious traveler got a first-hand look at life in Castro's Cuba while visiting the island. We also have plenty of art and theatre reviews, and for those with a taste for poetry or prose, we offer a literary supplement every semester consisting of a sampling of the best student writing.

And lots of good, old-fashioned fun!

Downtime is a big part of our job. Although we work hard to bring you the latest scoop, we also like to P-A-R-T-Y! On any given Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, a number of Press staffers can be found hanging out at our beloved watering hole, the Spot. Our annual Beer Fest gathering has grown in size in the past few years. The spring semester's Shirley Awards, named after our esteemed university president, offer us a chance to tell it like it is in that distinct *Press-kind-of-way*. For April Fools' Day last semester, we presented an issue of the "*The Stony Brook Times*," a parody of the *The New York Times*.

But we need your help!

The quality of the Press depends on dedicated students with a serious interest in investigative journalism as well as a sense of humor. We are always looking for intelligent, conscientious folks who truly want to make a difference in shaping the campus community and society.

MY LIFE AS A FRESHMAN

By Katie Sinnot

Well, to give everyone a better understanding of my opinion of Stony Brook, I think it would be best if I told you all a little about my past experiences in Hell, also known as Sachem High School.

I've lived in the same house, in the same neighborhood, my entire life. Therefore, I've gone to the same school. I'd have to say it all started in junior high school. That's when they started to terrorize me about the horrors of college. I was always told what a horrible place this was, with all the papers and all the work and not to mention the teachers that don't speak English.

Eventually I went to high school where all these terrible stories were even more emphasized. They even had some pathetic fuckin' no-life college students come in and basically scare

Sachem!

So anyway, back to the original point of this article, basically, my first two weeks here at Stony Brook just seemed to prove wrong all the shit that high school taught me. All of my professors but one speak perfect English. I've already made well over twenty new friends and, obviously, joined the paper, thanks to my new really good math buddy (soon to be best friend) Hilary! Thanks Hilary!

I am not a number here on campus, even one of this size. All of my professors refer to me by my first name. I have only one large lecture (500 students) but spoke with the professor and now even she recognizes me out of many others. Most people are friendly, some are weird, but no one has been mean or nasty...yet. And to be perfectly fucking honest, this college shit isn't NEARLY as hard as those high school fucks said it would be. The workload adjusts upward just

I was always told what a horrible place this was, with all the papers and all the work and not to mention the teachers that don't speak English.

even more shit out of you.

There was this one day -- I'll never forget it -- where all the juniors wasted three fucking hours of their day learning "Basic College Survival Skills." This lecture, which was supposed to be helpful, almost drove me to my death. Here are the points I remember very clearly:

*NEVER slack off

*NEVER cut class

*Take as many advanced placement classes as you can so you're better prepared

*Tape-record all lectures and take as many notes as you can

*Lock your backpack whenever you're not in class -- college is a student vs. student world and others will do anything they possibly can to steal your notes, books, etc.

*Friends don't exist in college

*You're very lucky if you get one professor that speaks clear English

*You have to be super-fucking-human in order to succeed in any part of college and it's gonna suck no matter what you try to do.

Sounds pleasant, huh?

That's why I would like to take this moment to credit Sachem High School for my one and only suicide attempt. Thank you

as it did from eleventh grade to twelfth grade and all the other years before that. I personally think all that talk at Sachem was bullshit to fucking make us work harder (as if we weren't working our asses off already) and really just make our lives miserable. If you happen to be the younger brother or sister of a college student that is by chance reading this, trust me on this: DON'T LISTEN TO THEM!

I think I'd like to close by thanking Stony Brook for not being as brutal as they told me it would be. Stony Brook is a pretty much student-friendly campus, with some exceptions, of course. But I've only been here for two weeks.

I'm much happier here than I ever was at high school. Of course there are some changes, but that's to be expected. But this school isn't looking to make you fail miserably, chew you up spit you out, step on you and then forget about you while using your money to... oh, I don't know, build a fountain maybe? But really, they want to help. It's not that bad. I'm gonna shut up now. Thanks!

CABARET

Speed-the-Plow

By David Klein

Only two weeks into the semester and the Cabaret at the Spot returns without losing any of its luster from last year. In continuing with its high caliber of different stage productions, it opened with a very serious, and seriously scathing, play, after having finished off last year with a cast-of-15 musical. This past weekend, from Thursday through Saturday, the Cabaret at the Spot performed David Mamet's play, Speed The Plow, a two-act indictment of Hollywood and the movie industry, though it could just as easily translate to any other industry.

The main sleazeballs (I said it was an indictment of Hollywood, so you could have guessed this part) were wonderfully played by Steve Marsh (Medea/Maria) and Paul Kassel (Get Out Of the Kitchen, Happy Days) as Bobby Gould and Charlie Fox respectively. These are two characters climbing up the corporate ladder, one right behind the other, of a movie studio. Bobby has just landed a big promotion, now being able to 'green light' any film that'll cost less than \$10 million, if he so wishes, when Charlie approaches him with a script that Bruce Willis (yes, that's Bruce Fuckin' Willis) is ready to sign on to. The two gloat a bit over the money they are going to make, patting each other on the back and kissing each others' asses, before settling down to the joking realization that they are both whores. ('We are all prostitutes, everyone has their price,' as the Pop Group so succinctly put it twenty years ago.)

Enter Karen, a temp worker, played by newcomer to the Cabaret at the Spot, Petra Lammers. A \$500 bet ensues over whether Bobby can make it with Karen, which ends in two scripts being pit against one another: the Bruce Willis blockbuster in the making versus an artsy script about the loss of self in this modern world.

This play has all the makings of a worthless Hollywood movie: sex, sleaze, ambition, backstabbing. However, it uses all of these traits as an indictment on Hollywood and corporate life in general. It makes one think about what really goes on at those power meetings, about how pathetic these people are, about what they'll do to get ahead, and, as Jason Searles says in the playbill, about whether or not this could be us.

In the playbill, Jason Searles also talks about Disney's America, saying that the Cabarets at the Spot will "not be daunted by the dullness and tragic stupor that has slipped over Disney's America." However, I think that if what we see in Mamet's play, Speed The Plow, is reality for how it is out there in the corporate world, then Disney's fantasy world, this dullness and stupor, will be with us forever. After all, Disney (among other things) provides what would be the best form of escape from it. In Disney's America, we are presented with a fantasy world to distract us from the real world that Mamet shows us. The real world is heartless and cruel, with each individual doing whatever it takes to get ahead. Disney works to distract us from this. Therefore, Disney is important to the continuation of Corporate America; it is the fantasy escape into which we all need in the America shown to us in Mamet's play, Speed the Plow.

Jonesin' For Jones

By Brian Libfeld

So, get this. It's now 10:19 am on a Tuesday morning and I've got a test in just over an hour. I was on campus early, a pretty common occurrence lately since I'm carpooling, so I grabbed a nap on the ever-comfortable *Press* couches. Midway through my nap, while my unconscious mind was lingering in some sweet spot, there was a knock on the door. Now this being reality, I simply addumed that the knock was Sexist Ad-Designer Squirrel coming to bogart the alternate comfy couch, home of RFM. I was so very wrong.

Upon opening the door I saw two gentleman, dressed in the paraphernalia of the Jones Soda co., a company I first became familiar with in the spring of my second senior year, so a long time ago. They saw my bleary eyes, and without hesitation, they offered me a few cases of Jones Soda off of their giant cart of the same.

Now don't get me wrong, I like Jones Soda. I had had two the night before, but I usually have to go off campus to get some because of the exclusive contract Stony Brook holds with Coca-

Cola. The only times in the last few years when I've had non-coke beverages on campus were when I brought them back with me or when someone used an off-campus caterer for a special event, to remain nameless here for the benefit of the organizers and ended up serving the leaders of all the student clubs, dorm governments, athletic teams and Greek organizations Pepsi products.

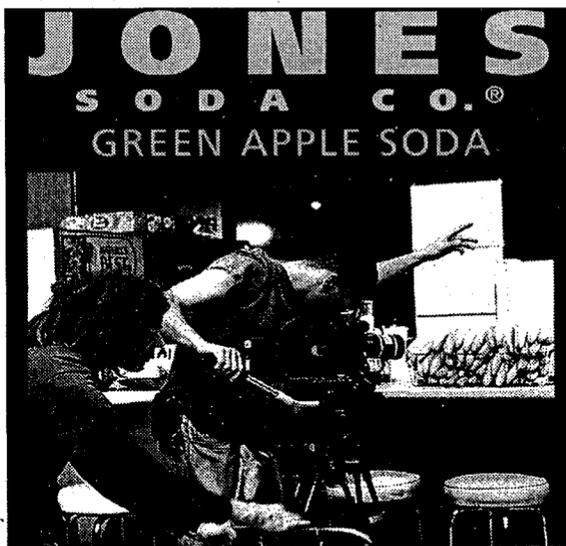
This is a big deal. Look at it this way, one *Press* person wanted to order large quantities of Jones Soda so we could do this very thing, so we could walk around campus and hand them out to people reminding them that there is more to this world than Coke and encouraging them to protest the contract imiting their freedom of choice. (This is a reminder, boycott Coke on campus.) Now this wasn't the Jones

guys intent, they just want to drum up business. I don't blame them. I was just trying to drum up business when I gave them our advertising information. But still, here were guys from a soda company whose slogan is "I've got a jones for a Jones!" handing out free soda to students. They were honestly shocked when I told them that they were in a newspaper office, and they actually said, "You mean the *Statesman*?" We get that a lot. Clearly they come from the same roots as we here at the

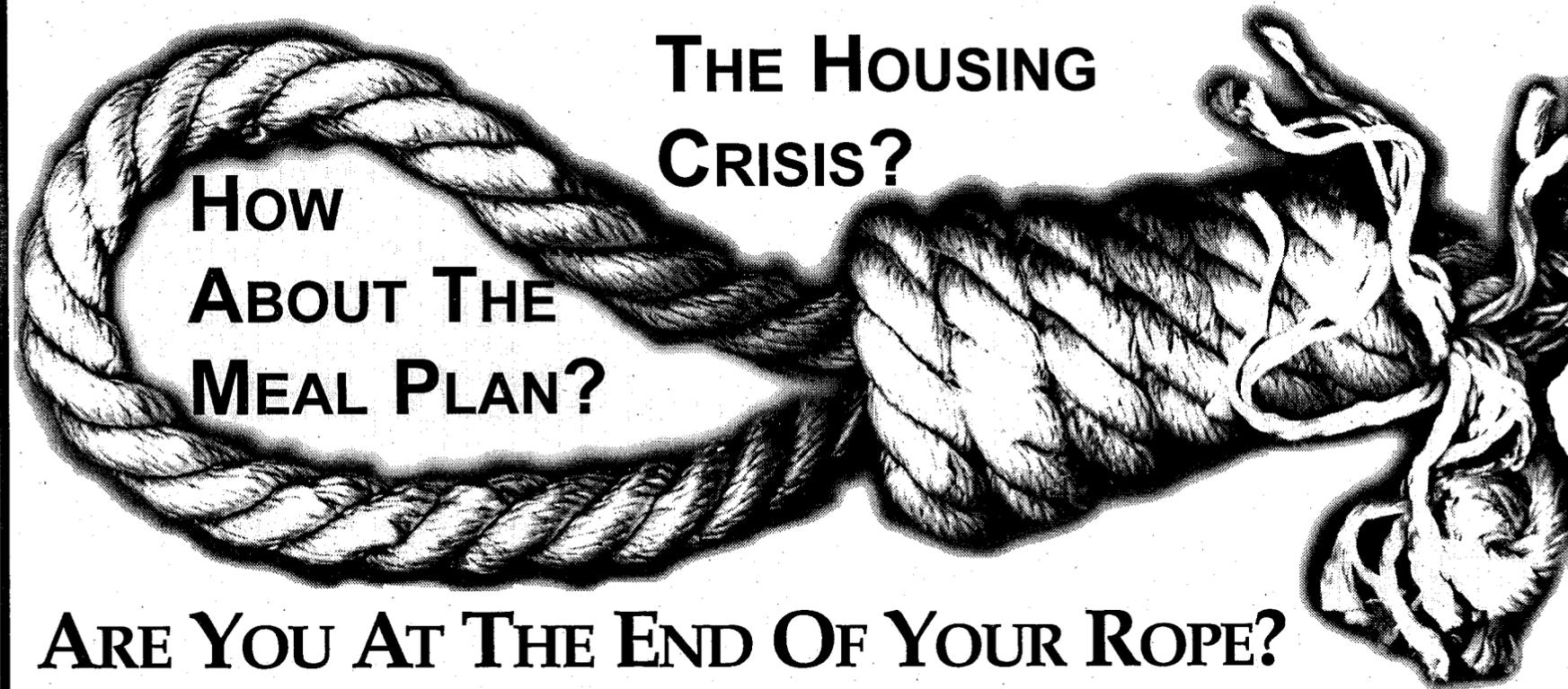
Press do. I've got a jones for a lot of things right now. Although Jones Soda isn't one of them, it certainly fills the void—at least temporarily.

Anyway, why I hate Coke, and the university for signing an exclusivity agreement with them, is, first, that they make a god-awful disgusting product. Sure Jones is unhealthy too, but at least it tastes good and has some sense of creativity in its flavors and its manufacture (their labels contain drinker submitted photographs). Second, I don't like having my freedoms limited, and Coke and the University both do this. But the most important, third, is that Coke would never do something as cool as just dropping a dozen bottles of soda at every office in a building just cause they're new to the area. And for this I give the guys at Jones Mad Props.

So whats my point? Where am I going with this? Do I want you to buy Jones Soda? Not specifically. I like it, and their Blue Bubble-Gum soda mixes damn fine with cheap rum, making the wonderful "Blue Bubble-Rum." (also worth trying is their Fu-Fu berry mixed with Blackhaus). No, what I'm suggesting is simply this—buy your own beverages. Go to BJ's or Costco and buy large quantities of what you want to drink and hand it out, or better yet, sell it out of your dorm room. Call the local beverage distributor and have large quantities of non-Coke beverages delivered to your dorm or campus hang out and drink those. Reclaim your choice. And, if you must drink coke, like some aspartame addicts we know, then buy it off campus for the sake of all that is holy! Send up a burning message that you want choice by taking it, by drinking whatever you damn well please!



ARE YOU FED UP WITH THE SILENT MOVEMENT TO BAN CONCERTS ON CAMPUS?



HOW ABOUT THE MEAL PLAN?

THE HOUSING CRISIS?

ARE YOU AT THE END OF YOUR ROPE?

DON'T GIVE UP. THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE.

JOIN *THE PRESS*. WED. AT 1PM RM 060 STUDENT UNION

Are You "Gender-Different?"

We Want You!

Hi, it's me again, BrianKate, back in my old column.

I'm still trying to make this school more open, accepting and interesting, not just for me as a not-quite-man-not-quite-woman, but for anyone at this school who identifies as "gender-variant/gender-different," and anyone who deals with gender issues in any way. And I've found more allies than I expected.

We're looking for anyone who doesn't identify as a "typical boy or girl." We're trying to get the LGBTA (Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual/Transgender Alliance) involved. We want to see about having a panel discussion that will bring gender issues and "gender-variant" people out into the open, where we belong. More importantly, we want this school to have a welcoming atmosphere and encouragement 'round the clock, not just when a "special event" rolls around. But we need more people to get involved and help us make it so.

We're looking for all sorts of people. Are you a boy? A girl? Girl with a penis? Boy with boobs? None of the above? The more diverse the better! If who you are and how you live challenge the "accepted" ideas of what a person should be, especially the stereotype that "there are only boys and girls," then we want you! Come on!

If you're interested,
email me at:
DarkKate@yahoo.com
or
Johnnycakes/Testika at
seevoleeg@aol.com.
My website is
"Welcome To Kate's
World," found at:
[www.angelfire.com/ny/
BrianKate/](http://www.angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate/)

By
BrianKate

Almost Getting Murdered Can Be Uplifting

I never thought that nearly being murdered could be a good thing. But I made it so by making it a learning experience.

About a month ago, my best friend and I were walking back from a movie at around one in the morning, when gang came after us, and attempted to kill us by throwing bottles at us. Simply because of our genders, just because we're not quite boys or girls, because they saw us as gay because we're not the "expected" gender. I'm still pretty angry, and I still jump at shadows from time to time. But I picked up a few lessons from the experience, so it must have happened for a reason.

Of course, this has made me a whole lot more committed toward making the world a better place for the "atypical," to not be forced to be just a boy or a girl. It's made the need for me to get people listening about gender issues even more urgent. But that is just the start.

It's reminded me that oppression is linked, that someone who hates one kind of people usually hates many kinds of people. Our attackers didn't care that transgressively gendered people aren't necessarily gay; they just screamed "faggots!" and threw bottles at our heads. Transgendered people aren't the only people who endure gender violence, and we all need to keep that in mind every moment. Everybody faces hatred and violence from a world out to destroy anyone who isn't 100% "real boy" or "real girl."

It helped me understand that what I had seen as an outright betrayal by a transsexual friend wasn't her fault. I used to have this amazing female-to-male friend. Both my best friend and I knew about her. She progressively became less understanding and more hostile toward us through the months, until she finally cut us out of her life altogether, "guilt by association,"— she felt we might blow her cover. I had felt nothing but hatred and resentment toward her ever since. But hiding under a parked car and dodging bottles at one in the morning gave me a whole new perspective on the affair. As we ran for our lives through a maze of back alleys and side streets, I realized that she couldn't have helped herself.

She couldn't handle the pressure associated with being transgendered, to be more than "just" a lesbian but a lesbian who wanted to be a guy. I had a friend just like Brandon Teena, the youth brutally raped and then murdered weeks later by his two "friends" in Nebraska after they discovered that he was really a girl. My friend just didn't want to die like Brandon Teena. Some of us just

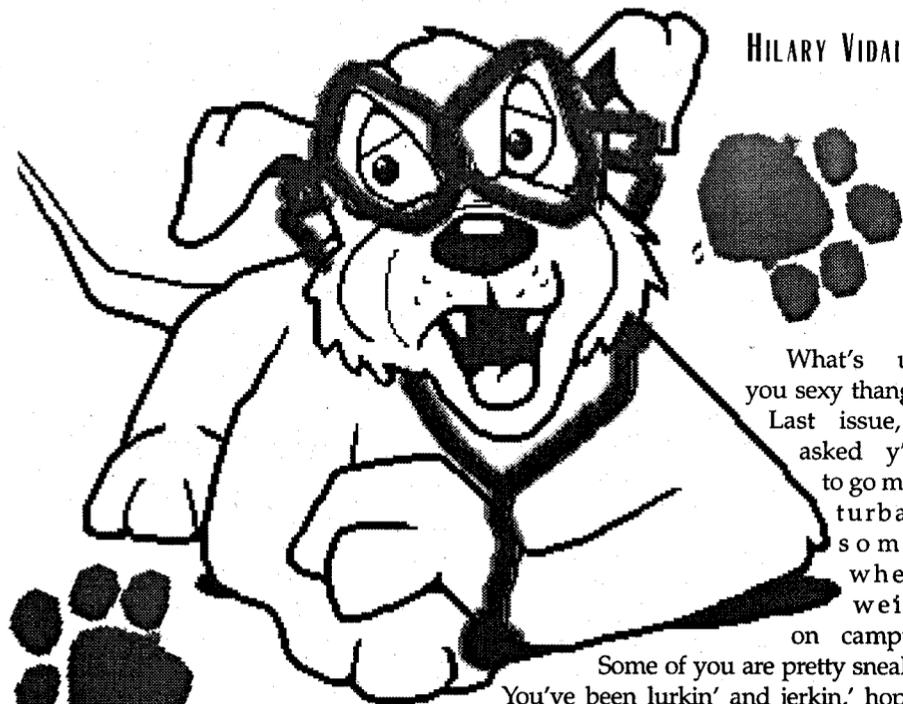
I didn't run until the very last second, when it meant run or die. I stood up to their leader. I stared that cowardly bastard right in his face, and I told him, "Fuck you!"

break under that kind of pressure. That's what happened to our friend, and I thank myself every day for being stronger than that.

I faced one of my worst fears that night, and I defended myself. Chased and threatened by a gang of hateful bigots. I stood my ground. I didn't run until the very last second, when it meant run or die. I stood up to their leader. I stared that cowardly bastard right in his face, and I told him, "Fuck you!"

I've survived a worst fear, almost being murdered because of my gender, for not being a boy or a girl. I feel like, hey, the universe threw its worst at me, and I'm still standing. I'm still in one piece. Maybe the universe was testing me, to see if I'd break under the pressure like my ex-friend. I think I passed. Maybe now the rewards will start rolling in.

Also, I just don't care as much about petty things anymore. Things like "Am I gonna be a few minutes late for class?", "Did I remember all my books for today?", "How popular am I?" All that shit just seems so insignificant after you've almost died, especially when you've almost died at someone else's hands. You just look at bigger things, like whether I'm living my life the way I want, whether I'm doing what I need to have the life I want. And I've got the perfect excuse, "Hey, I almost got murdered, so I don't have to give a shit." Things can only go up from here on.



HILARY VIDAIR'S

DR. DOG

Its Like A Pornographic Episode Of Full House
people will never achieve this level of confidence.

And yo, I must say that involving a mirror in any sexual encounter is a wonderful sexual experience. For those of you lookin' to spice up the lovin': Place your partner in front of a mirror so that he/she is looking in it. Stand in front of 'em and tell your lover to keep his/her eyes focused on the mirror while you start taking off their clothes. Then go down on your lover so that he/she can watch you do so. It'll be orgasmic bliss for you and your partner (of course, you should eventually switch). So scandalous, you'll be livin' la vida loca!

Now, we have here my man who can't escape this life that he's livin'— he's in the midst wantin' to be fucked by two women! Read on:

Dear Dr. Dog,

I hope you can help me with a dilemma. Several weeks ago, while my girlfriend was away at a Country Hoe-down Jamboree. I met a girl at a club and one thing led to another and we had fantastic sex. I haven't seen this girl since. But that's not the dilemma. The dilemma is that my girlfriend wants me to participate in a threesome with her and one of her friends who turns out to be the girl I picked up at the club. My girlfriend doesn't know about the affair...The Affair doesn't know I'm the Boyfriend (I called myself Raul that night) and my question is, since I definitely want the threesome to happen and changing the third person is NOT an option, how do I keep it from becoming awkward so that everyone has a good time?

-Potentially the Luckiest Man on Earth

Oh, my man, you can do it! Just tell your girl to start with "the Affair" by bonding and blindfolding her. Then have them call you into the room. You'll be slippin' and slidin,' and she won't be able to see you! Just make sure no one unties her—you'll be thrown to the dogs!

What's up, you sexy thangs? Last issue, I asked y'all to go masturbate somewhere weird on campus. Some of you are pretty sneaky! You've been lurkin' and jerkin,' hopin' and prayin' nobody finds you with Rosey palm and her five friends!

Some of you have been engaging in voyeuristic masturbation. I quote: "The weirdest place I ever masturbated on this campus is in the Staller Center elevator. I was with my guy friend, who was also masturbating. We pushed the emergency stop button and just went at it. We didn't plan it. It just sort of happened. The view was cool because there's a mirror on the ceiling. The only way we would've gotten caught is if there's a camera behind the mirror..." This was written by "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" and was followed with a disclaimer: "For those of you who read [this] and don't ever want to go in that elevator again, I would just like to tell you that yes, we did clean up. Feel better?"

Better? Hmm... masturbating in front of somebody is a very courageous thing to do. You have to be 100% comfortable with the person you are with, not to mention comfortable with your own body. Plus it's pretty bright in there. Congratulations, that's my dog! Many

The doctor is in! Send sexy stories & questions to stonypress@hotmail.com by Sat. Sept. 23!

STEPHEN SONDHEIM HAS TO DIE.

By Russell Heller



There are those who refer to Stephen Sondheim as a fantastic playwright, on par with some of the best. There are those also who name Stephen Sondheim as a craftsman of unparalleled magnitude. Still others think of Stephen Sondheim in the way that one thinks of concepts such as infinity™ or God®.

Like the harnessing of nuclear power, Stephen Sondheim could usher humanity into a new era of utopian prosperity the likes of which are beyond comprehension; or in a flash of radioactive annihilation he may just destroy all of humanity. If Stephen Sondheim were to turn his powers against us, he would wreak horrors upon the world that defy descriptive language. Adjectives themselves would cease to exist in the awesome presence of the might of Stephen Sondheim.

Can we as a country, we as a species, we as a WORLD, take the chance of allowing Stephen Sondheim to run free? Once he's running free, it is only so small a step away from full-on amok-running. To ensure the safety of our collective futures, Stephen Sondheim has to die.

Of course some people would see that as a somewhat drastic course of action. Most people, going about their day-to-day lives, don't see the menace posed by their beloved silver-bearded composer. Well maybe they just don't want to see it.

Given the chance, Stephen Sondheim

would kill you. He told me. He even said your mom has a nice tush. Does this sound like the kind of person you would let baby-sit your two kids? For their sake, I hope not.

Stephen Sondheim is possibly the most evil man to sully our ears with his musical filth since Harold Arlin. Stephen Sondheim ate that whole bag of Cheetos you bought. A giant spectral manifestation of Stephen Sondheim's hand has frequently been seen interposing the easiest path for a party of lawful-good adventurers.

Stephen Sondheim uses "myriad" and "extrapolate" in the same sentence. In spite of this, his conventional artistic talent actually overshadows his eloquence. He has been known to draw an idealized likeness of himself on a chamois cloth with oil pastels only to vigorously masturbate into it while a prostitute repeatedly pounds his nose with a rawhide hammer.

Stephen Sondheim had the top of his head surgically removed so that he could sprinkle handfuls of fresh cocaine directly onto the quivering meat of his awful brain. He once killed a man in a bar fight for making a comment about his tie.

Sondheim is like a rabid wolverine in a burlap sack, and he's slowly scratching his way ever closer to the exposed crotch of the American way of life. Stephen Sondheim moved the Blob and stopped Juggernaut.

He is 237 years old, using magiks of the vilest creation to stave off the icy hand of death for another day. He also ritualistically consumes a pint of human blood every morning, fresh from the wrist of whichever unfortunate goth leeches onto him at the club on the night prior.

Stephen Sondheim will be featured on Survivor next season. He can casually execute the 900° air in Tony Hawk's Pro Skater on both the Dreamcast and the Playstation.

Stephen Sondheim can bring any woman to orgasm using only sandpaper, Cool Whip, an incendiary grenade and a handful of paperclips. Sondheim can do "The Robot." He can drink six forties of Olde English without throwing up. He makes a Hell of a lasagna.

Once a year he chemically removes all the hair on his body and models Calvin Klein underwear. That bastard Sondheim is always the first one to call "shotgun."

Stephen Sondheim has survived over 12 attempts on his life. He has been shot, stabbed, electrocuted, beaten, burned, poisoned, bludgeoned, drowned, drawn and quartered, hung, rug-burned, tickled, punctured, molested and asphyxiated.

Sondheim can make his voice do this deep, scary, raspy thing that makes him sound like a laughing demon or something. It scares the fuck out of everyone. He bleeds acid. He eats glass. He fires lasers from his wrists. He breaks big heavy things. He cheats on his taxes. He files frivolous lawsuits. He wins. Sondheim took longer than a minute to learn Othello, but mastered it in less than a lifetime.

Clearly this is not a person to be taken lightly. He must be stopped and he must be stopped quickly. Left to his own devices, Stephen Sondheim would flirt with your grandma. People of Stony Brook, I know you will do the right thing: Kill Stephen Sondheim.

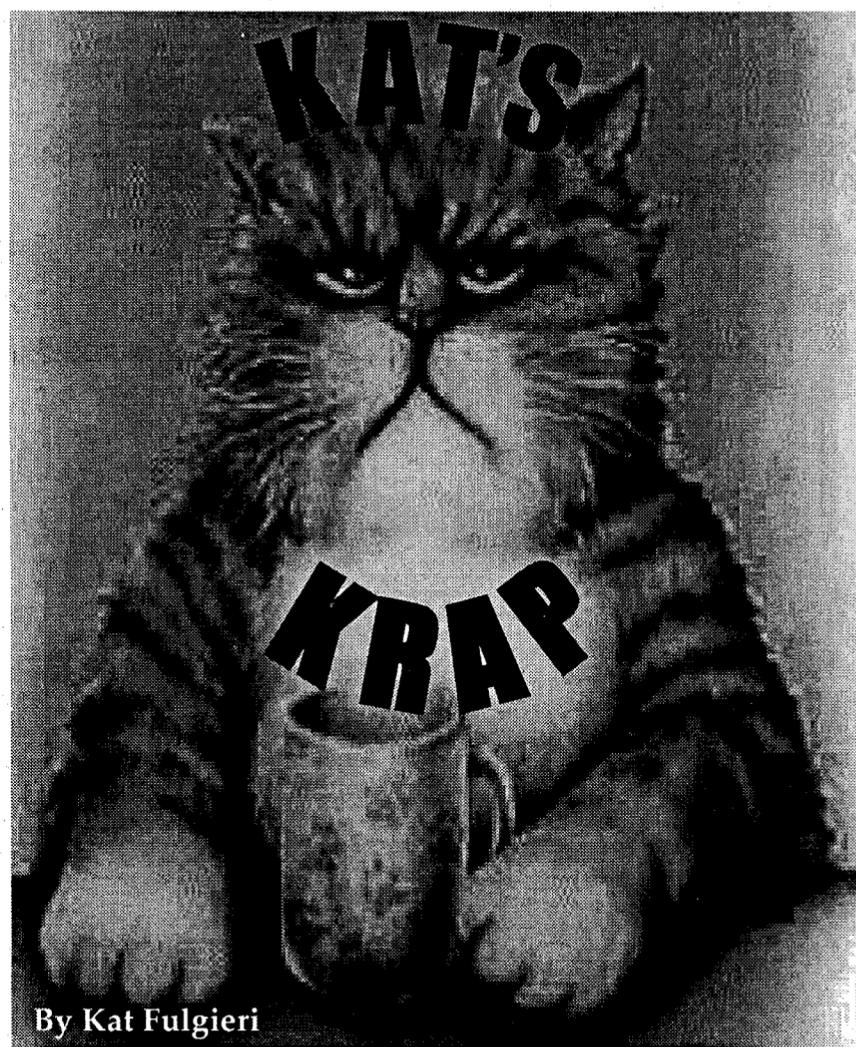
Back when the Catholic Church was corrupt, at least more corrupt than it is now, an angry monk named Martin Luther decided to take a stand. He nailed his list of complaints against the institution, the 95 theses, to the door of his church. Church officials were forced to reexamine their practices.

This school needs to reexamine its practices. Why? Because most people would agree that this place has a tendency to suck. Between the boredom, the lousy food, the condition of the campus and a million things in between, it's time for a change.

If you agree, rip this page out of the paper and nail it to the administration building in tribute to good old Marty. If not, rip it out anyway, crumple it up and shove it up your ass.

The 25 Theses

The students of SUNY Stony Brook have suffered enough. In order to ensure that each and every student is given the opportunity to enjoy their time at this boondock shithole of a public educational institution:



By Kat Fulgieri

1) Every student who wants to bring a car onto campus grounds should be forced to undergo a special driving evaluation. There are too many idiots driving around, and it makes everyone's life harder.

2) The University must stop admitting more students than they can accommodate. The administrative decision to fill the place up past capacity is taking its toll on everyone, faculty and students alike.

3) The residence halls are disgusting. Where the fuck does our housing money go? Bathrooms in every building can be found in various stages of disrepair, and rooms that were recently renovated already look like shit. Fix things when they break, goddamnit. Good rule of thumb: don't expect someone to live somewhere you would not be able to live.

4) Immediately cease all the useless construction on campus. In cases where it is truly necessary, make some kind of path that doesn't involve a trek through mud and debris. Do the beautifying during the summer and winter break. We shouldn't have to deal with it.

...tell them that there's beer and dick in the tunnels.

5) Take down those fucking fences in the academic mall or someone is going to take them down for you. No one likes feeling like a lab rat on the way to class.

6) For the love of God, overhaul the meal plan. As in, feed us food that doesn't suck. Stop deep-frying everything that doesn't melt, and don't buy in bulk from Prison Food Supply, Inc. My digestive tract has not functioned properly since the day I set foot on this campus.

7) Open up the tunnel system that runs all over campus, soundproof it, and force any sorority girls

traveling anywhere in groups larger than one to travel by this path. If they refuse because it's dark and scary, tell them that there's beer and dick in the tunnels. If they still refuse, expel them.

8) In order to minimize general insanity, every clock in every classroom must be functional, and display the correct time. Not everyone wears a watch, and some of those professors in Javits can drone on forever. It helps to know how much longer the torture will last.

9) Someone needs to get their ass in gear and book some good concerts. Who cares about the academic lectures and all those guest speakers? We're bored! Spend money to entertain us, not the academic snobs. How come Albany gets Eminem and Binghamton gets Phish, yet we get nothing? There are 19,700 people here, and there is no excuse for the lack of musical entertainment on campus. The DJs at the Union parties don't count.

10) Students should be able to use their meal cards at Cosmo's, 7-11, McDonald's, and Green Cactus.

11) The Union Deli would do well to expand its inventory to include Phillies and Dutches. It's a pain in the ass to have to go all the way to Amoco. Cigarettes would be nice, too.

12) Campus-Lifetime would be better if it was campus high time. To accomplish this, massive quantities of hallucinogenic acid can be dumped into the fountain drink machine at the SAC.

13) Parking tickets are a travesty. They are a waste of paper and a waste of the energy that students have to spend tearing them up. Eliminate them immediately.

14) Do something about the goddamn bees that are everywhere. There's got to be some kind of mass extermination method.

15) No one at the infirmary should be allowed to take a lunch break. They're slow enough as it is. Stopping

work for an hour only makes the problem worse.

16) The number of bars in the immediate vicinity should be proportional to the number of students residing on or near the campus.

17) Add a smoking section to every dining area.

18) Allow students to smoke during class.

19) Allow students to smoke blunts during class. Especially those 7-10 ones. That last hour is so hard.

20) Students should be permitted to enter Wallace's without checking their bags. It's too hard to steal when you don't have something to carry the merchandise in.

21) Serve beer. Everywhere. For free.

22) Any student who so desires may completely ignore attendance policies if the class size is upwards of fifty. Professors should not be allowed to take attendance in lecture. People can learn more from a book than they can learn while they write graffiti on the desk in Javits.

23) For entertainment purposes, a University ID card should entitle students to a discount at all liquor stores in the surrounding area.

24) The computer problems on the campus are unacceptable. The network should be fully functional at all times. There should be enough computers at the SINC site so that people don't have to wait. And there should be no firewall preventing students from accessing Napster.

25) Administration needs to realize that the Division I thing is just not happening. Get it through your heads that it isn't going to work, and stop wasting funds trying to turn the Seawolves into a household name. USB will not become a major force in college sports. Ever. End of story.

GRAIG SCHLANGER'S BIGMOUTH

De La Soul: *Art Official Intelligence*
(Tommy Boy Records)

It's the year 2000 and De La Soul is now five albums deep. Never a crew to sit back and watch the rap world pass them by, De La has promised that this collection is the first of three releases to hit hip-hop heads in the upcoming months. Three new records? That is an intimidating amount of material for anyone to compose. But if there's anyone in the rap community I would deem ready and able it's definitely De La Soul.

So what went wrong? De La Soul seems to have fallen victim to some of the very cliches they've spent three previous records passing off as ridiculous and unnecessary. *Art Official Intelligence* instantly struck me as a record that seems unfocused, rushed and over-saturated. De La has fallen prey to two of hip-hop's most consuming diseases: guest appearances and R&B choruses. This record is overflowing with both. In fact, only seven out of seventeen tracks do not feature the help of other vocalists.

The positives? Some of these collaborations are extremely fluid. Take the radio hit "Oooh" with Redman on the hook. Both parties together on one track makes for a very entertaining and toe tapping listen. "My Writes" featuring Mr. X to 'da Z Xzibit and the Alokaholiks also comes together very nicely and leaves little to be desired. The tracks De La chose to run alone on are also top quality tracks. "Foolin'" and "View" have all the elements that make these guys kings of the rap game. Also, the R&B thing can be well executed when you get someone like Chaka Khan to vocalize on "All Good," another De La tale of record industry frustration. The "Ghost Weed" skits also show De La at their most satirical and hysterical.

The negatives? Well, as previously mentioned, the album has a certain vibe that comes across as inconsistent. Following a year of release delays and huge amount of hype to follow-up on, this may be more the label's fault than that of the artist. I can also vividly recall De La proudly announcing "There's no R&B in this song" on 1993's classic *Buhloone Mind State*. So why start now? Most of these songs would sound much more sincere without the added touch. I submit the opener "U Can Do (Life)" as an example. A great way to kick off the record until the hook kicks in and I started scanning the insert for production credits to Puff Daddy. Also, the beat baby, the beats! While there are some typically excellent De La beats to savor, by track nine, I was convinced I'd heard some of these tracks earlier in my listen. Not good.

Sadly, this record was quite a letdown to me. Ten years since the release of *Three Feet High and Rising*, and the boys are still complaining about record label politics. Yet they're also still recording for Tommy Boy. Go figure. While AOI has its share of classic De La moments the end

product comes out too confusing to really excite longtime De La fans. I can't help but wonder where the blame really lies.

Mayhem: *A Grand Declaration of War*
(Necropolis Records)

With this, Mayhem's third full length release they are sending a message to all metal acts intent on stagnating and living off name recognition. Simply... evolve. Mayhem has long been regarded as one of the founding forces of the black metal genre (you know, the REEAALLY evil metal...), yet with this record they surpass the genre itself by leaps and bounds. Adding electronic manipulations and other such techniques, Mayhem proves that they are indeed ready for war.

The album is split into two segments, aptly titled Parts II and III (the first part being their *Wolf's Lair Abyss* EP). It's a bit hard to follow which song goes where, with only nine tracks accounted for in the layout, and thirteen appearing on the CD. No matter. The opening track is a war-like march that leads into Maniac's distorted vocals looped backwards with his powerful screech residing as background noise. As we waltz onto track number two ("In The Lies Where Upon You Lay") we find out that their drummer Hellhammer may be the real star of this show, with drumming so precise and furiously fast it seems incapable of being played by any human being. Additionally, Maniac's vocals are uniquely spoken while screeched in typical black metal fashion, adding a uniquely dramatic element which at times sounds almost like Jello Biafra. This spoken word approach works very well in relaying the Armageddon-filled concept of the record.

Once Part II closes with "View From Nihil," the record's most powerful and haunting tune, we are treated to a well-placed sample of nuclear detonation to begin Part III, where I also lose track of songs' titles. The first track of this chapter is an oddly ambient industrial track that Skinny Puppy could have written in their hey-day. It works very well in giving the record a unique feel and a sinister atmosphere. A ten-minute epic follows later with many different musical styles displayed, as well as a few more ludicrously fast and technical pieces.

Lovers of any extreme music need to look into this immediately. Mayhem have expanded on a legendary and mysterious history to deliver one of the most intriguing records I've ever heard. Once the impact of this release sets in, a new standard in metal will have been set.



The Damage Manual: *The Damage Manual*
(Invisible Records)

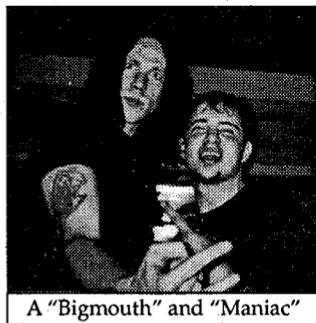
Still feeling the effects of this band's debut EP from only a few months back, we are now given a full length offering. It's no surprise really. When you put together a band that unites four guys who have played in bands like Public Image Ltd., Killing Joke, Ministry, Nine Inch Nails, Murder Inc., and the Revolting Cocks, you've got a lot going for you.

The full length isn't much of a departure from their brief, but powerful EP. Once again David Bowie's *Earthling* disc from '97 is a great reference point, as many of these tracks recall that sound with some elements of Aphex Twin and perhaps Digital Hardcore acts such as Atari Teenage Riot or Ec8or. In fact, vocalist Chris Connelly's Scottish voice sounds remarkably similar to that of a young David Bowie. Connelly is hardly guilty of aping Bowie's style, however, as his voice doesn't sound much different than it did when he was working with Ministry or Murder Inc. The musical backdrop is what's different. With such a powerful cast of veteran musicians, and mixing often provided by Bill Laswell (the brains behind such projects as Material, Painkiller, etc...) we can only expect to be graced with sounds that have been nurtured and refined.

Over thirteen tracks (a few are remixes), the listener is consistently offered top-notch song writing. From gabber/dance-friendly tracks like "Top Ten Severed" and "Stateless" (presented in two versions) to the ambient/electronica/trance of "King Mob" and "Denial," there's no denying the Damage Manual's knack for songwriting.

A solid disc all around, and a must-have for fans of Aphex Twin, Bowie, or any of the cast's former bands. The Damage Manual's only fault may lie with timing. If this disc had been recorded in 1996 or '97 when European electronica was making big waves in the world music scene, this may have been considered not only well planned and powerful, but downright revolutionary. "Waste not, want not" indeed...

(As a side note: Any label that sends me a promo package that contains a piece of orange "Hazard" fencing definitely rules!)



A "Bigmouth" and "Maniac"

