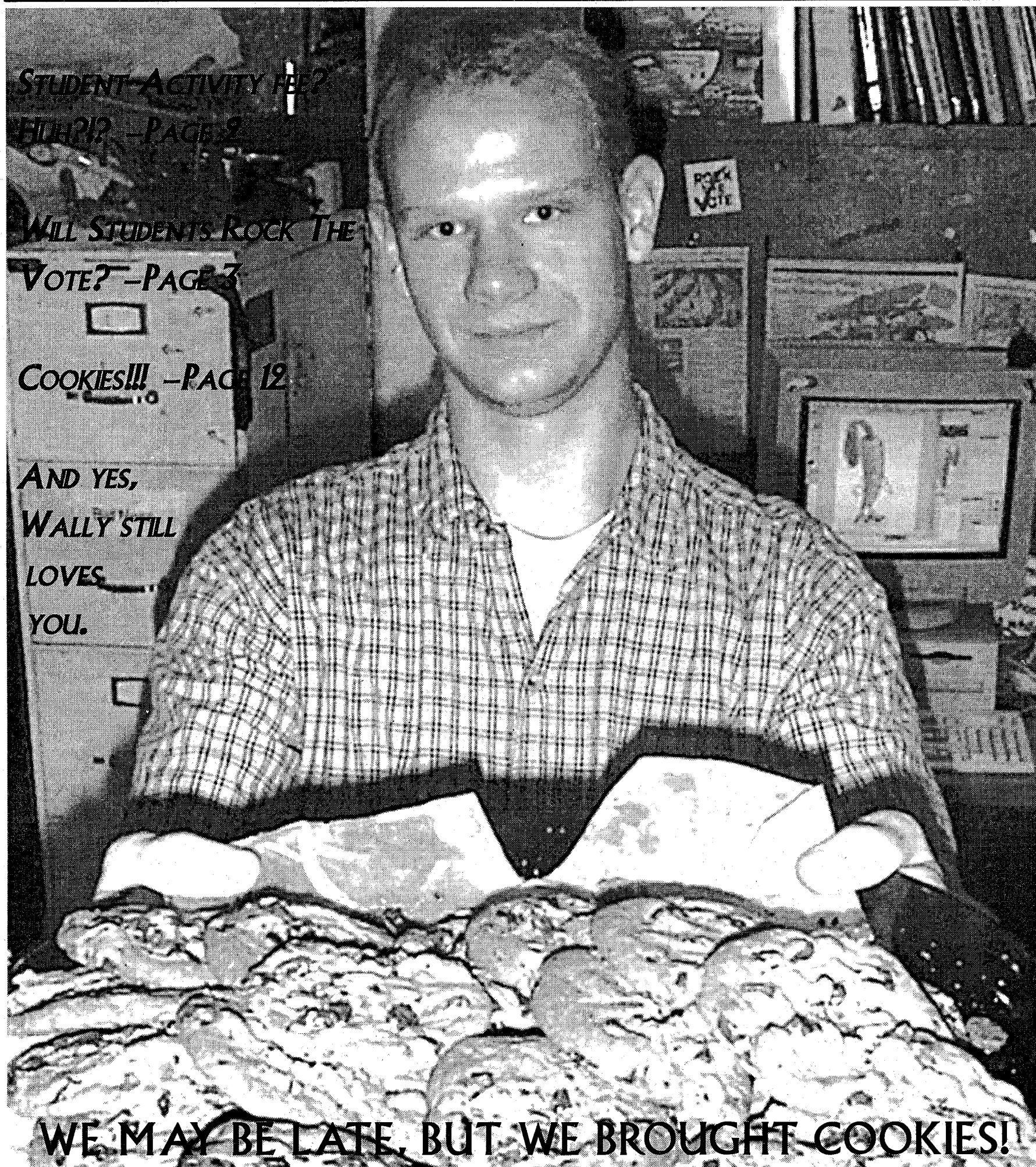


THE STONY BROOK PRESS

Vol. XXII No. 3

"One Way, Or Another... No, Just One Way"

October 20, 2000



15th ANNUAL FALL ADAPTED GAMES OF THE SUFFOLK COUNTY SPECIAL OLYMPICS

Sun, Oct. 22 10AM-3PM
Indoor Sports Complex

Make-It, Take-It "Quilting"

Monday, Nov. 6 8-10 pm

"Come away with a small pillow,
pot holder or part of a quilt"
\$3 material fee per session
Union Fireside Lounge

Arts in the Union Jewelry & Pottery Sale

November 1st and 29th

10 am - 4 pm
Union Fireside Lounge

Stony Brook Symphony Orchestra Concert

November 4th at Staller
Center

Guest Conductor David
Milnes

\$12 dollars,
\$6 for students and seniors

Two Artist's View

Ruben Dario Cruz
and

Belenna Mesa Lauto

Oct. 16th - Oct. 31st

Union Art Gallery
2nd floor, Student Union

Polity and the Mysterious Student Activity Fee

By Jacklyn Yeh

Not many students know exactly what the Student Polity Association is, let alone what they handle. Well, if you pay the student activity fee, you are automatically a part of it, and it might be useful to know what it is you are actually paying for.

"Polity is basically the student government," Kaedra Jackson explained. She is Vice President of the student government, a part called the Polity Council. This is the executive branch of the Student Polity Association. She believes that it is the name given to our student government that confuses the students the most.

The student body and student government, or the Student Polity Association at the

known is COCA, or Committee on Cinematic Arts, which provides us with movies to watch during the otherwise boring weekends at Stony Brook. *Statesman* and our own *Stony Brook Press* are also under Polity, as well as various well-established clubs. These organizations receive an allotted amount of money per year for their expenditures.

"Polity? What the hell is that?" This response was from Jason Waitkins, a second year student, and it is typical of the knowledge Stony Brook students have about their government. After I told him that it was our student government, the puzzled look on his face remained, but he looked magically enlightened at the same time. However, he deadpanned, "I express no interest in what

they do." That was officially the end of the interview.

Eric Chow, also a second year student and Jason's roommate, piped, "Student activity fee! [Insert obscenities] I don't want to pay the student activity fee to be a part of Polity! I'd rather spend it all for train

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This response was from Jason
Waitkins, a second year student,
and it is typical of the knowledge
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their government.*

State University of New York at Stony Brook, Inc. as it is officially called, works roughly the way the United States government does. There is an executive, legislative and judiciary body, each with its own powers and its own checks and balances.

The Polity Council is the name of the executive branch. Its main duty is to look over the day-to-day activities of organizations under its control and deal with them. The Council is what students usually think about when they hear polity. "We're trying to promote that Polity is for everyone," Jackson said. A student is a part of Polity if he or she pays the student activity fee. The Student Polity Association's focus is towards serving the students but, in order to serve us, they need us to let them know what we want.

Funded by the student activity fee, which is currently \$86.50 per student, Polity is in control of three main areas. First, and most obvious, Polity is in control of student advocacy. They represent the students and their rights on campus, on both state and national levels.

The second is support services. This makes the print shop, lawyers and Audio Video equipment available to needy students and organizations within polity. These services are offered at reasonable prices. In fact, many of the free activities and discounts offered by polity for other services on campus are made possible through the student activity fee. This means go out and get your money's worth by taking advantage of these services. Go join a club or publication. Go see a COCA movie on the weekend.

The third is programming. This includes scheduling and planning events that strive to promote social, cultural and/or educational interaction among students, like parties and concerts. There are different organizations within the Student Polity Association. Among the more well

fare, so I can get the hell out of this God-forsaken campus on weekends. Either that or do something that'll waste my money the way I choose it, like donating to Hillary's Senate Fund." With unenthusiastic students like these, it is a wonder that people even get elected for Polity.

Calvin Coleman won the Polity election for presidency last term, but has resigned this year, due to a personal family crisis affecting concentration on his schoolwork. According to The Constitution of the Student Polity Association, Inc., the Vice President "shall assume the duties of the President in his/her absence."

"Technically, I hold both roles," Jackson, as she likes to be called, said. However, she and the senior, junior and sophomore class representatives have divided the duties of Vice President among themselves. She still keeps some of the more important vice presidency roles, like being Chair of the Senate. She assures us, "Everything's being taken care of. What people don't understand is, problems happen no matter what... but as a council, we're taking care of everything."

Jackson will not have to be juggling the duty of both Vice President and President for much longer. There will be elections held in the first week of October to elect a new president, which works the same as the regular elections for council positions. During the petition period, candidates obtain a certain amount of signatures in order to appear on the ballot. Then they campaign, and hopefully, we vote. When it is all over, Jackson will return to being Vice President.

Go out and vote, students. It sounds really cliché, but let your little voice be heard. Milk this school for all it is worth. Grab all the free stuff you can find. After all, this university is making you pay some mysterious student activity fee, so go out there and get active.

Students' Choice Candidate for President

By Ellen Yau

With less than a month to the elections, the nationwide political fanfare is probably at its peak. In the past week, experts and televised features continuously dissected and analyzed the political gurus, their campaign ads, and their debates. Yet, survey shows that university students still remain unenchanted.

In the previous issue, a poll was taken from 50 random university students on the senatorial primary. The candidates for the democratic side included a little-known Manhattan orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Mark S. McMahon, and First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton. There was no republican primary because Representative Rick A. Lazio did not have an opponent.

According to last issue's poll, only three of the 50 confirmed that they voted while many others claimed that they "didn't have time," "didn't care" or "didn't know enough" to vote on the issue. Results also showed that with an exception of seven students, nobody knew which political party McMahon was running in; McMahon is a democrat.

The issue's article revealed the lack of political awareness on campus, and confirmed the tendency for young people, between ages 18 and 24, to neglect to vote.

For this week, another poll was taken, but from 80 university students. The purpose of the survey was to reach a consensus on a preferred candidate and to attain a general idea of why students chose their choice candidate based on the upcoming November 7 presidential elections.

The four options listed in the survey were the two primary candidates, Vice President Al Gore and Texas Gov. George W. Bush, and, two third-party candidates, Reform Party Pat Buchanan and Green Party Ralph Nader.

The reason that more students were polled as opposed to the last survey was because the results would be more accurate with a minimum of 50 students.

Just over one-third of the students surveyed, 27 of 80, were either not registered to vote and/or declined to reveal their choice candidate. Some of those who declined to choose a choice candidate said they do not want to choose because they did not know the candidates' stance on one or more major issues, such as the abortion pill RU486 (Mifeprex), health care, environment, international policy, education, civil rights and even taxes.

Students might have been more politically aware if only these candidates made a little more effort to target some of their platforms to on-campus university undergraduates.

Although it was not surprising that most students, 38 of the 53, about 71.7 percent, chose Gore (those who declined were excluded in the total) – not surprising because it is well-known that students enrolled in this university are largely democrats or anything not republican – it was somewhat distressing that most students, like David Mottley and Jennifer Lim, both undergraduates, justified their choice with "I like democrats better" or "just because Gore's a democrat."

It was the notion of democracy that determined the consensus rather than the recent issues debated. Only six of 53 (about

11 percent) said they watched last Tuesday's Oct. 3 presidential debate, although 19 said they might have watched at least five minutes before flipping the station.

Perhaps students are unaware that televised debates might be one of the key methods in determining how successful each party will lead the nation. Each candidate must overcome their own inadequacy, at least while they are in public, to convince the people of the nation that he has the ability to guide the nation.

In last Tuesday's debate, both Bush and Gore confronted a challenge. Bush had to show he was not bluffing, that he could complete all his proposals without busting the budget surplus; this meant he could not replicate any of his fathers' 'Read my lips, no more taxes!' slogan.

Meanwhile, Gore had to animate himself to overcome his stiff-man status.

For the remaining 15 results for the choice candidates, eight went to Nader while only seven went to Bush. Nobody chose Buchanan.

Students who chose Nader suggested that they didn't chose Gore or Bush because they "both suck." What seemed interesting is that although both Nader and Bush came close for the undergraduate consensus on our campus, it certainly does not represent the real world. Real media shows that Gore and Bush are pretty much head to head.

So, if you want your vote better represented in the outside world, walk by the Union and the SAC before October 13, and register to vote.

After continuously being badgered by my fellow interviewees on the stances of the presidential candidates, I decided to take the liberty of outlining the president's stances on some of the most popular issues.

Issues	Vice President Al Gore (Dem)	George W. Bush (Rep)
Education	-Opposes school vouchers for private, religious and home schools	-Supports school vouchers and further development of charter school with an investment of \$300 million in a charter school homestead fund, which would provide \$3 billion in loans to up to 200 charter schools
RU486 (Mifeprex)	-Supports FDA approval of the apportion pill	-Opposes FDA approval of the abortion pill
Abortion	-Supports abortion rights in all cases. -Opposes mandatory parental consent or notification. -Opposes constitutional amendment to outlaw abortion	-Opposes abortion rights except in rape, incest or to save the woman's life -Supports parental consent and notification. -Supports constitutional amendment to outlaw abortion
Affirmative Action	-Supports	-Opposes
Homosexual Rights	-Opposes gay marriage for religious reasons -Supports professionally reviewed case-to-case adoptions	-Opposes gay marriage -Opposes gay adoptions
Taxes	-Supports using \$432 billion for medicare to include prescription drug benefits	-Proposes distributing the \$2.17 non-Social Security for \$1.3 trillion in tax cuts; \$475 billion in domestic programs, \$265 billion in reserve.
International Issues	-Supports normal trade relations with China -Opposes Taiwan Security Enhancement Act – for our nation to make closer ties with Taipei	-Also supports normal trade relations with China -Supports Taiwan Security Enhancement Act

VASQUEZ LACKS LEADERSHIP (AGAIN)

Although some time has passed since the Polity conclave, one tragic occurrence can not be overlooked. This would be the idiocy of our Dean of Student Affairs, Carmen Vasquez.

During the introduction of the conclave, which aimed to teach student leaders new skills and encourage communication between student groups, Vasquez talked about how important student leadership is. She said this was about "the challenge and the risk" of holding such a position. Then she was asked to sum up her opinion on the lack of concerts at Stony Brook. Instead of answering directly, she dodged the question by babbling about the 'Golden Years' of concerts between 1975 and 1980. Then, appearing flustered, she foisted the issue on to Norman Prusslin, media advisor,

asking him to talk about what concerts were like in those years. Talk about failing a challenge and avoiding a risk.

This left many disgruntled faces. All became angry and frustrated, especially when Vasquez then dismissed the question entirely and projected an overhead that diagrammed the "functional relationships" between things such as student programs and the dean of students area.

On the last page of the conclave's program, it states: "To know why to do something is wisdom, to know how to do it is skill, to know when to do it is judgement..." Vasquez really portrayed her lack of all three of these. Just the person to speak at a leadership conference. And they wonder why we write these things.

IN RESPONSE TO CHERYL EDELMAN'S 'SEXISM IN THE PRESS'

Hi, I created that ad. First off I am thrilled that my work has elicited a reaction. Before I attempt to address your assessments of my work I would like you to become familiar with the process by which said ad was created

It is important to note that this ad was one of three, of which only two were ever to see print. The ads were designed with strong, provocative images meant to stick in the mind of the observer. To this end I think that we can agree that they have been successful. Additionally they were created with a desire to capture the unique style and attitude oft found in the pages of *The Press*. Perhaps this is where our miscommunication stems from.

It is common knowledge that you, all observers and I interpret ads and images through their own unique perspective; that's subjectivity for you. It is impossible though to defend my work to any person who chooses to view said work in a subjectively negative way. Nevertheless it is relevant that I illustrate the creative intent of the piece.

This ad is unabashedly sexual; that certainly was my intent. The blatant sexual imagery was chosen to stand as foil to the cynical tag line: *The Press*, we're redefining journalism. It is evident to any moderately savvy reader that journalism, magazines, newspapers and all of media has steadily spiraled downward to the lowest possible intellectual plateau. Hell, read any issue of the New York Post and this should become readily obvious. Today crass sensationalism and pointless shock imagery have supplanted responsible journalism and relevant, potent photography.

The Press has often followed this same path. Though it is hopeful that it's sense of satire, cynicism, and progressive thinking have been able to lift it up out of the proverbial gutter. In any case it's hit or miss.

Anyway, this is the idea that stood behind my ad design. Maybe it didn't come across as clearly as I wanted, but I am certainly not sorry.

But I ask you a few things.

First you quote an unnamed source that asserts that *The Press* must not be a welcome place for women. What is off putting is that you were obviously present for the utterance and as a former editor and current staff you choose not (as can only be assumed by the evidence you present) to refute her supposition. Even though you know that it is patently false. You were part of an Editorial board that has a majority of women on a paper whose writers is a majority female. Perhaps if you had pointed out this speculation to be false *The Press* might have had another writer, and another voice might have been heard by the community.

You accuse me (indirectly as the author of the ad) of participating in a regime of objectification, when

I choose not to see Laetitia Casta as an object but as a woman, a level of respect that you do not even afford her in your analysis of my ad. I find it disheartening that while you fight so strongly to stop objectification you feel fine in applying it where you see fit.

Additionally when were you granted the authority to determine what is art? What license do you have that says that your assessment of my ads artistic merit is valid or that you can decide when the naked human form is art and when it is not. Yes Laetitia Casta's image was used as a tool, as are the paper, ink, words and computer that all went into the creation of the ad. There is an important distinction to be made though between tools and objects. This is not to take away any artistic importance from Ms. Casta or any of the components that went into the ads creation. In fact I think that the idea of objectification is one that is consciously placed upon by an observer engaged in the act of observation. But this is not an act that all of us observers choose to participate in. It is disturbing that you choose to pigeonhole and demonize when you so valiantly rail against this same practice.

Perhaps this is moot though. You put forth that only through objectification and dehumanization can a woman be violated. If this is so why then are the majority of rapes committed by those nearest and dearest to the victims. I have trouble believing that every rapist (though certainly there are some) sees their victims as mere objects. In fact I believe in a much more disturbing possibility: that these people are not raping rationalized objects, that instead they are raping real people. Perhaps it's a disservice to the victims to allow the possibility that they were less than human. And perhaps it is being too lenient to say that these rapists are cold and emotionless. Maybe they're worse, maybe they hurt people.

The matter of violence against women is one that cannot be accurately and easily assessed and discussed here. I applaud your intent and the work you have done and hopefully will continue to do. I also applaud the Feminist Majority for all their work. I have known them only as good progressive people. Unfortunately though your attacks on my ad lack reasonable foundation, apparent justification and any sense of cohesiveness. For it would be more intuitive to step back and analyze the modes of objectification throughout all media (for assuredly it is their) in order to find the reason that women remain the unequal sex rather than pin all your hopes for the illumination of sexist oppressions secrets on a subjective view of a college newspapers open house flyer.

Sincerely

Glenn Given

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

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Snack,
Naked

PERES' PLEA FOR PEACE

Former Israeli Prime Minister Visits University Campus

By Diana Post

Students, visitors, faculty, staff, and members of popular media gathered around the Student's Activity Center Tuesday afternoon, and formed a line that extended around the corners of the building, to indulge their political concerns in a lecture led by former Prime Minister of Israel Shimon Peres, on the efforts to achieve a lasting peace in the Middle East.

The hour and a half address, titled "Battling for Peace," is cosponsored by the Office of the President and the Hillel Foundation for Jewish Life. The event began with a short biographical introduction of Peres, as "one of the 20th century's most pivotal figures," by University President Shirley Strum Kenny.

Peres was born in Belarus in 1923, and immigrated to Palestine in 1934. In 1947, he joined a Zionist military organization, and in 1948, when the country achieved its freedom, he headed Israel's navy.

Peres led the Israel Labor Party in 1977 and served as prime minister in 1984-86 and 1995-6.

In 1994, Peres was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, along with Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, who was assassinated in 1995, and Palestinian Authority Chairman Yasir Arafat for their peacekeeping efforts in the Middle East.

Peres took over the seat of acting Prime Minister in 1995. After being approved by the Knesset, the Israeli Parliament, Peres took over the position officially.

Peres' lecture was mainly focused on speaking to the students, telling them about the needlessness of war. He believes that war has been

waged historically with one purpose in mind: to gain land. This is because, in the past a nation's economy depended on its ability to be agriculturally productive. The minute we went over from an economy of the land, he says, to an economy of the mind, everything changed. The need for war to gain land vanished, because the economy no longer depends on agriculture. The most important element in a nation's economy now is time. The faster a country is able to make something, the more money the product is worth.

Making peace has often been very difficult for Peres and his supporters. Many Israelis will not listen to Peres' argument, he says, because "where we moved, the shadows of the past preceded us," meaning that the old hatred between the opposing sides is hard to overcome. Peres explained that United Europe is flourishing; Germany, Britain, France, and all the other countries within the union have incredible economies. These are countries that have warred with each other several times in the past. Then there is the Middle East, in poverty because they will not unite over an argument their fathers began, and they cannot even remember. If they want to declare a war on poverty, as they claim, Peres called for the governments of the Middle East to stop spending so much money on weapons.

Science has taught us that on a genetic level, the differences between men amount to only .02% of the genome. Peres stated that in democracy, it is taught that every man has the right to be equal, but every man also has the

right to be different. It is his wish that all the people of the Middle East would accept this tenet, stop warring over their differences and instead celebrate their similarities. History, he said, is a "cold, bloodthirsty chain of events... The time has come to make peace."

Peres began the Peres Center for Peace in 1997 to accomplish his purpose. The center's mission is to "build an infrastructure of peace by and for the people of the Middle East, that promotes socio-economic development, while advancing cooperation and mutual understanding." It develops and implements joint projects with partners both regional and international, which advance social and economic cooperation and personal relations in the Middle East.

At the end of the lecture, time was made for a question and answer session. Several people took advantage of this opportunity, and Peres answered each question thoroughly.

Peres was asked how much the assassination of Yitzhak Rabin had affected Israel. After a moment, Peres stated that it had been a national trauma. Rabin was assassinated "not because he had committed any sin, but because he was ready to fight with full speed and force for peace." He said that the forces in this ongoing conflict continually reject peace accords because they believe they are owed more than what is offered to them in return for peace. In response, Peres says, "Unless you are ready to pay the unacceptable price, you will never have peace."



Shimon Peres

TRIPLE DOWN

By Sharon Sung

Many USB freshmen will be spending their first semester of college life living in triples, which was once an uncommon occurrence. Due to the unfairness of the rebate policy concerning tripled freshmen, the University has modified its policy and increased compensation by roughly five times the original amount.

At the start of the semester, a freshman class of approximately 2,300 enrolled into the university. This huge influx of students created a dearth in housing. In addition, the closing down of Langmuir residence hall, as well as the C and D wings of the Benedict residence hall for renovation has contributed to the lack of available rooms for students.

The University's solution was to triple freshmen, a tactic the school has used in previous years. However, due to the record size of the freshmen class, the university reached unprecedented levels of tripling throughout the six quads; not only were dorm rooms, both corridors and suites, tripled, but lounges, living rooms, and even offices were converted into temporary bedrooms for incoming freshmen.

At the start of this semester, the reimbursement offered to students living in a triple was a paltry \$100 of the total \$2,112, whether they lived in the triple for a few weeks or for the entire semester. Many freshmen opted to

leave the dormitories rather than remain under tripled circumstances, which has lightened the load in residence halls somewhat.

In addition to giving freshmen priority in moving into vacated or half-empty dorm rooms across campus, the University has delayed many dormitory privileges, such as room switch, for those who have even one vacated spot among them. Raymond Lai, a transfer student, has had his three-way room switch delayed due to the fact that one of the six students involved in the switch never checked in. Waiting for the freshman to move in, Raymond admitted, "I'm glad that they didn't treat the transfer students like freshmen. It would really suck." The university, in general, has left the transfer students alone; the few freshmen who have been paired up with transfer or upper-division students were among the very few who were not tripled.

However,

the University has revised its policy on the rebate to freshmen. With the

majority of freshmen students continuing to live in triples for the rest of the semester, while awaiting the opening of Benedict and Langmuir residence halls, the rebate has been altered to pacify students and families until next semester. Instead of a mere

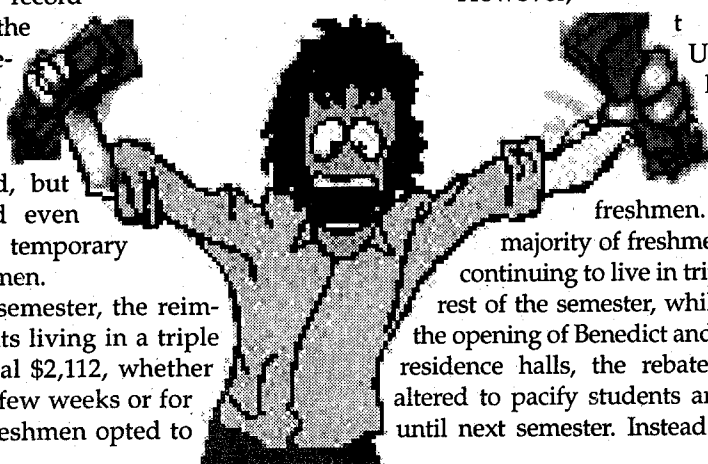
\$100 for the entire semester of inconvenience, the new policy will see that the freshmen will be reimbursed \$100 for every three weeks they remain in a tripled dorm. The first reimbursement of \$100 has been officially sent to every student in the tripled situation; the next reimbursement is scheduled to be given in the week ending on the 30th of September. For students forced to live in triples for the entire semester, the entire rebate will be come out to be approximately \$500, reducing the freshman's \$2,112 housing fee down to \$1,612.

The University's change of policy has been met with mixed reactions from students.

"Yeah, it's a whole lot better than \$100. But if you really think about it, the University's still ripping us off," said Jeffrey Yeh. "Any room is worth only about \$4,200 because there's only supposed to be two people there. Technically, anyone living in a triple should be paying only \$1,400. That's supposed to be a \$700 rebate, not \$500."

Yet he seemed indifferent to the living conditions of being tripled. "It's not bad. The lounges in Roosevelt are a lot bigger than regular rooms, so there isn't really much of a problem. I feel really bad for anybody living in a suite triple, though. Where do they keep everyone's stuff?"

Ultimately, it seems very likely that most tripled freshmen will receive the full \$500 rebate; it is very doubtful that the University will find enough available rooms to accommodate every tripled freshmen until the renovations occurring at the Benedict C and D wings and the Langmuir resident halls are completed in January.



Along the Color Line

By Manning Marable

Escaping From Blackness: Racial Identity and Public Policy

The greatest struggle of any oppressed group in a racist society is the struggle to reclaim collective memory and identity. At the level of culture, racism seeks to deny people of African, American Indian, Asian and Latino descent their own voices, histories and traditions. From the vantage point of racism, black people have no "story" worth telling; that the master narrative woven into the national hierarchy of white prejudice, privilege and power represents the only legitimate experience worth knowing.

Frantz Fanon in *Black Skin, White Masks* makes the observation that the greatest triumph of racism is when black people lose touch with their own culture and identity, seeking to transcend their oppressed condition as the Other by becoming something they are not. Under colonialism and Jim Crow segregation, people of African descent were constantly pressured to conform to the racist

"The greatest triumph of racism is when black people lose touch with their own culture and identity, seeking to transcend their oppressed condition as the Other by becoming something they are not."

stereotypes held of them by the dominant society. Some succumbed to this pressure, assuming the mask of "Sambo" in order to survive, or to ensure that their children's lives would go forward. Others sacrificed themselves to achieve a higher ideal, the struggle to claim their own humanity and cultural traditions, and to build communities grounded in the integrity of one's own truths. The knowledge of blackness is not found in genetics, and only indirectly in the color of one's skin. It is found in that connection to symbols, living traditions and histories of collective resistance, renewal and transformation.

We now live in a time when legal segregation, colonialism and even apartheid have been dismantled. The "white" and "colored" signs across the South that I remember so vividly in my childhood have been taken down for over a generation. Perhaps it is not surprising that a growing number of our people casually take for granted the democratic victories achieved the right to vote and hold elective office, access to fair employment, the abolition of racially segregated public accommodations, and opportunities in higher education through affirmative action failing to recognize that what has been won over centuries of struggle can be taken away. Although they are the prime beneficiaries of the freedom struggle, they distance themselves from it. They have come to the false conclusion that what they have accomplished was by their own individual talents and effort. And they actively attack the thesis that blackness, in and of

itself, has any cultural value, outside of the uplifting affects of whiteness.

Debra Dickerson, a senior fellow at the New America Foundation, is one example of this unfortunate trend. She's the author of a new book, *An American Story*, that argues, "it's long past time blacks opted out of blackness." In an op-ed essay several months ago appearing in the Washington Post, Dickerson criticizes Howard University's African DNA database project for attempting to link black Americans to African ancestors. For Dickerson, the DNA research only has value because "we who were swindled out of every link to the past except skin color will be able to find out more about our (European) heritage."

Dickerson has no patience for African Americans who identify themselves as part of the African diaspora. "A Nigerian who immigrates to America in 2000 has virtually nothing in common with the descendants of American slaves, but we're both conceptually freeze-dried down to that one aspect of our selves." Besides, she notes, "there are few black families who don't brag about the whites and Indians (all chiefs) in their lineage and lie about how hard it was to make their hair stand up like that during the reign of the Afro."

At the end of Dickerson's essay, in a passage that is both confused and outrageous, she claims that black Americans should not "despise" the white men who raped their foremothers. "Without slavery, there would be no Jesse Jackson," she insists, "no Leontyne Price," "Tiger Woods," "jazz or gospel," and "no me." Should the NAACP halt its campaign against the Confederate battle flag, because its part of "our" heritage, too? Should the descendants of those who were raped find identity and meaning for themselves by coming to a new appreciation of the rapists? Dickerson confuses genetics with culture. We may share a genetic tie to the slaveholders, but their only vital contribution to our historical identity was the struggle we waged against them. We share no morals, and no common history. We owe them nothing except contempt.

More academic in style, but no less self-

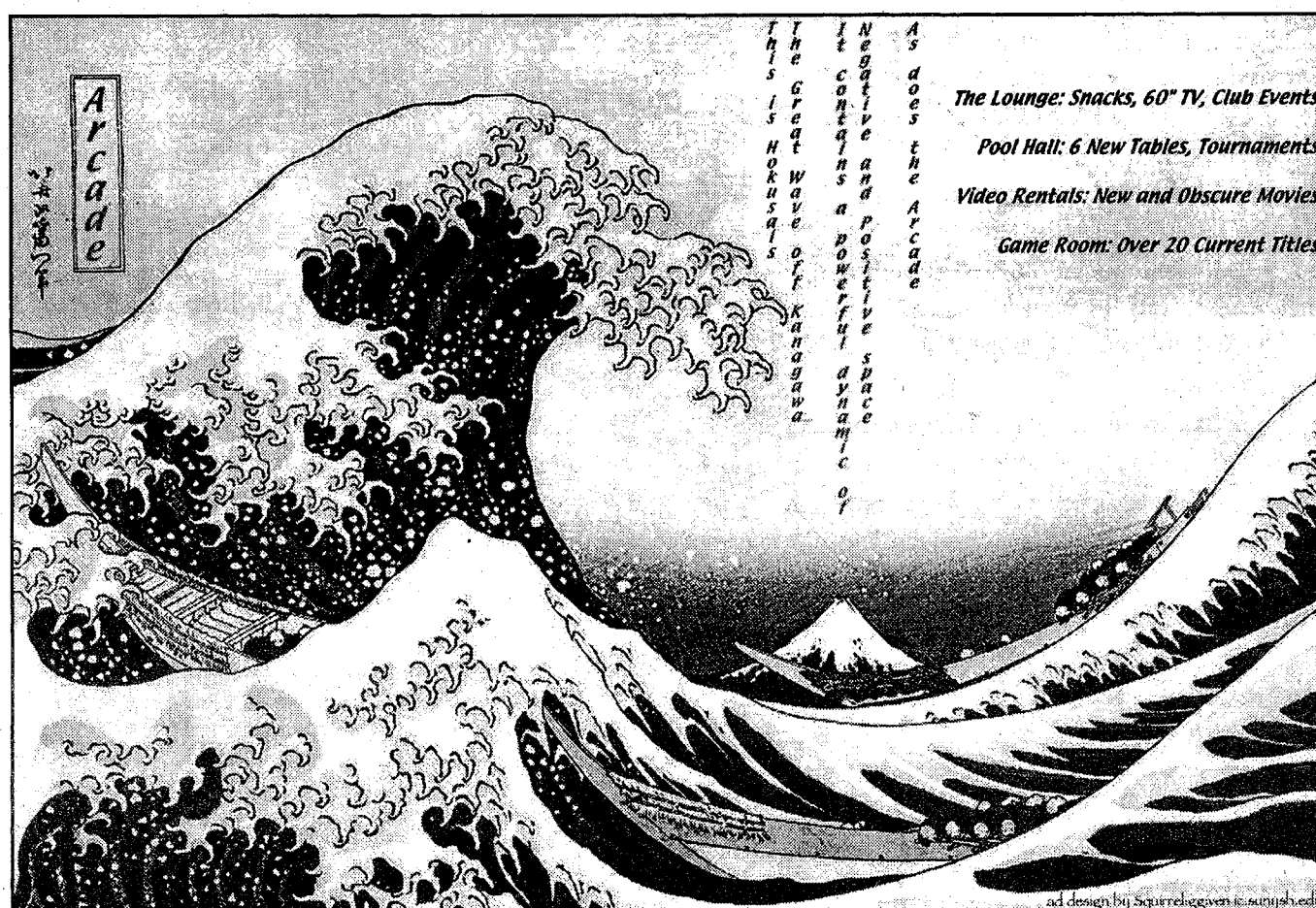
hating, is the recent book, *Losing the Race: Self-Sabotage in Black America*, by University of California linguistics Professor John H. McWhorter. *Losing the Race* argues that affirmative action cripples African-American students contributing to a spirit of black "anti-intellectualism" and to a "deep-reaching inferiority complex" that discourages learning.

"In my years of teaching," McWhorter declares, "I have never had a student disappear without explanation, or turn in a test that made me wonder how she could have attended class and done so badly, who was not African American..."

McWhorter's central point is that black people as a group are unprepared and unworthy of being admitted to elite white institutions.

Black Berkeley students, however, aren't a total loss. None of them "would be uncomfortable in a nice restaurant" and most "probably do know what wine goes with chicken." Nevertheless, they clearly cannot compete with their white counterparts and are trapped by their "defeatist thought patterns." McWhorter does admit that his race helped him to win academic fellowships, and to achieve his faculty positions at Cornell and now at Berkeley. But like the proverbial man who escapes from a pit and pulls up the ladder behind him, trapping others at the bottom, McWhorter desperately wants to distance himself from his oppressed sisters and brothers. The price for admission into the white establishment is to denounce blacks in stereotypical terms. And in fact, Abigail and Stephan Thernstrom, who viciously attacked affirmative action in America in *Black and White*, praise McWhorter's book as "brilliant."

Dickerson and McWhorter are cultural casualties in the centuries-old struggle against racism. But it would be a mistake to conclude that they are aberrations. The death of legal segregation, and the explosion in the size of the black professional-managerial class, creates the political space for the emergence of blacks who want to escape their blackness. They may be prepared to denounce their own people in order to advance their careers, but we should not permit them to go unnoticed or unchallenged. To uproot racism, we must constantly remember that the first step is in appreciating our history and culture.



POLITICAL AWARENESS LOW ON CAMPUS

By Ellen Yau

While Democrats statewide scrounged for the nearest voting booth to nominate their choice candidate for Senate on Tuesday's primary, university undergraduates scurried across campus to find their class, perhaps slightly alarmed about their timeliness, but almost entirely unconcerned about the political holiday.

To most students, the ongoing senatorial and presidential campaigns are nothing new. The impending senatorial and presidential elections are nothing new. But the dates of the primaries and the elections, the locations of the events, the issues each candidate supports, and, in some cases, even the identities of the candidates, remain to be a clump of mashed potatoes.

In an interview and a six-question census concerning the Senatorial primary, with 50 random university undergraduates between ages 18 to 24 in varied university locations from main campus cafeterias to dormitory dining areas to the Computing Center, 47 of the 50 (94 percent) admitted that they did not vote while three of the 50 (six percent) said that they did vote. And only five of the 47 students who indicated that they did not vote provided a reasonable excuse: they are not registered as a Democrat or they are not a U.S. citizen.

Some of the most popular excuses that students used to justify not voting were "didn't know," "didn't care," "didn't want to," "doesn't matter" and "didn't have time."

"I was too lazy to register," stated Helen Nam. "I don't think I'd vote anyway."

This lack of political sentiment is not uncommon among college students. One of the rea-

sons for the students' lack of political sentiment is because candidates do not target them in their campaigns. Students indicated "most topics politicians discuss hardly ever involve [students];" issues commonly debated - taxes, Medicare, Medicaid, and retirement funds - target older people.

"I didn't vote [referring to the Senatorial primary] because I feel that my vote would not be pertinent to change the society I live in," stated Kevin Vuong, a senior who is registered to vote.

But this works vice versa. Politicians are less likely to target our age group because we are least likely to vote. And since many college students live in campuses isolated from the everyday society, they remain the hardest age group for politicians to target.

"I didn't vote because I don't have T.V. and am secluded from the real world," indicated Joseph Lee, a sophomore.

Lee, like many other college students in the university who did not vote, will probably miss out on future elections simply because news is not easily accessible on campus. It is hard for students to choose when they are not aware of the issues at hand. When asked about the Senatorial primary, only seven of the 50 students interviewed selected the right political party for Hillary Rodham Clinton's primary oppo-

nent, Mark S. McMahon, on the questionnaire - and that includes those who arbitrarily guessed it right.

Although 50 people obviously do not represent the political attitude of the entire university, it definitely emphasizes the lack of political awareness among college students.

And the fact that one of the three students who said they vote but did not correctly match one of

the senate candidates to his respective party in the questionnaire suggests that the estimate of six percent or three of 50 students as voters might be overrated.

The two primary candidates seeking the U.S. Senate seat are Democratic First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton and Republican Rep. Rick A. Lazio. Dr. Mark S. McMahon, a little-known Manhattan orthopedic surgeon, challenged Mrs. Clinton in the Democratic primary. Mrs. Clinton won with 81 percent while McMahon stole away with 19 percent. There was no Republican primary for Senate because Lazio did not have an opponent.

Although the first lady was obviously expected to win the Democratic primary, an extra few percent shift would have put her in a political disadvantage. If Mrs. Clinton won the primary by 75 percent, it would have suggested that her support is not as strong as suspected, and therefore put her in a disadvantage with Rep. Lazio. The idea behind this is that every percentage counts, as

...only seven of the 50 students interviewed selected the right political party for Hillary Rodham Clinton's primary opponent, Mark S. McMahon, on the questionnaire - and that includes those who arbitrarily guessed it right.

every vote counts. Therefore, those students who feel strongly against a political party or candidate might like to reconsider voting because primaries can set a trend for future elections.

To re-quote Megan Reeve, the new head of the campus chapter of NYPIRG, from the previous issue "the biggest motivation to vote is knowing who or what you don't like."

NABbing the Public Airwaves

By Norman Solomon

Does America have a military-industrial-media complex? Whether you consider the question in terms of psychology or economics, some grim answers are available from the National Association of Broadcasters, a powerful industry group that's about to hold its radio convention in San Francisco.

When a recent Federal Trade Commission report faulted media companies for marketing violence to children, various politicians expressed outrage. But we've heard little about the NAB - a trade association with a fitting acronym. The NAB has a notable record of nabbing the public airwaves for private gain.

Nearly 40 years ago a farewell speech by President Dwight Eisenhower warned about the "conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry." He said, "In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist." That potential has been realized, with major help from the media.

Rather than scrutinize the merchants of militarism, large news organizations have been inclined to embrace them. (In some cases, as with General Electric and NBC, the arms contractor and the network owner are one and the same.) The Pentagon's key vendors can rest assured that big TV and radio outlets will function much more as allies than as adversaries.

On television the recruitment ads for the armed forces symbolize the cozy - and lucrative -

ties between the producers of fantasy violence and the planners of massive carnage. Military leaders have good reasons to appreciate the nation's entertainment media for encouraging public acceptance of extreme violence.

In practice, big money rules the airwaves, and that's the way the NAB likes it. The industry is swinging its mighty lobbying arm to knock down a proposal - approved by the Federal Communications Commission - to license low-power radio stations. The specter of community-based "microbroadcasting" worries the NAB, which sees wealth as a vital precondition for control of broadcast frequencies.

But the NAB has championed some new laws, such as the landmark Telecommunications Act of 1996 that made it possible for a single corporation to own several radio stations in the same city - and hundreds of stations across the country.

Now, more than ever, cookie-cutter stations from coast to coast are beaming identical syndicated garbage to millions of listeners.

The NAB's convention's keynote speaker is a former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "Colin Powell is a true national hero," says the NAB's president, "and the radio industry will be honored by his appearance." Powell won great media acclaim for overseeing the Gulf War slaughter of Iraqi people - 200,000 of them in a six-week period, according to a Pentagon estimate. At the time, America's broadcasters and their cable television colleagues presented the bloodshed as a glorious exercise of military prowess - rendered on TV screens as dramatic video games.

Political bluster tells us that children should not be desensitized by media images of

simulated violence - but it's A-OK to depict the real thing as a big feather in the nation's patriotic cap. The military-industrial-media complex takes its toll with deeply ingrained patterns of newspeak and doublethink. Orwell recognized such patterns long ago.

American media's high comfort level with sanctioned violence - imaginary or real - has a numbing effect on people of all ages. Meanwhile, the dominant weave of propaganda and militarism is, for some, a brocade embossed with gold.

Since September 1998 Powell has been on the management board of America Online. Eight months ago, the retired general voted with other members of the board to approve AOL's purchase of Time Warner.

When Gen. Powell steps to the NAB podium in San Francisco, it's unlikely he'll mention that he holds AOL stock options worth \$13.3 million. Nor is he expected to note that his son Michael Powell - one of the five FCC commissioners - has refused to recuse himself from the agency's pending vote on whether to approve the merger of AOL and Time Warner.

Dissent is not on the agenda at the NAB convention. But I look forward to being among those who will speak at nearby independent forums - and will protest in the streets of San Francisco to confront the dire centralization of media ownership.

Articles probing the current clout of America's broadcast industry are posted at www.mediademocracynow.org - a Web site that's unlikely to be mentioned on the national airwaves. One of the most insidious prerogatives of radio and TV giants is that they largely filter out news about challenges to their own power.

When a Fish Rides a Bicycle

By F.L. Livingston

I can hardly believe it. I think I'm in shock. Gloria Steinem tying the knot at age 66? Astounding! Not just because it means that she took her very first "walk down the aisle" as a Senior Citizen (though it is "late," even by today's more liberal standards), but because this famous feminist has insisted for years that she did not want to wed. In fact, it was this outspoken founder of *Ms. Magazine* who once dismissed men as irrelevant to female happiness, declaring that "a woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle."

Guess she decided to take the ride. For there she was, on September 3, 2000, getting married to South African entrepreneur David Bale (yes, the father of Christian Bale of *American Psycho*).

How did this happen? And what does it mean, if anything, for the young?

Well, to be accurate, it's not the first time that Gloria has ridden on that romantic two-seater. She's had a number of boyfriends. She just didn't want marriage or kids. Having had to care for a mentally ill mother at a tender age, (after her father abandoned them), she felt she had already been a "parent," and one with a difficult child, at that. She wasn't eager to have "a family" of her own. But she generally had a man in her life. As columnist Sheryl McCarthy said in a recent issue of *Newsday* (September 11, 2000), "Most of us were looking for boyfriends and husbands, while Steinem always seemed to have men at her beck and call."

The word "seemed" may be significant here. I'm sure that Gloria had her "lonely nights" and her "dry spells" just like the rest of us, if not as many or as long. But whenever we looked, she had a guy, often someone quite wealthy.

And why not? She has always been, reportedly, a beautiful woman, as well as intelligent and contemporary. No surprise that these men could like and/or love her.

And let's face it – as she became more and more of a celebrity, that must have added to the attraction. (Sort of like dating one of the "cool girls" at school, only better.) Even, perhaps, in the case of men who were fairly well-known, themselves. Even if what she was famous for was challenging male dominance. Besides, what an ego trip it must have been to be the man (or one of them, anyway) who got "the woman who didn't need men!"

It was also a testament to how "modern" the guy was. For in the immediate wake of Women's Lib, the image of "The New Man" became the ideal. (You know, the kind of guy who was supportive of a woman's career and cheerfully did half the housework, as well.) And many men scrambled to prove they could fill that role. What better measure of one's qualifications as such a "New Man" than to snag the revolutionary Gloria Steinem?

And as time went on, she probably found increasingly egalitarian matches. Or perhaps, she learned better techniques for shaping them that way.

But marriage? Gloria, you said you didn't want that! What made you change your mind?

Or was all that rejection of matrimony just a cover-up for not having found "the right guy?" A way to hide a sense of personal failure? A

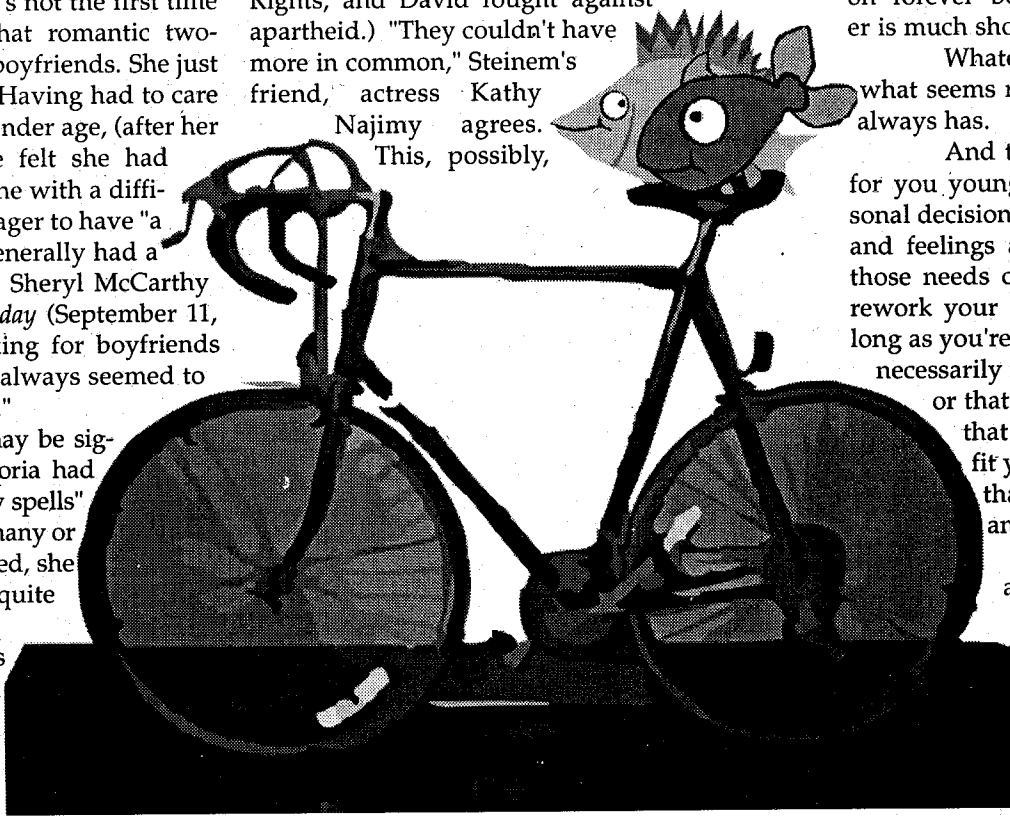
case of denial or even "sour grapes?" A way to appear to "drive away" that which had consistently eluded you? Do you even know?

"We can't follow everything Gloria Steinem says," I used to warn my girlfriends in college. "Work is one thing, but with relationships, it's different. When it comes to guys, she's not on the same 'wavelength' as the 'average' girl. She doesn't want to get married, but most of us do. She doesn't have the same romantic goals that we do."

Well maybe she did and just didn't know it. It's conceivable that Steinem merely drew out the proverbial search for "Mr. Right," albeit subconsciously, staving off marriage until she came upon a man who fully connected with her. As Christian points out, Steinem and his dad share several "passions and interests." These include "animal rights, environmental issues, and feminist causes." (Also, Gloria once worked for Civil Rights, and David fought against apartheid.) "They couldn't have more in common," Steinem's friend, actress Kathy

Najimy agrees.

This, possibly,



is what she was waiting for.

Some people have even called into question her involvement in Women's Lib. Do they have a point? Was her flaming feminism, itself, just a smokescreen to cover some inner frustration?

That, I think, is more doubtful. Especially since she's still a liberationist and so is Mr. Bale. They even gave a nod to gender equality at their ceremony when they had themselves pronounced "partners" instead of "husband and wife."

But why marry, at all? True, their nuptials defied convention. The couple took their vows at a small sunrise wedding at the Oklahoma home of Wilma Mankiller (okay, no jokes about feminism and the name), previously a head chief of the Cherokee Nation. Eschewing any religious rituals of the Judeo-Christian tradition, the newlyweds, nonetheless, sought some spirituality in their ceremony. So they employed the dual services of Oklahoma District Judge Sandy Crosslin and Cherokee "spiritual person," Charlie Soap. (Mankiller's husband. And no jokes about his name either, please.) Gloria is still somewhat of a maverick. And now she has found someone who shares her flair for the unusual.

Still – marriage Gloria? Well, no one is more astonished than the renowned women's rightist, herself. "What's the one thing I wouldn't

do?" she asked her friend Suzanne Braun Levine as a way of announcing her marriage. (Yes, Levine, a journalist, guessed the truth, immediately.)

Nor can I help but continue to pursue this issue. After all, if I saw a fish out for a spin on a bike, I'd want to know what was up. Wouldn't you?

Ms. Steinem promises to write a book about this. She also asserts that "feminism is about choosing what's right for you" at any given time of life.

So maybe she's become more traditional as she's grown older. Or perhaps, she just wants to make sure that she has a companion to "grow old and gray" with. Can it be that she lost faith in such phrases as "in sickness and in health" when her father took off, leaving her to cope with her mom's problems? (She denies any anger at her dad.) But that now she's willing to take a chance on "forever" because, as the old song goes, "forever is much shorter than before?"

Whatever The idea is that she's doing what seems right for her for right now – as she always has.

And therein lies the message, I contend, for you young people. That you can make personal decisions in response to your own thoughts and feelings at any point in time. And that, if those needs change, you can often rethink and rework your agenda with little or no regret (as long as you're not hurting anyone else). It doesn't necessarily mean that you were "wrong" before

or that you've "caved" now; it may be just that you've reordered your priorities to fit your new situation or viewpoint. Or that you put some goals off for "later," and, suddenly, "later" is here

But wait a minute You knew that already. In the year 2000 it goes almost without saying that you can marry or not, sooner or later, "forever" or more than once. That you can have (or adopt) kids, again sooner or later, and in a variety of ways. That you can have close friends of either or both sexes.

And ditto (increasingly) for lovers, if you're so inclined. That you can put career ahead of personal life, or vice versa, or find a way (such as flextime) to give equal attention to both. Etc. With a longer lifespan, modern technology, and broader opportunities for both genders, you can make almost any choice at almost any moment.

Yet, a confirmed female bachelor getting hitched -- and in her senior years? That highlights it all! It says that, for all of us, men and women, young, old, and in between, the possibilities are endless. Even for a water-weary fish who's itching to get her fins on a bike.

Major Source: "The Hitch Parade," *People*. Vol.54. No. 12. September 18, 2000. P. 60.

* Actually, I don't know what's "wrong" with "husband and wife." It was formerly the feminist wording of choice over "man and wife." Their argument was that the latter portrayed the groom as a person, while the bride seemed to have morphed into nothing more than his possession. So most clergy have altered the phrase.

Do feminists now object to the new wording for some reason? Is it just Bale and Steinem who do? Or was this merely an attempt to gloss over the fact that Gloria had done a nearly 180-degree turn on the subject of "wedded bliss?" We may never know.

STONY
BROOK

BUSH OR GORE: PUSH FOR WAR

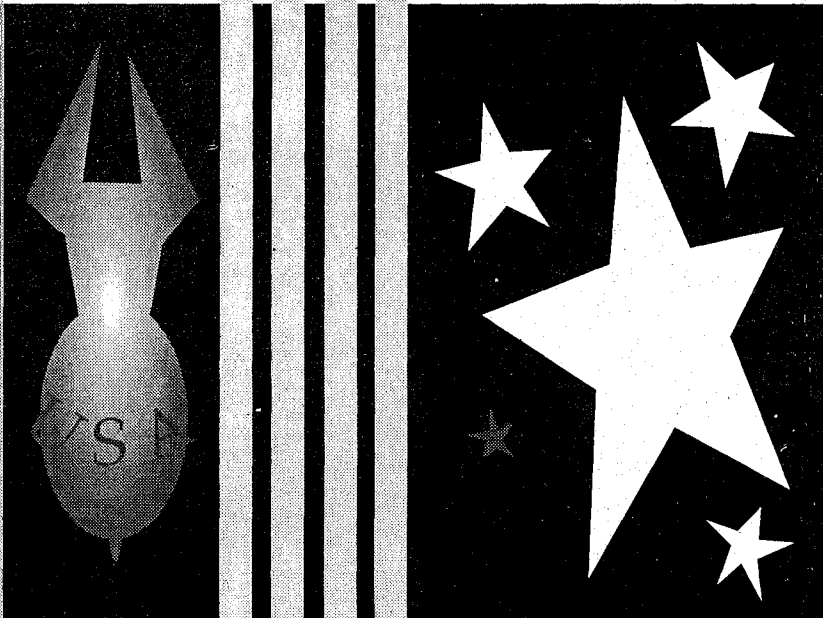


By Stephen Preston

You might be forgiven for not knowing that we're at war. At their conventions, both Bush and Gore vied for the position of "preserving our present peace and prosperity." Such a slogan is pleasant, but in reality, we're neither at peace nor in prosperity. I'll talk about prosperity in another article, but for now I want to discuss peace.

The issue is particularly relevant to Stony Brook, whose mascot (the Seawolf) is of course named after a nuclear submarine. Indeed, despite a tradition of pacifist activism on campus (ranging from demonstrations against the Vietnam war, to large protests against the Iraq war of 1991, to the current anti-SOA movement led by Bill McNulty and Maryann Bell), the sports teams on campus have been seemingly motivated by the idea of nuclear war.

You may recall that our original logo, the Stony Brook Mushroom Cloud, was replaced several years ago after some complaints that it "sent the wrong message" about nuclear power. The new logo, the Stony Brook Fission Reaction, designed by Kenny friend Milton Glaser, more subtly reflects the nuclear theme: a red ball, repre-



senting uranium-235, is hit with a neutron, and divides into various fission products (represented by the blue and green balls). Along the way, photons are released (the white lines travelling across the three balls). The new logo portrays nuclear power in a more pleasing light, which is especially helpful given the community's inexplicable paranoia about Brookhaven's nuclear plant. (In an interesting twist, the three-ball logo was originally meant to represent a tritium molecule, but the interpretation changed after Brookhaven leaked tritium into the local water supply.)

Of course, the new logo is too subtle for most people to have noticed, so the Seawolves have taken up the nuclear theme more explicitly. If you haven't gone to many Seawolf games, you might not have noticed this new cheer, for example:

Our players are staunch:
They defeat with aplomb.
But if you beat them, we'll launch
A nuclear bomb... at your mom!

This cheer, in addition to the recent practice of starting all events with a mechanical voice saying, "Shall we play a game?" is just part of the new Division I strategy, and seems like it should pay off soon.

So out of respect to the Stony Brook Seawolves, I'll avoid discussing nuclear nonproliferation treaties and national missile defense for now. Instead, I'll discuss the various wars that we've just begun, the ones that we never finished, and the ones that we haven't even started yet (but probably will soon).

Colombia: As part of our War on Drugs (effectively a war on minorities at home and the poor abroad), we've just sent \$1.3 billion to the country to help the military fight guerrillas. The Clinton Administration promised that there would be plenty of non-military aid to improve the economic conditions, but ended up passing the buck to Europe. Europe decided it didn't want to support Clinton's plan to exacerbate Colombia's long-running civil war, and has been hesitant to send any money. So, as usual, the American plan is simply to help the military and right-wing paramilitaries try to defeat the leftist guerrillas. As in Vietnam, it's starting off with a few advisors, some military equipment, and a firm commitment not to involve American troops, but we know what that led to before.

Interestingly, the Clinton Administration has begun spraying herbicides over Colombia's cocaine fields, in a disturbing reminder of the "Agent Orange" defoliant used in Vietnam. Clinton wants to start using a fungus genetically engineered to kill coca plants (and many other crops, and possibly other things...) in Colombia, but due to international laws banning the use of biological weapons, he can't yet. Rest assured, he's working on it. You can bet Al "Mr. Environment" Gore will continue the biological war on drugs if elected, and Bush actively supports it as well. (Bush has said his Administration would put a new emphasis on Latin America, but it's unclear whether that was meant as a promise or a threat.)

In addition, the military units who are getting this money, equipment, and training are known to be guilty of gross violations of human rights: they tacitly help paramilitaries who threaten and sometimes massacre peasants suspected of leftist sympathies, and sometimes even do the dirty work themselves. This isn't some radical's conspiracy theory -- it's admitted by Clinton's State Department. Congress authorized the spending under the condition that Colombia's military show signs of improvement, but since it hasn't shown any improvement at all, Clinton has overridden this provision.

Serbia: We're still occupying Kosovo (we've shut down opposing media and everything), and the State Department frequently threatens to restart the Serbian war if Milosevic "tries anything funny." Funny stuff ranges from not letting Montenegro secede to trying to win the election against an American-backed opponent.

Some of us who opposed the Serbian war came up with various sinister underlying causes of it. One such cause was the Trepca mining complex, which is the most valuable single enterprise in what's left of Yugoslavia and is located in Kosovo. Now, I have to admit that I wasn't completely convinced this was the real reason... That is, until just recently, when NATO officials, claiming that the mine was poisoning the air, took it over. The plan is to close it temporarily, then reopen it, fire most of the workers (Serbian and ethnic Albanian), and sell the complex to Western multinationals. I wish it weren't true, but it seems like the most cynical among us were correct.

Another interesting connection, especially to the Bush campaign, is that Dick Cheney's company, Halliburton, was the major contractor which

built the bases for American troops in Kosovo. When Cheney was Secretary of Defense under Bush the Elder, he led the drive to privatize such things, and is still benefiting from such wars. Of course, Bush and Gore both want troops to remain in Kosovo indefinitely.

Iraq: Yes, we're still at war with Iraq. The economic sanctions imposed ten years ago have turned Iraq into one of the poorest countries in the world, with at least one million children dead from malnutrition or disease that would have been easily preventable had Iraq been allowed to import food and medicine freely.

We're also still bombing the country, almost daily, though on a low-enough level that hardly anybody seems to know about it. The occasional civilian gets killed, of course, but it's all Saddam's fault, as usual.

Korea: Believe it or not, the Korean War is still not over. After fifty years, there is still no peace treaty, which is why there are tens of thousands of American troops stationed on the border between North and South Korea. The South Korean President recently revealed that he just barely managed to prevent Clinton from bombing North Korea, over concerns about the latter's nuclear weapons program. (Yes, I said I wouldn't offend the Seawolves, but allow me this one aberration.)

North and South Korea recently held historic talks on reunification, talks which almost single-handedly eliminated the intense hostility between the two that has existed for the past half-century. The U.S., naturally, refuses to believe it, and reminds South Korea that there's no reason at all for American troops to be withdrawn. One of the problems with Koreans deciding to be peaceful with each other is that it eliminates the rationale both for American military bases in Southeast Asia and also for the ballistic missile program (which after all is based on the greatly exaggerated threat of a nuclear attack by North Korea). (OK, two aberrations.)

Bush and Gore, of course, both want hostilities to continue, and both plan to continue the ballistic missile system, despite the fact that it's not only unnecessary, but hasn't a chance of working. (Three aberrations, but that's all, I promise.)

Sudan: You'll recall our *Wag-the-Dog*-style attack on the Sudanese pharmaceutical factory, in order to distract attention from Monica Lewinsky's story. (Of course, in *Wag the Dog*, nobody actually died from the phony war, unlike this bombing.) The Clinton Administration admitted that it had no evidence that the factory was making chemical weapons, as it originally claimed, and thus its bombing was clearly illegal. However, it did manage to destroy the factory, which had produced half of Sudan's aspirin.

Armenia/Azerbaijan: Here's the war which is probably coming, especially if Bush wins. It's another oil war: the Caspian Sea region has a lot of untapped oil underneath it, and Armenia and Azerbaijan, former Soviet Republics, happen to lie atop it. These two countries are fighting over the region of Nagorno-Karabakh, in a situation very similar to the India/Pakistan feud over Kashmir.

Of course, there's no reason to worry about India and Pakistan, since there's no oil down there, but there's a strong possibility that an oil-friendly administration (which could be either Bush's or Gore's, since both their families are heavily invested in oil) would intervene, probably on the side of Azerbaijan, to get free access to the petroleum underneath. Watch for this conflict to expand over the next couple of years.

Manic notes



By Debbie Sticher



**Top Ten Self-Indulgent Pictures Featuring Cookies
Stolen From The Polity Conclave So Long Ago That It's No Longer Relevant**



ARE YOU "GENDER DIFFERENT?"

HERE'S TO BEING (MORE) OPEN AT SCHOOL

By Brian Kate

I've decided to be a lot more open about myself at this school. You might say, "but aren't you already open about yourself here at school?" Not really, at least not so far.

Okay, I've been writing this column on gender issues and my gender and all that stuff every couple issues for about a year now. But I haven't really been open as a trans(gressively)gendered student here. In my first year here, I didn't feel welcome as a genderqueer student here; so I wasn't running out to tell anybody and everybody. Sure, I wrote this column, but no one really knew that it was me. And I didn't have a picture of myself in it, especially not one of me in full makeup. As it is, when Hilary first suggested the idea, I was pretty hesitant. I felt like "should I be this public?" I was afraid of the reaction I would get when people found out about me. Never mind that anyone who followed the web link at the end of my column could see all sorts of pictures of me; I was afraid to take this step nonetheless. In the end, I decided to add my picture. I felt I had to, I have to be more open; I have to be myself at this school. I won't be happy unless I'm true to myself, and open about myself.

That's what I've learned over the last year, over the last couple years. I've learned that I can't just stick my head in the sand and think that's going to keep me from encountering prejudice and hatred. I've seen too many people like me destroy themselves and completely sell themselves out, because they thought that would end their oppression for being "gender-different." All you end up doing is hating yourself, and since you're not true to yourself, you can't be true to your friends either. I didn't realize that I was playing into something almost as bad; I wasn't selling myself or my friends



out, but I was hurting myself by working so hard not to be noticed.

I thought, if people don't know about me, that I'm genderqueer, I won't get threatened in the street, bothered by family, made fun of at school, harassed by teachers or generally mistreated because of my gender. I thought if I could just not be noticed, no one would give me any crap. And this definitely extended to school. Until recently, I haven't known any other genderqueer students at this school. I didn't even know any openly gay or lesbian students here. I'd even had a gender studies teacher tell me she wouldn't mention anyone other than men and women. I didn't feel welcome or included, so of course I didn't let anybody know. And I felt miserable, having to hide everywhere.

What I learned is that hiding got me nowhere, it didn't even keep me from getting harassed and messed with. I learned this most fully the night I was almost murdered. That made me start coming to some decisions, which my general unhappiness was moving me toward anyway. I realized that I have to be open about myself. Otherwise, I'd go completely nuts. I'm flat out tired of worrying "is this person gonna be a jerk if they find out?" I want to know if I'm dealing with an asshole here and now.

So I've started being more open here at school. I've included my picture with my column. I've started looking and dressing the way I want. The other day I wore a miniskirt to school. I expected this huge negative reaction. Instead, people pretty much treated me the same as always, as a person. Meanwhile, one of my friends has been getting on the Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual/Transgendered Alliance to push gender/transgender issues more and more upfront at school. Some other people are even

starting to come forward. I don't think they would have had the courage to come forward, if I myself and a couple others didn't have that courage. I guess Armistead Maupin is right, the world does change in direct proportion to the amount of people willing to be honest about their lives.

My email is DarkKate@yahoo.com and also Barbieboy01@aol.com and my site, "Welcome To Kate's World," can be found at www.angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate/

Interacting With "Gender-Variant" People:

Some Basic Do's And Don'ts

- Don't tell us we're "evil" or "sick."
- Don't tell us "you'd be happier if we'd change."
- Don't tell us "I can learn to deal with it."
- Do make an effort to get to know us as people.
- Do treat us the way you'd want to be treated.
- Do be open and accepting.
- Don't be condescending or judgmental.
- Do be open and enthusiastic to know us.
- Don't tell us who we are, how we should identify, or what we should answer to.
- Do ask us what we want to be called.
- Do ask us what we identify as, what we consider ourselves
- Don't ostracize us or make us feel unwelcome.
- Do include us; Do let us participate.
- Do ask us for our views, for our input.
- Don't look at us as "so different."
- Don't lump everyone who goes outside as "man or woman" together.
- Do realize that we're all people and we're all individuals.
- Do realize that we all deal with the same issues, though maybe not the exact same ways



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Thurs 19th		Fri 20th		Sat 21st		Sun 22nd		Mon 23rd		Tues 24th	
midnite to 5 AM every evening of SALSATHON is ONDA nocturne											
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4-5		5									
5-6		6		En Vivo desde la UPR Tite Curet Juan Medina Cucho Perez		Musica Tipica		Folclorica		Afro-antillana	
6-7		7		La Palabra Radio Alerta en Long Island Rev Ricardo Reyes		Ensalada de Pulpo with Gil Colon		AUTORES DE LA MADEIRAMA CON JOANN FELIZ		La Palabra Radio Alerta en Long Island Reverendo Ricardo Reyes	
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12-1		1		From The Archives...		Live From UPR!!!		Millennial Edition		Dominicanizando el Swing!!	
1-2		2		Henry Medina							
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4-5		5				Onda Nueva's 22nd Anniversary Live from Studio 233 The Lebron Bros & Yerhabuena		Latin Roots with Felipe Luciano		German Santana	
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8-9		9		Apertura e' Congo... El Bendicion en vivo!							
9-10		10		Onda Concierto with FELIPITO							
10-11		11								Live from SOB'S 22 yrs of Onda Nueva 27 Years of Manny Oquedo's HERE	

Descarga al Fin
con Felipito

Talking Carrots, Meno and the Natural Order of the Universe

By Christopher Gennari



"EAT ME" the Carrot yelled from the plate.

"No... I don't like you're kind"

"I'm getting tired of this, I don't want to fight anymore.

You're a person, I'm a carrot, we're all carrots here — except for the chicken marsala over there — we have certain roles to play."

"I know, I know..."

"SO EAT ME!!!"

"NO!!!" I screamed, and I ran away.

See, I don't like carrots; they don't, I believe, like me either. It isn't a healthy relationship. It isn't that I have anything personal against carrots. I just don't like them. They remind me of little Freddie Allen from grade school, sitting there all smug and orange, mocking me.

"Christopher, come back...please...we need you...you complete us...its so cold, so cold... we need you..." the sounds of the Sirens to

the sailors. So I returned, sat at the table and stared down at that plate of crinkle cut carrots. They sat separated from the remaining food, in their own little corner, an island unto themselves. Kate Winslet in a white sea of Corningware.

"Will you stop this silliness," the roundest one said, "you are having a conversation with your food. Will you just eat us and then you can get back to your reenacting of 'NSync dance steps or Survivor reruns or ogling underwear models in the Sears catalog or whatever it is you do."

"But I don't like you" I

said.

"Well then just throw us out, go ahead, waste us. We're just getting colder, you're making it worse. And what else do you have in the house? Remember you're mom sent us in that *care* package, she knows we're good for you... face it, we help you."

There was a pause and another one spoke up, a narrow, deep crinkled one. "We'll help you get girls...pretty ones...yeah...how about a tall Norwegian gymnast? They like American men who eat carrots. Or how about a sweet Venetian girl who plays a Spanish guitar and paints watercolors? Don't you want to be cool, hang out with cool people, wear cool clothes, read cool magazines?"

"Why do you sound like a beer commercial?" I asked, puzzled.

"Were figments of your imagination!!!" the round one yelled, obviously pissed off and tiring of my stubborn unwillingness to give in to the natural order of the universe. He paused and took a deep breath, "We are manifestations of your current psychological state, a vocalization of all the things you feel you can not control in your life. First, you are a graduate student, which means that you are living far below the poverty level despite having three part time jobs, two degrees of higher learning and a charming personality. Second, you put in four 17 hour days, which leads to things like these. Third, your regular diet revolves around milk duds, pizza, microwave popcorn and the near pure syrup distillation of Coca Cola which contains a tremendous concentration of known addictive stimulants, formerly containing a highly addictive narcotic and is said to be a hallucinogenic in its non hydro-carbonated form."

"That's all we're allowed to have on campus," I said. There's regulations, contracts, controlled social behavioral experiments. All I want...is...a... Snapple."

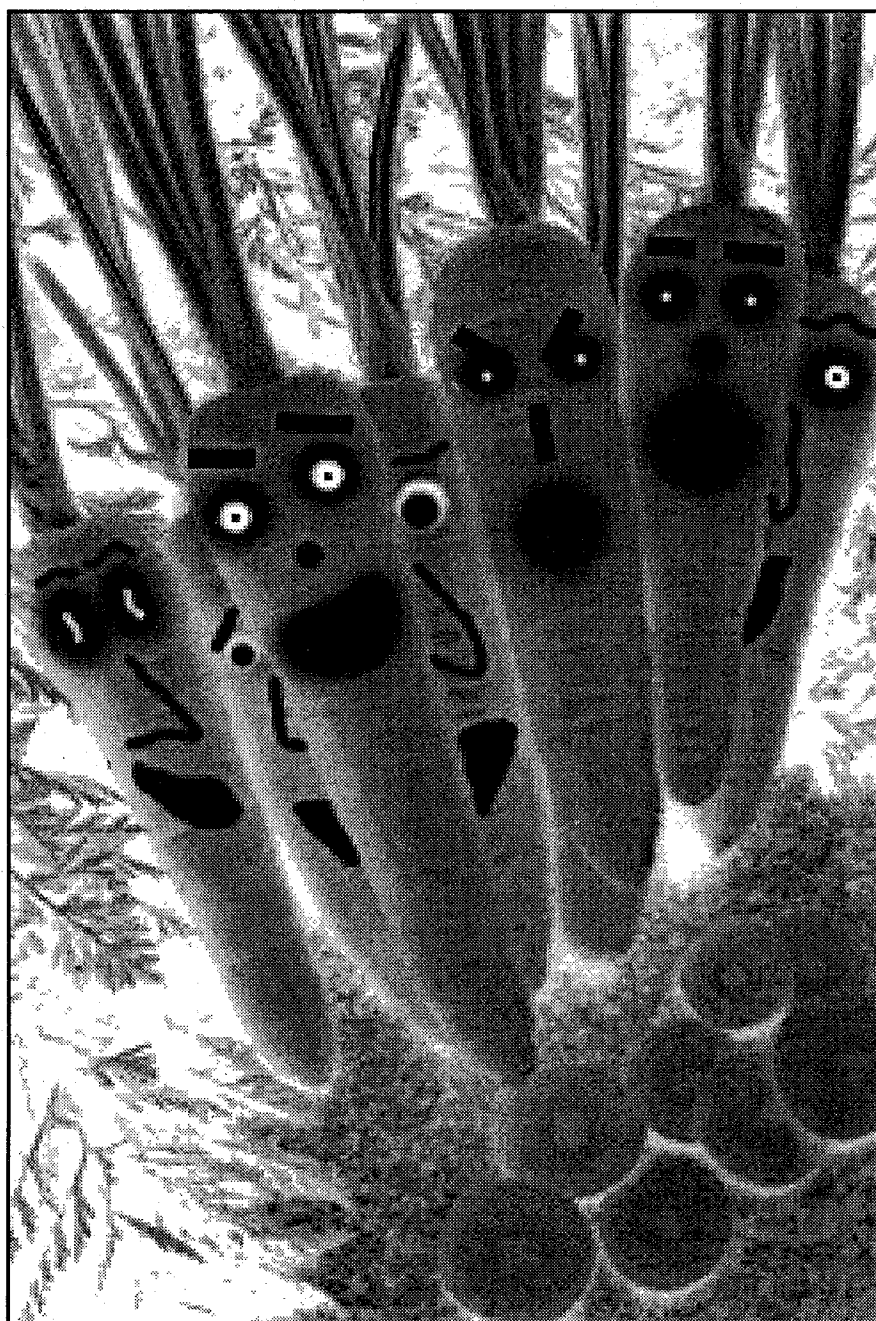
"Quit your complaining. Just because someone you don't know and who doesn't care about you made a decision that directly affects you're mental health without even asking you doesn't mean you can complain about it. Soon you'll want to sue Barenaked Ladies for false advertising. Fourth, you currently exist in a world where science can get people to the moon, clone animals and deconstruct the human psyche and genetic code, but can't find a method to keep your housemates' bedspring from squeaking *at all hours of the night!* Its surprising more people don't have arguments with their food.

"Now, listen to this logic. You are a homosapien; you are the pinnacle of four million years of evolution. The height of the global food chain. To allow the bio-electrical mechanisms occurring at a sub-cellular level to continue you need a complicated blend of nutrients, vitamins, minerals and water which are mostly consumed through other organic materials, namely food. You ingest these carbon based tissues, digest them with a combination of mechanical and chemical processes and extract the essential nutrients. These extracted materials are then used at a molecular level. That which is not used passes through your remaining digestive tract, is removed and eventually reintegrated into the ground to start the process over again."

My carrots were making sense.

"Thus it is your duty, your obligation to the continuance of your own biology, to eat us. Let us help you, Chris, let us work for you. We are proud to serve, to do *our* duty. Because Chris, if you don't eat us, we don't pass on our nutrients. We do not become what we are intended to be. We become nothing, purposeless. Don't make us purposeless."

Together they put on sad faces with puppy dog eyes and protruding lower lips. How could I resist? I didn't like the carrots but they made a good argument. I felt like Meno after being publicly humiliated by Socrates. But I had to reheat them first. Food is better hot.



HUG ME, PLEASE!

By Christopher Gennari

I needed a hug. Really needed a hug. All my goldfish had died, my dog ate my homework, my girlfriend left for Manitoba in the middle of the night to be a pig wrestler, leaving only a Dear John letter, and my grandmother accused me of spying for the Bolivians. It was one of *those* days.

To reiterate, I needed a hug. But where could I get a hug? Who could I hug? What kind of hug would not only do the most good but be the most appropriate. I was confused, lost, alone... hugless.

I never did get that hug. I ended up sitting in the corner of my darkened bedroom clad only in my Fruit of the Loom underwear briefs munching absently on a Tostitos, Cracker Jacks and Ben & Jerry's Triple Chocolate Fudge Crunch, occasionally downing a six pack of JOLT Cola, while watching taped episodes of Felicity (how could she pick Ben over Noel... it isn't right... Noel was the nice guy...) I was a little depressed.

On day six, while going through a scrapbook of bad - heart-breaking - memories involving ex-girlfriends and rodeo clowns, I came across a program from an undergraduate RA program on Hug Therapy. Through the twang haze of Johnny Cash on the radio I found my answers. After I read those beautiful words printed on orange copy paper I had an epiphany. I felt better. I showered and shaved and put on deoderant. I was clean. The ghost of the desert coming into town with a six gun and a greenback.

Now, to help you avoid a six day stinky depression I am going to share my HUG RUBRIC. So you know what kind of hugs you need, what kind of hugs to give and who to involve in your hugs. Screwing this up could lead to embarrassment and then into Stinky Depression regression and eventually to a rebirth of Communism.

Fast Male Pat Hug:

Description: Primarily between two men. Both hugger and huggee approach each other and

provide three to four synchronous whacks across the others back. Examples can be observed in any mob movie, sport movie, or war movie made in the last 50 years.

Positive: Allows a socially acceptable manner for heterosexual men to embrace without endangering their fragile media created masculine identities.

Negative: Possible broken ribs.

Buried Head Hug:

Description: Usually between a couple in which one member is head and shoulders taller. The shorter person buries his/her head into the space underneath the taller persons chin. The couple then wraps their arms around each other.

Positive: Shows deep affection between two people during a tender moment.

Negative: Fairly obvious public display of affection. Can involve deep conversation concerning nature of the relationship.



Cheek to Cheek After Kiss Hug:

Description: A quick embrace usually following a kiss. Seen in most romantic movies from the 1950's.

Positive: Good end to a passionate moment usually following the announcement of joyous news, socially acceptable as PDA.

Negative: Joyous news usually accompanied by an engagement ring

Various Single Body Part Hug:

Description: A hug in which the hugger embraces a single body part of the huggee (a leg, an arm, a torso).

Positive: Allows a tender moment in normally non-hugable places or positions (ie. while driving in the car)

Negative: Embracing hugee's legs while they are trying to walk away after breaking up with you and begging for another chance is usually considered pathetic.

Wraparound (Full-Contact Nude Post-Sex) Hug:

Description: A full embrace in which the hugger nearly envelopes the huggee. Most of the couples' bodies are in contact. The couple is in a prone position approximating the missionary or spoons position. Can also be a modified Disappearing Hug as couple faces each other.

Positive: Results from fantastic sex and a close emotional bond between couple. Allows couple to catch their breath. Usually leads to warm and fuzzy post sex napping. Considered the foundation of cuddling.

Negative: Considered the foundation of cuddling. Pretty awkward if you are already getting dressed.

What kind of hug would not only do the most good but be the most appropriate. I was confused, lost, alone... hugless.

ting dressed.

There are the basic hugs. Of course, there are variations. If you take this rubric and know the pluses and minus of each hug you should be well covered in most eventualities. Feeling down but no significant other around just a bunch of friends - try for the Buried Head Hug or a Cheek to Cheek Hug with the non-kiss variation. Feeling close to the person you're with at the moment but can't stop walking go for the Singular Body Part probably embracing the hugee's arm.

A hug is a good way of being (or at least feeling) close to someone else. It feels good and not in that Puritans-Would-Not-Red-Letter-On-Your-Chest kind of way. Consequently, a hug is an intimate thing. A hug does contain the power of emotional projection; it may symbolize unsaid sympathy or attraction or appreciation. But, Freud also said that sometimes a Hug is Just a Hug except when its Not (this is one of his less known maxims). So avoid stinky depression, looking through old photo albums at 2.36 in the morning, and watching Felicity by getting in touch with that special someone.

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POLITICAL IGNORANCE

By Chris Latham

God knows what possessed me to combine politics and alcohol. Especially here at Stony Brook. Loud music, stale pizza and mind altering substances filtered the room. Friday night had come, and all was right with the world. Until my friend, who for the sake of anonymity I'll just label "John," shook me from my inebriated euphoria with one speech slurred sentence: "Fuck democrats! I'm conservative all the way!"

Everyone is entitled to his or her own opinions. This belief is the glue that unites us, for better or worse, as Americans. But there is a serious

Unfortunately, [John] represents a huge demographic — the uninformed, middle class, young WASP male. I cannot begin to count the number of people fitting this description that I have had to educate about the political issues of the day, often simply so they can have a legitimate reason to disagree with me.

responsibility that comes with the freedom to voice those opinions, to know what we are talking about. Unfortunately, an alarming amount of people do not know what they're talking about when it comes to the political views they claim to support.

Admittedly, I am a Democrat. Or rather I am strongly opposed to most conservative views about what the social fabric of America should be. Still, I can see the pragmatic merit of many Republican policies. When I merge these perspectives, however, I tend to stand against the GOP. But this is a decision formed from careful research and analysis of the various factors pertaining to these issues; not hearsay based on the words of those around me, and not assumptions that I take for granted.

John's statement unsettled me. We had only known each other for five months, but I thought that was enough time to draw certain conclusions about him, and being conservative was not one of them. Though baffled, I remembered that we were drunk, and that politics is the eternal

buzz-kill, so I let it pass until the next day. Considering that John ended the night lying in his own vomit on the bathroom rug, I hoped that his exclamation was the rambling of the intoxicated. No such luck.

During a two-hour conversation, I saw John's lack of understanding of the issues. He told me he is in fact a Republican, and that he is indeed conservative. I asked him why. He told me that Democrats are corrupt, and that he doesn't want the government telling him what to do with his dollar. I accepted that as a valid, if narrow-minded, argument — until we discussed the social aspect.

There were a few things John didn't know about the

Republican Party. He didn't know that many Republicans oppose a woman's right to abortion. He didn't know that the GOP is strongly against gays' right to marry and join the military. He didn't know many of

them want to severely limit welfare and affirmative action. He didn't know the National Rifle Association gets most of its support from "the conservative right." He didn't even know that George W. Bush, Jr., the Republican presidential nominee, is governor of the state with the highest death penalty execution rate in the nation.

Eventually, he asked me if I truly opposed every facet of the Republican platform, such as their stances on reforming healthcare, preserving social security and strengthening the military. I conceded that I do not. I explained, in fact, that my only problem with the Republican Party is that I find their social and moral views to be counterproductive to the fights for equality, acceptance and charity. And although the Democratic Party has made few serious attempts to further the causes of gays, women and minorities, I do feel there is at least the understanding that these things must occur if our nation is to reach its full potential. From this acknowledgement came the repeated argument that I am a bleeding heart liberal who

lets his ideals cloud the reality that big government is oppressive and harmful to the public good.

Of course, by explaining these things to John, I gave him ammunition to use against me, which he has time and again in our many debates. But then I would rather make an informed opponent over an uninformed ally any day.

There would be little need for this tirade, if only John was the exception and not the rule. Unfortunately, he represents a huge demographic — the uninformed, middle class, young WASP male. I cannot begin to count the number of people fitting this description that I have had to educate about the political issues of the day, often simply so they can have a legitimate reason to disagree with me.

Last semester I conducted a class research project where I interviewed 30 people around campus and questioned them on their political knowledge concerning the presidential primaries. Results showed that only nine people could identify each of the nominees and their platforms. Disturbingly, 14 people could not identify the major policies of the nominees and seven people could not even name each of the major nominees. While this was a small poll, those interviewed covered a wide set of characteristics, from freshmen to seniors, 18 year-olds to 22 year-olds, biochemistry majors to music majors and many ethnicities. My experiences with the research project and random conversations have moved me to conclude that uninformed voters are rampant, not only here at Stony Brook, but everywhere.

Just before the school year ended, John and I had another discussion. He admitted that there was a lot he didn't know about politics, candidates and issues. During the summer however, he talked with his father, also a Republican, about some of these issues. Four weeks into a new school year, John is still a Republican.

He says he doesn't agree with their conservative social stances, but that he does agree with their economic policies. He tells me Bush is far from the ideal candidate, but that Gore is no better. He also told me he hasn't decided whom he's voting for yet, but that he will once he does more research.

I suppose I can't ask for much more than that, but given the number of voters still running around with uninformed opinions, I'm far from satisfied.

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Sorochin

By Chris Sorochin

Last spring, Hollywood spat up a nasty little hairball called Rules of Engagement, which posited the joy of mowing down Arab civilians because they're all fuckin' terrorists, anyway. Godfrey Cheshire, film critic for the New York Press, did a splendid, damning hatchet job, to which I accorded public approbation. Unfortunately, he couldn't leave right-on enough alone, and a short fortnight later, he came up with a fawning review of a more traditional WWII submarine flick. I couldn't resist letting my sentiments be heard.

To the Editor:

I loved Godfrey Cheshire's excellent review of Rules of Engagement so much I read it over the air on my public affairs show, "The Ungodly Hours," on WUSB (90.1 FM Stony Brook)

I was especially gratified to see that the review got under the skins of self-described moron John England and his bonehead counterpart Ted Klein, whose everything-but-the-swastika letters appeared, appropriately, in the April 19 edition.

So you can imagine my disappointment when I read Cheshire's column of April 26, in which he rhapsodizes over U-571, which sounds like another glorification of war because in this one, "Americans are the ones who retain a sense of honor, decency and clear moral boundaries."

I guess when Cheshire praises as a "real" war movie he means one that isn't "realistic;" he longs for those good old days when our soldiers (at least in movies) were good and noble and theirs were evil and nasty. For its many other faults, Rules of Engagement at least sounds like what usually happens: our boys do horrible and repugnant things and then a massive propaganda machinery (including Hollywood, which makes movies like Rules of Engagement) supplies moral justification. Sounds like the sort of cotton-candy view of war and militarism that is even more dangerous.

Even in World War II, the so-called "Good War" that Cheshire seems to have such nostalgia for, the US and Allies employed heavily the now standard practice of "strategic bombing," i.e. bombing civilian populations to terrorize them. Do the names Dresden, Hiroshima and Coventry ring any bells?

Sincerely,
Chris Sorochin

Just on the off chance that the NYPress didn't print my brilliant critique (they didn't), I took it upon myself to respond personally, albeit anonymously, to Messrs. England and Klein.

Dear Mr. England:

I write in regard to your letter to the New York Press of April 19. If you are not the John England that wrote said letter, kindly disregard the remainder of this communication.

Not all vets are morons. Many, like those involved in Veterans For Peace, Vietnam Vets Against the War and Citizen Soldier, are quite intelligent and well-spoken in combatting the real-life events behind the premise of shitty movies like Rules of Engagement. Philip Berrigan and Ron Kovic are vets.

Nor are all the residents of Florida neces-

sarily moronic. Many local groups were in the forefront of opposition to the launch of the Cassini space probe, a project whose end result will be to introduce nuclear weapons into outer space, from Cape Canaveral.

But it is nevertheless a positive sign that you at least recognize that you are a moron; self-knowledge is an important first step in achieving enlightenment. Morons are not, by the way, defined by geography. Note the letter following yours by your fellow cement-head Ted Klein, from the allegedly left-wing planet of Manhattan. Your letter admonishes us "not to be too quick to judge the soldier (or cop) unless you've known the stress he's under," but you seem to forget that soldiers and cops are often sent in (by whom? and why? Very important questions.) to judge people they don't know or understand. No one today exactly has a gun held to his/her head to become a soldier or cop. And even back in the bad old days of the draft, one could opt for the more morally elevated stresses of

p r i s o n ,
exile or living underground. For those who came to their senses too late, there was desertion. Tales a b o u n d from the Vietnam Era of those who refused to obey orders or even frayed their commanders.

And while we're on the subject of stress, consider how stressful it must be to have your small, impoverished country stomped on by the world's largest military superpower. Gee, without the luxury of saturation bombing from 10,000 feet, you might just resort to guerilla tactics (like the popular putting-a-bomb-in-the-kids'-diapers, echoed by the child snipers in Rules of Engagement. Sure killing kids is justified).

Similarly the stress engendered by being in the wrong color skin or the wrong neighborhood when confronted by a pack of the psychothug cops roaming the countryside these days must be great indeed. I guess we shouldn't judge someone in this situation too harshly if they do anything rash or violent. By the way, why you leave New York? There's a Renaissance for guys who like to carry guns and blow away folks who don't look like them and the city government not only covers for them but encourages them, just like in the sort of sleazy little war glorified in Rules of Engagement. Large segments of the population support this, although that support is currently dwindling.

If you read Godfrey Cheshire's subsequent column (April 26), you'll see that he's not as much of a lefty as you imagine. He doesn't mind bullshit war movies as long as the Americans are portrayed as pure and good and principled. Don't get too much of that Florida sun. It softens the brain.

Sincerely,
A fellow NYPress Reader

As you can imagine, "Klein" is not exactly an unusual name in Manhattan. I was forced to send copies to several individuals, so I'm afraid that some innocent Kleins may have recieved an unexpected packet of my wrath. Collateral damage in the war of ideas, you might say.

Dear Mr. Klein:

(If you are not the Ted Klein who wrote a letter to the New York Press of April 19, kindly disregard the remainder of this communication.)

It appears you were wrong about Godfrey Cheshire; had you withheld your sarcasm until the next issue, you would have seen, in his review of that Mr. Cheshire prefers the old-fashioned type of bullshit war movies, in which the US guys are unmistakably and incontrovertibly noble, pure and good. He's not really ready for the new "realistic" school of jingoflick, where our boys are murderous scumbags, but provided with some bogus,

Similarly the stress engendered by being in the wrong color skin or the wrong neighborhood when confronted by a pack of the psychothug cops roaming the countryside these days must be great indeed.

rigged justification for they have to be so.

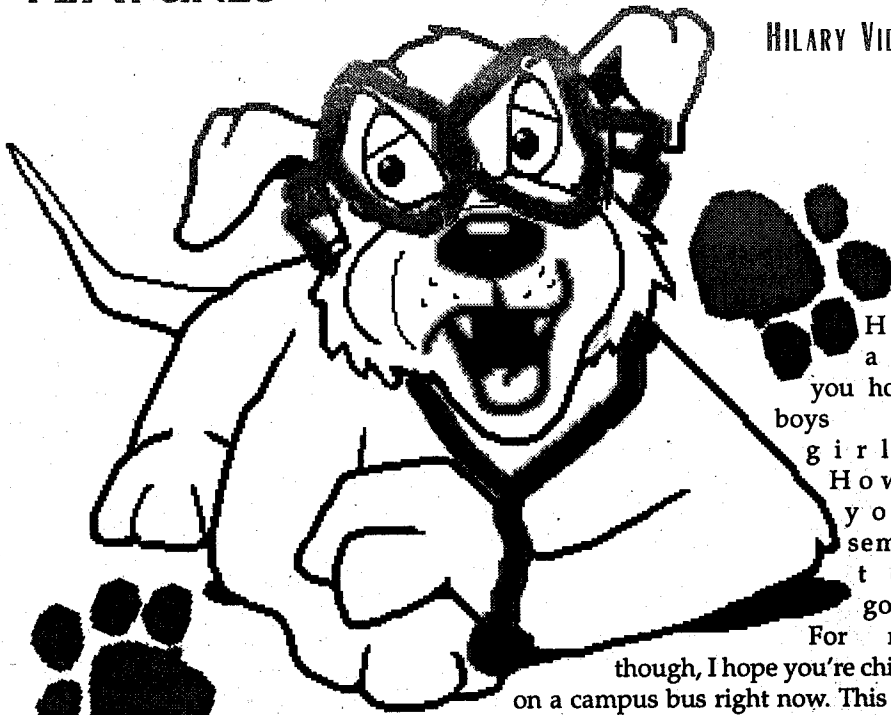
Of course, what Cheshire thinks is immaterial; it's much more important that the general public not buy into the sort of cryptofascist excrement furnished by things like Rules of Engagement. With any luck, Rules of Engagement will flop at the box office and be relegated to the shadowy half-life of video, where it can become the cult favorite of preadolescents and the type of losers who get off on things like Vietnam Home Movies.

I dunno why you employ the verb "dare" when you write about Rules of Engagement glorifying the Marines; plenty of mindless cinema portrays the military in far more glowing terms than are warranted by an institution whose raison d'etre (forgive the "egghead" use of a foreign phrase) is training young people to kill when ordered. There's nothing really "daring" about the militarist propaganda unconvincingly dressed up as a buck-the-system courtroom drama.

You describe Rules of Engagement as "flag-waving," meaning, I suppose, that your concept of love of country is somehow mixed up with the idea of slaughtering people from other countries. I'd be very careful with this: a society that lionizes mass killing can't shed too many crocodile tears when its schoolchildren decide one fine day that it'd be cool to walk into homeroom and blow everyone away. "The chickens coming home to roost" and all that.

Cheers,
A fellow NYPress reader

As I predicted, Rules of Engagement disappeared without too much of a ripple. So did U-571.



HILARY VIDAIR'S

DR. DOG

Its Like A Pornographic Episode Of Full House

her blond head as I stroked my big, black thunder-rod until I unleashed a load of my love-sauce all over the back of that seat in front of me. Makes me wonder if they cleaned it yet, has anyone out there seen a stain of joyjuice on the 5th seat on the left?"

Doesn't that just make you want to walk that extra mile to your car? How does that make all you women feel? Maybe you'll look over your shoulder one day and catch some guy spoojing behind you. I mean, you just sit down and unwind while he jacks off from behind!

But on to a slightly lower level of disturbance. Ladies, would you feel flattered if a man wacked it when he thought of you? Or would you feel objectified? Write in and let me know.

Better yet, what are the ladies thinkin' about when they rub-a-dub-dub? I know some women who think about their current partner. Often, they think of something they might never really have the guts to do. I also am aware of the fact that there are ladies out there who imagine extraordinary things such as whipping strangers or picture their friends gettin' it on while they watch. Would you every watch someone from afar while you were fiddling your fingers? Everyone has some kind of fetish, whether they practice it alone or with others. What makes you cream?

Some people like to experiment with a n audience — Check it out — this one girl I went to high school with used to get off on rubbing her foot slowly up and down her lover's crotch (this was with his boxers on and her foot still in a sock). He would squirm, biting his lip, and just before he would orgasm, she would stop, just staring him in the eyes while she massaged her breasts over her bra. There were always about five or six people in the room to admire this display. And mind you, all this would take place in the living room of his friend's house, where both of them were highly aware of possible parental peeking. Hence another turn on — the fear of getting caught.

Hey, catch me next time for some sizzlin' stripper stories!

"Dear Dr. Dog,

So you want some good masturbation stories? Aight, i'll clue you in to what spots on campus get me hot or just happened to be quiet. Well, way back in first semester I had a late Monday-Wednesday class, and I commute.

Basically, that bus back to South P is not to busy late at night. plus it always worked out that this hot bitch from my class also took the bus to South P at the time. I never talked to her since I had a girlfriend that was away in Maryland. Well, by midterms all the stress made me so horny, along with half a semester of staring at this broad in class, and keeping my eyes glued to her ass during the walk from Javits to the SAC loop. so I sat behind her on the bus after class one night, and kept my eyes on the back of

Ladies, how do you feel about a guy jerking off when he thinks of you? What do you think about when you masturbate? How do you feel about stripping for an audience? stonypress@hotmail.com

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*run with the little guy,
create some change

DON'T KID YOURSELF:

POST GRADUATION UNEMPLOYMENT

By Candice Ferrette

We tell others our plans to inspire ourselves. It keeps us going, I think it keeps us on track. We enter this institution of higher education with a plan (and yes, even studying liberal arts is a plan), regardless of how "confused," "misdirected" or "unfocused" we think we are or want to be, it's still a plan.

Since graduating in May, I've told myself and others of "my plans." Do people care how I spend the rest of my life? Probably not. I don't tell them because I think they care, I think I really just want to hear myself speak. Each time I tell a different side of my alleged "future plans," not only do they get funnier, but also I feel more comfortable settling into a new, seemingly adult life when I tell people about it. (Some have been false: I'm not going to star in a Woody Allen film. I haven't been sponsored by Campbell soup to go snowboarding in Colorado. And no, I'm not dating an investment banker with an imported German car.) These, and more, are the stories to keep me going as I sit here graduated, unemployed and broken-hearted.

Not that I'm having a pity party for myself. The truth is I'm a more or less happy go lucky girl these days. I think I could get a job. After all, I possess a valid New York driver's license, a clean bill of health, have good credit, a bachelor's degree from an accredited four-year college and a few previous employers, landladies and teachers (and of course my mom) who would come forward at the drop of a hat to vouch for my wellputtogetherness. There are those who, if called upon, could attest to having once been engaged in pseudo-intellectual discourse with me, in which I may or may not have been a catalyst. But I don't count on them.

Because I sincerely believe in learning from the experiences of others, I will put forth my academic, social and professional experiences, (well, may be just a brief summary) as an inspirational warning. I'm sacrificing part of myself so that you, the student (most likely a confused liberal arts major), can learn from the long, strange, yet beautifully fulfilling road to the current state of unemployment that I began four years ago.

I graduated from an extremely small, highly competitive, private school in Queens. I knew I did not want to go any of the small, liberal arts colleges from where my high school guidance counselor was getting kick-backs for pushing me, or my parents rather, to spend an exorbitant amount of money to attend. (I don't think I would have been able to handle my state of unemployment if my parents had to compromise their retirement for my so-called "higher education.")

So, I came to Stony Brook. At orientation, I was paired up with a phenomenal girl, who to this day carries the campy label of being "my first friend at college." Although we did not live together freshman year (those were the days when orientation was a mini three day sleep away camp during the summer), we, along with other good friends got together a suite and occupied space in Baruch College for three years.

And we had a wonderful little suite in Kelly Quad. The half-eaten food and sticky surfaces were our undoubtable trademarks. When it rained, the water from the balcony would run off into the living room, flooding the entire suite and creating the strong mildew odor that followed. We illegally fostered many pets, knowingly and unknowingly, but for a while, it was our little

trashy space, and we liked our beaten trailer park lifestyle. Socially, at times, the suite was quite a healthy little communion of young women. Not in the way that "ladies who lunch" have friendships, but a casual environment of sensible, independently-minded-female pillow-talk interrupted by occasional sessions of chaos and debauchery. And of course, brat-pack movies, shits and giggles.

During this time I also experienced my first significant, seemingly meaningful, romantic endeavor. (You see, I wasn't always the bitter, jaded, cold-fish I am today.) Long walks on the beach into the setting sun, we did not, but late nights of tingly-feeling, soul sharing we did experience. (Stop me if I'm becoming completely nauseating.) We had a pet gecko together. We named her Henrietta and dressed her up in all kinds of cute outfits. It was quite a passionate commitment.

At the time, I was a biochemistry major. Titration after titration, I questioned why I was

I threw in the towel and deceitfully betrayed one of the only people I had ever allowed to truly know me (more than in the biblical sense, pervert) and I chose to experience other people, places, things and ideas at the expense of that three year romance. I boarded a plane sobbing profusely.

waking up for six hour labs to fudge numbers, within the range of significant value, before I even physically did the experiment. I frustrated TA's, most of who could speak a lick of English, who frustrated me even more.

So I became an English major. Not because I could not hack the science program and not by default, but because as one of oldest liberal arts majors in the institution of American higher education, I thought it would force me to communicate better. And I guess I always dug reading. I look back and think maybe I should have done a Philosophy major sometimes, but I think I would've gotten too frustrated, and perhaps wasn't mature enough at the time.

And, probably as a result of my involvement with the guy I mentioned before, I began to hone more and more of my creativity in the visual arts (He was two years older, and a Studio Art major.) As I saw the incredibly smart projects he would turn out weekly, I began to think that perhaps I played a role in his creations. But, I wasn't going to be some muse, so I began the ARS track.

Needing to fulfill some desire to produce work that was in some way founded in science and technology based, I took mostly photography classes, and through an inevitable progression, I worked on the computers doing relatively low-tech interactive pieces. I've always tried to have some form of social or political concern running throughout, but nevertheless, even if nothing ever came across, I just simply liked the way the little animated boogers would move across the screen. Pixels fascinated me, for starters.

In my junior year, I found out that I qualified for a study abroad-type program at Oxford University (yeah, in England). By this time, I was becoming a little disinterested in school and felt

like going away to break the monotony. I hoped it would reinstate my faith in education. As a result, that spring I applied and got accepted to the program, all while my meaningful relationship turned sour. I threw in the towel and deceitfully betrayed one of the only people I had ever allowed to truly know me (more than in the biblical sense, pervert) and I chose to experience other people, places, things and ideas at the expense of that three year romance. I boarded a plane sobbing profusely.

I realized that elitist, smart British people weren't all that. Living in a flat, crossing cobblestone streets to attend an hour-long tutorial at a magnificent, 12th century castle, needless to say, was a far cry from the cement slabs and Taco Bell lines of USB. But honestly, we all shit the same. I told them stories to dispel their views of Americans as represented through Jerry Springer, and they did enough ecstasy to show that they could let loose and get the Queen Mum's girdle in a bunch.

Afterwards, I did the quintessential college backpacking routine: slept in train stations and found myself in situations I would rather my parents didn't know about. And I never once let a "plan" get in the way.

When I got back, I might have been a more independent student, but whether or not I was more focused was debatable. I knew more than ever that my change in direction was a wise choice. I

loafed around a lot. (And, I joined *the Press*).

This summer, I moved to the east end of Long Island, quite a new experience for a Queens girl. I had no idea there was that much farm land on Long Island. I wrote for a weekly newspaper in East Hampton. I did human interest featury-type stories, but my main responsibility was writing the obituaries (whatever, the money was not bad for a writing gig). It was incredible to watch what happens to a relatively small, secluded middle class community when it becomes the summer hotspot; the plight of townies, and the rich city people who were ruining their community. Blah, blah, lots of quality of life articles.

Again, keeping in mind that we all shit the same, they shat in gold lined toilets and wiped their asses with dead presidents. I wasn't too interested in living in poverty out there though. Coming home to an empty house, listening to the sound of crickets and the clamor of rich people having fun in their back yards was not as depressing as you would think. Never underestimated the television as a dinner companion.

Now I know that discovering self-worth isn't neatly packaged into any type of four-year plan. Sure, a signing bonus and \$50,000 a year works for some people, but I'm not sure its necessarily for me. (Actually, don't kid yourselves, I sat next to a girl who knew C++ and Java at a temp agency who had been looking for a job for a month now.) For those of you who have been hauling yourselves to the library or computer sites with the hopes of making your instant fortunes working in Silicon Alley, clicking your lives away, my advice is slow down, take chances, but above and beyond anything else, know your limits. At 22 years old, I'm still telling stories, and still listening to the sound of my own voice. Maybe I'll get a dog.

GRAIG SPILANGER'S BIGMOUTH

Buju Banton: *Unchained Spirit*
(Anti/Epitaph)

Over the last decade, Buju Banton has forged a name as a central force in reggae music. Initially causing a stir of controversy with early material such as the homophobic *Boom Bye-Bye*, Buju has always been a noteworthy performer who knows exactly how to get the spotlight shining in his direction.



As his career progressed he grew out of the desire to write such immature material and a new persona began to emerge from the real-life Mark Anthony Myrie. In a bit of irony of irony,

Buju sought to be a prophetic heir to the throne of Bob Marley (Stephen Marley even guests on this disc). Writing ballads that were catchy, intellectual, political and sensitive (see 1997's *Destiny* from Inna Heights), while still keeping firm roots in the dancehall scene, Buju was able to quickly shed his negative image. His writing (as well that of the Shiloh Band) hit a pivotal point with 1995's 'Til Shiloh, easily one of my favorite records of the '90s. The follow-up, *Inna Heights* was strong in its own right, as Buju's prophetic vision continued to take a firm hold on the listener.

Three years after the release of *Inna Heights*, Buju unleashes *Unchained Spirit*. It is interesting to note that this record finds its release through Epitaph, the label that launched the careers of punkers Bad Religion, Rancid, Pennywise and the Offspring among others. So how did Buju end up there? A close friendship with Rancid members Tim Armstrong and Lars Fredrickson and an appearance on Rancid's 1998 *Life Won't Wait* record are potential clues. Does his new home affect the content of *Unchained Spirit*? Not in the least.

This is still Buju Banton, but this may be the weakest record he has served up yet. The songs lack the feeling of spirituality shown on previous material and tend to display a hokey quality that makes you wonder how seriously Banton takes his prophet image. Take *Voice of Jah*, for example. A strong track that could easily serve as backing music in a Jamaican airline advertisement. *Sudan*, the album's first single suffers similar fate. After listening to the album's opening cut *23rd Psalm*, the theme to *Alladdin (A Whole New World)* rang in my ears. These songs share an odd sonic similarity. Rancid also makes one contribution in the form of the irritating *No More Misty Days*.

Unchained Spirit does hold plenty of classic Buju moments... Ever some of the aforementioned songs, despite their campy feel, are very strong. *Pull it Up* (which appears in studio and live versions) is an exciting number where Buju's outstanding skills as a performer are obvious.

Mighty Dread

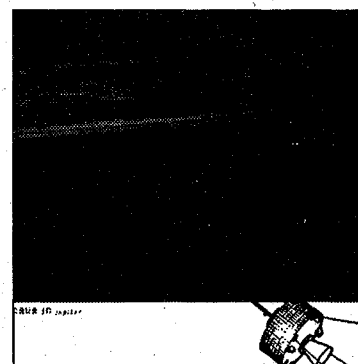
is also as strong as any previous material.

The chemistry Buju shares with contributing performers comes to a head with Stephen Marley's appearance on *Poor Old Man* as well as a cut with longtime friend Wayne Wonder aptly titled *Reunion*.

Buju still walks the line between dancehall and traditional reggae better than anyone on the scene, and this is definitely not a bad record. However, *Unchained Spirit* does not have the same feel as 'Til Shiloh or *Inna Heights*. While this record will probably appeal to hardcore Buju fans, my suggestion would be to track down the previous two releases for some of the best reggae ever put to tape.

Cave In: *Jupiter*
(HydraHead Records)

Half a decade ago, this aspiring music journalist was caught in the deathtrap known as adolescence. In that time I found myself immersed in the underground hardcore scene, where bands with names like Honeywell, Frail, Constatine Sankathi, Ordination of Aaron and Shotmaker



would always bring a smile to my face. Once I began my college career, the artsy nature of this scene began to lose its appeal, until one day I realized I had fully grown past it.

Towards the end of my tenure a unique movement that merged the sounds of metal and hardcore was born. This style was eventually given the unimaginative title, *metalcore*. Among the bands who had an initial impact in this scene were Deadguy, Integrity, Botch, His Hero is Gone, Converge, Kiss it Goodbye a band from Boston Massachusetts called Cave In.

Cave In's style was hardly unique when compared to that of their peers, but was definitely played with precision. Their first full-length venture, *Until My Heart Stops* is an excellent reference point for the late '90's *metalcore* scene. Chock full of Slayer inspired guitar and maniacal vokills, Cave-In took no prisoners in their quest for musical domination.

That said, Cave In's second proper LP, *Jupiter*, is a definite fly ball home run. The band has not expanded on their sound; they've completely reinvented it! Gone are the chugging rhythms and screams of the past. In its place is a pure rock n' roll sound that evenly draws from Jawbreaker, Burning Airlines, Foo Fighters, Rush, Fugazi, Sonic Youth, later Jawbox, and Radiohead. The result is overwhelmingly positive. Cave In's new space rock approach is a success, hands down.

The upbeat opening title track kicks this record off with a bang. Then *In the Stream of Commerce* build for a solid two minutes reaching an

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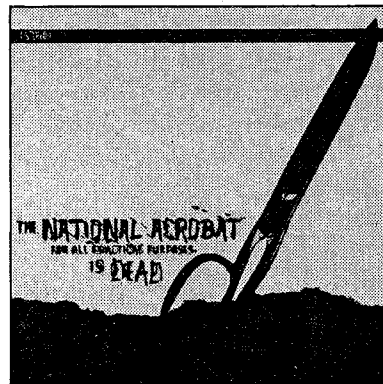
mark, not letting up with another three minutes of space rock ecstasy. Add tracks like the dreamy instrumental *Decay of the Delay*, and you just can't lose.

Cave In have crafted a unique path with *Jupiter*, proving their ability to shine no matter what type of music they're playing (an upcoming polka project perhaps?). This record puts them in a completely different scene than their earlier material did, and one should definitely keep a lookout and follow this band's path to the top.

The National Acrobat:
For All Intents and Purposes is Dead
(Arise)

There are times when I seriously have to contemplate where to draw the line between creative and downright pretentious. The National Acrobat are intent on pushing me to make that judgment call.

The music is a relatively well-executed derivative of a sound San Diego bands like Antioch Arrow, Heroin, Drive Like Jehu and Angel Hair perfected years ago, mixed and matched with the Chicago noise-rock bands like Shellac, the Jesus Lizard and the Dazzling Killmen. The Acrobat, however, don't really do much to expand upon that sound. There's never a moment on *For All*



Intents and Purposes is Dead where I wasn't thinking, *Heroin did this much better* 1992. This is a young band though, so room for growth must obviously be allotted.

Now with that said, is it really necessary to have nine tracks on a CD with one being nine plus minutes of complete silence? Perhaps if it was stuck at the end of the disc, but at track eight? Why? This is not creative, innovative or clever. It's simply irritating and distracts from my interest in the band. It is also seriously violates the border separating pretentious and creative, favoring the former.

Gimmicks, characterizations and other drama can make a band stand out as unique. In the case of the National Acrobat it just seems stale.