

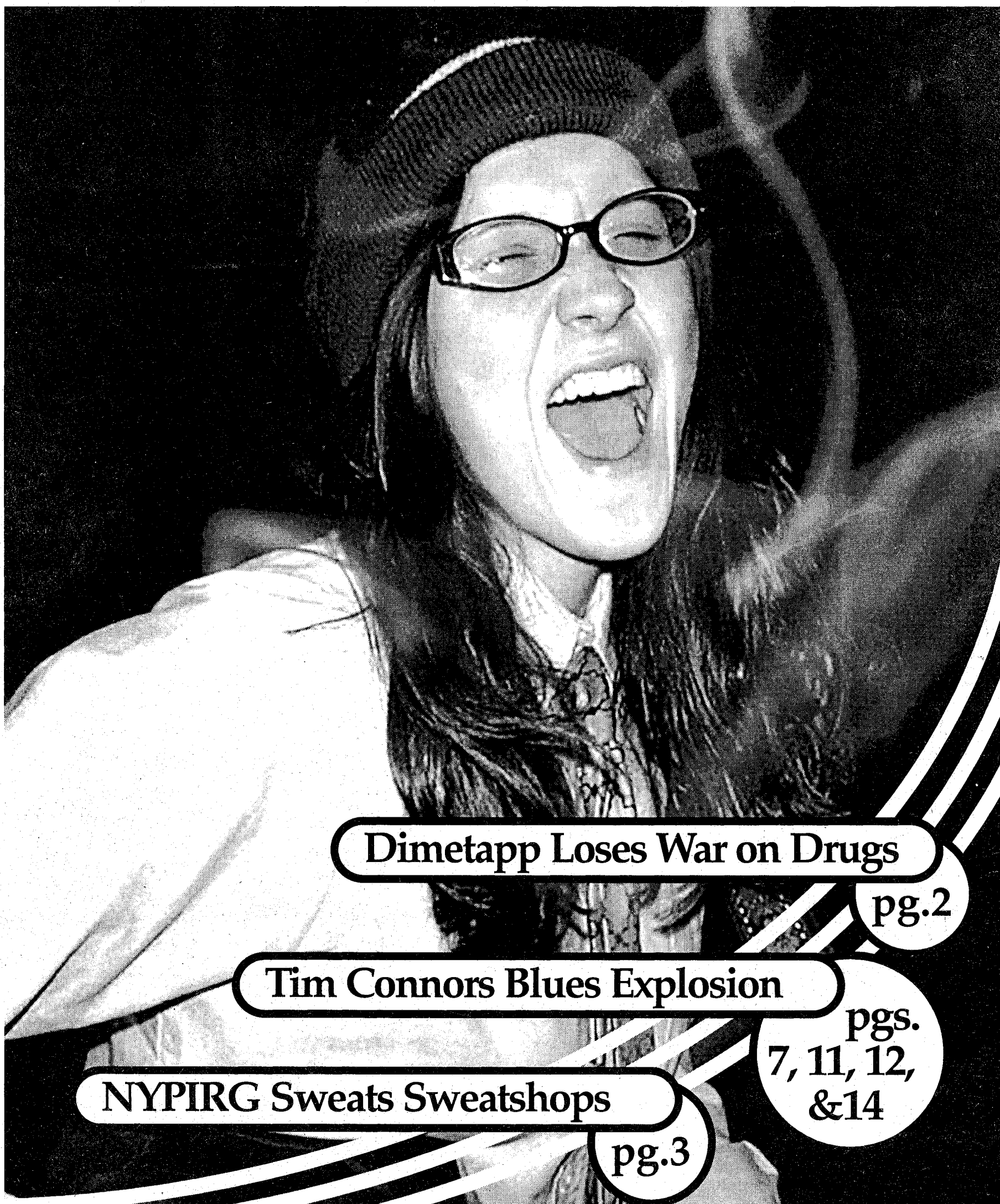
THE STONY  
BROOK

# PRESS

Vol. XXII No. 6

"[insert clever pop-culture reference here]"

November 29, 2000



Dimetapp Loses War on Drugs

pg.2

Tim Connors Blues Explosion

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&14

NYPIRG Sweats Sweatshops

pg.3

# Dimetapp Leaves The Market

By Ellen Yau, NyQuil Afficianado

Over the past two weeks, nationwide pharmacies and drug chains have been removing popular cold remedies and dietary supplements, ranging from Dimetapp to Dexatrim, after regulators from the Food and Drug Administration issued an official advisory against an active ingredient used in these drugs.

The warned ingredient is phenylpropanolamine or PPA, which acts as the decongestant in the cold remedies and dietary supplements. Case reports in a five-year study by scientists at Yale University linked products that contain PPA to hemorrhagic strokes, which are characterized by brain lesions (or bleeding in the brain).

The F.D.A. warning covered 400 products. Some of these products have been sold as common cold medicines for decades in nationwide drug store chains, including CVS, Rite-Aid, Duane Reade and Walgreens. Many formulations of Dimetapp, Robitussin, Alka-Seltzer, Acutrim, Dexatrim, and Triaminic contain the warned ingredient.

Drug administrators have asked over 100 manufacturers to stop marketing products with PPA although the actual steps to officially ban the drugs are in process. While most pharmaceuticals agreed to remove products containing the ingredient from their shelves, some smaller chains still market them.

To enact an official ban of drugs containing PPA, the F.D.A. needs to produce a new regulation that governs over-the-counter products. Separate proceedings are required to ban prescription drugs. Although the F.D.A. issued an immediate advisory against products with PPA, the actual ban could take months.

The five-year study, posted on the web site of the New England Journal of Medicine, showed that women between ages 18 to 49 that took dietary supplements with the ingredient phenylpropanolamine were 15 times more likely than other women to suffer hemorrhagic strokes. However, most women who suffered from hemorrhagic strokes got it after first usage of cold remedies or dietary supplements that contain PPA.

Both men and women were recruited from 43 U.S. hospitals for the study. None of them had suffered from previous brain lesions.

According to an analysis in the report, men suffered no increased risk of hemorrhagic strokes after using cold remedies. The increased risk of hemorrhagic strokes for men when taking dietary supplements is not available because no men reported usage of the product.

Phenylpropanolamine has a similar structure to an amphetamine. The chemical has been on the market for more than 50 years. However, concerns about its safety go back as far as 1980, when the F.D.A. began to receive complaints that people taking products with PPA suffered from hemorrhagic strokes.

In 1990, a meeting was held; the five-year Yale study sprung from this meeting. Regulators said the product might have been banned as early as 1994 if the drug industry did not agree to conduct the study prior to issuing an official warning or ban.

Long before the official advisory warning, many pharmaceutical companies and drug manufacturers were aware of the Yale study. They knew that phenylpropanolamine increased the risk of hemorrhagic strokes in young women. However, company offi-



cials adamantly insisted that the ongoing study was flawed and incomplete, and kept their products on pharmacy shelves while they furtively created alternatives to be ready for the new market as soon as an official warning or ban is issued.

American Home Products, which produces Robitussin and Dimetapp, removed PPA from its Robitussin cough syrup earlier this year and will be selling a new Dimetapp as soon as next week.

Novartis, which produces Triaminic, also has an alternative product. It had been ready since earlier this year but the company did not begin to ship its new version to stores until F.D.A. warning was imminent.

Luckily, most companies that market cold remedies can withdraw its products with little effect in overall sales. However, other manufacturers, especially those that depend on the sales of dietary supplements such as Dexatrim, are likely to suffer a loss that is much more costly. Phenylpropanolamine is an essential ingredient in many appetite suppressants.

Although PPA is will generally be off the market, studies indicate many other cold remedies and appetite suppressants contain an ingredient with strikingly similar side effects to PPA.

Pseudoephedrine, found in other common cold remedies such as Sudafed, and ephedra alkaloids, found in alternative dietary supplements, are examples of potentially hazardous ingredients similar to PPA. A study on ephedra is also posted on the web site for the New England Journal of Medicine.

Although most pharmacies have discarded products that contain phenylpropanolamine, it doesn't stop consumers from abusing alternative and new drugs and think the products are safe.

## List of Products F.D.A. Plans to Ban

**Acutrim Diet Gum Appetite Suppressant Plus Dietary Supplements**  
**Acutrim Maximum Strength Appetite Control**  
**Alka-Seltzer Plus Children's Cold Medicine Effervescent**  
**Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold Medicine (Cherry or orange flavor)**  
**Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold Medicine Original**  
**Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold & Cough Medicine Effervescent**  
**Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold & Flu Medicine Effervescent**  
**Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold & Sinus Effervescent**  
**Alka-Seltzer Plus Night-Time Cold Medicine Effervescent**  
**BC Allergy Sinus Cold Powder**  
**BC Sinus Cold Powder**  
**Comtrex Deep Chest Cold & Congestion Relief**  
**Comtrex Flu Therapy & Fever Relief Day & Night**  
**Contac 12 Hour Cold Capsules**

**Contac 12 Hour Cold Caplets**  
**Coricidin 'D' Cold, Flu & Sinus**  
**Dexatrim Caffeine Free**  
**Dexatrim Extended Duration**  
**Dexatrim Gelcaps; Dexatrim Vitamin C/Caffeine Free**  
**Dimetapp Cold & Allergy Chewable Tablets**  
**Dimetapp Cold & Cough Liqui-Gels**  
**Dimetapp DM Cold & Cough Elixir**  
**Dimetapp Elixir**  
**Dimetapp 4-Hour Liqui-Gels**  
**Dimetapp 4-Hour Tablets**  
**Dimetapp 12-Hour Extentabs Tablets**  
**Naldecon DX Pediatric Drops**  
**Permathene Mega-16**  
**Robitussin CF**  
**Tavist-D 12 Hour Relief of Sinus & Nasal Congestion**  
**Triaminic DM Cough Relief**  
**Triaminic Expectorant Chest & Head Congestion**  
**Triaminic Syrup Cold & Allergy**  
**Triaminic Triaminicol Cold & Cough**



# A Case For The Electoral College

By Arif Rafiq, Vote2K looker-ater

The current litigation-plagued election has stirred up a semi-intelligent debate about the merits of the Electoral College. Politicians and pundits alike have shared with us their two-cents on this device that has been used since our very first election in 1789, as it is mandated by Article II Section I of the Constitution. Just as some may say that baseball, or even violence, is as American as apple pie, I believe that the electoral college also fits this distinction - and in this piece, I will argue that it should stay that way.

The claim that the Electoral College has become 'a great threat to our democracy' is one that deeply puzzles me. I can remember being taught, from elementary school to this university, that the electoral college is essentially a meaningless system that is in fact more symbolic than important. I understand that my seventh grade U.S. history teacher may not have been a political guru, as he probably was a convicted felon (just kidding), but the fact that he and most others gave little attention to this system is quite telling.

If Al Gore is to lose the electoral vote, then he will become only the second candidate ever to receive a plurality of the popular vote and not win the presidency. That's not to say that the Electoral College is ineffectual. It is a very important tool and has substantial effects- the ones that it was created for, which we will discuss shortly. But out of our fifty-four presidential elections, over a period of two hundred and eleven years, the electoral college has provided a different result than the popular vote in one, and now maybe two instances: in 1877, and in 2000. That means the Electoral College has only differed from the popular vote in 3.7% of all elections.



In the past two weeks we have seen calls from Democrats to eliminate the Electoral College. Senator-elect Hillary Rodham Clinton stated, "We are a very different country than we were 200 years ago. I believe strongly that in a democracy, we should respect the will of the people and to me, that means it's time to do away with the Electoral College and move to the popular election of our president." House Minority Leader Dick Gephardt and former Presidential Candidate George McGovern also spewed similar rhetoric.

But what about Al Gore? He has most to gain in the game of public opinion if the Democrats are able to convince the American people that the Electoral College is an attack at their enfranchisement. In a press conference the day



after the election, the Vice President chose to emphasize upon the fact that he had won the popular vote. In other words, Gore wanted to convey the image that he is the rightful victor in this race. However, two weeks prior to the election, when it appeared that George W. Bush would be the popular vote winner and Gore would be the electoral vote winner, the Vice President stated in an interview with CNN's Wolf Blitzer that he had no opposition to the Electoral College. In fact, the Vice President mentioned that he found nothing wrong with the possibility of a candidate winning the electoral vote and not the popular vote.

As you can see, his current position, which is essentially the antithesis of his previous one, is an expression of political

>>>>continued on pg 6

## NYPIRG Battles Sweatshop Labor

By Jessica F. dePerio: Chief NYPIRG correspondent

Starvation Wages. Excessive Hours. Forced Labor. Sexual Harassment. Constant Surveillance. Withheld Wages. No Unions. These are just some of the conditions faced by workers in hundreds of thousands of sweatshop factories both in the United States and abroad. Why should you care?

How much were the last pair of Nikes you bought? \$100? \$150? The worker who made you shoes received less than 16 cents an hour. She was 14. Think about it. The labor for the pair of shoes on your feet cost 16 cents. What are you more comfortable with: that all someone got for making your shoes was 16 cents, or that she was young enough to be your little sister?

Here's the harsh reality. Sweatshops exist. They exist overseas, they exist in the United States, and yes, they exist right here in New York City. Out of the 5,000 garment factories in New York City, over 4,500 of them are sweatshops. Multinational corporations, usually through complex chains of contractors and sub-contractors, produce many of their products in sweatshops. They compete with each other to produce products under the cheapest possible conditions, demanding that contractors produce more at an even lower cost.

But Phil Knight, Nike CEO, claims that Nike does not sell a product, rather, they sell an image. In every way possible, he is correct. Nike appeals to women, youths, athletes and minorities by selling the depiction of triumph over adversity and excellence in athleticism. With the unmistakable "swoosh" and their brilliant advertising, one can easily understand why Nike is the way it is.

What is Nike not telling you? Every com-

pany, including Nike, has a code of conduct. A code of conduct is a written set of principles that a company or institution is supposed to follow. Codes of conduct typically prohibit unsafe condition, child labor and discrimination. Yet, these codes are primarily made to appease the media and are intended for public relations purposes. The employees at the sweatshops have almost never heard of these codes that supposedly guarantee their rights. Once these codes are established, an independent monitoring system is formed to implement and enforce the Code of Conduct. Presently, Nike is monitored by Pricewaterhouse Coopers, an accountancy firm. One has to wonder, why is a company that is better in crunching numbers taking on a human rights issue?

So where do we turn next? Our schools can make a great deal of difference. Individually, universities buy a tremendous amount of apparel, most of which is made under exploitive conditions. Students at over 100 universities across the continent are trying to force their schools to take responsibility for the conditions under which the clothes bearing the school logos are produced.

We are following suit. This fall semester, the NYPIRG Anti-Sweatshop Campaign continued right where it left off: to keep the SUNY Stony Brook logo from being attached to apparel produced under sweatshop conditions. From November 20th to December 15th we will hold our "Holiday with a Conscience" campaign. We have a range of activities, from tabling to letter-writing to our "Stick-It to Sweatshops" sticker distribution. We also hold informal meetings in the Stony Brook Student Union, Room 079 every Tuesday at 6:00 p.m. Through the informational

meetings and these activities, we intend to educate and inform the masses about the abuses of sweatshops and what we can do to make a difference.

On December 9th, 1999, during the height of the holiday shopping season, 2,550 energized protestors marched down 5th Avenue to draw attention to Nike's sweatshop abuses. Organized by NYPIRG, The National Labor Committee and People of Faith Network, the march drew union members, church groups, high school and college students together for a six-block long candlelight procession. This year on December 6th our March and Rally will draw 5,000 protestors together, twice as big as last year's. We welcome all Stony Brook students and organization to participate.

Sweatshops are a workers rights issue, a women's issue, an ethnic issue, a human rights issue, a socioeconomic issue and lastly, a students issue. Like sweatshop workers we, as consumers, are manipulated as pawns in the game of greed that multi-national corporations play. We must realize that we, as consumers, determine their business. We, as consumers, can do better! Together we can make it happen.

This campaign strikes at the heart of unfair labor practices. Our goal in this campaign is to get these corporations to improve working conditions, as well as disclosing the names and addresses of these sweatshop factories, so that labor practices can be better monitored. We do not believe that these sweatshop employees should lose their jobs, and ultimately, their lives. Instead, we intend to voice the concerns and injustices they endure but cannot speak out about.

## Editorial: Sexism in *The Press*

Sexism has no place in The Press. None what so ever. Maybe that hasn't been made clear enough. So I'll say it again: Sexism never had, doesn't have and will never have a place in The Press.

Look at our staff roster, or our editorial board and you will no doubt notice the prominence of the 'fairer sex' in this organization. And I can assure you not a thing goes past these women with out their support and approval.

Even if contributors to *The Press* may, individually be sexist, racist, classist or what have you; this paper and its editorial board do not tolerate that kind of ignorance.

Each writer has the right to express themselves and their views in what ever words they choose. And likewise we as editors feel confident that their own words will be the rope that hangs them.

When it comes to representing *The Press* we stand by our ads, words and promotions. All of these works are designed not to stand in place of every person working with or on The Press. They are designed to reach out and get people.

We're aware of how easy it is to assign

labels of this-ism or that-ism to any piece of work. We stand by our decisions and the work we put forth.

What we don't want is to put words in the mouths of our writers and readers.

It's the mantra of print media: "The opinions and ideas expressed within this paper do not reflect to opinions of the editorial board or staff."

And that gets pretty damn tricky sometimes. 'Cause sometimes our message doesn't exactly come off as clearly as we'd like it to

As self-professed 'Liberals' we have often found ourselves caught between the rock of political correctness (i.e. the leftist version censorship) the freedom of expression that we fight for on behalf of all of our contributors. Well fuck PC, I've listened to the words of Jeremy Piven and chanted along with him:

"We're not gonna protest!"

Feminist, Misogynosist, Leftist, Right-Winger, Moderate, Satanist, Buddhist, Christian, Capitalist and Communist-we welcome you and your ideas. Bring it. And if it's smart we'll take it.

## E-Board

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Russell Heller

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?

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Kat Fulgieri

### ARTS EDITOR

Debbie Sticher

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Ed Safo

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Karah McGruntis-Hockey

## Editorial: Papa's got a brand new Bag

*The Stony Brook Press* has been exposed to massive doses of gamma radiation; and it's changing. The Press is growing big and green and its purple pants have torn. All it knows is how to smash.

In the coming issues you (our valued readers) will no doubt notice the many changes to the design, attitude and approach of our magazine. Hopefully you'll jive with it. If not though, for the sake of all that's holy and good, let us know.

Because at the heart of it all we're whores; and we're cheap. If you're not satisfied with our job we'll pull it out and try a new tongue trick on you. You ain't even gotta pay us a new fiver; just call, email or write us a letter.

Hell even if we're doing it all right let us know. Tell me what you like baby. Put your hands of communication on our head and guide us to your sweet spot. And baby we'll work it til you scream. Oh yeah, momma.

You like it like that?

Good. Our goal is to reach out to the Stony Brook community and touch them in their naughty bits. To this end you may feel

free to assume that if you're doing it we wanna work on it with you. You need advertising? We're your shameless-self-promotion-bitch.

We want to be intimately involved in not only covering issues and events but in producing them.

We're the next stage of media evolution with powers and abilities beyond the comprehension of mortal men (or women). But all this goody-goodness relies on you as a reader and as a writer.

If you're pissed off about ANYTHING at all in your stay here at SB write it down and we'll print it.

If you're jazzed about something, a CD, concert, play, film, or any little thing write it down and we'll print it.

If you have any damn thing to say at all, write it down and we'll print it.

But how can this be you ask?

It's because the people who read *The Press* join it; and the people who join *The Press* run it.

And after you've blown your literary load into our anxious gaping mouths we won't even try and kiss you. . .unless you ask.

## STAFF

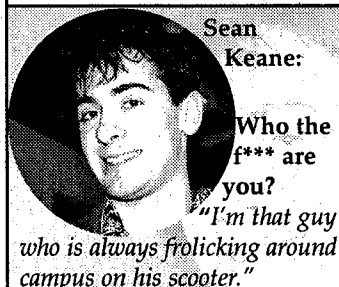
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### Who The F\*\*\* Are These People?!!



Sean Keane:

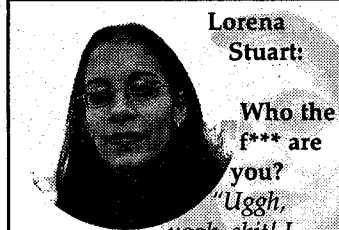
Who the f\*\*\* are you?

"I'm that guy who is always frolicking around campus on his scooter."

Why should we care?

"I start clubs. That's what I do. Four words: The Fine Arts Organization. Three words: The emedia group. Two words: The Resistance. One words: Club."

Check Him Out: [www.ilike-sean.com](http://www.ilike-sean.com)  
coolerthanyou@mail.com



Lorena Stuart:

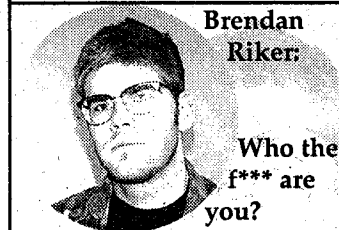
Who the f\*\*\* are you?

"Uggh, uggh, shit! I don't know? I fuckin' hate...Uggh, fuckin' I hate this question!"

Why should we care?

"I do lots a stuff. President of the Sci-Fi Forum, drink a lot of coffee, smoke a lot of cigarettes, work, go to class. You shouldn't care about most of that, except the Forum, cause it's spiffy."

Check Her Out: [www.sf4m.org](http://www.sf4m.org)



Brendan Riker:

Who the f\*\*\* are you?

"If you were to ask a snail what it was, it would not be able to answer in a way you'd understand. Word."

Why should we care?

"I may look like the average person but I assure you, I am as far as you can get from it. And, 'Ollie, Lenny & Andy'; we rock! We kicked the llama's ass!"

Check him out: [Cain47@aol.com](mailto:Cain47@aol.com)

### Letter: Oh My God! The Spot!

For the past 5 years the Spot has been an oasis for students looking for a place to unwind and hear some real good local bands. The Proprietor Godfrey Palaia has been dedicated to running a fine established and supporting local music. The Spot is a bar, the last remaining on campus, and the Administration has been on a malicious campaign to run the Spot out of business.

The Administration is a collection of bureaucracies, one being Student activities. Student Activities turf on campus includes regulating concerts on campus. The Spot is on their turf because they control the concerts in the club. The Spot is a project of the Graduate Student Organization (The GSO) and was organized to cater to graduate students but whose doors are open to undergrads and the general public. The Spot controls what goes on in the club so the bands that play there deal with Godfrey and not Student Activities. Student Activities controls Concerts on the rest of the campus and the Spot is on their turf. I manage a funk political band, Mikey and the Merry Pranksters, I brought them to the Spot several times.

I know that I don't have to deal with the Red Tape of student Activities when I'm bringing my band to the Spot. I have personal experience with bureaucracies and Student Activities, in particular and they like their turf. Public Safety, the campus cops, don't like the Spot and have been harassing its employees.

Campus Residence is an enemy of the Spot because the bar is located in Roosevelt Quad which is a "Quiet" dorm. The "Quiet" Dorms should not be located near the only on campus bar.

Jocks are an obsession of the administration. Sports and building Stadiums seem to be a priority of the administration, for some bizarre reason. It represents drain of millions of dollars of the University community money every year, but that's what they want to do. Some are saying that Admin wants a dry campus when the stadium is finished. Who would go to one of those football games if you can't

have a beer? A theory is that they don't want the liability for the alcohol. The liability can be taken care of by putting an extra five dollars on everyone's student activity fee. The real problem is the administration is conservative and puritanical and they will try to kill everything that makes your life worth living.

The Administration has humped the Spot with burdensome rules that are clearly designed to hurt the Spot, the most blatant is making the Spot close early on Thursday night. Anyone who has been on this campus for even a month knows that Thursday is the night students like to kick back. Though the Spot is still open late on Friday, most of the Students are off campus by 7pm and as so cannot take advantage of its comforts.

I am an alumnus of Stony Brook, I've seen the administration act capriciously and maliciously toward people they don't like. Groups ranging from the Red Balloon to the skaters have been maligned. I liked the skaters. Lies and exaggerations were used to move against them. The Red Balloon had their programs snuffed out by Student Activities and their bureaucratic games they play. Now they have their ax sharpened and the sights set on the Spot.

One really sad part of this is that years ago, students would never take crap like this; they would stand up do something about it. But Stony Brook has gone soft, the students' apathy has become its calling card. That makes their job of taking things from you easy. Make a stink about it!

I have given a modest gift to the fund for Stony Brook; but in the future I will only give to the departments and programs that I like, such as the Radio Station WUSB FM. I recommend that anyone else who would like to support Stony Brook follow suit and donate specifically which they hope to support.

Robert V. Gilheany  
Alumni 1991

### Letter: We're In For It Now

Dear HOTMAIL Member:

Your HOTMAIL account is too large:  
Please delete some messages.

If, on Nov 15 2000, your account is still too large, some messages may be deleted for you by the HOTMAIL Janitor.

You are limited to 2097K of storage space. If your account is in excess of this limit on Nov 15 2000, the HOTMAIL Janitor will delete some of your messages.

Even if you delete messages now, the messages that you receive before Nov 15 2000 are included in your total account size.

To determine the size of your account, click the "Folders" button on the Navigation Bar.. The total account size is indicated at the bottom of the Folders List.

The following messages may be deleted if your account size is not under the 2097K limit on Nov 15 2000:

Jacklyn Yeh Wed, 01 Nov 2000  
40055

Michael Yeh Fri, 03 Nov 2000  
21993

Caitlin Leigh Sat, 04 Nov 2000 My letter. .  
37333

The Stony Brook Pres Sat, 04 Nov 2000 Re: articles.. (fwd)  
60200

The Stony Brook Pres Sat, 04 Nov 2000 electric lounge (fwd)  
47884

Total:

207k

Total size of your account:

2274k

When you delete messages, HOTMAIL recommends that you delete messages with attachments, as they tend to be the largest in size.

For more information about account size, please send a blank email message to [acctsize@hotmail.com](mailto:acctsize@hotmail.com)

Regards,  
HOTMAIL Staff



By Kat Fulgieri

I was sitting in my dorm room the other night, and (shock of shocks) found myself with nothing to do. Since I was quickly growing bored with sitting at my computer and waiting for the latest eBay auction to be posted, I decided to dust off my remote and have a round with the original zonked-out zombie screenÖthe television set. Man was I sorry.

I had the misfortune of turning on a show called "7th Heaven," something I see advertised frequently whenever I am watching WPIX. Well, I sat through almost a full hour of the most wretched crap I have ever seen in my life. After doing a little bit of background research talking to some freshmen on my floor,

I came up with a synopsis of the series.

Let's see if I have this right. A minister has so much sex that his wife pops out a thousand or so children. She stays home to take care of them, and while the minister is out saving the world, bestowing good deeds and second chances upon those who are all too ready to accept his assistance, something goes wrong.

Apparently, this doer of good, this preacher of god's word, has to deal with the anguish of the fact that he's been trying to raise his kids in the suburbs. And we all know what happens to kids that are raised in the suburbs. Just like the kids on this mind-numbingly stupid show, the children of suburbanites turn into potheads with anger problems, who rebel against their parents by getting pierced, pregnant and arrested. Except not really. Not on "7th Heaven."

These kids, with an age range that spans infancy to adulthood (college age), do battle with suburban-afflictions-of-the-week, in doses so minimal and so poorly dealt with that it made me laugh and vomit at the same time. The program has been praised in its mission to tackle every problem facing good parents with bad kids. Give me a fucking break. Anyone who sits down and watches this show without taking every situation with a canister of salt is an idiot. Though that particular advice holds true for every television show, "7th Heaven" pushes itself as a pioneer in the genre of family drama realism. What a travesty. Shows like this are destroying television. In fact, I think that it's the WB network that is destroying television.

Yeah, that's it. Ever since "Dawson's Creek" came out in 1998, the viewer public has

been bombarded with an assortment of mindless teen dramas. Does anyone else remember when the WB network featured quality shows, those half hour sitcoms like "Unhappily Ever After?" The ones with no class and no shame? How did every single primetime TV show come to be replaced by pretentious white kids in cheesy settings at a time when teenyboppers are also taking over the radio (via the Backstreet Boys and other such offenses against music), the movies (a la Jennifer Love Hewitt and Freddie Prinze Junior), and my sanity? Why do I have to see the idiots on "Felecity," and the coming attractions of "Popular" while I'm trying to catch up on my election updates for the day? To me, the answer is clear.

It's all part of a prophecy that will only be fulfilled when the most unintelligent among us are inadvertently bestowed of full control of the earth, instead of just the entertainment industry. Influenced heavily by Satan and his cronies, you can bet your ass that judgement day will soon be upon us. And what will the human race draw upon for testimony in this time of judgement? Stacks of videotapes featuring our accomplishments in teen angst and parental insanity? The gavel is going to come down, and we'll all be damned for eternity. I'm pretty sure you can read about it in Revelations 4:20.

One last thing. I made it a point to turn on "7th Heaven" today. Guess which two popular personalities of Hollywood made guest appearances on yet another "very special episode?" None other than those tykes of "Full House," the Olsen twins. Heed my words. This disgrace, this assimilation of lousy entertainment that is infecting every form of media; it has to stop. Before it's too late.

#### <<<< Electoral College from pg3

pragmatism. Gore, and his fellow Democrats, are vying for the White House, and obviously will let go of principle in this endeavor. Prior to this, the Electoral College was not much of a partisan issue. Gore and company were in favor of it when it seemed like he and his party would benefit from its design. If Bush were in a similar situation, he would probably have the same stance as his Democratic opponent - but the fact that much of his support comes from smaller states might have mitigated any of his rhetoric. In light of this, let's take a non-partisan look at the Electoral College and why it a necessary part of our system to choose our Commander-in-Chief.

The Electoral College was established to protect the interests of states. When our Constitution was being written, conflicts arose between those who disagreed on where more power should be vested in, the federal or state government. Smaller states were concerned that their interests would be ignored, in deference to those of larger states. This conflict lingers on even till today - but the Electoral College was part of a compromise. There would be an election for a national president, but states would have a certain number of delegates to represent them to decide whom that individual would be. And we have seen the fruits of this system in our most recent election.

As a result of the Electoral College, smaller states like Iowa and Wisconsin have become key factors in this election. Both presidential candidates visited Cedar Rapids and Des Moines, Iowa on numerous occasions, from them the beginning of this year, till the final days of the campaign. Mind you, Iowa only has seven electoral votes, and yet I would argue that both Bush and Gore have visited this state almost, if not as much as they have New York. The people of Iowa have legitimate concerns, many dealing with the agriculture and dairy industries - which the voters

of California, Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania and Texas probably do not.

The elimination of the Electoral College would lead to campaigns focusing on the larger states and ignoring many of the important concerns of the smaller ones. Furthermore, it is highly unlikely that a constitutional amendment to repeal the Electoral College would pass in Congress. States the size of Iowa and Wisconsin number far more than those the size of California and New York, and therefore, any legislation that will seek to remove the Electoral College will not pass in the Senate.

We are fortunate as New Yorkers to live in a state that has a huge population, a giant media market, and possesses a large army of representatives in the House. There are many that can vouch for the interests of our state in this chamber of Congress. And if a popular vote were the ultimate factor in deciding who our nation's president would be, then we would have a much greater amount of influence over the presidential campaigns. Their philosophy would be, the more votes, the better. This strategy may help us as New Yorkers, but will hurt us as Americans. Let



us not revert back to a nation whose progress is hindered by sectionalism. We are a Union, and it is in the interests of our Union that the Electoral College is preserved, so that the voices of smaller states are heard.

I urge you to reject the partisan rhetoric from both sides. It is simply by chance that the Democrats are waging a war against the Electoral College. If the tables were turned, we would probably have the Republicans repeating much of what the Democrats are saying now. Your vote does matter, and the Electoral College is no obstacle towards the expression of your political beliefs. It enhances our democracy, and serves as an 'affirmative action' for smaller states. This, I think we all can safely agree, is one form of affirmative action we need.



# Social Security Shortfall

By Tim Connors, Staff Economist

As the baby boomers retire and collect social security, more funding than available is going to be required to sponsor the program. There will be an associated increase in government funded health care as well. It looks like the money that was supposed to be set aside for social security is going to be spent as it comes in, so when a large segment of our population retires what options are politicians going to be left with?

I see a couple of basic approaches to dealing with this problem: increase taxes on those working, limit the amount of money paid to retirees, increase the size of the economy to support the extra load of the baby boomers, or through inflation devalue the dollar. The solution will probably include all three approaches, but will be rather divisive and involve issues of class, social contracts and race. This may be an issue that is caustic enough to increase voter turnout.

The most politically likely solution is to increase taxes on workers to a higher level to support the baby boomers. That is not fair to those working. Younger people do not vote because of the belief that they are paying into a system that they do not receive benefits from; most young adults believe that they are being exploited. And as a result, politicians ignore their positions.

The opposite of increased taxes is to limit the benefits paid to retirees. Some options would be to limit the benefits to those with more than a certain amount of wealth, or to raise the amount of taxes on benefits and other income. Another option would be raising the age of eligibility to 70, so that most people would die before they became eligible for benefits. Older people who paid into the system their whole lives, and expect the pay off for their sacrifices would oppose this approach.

These first two approaches involve how to deal with a social contract that was formed in the Great Depression. Basically the contract is that the young would support the old, in exchange for the promise that eventually the young would be supported when they aged. Both approaches involve a question of equity. Neither is fair to the other party, and there is a strong possibility that a combination of both approaches will be the answer to the problem that politicians implement. So both the old and the young middle and lower class will end up getting screwed.

There are other alternatives to an orgy of broken promises and diminished living standards. The first involves making the economic pie bigger, so there's enough to go around. That sounds simple enough, but pragmatically it would involve massive immigration, and to require multinational corporations to start paying their third world employees something resembling a decent wage.

That's the answer, here is how I think it would work. When the baby boomers retire, there will be a shortage of employees paying taxes to support them. There will be a need for more people working and paying taxes in order to pay for the retirees. Two things are needed more jobs, and more people. In the past when the United States needed more workers it opened its door to immigrants.

These immigrants would be used to provide services to developed, and under developed countries. There would be a need for workers with language skills other than English. Broadening the tax base by adding workers would increase tax revenues without increasing taxes to an unfair level.

New markets would have to be developed to support the increase of workers in the United States. The goal is to create a global middle class that would produce and consume larger amounts of goods. Multinational companies are in a position to create a new group of consumers

by paying just a dollar or two per hour in countries with very low wages.

That would produce savings, and increased consumption. Savings would allow the formation of capital in new parts of the world, and increase the amount of trade. The global economy would improve, along with the United States economy. The amount of trade or exchange of goods and services in the world is related to the amount of wealth in the world. Trade leads to wealth, so to increase the wealth of the United States increased trade is needed.

Let's say the United States decides to create a middle class in under developed countries through an increase in the wages paid. More goods and services would be produced and sold by the United States. The workers in the United States are very productive already, and there is a finite limit to the amount of work that can be done by a fixed number of people.

Immigration would provide additional workers to fulfill a need that was created intentionally. The United States would accumulate more wealth through trade and the total number of workers and taxpayers would increase.

The down side to increased immigration is that race issues would have to be addressed. Would the white majority in the United States be willing to become a minority? That would be the biggest obstacle to this idea.

The United States Government can't create a middle class in underdeveloped countries. Money given to other governments is used for military spending and to enrich a small segment of the population. Those funds are in the form of loans, which must be repaid at the expense of social spending.

The United States government's control of foreign country politics and economies should be ended. The loans given to developing countries should be suspended until those countries have the ability to pay them off without sacrificing their social programs. Creating a middle class would also lessen the need for expensive military police states. Police states are needed to protect the United States interests, and the small group of wealthy people who run underdeveloped countries.

That's enough about the why of what to do. The how is more important to the success of this idea. Government should play a role in this by giving tax breaks on the wages paid to workers in underdeveloped countries. Private enterprise will be more effective than direct government spending in improving foreign countries.

Another way to ease the burden of the retirement of the baby boomers is to allow them to work and receive social security and health care. Given the choice many people would prefer to work and it would be a shame to lose the experience of older workers. Perhaps the experience of baby boomers could be shared with developing countries by offering compensation for joining the Peace Corps.

Globalization without exploitation is needed for the United States economy to grow enough to support the large number of people about to retire. If no effort is made to increase the size of the economy, then when the baby boomers retire the economy will shrink while at the same time the expenses the economy supports will be



growing.

The government also has the ability to print money in order to pay for social security benefits. That is probably the worst thing that can be done. Printing money would cause inflation and make workers life savings less valuable. There is a strong chance that a depression would occur as a result of the destruction of the worth of the dollar. Go study pre World War II Germany to see what happens when the government decides to print money to pay their expenses.

The government could also try to borrow the money to pay for the elderly. This isn't practical since the amount of money needed would be so large that, if successful, the world's economy would suffer because there wouldn't be enough capital available for investment.

Capital can increase or decrease, it really is just a measure of how much labor was performed by people. The amount of capital in the world is not a fixed sum that does not change. Through out history the amount of capital has generally increased as commerce has increased. The declines have come when there was a loss of faith in the intrinsic worth of labor as measured by the tangible goods or services received in exchange for labor.

Capital is not money, gold, or a physical thing. Capital is the labor of people. The labor of people creates something, which is desired by other people, as a reward to the laborer. There are many rewards to laborers in exchange for their labor. The most common example is money, which serves a median of exchange to reward other laborers for their labor.

Rewarding workers in developing countries will allow those laborers to in turn to participate in the cycle of commerce that leads to capital accumulation and the creation of wealth. Wealth is not static, so their increase will not cause a decrease for the United States. If we do not include more people in the commerce cycle, then the value of labor as measured by money will decrease. The number of workers and amount of labor will decrease, while the number of people seeking to receive compensation from the government for labor in the past will increase.

People spend time and money planning for their retirement, but ignore the role that the government plays in those plans. The government is not planning how to handle the social security shortfall and explosion in medical expenses. We have a government that is short sighted, and responds to crisis situations at the last minute instead of deliberately planning and executing solutions. Problems in the future are ignored, since the current politicians are only interested in immediate issues and lack vision about the future.



As Democrats and Republicans duke it out over the recount in Florida, several Palm Beach residents are seeking a total "revote" in their county. This raises a number of questions. Here are some that have been running through my head:

1) Is Palm Beach entitled to a revote? I say, "Yes." What other fair solution can there be? Over 3,000 votes, there, intended for Gore went to Buchanan! (Preposterous in such a heavily Democratic area! Even Buchanan thinks so!) Another 19,000 votes were thrown out because people, futilely, tried to correct their error. All because of the "butterfly ballot" with its misleading format.

But it doesn't end there. Other registered voters were turned away because their names were not listed and the officials "ran out of" paper ballots. (What do we say to that? "Oops?") Many blacks have complained that they were prevented from voting because of a police blockade near their polling place. And some voters arrived at their polling place only to find that it had been demolished!

Do the math. No "fuzziness" here. Clearly, over 21,000 American citizens were effectively disenfranchised!

2) Can we allow people to "correct" their vote? Many Florida officials, both Democrat and Republican, retort arrogantly, "No. You had your chance."

But Florida state law says, "Yes." In fact, a voter can ask a poll worker for a new ballot on the spot if he/she has made an error. Yet, a number of disgruntled voters in Florida charge that they were refused a second ballot. And read #1 again — some people were denied the chance to vote at all.

3) About that police blockade — authorities claim it was a "routine check." And that the officer who arranged it "didn't know" there was a polling place nearby. Maybe so. But why carry out such a check on Election Day? If we want as many people as possible to go to the polls, why create unnecessary hassles?

4) Why all the fuss about the timing of the complaints? It's not an issue of bureaucracy and "red tape." It's a matter of basic voting rights.

Besides, it's obvious that Palm Beach election officials approached November 7th with concerns about the ballot. At one point, they sent a memo to poll workers there that was "as confusing as the ballot itself: 'ATTENTION POLL WORKERS. Please remind all voters coming in that they are only to vote only for one (1) presidential candidate and that they are to punch the hole next to the arrow next to the number next to the candidate that they wish to vote for.'" (Brune, Tom, "Palm Beach Story," Newsday, Vol. 61, No. 69.11/10/00, P. A4.) Huh?

5) Why do so many people act as if this is merely a matter of who wins or loses? The situation has gone so beyond that.

True, I cast my ballot for Gore/Lieberman. So perhaps, you suspect my viewpoint is biased. But I'm for the revote, regardless of who "gets" the White House.

Oh yes, I am. Because this is no longer about Gore versus Bush, or the Democrats versus the Republicans. It's about one of our most precious rights — the right to vote. And the right to have that vote count. In short, it's about protecting the democratic process, itself.

Never mind what allegedly happened in 1996 ( or 1960, or whenever), two (or more)

## Fuzzy Math?!?

$0.83 + 17 - 23\% + 38(38 \times 5) = 73/5113$   
 $5\% > 58 - 67(67 + 15/7 + 83) \cos 9 \times 23$   
 $713 = 71 * \cos - 16 \sin - 79 \times 43 [98 * 1$   
 $32 - \cos 8236 * \sin 54 + 5.009 \cos 4.5$   
 $0.83 + 17 - 23\% + 38(38 \times 5) = 73/5113$   
 $5\% > 58 - 67(67 + 15/7 + 83) \cos 9 \times 23$   
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 $0.83 + 17 - 23\% + 38(38 \times 5) = 73/5113$   
 $5\% > 58 - 67(67 + 15/7 + 83) \cos 9 \times 23$   
 $713 = 71 * \cos - 16 \sin - 79 \times 43 [98 * 1$   
 $32 - \cos 8236 * \sin 54 + 5.009 \cos 4.5$

"wrongs" emphatically, don't make a "right." As my husband says, "They only prove that something needs to be done."

6) Will a revote further delay the selection of the new president? Probably. Does it matter? I don't think so. We've got till January 20, 2001, to change presidents. (So, peace out, Guv Dubya!)

7) One last question: Why all the whining about the logistics of a revote? Sure, there will be a few problems to resolve first. Like whether or not to allow campaigning to resume there. And whether or not to restrict the event to those who voted on Election Day. These details can be worked out. The unfair loss of the right to vote cannot.

Okay, I know. "Life isn't fair." But people are supposed to make it as fair as possible. (Remember "Justice" and its balanced scales?) Especially at election time.

Still, the courts may say "No" to the revote. Due to "logistics." And "precedent setting." Hopefully, "democracy" won't get lost in the process.



**The SPOT**  
 2nd floor  
 fannie brice theatre  
 world music, jazz,  
 poetry, cabaret  
 and a punk  
 f\*cking  
 @ttitude

buy jones soda and you will  
 get into heaven



I promise :)

run wit the little guy and buy it @:  
 Bagels-n-A hole lot more, Green Cactus, Village Deli,  
 SB Garden Grill, Texaco, Borders Books, Pro Portions  
 Cinema Cafe, Strawberry Feilds, Soups On!

# A Clarification, Not An Apology

By Briankate, Transgender Bureau Chief

I've been taking a lot of heat lately, because a lot of things I've said have been taken completely out of context. I may have made some blunders, but I am not the villain some people are trying to make me out to be. This is not an apology. I am writing this to set things right for once and for all regarding what I'm about, what I'm trying to say and do. So this is a clarification, not an apology.

I would never intentionally "out" anyone as gay or transgendered in my writing. That's the last thing I would ever do, since I myself was "outed." When I talked about a "friend trying to shake up the LGBTA (Lesbian/ Gay/ Bisexual/ Transgendered Alliance) on gender issues," I meant a friend who's connected with the hospital. I don't want to "out" him. I was careful not to name names, so here I stand accused of trying to "out" someone else. Which is funny, since I never thought you could do that through careful anonymity.

I never said, "there are no such things as men or women (or women born men or men born women)." I'm not trying to force anyone to be anything they don't want to be. There is room for men and women in my world. I do not see men or women as "sociological constructs" needing "shaking up;" I'm not out to destroy peoples' right to be men or women. What I do think needs shaking up is the tyranny demanding that we all be only one or the other, with no room for alternative ways of being or even for any ambiguity in how we express our genders. I try to respect persons right to self-define, their need for space, their need for privacy and right to not have others make presumptions about them. I try not to judge anybody or make assumptions if I can help it.

However, your right to define yourself ends where mine begins. I'm shocked to be accused of denying someone her right to be a woman in the same breath she tells me I'm a wishy-washy fence sitter who can't commit because I won't identify as a man or a woman. I'm not trying to be "politically correct" by saying I'm a not-man-not-woman. That's how I identify. I don't feel like a man or a woman, I don't think I ever have, and I don't know if I ever will. I am multi-gendered; I'm many genders at once. Just as there are men and women, there are other ways to identify. That's my business, no one else's. Just as nobody has to answer to me for being a man, a woman, or however they identify, I don't have to answer to anyone for how I identify.

Regarding the "Dos and Don'ts list," I want to make it clear I'm not a transgendered Dr. Laura, telling everyone how to live. The thing about "don't tell us 'I'll deal with it'" was taken out of context. What I meant was "Don't tell us 'I can deal with it/live with it...but I won't support you and you have to stay in the closet or lose my love.'" Maybe I didn't type that part up right, maybe editing changed it. The point is, I didn't mean, "don't deal with these issues." Why would I, of all people, say, "don't deal with your issues," whether with yourself, or with others? Tolerance and Acceptance are two different things. "Tolerance" means "I can't stand this person, but I'm not going to be nasty to them, I'll just pretend they don't exist," while "Acceptance" means "I respect and embrace you as a fellow person, regardless of how we disagree." I'm trying to encourage acceptance, rather than just "tolerance."

I want to help cause understanding among people, which won't happen until people deal with their issues, their prejudices, and their pain, regardless of however they identify. Whoever said, "society needs to deal with this" is right. It should be clear from what I've said all along that I do want people to learn to accept one another. I

wish I hadn't been misinterpreted and misunderstood.

I'm not trying to tell people "I know everything, I have all the answers, you have to live by my rules." I don't want to be seen as an "expert" on gender, since I mainly know from questioning, rather than giving definitive answers. I never said anything I said was "factual, authoritative reference material."

I've said, from the start, these are just my thoughts and feelings, often only my thoughts and feelings at that particular time. I never said I'm perfect or that I know everything, so why are people trying to tear me apart for mistakes, rather than trying to help me get it right?

Maybe the piece wasn't as well thought out as I thought at the time. I can see how it might be misunderstood. As I said, I'm not trying to order anybody around, but well-meaning people who "never heard of gender issues" keep asking, "how do I 'get along' with someone who's transgendered?" I wrote that piece with only the best intentions, to help people coming from that point of view.

If you don't agree with me, then tell me, intelligently and compassionately. Don't just slam me. Give me constructive criticism, positive ideas, how I might do things better. Show me whatever you think is wrong, you may be right.

I'd never say there's a "schism between normal, homogenized American society and gender questioning" people. I'd never say everyone in "mainstream American society" thinks exactly the same, any more than I'd ever say that everybody who doesn't identify as "man-born-man" or "woman-born-woman" is 100% alike. I don't feel people who identify as other than "man-born-man" or "woman-born-woman" are any more or less "normal" than anyone else. I take issue with people who say we all have to "fit in" with everybody else in every way, especially on gender. Why

can't I be interesting and weird and freaky, and still be accepted as a person? I don't understand the insistence for everybody to be only men or women, especially in the gender community. I've often heard "either you're a man-born-woman or a woman-born-men, no two ways about it," and even, "tone yourself down—we're supposed to disappear," which just recreates the whole demand of "you have to fit in." I won't give up my right to not have to be either, just because it's unpopular. I won't "go back in the closet." I also won't play into the "we say who's normal" game, especially since I don't believe there is a such thing as "normal," except



for "is this what works best for you as long as you're not out to harm people."

I never claimed to be the one and only "spokesperson for every person who isn't man-born-man or woman-born-woman," or that I'm the one and only voice on these issues. I'm not trying to breed stereotypes, or deny anybody their voice, but I have the right to mine as well. If you're not an activist, don't be one. If I scare you or shake up your view of the world, then fine, stay out of my way. But don't step on my right to be an activist, or deny my existence by saying, "there's no such thing as a gender activist," since I am one. Why not support me in what I do, help me do things better, instead of just trying to cut me down?

I'm trying to understand peoples' pain, to keep in mind that those who attack us do so because they are in pain and need kindness as well. I'm not trying to force anyone to fit any preconceived "mold" of what I want them to be, I'm not trying to force anyone "out of the closet" and I won't descend to attacking people personally, but I must make myself clear. I do not wish to make enemies; I regret if I have done so. I want to help people come together at this school, and I invite as many people and organizations at this school as possible to help me in this, but I won't give up my right to say what I think and feel.

My email is [DarkKate@yahoo.com](mailto:DarkKate@yahoo.com) and my site "Welcome To Kate's World" is at [www.angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate/](http://www.angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate/)



# TOP TEN

REASONS TO  
READ THE  
NEW AND  
IMPROVING  
SB PRESS

- 10 Our Minty Fresh Breath
- 9 More Food Pellets
- 8 Less Electric Shocks
- 7 It's Printed On LSD Blotter
- 6 It's Written At A 3rd Grade Reading Level
- 5 No Recounts; Ever
- 4 That Suave Lobster Boy
- 3 Repetitive Jokes  
Now Easier To Digest
- 2 Repetitive Jokes  
Now Easier To Digest
- 1 The Rash Has Cleared Up

# Battle of the Century

Democracy

VS

Playstation2

Neither  
tyrannical nor  
impotent

Entertaining, life-  
like politicians

Everyone's vote is  
worth the same  
amount

Helps stamp out  
those pesky com-  
munists

The promise of  
Freedom

PRO

Amazing 12 megs  
of video processing

Dual shock analog  
controllers

Entertaining, life-  
like RPGs

Can play old PSX  
games

Good third-party  
support

The promise of  
Final Fantasy X

No Save Function

Republicans

Little or no third-  
party support

Democrats

Everyone's vote is  
worth the same  
amount: nothing

Owned by corporate  
evil

Only a handful of  
screenshots have been  
released

CON

Buggy DVD player

Near impossible to  
aquire

Limited selection of  
new games

Hard to program for  
\$259.99!

No online capability

Street Fighter Ex 2

Owned by corporate  
evil



The Stony Brook Press'  
Fall 2000 Literary Supplement

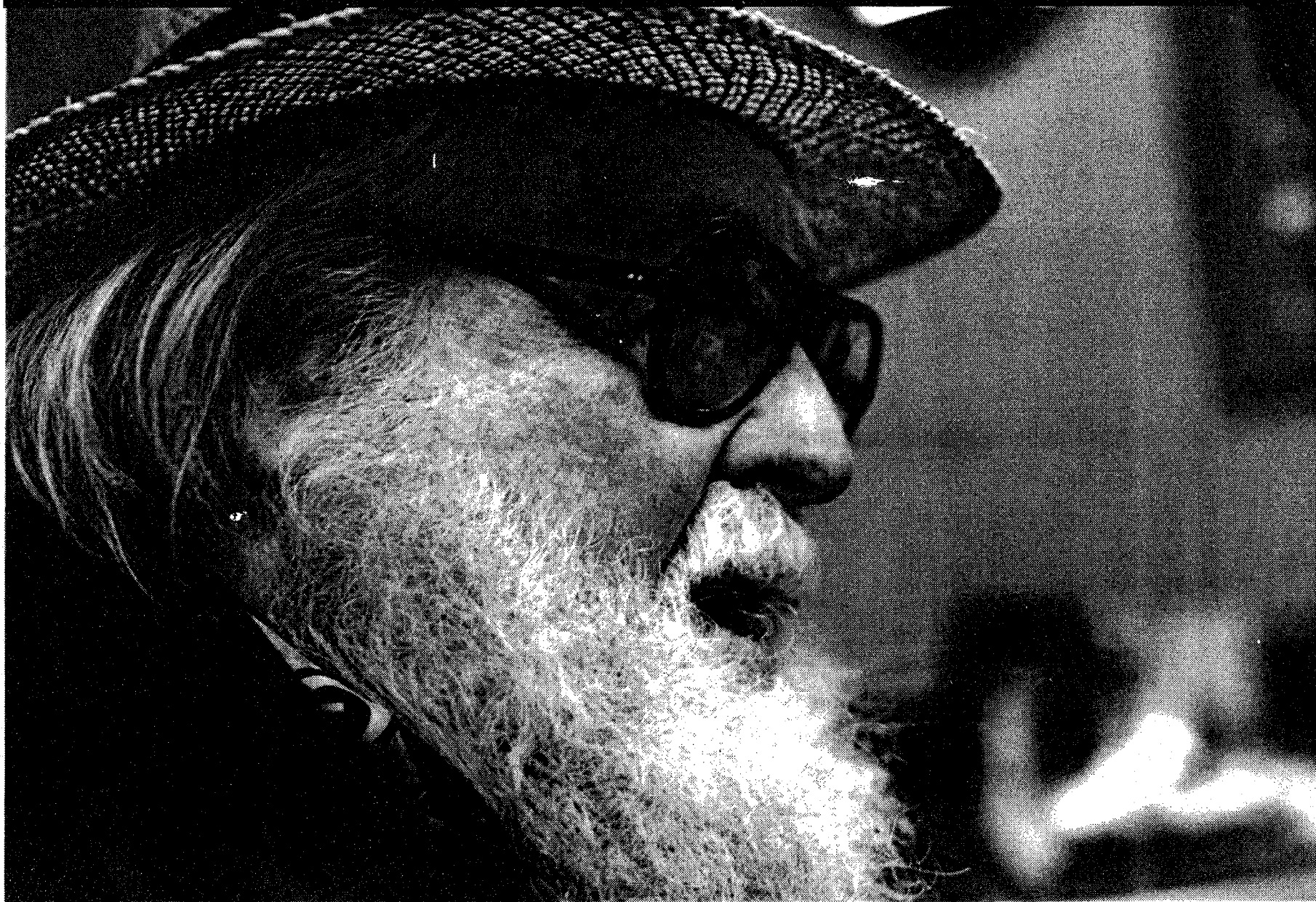


photo by Isaac Pflaum



God's Painters

inkwash by Danielle Goodwin

Tell me a story of loves not meant to be  
of passion and desire  
and loneliness enforced by fate.  
I will write you a poem of Lisa, and Cindy,  
and even of Valerie.

I know of blonde hair and blue eyes  
of brown hair, dark eyes and slightly tanned  
skin,  
darkness is only the absence of heaven.

Tell me a story of empty rooms and closed  
doors  
of roses crumbling in the wind.  
Tell me a story of poet-warriors  
who speak like Pericles and love like Romeo.

Grant me the colours of the spectrum,  
hues of light and moon,  
reds and yellows, purple, burgundy and blue  
And I will find the muse of God's painters.

That is the material of poetry.  
The foundation, the essence, the strength.  
Tell me a story of loves not yet loved  
and I will tear down Jericho  
and build it taller than before.

-Christopher Gennari

## Feel the Passion

4/6/98

Some people ride bikes.  
I ride the tiger.  
I can't stop.  
My soul's on fire.  
Some hearts pump blood.  
Mine pumps desire.

Take dedication for what it's worth.  
I work hard,  
But I can work harder.  
Success in life is rebirth.  
Constantly improving from today to tomorrow.  
Though, at times, thoughts echo  
As though I was hollow.

I can lead and also follow.  
Always wanting my own.  
Never like to borrow.

Creative, original, powerful like the Pharaoh.

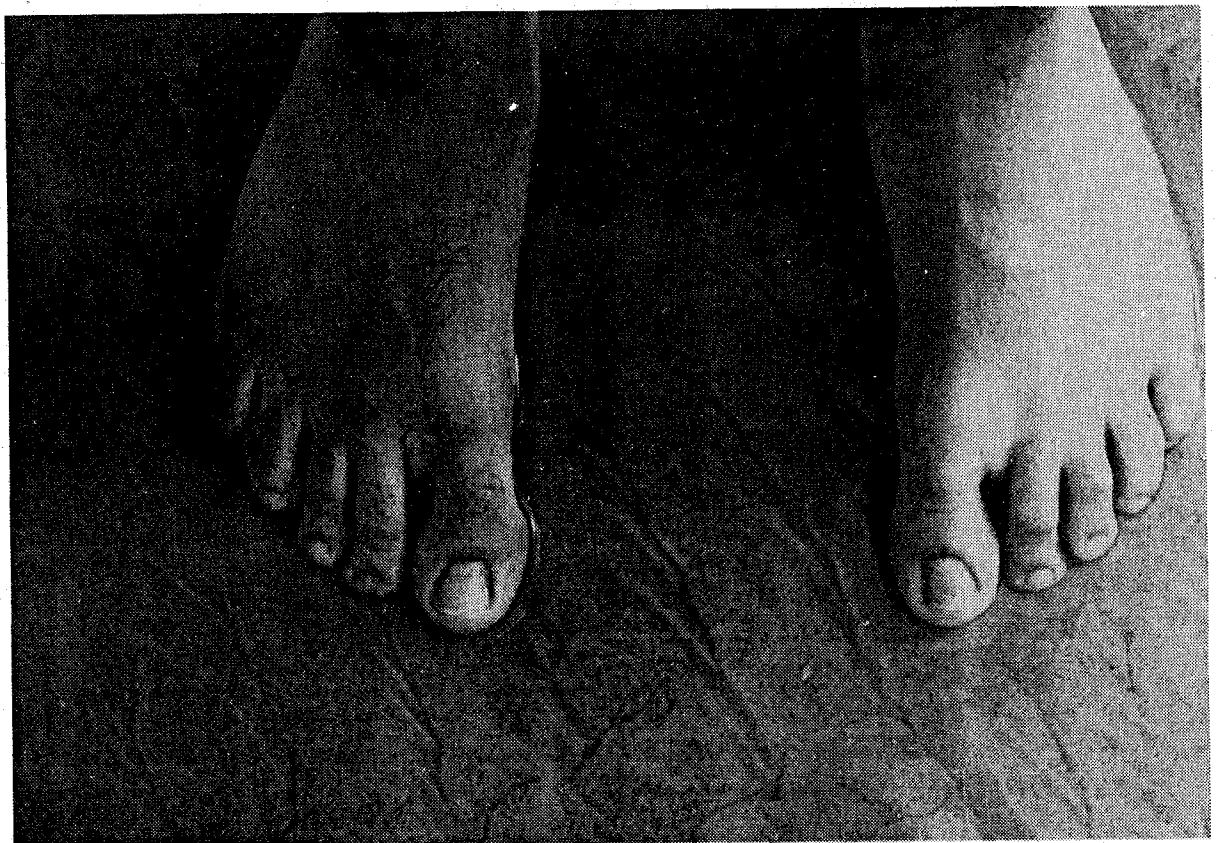
I've seen adversity; felt extreme sorrow  
Not knowing if I'll eat tomorrow.

Quick, attentive, soar like the sparrow.

Nothing holds me down!  
I proved it at the Apollo.

-Jermaine LaMont

photo by Isaac Pflaum



someone showed loyalty to me today  
and I thought of you.  
I thought of lavender sachet paper  
and green pillow cases  
early Friday mornings and dying fish  
slamming the snooze button that morning  
because there were always five more minutes.

someone hugged me today  
and I thought of you.  
I thought of unveiling and revealing memories  
and how beautiful honesty is  
five-year-old children and blue-eyed tears  
relating one more story that afternoon  
because there was always one more secret.

someone yelled at me today  
and I thought of you.  
I thought of angry letters  
and flattened tires late at night  
lonely living rooms  
and Easter Sunday  
losing my voice again  
because there was always  
one more word.

someone pleaded  
with me today  
and I thought of you.  
I thought of big  
blue jackets  
and outstretched arms  
comforting beds  
and morning glory  
escaping paradox that dawn  
because there was  
always one more effort.

someone reminded me today  
and I thought of you.  
I thought of summer emails  
and evening in Tonopah  
snowy days and supermarkets  
driving myself insane that weekend  
because there was always one more insecurity.

someone meant something to me today  
and I thought of you.  
I thought of two dinosaurs  
and a Chinese dragon  
epiphanies and purpose  
remembering why I love you today  
because there is always one more smile.

someone forgave me today  
and I thought of you.  
I thought of long drives  
and George Michael  
laughter and the future  
loving you no matter what tomorrow  
because there is always one more reason.

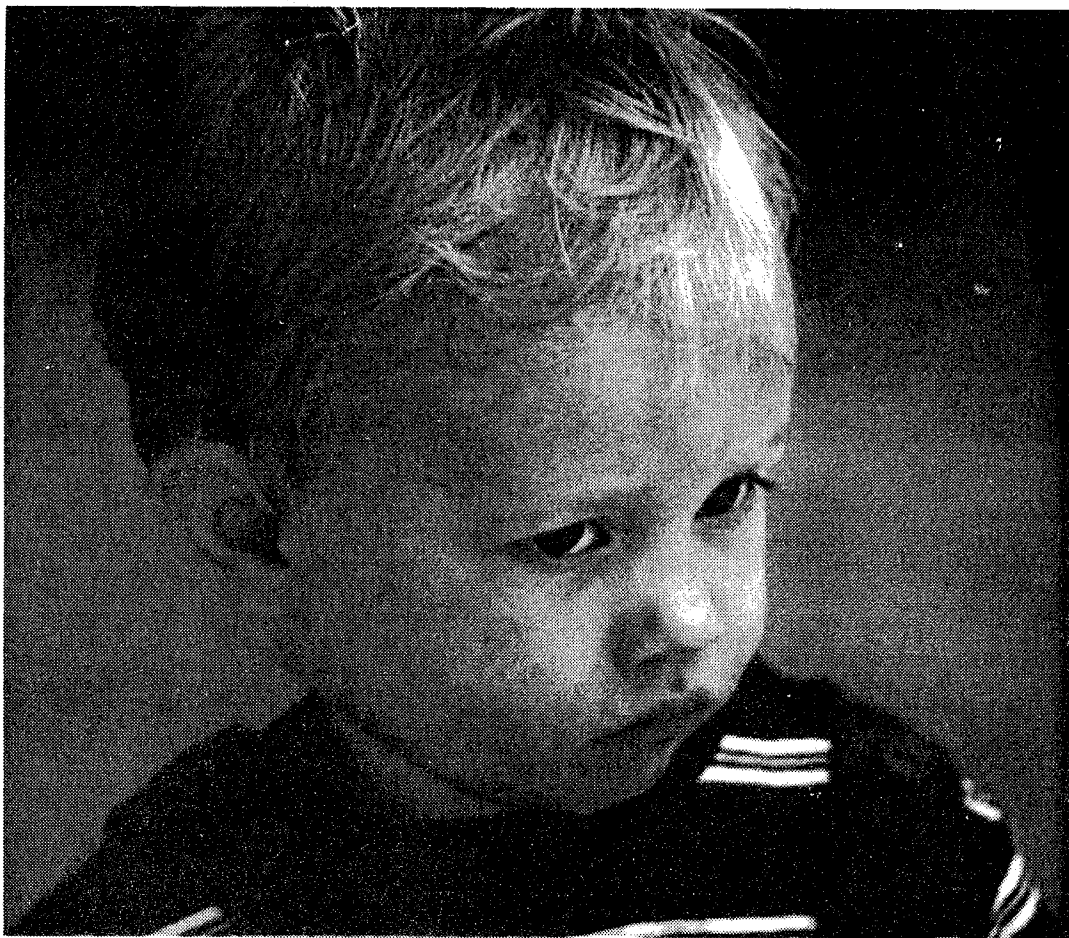
always one more

-Hilary Vidair



Photo by Hilary Vidair

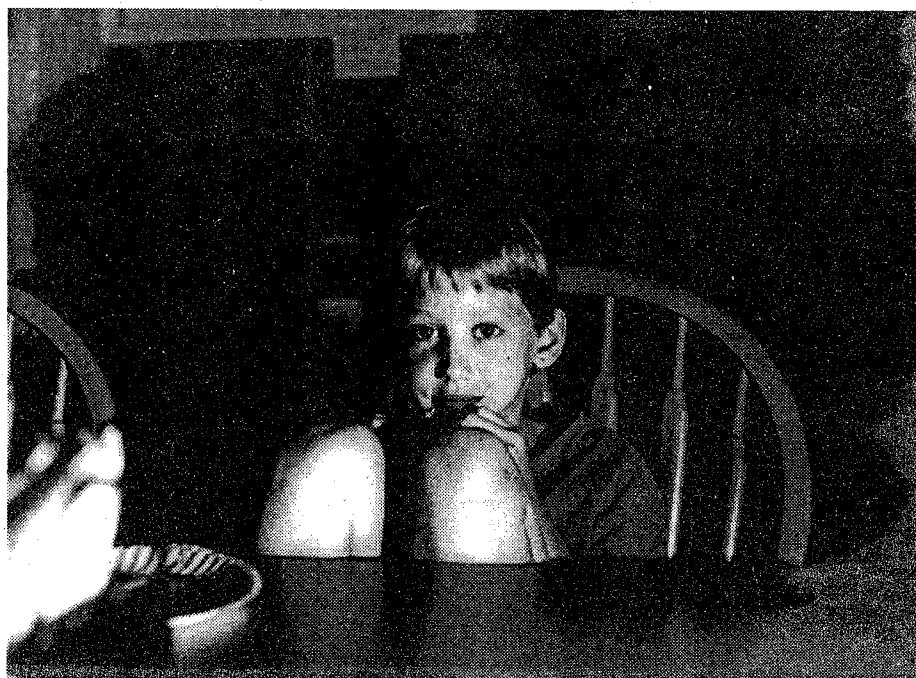




## UNTITLED

I WASTE MY TIME, THINKING OF  
LINES  
TO IMPRESS A COIN MADE OF  
SILVER-  
BACKED GORILLAS EATING  
BANANA  
BOATS SAILING  
A NEW CAR FOR HALF PRICE  
IS RIGHT AT THE NEXT CORNER  
ME IN A TIGHT SITUATION  
COMEDY OF ERRORS THE PLAYER  
MADE  
COOKIES EATEN BY CHILDREN  
WHO DON'T  
KNOW HOW TO BAKE BREAD AND  
WHINE  
HOW THEY CAN'T HAVE A QUAR-  
TER FOR THE  
GUMBALL MACHINE  
MAKING OUR CAR DRIVEN  
BY A MOTIVE

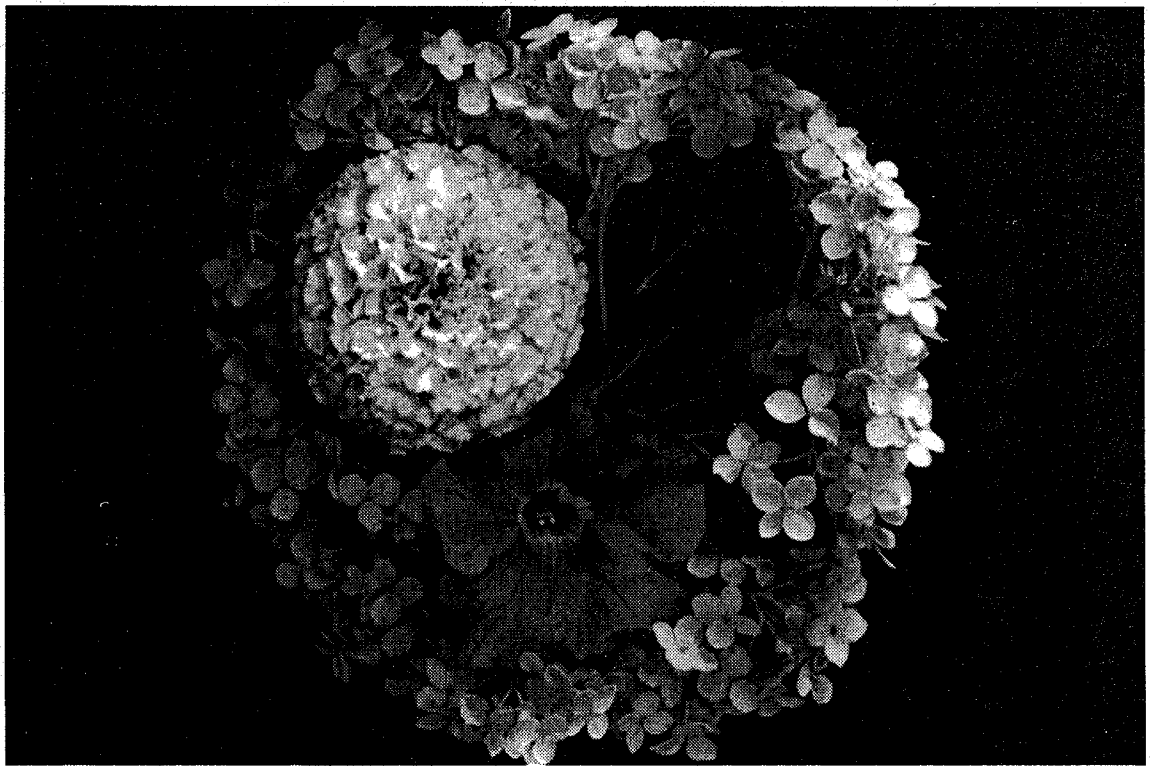
-DANIEL MAKSYM



Scripted Manipulation

Around and around through our rat race existence  
We sell our days for fear and stagnation  
While the secrets of life run from Her as if He couldn't even breathe  
They wake in the morning and stare in disbelief  
There's a sign on the wall  
"No End in Sight"  
-Hierosis

-Craig Schlanger



untitled

The forgetful nature of my mind  
Has removed me so far from reality  
That I have no conception who I am  
I lost myself somewhere around here  
I don't even know what is missing  
From- my knowledge of myself is very limited  
I do not know where to start:  
Who the hell am I  
I woke up this morning with dyed hair  
And a beard  
Why?  
Can't think  
Can't feel  
My mind forgets-  
I wonder  
"Am I happy"  
Don't know,  
Can't remember  
What it feels like  
Who are my friends? Do I have any?  
Did I  
Forget? I have telephone numbers.  
Why? Do I care? Why should I?  
I don't, I think  
I should kill myself, Do I want to  
Remember  
Something I have to live for

-anonymous



photos by Isaac Pflaum



untitled

A thin layer of sweat on my face is  
Evaporated by a soft, cool breeze  
Gently pushing its way  
Through the canopy of Fall-browning leaves,  
Like a crowded city street  
Parts for anyone,  
Anyone

-Daniel Maksym



photo by Isaac Pflaum

untitled

The water was panes of flowing glass

Reflecting the evening sky

Alive with porcelain swans

Their eyes buried in black feathers

A man and a boy walk along the pond rim

A man and a boy walk beneath seagulls

By geese

all honking

Boasting

Fighting

They foul the air

-anonymous

Untitled

Being familiar with someone

Means never having to say their

Name

-Daniel Maksym



photo by Hilary Vidair

Untitled

December walk, through silent gaze

The shoelace ties, the blanket frays

Trapped within an endless maze

Created by your crashing waves

-Daniel Maksym





photo by Hilary Vidair

Testing: 1,2,3

A Statement in Haiku -  
The anathema  
of a true education:  
the standardized test.

And in Rhyming Couplets (Sort of) -  
Curse the school that grades the test  
and forgets about all the rest,  
that pressures students to learn names and dates  
with no time left to think or create,  
or prompts you to dream, ponder, and more,  
but -- in the end -- reduces you to one test score.

If they squelch the kids with vision and verve,  
may they get the "plastic" that they deserve.

And in Free Verse -  
You hope,  
you pray,  
you worry,  
you cram,  
you practice dozens of questions, trusting  
that they are  
sufficiently similar  
to the ones on  
the real test  
to make all this  
time spent  
worth more  
than just  
calming your nerves,  
though, come to think of it,  
that's worth a lot.  
Finally, you take the test.  
You laugh,  
you cry...  
Huge sigh...  
Thank God,  
it's over.

-F.L.Livingston

photo by Isaac Pflaum

The Answers To Your Quiz Next Friday

True  
False  
False  
False  
False

True

True  
True  
False  
True

#3

#3

#4 OR None Of The Above

#1

#3

John Jay  
1974

-Kara



Coca-Cola and Marlboro Reds is the most wonderful combination of oral sensation ever. The smoke is like liquid mercury spilling over your tounge and the Coke bubbles make your whole mouth tingle. And then you get this aftertaste just chillin' on the back of your tongue like that. It's really amazing; try it sometime. If you're into that sort of thing. I know lots of you out there are saying, "No, cigarettes are bad for you." But you know what? Lots of things are bad for you. Getting hit in the head with a block of Uelveeta is bad for you. Studying until your brain hurts is bad for you. Loving someone to the point of complete and utter passion-consumption is bad for you. Everyone's got a vice, and mine happened to be Coca-Cola and Marlboro Reds. And it's true, it is kinda like death. Black cola in a red can juxtaposed with that red and white box – cancer in a tube, augmented by caffeine and hyper-sugar-rush. And death probably leaves that sweet taste in the back of your mouth, as well. That tate of knowing how sinful your life was and remembering how much you enjoyed it.

-Brianne Thompson

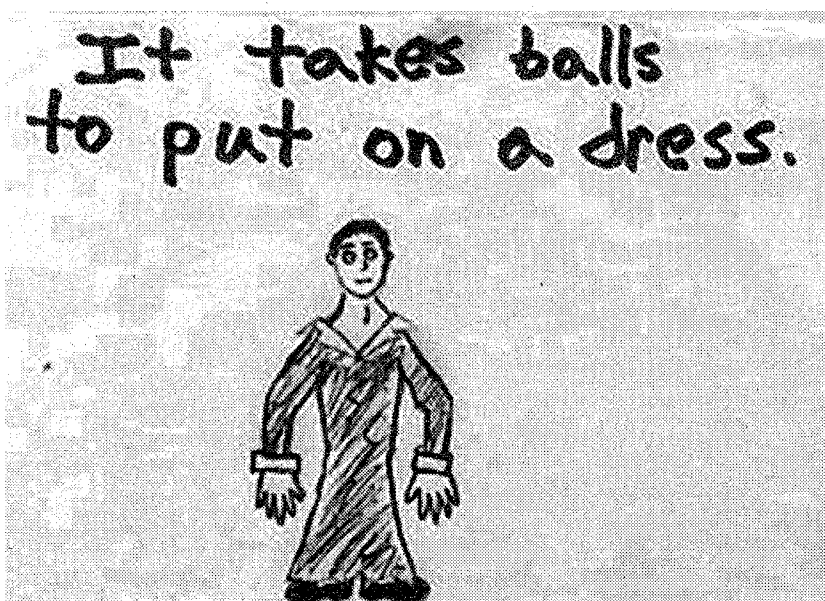


Illustration by Brian Kate

"You Want Fried With That?"

Walking after midnight.  
Car zooms past at warp speed.  
Shouts of "Freaks!"  
As they throw  
A very un(in bold)happy meal at us.  
Box of burgers and french fires  
Slams into the pavement right in front  
of us  
"Jesus, that could've really hurt us!"  
Looks like they wanted us to  
"Have it their way."

-BrianKate

### Anatomy Lesson

I know why breasts  
Are called "boobs;"  
That's what guys act like when they see a pair.

"Hey, you developed so nicely."  
Yeah, he doesn't even know  
What I look like from the neck up.

He's thumping my melons  
Like he's shopping the produce aisle  
Like I can just be bought at "Titty-Mart"  
Like he can pick me up in the "boychick" aisle  
For the price of a cheap feel.

I shove him away –  
"Ya can look for free, but a feel'll cost ya  
Two seconds later his hands are back.  
Now he's trying to twist my nipples –  
"Hey, I don't get 'Radio Free Europe' on those

I seize his hands,  
Start smacking him around Joan Collins style  
"Hey buddy – the 'hands-on' anatomy lesson is  
over."

-BrianKate

American Beauty

Skin  
Bright White  
Tanned in artificial light  
Brown Hair  
Bleach Burnt Blonde  
Skin made tight

-anonymous

Haiku

winter awaits the  
sun's blanket  
i await yours...  
wholey...!

-Joaquin Rivera

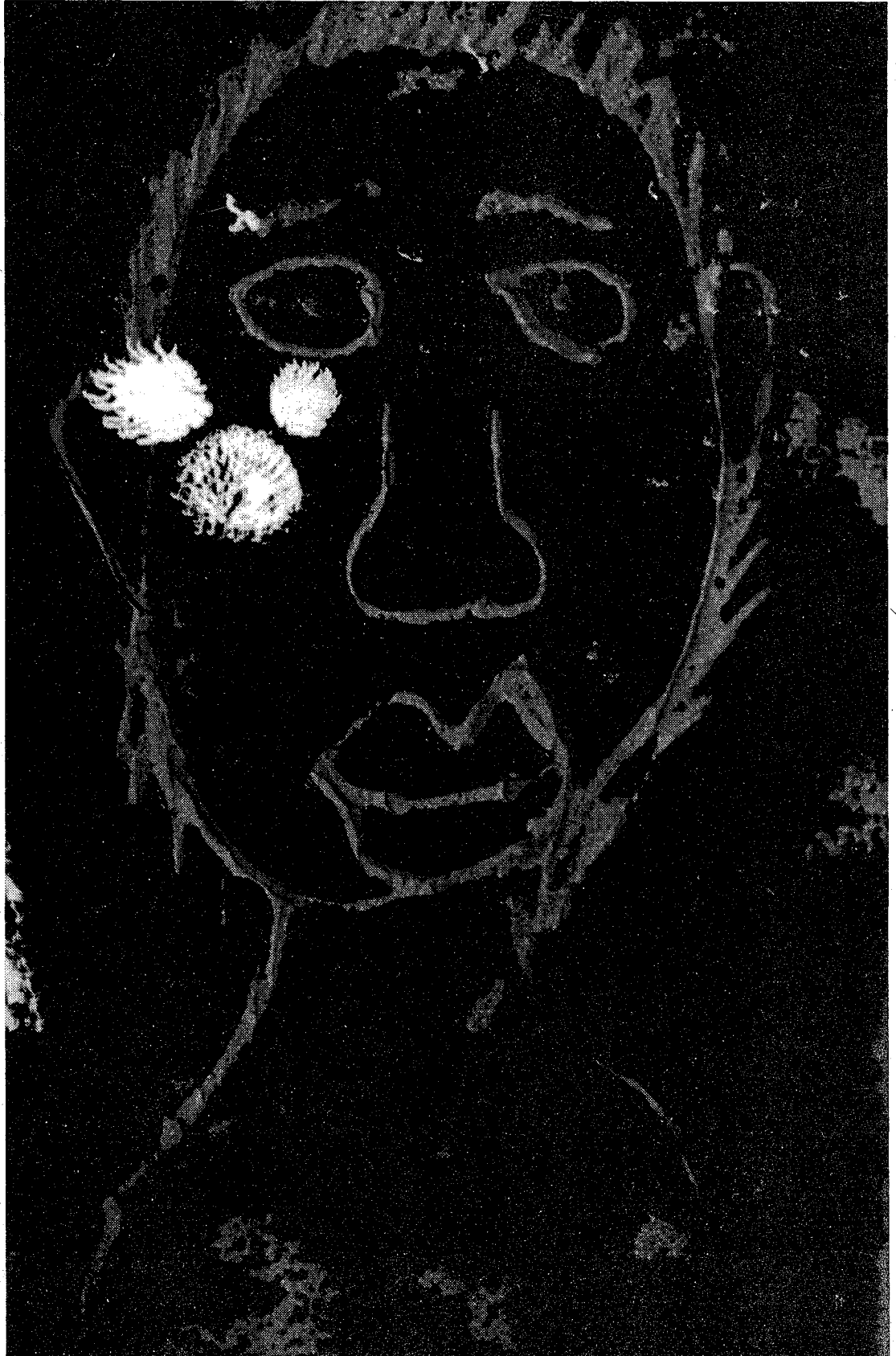


photo by Isaac Pflaum

Untitled

The most tender  
touch,  
I languish inside.  
The rosepetal velvet,  
Your heart resides.

-Daniel Maksym



Bleeding Cowboy

The rain just came and made me think of you.  
Pounding.  
It pours outside my window.

Reminiscent of what you said...  
"Come over, I'd rip you out of your car,  
tear your clothes off, and fuck you right there  
in the rain, on the wet grass."

But would you rub my back in that one tickly spot  
That makes me tingle and shudder and giggle?  
Or perhaps let that lead the way to a full body massage  
With all-over oils and scented candles  
And some hot wax kissed on my untanned breasts and nipples?  
Peel the wax off piece by molded piece after it has hardened.

L.A. Woman's climactic riffs repeat harder and faster  
in the hazy recesses of my mind.  
"Get your mojo rising!"

"Well, obviously yours is."

I want to feel your long skinny piano player fingers  
slide deep inside while you whisper Dirty Somethings  
to me; to feel you breathily vocalize turn-on words  
like "hard cock" and "hot wet pussy;" to feel that warm, sweet breath  
against my ear, easing its way in after caressing my hair and neck,  
that tingle that chases itself up and down my spine and eventually to my crotch.

I want you to be my bleeding cowboy,  
my Rough-and-Tumble hunk of man who sucks  
on his Marlboros with intense rugged passion.  
A tough guy who can handle my neck-nibbling  
Vampire Tendencies, and perhaps even return the favor.

I want you to hold me, rest me, cradle my head  
in that semi-squishy almost chest 'cause it's not quite shoulder  
spot as we lie naked awaiting the sunrise,  
listening to the sighing wind as it rustles the leaves.

Just as it does now.  
Sounds like your sleepy noises after our late night rendez-vous.  
How I'd love to have you now...

-Brianne Thompson

**NOT LIMERICKS FROM JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL**

**I ONCE HAD A PET AMEIBA  
HE WAS VERY SILLY WITH ME-A  
HE DIDN'T LIKE HIS PSEUDOPODS  
HE ENJOYED PLAYING WITH PLUTONIUM RODS  
AND HE HAD A FRIEND EUGLENA!**

**PRETTY PUPPY PLAYS ALL DAY  
ROLLING AROUND IN THE HAY  
DIDN'T SEE THAT BIG OLD TRACTOR  
KINDA LEFT OUT THAT LETHAL FACTOR  
LYING DEAD IN THE MONTH OF MAY  
TO BAD HE DIDN'T GET OUT OF THE WAY.**

**THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM RANGOON  
HE WAS BORN NINE MONTHS TOO SOON  
HE DIDN'T HAVE THE LUCK  
TO BE BORN BY A FUCK  
HE WAS WIPED OFF THE SHEETS WITH A SPOON**



photo by Hilary Vidair



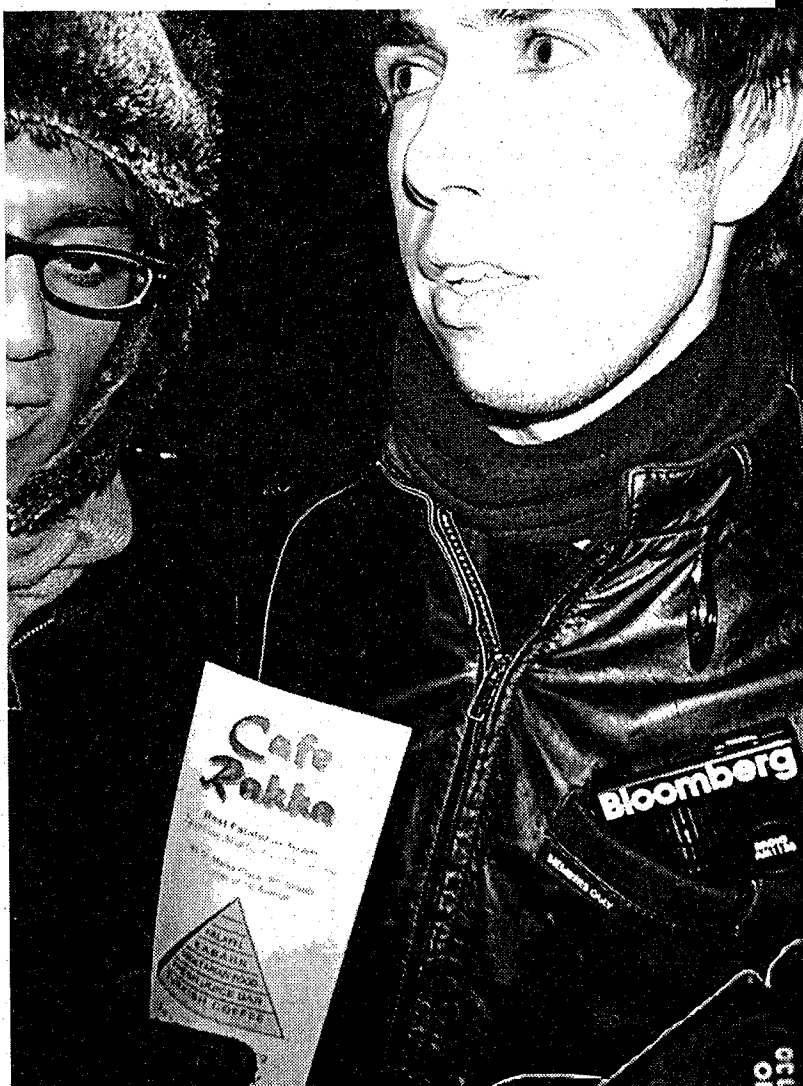
Rakka Falafel  
dope flavors all the way from  
1986

Bloomberg news in the  
Prada version of leopard  
basement two-million

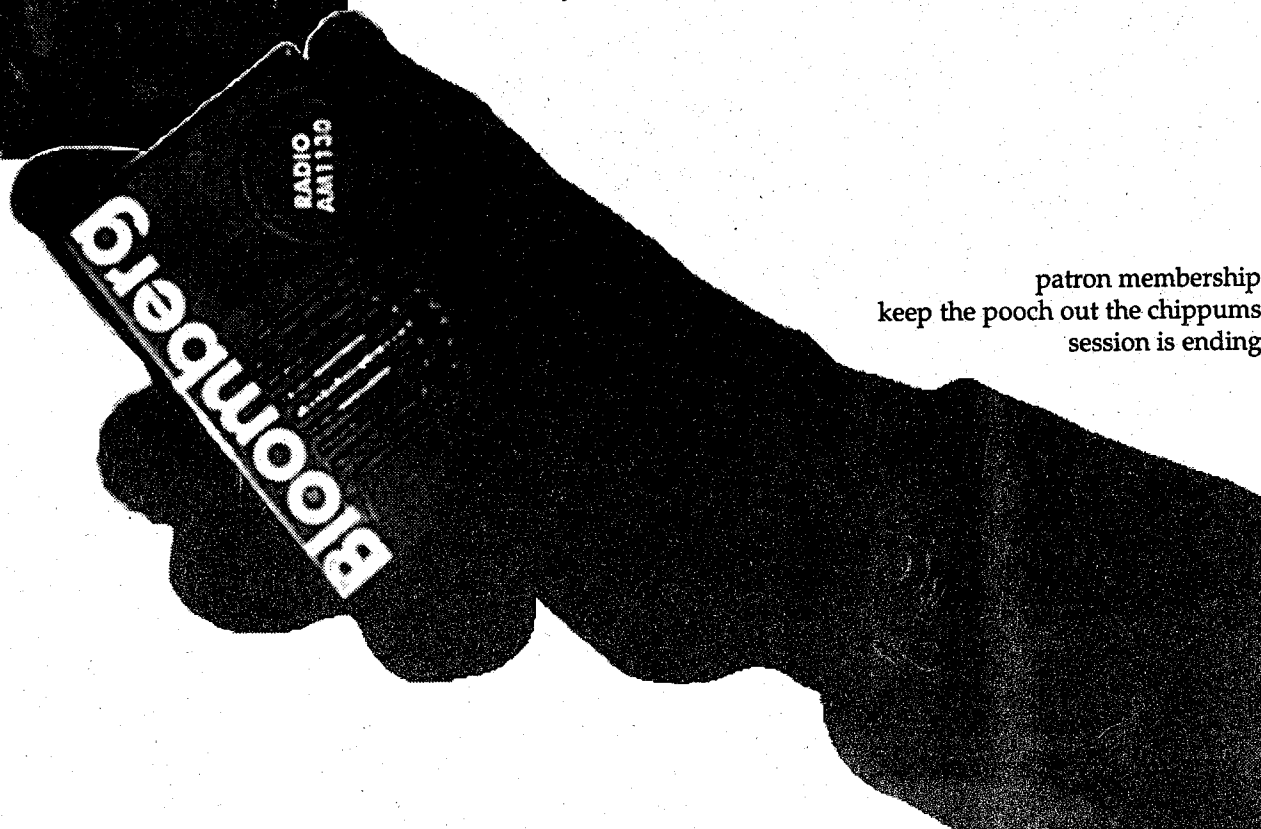


Jack Powers model  
amihotornot.com  
confirms the flyness

Was your daddy an  
astronaut? Because your butt  
is out of this world.



I'm rubber, you're glue.  
Whatever you say bounces  
of me; sticks to you



patron membership  
keep the pooch out the chippums  
session is ending



# Are Some Black People Niggers?

By Tim Connors, Official Racism Representative

I was at Applebee's the other night, and one of the white guys I was with started to explain his views on black people. Of course, he had black friends and roommates that he had no problems with, since the issue of race didn't come up. When blacks had a problem with racial differences, he thought they were Niggers.

That seemed to be a racist, bigoted statement. The word Nigger, as used by him, implied that black people who strongly support their own cultural beliefs, and challenge white people about racial issues, are at fault and deserve to be hated. This line of thinking is not uncommon among non-black people.

I'm not black, but I think that black people make a choice about how to relate to people who are not black. Racial issues can be ignored, or confronted. Either way, there is a strong probability that social interactions will have to be made with people who are prejudiced and don't realize it, or are outright racists, or somewhere in between.

Race issues are pervasive in our society. Dark skinned, nappy haired black people are rarely depicted favorably on television. This was pointed out to me, since I'm willing to discuss racial issues without becoming overly passionate, and I try to keep an open mind. The point is that there are subtle racial stereotyping messages in our society.

Bigotry is passed down through the raising of children. It may occur unintentionally or deliberately, but prejudices about other groups are values that are part of child raising. A choice is made by parents to be positive, negative, or to ignore the significance of differences in culture and appearance. Peers, education, and media also play a part.

Prejudice impacts the ability of minori-

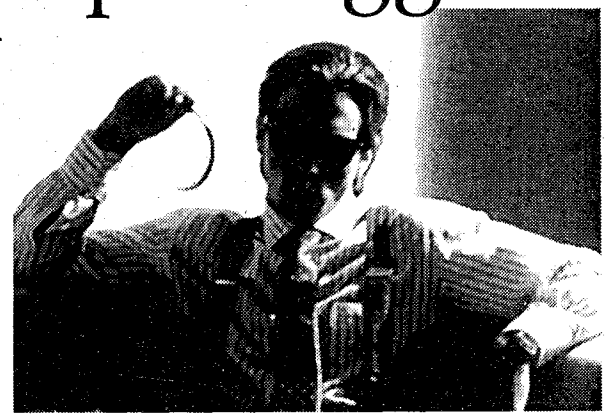
ties to get jobs, mortgages and limits the choice of housing. Not being liked because of racial or religious bias translates into diminished living standards. Minorities have made progress, although they represent a disproportionate amount of the poor, are underrepresented in the middle class, and have a negligible presence in the upper class.

The upper class consists of corporate executives and elected officials. Affirmative action has failed to break the glass ceiling for minorities, while at the same time causing resentment amongst most whites. The resentment is based on the idea that minorities received preferential treatment at the expense of white people's opportunities.

Affirmative action should be enhanced to quotas for positions on corporate boards of directors, and corporate executives. These positions allow a broad impact on issues of equality, of opportunity and of compensation for work. Minorities are not proportionately represented at that level because those positions are reserved for the social elite.

The social elite are that handful of people who went to the best schools, where they formed networking connections that gave them access to advancement within society. These are the people who end up on the board of directors, and serve as elected officials. There are few minorities amongst them.

A solution to this would be to take about ten percent of the wealth of those with assets of more than twenty million dollars and split it between a hundred minority people. That would serve as a beginning of the formation of a minority upper class. The money should come from rich white people and corporations so that working people don't have to sacrifice anymore of



their earnings to the rich.

Minorities would also benefit from a presence in the government that reflected the proportion of the population that they constitute. Currently, voting districts are arranged so that black areas get to elect representatives. A better way to elect officials would be to end the winner take all system of elections, and switch to a system where parties get nominate a list of candidates, and the proportion of the vote that the party receives determines how many of the candidates would be elected.

That would allow for minorities to form their own parties and still get representation in the government. A minority presence in legislatures would serve as a swing vote, and the impact of minorities on legislation would be greater than it is today. Blacks and other minorities should have an impact on how this country is run, not just the choice between two whites.

Many whites get resentful when minorities stand up for themselves. I think this is because some whites need to feel superior to blacks. America isn't always totally fair, and most people don't want to lose what power they have, even if it means that another group will suffer as a result.

## Because Of Fear, We Arm Our Protectors

By Isaac Pflaum, Senoir Police Liason

A few weeks ago I was pulled over on South Loop Rd. by a campus Deputy. I knew I had been going too fast. I was late for a class and I wasn't thinking. As soon as I saw the lights in my rear view mirror, I pulled over, turned off my car, turned on my hazard lights and remained seated looking into the left side mirror at the glaring headlights and vague silhouette of the police car. I sat completely still and smoked a cigarette.

When he finally did step out of his car, the headlights made it impossible for me to see the deputy's face. He was an outline with a flashlight in his hand. He walked towards my door slowly and as he came near his free hand slipped to a bump on his waist. I couldn't see his gun at first because he stood behind me and shined his flashlight into the car. I didn't see the gun until he turned to look up the street. He spoke to me very politely and I showed him my license and registration without any trouble. I had been going 55 in a 30 zone. He asked me a few questions. I said "yes sir...yes sir...yes sir..." he told me to slow down, and he let me go.

I am not afraid of the campus police. I am not afraid that they will hurt or kill me. Campus police are very well trained, and must pass a use-of-force test every year. In the following statements I am at no point questioning the character of any member of the campus police department.

There are many people who fear police because many police have contributed to a national history of abuse. There is no history of abuse at Stony Brook and so there is no reason to fear that campus police will hurt or kill anyone.

Three years ago in 1998, New York

Governor, George Pataki deputized the campus peace officers who until had that point been unarmed. Since then, there has been no serious change in the campus crime rate. A possible explanation for this lack of change is the incredibly low rate Stony Brook had before the arming. Another is the massive improvement in lighting, blue phones, and campus patrols. A more controversial and less investigated explanation is that the campus police department utilizes biased crime reporting and classification to portray a visage of safety to prospective students. The last two murders occurred in very remote locations in under extraordinary circumstances. In both cases police discovered the victims after they were dead.

Guns are very unlikely to make a difference in the prevention of serious crimes on campus. Most of the time the police find out after the crime has been committed. The heightened security of residence halls, the increased lighting, the blue phones, and the heightened patrols have been successful in reducing crime on this campus.

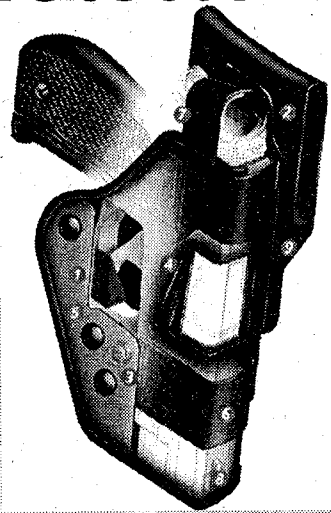
Many, including Police Chief Little, would argue that the police need to carry guns because there is no way to predict if they will necessary. "Today might be that day." They are afraid of that killer or rapist lurking in a shadow, under a bed or in the bathroom. My intention is not to mock their fear but to show how unreasonable these fears are. Stony Brook is a very safe place compared to the place these fears envision. Many live in fear of things that may happen, they live in fear of their community. Because of fear they arm their protectors.

Over fifty state deputy officers police Stony Brook. All carry a gun, most a semi automatic glock pistol. This pistol has been criticized due to the small amount of pressure the trigger requires to fire the gun.

People see the weapons of officers all the time. They should look next time for the officer's fingers dancing over the gun. I remember the silhouette of the officer's hand on his gun vividly. It didn't bother me at first but I felt the weight of that gun on my chest by the time I actually saw his hand on it. It was intimidation. The gun is the most visible symbols of a cop's authority. It is displayed to show their power. Because of Fear we accept oppression.

Why do we live in fear of each other? Why do our protectors' weapons oppress us? We can not resign to live in fear of each other. Campus police should not carry guns. Guns do not belong in a University. They are obscene and they are only tolerated because of fear.

I am not afraid of the police. I am not afraid of the people of the community. I refuse to live in fear and be oppressed by those meant only to protect and serve me.



# Pull Out Of The Vietnam On Drugs

By, Tim Connors, War On Drugs Correspondant

In the United States, war allows the government to suspend the constitutional rights of people, and to kill the enemy and destroy property. In Vietnam there was a gradual escalation of the amount of force used to prevent the spread of communism. The United States wanted to sabotage Vietnam's right to self-determination.

The war on drugs is based on the denial of people's right of self-determination. The amount of force and infringement on rights has increased gradually, and if this trend continues the end result will be a big brother authoritarian police state. As the war continues without victory will the use of force escalate to the point of executing drug users, mandatory drug tests for everyone, military intervention in countries that produce drugs? How many injustices will be committed to uphold the anti drug moral value decision that lacks compassion and practicality?

Drug users risk death in the pursuit of a high. There is no punishment worse than a life of drug use. Drugs are available in prisons, and in effect jails serve as expensive shelters for drug abusers.

This is a war against a cunning enemy that can look like anyone, from homeless to high office. It is equal opportunity and does not discriminate based on age, religion, gender, sexual orientation, disability, race, class, or education. No one starts out thinking that they might become addicts. Lines are crossed and what seemed unimaginable becomes normal.

Some people maintain a life that approaches normal, but most do not. Either way risks are taken that are not rational. The consequences are health problems, jail, permanent insanity, or death. The reward is a short high, numbed pain, or an escape from reality.

Society has declared war on an irrational foe. There is a need to protect the straight people from the fiends. But the suicidal can't be beaten into submission. No legal consequence will stop the traffic in chemical escape.

The naive proponents of legalization hope to break the cycle by letting more people experiment without consequences. The fiend will still lie, cheat, borrow, and steal, to get the money for the drugs. Only the pain of waiting for the cope man to show up will be gone.

The fiend will use until they die, or they quit. Family, friends, and society can only wait to see which happens first. The question is what to do with drug fiends while they are using? And do the fiends have the right to abuse drugs even though they always hurt someone?

The fiend's life and thinking centers on drugs, getting them and finding the means to get more. The most damage done to society is in the pursuit of the means to get more. As long as those means are available the getting is a matter of time.

Some think that asking the fiend to leave society in exchange for drugs maybe a way to limit the amount of damage done to society. Sort of a hospice for the chronically ill. Attempts to treat the fiend could be made, and might even work a small percentage of the time.

It would be like a voluntary prison, just much less expensive. The amount of law enforcement efforts to apprehend drug users would be reduced. Society would be a safer place to be without irrational drug users, and their need to get more drugs. Drug pushers would still be a problem.

The pusher doesn't have to look too hard to find a new customer. Legalizing drugs would make the government the pusher. People not realizing what they are getting into would still use, regardless of where they got it.

Getting drugs now is inconvenient, but a

determined person will get them, or substitute a different drug, using whatever they can get.

The illegality makes it a taboo to be broken by youths. On the other hand legalizing will make them available, but they will still be a taboo that is broken by youths. Regardless of what decision is made, there will be new generations of addicts.

There is no way to stop people from consuming substances that alter their moods and thoughts. People would bang their head against a rock to change how they felt if that was the only means available. Hunting people down, and then locking them away is not going to solve this problem.

The war on drugs has also been associated with a need for the reduction of the individual's rights within society. One might suggest that the interest in ending drug abuse is not the purpose of the war on drugs, but rather the reduction of individual's privacy and property rights.

If all drugs were legalized there would probably be a distinction of danger involved in usage that would determine how they would be available. Pot might be sold like alcohol is now. It would be available with age limits and only at licensed places during certain times. Other drugs would be available with a doctor's prescription, and filled at a pharmacy.

The idea of going to a doctor for narcotics and other drugs would not be a change from what is currently happening. Fiends will fake intense pain for painkillers, which are narcotic. What would change is that doctors would be able to give out drugs without the lies of what they are being used for.

The drugs wouldn't be cut with garbage, and a professional would measure the strength and dose. That would cut down on the number of overdoses. There would also be less spread of diseases, since sterile needles could be distributed. If the drugs were given at no cost drug dealers would go out of business, but addicts would still sell off part of their stash to get money to live on.

Marijuana carries the same health effects as smoking cigarettes. Neither is good for your health. Cigarettes are far more addictive, and kill many more people than weed does. Legalizing pot would mean that more people would die of causes associated with the inhalation of smoke.

Pot and alcohol both have effects on mood, clarity of thought, and motor coordination. Alcohol is more addictive than pot, but both can make people's lives unmanageable. Pot was made illegal because its use was associated with minorities, violence, and madness. There is a theory that marijuana is a gateway drug to harder drugs. My response is that the pot isn't what leads to other drugs, rather the adoption of a set of values that rationalize and glorify the disregard of the law and acceptance of risks associated with interaction with drug dealers.



Regardless of legalization the problem of the person addicted to narcotics would persist. Placing limits on personal freedom will not solve the problem. Those in the grips of addiction will ignore laws, and the law-abiding citizens will be left to pay the bill for a futile effort to enforce those laws.

There is little that can be done to control addicts. Treatment programs are not terribly effective, and twelve step programs rely on a desire to stop using drugs. The desire to stop using drugs comes when the pain of using becomes great enough. The desire to stop is not something that can be forced upon an addict, unless we followed China's example of executing drug users and pushers. I don't know much about China, but I'd bet that there are drug users there now.

The current approach of the United States towards drug abuse goes against the principles of liberty and pursuit of happiness. Liberty is the right to live unconstrained, free, and with a certain degree of autonomy. Reducing the rights of drug users and imprisoning them is not justified when there only crime is to pursue happiness by consuming a substance that alters their emotional and physical experience of reality.

The use of drugs should not be a crime, but society should protect itself from people driven by the need to use drugs. When the use of drugs prevents addicts from participating in society the streets are their refuges now. The vagrant drug addict should be offered a place off the streets to finish their course of self-destruction.

People should have the right to drop out of society. Society should provide for the sick and suffering addict that drops out of conventional life. A simple but dignified place to live out the hell of drug use.

In a free society the right to make the wrong choices in life is essential. It is painful to know that people will make the choice to use drugs because they want chemical pleasure at the cost of their mental, physical, and emotional well being. Police forces and jails cannot conquer self-determination.

Minimizing the damage to society as a result of the phenomenon of drug use is the way to go. It is also compassionate in that help can be offered to addicts, rather than punishment. Drug addiction should be treated as a medical problem rather a moral failing that can be eradicated through force.



# Tell Me Why

By F.L. Livingston, Professional Beatlemaniac

They're baaack! The Beatles, that is. With a new CD called "Beatles 1," a collection of "number one" songs that hit the stores on November 14th. A recently released best-seller entitled, The Beatles' Anthology. A Web site (www.TheBeatles.com). And "The Beatles Revolution," an ABC documentary (11/17, 8 PM) on the continued influence of the "Fab Four." As well as, an upcoming NBC movie about John Lennon. Not to mention a new showing of their famous Hard Day's Night at theaters "everywhere."

Why this sudden blitz of Beatlemania? Okay, true, I know, "it's big business, stupid!" But it was also prompted by the twentieth anniversary of Lennon's death. And the fact that his killer, Mark David Chapman, was recently denied parole.

But beyond that, many people in my generation — and even some in yours — are still psych-ed by the famous foursome. (That's why it's "big business, stupid!") Every year, mad fans, young and "old," gather in the "Strawberry Fields" section of Central Park to strum guitars and sing Beatle songs.

Rewind: I remember when the Beatles first came to America in 1964, and Ed Sullivan introduced them on his show. Like most American teenagers, I quickly learned to love their music. Their songs echoed the simple ideas of love that I had at age 14. "I wanna hold your hand, She says she loves you/And you know that can't be bad," With an innocent expression of romantic yearning and a youthful faith in the beauty of love, their lyrics captured the essence of my early adolescent dreams. The feelings that I would have liked some teenage boy to have for me. The totally pure and gentle relationship I so wanted and totally believed possible. I heard it all reverberating through their music.

Or thought I did.

In fact, if I'm still partial to the Beatles' early work, it's probably because it coincided with my early teens, when adolescence, itself, was "full of promise." (And every high school crush I had is connected in my mind with one Beatle song or another.)

Obviously, I wasn't alone. And as Bill Clinton pointed out in "Revolution," after the shock of JFK's assassination in 1963, the Beatles' joyous music "lifted us up."

Soon enough, each Beatle seemed to have his own persona. John was "the leader," Paul, the "cute one," George, "the shy one," and Ringo, "the fun one." They each projected an image that many teenage boys could relate to. And many teenage girls could adore.

But time marched on, the Beatles' music changed, and so did they. With the advent of "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band," their music morphed into something more probing and mysterious. Although still insisting that "all you need is love." Their themes evolved with the changing concerns and interests of the times. They also helped to shape those trends. (bringing such "exotic" traditions as yoga and mysticism into pop culture).

John, Paul, George, and Ringo. They represented something much more than the strains of their composition or the meaning of their lyrics. They personified the era of the '60s, itself. (Just as rap artists often express the fears and frustrations of today. Etc.) Easily, the Beatles became "a legend in their own time."



Though I'm loath to turn human beings into symbols, this prototype "boy band" did appear to embody the style and spirit of their times. The new hairstyles for men, the new sound, the "new" ideals — all these were part of what the Beatles signified.

But as our society divided up over Vietnam, etc., the Fab Four finally split. Paul, along with his wife Linda and his new band Wings, probed even deeper into the intricacies of life and love. (Think: "Yesterday.") John and his new wife, Yoko Ono, waxed more political, asking us to "imagine there's no countries" and to "give peace a chance." George and Ringo, too, performed for causes. But until Chapman fired that fatal bullet into Lennon — and through the core of "the legend" — we continued to hear those famous "Beatle" voices.

Fast Forward: Back to the present: But what do the Beatles mean to your generation? Well, young musicians in "Revolution" cited the "Liverpool influence" on their work. And Justin Timberlake of N'Sync lauded the Beatles' songs as "timeless."

Because every generation has its own songs to sing, its own ideas to convey. And a few performers who reach across the varying eras. The Beatles are of that ilk. So that's what, and why

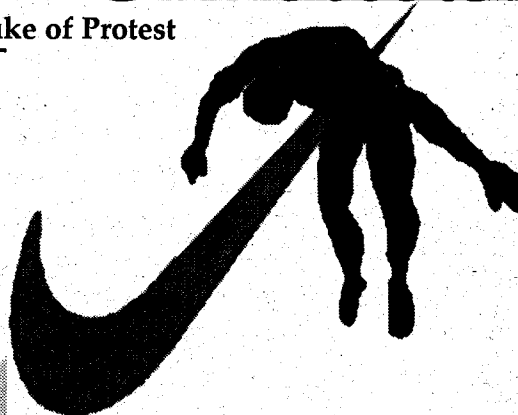
## NYPIRG Protests.

By Isaac Pflaum, Duke of Protest

On Saturday, Nov. 18<sup>th</sup>, eight members of Stony Brook's NYPIRG chapter participated in an organized protest against sweatshops at two locations in NY State. Almost 200 college students protested at the Nike Factory Outlet in Woodbury Commons and the Palisades Mall. The protest was organized by the New York Public Research Interest Group staff member in charge of the state wide anti-sweatshop campaign, Pete Sikora.

There were no arrests and nobody was hurt or killed. Several security guards, however, were severely upset and confused, but still posed for photographs with the leaders of the occupation. Students deafened the ears of hundreds of suburban consumers with forceful chants such as "No more sweatshops! Shame on Nike!" "No Justice, No Peace," and "We'll be back."

The 18<sup>th</sup> was the first day of the holiday shopping season and both sites were packed with shoppers. Some people scowled, some stared, others joined in, but nobody failed to notice the two hundred or so activists parading around shouting



their mantras. The protests were successful in its every objective. It went seamlessly. This is the result of the wonderful planning and flawless execution of this protest.

The police were called on both occasions but only the second time did the protestors have to interact with law enforcement officials. The leader of the protest handled the police masterfully, preventing arrests by lightening the mood and making it clear that the protest was against sweatshops, not the police.

This is an annual protest. The chants of "We'll be back!" were more for show than anything else. There is another protest in New York City on the 6<sup>th</sup> of December. This will also be a protest against sweatshops and is being sponsored by NYPIRG.

the Arcade  
videos, games, pool, ice cream



in da basement of the union  
Damn Fly



# Step One of A Twelve Step Program

By, Tim Connors, Swami Emeritus

Reservations are places in our program that we have reserved for relapse. They may be built around the idea that we can retain a small measure of control, something like, 'Okay, I accept that I can't control my using, but I can still sell drugs, can't I?' Or we may think we can remain friends with the people we used with or bought drugs from. We may think that certain parts of the program don't apply to us.

We may think there's something we just can't face clean, a serious illness for instance, or the death of a loved one, and plan to use if it ever happens. We may think that after we've accomplished some goal, made a certain amount of money, or been clean for a certain number of years, then we'll be able to control our using.

Reservations are usually tucked away in the back of our minds; we are not fully conscious of them. It is essential that we expose any reservation we may have and cancel them right here, right now.

Have I accepted the full measure of my disease?

No, I don't think the full measure of my disease is apparent to me, and I still question whether I am an addict, and sometimes think I could use successfully. I don't want to use, but I don't want to be an addict.

Do I think I can still associate with the people connected with my addiction? Can I still go to the places where I used?

The people I've used with and the places I used I avoid with the exception of family gatherings and the people from the Stony Brook Press. I still get together with my family and watch them drink. I will not cut myself off from them. The people from the Press I associate with in the office, however I limit my interaction with them.

Do I think it's wise to keep drugs or paraphernalia around just to remind myself or test my recovery? If so, why?

I don't intentionally do this, but objects around the house such as my bottle opener and paper clips remind me of using.

Is there something I think I can't get through clean, some event that might happen that will be so painful that I'll have to use to survive the hurt?

I fear the death of a loved one, such as a child, spouse, sibling or parent. My father died and I didn't have to use, but I wanted too.

Do I think that with some amount of clean time, or with different life circumstances, I'd be able to control my using?

If I didn't have psychotic breaks when using I would consider using until it killed me. I want to enjoy life, and using drugs became painful mentally and spiritually.

What reservations am I still holding on to? I question whether I'm an addict, and am not entirely willing to do whatever it takes to stay clean. Sometimes I think a drink would be OK, and want one.

## **Surrender:**

There's a huge difference between resignation and surrender. Resignation is what we feel when we've realized we're addicts but haven't yet accepted recovery as the solution to our problem. Many of us found ourselves at this point long before coming to Narcotics Anonymous. We may have thought that it was our destiny to be addicts, to live and die in our addiction.

Surrender, on the other hand, is what happens after we've accepted the first step as something that is true for us and have accepted that recovery is the solution. We don't want our lives to be the way they have been. We don't want to keep feeling the way we've been feeling. What am I afraid of about the concept of surrender, if any-

thing?

I am concerned about the repercussions of surrender the loss of control, and the having to experience my feelings without using drugs or alcohol to numb or alter them. Giving up my direction in life to a God, as I understand it is frightening since my God is indifferent and uncaring.

What convinces me that I can't use successfully anymore?

The psychotic breaks that I was having, and my need for more to keep from feeling depressed or upset about having the episodes. I can use, but the consequences will be the same, or worse and I fear ending up in an asylum for the rest of my life.

Do I accept that I'll never regain control, even after a long period of abstinence?

No, the amount of time doesn't make a difference to me; I feel I can still choose not to use. Once I pick up that first drink it will be more difficult to put it down, until I am forced to by societal controls.

Can I begin my recovery without a complete surrender?

Surrender is a gradual process with many levels. I don't know how to surrender completely, so I can begin my recovery without complete surrender. Complete surrender only occurs with death. Otherwise the memory of using will always be with me. To use is like committing suicide slowly, and painfully. I believe that recovery begins when I put down the drugs, and try a different way of life.

What would my life be like if I surrendered completely?

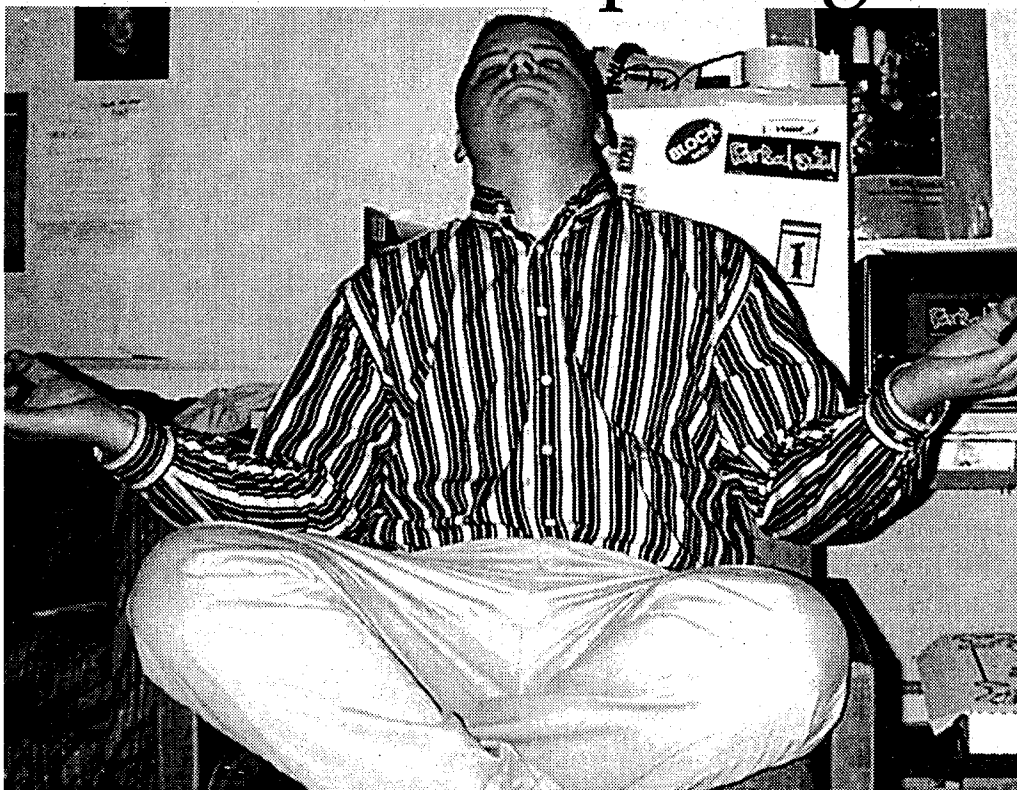
This is a concept that I can't conceive of, but never having to fight against fate, or God's will for me would make my life less painful, and I might experience some kind of serenity.

Can I continue my recovery without complete surrender?

Surrender to recovery is needed for recovery. The question is surrender to what, and recovery from what. Addiction affects me in ways I don't even realize, so surrender to the idea of addiction is to surrender to a force which I don't fully understand, but controls my life. I can spend the rest of my life finding new things to surrender to, so complete surrender would be nice, but the willingness to surrender is more important to recovery.

## **Spiritual Principles:**

In the first step, we will focus on honesty, open-mindedness, willingness, humility, and acceptance. The practice of the principle of honesty from the first step starts with admitting the truth about our addiction, and continues with the practice of honesty on a daily basis. When we say, "I am an addict" in a meeting, it may be the first



truly honest thing we've said in a long time. We begin to be able to be honest with ourselves and, consequently, with other people.

If I've been thinking about using or acting out on my addiction in some other way, have I shared it with my sponsor or told anyone else?

Sexually and financially I have been acting out on my addiction. I have told my sponsor and other people. I have also had thoughts of using to change the way I feel, as well as considered suicide.

Have I stayed in touch with the reality of my disease, no matter how long I've had freedom from active addiction?

The memory of the paranoia and delusions is starting to fade thank God, but I will be in despair again if I use drugs or alcohol.

Have I noticed that, now that I don't have to cover up my addiction, I no longer need to lie like I did? Do I appreciate the freedom that goes along with that? In what ways have I begun to be honest in my recovery?

The need to lie has been reduced, but I still keep a few secrets and I omit the truth from time to time. So I am not entirely honest, but I am able to communicate with my family.

Practicing the principle of open-mindedness found in step one mostly involves being ready to believe that there might be another way to live and being willing to try that way. It doesn't matter that we can't see every detail of what that way might be, or that it may be totally unlike anything we've heard about before; what matters is that we don't limit ourselves or our thinking. Sometimes we may hear NA members saying things that sound totally crazy to us, things like "surrender to win" or suggestions to pray for someone we resent. We demonstrate open mindedness when we don't reject these things without having tried them.

What have I heard in recovery that I have trouble believing?

Meeting makers don't necessarily make it, there's a lot of references to being crazy or insane that I don't feel are appropriate.

Have I asked my sponsor or the person I heard say it, to explain it to me?

Yes I have.

In what ways am I practicing open mindedness?

I can't think of any of the top of my head. The principle of willingness contained in the first step can be practiced in a variety of ways.

When we >>>> continued on next pg

# My Only Refuge: Occupied

By Daniel Maksym, Commuterist Party

"I'm hip to your jive BROTHA!" is vomited screechingly from the knurled lips of a face spitting sweat from every pore. These are the words of a middle-aged white man selling bootleg Hip-Hop CDs in a self-righteous spastic fit to an African-American Stony Brook student.

Sickened by the site of a 50 year-old white guy trying to sell hard-core Gangsta rap, I divert my eyes. Rather than landing upon the usual sight of a protest of some sort, my eyes retract into their sockets, aghast at what lay before them.

I am a Senior commuter student at Stony Brook and, through the years have found that the SB Union is the only place I can go to eat my lunch, study, or take a nap without too much disturbance or discomfort (due to the padded seats). I have become to rely on it- the only bastion of calm on this soul-crushing campus. Now it is no longer mine. . .

Ever since I began spending my lunches and free time in that womb they called the "Fireside Lounge," I have noticed that they would have bazaars of some type there, once in awhile. Let me STRESS "once in awhile." I remember that these sales would occur possibly once every two weeks- not too bad. NOW we have this same sale going on every two or three days (so it seems). The posters advertising them say "Every Thursday." Maybe that's what they planned on, but it's certainly not what is happening! I've certainly witnessed the same group of "salesmen" present two days in a row! Stick that in your corn-hole Shirley! Basically, the one place I had to "hide" has been taken over by various salesmen, interest groups, and fraternities. While the latter two groups can stake some intermittent claim to the Lounge, it is the salespeople that really bother

me.

Like the "snake oil" salesmen of yore, these money-grubbing bastards take upon the Fireside Lounge like locusts ready to eat our crops. They have nothing of real interest to offer ANYONE and end up doing nothing more than blocking a space where someone could sit or creating a ruckus. Beyond that, many of the "services" offered by these salespeople are designed to bring financial ruin to any student that gets trapped in their "tractor beam." They are truly a lot to be despised. Let's go over the usual suspects in a general fashion.

Okay, we've got the previously mentioned CD dealer. This guy has no shame whatsoever. His entire collection of goods consists of illegally duplicated and printed CD "mixes." First of all, how can SB condone this? Secondly, why hasn't this guy been arrested yet? Believe me, I've had more than one inclination to call the FBI on his ass. That's not the biggest point that has to be made though. The real sickening thing about this guy is his attitude. He'd sell bullets at a mass suicide. His dream is to invent a device which fires a grasping arm into the pockets of all students, removing their cash without all the sweet-talk. Also revolting is this guy's sheer blatancy in disrupting the whole Lounge. He brings a boom box on which to play samples of his CDs. Apart from being extremely loud, it turns my stomach when I see him licking his lips, planning what CD to play next based on how many sheep it will bring to slaughter. Gimme a break! Imagine what the Campus Police would do if a student brought a stereo to listen to in the Lounge! They'd be arrested, no doubt!

And what about the cosmetics lady?

Looking semi-comatose, she entices students to buy her second-rate products with deals like "Six for \$5." Trust me folks, there's a reason why they don't test her products on animals- they wouldn't be caught dead wearing any of that garbage.

Next are the cell phone and credit card guys. These are the real scam artists. The cell phone guy tries to sell you a phone that would cost \$50 in a "real" store for \$250 only if you commit to a lifetime contract at \$50 a month. And he calls that a deal. The credit card guy is even worse. By giving away free phone cards or T-shirts he lures students into the most insidious trap of their lives. Effectively putting yourself on a "hunted" list for life by filling out his applications, there is no escape from the clutches of credit card debt. Just ask me, I owe close to \$5000 on mine (STUPID, STUPID, STUPID!). All that hassle and the guy still tries to make you feel like you owe him something after he gives you your gift.

These are just the people I notice most. There are many others doing even more horrible things to the students of Stony Brook and the administration doesn't care. Look at me- I've gone from complaining about a lack of seats and noise in the Union and end up defending the rights of students on campus. Oh well.

Now really, is Stony Brook that hard up that they have to resort to selling out their students' sitting space in order to reel in more cash? How much could they be making anyhow? Nothing. So, the administration is basically selling their students comfort, health, respect, academic success, and financial security for a pittance. How nice to know they care. LISTEN, I want my Lounge back NOW!! MOVE THE PARASITES ELSEWHERE!

## Step One, Cont.

first begin to think about recovery, many of us either didn't really believe it was possible for us or just didn't understand how it would work, but we go ahead with the first step anyway-and that's our first experience with willingness.

Taking any action that will help our recovery shows willingness: going to meetings early and staying late, helping set up meetings, getting other NA members phone numbers and calling them. Am I willing to follow my sponsor's direction?

Only when it's convenient and corresponds to what I already wanted to do.

Am I willing to go to meeting regularly?

I am willing to go regularly, but not daily. Sometimes I like to get extra sleep.

Am I willing to give recovery my best effort? In what ways?

I don't know what my best effort is. I will stick with it regardless of what is going on in my life.

The principle of humility, so central to the first step, is expressed most purely in our surrender. Humility is most easily identified as an acceptance of who we truly are-neither worse nor better than we believed we were when we were using, just human.

Do I believe that I'm a monster who has poisoned the whole world with my addiction? Do I believe that my addiction is utterly inconsequential to the larger society around me? Or some thing in between?

I believe that I have worried those around me, and that I have used up some of the social resources that could have helped others. I don't believe I am a monster, though I done some socially unacceptable things.

Do I have a sense of my relative importance within my circle of family and friends? In

society as whole? What is that sense?

My sense is that I am an unwanted burden on society, my family, and friends.

How am I practicing the principle of humility in connection with this work on the first step?

I am doing something that I would prefer not to do, because it is part of the program I have decided to join.

To practice the principle of acceptance, we must do more than merely admit that we're addicts. When we accept our addiction, we feel a profound inner change that is underscored by a rising sense of hope. We also begin to feel a sense of peace. We come to terms with our addiction, with our recovery, and with the meaning those two realities will come to have in our lives.

We don't dread a future of meeting attendance, sponsor contact, and step work; instead, we begin to see recovery as a precious gift, and the work connected with it as no more trouble than other routines of life.

Have I made peace with the fact that I'm an addict?

No, not entirely. When people argue with me that I'm not I sometimes question myself. What I did with drugs and alcohol went beyond social use, and experimentation.

Have I made peace with the things I'll have to do to stay clean?

I'm not willing to give blowjobs to stay clean or perform any other sexual act, which I do not find agreeable to my sense of morals.

How is acceptance of my disease necessary for my continued recovery?

If I don't accept my disease, then why bother trying to recover from it. And if addiction is not a disease then recovery from it is not possible.

As we get ready to go on to Step Two, we'll probably find ourselves wondering if we've worked Step One well enough. Are we sure it's time to move on? Have we spent as much time as others may have spent on this step? Have we truly gained an understanding of this step? Many of us have found it helpful to write about our understanding of each step as we prepare to move on.

How do I know it's time to move on?

I will know it's time to move on when I go over this with my sponsor. This is a step that I have to live every day, so I move on but I can't ignore this step.

What is my understanding of Step One?

I am powerless over my addiction, and that my life had become unmanageable. I have a need for immediate rewards that will change the way I feel, and that response mechanism causes my life to be more painful after the gratification has ended.

How has my prior knowledge and experience affected my work on this step?

The pain and desperation from drug use and the associated lifestyle gives me the willingness to consider the twelve-step process as an alternative. My hope is that it will result in a profound emotional and spiritual change.

We've come to a place where we see the results of our old way of life and accept that a new way is called for, but we probably don't yet see how rich with possibilities the life of recovery is. It may be enough just to have freedom from active addiction right now, but we will soon find that the void we have been filling with drugs or other obsessive and compulsive behaviors begs to be filled. Working the rest of the steps will fill that void. Next on our journey toward recovery is Step Two.



# GRAIG SCHLANGER'S BIG MOUTH



**Nile: Black Seeds of Vengeance (Relapse Records)**

Nile fucking owns you. They'll fuck up you and your crew once a day, all week long and twice on Sunday. They'll eat your heart muther-fucker.

So yeah, I'm diggin' the newest release from Nile. Their blend of ancient Egyptian music (Westernized to fit with our tunings) and traditional blasting death metal makes for a sweeping musical experience. In fact, Black Seeds of Vengeance would have been a perfect fit for inclusion in my special Halloween themed column.

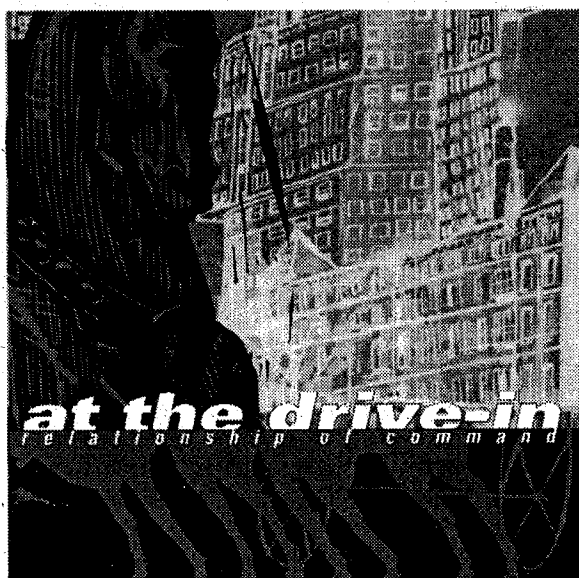
Nile are on some other shit with their unorthodox composition style. Songs like the title track and "Defiling the Gates of Ishtar" (don't mind if I do...) open with unrelenting metal fury and eventually culminate with hypnotic Egyptian chanting. The later tracks' closing moments would not have been out of place in any number of scenes from Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom.

Nile are at their best when they are piling up those bottom-heavy riffs on songs like "Masterbating the Wargod," (brilliant song title) which may be the best ditty the band has penned to date.

Though while this record is a definite winner, there is something to be noted of the track placement. Black Seeds of Vengeance offers its' heaviest songs within the first eight tracks, with the last few being instrumental pieces of Egyptian soundscape and the 10 minute doom opus "To Dream of Ur." The momentum created by the fury of the earlier tracks is somewhat lost here. Rearranging the tracks would have been beneficial to an otherwise killer record.

Regardless, this has been a great few months for brutal music. Nile are setting a standard for years to come. And after this they'll kick your dad's ass too.

Candidates for best song title ever: "Masturbating the War God" "Libation Unto the Shades who Lurk in the Shadows of the Temple of Anhur" (are you out of breathe too?)



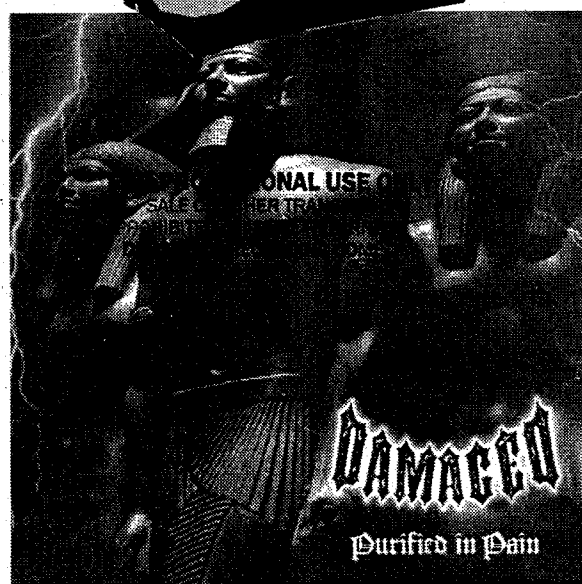
**At the Drive In: Relationship of Command (Grand Royal)**

It would seem that Ross Robinson intends to get back into the good graces of the music scene. After introducing the world to Limp Bizkit and other Nu-metal garbage, Robinson has been on a roll with his most recent projects. Earlier this year he took Long Island's own Glassjaw under his wing, churning out a strong piece of honest and emotional hardcore.

Now it's time to meet Glassjaw's art school cousins At the Drive In. Both bands have a rich underground history prior to their work with Robinson. Their style of hardcore calls to mind many of my favorite chaotic acts of years past, and with rich production behind them, ATDI are truly ready for success. The production and newfound intensity of the band make a world of difference, as I found their previous releases somewhat underwhelming. Relationship of Command is a fun and emotional ride with rock's newest sensation. Throughout these 11 tracks the evolution as a band is crystal clear. Tracks like "Arcarsenal," "Pattern Against User" and "Sleepwalk Capsules" tear right through your ears with ferocity, but also demonstrate the bands' knack for channeling their vulnerability.

ATDI's only drawback comes when their artsy nature gets the best of them. "Invalid Litter Dept" seems more like a lecture than a song. The spoken/shouted alternating vocal approach only sounds obnoxious.

Don't get me wrong, Relationship of Command is a solid record that will turn many heads. At the Drive In have laid the groundwork to become one of the most important bands in aggressive music today.



**Damaged: Purified in Pain (Rotten Records)**

Coming straight outta Australia, Damaged have been fucking up eardrums for a few years now with the punk rock meets grindcore speed assault. This record marks the addition of former Brutal Trust vocalist Kevin Sharp to their ranks.

Purified in Pain is a no punches pulled ass kicker of a record. Sharp's voice hasn't sounded better in years, and the music he's chosen to put it to does him much justice. Damaged are unique because with their lightning fast song delivery, they still manage to deliver sing-a-long anthems that fans of straight-up punk rock can appreciate, despite the obvious grindcore influence.

Damaged cook up quite an old school flavor often bringing to mind early-Napalm Death, Logical Nonsense, Disassociate, and Terrorizer (Terrorizer classic "After World Obliteration" gets the cover treatment here).

"Broken" and "Into Annihilation" will sound their best with over-doses of caffeine or your personal stimulant of choice. Damaged are so precise in their attack that most of these songs will be over before you even catch a solid rhythm.

Go grab a bottle of Ritalin and get yourself a copy of Purified in Pain (and maybe a lawyer). I'm not responsible for what happens next.



# I Heard The Police Coming...

By Isaac Pflaum, Senoir Police Liason

I heard the police coming before I could see the first car pull into the lot. At first I hoped they were going somewhere else, but they came straight towards me. I wanted to run away. I turned towards the trees at the back of South P and wondered if I could even make it before the cops reached me. I knew I couldn't, it was too late. More police seemed to appear around me. Five cars encircled me. I dropped the broken snow broom from my hand onto the asphalt. The broom had splintered over the side mirror of my 83' Buick La Sabre earlier. I traded the broom for a tire iron after that. It was far more effective.

Broken glass was everywhere. I was sweeping it up when the police came. The tow truck I had called hours before I destroyed my car with a tire iron was a half-hour late. My car wasn't worth anything in salvage. I was so sick of that peace of shit. It had broke down on the Triboro, the GW, the Garden State, and in the south Bronx. The car had cost me thousands and was dead after only 3 months of use. If the damn truck wasn't late all the evidence of my wrong doing, if it can really be called that, would have been gone by the time the police showed up. I didn't think I could get arrested for broken glass, especially if I cleaned it up. The car wasn't gone, and I was very worried that I would have a hard time explaining just why I had destroyed my car.

One of the people watching from the back seat of their car must have called the cops. It was two in the afternoon when I started with the side mirrors. When the broom splintered on the first blow, I started to kick them off. Then I

got the tire iron. I tentatively struck the taillights first. They cracked and scattered. I moved on to the headlights. They ruptured with a loud pooping noise and sent shards of glass everywhere. As I built up steam I moved on to the windows. The iron made a hideous sound when I first struck the glass. I hit again and the window imploded. I jumped onto the hood and kicked in the windshield, tore it loose and let it rest on the dashboard. I search the ash tray and found five roaches. I rolled a joint and smoked up my car on last time. Then I heard sirens.

Officer Young was the first out of his car. He frowned at me. "How are you doing?" he said. I told him I was doing fine. "What's going on?" "My car is destroyed!" "This is your car?" "Yes" I said. "Did you do this?" I stumbled for a few seconds, "I lost my temper," I said, very seriously and with infinite regret. I pulled a page from my pocket. It was the yellow pages ad for the towing company I had called. The police looked in disbelief. A few of them originally assumed I was abandoning someone else's car that I had stolen and destroyed. They checked to see if I owned the car then called the towing company to see if they were coming.

When my story checked out the cop



stood there confused. "You know you could have gotten a tax deduction for this thing," "and a couple hundred for those tires too, those tires don't look so bad." I started talking to the police about the problems the car had caused me. We joked about it a little. Young warned me about my temper and left. The other police began to leave. I continued to clean up the glass with the snow broom. I had to bow my head to hide the smile o my face.

The tow truck came and hour late and the driver nervously apologized to the remaining officer for being late. I cut my knuckle on some of the glass. It bled profusely. I wrapped it in a towel and kept sweeping. After the truck was gone the last officer pulled away. I was off the hook. I had gotten away with it. Whatever that means.

## Shopping For A Diagnosis

By Tim Connors, funny I don't feel crazy

I take anti-psychotic and anti-depression medication. Been taking them for four years. Back then I went to the loony bin, got enrolled in an experimental program for schizophrenia, and started taking the pills.

Pills are supposed to help with the hallucinations, but anxiety, restlessness, no joy in life, suicidal lows, and brief periods of hyper activity left me unable to cope with life. When the self-medicating stopped, after a while the paranoia and hallucinations ended.

I got a second opinion about which medication I should be on. I don't care what defect the doctors want to label me with. The psychiatric labels are nothing more than an opinion based on a doctor's perceptions about a patient.

Doctor's are supposed to be impartial. I don't think that the research unit on schizophrenia at stony brook university hospital lived up to their moral obligation to treat my symptoms. There is no legal statutes dealing with medical ethics, so theirs was a moral failing of placing their need for human subjects for experiments ahead of objective diagnosis.

Dr. Delisi, who runs the study, never spent more than five minutes talking to me. A social worker would interview me about my daily activities, and ask if I was having any symptoms. The social worker would insist that I was schizophrenic, that it was a fact, and said I couldn't argue with that.

Their diagnosis was based upon my psychotic break, and the hospital notes from that stay in the psychiatric ward. I had been smoking copious amounts of pot, and continued to do so for three years. The paranoia and disordered

thought associated with drug use was their basis for my diagnosis.

When I stopped smoking pot, and drinking the paranoia went away. The down side to that was the emotions I had been regulating through legal and illegal drugs were now painfully obvious. The medication didn't help with my excessive sleep, or feelings of dark blue despair.

I informed Dr. Delisi about the symptoms I was having, and she put me in the Psychiatric Emergency room for overnight observation. After that my visits to the experimental program were increased to every other week. The emotional distress I was experiencing was obvious enough for them to be concerned.

Their concern for me didn't translate into any adjustment of my medication. For months I lingered in that state of waiting to die, preferably sooner than later. The social worker viewed my complaints as a moral failing that could be overcome through self-will.

When my father died in October of this year I was in too much pain to ignore, and went to a doctor that my Aunt Pat recommended. I hadn't seen dad's sisters in about five years, and one of my cousins had been treated for depression. The doctor came highly recommended, and I was having one of those brief periods of functionality while I was still in shock over my father's death.

Hauling my ass out of bed before noon, I traveled out to Garden City in Nassau for an appointment. I was in the waiting room for a while, I didn't mind. I chilled on the leather couch, and read The New Yorker. Eventually an Asian Doctor invited me into his office with a

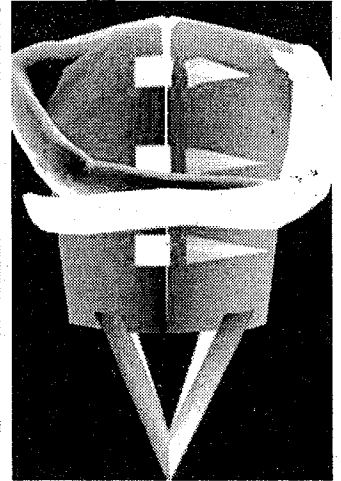
heavily accented greeting.

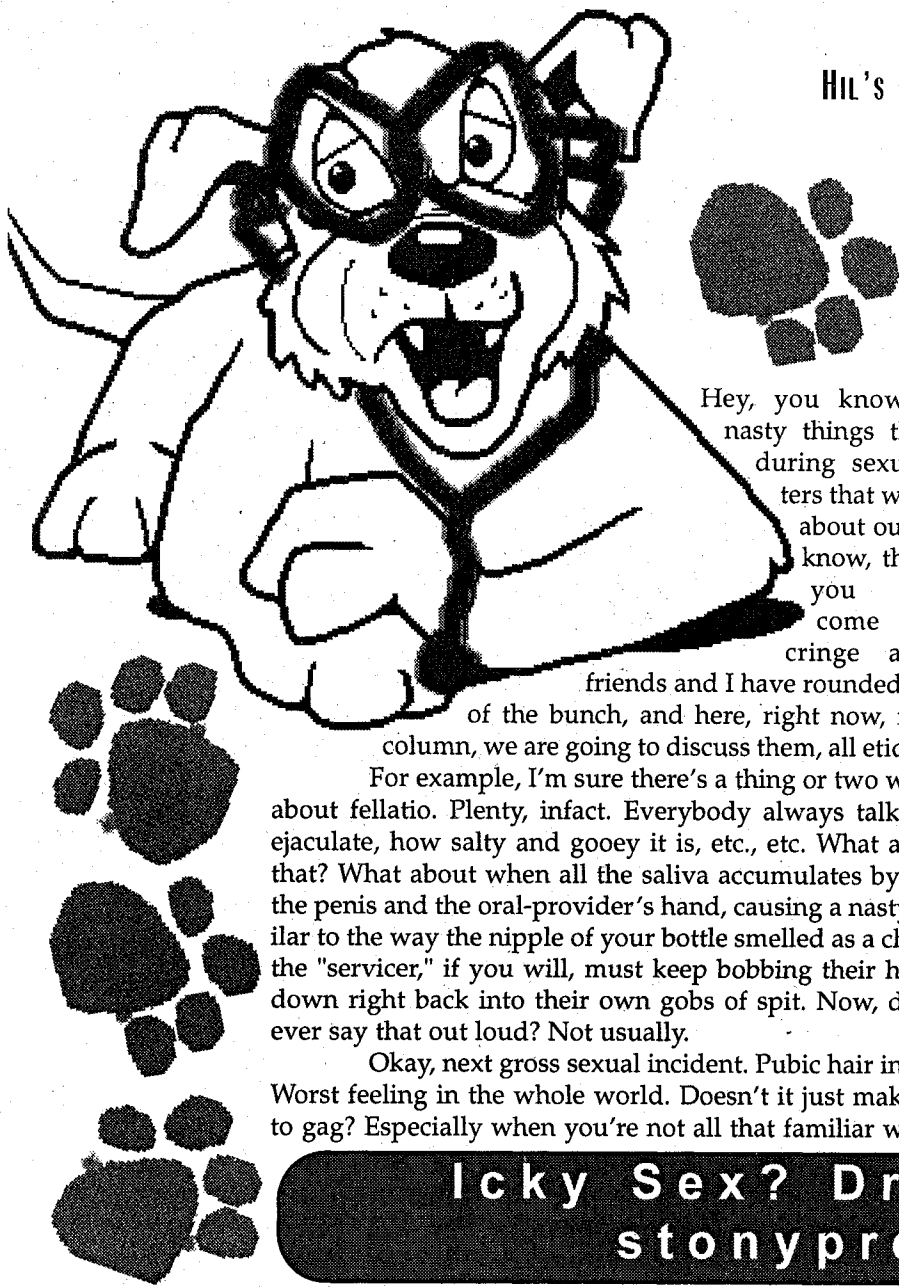
Dr. Ogura asked why I came to see him, and I said to get a second opinion on a diagnosis and to adjust my medications. Dr. Ogura asked what the diagnosis is, and I replied, "paranoid chronic schizophrenic." I was greeted with a look of stunned disbelief.

We talked for about a half-hour, covering how I was feeling and how that related to my suicidal thoughts. Afterwards Dr. Ogura explained that schizophrenics lack the ability for social interaction that I had demonstrated. The new diagnosis is BI-polar type two, I don't know what that means exactly.

Medication was changed, and after three weeks I am pleased with how I feel, and function, but still have a little difficulty getting going in the morning. Constant anxiety that prevented me from staying in crowded places has been greatly alleviated.

I'm still disillusioned with society, and wonder about my place within it. I am more optimistic with medication that actually works. On the other hand I still have to hide my illness from employers, landlords, and any new acquaintances.





Hil's

# DR. DOG

Its Like A Pornographic Episode Of Full House

Hey, you know all those nasty things that happen during sexual encounters that we never talk about out loud? You know, the ones that you constantly come across and cringe about? My

friends and I have rounded up the best of the bunch, and here, right now, in this very column, we are going to discuss them, all etiquette aside.

For example, I'm sure there's a thing or two we could say about fellatio. Plenty, infact. Everybody always talks about the ejaculate, how salty and gooey it is, etc., etc. What about before that? What about when all the saliva accumulates by the base of the penis and the oral-provider's hand, causing a nasty smell similar to the way the nipple of your bottle smelled as a child? Worse, the "servicer," if you will, must keep bobbing their head up and down right back into their own gobs of spit. Now, does anyone ever say that out loud? Not usually.

Okay, next gross sexual incident. Pubic hair in the mouth. Worst feeling in the whole world. Doesn't it just make you want to gag? Especially when you're not all that familiar with the per-

son to begin with. Now, there is really no way to avoid this, especially if this is the first time you are intimate with a person and there's a jungle down there. So you begin to orally stimulate anyway, and you get one of those long, nasty, black hairs in your mouth. What do you do? It's a little hard to spit sometimes, even more so if you realize the existence of the hair while your mouth is also full of genitalia. Sucks, huh?

What about ear wax? Eew. That is a surefire sign—what speaks above will scream below. Have you ever gone to suck on someone's earlobe and all you see is this rust-colored, slightly shiny goo? Not attractive, no matter how hot you are. Unless you one of those weirdos who will offer to lick it clean, the only thing you should be giving up in this situation is cu-tips.

Worst case scenario—you have to fart. It could be the best sex in the world, and god damnit, that good Italian dinner starts to poke at your large intestine. Then, alas, you must either control your gassy booty and sacrifice being able to focus on sexual pleasure, or you really let loose and tell your partner that they were so good you couldn't help yourself. Tricky situation—hopefully it won't be a wet one.

If you're brave enough, write in to Dr. Dog and let me know the ickiest sexual faux-pas that you can think of (or that you witnessed, or that you've done...) Our hungry dogs will faithfully be waiting!

**Icky Sex? Dr. Dog wants to know!**  
[stonypress@hotmail.com](mailto:stonypress@hotmail.com)

## How Do You Live Your Life?

By Katie Sinnott, Small Animal Curator

How do you live your life? Do you go to sleep at night, rocking yourself, crying, hoping that tomorrow wont come? Do you dream that all of the bull shit and ties that hold you down, toat you feel pulling you down from the inside making your stomach feel like its going through a war being picked and pulled and thrown inside your hollow torso, are just ripping apart? Do you wake up having t prepare yourself for battle from society and from yourself? Do you go through your day in fear of what dark shadows may come up from behind you and rup your right in the throat while stabbing you deeply in the middle of your back?

Or do you anticipate every waking, sleeping, alive moment where you can take a deep breath at any time and feel all the more alive? Does your life revlve around time and money and work and politics and the economy or around that pink and black ticket in your pocket with the name of the horse that may one day have to win the race? Does it go around yourself so much in fact it makes you spin in circles and force you to see the rest of the world in a messy ugly blur? Or is it just the opposite where you arent able to identify yourself?

Do you regret it? Would you do it all over again? When you take a step back and look at the entire circle your life spins around in, no matter what anyone says, its not going to appear any clearer. You have to close your eyes. Roll your eyes so far into the back of your head that you can read your own mind. Take huge gulps of air that consume your lungs, relazing you more and more. And just search. Look into yourself. Who are you? Black or white? Open or shut? When your head starts spinnig and you cant hild your

breath in any more, that's when it will come to you. Just breat it out. Let it go and you will have reached your utopia. Your heart will race and your head will throb and youll just fall down into your own light. "Steer clear of society, but don't be on your own," they'll tell you. And their right.

You'll be twice and strong and ten times as smart as you ever thought you were, ever thought possible. Your mind will be clear. YOU will be clear and your thoughts, your words, your laugh, smile, touch will be pure as ice. Every look will have a story behind it and youll be so inclined to know every detail. Every movement, every breath, the very existence will answer you more and more. And then...the words you want to hear. Your lower stomach flutters, your heart pounds once again and you just have to remember to breath, just breath. Your eyes will fall shut again. You feel like your in a dream, in a trance, and you really don't know whats real and whats not. As scary as it may seem, it's the mumbing sensation we all crave most. You open your eyes again and its all so clear. No negativity or truth exists.

You're free as a bird. And now's your chance. Take your final breath, hold it deep, and take the jump. Plunge straight down to the hot firey hell you were concieved in and just before the translucent top of the highest flame can harm you, youll soar upward and never return to the heat, sweat, blood and violence of your underworld ever again. On your flight home, you can easily push out the memories that fluster you at the thought and with every



push forward, more weight will fall down to the earth and the higher you will go.

Keep your head held high and your eyes wide open. Don't ever lose sense of yourself, of your identity because that is all you will have left, and thats the only thing others won't be able to rob you of. Try to keep yourself, your thoughts inside the gray zone as much as possible. The more you tend to lean towards one side of this spectrum, the more narrow-minded you will become.

So just keep yourself high, well above te clouds and allow yourself to soar. Don't mind tsshe wind, it's what keeps you afloat. Pay no attention to the cold, it will be a constant reminder that you are alive. Live your life, what you choose to do with it is your choice, all I ask is you live it well.



# Just Who Is that Masked Man?

By Squirrel, Salty Pirate

*The Press*. Those two enigmatic words speak volumes, but who are those strange individuals that make up its rank and file? What powers do they posses that allow them to do such wondrous things?

Nestled deep in the basement of the Student Union Building lies a special academy for gifted youngsters. Herein, each of these unique souls learns to harness their awesome powers for the betterment of humankind. Unfortunately though, humanity is not so understanding a species and often *Press* students encounter fear, hatred and, sadly, violence at the hands of the frightened masses.

This article shall serve, hopefully, as a bridge. A bridge with which we may mend the rift between *Homo Sapiens* and *Homo Pressuperiour-erectus*; between man today, and what he will become tomorrow.

**Russell Heller** is a man posed of spectacular insight and thought. His capacity for reason and understanding lead him to the Executive Editorship of *The Press* (his immense psychic abilities did not hurt either). As the Earth's most powerful telepath, Russ can dominate the minds of those near him, read and alter their thoughts, and generally play mucky-muck with their minds. Even though he's confined to a wheelchair, his tremendous mental might can often overcome any stairs he might encounter.

Chief candidate for Managing Editor, **Glenn Given** presents a clenched fist policy in contrast to Russ's more benevolent open hand. His strength of will and burning anger have driven him to the top. And he can control the forces of magnetism; a power he puts to good use in bending all things metallic to his will.

**Shari Goldsmith** can absorb the knowledge, skills and powers from anyone who comes in contact with her. She has used this terrifying power to master the skills of Business Manager. Her vast array of policy, finance and procedural expertise has proved to be critically helpful in many of the tight spots that *The Press* has encountered. She can also fly, is super strong, and invulnerable.

**Jill Baron** can shoo colorful pyroclastic bursts from her fingertips. Dazzling the competition, she quickly seized the position of Associate Editor. To this post, she was particularly suited, as living the life of a scared and homeless young mutant in LA required that she become master of all social interactions.

Britains greatest super hero had a sister whose brain was placed in the body of a ninja assassin. This ninja assassin was **Ellen Yau**. Now Ellen has augmented her already deadly array of ninja kicks, ninja punches and ninja sneakiness with a crippling psychic attack. Did I mention that she is also a ninja? Good.

During the Cold War, Canada had a secret super soldier project called Weapon X. The subject, a gruff individual with super-human healing abilities, had their bones laced

with the nigh-indestructible material, adamantium; and they added claws. Royally pissed off **Kat Fulgari**, wandered out of the wastes of Canada and reluctantly joined *The Press* where she serves as it's features editor.

**Kara McGuinness-Hickey** is our trusty copy editor. She has excellent grammar and spelling, as well as a 12 foot prehensile tongue, the ability to leap up to 30 feet. She can also cling to walls and secrete a sticky paste like substance with which she can immobilize her foes. Plus, she is one sexy mother-fucker.

**Hilary Vidair**, once head of *The Press*, has recently resigned from her charge as Exec, in order to put her astounding psychokinetic powers to work in the field. Her vast array of psychic abilities makes her a force to be reckoned with in any situation. Plus, she can like blast off your face with cosmic rays and shit.

**Brian Libfeld** is blue, hairy and smarter than the rest of us. When he developed opposable feet as a child, he knew that he would never be accepted by the regular world. Little did he know that later in life he would look like a disgruntled Muppet. Well versed in all things technical, he is the first person that *The Press* turns to when important vehicles and electronics break down, or when the iMacs will not restart.

**Craig Schlanger** is neither black, nor from the future. Nor can he redirect energy that is fired at him, nevertheless, he is Bishop. He was sent back from the future to warn the *Press-Men* of their impending doom at the hands of the Sentinels. Additionally, he brought back with him a encyclopedic understanding of all things musical.

**Diana Post** is capable of transforming her body into "organic metal," in this super powerful form she is near invulnerable, super strong and able to clean our office in a matter of minutes. She also copy edits like a SOB and her efforts are much appreciated.

**Tim Connors**, although not related to Russell Heller, is his brother. Only in the sense that he made a pact with the devil, and received a magical suit of armor making him, you guessed it, super strong and super tough! He can never take the suit off though, but as a trade off, he cannot be stopped.

**BrianKate** is neither a man nor a girl, but s/he can transform sound into light, and somehow use this power to make lasers

and stuff. When s/he is not covering transgender issues, s/he is touring the alternate worlds as a multi-dimensional pop star.

**Chris Gennari** works in the library where he will not let us steal books because he has a sense of responsibility and duty. In addition to his unwavering nobility, he can speak Creole, is a world-renowned thief, a hit with the ladies, and he can charge up the kinetic energy in any object until it explodes.

**Brian "Scoop" Schneider** shoots beams of ruby force from his eyes.

With and audible "Bamf!" and the smell of smoke, **Steve Preston** teleports in. Schooling us all in politics, law and government, Preston breaks down all the secrets he has learned from being able to blend into the darkness, and talk with a neat German accent. Steve is always calling someone Frauline, and remains aware and abreast of whatever the current political situation is.

**Isaac Pflaum** is a new addition to *The Press*. He is a sullen British lad who, unable to control his own powers, blew his upper chest and lower jaw off in a torrent of psychic energy. He speaks in a neat form of telepathy and strangely enough, holds polity office.

Sent back from the future to which he was sent in order to cure him of a "techno-organic-virus," **Kevin Cavanaugh** hopes to prevent the dismal future he grew up in. Using his half robot (!) body and amazing telekinetic powers, Kevin has learned to speak Spanish fluently.

And last but certainly not least, **Walter Boot**, who has a reportedly evil twin brother, can control the temperature in the surrounding area, allowing him to create and manipulate ice and snow and other cold stuff. Wally is quite the prankster; one of his funniest jokes is the one where he doesn't really tell jokes at all for the entire time you know him, but you still get the sense that he thinks this is all pretty funny.

*The Press* may be mutants, and they may be out to destroy you, but it's not like they're out to destroy you or anything. So please accept them into society with open arms and together we can walk into the future. This future will be bright; it will be a world where the big purple Sentinels will no longer hound the *Press-Men*.





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STEALING FROM  
CAMPUS DINING  
ESTABLISHMENTS,**

**THEN THEY'RE  
STEALING FROM  
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