

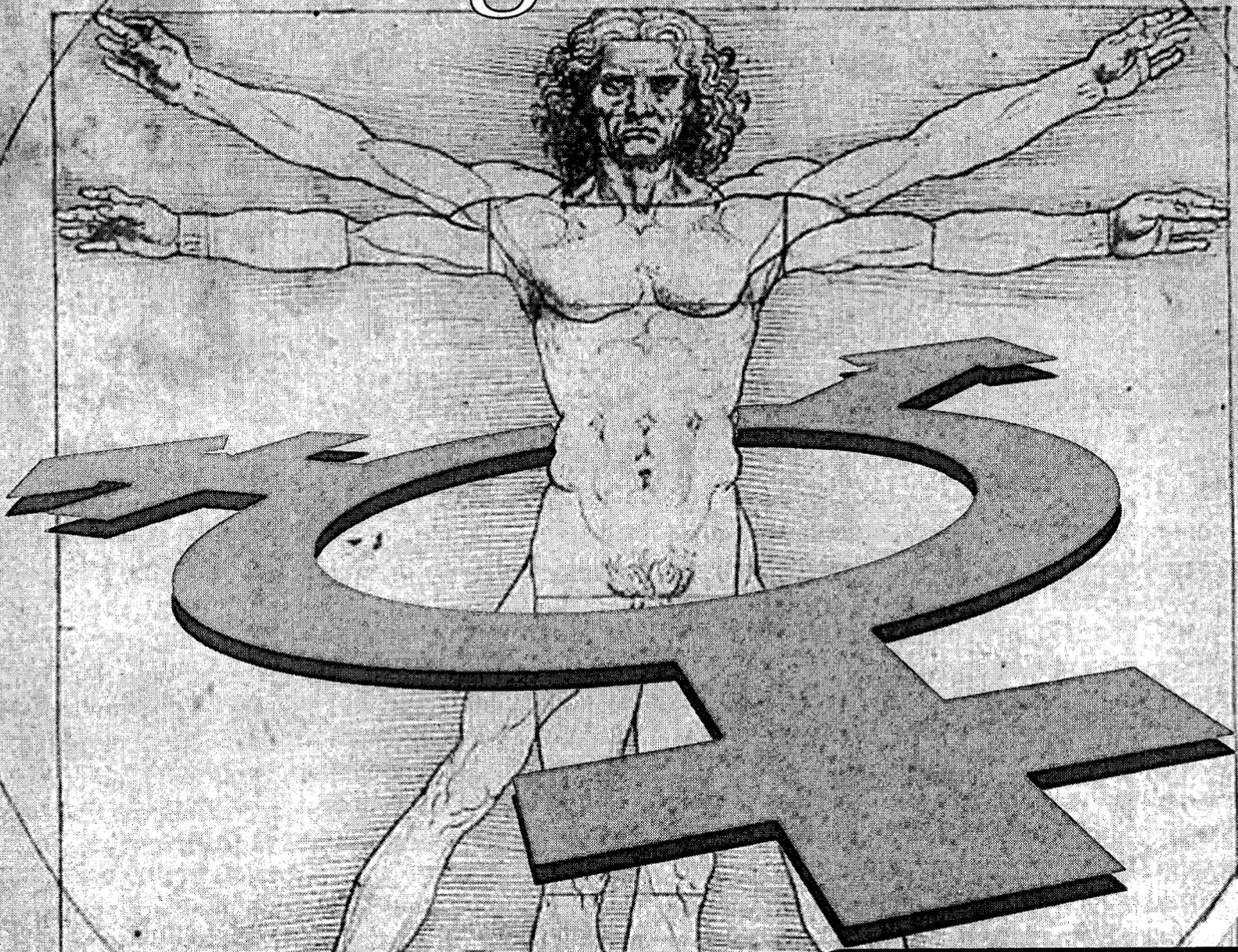
THE STONY BROOK PRESS

Vol. XXII No. 7

"Everything's Coming Up Milhouse!"

December 9th, 2000

Transgenderism:



Dick And Bush!

pg.4

Transgendered Face Off!

pg.everywhere

Tim Connors Overdrive!

**pgs.
12, 13,
14, 16, 18**

Why Can't Gore Quit?

By F.L. Livingston

Two words: disenfranchised voters.

That's why Al Gore cannot as yet give up his quest for a continued recount in the Florida election, despite the fact that George W. Bush was certified the winner on November 26. It may not be the only motive Gore has for continuing, but it's the reason he must.

We can break that reason down, as follows:

Over 10,000 votes in Miami-Dade were, apparently, never recorded, not by machine, not by hand, not at all. Did the machines fail to pick up the presidential "choices" on these ballots because these voters abstained from that choice? Or because of mechanical error? We've yet to find out, since Miami abandoned the manual recount before these ballots could be checked.

Because of the aborted recount, the ballots already hand-tallied were shoved aside. Instead, officials turned in the machine total. So those votes first discovered by the human eye were in effect, unjustly nullified. These included, by the way, 157 votes for Gore.

Florida's Secretary of State, Katherine Harris, refused to accept the hand count from Palm Beach County because it was completed about two hours after the 5 p.m. deadline on November 26, even though the Florida Supreme Court gave her leeway to extend the deadline to 9 a.m. the next morning. So again, the machine count was used, effectively voiding many votes, including 215 for Gore.

Several Palm Beach residents have a case before the Florida Supreme Court, charging that the "butterfly ballot" employed in their county was confusing and illegal. They allege that it led about 3,000 voters to cast their ballots for Buchanan when they meant to vote for Gore. This, they contend, deprived them of their true right to vote.

Numerous Florida voters claim they were actually denied their right to vote or discouraged from exercising it. This is especially true among black voters, who allege that they were harassed at the polls and, in some cases, unjustly prevented from vot-

ing. If Gore were to back out now, he would betray the thousands of disenfranchised, allegedly or otherwise, voters. Deadlines are practical and "closure" is comforting. But surely, the right to vote is more important.

For as Gore declared on November 27, "A vote is not just a piece of paper. A vote is a human voice. A statement of principal. And we must not let those voices be silenced." If he pulls out now, over 10,000 voices will, indeed, be silenced. And Al Gore will be largely at fault.

But that's not all. If Gore concedes now, plaintiffs in related court battles, such as the one in Palm Beach, will likely lose faith, and their cases may lose some of their power.

What's more, increasing numbers of people will begin to doubt the true value of their vote. What will it say about our society if we allow clocks and calendars to mean more than each citizen's right to have a say in the government? And what will it tell us about Al Gore if he easily accepts that? He has to fight on!

If I'm disappointed in Mr. Gore at all, it's because he has failed to address the alleged racial discrimination in Florida's election. These accusations need to be investigated, and if accurate, must find legal redress. Remember the Voting Rights Act anyone?

It's not enough to shake our heads and mutter, "What a shame!" Such discrimination is illegal and must be dealt with by the law. As Gore himself pointed out, Election Day renders us "all [truly] equal," but only if "all votes are counted." And I would add allowed.

In fact, many Americans, myself included, maintain that the entire state of Florida should have a revote. "Not gonna happen!" I know. But can you truthfully criticize Gore for championing the recount when a number of us believe that a revote is in order?

No doubt, Gore wants to win this election. But he stated rather

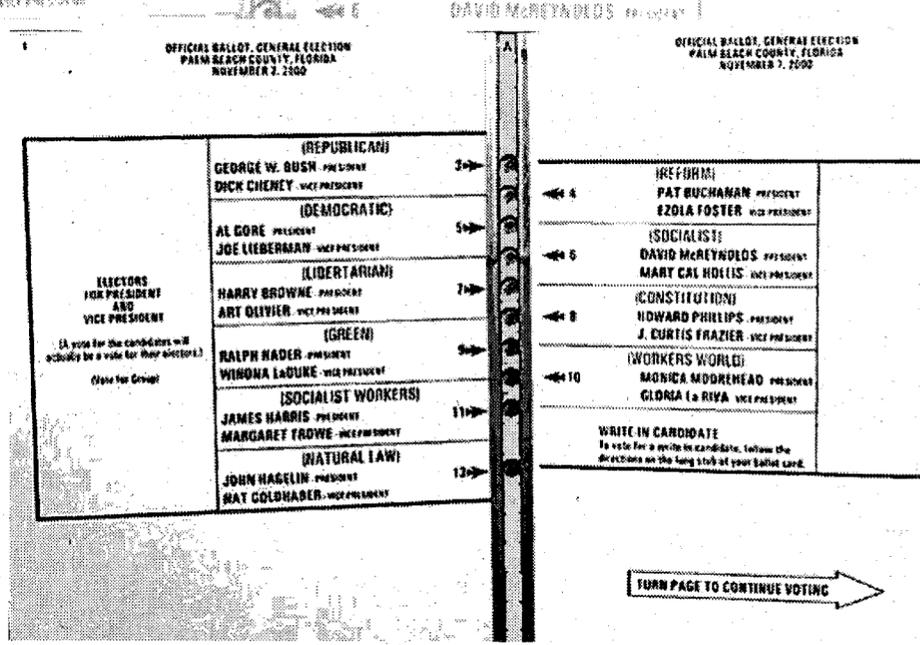


humbly, "If the people do not in the end choose me, so be it." His major concern here, he insisted, is that "the people have their [total] say." Does he mean that? I don't know. I would like to think so.

But please don't tell me about "bowing out gracefully" or "focusing on 2004." If Gore caves now, he'll go down in history as "a leader who deserted thousands of his most injured followers." Not very good for his image.

And, hopefully, his conscience couldn't live with it either.

Since there seem to be new developments in this situation from day to day, by the time you read this, the "election" may finally be over. This is my perspective as of November 30.



Hey, did you hear about The Press?
 The Press? Yeah, I heard about them.
 Well?
 I heard that they only like people with raccoons on their backs.
 Really?!?
 Word yo. Raccoons.
 Boo-yah baby, I'm in like Errol Flin!

The Press
 rm 060 in the student union
www.sbpress.org #2-6451
 meetings every wednesday at 1pm

The Presidential Race Finally Nears a Close

By Ellen Yau

Almost a month after the year 2000 election, the State of Florida finally names the winner of the presidential race, Gov. George W. Bush, by 537 Florida electoral votes.

Yet his status as president fell into shaky grounds when V. P. Gore's lawyers announced that Gore would contest the results due to a miscount. "There is sufficient evidence that those votes could change or at least place in doubt the results of the election," said David Boies, Gore's chief trial lawyer, in his opening statement in the Vice President's lawsuit contesting the Florida vote. "Those votes have got to be included in the vote tally."

During the first week of the elections, America's question was "who won?"

After the voting day on Tuesday November 7, Americans were relieved of the endless campaigning when they picked their choice candidate for president. In the following days, American news interest concerning the identity of the next American president was at its height. Many citizens had stayed up consecutive nights watching television news; they had expected a much sooner conclusion.

By the end of the week, results established that Gore led the popular vote; that was undisputed and clear. But Gov. George W. Bush led in the electoral votes. The Florida canvassing board was still processing electoral votes from Florida as well as various other states'.

The second week, Florida and various other states' were still counting its electoral votes. But Florida's outcome is more vital to the election since it held 25 of the 570 electoral votes needed for either Gore or Bush to win the election. At the time, Bush still led in Florida.

The same week, television and papers introduced to Americans the baffling Palm Beach "butterfly ballot;" allegedly voters in certain Florida counties had confused Gore with Reform Party Candidate Patrick J. Buchanan due, to the ambiguity

in the ballot's design.

The Democratic team declared that the so-called Palm Beach butterfly ballot led to a miscount because Buchanan took some votes that were not rightfully his; votes intended for the Democratic Party. The blunder worked to Bush's advantage. The Republican team said that the ballots were clear and the Democrats were using it as to "manufacture" votes for Gore.

The third week, Gore pursued a manual recount due to the defective ballots. The notion for a manual recount was passed. The deadline of the manual recount was extended for certain counties in Florida.

Bush won Florida's electoral votes, as expected. However, Gore contested the 25 electoral votes that named Bush president. The Democratic team suggested that Bush might not have won if a full manual recount was applied. The effort of the manual recount was abandoned, or suspended, in many counties of South Florida.

The fourth week, while Gore supporters appealed. Americans were officially bored of the elections nor did they care that they had initially wanted Gore to win. They did not care whether they got a Republican rat for president.

Last Friday, the Supreme Court rejected Gore supporters' appeal to begin a manual recount for the 14,000 disputed ballots in South Florida. The Republican Party had insisted that there were no evidence that the county canvassing board had erred.

The day before, The Miami Herald found about 445 felons to have voted illegally and that the majority of these felons had voted for Gore. Regardless of who voted for whom, this anecdote was reported in order to reinforce the fact that our voting system sucks.

The felon's votes worked to Gore's advan-



tage while, Palm Beach fell into Bush's advantage. How can such an advanced American society use optical scans and paper ballots to determine their next president? How can United States have a system that cannot properly document who is allowed or not allowed to vote?

So, as the election drama unfolded, attitudes have shifted from surprise, to ridicule, to disinterest, to concern. Although the courts have prevented Gore supporters from winning a recount or re-election in South Florida, they do seem to acknowledge that many errors that have surfaced from this election, measures have not been taken to avoid a repeat in the next election.

In the end, the portrait of the elections unveiled an appallingly competitive race, with an undeserving winner, a sore loser, and an election guide full of pathetic rules. Frankly, most people should find it terrifying that either candidate would lead our country.

Interim Dean of College of Arts and Sciences Named

By Ellen Yau

After the resignation of Paul Armstrong, former Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Provost Robert L. McGrath announced the replacement last month: the new Interim Dean of CAS, Dr. Robert C. Liebermann, a leading and distinguished professor and a long-time faculty member.

The College of Arts and Science, CAS, is the heart of the University. There are 32 departments and programs and all of these departments and programs reported to the former dean. Reorganized in 1996, the college was created from four disciplinary divisional structures into an united College. The College provides functional areas such as, advancement, budget, curriculum, faculty, personnel, and operations.

Many innovations went underway under Armstrong's leadership to improve the College. The Learning Communities Program, which began in Fall 1998, allowed students to involve themselves in a curriculum that links a group of students through small group seminars, while attending large classes. Other improvements under Armstrong's leadership include a mentoring program for junior faculty, a CAS Student Advisory Committee and a Student Affairs division in the Dean's office.

Although the new dean has not yet been named, Dr. Liebermann is expected to be a wonderful candidate to serve as an interim dean. Dr. Liebermann arrived to the university in 1976 and joined the Department of Earth and Space Sciences. He is nationally recognized in the field of geophysics. Dr. Liebermann is a Fellow of the American

Geophysical Union, the Mineralogical Society of America and the Royal Astronomical Society.

In 1964, Dr. Liebermann achieved his Bachelors of Science from the California Institute of Technology. In 1969, he graduated with his Ph.D. from Columbia University. Dr. Liebermann achieved his bachelors from the California Institute of Technology in 1964 and graduated from Columbia University in 1969.

From 1969 to 1970, Liebermann was a Research Fellow for the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory. From 1970 to 1976, he was the Senior Research Fellow in the Australian National University.

His experience also extends to overseas research and teaching. He has traveled abroad to a variety of universities in many different countries as a visiting professor. He served as a visiting professor in the University of Paris-Sud (Orsay 1983-1984); University of Tokyo (1984); University of Pierre et Marie Curie (Paris 1990); and the Australian National University (Canberra 1991-1992).

Dr. Liebermann's interest is in the field of mineral physics; the field investigates how the physical and chemical properties of minerals and rocks control their geological behavior in high pressures and temperatures.

In 1984, with support from the Instrumentation and Facilities Program of the NSF Division of Earth Sciences and the University at Stony Brook, he and Professor Donald Weidner acquired and developed two types of large-volume,

high-pressure equipment for the new Stony Brook High-Pressure Laboratory. These facilities were the first of their kind in the geoscience community in the United States and include a DIA-type cubic anvil apparatus (SAM 95) and uniaxial split-sphere apparatus with a 2,000-ton hydraulic press (USSA-2000). These unique facilities now form the core of the NSF Science and Technology Center for High Pressure Research, which was established at the Mineral Physics Institute at Stony Brook in 1991.

He has edited various works including *Experimental Techniques in Mineral and Rock Physics*; *The Schreiber Volume and Earth's Deeper Interior*; *Mineral Physics*; and *Tomography from the Atomic to the Global Scale*.

As a faculty and staff member, Liebermann served a number of important administrative posts. He is the Chair of the Department of Geosciences; the Director of the High Pressure Laboratory; Co-principal Investigator of the NSF Science; and Technology Center for High Pressure Research; as well as Associate Director of the Mineral Physics.

Dr. Liebermann will be collaborating closely with Paul Armstrong through the end of the semester to ensure a smooth transition for next semester.



Editorial: Let's Get Outta Here

So it's gonna be Bush, is it? How did this happen? How on Earth could we let an illiterate felon into the white house? This simply won't do at all.

Blame the Electoral College, blame it on evil Republican schemes, blame it on Florida, blame it on Nader or whomever. The fact remains that we as a country may be facing the ugly reality of George W. Bush's presidential administration.

This doesn't terrify everyone. Some people are actually glad that Bush seems to be coming out on top of this so that he can fuck the country up bad enough that the whole system has to be changed.

After all, it's not the first time we've had a bad president. www.unamerican.com sells a bumper sticker that reads simply, "Reagan Was Worse." Well before Bush v2.0 gets a chance to top The Gipper, those Americans who care about this country must make some provisions:

Start hoarding. Liquidate your assets. Have your car bulletproofed. Ration out the use of rubber, chewing gum, Magic: The Gathering cards and iron. The time has come for action and that action may generate violent conflict.

Collectively it is time for the Northern states to

turn their backs in disgust and secede from the Union. Obviously the Southern states can't be trusted to take part in the election of a president. It is high time we left them alone with their mistake and started the country anew.

It sounds so simple doesn't it? The new America could even be run by exactly the same governing parameters that we have right now, just without the burden of the predominantly Republican South ruining a perfectly good election by voting in it.

The South gave secession a try once. Lincoln got elected and they made a run for it. For some reason, America's bloodiest war ever, was fought to prevent the Southern states from leaving. Well, let's see if the North can't show them the RIGHT way to secede from a Union!

The only other solution is to declare that Florida is incapable of competently holding their own elections. New York, whose election went absolutely seamlessly, would decide their 25 electoral votes by voting in Florida's place.

Is Bush really that bad? Yes. Are these suggestions extreme? Yes. Would they work? Maybe. They are just about the only options left if all this recounting doesn't amount to something.

Letter: Caitlin's Final Word

To Whom It May Concern,

When I read a copy of BrianKate's response to my original letter (*The Press*, Nov 8, 2000) that was dropped off at the LGBTA office, I was simply appalled to see more of the gross presumptions and hypocrisy that consistently permeate his column.

Immediately, BrianKate says that the words from his column "have been taken completely out of context." Later, he attempts to justify his writing by stating, "what I meant was," and, "I wish I had not been misinterpreted." His defensive posture can only indicate a lack of remorse for any of his blatant errors and misleading statements.

Before I go any further in my own pursuit, however, I do feel it necessary to issue a true apology of my own. When I wrote of BrianKate's "friend at the LGBTA," I wrongly inferred this to be a reference to myself. Previous to my receiving his response, I had never heard of such a person mentioned, by either BrianKate or any member of the LGBTA. Only upon further inquiring with the LGBTA Co-Chair did I learn of this other individual. For my error, I give my humblest apologies, as my writing was clearly plagued with ignorance in that respect. However, it is also clear to me that vague anonymity often breeds confusion, something that needs to be avoided.

In his latest piece, BrianKate's excuses for my, or anyone else's supposed misinterpretation of his writing, are unacceptable. I am curious as to within what context I am to interpret these articles. Are they to be regarded as genuine, though misdirected compassion and concern, irreverent self-promotion, or meaningless and wasteful pulp-fiction? I can only form opinions based on the information I am provided with, coupled with my own experiences. In that respect, there are no misinterpretations, but differing interpretations of what an author presents. As such, I believe that the fault for any such variance in interpretation lies solely and squarely on the words of the author, and no one else. "What I meant was," is not a valid explanation

of the presumptuous, offensive articles for which BrianKate is responsible.

BrianKate's clarification of intent is utterly irrelevant and worthless, as it has never been in question. His near universal avoidance of my ideas and criticisms is remarkable given his call for intelligent criticism. The few concerns he does address are dealt with inadequately, at best. He is "shocked to be accused of denying someone her right to be a woman in the same breath they tell me I'm a wishy-washy fence sitter who can't commit to anything because I won't identify as a man or a woman," yet I made no such allegations throughout the body of my letter. To even suggest that I implied such a thing is ludicrous and egotistical.

Furthermore, BrianKate's manufactured definitions of tolerance and acceptance are ridiculous, having little basis in reality. The author's call for acceptance, under the conditions he has prescribed, can only come through apathy. That is not to suggest that our culture should and will not treat members of the transgendered community with compassion, respect, and dignity, but that it is unrealistic to expect our gendered society to freely respect one's right to "self-define." Self-definition, by virtue of its definition, implies an infinite amount of possible variations. That is, there is a corresponding identity for each individual who has ever walked the face of our planet, if not more. Innately, then, the idea of self-definition and universal acceptance thereof jarringly mismatches with many of our tendencies as a culture. It is not without reason that our society has developed with two genders, just as it is not without reason that we catalog books in a library, or label one another with a name. Order has its place in our society, and the two distinct genders are nothing more than a reflection of that order.

Foremost among my grievances with these articles, and BrianKate's rebuttal in particular, is the rampant hypocrisy. He asks that we provide constructive criticism of his ideas and writing, yet he is wholly unwilling to accept conflicting ideas. But this is only a

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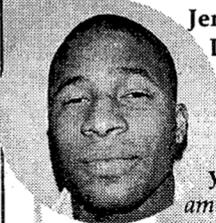
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The Stony Brook Press
Suites 060 & 061
Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(516) 632-6451 Voice
(516) 632-4137 Fax
e-mail: stonypress@hotmail.com
www.sbpress.org

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



Jermaine Lamont:

Who the f*** are you? Who am I? The

Dem Sugar! Mr. 3to, Mr. DSP, Mr. Swallow This, Mr. MTV, Mr. BET, Mr. Hollywood, the stripping seawolf at homecoming, the black Dionysis, that extra-ordinary kid from NY Undercover, that kat that rocked the Apollo, Uncle Mainey. I am whatever you say I am!

Why should we care?

Ha ha! I make things happen on and off campus. I'm a producer; that's what I do.

Check Him Out:

jskru1@collegeclub.com



Jessica dePerio:

Who the f*** are you?

I head the anti-sweatshop campaign for NYPIRG.

Why should we care?

Multi-national corporations take advantage of third world peoples and as a campus that boast of it's diversity we should fight back. This abuse just won't do.

Check Her Out:

NYPIRG Office: 2-6457



Jovin Weinstock:

Who the f*** are you? I'm a

former Bio-Chem almost grad. A lamp worker, I blow Pyrex glass and have been doing it for four years.

Why should we care?

I make pipes, jars, oil lamps, necklaces...mainly it's all pipes. And they kicked me out of the dorm from blowing glass in my room.

Check him out:

Phone: (516)432-0275

email: jovinn@hotmail.com

Letter: In Defense of BrianKate

Dear *Stony Brook Press*,

I just read the attack on BrianKate in the last issue of *The Press*. I cannot believe that someone would write something like that about him/her. Especially when s/he has been trying so hard to introduce a perspective most people don't get to see at this school.

I am most definitely an admirer of BrianKate and his/her writings. I have only read a few [of BrianKate's writings], but what I have read, I have loved. I see nothing but the best intentions in what I've read so far. BrianKate seems to be fighting for the right to live outside of "boy or girl" and to get others to question their own assumptions, whether they're living their own truths, or what society's told them is the truth. I know s/he has opened my eyes quite a bit on all this gender stuff.

I never really thought as much about gender before reading BrianKate's pieces in *The Press*. I mean, I've always stood up for myself, and refused to just be helpless and submissive, but I never really thought much about there being anybody out there besides just boys and girls. I can't really say I've known any transgendered people before reading BrianKate's writing; if I did, I never knew, or at least never took the time to get to know them. There's a huge difference between seeing transgendered people on talk shows and never getting to actually meet one outside the screen, and having somebody right here at this school, being courageous enough

to share their life, their experience, their feelings, ideas and views, with us. If not for BrianKate, I would never have gotten even a glimpse of a real, honest person writing about what it feels like to not be a guy or a girl. I might never have known about such an under-represented point of view. We can't afford to let people just throw that away.

To do what BrianKate is doing must take a hell of a lot of courage. I can't imagine dealing with getting attacked, personally, by the people you would figure would be the most ready to support him/her, other transgendered, or as BrianKate says, "transgressively gendered," people here at school. I don't understand having to face such self-hatred and opposition from your own group. I can't imagine what it must take to put yourself out there, facing that kind of opposition. It must take a lot more courage than people here have given BrianKate credit for. I truly admire BrianKate's courage.

Not only do I admire BrianKate and BrianKate's writings, but also I hope s/he sees this and sees that s/he has my support. I hope s/he continues writing for *The Press* and keeps up his/her/hir struggle for acceptance at this school, and to get people questioning their own issues and their own ideas on gender.

I wish him/her all the best of luck and courage.

Sincerely,

Kathryn Penn

Letter: Transgender Love

In the last few articles about being transgendered, an issue of how other people should react to them has been brought up. And being the significant other of one, I thought I should give my opinion on the subject. Being transgendered is when you feel as if you're the opposite sex of what you were born as. For example, if you were born a male, you feel as if you're a female inside. My boyfriend feels as if he is a girl. He feels that he is a girl born in a man's body. But please understand, I will refer to my significant other as a male, but that's because of my own issues.

Two years ago, when I first heard the words, "I want to be a girl," from one of my best friends, I was a bit surprised. And from then on, I did the only thing I really could do; I supported him. What I have learned in the past two years is that above all, he needed support and love. But I do have to admit, things for me back then were a lot easier than they are now. In the beginning, I was probably one of the best supporters he had. I took him shopping for girls clothing, since he lacked the confidence to buy them himself, and I let him have full access to my closet and makeup. Unfortunately, his family had taken the news poorly, so I was his only real way to "express" himself.

He was my best friend, and I loved him dearly. I had realized that he is still the same person he always was. Being transgendered was only another way to describe him, it didn't change who he was. The person I loved didn't change at all. It was always a part of him, so why should it have change the way I thought about him? I could never understand why people found this to be so unnerving. What was different about someone who was transgendered? It's not the person's fault they feel this way. Unfortunately, people are judged by that, and are considered socially deviant. But to me, he was the same person he was five minutes before he had told me. And I think people can lose sight of that. I had understood that this is who he is. He is a girl, perhaps not physically, but he has the personality, thoughts and heart of one. I had romantic feelings for him when he had told me, and that did make me rethink those feelings. But after realizing that nothing had changed, my feelings didn't change either. Why should they? If he's still the same person, and I really loved him for the person he is, then there should be no reason that they should change.

Now if there was any advice I could give to someone who does have romantic feelings for a transgendered person, it's to be very sure you know what you're getting into if you

decide to start a relationship with the person. Unfortunately, I didn't know what I was getting myself into. We started dating 15 months ago, but in the past four years we were somewhat off and on. I thought that since I was alright with him being transgendered as his friend, then I'd be fine with it as his girlfriend. And this is where I was horribly mistaken. Among my understanding thoughts and feelings on the subject there was one point that has caused me the most grief. I am heterosexual. And even though I know that inside he is a girl, if he ever decided to become a girl, that would be the end of the relationship. Not because I would love him any less, but because I would not be attracted to him, or her at that point. This is the cause of most of our problems we have gone through as a couple. While I understand that inside he is female, I still hold on to the fact that physically, he is a male. And as he becomes more comfortable with his feminine side, I become more uncomfortable with it. He would love it if I were able to stay with him, even if he chose to transition, that is, have the surgery to become a girl. Unfortunately, things can't work out that way. I just can't stay in a relationship with him if he chooses to do that. Because of that, I have this fear of losing him as a boyfriend, and that's what makes this relationship so hard. My own fears make me uncomfortable with everything. He will have to eventually make the decision to either stay with me or become a girl. And I know it won't be an easy one. Until then though, I will be by his side. And I'm proud to say that in the past 15 months, we have gone through many trials of our love and dedication, and we're still together.

Even with my problems, I am very proud of him. He has become a lot more confident. He goes out in public dressed in girls clothing and can go shopping by himself for them. And as I have always told him, no matter what he chooses to do with his life, as long as it makes him happy, I will always support him. I love him with all of my heart and I always will, whether he is physically a male or physically a female.

I am constantly learning how to deal with this better. Everyday of my life is a new experience with a new lesson to learn. I will admit that knowing a transgendered person can be hard to deal with, but with a little luck and some understanding, it can be done. When they actually come to terms with being transgendered it can be a very confusing time for them, as well as their families and friends. It's a learning experience for everyone involved. In the beginning, I didn't

>>>>Final continued from page 4

trite example
of the
immensely
flawed logic

and hypocrisy that inherently conflicts with BrianKate's stated goal.

The author writes, "I take issue with people who say we all have to 'fit in'," without realizing that he is working steadfastly to that end. I will present my own interpretation of acceptance, with that in mind. Acceptance, as far as it relates to our society, is a condition that entails a formal familiarity and understanding, ultimately alleviating a major or recurring inconsistency in society's moral or ethical values. To put it simply, BrianKate and I, as members of the transgendered community, do not fit in because people still maintain moral and ethical objections to a condition regarding which we have no choice. I have already outlined my own desire to fit in; to be seen and treated as the girl I believe myself to be. But, I question the legitimacy of BrianKate's struggle. What reason is there to make any attempt at raising awareness and fostering understanding if one maintains such an adamant loathing for the institution of 'fitting in'? As such, the author's articles, littered with calls for "acceptance, rather than just tolerance," are contradictory and confusing. Perhaps it is through this hypocritical viewpoint that the author insists on my misinterpretation of his writings.

However, it seems that all of this is far beyond the scope and intent of my original correspondence. I am not offended by BrianKate's ideas so much as his credulity and utter lack of regard for other members of the community he claims to represent. His thinking is plagued with impracticality, a sin in a world of shortening attention spans and click-of-the-mouse convenience. The author's personal feelings and convictions are valid and just, but his methods and ill-informed publications are not without their fallacies. The title of his latest article, "A Clarification, Not an Apology," is demonstrative of BrianKate's erroneous beliefs, and shows a complete lack of understanding and compassion. What I expected was an apology, not a clarification. I was insulted to be mistakenly and thoughtlessly labeled as "gender-variant" in his work, and my intent was only to make that clear. Rather than address that issue, however, BrianKate goes so far as to insult me further by implying that I did not correctly interpret his writing, flawed as it may be.

I do not discount BrianKate's experiences, nor deny his existence or rights as an activist as he claims, but I must separate myself from them. Traditionally, an activist is someone who speaks on behalf of a larger group of people and is responsible to represent the group's interests. Yet it seems that BrianKate's repeated insistence in his writing that he refers only to himself, and that he has made no assertion to represent the transgendered community again contradict his claim to be an activist. Overwhelmingly, it seems as if BrianKate is nothing more than a self-righteous, shameless and tireless hypocrite who will go to any length to promote himself, and nothing like the activist he claims to be. I have tried to avoid any sort of personal attack in my writing, but I find it unavoidable when discussing a subject and person for whom I have such disdain. For my weakness I once again apologize. If I were capable of saying it any other way, I would surely have done so.

Ultimately, it is not my position to determine who is right or wrong in this matter. BrianKate's position, whilst I strongly disagree with it, is no less legitimate than my own. However, his presumptuous writing and hypocritical statements, as well as his confrontational and intolerable demeanor that he puts forth in said writing combine to establish a confusing and altogether esoteric view of the transgendered community. The diversity that can be found within the transgendered community is astounding, and the lack of any mention of it within the pages of *The Press*, and BrianKate's column, is equally astonishing.

Finally, this will be my last correspondence to *The Press* regarding this matter. I feel that I have made my position and distaste for BrianKate's supposed representation of the transgendered community comprehensible and logical. I see no point in extending this discussion any further in *The Press*, and will not be goaded into a third rebuttal. If you wish to discuss this matter further, I will do as BrianKate has done, and open myself up to receiving emails from readers. Please, do not hesitate to contact me with intelligent and provocative questions or comments. I can be reached at caitlin_li@yahoo.com for comments, questions or further explanations.

Respectfully,

Caitlin Leigh

The LGBTA meets every Tuesday evening at 8:30 p.m. and Thursday evening at 6:00 p.m. in the Student Union. Room 045A. They can be contacted by telephone at (631) 632-6469 or by e-mail at pride@ic.sunysb.edu.

>>>>Trans. continued from page 5

need to
learn to
deal with
it; I didn't

have a problem with it at all. And now, even with my problems with it, I am hoping that eventually, I will learn how to be more understanding and be able to cope with the situation better.

And I know the day will come where he does choose. And of course, I hope and pray that it will be me, but either way it's a no win situation. If he chooses me, yes, love wins and we may very well live happily ever after, but at what cost? He will have to give up the hope of one day becoming physically who he is on the inside. And then on the other hand, if he chooses to transition, he gets to become who he is, but at the cost of losing someone he loves as a romantic partner, as well as all the other consequences that accompanies transition. Either way something is lost. Some people have said to me that I wouldn't really be losing him, since he will be the same person he was before the transition, that there's no reason to feel as if I'm losing him. They said he would be going from my boyfriend to my sister, and that really isn't losing anything. I have a lot of friends that I love like family, but there is only one person in this world that I love romantically, and that is my boyfriend. And even though my love wouldn't stop, the relationship would. So, it would be a major loss for me. And I'm sure no matter what he picks, it'll be a major loss for him. But I suppose that's life though, making sacrifices for what you want most.

-Ashley Lauren

wed-sat
6pm til
2am

2nd floor
fannie
brice
thtr.

the
Spot
jazz
beer
art
world
music
poetry
style

A Spot of Sedition

By Chris Sorochin

"So what makes a party in Cuba?"
 "...Just rum. And dancing."
 "Does the university provide the rum?"
 "Of course. You sound surprised."
 "Well, in the US, we aren't exactly encouraged to get drunk at school."
 "Well, my friend," he laughs, "this is a free country."

-Dierdra Funcheon and Dayron, a Cuban student (from "Castro's Children, *The New York Press*, November 22-28, 2000)

It's time for yet another of my tedious meditations on the drinking age laws. I do this at least once a year, or as seems appropriate, and occasionally I sit back and ponder why I, who am well past the age when I have to flash some laminated card to get booze (in fact, the last time I was carded was at the Spot), seem to be the only one who raises this issue with any regularity, while the teen and twentysomethings who comprise the bulk of our staff, and those in the affected age group in general, seem strangely quiescent.

I've developed several theories as to why this is:

1.) Those under 21 accept the premise that they're too immature and irresponsible to be trusted with alcohol and are leading thoroughly clean and sober lives, indulging socially in fruit juices and electrolyte replacing protein drinks, and ever so grateful to our legislators for helping them see the light.

2.) They've discovered that illicit drugs provide a just as good, if not better, buzz for the buck. I read somewhere that it's easier for teenagers to obtain weed than beer these days, which is all to the good, since cannabis is a much more benign substance.

3.) It's still fairly easy to get alcohol or a fake ID, so no one really feels too deprived and

4.) They enjoy the sneaky exhilaration they get in pitting their wits and stealth against those of the Man. This adds extra gusto to the drinking experience and makes sure that only people of some intelli-

gence get hold of the world's favorite method of simulating stupidity.

I'm too lazy to actually ask, but I suspect the answer lies in some combination of Theories 2,3 and 4. Few, apparently, really feel that the law either cramps their style or is unfair.

But as *The Press* editorial "Can't We All Just Get Along?" of October 6 makes Absolut Cristal clear, the drinking age is something more than just a quaint obstacle course to be negotiated. It's an important symbolic reminder that

those under the magic age of 21, even though they

can vote, marry, join the military and most certainly be prosecuted as adults (hell, you can be 14 for that in some enlightened jurisdictions), are still second-class citizens.

A bit of history is in order: after Prohibition, the drinking age was 21 until the Vietnam era. Rebellious youth complaining that, among other things, they were old enough to be drafted but not vote, won that right. From there, some states took the next step and lowered the legal drinking age to 18.

New York was one of them. Tight-assed, redneck Pennsylvania was not. I grew up a short distance from the Pennsylvania border and people used to come over all the time to bask in New York's relative civilization and enlightenment. The standard of "18" was largely unenforced and most everyone—parents, teachers, cops—knew and pretty much didn't care as long as no major acts of mayhem resulted.

The late '70s and early '80s ushered in the "Reagan Revolution" and a conservative backlash that attacked much of the "Live and let live" tolerance of the previous decade. A reinvigorated religious right and a media-hyped obsession with health and fitness combined to spawn yet another incarnation of the quintessential American attitude that certain forms of pleasure are bad and must be suppressed.

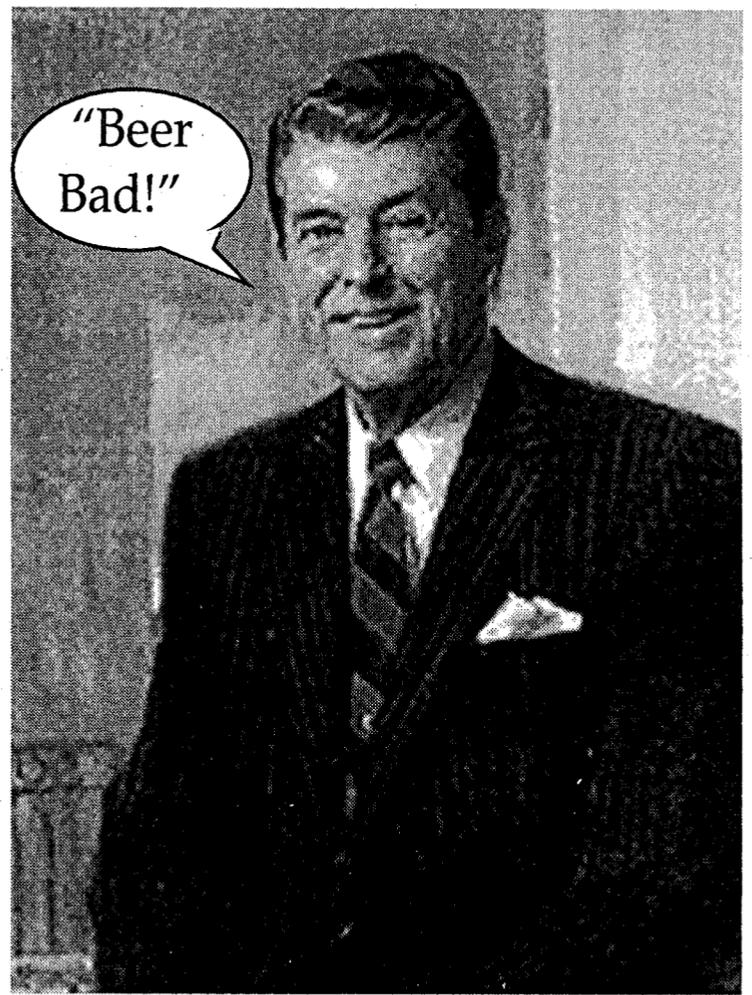
It goes without saying that the War on Drugs, begun under Nixon and really played for full effect under Reagan, added immeasurably to the mix.

Enter Mothers Against Drunk Driving. This group enjoys lavish funding from somewhere, possibly the liquor industry attempting to cleanse its image—an amusing aspect of MADD is that several of their presidents have graduated to lucrative positions as spokespersons for the same demonic booze business! Despite their name, MADD is primarily an anti-alcohol group, as a quick perusal of their literature demonstrates.

At any rate, they conducted very successful campaigns, insisting that young people, no doubt because they don't vote, bear the brunt of their wrath, shrieking hysterically outside state capitol buildings that the drinking age must be. I should mention here that the linkage of drinking age with highway safety is spurious at best. A cursory glance at UN statistics on death rates from auto accidents in general shows that the US has higher overall rates than many countries that have lower drinking ages. Could America's overreliance on the car, I wonder, be more the culprit?

Anyway, the MADD Moms found a willing ear attached to New York's then governor Mario Cuomo, whom many today lionize as a "progressive." Cuomo proceeded to take up the cause with brio, coming off like some pompous older relative who never misses an opportunity to bore you to death at family functions with his views on what you should do with your life. He and others insisted that the drinking age must be 21 throughout the country, so that the "head for the border" technique described above could not occur. Uncle Mario also attempted to persuade the governments of Ontario and Quebec, which share borders with New York, to raise their minimum ages. They told him to fuck off.

There was resistance to this, and not only from the alcohol and bar lobby. NYPIRG, although



you'd never believe it of them today, ran a "Stop 21" campaign to get students to write to their representatives threatening dire things if they voted for schemes to dry campuses out.

In the end, it was Father Knows Best, Ronnie Reagan, or whoever was running things while he napped his way through Alzheimers, who saved the day for the neoprohibitionists by threatening to deny highway funds to any state that didn't fall in line with "21." This gave lily-livered legislators the perfect excuse: "I had too—otherwise no highway money."

Now, the government does employ social scientists, and, if they were in any way competent, they must have determined that drinking was a popular and entrenched activity on college campuses and even in high schools. Did anyone express misgivings about a policy that would effectively make criminals out of the vast majority of young people? Again, several competing theories:

1.) The social researchers were asskissers and said that compliance could be engineered. After all, Reagan believed that "Star Wars" would work and that the Nicaraguan contras were the moral equivalent of the Founding Fathers. And, if one doesn't look too closely, one might almost think that the scourge of rum had been banished from the youth of America forever.

2.) The politicians simply didn't give a shit; the new laws made them look tough and moralistic and by the time anyone realized how bogus it all was, they'd be safely retired.

3.) Some paranoid cranks believe that the rulers were all too happy to get their hands on the legal means to crack down on and harass the troublesome demographic known as "youth;" always a rebellious element.

At the time, there were those who predicted that a raised drinking age would be but the first step in denying young adults full participation. Infantilization of the college-age set proceeded apace. Here at Stony Brook, the formerly earth-tone dorms of H Quad were repainted in what a friend of mine termed "playground colors," and hall bulletin

>>>>continued on page 8

>>>>Sedition continued from page 7

boards began to be adorned with teddy bears and cartoon characters, not unlike an elementary school classroom. Cooking for oneself, the ultimate in independence, was severely restricted and students pushed to the unappetizing teat of the meal plan.

I understand that now one is subject to regular (and supposedly unannounced) room inspections by Residence Life staff and one can be disciplined for having something as innocuous as a candle in one's abode. A candle!?!?

That brings us up to the present day, in which many campuses are officially "dry" and imbibing has joined use of other recreations as a clandestine, if pervasive, activity.

Let's have just a little more history (you'll get to enjoy it after a while!). Let's go back to those thrilling days when drinking was a forbidden, yet popular, pastime: Prohibition.

Now we've all seen the historical footage of hidden speakeasies, hip flasks, rooms with reversible walls and the specially-made cars and boats of rumrunners, constructed to outrun law enforcement while transporting gallons of hooch in fake floorboards and such. What's commonly overlooked however, is that while all this videogenic tomfoolery was going on, there was a concerted effort to actually change the law. Politicians were classified as "wet" or "dry" and the issue was argued as hotly as any "cultural" issue today. Rallies, parades and demonstrations were held and drew huge crowds.

So what I'm struggling so pathetically to say is that if this particular weapon of exclusion is ever going to be decommissioned, there must be a public effort to repeal the modern day equivalent of the Volstead Act. After all, the Man doesn't care if you're cowering behind closed doors sucking down whatever you can get your hands on. I'd say he prefers things that way.

Let's start by not letting the opposition define the terms. Don't refer to "underage" drinking without quotes. Let's not forget that adulthood is

usually not just conferred for good behavior, but must often be seized in the face of opposition. One mark of adulthood is the unwillingness to let others define you, especially to define you as an incompetent or criminal.

And let's by all means stop implicitly conceding that there's something inherently pathological about utilizing alcohol or any mind-altering substance to enjoy oneself. For too long we've let the health nazis and anti-pleasure fanatics dictate the terms. That has to stop. All the while, there must be no denial of the fact that substance dependency and abuse are serious problems, and we must emphasize that proper abuse prevention education, counseling and treatment, not criminalization, are the appropriate and effective responses.

Now, on the political level, except for the Libertarians (who would, among other things, eliminate public education), no politicians I'm aware of have spoken on the issue. Has Ralph Nader, with his rallies of thousands, mostly college age people, said anything? No. Despite his laudable stand against corporate rule, Nader is a social conservative, and would probably ascribe any attempt at reform as something cooked up by the liquor lobby.

Many in the drug decriminalization movement are actively hostile to alcohol—a drug they don't like—and others, in their quest for "respectability," prefer to stress that they're not spiral-eyed hedonists, not them. The growing worldwide anti-globalization movement has yet to connect the War on Drugs and its auxiliaries with a desire on the part of capital to "discipline" populations and provide excuses for invasive enforcement.

Rumor has it that student activism is enjoying a rebirth, which might make it a good time to reintroduce this subject, though it seems a fairly dormant one on most campuses. The only open opposition in evidence, apart from a few unsuccessful legal challenges, have been the "beer riots" that have taken place on many Midwestern campuses. These are usually the work of knucklehead frat-boy types and feature violence and destruction of property. On the one hand, these melees provide no

real demand for political change and in fact provide opponents with justification for keeping things the way they are.

On the other hand, I can't help but feel that if these events were replicated nationwide, maybe with more intelligence and focus and less mayhem, those in power would have to sit up and at least pretend to listen. Students in the '60s didn't make advances because they were good little boys and girls, or even because they had righteousness on their side. What they did was disrupt business as usual.

But it doesn't have to involve violence. A couple years ago, authorities at CW Post decided to crack down on "underage" imbibing at their homecoming festivities. They were apparently so successful that students stayed away from the scheduled events in droves, precipitating a loss in revenue to sponsors and some tsk-tsking in the student paper on the irresponsibility of those who didn't wish to pay to be treated like a cross between criminals and children. Now, such a tactic would most likely backfire in the case of the Spot. The administration is clearly looking for a reason to shut it down and poor attendance would only help them. But maybe a mass statement could be made in some other way.

Some will say that the politicians will never listen to what young people want. Look how hard it is to even get them to keep providing adequate funding and relatively low tuition, they may say. Absolutely right, but let's take a look at the other end of the age spectrum at another generational group that is in many ways despised and disempowered, senior citizens. Contrary to what many believe, they do not have large amounts of money (a large percentage of those living in poverty are elderly struggling on "fixed incomes"). But no politician dares offend the old folks for the simple reason that they get out and VOTE.

They also have organizations dedicated to their interests. We haven't had a broad political organization specifically for youth since Students for a Democratic Society disbanded in 1970. It's about time for another one.

And some may say that such a selfish and hedonistic issue is trivial compared to other more lofty concerns, like sweatshop labor, police brutality and the cesspool of US foreign policy. But it may turn some of the party-party-party types on to political activism. The first demonstration I ever went to was one against a proposed policy to make RAs enforcers of drug and alcohol policy—believe it or not, they didn't used to be. Seeing the drinking age raised and the manner in which it was accomplished was my first real insight into the undemocratic nature of our wonderful government.

In 1968, France, like many other countries at the time, was brought to a standstill by massive demonstrations in which students played a large part. What precipitated student action was dissatisfaction with regulations forbidding opposite-sex visitation, so never think that an issue that appears trivial can't be a springboard to more important things. One day you're pissed off because they won't let Marie or Pierre spend the night at your place, the next day you're stoning the US embassy and burning police cars.

One more little historical point and then I'll shut up, I promise: the final nail in the coffin of the first Prohibition was the economic collapse known as the Great Depression. With much of the country suddenly impoverished and many hungry and homeless, and revolution in the air, the last thing the overseers wanted to do was tell folks they couldn't have a drink. Of course, the last thing anybody wants today is for the bogus prosperity of the past several years to evaporate; those least responsible would suffer the most. But at least they'd give up these stupid games they're playing.



TOP TEN Battle of the Century

Things We Could Have Written About Besides Transgender-osity-ness

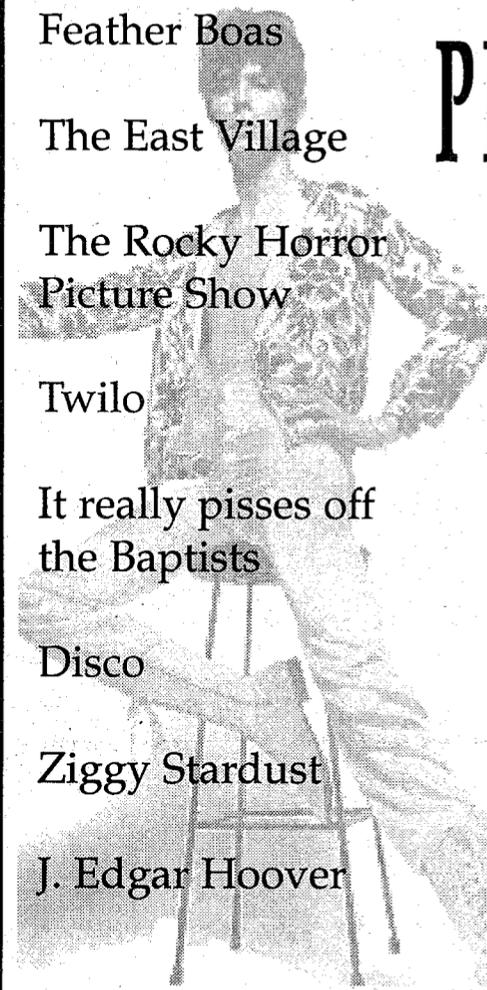
Transgender VS Transformers

- 10 Lobster Boy's Revenge
- 9 A Clitoris
- 8 Tim Abducting Innocent Young Aliens
- 7 The Pecan Pudding Puzzle Hour
- 6 The Bangles
- 5 Sexism In *The Press*
- 4 Yanimamo: The Fierce People
- 3 Bling! Bling!
- 2 Sports
- 1 The Glory Of Our Lord And Saviour Jesus Christ

PRO

Feather Boas
 The East Village
 The Rocky Horror Picture Show
 Twilo
 It really pisses off the Baptists
 Disco
 Ziggy Stardust
 J. Edgar Hoover

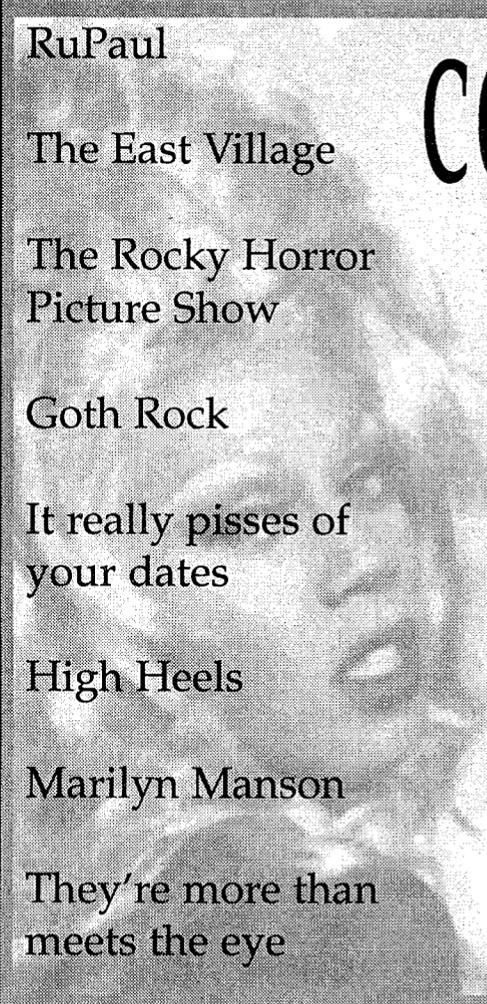
They're more than meets the eye
 Cool toys
 Megatron
 Rodimus Prime
 Tripticons
 Laserbeak, Ravage, and Rumble
 Soundwave
 Orson Wells as Unicron

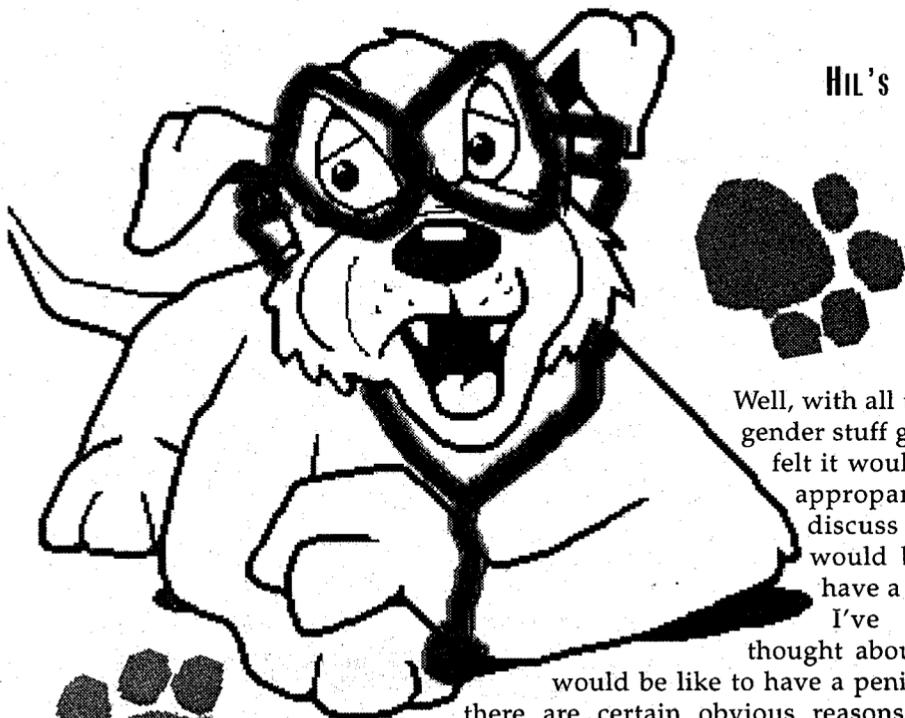


CON

RuPaul
 The East Village
 The Rocky Horror Picture Show
 Goth Rock
 It really pisses of your dates
 High Heels
 Marilyn Manson
 They're more than meets the eye

Dependence on Energon
 Bumblebee
 They killed Starscream
 Chip
 That really lame Autobot version of Soundwave
 Easily breakable toys
 RuPaul





HIL'S

DR. DOG

Its Like A Pornographic Episode Of Full House

Well, with all this trans-gender stuff going on, I felt it would only be appropriate to discuss what it would be like to have a penis.

I've often thought about what it would be like to have a penis. I mean, there are certain obvious reasons, such as being able to piss wherever I wanted, or being able to write my name in the snow, but that's not even the half of it.

I could wake up with morning wood that wouldn't stop, unless I look at goths. I could have to frequently adjust my underwear. Hell, I could even have testicles that shrink in the cold!

Picture it, me, a 34D, with a schlong! I could move it up and down when it was erect, just like that guy who used to live in the woods by my house. He used to flash his penis around, and my friend even measured it once! Beleive me, that thing couldn't catch friction with a pickle jar, without the pickle juice, of course. We used to buy him vaseline for Christmas!

There I go again, off on a tangent! I have to stay focused on this whole prick thing. I could knock cocks with the boys in Division I, that good ol' locker "talk."

Shit, I could stick my dick in Angelina Jolie's hot, wet... Anyway, I imagine having a penis could be a pretty neat thing. I could bust in some bitch's eye, have something to keep my hands warm in the middle of winter; ah, the list goes on.

Being that it's almost the holiday season, I would like to publicly ask for a penis. If there is anyone out there who really enjoyed my column this semester, this is the gift I've been waiting for. Momma told me there ain't no penis fairy, so I'll have to ask the students of Stony Brook instead.

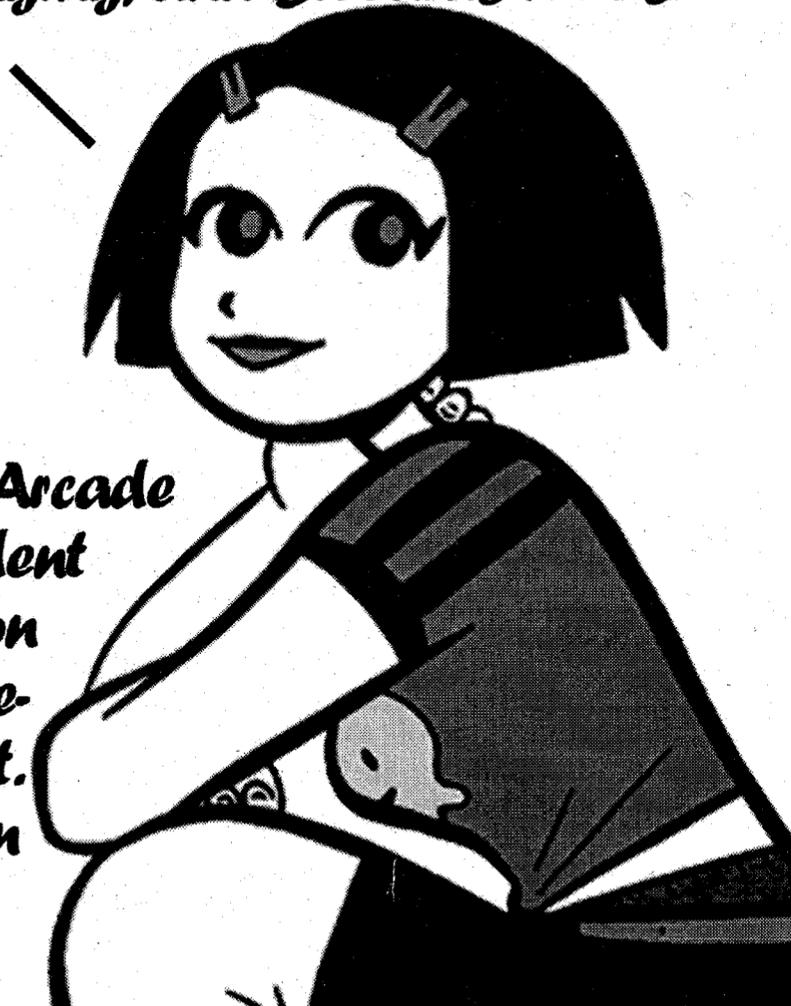
Instead of waking up to find lots of lovely wrapped gifts this Cristmas, I am asking to wake up with a penis. Even for one day (did I mention that it doesn't necessarily have to be attached to me?).

If you can't grant me my wish, a dildo would probably suffice. I would like one that vibrates, please, with a few ribs, for-her pleasure, and some "rabbit ears." Then if I don't get a genuine penis, at least I know I'll have a good time!

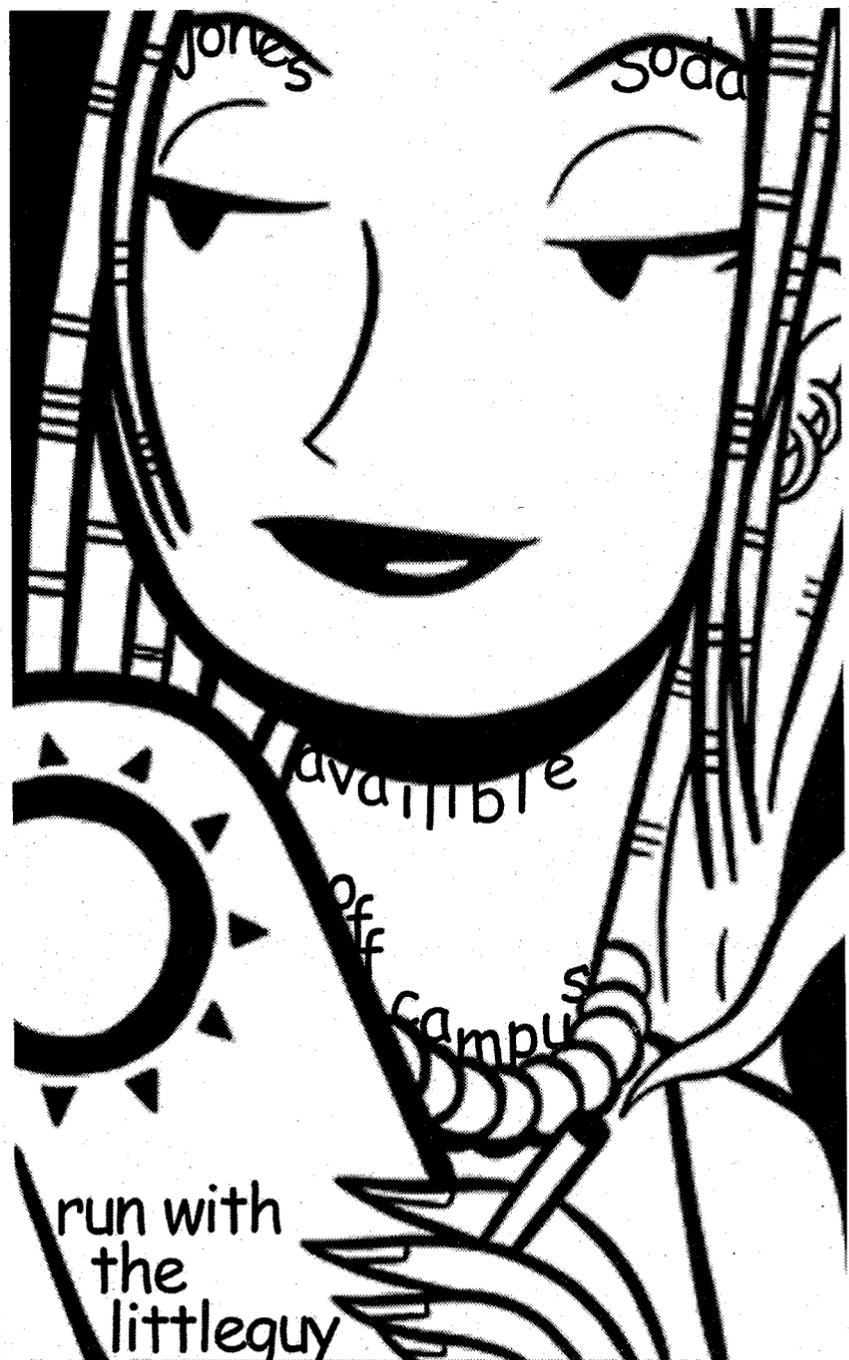
Good luck with finals and have a happy holiday season, as well as a joyous New Year. This dog is goin' to Puerto Rico to bask on the beaches of San Juan! Addios!

Send a Penis/Dildo to Dr. Dog:
c/o The Press, Student Union Room 060

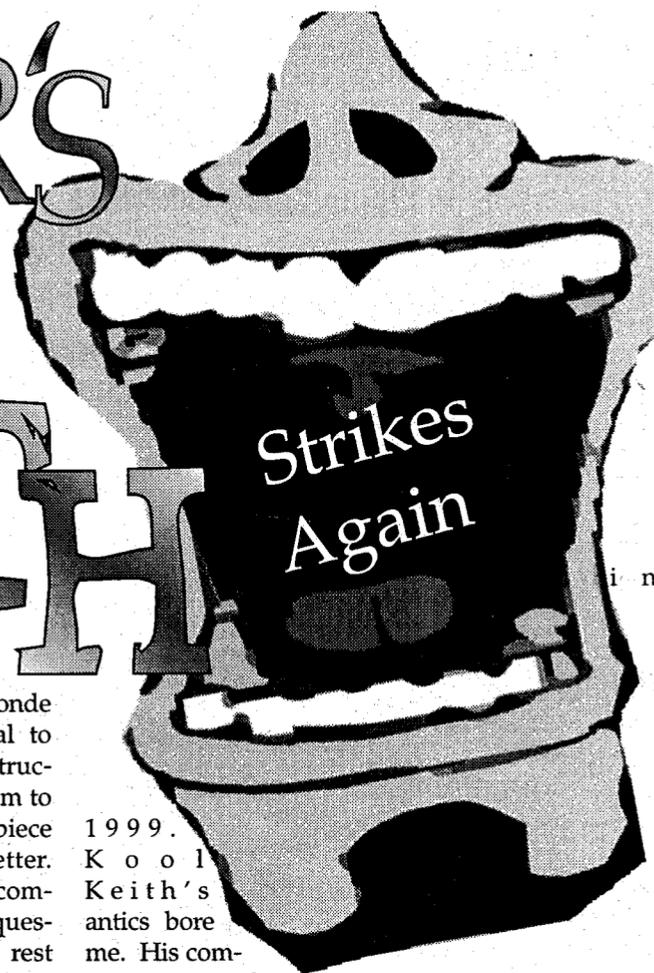
Take it from a professional artist's drawing, The Arcade is the place to be for all your Video Game, Movie Rental, Lounging, and Billards needs.



**The Arcade
Student
Union
Base-
ment.
Mon
thru
Sat**



GRAIG SHLANGER'S BIG MOUTH



As the year 2G comes to a close it's only right to remember the best and trash the rest. Well, there's not enough room to rip on all things shitty, so jizz on you. Although there was a definite shortage of timeless recordings this year, it doesn't mean everything feel apart. If I was stranded in Russ's closet and had only ten Y2K records to choose from, my list would look something like this:

Radiohead: *Kid-A* (Capital)

Once past all the noise surrounding this album's success, after countless internet leaks and minimal radio exposure, the material still lives up to all the hype. That's what makes *Kid-A* a standout release. In a world where Brittany Spears and the Backstreet Boys constantly set sales records, Radiohead joined the club while never compromising their musical integrity. A decade from now these songs will be classics, while those other chart toppers will be remembered the same positive light as Hammer or New Kids on the Block. (Note: Even though Madonna did not make the list, she still would wipe the floor with any member of Limp Bizkit.)

Anti Pop Consortium: *Tragic Epilogue* (75 Ark)

The past year saw hip-hop further stagnate with more rappers wearing their weekly salary around their neck than ever before. Records came out quickly, and hit the cutout bins quicker. Enter the Anti Pop Consortium who managed to give a new life to their art and deliver one hell of a record. Proving that rap is still an art, the NYC collective of Priest, Beans, Earl Blaze and M. Sayyid delivered their statement of intent. With stellar live shows that back up an already extravagant style, these chaps offer an exciting alternative to the doo-doo on your radio.

Morbid Angel: *Gateways to Annihilation* (Earache)

Morbid Angel's seventh proper studio album was guaranteed a spot on this list before I ever finished the first listen. Always champions of their genre, the band released an all out death metal assault that shocked many of their listeners. Where these miscreants usually bulldoze their way through the course of a record, this time they chose riffs and tempos that allowed them to explore new territories. The end result was slower, but hardly weaker songs. *Gateways to Annihilation* is the most complex record in their arsenal to date. Morbid Angel managed to stay on top of another genre that far too often thrives on stagnation and shock value.

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

Providing a grand royal shot in the ass to everyone who thought they knew what "emo" meant, ATDI came out swinging with their latest output. With Ross Robinson at the helm to enhance their sound, this band has nowhere to go but the hearts of many angry and heartbroken adolescents.

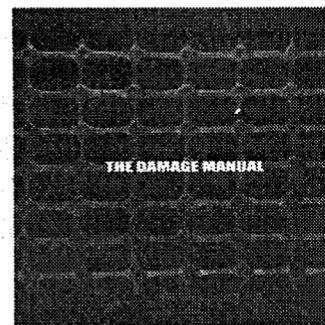
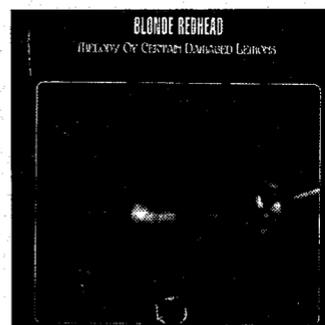
Blonde Redhead: *Melody of Certain Damaged Lemons* (Touch & Go)

Another band that never allows their name to be associated with stagnation, NYC's own Blonde Redhead offered us their strongest material to date in 2000. Easing up on the noisy song structure and allowing their instruments more room to



(HydraHead)

These NYC sickos are no strangers to the game. They've been kicking and punching around the underground for the better part of the last decade



in legendary bands like 13 and Iahhorher. This year they finally got the chance to bless the general public with a full-length collection. The Cattlepress sound recalls bands as diverse as The Swans, Autopsy, Citizen's Arrest and early Amphetamine Reptile recording artists, while never sounding rehashed. *Hordes to Abolish the Divine* finally captured all the evil of Cattlepress to record in a very threatening way. Having recently been snatched up by Earache Records (home to Morbid Angel, Napalm Death, and countless other legends) the future looks very bloody for Cattlepress. Do yourself a favor and look into their live show.



review, my vote goes with *Matthew*, if for no reason other than for Keith's willingness to tell it like it is. *Matthew* is an angry record, picking up on the same vibe that his *Dr. Doom* record served up

1999. Kool Keith's antics bore me. His commentary on the state of the world, and specifically the state of hip-hop, is a welcome break from the gold chain flaunting content of mainstream rap. Skits like "Recoupment" and "Do You Masterbate?" are trademarked elements of any successful Keith record. Sprinkle on ditties like "F-U-M-F" (Fuck You Mother Fucker, for the kids) and "I Don't Believe You," and get concrete proof that you can't outdo this man.

Cattlepress: *Hordes to Abolish the Divine*

Another veteran who shows no sign of slowing down his recorded output with age, *Silver & Gold* is the return to folk-rock roots record that Neil tends to release every ten years. He will always manage to soothe and entertain the listener in the way that your father wished he could.

1999.

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Neil Young: *Silver & Gold* (Reprise)

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Electric Wizard: *Dopethrone* (Rise Above)

The ganja-induced sounds of Electric Wizard are not fit for the average mortal to drink down. With song lengths averaging a minimum of seven minutes, if you're not prepared, *Dopethrone* can be a very challenging listen. EW's sound molds the best elements of Kyuss, early-Nirvana, the Melvins, Black Sabbath and The Obsessed into these doom-ridden dirges. Get the bong, get headphones and get some Electric Wizard for the stereo. This shit is DOPE!

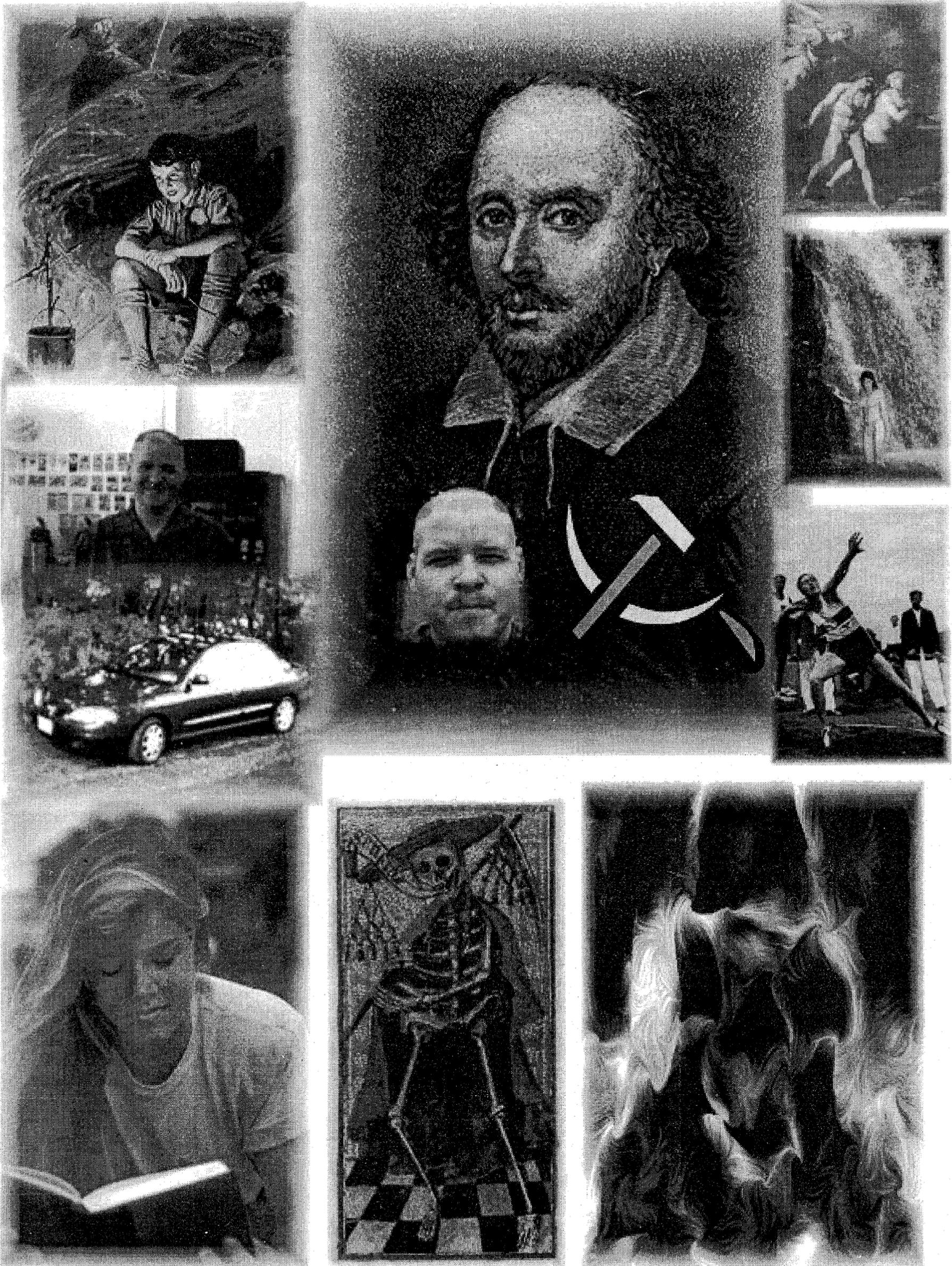
The Damage Manual: *The Damage Manual* (Invisible)

The industrial superstars/all-stars of the Damage Manual cooked up a pot full of the catchiest hard-hitting tracks you could find in 2000. I've reviewed two of their records throughout the year and my opinion remains unchanged; the Manual is a powerhouse that will fuck you up. Look for big things from these guys in the years to come. These guys are no joke.

Endnotes: That's it. Your top ten records of the past year. This list is non-negotiable, so if your weak mind can't understand this shit, the Press e-mail is always ready to take your order. If you're slap-ass actually has the intestinal fortitude to disagree, you're a worthless piece of crap. No matter what, you're wrong, but you can waste all the energy you like disputing me. But seriously, any other top ten can get the bozak. This shit is the real deal.

Is A Picture Worth A Thousand Words?

By Tim Connors, Guy With Too Much Time



I Must Be Lying, I'm Insane!

By, Tim Connors, Swami Emeritus

There were ashes on the steps from where a pile of leaflets had been burned. The people I was with wondered what happened, so I told them I had lit the leaflets on fire. They questioned my honesty, and I assured them I had done it. They still didn't believe me since I was "by my own admission, insane," and "that calls my creditability into question."

Yes, I am mentally ill and everyone knows that the insane are liars, and can't be believed. So I thought I'd write an article of outright lies, since insane people are incapable of telling the truth. Of course I'm lying about being a liar, or am I.

I have had several diagnoses, and after a very scientific method was used to determine that I have BI-Polar, Schizoaffective, or paranoid schizophrenia. I rely primarily on Omega three fatty acids found in fish oil to stabilize my condition. Occasionally I wake up to find my self covered in someone else's blood.

Vietnam veterans aren't baby killers, and sailors are never gay. Our military has never killed innocent people, and they are socially progressive. The don't ask, don't tell policy is fair, and never abused.

Bill Clinton didn't inhale when hitting that joint. He's never said "puff, puff, pass, mother fucker." The Republican investigation of his past was impartial, and totally justified. Hillary is such a warm person that no one would think of cheating on her.

I'm a virgin, or at least I'm willing to pretend I am. I've never hooked up with a girl who had a boyfriend. I've never sneaked away from work to fool around a little. I have never had an awkward sexual experience.

I dated a nineteen-year-old French, anorexic, ex-ballerina, former heroine addict, who weighed eighty pounds. She had webbed toes and had given numerous blowjobs while she was high.

Republicans never engage in oral sex, I know because I am a conservative Republican and listen to Rush Limbaugh to find out how I should think. Rush is the funniest man alive, and is always right about politics. Bob Dole would have actually cut taxes.

When the student leaders perform oral sex on President Kenny, the meal plan will be changed to something fair. Chartwells doesn't turn a profit on this contract; in fact they go out of their way to provide the best food regardless of cost to them.

I've sat next to President Kenny at a student Senate meeting. When she got through with her speech I asked who gets the money that students forfeit if they don't use all their points. That money split between FSA and Chartwells as of last year. FSA comes up with the meal plan, but the act only in the student's best interests. There is absolutely no conflict of interest. It would be morally reprehensible to credit student's accounts with a refund at the end of the semester.

A handful of students gets to determine which plan to accept, and those students have total control in composing the plans that are considered. I had talked to one of the students on that committee a while back. Those students didn't think they were just a front, but actually considered all of the alternatives presented to them by FSA.

Another organization on Campus that I hold with the utmost regard is the Division of Residence Housing. They epitomize professionalism, at all levels of the organization, and personality differences never play a role in the conduct of members, at any level, in that organization. I pretended to work as a Resident Assistant for a year

and a half

RHD's will never lie to their staff, or encourage their staff to stretch the truth when dealing with students. Referring to Student's by a euphemism, such as resident does not minimize student's importance. The quality of life of students is greatly improved by the thoughtless enforcement of arbitrary rules.

All RA's are zealous in their position; none of them are just doing it for the free room or fringe benefits. Residence Life, and RHD's treat all RA's equally, and there no favorites, or discrepancy in different buildings with regard to the number of programs required by RA's, or in the amount of time spent on duty. When RA's try to unionize to get better representation, Residence Life does not try to threaten, or intimidate the RA's. There are never any repercussions for the RA's who want to have representation for themselves.

I have had RA's come up to me and ask if I resigned, or was fired. Those RA's were told by their RHD's that I had been fired. I wrote articles that were clever, witty, and critical of Residence Life while I was a RA. I received flack for that, and just decided to quit because I was having a bad episode as related to my illness, and made an impulsive decision, as I'm apt to do, which resulted in my voluntary resignation

So many lies to tell, and so little time. Well that's all for this article, I can't write anymore.

Well that was obviously a lie. I bet you are wondering if I'm afraid of slander lawsuits. Well the truth is always a defense in such matters, but mentally ill people generally aren't believed in court either. So all this writing will go for naught, the only person who will see it is the copy editor.

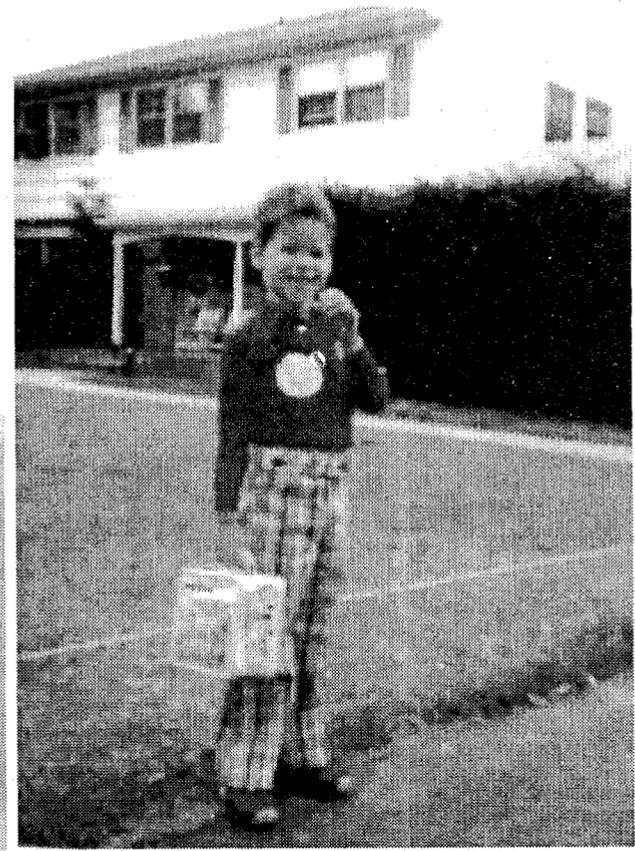
I haven't been a Resident Assistant in over two years, so maybe things have changed. RHD's are honest, and don't pick favorites. The requirements of the job are reasonable given the compensation. There is some kind of grievance system for RA's who have an issue with their RHD, or Residence Life. And maybe after two years the size of my penis no longer makes me self-conscious.

For shits and giggles I tried figuring out how many hours were involved in being a RA. Between duty, meetings, decorating, programs, training, administrative duties, opening, closing, and anything else the RHD wanted done; a lot of time was taken up. When compared to the compensation of a room and three hundred dollars off the meal plan, the hourly compensation rate was less than the minimum wage.

The job is potentially very dangerous. In the course of expected performance of duties I was in potentially dangerous situations, such as drug busts, breaking up large parties, lover's quarrels, fights, and dealing with the ever present football player rapists. I would have to eat tons of verbal shit from fellow students, since RA's are on the front line of repressing students.

When RA's reach their senior year, the RHD's don't start giving them a raft of shit to attempt to motivate them. Supervisors in some jobs will take it upon themselves to get up the ass of people who are leaving soon, probably because when they were in that position themselves they blew off their work and expect people to act exactly like they did. There are no disgruntled former, or current RA's.

RHD's make tons of money, and it is a prestigious position with a tiny turnover rate. Other universities try to recruit Stony Brook staff, but the loyalty to our fine institution makes leaving unthinkable. The rigorous training program for RHD's empha-



sizes the need for honesty, and discourages the manipulation of students.

There are intangible benefits to being a RA, and oddly enough those are what make pretending to do your job worth while. RA's are pseudo authority figures; some of them go on ego trips nit picking every rule just to make them important. Students hate them, and the other RA's tolerate them as long as they mind their own fucking business. So what are the other advantages to being a highly visible pseudo authority figure?

For starters it made it easier to meet people. That might not sound important, but having over a hundred people willing to let you into their rooms and talk to them creates all kinds of opportunities. Normally people wouldn't deal with a fat, ugly, older guy. I could get help with school, hang out with cool attractive woman, chill with numerous different groups of guys.

There were sexually perks as well. A model striped for me with their boyfriends in the room at the time, lesbians offered to have a threesome, there were opportunities to have sex with woman, and although I never tried it men were also interested. Most of my time was used taking advantage of a large network of indirect drug connections ranging from crooked dirt merchants to gifted specialists in the procurement of exotic chemical goods.

All that was required was putting some effort to fake the evidence that I had actually done the work that was required. This generally involved getting signatures on a piece of paper to prove I had meetings. I did most of the programs, but I structured them as a networking opportunity. Programs don't take much time, and some of the best contacts can be made. There was no way around training and staff meetings, so I just spent the time checking out the cute female RA's.

Part of being a RA is to keep up the appearance that you are enforcing the rules, so a few unlucky people had to be written up. As a matter of principle I would choose stupid, arrogant, or obvious people, and usually woke up the RHD in the middle of the night just for spite.

Fuck you very much, go drink a lot and drive fast. I dug up your great grand parents and fucked them all in the ass. Nothing in this article is true, including this disclaimer.

Fluffy Was Transgendered

By Tim Connors

What does transgender mean to Fluffy? I broke out the dictionary, and after looking up the meaning of the words and related concepts realized that fluffy was transgender. S/He lacked the social concepts of gender, and behaved in ways that crossed boundaries.

A transgender male explained to me that the trans is short for transgressive. Transgressive is being disposed to or tending to transgression, which is the act of violating and going beyond limits set or prescribed by law or command. Going beyond the limits set by the ancestral condition. Fluffy acted feminine, although s/he was actually born a male.

To those of us who are not Transgressively gendered it is common to confuse transcendental and transgressive gender. Transcendent is being beyond comprehension; proceeding beyond or lying outside of what is perceived or presented in experience. Seeing a male it is assumed that their self perception will be the same as their sex, a deviation from this not within our experience. Fluffy was a conundrum to us, how could he act female when he was hung like a male?

Fluffy went beyond Transgressive, he was transcendently gendered. Transcendental, according to Aristotelians is reaching beyond the bounds of any category. Kantianism holds it to be the relating to the apriori and necessary conditions of human experience as determined by the constitution of the mind itself. Fluffy defied categorization as a dog; it was through his own conception of s/his self that s/he perceived s/his reality to be that of a human woman.

Most people think about transgender symbolized by transestrification, which is a reaction in which one ester group is converted into another (as by interchange of ester groups with an alcohol in the presence of base.) Huh? If gender groups are the equivalent of esters, then the conversion to a different type through alcohol and base is how most people experience the phenomenon of being transgressive. As an aside base is slang for a musical element or something added to cocaine to make it more potent when smoked. Fluffy didn't noticeably enjoy music or smoke crack.

Transgressives often engage in transmogrification. That is to change or alter in form, appearance, or structure often with grotesque or humorous effect. The assumption of the appearance of the gender that they associate with can often be grotesquely humorous if done poorly. Fluffy was in the nude most of the time, and wiped his ass on the rug to get ride of that annoying residue.

What is gender? One of the definitions in the dictionary was a Javanese percussion instrument like a xylophone. Javanese are people who consume coffee regularly and feel the need to play this obscure musical instrument. I don't think this is the definition of gender that applies. Fluffy was not Javanese, but when he had a cast on his leg he would sound like percussion instrument on the linoleum kitchen floor.

Linguistically any of two or more subclasses within a grammatical class of language, that are partly arbitrary but also partly based on distinguishable characteristics such as shape, social rank, matter of existence (animate or inanimate) or sex (as masculine, feminine or neuter.) The archaic meaning is kind or sort. Fluffy had a surprising ability to communicate given s/his linguistic limitations.

Language is the tool for describing reality, creating definitions, and drawing distinctions. Note that sex is defined as masculine/feminine and not male and female, which would be a reference to genitalia. Fluffy would lick s/his genitals when company came over. Gender is a linguistic tool to differentiate, divide, categorize, and goes beyond genitals. Given its definition it is widely misused in the common discourse.

The common discourse has a concept of gender, which conceptually opposes the concept of Transgressive as applied to gender. Fluffy farted when s/he went up the stairs, and that was a fitting commentary on this discourse. That is unfortunate, but examining the concepts of masculine and feminine being that those are the only linguistic possibilities was informational.

Fluffy peed on the carpet when my brother's girlfriend came over, just a random comment. Masculine is male and suggestive of or being in



someway like a man (stressed - powerful - strong) consisting of, dominated by, or made by males. Feminine is female characteristics of or appropriate or peculiar to women, (frilly - fashionable) receiving or enduring action, passive. Ok we live in a patriarchal society, and the dictionary hasn't caught up with the times. Now for something really offensive from the dictionary.

Masculine protest is a tendency to compensate for feelings of inferiority or inadequacy by exaggerating one's overt aggressiveness. Female complaint is any of various ill-defined or imaginary disorders of the human female usually associated with or attributed to the generative functions, which are having the power or function or generating, propagating, originating, producing, or reproducing.

Transgressives are aggressively complaining in this paper. Their discomfort of being men is, in fact, a feeling of inferiority. They are engaging in a male protest to disavow their masculinity.

On the other hand, maybe Transgressive proponents are engaging in a female complaint. Their ideas are ill-defined or imaginary and about the lack of ability to reproduce the way other woman do.

The transgressive Fluffy objection was based on the need to avoid punishment, and to receive affection. For Example s/he whimpered to go outside so s/he could eliminate s/his bodily wastes. S/he also begged for food, and laid on s/his back with s/his legs wide open in the hopes of being rubbed.

Pushing Women At The Mall

By Gregory Knopp

Maybe this is a problem that I have, but I love running into, and pushing women in crowded places. And what better place to find a crowd swarming than our very own cultural landmark- the mall. Here one indulged in such an activity can find unlimited amount of targets.

Being inside a mall usually spawns a feeling of disgust that no other environment can produce. Maybe this sickness was alleviated for the first time when I semi-accidentally shoulder-to-shouldered a passing-by girl. This is the only sound explanation I can come up with for the origin of this rather strange fixation. The only thing I know is that every time I find my self confined within the walls of a mall, I proceed to run into, and shove all the different varieties of females this ecosystem provides.

First thing I should do is clarify what exactly this delightful activity consists of. This is my no means sexual in nature, so an intense Freudian psychoanalysis will not help to establish any deep-rooted problems I had with my mom as a kid.

What is important to explain, is how this girl-pushing ritual transpires. When a target has been located approaching in my general direction, I shift close enough to almost touch shoulder to shoulder. As soon as we are about to pass each other, I take a step towards her, pushing her with my shoulder and chest. This takes her by complete surprise and sets her upper body spinning. Often the girl loses her balance for a few moments, she trips a little, or runs into someone else. No physical harm is ever done to the girls, but it sure knocks them out of typical mall-navigating routine. This brings feelings of fulfillment and closure in me, but is also so exhilarating that I have to

do it again.

Many different species could be targeted in the mall, usually found occupying their own territorial niches. Certain locations hold accumulations of possible targets high in both quantity and quality. A place I usually like to start is in front of Old Navy. Here, a large population sustains itself on plentiful resources like sweaters, pants, fleeces, and anything else a teenage girl's heart could desire. These girls usually are so preoccupied with the Old Navy jingle stuck in their heads, that they never see me coming. Pushing these girls is great, they flinch off softly. They never see it coming, and after the collision, never dare to turn around in order to make eye contact. They walk away fast and scared, with their shopping-day ruined. This is a good start and will get you into the spirit of things, and after a few of these girls you can move on to the next area.

Hot Topic is home a different breed, and I am often staking out in front of this store. Here, if one is patient, he can trail a girl wearing purple Caffeine pants, excess of eye liner, a leopard colored dog-collar, a brand new Godsmack T-shirt, and feminine style Dr. Martins boots. This strain usually lets out a noise of surprise and aggravation when jostled. Growing up on the harsh streets of the mall gives these girls more confidence, but they still never see it coming. They love attention, but I guess this isnt the kind they prefer. They turn around and yell something like Asshole, and move on to Spencers Gifts. Pushing them brings a unique feeling, something that has to do with the girl's rebellious nature.

Now, when one has acquired enough experience he can go after the most common, and yet the

most risky prey. One sees them flocking about the whole mall, but are usually found inside an Express or Bloomingdales. These girls have a size two dress size, they tell people they are size one, and wish they were zero. They are usually accompanied by their 250-lb. boyfriends, who are wearing a tight white T-shirt and are overflowing with testosterone.

Now shoving these girls is just truly amazing. Considering the risk involved, and the reaction you register in them, it's the highest climax you can achieve in this art. These girls are so full of themselves and nothing ever pokes through their filtered reality that stirring them up is such great reward. They are considered the most prized catch, and must be approached with full caution. When pushed, they shriek in disgust and look straight back at you. They are so filled with disbelief that someone would dare to insult them in any way, not to mention push them out of the way, that this is a moment to treasure.

After they realize what happened, they fire back in outrage. They make all types of incomprehensible hand, neck and hip movements, and proceed speaking in a very fast and strange dialect. The satisfaction of this encounter can not be described in words. It's an expression to a collection of very strong beliefs, values, and drives within me. The thirst for altercation is satisfied, and I make my leave. As I walk away, the girl is still busy insulting me, and getting their oblivious boyfriends attention to what just happened. Here, it's important to leave the scene as soon as possible, so not to jeopardize my safety. This whole mission is extremely rewarding, and is only understood by those who take upon themselves its task.

It's Not That Simple: There Are More Than Just Two Genders

By Brian Kate

My experience shows me there are more than two genders. "Transgender" includes so many more genders besides male-to-female (boys who feel like girls) or female-to-male (girls who feel like boys). There are probably as many genders as grains of sand in the desert, or stars in the universe. There should be enough room for everybody, room for people to identify as whatever they feel themselves to be.

Society tries teaching us there are two and only two genders, men and women, and that all men have penises and all women have vaginas. The problem isn't with the idea that there are men or women, but with the "only" and the "all". Not all people who consider themselves women have vaginas; not all people who consider themselves men have penises. And there are more than "only" two genders, more ways to identify than 'only' as a man or 'only' as a woman.

The concept of transgender, people who don't necessarily identify as male-born-men or female-born-women, is still seen as "there are only two genders." People seem okay with people crossing from one gender to another but they're not okay with their change of identification. Many people see the idea of "transgender" as only male-to-female, or as only either male-to-female or female-to-male. Even a lot of people in the gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgender community see this as only "going from one gender to another, and that's that." I never said there aren't men who become women, or women who become men, any more than I ever said there aren't men or women. My problem, shared by many others, is society's insistence that a person can only be a man or a woman, and only a man who becomes a woman or a woman who becomes a man.

Gender isn't just about who wears pants and who wears dresses, or what genitals you have or want to have; it's more about identity and self-definition, what you consider yourself to be.

To me, and to many other people, transgender is more about transgressing and transcending the "unwritten and unspoken rules" about gender society has handed us, in any way. That's a much broader definition than "so what's it gonna be, m-to-f (male-to-female) or f-to-m (female-to-male)? Pick one or the other, and stick to it forever." There is so much wonderful diversity of genders; it seems too limiting to say there are just two genders. Especially when there are so many more.

"Transgender" does include male-to-female, and female-to-male, but it includes much, much more. It's not only what most people seem to think it includes.

Transgender includes transsexuals, whether pre-operative (about to get an operation), post-op (got an operation), or even non-operative, who don't want any operations. Not all transgendered or transgressively gendered people want to get surgery. That's a common misconception, that to be "trans" you have to want a sex change. I know I don't and neither do a lot of my friends. I'm not saying no one should get anything done if that's what they feel is right for themselves. I'm saying that people shouldn't assume that I want a genital operation the second they see me on the street, and people shouldn't be pressured into the stereotype "if you're trans you gotta want surgery or else you're not the real thing."

I have one friend who thought she wanted a sex change because she'd been told that she needed one to really feel like a girl from day one, and decided that's the last thing she wants after really thinking about it.

Transgender includes intersexed people, people whose bodies or whose genitals aren't just "all male" or "all female." Transgender also includes peo-

ple whose chromosomes aren't just XX or XY.

Transgender includes boys with breasts. I know I was always told I'd never get a pair since I was born a boy, now I'm a size B and loving it. But "boys aren't supposed to have boobs." Well, some do.

Transgender includes drag queens, guys who dress up as, act like, or even live as girls, whether part-time or full.. It doesn't matter whether it's on the stage or in life. Someone born male, who dresses and acts "like a girl" will definitely be seen as "breaking the rules." And performance isn't just what you do on a stage, but there are guys who live out their interpretation of a girl in their lives, instead of just during a stage performance.

And there are drag kings as well. Almost everyone's heard of drag queens by now, a drag king is a girl who does drag performance as a guy. And I know there are drag kings who live as guys, or as girls who feel like guys at times, just like with drag queens. And they're included in the idea of "transgender" too.

Transgender includes cross-dressers, guys who dress up as girls, and girls who dress up as guys. "Transgender" also includes guys who put on their wife's or girlfriend's underwear at three in the morning and hope they don't get caught.

Transgender includes people who don't identify as men or women, regardless of what they were born with between their legs or what other people see them as. It doesn't matter what other people see you as, it's what you yourself consider yourself. What gender do you see yourself as? I'm always asking that question to people. Do you think about your gender? What do you consider yourself to be? I've never really seen myself as either a man or a woman. I see myself as a "gender transgender" because I go beyond "there's just girls and boys." Doesn't matter I was born with a penis. Doesn't matter that I wear dresses and look and act really feminine. It all comes down to what I consider myself, what I feel I am, my own feelings and identity. And that's something only I can be the judge of.

And I can only tell myself how to live. I am not an "expert" on gender, or transgender, no matter who thinks I am, and I don't want anyone to say I am. I'm just writing about my thoughts, feelings and experiences, and trying to connect them to larger issues. I don't have "all the answers" on gender. The only answers to be found are in yourself.

That's what it all comes down to. The idea of transgender, and transgressively gendered, is open to anyone who wants to identify as going against the "rules for girls and boys" society gave us. It's open to anyone who wants in.

You want to come forward as going against those rules, come on in. I always welcome allies in my struggle to live my life how I want and to try to make the world a better place for anyone trying to do the same. And this applies whether you go against the "rule" that "there's only girls and boys" or the "rule" that "everyone has to act this way or that way," whether by the way you identify yourself, or by what you do and how you live.

Gender transgression, going against the "rules" we're given, applies to gays and lesbians, too, because most of us are taught men can only go out with women and women can only go out with men. Since we're taught "guys have to love girls/girls have to love guys," those of us who don't follow that "rule" are seen as "breaking rules of gender."

I feel transgender, and transgressing gender (going against "the rules") are even open to men and women who are happy to be men and women. Society tries raise all of us on the same "rules" and



stereotypes, that there are just boys and girls, and that there are these ways boys and girls have to live. A man who shows kindness and compassion, who isn't macho or aggressive, runs the risk of being seen as "too feminine," "weak" or "gay." A woman who refuses to back down, especially to men, who speaks her own mind, and who shows any ambition runs the risk of being seen as a "bitch," as "too aggressive/too masculine," or as a lesbian. And that's something people are told they shouldn't be; guys are still told not to show their feelings, and girls are still told not to stand up for themselves.

I'm not the only one at risk of gender bashing and gender violence; we all are. People think only "really obviously trans" people like me are the only ones who face gender violence. Gay-bashing is an act of gender violence. Almost every one of my gay friends has been beaten or almost killed because they're gay, and so have a lot of my lesbian friends. And homophobia (hatred toward gay people) and transphobia (hatred toward transgendered people) are the same thing. Never mind that hate is hate, no matter who's the target, but the people who hate don't take the time to figure out if they're after a gay person or a transgendered person. The last time I was almost attacked, they didn't scream "tranny," they screamed "faggot," to them it's all the same. Violence against women is gender violence. Rape is an act of gender violence, whether the victim is a man, a woman or whoever.

So everyone, men, women and all the rest of us are all potential targets of hatred the second we step outside the "accepted rules for boys and girls." We're all in this together, so we should stop fighting each other over trivial stuff like who can be in what group, we're all people and we're all on the planet together, so we have to start learning to live with each other, and maybe even to start getting along with each other.

And we should try acting together to make the world a better, or at least a safer, place to be whoever and whatever we want to be. And I feel that starts by realizing that there are more than only two genders. From there we can start accepting each other, whether or not we fit each others' idea of "what someone should be," but rather let people decide that for themselves. That really could make the world a much better place. Why don't we start trying?

My email is

DarkKate@yahoo.com

and my website "Welcome To Kate's World" is at
www.angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate/

Other People's Pain

By, Tim Connors, War On Drugs Correspondant

These stories aren't the writers, but fragments of experiences shared with me. They are from anonymous men and women. They shared their experience to lessen their own pain, and to carry the message that you never have to use again.

Flacco quanto questa? (Dealer how much) The scare is from the time the stem broke and went into her hand. He used to think it was normal to put ice packs on his arms to keep the swelling down.

A male cousin raped him. A few years later he raped his younger cousin. He questioned his sexuality; did that make him gay?

He used to sneak my brother's blood and shit stained dildo out of his room and try to shove it up my ass. Other times he would use his brother's penis enlarging vacuum pump.

Her grandfather molested her when she was twelve, and a short time later she started turning tricks for cocaine. She didn't realize that the girl that was giving her the coke to do the older men was getting money for it. When she found out she demanded a cut, and when she felt in control when she got paid.

He dropped out of college and led a life of dereliction that he was destined for. He was at home with the bums in the Bowery. He traded his sneakers for crack, and the college kids in the village would stare at him. It was February and cold as hell, but he reckoned it was a good rock and worth those shoes.

I would steal a car and throw a brick to get drug money. The brick went through a store window, and I'd grab what I could. This guy said there was a drug that could let you see the future. I had to get some of that. The spot was across the street from a funeral parlor, and it was a paper bag that was soaked through. My friend smoked it and flipped out, thought Queens Boulevard was the grand prix. He did serious jail time for that.

His mother was a lesbian, and they were real poor. The other kids ripped into him for that. She died of a heroin overdose. His grand mother took the role of caregiver and validated him as a human being. She just died of old age, but he didn't have to use drugs.

The lighter cut a hole in my thumb because his use it so much. He scrapped the can that he used to smoke crack out of to get the residue. He knew how to pack the screen so there were no ashes.

His first wife in recovery started to use again. After a while he was left with the choice of using, or staying clean. He left her and stayed clean.

He would sleep with women and men to get their drugs. After a while he was desperate, and found himself in front of a train. He heard his dead cousin's voice, and was moved out of the way at the last moment.

I got pissed off when my pot wasn't laced. Ecstasy was supposed to MDMA in it, but the stuff I wanted was heroin and coke. I don't actually know what drugs I've eaten, drank, smoked, or sniffed.

He would get my paycheck and drive around until he found a crack house. It's a bitch to smoke crack all night and wake up the next day to give a college lecture. He's worried about tomorrow because he gets paid again.

She didn't understand why her boyfriend was stealing from her. When she asked him why, he wanted her to smoke crack. At first she said no, but he wore me down and she tried it. After that she was like take the TV and get some more.

He passed out with his car running.

Woke up in his puke and piss. He used to take a shot from the first bottle on the end of the shelf and work his way across and down. When he got to the end, he would start over.

He'd start of in Ronkonkoma, and come to in Wantagh. There was a girl telling him to finish the story, he didn't know who she was, or what he had been talking about. After a black out he would have to check the car the next day to make sure there was no blood, or other evidence of accidents on the front bumper.

There were sofas and an Oriental rug, but this was no luxury setup. It was in Hunts point, and there were no walls. At one time he had a house, wife, and kids. He was dope sick and would do anything for drugs. A guy had some, but he had to go into a cardboard and wood pallet shanty. He was so low that all he thought was that the other guy had a nice place.

The stories are things that no one ever expects to do, or secrets that people couldn't talk about before. Hearing extreme experiences that are dealt without the use of drugs makes me think that if they can stop, so can I. For a meeting list check out sasna.org on the web, or call 631 884-9500 for a recording.

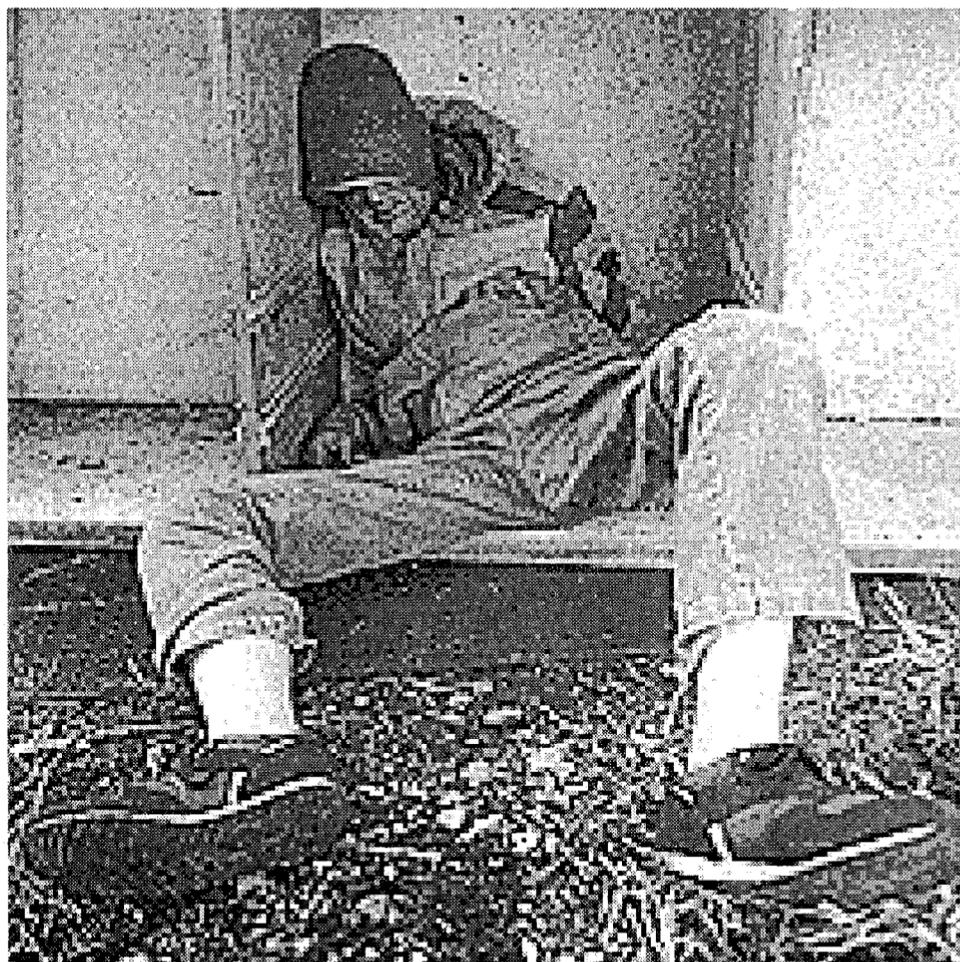
Some addicts sink to inhuman destitution, while others merely lie to their doctors for prescription medication. Most of the people I've met in NA have been somewhere in between those extremes. NA is a place where I can meet other people who have a history of drug abuse, but want to stay clean today.

Identification as an addict is something only the individual can do. People in contact with a substance abuser may know the person has a problem, but they can not force the individual to accept that. Substance abusers may know they have a problem, and be resigned to the idea that the cycle of use will never end.

Twelve step programs are not guaranteed to work. My experience is that there is no way of predicting whom the program will work for, or for how long. The programs are for people who want them, not the people that need them.

Twelve step programs offer a chance to recover from substance abuse. Some people are there at the suggestion of the courts, their family, employers, friends, or by their own volition. Of the people who continue to show up, some will use the twelve steps to slowly change the person they were when they first came in.

Working the steps does not prevent people from using drugs again. Making a choice on a



daily basis to not use drugs is the basis off these programs. Working the steps and attending meetings regularly helps some people choose to not use drugs. I don't know every reason for using drugs, but I've been told that in recovery, usually the last thought before using is fuck it.

I first considered the possibility that I was an addict the night I was sniffing cocaine, something I swore I'd never do, but I said fuck it. Granted my judgement was not so good after doing a couple of lines. I bounced the idea of a girl I was with, and she said she was just a druggie. I didn't think about being an addict, since I never put a needle in my arm.

Over a year later I decided that I didn't want to get high anymore, for some reason I thought this time would be different. I looked up the Narcotics Anonymous number in the phone book, and called it. There was a recording with meeting places and locations. I had a panic attack while waiting the couple of hours for the meeting.

I didn't feel comfortable at that first meeting. I knew no one, and the speaker focused on his story of heroin use. I didn't pick up, and two days later I made the on campus meeting. It was a small group, and I took a chance and talked about myself.

Being mentally ill, I take offense to the usage of crazy or insanity to describe stupidity, or painful mistakes. Pejorative references to mental illness abound in Narcotics Anonymous, and that makes me feel as though I'm not a part of the group. Some people tell me that I shouldn't be taking medication, since it is mind and mood altering, but they can go fuck themselves.

On the positive side, I have met some people with the same or similar diagnosis as me. I relate to that small handful of people well. When my father died last month, some of the people from NA went to the wake and I appreciate that. I also had a place to talk about how I was feeling, and was reminded that I didn't have to use drugs to get through it.

The Suffolk area of Narcotics Anonymous has a web page at sasna.org, and the phone line number is (631) 884-9500.

Boo Hoo, Clarence is Gone

By Jacklyn Yeh

Who in holy fuck took Clarence? He's been gone for a year now. When I'm not watching myself, I find myself crying, sobbing for hours over that little lion.

I was always very attached to my stuffed animals. I mean, I know kids have favorite toys, stuffed animals, action figures they never let go of. But this was serious. Mom had this nasty habit of getting fed up with my, and my brother's laziness, and she would rant like holy hell and chuck toys away left and right. This didn't happen often, but often enough that I dreaded it like the living dread the tomb.

When we had to sleep over at a cousin's place I'd pray every night that Mom hadn't done any of her "toy-cleaning." I was attached to every toy who had an identity in the realm we called Animal Land. I'd sob violently, screech, curl up in the lonely corner of my bunk bed, clapping my hands over my head so I couldn't hear Mom trash all those old, but sentimental individuals of my imaginative world.

It was pure agony, as retarded as it sounds. My heart would scrunch up in pain; it'd feel like somebody was using it as a stress reliever. Later on, when we adopted a stray that ran away after we had all grown attached to his vicious, random attacks, I got that same wrenching pain in my chest that lasted weeks.

Now, when I entered junior high school I started to get uncomfortable playing toys with my brother. Bitterly, he'd sneer, "You think you're too old for toys, huh? Fine, forget about Animal Land!" And since he was so peeved and since I was a nerd who got into some "gifted" program and had trouble with algebra, I did forget about it. I forgot about a lot of things after I entered puberty and adolescence. I wanted to die when I realized I was having my period. My mind was consumed with the things I was learning about the world. I fell in and out of crushes. I swung from one end of the emotional spectrum to the other.

In other words, the typical teenage turmoil deal. I lost me in the process, probably. And

now here I am, a decade or so later, an older, more experienced Jacki. Guess what? Nothing much has changed. I still miss what my toys represent; I still writhe in agony when I have to part with a bit of myself. The reason why I'm so confused is because I've forgotten the things I saw, felt so clearly when I was a kid. You ask a kid why they're crying, and if she's not mad at you she can articulate all the things that upset her at the moment. No matter how shallow.

At

He was my favorite toy during my last year in high school. I was coming out of my eating disorder shit (gaining weight from the wasted 80lbs I was the school year before), and I'd carry him around to school, for good luck, and perhaps some comfort. Clarence never gave me fake smiles, never gave me bullshit advice. He'd look at me with his sad little face, and I'd put his little paws around my lips and mooch him against my face. He never lost a staring contest.

I made a whole lot of close friends that year. The closest ones didn't do evil things like put Clarence's tufted tail in between his legs and laugh at the bawdy joke. I'd lend Clarence out to my moody friends, or to those whom needed good luck on their exams.

Clarence was always returned with grateful smiles. Clarence let himself be mended lovingly by my former sweetheart without a complaint.

My sad little lion. How he could pull a smile out of strangers without having to offer one of his own.

Unlike this Leo, he had this irresistible charm. When

I told my friends I had lost him, they looked at me incredulously and told me he'd turn up somehow. I looked in their eyes and knew they meant it.

I sent out frantic emails to everyone I knew, asking them if they knew his whereabouts. No one knew; my hopes that perhaps I had lent him one last time to someone who really needed him died.

How angry it makes me, the thought that perhaps I was careless and left him somewhere. How bitter it makes me, the thought that somebody might have swiped him. Shit. Nothing ever fucking changes. Wasting hours of precious time, of precious tears, over a generic little beanie worth a fucking dollar.

Clarence, you silly lion. You were too charming to stick around. Someone got to you when I wasn't looking. I'm fucking sorry. All I can do now is miss you, and keep hoping someone out there is giving you your three servings of love a day.

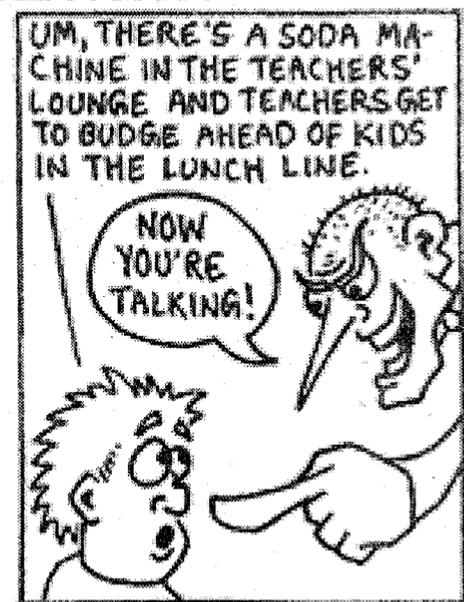


least she fucking knows.

I received Clarence as a birthday gift

from my loving cousin. She and her twin sister are going through the same turmoil, although it may be worse for them since they live out in the suburbs, out in Amish country. They're like, exotic there, since they're Asian and all. Yeah, but anyways, the three of us share the same birthday, and we were birthday shopping for each other three summers ago.

I fell in love with Clarence. He was a droopy little beanie lion, drooping around with some other beanie friends in a basket. I pulled him out and read his tag: "Clarence needs three servings of love a day." My cousin was able to get my birthday present with a mere dollar.



www11.ewebcity/tfbenson

A Piece Of Shit That The World Revolves Around

By Tim Connors, Master Of The Obvious

A piece of shit the world revolves around is a description of how a drug addict views themselves and their place in the scheme of things. It is a colorful image to simplify the meaning of addiction. Being a piece of shit implies that the experiences of feelings and thoughts that comprise self-awareness are flawed, lacking, and not as good as others, incapable of dealing, or a void in self-existence. Being self-centered is thinking that the world revolves around us, in other words other people's actions are determined by us because of our interaction with them.

The negative beliefs systems of being a piece of shit reinforce the need to alter self awareness through drugs, or anything else that will alter thoughts and moods. How we came to view ourselves as a piece of shit is dealt with later in twelve step programs. What is important is accepting the existence of a degraded self-image that controls our actions in the moment, and changing it.

Being powerless over addiction means that a distorted belief system overrules our will power eventually. When we are left to our own efforts we can not overcome the foundation of our existence, which is that we are a piece of shit and that drugs or another escape is needed to feel human. Many say they will never do something again, only to repeat it again.

Being powerless over addiction makes our lives unmanageable. Life involves all activities that are engaged in, including working, studying, relationships, eating, sleeping, going to the bathroom, etc. Unmanageability is when responsibilities of life, either big or small, go unmet due to the need to change how we feel about ourselves through drugs or other activities.

That's the concept behind the first step of a twelve-step program. We have personal experience with being powerless over addiction, and having our life become unmanageable. Developing the attitude that we are a piece of shit and having drugs over power our will took time. The attitude that we are a piece of shit comes from several things. Never feeling a part of social interactions. Self doubt about our ability to enjoy life and using to try to improve our experiences. Falling short of our expectations in endeavors that we took on. The use of drugs even when we sincerely wanted to stop, and a million other large and small blows that accumulated over the years.

I was in my twenties when my life became unmanageable. That's not to say I never drank during my teen years. I was able to maintain my obligations in numerous areas, but those activities provided the means to drink. The pattern of feeling like a piece of shit and needing something to fix that had already been established.

Needing something to get out of myself might be something I was born with. I started sniffing glue, drinking the anbasole, and sniffing markers in the late seventies. I don't remember why I did that, just that I did it. I was around six or seven years old.

In late 1981 I got drunk at a Boy Scout campout. My older brother and his friend brought a bottle. We drank Saturday night, and woke up Sunday to about a foot of snow. The next few years I would sniff white out, glue, or markers, and maybe sneak a drink out of my parents liquor cabinet.

At fifteen I visited my brother in college we hit a bar. It was dimly light, there were cockroaches, and puke on the urinals, floor, and walls of the bathroom. That was the first bar I had been in, since then I've been to worse places.

I was still in the Boy Scouts, mainly for the

opportunity to get out the house and get drunk on monthly campouts. The drinking was starting to fuck up my ability to follow a regular schedule, and I started taking days off to go into the city, as well as over sleeping in the morning.

My other brother packed off for school, and I would visit him so I could go to fraternity parties. In 1986 Leigh was like something out of Animal House. I kept visiting for several years, but the school changed when a girl was strangled with a slinky. The family got after the school, and the school cracked down on the drinking and fraternities.

During the summers I worked at a sleep away camp run by the Boy Scouts. I enjoyed the few months away from my family, and got loaded every now and again. I worked there for a couple of summers, and after a few years the drinking became more important than actually doing any work.

After high school I went to Villanova for a year. The drinking increased in frequency, and quantity. The first semester there I did OK, but the second semester my grades sucked because of all the classes that I missed. I was asked to leave when my family couldn't pay the tuition bill.

My brother gave me his old drivers license, and it worked at some stores and some bars. I was working three jobs, but found the time to drink. I cut back to two jobs, and started at Nassau Community College. Over the period of a couple of years I enrolled in about ninety credits worth of courses, and finished forty-two.

In my early twenties I would drink frequently, I got sick so many times that I stopped counting. Getting sick and not being able to find home were just givens. I held jobs and did poorly at Nassau Community College, in retrospect this is when the decline in my living skills started to worry my family and the start of unmanageability. I would drink before, during, and after work.

Somewhere in this time period I smoked pot for the first time. I was hanging out with people from the movie theatre and took a couple of drags. I would smoke weed every so often but I didn't know any dealers. By this point I didn't give a shit about how I was living, just as long as the bills got paid eventually. I said no to cocaine, swearing that I would never do that.

I decided spur of the moment to enroll in Stony Brook. I was unhappy with myself and thought a change of location, and activities would solve that. I thought I was going to live up to the family expectations and earn a degree in Engineering Chemistry. I read the brochures about housing and choose Mount College for its wellness programs.

Of the five other people in the suite, four of them smoke pot on a daily basis and dabbled in other drugs. For two weeks I would drink while they got high. I joined in, and was smoking pot and drinking all day, every day. My grades weren't that good since I missed a lot of classes, and took my tests stoned.

I started to hit the local bars. I picked up the nickname "shady Tim", because I had a shit eating grin, and just sat there, occasionally spewing forth some random sexual comment. I would sit there for hours drinking without talking to people.

The next semester I was involuntarily committed to The University Hospital's psychiatric ward for ten days. For the next two and a half months I didn't get high or drunk. That ended when my brother invited me to go to a bar in the city.

The following year I was a resident assis-



tant, and drank and smoked often. I stopped for a month and a half during the spring semester. I got really good grades when I studied. I started using again, did whip its, and took acid a couple of times.

I got high over the summer, and had a relationship that lasted about three months. It ended when I wouldn't give up drugs. The fall was the last semester I was a RA. I returned to part time work at Newsday that fall. I tripped out a few more times, and did painkillers that were synthetic heroin and a week later sniffed cocaine. I flipped out and stayed in my room most of the time.

In the spring I tripped out some more, tried ecstasy, candy flipped, smoked a lot, drank, and smoked PCP. I quit my job at Newsday over the phone and didn't give them notice. I just slept all day, and when they called I quit. I slept all-day and used at night.

I finished one class that semester, and got into another relationship. I knew her for two months before we moved in together. I stopped using so much, just once in a while. We broke up in the middle of the summer. I got D's in the first two summer classes I took. The second summer session I got B grades, but my attendance was still shoddy.

My last semester at Stony Brook I passed one class with a C. I was drinking and took ecstasy once. I slept most of the time, and sometimes went to that one class. I did a lot of drunk driving that semester, since it was the first time I lived off campus. I smoked and drank during January of this year. Right around the anniversary of being committed I started going to Narcotics Anonymous.

That's my war story. I tried to stop myself from having to deal with my feelings. I don't know exactly what I didn't want to feel, or think about. Over the years I was going through different difficulties in my life, and those difficulties were not improved by using drugs and alcohol.

At first I used to deal with my family situation, and to fit in. A downward spiral was created and progressed, and using was just a way to deal with the unmanageability caused by drug abuse. When I used I didn't fit in because I would not say anything at all and that freaked most people out.

By F. L. Livingston,

SAT, PSAT, GRE, MCAT, LSAT: the alphabet soup of test anagrams gets thicker all the time. And more schools are more rigid about their test requirements. True, most colleges have learned to give more credence to a high school student's rank and GPA. But many graduate schools have elevated the importance of standardized tests. And the New York Board of Regents has increased the number of exams that a New York State student must pass in order to graduate high school. (Those slated to graduate in 2003 must pass one or more such tests in all of the five major subjects: math, English, science, history and foreign language.) In my opinion, the country has gone test-mad! Especially New York State!

Some public figures are even advocating a policy of testing teachers every five years. To ensure quality education, no doubt. But, let's face it, almost any savvy human being can answer questions about teaching and discipline in a way that's educationally — and politically — correct. That hardly means, though, that they're putting these ideas into practice. The only true way to know if a teacher is conducting class well is by his/her actual performance in the classroom. Sorry, but you can't measure that by a bunch of standardized questions, whether multiple choice or essay, in a computer-based or paper-and-pencil exam. What's going on here? It's all part of the test-crazed mentality that this nation has developed.

Gone are the '60s/'70s ideas about totally replacing grades with in depth written evaluations. In fact, with the greater spread of computer use, many secondary school students face not only standardized exams, but standardized evaluations, as

well! "Johnny performs well in class discussion, but seems to freeze on tests" has been reduced to such stock phrases as "Poor test performance." So that even the commentary has morphed into one-size-fits-many (more or less) evaluations.

Granted, such computerized comments may be a Godsend to the highly pressured teachers in large, overcrowded public high schools. But all the more reason to take care that we don't place exaggerated emphasis on the significance of letters and/or numbers, especially not from one or two exams. We have fewer truly individualized assessments to create balance.

Unfortunately, some administrators are beginning to believe way too much in these letters and numbers. This seems to me to get more incredulous as the education level gets higher. If a student did well enough on the SAT exams, etc., to be accepted at a good college, and then excelled there, as well, I doubt her/she got any "dumber." Why have to take another general test for grad school? Senseless!

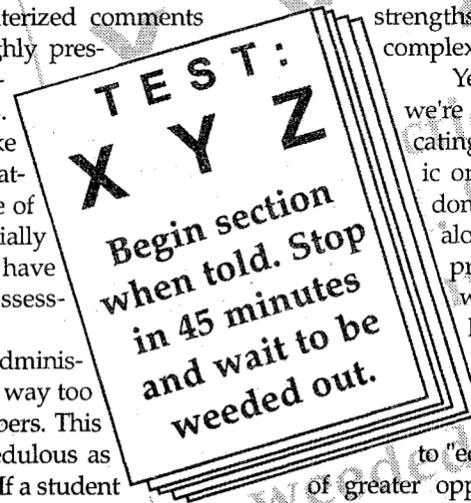
So why are test grades apparently gaining importance in so many areas? At the uppermost reaches, it's largely the "weeding out" process, gone amok, I'm guessing. At "lower" levels, it's that plus the fear of other nations "outdoing" us. In our rush to "catch up with" Japan, etc., we have come to rely more and more on the alleged "quick fix" ("the test")

and the simple evaluation (the grade). So afraid are we that foreign school systems might "be ahead" of us in the number of kids who can add imaginary numbers or explain atomic theory, that we hardly have time for analyzing a student's full set of strengths and weaknesses in all their complexity.

Yet, many of the countries that we're "competing with" focus on educating a fairly homogeneous economic or intellectual group and literally don't mind if other kids "drop out" along the way. As we increase the pressure on American students, we raise the number dropouts here, too, at various places along the line.

The American ideal, however, has long since been to "educate the masses." For the sake of greater opportunity for all. And a better informed crop of voters. To that end, we try to give a basic education (nowadays, through high school) to every child. And we offer higher education possibilities to as many as is feasible.

Is it worth sacrificing that ideal to try to match the test scores of other nations? If so, then we must learn to tolerate dropping out (perhaps at an even earlier age) and the loss of possible talent. (The bright student who flips out on exams. The creative thinker with an offbeat approach to the material). If not, then we need to rethink our growing reliance on tests — and soon.



On The Road To Grad School: Psych Bound

By Hilary Vidair

So it's the end of the semester and most people are struggling to get the work done for their classes last minute (or they are cramming in several parties). With only a couple of weeks left, everyone seems to be racing around at top speed. Me? No biggie. I've been stressed out all semester and now it's time to sit back and watch the chickens with their heads cut off.

You see, this semester, I decided to apply to graduate school. Like several Stony Brook students, I am a Psychology major with the hopes of eventually having a doctorate (they tell you that you can't do anything with a bachelors in psychology). By the time college rolled around, I was sure I wanted to go to graduate school for Clinical Psychology. I had always been extremely passionate about this field and have always dreamed of someday running an intervention center. Little did I know what lay ahead of me.

First stop: the GRE's. I can not tell you just how much these suck. You have to remember all the math you learned when you were 14, learn words you will never use and practice playing stupid little logic games (i.e. diagram out the order of six fruit trees). I spent 27 hours in classes, \$900+ in paying for these classes and basically all my free summer time studying for this stupid exam, this stupid, stupid exam that I felt my life depended on.

I planned on taking the GRE's by the end of last August, but chickened out, ceasing to study toward the end of the summer and cramming again in early October. Every time I even thought of taking this test, my stomach would knot up and I would often just sit and cry, frustrated as hell. I don't know if it's the actual exam or the stress they put on you to do well on it that feels as if it's suffocating you while awake and holding your eyelids open while you try to sleep. All I know is that I have never had to deal with such crap before. For all those grad school bound: take the test the

summe after your junior year. At least then you wouldn't have had to worry about it on top of all your school work.

I finally took the test, and at the end, they give you the option of either looking at your scores (which then will be sent to the schools of your choice) or cancelling the exam and not ever seeing how you did. I didn't know how the hell I did, but being that I'm often impulsive, I pressed the button to see my scores. The exam was three hours, how could I not look? I ended up doing alright on the exam, but I wasn't satisfied with my verbal score. To this day, I still dream of it branded across my chest, like the "A" for adultery in *The Scarlet Letter*.

Some people advised me to take it over, but after thinking about it, I realized that I just couldn't deal with it. If I don't get in to graduate school, I'll try again next year. You can't expect to get in, regardless of your score, because the majority of programs for clinical psychology take less than ten percent of their applicants, anyway.

Then came the Psychology GRE's, which weren't that bad, except they were just one more thing to study for. I was so relieved when all the standardized tests were over. They really do make you feel incompetent at times. Sometimes I think ETS just loves to make you feel like shit for the fun of it. Maybe then you won't apply and their kids will have a better shot at it.

After you live through all that nonsense, you must narrow down a list of schools (or in my case, find enough you want to apply to), acquire about 3 recommendations, pay for your transcripts to be sent out (an administrative headache) and pay for your GRE scores to be sent out to all the schools you didn't realize you would be applying to when you took the god damn tests in the first place.

Then you must devise a personal statement, something that discusses your personal

background, your professional background (whatever that is), the reasons you want to study clinical psychology and why you want to go to school X in particular. This means a slightly different essay for every school. In addition, you have to list advisors which you are interested in working with. In other words, you spend hours on the net searching through the profiles of possible advisors. You must check out what kind of work they do and what their research interests are. For any of you who might consider doing this, make sure you schedule several hour's time.

Also make sure that you have both research and clinical experience. Get involved in someone's lab (PSY 273). Volunteer somewhere and make sure you develop close relationships with faculty who can later give you recommendations. I was fortunate enough to do a lot of research as well as get a job at a prevention center running support groups for children and adolescents. But I'll tell you, it took a lot of time, luck and energy, so start preparing a couple of years ahead of time. Talk to graduate students and find out what they did.

In addition, for you overachievers, apply to the Psychology Honors Program. This will allow you to take on your own research and get to know faculty one-on-one. It will also provide you with a seminar in which to discuss pressing issues such as how your honors project is going and how to complete the slightly overwhelming process of applying to graduate school in the field of psychology. I tell you, those once a week classes were a blessing. They were like group therapy sessions for all of us crazy psych students.

Now, it's time to sit back and wait for phone calls. You see, if you pass over the first hurdle, they'll call you for an interview (clinical applicants only). At least I'll have an excuse to buy a couple of suits.

Is all this really worth it? I really hope so.

Let Each Become Aware

Statistics for Political Science - Milton Lodge: Milt has a small penis and tries to compensate by being long-winded and misleadingly vague. Avoid this class if you are a political science major, take AMS statistics.

Chuck Tabler - Political Science - Various Courses: Encourages a lively debate in the 300 level courses. In 100 level courses the material is simple, and as a result a little boring. One of the better instructors in Political Science.

Paul Tesky - Political Science - Various Courses: Very intelligent, good if you want to learn something. He assigns too much reading, but doesn't test on it extensively. Most tests are about the class material. It is important to know someone in the same class to get notes from if you are a typical political science major who gets stoned, sleeps all day, and smokes all night.

Advice for Political Science Majors: Take the law courses, since they have multiple choice tests that can be passed with common sense, and there are rarely attendance requirements and reading is optional. You won't get great grades, but that GPA is not on your degree.

Avoid Sociology courses, unless you know the professor to be an easy grader, check the posted grades in the department if you don't have friends. If you find yourself with in a class that is going to require ridiculous amounts of work for an average grade, drop it.

Natural Disasters/Hazards (GEO 107) - Hogan: A third of the class fails because the tests are on obscure information from lectures. On the up side there is no book, homework, papers, and multiple-choice tests. The lectures are boring, go stoned or drunk. Hogan curses gratuitously and yet comes off as an angry old man. Still if you make it to class getting a good grade is no challenge, and it fills a Dec.

Natural Disasters/Hazards (GEO107) - Holt: A.K.A "Rocks for Jocks," Natural Hazards is a course so mind-numbingly simple that it's students tend to be those that must wear safety helmets everywhere they go and have to put a cork on their fork so as not to hurt them selves. Despite the hinderance of a classroom whose neck meat to brain matter ratio is 5:1 Holt is an engaging, easy-going and (sometimes) funny prof. Once you have accepted that the class only in existance so that SB "Athletes" can maintain a GPA higher than the square root of their GPA, Nat. Hazards is actually a pretty damn interesting class. Go Figure

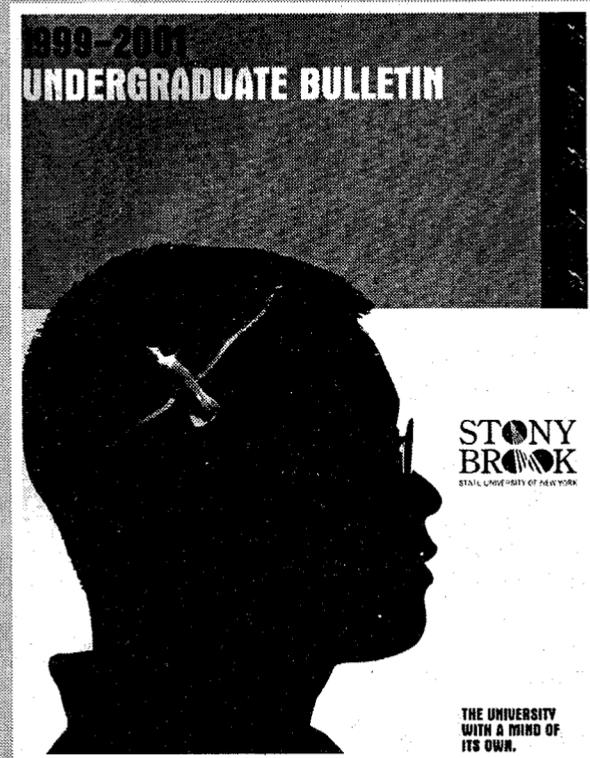
Stats in Sociology (SOC 201) - Tyree: Take this class. It counts as a C Dec (math) yet contains little to no actual math! The first half of the course is about finding the flaws and hidden variables in experiments or observational studies. Yeah, I know it doesn't sound so thrilling, but Tyree is just charismatic enough to wake you up (a much needed skill because when I took it it was an 9:25 class, in fact I'm skipping it right now to write this.) There is weekly homework and in-class computer work, and that sucks but it's not hard stuff and the concepts you learn are more likely to prove usefull in the real world than calculus.

Electronic Print Media (ARS 325) - Dinkins: I have never been in a class with so few interesting people in my life. In EPM you yack-yack-yack about subversive ads and alternative print methods and other pseudo-artistic mucky-muck: A topic that is very interesting in it's own right. Unfortunately this ripe subject matter proves to be stale when examined (in the most cursory sense of the word) by a SINC site full of lazy, weak-minded, pre-programed automatons. Not that this is Dinkins fault; she puts up a valiant effort. Sadly each class inevitably turns into Dinkins asking provocative questions to the class, and being answered only with blank stares and a silence the likes of which can only

be found in hospital wards dedicated to the care of the brain dead. Occasionally one of the few pro-active students gets fed up with the slack-jawed yokeling of his/her sloped-brow endowed classmates and launches into a diatribe about whatever the artistic flavor of the year is; and these outrageous assertions go unchallenged and fail to recieve even a single cogent retort vomited up by the drooling, Soylent-Green eating, future McDonalds managers who thought it would be a neat idea to take an art class. Dinkins you don't need these MS patients, you're better than that.

Directing 1 (THR 333) - Prof. Griffin: It only meets once a week (thats good)! But if you miss two classes you fail (thats bad). The classes are more fun than getting oiled up and jumping into bed with one of those blue-buttred apes (thats...good)! It is also one of the most demanding and strenuous courses offered by the theatre dept. Griffin, although a potty-mouth, is an incredibly interesting teacher, and the classwork will no doubt prove to be some of the most dynamic, artistic and off times funny work you're apt find at this school.

Prof. Zelenik - Theatre - Various Courses: This man loves theatre in a way that is probably punishable by law. Nonetheless Zelenik imparts a ener-



gizing-energy into even the most dry text that he covers. When he lectures you can feel the tension in the work he's discussing, plus he's a liberal, and a Jets fans so you give him props for that too.

Prof. Ludlow - Philosophy - Various Courses: Ludlow is the greatest teacher ever to grace this campus. It's that simple. If you have any braincells left in that hollow shell you call a bong - i mean head, you'll be rivited to his subject matter. He gives extra points for being especially clever and doesn't take shit from moronic students. Get into something he's teaching by hook or by crook; unless of course you're a belligerent-shit-talker in which case you should go fuck your own face with a cinderblock for even considering sullyng his class with your verbal diarrhea

The Honors College: Think twice about entering the Honors College, once you are in and do their program you can't easily back out. They have seminars to replace the Dec requirements, and if you don't graduate from their department you will have to take the Dec classes anyway.

100 Level Calculus and Physics professors are incompetent when it comes to teaching, and passing these courses requires Herculean efforts to learn the material on your own. The TA's aren't noted for their excellent communication skills, and professors

are not generally available to help students since these classes are too large.

Ronald Friend - Health Psychology (PSY 346) and Social Psychology Lab (PSY 382)

Dr. Friend is no friend of mine. He is totally insensitive to students, treating them like whipping post rather than human beings.

In his Health Psychology class, he lectures on material not covered in the textbook at all, but you're supposed to learn both the lectures and the chapters detail per detail. His tests are insanely hard, which usually leads to a debate consisting of the students v. Dr. Friend. Of course, being the dictator that he is, there is no room for compromise.

One of the main topics that Dr. Friend focuses on is emotional disclosure. Well, he certainly discloses on people in his lab class. I've seen this man get angry at students for not understanding his less than clear commands. They might simply ask a question and he will go off the deep end babbling about how simple the task is. One time, after barking incessantly at a particular group for asking a small question, one student tried to explain how she felt the comment was slightly unfair. She spoke relatively logically, after which he belittled her until she cried in front of the whole class.

All in all, I would never again subject myself to the wrath of this man, no matter how much I was interested in the topics he was teaching.

Prof. Dolan - American Poetry - (EGL 350): Poetry is complex and beautiful, but if you study more than a few authors in one term, you might not have enough time to develop a deeper interest to self-study any particular writer the class covers. This course is more of an overview rather than a concentration.

However, Dolan is an intriguing professor to study under. He definately seems to know his stuff. He does not feign enthusiam for things that don't interest him. He also honest with himself. And for you psychology majors, he's a fun character to observe when you feel like spacing out; you'll never get his chuckle out of your ears. Take some of his British Literature related courses, he seems to like that concentration better too.

Prof. Huddy - Women and Politics - (WST 300 level?): The course is a comprehensive survey of the women's movement in America. I recommend this class based on it's content and its relevance, not on its lack of work. There's a lot of reading and high expectations for grasping the concepts. Prof. Huddy is an excellent professor. She's straight forward and makes an effort to turn a lecture hall into a coference room. The work is challenging, but worthwhile, if you have the time and motivation.

Nate Johansen - Fundamentals of sculpture - (ARS256): Take this class. An excellent teacher and a genuinely talented artist, Johansen is a pleasure to learn from. Don't miss the oportunity, cuz he's outa here next year.

Prof. Solomon Introduction to Astronomy - (AST 101): This class uses a very interesting and well written book that includes a very entertaining CD with lots of pictures and stuff. The professor is a little arrogant but he explains things well. Unless you never come to class and don't read the book you will be able to understand what he is talking about in lecture. He breifly and superficialy touches on the more complicated mathematical and abstract concepts in astrophysics enough for people withut really any science or math comprehension beyond the highschool level. Questions on the tests were sometimes worded very strangely. All the tests had enough of a curve on them to change a mid sixties grade into a B or B-. A "C" was around 50% on the 3 tests during the course. I liked the course alot because it was easy but was disappointed the the material remained so simple and his lectures so uninspired.