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THE STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. XXII, Issue 14

"My Daddy Shoots People"

May 15, 2001

MAN OF THE YEAR: GODFREY PALAIA

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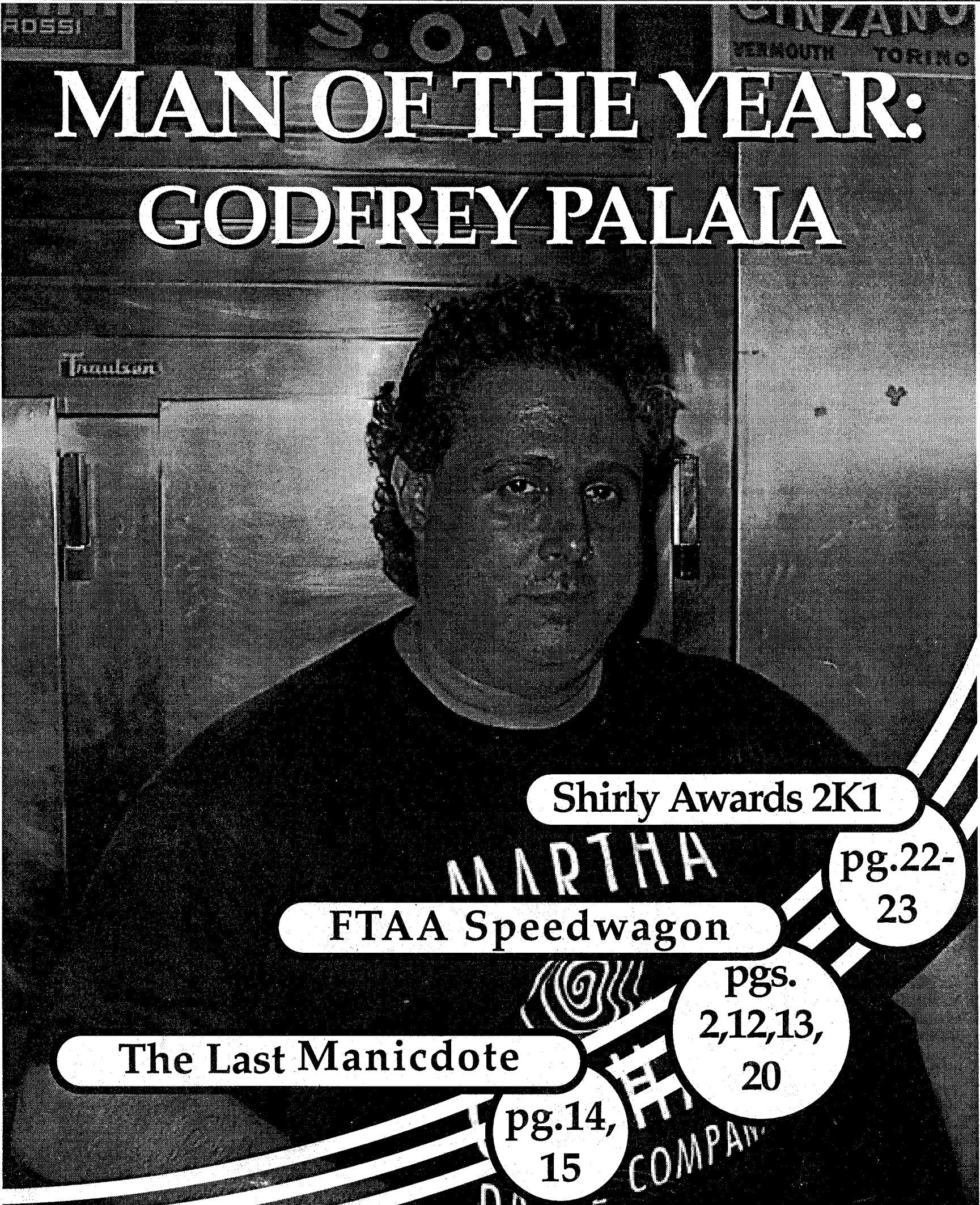
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Party in Quebec! Refreshments and Tear Gas Will Be Served!

By Walter Moss

On Friday, April 20th thirty-four heads of state and representatives from the world's major corporations met in Quebec City for the summit of the Americas. At this summit, delegates were to hammer out the rules for the new Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA). The FTAA is an expanded version of NAFTA, which will encompass the entire western hemisphere, and affect the lives of close to one billion people. These one billion people have no say in the matter, 34 men will decide for us all. It will dictate the rules for a tax-free economic zone, the ultimate expression of the globalization fever, which has come to define our modern age.

While the hemisphere's elite were flown into their private walled-off section of Quebec, tens of thousands of people who disagreed with their vision of a corporate utopia, assembled beyond the gates. These gates were erected at a phenomenal cost, to protect the delegates from the very people they claimed to be helping. The summit organizers spoke often of their commitment to democracy, but when it came down to it, they had to wall themselves off from "the people". Outside the wall, people came from all over the world, a true global community in contrast to the plasticized McWorld offered by the prophets of globalization. They came by car, bus, train and plane, to stand before the powerful and shout "FUCK YOU!" in a vast array of languages.

We traveled the six or seven hundred miles to Quebec by car. Along with Wendy and myself, came Steve Preston and Jessica Schindelman, two local members of the Green Party. The twelve and a half hour drive was pretty daunting, and we had to deal with the possibility of being turned away at the border. We had heard stories of many people being denied entrance to Canada. Luckily, the only trouble that occurred at the crossing point came when Canadian customs officers seized and photocopied some pamphlets we had about the Green Party. No sweat, maybe they will like what they read. Having a government agency invade personal space and photocopy literature is a small price to pay if some customs agent turns away from the "dark-side".

Once in Quebec City, finding housing was no problem. The mayor of Quebec, who was actually in support of the protest, opened the city colleges to people who needed a place to sleep. The four of us stayed at the appropriately French Cegep de Limoilou. Inside of a room filled to the brim with sleeping, farting and snoring hippies, we were able to nap for a little while. The accommodations were pretty uncomfortable, but at least they were there. I couldn't imagine any American city opening its doors to house protesters. It's pretty amazing that the city hosting the Summit of the Americas was also making accommodations for the FTAA's bitterest enemies. This was the first evidence of just how much the people of Quebec dislike globalization and the tenets of free trade. As the day progressed, we would have many more instances where the people of Quebec showed their support for the anti-globalization movement.

In the early afternoon on Saturday, we caught a ride with members of the International Action Center, to downtown Quebec. Along the docks, the main protest was taking shape. Tens of thousands of people were assembled, filling the streets of Quebec for as far as the eye could see. It was a powerful feeling, to stand among so many, and to know that all were there for the most noble of intentions. The energy of the crowd was great. Looking across the sea of people, one could see representatives from a hundred places and a thousand organizations. French-Canadian Union members rubbed elbows with black clad Anarchists. Environmentalists, Socialists, Greens and Reds, the whole place was packed with banners, puppets, balloons and signs.

The diversity was impressive. People were there from all across the world. There were representatives from every Union in North America. We marched along with activists from across the globe. There were Blacks, Asians, Latinos, Whites and even indigenous tribesmen, at the protest. They came from as far away as Africa, and from as close as Quebec City itself. It is interesting to compare the incredible racial, cultural and economic diversity of the protesters, with the homogeneity of the delegates to the FTAA. Outside the fence, there were people of all colors. Inside the summit building, there was a crowd of wealthy white men, and a few token colored people. If that's their idea of a global community, they can keep it.

Around early afternoon, people began the giant protest march, which would take about three hours to complete. The march wound its way through the entire city, through the center of Quebec, around the wall, and finally ending on the outskirts. The march was great fun. There was an almost festival atmosphere, as people in costume or bearing huge puppets marched alongside singing protestors. On almost every corner, spontaneous street theater erupted. People dressed in business suits, chattering on plastic baby-phones and reading the Wall Street Journal parodied the business people who gave birth to the horror of the FTAA. Bands set up shop and played music to urge on the marchers and keep spirits high. Everyone there had some creative slogan written on a sign, a shirt or even on their head! For instance, Steve carried a wonderful sign, on which he wrote "ABORT THE BASTARD SON OF NAFTA!" The protesters definitely had the edge in creativity.

Along the way, people were sticking signs out of office windows showing their support for the protests. As cars passed, they beeped their horns in a cheerful salute, and many motorists were waving as they drove by. The people of Quebec were very much against the summit, and against the FTAA, or in French the ZLEA. When we entered a working class neighborhood around halfway through the march, something amazing happened. People were coming out of their homes, some even decided to join the march, it was incredible. Along the way, the streets were filled with people shouting their support. Even the graffiti was politicized, on many a wall you could see rants against the FTAA (ZLEA). Too bad none of us knew French, I'm sure what was written was appropriately clever and dripping with anti-corporate venom. It was amazing to see the people of Quebec actively participating in politics. These people were above all aware. They were informed about what was going on and were not afraid to voice their anger. In an American neighborhood I could only imagine someone coming out to yell, "hey keep it down out there, I'm trying to watch Buffy!" Hopefully, as time goes on the average American will become aware of the situations that surround them. Hopefully they will turn off their TVs and take part in the running of their own lives. The people who run organizations like it.

At the close of the official protest, we decided to go and challenge the wall. The four of us made our way up a very steep hill to where the wall had been erected. We made for a weak-spot in the barrier, where on



the previous day protesters had been able to tear down a section of the wall. As we walked through the narrow streets our eyes began to tear, and a peppery odor filled our nostrils. This was our first taste of tear gas, but surely not our last. The closer we got to the action the worse the gas became. Soon the four of us had to stop and buy water to flush our burning eyes and clear the stuff from our mouths. Helicopters were releasing gas into the air to drop down right onto the people going up to the wall, us included.

When we finally made it to the wall the gas was pretty unbearable. Steve, Jessica and Wendy stayed back to flush their eyes with water. I really wanted to get pictures of the battle raging on that part of the wall, so I ran as close as I could bear. The scene really was a war zone. There were bonfires raging on the corners to try and lessen the effect of the police tear gas; they mixed their black smoke with the grayish white fog coming from the other side of the wall. Armed and armored police officers stood in lines 8 or 10 deep, blocking the gap where people had breached the wall. They unleashed a steady barrage of tear gas, firing canisters into any crowds of people. Protestors replied by showering the cops with bottles, rocks, and other debris. After a fresh barrage of gas, I received a full dose. When you are overwhelmed by tear gas it really hurts. Your eyes sting like hell and you want to tear at them, but if you do, you will make it even more excruciating. Tear gas is really a very fine powder that coats your entire body, rubbing deposits even more of the stuff into your eyes. Perhaps worse than what happens to your eyes, if you breathe in a large dose of gas, your lungs will just stop working for a short time. The gas burns deep inside your lungs and you just can't take another breath. I ran out of there real fast. In a relatively calm area I was able to clear my eyes and was back to normal in a few seconds. I regrouped with the others. There was a medic treating Wendy by flushing her eyes with saline solution. He was one of the many very good souls who volunteered to treat people who were hurt in the protest. The medics wore big red crosses on their clothes and were very, very brave. They would walk through the thickest clouds of gas, to help someone who was injured, and they did so. We gave the medic that helped Wendy the rest of our water, and we retreated for a while. We went to get more water. A woman who owned a house in the area near the wall, had rigged a hose outside of her window to provide for people who needed it. Again, it was refreshing to get support from the people of Quebec. Even though this lady's house was surrounded by tear gas fumes, she was willing to help.

After resting a bit, we decided to try a section of the wall where the police had less of a presence. Going

By Jason Saul

Noted for its outrageous pricing, bizarre hours, unpalatable food and surly attendants, the Campus Dining Services (CDS) organization has never been high on any student's list of enjoyable things here at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. With insane provisions and wares bland and unconvincing enough to give pause to even the most gastrically irreverent, Chartwells (those lovely people of the grease-stained aprons and dirty silver, um, plastic-ware) has for years hidden itself safely behind its circular regulations, bizarre rhetoric, and closed-mouthed insincerity.

The students worst-off, by far, the pawns in the grand money-making scheme that comprises the campus eateries, are those unlucky enough to live on campus. Left with little recourse and strictly limited funds, those poor schlubs in the residence halls, most without transportation of their own save frightening Suffolk County Transit buses departing at inconvenient hours, are stuck shoveling the paste served by CDS quickly down past their deprived and wanting tastebuds; those poor little bastard buds who can do naught but weep in the wee hours of the night, praying silently for surcease amidst growing pools of their own bitter tears, that one day they shall see real food once more.

The biggest trick up Chartwells' sleeve is by far the meal-plan. Bemoaned by young and old, constructed of complex formulas and legalistic trickery, it is specifically designed to bilk everyone who comes in contact with it of their hard-earned dollars. While many are not silly enough to buy into the convenient meal-plan offered on campus, many students are tricked or outright coerced into participating. Notorious for its contemptible restrictions and the inability to roll over points to the next semester, the meal-plan is the bane of many a bank account.

Through the argus-eyed network of the Stony Brook Press, through personal and professional contacts, old-school gumshoe observation and reporting skills, and outright deceit and trickery, I sat down with a cigar and some bad music played at an unholy volume with Bill Higgins, ex-head chef of the Bleacher Club. The both of us being social gadflies, and notorious for our quick wit and cultural prominence, our talk of course started out genially enough, but I quickly sobered as Mister Higgins went on with his revealing tale of back-office deals and trickery. Be forewarned; as much effort that has gone into this article, and as stridently as Mister Higgins has attempted to assist, the scheme to milk the student body is convoluted and extensive and, deadlines being what they are, only the most extensive of investigations will truly ferret out all the ways CDS has managed to defraud those innocents just looking for a bite of something good to eat between classes.

Higgins began his tale with a meeting last summer between the Food Service Administration and Chartwells. Not satisfied with their obscene profits, the company struck a deal with FSA to raise prices on nearly every item by ten cents. While wholesale food prices haven't been raised significantly in three years, detailed Higgins, who had been in charge of purchasing for the Bleacher Club, Chartwells cited rising food costs and lack of profitability. Higgins explained that it costs a mere dollar to produce an item such as a chicken sandwich. Chartwells sells it for over four.

It was explained that the meal-plan, that terrifying bit of insanity plaguing the residents, is deliberately overpriced. Freshman are told they must acquire a 1500-dollar meal-plan,

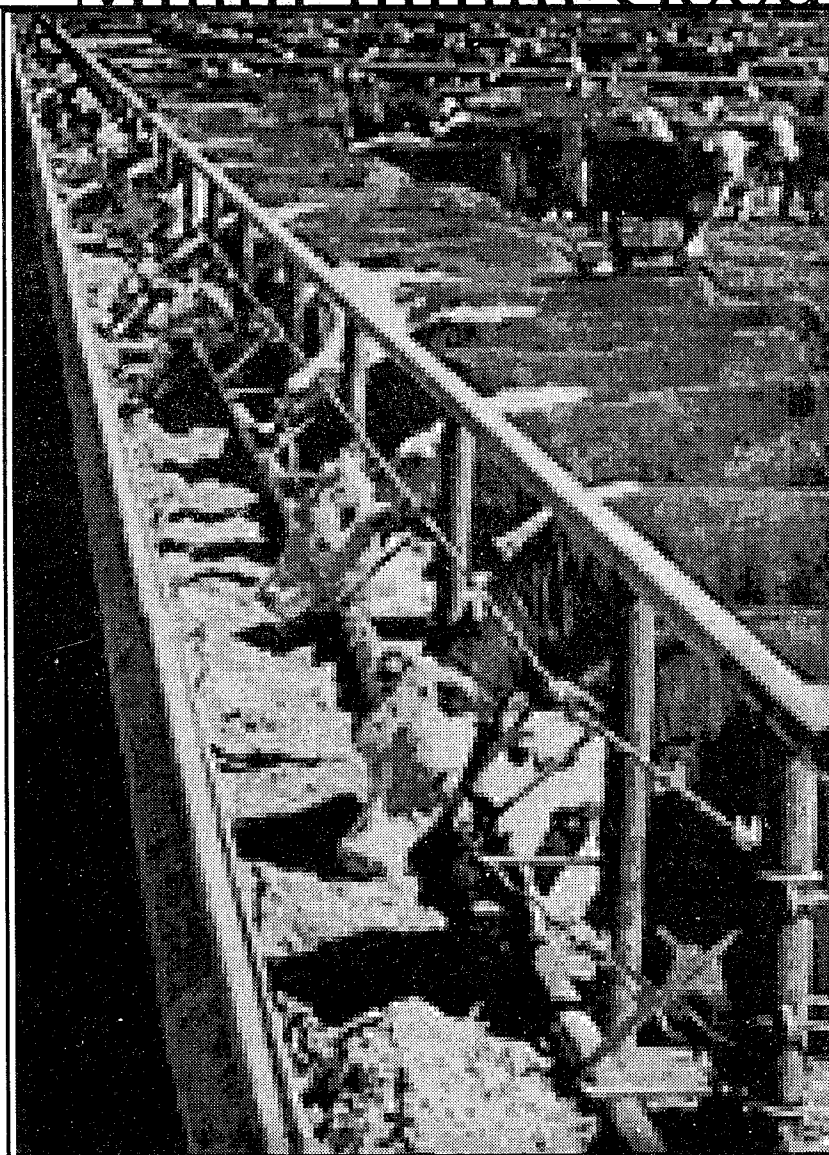
Chartwells knowing full well they don't need to purchase that much. They are even shown quite different food before they come in to the University, a ruse calculated to excite them about the possible delicacies before they enroll, to butter them up and empty their wallets.

If, at the end of the semester, there is money left over, it goes back into the FSA, and supposedly back to the students. While ten cents may not seem like much, over the entire campus it adds up considerably. More than 175 thousand dollars was left over toward the end of last semester, at which time the rate hike went into effect. Prices are only raised according to how much money is left. While the cooks keep costs down on the production end to, in theory, get the money back to students, prices still go up based on the money left over; a deliberate attempt during the last two weeks of classes to empty the till. Last semester, of that \$175,000 FSA didn't get back a penny.

One of the easiest items to raise the price of is soda. It's an invisible increase on a product most often coupled within a meal and not really thought over much. Says Higgins, no one sees that.

Already a money-maker, this information tid-bit rankles the caffeine addicted gourmand in me. From my own sundry experience on the wrong side of a food counter, I know fountain sodas are one of a establishment's biggest sources of income. A five-gallon package of soda syrup costs approximately \$40.00, depending on the flavor, though it rarely fluctuates more than five dollars in either direction. Soda is supposed to be mixed 3 parts water to one part syrup, making for 20 gallons of finished cola. The most often-purchased size cola is a 16oz., selling for approximately \$1.50. At one-hundred-sixty servings this size per carton of syrup, net revenue is \$240.00, or approximately \$200 in straight profit. Add ice cubes in your Coke and they're pulling in a few more servings to sell. Being water, with a negligible amount of CO2 added, to hike the price of this item is unconscionable and disgusting, to put the matter lightly.

Procedures on the production end are as bad as what's going on at the cash register. The entire union setup is reportedly a joke. The union hires at eight dollars an hour, placing them behind sixteen-year-old clerks at the Gap, and bows to nearly every demand Chartwells puts on the table. Even the tenured cooks, who have years of experience in the field and who work like madmen to fill their quotas before the kitchens open for the day, are jerked around. They're led to believe they may be promoted for good work, though the likelihood of it happening is more rare than a SAC cheeseburger. Contrived worker shortages to save on payroll and a ever-increasing student body hungrier than ever have put the workload squarely on the shoulders of each kitchen's head chef. Often arriving as early



as five AM for an opening at two in the afternoon, these men a run ragged for a salary and benefits package barely worth mentioning. The only real union cooks on campus are those in the hospital kitchens. They have managed to avoid the short end of the stick, and are compensated well for the work they do.

Higgins made a point to stress the shining star of this motley lot is Kevin Couvillion, the new production manager and head chef of the Bleacher Club. Couvillion is said to be really interested in helping the students but is in a state of limbo, his hands tied between management and the union. He tells the more qualified personnel to get out before it's too late and they end up running the gauntlet as well.

As for the kitchens themselves, the few times this reporter has managed to get behind the scenes were instructive, to say the least. The filth is appalling, and the slack-jawed, sloping-brow, dull eyed look of many of the employees, hard at work doing anything but attempting to clean or follow even the most basic of health standards, has left me with shivers running up and down my spine every time I happen to inadvertently think about it.

While the food purchased is good quality, and the SBU's bleacher Club the most consistent in its wares, by the time anything ends up on your plate it has been defiled and corrupted beyond compare. For instance, the Roth cafeteria decided one day to make chicken a la king. Lacking enough chicken, they just used beef, doctored and disfigured until nearly indistinguishable from what they were attempting to market it as. What really gives me the shakes is what they must have done to it to make the beef taste like chicken. At any rate, having a large quantity left over, they reused the unsold portion, for days, until the food was finished. This is a favorite tactic at Roth, and goes on nearly every day.

Higgins insists the SAC sucks, and he wouldn't give the food served at H-Quad to his

Editorial: Same Shit, Different Semester

As yet another year passes us by we turn our attention forward to the next semester. If it's anything like this past one, it's sure to be a "doozy," a "Hum-dinger," or even a "miserable waste of our fucking time, life and money."

Some people say that you only get out of a University what you put into it. Well, frankly, that's a load of crap. Real style: You only get out of a University what you put into it minus Republican Graft, minus the effort on the part of the Administration to enrich your mind, body or spirit and most of all, minus the simple recognition of your basic humanity that most third-world residents are awarded at the end of their "long day of work."

Adios to you my amigos! I don't envy your position here at SB as you are sure to experience another semester of tuition "adjustments," Administrative P.T. Barnumry and the stagnant social malaise that this campus has been so effective in festering.

What? Oh, I hear you. Things will be better when (re: if) you graduate? Sorry bucko, USB doesn't gently send you on your way, bearing you into a world full of promise armed to the intellectual teeth with the knowledge of your forebearers. Sorry, USB shits you into a world of Racism, Sexism and Classism for which you are woefully unprepared. Like the proverbial babe into the woods Stony Brook sends you to the corporate wolf/machine. And as the shit cherry on top of your crap sundae of post college life: remember that for the next four years our helmsman of society is a man you wouldn't trust to watch your hamster over night.

But enough about the hell that awaits you when you finally drag your self out of the mire that is SB, let's discuss the hell you have to deal with until then.

Many students are under the impression that this is as good as it gets. Many students think that change can never be made to improve the system because of student apathy. Well it's the former that causes the latter. I don't want to sound like your Little League Coach but it's that defeatist attitude that prevents us from winning.

Students need to be aware of the constant academic worsening and cultural involvement that exists here. You're not stupid people (PEC majors excluded), I know I talked with many of you. Administration is following in the goose-steps of their Gubernatorial Leadership. Everything enacted on-campus or for campus reflects Pataki's education commitment. He cuts 120 million dollars from the SUNY budget and then when it comes time for re-election he puts 80

million back in. That's a losing equation.

Example: We get a new stadium. Ok Neat. Initially most people weren't opposed to it; until you read the fine print. First this stadium is a manifestation of the "top secret" Coke contract that serves to generally make our dining options non-existent. Secondly, this allows for a greater emphasis on sports on-campus. Why is that a problem? Well, it's another financial ploy from Admin, as the majority of Division one schools LOSE money on their division one teams. This of course will prompt Admin to take money from the underfunded programs and thereby reduce the overall quality of our education. We're a SCHOOL people not a fucking FRANCHISE! Oh yeah did we also mention the 40 dollar increase in tuition to cover unforeseen construction costs of the stadium.

There is the possibility of change though. You should take every occasion to remind those around you of just where you are attending school, drawing particular attention to the biased nature of many of the administrations regulations. Though this diatribe may be for naught. See the summer is the time in which this campus pushes through most of its regulations and construction processes. Most administrative decisions are made during the summer in an attempt to present an atmosphere of stability to the incoming students. Couple this with the recent CSA *coup d'état* in Polity senate and we're sure to see some destructive changes to the well being of all students here at SB.

Stony Brook is a constantly changing environment, but it is only when students are armed with the knowledge of what their institution is doing to them can do anything about it. We need to demand more communication with administration and polity. Each student needs to be made aware of the disparity between what this campus should be doing for them and what this campus is doing for them.

This is a state university. Part of a system whose goal is to provide quality education primarily to those who can not otherwise afford a college education.

Today we have an increasingly expensive school with inadequate student services, hiring teachers at a rate less than the growth of its student body. As an added bonus there is no campus life to speak of because of the draconian restrictions of administration and the bumbling foolery of our student government.

This is what we have today at Stony Brook and with out student action we will have even less tomorrow.

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Letter: I33t R00l3z!

Dear StonyBrook Press,

First of all, I would like to give u guys mad props for writin' about shit that matters, which leads me to tell u this. This whole MP3 thing has probably reached a high mark on this campus. I'm pretty sure that people use Audiogalaxy, Imesh, Napigator, etc. to retrieve MP3's over the internet. What they don't know is that they're installing a program called Spyware (definetely look this up!!) which basically tracks your every move in order to send u advertisments. Although this may not matter to some people, the real problem is that when u go to uninstall the original program (ie. Audiogalaxy) without uninstalling the Spyware program first, your computer will not work the same, get the dreaded "blue screen of death" or even lose internet connection until the problem is fixed. I know this because it has hap-

pened to my girlfriends computer. Luckily I found out what was wrong, but in the event that someone has this happen to them and doesn't know what to do will make them go crazy, like I did. Also, the Spyware program may even interfere while you're on the internet, which is why some people may get error messages. If u want to know more, just go to Cnet.com, search for Imesh, then read the negative user opinions about Imesh, or just run a search on "Spyware", or "Webhancer". There is a program that fixes this program called "AD aware" which deletes the Spyware or Webhancer off your computer. This would be a good article to end the semester off on, but if not, just a mention about this would help some people out there. Keep Up The Good Work....

CeAsE

Letter: L.G.B.T.S.A?

I have always been a supporter of the Lesbian and Gay organization on campus. It is a vital entity. Even if it just served as a dating service it would be worth it. It dose so much more. Peer support organizing events, to fighting for Gay/lesbian rights. It is now time for the group to clean up it's name once and for all.

When the organization was formed in 1973, it was called the Gay Student Union. They saw the wisdom of incorporating Lesbians into the name. This was a good idea for obvious reasons. The name became the Gay and Lesbian Alliance, GALA. Pronounced GAY-LA this was a great name it just rolled off you tongue. Once I got a fortune cookie message that read "you will attend a gala event."

The group decided to recognize Bisexuals. Like me. The name of the group changed to The Lesbian Gay Bisexual Alliance, LGBA. You couldn't say the name of the group now without sounding like you where choking on something. The name became a cumbersome politically correct artless thing. The (A) was added to bring in

the Tran gendered folk. Hence LGBTA. The club now was embracing the Tran gendered community. Issue where brought into the groups agenda and very good and interesting speakers such as Lesley Fienberg where invited to campus. The of awareness of sexual politics was raised. I was on campus last week and I read a poster from the LGBTSA. That sinking feeling. Straight!?! I have a feeling that the oldest Gay and Lesbian human rights group on Long Island felt pressure to change it's name. To show that it is a inclusive organization. It has always been an open organization. Once One of the co-chairs was straight.

The name situation is well past the point of Aesthetics and in to the realm of gobeldegook for P.C. reasons. Fix the name. My suggestion is the call the group "the QUEERS." Make it clear in the by-laws that it is a social and human rights organization fighting for the rights of the Lesbian Gay Bisexual and transgendered people. It should also state that it is an open organization all can join.

-Johnny Vance

Supreme Search and Seizure

By F.L. Livingston

Pulled over in her pickup truck for a minor infraction, Gail Atwater was horrified and humiliated to find herself being handcuffed and arrested in front of her children. While driving in the town of Lago Vista, Texas, not far from home, Atwater slipped off her seatbelt and allowed her kids to remove theirs, in order to more easily search for a lost toy. Though she insists that she tried to balance the safety violation by slowing to a speed of 15 MPH, Officer Bart Turek apprehended her, anyway. Gail resigned herself to a ticket and perhaps, a \$50 fine (the maximum amount allowed there for this offense). But instead, the officer had her truck towed away and hauled her off to jail! Only a caring neighbor, who stepped in to take the kids, saved them from being spirited away, too!

Fortunately, Atwater's ordeal was brief, and she soon collected her children and her vehicle and went home. But she was incensed at what she saw as a gross violation of her Fourth Amendment rights (No unreasonable searches or seizures!). With the support of her husband, Michael Haas, Atwater decided to sue Turek and the city of Lago Vista for civil damages. Frustratingly, she lost the case in a lower court. Yet, she continued to fight, undaunted, all the way to the United States Supreme Court.

Now, in one of its typical 5-4 divisions, that Court has also ruled against her. In writing the majority opinion, Justice David Souter acknowledged that the arrest caused Ms. Atwater gratuitous humiliation. And that the officer had probably shown poor judgment. But he denied Gail's assertion that Turek had thwarted the Fourth Amendment.

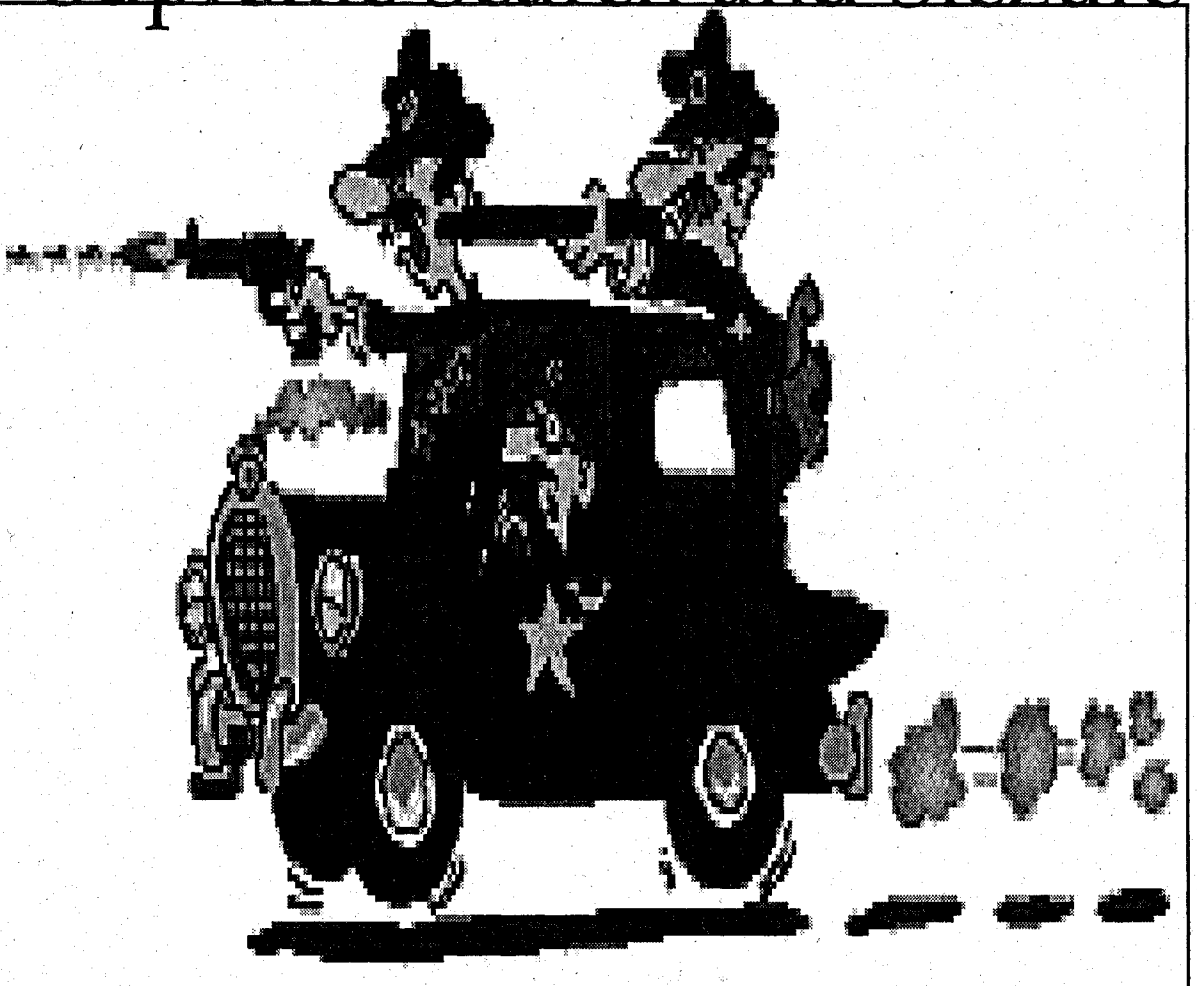
Astonished by this ruling, many groups and individuals have spoken out against it. Giving a policeman such unbounded discretion, objected Justice Sandra Day O'Connor in the dissent, carries with it grave potential for abuse. Or as Atwater's lawyer, Robert De Carelli put it, "Nobody's safe [from arrest] any more." Along with members of the National Association of Criminal Defense, the libertarian Cato Institute, and the ACLU, they fear that anyone who commits the smallest misdemeanor may easily find himself/herself in prison. On top of all this, Steve Shapiro, director of the ACLU, worries that this decision will compound such problems as racial profiling.

And in case you're thinking, "Oh well, what happened to that mom could only happen in Texas, anyway, good ole Dubya country and would never affect me and mine," I think again. Most states, including New York, allow police to arrest those accused of minor offenses, if it appears necessary, and detain them for up to forty-eight hours. Hopefully, most officers rarely exercise this right, if at all. But this new ruling might encourage more cops to overreact more often.

Beyond that, I wish to raise three other concerns. Two of them may reflect on the mentality that currently dominates the high court. The other regards the way that this decision could possibly affect the general mentality of the American people:

1. *The Time Warp Issue:* Lawyers arguing for Atwater pointed out that even in the early days of this country, police could only make warrantless arrests for misdemeanors in breach of the peace cases involving violence. But Souter, in turn, reached back as far as the Statute of Winchester of 1285, a law which permitted night watchmen in British towns to make such arrests.

Hello! Didn't we break away from British rule a long, long time ago? And weren't



such arrests the kind of unreasonable seizures that we hoped to eradicate with the Fourth Amendment? I know that much of our legal system is based on aspects of English law that the Framers admired. But we're talking about statutes that they deliberately abandoned! Why would Souter and his cohorts try to rely on such policies? And why would they dig so far back into the past, anyhow? Are they so dedicated to the enforcement of law that they will go to any length to support the punishment of any offense, no matter how poorly that punishment fits the crime? (Hey! That stuff about the punishment fitting the crime! Isn't that another basic American concept that this ruling tends to undermine?)

2. *The (Possible) Gender Influence:* Or maybe there's an unspoken factor here. Though the 5-4 split has become typical of the current Supreme Court, as I already mentioned, an interesting switch occurred in the voting patterns. O'Connor, usually a conservative, swung to the left, voting along with Justices Ruth Bader Ginsburg, Stephen Breyer, and John Paul Stevens. Souter, more often a moderate liberal, joined Justices William H. Rehnquist, Clarence Thomas, Anthony Kennedy, and Antonin Scalia on the right.

But forgetting left and right for a moment, note that both female judges voted in Atwater's favor, while most of the men, sided with Turek and Lago Vista. Is this pure coincidence? Or could it be that the fact of gender had an effect here? Is it possible that women are more able to see Atwater as she saw herself — a loving mother trying to help a child retrieve a cherished toy? A woman so involved in or, okay, maybe enmeshed in the lives of her kids that she could intuit the value of an object that some adults might see as a mere plaything? No, I'm not at all suggesting that Souter and his conservative male co-voters harbor any prejudices against women. But I'm guessing that they dismiss this mother's behavior as ridiculous or irrational.

Then again, not all the men voted against Atwater and even Souter was somewhat sympathetic to her plight. Still, while O'Connor has swung to the left now and then in the past,

Souter's move to the right came as a surprise to many. So I can't help but wonder if gender perceptions didn't come into play for at least some of the judges.

3. *The Robo-World Issue:* Be that as it may, my main concern is the effect that this ruling could have on the mind of the average American, especially if more and more officers were to react like Turek. Already most states, including New York, allow the police to arrest people for minor offenses, if they deem it necessary, and to detain them up to forty-eight hours. Hopefully, most officers exercise this right rarely, if at all. But this ruling might encourage more cops to overreact more often.

If so, I can see people becoming afraid to use personal judgment, even when facing the smallest of legal quandaries. I can envision, say, the terrified citizen standing as if transfixed in front of a "Don't Walk" sign, afraid to cross the street, even though it's late at night and there are no cars for miles around. I can imagine almost everybody following every sign, signal, and law to the letter like obedient automatons.

Not that I'm advocating breaking the law. And not that everyone would have made Gail Atwater's decision. Some moms would have been like, "Sorry, no toy is worth a \$50 fine." Of those, some would have parked the car and had everybody walk around to look for the lost item. Others would have just gone home, even to the tune of childish whining and crying, maybe promising, "We'll but a new one." But like Gail, some would have forgone the seatbelts, knowing that they were risking a monetary fine as a consequence. These are the little choices we all sometimes make in the effort to navigate the ins and outs of daily life. And we need to be able to do so in order to retain our ability to think. Unfortunately, disproportionate punishments may stifle that ability.

Hopefully, this episode will blow over, most police officers will behave reasonably, and people will continue to cross empty streets at will, etc. Recent history has taught us the dire results of mindless obedience. Let's not allow the American people to turn into robots.

The Two Faces of Al Gore

By Wendy Fuchsberg

Sometimes, I think people tend to support candidates based on their party affiliations without really knowing what their candidate stands for. George W. Bush's faith-based organizations have caused quite a stir lately but what people (Democrats) neglect to mention is that Al Gore also supports federal funding for "faith-based" organizations. It's amazing that people are unaware of the fact we have had "faith-based" organizations receiving federal funds for social programs for the past 4 years. "Charitable Choice" and "Faith-Based Organizations" were part of the 1996 Welfare Reform Act proposed by John Ashcroft, passed by Congress (including those "progressive" Democrat congressmen and congresswomen) and signed by Clinton. All George W. Bush's faith-based initiative proposes is to allocate more money for these "faith-based" organizations, which is something Gore said he would do as well. Gore agrees with Bush's plan to increase funds for faith-based organizations (one of the many points on which they agree). Gore even gave an entire speech to inform voters on his intent to increase federal funding for faith-based organizations. The difference is that with Gore as president, the Democrats would not have such vehement objections to it (sort of like what happened when Clinton "reformed" welfare). In other words, this would be another conservative proposal that would have passed with the support of the Democrats in Congress, solely because it was proposed by a Democrat president. At least now people are voicing objections (unlike with welfare "reform"). How quickly we forget that the framework for this despicable proposal, a direct violation of the separation of church and state, was laid down by my favorite conservative president, Bill Clinton.

Don't believe me? Why don't I just let Al tell you in his own words: "The 1996 welfare reform law contained a little-known provision called Charitable Choice. It allows faith-based organizations to provide basic welfare services, as long as there is a secular alternative, and as long as no one is required to participate in religious observances. They can do so with public funds - without having to alter the religious character that is so often the key to their effectiveness. We should extend this approach to drug treatment, homelessness, & youth violence prevention." (Speech on Faith-Based Organizations, Atlanta GA May 24, 1999)

"People who work in faith- and values-based organizations are driven by their spiritual commitment. They have done what government can never do, [based on] compassionate care. Some political leaders have relied on well-intentioned volunteerism to feed the hungry & house the homeless. [But to spiritual volunteers, the] client is not a number, but a child of God. And their solutions & programs are more likely to work because they are crafted by people actually living in the neighborhood they are serving." (Speech on Faith-Based Organizations, Atlanta GA May 24, 1999)

Al Gore claims he has always been pro-choice and as president, he would have supported Medicaid coverage for abortion; but Al voted against Medicaid coverage of abortion when he was in Congress. People say, "but he would never have done what Bush is doing with his anti-choice abortion legislation." Are you kidding me? In the past 8 years Clinton has sold out his constituency on so many issues and Gore is even more conservative than Clinton. Consider this for a moment; while he was in Congress, Al Gore had an 84% anti-choice voting record. Furthermore, the things he has said do not leave me with the impression that he is pro-choice, for example: "It is my deep personal conviction that abortion is wrong," Gore wrote to a constituent in 1984 when he was representing Tennessee in the House. "Let me assure you that I share your belief that innocent human life must be protected, and I have an open mind about how to further this

goal."

"It is my deep personal belief that abortion is wrong. I hope some day we will see the outrageously large number of abortions drop sharply." (Boston Globe, p. A30 Jan 30, 2000)

In 1992 on the David Frost Show, Gore said he still regarded abortion as the taking of "innocent human life" but conceded that he no longer used such phrases in letters because they are "so loaded with political charge." (Inventing Al Gore, p.122 Mar 3, 2000)

Well, how about the environment? Bush has generated a lot of harsh criticism from Democrats regarding his refusal to limit CO2 emissions, however, environmental groups have been calling for emissions reductions for a long time and these Democrats were not so critical of Bill Clinton's refusal to limit CO2 emissions. Clinton signed the Kyoto treaty and then broke the treaty by refusing to limit CO2 emissions. But I digress and now I must move on to the many contradictions that have become synonymous with Al Gore. Al Gore has consistently portrayed himself as an environmentalist, BUT: Al Gore and his family have extensive ties to big oil. Al Gore personally owns stock in Occidental Oil that has been valued at between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000. Al Gore's father has even sat on Occidental Oil's Board of directors and Occidental has contributed tons of money to the Clinton-Gore campaigns. Because of Occidental's horrible environmental record, environmentalists have been pressuring Gore to sell his stock and stop accepting campaign contributions from big oil, request that he has consistently refused. Furthermore while Gore has said that drilling for oil in the Alaska National Wildlife Refuge is "too high a price for a few months of oil," Al Gore has shown that he has no problem with drilling for oil in Rainforests in other parts of the world:

"Occidental is seeking to drill on land claimed by the 5,000-member indigenous U'wa tribe in Columbia. The U'wa have vowed to walk off a 1,400-foot cliff in the Andes if Occidental drills on the land, which they consider sacred. (<http://www.globalexchange.org/colombia/dirtywar.html#economics>)

So in other words, he would rather drill for oil in someone else's backyard rather than in his own - what an environmentalist! As far as I'm concerned, Clinton's last minute legislations (including placing limitations on arsenic levels in our drinking water as well as CO2 reductions) were designed to make Bush look "evil" when he repealed them (as if Bush needs any outside help to look evil). I think it had more to do with the media coverage ("look at what Bush is doing to the great legislation Clinton and Gore enacted!" which is what we've been seeing) than any genuine concern for the well-being of Americans. The media would have you believe we've been drinking clean water and breathing clean air for the past 8 years.

Not only did Clinton wait until the last minute to sign these proposals but they were also not set to be put into effect FOR YEARS! Furthermore, Environmentalists have known about the effects of arsenic in our tap water and the greenhouse effect for a long time. If he was so concerned about these issues, he would have done this 8 years ago instead of waiting until his last month in office. Clinton knew Bush would overturn these last minute decisions. Furthermore, I don't think he would have signed off on this legislation if Gore were to be the next president. On the issue of all these last minute legislations, film-maker Michael Moore wrote on 5/1/01:



"Bill Clinton waited until the final days of his presidency to suddenly sign a number of presidential decrees and regulations to improve our environment and create safer working conditions. It was the ultimate cynical move. Wait 'til the last 48 hours of your term to finally do the right thing so that your "legacy" will be improved. Every one of these regulations [that] Bush has "overturned" was signed by Clinton in December and January. And that's ALL he did - sign worthless pieces of paper. Do you believe Clinton removed the arsenic from the water? Not only did he NOT do that, not only did he make us drink arsenic-laced water for the last 8 years, this order he signed stipulated that the arsenic was not to be removed from the water "until 2004." That's right. Look it up. Clinton's big environmental do-good act in the last minutes of his term guaranteed that we would be drinking the same levels of arsenic we've been drinking since 1942."

And how about those CO2 emission regulations that Bush II overturned? Did I say "overturn?" Overturn what? All Bush did was maintain the Clinton status quo. He said, in essence, that "I'm going to pollute the air at the very same levels Clinton did during his entire eight years, just as you are going to drink the same arsenic in the water under my watch as you did under Clinton's." And, like the built-in three-year delay in his arsenic reductions, Clinton's orders on the toxic emissions in his last days specified that they were not to be totally reduced "until 2008, per the Kyoto agreement." So, after violating the Kyoto accords he had signed by doing NOTHING about CO2 in the past few years, he then tries to look good by doing NOTHING about CO2 for another seven years! So the air that was dirty is still dirty and will remain dirty, just as Clinton had ordered."

So I guess my lengthy attack on Al Gore may further clarify my stance on this illegal president select. At least with Bush in the Whitehouse, people will be objecting to these conservative policies because a republican is putting them forth! I did not go to the polls under the delusion that Nader would win this election. My hope was that Nader would get the 5% he needed to receive electoral funds from the federal government. These funds were needed because he and the Green Party are not funded by corporate contributions.

What benefit do I think this would have for society? Well, for starters, the Democrats would actually have to work to get the progressive vote. The attitude of the Democrats as of late, has been "screw you if you have no where else to go." Well, a third party for progressives might just change their tune. A much loftier agenda would be building a foundation for real change. I would love to see a Green President in my lifetime.

The Value of a Vietnamese Life

By Steven Preston

Last year, John McCain was rightly criticized for using the word "gook" to refer to Vietnamese. The word "gook," although once commonly used to denigrate Vietnamese, is now considered offensive. It is thus interesting that it is not considered offensive to claim that it is worthwhile to have killed Vietnamese civilians to protect American soldiers. Some who criticized McCain have defended Bob Kerrey's war crimes in a little village in South Vietnam, illustrating that in America, we can be racists as long as we don't use racist language.

Bob Kerrey, President of the New School University in New York City, former Senator from and Governor of Nebraska, was a Navy Seal in 1969. He had joined the Navy enthusiastically in 1967, boasting that he was willing to go to Hanoi and do battle with a knife in his teeth, and by 1969 was commander of a team called "Kerrey's Raiders." Typically Kerrey's Raiders would be assigned to assassinate influential people believed to be Communists.

Of course, in Vietnam everybody was believed to be a Communist. President Eisenhower, who started propping up South Vietnam's dictatorship in the 50s, said in his memoirs that if Vietnam had actually held an election when they were supposed to, the Communists would probably have gotten 80% of the vote. This wasn't because the typical Vietnamese was a great fan of Marx and Lenin, but rather because the Communists had liberated the country from the French, while the South Vietnamese government was quite obviously American puppets.

Facing little public support for their side, Americans decided to round up most of the South Vietnamese population into concentration camps, euphemistically called "strategic hamlets."

Anyone who refused to go into the concentration camps was assumed to be a supporter of the Communists, and was then considered a legitimate target. This sentiment was made quite clear to the villagers of Thanh Phong on February 25, 1969. The district chief, on behalf of the Americans, demanded that its residents leave. "You who do not come out, we will consider you to be Vietcong. You are the enemy. You will die." As it turned out, the threat was not idle; it was carried out the same night by Kerrey's Raiders.

There are conflicting stories of what exactly happened that night: Kerrey's self-serving version, and Gerhard Klann's more plausible version. Klann was a Navy Seal before Kerrey was, and continued serving into the 1980s (he was selected for a team to free hostages in Iran). The other members of Kerrey's Raiders took an



expenses-paid trip to New York, where they got together with Kerrey to decide on a story that absolves them all of guilt.

The night of the 25th, Kerrey's Raiders, on their way to assassinate an official, came upon a hut. People standing outside saw them. Kerrey claims they were all men, while according to Klann, there was an old man, a woman, and three young children. All agree that they were civilians. The Raiders slit all of their throats, so as to prevent them from "compromising the mission." Klann says he killed the old man, but needed Kerrey's help. Kerrey claims he was not involved at all, and did not specifically order the killings. He simultaneously claims to be taking "full responsibility."

They continued with their mission, to assassinate the mayor of the village. According to Klann, they rounded up everyone in the village to interrogate them. There were no men, only about fifteen women and children (nobody is sure quite how many). Unable to find the mayor himself, or his whereabouts from the peasants, the Raiders concluded the mission was a failure. At that point, they decided to kill everyone. Since there were apparently too many people to kill with knives, they shot the villagers with machine guns. They stopped for a moment, and heard moaning. They shot into the pile of bodies again. Klann says the last one alive was a crying baby. They shot it.

According to Kerrey, however, they were shot at as they approached the village. He says his Raiders returned fire, unable to see exactly what they were shooting, since there was no moon. When they had finished, they approached the village and found only women and children.

There are a few problems with Kerrey's account. First, everyone agrees the dead were gathered together in the middle of the village. Had there actually been gunfire, the villagers would have fled into the bunkers underneath their huts. Kerrey's story demands that we believe someone gathered all the villagers together, shot at the Americans, and ran away. Secondly, if that had happened, some of the villagers would be expected to survive the initial round of gunfire,

especially if the Americans were shooting blindly. Thirdly, it was not a moonless night, as can easily be checked from astronomical data (as Justin Raimondo of Antiwar.com did).

Besides this, there are Vietnamese witnesses who were interviewed by 60 Minutes. Without knowing Klann's story, they gave the exact same version of events, and showed the grave where the man, woman, and three children were buried. Kerrey and his defenders would like us to believe that the Vietnamese have no credibility as witnesses, since, you know, they're Commies and all that. But this argument asks us to believe that Klann conspired with the Vietnamese government to discredit Bob Kerrey, which hardly makes sense given that Klann repeatedly refused to discuss the incident with reporters.

It gets worse the more you think about it. Why would it have been acceptable to kill the people at the first house if they were men? Nobody claimed they were shooting at Kerrey's Raiders, or that any weapons were found inside. They were thus civilians, and their murder was a war crime even if Kerrey is telling the truth. (The best-documented atrocity of the Bosnian war, the Srebrenica massacre, involved the killing of civilian men only.) Dan Rather asked Kerrey, hypothetically, "If in fact it did happen. If there was an old man, an old woman and three children being killed. Was it or was it not within the rules of engagement for you and your men as you understood it, if necessary, to kill those people?" Kerrey's response, rarely discussed even by those critical of him, was, "Yes. Again, I don't know how you're gonna cut this tape, but I don't have any doubt that the people that we killed were at the very least sympathetic to the Viet Cong. And at the very most, were supporting their efforts to kill us." In response to Gregory Vistica's similar question, Kerrey reminds us that "There are people on the [Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington] because they didn't realize a woman or a child could be carrying a gun." If Kerrey has been feeling guilty all these years, why go to such trouble to justify killing women and children?

Kerrey's former colleagues in the Senate, including John McCain, Chuck Hagel, and other Vietnam veterans, wrote in an editorial that "for our country to blame the warrior instead of the war is among the worst, and, regrettably, most frequent mistakes we as a country can make." There's just one problem with that. Kerrey doesn't want us to blame the war.

Before this came out, Kerrey wrote (on the 25th anniversary of the end of the war) an editorial for the Washington Post justifying the



Institute of Creation Research Puts Down Hinduism and Degrades Science

By Walter Moss

Several weeks ago I sent a message to the Institute for Creation Research. They are a group of Biblical "scientists" out in California that attempt to prove that creationism is a valid science which ought to be taught in schools instead of the theory of evolution. They seek to prove that the Earth is 6000 years old, that there was light in the universe before there was matter, and essentially that the Christian creation myth is in fact Scientific truth. In the message I sent them, I claim to be a Hindu that wants to use their "data" in a Hindu discussion group. Here is the e-mail:

"To whom it may concern,

I find these baramins(created beings) to be fantastic things. However I disagree with you on their origins. You claim that the Christian God made the baramins as was written in Genesis, however this may not be the case.

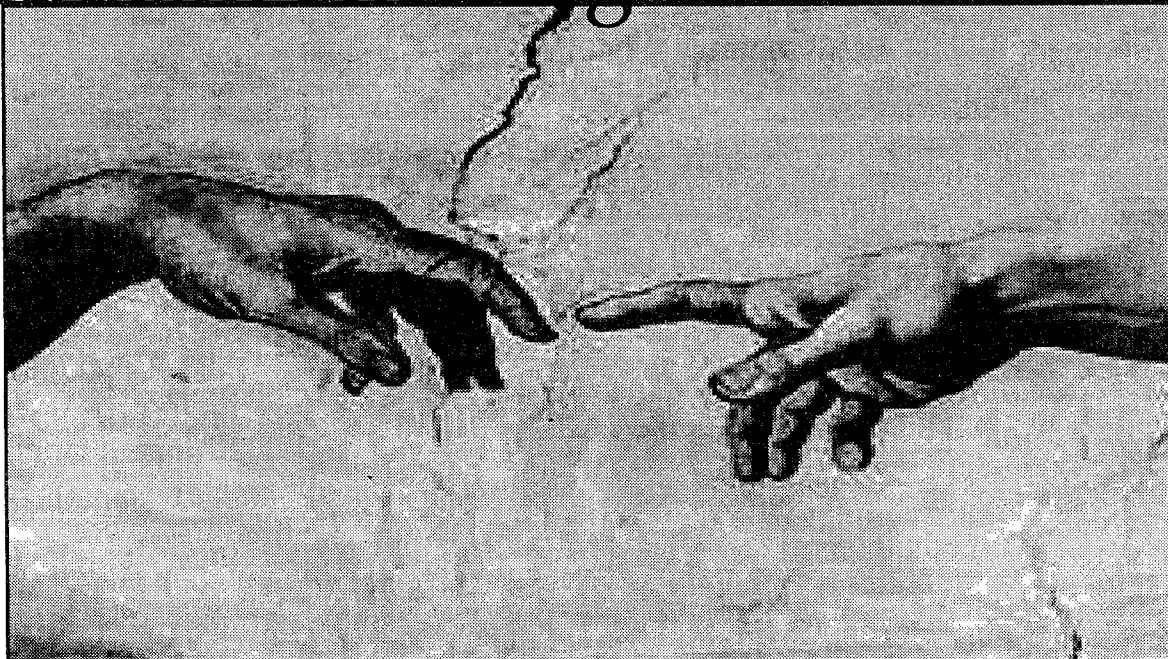
I am a Hindu and I believe that evolution is a fallacy too, but I believe that it was Shiva the great goddess who did in fact create the universe 5000 yrs ago. I think that Shiva is a much more likely explanation for the fantastic qualities which are found in her creations, and in particular mankind. I am starting a discussion group at my local high school about creation science and the Hindu faith, may I use some of your materials in order to spread the truth about the falsehoods of evolution?

Thank you."

Last night I was surprised to receive a response from the ICR. I suppose the several week delay was for the respondent to read a book about the Hindu religion. They write a good bit about Hinduism, and make references to it's inadequacy as compared to Christianity. It seems that it is an empirical fact that the Christian God is the one true God and followers of Hinduism are just plain wrong. As well as coming down on a pretty neat religion, the author goes on to soil the name of science by linking it with Christianity. What these Christian "scientists" need to learn, is that you don't ever undertake a scientific endeavor to prove what cannot ever be put to a test, such an endeavor would be anathema to the scientific method. I find it fairly offensive that people are trying to use the credibility of science to support their point, without applying the rigorous procedures which give science that credibility. In the following copy of what I received, I have bolded any especially interesting lines.

Dear Walter:

Thank you for contacting the Institute for Creation Research. You may use our materials in spreading the word of the falsehoods of evolution.



As a disclaimer, however, let me say that we in no way endorse the Hindu religion or its gods, and we make an effort to promote the "true God", Creator of heaven and earth, and all that therein dwells. Also, if you use our materials, please use them according to the copyright statement, "You may print out pages for personal use. You may also print out pages in whole as evangelistic tools for churches, etc. Our copyright notice and website address (<http://www.icr.org/>) must be included with no exceptions.

Thank you."

In addition, please permit me to share with you a few thoughts. The basis for all our research and scientific investigation is to support what is written in the Holy Bible. Much of scientific discovery throughout the ages has come as a result of scientists reading the Bible, observing a truth, and going out into the world to discover the scientific basis for the Biblical truth. (See the following articles for some examples:

<http://www.icr.org/pubs/imp/imp-103.htm>,

<http://www.icr.org/research/lv/lv-r03.htm>,

<http://www.icr.org/pubs/imp/imp-219.htm>.

Therefore, we come to an understanding of true science by using the Bible, our primary source of Truth. It is difficult to separate the two.

From what I have read, Hindu philosophy developed along two lines, the Sankhya and the Vedanta (and I presume you are of the latter, since the former is pretty much atheistic). It seems as though the Hindu religion is evolutionary by its nature - that all of the universe as we know it has evolved out of PRAKRITI. Is not the human being tied to the world of evolving matter, where each person becomes so as a part of an evolutionary process? Moreover, the religion (Hinduism) dates

only from the sixth century B.C.

Even the ancient Chinese characters (language), dating from as early as 4000 B.C., allude to the creation of Adam & Eve, to Noah's Flood, to one high God in heaven, etc., confirming the Hebrew scriptures from which the first part of the Bible was written. I digress. The point is, it seems as though the Hindu religion is evolutionary by its nature. It seems to say that everything came from prakriti, whereas we would say that God created the world "from nothing." You may endeavor to teach creationism using a Hindu god, but it seems to go against the very nature of your religion. But good science is good science, and I agree that Darwinian evolution is not good science.

The baramin concept is pretty interesting. Did you know that the word "baramin" comes from the Hebrew language, as found in the Old Testament of the Bible? "Bara" means "created" and "min" means "kind." For more on this you may be interested in the attachments below. They are from a book called "The Genesis Record" by Henry Morris.

Here is one more article to help you understand why it is so important to acknowledge the one true Creator. Thanks for your inquiry. <http://www.icr.org/bible/godpln-1.htm> Thanks again for your interest in ICR.

Sincerely,

Monica Lindsey

I'm sure glad they pointed me in the right direction. Boy would I have had egg on my face, had I taught the creation stories of false gods! It was surprising that they could write such a coherent letter. I thought it was pretty good, considering that they believe in magic.

The Arcade

games, videos, pool



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Hell

VS

- 10 THR 107: Why I'll Never Make Money In Theatre
- 9 USB 102: Kill Me
- 8 HUM 103: I'm Not on the Beach Drinking Schlitz
- 7 PSY 321: Psychology of Psychology Majors
- 6 MAT 300: Kill Me
- 5 PHI 580: Lobster Boy: Who, What and Why?
- 4 ARS 277: Panhandling Skills Workshop
- 3 PEC 340: Stomping "Faggots" for Homo-Erotic Release While Disguising Your Man-Love Inspired Erection From Your Bitch
- 2 CSE 451: Defragging Your Grannie-Felch Porn Cache
- 1 JRN 305: Objectivity, Schomb-jectivity

The Spot
The Stony Brook Press
Drug-Trafficking
The Bamboo Forest
Roth Pond Regatta
I-Con
Penny The Pasta Lady
Train Station Provides An Easy Escape To The City

PRO

Never Snows
Irony, Dramtic Irony
Musical Theatre
Death Metal
Black Metal
Christian Metal
The Stony Brook Press
All You Can Eat Seafood Buffet

Fred Preston
Pat Calabria
Shirley Strum Kenney
Psychology Students
Philosophy Students
The Architecture Polity
The Statesman
I-Con

CON

Never-ending Torment
Musical Theatre
Gloating Christians
Gilbert Godfried
The Sound Of Music 24 Hours A Day On Every Channel
Polity
Existentialists, Existentialists, Existentialists

How Tina Won

By F.L. Livingston

By now you know. Whether you watched *Survivor II* or not, you've heard/read/seen on television that, Tina Wesson, wife, mom, and nurse, grabbed the million dollar prize for making it through forty-two days of roughing it in the Australian Outback. Through hunger, fatigue, heat, cold, and rain, she lasted. Through the tribal merger (where the remaining members of two original "tribes" join together to compete as individuals), tribal councils (where one person is voted off the island by fellow "castaways"), and changing interpersonal dynamics, she persevered. Through "reward" challenges (winner gets an immediate prize), "immunity" challenges (winner is safeguarded from being voted off the island at the next tribal council), she continued on as a contestant, until she found herself a member of the "final two," (along with her last competitor, Colby Donaldson). And then, suddenly, there she was -- the winner! What special traits did she possess, if any, to help her succeed? What special abilities, if any, did she use? And what, if anything, does her success have to say to the rest of us about "survival," whether physical, emotional or social?

Strategy: Tina, herself, tells us that strategy was the basic reason for her conquest. She knew what alliances to make and when to break them. She also knew when to be selfish and when to be selfless (as when she deliberately dropped out of an immunity contest to allow another player, Keith, to win it, thus securing his allegiance). Some of the castaways believe that she "knew what she was doing from the beginning," though Tina insists that she learned as she went along. Either way, in the end, it was clear that she had done a lot of scheming, but she did it all without malice, as part of the game. Yes, she made new friends and enjoyed enriching experiences, but she never lost sight of the goal. She played well, and, obviously, it paid off.

In real life, we may need to be somewhat more loyal and caring, a little less cunning and self-centered. Nor are we always "playing a game." (Sometimes, yes, but not always.) Still, in a general, abstract sense, I think, some strategy is involved in living life as well as possible. Whether in reality or the kind of artificial situation that *Survivor* offers, the trick, I believe, is to know when to employ which characteristics and in what measure.

Stamina: Survival in the wilderness takes physical stamina, of course. And mental and emotional strength and endurance, as well. Never did Tina (or Colby) ever seriously entertain the idea of giving up. Never did she truly complain or seem ready to go home. Unlike, say, the lovely Elizabeth, who made it as far as the final four, Tina didn't suffer from stomach pains or loss of hair. Or if she did, we didn't hear about it, again unlike Elizabeth, who exclaimed, "My hair is falling out!" Through all the trials, real and manufactured, she seemed to keep a positive outlook, an attitude that can help us to survive the most difficult of human experiences, I suggest, even back here in "civilization."

Charm: Tina's friendly personality helped her to implement her strategy. While some of the girls found Colby "hot," and some of the guys found him "cool," a certain amount of resentment built up amo him and a few of the castaways. In one episode, they almost booted him off the island, and he may have been tossed in a few others, if he hadn't won a number of immunity challenges. Tina, on the other hand, never had one vote against her! Though not always trustworthy, she was almost always ami-



able.

Clearly, success in the outback, as in many situations, is often furthered by an understanding of interpersonal relations. Once again, in real life, we may prefer a greater amount of trustworthiness. We may not as readily accept the "friendly smile that hides the treacherous mind." But in this instance, also, it's a matter of knowing "when to say when" to altruism on the one hand and personal need and ambition, on the other. Difficult choices, whether in a contest or our daily walk of life.

A Little Bit of Luck: By Tina's own admission, "luck" also played a role in her victory. Initially, for example, she was chosen only as an "alternate." Then, by some quirk of fate or other, she was called back as an actual castaway. Later, Michael, a strong contestant, fell into a fire, burning his hands, and had to be removed for medical reasons, thus changing the dynamics of the situation. Had this accident not occurred, Michael would likely have been one of the final competitors, and Tina might not have been.

Finally, there was the moment when Colby had to cast the deciding vote as to which of the last three players (himself, Tina, and Keith) would be ejected. Ousting Tina was the obvious choice, since he could easily have won over Keith. But Colby "took the high road," maintaining his previous loyalty to Tina, and booting Keith, whom he honestly disliked. One can hardly help but respect his integrity here, and his refusal to choose the "easier" contest. But there was no guarantee that he would think this way, so again, it was "lucky" for Tina.

A humbling thought. Because it suggests that "luck" may play a part, however large or small, in several of our successes. Scary. Yet encouraging.

The Jury: Lastly, there was the decision of "the jury," the seven castaways voted out of the game before the final round. In a very close ruling reminiscent of the current Supreme Court, they selected Tina as the winner by one vote! (Talk about "luck!")

Why did they vote the way they did? It's hard to know for sure. Some of them had grudges against Colby, as mentioned earlier. And some may have felt betrayed by Tina,

although others saw her "turncoat" tendencies as part of the game. Some were likely influenced by the answers that Tina and Colby gave to a series of questions posed by their panel. And one jurist, Nick, may well have been affected by a huge compliment from Colby. (If Michael hadn't had his accident, Colby mused, then Mike and Nick might have been the final contenders.)

But they also seemed to be very aware of a drastic contrast between Colby and Tina. That is that Colby had won several immunity challenges and a few reward challenges (including such prizes as a new car and a visit from his mom), while Tina hadn't mastered any immunity contests and only one reward competition. The three jurists who picked Colby were very impressed with his string of victories. They seemed to see his apparent combination of skills, smarts, and strength as signs of a "true survivor." The four who favored Tina were equally impressed with the fact that she made it to the end without winning so many trials, especially since she never secured immunity. Sheer strategy got her through, they concluded, and that, they evidently agreed, was what this game was "all about."

And perhaps, that's what survival of any kind is largely about. Though certain traits, knowledge, and abilities may be useful, it's frequently the capacity to apply all of these that really makes a difference.

Then again, as in the case of "the jury," it's sometimes other people's perceptions of how we use our skills that has the deciding impact. In that situation, we often must choose whether to play to "our audience" or answer to personal need and/or conscience alone. Tina seemed to feel that almost nothing done in the name of "the game" was unacceptable, whereas another contestant, Rodger implied that he thought otherwise. (The most important factor, he assured his wife after he was voted out, was that "I've done nothing that I'm ashamed of.") It all depends on your view of life, in general, and of any given instance.

Meanwhile, congratulations Tina!

What's Wrong With Free Trade

By Wendy Fuchsberg

What is wrong with "free trade" is that it seeks to undermine the very tenets of democracy. The Uruguay round of GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) established a system by which the people of a nation no longer decide which laws they enact.

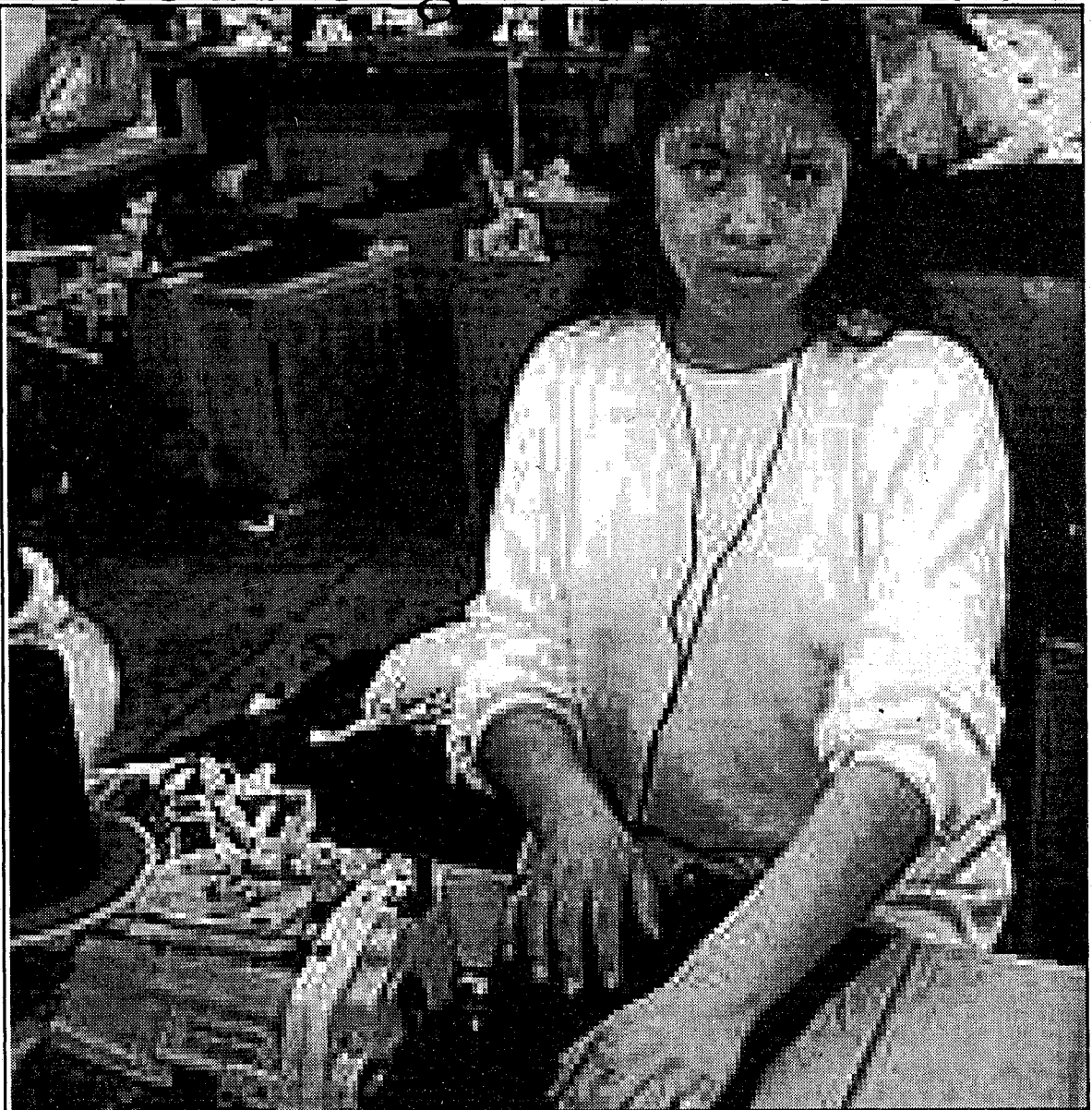
Let me explain: When Congress voted on the Uruguay round of GATT in 1994, the vote that established the WTO (World Trade Organization), they made the decision that if a corporation opposes an existing law or a law to be enacted because it is an "inappropriate limitation on global commerce" or "trade restrictive" (most environmental laws, labor laws, and human rights laws fall under this category including child labor laws), they can challenge local, state and federal law. If this occurs, the law gets deferred to a group of UNELECTED officials in Geneva, who make the decision as to whether or not we can impose a regulation on say dangerous carcinogenic hormones in our meat and dairy products. After a ruling is handed down, there is no appeals process. Their decision is FINAL. Moreover, if a nation violates the decisions handed down by these unelected bureaucrats, they will be subject to perpetual trade sanctions. So in other words, a corporation can go into a country with no labor or environmental protections and then actually prevent them from ever passing such legislation!

But how? (Everything in quotes is taken from the Book *The Case Against the Global Economy*, the chapter entitled "GATT, NAFTA, and Subversion of the Democratic Process" by Ralph Nader and Lori Wallach) "In the United States, congressional and presidential approval of GATT and NAFTA gave the agreements the status of U.S. federal law. Thus, GATT and NAFTA rules trump U.S. state and local laws as a matter of U.S. constitutional jurisprudence." This means that these agreements carry the weight of federal law and are backed by our very own "democratic" constitution and thus usurp state and local law.

"Under WTO rules, certain objectives are forbidden to all domestic legislatures, including the U.S. Congress, the state legislatures, and county and city councils. These objectives include any significant subsidies to promote energy conservation, sustainable farming practices or environmentally sensitive technologies. Laws with mixed goals, such as provisions of the U.S. Clean Air Act that implement the international ozone agreement (which bans the import and sale of products made with ozone-depleting production methods), conflict with the WTO's requirements. In addition, the WTO trumps provisions in existing international agreements, including environmental treaties that conflict with trade rules." In other words, not only can corporations dictate future legislation, they can actually change existing legislation, including international agreements and treaties. Thereby corporate laws supersede that of all laws, including federal, local, state, even international treaties and agreements.

But how could our representatives allow such a thing to happen you may ask? Well, Ralph Nader offered a challenge to congress before they voted on this legislation. He offered \$10,000 to the charity of choice for any congressperson that could sign an affidavit stating that he or she had read the 500 page document and successfully answer 10 simple questions about its content -- not one congressperson replied!

"After the legislation was postponed, one senator, Colorado Republican Hank Brown



accepted the challenge. He read the document, signed the affidavit, and answered all ten questions correctly. He then held a news conference stating that he had planned to vote in FAVOR of GATT, but after reading the text of the agreement, he was aghast. Even though he described himself as a supporter of 'free trade' and had voted in favor of NAFTA in 1993, he could not support GATT because of its elimination of even the most basic due process guarantees. On December 1st 1994, Congress approved GATT in the House, 235 to 200, and in the Senate, 68 to 32, WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT WAS IN IT!"

Well, which laws are they thinking of eliminating? "Here is a recent sampling of U.S. targeted laws: the Delaney Clause, which prohibits carcinogenic food additives; the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Act; the asbestos ban; driftnet fishing and whaling restrictions; the Consumer Nutrition and Education Labeling Act; state recycling laws; and limitations on lead in consumer products."

What about lawsuits? "The concept of nontariff barriers being illegal gives corporate interests a powerful tool to undermine safety, health, or environmental regulations they do not like. For example, right now, pesticide manufacturers and wine importers are using GATT and NAFTA to claim that the United States cannot institute a planned ban of the carcinogenic fungicide Folpet on food residues."

"Venezuela has already submitted a formal challenge against the reformulated gas rules of the U.S. Clean Air Act under the WTO. Laws of other nations- such as the Canadian cigarette packaging requirements, Thai cigarette sales limitations, Danish bottle recycling laws, and Canadian reforestation requirements- have also been formally challenged under existing free trade agreements or threatened with future challenges under the Uruguay round of GATT."

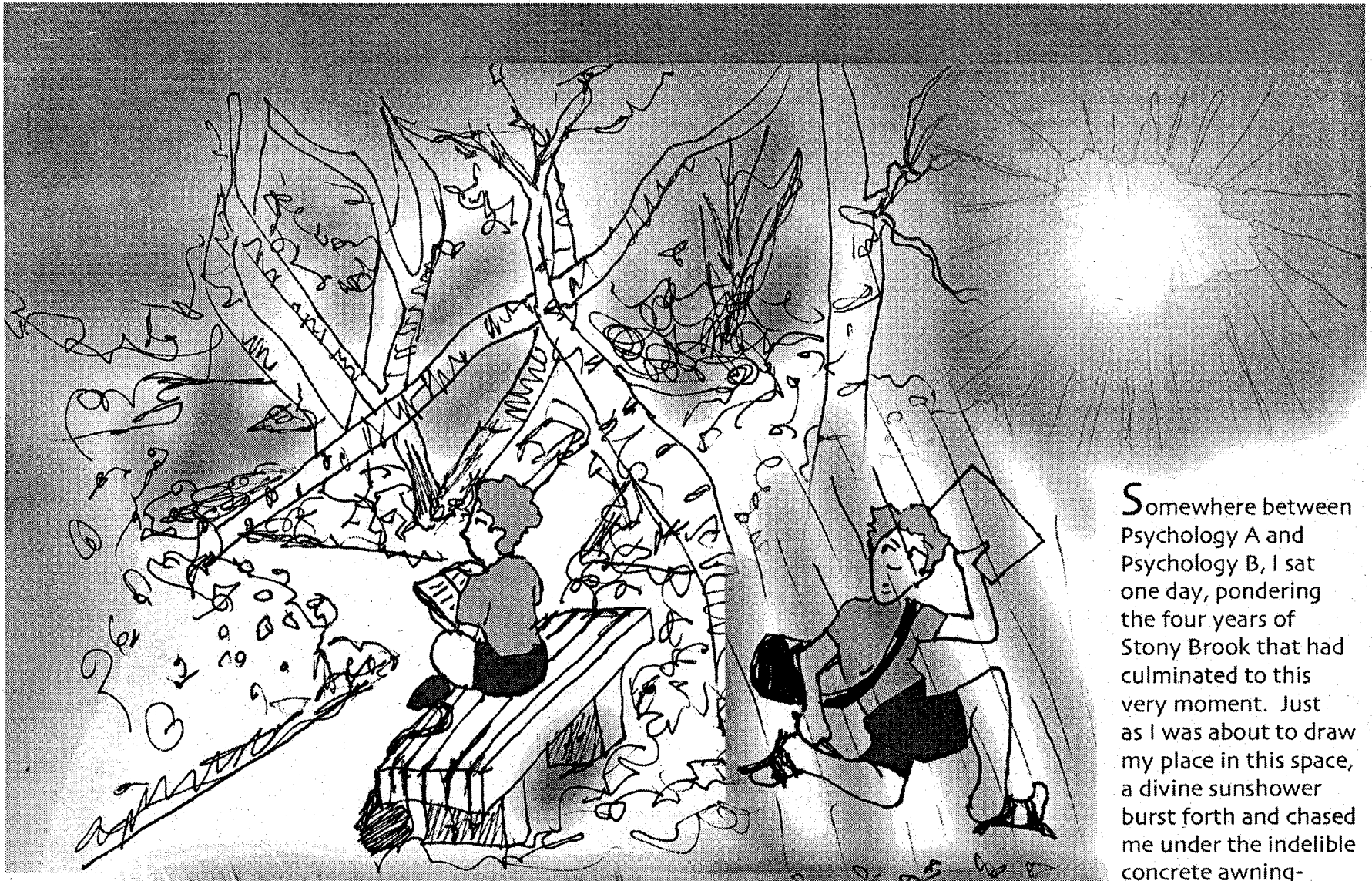
"The U.S. government threatens the

European ban on Bovine Growth Hormone [which is a known carcinogen] in its meats (a consumer protection Europeans want) and threaten to challenge Europe's ban on the sales of furs caught with inhumane steel leg hold traps. Meanwhile, Europe challenges our fuel consumption standards and threatens our food labeling laws. Corporations are poised to win at both ends while citizens and democracy lose."

There are people who say, "This is helping the poor in other nations." Yet, in Mexico, when workers attempt to unionize, the corporations fire all its employees and rehire a whole new workforce. They can pick and choose out of the many jobless people since these corporations have driven out most of the small businesses. So long as they don't want too much (like a livable wage) they have jobs. However, they will never get beyond poverty because corporate interests will not allow it.

The corporate media (The New York Times, Newsday, TV News Stations, etc.) ever the Orwellian propaganda machines, makes people who are against globalization out to be "crazy radicals" (ah yes, that "radical" concept called democracy). They say, "They just don't understand how good 'free trade' is." But rarely, if ever, do they offer the myriad of arguments against globalization. The truth is, "free trade" has given rise to massive human rights abuses by corporate interests, for example, sweatshops. "Free trade" allow corporations to destroy the earth without government interference. This is worse than laissez-faire economics of global proportions because not only does it restrict government interference, it also gives corporations the power to dictate our very own laws. This goes to the very heart of democracy. The people no longer have a voice. 34 white men can decide for us all.

By Debbie Sticher



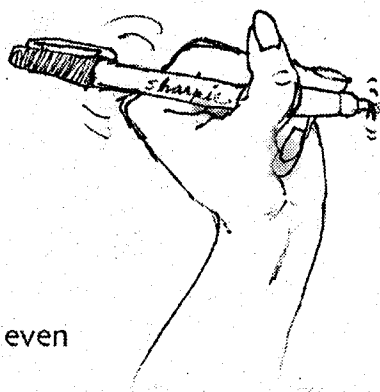
Somewhere between Psychology A and Psychology B, I sat one day, pondering the four years of Stony Brook that had culminated to this very moment. Just as I was about to draw my place in this space, a divine sunshower burst forth and chased me under the indelible concrete awning-

-of Psychology A. Little raindrops still peppered my paper as I hurriedly sketched the birches, the bench, and me. Soon, though, the rain began to subside. I became concerned that I would perhaps miss a rainbow (which, from this vantage point, would potentially be blocked by rooves of the Psychologies). With great haste, I finished sketching the flowers and the ivies. My furious scribbling wore my pen's tip to an impotent nub and ink started to skip...

My drawings now suffered the degradation of my skipping marker, the wet and curling paper-

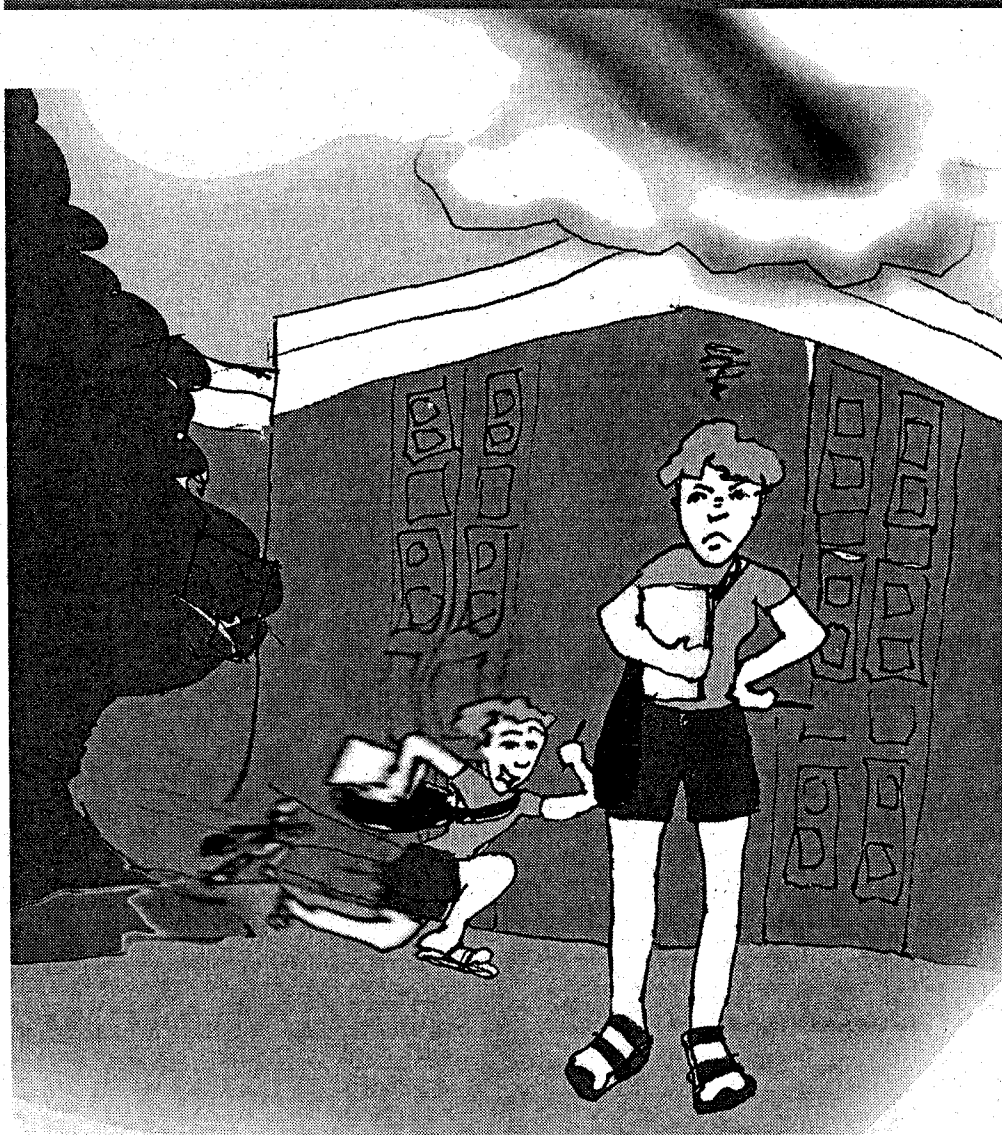
I decided that this was a sign that it was now time to catch a rainbow. Without a thought (or even packing up), I started to run...

-Aw... shoot!!



COME ONE COME ALL VISIT MY RETROSPECTIVE AT:

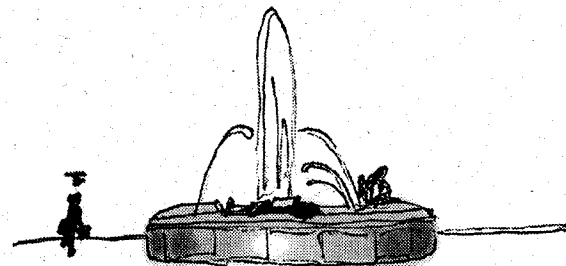
Bride Of Manicdotes



...I ran all the way to the front of the building, only to find that I'd missed my rainbow.

Ha, that was what Stony Brook was like, I thought-

As I grumbled past the new great fountain-



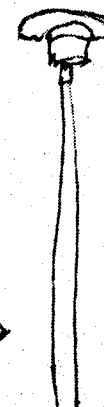
I'd take on something so great, a new class, a new work, a new friend...

Become so enraptured... I thought as I sat down at the new great... brook thing...

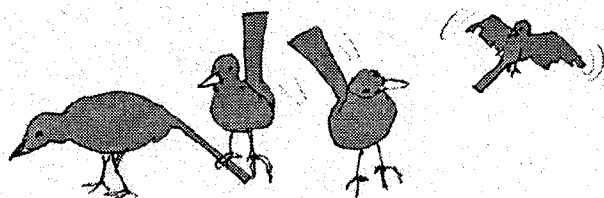
And I'd think, oh wait, this thing here is my ticket! THIS will make my life even better...

as I abandon every-thing else to-

hey, what's that??



I turned to see a little birdie flitting about... my pen hurriedly captured every little flit this way and that, investigating every little nook and crack in the sidewalk in the brook darting his head here and there lightening quick till everything was totally covered and then he just flew right away....



Well, so there's me, a little birdie, flitting about. I regarded that construction site down the brook and pondered that monstrous Wang antenna or whatever it is for a while. That's some crazy radio reception right there. I wonder when it'll be done, or even if I'll ever see it done... Ho-hum, enough drawing for today.

Actually... I graduate next week, I guess that's enough drawing for a while. No more comics for me to draw. They were an outlet for my flights of fancy into thoughts and pictures and words. Each comic was labor intensive and would help me through the toughest bits of my life and meditated on the joys that kept me going. Every comic was a rainbow I chased after; maybe when I finally get my wings, I'll catch one... till, then, with love, I bid adieu.



<http://www.sinc.sunysb.edu/Stu/dsticher/comic.htm>
the last "I" is left off for lovin'

All I Needed To Know About Journalism I Learned From *Charles in Charge*

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

Tradition, ever the stickler for details, dictates that I waste a page of our paper reminiscing on my tenure at *The Stony Brook Press*; far be it for me to argue with tradition.

Newspapers, magazines and the very art of Journalism are changing at a terrible pace. The days of objective reporting are over. Perhaps that is an ignorant claim to make, but hell, I never claimed to be a smart man. In light of this I have tried to encourage the writers that have passed through *The Press* to not be afraid to interject their ideas, opinions and viewpoints into the work that they produce. In fact how could a person not.

Look at it like this. Imagine a documentary film. In theory that film is supposed to be presenting an objective view of reality. While this is a noble goal it is not a plausible one. For in the documentary every shot and cut has been made for a reason. There is subjectivity encroaching on every level from the photographers choice of subject, to the commentary provided as explanation/narration, even the choice to make the documentary itself is a subjective one. Journalism, no matter what claims to objectivity it makes, works the same. The turn of phrase, the wording, even the choice to cover the story itself are the results of subjective thinking.

That has always been the problem with *The Press*. How can be be a Newspaper and be so strongly opinioned. We've always been a "leftist" paper. We've always been closely associated with the pro-

gressive movement in politics and culture. And we have always tempered these two noble choices with an ignorance and hatred for the conservative regime that that made us no better than those people that we opposed.

I don't know about you but I'm tired of the pundits who claim that their side is the truth. I'm tired of the journalists who erect a facade of objectivity over their work; employing semantic slight-of-hand to sway the reader right or left. People appreciate when a writer is honest and obvious. You can confront the reader with your opinions and ideas directly. No more sneaking around behind the readers back to try and connive them onto your side. Present your case clearly, strongly and truthfully; let them make up their own minds.

Yeah I know that that sounds like a losing proposition for those of us in the ideological minority. I know that the "opposition" for some of us has much more control over the public than we ever will. But that is okay. What we're gonna do is show them a different way to play this game.

Media today, and probably moroso tomorrow, is about control over the people. That is not what people want. People will respond to a media source that doesn't try and P.T. Barnum them into believing one way or another.

That, in essence, is what I have tried to guide *The Press* into becoming. Four years have passed since I arrived and we're still seen as an

"ultra-liberal" paper. Only now as I leave for the "adult world" do I see any positive change coming about.

See the most important article that has been published in *The Press* in my time was a Christian Advice column. *The Press* has long committed the crime of selective Journalism. We only covered the stories that support "our" side of the debate while creating an atmosphere that discouraged conservative writers. We had never had a writer from "the other side" contributing to us before Roger Harrison wrote his "Non-Secular Semantics." Harrison brought just what was missing to this paper; he made the first steps to creating a more inclusive *SB Press*.

It was a fight to make sure that article got in. And that's a fucking shame.

Hopefully the paper I leave will continue to fight for the underrepresented. It is in the best interests of the readers of not only this paper but of all newspapers everywhere that we allow many voices and many opinions to be heard. To this end I'm sure that next years *SB Press* editors will work damn hard.

Thanks to all the writers, photographers, artists and editors who I've worked with these past 4 years. You've put up with a lot of shit and we're better for it.

I Was A Teenage X-Man

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

My very first article for the *Stony Brook Press* was an ill conceived rant about comics. For nostalgias sake I'll retread that topic with a four years later look at the state of the comics world.

Much like the Theatre Comics are a dying art form. In 1992 it was estimated that there were 42 million comic book readers in America. Today there are less than 10 million. Of these ten million approx. 85 - 90 percent of them are male, they are predominately white and fall, mainly, within the age range of 8 - 21. Certainly the subject matter and presentation of Comic books reflect these statistics.

Today's comics pander themselves to the youth and testosterone market. They often are focused on Hyper-Sexualized women and Ultra-Violent men. 90% of the titles deal with spandex or leather-clad superheroes fighting (or causing) crime/violence.

But these statistics are all common knowledge. You could ask any passerby on the street to provide their impression of "what a Comic Book is" and you'd probably get what I have just detailed.

This is a travesty.

Imagine if you walked into a book store and 95% of the novels on the shelf were about football. It would be pretty damn stupid. While sure there may be an amazing book about football in that bunch, but would you really want to sift through the lot of them to find it? Of course not.

So obviously comics are pretty screwed up. Looking at these statistics and the works presented we can see why comics are dying; because, for the most part, they suck.

But it gets worse.

Comics don't even have the luxury of being considered an "art form." While in my opinion they certainly are; the rest of the world seems to disagree. As it is almost no academic study of the Comic as art and little discussion of Comic theory, philosophy or aesthetic. And judging by the first 50 titles I see when I walk into a comics store; this is deservedly so.

But there is reason to fight for comic books.

Firstly, despite popular opinion Comics are a unique form of art. They are not simply books with pictures or art with text. No, instead Comics do something different. Comics present a different mode of information transmission. They combine an ancient pictorial language and the written word to achieve a unique method of understanding. The juxtaposition of image and text, image and image or text and text allows for a versatility of meaning that is absent in almost all other mediums. While many of these effects can be duplicated in film, photography and new media, they are not intrinsic to the form as they are in Comics.

Secondly Comics tell stories (or in more abstract cases do not) in a different way. Think about how Dickens changed the face of literature when he serialized his novels in newspapers. Comics have taken Dickens' revolution and added to it with the sequential image. Raising it above the state of literature into a new mode of story telling.

Lastly the comic book is a culturally important medium. Like any work of literature or visual art (or combination thereof) Comics speak about our world and our experience as humans (or more than humans). Be it a work of escapist fantasy or serious analysis the Comic is expanding our understanding (while providing entertainment).

Unfortunately, as discussed above, very few works are attempting to make use of these attributes and expand the form.

There are a handful of authors, artists and titles that are making headway in these areas though.

While we can all but put aside most books being made by DC or Marvel there are a few notable exceptions. DC's Vertigo line of comics has long stood as a bastion of imagination and artistry among the sea of sophomoric repetition. Among Vertigo's many titles two deserve particular mention.

Transmetropolitan: the story of a near-future journalist and the troubles he encounters while fighting for freedom of the press, expression and speech in a corporatized and oppressive America. (Ellis,

Robertson)

100 Bullets: a gritty conspiracy theory about a mysterious government agent who provides certain people with a gun and 100 untraceable bullets to enact their revenge. (Azzarello)

For a invigorating look at what superheroes are, could or should be check out.

The Authority: a killer analysis of just how a the world would be if super heroes existed. (Millar, Quitely)

Planetary: superbly written X-Files-esque tale of super-powered puppet-masters. (Ellis, Cassady)

Powers: NYPD blue in a world with super-humans. the writing is top notch. (Bendis)

Astro City: series of vignettes about super-beings and the real world problems they face (Busiek, Anderson)

But not all comics are about super-heros (thankfully). In fact some of the best comics being made today have nothing to do with them.

Blue Monday: high school kids and their hijinks trouble and tribulations. Think *Degrassi Jr. High* (Clugston-Major)

Sin City: Hyper-Noir crime fiction by a comic legend. (Miller)

Breakfast Afternoon: Charming story of a English factory worker getting laid off when the plant he works at closes. (Watson)

Scary Godmother: Childrens book about a little girl and her spooky friends. Very *Where the Wild Things Are*. (Thompson)

Whiteout: murder investigation in the art-circle. (Rucka)

Couple this with many of the great comic creators that can be banked upon to provide innovative and dynamic work: Mike and Luara Aldred, Shannon Wheeler, Tony Millionaire, Scott Morse, Evan Dorkin, Chris Bachalo, Mike Mignola, Matt Wagner and especially Alan Moore. Pick up any title by any of these authors/artists and I guarantee you a good read.

Help spread good comics.

I Like Pirates

By Jill Baron

Instead of writing a cheesy farewell article like many graduating *Press* editors have done before me, I thought I would try something different. I'm going to write a brief synopsis of my *Press* experience, and then fill the rest of the page with photos that I think give a good synopsis of the Jill Baron Experience. Unofficially, it's because I'm too lazy and apathetic at this point to write a proper article. But officially, it's because I like pirates, and just wanted to share my love of pirates with the Stony Brook community. I hope you like pirates too. ARRR Matey!

My Stony Brook Press Experience, neatly summed up:

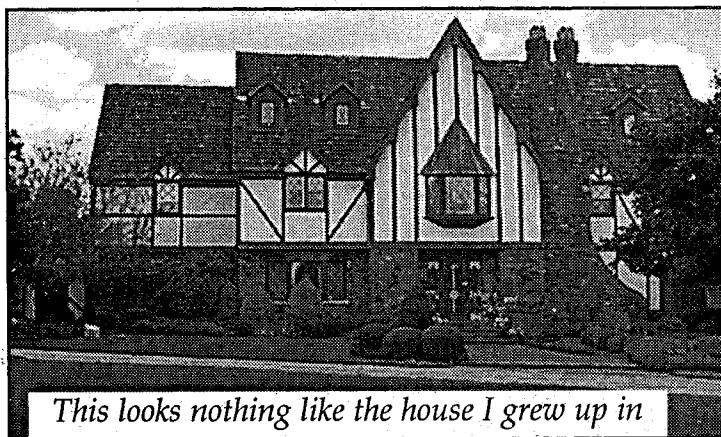
I have been involved with this newspaper throughout all my four years at Stony Brook. Many things have changed over those years, and many people have come and gone. One thing,

though, has remained relatively constant. I have always been the resident narc. In no other social circle that I have been involved with have I been looked upon as a freak because I don't like pot and beer. But this has been the case during my tenure at *The Press*. I do enjoy wine and the occasional cosmopolitan or "planters punch" (thanks, Squirrel). However, I've said it before and I'll say it again: I think beer tastes like peepee, and I think that marijuana smells disgusting and makes your lungs turn black. I'm glad none of you were there the night I was suckered into eating a pot brownie, because I was acting much like a retarded three year old. I was unable to let my boyfriend touch me for the entire evening, and was also unable to complete simple tasks like brushing my teeth, and, uh...walking. I for one enjoy the sense of accomplishment that comes with mastering the skills of brushing my teeth and walking, which is why I will probably never touch the shit again.

Actually guys, I have a confession to make. I was sent by the DEA four years ago to go undercover, posing as a "writer" and "editor" for the "Stony Brook Press." Word of the excessive drinking and drugging engaged in by members of the so-called "Stony Brook Press" on the "Stony Brook University campus" had reached the ears of some top DEA officials, so they drafted me, a rookie at the time, to go undercover and bust up your operation from the inside. I must have been pretty convincing, because none of you fools ever suspected me. You all just thought I was "square" or something. Well, guys, party times' over. The jig is up. Paddy wagons will be arriving shortly to arrest all of you. That includes anyone seen "reading" or "enjoying" this "newspaper." You damn hippies and your druggie communist propaganda. Why don't you cut your hair and get some jobs? I have some news for you all: your revolution is over. Condolences.



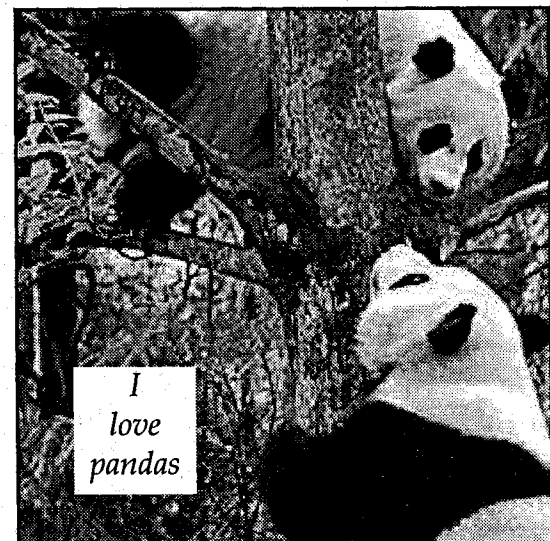
I, too, find dressing myself to be challenging at times



This looks nothing like the house I grew up in



I enjoy helping children



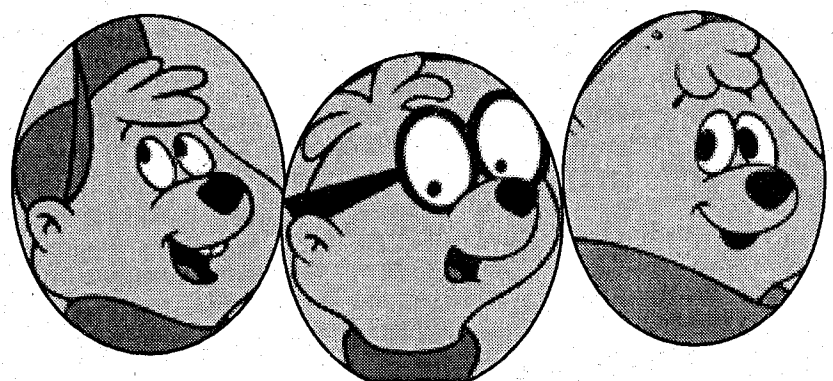
I love pandas

TEACHERS COLLEGE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

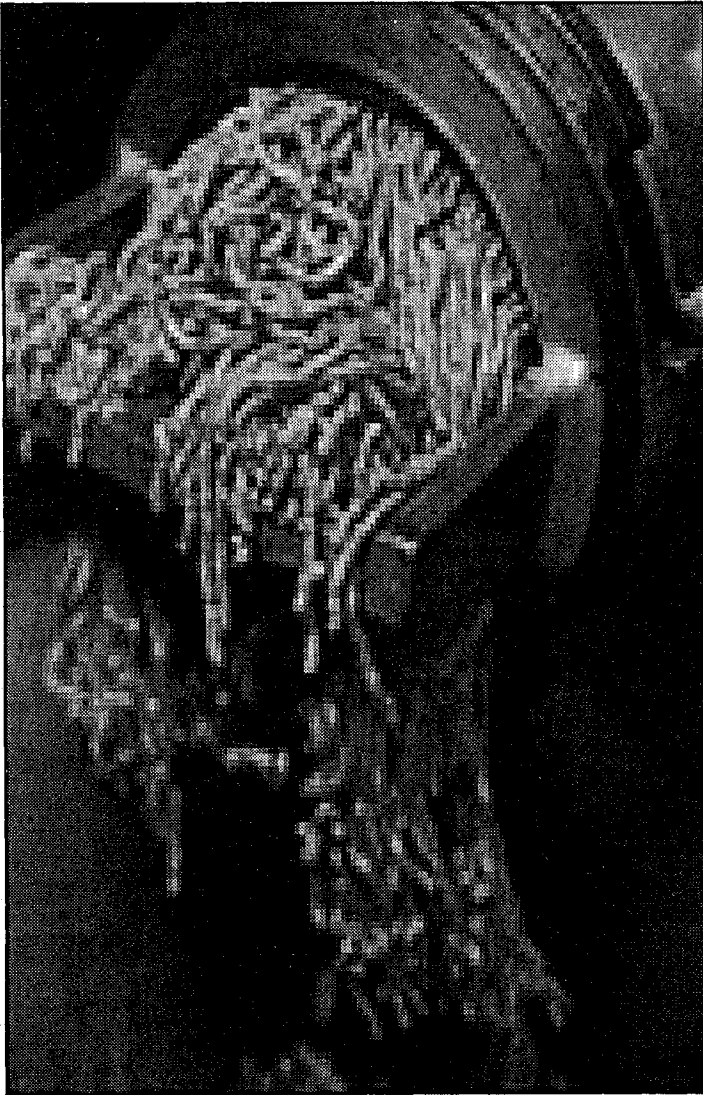
This is where I will be going to graduate school next year



This is the pirate I promised you. He is my favorite pirate. Who doesn't enjoy a cold beverage now and then?



I also like The Chipmunks



dog. The poor taste combined with the swarms of roaches and rats has left him gagging until this day. He says the biggest scam food-wise is the Caribbean fare. In one instance, an offering was touted as ox-tails (though you probably have other problems if you actually choose to eat ox-tails), and the dish actually managed to include fifty pounds of ox-tails in it as well as 100lbs of beef, though that ingredient never actually appeared to have made itself known to any of the hapless hungry students who bought it.

Besides the obvious health issues and false advertising, which are bothersome enough from a campus-sponsored organization responsible for the sustenance of untold thousands, how can an individual's moral and religious standards be maintained? With thoughtless abandon CDS creates a situation that can have grave personal impact on many unwitting customers. It's akin to slipping an Orthodox Jew a slice of disguised bacon, or a Hindu a bit of flank steak disguised as a chicken cutlet. For this substitution alone a full inquiry into Chartwells' operation is not only warranted, it must be demanded.

As listed on the Chartwells website (<http://www.chartwells-usa.com>), SBU is one of a few of Chartwells [sic] new partners, one of the newest cogs in the company's international agglomeration of over 220 colleges and universities, and over 270 K-12 clients. On a campus this size this is major business, a scam totaling in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Spread this out over a few schools and you're left with the \$2.7 billion in annual revenue made in 1998 by Chartwells' parent corporation, the Compass Group, North American Division. Combine that with the relatively poor compensation given to the more than 58,000 employees, and there's the CEO's Jaguar, in-ground pool, elephant and rhino-skin couch and bedspread, gold and pearl-inlay shower fixtures, et cetera ad nauseum.

Actions such as the May first boycott are what really scare them. With no one buying their substandard food, they can't pilfer anything

from FSA's pockets, and it leaves them with less time to institute further price hikes. Say the students notice, they buy still less, and before you know it the semester is over and Chartwells is stuck in the untenable position of perhaps being forced to *actually return students' money*. Unthinkable!

Information provided by Chartwells and its parent company is a hazy mismatch of almost creepy, cult-like rhetoric and outright lies. Take this sampling, culled from the Chartwells website and our own Campus Dining Services site (<http://www.usb-cds.org/main.php>).

The company insists they are striving for constant improvement, their customers enjoying fresh, healthy food offerings, and affordable, innovative dining services—quality food; unparalleled service; and friendly, caring people. Their own unique brand of "Menu-tainment" is matched only by the high quality service, health, and nutrition of a five-star restaurant.

Even after all this, the vermin and filth, the price-gouging and employee abuse, the evil workers and the washed-out, heroin addict look of the cashiers that seem to insist on pitching my change at me as to make me drop it every time; nothing gives me greater reservation about eating on campus that the cultist insouciance of its promotional

copy. The Nurture our World campaign is enough to give a Branch Davidian a complex, and to make Moonies edge away warily.

As a global business leader, Compass Group is taking responsibility. By striving to Nurture Our World, Life is more a process of taking what we need to survive. Life is a continuous cycle of use and renewal - a completing of the circle. At Chartwells, completing the circle is a way of life, and it is an integral part of our vision for the future. To nurture is to nourish, to foster, to care for, to improve. Nurturing entails what we eat, how we live, how we interact, and the quality of our surroundings. To Nurture Our World requires that we understand the vital interdependence of all these relationships. We Nurture Our World when we take care of ourselves, our families, our communities, and our environment. Nurture Our World supports our promise to preserve the earth's natural order.

They also claim to strive to conserve water, use environmentally friendly packaging, and reuse materials whenever possible. Like last Tuesday's entree.

Faced with wandering through cavernous buildings bereft of air-conditioning, and longing for surcease from plodding journeys across the heat-blasted campus, it is admittedly just easier to buy some overpriced refreshment from the SAC cafeteria, say, or the Union Deli. To resist these urges, however, climb that last flight of stairs in almost vain search of that coke machine, will pay off in the end; Campus Dining Services will have no choice but to lower their prices or face ever-mounting piles of bills and uneaten foodstuffs. Were enough students to do what they so rarely do on this campus - rise up and make their voices heard - CDS will have no choice but to acquiesce or flee with their tail hanging between their legs.

Dennis LeStrange, the Resident Director of CDS at Stony Brook University, would be happy to hear from students on these issues, I'm sure. Why not drop him a line, and send us at the

SBPress a copy.

Even without the negative aspects of Chartwells' service on campus, their rhetoric is enough, to put it bluntly, to creep me the fuck out. Along with its impressive revenue, Chartwells seems to have all the characteristics of a Bond-film villain, hell-bent on taking over the world. "Our promise to preserve the earth's natural order." Heil Chartwells! And pass the mustard.

**Jones Soda
is Far Far More
Refreshing Than**

**Being Packed Up To The Neck
In Cold Cold Ice**

**Avoid Hypothermia
Drink Jones Soda**



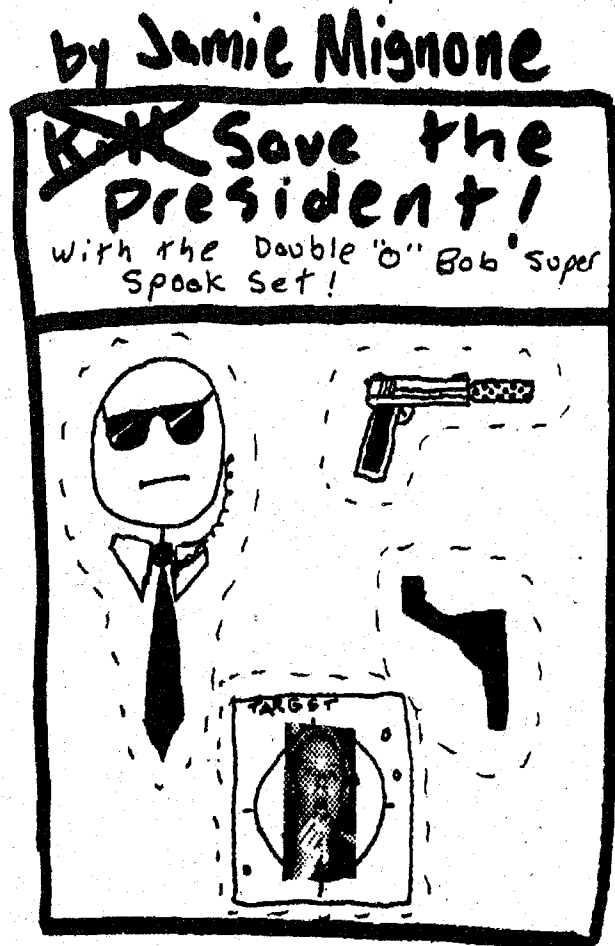
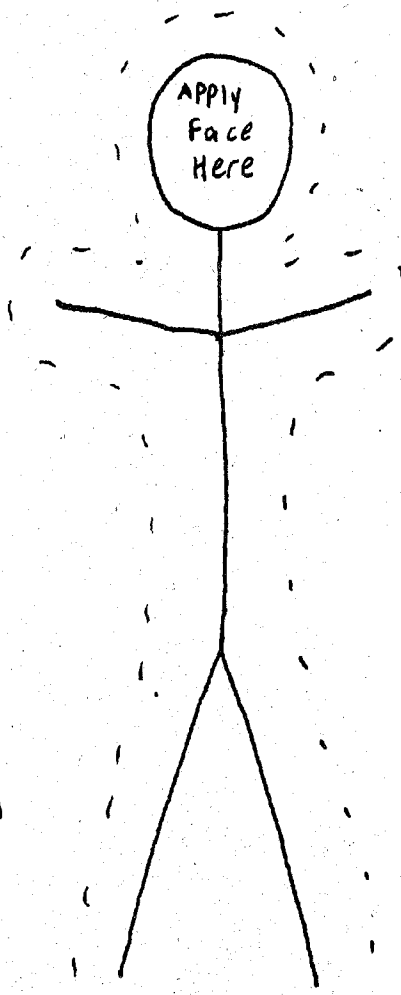
**avail: @Local Eateries
& Fine Convenience Stores**

Bob Is Cool

by Jamie Mignone

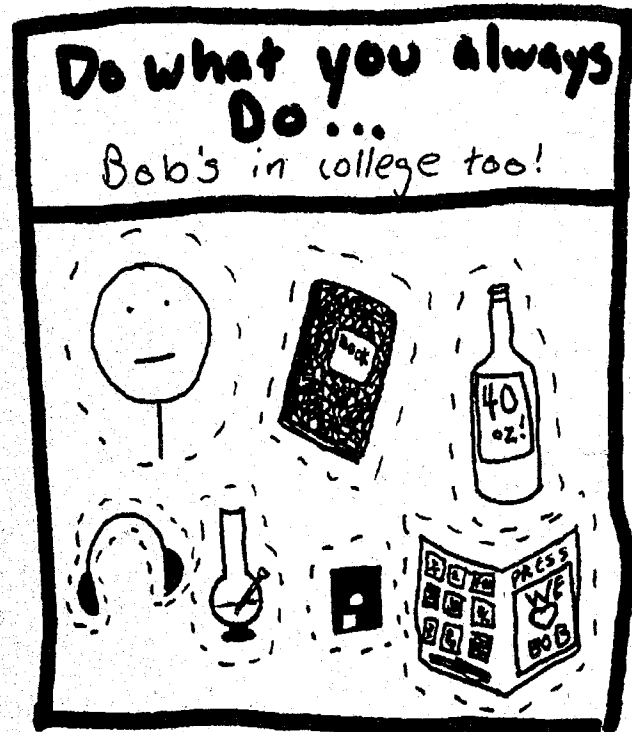
Now, for one time only, you too can have your own stick-figure-ater-ego! Cut it out, apply a popsicle stick, and there you have it!

You could:



You'll need:

Scissors
a stick
adhesive
&
a sense of
humor!



all work
and no
play
makes jack
a one eyed
mutant



work @
home,
play @
the spot

2nd floor fannie brice
thr-sat 6pm-2am

What We Know About the FTAA

By Beverly Bryan

The transcript from this most recent summit of the Free Trade Area of the Americas is an unreleased document available only to the economic ministers and other negotiators who participated. This should not be taken to mean that no one has any idea what it says; in fact, it's not difficult at all to narrow down what went on behind that chain link fence erected in Quebec city. First of all, this agreement is basing its structure heavily on the NAFTA and an international economic pact called MAI (Multilateral Agreement on Investment) that is in the works of an international organization called OECD (Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development). The main proponents of MAT are the United States and the European Union. This is not surprising when you know that MAI is based on the investment provisions of NAFTA.

The difference is the MAI would be worldwide. There are 29 more or less high income countries in the OECD who would first become the MAI and then open membership to developing nations. The purpose of this agreement would, of course be to limit the power of participating nations to create laws limit the flow of capital (money and factories) across their borders. The laws limit the power of a government to give preferential treatment to domestic industries but not the power to give foreign industries preferential treatment such as tax incentives.

We know that the investment text, chapter 11, of NAFTA is being used as the draft for the FTAA. Negotiations will pertain to what adjust-

ments, if any, should be made for it to fit two continents. NAFTA being such a huge success, why reinvent the wheel? This would mean a conveniently loose definition of investment including everything from real estate to contracts to stocks. It would also mean that participating governments would have their hands tied in terms of placing any conditions on a company or financial speculator's economic involvement in their country. They could not use the offer of government aid as an incentive for foreign investors to use domestic inputs like local professional labor or finished goods. Government aid would certainly be encouraged but withholding it conditionally would be prohibited. Governments would also have no right to prevent a company from funneling all profits immediately back to its home country.

Furthermore, governments would be required to pay compensation to companies and speculators if they should enact legislature such as zoning or health regulations that would make an investment in any way less valuable. This would be defined legally as an expropriation of assets. It is significant to note that all of these restrictions would apply equally at local levels of government as at national.

Some things that would be unacceptable under the FTAA and NMI would be setting aside money for the specific development of local businesses and "speed bumps", restrictions on short term transactions involving currency, stocks and bonds designed to avoid financial crises. These

agreements would put a stop to the use of government economic sanctions against human rights violators and dictatorial regimes.

There are environmental and labor agreements in NAFTA but they are not binding. There is an OECD code for corporate responsibility that may or may not become part of MAI (in a non-binding capacity as a matter of course). Nothing like this is part of the plans for the FTAA. The FTAA negotiators voted not to create a negotiating group for these issues. There is a "Commission on Civil Society" that would take letters from organizations and members of civil society (i.e.: us) and give them to governments in the hopes that they will reach the economic ministers involved in the FTAA. Ostensibly, these ministers would have someone read them.

Until this semester I was an economics major at another school and I had a professor whom I liked to badger. This man, this economist, seemed sincerely to believe that direct foreign investment in the developing world would lead to higher standards of living for poor people.

He was convinced that international competition would force greater efficiency of production resulting in economic expansion creating jobs worldwide and additionally lower consumer prices. These things are true if by greater efficiency one means investors bidding down labor costs in unionized nations by threatening to take their business elsewhere. True, also if for expansion one is able to settle for more maquiladoras along the Mexican/U.S. border.

Party in Quebec (cont.)

up an alley, we saw where a group of several hundred people had massed together. They had begun to tear down a section of the wall. Looking on from a distance you could see people in suits watching with fascination as protesters tore at the barrier they had erected. I wonder what they were thinking. They looked so casual. I guess having a squad of well-armed thugs protecting you, does lend some peace of mind. Emotions were running pretty hot amongst the protesters, and many blistering French obscenities were launched at the police and the suits. Wendy ran to where a line of protestors had a cable attached to the wires of the fence and were pulling it down. She joined them and with her muscles straining, helped to pull it down. Taking inspiration from her, the rest of us joined in and helped pull down that stupid wall. The police marched up to us and fired a few canisters of gas into the crowd. They were met with a volley of trash and ended up retreating, a small victory but a sweet one. It was purely a symbolic gesture to pull down the wall. No one had any intention of running into the hands of the several dozen armed police that appeared before us. I'm glad we did it though.

The police marched down the avenue to attempt to disperse us. There were many hundreds of protesters, and they pretty much refused to budge. Initial gassings shook people up but they refused to give up ground. A substantial number of people braved the teargas, and sat down right in front of the cops. Wendy, Steve, Jessica and myself took a spot up in front. There were forty or fifty other people sitting in front of the police, and several hundred others down the block. It was very tense. The black armored police passed their guns loaded with rubber bullets over the crowd. People in the apartments on the corner, were blasting punk rock music from speakers they had hanging out of their windows. People got out onto their roofs to boo the police.

Despite the pain of having teargas waft into their eyes, protesters remained calm. Many gestured

towards the police with hands forming the V of peace, and the slogans being sung were those of peace. It was turning into an old fashioned sit-in. We sat there peacefully for almost half an hour. The police had been waiting for reinforcements, because once their number reached around forty, they began shouting into their bull-horns. They told us to clear the area immediately. No one moved, I suppose we figured they wouldn't attack a group of peaceful protestors. We were very wrong.

The first volley of gas canisters exploded right in the center of our old-fashioned sit in. The force of the explosion knocked out one of the lenses in Jessica's glasses. She also got a bad dose of gas right in her face. A medic had to pull her out of the mob of people trying to get away from the advancing police. Wendy injured her knee trying to escape the exploding gas canisters. Luckily Steve and I were unhurt. Taking Jessica from the medic, the four of us as a group retreated. The police kept shooting into the crowd of escaping people. The clubs of the advancing police greeted those unfortunate few, who were too slow. It was terrible; those gas canisters explode with a great deal of force and noise. Not everyone who was crying was doing so because of the gas. It was a frightening experience. It was an angering experience. I was in shock; I couldn't believe they fired into a peaceful group, hurting people, hurting my friends! Getting out of the alley, we stopped to wash the gas out of our stinging eyes. Some people around us were heading back towards the wall, but when we looked down the avenue we could see that the cops had brought in fire hoses to spray down protesters. To see us sweating,



tearing and limping you'd understand why we decided not to go back into the fray. It was getting dark, and we did our part. We walked back to our car and drove out of Quebec City.

I think what the protesters did in Quebec was very important. By challenging the wall, and clashing with the police the protesters forced the corporate media to cover what was happening. Even though the "news" portrayed us as "stone throwing hooligans" and tried to dismiss what we were doing, people at least did hear what happened. Because of the conflicts in places like Quebec and Seattle, people are finding out about what globalism is all about. It's about walls. It's about black-clad police firing into peaceful protests. It's about sweatshops, increased poverty, environmental disaster and cultural genocide. The FTAA protests helped to raise people's awareness, it woke them up from their TV induced slumber. The protests woke people to the reality that there is a global struggle to fight what is in essence government by and for the giant corporations.

Students Interested in Things Besides College

By Chris Sorochin

I never know what will tickle the fancy of the reading public. Indeed, I often think, based on the dearth of hate mail I receive, that nobody reads my stuff at all. So I was pleasantly shocked to hear from the editors that my recent diatribe on SUNY Old Westbury was causing a minor buzz amongst the campus literati.

It must have something to do with timing. My little bucket of bile splashed onto the scene just as "Newsday" was running a five-day extravaganza on the shady real estate dealings surrounding the campus.

I have to confess satisfaction at seeing Rev. Butts' butt in the hot seat. His administration has set up a moralistic, authoritarian policy in which students and their living quarters are under constant surveillance and subject to unannounced inspections by a plethora of student and professional staff. Students are treated as if they are psychotic children and subjected to medieval rules about who shall visit them and when.

So I think it's most proper to see Butts and the entire state apparatus he serves put under some scrutiny. If he wants to preach "zero tolerance," let's have zero tolerance all across the board. Let's have a thorough, intrusive and unannounced examinations of all SUNY officials and their doings. Let's take great pleasure in uncovering violations and punishing transgressors. And by all means let's have the same guilty-êuntil-proven-otherwise "hearings" that students are subject to.

Not recognizing karmic retribution when it comes knocking, Rev. Butts is unrepentant in May 3 "Newsday," stating "we don't nearly have (sic) the problems we use to have with undisciplined behavior." The reporter apparently doesn't question Butts' assumption that this is a positive thing.

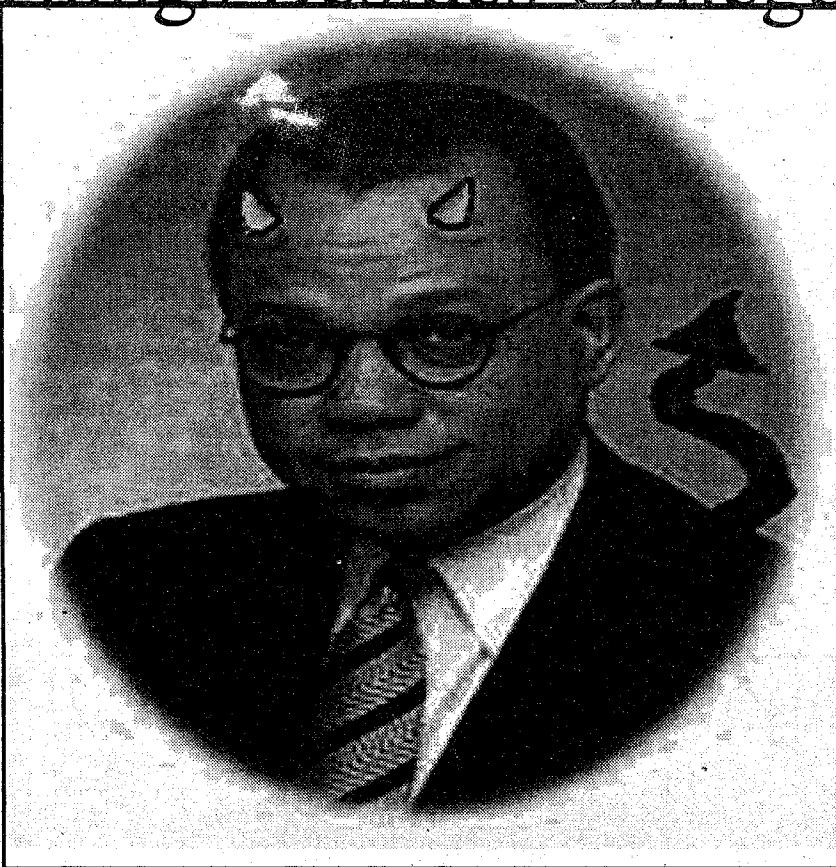
Yes, kids, get into a straight line, chin up, eyes forward, faces expressionless and sphincters tightly clenched. "Undisciplined behavior" is a no-no. Surely Rev. Butts is old enough to realize that youth is brief and fleeting and the college years even briefer. College is supposed to be a time for freedom and joy and, yes, undisciplined behavior. This is NOT to say that students shouldn't be disciplined, only that discipline, like all things, is good in moderation. Nor do I mean to say that mayhem should be allowed to rule the dorms, only that post-êcollege life will in most

cases provides decades of opportunity for today's students to metamorphose into tomorrow's boring, responsible, "disciplined" cubicle drones and SUNY administrators. So cut'em some slack, Cal, and don't be so uptight. If you're so concerned with Old Westbury's "reputation," consider that campuses which are made to resemble penitentiaries, army barracks or convents tend to have bad reputations among students--and they're the ones who count.

I've heard Old Westbury students talk about visiting Stony Brook, believe it or not, as if they've had a glimpse of some earthly paradise merely because it has a more active social life and less visible repression. Fact is, young people, as a rule, like to party, as is evidenced by spirited discussions I've been privy to in which the same RAs who are supposed to act as narcs and enforcers describe their fondness for smoking weed, or give a giddy play-by-play of their Bacardi-soaked Spring Break in Cancun. Even seminarians, in my experience, like to cut loose now and then.

Which brings me to what is in my twisted opinion the most pernicious thing about student life in the last couple of decades: the utilization of students selected as staff, students who are supposed to be leaders and examples, as snitches, finks and glorified hall monitors. What exactly is this preparing students for but a world in which your neighbors inform on you and you on them? A world in which you have no actual privacy or right thereto? A police state, in other words.

This mentality is not confined to Butts or even SUNY. I've just read of a school in Iowa where the Student Staff (not so affectionately known as the "SS") are empowered to search bags



and knapsacks at will. At Ohio State University, students caught drinking are turned over to local police. Not coincidentally, Ohio State saw a massive student riot the last weekend in April. The authorities don't seem to realize that people can and will be disciplined when presented with good reasons to be so and when rules and restrictions are sensible, not mean-spirited.

Rev. Butts further decries students who enroll and are "not really interested in college." I've got news for him--if all the students in the US who weren't really interested in college dropped out, lots of colleges would close. Has it occurred to him that people who enter school as frivolous or uncertain can become serious and enthusiastic students over time? That's why it's called "education," a word which implies growth, change and progress.

As for the land grab scandal, is it a surprise to anyone that the pro-corporate Pataki administration is seeking to privatize state land and perhaps even the state university itself? And that Pataki's moneyladen backers will profit from this cannibalism? What's good is that light is now being shed on this whole sordid affair.

The Value of Vietnamese Life (cont.)

war. Here's a typically self-serving quote. "My trip to Vietnam gave me a sense of the immense size and variety of our world." He says it as though he went with the Peace Corps. "I was also awed by something that still moves me: that Americans would risk their lives for the freedom of another people." Apparently those Americans don't include Kerrey's Raiders, who ruthlessly murdered people for their own freedom. And although Kerrey joined the antiwar movement after returning home, he now can "forgive our leaders." He now believes "the cause was just and the sacrifice not in vain."

This is typical of American views toward Vietnam. Here Kerrey is obviously referring to the sacrifice of American lives (58,000 of them), rather than the much larger sacrifice of Vietnamese lives (3 million of them). We have accounted for nearly every single American killed in Vietnam, yet today we still demand that Vietnam provide full access so we can find them all. Yet the Vietnamese dead are faceless, nameless, and uncounted. Those who attempt to find out what happened to them are, according to

Kerrey, creating a "free-fire zone" for all Vietnam combat veterans today. (Free-fire zones were areas in which it was permissible to kill anything that moved.) It is impossible to convey the arrogance of this point of view.

Kerrey's behavior since being confronted with the allegations is all the more incriminating. He hired a public relations firm to spin the story favorably. He concocted a story that sounds remarkably like the absurd but popular film "Rules of Engagement" (complete with children shooting at Americans). He impugned Klann's credibility, saying Klann was out to get him because Kerrey didn't help him to win a Medal of Honor, and that Klann was a drunk. He accused journalists at the New York Times and 60 Minutes of collusion with the Vietnamese government. He repeatedly claimed to be taking full responsibility, while denying he did anything wrong. Finally, he demanded that we pity him because he feels so very guilty about killing the women and children (who were probably Viet Cong who wanted to kill him first).

The Vietnam war was morally wrong. It is

always wrong to invade a country to impose an unpopular political system. Even if we accept that Vietnam's government was wrong, this is irrelevant to our judgment of the war; just as the Russians' opinion of the Taliban's current theocracy is irrelevant to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, or Japan's opinion of China's Communist dictatorship is irrelevant to their invasion of Manchuria.

Yet the fact that the war was wrong does not absolve American soldiers of their individual responsibility. Every soldier has a duty to disobey orders that are clearly illegal, as orders to kill civilians were. Kerrey was not only receiving and obeying such orders, but giving them as well. Yet we refuse to believe it is possible for Americans to be war criminals. Perhaps this is the reason America was recently kicked off the UN's human rights commission for the first time since 1947: unlike Germany, Japan, Russia, and most other countries, we refuse to accept responsibility for crimes that our government and its willing servants commit.

In the "fine" tradition of the Stony Brook Press, we proudly present the 2001 Shirley Strum Kenny Awards!

The Paper-

Best Issue of the Press:

"He's Watching You"

Best News Article:

"WHAT NEWS?!"

Best Humor Segment:

Tie: Dear Baby and Ninja Fun Facts Corner

Best Top Ten:

Top Ten Things Masturbated Upon During the Course of I-CON

Best Cover:

"He's Watching You"

Best Quote:

"Beurocratic Paternalism may work for you, but I'm not a fucking communist!" -Bob

Biggest Staff Fixation:

Anal Virginity

The Campus-

Favorite Campus Employee:

Penny The Pasta Lady

Favorite Campus Hangout:

The Spot

Favorite Campus Event:

Roth Pond Regatta

Least Favorite Campus

Employee:

The Anonymous Tattletale

Least Favorite Campus Event:

Three Way Tie: Fraternity Date Rape, Class, and Finals

The Academia-

Favorite Professor:

Your Mother

Least Favororite

Professor:

Your Mother

Sexiest Professor:

Your Mother

Favorite Class:

In Bed With Your Mother 101

Least Favorite Class:

Your Dad Comes Home 102

The Politics-

Best Politician:

Tie: Satan and "Bullet Proof" Bill Clinton

Worst Politician:

Bushiani

Political Figure We'd Most Like to Ass-Fuck
in the Ass:

Furor Guillian

Political Figure We'd Most Not Like to
Ass-Fuck in the Ass:

Strom Thurmon

Are You On "The Pot?"

55% - Not yet, Not ever, Not anymore or Whatever...

45% - Uhhhh... Yeah...

If All Your Friends Jumped Off The Brooklyn Bridge

Would You?

80% - YES!!!!!!

20% - Hell No!

The People-

Dumbest Fucking Person On Campus:

Ratboy

Biggest Waste of DNA:

Strum "waddle" Kenny

Person We'd Most Like To Love In a

Brotherly/Sisterly Way:

Isaac Pflaum

Person We'd Most Like To Love In a Naughty

Uncle/Aunt Way:

Pee Wee Herman

Most Valuble Contributor To Campus (Club):

Tie: NYPIRG and The Press

Most Valuble Contributor To Campus (Individual):

"The Handyman", "The Man About Town"

Least Valuble Contributor To Campus (Club):

The Statesman

Least Valuble Contributor To Campus (Individual):

Jonnel Doris

Best Dressed:

Naomi Edwards

Worst Dressed:

Russel Heller

Man of the Year:

Godfrey Palaia

Godfrey Palaia is a member of many student organizations, including CSA, Polity Seneate, and FSA. Through CSA and in cooperation with many other Polity clubs, Godfrey Polia has orginized more events than we can count. He is also director of Off-Campus Housing and he is the manager of the Spot. Without Godfrey Palaia, Stony Brook University might be intolerable. Thank You.

The Culture-

Best Film:

Almost Famous

Worst Film:

The Green Mile (So Bad It Stunk Up Two Years)

Best Album:

NAPSTER

Worst Album:

Anything by P. Diddy

Best Hair on a Celebrity:

Ron Jeremy

Best Hair on a Non-Celebrity:

Russel Heller

Best TV Program:

The Simpsons

Worst TV Program:

All that "Reality TV" Crap

Hottest Movie/TV Babe:

Jerri Blank from "Strangers with Candy" Close runner-up: Angelina Jolie

Hottest Movie/TV Guy:

Benicio Del Toro (By a staggering two votes)

Worst State:

Florida

Worst 43rd President of The USA:

What President?

What CBS After School Special Style Lesson Have We Learned This Year?

"Don't smoke at a gas station."

"Don't eat the little paint chips that fall off the wall."

"Teen Pregnancy can happen to anyone, even me."

"Don't let dreams get in the way of your drugs."

Create Your Own Category

Worst New 'Medical' Procedure:

Laser Vaginal Rejuvenation

Best House Ad:

Drink in public

"I Like Cats"

If There Is One Thing Every USB Student Should Learn, It's That...

"The Green Mile' was an awful film."

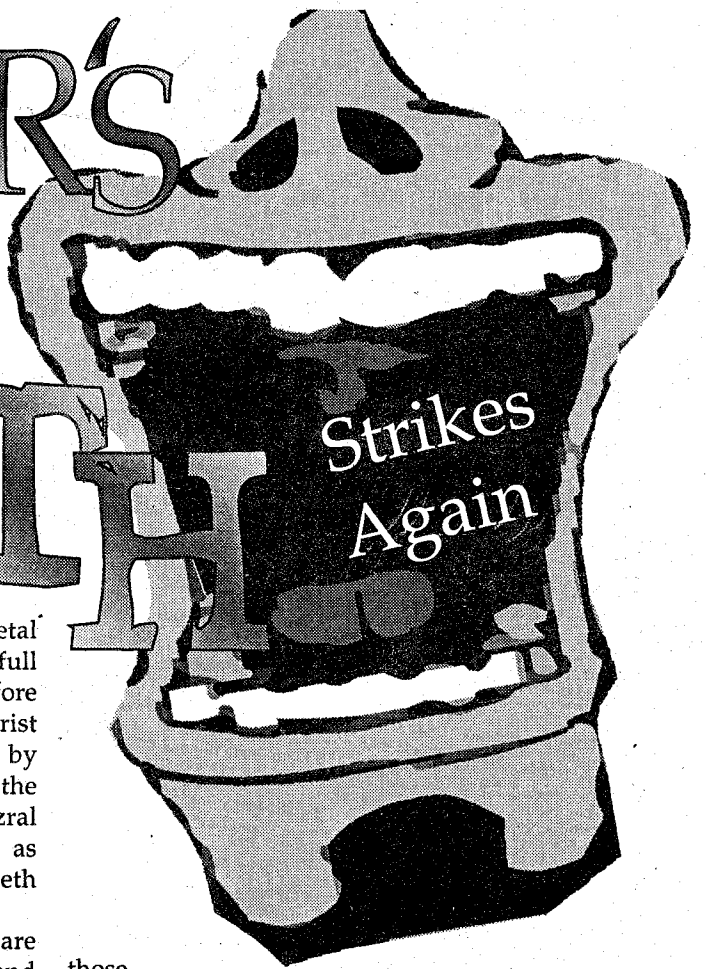
"You shouldn't throw rocks at glass presidents."

"Don't eat the special sauce."

"If you can find them, you can hire the A-Team."

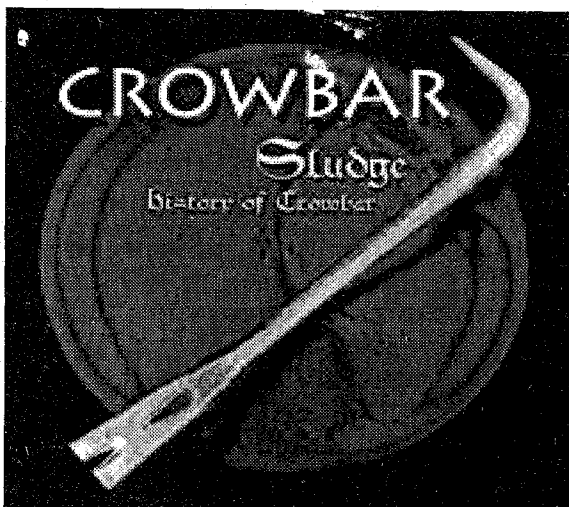
"All campus coffee is made using chemicals scraped from the inside of polaroid snapshots of your mother."

CRAIG SCHLANGER'S BIG MOUTH



Note: As the semester comes to a close and finals are likely consuming your every waking moment I thought it would be a great time to spend some time covering the more aggressive records I've received lately. Vengeance war 'til death.

Crowbar: Sludge (History of Crowbar) Spitfire Records



I remember the first time I saw a Crowbar video on the Headbangers Ball. I wasn't too familiar with their sound and I just saw a bunch of huge hardcore looking fat guys playing some loud-ass rock. For some reason I didn't understand their sound. No longer.

Sludge chronicles the best work of a band whose simple moniker vividly describes their sound. Listening to Crowbar can often take on the feeling of being torn open with a large metallic object. Part Sabbath, part Pantera, part Helmet and total brutality. The New Orleans based band has been wrecking ear canals for the better part of the last decade. Emotional dirges like "...And Suffer As One" and "All I Had (I Gave)" knock you right on your ass with their straight forward arrangement and honest context. Crowbar are not happy guys and this comprehensive package is an excellent introduction to one of America's last REAL metal bands.

Cadaver Inc: Discipline (Earache Records)

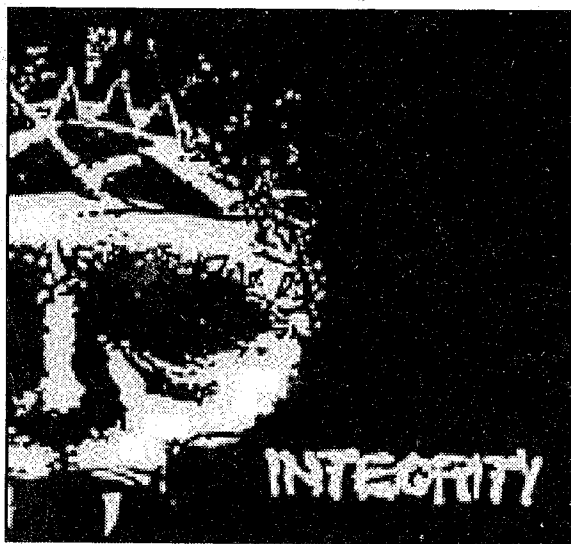


The Final Word

Cadaver were a Norwegian thrash metal band in the early 1990's who released two full lengths under the Earache Records banner before fading into obscurity. Now founding guitarist Anders Odden has decided to continue on by unleashing this improved modern assault on the masses. Enlisting Dodheimsgard members Czral and Apollyon (also of Aura Noir) as well as bassist LJ Balvaz, arming himself to the teeth with top notch musicianship.

And that's really what Cadaver Inc are all about. They are taking black metal music and pushing it to absurdly violent and aggressive extremes. One listen to Discipline may just make a speed freak out of you. Riff for riff Odden has outdone himself. Songs like "Deliverance" shoot all over the board while never becoming an overwhelming listen. Apollyon's wickedly dirty vocal style only adds more fury to the mix. Toss in a drummer who must be in tip-top cardio vascular condition and you have one of the most brutal releases of the year. For fast and affordable murder clean-up make sure to visit www.cadaverinc.com.

Integrity: Closure (Victory Records)



In the mid-1990's Integrity had come full circle as one of the most vicious and trend-setting hardcore bands in the scene. Vocalist Dwid had a blood curdling vocal style that could shatter glass. Integrity always came across as the Pantera of the hardcore scene. They were non-stop violence.

In the year 2001 Integrity has become something of a joke. Over the last few records Dwid has lost every founding member of the band and has learned to rely on replaceable studio musicians. His love for experimenting with electronics in excess has done nothing but saturate the bands sound to the point that their aggression is almost non-existent. And while Dwid used to have one of the most gut wrenching voices around it seems he hasn't been taking his vitamins. His voice sounds completely shot and is at it's most powerful only when enhanced with studio trickery.

The saddest moments on Closure are

those

where the songwriting is beyond cliché. "Empty Shell" could easily pass for a Stabbing Westward throwaway. "Hybrid Moments" sounds like a heavier Blink-182. The only track that really recalls the Integrity of yesteryear would be the opener "Bloodlust." Though even that sounds like a throwaway. There comes a time when a band becomes a brand name. Pink Floyd is a great example. Just the name will sell records no matter who is playing on the records. Integrity have become a hardcore example of brand building. It's time to walk away...

Circle of Dead Children: The Genocide Machine (Necropolis Records)



Don't let the moniker fool you. This is not some moronic Cannibal Corpse clone band. While CODC produce brutal death/grind you'd be hard pressed to find the typical shock schlock lyrics the name may evoke. Vocalist Joe Horvath is a death metal poet with his off-the-wall-take on society.

Musically these guys are akin to bands like Discordance Axis, early Napalm Death and Carcass. Fast and no bullshit. CODC have crafted seventeen excellent songs that will roll right over you like a German tank.

In a nutshell, The Genocide Machine may be a landmark of intellectual metal. Posers beware.

Have a DIRTY BLACK SUMMER.