

THE STONY
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"Fuck Terrorism"

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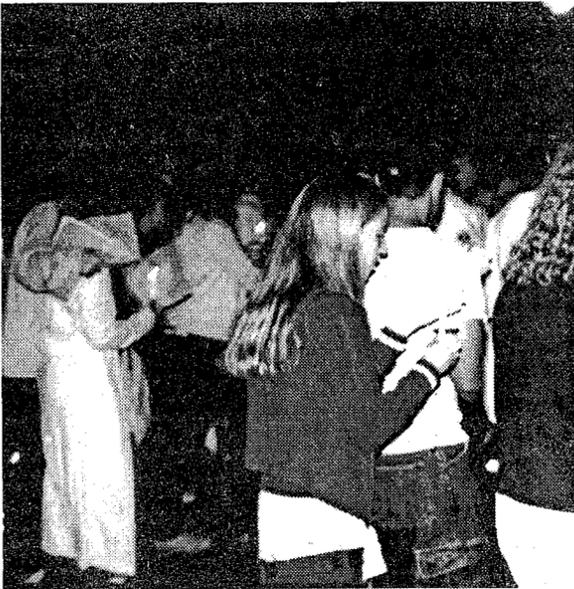


Vigil Surprises Everyone

By Bev Bryan

Thursday, after the terror attacks, something remarkable happened here. On Wednesday, Polity (headed by Natalie Hodgeson), SPAB, the Latin American Student Organization, and The Inter-Fraternity/Sorority Council came together on short notice with the student clubs and organizations to put together an ecumenical candlelight vigil for the next day. SAC food services, NorthFork Bank, the campus organization Educasians (short for Educating Asians) and the Interfaith Center all rushed to lend their support. The next evening an unprecedented number of students stood with each other in front of a temporary stage outside of the SAC and let their grief and hope show.

Students who were deeply affected by the tragedy shared their feelings and some sang. Members of our religious community- Muslim Chaplain Nadim Sanaa, Hillel's Rabbi Topek and a number of representatives of Christian groups on campus spoke about peace and led us in prayer. We read with Rabbi Topek: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall not fear." One woman sang "His Eye is on the Sparrow". We all sang "Amazing Grace" and repeated "salaam", the Arabic



word for peace, after Chaplain Sanaa. When everyone spoke together it was very loud.

The number of students at the vigil was estimated at 1600. "It was very impressive; it was quite moving in fact," said Vice President of Student Affairs Fred Preston of the event's turn out. All students and members of the administration who spoke that night expressed candid amazement at the sheer size of the crowd. The event made the front page of the Three Village Herald

The event required a lot of candles. Fortunately, the event organizers received an overwhelming response to their requests for donations of them. Local churches like Bethel AME, Caroline Church of Bradenton and St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church in Smithtown all donated in surprising amounts. In a matter of hours that Wednesday, night students collected easily over 900 small white candles.

After the presentational part of the vigil ended, everyone lit their candles and carried them to the fountain singing "Let



There be Peace on Earth". The flames guttered and blew out as strangers lit and relit each others candles. It was nice. At the fountain participants sang "The Star Spangled Banner", "The National Anthem" and recited the "Pledge of Allegiance".

After that, those assembled were expected to disperse, but no one wanted to leave. Instead the members of the crowd spontaneously raised their candles above their heads, holding them there for some time. It was a moment of rare quiet and beauty. Many candles were left burning on the rim of the fountain as an impromptu memorial.

"At the end, when everyone held up their candles, it showed how much people cared. You think that people don't care anymore, but so many people gave up their time to be there especially on a Thursday. That's supposed to be the party night. You can't get anyone to do anything on

Thursday. You saw each individual flame and when they held them up it showed you", said Amy Hunter, captain of the Stony Brook Dance Team who attended the vigil with the rest of the team.

"I had the opportunity to get up on the fountain and I thought: My God, I think the closest thing to this I've ever seen was the protest against the meal plan," said CSA vice president Mike Bernardin who helped to organize the event. He described the vigil as a sign of unity and solidarity among the students. "You rarely see all clubs and organizations work together on something", he observed. It was a rare show of concern on all accounts. 150 students signed up to donate blood and many more wrote messages of good will on a large tapestry that can be seen in the main lobby of the SAC.



Remembering the Twin Towers

By Daniel Hofer

Robin Quivers is a moron.

Usually her counterpart Howard Stern gets the credit for that, but one morning I was listening to the radio, and she proved her idiocy to me. She agreed with developer Larry Silverstein and the "all-knowing" moneymen Donald Trump that the World Trade Center should be rebuilt.

My father used to work on the 86th floor of World Trade Center Two. Don't worry, his company moved out about two years ago. I've been inside that buildings many times since I was little. The towers were the coolest things in the city when I was a child. I remember being right in front of them, or even a few blocks away, and having to stretch my neck and look almost all the way up to see the top. The buildings were amazingly tall.

The lobby was very open and elegant. In the center, banks of elevators would take people to work. When elevator doors would open, large gusts of wind would blast out. To get to the 86th floor, my father and I would have to take two elevators. The first elevator was an express to one of the building's "sky-lobbies." The sky-lobby had more sets of elevators to take passengers to their desired floors. I always hated the speed of the elevators because the air pressure would wreck my ears.

The 86th floor may not be the top of the building, but it was damn high. The floor-to-ceiling windows in the World Trade center is what I think made the building so interesting. I recall spending so much time looking out the window and especially down at the city below. Everything was so small, but so detailed. It was hard to believe what I saw was not a model.

One day, on the way to work with my dad I noticed the towers extended all the way into the low cloud cover. That was the worst day for a view of the ground in his office. From top to bottom the window was plain white. At one point in the day, my father needed to give something to someone downstairs so I went with him. This man's office was at the same level as the cloud cover. The window was mostly white, but just near the bottom, the cloud ended in a clear line and I could almost see the streets.

The building was a typical office building—bright, clean and quiet. Typing, paper shuffling and other office noises could be heard over the quite noise of the air vents. In real quite places like the bathroom, a person could actually hear the building creaking in the wind. That freaked me, but my dad assured me that big buildings had to be built like that to stay up.

The day the buildings fell, a piece of my childhood went with it. The scenes we saw on TV were not from a movie. People were running on the same streets I was walking down just a few weeks



before. This was an attack not just on our country, but also on our home. We feel what has happened much harder than other people across the nation. What happened here cannot happen again.

Listening to the radio last week I found I had the same thoughts as Howard Stern. First of all, who would go back into these buildings? Many companies have already bought office space in other areas and are not planning to go back. No one I know would work there. I would never go back in a building built there. Charles Schumer, one of our senators, says we should rebuild and put a monument in remembrance of those who lost their lives. Up until I heard that, I thought Schumer was an intelligent person. Imagine going to work everyday involved passing a memorial to those who died before you. It's like saying, "Hey, your next!" If I worked there I think I would end up in a padded room.

Someone smart might think that building another World Trade Center is only going to cause terrorists to want to knock it down again. Ms. Quivers in her infinite wisdom says if people went back into the buildings after the 1993 bombings, they would go back if we rebuilt it. Maybe people went back the first time because they knew it was safe. There was no way to get a bomb in the building with the new security measures. Crashing planes into buildings is a much bigger deal. The air is a big

place, and no matter how much security we have up there, something can slip by it easier than on the ground.

Trump in all his arrogance says we should build a bigger building this time. I really shouldn't bash this guy because it's common knowledge that he's an idiot. But really, are we trying to get attacked again? Why don't we put a friggan sign on the thing saying, "Hit me?" We were lucky that these buildings collapsed on themselves, and not on other buildings in the area. We may not be as lucky a second time.

Building a second Trade Center is almost like saying it never happened. Images can be easily doctored in this age. Some one could say that it never happened. If there are people who deny the holocaust happened (and I assure you there are), anyone could deny these attacks happened. I think a memorial in the spot where the buildings were is more than appropriate. A memorial showing how large these buildings were and how devastating the attack was. Something to show that what happened was real. It appears all these moneymen see is a financial loss in the tragedy. The desire to put up new a building makes it seem like they just want to make back money where they lost it. What we owe to our grandchildren is not a new building, but a memorial to what has happened and to what we have seen in our lifetime.

The Spot (2nd Floor Fannie Brice Theatre)

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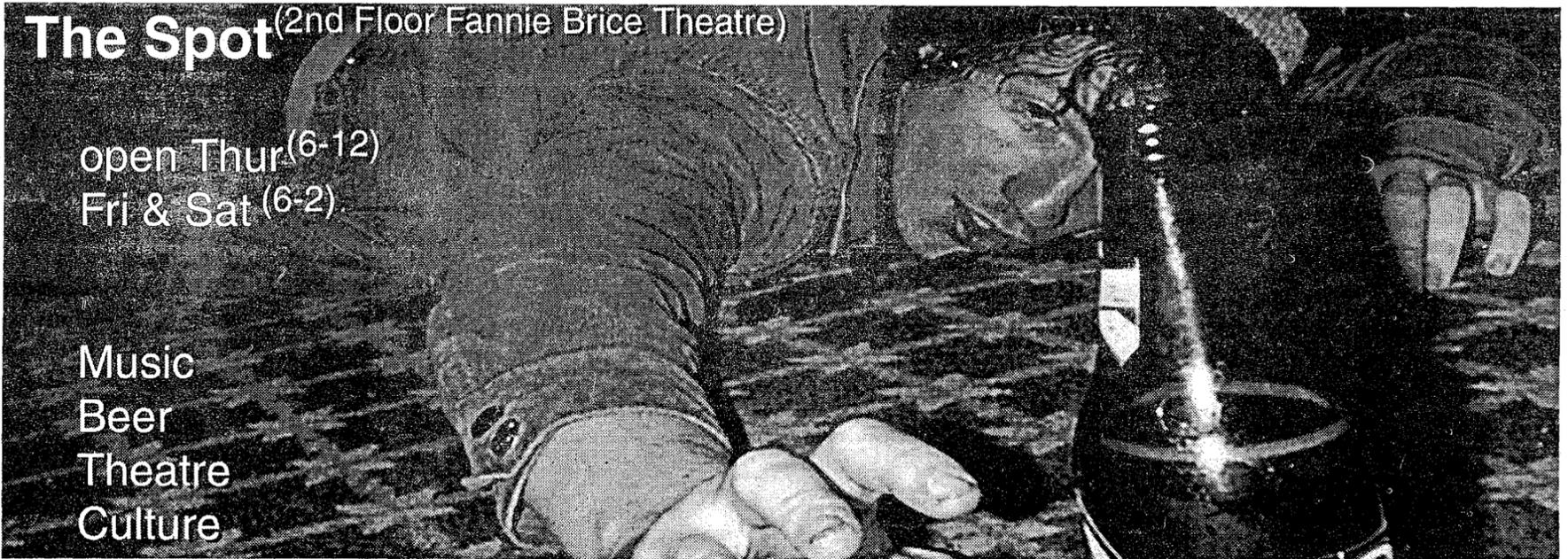
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Music

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Culture



Editorial: Presence Through Absence

Following a very sober walk through downtown Manhattan last week, I was overcome with a feeling of emptiness. Although pedestrians are currently allowed surprisingly close to "ground zero," and I was able to view the rubble of the fallen towers from across the street, this scene was not the jarring one. I was more than prepared for it by nearly two weeks of self-inflicted news footage. What caught me off-guard was the atmosphere of the rest of lower Manhattan.

During the summer months, I live in Staten Island and work on Murray St. As such, the walk up and down Broadway and its neighboring streets is a familiar one, but downtown has been left as I've never seen it before.

The vigorous power-washing of the buildings and several days of rain have reduced most of the dust to gray streaks down the windows. There are fliers up everywhere with pictures of people who are still missing, or of the "black box" voice recorders officials are looking for. I had heard about these things and I expected them, and what was surprising and disconcerting was that there were almost no other people around.

When I'd walk to work in the morning there were hundreds of thousands of people around walking, selling, honking, yelling and generally slowing me down. And the tourists, I hate the tourists. Manhattan is a pretty small place, geographically. What makes it seem so huge is the time it usually takes to get anywhere, now it seems like all the people have forgotten how to walk quickly, because even when they weren't pushing through the crowds that should have been there, they were all walking like cartoon zombies, with blank expressions

and nowhere to go.

I was sure that once non-residents were allowed back into lower Manhattan, the area would be overwhelmed with disaster tourists, emergency personnel and a few million other people. I expected chaos. There was no one; only a few hundred people silently looking at the wreckage or photographing the gigantic flags on the sides of nearby buildings. The professional photographers weren't shooting the wreckage anymore; they were photographing the group of people photographing the wreckage. There were police on every corner, but they weren't harassing people or clearing crowds, because there weren't any. No people, no cars, only an odd, unfamiliar ghost town.

Walking down Broadway during the evening rush hour on a Friday, I was alone, except for the occasional police officer or dust covered rescue worker. It was like looking at the house you grew up in, right before you sell it, with all the furniture and all the life removed. The thing most resembling traffic was a man in the middle of the street, riding a bicycle in impossibly slow circles, wearing an American flag jersey.

Everywhere I looked something was a Pulitzer prize-winning photograph waiting to be taken. On the ferry ride home I watched the skyline and tried to remember where I should be looking to place the absence of the buildings. Real life doesn't have the convenient dotted outlines like the photos on the Internet.

Living in the city, I never went to the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building or the Twin Towers. I took them all for granted. But now I realize that I've missed one forever, and I feel like a tourist in my own city.

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We Will Tell All of This to Our Children One Day

By Andrea Leeson

So, I don't usually write things for newspapers and right now I don't think I need to push any opinions or political theories on any part of the public. But, see, I have this need to connect with people now, to see them, to hear them, and to at least sense them among all this darkness of debris of ruined lives, hopes, countries, and illusions. Basically, I just need to talk; I need to get this shit out; I need to get rid of this. And in this recent collision of so many different voices: media, family, friends, professors, well, I guess I just need someone to hear me.

Things have changed. Nothing will ever be the same. I said to my boyfriend today, after an oddly unemotional walk past "ground zero," that we will tell all of this to our children one day. And I am struck by how trite this is... how typical. But it's common for a reason. Wounds, or scars in our individual histories are made all the time. But it is these gaping, swollen injuries to our collective histories that surround and invade us the most.

We are sensing the meaning of our existence during this horror, and we, as young people and New Yorkers, have a strong, confusing attachment to a thing once intangible. History was, until September 11th, an idea, a concept... an unreal tale or hazy photograph of our elders... times we must learn about, but have not experienced. But here we are; we are in it. It is now. Basically, a generation with nothing to fight for, here we are, alive during something more than amazingly important. And how are we a part of all of this? Some of us walked a walk across the George Washington Bridge that aerial cameras will engrave into our consciousness as something more like an ocean of people, or a pulsating creature that was New Yorkers, wandering quickly away, and slowly towards home. Some of us watched on our televisions, listened to radios, rushed home after a nine-to-five to hug our families. I sat staring at the sky, asking too many questions... unbelievably glad to be home.

For hours I sat before the television in the shelter of this Indian summer, air-conditioning and soft blankets. I watched as lives dropped to escape into pools of brick and heaven. I made my phone calls- my voice searching through suffocating, tangled phone lines and cries of others. And something hurt that morning... some ache that I want to call my country, that I want to call my people. But what is a country? What are "my" people? We are all each other. And I want to love everyone. This sounds absurd; people laugh at the simplicity of it. But whose world is this? I am selfish... how can this be my world?

I have been afraid of my feelings since this happened. I have been aching for all of us, but felt guilty for my sadness, because like others who said to me in the urgent phone calls made immediately after the attack, I have not lost anyone. But of course, not everyone said this, and as predicted, many I know have lost someone. Many friends are suffering. But it is ok for all of us to feel the ache; it is human and we have been Traumatized. People who are robbed or attacked or raped, they are traumatized. They have suffered trauma and the damage is incalculable and unpredictable. And people who watch others get attacked, murdered, raped, they are traumatized as well. Everyone in the

attacks, or watching from streets nearby, who had to run from gray, unexplainable clouds of buildings, has suffered an extreme trauma. And those of us watching at home, we have suffered this trauma less, but still strongly, and it is unseen when or how we will heal.

I was next to the destruction of the "site" today. I watched cranes, emergency vehicles, police people and boys who looked much like kids at Stony Brook, but dressed in military fatigues. Downtown without any cars became an odd sort of forest of barren buildings, where I wandered and wondered. I sat in the middle of downtown streets and absorbed the emptiness of it all. My boyfriend stopped and asked a cop, "where are all the people?" The cop looked at both of us, "maybe they're all afraid." And I smiled at some police officers as they walked by, and was immediately surprised by the signs of allegiance I was showing them. For me it has been years of rallies in New York and Philadelphia against police brutality, years of black and brown friends being abused, years of activism, and when face to face with them, pretending they are not there. But these feelings were not for today and not for right now. I had to show them that in these times we are absolutely in this together. In these times, all we need is peace. I was not the only one. I saw many people and police officers just chatting, and laughing together; even a policeman with his arm around a confused, sad old lady. It seems our first instinct is to love. Maybe we can try this.

The past days have confused my feelings about the attack. I am mixed up with political theories, policies of peace I always favor, and the despair of friends who have lost someone. Two planes crashing and collapsing the World Trade Center quickly became a surreal, unbelievable event. I became almost like a detached movie viewer. Perhaps this is

a defense mechanism against pain. Or perhaps this is simply and truly too unfathomable to believe. I am now surrounded by guesses about the future, and wonders about what this exactly means to the world, the economy, the environment, Long Island, insurance rates, the poor people, the big businesses. So to find the heart, the truth of my feelings, I think back to the very moment when I found out what had happened. This moment was clean of all outside influence, of any defense mechanisms or what-if scenarios that can continue into forever. This was my one emotion of clear truth. My mother called our house to ask me if "I believed what was going on out there." I asked what she meant, and then

I cried. I fell to my knees and I cried, praying whenever I caught my breath for "all those people, all those people." And I cried.

The newscasters foretold that tomorrow, September 12th, would bring a new, unrecognizable city. It did. What world is this that I've woken up in? I didn't know and I am still unsure. My best friend Robyn calls. She says, "Andrea... Andrea, what is this world?" And I was desperate for answers. My grandmother calls. She says that she's old, she doesn't understand. She thinks that maybe she is too old to make sense of these things any more. She tells me that she doesn't know anymore... she just doesn't know. I remember days though, when she shared over-protective silly grandma warnings, like, "When you go into Manhattan make sure you don't stand too close to the buildings." I smile right now at this memory. I smile. My little sister's high school is having fundraisers and car washes. My mother talks late into the evenings on the phone with hurting and confused friends. Every other house on my block has placed American flags across suburban laws. I call my family and sometimes they talk of normal, daily occurrences, and I tell them that I love them. And as I write this, I think of John Lennon yet another time since the disaster. "Sounds of laughter, shades of life are ringing through my open ears... limitless, undying love... it calls me on and across the universe... nothing's gonna change my world."

So here I am now, sharing memories with friends of those lost. We wonder about the state of peace in the world. I write slogans on visible



places like, work for peace, or, love is the drug, or, it's ok to hurt. Maybe this is to help others. It is probably just to help myself. We share memories of the two buildings and their importance and beauty that we took for granted. It used to be that if you stood between and underneath the two buildings in the middle of the plaza, you could look up and the towers would appear to bend into each other, to surround you. And if you spread your arms out to them, turn your face towards the sky, open-mouthed and smiling, and spin around and around, you will become silly and dizzy as they seem to spin with you. You will become silly and dizzy with the beauty of it all.

Chronology of the Attack, its Greater Human Impact

By Dustin Herlich

That fateful Tuesday morning, like many, I awoke a little late and rushed out to my 8:20 class. The class was chemistry lab, and at about 10:30 the girl at the lab desk in front of me got a call on her cell phone. Apparently her friend was stuck in traffic because "someone had blown up the world trade center". She promptly left class, and most of us were left with the feeling that this was some sort of sick joke. Lab continued. At 12:30, I was returning to my dorm and noticed the campus was unusually empty. When I got inside my building, I saw people crowded around the office of the RA's. The TV was on, and that's when it hit me that it was actually true. I watched the video of thick black smoke for several minutes and then I ran upstairs. Panic started to creep its way in as I realized how many people I knew not only in the city, but in the area. This was to be just the beginning of a nightmare that lasted for almost a week, and not just for me, but for thousands and thousands across the nation, and even some across the world.

The immediate response of many on campus apparently was to try and call home. Getting outside lines was not happening. During the day, people had left me voice mail messages saying they were ok, but then there is always the message such as the one I received from a friend: "Jen's mom works in the World Trade Center, and now I can't get in touch with either of them". Just about the only way many had to communicate with the outside world was through the internet. Having high speed access was all that enabled me to find some people. As I was looking for internet broadcasts and pictures I was bombarded with e-mails of friends and relatives from around the globe asking if I was ok. Yes, physically I was, but if I knew where my friends were, I'd be a whole lot better.....

All through that night and into most of the next day, the initial panic of people trying to find friends and loved was massive. With everything from hotlines to e-mail lists, the prospect of finding some people seemed daunting at best. Eventually, as the days wore on, more and more people were accounted for. As time went on though, less and less people were notified that their loved ones were still alive. It slowly became more of "we've identified your husband's body". This was the case for neighbors of my family. The likelihood being that he, like many others, attempted to go back into the building to save lives. The tragic irony that resulted was that his was claimed instead. Of course, you also hear the hero stories about the man who carried a woman with crutches down 70 or so floors and they both got out. Or the man who slid down almost 90 floors, and emerged alive.

There are also horror stories about escape, such as one friend whose mother was outside on a cigarette break and watched the plane hit one building, thankfully, not hers. Dodging rubble and flaming debris, she ran upstairs to her floor, gathered some personal belongings, and tried to convince co-workers to leave with her. Unfortunately, the mistake was made inside the building to announce that people should remain inside. Thankfully, she ignored this warning. Soon after leaving the building, her building was struck. Her story during these times is not unique. Others, tell tales of how an uncle "who is never ever late to work was late for the first time ever, and the first plane hit his floor". Or the countless other stories of "my bus was late" and "I was downstairs getting coffee and a bagel".

Along with these near miss stories of "I was supposed to make a delivery in the area, but the products to be delivered never came in," there are the stories of what people around the area who could see the

towers saw and felt. My own mother stood on the roof of her school, and with her class, watched the towers fall. Another friend watched it all unfold from the bus window. A neighbor of mine in the area was able to see people jumping from the building. Seeing things like this usually have a profound effect on people, and several of the aforementioned are showing signs of post-traumatic stress disorder. One friend who attends NYU was just blocks away from the incident, and was able to hear and see most of it. Some of these people are in so much shock; they don't even realize they are in shock. Even a week after the attack!

It was around 9:30 pm that I learned that many members of the armed forces were told to get ready to go to war. Strange, how CNN and others only reported that they were calling up troops several days after the attacks, but I know of reservists who were activated that night. Many of our armed forces personnel are not happy with what has been going on. Not all of them really want to fight. Many think that some groups of our own United States population are being unfairly targeted. As Private Andrew Moss stated "The use of force at this point is necessary in the fact that terrorists cannot perpetuate these actions against us. However, people do not need to unfairly target Muslim Americans. People need to trust the armed forces, and have faith that we will punish those responsible." While clearly some form of retaliation is favored by almost all Americans, few feel ready for out and out war. This author included.

In the days that followed, there was a mixture of fear, confusion and worry that will probably persist to some degree for maybe weeks to come. Each day people awoke to find out who might have been found, and who they knew was still missing. Reports of the capture of some who might have gone on to further terrorist acts only made some people's conditions worse. One friend of mine wants to walk around wearing a gas mask because she is afraid they released anthrax into the air. Her case may sound extreme, but it's unfortunately not all that uncommon. It's the toll on people's emotions, more than the human life toll that terrorists are after. Each day, more and more people ask: "when will it end?"

Since the attacks on that fateful Tuesday morning, much has happened. Each person is trying to cope in his or her own way. Some are by ignoring it, others are still in denial. What is happening is that slowly, more and more are affected. Now that the sports games were cancelled, what happened to the pay of the guy who was going to sell hot dogs in the

stadium that night? It all eventually trickles down. That is the goal of terrorism. Look at the airlines. Even after they were allowed to fly again, people did not want to fly. It's sad to see that happening.

As time goes on, people are starting to get on with their lives, but slowly. Many are still haunted by the images of what they saw and have nightmares, trouble concentrating at school, or at work, and still you have that general feeling of mass confusion sometimes. People are not going out to eat as much, and are always jittery. One woman said that when someone on the train dropped a book she was carrying, everyone jumped from the noise. Others are still trying to cope with the loss of a loved one. How many more will need to die in this alleged "war on terrorism" that our alleged president has thrown us into now?

Whatever is to be next, all we know is that it does not look too pretty. So many concentrate on the numbers of dead, but we forget the numbers of living who now have to live with what we lost. Think how the man feels who trained these pilots? I don't think he's too happy. Thankfully, initial instances of violence seem to be subsiding largely, but there are still pointless attacks on foreigners, and often on those that are not even of Arab descent, but are merely mistaken for an Arab. Case in point, the Indian man who was beaten to death in Texas. Then again, what do you want from a state that has both George W Bush to boast about as well as drive through liquor stores.

All we can do now and wait. And thank our lucky stars that college students can't be drafted. We might have an army of over one million professional soldiers, but president primate felt the need to tell the American people that this will take the toll of many lives, sacrifices, and may take more time than any previous military action. It does not sound like fun to me. As each day passes, they get closer to rebuilding the Pentagon and cleaning up the city. People are going back to school, work and church, but with modifications. Many places of worship require photo ID and students of Stuyvesant High school are now required to attend class at Brooklyn Technical High School. It's all these changes that add up to a new era. What is really to come, no one knows. But one thing is for certain, no one alive during this time will ever forget what happened, nor will they ever see their lives the same way as before. From the abolishment of curb side check in, to the loss of an integral part of our skyline, the world, especially this nation, and this state, will never be the same.



The Need For Dissent

By George Monbiot (reprinted from the *Guardian of London*)

If Osama Bin Laden did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him. For the past four years, his name has been invoked whenever a US president has sought to increase the defense budget or wriggle out of arms control treaties. He has been used to justify even President Bush's missile defence program, though neither he nor his associates are known to possess anything approaching ballistic missile technology. Now he has become the personification of evil required to launch a crusade for good: the face behind the faceless terror.

The closer you look, the weaker the case against Bin Laden becomes. While the terrorists who inflicted Tuesday's dreadful wound may have been inspired by Bin Laden, there is, as yet, no evidence that they were instructed by him. Bin Laden's presumed guilt appears to rest on the supposition that he is the sort of man who would have done it. His culpability, however, is irrelevant: his usefulness to Western governments lies in his power to terrify. When billions of pounds of military spending are at stake, rogue states and terrorist warlords become assets precisely because they are liabilities.

By using Bin Laden as an excuse for demanding new military spending, weapons manufacturers in America and Britain have enhanced his iconic status among the disgruntled. His influence, in other words, has been nurtured by the very industry which claims to possess the means of stamping him out. This is not the only way in which the new terrorism crisis has been exacerbated by corporate power. The lax airport security, which enabled the hijackers to smuggle weapons on to the planes was, for example, the result of corporate lobbying against the stricter controls the government had proposed.

Now Tuesday's horror is being used by corporations to establish the preconditions for an even deadlier brand of terror. This week, while the world's collective back is turned, Tony Blair intends to allow the mixed oxide plant at Sellafield to start operating. The decision would have been front-page news at any other time. Now it's likely to be all but invisible. The plant's operation, long demanded by the nuclear industry and resisted by almost everyone else, will lead to a massive proliferation of plutonium, and a high probability that some of it will find its way into the hands of terrorists. Like Ariel Haron, in other words, Blair is using the reeling world's shock to pursue policies which would be unacceptable at any other time.

For these reasons and many others, opposition has seldom been more necessary. But it has seldom been more vulnerable. The right is seizing the political space which has opened up where the twin towers of the World Trade Center once stood.

Civil liberties are suddenly negotiable. The US seems prepared to lift its ban on extrajudicial executions carried out abroad by its own agents. The CIA might be permitted to employ human rights abusers once more, which will doubtless mean training and funding a whole new generation of Bin Ladens. The British government is considering the introduction of identity cards. Radical dissenters in Britain have already been identified as terrorists by the Terrorism Act 2000. Now we're likely to be treated as such.

The authoritarianism which has long been lurking in advanced capitalism has started to surface. In these pages yesterday, William Shawcross - Rupert Murdoch's courteous biographer - articulated the new orthodoxy:

America is, he maintained, "a beacon of hope for the world's poor and dispossessed and for all those who believe in freedom of thought and deed." These believers would presumably include the families of the Iraqi's killed by the sanctions Britain and the US have imposed, the peasants murdered by Bush's proxy war in Colombia, and the tens of millions living under despotic regimes in the Middle East, sustained and sponsored by the US.

William Shawcross concluded by suggesting that "We are all Americans now," an echo of Pinochet's maxim that "We are all Chileans now," by which he meant that no cultural distinctions would be tolerated and no indigenous land rights recognized. Shawcross appeared to suggest that those who question American power are the enemies of democracy. It's a different way of formulating the warning voiced by members of the Bush administration: "If you're not with us, you're against us."

The Daily Telegraph has set aside part of its leader column for a directory of "useful idiot," by which it means those who oppose major military intervention. Perhaps the roll of honor will soon include families of some of the victims, who seem to be rather more capable of restraint and forgiveness than the leading writers of the rightwing press. Mark Newton-Carter, whose brother appears to have died in the terrorist outrage, told one of the Sunday newspapers "I think Bush should be caged at the moment. He is a loose cannon. He is building up his forces getting ready for a military strike. That is not the answer." Gandhi said "An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind," and never a truer word was spoken. But when the right is on the rampage, victims as well as perpetrators are trampled.

Mark Twain once observed that "there are some natures which never grow large enough to speak out and say a bad act is a bad act, until they have inquired into the politics or the nationality of the man who did it." The left is able to

state categorically that Tuesday's terrorism was a dreadful act, irrespective of provenance. But the right can't bring itself to make the same statement about Israel's new invasions of Palestine, or the sanctions in Iraq, or the US-backed terror in East Timor, or the carpet bombing of Cambodia. It's critical faculties have long been suspended and now, it demands, we must suspend ours too.

Retaining the ability to discriminate between good acts and bad acts will become ever harder over the next few months, as new conflicts and paradoxes challenge our preconceptions. It may be that a convincing case against Bin Laden is assembled, whereupon his forced extradition would be justified. But, unless we wish to help George Bush use barbarism to defend the "civilization" he claims to represent, we must distinguish between extradition and extermination.

Tuesday's terror may have signaled the beginning of the end of globalization. The recession it has doubtless helped to precipitate, coupled with a new and understandable fear among many Americans of engagement with the outside world, could lead to a reactionary protectionism in the US, which is likely to provoke similar responses on this side of the Atlantic. We will, in these circumstances, have to be careful not to celebrate the demise of corporate globalization, if it merely gives way to something even worse.

The governments of Britain and America are using the disaster in New York to reinforce the very policies which have helped to cause the problem: building up the power of the defence industry, preparing to launch campaigns of the kind which inevitably kill civilians, licensing covert action. Corporations are securing new resources to invest in instability. Racists are attacking Arabs and Muslims and blaming liberal asylum policies for terrorism. As a result of the horror on Tuesday, the right in all its forms is flourishing, and we are shrinking. But we must not be cowed. Dissent is most necessary just when it is hardest to voice.



Fight at Union Party

By OZ

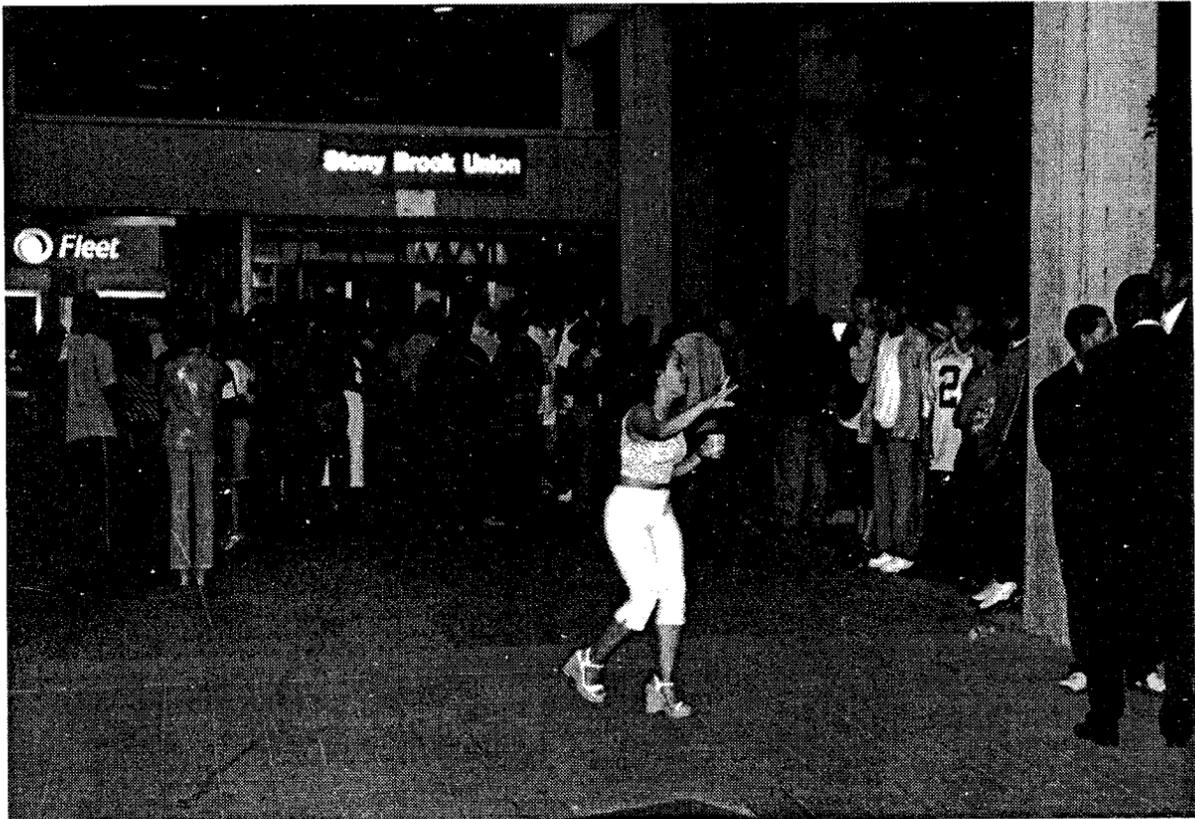
On Saturday, September 8, 2001 there was a large incident at the student union on campus. The fraternity Alpha Phi Alpha, along with the Student Planning Activity Board (SPAB), held a an event at the union where live music and non-alcoholic refreshments were provided. Many eye witness accounts were taken by the Press along with an interview with Doug Little, Deputy Chief of Campus Police, and Fred Preston, Vice President of Student Affairs.

People came from all over the United States as well as from many places abroad to attend this event. The Press spoke with people who drove from Ohio and California, and a group who had flew in from St. Martin. There were also many students as well as local citizens who attended this affair. This is probably why there were three separate security entities hired: the SPA security, the Stony Brook Campus Police (run by Doug Little) and CSS, (making it VERY disorganized and quite an insalubrious party.) After all, Stony Brook University does care about the well being of it's students and the surrounding community.

Even with all of the security present, a fight ended up breaking out and an innocent bystander, as well as a party involved in that fight, was injured. There was quite a few contributing factors to the series of violent events that took place that night.

Most people who were milling around outside the union had been denied entrance even though they had bought tickets in advance. This is a problem that almost everyone we spoke with at the scene mentioned. The event was supposed to run from TIME to TIME but ended at approximately 1am. The Press was told it was shut down due to "security concerns" by the CSS staff.

The Press also spoke to quite a number of people who said that they had arrived at the union almost an hour BEFORE any security staff was to be seen because they were looking to purchase tickets for the affair. When security finally decided to show up there were already a large number of people outside. Security then tried to get the crowd of people to form lines to buy tickets. The ensuing chaos was more maddening than a

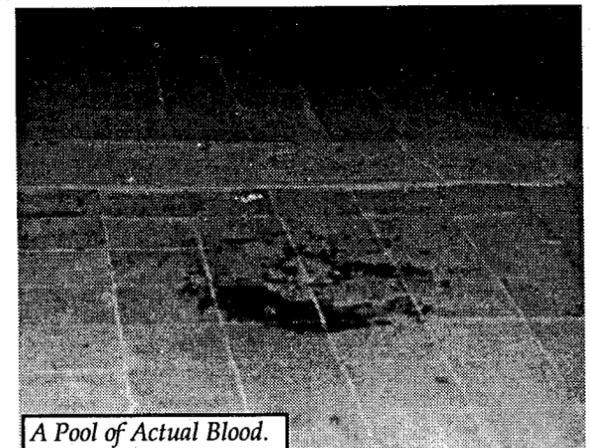


kindergarden graduation ceremony because there were a disputes as to which people had arrived first.

The press office, located in the union itself, was very close to the action. We witnessed a woman being taken out from the front entrance on a stretcher to an ambulance with an ice pack on her eyes and jaw, her face covered in blood. According to every eye witness we spoke to, and CSS, she was pushed into a railing face first by one of the two people involved in the fight. Doug Little played this off as being "heat exhaustion."

Also upon further investigation we found quite a sizeable (appx. 2ft. square) bloodstain on the ground no more than ten feet from the back entrance of the union (see picture) which Doug little did not know about (being as informed as he is about everything on campus that has to do with our safety.) It looked as if enough blood had been lost to warrant a separate ambulance call. The press estimated that about a half pint of blood was

on the ground (see picture). When pressed about the fight, Doug Little said that someone had a small cut on their lip and was not examined by the ambulance crew because the injury was so minor. The press spoke with Barry (Css staff) who said that the person who left the bloodstain outside had blood running from his nose and mouth and WAS in fact examined by the ambulance crew that



A Pool of Actual Blood.

had arrived. He was also nice enough to give us his version of what happened that night. His account matched up with the majority of the eye witness accounts that night. He said that a fight broke out inside the union and after an innocent bystander ended up getting injured, the fight leaked outside the back of the union. By the time that any security reached the back of the union someone who was involved in the fight inside had been assaulted and his attacker had fled the scene.

Doug Little did not have much information on this issue and he would not let the Press look over the actual police reports taken that night. He also said that when something like this happens on campus, people do not usually press charges. He also said that if people do not press charges then it does not go into the statistics that you see about violent acts on campus. So in all honesty you are not seeing the entire truth when you read the campus safety pamphlet. Fred Preston said that there are not many incidences of violence on the Stony Brook campus, but we here at the Press wonder where he gets his information from.



"Imagine" All the Inappropriate Songs

By Mark Armstrong

Yes, it's probably about time radio stations finally stopped playing "Stairway to heaven." But this might not be the best way to do it.

Clear Channel Communications, the country's largest radio network, is raising eyebrows after one of its station's program directors created a list of potentially inappropriate songs in the wake of last week's devastating attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon.

Led Zeppelin, John Lennon's "Imagine," Steve Miller's "Jet Airliner," AC/DC's "Highway to Hell" and Jerry Lee Lewis' "Great Balls of Fire" were among more than 150 songs deemed "lyrically inappropriate" following last Tuesday's tragedy. The list also includes everything from the classics (Frank Sinatra's "New York, New York" and Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World") to recent releases (System of a Down's "Chop Suey!").

Then there's the downright goofy, as the list suggests such un-American songs like the Bangles' "Walk Like an Egyptian" and Bobby Darin's "Mack the Knife."

While rumors initially floated that the list was a corporate mandate, or a cruel hoax, the radio conglomerate insists that a program director created and distributed the list to its 1,100 stations, including KIIS-FM in Los Angeles and Z100-FM in New York.

"Given the environment, a Clear Channel program director took it upon himself to identify a number of songs that certain markets or individuals may find insensitive today," the company said in a statement. "This was not a mandate, nor was the list generated out of the corporate radio offices. It was a grassroots effort that was apparently circulated among program directors."

Not all Clear Channel stations are paying attention to the list. For instance, New York's Z100 has been playing many of the tunes, while Q104 has noted that "inappropriate" songs like "New York, New York" and "Imagine" were some of the most requested of the week.

Some songs, however, do evoke difficult images from last week's tragedy. It's not hard to see a connection to songs like Peter, Paul and Mary's "Leavin' on a Jet Plane" or AC/DC's "Safe in New York City."

As expected, free-speech activists are expressing concern that the list was even passed around. While Clear Channel insists it did not "endorse or squash" the list's distribution, First Amendment watchdogs say it's problematic—especially if you consider that Clear Channel owns one out of every 10 stations in the U.S.

"It's very dangerous," says Nina Crowley, director of MassMic, a music free-speech organization. "I understand they're pulling certain violent songs. But you put out a list of songs like this, and the next thing you know someone's pulling the albums off the shelves in Wal-Mart."

"There are some very absurd connections," she adds. "Walk Like an Egyptian? You really gotta stretch it to get that."

Most upsetting, Crowley says, is the inclusion of "all songs by Rage Against the Machine" on the list. "That's a political stand against what Rage Against the Machine has to say," she warns.

Meanwhile, at least one record label has responded to the "objectionable" list. Wind-up Records is disputing that its single "Bodies," by the band Drowning Pool, was deemed potentially objectionable. (The song made the list presumably for its chanting chorus, "Let the bodies hit the

floor.")

"From the very beginning, 'Bodies' was never about anything more than the kids moshing," says Wind-up spokesman Steve Karas in a statement. "We can obviously understand people's concerns, and we're very sympathetic, but the meaning of the song still is as it was in the beginning, which is really a cry for togetherness." Here is the complete list of "lyrically inappropriate" songs being banned from several U.S. radio stations in the wake of the attacks.

- a.. AC/DC, "Shot Down in Flames," "Shoot to Thrill," "Dirty Deeds," "Highway to Hell," "Safe in New York City," "TNT," "Hell's Bells"
- b.. Ad Libs, "The Boy from New York City"
- c.. Alice In Chains, "Rooster," "Sea of Sorrow," "Down in a Hole," "Them Bone"
- d.. Alien Ant Farm, "Smooth Criminal"
- e.. Animals, "We Gotta Get Out of this Place"
- f.. Louis Armstrong, "What a Wonderful World"
- g.. Bangles, "Walk Like an Egyptian"
- h.. Barenaked Ladies, "Falling for the First Time"
- i.. Fontella Bass, "Rescue Me"
- j.. Beastie Boys, "Sure Shot," "Sabotage"
- k.. Beatles, "A Day in the Life," "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," "Ticket to Ride," "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da"
- l.. Pat Benatar, "Hit Me with Your Best Shot," "Love Is a Battlefield"
- m.. Black Sabbath, "War Pigs," "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath," "Suicide Solution"
- n.. Blood, Sweat & Tears, "And When I Die"
- o.. Blue Oyster Cult, "Burnin' for You"
- p.. Boston, "Smokin' "
- q.. Brooklyn Bridge, "Worst that Could Happen"
- r.. Arthur Brown, "Fire"
- s.. Jackson Browne, "Doctor My Eyes"
- t.. Bush, "Speed Kills"
- u.. Chi-Lites, "Have You Seen Her"
- v.. Dave Clark Five, "Bits and Pieces"
- w.. Petula Clark, "A Sign of the Times"
- x.. The Clash, "Rock the Casbah"
- y.. Phil Collins, "In the Air Tonight"
- z.. Sam Cooke, "Wonderful World"
- aa.. Creedence Clearwater Revival, "Travelin' Band"
- ab.. Cult, "Fire Woman"
- ac.. Bobby Darin, "Mack the Knife"
- ad.. Skeeter Davis, "End of the World"
- ae.. Neil Diamond, "America"
- af.. Dio, "Holy Diver"
- ag.. Doors, "The End"
- ah.. Drifters, "On Broadway"
- ai.. Drowning Pool, "Bodies"
- aj.. Bob Dylan, "Knockin' on Heaven's Door"
- ak.. Everclear, "Santa Monica"
- al.. Shelly Fabares, "Johnny Angel"
- am.. Filter, "Hey Man, Nice Shot"
- an.. Foo Fighters, "Learn to Fly"
- ao.. Fuel, "Bad Day"
- ap.. Peter Gabriel, "When You're Falling"
- aq.. Gap Band, "You Dropped a Bomb on Me"
- ar.. Godsmack, "Bad Religion"
- as.. Norman Greenbaum, "Spirit in the Sky"

- at.. Green Day, "Brain Stew"
- au.. Guns N' Roses, "Knockin' on Heaven's Door"
- av.. Happenings, "See You in September"
- aw.. Jimi Hendrix, "Hey Joe"
- ax.. Herman's Hermits, "Wonderful World"
- ay.. Hollies, "He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother"
- az.. Buddy Holly & the Crickets, "That'll Be the Day"
- ba.. Jan & Dean, "Dead Man's Curve"
- bb.. Billy Joel, "Only the Good Die Young"
- bc.. Elton John, "Benny & The Jets," "Daniel," "Rocket Man"
- bd.. Judas Priest, "Some Heads Are Gonna Roll"
- be.. Kansas, "Dust in the Wind"
- bf.. Carole King, "I Feel the Earth Move"
- bg.. Korn, "Falling Away From Me"
- bh.. Lenny Kravitz, "Fly Away"
- bi.. Led Zeppelin, "Stairway to Heaven"
- bj.. John Lennon, "Imagine"
- bk.. Jerry Lee Lewis, "Great Balls of Fire"
- bl.. Limp Bizkit, "Break Stuff"
- bm.. Local H, "Bound for the Floor"
- bn.. Los Bravos, "Black Is Black"
- bo.. Lynyrd Skynyrd, "Tuesday's Gone"
- bp.. Dave Matthews Band, "Crash into Me"
- bq.. Paul McCartney & Wings, "Live and Let Die"
- br.. Barry McGuire, "Eve Of Destruction"
- bs.. Don McLean, "American Pie"
- bt.. Steve Miller, "Jet Airliner"
- bu.. Megadeth, "Dread and the Fugitive," "Sweating Bullets"
- bv.. John Mellencamp, "Crumbling Down," "I'm on Fire"
- bw.. Martha & the Vandellas, "Nowhere to Run," "Dancing in the Streets"
- bx.. Metallica, "Seek and Destroy," "Harvester Or Sorrow," "Enter Sandman," "Fade to Black"
- by.. Alanis Morissette, "Ironic"
- bz.. Mudvayne, "Death Blooms"
- ca.. Rick Nelson, "Travelin' Man"
- cb.. Nena, "99 Luft Ballons/99 Red Balloons"
- cc.. Nine Inch Nails, "Head Like a Hole"
- cd.. Oingo Boingo, "Dead Man's Party"
- ce.. Paper Lace, "The Night Chicago Died"
- cf.. John Parr, "St. Elmo's Fire"
- cg.. Peter & Gordon, "I Go To Pieces," "A World Without Love"
- ch.. Peter, Paul, & Mary, "Blowin' in the Wind," "Leavin' on a Jet Plane"
- ci.. Tom Petty, "Free Fallin'"
- cj.. Pink Floyd, "Run Like Hell," "Mother"
- ck.. P.O.D., "Boom"
- cl.. Elvis Presley, "(You're the) Devil in Disguise"
- cm.. Pretenders, "My City Was Gone"
- cn.. Queen, "Another One Bites the Dust," "Killer Queen"
- co.. Rage Against the Machine, all songs
- cp.. Red Hot Chili Peppers, "Aeroplane," "Under the Bridge"
- cq.. R.E.M., "It's the End of the World as We Know It"
- cr.. Rolling Stones, "Ruby Tuesday"
- cs.. Mitch Ryder & the Detroit Wheels, "Devil with the Blue Dress"

Cont. On Page 16

The Flight of Old Glory

By Dustin Herlich

As well we should, many Americans the last few days have taken to flying American flags. I personally have one above my door to my suite, and I have various American symbols hanging in my room. Among which include my National Eagle Scout association patch. This patch proudly displays our colors, with an eagle superimposed onto it. Through my time in this organization, one of the things I learned was the proper way to fly the American flag. Being out and about recently, I have seen some things that really do not do justice to our nation's colors.

Walking to class the other day, I was proud to see the SAC building displaying the colors. I'm glad to see the colors flying, but flying them backwards is not so great. The protocols for flying a flag out a window say that the side of the flag facing the general public must be the correct side, which means having the stars on the left hand side. If you were in the SAC, you would be looking at the correct side, but it should be the other way around. This was eventually corrected, but why was it not done correctly the first time? Is it that hard to just check what you are doing before you do it?

Continuing my tour of campus, I noticed that the Marine Science center has a flag as well, but theirs is propped up using a recycle bin, presumably with garbage still in it. As Kevin, a fellow environmental science student put it "this is personally offensive. They have the flag propped up using a recycle bin."

Driving around the Island, one not only sees flags which are flying backwards, but upside down. This is great if you are on a shipwreck. Flying the flag upside-down is an international symbol of distress. In more modern times however, this has actually become a somewhat accepted method of flying a flag when no flagpole is available. Again, I'm glad to see a flag rather than none at all, but is it that hard to get it right?

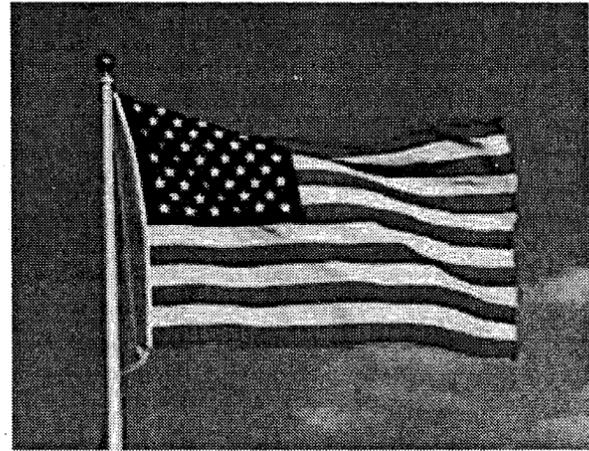
It's actually a law that a flag flown at

night must have a light on it. In light of public ignorance, and these times, it has been agreed to let most of this slide in the eyes of the law. In many ways, I agree, but with all the flags Newsday printed for us, shouldn't we have also gotten a guideline as to how to properly fly the flag? As Americans, is it not our responsibility to know things like this? In most foreign nations, citizens are made well aware of such regulations, and actually abide by them.

Again, don't get me wrong; I love that they are trying to fly the flag at all; I'm just surprised no one has come out before this to say that flags are not being flown correctly. For instance, why do some banks not know that the president asked us to fly flags at half staff for the next few days? Maybe they should not be giving out tickets now, but why not at least tell people what they ought to be doing?

Within maybe two seconds, I was able to find a web page relating to this topic. It was the first link I clicked on after typing in "flag flying rules" in a search engine. This site clearly illustrates, as well as describes the proper flag procedures. The web site is as follows: www.ushistory.org/betsy/flagetiq.html. The site even mentions such things as where flags must be flown at all times, etc. It's not that hard to find this information all over the internet, as well as printed resources. In fact, I'm willing to bet that our own library has information on this. I wonder, did any of the staff, in particular, history professors mention the improper flags, such as the one at the SAC? I only know of one student who said anything to those who originally placed the flag in the window.

Ordinarily, I would not write an article about this, but people asked me to, and I keep my word. In a time of crisis for the United States, I can understand how those who such as veterans can see their flag as a symbol of the pride they have in having served their nation. As such, these people would like to see their



flag represented in the best way possible. And I must agree, it is important, especially in a time of crisis to have the symbols of our nation as best represented as possible.

On a good note however, it is good to see how many dorm windows are doors (including mine) are showing our colors. While many may call me a propaganda spreading pig for wanting to see as many flags as possible, I'm trying to ignore that, and see the posting of flags as not a call for war or anything like that, I see it as a way to show we care about what happened on September 11, 2001. You don't have to love every single detail of American life to support the common cause right now, which I feel to be simply showing these coward terrorists that we are not afraid, and we will overcome, and eventually find you and destroy you. I would venture to say that no matter your political or national loyalties, you would have to agree that terrorism is wrong, no?

Many of you are still asking "why should I care about the flag of a nation that has an unintelligent primate as its leader?" The answer is that while some of us might not be currently proud of our nation, how pathetic do we really need to look to the rest of the world. If we can't even hang a flag the right way, how are we supposed to do anything? That my friends, is an entirely different matter altogether...

The Stony Brook Press

we got's couches

**room 060 SBUnion
every wed 1pm**

Allah, God, Whatever...

By "BigBlueSuperJew" Phil Grandin

A man once said, "One may not kill women, children, nor men who do not fight, nor destroy the trees which bear fruit." Do you think that the guy who said this would support crashing a plane into the World Trade Center in a "Jihad against Americans"?

In the last week, I've seen Osama bin Laden's face a lot of places. Near Wall St, it was plastered to a bull's rear end, in Texas, his face is on targets in shooting ranges, and, the other day, on a "Wanted: Dead or Alive" poster. Great! I love it! I think Osama should burn in Hell. And suffer. A lot. Over and over. For a long time. And then we should do all this medieval-style punishment to he who is responsible for September 11th a second and third time, just to make sure that he got the point.

In fact, let's destroy all of al-Qaeda (bin Laden's terrorist organization) while we're at it! Punish the m**** f*****s—but leave the innocents out of this, just like the Bible, or the Torah, or the Koran says. Yeah, just like Islam says – you know, Islam, a Middle-Eastern religion, that has a god of peace and love, as well as condemns people like bin Laden.

Al-Qaeda labeled the people in the World Trade Center on September 11th unfit for life, the scum of the Earth solely on the fact that they are American. So why is it that there are some of us out there who are brand Muslims and Arab-Americans as "terrorist-kin" or worthless "sand coons" and "towel-heads;" unfit to be American? When did our culture sink to the level of bin Laden? It's even hit our own campus, much verbal harassment of Stony Brook Muslims, and a few unconfirmed physical incidences, which has, unfortunately, made our walk-service necessary for some of us.

On a university campus, incidents such as the above go far beyond uncalled for, or immature, straight to downright *sickening*. We accept acts of stupidity in the world because there are stupid people in the world. I was under the impression that universities were gathering places of intellect.

There are a billion of them out there – that's just as many Muslims in the world as Christians... or Chinese. I'm positive that anyone reading this article thinks Jesus had a few good points and/or likes Chinese food. This proves that any following of a billion must have some merit.

Last Tuesday, "Pearl Harbor" was on the lips of thousands. If the oncoming months keep likening Arabs to Japanese in the '40s, we, as a nation, are in trouble. Like the Japanese sixty years ago, the Muslim community in the United States, is isolated, apart from the normal run of society. For the sole reason of *difference* has come the natural human reaction of *fear*.

"We need to reach out to Muslims," says Sister Sanaa of the Stony Brook Muslim Students' Association "see what the have to say... and pray that the world becomes more educated." Like all other Americans, the eight million Muslims in this nation reacted to the World Trade Center destruction with horror, fear, pain, and shock. How much you want to bet that Muslims died in that disaster? These are Americans, and more importantly, people.

Who are these people that so many of us are so very ready to "bomb into the stone age?" Just some crazy, zealous Arabs. In the last couple weeks, the word "war," in respect to Afghanistan has been used far too many times. America is ready to throw their own in with a mysterious group halfway around the world known as the Taliban. It is the Taliban, as Osama bin Laden, who show the worst side of Islam, which has come to be known to Americans as the norm. There is no one outside of this fundamentalist, fringe group—Muslim or no—that does not condemn the Taliban's interpretation of *shariah*, or "divine law." Heck, even Iran denounces the Taliban—yeah, Iran, the ultra-fundamentalist country we haven't talked to since the Carter era. That which the Soviets did not destroy in



their invasion in the 1980s, the Taliban government is doing a pretty good job of razing anyway. Not even the Americans could find something to blow up in Afghanistan.

Once America goes to destroy Osama bin Laden, or al-Qaeda, or the Taliban government, every American—Christian, Jew, Taoist, Muslim, etc—will be behind their nation. In the wake of a catastrophes, all one can do is find a solution, not a scapegoat. Our country is built upon unity from all of its citizenship, and America would be doing no less than the terrorists' dream if we fell upon the Islam world in retribution. The writer, whom was quoted at the beginning of this article, as well below, is the prophet, Mohammed.

*"If you kill one innocent, it is as if you killed all of mankind;
if you save once innocent, it is as if you saved all mankind"*

Kum What?

By Dustin Herlich

Kumdo. The ancient art of sword fighting has now come to Stony Brook University. Kumdo translated from Korean to English means "the way of the sword". While normally one thinks of martial arts, and images of Jet Li and Jackie Chan come to mind, Kumdo is decidedly different. Kumdo is an art comprised entirely of the use of the sword, with no punches, kicks or throws.

Kumdo developed as a sport based on the battle field techniques of the ancient Asian warriors. Kumdo is more commonly known as its name in Japanese-kendo. Kumdo is currently taught in most nations around the world, with many federations coming into being, namely the World Kumdo association, and in the US there is the United States Kumdo federation. At Stony Brook, our club's team will be competing in tournaments around the country, namely the world tournament each summer.

The practice of Kumdo is demanding both mentally and physically, as during practice,

you are training both at the same time. One advantage of Kumdo practice is that it has implications for life out of the Dojang (training hall). These include the virtues of respect, honesty, loyalty, concentration, focus, dedication, and overall good sportsmanship. Through Kumdo practice one seeks not only to become the best competitor possible, the practitioner is also developing his or herself as a person. Through Kumdo practice, you learn to be a better person.

One advantage of Kumdo over other arts is that chance of injury is slim. Wearing armor when you spar protects you well. Many say a down side is that it is not a self defense art, but it does not have to be to be useful, and enjoyable. Kumdo is a better aerobic workout than many other self defense arts I have studied, and it is more fun. There is emphasis on cooperation between school members; students of Kumdo are not simply interested in their own personal achievements. Achievements of the school and other team members count just as much.

Kumdo at Stony Brook has come and

gone, but we hope that this club will be here to stay for a long period of time. Many of the members such as myself have been practicing for some time, while others are completely new to the sport. One thing that all Kumdo practitioners agree on is that Kumdo is a safe, fun, exciting and challenging sport. The best way to understand Kumdo, and what it's like is to come down and actually watch or participate in a class.

Kumdo itself is non-denominational and open to anyone. Advancement and skill comes mostly at your own pace and ability. No prior martial arts experience is required. At Stony Brook, the club has a web site: <http://www.sinc.sunysb.edu/Clubs/Kumdo/> more information is also available by contacting the club using the e-mail address usbkumdo@ic.sunysb.edu

On it is a brief synopsis of Kumdo, and the club's mission. The first meeting will be Sunday September 9th.

International Beach Cleanup

By Dustin Herlich

The weekend of September 14th and 15th was scheduled to be the time of the international beach cleanup. One would think that due to the events occurring before the cleanup, that most of the New York City sites would have cancelled the effort. Maybe so, but thankfully not at the beach where I went. This was a great day not only to help the environment, but also to get my mind off the tragedy that had just passed.

The international beach cleanup is exactly what the name implies. People all over the world, all at the same time clean up beaches. My little piece of beach was Beach 9th Street, in Far Rockaway. People came and were given clipboards as well as plastic bags, and were sent on a treasure hunt for everything from cigarette butts to beer bottles. Unfortunately, I could not be given any plastic bags, or clip boards. Why? Because I was part of a select few people who actually clean up UNDER water. I am a certified advanced diver, and Beach 9th Street is known to divers as "almost paradise" A privately owned little strip of beach reserved for divers, and a select few others in the community.

That day, we had to arrive early in order to make the correct dive. Currents run fast underwater there, and it can be rather dangerous to not dive during the exact moments of high and low tide- commonly referred to as "slack tide" Upon entering the water at 7:30 am, I was greeted by the usual marine life; Crabs, mussels, sponges, coral and a myriad of other marine creatures, including several tropical fish which come up with the gulf stream waters. Poking around, I was somewhat disappointed to find few bottles, discarded boots, etc. The day before was

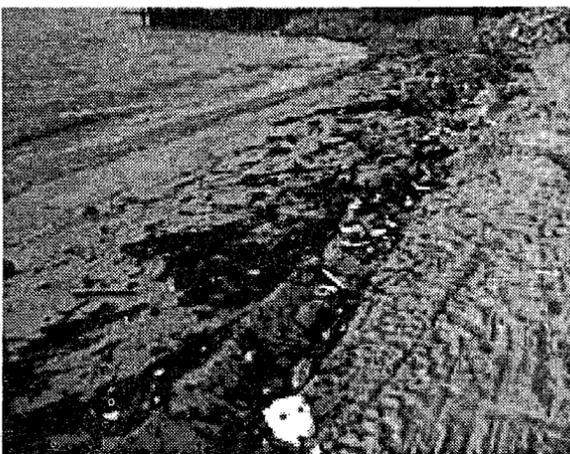
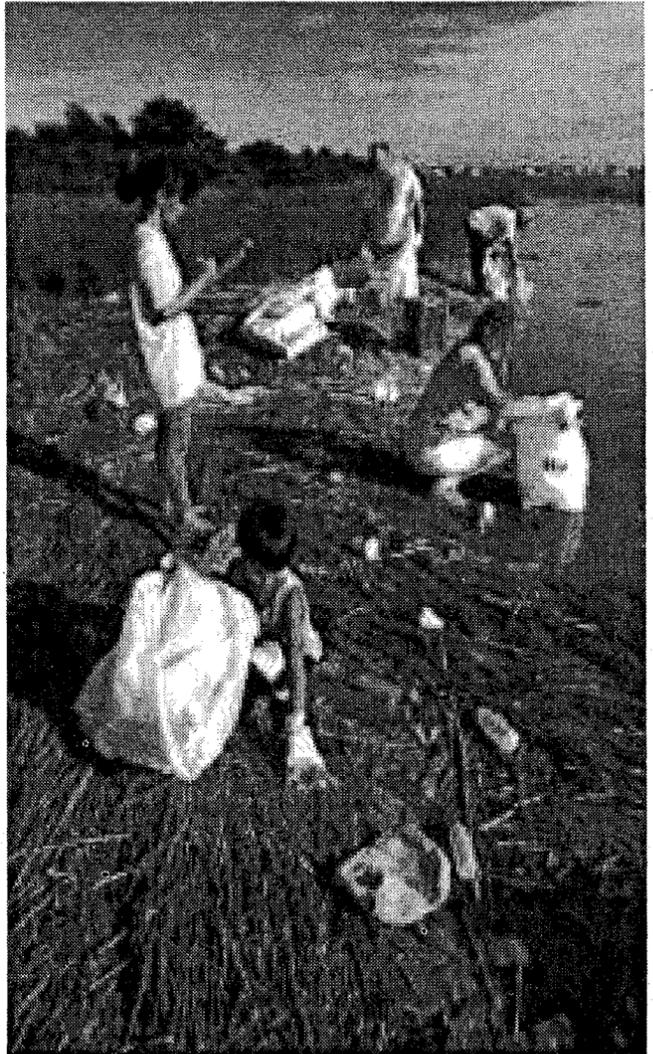
also a beach cleanup day, and my fellow divers had done an excellent job picking the beach clean. I was only able to find a few bottles, a piece of a fishing rod, and an old padlock. The larger items such as tires had already been removed. Upon surfacing, I was still thanked by the owner of Almost Paradise. He agreed that every little bit counts.

After peeling myself out of almost 100 pounds of gear, it was time to tally up my "catch" and record it on data sheets provided by the American littoral society, who sponsor the event. My items collected were recorded, a picture was taken with me holding them, and they were promptly placed in a dumpster. Hopefully this trash won't wind up being dumped back into the ocean. This beach cleanup provides a valuable service to beaches all across the world, and few beaches need it done as badly as those right here in New York.

In my seventy two minutes under water, I was able to see more life than one would think lives in the waters here. It makes you want to protect these creatures even more. From lobsters to fluke, they all live right under our noses, in the waters that we must learn to take better care of. People should learn to be more conscious of the things they throw away, and where they throw them. After your beach parties, do you bother throwing those bottles away in trash cans? Or do you assume they make nice houses for fish? Do you realize that cans don't even rust away in the ocean? Aluminum is largely unaffected by sea water. I've pulled up cans and bottles from as far back as 5 years ago. When you fish, and your line gets snagged and snaps off, do you know what happens to all that extra line and hooks? I've got a collection of about 20 pounds of lead from sinkers.

The beach cleanup is more than just a way for divers to log bottom time. It's a way for divers and non-divers alike to really do something about the place in which they live, and to feel good about what they did. And this weekend, it was a great way for people to find something to do other than grieve at the news. From where we were, you could not see any indication of what had happened, and it was just fine that way.

The beach cleanup is an annual event,



and it is held usually around the same time each year. For more information, you can hop onto the World Wide Web at: <http://www.scubaparadise.com/events> and <http://www.alsnyc.org/home.html>

If you take the time next year to participate, this really is an activity worth your while. It has let me meet people with a similar interest in the environment, and it shows just another way Americans can come together to work for the common good. Besides, I got free lunch that day, and that alone almost made it worth it.

I hope to see more people on beaches all over the area next year, and I hope that people will learn to pick up trash they see at all times, not just once a year. Clean beaches are something we take for granted in this nation. Let's start realizing what goes into keeping them clean, and let's all pitch in to make sure they stay clean

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The Greatest City in the World

By Robert Gilheaney

Florece Hickey liked to walk down Maple Avenue in Bethpage. She is a small friendly woman who always had a smile on her face. She was always nice to me when I was a small child. Our families were and continue to be friendly. The Hickey's had two sons and three daughters.

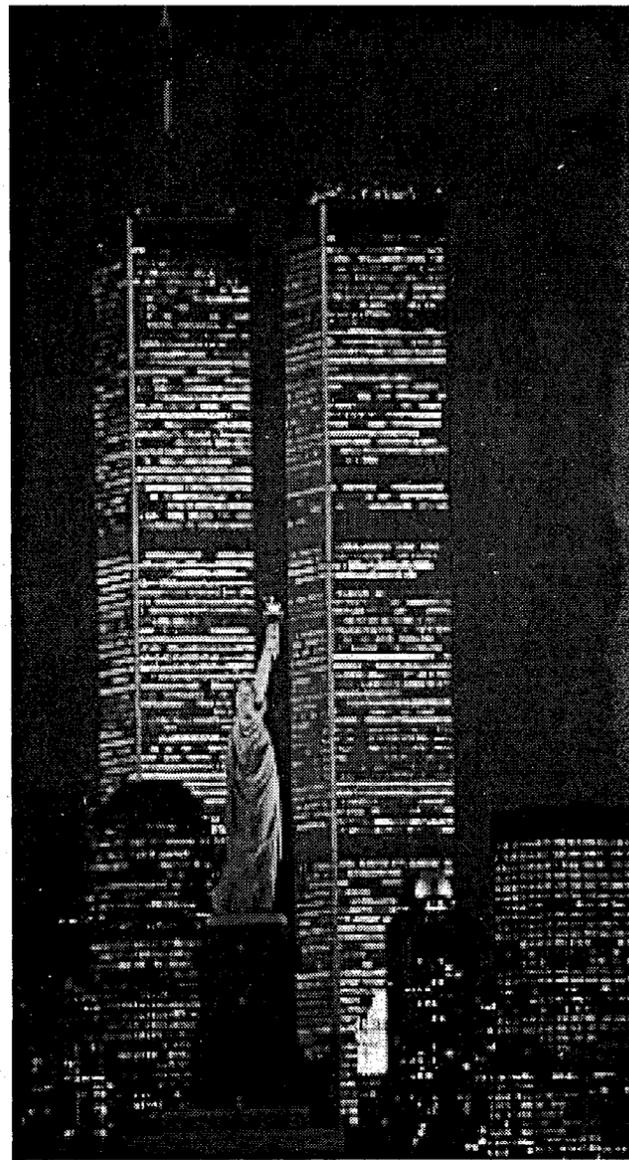
Brian Hickey was one of the Hickey sons. Brian was active in the Bethpage Volunteer Fire Department; he became the Chief of the

Department. The details of that are unimportant here. Brian Hickey was also part of a Queens Fire Department. He volunteers for overtime duty after the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center. Brian Hickey is missing. Over 200 fire firefighters have been missing since the attack. Plus over 5400 other people are listed as missing. No missing person has been found alive since the September 11 bombing. Mrs. Hickey's other son Ray was my age. Cancer took him a couple of years ago. The story of Brian Hickey and the Hickey family is just one story in over 5400 personal stories that can be told of this monstrous attack. Over 200 fire fighters rushed into the WTC to rescue people. Thousands of people died because they showed up for work on time.

New York City was attacked. Everything has changed since September 11th. Everyone knows someone or knows of someone who has been killed, or missing. The Missing are presumed dead.

St. Vincent's hospital staff were distressed that they haven't had the casualties come to them in the numbers they anticipated. A small number of people survive long enough to make it to the hospital.

New Yorkers have shown the world what it is to be a New Yorker. We are collectively digging out. Volunteers have shown up at "Ground Zero" to the point that people are being turned away. Mayor Guiliani, Police Commissioner Bernard Karik, and Fire Commissioner Thomas Von Essen all should be commended for the heroic job they did in the aftermath of this tragedy. Tons of supplies were delivered by the Red



Cross. These supplies were donated by people who were moved to help. The move by New Yorkers to dig out, look for survivors, and give blood was fast and somber. I was never more proud to be a New Yorker than now. New York City is the Greatest City in the world, with the best people in the world.

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From Fan Boy to Art Snob: Part 2

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

Last issue I bored you with a lengthy biography of my comic appreciation. Let us agree that neither you nor I wish to delve further into the details of my geekish livelihood.

I suggest that, perhaps, the comic book is a form of art. That it is not a style of literature or illustration (though it doubtlessly includes aspects of these forms) nor is it merely a hybrid of the two. Instead, the comic format is a medium that, while possessing attributes of other artistic mediums, generates interactions between the Work and the Audience that do not come naturally to other mediums. It is these interactions, being natural to the comic format that allow the comic format to become a distinct artistic medium.

One can think of this much in the way that Film is different from Theatre, Photography and Literature even though it possess many attributes of those artistic forms.

The foundation of this claim is as follows. We read a comic in a way that is distinctly different from any other type of reading (media consumption). While we do follow a culturally ingrained pattern when we read (right to left, top to bottom hereafter referred to as English Standard) this is not the essence of "read" that I am getting at. Although immediately we can see that many a comic will eschew this reading pattern by altering the layout. In

a traditional text the linear relations between components (i.e. word order in sentences and overall layout of the page) follows the English Standard pattern. Our knowledge of this pattern and its rules (grammar, spelling, punctuation, etc.) allow us to decode meaning from the otherwise arbitrary signs on the page.

I think I have gotten a bit into the deep end. Lemme break it down, simple-style.

A comic is a story told in static words and static images. It's not animated or spoken. These words and images are a) paired with each other (or stand-alone) to form distinct instants (single frames, moments) b) these moments are juxtaposed with other moments in order to create a sequence.

Although this will later prove to be a poor analogy, imagine it like this. A moment in a comic is a compound word like Bathroom (Bath + Room) except instead of being a combination of two words it is a combination of a piece of text (a letter, word, sentence, etc.) and an image. These combine to form a moment: the smallest relevant unit in the comic sequence. Now much like a sentence puts words in sequence to get greater meaning (as does the paragraph put sentences, the story: paragraphs) the Comic puts these moments in sequence to achieve the same effect.

This is where the paths diverge though. Barring visual, or layout, oriented poetry, writing strictly adheres to a specific pattern (for most of us the English Standard) that allows us to discern meaning from it. When writing ignores this pattern, we become confused. Much like the word search puzzles in the newspaper. Meaning is so closely tied in to the pattern we use to decode the signs of text that even slight alterations in this pattern can disrupt the process of determining meaning.

A Comic is not so stringently bound to this pattern. While it often employs this pattern (specifically in a single moments text-segments) it can ignore it completely and still retain an axis of mean-

ing. We can determine the sequence of comic moments both through layout patterns and visual similarity of these moments. Like if we see two panels that look similar we can safely assume that they are related and in some sort of sequence. While this may not hold true in every occasion, it is a possibility that allows for the malleability of the comic sequence.

The other divergence from text that the comic format makes is in the multiple axis of meaning. In text, we decode meaning along two axis. First we understand the meaning of the single word by its difference from other possible words that could have taken its place; we can call this the diachronic meaning. Secondly we understand an additional meaning (the synchronic meaning) of this word by its context in the sequence (the adjectives that act upon it and modify its meaning, its place as subject or predicate, etc.). Quite simply the Comic uses a similar axis only it is applied to more components. Here the meaning (diachronic) is more than the simple contrast between which word/image is being employed among all possible words/image, it is also a contrast of the employed image/word and the corresponding word/image or lack thereof. So the multitude of components upon which the pattern is used actually changes the pattern itself.

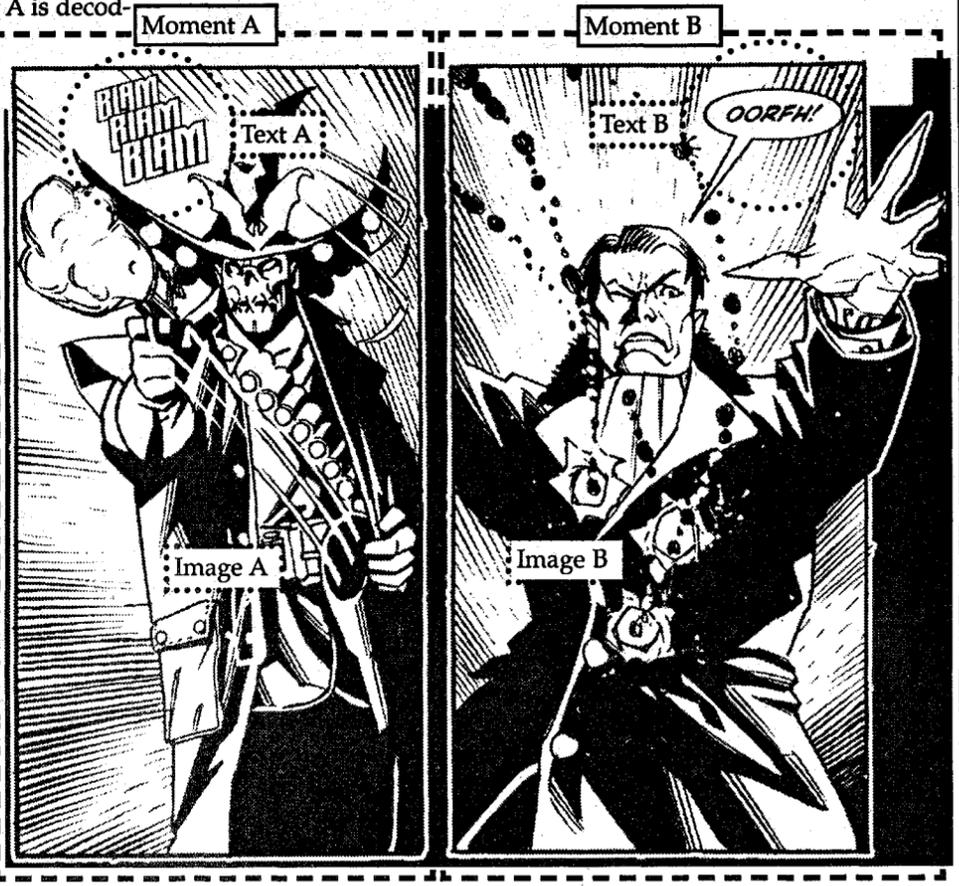
While a comic may often follow a similar to

They are various signs being employed by the below comic. And while it is telling a simple action (the gunfighter shoots the vampire guy) it is doing so in an elegant but complex way that would take many sentences of text to describe.

We discern meaning from the many components involved in the sequence as well as from their combinations. Text A is decoded to be an onomonopoeitic sound of a gun. Image A is decoded as an undead gun fighter (it's a bit of a stretch i know). Moment A is decoded as the experience of an

undead gunfighter firing a gun. The primary meaning we search for is that found in the relation between Moment A and Moment B. We can from this search seek justification for notions of causality and spatial relation of actions and objects. We can also add further linear sequence between texts and images and further decode meaning.

In a sense we can say that "Blm Blam Blam" is in dialogue with the "oorfh!" and that Image A (the gunfighter) is in dialogue with Image B (the wounded vampire). In addition we need to remember that Moment A is in dialogue with Moment B resulting in an illusion of linear causality and change



English Standard pattern in order to create the sense of narrative linearity, we do not decode meaning from this sequence in the same way as we do in reading. First, we must remember that a comic is not simply words telling a story. It is also not a novel with accompanying pictures. It is a complex juxtaposition of images with text, text with text and images with images employed to convey a story (or whatever). This multi-stable nature allows for the decoding of meaning along multiple axis (rather than the strict linearity of text only). In a single sequence of two images (with corresponding text), we can have multiple meanings. We can decode from this simple

sequence

1. The diachronic (instant, stable, with out sequence) meaning of the Text A (or B)
2. The diachronic meaning of the Image A (or B)
3. The diachronic meaning of Moment A which is the combination of Text A (or B) with Image A (or B respectively)
4. The synchronic (over time, in sequence, changed) meaning of Text A and Text B
5. The synchronic meaning of Image A and Image B
6. The synchronic meaning of Moment A with Moment B

One could also make a case that additional meaning is found in the interplay of Text A with Image B or any combination of these components. Perhaps that is a bit of a stretch.

First lets address the primary complaint that I have heard concerning this formalization.

What happens when you have a moment in a comic that doesn't contain both text and image. For example panels with only text or with "silent" images. Where do we get that added level of diachronic meaning that we talked about above.

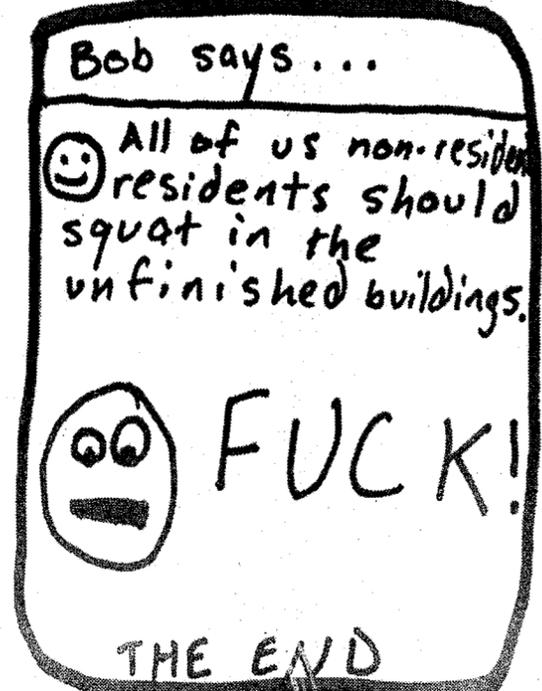
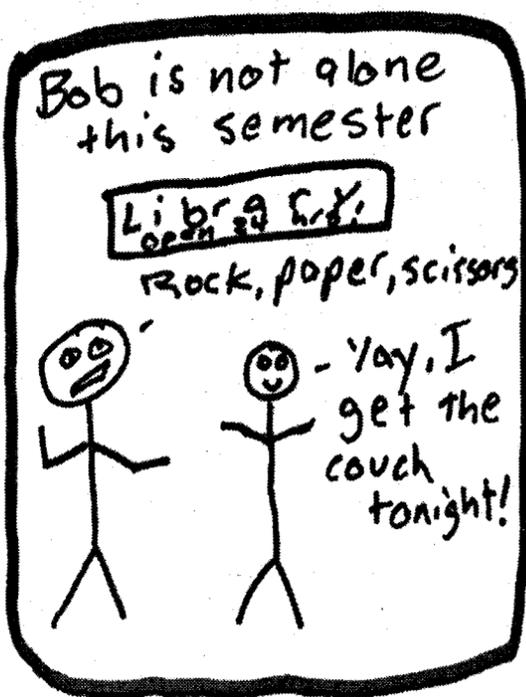
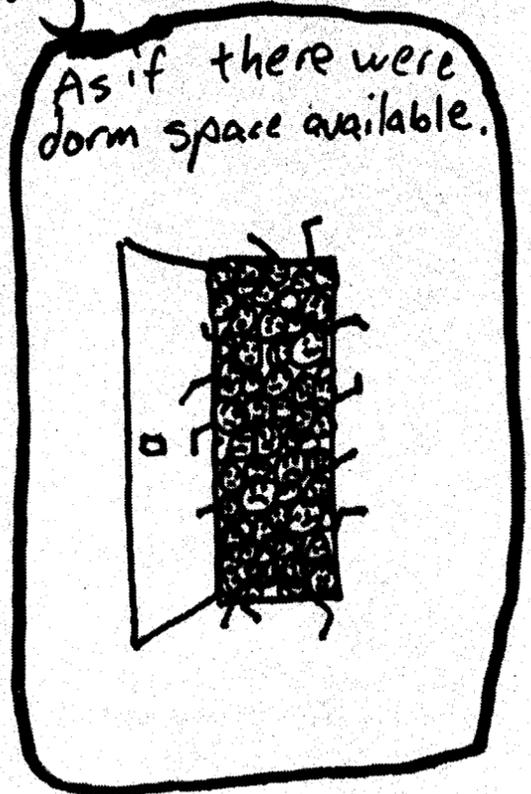
Well my initial response, and the one which may not seem intuitive, is that the added level of contrast is still present. In the case of a pure text or image moment in a comic we still diachronically

contrast that component against all possibilities of substitution and against the companion component. In that case we are comparing the component to the absence of a component (which can be seen as one of the possibilities of iteration of any component). While this comparison may bring no added meaning it is still one that is made by virtue of the comic form.

If it still doesn't jive so well reserve your objections until my next installment which will consist of my attempt to place the image in a comic as equivalent and interchangeable with the word.

by Jamie Mignone

Bob is Cool



Banned Music (continued from pg. 9)

ct.. Saliva, "Click Click Boom"
cu.. Santana, "Evil Ways"
cv.. Savage Garden, "Crash and Burn"
cw.. Simon & Garfunkel, "Bridge Over Troubled Water"
cx.. Frank Sinatra, "New York, New York"
cy.. Slipknot, "Left Behind," "Wait and Bleed"
cz.. Smashing Pumpkins, "Bullet with Butterfly Wings"
da.. Soundgarden, "Blow Up the Outside World," "Fell on Black Days," "Black Hole Sun"
db.. Bruce Springsteen, "I'm on Fire," "Goin' Down," "War"
dc.. Edwin Starr, "War"
dd.. Steam, "Na Na Na Na Hey Hey"
de.. Cat Stevens, "Peace Train," "Morning Has Broken"
df.. Stone Temple Pilots, "Big Bang Baby," "Dead and Bloated"
dg.. Sugar Ray, "Fly"
dh.. Surfari, "Wipeout"
di.. System of a Down, "Chop Suey!"
dj.. Talking Heads, "Burning Down the House"
dk.. James Taylor, "Fire and Rain"
dl.. Temple of the Dog, "Say Hello to Heaven"
dm.. Third Eye Blind, "Jumper"
dn.. Three Degrees, "When Will I See You Again"

do.. 3 Doors Down, "Duck and Run"
dp.. 311, "Down"
dq.. Tool, "Intolerance"
dr.. Tramps, "Disco Inferno"
ds.. U2, "Sunday Bloody Sunday"
dt.. Van Halen, "Jump," "Dancing in the Streets"
du.. J. Frank Wilson, "Last Kiss"
dv.. Yager & Evans, "In the Year 2525"
dw.. Youngbloods, "Get Together"
dx.. The Zombies, "She's Not There"

Comments from someone beyond the grave:

Until the philosophy
which hold one race superior
and another inferior
is finally and permanently discredited and
abandoned
everywhere is war...
it's a war..
that until there're no longer first class and
second class
citizens of any nation.
until the color of a man's skin,
is of no more significance than the color of
his eyes...
it's a war..
that until the basic human rights...
are equally guaranteed to all, without regard
to race
it's a war...

that until that day,
the dream of lasting peace world citizenship,
the rule of international morality
will remaining but a fleeting illusion, to be
pursued
but never attained...
now everywhere is war...
and until the ignoble
and unhappy regime that hold our broth-
ers in Chiapas
and Palestine, Congo
sub-human bondage
have been totaled, utterly destroyed....
well everywhere is war...
war in the east...
war in the west...
war up north...
war down south...
war...
rumors of a war...
and until that day
the African continent
will not know peace
we Africans will fight
we find it necessary
and we know we shall win
as we are confident
in the victory,
of good over evil....
-War-
Bob Marley

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The Thrilled and The Fucked

By Adam Kearney

-Stony Brook University, September 11th. In synchrony with the World Trade Center disaster, approximately 150 students and faculty were evacuated out of the Union building because of a concern that a bomb may have been planted outside of the front entrance. An unidentified pedestrian had passed by the entrance of the Union multiple times that morning and grew concerned by the suspicious and prolonged presence of unclaimed luggage that displayed foreign airline tickets. They had been abandoned near the bus-stop. His perception of danger obviously heightened by the attack of mere minutes before, he quickly dialed the Stony Brook Police Department and reported his suspicions.

"We're doing something right," said Deputy Chief Doug Little of the SBPD. His department responded immediately and made sure that there was no one in the building that could be injured by a potential explosion. The area surrounding the luggage was closed away and onlookers were pushed back as far as possible. Chief Little also stated that "We have a procedure for how to handle situations of this nature," and that part of that procedure was to "...try to get them to disperse completely." The officers, after scanning the packages and positively identifying the presence of metal, decided to call in the Bomb Squad of the Suffolk County Police Department. The Squad brought in specially trained dogs to sniff out the presence of explosive chemicals. Nothing that may have indicated that the packages contained explosives was detected.

The valise and the bags that accompanied it were reported to contain clothing, com-

pact disks, and an audio recorder. Doug Little wanted to make it very clear that this incident "Was not a bomb threat" and "We are glad we received a call of that nature from a concerned member of the community." The scare only lasted for a little over an hour.

One student commented "I was sitting on the couch watching the second tower collapse on television when a cop came into the room and said there was a bomb in the building and we had to go outside. I wondered what idiot would bomb Stony Brook? So we went out and saw there were some packages underneath the Bridge with international stamps on them. The bomb squad showed up a couple of minutes later and discovered they were filled with clothing."

This behavior is typical of paranoia and Americans have good reason to be paranoid, thus we can expect more of these types of situations to occur. In order to avoid the notion that there are heavily armed and suicidal religious freaks in a close proximity to you who want nothing more from their lives than to end yours, I have devised some methods by which you can assure yourself safety from these people and their jihad of death. First make sure you understand the implications of the fact that any object you observe may have been tampered with by those who are trying to kill you. When walking to class, be sure to avoid anyone you do not immediately recognize, especially those who come running in your direction with oddly arranged cylinders strapped to their bodies.

It is also in your best interest to stay away from all sewage drains and mailboxes, for

they could have hidden anything in there. If you feel that you are in danger, immediately remove yourself from the sidewalk, seat yourself with your head pointed downwards between your knees, and passionately recite "God Bless America" until help arrives. In this state nothing can go wrong.

When driving, make it your business to avoid major metropolitan areas, bridges, tunnels, interstate highways, and any building with the word "federal" in it. If you become convinced that the car tailgating you is being driven by a bloodthirsty terrorist be sure not to call for help on your cell phone. Pull over to the shoulder of the road as quickly and calmly as possible, adjust your radio to a local jazz station, and try your best to rationalize to yourself that an international terrorist organization is not trying to murder you personally.

When at work, do not entertain suspicions of your boss secretly plotting the downfall of the free world. He is a potential victim of these unknown evildoers just like the rest of us. If all else fails and you become completely convinced that you are the sole target of an upcoming attack that may occur at any minute, then I really don't know what to suggest except to stay at home and stop watching the news..

The bomb scare, however, was a necessary preventative measure in light of the national tragedy. To plant disguised explosive devices at universities across the country would have been extremely effective at keeping our nation in fear. Fortunately for us, this was only a false alarm, but it is a good idea to keep in mind that we are not completely safe; it keeps us alert.

Free Speech is endangered

By Rob Gilheaney

Free Speech is endangered. Hideous attacks on the world trade center have put our civil liberties on the hit list. In the aftermath of the tragedy, policies are being put in place that will erode our freedoms. The moves are made to protect us. We all feel more vulnerable because of what happened on September 11.

The FBI and the CIA are being given powers to spy on and investigate suspicious people as a response to what happened. There were real good reasons for the public to want to "untie the hands" of law enforcement. Keep in mind that history tells us this kind of unchecked power by the power elite will lead to abuses. In the past, the CIA has worked to undermine democracies in Iran, Guatemala, Brazil, Argentina, and Chile to name a few places. In those horrendous campaigns thousands of people got killed. In Chile, the elected President, Salvador Allende, was overthrown by the CIA. Allende was murdered along with thousands in the Santiago stadiums. Popular political folk singer Victor Jara had his tongue cut out. For the next 18 years a vicious fascist dictator, Pinochet, and his brutal military ruled Chile.

On the home front, the FBI harassed and disrupted legitimate activists and their organizations. This was done in spite of the fact that all they were doing was exercising their basic right of free speech and political association.

Martin Luther King was a target of J. Edgar Hoover's FBI. They wire-taped him, tried to compromise his marriage, and spread innuendo and rumor about him for the purpose of discrediting him and to neutralize him as a political leader.

They even tried to promote an alternative leader for Black America to counter King. David Garrows excellent book, "The FBI and Martin Luther King," should be required reading. Martin Luther King was just one victim of the abuse. The FBI's was running a counter intelligence program against any American Activist who was exercising their rights. The FBI called this program COINTELPRO. Other targets of COINTELPRO were the Black Panthers, the YIPPY's, the Poor people campaign SDS and the Anti-Vietnam war movement. There is plenty of documentation of this. The CIA had a program similar to COINTELPRO called Operation CAOS. Senator Frank Church headed the congressional hearing on rights violations, the Church Committee findings

Abuses like this are going to happen if we rush to the understandable reaction to make these changes. Keep in mind they WILL abuse these new powers. It's just a matter of time.

When the country is getting pumped up for war, calls for censorship get way out of control. Bill Mahr, host of Politically Incorrect has come under fire. Bill Mahr has strong opinions, and comes across as someone who shoots from the hip. He made an off the cuff remark that it was cowardly to 'lob' missiles at Bin Laden's terrorist training sites after the bombings of the U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. Some people were rather pissed at that. Bill Mahr later explained himself to clarify what he ment. There have been calls to pull Politically Incorrect off the air. Disney, who owns ABC, has been threatening to censor Bill Mahr. That would be outrageous. Bill Mahr said lots of things that we don't agree with and lots

that we do agree with. We feel that Politically Incorrect is an invaluable political talk show. It has the best range of opinions of any political talk show on the networks by far

The need to get and protect free speech and alternative sources of information is important now more then ever. We don't want a return to the situation of the Gulf War where Journalists were forced into reporting out of Pools where they got fed information and the Press operated as a propaganda mill. During the Gulf war, WBAI FM was an invaluable source of information. Uncensored, the essence of free speech, and an open exchange of information, WBAI Radio is part of a relatively small national network of stations called the Pacifica network. For the past two years there has been a coup d'etat at the station; long time programmers and valuable journalists have been purged from the station. The Pacifica Network was started 50 years go by pacifists and labor organizers. It is in the process of being stolen by corporate vultures and the right wing of the Democratic Party.

The Pacifica Campaign is organized to take back the network. The campaign is headed by Juan Gonzalez, who resigned on the air from his program "Democracy Now", over the Shenanigans of the Management. To find out more about the battle to save WBAI, go to the Unitarian Fellowship on Nicolls Rd, Saturday October 13 at 1pm

The battle for free speech and civil liberties takes many forms and the struggle is always a good fight. When the nation wants to go to war and nationalism is being whipped up. The battle is just that much harder. But more imperative..

How D.A.R.E. You

By David Knuffke

Like most terminal potheads, I am not easily roused to action. However, I simply cannot sit idly by while lies are being preached on the walls and billboards of our beloved campus.

I refer to the signs that I have seen posted around campus that inform students that illicit drug use causes terrorism. "Drug users support terrorism in America," they scream in 36 point type. These signs, using information from the DARE organization, and a quote not attributed to anyone, tell the reader that the main sources of funding for terrorist organizations are the sale of illegal drugs, and therefore every illicit drug user is funding terrorism. "As a nation, we must recognize that those who buy and consume illicit drugs are ultimately supporting acts of terrorism." As freethinking individuals, we must recognize that this logic is wrong.

I take no stand against the point of view that these organizations probably do make a large amount of money from the trafficking of heroin, a large percentage of which does come from the mountains of Afghanistan. However, these posters do not say "heroin users sponsor terrorism," rather they damn the whole youth culture that sees fit to indulge in whatever substances they wish, be they LSD, MDMA, or the dreaded marijuana.

Lets examine the inherent fallacies of this argument. I'll start with my old friend Mary Jane (mainly because that is the only "drug" pictured on the flyer). Here's a quick quiz. Q: Where does the majority of marijuana consumed by Americans come from? A: America. That's right folks, all of that pretty, hydroponically grown herb that we all smoke is grown by Americans, be they college students or Kentucky farmers. The idea that Hamas or Al-Quaideh has the time and resources to grow and import pot for us to smoke is beyond

ridiculous. Certainly, any organization so concerned with secrecy has less conspicuous options for fund raising.

What really gets me though, is the fact that these signs use information gathered by the DARE organization itself. "According to DARE America Worldwide, international terrorism is fueled by money made by the sale of illegal schedule I drugs." Call me crazy, but if I'm going for accuracy in my reporting, I'm not going to use "facts" accumulated by such a biased institution. Even a creationist seems justified when quoting the bible. Here's a fact; the DARE organization has never been shown to make a statistical difference in an individual's decision to consume or not consume illegal drugs, yet it still suckles millions of dollars yearly from public funds. A study commissioned by the Department of Justice, and executed by the Research Triangle Institute in North Carolina concluded that:

"The D.A.R.E. program's limited effect on adolescent drug use contrasts with the program's popularity and prevalence. An important implication is that D.A.R.E. could be taking the place of other, more beneficial drug education programs that kids could be receiving."

Why such a useless organization still exists is beyond me. Oh, that's right, its the classroom frontline of America's war on drugs.

Let's face it; the war on drugs is a fallacy. It is the new civil war, except instead of the north against the south, it has become the wealthy against the poor. As a nation, we must recognize that those who buy and consume illicit drugs are only hurting themselves, while those who regularly consume alcohol and tobacco are killing themselves, their families and their fellow Americans.

TOP TEN

Top Ten Lists Related to the

WTC Attack Deemed

Inappropriate by the Editors

of the Stony Brook Press

10 Top Ten Things Found Under the World Trade Center

9 Top Ten Things *Less* Funny Than the WTC Attack

8 Top Ten Reasons America Deserved it

7 Top Ten Humorous Things Said on the Recovered Black Boxes

6 Top Ten Things the Red Cross is *Really* Doing With Your Donations

5 Top Ten Ways to Put Body Parts Together in Hilarious Ways

4 Top Ten Ways to Smuggle Weapons Past Airport Security

3 Top Ten Reasons to Make War not Love

2 Top ten Pick -up Lines Used by Single WTC Disaster Clean-up Crew Members

1 Top Ten drinking Games to Play with WTC News Footage

DRUG USERS SUPPORT TERRORISM IN AMERICA

According to D.A.R.E. America Worldwide, International Terrorism is fueled by money made by the sale of ILLEGAL Schedule I Drugs in The United States and other countries.



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By Willy Gommel

"De profundis clamabi ad te, Domine! Dona nobis pacem ..."

Thus reads a snippet from the Roman Catholic liturgy from which I borrowed my title. At this time in American history, it seems more than usually appropriate.

Approximately 292 hours and 50 minutes ago, life on Planet Earth changed. Now, the presence of change is itself the only thing that will never change, but this change was rather drastic and far more than usually sudden, thanks to the playthings of the high-tech Information Age. It was remarkably costly in a good many different ways ... and the appalling monetary loss was probably the least of these. It was rude. It was crude. And it was extremely effective, notwithstanding that it was only 75% successful.

And what was that effect? At present, there is no clear or definite ... let alone final ... answer to that. Two hundred ninety-three hours is not enough time for anything more than short-term effects of such mayhem to manifest. About the long term, all we can say at present is that far more profound change shall surely ensue ... abundantly if not profusely.

Officially, the United States of America has declared war on the rest of the world. But it is not war as we have known war in the past. This is not war upon a nation, but upon a human attitude ... a philosophical viewpoint that is specifically designed to affect human beings and our life experience. Is it religious? Indeed ... at least many times. Yet that is not the point, because the religion cited does not condone the action done in its name. Therefore, it is a question of non-academic philosophy.

Unofficially, one faction in the nation has declared war on another part, which has declared peace on the rest of the world. Examples work best here: anyone recognizably Muslim or Arab has been at risk of the modern equivalent of lynch mobs ... no matter that they were at least as appalled over what was done in the name of their religion as those who call themselves Christians. Perhaps the Christians forget the horrors committed in their own name seven or eight centuries ago by those of equally extremist

viewpoints ... against the Muslims! At that time, I suspect, lack of our technical trinkets saved us from retaliatory devastation.

Nor must we forget that there are "heartland" reactions as well. As a nation, we feel challenged to determine how we wish to respond to all of this. Naturally, the diversity of people composing the nation has given us a predictable diversity of expressions. Some felt troubled; a good many lost family members or dear friends in the maelstrom ... persons having qualities that make most of us wonder "Why? Why him? Why her?" Ladies stormed, men cried. Memories were brought up ... Vietnam, Pearl Harbor, FDR's "day that shall live in infamy," Oklahoma City, on and on ... offered as parallels, as metaphors of the Incomprehensible. Almost no one has been exempt: teenagers, retirees, rich, poor, black, white, and everyone in between has been affected, emotionally and to varying extents practically as well. The stuff of blockbuster movies was upon us; but this time, it wasn't entertainment. This time, someone really did drive airliners carrying some two-hundred-odd human beings into the sides of massive buildings. America was shocked. Looking over her shoulder (what was left of it), so was the world.

But there has been a brighter side, too. Those who, like me, use e-mail would certainly bear out my observation that this reflector of human cultures has exposed a rallying together in spirit. Oddly yet fittingly enough, the first intimation of this was the collection of electronic marvels by which we were so quickly informed: the media went into maximum overdrive, giving us splendid coverage from many points of view 24/7 ... 24

hours a day for about a week. The heavy emphasis on personal reactions served very much to tie the nation together just when one might think it most likely to go the other way. At least in my experience, there was less intrusion on victims' privacy, and more expression of thoughtful, benevolent perspectives. What emerged was that most people cared. Albeit they had less idea of what to do about any particular thing in the news, they were keeping

informed and, at the very least, wishing their circle, their state, and their nation well in time of trouble. Consider these samples from my e-mail basket:

The events of this day cause every thinking person to stop their daily lives and to ponder deeply the larger questions of life. We search for not, only the meaning of life, but the purpose of our individual and collective experience as we have created it- and we look earnestly for ways in which we might recreate ourselves anew as a human species, so that we will never treat each other this way again.

Our opportunity now is to demonstrate at the highest level our most extraordinary thought about who we really are.

A central teaching of Conversations with God is: What you wish to experience, provide for another.

Look to see, now, what it is you wish to experience in your own life and in the world. Then see if there is another for whom you may be the source of that.

If you wish to experience peace, provide peace for another.

If you wish to know that you are safe, cause another to know that they are safe.

If you wish to better understand seemingly incomprehensible things, help another to better understand.

If you wish to heal your own sadness or anger, seek to heal the sadness or anger of another.

Those others are waiting for you now. They are looking to you for guidance, for help, for courage, for strength, for understanding, and for assurance at this hour. Most of all, they are looking to you for love.

This is the moment of your ministry. This is the time of teaching. What you teach at this time, through your every word and action right now, will remain as indelible lessons in the hearts and minds of those whose lives you touch, both now, and for years to come.

We will set the course for tomorrow, today. At this hour. In this moment.

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