

THE STONY  
BROOK

**PRESS**

Vol. XXIII, Issue **11** "Have We Learned Nothing From The Teachings Of Michael Crichton?" April 1, 2002

DINOSAURS WITH PEANUTS FOR TEETH



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# United We Don't Stand: The Need for Dissent in Bush's "War Year"

By Walter Moss

2002 is the "war year" according to Bush II. But, just what does this war year mean? Well, for the American people, it means an increased assault on our basic civil liberties. We can expect to see more and more cases where the Patriot Act is used to suppress free speech and invade citizen's privacy. It means the undermining of our already inadequate social programs to pump more money into the festering maw of the military industrial complex. It means a stepping up of the media propaganda campaign, which assaults us every single day. We'll have more movies, like the recent "film" *Black Hawk Down*, that are directly sponsored, and partly written, by the Pentagon. Essentially anything that opposes Bush's ability to make war and stands in the way of his desire to transfer enormous public wealth to private military contractors shall come under attack in the war year.

For the rest of the world, Bush's year of war spells out massive suffering. This year will see more innocents die needlessly. The U.S. government and its client states will step up their assault on humanity. We can expect a strategically important third world country to be chosen at random to be designated the new terrorist state. Soon we will hear about this country's past atrocities, as justification for their entry into the new axis of evil. The media will bring out their fossilized military analysts to figure out the plan of attack. Soon after this, brave, freedom-loving pilots will drop thousands of tons of bombs from 20,000 ft above the Earth. These attacks to defend our freedom will have the unfortunate consequence of murdering many thousands of innocent civilians. But don't feel bad, because you see, much as the people murdered by Bin Laden were considered collateral damage by that monster, our own monsters will hold press briefings to give us the old "war is hell" speech. Meanwhile our clients will have free reign to suppress their countries democracy move-

ments, harass their minorities, and squash revolts in their occupied territories, all in the name of this bogus war on terror.

All of this taken together makes the war year look pretty horrific. However, there are steps that can be taken to avert these tragedies. Despite the enormous pressure to conform and stand united with our country's illegitimate leader, Americans are dissenting. Last month a large group of relatives of 9-11 victims traveled to Afghanistan to survey the devastation and meet with families of people killed by Bush's terrorism. The purpose of this trip was to reinforce the idea that every human life is equally valuable, whether that life is American or Afghan. Hundreds of peace rallies have been held across the country, we had our Stony Brook rally a few months ago. There have been countless teach-ins; great dissenters like Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn have been working the lecture circuit like mad.

Another positive point is that people are finally getting fed up with the corporate media's cookie cutter, government approved, semi-propaganda bullshit coverage of the news. They are waking up to the fact, that instead of being used by the media, as a source of advertising revenue, they can use the media. They can use the media as a source of knowledge and a place where there is an actual intelligent debate. Independent media are growing in popularity. There are places like Z-net on the web, or *The*

*Nation* magazine. For radio news there is WBAI 99.5 FM. and on campus we are lucky to have a resource like *The Press*. The more homogenized and ridiculously jingoistic the corporate media become, the sicker people get with the sorry state of American intellectual life, the more popular will the independents become, and that, friends, is very exciting.

The dissent, to the infinite, unbounded and terrorist, "war on terror" is growing. The mental lethargy and psychological conditioning which every person who has ever watched TV or read a newspaper must feel, is being worn away. It is being worn away by the blatantly inhuman and undemocratic actions taken by the fools who run our country. It is our duty, those who see through the lies and bullshit put forth by those in power, to take a stand and oppose the destructive policies that are being followed by this regime. We must add fuel to the growing dissident movement in America by doing whatever we know best. For some, this will mean organizing rallies. Others will want to write about how they feel, or to speak in public, or to create a work of art, or some will just have the courage to put a sticker on their car.

Any action taken, no matter the size, will be a bold one in this climate of fear and repression. I think now is the time for our generation to make its mark on America. I don't want history to look back on Generation Y, Z, X... whatever the fuck they call us, and say these were the complacent shits who let the world go to hell.



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By Adam Kearney

Genetic engineering has the potential to revolutionize life as we know it in a positive direction, but only as long as it is used responsibly and with the people of the world's knowledge and consent. Over the last ten years, untested genetically manipulated food has been grown, processed and fed to millions of Americans. The consequences of this new technology are still unknown, but one thing is certain: we have the right to know if what we're eating might be dangerous.

In much of the developed world, foods that contain genetically engineered ingredients are segregated and labeled, allowing consumers to decide for themselves whether they wish to take the risk of digesting something nature never intended. The governments of these democratic nations obviously regard public safety as more important than the business interests of a handful of multinational corporations. It is these gigantic companies that own the rights to the new seeds and fear that no one will buy their products if it is known what is inside them.

The U.S. government doesn't require any additional testing for GE (genetically engineered) food because of a bunk legal term called "substantial equivalence." This means that if a new GE corn is "close enough" to the old version, then it is dismissed from any additional tests, which might determine if it provokes an allergic reaction or causes a resistance to antibiotics. Instead, the product has been tested by much of the human population, and quite scientifically, for none of the subjects knew they were participating in an experiment. It is this criminal secrecy that environmental advocates across the globe are fighting against.

In 1998, under pressure from assorted consumer agencies, the European Union (EU) introduced labeling laws for all raw products that have been genetically engineered. This did not include processed forms of the GE foods, and it was argued that the altered DNA would not be present. However, in 2000, the EU decided to require labeling of all processed food and additives that were derived from GE foods. The UN agency responsible for food policy, the Codex Alimentarius, has not followed suit.

The international rejection of mandatory labeling can be seen from different perspectives. One is that giving consumers the opportunity to boycott these foods will mean lost returns for a lot of biotech business. By making things easier for the producers, it is hoped that the technology will develop even quicker and eventually even end world hunger. This is the view that the industry is pushing through extensive media campaigns designed to alleviate any consumer concerns for their products. They project the vision that GE food is the only way to feed the growing population of the world in the 21st century. They fail to mention the fact that more than enough food is already produced to feed everyone in the world, and that one in seven people still suffer extreme hunger; starvation is not due to a lack of food, but to politics. They also fail to mention that the way most people on the planet are fed is through subsistence farming, which

can hardly benefit from the expensive seeds being developed for industrialized, "factory farms," in the West. These business leaders say that GE foods will be larger and healthier and cost less to make, and yet crop yields have not significantly risen and not one single engineered plant is more nutritious than its predecessor. Most of the GE plants are ground down and used as livestock feed which is intended for consumption by industrialized nations. The biotech industries aren't interested at all in feeding hungry children in developing nations; they want to create pesticide resistant crops so that they can sell more pesticides.

Potentially groundbreaking technology has been subjugated to bring quick profits with no regard for its actual usefulness to people. The danger of receiving an allergic reaction from a genetically modified food is due to the way in which the genetic material is transferred from one organism to another. If someone is allergic to a peanut, for example, and part of the

genetic structure of that peanut is transferred into a tomato, someone may find themselves suddenly allergic to tomatoes. They would then wonder why, having not been informed

that the tomato was genetically modified.

Although no cases have been documented, this reaction might prove to be fatal.

As increasing amounts of different foods are getting new genes from all over the food chain, the possibility of an allergic emergency increases. Twenty-five percent of people in the US show allergic reactions to one or more foods and the most

commonly engineered foods are soybeans, corn, cotton, canola, and tomatoes. It is estimated that in the next ten years, ninety percent of plant-derived food will be genetically engineered. This will give the multinational corporations, namely Monsanto and DuPont, more power than they deserve. Monsanto is the leading corporation in the GE industry, but it is primarily a chemical company and is responsible for the developments of NutraSweet and Agent Orange. These two products and their well-known health risks are just the first examples of the devious moral system employed by the company. It first developed a herbicide known as Roundup Ready, which was so powerful that it would kill the soybean crop along with the weeds if they were to come into contact. Next the Roundup Ready Soybeans are engineered to resist the Roundup Ready herbicide they had already developed, apparently a genetic innovation to solve a problem they had created on purpose so that it would ultimately boost their sales.

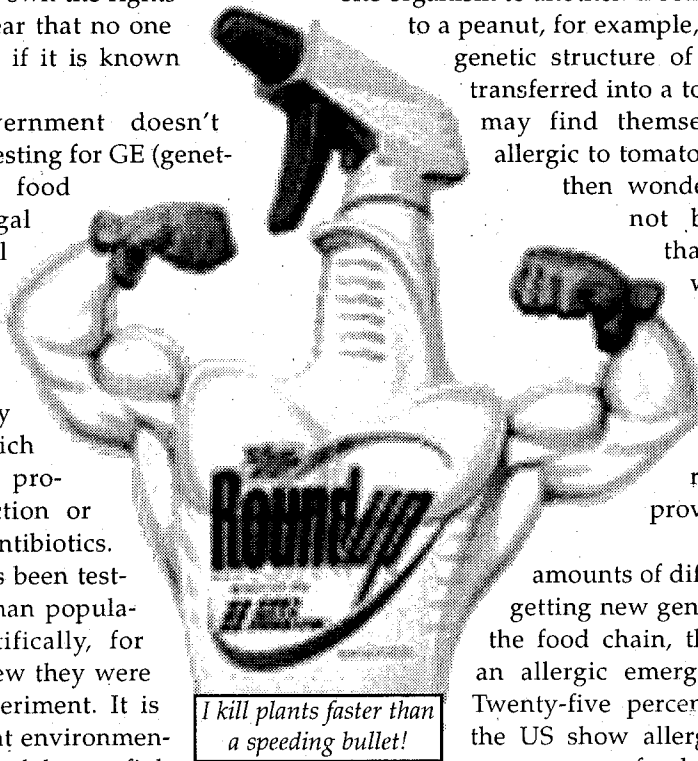
Monsanto has also attempted to have their GE food legally classified as organic, which is a term used to describe food grown without any chemical treatment, so as to outright deceive the public into thinking that their unsafe food belongs with the purest on the market. They are also responsible for the development of the controversial hormone treatment for dairy cows, rBGH or recombinant Bovine Growth Hormone, which stimulates more milk production in the

cow in exchange for health complications in the cow and for the humans who drink the milk. They are the leading developer in "terminator technology," a process by which seeds are engineered to germinate only once so that the farmer is forced to buy more; this is hardly a technique for a company who claims to want to end world hunger. Monsanto employees have also been accused of shifting rather frequently between jobs at the corporation and with the Food and Drug Administration. Not only are these prodigal crops currently unsafe, expensive, and hidden from the public eye, they also have the tendency to propagate uncontrollably in nature.

The stronger GE plants dominate the landscape, consuming the available resources and eliminating biodiversity. This is exemplified best in an animal ecosystem, such as the one where genetically engineered salmon grown to be several times larger escaped from a laboratory in Norway and now outnumber their ancestors in the surrounding environment five to one. This type of problem is destined to be repeated until there are no original species left in the natural environment. That is unless some sort of regulation is imposed, which is unlikely given the present attitudes of our incorporated politicians.

In September of 2000, The Genetically Engineered Food Alert coalition financed a series of independent studies into the content of an assortment of Kraft products. What they discovered led to a national uproar, as Taco Bell brand taco shells in supermarket shelves across the country were found to contain Starlink corn, a GE strain prohibited for human consumption due to its resemblance to a known allergen. Millions of boxes were recalled and the company was forced to switch from yellow to white corn. GE Food Alert has identified GE materials in a variety of Kraft products including Tombstone Pizzas, Lunchables, Stove-Top Stuffing and Blueberry Morning Cereal.

Kraft, a subsidiary of Philip Morris, is the largest food company in the US and has recently been bombarded with letters and telephone calls demanding the removal of unlabelled GE ingredients from its products. It already provides natural products to customers in Europe. To avoid involuntary participation in this stealthy corporate-sponsored experiment the best method is buying organic food. It might be slightly more expensive, but that money goes a long way to ensuring that the soil it was grown in will exist in years to come when the rest has been depleted by industrial processes. A certified organic food is guaranteed that it was grown without the use of any carcinogenic pesticide, herbicide or hormone treatment. Perhaps one day this will not be so, after Monsanto buys the law and allows GE foods to be referred to thus. The future of genetically engineered food remains uncertain. Maybe the chemical companies will win and we will be forced to beta test their new programs every night at dinner, or the consumer advocates might force them never to mention the idea of a GE plant again. It would be best if socially and environmentally minded consumers and scientists could decide what ends this technology should pursue, with no need for quick profits in exchange for unsafe and unacceptable products. We could make brave, new foods and determine their safety completely, while allowing customers to decide whether they want to eat them or not. We should have been doing this all along.





## Editorial: *Blackworld* Racist? We Don't Think So

In this issue, you will find an article about *Blackworld*, one of the other newspapers on campus. In this article, the author comes to the conclusion that *Blackworld* is a racist paper. While the author of this article is a staff member of our paper, we at *The Press* want to make it clear that we do not stand with our fellow staff member.

One of the first things you may ask yourself is, "If we don't believe it, why did we print it?" *The Press* has always had an open forum policy that is intended to create a place where topics can be brought out and discussed in the open. This article says nothing illegal or untrue. We don't refuse an article based only on the fact that the remainder of the staff does not share the same viewpoints.

The article in this issue is one that does not make any false statements. It only makes poor judgments and accusations. The conclusions in this article are based on a few readings of *Blackworld* and one visit to their office. No

one can get a real understanding from doing so little research. One of the hardest things in journalism and other media is the ability to be completely objective. *Blackworld's* goal is to promote cultural awareness. In doing so, it is very easy for someone to sound one-sided on a subject, especially when the reader does not understand what he is reading. We believe that our author did not understand what he was reading in *Blackworld*.

*Blackworld* does their best to promote their mission statement of cultural awareness and understanding. Their staff at this point is very small. Putting together an issue with a miniscule staff takes hours and hours of time. No matter how much time is spent, errors will slip by. The author of the article in our paper does not fully understand how much work and effort must go into each issue. *The Press* commends *Blackworld* for working hard and sticking to what they believe in.

## Editorial: Don't Study, There's Better Things To Do

The spring semester is well under way. In fact, it's about half over. Spring break has come and gone, and it seems the only thing to look forward to now is the summer. Yes, summer, filled with beaches, water, tan lines and the lot. The only thing that stands in the way of the season of fun and freedom is our ominous finals. What happens if we do badly on these finals? Most of us will be forced to take summer classes to catch up. This causes us to study (albeit many times at the last minute) to avoid the hell of summer classes. Of course there is a gamble we take when we study for exams. We miss out on having fun for the rest of spring so we can take a swing at missing summer classes. But what if we fail those finals even after studying? We have to suffer during the summer.

No one wants to take the gamble of having to work in the springtime only to be smacked down by finals. Let's stop fooling ourselves and admit we will be spending our summer sitting next to each other in Javits. We at *The Press* have thought about this calamity and have a solution. Screw studying and have fun now. Let's not make that attempt at getting out of our summer fate. As far as semesters go, the spring has a bunch

of things that are fun. Let's take a look at three of them now:

**I-Con:** For the past 20 some-odd years, Stony Brook has been the home of I-Con (short for Island Convention). It's organizers claim it is the largest science fiction and fact and fantasy convention on the east coast. We say it is the greatest place to laugh at fat women in chain mail and men who have not seen the light of day since the last I-Con. Unfortunately, this tradition may end this year thanks to an overpriced last minute fee levied by our wonderful school administration.

**The Roth Regatta:** The Regatta is another Stony Brook springtime tradition. Last year we entered a boat for the first time. If all goes right, you will see us there again, sporting our newspaper pirate hats and rockin' the regatta.

**Springfest:** Every year the school hosts their own set of outdoor music, arts and other fun things. Be on the look out for the Strawberry Festival, people come out in droves to hang out there. Check the schedule, there may be something else cool that you want to go to.

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## Letter: Like, You Guys Are Sooo Totally Wrong

My apologies if it takes you a minute or two to review your statistics regarding the literacy rate of members in fraternities and sororities on college campuses—but wait, it seems that you do not have statistics regarding literacy rates of Greek members or even those of non-Greek college students. Is does seem, though, that you can shoot your mouth off, implying that there are only a “dozen frat boys on campus who can read (3).” You are so enormously (oops, there I go using a word containing more than one syllable) off base with your stereotypical anti-Greek comments; apparently you have missed all of the things Greek members on this campus have done to try and make this campus a better place.

As a member of a national sorority at Stony Brook, I must, as you imply, wake up in the morning and ponder how my sisters, or my friends in Greek life, can comprehend, let alone spell, the meaning behind words and phrases such as irate, incensed, and lack of journalistic integrity. However, I actually wake up, go to my classes (Many times seeing some of those twelve fraternity members who you imply, consistently consume 16 beers in moderation), study, so as to maintain my 3.6 G.P.A., and check on my work schedule of 22 hours a week. While I am doing all of these things, I will probably contribute money or canned food to a sorority collecting for the homeless, check to see if I can attend a meeting sponsored by a fraternity and/or sorority on breast cancer awareness, or the dangers of eating disorders, date rape, or drug use, and maybe look in the IFSC office to see if they have pictures from previous Christmas seasons, where Greek life sponsored Toys for Tots in the Union ballroom. Since you state that you are not holding the chess team or academic groups in this “cult” group classification, why don’t you compare how many philanthropic events non-Greek organizations have held, or how many programs non-Greek groups have held to educate this

*We have no doubt that you can read. Anyone who can articulate her point with such a menacingly huge word as “enormously” must quite literate indeed. perhaps even litterate enough to recognise the hyperbole that has made you so defensive.*

*Through its style and structure Woodstein’s article clearly makes an argument regarding the social structure of Greek organizations. With extensive references to outside sources, including the pamphlet found on campus, he draws strong correlations between cults and Greeks. The article is also peppered with the author’s own opinions, clearly separated from the body of his text by parentheses, and exaggerated for the sake of making a point.*

*You have narrowed your focus down to a few comments made in obvious jest and completely missed the author’s point. Your comment that we have “missed all of the things Greek members on this campus have done to try and make this campus a better place.” is irrelevant. The good things a cult does, do not make them any more or less cultlike. those same good*

campus on the different dangers that are present in today’s world? As for the “constant reports of hazing” and our expectation of 100%, why not ask other sports teams, both professional and college level, across the country about their initiation rituals or how many times they ask their players to give 110%??

As is true in the news media and journalistic world, the worst representation is published ten times more often than the good. The tragedies that have occurred across the country in different Greek organizations are indeed tragedies. There is no excuse for the injuries and deaths that have resulted either directly or indirectly through the pledge process. These instances, however grave and sorrowful, represent the absolute minority. Positive aspects do exist from being a member of a Greek organization, positive aspects that you would receive from any friendship. Apparently, there may even be a benefit to being in a fraternity or sorority: “Studies done on the personality traits of fraternity members, for instance, show them to be, if anything, slightly healthier than other college students in their psychological adjustment (C.S. Johnson, 1972).”

I have just as much free will now as I did before I pledged. I am still my own person with the ability to think for myself. I love my sisters dearly and I would do anything for them. The Greek system does a great deal on this campus to increase both the awareness level of a variety of relevant topics and the charitable attitude of Stony Brook students. I think your stereotypical accusations are unnecessary and printed only to provoke a reaction. If reforms need to be made, I doubt your remarkably statistics-free, sarcastic assessment is the right way to make a change.

-Kimberly Finneran

*things could be accomplished without cultish innitiation and organization couldn’t they?*

*Likewise, when you attack non-Greek organizations for their lack of philanthropy, you fail to grasp that we don’t hold them in the “cult” group classification because they aren’t structured like cults. It has nothing to do with the ratio of good to bad that an organization exudes.*

*Although your attack on sports teams makes sense, it has nothing to do with Greek organizations, so why do you bring it up? Do you mean to imply that if other types of organizations are vaguely reminiscent of cults that it somehow justifies others? Didn’t you start your letter by trying to say that you were smart?*

*The thrust of Woodstein’s article wasn’t that Greeks are drunk and illiterate. The point was that membership in a cult would make you say something like “I have just as much free will now as I did before I pledged...I would do anything for [my sisters].” Pour the kool-aid, honey.*

## Letter: Update From Africa

My name is Deborah Sticher, I am a Stony Brook 2001 alumnus, and I am presently serving as a U.S. Peace Corps volunteer in the Gambia, a small country in West Africa. Since I finished my training last September, I have been working in Banjul, the capital city, as a computer specialist. However, I have another interest in a place called Georgetown (its colonial name) or Janjangbureh (its traditional African name), a small island up-river. Two fellow Peace Corps are posted there and we are working on a project to develop the island.

Georgetown is a settlement of about 3,000 residents. Besides the town itself, the island is primarily composed of rice fields and forests. Georgetown was originally a British colonial settlement and an important hub of river trade and transportation. Its central river location resulted in a diverse mix of people settling on the island. This includes people of many tribes, including Mandinkas, Fulas and Wolofs. The Gambia was one of the main destinations in the days of the slave trade. Author Alex Haley traced his family roots to the Gambia and researched the history of this small country and wrote Roots, the story of Kunta Kinte, a Mandinka man captured and taken to America as a slave. Georgetown was a common stop for ships traveling up the river to gather slaves so the sunny island also has its share of ghosts from this dark time in history. The town’s story is not only a source of pride for its residents; it also serves as a point of interest for Western travelers exploring the Gambia. These tourists come to the Gambia for its cheap prices, friendly people and sunny warm days. On McCarthy Island there is a handful of tourists camps for such explorers to choose from.

The island’s attractiveness and compelling history are undeniable but there are obvious problems: beautiful colonial buildings stand crumbling and unmarked for those interested to learn about. There is no trash clean up system. Many tourists visit the island but only stay at the hotels which means the community does not receive any benefit from their visits.

Realizing this, my fellow Peace Corps and I began to brainstorm what we could do to improve this town: planting trees, painting murals, organizing an

effective sanitation system, and especially preserving and documenting historical sites, which includes creating a web site about Janjangbureh.

Once we began seeking counterparts within the community, we were pleasantly surprised to learn that a group of motivated community folks have very similar ideas concerning Janjangbureh’s development. Presently we are establishing a town committee on development and brainstorming the actualization of ideas.

Work has already begun with the creation of a small park in the center of the town. The site commemorates the Freedom Tree, a salute to what the Gambians endured and overcame during and after the slave trade. However, this work is now at a standstill because of lack of funds. In the near future we also hope to construct trash incinerators in conjunction with sensitizing the town on environmental issues such as litter and pollution. Once these projects get under way, we can begin to also focus on the other historical sites in the town, which include colonial lampposts, the colonial graveyard and the old slave house. Another important issue to address is more of a partnership between the tourist camps and the town community.

We need help! We are currently developing a resource list of suggested items to donate to our project - and money can go a long, long way in this country. So please, send this letter forward to anyone or any club or organization that might be interested in such a project. The date of execution is slated for this summer, so we would like everything to be organized by early May if possible.

Any questions on how to help may be forwarded to PCV Megan O’Laughlin at mambinki@yahoo.com or PCV Deborah Sticher at debsticher@hotmail.com.

Sincerely,  
Deborah Sticher, PCV

# Lunatic Goes South

By Tim Connors

A blue topless woman with multiple arms sitting Indian style over a bed of fire, with a half dozen arms flailing up and down was the only visual hallucination. It didn't last long, but it was accompanied by loud music, and I hide under the sheets of the bed after a minute or two. The sensory hallucinations started around dawn the next day and the night had been filled with the experience of thoughts that didn't make sense.

As I lay awake in the bed of my Uncle's guest bedroom on the mainline outside of Philadelphia, the night's conversation with the voices in my head began. I stayed with my Uncle after getting out of a psychiatric ward in Albany, which is in upstate New York. It was two weeks after Albany before returning to the loony bin again.

The experience of thoughts that didn't seem my own started while I was at Albany. The difference was I started responding to the voices, instead of ignoring them. The conversations were benign, except for one with my illiterate roommates (who I never hit it off with).

When I got to my Uncle's I started to have conversations, in my mind, with people of all sorts. The first few days I didn't have much to do, so I smoked cigarettes and entered my own little world. The voices were family, friends, and old acquaintances.

Now six months later I try to recall the order of the conversations, but I only remember bits and pieces of them. I still hear voices, mostly in the evening before my nightly dose of medication takes effect.

But back to those two weeks in the beginning of June when the hallucinations were the worst. The voices were with me most of the time, and I remember having delusions of grandeur in relation to the conversations in my head. I had planned out how to build sports stadiums, after watching a video about it. The basic idea was to build an enclosed stadium, paid for by Charles Wang in exchange for letting his arena football team play there.

Then there was the plan to run against Steven Englebright for the State Assembly. The idea was to seek endorsements from the Green and Republican parties. The surrounding community is mostly Republican, and the college vote could be split with the Green party vote. I have no idea why I wanted to unseat Englebright; he's a good guy.

Besides election ideas, I was also coming up with ideas for Television and movies. I had ideas for a loony bin episode for South Park, and

Sarandon about the idea.

Those hallucinations happened when I was alone at my Uncle's house. When I went out there was a reoccurring idea that I was famous because I had written a few articles for the Stony Brook Press. I thought the Executive Editor Russell was checking in on me, and that people recognized me from his description of me.

On time I even thought some of the people in a pharmacy wanted to take a picture.

From the third floor of a moderate care group home for people with mental illness; I sit reflecting on four years spent at Stony Brook and my relocation to the suburbs of Philadelphia. It is almost two in the morning and I have to be at work in the supermarket in ten hours. Stony Brook provided an education, both in and out of the classroom.

I don't seem to be putting that education to work while I'm working part time at checking groceries, but my ability to put in a forty-hour week remains in doubt to my mind. I don't know if it's the medications for schizophrenia, which are powerful enough to tranquilize an elephant, or just a lack of drive on my part that stands in the way of being as productive as normal people.

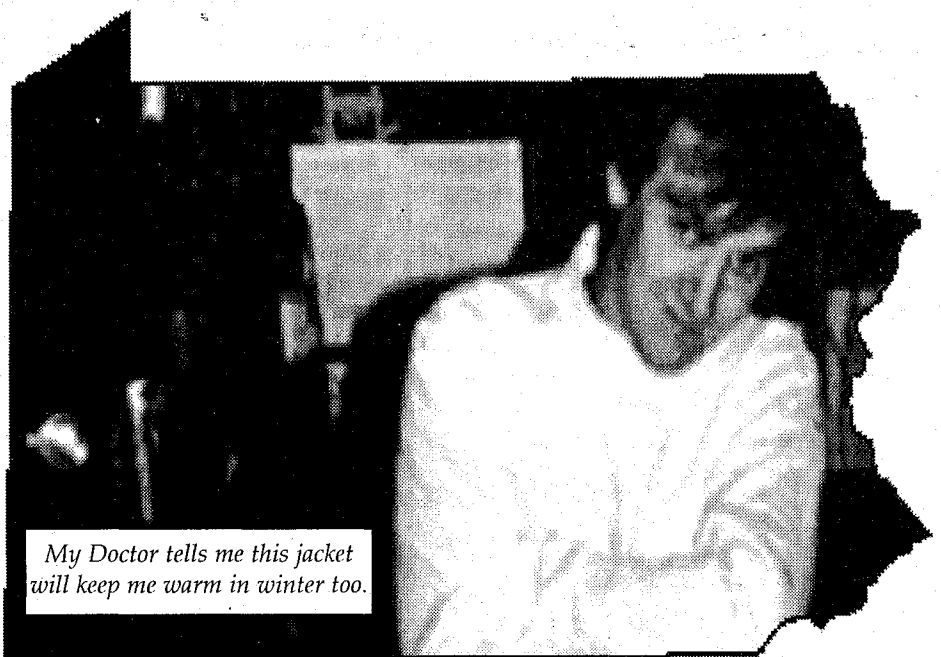
Last April I ended up in an institution in upstate New York, specifically Albany, and things could have been a lot worse, but the police arranged an unfortunate incarceration, that ended up being much better than taking up residence under an over pass of I-95. The stay lasted forty days, and was in large part due to the cessation of my medication a month earlier, much to the detriment of my mental health.

After forty days I was released to an Uncle who lives on the mainline in Philadelphia. This was a culture shock, since the mainline is rather posh, and I was living in a trailer park before my trip to Albany. Needless to say my activities of daily living, like cooking and cleaning, had dropped off substantially.

My Uncle remodels houses, and had the warm caring approach that only a construction worker can have. After being locked out of the house and facing death threats if I didn't find a job, my progress back towards a normal style of living was more rapid than is normal after a major hospitalization. I am deeply indebted to my Uncle for helping to find a dedicated case manager, and helping with the interview for the community care residence that I now live in.

My case manager is a born again Christian, or something like that, and aside from not believing in the Pope, is very fun person and easy

on the eyes. She likes to give me a hard time, like when she jokingly tries to trip me whenever we have to climb stairs, but I don't always understand her sense of humor. The important thing is that she's like a pitbull on crack when I need



*My Doctor tells me this jacket will keep me warm in winter too.*

something, like medication or housing.

My housing is in a Community Care Residence, that has programs twice weekly; Tuesday and Thursday nights, and two program coordinators (one that I met with weekly). My counselor is a Dead Head and she grew up touring with the Grateful Dead during the summers of her youth, and she's in her late twenties. She's been helping me in my search for gainful employment, so I can stop collecting government checks and get on with my life.

I have a roommate who likes to clean the apartment, yet unfortunately he does little things like waking me up when I try to get to sleep at night, and forgets to buy basic things like toiletries, and uses mine instead. Still he's not a bad guy, it's just that he's not the brightest fellow you've ever met, and he tends to repeat anything he says a couple of times. I don't know if the repetition is because he likes to hear himself speak, or if it's the way he's been treated in his previous housing, and now he thinks that this is the appropriate way to talk to people.

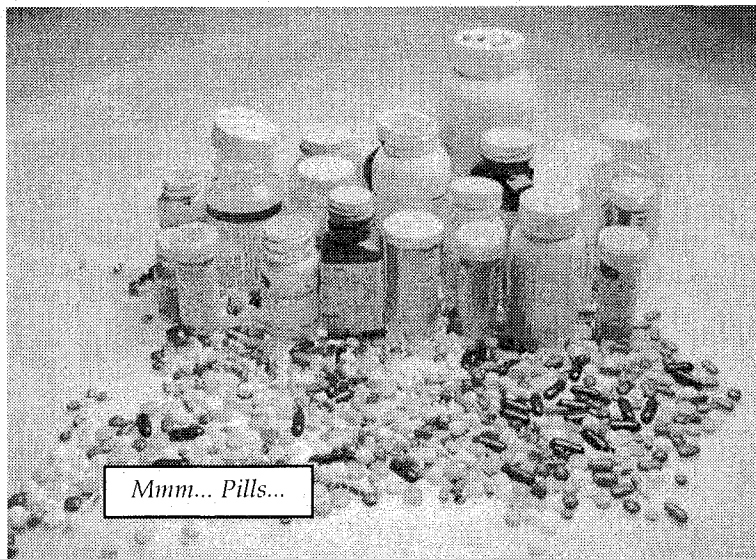
I am fortunate in that I didn't end up in a boarding home for a few years, and then a full care facility for a few more, while waiting to get into a moderate care facility. This is what happens typically when people are in a facility for a period of time, and without my family's help I would have spent a lot more time up at Albany's psychiatric ward, or possibly put into a state run facility for an extended stay.

It was time to move on from my derelict life on Long Island, but a hospital stay was not the best way to do things. Still life has taken a strange turn for me. I was unable to put my life together on my own. The possibility of serious injury or homelessness while off my medication and wandering around in Albany is scary in retrospect.

The question is why was I in Albany in the first place? The answer is that I was on my way to Michigan for a lecture by a meditation guru from California. I got a traffic ticket near Albany and ended up at SUNY Albany for a weekend.

I spent the Friday night talking to a government employee who claimed to be Ralph Nader's brother's lover. This was one hell of a whopper to tell someone, but I still bullshitted the night away with her. The next day I found myself at the University of Albany campus.

Sunday night I spent wandering around the streets of Albany, and that lasted into Monday. There were a few altercations, and I was very delusional by that point. I was arrested Monday afternoon, and brought to a ward. I claimed that I was incarcerated from malicious jay walking.



*Mmm... Pills...*

hallucinated a conversation with Trey Parker, and the other guy. The other idea was an updated version of Citizen Kane based on my life, which in retrospect seems stupid, but I had hallucinations with Tim Robbins and Susan



# The Inadmissible Class(es) Scenes from Ottawa International Airport

By Chris Sorochin

Author's Note: I did attend the WEF protests on February 2 in Manhattan, but I can't say I came away with any impressions that would be much different from anyone else's. Here is an account of what happened to me last April when I tried to cover a similar protest.

"The only thing worth globalizing is dissent..." Arundhati Roy (Indian writer and activist)

Abbie Hoffman once said that to live outside the law, one has to be very, very honest. The organizers of the protests against the Free Trade Area of the Americas in Quebec City, on the other hand, recommended being as inconspicuous as possible and I guess I was silly enough to think that my long, happy and productive association with the university media here at good old Phony Brook would be respectable cover enough for me to pass through the borders. Such was not the case. As so often happens, I missed the big story, only to have a more singular experience.

My early-morning flight from LaGuardia was uneventful. We landed in Ottawa and proceeded to Customs. I was the last one through and committed my one semi-untruth of the day. The officer asked my purpose for coming to Canada and I replied "pleasure," not totally untrue; Quebec is a beautiful city and I was looking forward to having a little nonpolitical downtime to wander the quaint eighteenth century streets and quaff Canadian brew. Then she asked my destination and I didn't know whether they had any info on who was getting connecting flights to where, so I said "Quebec City," and she said, "To the summit? It's not going to be a very good place for a vacation."

"C'est la vie," I chuckled, trying to appear insouciant. She told me I had to stop in and see Immigration.

The Immigration office was small and decorated in Early Cubicle. The entire color scheme consisted of various shades of gray. Someone had tried to provide some color with a small potted flower on the main counter. I sat and waited my turn and finally a youngish officer, a Mr. Mallette, I believe, ushered me into a smaller room with a desk. I figured that this was the time to pull my credentials, such as they were, out. Before leaving, I'd asked WUSB station manager Norm Prusslin to provide me with the most official-looking credentials possible as I anticipated trouble. I told Mallette I was going to Quebec City to cover the protests. He questioned me as to how long I'd worked for the station (and Press), if I had any samples (unfortunately I didn't) and what kind of equipment I had.

Then he escorted me into a room full of those low metallic tables you see in Customs areas, specially designed for baggage inspections. Another agent, whose name I didn't catch, but who reminded me of Dr. Green on "ER," asked me my purpose. I replied again that I was going to cover the demonstrations. "Will that be the extent of your participation?" he asked.

"Absolutely," I responded as deadpan as I could manage.

"You could try to be a little more convincing," he retorted.

It was true. By this time, I'd kind of decided, sort of involuntarily, that I really shouldn't have to subscribe to their little delusion that the mere act of protest was some sort of criminal activity.

"So we could say your paper has a certain slant," he led.

"They all do."

"Whatever happened to objective jour-

nalism?" he asked in all seriousness.

"It never really existed," I informed him.

He then proceeded to go through my duffel bag in its entirety. I've had my stuff opened by customs people before but never actually searched. Even though I knew I had nothing of any real consequence, it was still intimidating. I suddenly remembered my collection of stray sinus and cold pills, still sealed in plastic, thank god, but I fully expected to be questioned about them.

But no! He was very intent on my reading material and my decrepit address book, falling apart at the bindings. He carefully perused a Japanese postcard announcing a birth and a quirky e-mail from my friend Mike in Ireland. He leafed through the address book, looking at all the pages. For what, I didn't find out until a bit later.

Anyway, my reading material, lovingly selected, consisted of the following:

Four (4) literature catalogues, geared to college English instructors, from various publishing houses

A student travel magazine put out by Council Travel

"The Rough Guide: Canada" A copy of "The Nation," probably the most "political" publication, but it doesn't look very radical

A copy of "The Village Voice"

A copy of the "New York Press"

A copy of "France-Amérique," a French-language paper for US consumption

A Larousse French-English dictionary

Two (2) paperback books:

Upton Sinclair's portrait of pious hypocrisy "Elmer Gantry"

And, most damning, Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun," detailing the sexual escapades of priests with French names, probably not a good selection.

Actually, the most damning thing was a download from an anti-FTAA website giving phone numbers for legal help in case of arrest.

"Are you planning to get arrested?"

"No, but there's the possibility the police will behave here the way they did in Washington last year and seal off the street and just arrest everybody, even passersby."

One thing the good doctor didn't find was my "Corporate Greed Kills" T-shirt, which I had folded with some others and positioned strategically beneath some of my less-inviting undergarments. He only gave my clothing a perfunctory poke.

I was directed to sit down and I read Huxley, glancing over occasionally to see him having a final romp through my periodicals and conferring with another agent. I toyed with the idea of asking whether I had through some mishap landed in Iran or China, where everyone knows they're uptight about reading material. Certainly this couldn't be democratic, enlightened Canada! (In fact, Canadian Customs has a sour reputation among some libertarians for its overzealous seizure of pornography, although you'd never think such a thing from a visit to St. Catherine St. in Montreal.)

After a while, a third agent, whom I later discovered was Bill Leclair, "senior immigration official," came over and ushered me back into Mr. Mallette's office. Things were not looking good.

Here is where things descended from mere bureaucratic annoyance into Franz Kafka, as interpreted by the Mackenzie Brothers. If you've seen Robert Altman's "The Player," you must recall the brilliant police precinct scene in

which Whoopie Goldberg and Lyle Lovett, as LAPD cops, subject Tim Robbins to a comedic, yet menacing, interview.

Mr. Leclair must moonlight at the Yuk-Yuk Club. He had this way of saying things like, "I believe in the right of people to protest, I really do mean that," said in that same Saturday Night Live way that meant clearly he didn't mean it at all. He alternated this affect with an aggressive form of grilling me, stepping on my answers, demanding "Yes or No" to questions that were more complex and putting words in my mouth. Oh, yes, and accusing me of lying.

Leclair began the inquisition by asking if I'd been in Seattle in November, 1999. When I said no, he asked why. I told him Seattle was too far. At this, he began to hoot with disbelief that Quebec could actually be closer to New York than Seattle. When I suggested (with what I thought was a complete lack of sarcasm) that he consult a map, he rose up seven kinds of righteous and barked, "Don't insult my intelligence, sir!"

I had no idea whether he was just being a dick to intimidate me into saying something incriminating or whether he was, in fact, not one of the brighter bulbs on the Christmas tree. So I tried to keep cool and keep my sarcasm to myself.

Next came an assault on the "Press" card that Norm Prusslin was kind enough to issue me before I left. I was accused of not really being a reporter and, moreover, lying because I was really attempting to enter Canada to commit the heinous crime of "protest." I guess they saw that my equipment consisted of an ultra-cheesy tape recorder and a virgin notepad and figured that these were just cheap attempts to snow them. Some people just don't get my special brand of Zen journalism, which emphasizes simplicity and being in and of the moment.

Anyhow, I was in and of the moment for shittin' sure as Leclair went on about how I wasn't really press because I wasn't paid and how my reporting or not reporting from Quebec City wouldn't make any difference to the university community (as if he were qualified to know that), and reminding me that HE had to be satisfied that my attendance would be productive or he could just exclude me.

Or, perhaps they did believe me and were under orders to especially exclude "independent journalists." Maverick reporter and cartoonist Ted Rall was similarly turned back, as were several union officials, in addition to quite a few average Joes and Janes, so I'm in good company.

By this time, my face had congealed into a sort of unalterable mask, a face that conveys a message along the lines of "This is intolerable horseshit and you're wasting my time."

"Don't you have better things to do?" This was, of course, exactly the wrong face to be wearing with someone who's used to exercising broad discretionary power over those without the rights of citizens.

But I really couldn't help myself. I kind of wanted to laugh at the big deal they were making over little old me. I could only surmise that the ministry of Citizenship and Immigration had offered a Jacuzzi for the lounge of whatever border station turned back the greatest number of us evil protestors.

They later told me that Ottawa was not a major crossing point. They even accused me, clever fiend that I am, of routing myself through

Continued on page 22



# Frat or Cult? A Response

By Andrea Leeson

In response to the article, "Binge Drinking, Paddling, and Strange Alphabets," by C.B. Woodstein in *The Press*' last issue, Patrick Blemur, of the Inter Fraternity Sorority Council invited members of *The Press* to one of their weekly meetings. C.B. Woodstein and I attended as spokespeople for "The University's Evilest Paper," to basically answer questions and to receive feedback.

So, I am going to tell you what happened, and how it all went down, so that you can make your own judgments. Before the questions were asked, I did encourage everyone to write to *The Press*, to state their opinions in a forum that many more students have access to.

First C.B. Woodstein was asked what his sources were and about how much research he did. Woodstein told them that most of his information came from *The Cult Information Center*, [www.fact-net.org](http://www.fact-net.org), and [www.stophazing.org](http://www.stophazing.org). On a more personal note, Woodstein was then asked what his reasons were for writing his article. Woodstein cited incidents near his dorm in which police were called due to the noise of one fraternities' forced marching. But it must be noted that Woodstein has no personal animosity or bias towards any Greek organization or member of any Greek organization.

Woodstein also mentioned the "F & S" open house event that took place in the Union Ballroom. He said he was intrigued and bothered by various fraternity members' "coached responses" to different questions. It is these coached responses, he said, that seemed to him to be cult-like.

One sorority member later argued that the "F & S" Open House is not a forum for interviews, and that they are only there to recruit new members. She told us that we "should have called for an interview and not just have shown up."

The next question came from a fraternity member of ZBT. He asked, "does anybody not know what 6 times 7 is," apparently citing disagreement with Woodstein's comments regarding fraternity members' math skills. The ZBT member said, "some frat boys know what 6 times 7 is." I then asked, "some, or all?" This seemed to make some people angry, and a debate ensued over this

issue. One sorority girl then quickly told me, "all." Oops.

The next question that Woodstein was asked was, if he had any true clue what a sorority or fraternity is? She made a point that another member, Tasheka, later emphasized, that "rushing" and "pledging" are two very different things. Rushing, Tasheka told me, is a time of recruitment, when students look at different sororities and fraternity and decide which ones they might like to join. Pledging is when the students actually join a specific fraternity or sorority. This is a point that she told me was misrepresented in Woodstein's article.

One sorority member than asked if the article was based on just frats or Greeks in general. Woodstein referred them to the editorial in Issue 10 regarding just this question.

The next question asked if Woodstein has ever researched the good that sororities do? I answered that Woodstein's article is simply not about the good that sororities do. It is written to investigate the possible dangers of fraternities and sororities on our campus.

When asked if Woodstein has had any direct contact with fraternities or sororities, he answered that yes, he actually has. His mother, father, and uncle were all at one time in these organizations. One sorority member than posed the idea that "things and people change with time... your parents and grandparents may have had different experiences." Woodstein then asked if they were aware that TKE's "Declaration of Principles" has not been updated since 1907. She then answered that "principles do not change" but that processes of hazing and pledging do. She emphasized that things are not the same as they were then, and made the point that her sorority, Theta Phi Alpha, does not haze.

Another sorority member asked Woodstein why he seemed to target TKE and ZBT in his article. I answered that it is simply because these fraternities have been given more notoriety due to legal trouble that has occurred in the past. These fraternities are simply more well known for their wrongdoings. Woodstein then said that he had no intention of singling out any one group, and had no "vindictive" purposes.

Someone then asked us, "What about your stereotypes that frats are stupid and have beer bellies?" I answered, "It's funny." Woodstein

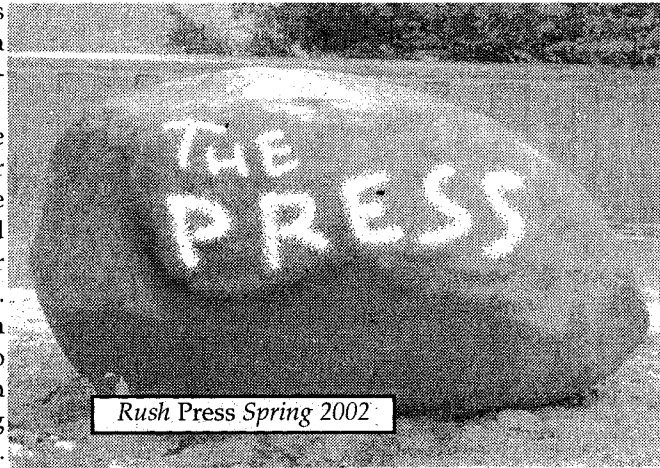
had a more thorough answer, that *The Press* is known for being very, "tongue in cheek," and that, "a lot of what *The Press* prints should be taken with a grain of salt."

One sorority member, who told us she was very upset by the article, asked us why we would want to insult them? I told them that *The Press* is an open forum and that

they can write in and insult us any time they want to. One fraternity member told me that he is an engineering major and does not have time to write in to insult us; he has better things to do.

We were told many times that sororities and fraternities are, "a business." After about a half hour of this mildly interesting, mildly boring question and answer period, the president, Patrick, again addressed this issue. He said, "It's a business and any type of publicity affects that chapter... and this [Woodstein's article] doesn't help."

A true point, but I answered that *The Press* is an open forum where the public can write their viewpoints and thoughts, no matter what they are. We are uncensored, and despite what the news or opinions may be, they must and can be spoken. And *The Press* proudly stands as one forum for free speech. I again implore all of you to write to us, tell us what you think and allow the students to make their own decisions. I think we're capable.



# the spot

open thur-sat  
6pm-mid  
music+beer+cabaret

2nd floor  
fannie brice thtr.

# A Rant and Rave on Corporate Swine, Corrupt Leaders, and the War on Terrorism

By Yan "Jack" Belenky

There are many people out there who say it is unpatriotic to criticize George W. Bush in the middle of our "War on Terrorism". What I would like to know is exactly when it would be okay to criticize the man who wanted to put arsenic in our water. The "War on Terrorism" is a joke, just like the "War on Drugs," which has been going on for more than twenty years with few tangible results, however the war in Afghanistan is an important and just cause. It is something we had to do and we have to continue to fight until we have rid the world of the most evil beast since Adolph Hitler. I'm talking about Osama Bin Laden, who should be caught and taken to ground zero where every victim of the World Trade Center and the Pentagon attacks him, and every resident of NYC gets to jab him with a sharp metal object. If Osama comes close to death, he should be rushed to a hospital, given a blood transfusion and taken back to ground zero where he will continue to be given the treatment he truly deserves. The right way to end this pisshole bastard's life is to allow the members of the FDNY to set him on fire, so he gets a taste of what some of the victims felt when the giant jets slammed into the towers.

But I digress...

As for George W. Bush, it is unfair to mention his name in the same sentence as Osama, because Bush is a decent human being. That fact does not protect him from making the kind of decisions he has made during the past year. The tax cut that was passed under his direction last year has plunged the government back into deficit spending. Who does the tax cut go to? Or should I call it tax relief to the obvious people who need the money the least, the richest one percent of Americans. The poor folks also get something back, but not nearly as much as the rich. The original economic stimulus package that our President wanted to pass would have given a little more help to the small businesses, that is, if you consider IBM a small business. The failed package would give back the taxes that companies such as IBM have paid during the past fifteen years. IBM would get back somewhere around 1.6 Billion dollars. Many Americans are unemployed and need their unemployment checks to survive, but then again, I'm sure IBM is much more deserving of these funds than the people who got laid off due to September 11.

Our President was put in the White House by big business and a degenerate election. He is paying back those who helped him get to the presidency. How about a little company called Enron, which has been Bush's biggest supporter since the first time he ran for Governor of Texas? Enron has

crashed and burned, leaving many employees out of work. George W. Bush claims that he did not try to help the company and his old friend Ken Lay in any way. If that is to be believed, then what is up with all the secrecy? Misleading answers to questions, corruption at some of the highest offices in the land... doesn't this sound familiar? George Bush claimed he is different from Bill Clinton, and that might be true. Except that I would rather have my President receiving blowjobs from interns, than giving money to large corporations and then lying about it. He is paying back all of his dear old friends in spades. Kenneth Lay should be arrested and tried for crimes against humanity, but that's not bloody likely. Lay, most likely, will not even serve jail time. He will be let go with a slap on the wrist and banished for ten years to one of his many mansions in Colorado. Kenny Boy, as W. liked to call him back in the days when he was writing personal letters to him, should be tarred and feathered and paraded up and down the streets of Houston, Texas. That's not going to happen, no fuckin' way bobo, but I can still dream, can't I?

Maybe W. is not the one to blame for all the madness after all. He's not the one running the show anyway. If he was, then I really doubt he would have enough time to take afternoon

naps, watch football, and choke on pretzels. W. is still the same man he was when he first took office a little over a year ago; a man born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Bush is no FDR or JFK; he is just the wrong man at the wrong time. Dick Cheney runs the show folks and where does he come from? You guessed it, straight from a cushy job as CEO at a big Texas oil company. Maybe that's where he has been hiding out since Sept. 11, somewhere down south with Ken Lay. It would not surprise me one bit to find out that the two of them are up North in Alaska, drilling for oil and clubbing baby seals.

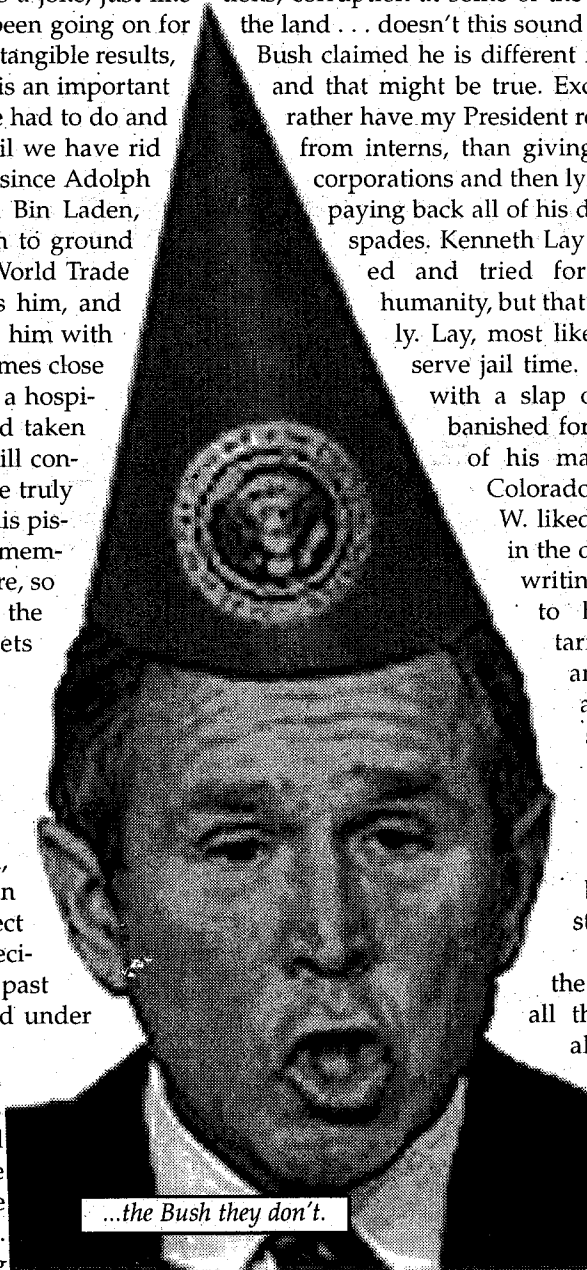
How long will this madness go on, how long will it last? It is unfortunate that Americans do not realize how badly they are being fucked in the ass. Bush's job approval ratings are hovering above 80%, but that never lasts. It won't last for him, just like it didn't last for Big Poppa Bush. W.

will be just like his father— a one-term President. When Americans get bored of the war, which they already seem to be doing, they will turn to domestic issues such as this rotten economy. Say what you will about Bill Clinton, but through eight years of his Presidency we had peace and prosperity, and when George W. Bush took the reins of the ship we seemed to have hit a rock. I am not saying W. is to blame for Sept. 11, we all know who is to blame for that. All I'm saying is it's a weird coincidence that after he took office the stock market dropped like a puberty stricken boy's testicles on a first date and we have been attacked like we have never been attacked before.

Some fucker fell asleep at the wheel. It was one government organization or another that fucked up big, the FBI, the CIA or possibly the IRS. Who gives a fuck anyway, somebody messed up and somebody messed up big. Nobody has been fired, there has been no investigation on how were we so unprepared. No one knows, and nobody wants to know. How were these asshole goat-fuckers let into the country if at least five of them were on the FBI's terrorist watch list? We will never know, or maybe it won't matter because it won't bring back the 4,000 mothers, fathers, daughters and sons that died.

The war in Afghanistan seemed to be ending, but here we go with Operation Anaconda. I have a good name for an American offensive in Afghanistan, how about "Operation shove a missile up Osama's Ass." This was another terrible digression that I might one day pay for with 12 or 15 years in a maximum-security prison. As we all know now, it is wrong and dangerous to criticize the President in time of War. I expect to be arrested and beaten to a pulp by an angry and violent John Ashcroft who is crazed by a dangerous combination of speed and acid. Any minute now, that evil swine will break down my door and try to snap my neck. I'm sure my phone has been monitored for at least a month for un-American activities, which these days could mean anything.

The point that I wanted to make about the War on Terrorism is that it will last at least 80 years with the United States destroying most of the middle east, Eastern Europe and more than half of Asia. After Afghanistan, we move onto Iraq, and after bombing the living shit out of those fuckers and killing at least ten million innocent Iraqis, we will move on to a nuclear war with Iran and North Korea, the other two legs of the now infamous, "Axis of Evil." I'm sure North Korea is up to something as we speak. They have nothing else to worry about except thinking of ways to fuck America. We live in a dangerous time, so watch what you say and do. The new laws that will be passed by Congress will make it illegal for an American to walk down the street without at least three clearly visible American flags. Ok, maybe we won't go quite that far. Something about John Ashcroft reading my emails with his pants around his ankles worries me though, but I guess its all ok, if it's in the name of national security.



## The Spot (2nd Floor Fannie Brice Theatre)

open Thur (6-12)  
Fri & Sat (6-2)





# THE COMICS SECTION

## OPEN DOOR

pixie

Artist's Note: Ever since I was young, I had a dream to put old stories into modern media, and to retell the tales completely inaccurately. Only recently today did I realize that smashing play-dough into a saran wrap covered scanner would make me feel complete. I can die happy. **And now, Moby Dick...**



Call me

Ishmael



Give  
me my  
leg back!



I win.

my apologies to those who were looking for claymation whale porn...

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Call Dr. Spock Kevorkian for a free consultation. 444-2725

Stop making us think of stupid things to put in this box. Send us your comics or we will be forced to make more empty threats. If you don't, we'll kill your family. We swear.  
STONYPRESS@HOTMAIL.COM

You think you take me?  
I laugh at your petty threat!  
Come, learn the word "pain."

You in college now.  
I will be your professor  
and you'll be schooled

My class is easy  
on the mind. But very hard  
it is, on your ass



You will be lucky  
if you can get an F+  
with your sad Kung-Fu

I will go easy  
But do not ever be late  
we begin at 5.

Class is in Arcade.  
Eleven p.m. we end.  
Basement of Union.





# Battle of the Century

**Virtua  
Fighter 4**

**Going  
Outside**

**PRO**

Fully Rendered in 3-D

13 well balanced fighters each with their own real, unique fighting style

Kicks to the head, neck and chest area

Shaolin Vs. Mantis

Drunken Boxing Vs. Pro Wrestling

Lifetime supply of 12 ounce cans of Grade-A carbonated whupp-ass

Thoroughly enjoyable to both the Fighting game enthusiast and first time player

Fully Rendered in 3-D

Pleasant weather, sunshine and human contact

Having a reason to put on pants

Few loading screens

Trips to the beach or perhaps simply to your local convenience store to purchase a refreshing beverage and a pack of cigarettes

Vitamin D

Pretty Flowers

**CON**

Slight aliasing on some characters

Soundtrack and effects not as impressive as everyother aspect of the game

Gradual withering of the eyeballs from marathon playing sessions

No over sized axes or tack hammers

"Nintendo Thumb"

Disappointing absence of a Capoeira employing character

Being forced to look at an innumerable amount of jingoistically "patriotic" bumper stickers that espouse the desire of the ignorant to enact biblical "justice" on a country and a people half a planet away for reasons that only a disturbingly minute group of people understand but that "Joe-Six-Pack" has no problem endorsing by buying cheaply manufactured tripe that has been sadistically marketed to assuage the fear and sorrow of a nation of citizens victimized by terror, the realization of which results in a felling of fascist materialist molestation at the hands of a society that is willing to use the deaths of aprox 5 thousand of it's own to move a few more winodow decals of eagles tearing the head off of a brown skinned man.

## Classifieds

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No Problem!**

You need someone dead? Someone pissed you off or embarrassed you? Got a teacher that just plain sucks? Give us a call and for the right price we'll ice 'em like roadkill- remember, if your roommate dies, you get all A's for the semester!

Call now! 632-6451

Outdated and unamusing "Lord of the Rings" issue Press Open House flyer. No charge-come get them so the family of baby bushes that were slaughtered to make them didn't die for nothing.

Call: 632-6451

**Attention Fraternities!**

The IFSC is selling powdered rohypnol for your next party! Perfectly soluble in that special "punch" you make by the vat for the ladies. Come get some.

Call: 632-4557

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Over forty years experience with pet rocks and Chia pets. Low, low rate of \$50 an hour. Chisel, hammer, and fertilizer costs extra. Keep your pets healthy and happy with this specialized service.

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chia\_vet@excite.com

**Cheap Rooms For Rent!**

Students that have been shafted by the campus housing shortage are cordially invited to stay at the Sunwood Estate with dear ol' President Kenny for this and any other semester they may be in need of room and board for little to no money. Contact: 632-6265



**\*\*\*NOTICE\*\*\***

All students who ate pizza from Papa Joe's in the last four weeks must report to the Health Center immediately for Trichinosis testing. Disease testing will now cost \$25 a test. Sorry for the inconvenience.

**Employment**



**Free Spring Break!**

Agree to provide GHB sales to all parties in Cancun this year and earn a FREE trip to spring break! Free return airfare to those who are deported. Email:

free\_springbreak@yahoo.com

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Glamorous luxury sedan for sale. Used only to shuttle my royal self between my mansion and the administration building. Comes with personal chaperone. Call: 632-6265

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Main Street Myth seeks versatile, voluptuous and double jointed female vocalist into D.P.'s and triple inputs. AOL screen name: spection13

Hey boys, are you in elementary school? Wanna join a cool wrestling club? Bring your friends and hang out with me and I'll show you some really cool WWF moves! email me:

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SWM seeks SWM to "hold it" for me while I do my business. Interested? I'll be waiting for you by the urinal inside.

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# Lou Michel Speaks to Journalism Class

By Thomas Osborn

On Tuesday, March 5, 2002 Lou Michel, the co-author of "American Terrorist: Timothy McVeigh and the Oklahoma City Bombing," spoke to Stony Brook University's Journalism 288, "Advanced News Reporting and Writing" class. Michel was virtually the only Journalist that was able to visit, and extensively interview, the worst domestic terrorist in United States history. Michel grew up on Long Island in Levittown. He graduated from Nassau Community College with a two-year degree, and then gained experience there as the Managing Editor of the Collegian, which was the college paper. Michel then went on to receive a bachelor's degree from Buffalo State University, and he got a job as a reporter with the Tonawanda News (located in North Tonawanda, approximately 400 miles north-west of New York City) where he stayed for 15 years.

"Before I wrote this book, I stayed in Purgatory for 15 years at the Tonawanda News," Michel said. "But you have to pay your dues."

Around the time he got the job in Tonawanda, he and his wife Barbara bought a farmhouse and some land near his job. And there was an older man living in one of the apartments contained in this house named Ben Koeppen. When Koeppen was 60 years of age, he had stepped out of his life, and began renting space from the previous owner of the farmhouse. Michel, after buying the house, decided to let Koeppen to continue to live there. So Koeppen began to teach Michel how to farm the land, and a lot about gardening. It was this skill that would open the door

to McVeigh for Michel.

Once McVeigh was arrested, the media found out that his father, Bill McVeigh, was an upstanding and well-liked member of his community. So reporters began to descend upon the older McVeigh, and provide more frustration to the man whose son just committed the worst act of domestic terrorism the United States had ever seen up to that point. But Michel had a different approach. When Michel first approached Bill McVeigh's house, it was surrounded by 5 police cars, and he saw him in the driveway. So he tried to speak with him, and at first McVeigh did not want to talk. But then Wilma Donahue, one of McVeigh's family friends, approached and spoke to Bill, easing the tension between the two. After that point, McVeigh started talking to Michel. "I would talk to him about gardening, and not about his son," Michel said. "When Timothy McVeigh finally did want to talk to a reporter, he called up his dad and asked him if he knew of any reporters that he could trust, and Bill mentioned my name."

So, Michel got permission from his editor to go down to the federal super-max facility in Florence, Colorado, and interview Timothy McVeigh. Over the next few months, Michel climbed into the dark abyss of McVeigh's mind. He found out, and recorded every detail of the bombing, as well as many details of McVeigh's life.

"Detail is everything," Michel said. At the end of his time interviewing McVeigh, Michel knew everything from McVeigh's military experience to what color earplugs he wore after he set the

bomb that destroyed the Oklahoma City Federal building, killing 168 people.

When asked about the feeling he got when talking to McVeigh, Michel said, "It was almost an out of body experience, and especially surreal feeling when he was confessing."

During this time, Michel built up a personal relationship with McVeigh. "Timothy McVeigh would call my house and my 8-year-old daughter would pick up the phone," Michel said. "He would send handwritten letters to my house. I used to send him football clippings. I'm not a football fan, but I learned a lot about football."

But Michel believes that McVeigh got what he deserved, and that what he did was wrong, but he still wanted to write this book. Michel said, in an interview with CNN, that "We felt it would provide a unique opportunity into the window of someone who could commit so horrific an act. We're hoping that society can learn something to thwart another atrocity like this from happening."

In the end, Michel and Herbeck had hundreds of hours of tapes, and countless pages of notes. It is from these tapes, and hand written letters, that they, forged one of the most shockingly honest accounts of terrorism in American history.

Michel said that he thought because he let Koeppen stay, and provided him with care in his last years, that he was given that once in a lifetime chance. "Because you live right," Michel said, "good things will come though."

## How to Build a PC Part 1

By Steve Brannen

If I told you that I build computers in my spare time, how do you imagine me doing it? Do pictures of me at a soldering iron, putting together miniature pieces of electrical boards come to mind? In all honesty, building a computer is extremely easy and cost-effective. For around \$1000 I can build a computer that would cost about \$500 more if you bought from dell.com. How is that possible? Easily, they overcharge just like everyone else. Just like auto-repairmen and full-service gas pumps, they do something that isn't that hard (hell, even I can change my brakes now) and charge you an arm and a leg for it. By building your own computer you can take that extra \$500 dollars and go waste it on whatever you want.

The first thing that you need to do is decide what you want to use it for. Do you just need something that can be used for word-processing and maybe playing some music, or are you a 1337<sup>1</sup> gamer that needs a top of the line computer to get as many frags<sup>2</sup> as possible? This one question is the key to deciding what components you need to buy, and also tells you how much you are going to have to spend.

The next question that you need to decide, is whether you are happy with a little beige box sitting on your floor, or would you rather have a hellasweet pimped out case gracing your desktop? This is going to make up the meat of actually building your computer, modifying (or modding) the case. Because I need to have a pimped out case the decision is easy for me, but for the average Joe, price and actually doing work may be a detractor. Just remember, modding a case takes skill, but most of all it takes patience. But don't worry about modding yet, because before you do anything you need to pick out what you are going to stuff into your case.

Since I have decided that I am a 1337 gamer that needs a pimped out case, here is what I am going to put into my machine:

- Motherboard: Asus A7M266 DDR Socket A

The motherboard is the most important

thing in your computer. Everything else you buy actually connects to this. I chose the Asus because of the brand, and because it has an AMD chipset. This means I can use an AMD processor.

- CPU: AMD Athlon XP 1.4 GHz Socket A

AMD chips are fast and cheaper than Intel. This 1400 MHz chip is top of the line, and while it isn't the fastest chip available you don't need more than this.

- RAM: 256 MB DDR - 2 sticks.

I am getting two sticks of 256 MB ram, making my total memory 512 MB. While I could get 1 stick it actually costs more, and since I am a cheap bastard I am getting two.

- Video Card: Nvidia GeForce3 64 MB

To me, this is the second most important thing in my computer. I think this because the better card you get, the better it looks and performs. I spare no expense when it comes to video cards.

- Sound Card: SoundBlaster Audigy MP3+

I could have purchased the SB Audigy Xgamer, but it cost \$10 more and the only difference is that it comes with a game. I don't need anymore than I have already.

- Network Interface Card: DLink DFE-530TX+

I chose this mainly because it only costs \$15. It is going to work and that is all that matters.

- Hard Drive: Maxtor 81.9 5400 rpm - 2 drives

By getting two of these I am going to have over 160 GB of space to store things on. That is a lot of space.

- DVD-ROM: Sony 16x

I want to be able to rip or copy DVD movies to my HD, so I am getting a DVD-ROM drive. They aren't too expensive now so what the hell.

- CD-RW: TDK 12x

I already have this because it is in my old computer. I love it too much to throw it out. Plus I don't want to waste money on something that is going to be slightly faster at burning a CD.

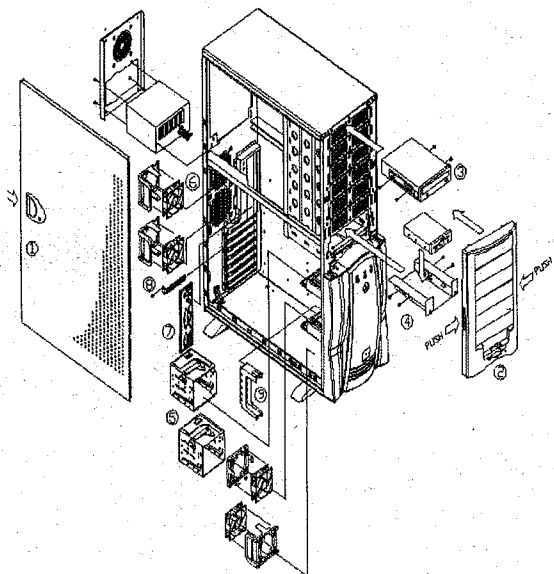
I am going to put all this inside of the Directron Dragon Full-Tower beige (I am going to

paint it) case. I chose this case for several reasons. First off, the thing is just huge. It has room for 6 hard drives, and is pre-drilled to hold 3 fans in the front and 3 in the back (important for cooling). Another nice feature is that it has a locking cover on the front bezel and a locking side door. So if any of you are scared of someone trying to steal what is inside your case, you don't have to worry (hopefully you don't lose your key!).

Get ready for the next installment of Building Your Own PC because we are going to start on the greatest part of building a computer, cutting large holes in the cover and sticking various items in them.

<sup>1</sup> 1337- In so-called "L33t-Speak", this denotes someone who is elite, or the best at what they do. So a 1337 gamer, is someone who just rocks at playing games.

<sup>2</sup> Frags - what people call a kill in multi-player first person shooters, "I just fragged Bob"



Sugar and spice not included



# TOP TEN

## Reasons You Are Stuck To The Floor

10 Sloppy Seconds

9 The floor is covered in "anti-flubber"

8 Bear Traps

7 You are fat and you know it, so clap your hands

6 NYPD

5 The weight of your sad-pathetic-Starbucks-employed lonely existence!

4 Damn Lilliputians

3 Your cross fell over

2 There's 109 floors of skyscraper on top of you

1 Gravity



The 2-toed sloth spends most of its life upside down. One of the few times I've been a witness to the practices of the sloth, I watched him hang lazily from his big branch for hours. He clung strongly to the branches with his thick claws, or toes, and slowly scratched himself while looking tiredly in my direction and hanging from the ceiling. The most special part was when he yawned so slowly that I watched his tongue emerge and sort of lick the air for about 30 seconds.

There are many resemblances between my mellow, tardy boyfriend and the peacefully lazy and mostly nocturnal sloth. Other lazies will also respond well to the sloth. They sense some sort of behavior patterns in common. It is as if the sloth listens to Bob Dylan all day long and at night dreams of Bob Marley and world peace. The sloth promotes love!

2-toed sloths are found in South and Central America. They are mammals that mainly live in tropical forests, and are pretty solitary. They eat fruit and leaves, and weigh about 20 lbs. They have toes that are basically large hooked claws, and live about 12 years in the wild and 30-40 years in captivity.

Sloths spend the majority of their lives upside down, at least 15 hours per day. What a unique view of the forest! They do this to camouflage themselves to look like dried up leaves. What crazy geniuses! Their powerful claws allow them to live this calm, upside down arboreal existence. They move incredibly slowly, and sometimes take a full day to climb up a tree. On the average, they move about 13 ft/hour, but usually only leave their tree to go to the bathroom or if they are changing trees.

They mate and give birth upside down. It is a unique day when you are walking around the forest and see two sloths hanging upside down, face to face, making more sloths! The momma gives birth to one baby, and when he is born he simply crawls up momma's belly for some nurturing for about 9 months. He is about the size of a big thumb and weighs 10 oz. At about 20 days old he can hang by himself from the tree, and at about 1 month he is weaned. At first he eats leaves that his mother chews for him, and at about 5 months he can find food

on his own. Sloths don't make much noise, mostly they bleat or hiss if necessary, but a baby sloth will cry out if he gets separated from his momma. For more info check out Toronto Zoo's website, [www.torontozoo.com](http://www.torontozoo.com).

The two-toed sloth is also like a little furry motel. His long fur not only acts as protective coloration, but houses some single cell algae. This algae is not known to grow anywhere else, and also helps to camouflage the sloth, because then he looks sort of green. In addition to the algae, beetles and unique species of moths, that are also not known to exist anywhere else, live in his thick fur. The sloth is never lonely; he brings his friends with him wherever he goes.

The sloth must live in a tropical rainforest or else she'll get too cold. Her body temperature tends to change with the temperature of the forest, so the stability of the forest temperatures is ideal. This temperature sensitivity may be due to the fact that the 2-toed sloth has only 25% muscle bulk, while most mammals have double that. Sloths are surprisingly good swimmers though, who use a sort of breaststroke.

The sloth poos and pees about once a week, and doesn't drink water. Their water comes mostly from their vegetarian diets and some dew, and they don't have to eat much, due to their low rates of metabolism. They've got complex bellies to help them digest all that vegetation, and to store water. Don't put a sloth on flatland, because they can stand, but don't walk very well. They just reach forward and try to pull themselves along by their claws.

What are some risks to the 2-toed sloth? Their predators are the jaguar and large birds of prey, but surprisingly, and despite its slowness, the sloth remains mostly unbothered. Their fur helps them to look like very realistic leaves. Some people hunt sloths for food, but they basically have a low commercial value.

Deforestation is the biggest danger to the sloth. When forests are destroyed, so are the homes of many unique, wonderful animals, like the 2-toed sloth. The sloth lives a life of peace and tranquility. He exists languidly and beautifully, bothering no one, and the tops of the trees are his home.



# Just Another Day

By Tim Connors

I live outside of Philadelphia, and I got up early today, because a friend was coming over for breakfast. She was about ten minutes late, and not having a good day. Her second full time job was causing her problems. She is the administrative supervisor of a half-way house.

A woman at the half-way house was found strangled and unresponsive, with her panties around her ankles. The woman's family had been notified to come to the hospital, so that wasn't a good sign about her prognosis.

Hearing about a brutal rape stays with a person for a while. I guess the news covers these things often enough when it happens to normal people, but it will not make the front page. Living in a half way house has to be about the most dangerous place to end up.

Half-way houses are also the first place that many mentally ill people are released to after being in a hospital. The only places that are worse are temporary shelters, which are the refuge for homeless during the winter months. Having your belongings stolen is far from the worst thing that can happen to someone.

It seems that on the fringes of society some things transpire that the mainstream rarely has to deal with. There's a threat of violence born out of ignorance and lack of social conformity to norms of non-violent conflict resolution. The raped woman will just be another statistic, and was unheard by the staff or other residents, and unnoticed by the mainstream. It's sad that brutal stranger rape and date rape are still occurring every day.

I remember an ex-girlfriend of mine asking me how men can rape women. I didn't have an answer, and that's even after taking a social deviance course that covered the subject.

My only previous experience with rape was when one of my girlfriend's cousin-in-laws came to Stony Brook after a bad sexual encounter

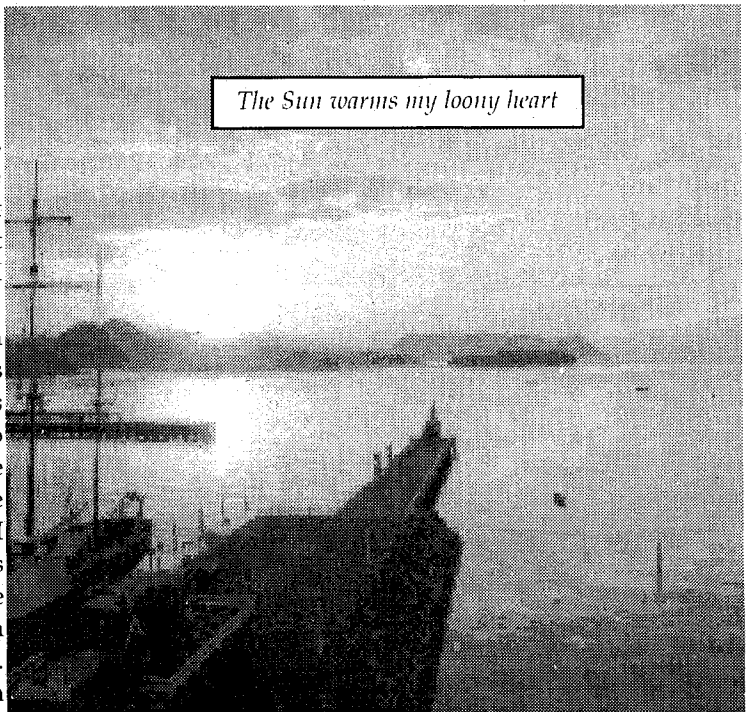
with her boyfriend. It seems she had been drinking and her boyfriend had sex with her against her will.

She pressed charges, and ultimately it was brought to court as sexual misconduct. The couple ended up in counseling, and I don't know what happened after that since the relationship ended and I didn't keep in contact.

I remember another woman I knew who had second thoughts after having sex, but she was as crazy as I am and had a tendency to lie. I know she wanted to save face with her boyfriend, and not be dumped because of infidelity. I shouldn't doubt the girl since it is very rare for rape accusations to be false, yet this girl kept in touch with the guys who she said raped her. Which makes sense since it was a case of date rape, or she was totally bullshitting me, which she did often enough.

My problem of having hallucinations when I used to get home from work seemed less important somehow. It seems the stress of work was contributing to my problems with paranoia and auditory hallucinations. My friend said I should talk to my doctor, and reassured me that my problems were still significant, since they were mine and I can't avoid it.

Thinking back on classes at Stony Brook, I remember one women's studies course that focused on female circumcision in Africa. That basically involved the removal of the clitoris, inner, and outer lips of the vagina, and then the sewing shut of the vagina so there was only a small opening left. This struck me as an example of the amount of brutality that woman face in the world outside of the United States.



*The Sun warms my loony heart*

It's a strange world when brutal stranger rape has to be distinguished from acquaintance or date rape. Rape laws have various degrees of wrong, and that is how the justice system differentiates between the brutality involved in these cases. These laws don't even apply to men, but perhaps they should given the fact that it is possible for men to rape other men, (ie-priests who take advantage of young boys.)

The sad part of date rape is that it usually goes unreported, and if it is there is a great deal of difficulty in proving the perpetrator is guilty. What's sadder still is that mentally ill woman face the possibility of unwanted advances while going to out patient programs, and the very real possibility that harassment can turn into rape.

# the Arcade

open mon-fri  
games all day  
pool 5-11pm

basement, student union

# Get Your Geek On Part 5

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

## Glossary of Terms:

**Geek:** One who engages in an activity for only the joy of such engagement. Anyone who does any activity with any regularity will be referred to as a "\_\_\_\_\_ Geek." Ex: Computer Geek, Radiohead Geek, Baseball Geek, etc.

**Dork:** One who derives near-perverse pleasure from the study of/engagement in various cultural, primarily hobbyist, pursuits. Ex: Competitive Computer/Video Gamer, Comic Book Collector, and English Majors.

**Weirdo:** One who derives near-perverse joy from the study of/engagement in various esoteric, primarily artistic, pursuits. Ex: Poet, Modern Artist, Interpretive Dancer, Actor, etc.

**Freak:** A Participant in various counter-culture pastimes. Ex: Raver, Punk, Skater, etc.

**Nerd:** One who derives near-perverse joy from the study of/engagement in various scientific, primarily technical, pursuits. Ex: Comp-Sci Majors, Engineers, Math Majors, Business Majors, Car Mechanics, etc.

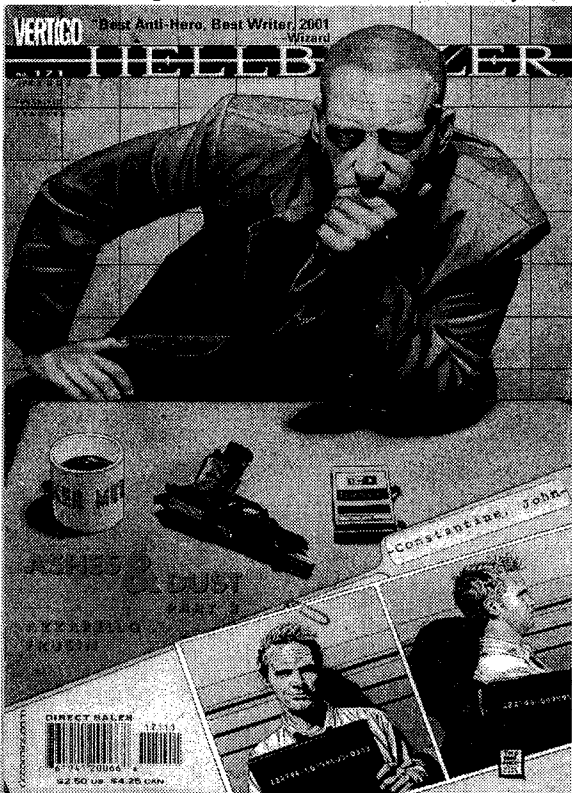
**Spazz:** One with no redeeming social value, they exist only to fuel our disgusting capitalistic system. Ex: English Majors.

**Comic:** *Hellblazer*

**Publisher:** Vertigo

*Hellblazer* is the last mainstay of the Vertigo line of comics. In it's tenth or eleventh year now the strange tales of anti-hero John Constantine have yet to disappoint. God knows I do not have the cognitive capacity to sum up Constantine's many adventures, of both the "normal" and "mis-" variety. What I can say is that *Hellblazer* is an expertly written and executed comic of unprecedented maturity, skill and grace. Walking the fine line between grit and fantasy *Hellblazer* hooks you with it's portrayal of the charismatic, cheeky Constantine and reels you in for the kill with a combination of imagination and compelling plots and motivations.

The current team of Brian Azzarello on scripts and Marcelo Frusin on art does justice to the original Constantine as created by Comics Legend Alan Moore way back in 1985. Their Constantine is the same bastard that he was when introduced in the original *Swamp Thing* series back when I was seven. Azzarello has a knack for real-world dialogue and everyday filth that provide the bread and butter for the series. Even when delving into the macabre Azzarello manages to make it seem so right and believable. An amalgam of Chandler-esque characters and X-Files consequences *Hellblazer* should, by all



means, have run out of steam a decade ago but in defiance of all laws of god and comics it remains riveting.

A mighty fine comic if I do say so myself.

**Assessment:** *Hellblazer* is best suited for Comic Geeks, Artsy Weirdoes, and Artsy Freaks.

**Film:** "O"

**Director:** Tim Blake Nelson

"O" is a surprisingly good adaptation of Shakespeare's *Othello*. This telling takes us out of Venice and into a white, white, white prep-school whose Basketball team rides to the state championships on the shoulders of star player Odin James (Mekhi Phifer (*Clockers*, *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer*) as the doomed modern Othello). The scheming Hugo (Josh Hartnett (*Black Hawk Down*, *The Faculty*) in the Iago role) is driven to a murderous jealousy of all things that Odin has -- especially the love of his father and Basketball coach Martin Sheen. To wit, Hugo crafts the most classic of evil manipulations by convincing Odin that his girlfriend, Desi (Julia Stiles (*State and Main*, *10 Things I Hate About You*) as Desdemona), is sleeping behind his back with Odin's best friend Mike (Andrew Keegan (*Freaky Friday*, *Teenage Caveman*) as Cassio). All of this skullduggery leads to the only possible ending for a Shakespearean Tragedy: Death.

Whew!

Anyway, *Othello* has always been one of my favorite Shakespeare plays and it was good to see justice done to the original. On top of that pleasant surprise, "O" uses its location to comment on school violence in an invigoratingly mature way. It is this facet of "O" that prolonged its release for so long. Eerily "O" was scheduled for release around the same time as the Columbine shootings. Coincidence or clever advertising? Thankfully, the hysteria over white kids killing each other has died (ha!) out enough to allow "O" to see a decent release. The heads have officially leveled and come to realize that Shakespeare won't be inspiring any high school suicide murders anytime soon - Marilyn Manson has that job on lockdown.

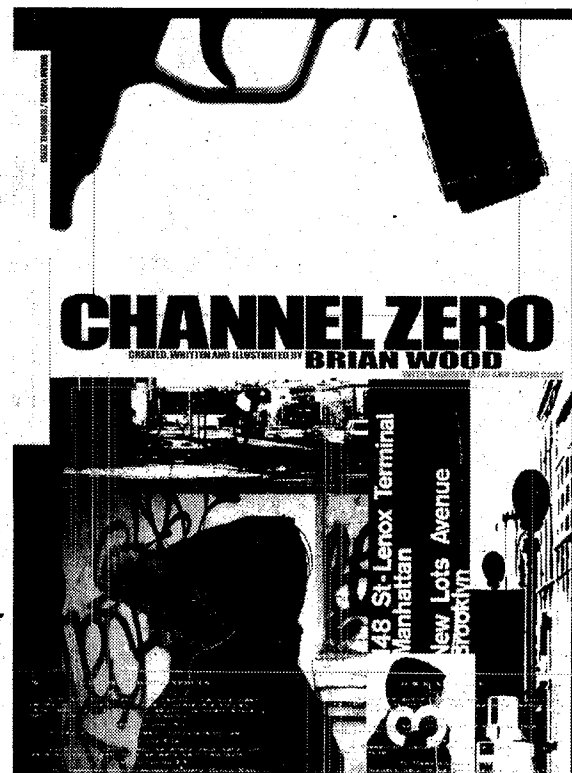
"O" plays host to strong performances all around, especially on the parts of Mekhi Phifer and the godly Martin Sheen. Its combination of classic themes (minus the oft-cumbersome language) and talented actors make this an enjoyable watch. The film does suffer, as all adaptations of Shakespeare do in that by packing his story into the virtually sound-bite length one must gloss over the beautiful subtleties that lie in his texts. Let it be noted that the mangling of prose one would expect from a modern adaptation, is intelligently avoided by translating Ye Olde English into the "cro-magnish" but captivating half-english of the modern teenager.

**Assessment:** "O" is best suited for Theatre Geeks, Freaky Weirdoes and Spazzy Freaks.

**Comic:** *Channel Zero*

**Publisher:** AiT/Planet Lar

New York native Brian Wood has reminded me of the tremendous possibilities of the comic medium. His *Channel Zero*, in addition to being an astounding post-modern narrative of a New York that is at once fancifully far-flung and scarily familiar, hits below the belt. Woods New York has been subjected to the dogmatic whims of the conservative faction of America. Freedom of expression has been sacrificed for the illusion of security and the narcotic happiness of mass media entertainment. This blanching of values stems from the Clean Act, a bill that put all media under control of the federal government (who are under the thumb of right-wing special



interests). Our protagonist, Jennie 2.5, is simultaneously a pirate of the airwaves fighting for the freedom of speech as well as being a symptom of the very disease she fights as underground media icon.

A wonderful examination of the paradox of counter-culture, the complicity of the apathetic and the length to which conservative values can dominate a country if left unchecked. Wood reminds the reader that the America they live in is not as free as the TV would have us believe, that the news is a product of the power elite. Additionally *Channel Zero* manages to capture the essence of Derridas catch-22 of subversion; that to act outside of a system will prove fruitless but to act inside the system will only support it. Top all of this off with a beautiful presentation and striking visuals that fit the story rather than drag it along and *Channel Zero* adds up to be one of the most intelligent, astounding, individual and mature works ever created in the comic medium.

The message of *Channel Zero* is so strong and so apt that perhaps comics are the only medium in which it could be presented without being hacked into incoherency by skittish editors or marketing directors. Wood is an artist of tremendous ability and *Channel Zero* is a work of unprecedented skill. Kudos.

**Assessment:** *Channel Zero* is best suited for the Art Geek, Counter Culture Geeks, General Weirdo and Subversive Freak.

**Music:** *The Guest*

**Label:** Epic Records (SONY)

Those bloodsucking creeps from SONY have been hounding my editor to get this CD reviewed. I will do it, but I make no promises of liking it.

Actually, I sort of do like it. *The Guest*, the non-self titled debut (or so I am forced to assume by their lacking-on-info website) from Phantom Planet (best known for their Drummer Jason Schwartzman from the film *Rushmore*) is an infectious mix of jangle-pop and 2nd tier Radioheadisms. They have a guy named Jaques in the band...fuck that the CD won't play in my computer which can only mean that there is some jingo anti-pirating thingamabob on it. Mad points lost.

Putting my rage aside, using what I remember of the CD, Phantom Planet is "Hip." Not like 1987 hip, but like "I'm a Strokes lovin' Hipster, check out my Fly London shoes and art-mullet" hip. The majority of the disc is comprised

Continued on next page



# Get Your Geek (con't)



in film. It is worth stealing, downloading or copying, probably also worth seeing them live. If you are feeling a pang of conscience about the above avenues of music aquirey than send the artists a check for 20 bucks (god knows they are not getting any money from SONY).

**Assessment:** *The Guest* is best suited for the Indie Rock Spazz who has to own everything, or for the neonate Weirdo who doesn't know that s/he should be buying some more esoteric piece of Hipster tripe but still wants to feel on par with his well coifed brethren. You make me sick. Your three hundred-dollar

of pedestrian outings with Pop titles and lyrics that seethe with smiling angst that shall forever remain beneath the surface because, as Hipsters, it's not cool to be angsty nor is it cool to be happy. Oh woe is you, you latter day denim wearing art school indie rockers. You are the new Goth. Sad and misunderstood. Pity them and be in awe of their smashing fashion sense.

OK rage aside, for real this time. There are some good tunes on the disc, namely the wishing to be Kid A "Turn Smile Shift Repeat" and the catchy "Nobody's Fault" and "All Over Again." I will find a way to burn those tracks onto my computer because they are worthwhile. So if you want to be Hip but don't have the money, smarm, or lack of dignity required to be a Hipster, Phantom Planet is worth checking out. It's getting some press through MTV and the related ilk so I'm sure you'll hear of them sooner or later, most likely on a soundtrack to some puerile dick and fart movie aimed at college kids with a disposable income and absolutely no taste

jeans make me sick. Go to your barber and tell him you are sick and tired of looking like an asshole.

**Game:** *Magic: The Gathering Online Beta*  
**Publisher:** Wizards of the Coast

*Magic* is a terrible, terrible addiction. It is in essence a collectable card game. In reality, it is a amazing marketing scheme by Wizards of the Coast to print money. You, the hapless player, spend gobs of money on packs of cards that you mix-and-match to create a customized deck. You then pit this deck against the hordes of other Dorks around you to determine who is the highest up on the "reverse-pyramid scheme." *Magic*, often referred to by such charming names as "Cardboard Crack," "Tragic: The Gathering" and "Date Repellent", is a sure road to Dorkingham, population: you.

That said, *Magic* is also a terrible complicated and interesting game. If one were able to divorce the social stigmata from the game *Magic*

certainly be worth the time of any person interested in either strategy games (Chess, Othello, etc) or even traditional card games (Poker, Gin, etc). Luckily, *Magic Online* allows for such a twist of fate to come about. You can play, and play, and play and it need never be known what you do with only the eerie glow of your computer monitor as witness. Of course, the same cultish, money-grubbing marketing scheme that pervades its physical counterpart is in place for the online version of the game. As it is currently in a FREE open Beta test ([www.magiconlinestore.com](http://www.magiconlinestore.com)) you have nothing to lose except time. Seeing as how the FREE open Beta is experiencing a cornucopia of technical difficulties, it will likely remain in this free beta stage for a month or so. Get on the Geek Chuck Wagon! Wooo!

Once the game goes gold, Wizards of the Coast assures us that the player will be able to exchange his (and trust me it is almost universally going to be his,) virtual "e-cards" for real versions. This is a neat little twist on traditional online gaming, so props to them. The addictive game-play and limitless options for customization have always made *Magic* a tempting hobby for many geeks. The online version manages to preserve the good qualities of the game while eliminating the noxious odor of its players. The only remaining problem is the exorbitant cost of maintaining a competitive edge in this cutthroat game. Of course the diligent readers among you will remember that I mentioned the words, "FREE Beta test" a few times already and have deduced that they can get in on the ground floor for the low, low price of nothing.

**Assessment:** *Magic the Gathering Online* is best suited for Dorky Geekazoids.

## The First, The Only And Still The Best

### The Best Selection of:

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Lingerie • Adult Novelties •  
Graffiti • Dugouts •  
Shoes By:  
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Blacklights •  
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# Psych-Assaulted

By Andrew Pernick

To give credit where credit is due, [www.psychassault.org](http://www.psychassault.org) has its heart in the right place. What is supposedly a website calling for a review of the international psychological organizations and a condemnation of mind-control techniques, is really a front for the L. Ron Hubbard-founded Church of Scientology, funded through the Citizens' Commission on Human Rights (CCHR). I have nothing against Scientology, Scientologists, or Mr. Hubbard. What I do have to point out is how difficult it was to find out who the man behind the mask was, so to speak. It is also worth noting that their argument fails almost every test of common sense and logic, not to mention the fact that the CCHR wishes to reintegrate "morality" into public schools (more on this later).

The site begins by giving an overview of the various means of brainwashing and a history of the application of psychological warfare theory. They are correct in their assessment of the horrors of Sierra Leone in which children as young as seven are given cocaine and Ritalin, inducing a killing frenzy that is unhindered by pain or the need for sleep (verified by the UN HRC). They are also on the right track in blaming the abuse of stimu-

lants and antidepressants in the molding and shaping of assassins and terrorists. This is where their logic ceases to hold.

Psychassault then goes on to claim that Kip Kinkel, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold, all schoolyard mass-murderers, committed their crimes due to the effects of Ritalin and antidepressants. But they do not stop there: they believe that psychology and psychopharmaceuticals are part of a quack pseudo-science. But do these incidents, deplorable and frightening as they are, obliterate the good that comes from properly adjusted psychopharmaceuticals? Should all psychopharmaceuticals be banned because they have the potential for being used by terrorists? If the answer to those two questions is yes, as the CCHR believes, then could not the same logic be applied to ban airplanes, fertilizer, diesel fuel, the Bible, and psychology in general?

The CCHR calls for, "An environment free of the mental manipulation and behavioral control that characterize much of psychiatry and psychology today..." Does this mean that the millions of people currently in therapy should, overnight, stop seeing their therapists and throw out their prescriptions? The public education system of the U.S. is arguably one of the most effective mass-producers of mind-controlled adults. Should it be banned? Will all people who take Lithium open fire on a high school or mix diesel fuel and fertilizer outside of a federal office building?

Their argument is tenuous at best, and given the absolute lack of evidence aside from quotes from their own pamphlets and from "Rolling Stone" articles, it is safe to say that the CCHR is employing a classic legal argument strategy: "If the facts are on your side, pound the facts. If the law is on your side, pound the law. If the facts and the law are against you, pound the desk." The CCHR is, most definitely, pounding the desk.

The CCHR also believes that there is no basis for the diagnoses reached by therapists. They seem to ignore that Holy Grail of therapy, the DSM-IV (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual, 4th Revision); or when they do finally make references to it, they see it as a vast criminal conspiracy in which all psychologists are players. Their pamphlet states that ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder) was "voted" into

ence, because it has exceptions, then we must also do away with the following: meteorology, particle physics, chaos theory, evolution theory, and most religions (including Scientology). The CCHR is apparently ignorant of the fact that science evolves; it improves upon itself. A field in science is only to be discontinued if substantive evidence points to the contrary (e.g. phrenology, etc). Is there currently a field of study that so

thoroughly explains away all of psychiatry and psychology that it meets the criteria to replace it?

Part of the reason that psychiatry's labels are "stigmatizing," to use the CCHR's own words, is because of groups that demand for the rejection of psychology and psychiatry; these groups attach stigma to the labels in an effort to give credibility to their arguments. As part of their attack on therapists, the CCHR states that psychiatrists are "more likely than not to be atheists" as if this were a bad thing. For a group that prides itself on human rights, it is interesting that they should take offense when someone exercises their inalienable human right to peacefully practice their religion by

not practicing a religion at all.

Morality is defined as "a system of ideas about right and wrong: religious morality" (American Heritage Dictionary, 4th ed.). It is the CCHR's demand for the reintegration of morality into the American public school system that has me a bit worried. A religious organization calling for "morality" in public education runs into the problem of a potential clash between that group's definition of morality and the definitions of morality the various families and religions in the district hold. This conundrum also raises a constitutional issue: the imposition of a specific interpretation of what is right and what is wrong could, very easily, be seen as a violation of the First Amendment right to the free exercise of religion, or, as the Supreme Court has held, the additional right not to practice.

Just as we would not want our children to be taught a system of morals in school that would go against the morals we as parents would have tried to instill, we should not allow ourselves to push our interpretations of right and wrong on others. For this reason, the concept of "morality" in public education is dicey at best. If you want your child to learn the morals of the Catholic Church, send the child to a Catholic school; do not impose your morals on other people's children out of a sense of superiority.

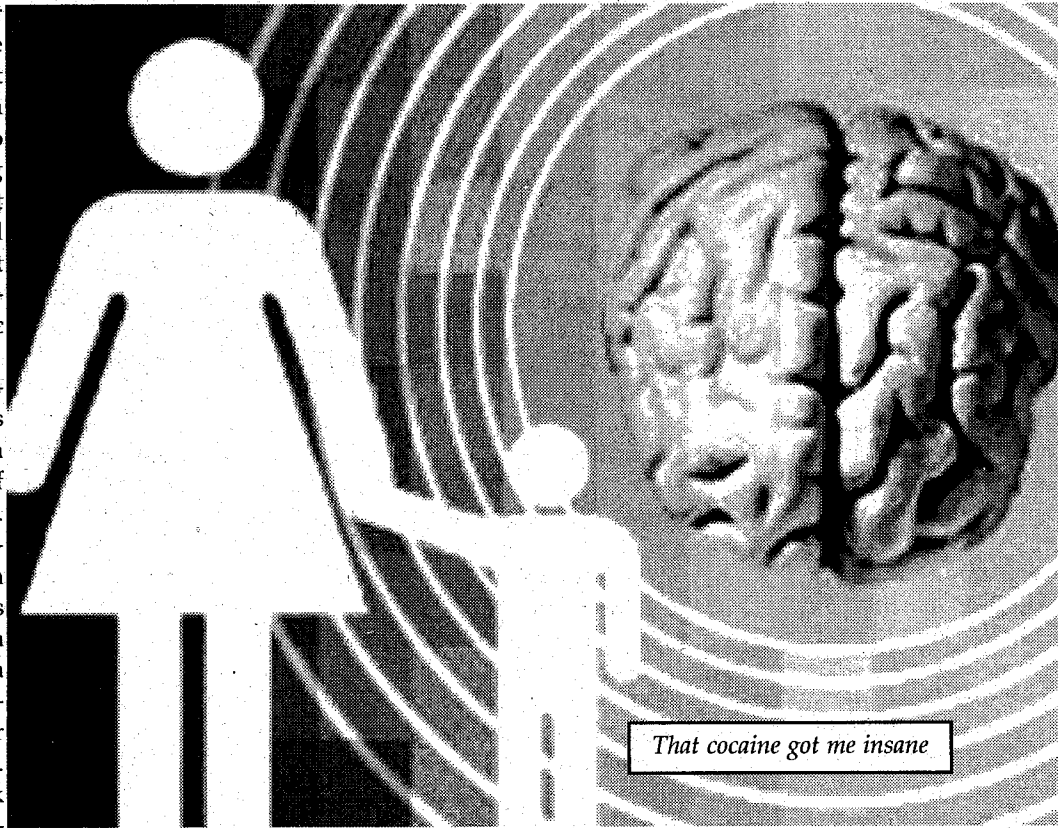
All in all, the Psychassault website is well managed, decently laid out, and not too harmful on the eyes. It is also, if you have a working brain and are not a Scientologist, funny as hell. That is about all of the good things I can say about the site while being able to look at myself in the mirror afterwards. Their argument is about as logical as throwing yourself in front of a speeding train to kill the mosquito on your forehead.

the DSM-IV. What they neglect to mention is that ALL of the entries in the DSM-IV are voted in, and obsolete entries are voted out. Then why does the AMA (American Medical Association), which the CCHR has no problem with apparently, recognize it as a legitimate medical reference and hold it as the standard by which to measure potential diagnoses? They forget that a psychiatrist is a licensed medical doctor. These medications come from years of painstaking research, clinical double-blind trials, and FDA applications; they are not merely potions concocted from "eye of newt" by the local Shaman. The pamphlet goes on to claim that ADHD is "a total, 100 percent fraud." Let's run with this for a bit: Are they also going to eventually claim that dyslexia, OCD (Obsessive Compulsive Disorder), Social Anxiety Disorder, Manic Depression, Mental Retardation, Phobic Disorder and Schizophrenia are also all a total 100% fraud?

As a matter of fact, one of their pamphlets actually states that there is no evidence that dyslexia exists. That's one down, seven to go. I imagine that by the time this calendar year is over, the CCHR will have "proven" that OCD is a communist plot, Schizophrenia the work of Elvis from beyond the grave, Phobic Disorder an alien experiment, and that Mental Retardation is a form of Divine Retribution from their god against all who aren't Scientologists.

If the previous ailments are all hoaxes, then explain, for example, a man who has not been able to leave his house for 3 days since he is constantly washing his hands. Or a woman who hears voices that try to control her behavior? Are these poor souls suffering from a mental disorder or is some "Higher Power" punishing them? What if I told you the poor woman was an Atheist? Would that sway their diagnosis towards divine retribution even faster?

If we were to do as the CCHR wishes, to reject psychology because it is not a perfect sci-



# Scissor Fight Live and In Person

By Derrick Prince

"This is like shopping in the 'White Isle' for Clutch." (The "White Isle" is a reference to the isles in Path Mark grocery stores filled with Path Mark brand generic copies of name brand products.) That was a direct quote from the mouth of my girlfriend, as we watched Scissor Fight on stage at Brooklyn's North Six on March 1st. Listen, I'll agree that there are certain things you can do, like it or not, that let others know things about you before you even meet them. For example, I agree that if you paid extra money to have something put on your license plate, no matter how "clever" or "cute" it may be, you're an idiot. I also agree that if you're a math TA at Stony Brook University, you can't speak English very well, or at all. I will not, however, agree that if you wear John Deer baseball caps, sing about slightly hokey topics and play heavy groove orientated rock'n'roll or metal, you are a generic version of Clutch.



New Hampshire's Scissor Fight play heavy groove orientated rocking metal. Their lyrics may be a bit hokey at times and their guitarist wears a John Deere baseball cap, but they aren't a Clutch rip-off. All right, fine, you can draw quite a few parallels between Scissor Fight and Clutch, but parallels are all they are. I think it's about time to accept this style of rock as a whole new as of yet un-named genre. Bands like Scissor Fight, Clutch, Fu Manchu, etc. are all very similar in that they aren't really heavy or cheesy enough to be considered plain old metal. Their music is too upbeat and modern to be consid-

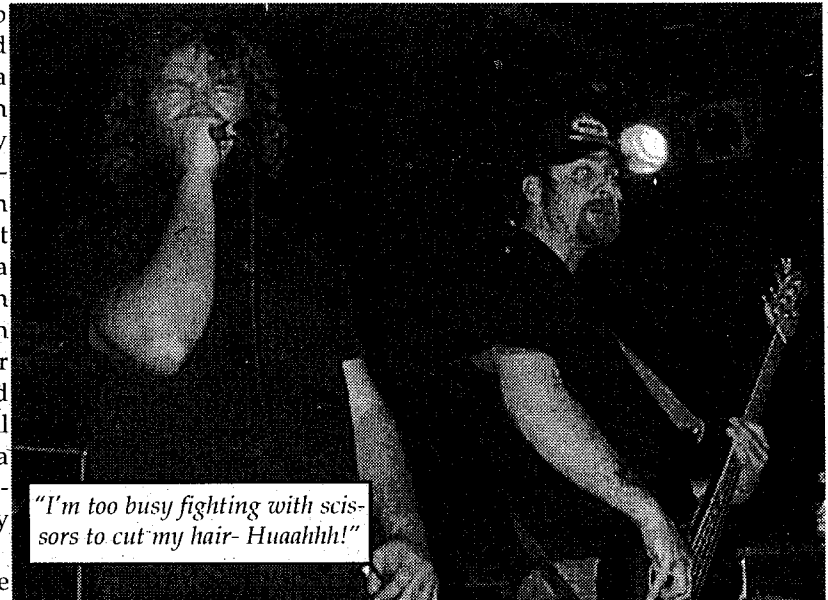
ered stoner-rock. It's not hokey enough to be southern. It's too aggressive to be only rock'n'roll (even if I like it). There is a new musical movement going on here and Clutch are in-arguably the leaders of it, but it's unfair to brand anyone with a similar style as wannabes, rip-offs or generic copies. It's not just my girlfriend either, do a web search for Scissor Fight and you'll be hard pressed to find a review that fails to mention Clutch. I'm aware of the irony here, but bear with me. I'm proposing that we drop the Clutch comparisons now, they detract from Scissor Fight's merit as a creative musical force that can effectively stand on their own without the crutch of another more established band, and doing so from this point on will only point out a deficit in a reviewer's abilities of expression, not a lack of individuality on the part of Scissor Fight. That being said...on to the music.

Scissor Fight's sixth release, *Man Trapping for Sport and Profit*, is a hard thing to accurately describe. The opening track, "Acid for Blood" is an exercise in violently crunching guitar chord brilliance, mixed with a driving bass line and sinister vocals, complimented by some groovy as hell, heel stomping Zeppelin style melodies. The next track, "New Hampshire's All Right If You Like Fighting," shares the same musical characteristics as the opener but as the song title suggests, we have a more humorous vocal approach featuring some group backing vocals and a monster truck styled list of places to fight, as well as some of the injuries to inflict or receive.

Moving on in the CD, "Hazard to Navigation" introduces us to a mellower side of Scissor Fight. The song's bass and drum driven verses only use the guitar to accent things before it bludgeons you with the all out aggression of the chorus make for some extremes in stylistic change that's works all too well. This track also showcases the vocal dexterity of Ironlung, who may not be a great singer, but he works with what he has and does so with great prowess as he matched the tone of the verses with some soft spoken words, then bellows with the chorus as the music dictates he should. The backing vocals of the chorus itself, done in a high pitched adult male chorus sounding mess, is at first a bit nerve racking, but once you get used to it, it fits nicely in contrast to the abrasiveness of the guitars and drums. "Hazard to Navigation" perfectly sets for the mood for the stone cold groove of

"Hammerdown." A testament to a screw-you-I'm-doing-it-my-way lifestyle, it's just one of those songs that makes you grit your teeth with the beat and wish you were a part of this rock'n'roll monster.

For the most part, Scissor Fight is dead on with everything, but they do stray at times. "The



Most Dangerous Animal Is Me" is a great song but it's tainted by the lyrics. For the most part, they're abstract enough to overlook, but when Ironlung starts bellowing "the most dangerous animal is me," you can't help but feel embarrassed for him. The other inconsistencies are also lyrical in nature but compared to "The Most Dangerous Animal..." they're minimal, and when it really comes down to it, lyrics aren't that important, just look to the success of Type-O-Negative if you need further convincing.

What makes Scissor Fight truly awesome is their lack of self-aggrandizing musical over indulgence. Listening to *Mantrapping* you never get the impression that any of these guys are musical virtuosos, but what else would you expect from a bunch of hillbillies in John Deere hats from New Hampshire? The guitars never over shadow the drums or the bass or the vocals and the same goes for all the other instruments. Scissor Fight have crafted a sound that excels in it's no-frills brand of song writing. They know when to hold back and when to let go, a skill that makes them one of the few bands out there creating music that's not over burdened with all the extra bullshit that's so prevalent in today's incarnations of hard rock and metal.

Go to [www.scissorfight.net](http://www.scissorfight.net) or [www.mp3.com/scissorfight](http://www.mp3.com/scissorfight), download some mp3's and buy their CD's, you know you need a break from all that crap the radio and MTV have been force feeding you and Scissor Fight is that break.

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# On The Dole

By Tim Connors

The government pays my bills. I receive social security because of a disability, even though I'm not in my sixties yet. I was diagnosed in 1997 with schizophrenia, and since then I have completed college at University at Stony Brook, but have had some difficulty finding work since graduation.

I was working at a supermarket for five months, but the hundred dollars a month was not worth losing my social security, and health benefits. The way the social security disability income system is set up is that over a five-year period I get nine months as a trial work period, and that doesn't have to be in a row.

It is discouraging to have used up half of a trial work period working at a supermarket. There's a line of thought that a job is a job, but with a college degree it seems like under employment to be a cashier. The biggest impediment to finding a job is a spotty work history since graduating in December of 1999.

Another factor is having a political science degree that doesn't translate into any particular field, but allowed me to graduate more quickly than any other degree would have. I focused on law courses and that was probably a mistake, since I am not inclined to borrow a hundred grand to go to law school, and I don't have the grades to get in either.

Having a game plan after graduation would have been helpful, but I was just con-

cerned with getting through it. Another unfortunate complication is that the schizophrenic auditory hallucinations have been getting worse over the last year. That has been a real bummer, and I'm not sure if I'm even employable anymore. My doctor has suggested the possibility of starting a medication that requires blood tests every week, because of the off chance it will kill bone marrow, oh and it's a weight gainer and I don't need to gain another forty to fifty pounds.

Talking about weight gainers, I started on Depakote and put on about fifty pounds. It's a mood stabilizer, and has kept my moods from swinging too much. The down side is I'm up to about 290 pounds, and it's difficult to healthily carry that much weight. Basically I'm a big fatty now, and that sucks.

I'm living outside of Philadelphia now, in a moderate care residence. A CRR is a house that has a staff to help out the clients who live there, and also provides affordable housing. I was able to get into housing in PA, but not in NY because of a lack of housing in Suffolk county. The services in PA are better than in NY, at least in my opinion.

There's a danger in getting too comfortable in the system, because it seems that a goal of recovery from illness is not a possibility. I'm under the impression that recovery from being Schizoaffective is rather rare, and I had given up hope on it. The staff at the CRR is working on

turning my outlook on recovery around.

I am tempted to continue to stay on disability income for as long as I can, especially since finding a job with medical benefits has proven elusive. Considering my medications would cost around six hundred dollars, plus doctor's visits, and a therapist, the costs involved would prove prohibitive to cover on a job that pays around minimum wage.

My case manager takes care of getting my medications from the drug companies for free. That's a big plus, and she's always coming up with different resources for me. I didn't expect to end up in Philly, but it seems to be working out for the best.

I was institutionalized again last May, after I stopped taking my medication. I was released to the care of my Uncle, who lives on the main line outside of Philly. He's a home remodeler, and I was living in real nice digs for a couple of months before going to the CRR.

After staying with my Uncle for two weeks, I was back in the bin again for another two weeks. That's when I started taking Depakote, and Seroquel in addition to Risperidol for my symptoms. The doses have been getting higher and higher, and my symptoms have been getting worse. So for now I'll stay on the government gravy train, even though I had hoped for more out of life than this.



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# The Inadmissible Class(es) (con't)

Continued from page 7

Ottawa to avoid detection, so maybe they hoped that by catching a major menace like myself, they'd be promoted to the more glamorous precincts of Toronto or Vancouver. Or maybe they just never got to do much and I was their morning's entertainment.

Anyway, Leclair kept accusing me of being a protestor, even after I made a confession I don't make to anybody--that I don't really like marching around and chanting things. To say nothing of dodging teargas.

"I don't think your report will be anything different from what I can watch on TV when I go home." Well, I haven't seen Canadian TV in five years, but if what I read in the "Ottawa Citizen" is any indication of the state of the northern media, he's getting a picture that's slanted very much towards capital and neoliberalism.

"Reporters don't protest. You wouldn't see someone like Dan Rather protesting," Leclair opined.

That was too perfect. "No, but if he's at the Chateau Frontenac having cocktails with these corporate mucky-mucks, are you telling me that's not biased?"

That pretty much ended our learned colloquy on the media.

They asked about why I was against the FTA. They asked about the War Resisters League (whose number they found in my address book, the nosy buggers). They wanted to know what the WRL did, and had I ever been physically removed from a protest. Told them no. Had I ever been arrested? Told them no. I have to say that their inquiries about protesting never once broached the subject of violence. Apparently, that was not a concern. The mere fact of my attempting to join the protests (or perhaps to report on them) was a major bone of contention. I was kind of glad that I had my bulldog puss on, because I was seriously tempted to laugh at the absurdity of these guys falling all over themselves to keep my fat ass out of Canada, as if I were some kind of threat.

Well, this fishing expedition went on for a while. I came close to asking Leclair why he didn't just use his omnipotence and deport me, since he'd already made up his mind to do so. I now know that he needed some kind of legal pretext. An acquaintance familiar with the INS here in the States tells me that they can pretty much keep out anyone they want to, but they have to fit it into the law.

Well, eventually they asked for my social security number and Mr. Mallette went into the next room to feed it into a computer. Mr. Leclair and I exchanged pleasantries for several minutes, and then Mallette returned with the eager look of a retriever bringing back a mallard. He pointed to something on his notepad.

"What happened on July 24, 1981?" Leclair crowed.

"That?!! I was drunk and pulled a fire alarm. That record is supposed to be sealed"--shades of Patrick Dorismond. It didn't matter, I was informed with glee; I had been less than honest and they could ship me out for that.

Strangely, the computer had indicated that I had been arrested for "harassing," which is their cute way of saying harassment up there. And that wasn't the charge. I later learned that they contract a private service for this information. I wonder if it's the same service that made a huge percentage of Florida's African-American voters into felons, and thus ineligible to vote, during the last election.

So, once they had their pretext, all discussion about whether I was "real press" or going

to protest ceased. I was asked to relax in the Gray Room again, and after a bit Leclair emerged and informed me that I was not allowed to enter Canada and was to be put on the next plane back. He also told me I was lucky to be detained (I later found out that I could have insisted on a hearing and probably had the bogus exclusion thrown out, but of course he didn't tell me this; it was his job to get rid of me. Besides, I would have had to spend a night in detention and arrived in QC too late).

I told him that if I were coming for a weekend of debauchery in Montreal, no one would care if I'd been arrested twenty years ago. I had, in fact, entered Canada eight times since 1987 and had never been asked if I had a criminal record. He then told me that if I ever want to visit Canada again, I'll have to get a special clearance from the embassy to show that I'd been "rehabilitated."

A little later, I was given two documents. Considering they were issued by people who claimed to be obsessed with the truth, they were actually lies (official lies, the best kind). The first purports to be a report from Mr. Mallette to Mr. Leclair stating that I should not be allowed into Canada because I'm "a member of the inadmissible class(es)" and claims that Mallette examined me and discovered my shocking past, when in fact it was Leclair who did all the interrogating. It's a lie.

Another document allows me to leave Canada, when in fact, I was officially never in Canada. More Kafka, this time with a little Alice-in-Wonderland thrown in.

The third and biggest lie, of course, is that I was excluded because I "lied" about my arrest record. Nonsense! I was excluded because I was going to a protest. I was supposed to sign a part that said I withdrew my application for admission. I was told I didn't have to, and so my piddling act of protest for the day was to refuse to sign. I should actually have added my own statement on the political nature of my exclusion on the bottom of the form. I have since written Customs and Immigration

"I hate like hell to do this," said Mr. Leclair, with a big shit-eating grin that let me know he was real happy to be doing it.

He then walked me to the Air Canada ticket counter and changed my ticket for the next flight to LaGuardia. I stood at the counter while he conferred with the clerk.

"Is Canada safe now?" I inquired, heavy on the sarcasm.

"Did you really think I was planning to put bricks through windows?"

He didn't answer that and we proceeded on to US Customs. I half expected a hard time when after I'd left the "Countries Visited" space blank. But it was a nice older lady and I flirted with her, "Do I strike you as the kind of person who'd do anything?"

"Well, you can't tell by looking," she blushed.

Finally, he left me in the departure lounge. "I don't think you need to have anyone here to watch you," he said, "and there are surveillance cameras everywhere." Yeah, some things are the same everywhere.

He said he'd be back in half an hour and I made myself comfortable. I called my hotel (Maison Ste-Ursule; stay there if you're ever in Quebec) and the proprietor graciously wished me "Bon courage" and said he absolutely would not charge the credit card. From all reports, the residents of Quebec City were most supportive of the protests and resentful of the ugly wall and massive police state presence.

The flight to LaGuardia was not for

another two hours. I looked at the monitor and saw that there was a flight to Newark leaving quite soon. So I went up to the desk and asked the nice lady if I could get on it. She looked at my ticket. "You just got here."

"Yeah, they're throwing me out. I'm a dangerous international criminal."

The boarding call came just five minutes later and Mr. Leclair hadn't returned, so I just sashayed through the gate. I like to think that he did come back and I caused the entire security apparatus there at least a couple minutes of consternation, maybe even a frantic Keystone Kops search of the airport. Maybe they even think I somehow escaped and the Mounties are combing the North Woods for me even now.

Not to be entirely defeated, I managed to suck down three Labatt's Blues on the plane. The flight attendant let me have the third even after the tray tables were supposed to be up. Wouldn't even take a tip. That's why I'll go back to Canada.

Everyone I dealt with (except Customs) was great. Even the lawyer in Montreal I interviewed last week said, "I hope you'll come back and see us again." What a country!

And of course, despite all their best efforts and all that money, the protest happened, the embarrassing scenes of teargas and riot police were broadcast to the world and I've even heard that quite a bit of damage was done to police equipment. In a further ironic twist, several other Press staffers crossed the border with no problem and actually participated in tearing down a part of that hideous chain-link wall. The municipal authorities in Quebec City say they'll never host anything like this again.

And I wonder if those customs agents think they have safe, secure government jobs with good pay and benefits and they won't, under rampaging globalization, be replaced with lower-wage, under trained rent-a-cop types a couple years down the line.

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# Blackworld: Racism by Referendum

By Ross Rosenfeld

What does it mean to be a racist? Is racism a term that applies only to those who wear white masks and burn crosses, or to those whose arms are adorned with swastikas? Is racism something that is exercised, or simply something that is felt? Can it be done without violence? Can it be political? Can it be subtle?

It is Wednesday, March 6th, at about a quarter to one in the afternoon, and I am sitting in room 072 of the Union basement – the headquarters of Blackworld, a student-run publication on our campus. The faces around me are black. I am not. I am white, with red hair. I stand out.

I am also a Democrat, and tend to lean liberal. I am here, supposedly, to find-out about working for Blackworld. I am really here, though, to find out about Blackworld itself.

In front of me is the latest issue of Blackworld, the words "ONE NATION" printed upon the banner, and repeated every page thereafter except on the back, which instead has an ad calling for "students of color and all others interested." On the cover the words "Black History" are imprinted over a picture from the past, a picture from the present, and a drawing of the future. All black faces. All faces of hope for a race that has suffered far too many injustices.

Flipping through the paper, it's easy to see that the production is lacking: the writing is poor, with innumerable grammatical errors, the pictures scarce and of poor quality. Even the "Letter from the Editor" begins with a practically incomprehensible sentence, reading: "The debate regarding mandating affirmative action programs and the like throughout colleges is one that has individual legislation slowly leading towards those who oppose them [sic]." Many of the articles are by only two or three authors, and I'm certain that these people did indeed work hard. It pains me, though, to see that their work has gone toward something that is teeming with racism.

The meeting begins with a talk by Dr. Tracey Walters, the paper's advisor. Dr. Walters is an attractive, aggressive woman with smooth skin and a currently stylish gap-toothed grin – except she rarely grins. At least not at this meeting she doesn't. She is concerned for the paper, as she should be, and speaks-out against its numerous errors. Half the time is taken up by Dr. Walters' concerns, which the paper's Editor-in-Chief, Yvonne Belizario, and others address in turn.

The meeting doesn't truly get interesting until we reach the part of the Agenda which reads "Questions/Comments." I am ready for this moment, for I have been waiting to pipe-up for some time now.

All eyes turn upon me, the stranger, as I ask my first question:

"What is the mission of Blackworld?"

Ms. Belizario responds.

"The mission of Blackworld," she says, "is...to really express what black people are ...in our own selves." She goes on to say that the media misrepresents black people, and that Blackworld is therefore needed to "express ourselves, by ourselves."

Shaila Mentore, the Managing Editor,

quickly tries to correct her: "What Yvonne is saying... by ourselves...the paper is open to everybody, [it is for] minorities as a whole." Later, when I had a chance to examine the last two issues of Blackworld, I would find that this was not accurate, as one would be hard-pressed to find articles about other minorities.

But I am already on to my next question:

"I understand that the paper is open to everybody," I begin, "But there are certain things in the paper, I think, that might deter people from trying to join...Other minorities...people who are not black..."

"Like what?" the Editor asks.

"Like...it says 'ONE NATION,' I reply, "I noticed that...What does that really mean?"

"That means that black people are one nation." Belizario answers. This struck me as odd, as I do not consider black people a nation, just as I do not consider white people a nation. The term "one nation" strikes me as one that is segregating, in fact, but I did not interrupt her. "This is a paper that's for us. It's not like the New York Times – we don't have to cover everything that the Statesman covers, we don't have to cover everything that Newsday covers. We cover things that are about ourselves. And if we deter people from coming, then, we really can't do anything about that, because it's a paper for African-Americans and other minorities." Notice, however, that the paper is not called Minorityworld.

I also point out that their ad on the back about "students of color" might deter those who are not "of color."

The answer I receive from Ms. Belizario is this: if one wanted "to write something positive about minorities and African-Americans, [one] could write it here. Otherwise, she says, "The Press is open, the Statesman is open, Newsday...everything else is open. But this paper is for African-Americans – that's why it's called Blackworld." This time she corrects herself: "African-Americans and other minorities." "Do you think that minorities are, at least maybe tacitly, restricted from participating in some of these other papers?"

"No, not at all." Ms. Belizario says, "But we wanted a paper for ourselves." For ourselves...I ponder this. The word "segregation" rings in my ear.

I took with me from the meeting two issues of Blackworld to look through. I had been told by Ms. Belizario that Blackworld was somewhat of an "open forum," but that, of course, racist remarks against blacks would be restricted. This courtesy, however, evidently does not extend to other groups, as it seemed from my reading.

In one article, entitled "World Trade Center Theory," (October 2001) the author (who is not named), blames Israel for the terrorist attacks on our country, citing absolutely no evidence for this theory, despite the fact that Ms. Belizario claims that the article had "valid points." "The whole world got shocked with the attack, leaving Israel free to torture Palestinians without anyone hearing or seeing or objecting!" the article reads, "If you add it all up, you'll see the hands of 'al Mussed,' the Israeli Intelligence

Services, behind the attack." Here I fixed-up the grammar for the author, but the wording and the stupidity are all the unknown's own. He (or she) then goes on through a rant of idiocy not worth mentioning, except for my favorite, which I have to include: "More importantly, he [Osama bin Laden] said he did not do it...he may not be a model international citizen, but since when was the US government, or worse, the Israeli government, the truth-tellers of the world?"

Idiotic as it is, the article was not listed as an opinion, and I was unable to find a rebuttal written by anyone on the Blackworld staff, although there was a far less vehement one written by Rabbi Joseph Topek of the Interfaith Center.

Another article I found, entitled "Mumia Abu-Jamal Update" (February/March 2002) discusses what may indeed be a terrible injustice of the law. But the article, which had no rebuttal, ends off with some paragraphs "courtesy of the Workers Vanguard," which state: "Mumia Abu-Jamal's case throws into stark relief the whole nature of racist Americans capitalism [sic]." It goes on to say that "Jamal's case is a demonstration of the machinery of repression wielded by the capitalist rulers against any perceived threat to a system based on the exploitation of the many by the few, which in America is rooted in the forcible subjugation of the black population at the bottom of society.

The article then attacks the war on terrorism. "The Bush administration," it reads, "invoking the need for 'war measures' as it bombs the people of Afghanistan, is gearing up a new COINTELPRO [FBI Secret Police, which, it is said, may have been involved in disrupting the Black Panther Party] style campaign of terror and provocation. Targeting people of Near Eastern descent in the first instance, the government's 'war on terror' is aimed at all immigrants, minorities, labor, leftists and all perceived opponents of the government."

Now, I hope, dear reader, that you have an appreciation for this paper, because you pay for it. This is what your money goes for. Blackworld is supported by you. And each semester you get to decide if you're going to keep it or not.

"We're on referendum." Ms. Belizario says, "That means you can check off 'Yes' or you can check off 'No' if you like the paper or not, and every semester since 1974 we have been checked off 'Yes.'"

Maybe that should be reconsidered.

Whether you're black, white, Asian, Hispanic, or otherwise, segregation is segregation, racism – subtle, or even legal – is still racism. I for one do not want a Blackworld, or a Whiteworld, or any other world but one – a world of people, within which it does not matter whether you are black or white.

Unfortunately, this is not the mission of Blackworld, a paper in which racism is evident throughout. When the next referendum comes up, you, the student, the voter, will have to make a decision. You may, at that moment, want to consider what it means to be a racist. The question is: Do you want to support this?

The decision is yours.

**There was a time when SUNY was free**

**FREE**

**Today you are forced into slavery by a system and a state  
that doesn't have your interests in mind  
You are losing 155 million in TAP funding.  
You are being housed like Prisoners of War  
You are forced to eat a certain food  
forced to drink a certain drink  
forced to leave after eight semesters  
forced to pay with your freedom of choice  
as well as your money**

**I call it slavery  
indentured servitude  
extortion and usury**

**Once upon a time  
the public servants  
served the public**

**Once upon a time  
the university was  
concerned with the  
education  
and the well being  
of its students**

**You have every right  
to feel disenfranchised**

**to feel you have been  
raped by the system**

**to feel  
objectified  
commodified  
ignored  
impotent  
betrayed  
violated  
by the perversion  
of higher education  
wrought by your  
administrators and  
legislators**



**you should be really fucking angry**