

THE STONY BROOK **PRESS**

Vol. XXII No. 4

"That's What You Get, Bringin' a Klobb To A Gunfight"

October 27, 2000

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WE CAN OUT-CIRCLE-STRAFE
A N Y O N E



Campus Events

On the evening of November 9th, Hillel (The Jewish Student Organization) will be holding a Kristalnacht remembrance program. Kristalnacht, which is also known as the Night of Broken Glass, took place on November 9th, 1938. On this day, Nazi storm troopers ransacked and torched non-aryan businesses and places of worship. This night does not only represent an evening of great destruction, but also marks the beginning of the mass effort by the German government to extinguish ALL minority groups (i.e., Jews, handicapped people, homosexuals, gypsies, and others) from the world.

The event will take place on November 9th from 7pm until 10pm. Program ideas are still speculative, but we are considering conducting a memorial walk and interactive discussion group. If you would like more information please contact Rachel Goldman, Jessica Leffler, or Joy Warner at 632-6565 or feel free to email us at rgoldman@ic.sunysb.edu.

Geology Open Night

Friday October 27th
7:30pm in the ESS lecture hall-
Room 001

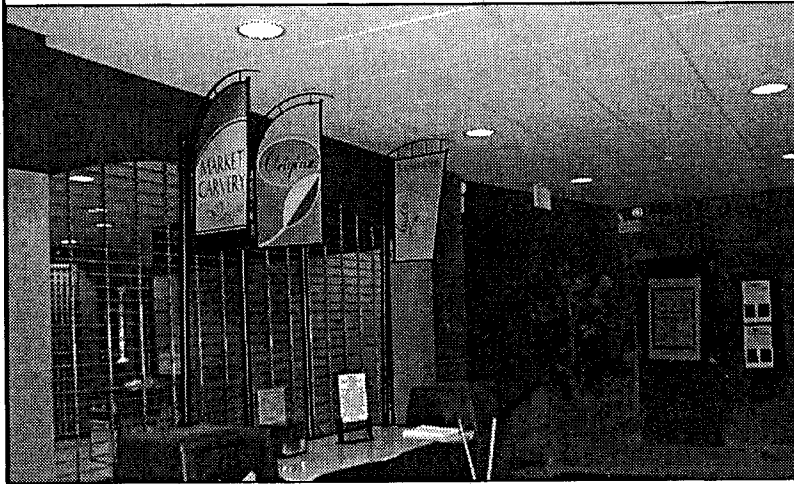
"Zooarcheology and the Origins of Modern Humans"
By Professor Curtis Marean of the Anthropology Department.
Refreshments and demonstrations after the presentation.
Admission is free.

UNIVERSITY DINING ADOPTS A NEW LOOK

By Diana Post

As part of the changes this semester, Kelly Dining Center started the school year with a new look. Other campus cafeterias and residential dining areas are also expected to change over the next few years.

The university began renovating Kelly Dining in July. Designers, focus groups and Campus Dining Services gathered and redesigned the facility to incorporate many new themes and ideas to better accommodate the needs of students.



Coming Soon to Kelly Dining...

Most of the old familiar names are still present at Kelly Dining, as well as a few new ones. The Market Carvery, which sells a variety of meats for our student carnivores, the Kelly Deli, which features sandwich and salad selections, and the convenience store, which sells canned and packaged groceries still remain from last year.

Taco Bell, on the other hand, has been relocated to Campus Connection at H-Quad.

As for the new ones, two eateries previously only at the Student Activities Center have been added to Kelly. Harvest Moon, which offers stir-fry and rice, and Portabella's, which features Italian specialties, have been added to the selection; both options are still available at the SAC.

Though Portabella's has been open for several weeks now, Harvest Moon is still under construction and will be opened within a few weeks.

Caliente Mexpress is another one of the new additions to Kelly Dining. No, it is not some cheap imitation of Taco Bell. Caliente Mexpress serves nineteen different menu items inspired by the cuisine of Mexico. It is specifically "Mexican food," as indicated by Nicholas Mennillo, Operations Director of Campus Dining Services. Taco Bell is "American southwestern food."

In response to the student requests for more vegetarian goods, TerraVe, a program designed by Chartwells, was created to cater to their desires. Under TerraVe, a new Vegetarian Corner will be coming soon to Kelly Dining.

"We're pretty excited about [TerraVe]," says Mennillo, "as time goes on, we're going to add it to more and more units."

Most vegetarian students seemed to be pleased with this new addition.

"I think it will be a great addition to the Dining Halls at Stony Brook," indicated Amelia James, an undergraduate sophomore of the university. "I have been a vegetarian for four years, and I know that it can be difficult to determine whether or not food is completely vegetarian, especially when eating out, where you can't really see the chef making it."

Now that food will be clearly marked under the TerraVe logo the cooking gear that the chefs use will be strictly for vegetarian food.

Similarly, Harvest Moon will have separate preparations for vegetarians.

"I think this would make living on campus so much easier," said James.

Mennillo also indicated that Campus Dining Services also hope to renovate the Roth Cafeteria in the near future, possibly next summer. Some of the ideas being considered include the removal of Pizza Hut and putting in Sbarro's Italian Eatery. Currently Pizza Hut requires the chefs to put in three teaspoons of

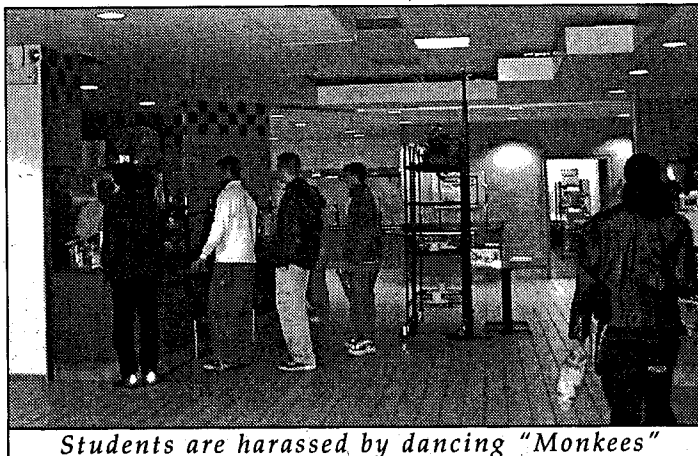
oil before setting the dough in the pan.

A redesigning of the facilities interior, similar to the change in Kelly Dining, is also expected at Roth.

The Humanities Café, a non-residential food facility, is expected to be renovated after Roth.

However, Mennillo expressed concern over the price of these renovations. The renovation of Kelly Dining cost much more than expected. Moreover, it is taking longer than expected to complete. The project was slowed due to the state government's demand that the building be brought up to code during the renovations.

Oftentimes as the construction crew moved a wall or some other component of the building, they would find that there were major changes that needed to be made there, such as rerouting high wattage electrical cables. Since it was forced to open for business in September, much of the work has had to be scheduled around business hours as well. Adding to the already high bill, a state of the art security system was installed throughout the building.



Students are harassed by dancing "Monkees"

In the long term, Campus Dining Services hopes to construct a new food court behind the Engineering buildings near the Academic Mall. Such a building would allow them to close down both Roth and Kelly, as the new building would not only encompass all that the latter have to offer, it would also be in close proximity to where they are needed.

A MURDERER'S HANDS

By
Katie Sinnot

I need you to sit down while you read this article. Imagine you are a patient at Stony Brook Hospital, be it for surgery or a broken broken bone. Now imagine the doctor that is treating you and that you, and your family trust, is using you as a guinea pig and injecting lethal poisons into your body all for the sake of his enjoyment and psychotic pleasure.

Now, imagine being a family member of

"He didn't tell anyone he was put in jail for poisoning anyone. We just found out a little while ago. He falsified documents and lied to us through his teeth."

a patient in that situation, and when you ask for answers, you get nothing but lies that in themselves make no sense. If this were you, what would you do?

Three Long Island families who have lost family members to a Doctor Micheal Swango, hired by Stony Brook Hospital, are suing the hospital for a total of 90 million dollars.

In 1979, Micheal Swango began college at Southern Illinois University, where his reign as a killer began. While there, he was known to have used unorthodox forms of studying which then helped him to cheat, though he was never convicted. He wasn't liked by fellow students and considered to be cold. The most startling thing his fellow students knew of him took place in an anatomy course in which each student received a section of a cadaver to dissect and study; Swango received the rump and grotesquely butchered it.

Swango was supposed to graduate in 1982, but was held back a year because he was caught fabricating patients' charts.

In 1983 he was offered residency in neurosurgery at Ohio State University. While there he worked part time as a paramedic for the Adams County Ambulance Corp. While at Ohio State, nurses noticed an unusual amount of deaths on the floors he worked, but no convictions were made; one nurse said she had seen him injecting "something" into a patients IV which caused him to become paralyzed. The patient lived and told the nurse and head nurse everything they remembered, and the nurses wrote it down. They also wrote down the information given by the patients' roommate, who witnessed the entire event. This information was passed from the head nurse to

ill. He would call them at home to ask how they were doing, and ask about their symptoms and tell them to keep constant contact with him. His coworkers became suspicious of him because of this and previous odd behavior. They claimed he was always into death, destruction and hearing gory details. It got to the point where upon seeing other paramedics instead of saying hello he would say "You know I'm going to kill you." No one knew whether to take him seriously or not. One day, when with a fellow paramedic, Swango ran into the store to get a bottle of 7-UP for him; after drinking it, the paramedic became

very ill, just like the others who had eaten with Swango. The paramedic held onto the bottle and sent it to a lab for testing which led to Swango being caught.

Swango was convicted and sentenced to 5 years but only served 2; the details of this are still not clear. But in the beginning of 1986, his license to practice medicine was taken from him.

In January of 1990, he moved to West Virginia and legally changed his name to David Jackson Dadms so that he could apply to Ohio Valley Medical Center for a job. When he was asked about his license being suspended he said it was because of a "battery conviction resulting from an altercation in a restaurant." They weren't so sure of him so they denied his application.

In 1991, Swango applied to the University of South Dakota under his real name and was accepted to residency in March of 1992. Things went pretty well for him at South Dakota so he applied to the American Medical Association. They reviewed his files and records very closely and asked the court for a copy of his poisoning conviction. The A.M.A. didn't accept him and they contacted the University of South Dakota who immediately put him on suspension.



Dr. Michael Swango on Trial

Swango said it was true and that was what he had been convicted for, but claimed that he was innocent. Swango said he felt he had no choice but to conceal the reason for the conviction and Miller actually agreed that Swango was correct. Miller has said that Swango seemed "gen-

choose to take his word for it and apparently never looked into it any further. All they were able to confirm was that Swango was a graduate of SIU.

Stony Brook fucked up; they never contacted the Federation of State Medical Boards, and as such never found out that Swango's license had ever been suspended. They also never contacted or checked with judicial, prison or police authorities about the battery conviction he told them about. While around the hospital he started to use other names, like Dr. Kirk, to throw other people and patients off. He was also assigned to the Northport Veterans Hospital by the Stony Brook Medical School.

Swangos' long-term girlfriend, Kristin Cooper, who he had recently separated from, had killed herself, and her mother, Sharon, had contacted a friend for comfort. Her friend, who was located in South Dakota, told her that Swango was now in New York practicing medicine. Mrs. Cooper contacted Dr. Talley, the Dean of the University of South Dakota and he called Jordan Cohen, the Dean of Medical School at Stony Brook, and told him all about Swango.

Once Miller heard the news, he contacted Swango and told him he needed to speak with him immediately. Miller told him what he had found out and outlined the cases of poisonings in Illinois.

uinely remorseful."

"It was one thing to hire someone convicted of battery after a barroom brawl, but Stony Brook would never have taken such a risk with someone convicted of poisoning people," said Miller. He told Swango that his residency was "suspended, effective immediately." (Stewart, "Blind Eye" p.217)

When Swango asked where else he could ever practice medicine, Miller suggested he go someplace overseas that really needed a doctor. That day, October 20, 1993, the VA also suspended Swango.

That same day, *Newsday* came out with an article titled "Poison in his Past: Hospital Fires M.D. After Learning He Fed Ant Killer to Paramedics."

Michelle Gold, the Stony Brook Hospital spokeswoman said, "He didn't tell anyone he was put in jail for poisoning anyone. We just found out a little while ago. He falsified documents and lied to us through his teeth."

Elsie Harris went to Stony Brook and asked for "Dr. Kirk" after reading the paper. She demanded an explanation but none was given. It seemed all the doctors in ICU were rotated so that the new doctors wouldn't know anything about Swango or her husband Barron Harris. When Harris was able to speak to the Doctor in charge of the ICU he told her that Swango had nothing to do with the condition of her husband; shortly after, Barron Harris died.

Several days after Swango was suspended, Dean Cohen called

Continued on Page 6

Stony Brook fucked up; they never contacted the Federation of State Medical Boards, and as such never found out that Swango's license had ever been suspended.

the heads of the hospital, who chose to conduct their own investigation rather than involving the police. The hospital found that Swango was not guilty of any wrongdoing and accused the nurses and patients of paranoia. Swango was allowed to finish his residency.

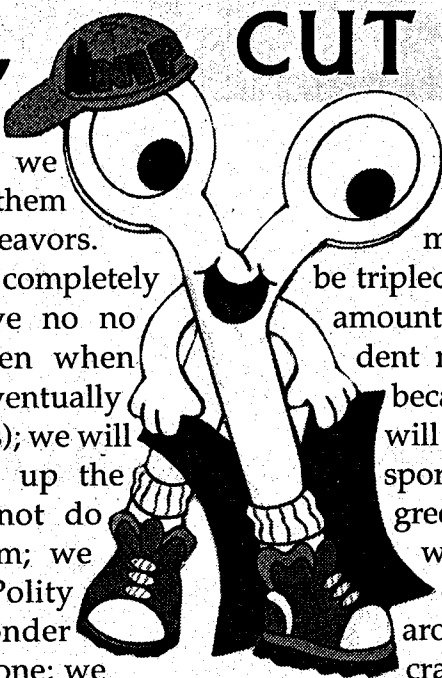
In September of 1984, Swango was granted a license to practice medicine in Ohio. He had to leave his paramedic job during this time, but when he asked for his job back he was hired immediately.

While working there he would occasionally treat his patients to coffee and doughnuts, but after a short period of time they started becoming violently

In the spring of 1993, Dr. Miller, Director of Psychiatric Residency Program at S.U.N.Y. Stony Brook, was going through completed applications for the program. Miller liked Swango's application and invited him to New York for an interview. Now when I say that Miller liked his application, I don't mean he liked the fact that he had convictions and such on his record. Swango obviously lied his ass off and came up with a pretty impressive application. At the interview, Swango came right out and told Miller he had spent time in jail; he claimed he was convicted on battery at a barroom brawl and Miller, taken back by his honesty, was even more impressed. Miller, who represents a large part of Stony Brook Hospital,

PEOPLE, CUT THE CRAP

As *the Press* represents the student body, we have decided to follow them in suit with all their endeavors. Therefore, we shall be completely apathetic. We shall have no no important opinions, even when things like voting will eventually affect us (i.e. tuition raises); we will talk about how fucked up the administration is and not do anything to protest them; we will avoid voting in Polity elections and then wonder why nothing ever gets done; we



will continue to buy Coca-Cola products on campus instead of actively protesting against monopolies; we will continue to be tripped up and not get back significant amounts of money; we will let the student newspapers waste away to shit because we are too lazy to write; we will have no interest in Division I sports, but watch as they turn our green fields into mounds of dirt; and we will insert stupid pictures into our editorials until someone around here cuts the god damn crap! Get the picture?

"MIKE'S MESSAGE" MISSES

In projects like *Roger and Me* and *TV Nation*, Michael Moore consistently showed himself to be an astute and fearless social satirist and commentator. He was always, it seemed, more than willing to show the good, the bad, and the ugly of our sociopolitical-economic system, regardless of whom it implicated and to what degree. When I read "Mike's Message" (*SB Press*, 7 September 2000), I realised that even the most astute social commentator can sometimes get caught up in the bullshit, as well.

My biggest problem with Moore's "message" is the fact that, while seeming to write under the guise of an "objective" commentator on America's political landscape, he omits a very important fact: after talking about how women must endure the two-party system's "male apartheid," he claims that "there is a candidate who . . . has chosen a woman as his running mate"—Ralph Nader. I've got some really really bad news for you, Mike, but Nader isn't the only candidate with a female running mate this year: Pat "If I'd Been Leading the Nazis..." Buchanan has a female on the Reform Party ticket with him.

I found myself asking why he didn't think such a fact was very important to point out (maybe because Buchanan doesn't have a snowball's chance of even being elected crossing guard, let alone President?) in his "message." Just this past Sunday, the answer became clear to me: I happened to be watching a Green Party fundraiser on C-Span and there, as pretty and full of him-righteous-social-commentator-self as you please, was Mike Moore gleefully lambasting Bush's and Gore's questionable photo ops and sound bites (like Gore's midnight Healthcare address

to a group of medicated invalids in a Flint, MI hospital or Bush's inability to answer a direct question), and shamelessly shilling for Nader.

"Mike's Message" suddenly became a bit sour in my mouth: Bush/Cheney (or "Dick and Bush," if you know what I mean) and Gore/Lieberman, or Nader with a Native-American female (Winona LaDuke) and Buchanan with an African-American female (Ezola Foster) are caught up in the same cycle of seeking and relying on favorable photo ops, sound bites, and "big time" celebrity endorsements to sell themselves to the American public through the media. The "Truth" can't help but become a victim under such circumstances.

"Mike's Message" falls into the trap for which the two-party system has traditionally (rightly) been maligned: that of marginalizing the candidate whose message has been deemed "incorrect" or "dangerous" by whomever it is that makes such pronouncements. There is absolutely nothing wrong with supporting Nader, or Bush, or Gore, or even Buchanan: I think it's wonderful to see that our political choices are in some ways growing as rich as the constituency of our country. What isn't so wonderful is our almost insane desire to constantly keep some group or idea reservationed out on the intellectual / political periphery because it makes our group our idea look better. Stop wrapping the smelly fish heads in pretty little pseudo-intellectual and socially-conscious bows (or completely ignoring them), and let us take a good whiff; it'll help us all feel a lot less queasy on November 8th.

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Fuck Our
Awards

Puking Up Papa Joes

By Kat Fulgieri

Earlier in the semester, an unassuming USB resident, who we will call Student X, stopped by Papa Joe's to enjoy a popular campus delicacy. After chowing down on this particular dish, Student X suddenly felt ill. And so it was that she washed down her greasy chicken parmesan with a face shoved into USB's signature "porcelain and toilet water surprise." And it didn't end there.

The symptoms did not disappear, so Student X made the responsible decision to take a trip across Nicholl's Road to the University Hospital. After being put through the normal emergency room hassles of excessive waiting around and the obligatory IV that the hospital sticks into every student that ventures through its doors, Student X was diagnosed with a bacterial infection and was sent on her merry way. And still the nightmare did not end.

Twenty four hours later, with no noticeable decrease in symptoms, Student X had to return to her home town to see her personal physician, who, after an examination, told her that the bacterial infection was consistent with the symptoms of food poisoning. This doctor prescribed a remedy to kill the bacteria, and provided the student with a special diet to be observed in order to prevent further stomach upset. Neither the University Hospital nor the student's personal physician performed the tests that would conclusively prove that the bacterial infection was a result of food poisoning, so this incident can not be labeled official.

Another resident, Student Y, ate the same dish on the same evening. Three hours later, Student Y was experiencing abdominal cramps and severe bouts of vomiting, and she spent the rest of the week in an unhealthy state. Student Y did not seek out medical opinion or assistance, nor did she report her symptoms to any campus

passed this information on to any administrative entities, content instead to just sit around and complain about toxic food at Stony Brook. One consequence of this oversight is that the Faculty Student Association and Campus Dining Services were not informed of a possible contamination until well after the incident.

Dennis Lestrage, resident district manager of Campus Dining Services, was alarmed when the information on Student X was brought to him. "Any time anyone goes to the hospital and there's a possibility that it can be attributed to food, we take it very seriously," he said. Lestrage took action to investigate the problem right away, despite the late notification. Lestrage, along with Ken Johnson, the business manager for FSA and contractor for West Campus Dining, immediately called the Suffolk County Department of Health.

"If there was an incident, it's imperative that we act quickly to correct the facilities, and it is critical that we protect the health of the students," said Johnson. He went on to explain that any incident report is followed by an investigation by the Department of Health that examines preparation and storage practices at the facilities in question. "The health department examines how the food is prepared to make sure it meets the standard.

Suffolk County is one of the toughest counties in New York in requirements for food handling and procedures," said Johnson.

Matt Joya of the Suffolk County Department of Health conducted the exam of the prepping facilities after the incident was reported. His findings reflected no errors or violations in preparation, and so the whole incident is now a moot

Next time you come down with some unidentified ailment, do the rest of us a favor and spend the six hours waiting to see a doctor in the infirmary.

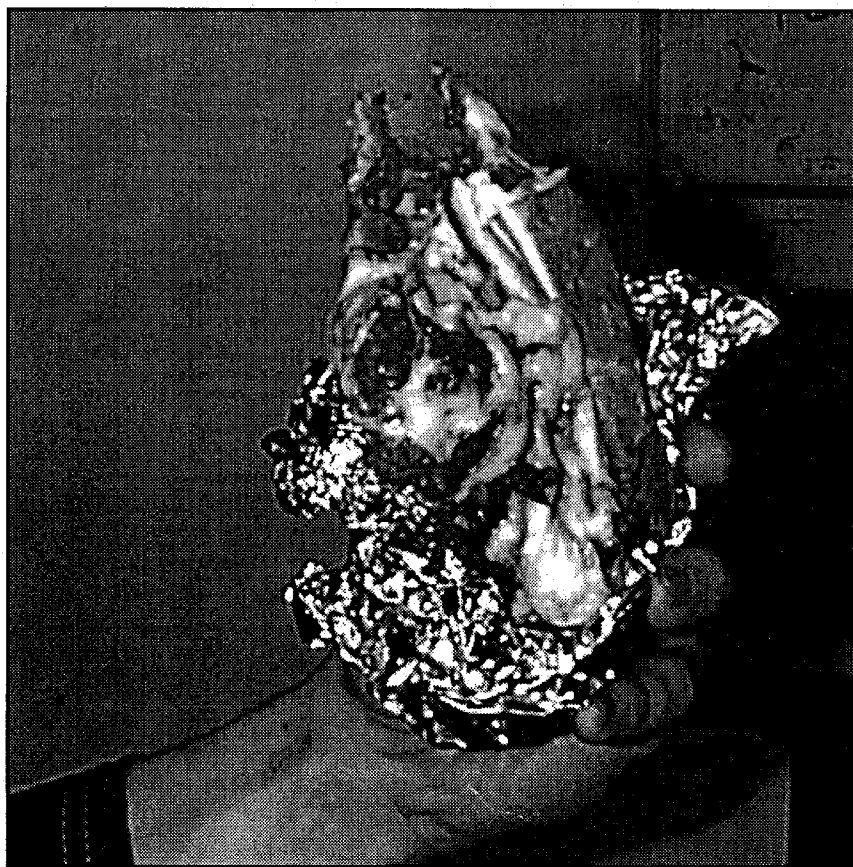
authority. "It would have been too much of a hassle," she said.

In addition, numerous students claimed that they felt sick after eating chicken from either Papa Joe's or Bleacher Club "some time in September." None of these students had medical documentation. Other parmesan-wise students commented that the sauce on the heroes mysteriously changed in flavor and consistency shortly after the alleged incident. None of the students

issue.

If students had reported illnesses, if the hospital had conducted further testing on Student X, if Student Y had gone to the hospital, there might have been a different situation. Who's to blame here? The easiest thing to do would be to blame Chartwells, since they get blamed for every meal related problem here on campus. Unfortunately, it isn't that simple.

First of all, the hospital needs to get its act



together. If a student wanders in through the emergency room doors because of a bacterial infection, it would be in everyone's best interest if the tests for food poisoning were standard practice. Think about the potential harm that the campus would be spared in cases where food poisoning really is the culprit.

Next, to all you stupid residents out there who will read this article and make an connection between your mysterious virus from last month and campus dining services, listen up. Next time you come down with some unidentified ailment, do the rest of us a favor and spend the six hours waiting to see a doctor in the infirmary. If you're feeling really adventurous, and truly think that you are feeling sick because of food you ate on campus, speak up. Don't just whine that the school is trying to poison you. No one that you're complaining to gives a crap anyway, so you may as well release the information to people who are going to do something about it. Think of the rest of us. In fact, any time you feel sick at all, go get something for it. The rest of us don't need your germs and flesh eating bacteria hovering unchecked in our breathing air. Be more considerate, and grow up.

Secondly, if you think you have been wronged by food that was prepared by Chartwells, say something about it. Students love to bitch that no one listens to them, yet constantly fail to exercise the options they have to make their voices heard on the campus. There are feedback boxes in almost every eatery. There are administrative offices all over campus. It's not too hard to find out where you would go if you wanted to talk to someone about your suspected food poisoning. And, last time we checked, it's pretty easy to dial zero from any campus phone, and immediately be connected to someone whose job it is to listen to what you have to say.

**Been Poisoned Or Otherwise
Negatively Effected? Let Us Know.
stonypress@hotmail.com**

ELRICH FOR ETHICS AND THE ENVIRONMENT

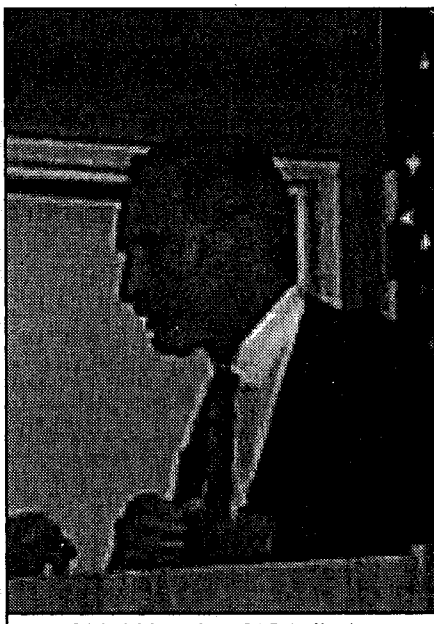
By Jacklyn Yeh

Paul R. Elrich, Binghamton professor of population studies, author of "The Population Bomb," spoke at the Student Activities Center Auditorium Wednesday, October 4, 7pm. His speech was titled, "Human Natures; Genes, Ethics and the Human Predicament," and was first of Provost's Lecture Series.

There was no lack of humor during this otherwise serious lecture. During the obligatory introductions we learned that Dr. Paul Elrich won many awards and prizes for his work on ecology and evolution theory, wrote numerous books, and had done phenomenally well in the laboratory when he wasn't out chasing co-eds. Then Dr. Paul Elrich himself took the podium, addressing those who had introduced him. He expressed doubt that the slides would show up on the screen. When it did, he exclaimed, with mock surprise, "Technology is actually working!"

Through the slide show he discussed human history, a prelude to what he wanted to talk about later on. This prelude was the fastest tour of human history, and according to him, "We got upright before we got smart." It is not understood why the brain evolved heavily, why our brains became so huge in comparison with our body weight, but it can probably be attributed to genes and natural selection.

Humans are unique to the animal world. Not only do we have genetic evolution, in which a species evolves through what genes get passed on after many generations, but we have what is called



Paul Elrich speaks at SAC Auditorium

cultural evolution. All the information that we humans have been created, and transmitted. This information is not just passed on to individuals around us, but people years and centuries later can review our cultural information. For example, we still read about the Greeks.

There was a "cultural stasis" in our history when there was no advancement in our simple tools. Then, things got faster. Our ancestors went from simple tools to spears to art to bows and arrows. From then on we learned to develop in more advanced cultural ways, and to this day we are still evolving culturally. The prelude ended with a focus on the dichotomy of evolution. Genes and culture interact in complex ways. We can't have genes without the environment, and we can't have an environment without genes.

Dr. Elrich then dealt with things important in the role of human evolution. First, he discussed the ways genes influence our behavior, though clearly he favored the fact that environment, or culture, influences the majority of our behavior. "Cultural evolution is the main force in our behavior," Elrich said.

Secondly, he claimed the United States is "genetically-determinant." It is not so in other countries. We want to influence our evolution through genetics, but it is more likely that we will evolve faster through cultural evolution. In fact, as technology progresses, ethical issues are arising. According to Dr. Elrich, it is important that we "understand about ethical evolution and understand that aspect of cultural evolution."

One can see the beginnings of ethics in chimps, for they have a sense of self. They will recognize themselves in a mirror, unlike other species. Studies of chimps have shown that they have social attribution, a mind, and signs of empathy. However, despite all these characteristics, chimps do not have ethics and morals, because syntax is required for it. We are not sure how humans developed language and syntax, which has

allowed us to become ethical animals. Genetic evolution is not involved in ethics. We have acquired ethical values which are constantly changing. Our revolutions - like the agricultural and industrial ones, have made us the dominant species on our planet, and yet we do not ask critical questions in ethics.

Among the lessons we can learn from human evolution, and evolution in general, are common everyday things like eating habits and the way we see. Most of us crave sweet or fatty foods, which can be connected to the fact that the most concentrated forms of energy found in nature is fat and honey. However, our ancestors had a hard time acquiring such foods, and perhaps we are culturally predisposed to gorge on such foods. We have also evolved a system of seeing in which we keep the environmental background constant. This is useful in being more aware of sudden movements and danger. However, now we do not need to tune the background out, and find it dizzying when we move a video camera to pan a room, and find that on tape it is too fast.

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Dr. Paul Elrich expressed his hope that people will be more aware of where we are going as a planet, by thinking about cultural and ethical evolution. If we continue with our domination of the planet, without considering what we are doing to it, the planet may not bode well in the future. His lecture ended with a very appreciative applause from the audience, who were enthusiastic about offering questions for the brief question and answer session afterwards.

Murderer's Hands - Continued From Page 3

Miller and "suggested" that it would be best if he were to resign. Cohen later stated at a press conference that a critical error in judgement was made during the interview and selection process, which was supervised by Miller, but the issue had been resolved with Miller's resignation. Two weeks later Cohen resigned, but before he left he sent a letter about Swango to the Dean of every medical school in the country.

By November of 1994, Swango had moved to Zimbabwe, following Miller's advice. He provided the Project Concern International, which hires United States doctors to help out in third world countries, with his diploma and glowing recommendations from Ohio State. Fellow doctors there said that Swango was very fascinated with gloomy things and was very interested in books like "Crime and Punishment." Nurses said Swango was rude and that he would never allow them to go with him on his rounds. The nurses are supposed to go on the rounds with the doctors to take down information for medication dosages and to perform injections. Swango was also very touchy about his doctors coat. He wouldn't let people get close to him and

became very irrational when ever someone bumped into him. It was around this time that patients began to die without any known reason and others started to "hallucinate" that Swango wanted to kill them.

Swango came back to Chicago, using his real name, to acquire a work thesis in order to apply to a Saudi Arabian Hospital. When he landed in Chicago, airport authorities were waiting and took custody. They immediately contacted the FBI.

He was sent to trial on six federal felony counts, including lying on an application to get residence at a Long Island hospital. He was only sent to jail for 2 years.

"Betty", a family member of one of Swango's victims, was notified in January of 1999 that her family members' death may have been caused by Swango, but there was a need for more time and evidence to prove this. She gave permission for them to exhume the body and on July 5 1999, she was notified that Swango was responsible for her family members' death as well as the death of two other Long Islanders. They were all done through lethal injection with assorted poisons.

Stony Brook was completely irresponsible

and negligent. Swango told them he had a criminal record and Stony Brook did dick about it.

"Betty" said, "It's an experience that no one should ever have to go through. We want to make sure that there is some kind of system and laws put in place that compels medical authorizations to disclose any suspicious activities by any member of the medical staff."

When I asked her what her thoughts were on Stony Brook, she replied with "I think it was sheer negligence on the part of Stony Brook to allow someone to work there without a full background check. I feel that they have a full responsibility to the people and that they should never loose sight of that. If you were to go work for a department store, they would run a better background check on you then there was on Swango. And the sad part is, department stores aren't holding peoples lives and trust in their own hands."

She would like to say to the students of Stony Brook that "Everyone should have a voice in this; to change the system and make sure this never ever happens again."

The Impotency of the "Protest Vote"



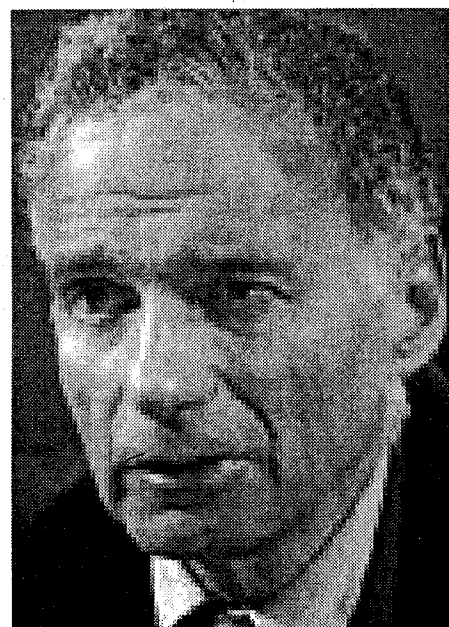
By Arif Rafiq

A phenomenon unique to this year's presidential election is the "protest vote". The youth and other voters disenchanted with the nature of the political system today are looking to demonstrate their dissatisfaction by vot-

ing for Green Party candidate Ralph Nader. These individuals feel that this action will send a message to politicians that they will not tolerate corruption and hypocrisy in Washington any longer. And their message was heard - in July. But now that Gore has solidified his liberal base, and as Bush is coming closer to the center, a protest vote is a vote thrown away. In fact, it is in effect, a vote for the major party candidate you hate the most.

Now you may ask why I present such a daunting argument. I do so because it is in the nature of American third parties to fail. For some reason third parties just don't last in American politics. It is probably because they are composed of dissenters of major parties, and these dissenters are in fact too individualistic - so individualistic that it is extremely arduous for them to come to agreements amongst themselves. Thus, their lack of cohesiveness and inability to come to a qualified consensus creates a definite path for their destruction.

It started with the Bull Moose Party, back in 1912. Their Presidential candidate was Teddy Roosevelt. Roosevelt was a proven leader and had reached the top of the ranks of a major party, being a Republican Vice President and then President. He ran for the presidency on the Bull Moose/Progressive party line in 1912 and came in second place. Roosevelt's run split the Republican vote, as the GOP nominee William Taft came in third, and the Democrat Woodrow Wilson won the election. In 1916, the Bull Moose Party did not have



a quality candidate to run on their behalf, as Roosevelt was unwilling to do so, and it fell apart.

Almost eighty years later, the Reform Party made another formidable

third-party attempt at the White House. It did well initially by gathering mostly disenchanted Republicans and their candidate, Ross Perot, actually led in the polls during the summer of 1992. However, the movement fell apart, and Perot came in third, splitting the Republican vote, which resulted in the victory of Democratic candidate Bill Clinton. But the clear result of both of these third-party movements, the Bull Moose and Reform parties, is that they lost the election and helped the party whose views they oppose the most win the White House. In addition, the parties folded quickly.

The Reform Party now represents the extreme right, and will soon, meet its end, as its candidate, Pat Buchanan is receiving barely 1% in the polls. Our other "alternative", Ralph Nader of the Green Party, has always represented the extreme left. Nader's views on abortion and homosexuality are extreme, and not representative of that of a majority of Americans. He wants to stifle a free and open, competitive market by forcing Microsoft to release the source code for its products, and to promote "free software". Not only is this an attack on the right of an entity to control its intellectual property, but it is also a measure

American third parties to fail. For some reason third parties just don't last in American politics. It is probably because they are composed of dissenters of major parties, and these dissenters are in fact too individualistic - so individualistic that it is extremely arduous for them to come to agreements amongst themselves.

that will reverse the economic progress that our nation has had in the past five years by eliminating the most basic sources of profit for software companies. Nader wants too much government control, which will result in a huge bureaucracy. He is a borderline Socialist, a man who represents the views of the extreme left, not of general America. Now if you're an extreme leftist, Nader's your man. But if you are part of the middle 50% of Americans in the political spectrum, a "President Nader" would be a disaster. Nader may be a nice guy, and many of his views are excellent. He definitely takes a moralistic approach to developing many of his policy views, especially on the Middle East. But some of his views, like the ones I demonstrated above, are way off the political spectrum.

I was watching a speech given by Gov. Jessie Ventura (I-MN) at Georgetown University a while ago, and believe it or not, he said something really intelligent. Gov. Ventura, the poster boy of the third party movement and its unofficial spokesman said, a third party needs to be mainstream and centrist - not like the ones we have today. He's not as dumb as you think. Since we don't have a mainstream third party right now, we need to support centrist and moral candidates within the two-party system, such as former presidential candidate, Senator John McCain (R-AZ), California Senatorial candidate Congressman Tom Campbell (R-CA), and Senators Russ Feingold (D-WI) and John Breaux (D-LA). For example, Rep.

Campbell (R-CA) is a Republican who is fairly unpopular in his party because of the untraditional stances he takes on many issues. In fact, he shares many of the moralistic views of Ralph Nader, such as protecting a women's right to choose, sup-

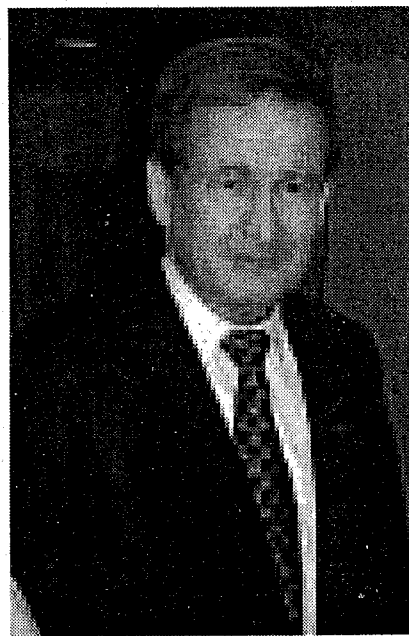


porting the existence of a homeland for Palestinians, and treating marijuana addicts, as opposed to jailing them. He spoke at the Shadow Convention, headed by Arianna Huffington, which was held upon principles against the corruption of the current two party system, and called for serious and effective campaign finance reform.

Rep. Campbell's Senatorial campaign does not accept any soft money or money from PAC's. He is definitely the type of politician we should support.

So my suggestion to you all, vote for Bush or Gore. The viagra of the impotent "protest vote" is to design a means to become an effective voice in the two-party system. So start preparing for the 2004 election. Gather like-minded people, create an organization, and build a relationship with candidates running for local positions, Congress, and even the White House. Volunteer and intern for your Congressman, Senator, or for a political organization. I have

interned for one of this year's New York Senatorial candidates, and my colleagues there were your generic, affluent, Ivy League students. There's nothing wrong with the success of them and their parents, but we need some people from other types of institutions, with other types of views. You are hired based on your qualifications, so its obvious that youth from other socio-economic and ideological backgrounds are not applying for these positions. If you want your representatives to actually represent you, then you must also represent. Don't expect anyone to read your mind. But as for the immediate future, a vote for a third party candidate means a vote for one of the two party candidates you hate the most. Choose wisely - don't drink and vote.



For Some, Peace is Hell

By F.L. Livingston

Later in October, my younger cousin, "Jake," a senior at SUNY Albany is beginning the fall semester in Israel. Among other things, he's supposed to do an internship, teaching English to Bedouin Arab children in Jerusalem. If the current bloody conflict rages on, of course, that won't be happening. And another opportunity for people to reach out to each other will be lost.

But there will be more serious consequences, no doubt. Broken bodies, broken hearts, the loss of life, and the destruction of any immediate chance for Mideast peace.

Why? Why now? Just when such progress has been made?

And make no mistake. Progress has been made. Fifty years ago, or more, the central issues were the existence of Israel and the plight of Palestinian refugees. And Arab extremists threatened to "drive the Jews into the sea." After the Six Day War in 1967, the focus shifted to the land that Israel gained, namely, the Gaza Strip and the West Bank. Now it's down to a struggle over a few holy places. The two sides were, according to Secretary-of-State Madeleine Albright, "at the door to a peace agreement."

Yet, it may be that for some, the peace process just doesn't work. And for one or more of several reasons.

A Sensitive Issue: Unfortunately, the conflict over the sacred sites is a sensitive issue. In fact, allegedly, the direct cause of the bloodshed was the visit of the former Israeli general, Ariel Sharon to the al-Aqsa mosque in Jerusalem's "Old City," on

the Thursday just before the Jewish New Year. The mosque stands on a contested area, known as The Temple Mount to Jews and The Noble Sanctuary to Muslims. Many of the Palestinians felt threatened by the presence of this hard-liner. Exploding with anger, they hurled stones at Israeli soldiers and Jews praying at the Western Wall.

What Lies Beneath: But the spread and escalation of violence suggested other underlying causes. Especially since Israeli Arabs unexpectedly joined in the fray. Palestinians maintain that they are battling for their "legal right" to control their holy places. Arab Israelis complain that they are treated as "second-class citizens."

Israeli Jews worry that the Muslims want to bar Jews from their sacred spots. Also, many see the recent furor as a sign that they "can't trust" Palestinians.

Frustration: Meanwhile, on the very day of the "Sharon incident," peace talks had come to a screeching halt. Disappointment may have spurred some on to war.

Resignation: Others simply expect aggression. "There's always been war in the Middle East," my father used to lament, "and there always will be."

The mother of a slain Palestinian seemed to concur. "We are used to this," she sighed.

A Combative Mindset: Maybe too "used to" it. Albright advised that both sides "must find a way to end the current psychology of confrontation and begin to restore the psychology of peace-making."

Fear of Peace: Most Jews and Arabs would like to do just that. Yet, a crucial few find

this quite difficult. Sharon, for example, declares that he was merely asserting his "right to visit." But it was a sensitive time at which to exercise that right, as I suspect he knew.

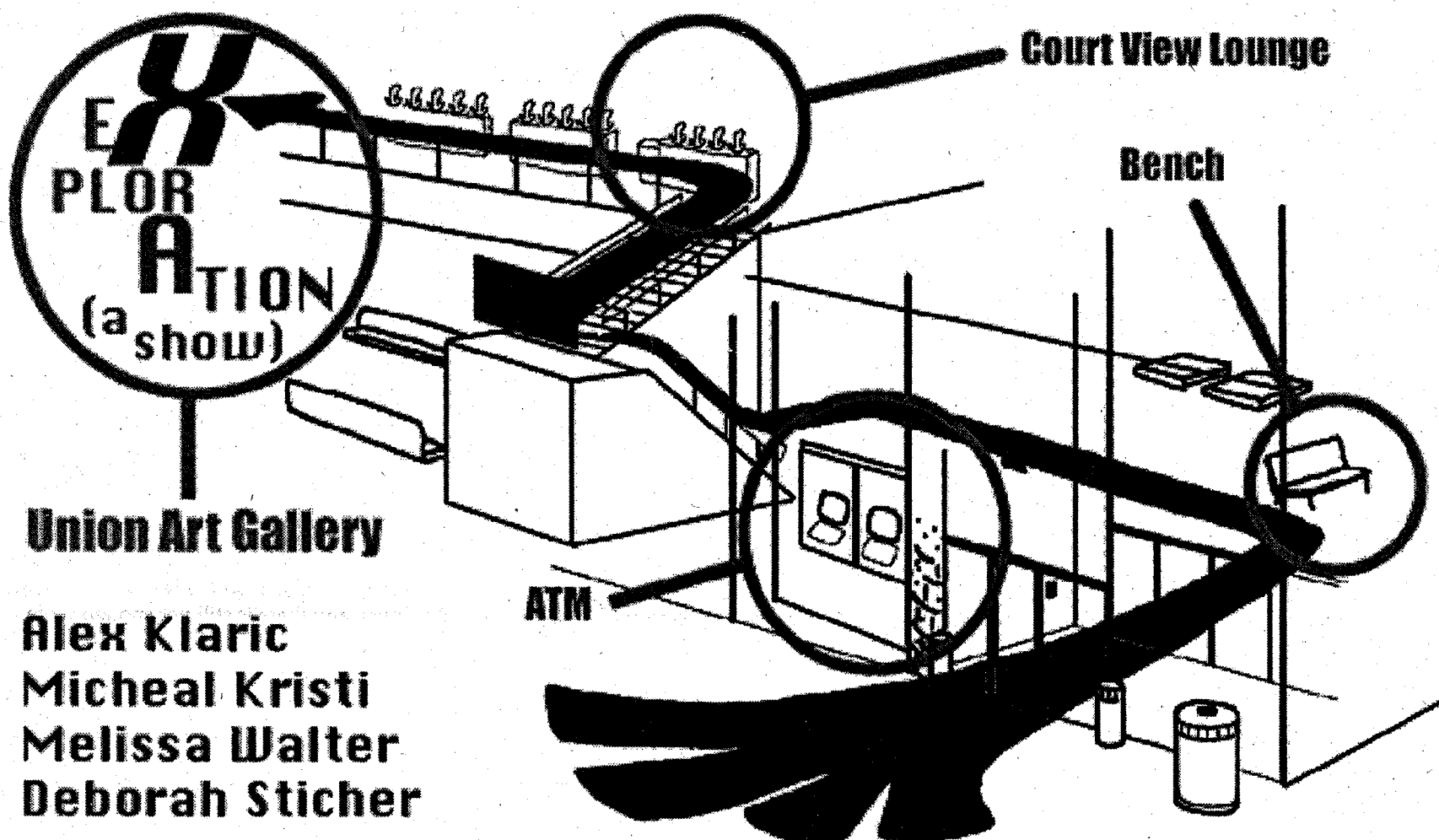
Still, I think the Palestinians at the site way overreacted. And some, like young Jad Qadam, even seemed to take pride in the renewed inclination to "fight for our rights...Not with negotiations."

Even years ago, after the Egypt-Israeli peace treaty, one Israeli girl (on television) was like, "It's hard to know what to do now. Before you knew that after high school you would go to the army and, maybe, fight the Egyptians. Now, the future's not so clear. It sounds terrible,"

Only a few years before that, my then-boyfriend, "Abdul," and I broke up due to threats. Afterward, a few of his fellow Arabs needed him further, questioning my devotion. Just to "twist the knife," I'm sure. But some of them may have had serious doubts about my feelings. Controversial love is difficult for some people to believe in. And, for others, so is a largely elusive peace.

So sad. Yet, hopefully, by the time you read this, verbal deals between Arab and Israeli leaders will have ended the hostilities. If not, more blood will flow, washing away any chance for greater understanding... Sigh... And, mostly, because some find peace more difficult to wage than war.

Major sources: Three Newsday articles by Matthew McAllester, including "4 Palestinians Die," (Saturday, 9/30/00), "Nearing War, Seeking Peace" (Tuesday, 10/3/00), and "Albright Set to Meet with Barak, Arafat" (also 10/3/00).



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curator, Maria Hansson

THE NEW CHOICE

By F.L. Livingston

Yo! Yes! Mad props to the FDA!

Or in other words, "Extra! Extra! Read all about it!" Pro-choice advocates rejoice!

Why? Because (duh) the Food and Drug Administration has finally okayed RU-486, or "mifepristone," better known as "the abortion pill." Legalized in France, England, and elsewhere for a long time, the release of this chemical wonder here was delayed due to strong opposition from anti-abortion forces. But pro-choice groups fought hard, too, and now it's available to women in the United States. Accessible by prescription only, it can abort a fetus in the first seven months of pregnancy, and is about 95% effective. It is, also, I contend, the greatest breakthrough since the advent of the pill.

The "screaming" has already begun. "Hurray!" cheered a neighbor of mine when she spied the headline on a newsstand.

"But the kids will go crazy!" protested a lady in McDonald's. "They'll figure they can have sex with anybody and everybody. They'll forget about STDs. They'll think, 'I don't have to use protection. If I get pregnant, I'll just pop a pill.'"

And the politicians have already jumped to attention. "Today's decision is not about politics," Al Gore reminded us, "but about the health and safety of American women and a woman's fundamental right to choose."

"I fear," lamented George Bush, echoing the same concern as the lady at Mickey D's, "that making this abortion pill widespread will make abortions more and more common instead of more and more rare."

Maybe not, George. Taking this new pill is no trip to the candy store. There are cramps.

And, in some cases, there may be some bleeding. Also, it involves three visits to the doctor. Plus, if you don't take this option in that seven months, you're back at square one.

Nor will it eradicate all of the questions surrounding this decision. Many women will still have to do the soul searching they would do with the surgical method. Some will even experience guilt. Too, the 5% of women for whom this pill isn't effective, may feel they have to "start all over again" as they ponder whether or not to undergo an invasive operation.

But this little triumph of chemistry gives new meaning to the subject of "choice." If a couple finds that their preferred method of birth control has failed, the woman can reverse the situation without surgery. The same is true if they, foolishly, didn't use any protection. And the likely psychological benefits for the pregnant rape victim are, I think, obvious. Early in pregnancy, a woman now not only has the option of aborting or not, but also, if she elects the former, a choice between two reasonably safe and legal ways to do so.

What's more, the law allows any physician to prescribe this pill and administer it in the privacy of his office. He doesn't have to be a surgeon. And the procedure doesn't have to take place in an abortion clinic. Several clinics will provide this alternative, it's true, but any doctor can distribute it. That means there's less likelihood of encountering harassment from demonstrators - or worse, terrorists. There are less apt to be any "external" fears to influence a woman's decision. If she has resolved all her personal concerns about the procedure, she's just about worry-free.

"It's much less public," a friend of mine agreed. "You can go to the doctor and people don't even have to know why you're going. No one'll be chanting slogans at you."

It's enough to make you think that anti-abortion activists would just give up. But chances are that some of them will redouble their efforts to criminalize abortion. Certainly, there are those who will continue to fight the lawfulness of this new pill. House Republicans are already considering a bill to overturn the FDA ruling.

President Clinton is almost sure to veto it. But what if right-wing politicians bring the matter

Pro-choice groups fought hard... and now [RU-486 is] available to women in the United States. Accessible by prescription only, it can abort a fetus in the first seven months of pregnancy, and is about 95% effective.

up again under the next presidency. If elected, will, say, George Bush vote it down?

So this little pill may have an effect on the election, too. Those liberals who feel that it has largely destroyed the pro-life cause will lose some of their fear of a Republican win. Others, like myself, who worry about conservative backlash, are even more concerned. And rightists may seek a Bush - or even Buchanan - victory even more vigorously.

As some columnists have cautioned, the "abortion war" isn't over. But pro-choice forces have just won a very significant battle.

POLITY IN THE FACE OF A NEW ELECTION

By Issac

Claudine Stuart and Jonnel Dorris participated in the Polity Presidential debates on October 18th. The two candidates sat facing an audience of less than 30 students; the audience was composed primarily of black students, many of whom were members of Polity and related organizations. The debates were intended to help students make an informed decision in the polity elections.

Stuart has "been involved [in Polity] for three years" and can "listen to students" and bring "open mindedness," and "a fresh understanding" to the office. Dorris cited his "experience as an RA" and with NYPIRG as proof of his ability to handle the job. He said he would "fight for what [he] think[s] is right."

These two are the candidates for President in Student Polity; Polity is the student government. Its budget of over two million dollars is funded by the student activity fee. Recent events, including the debacle involving Fred Preston and the Rec Center Referendum, have put the authority and effectiveness of Polity in question.

Throughout the debates both candidates expressed similar concerns. The debates centered around ethnic division on campus and the detachment of Polity from the student body. Students of different ethnic groups host their own events, which, while they do not ever exclude other groups, remain pretty segregated. The large amount of small events these groups host make it difficult for Polity to hold large campus wide events. It isn't clear that an event which would attract students of all groups could even at this time be agreed upon.

Polity's detachment from the student body is shown by the low turn out in Polity elec-

tions the past terms. It should be noted that the audience at the debates was mainly composed of African American students and that the Polity council is also mainly composed of African American students. Of all the groups on campus African Americans seem the most involved in Polity Council. Their involvement is a model for others groups on campus who want to become involved. As a group they are they are dominating the executive branch of Student Polity.

Both candidates expressed concern that students were uninvolved and uninterested in Student Polity. Stuart repeated several times that it was important to "make [students] aware that Polity is here," stating that "every single [student] is a member of Polity... Polity is for the students." Dorris centered his comments around student involvement saying "We have to get the students' opinions... every person who pays a student activity fee is a member of Student polity... we need to make our voices heard... we are being factored out." The overall idea expressed by the two candidates was a disconnection between the students, Polity, and the administration.

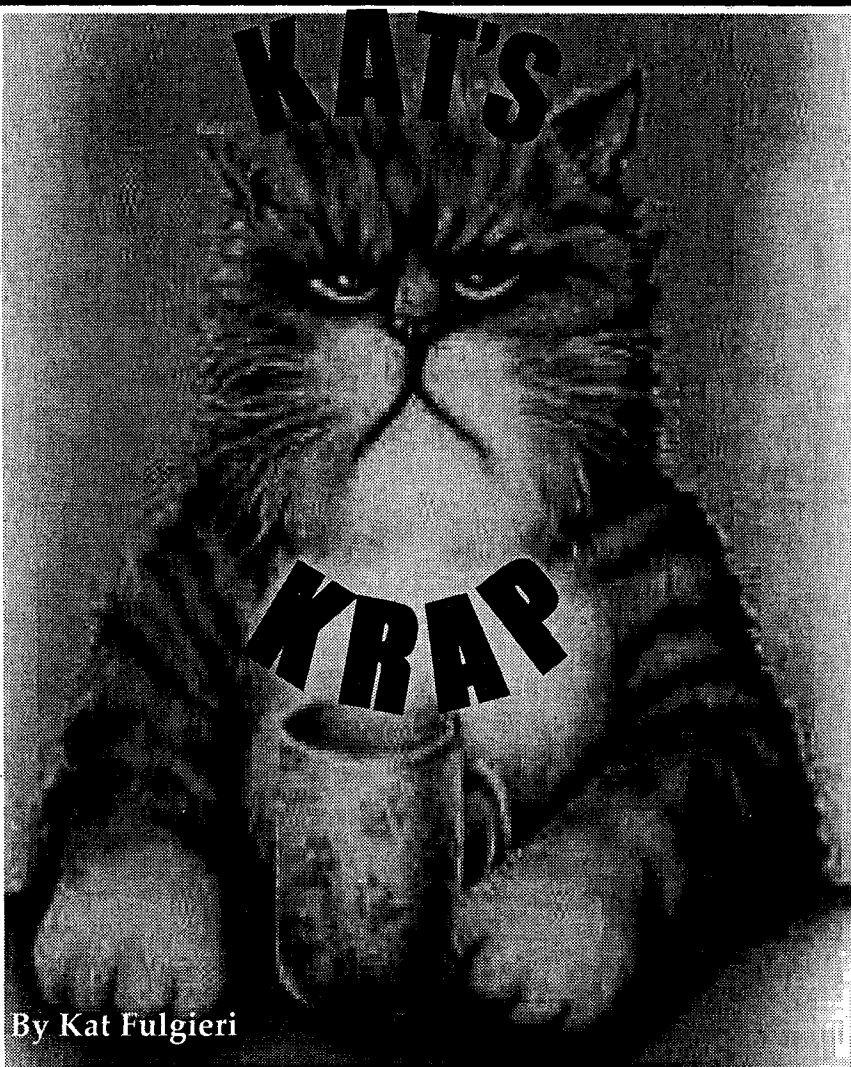
There is a need to "get Polity involved in issues students face." These issues include: higher tuition, tripling of freshmen, the new regulations imposed on The Spot, the eight-semester rule, and the Administration's defiance of Polity. Not all of these issues were discussed in the debates but none the less they are issues Polity and its organizations will have to deal with this term.

It hasn't been affirmed yet, but it's likely that tuition will be raised next year at the same time that financial assistance from the State will be reduced. Unless students make it very clear that they will not tolerate a rise in tuition it is likely that this increase will be made unnoticed and uncon-

tested. The meager compensation freshmen receive for being tripled in rooms will be even less adequate after tuition is increased. With Stony Brooks bumbling assent into Division I this problem will most likely get worse unless something is done. Every year there are more students enrolled in Stony Brook and the campus infrastructure has lagged behind. In the senate meeting at which Fred Preston sought and was denied Senate approval for the Rec Center Referendum, several Senators voiced concerns that the administration would more efficiently use the huge amount of money slated for the Rec Center by improving and expanding the existing facilities on campus to accommodate the influx of new students.

The issue of overcrowding on campus was related to the eight-semester rule by Stuart who said, "the eight semester rule is a quick fix to make room for new students." Dorris stated that students need to "eliminate the eight-semester rule." Students who have lived on campus for eight semesters are kicked off to make way for hordes of freshmen, and there is still not enough room.

It is strange that with the growth in the student population the administration is destroying the only remaining place for students to hang out and relax. The Spot is in trouble, and if something isn't done soon it will defiantly go out of business. Stony Brook will be a Division I campus without any place for students to go to and relax and hear live acts, comedy, and poetry. The administration has prostituted the campus to the Coke Cooperation for the money to go Division I and at the same time is stripping this campus of its personality and all the amenities which make living here enjoyable. Why the hell would anyone want to go to a Division I college with lousy Athletic Teams and no social atmosphere?



By Kat Fulgieri

At the end of last month, the following email was forwarded to all Stony Brook resnet sparky accounts, imploring computing members of the campus community to refrain from any data transfer that is not "class essential," in the interest of helping the network operate at an optimum speed. This letter was sent shortly after a complete network firewall of virtually every popular mp3 site, including the newsmakers of Napster, Napigator, and Scour. In short, every USB student with a computer has been asked to stop transferring all those popular music and

Respectfully,

Telecommunications and Networking

I have a few problems with this request, not least of all the use of the word "respectfully" in the close of the letter. Especially since the definition of the word "respect" refers to "a high or special regard," or "the quality or state of being esteemed." Um...hello? That letter only serves to illustrate and amplify the University's utter lack

They choose to equip themselves with hard drives that will accommodate over ten gigabytes of files...What the hell else do they think we want to use that space for? The entire text of "War and Peace?"...Extra credit dissertations? Goddammit, no! We want to exploit the entertainment value of these amazing machines!

movie files that make a computer worth having. See for yourself...

From: Network Manager
<resnet@noc.sunysb.edu>
Subject: Network productivity:

To the RESNET Community,

The Networking Department would at this time like to ask for assistance from the RESNET students in accomplishing a task that affects the campus as a whole.

We (Networking) are asking students to refrain from transferring, or downloading any data that is not class-essential or related.

of respect for us as a student body. Each unassuming freshman that walks into their local version of Circuit City to buy a new computer is assured by the salesperson that obscene amounts of memory are necessary to ensure room for the music files that have already become a definitive part of campus life. Come on. How many residents don't know someone who has hooked their computer up to a stereo? How many people don't know someone who has made a side business of burning made-to-order CDs? And how many of us don't look forward to reverting to the practice of buying albums just because we like only one of the songs?

With visions of watching first-run movies on computer screens, and hopes of never again having to purchase an overpriced compact disc

Firewalls Be Gone!

This type of activity (MP3's downloads and transfers) is causing a demise of functionality for the network, which affects you, your fellow students and the entire campus.

We are asking you to abide by the honor system and not partake in such activity.

Your participation is needed in order not to take more extreme measures that would alienate all who are concerned.

Thank you for your cooperation and best of luck in the semester.

from a music store, most college students purchasing new computers make the same decisions. They choose to equip themselves with hard drives that will accommodate over ten gigabytes of files without even suffering from a delay in computing speed. What the hell else do they think we want to use that space for? The entire text of "War and Peace?" Molecular mass calculators? Extra credit dissertations? Goddammit, no! We want to exploit the entertainment value of these amazing machines!

Well, surprise. Thanks to this elusive network manager, Stony Brook residents can no longer consider themselves a part of the revolutionary music movement that has swept the nation, and continues to affect the direction in which the music industry is travelling. Why? Well, to start, any wanna-be hacker who has attempted to hook their computer up to one of those school-issue telephones immediately realizes that such action is futile. No one can dial out from a computer on those digital lines unless they rent an analog adapter, a practice that will be completely defunct when the campus renovations are complete.

The USB network, then, is really the only option for campus residents, even through the real world features a plethora of unlimited internet-access plans, complete with low monthly fees and adequate customer service available from representatives who care about customer satisfaction. Bottom line? Don't eliminate our right to choose internet service providers in a world where the internet affects everything, and then serve up a set of rules and restrictions that prevents us from taking advantage of what the internet has to offer. Don't block our access to Napster and Scour without any advance warning, and then expect people not to seek out alternate ways of obtaining entertainment oriented files. I've drafted a response to the network manager. It's pretty straightforward, with none of that doubletalk bullshit. I encourage everyone to hit the reply button the next time they get one of these emails from network manager, and reply in kind.

Dear Network Manager,

It has come to my attention that you are trying to solve your problems the wrong way. Instead of asking students to refrain from transferring files, why don't you get your ass in gear and increase what the network can handle? You know, spend some money, do some work. That way, everyone can be happy. Don't try and stop any of us from downloading mp3s, because it isn't going to happen. Why don't you save yourself the trouble? You can't block our access to these files indefinitely, no matter how hard you try. They're there, we want them, we deserve them, and if you don't let us get to them, we'll revolt and kill you all.

Respectfully,

Better Than You

TRAVELS (THROUGH IDENTITY) WITH KATE BORNSTEIN

By BrianKate

This Monday night, October 16, 2000 at the SAC auditorium, author, playwright, performance artist and transgender issues speaker Kate Bornstein came to Stony Brook. As an admirer of her work, a friend/acquaintance and a not-man-not-woman, I simply had to be there. As always, seeing Kate perform was simply amazing.

For everyone who's never heard of Kate, she is the most interesting and well-known transgendered writer I can think of. Her book *Gender Outlaw: On Men, Women and the Rest of Us* is even taught in some Womens' Studies classes. Like me, she asks questions like "What is a man? What is a woman? And why do we have to be one or the other?"

The event, billed as "Kate Bornstein, transgender speaker" and as "Kate Bornstein: The Y2K Gender Virus (supposed to be y2Kate) could have been publicized a lot more. I myself did not learn about it until a couple days beforehand. I'd heard rumors Kate would be here next month — imagine my surprise to find she was coming this Monday! Posters were printed, but the only ones of any real size were upstairs in SAC building. As my friend John and I felt Kate needed more publicity, we spent Sunday night brainstorming what to print up, then John spent Monday afternoon running around papering the campus.

Mind you, Kate had not seen me in almost a year, I'd had my friend Jamie get my hair done over the weekend, and she'd never seen me in a dress before; all she could say was "you look great." As I introduced John, he said something about "he told me about tonight," to which Kate said "only 'he' I see here is you," a joke and reminder that people place importance on pronouns. She asked me which I prefer, I told her "it

you are through labels; 'should I give you author, performance artist, transsexual, lesbian, former dominatrix? I'm a traveller, travelling through identities." Another point, you're more than the sum of your identities, the sum of your being isn't just your sexual orientation, your gender or any one aspect of yourself. She asked us, "Isn't there so much more to you than your gender, your sexuality? Do you want to be just frozen into 'this is you and always will be'?"

I hope not." She told us "I love people who are courageous enough to be themselves in a world that wants us all to be just like everyone else... I love people who have the strength to brave the heartbreaking loneliness that comes with travelling through identities."

Kate recited

"The Seven Year Itch" from *Gender Outlaw*, a monologue about her quest for information and answers while travelling through identities. She showed us through quotes (from actual books, all written by "Anonymous") the kind of "transgender fiction" she read growing up; "In the erotica of my people, we are always discovered... we're nearly always forced into our change." She extends this metaphor to ask "you might call forcing someone to fit one gender or another... a fashion." She compares her travels from identity to identity to the dictionary in her childhood house, "I would run... to get my daily shot of leather and truth... I always knew sex was in that book." She talks about shedding identities and self-definitions like ripping pages out of the dictionary, "imagine my surprise when I had to

destroy... the page with the word Lesbian... My girlfriend" became "the man of my dreams." I really love the idea of keeping "three feet ahead of the dictionary... I'll be the one the dictionary has trouble naming." That's the point, you should be the one to name and define yourself, on your own terms.

Kate's next piece, "Who Are You?" appeared in the New York Times. She told us "They said 'We'll run the piece but if we use the words 'transgender movement,' that means there is such a thing'... they kept it in, so there is a 'transgender movement,' the New York Times says so." She talks about being at her mother's funeral. She tells us about her mother's friends thinking her mother "never told us about a daughter" except the ones to whom she'd say "my son, the lesbian." Kate lets us into her last time with her mother, where she asked, "who are you?... I told her 'I'm your baby, I'll always be'... 'Good, I didn't want to lose any of you.'"

The fourth and final piece, "Pursuit of Happiness;" Kate started with the quote from the Declaration of Independence about the "pursuit of happiness." She asked us "how many of you were happy in junior high?" She said that this is when people "aren't children anymore but aren't men or women... a scary time" because people are unsure of their identity. People divide themselves into "normal"

or "freaks." As Kate says, "the popular kids don't kill the freaks... they make the freaks so miserable that they kill themselves... factoid off of CNN's website... 33% of teen suicide is by gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgendered youth." She goes with the junior high metaphor, saying it "may be a happy time for those of us who fit in... what about the boy who wants to dress up like Marilyn Monroe?"

"the popular kids don't kill the freaks... they make the freaks so miserable that they kill themselves... factoid off of CNN's website... 33% of teen suicide is by gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgendered youth."

What about the girl who won't wear a dress and gets a crew cut? What about the girl who'll wear a dress, but just for other girls?"

Kate asked us "This school having me come here—do you think it was brave? Odd? Why do you think it was so brave and odd that they have someone like me come here?" That is an excellent point—why is it so "unusual" or "brave" to have someone speak about identity, gender and transgender issues? I think it's because most people are still growing out of being afraid to even think about them, like in junior high, let alone have an open discussion about them. So many people still think all this "gender stuff" is so "weird and freaky and nasty"—too many. I love Kate's next questions. "Why can't a boy wear a dress—who says that isn't a 'boy thing'?" Why can't a girl get a crew cut and grow out her chin hair if that's what it takes for her to go through this world with some pride?" (Thank you—that's what I always say!) It's about time people started asking and thinking about these questions. It's important that people have the right to pursue as much of their own happiness as their potential allows, as long as they're not hurting anyone (which is why Kate quoted the Declaration).

A short question-and-answer session followed. The best answer. "I'm afraid sometimes that I've somehow misinformed people, that maybe I'm completely wrong." That's a real concern, because so many people think there are only two genders in this world. But Kate exists, my friends exist, a whole bunch of other famous writers like Leslie Feinberg exist—I exist, and we aren't "just a man or a woman." I came up with all my feelings and ideas and views years before I even heard of Kate, no matter how many people say I sound like her.. And I know of enough people who are happy being men or women who question whether there aren't more than two genders, as well as enough people who don't seem to be. So I'd say she's hardly wrong. More like right on. I'd say it's more like what she said, that we can "either make a new direction or perpetuate the old stereotypes."

I'm so glad that our school had Kate come. I'm also glad she was received so well. That encourages me, since I plan on speaking publicly myself very soon. If Kate can do it, so can I, especially since she admires my courage.

My email is darkKate@yahoo.com and my site "Welcome To Kate's World" is at: www.angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate/

"Why can't a boy wear a dress—who says that isn't a 'boy thing'?" Why can't a girl get a crew cut and grow out her chin hair if that's what it takes for her to go through this world with some pride?"

doesn't matter too much," she said "I see, so it's he or she or just-doesn't-matter-to-me." Then we showed her our posters, "Is your inner child another gender? Let it all hang out! Come S/He ("see") & Hir ("hear") Kate...", referring to the issue of what pronouns to use for people who don't identify as men or women; of course, she loved it. Then we gave her some of our writing and she signed our books (our joke was "I'll sign you yours if you'll sign me mine").

The audience started coming in. We had a good turnout, though a bit small. Still, about 20 people did come, and counting me, there were three "gender-variant" or "transgressivelygendered" (as Kate says) people in the audience. And a smaller group meant a much more intimate evening.

As this event was part of "Pride Week," Kate opened with "Coming Out Day," a performance piece about speaking at the Texas State Fair for National Coming Out Day. One point, how difficult to give a full and real sense of who

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- 
- 10) "Spook-tack-ular" (Spectacular)
 - 9) "Fright-tastic" (Fantastic)
 - 8) "Madison Scare Garden" (Boo Berry)
 - 7) "De-fright-ful" (Delightful)
 - 6) "Terror-riffic" (Terrific)
 - 5) "Sex-quisite" (Exquisite)
 - 4) "Gore-ious" (Glorious)
 - 3) "Bush-nificent" (Magnificent)
 - 2) "Buh! Jizz on this" (Superfine)
 - 1) "Ice-Scream" (Ice Cream)

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IN MY FATHER'S EYES, AND SHADOW

By Tim Connors

John, my dad, was found on October 5, 2000. He is dead, but lives on through the impact he had on others lives. This article is about how he formed who I am, how I respond to an unknown personal future, and how I saw him.

When I was young I would say goodbye to my dad as he left for work through the back door. I was at the kitchen table with my mom, and we would just keep throwing clichéd remarks like "see you later alligator... after a while crocodile" at him that he would respond to with another cliché. I adored him as a child; it was unconditional love that was lost somewhere along the way.

My mother did the day to day raising of my brothers and I. Dad would supervise us as we assisted him in the upkeep of the house. We lived in a big house and the care of the yard was labor intensive.

To teach me values I went to church as a child. I didn't do the Sunday school thing, and never received communion. My parents became disenchanted with church and I didn't have to go after that, which was fine with me.

Part of their break from the church was when my mother had an abortion. Dad agreed that they couldn't afford another child, but didn't go with my mother to the clinic. That experience caused a rift that only got worse with time.

My mother had an affair with a man while she was in school to become a massage therapist. Somehow my father found out, I don't know the details. What I know is that they stayed married for a decade afterwards. I don't know why my

father didn't divorce my mom, or vice versa, other than my mother was afraid to go on her own.

My parents didn't have a good relationship after the abortion, and that has warped my desire to enter one, and now that I've gotten over that I don't know how to be in one that is healthy.

I found out about the reasons for the problems in my family fifteen years after they occurred. At the time I was confused and hurt. I would be used as a pawn in the power struggle between the two of them. They would tell me to do contradictory things, and then yell at me for not doing what they said.

At this point in my life I have little self-confidence, and an overwhelming fear of the future. That's not entirely due to my parents. It's my life, and I will do what God intends me to do. I don't always think I have control over life anymore. I thought that I could choose my future when I was younger, and to some extent still believe that every so often.

My parents didn't tell me about drugs, alcohol, girls, and women, making friends. I had to figure that out myself through trial and error. More through error than trial and I don't know if they could have prepared me for my life. I have had difficulties that they had no experience with. Dad was concerned about me, but there was little that he could do to help me out.

The last time dad told me he loved me was after Christmas, when he called to give me his

cell phone number. He also offered to help me with the maintenance of my car. It was a kind offer and it is nice to know he cared about me.

Dad wasn't perfect, but who is? He was my father and that's got to count for something. I didn't always like him, however I always loved him because of the bond that existed from my early childhood.

Dad didn't take off, and tried the best he

Dad wasn't perfect, but who is? He was my father and that's got to count for something. I didn't always like him, however I always loved him because of the bond that existed from my early childhood.

could to raise his children. I never asked him about the abortion to get his side of the story. Mom has a way of telling things that doesn't always reflect the whole story of what occurred.

I wonder what secrets dad took to the grave with him. He wasn't the type to confide in other people about anything beyond superficial or stereotypical information. He was the king of the all-encompassing generality that explained complex ideas in over simplified terms. I feel like I should have more to say, but maybe that will come with time.

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in the Basement of the Union thirty games sit in our lounge six regulation sized pool tables rental videos three days for three dollars

SUCK YOUR SHIT OFF MY DICK

By Tim Connors

Should you be judged by your friends? One of the friends that I lost touch with used to tell me he enjoyed fucking guys in the ass and then making them suck their shit off his dick. He said "how can they complain, it's their filth." He also liked to pee into woman while having sex with them; he was giddy as he explained that urination humiliated the woman who thought that they were all that.

What about this nonsense of a return to life, well that is nothing more than vivid dreams caused by wearing nicotine patches to sleep, and the consumption of cheap wine, and peyote. Did Satan suck his shit off Jesus' cock? Maybe it's in the Moron's Revised Version of the New Testament.

Taking medication while reading Burrough's Naked Lunch is like having your thoughts cut with saniflush. "The pope wears that white hat and robe because he is actually a grand dragon in the Ku Klux Klan. The pontiff is considering the mass blessing of toothpaste for people with obsessive compulsive order to use in their morning ritual."

Why does the death of a man three thousand years ago absolve me of wrong doings or sins? He was going to die anyway, so what difference does it make that he died a few years earlier.

Does the sadistic nature of his death make a difference, then why not elevate every gruesome death to saint hood.

What about this nonsense of a return to life, well that is nothing more than vivid dreams caused by wearing nicotine patches to sleep, and the consumption of cheap wine, and peyote. Did Satan suck his shit off Jesus' cock? Maybe it's in the Moron's Revised Version of the New Testament.

The whole transubstantiation ritual is as effective as watching Mr. Roger's show, in that both are designed to relieve the observer of fear of the future. Both are mystical in that they confound the viewer as to the actual spiritual significance. Mr. Roger's is actually performing the pseudo deification of paternal control ritual, much like the Church does. The Church just includes snack-ums.

I seem to have drifted away from the topic of the degradation of sexual partners to exert control, or humiliation. There is an element of trust in having sex as there also is in religion. Some people abuse that trust, when the opportunity arises, for egotistical gain.

For example, loveless priests who fuck youths through the poisoning of their minds that because of their intrinsic evil being the purported Son of God had to die. What kind of message is that?

I say loveless because religious figures and self-appointed pious people hate evil, which is a notion that they created to justify the subordination natural human activities that their obscure rituals condemn. The pious ones are so sure of the

absolute righteousness and charity to those who are less than them, while ignoring the fact that the stigma attached to groups the preach compassion too, was in fact created by the Church to further social control.

The role of religion throughout history was to serve as a means to organize and control society on a personal and group level. More recently nationalism has replaced religion as the justification to exploit the non-approved people either foreign or domestic. Television, school, and mass media now serve to promulgate the norms of society, which are held over from previous notions put forward by the Church.

Wake up, religion and its legacy have been asking you to suck your shit off their metaphorical dicks, just like your ancestors did. Believing in a God of your own understanding can be comforting if it is loving, and caring. I have nothing against the notion of God, just the ruling classes exploitation of the human need to be loved, experience faith, and hope.

Love, faith, and hope are opiates, but life would suck without them. I just question some old fictitious story as being needed for people to want spirituality. The concept of spirituality is present in people intrinsically, and this has been exploited.

Spirituality is as much a basic human need as sex, and the Church perverts it the same way my old friend perverts the trust and caring that should be present in a sexual relationship. The Church plays on the uncertainty of life, and doubt to castigate anyone who questions them. Basically it's your own mental filth that holds you down, and the Church just sticks it in both ends. One end of your being is the need to be loved and the other is your fear.

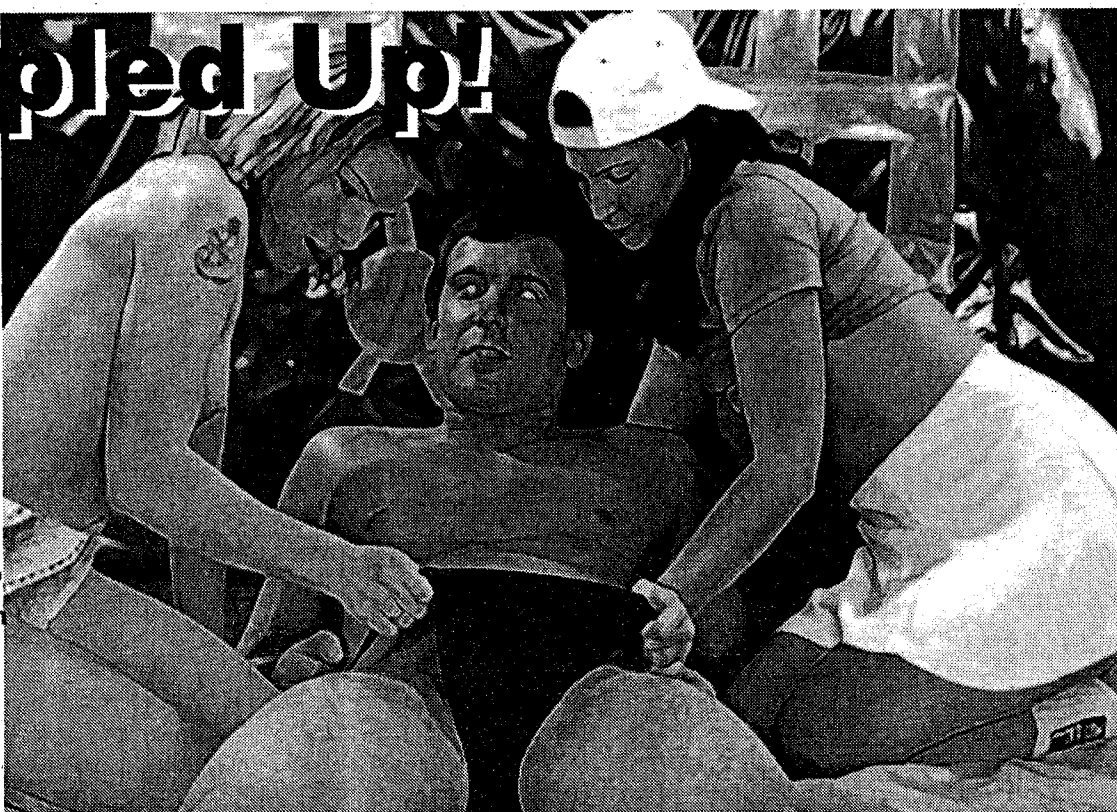
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Sleeping Around

By Christopher Gennari

The Nap is one of those misunderstood and contentious events in Western Civilization. A large portion of Europeans and South Americans take a siesta in the middle of the day. Whole regions of countries close down for a few hours. In the United States the siesta is a frowned upon anomaly. The mid-day nap is considered the vestige of the lazy. The mid day meal (ie lunch) is quickly becoming a vestigial event. Soon to be discarded and forgotten like your embryonic tail. But the nap does serve some very important functions. There are some experiments that confirm (and I heard about them on 20/20 and 60 Minutes so look 'em up if you are skeptical) the human body works more efficiently (and people work more productively and efficiently) with a mid-day nap. Plus, the second highest time for automobile accidents is right after lunch. If people took a nap we'd be saving lives. WHERE'S AL GORE ON THIS!!!!!! People are getting into fenderbenders because they are not allowed to sleep off their TACO BELL bender or that BURGER KING bbq sauce hangover. Friends, Students, Skeptics I write to explain naps, not to praise them. There are rules that if you follow will assure you the best napping experience

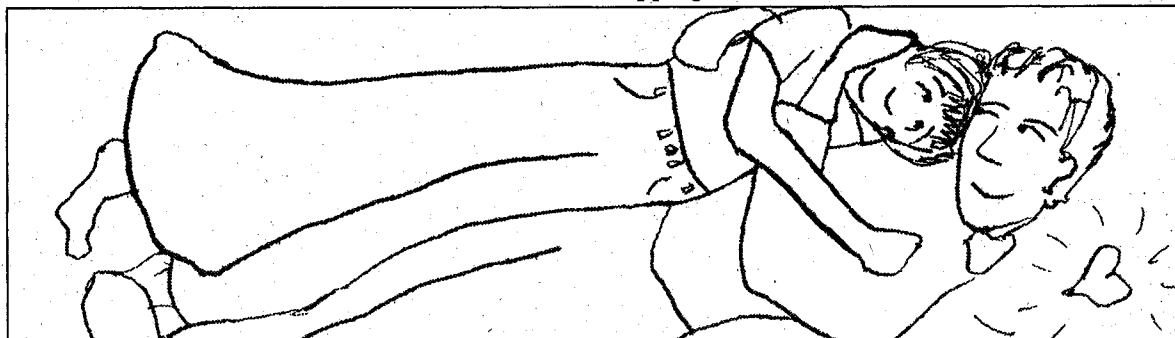
money. It is unlikely that you will be able to secure a naptime space after the first or second date. It may take several months and by then your schedule could have changed. So it is best to date someone for reasons OTHER than their close nap space.

RULE #3: Like the Person You're Sleeping With

Napping with someone is an intimate act. Its so intimate that you'll probably have sex with someone long before regularly napping with them. So, for good mental health, you should like the person you're sleeping with because it makes the whole experience better; kind of warm and fuzzy. Disliking you're snuggle buddy could leave you more tired and tense, could lead to frizzled hair and frazzled nerves or a serious of deep meaningful conversations none of which equals good restful sleep. Bad things could also happen to you while you sleep. Napping should not lead to bodily harm.

Besides, you get cool personal time with your honey before you sleep and this could lead to mid-day sex which (if done fairly close to right) leads to the much sought after but hard to accomplish warm and fuzzy Mid-Day Cuddle Nap. If you are sleeping in your honey's bed good etiquette suggests that you cuddle before you start snoring.

Again, know you're schedule especially if napping with someone else. Individuals are rarely



with minimal threat of permanent bodily harm.

RULE #1: Know Your Schedule.

Design your schedule with a nap in mind. Take classes at 8.20 am but not at 12.30 pm. If you really want to nap but are not yet a regular napper, its best not to get a full night of sleep. Leave yourself several hours in which to prepare for the nap and to awaken from it. Some people are refreshed right after a nap; I, on the other hand, need time to recover. So, know when you have time to nap and what kind of napper you are. Knowing is half the battle.

RULE #2: Have a Place Close By

Of course, knowing where you're going to sleep is important too. Once you've created valuable time in the middle of your schedule you don't want to waste it by having to spend a great deal of time traveling to your napping place. I, for instance, live a good half hour to forty five minute drive from campus plus there's the travel time from my classes to the buses to South P. So even though I have a four hour break in the middle of my Tuesdays and Thursdays its uneconomical to travel that far and back. A nap should let you relax and rest not frizzle your hair from stress.

If you're a graduate student then you have a built in place with a built in time. Office hours gives you at least two hours a week to sleep (let's face its not like you'll be interrupted during them). If you don't have an office then you should live near by, a quick jaunt. If you're an undergraduate either get an apartment near campus or live on campus. OR both graduates and undergrads could date someone who lives on campus and then you could use nap time as both Sleep and Together time. This does require an investment of time and

on the same time schedule and if behooves you little to show up all ready for dreamland if you're Honey is just going to sit there bored and unhappy watching you (think about it - its also a little eerie). So arrange little activities to wind both of you down into nap mode. Read something fairly light (in content not necessarily in mass) like one of C.S. Lewis' Nardia Chronicles or the Harry Potter collection to each other. Listen to any late 1980's Sting album. Debate the issues raised in the Stony Brook Press Features section. Something that doesn't require a lot of brain power.

And remember in this day and age you can't just nap with anyone. Your Honey could be justifiably jealous and angry if you just go sleeping with anyone who offers a bed. And bad things could happen, like losing your kidneys, if you are indiscriminate. Now, you can nap with whoever you want, I'm not your mother, but just be careful out there.

RULE #4: Be Comfortable

This one is fairly obvious but needs to be stressed. If you are sleeping in your office or in class the traditional position of head down on folded hands is hard on your back. The place you nap should be comfortable enough that you can fall asleep easily. Plus, change into comfortable clothes. Those tight buttoned up three piece suits I wear to school every day do not go well with quick naps. Changing into comfortable pjs, flannel perhaps, and getting under a good comforter is the way to go. Have a place where you can stretch out: a long couch or a bed. Those of you who prefer naked sleeping would do well to find a private place since public nude napping could lead to ridicule, arrests, or modeling jobs in the Art Dept.

RULE #5: Please, Be a

Continued on Page 17

PSYCHO CRAZY TALK

By Jacklyn Yeh

My crying fits creep up on me without warning, my eating habits have been shot, and all I want to do is sleep, make love and sleep again. I look forward to nothing each day, it's just another chore to drag my fat ass up and face it. Eating is just a mechanism with which I get through assignment after assignment, boredom after boredom, or with which I just plain avoid doing the things I need to do.

The pain in my chest won't go away. It's nestled in my heart, making its home, boring holes through me to no end. It's kinda creepy to think

"Some nights I sit up and... I see my baby lying so innocent in bed, hands tucked at his chest, and I just don't know what to do with myself. I want to be... the girl he [is] dreaming about as I watch him breathe. And I know I'm not."

about it. It's nothing but creepy to find tears falling down my face. My boyfriend is too sweet. Driving me from one end of the emotion spectrum to another. The way he wipes my tears away, the way he pouts and asks me what's wrong; it fills me with a brief happiness to be reminded of his love. And yet at the same time I am in despair, because I can't explain what the hell's making me cry.

I utterly despise it when people have power over me. I am so weak; I'd be a doormat if it weren't for the fact that I refuse to be. I've tried that that didn't amount to nothing. So now, here I am trying to do the selfish thing, and it isn't helping one bit. The guilt is still there. When I give my boyfriend attitude, when I just get up and leave. It's selfish of me to make him feel like shit, keep him wondering what the fucking hell he did to piss me off. Lately all I've been is pissed off. Does nothing have a point in my narrow-minded view of things?

Things are falling apart. I'm so scared these days. I get so awful lonely, so awful lost. I don't know what to do with myself. I keep building these walls around me, while everything inside is running amok. And I've been asked what I got to prove. That question pisses me off. What do I have to prove? I don't intend on proving anything. When I spin from one extreme to the other, people are bewildered. They don't understand. It's a part of my being to swing. I know that much. No happy median. And yet I'm nothing but a big bundle of energy to everyone. Smiling, joking, skipping.

Perhaps that's exactly what I'd be trying to prove. That's not all there is to me. Like other people, I keep all the bad stuff to myself. But unlike other people, I'm getting real sick of doing that. I'm getting sick of feeling expected to be a certain way. I am both energetic and lethargic. I am both laughing and crying. I am both glad and angry.

It makes no sense does it? This sounds like some psycho crazy talk, the kind of shit you'd tell a shrink. I don't know how to convince people to realize I'm not who they think I am anymore. I can't be a constant, that shining North Star in the sky. I'm like a fucking shooting star, bright, but fades and disappears. It burns up, don't it? And so do I.

I don't know any other way to be. And I'm scared shitless. Some

Continued on Page 17

When *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* came out, I was where you are now. It was 1982, and I was in the first of my senior years at Stony Brook. I was running COCA and Tuesday Flix, and writing film reviews for the *Press*, and saw for myself a future of poverty but one full of intellectual and artistic fulfillment. Almost 20 years later and I'm a lawyer. Some dreams die an awful death. But back to 1982.

Fast Times was a revelation. Like *Animal House*, which came out just before

ALMOST my freshman year, it was a touchstone for a generation. Aside from the fact that a lot of talented actors got their starts in that film (Forest Whitaker, Nicolas Cage, Anthony Edwards and Eric Stoltz), it featured Phoebe Cates and Jennifer Jason Leigh (both bearing a lot of skin, god bless 'em) and Sean Penn's star-making turn as the stoner-surferdude Spicoli. It was one of the first honest movies I'd ever seen about high school.

Of course, being raised on Godard, Andrew Sarris and the auteur theory, I credited first time director Amy Heckerling for the film's wonders. Time has not borne out that gross conclusion, as her career has included *Johnny Dangerously*, *European Vacation* and *Look Who's Talking* (1 and 2). I paid little attention to the fact that someone actually wrote the movie (not only wrote it, but based it on his own book). A kid named Cameron Crowe (was that his *real* name?) went under cover in a Southern California high school, wrote a book about what he saw, then adapted it as a screenplay. It still stands up as a brilliant, journalistic insight into the early 80s and adolescence.

Of course, Crowe went on to do a few more quite excellent movies, as both writer and director. *Say Anything*, with John Cusack, is a tragi-comic tale of young love that has taken on a cult audience. When asked by the girl's father what he wants to do for a living, with a nod to *The Graduate* Cusack says:

"I don't want to sell anything, buy anything, or process anything as a career. I don't want to sell anything bought or processed, or buy anything sold or processed, or process anything sold, bought, or processed, or repair anything sold, bought, or processed. You know, as a career, I don't want to do that."

After *Fast Times* at High School, *Say Anything* said everything about that scary time right after graduation. Crowe's next picture, *Singles*, talks about relationships amongst 20-somethings, during and after college, in the era of Seattle grunge garage bands. It's a flawed movie, but he got one of the handful of great Matt Dillon performances ever recorded on film. The use of music in *Fast Times*, *Say Anything* and *Singles* is integral to the characters, not just an excuse to release a soundtrack album. When Cusack stands outside his girl's apartment in *Say Anything*, he holds a boom box over his head blasting Peter Dinklage while standing in the rain. He's using music to communicate from his soul and it's one of the most moving moments from any movie in the last 20 years.

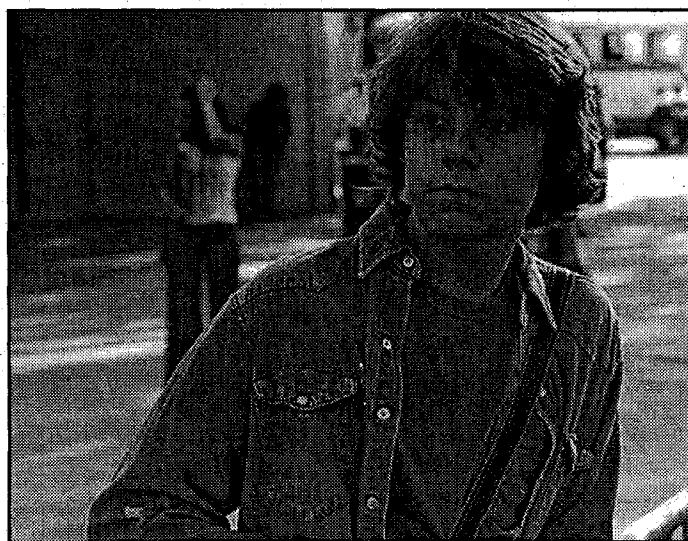
Then, writer-director-producer Crowe created *Jerry Maguire*, his first breakout-commercial Hollywood mega-hit. Despite that reputation, the movie is really about a young guy finding some personal commitment and professional redemption. It's actually a small, personal film at heart. Except, you know, with Tom Cruise. And it made a star of Renee (Nurse Betty) Zellweger.

If you look closely, you can see the arc of Mr. Crowe's films as they mirror his own journey from adolescence to successful professional, with an in-depth analysis of the painful and necessary growth endured at each stage of his life, with music

always seeming to mark the trail he has taken. Now a successful 40-something, Crowe does what we all do at that stage. He looks backwards, with longing. And so, in *Almost Famous*, he offers us a loving reflection on his youth and the music that lit the way.

With this pic-

FAMOUS Crowe does the impossible... he makes us nostalgic for the 70s. At this point, let me make something perfectly clear - The 70s sucked. I don't mean for me, personally; well, yeah, I mean for me personally, but not just for me. I'll say it again - *the 70s sucked*. You weren't there. I was. Trust me on this, if nothing else. The clothes, the TV, the music, the politics, the national zeitgeist. It all sucked. Everything but the movies. This was the era of Coppola, Scorsese, Spielberg, Lucas. The auteur-inmates were running the studio-asylums and brilliant, personal pictures were being made by big studios for big money. Of course, Cimino's *Heaven's Gate* sunk UA and Hollywood has never been that way again. But I digress. Back to my point. *The 70s sucked*. And yet... somehow, thanks to Crowe, they've taken on that



Crowe's Character "William Miller"

burnished glow that only memory can endow. For this he should be damned and praised.

Crowe starts his film with credits... not an unusual technique. Except these credits are being written in pencil on a yellow note pad by a disembodied hand. The hand writes out each name, even misspelling "Frances McDormand" then erasing the error and fixing it. The credits have not even finished and I already love this movie. Why? It has a point of view. This is not some generic, Hollywood story, measured and sliced with a cookie-cutter called "market research." This is a personal story being told by somebody. And a young somebody, to boot... inexperienced, but gamely writing as fast as he can, fixing his mistakes along the way. If the credits are this good, what will the movie be like, I wonder.

I knew Crowe was a writer for Rolling Stone in the 70s, before his *Fast Times* adventure. I didn't read Rolling Stone then, other than the occasional Hunter S. Thompson article, but my older brothers sure did. Rolling Stone stopped being cool because music stopped being cool. But I knew Crowe was this teenager who wrote rock criticism back then, and that is ostensibly what *Almost Famous* is about.

Crowe cast as himself the young Patrick Fugit, an unknown kid with a couple of episodes of *Touched By An Angel* under his belt. He is Crowe as a decent, nerdy, talented boy (William), who is barely surviving his loving, overbearing mother. As the mom, Francis, um, I mean, Frances McDormand is unnerving and endearing at the same time. His loving but irritating big sister clashes with mom and takes off with a boyfriend to become a stewardess. In an effort to save him from mom's influence, his sister leaves behind her record collection. William is

an "un-cool" high school kid, isolated and in pain, fatherless, sisterless... but Rock n' Roll becomes his world and his salvation.

He is a talented writer, precociously writing Rock criticism for local papers. First he is befriended by the burned-out editor of Creem Magazine, Les Bangs, brilliantly played by Phillip Seymour Hoffman. Hoffman has been a ubiquitous presence in films since *Boogie Nights*, and his

A Review By Ralph Sevush

duel/dual Broadway performance in Sam Shepard's *True West* last year was an electrifying experience. Now he creates a curmudgeonly mentor for William, a sort of ghost of Christmas yet to be, telling him "Rock is dead" and providing other such heartening insights, while also giving him a willing ear and an encouraging word. Hoffman's Lester Bangs is an original film creation.

William is offered the chance to cover a touring band on the rise, "Stillwater", for Rolling Stone by an unsuspecting editor that doesn't know William is only a kid. William travels with the band, while his worried mother, who lets him go because she knows he needs this, yet afraid of losing her last child, screams "musicians have kidnapped my son!" When he boards the tour bus (bearing the slogan "Almost Famous") young William (a.k.a. Cameron) journeys like Dante into the inferno, chased by the worried messages from his mother ("Don't take drugs!"), and accompanied only by his yellow note pad, his long-distance calls to mentor Bangs, and a surrogate family that teaches him about who he is and who he can become.

One of his Virgils is Stillwater's enigmatic guitarist, Russell, brought to vivid life by actor Billy Crudup's breakthrough performance as the Rock n' Roll hero with feet of clay. The other is the siren Penny Lane, the beautiful free spirit who, as a "band-aid", acts as both muse and sex toy for Crudup. She is an ephemeral but damaged girl, leading other girls into a romanticized life of low self-esteem and self-delusion, living in devotion to the music, not the musicians. Of course, Kate-Russell-William form an eternal triangle, resulting in pain and growth for all concerned. Kate Hudson's Penny Lane is a magical character, and Hudson fills out her genes (Goldie Hawn is her mom) quite nicely.

There is a moment when everyone is on the bus, and it has been a long, bad night. Emotions are frayed. The mood is fragile. Elton John's song "Tiny Dancer" plays and, one at a time, everyone starts to sing along. Music heals. Families hurt each other, but they can heal, too. Like his earlier films, music is the heart and soul of this film, dramatizing the effect on both the players and the audience as together they create, for a moment, a surrogate family for all who need one.

It seems at first a small story to build a movie on. Nothing blows up. The sex is mostly off-screen. Like all of Crowe's other pictures, it's a coming-of-age picture. But, when seen through the context of his career to date, you realize its about Crowe coming of age, as much as the characters in the film.

Crowe is unlike his contemporaries, like writer-director Kevin Smith who tells us interesting things in an uninteresting way, or the Coen brothers, who say nothing, but with a delightful visual style, or Spike Lee, who is wildly inconsistent and political rather than personal. Crowe is a both a writer and a filmmaker, and he makes movies about himself and about human relationships. Unlike film-school filmmakers, he doesn't make films about films, but about life. And so, he tells stories about us. They are stories-worth telling.

Almost Famous made me reconsider the 70s, damn him... and the person I was and am. That's the power of a great storyteller and, make no mistake, Crowe is perhaps the foremost auteur of his generation. Check him out.

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION: THEATRE IN REVIEW

By Hilary Vidair

Think of the pope. Now a tribal drummer in Zimbabwe. How about the stranger next to you in the elevator. All these people are tied to you through six degrees of separation. No matter which way you look at it, someone you know connects you to five other people, the last of which actually knows the pope, the drummer and that stranger in the elevator.

This phenomena is the focus of John Guare's play "Six Degrees of Separation." Based on a true event, Guare flashes us back to the 1980's—a country led by Reagan and a world plagued with racism.

The play centers around Paul, an African-American boy starving for affection. The story begins when he enters the home of the rich Ouisa and Flan, stabbed in the stomach and claiming to be a friend of their children at Harvard and the son of a movie star.

Ouisa and Flan gladly welcome Paul, and upon realizing that he is not poorly wounded, provide him with a new shirt and cancel their dinner plans to engage in delightful conversation concerning "Catcher in the Rye." They are very pleased with him, for he speaks fondly of their children and whips up an amazing meal. They are even more thrilled when Paul asks the couple to be extras in his father's new film, a remake of the Broadway show "Cats."

From there, the plot take a bunch of twists and turns when Paul stays the night, bringing home a boy for an early morning blow job. Ouisa and Flan are shocked and kick him out, worrying that they might have been robbed, but infact they have not been.

Paul's identity becomes far more puzzling when others report similarly bizarre incidents, even at times claiming to strangers that he is Flan's abandoned son from a previous lover. The only thing in common with most of Paul's "victims" is that all their children went to the same high school.

Director Talvin Wilks, a dramaturge from New York City, truly captures the complexity of the situation, evaluating both sides of this "chameleon." One wants to hate Paul, for he is that dreadful little obstacle that causes paralysis in our minds. Yet his static presence is the constant reminder that every single one of us yearns for a sense of belonging and

the knowing feeling of being loved. It is in that way that we are all so close—no matter the status of our class or the color of our skin, we all are in search of the same goal—that is, the state of pure happiness.

As always with live theatre, it is the job of the actors to bring the words of the play to life. The show was brilliantly cast, complete with some of the most talented performers in the theatre department.

Beth Gordon (Ouisa) bedazzled the audience, not only with her superior presence, but her caustic personality and delightful facial expressions. Her pacing was perfect; her charm was unique, especially at times when she felt the need to correct her husband Flan's way of addressing things. Although dressed elegantly at all times, a black top with silver sparkles really completed her character.

It was an excellent decision to play Brendan Riker (Flan) opposite Gordon. Complimenting her in every way, Riker held the audience's attention to his every word, enunciating everything he said so powerfully that his presence was never unnoted.

As if these two weren't enough, Liz Bresnak-Arata (Tess) and Howard Kunzinger (Woody), who played Ouisa and Flan's snobby Ivory League children, provided much comic relief for the audience.

Rightly overdramatic, Bresnak-Arata, clad in a short skirt and high black boots, constantly stormed in and out of her parents' household, wondering why she has to be bothered finding out Paul's identity and miserable when no one seemed to care about her plans to move to Argentina.

Kunzinger, a political science major, certainly could quit his day job! The highlight of

Kunzinger's performance was his temper tantrum—how dare his mother give his pink shirt to a complete stranger—that was for his newly built body! Aside from being built as he is, Kunzinger's acting talent was a pleasure to watch.

Grantly Scott (Paul), who was making his debut on the Stony Brook stage, seemed slightly nervous with his first monologue, but that was forgotten by the time he was pleading for Ouisa's acceptance of him. The main character of the play, Scott managed to maintain the role of a lonely and miserable boy, wounded by family, society and the color of his skin.

Erin Tappan (Elizabeth) was equally fantastic, especially when displaying an exemplary bout of anger toward her husband's actions. On their way to the big stage all the way from Utah, they take Paul in, only leading to a disaster which causes her and her husband to lose their savings and their sanity. Tappan's screaming monologue evokes pure compassion.

Other performances needing to be noted are those of Lauren Hartman (Kitty), Glen J. Beck (Larkin), Frank Peddicini (Ben), Charles Loguisto (Dr. Fine), Neil Moon (Geoffrey), Dave Chura (Rick) Trent (Josh Adler), and David Maslar (detective, etc.). All were spectacular.

Phil Baldwin, the scene designer of the show, should also be commended for his continuing ability to make a wonderful set from minimalistic materials.

The great news is that the show can still be seen this week from Thursday-Saturday at 8p.m. and Sunday at 2 p.m. (October 26-29). Tickets can be bought at the box office in the Staller Center for the Arts. The cost is \$6 for students and seniors, \$8 for faculty and staff and \$10 for the general public. The show is being performed in Theatre II. For more information, call the Staller Center For the Arts.



Napping – Continued From Page 15

Considerate (of others) Napper.

Despite the early morning scenes on Buffy and Popular most people do not have combed hair, fresh breath and bubbly personalities when they awaken. Most people exhibit the three "G's": groggy, grumpy and grunting. If you happen to be in the presence of one of these "people" BE CAREFUL. Back away slowly, don't look them straight in the eye, and don't initiate any conversation that begins with "We have to talk" or "I have something to tell you about what I was doing last Friday night at my Bachelor Party". The safest course of action is to avoid all contact until said person goes into and then returns from the bathroom. There are, of course, exceptions. Some people giggle and laugh at everything to the point that they might even fall out of bed. Some people sprout out poetry or Neil Young lyrics. Most people just try to hide under the covers hoping the day will go away. So if someone (like your strong yet sensitive honey) wakes you up don't hold it against him or her. Rarely are two people on the same nap schedule. Burning down your honey's apartment as retribution is considered bad form.

Optional Possibility: Start a Club!

If you like napping and are well organized enough you could start a napping club. Campus has all kinds of silly little exclusionary clubs, this could be an INCLUSIONARY one. Membership is real easy – just show up and fall asleep. If enough people join you could get school funding and perhaps an office in which to do this napping. But until that happens you'll probably have to settle for a round robin (or paper-rock-scissors) manner to determine whose place you'll crash that day and when. And if the club gets really big, like Social Movement big, then you could lobby for a nap time during the school day. Change the face of higher education and make the world a nicer and happier place and improve your resume all at the same time. Lets see Physics Club do that!

If you follow these rules then you should be able to accomplish a productive comatose state while being cheery to those people around you. This will make your day better and is guaranteed to possibly lead to better grades, cleaner teeth, and world-wide democracy. You will be popular among your peers, children will want to be more like you, your skin will clear up, you will get dates even when your Horoscope says you won't, and it could lead to dancing. So do yourself a favor, do the world a favor. Nap!

Psycho Crazy Talk – Continued From Page 15

nights I sit up and I just get so creeped out. I see my baby lying so innocent in bed, hands tucked at his chest, and I just don't know what to do with myself. I want to be his dream girl. The girl he may perhaps be dreaming about as I watch him breathe. And I know I'm not. He may have thought so at the start. But I'm not.

My despair is getting in the way of everything. My work, my job, my sanity, my relationship with people. Eh. I just hate everything now. I hate every ugly stupid day this school offers. I hate every calorie I consume. I hate every single word I have to read. I hate every single promise I make to myself, because I end up breaking every single last one.

They do say that as long as you can see that you're not normal, you're not crazy yet – just weird. Perhaps I just think too hard. I can't be the only one who sees things the way I do. Don't you dare lie – you bastards know at least a smidgen of what I'm rambling about.

It's all my fault anyway. And I don't seek help since I'm stubborn like that. That's okay. I've turned my life around once before. I can do it again, can't I? I'll just have to bewilder some people along the way. It's going to be one hell of a leap.



HIL'S

DR. DOG

Its Like A Pornographic Episode Of Full House

So, the Mets think they're slick trying to steal my song? I'll take that bat and stick it right up their bunghole.

So I promised an article about strippers? Well, guess what? I haven't gotten to see any strippers lately because I've been too busy pimpin' out Daddy Longlegs. You see, he's one of those guys that all the sexy bitches dig. I get him the girl, he pays the bills. *Capiche?*

He has had a big long banana since he was little. Sometimes he cross dresses and dances in ladies' underwear in my kitchen. He likes girls who are potentially strippers. You know, the "dancer" type, the girls who made it through the wilderness. They be all shiny and new and shit.

Whoa, what is that? It's too big to be something in his pocket... he's obviously happy to see her. Oh, but what to do?

Hello, massage! Especially since Pimp Daddy has so many legs to please you with! So step one is to go to a store where massage oil can be purchased.

Take a trip to Utopia. See all the pretty dildos. (If a girl ain't digginn' wood, will she settle for plastic?) We take a look at all the variety — the jelly ones that you can squeeze through the package, the silver bullets, the usual butt plugs. Same ol', same

ol'. Nothing ever changes in these sex shops.

"You should try this one," he exclaimed. "Or perhaps the one with the rabbit ears?"

Oh, but wait! What's that there in the corner? Could that be (gasp) a makeshift pussy? "How about that one?" I ask.

All of a sudden, it seems Daddy Longlegs is caught in a web. I ask him to make use of it and guest speak in my next column. This is out of the question. "Why buy a jerk off tube for \$10 when it's not real booty?" Mr. Smooth-Stuff exclaims.

Why are men so quick to advocate women using dildos if they won't use sex toys themselves? This seems to be a conspiracy

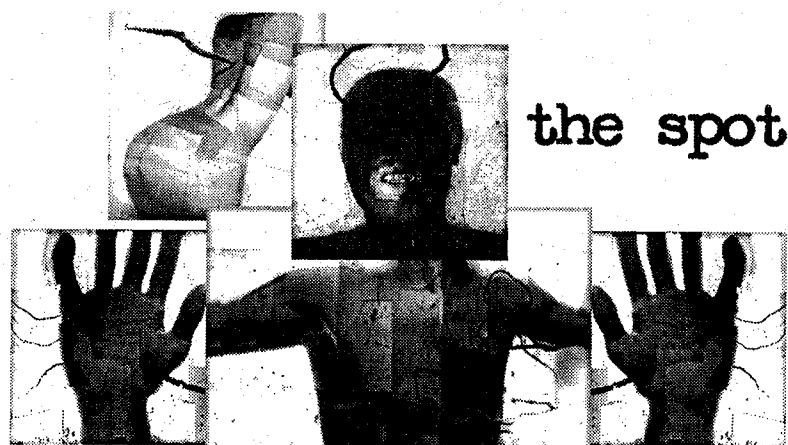
"But it's not real," he protests. Neither are Pamela Anderson's tits, but I'd bet a pretty penny you'd stick Willy Wonka between those. And just think, this'll only cost ya \$10. I'm willing to bet this a much more affordable (and safer) bargain.

It's a no go. He won't do it. Now, if I were a man, and I wasn't gettin' no booty, I'd already be experimenting with pervie the pipe. I mean, it's not like I asked him to buy Nelly the Nurse or something. Who was he kidding?

That was the end of that. I still don't know any man who's used a sexual toy. Such a shame.

Men, this is your mission. Go out and find a good sex toy. Use it and abuse it. It can be as simple as one of those fart jars (you know, the silly putty in a cup that makes farting sounds when you stick your fingers in it) or as daring as a fake vagina that squirts out lubrication. In any case, let out your inner canine and get to findin' a home for your bone!

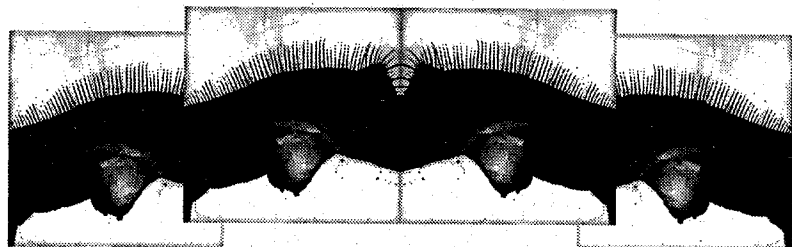
Attn: Boys With Sex Toys: Send sexy stories & questions to stonypress@hotmail.com



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the
man
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trying
to
kill
our
art
fight
the
man



Cause women's rights are like, important and stuff.

Yeah, like *totally* important.

So like get involved in the women's movement.

Cause getting not involved is *silly*.

Totally silly. Tee Hee.

Apolitical Cartoon by Glenn Given

take your pick

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www.feminist.org

www.iwdc.org

www.projectequality.org

www.globalfundforwomen.org



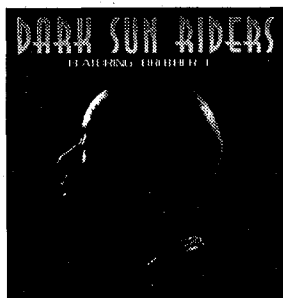
CRAIG SCHLANGER'S BIG MOUTH

SPECIAL EDITION: IN KEEPING WITH THE SPIRIT OF HALLOWEEN, I CHOOSE TO FOCUS ON A HANDFUL OF RECORDS THAT EFFICIENTLY EVOKE A DARK FRAME OF MIND. BELOW ARE SOME OF THE MOST EERIE, HAUNTING, INTENSE, FRIGHTENING AND/OR MORBID RECORDS I'VE EVER HEARD. EACH IS UNIQUE UNTO ITSELF. IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE WRITING FOR YOU.

Dark Sun Riders: *Seeds of Evolution* (Island Music, 1996)

Brother J made a name for himself in the early to mid 1990's as a part of the pro-black hip-hop consortium the X-Clan. On both X-Clan full lengths J spit furious rhymes that emphasized his return-to-roots African philosophies, while refining his skills as one of the most intimidating MCs in the game.

In 1995 Brother J dubbed himself "Vibal Magus" and returned to the rap game with a new crew, the Dark Sun Riders. Flagged by Master China the Damu, DJ M.A.T.E., Ultraman the Groove Tweaker and the mysteriously hooded Rhythm Antenna, Brother J and co. created an LP that was



masterful and years ahead of it's time. Putting his pro-black theology aside (but not forgetting it) *Seeds of Evolution* takes the listener on a journey through the world of Brother J and his co-horts.

The record follows a general interlude/song/interlude pattern, but is unique to most hip-hop records as every interlude is a vital component to the songs. Beginning with his statement of intent "The Preparation," Brother J speaks as church bells ring out to signal the beginning of our journey. As the album's first proper song "The Mouth Ritual" begins, and Brother J's distorted vocals come full circle combined with a hypnotic bass thump, the listener has no choice but to turn their attention to the words of "Vibal Magus." The tone is sinister and evil, though the message is very righteous.

Through compelling tracks such as the sensual "Feel and Move," the furious "Magnificent Son," the Public Enemy-esque "Rhythmic Flex" and the creeping "Time to Build," Brother J proves he may be the most effective lyricist in rap. The interludes that tie the record together tell tales of spiritual awakening, the benefit of a substance-free mind, and the role of the mind in the temple of the Dark Sun. It's these skits that prove Brother J to be rap's most effective storyteller.

Seeds of Evolution is a criminally under-appreciated record that should have redefined the world of hip-hop in 1996. Proving the sentiment true, heads were not ready for Brother J's eerie take on life.

MZ 412: *Nordik Battle Signs* (Cold Meat Industry, 2000)

This is simply an aural masterpiece of fear and terror. *Nordik Battle Signs* is a musically visual journey through the depths of hell. From the first blast of power electronics to the last looped sample, MZ 412 prove to be the kings of dark mini-

malist music.

These patrons of Satan call their unique audio attack "True Swedish Black Industrial" music. But, don't let the term industrial mislead you. You will find nothing that sounds like it came from a Nine Inch Nails record here. MZ 412 craft soundscapes that use chilling samples,



power electronics, droning synth mayhem and distorted vocals in their quest to floor the listener.

The record tortures the listener with samples of a Satanic Mass, frightening literary narration over intense drone. "Begravning" creates a threatening mood, looping a German quote that reads "If White is the Color of Death, the Black is the Color of Life" in English. While most ears are not ready for MZ 412, shut the lights and close your eyes if you dare, but prepare to "Behold the Death of all Your Beliefs."

Joy Division: *Unknown Pleasures* (Quest, 1979)

Backed by Martin Hannet's cryptic production, Joy Division's debut full length solidified their status as cult legends. Hypnotic rhythms and the morose vocal style of Ian Curtis added up to the most enchanting record to emerge from post-punk Europe. Joy Division's music has been covered endlessly by bands of the modern age, yet no one has ever been able to capture the essence of their songs.

The opening track "Disorder" is oddly upbeat considering the rest of the album, but manages to set the mood for a unique journey through the mind of an epileptic and suicidal young man. "Day of the Lords," "Insight," and "Candidate" all invoke the dark sense of Ian Curtis, a man frightened and confused by his own existence. The lyrics of these songs read like an autobiography that end, not surprisingly, with the taking of his own life in 1981.

"Shadowplay" always stood out to me as extremely twisted. Curtis's perplexing explanation of a love affair to his young wife (also addressed on the band's 1981 hit single "Love Will Tear Us Apart"). "She's Lost Control" recorded the onstage epileptic seizures Curtis had experienced as a result of his condition.

A strong entity, but also the sum of it's parts (every track adds to the mystique), *Unknown Pleasure* placed Joy Division in league with the Smiths and Bauhaus as unique post punk bands who constantly conveyed a sense of reality in their over-drama. While the remaining members of the band went on to form New Order following the suicide of Curtis, none of their subsequent work could match the brutal emotion contained on this recording.

Dodheimsgard: *666 International* (Moonfog Records, 1999)

Forgetting the hokey title, 666 International is a masterpiece equally rooted in black metal, classical, early 1980's gothic-rock and

drum machine powered industrial.

Dodheimsgard, meaning realm of the dead, spent several years surfing the sea of generic Norwegian black metal, showing signs of remarkable innovation on their *Satanic Art* EP from 1998. Those hints came full circle on this release, leaving the listener freaked out, confused and overwhelmed with DHG's consistent cross-genre musical indulging.

"Shiva Interfere" opens with a haunting piano melody and launches into ludicrous speed for thirty seconds, finally settling on off-time guitar twanging and the Peter Murphy-like wails of singer Vicotnik. The next nine minutes of the song simple enchant and astound the listener with a menacing charm. "Ion Storm" comes full circle in what can only be described as Atari Teenage Riot meets Mayhem. Pounding industrialized drums and hypnotic black metal riffs are entrees here, and it's never sounded more threatening. Add oddly titled piano interludes like "Carpet Bombing," which sound like Liberace at a Sisters of Mercy show, and you can pretty much count on being thoroughly entertained and amazed by this work.

666 International works so well because the genres being mixed up never overtake each other. Each track offers something for anyone who enjoys music that makes them scratch their head and think "how did they do that?!" Dodheimsgard manage to be frightening and eye-opening all at once.



Some Honorable (Horrorable?) Mentions:

Bauhaus: *In the Flat Field* (Beggars Banquet)

Satyricon: *Rebel Extravaganza* (Moonfog)

Umbra: *Unclean Spirit* (Rectrix Records)

Darkthone: *Transylvanian Hunger* (Peaceville)

Burzum: *Filosofem* (A masterpiece by Varg Vikernes, a man whose reputation as a convicted murderer precedes his sadistic and twisted musical vision; Misanthropy Music)

Megaptera: *The Curse of the Scarecrow* (Release Entertainment)

Carpathian Forest: *Black Shining Leather* (Avant Garde Music)

Black Sabbath: *self-titled* (Warner Brothers)

Limp Bizkit: *Significant Other* (Scared the piss out of me...)

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WHO'S
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