



THE STONY BROOK PRESS

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"Coke, the choice of a generation without a voice."

March 24, 1999

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Stony Brook



Ra!

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Ra!

WOMEN'S RIGHTS = HUMAN RIGHTS

By Terry McLaren and Jennifer Hobin

Women writers, scholars, students, and activists from the university community and around the world came together Saturday, March 13 to discuss the state of women's rights around the globe. The conference, "Civil Rights, Women's Rights, Human Rights", co-sponsored by a variety of campus groups including the Women's Studies department, featured panel discussions on women's leadership issues, including the roles played by women in advancing the cause of human rights on international and local levels.

The conference featured a premier of the short film, *Hidden Heroes*, which told the story of student activists who were fighting hard for what they believed in, be it AIDS education, a cleaner environment, or multicultural school curricula. Carolyn Goodman, the film's producer, dedicated the film to her son, Andrew, who was killed along with three other men in Mississippi in 1964. The men were working on Freedom Summer, a program to register blacks in the rural South to vote. Goodman said she hoped the film would inspire, motivate, and move youth to action.

A panel of "Young Women on the Move," which followed the film, featured young female leaders who talked about their interest in human rights, their roles in leadership positions, and their vision for a more egalitarian future. This panel included three of Stony Brook's own student leaders: Faustine Joshua of the Caribbean Student Organization, Jodie Lawston of the Center for Womyn's Concerns, and Paula Guadeloupe, a Women's Studies intern and member of Sigma Lambda Gamma Sorority, Inc.

Women leaders on this panel spoke on topics including the acts of environmental genocide being committed against African-Americans, the plight of exploited women workers around the world, and the sexism which was thought to permeate realist "gangsta" rap—music produced for what one panelist called the "white capitalist power structure."

Juliet Chin, the first woman president of the Student Union of the University of Singapore, and an activist who had been imprisoned for a year by the Malaysian government under the Internal Security Act, spoke of her life as a political prisoner and refugee. Her discussion, however, was not intended to focus on herself.

Instead, she made the point that while she was protected as a refugee under the Geneva Convention, many women were not so fortunate. Chin attributed the global campaign for her release to the fact that she was both educated, and spoke English. She, therefore, had a large and powerful constituency. The real women on the move, she contended, were "worker women taken from China to work in factories," or sex workers all over the world, who have no constituency, she said.

Stony Brook students, like Lawston, provided examples of how they used their constituency, the student body, to advance their cause and the cause of human rights on campus and in a broader social context. As the president of the Center for Womyn's Concerns, Lawston has been involved in organizing various rallies for women's safety, including the annual "Take Back the Night" march, and in leading discussions on issues primarily of concern to women, such as date rape.

Despite the presence of active student leaders, students and staff alike acknowledged that on Stony Brook campus students need the help and cooperation of the administration to aid in furthering

their goals. Pam Burris of the Physics department said, "Students need an official body on campus to deal with everyday problems," and student leader Paula Guadeloupe accused administration officials of not providing enough information on issues that concern and involve students, citing last semester's three reported campus rapes as an example.

Perhaps the most gripping event of the day was the discussion entitled, "Fighting for Human Rights Against Authoritarian Governments" which discussed, often in painful detail, how women have not only been affected by oppressive political regimes that existed in Chile and South Africa, but also how women have been on the forefront of opposition against such regimes.

Nieves Ayress, a Chilean woman, had been arrested and imprisoned under the Pinochet dictatorship in the early 1970's because she was "a woman, rebel, student activist, [and was] outspoken against the Pinochet dictatorship."

She detailed the almost unbelievable acts of torture which were committed against her and other women and men while in prison. Her vivid recollection of these atrocities included suffering through brutal rapes and forced sex with family members, enduring the pain of alcohol and salt poured into wounds carved with military knives, witnessing the torture of family members, and being submerged into pools of excrement.

Despite the hardships endured by Ayress, she has not given up on her fight against oppression and believes that women are integral to the fight for equality. "We women never keep quiet," she said. "Without solidarity we can not do absolutely anything. Without solidarity we can not struggle."

Josette Cole and Regina Bulani, anti-apartheid and land rights activists from South Africa, detailed the struggles of blacks in that country for basic human necessities, such as housing. During the period of apartheid's greatest hold, blacks were relocated by the government to a deserted area called Crossroads. There were none of the promised houses, and the area was infested with snakes. Bulani attributed Crossroads' survival, and ultimate prosperity, to the women of the community who banded together and built a town out of nothing. The women fought for government representation, and to spread the word globally about what was happening to the people of South Africa.

"Women's Rights are Human Rights," the last panel of the day, included several women who were working in their communities in the U.S. to ensure that not one person is left without an advocacy and support system, even if he or she is marginalized by society.

"It's not easy doing justice work," Dollie Burwell informed the audience, but that's what she's been doing for over twenty years. Burwell, an environmental justice advocate and Aid to Congresswoman Eva Clayton (D- North Carolina) said that in the rural South right now there are over 500 counties with women and children living below the poverty level. Two-thirds of all people of color in the U.S., regardless of class, live within 50 miles of a toxic waste dump.

Burwell made it clear exactly who she held responsible by saying "It is just as violent for

a government to know that if you live in these conditions your baby will die before it's three months in your womb [as] it is for someone to take a gun and shoot you."

Anannya Bhattacharjee, the founder of Sakhi for South Asian Women, the first South Asian group to address the issue of domestic violence, said that one thing that keeps the cycle of domestic violence in this country going is that men aren't taken to task for their actions. Here, the emphasis is more on removing the specific victim from the abusive situation and get-

ting her a welfare check, instead of stopping the problem at its source—the abuser.

The Committee Against Anti-Asian Violence, Bhattacharjee's next project, fights racially motivated violence and police brutality. The group works on

many issues, from fighting harassment of vendors in Chinatown by police, to outreach to Asian immigrant sex workers all over New York City.

The plight of underpaid domestic workers is another issue Bhattacharjee has begun work on. These workers live in extreme isolation and, since many live in their employers' homes, they are always on call for salaries as low as \$100 a month. Illegal workers will not report their employers for fear of deportation. Undereducated immigrants who work in these conditions usually have families back home who they will probably never be able to bring to the U.S.

The New York Asian Women's Center also provides advocacy and support to recent immigrants who have left much behind. Yukari Yanagino spoke about the emergency shelter, counseling for domestic violence and sexual assault, child services, and 24 hour hotline offered by the Center. The hotline is run by staff members and volunteers, and help is available in over 100 languages.

Many recent female immigrants are dependent on their husbands and can become the targets of their frustrations. These women lack educational opportunities and social support and therefore take a big risk if they leave an abusive partner. Difficulty with speaking English is a big setback when asking police for assistance, or for space in a shelter. The Center helps remove the language barrier by accompanying these women as advocates and translators, making it possible for them to leave an abusive situation and start a new life.

The stories told by the women at the conference were more than just descriptions of their pasts. They were descriptions of the present. They were a call for action in the future. Even with the transition to Democracy, over 150 new political prisoners are incarcerated each year in Chile. Around the world, human rights abuses persist. They occur at the hands of governments and corporations when people are imprisoned for speaking their mind, and when workers are forced into labor. They occur on college campuses when student groups are silenced, and when men and women are raped.

Globally, women have been responsible for making major improvements in the field of human rights. Though universal victims of oppression themselves, women refuse to be silenced. Angela Brown, founding director of the Youth Task Force may have captured the spirit of the conference and of all the women there when she stated, "The revolution without women on the front lines ain't happening—period."



Anannya Bhattacharjee and Dollie Burwell

"We women never keep quiet," she said. "Without solidarity we cannot do absolutely anything. Without solidarity we cannot struggle."

Photo courtesy of Stony Brook Statesman.

STONY BROOK: A COKE WHORE'S STORY

By Michael Yeh

After many months of silence, administration officials finally unveiled a portion of a ten-year contract between the university and the Coca-Cola Company, causing student leaders to question why they were left out of the negotiation process.

Dr. Richard Mann, vice president of administration, explained the terms of the agreement before the Polity Senate last Wednesday.

The contract grants Coca-Cola the exclusive right to market its products at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, and to associate the company name with the school's athletic teams. In return for closing the campus beverage market to competitors, Coca-Cola will cough up an undisclosed sponsorship fee as well as a commission from the company's profits.

Administration officials claim that cutbacks in state funding put pressure on the school to become more cozy with the private sector.

"The interest for us is to find ways to provide money we need on campus," Mann said. "The university needs as much private money as it can get for scholarships. You don't get enough from TAP."

But despite assurances from administrators that the contract was signed with the students' best interests in mind, the secrecy surrounding the negotiation process and attempts to withhold disclosure of certain terms of the contract have raised suspicions in the campus community about the real motives behind the deal.

"Students did not know about this, and they were pretty upset when they found out," said Gina Fiore, a commuter student representative.

University officials agreed to keep certain parts of the agreement confidential in order to protect Coca-Cola's ability to negotiate similar deals in the future. "Because of the terms of the agreement, we can't make it public," Mann said. A copy of the contract obtained by *The Press* had nine pages of the 28-page document blanked out.

Mike Hiestand, an attorney at the Student Press Law Center in Washington, DC, said that although trade secrets are exempted from state open record laws, the burden is on the university to prove that the hidden information qualifies as such.

"Business stuff is the meat and potatoes of public information, and unless they can find a specific exemption on which to hang their hat, the contract needs to remain open to the public," he said.

The contract was supposed to have been signed last August, after a long negotiation process that began in the Spring of 1997. The parties involved were the Coca-Cola national office, the local bottling company on Long Island, the university, and the Faculty Student Association (FSA).

Student representatives say the administration neglected to inform students about the deal, even though several students served on the FSA board that was responsible for reviewing the terms of the contract last year. The negotiation was under full swing during the summer, when most students were not present on campus.

"I am a student representative on FSA, and I never received the information," said

Andrez Carberry, who now serves as the junior class representative to Polity. "I also left my contact number and address over the summer."

Matthew Johnston, who was appointed to the board last September, also claims that he was never briefed on the issue. "In the past, we've spoken with vendors, but no one came to speak to us about Coke," he said. "What we're left with is sort of a surprise. It builds distrust, and no wonder people are suspicious."

Mann made the first public announcement of the contract when he addressed the Polity Senate on October 21, almost two months after the scheduled signing date. He claimed that the process was being delayed by the "legal process," and refused to mention specific terms until the contract was secured.

"We wanted to be sure that the contract was balanced and the university was protected," he said.

Freshman representative Heather Wilbur considered this an attempt to keep students out of the decision-making process. "After the contract is signed, the student voice will no longer have an effect," she said.

Despite the absence of a signed contract, all soft drinks not manufactured by Coca-Cola were removed from the campus in early September. In addition, soda vending machines operated by FSA were handed over to Coca-Cola.

Godfrey Palaia, who manages The Spot, a bar and grill in Roosevelt Quad, was asked to stock only Coca-Cola soft drinks last August. "From a business perspective, it probably doesn't impact us that much," he said. "However, we took pride in offering an extensive selection of non-alcoholic beverages."

The contract was finally signed on November 17, 1998. Aside from those involved in the student government, hardly any students noticed.

The exact fate of the money shall be decided by university president Shirley Strum Kenny, who favors the creation of new undergraduate scholarships. Although there are no definite plans to date, the university is expected to split the money between academic scholarships and athletic programs.

"We're talking about a range of \$5 million plus, maybe \$6 million," Mann said, referring to the amount of money the university is expecting to rake in.

The Dean of Enrollment Management, Manuel London, estimates that \$200,000 per year would go to general merit scholarships. One proposal involves dividing this money into four-year scholarships, in which students receive \$5,000 every year. If the proposal is accepted, this would be the largest scholarship funded by the university.

"We hope the program will start this coming fall," London said. Yet it is not certain if 40 recipients would be chosen this year, or if ten new

students would be chosen each year.

Another proposal involves the establishment of departmental scholarships, which individual academic departments can use to lure potential students to Stony Brook. "If there is a student they really want who is high-achieving, they can grant them with scholarships," London said. "For example, the music department can audition and recruit students from high school." Although students will be selected by their major departments, they retain the right to change majors after acceptance.

The remainder of the money will be given to the athletic department for sports scholarships and other measures to boost the university's move to Division I. As a state university, Stony Brook is prohibited from using public funds for athletic scholarships. In return, the Coke logo will be displayed on billboards, advertisements, and a new football stadium that will be built on campus. There is also no doubt that the Coke sponsorship will be mentioned in all televised games.

But some students feel that the emphasis on recruitment and sports is unfair to those who already attend the university.

"I don't have anything against athletics, but when [Mann] originally came, he said it was going to be a 50-50 split between athletic and academic scholarships," Wilbur said. But recently, he suggested that 55% of the scholarship money will be set aside for athletes, leaving 45% of the money for rewarding actual scholarship.

"It seems like the freshmen are getting all the scholarships, and there's nothing for us while we have to sit here for four years drinking Coke," said Gershwin College senator Denise Rutsky.

Polity vice-president Sayed Ali agreed. "We have to carry the burden of drinking Coke for other people," he said. "I feel cheated."

Mann and other administrators see the reduction in choices due to the exclusion of competitors as a minor inconvenience. "We have some flexibility in our agreement to have non-Coca-Cola products, such as Dr. Pepper and milk," he said. "We're talking about a good chunk of money here, and this was worth the reduction of choice."

He also dismissed concerns that the company's monopoly would give them a license to control beverage prices. "Any price increases must be reviewed by the university administration," he said. "Arbitrary cost increases that cause people not to buy products are not in our best interest."

Mann conceded that as a young institution, the university faces many challenges in its attempts to secure private funding. "This is simply an interim effort to get the fundraising up where it belongs," he said.

But other administrators believe that the university should continue to seek these deals in the future. "We hope that in the future, there will be a continuation of the Coca-Cola contract or other similar contracts," London said.

Temporary or not, one thing is certain about the deal: the Coca-Cola name will be inseparable from the Stony Brook Seawolves for the next decade.

John Giuffo contributed to this story.



"We're talking about a good chunk of money here, and this was worth the reduction of choice."

Controlling FSA the Mafia Way

The university administration has made a Faustian bargain with corporate America, but President Shirley Strum Kenny may be hungry for even more private dollars.

Sources in administration say the university will seek more funding from corporate sources in the future. We believe this sets a dangerous precedent for what appears to be a plan to gradually privatize the SUNY system.

The Kenny administration has catapulted the art of hustling for corporate money to new levels. Last year, the administration attempted to change a state law in order to allow the university to lease out the academic mall to private corporations. The "Campus Village" proposal was intended to create a retail shopping environment in front of the Melville Library, with music, clothing, and other specialty shops around a new bookstore building.

The "success" of the Campus Village, as well as other business contracts, was dependent on the cozy relationship between administrators and corporate boards. The bookstore building was to be constructed by a private bookstore company, because the administration did not believe that it could get enough state funding. In exchange, the company would get a contract lasting up to 60 years.

For several years, the CEO of Barnes & Noble, Leonard Riggio, has served as a special advisor to President Kenny on the Campus Village plan. As we predicted, university officials claimed that Barnes & Noble does not have any advantage in the bookstore bidding process.

Yeah, right. We've learned from recent events that seemingly generous proposals often have hidden dubious aspects that are initially overlooked. When Computer Associates CEO Charles Wang announced a \$25 million donation to construct a building for Asian-American studies, the public was not told about the software incubator that he would get in return. It took several months before students found out that our computer science department would be developing technology for Wang's potential profit.

For all practical purposes, the administration can sign contracts with any company it wants, due to the lack of a truly independent body to review administrative deci-

sions. In the last few years, the administration has taken measures to weaken the authority of the Faculty Student Association, a non-profit organization created to provide students and faculty the ability to hold administrators accountable for their actions.

The 14 members of the FSA board, consisting of faculty and student representatives, are responsible for negotiating campus contracts such as the meal plan and the university bookstore. But recently, the board has been little more than a rubber stamp for the administration. During the meal plan bidding process last year, administrators repeatedly reminded board members that they reserved the right to veto any board vote.

When the contract granting Coca-Cola exclusive beverage rights on campus was being negotiated, student representatives to the board were not informed. There was no attempt to solicit opinions from students. Although FSA "approved" the Coke contract, it is questionable as to whether the issue was examined thoroughly and objectively.

And until last September, FSA operated the soda vending machines on campus. This responsibility was taken away last semester and handed over to Coke.

The message was clear. FSA approval is nothing but a formality that the administration uses to portray a false image of fairness and concern for student opinion.

Without an effective watchdog group like FSA, student leaders must take the initiative to scrutinize administrative decisions. The Coke contract is not just about the reduction in beverage choices. No matter how good the terms of the agreement may sound, we must question why it was hidden from the students. We must question the ethics of corporate influence in higher education, a disturbing yet rising trend in the nation today.

But we are not alone. Students at the University of Georgia, University of Maryland, and C.W. Post have organized protests against similar beverage contracts. The Coke contract is a symbol of the whoring of our university, and unless we say something now, students in the future may accept such deals as a fact of academic life.

And the Beat Goes On...

In the editorial of the March 10, 1999 issue of *The Stony Brook Press*, we state that "we haven't had a Polity sponsored concert of the latter type [of music (rock)] here in almost four years." However, it has since been brought to the attention of *The Press* that there were two rock bands at the Roth Quad Regatta last year: Johnnie Chan and the New Dynasty Six, and The Sidedoor Johnnies. The Roth Quad Regatta is a Polity funded club here on the campus of SUNY Stony Brook.

Further, SAB gave \$1000 of their \$90,000 budget to help out the Regatta (which works out to just over 1% of SAB's budget which went into bringing a rock band to campus.)

In the same editorial, we state that Polity

President Aneka Gibbs claims to have brought a band here last year, the year that she that was in charge of SAB, though she could neither remember who it was nor when it was. Could the Regatta be the event that Gibbs is referring to?

Perhaps, but it was the people who plan the Regatta that brought this information to *The Press*. They also informed us that SAB didn't help in any other way, not even with the promotion of the event.

The Roth Quad Regatta should be commended for their hard work to bring this annual tradition to the Stony Brook campus. This year's event is scheduled for Friday, April 30, and will feature: Spidernick and the Maddogs, The Cogs, and Sidedoor Johnnies among others.

Regarding "No Shirley Here: Ms. Stony Brook Pageant" and Polity request for apology.

Two weeks ago, there was a motion passed at the Polity meeting concerning a request for an apology from Marlo Allison Del Toro, author of "No Shirley Here: The First Annual Ms. Stony Brook Pageant." Ms. Del Toro stands by what she wrote.

While the editorial board of the *Stony Brook Press* may not necessarily agree with what a particular person writes, we will not censor his or her ability to express their point of view. Therefore, we do not feel obligated to grant an apology. As the philosopher Voltaire once said, "I disagree with what you have to say, but I shall fight to the death defending your right to say it." Our editorial policy will continue to abide by this fundamental journalistic principle.

- The Editorial Board of the *Stony Brook Press*

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TO THE EDITOR

A Progressive Alternative?

I was deeply disturbed to read The Ranch's feature article ("Fear and Loathing in the Parking Lot") in the March 10, 1999 issue of the *Stony Brook Press*. Nevertheless, I find it useful in exposing just how shallow so much of what calls itself "alternative" really is. "Alternative" used to describe progressive possibilities other than those that the "mainstream" or "status quo" prescribed as the only legitimate possibilities. But, of course, the term has been co-opted so that the only legitimate possibility today is to be alternative; just consult MTV or Benetton for such "real world" (i.e., corporate) "alternatives". The distinction between alternative and mainstream has become so blurred, even authors (and editors) in the "alternative" press don't seem to be capable of deciding which "alternative" they represent.

Nowhere is this performative contradiction illustrated more obviously than in the misogyny running throughout The Ranch's article. It is convenient that the author has assumed a pseudonym to conceal her or his identity. It is convenient for the author because it is always easier to criticize others when they do not know who you are. It is convenient for me because it helps me make the point that the sex and gender of The Ranch are irrelevant—whether The Ranch has a penis, vagina, both, or neither does not make the article any more or less sexist.

The author boldly concedes the derogatory sense in which he or she uses the word "maid" as in "meter maid." I quote: "any male in this position [that is, the position of a traffic safety officer] should feel emasculated, as any female in this position should her sex." So let me get this straight: According to the author, any male (sex) traffic safety officer should feel that his masculinity (gender) is diminished by the appellation "meter maid." But who is using this appellation? Well, it is doubtful that the traffic safety officer is, but we know that the author is. So doesn't this tell us more about the author's conception of masculinity and his or her unwillingness to uncritically apply it to others than it tells us about the life-history, motivations, thoughts, desires, etc. of the traffic safety officer which the author presumes to know so well?

But this is nothing compared to the second part of the sentence. To paraphrase, "females should feel that their sex has been emasculated." What that could possibly mean is the perfect \$64,000 question (assuming you've got the money and don't want to part with it). But let's apply the principle of charity and suppose that the author meant to say that female traffic safety officers should feel that their sex is diminished. By what? The job or The Ranch? The Ranch suggests the job, in theory, but in practice the misogynistic language he or she uses as in "Ticket This, Bitch," "you Cunt," "fat whore," for instance, reveals that it is The Ranch and similarly-minded folk who think that somehow the job of a traffic safety officer calls into question one's femaleness and/or femininity in the case of females and one's masculinity in the case of males. My question to The Ranch is, what relevance do sex and gender have to the fact that, as the tone of The Ranch's article seems to suggest, the administration's ticketing policies are highly problematic?

The Ranch and I can agree that many of the administration's policies are problematic, and we even agree that its ticketing policies are among them. But as The Ranch correctly points out, this policy is "the work of . . . administrators like Shirley Strum Kenny and Fred Preston" (about whose drinking habits and preferred

cocaine-ingestion techniques I am blissfully unaware). Shirley and Fred—sounds like a she and a he to me. What does their parking policy have to do with their sexes or genders?

Moreover, why blame the "protectors of this policy" and how does The Ranch know that they are so "gleeful?" Progressive, alternative analysis and action demand that we look at the bigger picture. It is the administration who decides the policies. How about the new policy that only Coca-Cola products will be sold on campus? Does The Ranch propose blaming the people working the cash registers? Why not organize a campus-wide boycott of Coca-Cola products if we don't like the fact that we are paying some athlete's tuition every time we buy an already overpriced cold drink on Stony Brook's premises? Likewise, why not organize some protest of the university's ticketing policies? I can't count the number of times I have heard students complaining about administration policies that are allegedly created to improve campus life—graduate students: think about the technology fee—but don't really do so at all. We shouldn't divert attention away from the real problems and those who create the problems by simply insulting the people who enforce the policy. Does The Ranch really think that traffic safety officers consider it a benefit of their job that they get to fine students? Maybe some of them do, but the fact is that they do not determine their job description, and it may not be as easy as The Ranch suggests to find a decent paying, meaningful job. Speaking of which, I'm pretty shocked by The Ranch's incendiary criticisms of the educational backgrounds of the traffic safety officers. Many of my students (and colleagues) work their asses off outside of the classroom to pay for their Stony Brook educations. They know how difficult it is to get an education and a decent paying, meaningful job in the "greatest democracy" in the world. The Ranch consistently blames the individual without focusing on any of the bigger questions.

I like much of what I read in the *Press* but I wish sometimes that the authors and editors would be a little more self-critical and a little less willing to fall back on mainstream trademarks like misogyny and ad hominem criticisms. That is, I wish the *Press* would provide a more progressive alternative than it often does.

Sincerely,

Jonathan M. Caver

Graduate Student and Teaching Assistant
Department of Philosophy

Intellectual Freedom in Writing Programs

[Editor's Note: This letter was written in response to a story first printed in our Dec. 10th issue entitled, "Freshman Composition: Academic Preparation or Corporate Training?" The original article can be found online at www.sbpress.org/20_7/defazio.html]

The removal of Kimberly DeFazio and Amrohini Sahay from their positions as composition instructors at the State University of New York—Stony Brook is not only of immediate interest to those studying and working at Stony Brook, but to both our organization (English Graduate Student Union at the University of Arizona) and to the state of higher education nationally. We are writing in protest to this Stony Brook incident not because we believe it exceptional, but because we believe it is symptomatic of a larger national attack on academic freedom and the suppression of critique-al knowledges in the university. This suppression, based on the

pervasive representation of critique as a method of attack and as an exclusively negative or hostile practice, legitimates only those practices and knowledges that support dominant discourses and ideologies. However, we believe that it is only through critique of these dominant discourses that we are able to supersede and transform the current material inequities that exist nationally, internationally, and within the university. In this sense, our protest of DeFazio and Sahay's removal should be understood as a defense of academic freedom, critique-al pedagogies, and graduate student rights.

The Writing Program at Stony Brook, much like many composition programs, is based on courses that entail the mastery of three genres of writing. For example, at the University of Arizona, courses are designed to "progress" from the personal narrative to the persuasive essay. These forms of analyses are predetermined by the Composition Council and are intended to offer a standardized curriculum that understands individual experience and individual opinion to be the basis of knowledge. A specific syllabus is established as the "model syllabus" for each course and both new and experienced teachers are expected to follow its guidelines for such things as appropriate textbooks, types of assignments, sequence of assignments, and grading policies. Not only does this delimit what knowledges are acceptable within the classroom, but as DeFazio and Sahay suggest, this approach to writing—because it assumes that individual experience is unique and isolated from larger social structures and constructs—obscures the degree to which individual experience "is an 'effect' of the social system in which the individual lives." While these models serve an obvious function of standardizing curriculum, they also serve the less obvious function of policing how texts and genres are taught and determining which knowledges are legitimate. In such a situation—one that is predominant in American institutions—only those teachers who remain within the boundaries of traditional knowledges are academically free. Those instructors, on the other hand, who use these models to critique traditional knowledges are not similarly protected under academic freedom because, as we mentioned earlier, critique is not considered a legitimate intellectual practice. Defining these models within "acceptable" knowledges necessarily precludes instructors and students from questioning the very social structures that define our experiences and therefore, by definition, restricts academic freedom, democratic exchange of ideas, and the creation of alternative knowledges. That is to say, model syllabi not only standardize the genres to be taught, but more significantly standardize the way that these genres should be taught to students.

The Composition Program at the U of A maintains a standard curriculum that in many ways mirrors Stony Brook's; however, what is more alarming in our view is the similar internal programmatic structures that, under the guise of "professional development," police instructors and monitor curriculum. The U of A has established a sophisticated system for regulating writing instruction and maintaining standardization that ensures extensive and repeated reviews of syllabi, assignment sheets, handouts, graded papers, and classroom practices. Additionally, graduate student curricula must be approved by advisors, course directors, and the composition director who all must ensure that each individual instructor abides by the Composition Council's "model" syllabi—determining both the genres of writing and the knowledges within which *continued on pg.8*

HEDDA NUSSBAUM SPEAKS

By Jill Baron

On a normal weekday morning, Elizabeth Steinberg would wake herself up for school around 7AM and get herself ready, without much help from either of her parents. But on November 2, 1987, Elizabeth, or Lisa as she was commonly known, didn't wake up. She was unconscious and remained in a coma for four days before succumbing to death. According to her mother, who had placed a call to 911 that morning, she had choked on some food and had stopped breathing. But the real cause of her coma and subsequent death, as the world would soon learn, was her father, Joel Steinberg, who administered the final blow on that fateful morning after years of abuse.

Almost immediately after the story broke, it was broadcast constantly on the local news and in the papers. The public was kept abreast of every new detail in the case. It also catapulted the names Joel Steinberg and Hedda Nussbaum into notoriety for many years to come. The images of the woman, her face disfigured and her eyes eerily void of emotion after years of abuse, shocked and enraged the public. Everyone knew that the abuse of women and children happened all the time, but that it occurred in an affluent white family like this one made the case stand out in the eyes of most. Last Wednesday, March 10, Hedda Nussbaum came to campus to give a lecture on domestic violence and to share her account of her nightmarish life with Joel Steinberg.

Ms. Nussbaum stood before us in the SAC auditorium looking remarkably poised and put together. Most of the seats were filled, but mostly by women. Before she began her lecture, she lamented the lack of men in the audience. "An awful lot of people seem to think domestic violence is a woman's problem," she began by saying. "But since 95% of abusers are men, I think it's definitely a man's problem." She told us briefly about her childhood. She came from a lower-middle class Jewish family and was raised in New York City. There was no abuse in her family, nor drinking or drug use of any kind. Her childhood was so normal, she claims, that it was boring. She was the youngest in the family and was babied by all her relatives. As a result, she said, she grew to be very trusting of people and assumed that people who set limits on her did so for her benefit. Such an attitude made her very vulnerable. She says she spent her college years looking for "Mr. Right," and when she finally met Joel Steinberg at a party she was already past thirty. She thought he was the one; he charmed her at first, as do most abusive men. "Abuse is subtle," she said, "and it comes about gradually...I didn't want to see the warning signs that most women don't want to see."

In the beginning, she said, he would give her slight criticisms, like she didn't bend her knees enough when she walked, or that she wasn't spontaneous enough. He began to isolate her from her friends and family, telling her that this friend was too selfish, this one was too quiet, and that she was too good for them. One by one, she stopped seeing her friends. "That's how he got control over me," she said. Things went on

like this for three years until the day when Joel hit her for the first time. She described it as "one smack with the heel of his hand, karate style, in my eye." Afterwards he was very apologetic, and she convinced herself it was a fluke and that it would never happen again. The next hit didn't come until six months after that. The abuse remained sporadic over the next few years. At the age of thirty-five, she said, her "biological clock was ticking" and she and Joel decided they wanted a baby. She tried to get pregnant for several years, but to no avail. Oddly, she said that at that time, she thought Joel would make a "terrific parent." "Kids seemed to love him...he'd be playing with them in a

chords from strangulation, a split lip, and damaged tear ducts from gouged eyes. As a result of the abuse, in addition to food and sleep deprivation, Nussbaum became a "walking zombie, who was unable to save Lisa on Nov. 1, 1987, when Joel hit her fatally." She said she never thought he would hit Lisa, and said he always seemed like such a doting father, watching TV with her on his lap, taking her to lunches and dinners with him. She said she tried to revive Lisa that morning, but it was too late.

She went on to describe her subsequent arrest, which was later dropped because it was determined that she was incapable of killing Lisa because she was so broken down from the abuse. Joel Steinberg was sentenced to 8 1/3 to 25 years in prison for the murder of Lisa. He has come up for parole twice and has been denied both times. He allegedly still denies any responsibility for the Lisa's death or Nussbaum's abuse.

Ms. Nussbaum gave a very eloquent and vivid speech.

There are a few things however, about her testimony that didn't make sense. She made it seem as though Lisa was legitimately adopted but, as the public would later find out, she and Joel never went through the procedure to have her legally adopted. According to Joyce Johnson's book *What Lisa Knew*, the man who delivered Lisa, an obstetrician named Peter Sarosi, had been asked by Lisa's birth mother Michelle Launder, who was 19 years old at the time, to have the baby put up for adoption. Sarosi, an acquaintance of Steinberg's, handed the baby over to Joel, who assured him that he would go through the correct steps to legally adopt Lisa, (which included marrying Hedda), but of course he never did. Lisa was truly a child who had fallen through the cracks of the system; if she had lived, she would have discovered upon applying for a driver's license or applying to college that there were no records of her existence. Also, perhaps the most glaring inconsistency, when describing Lisa's death, Ms. Nussbaum said that on that day Joel had delivered a "fatal" blow, and made it seem as if that were the only time he had ever abused Lisa; she made a point of saying how wonderful Joel had treated Lisa up until that point. As most of us know, however, he had in fact abused Lisa on many occasions before that. According to Johnson's book, when Lisa was brought to the hospital in a coma, doctors and nurses reported bruises of various sizes and colors all over her body, including one in the center of her lower back—not a place children are likely to injure themselves. There had been a right frontal bruise at her hairline, and there was blood in the back of her eyes and severe retinal damage. Her hair was greasy and matted, and the hospital staff had been shocked by the layer of dirt and grime that covered her feet and ankles from going unwashed. All signs pointed to years of abuse and neglect, but Ms. Nussbaum left these details out of her speech, and also refused to answer any questions about Lisa's death due to "pending litigation."

For information regarding domestic abuse and sexual assault, or for an emergency room companion, contact the Victims Information Bureau of Suffolk (VIBS) at (516) 360-3730

If [Nussbaum] made noise so the neighbors could hear, she would get hit extra. By that time, she couldn't leave the house or even eat without his permission...

minute...." They decided to adopt. "...As part of his legal practice, he did some private adoptions, and that's how we got Lisa..." she explained.

For six months after they took Lisa in, she said they went through a "honeymoon period"—there was no physical abuse, and they seemed to be getting along okay. But Joel eventually started in again, and much worse than before. She began to take many days off from work (she had been a book editor at Random House) because of black eyes and other injuries. She soon was fired for missing too much work. At that point, Joel had been running his legal practice out of their apartment, so after she was fired she stayed home with him and worked as his legal secretary. "At that point," she said, "I became really isolated from the outside." She said he convinced her that her parents and sister were evil, and forbade her to see them. On top of this, she said, he began using freebase, or "homemade crack," as she put it, and forced her to smoke it with him. The physical abuse escalated at that time, and much of the permanent damage to her face, some of which is still evident today, occurred during this period. This was around the end of 1984, and by 1985, she said, she had made five attempts to leave him. She said all those times, she was either "sent back" or allowed him to convince her to come back. She never tried to leave after that because by then he had convinced her that she could not survive without him.

A year later, Joel finagled another "adoption", and almost out of nowhere, they had a baby boy named Mitchell in the house. By this time, Joel had graduated to beating Nussbaum over the head with a metal exercise bar almost nightly for such offenses as not coming right away when he called her. If she made noise so the neighbors could hear, she would get hit extra. By that time, she couldn't leave the house or even eat without his permission. He didn't allow her to sleep in the bed with him, and made her sleep on the floor or in the bathtub. Before the whole thing was over, her list of injuries included a ruptured spleen, a broken nose, chipped teeth, damaged hearing, scars all over her body, a broken knee, damaged vocal

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The Digital Emperor is Watching. Are You?



THE UNITED STATES VS. HEDEMANN

By Chris Sorochin

"I have no choice. You've got to eat; you've got to resist."

—War tax resister Ed Hedemann

Spring is just around the corner and so is the dreaded date of April 15—time for the annual scalp-ing by the Federal government. Conservatives rou-tinely reckon the number of days per year the average taxpayer is working for the government and, would-n't you know, every year the date gets later and later, despite all the promises of "I'll cut taxes."

What they don't mention is that the United States pays the lowest taxes in the industrialized world yet, perversely, this country has an extremely high level of anti-tax sentiment and activism. Hmmm. Could it be that, relative to other countries, US taxpayers get less for their tax dollar?

Another annual event that greets Tax Day is the release of the War Resisters League's statistics and pie graph on "Where Your Tax Money Really Goes," which demonstrates that almost half of what you pay in Federal taxes goes to the military. That money will never come back to you in the form of education, health care, transportation or any other appreciable benefit. In fact, most of it will go into the coffers of the weapons makers who, bizarrely enough, just happen to be major contributors to both major political parties.

No, 50% of our taxes will go to maintaining the hegemony of the US ruling class through nothing more admirable than the barbaric means of violence and intimidation. Thus we are all accomplices in the current genocide being visited on Iraq. By the time you read this, we could also be getting more blood on our hands as NATO bombs Serbia.

Not to even mention that billions more are slated to be flushed away into the ridiculous (and illegal) "Star Wars" fantasy cooked up by Ronald Reagan after viewing one too many of his old cowboy flicks as the Alzheimer's set in.

Some of us can't live with being "good Germans" and try to oppose this horror show in various ways. Every year, thousands of Americans demonstrate their opposition to the militarized state by following the example of Henry David Thoreau and refusing to pay their Federal income taxes. One such individual is Ed Hedemann of Brooklyn, NY, who has been actively resisting taxes since Vietnam.

Every year, Hedemann and other resisters fill out tax returns, just as millions of us other sheep do. The difference is that they don't send in a check or a request for an extension. They send a letter stat-ing that they have decided to pay the amount they

owe by contributing to some worthy cause which they're sure will actually help people rather than sending it to a government they can't trust. Every so often, the IRS decides to make an example. This is what they did with Ed Hedemann. He was sum-moned to a hearing in at the Federal Court Building in downtown Brooklyn on March 5th. The War Resisters League decided to sent a contingent to sup-port him and to expand the day into a "March Against Militarism."

Festivities began at the Armed Forces Recruiting Center on Flatbush Avenue. We marched around in a circle and handed out WRL literature, especially their modified pie chart showing actual war expenditures.

I absolutely must describe one of the posters in the window of the center. It's for the Marine Corps and it shows a pristine ramrod-straight Marine, standing at attention with a sword and a dress white cap. Behind him is a painting of the Trojan Horse and the caption, "Superior Thinking has Always Overwhelmed Superior Force." I guess they count on nobody except nerds like me having paid any atten-tion in school. As I recall the *Iliad* (considered by some to be the first antiwar literature), the Greeks hid inside the horse, waited until the Trojans were drunk and unconscious, and then slaughtered everyone in their sleep. Somehow that doesn't strike me as exact-ly the picture of honor and fair play that they would seem to want to project.

Even more incredible is the attribution under the caption on some versions of the poster. It says it's a "20th Century Vietnamese Proverb"!!! I guess prospective recruits are supposed to be igno-rant not of Greek mythology but of modern US history as well. Could that have been the slogan of the forces whose "superior thinking" ran circles around the "superior force" of the world's greatest military superpower? The mind does boggle.

After leaving the Armed Forces Center, we proceeded down to the IRS Center and passed out fly-ers there for a while. Lots of people take them and seem supportive, in particular several groups of schoolkids. As we shove off, two give us a raised fist solidarity sign.

We then made our way down Fulton Mall, then through all the ornate government buildings along Court St. to the US Court Building. We knew we wouldn't be allowed to bring our signs inside but the guards objected when we hung them on the makeshift wooden partitions surrounding the build-ing site next to the court.

We went through the metal detectors (cam-eras and recording devices forbidden. I've never understood this. Aren't court proceedings public and

doesn't the public have a right to see pictures and hear recordings of what goes on?). The hearing room was on the sixth floor. On the way to the elevators, we went through a display of flags from the American Revolution. How richly ironic that Ed Hedemann is in potential trouble for following the basic principle of the Declaration of Independence: when the govern-ment no longer listens or cares, the people have the right to take matters into their own hands. Most of our national "elected" leaders are elected by and rep-resent the interests of Grumman, Lockheed, and the rest of the war profiteers.

The hearing itself was quite short and some-thing of a denouement. The judge tore into the IRS representative over whether the proceedings were even necessary. Otherwise, the discussion seemed to revolve around protecting Hedemann's Fifth Amendment rights. At the end, Hedemann made a few comments about military spending, but the judge rebuked him that this was "not valid."

Not valid!!!! Excuse me, judge, your honor, but it most certainly is valid. What seems to be ever more irrelevant is a political and judicial system in which really vital matters are submerged in a vat of bureaucratic glop.

The judge ordered Hedemann to appear at the IRS Center the following Monday at 9 a.m. I thought I'd attend for moral support and to get the skinny on the inner workings of the Taxman. Three other WRL members also made the scene which was all about more metal detectors and bureaucracy.

The case worker was kind enough to find a bigger room to accommodate us all. The proceedings were taped and the names of observers were taken (I assume we can expect extra close attention paid to our tax returns this year). Then he asked Hedemann every question from a tax form, line by line, questions on Hedemann's income, assets, employment, depen-dents, residence, charge cards, bank accounts and loads of other personal financial information. To which the reply was—at least fifty times or so—"I refuse to answer on the grounds of possible incrim-ination." Several of the questions were things the IRS already knew the answer to, per Hedemann's return.

In the end, the whole thing was an exercise that could have been ghostwritten by Franz Kafka on a bad day. Who'd have thought saving the world could be so tedious?

The War Resisters League sponsors protests every April surrounding the gross misuse of our taxes. They also do lots of other nifty things. You can contact them at 212-228-0450. Their website is www.nonviolence.org/wrl/nva.htm.

**Have you or someone you
know been a victim of
brutality or harassment by
the NYPD?**

We're looking for your story. Contact Joanna or John at 632-6451.

Email: sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu.

LETTERS CONTINUED

those genres can be understood. This supervision works not only to maintain traditional, and we believe suspect, knowledges, but also has the effect of weeding out individual aberrations—those of us who are pedagogically committed to the questioning of and opposition to ideological and structural complicity with global capitalist projects and knowledges. Therefore, despite the supposed freedom to explore new ideas and to create new knowledges in the composition classroom, critique-al pedagogies that attempt to do this work are simply not tolerated. The October 26, 1998 removal of Kimberly DeFazio and Amrohini Sahay, we believe, clearly indicates such intolerance.

Critique-al pedagogies, such as those of DeFazio and Sahay, expose the underlying assumptions that enable systemic inequalities through a sustained critique of the status quo in order to create alternative possibilities. Because such a pedagogy requires students to wrestle with complex social, political, and ethical questions, students must have access to complex theoretical materials in order to transgress the limitations of personal opinion and begin to make connections between supposedly disparate experiences and larger social systems of production. Much like DeFazio and Sahay, many of us at the U of A rely on theoretical works from a variety of poststructural, feminist, Marxist, and cultural critics; in fact, many of us have used and continue to use Derrida, Marx, bell hooks, and Cornel West—the specific theorists that precipitated Stony Brook's actions against DeFazio and Sahay. While these theorists do offer complex analyses of the current social moment and its historical significance and can, therefore, be

understood as difficult, dismissing these theories as simply too difficult is an anti-intellectual maneuver premised on a political opposition to anything other than the reproduction of hegemonic ideologies. This maneuver impacts not only those instructors under the immediate supervision of particularized universities—Stony Brook or the U of A—but all of us within systems of higher education. Once again, we would like to reiterate that DeFazio and Sahay were indeed following the generic structure of the model syllabi, but they were doing so within a critique-al pedagogy; their punishment was not based on their deviance from this model, but rather on their theoretical and political goals.

While those of us at the U of A committed to critique-al knowledges and critique-al pedagogies experience substantial marginalization and significant opposition, we have not yet encountered a situation where the Composition Director has removed an instructor on the basis of his or her politics, as was clearly the case at Stony Brook. These techniques of silencing critique-al knowledges, rather than their removal, allow the university to operate under the premise of a democratic and free exchange of ideas. In this way, undemocratic practices proceed under the appearance of democracy. However, the direct removal of DeFazio and Sahay reveals the blatant disregard for academic freedom that is at the heart of university rhetorics that define democracy by one's conformity to traditional knowledges. Therefore, we can no longer avoid the reality that all critique-al pedagogues are susceptible to politically motivated administrative decisions within a corporate university structure relatively removed from larger social and ethical accountabilities. University

administration receives this freedom, unlike many of its professors and graduate students, in part because universities are constructed as autonomous sites separated not only from their immediate communities, but also from other universities. While a commonsensical notion might be that what takes place among graduate students at SUNY—Stony Brook has no relevance to graduate students at the U or A or any other university, this is simply not true. In fact, it is a divisive tactic that allows for the continuation of unethical practices like the irresponsible removal of DeFazio and Sahay, a removal that creates a hostile academic climate and threatens all of our pedagogical, intellectual, and scholarly activities.

This letter is intended to illustrate our commitment to critique-al pedagogy as well as our protest of Kimberly DeFazio and Amrohini Sahay's removal from the Writing Program at Stony Brook. We believe that this removal was directly related to their political critique of their university Writing Program and others like it and, as such, was in direct disregard for academic freedom. Further, because we believe that their removal should not be understood as a "local" or "isolated" incident, but rather as evidence for the necessity of transinstitutional solidarity and collectivity, the EGU at the University of Arizona, in the spirit of this collectivity, demands the immediate reinstatement of DeFazio and Sahay on the principled grounds of academic freedom.

Catherine Chaput
English Graduate Union
University of Arizona

WOMEN'S STUDIES ATTAINS MAJOR STATUS

By Marlo Allison Del Toro

Nancy Rich walked into the Womens Studies office wanting to become a Womens Studies minor and walked out a double major in Womens Studies and Psychology.

Rich, a 25-year-old junior, is considering working as a psychologist, and she believes the more Womens Studies classes she takes, the more effective health care provider she will be.

"As a therapist, that would help me to teach women to have compassion for themselves," Rich says.

That is why when she spoke with Sarah Sternglanz, associate director of Womens Studies and one of her professors, about the minor and was told about the new major, she "immediately" decided to double major.

Rich says that many of the women in her psychology classes are Womens Studies minors because many of the WST designated courses are cross-listed with PHY courses, like her Psychology of Sexual Orientation class.

In the few weeks since it was approved, Rich and a handful of other students have become Womens Studies majors after reading one of the signs on the door to the department or hearing about it in a Womens Studies class.

Sternglanz says that a male who is taking one of the introductory Womens Studies courses was the first person who approached her about the new major. He hadn't yet declared a major, so when he heard Womens Studies was a major he decided it would be the right one for him.

Emphasizing that a Womens Studies major would help both men and women, Temma Kaplan, director of Womens Studies, says, "We're really glad to have this major."

Sternglanz points out that 10 to 20 percent of Womens Studies minors are men, and that about half of the minors are majoring in Biochemistry or Biology and plan on becoming doctors.

Kaplan adds that "everybody's got good board scores," and if students want to get into medical school, a minor or double-major in Womens Studies will help them stand out from the crowd, "especially for obstetrics, gynecology and pediatrics."

Although Sternglanz says, of the department, "We have absolutely no idea what the demand is going to be," she and Kaplan have ideas about who the demand will come from.

"We expect in the beginning that most will be double majoring," Sternglanz says.

Kaplan adds, "I think it will be a draw for a lot of returning students—non-traditional students."

To graduate with the new major, a student will have to complete at least 36 credits of Womens Studies classes and take tougher classes than are currently offered.

"We are developing a more advanced senior seminar," Kaplan says.

The new seminar (WST 408) is one of four required courses that are being revised to go along with the new major; however, although current minors may transfer their credit from the original classes that are new requirements, they must take the new version of senior seminar. The new senior seminar class will be offered next spring, so next May is when Womens Studies expects to see its first graduates.

The other required courses include Introduction to Contemporary Issues (WST 102) and Women, Culture and Difference (WST 103)—only one of which is required for the minor—and Feminist Theories (WST 305), which is a new offering that is

similar to this semester's WST 384.

Also, the new major includes a diversity requirement, about which, Kaplan says, "We make that a requirement that we definitely don't waive."

Speaking on behalf of the Womens Studies department, Kaplan says, "marking difference" is the main problem in gender, racial and religious disputes. "Difference is difference. That's all," she says, while stressing that difference should not be considered negative.

The Womens Studies major also will emphasize content and skills, especially writing skills.

"We put a huge amount of emphasis on writing and reading critically," Kaplan says. That is why the major will stress thinking and writing analytically to make and win arguments.

Getting the Womens Studies major has been a long battle. "We first started to work on it in 1995-96," Kaplan says, and a curriculum committee began putting together a proposal.

Unfortunately, the person at SUNY central in Albany who was responsible for reviewing new curriculum proposals left that position. Last year—after months without someone in that position—a replacement was hired, and that person asked Womens Studies to revise its proposal last June.

A few weeks ago, Womens Studies was notified that the major was approved by the state education department.

Now that Womens Studies is a major, Kaplan says she hopes the department will be given money soon so she can hire more full-time Womens Studies faculty, of which there are only three.

Whatever happens with the new major in the next year, though, Womens Studies is planning for its first cap-and-gown ceremony. And Nancy Rich is planning to be there.

I TOLD YOU SO

By Chris Sorochin

"May you live in interesting times."

—Traditional Chinese curse

The four sweetest words in the English language have to be, "I told you so." But I'm not doing too much gloating over my latest feat of prescience. All at once, my Chicken Little predictions of creeping fascism have begun to materialize with a very unsettling vengeance.

Let's start close to home. I see in the March 8 *Statesman* (it's really a superiority boost to see how pathetic the competition is) that the newly armed and empowered University Police are indulging in some self-fellatio of their own because they nabbed some unfortunate delinquent they caught ruining the architectural beauty of the Stony Brook campus by spray-painting his "tag" on various buildings. It seems there's a "crackdown" on vandalism and many other things. In fact, it seems every time I turn around there's a new crackdown on something. And isn't it strange that there's never money for things that people really need and want, but there's always money for a crackdown.

Crackdowns pay for themselves, however, by turning into their ugly first cousins, namely shake-downs. The university claims it will cost \$4,000 to restore the buildings allegedly vandalized by Stanislav Aleshin to their former splendor and make a point that they intend to relieve him of considerable sums. If Mr. Aleshin comes from an immigrant family, I do hope they understand enough about life here to pool all their hoarded rubles and hire a very good lawyer, or they may be packing him off for a year in America's fast-growing gulag archipelago in upstate New York.

Also, the headline "One Down, More to Go" convicts Aleshin before the fact. Innocent until proven guilty, remember? Since Aleshin is 19 and therefore a minor, he should be tried and sentenced as one. Too young to drink?—too young to spend a year of your life rotting away in Sing Sing.

Let me just say this about graffiti. That huge rock on Nichols Road was traditionally the place for students to express themselves. The understanding was that they would have The Rock and refrain from leaving their marks anywhere else. This agreement was broken when Suffolk County Executive Bob "Graffiti Is a Crime" Gaffney and Stony Brook's whorish administration decided, without student input, to fence off The Rock and turn it into a ridiculous "mini-park." Anyone who takes spraypaint and ruins their moronic whitewash attempt should be made into a folk hero and enshrined in a Woody Guthrie song.

The March 1 *Statesman* bore the joyous tidings that Congressional Republicans, sexually frustrated in their attempt to bag Bubba, have proposed denying financial aid to students convicted of drug offenses. They already subject those with sufficient conscience to refuse draft registration to this small-minded penalty. If this lump of legislative turd goes through, guess which students it'll hurt the most? That's right: those with the least ability to buy their way out of a drug charge or find alternate means of aid. And, as one respondent quoted in the article pointed out, from there it's only a short step to denying aid to those snagged in alcohol and tobacco violations, or even those who have children out of wedlock, or who are gay or even those who publicly dissent. Nothing is unthinkable any more.

A glance at *Statesman's* infamous "Police Blotter" page contains several items about concerned

ratfinks calling the Kampus Kops to report smelling marijuana smoke. I usually don't advocate violence, but sometimes one yearns for the simplicity and elegance of the traditional Northern Ireland method of dealing with snitches—a good old-fashioned kneecapping.

Other gems from the unfortunately-named "Police Blotter" (rather reminiscent of poor quality acid) have to do with the troops being called out in response to people "playing loudly in the snow." Lawzy mercy, I can hear some absurd Dickensian taskmaster bellowing, "No fun of any kind" (Skateboarders take note!). The report goes on to state that the "suspects" (of the heinous crime of playing loudly in the snow) disperse or flee when Stony Brook's own Street Crimes Unit arrives, guns cocked.

Quite obviously, George Pataki and his masters have declared a kind of low-level martial law on SUNY campuses (CUNY has experienced blatant police harassment for several years now), perhaps in response to increased student activism in regards to cuts in spending and programs and other outrages. At SUNY Old Westbury, the traditionally easygoing Public Safety Department has been "beefed up" with a new crop of gung-ho Storm Troopers. Now, a daily occurrence is the very demonstrative pulling over of commuter students as the new Campus Police turn the roadway leading from campus into a speed trap. On any given afternoon, as classes let out, you can see at least two squad cars, lights flashing, pulling over the hapless.

Quite obviously, George Pataki and his masters have declared a kind of low-level martial law on SUNY campuses...perhaps in response to increased student activism in regards to cuts in spending and programs and other outrages.

Also, suggestions for a "voluntary" zero-tolerance contract for students to sign has been proposed to the Old Westbury Student Government. This charming agreement equates use of alcohol or drugs with violence, theft and vandalism. Rumor has it they already snagged one guy for drinking a "cultural beverage" (I'm not really sure what it was, but I suspect it was one of those Caribbean malt drinks with 0.1% residual alcohol or something). Students are up in arms about this, which is a healthy sign. Let's hope there's a huge multiplier effect.

Nor is the creep of incipient fascism relegated to campuses. The DWI car seizures, all of a sudden so popular, indicate that new trails in rights infringement are being blazed. Since almost nobody complained about property seizures in the War on Drugs, they've decided to ratchet it up a couple notches. This one may just hit Joe Sixpack in the beer belly and provoke a resounding belch of popular resistance, although there's some indication that, like other such laws, it may well be "selectively enforced."

Maybe these latest car confiscations will put to rest once and for all one of capitalism's oldest and tiredest myths: that you "own" property under a capitalist system. If you really own something, it can't be taken away for any reason. Apparently, the State merely allows you the privilege of paying for and playing with your "property" and pretending it's yours. To quote my legal advisor, "Our property rights are what the courts say they are." Sounds like commie pinko stuff to me.

Meanwhile, in Moscow on the Hudson, things have really heated up around the slaying of

Amadou Diallo by an NYPD commando unit. Protesters, some quite prominent, are being arrested daily at One Police Plaza, just a short distance from Giuliani's bunkerized City Hall. And now the State Attorney General's office and even the Feds will soon be involved. You'd think with all the hoopla they'd be cool and try to put a pleasant face on things, but it ain't so. On March 4, I attended a panel discussion at CUNY Law School on how to prevent tragedies, like that of Mr. Diallo from happening again. Three of the panel's six speakers were police officers and one was a state assemblyman whose sister is on the police force. Right outside the cafeteria in which the event was held was a squad car and a police van. The discussion lasted more than two hours and the entire time, the squad car's red roof lights continued flashing. At the end, I asked one of the cops if the police vehicles were there with them. Negative. Then why would they be out there flashing their lights at taxpayer expense for two solid hours? "Just keepin' and eye on us, I guess." Or maybe to add that special little touch of intimidation? One speaker, Will Harrell of the National Lawyers Guild, compared the current situation to what he'd seen in Central America.

And although the New York City subway system continues to be slow and inefficient, they did spend money so that we're now blessed with a constant barrage of announcements (like the really annoying celebrity reminders in the taxis—ratchet it up) that urge us, among other things, not to give money to "lawbreakers", i.e. panhandlers. Well, let me just pry open my change purse and display my magnanimity. I don't even care if it is for Night Train. I suppose the next step will be to start arresting folks for giving panhandlers money.

In other tales of the city, Oakland, California was invaded by some 6,000 Marines in "Operation Urban Warrior." A Marine spokesman explained that since most of the world's population lives in cities, such exercises will naturally help make US forces more effective in killing them. And heavens no, they'd never dream of employing these tactics against the domestic population. Perish the

thought. Previous exercises of a similar nature have been held in other US cities, even New York. The sick thing about Urban Warrior is that permission to use space in Oakland came from the current mayor of that city—none other than the reputed ultraleft icon Jerry Brown!

I recently heard Brown on WBAI, where he used to have a highly progressive talk show, going on about how the US has to be prepared to invade other people's cities. "All the phony liberals...Where do they all come from?"

And of course there's the brilliant scheme to collect everybody's DNA and a new bit of devilry requiring anyone who gets tested for HIV to turn over the names of their sexual partners. Now how about that—they'll arrest people who try to stop the spread of HIV by giving out clean needles, but they've got absolutely no qualms about invading people's privacy. Kinda makes ya wonder.

And for the final piece of paranoia pie, the one with the whipped cream and the cherry, there's ominous talk of bringing back the compulsory draft for those members of the non-elite whom they can't imprison.

If I haven't given you enough reasons to get off your ass and get busy working against these threats to democracy, then check yourself into the morgue; you're dead and someone forgot to tell you. There'll be a march on Disney's Times Square at 12 noon on Saturday, April 3. It's sponsored by the Citywide Coalition to Remove Giuliani. You can contact them at 718-859-0857.

LAND MINES: "SILENT SENTINELS OF DEATH"

By Joanna Wegielnik

"Sometimes I dream that I have two legs again. Hello. I am Song Kosal. I am from Bavel village, Sangkum District, Battambang Province, Cambodia and I am twelve years old. Years ago, when I was very small, I went to play with my friends close to my house. All of a sudden "BOOM", cries, terror. The whole of my right leg was blown off. My other friends were injured too. We were taken by ox-cart and then by motorcycle cart to a hospital. There they did surgery. Until two years ago, I walked on one leg with crutches. One day a car visited my village and they told me they could give me an artificial leg. They took me with many, many other amputees to a prosthetic centre and there we received our new legs. I feel more comfortable with my friend the crutch, so sometimes I leave my leg at home."

—Song Kosal's story from the
Tricaire Land mine Update

Anti-personnel land mines probably rank as one of the 20th century's most deadly weapons of war. They don't discriminate between the footsteps of a soldier or a child. They don't recognize cease-fires. Decades after fighting has stopped, they continue to kill indiscriminately and maim anyone or anything that is unfortunate enough to step in its deadly path.

Pol Pot called land mines his "silent sentinels of death." He fortified Cambodia's southern border with land mines to prevent refugees from escaping to neighboring Thailand during the Khmer Rouge genocide. To this day, Cambodia, along with Angola and Mozambique, remains one of the most heavily mined countries in the world. One out of every 236 Cambodians is an amputee, a rate one hundred times higher than Europe or the United States. In Angola, the estimate is 20,000 amputees.

The United Nations estimates that at present, there are more than 110 million active mines scattered in 70 countries. Approximately 110 million are stockpiled and ready to be planted. Here are some equally disturbing facts are:

- 2,000 people are killed or maimed by explosions each month, every 22 minutes, someone steps on a land mine;

- land mines are intended to terrorize civilian populations, usually women and children;

- land mine victims need blood transfusions twice as often as other patients;

- the number of units of blood required to operate on patients with mine injuries is two to six times greater than that of other war injuries;

- buried land mines remain active for more than 50 years;

- manual mine clearance is extremely dangerous;

- land mines prevent thousands of acres of arable land from being cultivated, contributing to food shortages in already poverty-stricken areas;

- experts in de-mining estimate that under the current status quo, it will take more than 1,100 years to clear the entire world of mines provided that no new ones are planted;

- in the past 20 years, land mine use has dramatically increased.

Types of Land mines and How They Work

There are two types of land mines: anti-tank and anti-personnel. Anti-tank mines (AT) are designed to destroy tanks and vehicles. They are large, weigh more than 5 kilograms, and are designed not only to destroy enemy vehicles, but also to kill people in or near them. Anti-personnel mines (AP) are designed to cause severe

injury to a person, the rationale being that a wounded soldier takes more of the enemy's time and resources. The latter are much smaller than AT mines, can weigh as little as 50 grams, and are made from a variety of materials.

Mines can be deployed by hand, a process called "seeding", or can be dispersed from aircraft or artillery. Once someone steps on a mine, it becomes triggered and activated. The next movement, however slight, sets off the explosion. The explosion itself doesn't necessarily tear off the limb. It does, however, force all kinds of debris and shrapnel into the wound. Usually, there's no way to save the limb and it needs to be amputated.

Societal Effects

Mine casualties, de-mining efforts, and constraints on agriculture & human activity all place huge economic and social burdens on society.

"A land mine that brings a vendor \$3 in revenue costs the international community between \$300 and \$1,000 to clear...At a minimum, the 110 million land mines currently buried worldwide will cost approximately \$33 billion for clearance alone," according to the United Nations information land mine webpage.

The human and financial costs of mine casualty victims are astronomical. The costs (including surgery and prosthetic care) associated with treating land mine victims is approximated at \$3,000 per individual. The UN estimates that "there are 250,000 amputee mine victims requiring prosthetics care with an expected increase of about 2,000 persons every month."

The personal cost of surviving a land mine blast is also something to consider. "In most agrarian societies, the loss of a limb makes it impossible for a person to carry out normal economic activities. They cannot help in the fields, or carry heavy loads or work in other ways to support families. Psychologically, these victims come to think of themselves as burdens upon their families and communities. They often turn to begging to survive," according to the UN.

"In Cambodia I saw firsthand the effects of land mine use. I did not see opposition armies diverted or land held by the particular army in situ. What I saw were young children on crutches or blind, and young mothers with no legs, stripped of their ability to raise children or find productive work. I saw from helicopters huge swaths of fertile land that would be left uncultivated for years to come because of the presence of mines."

- Yasushi Akashi

Under-Secretary-General for Humanitarian Affairs

Casualties of Mine Explosions

Children fall prey to land mine explosions the most. Land mines tend to be placed indiscriminately, without regard to where kids live and play. In certain conflicts, children have been specifically targeted by warring parties.

"Children are particularly at risk of mine injury because of their innate curiosity and love of play. The various shapes, colors, and sizes of land mines can attract a child's attention; there's even a "butterfly" mine shaped like a toy," according to the UN information page. "Physically, children are ill-equipped to withstand the horrific injuries or the major loss of blood that accompanies a land mine explosion. Those who do survive face the prospect of an amputation of a leg or an arm and are often blinded. Maimed for life, only a few of these children receive adequate rehabilitation."

International Law and the "Ottawa Treaty"

The CCW, or Convention on Prohibition on Restrictions on the Use of Certain Conventional Weapons Which May Be Deemed To Be Excessively Injurious or to Have Indiscriminate Effects, is the only piece of international legislation that directly deals with land mines. As is the problem with most international law, the treaty is legally binding only to the countries that have ratified it. At present, 49 countries have ratified the CCW, and 16 have signed on, but not yet ratified the Convention.

The CCW treaty is weak. It applies only to international conflicts (not internal ones where the vast majority of land mines are used), doesn't call for a total land mine ban, and would have little or no effect on the use of anti-personnel mines. Humanitarian agencies and Non-Governmental Organizations, including the UN, International Red Cross, Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation (VVFA), The International Campaign to Ban Land mines (ICBL), and Human Rights Watch, agree that a complete and total ban on land mines is the only effective measure against them.

The ICBL [comprised of 1,300 human, children, peace, veterans, arms control, religious, environmental, and women's groups in over 75 countries] has been a major proponent of the international ban on land mines, or the "Ottawa Treaty." In 1997, ICBL was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for their efforts to ban land mine use worldwide. The Nobel Committee credited the Campaign as changing the ban from "a vision to a feasible reality."

In December of 1997, 122 countries signed the treaty that bans the use, production, stockpiling, and transfer of AP mines. The treaty will become international law when 40 countries ratify it. The United States, however, remains one of the few countries refusing to sign the treaty. This, according to ICBL and VVFA, is one of the primary reasons why the treaty can never be truly effective. "Unless the United States, as the only remaining superpower, signs the international treaty to ban land mines, the treaty will lack the moral force and authority to become truly effective."

The Clinton administration has made minimal strides to ban antipersonnel land mines. A commitment was made to sign the Ottawa Treaty by 2006 but only if the Pentagon finds "a suitable alternative that will not harm civilians." Is this reasonable? While Clinton urges everyone to move towards a mine-free world, the Pentagon is busy awarding contracts to dozens of US companies to manufacture new mines.

As citizens of the most powerful country in the world, we are in a unique position to influence the way this debate turns out. We're talking about a few phone calls placed to national and local legislators. Let them know that US ratification of the Ottawa Treaty is the only alternative US citizens are willing to accept. To find out who your legislators are, check the American Civil Liberties Union website at www.aclu.org.

REALITY CHECK: ED MILES AND LUONG UNG SPEAK ON CAMPUS

By Jill Baron

For the past thirty years, land mines have terrorized people in various countries around the world; Cambodia, Korea, Africa, even parts of Europe. Ed Miles and Luong Ung, two people with firsthand knowledge of the horror that land mines can cause, came to campus to speak about them on March 16.

Ed Miles, a Vietnam veteran and member of the Vietnam Veteran's of America Foundation, which is very active in the anti-land mine campaign, spoke first about the changing nature of war in this century. During World Wars One and Two, he said, the majority of the people who were killed were soldiers. During the Vietnam war, however, that began to change.

"Our enemy was the Vietnamese people...as soldiers, we had been trained to fight Vietcong, the North Vietnamese...they were the enemy. The war ended up killing many more civilians than soldiers." About 60,000 American soldiers were lost during the war, but several million Vietnamese civilians were lost as well. "After this, civilians weren't safe anywhere," he said.

He went on to talk about different conflicts that have taken place throughout the world during and after the Vietnam War; conflicts in Biafra, Africa and Pakistan and Bangladesh. Like Vietnam, he said, civilian casualties outnumbered military casualties, but the difference was that during Vietnam, they weren't intending to kill civilians. "Those of us who fought in the war tried to hold on to this tenuous grasp of morality by telling ourselves that we didn't mean to kill civilians...but after that, it became a useful strategy to kill civilians..." By the time we got to the 1990s and we had conflict, or more accurately genocide, in Rwanda and Bosnia, 80% of the victims were civilians.

He described a trip he took to Sarajevo right after the war and was shocked by the ruins that the city was in. "They destroyed things like mosques, libraries, churches...these were the things they were

targeting. They weren't military targets, they were cultural targets...a group of people was trying to destroy another group of peoples' culture. This is the kind of war that has come down just now at the end of the twentieth century." A former military weapon that has become one of the weapons of choice today are land mines.

He described a trip to Cambodia in the early '90's, when there was still a civil war going on between the Khmer Rouge and the Government, and said that the government soldiers he would run into didn't know the basic things about cleaning or firing M-16s or other weapons, but they would carry bags of land mines and just scatter them wherever they wanted.

Once someone steps on a land mine, they can be instantly be killed or maimed. He was struck by the number of amputees he saw in Phnom Penh, Cambodia's capital city. "It seemed like half the population of Phnom Penh were amputees...they

were everywhere, it was staggering," he said "This is a weapon used primarily to terrorize civilian populations."

The next person to speak was Luong Ung, a survivor of Cambodian genocide and a current activist in the anti-land mine campaign. She was born in Cambodia in 1970, and for the early years of her life, she said, she was oblivious to the chaos that was taking place in her country. Her family was affluent; her father was a politician, and they lived in nice houses with live-in servants.

But when the Khmer Rouge took over the country in 1975, things changed. They attempted to turn the country into a communist, agrarian society by eliminating all politicians, intellectuals, foreigners, and forms of modern technology. They closed off the borders of the country and expelled or killed all foreigners, and forced the city populations into the countryside. Her family knew they were in danger because her father was a politician, and they were one of the first groups to be targeted. Her family hid out in the countryside for several years until her father was found and executed.

After the death of her father, her mother told her and her siblings to scatter around the country because it was known that the Khmer Rouge was going after whole families. Several months later, she found that her mother and one of her sisters had been killed as well. She went on to talk about how war has changed from political to personal, and how Americans don't understand what the effects of war are really like. In America, we go off to war, but that's not how it is in the rest of the world.

"For most people in the world, war comes to your house. And it doesn't come to your house via the television...war in Cambodia for me came to my backyard and killed both of my parents, killed two of my sisters and twenty of my relatives...it wasn't a TV war for us." Ung described how, after her parents were killed when she was eight years old, the orphan camp she was in thought she had strength so they put her in a child soldier training camp, where she had to learn to use guns and knives. She described how they would be rewarded with food if they shot well or fought well. Many children, including her sister, died of starvation.

Ung also talked about how her family came very close to being able to escape to Thailand, and at times they were a mere mile or two from the border, but her father knew that the border was littered with land mines, or what Pol Pot called his "silent sentinels of death." If they had been able to get over the border, they would have been able to escape the genocide.

"They are still in Cambodia today, an estimated 4 to 6 million silent sentinels of death, killing an average of 200 people a month, and creating over 40,000 amputees" she said. In Cambodia, it is estimated that 50% of the land is mined. "With 80 to 90 million land mines in 70 countries, how do you know that your next step is a safe step?" she concluded.

Sadly, only a handful of Stony Brook students showed up to hear this moving and very important lecture. Mark Aronoff, Associate Provost and organizer of the lecture, said "I have spent most of my life in universities, as a student and as a professor; rarely have I been privileged to attend an event so extraordinary as the lecture on land mines and the changing face of war. This was a combined intellectual and emotional experience that has truly changed my perspective. My only regret is that more members of the Stony Brook community did not have the opportunity to learn as I did."

"With 80 to 90 million land mines in 70 countries, how do you know that your next step is a safe step?"



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FEATURES

Porn: It's Like The Bible, With Pictures.

By Russell Heller

Here's the latest installment in my celebrity e-mail series. Rocco Siffredi, porn star supreme, is the victim of my unsolicited attention this week. As many of you may well know, Rocco is a great man. Born and bred in Italy, Rocco has moved on from his humble beginnings to become an award-winning actor. He has been recognized over a dozen times by the Adult Video News and his broken English is always amusing.

To my knowledge, Rocco Siffredi has never been photographed with less than three naked women. It is exactly this kind of ostentatious disregard for the equality of women that has been wanting since the death of Frank Sinatra. Rocco Siffredi is a force to be reckoned with.

Rocco Siffredi was conceived without sin. Often seen curing lepers, this man is the closest thing to the Son of God that I will ever know. Rocco Siffredi has 50 chromosomes, clearly reflecting his status as a super-evolved creature. While Rocco Siffredi breathes, no other man can possibly feel adequate.

In a Phallocentric industry, Rocco Siffredi shows tenderness and caring toward the women he debauches for a living. Rocco is a true humanitarian. Often during a scene featuring anal intercourse, Rocco will slow the pace of his reaming so as not to tear the rectal lining of his partner. Rocco Siffredi dispenses semen with the determination and humility of a champion. His direct lineage to George Washington has resulted in the addition of his name to our national anthem.

Rocco Siffredi, nicknamed "The Sexual Vampire," has taken part in several films that would give Bram Stoker a hard-on. "Ejacula" and

"Intercourse with the Vampire" have both landed him awards. He has also sucked Italian sex blood in "il Vampiro" parts one and two. His motives for exsanguinating his sexual partners are enigmatic.

The filmography of this man is astounding. He has acted in, produced, and directed far more films than that Stanley Kubrick fellow. Some of Rocco's highlights are: "Anal Siege"; "Steel Butt"; "Seymore Butts and His Mystery Girl"; "Buttman's European Vacation 2"; "A Few Good Women"; "Sodomania 2"; "Total Reball"; "More Dirty Debutantes Part 21"; "Russel the Love Muscle"; and "Buttman's British Big Tit Adventure."

Why write Rocco Siffredi a letter, you ask? Well, why not? He is famous, with a great fan following. He is a sexual titan. He loves all creatures and is often seen wearing a t-shirt that says "Hug a Tree." He is also so god-damned much more likely to write me back than that dried-up, spandex-wearing, freak-lipped, cock-sucker, Mick-fucking-Jagger.

*ahem... My letter to Rocco Siffredi:

To: Rocco@cybercore.com
Mr. Siffredi,

Hello. I am an aspiring porn star. I was hoping that I might be able to call upon your expertise in this area. I mean, let's be honest here, you're a sexual guru. If anyone knows about the inner workings of the sex industry it is yourself. I might go so far as to say that you are my hero. When I hear the words, "role model," the name "Rocco Siffredi" sings in my ears.

With that out of the way, there are a few things I wanted to ask you:

- 1) are you now, or have you ever been a member of the communist party?
- 2) do you think that the coming of the new millennium will have a negative effect on the pornography industry?
- 3) why do bad things happen to good people?
- 4) how many porn stars does it take to screw in a light bulb?
- 5) I have a burning case of herpes; will I be able to enjoy a career in the adult film industry?
- 6) don't you think that Mick Jagger should give me 10,000 dollars?
- 7) Which is the best porn star name for me, "James Butt," "Harry Asscrack," "Modus Tollens," "Bram Stroker," "Bobby Rugburn," "October Jones," "Nathan Hung," "Jesus Johnson," "Harley Sandalwood," "Junebug Washington," "Leviathan Sylvester," "Hymie Wanklebaum," "Lucifer Genital," "Buck Nudity," "Flesh Gordon," "Jaques Strappe," "Rock Logan," "Buster Load," "Silky Rutabega," "Flex Pectoral," "Brick Missile," "Limbic System," "Max Rectum," "Jack Ulation," "Grip Nipple," "James Earl Bones," or "Bulge Hardly"?
- 8) I have given some thought to growing a third testicle, would this give me a leg up in the business?
- 9) Can you write-off a subscription to *Hustler* as a work-related expense?
- 10) If you vote Republican, does that make you an accomplice to their crimes?
- 11) What college major would be most beneficial to study for a career in adult movies?
- 12) You get laid an awful lot, don't you?

Thank you for your time,
Russell Heller



Rocco Siffredi: The Second Coming?

Top Ten Porno Movies Titles of All Time

- 10) "When Larry Ate Sally"
- 9) "Sex Trek: the Next Penetration"
- 8) "Romancing the Bone"
- 7) "Malcum XXX"
- 6) "Pulp Friction"
- 5) "Ready, Willing and Anal"
- 4) "Tits-a-Wonderful Life"
- 3) "Shaving Ryan's Privates"
- 2) "Honey, I Blew Everyone"
- 1) "E 3: The Extra Testicle"

KEEPING MICKEY IN THE PRIVATE DOMAIN

By Norman Solomon

Who's the leader of the club that's paid for you and me?

S-E-N-A-T-O-R-L-O-T-T!

And you know what, boys and girls? Thanks to Trent Lott and others in the Senate club, the big people at the Walt Disney Co. don't have to worry about Mickey and his pals getting lost in a scary place called "public domain."

You see, the copyright for Mickey Mouse was going to expire in 2002. That would mean all kinds of kids and grownups could start playing around with him.

But Lott came to the rescue. The Senate majority leader got behind a bill ensuring that Mickey could stay out of the public domain for 20 more years.

Early in this century, Congress enacted a landmark copyright law after hearing a renowned author in a white suit testify on Capitol Hill one day in December 1906. Back then, Mark Twain spearheaded efforts to protect creative work.

Fast forward to last fall, and the contrast in artistic sensibilities is telling. Congress named a new copyright law in honor of a singer-turned-politician, famous for bell bottoms and pop tunes. It's formally known as the Sonny Bono Copyright Term Extension Act.

This time around, the testimony and the pressure came from executives in high places, representing outfits like the Motion Picture Association of America and the Disney conglomerate. They found bipartisan congressional support.

The Disney execs were anxious for Mickey to stay with them under a trademark shelter. And they have a big one. The Disney empire now

includes broadcasting networks, cable TV channels, music labels, book publishers, film studios, theme parks, pro sports teams and a cruise line. With sales revenues topping \$2 billion every month, Disney knows how to take care of Mickey!

It's hard to imagine a more insipid -- or more lucrative -- cartoon character. He's the symbol of a media firm that moved on from the Mickey Mouse Club to become one of the world's great promulgators of mass culture.

Protecting the sanctity of Disney's foremost logo is not only about symbolism. Mickey isn't just an outsized rodent. He's also a cash cow; or a goose laying huge golden eggs. Whatever the metaphor, the barn door is nailed shut. Mickey isn't supposed to wander -- and neither is his image.

After half a century, Mickey Mouse is trapped by contradictions. On the one hand, Disney proclaims that the big-eared icon is an integral part of Americana. On the other, Disney insists that Mickey is entirely private property -- the head honcho of a cartoon menagerie that fully belongs to the corporation, which retains legal power to prevent any unauthorized use, even when the aim is to raise issues about politics and culture.

With Gen. Augusto Pinochet now under arrest for overseeing bloody violations of human rights, we might ponder the fact that his dictatorship went out of its way to burn copies of "How to Read Donald Duck" after seizing power from Chile's democratically elected government in September 1973.

By then, many Chileans had bought the book, written in mid-1971 by Ariel Dorfman and Armand Mattelart. Worldwide sales of "How to Read Donald Duck," translated into a dozen languages, reached 500,000 copies before the end of the 1970s.

But few of those books got inside the borders of the United States. Arguing that "How to Read Donald Duck" infringed on its copyrights, Disney kept putting up roadblocks. In 1975, the U.S. Customs Bureau seized a shipment of the English edition.

Attorneys from the Center for Constitutional Rights contended that "the seizure of the books is a classic case of abuse of the laws to suppress political dissent and unpopular opinions." The publisher won the case. But Disney's deep corporate pockets and fervent hostility had a chilling effect in Uncle Donald's homeland. Many potential booksellers seemed wary.



"How to Read Donald Duck" -- illustrated with a few cartoons as examples -- offered a tough-minded critique of the values conveyed by popular Disney comics. The book sought to raise basic questions about corporate culture, routinely accepted and often adored.

Nearly 30 years later, much of what passes for mass "entertainment" is overdue for sharp scrutiny. "Pop culture" is less culture than acculturation. Styles of competitive acquisition prevail over humanistic values. And the symbols foisted on the public remain under tight private control.

Although they sometimes lob salvos at each other, the power centers of Hollywood and Washington are pretty content with the status quo. The bipartisan club on Capitol Hill was acting in character when it averted Mickey's breakout to the public domain -- a calamity now forestalled until 2022.

Norman Solomon's book "The Habits of Highly Deceptive Media" will be published in April by Common Courage Press.

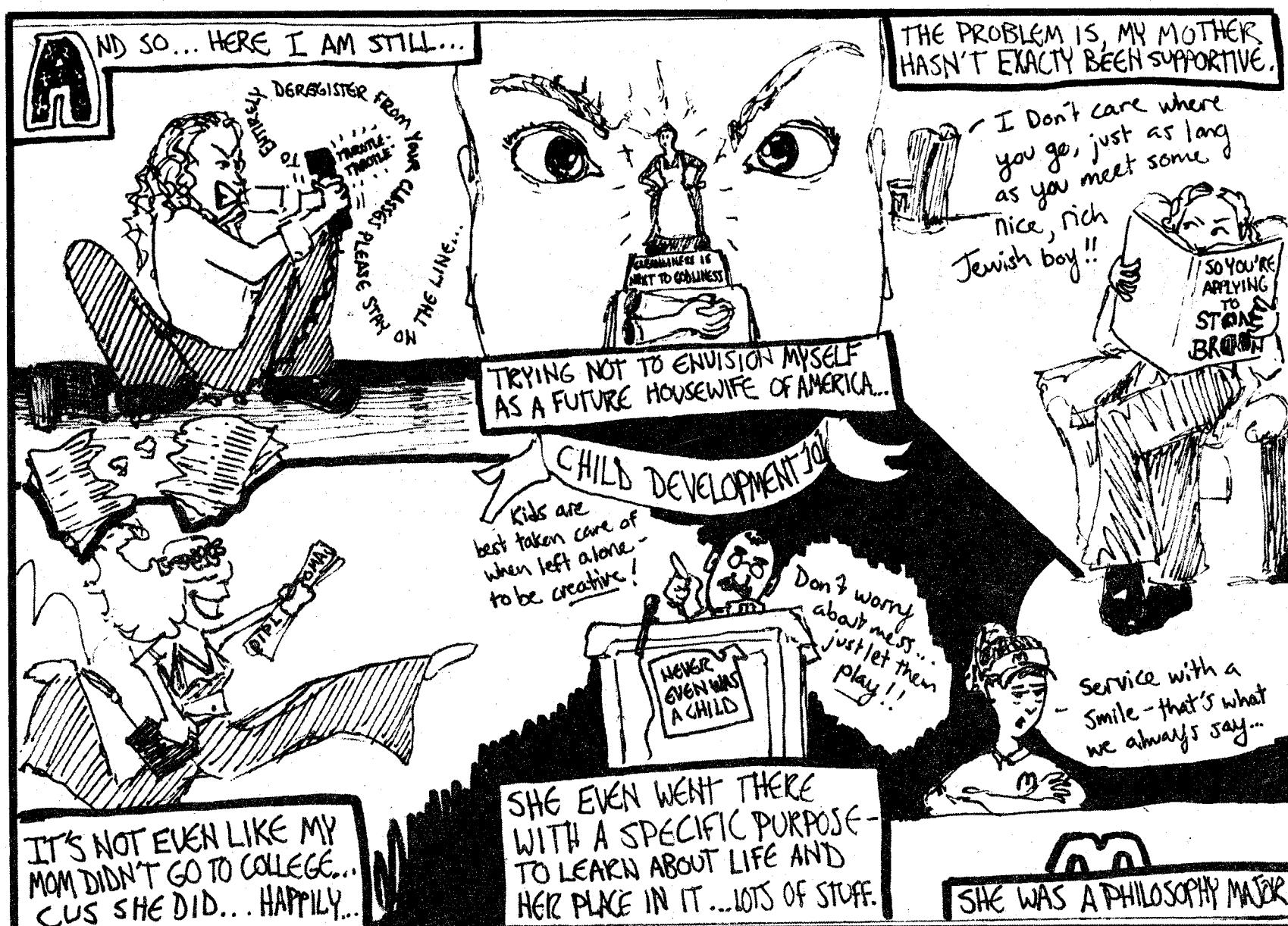
BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

Coca-Cola		VS		Cannibalism	
PRO		CON	PRO		CON
It's the choice of the Next generation; Syrupy Sweet	Coca-Cola's big fat stupid corporate symbol	Nerds always steal bottle-bottoms to make	Good source of Beta-Carotene; Kids equal real; Population problem? Not here;	Jeffrey Dahmer's big fat cannibal face.	The slow albeit eventual destruction of society in a gluttonous orgy of blood; The
Goodness reminds me of the summer of 1983; helps kill the taste of prison blow-jobs; Evil corporate hijinks; Provides us with all the good basketball players; Safer to raise children on than that cancerous Long Island breast milk.	glasses; Evil corporate hijinks; Shameless self-promotion; Crushes your freedom to choose what to drink; Lack of good beverage availability has forced many (well at least me) straight to the bottom of a tequila bottle; Frequent consumption may cause rickets.	All the cool Brazilian soccer teams are doing it; Good source of riboflavin; It's the next logical step in recycling; Troma films; Those ass-kicking all night Donner parties; Papa-Joe's delicious "chicken" heros; Helps kill the taste of prison blow-jobs; Three different meal plans-regular-ultra- and Dahmer; There is no vegetarian option; Hell there's no vegetarian anything; Well I guess they would be "salad".	sudden resurgence of Death Metal; That stupid guy who would laugh just a bit too much whenever he said "Oh yeah? Well eat me"; Charlton Heston's endless ranting; Women still taste bad; No longer fun to kill, cause now you're doing it to survive; The slightly disturbing image of a homeless soup kitchen; Chewing the fat; Plastic surgery ruins a perfectly good breast; Oral sex no longer safe.		

FEATURES

An Incomplete Debbie Sticher Comic (The Comic, Not Me, You Fool)





Hey, this is Incomplete Debbie speaking... I seem to have run out of room... uh... to be continued!

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The Lunatic's Ravings: Another One Bites the Dust

By The Lunatick

Unless you happen to take classes in the HSC, or have friends that do, you probably know nothing about the place. Well up until Monday it was the only place on campus where students had priority parking. There was a little known student lot located on Level 2 of the HSC. To the point that if you didn't get there by 8am you couldn't find a space. I used to use it quite often when I had the dreaded 8:20am classes. It was actually faster for me to walk from Humanities. Go under the bridge to this lot, than to wait for the Commuter bus to the south-P lot (lets get serious though- I used to walk from Javits to South-P and usually beat the bus, only by a minute, but that is still pathetic). Then in 1997 the lot became a "H-permit" lot. What that meant was the all important medical students wanted the parking lot to themselves, so they somehow successfully petitioned to create a new type of parking lot to exclude everyone but themselves, initially forgetting the nursing students and the students of the SHTM until they rightfully bitched that the lot was for them also. So the lot became an HSC lot only and only a letter from the dean could get you the coveted "H-permit." Without this letter, you could produce 10 forms of ID's, exams, you name it, to prove you were a student of the HSC, and parking officers in their usual manner couldn't care less. Even with the newly restricted parking lot, things were so bad that they made it a 24 hour lot, and they actually ticketed the lot after 5pm. Although the lot was usually packed and had many people parking illegally in it, there was room for 200-300 cars in the lot (my rough estimate). What this meant was for 24-hours a day one group of students had a parking lot actually within convenient walking distance of their classrooms. OH MY GOD! THIS EXISTS AT STONY BROOK!!!!!!

Well as of Friday the 12th at midnight, not anymore. The H lot became the latest casualty of progress, when gated off to build a "Linear Accelerator." But that's not all folks, they also destroyed half of the Staff lot above it. So now HSC students are faced with two choices: pay

\$22.50 a month for parking or park in the South-P lot. Well for some students, there is no choice. Some of my clinical rotations begin or end at 11pm and others at 7am. The buses run from 8am to 11pm (but I have never seen a bus near the HSC after 10:30pm). Seems my choice and that of my classmates is clear. I don't think they are going to make the buses 24 hours just for a few hundred students with 24-hour rotations. Did we get any assistance in purchasing these cards? Hell no! But what would I expect from USB.

First off, we got two weeks notice of the closing of the lot and only with a tentative closing date. It became definite the week of the 8th and we were notified by flyers placed on our cars only if they were parked in that lot. Then we were told we could go on a waiting list to buy parking cards. Waiting list, yeah, like everything else on campus, the classes would be over before they settled that. So here I found something unusual. The Dean of the SHTM intervened and we came off the waiting list onto a pre-approved list for 24-hour parking lot access cards. Four days before the lot closed, but hey for Stony Brook, that is batting 1000. I find myself actually publicly thanking an administrator (it only took me six years to find one that actually cares for her students and fights for them) so THANK YOU DEAN! (OK, now saying that I expect never to have to do anything like that again on this campus, though I wouldn't mind). So now we earned a privilege that no other students had -the right to pay to park! However, not all in the same place. We now had to fight with the staff in the HSC for parking spots (Who also have to pay monthly to park, the only staff members that have to pay to park on this campus, and probably in this county), or we have to park in the hospital garage and fight for spaces with the staff and visitors.

It's bad enough we have to pay for parking, but to also have to wait 10 minutes to get past the gate of the parking lot, and then search for another 10 minutes for a space? It almost might be worth it to take a bus. Then to put up with the

rude parking attendants when the gate won't open for you because you aren't sure how to use the access card. They make you sit there for 10 minutes so they can push a button that opens the gate for you, in-between cursing you and mumbling so you can't understand them (NOW that is what I have learned to expect from good ole USB). Then you get the line up of cars behind you fuming and cursing because they can't get out either. Then the real fun begins. Some people crash down the gates, but your problem doesn't

end there. These cards are intelligent (probably more that the desk riders that hand them out to you). In order to enter the garage you must have scanned in as leaving and

vice versa. So you can't even share the card with a friend. They also tell you that you still need a current parking permit or they will ticket you. HOW when you are parking in the same place as visitors. I haven't seen them issue every hospital visitor a parking permit. After paying \$22.50 a month for parking, the university is also going to soak you for a @#% parking permit! Give me a dam break. You know, if I only had one clinical rotation a month, I would just park illegally and take my chances. At \$15 per parking ticket and the chance to fight it (and I have never lost yet), it is cheaper than parking. (Anyone want to take bets at how long till the phone rings at The Press with Shirl or one of her minions having their skirt in a bind over that last statement?)

So once again, what is the biggest universal problem on campus? Parking. What do they always do? Close parking lots. Only this headache is going to cause lots of problems when the people paying to park have no place to park. As I also said, the South-P lot is not an option for the employees or some of the students. The buses can't get them to, or take them from the HSC, or both because of the hours they run. They better find an option soon because rumor has it that the rest of the employee parking lot above the former "H-Lot" will also be going the way of the dodo. I have been saying this for years. "They need to add parking that is convenient not eliminate it." Will they listen to me? Of course not, these are just the ravings of The Lunatick.

Now HSC students are faced with two choices: pay \$22.50 a month for parking or park in the South-P lot.

Geetch's Web Picks: Equal Opportunity and Pay for Women

By Donald "Geetch" Toner

Equal pay for equal work. We have all heard the phrase, and we all know what it means. How many of the people out there actually support the meaning of that phrase, though? Have we, as a society, evolved past prejudices against gender? Well, I am sure we all would answer that question with a big negative. Is there anything you can do about it, though? Contrary to what many think, yes, there are quite a number of options open before you. The sites I navigated all support your involvement in Human Rights.

First I visited www.amnestyusa.org/women/. The site belongs to Amnesty International and is by far one of the most organized sites on the internet as a whole. You enter the site and right there is a list of their goals as an organization, including getting the US to ratify the UN Womens Convention. The site has lists of statistics, polls, stories, and press releases dealing with womens rights. The press releases on this site were the only ones I found with both a short blurb about the article as well as the full article for no charge. They also

offered a subscription to their quarterly newsletter, Interact, on the site for anyone to purchase.

I then traveled to www.feminist.org. This address belongs to the Feminist Majority Foundation. The page was very thorough, having information not only on how to contact or join them and what they stand for, but also a direct line to contact Congress about their cause, an art, literature, and entertainment area, sensitive to womens rights and even an Online store. The site also contained a census poll which I took time out of writing this article to take. Although it was a very short census, a matter of 20 questions or so, it did get their message across. I would recommend anyone who supports equal rights to take the time out to fill out this survey.

The next site I came across was that of the UNIFEM, the UN development fund for women located at www.undp.org/unifem. The first thing I recommend for anyone going to this site is to go to the sitemap. It gives a much easier to follow outline format to the rest of the site. The site is also a bit on the slow side for loading time, but not so slow as to discredit it. The mission statement is probably the most relevant section on this

page. Their main statement is that they support "womens empowerment and gender equality". UNIFEM runs a series of campaigns which are all linked to this site for your convenience.

Next I found www.un.org/womenwatch. This site is basically just a list of global statistics. It was in such a simple outline format that even your pet howler monkey could follow it, (if you had a pet monkey, that is). There are more statistics here than you would ever need for any research you had to do about women's roles throughout the globe.

We, as Americans, claim that out there in the world there are inalienable rights. These are the rights we believe belong to all humankind. How come we don't extend these rights equally in our own country? Everyone deserves the same privileges as everyone else. No one is 'more equal'. One last site I will leave with you is www1.umn.edu/humanarts/education/pihre/women.html. The site is a single page. Go to it and you will find a listing of books, in classical bibliography form, all dealing with the subject of equal rights. I highly recommend these readings, they can only open your mind up to new and better ideas.

The Shocker

By The Ranch

I like to watch the Oscars the way the actors & actresses do: one drink at a time. Here's a quick run-down on everything, just in case you didn't see it:

Whoopi Goldberg hosted, and Whoopi, it was nice knowing you. Meet Hollywood's newest leper. As if Whoopi didn't have enough problems, what with that straight-to-video dinosaur flick... her jokes were awful, her delivery was weak, she was cracking up nobody except herself. Are you on the pipe, girl? Come on, you can tell me. She kept coming out in different costumes, but each one made me think the same thing: oy vey.

Gwyneth Paltrow got the Best Actress award. She stuttered her way through a lot of thank yous, said she didn't deserve her award - which, of course, she didn't - and said she wouldn't even be at the Oscars if it weren't for director John Madden. Honey, you wouldn't be there without Brad Pitt, and his fabulous cock that you sucked to get where you are now. Who are you? Oh, you used to be Brad Pitt's girlfriend. I can see the headlines now: AFFLECK GETS SLOPPY SECONDS. Near the end of her acceptance speech, she started crying, and it was the most hideous thing I've ever seen. Her face shriveled up like a wonton when she thanked her Grandpa, who created a beautiful family, blah blah blah. Then she started crying again. What an embarrassing display.

Chris Rock was a shining light in an otherwise dismal bog. Right out of the gate, he skewers Elia Kazan, who sold out actors and directors as Communists during the Red Scare and doesn't deserve a roof over his head, let alone a Lifetime Achievement Award. This, of course, elicits the obligatory booing from the audience. I guess jokes about selling out and backstabbing your fellow man cut a little too close in Hollywood. That's okay -- all of these cocksuckers are going to Hell. And Mr. Kazan! I'm not entirely convinced he knew where he was. He was probably mentally jotting down the names of the people who didn't stand up and clap for use in future blacklisting campaigns. He look around confusedly and asked "Where's Marty [Scorsese]?", then hugged him for dear life. He also said the best thing about the Academy was that they're "great to work with" - and that they conveniently forget that the people they're honoring were responsible for some of the most disgusting chapters in American history. Next year, they'll be honoring some of Goebbels' rediscovered documentary work! (Hey, material about the Holocaust is always good for an Oscar or two; maybe Rommel's torture videos could cause quite a delicious controversial stir!) At the end of his speech, Kazan said "I can just slip away now." Not fast enough, Elia. Let's hope it's not in your sleep.

INTERLUDE: Celine Dion Bashfest. This chick makes my bitch-slappin' hand itch. Strap in, it's a bumpy fuckfest. Celine Dion looks more like the Scarecrow from *THE WIZARD OF OZ* than ever. "Ooh, my pretties! Now you must listen to

me sing the song from *TITANIC* over and over again!" She did enough emoting to rival William Shatner, and her duet with Boccelli (who, thankfully, was blind and couldn't tell who he was working with) sounded like a talent show on "Sabado Gigante." Clap, clap, clap clap clap clap! Dog Show! By the way, Boccelli has an awful haircut, but I guess he wouldn't know. Ya blind, baby, ya blind, ya blind to the facts 'cuz you watch that garbage! And right after the blind Bocelli - Jennifer Lopez, from *OUT OF SIGHT*! That was pretty tasteless, huh?



Oh My.....It's Whoopi!

Tom Hanks: what is with that beard? You look like you have shit smeared all over your face. What is that, a rectum with teeth? And he starts babbling right away, as soon as he gets up on stage to present. Thank God he didn't win the award for Best Actor, or we would've been in for another one of those four "charity" speeches. Then they truck John Glenn (the astronaut, not the senator) out, and he's all red from the daily pint of Chivas and kinda crushed looking, since the g-forces on his recent space voyage crushed his bones like autumn leaves. And HE starts babbling. Maybe Ronald Reagan's not the only government official with Alzheimer's.

Aerosmith performed their apocalyptic hit "I Don't Wanna Miss A Thing" from *ARMAGEDDON*. Steve Tyler is starting to look like a cancer survivor, don't ya think? And he was such a handsome man, with those collapsed cheeks and throbbing lips. How did he come to have so many stretchmarks around his mouth, will someone please tell me? He's starting to come down with Cryptkeeper's Disease, just like Diane Keaton. "I use to be in a hard rock band, it was positively ghoulish, huahahahaha!" Goldie Hawn is also starting to look freeze-dried. Her eyes were constantly tearing from the constant plastic surgery. "The mascara! It burns my adobe-like flesh! I can't stop smiling, it's part of the procedure!" Warren Beatty now looks like a peach-colored version of the Tin Woodsman - and what happened to Peter Gabriel's hair? "You'ssou! I am your father! Come with me, and we will rule the industry of world music as father and son!" Maybe he's obsessed with being the new Dr. Evil. "Can I get a

f r i c k i n' Sledgehammer, people? This will BE my testimony." Matt Damon and Ben Affleck came out to deliver a straight-faced speech interspersed with giggles: "Dude, we're on the Oscars again, man! This is so fucked!"

What the fuck happened to brevity? The Oscars could fit into a jam-packed hour if anybody cared to try it. There should be a nasty crone standing next to the podium who harshly whispers to all of the winners: "Take the award and get the fuck off the stage!" Lifetime Achievement Award winner Norman Jewison talked for what felt like an hour about "just finding stories." Just find a ball-gag, ya old man! He was shaking so badly I thought he had Lyme Disease!

Robert DeNiro looks more and more like

the character he played in *Awakenings* with every single year. "Hi, hi, I'm Charlie." Who cut his hair, a blind man with hooks?

On a personal note, I'd like to say hi to the guy who won for *SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE*'s original score. (Notice how I don't remember his name; real good journalism here, kids). You are truly the Thalidomide Kid. Did this guy look like Sloth from *THE GOONIES* or what? "Baby... RUTH? Baby... RUTH?" What a monkey head! No wonder you did the part everyone hears, but no one has to see. Get off the stage, Quasimodo!

Eventually, we had to face the inevitable, and John Travolta arrived to deliver a tribute to Frank Sinatra. Why the fuck do we need a tribute to Frank Sinatra? I guess they needed another colossal prick to match up with Grease Lightning. We're just lucky he didn't begin spouting on about the Church of Scientology. A couple million in donations a year so you can have a secret handshake? Jesus, get some fucking friends! And by the way, Sinatra got honored after his death to spare the viewers a long, and rambling AA speech by Ol' Blue Eyes.

Jim Carrey arrived to lament his lack of nominations and impersonate Roberto Benigni. Of course, Benigni's expression, which makes him look like he's constantly taking a very sharp-edged shit, didn't change slightly. WHEEEE!

Hollywood gave *LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL*, or "the Guinea flick" as it's informally known, a total of 2 awards. Who gave Roberto Benigni a lifetime supply of whippets? This satyrist's permanently excited; he's probably had ADD all his life. First he walks across the top of the crowd to receive his Foreign Film award, hugs Sophia Loren like a rabid praying mantis (and cops a feel to boot), then reprises his drunk/clueless foreigner bit for the eager crowd. This asshole's downright priapic! Somebody get me a dopamine count, Jeezus! Best performance by a schizophrenic, and the award goes to... "Where am I? Ah, yes, at a'ze Oscars! The Rosicrucians took my sword, thank you!" When he won the award for Best Actor, he started talking about planets? This man is either a genius or the Second Coming of Baky Bartokamous. "Cossin Larry, I would like to take you to Planet Mipos and put you on the firmament and make love to you! To all of you!"

You ever notice when a whole bunch of people come up, at one point, when one of them walks up to the microphone, and everyone else in the group winces? Nowhere was this more evident

Celine Dion looks more like the Scarecrow from the Wizard of Oz than ever. "Ooh, my pretties! Now you must listen to me sing the song from *Titanic* over and over again!"

in the winners of the Best Visual Effects award for *WHAT DREAMS MAY COME* - one of the award-winners actually said "Love is groovy, be positive!" Great, that's great. Can you get me some killer weed, dude? Like, some Jimson weed! Yeah, dude, all right!

Harrison Ford looks like he stuck his finger in a light-socket before coming on-stage. He's a great actor and a fine lookin' man, but why, when he gets up on stage at the Oscars, is he as wooden as Al Gore? The whole time he looked like he was pinching back a cowhead. Harrison, lighten up!

In short, it was nothing with nothing. I was actually dumber for having watched it. By the time Whoopi came out in her final costume, a Queen Elizabeth number with peacock feathers, I didn't need to drink any more beer - I was numb enough.

my Breast

By Marlo Allison Del Toro

When my nurse practitioner said she felt a lump in my left breast, I thought she was kidding. "I've felt that before," I told her. "I thought it was just scar tissue from my other lump."

"Where was that lump?" she asked.

"In the exact same spot," I said. "If you look carefully, you can see the scar."

"Still," she said, "I think you should have a mammogram."

A mammogram? At my age?

At 22, I wasn't prepared to hear that I might have a second breast lump. Women aged 40 plus are supposed to have mammograms every year, not women of my age.

Nonetheless, my nurse practitioner gave me a referral for the Carol Baldwin Breast Care Center, and told me that if the mammogram found another lump I would have to start having mammograms every six months. Every six months, for the rest of my life.

I remember when I found my first lump. I was 13 and I was showering when I noticed an odd feeling section of my breast. For weeks afterward I kept checking it: checking to feel if it grew, checking to feel if it changed shape, checking to see if it was still there.

I began doing breast self-exams and suddenly I felt a dozen lumps.

After months of worrying, I asked my mom to take me to the doctor to have it checked out. She didn't say anything and she didn't bring me to the doctor.

Two years later, I still felt the lump and I still worried. I talked to my mom again. She then told me that when I'd mentioned it to her the first time she'd asked our doctor about the lump. He'd told her that girls that age didn't get breast lumps.

My mom finally brought me to see the nurse practitioner that worked with her gynecologist. When the woman checked my breasts she didn't feel anything, and she asked me where the lump I thought I felt was. I told her about all of the other little lumps, and then pointed out the large one just next to my left nipple.

The nurse told me that the little 'lumps' were mammary glands, and sent me to have a sonogram on the other.

Since I was so young, the doctors didn't biopsy the lump that was found by the sonogram. Instead, a week later, I had an out-patient lumpectomy.

The nurses at Stony Brook University Hospital were shocked by how young I was; they said that if they'd known, they'd have prepared me.

I was laid, topless, on a bed and given local anesthetic. I didn't know the all male team of doctors and nurses that preformed my surgery, and all I remember about it is blabbering gibberish and feeling as though acid was being poured into my open chest.

When the lump was removed, the doctors said it was a fibroid tumor. I had no complications and over time my scar healed so that it was barely noticeable. It became more noticeable when I began feeling a new lump in the same area.

When I went in to have my breast mammogrammed, the technician said that she was going to ask if they could give me a sonogram instead of the mammogram. Once again, I looked too young.

I felt too young, also. I counted on hearing that what my nurse practitioner thought was another lump was scar tissue. I cried through the drive home, miserable, because she was right.

When I walked into my house, I quickly blurted all of my fears and stresses out onto my sisters. They've each had lumps removed—although, my oldest sister didn't find hers until she was 36. I knew they'd understand, to a degree. But, it wasn't their breasts that might have cancer, that might have to be removed, that might kill them.

My mother died of cancer—leukemia and non-Hodgkin's lymphoma—only weeks before my lump was diagnosed, so my chances of having cancer are already higher than your average middle-aged woman. And I am keenly aware of my mortality.

My nurse practitioner told me that if it were her breast she'd have the lump removed. Since then I've feared setting a date to have the second lump removed. I've feared what I hear other women feel when they lose a breast to cancer, the loss of femininity, because I've already lost the direct image of my femininity—my mother. I've feared all of the bad things that have happened to me and could happen to me.

At age 13 I found a lump in my left breast, and at 22 I've realized it was the finding of a lifetime.

The Spot

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Top 30 for 3/22/99

- 1: Arling and Cameron - All In (Emperor Norton)
- 2: Kreidler - Appearance and the Park (Mute)
- 3: XTC - Apple Venus Vol. 1 (TVT)
- 4: Sleater Kinney - The Hot Rock (Kill Rock Stars)
- 5: Make Up - I Want Some (K)
- 6: Peechees - Life (Kill Rock Stars)
- 7: Art Blakely - Jazz Messengers (Rhino)
- 8: April March - Chrominance Decoder (Mammoth)
- 9: Post Punk Chronicles (Rhino)
- 10: Reich Remixed (Nonesuch)
- 11: The Shaggs - Philosophy of the World (RCA)
- 12: Frontside (TVT)
- 13: Mocean Worker - Mixed Emotional Features (Palm Pictures)
- 14: Kiss Offs - Goodbye Private Life (Peek-a-Boo)
- 15: Latin Playboys - Dose (Atlantic)
- 16: Built to Spill - Keep it Like a Secret (Reprise)
- 17: Vinnie and the Stardusters - Casual Music For Novelty Sex (Gourmandizer)
- 18: Waco Brothers - WacoWorld (Bloodshot)
- 19: Charles Mingus - Oh yeah (Rhino)
- 20: Beta Band - The Three E.P.s (Astralwerks)
- 21: Nano Frog - Don't Follow Our Example (Vogon)
- 22: Olivia Tremor Control - Black Foliage (Flydaddy)
- 23: Buck O Nine - Libido (TVT)
- 24: Crystal Methodists - Satanic Ritual Abuse (Kalishnikov)
- 25: Burning Airlines - Mission: Control! (Desoto)
- 26: Cassius - 1999 (Astralwerks)
- 27: Poncho Sanchez
- 28: Paul Westerberg - Suicane Gratification (Capitol)
- 29: The Ventures - New Depths (GNP Crescendo)
- 30: Banyon - Anytime at All (Cyberoctave)

Sidedoor Johnnies

Outshining Record Label Politics to Bring You Wonderfully Distorted Pop

By Bethann Miale

In a world where radio is permeated with the likes of Matchbox 20 and Third Eye Blind, it's easy for a music enthusiast to lose hope. The fact that a major part of the industry is dictated by the taste of 12 year old girls doesn't help, either.

Then along comes a band that gets you so excited, you clench your calf muscles. A band that is a much needed break from the mundane, monotonous airwaves. With their unexpected changes and catchy riffs, salvation, thy name is Sidedoor Johnnies. And you can catch them in their fourth appearance at the Spot on Thursday, March 25th.

Lead singer and innovative guitarist Dan Skinner is currently a senior studying journalism at Stony Brook. Now here's where I'd normally use the phrase "backed by" in referring to the rest of the band. But the sound that is the Sidedoor's is such an equal collaboration of all parts that the term would be unfitting. Drummer Mike Skinner (Dan's older brother) displays such enormous energy that he illuminates from behind his drum set. Bassist Miika Grady produces lines melodically superior to most, especially in "iL Cuerpo," a ludicrously tight track (and my personal favorite) off their 1996 debut, *Fineline* (Good Guppy Records).

After years of hard work, and three do-it-yourself national tours (one four-month, one one-month, and one two-weeks), the band was "rewarded" with a record deal from Beauty Records, a division of Mercury, a PolyGram company. Unfortunately, shortly after the band signed their contract, PolyGram merged with Universal (which had already owned the likes of Geffen, MCA, Interscope and others) and now makes the conglomerate the biggest entertainment power in the world. The collaboration of these two industry giants caused many uncertainties among both employees and bands associated with the labels.

"The merger is just a big goddamn mess. Everyone, from artists to staff in the legal departments to promotions people, are uncertain about the future and the status of their jobs at the company," says Dan. "Like many musicians, I fear that they're leaning toward a real top-heavy structure, you know, keeping the U2's, Beck's and other huge artists, but lacking any real investment in the future of new music. But for now, we're just doing all that we can to move forward with our career until they bother to tell us what's going on."

"It's strange because in a way it doesn't have anything to do with us because we don't know anything about it, but at the same time it has really put a big kink in our lives," adds Mike.

Sidedoor Johnnies suffered the headaches and tribulations of the corporate overhaul. But the boys persevered and have almost completed their debut album for Mercury, due for tentative release this summer.

Mike describes it as "kind of a development of the first record. I think you'll recognize things from *Fineline* that we're concentrating on more...we had a longer time to work on it. I even think the record in the end will be a lot different than it is now. I think having all this time to think about it and sit on it...it would have been done in two weeks if we had it our way."

"The new album has a bit more of a dancey bent to it, some long atmospheric moments and quite a bit more orchestration than *Fineline* did," adds Dan. "There are still a lot of pop songs on there...but, just like with *Fineline*,

most people should like at least one aspect of the album. We tend to write a bunch of different styles of songs and then make them fit onto one album."

Fineline, a must have for any indie zealot, can be purchased off the band's website, HYPERLINK <http://www.sidedoorjohnnies.com>. The site, which is produced and run by Dan and updated almost daily, has recently become the center attraction for all their promotions and has gotten noticed by music industry eggheads.

"About six months ago I guess you could say I wasn't a believer in the web," Dan confesses, "I thought it wouldn't really make much of a difference to us as a band. But recently we've begun using our website to get shows, promote tours, and expose our music to a larger audience worldwide through the use of sound files. The site has also been really helpful for getting in touch with other musicians and trading shows. For us, trading shows is the only way touring for long periods of time becomes possible."

Mike is surprised by how much the web has become an asset to the band. "Dan's done such a great job with the site...it's getting so many hits that I can't really believe it...we had over a thousand last month"

The latest addition to the site is The Hyperspace E-zine, an amusing collaboration of

"It might sound pretentious, but I've always wished that I could be part of something bigger than one single band or even any so-called music "scene". The e-zine lets us provide an outlet for a little artistic community to evolve," says Dan. "Sometimes I think musicians become so wrapped up in "being in a band" that they lose sight of the fact that there are other creative people who are just

as talented. I have so much respect for my friends as creative people that the zine is one little way I can give them back something for all of

There's a distinct passion that all three members exhibit live, and their shows range from sedative Eno-esque atmospherics to fast and furious pop.

their support of the band. The quality of the material is really good, too, and the e-zine is developing an audience of it's own, outside of the band."

The overall utilization of modern technology has indeed proven itself. Weekly sales of *Fineline* have tripled and total sales are in excess of 2000 copies.

Although their album is impressive, it's no comparison to seeing the boys live. There's a distinct passion that all three members exhibit live, and their shows range from sedative Eno-esque atmospherics to fast and furious pop. Dan has the ability to carry a riff, then completely fuck it up - but in a good way. Sidedoor Johnnies is full of surprises like that. Just when you think you've adapted to one of their distorted, yet catchy melodies, they throw you

a curve ball that blows you away. You find yourself anticipating every chord, but surprised with every outcome. Miika's complex bass playing infuses the tunes and intensifies the overall performance while Mike's spazmatic, on-point drumming is often beyond words. Let me put it this way. During live shows, you swear you see him levitating off the stool. But don't take my word for it. Check them out on the 25th.

The show at The Spot will be a homecoming of sorts for the band, who will be returning from Texas after playing the esteemed South by Southwest Festival. How did the band get involved in one of the most influential music conferences in the world?

"A representative from the festival was at our CMJ show last November and he had approached us at that point about going down for the next festival," says Dan. "I think that the work we did to get our music reviewed in the press was also a major factor for their knowing about us. But I didn't sleep with anybody, if that's what you're insinuating."

The Festival runs from the 16th-22nd of March. Along the way, the band will be making stops in Charlotte, Raleigh, Little Rock, and Austin as well as a day off to visit Graceland.

I, as do many others, expect big things for this Brooklyn/Huntington based trio. Mercury was smart enough to keep them on their roster. Maybe there is hope for the music industry after all.

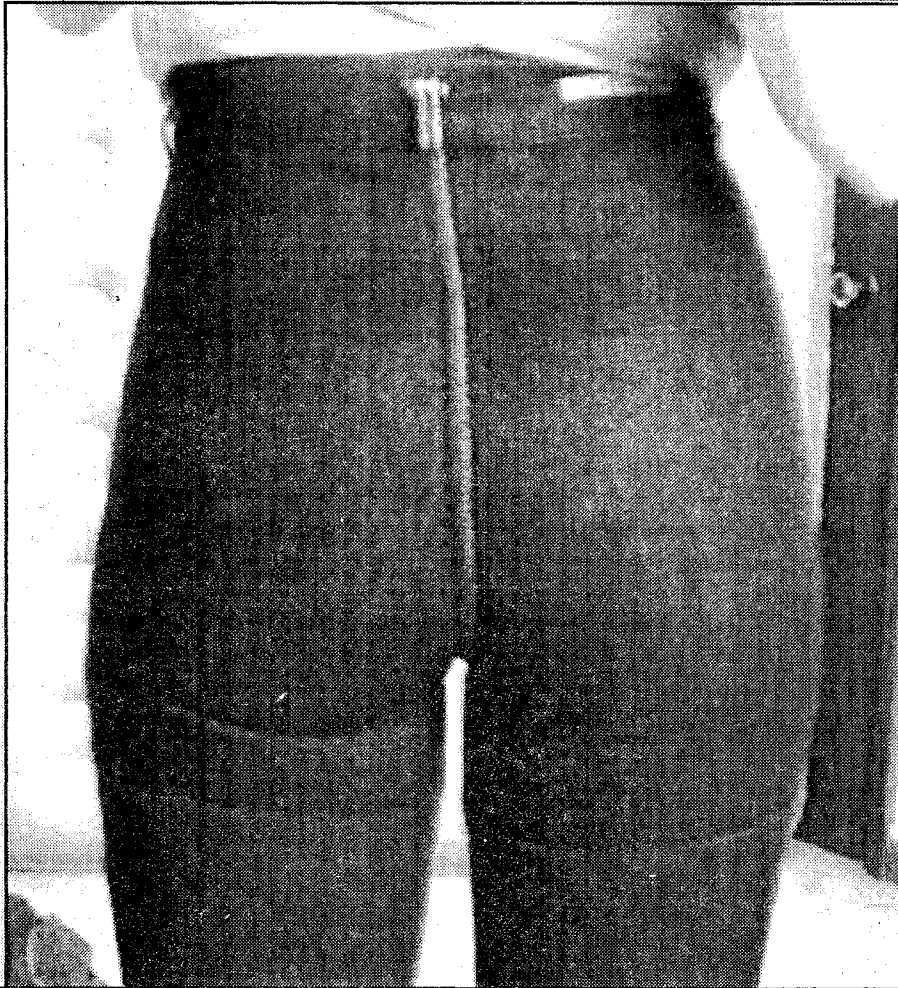
The Spot is located in the Roosevelt Quad, in the Fanny Brice Theater Building, second floor. For show info you can reach the band at 212-591-0281 or online at HYPERLINK

<http://www.sidedoorjohnnies.com>.



stories, comics, art, and a calendar of events involving creative people that the Sidedoor's support.

"Jeans Alibi Per Stupro Arto Carnele"



Jeans: An Alibi for Rape?

Approximately three weeks ago, the Court of Cassation in Rome overturned a 1998 conviction of a 45-year-old driving instructor, Carmine Cristiano, for raping an 18-year-old student, ruling that it is impossible to take off tight pants like jeans "without the cooperation of the person wearing them."

Cristiano was sentenced to 2 to 8 years in prison, but an appeals court ruled that based on the fact that the victim was wearing tight jeans, she must have consented to sex, and sent the case back for retrial. The Italian appeals court consists of 410 men and 10 women justices.

Members of Italy's Lower Chamber of Parliament called on women in Italy to join a "skirt strike" and wear jeans to protest the court ruling. "We thank the court for having enriched women's wardrobes with a new garment. To the business suit and the little black dress, we can now add the anti-rape outfit: a comfortable and resistant pair of jeans," said Stefania Sidoli, a protesting union official.

On Wednesday, March 24, Join
S.A.F.E. (Sexual Assault Facts & Education) and
the Center for Womyn's Concerns in the
fight to stop sexual assault.

Wear blue Jeans In Protest.

Join the 'Take Back the Night' march for
Womyn's Safety. Student Union - 9pm

UNEARTHED ROYALTY: EXPLORING LI'S
HIDDEN 'BURGHERS' FRIEMEAL P6

SHE WANTS COCK: DUBLIN DOWN ON
FRAT BAR BOUNCERS KORNHOLE P4

long island VOID FREE*

a stony brook press parody

WHAT IS UGLY?

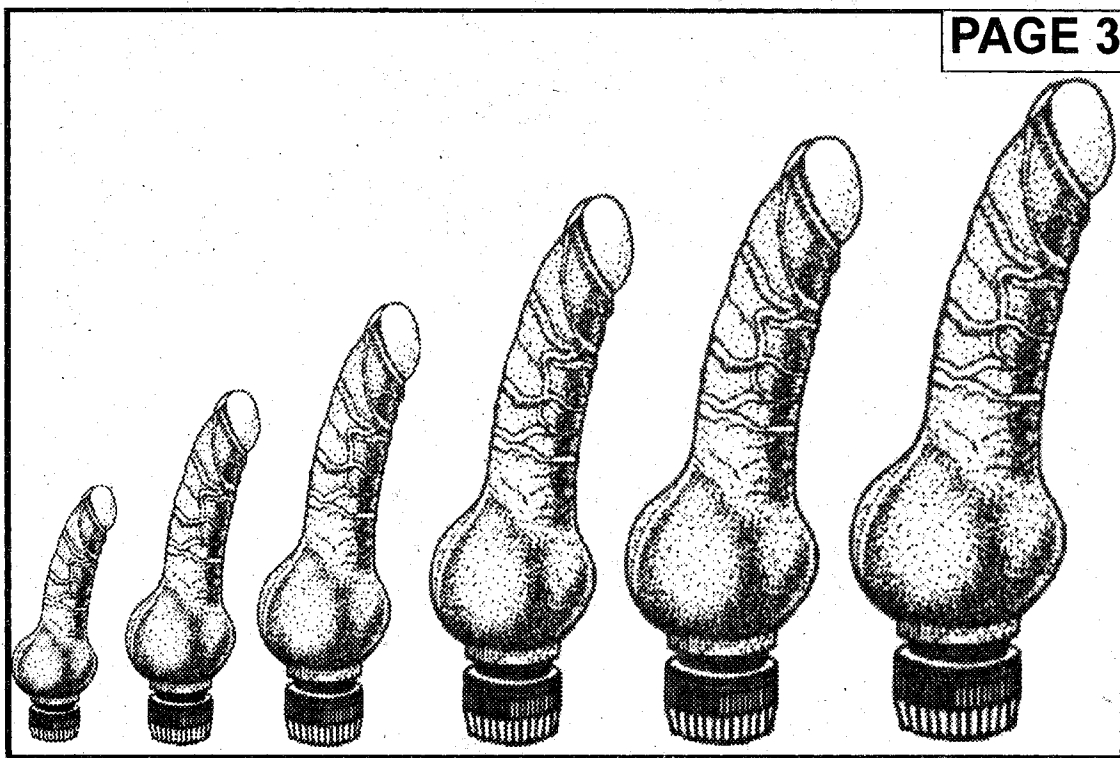
- Our graphic design?
- Desperation?
- Squandered opportunities to do
quality alternative journalism?
- Pus covered scabs?

Long Island Void: Our Story.

GENERAL MILLS P3

*As if we could charge for this piece of shit

"UGLY SEE, UGLY DO." They said only a bunch of dicks would have the balls to do *The Void* on Long Island. They said only a bunch of dicks would violate journalistic principles in order to "support the music scene." They said only a bunch of dicks would risk almost certain financial ruin to publish an "alternative" newspaper on a decidedly "mainstream" island. Well, we're a bunch of dicks. *Story page 3.*



THIS ISLAND EARTH

LIBIDO BITCH

5 Lay It If It Pays by Jennifer Kornhole They say any port in a storm, well she's a port alright
DISH

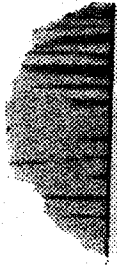
6 Where Burgers Are King by Andrew Friemeal "Hey that food was good, and fast!"
MUSIC

7 Sword of Mordechai by Rod Proust Who says Judaism and representin' ain't synonymous?

THE **Newsday** FILES

Who you callin' a Cox?

When *Newsday* managing editor Howie "Wowie" Zowie was looking for a good, hardworking journalist to help the staff with the long, hard task of covering the Flight 800 tragedy, he pulled his Cox out. Cox got right to work, getting into the tight, dark places ordinary journalists found inaccessible. Pretty soon, Cox headed up his own unit, pushing and pulling his fellow staff members to new heights of excellence. Our Jimmy hats are off to Mr. Cox, a solid rock of competence in a sea of pussies. And, we think his name is funny. And thus, we have demonstrated that we are hipper and cooler than *Newsday*. Ball's in your court, Howie.



Birds protec

By Matthew Cox
ALBANY BUREAU

Albany — Three fishing guides and who admitted playing roles in the slaughter of more than 850 protected birds on Lake Ontario will pay thousands of dollars, spend up to six months confined to their... Yet the state Department of Environment last year received federal perm...

Working at *Newsday* can be hard. Just ask Mr. Cox. Ha! Ha! Are we not funny with the irreverent weekly jab at *Newsday*?

long island

VOID

John Manseamy *Editor in Chief*

Mr. Magoo *Art Director*

EDITORIAL

Valeria G. Mills *Managing Editor*

Andrew Friemeal *Staff Writer*

Best Greenstuff *Deputy News Editor*

Bill Jism *Assistant Editor*

Ivont D' Wiff *Editorial Assistant*

Spacy Albino *Listings Editor*

CONTRIBUTORS

Shirley Strum Kenny's Teta's, Zumpano, Tito Puente, Amsterdam, Vanessa del Rio, The Sweet, Sweet Green Lady, Anika Givens' Fine Ass, Inflated Sense of Self-Importance, One of the Sisters of Mercy (The one who sings, "Hey now, hey now now"), Cock, Functional Bowels, the Indefatigable Dow Jones, the Ghost of H.L. Mencken, N64, Malt Liquor

ART/PRODUCTION

INTERNS

Some kids who no doubtedly go home and try to impress their friends with claims of, "I work at the Long Island Void," all the time not realizing that it's akin to saying, "Hey I got a job at the rest stop on the L.I.E. licking the asses of men on their way home from work."

Greg "Oscar de la" Hoy[a] *Production Coordinator*

SuSu Procsciutti *Ad Designer*

Banana Ramma *Assistant Graphic Designer*

ADMINISTRATION

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Lolita Albicocco, Sharif Alibaba, Patricia Karmacoma, Kirck Cock, Lara Englebird, Steve Lumpo, Philly Del Ray, Slick Rick, Jennier May

ADVERTISING

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Look, if you're still looking for jokes at this point, you really need to get another hobby. I mean, yeah, this is funny and all, and it IS jam-packed with the most scathing satire this side of *The Onion*, but really, people, scanning the entire staff box to suck every last drop of comedy from us? When is enough enough? Week after week, month after month and year after year, we smack dat ass with the jokes, but YOU need to make sure every available inch of space is choked with chuckle-inducing smarm. I'm tired of your needy shit, you fucking punks.

long island

VOID

FREE*

OUR STORY

Q: What is ugly?

A: The steaming pile of shit this paper has become.

By Valeria G. Mills

In the beginning, Manseamy would close his eyes and imagine Newsday publisher Ray Jansen in his mahogany-detailed Melville office, quarterly report on his desk in front of him, clutching a copy of the *Long Island Void* in one hand and an open bottle of heart medication in the other.

He would smile and masturbate a little thinking about the revolution in publishing his paper's arrival on Long Island would herald. "Do it rough, binky!" Manseamy whispered to no one in particular. He was in love with himself, and with the idea of changing journalism on Long Island.

But that was before it all went to shit. Before the endless evenings in the restroom at his Mineola office crying and clawing at his genitals like a howler monkey on cocaine, struggling with the stark, cold reality: his paper sucks.

And now when Manseamy steals away with Kornhole for his weekly pipe cleanin', (how else do you think a barely literate Psi Gamma girl gets a sex column for a corporate newspaper?) it is somehow emptier-void of love, void of passion, void of quality.

The Long Island Void. Oh, rueful ironic fates!

It wasn't always thus.

1996: A CORPORATE DOLLAR AND A DREAM GETS YOU 90 SECONDS ON NEWS 12.

Sternglantzberg Publishing CEO Leonard Sternglantzberg knows a ripe pussy when he sees one. Long Island was swollen and lubricated with wealthy, bored adolescents who didn't always have time to pick up his NYC-based *Village Void*. Looking at potential competition, like *The Island Ear* and *Good Times*, he knew the kids were eager to read something, anything, that would validate their lame-assed suburban tastes. Someone to tell them-in words carefully selected to sound smart-they mattered. Someone to tell them, nay, to reassure them, that 90s Long Island bore little resemblance to the big-haired Zebra-listening Long Island of 1985.

"I'll fuck those little pierced peckers dead," Sternglantzberg said ruefully around the thick wet wrapper of his cigar. He coughed.

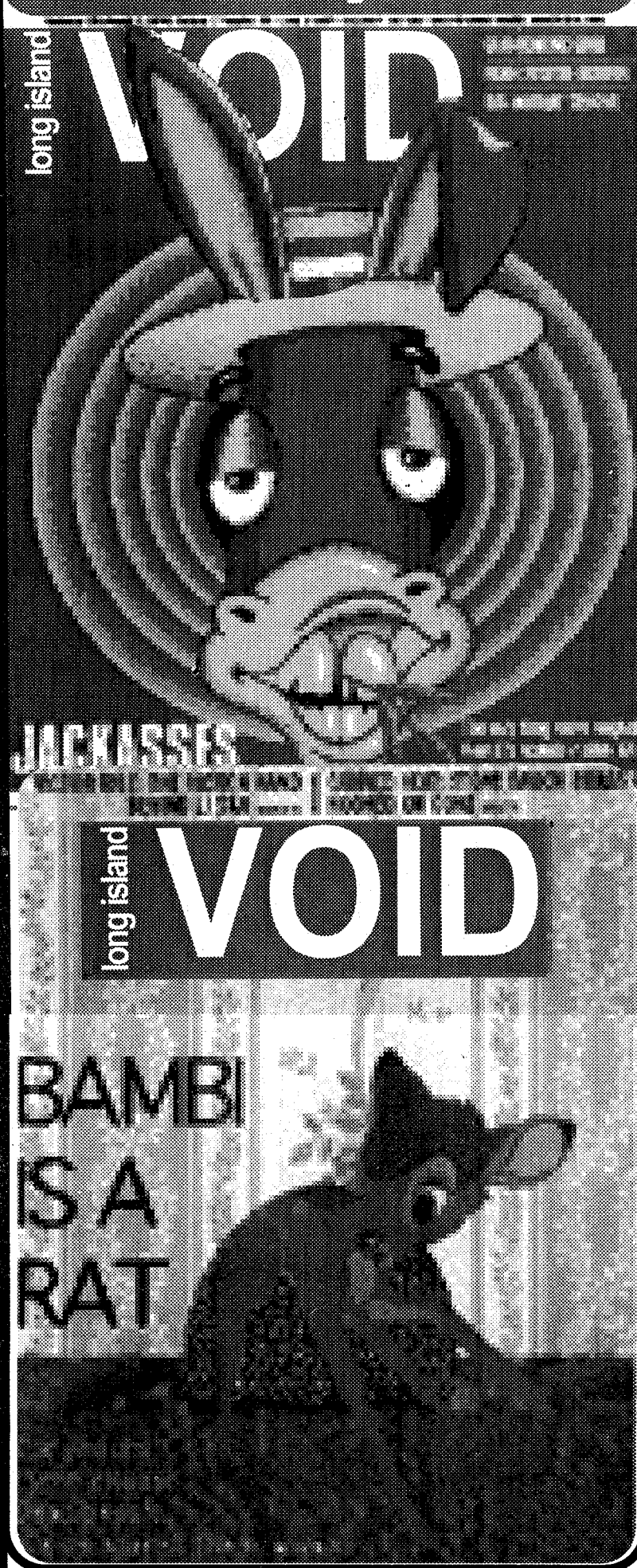
Sternglantzberg knew the mantra: Image is everything, corporate ownership is nothing. Obey your marketing gurus. Hide behind a pink shield of liberalism while doing the same thing the corporate papers do to the conservatives: drum 'em to death with brainwashing and suck their money away with advertising. He assembled the troops for his old-style newspaper brawl, and began publishing *The Long Island Void* in the spring of 1996. "Hey, it worked in Orange County, right?" wheezed Sternglantzberg in between hits from the oxygen tank.

Barbra Streisand oozed softly from the Bose speakers on his desk. "People. People who need people are the luckiest people in the world..."

He needed help. From his rogue's gallery he pulled: John Manseamy, to play Hannibal to this journalistic A-Team; myself as his trusty sidekick in the war against Newsday; Andrew Friemeal, who was tired of eating off his food stamps; Bobby Wallaby, because he had a wicked slick Yo La Tengo CD collection; and Jennifer Kornhole, to suck sloppy cock.

And for extra help they could tap the local college

Our Story Cont.



kids and publish their underdeveloped rants in order to make them feel like they were part of something special. "Those pissant fucks," Sternglantzberg said.

All the local media were contacted and told: Lo, and He Gave Forth an "Alternative" Publication to Challenge the Hegemony of *Newsday*. Look out *Newsday*!

Newsday bit the hook, and spasmed like a frog speared by a scalpel. Almost overnight, they generated an extra weekly section entitled *Night Creep*, in an attempt to compete with these upstart young'uns. Perhaps attempting to emulate *the Void* as closely as possible, this section sucks as well. "We rock so hard," said Issac Oozeman, *Newsday's* resident hipster greaseball extraordinaire. "I'll fuck anything.

[Sigh]

The gauntlet had been tossed, and the sights had been set. The first target: old ladies on the north shore. Nothing was sacred!

THE MISSION

An influx of cash money was needed to fund the war against the New Times Empire, an alternative alternative publication corporation. (Sternglantzberg is currently petitioning to copyright the adjective "alternative"; New Times is similarly seeking to own "alternative infinity.") *The Long Island Void* concept was obvious. There was no competition. Well, that's not entirely true, but the *Ward Melville Picayune* still has to get clearance from Ms. Stimple, the journalism advisor, to publish off-campus. Sternglantzberg was in! "Well, obviously, my kids would blow their little fishwrap out of the water, but we teach our students not to pick fights with retards, er, special people," said Ms. Stimple.

The mission was simple. Cover stories *Newsday* didn't cover. That included tales of fat guys on the beach, meandering ruminations on the nature of beauty, following ska on Long Island for eight days (what's One Groovy Coconut doing tonight?), covering "cutting edge" trends like goth clothing and piercing and endless treatises on uninspired local music emulating similarly uninspired trends elsewhere in the country.

The paper had to establish its alterna-cred, so, naturally, it picked fights with *Newsday*, Long Island's hopelessly un-hip, matronly mainstream. Internal strife at Long Island's hometown paper? Publish it and air their dirty laundry! After all, it's all in the name of "alternative journalism." They so crazy!

And that trend-setting "Newsday Files." Oh, the gut-busting fits of chortling our brave, unflinching look at their weekly imperfections inspire! That'll teach 'em to publish corrections! "I have been so emasculated by the constant quips and gibes directed at my paper from *The Long Island Void* that I

can no longer engage in sexual relations with my wife," said one *Newsday* editor who declined to give his name. "And there's only so much a toothbrush and shoehorn can do."

To further ally itself with Strong Island's cool alterna-kids, the paper adopted a policy of not printing negative commentary on the local music scene. With all the logic of a 15-year-old 'zine publisher at a PWAC show, the editors described a desire to "help support the scene" when defending such an obviously knuckle-headed editorial policy. "It's all about the U to the N to the I to the T to the Y, youknowhudi'm-sayin'?" bragged Manseamy.

When asked whether any form of art could thrive without active and honest criticism, Manseamy

stared blankly for a moment before replying,

"Gotta support the scene."

Constant, unwavering support for local bands such as Scab, Irma's Bluefish, Three-Man Opportunity and Lesbians' Favorite is at the core of what the *Long Island Void* is trying to do. Not mentioning that staff writer Michael Giacobbalone happens to sing for the aforementioned clam-slapping menage-a-tois is just part of the paper's "kooky incestuous circle" charm!

The importance of the music side of *the Void* can't be understated. Office lore has it that Manseamy once punched the music editor, Wallaby, square in his man-tits, after refusing his proposal to go in-depth and on tour with the Good Rats for the 17th time. In fact, the staff takes turns pantsing Wallaby at the weekly staff meetings, in an effort to keep the Meatballs-style lunacy the paper is known for alive and kicking.

THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL

Nothing good lasts forever, and gradually it dawned upon us: we were soulless motherfuckers. It's not that we didn't try. Truth be told, the paper sometimes succeeded and published a vital, previously untold story and brought light to an issue that needed addressing, such as the secrecy of local government officials.

But those stories were soon few and far between. Exposés on Long Island Rockabilly fans and artistic navel lint soon dominated the *Long Island Void's* content. It's reputation amongst Long Island's hip, swing-clubbin' goth-prommin' skallywags was cemented: *The Void* sucked like a two-dollar ho with a five-dollar bill in her hands.

Soon, fresh fish aficionados could be informed as to what was going on at the Neptune Club in the Hamptons this weekend when their Mahi Mahi got wrapped in an issue. The paper became essential - to thrifty Long Islanders.

"I find that if I tear out only Jennifer Kornhole's columns and make a pile of them, they suck up twice as much urine as a Yankee Trader or a Suffolk Life," said Walter Sports, puppy tender at the Puppy Hut in Sayville. "But it doesn't cling to shit too good. Must be jam-packed already."

"It's free, so we line the booths with it," said Dick Mustache, owner of Route 110 Sexeteria.

"When my 'rhoids get to bleedin', the newsprint really soaks up the blood. And if I'm careful, I can mask it in the red of the Void flag on the cover," said Boxcar Freddy, a bum.

Lord Titticaca, a mental patient at Creedmore psychiatric hospital said, "Makes a good blanket. Where's Angela?"

But not everyone is so welcoming to the Void's unique brand of pseudo-journalism.

"Get that shit out my store, you fuck mothers!" said Ali Kabam, the clerk at Stinkavhad-Ghita, a shop that sells incense sticks and perfume.

"Hey, is this gonna be in that paper? Can you give that Jennifer Kornhole my number? I'd give her a column, if you know what I mean," said Vinnie D'Abruzzese, a Babylon plumber.

And ever since, if you listen closely at Manseamy's office door you can hear the sobs, and the sniffles and the occasional disconsolate whimper. The sound of defeat. The sound of a man broken by the knowledge of what could have been versus the reality of what is. There is a special place in Hell for the hack.

"[Sniffle] Kill me," pleaded Manseamy. "MY SOUL IS A BLACK PIT! STOP THE FLIES! MOTHER! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, VALERIA! I KNOW THE CONSPIRACY OF YOUR SECRET PLACE, YOU CUNNING BITCH! [SNIFF, SNIFF] YOU SMELL OF BLOOD AND ORANGES! TOO MUCH PRESSURE! I'M GAGGING, MR. STERNGLANTZBERG!"

A twitch, a furtive glance and poof, he's gone, Daddy, gone.