

The  
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Brook

# PRESS

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The University Community's Feature Paper

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## Generation Who?



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# Starving for Attention

By Molly A. Murphy

Many of us are aware that there are homeless and hungry. They live in the streets and in alleys collecting boxes or cans, or perhaps just wandering and asking for change. We see them from cars, sitting on the sidewalks and frightening us in the subways, but do we know anything about them? How many of us think daily about those who are less fortunate than ourselves?

Dominick Miserandino, an active humanitarian, has been doing just that. Having been introduced to the idea of working with the homeless through an Eagle project for the Boy Scouts several years ago, he has continued the tradition every year by organizing the Stony Brook University Drive for the Needy. He has ventured into the streets of poverty and learned of misfortune firsthand. He has seen the 'towns' of the homeless and witnessed their survival techniques. He knows the tragedy of abandoned children.

Not only has this concerned R.A. of Toscanini expanded the drive within the University, but he has also included "the

hospital, faculty, students, and the neighboring community." His diligence has been effective after collecting "over 1000 cans of food, about 750 units of dry food, upwards of 500 units of clothing, and over \$300 worth of school supplies."

Where do these supplies go? They are distributed among the Helping Hand Mission in Huntington, L.I., STA Reach-Out Program in NYC (which goes out once a month to feed the hungry directly), and the New Ground in Brentwood ("which helps children obtain the materials and opportunities to further their education"). Clothing, food (pre-wrapped and unopened), medicine products (over the counter, pre-wrapped and unopened), bathroom supplies, and school supplies (notebooks, pens, pencils, and bookbags) are very much needed for this drive to fulfill the needs of the deprived.

He is willing to come to you; all you have to do is arrange for him to pick up your donations. Volunteer, give support, or just call Dominick at (516) 632-3584. We can all help and, as he says, "It needs to be done and one person can make a difference."



## "Even Though You're Straight, I'm Here if You Want to Talk"

Jennifer DiMarco comes to Stony Brook with Wit and Wisdom

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum

On October 7th the young lesbian author Jennifer DiMarco came to Stony Brook and spoke about her life and work on her first promotional tour. At nineteen years old she already has eight self-published novels and two children's books out on the market, with many more to come within the next year. She is proud of her accomplishments—her new fantasy/lesbian romance novel *Escape To The Wind* made it to the New York Times bestseller list and knocked *Jurassic Park* out of first place for two weeks. "[Seattle] readers don't want hype or rhetoric—they want truth," she explained to the audience. She has also written a stage play about HIV and the human relationship called *At The Edge*.

The Seattle native DiMarco is a rugged individual, a "woman warrior" with impish blue eyes in a body too small to hold her spirit. Her unconventional hairstyle and mode of dress reflect her nonconformist attitude toward gender roles and authority. Quick-witted and eloquent, she can weave a tale as easily

as Rumpelstiltskin could turn straw into gold. DiMarco and her younger sister were raised by lesbian parents, but she claims that the kids at school teased her more for being a writer than her alternative lifestyle. She had built up a strong fence of humor and began writing to deal with the pain of brutal discrimination and the loss of a dear friend to Hodgkin's Disease. Her first novel, *Sarah's Dead*, is loosely based on this relationship. She wrote it in 1989 when she was sixteen years old in reaction to the homophobia caused by people's ignorance about the AIDS virus and, more specifically, the propa-



ganda spewed by her high school health teacher. She had learned to be suspicious of authority at an early age and decided to learn about AIDS and HIV through her friends who either had it or knew someone who did. Her stage play *At The Edge* deals with this theme more deeply, using only two characters in love—a poet and her relationship with a carpenter who is HIV-positive. Di Marco had intended for both characters to be women but eventually agreed to heterosexual and homosexual versions as well. The main point of the story is that even the strong can get AIDS and that gender roles do not define who we are.

DiMarco learned about the internal prejudice of the gay and lesbian community when she sent copies of *Escape to the Wind* to alternative publishing houses and received many rejection slips from them. They told her to change her anti-heroine Tyger from black to white, and to make her "more like a woman". However, what really infuriated Di Marco was that they also told her to take out the dedication to her lover because of her Japanese name! Their reasoning was if a Japanese name appeared

in the book people would refuse to buy it because "the Japanese are taking away our jobs". Di Marco refused to "sell out" and continued to write the trilogy "just for her".

Her favorite authors include Toni Morrison, Alice Walker and Virginia Woolf. (It was "good karma" that on the same day of Di Marco's talk Toni Morrison won the Nobel Prize for Literature.) Di Marco likes stories with a diversity of characters, with main characters that are not necessarily "white". "Only a coward hates," she said in regard to the Klansmen at the Fresno Gay Pride Parade. Boldly she marched in front of the television cameras wearing nothing but a sports bra to prove that she did not have to wear a bulletproof vest if she could defend herself verbally. "I'm a teenager—that's why I think I'm immortal," she chuckled.

For Jennifer DiMarco, the four qualities a person needs to make their dreams come true are power, strength, courage and pride. She eventually plans to get married and "raise little warriors" in the spirit of her parents, but for now all she wants to do is write. When she is not writing she is a construction worker with two homes—one in Seattle and one in Ohio. She does not have a high school diploma, which proves that education does not create talent, intellect or superiority, and it will be she who does the educating with imagination, love, humor and the grit of real-life experience.

# Your Laundry and You

By Germ Blandxton

So you finally made it away from mom and dad. Independence feels great, you're on your own and like it. Unfortunately, two months have passed. Piles of clothes in your room are starting to get in your way. Worse still, fewer and fewer of them are passing the ritual "sniff test". You get odd looks from people who notice not only that peculiar rank smell you're cultivating, but the fact that you've been wearing the same clothes all week.

But mom always did the laundry back home, didn't she? You wonder, "What am I going to do, spend good money that could be used in drunken debauchery to do laundry?" Think about it, if you don't do something quick, you might not have any friends left. Then you'll be the same lonely geek you were in high school. You remember what that was like? Yeah, only Mom and Dad aren't around to play Parcheesi anymore.

As a last resort, if you're a guy and you have a girlfriend, you can try asking her to do your laundry. If she's the sappy romantic type, she might do it for you, and then start talking about how wonderful it will be when she can do "our" laundry. Then again, if she's not, you may have to find another girlfriend. Think about it, now doesn't doing your own laundry sound more sensible?

Doing your laundry yourself can be an emotionally fulfilling part of everyone's life. It's relatively painless, inexpensive (compared to sending your laundry out), and you get a chance to gain valuable hands-on experience with major household appliances. Mom would be proud of you, and your roommate will be sufficiently placated that he/she can walk across your room on the actual floor. This will stop them from complaining for an interval of four or five weeks, depending on their sense of smell and your bathing habits.

While individual techniques differ, the basic technology involved in washing clothes has remained the same since the invention of the electric washing

machine and dryer. It involves the use of a washing machine and dryer, detergent, and, obviously, the offensive clothes.

Find a washing machine and dryer. If you don't have one available, you will be forced to find a Laundromat. Laundromats are a great place to meet people who are experienced at washing clothes. Talk to a few of the old-timers, they can offer help to the novice, as well as amusing facts and anecdotes regarding laundry. Usually at least one person will tell an uproariously funny story about the sock that got away.

If you're doing laundry on campus, be sure to have an ample amount of quarters beforehand, since Stony Brook has taken the intelligent precaution of not placing a change machine within half a mile of anywhere it would be even slightly useful. The average damages will be about a



buck fifty for soggy but smooth sheets, or two twenty-five if you prefer your laundry dry and wrinkled. If you're low on cash, try seeking a grant from the NEA for performance art.

Be aware that if no one is in the laundry room, the machines are being used, and you will have to remove someone else's laundry to use a machine. Simply abandoning your laundry is risky behavior and ill advised. It's better to stay with

your laundry and not risk losing that sweater Grammy knit you. Bring a book, or invite some friends. If they're like you, they probably could benefit from your example.

One of the most important items in washing clothes is some sort of detergent. Sidestepping the furor of debate between rival manufacturers, it must be stressed that the best detergent is the newest, most improved, and (lest we forget) cheapest. But before you go out and actually buy anything, see if your roommate has any. Odds are, he/she might have left it in a conspicuous place for you to find it by now. If not, check in their closet, or rummage through their drawers. Try to ignore any embarrassing personal hygiene products or porno magazines you might come across. You should respect your roommate's privacy

after all. Make a mental note though if there is anything which could be used to blackmail your roommate for detergent, or money to buy detergent with. Remember, the best things in life are free, and that makes free laundry products the best available, hands down.

Washing your laundry in the nineties has become a bit tricky with the advent of political correctness. But the sixties were even worse. A former high school teacher once told me how he was nearly run out of town for doing his laundry for the first time in the South. Evidently there was a misunderstanding in regard to the signs denoting Colored and White laundry. He was summarily questioned by a local klansman folding hood and gown, as to just what kind of city-folk trouble he was trying to stir in the otherwise peaceful community. The times have changed, but segregation of

laundry is still a touchy subject. While some argue that separating whites is a sensible tradition, others feel that times have changed and separating clothes by color is an outdated practice and should be abandoned. Regardless, when doing laundry, be aware that you may also be making a political statement.

You've got laundry, detergent, a machine, and plenty of quarters. Great! Now throw the laundry in the washer and pour a decent amount of detergent in there, and start the machine according to the appropriate setting. (Important note: Always remember that with detergent, a little can go a long way. Always use common sense when handling detergent. If you are unsure of the correct quantity, read the label. You don't want to end up like that Brady rerun where Bobby ended up with a room full of suds.)

You're halfway there. Remove the clothes and place them in the dryer. Dryers are the Bermuda Triangles of major appliances. Many socks have simply disappeared without a trace never to be seen again. There are two schools of thought on this phenomenon. Anthropologists have traced the disappearances to bizarre rituals practiced by many ancient civilizations in which a token piece of laundry was sacrificed to ensure the blessings of certain household gods. Scientists disagree and point to the controversial Whirlpool tests of the nineteen-thirties which indicated the possibility of a toroidal disturbance in space-time in which socks theoretically exist in a perpetual time-frame fifteen minutes ahead of ours, utterly unretrievable. For unknown reasons the tests were abruptly halted and the results destroyed. The tests have never been duplicated and the question of whether or not the sock would be dry remains unanswered. Contrary to popular belief, tying the socks together only results in the disappearance of both socks.

When that buzzer rings, the clothes should be checked for water retention, and, if needed, another cycle in the dryer. When done, carry to a convenient place and if you feel really up to it, fold it.

## Week-Old News

By John Schneider

The referendum to require members of the Polity Executive Council to maintain a 2.5 or greater GPA was changed to a 2.3 GPA. In support of the referendum, Jerry Canada remarked, "The issue is in here (Polity), let the students decide." Later he also pondered whether the media had blown this issue up, citing a lack of negative comments from students and the support of those he had talked to. After changing the referendum, the entire issue was dragged through the mud, slapped around, and debated to a pulp-like consistency resembling mashed potatoes once again. Those against the referendum were questioned as to whether they were worried about their own GPA's rather than representing the best interests of the student

body, making their task of removing the referendum even more difficult. Crystal Plati stressed the fact that the referendum if passed would be discriminatory and unconstitutional. The referendum particularly discriminated against non-traditional students such as those who comprise SAINTS. Furthermore, it violated the rights of students who had paid a student activity fee to participate in Polity. This opened the question of whether involvement in student government is a right or privilege, and the extent to which grades were a measurement of leadership abilities.

In response, supporters pointed out that those participating in sports programs are required to maintain a 2.3 GPA. It was further argued that as an academic institution, Polity should reflect this fact, and that a self-regulating action such as this would

bring added respect to the organization. The need to stress academics before involvement in student government was summed up dramatically by David Sashua when he said, "...the point of order of this referendum is education, education, education." The importance of allowing students to choose for themselves what requirements members of Polity should have was emphasized. As the votes were counted, the referendum stood and has now been passed on by Polity to the competent student body of Stony Brook to decide. If this referendum is supported by students it will hopefully eliminate any embarrassments to Polity regarding the GPA's of Senators and increase the credibility of Polity among both the administration and the student body as intended.

In other news, Crystal Plati announced

that Leg presidents who do not attend the next Presidents Forum will be in danger of having their buildings' budgets frozen. Provisions were being made to ensure that all presidents would be informed of the scheduled meetings. A motion was passed to place a fifty cent proactive increase in the student activity fee to fund the blood drive. The blood drive committee is hoping to make the October 27th blood drive even more successful than last year's. Similarly, COCA also was placed on a referendum to increase the fee another fifty cents. The funds will go to the acquisition of new equipment and to cover increased operational costs. The organization hopes to obtain newly-released films in the future, but lacks both the funding and equipment it would need to do so, and this goal is not expected to be attained immediately.

# Give Yeltsin a Break (for now)

When Mikhail Gorbachev, the last of the Russian Soviet leaders to gain power through the old system, fell; there was a terrible apprehension in the West that the country would tumble into chaos, and that the military might of the second-to-last superpower would be up for grabs. But we got lucky in the person of one Boris Yeltsin. Under the banner of democracy, Yeltsin has presided over the once-unthinkable breakup of the Soviet Union, championed the cause of market reforms and capitalism, and managed to avert a civil war in the process. Until recently, that is. Little more than a week ago, the air of vociferous, but peaceful, protest was shattered, perhaps forever, with the storming of the Russian Parliament.

Has Yeltsin become a dictator? Has Russia again entered a phase of strong-armed government and abandoned all pretense of democracy? If so, is that bad? These questions, unfortunately, have multiple answers, depending upon whom you ask, and the ramifications of this development for the U.S. and the rest of the world are beyond forecasting.

Russia is a country in deep crisis; it needs managing and direction if it is ever to get its house in order and become a functioning member of the world community. This was impossible so long as Yeltsin and his parliament were at loggerheads over nearly every issue. We complain in this country of the gridlock that paralyzes our government due to executive conflict with the legislature, and rightly so, but we already have laws and governmental institutions in place which will continue to run the country during delays in the construction and passage of new programs. Russia must rebuild its infrastructure from the

ground up; every day lost in doing so makes its situation worse. If Yeltsin is to get things done, he is probably best served by the dissolution of his parliament.

Yeltsin is as close as the Russians have to a charismatic leader. It is not his policies that his countrymen support, otherwise they would have elected like-minded people as legislators. They do, however, like the stability that he represents. There is a large amount of fear and uncertainty among the Russian people about what economic reforms will mean to their country and themselves. They have become well-educated in Marxist dialectic over the past 80 years, and know what happens to a member of a capitalistic community who has no capital—he is exploited ruthlessly. Russia has no capital.

Had the parliamentarians held the reins of the Russian military, and won the day from Yeltsin, a quite different picture would have emerged in the media than the one currently being circulated. Their support was derived from tactics meant to turn their constituents' minds away from the realities of their situation—i.e. that their country is beyond bankruptcy, and needs desperately to change course. They appealed to nationalist sympathies, regional separatism, and intolerance to swing voters their way. They compared the current state of the country to the greatness of Russia past, and called Yeltsin a traitor for giving autonomy to the former Soviet republics. High on their agenda is getting them back into the fold. A victory for them would have almost certainly meant untold conflict and instability which would have jeopardized the development of Eastern Europe, and brought the Cold War back in full force.

A return to a command economy would have likewise spelled disaster for Russia, on the domestic front. Without any real, hard-currency demand, its inefficient and obsolete state-run enterprises would be impossible to revive, and the country would plunge ever-deeper into economic hell. Since most of Yeltsin's opposition is composed of former communists and nationalists, the inevitable result would be a real relapse into totalitarianism, not the seemingly pragmatic suspension of the democratic process currently in effect.

On the other hand, it is possible that Yeltsin is as corrupt as any of them. He may be running the economy to benefit his friends (like a certain former U.S. president), or he may be attempting to consolidate his power without alienating the countries that provide him with much-needed foreign aid, at which time he will metamorphose into a reincarnation of Stalin.

Notwithstanding these objections, we cannot afford to see what happens in a desperate and unstable nation with tens of thousands of nuclear warheads, simply in the name of democracy. Especially heartening is Yeltsin's unpopular course, which seems to be long-range in outlook and principled according to real-world economics, leaving little room for doubt that his real intention is the good of Russia. There are many problems in Russia, problems that will keep its economy stagnant for years to come, and its less diligent and adaptable citizens restive. But the eventual outcome may well be an economically self-sufficient nation, one that will not need to pursue imperialist goals in the interest of either economic or domestic stability.

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## BULLFIGHT NAKED

The Press welcomes your viewpoints and letters. They should be no longer than 500 and 250 words, respectively. Handwritten submissions will be used for compost.

## Letters

### Our President and the Undergraduates

To the Editor:

President Marburger spent 13 years as our President and accomplished many extraordinary feats. Yet, many would say the undergraduate status has not risen with the rest of the university.

Since 1980, this university has grown and matured in leaps and bounds. When we examine the structure of the university, there are 3 areas that represent all of the "Brook." They are the Graduate level research programs, the University Hospital, and the undergraduate body. Each of these need much attention, but only 2 received the attention they deserved. The undergraduate experience has developed into a weak link for the university.

Marburger expressed this idea in his final State of the

University address. He looked back at the university in 1980 and how far it has come under his reign. He recognized the vast improvements in research and the significance the hospital has upon the university. He expressed grave concern for the "undergraduate experience." Marburger said it best with "We must teach science more.....Research is important, but our primary function is teaching."

Throughout the 80's the University Hospital has grown from nothing to the largest hospital in Suffolk County and the most specialized hospital on Long Island. It is cheapest Medical School in the nation, making it one of the hardest to be accepted into. The Hospital produces some of the best medical research on the East coast.

The graduate level research programs are the focus of all the departments. The majority of professors are here to do their basic research and publish. This university is known for its good and solid research in all areas, especially sci-

ence. We now spend 84 million dollars a year in research. Nobody can deny that we lead the SUNY system and Long Island in research efforts.

The undergraduate experience is lacking in several aspects. First, we have big classes and if they are small, then they're closed out. Second, we have no school spirit of any sort and this is no college town. Third, the residential halls are decrepit and uncomfortable, however there is a new effort in progress to correct this.

We can all hope that the State University at Stony Brook will continue to mature. Much has been accomplished and must still be done to continue this process. President Marburger did well with two strengths but waited too long for the undergraduate experience. I ask that our new president confront this problem head on and bring the "Brook" to a new level.

--Lee Gundel

# Along the Color Line: March on Washington, D.C.--An Assessment

Part two of a two part series.

By Manning Marable

The sun towering above the crowd in Washington, D.C. late last month was brutal. By noon, the temperature reached into the nineties, and a dull haze obscured the long view from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial back toward the towering Washington Monument. Tens of thousands of marchers clustered in hundreds of different groups, carrying posters, colorful banners, and signs of all kinds. Veterans from the previous Marches on Washington in 1963 and 1983 embraced each other, and recalled the triumphs and tragedies of their political past.

Although there was spontaneous singing and chanting in unison, the noise from the crowd was muted by the high humidity and overwhelming heat. The U.S. Park Police estimated at 3:30 p.m. that the crowd numbered some 75,000 people. NAACP leader Ben Chavis placed the size of the demonstration at 200,000. As I stood at the foot of the podium, looking back upon the waves of people, I roughly judged the gathering at 100,000, at least. But regardless of the specific numbers, the crowd was certainly one of the largest political demonstrations led by African Americans in the twentieth century. People had come to bear witness to memory, and to find the road back toward a new militancy.

One sign of this occurred at the very beginning of the public addresses. As Eleanor Holmes Norton was speaking, the security perimeter which separated the large crowd from the speakers' tent and the media was breached. Over one thousand marchers tumbled forward onto the small seating area near the platform, and at the base of the Lincoln Memorial steps. Symbolically, at least, the vast distance between the "leaders" and "followers" was at one accidental stroke eliminated.

The 1963 March on Washington's program had contained only thirteen speakers. By contrast, thirty years later, over sixty people were scheduled to take the podium. The spectrum of speakers crossed racial, ethnic, gender and ideological boundaries: actresses Eartha Kitt and Halle Berry; John Sweeney, President of the Service Employees International Union; Marian Wright Edleman, President, Children's Defense Fund; Phil Wilson, Director of Public Policy of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force; William Gray, President of the United Negro College Fund; Cardinal James Hickey, of the U.S. Catholic Conference on Justice; Jose Valez, President of the League of United Latin American Citizens; Senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell of Colorado, A Native American; Norman Hill of the A. Philip Randolph Institute; John Jacob, National Urban League; Jose Serrano, the Chairman of the Congressional Hispanic Caucus; and Kwesi Mfume, Chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus.

The major speakers included Coretta Scott King, AFL-CIO leader Lane Kirkland, SCLC leader Joe Lowery, and Chavis. The most dramatic presentation was delivered, not surprisingly, by Jesse Jackson. Drawing parallels between 1963 and 1993, Jackson observed that, in both periods, a "conservative Congress" and a "young president" had failed to "deliver" on their promises to black people. Jackson demanded new federal initiatives for reform, including full employment legislation, an end to police brutality and racism within the criminal justice system, and the adoption of "a single-payer national health care plan that makes health care a right for everyone." He explicitly denounced Clinton's North American Free Trade Agreement as a treaty "that will drag our workers down, and drain our jobs South." Jackson urged activists to go forward "to build new structures for freedom, new vehicles for hope in our quest to redeem the soul of America."

The major controversy to erupt at the March was the refusal by March organizers to permit black nationalist Louis Farrakhan to speak. Back on August 13, Rabbi David Saperstein of the Religious Action Center of Reform Judaism issued a "confidential and personal" fax to the top leaders of the mobilization—King, Fauntroy, Jackson, Chavis, and others. Saperstein observed that hundreds of Jewish organizations and synagogues throughout the northeastern states were going to be contacted to participate in the March. Unfortunately, Saperstein commented, two "major problems have arisen" which might culminate in the withdrawal of "all of the Jewish groups." Saperstein had been informed that "a tentative decision was made yesterday to invite Rev. Louis Farrakhan. I don't need to tell you," he noted, "what a devastating blow this would be to the solidarity of the coalition supporting the March." Saperstein also opposed the decision "to extend invitations to representatives of the Palestinian and Israeli peace delegations to speak." Although NAACP officials and other March leaders refused to comment directly on the Saperstein memo, some kind of discussion occurred between the principals over the potential controversy. A decision was reached not to permit Louis Farrakhan to speak. Even activists who are critical of Farrakhan expressed surprise at this decision, especially considering that he been permitted to speak at the 1983 March on Washington. Despite this controversy, the March accomplished its major objective—revitalizing the spirit of activism in black America.

*Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Political Science, and Director of the African-American Studies Institute, at Columbia University, New York City. "Along the Color Line" is featured in over 250 publications and on 75 radio stations internationally.*

## Beating them into Nutrition

By David Yaseen

We've upped the ante in Somalia, and sent 10,000 troops in to remove Aidid and beat the Somalis into nutrition. Well, sort of. It's obvious that we have an ulterior objective, one that even Mr. I-really-care-about-you Clinton feels is both too important to give up to keep our soldiers from being killed, and too unsightly to come clean about. We have two such objectives, actually. The first is oil. Somalia has it, and we want it. The second is geopolitical positioning. The New World Order has become quite tricky, and requires diligent policing. Somalia borders upon the Red Sea, allowing whoever holds it to control shipping through the Suez Canal, and also providing a base from which the U.S. can defend Saudi Arabia and keep an eye on the Middle East.

No one in this country believes that even such an affront to our pride as the footage of hooting Somalis dragging one of "our boys" bodies through the street is a reason to begin a war of any kind, especially given the official line that we're there to: a) feed the people, and b) to set up a stable government. But we don't have much of a problem with starvation in other countries, and

Bosnia is a shining example of our indifference to world governmental stability.

We have no legitimate business being there, and no right to begin an expensive and dangerously underhanded enterprise in any event. So why won't Clinton come clean? The media had been primed for this ever since our initial involvement in Somalia, with the painting of General Aidid as some petty warlord, and a mere irritant to be excised. Of course, this was not true; it seems that he has a sizable amount of power, and the balls to use it against the most powerful military machine in the world. Gone are the pictures of the starving, and in their place is a collection of grainy photos of American P.O.W.'s and the now-famous footage of the Dance of the Downed Helicopter.

This is a major breach of faith on the part of our president, and one for which he should be, in no uncertain terms, called to account. Probably our lack of response to this travesty of leadership derives from the shock that a man elected to his position as a humanitarian would try to pull this kind of stunt, with a straight face, no less. We will find out more, no doubt, when the congressional

supporters of this action come forward. Will they be from states or districts with large oil industries? Will they be from areas now smarting from military downsizing? We will soon find out, and some of the answers to these questions will no doubt be surprising.

What is even more startling is how indifferent we, as a country, have become to the deployment of our military forces since the Persian Gulf War. As that conflict began to escalate, horrified speculation swept through the country and the media, raising the spectre of Vietnam and Americans in body bags. That was a case in which a coherent argument could at least be made in favor of our actions. Now, when the Administration, utterly bereft of justification, simply notifies the country that our soldiers are going to Somalia, and will be there for up to six months, our voices are largely mute.

Is this the wave of the future? Will we supplement our foreign policy with troops and tanks whenever the mood strikes, all the while harping about human suffering, rights and justice? The deployment of our soldiers in Somalia is hypocrisy of the highest order, and must not be allowed to proceed.

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# Making Government Work

By John Schneider

While Health Care and the past budget have garnered much attention from the press, little has been said of the Administration's plans to reorganize government. Along with Health care reform, reorganization, if put into effect, will create a legacy of changes in how the government works. Al Gore has been put in charge of putting together a proposal for Congress which will be discussed in a "town meeting" June 25.

The proposals have left some Republican heads spinning from the thought of "spend-happy" democrats trying to decrease waste in government bureaucracy. Some are giving their support in an effort to get rid of government waste, which was also a target of the failed Grace Report during the Reagan administration. The Carter administration's efforts to improve productivity and decrease waste were equally ineffective.

This time around, the focus is on transforming government from a top-down bureaucracy to a more entrepreneurial government by introducing new technology and management techniques. Goals include improving communication and creating "one stop shopping" for information on programs available by decreasing the amount of overlap in government agencies. The latter would involve proposals such as giving management more authority in regard to hiring, promotion, and procurement, breaking down of the federal purchasing system, and creating new pay classifications.

Ironically, Congress is exempt from any of the effects of restructuring. This means that no dent would be made in the staggering 2.8 billion dollar legislative budget, which has skyrocketed over the past twenty

years. Beyond the problems involved in getting Congress itself to restructure government, strong opposition can be expected from federal labor unions. Despite being asked for their input, it is surmised that they are wary of giving support to any large-scale changes.

While creating a more efficient government is not a new idea, what is interesting about the new push for reform is its ties with Total Quality Management. Efforts have been sparked by encouraging results in state and city governments, as well as in companies such as Ford, Motorola, Florida Power and Light and others. The United States Navy has instituted TQM since the early eighties, with promising results.

So it is that W. Edward Deming has become a significant name among those seeking government reform. While his name has until now received attention mostly among a following of business managers, in Japan it has been well known for many years. In fact, many give Deming credit for being a key force in the post-war rebuilding of Japan's economy.

Deming's background is in statistics. He credits Walter A. Shewhart and his experiences at the Bell Telephone Laboratories as one of his greatest influences. His ideas go beyond the use of statistics, however, to the extent of creating a philosophy of business management that embraces the need for continual improvement in quality. This goal is embodied in his "fourteen points" which provide a blueprint which stresses the need for constancy of purpose, the minimization of waste through systems for improvement and efficiency, and the fostering of leaders in lieu of mere managers. It stresses the need to end wasteful

we are in a time of diminishing hopes, we dream of how to reclaim our past. Luckily this time, progress won't have as much of an environmental impact.

Deming abhors competition from within companies, advocating strong links between companies and their suppliers. Yet his theories are aimed at producing competitiveness. The monopoly is seen as an efficient form which, properly used, can offer consumers higher quality and cheaper prices. Call it a benevolent monopoly if you will. But the monopoly can also be abused as it has in the past, to stagnate improvement and maintain a status quo that offers little for consumers.

One of the biggest problems with Total Quality Management is that it requires complete change. It makes the task at hand a matter of not just changing the systems in government, but converting those involved in almost a religious sense. This, particularly in the government world of bureaucracy, cannot be taken lightly. For all its efforts and preaching, the Clinton administration still must strive to make changes in individuals.

There are also questions about what this new philosophy will do to the status of the individual in his relationship to society. The need for cooperation makes membership in a group and active participation important. But, as Plato pointed out, membership in a group can degenerate into following a herd mentality. While Deming tries to emphasize the positive effects of workers being proud of their work when management gives them more say, the question arises as to whether life is more than job satisfaction. While pride and enjoyment in ones work is better than when it is absent, aren't we more than workers?

The Clinton administration has been the first to offer more than lip service to the idea that now is the time to pay the Piper, now is the time to start investing in a future. But this too, carried to extremes, is problematic. The fact is that "now" matters. With an ever-increasing deficit, change can be seen as our only hope, but a careful assessment must be made before we devote resources to razing the structures of government, even if the benefits are as great and necessary as they seem.

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competition within companies, and to foster cooperation.

One of the most important innovations is the idea of building quality into systems rather than weeding defects out afterwards. This results in a more efficient use of resources. Most importantly the philosophy involves using savings from this increased efficiency to reinvest and improve the workings of the company. This requires that it adopt Deming's philosophy for a long term commitment.

The idea of improvement is reminiscent of the concept of progress characteristic of the period immediately subsequent to World War II. It is interesting to note the similarities between the promise of a "better tomorrow through technology" in the fifties and sixties, and this new promise of a "better tomorrow through better management techniques." The idea must strike a familiar chord to those who grew up in that time period and are now in office. As the country was growing it was rife with ideas of a better tomorrow. Gradually, our thoughts became more self-centered, peaking in the "now" emphasis of the nineteen eighties. Now that

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# Generation X

By Sensate Mass

Fin du siècle. Fin du millennium. Postmodernism, deconstructionism, the end of ideology, the end of ecology. This is the world bequeathed to us. But are we in any sense a group? Do we agree on anything? Do we move as a unit? We owe this label to the media, which, despite its proliferation, attempts to save time and mental effort through simplification. The habit of pasting a moniker upon a demographic unit began, of course, with the Baby Boom, and moved on through the Me Generation ('70s), The Me Generation II (failure of "We Generation" to stick in the '80's), and now, Generation X.

The lack of ideology imputed to us isn't just about the sudden realization that broad, all encompassing formulations don't work in the real world, but something historically more serious, a lack of belief in the meaning of life itself.

In the '60s, people wanted to change the world, to get out of the Cold War, and live peacefully. Not knowing what such a life was like, those pursuing it were chasing an idealistic goal that could give their lives meaning.

In the '70s, people were trying to find themselves; what kept the youth of that decade from becoming Generation X was the emergence of glossy, slick media that could infuse the mundane with some panache. It was the decade of cool. High school quarterbacks never had it so good. People believed that if they could be cool within an increasingly self-homogenizing culture, they would be happy. When that movement's checks began to bounce, we decided to bounce real checks—in with the '80s.

We had been so involved with ourselves that we forgot to mind the store; times got tougher, and we responded, in the person of Ronald Reagan, by turning to nationalism and greed. All young America wanted a piece of the revived American Dream. After a decade of neglect, the Cold War was resuscitated, and through our bank balances, we were going to show those bastards who had the best country on earth. The media blitz was such that even those who were losing ground believed that their piece of the pie was just around the corner. All they had to do was take out a loan until their ships came in.

Payback's a bitch, and now we have to sit and take our medicine. Where do we turn our attention now? How do we distract ourselves from the terrible knowledge that our country is in deep decline, that our children's future will be as good as our damage control, and that our own future is not going to be pretty? We've tried some of the old remedies, and they just don't seem to be working out. The Iraq war was a bust, we are no longer thrilled at having "won" the Cold war (especially bitter is the knowledge that such a large proportion of our economy that "worked" was artificial), and our efforts at saving the world from itself (Bosnia and Somalia) are worthless in even the most charitable account. Visions of a united world, vis. U.N. peacekeeping troops and international mandates, seem mired in pettiness and the intransigence of vested interests. We're too sophisticated to take the media seriously anymore, and see (correctly) hypocrisy lurking under every banner, be it religious, governmental, or cultural.

Thus is created the age of true individuality. Beyond the superficial 'coolness quotient' of environmentalism and political correctness, we haven't any cultural coherence against which we can strut our stuff with any consistent result. Now coolness requires being shocking for shocking's sake—we're not trying to be seen as being on the vanguard of fashion or the new thinking, but as making a statement that we're not buying the bullshit anymore. No great consolation there, just a negative state-

ment. The true vanguard has nothing itself to offer to anyone as a goal, it knows better; practicality is the only thing worth a damn, and it is not romantic. The best purpose it can find for itself is to debunk ideological movements and expose every ulterior motive for what it is. Not very fulfilling.

So, many of us take the other path, that of fanaticism, intolerance, and blame. The problem for that section of Generation X is that all of the legitimacy of ideology has leaked out of our culture. The mantra that "(your favorite fanatic belief here) will create utopia, a heaven on earth," rings false, even to the true believers. Hate this racial/religious group? Well, kill/maim/discredit them, but not for any real purpose, but simply for the catharsis of hate. Virulently opposed to the lifestyles seen in America? Rant and rave and write your congressman. Don't offer solutions, but punish the bastards because they're *wrong*. In the Era of Reduced Expectations, everyone has his or her own conspiracy theory and it's high time those responsible got fried for it. Even now, when we know that the true scourge of drugs is the artificial scarcity and ridiculous expense brought about by prohibition, we're still more comfortable building jails and making military camps of our neighborhoods. If we lost this enemy, where would our frustration turn next? Maybe it's better that we didn't find out.

We're not very well-educated. We aren't consciously aware of all this, just that everything seems to suck a whole lot worse than it used to. A movie's just a movie now; there will never be another Elvis; cultural phenomena have half-lives of a year or less. We've come to think about these things just like they do in the industry—it will run for x weeks, 3x if it's good, and then will be replaced by something else. Nothing is left to our imagination anymore, there is no room for magic in the



American psyche. Everything is dollars and cents, and there's nothing worthwhile to invest in anymore.

Generation X is all of us, and it wouldn't be fair to write about it without consulting those who comprise it. Here are some of the opinions expressed by members of the Presstaff.

Women's rights movements follow the sine curve. In some years it's up, others it's down. Now it seems to be heading upward, about to face a backlash of those who believe that women's rights are wrong.

Women have been taught to be independent, yet at the same time they have to flash a little T&A in order to get somewhere. The men who hold the executive positions prefer to keep women under them as much as possible.

Our generation can't be identified with any one thing; there is a wide array of opinion of women from women. Many believe in independence from the previous cultur-

al stereotype, but there are those who still believe that a woman's place is in the home, no matter how bad it may be. There are women who would rather not have an opinion and just react to actions taken towards them. This passivity and dependence is what makes women more manipulable and become victims.

The commercial for the Gap stated, "For every generation, there is a gap." That is our generation: a black hole. We have not made any steps to improve our situation. Collectively, as women, we have witnessed leaps and bounds in the past; to further the path, the gap that exists must be bridged.

Generation X has no collective identity. The old generation lumps us together as self-centered, illiterate children with short attention spans who have turned ideology into a fashion statement. Our systems of communication and transportation successfully link us together, but many of us remain completely isolated and ignorant about one another—even hateful. The future is bleak, but the spotted owl will flourish. The intellectuals among us cringe as they witness a rebirth of religious fanaticism and race hatred among our peers. We have no guarantee as to whether this is a passing fad, a sowing of wild oats, or a legitimate trend that will affect our future government policies.

There are no more unexplored territories. The entire planet and its surrounding solar system have been mapped out for us, but our classmates cannot find the United States on a globe. Is this because our teachers have failed us, or because, since the world might self-destruct anyway then who really cares? Most students are only interested in getting their piece of paper as quickly and painlessly as possible to earn the most money they can for the least cerebral effort. They do not

really care about the collective problems of the nation or the world because they feel that it is not theirs to worry about. However, they will spend more money on recycled paper products and dolphin-safe tuna out of guilt for their wasteful consumer habits.

Although many people believe that this generation is lost and or confused with no direction, I disagree. Unlike our parents we have the opportunity to pick up where their generation left off by dealing with the current problems affecting our lives today. I believe this generation needs to take advantage of the strides made in past decades and take them even further. One of the problems facing this generation is that there seems to be this idea that there is nothing left to do but get a job and make money or, worse, that we can't do anything! Have we forgotten that we are the future?

The voice of Generation X isn't a scream or a whimper—it's a long continual, droning whine. "Why are we stuck paying for the S&L's, the deficit, the junk bonds? Why do we get AIDS instead of some innocuous venereal disease? Why don't we get Beemers and nice houses like the baby-boomers all did when they sold out their credibility and our future." But, instead, if we *tried* to sell our souls, the only thing we'd be able to afford is a beat up Pinto. Face it: the baby boomers got Janis Joplin, Jimmy Hendrix, and Jefferson Airplane; we got Madonna, Lenny Kravitz, and Starship. They got free love and mind expansion. We've got AIDS and a bad trip. We're a bunch of whiny kids screaming to Mom that our older siblings stole our toys, and the only thing mom says is, "Sucks to be you, doesn't it?" We're a generation with middle child syndrome. So whine on, Generation X and take it if you like, but the next generation is gonna scream.

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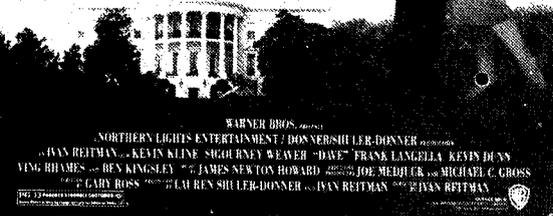
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# Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Dear Azazel;

How can I cure my paranoia? I am constantly thinking that the people whom I associate with are talking behind my back. I have low self-esteem, little confidence in myself and high sensitivity. Bad experiences in my childhood lead me to believe that my friends will turn on me any minute. I'm even convinced that my professors have a psychological file on me and give me good grades because I'm retarded in some way, not because of my ability. Professionals haven't helped, and I've tried suicide but I just can't seem to die. What can I do?

-Eternally Confused

Dear Confused:

Are you familiar with the saying "just because you're paranoid doesn't mean we're not all out to get you"? If not, don't worry about it; it probably doesn't apply here anyway. Did it ever occur to you that perhaps your associates aren't talking behind your back but rather about your back? Poor posture can truly devastate one's social life. Then again, maybe it is more pleasant to address you from behind than to your face. Take a good look in the mirror sometime and truthfully ask yourself: "Why do my friends detest me?" If you come up with anything good, send it to me. You also might want to think about whether or not



your friends haven't already turned on you. Do you, in fact have any friends at all? Can you prove it?

You mentioned your professors- bless their tortured souls; I can tell you that they do indeed have a comprehensive file on you. They keep files on all students, especially ones like you. J

showed your letter to the head of the psychology department and he knew immediately just who you were. After reading through it, I discovered that they aren't giving you high grades out of pity, but greed. People are shaping careers and writing theses based solely on your pathetic life. To have you fail out of school merely because you're an idiot would be devastating.

My advice, Confused, is this: Don't do anything. Just keep living your life as you always have, secure in the knowledge that you are a vital part of someone's life; even if he only knows you as case #4201.

-Azazel

P.S.

Any and all inquiries as to the identity of Confused and/or the contents of one's own file should be sent to the address given below.

Please send all correspondence to:  
Arcane Answers  
The Stony Brook Press  
Room 060, Student Union.  
Thank You.

## The Historical Importance of the Sock

By Catherine Krupski  
For Hector

Socks are a very important part of culture in the "civilized" countries for a variety of reasons, both practical and pleasurable.

The primary practicality of it is that it cuts down on foot odor. This may have been the reason for the first "civil" war. It is obvious that the men who wore socks won because the ground didn't hurt their feet and kept them warm. Eventually, they put rocks in the socks and used them as weapons.

This is another great use for socks - self defense.

There are many great historical men who are the unsung heroes that aided the public with their sock problems. For example, if your sock has a hole in it, what do you do? The man who came up with the idea to scrunch your sock between your toes before you put on your shoe and then let it go once your foot is in place should have received an award for his outstanding contribution to society. This is the first sign of true science in our culture and the beginning of the phrase, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

The Russian army doesn't wear socks, instead they wear foot wraps.

The sock has been a useful model for many things. For example, Christmas stockings are the modified socks of greedy little children who wanted the most from Santa, therefore intelligently devised these "stockings."

The holidays also brought the children other surprises from

grandma, too. Socks. Knitted. It was very important to knit socks because it got boring making sweaters and blankets.

Over the years, socks have become indispensable as presents. When Father's Day or Christmas comes around, Dad will either get a tie or socks. My dad hates ties, but always tells us to buy him socks - black. Socks, like underwear, have been known to cause divorces, too. Men who are just too attached to that pair of socks they had when they were in high school will find that their wives have split with the kids because they couldn't part with them.

Some form of socks had to be invented especially for women because they couldn't wear men's socks (God forbid!), therefore stockings, or nylons, were invented. However, this posed a problem because they wouldn't stay up. Hence came the garter belt (Hoo-HOO!). While they were phased out after the invention of pantyhose, they have become an important part of femininity today. This is because it pleases a man, and women are psychologically trained to please men. My friend Dave says that the best sock ever invented is the bodystocking.... My point exactly.

He also shared some historical, yet insightful, background on the sock, as well:

In days of old  
When knights were bold,  
And rubbers weren't invented,  
They tied a sock  
Around their cock  
And babies were prevented.

Today, there are many other uses for the sock. We use

them as slippers and get the bottoms dirty (thank heaven for Chlorox). My friend, Marc uses them to clean. I have known people to use them as puppets to appease small children trapped in strollers.

I am sure many newlyweds are thankful for socks - otherwise their spouse could have ducked out on the wedding day because of "cold feet."

It has led to the suicide of many foolish people. Due to their hunger for the ultimate fashion accessory/statement, they committed suicide when they saw the immense selection on the wall. And, those geeks with no fashion sense also saw the selection and slit their wrists. Other fashion taboos include old retired men who wear their socks up to their knees with a pair of plaid shorts - at the beach. Where's the Grim Reaper when you need him?

As for the pleasurable uses of a sock, warm, fluffy socks are great for when there is a movie and serious snuggling to be done on a cold winter night. But, there is nothing worse than the shock of getting into bed with some one who has cold feet. Then again, warming up could be half the fun of having cold feet, depending on where you are and who you are with. Of course, it goes without saying that guys really look great prancing around the room in the morning wearing only boxer shorts and argyle socks.

Socks have been the cause for many things in history and still affect contemporary culture as well. This will continue for as long as there is a market for socks. Dave believes that socks will become obsolete and will be made out of latex, which will bring a whole new meaning to "put a sock in it."

# SPOILED FOOD... and other Social Diseases

By Catherine Krupski  
for the Life Sciences Research Lab Slave, Linda

When two people who went out get back together after a stormy break-up, they are infected with the Sour Milk Phenomenon. It is similar to sour milk in that once you taste the milk and determine it to be sour, you put it back in the refrigerator in hopes of it getting better. We also don't trust our decision and always ask for assistance, "Does this taste right?" In reality we all know it is sour and the milk should be disposed of. The only thing sour milk is good for is ruining a good cup of coffee. Why can't we get out of this paralyzing situation when it comes to relationships?

There are always reasons to rationalize patching up the holes in a relationship and making another go at it: "Oh, it was just miscommunication." Since when did talking become such a sophisticated form of communication that it could get screwed up? We're talking face to face, one-on-one, read my lips discussion, not Ma Bell.

"We are much more mature now." That is another fallacy. All that means is now you both know how to play the game with the skill of Las Vegas card dealer with aces up your sleeves counting the cards like Rainman. They both realize what they were giving up. yeah, right. That only means you were either unable to get over the person and realize you two were made for

each other, or both of you were too lazy to get on with life (meet new people) and now find a serious need for sex.

Also, when you see someone else using the milk with no qualms, you immediately flock right back to it, for fear that you may be missing out on something. It is still sour, but you overlook that flaw convincing yourself that the next one you buy will be more sour. Not that I'm speaking from experience or anything...

Another serious disorder that is just as lethal and often coupled with the Sour Milk Phenomenon is the Safety Net Syndrome. Here a person suffers from the inability to start a new relationship without ending the old one first. I frequently see this cancer in men, although I am led to believe it exists on the other side as well. It makes the new significant other feel like the third wheel, if they know about it. If they don't, they will realize it later when the cycle goes around and they are the one being ousted by centripetal force.

Another popular plague that is so contagious, it needs its own vaccination: the *shittus where tu eatus* viral strain. This is a sin punishable only by death. Having an affair with someone in your workplace is the worst mistake. It seems easy to avoid, but it's not. Many people's careers have deteriorated due to this. If you're the boss, don't hit on your secretary, you sleaze. Find another person out of the office. If you're the secretary, avoid those situations because, the boss will never truly

respect you for your ability and you will never get promoted as long as that person is above you - on the ladder of success, that is. Not that I'm speaking from experience or anything...

You should never get involved with someone where you live, this includes your building, or depending on where you live, in that really small town. You will also be known because rumors, true or not, can spread like wildfire and ruin your reputation. You know that "friend of a friend of a friend of the cousin of the friend who lives next to so-and-so" who can really gossip heard about you will without thinking twice, probably for lack of more thought stimulating conversation. Not that I'm speaking from experience or anything... And this will only create tensions to be felt later:

"Oh, that was my new boyfriend."

"Since when did you become bi-sexual????"

and so on. Besides, if there is a discrepancy, it may escalate into a serious verbal altercation just because you want to get back at him for bringing that sleazy girl home last night.

Of course everyone has at some point been afflicted with one or more these disorders. It is just the degree in which one is infected determines their stability.

These new phrases will earn their place in our language along side the old, obsolete ones like, speaking of milk, "why buy the cow when you can get the milk for free?"

## MORE<sup>94</sup> in

MOVEMENT TO REINVEST IN EDUCATION

### STUDENTS TO REGENTS COMMISSION: THUMBS UP FOR FINANCIAL AID & THUMBS DOWN FOR TUITION HIKES

Students with the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG) at SUNY Stony Brook today praised the Regents Commission's call for more state funding for student financial aid and blasted the Commission's recommendation to raise tuition.

Since 1990 students and their families have been hit hard by tuition increases of nearly 100% at many institutions in New York and by devastating reductions in financial aid. The Regents Commission's recommendation to increase funding to the Tuition Assistance Program (TAP), Aid-for-Part-Time-Study (APTS), aid to independent colleges (Bundy Aid) and other sources of assistance is exactly the prescription that the Movement to Reinvest in Education (MORE in '94) is calling for.

"We're glad that the Commission's report agreed with what students have been saying for a long time -- that state leaders have drastically underfunded one of New York's greatest 'assets,'" said Charles Hennebeul, SUNY Stony Brook's MORE in '94 representative from NYPIRG. "New York lawmakers would be wise to follow the Commission recommendations and show their commitment to restore quality and affordability to higher education."

NYPIRG also criticized the report for shutting out students -- the consumers of higher education. There were no students on the Regents Commission on Higher Education and the report does not list a single student among the one hundred and one people consulted.

"This report would have been even better had they consulted students. If there had been even one student on the Commission, they would have learned that any tuition increase is unconscionable for most students and that students have already coughed up their 'fair share' of the cost for their education," said Grace Lee, NYPIRG's project coordinator at SUNY Stony Brook.

To ensure a quality and accessible education for all, students from MORE in '94 urge state lawmakers to protect New York's most important "asset" by following the Regents Commission's proposal to increase financial aid and by rejecting their recommendation for tuition increases of any kind.

## Dysfunctional Similes

By Scott Skinner

When Madonna sings "like a virgin...touched for the very first time," what is it, exactly, that is like a virgin touched for the very first time? Madonna the Riddler, Madonna the Obscure, does not say. We are left holding the cherry, so to speak, without a clue as to whence it came. Such is a dysfunctional simile. It doesn't work. It's disturbing. Like an unfinished thought, it twitches and dangles, drowning within the swirling eddies of perplexity. And yet, far from allowing such similes to perish, often we cling to their obscurity with cherished reverence. "Like a VIRGIN!" we rejoice in song, neither knowing nor caring to find out the subject to which this simile is compared. This column, then, will devote itself to

the preservation of such similes by presenting one each issue for your critical amusement. It is our hope that in doing so we will foster an appreciation for those figures of speech that would never quite cut it outside of, say, mass pop culture. Chain them. Tie them down. Take these similes, and make them your own.

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*like* when you're walking through the woods at night and you see a creepy looking bat-ball of black hair and leather flying fast and true toward its hapless grey moth target, and it's batting the clumsy insect silly with its sticky sonar sounds, and at the next to last possible moment you fling your key-packed key ring to the wind, and at the last possible moment the clinky-jinky sounds from the keys freefalling in air screw up the bat's delicate sonar, such that it misses the moth by a moth's hair; and now the bat is angry, hungry, and probably suffering from low self-esteem, for bats like moths are stupid creatures that cannot learn from their mistakes, and so it lunges once again for the moth, and once again the insect is spared by your divine providence, for you could not get laid that evening, and have nothing better to do than fling your keys around all night.



By Rachel S. Wexelbaum  
this fable is for the snoogies

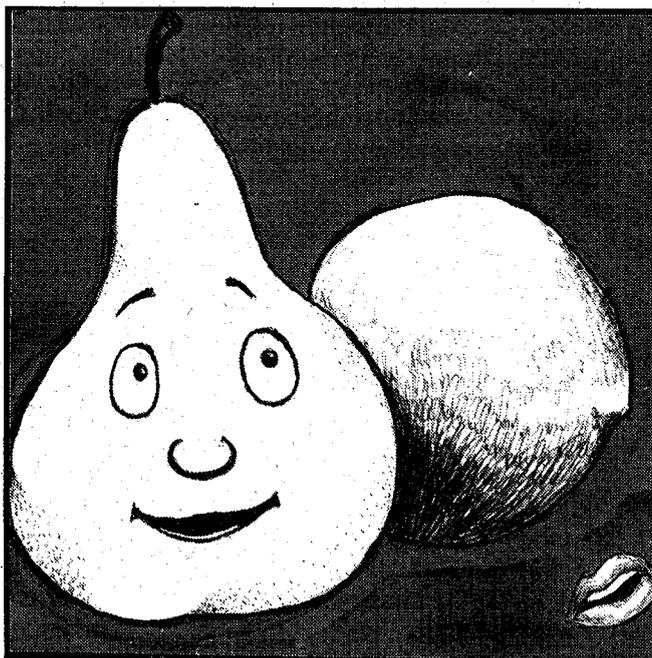
Beyond the Bamboo Forest, across the train tracks and behind the home of the mysterious Stony Brook rapist there is a peach orchard which bears fruit all year long. Even in the cold of winter the orchard offered succulent peaches to lost freshmen who could not find their way back to campus from Seven Eleven. Many people have wandered through this orchard but none have dared to speak of it until now. An enormous wild dog once guarded these peaches, and in order to maintain his freedom the lost ones had to keep their silence. No one knows where the dog is now...

Anyway, a lonely pear rolled out of Strawberry Fields one day on a quest for the mystical fruits. (This legend has circulated among the fruit and vegetable community like stories of the Fountain of Youth, the Seven Cities of Gold and Shangri-La have in ours.) Pear had always wanted something more in life; the love and harmony which the ordinary world provided was not enough. He believed that a few drops of sweet nectar from the Euphorian Peaches would bring him to a higher state of consciousness, and that would make all the difference between him and the ordinary pears. Pear wished for the ultimate adventure.

After travelling north for some time, Pear began to get hungry. His senses grew sharper in the crisp autumn air and he began to crave warm things, like a mug of tomato soup by a roaring fire. He longed for warmer clothing, for a bunch of friends to stay with him. As the afternoon progressed the sky became more gray, and the landscape devoid of other beings. He grew ravenous...

A gust of wind blew leaves and a flurry of snow

above Pear's head; he shuddered and trudged onward. He wondered if they existed at all, those Euphorian Peaches that the other guys sung about. As he



mourned over the mediocrity of everyday things he did not lose faith, but he went too far. Pear toppled over in exhaustion, moaning for something more as the picture faded to black.

Suddenly a huge shaggy dog bounded toward Pear and shook him into consciousness. Terrified to be in someone's mouth Pear began to scream, but Dog put him down. "No need to scream," said Dog. "There is no one around. You need to rest and eat, to be surrounded by beauty before you go back to the ordinary world." He turned east and said, "Walk that way, and soon you shall find a peach orchard. Take all you like,

but you must take nothing. Safe journey home." And the dog bounded into the woods, never to be seen again.

Dog's words revived Pear with new energy as he staggered down the path to the peach orchard. Soon he came to the ever-foliant trees where the Euphorian Peaches giggled at him from their leafy balconies. His little eyes had never seen such golden beauties, such velvety firmness, and he began to drool at the corners of his mouth. Pear's hands began to shake as he grinned maniacally at the peaches, longing to clutch them close to his body and taste the warm mouthfuls of sweet fruit. Then he would have all that he could possibly want, and he could go home.

But something prevented him from grabbing those peaches. He began to feel ashamed, and frightened, and dirty. Were these feelings something he had to fight, or something he had to run away from, in order to reach Euphoria? Then Pear remembered Dog saying, "Take all you like, but you must take nothing..."

The trees lined the path quite a ways, and Pear slowly walked down that path as he tried to decide what to do. He looked down at the ground until he reached pavement. "No, this isn't right!" he cried to himself, but when he turned around the orchard had disappeared.

**MORAL:** TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT!

**MORE IMPORTANTLY:**

The best fantasies are the ones leading to happiness in the ordinary world.

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WHY WOULDN'T YOUR HANNUKAH CANDLES LIGHT?  
WHY DID GRANDMA GET RUN OVER BY A REINDEER?

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# Ohio Ballet Falls Short

By Aaron Swartz

Ohio Ballet performed at the Staller Center Saturday night. The 18-member company had a few shining moments, but otherwise seemed to dance with exhaustion—or maybe they were just bored with the choreography. I was.

The company's director, Heinz Poll, founded Ohio Ballet in 1968. At its birth it was only an 8-member student ensemble that only performed works by Poll. But now it has grown into a company of very capable dancers whose repertoire contains ballets by George Balanchine, Anthony Tudor, Paul Taylor, Laura Dean, and Lynne Taylor-Corbett.

However, on Saturday night, the blooming flower that is Ohio Ballet found itself a crumpled mess, flattened by the weight of uninteresting and sometimes too-long choreography. Indeed, my first thought was to criticize the dancers. More attack on that movement! More expression! More chutzpah! More *something!* But then I realized I was yawning because yawning is contagious. I got it from the dancers. They were bored, too.

"Earth," choreographed by Laura Dean, started the evening on a good note. It was a contemporary ballet full of zig-zagging, criss-crossing dancers, leaping, changing direction in mid-movement, whirlwind turning, all non-stop. The energy was definitely there, especially at one moment when I was on the edge of my seat, feeling the frenzy of "Earth's" finale—or so I thought. Just

when I was ready to applaud and the piece to be over, the whole ballet repeated. I saw "Earth" twice. This ruined it for me.

I'll save the evening's best, the second piece, for later, and skip to the last two pieces, "In A Word," choreographed by Lynne Taylor-Corbett, and "Eight



By Benny Goodman," choreographed by Heinz Poll. "In A Word" was a collection of seven small pieces

which were choreographed to Noel Coward poems. This compilation of words and movement was an oil-and-water mixture. I didn't know what to pay attention to, the words or the dancing. They didn't mix. Finally, I shied away from the poems, and tried to concentrate on the movement, but I didn't like that either. So, I began to watch without watching, and hoped the next piece would be better.

"Eight By Benny Goodman" was broken into eight small sections, each to a different Benny Goodman piece. Throughout the entire ballet, I felt the dancers dying to get into the "swing" of things, but the choreography held them back. '40s-style movement and music and music can be an exciting, hand-clapping, finger snapping mixture. This was not.

To end on a good note, the second piece, "Andante Sostenuto," choreographed by Heinz Poll, was a beautiful *pas de deux* for Hiroko Kurokawa Ota and Luc Vanier. Oozing through the Mendelssohn Piano Concerto No. 2, their bodies united in such a right way that, when they separated, they had to reunite just to make it right again. Vanier partnered Kurokawa Ota masterfully through lifts that seemed to breathe and turns that started and ended effortlessly. Kurokawa Ota melted through each movement with limbs that seemed to extend far beyond their natural limits.

Ohio Ballet is a company of fine dancers, and their look Saturday night could have truly dazzled, if only they had been dressed in better choreography.

# Demolition Man

By Lee Gundel

Haven't seen any good thrillers lately? Then don't you think it's about time you *did?*

Good. Then head right out and see *Demolition Man*—a film that's *got* to be one of the best action adventure films of the year!

What really makes the movie tick is its ingenious sci-fi plot—two people from the L.A. of 1996—one a master criminal (played by Wesley Snipes) and one a tough ass cop (played by Sly Stallone) are locked away and put into suspended animation for a couple of decades for, to quote the movie, "the unintentional manslaughter of a few dozen people." When they're finally thawed out in 2050 A.D. the world has changed big time. There is no longer any violent crime, people are ridiculously nice to each other (that is, nice *a la* Sesame Street), things that are not *good* for you are illegal (that's right, kids—coffee, salt, spicy foods, alcoholic beverages, and four letter words have all been banned for the public good.) The world has been turned into a politically correct, Mickey Mouse version of itself, and only Sly Stallone can save it from the maniacally evil plans of world- (well, maybe just *city*-) wide conquest of Wesley Snipes.

What tops it off is the sheer class with



which director Marco Brambilla pulls off his hilariously satiric view of the future. The police department of San Angeles (that's L.A. and San Francisco all slapped together into one municipality, kids) is only equipped to handle minor police disturbances, like, say, things like graffiti, littering, and minor theft (of stuff like, for example, bowls of Fruit Loops.) To imagine a bigger (or more hilarious) bunch of incompetent boobs would be *real* difficult. The massive killing, destruction, and the sheer amount of things that go BOOM throughout the course of the movie is way out of their league. The underground revolutionaries (who are lead by a man named Ed Friendly, and are the ones who do the littering, graffiti, and the stealing of things like jars of Fruit Loops) are equally silly. And when everything comes together in the end (i.e. when the good guys finally beat the bad guys), the solution is so laughable that it makes you wish that our current socio-political problems could be handled in such an easy silly, and off-handed, way.

So, to make a long story short, go and see this movie. The comic scenes will make you laugh until you cry, and the action-adventure scenes will definitely get your adrenaline pumping, and keep your eyes glued to the screen. It's a film that works on a lot of levels, and one that's sure to be one of the year's biggest box office smashes.