

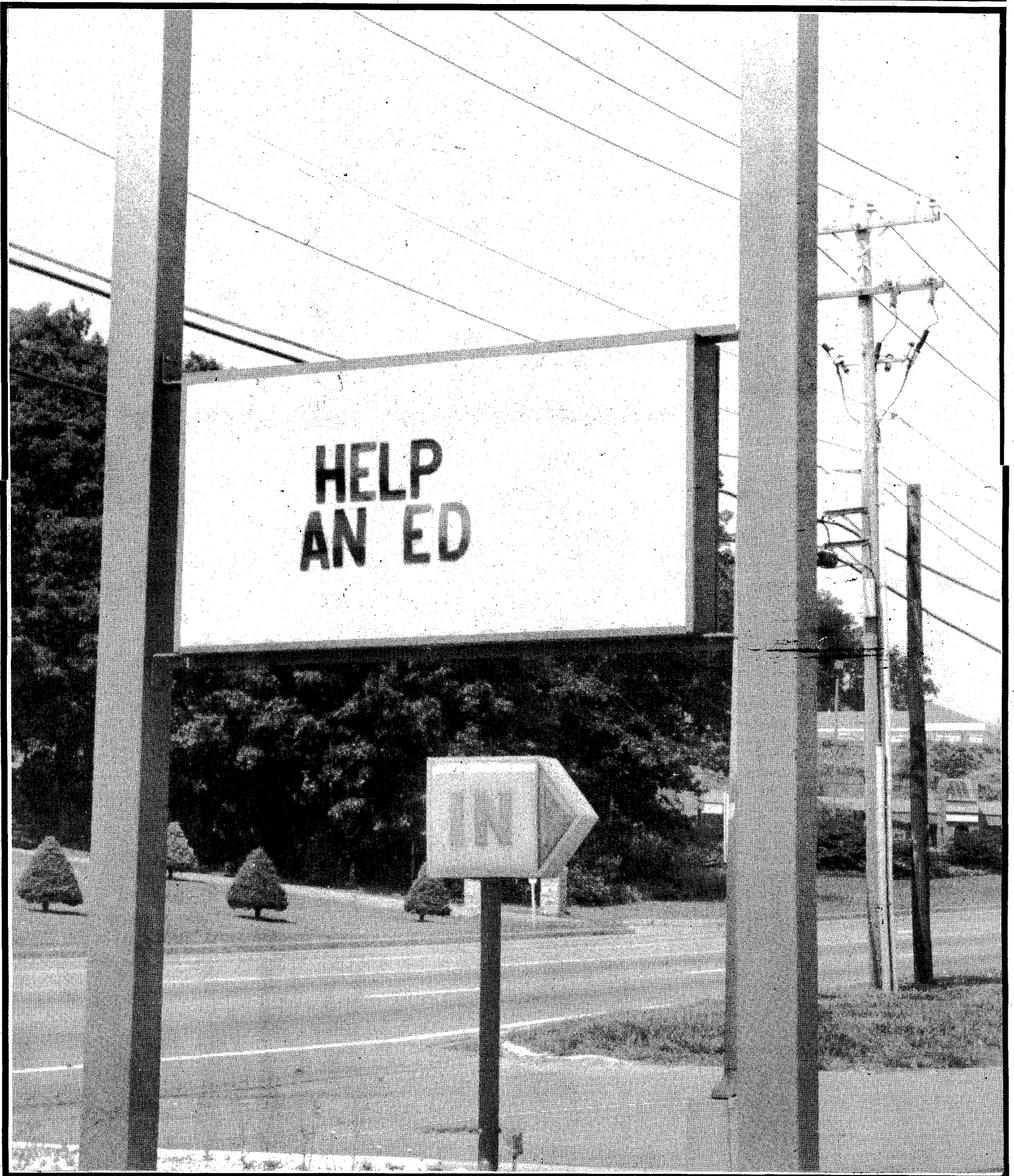
The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XV, No. XV

The University Community's Feature Paper

July 25, 1994



What's in a Name?

Making USB The Better University

By John Dunn

Just when I thought Stony Brook was beginning to get a bit dull, one of my alma maters goes out and does something completely stupid. Naturally if I looked at Stony



Brook and the variety of problems that need to be addressed, the first thing I would do is change the name of the mascot.

Only at Stony Brook would "Patriots" be perceived as an image that needed improvement. The Stony Brook Wife-Beating, Nazi, Psychotic Little Yellow Nips would be a poor image. With the Battle of Setauket and other local history, changing the name to Seawolves will go down as one of the more asinine events in Stony Brook history. A better image than Patriots? Explain that to historians and the local veteran's groups. A better marketing tool? Next the school colors will add black so that it will look cool on baseball hats worn backwards.

Of course the lyrics of the Stony Brook Alma Mater will need to be revised. The verse of "Ancient ground where Patriots yet arise" tends to be a problem when you insert Seawolves, which one presumes does not arise from the ground although since it is a mythical creature, anything is possible.

Stony Brook may yet provide the inspiration for a John Waters film, its non-Baltimore locale notwithstanding.

Image. Let's take a look at some of the images and reputations Stony Brook has had over the years. First, it was a small teacher's college, then suddenly a major research university. As the "Berkeley of the East", the 1969 drug raid sullied Stony Brook's reputation for years. Later the university was in the news for faulty architecture and graduate student strikes. At the same time President Marburger was proclaiming Stony Brook to be in the top one percent of the nation's universities ("by most measures"), national news outlets covered the false rape accusations against Quincy Troupe.

Now we're in the nineties. With the millennium coming to an end, it's a time to decide Stony Brook's future. The current debate may revolve around athletics, but the true goal of discussion is the soul and future of the University. With a change at the top, there are two choices: have a clear purpose and direction and hire a President to lead Stony Brook there or hire a President to decide the direction.

In any event there will be more self-studies, plans and projects, much of which will never leave the drawing board. A 150 room hotel and conference center was supposed to have broken ground by the main entrance several years ago. The Southgate Industrial center will never be built. Even a formal gate at the main entrance awaits its due.

The key to the university's current plan to keep students on campus is to build a \$3.6 million, 4000 seat stadium. Of course, with an average of five home football games each fall, there better be a plan for the rest of the academic year. It is unlikely the soccer team or any fall sports will be able to use the stadium under the excuse of damaging the turf.

Lacrosse would get the use in the spring and probably local sports camps would use it in the summer. Safe to say, intramurals and clubs (i.e. rugby) will never be allowed into it (once again, damaging the turf). So approximately 100 students will be entitled to use a \$3.6 million facility (versus a \$2 million dorm rehab). Rah team!

One idea has the stadium being used at night. I'm, sure the local community will love having the night sky lit up

along with the increase in noise and traffic. Plus a 4,000 seat stadium is small, many high school's capacity is similar. The reality is that the 4,000 seat capacity will eventually be expanded.

I'll ignore the parking issue since I'm sure local residents won't mind the parking on their streets. The parking lot next to the stadium will be reserved for boosters and influential alumni whose dollars support the program. The huddled masses will be entitled to tailgate in South P Lot.

There are several administrators that have said that there are alumni who will donate to athletics and nothing else. Since \$ talks, I will go on the record stating that as a Lifetime Member of the Alumni Association, I will not donate one dime to Stony Brook if it goes ahead with the current athletic plans. I will do my best to have some of my friends, fellow alumni, pledge the same. If I should ever choose to donate, it will go to a specific scholarship fund for non-athletes only.

While the lack of my money may mean nothing to the university's decisions, at least those choosing this path will know they are doing the morally correct thing. (Actually this is an interesting philosophical dilemma).

The message being sent at present to the campus is that the only thing that matters is dollars. The old adage that money talks is clearly the only thing guiding many at the decision-making level. If the faculty and students were the prime concern, the current problem of improving undergraduate education would not exist. It never would have, or should have, become a problem.

If the athletics program is allowed to develop into a big-



time program, the focus of fund-raising efforts among the alumni will be based towards its support. There is a limit to dollars that can be donated. Eventually athletics will develop into its own entity with separate funding, dorms, recruiting, and scholarships. You might say it won't happen but the Health Science Center wasn't supposed to shed concrete either.

What we're looking for are teams of Chip Hilton's. Chip Hilton was the protagonist in a series of books in the late 1940's and '50s. Written by Clair Bee, the legendary L.I.U. coach, Chip managed to play football, basketball, and baseball (being an All-American in each) while working himself through school and maintaining his studies. This would (and should) be the ideal Stony Brook athlete: successful on the playing field, in the classroom, and on the job. Of course that ideal may have evaporated with the two hand set shot.

Of course, it's unlikely that any of the Stony Brook's sports programs will make money, especially smaller men's programs and almost all women's programs. Indeed, most collegiate athletic programs nationwide lose money. So why do they receive so much support? Is it really tradition? Student morale? School pride?

The reality is alumni dollars. Alumni will donate \$ to a successful program. This explains that while Bobby Knight, Indiana's basketball coach, may be an asshole, he's an asshole running a successful program that keeps alumni dollars flowing.

Being overlooked in all of this is that intramural events

and club sports have always drawn the most interest and success at Stony Brook. For years, the most popular sport was pit hockey; it even garnered mention in one of Lisa Birnbaum's college guides. To show its support, the administration covered up the pit in as a landscaping improvement a decade ago. Rah team!

The Equestrian team won a national title, as have several track and field team members. But, the thinking goes, no one watches that on television.

Let's for a minute enter the warped reality of Stony Brook as a Division I/II-AA school. I feel I have some ability to discuss this bizarre possibility since I also graduated from the University of Delaware, which is presently a Division I/II-AA school. Against what schools will Stony Brook be competing against? Duke? Georgetown? Michigan? UCLA? Sorry, you are not a winner, try again. In all likelihood, Stony Brook will be in two conferences, one for football, another for the rest.

At present there are three conferences in the East for I/II-AA football. I don't think the Ivy League is looking to expand. The Yankee Conference, with schools like Delaware and UMass, is one of the strongest in the country with several schools waiting to enter.

That leaves the Patriot League with schools like Fordham and Lafayette. Ah the irony of the Stony Brook Expatriots playing in the Patriot League. Is a home game against Lehigh University going to keep students on campus versus one against Ramapo?

The way intercollegiate sports are developing, schedules are becoming tighter and tighter. Less and less games outside conferences are being scheduled. By the time Stony Brook achieves Division I status it may well end up playing the same schools it does now.

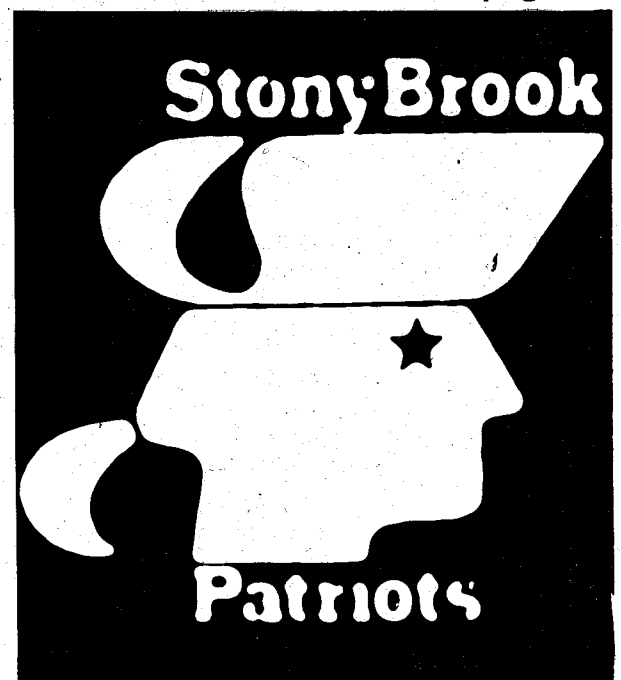
This presumes that Stony Brook will be able to develop such a program. Amazing that no one at Hofstra, Adelphi, or Dowling has tried to attract the Island's attention to their sports programs. Fordham is attempting to keep its head above water as it made the move up. You can count the number of schools in the state with I/II-AA programs on one hand.

Many SUNY schools have won national championships at the Division III level in sports like basketball, ice hockey, and track and field. Somehow Stony Brook, with the second largest enrollment in SUNY, has yet to achieve a national title while Potsdam and Plattsburgh have. Hmmm. Don't forget, few people want to watch a losing team.

So if sports aren't the panacea for improving Stony Brook, what is? The main thing the university lacks is a "college town." You can offer everything on campus, but students still want to escape from seeing the same atmosphere every day. Basically a place to hang out and walk around is required with the added possibility of bars and/or entertainment destinations (i.e. movies).

Stony Brook does not want to be a college town and never will be. It's as likely to be a college town as the like-

Continued on page 3



From the darkest reaches
of the infernal abyss,
The Stony Brook Press
presents...

Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

To my Dearest Azazel,

I have been planning for a very, very long time now. The stars are just now moving into their correct positions [sic]. The cataclysm is approaching, very quickly. Oh, not the apocalypse of those jibbering bible parrots you and I know otherwise. The crossing of the next threshold is almost upon us. As the poles reverse, the threshold will be crossed. The Goddess is gathering her children and the horned one sits bloated on his throne. We know of the balance [sic], at least those of us with an ounce of enlightenment. When one thing ends, another begins. Good/evil, light/dark, sin/sainthood, they all become insignificant in the larger scheme. You see all things dependant upon this world will pass with time, including you. As the sickle of time comes for you, I shall reap it's harvest, or at least your job.

Sincerely warned,

Isabella Noddaba

Dear J. N. (R. J.?)

You, my apparently ambitious young aspirant, are an obsequious moron. As a mortal, you are hardly qualified to comprehend "a very, very long time" let alone plan for one. In reality, the Goddess is



age parrots sit bloated on their asses, waiting for the stars to move into positions (note spelling) meaningful only to them while mummering softly, "cataclysm!" It is you, my embarrassingly egocentric epicene, who will become insignificant in the larger scheme. I AM IMMORTAL. You are nothing! I have seen the face of God, and I weep at the travesty you make out of this image. I who have been once touched by this most divine grace, laugh at the insolence of you who do not know your ass from your elbow.

-Azazel

Please send all correspondence to
The Stony Brook Press
Room 060 & 061 Student Union
Stony Brook New York 11794-2790

gathering mold as jibbering new

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lihood of a Condom Nation store moving next to Godiva Chocolates. Let's see a Homecoming parade from the Village Green to the athletic complex. Let's see the members of the Stony Brook Fund have nervous breakdowns due to the mobs of college students milling about.

Port Jefferson is the popular alternative but you can't walk there and I don't think they want to add to the hordes of tourists and high school students. St. James, my hometown, is closer and an ideal candidate, but then I live in a fantasy world. Safe to say, it's unlikely any local community will ever be Stony Brook's town. The sad reality is that the Smithaven Mall serves as the town for many students. Not helping is the large commuter population that have their own town's (plus easier mobility).

So what to do?

1) One idea is to have more things happening on campus. With the plethora of student clubs, groups, and media, if a student can't find something to become involved with, they either aren't trying or can create something new. The catch for the administration is that they have no say over the funding of student activities. Thus, you can watch for yet another inevitable attempt for all student monies to be under administrative control.

Don't forget, this campus used to have 10+ bars, regular concerts, and campus wide events like Octoberfest. While I don't think there will be the return of 100 keg parties, delving into university history might yield some ideas; don't reinvent the wheel. Maybe we'll see the return of professors as guest bartenders at the Graduate Student Lounge serving up their favorite brews.

2) The new student center will help so long as it develops into its potential while avoiding the traditional construction problems that plague the campus. Now if the Under the Bridge mini-mall is ever built. . .

3) Better dorm life. This, of course, depends of dorm rehabilitation. It's hard to have good morale when your primary activity is smashing cockroaches and taking cold showers (at least not on purpose). Of course dorm rehab will completely eliminate any vestige for the dorm cooking program but let's ignore student concerns for the glory of the university.

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MOON RISING

By Tommy Crean

Hello, and welcome to *Moon Rising*. My name is Tommy Crean, I am a fellow student as well as a practicing witch (all the brooms are out of the closet now). This will be an ongoing column concerning topics such as mythologies, Pagan celebrations, book reviews, magic, astrology and more. I would welcome any questions or ideas that you might have concerning metaphysical or mundane matters. Please relate all inquiries to:

Moon Rising

Stony Brook Press

Room 060 & 061 Student Union

The sun is now in the sign of Cancer for the questioning reader. In astrology I've noted a slightly different system to get general facts about the signs. Well, it's not really different, it's just not as specified as a full chart-house reading. Each sign is associated with one of each of the four elements (Akasha not included). From each element we get different symbolism, energy types, metals, herbs, etc. . . By just knowing the element that governs a persons sign you can know some general things about a person. Cancer is the only house of the moon, and the first sign of the watery northern triplets. Water by its very nature is flowing, purifying, healing and soothing. It is associated with receptive energies and is thus feminine. It's colors can be of the deepest blue, possibly mottled with green. Some animals associated with the water element are the cat, frog, turtle, whale and of course the Crab for Cancer.

Like the Crab, Cancer's put up a hard shell to protect and cover up their soft interior. They also have a claw that can really hurt if you push them too hard. As a general rule of thumb, water-signs are usually very emotional ("tsunami" mean anything?). They can get depressed easily if mistreated, though they don't often show it. Well, enough on crabs, let us get on with something else.

The Midsummer festival has recently passed, and for me it was very special. The Summer Solstice (a.k.a. Litha) is when the powers of nature are at their highest. The earth is lush with fertility from the Goddess and God. The rite was almost timed perfectly with the full moon. There seemed to be something strange though. There was this strange energy everywhere, not like that to be expected at this festival but something more. I could not place my finger on it. I would be interested to know if anyone else felt the same; if so, please respond. Well on to something else. In each *Moon Rising* column, I will present some definition, that will either be informative or funny or maybe both. Today we have:

Witches Butter: The devil gives the witches of Sweden cats which are called carriers because they are sent by their mistresses to steal in the neighborhood. The greedy animals on such occasions cannot forbear to satisfy their own appetites. Sometimes they eat to repletion and are obliged to disgorge their stolen meal. Their vomit is always found in kitchens and gardens, and is of a yellow color and is called Witches Butter. (flattering, no?)

Kha: The Egyptian name for one of the immortal parts of man, probably the spirit. The word means "clear" or "luminous" and is symbolized by a flame of fire.

The above definitions were taken from the Encyclopedia of the Occult by Lewis Spence. I myself have found the book to be accurate at telling superstitious (stupidstitious) beliefs, but far less accurate at the truth. I mean with Witches Butter, I which I had a cat to go steal for me (that would be cool huh, huh. . . huh, huh).

Well it looks like that will bring this episode of *Moon Rising* to a close for now. Please feel free to send letters in and I'll write back soon.

Till next,

blessed be

Our Friend, Human Waste

A heart is not judged by how much you love, but by how much you are loved by others.

These words have been heard by millions of people for over fifty years. Unfortunately, many of which were youngsters. Too young, therefore, to truly comprehend its meaning, nor to remember it once they matured in order to apply it in their life.

This message was given to an audience of another time, much like the lead character of the movie, traveling through another land. The difference in audiences is reflective upon conveniences in society. For example, in 1939 people ate from real dishes and used refillable lighters. Today, we have disposable everything: from plates to cameras, we just use it once and chuck it.

In a world where we have disposable you-name-it, it would be natural for people to adopt these habits into their personal lives.

Of course there are grades of disposability: immediate (like a paper plate), short term (a disposable lighter) and long term (rechargeable batteries).

Our lives have come down to that. We make friends at school for the semester; some one in our class we know only briefly and will forget within one year and only recall their persona for vague college-life references (paper plate). The short termers are people who are in our classes for a portion of our college career or live on our hall. Finally, there are peo-

ple in our lives who we work with closely, become good friends and try to maintain a friendship for a period of time.

Unfortunately, those who we want to hold on to, like ourselves, are lost. They only come into reach when it is convenient for them, or us. This habit will come full circle in any intimate relationship where one person is left in the dust because it was no longer convenient.

This disposability of human company has occurred for several reasons. First, there are more people in the world. Hence, more opportunities to meet people and discard the old ones. Are you tired of talking to that friend of yours or have you simply run out of things to talk about? Ditch 'em and find that new person you just met. There's plenty of people to go around.

Second, increasing members of society acquire post secondary education. The opportunity to meet new friends is greater than staying in that home town. There is no longer a chance to be humored by the village idiot since he is now a college grad and holds a real job.

More college degrees breakdown the strict societal norms. The rich no longer mix amongst their own kind, nor the poor; if there is something important to be said, everyone will listen regardless of who says it. Intellectuals aren't isolated only to the rich.

These three reasons combined bring competitiveness into the picture as well—the

drive to succeed will make anyone do what they can to dig their little niche into society. It is possible to stab that pal in the back because there will always be someone else in this big overpopulated world.

Older generations are more careful about relationships and manage to maintain the same ones for a long time. They never grew up with the modern day conveniences we have now. Therefore their perspective on life is much different.

Even looking back on the year that made so much news in the last couple of weeks can bring back ideas that we still try to copy today.

It has been twenty five years since man first walked on the moon. What have we learned since then?

Richard Nixon took office, O.J. Simpson was just starting his rookie season with the Buffalo Bills, the Mets won their first World Series and there was a disposable income that we haven't seen the likes of since. The Black Panthers were at their peak, although racism and some forms of segregation were still in effect.

The Civil Rights Movement was in full swing, and while there was equality on paper, there was still a strong sense of racism throughout the country, which still exists. While we have improved our country in many ways, there are still some things that haven't changed.

In 1968, George Wallace, a white supremacist, ran for President. In 1992, David Duke, former member of the Ku Klux

Klan, ran for President.

Woodstock was the major event for young adults back then and it is today. Older generations reminisced about days of old where the youth had morals. . .

As the Wizard told the Tin Man in the same movie, "Hearts will never be practical until they can be made unbreakable."

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Letters

Public Safety: Not a Joke

Dear Ms. Krupski:

The Stony Brook Press has had a history of publishing challenging and sometimes controversial opinions. However, I have never before seen you print anything so offensive as the unsigned 'poster' called "Top 10 Uses for a Dead Public Safety Officer." This item is not simply controversial; it is clearly antisocial and irresponsible. Shame on you! Your article shows a lack of respect for human life that is appalling. It attacks the lives of good people without justification. It isn't funny.

Your suggesting that it is appropriate to defile a human, dead or alive, is obscene. What if one simply substituted any other of a number of ethnic, racial, or career groupings for "Public Safety Officer"? Where does that leave you, when your group is attacked?

Public Safety officers at Stony Brook have provided protection and education to students for many years. Public Safety officers take their jobs seriously, they are there in emergencies at all hours of the day and night, and they risk their own safety for the sake of all of us. I have seen them at work under dangerous and delicate conditions, and they work well. They are humane and careful. That is more than I can say about your article.

When I was a student at Stony Brook in the 60's and 70's, there was a conflict between students and authori-

ty. Public Safety was the butt of much of the violence, although it seems to me now that they didn't create the problems we were concerned about. The students of the 60's and the 70's were arguing against violence, racial injustice, war, the evils of a corrupted government and the possibility of a police state. If you see those as the rising problems of this decade, then argue against those evils, but argue specifically and do not attack the people who are protecting you from the crime and violence of the 90's.

You and your entire staff owe Public Safety an apology.

Yours truly,
Lynn King Morris

[Ed. note]

Your letter implies that "they are there in emergencies at all hours of the day and night." Having lived on campus for many years, I would have to assume that "emergencies" do not include fire drills in the middle of the night or assaults, but rather runs to Cosmos, with a gun in the holster (it was my understanding that guns were to be kept in a locked box in the trunk). In this case, I see it is necessary that two officers, each traveling in their own vehicle had to place an order.

Furthermore, those guns do not belong in the hands of

the University Police. To fight incompetent fire with incompetent fire will only lead to more injuries and fatalities.

The staff at The Press found a different way to address the soon-to-be serious problem.

The Press

welcomes your

letters and viewpoints.

Submissions should be

no longer than

250 and 500 words,

respectively.

Handwritten submissions

will be offered up to the

God of Dead Trees.

Along the Color Line:

The Color of Prejudice

By Manning Marable

April's Black leadership conference in Baltimore, Maryland, sponsored by the NAACP, highlights the necessity for a new movement for black power in America. In the nearly thirty years since the passage of the 1965 Voting Rights Act, the number of African-American elected officials has increased dramatically, from barely one hundred to over eight thousand. The number of African-American mayors has jumped from literally zero in 1965 to more than four hundred today. We are now well represented in Clinton's presidential cabinet, and on school boards, city councils and in state houses across America. But we have failed to make the leap from representation to empowerment.

Power, in the final analysis, is the ability or capacity to realize your specific, objective interests. Power is not a "thing," but a process of utilizing existing resources, personnel and institutions for one's own objectives. Before you can exercise "power," you must first clearly understand yourself, and those whose interests you seek to empower. If our goal is to empower the African-American community, we must have a detailed understanding of who we are, and what our people want. This requires an honest and detailed analysis of where we are as a people—our genuine social problems and contradictions, our strengths and weaknesses, our internal resources and potential elements of leadership. We must actually listen to what the masses of African-American people really want, and how

they truly perceive the world around them.

Programmatically, this means that the national black community needs a public opinion poll which regularly assesses the state of black America on a wide range of public issues. Instead of looking to the white media to learn what we think, we should utilize our own networks and resources to present our own collective views. We need to initiate leadership training seminars within black institutions which identify and educate the next generation of African-American leaders.

One achieves power by building a strategy or plan of action based on reality. We must articulate a concrete analysis of concrete conditions—not a romantic, wish list of things as we would prefer them to be. We are a people of African descent, to be sure, but the vast majority of our people will live, work and die right here in the United States. We need a plan of group development that is grounded fundamentally in the here and now, not in ancient Egypt or in the Caribbean. Our basic struggle for power is right here in America.

We must also search for common ground—the basic unity of interests which brings together people of different backgrounds, genders, sexual orientations, languages and social classes, to advance the ideals of democracy. Power comes from coalition, not in isolation or alienation from others.

A commitment toward a new black power means that we must have the courage to revitalize our movement for freedom periodically. In South Africa in the 1940s, the African

National Congress was essentially an "inclusionist" organization—it sought reforms and the symbolic representation of black people within the established system. Then the Nationalist Party came to power and instituted apartheid. A totally new situation existed for black people, requiring new strategies and programs. New leadership arose, personified by Nelson Mandela and Walter Sisulu a new program of massive resistance was launched, calling for the democratic transformation of South African society.

We have a similar situation in black America today. The masses of our people recognize that most of the issues which defined the period of the Civil Rights Movement no longer exist. We face an unprecedented crisis of poverty, violence, joblessness and social despair, and the old approaches are no longer sufficient of viable. We must struggle to transform our situation, to extend the principles of political democracy to economic and social relations, to create the foundations of genuine opportunity for our people. We need a bold new leadership with a democratic vision of black empowerment and equality. As Frederick Douglass reminded us more than a century ago: "Without struggle, there can be no progress."

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Political Science, and Director of the Institute for Research in African-American Studies, Columbia University, New York City. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 250 publications and is broadcast by more than 60 radio stations worldwide.

Continued from page 3

At \$2 million per dorm, by the time the last dorm is completed it will be time to start over again. Since people like their names on buildings, rename the dorms after anyone willing to fund their rehabilitation. Just sell the name of the university for \$.

All of this work to improve the athletic program is going to take a long time, say the next millennium. The message being sent is that the university doesn't give a damn about the present student body (what else is new); it's more concerned with students presently in grade school.

So rather than wait to the year 2000 to see if sports have made Stony Brook more attractive, here's some ways (for starters) to make Stony Brook more attractive to potential students. They are relatively inexpensive and will take less time to put into action than building a football stadium.

1) Improve Teaching: Stony Brook's image as a research school does not help the student taking a 300-level course with 200 other students. It does not help to have professor's who use introductory courses as an exposition on and a tool for their research. It does not help to have courses taught by teaching assistants who have not mastered the English language.

The best way to make Stony Brook more attractive to potential undergraduates would be to earn a reputation where teaching is a top priority. An image of a university where the professors care more about their students than their research can do more than a new sports arena.

There are a number of ways to achieve this. The best teachers could receive awards and merit pay. Tenure requirements could be changed to give equal bearing to teaching, publishing, and research. A professor teaching three courses well should be more rewarded than one who has been extensively published in the Dakota Journal of Academic Triviality. If Stony Brook really wanted to get some p.r., it could deny a professor tenure because of a poor teaching record. This might be a first nationwide and would send shockwaves through the academic community. Hey, it might even get Stony Brook on Donahue.

As for the perennial problem of complaints of t.a.'s who have difficulty with the language: don't let them teach. Yes, this might sound harsh but remember, while the t.a.'s are being paid to attend Stony Brook, it's the undergraduates who are paying to attend Stony Brook. As paying customers, they are entitled to understand their teachers.

2) Improve the career and job placement program: This

should not be too difficult since the present, nearly invisible program, is understaffed, underfunded, and underutilized. Attracting talented undergraduates is not going to help if they cannot get a job after four years. So here is a three part plan:

A) Offer workshops/1 credit courses covering topics like resume writing, interview techniques, and job hunting strategies. If the same resources can be utilized to help acclimate freshmen, it should not be difficult to do the same for students when they depart.

B) Hold job fairs, both in general and for specific fields. With the new arena for big fairs, and Javits for small, the space is available. Besides assisting students in the job hunt, it would also broaden Stony Brook's exposure in the region.

C) Establish an active mentor/internship program with local companies, both during the summer and academic year. It would be beneficial to both students (job experience, contacts) and companies (ability to hire student experienced with the company).

3) Competitive scholarships to top students: This presents variety of possibilities that I'll run through. Free tuition to top students entering teaching careers in critical areas who agree to teach in New York. Work with local companies to endow local scholarships both in general and related to their company. A similar program with local chambers of commerce.

A Presidential Scholar program with a full four year free ride to the creme de la creme of entering freshmen (say 10). A full four year ride to any valedictorian from a New York public school. This is a great gimmick with a lot of positive p.r. throughout the state at a relatively low expense. If Stony Brook really wants to attract the best, let it put its money where its mouth is.

After all, isn't something wrong when the premiere public science and math facility in the state system is drawing less and less freshmen who intend to enter those fields? Or that the overall number of top students that are choosing Stony Brook is declining? Many alumni from the past have an image of the present campus whose standards have lowered since their graduation. In many cases, the image is a correct one.

4) Open House: I mean, a real Open House. Given all of the positive media coverage it receives, Stony Brook needs to hold a real open house to show off its campus to both prospective students and their families as well as the community. Invite the community in to see what goes on at the university.

Open houses in the past have been held in the summer

when the campus is empty, presenting an even more sterile appearance than normal. Hold it in the spring ("Spring Fling") when the campus is busy and actually appears pleasant. Most of all, make it free and make it fun, with activities for families and their kids.

Open all the facilities, have professors on hand for demonstrations and discussions; every department should be doing something. The possibilities are endless: sports clinics, blood pressure screening, music performances... Get as many student groups as possible to get involved with tables and activities. And make sure it's actually well advertised so people know to come.

5) Bring the campus to the public: Develop a local television show for either local commercial (WLIG), public (WLIW) or cable station. It could cover Stony Brook sports or focus on a specific program/issue each week (i.e. Thomas Flanagan discussing his latest novel).

Sponsor a "College Bowl" for area high schools. With over sixty high schools in Suffolk County alone, this could be a big deal. Winning teams could receive scholarships to Stony Brook. I'm sure one of Stony Brook's biggest supporters, Newsday, would be willing to co-sponsor the event.

Bring the experts from the university's academic departments to local schools. Have them work with A.P. course teachers and bring Stony Brook into the schools. This is done on a small scale now, so expand it, it works. Remember, the job you save may be your own. With 4% of all USB alumni belonging to the Alumni Association, that would suggest a program. As a Lifetime Member, here's my solution: make any Stony Brook graduate a free Lifetime Member. Besides creating an amazing growth in membership, it might actually get more alumni involved.

The main reason Stony Brook is facing all of this crisis discussion is the image of the school. Some people are concerned that no one has ever heard of Stony Brook outside the area. I've never met anyone outside of Long Island and academia who's heard of it. So what. Unless you have gone to an Ivy League school or a place like Cal Tech, the name is not going to get you a job. (Unless the person hiring you is an alumni.) The education you received there and the assistance the university provides will.

The Stony Brook name (where's that) has not opened employment doors for me. My education and experiences there, and at the University of Delaware, have. What I did in college is what matters, not the name of the mascot or who the football team competed against.

Press CD Shorts: Pavement & Yokota

By Paris Vash

On April 8th, Kurt Cobain died and, with his passing so ended Nirvana's reign as World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band. Since then I have had countless conversations with people about who is heir-apparent to this vacant throne. Names like Smashing Pumpkins, Urge Overkill, The Breeders, Soundgarden and (god forbid) Stone Temple Pilots were thrown around, but no band was worth enough to take over for the fallen Aberdeen gods—until now. From Southern California comes Pavement, and they seem ready to ascend to the title of W.G.B. (World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band).

On *Crooked Rain Crooked Rain*, Pavement jangle and churn their way through the fields of pop in the back of a beat up El Camino in less than 45 minutes. It's refreshing to listen to an album filled with short songs, rather than an album full of eight minute epics.

So, what does the next W.G.B. sound like? Imagine it is 1985, and R.E.M. and The Replacements (both former W.G.B.) are entangled in a drunken fist fight as they try to gain control of the amps at a prom-party-gone-awry. With just enough feedback and assorted sonic alterations to soothe the 90's alternative fan and the correct level of sloppiness to appease the critics, Pavement drags the 90's scene back into your neighbors' basement; the place your neighbors' older brother and his friends tried to play every 70's rock anthem they knew while drinking multiple cases of beer.

Besides being the best album of 1994, 'Cut Your Hair' quite possibly best song of the year. It pokes fun at the majority of rock stars today (i.e. "sellouts"),

and skips along to become a great pop song. If you do not find yourself singing "look around look around/the second drummer drown," then you have a severe taste problem (probably brought on by absorbing too much Ace of Base).

The jangle of pop/slop rock continues throughout *Crooked Rain Crooked Rain*, shining through the clouds of "Silence Kit", "Newark Wilder" and "Range Life".

Recorded for a paltry \$10,000 and released on the independent Matador label, it also houses quirky lyrical moments, from "Though the Foothills of My Mind" on through "unfair" and "Elevate Me Later".

With this album, Pavement seem destined to rise to the seat of W.G.B., and just in time, too; we need to get someone back to the top of the rock world. After listening to *Crooked Rain Crooked Rain* you will see that Pavement deserves the vacated throne more than any other band today. At least until the new P.J. Harvey disk comes out.

By Jenny Daunt

Yokota's *The Frankfurt-Tokyo Connection a Trance Continental Journey* takes us on a tour of the continents through techno-trance music.

We begin in Asia. The music illustrates a steamy night. The sound of June bugs, crickets and a helicopter fills the air. There is much atmosphere created to introduce us to Yokota's trip. The deep, pulsating beat draws us in.

By the time we hit the second track, the pace quickens and we are gaining speed. These trance tunes are the type that start off in the background and before you realize what has happened, you are dancing.

The songs all start off very "airy" without a

strong beat and it sort of creeps up on you. The trance is a steady, moderate pace for travel. Track #5, appropriately called "Sonic Fairy-Tale" is the only song I would remove from this set. It is a "happy," one-dimensional tune. It is too early 1980's. It is probably the Frankfurt part of the journey. Track #7 "Judgment Day" makes for the best listening on this CD. It is intelligent yet murky and scary. A fast trance to dance to.

My main complaint is that there are breaks between each song. I prefer a set that flows from one track to the next when it comes to this style of music. On this CD we can see this as stops along the journey, perhaps to drop-off and pick up travelers.

You might hear this kind of music in a "chill-out" room at a club. You may want to play this in the wee morning hours while driving home from a party. This is not for you if you are strictly a "hardcore" fanatic. Yokota's *Frankfurt-Tokyo Connection* is one for a "techno-head" who wants to experiment with a different, more subtle groove.



Power To The Woman: Tori Amos In Concert

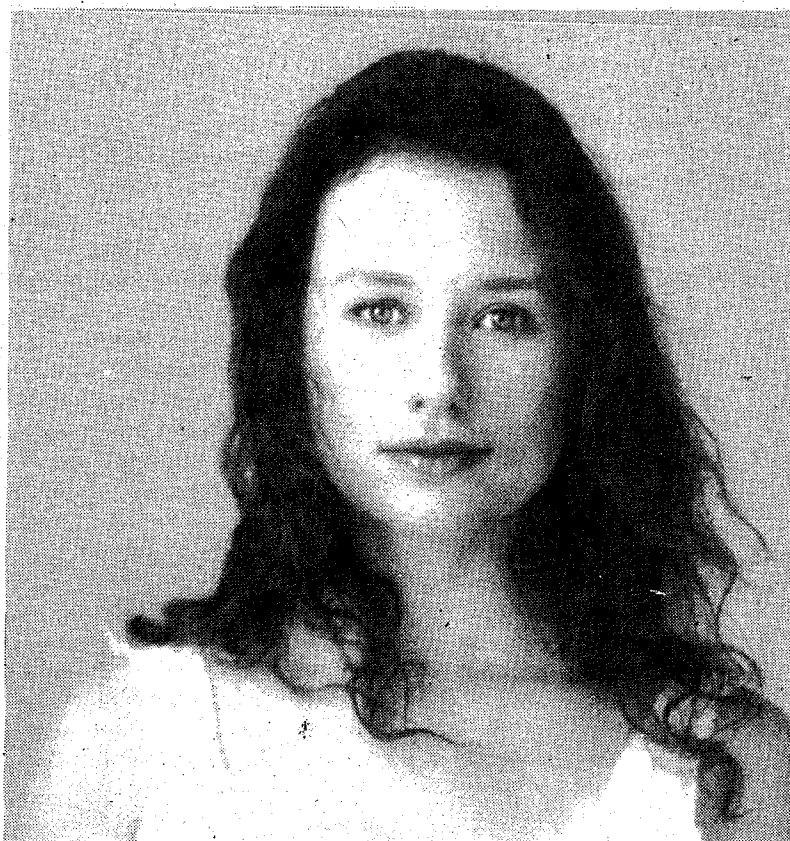
By Ted Swedalla

On June 7, I attended the Tori Amos concert at the Tillis Center on the C.W. Post campus after almost two years without seeing a concert (the last being an Ace Frehley concert at the Roxy in Huntington where I lost my hearing for three days).

I figured a Tori Amos show would be different from any concert I had previously seen, and I was not disappointed. Even in the parking lot I knew I was in for a treat, (or shock, I'm still not sure); the ratio of female to male was at least 3-to-1, maybe almost 4-to-1. On closer inspection, I realized most of them were between 14 and 17 years old.

Except for a pair of song ('Cornflake Girl' and 'God'), Tori played unaccompanied on a Bosendorfer piano, often slowing the tempo of the songs, making it impossible to sing along. She opened with 'Sugar,' an unreleased song, then split the rest of the set between her two albums, 'Under The Pink' and 'Little Earthquakes'. Each song received initial applause when it was recognized, the Tillis Center returned to silence. The only time the audience interrupted the silence was when Tori sang a pro-female or anti-male lyric, such as "boy you best pray/that I bleed real soon" (from 'Silent All These Years') or "so you can make me cum/that doesn't make you Jesus" (from 'Precious Things'). Only during 'Me and A Gun' (her song about her experience with rape) did the audience remain completely silent, then exploded into the loudest ovation of the night

when she finished. During the song it seemed almost as if people were afraid to take a breath or look around: all were dead silent, intent on her words describing the unimaginable.



She had a good rapport with the audience during the show. This makes sense; I guess you must if

you are the only one on stage night after night. Yet to my disappointment, she did not take full advantage of this. Every word held the audience in silence until the end of the story. In true form with

the rest of the concert, the loudest ovation of the show came after her story about masturbating while listening to 'Whole Lotta Love' by Led Zeppelin. Incidentally, Tori does a mean Robert Plant.

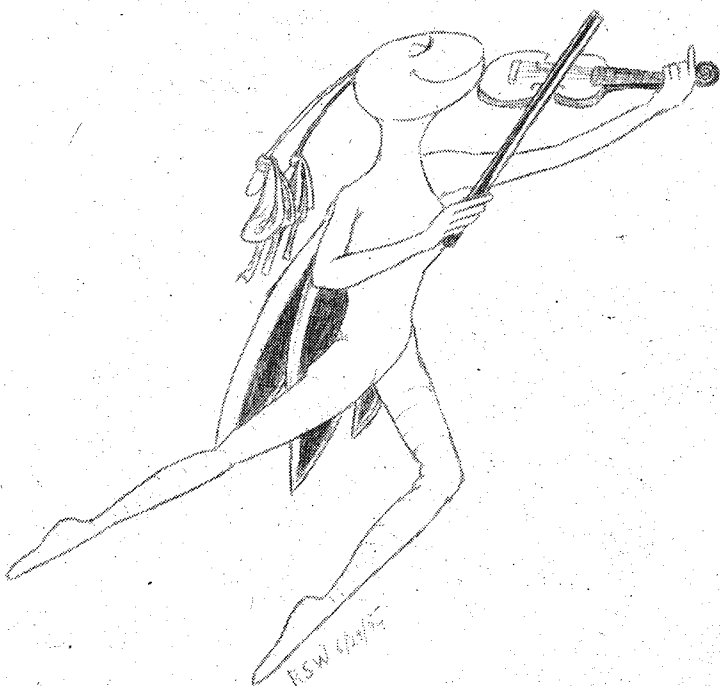
The 90-minute concert ended with a pair encores. The first included 'Cornflake Girl,' followed by 'Tear In Your Hand' (during which she forgot the words), and ended with her cover of the Nirvana classic 'Smells Like Teen Spirit'. The second encore consisted of only 'Baker Baker'. On the way out, most people were talking about the power of the show. Of course, there were also people complaining that she did not play this song or that song (myself included) I was very upset that she did not play personal favorites such as 'Happy Phantom' or 'The Wrong Band'.

Despite my disappointment, I must congratulate Tori for the emotional power she poured into each song; her ability to keep a soul-hammering gut-wrenching emotional level constant throughout an entire show is staggering. If you ever get the chance to see Tori in concert, do it. Without fail, it will be the most striking show you will ever see.

Dysfunctional Fables

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum
for artists who were pressured into boring professions



Fans of the famous fabulist Aesop will remember that he did speak kindly of the fiddling grasshopper. Aesop transformed the grasshopper into a lazy, mooching, short-sighted creature, maligning this innocent insect's character for centuries. Now it's time to set the record straight.

The grasshopper only lives for a year. It does not need to build shelter because it is protected by a hard, crunchy chiton coating which is distasteful to most animals. The grasshopper can only subsist on fresh plant material, because that is the only way it

can get moisture. This is why grasshoppers, unlike ants, will starve to death in the fall and winter when grass and plants die. My point is that if you know you're going to die anyway, why not concentrate on the important things—love, fun and creation?

Ants, unlike grasshoppers, must conform to the expectations of society and accept their station in life. They work hard to preserve their civilization and protect it from the outside world. They are under siege daily—never are the tiny ants safe from anteaters, bears, aardvaarks, badgers and multitudes of stamping feet from all species. Unfortunately, ants have no sense of humor—especially when it comes to death. They are so preoccupied with ideas on how to construct the hardest anthill walls that they never think about how to decorate their home once it is finished!

And with that, here is our long awaited story...

A grasshopper from the East Coast decided to travel across the country with nothing but her fiddle and a head full of bright ideas. She was young, but she knew she had to leave her mark on the world—or at least see it—before her year was up. Perhaps she could do both.

Grasshopper gave a lot of people pleasure with her music and stories, and she asked for very little in return. People took her in and offered her food, and she always paid them back somehow. In fact, she was a helpful, resourceful person who never asked for a favor she could not return.

The days grew colder, and Grasshopper nearly

made it to the West Coast. She played her fiddle and performed in public parks, but the nip in the air made people think twice about sitting outside. At these times all she really wanted was someone to talk to so she wouldn't feel as cold. Just knowing that someone would join her in the biting winds would be the best payment.

Suddenly she saw Ant marching down the sidewalk. He wore a three-piece suit, a bowler hat and an umbrella under his arm. He only looked straight ahead, determined to reach the anthill on time, and Grasshopper began to follow alongside of him with her fiddle. She played a drawn out, soulful melody—so lonely and longing—but Ant kept marching on. She played another tune, and another, but nothing could turn Ant's head.

When they reached the anthill, Grasshopper was completely exhausted. Out of breath, she collapsed as her violin whined one last measure of "Perhaps Love" by John Denver, and after she hit the floor Ant finally said:

"That was off-key."

And he went to work.

MORAL:

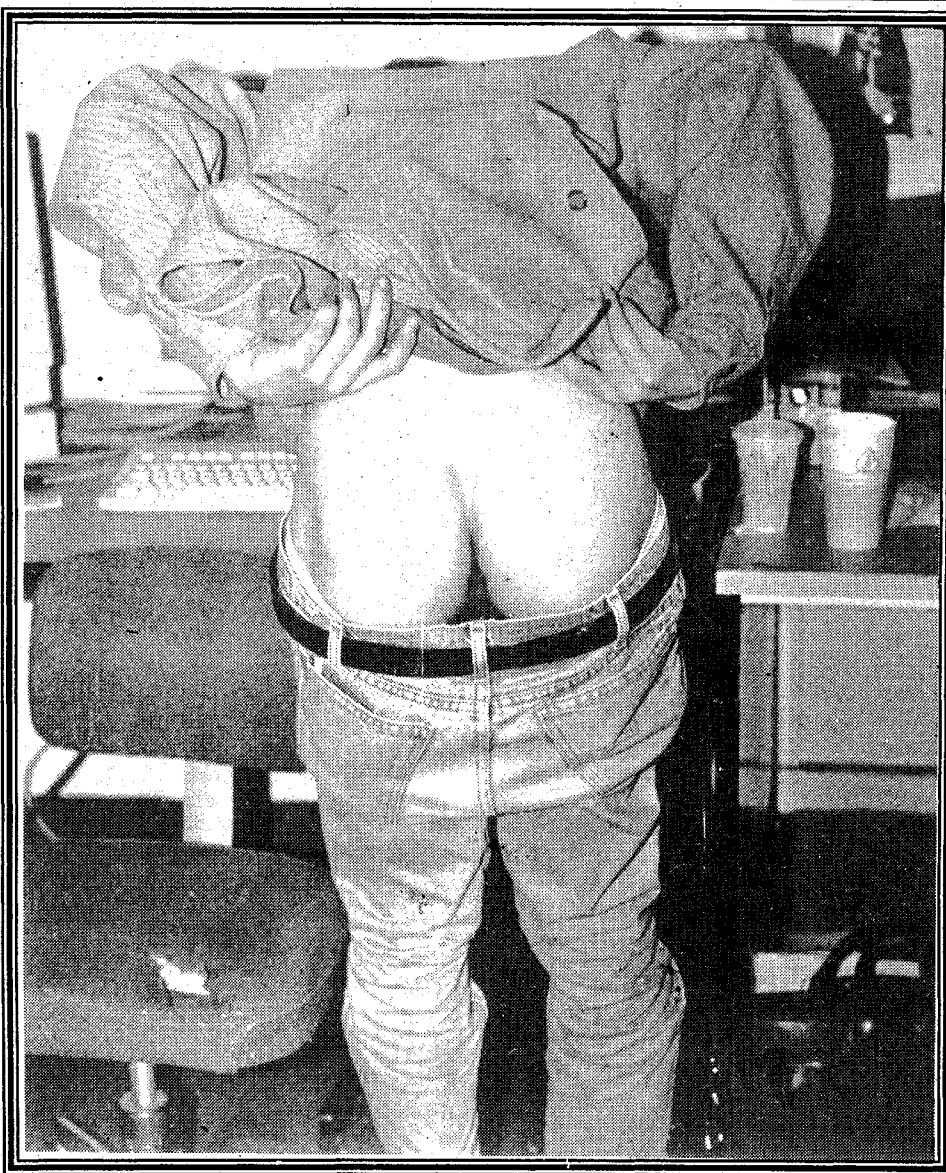
All forms of industry should be respected and recognized.

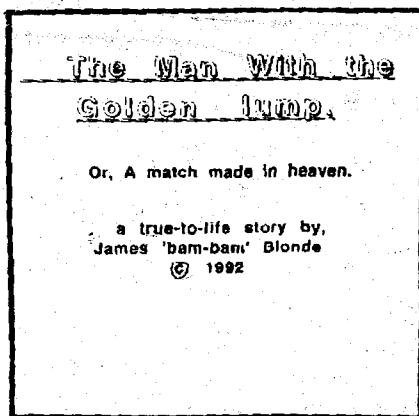
MORE IMPORTANTLY:

One can only strike the insensitive with a hammer.

THE WORLD IS CRASS—DEAL WITH IT!
DIE WITH A SMILE ON YOUR FACE
JUST TO PISS THEM OFF!

Don't be an Ass. . . Join the Press





Box 721.



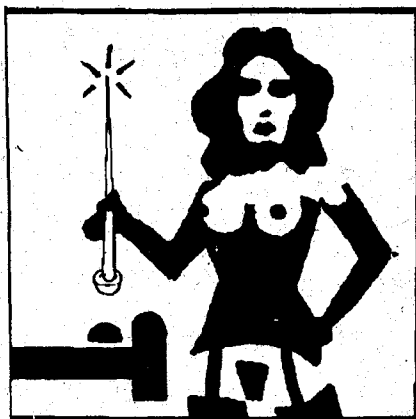
One day I had an accident on the job. I was out for a week, but my back still hurt. Depressed and dejected I went to a local bar.



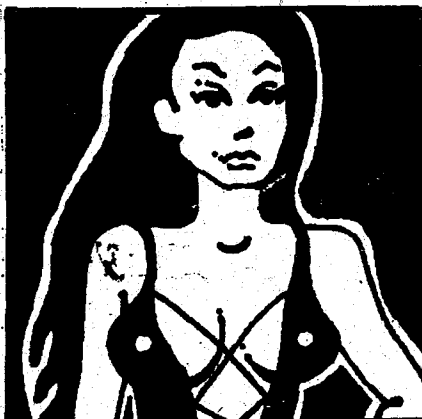
I called the lawyer, whose number I found on a book of matches that I got from an elderly woman, who sat, holding court, at the end of the bar. She was drinking Huevo Gold, straight.



The lawyer in turn, sent me to an acupuncture clinic downtown. I made an appointment for Monday morning.



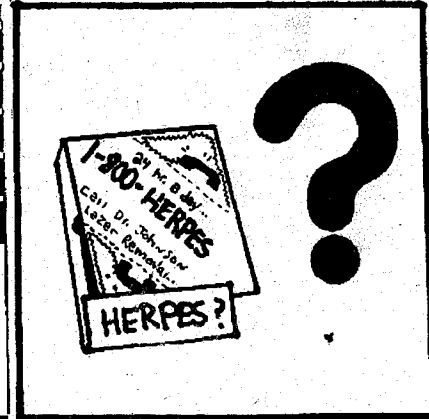
The clinic turned out to be a front for prostituting young run-away oriental girls. Since the insurance was paying, I decided to keep the appointment.



Words cannot describe the bizarre sex-filled afternoon I spent at the clinic. Never in my life have I achieved such results with women. I left affirmed in my manhood.



Miraculously, my back didn't hurt anymore. I called my lawyer to tell him the good news, but his secretary said he was at an appointment at the foot specialist.



My back was fine and I received a large cash settlement, awarded from a sympathetic judge. Except I had a new problem, a large lump on my testicles.

Review

Sonic Youth: No Longer Chaste New Album Passes Into Maturity

Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star
DGC Records
By Scott Lusby

Throughout their career, Sonic Youth has been at the forefront of the alternative music scene. Their careers began in NYC, playing and recording in relative anonymity for a fledgling record label, SJT Records. Then, with the release of *Daydream Nation* in 1987, Sonic Youth became an underground-household name. They signed a major record deal with DGC Records and released their breakthrough album, *Goo*, in 1990. They used their influence to help break some of today's best bands (Nirvana, Dinosaur Jr.). Now, two years after their album *Dirty* went gold, Sonic Youth has released their seventh album, *Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star*. With this release, Sonic Youth continues to explore the musical path they began on 1992's *Dirty*.

It is easy to retrace the musical path Sonic Youth has taken, as all of their deviations from this path are clear and well marked. On early albums, such as *Sister* and *Daydream Nation*, their style was marked by a hyper, almost panicked feel to it, packed with superfuzzy riffs, feedback galore and lyrics with as much sexual tension as a virgin in a strip joint. In short, they seemed ready to explode.

With *Goo*'s release came a clearer, more finely produced version of the above. Indeed, "Kool Thing"'s frantic pace and suggestive lyrics combined with a major label's production to produce a truly great work.

But something happened on *Dirty*. Suddenly, Sonic Youth became... dare I say it... *sedate*. The frenzied guitar riffs and wails were done. Sure, the sexual tension was still evident (especially in Kim's works), but the urgency created by the hyper rhythms had been lost. It was as if (to continue using the above sexual simile) the virgin had gotten laid. The

want and desire was still present, but the pressure was gone. I could almost picture Sonic Youth, *en masse*, laying back, puffing away on a cigarette.

This calmer, kinder and gentler Sonic Youth, despite the lost aggression, did not disappoint, however. "100%" remained an excellent song, as did "Sugar Kane." *Dirty*

seems to have passed from the sexual frustration of its youth and relief of its adolescence on to a confident unit unafraid to explore its own sexuality. Songs such as "Bull in the Heather" exude this confidence, as evidenced in lines such as "tell me that you want to burn for me/tell me that you want to hold me."

In works such as "Androgynous Mind" and "Waist", SY analyzes the differing gender roles in the sexual 1990's world. "Androgynous Mind"'s homosexual allusions create an interesting juxtaposition of gender roles when compared with "Waist"'s traditional male/female relationships.

In kind of a bittersweet afterthought, evidence of SY's influence on Nirvana can be plainly heard on *Experimental*. Much of Nirvana's composition construction, including their trademark Feedback, has its roots in SY's works. Indeed, works such as "Screaming Skull" and "Self-Obsessed and Sexxee" (from *Experimental*) sound as if they could have been on Nirvana's first album, *Bleach*.

Bassist Kim Gordon and guitarist Thurston Moore (who, incidentally, are married) continue to split lead vocal duties on *Experimental*, with Kim singing the more "confident" songs and Thurston singing the more "explorative" songs.

In the end, *Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star* not only mark a point of maturity on SY's musical path, but also as another unmitigated triumph for them. They have managed to create a slower, more sedate album in *Experimental* without losing their trademark sexual tension.

The tension is still present; it has just evolved from being frenzied and panicked to being confident and explorative. While this feather in their cap may not be their best effort, *Experimental* certainly merits a spot in anyone's musical library. You won't regret it. Next issue: *Live, Throwing Copper* and other new releases.



marked a refreshing new twist to SY's trademark "noise music"—slower.

Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star continues along this path. There isn't any "Kool Thing" on it; no thrash-and-stomp-fest songs to be found. Instead, SY