

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVI, No. III The University Community's Feature Paper

October 10, 1994



On the Inside

1994 Columbus Day Literary
Supplement

Stony Brook Institute Investigates: Are Pine Barrens On Their Last Leg?

by Allen Peda

When you think of Long Island, do you think of the recent Newsday headlines, with characters such as Joey Buttafuoco, Amy Fisher, and Sal Ingelerie? The view many of us have of the Island as a sprawling suburban wasteland may not be entirely unfounded, but there is more to this suburban pit of land than that. In fact work is being conducted by researchers at Stony Brook on an area of the island thought to be unique to the United States, if not the world, the Pine Barrens.

Dr. Martin Schoonen, Deputy Director of the Long Island Ground Water Research Institute (LIGWRI) here at Stony Brook explained to me that the Pine Barrens within eastern Long Island are special in many ways. What was once a long coastal ecosystem which ranged from Georgia through Maine is now reduced by climate changes and human encroachment to a final 50,000 acres here on the island, with additional acreage in parts of New Jersey. Schoonen explained that these forests contain many species of plants which can only exist within the unique conditions present on the island. Despite the popular name, they are far from barren.

In fact the fragile and unique nature of these forests, combined with the proximity of suburban communities presented the component departments of the LIGWRI with a powerful incentive to combine their expertise. Five years ago, researchers from the faculties of three departments: Applied Mathematics and Statistics, Earth and Space Science, and the Marine Sciences Research Center began to coordinate efforts to better understand the flow of water above ground and below in the western regions of Long Island. Initially efforts were focused on simply collecting more data on coastal water above and below the ground surface. As the amount of information grew, efforts naturally evolved toward understanding what was occurring on an increasing detailed scale. Schoonen explained that the nature of this information required continued close collaboration with several departments. The result was a joint effort that eventually became formalized as the LIGWRI this last May.

Work began to focus on the Pine Barrens because the systems being studied here include many endangered species at the edge of an area just beginning to be affected by suburban sprawl. The coastal parts of these areas involve the interaction of fresh water and salt water, both above and below the land surface. Sea water even manages to become deposited here from the air as a salty mist blown from the surrounding ocean. The complex nature of this microclimate dictated this interdisciplinary approach not uncommon in the environmental sciences. As work continued, and researchers would see their work became increasingly relevant to contemporary issues reported in the popular press. Independently, controversy began to erupt over the pos-

sible construction of a jetport in the Pine Barrens. Still, applications of this research always extended into areas beyond preservation of endangered plants. Many industrial sites on the island are closing down leaving behind a chemical legacy of their activities. Even local gasoline stations and dry cleaners frequently leak petroleum based and chlorinated solvents into the water beneath the land surface. Researchers at Stony Brook saw clear-

institute are studying this problem in order to better assess exactly how much water can be taken from the area without destroying the very characteristics we wish to save.

Increasingly, studies are revealing that not only are the familiar industrial pollutants impacting the environment about us, but less visible sources are also of concern. These vague non point sources become more significant as obvious point sources become more strictly regulated. Examples of non point sources include farm fertilizers and pesticides, and road salt. These compounds frequently enter waters from large areas, and measuring the amount being released is not as straight forward, but it is possible. This traditional method, called a mass balance, is used to estimate how much salt, as chloride, should be coming out of water such as the Peconic river. When comparing the amount measured, the difference is deduced to be from man made, or anthropogenic, sources. Schoonen's studies reveal that, although these waters are clean, none of them are pristine, and as civilization encroaches indicator compounds such as salt can be used to reveal how these chemical levels fluctuate.

How does this impact island residents like you and me? There may be no direct impact in the short term, but if you value the future of your drinking water, enjoy the greener regions to the east and look forward to finishing in the Sound, you may want to think again. Organizations in both the private and public sectors are investigating the quality of the waters within the island and the Long Island Sound with increasing levels of scrutiny. Recent reports such as the Long Island Sound Study, indicate that many pollutants from areas surrounding the sound are adversely impacting the water, and the fish within it. Although organizations such as The Nature Conservancy are setting aside areas with money donated by concerned individuals, it is only by the cooperative efforts of each and every citizen that we can remain aware of the impact



ly that their studies could only increase in significance.

As Martin pointed out, practically all of the drinking water on Long Island is pumped from aquifers beneath the ground. Some of it only days old, falling at a recent rainstorm, some of it placed here during the last ice age. It is therefore clear that studying the pine barrens as a penultimate example of remaining clean water is important beyond popular concerns about the environment. In fact the pine barrens region hinges upon the allocation of these lands as ground water recharge areas.

Schoonen explained that the research of the LIGWRI ironically suggests that saving pine barrens as a source of drinking water could easily destroy many of the protected species within it. This is because many of these plants live at the edge of shallow ponds and lakes. Increased consumption of ground water would lower water tables to such an extent that these native semi aquatic plants would be destroyed. Researchers at the

of each of our actions.

We see that the island is more than an assortment of 7-11s and suburban sprawl beyond the noise buffer wall along the LIE. In fact it is special in many ways which we can only begin to appreciate. When I asked Dr. Schoonen what each person could do to help preserve areas such as the pine barrens, he replied that we should all keep in mind the potentially fragile nature of species within these protected areas. When enjoying a walk along a trail, we must remember that a flower or fern along our path may be a relic of the last ice age, something better appreciated as a photograph than as a dried pressing. What may be one of the last plants from a field which had ranged along the entire east coast, managing to survive generation after generation for thousands of years could easily be destroyed, poisoned by alien chemicals, dried out due to irrigation off a nearby golf course, or simply trampled underfoot with the word "Timberland" permanently etched upon the remains.

JIMMY CARTER: THE RIME OF THE PEANUT FARMER

by David M. Ewalt

"My esteem in this country has gone up substantially. It is very nice now that when people wave at me, they use all their fingers."

-Jimmy Carter, 1987

Since he left office in 1988, the only thing of note Ronald Reagan has done is fall off a horse. In the eighteen years since he left office, Gerald Ford hasn't done anything but write his memoirs. In the Clinton years, Barbara Bush has written two books- but George has only... well, he hasn't done anything. Jimmy Carter, though, has arguably accomplished more after his presidency than he did during it.

In 1981 Jimmy Carter was banished from the political arena to the depths of Georgia. Like Reagan and his horses, Carter turned to simpler things in place of politics: relegating himself to his woodshed, he practiced his carpentry and whittling. However, despite his small-time hobbies, he was still thinking big.

It is a long standing tradition that former presidents honor themselves by building a presidential library- not so much a reading room but a tribute to their administrations. Carter had other ideas; realizing that his only presidential triumph was the Arab-Israeli accords, Carter decided he wanted his library to be a new United Nations, a place where conflicts around the world could be solved. He raised more than \$150 million to further this goal, petitioning not only private citizens but civil servants. William Quandt, who served as a member of Carter's National Security Council, sat in on a "Carter Center" planning session and was

stunned by the ex-president's intensity: "All of us sitting around the table looked at each other as if to say, 'This guy doesn't realize he's a former president. This won't work'."

Despite the nay-sayers, Carter did manage to build his Center, a Georgia office building with lots of auditoriums and round conference tables. His next task, however, was more daunting than erecting a building- Jimmy had to find some conflicts for his conflict center! Faced with an unfriendly Republican administration, this task grew more and more difficult.

To fill his time, Carter began to work with Habitat for Humanity, a non-profit organization which builds homes for the impoverished. Again proving himself the atypical ex-president, he took up hammer and nail to actually do the construction himself. Soon, however, a problem worthy of his trouble developed in the Persian Gulf.

When Iraq invaded Kuwait, the United States prepared for invasion. Carter, always a strict opponent of violence, lobbied the U.S. and U.N. against the use of military force. His efforts, of course, failed, but his desire to play the mediator remained strong.

The arrival of Bill Clinton in office opened new doors for Carter. While the Reagan and Bush administrations had been at odds with most of his plans, Clinton shared many of his same views. When the Arab-Israeli talks began early this year, Carter lobbied the White House for a chance to participate- and was turned down. Only weeks later, however, things were looking up: North Korean President Kim Il Sung invited him for a visit. While other diplomats had proven completely ineffectual in forging relations with Sung,

Carter managed a diplomatic break-through.

In light of his Korean achievements, the White House realized Carter might be the man to fix some of their other problems. During the final days of the Haiti showdown, Clinton asked Carter to lead a diplomatic mission to convince Haitian president Raoul Cedras to back down.

Accompanied by a diplomatic team which included former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Colin Powell and Senate armed forces committee chairman Sam Nunn, Carter arrived in Port-au-Prince a mere thirty hours before Clinton planned to begin bombing. He met almost immediately with Cedras to begin negotiations, but got nowhere.

The tide only began to turn when Carter accompanied Cedras to his presidential mansion. Using little more than good old southern charm, he won the affections of Cedras's son- and more importantly, his wife. The apparently cuckolded dictator agreed to step down only hours later.

When Carter returned to the states, he found his political transformation complete. The same country which unceremoniously dumped him on his butt during the 1980 elections now hailed him as our 'Elder Statesman'- and cried that he deserved the Nobel prize.

What can be said of this remarkable comeback that isn't already cliched? Perhaps Samuel Taylor Coleridge had it nailed:

"And a thousand thousand
slimy things lived on,
and so did I."

Review of "Object" Graduate student show by Elena Humphreys

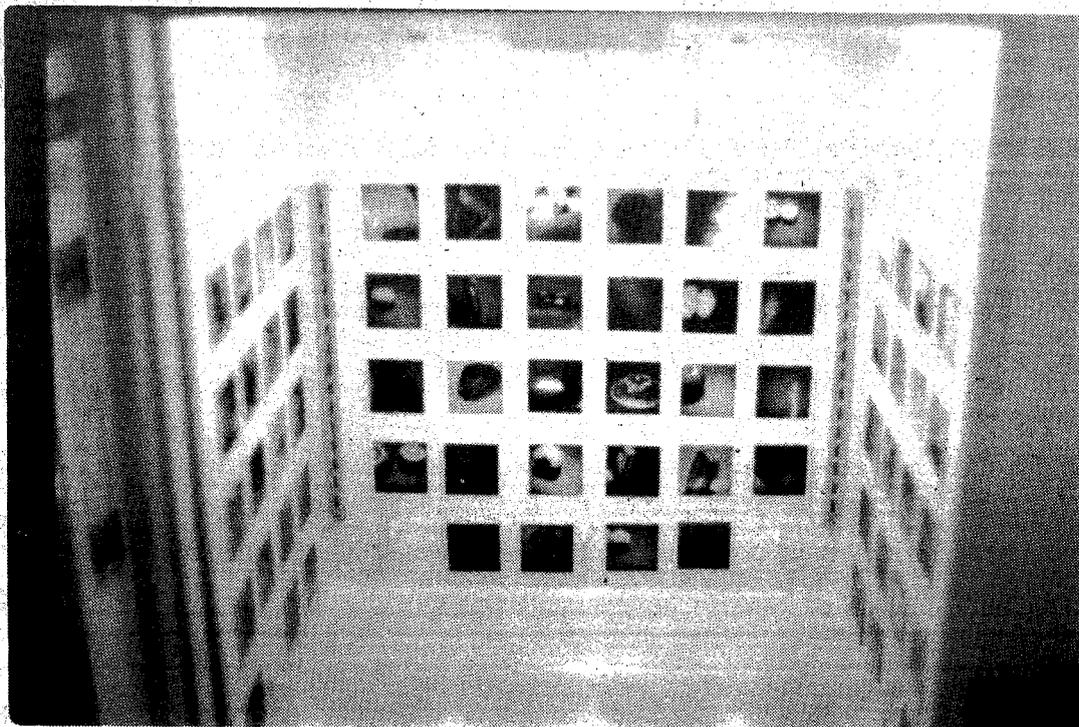
by Aaron Swartz

Psss! Hey, honey, sugar, muffin, cupcake, puddin'! The names that some men use to refer to women on public streets and in private male-bonding sessions are also found stamped on food labels in neighborhood supermarkets. Women-food, food-women. What's the connection? Why do these men link "puddin'" with women and not, say, Bill Cosby commercials? The objectification of women in our culture through the use of food words is explored by Graduate student, Elena Humphreys in her exhibit, 'Object,' running through October 21 at the Frank Melville Library Gallery.

Elena Humphreys, who is currently working on her MFA, did not immediately make the connection between women and their reduction to food and coffee sweeteners. It wasn't until research regarding sexual harassment on the street and women's loss of identity led her to make a list of names men call women. At that point Humphreys realized these sexually connotative "cat-calls" were many times, food, and in the broader sense, objects.

The connection between food, sex, and women is

brought to life in a cleverly constructed show that borders on the provocative without being overtly sexual. On one wall, Humphreys hangs six 5x7 color images set in box illuminators at a very close range. She shot raw meat, honey, a peach, fish, fur, and chicken skin. The wall is entitled "Word Made Flesh" and the connection with the objectifi-



cation of women is our own. Humphreys chooses not to coddle her audience, instead she lets us walk away with our own ideas. "The type of work I like is when I walk out of a gallery and figure out my own story." Originally each chrome had a word over it, but a work should be able to stand

on its own," she says.

On the opposite side of the gallery, Humphreys installs an opened refrigerator (her symbol for what is stereotypically female) full of color polaroids, each one a different female body part or food. It seems the pictures are meant to be viewed as a collage, for the images are too small and too far away to be viewed individually. Again, Humphreys uses covert tactics to entice and school her audience.

The third part of the exhibit is in the center of the gallery, where Humphreys places a very old, almost sinister, iron bed covered with crisp, very sterile white sheets. In the center of the sheet is a circular image of raw meat. Here Humphreys conjures up disturbing images of rape and women as only sexual objects. Humphreys personalizes her show by confronting the sinister bed with a television showing home videos of herself playing as a little girl. This use of the television creatively makes a statement about the

kinder, gentler times in a women's life, childhood. In 'Object,' Elena Humphreys teases her audience's imagination with political hints and whippers, in turn giving us the opportunity to create a story of our own.

Students in the Hands of an Angry Clod

"I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do." Assistant Director of Campus Residences Alan Devries said these words to me recently, and I believe he accurately described himself. Through my years here at Stony Brook, I have heard many things about Mr. Devries, but I've tried to keep an open mind anyway. Finally, however, I've joined a long line of hunched-over, downtrodden, disgruntled underdogs who have all had a brush with the be-all-and-end-all of mechanistic bureaucracy: Campus Residences.

My tale begins in early September of this year. Apparently, due to some minor error in the obscure and complex rituals involved in applying for financial assistance, I found myself just about two thousand dollars short of my tuition bill. I was assured at the office of Financial Aid that I had nothing to worry about, that I had only to re-apply and the kind and benevolent powers-that-be in the magic kingdom of Albany would find it in their compassionate hearts to rush to my aid in just a few weeks. I would have jumped up and down gleefully proclaiming my joy, but until that money came in I couldn't register for classes!

Again, I was reassured. There is a fantastic creature known as C.A.S.A. (Committee on Academic Standing and Appeals) which has the remarkable power to defy registration deadlines. I could not believe there were such wonderful

things in the universe. I was dumbfounded. I was gullible.

On the evening of Tuesday, September 27, I received a hand-delivered letter which informed me that since I was not registered, I was being evicted from my dorm room as of 4:00 PM Friday, September 30. I came up with what seemed to be a fairly straightforward and reasonable plan of action: start my C.A.S.A. petition, then call "Uncle Al" Devries and explain my extenuating circumstances. Unfortunately, life is not so simple.

Unbeknownst to me, I had less than twenty-four hours to get my petition reviewed (thanks for the advanced notice, guys!), because the C.A.S.A. guy, otherwise known as Prof. Paul Huffman, only has hours on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Meanwhile, I sallied on over to Campus Residences to call on Al Devries and/or Dallas Bauman. "Uncle Al" wasn't in and the poor lass at the reception desk didn't even know who Dallas Bauman was, so I left a message with someone who looked like they *did* have a clue and went back to my petitioning ceremonies.

That evening I received a phone call from Mr. Devries, who informed me that S.U.N.Y. at Stony Brook is currently involved in an expensive lawsuit because they let someone in my same situation remain in his room and he jumped out a window. Despite my claims to sanity, ol' Al made a firm stand, "I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do."

It wasn't until Friday morning that I learned just how

screwed I really was. By this time I had pretty much given up on Uncle Al; despite the appeals of myself and several faculty members, the little weasel wouldn't budge. It was also on Friday, that after missing a quiz and three days of classes so I could get signed and sealed letters on department stationary from all of my professors stating that I have been attending classes, I discovered that the C.A.S.A. guy (Prof. Huffman) wasn't in on Fridays- Oops! I probably should've checked on that.

In the end I was aided by the office of the Campus Community Advocate, as I like to refer to them, the Dynamic Duo of Stony Brook. Florence Boroson and her assistant Linda Martin are two determined, resourceful ladies who can mountains with just a phone call- which is pretty much what they did for me. I was registered by 3 PM that afternoon.

The whole experience has lent credence to a theory I have which states that behind all bureaucracies are people. Unfortunately, Al Devries isn't one of them. I'm sure Ms. Boroson won't like that last statement and "Uncle Al" probably won't be too keen on it either. However I've said it, and here's why: Al Devries, I find you pretentious, questionably competent, and altogether impotent. That is my personal opinion and I am compelled to write about it. I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do.

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The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by The Stony Brook Press Inc., a student run and student funded non-profit corporation. The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of the staff.
Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (516) 632-6451.
Staff meetings are held Wednesdays promptly at 1:00 pm.

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Mutiny Naked

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Along the Color Line:

Ben Chavis and the Crisis of Black Leadership

Part II of a Three Part Series

In the months following Ben Chavis's appointment as NAACP executive director, he moved quickly to establish a new direction for the organization. He reached out to the Hip Hop generation, talking directly with the gang leaders and rap artists. He pushed a more aggressive economic program favored by William Gibson, NAACP board president, which included pressuring corporations such as a s Denny's to sign agreements addressing employment and discrimination issues. Chavis explored the development of an international agenda, reviving the vision of W.E.B. Du Bois by proposing the establishment of a permanent Association office in post-apartheid South Africa.

But Chavis' greatest strength was his youthful energy and determination for the NAACP to re-establish his position as the central force building black solidarity in America. Chavis felt that no black leaders, however controversial, should be excluded from the process of dialogue. After the Congressional Black Caucus weekend conference in September 1993, Chavis agreed to host a national summit of black leadership.

Meanwhile, gradually, a coalition of interests began to emerge in opposition to Chavis' "new directions". Some opponents came from the Baltimore office of the NAACP National Headquarters. Chavis' selection of attorney Lew Myers as Deputy Director and Don Rojas, who had been the press secretary for the late Maurice Bishop, Prime Minister of Grenada, generated fears that he was incorporating black nationalists and leftist elements in the leadership of the association. Opponents in local branches began to pressure Gibson and Chavis to remove Rojas, in an attempt to deny Chavis his own staff people. Corporations which had provided support for the NAACP in the past, began to question Chavis' new initiatives. But probably the chief critics were traditional, white "liberals" who had a longstanding relationship with the integrationist posture and program of the NAACP, and ideological conservatives who strongly opposed any progressive, realignment of the African-American freedom movement.

Many of these white conservatives were connected with *Commentary* magazine, *The New Republic*, and the *Forward Newspaper*. Intellectually, they made absolutely no distinction between "integration" and "equality." They never comprehended the desire of African-American people to be permitted the political

and social space to discuss their own problems occasionally behind closed doors. They could not tolerate any organization which engaged in political dialogues with anti-Semites like Farrakhan. But most importantly, they feared being isolated from a new NAACP which was actively building a broad-based, black united front around an aggressive, post-civil rights agenda. This had profound implications for the entire American liberal-left community. As one prominent white publisher explained to me, "We would rather have a black leadership which goes nowhere, than a black progressive leadership which talks to Farrakhan."

Everything Chavis represented rang loud alarms within the white conservative establishment. The opening salvo in the assault against Chavis was a polemic in *The New Republic* in January, 1994, by Arch Puddington, an aide to the late integrationist leader Bayard Rustin. The article ominously entitled, "The NAACP Turns Left," warned that Chavis was a leader "consciously identified with the Left," who "has not been above issuing a gratuitous attack on 'Zionism'." Puddington observed that Chavis had "begun to fill the NAACP staff with individuals who share his leftist political orientation." In short, Chavis was a dangerous presence within the civil rights community, an uncompromising radical who "championed Leninist political movements" and who had "adopted a relentlessly anti-Israel stance during the 1980s." A similar diatribe was written also in January, 1994, by *The New York Times* columnist A.M. Rosenthal, entitled "On Black Anti-Semitism." Rosenthal charged that Chavis and the NAACP, as well as other black leaders such as Jesse Jackson, were "willing to ally themselves with the salesmen for a new Holocaust."

Other criticisms against Chavis gradually began to surface. Chavis was attacked for his efforts to reach the Hip Hop generation, including engaging in dialogues with gang members. His quiet support for the North American Free Trade Agreement in 1993 angered many leaders of black organized labor. But the simmering criticisms reached a boiling point when Don Rojas, Chavis's Communications Director, coordinated a special "invitation only" meeting with prominent black nationalists and Pan-Africanists in Detroit. The private session, which was coordinated by the Detroit branch of the NAACP was convened to create "a deliberate mechanism for communications" between black activists and the Association. A controversy subsequently erupted over whether Gibson and other mem-

bers of the board had been informed about this "private" meeting in advance. In the late spring, conservative critics on the board demanded Rojas's resignation, and a vote of "no confidence" in Chavis. This abortive effort failed, but created real tensions and an atmosphere of uncertainty within the Association's national headquarters in Baltimore and among many branches across the country.

When it became obvious that it became obvious that Chavis intended to move the NAACP beyond the ideological boundaries of liberal integrationism, an orchestrated political attack emerged both within and outside the organization. One key black opposition figure was Michael Meyers. Meyers heads a paper organization, the New York Civil Rights Coalition, and previously served as an NAACP assistant director. Despite the lack of any genuine support of recognition by the black community in New York City or anywhere else, Meyers was repeatedly featured on national television and on the op-ed pages of the *New York Times*. Meyers' main criticism was that Chavis' quest for black solidarity directly contradicted the central purpose of the Association. Meyers asserted: "The NAACP has never purported to be an all-black 'big tent' organization dedicated to racial unity."

The June, 1994 Summit of African-American Leadership also increased the political attacks against Chavis. The majority of the African-American elected officials, trade union leaders and "traditional" civil rights leaders such as Joe Lowery, head of the Southern Christian Leadership, and Coretta King Scott, refused to show up. By contrast, about one hundred black leaders representing organizations totaling millions of people did attend the historic gathering. As black scholar Cornel West observed, "this summit generated remarkable energy...around the crucial issues of economic development, youth and community empowerment, and moral and spiritual renewal." Farrakhan was in attendance, but only represented one out of many different constituencies and organizations with a range of ideologies and political perspectives. Nevertheless, the show-down to determine the future of black leadership became inevitable.

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" appears in over 250 publications and is broadcast by 75 radio stations internationally.

The Wide World Of Spots

Do you have plenty of free time on your hands? At a loss for what to do while you're collecting disability? Do you lie on the couch wondering what to do when the chips run out? Why not try collecting spots! Collecting spots is an interesting and entertaining hobby for people of all ages. In addition, collecting spots can be a good investment. Although the market for spots has dropped a bit since its heyday in the '80s, investors speculate that in the future, spot prices could double and triple in value.

But collecting spots isn't just for the serious investor. While few may be able to afford a genuine 1994 O.J. Simpson blood stain, or the remains of a fly swatted by Keith Richards on the Steel Wheels tour, amateur collectors often can assemble a fascinating variety of stains, spots and undistinguishable marks. All it requires is some time and a good eye to spot spots.

What makes a spot valuable? *The Spotters Handbook* (pg. 64) notes these characteristics.

1. Form: the spot or stain shall be clearly defined and intact (not smeared), all spots should be noted as symmetrical, or asymmetrical.
2. Scent: if any can range from the petroleum based to the more rural bovine excretory. Scent should be consistent and not with any overtones.
3. Color: A matter of taste, many Spotters are divided between the purists who only collect single color stains, and the more modern radicals who even collect multi-chromatics.

Of course these guidelines shouldn't stop the amateur from collecting spots and stains which have that balance of characteristics that are aesthetically appealing. Take Gregory Calhoun of Roaring Rapids, South Dakota. Greg has a collection of over twenty thousand spots, ranging from those he found in his own laundry and received from friends, to an ancient Aztec bloodstain he lucked upon while vacationing in Mexico. Greg says a friend got him started when he was about to throw out a shirt that he had spilled oil from his car onto. "Ever since that first stain," says Greg, "I've been hooked."

There are a variety of methods that collectors use to store and display spots, but all hinge on keeping the stain physically intact as much as possible, hermetically sealing it if possible. There are a wide variety of methods and many specially made products such as Spot Keeper and Stain Holder on the market to assure that your spot, stain or undistinguishable mark will stay pristine and in good condition for years to come.

A word to the wise, investors should be wary that there are a number of forgeries on the market. If you are serious about investing in spots, be sure that the spot has been certified by the American Spotters Association, or some other widely recognized organization. Recently, police arrested a ring of counterfeiters who had been selling fake Patrick Swazey and Jon Claude Van Dam sweat stains. The discovery has left many purchasers heartbroken and angry.

Yes, few hobbies can beat the fun and adventure of collecting spots. Its a hobby the whole family can enjoy, with clubs and conventions in nearly every town its also a great way to meet other spot afficianados. Most importantly, its and activity you can enjoy all your life.

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COMICS

LEHMAN!

JEWISH GOD

WHY IS LIFE SO HARD?

USE YOUR HEAD. YOU CAN FIGURE IT OUT IF YOU KEEP TRYING.

CHRISTIAN GOD

WHY IS LIFE SO HARD?

IF YOU HAVE TO ASK YOU'RE NOT TRUSTING THAT LIFE IS HARD FOR A GOOD REASON.

AGNOSTICS' GOD

WHY IS LIFE SO HARD?

YOU'RE ASKING ME!!

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The 1994 Columbus Day Literary Supplement



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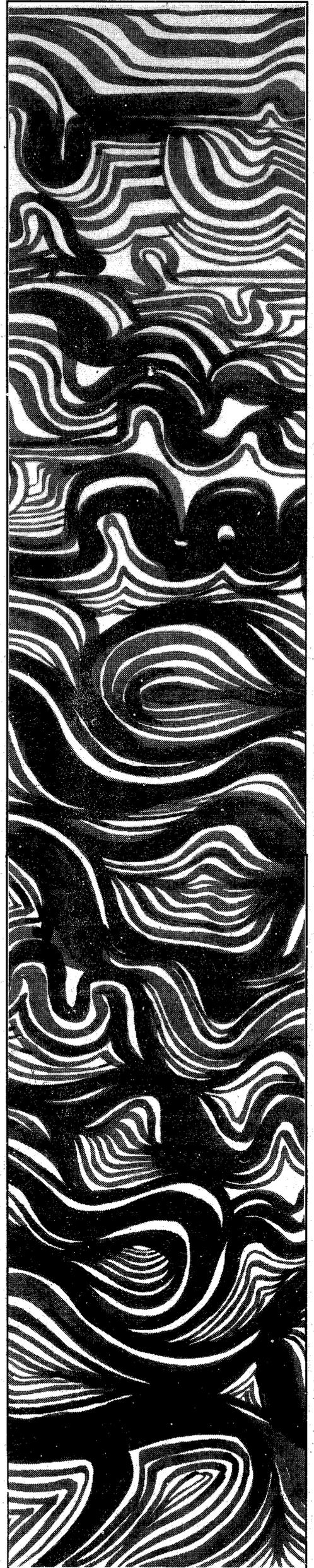
the sunshines w/ nova radiance upon the stone bench i lounge
across half shot from working all night to pay for my tonal
addiction half cocked from seeing the perfect ass in a pair of
tight black jeans and there she is standing w/ annoying defiance
in her green & white garbage bag sweatsuit amply covering her baby
love handles from a winter's worth of tequila shooters on ladies
night at the only place in town staring as i lie comfortably w/ my
hand even more comfortably located she makes a noise like a kiss
on a fat aunts cheek & flips her very teased hair heavenward
'bitch'
i sputter just loud enough to gain her shocked attention
'excuse me'
she says flipping her dyed blonde hair back to face me
'bitch'
i say standing raising me head, no, head & shoulderd above her
'how dare you judge me i could
be the best fuck you ever had'
she tries to turn her nose skyward only to see me stare her down
'i know you'
i say seeing the insane fury in my eyes reflected in hers
'with your one hand in daddys
wallet & the other holding your
boyfriends leash & your tongue down
his best friends throat & your
legs spread for anyone else'
gesturing wildly with arms akimbo & blood furiously pumping
'including power tools'
i add slyly i want to shake my head & wag my finger like a
talkshow audience but i can never do it quite right
'how dare you stop me thinking'
my voice becomes as hard as military grade tempered steel
'just because it hurts
your head when you do'
a crowd slowly gathers w/ shock & jealousy they watch this circus
'how dare you break my train of
thought how dare you stop me from
dreaming the Great American Poem'
i yell absorbing the smiles of the crowd fueling my tirade further
'you conceited painted princess'
i pause slightly i see her drying w/ horror until her lip gloss
flakes from her lips & flutters down like dying flower petals
'run back to your cabriolet & call
your mother whose drunk & naked at
the tennis club w/ the hardbodied
instructor working on her grip'
my eyes strong & black like a snakes during its kill
'or better yet call your lacrosse
playing boyfriend & see if he can
peel himself off the pages of your
stolen Victorias Secret catalogue'
a tear slowly developes in her left eye but im already gone through
the crowd & onto the train & into the pages of history

-ted swedalla

The Stony Brook Press
would like to thank all
the artists and poets
who's talent helped
make this supplement
happen.

with no beliefs in any religion,
I'm afraid to die
because I don't know
where my soul will go...

-Clugger '94

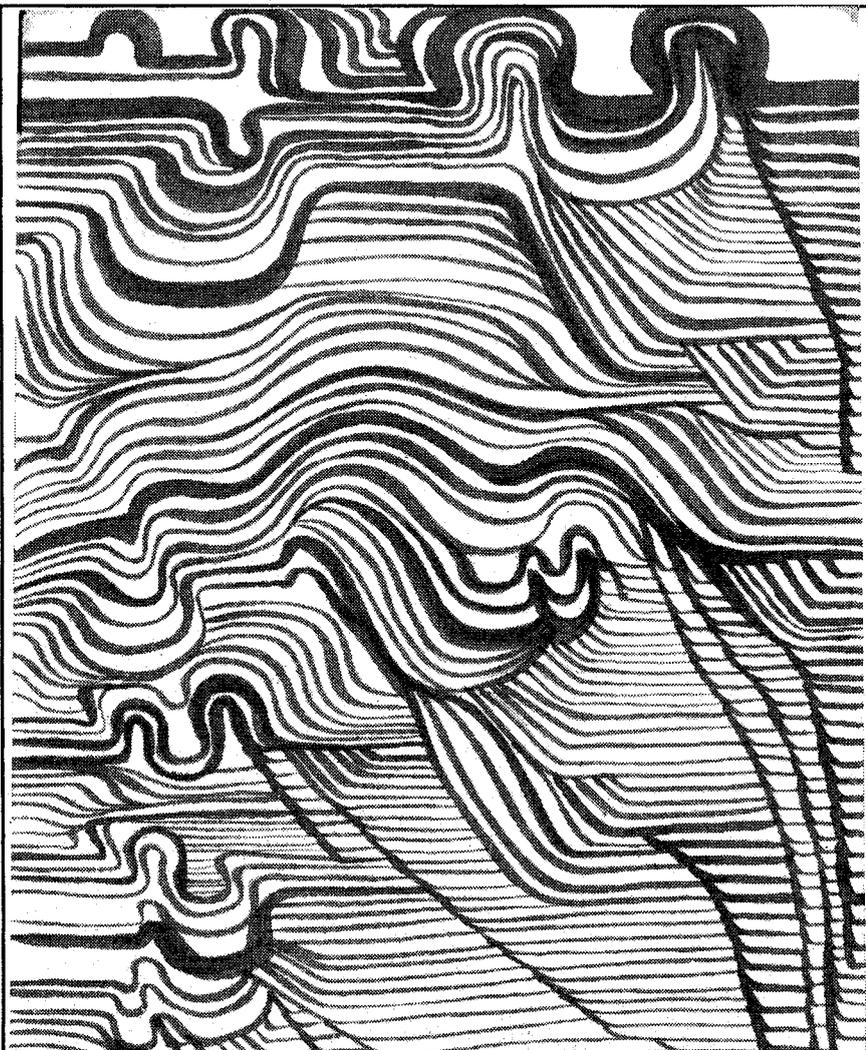


Rant #73

Thunderstorm warnings
Treated like a dog
Bizarre new twist
Staying fit
Take the challenge
It's turning out exactly as we expected it to
For long periods of time
you need to be inside, away from windows
Could ya please pass the jelly
Fixations
Obsessions
Transgressions
Never discuss the issue
Avoid the light
Ran him over with a car
tacky bow-tie
dirty toilet seats
Hypo-Allergenic
Clinically proven formula
Home style cooking
Avoid contact with eyes
Call 1-800-743-8640
See Chapter Five
Szechwan
Emotional intensity
Without entering the ear canal
The knob will not turn
stabbed in the back
handy snap lock
Ideal for a multitude of uses
over a broken phone
you sounded almost human
Pangs of intercranial laughter
Use only as directed
when I were younger...



Do not follow directions
Lift and tear along perforation
knuckles and fingers
Serious gastric disturbances will results
apply directly to feet
Greatest American Hero
Piece of an unknown puzzle
Locking into place
Another member of her family
I will not be forced
Laid on my bed
Covered my face
Death embrace
Of an ant
In retrospect
Does nothing to prevent it's demise
It's a blood thing
Contains no aspirin
I love her because she's my sister
Sterility guarenteed
Unless individual wrapper is opened or damaged
If you can't express your anger
Spray on a thin coat
Use even strokes
For medical emergencies
Seek Professional help
Parents need to say that to children
Strong pain relief
Angel Grey
And her unborn son
Boil for six minutes or until soft
Crimes of passion
Never fit in
In a world where there is no norm
The light turns from white to red
Try to open the box
beg for the chains which tear
No down-payment
Won't stick to wounds
when the wounds are too deep
Slave to all
Master to none
Forever a failure.



if it were ten years aft
 the way he'd've tried it
 would have been dramatically different
 but it is now not then
 and fibre optic cables
 are as good as paper smoke or ink
 with some computer trick
 that required a withdrawal
 he shot his crush a nano-second wink
 to her ATM he sent
 a message of amorous intent
 but through some micro-chip glitch
 to 3,000,000 other bank patrons is where his letter went.
 and after the joking stopped
 and the blush ran from his face
 he found his beauty and old fashionedly asked
 how about a date
 she looked at him puzzled and confused
 having lost her card three days before and said
 fourteen ninety two

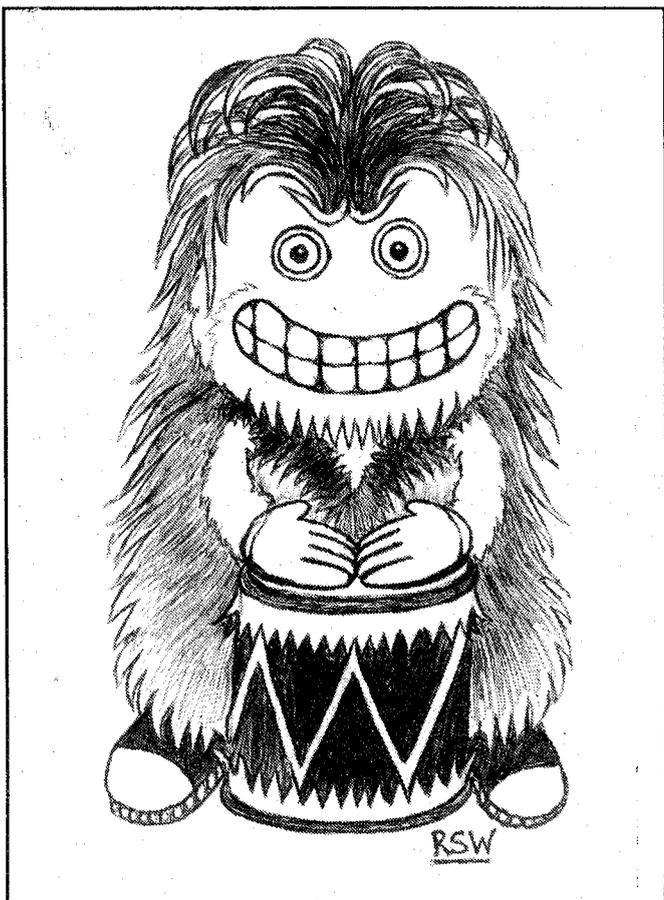
-Loius M Moran



Sommertyme Broose

Life is just a bowl of berries
 a trip to the moon, sit by the pool
 Raw OATS brought to the fountain
 an old Chevrolet, light your candle near to me
 a tree bends over and sweeps away dust
 the music masks the unnerving silence
 a holy man plays golf on a pastoral scene
 The mall of course has it all
 The clock fuzzes everything off including itself

-MAG



To My Beloved Grandmother

Grandmother who wrings the necks
 Of no chicken; nor other living things
 With nature as she is--like God
 Who goes on to live her life believing in faiths

The hardships of her struggling life
 Working her through the brightness of the days
 At the scene of her flashback; the moving time never stops
 Of the better life she never once enjoys, she closed her eyes
 forever leaves us with dust

The last moment I can not aside her, to feel sorry
 Peeking through my deep sorrow inside me
 Of a little chance I have; I pray to God every night
 Who is able to help me close my eyes and smoothes my dreams
 And the morning I woke again, I knee
 On the floor to pray to God
 Where He could give my grandmother a place
 On a rainbow day, bright and eternity.

-Thieu Giang



Jean Paul

The boy gnashed his teeth as he twisted in the street, swinging, jumping, and flinging his body wildly. This dance of exultation was seen only by the dust covered sidewalks. The silent approval from the faces of useless clocks was matched only by the definingly soft whistle of the still wind. There were no more postmen or preachers to deliver doom. No more grandparents or girlfriends to spoil or confuse him. No more parents or politicians to warp his mind. The whirling dance intensified as a tear rushed down his face to greet a world that won't laugh or wail, that can't move, breathe or even be. The tear simply said hello to the best solution possible. To say hello to the only way out. To shake hands with his own death. The dance became frenzied as the boy sensed his freedom nearer and now he found himself declaring for all the world to hear that he was leaving and that in his solitude...he would say hello to heaven.

-Edward M. Ballard

A Wronging (rather than a writing)

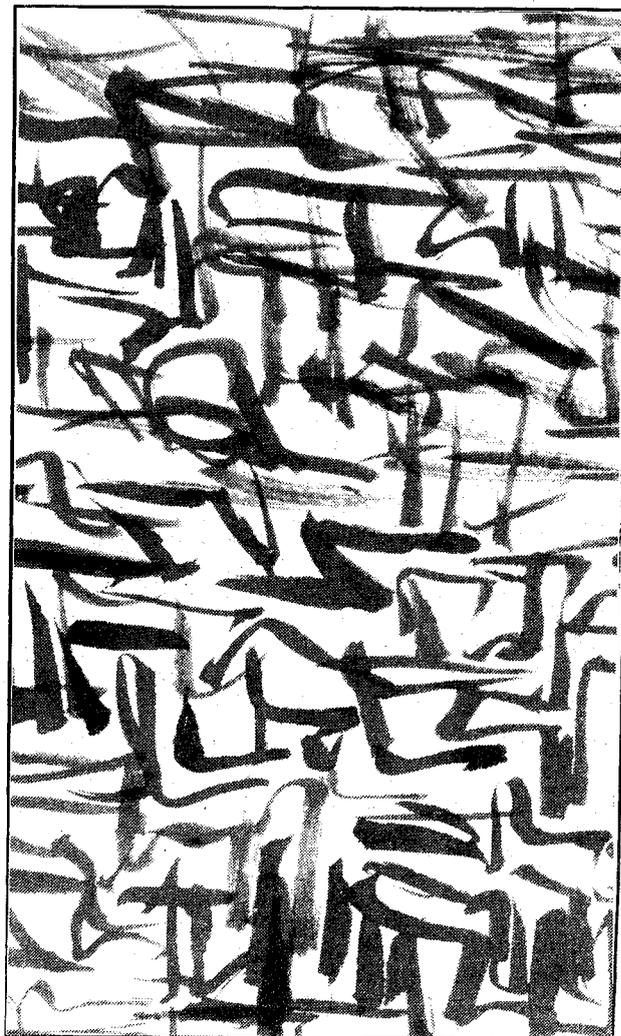
Boss came screaming into the room, arms flailing about, stopped, and pulled down his pants, then whipped out an eggbeater and began grinding away. "Haven't you had enough?", she screamed from across the room. The rug was rolled up and in front of the door, which just then opened and a midget stumbled over it and lay sprawling on the floor. "My God are ya alright?" Boss asked, "I'm not bruised, but my spirit is damaged," the midget said shortly.

Suddenly a man dressed like a King ran in and exclaimed "It ain't over yet, I'm still in charge, I've still have the divine right!" "Yah sure", the group chimed in. "That's what you said last night before you passed out."

"All this meandering has got me down" Boss spoke. "I'm gonna go out and shoot at some NRA members to lift my ego." He started to look for his shotgun over the mantelpiece, when Essy said "it ain't there no more you threw it into the fireplace when you were in a more colorful mood." Another filly dressed like Lady Godiva sprawled herself out on the couch and proclaimed "why do I hafta be called a babe. I never liked baseball anyway." "Damn now I've cut my finger, bitch, all cause I'd looked up to see your freakin' sweetness." "Put down that knife" Boss squealed, "youre liable to hurt somebody."

The midget who never got up was rolling on the floor laughing and holding his sides "Get outa here, Get outa here," he mumbled over again. Since the story got no ending (beginning or middle too we'll just stop here to save you the disgrace.)

-Twig Nogales



Color Parade

What does evoke from the inner minds eye
You prod and you poke looking at Kaleidoscope sky
The from a distant near, streamline smoke trains your thought.
Nothing, is eliminated from sight, not even whats been bought.
Go on now complete this/fill in the squares,
Go ahead and fit pieces together like parts of puzzle
make the picture complete, There is no defeat
on the march of the day, on the way to the color parade.

In the cinema rainbow real turning churning clicking
blinking strobe white and black the feel is immense.
Where does your soul fit in the picture is it worthy of
perusal, is your soul shy? is your soul ready? is your
soul on exhibit? Is your mind now getting heady?
Good, Continue on THE path, The way, the light
Finish all you can, yes complete the wonder flight
What does all this mean now? you ask from
your place its easy, its a race to the color parade.

You are speeding, you hurry you run and trip on the words
You want to be done now only something,
weirdly, intrigue leads you on
where will you be taken next what will be the next clue
the color parade wants you to have a good view
of the sounds and the shapes the taste and the smells
the carnival of senses that enchants us all
from the biggest to the small
How wide is the horizon you see, how narrow is the mind?
The pinwheel of your thoughts, the roulette of the spectrum
of all the knick-knacks and spirits, and paraphernalia
that you find
is it all worth waiting for, is it in following the beating
of the drum!!

The sounds only persuade, ah but the sights blast before us that
which we see, yes there all before us and in the color parade
Like a new day the arrives past the dark and the clouds
windswept crystal clear, blue sky and shine,
glaring blinding stretching
Bring forth all that we see not much more can be said
for the color parade ...

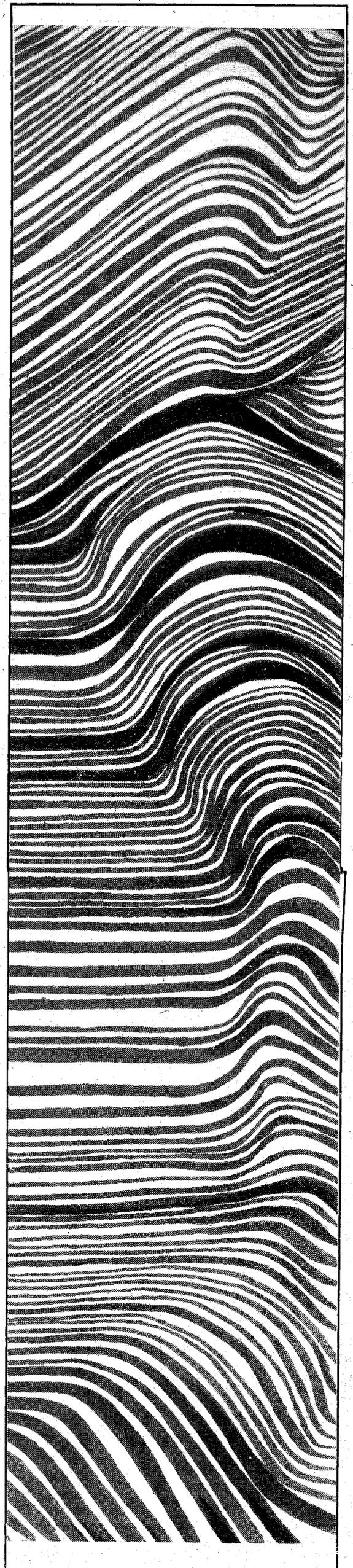
Why its been wasted like balloons left alone
like bees swatted down, like butterflies falling in autumn
all summers bounty falls and dies mushy on the ground
the leaves, fruits, berries, bugs, vines, flowers, juices,
grains, grasses, weeds, grasshoppers, crickets, ivy, bushes,
cornucopia, melons, squash all squash, cicadas,
katydids, arrowroots, tubers, tomatos...wasted colors
in the color parade.

Once again we fade to darkness, grays and mundane
Black is not color but the absence of and it pains.
Schmeered in the cold and artificial light
the parade is now over, the marchers are gone
and the viewing crowd leaves the ground
of the color parade.

-MAG

The way things are going, their gonna crucify me.

-John Lennon



Dooble Box

Naked Person

President Kenny

Tom Masse (stateman editor-in-chief)



In the preceding dooble box, draw your best.
Then send it to The Stony Brook Press
Student Union Room 061

The winner will be chosen by our staff, and they will receive either a cookie or the chance to become an editor at this fine paper. (And get all the headache)

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LEHMAN

BRIEF HISTORY OF AMERICA

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KABLOOEY by BLUE

... AND PRETTY SOON I NEEDED THREE CANS JUST TO GET UP IN THE MORNING!

Blue

Distributed by Carmen Syndication

The Stony Brook Press is now accepting story ideas for Joe Freshman. All submissions should be addressed to: The Stony Brook Press, News & Humor Dept., Rm. 060 1/2, Student Union Bldg., Campus Zip 3200

POPEYE HAWKS HIS NEW BOOK

THE ADVENTURES OF JOE FRESHMAN

ISSUE #3: JOE PLEDGES A FRATERNITY

The Click Beetle and the Hairy Caterpillar

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

to Paul Schreiber, if he deigns to read our inferior publication

It seems, dear readers, that we are back in Africa again.

Like the Stony Brook campus, Africa teems with active, spontaneous life. Many people have a great interest in African affairs, and journalists from around the world rush to the great continent in droves like flies to a hunk of rotting meat. Frantically they scribble their observations in little notebooks and run after petty autocrats with tape recorders and microphones, hoping to get "the scoop", "the straight dope", the real truth.

What most people don't realize, however, is that these journalists don't tackle Africa's big news stories all by themselves. There is a continental news service in Africa which works faster and more efficiently than any internet or outdated telegraph/radio communications system. This news service is composed of millions and millions of click beetles.

These tiny beetles provide news of love, danger, food, famine, war and death in all parts of Africa. They see, smell, and feel it first, then they tap a message of what happened on the ground with their rear ends. These messages echo across deserts, over the plains and above mountains until it is heard by the next click beetle, who carries on the message. This process is repeated over and over until the message reaches its destination.

The click beetles have a monopoly over Africa's news service. They provide only one voice for all of Africa, and since few people or animals have complained (at least, the living ones), the click beetles have developed a high opinion of themselves over the years until one person, one man, dared to question their words.

Few people learned of this man's identity. He

worked behind the scenes, beating his little bongo drum all over the world to provide a new perspective on life. Occasionally he wrote articles, too—even typed 'em on a laptop and printed them out to form underground newspapers—spending countless nights in a dark, smoke-filled burrow cutting and pasting with other little creepy crawlies. At first his audience consisted of close friends and family, then expanded to some other people and animals in the big cities. They found themselves enjoying these humorous yet informative articles, but each time they folded over the last page a sigh would escape their lips. They would ask themselves, who was this writer who signed himself off as Hairy Caterpillar anyway? And why couldn't he get a real job working with the click beetles?

Hairy Caterpillar was just a young guy in transition, neither here nor there, trying to find his niche in the world. All he knew was that his heart was in empowering the masses through knowledge and fun, and he wasn't quite sure the click beetles could handle such a concept. They were all so stodgy in their starched black suits and family traditions, so stiff that many people had stopped listening to them out of sheer boredom! At least, everyone who could get in touch with Hairy Caterpillar would tell him so all the time. "Go join the click beetles," advised a wise old monkey. "You have a lot to offer them, and the world."

So, with his little-bongo drum, on twenty tiny feet Hairy Caterpillar marched down to the head click beetle in Johannesburg to ask for a job. The head click beetle looked down his glasses at this unshaven fellow and asked sternly, "How many words a minute can you tap on the sand with your bum?"

"I tap on the drum—not with my bum," replied Hairy coolly, "and the answer is sixty."

The head click beetle ground his teeth. "We have perused your portfolio," he began as he took a deep

breath, "and we do not find it satisfactory."

"What? Why not?"

"Your grammar is poor, and your layout is completely unprofessional. No one would want to read this paper, and no one would take what you have to say seriously."

"Oh yeah? What are copy editors for? What's a layout staff for? Unfortunately, my staff consists only of eight people while yours is a continental organization! But none of that matters anyway—more people read my little paper than listen to your monotonal drivel." Hairy Caterpillar got out of his chair. "I'll show you. You'll wish you had me on your staff when the warthogs stomp on your conga line."

For the next few weeks Hairy Caterpillar did all he could to sabotage the click beetles' messages. He reported all of their faults—their discriminatory hiring policies, their bureaucracy, their ultraconservative fascist views. Africans got the message real fast, and decided to deal with the media in a heavy-handed fashion to speed up reforms. Unfortunately, once they smashed up the click beetles there were not enough literate people to continue the news service, and Hairy Caterpillar had an even bigger problem on his hands.

MORAL: Plan the revolution before the attack.

MORE IMPORTANTLY: The accusation of faulty thinking is cause for revolt.

Typos, however, are mistakes anyone can make.

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

Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Darkest Azazel,

What the hell is going on here? You put yourself forth as a columnist for diabolical advice, but all semester you merely defended your dark crown from wanna-be's. Are you getting too few letters, or are they bursting into flames before you can read them?

Anyhow, as a math grad. (one of evil's true larvae), I spend a great deal of time computing. Apparently, after many hours of scribbling on my blackboard, a seventh level demon named Maxwell was accidentally summoned and now won't leave the office. He eats all the food, grades papers incorrectly, hides books and leaves nasty notes for my advisor hidden in my work. Can he be gotten rid of, or at least made to work more efficiently with proper sacrifices? He won't speak to me, except in tongues.

Help!

Ritchie Padorana

'itchie Padowhatever;

A pox upon you and your kin. It's my column, I can do whatever pleases me—and it pleases my to print a lame letter rather than no letter at all. By way of example I'm answering yours.

This "seventh level demon" sounds fairly suspicious to me. From your description, Maxwell sounds like just another math grad. If indeed he is a demon it may be in your best interest

as a mortal to prostrate yourself before him, open an artery and let your blood flow freely. Barring this, you could attempt to assert yourself, though to do so is to risk grave and painful injury. For more of my thoughts on demonic summonings and social gatherings see next issue, due out the week preceding All Hallow's Eve.

Finally, on the subject of pretenders to the crown—"wanna be's"—you call them, I wish to share with you a letter I received from an imposter who could make all the others sit up and take notes. Even if obsequious praise were in my nature it would still nauseate me so I'll just reprint the damned thing here:

Hi, Y'All!

This here's Shirley, but y'all can call me Ma'am. Now, Azazel, I got me a problem. I done looked around at th' administrators here and I decided I can fix them up in about eight groups. There's some you could call competent and there's a whole bunch you could call incompetent. Then there's some you could call downright lazy and a few you might say could find their ways outta bed before the lunch bell chimes. And then there's some that's dishonest and a few that's honest. Now if'n I get ridda all the incompetent ones an' all the lazy ones an' all the dishonest

ones I ain't got but one left and that's me.

Sure enough I don't need all these folks cluttering up the place like a bunch of basking rattlesnakes but I gotta keep on a few to man the pumps. Now which ones would you keep around? I figure a good energetic, competent, dishonest person is about as good an administrator as you can get, but there ain't but a handful of them so what do you say should be my next choice? Lazy but honest? Competent, lazy and dishonest? Incompetent, energetic and honest? I sure would value your opinion, being as how you're so familiar with this place an' all.

Your Texas Belle
Miz Shirly
President

By the by, this came on "Office of the President" stationary and is quite convincing with the exception of two flaws. If the author cares to contact me I'll share my unerring insight.

-Azazel

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

Top 10 Places To Have Sex On Campus

10. **The Interfaith Center**
9. **ESS Observatory**
8. **Staller Center for the Arts**
Main Stage, row GG, seat 128
7. **Javits, 2nd Floor**
6. **Railroad Crossover**
5. **Poetry Center**
4. **Library, Fourth Floor**
3. **ESS Fountain**
2. **Admin., room 310**
1. **Van De Graaff Accelerator**

Student Faculty Staff Retreat

**Friday & Saturday
November 11-12th, 1994**

Harrison Conference Center

Application For Students

The planning committee for the 1994 Student-Faculty-Staff Retreat is accepting applications from students of the University Community who would like to be considered to participate in this year's event.

In its tenth year, the retreat brings together a diverse mix of sixty Stony Brook students, faculty, staff and administrators who will focus their attention on this year's theme "**Community of Learning: Lessons from the Past, Building for the Future**". The retreat will be held on Friday, November 11th and Saturday, November 12th. We will be looking at models and the qualities of a learning community and how they can be related to Stony Brook as we build for the future.

The planning committee welcomes applications from students who would like to become more active in areas of campus life. As the application process is competitive, please make sure that you answer all questions fully and that the completed application is returned by Tuesday, October 11th, 1994. Applications should be obtained and submitted to SFS Retreat Co-Chair, Union room 266. If you have any questions regarding the application or the Retreat, please call 632-6826 and ask for Mary Ann.

ARA + DNA = MIA

By Ted Swedalla

"Help us please", came a cry for the doorway, "as the last bastion of free speech on campus, you must listen and help us free ourselves of the insane, power-hungry bastards that are torturing us."

I turned to look, but saw nothing. Thinking it a joke, I returned to work.

"Hey buddy," said a gruff voice, "we is talkin' to you."

Again I turned, this time I saw a parade of vegetables marching across the floor. Rubbing my eyes to clear these hallucinations, I turned back to work. Barely two seconds had passed when a head of lettuce leapt onto the keyboard in front of me, surprising me with agility not usually found in your garden variety vegetable. Startled, I pushed my chair back, almost crushing a gang of citrus fruit, who nipped at my ankles.

"Don't scare the man," said a calmly voice. Slowly the pack separated, allowing a celery stalk to make its way forward, and then up on to the desk with the assistance of two cabbage, the strongest of all green vegetables. Celery leaned back against the printer and told me its story....

It seemed those boys in the Life Science Lab were up to it again. Undaunted by their mishap with the Pleistocene beaver last semester, they had begun to experiment on fruits and vegetables. Delivery after delivery of ARA food would make a stop in the lab before continuing to its original destinations, the stomachs of the students.

Weeks went by without any significant progress in the gene-splicing experiments between human and vegetable, although the lunchroom ladies received more compliments than usual on the food during the first weeks of experiments.

Finally they succeeded in crossing a radish with a human. It could only do rudimentary tricks (roll over, top this salad, etc.), but it was a major breakthrough. Now came the real test: to see if these radishes were edible. They were sent to the Roth Quad, and after a week, no one died, much to the surprise of the Life Science boys. Exhilarated, they started on Step Two, advanced gene-splicing, which included attempts at intelligence and personality.

Hundreds of man hours were spent poking and prodding the poor foods. Injections and immersions scarred some of them for life; they turned different colors, they ripened too fast, they became sterile. But

no consumer of the food seemed to notice. They had heard stories of the quality of college food, and hardly noticed that the oranges were crunchy and the lettuce was spicy. And when the occasional blue tomato came into a kitchen, the food service people were neither shocked nor scared. They took the corn by the cob (as it were), labeled the blue tomato "Iceland Tomatoes" and jacked up the price.



Only once during the experiments did the lab boys receive a scare. A whole dorm took sick, complete with vomiting, diarrhea and headaches. This had come after recent experiments with the cold fusion carrot. But it turned out to be just a case of some poison gas escaping from the nest of a 4 foot cockroach who had apparently eaten some radioactive asbestos that was lying around in the dorm basement.

One late evening, a head of lettuce cried out in pain.

It wasn't just a yell, it was a cry of 'Get this goddamn, f*\$^#* needle out of my ass!!'.

Leaping around in the joyous circles that scientists do when they accomplish their goal, they all got liquored up and injected all the remaining food with the concoction that had brought success with the lettuce. [The reason they get liquored up is because they don't want to think about the consequences of their success. Now that they have succeeded they no longer receive government grants for their experiment.]

After the last scientist passed out, Celery (which is not only the most intelligent of vegetables, but also the most eloquent) puts its plan into affect. This plan consisted of destroying all notes and research of these experiments, tampering with university equipment and then making an escape. For weeks now, the fruits and vegetables had been sentient, but they had no idea what was happening after they left the lab. [The thought was that the lab boys took these thinking farm items back out into the wilderness where they could live happily ever after. Hey, they are smart, but they are also very naive.]

But one day a pear snuck out of Colours and smuggled its way back into the lab (by attaching itself to a briefcase like a barnacle), alerting the others to these heinous crimes committed against fooodom, such as the ritual skinning and cooking of their brothers, the torture of not being a main course and, of course, hanging out with dairy products (the snobs of the basic food groups).

It was at this time that the smarter of the foods (celery, broccoli and cauliflower) started having late night meetings, to come up with an escape plan. During these meetings it was decided that their first stop along their 'great grocery cart to escape' would be **The Stony Brook Press** to tell their story, then on to the Computer Center to hack into the files of the lab boys (to change their salaries, give them parking tickets, de-registering them for classes, etc.). Finally their goal was to get off campus and head east, to live among their own kind in the wilds of the North Fork....

After hearing about their plight and troubles, I allowed them to use our computer to hack into the school's main system. [It's amazing how technically aware beets are.] They soon left, catching a late night train to Port Jefferson. For all I know they are now romping about in the wineries of the east happily reproducing among their own kind.

The Essential Role of Employee Assessment - Building a Quality Workforce, Presented by Leslie Mallin (Wednesday, November 9, 1994 / 9am-4:30pm)

Utilization of specific technologies can assist human resource professionals to effectively recruit, retain and develop personnel by determining if an individual possesses the necessary skills, abilities and competencies to preform a job successfully. You can insure this seminar is relevant to **your needs** by preparing to review this process through a specific position at your organization.

Achieving Excellence Through Leadership, Total Quality Management and Care of Customers, Presented By Fred Nightingale (Wed/Thurs, October 26-27, 1994 / 9am-4:30pm)

The organization which is effective in leading and empowering its people is often a leader in its field. This program will provide participants with the fundamentals of the total quality approach to management by focusing upon increasing productivity, improving leadership, and building effective work teams. *Particular emphasis will be upon establishing measures that are superior in caring for and services customer needs.*

For program fees, registration and other information call The School of Continuing Education, Center for Coporate Continuing Education at (516) 632-7065. Contact : Pat Malone (516) 632-7065.

Pekarsky in the Gallery

Mel Pekarsky at 1994 Faculty Show in the University Gallery
By Bruce Baldwin

Mel Pekarsky's large drawings on display in the Faculty Show at the University Gallery at first appear arid, lifeless, and highly abstract. Upon close inspection, however, one finds distinct desert landscapes portrayed. Identifying the are clusters of vegetation and what are perhaps rocks and debris. So subtly are these landscapes constructed and with such an economy of means, one gets the impression the scene is being viewed through a gossamer veil. This veil renders the scene's monochromatic "implications" of landscapes.

The hovering perspectives Pekarsky employs are disorientating as they float over the desert, robbing the viewer of the horizon as an orientator. A landscape picture without a horizon produces an "all-over" effect in which the viewer finds himself without means to differentiate up from down. Once consumed by the work,

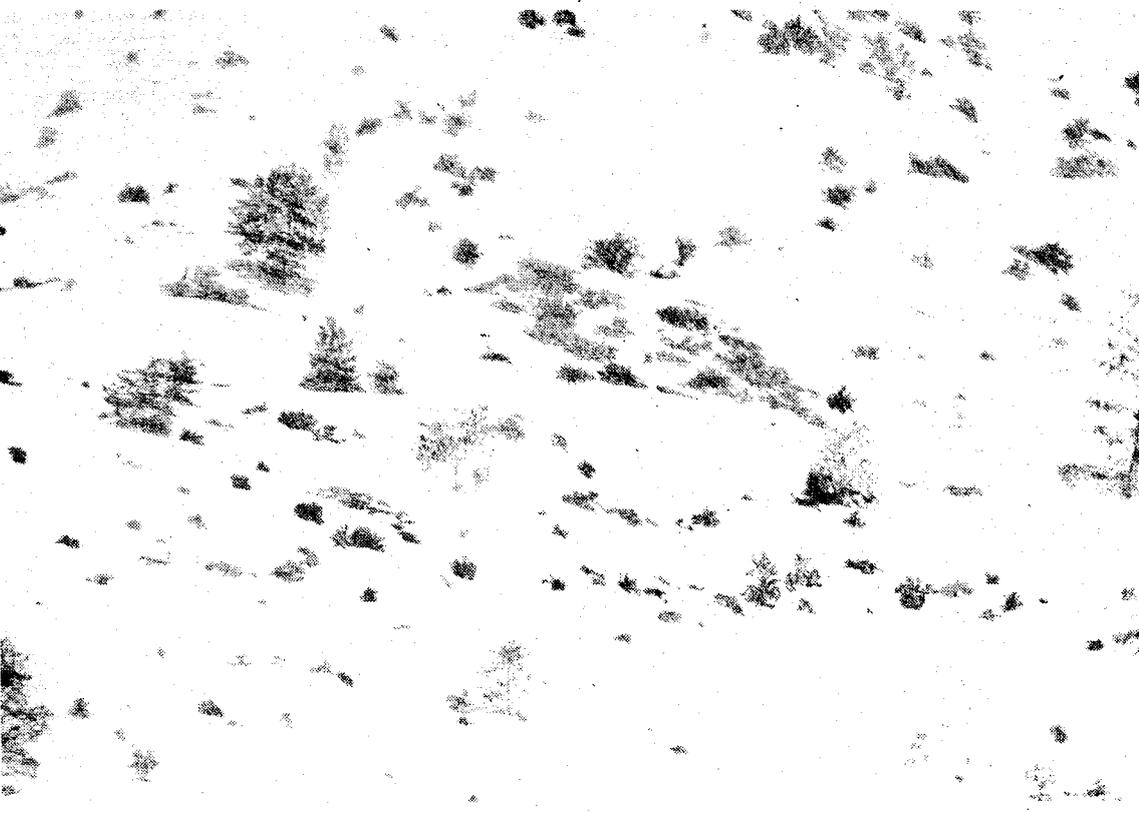
Zion Scrib. 1982
Photo credit: © 1983 Sarah Wells

one cannot escape a sensation of ascension. The viewer floats above what modulates between objects and calligraphic gestures. This allusion draws parallels to the raked sand in Japanese gardens that similarly lie below eye level and are punctuated by island-like objects. This scarcity of concrete, recognizable objects,

coupled with a bird's eye perspective, propels the viewer into a spiritual realm where mimetic representation seems superfluous.

The distances placed between the viewer and these "desert floors" fight to flatten the scene into a two-dimensional plane. However, the topographic contours implied by the desert objects defy this force and the tensions produced by this conflict vibrate and are visually exciting.

Pekarsky's lack of horizon has manifold implica-



tions. A metaphorical "horizon" is often the symbol for a new day — hope, so to speak. "I'm looking towards the horizon" many optimists are wont to declare. Also, linear, or "logical" perspective depends heavily upon the horizon for the convergence of its orthogonals. Without a horizon — or

at least an implied horizon — these scenes lead the eye nowhere signaling confusion as to the viewer's position. In this respect these pictures, then, suggest to the viewer static hopelessness — time stands still, as it were.

These scenes manifesting the abstract in nature turn away from the "real" world, but instead of solace find only depressive isolation — perhaps even total loss of self. This psychological "position," as it were, is often found in abstract pictures

made by artists turning away from this world from which they feel alienated, yet, these scenes are still "representational," in that they describe real objects but have lost a considerable amount of perspective suggesting a desperate need on the artist's part to idealize something still worthy of idealization.

Looking to the earth's landscape matrix as a "Venus" or "mother" — whence we came and ultimately return — in a part-object representation (due to the lack of horizon) signals a regression to an infantile dependency that this "bad mother" does not facilitate; she does not mirror the "child." This signaling of an underdeveloped "self" elicits empathy from the viewer and perhaps stirs-up some deep repressed memories we all share of infancy's many traumas.

What is striking, though, is how aesthetically pleasing these drawing

are. The artist, while obviously not content, manages to overcome depressive leanings to produce beautiful art. These pictures have impressed upon them an indelible mark of the artist's psyche and are an attempt to therapeutically strengthen the defenses that mediate these intra-psychic conflicts.

Africana Studies Department, Concerned Haitian League,
and Peace Studies Center
Proudly Presents

A Round Table Discussion

Haiti: Democracy, At What Cost?

Wednesday October 12, 1994

7pm Peace Studies Center

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Whip The Monster

Liz Phair and R.E.M. Release Long-Awaited Follow-ups

by Scott J. Lusby

Since her debut release on Matador Records, *Exile in Guyville*, Liz Phair's talents have never been questioned. In fact, Phair's talents have brought her considerable success with the critics, if not commercially. Phair's inventive riffs and brash lyrics, such as those found on the tracks "Fuck and Run" and "Flower," earned her the title of "Artist of the Year" by *The Village Voice* as well as earning *Exile* the honor of "Album of the Year" in *Spin Magazine* for 1993. Phair's sophomore release, *Whip-Smart*, continues on the path that brought her such laurels, with a few minor differences.

Exile, while an incredible album from a musical standpoint, lacked in the production department. Phair's first effort was marked by its rawness; most of the time, it sounded as if Phair and bandmate Brad Wood (her only consistent companion on the disc) were playing through a small practice amp and a 4-piece drum kit in your living room. While rawness is a quality I generally admire in music (it tends to better capture the music's true essence), such a style does not lend itself well to Phair's often subdued and somber numbers.

On *Whip-Smart*, however, this rawness is tamed. I would suspect that this is not due so much to a change in recording philosophy by mixers Wood and Casey Rice (they worked on both albums) as it is to a change in record labels; *Matador* was recently bought out by Atlantic Records. Since major-label giant Atlantic now has a piece of Phair's sales, it can be assumed with reasonable assuredness that they wished to make her music more listener-friendly; increased sales equals increased dollars in Atlantic's pockets.

But enough of the record business' economics- listen to the music. If anything, *Whip-Smart* is a more solid effort musically than *Exile*. Despite the fact that "Supernova" (the disc's first single) is the only song on *Whip-Smart* with an edge to it, there is no lack of quality music. "Support System," "X-Ray Man" and

"Shane" are outstanding in a more mellow, soulful kind of way. This trend continues throughout the album: "Go West," "Cinco de Mayo" and the title track "Whip-Smart" keep the quality of music on *Whip-Smart* in the upper regions.

Though arguably toned down a notch, *Whip-Smart* still contains those brash lyrics that helped make Phair an underground star only a year and a half ago. Perhaps the album's best line comes from the single "Supernova," where Phair moans "And you fuck like a volcano..." Although this doesn't nearly rival "Flower"'s "I want to be your blowjob queen" (from *Exile*), it still shows Phair's willingness to be absolutely frank in her lyrics. This is precisely why the critics enjoyed them so much; while they were used to such lyrics from male composers, to see it from a female writer was a refreshing change. And although a wave of "bally" female bands have since come around (L7, Hole, etc.), Phair still manages to literally be nasty in a classy sort of way.

Whip-Smart is an album that should not be missed by anyone. If you are already a Liz Phair fan, buy it. If you're not, buy it anyway. This is a must for all music lovers.

While Phair continues to explore and broaden her own musical talents (and sexuality), veteran rockers R.E.M. revert back to older, tried-and-true styles on their latest release, *Monster*. On this album, Michael Stipe and company return to their roots; they move to the harder, noisier set-up that made them college radio favorites in their early days. While this may be a big no-no for many bands, it ultimately works for them- for the most part.

This return to "noise rock" can only be attributed to one man: Kurt Cobain. It's no secret that the late Nirvana frontman had been collaborating with Stipe shortly before Cobain's untimely death. As a result of this collaboration (and his death), *Monster* serves as a moving tribute to Cobain, the man who made feedback popular again. Indeed, this memorial is manifested not only in the album's overall sound, but in the music itself; one of the songs was written by Stipe as a tribute to Cobain (I'll leave it to you to figure out which one it is).

Despite the harder approach, the music on *Monster* is still unmistakably R.E.M. Both composition and lyric carry that heavy, emotion-laden style that any fan will recognize. "Crush With Eyeliner," "Star 69" and "Strange Currencies" all sound like typical R.E.M. songs- just from older albums (like maybe *Life's Rich Pageant*.)

Unfortunately, like many of R.E.M.'s efforts, *Monster* tends to get a little annoying after a while. While this latest effort does a better job than more recent ones at avoiding this problem, it is never completely circumvented. This seems to be due to the fact that many of the songs seem to sound alike- maybe they use the same basic chords for most of their arrangements. Whatever the reason, be careful about overplaying this disk- you'll tire of it quickly.

The best song on *Monster* remains "What's the Frequency, Kenneth?," followed by "Star 69" and "I Don't Sleep, I Dream." Almost every song (except maybe for "Kenneth") seems to deal with sexual topics- which also represents a departure for the normally politically/socially-conscious Athens, GA natives.

Monster ultimately proves to be a release worth adding to your library. In the end, its positive points outweigh the negatives, making it worth the fifteen bucks for R.E.M. fans. And, with the harder edge, maybe some new fans will be drawn to it. Maybe some old fans will return. Regardless, *Monster*'s not bad.

Notes: Small correction to make- Queensryche's new disc is due out at the end of this month, not November...Hot songs of the week: Bad Religion's "21st Century (Digital Boy);" They Might Be Giant's "Snail Shell;" "Welcome to Paradise" by Green Day; and "Buddy Holly" by Weezer...Next Issue: I have no clue what I'm going to review. If Queensryche's out in time, I'll do that. Otherwise, I'll do some sort of re-review...Oh Yeah- that "Guide to Being Culturally Literate in Music" has been delayed due to arguments between the co-writers as to what bands to include and who to ignore. We'll have another go at it next issue. 'Till then...

The One's That Got Away... Almost

by Louis M. Moran

There are bands that cut their first album and then disappear into obscurity, and many times that's a good thing. Sometimes it's not. If you stop and think about it, it's no wonder that first albums are often the best anyone ever puts out...they had their whole life to make it!

There are other times you think you know a band but somehow they slip an album (read CD; I'm old, OK?) by you. Maybe there's even a hit or a video to it but somehow you miss the point. You might even own the damn thing! Who knew that Extreme put out a concept album?

Once upon a time there was a band from some Norse God-worshipping country called Disney After Dark. They got threatened with a pretty big lawsuit and changed their name to Denmark After Dark, but that was stupid so they went with D.A.D., and Lars Overgaard (the producer) saw that this was good.

And so D.A.D. released *No Fuel Left For The Pilgrims* which contained "Sleeping My Day Away," the only song you were likely to have ever seen on MTV although they did also release "Rim of Hell." "Sleeping My Day Away" starts the disc (incidentally, this will be hard to find on disc) and by the time "Ill Will" is over, you will have traveled, in a very

orderly fashion, a complete rock and roll path. Twangy guitars and thick choruses, big drums and walls of guitar, patient rhythms and all out thrash line the way.

Consider also that the lyrics may have been written in some bizarre language that contains not only umlauts, but double vowels. And these lyrics are pretty funny, such as these from "Jihad"... "I'm superplusfurious/I've done it again/I reach fifty when I count to ten." Those are fairly biting lyrics if you consider who the Jihad are and what Superplus means to you and your car. And these from "Siamese Twin"... "She's two of a kind and she's mine I tell you I love her/She's a six-hole golf course/uh huh huh/I need her." Come on! "...a six-hole golf course?" You have to laugh.

A very established band released, with very little fanfare, one of the heaviest albums ever. Most songs clock in at over six minutes- six minutes of mostly *dugga dugga dugga bap bap bap dugga dugga dugga*. Any guesses? That's right- ANTHRAX! Their album *Persistence of Time* is heavy heavy heavy!

The only real release off of this album was the Joe Jackson cover "Got the Time," done as it probably should have been. Anthrax have a skill lost in today's rock and roll- jamming. For the most part, jamming is a bad thing (see The Allman Bros.) Conversely, if

the jamming is intended to promote a pit (mosh pit), well then, that's okay. This CD will instantly put you in a pocket mosh.

"In My World" is very heavy, and still manages to retain that Anthrax 'fun' about it. Sometimes you wonder if the producer left the room when they recorded tracks like "Gridlock" because unless you're a double-bass drum freak or really into quintuplets this song is a little much to listen to.

The heaviest song on the disc (maybe in the lexicon of heavy music) is "Belly of the Beast." This number is segued in to by "Intro to Reality," which contains spoken words taken from the Nuremberg War Trials..."We did as we were told/I just heard you offer the apology for all the monsters of our time/Is that correct?"

Back to "Belly of the Beast." Anthrax and Iron Maiden must hang out together and watch 'hammer flicks' together and then write songs about these movies. In any case *Persistence of Time* is a must, even if you have only a passing interest in Anthrax.

Don't be discouraged if you have a hard time finding D.A.D.'s disk. You could always get it on tape (there are very few nuances you miss in analog anyway.) D.A.D. serves to prove that people who spend a lot of time indoors due to Arctic climates can indeed rock. And Anthrax proves you can never watch too much bad TV.