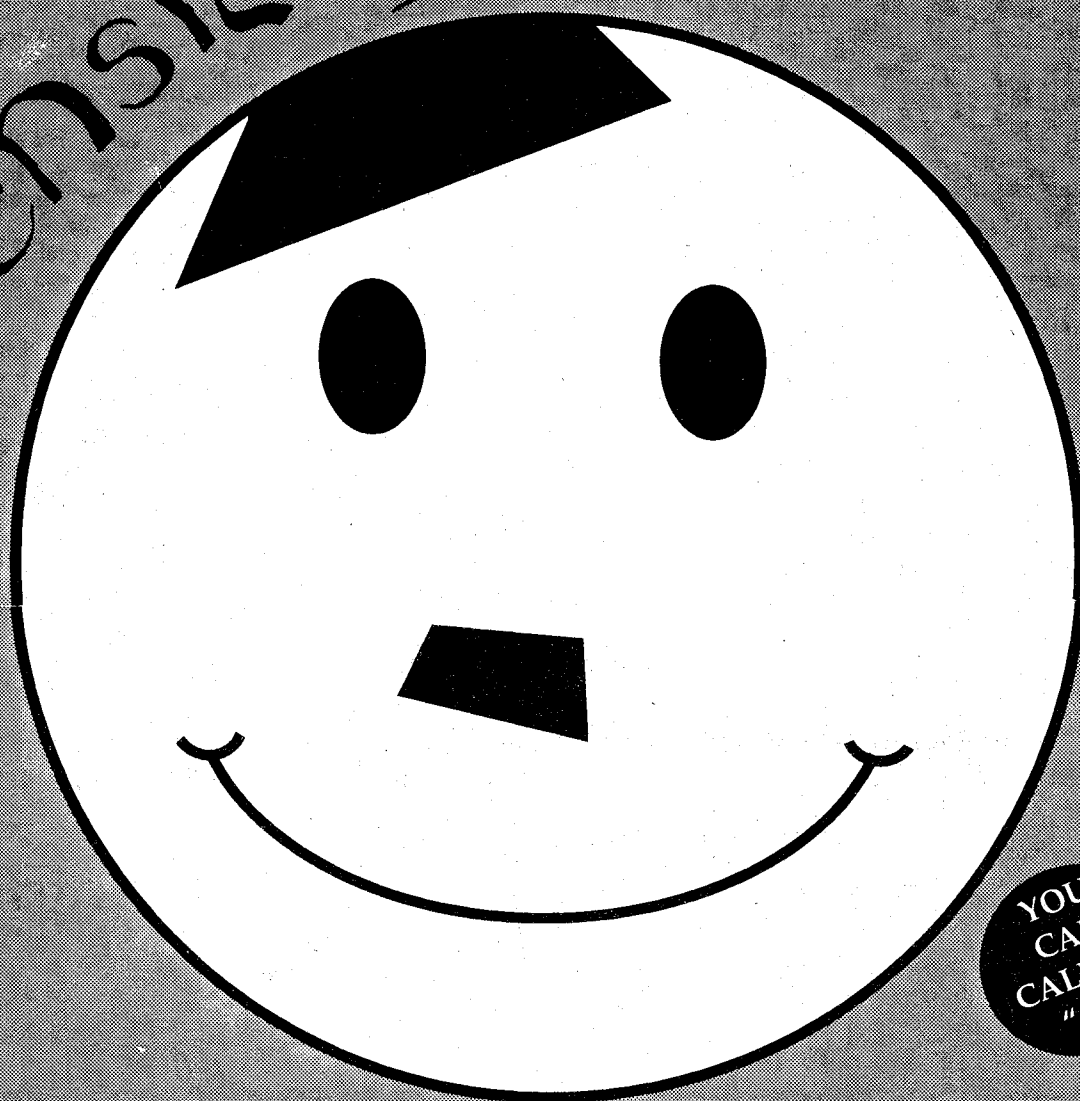


The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVI No. VII The University Community's Feature Paper December 5, 1994

Sensitivity



YOU
CAN
CALL ME
"AL"

ÜBER ALLES

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The Year In Preview

by John Schneider

With November's elections behind us, we look to the future. But what kind of future will we face? Republicans are predicting a bright future, with pretty new tax cuts, a shiny balanced budget, a neat-o line item veto, the end of state funded abortions, and the possibility of the return of prayer in school. Although one Republican mayor is understandably apprehensive about what *his* future will look like, and one Democratic governor is looking his employment prospects over and writing his resume, many of us are curious about what exactly the upcoming year holds for us.

In the interest of keeping our readers informed, and sparing them the need to page through stacks of daily papers and magazines, or watching hours of CSPAN, CNN and network news coverage, we have busted the remainder of our immense editorial budget consulting at great expense the most reputable psychics and seers available by 1(900) phone numbers. With this handy guide, you can be sure to get only the best, most important and most entertaining news items in the near future. So without further ado, we give you, the future in our very own patented Republican-vision 4D ©1982.

December 25, 1994

Rudolph Giuliani awakes to find several tons of coal in front of Gracie Mansion. While the mayor remains quiet, sources confirm that a laughing Al D'Amato and his elf Pataki were seen in a local bar with blackened hands.

January 1, 1995

Marion Barry is overheard from a back room in a private party saying, "Just get it on, baby. Marion's back in town!" Barry denies the rumors, but admits to being at the party.

February 2, 1995

Willard Scott is attacked by a rabid groundhog

during an annual Ground Hog's day ceremony.

March 15, 1995

The nation is shocked as a band of 14 Republican Senators and one Democrat assassinate the President in full view of the media. A stunned president is last quoted as saying, "Et tu Moynihan?" Autopsy reports show signs of 1,382 stab wounds. Attempts to locate Vice President Al Gore are futile. With Washington in turmoil, Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich is sworn in as President of the United States. His first act as President is to officially pardon all Republican Senators involved in the assassination. Conspiracy theorists are at a loss to explain these recent events.

April 1, 1995

Pataki signs legislation into effect bringing back the death penalty. A clause in the bill allows Governor Pataki to also declare a state of Martial Law. Within hours, he chooses to do so and the National Guard enters New York City. Rudolph Giuliani flees under cover of darkness, but is later extradited from Connecticut.

July 22, 1995

Boutros-Boutros Ghali reaches all time peak in public popularity for unexplained reasons. Boutros-Boutrosmania sweeps the land. Thousands name their children after the United Nations chairman. In a Gallup poll, millions of American women list him as the man they would most like to spend the rest of their lives with. In a footnote, Burt Reynolds is mentioned as the man most women would like to see castrated on Donahue.

September 3, 1995

With prayer in school given the official thumb's up by the Supreme Court, panic ensues as Moslem students begin to

"disrupt classes" to pray to the East. Hindus, Bhuddists and Hari Krishnas also assert their rights under the new ruling. While reading a report describing these events on the *700 Club*, political evangelist Pat Robertson suffers a cerebral hemorrhage, and is hospitalized. The Christian Coalition immediately lobbies to have the ruling they had previously supported overturned.

November 12, 1995

Walt Disney announces plans to turn the South Bronx into an urban inner-city theme park. Attractions will include Mr. Toad's Messed Up Crack Deal, Spaced-Out Mountain, Poverty Island, and Cinderella's Slum Tenement.

November 23, 1995

After being declared guilty by a jury of his peers, O.J. Simpson is sentenced by Judge Ito to a lifetime of jumping over suitcases at airports. O.J. says that he wouldn't describe his sentence as cruel and unusual punishment if only he were getting paid royalties by the networks.

December 20, 1995

Michael Jackson admits he is not really from this planet, but is in fact an ambassador to extraterrestrials. The media completely ignore him as many have thought this the truth for years. *Weekly World News* exposes the admission as an elaborate hoax to gain publicity.

December 25, 1995

Assumed dead Fantasy Island star Herve Villachez reappears and announces his candidacy for the office of president. He is joined in his bid by Congressman (former *Loveboat* star) Fred Grandy. Republican Sonny Bono remains silent as to whether he would join them as Secretary of State in their election bid.

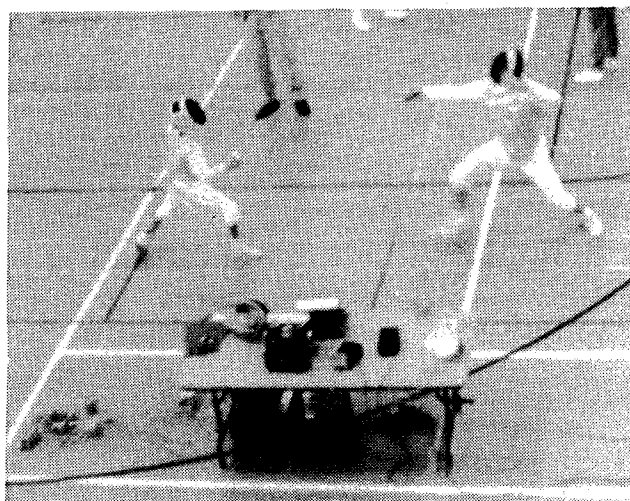
The Stony Brook Press

Stony Brook Athletic Dept.

proudly sponsor the

Stony Brook Fencing Club's Silver Competition 1st Annual Fund For Scholarships

3 EVENTS:
Foil
Epee
Sabre



USB 4th Annual Fencing Open

**1994
December 18
10:00-4:00pm**

Requirements: Competitors must be USFA members. (forms available)
Donation: \$10 1st event; \$5 each additional
Winnings: 2nd- 6th place medals; 1st place trophy
Prizes: Three gifts of fencing equipment randomly allotted to one fencer in each competition who enters the first round.

BEATING A DEAD HORSE

by David M. Ewalt

"Evil is obvious only in retrospect."

-Gloria Steinem, Outrageous Acts

"The past is never dead. It's not even past."

-William Faulkner, Requiem for a Nun

Since this is the final issue of this year, I thought I would provide a brief look back at all of the semester's news stories, so as to tie up loose ends and pass on what has happened in the time since publication. Please forgive me a bit of editorializing.. if you want straight facts, you're probably looking in the wrong place. Anyway, here is the semester in review.

"CRACK ADDICT GIVEN KEYS TO NATION'S CAPITOL"

Washington, D.C. seems to be the only place in America where Republicans have not taken over completely- even though they did give it a good try. Marion Barry won the D.C. mayoral office with fifty-five percent of the vote, beating out Carol Schwartz, the Republican candidate, with only forty-four percent. While fifty-five percent would be considered a mandate in most elections, it is not at all impressive in Washington. Considering that D.C. is over eighty percent Democrat, a twenty-five percent turnover is somewhat of an indictment of Barry.

On the same day Barry was reelected, of course, the Republicans took over Congress. Since Washington, D.C. isn't a state, their budget concerns and other issues are reviewed (and approved) each year by the Congress. It should be interesting to see how Barry can work with men like Newt Gingrich and Phil Gramm.

"THE RIME OF THE PEANUT FARMER"

There is little to nothing new to report about this story. Haitian President Aristide's return to power has been generally calm and easy, and ex-President Jimmy Carter has slipped back into relative obscurity. Only Colin Powell, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and one of the members of Carter's diplomatic team, is still in the news.

In the weeks since the Republican takeover of Washington (hereafter referred to as "Black Tuesday"), there has been much speculation about Bill Clinton's

chances for reelection and who would run against him. One name that keeps popping up is Powell's- he's very popular because of Haiti and Desert Storm, and he's never made any unpopular political decisions.

In fact, Powell has never made any political decisions. So little is known about his politics that there is great debate over as simple an issue as what party he belongs to. It is interesting to see people support a candidate about which they know nothing... not unlike the early days of Ross Perot's presidential campaign.

"SADDAM HUSSEIN: LEADER OR LOSER?"

All has been quiet in Iraq since the publication of this article. US troops are slowly pulling out and diplomats are again trying to resolve the Iraqi situation. One interesting piece of news that has come out about Iraq: In the years since the Gulf War, Saddam has continuously complained of the West's "economic oppression" and his country's failing economy. Meanwhile, Iraq's "Master Builder" has spent over a billion dollars on new palaces and VIP facilities. How bad can the sanctions be hurting Iraq if Saddam was able to triple the number of his homes to forty-five?

Along those lines, controversy still rages over who is to blame for the Gulf's problems; the U.S. or Iraq. Concerned student Chris Sorochin, whose letter was printed two issues ago, sent in yet another missive this week. While his note is too long and by now too outdated to print in its entirety, here are his most provocative points:

1. I'm a typical conservative
2. I'm a closet nazi

While Mr. Sorochin is not the first person to call me a nazi, he is the first to label me conservative. Thanks for the letter, Chris!

"CROCK THE VOTE"

With Mario Cuomo's loss in the gubernatorial election, the big issue has become what Mario will do in the future. I find myself in the unusual position of agreeing with Rush Limbaugh, who suggested Cuomo should get his own talk show and become the Liberal Rush Limbaugh. I only hope that Mario wouldn't have to gain four hundred pounds to do so. Other suggestions ranged from becoming the commissioner Major League of

Baseball to arguing New York's first death penalty case.

"MARCH OF THE PIGS"

The Republican party has continued to show its true colors in the weeks since Black Tuesday. Future Chair of the Senate Foreign Relations Commission Jesse Helms made news when he said in a newspaper interview that Bill Clinton is so unpopular with the military in North Carolina that he should bring a bodyguard if he visits the state. This comment has been deemed worthy of entry into my personal quote book, where it will sit next to Jesse's 1964 statement describing the Civil Rights Act "the single most dangerous piece of legislation ever introduced in the Congress". Good thinking, Jesse! Way to show the public you're working for non-partisanship!

Issues to come:

Of course, I have no idea exactly what next semester will bring, but some stories you may want to keep an eye on:

*The Gingrich/Dole/Gramm interaction: All three of these leading Republicans are considering Presidential bids. It should be interesting to see future competitors try to work together.

*Peace in Bosnia/Serbia/Herzegovina:

There may soon be an end to hostilities in this war zone... but not because of US or UN efforts. Look for the war to be "won" bloodily but quickly.. possibly by February.

And finally, my bold predictions for next year. I really hate all those New Years predictions that come out in late December and early January, so in an effort to be creative, here is my "Death List" for 1995.. those who will not make it to '96.

1. Bob Hope
2. Jesse Helms
3. Ronald Reagan
4. Strom Thurmond
5. Pope John Paul II

Tasteless? You bet!

THERE ARE A LOT OF WAYS TO PRACTICE THE ART OF JOURNALISM AND ONE OF THEM IS TO USE YOUR ART LIKE A HAMMER TO DESTROY THE RIGHT PEOPLE WHO ARE ALMOST ALWAYS YOUR ENEMIES FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER AND WHO USUALLY DESERVE TO BE CRIPPLED BECAUSE THEY ARE WRONG.

-HUNTER S. THOMPSON
FROM *BETTER THAN SEX*

A Deeper Shade of Blue

(semel insanivimus omnes)

As the semester winds down and we all gear up for finals, the crisp autumn air is filled with anxious excitement. For us December graduates, the sensations are augmented by the knowledge that this is the very last time we will experience these feelings. Even for those going on to graduate work, the honey sweet, suckle-scented life as an undergrad is over. Yeah, as if life at Stony Brook could ever be described as such. I suppose the feeling is more akin to that of a battle weary soldier returning home from war. His wounds are dressed in unofficial transcripts and his wet shivering body clutches around it a diploma which doesn't even say what his degree is in. But deep within his weary, sunken eyes shines a faint glimmer of hope. The end is nigh, for better or for worse, he's going home and he made it out alive.

Having little idea where I'm going, I'm inclined to reflect upon the past. It's been a pretty hairy semester boasting a litany of academic impediments beginning with an epic battle with Campus Res. (see

vol.16 #3) and ending with the death of a friend (see last issue). Naturally, it hasn't been all bad, but when I think about what has characterized this semester for me, I find my mind wandering toward all the people I've met this semester who seemed just plain nuts. In fact, I've noticed that even people we believe to be sane don't always remain grounded to reality. It seems human beings in general are prone to momentary lapses of reason during which the participant's brain suspends any and all known properties of time and space in order to create a universe which makes sense out of an otherwise unintelligible rationale. It happens all the time- there's the shopper at Macy's who gets to the bottom of the escalator and stops dead, or the people who, when they meet someone who speaks little or no English, begin to shout. Then there's the little kids each winter who get there tongues frozen to metal poles, and their friends who unstick them. Read the papers, watch the news; every day somebody, somewhere, is

doing something mind bogglingly dumb (and not all of them are French, John). Relaxed brains are running rampant. They're driving trucks, they're voting, there running for office. They're breeding.

I have thought about this and I have come up with a theory- and a question. I believe that each of our souls lies locked away in a prison of bone and flesh, experiencing life only through a biological translation supplied by the senses. Your mind uses sensory input to recreate the world you believe you live in. Your ability to process that data, to make sense out of what you perceive, develops as you do. And when you die, all that you've seen and all that you've touched dies with you. In effect, each of us lives in his or her own world. Unfortunately, the worlds we perceive occasionally diverge, and every once in a while have a total logistic breakdown. When I see this happening, I like to ask the sensibly deviant individual, "What color is the sky in your world?"

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Letters ✉

Dictatorial Day-Care Policies

My daughter attended Stony Brook Daycare Center and I was not content with the quality of the care she received there. The aides do all the work, but the regular staff people do nada/nothing. They didn't teach her the alphabet or anything, so I did it at home even before she attended their sorry day-care. The waiting period is a year or more.

The people who have first priority are the Professor's kids, then Hospital employees, and students last. Single parents are in dire need of day-care, but we come last. Is this fair or what? Would the school exist if students weren't here? I don't think so. We make the school, we are the school, yet the Professors get all the benefits and perks, which is not right. The system needs to be changed. **NOW!**

They always sent my daughter home dirty. If it was their child, I wonder how they would feel. I was pissed. The directors are lazy at Clark and Benedict, all they care about is the money. They don't care about the kids! The kids are always running around with nasty, snotty nose and sometimes they come home with dirty underwear filled with feces. It is sickening, really sickening.

The policy that makes the daycare dictatorial is that they force the students to keep their children in the daycare throughout the summer.

The students who already have low incomes should not have to keep their children in daycare throughout the summer, because if they don't they will lose their space. Summer child care should be optional. I hate these higher-ups who create these rules. They make me sick! Bitches!

At Clark Center, they make the babies feed themselves and would not take the time out to feed them because they are too lazy, and they only are interested in talking and socializing, instead of interacting with the children! They make me sick. I am so glad my daughter is out of that place. I also had behavioral problem with her, because at the center, all they did was play. She received no discipline or intellectual stimulation. Even at lunch time, the children would talk and stand up while eating instead of eating their lunch while seated. Staff members would leave them in the room unattended.

A lot of neglect is going on there, and the Stony Brook Day-Care is enormously overrated. Do not put your child in there if you are a student. The students who have low incomes and single mothers should get free day care services since they are economically disadvantaged. The day-care system badly needs to be upgraded!

JUDAH

This letter is for the unlucky woman who had her name written in chalk all over the campus, by some deranged ex-boyfriend.

Dear Colleen:

Whatever you do, don't take that loser back. Anyone desperate enough to belittle himself as he does, isn't worth it. Writing in chalk "Can't people change, here I am" in the Fine Arts Plaza. How lame can you get? First of all, it is not even correct English. Second of all, he spent a measly 39 cents on chalk, instead of spending a couple of bucks on a few hundred photocopied pages which he could have taped around campus. Although this would be just as tacky, it would show that he cared to spend the big bucks on you. (What was his idea of a big date? A couple of drinks at the Parkbench and then springing for the condoms?)

He also scribbled "One more try" in front of the Administration Building. One more try! This makes it sound like you've taken him back before, but now have finally realized what kind of ass this guy is. Congratulations! What did he do the first time, write a sappy note, claiming he was going to kill himself? If he didn't

Build Snowmen Naked

carry out his promises the first time, then he won't do it again. Men are pigs.

I guess he's been trying to call you and you don't answer the phone, or you refuse to talk to him (good move), so he tried this lame stunt to show you how much he *really* cared for you.

I don't know what he did, but it must have been worth dumping him, and I salute you. Now, if you do take him back, think of what people will say. They will say that you gave into this lame stunt to gain your attention and forgiveness. Please do not lower yourself to his level. He probably thinks that his stunt was unique and intelligent. He probably calls himself some sort of pseudo-intellectual. When it turns out that it was the last act of a horny guy.

Frank Leigh

Along the Color Line:

Building Latino-African-American Coalitions

By Dr. Manning Marable

The future of American democracy resides within this nation's multicultural population. At the center of our ethnic and racial pluralism is the growing relationship between Latinos and African Americans. Two recent events symbolized for me the prospects and possibilities for this dialogue between America's two largest groups of color.

This September, Concordia College of Moorhead, Minnesota, sponsored an educational forum on "multiculturalism," featuring a debate between myself and Linda Chavis, formerly the highest-ranking Mexican-American in the Reagan Administration and an unsuccessful Republican senatorial candidate in Maryland. Chavis had established her reputation as a conservative critic of affirmative action, and a defender of the reactionary "English Only" referenda and legislation aimed at suppressing bilingualism. Before an audience of more than one thousand people, Chavis condemned the movement toward multicultural education as "divisive".

Chavis insisted that other ethnic and religious minorities, such as Japanese Americans and Jewish Americans, had successfully overcome discrimination without affirmative action policies. But her argument failed to take into account the historic specificity of how racism was constructed within America's economy and political institution. For both Blacks and Mexican-Americans, the pattern of inequality experienced by both groups was deeply rooted inside the system of power and privilege, reinforced by violence.

Conservative minorities from Chavis to Clarence Thomas refuse to define racism as "prejudice plus power" because such a definition would point toward the fundamental transformation of the power structure of white America.

Half a continent away last month, in El Paso, Texas, I was invited to be keynote speaker for the annual awards banquet of the Black El Paso Democrats. Significantly, about one third of the more than 350 guests in attendance were Mexican-Americans. In my address, I reminded the diverse group that we collec-

tively had to espouse a politics of multicultural cooperation, constructing bridges between neighborhoods and communities which appeared to be divided by culture, class, color and language, but which actually shared basic common interests.

El Paso, Texas, has a Chicano community which represents 70 percent of the city's half million population. Yet relatively few prominent political positions are controlled by the Mexican-Americans. An atmosphere of plantation politics and paternalism reminiscent of the pre-Black Power era still pervades Latino relations with the powerful but minority "Anglo" community in Texas, as well as elsewhere throughout the US. Latinos in most American cities register and vote at significantly lower rate than African-Americans.

However, black Americans would be making a serious mistake if we approach the Latino community as a "secondary factor" for multicultural political change and urban empowerment. Demographically, the Latino population now outnumbers African Americans in four of the ten largest cities in America- Los Angeles, Houston, and San Antonio. From 1980 to 1990m the Census Bureau reports that the Latino population surpassed African Americans in dozens of cities, including Arlington, Virginia; San Francisco and Pasadena, California; Las Vegas, Nevada; Providence, Rhode Island; Patterson, New Jersey; and Danbury and Waterbury Connecticut. In New York City, where African-Americans lost their control of city government with the defeat of David Dinkins last year, the ethnic configuration of local politics is being fundamentally changed by the massive influx of Latinos. In the 1990 Census, African-Americans comprised 25.6 of New York City's population with Hispanics totaling 23.8 percent. However, since the Latino population is expanding at three times the rate of African-Americans in New York, it is entirely possible that Hispanics already outnumber blacks in the city.

The immediate potential for Latino political power exists due to their heavy concentration in specific locations. Almost nine out of ten Latinos live on only ten of the nation's 50 states. Latinos already represent nine percent of the nation's population, compared to African American's 1 percent. Within less than 20 years, they will surpass blacks as the dominant non white minority group.

Now is the time for African American leaders to take steps to reach out to Latinos, the powerful Mexican-American community in the south west. Blacks and Latinos usually share identical interests and goals on a host of issues: health care, job training and employment opportunities, education, affirmative action, housing and social services. Both groups benefit from a civil rights agenda; both are overwhelmingly working class urban people. Black Americans must recognize the ethnic diversity within the Latino population, the major political and social class divisions which separates the largely Republican Cuban American community of south Florida from the mostly liberal Democratic Dominican and Puerto Rican neighborhoods of Harlem. We must learn to articulate an agenda for black empowerment which simultaneously respects and listens to Latino interest. We must remember that both communities contain their own conservative elements-such as Linda Chavis and Thomas Sowell- who reflect the growth of Republicanism and class elitism inside both groups.

The problem of the twenty-first century is the problem of the "new color line"- whether blacks Latinos and other people of color can overcome their differences to construct a new democratic, multicultural majority for America.

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. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 275 publications and is broadcast by 75 radio stations internationally.

Thoughts on Jerry Rubin

by Robert V. Gilheany



Jerry Rubin, a 1960's anti-war activist, passed away recently. Three weeks ago he was hit by a car while he was crossing a street. He died in the hospital two weeks later from a heart attack. He was fifty-four.

When talking about Jerry Rubin one always comes around to comparing him to his old friend/comrade Abbie Hoffman. They were the two most recognizable people in the Yippies (Youth International Party), a movement of young people who performed political street theater against the Vietnam war.

The Yippies are most remembered for their 1968 rally/action in Lincoln park in Chicago to counter the Democratic National Convention that was happening in the same city. They called their rally in Lincoln park the "Festival of Life" as opposed to the "Convention of Death," the Democratic convention that was in the process of nominating vice president Hubert Humphry for president. The Johnson administration was responsible for escalating the Vietnam war, and at this time, President Johnson had decided not to seek re-election.

The Yippie activity in Lincoln park was attacked by the Chicago police. Several of the organizers of the Festival of Life were put on trial for "conspiracy to riot." These events led to the now-famous Chicago Seven trial. Jerry Rubin was one of the defendants. All of the convictions were overturned because the Judge in the case, Julius Hoffman, was grossly unfair to the defendants.

Jerry Rubin was involved in many causes to expand the realm of human freedom. Congress had a special committee set up specifically to blackball activists called The House Committee on Un-American Activities, or HUAC. The picture accompanying this article is of Jerry Rubin entering the halls of Congress dressed as a revolutionary guerrilla.

Before he became a Yippie, Jerry Rubin was a sports writer for a Cincinnati newspaper. This is another interesting connection between Jerry and Abbie Hoffman. At Brandeis, Abbie Hoffman played tennis and wrestled.

As the years passed, Jerry Rubin cut his hair, put on a tie and made money. He

worked in the nutrition and health food industries. This transformation was noticed by many. Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin went on a debating tour billed as "The Yippie vs. Yuppie Debates". I saw one of those debates at Nassau Community College way back in 1984. It's sad and strange to think that both of these guys are dead.

The mainstream media tried to make hay out of Rubin's plunge into business and tried to make it seem as if he had abandoned all he stood for. At the debate he stated a very progressive attitude. Jerry Rubin paid his dues. Peace, Jerry.

The following is a comparison between 1967 & 1994

1967	1994
1)1967 was the Summer of Love	1)1994 was the Winter of Discontent
2)1967 were Hippie Be-Ins in the Park	2)1994 Vigilantism is alive in the hearts of park goers.
3)1967 was Haight Ashbury	3) 1994 is California Initiative 187
4) 1967 was the Great Society	4) 1994 is the Contract on America
5) 1967 was the beginning of free love	5) 1994 no love lost
6)1967 saw the rise of flower power	6)1994 saw a rise in racism
7) 1967 The Electric Kool-Acid Test by Tom Wolfe	7) 1994 The Bell Curve by Charles Murray
8) Abbie Hoffman, Bobby Kennedy, Huey P. Newton, Gloria Steinem, Lyndon Johnson The Beatles, Stones, Martin Luther King Jr.	8) Al D'amato, Bill Clinton, George Pataki, Al Sharpton, Pat Moynihan, Newt Gingrich
9)1967 was the time when anything was possible	9) 1994 anything to the left of Attila the Hun is impossible
10)Anything you do can be done its easy --All you need is love-John Lennon	10) " In the heat of a campaign you sometimes say things about your opponent that you know is not true" -George Pataki

COMICS

LEHMAN by Andrew Lehman

ENGINEERS IN LOVE
(SOME SAMPLE NOTES)

DEAR LORY,
MY LOVE IS LIKE
AN ENGINE....
★ HOT (700°C)
★ FAST (7600 RPM'S)
★ HARD (MADE OF
ADAMANTIUM)

LOVE, BEN

DEAR BEN,
← OUR LOVE →
← ME → ← YOU →
OUR CHILDREN

LOVE, LORY

DEAR LORY,
← ME → ← YOU → (YOUR BREASTS)
↑
US
↓
US
← US →

LOVE, BEN

Andrew Lehman @93

Dist. by Carmen Syndication

KABLOOEY by BLUE

THE TINY "PERSPECTIVE FISH" TRICKS ITS ENEMIES BY MOVING CLOSER TO THE CARTOONIST

Blue

Distributed by Carmen Syndication #15

Dilbert ® by Scott Adams

I'M CHECKING THE BUILDING FOR ENVIRONMENTAL HAZARDS.

HAVE YOU BEEN FEELING TIRED, NERVOUS AND DISORIENTED?

YOU JUST DESCRIBED MY ENTIRE CAREER

IF YOU START FEELING GOOD, RUN FOR THE EXIT

I'M FOLLOWING YOU TO WORK

I'LL START OUT AS AN ANNOYING RODENT BUT WITH HARD WORK AND TRAINING I'LL WORK MY WAY UP TO ENGINEER

MAY I SUGGEST A CAREER IN MARKETING?

IS THIS THE CUTEST LITTLE BRIEFCASE OR WHAT?!

OUTWARDLY, YES, I'M A RAT BUT MY BUBBLY PERSONALITY AND MY UTTER LACK OF SKILL MAKE ME WELL-SUITED FOR A CAREER IN MARKETING

WOULD YOU MIND TERRIBLY IF I GNAWED ON YOUR PHONE CHORD?

WE HAVE AN OPENING IN LOBBY SECURITY.

I'M INSULTED!

SUBCONSCIOUS COMICS ©1991 TIM EAGAN



LEHMAN



HE LOVED HER MORE THAN WORDS COULD SAY.
SHE LEFT HIM BECAUSE HE DIDN'T TALK.

KABLOOEY by BLUE



SUBCONSCIOUS COMICS ©1986 TIM EAGAN "Work Break"



Sloshing Through A Winter Wonderland

by Ted Swedalla

Last year's spring semester could have been more aptly called "the winter semester." With 50 inches of snow dumped on Long Island, more than twice the average, this "hundred-years winter" crippled the University.

Many students had horror stories related to the snow and lack of adequate plowing.

"I often brought two pairs of shoes to school," Commuter Senator Ken Daube said. "I would wear one pair from the train station to the union, and then change them there. Leaving one pair to dry on a heating duct."

The University has already begun to plan for the winter, in which the Farmer's Almanac is calling for twice as many storms as last season. Director of Grounds Al Rider (the person to blame if there isn't adequate plowing) and his staff of 20 and a half full-time workers are trying to make scenes like Daube's obsolete. Don't ask what a half a full-time worker is.

A stockpile of 100 tons of salt and 150 yards of sand are already on campus, ready to be restocked immediately. During winter last year the University used 250 tons of salt and 500 yards of sand to try to make the roads and paths passable.

"One day last year, I remember waiting 45 minutes for a campus bus at the train station bus stop," Daube said. He forgot to mention that there was a huge hole in the roof of the bus stop, and it was snowing.

The real disaster began when the snow melted and turned to slush. An inch of slush isn't bad, but when it is six to eight inches deep, even the best boots won't help keep your feet warm and dry. The situation esca-

lated when the temperature dropped, then the top of this slush/ice combination would become solid. But if you put too much weight on it, you would break the surface and end up with a boot full of 35 degree water.

For any students who wish to make a ton of money this winter, buy a pack of sleigh dogs and transport

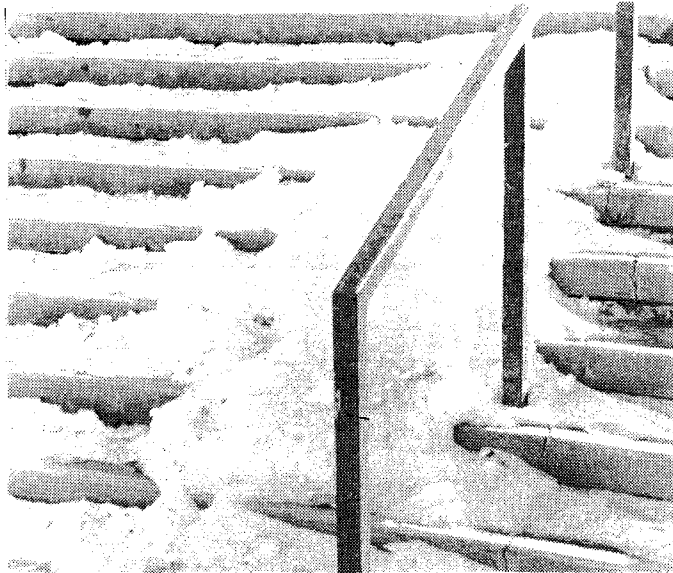


Photo by: Scott Richter

people from the train to the union.

Three new pickup trucks, with plows and sanders, have been ordered. Although they won't be delivered until 1995, they will raise the number of pickups to six. The school also has six dump trucks and two six-wheel dump trucks, all with plows and sanders, ready to be used in case of a bad winter.

The bad winter conditions also led to an increase in slipping related injuries and accidents. Although the

Student Health Center does not keep exact numbers on them, Head Nurse Pat Crowley said, "Observation wise, we did see more injuries than normal."

Public Safety does not keep records on "Aid and Assist Calls." It is in the category called "other" that has shown the largest increase; 133 in 1993 has jumped to 259 in 1994 up to December 2nd. According to Doug Little, assistant director of University Police for Community Affairs, it is in the "other" category in which calls from slipping related injuries would fall.

One way not to become a statistic was not to stand up.

"I had to crawl on my hands and knees," Victoria Eaton remembered, "from the parking lot to the back door of Benedict."

Although her journey was only 10 feet, crawling was the safer alternative, due to the icy conditions. The steps around campus were also a problem.

"The steps on campus resembled ski jump ramps," Scott Lusby said, "especially those in the Fine Arts Plaza and those from the overpass to the front of the Union."

Another precaution the University is taking, is the creation of the Snow Information Line. Details of the Snow Information Line are found on page

The problems with the University faced in the "hundred-year winter" could double if Stony Brook gets the "two-hundred-year winter" the Farmer's Almanac is predicting. The University says it is doing all it can to avoid a repeat of last year's problems. Maybe tossing a little salt over their shoulder wouldn't hurt.

STONY BROOK LAUNCHES SNOW INFORMATION LINE

Stony Brook-Snow in the forecast? Inclement road conditions ahead?

For students, employees and visitors to the University at Stony Brook, the latest information on class and event cancellations or delays, campus parking and road conditions will be only a telephone call away, thanks to the new telephone winter weather emergency lines the went into effect this week.

The new numbers — **516-632-SNOW** for the west and south campus and **516-444-SNOW** for the university medical center and east campus — will be updated hourly if needed as a storm approaches. Each line will be able to handle nearly one hundred calls a minute, so that callers should be able to hear the current message without delay.

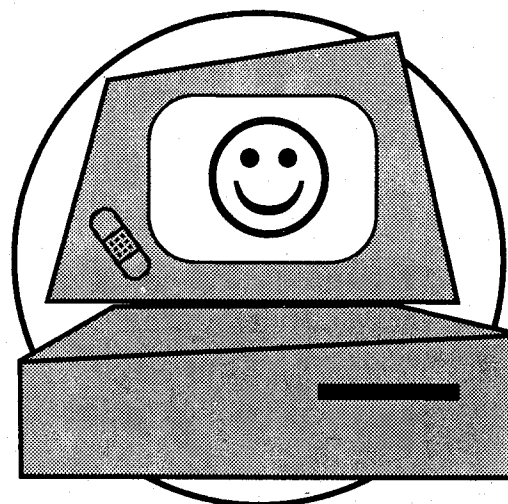
"We want to get the word out as quickly as possible in the event a snow storm is heading our way," notes Richard Young, director of Public Safety, whose department is responsible for monitoring storm conditions in the region and locally. "The new telephone system will give everyone up-to-date information on the condition of campus lots and roads plus cancellations and starting delays so that those who drive don't travel unnecessarily." The university has about 12,000 student commuters plus several thousand employees who commute to work by car.

In addition to the snow lines, the university will continue to provide weather related campus information to area radio stations including the campus station, WUSB (90.1 FM), WALK (97.5 FM, 1370 AM), WOR (710 AM) and WCBS (880 AM).

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

Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Dear Soi Polloi,

Well boys and girls, this may be the last time you hear from dear old Az for awhile. Our fiendly neighborhood editor has finally graduated (thanks to yours truly) and he and I have decided to take a bit of a road trip. He tells me that there is a spirit working its dark magic on campus even more dastardly than my own. According to Garrison, those wily weasels over at Campus Residences have somehow managed to summon the spirit of Heinrich Himmler. The nefarious duo of Himmler and Devries have already set up a *SUNY* version of Hitler's Gestapo which operates under the code name: *RSD*. 'Uncle' Al has *RSD* spies everywhere so be careful. We believe they will soon try to turn President Kenny into one of their mindless zombie slaves. It may even be too late.

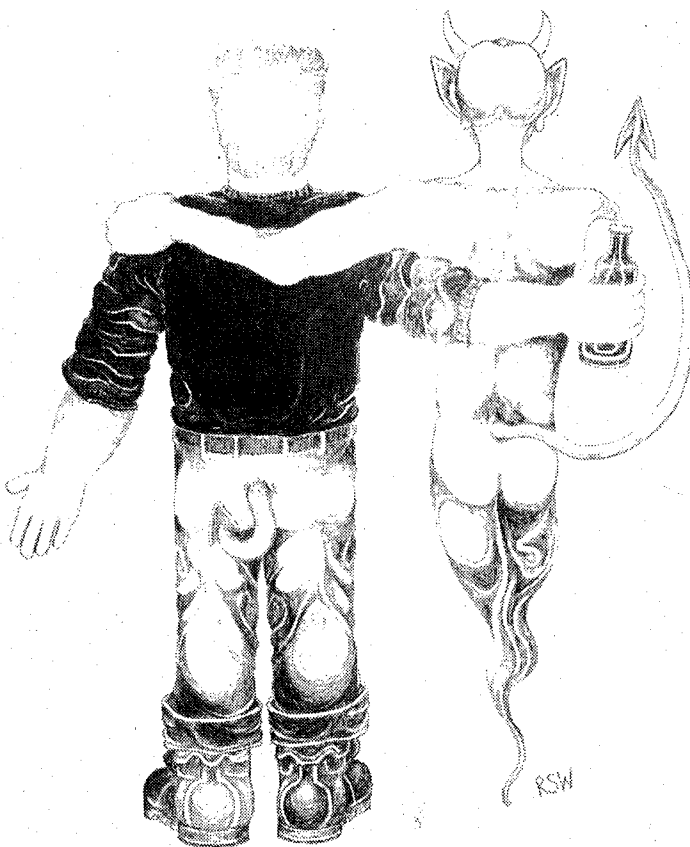
So now we've outfitted an Eldorado for interplanar travel, gassed her up, and stocked it with enough beer and ale to get drunk the devil himself. We're hoping to drive off into the

Twilight Zone where we will hunt down the ghost of Rod Seeling and make him tell us how to make sense out of

which burns with the life force of Heinrich Himmler. This being done, Al Devries' power structure will crumble, leaving him a broken, crippled man. The winds of chance will change direction, a new order will rise and the old regime of Campus Residences will become a quickly fading memory.

Incidentally, this whole ordeal is the inspiration behind this issue's cover. Having dealt with Campus Residences in the past, the editor thought that my column would be too far into the paper for Mr. Devries to take notice of. One wonders if the man is even literate; according to his library records he hasn't checked out a book since he's been here.

Well, that's that. As the Massai say, 'When your piss no longer sinks into the ground, it's time to move on.' So good bye, good riddance and don't think it hasn't been



SUNY Bureaucracy. Then, we shall cut off the source of 'Uncle' Al's power. We will seek out and snuff the flame

fun... 'cause it hasn't.

-Azazel

Top 10 Aborted Top Tens

10. Why Ringo was the best Beatle
9. Polity members with at least a 2.3 GPA
8. Friendly people in Administration
7. Reindeer
6. Best concerts at Stony Brook in last 3 years
5. Weekend days without vomiting
4. Fun things I've done this semester
3. Seawolf sightings
2. Freshman fashion styles
1. Penguin sex acts

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Talk Jive to Me

by Scott J. Lusby

I gotta say, I've gotten some of the strangest music this semester. Perhaps the strangest thus far has been Big Chief, courtesy of Capital Records. Contrary to what you might think, however, it isn't their music that's so strange. Oh no- it couldn't be that simple. It's the marketing strategy.

Their album, entitled *Platinum Jive: Greatest Hits 1969-1999*, is an interesting mix of house music- influenced instrumentals and alternative jams in the vein of Pearl Jam or Soundgarden (as a matter of fact, they've opened for Soundgarden at various times.) The music on *Platinum Jive* is, as I've stated, interesting- definitely worth picking up if you're at all curious to see where mainstream music may be headed to in the future. They definitely sounded good on *The Jon Stewart Show* last week.

As interesting as the music is, the marketing strategy used in promoting this band is more so. First off, the album title is cool (How can there even be a greatest hit from 1999?). Then come the song titles: "M.D. 20/20," one of the more house-oriented songs; "Sick to my Pants" (dated as a 1996 release); "The Liquor Talkin'," a 1975 release from an album entitled *A Fly's Dick From Freedom*; and "Clown Pimp." As I'm sure you've noticed, Big Chief have a rather unconventional sense of humor about them. As a result, we the fans are left guessing if they were indeed around in 1975. My sources tell me that they *have* been around a while, but who knows, given their propensity for doctoring the liner notes. Regardless, the music on *Platinum Jive* is still worth a listen- and the liner notes are good for a chuckle or two.

Another band that is getting some MTV exposure is *Dink*. The single from their untitled album (at least the copy I got was untitled, anyway), "Green Mind," has gotten rather extensive airplay on *Alternative Nation* (can everyone say "Kennedy Über Alles?"). Perhaps the best way to describe Dink's music is a bizarre cross between Al

Jourgenson (of Ministry), Trent Reznor and any hip-hop band. Kind of like a more hoppin' 24-7 Spyz.

As with Big Chief, Dink sounds pretty good. The best songs can be found at the album's beginning- "Big Bags," "Running Red" and "Green Mind." The opening song to the second side (yes, I got this on



cassette), "Angels," also received extensive airplay along with "Green Mind" on WENZ in Cleveland, their hometown. For a local band to get this kind of airplay without a major company backing them is incredible- and warrants serious attention. Watch for Dink on MTV; they may join bands like Everclear and Big Chief as the next wave of bands to break.

Futurist Records (a division of Mechanic Records, for anyone who cares) sent me an EP from Sometime Sweet Susan, entitled *Point*. This disk is really cool- but I've been on this "chick rock" kick for a while now (Juliana Hatfield, L7, PJ Harvey and Liz Phair to name a few). Regardless, this

rocks. Out of the five songs on it, not a single one is bad, from "Kendall" through "Pathological Liar" and "Cecille B. Dumbshit" to "Point." Sometime Sweet Susan sounds a lot like many alternative rock bands these days, but the raw sound created on whatever outdated equipment they used in mixing *Point* gives their music an edge; a "slicker" sound wouldn't work as well for them. If you can find *Point*, pick it up.

One of the few discs that I didn't enjoy all that much (I usually don't bother to review the ones I dislike) was *Adult Crash* by Leeway, another Futurist Records project. This disc isn't a total loss however; a couple of songs were really good, namely the second song "You" and the seventh track "Silver Tongue." But Leeway just doesn't tickle my fancy with their chord arrangements; others may enjoy songs like "10 Years" and "Clueless," as they also sound pretty mainstream/alternative. But I just can't endorse *Adult Crash*. If they release either "You" or "Silver Tongue" as a single, pick them up- they are excellent songs. But I wouldn't waste my money on the whole album. Despite these couple of nice efforts, there isn't much to *Adult Crash*- unless you are a bandwagon-hopping, alternative-is-now-the-mainstream lover. In that case, you'll love it.

Notes: Has anyone seen Weezer's video for "Buddy Holly" yet? It's hysterical- watch for it.... Unfortunately, *Vitalogy*, the new Pearl Jam disc, won't be out until this issue (the semester's last) is in print, so I can't review it. Most of you have probably heard quite a few songs off of it by now, anyway. Is "Better Man" a cool song, or what? Too bad nothing else I've heard from *Vitalogy* comes close.... Anyway, I don't know who's going to be in charge of music for next semester- I may still be; I may move on. Whatever the case, it's been a pleasure. Thanks for reading (if anyone has)- and keep reading *The Press*. Or better yet, join the staff....

Raft of the Medusa: Sink or Swim?

by Aaron Swartz

When we, the audience, sat down in the theater after deciding to board the *Raft of the Medusa*, we knew what we were getting ourselves into- about an hour and a half of confronting the realities of an epidemic. But can the same be said for the cast of their decision to plunge into re-staging this Joe Pintauro work? Did they know what they were getting themselves into?

It is difficult to critique an "AIDS play" because of the existent possibility the actors will be swallowed up by the enormity of the epidemic. The topic of AIDS, alone, has the power to move an audience, drawing the attention away from the actors. This is especially the case if the cast is not quite strong enough to conquer a subject matter as serious as AIDS. The thoughts, the tears, and the anxieties I left the theater with came more because I was presented with a well-written play about a subject that is all too real...all too possible. This is not to say the production does not have special moments, it does, but overall I had difficulty believing the stories many of these actors told.

To clarify: the falseness I felt from some cast members was not due to lack of talent, rather the range needed to play these people with AIDS is not present in these actors yet. I felt, in some cases, the stretch was too great. *Raft of the Medusa*, while

it is an extremely important work, may be too large an undertaking.



Adam Nordquist, Chris Graham, Walter Oehm

Photo by Barbara Mac Pherson

However, I do believe the performances of David Zeaman, Ella Turenne, Carrie Thomas, and Andrew Motley were thoughtfully and honestly crafted.

The moment when Larry is outed as an impostor in the AIDS support group and Nairobi sticks him with what is believed to be a dirty needle has a shockingly raw power. I felt from Zeaman his utter terror, and from Turenne her vindication. But when the needle was discovered to be clean and she was only teaching him a lesson, I felt her pain and his fear turned confused elation. Another powerful exchange was between Carrie Thomas and Andrew Motley. Thomas has an edge of inexperience on the stage, but still a very real presence on the stage that is easy to watch. Motley, who seems a bit more seasoned, delivered an intense performance that ranged for the heights of anger to the depths of fear and insecurity. And when the music started playing and they started to dance, that was it for me. I knew I was watching something very special.

In rethinking this review and the play itself, I am now realizing that the main importance is truly the pedagogical benefit, not that some of the actors were not convincing. It is very possible that one day they will, but "one day" is not now, and now we need education and awareness, exactly where this production was most successful.

Raft of the Medusa runs December 8-10 at 8pm and December 11 at 2pm.

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum
for everyone anticipating the final plunge

Thanksgiving came and went, and not a single turkey appeared in the last fable. Since many people save a turkey carcass in their refrigerators until way past Christmas anyway, this foolish but noble bird will make his appearance without another word.

Turkeys do not have a reputation for becoming nuclear physicists or novelists when they grow up. It's just not part of their culture. Benjamin Franklin, however, wanted to make the turkey our national symbol. Even then our leaders did not have a high opinion of us, I suppose. Would Americans throughout history aim for high achievement and imperial goals under the sign of the turkey?

Perhaps we never see any smart turkeys because they all run away and go to college. If they earn a certain grade point average and learn the necessary social skills to become lawyers or business executives, upon graduation they magically transform into humans and disappear into the mainstream American population. They find mates, marry and have offspring who have a good chance of carrying the turkey gene. This means that many of these children, if they do not follow the right path, will mutate back into turkeys if they live to their twenty-first birthday.

This is why turkeys are not known for their individuality...

Tommy Jr., son of Thomas T. Gobbler, found it extremely difficult to live up to his father's high expectations. Mr. Gobbler wanted his son to become an accountant and follow in his footsteps. Tommy Jr., on the other hand, had an artistic bent. He found few things more pleasurable than sitting under a tree during springtime or the fall, writing or drawing whatever came to mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Gobbler worried about their son. They were afraid that he would not turn out normal like the neighbor's children. Every time Mr. Gobbler looked at Tommy the dark secret of life before graduation, which he never revealed to his wife, would resurface in his mind like a technicolor film on the big screen. Mrs. Gobbler fretted over her son because he had begun to develop odd growths on his nose and neck since the onset of puberty. The family doctor, however, insisted that the growths were only a mild case of acne, which is common among all adolescents. Always a mother though, Mrs. Gobbler found something else to worry about—Tommy's voice. It seemed to her that he was developing a speech impediment, with his singsong mumbling all the time. He was a tall, gawky boy as well, always tripping over his own feet and breaking things, but he always tried his best to become the son his parents wished for. He struggled through high school, took accounting and basketball, hid his talents in the closet and got accepted to a prestigious college with a full scholarship.

Once away from his parents, Tommy began to feel more comfortable with himself and gained confidence in his abilities. Unfortunately, one can never escape those cutting words, "If you don't follow the right path, you will never be happy! We know what is best for you!" So Tommy still refrained from doing a lot of the things he thought he would have enjoyed. He did not join the theater group, or the college newspaper, or the poetry club. He did not go to wild parties, political rallies or dance clubs. Instead, Tommy studied hard, played basketball and tried to associate with the right people. Most of the time, he preferred to sit alone in his room, with the shades drawn, and write.

One day the crisp autumn weather invited him to sit under the trees, and Tommy could not resist. From under his bed he grabbed his battered hard covered sketchbook, journal and pencil case and ran outside. When Tommy reached the commons he spotted a guy sitting one of the benches, and he backed away a little. The guy noticed Tommy and smiled. "You a freshman?" he asked.

"Y-yeah," the young Gobbler stuttered.
"That's OK. I don't mind freshmen. Why don't you sit here?"

When Tommy got closer, the guy noticed his sketchbook and his eyes widened. "You're an artist? A real artist?" he gasped.

"Hey, man, back off."
"Please, forgive me. It's not often you see an artist on this campus, if you know what I mean."
"No, I don't."

"Well, that's all right. I won't bother you anymore—you just sit down and create." And the guy picked up his book and shut up.

Tommy shook his head, found a bench and opened his sketchbook to a clean page. He tried to focus on a stately red maple tree, but for some rea-



son he couldn't stop looking over his shoulder at the guy. He had a shock of soft blonde hair that fell over his left eye, and broad shoulders nearly bursting from his rowing team sweatshirt. Finally Tommy stamped his foot and approached the guy with his sketchbook and pastels. "Uh, I know this sounds a little crazy," Tommy began, "b-b-but would you mind if I drew you?"

The guy gasped again and flipped his hair. "By all means! I was afraid you'd never ask!" And he struck a heroic pose.

"Not like that, stupid. Just normal, like before. Just as you are."

The guy pouted. "You must learn how to take a joke, freshman." And after he slumped to a more natural position, Tommy began to draw.

The more he sketched, the more he liked what he saw. The more he liked, the more he began to talk. The guy's name was Kevin, he was from Maine, and he was majoring in French. In fact, he was French—Kevin La Fleur. And for some reason this drove Tommy all crazy inside. It frightened him,

for he never felt this way before about anyone, and it didn't seem right, but he didn't stop drawing.

When he finished the picture Tommy tore it out and gave it to Kevin. "You want it more than me. Take it."

Kevin took the sketch from Tommy's hand and gently brushed his fingers. "Come see me row on Saturday," he whispered.

Their eyes locked for a few moments. "Saturday," Tommy nodded. Then he sprinted back to the dorm, trying hard not to look back.

Tommy's room-mate was sitting on his bed when he walked in the door, and he quickly shoved his books and pencil case under his bed. "I thought you were out playing basketball," his room-mate squinted.

Tommy blurted "I scored" without thinking, and his room-mate raised his eyebrows. "Oh yeah? So that artsy beatnik shit really does work on babes! What's her name?"

He choked on his saliva. "Uhr—aack—"

"Rebecca, huh? She a Bible thumper?"

"Blonde." He cleared his throat. "I gotta take a shower. Later, dude."

That night Tommy tossed and turned in his sleep. He didn't know what to do—he couldn't be in love with the campus fag! If he was in love with the campus fag, then he would turn into a fairy! You must follow the right path, or you will never be happy. We know what is best for you, his parents' voices echoed in his ears over and over again. I don't care, he thought. I just won't watch him rowing, that's all. I have other things to do Saturday anyway. I'll just forget it ever happened.

Saturday arrived on pussy cat feet. Tommy got up, took a shower, got dressed and skulked off to the library. Meanwhile, Kevin watched the crowds form up and down the river as he sat anxiously in the skiff but could not see Tommy through the fog. Sighing, he put his head between his knees and hid his tears. He could care less if they won or lost now.

As he crouched low in the stacks, Tommy began to feel different. He felt as if he were shrinking, but maybe that was because he was reading Kafka's *Metamorphosis*. He also began to itch something awful, and he just couldn't hold on to the book anymore as he squawked like a sick chicken...

He ran clumsily out of the library, flapping his arms and bobbing his head up and down, trying to make it home before anyone recognized him. Suddenly he bumped into the visiting rowing team, glowing with victory, and they fell upon him with cruel laughter. "This must be the team mascot!" they howled. "What losers—stopping in the middle of the race to cry!"

GOOD LUCK ON FINALS— SHOW NO FEAR IN THE FACE OF DESTINY!

MORAL: The right path is one's own.

MORE IMPORTANTLY: Never keep your loves in the closet.

MOST OF ALL: In fighting the dragon, good does not will over evil. In fleeing from the dragon, evil does not win over good. In befriending the dragon, all is good.



Student Art Show in Union Gallery runs through December 13
students involved: Aaron Almendral, Leah Cipriano, Edward Cosgrove

"Untitled " by Leah Cipriano

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To our editor:

*Na na na na hey hey goodbye,
adios, see ya, au revoir, aloha, mushi
mushi, got lost freak, shalom, salaam,
good riddance, give us the keys back,
don't visit and don't write, and
thanks for spending all our money.*

-the New Editorial Board

Study Tip:

*Don't even
bother.*