

The  
Stony  
Brook

# PRESS

Vol. 16 No VIII The University Community's Feature Paper January 23, 1995

**WANTED**

**PHOTO EDITOR : DEAD OR ALIVE**

On The Inside

Uncle Newt  
Page 2

Top 50 Songs  
Page 12

Nine Inch Nails  
Page 9

# Newt World Order

by David M. Ewalt

"Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they aren't after you."

Alan Arkin, *Catch-22*, 1970

Only a few days ago I was sitting in a sunlit window seat on a train from Washington, D.C. to Penn Station, enjoying the quiet solitude of a day on the rails. I sat and pondered weighty thoughts as the train rumbled on its way. It's a sad consequence of modern technology that railroad transport has fallen to the wayside with the advent of flight. Few other forms of transport are so agreeable.

Or so I thought. Soon my quiet was interrupted. From the front of the car, in the direction of the snack bar, strode a disheveled man wearing a monstrous camping backpack and carrying in front of him a brown cardboard snack tray. Whistling an unidentifiable tune, he moved down the aisle past several perfectly nice empty seats before fate plopped him in the seat next to me. Wordlessly, he handed me his tray while he wrenched off his pack and a heavily worn denim jacket.

I knew something was wrong when he handed me his food. The act of passing the tray didn't really bother me; I could see how it was impeding the removal of his gear, and perhaps he was too preoccupied with his task to ask me verbally for help. What did concern me, however, was the contents of his tray. The unsturdy cardboard receptacle held no less than four cans of V8 vegetable juice and a styrofoam cup filled to the brim with some sort of black bean soup. As disturbing as I found a desire for a quart of V8, I was more distressed by the presence of the soup. What sort of person eats soup on a train moving 125 miles per hour?

Settling into his seat, the stranger reached over and took back his tray, smiling. He grabbed the soup with short, sausage-like fingers and tipped it to his lips, chugging down several mouthfuls of the gooey stew. With a satisfied sigh, he put down the cup and wiped the corners of his mouth on the back of his hand.

At this point his attention shifted from the soup to me. Looking me in the eyes, he smiled a crooked grin. "Leaving Washington?" he asked in a voice that betrayed his apparent heavy smoking habit.

Slightly taken aback by this sudden question, I managed to mutter an answer. "Um.. yeah, I am." I turned and looked out the window, trying to end the conversation.

"Me too." Apparently, this stranger would not be deterred by a lack of eye contact. "I'm getting out while the gettins good."

At this point my natural curiosity overcame my desire for solitude. I had to ask the inevitable question. "While the gettins good?" I asked.

"Yessir," he replied. "Ever since the elections I've noticed some scary changes happening in Washington."

"I know what you mean. The Republicans are going to make a lot of unpleasant changes."

The stranger shifted in his seat so he could face me more directly. "You don't know the half of it," he said. "I've been on the inside, man... I know things almost nobody else does."

I found it hard to believe this scruffy creature was part of the power elite. Nonetheless, I took his bait. "Like what?"

"This Newt guy, he's got some nasty plans for America. Herr Newt, I call him.. I think he's a fascist deep down."

"You don't think that's a little strong?" I asked.

"Hell, no! I tell you, I know things about this guy nobody else does. For instance, this whole 'Contract with America' garbage.. what do you think it's all about?"

"Well, I see it just like any other campaign gimmick." I answered. "It was a tool to get Republicans elected, not some great promise to the voters. Newt probably couldn't give a rat's ass whether or not his legislation passes, as long as he gets reelected."

"Wrong! You see, Newt really wants every bit of that contract to pass. The thing is, though, that it's not for the same reasons he told the public."

"It's not?"

"No way. For instance, take this balanced budget amendment. Why does Newt say we need a new Constitutional amendment?"

"Well," I offered, "he thinks that if the President was forced to submit a balanced budget we could cut a lot of pork and waste from government."

"Not quite," he replied, growing animated. "Newt wants the balanced budget amendment so he can cut programs he doesn't like and not get in trouble for it. Have you seen all the flak he's taken over suggesting we

cut funding to public television? If we had a balanced budget amendment, he could cut it arbitrarily, and have the excuse that he had to cut it to balance the budget! Welfare, Social Security, Medicare... he could cut them all in the name of the Constitution!"

"Hmm.. you're right. I hadn't thought of that."

"And the other Contract gimmicks.." he continued, "they're all the same sort of thing! Newt's the great deceiver! You know why he wants to end Federal support to the poor?"

"No, why?"

"Because historically, it's the poor who revolt. Who ran the guillotine in the French revolution? Peasants! Who supported Lenin against the Czars? The laborers! And right now, in Russia.. those Chechnyans are dirt poor! Newt's trying to destroy the underclass economically! Believe me, man.. this is only the first step in Newt's master plan! I know these things! He'll be declaring martial law before you know it!"

Our pleasant intellectual conversation was beginning to turn a bit sour. "Okay," I asked, "how do you know Newt's secret plan?"

"I'm on the inside, baby! Up until yesterday I was a night watchman at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving! I overhear stuff, man! Newt's planning on putting his picture on the money when he's taken over!"

"Um, he is?" I began to scrunch myself into my chair, moving away from the now wildly gesticulating stranger.

"You're damn right he is! And that's not all! You've heard how he wants to build this Information Superhighway thing? That's a control device! Do you think pictures just come OUT of a computer? They go in, too! He can track us through those things!"

"You don't say?" I reached down under my seat and pulled out my duffel bag.

"It's true! There's some bad mojo in Washington! Get out while you can!"

"That sounds like a good idea." I stood up and clutched my bag, stepping past the rabid character. "I'm gonna get some food now."

I moved forward two cars to another seat, and didn't see hide nor hair of the erratic fellow again. Still, I had to wonder... is there a layer of sinister intent under all the pudge that is Newt Gingrich?

## Top 10 Lies to Tell Incoming Students

10. Those aren't roaches, they're really flat mice
9. The Seawolf is indigenous to the Pine Barrens
8. U.S.B. doesn't mean 'you smelly bastard'
7. The staff of the Press is 100% Republican
6. The campus really jumps on weekends
5. The Homecoming Band will be *Nine Inch Nails*
4. Because of some bizarre time-space continuum problem, all food on campus tastes different than in any other part of the world
3. It's never windy on campus
2. Park anywhere you want, campus security never gives out parking tickets
1. The construction in the middle of campus will be done by 1996

## **HOW TO KEEP PEOPLE'S HANDS OFF YOUR MONEY.**

- 🔒 Carry only enough cash to last the day.**  
Anyone who tries to borrow your last five spot isn't a friend, anyway.
- 🔒 Label your spare-change jar "beetle farm."**  
Then, put your beetle farm in a jar labeled "spare change."
- 🔒 Mark up every space on checks.**  
Don't leave room for someone to fill in their name and extra zeros.
- 🔒 Keep your wallet in your front pocket.**  
It discourages pickpockets. So does wearing really tight pants.
- 🔒 Put your picture on your credit card.**  
A Citibank Photocard is tough for anyone else to use, unless they look just like you.

**WE'RE LOOKING OUT FOR YOU.™**

To apply, call 1-800-CITIBANK.



# Welcome Back To Hell

**"Welcome back my friends to this show that never ends, we're so glad you could attend, step inside step inside." - Emerson Lake & Palmer.**

Congratulations to everybody who has made it through another semester at 'the Brook'. And what a boring semester it was, with the only exciting news occurring at the very end of the semester. When Polity Vice President Annette 'Two Votes' Hicks tried to take over the Senate all by herself. With the first meeting of the new semester not due until the first week of February, we are going to have to wait for the fireworks to begin.

Will this years' Spring Semester be as exciting as the last one? The glacier that covered the campus last year hadn't completely thawed when the stories about Richard Cole and the 'glory hole' found their way into the school's paper. The media whore part of me can't wait for the first huge pile of crap to be covered by some paper this semester. Because we are all sick of O.J., his white Bronco and the mystery object in the sealed envelope. [By the way, it is William Shatner's real hair in the envelope.]

But around the country, the big news was the rampage of the Republicans; with 'Uncle Newt' in Washington and 'Sheriff George' in Albany. [Both of these names will be used at all times when the paper talks about the current Speaker of the House and Governor of New York.] What this will mean to the students of Stony Brook University, who knows—even the Psychic Friends Hot Line would be hard pressed to tell us. So we will have to wait to see how much funding the state will cut from the school's budget, unless Sheriff George is going to create money out of thin

air to balance the state's budget.

The only exciting things to happen this week, will be inside the lines at Administration. Always longer than lines at DMV, they are a good place to meet people. You already have something in common with them, you have **some** gripe with the school, or you wouldn't be standing in a line that doesn't move. So bring some reading material to the line, preferably this paper, to enjoy while you stand and stand and stand and stand....

If you have some serious gripe with the University that you don't want handled in a civilized manner, join the staff of The Press and bring it to the attention of the **whole** university. Remember, if you don't get involved, then you will just be a speed bump in the road of life, with big fat trucks rolling over you. Hold on, let me get down from my soapbox.

With that blatant attempt to get you involved out of the way. The staff does wish most of the student body good luck in the current semester. Those that we do not wish good luck, we won't name, but it will become apparent throughout the semester who we are talking about, as they will often wind up in these pages as the butt end of many tasteless jokes and commentaries.

## Mosh Naked

The  
Stony  
Brook

# PRESS

Executive Editor  
Ted Swedalla

Managing Editor  
Scott J. Lusby

Associate Editor  
Bruce Baldwin

Business Manager

News Editor  
David Ewalt

Arts Editor  
Rachel Wexelbaum

Music Editor  
Fred Mashernov

Photo Editor

Production Manager  
Liv Ann Bacerra

Distribution Manager  
Robert V. Giheany

Staff

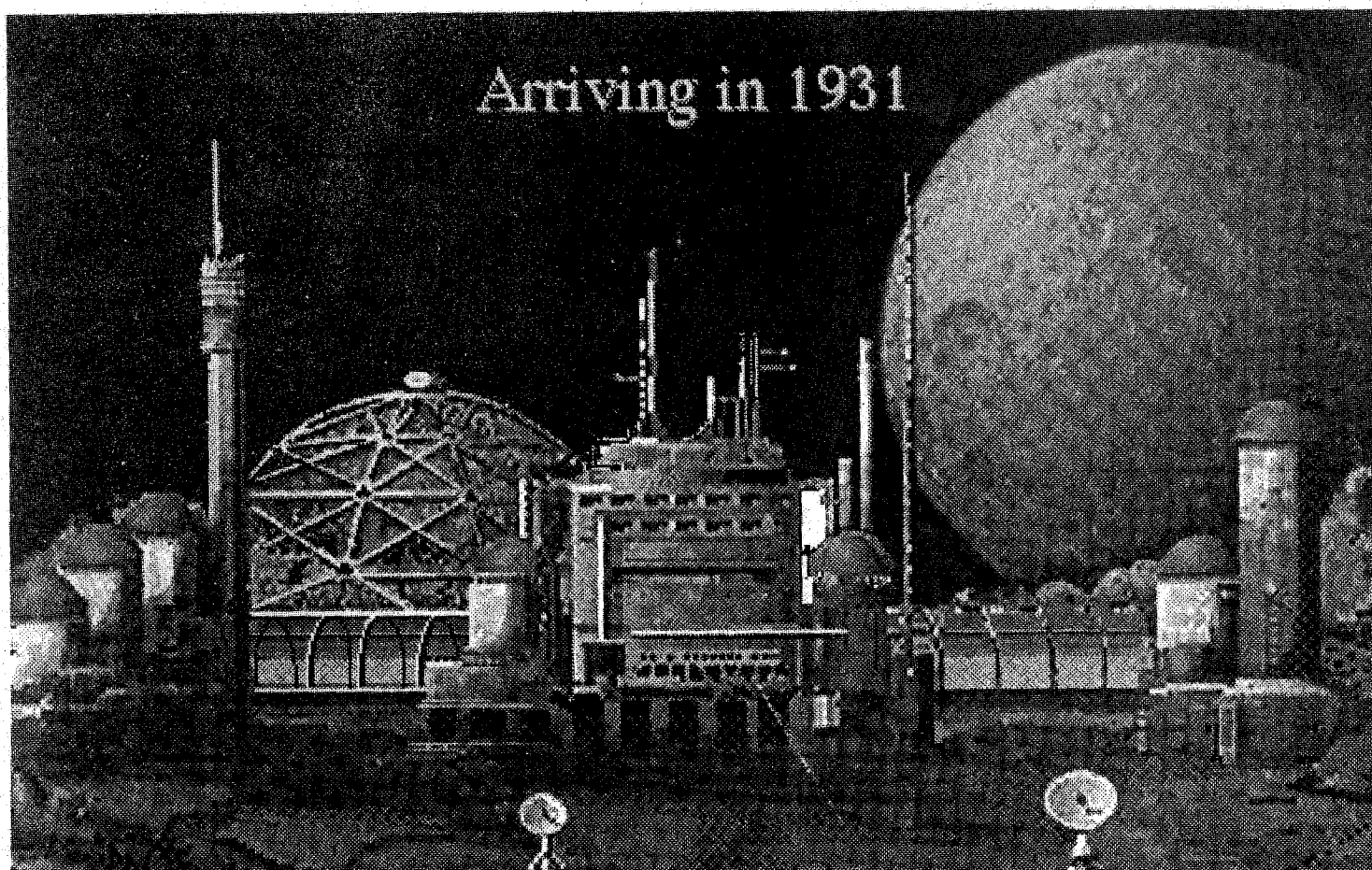
Tommy Crean, Sensate Mass,  
Louis M. Moran, Allen Peda, John  
Schneider,  
Doug Vescuso

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.

060 & 061 Student Union  
SUNY at Stony Brook  
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200  
(516) 632-6451

For this issue, we received no letters, so instead we had to play Civilization. But at least we won the game.





# Along the Color Line:

## Civil Rights at the Crossroads

By Manning Marable

While the struggle to oust Benjamin Chavis as national secretary of the NAACP has dominated concerns about the state of the civil rights movement in the past year, other events are affirming the progressive orientation which Chavis represented within the association. The most decisive example of the continuing ideological battle to win the hearts and minds of the black masses occurred recently in Detroit.

This fall, a campaign for leadership of the Detroit branches NAACP presidency was waged between the Reverend Wendell Anthony vs. the Reverend Jim Holley. Anthony was widely identified as one of the strongest and most articulate supporters of Chavis's initiatives, including the June 1994 Black Leadership Summit in Baltimore, and efforts to initiate black economic self-determination locally and nationally. Anthony's running mate for NAACP leadership, united autoworkers leader Ernie Lofton, provided strong links to black autoworkers in the city. Anthony was also linked to the progressive and activist-leadership of NAACP Detroit executive director Joann Nichols Watson, whose morning talk show and signature, "wake up, Detroit!" has become a rallying cry for



anti-racist activities.

The opposition to the Anthony/Lofton/Watson group crystallized around former UAW vice president Marc Stepp, who initiated a national board investigation of the financial management by Detroit leaders. Other more traditional association figures such as Arthur Johnson, past Detroit NAACP president, gave their support to Holley, pastor of Little Rock Baptist Church. The Holley campaign attacked Anthony for sponsoring a local leadership summit with Chavis last spring, which featured a number of Black nationalist and pan-Africanist leaders favor a "separate philosophy."

The November 10th, 1994, rank and file vote of Association members in Detroit gave Anthony a resounding vindication. Anthony received 3,289 of the 5,500 votes cast, a three to two margin victory over Holley. The entire slate of officials elected, including 24 candidates for the local board of directors. Anthony supporters attributed his victory to his progressive platform, which included an aggressive membership drive to black working class people, and the monitoring police racist violence.

A number of prominent leaders—including Jewell Jackson McCabe, Julian Bond and others—have been rumored to be interested in replacing Chavis as national secretary. Current NAACP president William Gibson remains under fire for alleged financial improprieties and mismanagement. Contributions have plummeted and several months ago the national staff in Baltimore experi-

ence serious layoffs. The NAACP Legal Defense Fund is moving to separate its name and identity from the troubled, larger organization. Friends and critics alike are raising the question of whether the NAACP can survive.

This is the wrong question. As long as institutional racism exists in America, so long as black medium incomes lag behind those of whites by nearly one-half, and as long as discrimination in the legal system, at banks and real estate markets, and within our schools exists, there will be an urgent need for an organization like the NAACP. The real challenge is whether the NAACP's structure and public policy agenda can be transformed democratically, in order for it to reach out the Hip Hop generation, to those African-Americans born after the Civil Rights Movement. The civil rights agenda is at the crossroads, and events in Detroit indicate that progressive, effective leadership like that provided by Wendell Anthony and Joann Nichols Watson can revitalize our struggles for equality and justice.

*Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Director of the Institute for Research in the African-American Studies, Columbia University. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 275 publications and is featured on 75 radio stations internationally.*

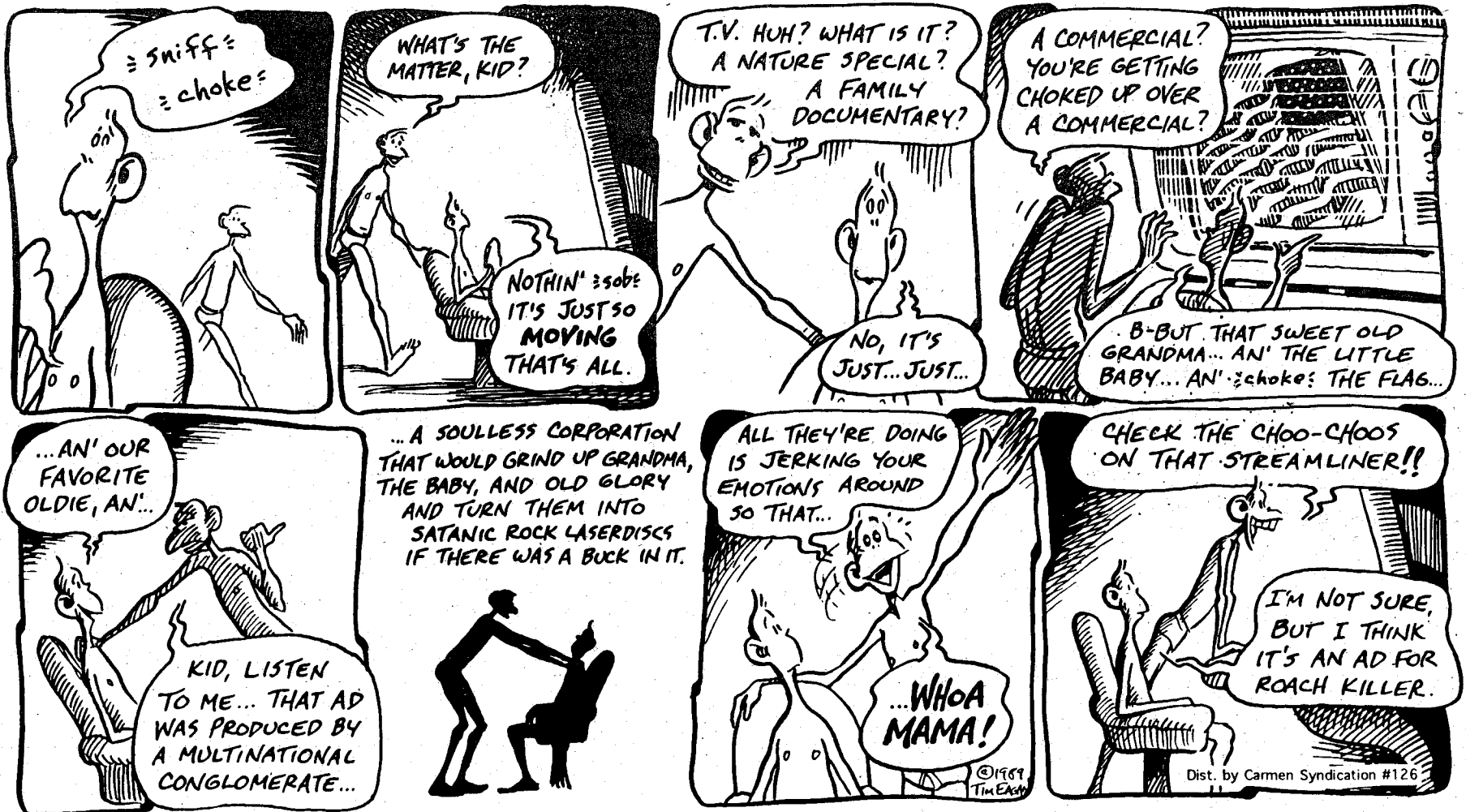
**Since the dawn of time, there was only one environmentally safe  
lawn mower.  
Sheep.**



**All of them were sheep, just mindless mowing sheep, so  
stand out from the crowd and be a black sheep and write for  
the Stony Brook Press at room 060 Student Union,  
Wednesdays at 1:00 pm.**

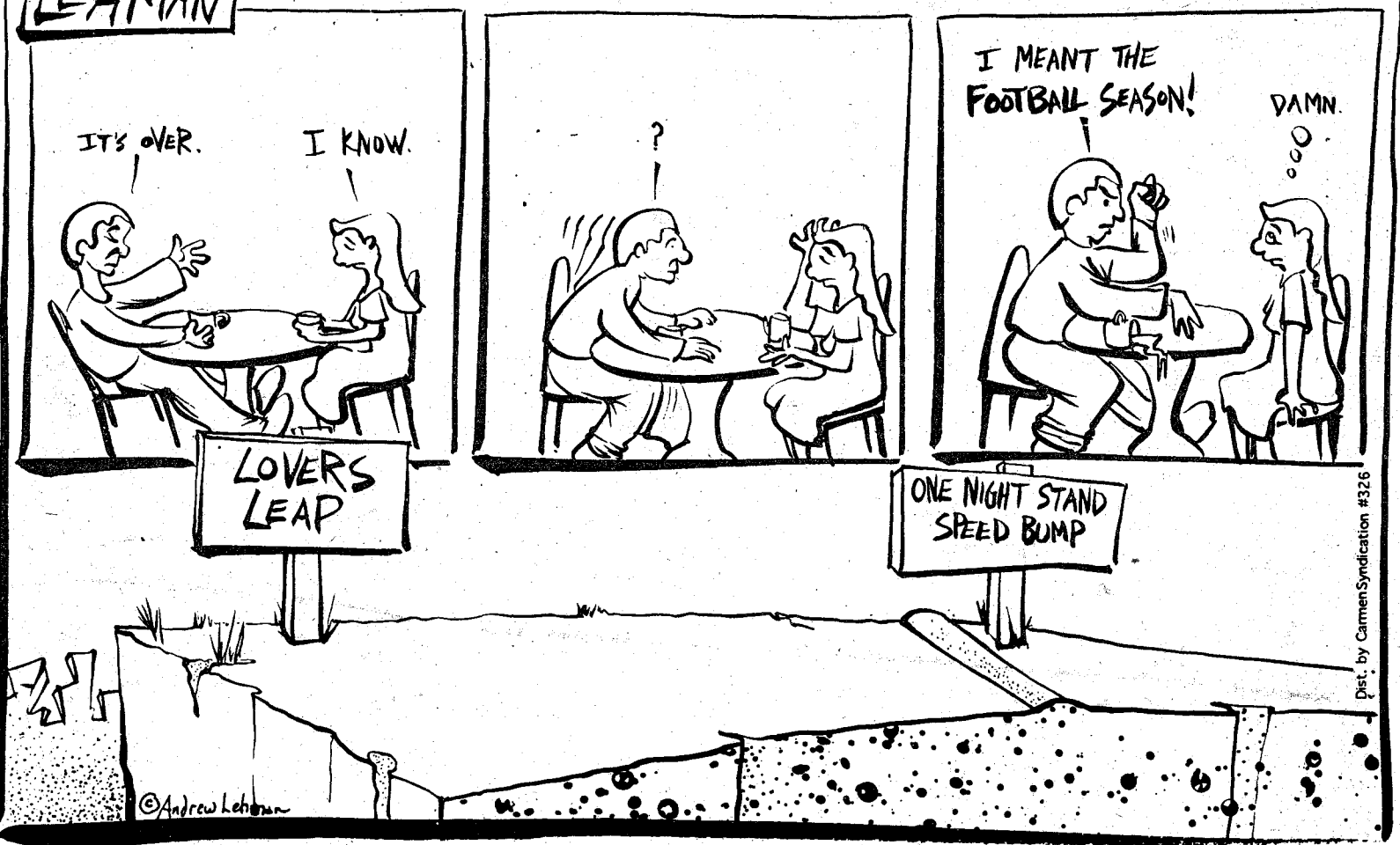
# COMICS

SUBCONSCIOUS COMICS ©1989 TIM EAGAN

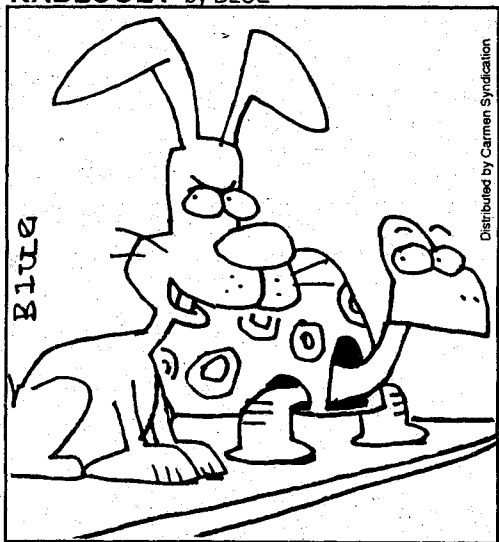


Dilbert ® by Scott Adams

LEHMAN

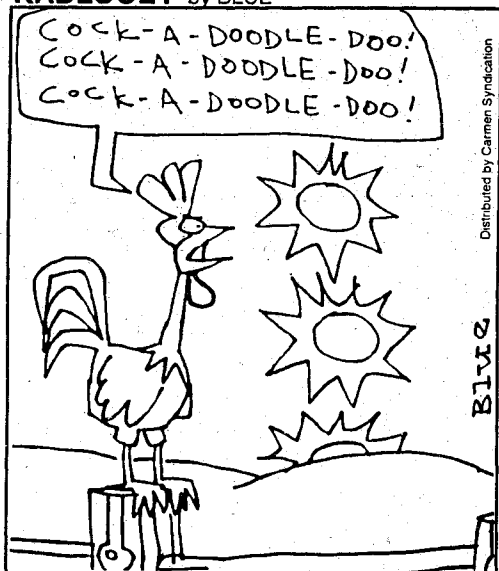


KABLOOEY by BLUE



"NOW REMEMBER, IF THEY YELL 'FIX,' LET AESOP DO THE TALKING."

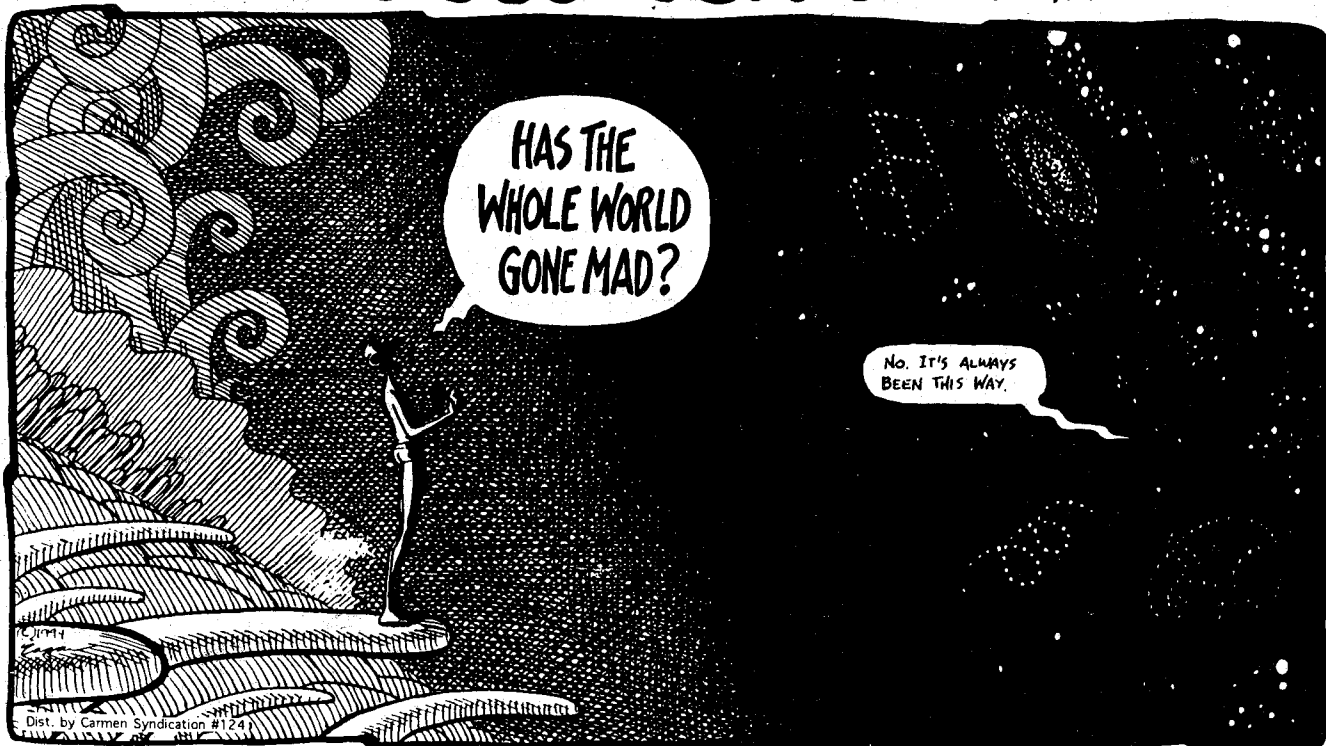
KABLOOEY by BLUE



GENETICALLY ALTERED ROOSTERS CAN NOW PRODUCE AS MANY AS FIFTY SUNRISES A DAY.

# SUBCONSCIOUS COMICS

©1994  
TIM EAGAN





# Spring Literary Supplement Ad

*See, we are not that creative. So we need your submissions for our Spring Literary Supplement due out March 6th. We know it is early, but last semester we were over whelmed with submissions at the last minute and did not have ample time to pour through the 5 full mailbags for the best material. So, if you get yours in early, we can make sure we make it the finest supplement ever in the history of the Stony Brook Press.*

All submissions should be sent to the  
Stony Brook Press room 060 Student Union.

## What's in and Out for 95

out

money

Gary

liberalism

peaceful co-existence  
w/ administration

azazel

jimi hendrix and  
jethro tull

cooperation within  
staff personale

cuomo

tom foley

in

debt

Ted

fascism

lawsuits

psycho friends

alternate wednesdays  
3:00 - 6:30 AM  
on 90.1 fm WUSB

alienation among the  
staff

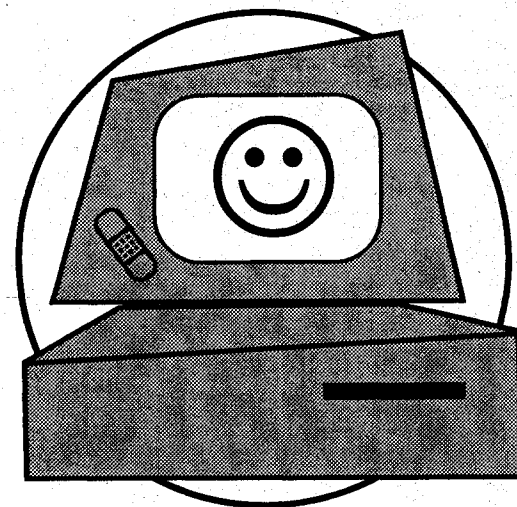
sheriff pataki

uncle newt

## Computer crisis?

Go where the professionals go. For competent repairs and customer service at it's best, call:

phillips audio visual repair



computers  
printers  
monitors  
  
hardware  
and software  
repair

**we make service calls...  
home or business**

**(516) 727 - 3134**

Servicing both The Press and  
that *other* campus newspaper.





# Taltos

## The Lives of the Mayfair Witches

By Patricia Hyland

*Taltos* is the newest book in the trilogy of the Mayfair Witches and it is the most thrilling yet. It is written by Anne Rice, the author of *Interview With The Vampire*, which made its movie debut this past fall. The book is definitely a masterwork of evil. Devil worshippers could take a few hints from this lady; the essence of evil is depicted in this lovely little book. There is quite a story unfurling within these pages. Although it takes a little while to get into the book, once you're in you are irrevocably hooked. It is like a drug. There is no up or down, only a void that this fills, a completeness you have never known and never will again.

*Taltos* is an intriguing tale of the past, present, and the future coming together in one time continuum. It is as dazzling as it is dizzy, but it is fascinating. Ash is the main character in the book, and the last



surviving Taltos. You may remember a seemlier character in previous books of the "Mayfair Witches" series by the name of Lasher, who was the spirit of a dead Taltos reincarnated. The most famous Mayfair is Rowan, who is at the book's outset, is in a catatonic state; she listens but does not speak. They say giving birth to Taltos is draining to Taltos females, but what happened to Rowan was

unbelievable. She came out of the stupor like nothing ever happened, which was strange considering what put her there. It started in the first book, *The Witching Hour*, in which the story took flight. She got pregnant with her husband's baby and gave birth to the child on the floor. Lasher then took possession of the body, grew up to an adult in a matter of minutes, and then got Rowan pregnant with a Taltos this is in the second book, *Lasher*. The rest you'll just have to read on your own.

Anne Rice is at her best with this latest addition to her work. The essence of life and its mysteries are right in those pages, all that needs to be done is that you start the journey. The ride will be worth it, I'm sure.

Anyone caught submitting hand written submissions with be hog tied, then dragged out into the Fine Arts Plaza, and tortured for the gathering masses. This torture will involve a very large battery, a pair of nipples and jumper cables. Maybe even a dozen or so small hamsters and a ball peen hammer.

ALL SUBMISSIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO ROOM 060 STUDENT UNION OR CALL 632-6451. LETTERS AND EDITORIALS SHOULD BE NO MORE THAN 500 WORDS AND ARTICLES AND VIEWPOINTS BETWEEN 500 TO 1200 WORDS

## Psycho Friends Network

Coming to you live from the padded cell. They gave me a really cool wardrobe, it may be all white but it wraps around your body and its really cool 'cause they could tie me up and tie me down. It's really kinda kinky. It kinda leaves you free to really explore my inner self. You know autoerotica; 101 positions on a rainy day and the sort.... Any way I'm free to help you. Feel free to express yer feelings anytime, I'm here to help you...Who the fuck cares about your problems you whiny bitch! All you do is whine whine whine nag nag nag. Just because you have all the fun being tied down or up you kinky pervert! I refuse to be part of this. Get me out of here! I can't take it anymore! I have to kill someone. A mass murdering killing spree.... Shut Up !!!! You are driving me crazy!!!!!!... Don't say that!...Yeah Hush.... Eat shit and die!!! Any way kids we have to clean up the lingo. Freshmen are reading this. Far be it for us to corrupt their young bright minds... Yeah that's assuming they could even read....By the way did you ever have dreams where people are throwing pickles at you? I just thought I'd ask you guys... Pervert. What did you do? Get into an accident or something? Did you get your daily dose of lithium today? Did I hear small farm animals? I swear I didn't do anything to that ridiculous gerbil of yours. Besides I gave that up, I mov ed on to large farm animals....like sheep. SHEEP SHEEP SHEEP. Sheep will take over the world... Sheep! Did you remember to wash! Dammit! no wonder I had

this rash. It was you you all along bastard! You did this me...Will you stop? Will you just stop it already? Let's get back to the topic at hand. What was the topic again? Sheep no. Small farm animals no. Oh I remember the need to help penis problems of today. You know who you are! OOh I know, MALES. We know who we are. The slimey creatures that crawl on the floor, you know the three-legged dogs... Will you get off the crack already this is not Man Bashing 101!!!! My friends we don't need to argue, we have to do our job. This column. For instance, the racist publication that recently lost support from some department called African studies. I just wanna say one thing and this comes from the bottom of my self-centered heart: Get off the cross already, somebody else needs the wood. LIKE a bonfire of the Statesman(egos r us).

The Psycho Friends Network is accepting letters. If you have a problem, let them help you, they have the unquie situation of having many people in one body, which makes it easier to answer your questions. Remember their motto "Too many cooks don't spoil the broth, they just make easier for each other to go off on irrelevant tangents."

All Letters should be sent to:  
Psycho Friends Network  
The Stony Brook Press  
room 060, Student Union

## Stony Brook Press Ad Rates

Full Page \$275.00

Half Page \$165.00

Quarter Page \$ 99.00

Eighth Page \$ 59.00

Sixteenth Page \$ 36.00

**The Stony Brook Press welcomes everybody back. Even those that we didn't really like in the first place.**

# Top 50 of the 90's (continued)

continued from page 12 lyrics, and suddenly they become deceptively deep. Extremely relaxing from a musical standpoint.

**24 - Fuck and Run - Liz Phair** - Only included because the word 'fuck' is in the title. Just kidding, she rules, why can't she fuck and run on me.

For a cool musician, she is hot hot hot. Not many "chick rockers" can say that and be telling the truth.

**23 - Cantaloop (Flip Fantasia) - Us3** - The best rap/jazz fusion since... I don't remember, when's the first rap/country mix.

The only jazz/rap fusion song I know of diversity, diversity, diversity!

**22 - Retarded - Afghan Whigs** - Could be the theme songs for many people who work on this campus.

Or finally a title for our generation- the "Retarded Generation" instead of "Generation X." Better to be something bad than nothing at all, I always say.

**21 - Jerry Was A Race Car Driver - Primus** - What can you say about Primus that Les can't say with his bass.

What a great bass riff. He's the only bassist I know that actually plays chords on his bass.

**20 - Girls of Porn - Mr. Bungle** - How many songs mention 'skid marks' and 'John Holmes' in the same song, not many.

Contains one of the half-decades' greatest lines: "976 and I can whack it on the phone." Sums up what safe sex is like for some underprivileged people these days.

**19 - Red Head Walking - Beat Happening** - Two guitars and drums never sounded so good. So, red heads happen to be a weakness, but after this song, you'll want a redhead of your own.

I asked...no, begged my fiancée to die her hair Beverly Crusher-red after hearing this song. Vocalist Calvin Johnson's voice is almost as deep as the guy from the Crash Test Dummies (Brad Roberts).

**18 - Chalk Dust Torture - Phish** - A great riff which makes it a killer driving song. Makes you want to roll down the windows, drive real fast and run over squirrels and other small rodents. Like the Allman Brothers without the drugs, ok with the alcohol and the motorcycle crashes.

Ouzo, anyone? That's what this song sounds like it was written on.

**17 - Dumb - Nirvana** - A song with a killer cello part, and it wasn't over played on the radio.

My colleague is right- the cello makes the song.

**16 - Smells Like Teen Spirit - Nirvana** - The song that changed the 90's from the album that changed the music industry from the band that reshaped rock and roll for the next generation, nuff said.

This song single-handedly changed rock from the clean, wimpy style of Poison and Warrant to the sloppy, whiny cacophony we have today. Thank you, thank you, thank you...

**15 - Sober - Tool** - How four guys could make that much noise is beyond me, but who cares.

"Prison Sex" is almost as good- but not quite. This may be one of the half-decade's top albums.

**14 - Supernova - Liz Phair** - She is a supernova, hot as fuck. And she plays a mean guitar, even if her videos resemble bad 3rd grade films.

Every time I see her face, I get all wet between my legs...

**13 - Sabotage - Beastie Boys** - The coolest distorted baseline and a hip video from Video Guru of the Year Spike Jonze. Plus they actually rhymed the word 'sabotage' without using 'garage'.

This song rules...and they even play their own instruments.

**12 - Loser - Beck** - An environmentally, politically,

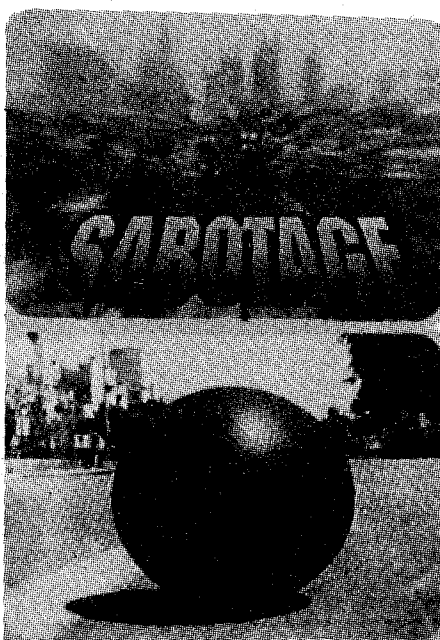


pseudo-intellectual, journey along the super star crossed paths between freedom and Satanism, with a side trip to the concentration camp-like governmental policies of countries ruled by guys with 'z' in their name. Yeah, I don't understand the song either.

I wish I knew what Ted was talking about. Anyway, another of those introspective works, just done in a cool manner.

**11 - Dress - PJ Harvey** - She rules, she rocks, and this is one killer song. I'd make her dress up too, but only if she wore a bag on her head.

My all-time favorite PJ Harvey song... "Swing and Sway, everything will be alright" - all I can think about are hips swaying seductively. Harvey writes songs with a ton of sexual energy.



**10 - Nightswimming - REM** - A killer song, with an easy feel. I hope they play this in concert, but no way in hell, they threw away their mandolins.

This song chokes me up every time I hear it.

**9 - Losing My Religion - REM** - Yes, it reached number one, but it is still a great song about love, no... s&m, no.....dog biscuits, no.....well it's

about something.

You can tell this is a truly great song because my mother loves it...and she's almost 50! Good Lord.

**8 - Capricorn Sister - Mother Love Bone** - Better than anything else on the 12 album, which is really hard to imagine.

Best song on the best album of the half-decade. Just think, if vocalist Andrew Wood hadn't died, millions of teenage girls would be masturbating to his songs instead of Eddie Vedder's.

**7 - Kool Thing - Sonic Youth** - Kim Gordon's voice, great bass, and a video filled with tin foil, ahh... I'm in heaven.

If you hear this song in any state of inebriation, it will make you break numerous things, including your friend's ass.

**6 - Thunder Kiss 65 - White Zombie** - Snap, snap, crunch, snap. That's the sound of bones snapping to this song in some pit somewhere right now.

Possibly the greatest mosh tune ever written. Even Lou likes it, which is some accomplishment.

**5 - Man Sized - PJ Harvey** - Nobody rocks like Polly Jean, not even Liz. She could even bury Ms. Love in a duel of "i'm-a-bad-bitch-so-fuck-you" songs.

Another of Harvey's searing sexual escapades. Gives me a woody every time.

**4 - Feed The Tree - Belly** - This song is hot like a bag of hammers. And so is Tanya, she makes you want to be her little squirrel.

I'd certainly be her little squirrel...I just wish I knew what the song was about.

**3 - Rape Me - Nirvana** - You couldn't have a top 50 without this song. Raw anti-rape lyrics that can make any parent cringe.

This song has to be great- MTV refused to let Nirvana play this during the 1993 Video Awards. Man, Kurt was pissed...

**2 - Verse Chorus Verse - Nirvana** - More great Nirvana tuneage, with nonsensical lyrics about a jar and breathing holes?

I wish I knew just what exactly Kurt was "putting in a jar" and "giving breathing holes" to. With any luck, he was talking about Courtney Love.

**1 - Cannonball - Breeders** - More happens in the first minute of this song than in any other complete song this decade. And no wonder, with Kim Deal being a heroin addict, the song now makes sense.

This wasn't even a contest. Both Ted and I picked this as the top song of the 90's, without thinking about it at all. Simply an awesome song, complete with a runaway cannonball in the video.

Join our little happy, deranged family here at The Press



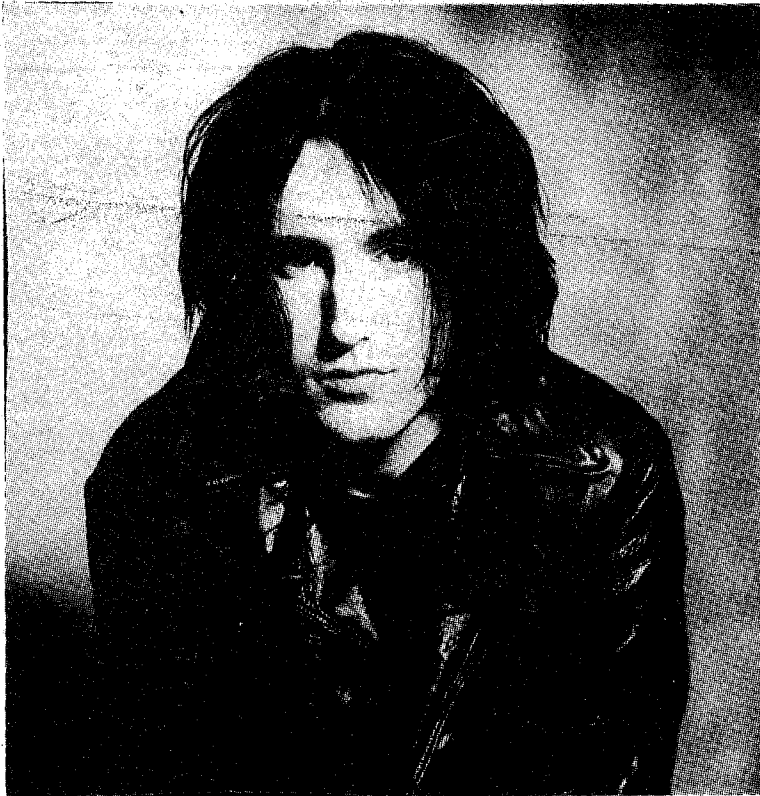
# Nine Inch Nails: Not Clowning Around

By Ren Höek

YEEOUCH—that's gotta hurt. There are many things I would like to see in my lifetime, none of them involve a man hoisting a cinder block with his pierced nipples. That about sums up my feelings towards the Jim Rose Circus, which happened to be one of the opening acts for Nine Inch Nails at the Nassau Coliseum. If you're going to see Nine Inch Nails anywhere on the rest of *The Downward Spiral* tour and the Jim Rose Circus is still opening for them, get there late. There is one redeeming quality about the circus, they have no clowns. The only thing I hate more than a freak show is a fucking clown. Who the fuck likes clowns? Who the fuck would want to be a clown? John Wayne Gacey, that's who the fuck would like to be a clown. You remember Gacey, he was the sadistic prick who liked to abduct children, crucify them, sodomize them and then let them die a slow death; this is the evil that lurks in the hearts of clowns. Enough about clowns, back to the show. The musical opening act was Pop Will Eat Itself and these guys did exactly what you would want an opening act to do: they got on, they played loud and fast, and then they got the fuck off. Perfect. Marilyn Manson (the group that opened the Garden shows for Nine Inch Nails) could learn from these guys; the lead singer for Manson insisted on whipping out his little shlong while he exhorted fourteen year old girls to, and I quote, "Suck on my rock star cock." Buddy you ain't no rock "star", you've got a long way to go before you're a star, right now you're just a jerkoff who likes to expose himself to little girlies; not that there is anything wrong with that, I enjoy exposing myself as much as the next guy, probably more than the next guy, but that doesn't make me or anybody else a rock star, it just makes them naked. Maybe Mr. Manson should just find himself some nice jail bait and settle into domesticated bliss and forget all about this rock star stuff.

All of that really doesn't matter though; what matters is that Nine Inch Nails made suffering through the revolting freak show more than worthwhile. They opened up with "Pinion" which is a brilliant song to start a concert with; it's basically just a countdown to mosh. During "Pinion" me cousin, me roommate, and meself left our comfy seats in section G 20, which isn't really even a section (more like a dog house over one of the entrance gates), and sprinted around the outside of the Coliseum to gate 16. Then we charged down the stairs and found ourselves at the gateway to the 100's section just as "Pinion" was short circuiting itself into oblivion. At this point I realized that I was in the unenviable position of being face to face with a security guard with several hundred restless Nine Inch Nail fans at my back. I heard them count down, "Three, two, one." and then there was an irresistible surge from behind; the security guard,

being a human, understood the concept of self preservation and prudently decided to step aside, quickly. Me cousin, meself and one or two other unfortunate Nailers were sent hurtling down about two dozen stairs; arms, legs, and obscenities flying in every direction. When I was finally able to right myself Nine Inch Nails had just erupted into "Mr. Self Destruct" and I was on the floor staring at a shit load of security guards on the opposite side of a three foot high concrete wall. After appraising the situation I got a running start, put my head down, my arms up and dove head first over the wall. It was remarkably successful; I was in the pit, O'Baby life was



good. I looked around for my cousin and spied him looking somewhat disoriented on the wrong side of the wall. I wiggled in between two guards manning the wall, leaned over and grabbed my cousin by the lapels, well, if he were wearing lapels I would have been holding them, and yanked him over the wall and proceeded to mosh our brains out. That was the last I saw of my cousin until the song before the encore.

I could hear bones snapping all around me during "March of the Pigs". After about ten minutes of solid hardcore stompfest material I was thankful when they got around to playing "Piggy", it provided much needed recuperation time in between mosh frenzies. Personal favorites "Wish" and "Happiness in Slavery" off the *Broken* cd provided ample fuel for moshing. Smack dab in the middle of the show a giant cheese cloth was lowered in front of the stage. Grainy black and white footage was projected on the cheese cloth

while the band was back lighted behind the cloth so the band members could just barely be made out through the video footage. "Downward Spiral", "Hurt", and "Reptile" were played while the crowd viewed lovely images of time lapsed decomposing animal corpses and freshly strung up hanging victims. Very uplifting stuff. Again the video provided much needed rest time in between reckless mosh bouts. Speaking of moshing, what kind of idiot wears a fucking Jansport in a mosh pit? Some unsolicited advice: don't wear a backpack in a pit, all it does is provide a handle to whip you around by. Something else not to do in a pit, don't throw a cue ball into the pit; I was doinked in the face by an errant cue ball. Lucky for me it bounced off the guy in front of me's face first; I had a black and blue, he had his head split open like an overripe melon. He staggered off to die somewhere.

The Coliseum's security had much better temperment than the Garden's, but the ventilation at the Coliseum leaves much to be desired. It was easily fifteen degrees hotter in the pit at the Coliseum. By the time the band got around to "Head Like A Hole" the crowd could barely mosh anymore. At the Garden during "Head Like A Hole" the pit became a swirling cauldron of insane humanity, at the Coliseum it was comparatively reserved.

The encore contained the obligatory "Closer". As a special treat they brought out Adam Ant to sing "Too Physical" and a few other covers that I had never heard before. This was much cooler than I deserved for twenty five bucks. I must admit that I felt more than a little old being as I was one of three people in the entire stadium who could remember who Adam Ant was. On the subject of money, I'm ecstatic to see Trent and

the boys make it big; unlike some of the desperately different types out there who stop liking a group after they become popular, I think it is cool that Trent is raking it in right now. After all I'd rather see Trent cashing the checks than Bon fucking Jovi. Trent was very cool, he didn't talk to the crowd until the encore when he sincerely thanked the audience for their contributions; that's the way it should be, I don't want my rock stars to chat with the damn audience, that lowers them to the level of the lowest crowd member lying in the corner stewing in their own vomit. So if you've got some spare cash and a disregard for your own well being I highly recommend catching this show. If you hurry they're making they're way through the South right now.

Ren Hoek is Doug Vescuso

**It's 4:00AM and you've been studying all night. You could order out, but FSA accidentally deleted your declining balance. What do you do?**

**Caffeine Card**

6011 0263 7245

0000 VALID THRU 2/96

Paula Tischen



In a city like New York, you need a credit card as wired as you are.

**Caffeine Card.**

It's more than a credit card.

It's an amphetamine.

**Traveling?**  
we have all you need

- LOW STUDENT, TEACHER & YOUTH AIRFARES
- INTERNATIONAL STUDENT, TEACHER & YOUTH ID.
- EURAIL & BRITRAIL PASSES
- WORK & STUDY ABROAD PROGRAMS
- ADVENTURE TOURS
- CAR RENTAL • TRAVEL GUIDES
- LANGUAGE COURSES & MUCH MORE!

FREE "Student Travels" MAGAZINE  
& 24 hr travel info at (212) 465-3498

**Gold Travel**

148 WEST 4TH ST  
NEW YORK, NY 10012

**(212) 254-2525**



# Top 50 Songs of the 1990's (So Far)

By Ted Swedalla & Scott J. Lusby

This list of top 50 songs of the 90's was decided upon by the Editor-in-Chief and the Managing Editor of *The Press*. It is neither an end all or be all list of songs, just a list that suggests how music in the 90's evolved. The presence of many bands from Seattle or that embody the "Seattle sound" show how much influence 'grunge' [boy, do I hate that word] had on the first half of the decade. Do not read the next paragraph.

Don't listen to that dork- this is **the** list. Anyone who doesn't agree can write us at *The Press*, care of the Editor-in-Chief- he's responsible for all incorrect reviews.

**50 - Got the Time- Anthrax-** Plain and simply, the best cover song in recent years. So good, it's immeasurably better than Joe Jackson's original.-SJL

Well it was borderline that this song counted as a 1990's song, but it was too good not to put down, plus I love yelling '2...3.. GO!'-TS

**49 - Nuthin But A G Thang- Dr. Dre -** "It's like this and like that and like this..." some lyrics don't get any better than this, especially rap lyrics. With everybody and their grandma being a 'lyrical gangsta' this was a pleasant change, plus Dre is the best producer in Compton:

*I don't know if I can deal with this crap.*

**48 - The Only One - Melissa Etheridge -** No female rocked more this year with a song, it should win her another Grammy. Plus the hottest video of the year, with all those sweaty women grinding against each other, oh boy, I can smell the tuna from here.

*Obviously, this wasn't my choice: I hate this damn song.*

**47 - Holyman - Blind Melon -** Despite the "cheesiness" of much of their debut album, this song plain and simply rocks, with a dash of country seasoning added for just the right flavor.

A great song to sing while everybody is drunk, trying to capture that warble he does makes for lotsa laughs.

**46 - Anna Begins - Counting Crows -** Adam Durnitz is the worlds greatest lyricist and this songs shows why. A love song so sad it makes me cry, plus with lines to turn any girlfriend on, unless she's heard the album.

*A fruity song that made a fruitcake cry.*

**45 - Jesse - Paw -** One of the heaviest songs to come out this half-decade. The fact that this song is told from a dog's point of view makes it that much better.

I think the dog's point of view really does make the song, plus my esteemed colleague wouldn't have heard the song if I hand't stolen the disc for him.

**44 - What A Cryin Shame - Mavericks -** Yes, a country song, not all of them suck. By the end of the 90's, country will be huge and Eddie Vedder will be a fat-surfing bastard, living in a trailer park. Plus Raul Malo has the best voice in the world, even if he sounds like Roy Orbison.

*What a bunch of crap.*

**43 - John the Fisherman - Primus -** My favorite Primus song before "Jerry Was a Racecar Driver" was released. Ignore the fact that bassist extraordinaire/lead man Les Claypool looks like his parents were part of the same immediate family- this song is a pit waiting to happen.

Songs about fishermen, all smelly and stuff, always turn me on.

**42 - Stand Guard - Bob Mould -** Any aspiring guitarist seeking to learn power chords from a master should start with Mould, particularly this tune.

Especially since he loves Richard Thompson, who happens to be the rock guitar god.

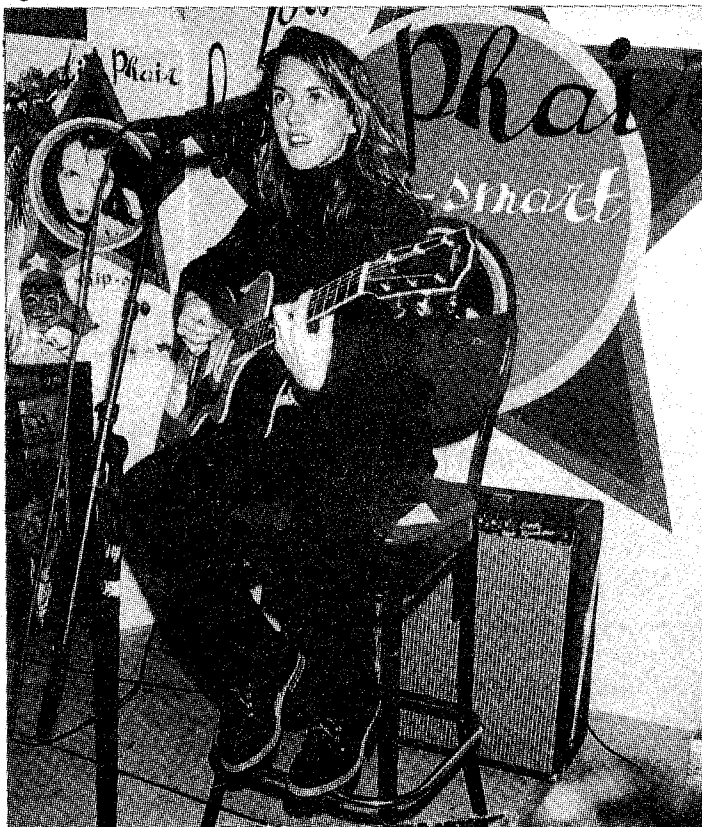
**41- Deeper Shade Of Soul - Urban Dance Squad -** The anthem of the year, which ever year it came out in. Plus they do a real killer version live.

*I thought I was going to be killed when I saw these guys. You wouldn't think a pit would break out at an Urban Dance Squad concert, let alone one that brutal...*

**40 - Body Count - Body Count -** The first mix between rap and heavy metal, but it seems there is only so much these two can combine to form.

Regardless of this fusion's limitations, Ice T and Company form one of this half-decade's heaviest groups. They make Metallica look like gospel musicians.

**39 - Like A Drug - They Eat Their Own -** Another song about the addiction of being in love, blah, blah, blah.



*An interesting song from a poppy band that no one knows about.*

**38 - Spoonman - Soundgarden -** A spoon solo, I don't need any more.

*Ditto for me. How many rock songs do you know that incorporate spoon solos?*

**37 - Positive Bleeding - Urge Overkill -** Good title, great riff, even better band.

*I concur with my esteemed colleague.*

**36 - Perfectly Good Guitar - John Hiatt -** A song where he makes fun of people destroying guitars, and then does a good job of destroying his just by rocking out.

*I wonder what Jimi Hendrix would have thought about this song?*

**35 - Been Caught Stealing - Jane's Addiction -** Or as many people know it, 'the barking dog song'. A killer baseline, a disturbed video, and not one 'motherfucker' from Perry's mouth. Can't beat that with a really big stick.

*Personally, I like "Stop" better, but this is a cool song, complete with dogs a barkin'.*

**34 - Operation Spirit - Live -** Four guys from Pennsylvania on a chocolate high, but Ed (the lead singer) should lighten up or die before the age of 24 by spontaneous combustion.

*These guys may be, along with R.E.M., today's most intellectual (and certainly metaphysical) performers.*

**33 - Fight The Power - Public Enemy -** The anti-establishment song of the 90's.

*Even better than "911 is a Joke," and that's saying something.*

**32 - Mary Jane's Last Dance - Tom Petty -** 'Oh my my, oh hell yes', that's all you need to sing this song, over and over and over...

*Kim Basinger as a corpse, hmrm... I'd probably consider necrophelia at this point too.*

**31 - Jesus Built My Hotrod - Ministry -** A song that makes you want to mosh around and hurt somebody, preferably with a large metal object, like a 48" pipe wrench.

*One of the busiest, fastest songs I've ever heard in my entire life, which automatically makes it great.*

**30 - Nearly Lost You - Screaming Trees -** Four more guys from Seattle with grunge guitars and lotsa flannel.

*Just a great riff. And how about the fat guy in the band (no, the other one) rolling in the dirt like that? Quite spry for a man his size, huh?*

**29 - Sex Type Thing - Stone Temple Pilots -** I know the jokes, they are Pearl Jam II, but this song was released before they became the teenage gods they are now. For this one song they were actually hip, well maybe not.

*Incidentally, my sixteen-year old brother Gregg was the first to call STP "Pearl Jam II." Regardless, this is a terribly exciting composition.*

**28 - Mama Said Knock You Out - LL Cool J -** Word to your mutha!! The defest, kickinest rap blow-out of the 90's. Boy do I feel like a fool for saying that.

*Every time I play this, I feel like beating the piss out of a close personal friend. Pretty socially conscious, huh? What a fly tune!*

**27 - Creep - Radiohead -** Weezer did a horrible rip-off with 'Undone', and this song has killer lines, like 'I'm so fuckin special'

*This song is okay- it's the lyrics that make this work cool.*

**26 - Don Henley Must Die - Mojo Nixon -** Songs aren't more true to life than this song, but unfortunately the Eagles did reform. The remake of the song is Michael Bolton Must Die, which is much better, but Henley could always kick the bucket.

*What really makes this song kick ass is the fact that Don Henley once got up on stage and sang this with Mojo, which besides spawning the aforementioned remake, also showed that at least Henley isn't consumed by ego as most of today's performers are. Although I wouldn't be terribly upset if he did happen to accidentally be struck by a stray phaser shot.*

**25 - MMM MMM MMM MMM - Crash Test Dummies -** I know it was a silly song, but the guy can write a song that makes as much sense as an REM song.

*I don't think this song is quite as silly as it was made out to be. Think about these*

continued on page 10