

**The following issue is misnumbered and dated.**

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The  
Stony  
Brook

# PRESS

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# Free Mumia Abu-Jamal

## U.S. Political Prisoner On Death Row

by Robert V. Gilheany

Support is growing to free Mumia Abu-Jamal, a political prisoner on death row in Pennsylvania. A defense to save his life is being fought. Moves to get him a new trial is underway and on Saturday February 11 a rally will be held at P.S. 41 116 W. street 11th (at 6th ave) in Manhattan.

Who is Mumia Abu-Jamal, he is a black radical advocacy journalist from Philadelphia. Philadelphia is a city that has an ugly history, racist police violence and "law enforcement." From the bloody repression of labor with the use of Pinkerton thugs to the 1960s and 70s, that saw the rise of fascist police chief, turned Mayor Frank Rizzo, who once proclaimed that he was going to "make Attila the Hun look like a faggot." In the late 1970s the Federal government sued the city over police brutality, that was primarily aimed at the black population.

This was the city that Abu-Jamal grew up in and where he practiced his activism and journalism. In 1968 young Mumia Abu-Jamal (Wesley Cook) and a friend went to a George Wallace for President rally in Philadelphia. George Wallace was a segregationist Governor of Alabama, and a hero to right winger when he ran for President in 1968 and 72. While in the audience Mumia and his friend gave the black power symbol, a clinched left fist in the air. They were taken out and beaten by a gang of middle aged white men, some were off duty cops. While he was getting stomped on, Mumia signaled to a police officer who came over and kicked Mumia right in the face. Mumia recalls in the book *Still black still strong* "...That cop kicked me right into the Black Panther party..."

He (Mumia) became the minister of information of the Philadelphia Black Panther Party (BPP). He was a founding member of the Philadelphia BPP chapter and ran the newspaper. This was the late 60s-early 70s when the FBI, under J. Edgar Hoover, was running a terror campaign against the Civil Rights movement, the new left, and the black power movement in particular. The FBI did this through their counter-intelligence program (COINTELPRO), that program was set up to "discredit and otherwise neutralize" activist and leftist organizations. This terror campaign was instrumental in dividing the BPP. It also attacked BPP offices and carried out 38 assassinations of BPP members

After the demise of the BPP, Mumia became an up and coming journalist, writing for magazines and broadcast journalism. He was elected president of the Philadelphia chapter of the association of black journalism 1980. He was cited in Philadelphia magazine as one of the 81 people to watch in '81.

Jamal became a supporter of MOVE, MOVE was a black back to nature movement, they set up a commune in Philadelphia. MOVE held a philosophy that did not allow for eating meat or junk food, or using tobacco or alcohol. They also believed in animal rights and that they should be respected. Mumia was intrigued by MOVE and liked the fight the group had in them. He covered move at the expense of his career, moving from

station to station because of the attention he paid to MOVE. The police attacked MOVE in 1978. 15 MOVE members were convicted of killing one cop, who was actually killed by another cop in a case of "friendly fire." In case of police brutality the victim gets charged with assault. Mumia followed the story and interviewed MOVE in prison. This led to a public threat from then Mayor Frank Rizzo aimed at Mumia Abu-Jamal, he was a marked man.

MOVE was bombed in 1985 12 people were killed, 6 were children, the survivors were all sent to prison. Just like when Janet Reno fired all those people in Waco Texas the survivors all were sent to prison for getting out alive.

At 4am December 9th 1981 Bill Cook, Mumia's brother was pulled over by the police and a fight broke out.



Jennifer Beach

Mumia intervened and was shot in the stomach. The police officer was shot and killed and Mumia was found at the scene in a pool of his own blood. HE was beaten by the police and taken to the hospital where he was charged with killing officer Faulkner. According to attorney Leonard Weinglass, 4 witnesses who don't know Mumia or his brother saw the man who fired the shots run away and the gun that was used was not found on the scene. Weinglass was not Mumia's lawyer at the time of the trial.

At the trial Mumia was brought before a hanging judge Albert Sabo, who has the distinction of sending more people to death row than any other judge in America. He was also an under sheriff for 16 years, and a member of the Fraternal Order of Police, an organization that currently wants to see Mumia killed by the state.

Sabo first granted Mumia his right to represent himself but rescinded that right during jury selection

because he felt that Mumia was too gifted a speaker and it was unfair to the prosecution. He also denied him his right to the council of his choice, which was MOVE leader John Africa. Sabo saddled Mumia with an inexperienced unprepared counsel, who was later disbarred from practicing law. Mumia protested during the trial and was banished from the court room. Mumia spent most of his trial in a jail cell.

Joseph McGill, the prosecutor of the case once sent an innocent man to prison by withholding evidence from the defense, proving the defended innocent. Matthew Connor got out of jail in 12 years. In the Mumia case McGill illegally told the jury that they don't have to feel responsible for handing out a death sentence because of the appeals process. He also used Mumia's membership in the Black Panthers to secure a death sentence, knowing it would have negative impact on the stacked jury. A jury that had a man who said he had already convicted Mumia before the trial began, a woman who was the wife of a Philadelphia cop, and a guy whose best friend was a cop who was shot on duty.

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court amazingly refused to overturn Mumia's death sentence in spite of the cynical use of Mumia's association with the Panthers which were disbanded nearly twenty years before. That same court over turned a death sentence of David Dawson because the prosecution used his membership in the White Supremacist Aryan Brotherhood because it prejudiced the jury.

The main witness against Mumia was a prostitute who was facing charges at the time of the trial.

Judge Sabo only allotted Mumia's imposed attorney 150 dollars to mount a defense. Capitol case expenses run in the five to six figure range. The prosecution interviewed 125 witnesses, Mumia's attorney interviewed only four. Mumia Abu-Jamal was framed and railroaded into death row. For the past 12 years he has spent in a concrete 7 foot by 9 foot dungeon 23 hours a day. Under these conditions he has kept writing his "Voice of the Voiceless" radio broadcast. It was recently censored by National Public Radio NPR, due to pressure from the Fraternal Order of Police. On the U.S. Senate floor fascist dog Bob Dole threatened NPR funding over the issue.

People are fighting back, a legal defense fund has been established and have been taking depositions. Organizations such as Equal Justice U.S.A. The Partisan Defense Committee, The Committee to save Mumia Abu-Jamal, Labor unions from all over the US., Canada, Europe, and Australia, Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, and prominent individuals throughout the entertainment world, and progressive politicians are backing Mumia in his fight. The fight for Mumia has raised the issue of the death penalty and how racist it is in its application. If the State of Pennsylvania goes ahead and murders Mumia it will be the first explicitly political execution since the Rosenberg's in 1953 at the height of the McCarthy era. Come to the rally to save Mumia Abu-Jamal Saturday Feb. 11 3pm in New York City.

### Rally! Saturday, February 11, 3:00 pm

#### P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th Street (at 6th Ave.), New York City

\$5 suggested donation All Proceeds go to Jamal's Legal Defense

#### Hosted By Ozzie Davis

*Speakers Include:*

Charles Brover, Partisan Defense Committee  
Wadiya Jamal, wife of Mumia Abu-Jamal  
Jan D. Pierce, Vice President, Communication Workers of America District 1, New York, NY

Henry Schwarzschild, National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty  
Leonard Weinglass, lead council for Jamal  
Bruce Wright, author of *Black Robes, White Justice*

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# FIRST WE KILL ALL THE LAWYERS

By David M. Ewalt

"There is no such thing as justice- in or out of court."  
-Clarence Darrow

**WARNING: THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS INFORMATION ON THE OJ SIMPSON TRIAL. POTENTIAL JURORS AND ANYBODY SICK OF OJ MAY WISH TO TURN THE PAGE.**

A cursory glance at current news stories reveals a startling and ominous trend. Today's hottest national news story is the trial of a professional football player turned murderer. The biggest local news story is the trial of a schizophrenic LIRR gunman. In the city, the big story is the trial of an Islamic religious leader who plotted to blow up the World Trade Center. In the recent past, we've found ourselves entranced by the Menendez, Bobbit and Denny trials. TV commercials feature advertisements for "1-800-LAWYERS," "1-800-LAW-HELP" and "1-800-LAW-LINE." Law schools report record high enrollment numbers. Here at USB there are students pursuing a BA in astronomy who plan to attend law school after graduation. One of America's best selling authors writes books with titles like "The Client" and "The Firm". Why are we so fascinated with the legal system?

The most obvious reason would be the potential for personal gain. Someone filing a lawsuit is virtually assured monetary returns. Most large corporations will quickly offer a settlement rather than waste time and money in court. Take, for instance, the woman who spilled her McDonald's coffee all over her lap and burned herself, and then successfully sued the company for millions of dollars because they "made it too hot." Then there's the SUNY student who selflessly tackled a gunman on campus, and is now suing the school for

injuries incurred during the brawl. Lawsuits have become more and more a tool for financial gain, rather than a way to right the wrongs in our society.

With the growth of this new form of money-making, Americans have become increasingly interested in the way the legal system works. We devour court cases and legal proceedings like Rush Limbaugh attacking a thick steak. More than a few recent court cases have found their way onto network television. Prime amongst these popular trials is The State of California vs. OJ Simpson.

Unless you have the IQ of an administration member you doubtless know the background of the OJ trial. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy kills girl, boy runs from police; the usual story. Marcia Clark, Johnny Cochrane, and Judge Ito (whose name means 'little Judge' in Spanish) have all become world famous. In the weeks leading up to January 31st, when the trial finally began in earnest, it seemed we knew every detail about the Simpson case. Incredibly, more details have come out as witnesses take the stand!

The trial began with prosecutor Marcia Clark's opening statements, in which we heard more details about OJ's history of violent behavior. Soon after, the defense began their statement by claiming that OJ was the victim of black rage, and that he had been asleep on the train when someone stole his gun and killed all those people. Meanwhile, the prosecution stewed over a new batch of surprise witnesses; the defense, they contended, had committed an egregious error by not revealing their names earlier. Defense lawyer Johnny Cochrane provided one of the trial's most entertaining sound bites during the debate over these witnesses. Contending that the defense merely objected to the witness list because they feared their testimony, Cochrane quoted Jack Nicholson's famous "You want the truth?!" lines from *In the Line of Fire*. Judge Ito quick-

ly responded by asking, "Wasn't he the bad guy?"

The real fun began when witnesses started to take the stand. The first witness for the prosecution was a 911 operator who testified about one of Nicole Simpson's many emergency calls. An audio tape of the call revealed Nicole scared out of her wits as OJ stormed about in a mad rage. Next came a police officer who recalled his trip to OJ's Brentwood home on a domestic disturbance call. Nicole had been badly beaten up, and the prosecution provided police photographs of her injuries.

The first witness to bring up totally new information was OJ's longtime friend Ronald Shipp. Testifying that OJ told him of dreams he had of killing Nicole, Shipp cast frequent glances towards his friend and at one point injected some melodrama into the proceedings by mouthing the words "tell the truth" to him. Shipp claims he didn't bring this damaging information forward until now to protect his friend, but that his conscience got the best of him and he had to step forward.

The final witness to take the stand before the weekend break was Nicole Simpson's sister Denise Brown. In a teary discourse, Brown revealed how she saw her sister continually browbeaten by OJ. One time in a bar, she alleges, she saw OJ grab Nicole in the genitalia and announce to the bar, "This is where babies come from." Why OJ felt the need to pass on this piece of basic biology remains to be seen?

The weeks (or maybe months) to follow should hold even more fascinating and yet utterly unimportant surprises. Doubtless America will remain glued to the trial of a person they have never met, in a city they may have never visited, waiting breathlessly for a verdict which will affect them in no way whatsoever. We'll keep you posted.

## MACARONI AU FROMAGE

(EAT WITH GUSTO FOR ABOUT 51¢ PER SERVING.)

2 cups macaroni (pinwheels are fun)	1 cup milk
1 cup sharp cheddar (grated)	3 tbs flour
1/2 stick butter	1 tsp pepper
1 tsp Worcestershire (if you like)	1 tsp salt

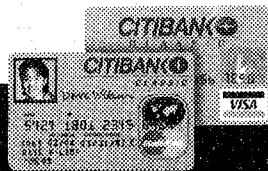
Cook macaroni in 5 cups salted, boiling water for 15 minutes or until al dente. Drain. In a separate pot, melt butter and mix in flour over low heat. Then, stir in milk until smooth. Add cheese, salt, pepper and Worcestershire. Stir well. Smother macaroni. Serves 4.



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## O H S H I T !

Now that Sheriff Pataki has proposed a \$251 million cut for the SUNY system, that can only mean bad things. Right now the things that are flying around are a \$1000 tuition hike for a year, cutting TAP all together for graduates students and for undergrads trimming TAP so it would only cover 90% of the tuition. But the scariest of the rumors is an **additional \$800 tuition increase** for the four SUNY centers. One which happens to be our beloved Stony Brook (the others are Albany, Buffalo and Binghamton.) So that means students will be looking at a tuition hike of \$1800, for a grand total of \$4450 a year.

All this to go to a school where swimming is a prerequisite for people who take the train and a can of Raid is required for people who live in the dorms. (Not to mention the masks for the asbestos.)

With almost 400,000 students in the SUNY system, how many do you think will be back - or will be able to afford to be back - next semester with this increase of almost **70%**. (Tuition will again rise, to offset the decreased enrollment, which will cause the student body, and so on.)

There is good news. Our new stadium will survive the budget cut, soon there will be a new stadium, but no students to fill it. Of course, there is a down side, our new Student Activities Center, will not be completed. Phase two of the program is being cut out of the budget. So the building, which is already 6 months behind schedule - even with the good weather - will stand like a skeleton (a macabre statement to the downfall of the state) in the center of our campus.

I talked to a handful of people (okay, 5) and got mixed reactions from them. Two "oh shits", one "fuck this crap", one "so what, I'm transferring to a **real** school" and one "I don't care I'm graduating." This is pretty much the concenses around campus. People are pissed off, and they should be. Pataki wants to trim the deficit in the worst way so he is making everyone suffer. Like all politicians, he is looking 4 years down

the road to re-election. He's probably thinking that in 1998 when he's up for re-election, nobody will remember the huge cuts he made 4 years ago, only the ones he made earlier that year. (Which, being an election year will be very slight.) I'm sorry George, no one will remember, because there will be no one left in New York State, much less the SUNY system; so who is going to vote for you then, beside yourself.

These numbers are not official, but the SUNY budget cut **is going to happen**, it might not be the \$251 million that the Sheriff is asking for, but it will force tuition up and make it impossible for some students to continue in their pursuit of the educational dream.

Now is the time for you to get involved with this issue, whether you are a super senior who's finally graduating or a freshman. Stop touching your genitalia and do something. Call your local state senator or congressperson, because they are the one going to vote on this proposed budget. If calling doesn't work, write letters, being literate does seem to make a bigger impact. For those of you who are locked up in front of a computer e-mail these people -- hell, delete files from their computer, crash the DMV mainframe....(Well maybe not that drastic.)

Make sure your voice is heard, even if you tell just one other person, you've done your job in getting the word out. Do something now, before you have to sell your car to afford school. Or worse, before you are forced to quit school and work at a Taco Bell or supermarket. The worst possible scenerio - borrowing money from mom and dad, who then can tell you to study because it's their money that you're wasting. Eew, I just cringe at the thought of it.

On Wednesday, February 8th there will be demonstrations against this budget proposal and tuition hike all over campus. Attend and raise your voice, or just sit in a mob of people and get to know them, but be there.

## Letters

## Thieves In Student Accounts

They could not bill me for the \$1468 for the accidental fire that occurred in my apartment, because the new President and her assistant helped me in a dramatic way and I wish to thank them, but because these thieves continue to harass and falsely bill me in a devious new way.

My bill was paid off in full in the month of December, but they lied. Tom Acuri-Belke, Melaku Mekkonen, Delores, Al Derieves, and all the names on the paper are part of the scam to hit up students under secret codes that people in the department don't even understand. They billed me the same amount \$1468 in apartment rent and so forth. When I spoke to Delores she said she would write me but couldn't explain it. Isn't it obvious it is a scam? Delores is located in Student Accounts. My bill was paid in full, they didn't refund me the money that I got back from my Pell and TAP. The sons-of-bitches lied and said my phone bill hasn't been paid for two years, and so they took that \$400-500, and more and put it into their bank account.

They said that they charged the rent separately from the phone bill and they have been doing so for two years. Isn't that convenient? They took my checks and added false charges onto my account, these thieves in Student Accounts, Chapin Apartments, Campus Residences, took money from my baby's and my mouth. This is why I want reform, this is the reason I call for change! No money or check should pass through their hands, they cannot contain themselves, they have to steal a little here and there.

They blood sucking pigs!

They cannot be trusted with the student's money, Pell, TAP or loan checks. I don't want to be cheated out of thousands of dollars, I want my checks given to me, in my hand because I cannot afford to support Melaku Mekkonen, Al Derieves, Bill Kuzmack, Delores (who works in Student Accounts, and knows what's going on and who is a part of this scam,) and Tom Acuri-Belke, Tocash. I already have responsibilities. Because of the crooked thieves in power, that laud and abuse their power in a dictatorial and harassing fashion, the protection of the students should come first and foremost. What would Stony Brook be without its students? Students are treated like crap here and those thieves know it. So since students aren't protected from assholes like these the students should receive all their money in their hands every semester.

I just received a printout from Student Accounts, and am unable to understand what it says, so I asked them to what these codes mean. The explanation does make very little sense. I would like to know which they invented these incomprehensible printouts, that only the people who work behind the counter in Student Accounts can understand these secret codes. My, what a sneaky way to steal money from students and explain it away in a logical, round-a-bout way.

Why does the printout have to be so diffi-

cult to understand? How do you know that they don't add extra expenses to your bill and explain it away? It happened to me. I have the proof! The people in Student Accounts, Student Housing, Chapin Apartments, can, will, and do bill you falsely under secret codes, they receive money, especially through Student Accounts through these secret codes on your printout and are able to explain it away. Oh, by the way the Directors, these big time thieves form a good ol'boy network. People involved in the scam are the Director in Student Accounts, Bill Kuzmack, Director and Assistant Director at the Chapin Apartments, Melaku Mekkonen and Tom Acuri-Belke. Delores in Student Accounts. Al Derieves in Campus Housing and Residences, Tocash, (it is a whole network of them and their secretaries, personal assistants, and so forth.)

They will set you up in a minute, they did it to me. They conned me through student accounts. So please watch your printout, keep old receipts, so you won't be taken for thousands of dollars like I was. Now I understand why these low-life thieves treat students like crap, because they are crap.

How can you steal from poor students, and a single mother with children, after getting a decent salary and all these free perks. For instance, Melaku Mekkonen gets a free apartment, sends his son to a private school. His wife works at the hospital, and he is involved in the scam to milk the students of thousands of dollars through fires that happen in Chapin Apartments, adding rent that

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Filibuster  
Naked

has been paid in full, doubling the amount of rent. The greedy thieves.

This Uncle Tom would jerk his own mama for a promotion. I said it before and I will say it again, keep your receipts, make copies, mail it out to trustworthy friends, and relatives, just in case they try to hit you up for money. They did it to me, and they owe me money, over a thousand! There needs to be a CHANGE, these people need to be fired or demoted to secretaries, or work in the post office. They'd probably steal the stamps and sell it.

DOWN WITH CLASSISM  
DOWN WITH RACISM  
JUDAH[EDITOR'S NOTE: SUBMISSIONS  
USED FOR VENTING WILL BE EDITED  
TO MAKE SENSE]

# Along the Color Line:

## Minority Scholarships and Higher Education

By Dr. Manning Marable



This Christmas, I spent several days with my oldest daughter, Malaika, helping her to complete the admissions forms for colleges. At age seventeen and a high school senior, Malaika is busily contemplating her options, just like a million other teenagers this time of the year. Her criteria for considering one school over another include a review of the curriculum, the core requirements for graduation, the percentage of minorities on campus and the range of cultural and social activities.

My criteria for considering colleges, like that of millions of worried parents, begins with finances. The tuition, room and board costs for public colleges has more than doubled in the past dozen years. Most of the better private universities and colleges now charge far more than twenty thousand dollars each year for tuition, room, board and fees. As the price of higher education soars, its accessibility to black, Latino and low-to-middle income families declines. For example, back in 1975, about 32 percent of all African-Americans of college age, between 18-26 years old were enrolled in post secondary programs. Fifteen years later, the percentage of college-age African-Americans enrolled in colleges and post secondary programs had fallen to 28 percent.

There are three basic ways to pay for a college education: loans, work study, scholarships and grants. Borrowing money to obtain an education is usually necessary, but it burdens students or their parents with debts which may take years to pay off.

Work study programs are an excellent way for students to earn their own money while enrolled in college. But work study programs funded by federal dollars are often limited, and students usually can generate only a small part of their tuition.

Only about 2 percent of all scholarships are designated for minority students. Relatively few African-American students are awarded grants or scholarships which permit them to attend college without financial obligations. Yet last October, the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit in Richmond ruled that the University of Maryland had no right to offer a scholarship program limited to African-American students. The decision was prompted by the lawsuit of a white man claiming Hispanic heritage, Daniel J. Podberesky, who had applied for Maryland's Benjamin Banneker scholarships should be made available to others. Unsuccessfully, the University of Maryland pointed out that only thirty students received Banneker scholarships annually, and that the awards had been created to compensate for past racial discrimination.

Millions of whites insist that minority scholarships are a form of "reverse discrimination," imposing unfair and unequal standards penalizing innocent whites. If this is so, then how do we explain the hundreds of thousands of scholarships, grants and policies for whites in higher education, which deliberately and systematically exclude blacks?

Many elitist colleges practice an admissions policy termed "legacies," in which the children are descendants of alumni are given special consideration for gaining entrance. At Harvard College several years ago, for example, about one-tenth of the prospective undergraduates applying for admissions were "legacies." However, more than forty percent of those who were finally admitted into Harvard College

were "legacies." At many universities, star athletes are given special consideration for admission, with standards for high grade point averages and scores on standardized tests reduced or eliminated.

Even the *New York Times* recently observed that most scholarships are designed for very special interests having little to do with ending discrimination or rewarding black people. Here are just a few examples: Harvard University's "Baxendale, Borden, Pennoyer and Murphy Scholarships" may be awarded to any student with one of these surnames. Reed College's "Opal Weimer TICE Scholarship" is awarded "for a young woman who was a Girl Scout for three years or more." Valparaiso University's Martin Luther Award" gives one to three thousand dollar scholarships only to the "dependents of full-time Lutheran church workers." Juniata College gives four scholarships to "left-handed students with financial need." The University of Houston at Victoria gives full tuition and fees for "children of disabled firefighters and peace officers."

My daughter is entering college at a moment in history when programs for equal opportunity are being eliminated, and when the national commitment to uproot racial discrimination is all but extinguished. A college education remains a prerequisite for a better life, especially for African-Americans and other people of color. As we fight for minority scholarships and related programs, we expand the basis for democracy and racial equality.

*Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Director of the Institute for Research in African-American Studies, Columbia University, New York City. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 275 newspapers and is featured by 80 radio stations internationally.*

## THEY ARE ALL SHEEP

By John Giuffo

Politics is petty bullshit.

"This system of government sucks. My vote won't even matter. There's no reason to vote; besides, I'm too busy. All politicians are liars anyway, so it doesn't matter who gets elected, we're screwed anyway."

Whoever thinks this is a stupid fuck.

It is directly your fault that we have George Pataki as governor. It is directly your fault that someone like Newt Gingrich can push reactionary, fascist, puritan, Christian documents like the "Contract With America" through a mostly white male upper-class Republican Congress. It is directly your fault that my fucking tuition is in danger of going up \$1800 next year.

Eighteen hundred fucking dollars.

Fuck you.

Apathy is the single-most dangerous problem on this campus. No one gives a shit about anything. As a Polity senator, I know how pervasive and damaging such an attitude is. Every week at my building's LEG meetings, we are in danger of not making quorum because of the fact that out of a building of two hundred and twelve students, we can barely get fifteen to come downstairs. You would think that more people would care about how their student activity fee is being spent. You would think that more people would care about what's going on around them, about decisions that directly affect them.

But they don't.

They don't care and their lack of concern affects me in very bad ways.

How many of us actually bothered to spend the half hour last November that it took to pull down a lever in a school gymnasium a half-mile away? Not many. All across this great land of ours, students were steadfastly opposed to bothering with such a triviality. Oh, they all had their reasons, I'm sure. I'm also sure they believe those reasons are valid. Whether it was disgust with the system or a lack of knowledge about the candidates or a conflict with someone's television viewing schedule; they had their reasons.

I'm sure that now, as in November, they're all going to stand by and watch as the Right dismantles every significant social program established in the last seventy years. Our tuition will shoot up, many of us will have to leave school as a result, but the rest will sit back and watch because, after all, what difference can anyone make?

You stupid willing fucking sheep.

Don't worry though, because even if many of us have to leave school because we can't afford it, Governor George Pataki has pledged to erect more prisons to house us.

Last fall, NYPIRG sent out questionnaires to all the Gubernatorial candidates asking them questions on various issues that are of concern to students. They all replied with their stock political answers. But at least they replied, they made an attempt at being interested in courting the small

student vote. All except one, that is. Pataki ignored numerous attempts to get him to answer the small questionnaire. It's obvious how important he considers New York's students. We are a non-entity to him. And why should he worry about our opinions? Our voter registration and turnout rate is nauseatingly small. We have no voice in politics, mainly because we choose not to. By him not even acknowledging us as part of his constituency, he was telling us what he had planned for us before he even got elected. And we all sat back and watched it happen. We let it happen. We made it happen.

I wonder how those of you who stood around and did nothing can suddenly find the gall to complain about what happens as a result of your inaction.

You are all just stupid fucking sheep and your stupidity will make a nice lining for our new Governor's coat pockets.

I hope you all choke on the shit that they have helped to accumulate. I know I will.

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YOU A JUMPING  
SOCIAL LIFE.**



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# OCEANSIZE

Oceansize,

I'm in biiling trouble, like, right now, and like I need your help or advice, whatever it is that you usually do. My boyfriend is breaking up with me just because I slept with another person! Can you believe this? I apologized and I paid him with money and lots of sex and I let him sleep with other people. Is it so wrong to wanna slake my lust with a virile, young, big, hard, animalistic man? I invited the butthead along but he refused, so I went ahead and did it, so to speak. Its not like he didn't know about it. I even told him way ahead of time and gave him time to think about it. Am I not in the right? So what should I do?

BreathlesslyWaiting  
I.M. Horne

Dearest J.M. Too,

I do not give advice, I adjust the tides in your favor if I grace you with precious column space. You are an unconscionable slut with a penchant for breaking mens hearts...have I dated you? Enough about me and my urge to consume you, drown you in my wet dank...anyway. Your problem is honesty. Honesty is never the best policy! Men are stupid, lead by a vague innate sense of North and South with no ability to see the obvious. Besides most men want their women to sleep around and be filled by men who are larger (phallically) than they are. You simply told your lover too much. Had you simply never brought this up you could have saved yourself some money and the anxiety of contracting AIDS. Remember

heterosexual men have virtually no chance of getting AIDS through normal heterosexual, single partner sex...unless they have lesions on their member! (YCK!) Next time just do it.

Oceansize,

I am afraid of people calling me mother-fucker, what's wrong with me?

A Competing Editor

Dear Motherfucker,

You suffer from Perryfarellaphobia. Nothing to worry about. Don't be a leftist liberal, and stop doinking your mother and you'll be OK.

Oceansize,

I'm a freshman and I don't know which fraternity to pledge, what do you think?

Joe Freshman

Hey Joe,

Where you going with that gun in your hand? Anyway.... Listen you're a semester late to begin with and besides Frats are weird, mostly Satanic entities that suck the minds from the shapeless masses like you. I think a Sorority is a much better thing to pledge! Way more women, much less sweaty drunken men with 1.2 GPAs. And furthermore I'm guessing you'll find your SUSB experience much more gratifying if you deal with the bureaucracy inherent in SUSB's adminis-

tration and don't hide behind some Greek Fraternity to shield you from it. SUSB is deeply entrenched in Kafka like bureaucracy, Hogarth moralism and Escher styled architecture, love it, live it, be at one with your university! Don't let some Greek freak deny you your experience.

Oceansize,

I have recently developed an infection in my latest pierced body part, which happens to be my genitalia. There is a yellowy sap which gets crusty and itchy; Is this normal?

Between the Thighs

Between the Thighs,

I don't usually answer questions of health concern but WOW! that's some icky stuff! There is nothing normal about piercing your labia or scrotum. If you are a male and had your glans pierced I hope you die from this infection. I have heard that women who have had their clitoris pierced can experience an orgasm during walking, sitting, or heavy breathing. That must be cool Take the abominable sharp, metal object from your genitals! The list of things you must keep from your labia and scrotum all include sharp and metallic!

P.S. You will die from this ailment.

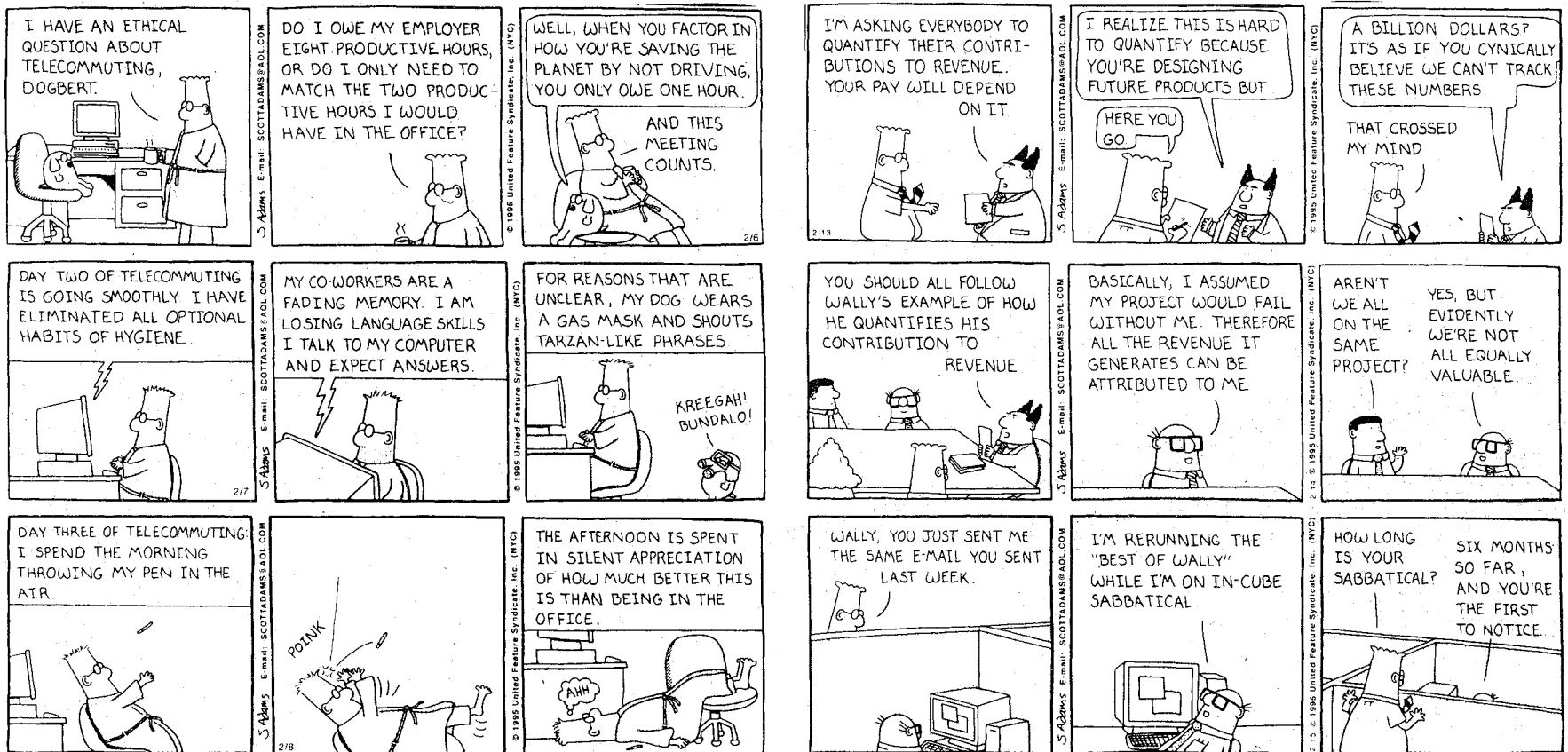
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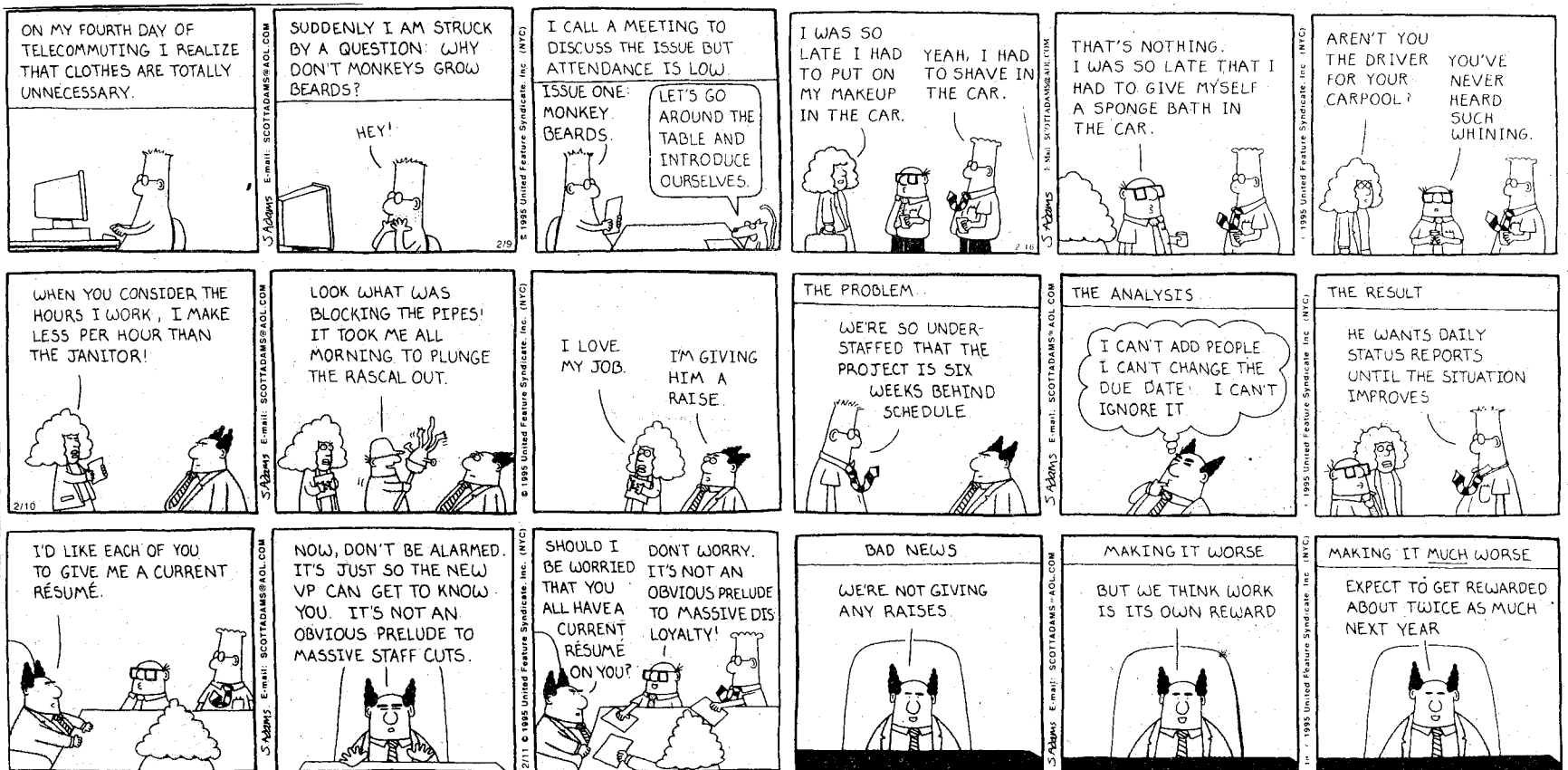
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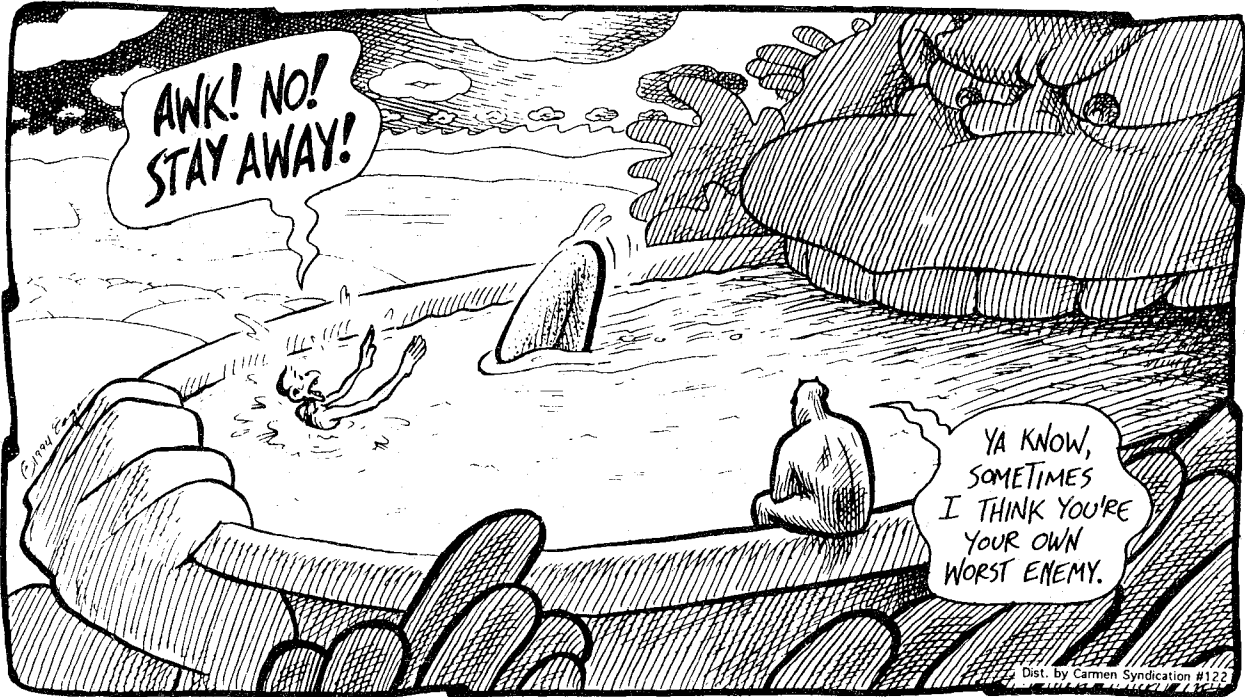
# COMICS



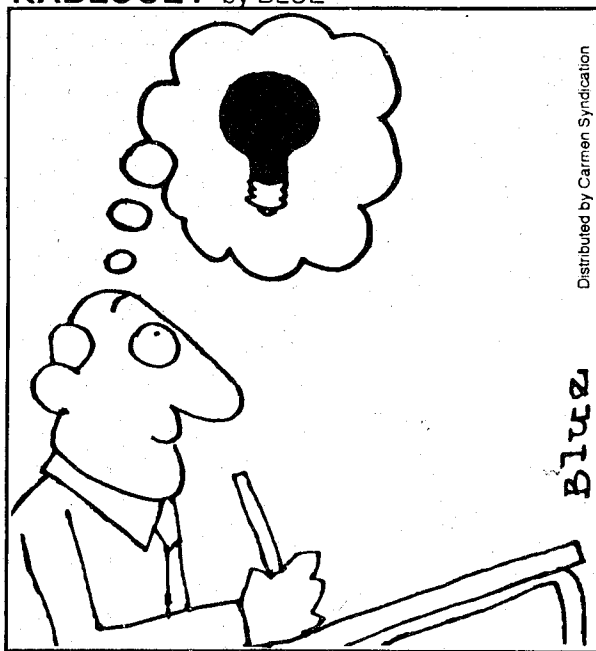
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KABLOOEY by BLUE



GREAT MOMENTS IN  
CAPITALISM:  
PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE

KABLOOEY by BLUE



# SUBCONSCIOUS COMICS ©1994 TIM EAGAN



# I Don't Get It

by Lowell Yaeger

I don't get it.

That's the point of this weekly (or bi-weekly, or whatever) column. See, there's lots of things I just don't understand... lots of things that don't make sense. Like everyone else I know, I'm so full of apathy that I'm nearly spitting on it—so I don't do anything about the issue that I complain about. But I *am* allowed to complain, and that's what I'm here to do. This column is a non-PC, selfish, confrontational forum for one-sided discussions concerning issues of the day. If you don't like anything I have to say...write your own column and don't read mine. [Ed. Note - "This seems to be the thought of everybody on the staff."]

So, lets start of the column off right and tackle a biggie: Pro-lifers.

People who are *against* abortion are called pro-lifers, and will go to lengths such as marches and parades to support their cause. Their argument is that a baby is a life from the moment of conception, and that to kill it in the womb is like killing a full-grown adult. And somewhere along the line, someone ( many someones, as it happens) decided that shooting the doctors who delve into this dreaded black magic of "baby-killing" would some how further the cause of the pro-lifers. So in order to save lives, they take a life.

Just what do these spawns of Satan think they're doing by continuing in their activities, which are irritating *at the very least*? But in order to further understand these vermin, one has to look at the broader social group they belong to, which can be roughly cut down into three classes:

**HARMLESS/INTELLIGENT:** These folks are pro-life in that they would not choose to have an abortion if they were in the situation, but are otherwise pro-choice, because they recognize that, all issues of "a woman has a right to her body" aside, every case is different, and that a set of umbrella laws would hurt some group somewhere. Good for them.

**HARMFUL/STUPID:** These are the idiots you see marching in front of clinics early in the morning in the cold, freezing their peckers off and waving signs like "IT'S A LIFE NOT A CHOICE" (how profound; they should hire some of these guys to publish a second book of *Gump-isms*), and generally getting in everybody's way. Wonderful success they're having, I see. What do they think'll happen; a girl going in to get an abortion is going to look at these signs and say, "Gee, you're right, let's hop back into the car." I find it hard to believe that people could make such a big decision that quickly and that easily, whether it be to have an abortion or not to have an abortion. Or, maybe, these misguided fools just want to get the laws changed. Well, folks, I'd rather have a dead baby than one either growing up in a home where it is resented and unloved, or in a poorly funded Kafka-esque state orphanage.

**ARMED & DANGEROUS/FUCKING PSYCHO:** These pricks seem to think by taking the lives of abortions doctors, they are somehow furthering the cause of pro-lifers. What a bunch of fucking loonies. They're so possessed with the need to shoot somebody that they can't see how fucking

hypocritical they're being. Listen, dickheads, if you want to shoot somebody, *shoot the fucking pro-lifers!* At least then, you won't be doing it to save lives, you'll be crusading for a practice that takes them, and it'll make more fucking sense.

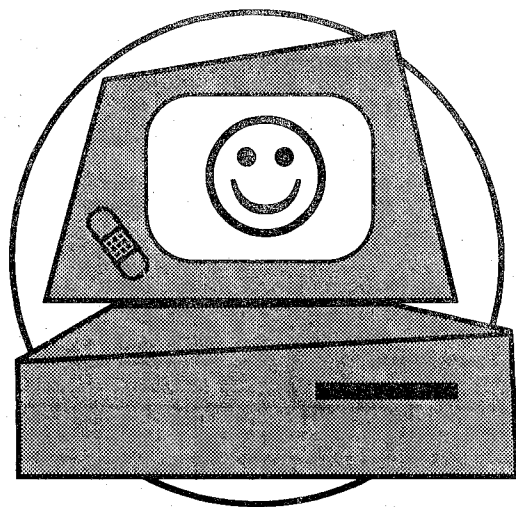
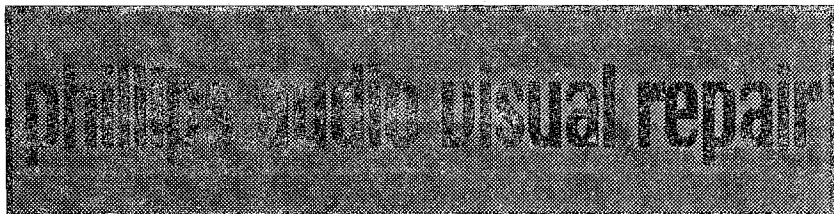
I say we round up all of the pro-lifers we can find, lock up the ones who fit the Armed and Dangerous category, and forcibly inseminate the rest of them. Let's see how disgusting the science of "baby-slaying" is to them then.

[Ed. Note - The viewpoints expressed are not necessarily those of the editors of this paper. Well, most of the editors anyway.]

**Anyone caught submitting handwritten works will be fondled by chipmunk and deer squirrels. Letters should be between 250-500 words and articles between 500-1000 words. They should be sent to The Stony Brook Press Room 060 Student Union.**

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# Dr. Fistfuck

By Doug Vescuso

I have only two hobbies and one of them is venting my spleen. I'm not alone in this activity, the rest of The Press staff also enjoys this. I admit that most members of The Press could use having our spleens removed. We do seem to spend an inordinate amount of time venting. The entire Press staff needs to have their spleens ripped out and should be forced to submit to a series of vigorous enemas; not that the staff here is particularly anal retentive. In fact, we're probably the single most regular group of people I know—some Press members actually have the ability to shit up to three times their body weight daily. Doctors and physicists alike say this should be impossible; to prove otherwise one Press member has taken to photographing his bowel movements. I'm no expert on shit, but I must admit they do seem to be formidable bowel movements—no, the reason we at The Press should undergo a series of enemas is because certain Press members simply enjoy having stuff injected into their rectums. I, however, usually just pass on this activity.

This all goes to show that we here at The Press have altogether too much free time. We desperately need to develop hobbies other than venting our spleens. I already have another hobby, I masturbate. Of course there is only so much yanking,

jerking, rubbing, kneading, and pulling you can do to your genitalia before the inevitable chaffing and callus problems begin to crop up. What I'm trying to say is that I'm done jerking off for today, time to start venting. So long as I was talking about masturbation anyway, how about our esteemed former Surgeon General Joclyn Elders. What a fucking moron. She thinks we should teach children in school how to masturbate. Well now, I'm the biggest advocate of masturbation that I know and even I realize the inherent ridiculousness of such an endeavor. I'm not against masturbation in any way mind you, I think jerking off is one of the most enriching activities a person can engage in, it involves a tremendous amount of imagination and creativity. All the sights, sounds, smells, tastes, choreography and correlating the senses involved is quite impressive if you actually think about it. Jerking off also burns calories, and you can't catch a disease from it. Unless you consider calluses a disease, which isn't very bad for a disease, sure you lose some sensitivity, but on the plus side they make your cock bigger. And lastly whacking off is loads of fun. I still don't believe you should teach people how to masturbate in school because only the truly dimmest of bulbs would need to be taught how to masturbate. If you require outside help to learn how to masturbate I have just one thing to say, euthan-fuckin-asia. That's right, if

you can't figure out how to play with yourself you should be dead.

We're not talking about astro-physics here, we're not even talking about brushing your teeth, we're simply talking about jerking off. I am willing to theorize—and it is just that, a theory, because I'm too lazy to design and conduct an experiment to prove it—that masturbation is instinctual. I'm not exactly sure how old I was when I first masturbated, but I was fairly young and I remember it had something to do with thinking about Batgirl and touching myself, which brought with it a strange and wonderful pleasure. I later worked my way up to jerking off while thinking about Catwoman, Emma Peel, from the Avengers, and the lovely cleavage blessed Linda Carter as Wonder Woman. This would go a long way towards explaining my martyr fetishes involving women in boots, leather, shiny body suits and magic lassos. Tie me up! Make me tell the truth! I've been bad! I need discipline! I should be punished! I'm so fucking happy! I've never been so fucking happy! Errr! Errr! Errr! Errr! Errr! Errr! Errr! Gasplut....ahhhh.

...Uh, sorry about the interruption. I thought I was done masturbating today, but with all this talk about Catwoman I had to go touch my genitalia in that special way. Where was I? Never mind, I should be going; I really must wash my hands.

## Alternative Cinema at Stony Brook: Spring 95

The films will be shown in the Stony Brook Union Auditorium on Tuesday evenings at 7:00 and 9:30 pm. Admission is \$2.00

The Alternative Cinema, an activity of University Human Resources, is funded by Student Union Activities, FSA, Human Resources and the Graduate Student Organizations.

FEBRUARY 14

Wax, or The Discovery of Television Among The Bees

Director: David Blair

1991, American, color, 85 minutes

From Thomas Pynchon to William Gibson, Wax is a cyber-punk classic of the 21st century. Wax is the bizarre story of Jacob Maker, weapons-guidance-designer and beekeeper. When the bees drill a hole in Jacob's head and insert a television whose supernatural images control his will, Jacob enters a hallucinatory alternative reality where history collides. This cult film is an eccentric fable with a rigorous interior logic and intricate design.

FEBRUARY 21

The Devil Probably

Director: Robert Bresson

Cast: Antione Mennier, Tina Irissari, Henri de maublan, Laetitia Carcaro

1977, French with English subtitles, color, 95 minutes  
Made in 1977 but never released in the U.S., the legendary Robert Bresson's penultimate film is a prescient cry of despair against the world going to the devil. This proto-"slacker" centers on the last days in the life of Charles, a disaffected adolescent who declares the he has "no desire to be useful in a disgusting world." Though bleakly fatalistic, Bresson's film is never-the-less impeccably beautiful and exalting.

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# WUSB 90.1 FM Spring Program Guide

## Monday

## Tuesday

Mid-3 am	Matt Mankiewicz/ Heaven/ Ridding the Mind of Waste
3-6 am	X-Radio A.J. Show
6-7 am	C-SPAN Radio Journal
7-10 am	Ed Davis
10-11 am	Critique
11-Noon	Classical Music
Noon-1 pm	Unfinished Business
1-1:30 pm	Crossroads
1:30-2:30 pm	Talking Politics
2:30-5:30 pm	Nick Capozzi
5:30-6 pm	Pacifica News
6-6:30 pm	WUSB News
6:30-8:30 pm	Traditional Folk Steve Sanfilippo/ Gerry Riemer
8:30-10 pm	Geri Burgert/ Bill Frey
10 pm-Mid	Night Trips Boom Boom Room

**Heaven** - Feel the groove. Alternating 12-3am.  
**The A.J. Show** - Armando Perez keeps his ear to the local scene. *Host:* Armando Perez. Alternating 3-6am.  
**X-Radio** - "X" marks the spot for Steve's unique blend of hard rock, alternative metal, comedy, and talk. *Host:* Steven Armieri. Alternating 3-6am.  
**C-SPAN's Weekly Radio Journal** - A collection of the voices heard on cable television's public affairs networks. 6-7am.  
**Ed Davis** - Mix blues (acoustic & electric), bluegrass, c&w, celtic, cajun, zydeco, and anything else. Bake for 3 hours at a setting of 4000 watts. Serves 90.1. 7-10am.  
**Critique** - Take the new and tells you the truth. *Hosts:* Mort Mecklosky and William McNulty. 10-11am.  
**Crossroads** - Ongoing weekly radio news magazine focusing on minority issues and broader issues from a minority perspective. 1:00-1:30 pm.  
**Talking Politics** - A lively and liberal political talk show. Are you looking for a progressive? Dr. J. is one of that rare breed, tune in and call in. 1:30-2:30pm.  
**Nick Capozzi** - A sonic journey into the realms of passive-aggressive behavior manifesting itself into an afternoon of new music. 2:30-5:30pm.  
**SB News** - The latest news, information, and sports going on here at Stony Brook.. *Hosts:* Rob Lackowski and Maureen Quigley. 6-6:30 pm.  
**Traditional Folk** - Music from diverse traditions and historical periods. The emphasis is usually on Anglo-celtic-american music, but programs frequently feature music from traditional ethnic societies around the world. *Hosts:* Steve Sanfilippo, Gerry Riemer. 6:30-8:30pm.  
**Geri Burgert** - Folk, Bluegrass, Space music, Grateful Dead, assorted relics from the archives. Unpredictable. Alternating 8:30-10pm.  
**Bill Frey** - Highlights live music from the whole Grateful Dead family through out the past 30 years. Alternating 8:30-10pm.  
**Night Trips** - New music from the likes of 4AD, Mute and Astralwerks as well as Exist Dance, Hardkiss, FFRR, Dedicated. *Hosts:* Derek and Erika. Alternating 10-midnight

**Echoes of the '80s** - Enjoy classic '80s new wave music. *Host:* Vera D'Elisa. Alternating 12-3am.  
**Unity Love Vibe** - Tagger Lee's fat beats revolution for the healing of the nation. 100% PURE VINYL. *Host:* Lee Goodman. Alternating 12-3am.  
**Dead End Radio** - A pop, punk, garage type thing proving once again that three chords and an attitude can go a long way. *Host:* Michael Di Laurenzio. 3-6:30 am.  
**Jim Dexter** - Acoustic and electric music to ease you into rather than launch you into your day. 7-9am.  
**New Dimensions** - A radio interview series that challenges conventional wisdom, exploring the ways that society is changing, for the better, to form a future where the people and the planet matter. Tuesday 9-10am.  
**Latino USA** - An English-language news and cultural affairs journal dedicated to the coverage of this country's Hispanic communities. 1-1:30pm.  
**This Way Out** - The award-winning newsmagazine providing straight talk about national gay and lesbian issues. Straights welcome. 1:30-2pm.  
**Global Radio** - Focuses on rock and alternative music from all corners of the globe. Hosted by KUSF's Jim "Germ" Smith. 2-3pm.  
**2A Reality** - A unique blend of Dark ambient industrial noise. *Host:* Nick Fury. 3-5:30pm.  
**Faster Than Light Radio** - Join the adventurous FTL crew as they cruise the cosmos exploring the unusual to the usual and the bizarre to the zarre. Alternating 6-6:30pm.  
**Soul Serenade** - Stax of vintage archival vinyl soul, at 33, 45, 78, and 1800 rpm. Ain't this a groove? *Host:* Richard DiDonato. 6:30-8pm.  
**Blues Show** - This USB tradition sings and plays the blues from the '20s to today. *Hosts:* Ed Davis, Joel Itzkowitz, Dave Guttman, Bill Darling. 8-10pm.  
**LI Artists Live** - Working musicians from Long Island and New York City join Scott MacDonald and Bill Frey in a jam-and-jaw session. *Host:* Scott MacDonald. 10-11pm.  
**Savage Instinct** - An hour of glam-rock. *Host:* John T. 11-midnight.

Mid-3 am	Echoes of the '80s/ Unity Love Vibe
3-6:30 am	Dead End Radio
6:30-7 am	Pacifica News
7-9 am	Jim Dexter
9-10 am	New Dimensions
10-11 am	Jazz Decade
11 am-1 pm	Classical Music Jim Lantier
1-1:30 pm	Latino USA
1:30-2 pm	This Way Out
2-3 pm	Global Radio
3-5:30 pm	2A Reality Syndrome
5:30-6 pm	Pacifica News
6-6:30 pm	Big Mouth/Faster Than Light
6:30-8 pm	Soul Serenade Richard DiDonato
8-10 pm	Blues Show Ed Davis, Joel Itzkowitz, Bill Darling
10-11 pm	LI Artists Live
11 pm-Mid	Savage Instinct

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The deadline for submissions is Friday March 3rd, 1995. Please send all works to The Stony Brook Press, room 060 Student Union.

THE GOING RATE IS \$.00000000000001 PER WORD.

# The Sexuality of Splitting the Atom:

## A Psycho-Sexual Interpretation of Recent Paintings

By Pamela Sienna

1995 M.F.A. Exhibition in the University Art Gallery

By Bruce Baldwin

Many of Pamela Sienna's recent paintings depict nude figures sitting or standing in front of snapshot-like images of nuclear explosions. Ostensibly a gross incongruity, the nude figures, however, signal the implicit sexuality of atomic explosions. While there is more going on in the paintings than sexual symbolism alone, I think an essay into their psycho-sexual connotations could be interesting.

The atomic release, so to speak, in *Rose of Memory* (1994), suggests the throbbing moments during which both the male and female are the height of sexual arousal. Above the towering, swollen column of fire hovers an equally swollen, fiery, labia-like ring cast aloft by the force of the explosion. This moment of implied pre-penetration is underscored by the naked figure's unlit cigarette which presumably will be lit following coitus.

In *An Anonymous Rendezvous* (1994), the atomic cloud left hanging in the air after the explosion is, unlike the fiery ones, by implication the male detumescence following an orgasm.

Sienna's nude figure in the foreground removes some of the image's ambiguity by sitting, quite relaxed, as if exhausted after intercourse and, though no cigarette is actually present, the great plume of smoke implies her having the clichéd post coital smoke. In other paintings we find metaphorically pre-climactic as well as full-blown orgasmic moments.

Some of the images record the moment of ecstasy itself, which are, of course, ineffable. *Point Zero*, and, *Bridge of Dread* (both 1994), perhaps both represent visually the ephemeral moment we call 'orgasm.' *Point Zero* is a tiny image (fig leaf-size, really) that attempts to contain, or perhaps capture the atomic explosion's energy. Its smallness suggests both the concentration and the release of energy analogous to the concentration of sensations directed to the erogenous zones of the human body during sexual encounters. *Bridge of Dread* makes this suggestion less subtle as the nude in the foreground stretches back as if in the midst of orgasm while the cropped-off explosion churns in the background.

An atomic explosion seems an appropriate metaphor for an orgasm on two distinct levels. It is, of course, cliché that desire is like a 'flame,' or that one can 'smolder' with lust, but these are not the parallels that the paintings draw. On one hand, Sienna's explosions insist that in our culture we are taught that an orgasm can be made bigger, better, and last longer, not unlike a kind of bigger, better, farther-reaching nuclear weapon. In other words, in our culture we are given the right to demand that we have the best orgasm humanly possible, just as during the cold war many people demanded we have the biggest nuclear bombs (doesn't "multiple warhead" sound curiously like "multiple orgasm?"). In recent years, sexologists, the 'Oppenheimers' of the male and female erogenous zones, often appear on television and radio telling their audiences

The delusions of omnipotence afforded by the ownership and control of nuclear technology is, perhaps, a lingering residue of an early stage of childhood psycho-sexual development. A child regards daddy's penis as "all powerful" and capable of "mass destruction" not unlike the unleashed destructive energy of the atom. Wrapped up in our sexuality are biophilic as well as necrophilic (love of death) tendencies. A poem which accompanies *Distance collapses seeking truths* (1994) reads:

If the radiance of a thousand suns  
Were to burst at once into the sky  
That would be like the splendor of the mighty one. . .  
I am become Death,  
The shatterer of world.

--Quoted from the Hindu *Bhagavad-Gita*

Sienna's preoccupation with death is portrayed explicitly in the self-portrait *Clouded Past* (1994-1995). Here the artist 'vivisects' her truncated figure to expose her rib cage, within which are no internal organs. In the background, bellowing smoke erupts

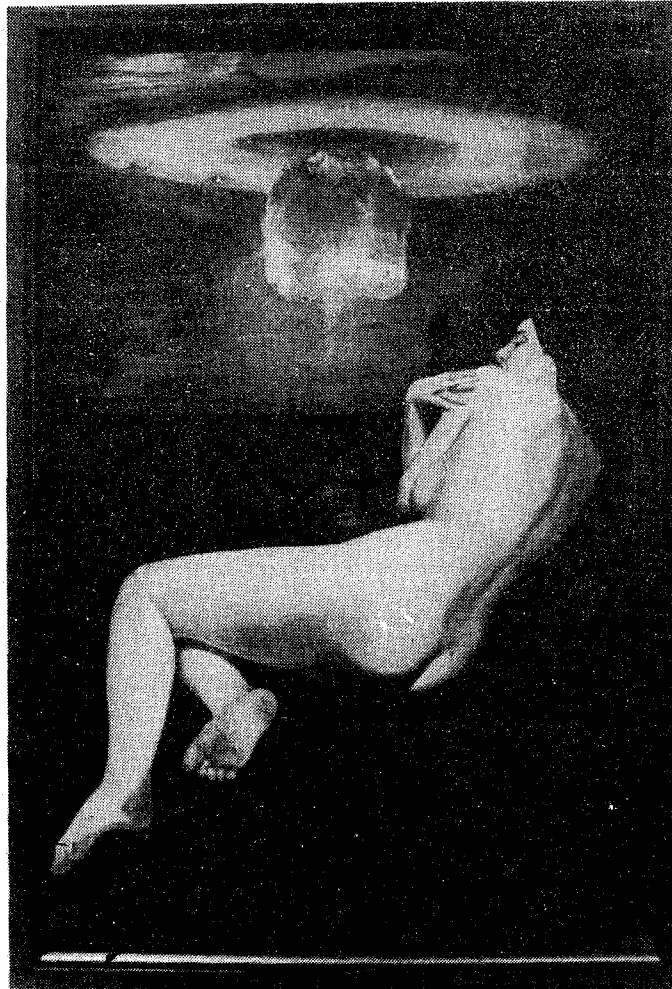
from beneath the earth from what is presumably an underground nuclear test. As in the above poem, the underground test is "The shatterer of worlds" and the 'insides' of the artist are exposed to show that, perhaps like the earth in the painting, she has been hollowed out.

To take this a step further — and to complicate matters —, it should be noted that for women copulation is an 'internal' event as opposed to the 'external' nature of the male's experience. The moment of fertilization, the exponential division of the initial cell, occurs within the womb not unlike the splitting

of an atom. However, in this case the splitting releases life not death. Sienna's paintings are not burdened with their sexual symbolism, but rather, bear it with grace and ease. Approached with heuristic decoding, they may act as a reminder that as humans we are basically sexual creatures and that our sexuality is more often than not concomitant in our activities and modes of expression.



An anonymous rendezvous, 1994  
oil on canvas



Rose Of Memory, 1994  
oil on wood

how, on a technical level, to ignite and increase the pleasurable experience of an orgasm.

On the other hand, the atomic metaphor leaves little ambiguity in the fact that, like a weapon, sex also kills by its spreading of infectious diseases. Our genitals are at once innocuous organs capable of pleasurable sensations as well as instruments of death. In a Freudian sense, then, the atomic explosion 'symbol' comes to represent not only the pleasure, but the death associated with sex — *Eros* and *Thanatos*, as it were. As in dreams, (Sienna's images are 'dream-like' after all) a symbol is capable of representing conflicting meanings in a single object.



# Top 25 Albums (continued)

continued from back page

## 9 - Mr. Bungle - Mr. Bungle

Any album that starts off with 45 seconds of blank space, then proceeds to make fun of Beethoven and John Travolta can't be that bad. Plus it drops in sections of the porno *Mr. Bungle* (does anyone have a copy of it, and if so, can I get it?) and assorted bodily functions. Great.

The now infamous side project of Faith No More's Mike Patton. An eclectic musical experience, which makes it perhaps the most interesting musical arrangement around today. Besides, "Stubb (a Dub)" and "The Girls of Porn" are just plain fun. Also contains some of the greatest lines ever written, such as "...do you know/ That you're a fucking dog?/ And if you can hear me, then throw up/ Give me a sign and I'll throw the stick, you bring it back/ Roll over and die...." Damn cool.

## 8 - Dookie - Green Day

God must love these guys- they seem to be blessed with the ability to turn 3 chords, pissed off poetry and a serious attitude into the best 39 minutes of 1994. This album is an all-out stomp fest for 13-year-olds. Let's see if these kids remember Green Day in 5 years when they are 18 and in college.... But 3 chords can only take you so far. Let's see how well they do next album.

If you only know a limited number of chords for a guitar, this is the album for you. Best song, "Eminius Sleepinus." Unfortunately, much too overplayed- and Billy Joe is one of the biggest assholes in the biz. But, nonetheless, still a great album.

## 7 - Rid Of Me - PJ Harvey

"Lick my legs I'm on fire, lick me lips of desire" boy I wish I could write like that, then I wouldn't be sitting here telling you how good this album is.

"Man-Sized" is on this disk- enough said. An extremely sexy album- too bad she's one of the foulest females I've ever seen. I wonder if she actually has orgasms while she's playing, because it sure sounds like it.

## 6 - Automatic For The People - REM

Strings, strings and more strings. John Paul Jones is a genius; he helped turn this album into a 50 minute version of Zeppelin's "The Rain Song." Michael Stipe has never been balder, and the drummer's one eyebrow never fuller than on AFTP. Plus "Drive" should have been video of the year, but everyone forgot about it.

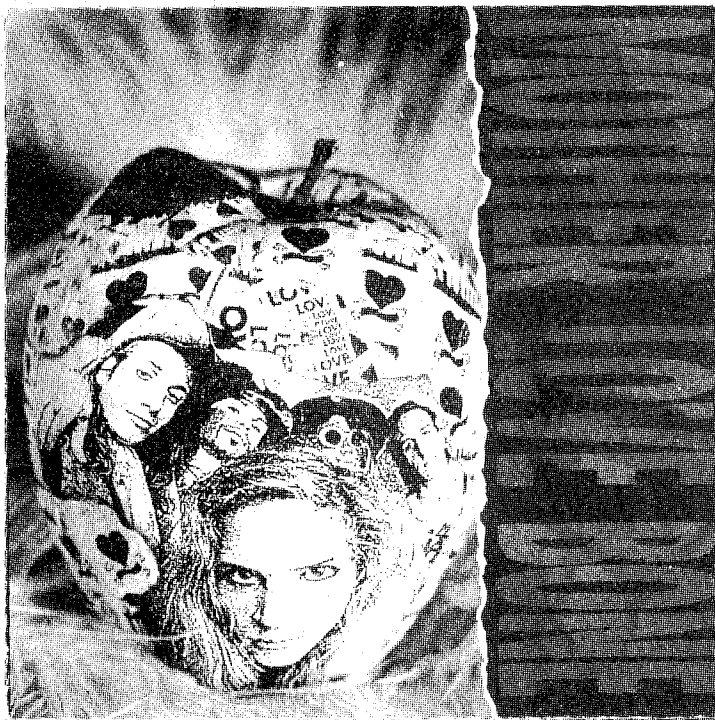
Outstanding album from a band that keeps get-

ting better. "Nightswimming" and "The Sidewinder Sleeps" are truly great songs. The only down side is that Michael Stipe keeps getting more annoying- and seemingly dumber; if you've seen interviews with him, you understand. Must be too much heroin...

## 5 - Exile in Guyville - Liz Phair

The hottest babe in rock now. I once tried to play this track against The Stones' *Exile on Mainstreet*, because everybody and their grandmother said that Liz's was a reply to the Stones. It was. She's not as good as Keith on guitar (who is?), and doesn't write better songs than Jagger/Richards (who does?)- but she is closer than anyone else who ever tried to copy the Stones.

"Fuck and Run" remains my favorite song from this album. Other hot spots include "Flower" and "Never Said." And Ted's right, she's hot hot hot.



## 4 - Out of Time - REM

The best use of a French horn on an album since Sgt. Pepper's. Every song is perfectly written, and even the odder songs ("Low" and "Belong") make you wish you were sad so you could really feel the intense pain. I have no idea what the fuck I just said.

This album has "Losing My Religion" on it, which is a really deep song, not to mention a controversial video. Let's describe it this way; someone

sticks a finger in the wound in Christ's side. By the way, I don't have a fuckin' clue as to what Ted just said either.

## 3 - Dry - PJ Harvey

No question about it: Polly Jean is the best thing to happen to music for females in the 90's. She can out-rock any person, male or female, living today (only cause Kurt died.) The first four songs of the album- "Oh My Lover," "O Stella," "Victory" and "Dress"- are the best opening combo since *Exile On Mainstreet*.

"Dress" almost made it to number one as 'Top Song of the 90's'- and if it wasn't for "Cannonball," it may have. "Sheela-na-Gig" is also a great song. And more great Harvey lines: "It's hard to walk in a dress, it's not easy/ I'm spilling over like a heavy-laden fruit tree..." Ahh, lovely melons...

## 2 - Nevermind - Nirvana

Nevermind what Green Day did this year, punk returned in August '91 and Nirvana proceeded to turn that Christmas into their own personal holiday. With the slacker teen anthem of the 90's (boy is that an overused statement), "Here we are now entertain us" turned many a record company on its head. This album will be the major landmark of our 'nameless generation.'

I agree with Ted- this album mirrors today's youth both lyrically and musically. What else is there to say about it?

## 1 - Apple - Mother Love Bone

Until the day I die, I will go to my grave yelling at people that they missed the boat on this album. Some critics spurned it calling them a "Def Leppard copy", how dare they! MLB's drummer has both arms, and the album never got radio airplay until Q104 started playing it. Won't be remembered in twenty years (except by Scott & I). Too bad for all you losers.

Best album ever recorded by current Pearl Jam members. Lead vocalist Andrew Wood was literally a Freddy Mercury-in-waiting when he died. This is a must-have; from the opening number "This is Shangrila" through "Capricorn Sister" and "Mr. Danny Boy" to the finale "Crown of Thorns," this album excites and fulfills every step of the way. Buy it if you don't have it already, you're missing out big time.

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## Dysfunctional Fables

## A Tale of Two Flamingos?

THE FABULIST LIVES! LIKE SCHEHEREZADE, SHE WILL TELL 1,001 TALES TO SNAG A WEALTHY LITERARY AGENT... BUT NOW, A STORY.

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum  
for Katerina, who has beautiful hands

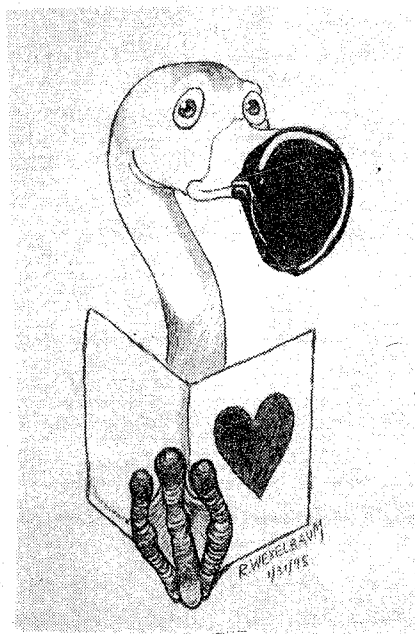
Unfortunately, flamingos just don't smile. They evolved to have bills like filtered scoops for dredging worms, crustaceans, algae and other things from the mud. A more realistic cause for their sadness, however, stems from the fact that many flamingos have lovers overseas whom they rarely get to visit.

Although Long Islanders are most familiar with the garden variety plastic lawn flamingo, there are actually two types of this tall pink bird. We know the American flamingos, ruby red grapefruit-colored creatures who live in the swamps of Florida and Texas, but few Americans know that there are African flamingos as well. African flamingos, bigger than their American cousins, live in the Great Rift Valley of Eastern Africa. The waters in the valley are so acidic that only two kinds of life can live there—the flamingos and two species of algae—so you can imagine how exciting life must be in their gray, desolate world resembling smoking lunar landscape.

One day life got exciting for the African flamingos. In 1965, twenty benevolent Christian missionaries, British naturalists and other hapless vagabonds of the Western world were sent to the Great Rift Valley by Idi Amin. Of course, they soon died, but their Samsonite luggage full of English textbooks, notebooks and writing implements survived. These materials were confiscated by the flamingos, who were attracted to the bright colors of the texts, and soon they began to teach themselves how to read and write. They became

extremely knowledgeable about geography, biology and world literature, and they realized that they were no longer the center of the universe. After all, flamingos lived on the other side of the world, too!

The time had come for one young flamingo to test his new skills and contact another across the water. He decided to write a letter with his own



acid-blistered feet to someone in America. When he finished his letter he flew to the nearest village, dropped his little envelope in a mailman's pouch, and flew back to the valley with a heart full of hopeful thoughts.

Sure enough, the young flamingo received a

response from America. A particular Ruby Mae from Fort Lauderdale wrote to him, excited to have a new penpal. They wrote letters to each other for six months, and the young man from Africa was definitely in love. After asking for his parents' permission, he invited Ruby Mae to visit his beautiful country and she accepted.

When she arrived, the African flamingos treated Ruby Mae with the utmost generosity and kindness. They shared everything they had with her, and treated her as one of their own. The young man was proud to have such a beautiful, graceful friend. Unfortunately, Ruby Mae hated Africa the moment she set foot in the water. There were too many bugs, too much sludge in the water, and she couldn't possibly understand why she couldn't have shrimp or crayfish like she did every day back home. Worst of all, the water was like poison and would surely burn her alive! Ruby Mae soon became a most unpleasant guest, and the young man realized that Americans weren't all they were cracked up to be...

After two weeks Ruby Mae left Africa without saying goodbye. Sadly, the young man dropped his pencil and paper into the hot bubbling water, never to write again.

**MORAL :** Words often will not say what a mirror can say better.

**MORE IMPORTANTLY:** *Loving an image is to love in vain.*



## Moon Rising



By Tommy Crean

"The magic is in the feeling; I can make you do what I want you to" - Lords Of Acid

Hello and welcome to Moon Rising, Stony Brook's only column on topics such as Newage/Occult/ Meta-physics and Paganism, presented by Tommy o'Crean Technopagan courtesy of the Stony Brook Press.

This is the beginning of a new semester, and I hope it will be a good one for all of you. In this issue I have decided to talk about the physics of magick. People often ask how does magick work? What can you do with it? How do you work spells? The answer to the first question, 'how does magick work' is simple; nobody knows. As of yet the knowledge of how magick works is unknown, but the fact of the matter is, is that it does work. Peoples of the past did not know exactly how fire worked (the flame killing off bacteria as well as changing the substance of matter itself) but they did see the effects and they did discover how to produce it. With magick this is the same except that we still do not understand the particulars. I guess before I continue I should define what magick is. **Magick** is the use of certain energies by force of will directed to cause a needed change. People usually get caught up with labeling magick: white, black, natural,

necromantic, faith magick, et cetera. The truth is that magickal force in and of itself has no alignment or disposition, that aspect dwells in the users intent.

Magick can be used to accomplish almost anything. Of course the skeptic right away jumps up and says, "oh yeah, well what about flying," or something like "Let's see you make me into a frog or something." The truth about these statement is that some forces of nature are stronger than others. Also reality tends to correct itself, we ourselves define what reality is. Each and every one of our minds has a distinct idea what reality should be. This in turn creates what we see today. But let me not dwell on the meta-physics of reality (that's another issue). Magick can be used for almost any desired change that is not out of scope of the power of the magician-witch-occultist. Most people when using magick be it a Wiccan spell of divination, or a Catholic prayer for healing utilize some form of religious system to back it up. The only difference in that the Catholic prayer might take longer to manifest because the person is playing the role of the petitioner (of deity) rather than participant (with deity), of course that all depends of the person's faith and thus the will.

The question of how to work magick has many answers. Different cultures and religious systems have their own ways to make magick manifest. Be

it an Native-American Indian rain dance involving costumes and drum beatings or a lone witch sitting under a full moon chanting (HA RAY for solitaires!) One person's system is no better than any other person's if it works for them. For instance if one person uses dance to channel their energies for a protection spell or another uses herbs and a candle, neither one is better than the next. I myself have used different mediums through which to work magick, from full moon rituals to simple candle spells to ecstatic tranced out dance (hence to the title technopagan.) Most people come to magick expecting what Hollywood portrays, but the truth is yet again that Hollywood, for the most part is not the truth.

There are plenty of books on the market dealing with magick, usually is some form of religious system. Egyptian, witchcraft, and Christian mysticism are but a few. There are also books for those who desire to use magick without a religious system. People usually ask, "where can I purchase books on magick?" Well, Waldenbooks and Barnes & Noble have a pretty good selection. There are also a few Newage shops in Port Jefferson. The largest selection I have seen in this area is in the recently open Borders Books, on the way to the Smithaven Mall. Well that about wraps it up for this issue, see you soon and **BLESSED BE**.

# Top 25 Albums of the 90's

By Ted Swedalla and Scott J. Lusby

This is another list from us, we are just so anal about lists that we had to do another one. It's only half as long as the last one, so even the Freshmen and lacrosse players should be able to get through this one. We did actually get feedback from the last list. One reply was "who does those stupid lists-they don't know what they are talking about" and the other one was "hey, Mr. Bungle, cool. It should have been number one." Thanks to both people; you probably don't know who you are though.-TED

*I keep getting railroaded into doing these 2,000-word lists that nobody reads or even cares about. You'd think as big-wig editors that we'd have important things to write about, like maybe the impending cut in the state education budget. But nooooo we have to do these dumbass lists. If you happen to be one of the four people on campus who has the free time (and the consequently abysmal GPA) to read this God-forsaken tabloid, do me a favor: Write the Editor-in-Chief and tell him to quit taking up valuable space in this already-weak paper (that ranks just above World Weekly News for reliable news features.) Or you can use this as kindling when you burn down your dorm, attempting to start a bonfire in your room (probably while in some state of inebriation.) Thanks for your support. -S.J.L.*

## 25 - *Rage Against The Machine* - Rage Against The Machine

Even if you know only the two songs "Freedom" and "Killing in the Name," the album is good enough to buy. Plus, for white guys they use the word "fuck" more often than any rapper.

*So angry, ever so angry. These guys are the most politically-conscious band around today. Of course, it doesn't hurt that they rock hard.*

## 24 - *Slanted & Enchanted* - Pavement

The kings of underproduction. This album contains some of the best 'pop' songs of the decade. With "Two States" and "Zurich is Stained," how could this album suck?

## 23 - *Undertow* - Tool

*Lou thinks these guys suck hard, but he's obviously mistaken. "Prison Sex" is a rockin' (and quite a frightening) song. Of course, "Sober" goes without saying.*

## 22 - *Cure For Pain* - Morphine

A two-string bass, a sax and a drummer. Cool psycho-jazz from a Boston band. Mark Sandman, ex-Treat Her Right singer, is much better in Morphine. It makes you want to smoke foreign cigarettes and drink whiskey and water for a couple of hours.

## 21 - *Dragline* - Paw

*An extremely talented and heavy band that unfortunately nobody knows about. They write songs from a dog's point of view, a fish's point of view, and other assorted wildlife. What could be cooler than that?*

## 20 - *Skirt* - Skirt

Still the only place I've seen this disc is in the WUSB studio, and I played the three-song E.P. over and over and over again. (Go check my playlists.) The best band since Throwing Muses and the most powerful singing voice I've heard this decade. Wait and keep a lookout for this band.

## 19 - *Temple of the Dog* - Temple of the Dog

*This Andrew Wood tribute varies in material between heavy, mosh-till-you-drop songs ("Pushing Forward Back," "Wooden Jesus") and laid back, soul-searching numbers ("Call Me a Dog," "Say Hello to Heaven," "Hunger Strike"). The only thing*

*that bothers me about this disk is that it was out for over a year before anybody knew it existed.*

## 18 - *This Perfect World* - Freedy Johnston

Just a flat-out rock masterpiece. Produced by Butch Vig, Freedy is the best new song writer in the galaxy. "Gone Like the Water" and "Delores" should be played all the time on the radio. I've recommended this album to a dozen people at the store where I work, and I haven't had a complaint yet. You should buy it too.



## 17 - *Ritual De Lo Habitual* - Jane's Addiction

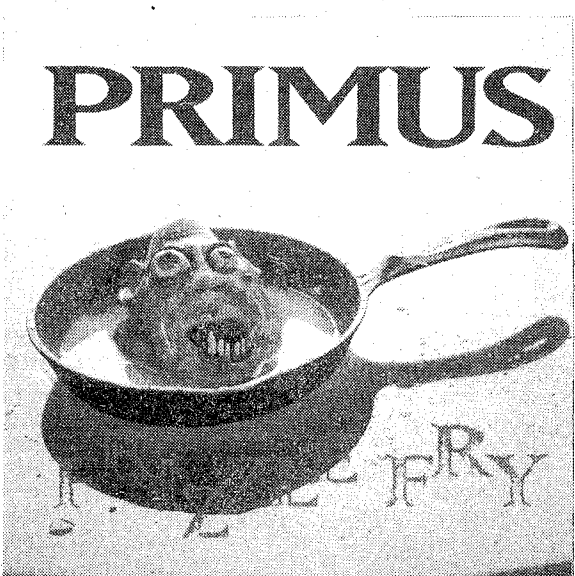
Barking dogs and the curtain call for the band that should have redefined music in the 90's if it wasn't for that town up the coast from L.A. (Seattle, for all you disco freaks.)

*Unfortunately, only true music lovers give this band any credit- and that given belatedly. Guitarist Dave Navarro rips throughout the album, but is at his best on "Stop." Perry Ferrell's bug-voice is a perfect match for Navarro's riffs.*

## 16 - *Facelift* - Alice in Chains

I remember driving to Heartbound's every weekend singing "Confusion" when I was 19, I was always the part of Jerry Cantrell (probably 'cause I can't sing and I didn't know all the words.) Too bad they broke up, or did they, or are they now two bands... who knows.

*Great debut- still the finest work they've created. "Man in the Box" rocks, and the poignant depression of "Love Hate Love" is too much to miss out on. Oh yeah- I always did Layne Staley's part...*



## 15 - *Superunknown* - Soundgarden

They want to be Black Sabbath in the worst way, but they can all write killer songs, even the drummer. WOW! Plus Mr. Cornell writes very interesting

lyrics (not as interesting as *Badmotorfinger*, but good nonetheless). But "Kickstand" is the best song on the disk.

*Best album by Chris Cornell and Co. Since 1989's Louder Than Love. "Fell on Black Days" and "Limo Wreck" are very dark, very foreboding, and very cool. Too bad Cornell cut his hair- I swore he was Jesus Christ.*

## 14 - *Miss Happiness* - Walt Mink

A festival of bone crunching by this Boston band that was compared to Rush (the reason I bought the album in the first place). Then I began hearing Walt Mink everywhere... OK, maybe only on that TDK commercial, where the rock is sticking to the tape. But for me that's everywhere. I have very little in the way of a life. Very talented, and what the Smashing Pumpkins wish their second album was.

*A truly heavy album, saturated with some of the most ear-piercing power chords I've ever heard. "Pink Moon" may be one of the best songs around today. Actually, this disk is more like what the Smashing Pumpkins wish their first album was.*

## 13 - *God Shuffled His Feet* - Crash Test Dummies

The lyrics make Sting and Michael Stipe look like illiterate third-graders with a box of crayons. You try to get 'nomenclature' into a song and make it sound good. And, I don't think I have to mention how deep the guy's voice is again, do I?

*Deceptively deep, mixed with a subtle humor which will crack you up. Extremely relaxing for those who enjoy more mellow study aids. By the way, this guy's voice is really deep...*

## 12 - *In Utero* - Nirvana

What people were predicting to be a flop (due to the supposed in studio fighting between Kurt and Steve Albini) turned out to be the opposite. Not the masterpiece that *Nevermind* was, but then what is? As I've said before, "All Apologies" was written for the radio, but they were nice enough to make it the last track so you can stop the disc before you get to it. 'Very Ape' is punk at its most barest, meanest form, and 'Rape Me'... well not enough great things can be said about this song.

*Unfortunately, a sad epitaph to an amazing band. High points include "Very Ape," "Rape Me," and "Dumb. An excellent follow-up to the smash Nevermind. Personally, I find "Rape Me" a very, very, VERY frightening song.*

## 11 - *Frizzle Fry* - Primus

Any band that can play Rush covers note for note can't suck. Even if Les wears the most wretched clothes and does that stupid leg kick of his.

*The best album this band has ever recorded, complete with songs about fishermen ("John the Fisherman") and bizarre hermits ("Harold of the Rocks"). The only thing missing are songs about cats (like "Tommy the Cat").*

## 10 - *The Grunge Years* - Sub Pop Compilation

13 songs from 13 bands that will change your life. From Nirvana's "Dive" to Dickless' "Saddle Tramp," these songs are grunge (although I hate that word.) Shows where Pearl Jam and Stone Temple Pilots got their ideas. With the middle of the disc filled with Mudhoney's "Come To Mind," "Retarded" by the Afghan Whigs, Babes in Toyland's "House" and the Fluid's "Tomorrow," it just can't get any better. And the Walkabouts are the best band that nobody knows about.

*An album that traces "grunge's" roots. Just to hear "Retarded" and "Tomorrow" is worth the effort to find this rarity. It would be a shame to miss anything by a female band known as Dickless.*

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